

THE THORNBURIAN

**THORNBURY GRAMMAR
SCHOOL MAGAZINE**

JULY - 1961

Editor

HELEN HASTE

Sub-Editors

**DELIA CLARK, D.F. CLEEVE
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No 27

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House Captains:

Senior:

CLARE Geraldine Starling, M. A. Gee.
HOWARD Vanessa Carey, B. W. Barton.
STAFFORD Cans Jones, R. R. Freeman.

Junior:

CLARE Hazel Deeks, C. M. Brown.
HOWARD Veda Gregory, C. Dunn.
STAFFORD Kathleen Breen, R. Shaw.

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Delia Clark

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Jean Scarbrough

Sally Winter

D. F. Cleeve.

R. Crossfield

EDITORIAL

What should a School Magazine do? Should it be a record of school activities? A reflection of the literary standard of the school? Or just a piece of entertainment for those weary after Exams?

Ambitiously, we have tried to fulfil all three functions. This has meant that it has been impossible to include articles on every school event every year. Such articles tend to become little more than a proforma, so cliché-ridden that the only fresh materials are the different names of those who are perennially so “grateful to all those members of staff”.

Some activities will be covered more fully, and even illustrated, with photographs and cartoons; others will receive bare mention in General Notes. But the turn of everything will come.

And we do mean “everything”. We shall, bit by bit, explore the byways as well as the highways of school life. See our articles on “Green Fingers” and “Memoirs of a Staff Server”.

There may be changes, but the amount of work involved, **if** anything, increases. This year I have been fortunate in having a staff of great versatility and courageous capacity for hard work. They have attended a fantastic number of meetings and retained their enthusiasm. (Jelia Clark, D. F. Cleeve and R. A. Taylor have not only encouraged others to write, but have written much themselves. Jane Harding has worked throughout the year in assembling news of Old Thornburians, and A. Powell has given much cheery help with sports reports. Jane Davis has given a great deal of time typing out material and disentangling wildly differing styles of handwriting. And it is possible that despite the mass of material which at times flowed forth, no coherent magazine would have been produced without the sanity and lightning decision of Mr. Quest.

LESS SPEED

Some person with a flair for spotting a genius asked me whether I would like to serve as a sub-editor on the staff of the school magazine (sounds magnificent doesn't it?). I heard nothing more until the next term when one afternoon a head popped round the doorway of the classroom in which I had my next lesson and screamed something about “School Mag. . . Tuesday ... after school” and then disappeared. Being “of a thoughtful disposition” as some teacher said on a report years ago, it seemed logical that the meeting should be in the library so thence I repaired on the next Tuesday.

A desert of tables and chairs stretched out as I closed the door quietly behind me. There was a silence, yet not a silence; the books seemed to speak volumes. I had the fright of my life when a vast bouquet of withered catkins suddenly picked itself up and walked towards me. A red face peeped out from behind the mobile forest (shades of Macbeth!) and hissed “Just clearing up”, and then steamed out of the room. I shut the door quietly and sat down.

After several minutes a distant buzz became audible, growing into a discussion over Wordsworth which halted outside the door. I snatched the door open and the poltergeist resolved itself into Mr. Quest and the rest of the magazine staff who now walked into the room and, still discussing,

seated themselves around. I shut the door quietly. My presence had obviously still not been noticed so I grabbed a chair and joined the group.

Wordsworth had been discarded in favour of the Stratford Memorial Theatre. Here I was on home ground—I had once been to the theatre. “Horrible place,” I remarked. They immediately turned on me. My statement was bandied back and forth, discussed, disputed, almost physically thrown up in the air and worried as a cat will play with the corpse of a mouse she has caught. I was shattered. Even my very presence seemed an insult. I hurriedly explained that I had meant the town itself and not necessarily the theatre—“Too commercialised—everyone’s Shakespeare’s something-or-other”. I tailed off apologetically. My explanation was accepted wholeheartedly and I was caught up in the midst of an argument on commercialisation in general.

As soon as I had become in some measure used to this hurricane method of discussion it was half-past four and time to catch the bus. Still debating the ensemble swept out of the library in a flurry of coats and cases; me last. I shut the door quietly.

It would seem that the magazine this year will have Wordsworth and commercialization as its main themes, perhaps with Stratford Memorial theatre thrown in as light relief. R. Taylor, USA.

GENERAL NOTES

First of all we should like to welcome the new Members of Staff: Miss Scott, who returned to teach Biology, despite having been here as a student teacher; Miss Penrice who taught Physical Education for two terms; Mr. Sumner, who took over from Mr. James in energetically training the boys in P.E., and Mr. Ingram and Mr. Tuffnell in the Science department.

The girls have had no Games Mistress since Easter, and we are grateful to Mrs. Rouch, Mrs. Hawkins and Miss Read for the help they have given.

“For the first time for many years, all School departments are housed on School premises.” Thus said the Headmaster on Speech Day. And at last the Woodwork and Domestic Science Rooms have been completed in the orchard and already have been landscaped in the Thornbury tradition, with a most attractive gravel walk, relieved by wooden seats and a stone trough. The gully may one day be levelled with a permanent pool. Roses have been planted, and even the staff car park nearby is blossoming out in pastel shades. The Commercial Sixth too have moved in to the room next to the Art Room.

A new classroom is being built beyond the Visual Aids room in order to enable the Secretaries’ Office to return to its original function as a cupboard. This new construction inevitably caused an invasion of workmen. As always, when strangers are wandering around the School, the more thoughtful of us wondered what impressions we made on the outside world. “Men wandered round our classrooms,” wrote one of the juniors who is taught in the Visual Aids room, “peering at us as if we were animals in a cage. The young ones wore thankful expressions, as if to say, ‘Poor things, I’m glad I’ve left school.’ The older ones looked wistful and one could imagine them thinking, ‘Lucky thing, I wish I could have my youth again.’”

Mr. D. I. Brooks, formerly of the English Department, is reported in

his School Magazine "The Iringan", which he thoughtfully sent from Tanganyika, as having introduced the Dewey system of classification in his school library. T.G.S., it would seem, now ranks with U.N.O. in opening up the Dark Continent!

Those of us dedicated to the culinary art have celebrated by preparing a series of concoctions, of which Messrs. Wright, Quest, Gwilliams and Johnson have so far sampled. Since these gentlemen are still to be seen about the School, one may draw the conclusion that these preparations are at least harmless. The domestic science sixth formers have also entertained a rival, Mrs. Austin, Domestic Science teacher at Colston's Girls' School. It is rumoured that, having tried out their newest recipes on the more defenceless members of the community (see "Toddlers' Tea Party"), they are trying to entice Mr. and Mrs. Rouch into their lair.

Our former Senior Mistress, Miss Cook, who will be remembered by many as having forbidden the carrying of ink bottles round the School, has accepted a post at Khartoum University (where, presumably, they use ball-point pens).

Thornbury has a great advantage in being on the border between Bristol and Gloucester. This year we again took part in several Bristol schools activities. During the summer several sixth-formers attended the Student Christian Movement Conference at Redland Training College, where they had the opportunity for discussion and fraternisation with members of other schools. In February, D. F. Cleeve and Delia Clark represented the school in the Bristol Schools Debating Festival at Cotham G.S. The motion which they opposed was "that retired generals should be seen and not heard". They were debating against the Bristol Grammar school team, the eventual winners. Unfortunately we had no time to find out whether we repeated last year's success in coming second, since the festival was evicted by the Cotham Judo class! Last year Helen Haste won third prize in the Bledisloe Empire Shield for an essay on the White Australia policy. This year P. Armstrong has entered an essay on the Colombo plan.

During the last three years, the School Library has changed considerably. Despite the fact that many of the more ancient books have been put to more profitable use as waste paper, we have about 3,000 books, 918 of which have been bought in the last three years. New books are covered with polythene and look most attractive on display, and we hope their useful life will be prolonged. Two new sections have been introduced—a Junior Non Fiction Section, which provides factual books of interest to juniors, and a Senior Fiction Section which gives the older members of the school the opportunity to read more modern novels—by, for example, such authors as C. P. Snow, Iris Murdoch and Angus Wilson.

In spite of the prodigious supply of School Mysteries available in printed form, we do not hesitate to proclaim that this school has at last provided a real live mystery. It concerns a tub. One day, it appeared upon the roof beside the boys' wash-house. So what? A fortnight later two boys were to be seen feverishly shovelling earth into the tub. And then, nothing happened. We were informed that flowers would in due course spring forth to brighten up the view from the secretaries' office. Two days later two boys were to be seen feverishly shovelling earth out of the tub. The tub disappeared.

And now the secretary has disappeared too.

Alan Carter (6¹ Science) has, throughout his School career been outstanding in his ability (not to put on weight,—we can all do that) but to put the weight. One of the County P.E. Organisers gave a graphic picture of his ability when he described a mass of minor craters made by other competitors and four more some thirty feet further on made by Carter. Actually Carter has broken the All England Under 17 record, but this could not be ratified because it was not a National Meeting. Mr. Geoffrey Dyson, the well-known coach, has said that he regards Carter as possible Olympic material.

This year the Headmaster's oft-repeated advice to "use your loaf" has been well heeded in one way or another by a large number of Old Thornburians. Many people will have seen Jimmy Sparrow in "The Music Man" while it was at the Hippodrome. This show is now having a successful run at the Adelphi Theatre, London. At Christmas, several Old Thornburians took important parts in the controversial production of "A Man Dies" by the Rev. Ernest Marvin, first in his own parish in Lockleaze, then at the Colston Hall, and finally on television. Roy Harkness portrayed Christ, and Valerie Mountain took the part of the narrator. Valerie, who will be remembered for her part in "The Italian Straw Hat" and for her solo singing, has since gained contracts to record. Her first release is "Gentle Jesus", a number from "A Man Dies." Columbia DB 4660.

Two Old Thornburians were involved in a strange adventure in London recently. Susan Rea was walking down a quiet Street in Kensington at about ten o'clock at night with a friend. They heard an explosion, which they assumed was a car back-firing. "It sounded like a shot, but that seemed so impossible. Then a lady came round the corner and said she'd been shot,—yet she didn't believe it either. She pointed out a car to them and Susan took the number. At the nearest Police Station they soon found that she really had been shot. Apparently the man had come up to London with fifteen rounds of ammunition "just to shoot someone". As a result of Susan's description, the car was traced later that very evening—in Kent.

As well as the trip to St. Briavels, reported later, school parties have visited Stow-on-the-Wold and Croscombe. Those who went are very grateful to the staff for leading these strenuous outings, and also for providing sticking plaster when necessary.

Finally, we are sorry to have to say goodbye this summer to the following members of the staff: Mr. R. S. Lodge, who is to take up a post at Worcester Training College, where he will again instruct at least one Old Thornburian; Mr. G. A. Marrow, who for a while was assisted in the French Department by Mrs. Marrow until she left for the more rewarding occupation of bringing up a son; Mrs. J. M. Haste, whose work cannot have been made any easier by having at first two, and now three, daughters in the School; and finally Mr. G. Keeling, whose going will make the Art Department poorer and rob the bottom staff room of a fresh, unpedagogical personality. With all of them go our best wishes for success and happiness, especially because with them will go part of the familiar Thornbury that we remember, for they have all been with us long enough to have become integral not only in the life but in the personality of the school.

