



CEENET-11-

chenet

THE MAGAZINE OF CANNOCK GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Editor:

Peter Taylor.

Editorial Advisers:

Mrs. E. Waterhouse, Mr. D. K. Lloyd, Mr. P. N. Smith, Mr. D. Wheat.

Editorial Committee:

Gail Bali, Pat Dalby, Kathleen Spencer, Ian Daker, Nicolas Madge, Michael Matejtschuk, David Michie, Douglas Randal.

Layout:

Mr. D. Merrills.

Graphics:

A. Thursfield, V. Tizley, R. Preece, S. Bott, M. Reaney, K. Powell, E. McLintock.

Photographs:

J. Searle, S. Shaw.

Typing:

Mrs. Hunter, Catherine Davies, Brenda Dennis, Fiona Finlkin, Christine Smyczek.

Cover design by Andrew Thursfield (positive negative shapes developed from a drawing of deck chairs on S.S. Nevasa during the school cruise to the Holy Land at the end of the Autumn Term.)

Editorial

AS usual I have left the writing of the editorial until the last minute. Now that the time for action is here I sit and doodle, my mind a complete blank . . .

You see I have two alternatives. I could rush off a few cliché-ridden paragraphs commenting on the magazine — why it has done what it has done — how I hope it will be enjoyed — all that one would expect in an editorial . . . and in effect say nothing of any use.

Or I could attempt to write something original and worthwhile.

Thus a choice — cliché and ease — or originality and difficulty.

A friend of mine said recently, "If love is what makes the world go round, then clichés are what make life bearable." Typical of his dry humour!

This is happening on a wide scale. People are letting themselves be saturated by slogans and slick phrases . . .

"Happiness is Egg-shaped."

"Beanz Meanz Heinz."

"We want Watneys" . . .

. . . the potential for true expression is being curbed, limited, packaged into cardboard boxes of a handy and unembarassing size and shape.

This became apparent to a certain extent while collecting material for Chenet. A lot of the poetry was inconsequential, lacked impact, was without real meaning because it dealt with topics obviously outside the present scope of the experience of the writers . . . things like involvement in war, drugs, slums . . . they were obviously based on second-hand experience.

Art is what life is about — experience and the communication of that experience. And first-hand experience is by far the most important. It is after all what we call "reality."

And so it is pleasing to me that Chenet this year is crowded out with things that have happened, things people have done, written by the people involved . . . there are trips, cruises, plays, walks, clubs, sport, impressions of new environments by ex-members of the school — both staff and

pupils . . . all unique comments. It is I hope, a communication of first-hand experience.

Headmaster's Letter

LAST December Cannock Chase Divisional Executive re-affirmed its intention to ask the County to approve the introduction of comprehensive education in this area very soon, if possible in September 1969. The system proposed involves local schools covering the age range 11-16 and a Sixth Form College in our premises. I have been asked many times what effect this would have on Cannock Grammar School pupils and when the Editor approached me to ask what subject I would like to write about in this year's "Chenet" I decided that this would be a good opportunity to analyse the situation.

The first point to appreciate is that there is no standard "Sixth Form College" pattern. I have visited Luton and Mexborough — both pioneer Sixth Form Colleges—and they have different forms of organisation. Two other colleges recently opened are different again. In fact, all that they have in common is that they cater specifically for the age range 16-18. From the point of view of planning a college for Cannock this lack of doctrinaire approach is a distinct advantage. It means, for example, that the present organisation in the Sixth Form can be allowed to develop naturally and that no pupil at present in the school will feel anything but benefit from the change.

The college envisaged for Cannock is one which admits anyone who would like to take advantage of the education provided. There will be no barrier to admission, no requisite number of 'O' levels to be passed. As at present we shall offer a wide range of courses to 'O' and 'A' level and many non-examination

courses of a specialised or general nature. As the number of students increases so the number of subject combinations available will grow. In September 1967 we had 160+ Sixth Formers; this year we have 260+; next year there will be 320+. Each increase makes it a little easier to time-table for different subjects, and this means that individual Sixth Formers have a wider choice of subjects resulting, we hope, in a more satisfying two or three years with better examination results. By 1971 we shall have passed 400 and the rate of expansion may well begin to slow down, but, with a unit of that size, almost unlimited choice will lead to individual student timetables.

We are particularly fortunate in that the school is close to the College of Further Education. Over a third of our Sixth Formers already spend one half-day a week there following a non-examination course of their choice. This percentage will increase rapidly and in the future Mr. Rees and I hope that our co-operation will become even closer. One feature of the Sixth Form College as envisaged for Cannock would be time-table planning to allow mixed courses with students able to follow, say, two courses in one establishment and one in the other, all of them to 'A' level or its equivalent. In the long-term, within whatever catchment area the authority decides, we hope to see all boys and girls in their fifth year given a booklet outlining the full range of courses available at both establishments. This, with appropriate advice would enable parents to judge from what further education their children would benefit most.

At first, the designation of Cannock Grammar School as a Sixth Form College would make no difference whatever to pupils within the school. The absence of first-formers would be offset by more Sixth Formers, and we should appear very overcrowded. Gradually the number of people actually in the building would fall until after five years, a more adult atmosphere would be established which would we hope enable the 16-18 year olds to make the transition to University/College of Education/Industry more easily. Some Preliminary steps towards the Sixth Form College atmosphere have already been taken. The Dining Room is operating on a cafeteria system, and many of the Sixth Form have specially designed lockers with greater capacity than those formerly in use. In September 1969 there are to be six extra classrooms to cope with the increased number of Sixth Formers and these will enable us to designate the dining-room area as a Sixth Form common room except between 12-15 p.m. and 1-35 p.m. Any other changes will occur gradually and will cause little or no inconvenience to anyone at present in the school.

If comprehensive education is to be introduced in this area and the 11+ examination discontinued soon, 11-16 comprehensive schools plus a Sixth Form College seem to me to have many intrinsic advantages including the fact that the system does not upset the education of any boy or girl at present at secondary school.

D. P. ADAMS

School Officers

Head Girl: Sharon Seager
Deputy: Jeanette Daker
Head Boy: Peter Taylor
Deputy: John Hargreaves

Prefects: Susan Clarke
Sharon Craddock
Pat Dalby
Brenda Dennis
Rose-Marie Dennis
Fiona Finikin
Karen Goodman
Elaine Greensill
Susan Husselbee
Susan Hurmson
Kathleen Mills
Janice Payne
Linda Pee
Christine Sammons
Kathleen Spencer
Jill Titterton
Jane Tranter
Nicky Tranter
Pauline Ward
Karma Witts

Kim Berrington
John Bewley
Mervyn Bibb
Ian Daker
Michael Donithorn
John Dyke
David Fearn
David Hinks
Colin Hill
Jolyon Lomax
Michael Matejtschuk
David Michie
Richard Mountfield
Robert Obrey
Keith Parkes
David Phillips
Robert Reynolds

Neil Rowley
John Searle
Christopher Shepherd
John Sommerville
Roger Stevenson

Rugby: Ian Daker
Soccer: Robert Critchlow
Cricket: Ian Daker
Hockey: Suzanne Dunning
Netball: Jane Sturgess

Staff Notes

TWO years ago we were reporting that the Staff was in a Heracleitian state of flux, with large numbers of our colleagues departing to all points of the compass. Now the wheel has turned full circle, and while there have been many new additions to the Staff, we have said good-bye to only three — all ladies — to Mrs. Brookes and Mrs. Brown who have retired into full-time domesticity, and to Mrs. Pearce who has moved to Yorkshire.

In September we welcomed as new colleagues:

Miss H. A. Keith, B.Sc. (Leicester) to teach Geography.

Miss P. Mason, B.A. (Wales) to teach History.

Mrs. E. Pearce, B.A. (Wales) to teach French for a term.

Miss J. E. Pusey (Bath) to teach Domestic Science.

Miss S. Roberston, M.A. (Edinburgh) to teach English.

Mr. G. Heyes, B.A. (Leicester) to teach English.

Mr. P. Baynham-Hughes (Madeley) to teach P.E.

Mr. K. Griffiths (Dudley) to teach Physics.

Mr. B. Quinn, M.A. (Oxon.), as Head of the Modern Languages Department, from Bilborough G.S.

Mr. P. N. Smith, B.A. (London) to teach English.

Mr. C. R. Watts, B.Sc. (Wales) to teach Biology.

Mr. D. Wheat, B.A. (Hull) to teach English. And in January, Mrs. M. Richmond to teach Mathematics.

Mr. I. W. Sewell, B.A. (Leeds) to teach French, from Leeds Modern School.

This term we were joined also by Mr. P. M. Bishop, M.A. (Oxon.), who has come to replace Mr. Draper as Senior Master. We trust that both he and Mrs. Bishop will settle down happily at Cannock, and that Mr. Bishop will not find his duties too irksome!

- - -

We also welcome as Assistants to the Modern Languages Department, Mlle. Marie-Francoise Mayoud (from Lyon) to teach French, and to Srta. Dolores Sevilla (from Lorca) to teach Spanish, and trust that their stay with us will prove both happy and instructive.

- - -

We extend our congratulations to Miss Bratby on her engagement to Mr. B. Bishop, and to Mr. Leadbeater on his engagement to Miss M. Richards, whom many will remember both as Laboratory Assistant and as the Secretary of the Chenetians. Congratulations also to Mr. Baynham-Hughes on his engagement to Miss P. Finigan.

- - -

We should also like to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Mapstone on the birth of their daughter Catherine Anne, Mr. and Mrs. Houston on the birth of their son Robert Francis; and Mr. and Mrs. Gange on the birth of their daughter Clare Elizabeth.

We were sorry to say good-bye to Mr. Wyke at the end of last term. Mr. Wyke has gone into honourable and well-deserved retirement after many years of faithful service as Caretaker. He was always most helpful and understanding, and many of the Staff and pupils counted him as a friend. We wish him and Mrs. Wyke many years of retirement.

- - -

The greatest change that has occurred in the Staff Room in recent years has been, of course, the large increase of numbers, and to those of us who can remember the early days when the Staff consisted of a mere dozen, manifold differences are apparent, and it is inevitable that comparisons should be drawn between life as it was then and now. Then one knew one's colleagues and their families intimately; their foibles, pet hates and hobbies were brought to light in the intimate and close atmosphere of the Staff Dining Room. How different it is now! Now often the first one knows of a colleague's indisposition is that suddenly half-way through the morning an embassy arrives from, say, 2D announcing "Please Sir, Mr. A. should be taking us!" (and bang goes another free period!) Even the cars in the Car park are no longer easily identifiable. Again — a form master may have forgotten to deliver an important announcement to his flock at registration. At 11-30 he decides to rectify the omission. But where is his form? No longer can he saunter down to his form-room and deliver the forgotten message to his charges. They are scattered far and wide in 'Sets' and

endless complications ensue. No, things are vastly different and more complex now! The Staff Football and Cricket teams used to pick themselves automatically, and aged limbs were reluctantly pressed into service against what was then their extremely youthful opposition. Now only the young and able are considered.

- - -

Without any doubt the main topic of conversation in the Staff Room this year has been concerning the future of the school. Two bodies of opinion seem to have emerged. There are those who think (and hope) that the status quo will be maintained, and that by some miracle or other the school will retain its Grammar School status. In this they feel that having come at the school's foundation and having helped in its formation and growth, they would feel disappointment if the school were to lose the character that they had helped to stamp upon it. One long-serving member whose adage has always been that "All change must be for the worse" has notably gained several adherents to this view.

The second body of opinion holds that the possible formation of a Sixth Form College will be the answer to the current problem, and they look forward to the challenge which such a metamorphosis would bring. If change there must be, they see in the formation of such a College the only way of preserving the Staff in its present form, and lament the possibility of the dispersal of colleagues and friends, which would inevitably follow the adoption of a full Comprehensive scheme.

Unfortunately the winter sporting activities had to be cancelled owing to appalling weather conditions — both football and hockey pitches being a morass. It is hoped to arrange new fixtures in the near future.

The Staff v. School Cricket match was last season a war of attrition. The School, batting first, amassed a large score due mainly to a fine innings of 70 by the School Captain, Ian Daker. In reply the Staff struggled to emulate their charges, and only a rearguard action by Mr. Morton staved off defeat. Incidentally, it was good to see Mr. Griffin among the spectators. He and Mr. Lloyd used to open the innings for the Staff for many seasons in the past.

- - -

To those of us who have known them since their first day at school, the success of Robert Critchlow, Peter Taylor, Michael Matejtschuk and Michael Donithorn on gaining admission to Oxford and Cambridge, came as a pleasant and not unexpected pleasure. It is an event like this that makes our profession so worthwhile.

It is with deep regret that we report the death of Mr. H. A. Boot. Mr. Boot came to the school at its inception as a member of the Mathematics Department. He bravely continued to teach in the face of ill-health until his retirement in 1961. He will be remembered as a kindly and sympathetic teacher who always managed to get the best out of his pupils. After his retirement Mr. Boot maintained a keen interest in the school and always looked forward to his annual edition of "Chenet". In his earlier years Mr. Boot was a well-known figure in Musical and Sporting circles in Cannock, and will always be remembered by members of Staff who served with him as a loyal and helpful colleague who cheerfully faced up to adversity.

THE FISH

Long, slimy body,
Pouting eyes,
Sides still heaving.
Lying there,
Exposed to the sun,
Exposed to the air,
A glare on its still, judging face.
Lying there.
It will die soon.

NICOLA GOODACRE 2D

Fat Bess

IN the little house on the corner, a piano rippled through the evening, faintly . . . almost silently. Fat Bess was entertaining herself.

Elizabeth Muriel Surtees; but everyone called her Fat Bess. She was a mountain of a woman, with big rippling arms, and fat sausage fingers. Her eyes smiled through bulbous cheeks like raw eggs, and her cheeks hung down past her smiling mouth, terminating in a multitude of chins. She was fat.

She stopped her fat but nimble fingers over the keys, plonking out all the old tunes she could remember, singing some of the words, improvising some, and whistling a bit. She was lonely when she wasn't playing, so she played . . . and played.

Fat Jack had removed his smiling person years ago. Gone to sea or somewhere. Now she was all alone, and she missed his fat company, the laughing and shaking mounds of flesh on his fleshy fat face. She missed the milk stout and the bawdy evenings and the day trips. But most of all she missed the laughter. The happy wobbling laughter of his fat face.

Now Bess was alone.

Even the dog, a mongrel, old and toothless and fat and happy, had left.

And she played her piano . . . and played and played, in the mounds of dust. The flesh quaked in the little house on the corner as Bess played.

Now no-one heard. They used to say that they liked Bess to play the piano. Then that they wished she would play a little less

often, then "God damn that woman! Can't she be quiet"? But now they were accustomed to the merry tinkling every night.

Every night. She used to play from six until ten. Then eleven. Then twelve.

As she played she thought of Guinness, of pickled eggs, of candy floss, and the jostling camaraderie of the sea-side. And Fat Jack, and the laughter, the great roaring, bulbous, fat-gutted laughter.

Now she played on and on. One day. Two. Three. A week without stopping. Play that thing! Go to it, Fat Bess! Knock the Hell out of that old joanna!

- - - -

"I say Bert?"

"Yes Jim?"

"You ever seen a size 48 strait jacket?"

End.

PETER WILKINSON. L.6.C.

Cannock

Through Spanish Eyes

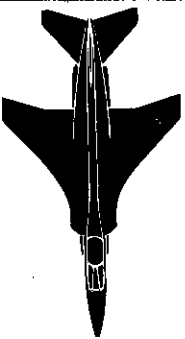
BEFORE I arrived in England I had the somewhat strange impression that English people were completely cold and rational, just like the weather, devoid of feeling and spontaneity! I even thought the architecture would be composed of mass produced blocks because of the cultural uniformity.

At first sight London appeared to be a "bewitched cotton town." The expected noisy city turned out to be silent, while the landscape induced sleep.

Of course the first place which I got to know was Cannock. The school motto reminds me of the old Greek slogan, "Live Worthily" and in fact an English Grammar School has a classical tone, for one can learn both academic and practical subjects.

I discovered a Norman church, a style of architecture which somehow belongs to England. Somehow the dark, grey church with grass and moss across its stone could only belong here in England. The modern England has suddenly become medieval looking. Looking at both the school and the church I realised that this blending of old and new is peculiar to England and that, like art, the people are as aloof as I had previously imagined.

D.S.



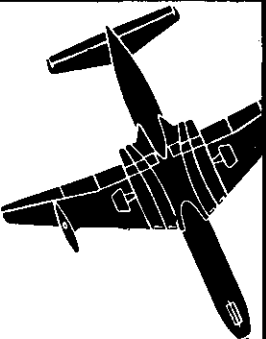
Jaguar Anglo-French supersonic battlefield support aircraft and advanced jet trainer.



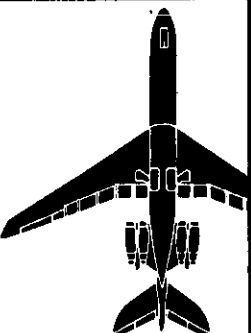
Harrier
World's first V/STOL combat aircraft; can operate from a 50 ft. farmyard or jungle clearing.



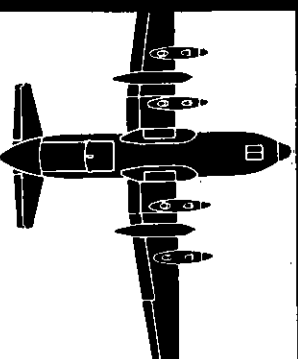
Phantom Supersonic multi-role aircraft. 15 times a record breaker.



