



CHET 13



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NICHOLAS MADGE was Editor of the magazine until he left for University at Christmas.

EDITORIAL

Well, here it is. CHENET. The result of 6 months' hard work. Now all I can do is hope that everyone can tell the difference.

This year's CHENET has been produced in a totally different way, involving much more effort on the part of the committee and everyone else involved. Because no one had ever used this technique to produce CHENET before, there was a certain amount of risk. We hope it paid off.

Interest in CHENET had begun to wane considerably; however, when we were certain that we were going to use the new method of printing and layout, everyone was highly enthusiastic. As a result, we have received a great many entries of a really high standard.

We were also surprised to find that prose was just as plentiful as poetry, if one took the trouble to look hard enough.

I may have been the editor but the magazine could not have been produced without the aid of Robert Wyke, assistant editor, and of course Mr. Longville, whose encouragement and sheer hard work deserve praise.

We all hope that the end result is worth all the effort.

GAIL BALI



ORANGE clocks & candy floos
BRANGE their nooks & frees fratter
BLANGE fisces frinking
BLONGE grils grimping grins
BLOOGE beehond beating baroos
BLOOTE yar yo-yo blood
BLOOTY people.

(JACQUELINE GROVES, L6C.)

HEADMASTER'S LETTER

I am delighted to have the opportunity to commend to everyone this new-look issue of CHENET. The editorial committee has spent a great deal of time re-thinking the whole structure of the magazine and I congratulate them on their enterprise and on the high quality of the contributions which they have secured. In keeping with this approach, I should like to comment on some aspects of school life which will receive a new look during the next few years.

Sheneft

The 1970s will undoubtedly see many changes in education and in society, but whatever they are we believe that the function of this school will continue to be that of developing to the full all the talents of the boys and girls entrusted to us. To achieve this we must encourage hard work and academic success together with the widest possible range of other activities, in the hope that every pupil will find an interest which will contribute both to his personal enjoyment and to the corporate life of the school.

It is to stimulate active participation in sporting and leisure activities that we intend to introduce a house system next September. There will be four houses and all pupils and members of staff will be allocated to a house. Regular assemblies and house meetings will be arranged, and it is hoped that each house will soon develop its own identity and loyalty. A competition to find four suitable names has been launched and all arrangements needed to effect a smooth introduction of the house system will be completed during the summer term. Members of the same family will belong to the same house and this fact will be borne in mind when dividing up new entrants to the school.

In addition to the introduction of a house system, we are modifying the organisation of the sixth form. Hitherto, the Lower and Upper sixth have been kept separate, but in September we intend to introduce a number of 'tutor groups', each of which will consist of not more than twenty sixth formers at varying stages of their careers. These tutor groups will be linked to houses and the tutors will also be housemasters. We hope that this will enable new members of the sixth form to settle down more quickly as each tutor will only have to get to know eight or nine individuals each year. Also, the house system should prove easier to implement, the sixth form should feel more of one unit, and we hope that both these changes will add to the enjoyment which the majority derive from being in school.

I was delighted with the quality of Haydn's 'Creation' last November, and with 'Iolanthe' in March. A great deal of hard work went into all aspects of both productions and the audiences enjoyed and appreciated them. I am anxious to see that the amount of music in the school increases rapidly, and after discussions with all concerned, we have decided to begin to build up a school stock of instruments to supplement those provided by the County Council. If anyone has any orchestral instruments for sale, we should be glad to have the opportunity to buy them.



This is a two year plan at the end of which time we hope to be able to offer individual and group teaching on a much larger scale and to have an orchestra of considerable size.

The school's contribution in the area of community service has been growing over the past three years. During the current school year social service has been offered as an option in the General Studies programme, and has been well supported by members of the sixth form. Next year, we hope to double this commitment, to continue our activity at the end of the summer term, and to look for new ways to associate the school with the needs of the community. With the same approach in mind we hope that the interest of pupils in the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme will grow, and that many will take advantage of the opportunities which will soon exist in the school to take part in this worthwhile activity.

Indeed, the object of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme, which is to produce self-reliant, reliable, hard-working and interesting young people of positive value to society, sums up precisely what we aim to achieve in school.

To all I would like to express my thanks and encouragement; with such support we can all look forwards to the next few years with confidence.

In one respect this issue of CHENET does not differ from its predecessors; throughout the magazine there are articles and reports which indicate how many activities there are in school, and how much time members of staff have given to encourage games and societies to develop. To all I would like to express my thanks and encouragement; with such support we can all look forward to the next few years with confidence.

D. P. ADAMS

LOVE makes you LIVE your LIFE -

LIFT yourself -

SIFT out

SOFT thoughts SORT out the
SORES in your

PORES PARE heart to a
PANE but don't
PANT.

(JOHN SLOCOMBE, U6E.)

The web is strung so tight
from pillar to post
the beetle waits for time to pass.

(JUNE JOHNSON, L6B.)



The quiet eternal sleep casts itself in heavy layers around me. Silence but for noise caused by my lungs.

Deep memories of your breath, and what seemed eternal sleep. But waking to find you beside me,

I wake no longer, No longer have I need for you beside me.

(JACQUELINE GROVES, L6C.)

Broken boughs
Broken bodies
Broken grass A broken world
For broken trash.

(JOHN SLOCOMBE, U6E.)

To love is painful, it is true, but I think the height of pain is to love, as I did, and not to love again.

(KEN BATTYE, U6D.)

5

My heart aches, my head aches.... We're looking for acorns tomorrow If I don't die today.

(JACQUELINE BLURTON, L6C.)

Pluto, the rough god of the Underworld, has just raped Proserpine, who's been picking flowers somewhere in Sicily. She is distraught as Pluto carries her down to the Underworld to leave the Earth forever; but by assuring her that life 'down there' is better than life 'up here' Pluto thinks he can console her;

or

THE CLASSICAL FAITH-HEALER

At these sobs of hers and Then her fitting tears Rough as he is He's captivated And falls For the sighs of first love.

Then he wipes away her
Tears with rusty cloak
And with calm voice
Consoles her sad grief:
"Please stop,
Proserpine, troubling your

Mind with woeful cares and Empty fears. Kingdoms More vast will be Given to you; you Won't have To marry a husband

Baseborn - I'm that son of Saturn whom Heaven's Spheres serve, whose power Through the mighty void Extends. Don't think the day's been lost.

We could have brighter stars; A different world; you'll Feel purer light; Gaze, amazed, at Heaven's Sunlight -Its beautiful people.

There, in richer times, a Golden race lives on And we've always





Got what earthlings long Ago Deserved. You won't even

Want for fragrant meadows. Down there eternal Flowers breathe out Breezes sweeter than Any

(from the Latin of Claudian)

(ROBERT WYKE, U6C.)



For a summer holiday I was working on a pair of narrow boats. On this particular trip we were heading south with a cargo of coal. We were taking things easy and planning to tie up for the day after climbing up six locks that lay just ahead of us, and leaving a two mile tunnel which followed, till next day. We reached the top of the locks uneventfully and tied up. After we had tied up I went to tidy up my cabin and wash the oil off the engine.

I had'nt been there fifteen minutes when I heard a cry and clatter. I rushed out and saw that Mrs. Rose, the skipper's wife, had slipped between the two boats and was trapped at the hips. Mr. Rose was already there so I rushed and let off the outside boat and Mr. Rose managed to pull her into the hold. We then took her to their cabin. Mr. Rose immediately told me to go and get the engine started and get the pair underweigh as he was sure, and I was, she needed a doctor and we were stuck in the middle of nowhere. I started the engine, cast off and was making my way to the back of the butty boat which I usually steered, but Mr. Rose shouted at me to take the motor boat so he could be near his wife as she was in the butty cabin.

I asked no questions and ran back to the motor, took the tiller and stuck it into gear. As we got up speed I started thinking about what I'd let myself in for. Previously I had only taken the motor under close supervision and on deep, straight stretches of canal. We had been through the tunnel before but I hadn't steered. This stretch of canal was notorious for its sharp bends, long tunnel, heavy scours and low bridges.

I put the engine at full speed and we were fairly sailing along but this didn't get rid of the tunnel and I started to get nervous. Also now I was having trouble with the bottom. The boat would stop suddenly on some object, then the butty would bump into me and send me over the obstacle, only to have to get me to pull her off. I could see Mr. Rose sweating buckets at the back, but nothing could be done. This went on for some time until we got round a bend and there it was: a little black hole in the hillside. As we neared it, I read the notice across the top: PROCEED WITH CAUTION.

We seemed to fly into the tunnel and in a few seconds I had to turn on the head-light. Its bright rays piercing the darkness, I felt so lonely, with seventy feet of boat and darkness in front and seventy feet of boat behind me, and the skipper at the very back. The exhaust of the engine was my only company and it pounded away at the roof of the tunnel and showered me with little bits of debris. Also I found it hard to keep a straight headway. Before I knew where I was, on a lot of occasions, the boat would bump into one side of the tunnel and then hurtle across and bump the other and so on and amid curses that I heard from the back I struggled to get control. As we pounded on, I kept looking back and seeing the entrance get smaller and then I'd look forward to see

the exit but as yet I couldn't see it. Soon we came beneath a ventilation shaft. I looked up only to be blinded for a few seconds by a flow of cold water. In those few seconds the boat managed to bang against the side of the tunnel again. This time the boat went berserk as I tried to control it from going everywhere except where I wanted it to go. Then came a bend in the tunnel and I banged my way round to be confronted by the exit. I had reached my destination.

G eaes

(BRUCE PATTERSON, 4B.)



FIRST FORM CHRISTMAS PARTY

The annual 1st from Christmas 'do' proved once more to be a most enjoyable event. Sixth formers who had hoped to join in the festivities were dismayed to learn that they were banned from the area. Even the writer of this article was viewed with not a little suspicion, until a presscard was produced.

Some 150 1st formers attended this long-awaited treat, ably supervised and organised by Mrs. Foote, who proved a mine of absorbing pastimes.

The hall swarmed with orange shirts, and, indeed, the event was very colourful. The newly completed 6th form decorations added to the effect.

The first game was pass the parcel, organised on a form basis; the following may restupon their well-earned laurels: Nicholas Cope (1A), Lesley Nicholls (1B), Paul Pritchard (1C), Kevin Hallsworth (1D), Christine Lintern (1E). The winners received multitudinous bars of chocolate.

Mr. Middlehurst treated the company to a rousing song or two, having acquired a chorus of somewhat reluctant members of Staff, and a bright orange-clad music stand. This was very enjoyable.

Mrs. Hoddinott's card game defies description; suffice it to say that Mr. Gange devoured his choc with relish.

Mr. D. K. Lloyd, that perennial star of 1st form parties, astounded the congregation with his magical prowess, relating also the manner in which these powers came to him. As ever he was greeted by many cheers and not a little disbelief.

There followed a break for refreshment, thanks for which are due to the Domestic Science Department, the 5th year and the Prefects. Milk chocolate biscuits, crisps, ice-cream, mince pies and orange juice were dispensed by Staff and form prefects, ably supervised by that denizen of the dining room, Mrs. Aston. After this the party returned post haste to the hall, minus certain members who openly declared that they were 'only here for the orange'.

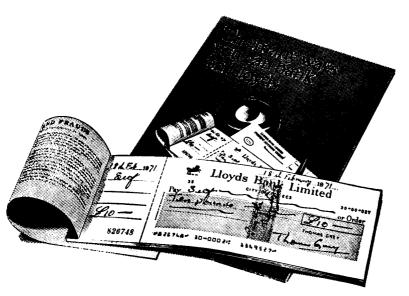
The entertainments continued with a competition to 'guess the adverts', won by Linda McJury.

The Senior Dramatic Society held our gaze fixed with a spirited rendition of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' by W. Shakespeare. Mr. Roy Preston's Bottom had to be seen to be believed, whilst comment was passed upon the likeness of Mr. Robert Wyke's accent to that of a certain Pogle. Mr. Ken Battye's pigtails inspired some varied comments.

The meeting closed with a lively attempt to 'Guess The Signature Tune' under Mrs. Foote's watchful eye. After this, the first years dispersed, happy, replete and with the glazed look of those basking in the glory of their one and only privilege.

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1

He looks like a bulldog with a broad face, the way he runs, and stands with his body over his legs.

Never do his heels touch the floor, always on the ball of the foot. When he's angry the top of his lips bends upwards, and then he runs on the heel as well as the ball of his foot. His face is round with a protruding chin. His back is never straight, always bent. When he laughs his throat sticks out to be almost level with his chin. Also he sticks his tongue out, and whisks it along his lip.

His hands are fidgetty; he can never keep them still. He's big and beefily built, with thick thighs and strong kick.



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2

Clad from head to foot in brown like a lemur, with big traffic light eyes. This lemur also consists of duck feet. This lemur is short sighted and wears monocle glasses, golden monocle glasses.

The head is oval shape with a witch-like nose and dirty white false dentures.

A head-hunter's haircut. A bent back near his neck.

The whiskers move up and down like an itchy mouse.

The eyes are big spiders, with a blue body, and red legs.

(BRIAN LEE, 1A.)

STAFF NOTES

The task of compiling 'Staff Notes' may now be firmly regarded in the Calendar as the harbinger of Spring. 'Eheu fugaces....' No sooner has one set of facts been laboriously amassed than it is time to garner notes for another.

The change-over in members of staff has been as large as ever-inevitable, one supposes, in a school as large as ours. In fact 'Staff Notes' has become so complex an opus, that if anyone has been over-looked in the current plethora of farewells, appointments and congratulations, please accept our apologies in advance.

We have said goodbye to many old friends since we last went to print. Mrs. Page departed at the end of last Summer Term only to return last term, when it was discovered that the Maths. department could not do without her! After a second spate of farewells, we are all anxiously waiting to see if she will return yet again to help out a hard pressed department.

Mrs. Richmond was unfortunately unable to return to us this year through ill-health, and she and her husband have now moved to Tewkesbury. We wish them both success in their new sphere.