STAFFORD HOUSE REPORT, 1960/61

House Captains:

Senior: Caris Jones, R. R. Freeman. **Junior:** Kathleen Breen, R. Shaw.

Stafford was unfortunate this year in losing the Music Shield to Clare but the choirs, especially the Junior Choir, show much promise for the future. The boys did well in winning the Cross Country Championship for the eighth time in the last eleven years, and the junior girls won the junior hockey cup. The cricket, tennis, athletics and swimming prospects look bright this year.

The senior and junior parties were extremely successful, thanks not only to the efforts of the Staff and House officials but also to the members of the house for supporting them.

We are very pleased that Mrs. Hawkins was able to remain with us, although only in a part time capacity. We welcome to the House Mrs. Oldroyd, Miss Scott, Mr. Sumner and Mr. Tuffnell, hoping their stay will be very pleasant.

HOWARD HOUSE REPORT, 1960/61

House Captains:

Senior: Vanessa Carey, B. W. Barton. **Junior:** Veda Gregory, C. Dunn. Howard House has had varying success during the past year. We retained the Hockey and Soccer shields but narrowly lost the netball and rugby.

Although the whole house showed great determination and teamwork, we were far from successful in the music competition. We badly need instrumentalists if we are to regain the shield which we once held for so many years.

But we did retain the academic shield which shows we have brain as well as brawn in the house.

At the moment the swimming, tennis and athletics shields are in our possession and we hope that they will remain so.

The House parties were a great success, the highlights being a show put on by the staff and boy prefects.

We welcomed Miss Penrice to the House in September but were sorry to lose her, after such a short stay, at Easter.

Finally, we should like to thank the Staff and members for their help and support during the past months.

CLARE HOUSE REPORT, 1960/61

House Captains:

Senior: Geraldine Starling, M. A. Gee. **Junior:** Hazel Deeks, C. M. Brown

This year has been a successful one for Clare, as is evident from the six shields hanging above our notice boards. These include the Junior and Senior Rugby, the cricket bat, the physical training, the senior netball and the music shields. The last two shields especially were wrested from Howard and Stafford respectively after very keen struggles.

The House has shown more determination and spirit during the past year than in previous years and we hope to be able to continue in our winning vein for the rest of the season.

Both the Senior and Junior House parties were again successful this year and the entertainment provided by Armstrong and Cleeve at the senior party was especially appreciated.

We welcome Mr. Ingram to the House and hope he will enjoy his stay with us. Finally we should like to thank the Senior and Junior House master and mistress for their help and encouragement during the year.

FOUNDERS' SERVICE, 1960

As has been the custom for the past 17 years, the School's annual Founders' Service was held in the Thornbury Parish Church of Saint Mary's. But this year marked a milestone in the school's history, because, for the first time ever, the address was given by an Old Thornburian. We were fortunate enough to have as preacher the Reverend Peter J. Winstone, BA, Oxon., who was School Captain some 14 years ago. The main theme of his sermon was the importance of religion in modern life, which was the basic factor in distinguishing man from the animals.

The Church was beautifully decorated, thanks to Mrs. Rouch, and once again it was a pleasure to have so many parents joining in our service.

Delia Clark, VI¹

SCHOOL PLAYS

The tradition of a School Play at Thornbury is one of the many things which have developed since the Headmaster was appointed in 1935, and although Mr. Hodge has been in charge of production for as long as most of us can remember, he has actually been exercising his excellence and giving the School a reputation for high quality plays for just about ten years. This year, however, pressure of work as Deputy Head has made it impossible for him to continue, so other members of staff were given a chance to produce four shorter, one-act plays.

Mr. Marrow was responsible for "La Boite Miraculeuse", as good a production of a French play as any we have so far seen, and R. Taylor maintained his traditional high standard, even though he was often alone on the stage with The Box.

Christine Thomsen, in "A" certificate form, in "Villa for Sale" by Sacha Guitry, produced by Mr. Handan, was unfortunately noticeably self-conscious, but those who could remember said this production was an improvement on the previous effort. The acting of A. Organ and Jane Floyd as the young couple who bought and then resold the villa at a fabulous profit was good, although Jane looked a little too honest. And Anne Rowland made a purple splash as an American actress, with a delightful accent.

N. Derham and Hazel Deeks with their previous experience as man and wife in "Noah's Flood" gave very cynical performances in the Second Towneley Shepherd's play, a medieval morality piece produced by Miss Shearman. It is only unfortunate that this kind of play is not generally appreciated by the school or general public and is forced to lean heavily on comic rusticism for entertainment.

"Five at the George" was the climax of the evening. Performed by sixth formers and produced by Mr. Quest, this was a further triumph for D. F. Cleeve and a first one for Hilary Clark. The play successfully created a macabre atmosphere and only at the very end did we realise "Who dunnit".

Once again the unseen and generally unheard workers behind that huge red curtain gave their usual fine performances. (The medieval interior was most convincing, and surely that Corot was genuine?) And it is to be hoped that the delightful interlude of carols under Miss Astbury will be a perennial feature of the December play.

Helen Haste, 6²

MAKE-UP GIRL

As a make-up girl for the first time I was worried about what to put on whom. I saw about seven different coloured face sticks ranging from white to dark brown. Then there was black and light and dark blue make-up for the eyes and numerous match sticks, hair grips and other such intricate devices for applying the colours. I was quickly briefed on the main colours and how to apply them and the experienced actors arrived.

Then it came. "I'll have some number nine on the left ear" or "Just a touch on the eyebrow please and try to miss the eye this time."

The make-up for the Junior play was relatively simple and under the lighting it looked quite effective. The Intermediate play, 'Villa for Sale', was a little more difficult. The actors had obviously been in plays before and I must say they applied their make-up very well indeed and gave us quite a few tips not all on make-up either.

The French play offered something of a challenge. We were told to put on moustaches and sideboards. At first it looked as though we were rehearsing the Black and White Minstrel Show, but eventually, with the forbearance of the actors, the make-up was applied liberally and, I hope, correctly.

But, of course, the biggest challenge and the most frightening was in the Senior play, "Five at the George". The males had to look older and so powder was poured onto their hair to make it look grey. The Inn keeper (R. Langdon) created an even greater problem as it turned out later in the play that he was not only an Innkeeper but a Ghost. So much powder was needed for his face that I think people wondered which one of us was actually going to appear on the stage! The ladies, fortunately, were much easier to deal with as they were used to the conception of being made-up and familiar with the materials.

Probably the biggest trial of a make-up girl is plucking up enough courage to see the finished article on stage in the evening and to try to ignore any advice given comments and witticisms made or squashed tomatoes thrown at our handiwork.

In all, however, I think the plays went off very well and life as a make-up girl (if free coffee and cream biscuits are provided) can be a very enjoyable and memorable one.

Mandy Durnford, 6¹

MUSIC, 1960/61

The musical activities of the School continue to flourish under Miss Astbury's practised eye and even the hymn for the beginning of term (not to mention the National Anthem at the end of it) is now being sung with some vigour.

The School Choir is stronger than ever, and this year's concert of English songs and music, at which our much heralded School Orchestra (leader Philip Deeks) gave its first performance, was a great success. Hazel Deek's piano solo was one of the highlights of the evening. Thanks to the generosity of parents and friends we are now in a position to buy half an oboe.

Due to the enthusiasm aroused last year a special performance of the concert was given for some members of the School, and we like to think that as a result any latent musical talent will appear, and that many more people will be encouraged to learn to play an instrument and join the orchestra.

In addition to Miss Astbury, we would especially like to thank our valiant accompanist Mrs. Wright, who so patiently puts up with all our shortcomings.

House Music Competition

In addition to the usual items, we were introduced this year to a great many strangers from the world of the orchestra. There were violins, in which class we must congratulate Philip Deeks of Stafford for an excellent performance, and also clarinets, accordians, a 'cello, a harp and of course Hewkin's guitar and "Apache".

The adjudicator, Miss Lake, seemed to be rather surprised at the absence of the usual bad Gloucestershire diction. We would like to thank her very much and hope that this will not be her last visit.

Clare was the victorious House (Captains Rae Thomas and Cleeve) with 344 points. Stafford had 263 points and Howard 173.

Miss Astbury has warned Howard House that they will be at a serious disadvantage in this competition for some years now unless some members of the House will seriously consider taking instrumental lessons including the piano.

The Music Club

The long awaited Music Club has at last been formed and there have so far been two meetings. The first was an opening concert and the second took the form of a Musical Quiz. Two members of staff from each house were on the panel; Mrs. Oldroyd and Mr. Wright represented Stafford, Miss Shearman and Mr. Gwilliams, Howard and Miss Walker and Mr. Gambling, Clare. Stafford emerged victorious.

Both of these meetings, especially the second, were extremely well supported by the School and by members of staff. We hope that the club will continue to expand and that the interest which has already been shown is not merely temporary curiosity.

D.Cleeve, VI¹

HOW IT ALL BEGAN

It really began just over a year ago, and has shown itself in various ways on Wednesday evenings ever since.

The Staff room has become cluttered up with irregularly shaped objects; the 5.30 p.m. 'bus has had to put up with them as well; hockey on the first eleven pitch has become erratic after four o'clock and the peace and quiet of the main school, after the majority has gone has been shattered for ever.

What has caused this upheaval?

The Orchestra. You could say it began when Miss Astbury gave her first 'cello lesson two and a half years ago. A few months later violin lessons began and were soon followed by lessons in wood-wind instruments.

Visitors to the school play (*1959*) may remember the strange musical sounds from back-stage. These were the first attempts of a very inexperienced group of players, which could hardly be called an orchestra.

Sufficient money was raised by the choir's performance of "The Seasons" to purchase two timpani and then regular orchestra practices began during the Summer Term of 1960.

Since that first shy performance back-stage we have come a long way. The members of the orchestra are slowly acquiring the better technique which comes only with time, and they have also learned more about orchestral playing, as distinct from solo playing. A great deal of hard work is put into the music we play, by both players and conductor.

The increased number of practices before our recent performance was not a sign of desperation. It was simply that we were determined to make our first public appearance on May 4th a good one, which would pave the way for the success of the orchestra in future years. **Janet Roberts, vi'.**

FILM SOCIETY

There are two ways to assess the comparative success or failure of a film society—economically by its membership, or aesthetically by the discussion promoted by the films shown. In this case results in both these fields have been disappointing, mostly due to lack of support from the main body of the upper school—the Upper Fifts, who would be among those the most likely to benefit from the films, but who have shown little or no enthusiasm. Yet, the programme of films has been as carefully chosen and well-presented as in previous years, and no blame for any materialistic failure can be attached to those who have arranged it.

Here I propose to write short comments on a cross section of the films seen in the last two seasons.