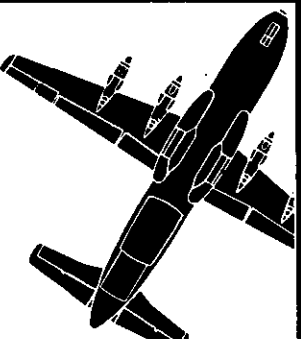
Nimrod World's first land-based turbo-jet submarine hunter-killer and maritime reconnaissance aircraft.



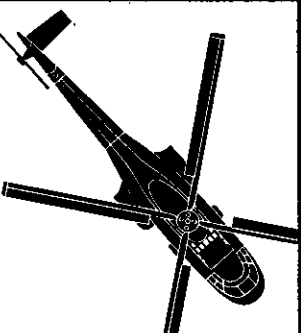
VC10 World-beating British airliner. Now developed as the R.A.F.'s latest strategic transport.



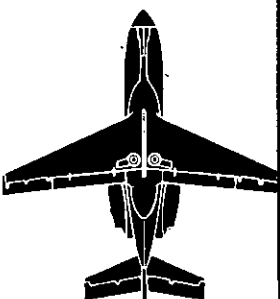
Hercules Versatile tactical transport.



Belfast Strategic freighter. R.A.F.'s biggest-ever aircraft.



SA330 Air-portable tactical support helicopter.



Dominie Fast, twin-jet advanced navigation trainer, already in R.A.F. service.

Have you any plans for the future?

Above are some of the R.A.F.'s

The R.A.F. is also seeking a new generation of officers. Not only pilots and navigators to fly the new aircraft, but the *Ground Branch* officers who make flying possible: the engineers, logistics experts, personnel managers, ground defence specialists, air traffic and fighter controllers and many others. They will all have important work to do. If you are interested, now is the time to do something about it. Ask your Careers Master for some R.A.F.

pamphlets—or get him to arrange for you to meet your R.A.F. Schools Liaison Officer for an informal chat. Or, if you prefer, write to Group Captain M. A. D'Arcy, R.A.F., Adastral House (25HD1), London, WC1. Please give your date of birth and say what qualifications you have or are studying for (minimum 5 G.C.E. 'O' levels including English language and mathematics), and whether more interested in a flying or ground branch career.

Sixth Form Notes

THE Sixth Form is now reaching gigantic proportions. There are now over 150 in the Lower Sixth alone, divided into five forms. A Block has burst its seams and both B1 and B2 are in use. The large number means overcrowding and it makes staff-pupil relationships difficult. There are however advantages to be gained. One of these has been the possibility of a wider games set up. Besides the conventional rugby, soccer, netball, hockey and swimming, there is table-tennis, horse-riding, hiking, preparations for the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme and golf. The golfers have had the valuable tuition of a "pro" from Beaudesert at cut price rates and table-tennis, under the auspices of Mr. White "the master with special responsibilities for table-tennis" has proved especially popular on cold days.

At the end of the Summer term the Upper Sixth spent three weeks doing a variety of work for the community. People were involved in such things as helping in Junior and Infants schools, helping at Ivy House, erecting slides, painting park benches and conducting the S.A.P. Survey of Bridg-town and Mosswood.

As usual a combined Geography and Biology party went to Swansea University. The Biologists spent most of their time studying the life on the sea-shore and measuring sea-weed in torrential rain. The Geographers hiked over the wilder parts of the Gower and one of their number broke his ankle, and had to be carried one and a quarter miles to the nearest farm.

Once again the devout(?) made the pilgrimage to Rydal and Launde. The weekend

at Rydal was accompanied by the most glorious sunshine, which, along with the fact that the speaker was the Rev. David Collyer, the Bishop of Birmingham's Chaplain for the Unattached, made it a very memorable time for all who went. In sharing his great personality with the group, Dave "The Vic" stimulated much heated debate on topics centering round the theme of the justification of authority. The coach for Launde was late but the programme soon got under way. The two speakers, Mr. Matthias and Sister Bell, were both thought to be excellent and many good discussions ensued. "Shaw's Amusements" were thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

Dances were held at the end of the Summer Term and just before Christmas. For the latter the hall was decorated with black cats and witches, as it was held on Friday the 13th! Around 200 tickets were sold and the floor space proved to be crowded.

An English party went to see "Doctor Faustus" starring Eric Porter at Stratford. Despite fog on the way back it proved to be very worth while. During the Autumn term the French Department arranged cheap admission to the Walsall Road Picture House to see "Becket" starring Richard Burton and Peter O'Toole. Many other Sixth Formers took advantage of the cheap admission and saw it as well. A French group also travelled to Stafford to see "Madame Bovary". (Both these are French set books.)

Groups of Geographers went to Birmingham University to hear a lecture on the "Geomorphology (in English, the study of

land forms!) of New Zealand" and to Wolverhampton for one about "The Land-forms of the Mohave Desert".

A group of Geographers also explored the Wrekin, Long Mynd and Wenlock Edge area. Armed with hammers with which we hacked away at Uroconium Volcanics and Rhyolites, we climbed (and descended) the Wrekin. Among the notable events were the loss of Mr. White's sun-glasses and the loss of two girls. All were later recovered. After refreshments we continued to Church Stretton and then walked over the Long Mynd. We returned via Wenlock Edge where we ignored such signs as "Danger" and Trespassers will be Prosecuted" to look for fossils — such is the enthusiasm for learning!

NICOLAS MADGE, LVIB

DEATH

Death is like a spider's web,
Catching you in it's aggravating clutches.
Choking you with feeble hands,
Taking your breath to satisfy it's hunger.
Killing, killing, what does this mean?
Death does not know, it is not human.
Death does not know why it murders innocent people,
And takes away their prize possession.
But like a hungry lion it pounces, siezes it's prey,
And from it oozes all trace of life.
Fear, not death as this may bring perpetual hate,
For Death after all is not a sacrifice,
But Nature.

LYNN BELLINGER 2E

Within the Sound of Bow Bells

IT is a fact known to all teachers that, of all members of staff, headmasters are most easily dispensed with, at least for some considerable time. This perhaps goes some way towards explaining why there have been no major upsets in the London educational scene since my arrival here and why George Green's School still offers the food of knowledge to its hungry inmates. It is true that for some of them, slimming appears to be the order of the day but I like to think that I am not entirely responsible for that. In any case, this is hardly confined to East London.

This is a small school with not many more pupils in the whole school than Cannock now has in its sixth form. It is much older than Cannock and still in buildings that date from 1880. From my study I have easy access to the hall, library, dining-room and gymnasium. They are one room! Some of the staff well remember the peaceful days at Cannock when the playing field was being levelled and huge earth-moving machines used to rumble up to the windows. (I remember vividly, and with horror, one moment when temptation nearly overcame me. I opened the window and was just about to drop H . . . into the monster's gaping jaws when something held me back. My better nature? I wish I could say so but I'm afraid it was greed, the desire to send his neighbour with him. In a flash the opportunity had gone. By such a miracle was I saved for the teaching profession, for even the best of lawyers could hardly have talked me out of that situation.) Whatever reminded me of that? Ah, yes, the rumble of

heavy machines. This was, indeed, relative peace. Here on East India Dock Road:

"To hear or not to hear, that is the question.
Whether 'tis better in the room to suffer
The clash and clatter of outrageous traffic,
Or to take arms against a stream of traffic
And by closing all windows, suffocate!

The new East London fire station is just being completed on the other side of the road and next to us is a site on which 110 new flats are being erected. The other day a pupil replied during a lesson: "Oui, monsieur, je travaillons." I answered at some length but he continued to smile sweetly. I don't think he heard what I said, at least, I hope not.

I have been allowed to teach a little. Before I came, I said I would teach the form nobody else wanted. Obviously, at least my first request as Head has been followed. What else have I enjoyed? I have put up with checking accounts, reading reports, planning the timetable, filling in forms — even form 7 was completed without a rude word passing my lips! I have walked the narrow path between those who think that the best way to Jimmy's mind is via the seat of his pants and those who see this same mind as developing naturally towards perfection. I have especially enjoyed meeting people: pupils, parents, old pupils (some of ours are really old. One who came to a recent meeting left the school before the turn of the century.), inspectors — yes, why not? — and teachers in many other schools. The one thing I have not yet found is all the free time everybody knows that Heads have. Neither have I forgotten "the happiest

days of my life". If any of you stray as far as Hornchurch, look out for a house named "Chenet" or follow the lorries along East India Dock Road and run me to earth there.
H.D.

THE OLD MAN ON THE MOOR

I met an old man on the moor,
The other day,
He called me a liar, a fake, a man of few
words and no sense.
He said things had been better in his day.
The days of beauty and grace were gone, he
said,
For ever.
As I looked down at the sea and the cliffs,
The green trees of summer, bright and cheerful
in their foliage,
Their leaves gleaming silver in the breaking
waves of mid-day beams,
Shining,
Light.
In his eyes, their pupils greyed by struggles,
there was only death, and in his scarred,
life-worn face, tortured by present
times, only ages past.
And now with envy of my youth, he attacked
my life with words.
Words designed to take my breath away for
ever, as if to rejuvenate his ageing mind,
A solace found for his crumbling soul.

I met, on the moor to-day, an old man.
He ambled away, without breaking the
delayed silence.

Mine, a repeat broadcast of his life.

ROY PRESTON 5D

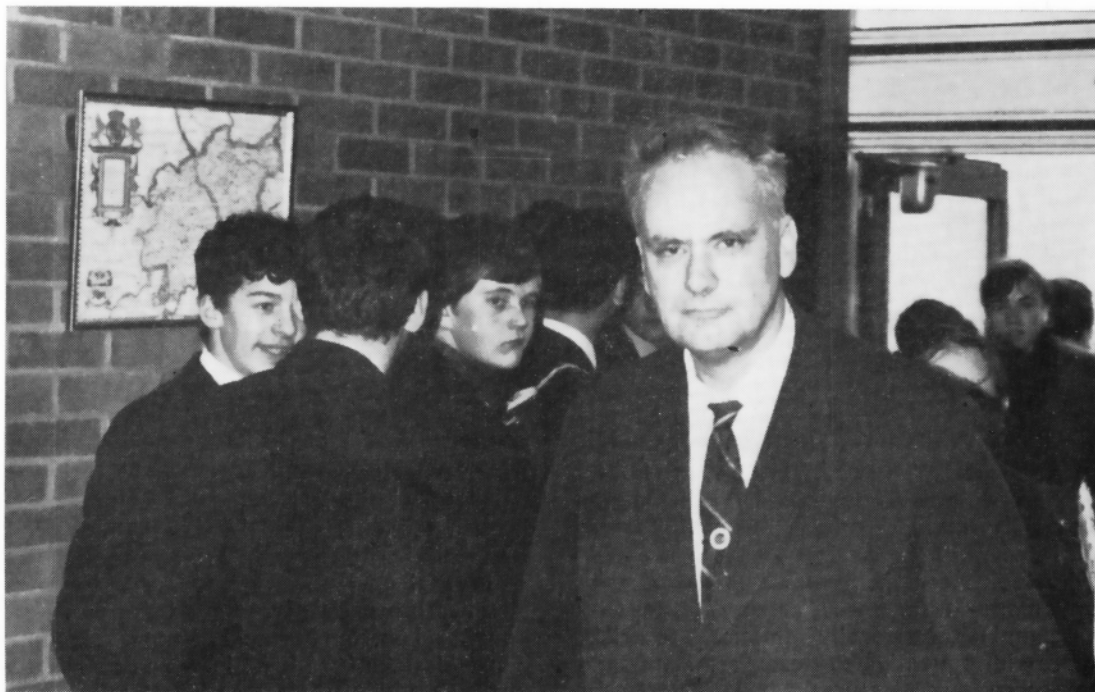
Star on a Flying Visit

Mr. Patrick Moore arrives at the School, to give his lecture "Into Space".

PATRICK Moore, the well-known astronomer and television personality, visited the school in early December to give two lectures entitled "Into Space". The first lecture, in the afternoon, was given to an invited audience consisting of other schools in the area. The second, in the evening, was open to the general public. Before an enthusiastic audience Patrick Moore revealed the marvels of our universe, and gave a brief history of space travel and the development of the rocket as a means of propulsion. The main points of his talk were illustrated by colourful and imaginative slides, together with elementary but effective experiments.

At the end of the lecture, all who were present marvelled at the knowledge and enthusiasm that this remarkable man possessed. He talked for an hour and a half without interruption, only rarely referring to his notes, and more than satisfied the audience's thirst for knowledge and understanding.

ROBERT CRITCHLOW SVI



VERBIAGE

He was a very loquacious person
And in his metaphorical speech
When he got onto an enthralling spectacle
He stuck to it like a leech.

Such longanimity
I've stuck his squalid abuse
I wish I'd got a misericorde
Even better a mitrailleuse.

Even at his convivial convocation
In his languid drawl
Got mixed up with his words
Now he calls from his market stall.

ELIZABETH SMALES 2C

WORDS

Words. What are they?
Expressions of meaning,
Anger and Gentleness,
Cruelty and Kindness.
Words of many meanings,
Many sounds.
Not only for communication,
Not only for thinking
Minds that are as alive as a bank of
computers.
Minds that produce words.

DOUGLAS HOOD 4C

Life at London University

IN the centre of London, just off the Strand, lies King's College. To this establishment, as to any everyday London business establishment, people commute from various parts of the city to do their work. King's is a major power in the conglomeration of University colleges, particularly at the time of writing, since the mechanised solidity of the place offers a sharp rebuke to the chaos of L.S.E. just over the road. Yet the King's time-table, that is on the Arts side, involves far less rigidity than does the nine till five emphasis of economics. The "Arts" in London University are a matter for the individual, not for the Senate! In the department of English, University to us "artists", (that is people who look after their souls but never make any money from their "artistry" except by teaching!) occasionally implies tutorials, more infrequently suggests seminars and rarely concerns lectures. It is a commonplace amongst English students in the University that one should attend so many lectures in order to prove that they need generally not be attended. For finalists, they mean a waste of time in commuting from one's place of work (usually a flat or digs). For second year people, they have the same implication but are often shrewdly used as an excuse to get into town or a feeble reminder of systematised work. First years like myself last year, still hold the establishment in awe, with its pervading Anglican tradition and polite porters, so do not miss many lectures. Of course, it is not infrequent that the word gets around that a certain person is to lecture on a certain subject, in which case the lecture room is filled with

eager and attentive students. We are assured of a "performance" from say Tillotson on Ruskin and lap up his words, (pearls before swine?) only sorry that he concludes on the hour. But this kind of lecture transcends notes; one leaves with the feeling that perhaps living on a grant in London is worthwhile after all!

If lectures, the bulk of the University's educational system (Arts side) do not constitute University, then "What is University?" the taxpayers might feel justified to wonder. I would be tempted, after much thought, to reply that University, in one succinct definition, is . . . Coffee and Hot Buns. Of course, work is done, and a lot of it, because people want good degrees. Mid-night oil is often burned because it sometimes provides the best light in which to write an essay on Milton. Yet over frothy coffee and warm buns and melting butter (more often marg, but there's nothing wrong with illusions!) University takes place. There is none of that self-conscious brand of intellectualism which is channelled in the Seminar stream. No-one wants to stifle what they said. Words are not millstones — they are drunk freely with the coffee. If, after the coffee and buns, people go home happy through the cold night air, it is not because of anything concluded or resolved, but because of the conversation, because of the relationship of the group, the point of University. I remember feeling that I understood more about the nature of poetry from one of these meetings than from a month of systematised seminars on the subject.

As a man from Lichfield once wrote:
"Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes
And turn awhile from letters, to be wise."

English students, with characteristic pomposity, would probably quote the above as justification for their "groups"—Yet there is a great deal of "passing world" in London which it would be foolish to miss; from the real "theatre-going" atmosphere of the Aldwych, London home of the Royal Shakespeare Company, to the unreal circumstances of Battersea Wharf on a still evening when the smoke from nearby factories creates a hazy view. Everyone finds his own particular haven. There is indeed "all that one can afford" here and the kind of life is appreciated all the more when "afford" is seen as the operative word in more than one sense!

ROBERT MALLEN

The Universe

The huge, starry cartwheels burned in the dense black air,
Time would revolve the world for many hours before it would be solarised.
The silken moon shone softly in eternal fiery pastures,
Like a lonely shepherd guarding his fleecy flocks at night.

In dazes of rolling, golden flames that were never exhausted, the millions of stars burned.
A maze of tarry paths appeared round about them.
Planets loomed up and rotated away again into time,
Like enormous spinning tops wheeling round perpetually in the sky.

The heavy, black stillness reached a climax and nearly burst the sky,
The stars, planets and constellations floated seraphically across the field of eternity,
And when the fierce, golden sun pierced through they were still there.
Even if they were hidden from the range of the earth's sight.

DEBORAH CLARK 2E

THE SKY

The vast blue emptiness,
Opening up new horizons
Sheltering the whole world,
A protective roof against the unknown.

So near and yet so far,
The swirling patches of air
Reaching up, solidifying
Into mysterious unobtainable ghostly shapes,
While Lucifer, the morning star,
Dies away,
And seems to be the symbol of our lives.

ANNA D'ANGELO 3E

FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM

Guns are sounding
Feet are pounding,
War has been declared.
Bombs are dropping
Never stopping.
People crying
Others dying.
Year after year
Tear after tear,
Until, at last the war has passed.

CAROLE BIRKS 2D

FANTASY

I looked above at the unexplored capacity of darkness,
Small spots shining brightly blurred my eyes.
It resembled a blackboard cluttered with doodles,
The moon looked like a king of peace.