The Girls P. E. department is 'under new management' this year, as both Mrs. Cosham and Miss Astley have gone their several ways: Mrs. Cosham to full-time duty as a housewife and Miss Astley to improve the health and strength of the girls at Chipping Norton. The Boys P. E. department has also seen changes, Mr. Horne taking over as Head of Department from Mr. Skinner who has departed to a College of Further Education at Belfast, in fact to the one of which our former Headmaster is Principal. It is quite remarkable how the paths of Mr. Pomfret and Mr. Skinner have kept crossing. They first met when Mr. Pomfret was Mr. Skinner's form-master and then Housemaster at Salford, and then came their association at Cannock and now at Belfast. It is reported that Mr. Skinner has already discovered some suitable golf-courses in the vicinity and that his fund of 'Irish' anecdotes has been replenished.

Two old friends badly missed by the 'Times Crossword' team in the staffroom have moved on to higher things - Mr. White as Head of Geography at Chasetown and Mr. Baskerville as Head of French at Redcar. When last heard from, both were settling down happily in their new environment.

Two of our younger members have gone forth to spread the trail of culture in the Commonwealth - Mr. Griffiths (badly missed by the basket-ball enthusiasts) to Zambia and Mr. Heyes (equally missed) to Tasmania. It is rumoured that Mrs. Foote of the R. I. department may shortly follow their example.

From the Science Department, Mr. Watts has forsaken teaching for the 'cloth' and is pursuing theological studies at Barry, while Mr. Leadbeater, the inveterate rock-climber, has moved down the road to Perry Bar, unfortunately taking with him Mrs. Leadbeater, who used to be such a tower of strength to the 'Chenetians' as an indefatigable secretary - (Capell

a post now efficiently held by Mrs. Tolley.

Mr. Twynam, after a year's sojourn holding the fort for Mr. Merrills (whom we welcomed back after his secondment at Cardiff), has moved on to Northicote.

To replace all these old friends we have welcomed as new colleagues Mrs. J. Bailey, D. P. E. (Head of Girls P. E.), from Calving Hill

Miss L. Smith, D. P. E. (Anstey) (Girls P. E.)

Miss S. Wester, B.Sc. (London) (Biology), from Birmingham

Miss P. Byrn (Crewe College) (Physics)

Mr. D. Russell, B. Sc. (Birmingham) (Physics)

Mr. E. H. Jones, M. A. (Cantab.) (French), from Industry

Mr. D. Bostock, B.A. (Exon.) (French)

Mr. D. S. Jones, B. A. (London) (Geography)

Mr. G. Walker, B. Sc. (Leeds) (Mathematics), from South Shields

Mr. A. J. Isaacs (Madeley) (Mathematics)

In January Mr. G. Millington joined the Boys P. E. department from Broomhill. Assistance to the Maths. department has also come in the part-time appointment of Mrs. J. Morgan, a former pupil of the school whom older members of the staff will remember as Joyce Gregory, and of Mrs. S. Thorsby, the daughter of a former colleague of one of the staff elders! Mrs. V. Craddock has also recently augmented the English department with part-time services for one term.

We also extend a welcome as assistants in the modern languages department to Mile. M. Longnez from Aix-les-Bains (French) and to Senorita P. Bonet from Valencia (Spanish). We trust that their stay in England will be a happy and informative one.

We extend our congratulations to:

Our former Headmaster, Mr. J. Pomfret, M.A., B.Sc., M.Ed., on his appointment as Principal of Stranmillis College, Belfast.

The Rev. Alder Gofton, B.A., (former Head of the History department) on his appointment as Vicar of the parish of Ashington.

Mr. D. Horne on his elevation to Head of Boys P. E.

Mr. A. Morton on the acquisition of his D. A. S. E. (Keele).

Mr. C. Hunt, Mrs. Talbut (nèe Crannage), Mrs. Hoddinott (nèe Thomas), Mr. and Mrs. (nèe Robertson) Taylor, on their respective marriages.

Our congratulations are also offered to Mr. J. Fleet and Miss H. A. Keith on their engagement, to Mr. and Mrs. Brookes on the birth of their son Christopher, to our former colleagues Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hunter on the birth of their son Nicholas, and to Mr. and Mrs. Bostock on the birth of their daughter Katheryn Jane.

There can be no doubt that this year so far has been a tiring one. With the future of the school hanging in the balance there has been a seemingly endless series of meetings to discuss the pros and cons of this or that system. At one time this told heavily on the stamina of most of us, and it is probable that our minions detected an air of fatigue in the behaviour of their mentors. Now they know the reason why. Now that a decision has been taken, the atmosphere is easier, but whether

the new schemes are to be implemented or not remains to be seen. "The old order changeth".

The Staff matches versus the school have been few and far between. The cricket match, instead of being an all day affair, was limited to $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours play, as last year. The Staff, batting first, scored 131 all out. Riley took 6 wickets for 45 runs. The chief contributors to the Staff score were Mr. Heyes (36) and Mr. Morton (23). The school in reply started briskly and thanks to an excellent innings of 69 by Houlston they had scored 130 for 6 wickets when time was called. This was the closest finish to the match for many a year.



The game was also notable for the baptism of the Stanley-Morton Score-box, which intrigued many of the spectators more than the cricket!

Concurrently with the cricket, the Staff ladies lost to the school at Rounders and last term they were also unsuccessful, being narrowly defeated at Netball.

MR. R. G. PARKES, Member of Staff 1955 - 1963.

Staff members and pupils of the years 1955 - 1963 will be distressed to learn of the sudden death of Mr. R. G. Parkes in February. Mr. Parkes was one of the founder-members of Staff who came to be the first Head of the Mathematics department.

He will be best remembered with affection for the prominent part he played during the formative years of the school; for his stentorian control of the dining-room and his good-humoured discipline; for his performances in "Patience" and "1066 And All That". To his colleagues he was a benign authority on all weighty matters ranging from motor-car maintenance to income tax.

We extend our sympathy to his wife Eileen and to his family David and Mary.

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(JANE HEATH, 1A.)

WORDS AND DAYS

I'd been waiting half an hour but at last the bus came. I sat by an open window because it's always smokey upstairs.

Two women sat in front of me. One had butterfly glasses and yellow hair with black roots. The other poked occasionally at her pink rollers.

"Have you got a light, love?"

"No, sorry," I said.

"I always forget to bring me matches, don't I, Floss?"

"Oh yes, this one's always without a light."

I smiled pleasantly, trying to look interested, but couldn't have succeeded as they turned round. Not that I was upset.

Floss leaned over to the yellow hair one and whispered something. I looked out of the window trying not to listen.

"Mind you, don't say anything, like. I said I wouldn't tell."

"Is that right, though?"

"Oh, yes. Betty told me and Betty ought to know."

"Mind you, I'd expect that of her; I mean, her always was an odd one out."

The bus conductor came. He was big and fat and brown. His eyes and teeth sparkled. I thought he looked like a sailor.

"They're everywhere now, ain't they?" said Floss.

"Oh yes, you can't go anywhere without bumping into 'em."

"Mind you, we ain't got so many as Wolverhampton or somewhere...
Don't care what anyone says, I agree entirely with that Mr. Powell."

My friend got on. She sat down by me.

"Hello there."

"Oh. Hello, Helen," I said, acting surprised.

"Are you going with anyone, then?"

"No. "

"Oh, aren't you? I'm still going with Roger. We might be getting engaged, you know."

"Oh well, never mind."

"Oh, I don't mind, "she said, "I mean, I think I'm in love with him. Oops! here I am getting all romantic, but he IS lovely. Don't think mum and dad trust him yet. Every time I go out with him they insist I get in half an hour early. It's terrible. I've argued and argued with them, but they won't listen."

"Never mind."

"Oh, I don't mind. ***** them, that's what I say."

"Best way. "

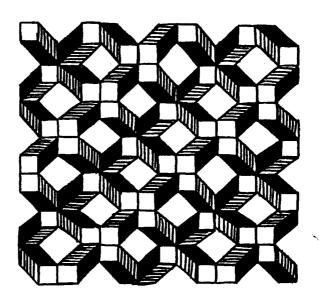
"It's terrible, now I'm going out with Rog I never get time to wash my hair and it's so greasy. D'you know, I've tried everything and it's still greasy. I have to wash it nearly every day."

'Do you really?"

"Yes; it itches like mad if I don't."

ect

"Oh well, this is my stop, Helen. See you."
"Yes, see you, Jackie."



ANDREW THURSHELD USD.

I got off the bus. It was drizzling.

"Oh, hello, Grandad. Where've you been, then?"

"Oh, just across the road to post a letter. Looks like the weather's taken a turn for the worse then."

"Yes, it was nice and sunny this morning."

"Oh yes, it was lovely this morning. I could do with some more sun for my geraniums. They've had too much rain this year."

"Never mind, it's better than us getting a drought."

"Ha, yes, I suppose so. How's your mother and everyone?"

"Oh, fine, "I said, thinking what a stupid thing to ask - he was only at our house last night.

"Well, I must go, Grandad, I've got to see to the dinner."

"Yes, yes. Call in and see me sometime."

"Oh, I will. 'Bye."

I went home then. It had been a day not unlike other days and I hadn't noticed it pass.

(JACQUELINE GROVES, L6C)

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PART-TIME COURSES: COMMENCING SEPTEMBER 1971

In addition the College provides a wide range of part-time day and evening vocational courses in building, engineering, catering, science, footwear technology, business studies, G. C. E. studies and computing.

Details of all these courses starting in September, may be obtained from the Chief Administrative Officer.



LE MORTE DE SAUMON

The silver-sided salmon Skims silently past the pastel pebbles And the dank, dark, dirty dock-leaves On the bank of the brimming brook.

A flash of gilded, golden glow Glints upon the glassy eye And twinkles from each silvery scale.

Twisting, turning, skimming, swimming Through the watery Wenlock weeds Where the long-legged waders prod And furtive, filthy, grey-green frogs Gather grey caddis-cases.

A long, lone, lank, lean line Whips in the wafting, whirring wind And waits above the washing waters For the tell-tale tug of a feathered Float and fly.

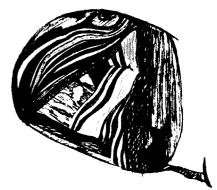
The roaming salmon spies the single, slowly-sinking bait And lunges longwards for the falling fly To take the feathered, two-tongued hook.

The slightest pull sets up
The smallest ripples on
The swishing, sliding stream - and yet
The onward-looking, ever-patient, over-callous human hunter
Knows once more he's won
His wicked way.

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A further, fatal, plaintive pull And the bodkin bitterly bites (The sharp-barbed hook!) In the salmon's silk-soft gums, As the fish is flung From its watery home To taint the bank with its blood Of deepest, dearest red.

The end approaches; Eyes glass over, Breathing ceases; Lovely, life is lost.



(PATRIC STANLEY, 3E.)

TWO POEMS IN COLLABORATION

I. EVERYONE CARRIES ON

Ascertain lady was very shady.

The cormorant belly swells and swells.

Jesus did foreplane upon his wood, and cut a niche in history.

Latine, Peccavi, he asserted, I have sinned - with creatures great & small, & winged & finned....

Out the door goes the passant for the night -

eagerly scratching its backside, like a chicken with roup.

The children vaulted the summer - a summersault.

The rope frayed, broke, & the windlass came crashing to the ground.

2. THE TWILIGHT OF A LIFE

Antiquate is that man, old, twisted, gnarled like a tree.

Below the level of the endless sea, I spoke to monsters, monsters spoke to me, squelching & squeaking this mystery:

I wouldn't deign to....

the establishment fails to cater for people who would go and

form a genus set of characteristics.

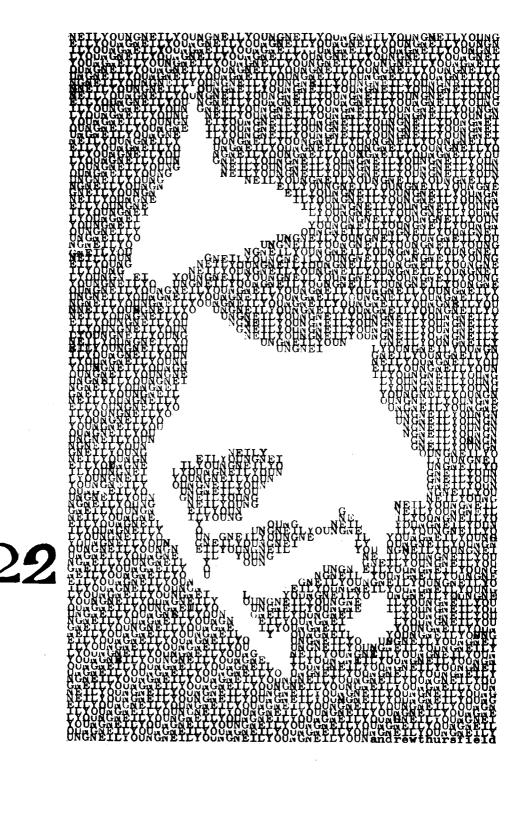
"Opal mints are a minty bit stronger...."

(her face the colour of mouldy raisins) -

and the swinish pig did dig & dig & dig.

(JACQUELINE BLURTON, JACQUELINE GROVES, JANE HILL, JUNE JOHNSON, STEVENAYRES, STEVENBAKER, TIM LONGVILLE, MICHAEL ROBEY, JOHN SLOCOMBE.)

Get Constitution of the co



NIGHTMARE FRAGMENT

An excellent nostril came
Zooming my way
Because the owner had turned
Yellow in the night.
Cannons were firing everywher

Cannons were firing everywhere,

Xylophones making electronic sounds,

Dying people laughing absurdly,

With patterns flying around;

Enemies.

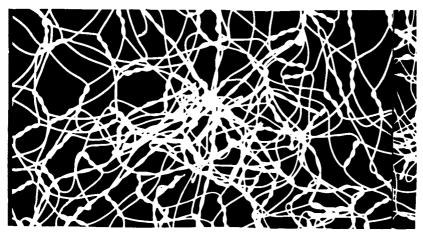
Vigorous monkeys and

Fur covered

Umbrellas turning

Green at the sight....

(JACQUELINE GROVES, L6C.)



I went to see a psychiatrist
But I saw a cabbage.
I went to see the doctor
But I only found a book.
Being worried, I thought I'd get analysed.
The analyst was crying.
'What's wrong?' thought I.
'I don't want to be a carrot, ' it said.
I glanced in the mirror
And saw a leaf growing on my arm.