A modern American film "Goodbye My Lady", filmed in 1956 was shown at the beginning of the last season. The touching sentimentalism which is usually self-evident when American film directors use a young boy—adopted animal relationship as a theme is minimised in this film by a penetrating simplicity of character development. The story is not limited to the sad tale of boy to be inevitably parted from dog, but incorporates a parallel theme—boy's process of growing up and his relationship with his uncle.

The simplicity which is shown in dealing with the main theme is augmented by unusual incidents in the boy's development—the ceremony of his first cup of coffee for example—I think I am justified in saying that this film has a poignant charm of its own which for a change cannot be confused with sentimentalism.

The first meeting of the Film Society this year combined the famous music hall comedians of the 1930's, the Marx Brothers, in a film entitled "A Night at the Opera", with a contemporary documentary cartoon "Energetically Yours" by Ronald Searle. Any title to a film made by the Marx Brothers is completely incidental, the situation is merely a convenient device to display their particular brand of comedy so it is unnecessary to consider the story of the film as such and more important to deal with the art of the Marx Brothers themselves—that crude and clown-like humour of the circus which relies upon physical absurdities—dress and acrobatics mixed with individual talents and idiosyncrasies. Harpo's harp-playing, Groucho's exaggerated dancing walk with only a certain claim to the subtlety of their contemporaries Chaplin or Laurel

and Hardy. As such, they are little suited to film making since they lack the ability to sustain interest when the camera is not sufficiently agile to capture their one supreme quality—speed of execution. "Ener-

getically Yours” was, aptly chosen in contrast. This cartoon shows the technique mastered by the camera put to an educational use through the medium of comedy. There is little danger of losing interest, and a considerable chance of learning something useful.

This programme was followed by “Animal World”, an exciting and controversial account (by Walt Disney) in colour of the evolution of species on this planet. It certainly lived up to the reputation already established by such films as “The vanishing Prairie” and “The Living Desert”. The photography, being such an important part of any documentary film which does not deal with human subjects; was excellent; shots of living organisms were mixed successfully with symbolism—notably the gradual extinction of the dinosaurs and other small-brained, huge-bodied reptiles, and the havoc wrought by the ice-age, by a delicate merging of colours to produce effect. This is the kind of educational entertainment which is so valuable in schools. **Susan Lester, VI²**

GEOGRAPHY AND BIOLOGY FIELD WEEK

This Easter the Field Week was held on the Dorset coast, and based on Weymouth. The party consisted of fifteen Geographers, seven Biologists and Miss Rees, Miss Cleverly, Mr. and Mrs. Jaques, Mr. Lodge, the geography student Mr. Hawkins, Old Thornburian Colin Burden and Reg the coach-driver.

We left school on the last day of term, March 29th. Next day we began in earnest at Lulworth, where the geographers spent the morning plodding round the bay, and the biologists fishing on the rocks. A mud flow gave unwelcome baths for those with bad eyesight, and some amusement for the staff. Later we walked several miles over the cliffs to ‘White Nothe. Aably led by members of staff we took the wrong route inland but were lucky to meet up with the coach.

Friday was “bits and pieces” day, the morning being spent on the Weymouth Storm beach, at Sutton Poyntz and at Osmington Mills. In the afternoon we went to Portland Isle. Miss Read met us and we were shown round her family quarry.

Lyme Regis was the target for Saturday. En route we stopped at Abbotsbury and Bridport, where we saw the differing sizes of pebbles of Chesil Beach. After lunch we walked from Lyme Regis to Seatown, noticing and digging out the numerous ammonites in the blue has rocks.

The main activity of Sunday was the competition. The party was divided into groups of two geographers and one biologist. The real hard work came when everything had to be arranged in the evening for the staff to judge the winning team,—Langdon, Geraldine Starling and Peggy Bryant.

Monday was “Hampshire Day”, and suitably chosen since the weather was cool and most of the time was spent in the coach. We intended to visit Poole Pottery but were disappointed to find it closed.

The most significant day for the geographers was planned for Tuesday. We were to make a survey of the Isle of Purbeck. Inevitably it rained! Groups of three geographers had to make a detailed survey of a specific area. The villages abounded in information and the inhabitants were eager to chatter. The coach returned a little later than scheduled and we all squelched in to dry off.

It was an enjoyable and instructive week and we are most grateful to the members of staff who worked through it with us.

Jean Scarbrough, 6¹ Arts.



THE HUMAN ANGLE

Those who write up the official history of a school outing are liable to give an impersonal diary of events. True, Mr. Jacques' sketches are not impersonal but then they may not be events either. And so we felt the need to cover this famous Field Week in a more intimate way. We got together a few pupils who attended and asked them a few questions intended to surprise them into revealing some aspects of the human story. Here are the results.

Would you say the week had any practical value?

"Invaluable value" said Margaret, rather shocked, "Geography is a study that ought to be done in the field as well as in the classroom." It sounded as though she had heard it and read it many, many times. Susan said that in Biology the habitat is important and as far as she was concerned, the best habitat was the sea-shore. Another pupil, whom we will disguise under the pseudonym of "Armo" said, "This is for printing, is it?" and then would say no more

What else do you think you have gained besides work?

Vanessa specified "better relationships" among themselves, as they slept seven in a room. They got to know how other people thought, she said. Susan spoke up for bird recognition. "Armo" said, "Well, it certainly broadens the mind."

What was your most enjoyable moment?

Margaret (ecstatically): "When I found an Ammonite" (We thought they had all died out years ago, but still.. .). Susan: "Getting into the coach after that walk along Chesil Beach." "Armo" said, "Well" a few times, but was otherwise non-committal.

Did you have any worries?

Only the competition, they said. Apparently they had to follow a route explained in doggerel verse; they didn't know the starting point or the destination and they had to pick up clues and specimens on the way. "Armo" said: "I wasn't in a condition to have any."



What about Mr. Hawkins?

Susan laughed mysteriously, and there were many whispers and giggles. We did not ask “Armo” this question.

Would you make a comment on Mr. Jaques’ sketches?

“Absolutely typical”. “Captured the whole mood”. Asked if she could identify anyone in the group on the cliff, Marilyn thought the spider-dangler on the left might be Miss Cleverly. “Armo” said. “I don’t recognise Miss Cleverly’s smiling face anywhere.”

Would you go again?

“Yes,” they said in general agreement, “The more you go the more you want to go. When you come back you only think of the nice things.”

ST. BRIAVELS

You really had to make with the motion, man, on this weekend. Here was a real great example of youth and dotage, ancient and modern; and ‘it sure was utopia, man.

The track was muddy, real red muddy, so we took to the hills and got stung by nettles. We turned into a singing crocodile, and arrived at St. Briavels—a small village some five miles from Lydney. A jazz dance was being held round the corner from the castle.

In the common room, to the strains of “Diana” Mr. Lodge won his game of table tennis, while a regal gambler cleaned the tables at pontoon, and a normally DEWDitious one contemplated suicide—but then, man, that’s the way it crumbles.

Photo omitted

“Machetes would have been useful ...”

St. Briavels stands at the top of a hill overlooking the Wye. We slithered down the hill and tramped off towards Symond’s Yat. To prove that “railway lines are governed by relief features”, a few (self) chosen geographers puffed along the track—and got stung by nettles.

The party reassembled at Symond’s Yat to go boating. Several crabs were caught; oars were broken, lost and retrieved, but the local lifesaver remained out of water.

Mr. Lodge won another game of table tennis. After a survey of the castle, we set off for heavily-wooded Offa’s Dyke. “The trail from now on is rather uncertain, so keep together.” Machetes would have been useful. We struggled on to Tintern Abbey, where we listened to “Two Way Family Favourites” through a conveniently open window.

We caught a bus for the last two miles to Beachley. Crossing the ferry we all dutifully admired the be-a-altiful strata of Aust cliffs, and appreciated that the Severn really is tidal.

Many thanks by everyone to Miss Walker, Miss Cleverley, Mr. Lodge and Mr. Jaques for the full enjoyment of the week-end—absolutely the mostest!

Catharine Haste, U5A.
(who also took the photograph)

MAGAZINE PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION

This year the expansion of the Magazine has allowed us to organize a Photographic Competition. There were many entries, and some of them were of a fairly high standard. Mr. Hodge and Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Stacy were asked to judge the competition and they were thoroughly agreed that Margaret Stansfield's study of Château de Ménars was by far the best.

Margaret took this photograph while she was in France in March of this year. The technical details, for those who understand, are: Agfa— Super Isolette: f16 1/125: Adox R17 film.

GALLUP POLL

During the Summer Term a Gallup Poll was held throughout the School. A number of people were asked, 'Would you make a good Headmaster?'

44% said they did not possess a shooting stick.

41% said they had not reached the required standard at golf.

10% said they did not get free tickets for Cup Finals.

5% had no small change.

THE RIGHT BODY IN THE RIGHT PLACE

After an adequate supply of chalk and a caretaker who can keep the boilers well stoked up in winter, the next most important factor in the smooth running of a school is a Timetable that gets the right bodies to the right places for the right lessons at the right time.

He who is rash enough to undertake the construction of the School Timetable shares with our distinguished Visitor on Speech Day a singularly privileged position. They are the two persons who are able to evoke complete unanimity of opinion among the 30 odd members of staff and the 500 odd pupils of Thornbury Grammar School. (Read "odd" which way you will.) Our guest is universally deemed to be unquestionably right when he asks for a day's holiday for the School. The hapless author of the Timetable is just as universally castigated as having produced something which is patently inadequate. The members of staff won't like it, since it plainly thwarts them in their purpose of educating Little Jimmy as they would have him educated. Little Jimmy won't like it, because it threatens that pristine state of ignorance in which little Jimmy would rather remain, thank you very much.

There is, you see, no such thing as a completely successful Timetable. It is inevitably a compromise, and how tenuous is the line between this always limited success and complete failure! What if the Timetable brings together into the Staff Room for a free period two members of staff who are best kept apart? What if the Scholarship Sixth group is timed to meet precisely when it will always come late from P.E.? Empires have foundered on less.

But if, as the result of some inspired gambit, Priscilla can still get her cor anglais lesson and do A Level in Hydrostatics; if Miss Bleak can have that double period with 3D (but not on Tuesday or Thursday afternoons!) without which, she fiercely maintains, their O Level prospects are thin indeed; then how happily the term promises!

Then there are the inescapables. Mr. Harsh must be left free on Monday period I to count the dinner money, and Mr. Pour (the only member of staff with a car with bullet-proof windows) must be free to convey it to the bank. Miss Pluckett must be given a period to recover from the arduous of her Choir Practice. The Tape Recorder did at least free us from the tyranny of fixed times for Broadcast lessons, but now comes Television!

Now what, in the context of my first paragraph is "right?" 35 periods in a week and every subject demanding more and more of them with every passing year. Two for games, one for Religious Knowledge, and then the fun begins! Oh for the days when a Headmaster could decree Latin in the morning, Greek in the afternoon, and Mathematics on alternate Wednesdays! Now, of course, our teaching must be global. It was good enough for previous centuries that a school produced an Educated Man. But now (novel concept!) we must also equip him to earn his living, straighten out his deepest psychological conflicts (as well as his spine), condition him not to smoke and train him to keep his bicycle in good repair.