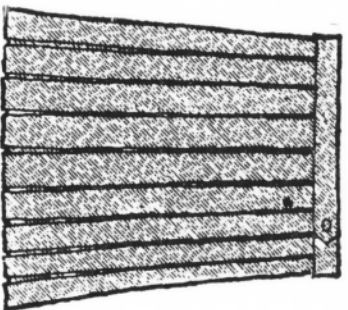
My eyes stared at Saturn spinning ad infinitum.
Infinite stars manoeuvring to form the Milky Way.
Thousands of scattered stars as though in a kaleidoscope.
Then all was changed,
Daylight took its place.

CHRISTINE MATTHEWS 4D

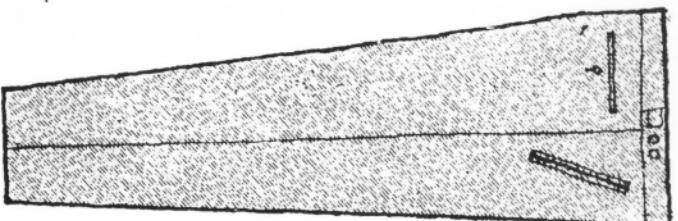
EVERYTHING FOR SCHOOL

RIGHT FOR STYLE
QUALITY and PRICE

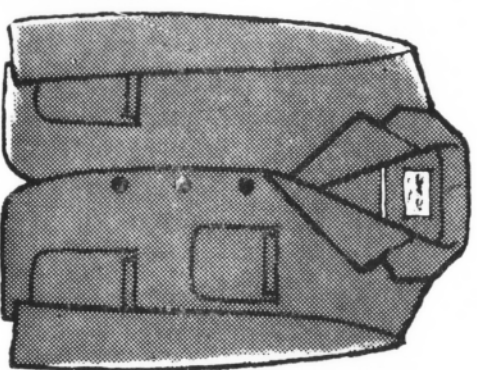
Dividend too!



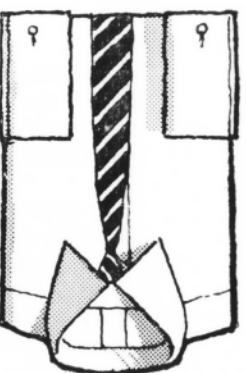
Girls' Skirts
— pleated or
straight.



Youths' School Trousers
and Shorts.



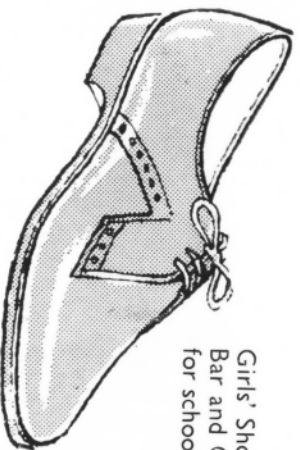
School Blazers — comfortable
single breasted style in appropriate
school colours.



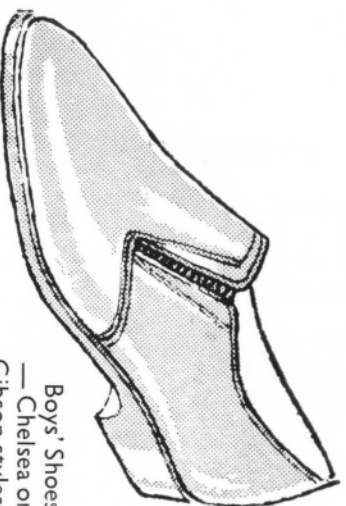
Smart School Shirts for boys and
Blouses for girls.

Full range of Boys' and Girls' Gaberdine
Raincoats, Anoraks and Duffle Coats, Knitwear
Hosiery & Underwear, Nightwear & P E Kits.

Ties, Badges, Scarfs & Caps for most schools.



Girls' Shoes — Gibson,
Bar and Casual styles
for school and play.



Boys' Shoes
— Chelsea or
Gibson styles,
ideal for all occasions.



Official Schoolwear Stockists for
CANNOCK GRAMMAR SCHOOL

CHURCH STREET, CANNOCK

Hednesford, Chasetown and Walsall

The Meaning of Freedom

Fight for the right to say what we wish.
Read what we want to and
Enjoy life's good things,
End all warfare and
Dangerous drugs,
Oppression, starvation, criminal thugs and
Make all countries free.

N. LEACH 2D

FREEDOM

The people of Biafra
All need help.
The policemen trying to stop the Mafia
All need help.
Many people living in slums —
All need help.
Our people fighting wars
All need help.
Doctors treating the sick
All need help.
Vets treating animals —
All need help.
All these people can have help —
From you, and you, and you.

GARY NICHOLLS 2B

SUCCESS

Four students talking;
"We won't be successful,
We'll live without it —
Freedom. We must have freedom,
But we don't need success."

Fifteen years later —
A Bank Manager,
A Stockbroker,
A Business Tycoon,
And a Doctor.

"These blasted students,
They make me sick;
We were never like that!"

ANTHONY BOWEN L6B

RETIREMENT

Retirement, the easy life that is not,
Scrimping, saving,
Lumbago, arthritis,
Stretching both the pension and the limbs,
Lethargy, old bones and worn out muscles
that refuse to co-ordinate.
A pipe and slippers by a dwindling fire,
Loneliness, muttering,
A life contained within four walls.
A life watching life slip by . . .

KAY LOMAS L6C

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD"

Give me my freedom
Let me live and die as I want;
Why must you govern me?
Why can't you leave me alone?
While I'm writing this
You govern me to do it.
Let me go, please.
All I ask is freedom.
I want to die, I don't want to live
Not when all my friends are dying
Here at my feet.
Why must I watch
While you let them suffer,
My own body deformed by hunger
And infested with disease.
Oh why God must I suffer?
Can there be no retribution?
Is this your judgement of Man?
I shed a tear and utter once more
The silent plea of a Biafran.

L. GOURLAY LVI C

Cry Freedom



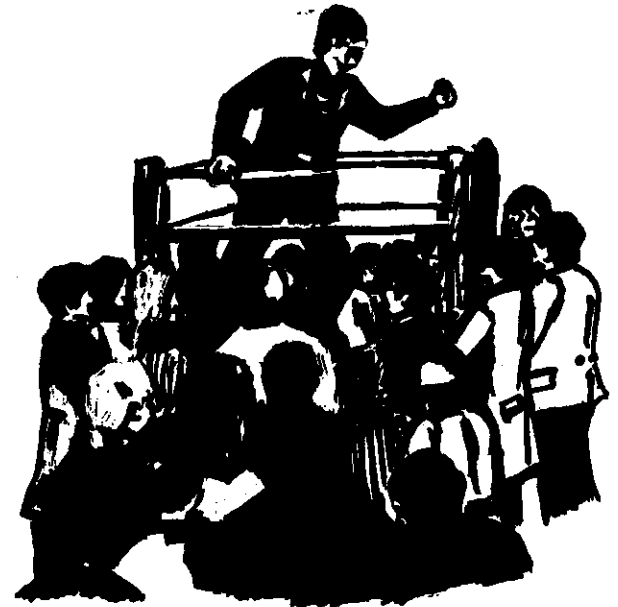
Cry "freedom" at your protest meeting,
And are you crying for the stillness of the sea,
Before the winds were taught to blow?
To me it does not seem so.

Cry "freedom" for your education
And is it the imaginative freedom you want
Inspired by the moving moon?
Your freedom is your doom.

Cry "freedom", "freedom" and "freedom"
for "freedom"

Soon you will leave behind your freedom,
Because for you it is just a pretty word.

J. GROVES 4D



illustrations by R. Preece, 5th Year

Freedom

Sons of old England
Fighting for freedom,
Journeying onward
Both night and day,
Steadfast and loyal
Hearts of old English oak,
Men worth the freedom
That follows their victory;
Your country is proud of you
Men of old England
Proud of the staunch, brave hearts in you;
Keep on with your task
Keep fighting for freedom,
God, Queen and Country
Will see you through.

WENDY BRIDGES 6C

illustration by V. Tizley, 5th Year



NOVEMBER 11th, 1969

It is fifty years after.

The bugles sing across the grey courts,

Soft in the November cloud-light,

As the long years come weeping home

And call back the hushed memories of the
living

In a quiet, rustling, billowing rain of Time.

Poppies, poppies trickling down the still air,
Red tears failing

On the light-breaking rack that is their
monument.

It is green, now, with peace winding

Through the dark flowerings of Death and
moonlight

Seen a million lives ago over the time-distant
fields of France.

Blood, a dark ocean of life

Roaring the chained world free

Again

Of fear. The debt was paid,

And those who followed passed from the
shadow

Into the Phoenix dawn of Joy,

Loud in prayer to the sky-white temples of
the fallen.

Yet for a child growing-up of years only

Did the sun sing bloodless

In the high havens of the morning

Before the bright bird's reburning

Sprang again over the wide dominion

Of the raging world.

Soft starlight, faint on the wind-grass rippling

Over the cross remembered mounds of earth

Asks, for what did they die?

For hope; when faith has fled and love lies
broken

There is only hope; the last petal

Of the flower that is freedom.

ANON.

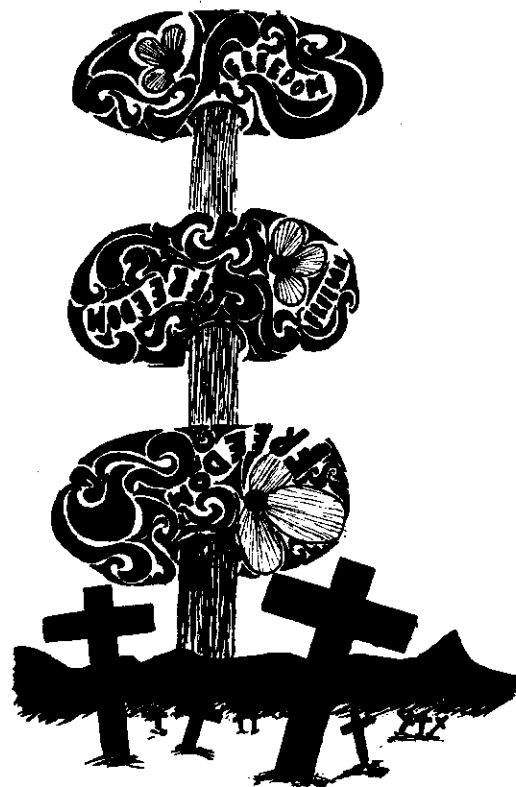


illustration by K. Powell, 5th Year

Promotion

Charles was an office worker
In a city hall,
His mind was a wonder,
At the Boss' beck and call.

Charles was a quiet man
Who wanted to be free,
Free from typewriters
Tapping tediously.

Free from the fountain pens
Leaking blue-black ink,
Charles wanted freedom,
Time to sit and think.

Time to take his children
To famous Blackpool Tower,
Time to sit upon the sands,
Relax for half an hour.

The Boss was a Rich Man,
And he no kindness had.
The Poor were his workers,
Their wages always bad.

The Boss would give no holiday,
Nor let the workers rest,
For higher productivity
Was his only interest.

The workers had a limit
They reached it one fine day,
"Come on, out on strike boys!
No work without more pay."

Now the Boss is moneyless,
But Charles is not, sound chap.
He runs a workers' boarding house
And has money in his cap.

ANON.



illustration by E. McClintock, 5th Year

Let's consider . . . **YOU** and the **N.C.B.**

If your thoughts on a career lie in the engineering or scientific fields, consider what the National Coal Board has to offer.

British coalmining is rapidly emerging as the nation's biggest "machine power" industry. Machine power means less operatives, but many more specialists at all levels . . .

Experts in mining engineering, in mechanical, electrical, electronic and hydraulic engineering, and in the range of scientific and associated services that Britain's biggest industrial organisation requires.

The N.C.B. has training schemes for entrants at all levels. Here are some of them.

- ★ **Student apprenticeship in mining, electrical or mechanical engineering, leading to a Higher National Diploma or a degree.**
- ★ **Apprenticeship in mining surveying, which provides a training up to professional qualifications standard.**

Entry conditions are the same for both — G.C.E. "O" level or C.S.E. Grade 1 passes in at least four subjects, including maths. and a science. Age limit is normally 18, but older applicants with appropriate "A" level passes are accepted.

You earn while you learn. The salary scale rises year by year from £7 0s. 6d. per week at 15.

The N.C.B. also offers a lodging allowance if you work too far from home, payment of study fees, good holidays and welfare facilities.

Students with good "A" level results wishing to take a university course in mining, electrical or mechanical engineering can apply for N.C.B. scholarships, which are among the best available in Britain. These scholarships are also open to outstanding N.C.B. student apprentices.

Mr. A. F. Barratt, Head of Staff Recruitment, Staffordshire Area, N.C.B. Staffordshire House, Stoke-on-Trent (Stoke-on-Trent 48201) will gladly give you advice and further information.

EDUCATION

EDUCATION is extremely difficult to define. What exactly do we mean by it? Is it the "hammering in" of facts, leading one out by personal discovery, the development of the individual, or the fitting of people into jobs so that they can serve the State? There are two viewpoints about this. Firstly, education in the broader sense goes on throughout life at home, school, work and play, where a person is educated not only by teachers but by other factors too. Secondly, there is the narrow, commonly-accepted viewpoint that education only goes on in schools, colleges and universities, and is mainly the assimilation of facts.

The public schools concentrated on character-building of the ruling class, perpetuating the class system, while universities and colleges were few. The opportunity to be educated was restricted, but as the votes were extended and the class system destroyed, education became wider, but it was considered that all most people needed to know were the 3R's, these being "hammered in" mechanically. But gradually the syllabus and methods changed. The authoritarian, disciplined view gave way to more liberal methods.

More liberal ideas were brought in by Dalton and Montissory. Certain psychologists agree with Montissory's Playway—that the child should discover for himself and not be presented with facts. They emphasised the interest factor, and in their view there are no differences in ability between one child and another. This means that there would be no 11 plus or streaming of children, and this

brings up the very controversial topic of the comprehensive system, in which all children are given equal opportunities. This change-over to comprehensive education is taking place at the moment, but is being bitterly fought. The subjects taught in schools today are no longer isolated, and they appeal to all the senses, not just to the hearing as they used to do. This is because there are so many aids today, such as television, films and tape recorders.

There are many special schools all over the country for the disabled, mentally and physically, and in these there is much less stress on the passing of examinations than in the normal State schools. In fact, because of the emphasis laid on exams, so that people in the "rat-race" can climb higher and take more exams, it is possible that there may be insufficient stress on virtues and manners. It is true that since the disciplinarian system has gone out of vogue, having been replaced by the more liberal approach, there has been an increase in delinquency. Bertrand Russel summed it up well when he said that unless our moral development catches up with our technological development, there will be another lunatic war. Today however, because so many people are needed in the technological and science fields, education to a large extent must be vocational and practical.

In discussing education, another question arises. Who are the educators? In the narrow sense they are the teachers and in more advanced education, lecturers. But in the broader sense they could be any or all of Youth Clubs, the State, writers, television, plays, films, the peer group of the individual, the home, the Church, and so on. The State would tend to lay the emphasis on the

vocational and utilitarian side, the Church would probably be more concerned with the behavioural side, while the home, I feel, would have the most influence on the development of the individual.

But are we spending enough money on schools, colleges and universities considering that the money spent on education is only a fraction of the amount spent on armaments and space-research?

For any theory about which type of education is the best, experiments have to be carried out and here the time factor is the main problem. The experiment would not be complete until many years later, and after all, is it fair to carry out experiments on children, who are in fact acting as guinea-pigs, to prove that a theory is right — or wrong? The conclusion that I have reached from discussing the above points is that in education there should be a balance between physical education, intellectual, economical, and spiritual and moral. Now the final question arises. What is an educated person? I conclude that an educated person should not be prejudiced, but approach every argument with an open mind, he should be able to judge for himself, appreciate talent, but most of all, education should have developed his potential to the full, so that he can use this potential in the Society in which he lives, and thereby help others. It must also be noted at this point that "education" comes from the Latin "educere" which means "to lead out" — not "to hammer in." And so we see that education is not only the process which takes place at learning institutions, but it can be summed up nicely in the statement "Education is as large as life."

CHRISTINE SMYCZEK L6B

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

— A MERE APPRECIATION

ACTORS, artists, antique forgers and electricians getting together with seamstresses, hairdressers and make-up artists, and the latest school production, titled, perhaps



"And we shall certainly now be the happiest couple".

Janet Pritchard and Michael Donithorn.

appropriately, "The School For Scandal" was underway.

Produced by Mr. Sutton, Sheridan's play was given the full treatment, the confident acting of the principals being well backed by the more minor characters. In fact, in a play in which many characters have lengthy parts, it is difficult to name all worthy of mention.

Sir Peter Teazle was played old-bachelorishly by Michael Donithorn, while Janet Pritchard played his wife, flamboyantly, cuttngly and piously as the play progressed.

A jovially plump Peter Taylor did credit to Sir Oliver, on whom much of the plot depends.

Jill Titterton seemed to have really involved herself with the character of Lady Sneerwell, supported in her "school" by Ruth Harris, whose Mrs. Candour gushed across the stage at her entrance.

The startling change in the character of Snake — it was originally a male part — would not have been begrudged by Sheridan if he had seen Bridget Townrow's brief, but telling, appearance.

"O, fie uncle," needs explaining only to those reprobates who missed Robert Wyke's convincing performance as the dandy, Sir Benjamin Backbite, who was encouraged by his uncle, alias a much aged Robert Taylor.

Special mention to Peter Utton and the members of the prologue who shone in their roles and serve as an example of the standard of the less important characters.