(JACQUELINE GROVES, L6C.)



CITY OF BIRMINGHAM POLYTECHNIC

The Birmingham Polytechnic has been formed by merging five existing Colleges in the City - the College of Art and Design, the College of Commerce, the School of Music and the North and South Birmingham Technical Colleges. Over the years, these constituent Colleges have established their own individuality and traditions: they have set their own high standards and, in many fields of study, achieved national and, in certain areas, international reputation.

It is already apparent that the amalgamation of such resources as these has created a powerful educational complex, starting its new life with several million pounds worth of new buildings, either completed or scheduled for a building programme, and with first-rate equipment and facilities. For the immediate future, the Polytechnic will develop within this newly-built accomodation. The long-term building plan is in process of decision in terms of the whole development scheme for the City.

The combined resources of the constituent Colleges have ensured that the Polytechnic should cover, from the beginning, an exceptionally wide range of disciplines including, for example, Architecture and Building, Town Planning and Civil Engineering, Management, Commerce and Business Administration, Art and Design, Music, Science and the Engineering Technologies. This makes possible the early development of a realistically comprehensive structure, the essential characteristic of a true polytechnic.

DEGREE COURSES

B. Sc. Architecture; B. Sc. Business Studies; B. Sc. Economics; B. A. Librarianship; B. A. English; B. A. General; Grad. Birmingham School of Music; B. Sc. Planning; M. Sc. Planning; B. A. Sociology; LL. B. PROFESSIONAL COURSES

Accountancy; Building; Business Administration; Careers Officers; Ceramics; Clinical Instructors; Communications Studies; Engineering (CEI); Horology; Interior Design; Law; Library Association; Linguists; Management Studies; Medical Laboratory Technology; Music; Nursing; Photography; Physics; Social Work and Child Care; Speech Therapy; Structural Engineering; Surveying - General & Quantity; Teacher Training - Art & Design; Theatre Design.

DIPLOMA IN ART & DESIGN COURSES

Fine Art - Painting & Sculpture; Graphic Design; Industrial Design; Fashion & Textiles (above courses also Post Diploma); Furniture; Silversmithing; Jewellery.

HIGHER NATIONAL DIPLOMA COURSES

Building (Construction Management); Business; Civil Engineering; Computer Studies; Electrical & Electronic Engineering; Mechanical & Production Engineering; Medical Laboratory Technology.

Further information on these and other courses may be obtained from: The Secretary, The Grange, City of Birmingham Polytechnic, 48 Aldridge Road, Birmingham B42 2TH.



Abomination strikes at active people and they ail. By appointment it strikes, at belongings and people, turning them cinammon-coloured at the slightest exploit or pettish deed.



(JOHN SLOCOMBE, U6E.)



THE LADY MATHILDA

Rich silken clothes laid around the body of Lady Mathilda, Hair decorated with a delicate aigrette of soft colours, Musing over the new servant she'd appointed. He had once belonged to Monsieur Bovard - Madame Lathan is bound to go green when she hears.... The Cinhalese youth looked on behind a hard smile. No further cause to linger on, having exploited the Long thought on works of her husband. Lady Mathilda sighed deeply as the pettifogger talked, Wondering why everyone complained about her spending.



(JACQUELINE GROVES, L6C.)

While the rest of you were still peacefully sleeping off the Speech Day 'hangover', a coach load of some twenty three pupils was on its way to Folkestone 'en route' for France to take part in the first exchange visit with the 'Lyce Charial' in Villeurbanne, a suburb of Lyon, an important industrial town on the river Rhone. Despite the obvious differences between Cannock and Lyon (Lyon is a city of over half a million inhabitants) our pupils settled down well with the minimum of home sickness, to enjoy the French 'cuisine' and the sight-seeing within the city - one which boasts many Roman and Mediaeval remains as well as spacious modern squares and shopping centres.

Arriving as we did just before the Easter holiday (and without umbrellas!) many of us were able to accompany our pen friends' families on Easter excursions to the Alps, the South, Paris and even as far as Brittany. At all events none were as fortunate as the two members of staff who were treated to a comprehensive tour of the city, the zoo, and the lycee immediately on arrival at six o'clock in the morning! Others took their time and even travelled 'abroad' to Switzerland. Grenoble, the site of the last Winter Olympics, is only forty miles away, and the city is ideally situated for day trips to the Massif Central, the Loire and the vineyards of Burgundy and the Rhone valley.

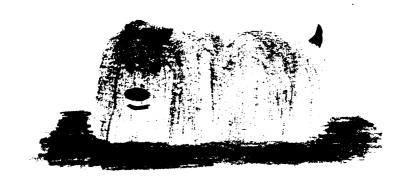
For the last few days of the holiday, those who wished to do so were able to attend the lycee with our penfriends at the start of the new school term - in spite of the rain and the bus strike! We were impressed by the size of the school (there are 1500 pupils), Mr. Quinn's knowledge of the common market and 'soul', the absence of any school uniform and the freedom of the pupils, although the general conclusion was that we prefer life in an English school, even though we are forbidden to smoke in the classroom!

Some very good friendships were made and a very tired and tearful party was reluctant to leave Lyon station and its French boyfriends for the start of the long return journey by train, boat and coach. By popular request this year's journey will be by air, and arrangements have been made with Air France to fly direct to Lyon from London, thus cutting the travelling time considerably.

As a number of our pupils were able to receive guests although unable to go to France themselves, the size of the French party reaching Cannock on July 8th was twenty seven pupils and twenty six suitcases. The French pupils were as surprised at our houses and gardens as we had been at their flats, but they settled quickly and were able to visit a number of local firms, including Taylor's Bakery, Drescott Clothes, Bowmakers, Littleton and Lea Hall Collieries as well as the 'pièce de résistance', Highgate Brewery! The whole party of fifty four went to Stratford, Warwick and Coventry and a number of our families were able to take their French guests on holiday with them.

The success of this exchange can be judged by the increased number of applications to take part this year, including some from last year's party, and the improvement in our French (we hope!). We are grateful to Miss Andrews and Mr. Quinn who trudged many weary miles to visit us then found us not at home, and in particular to Mr. Sewell whose interest and organization made it possible for the exchange to take place.





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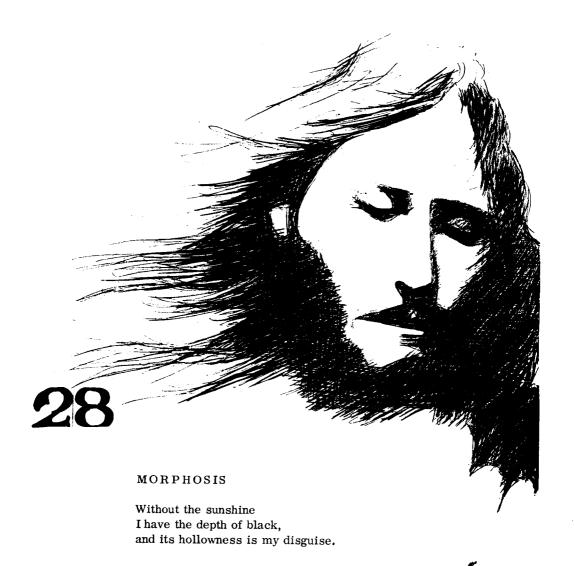
OFFICIAL SCHOOLWEAR STOCKISTS

53 MARKET PLACE, CANNOCK

SADNESS

Nobody'll cry until I'm dead. Which tends to anger; For if I do need tears, it must be now.

(GILBERT WRIGHT, 5B.)



(GILBERT WRIGHT, 5B.)

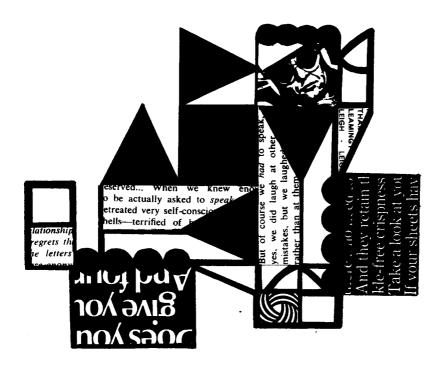
I AM EARLY

Looking through the classroom window and into my eyes, I am reflected a million times; and at each reflection I diminish in size, in stature, in self-respect.

As others arrive in groups, displaying hideous smiles and giving their own false and unique fronts, I realise it is not only the windows that are transparent.

(GILBERT WRIGHT, 5B.)







SIXTH FORM NOTES

The Sixth Form notes this year have been written in rather a hurry and so I apologise in advance if anything has been omitted!

In December of last year a British government group went up to Parliament, as the guests of Cannock's M. P., Mr. Patrick Cormack, who managed to obtain enough tickets for all but one of the party! In January Mr. Cormack paid us a visit, when he came to give a lecture on his job as a Member of Parliament. Both visits were very much enjoyed.

The music department brought us a performance of Haydn's 'Creation', a report of which appears elsewhere in the magazine. They also held Christmas concerts at school and at William Baxter School and St. Chad's.

The annual dramatic production also featured members of the music department, as this year our choice was 'Iolanthe' by Gilbert and Sullivan. The excellent cast was well-supported by an Orchestra of both school and outside musicians. A report on the production as a whole appears elsewhere; suffice it to say that the opera was a credit to all who were connected with it in any way.

The highlight of the P. E. department year had not yet occurred at the time of writing! However, Mr. Horne assures us that a trip to see the Harlem Globe-trotters is being planned for May. Although this is mainly for the staff, any spare tickets will be offered to the Sixth Form. The Globe-trotters will be appearing at the Empire Pool, Wembley, and it is expected that competition for tickets will be fierce.

The Geography and Biology groups have been reasonably active again this year. Apart from the annual trip to Swansea University for the field course, a trip to the famous Blue John caves in Castleton, Derby, was also organised. This was supervised by Mr. White, one of his last duties before leaving us. A trip to the Wrekin and Church Stretton in March is also being organised.

The Scripture department has been very busy this year. The annual Sixth Form weekends at Rydal and Launde were held as usual this year, on July 10-12 and January 29-31 respectively. The Rev. G. Staton and Mrs. R. Price were the guest speakers at Rydal, while Rev. Haile officiated at Launde. Both sets of speakers were excellent and the weekends were enjoyed by all who attended.

S. A. P. has also been active during the year and car-washes, cakedays and other fund-raising events have been held fairly regularly. S. A. P. 's influence has also been felt on Wednesday afternoon General courses, where a Social Service option has also been introduced. This is well supported.

The French department organised several trips throughout the year. A Sixth Form group went to Sutton Coldfield to see a performance of 'L'Alouette' by the College of Further Education. This was an extremely interesting evening in every respect! A group also went to Birmingham University where they were lectured in Anouilh and Voltaire. In March



Keele University held an open afternoon, which featured a French cartoon and two lectures, attended by a fairly large group.

The annual course to the Lycee Lakanal in Paris was held as usual and proved most useful to those who attended it. A select group of two is to attend a course in Madrid later this year.

The English group has not been on quite so many excursions as usual this year. Groups went to see productions of 'Hamlet' at both Birmingham and Stoke, while the Stoke performance of 'Death of a Salesman' was extremely enjoyable.

The Mathematics General course group has been experimenting in the world of computers, aided (and abetted?) by Mr. Walker. They have forged a computer link with the North Staffordshire Polytechnic at Beaconside in Stafford.

The Sixth Form extends its congratulations to Christina Smyczek on being accepted at Oxford and to Pauline Ward and Nicholas Madge on being accepted at Cambridge. We also congratulate Michael Donithorn on being awarded a bursary at Balliol College, Oxford.

(GAIL BALI, S6.)

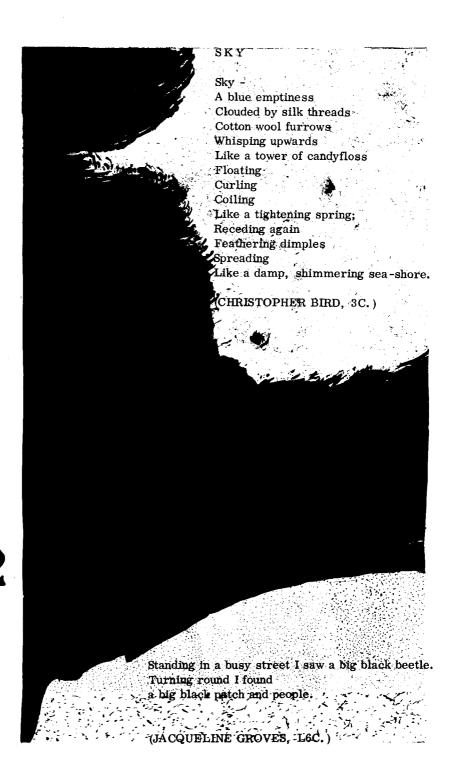
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COUNTER-INFLATIONARY MEASURES

Oh, sticky buns and Sally Lunns and freshly-buttered scones -Now I must turn my back on them lest they be turned to stones.

Now flee I must from fancy things and run away in haste, for sure as supper follows lunch they'll surely go to waist.

Don't offer, please, Old English teas and muffins piping hot -!cos I may wake one day and find they all have gone to pot.

If I am done with gluttony, then I must contemplate some other sin to dabble in, before it is too late!!!

(G. OFFICER.)



THE RIDDLE OF THE DIAMOND NECKLACE

That white mound of priceless pleasure,
Carefully hidden beneath the folds of her dress,
So as not to madden men's hearts.
That perfect work of Nature!
Which man has held it lovingly and brought
His lips to it?
The smoothness, the colour,
Brings delight to any who may catch a glimpse
As the bearer bends forward,
Her dress falling open to reveal once more
The cause of much excitement.





(ANONYMOUS)



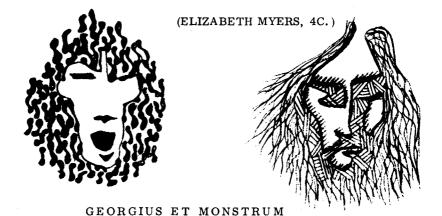
PAGINA LATINA

BELLUM MIRANDUM AN HORRENDUM

Publius bellator audax esse semper voluerat. Ille, cum puer tener adhuc esset, ad milites, quos per urbis vias instructas vidit, et eorum belli monumenta cum admiratione summa spectabat. Itaque Publius, cum miles fieret, gaudio maximo motus est. Multos menses ad matrem non scripsit, sed tunc epistulam a filio accepit in qua Publius ei narravit omnia quae fecerat.