Then comes the insatiable demands of the subject satraps. Mathematics needs a period a day (presumably the whole edifice collapses like a house of cards if one day's parole is granted); Modern Languages must also have a period a day or the tongue will surely forget its alien convolutions. This Nuclear Age In Which We Live demands some 15 periods of Science a week in order that we may begin to comprehend it; the Humanities will need another 15 to redress the balance; the practical subjects will require something to prevent our hands from wasting away as useless appendages and to provide outlets for those creative urges welling up within Little Jimmy. Now add that lot up, think of how much has still to go in, and take away the number you first thought of.

Plainly, it can't be done. I rather doubt whether there will be a Timetable next term. I have a happy vision of the members of staff arranged around the field in booths, shouting their wares, while the School wanders from one to another, Hyde Park fashion, choosing its own curriculum. And from Blakes I hear a plaintive voice drifting on the breeze:

"Won't you buy my pretty Geography?"

I will show you films galore.

You can canter through your G.C.E.

On three lessons, not one more."

SISYPHUS.

AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR PUPILS, 1869

THORNBURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL

(Headmaster: Rev. H. S. Roberts, LL.D., F.C.P.S., of Queen's College, Cambridge. First Class in the Civil Law Tripos (1855); for ten years Second Master and Senior Divinity Teacher; for nearly six years Head Classical Master of the Bristol Grammar School.)

Terms for usual Classical Course, 10 Guineas per annum. Reduced terms for those requiring an English Education to fit them for Business Pursuits, 6 Guineas, with French 8 Guineas. Boarders (a limited number) under 16 years of age can be received by Headmaster. Terms: 50 Guineas.

Submitted by Jane Davis, 6².

STUBBORN UNIVERSITIES

105/1

JOINT BOARD

ADVANCED LEVEL

GENERAL CERTIFICATE

GENERAL SUBJECTS

OF EDUCATION

MONDAY P.M.

31 JUNE 1961

2½ hours

SUMMER 1961

Directions to Invigilator. *This paper is to be cut (with scissors but not with a razor-blade) and not more than TWO or less than FOUR sections distributed to each candidate, in accordance with the "Instructions to Schools" for this examination. Candidates are required to answer SIX questions, not less than Six or more than FOUR from sections 4 and 5, and not more than TWO or less than ONE from sections 2 and 3 inclusive. BUT, section 3 may be omitted by Candidates who reached a reasonable standard in Chinese Art before 29th February 1961 and whose birthdays fall between March 31st and April 1st 1960.*

Candidates. *Guidance in understanding this form may be obtained from your Local Inspector of Taxes. You are advised to mark, learn and inwardly digest all answers before attempting any of the questions. Do not write on more than both sides of the paper (or less than ONE). Small diagrams may be drawn on the answer paper as you go along; larger drawings and plans should be done in a stationary position. Answers in Music should be written on Squared paper. OS. Maps are provided for outside candidates in Geography. Candidates in Forging should be hardened in vice, and will be expected to do Job 2 off the cuff.*

Note: *The examiners reserve the right to pass or fail any candidate at their absolute discretion irrespective of the marks obtained. In the event of a tie, these may, however, be used as a deciding factor.*

ENGLISH LANGUAGE

(In this section credit will be given for correct English)

1. Write a summary or précis (candidates should make it plain which they are attempting) of the following passage, reducing it to about a third of its original length. Candidates should use their own word as far as possible.

Golf streams run deep.

2. In the above passage, underline all words which are parts of speech.

3. Write an essay on ONE of the following:

- (a) A visit to Cardiff Arms Park.
- (b) Sixpence.
- (c) On Using One's Loaf.
- (d) How I got my programme.

4. Write a short note to one of the following:

- (a) St. Nicolaus, (b) Nell Gwynne, (c) Johann Strauss.

ENGLISH LITERATURE

- 1. "The first shall be last and the last first." Is this a fair comment on "The Shoemaker's Holiday"?
- 2. Do you think there is any foundation for the idea that Forster's

“Room with a View” is his only novel without flaws.

3. ““Travels with a Donkey”—a long book that gets nowhere.” How far would you go with this?
4. Is it fair to describe “Animal Farm” as “a load of muck”?
5. What do you gather from “The Cherry Tree”?
6. Consider the view that the rustics run away with Hardy’s novels.
7. “It is a poem of horror”. Is this your view of “The Waste Land”? (Or do you, for example, think it is a horrible poem?)
8. Discuss the importance of Bacon and Lamb to (a) “The Shepherd’s life”, (b) “The Cocktail Party”, (c) “Salad Days”.
9. How do the works of Steele pin-point the progress of the Industrial Revolution?
10. From their books in this group would you describe Hardy as “tough” or Wells as “deep”?
11. What are the striking qualities of Donne besides his conceit?
12. From your reading of this question paper, how far would you agree that you had been taken for a rural ride?

LANGUAGES

1. Translate the following from pigeon English into pig Latin:
 - (a) Flaccus, I fear the strong pigs.
 - (b) You, 0 Columbia, have broken one record, but I, Decca, have broken two.
 - (c) Alas, Emu, I cannot knit this afternoon: the wool is too thick and I have last one of my fingers.
 - (d) Hello, 0 Sello, your tape is red, but my stockings are blue.
 - (e) My Boni, you are over the ocean, but I will sail to you with Quinkus over the blue-black sea.
2. Comment on the following: “Der Lehrer nimmit die Kreide and schreibt ‘dammit’.”
3. Either (a) Where does the inspiration of La Fontaine spring from? or (b) Write an account of Goethe’s Romantic Period.

ART

1. Make a picture to catch the spirit of One of the following subjects:
The Friendly Ghost. The Haunted House. You may use any medium.
2. Design a cover for a simple pin-cushion to be used on a wooden chair on a simple girl.
3. Draw a portrait of any full-length figure you may know between one and nine.
4. Design the plot of a ragbook making use of raffia, cane or any other exciting yarns.
5. In this question, you are asked to try a number of layouts and indicate clearly the one you propose to adopt.
6. Draw a child’s mug with two handles. It should be simply decorated.

GENERAL SCIENCE

1. How would you deal with condescension on thermostaps?
2. Make an accurate, clearly annotated, working scale drawing of an engineer’s four inch square.
3. Practical. Make sure you have Exhibit A by holding it up in your right hand. You will find it on page 13. Identify the specimens from left to right.
4. Draw a diagram of an electric belle.
5. Make frank comments on the use of fire distinguishers.

STUMPED

All these remarks have been made in the course of the year in public, and they have all made an impact at the time. Who said them and on what occasion?

1. We're not as green as we look.
2. This is the actual cap ...
3. Girls aren't mere any longer.
4. I think I see eye to eye with the speaker on most points.
5. Nobody's seen the trouble I see.
6. I turned round and said to him, "Who are you? Are you worth £30,000?"

A PULL TO LONG LEG

We are, I suppose, a bit dry, we Members of Staff, a bit straight-laced, a bit unbending, a bit long in the leg. We can't help it. We're teachers. We have to maintain the tradition. But we can appreciate a joke, and we can't help admiring our pupils who, through the weary Saharas of our instruction, keep flowing their own irrepressible trickle of humour. We seem at times to be among a happy band of jesters, a fellowship of fun-makers, a league of leg-pullers.

Geography is one subject that brings out the fun in them. That chuckle that disturbs the Viewers as Marilyn writes, "In some seasons the rainfall is less wet than at others." That glint that comes into Gillian's eyes as she decides between "Thornbury is a dormant town for Bristol" and "Thornbury is a doormat town for Bristol". That wry smile of Pauline's at her "Along the coast is a stretch of sand-covered sand dunes". Rachel's transports of delight as she settles down in the bus to write, "New York has a lot of imports and airports." Mary's impish delight in her logical Cul-de-Sac: "London is a rich farming country because of the clay; this could be used for bricks."

This rather earthy sense of humour is nearer that of the boys, whose "carnivorous forest" is something of a chestnut now. They write of farmers growing "kale and mongols", of Kay's "flying scuttle", of the "Society for the Prevention of Christian Conduct". With assumed naivety they define a steer as a "cross between a cow and a bull" and write that "In East Anglia, London is to the south and the washbasin to the north." In the following, however, readers will notice a subtle variation on the high-road-takes-low-road theme: "The limestone highlands comes up behind this region, having travelled from England (in Cornwall) under the Bristol Channel."

It is, however, the boys who excel in the humour of understatement I love the off-hand way in which they write of "Julius Caesar, who was quite a well-known figure of the time.. - And I delight in the affable dismissal of the second-rate here: "There was not much good music written in the 18th century, and what there was was mostly written by Beethoven, Haydn, Handel and Mozart." The following has a charming sort of inverted innocence: "Even after three centuries the composers still found it difficult to make the music blend. Then a man called Palestrina was able to clear the trouble up." This view of Palestrina as the brilliant garage-hand who spots the leak in the carburettor, I find irresistible. The next piece is more sophisticated, but excellent of its kind: "The end of the contrapuntal period comes with Bach and Handel (Hallelujah). They both died."

One boy in particular has succeeded in the Nigel Molesworth tradition. He has affected the illiterate so well that there actually is in the Staff room a collection of his best work entitled "Priceless Remarks". Two random samples are: "It is bothe unkinde and wronge to hirl stones at unexpectant passer-byes." and "Conditions on shippis caryng slays were so bad that a bok was written abut it caled the Watter Babies". It is specially amusing that this particular boy should affect this style because, when a Member of Staff enquired for him in the Supermarket, one of the girls there said, "Oh, you mean the boy with the cultured voice!"

In practical subjects, humour, I suppose, takes a practical turn. Jokes with rubber tubing and taps, or jars of acid over doors replace the more verbal, and as I think, intellectual humour which has impressed me. One gets little whimsies like "Take a bell jar and put some air in" and "The aquatics in the Hall are very bad", but this is all in the "diluted water" category; it wears a little thin after a time.

Far from being thin, some pupils however have a very deep almost metaphysical style, wrapping up their many true words in jest. "The system of one man, one wife is called mahogany". This is brilliant, with its cynical implication that the man and woman are both "browned-off". Another example might be: "I enclose a testimonial from my Headmaster, which he has signed himself."

But, much as I appreciate the wit of our pupils, I have long suspected—and I may not be alone in this—that some pupils are so funny that they actually make jokes **without knowing it**, unconsciously, or as it were, by mistake. It is not easy to find examples of this sort of thing but this may possibly be a genuine instance: "Deficiency diseases are diseases that can affect a person's health; they can leave people handicapped for life after they had died away."

A.Q.

DEEP SLIP

The Staff rooms in many schools echo to the howls of teachers, making mock at the little lapses and petty ignorances of their pupils. With fine impartiality, we give you here a few of those slips in high places, those Olympian lapses which have happened in the past year.

This appeared, not on a Geography but on a History report, before the ink-eraser got to work: "With a little more factual continent, she should do well."

Mr. Ratcliffe, in an unthinking moment, came to the Position in Form column and wrote "247th" instead of "24th". His comment? "I had hoped he would reach a higher position."