The first performance, on Thursday, 30th January, began with the cast in high spirits, literally floating in air, as they moved into the next room through a door which revealed the skyline of London. Quote: "I knew there was something I'd forgotten to mention to the stage-hands." This was quickly rectified



"Nay, pray gentlemen, I did not expect this usage".

Colin Hill, Robert Reynolds and Peter Taylor.

for the second half.

Music was supplied by J. Hayden and A. Wooliscroft, the latter's song being rendered (harmoniously?) by Leo Luik with a little help from his friends.

The success of the play may be judged by the 158 laughs (somebody was counting) received on the final night's performance. (It was a comedy incidentally). Though many sighs of relief were heaved amongst the cast, I think that they were actually sad, as were we, the audience, that they had to stop just when they had got into their stride.

DOUGLAS RANDALL L6B

Cruise to Norway

ON the morning of July 26th, 1968 we were among a coachload of students who set off from Cannock for Swansea and the S.S. Nevasa. We were accompanied by three members of the staff, namely Mrs. Aston, Mr. Blakeley and Miss Knowles.

The journey down was completed successfully and on arrival at Swansea we had our first view of the Nevasa. After going through the Customs House we filed on through a watertight door in the side of the ship. The first sensation we experienced as we clambered aboard was the odour from the galley and intense, almost stifling heat.

After spending the first night on board ship in quite sufferable conditions we soon settled down to life at sea. "Good morning Students, it is 7-30 a.m. and all students should now get up" became a familiar phrase, heard every morning and greeted usually with muffled groans.

Everything was done to a set timetable—getting up, eating meals, classroom periods, games periods—but it was quite well organised to keep students from under the feet of cabin passengers. The timetable was, however, dispensed with when we came in view of an interesting piece of scenery such as the Scottish Isles, the fjords and the entrance into each port.

The ports which were visited on the cruise were Bergen, Kristiansand, Oslo, Copenhagen and Amsterdam before returning to Tilbury Docks, London. Each port heralded new experiences never to be forgotten by anyone who took part. For example the ride on the funicular railway in Bergen and par-

ticularly important, the Regatta in Kristiansand harbour, in which a number of schools competed against each other in lifeboats.

This was quite alright at first, but after climbing precariously down into the boats and back up again after each heat, it became rather more than just a laugh, especially as each school had to "row" (for want of a better word) its own life boat. As much as everyone enjoyed it, I think they were glad to get back on board the Nevasa, with or without a life jacket.

In Oslo we visited the Kon-Tiki Exhibition and the famous ski-jump and in Copenhagen we travelled by water bus to the Tivoli Gardens where we were allowed to spend a proportion of the night running wild.

In Amsterdam, I think, most people were surprised at the drabness of the place, and at how badly kept most of the canals were. Everyone enjoyed their trip by waterbus which really was the best way to travel. Clogs in some form or other were probably bought by everyone and those who fortunately still had enough money left to buy wearable ones soon discovered why the Dutch wear such thick woolly socks.

Throughout the whole duration of the cruise various competitions went on, and here some of the prizes won by "us" deserve a mention: Congratulations to the boys of Cooke dormitory for winning the first prize for the best kept dormitory, to Robert Hopcraft, table tennis champion, Sharon Seager and Jeffrey Allsopp, fancy dress firsts, and Janet Yates third, and to Susan Charlesworth

and Jeanette Daker for their poem about the Kon-Tiki Expedition.

The crew, also, deserve an honourable mention for putting up with us and the other students, and I'm sure no-one will ever forget those immortal words "Tea or Coffee, Miss?"

All in all everyone benefited in some way, if not geographically, and a good time was definitely had by all.

Inspired by SHARON SEAGER, ideas contributed by LINDA PEE and SUSAN HAWES. Written by SUSAN HUSSELBEE.

NIGHT

The sun sets in a scarlet throne,
The moon starts her laborious circle
Over the star-gleamed evening sky,
Her impudent face looks over his distant
sister;
The night denses as its mist thickens and
clutches
The ground, as a blanket of wool clutches the
sheep.

The stars twinkle and seem to talk to their
parent,
Earth.
All earth is slumbering.
Midnight strikes and the church bells
frustrate the absence of noise
The peel of the bells agitate an owl as he
hoots
Loudly, piercing the silence.

ALAN BROWN, 2E

The Secrets of Sunderland

IT was like the start of an intriguing film about a secret underground movement. On arrival I was ushered up a flight of stairs and along a dimly lit corridor when suddenly our journey came to an abrupt end. My companion gave a quick nod towards a door indicating, I assumed, that this was the entrance to what was going to be my quarters for the next year. I could not help but become instantly aware that this was no ordinary door for inscribed thereon, in big bold printed red letters were the words "S.B.1" and below a symbol of a red cross, which stood out against the yellow paint. Was this the special code for those belonging to my movement? Had I been chosen as their new leader? Or perhaps I had been brought to this north-eastern industrial town in order to expose a secret military revolution. I quickly stepped inside the room, securing the door for fear the enemy were in orbit, and sat down to ponder on these important matters.

I was not allowed much time for contemplation. There was a knock and a white-faced, dark-haired girl peered round the door. Was this, I thought, my second in command? "I'm Mary" she said. "Welcome to Westfield Hall. Did you know that this used to be our sick bay. Simply everybody ailing with simply everything contagious has been housed in here at some time or another". A deep feeling of relief crept over me. I was safe — or was I?

Everything proceeded in a fairly orderly fashion until two weeks later. At 7-05 a.m. when I had just finished my bath a loud

ringing tone disturbed the morning quietness. I stepped outside the bathroom and made towards my bedroom only to be trodden down by hundreds, well forty, panicking females, rollers intact, dressing gowns floating, rushing towards the various exits. "It's the fire bell" one yelled. So I stood there disguised only by my bath towel! This was the morning that the warden had chosen to give us a fire practice.

It's amazing how quickly I became adapted to life in a community and how certain conventions have become part of my everyday life: the ceremony of "signing out" whenever I leave hall after 6 p.m.: changing the sheets and pillow cases every alternate Wednesday (this has proved awkward when my memory has failed me and I have been unable to recall whether it's my week); not forgetting that I become extremely unpopular if I burst forth into song between the hours of 6 p.m. and 9 p.m. — "quiet hours". I have learned to consume my food at a rapid rate — though I haven't discovered why. I seem to be called "pet", pronounced without the "t", by all and sundry even in exhortation!

Seriously though — just for a minute — it really is a great life at college and particularly this college of education where over 800 students, four-fifths of whom are resident, combine to create the most friendly atmosphere it has ever been my privilege to experience, an attribute which one finds more than a little comforting in the initial stages.

To those who are applying, or will shortly be thinking of applying, to a college of education, may I say that I can heartily recommend Sunderland. I look forward to seeing a few C.G.S. faces on some of the interview days.

GILLIAN KNOWLES

A DISUSED RAILWAY STATION

Railway tracks, brown, rusty
Shattered windows lying on dusty floors.
A scene of solitude, as a child's playground
on a wet day
Here and there the creaking of rotten doors.
Familiar haunts once used by children now
derelict and deserted.
Rats scuttle from rotting sheds, like aliens in
a deserted world.
Time has seen it an industrious centre for
travellers of old.
A new and conspicuous object against the
grimy background.
But time has seen it grow old
And shed its bustling crowds.
Probably see it again a crowded place.
When it's demolished for our growing world.

DAVID BOWES 2E

Pagina Latina

Olim lignator quidam arbores in fluvii ripa positas caedebat, cum securis in aquam cecidit. Quo viso, homo quidam, nomine Mercurius, in fluvium se emersit et securem auream reduxit. Lignator "haecne tua securis est" rogatus negavit eam esse sibi. Hoc dixit quia sincerus erat. Mercurius lignatori securem auream dedit, quod sincerus erat.

Alius lignator qui prope stabat haec verba audivit. Tum securem in fluvium iecit, et iterum Mercurius in fluvium se proiecit, et iterum securem auream reduxit. Hic lignator "haecne tua securis est" rogatus "Est" respondit. Hoc dixit quia non sincerus erat. Tum Mercurius "sive" inquit, "haec securis est tua sive non, ego tibi non dabo, quod tu non sincerus es."

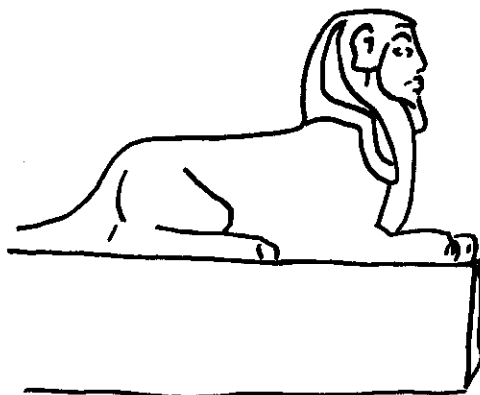
ANDREW STEED 3A

LIBERTAS

Olim homo quidam, Albertus nomine, multos servos habebat, inter quos erat servus optimus cui nomen erat. Marcus. Ille pro Alberto semper strenue laborabat, sed se liberare et in libertate vivere cupiebat. Olim ubi omnes servi in agris laborabant, Marcus Albertum cum puero tenero loquentem vidit. Tum murum altissimum, qui circum agrum erat, quam celerrime ascendit reque Albertus eum vidit. Postea Marcus in Germaniam effugiebat. Staque libertatem sibi comparaverat neque iam in servitute vivebat.

ELIZABETH MYERS 2C

Congratulations to Nicolas Madge (L6) on being awarded first prize for solving the crossword in "Acta Diurna".

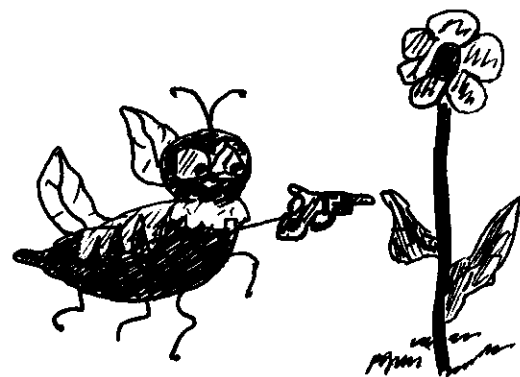


Caesar ad Cleopatrom:
"Veni, Vidi, Victus Sum"
Geoffrey Benson 3A

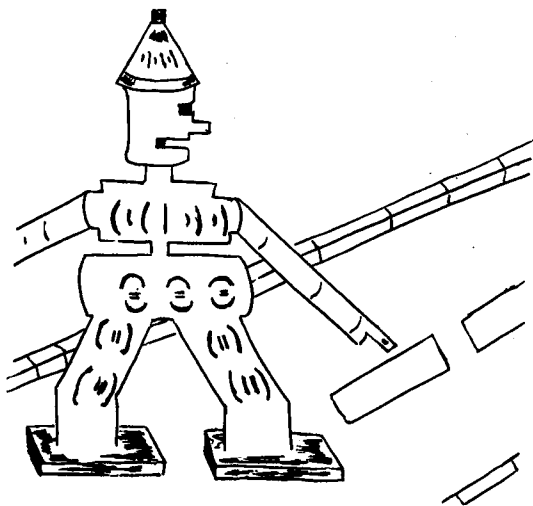


"Cave O Amice,
Romani exploratores
ubique habent"

David Bell 3A



Tuum mel aut tua vita
Lynne Mainwaring 3A



Videte! Vestigia!

Stephen C. R. Bott 3A



METTUS CURTIUS: Vale O Mater!
MATER: EXPECTA! Subunculae
Purae Oblitus Es! !

M. Reaney 3A

SENIOR EXPEDITION TO FRANCE

1. The Facts

On Tuesday, July 31st a party of 30 boys and three staff left Cannock at 9-30 a.m. to travel via London and Dover to Ostend, where we arrived at 9 p.m.

We were transported thence by "sleep-coach" via Paris and Lyons to the picturesque town of Vallon in the Central Massif and gateway to the "Gorgis de l'Ardeche".

The next four days were spent canoeing down this beautiful gorge which we eventually left at St. Martin. The canoeing, though not arduous in itself, was made more tiring by the fact that everybody wanted to have several tries at each rapid which is the best way of learning how to do it properly.

From St. Martin we travelled by coach via Avignon to Cap de Couronne, our home for the next eight days.

Here we sunbathed, swam, with and without snorkels, sailed, raced go-karts, played Badminton and table-tennis, barbecued and slept. The week passed and all too quickly we were on our way home via the same route, ultimately arriving in Cannock at 8 p.m. on Tuesday, August 13th, a nostalgically happy party.

2. (Some of) The Details

Tuesday a.m. July 31st:

"Crikey, you'd think we were going to Outer Mongolia or somewhere!" I've never seen so many people so early just to see their loved ones/offspring (strike out which does not apply), onto a coach. (How on earth

does Geoff Bateman do it, so early in the morning?).

1-00 p.m. — Arrive London, drive to the Victoria bus station — "oops — missed the turn! Never mind we'll go round the corner and try again . . ."

1-45 p.m. — "Hope he doesn't miss it this time — thank you, officer! — De-bus — "I think Richard Mountfield has lost a case— no? Well I hope you've got enough, I've never seen anyone go away for so long with so little luggage. — Some of these lads carry more than that to a football match!"

2-15 p.m. — Pick up the tickets and away we go. There's a slight contretemps in France (again!) so we travel via Ostend.

We are met by two of the most stolid Germans who are to conduct our trip South. Not stopping, except at breakfast outside Lyons, we find Wednesday upon us a hot, hot, day — eventually we get to Vallon a little tired and hungry, but boy it surely is hot. "I think my li-lo's punctured, Sir". "Why not put the bung in it".

Thursday a.m. — The start of our canoeing and after a few rather tentative attempts some of the most splendidly turned capsized.

Thursday also heard (for the first time) that well known phrase or saying — "Come on John!" as Ian Daker's dulcet tones rang out over the river! There were also some very quaint pairings in the canoes although we felt it might be an unnecessary risk to put Ian and Rod McAlpine in the same boat (the shallows do get very shallow in places).

Another quaint sight is the number of old jeans cut down into ragged-fringe "Bermudas" — high fashion in a canoe if you want to have any skin left on your thighs after the sun has set! Another point of high fashion is the number of shapes one can turn an ordinary soft straw hat into! D.H. takes

first prize here with his wired up model — known as “Pancho of the river”. Leo Luik also looked very fetching in his version which was ever close to his ears (too big perhaps?).

On Thursday night it thundered, lightened and rained, and rained and rained! (The only rain we saw in seventeen days). John Ryder swam out of his tent to assure us that he was alright and one or two others got a bit damp. The path to the gentlemen’s ablutions proved slightly hazardous after the rain but there were no serious mishaps.

A day of interesting canoeing on Friday with perhaps the most memorable piece of scenery — the Pont d’Arc — a natural limestone arch one hundred and twenty feet high spanning the river. — Very impressive but not seen at first as it is immediately preceded by a rather twisty rapid.

Saturday — a quiet, uneventful day made interesting before lunch by a rock the size of a house surrounded by the fastest water we’ve seen. After two hours of “play” which would have had certain parents quaking and others rushing to check their insurance cover — the piece de resistance was the sight of two young gents taking the rapid at speed . . . backwards! “Come on John”.

The canoeing after lunch was decidedly enlivened by the sight of thirty pink bottoms line astern going quietly through a French nudist colony. Unfortunately the solemnity of this occasion was marred by what can only be described as an ill-timed capsize on the part of D.H. and R.C.S. who were seen to be shaking with mirth as they went under — to reappear fifty yards down stream! It took ten nude Frenchmen, and three very wet Englishmen to remove the canoe from the rock that it was stuck on and nobody, but nobody would believe it was an accident.

Sunday — two short sharp bursts of canoeing, with a cooling swim in the shadow of the gorge between, saw us at the end of the gorge at St. Martin. Here we had what must have been the coldest and slowest running shower of our holiday—hardly the most invigorating way of cleansing oneself. “Why do French loos smell so much, Sir?”. “I don’t know, Andrew — perhaps they’ve not discovered disinfectant yet!”

Monday via a student-filled, gift-selling but nonetheless beautiful Avignon to Cap de Couroune. — “Watch out for scorpions!” — “He’s joking”. “No he’s not — he means Ron with a hangover!”

Into luxuriously roomy tents and a long, long sleep.

Tuesday — sailing — “Capsize that Caravelle, if you can. “No its got too wide a bottom — anyway Ian, Rod and Chris are in it!”

Thursday afternoon another revelation in high fashion. Ray Craddock and co. paddling waist deep in their new Levis to shrink them to size (pud shape!) “Critch looks smart”. “Yes there are some girls arriving today.”

Wednesday a.m. — Underwater swimming—one of the worst sights to the natives being Mel. Evans “spouting” on re-surfacing. One of the funniest sights to this writer being ten feet down, rounding a rock and coming face to face (or mask to mask) with Rod. We both thought we’d burst before reaching the surface!

Kev. Madeley doing some bird-watching (he said) falling from his perch and sustaining abrasions which when dressed ensured his having only half a tan!

Wednesday p.m.—Go-kart racing gently at first but then rather hair-raising with John Ryder doing a flick turn on the crown of a bend which ended up with a certain number of the hierarchy doing an inglorious front somersault over the hay-bales!

Thursday — more swimming, touch-rugby which can be a very rough game, and sun-bathing.

Friday — Marseilles — unfortunately our visit coincided with a courtesy visit from the American carrier U.S.S. Forrestal, and consequently we received a slightly lesser welcome than might otherwise have been the case! An attempt to enrol Andrew as a member of the illustrious French Foreign Legion was a failure — perhaps next year?