'Caesar militibus imperaverat ut ad quandam Graeciae partem irent et incolas omnes ad unum interficerent. Milites imperatoris iussis paruerant et prima luce ad parvum vicum pervenerunt. Primum eum esse desertum putabant, deinde pauci liberi ex aedibus lente exiverunt. Legatus, qui militibus praeerat, suis imperavit ut infantes trucidarent. Undique multum sanguinis erat.' Ad finem Publius scripserat: 'Bellum est horrendum; id odi neque iam bellator esse cupio'.

Post haec Publius ad matris conspectum nunquam iterum redivit.



34

Olim draco terribilis extra oppidum parvum in Libya habitabat. Incolas saepe terrebat et oppugnabat. Sed draco vulnerari non posse visus est. Itaque puellae et pueri cotidie legebantur ut draco eos voraret. Olim regis filia lecta est.

Erat autem unus eques, Georgius nomine, qui satis validus erat ut monstrum necaret. Puellam liberare at draconem interficere statuit. Ubi draconem prope moenis vidit Georgius ex equo oppugnavit. Cum dracone quam fortissime pugnavit. Monstrum tandem occidit et puellam servavit.

(KEITH JONES, 4D.)

THE WOODEN HORSE

(with apologies to Virgil)

With the aid of the divine skill of Pallas they construct a mass of wood mountain-high and cross its ribs with planks of fir.

Within its dark flanks they secretly enclose picked men of the host, chosen by lot, and fill the huge hollows of its womb with plates of steel.

Some gaze in awe at the vast size of the mass and urge it be brought upon the field of play; others exhort it be cast headlong into the sea or to set fire beneath it or to pierce and explore the hollow lurking-places of its womb. The wavering crowd is torn first this way then that.

Then at last the field is breached; all gird them to the task, beneath the base set wheels a-gliding, and hempen hawsers stretch. The fate-ful engine scales the field; around it boys and unwedded girls chant songs and joy to touch the cable with their hands. It ascends and glides with menace upon the field. Ye Gods! Four times on the very threshold it stopped and four times from its womb there came the clash of steel.

The Stanley-Morton Scorebox had reached position on the cricket field!

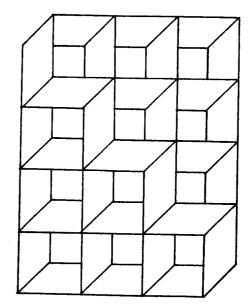
IMAGES

Sharp wind. Leaf-blow, moon-flicker empty dark night.

Lovers.
Door-way seeking; heat growing held tight.

Cold feet.
Wait till tomorrow
or the next
day.

(GAIL BALI, S6.)





The wind whistles through the woods. Cracking, crashing, crumpled trees. Lost leaves, flying furiously To the raging river; here death. Tossing, turbulent and troubled water. Selfish stream; carrying life before it In its hurry to reach its broiling brethren. White wind-whipped sails, Flapping in the huge hurling gusts. Devil-driven clouds race by, Spikes of steel rain streak downwards. Forcing animals and men alike to shelter Or be crushed into the earth's crust. The heavens pour forth their wrath Onto the mortals below, Death does not choose his victims. A trail of desolate, dreading countryside Is left behind. Rue the revengeful Day of Nature.

(JANE HILL, L6E.)

The battle over, we won. The weary men have gone to rejoice.

I stand alone on a field

Where only hours before

Men swore, and beat one another from

Blue to black with bloody swords.

Where men cried aloud

As they saw a limb of theirs fall to the floor.

I am alone.

Why do I not rejoice? Today I killed brave men.

My wounds are many.

There is no blood to show.

The blood is inside,

Rustling, gurgling, pouring through veins,

I bleed through and through.

We were brave they said.

How idly flow their sweet phrases....

They mend the bruised surface Never noticing the black underneath.

(JACQUELINE GROVES, L6C.)

STORM

We watched while the water came down.

The walking was wet but with warming winds.

All stormy weather sends slight shudders down the spine, Striking our spine, like swords of death.

Lightning lined the lake,

Lorries loitered, waiting longingly.

Cars carry on, with drivers cursing the cruel winds.

Cruel winds carry cartons about.

Windows rattle with wonder,

White waves writhe, and are wrung with wild winds, Then die down, drifting drowsily away;

The dull sky goes down deep on the distant horizon, The shimmering snail lies silent by the setting sun.

All is silent; storms are gone.

(PAMELA BRIDGEN, 4B.)

As the darkness rises to the dusk Zinnias drift down from the zenith. Baptism of the basilisk in beauty, Yet they yearn for yesterday. Covered in crystalline crosses Xebecs float in xenon. Drawing demonic dances of light, Waves whirl in worship. Evening, ephemeral entrance to night, Vows vigil to the vulnerable. Forsaken, the fiery sun has left; Umbra of night across the universe. Groping fingers of darkness Travel through the trees. Haunted places heave with sorrow: Soon the hour once more. Inside the indigo void the Radiant round orb of light appears. Jasmine scented joss sticks Quavering in quiet query. Kaleidoscopes of colours kiss Portraits of phosphorous pleasure. Lamenting the loss of love. Offerings of odes they give. Meaningless meditation from them: New hope, new world; but neither.

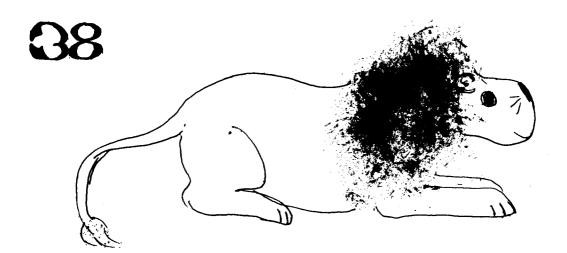
37

(JANE HILL, L6E.)

A TO Z GUIDES

Aunt Prune found Zulus in her garden. But feeling rather Young and gay did not Cannibalize with them, just X-rayed their chests. Doing this, she Wondered what she'd find, but Eyeing their ribs she Viewed some chewed up Fragments and bits of Uncle James. Getting rather angry and Tightly gripping her left ear lobe, Have you eaten James? She said, secretly pleased. I think we have, Replied the native -Just get into this Queue for a tender piece of little toe. Keep left, Prune bawled, Please leave me room, Look, find yourself some Other feed. Maybe I'd like roast James. No, but.... I do. No.... Yes, I do. Much roast James I'll eat today. O.K., she consented, I'll Lunch with you, Providing all is Kept raw and juicy. Quite suddenly she Jumped up, Rising above the crowd In anger. Stop this cannibalism, she cried, Holding up a Zulu by his hair. Trying hard to Get away he hurt her toe. Uncivilly she screamed, having Fractured her foot. Very well, she shouted (Entering on the right), We will have Dear James back: Xylonite stomachs you may have but Come what may I'll have him back. You must get a pump to Bring him up. But Zinc stomachs had they and All Prune got back was an ear lobe.

(MARY MIDDLEHURST, 3D.)









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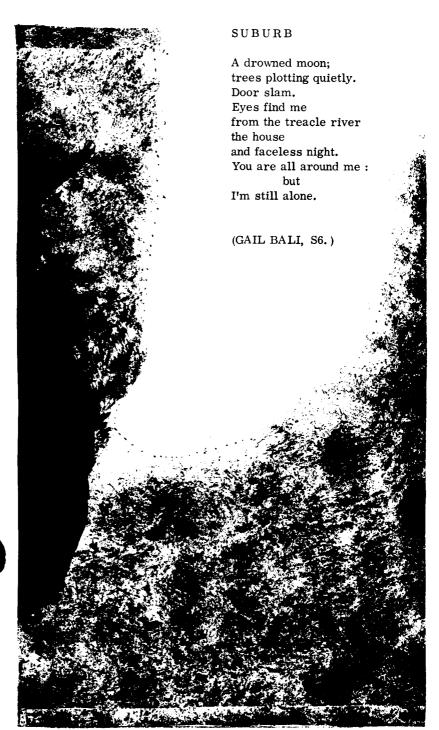
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SUNNY DAY HOUSEWIFE

I am going to pick mint to put in the potatoes.

Sun on my face; feel the heat of me. Children playing in our garden, cat in the shade.

I am going to pick mint.

(GAIL BALI, S6.)



I walk along the deserted street, my eyes swelling up with emotional tears.

I stop outside an empty house and all of a sudden, I feel alone. No-one to turn to, no-one's shoulder to cry on, No loving arms to hug me, no warm bed to lie on, No comforting words, no special smiles, Nothing, no-one.

(CHRISTINE BIDDULPH, 1B.)

WAITING

Soon you'll come with your smile. You'll run up the path jump the puddle open the gate, and, with a kiss, let the calm flow over me.

(GAIL BALI, S6.)

IN THE BEGINNING

(or the Gospel according to St. Peter)

And on the First Day the God Spensir Came Forth and Spake thus unto the Universe, saying -

Let there be a SAP MEETING -

And There Was a SAP MEETING.

And there gathered all the Beasts of the Earth

And Visions and Revelations were Made Known to the God Spensir on That Day.

And on the Second Day the God Spensir Saith -

O let there be a SAP CAKE DAY -

And indeed There Was a GREAT SAP CAKE DAY.

And all the Races of the Earth made a Mighty Journey to the Great Eating Place.

And they Tasted the Joys like unto that of the Forbidden Fruit.

And there was much Grinding of Teeth and Gnashing of Jaws.

And Behold a Mighty Wind sprang up in that Place.

And the Thunder Roared until the God Spensir Saith -

Let there be ENOS (and 'e knows).

Let there be a SAP CAR WASH And there was a SAP CAR WASH.
Yet behold! the Heavens Opened and a Voice Saith Alas! there is but One Bucket And the Waters came and Covered the Earth

And Strange Signs were seen in the Heavens And it came to pass that the Waters divided

And on the Third Day the God Spensir Saith -

And All were made Clean.

And on the Fourth Day the God Spensir Saith -Let there be a SAP WALK -

And verily there was a SAP WALK.

And on that day the God Spensir led his People Forth on the Perilous Pilgrimage.

And there was much Weeping and Grinding of Feet that divided the Weak from the Strong

And many fell by the Wayside: some upon Stony Ground, some into Thistles.

Yet even so some sprang up a Hundredfold.

And on the Fifth Day the God Spensir Saith -

Let there be SOCIAL SERVICE -

And there was SOCIAL SERVICE.

And the People went out and preached unto the World, doing Good



Works and helping All Men

And they did fill up Great Holes with Holy Plaster such that the Buildings were made Whole again

And verily they dug Weeds and nurtured the Fruit of the Vine.

And they did clean the Houses of the Poor and Needy, shaking the Dust from their Feet as they left.



And on the Sixth Day the God Spensir Saith -

Let there be CHRISTIAN AID WEEK -

And it came to pass that there was a CHRISTIAN AID WEEK.

And there was much Feasting and Rejoicing at that Place

And the Trumpets sounded and the Mighty Temple shook and rocked upon its very Foundations.

Such was the Power of the Mighty God.

And on the Seventh Day the God Spensir Saith -Let there be REST -

And there was REST for All were Footsore and Weary

And they lay in their Beds and None Stirred for Forty Days and Forty Nights.

Such was the Great Calm that fell over the Face of the Earth....

(V. SMITH, M. GALUSZKA, S6.)

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THE WITCH

Half hidden by bramble on the edge of a wood, An overgrown tumbledown cottage stood, And as I watched the door opened wide, And a switchety blackety witch I spied.

She peered all round in a witchety way, Then a witchety spell she started to say: Blackbirds and beetles and berries of sloe, Cuckoos and cowslips and tongue of a crow, Owls and adders, bats' blood as well, Mix them up in a witchety spell.

Then she lifted her broom and started to sweep, Making the dust from the paving-stones leap, Up and down in a witchety way, Only pausing to peer and say:

Blackbirds and beetles and berries of sloe, Cuckoos and cowslips and tongue of a crow, Owls and adders, bats' blood as well, All mixed up in a witchety spell.

(MICHELE SCHOLTE, 1B.)

COUNTRY CYCLING



Riding round the roads
On my red racer,
Sitting softly on the seat,
Seeing the sunny scenery,
I hear the crunching
Sound
Of the curving country roads
As I cycle through
The centre of
Cannock Chase.

(ANDREW TEECE, 1B.)

I LIKE

The white of the fluffy snow,
In winter,
The frost on the leaves,
And the grass.
The butterflies that flutter around
The Michaelmas daisies,
The shine of bright lights,
On dark nights.

(JULIE SMITH, 1B.)



45

WHEN WALKING I SEE

Masts made mounds of wood to burn, at Last rotting like left over rubbish tips Listlessly standing like unused clothes' posts and Lintels left from some old house Lines and ropes lifting them towards each other.

(MANDY COGHILL, 1C.)

DESERT NIGHT

All along their paths was sand;

Zig-zagging clouds flew across the sky;

Blue sky was common,

Yellow-coloured hills were commoner.

Camels trudged on.

Xylophonic sounds came from their camps at night.

Dreaming guards fell to sleep;

Winds howled around the tents;

Every person was asleep.

Very small grains of sand blew in under their doors.

Fires begin to die out.

Unwanted animals moaned at their discomfort.

Ghoulish insects scurried under stones.

Tentacles of blackness stretched out their inky black fingers.

Heat dripped away into the blackness,

Shadows covered everything.

Icy coldness returned for another night.

Restless bodies stirred.

Jejune land could no longer be seen.

Quiescency was everywhere.

Kinking shadows fell.

Pinkish lights appeared on the horizon.

Lilac lights then appeared.

Orange next; the dawn was coming.

Morning in the desert had come.

Nomadic tribes awoke and lived again.

(DIANE JONES, 3E.)



THE ENDING OF ANOTHER SUMMER

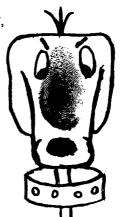
Quails fly in the air, like juveniles playing about,
Rolling and soaring in the air; I watch them and think
Summer will soon be over, the hungry gaping mouth of Autumn closes The day closes, very slowly, growing darker every minute Urbane birds start to fly away, leaving for warmer lands:
Valiant summer crumples and fades, as envious autumn takes over.