Then there was a great moment for Mr. Gwilliams at an Interview. "10th?" he queried, "Surely this is a magnificent improvement?" Headmaster (to girl): "Where were you last time?" Girl: "Eleventh!"

At another Interview, the Headmaster was surprised that a girl should have 9% in Chemistry. "Is this possible, Mr. Hill?" he said. "Oh, yes," said Mr. Hill, and added, "But this is not my record."

Finally, although hardly a slip on her part, a young lady Member of Staff certainly had a moment of embarrassment and quiet amusement when a sixth-former asked her in her first year of teaching "Miss ... don't you get tired of teaching the same old thing year after year?"

EXAMINATION RESULTS

We congratulate the following on their academic successes:

HONOURS (OLD THORNBURIANS)

J. P. DICKINSON, B.A., 2nd Cl. Hon. (1st Div.), Nat. Science Tripos, Cam.
C. H. SHEARING, B.A., 2nd Cl. Hon. (1st Div.), Nat. Science Tripos, Cam.
JESSICA HEWLETT, B.A., 2nd Cl. Hon. (1st Div.), French, Leics.
M. G. WRIGHT, B.Sc., 2nd Cl. Hon. (1st Div.), Metallurgy, Wales.

SOUTHERN UNIVERSITIES JOINT BOARD

General Certificate of Education. Advanced Level, 1960

G. A. H. Bailey, Physics. **Wendy Baker**, French. **B. W. Barton**, French. **A. J. Bishop**, Chemistry, Physics (County University Award).
C. C. Burden, History, Geography, Woodwork, **Carole Caple**, History. **Valerie Collier**, Biology. **Janice Daniels**, History, Geography. **Margaret Davies**, English Literature, History, Geography
(County University Award). **R. P. Entwhistle**, Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics. **R. R. Freeman**, Physics. **M. A. Gee**, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics (County University Award). **Valerie Hargreaves**, Geography. **M. J. Hart**, Pure and Applied Mathematics. **A. R. Jenkins**, Physics. **Caris Jones**, French (Distinction).
Gillian Knapp, English Literature, History, Biology. **B. J. Lee**, Physics.
Susanne Lester, French. **P. G. Nellthorpe**, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics (County University Award). **Angela Oliver** Geography, Art. **Jeanne Pearce**, Physics, Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics. **R. M. Phillips**, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics.
B. A. Prew, Physics, Pure Mathematics (County University Award). **Susan Rea**, Latin, French, German. **Susannah Rees**, History, Domestic Subjects.
A. G. Rickards, Chemistry, Physics (County University Award). **C. Riddiford**, Physics (Distinction), Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics (County University Award). **D. E. Rosser**, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics (County University Award). **Cynthia Rouse**, Latin, French German (County University Award). **D. H. Skuse**, Chemistry, Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics.
J. E. Smith, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics. **Mary Thompson** Geography. **J. V. Townsend**, Physics (Distinction), Pure and Applied Mathematics (County University Award).
Jacqueline Webber, English Literature, History, French (County University Award). **Patricia Weeks**, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics. **R. Weeks**, French. **Ruth White**, History, Biology.

General Certificate of Education Ordinary Level 1960

(Candidates with five or more passes)

C. I. Bayliss, Bethan Bishop, Patricia Bone. **P. Brazington**, Jacqueline Britton, Peggy Bryant, A. Carter, Delia Clark, D. R. Cleeve, P. F. Climmer, Christine Cook, I. R. Cook, Valerie Cornish, R. J. Crossfield, Heather Daniels, Janet Davies. **P. F. Davis**, Rosalyn Davis, Lynda Deacon, R. Dibble, Wendy Dyer, Isabel Edwards, Miriam Edwards, Sandra Evans, Gloria Fisher. **T. E. Fitzgibbon**, Carolyn Frost, Christine Gale, D. G. J. Gamlin, G. Gray, Sylvia Handley, Angela Hanks, Jane Harding, Marcia Harris, M. R. Hawker, Mary Herbert, Patricia Hill, Sylvia Hodgson, Lesley Jacob, O. W. Jones, Cherry Lake, R. A. Langdon, R. M. Lethbridge. **K. E. Loveridge**, Lynette Mills, A. J. Pearce, Margaret Phillips, Patricia Player, M. D. Poole, J. R. Puntton, B. C. Quick, H. A. Reed. **J. C. Reed**, Dorothy Rickards, Sandra Riddiford, Janet Roberts, Susan Robins, Cynthia Rundle, D. T. Rymer, Jean Scarbrough, D. F. Scott, H. P. Stansfield, Margaret Stansfield. **C. H. Stokes**, T. Summers, T. A. Symons, Marilyn Teucher. **Judith Thomas**, R. E. Thomas, Eris Tudor, Peggy Turner, R. M. Turner, Pamela Watkins, Susan Weeks, P. G. Welsh. **C. A. Williams**, D. F. Williams, J. Woodham

Commercial Certificates, 1960

Jane Davis, Anne Goodbrook.

GREEN FINGERS

No school is complete without grounds and certainly no grounds are possible without a gardener and groundsman. But the job is hard and unless you have a strong man on the job, the grounds will remain grounds and never become gardens. We are lucky. Our gardener not only has ten green fingers but ten green toes as well. His name? Mr. Strong.

In the Spring of 1954 an advertisement appeared for an assistant gardener at School. The applicant was soon to find himself in sole control. Mr. Strong emerged from the Normandy beaches (not planting seaweed), the Earl of Ducie's estate at Tortworth, the Brabazon hangar at Filton and the building gang at the Technical College.

When he arrived he had to admit that he was a little scared, as he knew little enough about pitches. No-one who has ever played on them would ever believe it. People imagine that all a full-time gardener has to do is plant a few rose-trees (as does the Royal Family), cut a few hedges (like A. Armstrong Jones) and do a little weeding, but Mr. Strong was unfortunate enough to come to a school where we are not satisfied with one rose-walk and a sixth-form lawn. We like to GET AHEAD—even if we haven't won the £5,000.

At some time you may have noticed that we are building a new classroom. "Less grass to cut," you may say. But before you've time to say Lesser-Bindweed, someone has hit upon the idea, "Wouldn't it be nice if we had a few flowers around here?" Someone or other is saying this all the time. But Mr. Strong always has to put all our ideas into action.

He has an assistant (who, as a matter of interest, likes watching cricket in summer), and there is always the boy escaping from a tedious games lesson. But as the Headmaster once said of him, "He's independent." He believes on the whole that it's quicker to do it yourself. The other day, he told me, some boys were sent to move a pile of compost

there is now a pile of compost lost somewhere in the school. The thing which annoys a gardener more than anything is the chap who is constantly borrowing things: "Lend me your tape-measure, George."

Mr. Strong is not only admired by the boys in the school. He makes an excellent confidant (or so I have been told) for middle school girls, at least until they can find younger boy-friends in whom they can confide.

"People don't often sing my praises," He said with a surprised smile when I asked him whether I could interview him for the Magazine. **THOUGH INDEED THEY SHOULD.**

D. Cleeve, 6¹ Arts.

MEMOIRS OF A STAFF SERVER

"Morning, Mrs. Rideout."

"Morning, Mrs. Ellis."

"Morning, boys."

"What's up today then?"

"Sausages, mashed potatoes and beans."

"Ugh! Squashed spud again!"

We four, assembled in our coats of many colours (relics of meals long past, with the original white showing through in places), begin to load the three-tiered trolley—we graduated from a two-tiered one last year—with cold plates for the first course and hot dishes for the jelly. Rows of black sausages (originally pork I believe) cower inside their armoured plating, surrounded by dishes of potato (nominally mashed), or of tepid tomato sauce in which are to be seen floating a few aged haricot beans.

Then we advanced to the fray, two stalwarts wielding the trolley. It should be explained that only two of the castors revolve, hence the manoeuvring of this vehicle around the islands of stoves and boilers in the kitchen is a task before which even Stirling Moss would quail. However we are undaunted. We round the first corner carefully and accelerate to a fantastic velocity (last lesson this morning was Maths) in a space of about twenty feet. Taking the next corner,—often literally—there is not much enamel left on that stove—we plough into the terrified mass of humanity which always congregates by the serving hatches and the trolley grinds to a halt. There ensues a gentlemanly argument as to who is steering the wretched thing.

Refreshed by the airing of our opinions of one another we press on, emerging triumphantly into the dining hall, usually with a voluble and irate washer-up as an involuntary figure-cum-battering-ram. Having scraped her off our bows we take up stations, prepared for the onslaught.

The teacher is, with a few notorious exceptions, a gregarious animal, preferring to descend to lunch en masse—ten or twenty at a time. The result would be chaos but for our genius for improvisation and laboursaving. For instance it is an unwritten law that no fresh dish of vegetables should be served until all those at present in circulation have been emptied. This involves a dexterity and sleight-of-hand in manipulating the dishes plus their contents between the tables which should make all of us eligible for membership of the Magic Circle. One must also never fill water jugs until there are at least three empty or four members of staff gloomily staring at you or the jug, or in the process of vocal eruption, whichever may be their particular method of attracting attention.

With these and other boy-saving devices in mind we are able to ride the storm in comfort, still having time to note the antics of teachers as they eat. Snatches of conversation can be heard as you speed by on some errand;

“Oh that this too, too solid flesh sighs W., wearily prodding a recalcitrant banger.

“Yes, well of course Russian is different from French”, explains his neighbour, chasing a bean through a sea of tomato sauce and cornering it in a morass of potato.

It is a staff idiosyncrasy never to eat cold food—they insist upon giving back the dishes of congealed potato and obtaining hot ones—which is disappointing since it means that ones own lunch is smaller. It is a mistaken idea among the staff that the servers feather their own nest at the staff’s expense. Sarcastic comments flow forth when some teacher, having dined lightly upon a bean or two passes the table where we are eating. It is useless to explain that a heavy diet is bad for middle-aged gentlemen and that our young bodies need a good supply of food—the ravenous teacher may go as far as to remove an extra piece of dessert and wolf it down before going his way, preaching sedition about staff servers.

Having rounded up and dispatched the stray sheep who have drifted in to lunch late (the English department being especially guilty in this respect) and having finally finished our own modest repast, there begins a mammoth clearing-up.

Hither and thither we stagger under huge piles of plates, tins, dishes, while one of our number prepares the battle-wagon for a further encounter. One server is to be seen playing cricket with an outsized tray and a pepper-pot (the keenness on sport in this school is proverbial). The game comes to an abrupt end as the pepper-pot drops to the floor and breaks. Peter May explains that he was in fact carrying the pot on the tray, but it slipped.

The debris cleared up, we man the chariot once again and charge triumphantly back into the kitchen sending a flood of frightened females before us. We four happy warriors, having notched up another victim or two, slowly ascend the steps leading up from the dining-hall, looking forward to afternoon school during which we shall be able to sleep off our lunch.

R. Taylor, USA.

A TODDLERS' TEA PARTY

One Friday afternoon the new Domestic Science room became an unexplored paradise for six toddlers—five girls and one Nicky Anonymous who gained all the admiration, due, no doubt to his dashing little outfit.