Saturday and Sunday were passed lazily, by some, energetically by others. After a swimming expedition on Saturday some of us agreed that D.H. might look interesting with only half a beard — we got back to base to find he’d forestalled us by removing the lot!

Monday — after the most amazing farewell party we took our leave — a pair of pleasanter coach drivers made the long journey more bearable, but it was a very quiet party that ultimately embarked at 10 a.m. in Ostend.

Dover — Victoria — M1 — all came and went and then the group broke-up each with his own version of what in any terms must be regarded as a very successful outing! “Come on John.”

R.C.S.

Note:-

My apologies to anyone who feels slighted at being left out, or put in! So many things happened it’s perhaps as well that I can’t remember them all!

opportunities in building . . .

Telephone or write to our
Personnel Officer for details:

LINFORD

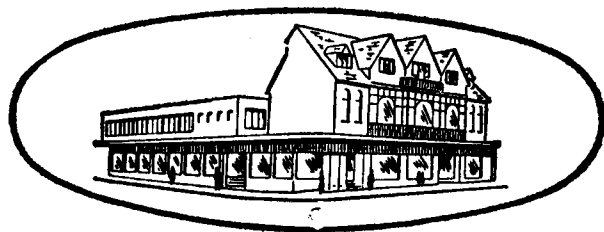
(Established 1925)

Building Contractors

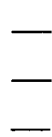
We are always interested in people
with ambition, and we offer first class
opportunities in all branches of the
Building Industry, in the office,
workshops and on the site.
Make your profession or trade
"Building" and make it with us.

F. & E. V.
LINFORD LTD.
P.O. Box 14
Park Road,
CANNOCK
Staffs.

Tel.
Cannock 2751
(10 lines)



FURNISH
DECORATE
MAINTAIN



YOUR HOME
YOUR HOME
YOUR HOME

CLARKE'S

AVON HOUSE
CANNOCK TEL. 3733

WITH GOODS FROM **D. W. CLARKE & SON LTD.**

ALSO AT —

88 WARDLES LANE
GT. WYRLEY. Tel. Wyrley Bank 2612

BUILDERS MERCHANTS YARD
EAST ST. BRIDGTOWN
Tel. 3737

"TWENTY CUP-LETS" FOR THE ROAD

Frivolous doggerel written after perusing an Ordnance Survey map of the area.

We'll never lose the memory, we'll ne'er forget the thrill,
of rolling round to Weeping Cross, by way of Slitting Mill.
The moon was over-clouded; we blundered in the dark,
— instead of skirting Bradshaw's Farm, we went through Weston Park.
We strained our eyes to recognise what headlights had revealed
and saw that we had cut across the green at Brocton Field.
We took the road to Stafford, we knew it as a rule,
but coming round a corner, found ourselves in Pottal Pool.
We scratched the moss from mile-stones, to see what lay beneath,
and saw before the match blew out "Three miles to Brindley Heath."
We now were so determined to get home "come what may",
that we hit the traffic island coming out of Cheslyn Hay.
I dismounted for a moment, the driving to exchange —
and saw that you were halfway through the gate of Hatton Grange.
Our senses of direction were completely at a loss,
we found as we went round and round the base of Giffard's Cross.
I'm not exactly elderly, but cannot stand the pace
of rushing round the pony tracks that cover Cannock Chase.
We both were tired and broken, we'd really had enough,
but then we had a puncture in a lane at Walton's Rough.
We banged it and we thumped it, we kicked it and we swore,
which was really hardly fitting in the town of Gentleshaw.
The atmosphere was eerie, the wind was bitter chill
as we tried to get it started on the top of Beacon Hill.
I don't know how we got there, I know we never should
— but we'd lost the starting handle in a brook in Fulmoor Wood.
Up Sandon Bank we spluttered, and made for Knightly Dales,
but the village pump is missing by the pub at Sherrif Hales.
We rattled through the rickyards, we limped along the lanes
and found ourselves a mooring on the Wharf at Norton Canes.
We rubbed our eyes in wonder, by the light of rising dawn
to find us going backwards through the streets of Coven lawn.
For years to come, the tale they'll tell, about our famous ride
through Boscomoor and Tittensor and many more beside.
I suppose now it's all over, it matters not at all.
but they've got some horrid wheelmarks on the lawn at Dunston Hall.
At last we saw a turning, we knew it at a glance,
we found ourselves in Penkridge by the purest bit of chance.
We swore, we cursed like troopers, we pushed, we pulled, we towed,
the night we went round Staffordshire and back to Leacroft Road.

(With some apology to G. K. Chesterton, but none whatsoever to Staffordshire Highways Dept.)

ANON

TO PAMELA (IN IGNORANCE)

Dear person, who shows me sympathy,
Sympathises,
Gazes deeper into my own sympathy,
Tells me what must be the truth,
It rings so true.
And utters back into my face the words I
dumbly mouth
And answers them for me
Being so alike to myself,
At least I am told you are,
And yet so far reaching.
I set out to write to you
A letter of appreciation and sympathy,
But on reflection know less than nothing of
you,
Save what is in myself
And so am unable to say more
Except to thank you very simply.
You are a mortal,
And in that we differ slightly;
I am human,
And I come to think
That for that difference
You show me sympathy.

LINDA DONALDSON L6A

This bone rage, this bone rage,
It hurts like sin.
This bone rage, this bone rage,
That hurts like sin
It locks us in.
Crabbed freedom,
Oh, blood-iron tearfulness in
The early evening, slip away.
My night's for me to sink in.
My night's stars for me to cry my love on.
The love I cry for me to keep in rage.
Uselessness.
Have you ever felt uselessness?
Have you ever felt uselessness
While your bones rage?

LINDA DONALDSON L6A

A College of Further Education

— A PERSONAL COMMENT ON LIFE AND FUNCTION THEREIN

I DO not know how many there were — about thirty, I suppose; but I do remember that I was nervous. It was a mixed class and the ages ranged from 17+.

They were filled with a zest for learning (most of them!). There I was, new, my head full of all sorts of things technological in education. I forget to introduce myself, so for one day at least, I went down as 'Brand X' or 'Anon.'

Why was I there? Well — I had always wanted to be a teacher, and as a teacher I had become interested in the training of student teachers and in the development of new methods and techniques. Another reason for my being here is because of the enormous development in recent years of mechanical aids to teaching. The proper use of aids presents a great challenge to teachers, and there is certainly no fear that they will replace the teacher. They certainly cause the teacher to question his own skills and his relationship with his pupils; they will help to make this relationship more effective.

Modern medical practitioners have to understand and prescribe chemical medicines, but these medicines have not replaced the doctor who has to make the diagnosis and decide which variety of medicine is suitable for which complaint and for which patient. I believe that in the same way the teacher must understand these techniques of teaching and must be able to decide when an aid is going to help his pupils, and then prescribe it and see that it is properly used.

My primary function is to introduce students to teaching aids and to ensure that

they will become competent in using them.

Today there are more students attending our colleges of education than at any previous time. It follows, therefore, that more Sixth Formers, especially those contemplating a career in teaching, may be asking the question "What goes on in a college of education?" Such a simple question asks for a simple answer. The simple answer that some would expect is "A college of education is where students are trained to become teachers." But such a simple answer does not adequately convey what is being done in our colleges. It certainly does not give you an insight into what goes on here at the Glamorgan College of Education, Barry.

The college is pleasantly situated on a hill overlooking the town centre of Barry and the Bristol Channel. Barry is a seaside resort only ten miles from Cardiff, the capital city of Wales, and one of the most beautiful cities in the British Isles.

The college buildings which house some 750 students are a mixture of old and modern architecture. All this and more can be found in the college prospectus, a copy of which I am sure you will find in the School Library.

The age and design of a college or school give little help in assessing the value of what goes on inside, for some of our most excellent establishments have not been housed in modern buildings. It is the people involved in the activities of a school or college that are important — the staff, the students and all those others directly or indirectly contributing towards its daily life.

A year or so ago I left a good school for what I then believed and now know to be a good college. Here at Barry we are proud of the good relationship that exists between students and staff, staff and schools and students and schools. These good relationships enable us to communicate exactly that which we are trying to achieve.

The college is constantly alive to the changes that are taking place in education. Our aim is to produce well-educated teachers. We therefore expect our students to attain a high degree of academic success as well as acquiring "the art of teaching and the science of learning".

To realise our objective, students are provided with opportunities which allow them to form their own opinions, carry out evaluations and make their own judgements. We do not dominate or obtrude into the process of learning; rather we act as catalysts, introducing order into the process, preventing it from becoming a haphazard and chaotic experience, so that students may develop to their maximum ability.

The staff of a college of education is an interesting and exciting group to which to belong. First because you meet other people who share your interests. Secondly, and perhaps paradoxically, it is interesting because there are a lot of people with different interests from your own, so that the staff society is one of great variety. We are a large staff, but I am happy to record that I have experienced the same friendliness and excellent personal relationship as I did when at Cannock.

D. V. GINN

Journey of a Lifetime

A HAPPY band of pilgrims under the supervision of Miss Andrews and Messrs. Shaw and Spencer, set out one early morning in December 1968 at the start of a thrilling and unforgettable journey which lasted through to 1969. The journey by coach to Gatwick Airport was somewhat uncomfortable, but uneventful, and we finally invaded the airport. There, the wait was long and tedious, but at last the flight announcer, who insisted that we were "Crannock Grammar School," called us out over the microphone and we were now truly on our way. The plane was a Comet jet, which transported us across France, leaving the Alps at a safe distance below, and on to Venice, where we boarded the ship.

I must say that first impressions were very disappointing. The first meal was terrible, the people seemed unfriendly and the dormitory tiny. But things soon brightened up and the next day we were set loose to make our impression upon Venice. It was strange to see the streets covered by water, especially when balanced precariously above it on a 1 ft. wide plank. But the things which stand out in my memory are the architecture, a glass-blowing factory, and Venetian coffee and doughnuts — all of which were superb. Venice impressed its traditions on some of us, too — one notorious member of our party had her bottom pinched! N.B. The police are still looking for it.

We left Venice that night by sea on board S.S. Nevasa. Our next stop was Piraeus, where we were ambushed by street

sellers the minute we set foot off the ship. We visited Corinth and this journey is the one I remember most vividly, as it was everything I had hoped it would be — beautiful bays at the roadside, olive trees, and orange and lemon groves. We also visited the overwhelming Acropolis at Athens, which is a vast city, so refreshing and full of life. It was with reluctance that we watched the twinkling lights of Athens disappear into the distance.

The following two days at sea were spent in lectures, films, private study and deck games — all very educational, but I think we were relieved when we docked at Beirut. There were two organized excursions — one to Byblos, which is the oldest continuously inhabited city in the world and another to Baalbek. What struck me most about the Lebanon was the great contrast between the poor and the rich. This was particularly noticeable, as they lived so close to each other.

But we left Beirut and on Christmas Eve arrived in the country which, for many of us, was the real purpose for the journey — Israel. Until I saw what it was like, Israel, the heart of so many religions, had been something I could not even imagine. We were taken on a tour of Jerusalem, the city of contrasts. As I looked down on the city, the third temptation of Christ in the wilderness came to my mind — the view was breath-taking. The Churches were all beautiful, particularly the Church of the Annunciation in Nazareth. But there were a lot of soldiers, particularly at Bethlehem, carrying

machine-guns, which was rather unnerving. The people, although they live in perpetual fear because of the war, are extremely friendly and industrious, the land being worked very economically.

In the evening of December 24th we visited Bethlehem, which was enchanting, especially as we were drawing near, guided by a red light shining from the hillside. Christmas Day was spent in Nazareth and on the Sea of Galilee, our spirits not being dampened by the rain that lashed down. I felt that everyone was sad to be leaving this country which had so much to teach us, but we were all so happy to have seen it.

The day after we left Haifa, we ran into a storm — Gale Force 10 — and I don't think I've seen so many green faces as on that day. But boldly, S.S. Nevasa cut through the waves, and bore us safely to dock at Gibraltar 5 days later. This was the time for buying presents for that forgotten aunt or cousin Jim, and as we only had four hours in which to shop, we had to rush. To add to our difficulties the monsoons had appeared the morning we arrived. Gibraltar was very interesting and it was good to see signs that we were nearing home — the policemen dressed the same as in England.

Our arms filled with packages, we embarked for the last time, and sped home to sunny Southampton. Good-byes were sad but our spirits rose as we neared home, and having arrived back, each pilgrim was dispatched to his waiting family. Our journey of a lifetime was over.

CHRISTINE SMYCZEK L.VIB

Exodus Chapter One

(OR THE GREAT S.A.P. WALK)

IN the beginning there was Cannock Grammar School. And it came to pass that on the twenty-fifth day of the tenth month of the year 1968 a great throng gathered in the court-yard, numbering nearly one hundred people. And Mr. P. "Moses" Spencer stood up with Colin "Aaron" Hill by his side. Moses cried unto the people with his electronic megaphone and said unto them, "Get thee from this place and go out into the wilderness surrounding and I will lead you to a new promised land. Carry no purse, no bag, no sandals; and salute no one on the road. "Fear not," he said, "for lo, I am with you always, in my car."

And it came to pass that they set out on Foote carrying only a parchment inscribed with directional hieroglyphics to make Shaw they did not wander from the pathway. And in a like manner they travelled for many hours and many miles were covered. The people stretched out in a long column across the desert. They that were in front had many visions of the promised land and many were spurred on by these comforting thoughts. Among these was the prophet Burnett.

And the people followed Moses through the wilderness of Rawnsley and past the desolation of Gentleshaw. In the heat of the day the people did cry unto Moses for water since they were very dry. And Moses heard their cries and took pity upon them. He raised up his car-keys and did smite the boot of his car and there issued forth a cool stream of orange juice and the people, seeing what he had done were merry and drank their fill.



"Rise, take up thy bed and walk." John 5 v.8 Beds we had not; but walk we did.

There were also groups of people, lying lame by the roadside and many walked by on the other side. But a man called St. John with his Ambulance went about the countryside and healed the sick. And the tribe of Red Cross also found many in need of comfort and did help them on their way. Verily, verily I say unto thee, Moses offered up many

praises for those that helped the sick and lame.

And the people of Moses descended in to the valleys of Upper Longdon and to the plains of Rugeley, beneath the pillars they call "Power Station". They travelled along the bank of the river called Trent and lo,

A Canadian Holiday

they found themselves come upon the foothills of Milford.

And on the journey many of the people went into the restaurants and cafés and were made welcome. Moses said unto them, "Remain in the same house eating and drinking what they provide." And the people said, "Peace be unto these houses." But there was a place where one of the caravans of Moses was rested and the landowner did appear, shouting and tearing his hair. And he entered the place and began to drive out those who were there and he would not allow anyone to carry anything through that place. And the Followers of Moses Said, "Even the dust of your place that clings to our tyres, we wipe off against you".

And Moses commanded his people, saying "Climb up to the height called Brocton and follow the way called Straight, or that which they call A34". And they descended to Huntington in the last hours of the day.

And so it came to pass that the people found the place that they had been seeking, and behold it was still Cannock Grammar School. And more than sixty of the throng had made the whole journey without assistance. And when it was known of this great happening, riches flowed in from all parts of the land as offerings and a great pile of gold and silver and precious things was amassed. And it was published abroad that treasures worth over £300 were sent as a gift to Christian Aid.

PETER TAYLOR SVI

Recently I was fortunate enough to spend twelve days holiday in Canada. I found that the Canadian people had a lot in common with their weather, namely that they were both very hospitable.

I spent the first four days in Montreal, which is the largest city in Canada. Neil, my travelling companion, and I stayed at the home of a Canadian paper boy, Ross Mackay. Ross was the perfect host, even insisting upon calling us at 5-15 a.m. each morning so he could show us his paper round. Of course Neil and I were interested in the Canadian system of newspaper delivering, but at 5-15 in the morning?

The highlight of our stay in Montreal was a visit to the 'Terre Des Hommes' ('Man and his World' for the non-linguists) Exhibition. Incidentally, Montreal is predominantly French-speaking, which created problems as Neil does not speak a word of French and my French, to quote a member of the French Department 'leaves something to be desired.' I am sure that if it wasn't for the intervention of a Canadian Mountie, Neil and I would still be completely lost!

After our four days in Montreal, we flew to Corner Brook, a city in Newfoundland. This city, for the benefit of the Geographers and anyone else still sufficiently interested is one of the centres of the timber industry.

In Corner Brook we stayed at a top class hotel. Here life was much less hectic than in Montreal, and we spent a lot of time fishing and hunting caribou. However Corner Brook was not without its nightlife, and two travelers from England certainly created an impression, particularly with the hotel man-

ager, who disapproved quite unreasonably of a game of football in his lift at 12-15 a.m.!

However, all good things come to an end and we arrived back at London Airport at 8 a.m., exactly twelve days after we had set out, our adventure over; or so we thought! The car sent to meet us had, we later learned gone to Manchester Airport. After several frantic 'phone calls, the situation was resolved and we arrived back in Wolverhampton at 3 p.m. It had taken us 5 hours to travel the 2,000 miles between Gander and London Airport, and 7 hours to travel the 130 or so miles from London to Wolverhampton! Finally the car bringing me from Wolverhampton to Cannock broke down - the end of a perfect day.

ROY CARTWRIGHT LVIC

EVENTUS

And later He looked at His creation,
at a world torn by wars
and famine.

And He saw the strife,
the tears of despair,
the lack of mercy,
the abundance of greed
and the misery.

And He heard the screams,
and felt the pain
and saw the wounds

of the dead men who still fought,
because to die was defeat.