(ELAINE JARDINE, 4C.)

THE FROG

A slimy, squeaky, sprawling creature, Like a plastic dummy, perched on a water-lily leaf, Mottled, like the sun's pattern through the leaves, Croaking and crooning like an old man's wheeze.

In fields its movements are hollow and clumsy Rather like a traction engine.
Its great clumsy legs are forced into movement, Stiff and rusty like an old trap-door.
Then suddenly it bursts into movement and Quick as a flash it's gone After its lunch (the fly).





(HEATHER PARSONS, 2E.)

PROSE

What are Prose? Who is Prose? Where is Prose?

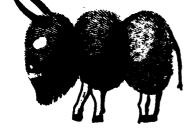
What are Prose for? Who are Prose for? Where is Prose?

Prose is probably in Italy, Or Spain or Scotland. Could it be American?

I can't think where Prose is Or who Prose is Or what Prose are.

So I think I'll just forget About Prose.





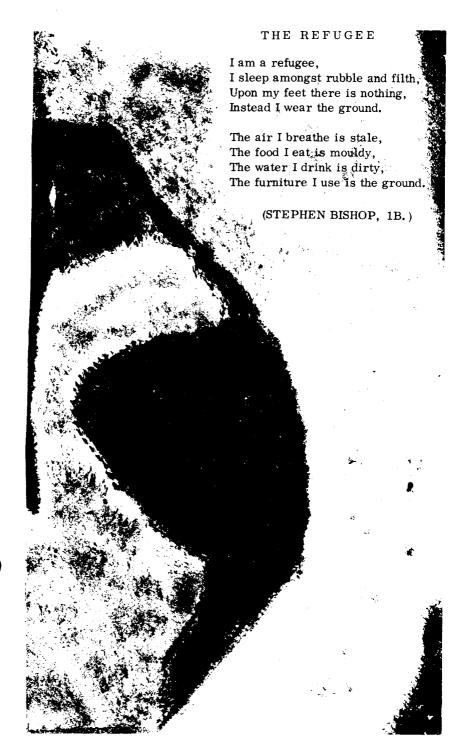
(DAVID ROBINSON, 3D.)

THE TOAD

The sun shines down on his rough, warty skin Making it glow like a piece of jagged metal.

(JANET BREVITT, 2E.)





Swirling mists
Encircle the town
Grey surrounds
Blots out the world

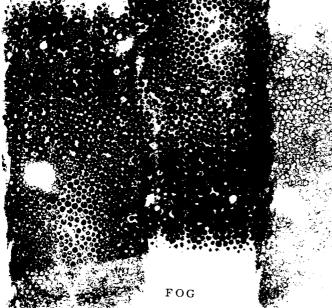
Everywhere Is deathly silent The damp white air Never ends

(Eg

People walk
In shrouds of invisibility
Cold veils
All around them

Dewy moisture Softens stealthy noises This blanket of white Suffocates a town

ФЕВОRАН CLARK,4E.)



Along the street
The great grey banks,
Curling slowly,
Creep around you.

The cold grey mist Keeps lurking - then, Slowly, softly, Is gone.

(DAVID SARGENT, 4D.)

"Isn't it terrible the STARVING MILLIONS?"
"Yes - but come - I'm DYING
for my tea."



(MICHAEL ROBEY, L6B.)

THE APOLOGY

He never appeared without a cigarette in his hand, not smoking it, often just rolling it between his fingers, something slow in his movements. Every time I went, it was he who opened the door, let me in without hesitation, returned with a grunt to the sofa, where he lay back in reverence to the telly. You'd think he would take some notice - Iwasn't there often enough to be called a permanent fixture - but no, he knew I had come to see his daughter, and so kept out of the way.

I took him in at a glance, and didn't think he'd care if we arrived at ten past ten.

He opened the door, and yet there was something different. He didn't move. I knew what he wanted to say, and I couldn't answer. The cigarette packet opened, and we both took one. The girl stepped inside; I was left facing him, wanting to turn and go and yet, as the cigarette rolled around his hand, something had to be said.

"I'm sorry...."

He took a drag, lifted the corners of his mouth, and I knew that I could call again.

(STEPHEN AYRES, L6A.)

50

'Let me out,' cried the man enclosed in a box of six walls, windows and doors all closed. The man peeped out at the world. 'Let me out! let me out!' screamed the man, 'I must go out for a fly!' The budgy opened the door and the man had his freedom at last.

(JOHN SLOCOMBE, U6E.)

THE SMUGGLERS

Like a funeral procession

They march past Feet beating
In rhythm
Like a metronome
Harmonising occasional clangs.

Faces frozen
Expressionless.
With immense difficulty
Coffin-sized containers
Crammed with goods
Are heaved around.

The solemn carnival continues
Until the terminus is reached.
With packages ingeniously stowed
In delicate piles,
Like tiers on a stately cake,
In concealed coves,

They reverse, the journey repeated,

(MICHELE TOUSSAINT, 2E.)

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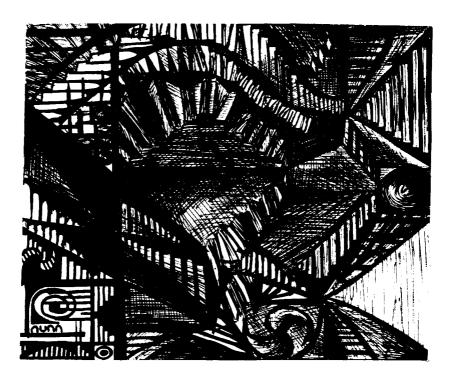
DREAM WORLD

The distorted world flying round as if in a dream, faster and faster, then slowly.... The people's faces, familiar and yet strange, the comical way they walk like ducks waddling from side to side.

The fire, once a flaming world of heat and redness, but now as green as budding leaves on a tree. The sort of caves which are formed in the fire remind me of dampness in the caves by the sea in Devon, the flames lapping round them like the waves lapping around the rocks.

The sun on the walls makes me think of fields and fields of green, green grass, as thick and as soft as a carpet of foam.

(JOAN DAWSON, 1A.)



52

Clouds

(grey)

are motionless but the world & the dove flies on.

(JACQUELINE BLURTON, L6C.)

A DROWSY DAY

It was wet and windy when
The horses moved through the murky mud,
Slipping, stopping, slipping, several times.
Clippety-clop on the cobbled courtyard
The hooves heralded the horses' approach.
It was cold. The bold horses
Sidled idly along the bridle path;
Their manes flying in the fierce
Rain from the fluffy clouds above.



(KAREN GILES, 4A.)

SUMMER STREAM

The water glimmers and glistens As it cascades over the wet rocks. The sun flashes its electric beams Of light through the spinning droplets. Drops of water bounce around Like liquid diamonds in the air.

Salmon toss and turn
As they throw themselves up through the waterfall.
The muscles of their bodies squirm and bulge
As if to split their silver skin.
They leap only to be flung back
By the torrents of spray and foaming water.

Through the bright white lines Cast on the water by the sun, Round pebbles of every colour Are flung along the bed by the raging water. The sweet-smelling cleanliness of the air Is filled by the sound of the rushing stream. 53

(TERRY TOMASIK, 4C.)

THE SCARECROW

I saw him there in that lonely field; he only had one leg. This leg was of wood. It was stained dark brown with the rain and the wind. He wore old baggy trousers patched with red and blue. The trousers did not fit him and the space for the other leg was filled with newspaper which stuck out at the end where it was tied with an old boot-lace. His shirt was red, a dark red, stained too with the rain. This also wore patches of red and blue, but on his right sleeve be bore a patch of yellow. His head had no eyes, only a mouth of red ribbon and a nose of brown gauze. From his mouth hung a piece of straw, all battered and old. His hat was black felt and so were his hands. He stood there all alone in the rain, not a bird to be seen; he was doing his job, but could not be free from the endless rustling of the trees and the dark nights.

(TRACY POWELL, 3D.)





FANTASY

The loud cheering stopped abruptly and the girl took her place on the board. The cool, threatening ripples danced before her, ready to swallow up their prey. The high-domed building looked on intensely as the girl prepared her position while the anxious people watched the great fete.

The loud booming of the board broke the agonizing silence while reaching out for the waters. You could almost hear the noise as the girl twizelled sharply in the air, almost reaching for Heaven. Then down she plunged, down, like a jet pouncing on its prey, down, DOWN! A loud clap roared through the building as she hit the water, and bubbles danced up and down over the ripples.

Silence came.

The water stayed calm, no longer hungry for its prey. And once more the cool, smooth ripples danced above the depths of the water. The water became calm and, down below, a faint outline of a black figure could be seen resting in the depths.

(ELAINE PREECE, 3D.)



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- * Apprenticeship in mining surveying, which provides a training up to professional qualifications standard.

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THE SEA OF LIFE

The sea, life.
Its ups and downs,
Its good and bad.
Yet the appearance of a passive child.

The ships, joy.

Appearing and disappearing
In life's changing sea.

The waves, love, Rising to a peak, to break At the end of life's sea.

Seagulls, drugs, Appearing beautiful, Sweeping, soaring, swooping To take goodness from life's sea.

(TIM DAWSON, 4C.)

WILD STALLION

Head held high
Dancing feet
Flowing mane
Eyes of night
Instincts of freedom
Nerves of steel
Body of snow.



But then man caught you.

Head held low Feet of lead Dejected eyes No fight left now. End is near: End of freedom End of life....

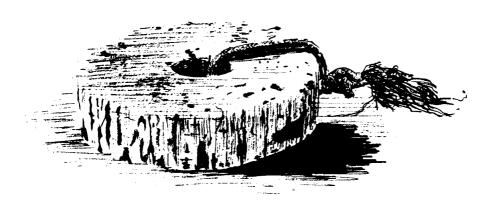
(VERNA WILLIAMS, 3D.)

MY FIRST FISH

I had been waiting for ages, not a sound, the world seemed to have stopped and died. Then all of a sudden as if the world had been born again, my float popped up and down. Quickly I snatched up the rod and jerked the bait. There was a sudden tug; the battle had begun. It pulled and jerked, longing to get free, but I kept on fighting it. Gradually it became tired and I gently pulled it in. It was my first fish. It seemed like something new in my life.



(ANDREW TEECE, 1B.)



WATERFALL

Water falls down
To the deep dark river The water splashes out spurts
That spray, that spottle
Like specks of sugar
On your face The water rushes
Roaring with rage
As it swirls
Round in the river.

(ANDREW TEECE, 1B.)

CHENETIANS

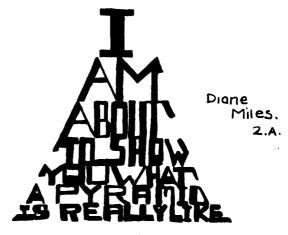
This has been a disappointing year for the committee of the Chenetians. The events that were arranged were not very well supported. Unfortunately the Dinner Dance had to be cancelled due to lack of support. This was a shattering blow to the committee as this has always been our most popular event.

A social evening was held on the 13th November 1970. This was thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended. During a short A.G.M. it was decided to amend the constitution. The amendments are as follows:

(1) The annual subscription will be reduced to 15p (3/-) from January 1971. (2) Members who require the school magazine, CHENET, will receive it, on request, from the secretary. There will be a charge for the magazine. (This will be about $17\frac{1}{2}$ p or 3/6d.) (3) The functions of the Chenetians will be the matches, the Dinner Dance and social evenings throughout the year. (4) The committee will consist of only Chairman, Secretary and Treasurer.

This year again we appeal to all Chenetians for news about any expupil 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 let us know.

Would-be members of the Chenetians, school-leavers or the more aged, are asked to contact Mr. D. K. Lloyd at school or Mrs. D. M. Tolley at school or at 35 Bluebell Lane, Great Wyrley, Cheslyn Hay 41 4417.



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THE WINDMILL

The gloomy shape stands on the hill. The big torn sails are very still....

(JOHN LANE, 2A.)

THE GROWTH OF MAN

Articulate animals, black and brown, come cooking, ducking and diving down.

Everyone everywhere fighting and feuding, going great places, here and hell.

Ignorant illogics, jilted and joyless, kill, kiss, lacerate, love.

Multiplying multitude now and never an oratorical organization: Persecute WithOUT Persuasion.

Quickly questioning, reading and reasoning, soon seeing, triumph in talking.

Umbrellas unabashed vaguely seeing vandals washer-women warble like xenophobic xylophones as yonder youths show zeal in their zenith!

(JOHN SLOCOMBE, U6B.)

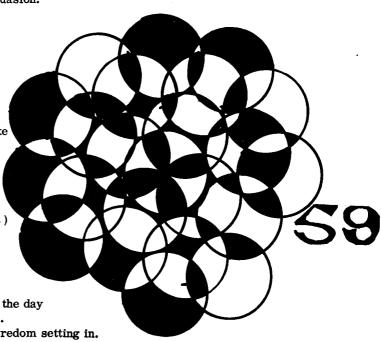
New posters appearing in the day Along the bleak walls.

Vague attempts to stop boredom setting in.

Morning: the sound of a bird, but no sunlight.

(JACQUELINE GROVES, L6C.)





WATER

All my life I have liked water and I am sure this is why I think of water as a great monster that no one can kill. When I die I know it will be in water, yet I am determined to conquer this feet the peing an "aquanaut" or by getting some kind of job in water and aren I will be pleased.



PLAIN SAILING

When the blue shone and the sun smiled, We sailed out Together; Relived a dream land in long hours Of light and laughter.

When you left,
I scanned the deeps
For where to go
Or find you,
But the dancing brightness shone blank
As each breaker drove ashore
Aloud the seagulls' cry.
Wary faces of whiskered silkies
Gave warning
Of undertow and eddy flowing
Through tangleweed.

I clung to the desperate cliff
And saw the ghastly bones
Of sunken ships in sand
Loom forth in the swirling wash.
On rafts of driftwood
Some shelter to be carried away
But each storm, new terrors toss
In bubbling cauldrons
And tortured tide.