Before tea, a number of sixth form girls and a brave Miss Hunter rang the changes on ring-the-roses. During tea, the headmaster appeared. When he asked the children how they liked his school, he was told firmly by one little Jane that it was her sister's school. He apologized. He asked another little Valerie if she had a kiss for him, and she was speechless.

After tea the children explored further afield, probing mysteries of stream and gravel while their hostesses watched with trepidation. Nicky then covered himself in mud and glory by taking all the honours in the "Junior Sports" which rounded off the occasion.

When the children had gone, there was a general sigh of relief as the exhausted party-givers clamoured for ...cups of tea.

**Margaret Moore,
Wendy Lumbard, 6¹ Arts.**

THE GREEN-BACKED SUMMER

It is reputed to be a part of Communist cynicism that everything is ultimately based on money, and that the world (capitalist) is divided into the superior who have it, and the rest who haven't. But when it comes to the summer holidays, the question of capital reserves really does become a decisive factor; should the holidays be used to make money or to spend it?

There are those who just take a nice simple job—like George in Woolworths' store-rooms. He told me that the Assistant Manager there was once a teacher—he'd given it up because he didn't like it! Scott and Langdon took simple jobs as waiters.

But there is nothing to compare with the sheer professionalism of Chris Bayliss (6¹ Science). To him, the hotel is the only place, and he tends to prefer the five star — **like the "Picardy"**. **He has had real** experience in the trade; in his time he has been cook, chamberman, hallporter and cellerman ("I enjoyed that") as well as waiter, and at one place he had to sleep in the cellar. That time he washed eight thousand plates. Did he meet many interesting people? "A lot of old ladies," he replied

Then there are those who prefer a less strenuous holiday. And England is hardly the place in which to enjoy the summer. Besides, one never has quite the same inhibitions about spending foreign currency.

Cans Jones went to France at Easter, and she was impressed by the very different life of the French,—“their spirit, hospitality and friendliness.” “In Anjou,” she wrote, “we stayed on a small farm and there I experienced at first hand the life of the peasants. I was most impressed by the ceremony that accompanied their eating, and talking. These two aspects of life were so vital to these people that they had acquired a form of ritual. Inauguration into the lives and hearts of these people, I discovered, came through these initiation rites of eating and talking.”

But there are some to whom the considerations on holiday would not appear to be **l’argent** so much as l’aventure. They prefer the wilderness to the wagon-lit, the roving life to even the rack on continental trains (which has a bar just where most people have hip-bones).

Among such restless spirits is Wyn Jones. To a background of table-tennis in the Sixth Form common room. I interviewed him about his famous holiday in the Lake District with A Carter and D. Green. At first he was uncommunicative: “Nothing much happened”, but gradually it came out. “Most of the time it rained.”

“We climbed Scafell Pike, Great Gable and Helvellyn.” “When we tried to cross a river Dave got swept away and we only just rescued him above a waterfall.” “We got locked out of the hostel one night.” But the best part was coming home. Some people are just lucky. They split up to hitch-hike from Penrith, and actually Carter and Green reached home first. But Jones walked just one hundred yards and got a lift with a Canadian visiting the festivals of Europe. After making an extensive tour of North Wales, he was dropped at Patchway Bridge!

Alan Carter also went on a two-day walk in the Mendips—a nice quiet outing, one would imagine. However the versatile Bayliss went too, and got stuck while climbing Ebbor Gorge. He was left hanging in mid-air from Carter’s tie—a yellow one, sort of dotted, it was.”

There are the odd few who prefer a watery end—Crossfield, back from Madrid, went sailing. The boat capsized and Salcombe lifeboat was called out to rescue him. And Edith Wilkinson walked nine miles straight across Morecombe Bay “including two rivers” at low tide. But she only got wet up to her waist.

And there are others, whose semi-professional activities extend through the time they are absolved from absorbing learning. I. Marshall (5 Alpha), for example, recently walked away with most of the prizes at the Young Farmers’ Fat Stock competition. (The Headmaster, to his utter amazement, of course, found himself with a fine cut of steak from the win-fling beast!) Daw (U5A) and Price (U5B) have been oiling the wheels of efficiency at various Supermarkets. And there are many others who because they have backed the right horse with regard to profitable pleasure, leave us green with envy.

Helen Haste, VI².

SAILING

During the last few years there has been a tremendous growth of interest in sailing. The main reason for this is that people have discovered that you no longer have to be wealthy to take part in it.

To the beginner who is interested, the best way of increasing his knowledge of the sport is to join a local sailing club. This will only cost five or ten shillings, depending on age. Here the new member can learn sailing by working as a crew for an experienced person. However, once introduced to sailing, it is very likely that the beginner will start wanting a boat of his own.

Nowadays boats can be obtained at a moderate price for people of limited means. The cheapest way to own a boat is to build it yourself. Prices for kits vary according to the size and type of boat but are generally around twenty or thirty pounds and upwards. Ready-made boats might cost anything from £70 upwards.

An alternative to building your own boat is buying one secondhand. In this case the best thing is to enquire at various boatyards where old boats can sometimes be picked up for a few pounds, and then renovated. Once a boat has been acquired, it needs regular maintenance, which cost a little time and less money.

A final factor of expense in sailing is in clothing. To begin with any old clothes will be quite adequate, providing you do not mind getting wet. However, if you become an enthusiast proper, waterproof clothing is advisable. This can be bought for about 30/- upwards, although prices vary tremendously. A very important rule when sailing is that everyone wears a life-jacket in case of a capsized. These are not expensive.

Two branches of the sport are racing and cruising. Racing is for the yachtsman who enjoys speed and excitement while cruising is far more relaxing and less restricting. However both of these methods of sailing are equally rewarding.

There are three types of places where it is possible to sail—the sea, rivers and lakes and reservoirs. Different types of boats are built to cope with these places, but, providing you have a sturdily-built boat, the sea or larger estuaries give the most exciting and adventurous sailing.

I have found sailing an interest which does not decline as time goes on, but is always different and ever changing. If you try it, I am sure you will find it as rewarding as I have done.

Wendy Lumbard, 6¹ Arts.

RIDING

So many people today think that riding or keeping a horse is too expensive a hobby for someone with a limited income, but this need not be so. Riding schools are common enough in town or country and will teach you to ride for five or six shillings an hour. Anywhere charging less than that is likely to be rather disreputable and anywhere charging more is making a good thing of it, so steer clear of both. There are also people with ponies of their own who might teach you to ride quite cheaply.

Then, of course, there are riding clothes. Don't buy these until you are sure you really like riding and are not going to be put off by a few falls. The first thing you should buy is a riding hat, which, contrary to popular belief, is not a creation of velvet designed solely to make you look beautiful, but a piece of hard protective head gear, as necessary for safe riding as a crash helmet is for safe motor-cycling. Although a

good one will cost about £3, it is well worth it. Mine has saved me from injury many times. You can ride in a sweater, thickish slacks, 'sensible' shoes at first (with of course, a hat) and collect jodhpurs, boots and so on at birthdays and Christmas.

If you want a pony of your own, why not do as I did? I saved up all my pocket money for years until I had saved about £50, enough to buy a young pony who is blind in one eye. There are a few running costs, naturally. Shoeing has to be done every month or two at a cost of about £1 a time. A hundredweight of horse-nuts (horsechestnuts, unfortunately, will not do) costs 36/- and lasts nearly three months. I rent a field from a local farmer for 5/- a week, and now my pony has changed from the thin, dirty little scrap of horseflesh he was when I bought him to a healthy, frisky and happy pony. He is my mode of transport, my hobby and my best friend. He means a lot of hard work, but he is worth it.

You can take it from me that riding, especially when you keep your own horse, is a very satisfactory and not unduly expensive pastime.

Hilary Wright, 5 Alpha.

THE OLD BUS

Until recently I travelled on an old bus only fit for a museum. Because there were very few seats left, we polite children (mainly from our school, of course) gave up our seats to tired ladies laden with shopping. I noticed, though, it was mainly girls who were standing while the boys were concerned with their endless talk of a ridiculous game called Rugby.

I am, fortunately, not deaf, but sometimes, while on our bus, I wish I was, for the racket created by six or seven year olds is unbelievable. Now we have a bigger bus they have plenty of room to run up and down shouting and screaming like Red Indians. It is a ritual every morning for them to count the moorhens on a pond at Whitfield. Counting these innocent birds gives them an excellent opportunity to start a riot. Pulling each other's hair is another opportunity to scream.

When all of them are bored, they dig deep in their pockets for sticky sweet papers covered in dirt to push down our necks.

Actually, all this rioting depends mainly on the conductor. The best of them spend all their time rebuking the youngsters for banging dust out of the seats.

If the mother of one of the little chaps is on the bus, he sits quite still while she looks down at him with pride, thinking what a little angel he is.

If it wasn't for our bus I would have to get up earlier and that would never do, and so I must put up with laden ladies, lazy lads and little lambs.

Susan Painter, 3A.

THE OLD CAR

Chug! Phew! Chug! Bang! We are tearing down the road at over 15 m.p.h. in our square, home-made vintage car. We pass a pedestrian; a bicycle passes us. Speed gets into your blood. We accelerate slightly. We are now moving at 16 m.p.h.

"Hadn't we better slow down?" says my mechanic.

I ease my foot off the accelerator. Our second cylinder stops firing. I accelerate. The rest stop. We climb out of our two bone-shaking arm-

chairs. We take out the sparking plugs. They are covered with dirt. We clean them and put them back in again. I turn the starting handle. Chug! Chug! Bang! The engine stops once more. Another quick crank. The engine coughs, starts and—keeps going. We climb in.

No, the engine does not stop. And we are off once more. I change gear. These gears!—we start going backwards. I change gear and we go forward. 13 m.p.h. shows on the speedometer. I accelerate still more. 14 m.p.h. and on to 19 m.p.h. We are nearing a bend and slow down. A few yards and we will be round. The steering locks; the brakes squeal. I pull her hard over. We thunder round the corner at 13 m.p.h. We touch the grass verge and lose some of our black and yellow tiger stripes, painted by myself, on the next corner.

“We’ll try her for speed,” I say.

I pull my goggles over my eyes and ease the accelerator pedal down. We are travelling at 23 m.p.h. with the engine purring. Cars are all right at high speeds when you are used to them.

Top speed—25 mph.! My mechanic says, “Slow down! Speed kills!”

“If you’re scared, you can get out,” I say. That shut him up.

A corner ahead. Disaster. It is too sharp. It is not my fault of course. I just cannot hold her. I brake as our solid rubber tyres touch the verge and we skid off the road. We are both shaken but unhurt. With a bit of pushing we manage to get her back onto the road and set off once more at a slower pace.

On the next corner my mechanic is flung from his high perch into a ditch. He refuses to climb back in and so he is now walking home. It is only a quarter of a mile!

J. Goodall, 5A.

COLDS

We all love excuses. Colds are invaluable excuses and the first ones we think of. More daring people break their arms. I’m not daring.