And He reached out to His children,
but they saw Him not.

He spoke,
but no-one heard.

And He wept

GAIL BALI LVIE

SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE BUILDING SOCIETY



BRANCH OFFICE:

12 WOLVERHAMPTON ROAD, CANNOCK

**☆ START SAVING NOW
AND PREPARE FOR THE FUTURE**



INVESTING SHARES	4½%	(Tax Paid)
SUBSCRIPTION SHARES	4¾%	(Tax Paid)

— Withdrawals paid on demand —

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION REGARDING INVESTMENTS OR MORTGAGE

CALL OR WRITE TO THE BRANCH MANAGER

TURN BACK TO LIFE

Are beasts of the field
Better than man?
Is the brain that separates them
So vastly dissimilar?
Turn around, take a look,
Do you see the created Adam
Or do you feel the Serpent
twisting, turning,
In the hearts and minds of progressive man.

Golgotha is spreading the Disease over the
earth
War, revolution, prejudice, hate.
To look beyond the earth
Was incapable of man;
Now they search far, fervent and deep.
Each star passed by is a life left on earth
Dying in pain, agonising pain.

Look back on earth you men of Science,
Think of what you are giving,
Think again of what you are taking,
Turn back your brilliance
To the task of your life
The furthering of this world.
Statesmen, turn your eyes to peace not war,
Preachers, mould unity, love, truth.

* * *

In Billions of years one man was all,
Surely in Millions there could be all once more.

CHRISTINE MASSEY, 4A

Projects in Technology

Project in Technology; Appealing?

Certainly five of this year's Lower Sixth think so, and we find the problem which we set out to accomplish, interesting and worthwhile.

At the beginning of last Autumn term we decided unanimously to construct (or at least to try to do so) a weighing mechanism which will be used to weigh a hospital patient who is undergoing treatment from a kidney machine or some such similar device.

Through the Wednesday afternoons of last term we laboured through various ideas of how to tackle the project: we pondered over the disadvantages and advantages of each scheme, sometimes rejoicing, at other times - well let us say we were never down-cast.

We are pleased to report that now at last we seem to be finding our feet, and have received encouraging letters from manufacturers whom we have contacted; and it seems that within a few weeks we will be modifying processes, no longer with pen and paper but with practical experiments, and we know that we shall all be looking forward to this, and to see the results of our researches before us.

We feel that, even if we do not completely achieve our aim, the course has already been worthwhile, and that if members think they have any feasible ideas, they can talk them over with Mr. Stanley, who is always telling us that he is forever ready to listen.

JACKI BURT }
JULIE PRICE } Lower Sixth

PROJECTS

This year, in our general course, 'A project in Technology', we decided to build a glass fibre canoe, which would serve both for touring and racing. On studying methods of manufacture it was discovered that, for a relatively small outlay, a mould could be built. Also such canoes can be built quickly, and at a favourable price in comparison with more traditional types.

Glass fibre has the advantage of being strong but light, and the absence of a complex interior framework allows for greater stowage of camping gear.

At present the canoe is in the design stage and models are being tested in a water-tank for stability and manoeuvrability. When the final design has been decided upon, a full sized mould, made from glass fibre, will be made, and from this as many canoes as required can be built.

It is hoped that the school will take advantage of the mould to build its own fleet of canoes, and start a regular canoeing club.

GRAHAM BIRT L6D

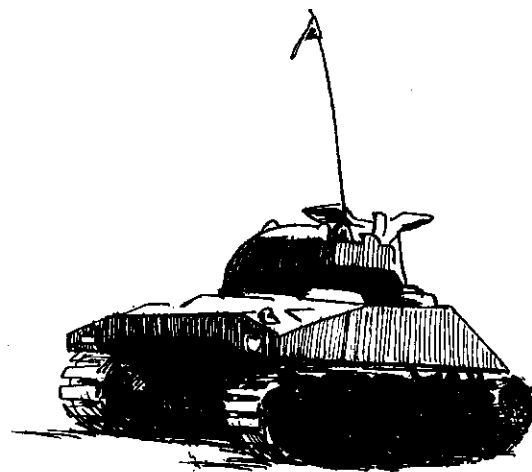
JOHN REYNOLDS L6D

After a War

The grey smoke from the million fires still
burning,
Merges into the sky,
I often wonder if the sky was ever another
colour, (before the war of course)
Not grey,
But green or red,
Perhaps even blue, yes, I should have liked
the sky to have been blue.
Blue with fluffy white clouds,
No, not mushroom clouds!
Rain clouds.

A brass cross on top of what was once a
tower is shining,
What makes it shine, I do not know,
There is no light, only from the fires,
I wonder if there was ever a bird sitting on
the cross,
I know about birds, because I found a book
with pictures.
There are no birds now,
Perhaps no people either, except for me.

I found another book as well in the ruined
tower,
It was very large,
It was entitled "The Bible".
I have read it of course.
It tells of how God made the world in
seven days,
I wonder why he allowed men to destroy His
world in an hour.
Perhaps He wished them to.
Of course it may have been "The Hour of
Judgement".
But, whatever it was, they overlooked me.



How long is it now, since it happened,
One hour,
One day,
One week,
One month,
One year.
Where did I come from?
I do not know.
My skin breaks off when I move,
But it is not skin, it is black crust.

Who can begin again?
Who wants to begin again?
Not I!

ROY PRESTON 5D

KEIR BLACKLEY, B.Sc.

Now indeed a worthy son of Cannock
Grammar School has tragically and
prematurely passed away.

We, who were privileged to know
and teach Keir, were shocked and deeply
saddened by the news of his death.

Keir was a student of considerable
ability and potential who was dedicated
to his work. It was not surprising there-
fore, to learn that he had attained a
'First.' I believe that Keir possessed those
qualities essential to a good scientist
and technologist. It is all the more tragic
therefore, that he is no longer with us
to contribute to the technological ad-
vances of an age of which he was so
proud to be a citizen.

A Classic Greek precept holds that
happiness is derived from the full ex-
ercise of a man's powers and capabil-
ities within the scope afforded to him
in his life. By this definition Keir died
a happy young man, for he extended
himself to the full in his quest for scien-
tific truth.

In the last analysis, Keir loved his
school, served it well and honoured it.

He lived worthily.

D.V.G.

SENTENTIA



'IM



IMPERFECT



IMMORTAL



IMP



IMPALE



IMPRISONED



IMPUDENT



IMPORTANT



IMMORAL



IMMIGRANT



IMPRESS



IMPART

Andrew Thursfield 5E

They will try to contain you,
O young man,
in a world of bricks and mortar;
to trap you with formulas,
catechisms,
codes.

They expect you to believe what they are
saying,

to be thankful for their words,
their time,
their lives.

But do not believe them.

If you do, you are surely lost;
lost to tread interminable paths,
leading, perhaps, to knowledge,
but more than likely not.

They will want you to stay, almost forever,
in one of their fine new buildings,
to fill your young mind with their ancient
beliefs,

to accept (without question)
the misty half-truths of their youth.

They will try to trap your mind,
capture your curiosity,
and soon to make you one of them.

But do not believe them.

Let your brain go free;
walk the fields of your imagination;
create worlds and discover them.

O young man, be free!

Let no boundaries confine you,
or your youth.

Walk onwards to that even greater truth,
the knowledge which is infinitely powerful,
the knowledge of what is within
yourself.

GAIL BALI L6E

Amidst the shavings and filings



THIS year has been specially productive in the handicraft department. The woodwork room has been given a new look with the addition of a new tool storage system. The tools are compactly fixed onto a wall rack designed to make it easy for instant recognition of the required article. Benches have also been constructed for the use of power tools.

The first-form woodworkers this year have been keenly carrying out some extremely interesting and enlightening tests on the glueing strength of different glues and types of wood. I think that this is a refreshing approach to the traditional art of woodwork. They have also made carvings of animals.

The third-forms have been industriously making book-racks, some of which were well

made. Alas, others were not of the same high standard. Two examples of fourth and fifth-form work are a well designed glass-topped coffee table and a plywood canoe with fibre-glass reinforced joints.

Lower sixth general started the year with book racks and then went on to construct items of their own choice including a fine guitar. It was also pleasing to have a member of the fairer sex showing such enthusiasm in a predominantly male activity.

The 'A' level group has been making pieces which include a chess box and board, a writing table, a lady's work box, a table and a sideboard as well as various items for the school. Members of the third and sixth-forms also helped in the preparations for the school play.



The metalwork room has also been changed with the building of new benches, the introduction of oxyacetylene welding, and instruments for testing the breaking strain and the malleability of metals.

The juniors in the metalwork room have made numerous gadgets including fascinating boats that literally travel under their own steam. They have also made small land yachts and elastic powered go-carts, which will be tested and raced at the end of the year. The third form has made a number of steam engines, which have worked surprisingly well. They were tested on a specially constructed framework and their horse-powers were calculated.

The fourths and fifths have been working on projects ranging from a cycle trailer to an instrument for measuring the moisture content of casting sand. The sixth form has attempted everything imaginable including even a four-stroke, four cylinder, three inch, side valve engine, which, not surprisingly, failed to work. Many things, however, have been a great success. Among these there has been a muffle furnace, a class 4 standard go-cart and a dividing head for the milling machine. A sports car, based on the Lotus super seven, has been started by C. Brentnall. His greatest problem will be in getting the car in and out of the metalwork room.

STEVEN ROSE L6C

Music Notes

THE musical activities this year have not been so extensive as last, although this has not impaired interest in the various facets of music enjoyed throughout the school.

The annual Christmas concert was again a success, with contributions by the Orchestra, which rendered Mr. Gange's arrangement of "A Partridge in a Pear Tree" with vigour, and "March of the Toreadors" — said by some to have been played with more enthusiasm than talent! The two Choirs also took an active part, with notable solos by Karma Witts, Jill Titterton and others. One must not forget to include the Recorder Group and the Staff Handbell Team, who, together with readings appropriate to the occasion by Peter Taylor, Michael Donithorn and other members of the school, helped to make the evening one to remember.

There was a highly successful visit to Coventry Cathedral at the beginning of the year to hear the boys of the Cathedral Choir render pieces by Britten, Teleman, Bach and Rousseau, which were enjoyed by all. There have not been so many visits to concerts, operas and such this year, due mainly to non-availability of tickets — this was the case with "Hiawatha" and "The Barber of Seville", to mention but two.

Orchestras: Senior Orchestra has continued to meet regularly, although hampered by the loss of the 'cellists and double-bass players — the grand total of three! — and has played for Junior Assembly at opportune moments when the astronomical efforts of the first and second forms were unable to overpower the strength of the Orchestra,

presumably due to lack of numbers! At the time of writing, rehearsals are taking place for lunchtime concerts.

Junior Orchestra has been functioning well, and has been very well attended since it was restarted before Christmas.

Choirs: Senior Choir has been moderately well attended this year, although enthusiasm created by the production of the "Pirates" last year has waned somewhat, due to increased pressure of imminent exams, and other necessary (?) activities. Rehearsals for "St. Matthew Passion", performed at Lichfield Cathedral, were also included in the varied selection of material studied by the choir this year.

Together with the Jazz Group, the Senior Choir also took part in a lunchtime concert, which was very well received by the members of the audience.

Junior Choir only really functioned for the Christmas concert. It was massively attended, and there were several who should be an asset to the Senior Choir as they progress further up the school.

Folk Club. The few meetings which took place this year were very successful, despite the lack of time to practise by the participants because of external exams. Rose-Marie Dennis and John Sommerville remain the mainstays of the Club, but contributions were made by Miss Astley, Mr. Merrills, Mrs. Page, Mr. Wheat and other members of the school. It is hoped that next year, pupils who stay on will be interested enough to re-organise the club, as this year it has not really got off the ground.

Jazz Group. Jazz Group has figured quite prominently in musical activities this year, revived interest being created by Mr. Sutton and his compatriots. As well as taking part in the lunchtime concert with the Choir, Jazz Group held a solo concert, again during the lunch hour, which was extremely well attended and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Frequent rehearsals by the Group have now made any attempt at work in "A" block virtually impossible!

Recorder Group. Recorder Group has enlarged this year, and has been well attended by the eager participants. The Group play regularly in Junior Assembly, and are also preparing for mid-day concerts. This year there have been descant, tenor and treble recordists and there is also a learners' group for any interested as well as the regular Recorder Group. The organists have been usurped from their place in the hall on Mondays and Thursdays by the recorder enthusiasts who insist that they can make more noise than the organ!

Music Appreciation Group. This new aspect of music has begun this year with a few ardent enthusiasts who on Thursdays listen to records of their choice, taking a different composer each week as their main theme along with contrasting music by other composers, then attempting to "appreciate" them, this being a indefinite description and could mean anything from derogatory remarks to unsurpassed praise — of which the latter, we hope, will be predominant!

FIONA J. FINIKIN UVIA.

APPRENTICESHIPS IN AUTOMATION

Receive **MODERN** training
in a **MODERN** industry
under **MODERN** conditions
for a **MODERN** career

Apprenticeships

Student Graduate. Hold a responsible engineering position in 4 years by linking practical training with sponsorship to your University degree course.

Technician. Designer, Development, Application or Production Engineer, Draughtsman, Test Engineer. Train for any one of these careers as a technician apprentice.

Commercial. Study for examinations leading to Institute of Costs and Works Accountants or Purchasing Officers Association or other suitable qualifications by taking a commercial apprenticeship, leading to a responsible position in one of the Company's commercial departments.

Craft. Become a skilled craftsman in the Assembly, Machine Shop or Metalwork departments. Day release to technical college is also provided.

For further information or application apply in writing, stating type of training required to:- Education & Training Officer, Thorn Automation Limited, Rugeley, Staffs.



THORN
THORN
AUTOMATION

The Mountaineering Club

THIS club began to take shape in October 1967 with the trip to Snowdon, in which Mr. Leadbeater was able to show his skills on the Crib Goch ridge, on which everyone else was crawling on hands and knees and suffering from vertigo. Also on this trip Mr. Lees took the lesser ones in our midst up Snowdon by a somewhat easier route. The next few weeks at school saw the beginnings of the club, which had a very encouraging start, although members gradually slackened off. The first climbing trip was to the Roches near Leek, where Mr. Leadbeater was again able to demonstrate his skills, and it was this trip that decided who were the active and non-active members of the club. Trips were quick to follow to the Peak district, and a few pupils will remember (painfully or otherwise) the stinging hail of grit whipped up by the cutting wind on Stanage Edge one cold Sunday morning.

Then, one fine morning Easter 1968 saw a band of pupils transported to the Lake District for a fine week's climbing and walking. Some pupils enjoyed themselves in the snows higher up in the mountains, while a minority were out climbing. The last night (after a couple of days of mysterious malady) saw heavy rains and most of the tents leaking; so a party of boys spent a shivering night in the rear of a Ford transit van.

On return to school a few more trips went to the Peak district, and then another large trip scoured Snowdonia, with one large and merry band tramping over the Glyders in true bogtrotting style, while a smaller group of climbers did a route on the Idwal Slabs.

A few more trips to the Peak district were made, together with one to Froggat Edge where some extremely hard climbs were attempted (some more successfully than others.)

Then the last of the large trips so far was made to the Lake District in October 1968, when a large, mixed and jolly party did a weary and long trek around Bowfell and the Langdale Pikes. And another party did one long climb on Pavey Ark in a cold, wet and dank recess known as the Great Gully.

Then the last trip was made to Snowdon in January 1969, when Mr. Leadbeater, Mr. Lees and myself did some Snow and Ice climbing, which was very pleasant although Mr. Lees was positive he was suffering from Frostbite, Exposure and numerous other ailments.

ADRIAN SEABRIDGE LVIB

JUNIOR PHOENIX

JUNIOR Phoenix did not get off the ground this year until mid-November. It was then, however, an immediate success. There has been a regular attendance of between sixty and eighty members at the weekly meetings on Mondays at 1 p.m. in C4. Activities so far have included discussions, quizzes and other games, and a film-strip entitled "Down to Earth". We have many plans for the future and all members of the first and second forms are welcome to join.

Y. ALLPORT	} 5B
G. TONGUE	
L. HARDWICK	

CHESS CLUB

THE Chess Club has had quite a successful season so far under the guidance of Mr. Haslam and Mr. Quinn. The twice weekly meetings have been attended by small but keen groups of seniors and members of the 1st and 2nd forms. In general the standard of play has improved.

The first match of the season in the "Sunday Times" competition came as a disastrous start. Adams Grammar School of Newport won 6-0! However, some consolation was found in the fact later discovered that the opposition were the school champions of Shropshire and an interesting and novel feature of the match for the School team was the timing of the moves by Chess Clocks. After this defeat, the School team recovered its poise and scored its first victory against the staff before going on to defeat Kingsmead Secondary School and St. Chad's School, Wolverhampton. At present, Junior and Senior Championships are being played and have reached an interesting stage.

New members, with or without experience, will be welcome.

P.H.

Deb Soc meets after school at 3-35 p.m.

THE debating society has been one of the school's least patronised societies for some time now. However, to counteract this we are trying to make the future meetings as interesting as possible. The old, rigid formula has been abandoned, and instead we hope to introduce a free and friendly atmosphere.

It will in time become more usual to have two speakers at the interview-type meetings, and the audience can put their questions at any convenient pause in the conversation. A much higher degree of audience participation is required to make a success of these meetings. (You have been warned!) The point we try to stress is that the view of each and every pupil in the school matters. No matter how apparently outrageous, we want to know what current opinions are. This applies from the 6th form right down to the 1st, and even includes staff! Please do not be frightened away by the idea of looking foolish. If you say only a few words you have shown yourselves to be one of the thinking classes who care about what happens in the world.