Safe,
Saved from foaming frenzy;
The open sea
Reflecting light all round
Lies,
For calm waters conceal
Bare ribs and jagged fangs
From all
Save me
Alone.

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(MRS. S. B. TAYLOR.)

THINGS I LIKE



I like:

shining brown wood with wrinkled grain, Blue coloured glass which glints in the sun, White squashy icing on top of a bun, Hot doughy bread with butter that melts, Shining brown leather belts - I like running rushing streams
That flow along like dancing beans.

(STEPHEN SPENCER, 1B.)

Robert Bolls

RYDAL 1970

Rydal Hall, near Ambleside, was again invaded in 1970 by some 40 persons (and dog?) from Cannock. The purpose of this weekend was to discuss the theme 'Life is for Living', having first heard from the guest speakers their thoughts on this topic. It was decided that the title for discussion could not be disagreed with, if the behaviour of Rev. Staton, one of our guest speakers, was observed.

The Saturday afternoon saw some twelve persons, and dog, set out to conquer the 'peak' in whose shadow Rydal Hall lies. The result of this venture should have been to descend into Grasmere on the other side of the peak, but two returned home on the ascent and on the journey down we lost one member with slippy soles for at least 10 minutes.

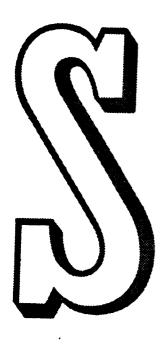
Another party, headed by Rev. Staton, decided to row across Lake Windermere. The result was a splashing time.

On Saturday evening (most of us none the worse for wear) we experienced the merriment of Mr. Shaw and his allies, including PURR-fect jokes from Mr. Middlehurst.

In the traditional manner, it was decided on Sunday afternoon that 'a good time had been had by all'.

(JULIE FEASEY, S6.)





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AUNTY MAUD

Aunty Maud natters and nags; no Zest or zeal from all us children, But she will not be quiet, You have to stay and listen to her Continuous yattering and drawl about her Xenophobia, rheumatism and varicose veins, Drawling boringly on and on. Wincing faces, glancing anxiously. Even work is better than this. Various tedious subjects, endless Foolish prattle, moans and groans Uttered from her worn-out lips. Going from year to year. The story of her life is told to us. Her eves are full of pride. She rattles on and only to her self Is sense and meaning made. Really she is trying to tell us Juveniles about the world in her own Queer and unforgettable way. Knowledge of happiness and hate are Printed into her brain. (Listening attentively now, Opening our ears to hear some good advice.) Meaning has entered our Aunty's voice. Now we are glad she came.

(LYNN WOOLDRIDGE, 3E.)



OLD AGE

Old age brings people death,
Wrinkled faces, loss of breath.
Hunched back, walk like a crawl,
Old age brings them all.
Old age makes people cough,
Old age carries them off.
People then are buried in the earth.
Old age was here right from birth.

(PAMELA PRICE, 1B.)



~ ~

ANTIPOEMS

1.

We held him down to burn the hairs off his leg. But we weren't very successful because the match kept going out.

2.

I climbed in through the bathroom window. I'd been blackberrying but I lost the shovel

and anyway, it was getting late.

3.

"I," he said, "am waiting for an explanation. " And he waited.

And he's still there.

(KEN BATTYE, U6D.)



STORY

The butcher chopped off his fingers with an axe.

"Shame to waste good meat," said his wife, and hung them up with the sausages.

"Think anybody will notice the bones and the nails?" asked the butcher.

"Not until they're eating them, " laughed his wife.

(JOHN SLOCOMBE, U6E.)

SKIING 1970

The skiing trip in 1970 was to the village of Trafoi in the Italian Tyrol.

This year the party travelled by air and land and the journey was not uneventful. Due to fog at Milan airport our flight was delayed for over an hour from Gatwick as it would have been impossible to land. As a result when we landed at Malpensa (Milan airport), we had missed all our train connections and had to travel by other services. We settled ourselves in a carriage along with an American couple and set off on our long journey across the industrial plain of Lombardy to Bolzano. The plain, a flat, uninteresting area of poor farming country only started to improve in scenic beauty as we reached the foothills of the Alps.

While we were travelling in the train the Italian guard came to inspect our tickets - B. R., Southern Region, second class, transferable - we were in a first class compartment! He quickly informed us in Italian that we had to leave the compartment and stand in the corridor, the train being full. He did not understand English, we did not understand Italian and it was not until he had collected two policemen at the next stopping place we fully understood that retreat was discreet. We did, however, arrive safely at our destination.

Trafoi is a small village in the Southern Alps at a height of 5000 ft. Although in Italy, the native language is German and the village is typically German. Our hotel was built in about 1910 and had hot and cold water in all rooms - except when the pressure fell; then neither.

Skiing was the reason for the trip and the excellent nursery slope was only 100 metres up the road. The ski-drag on the slope was powered by a Diesel engine which emitted thick, smelly fumes and smoke. For the uninitiated the use of the ski-drag proved hazardous but with a little practice all went well until ---- the beginner heading down the slope which seemed almost vertical, found that either his skis met violently, or his legs moved sideways in an attempt to bisect him ventrally. After a close association with the snow on this slope we graduated to the slopes for more competent skiers.

The more difficult slopes are known as 'pistes' or runs, and started high up in the mountains at about 8000 ft. Before attempting to ski a 'piste' one should either be a competent skier or a ---- fool! There were few competent skiers in our party and we saw somersaults, nosedives and other acrobatics rarely performed on skis much to the consternation of Maurice, our instructor, and the delight of the pupils when Mr. Heyes showed how not to stop quickly at a bend.

However, despite the charms of skiing most visitors to the resorts are there for nothing other than 'après-ski'. Après-ski is the art of finding the best night-life available in the village at the most reasonable price. At the hotel there was the "Taverne" where records were played and people sat and talked or occasionally a sortie was made to the hotel next door where one could sit and talk without the benefit of the records being played.

We were always in bed before midnight being very tired after the

67

O

full days.

Last year skiing in the Alps was marred by avalanches and my main memory of the trip is when the clouds cleared revealing a blue sky; the snow-covered mountains rose steeply to the north, south and west, the mountain forests scarred by huge avalanches which had ripped out whole sections of the hillside as they passed into the valley.

Mr. English was unable to lead the party due to illness. He had carried out the arduous task of preliminary organisation admirably and he was missed by all the party. Mr. and Mrs. Morton, having greatness thrust upon them, took over the leadership of the party along with Miss Astley and Mr. Heyes, who provided entertainment on the piste. The students give their sincere thanks to all the staff concerned for an extremely successful holiday.

(JOHN SMALES, U6E.)





A child cries, a man cries, a woman cries, a child dies.

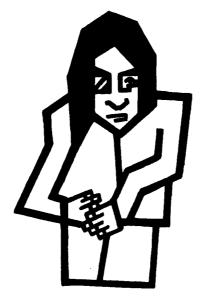
(JACQUELINE BLURTON, L6C.)

Every day I get up.

Come nightfall
I'm glad to be back.

(STEVEN BAKER, U6B.)

ANDREW THURSFIELD



PORTRAIT

She is not old, but her unconventional attitude to life makes her seem an old woman. She is the gossip of the village - nicknamed by others 'News of the World'. Her friends or 'cronies' hobble up and down the drive like flies - buzzing with gossip about Miss F's marriage and Mrs. B's death.

Mrs. X's favourite saying is 'I always tell the truth'. This is one of her good points; she always does tell the truth - even when it hurts someone else's feelings. She never would dream of telling just a tiny white lie to prevent this.

She is also very sly. When her husband is at home on a Sunday she pretends she is ill so that he will do the housework for her. While he does this she sits down and with her 'bad hands' she cracks brazil nuts!

She has thin, light-brown hair, done in tight curls. Every week she manages to walk a few miles to have her hair done or to get something for herself, but she cannot walk a few hundred yards to do the shopping because of her so-called 'bad feet'. She has small blue eyes, with light coloured eyebrows and eyelashes, and she has to wear glasses for her 'bad eyes'. She once put her glasses down on the chair, and forgot about them, and accidentally sat on them. She seemed to manage all right for a fortnight while they were being mended. She has a very nicely shaped nose and thin lips. She has had cold sores on her lips since she and her husband went to Blackpool for their holidays. 'It wuz the wind wot dunnit!' she says.

She seems to hold her hands in a position that makes them look ill, and they must have stayed there.

(FRANCES DAY, 1D.)

Activities in dramatic circles this year have confirmed our conviction that 'All the world's a stage'.

Things really began in last year's summer holidays when Bob Hopcraft and Roy Preston worked with the National Youth Theatre. Roy Preston went on tour to Germany with Peter Terson's widely acclaimed 'Fuzz'.

At Christmas the Senior Dramatic Society gave a full-blooded rendering of the play scenes from 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'. This was presented at and enjoyed by the First Form Party and the William Baxter School. The cast was ably led by Mr. Smith and Mrs. Waterhouse. Jackie Groves deserves special mention for her trees and Mr. Adams earned our gratitude for transplanting them from place to place.

The main dramatic activities took place during the Easter term. 'Iolanthe' was performed to packed houses of the lovers of Gilbert and Sullivan in March. The male chorus held many surprises: many members of staff 'in fair round belly' made guest appearances. Debrett's has already approached such unlikelies as Mr. Madge, Michael Officer, Mr. Harrison and Willem de Ridder. The chorus of fairies was quite as enlightening. Phyllis and Strephon, two Arcadian shepherds, were handsomely played by Jennifer Stinton and Derek Palmer. The Fairy Queen dominated her race splendidly and Christine Massey is to be complimented on her performance along with her A. D. C. s, Yvonne Barrett, Mary Middlehurst and Jane Mould, who brought life to the leading fairies. Carol Harrison played Iolanthe from the heart. Mr. Blackham will go down in history as Private Willis. Mr. Middlehurst and Tony Ray led the House of Lords with amazing verve and enthusiasm in their parts as Earls Mountararat and Tolloller. Robert Wyke combined gymnastics and the law in a very novel way as the Lord Chancellor.

'Iolanthe' was expertly produced by Mr. Hunt. Mr. Boyd was an excellent musical director. Mr. Fleet proved yet again to be indispensable as Stage Director. The following deserve special mention: Mrs. Pearson for female costumes; the Art and Woodwork departments for sets; the Physics department for lighting; Mr. Shaw and Bridget Townrow and their team for make up; and all those others who helped to make this production the huge success it proved to be.

The Junior Dramatic Society has produced 'Alice in Wonderland', adapted for the stage by its producers, Mrs. Taylor, Roy Preston and Robert Wyke. Preparations for this production were rushed and the whole cast must be congratulated for their sheer tenacity and perseverance which allowed the show to go on. Special thanks again are due to Mrs. Pearson and all who helped behind scenes.

At the end of the Summer term a group of Sixth Form drama enthusiasts will tour local junior schools with two plays by the poet Ted Hughes.

The year has been a dramatically full one but all who participated would agree that it was all well worthwhile.

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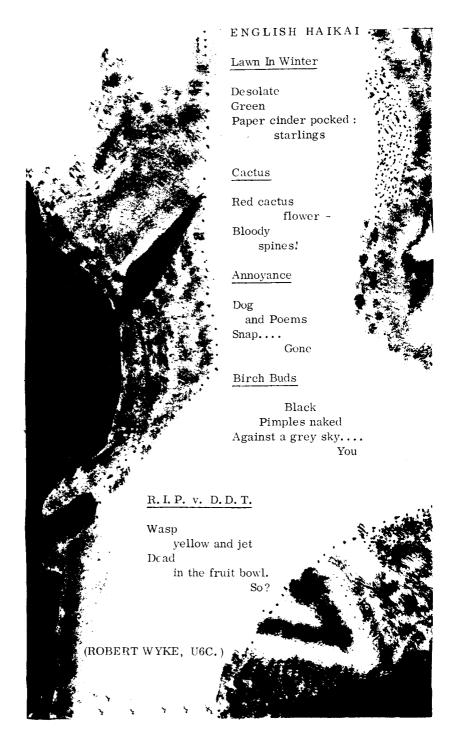
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TELEPHONE: HEDNESFORD 2381



If you visit Min Y Don, your first impressions might well be of mud and rain. The road from Arthog (a metropolis of about one hundred people at the very most) to Min Y Don runs through a salt marsh which is only prevented from becoming part of the estuary by a small dam and, unless the coach driver is very brave, you have to walk along this gated road ("Last one through shut the gate!") in the dark. It's all right as long as you can avoid the mud and the sheep and the cows.

The house itself when it looms up among the trees tends to look like a haunted manor and when the girls trail after Mrs. Boot (the proprietor's wife) and disappear into the house, the boys wonder where they are going to sleep. Imagine the general surprise when they find that it is in cabins in the woods. Mr. and Mrs. Boot own the house and grounds of Min Y Don which they have opened as a Christian Adventure Centre. Groups of boys and girls have visited Min Y Don at the school half term holidays throughout the last three years with Mr. and Mrs. Foote.

The first night at Min Y Don is always very sleepless, especially for the boys, and many a shilling has been lost playing poker (don't tell Mrs. Foote). However, after the four mile walk to Barmouth and back along the toll bridge, and after climbing a few 2000 ft. mountains, you usually sleep well the next night.

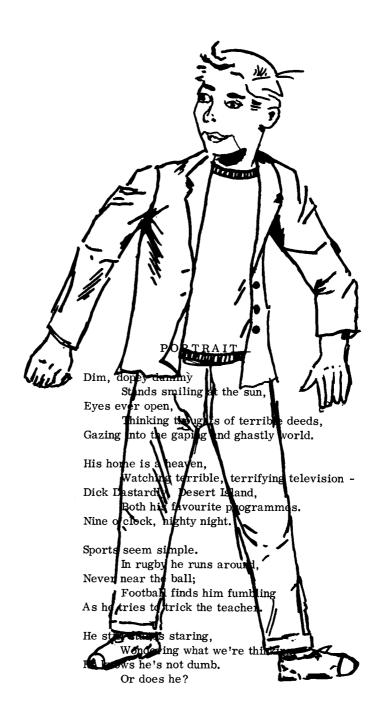
The whole area looks different in daytime. It is easier to avoid the mud, and the sheep and cows look more peaceful. On the edge of the Mawddach Estuary, Min Y Don has fourteen acres of woodland as well as its own private beaches. The holiday is extremely good for the scenery lover; this estuary is said to be the most beautiful in Great Britain. Swimming is possible in the estuary if the weather stays good, and there are always plenty of people to fill up the canoes (and even more people to watch them capsize). Other activities in the grounds include table tennis, clock golf, volley ball and tennis. There are also visits to places of interest outside Min Y Don, "simple" mountaineering and pony riding.