We all knew a Latin test was coming up. This was an alarming prospect and the natural thing to do was to catch a cold. The only way I could think of was to go on Cross-country and change slowly. It was raining cats and dogs when I went and to drown it all I slipped on an oozing patch of mud and got covered. Soon I was shivering and couldn’t stop sneezing.

“Have you got a cold?” my mother asked. I didn’t answer. I couldn’t; I sneezed.

Next morning I had a snorker. I couldn’t breathe and was sweating like mad, which made the bed-clothes uncomfortably sticky, and I kept on sneezing. In fact, I felt awful. I missed the Latin test all right, but what a price I paid! I was confined to bed over one of the hottest week-ends of the year.

Back at school on Monday, I asked my friends what the test was like. “It was lovely; we didn’t have it.” came the happy reply. The Latin master had had a meeting away from school. But he was back today.

“Question one of the test,” said the Latin master, ominously.

I wondered whether it was worth falling off the desk to try to break my arm.

S. Earley, 3A.

THE ONLY WITNESS

Stark against the evening sky,
Where the birds no longer fly,
Gazing down on isolation,
Frowning down on desolation,
Stood the one remaining fraction
Of the single vicious action
Resulting in this devastation
And ultimate annihilation—
A blackened, scarred and jagged tree
Where vegetation used to be.

Now no more would life abound,
Never more the slightest sound
Would ring across this path of sand
Which once was green and pleasant land.

Some had not time to feel the blow—
Death was kind; they did not know
What suffering was in that vale,
Till all was still and deathly pale.

Only the stump was left erect,
Waiting till its ruins cracked,
Waiting till its memory
Should perish with that lonely tree.

Delia Clark, VI¹.

WINTER SCHOOL

(With apologies to W. Shakespeare)

When icicles hang by the wall,
And healthy staff look cold and pale,
And winter winds blow through the hall,
And milk is frozen in by hail
When snow is deep and pipes all freeze
Then junior boys show cold blue knees
Trring! Trring! A merry ring
To make we students feel like kings.

P. Gregory, U5Beta.

COME OUTSIDER

When Winter dies, the grey and sleeping trees Break from their stupor on the waking world
and meadows faintly coloured hooker's green, sing with the laughter of a new found love
in life, clouds that once curled themselves around the sun are gone, and waters leap from
once dry lakes and springs
falling unfettered to their new found home, Then cries the curlew
from the sodden turf "Come outsider, find a new life; Build a new earth".

Annette Tyrrell U5B.

WAITING

Loose, highly-polished, green linoleum. An old bar. Intense stillness.
Grey and red stack-up chairs. Brown woodwork half-way
up the wall.

Quiet, save for two voices which annoy
the calm at one end of the room—raucous.
Coarse laughter of a private joke. The deep,
steady tick-tock of the clock on the wall.

Pictures of ancestors—hunting pink, white cricket togs— all browned with age.
Stillness—echo—coughing.

Still more people, more coughing, more uneasiness.

Everyone thinks; no-one speaks:

“She won’t last long.” “She’s got varicose veins.”

QUIET, RESTLESS, ENDLESS WAITING.

Jane Harding 6¹ Arts.

This was written after a long wait in a doctor’s waiting room in Thornbury, in imitation of a piece of writing by Thomas Mann translated in a German lesson.

CARPE DIEM

She breathes there, black hand, hot—on heavy case,

Below I see her struggle on—too great,

She must be helped; but we must spurn the race.

Our lives are full of avarice and hate.

Beside the small white house requires me too.

She has no strength to start again alone!

To whom then shall I go? To aid, be true?

But surely she is strange! And they?

—are known.

Beside I went. Returning she had gone.

But why how when? Too late, too long we wait

What could she think? That look!

Unconscious wrong.

Too long! too late to sing carpe diem.

Then was the time. Our prejudices curse!

They breathe there, darkly, hotly— Run to them.

D. Cleeve, V¹.

NETBALL REPORT

During the 1960/61 season the 1st Netball VII managed to raise itself from the depths of gloom into which it sank during the preceding season. Of the nine matches played this year seven were won and two lost. In the year before, every match was lost! This was encouraging, especially for those who had played the year before.

The wins included substantial victories over the staff, who failed to unite as a team—hardly surprising as they had never before played as a team, and probably some had simply never played! The match against the Old Thornburians was a new fixture; it was appreciated by all, and again a victory for the school.

Colours: Rewarded to : Geraldine Starling, Vanessa Carey.

Awarded to Hazel Legge, Susan Newman, Peggy Bryant.

Half Colours: Diane Lovell.

RUGBY REPORT 1960

This year the 1st XV have enjoyed a good season, winning eight of the twelve matches and losing the others.

The outstanding matches were again those played against Marling and the Old Boys, the School losing narrowly to the former and gaining a deserved victory over the latter, although the Old Boys had players from Weston, Loughborough College and Bristol United.

The pack always played well, and the threequarters, although dangerous in attack, were suspect in defence.

During the season, several of the 1st XV and Colts XV were selected for the Bristol Public and Grammar School teams.

Colours: Reawarded to H. Roberts for the second time. Reawarded to : A. Carter.

Awarded to: B. Barton, D. Greves, M. Gee, D. King, A. McIntyre.

SCHOOL v OLD BOYS' RUGBY MATCH

The equiponderance of the teams resulted in a scintillating performance which utterly enraptured the previously pococurantic onlookers. The Veterans were the first to draw blood as Donald Carter made an expeditious beeline, crash-landing beneath the plinth. The Alumni rallied and, following the succeeding omnium gatherum, Harry Roberts scored.

Preceding the deglutition of the traditional citrus fruits, the score was eight to three to the Alumni. After a further quid pro quo the antagonists adjourned at 11—9. Mellifluous felicitations were universally extended.

D.C.

HOCKEY REPORT 1960-61

This season, in spite of losing five of last year's members, the School 1st XI has maintained the customary high standard, winning eight of its thirteen matches, losing four and drawing one.

The team fielded a very strong half-back line, which provided a tireless and valuable link between the forwards and the defence. The latter, although slow at times, was steady and very reliably backed up by a much-experienced goalkeeper, who failed to panic even in the trickiest situations. The forwards worked together in admirable combination until they reached the opponents' goal, and then they were inclined to hesitate with the result that chances were often missed.

The outstanding matches were those against Dursley G.S., whose two year unbeaten record is now history, and the Old Girls, who proved a very formidable side.

Colours: Re-awarded for the 2nd time to Marguerite Coppola (H). Awarded to Marilyn Evans (5), Delia Clark (H), Margaret Moore (H), and Catherine Haste (5).

Half Colours: Awarded to Philippa Meachin (C).

SOCCER REPORT 1961

The School 1st **XI** has had a successful season this year, losing only two of the thirteen matches played. Of the remaining eleven, nine have been won and two drawn. Success has been due mainly to the determination of the whole team. The attack has always been the stronger part of the side, scoring over sixty goals this season, while the defence has always been inclined to panic under pressure.

During the season Roberts, Lowe and Barton represented the

Gloucestershire Grammar Schools XI against Malvern College and Oxford University Centaurs. Roberts was also selected to attend the Football Association Schools Week at Cambridge.

Colours

Reward to: H. Roberts, B. Barton.

Awarded to: D. Greves, A. Pearce, B. Thomas, I. Lowe.

Half Colours to: B. Parker, J. Hortop.

THORNBURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL 1st XI v. OLD BOYS' FOOTBALL XI.

Result: 2—2

This result was not a fair one, as far as the play goes. The Old Boys deserved to win by about a four goal margin. Their play was good and only their finishing was not up to standard.

The Old Boys were the first to strike. Wilson, their left wing, took the ball down the wing and shot the ball at a very narrow angle into the net. However, the School hit back fifteen minutes later when Lowe, the right wing, shot an easy ball into the roof of the net. The ball was shot wide at both ends several times and once the School had the ball in the roof, but it bounced out again. The Old Boys played much more aggressive football and they were rewarded when Wilson sent a corner across the goal. Jackson, who was standing there, trapped the ball, and without giving Gee a chance hit it into the net.

The second half went much the same with both sides missing some easy chances. Five minutes from the end, however, when the Old Boys looked like beating the School, Lambert, the Old Boys' goalkeeper, dropped the ball from a backpass and Parker, the School centre-forward, walked the ball into the net, thus forcing a most undeserved draw for the School.

A. Powell, U5Beta.

FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION SCHOOLS WEEK

Eighty boys from different parts of England converged on Cambridge in the Easter holidays for the annual F.A. Schools week. The aim, as the programme told us, was to bring selected boys together to coach them in the finer arts of football and to enable them to play in selected games against well-known amateur clubs.

Much of our time was spent playing or watching the games on the well-kept fields of Trinity and St. John's College, but we also made the most of the evenings, learning the fundamentals of punting on the Cam. This is probably the best way to see the sights of the town.

As the week went on, the players were gradually whittled down, and on the Saturday two teams were selected to play Pegasus (for whom R. F. Jackson played) and an F.A. Youth XI.

Although I personally did not reach such heights, I can say that the time was not wasted. I spent a pleasant week among good company and it also gave me an insight into Cambridge life, but space does not allow me to go into that . . . H. ROBERTS, 6².

CROSS COUNTRY

Junior	Intermediate	Senior
1st Hodges (C)	1sts Brown	1st Willis (H)
2nd Curtis (5)	Dearing (5)	2nd Hole (S)
3rd Chivers (C)	Chick	3rd Freeman, R. (5)
4th Burcombe (C)	4th Mainstone (S)	4th Hortop (S)
5th White (C)	5th Jones (H)	5th Millhouse (5)

CRICKET

We regret to say that the School Cricket Captain has refused point-blank to give us any comments on or results of this year's matches. Mr. Johnson nodded his acquiescence: he understood apparently. A Powell, scorer, was approached many times, but he, too, has by accident or design, finally produced nothing.

The Staff Cricket Team has, however, been unbeaten for three years. Ask no question, but this, as it stands, is a fact.

STAFF v VENTURERS CRICKET MATCH

This was an 18 over match (i.e. 18 overs for each team) in which members of staff played against the staff from the Bristol Technical and Science Schools. This was the first match played by our staff this year, but **THEY WON!**

The match was not taken seriously by anyone and one of the staff was even joking that he would be out in the first over. He was. (Mr. Gambling was bowled for one.) Other members of staff were saying that they had not played for years, and believe me, they showed it.

(Final score: Staff XI 60 for 8—Venturers XI 58 for 5.)

A. Powell, UVB.

1961 HISTORY QUIZ

Open to the 5th Forms and below

Prizes will be awarded for the most accurate scripts. All of the answers can be found in reference books in libraries. Answers may be either in the space provided or on separate sheets (answers only). Scripts to be returned in the first week of the Autumn Term 1961. They must be named.