If you have any ideas for the future debates or if you would like to speak in any of them, see a member of the English department or contact G. Bali in A3.

Don't forget — your view counts!

GAIL BALI L6E

S.A.P. REPORT 1968-69

THIS last school year has been a very successful one for S.A.P. with a willing and active committee striving to use the untapped energies of the school.

Last spring and summer S.A.P. made itself known to the school through its "Newsletters" and "Cake days" which went down very well with the school. In the late summer in conjunction with the Reverend Furnell, S.A.P. organised and carried out a survey of social habits and requirements of the Bridgetown area of Cannock, with the willing help of 5th and 6th form alike.

This autumn a very successful sponsored walk was held which raised approximately £350. At this very moment a new campaign is being launched to give a baby-sitting service to Cannock. Besides these main events, money has been collected in the last year for "Help the Aged, Save the Children Fund, Oxfam, Poppy Day, Biafra", and several other charities.

Finally I would like to thank all the school for their help in these ventures and Mr. Spencer and Mr. Adams, without whose help many of the activities could not have been run.

COLIN HILL U6B
Vice-Chairman

"THE BRAIN DRAIN — 4T"

IT is a long way from form 4T Cannock Grammar School to San Diego, California, U.S.A.

The journey has taken over ten years.

During the school year September 1958 — July 1959, Roy Saffhill was a member of form 4T. In September 1959 he became a member of the Sixth Form and for the next two years he read Chemistry, Mathematics and Physics, and acquitted himself excellently 'A' level. Consequently he was accepted to read Chemistry at Manchester University.

In the summer of 1964 he graduated with a First class honours degree in Chemistry.

Roy then left England for the Far East. He was there for eighteen months doing Voluntary Service. On returning to England he went up to Cambridge University to study for a Ph.D. degree. This post-graduate research was in the field of Molecular Biology — "The Thread of Life."

In January 1969 Dr. Roy Saffhill, B.Sc., Ph.D. again left England, this time for America. He has gained a Fellowship at the Salk Institute of Biological Studies in San Diego, California. He will be there for, at least, the next two years.

We are all proud of this old pupil of the school. I feel sure that pupils and staff, old and new, join in congratulating Roy and in wishing him continued successes.

D.V.G.

CHENETIAN NEWSLETTER

DUE to Chenet being printed earlier this year, we have not heard from many of our ex-pupils before going into print. The Newsletter is therefore much shorter, containing only six months' news instead of a full year's.

This year again we appeal to all Chenetians for news about any ex-pupils of Cannock Grammar School. If you, or any of your friends, have changed your marital status, have taken a new post, or done anything of interest, please, please let us know. Information can be sent to school or to any member of the committee.

This year we are pleased to announce the engagement of Miss Margaret Richards to Mr. Kenneth Leadbeater. Margaret has been secretary to the Chenetians for many years. They first met at school, where her fiancé teaches Physics.

Kathleen Haycock and David Oakley were married last year; they were head girl and head boy respectively during their final year at school. Other members who have married during the year are:

Miss Jean Baker to Mr. John Spraggett.
Miss Dianne Richards to Mr. Marten Bennet.

Miss Sylvia Smith to Mr. Michael Wilson.
Miss Heather Reece to Mr. Michael Woolridge.

Miss Janet Bater to Mr. Nigel Bailey.
Miss Valerie Bishop to Mr. Howard Chilton.

Other members have taken the matrimonial plunge, but we must apologise for not knowing the names of their respective part-

ners: Annette Leighton, Judith Thomas, Julian Bosson and Terry Westwood.

We would like to congratulate Bob and Pat Barker on the birth of their son, and Eric and Susan Wilkinson on the birth of their child.

Congratulations also to those who have obtained degrees this year; we believe there are quite a number. Finally we regret if any deeds go unsung or any engagements, marriages or births go unrecorded.

DIANE TOLLEY

THE CHENETIANS (POST TOT LABORES)

SCHOOL leaver? Why not join the Chenetians and retain a link with your old school friends and the school? Support this year has once again been lacking and we feel that with your support we can go from strength to strength.

Events this year opened on July 5th with the third Chenetian barge trip from Calf Heath Marina; this year we tried a different route. Everyone had an enjoyable time once again.

Cricket this year ended with a defeat for the Chenetians by the school off the last ball of the match. A barbecue was also held at the match.

Friday, 13th, unlucky for some, but lucky for those who won at the Tombola which was a feature of this year's dinner held in September at Eaton Lodge. At this, the sixth Annual Chenetian Dinner, we decided to try something different, namely a Buffet-Dinner Dance with dancing to the Al Robinson trio. The buffet was not so well attended as the

dinners and this year we are reverting to a dinner which will be held on September 12th. Those who came to last year's enjoyed it and few were to leave before 1 a.m. on Saturday morning.

The final event of the year was a social evening held at the Churchill Room, Cannock Conservative Club. Refreshments were provided and some excellent folk singing by Geoff Shakespeare, Jean Meacham, Brian Barnard and Mary Somerville rounded off an enjoyable evening. A raffle also went very well.

News of other Chenetians and ex-pupils will be found in the Newsletter in this magazine.

Would-be members are invited to contact Mr. D. K. Lloyd at school or the secretary. Chenetian ties (13/9) and scarves (25/6) are also available at school.

Officers 1968-9:

President: The Headmaster.
Chairman: Ron Sammons.
Secretary: Margaret Richards.
Treasurer: Lesley Bridgewater.
Committee: Phil Woolridge

Roy Sammons
Geoff Shakespeare
Brian Barnard
Nigel Bailey
Malcolm Tolley
Mrs. Diane Tolley
Mrs. Margaret Harper
Mr. D. K. Lloyd
Mr. T. Baker
Miss M. Dale

Staff:

RON SAMMONS, Chairman

ACROSS

1. Aristocratic public houses (4, 2, 5)
7. Celestial body from Switzerland is carbohydrate (6)
11. Father (2)
12. It goes backwards along a path without potassium (4)
13. Human eater turned from cold to hot (8)
14. Musical instrument (5)
16. Superlative evil (4)
17. Style of architecture (6)
18. Beast (6)
19. Resound (4)
21. _____ Domingo (island) (5)
22. Afghan ruler is able, we hear (4)
23. Bone in the arm (4)
24. Col (4)
25. You gentleman of old in the Middle East (5)
28. Preposition (2)
31. "Mon_____ " (7)
32. A swollen footed Greek cat belonging to Mrs. Aston, we hear (7)
36. Football club (2)
38. The holy book of Ankor (5)
39. 1,000 Latin Roberts make an explosion (4)
42. A smelly German river, we hear (4)
43. This rail leads towards money in Italy (4)
44. A French river (5)
46. We possess a French bear (4)
48. Part of Greece (6)
49. Landscape features formed by streams under glaciers (6)
50. Girl follows early Ford — It's right (5)
52. Confused dark ogre with cardinal point (5)
54. A valuable wig weaver? (8)
55. A fruity rock? (4)
56. Behold — it is not high (2)
58. Austrian victory over the Turks in 1687 (6)
59. The early bird had it in 1521 (4, 2, 5)

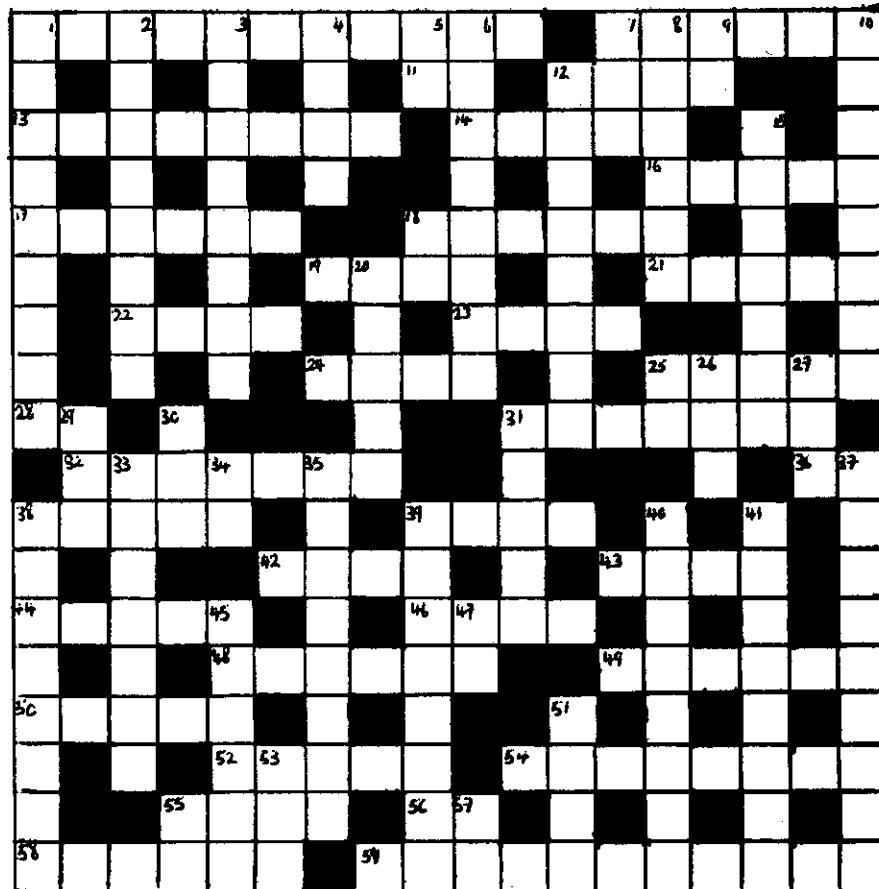
CROSSWORD

31. Wife of Hosea (5)
33. Vera's mustard contains a philosopher (7)
34. Preposition where one drinks? (3)
35. A minor (5, 3)
37. A religious festival (9)
38. African burial place for automobiles, we hear (8)
39. Oliver's rodent is a vegetable, we hear (8)
40. Flying prison officer propels aeroplane, we hear (8)
41. Illicit partner of married man or woman (8)
45. Pertaining to race (6)
47. Uneducated (2)
51. Roman Fiddler (4)
53. A German river (3)
55. The French are over there (2)
57. Old English (2)

NICOLAS MADGE L6B

DOWN

1. Daughter of Agamemnon and Clytaemnestra (4)
2. Holy sister assaults mountain protruding through ice, we hear (8)
3. Oil grain must be this (8)
4. Burnt trout? (4)
5. Adverb (2)
6. Birds are hungry, we hear (8)
7. Girl is valuable Indian timber tree (3)
8. Drag nets (6)
9. Vide 28 across (2)
10. Racing driver pecked by birds (8)
12. To begin (8)
15. Part of the older generation (7)
18. Exclamation (2)
20. Butler surrounded by riot gas — a bit fishy (5)
25. Vocative portion of 25 across! (2)
26. Wander (3)
27. Supernatural being (3)
29. In addition — more than one (2)
30. Girl is a father, we hear (3)



Shugborough 1968

1st Day:

Twenty-eight boys arrived at Shugborough Park on the 23rd October. Twenty-three boys were from Cannock Grammar School, five were from Alleyn's Grammar School, Uttoxeter. We were told to go into four different squads, Summit, Pinnacle, Peak and Cairns. Each squad had a captain and all the others were assigned various duties. We were then sent out on a map and compass exercise around Cannock Chase, each squad having to find a certain well-known point by map points. When we got back to camp we were all given points for the time it had taken us and if we had found the point. These marks were added up at the end of the day and a trophy was given to the highest scoring squad. Each member of the squad that won the trophy most frequently was presented with a certificate at the end of the course.

2nd Day:

Three squads went ridge-walking over the Staffordshire Roches. The other squad, Cairn, went rock-climbing. They climbed Maud's Garden and Heathors Slab.

3rd Day:

All the squads were given a village which they had to walk to, and here they had to find a place to camp, fix their own meals and then walk around the village asking about its origin. The villages were Hopton (7 miles from camp), Salt (7 miles from camp), Hixon (5 miles from camp) and Weston (5 miles from camp). Each squad set off for their village and camped out that night.

4th Day:

All the squads returned to camp and compiled their surveys into books.

5th Day:

We were sent over Cannock Chase, searching for hidden letters in trees, and the letters made a word. Not all the letters were found but one squad, Cairn's found three letters (the most that were found) and guessed the word which was "camp" and gained extra points.

6th Day:

All the squads were taken to learn how to assail a cliff. Later each squad was taken to a different part of the Chase, blindfolded and left to find their way back. If we were seen by any of the wardens we lost points. We had a time limit to get back to camp. Every squad was seen except Summit, mainly because they put Summit only a few hundred yards from Nigel Boddy's house and he knew the way back!

7th Day:

All the squads went to Wales and stayed at a Youth Hostel. They climbed Moel Siabod, which was the first of the Snowdon Horseshoe. Moel Siabod was 3,000 feet high.

8th Day:

All the squads climbed four mountains of the Snowdon Horseshoe. The wind was Force 8 with sleet. Nine members of the squads said they were willing to climb the

last mountain, Snowdon, which was 3,560 feet.

9th Day:

The squads climbed another mountain called Tryfron, which was on the way back to camp. We walked and climbed 10 miles towards home.

10th Day:

Cairn squad was awarded certificates and the boys returned home.

N. BODDY, A. PLANT, P. CORRIGAN

ENGLAND

Greenery, familiar sight for a never ending
queue of spellbound eyes,
Slowly disappearing for the growing kingdom
of towering monsters
The product of England's Science, slowly
eating beauty
That was once untouched.

The untouched beauty not known to hotter
climates
Of blossom, and snowy white of winter
Of sweet smelling heather on moors
And the sight of dew covered cobwebs in the
hedgerows.

The teenage scene,
Discotheques, protests and crazy dancing,
The latter like the contortions of a baited eel
A match to the eccentric noise called Pop.

DAVID BOWES 2E

Choose your career in the Baking Industry at:

S. J. STANTON & SONS LIMITED

ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS

CAREERS AVAILABLE IN:

BREAD AND CAKE PRODUCTION
ENGINEERING AND MAINTENANCE,
SHOP MANAGEMENT,
GENERAL OFFICE WORK,
INCLUDING DATA PROCESSING.

QUALIFICATION REQUIRED:

VARY ACCORDING TO ACTIVITY,
MINIMUM SHOULD BE G.C.E.

APPLY TO:

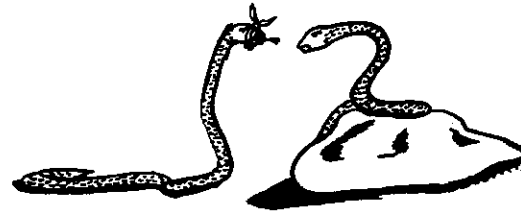
PERSONNEL OFFICER,
S. J. STANTON & SONS LTD.
WESTERN ROAD,
HEDNESFORD, STAFFS.
TELEPHONE: HEDNESFORD 2381

MODERN STUDENTS



I'm reading Marx and Chairman Mao, and
studying for degrees in violent protest and
anarchy.

Andrew Thursfield 5E



"I'm glad I'm not poisonous I've just bitten
my tongue!" (anon.)

R. Evans 5E

A BIAFRAN CHILD

Swollen stomach, pathetic eyes,
Fleshless bones, these are no lies.
How vile this fate her life has made.
No thoughts can make her hunger fade.
Helpless, alone, filled with fears,
Despair and grief engulfed in tears.
Help will come soon, so she is told,
New food-supplies a thousandfold,
But will they come before she dies?
Till then this child just sits and cries
Governments squabbling like old wives,
When each day means hundreds of lives.
You righteous men, doers of good,
Your fat stomachs won't rage for food.
Win your war, but you've lost this bet,
Never this suffering soul forget.
Pitiful child, young and naive,
For her the whole world must now grieve.

ADELA GRONDOWSKA 4A

GIRLS' SPORTS - REPORTS

Senior Trampolining

The Senior Trampolining Club meets on a Thursday lunchtime in the Gym. There are about eight regular members, and help is given by Miss Astley and Mr. Hughes. It is hoped in the future to send representatives of the school to the County Championships.
M. Yates 5E

Junior Swimming

This club is held every Thursday after school from 3-35 to 4-30. An average of twenty five non-competitive swimmers from the second form upwards attend regularly. Members are allowed to use any apparatus available, while Miss Keith is there to help with anything new.

G. Gilbert 3A

Tennis

Last season was an uneventful one for the tennis team as only one match was played. This was against Aelfgar School, Rugeley, and the school won six out of the nine matches played. The season also marked the beginning of a tennis tournament for girls of the fourth form upwards. Although there was a good number of entrants, due to the matches clashing with exam timetables, resulting in a number of cancellations, the tournament was not as successful as it might have been. However, it is hoped that it will be more successful this year. The tournament was finally won by Lynda Pee, and the runner-up was Susan Clark. The match played at the end of term between the Staff



Mr. D. H. Gardner presents a shield to Susan Cantrell, captain of the winning form in the Senior Competition on Sports Day.

and the School was won convincingly by the Staff, the outstanding performance being that of Mr. and Mrs. Cosham.

Lynda Pee and Susan Howes UVIC

Rounders

Last year was quite a successful season for both U15 and U14 teams. The U14 team won all the four matches played, and the U15

team lost only one. Both had regular teams.

The U13 and U12 teams, however, did not have as much success, due to the fact that they both had constant injuries. The U12 team lost all four matches played, and the U13 team won only two of the matches played.

Jane Sturgess (Capt.) 4E

Hockey

Hockey Club this year has been well supported, and because of this interest, two teams were formed, a 1st XI side, captained by Suzanne Dunning, and an U15 side, captained by Susan Webb. Both teams achieved a high standard of play, and some good opposition was provided from all the fixtures.