Another thing which, surprisingly enough, adds to the fun, is the family prayers each evening. These are not formal services like in church but they are mainly concerned with 'groovy' songs. (The school hymns sound even worse after a few days at Min Y Don.) Part of the aim of the Min Y Don holidays is to encourage young people to follow the Christian way of life, by showing it to be lively and interesting. Also, there are available various books, both serious and otherwise, on Christianity and there are many easy to understand versions of the Bible. This type of thing attracts the attention and helps to influence the ideas of young people.

All this, along with the beautiful scenery and invigorating exercise,

(ROBERT JORDAN, CHRISTOPHER BIRD, 3C.)

makes a very worthwhile and enjoyable holiday.



74

(STEPHEN WILSON, 4E.)

1

The red lines on the broken pebble looked like bulging varicose veins on a person's leg, or the winding lines of roads on a map. It is jagged like the rocks at the bottom of a cliff, but the side that is not broken or cracked is worn smooth.

Exos

Its earthy and damp smell lingered in a gloomy way. It felt damp and cold.... I held it tightly and the cold travelled through my arm and made it ache. I held it up towards the light and gradually turned it round. Parts of it were covered in dirt. I noticed that the smooth parts weren't, and most of the broken part had earth on it and in the cracks. I turned it around again and a part which must have been recently broken sparkled and looked like the frost on a window on a cold morning.



2

Age-old dents and crevices worn by the perilous sea. The tombstone temperature chills the hand as my fingers explore this rugged survivor of prehistory. The ridged feeling of the coiled spine of the ammonites and the spidery shape of the long extinct trilobites. Delicate shaped corals and shells, the sharp point of a shark's tooth and the bulbous sea urchins with their scaley surfaces. My fingers now move on tracing the outlines of a spikey fish skeleton. Then I come upon a patch of small shells which felt like some coarse sand paper. The branching fan-like grapolites with numerous thin stripes. All these shapes on one small piece of rock which has taken millions of years to mould.

75

(NICHOLAS COPE, 1A.)

THE LAUNDE REPORT 1971

The devout few became fewer for the 10th annual visit to Launde although that did not make it any less interesting or quiet than of yore. Certainly, everybody learnt at least two things: (1) to watch out for devils next time they eat lettuce, and (2) despite what is said there is not always light!

The discussions were informative and well-conducted by the Rev. L. Haile and Miss J. Smith. The major discussion topic was "Science and Christianity", although inevitably there were digressions onto what can most kindly be described as "relevant irrelevancies".

Saturday afternoon was somewhat marred by snow - too much to prevent all but the hardy Messrs. Spencer and Middlehurst from going walking, yet not enough to bring about the isolation which some, who shall remain nameless, hoped for.

Various singsongs brightened up Saturday evening, as did Mrs. Hoddinott's 'entertainments' (despite what Mr. Spencer may say).

Come what may, a good time was had by all, and one could not help but feel that the weekend would be far more beneficial to people than they might care to imagine.

(MICHAEL BURNETT, U6B.)

TWO POEMS

1.

What the mind of man can conceive man can achieve. "I question that," said

he who could not perceive.
"Nay," said another,
"can'st thou not see?"

"Aye," said the brother, "first you, now me."

Til st you, now me.

2.

People walking about as though they really had somewhere to go, but they hadn't. Men talking with words that grated and there was I, insular and insulated.

(KEN BATTYE, U6D.)



THE WELL

The cool
Clear
Waters of tranquility
Compel my eyes to watch
As they bubble,
Endlessly,
From the green carpet
Covering boulders,
Once clean,
But beautified with age.

(RICHARD EVANS, U6E.)

He didn't quite know Where he was going, But if he had've done, Sure as hell, He'd have been The first To get there.

(RICHARD EVANS, U6E.)





MOON, YOU'RE LOOKING FINE TONITE

I look to the sky
And think
"Moon,
You're looking fine tonite:
You're clean,
You're fresh.
Yes,
You're alright.
I only wish that I was a star
And could sleep with you
Because Moon,
You're looking fine tonite."

(RICHARD EVANS, U6E.)

ATHLETICS

The first full season of competitive athletics produced a high standard and the following results:

FIRST TRIANGULAR MATCH: the boys 1st and 2nd year team easily defeated teams from Kingsmead and Cardinal Griffin. The 3rd and 4th year team came last of the three schools in their competition. The final result was:

Kingsmead $79\frac{1}{2}$ C. G. S. $56\frac{1}{2}$ Cardinal Griffin 39

SECOND TRIANGULAR MATCH: combined boys and girls teams won the match against Pool Hayes Comprehensive and Calving Hill:

C. G. S. 381Calving Hill $360\frac{1}{2}$ Pool Hayes 354

COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIPS: 17 boys from the school team were selected to represent Cannock Schools in the Championships. The Cannock Schools boys and girls teams won both the Minor Areas Trophies. Special mention should be made of the following on their performance: Malcolm Withers, Duncan Garbett, George Ballantyne, Nigel Leach, Peter Rhodes, Paul Nicholls.

INTER-SCHOOL SPORTS: the boys teams won both in the Junior competition (by 12 points) and in the Intermediate competition (by 9 points). The girls teams were third in the Juniors and second in the Intermediates.

OUTSTANDING SUCCESSES OF THE SEASON:

Duncan Garbett won the N. W. Midlands Schools A.A.A. Long Jump; Staffordshire Schools A.A.A. Long Jump; Staffordshire Intermediate $\frac{1}{2}$ Decathlon. He came 5th in the National Schools A.A.A. 100m hurdles and represented Staffordshire Schools in the Long Jump at National Schools level. Malcolm Withers came 5th in the Intermediate Javelin at the National Schools Championships. Nigel Leach was 2nd in the Staffordshire Schools Junior $\frac{1}{2}$ Decathlon.

SCHOOL SPORTS 1970

INDIVIDUAL TROPHY WINNERS:

Junior Trophy: 2D Intermediate Trophy: 3D Senior Trophy: 5E

SOCCER

Robert Critchlow was awarded his Soccer Blue for Cambridge.

1ST ELEVEN

This year's 1st XI played over 15 matches in the season and won the majority, despite adverse weather conditions and the fact that only 3 of the previous year's team remained at school. The team won 9 and lost 6. There were very few team changes all year and the team all pulled together and performed very well. The climax of the year was the match against Stoke VI College, although it ended in a 2-1 defeat. In the traditional Christmas fixture, the team defeated a strong Chenetians side 2-1.

The main achievement of the year was winning the Staffs 6-a-side losers pool trophy in October. Also in October Houlston and Meredith were chosen to go for county trials; although they did not get into the county teams, they gained valuable experience. Special mention must go to Keene and Withers who scored the majority of the goals, and to Stanley and Birch for marshalling the defence so capably.

The team would like to express thanks to the members of Staff concerned, and especially to Mr. Horne.

(D. HOULSTON, U6A.)

2ND ELEVEN

The 2nd XI has been drawn mainly from the Lower Sixth and the results produced hold promise for the next season's 1st XI. The team won 7, drew 1 and lost 1.

UNDER 15 ELEVEN

The Under 15s enjoyed another successful season, winning 16 games and losing only 4. Five of their players represented Cannock and District (namely, Bowes, Wilson, Leach, Allen and Thrupp) and the absence of these players on certain occasions was mainly responsible for the four losses. Wilson was again the leading goalscorer, hitting the net 28 times, and the team finished 2nd in the local league. The players would like to thank Mr. Wheat for giving up so much of his time.

(D. BOWES, 4E.)

UNDER 14 ELEVEN

The Under 14 XI had a fairly successful season under unfortunate circumstances. Early on in the season two players left the school, two dropped out, one broke his nose, and on several occasions players were



either absent from school or just did not turn up. The team won 6, drew 2 and lost 6. Hesketh, Roberts and Cooper played for the district team.

(A. ROBERTS, 3E.)

UNDER 13 ELEVEN

The team had a rather disappointing season but played well in the district 5-a-side competition, where they reached the final.

UNDER 12 ELEVEN

First year pupils gained experience from a few inter-school games. They are at present competing in a local cup competition.

SWIMMING

Three girls teams are in regular training and so far have had two matches, winning one and losing one.

NETBALL

Five teams have played regularly this season. The under 16 team reached the semi-final of the District Senior Tournament. The under 14 team won the Junior Tournament Championship.

The Lower Sixth won the school inter-form competition.

HOCKEY

There are two school teams - a 1st XI and an Under 15 XI. Their standard has gradually improved. Both teams have been entered in the Staffordshire Schools Tournament.

Janeen Williams went to an Under 15 County Trial and was selected as Staffordshire's 2nd XI goalkeeper.



TENNIS

In the individual tennis tournament, the winner was Catherine Davies and Pauline Ward was runner-up.

SAILING

David Philips, Stephen Essex, Robert Tucker, Ruth Anderson and Ann Philips represented both school and county.

David Philips won the Staffordshire Schools Handicap Fleet and the school team won the Handicap Trophy.

At Felixstowe in the National Schools Competition, David Philips won the Enterprise Trophy. Other members also did well.

The school boat was given a very busy first season.

ROUNDERS

4C won the inter-form rounders tournament.

CROSS COUNTRY

Cross Country was introduced this year as an additional winter activity. Two, three and four mile runs are organised during games lessons. This has received a mixed reception but a few pupils have shown interest out of school. The school teams have competed in four league races - 2 at Hednesford Hill, 1 at Shoal Hill and 1 at Pye Green. The final positions for the boys teams were as follows (8 schools competing):

Juniors 4th Intermediate 4th Seniors 2nd

The school has three girls teams and each partook in the four District league races. The Senior team did exceptionally well, winning all four of their races and finishing top of the league. Three girls were selected for the District cross country team: Susan Williams, Susan Dolphin and Gillian Lucas. Of these, Susan Williams did extremely well in the County Championships and was selected for the county team in an inter-county match.

LIFE SAVING

Life saving club is held every Wednesday lunchtime from 12.30 to 1.00, and is attended regularly each week by approximately 30 members from the first to the fifth form.

The club is supervised by Miss Keith who is always available to instruct the girls in life saving techniques. Already quite a number of awards have been obtained by the enthusiastic girls. During the past year, 28 Elementary Life Saving, 8 Intermediate Life Saving, 6 Advanced Safety and 5 Bronze Medallion awards have been won.

(ANNA STRILA, 5C; MARY STRILA, 4D.)

SCHOOL CAMPS

In the last weeks of the summer term four parties of 5th year pupils attended one week courses at the county camps. A party of girls went on a rock climbing and camping course with Miss Astley at Port Dinonvic. A second party attended a sailing course at Chasewater with Mrs. Taylor.

A party of boys also attended Chasewater, with Mr. Lees. A second group went with Mr. Horne for a canoeing and camping course at Shugborough.

The canoeing party joined a group from King Edward VI Grammar

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School, Lichfield, for a three day excursion to the River Severn.

Similar courses for the end of the summer term 1971 have been arranged.

ADVENTURE CAMP

A party of 3rd year boys attended an adventure camp based at Shugborough for a period of 10 days. The course included lightweight camping, map and compass work, and general camporaft.

SIXTH FORM OPTIONS

It has again been possible to offer a wide range of options for the Sixth Form P. E. programme. These included: normal major games, volley ball, basketball, swimming, tennis, table tennis, Badminton, orienteering, sailing and canoeing. All were well supported.

ORIENTEERING

During the year the Lower Sixth group has stalked around Cannock Chase, not after deer but pieces of paper, on courses varying from 1 to 4 miles. These have all started in the Pye Green area, but have visited as far afield as Brindley Heath, The White House (closed), Sherbrook Valley, Warren Hill and Pottal Pool.

During the Christmas term, rivalry between the boys produced a close finish to the league table, with J. Parsons first. The girls' competition was won by L. Mainwaring. The competition continued in the second term with everyone plodding on bravely through snow, winds, rain and hail. J. Parsons, M. Reaney, R. Percival, M. Towers, D. Mason, P. Bowden, P. Lanham, I. Parr, E. Ferguson, C. Evans and L. Mainwaring all received first places although the league winners were again Jonathan Parsons and Lynne Mainwaring.

After many amusing incidents, such as the loss of competitors up sewage pipes, hides and P.O. tower, the foresters and courting couples will be left in peace as the Chase will no longer be overrun.

On a number of occasions members of the school have raced in larger competitions run by Walton Chasers. On the last occasion M. Reaney achieved a second position in the 'boys up to 18' class and Jonathan Parsons lost his stamp card whilst going well.

It is hoped that weekend competitions, open to the whole school, will in future give children lower down the school the opportunity to experience orienteering.

(LYNNE MAINWARING, L6A; ELAINE FERGUSON, L6C; CAROL EVANS, L6B.)



RUGBY

1ST FIFTEEN

Due to bad weather conditions the 1st XV only played 7 matches last season, winning 4 games and losing 3. The team contained many 5th formers, well balanced by 3 county players and an England youth reserve.

The team would like to thank Mr. Skinner and Glyn Featherstone for their invaluable assistance throughout the season.

UNDER 15 FIFTEEN, UNDER 14 FIFTEEN, UNDER 13 FIFTEEN

The season has been a rather disappointing one for the junior teams, the monotony of defeat only being broken by a good season from the Under 15 XV who have played very well this term.

However, in fairness to the teams it should be pointed out that we are starting our fixtures against teams who are half-way through their season and who have accumulated a vast amount of experience.

U15 XV	Played	5	\mathbf{Won}	4	Lost	1
U14 XV		5		0		5
U13 XV		6		2		4

CRICKET

1ST ELEVEN

The team did not have an overwhelmingly successful season so far as victories were concerned, due mainly to good batting wickets and lack of real penetration in bowling, although Biddle, Perks and Riley bowled very well when given the least encouragement. The batsmen had more opportunity to shine and, although inconsistant, high scores were recorded by Bowen, Parr, Utton, Richardson and Houlston.

To cap an enjoyable season, the 1st XI defeated the staff to win the school 6-a-side tournament and had a moral victory over them in the annual staff match. The team would like to extend thanks to Mr. Morton for his interest in the team and to Mr. Wheldon for his co-operation on the cricket tour.



COLTS ELEVEN

This was the first season of the Colts' existence. The team had a fairly successful season, opening with a crushing victory over Ounsdale Comprehensive School and ending with 7 victories and 1 draw out of 11 games.

UNDER 14 ELEVEN, UNDER 13 ELEVEN

Both teams had a very successful season. The Under 14 XI, in fact, won all of their nine matches. The Under 13 XI, also, were undefeated, although two of their seven matches were drawn. Much of the team's success was due to the bowling of Dyke and Hesketh, each of whom took 5 wickets in a match, a feat also performed by Bate. Bate and Hesketh were also successful with the bat, each of them scoring half centuries.



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Full details of these courses and application forms are obtainable from: The Admissions Office, North Staffordshire Polytechnic, at College Road, Stoke-on-Trent ST4 2DE, or Beaconside, Stafford.

THE MEETING OF GANDOLF AND FRODO

Pale moon falls on the hillside. The silent figure stands.

Beneath the dark sea drives.

A boat. The bright shields glitter Moon-lit

On to the unmoved sea.

The silent figure Steps down,

Down to the blood-stained grass -

Stained

With the blood of kings -

The only thing that lasts.

A shrill cry

Strikes into lience.

"Hail, Gandolf!"

"Frodo, hail!"

Head lifts,

Sword lifts,

Plood falls .

arkly The ship sets sai

JACOUET E BLURTON LEC.



MUSIC NOTES

During the last school year musical activities have been numerous and have been enjoyed by many, encouraged by the enthusiasm of the music staff.

The highlight of the Christmas term was the performance of Haydn's CREATION after much hard work by the amalgamated senior and junior choirs. Altogether about 60 pupils sang in this work. The professional soloists were Patricia Kent, Robert White and John Taylor. Mr. Taylor is the County Music Adviser. We were further supported by the County Music Department in the shape of Mr. Fawcett on the harpsichord. Five other members of the department were in the orchestra. The rest of the orchestra consisted of music students and local musicians (25 in all). The whole performance was admirably conducted by Mr. Boyd, but even he looked worried on one or two occasions. The performance was well attended and the audience (we hope!) appreciated it.

The CREATION was followed by Christmas concerts given at school, St. Chad's Church and the William Baxter School. Items were performed by the choir, brass group, recorders and various organists, two of whom made their presence felt at St. Chad's by falling over the candle holder near the organ!

The choir has performed anthems in both Junior and Senior Assemblies and leads the hymn singing in assemblies daily.

The orchestra under the able guidance of Mr. Gange has expanded and has recently played in both Assemblies. There has been great interest shown in the orchestral revival and there are now over 50 pupils playing various instruments (N.B. Mrs. Bishop on the viola and Mr. Boyd on his trombone). Three members of the orchestra also play in the Cannock and District Light Orchestra.

Assemblies have been enlivened by the invigorating performances of the newly formed brass group led by Mr. Hunt on his tuba. They also turned out to accompany the S. A. P. carol singers in Cannock at Christmas and between them they managed to raise £90 for charity.

The organ is in use most of the time, pupils being taught by Mrs. Bishop and Mr. Boyd.

Concert going, however, has been restricted this year but over a hundred people went to an orchestral concert given at Calving Hill School by Stafford Symphony Orchestra. The programme included Wagner's overture 'Die Meistersinger,' Sibelius' "Finlandia" and the opening movement of Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony".

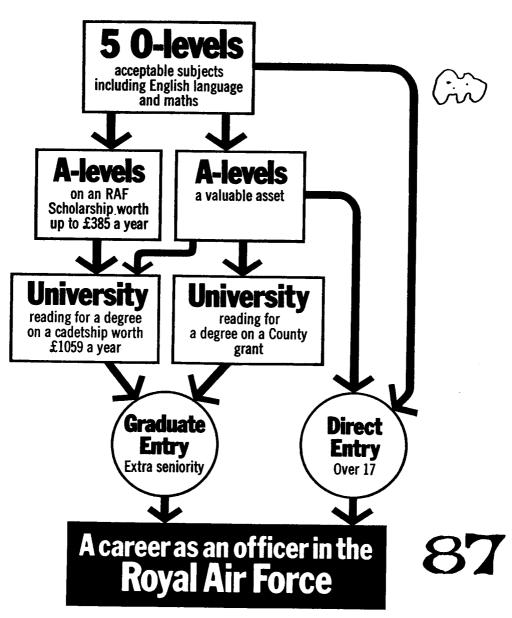
Another party went to see "Iolanthe" given by D'Oyly Carte at Wolverhampton.

This term most musical interest has centred on the school production of "Iolanthe" from 17th - 20th March.

Finally I am sure that all the other music students join with me in thanking the music staff for all the help and encouragement they have given us.

(GILLIAN DUNNING, L6C.)



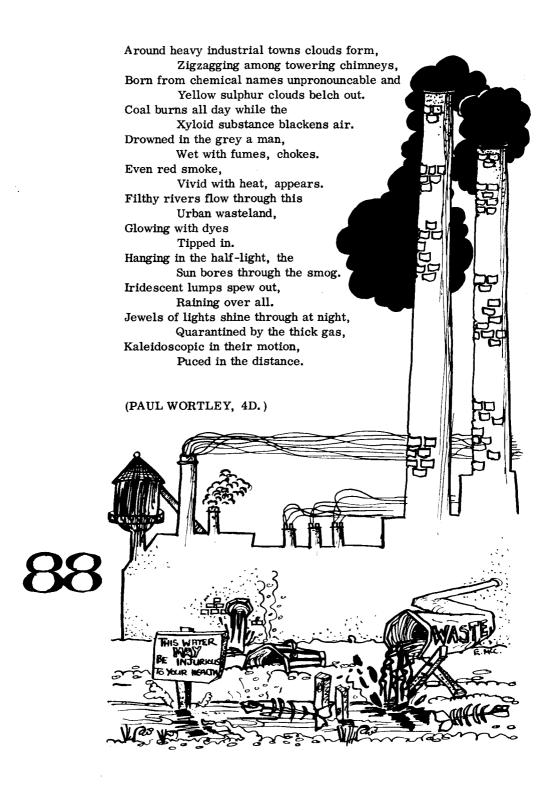


If you are interested—in flying, engineering, logistics or administration—now is the time to do something about it. Your careers master has full information and, if you like, he can arrange for you to meet your RAF Schools Liaison Officer; this is

quite informal, and an excellent way to find out more about the RAF. Two more ideas: Write to Group Captain E. Batchelar, RAF, Adastral House (25ZD1), London WC1X 8RU, giving your date of birth and details of your present and expected educational qualifications; or pick

up some leaflets at the nearest RAF Careers Information Office—address in phone book.





Staffordshire Education Committee

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ALONE IN A ROOM

Silence. Oppressive darkness.
A room, humid as a tropical jungle.
Cars flash past on glistening road,
Illuminating for a moment
The cactus' wierd silver spines
Throwing spears of light.
The golden glow of the bronze bowl
Lights up like golden treacle.
Shadows hold fear.
All is dark. Oppressive darkness
Hides souls and ghouls.
Suddenly the light flashes.

Suddenly the light flashes. Natural light relieves natural darkness. Tension eases.

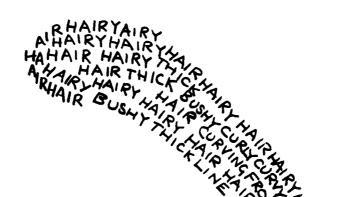
Shadows retreat into corners.

Recognition removes fear, darkness and silence.

The bronze bowl glints. Ghouls and souls shrink Into nothingness.

(HEATHER PARSONS, 2E.)





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One day whilst walking in the street I met an Earole. Says I to Earole: 'Nice day today.' ''Ere, 'ere,' says he in his perceptive way, 'But across and down a bit I believe it has been raining.'

(JACQUELINE GROVES, L6C.)

1A

Ian Anguige, Stephen Barratt, Malcolm Benn, Geoffrey Bevan, Graham Blunt, John Childs, Nicholas Cope, Christopher Dale, Philip King, Brian Lee, Andrew Moore, Kevin Richards, Paul Royster, Stephen Varga, Steven Whitehouse, Timothy Yorath.

Jayne Bailey, Sally Bateman, Ceinwen Davies, Joan Dawson, Susan Dunning, Joanna Gidwell, Dawn Gooch, Jane Heath, Sharon Herbert, Anne Moreton, Louise Reid, Sian Roberts, Pauline Sammons, Ann Slatcher, Susan Thornton, Gail Winton.

1B

Jonathan Birks, Stephen Bishop, Simon Bowden, Kevin Corfield, Barry Dalby, Ian Dawson, Eric Dunn, Christopher Farrell, Paul Hill, Clive Hitchman, Brendan Morley, Nicholas Sayer, Stephen Spencer, Richard Reynolds, Andrew Teece.

Helen Baker, Lisa Baldini, Vanda Burton, Janet Bentley, Christine Biddulph, Diane Fowell, Lorna Higgs, Helen McMorrow, Lesley Nicholls, Pamela Price, Michele Scholte, Julie Smith, Jane Stanley, Margaret Turner, Sharon Vivian, Judith Warrender.

1C

Thomas Brown, Christopher Dolphin, Ian Eatley, Timothy Eccleshall, Brian Elsmore, Mark Goodwin, Andrew Groves, Quinton Hughes, Roger Ingle, Neil Jackson, Paul Kingston, Ian Parton, Paul Pritchard, Ronald Smith, Kevin Styles, Michael Wright.

Lorna Ansell, Jannette Arrowsmith, Penelope Bryan, Jane Chapman, Mandy Coghill, Angela Cox, Julie Dalton, June Dean, Sandra Dent, Linda Harris, Margaret Hipkiss, Jane Phillips, Cherryl Taylor, Heather West.

Andrew Beasley, Robert Cadman, Gary Cox, Kevin Hallsworth, Stephen Haywood, David Hull, David Lane, Stephen Lane, Mark Langley, Philip Lloyd, Timothy Middlehurst, Jonathan Miller, Paul Morgan, Douglas Parsons, Ian Sishton, Kevin Spencer.

Kim Childs, Frances Day, Gillian Dyke, Isobel Edwards, Diana Gardner, Gena Harvey, Michelle Hathaway, Barbara Jones, Bernadette Lordan, Linda McJury, Bernadette Molloy, Valerie Osborne, Sharon Smith, Jacqueline Torkington, Diane Williams.

1E

John Ball, Edward Barnett, Geoffrey Brown, Stephen Chaplain, Roy Downer, Ian Jones, Gerard Kilgallon, Robert Lloyd, David Oakley, Stephen Powner, Kevin Pritchard, Martyn Rees, Michael Rodic, James Slater, Paul Smith, Simon Turner, Mark Williams.

Nichola Brayford, Annette Hassall, Cynthia Horobin, Julie Jones, Christine Lintern, Patricia Main, Carla Miller, Alison Ralphs, Helen Scott, Glenda Shutt, Pauline Spark, Marie Tonks, Denise Turner, Susan Williams.



1C: Donald Curtis; 4A: Jane Reeves; 4B: Bruce Patterson; 4E: Jacqueline Payne; 5C: Irene Dunn; L6A: Kenneth Fletcher, Michael Towers; L6B: David Horden, Peter Lanham, Michael Matthews, Stephen Rose, June Johnson, Gerda Kostuch, Teresa Strzadala; L6C: Haydn Greenway, John Hunt, John Lycett, Jacqueline Blurton, Elaine Dixon, Julia Edwards, Melanie Laffan, Jackie Richards; L6D: Trevor Larvin, Philip Sanders, Melvyn Walker, Valerie Farmer, Gloria Potts; L6E: John Barratt, Anthony Ray, Stephen Sambrooke, Gail Bates, Carol Palmer, Elizabeth Smith, Gillian Smith; S6: Margaret Galuszka.

VALETE

2B: Debbie Simmonds; 2E: Victoria Spencer; 3B: Michael Cooper, Sandra Brindley; 3C: Deborah Spencer; 3D: David Everard; 4D: David Moule, Linda Shields; 5B: Paul Bradbury, Malcolm Czerniuk, Alan Royce, David Summers, Linsay Candlin, Sheila Holmes, Pamela Hughes, Margaret Humphreys, Olwen Jebb, Pauline Murphy, Christina Sparrow, Patricia Wall; 5C: George Ballantyne, Nigel Beavon, Michael Bradbury, John Dolphin, Nigel Everard, John Freeman, Brian Hassall, Margaret Bevan, Wendy Bridges, Carol Cook, Lorraine Majewski, Jane Pardoe, Christine Waltho, Vivien Watt; 5D: Paul Ayre, Robin Bishop, Richard Gethin, John Harrison, Neil Hyden, Peter Lee, Paul Lomas, Graham Whittaker, Yvonne Dunning, Susan Forrester, Elizabeth Herrington, Patricia Jennings, Christine Matthews, Lynne Porter, Janet Richards; 5E: Paul Billings, George Mrozowski, Ian Murray, Barry Stocker, Annette Ball, Barbara Golik, Sheila Higginson, Joyce Lintern, Fay Perry, Julie Price, Susan Wilcox, Diane Wilson.

LOWER SIXTH

L6A: David Stevens; David Tams; Julia Brown; L6B: Gordon Harding; L6C: Richard Evans; Alan Parkinson; Robert Preece; Melvyn Spence; Melanie Littler; Margaret Seel; L6D: David Simpson; Margaret Campbell; Bridget Casey; Ann McCulloch; Elizabeth Parkes; L6E: Michael Bagguley; Phillip Holder; Stephen Radic; Alan Thomas.

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Time and tide wait for no man. Have we missed the boat? Only time will tell.

(STEVEN BAKER, U6B.)



SHAKING WITH THE WIND. IT WAS HARD. & ASTER THE TASTE WAS.

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