This year, for the first time, four players were sent for a county preliminary trial. All four players did very well, and next year, with more experience, the school should be able to provide more competition for a county place. In the coming year, more support is hoped for, to provide stronger teams; and perhaps an U13 team could be formed.

Suzanne Dunning LVI

Netball

This has been a successful season for all concerned. The U13 has had a very good season, only losing one match; thus they have proved a most promising young team, and should do well if they continue with their high standard. The U14 have had an extremely good season, all their victories being outstanding, and worthy of much praise. The U15 team, although only one of their few matches resulted in a victory, has played some well-fought games.

Congratulations should go to all teams and their captains, and also to Mrs. Cosham and Miss Astley for their training and support.

Christine Sammons UVIB



R. Anderson, S. Essex and S. Smith with the Yachting team's trophies. David Phillips was absent when the photograph was taken

SAILING

EVEN though sailing is not yet well supported in numbers at this school, we have enjoyed considerable success in the 1967 season. This was the first season in which we have raced as a school and we have won both the Cadet and the Handicap classes and the overall team cup in the Staffordshire Schools Sailing Association league. The Cadet class was won by S. Essex and the Handicap class by D. Phillips. The third member of the team, Sylvia Smith, was placed third in the Handicap class.

S. Essex and D. Phillips have been sailing regularly for Staffordshire in the Midland and National schools championships, D. Phillips winning four Midland schools championships and S. Essex one and they were placed fourth and tenth in the National schools championships respectively.

We hope to have much more support in future seasons and hope to take part in a week's sailing course at Chasewater at Easter and hope to have as much success in racing as we have had this year.

D. PHILLIPS U6A

TRAVEL
GOODS

HALLCHURCH

FOR THE FINEST SPORTS GOODS

LEATHER
GOODS

ALL LEADING MAKES INCLUDING:

Dunlop, Slazenger, Bukta, Spalding etc.



EQUIPMENT FOR:—

TENNIS

CRICKET

FOOTBALL

RUGBY

BADMINTON Etc.

APPOINTED STOCKIST OF SPORTS CLOTHING TO CANNOCK GRAMMAR SCHOOL

10 WALSALL ROAD . CANNOCK

Soccer 1st XI

AFTER a good start to the season, beating Sir Gilbert Claughton G.S. 3-1, the first XI had an inconsistent spell with two defeats, before finding form to win their next two matches.

After this the team underwent considerable changes which did not seem to solve the problem of inconsistency, as the next four matches were all defeats culminating in a 10 nil defeat by Wood Green Comprehensive in the Staffordshire School's Cup. This heavy defeat served to encourage the team to put more effort into the game, and this apparently was the cause of the defeats as the remaining fixtures up to the end of the season brought success.

In this period only the traditional match with the Chenetians at the end of the season broke the long run of wins with a well fought 2-2 draw. The team would like to thank Mr. Horne for his help during the season.

Results:

Won	-	7
Lost	-	6
Drawn	-	1

Goals for: 49 Goals against: 45

IAN DUNN, Vice-Captain

SOCCER — UNDER 13 XI

THE under 13's had a very successful and enjoyable season, winning 6 out of the 11 games played and losing only 2.

Although at the start of the season the team lost heavily against Hanley, they soon recovered with a series of good wins including a 7-1 victory over Ounsdale Comp.

Altogether a total of 43 goals were netted and only 28 conceded. Leading goal-scorers were Kenny Birch with 12 and Ron Simpson and Steve Wilson with 11 goals each.

DAVID BOWES 2E, Captain

FIRST XV RUGBY

DUE to bad weather during the first half of the season the school First Fifteen has only played three matches so far. The first match was played after Christmas against St. Joseph's, Stoke, a strong rugby side. The school played well but lost by 15 points to

6 in spite of the fact that individual talent was apparent. The team did not seem to be playing as a whole. A similar defeat of 8 points to 3 by Tamworth was due to the same fault.

In the third match against Graham Balfour, Stafford, the school played more as a team and succeeded in winning by 19 points to nil. The First fifteen, being a young side fostered by Mr. Hughes' enthusiasm, should form a good basis for next season.

I. DAKER (Captain)



Robert Critchlow winning the Senior High Jump

Cricket - First Eleven

UNDER 15 RUGBY

THE fixtures of the Under 15 team were severely disrupted by bad weather. The team was, however, successful in all the games played.

The team, especially the forwards, has greatly improved thanks to the coaching of Mr. Hughes and Mr. Heyes.

The team's greatest success was against Calving Hill, when the score was 25-0.

UNDER 13 RUGBY

THE Under 13's did not have a very successful season as they lost all their games except one. This game, against Municipal, who only fielded a team of 13, was drawn 12 points, all after the school were 9-3 down at half-time.

K. WILLIAMS 3A

GIRLS COMPETITIVE SWIMMING CLUB

AFTER a well fought battle against Calving Hill, the swimming team were unfortunate to be beaten by a close margin of points, which was an improvement on last year. We hope that this will be rectified in the future, and that Miss Astley, who gave up so much of her time to coach us, will continue to do so.

It is hoped to improve the standard of the swimming team by regular attendance at practices held on Tuesdays at 3-40 p.m.

JULIA BROWN 5C

THE season was notable for many things, the most important being the growing confidence and competence of the team. This was in some measure achieved by a new policy regarding team selection, in which a team theoretically the best the school could provide was chosen, as opposed to previous years when on grounds of seniority, the Sixth form provided the largest contingent. Results do not reflect the changes in the team, but the future does look bright. A fine team spirit was kindled, and as the side will be mainly the same for 1969 it should prosper.

What had been previously weak and brittle batting now became sound and often vigorous. David Houlston provided great strength with his consistent batting, amassing an aggregate of 229 runs, and providing a firm base for many of the higher totals. The experiment of introducing other less senior players did not pay off so well. Richardson and Utton, both regular club-cricket players, failed to achieve the potential of which they were capable. Only Richardson's fine 65 is worthy of note. Ian Daker, although beset by cruel luck in mid-season, otherwise provided some very useful mid-order batting. Somerville and McAlpine also gave much useful support here, aided by some belligerence from Cadman.

The bowling, however, too often failed, both to restrict the opposition and to capitalise upon advantages gained by the batting. Sides (now alas! departed) when available, was the only exception, but without adequate support, his economy and stamina

were of little avail. Cadman could send down some fine hostile overs, but he tended to suffer from inaccuracy. Richardson's spinners provided variety but proved rather costly.

Fielding was strangely enigmatic, varying from match to match, but McAlpine's wicket-keeping was of a consistently high standard.

Two incidents remain in the mind — a win over the Chenetians with a Six off the last ball of the match! and at the other end of the scale an abysmal performance against Abbotsholme.

Ian Daker had at times an awkward task of captaincy, yet emerged from his baptism with his confidence renewed and much wiser from experience.

A final word of gratitude is due to the several members of staff who gave the team their services and especially to Mr. Morton.

DAVID PHILLIPS

Note: David Phillips, who is now at Southampton University, had served the team so efficiently as scorer and umpire for many years, that the team showed their appreciation for his faithful services in the form of a memento which the Headmaster presented to David at his last Assembly.

UNDER 15 CRICKET

THE first match was against Shooting Butts away, where the home side made 61 all out against good bowling by Luik (4-8) and Stanton (4-23). The visitors lost Weetman but Houlston's 30 steered them to a victory.

In the next match we bowled Aldridge out for 50 with Stanton bowling well. When we came to bat we struggled with only Burnett scoring 20 out of a total of 40.

We then challenged Ounsdale Comprehensive where again we routed the visitors for 47 in 25 overs. After a slow start we made the runs in 13 overs to win by 8 wickets.

Finally we played the Under 14 team where due to slow batting we made only 59 for 5 in the allotted time. The opposition hit up 60 for 8 which included Palmers 27.

The best bowlers were Stanton and Luik while Houlston and Burnett usually propped up the batting. We wish to thank all the members of staff who were concerned with the team.

M. BURNETT 4A

UNDER 14 CRICKET

THIS year out of four matches only 2 were played and these were both won by the school team. Of the other matches, one was cancelled and the other abandoned after the first innings. The team played well and succeeded in defeating the school Under 15 XI.

UNDER 13 CRICKET

BECAUSE of bad weather, the Under 13's were only able to play 3 matches. These matches were played against Shooting Butts, Ounsdale and Shire Oak Schools. Of these two were lost but the game against Shooting Butts was won due to consistently good bowling.

BASKETBALL CLUB

THIS year has seen the birth of the basketball club under the expert coaching of Mr. Griffiths.

The senior squad has played several matches this season, the first of which was lost rather disappointingly to Shire Oak. This encounter with a far more experienced team has stood us in good stead for our later games.

In fact, the games which have followed have been most exciting and enjoyable. Although only three games out of seven have been won, the defeats were always very narrow.

The team shows great promise for the rest of this year's games. The top four scorers have been Andrew Brown, Jolyon Lomax, David Maughan and David Fearn.

A junior basketball squad has also been formed but as yet no fixtures have been arranged.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking our scorer and time-keeper, Julie Price and Kath Hill, whose services have been much appreciated.

JOLYON LOMAX (Captain)

ATHLETIC — SPORTS DAY

AN added incentive was given on Sports Day as a cup was awarded for the highest scoring form in each year, and one each for the Victor Ludorum and Victrix Ludorum of each year group.

The form cups were presented to:-

1Y, 2A, 3E, 4C, 5A and 5D, LVIB.

The individual cups were presented to:-

Carole Birks 1Y, Nigel Leoch 1Y.

Gillian Gilbert 2A, Jeremy Wooley 2A.

Jane Sturgess 3E, Malcolm Withers 3E.

Pamela Yates 4R, John Rider 4C.

Suzanne Dunning 5A, Henry Plonka 5B.

Susan Cantrell LVIB, Robert Critchlow UVIA.

As it was seen, a great amount of effort was put into the organisation and running of the sports by many members of the staff, and it is hoped that the competition between individuals will increase with each subsequent year.

SUZANNE DUNNING LVI

For your new Car

CONSULT
BIRD & YATES LTD.

AUSTIN, MORRIS, RILEY
BRITISH LEYLAND
ROVER & WOLSELEY
DEALERS

WALSALL ROAD . CANNOCK
PHONE: 3885

**CHARLES LINFORD
LIMITED**

IRONMONGERS AND
TIMBER MERCHANTS

HIGH GREEN and
NEWHALL STREET
CANNOCK
Cannock 3118, 3618, 3619

Telephone: HEDNESFORD 2558

ESTABLISHED OVER A CENTURY

**PRINTCRAFT
PRESS**

(HEDNESFORD) LIMITED

☆ ARTISTIC AND COMMERCIAL PRINTERS

☆ STATIONERS

☆ BOOKBINDERS

55 MARKET STREET, HEDNESFORD

— Printers of this Magazine —

SALVETE

1A

Anne Amison, Rachel Brewae, Margaret Davey, Sarah Edumunds, Susan Elks, Janette Heeley, Pamela Hicks, Julie Hitch, Debra Johnson, Karan Karasinki, Deborah Morrall, Paula Niven, Lynn Raybould, Susan Stanley, Maria Szeremeta, Maxine Thursfield, Karen Tonks, Peter Belcher, Patrick Burke, Peter Dyde, Steven Higgs, Christopher Holmes, Roger Mellor, Karl Minten, Kelvin Podolaka, Michael Rose, Randall Scott, Stewart Staples, Paul Stevens, Ivor Thomas, Michael Walkeden, Mark Westmancoat.

1B

Jayne Ansell, Suzanne Ball, Susan Clark, Lynette Downer, Ann Edwards, Helen Garbett, Patricia Gooch, Susan Hassall, Dawn Mabbs, Georgina Mould, Tina Price, Gloria Shaw, Debbie Simmonds, Jacqueline Tyler, Gillian Ward, Carol Watkiss, Malcolm Bagguley, Stephen Bailey, Michael Carter, Nicholas Church, Kevin Cooper, Stephen Deakin, Paul Holkham, David Isteed, Keith Jackson, John Marsh, Patrick Molloy, Ian Reeves, Alan Roadway, Christopher Webb, Trevor Wright.

1C

Joy Allen, Jennifer Arms, Jean Belcher, Susan Bevington, Anne Marie Bridgart, Gillian Brown, Julie Collins, Janine Cooper, Joanna Dolphin, Theresa Dowding, Jayne Gethin, Ann Griffiths, Lynn Hollingmode, Vannessa Johnson, Elizabeth Saunders, Angela Seabury, Martin Bate, Thomas Beardsmore, Christopher Bird, David Corbett, Andrew Cooper, Paul Drury, Peter Dyke, Kevin Fowler-Parkes, Glyn Hesketh, Stephen Horton, Robert Jordan, John Laffan, David Molloy, Timothy Wilson.

1D

Susan Bush, Elizabeth Churm, Pamela Colebatch, Paula Dawson, Sheila Macey, Mary Middlehurst, Lynne Owen, Janice Pearce, Tracy Powell, Elaine Preece, Glynis Shepherdson, Glenda Wallis, Kim Watkins, Sharon Willcocks, Verna Williams, Miriam Wood, Martin Ashton, Jeffrey Bray, Marcus Cale, John Fereday, Craig Grieve, Peter Jacques, Paul James, Richard Palmer, Steven Pearson, David Robinson, Timothy Sayer, Stephen Sherratt, Gary Smith, Steven Tomlinson.

1E

Karen Ayre, Susan Banbery, Jane Bishop, Carolyn Bladon, Pamela Deakin, Maxine Dunning, Anna Faulkner, Janice Hand, Vivienne Hindley, Diane Jones, Carol Payton, Jill Pritchard, Christine Rose, Judith Wilby, Lynn Wooldridge, Keith Bickley, Stephen Cook, Paul Draper, Stephen Farrington, Michael Goodwin, Jeffrey Gosling, Trevor Howard, Stewart Matthews, Robert McMath, Michael Motruk, Alan Percival, Stephen Perkins, Alan Roberts, Patric Stanley, James Taylor.

2C Robert Wolverson.

2E Sharon Mears.

4D Robin Bishop.

4E Susan Wilcox.

U6C Donald Robinson.

1C Stephen Kenning.

3E Susan Kennink.

VALETE

(Pupils proceeding to Further Education)

UNIVERSITIES

Susan Owen, Sheffield.
Rosalind Wilkes, Southampton.
David Fenton, Liverpool.
Anthony Griffiths, Leeds.
Stephen Hall, Sheffield.
Stephen Heath, Bristol.
Stephen Jones, Salford.
Gilbert Park, Edinburgh.
David Phillips, Southampton.
David Ryder, Newcastle.

COLLEGES OF EDUCATION

Christine Brearley, St. John's York.
Diana Gallatley, Scarborough.
Pamela Groves, Avery Hill.
Susan Gunn, Bognor Regis.
Jennifer Haywood, Didsbury.
Linda Hedge, Ormskirk.
Sheila Jeffers, Totley Hall, Sheffield.
Patricia Littler, Gypsy Hill.
Susan Lloyd, Summerfield.
Jennifer Ormrod, Gypsy Hill.
Sandra Parker, Furzedown, London.
Angela Pearn, Chester.
Judith Perks, St. Mark & St. John.
Susan Powell, Goldsmiths.
Carolyn Reynolds, Barry.
Glynis Roberts, Summerfield.
Janet Shaw, Leeds.
Stella Thacker, Borough Road, London.
Glenis Williams, Matlock.
Melvyn Bailey, Madeley.
Peter Cadman, St. John's, York.
Anthony Cartwright, Sheffield City.

Roderick McAlpine, Alsager.
Barry Marshall, Sunderland.
John Ormrod, Shoreditch.
David Scribberas, De La Salle, Manchester.
Stephen Sides, Westminster, Oxford.
David Westwood, Margaret McMillan,
Bradford.

OTHER COLLEGES

Kathleen Perry, Northern School of Music,
Manchester.
John Kent, Wednesbury College of
Commerce.
Philip Leah, Northern School of Music,
Manchester.
Alan Mayes, Stafford College of Art.
David Yorath, Stafford College of Art.

MISCELLANEOUS

Alistair Guthrie, I.C.I.
Peter Jennings.
Heather Anderson, Nursing.
Diana Hallchurch, Cannock Advertiser.
Susan Hill, Student Teaching.
Susan Phillips.
Haydn Reece, Student Teaching.
Robert Wright, Computer Centre.
Angela Bagnall, Hotel Receptionist.
Kevin Madeley.
Yvonne Procter, Cannock Advertiser.
Pauline Holland.
David Westwood, Margaret McMillan,
Bradford T.C.
Roy Plant, Apprentice (English Electric).
Brian Hawksworth, Trainee Manager.
Breda Currie, Trainee Manager.
Michael Steadman.

1A Debra Johnson.
1B Kevin Cooper.
2B David Yardley.
2C Carol Gilroy.
Maureen Yardley.
Ian Walker.
2E Robert Walker.
3A David Marshall.
5B Lilian Harrogate.
Richard Davies.
Charles Stedman.
5C Peter Stretton.
L6A David Bellwood.
Graham Carr.
David Tipton.
L6C Paul Dean.
Peter Wilkinson.
L6D Jonathan Sides.
U6B David Westwood.
U6C Donald Robinson.
S6 Ruth Harris.
Susan Hill.
Margaret Palmer.
Susan Preston.
Robert Critchlow.
David Fenton.

- - - -

Acknowledgments:

Stafford Girls' High School.
Prospect — The Regis School.
Rivus — Rising Brook Secondary School.
The Voyager — T. P. Riley School.