- I. Name
 - (a) The Holy City
 - (b) The City of the Legions
 - (c) The Eternal City
 - (d) The City of Lost Causes
 - (e) The City of the Broken Treaty
2. All of the following died violent deaths. State in each case the instrument of their death, e.g., sword, arrow, poison.
 - (a) Socrates
 - (b) King Harold
 - (c) Cleopatra
 - (d) Boadicea
 - (e) Anne Boleyn
 - (f) Mary Queen of Scots
 - (g) Lord Kitchener
 - (h) St. Peter
 - (i) Field Marshal Rommell
 - (j) Edith Cavell
 - (k) Richard the Lion Heart
 - (l) Sir Roger Casement
 - (in) Tsar Nicholas II of Russia
 - (n) Joan of Arc
 - (o) Robespierre
 - (p) Marat
 - (q) Mahatma Gandhi
 - (r) John Brown
 - (s) Abraham Lincoln
 - (t) Lord Castlereagh
3. By what famous names are the following better known:
 - (a) Bronstein
 - (b) Schicklgruber
 - (c) Djugashvilj
 - (d) Broz
4. Write the Roman name for each of these towns:
 - (a) Gloucester
 - (b) Manchester ~ .
 - (c) Dover
 - (d) York
5. With what important invention or discovery do you associate each of the following?
 - (a) Joseph Lister
 - (b) Alfred Nobel
 - (c) Joseph Priestley
 - (d) Samuel Colt
 - (e) Frank Whittle
 - (f) Giuseppe Marconi

CROSS-FIGURE

1		2		3	4	5
		6	7		8	
	9		10			
11					12	
		13			14	
15	16			17		
18			19			20

Across

Across

1. Dick had 1 marble less than Harry. Bill had as many as Harry and Dick. Tom had four times as many marbles as Bill. Altogether there were 174 marbles. How many did Tom have?
3. $300+9^2 - (3^2 - \sqrt{25+10^2})$
6. A man travels $37\frac{1}{2}$ miles in $1\frac{7}{8}$ hours. Find his average speed in mph.
8. Find total area of external surface of a cylinder closed at one end if the radius=3ins., height=2ins. (To two significant figures.)
10. $(3^{-1} \times 13^2) + 6^2/3$
11. If $5x-2y = 33$
 $6y - 2x = -8$
Find $8x - 7y$.
13. Find the value of $((2x - y)/6) - 3((x-y)/2)$ if $x=7, y=23$
14. Find the value of $2(x - y - x + y) - 3(x - y - x - y)$ if $x=10, y=14$
15. Circumference of a circle= 1760yds. Find the radius. (To three significant figures).
17. The total marks for a test were 25. After $5\frac{3}{4}$ marks had been deducted, how many per cent did the pupil have?
18. $\sqrt{324}$
19. $2x-3y=13$
 $3x+3y=42$
Find $x+y$.
20. Carol had twice as much money as Jean. Susan had 1s. 0d. less than Carol and Jean together. Linda had twice as much as Susan and Jean together. Find how much money Jean had if Linda had 14s. 0d.

Down

1. Find $a+b$ if $6a+7b=84$
 $4b - 10a = -46$
2. A boy spent half of his money and then threequarters of the remainder. He then had left 7s. 9d. How much did he have at first? Answer in shillings.
4. $901 - (25^2 + 10^2) - 4(5^2)$
5. $(30 \times 5^2) + (3^2 \times 27) \times 5$
7. In a triangle ABC, angle $BCA=90^\circ$, $AB=12$ ins. and $AC=8.8968$ ins. Find the value of $1/10$ th \sin/\underline{BAC} to four decimal places.

9. The 8th prime number.
11. Find the area of a circle with a radius of 37.09 ins. Then add 1 to the answer.
12. If $6x+2y=54$
 $3y-x=21$
 Find $(8x+9y) \times 3$.
13. When a number is multiplied by 5, has 2 added to it, is divided by 6, has 16 subtracted and then has 2 added to it, the result is 3. What is the original number?
16. A man bought 2 dozen objects for 226 shillings, and another 2 dozen objects at 63 shillings per dozen. What was the average cost per dozen?
17. $\sqrt{5476}$.

Composed by Pamela Clutterbuck, 4B.

THE OLD THORNBURIAN SOCIETY

President: The Headmaster.

Vice-Presidents: Miss A. Dicker, Mr. B. S. Morse, Mr. S. H. Gayner, Dr. R. Perry, Mr. J. Skinner, Mr. T. A. Daniell, Mr. D. J. Bennett, Mr. T. Britton, Mr. G. Harding, Rev. R. G. Rawstorne.

Chairman: Mr. A. W. Knapp.

Vice-Chairman: Mr. P. Floyd.

Hon. Sec. and Treasurer: Mr. R. Hill.

Committee: Mesdames I. Joseph, A. Harris, B. Knapp, C. L. Rees, Messrs.

I. Hawkins, D. Trayhurn, G. Excell, D. Hawkins, H. Lewis, R. Barton, R. Howell, D. Woodward, S. Hunt. Staff Representative: Mr. T. A. Wright.

NEWS OF OLD THORNBURIANS

Roger Jackson, as mentioned in General Notes, has this year brought even more credit to himself and the School. He is now at Oxford. Having previously been Secretary of the Oxford University Soccer Club, he is now Captain. He was further selected for the English Amateur team to play France.

His brother, Ian Jackson, was on board the ship John Biscoe when it docked recently on its return from Antarctica. He has been doing research work under the direction of Sir Vivian Fuchs.

David Thompson, having joined the British Forestry Commission on leaving school, found an interesting position on a survey in Finland. He was there for four months, and worked in the forests up into Lapland and into the Arctic circle. After this he worked in Sweden and later in the forests of Norway and Denmark.

Roger Howell is now studying at Birmingham University. During the summer of 1960 he went on a working holiday, which took him to Greece, Crete and Turkey. On his return he came to speak about his trip to the sixth form. He is an archaeologist.

Congratulations on the following:

Engagements: Felicity Riddiford, Sally Durnford, Ann Hopkins, Sandra Neale, Pamela Savage, Pauline Williams, Ann Weeks, Doris Cullimore, Joseph Hurcombe.

Marriages: Alan Rosser to Marlene Vizard, Kathleen Reeves to Donald Excell, Gill White, Dr. Brian Selwood, Joan Wright, Joan Stock, Sylvia Boxwell, Derek Hand, Pat Trigger, Paul Reeve, Lynette Blaker, Hazel Gray, Diane Watts, Colin Cooper, Pauline Wright.

Several old Thornburians have found their vocation in nursing.

Pamela Bennett is training at Guy's. Ruth White, Gill Knapp and Jacqueline Tedder are at Hammersmith, while Frances Taylor and Mary Newman are at the Bristol Royal Infirmary, as is Joyce Phillips, who was a Gold Medalist for 1960. Diane Watkins takes her finals in Occupational Therapy this year and has been training at Oxford. Margaret Wright has been nursing in New York for several years and has acquired a delightful accent. Also in the profession are: Margaret Scott, Margaret Phillips, Lesley Jacobs and Pat Rea.

We now have three members of the School at Dartmouth—G. Bailey, J. Drabble and D. Rearden. Bill Braund starts his new job with a shipping line between the Black Sea and Japan—when he has finished sweeping the roads between Longwell Green and Oxford to draw attention to Long-well's long-felt need for a Community Centre. Edwin Gray is serving five years apprenticeship at H.M.S. Fisguard, Plymouth, and continues his athletic practices on behalf of the Navy.

P. Williams (Taffy) is a Company Secretary in Bristol. Christine Pullin is a supervisor in a catering department in a new Technical College in Bath. Rita Ellis is a typist for the 'Evening World'. Raymond Hamblin is working in a garage at Tockington. Betty Knapp is teaching at Thorn-bury Secondary Modern School. Roland Davis and Alan Slade have completed their National Service with the R.A.F. John McTavish is serving his National Service with the R.A.F. in Germany. John Bennett has finished his and is working in the council offices at Bristol. John Niblett is studying to be an architect. David Simpson is working with a solicitor. Michael White is taking a printing apprenticeship. John Smith, Richard Hughes, John Martin have all joined the police force. Clive M. Beeks was the first pupil from the Bristol College of Commerce to win a State Scholarship. Rex. Cooper has been appointed to the post of Rating and Valuation Assistant to the Metropolitan Borough of Twickenham.

R. F. JACKSON

Photo of RF Jackson omitted

To many of the juniors, R. F. Jackson must seem an almost legendary figure, a name spread thickly through many sports reports and sprinkled liberally from the platform in Assembly.

This year, when he has reached a climax in his sporting career by playing soccer for England in the Amateur International Match against France, we present the facts

School: 1949-1957.

Captain of Association Football O.C.T.U., Eaton Hall

Commissioned in Gloucestershire Regiment 1957.

Seconded to King's African Rifles. Served in Kenya.

Played Cricket, Soccer and Rugby for the British Army in East Africa. (Like the Headmaster, he ran for the Army, but under very different circumstances.)

Hertford College, Oxford, 1959.

Secretary O.U.A.F.C. 1960-61

Captain O.U.A.F.C. 1961.

England v. France (Amateur) 1961.

VALETE

3rd Year Sixth

Margaret Davies
 R. R. Freeman
 M. A. Gee
 M. J. Hart
 B. J. Lee
 A. G. Rickards

2nd Year Sixth

Wendy Baker
 Anne Boreham
 Penelope Britton
 Vanessa Carey
 Hilary Clark
 Marguerite Coppola
 Jane Davis
 Marilyn Davis
 Marilyn Evans
 Jane Goodwin
 Helen Haste
 Cans Jones
 Susan Lester
 Susan Newman
 Anthea Orr
 Hazel Pritchard
 Jacqueline Raymond
 Geraldine Starling
 Rae Thomas
 Carol Wright
 J. Atkins
 B. W. Barton
 D. E. A. Gray
 L. Herbert
 J. A. Hubbard
 R. Jones
 D. G. King
 A. C. MacIntyre
 R. Millhouse
 R. Northover
 H. N. Roberts
 J. P. Simons
 P. G. Taylor
 P. A. Watson

1st Year Sixth

Judy Fudge
 Margaret Moore

Commercial Sixth

Kay Davies
 Kathleen Gray
 Elizabeth Le Mare
 Ann Northover

U5A

Bernice Botterill
 Pamela Cridland
 Margaret Mellor
 Janet Pearson
 Sally Staines
 C. Daw
 C. Doig
 A. Organ
 D. Wilkinson

U5s

Pauline Barrows
 Meralyn Curtis
 Pat Gulwell
 Marion Hodges
 Christine Hopkins
 Janette James
 Diane Moon
 Christine Moseley
 Gillian Northover
 Barbara Poole
 Pat Roach
 Anne Rowland
 Pamela Slade
 Dorothy Wiltshire
 R. Dewdney
 M. Hughes
 P. Reynolds
 K. Walsh
 T. Wines
 C. Winn

U5B

Christine Day
 Elizabeth Giles
 Ann Jones

Linda Sintin
 Evelyn Trueman
 T. Blaker
 T. Brook
 B. Curtis
 M. Evans
 T. Davies
 K. Harkness
 J. Hatton
 R. King
 I. Lowe
 M. Lyons
 R. Pearson
 R. Phillips
 B. Powell
 L. Price
 M. Webb
 D. Yelland

U513

Janice Hill
 Margaret Henderson
 Hazel Jefferies
 Rosalie Poultney
 Judith Rogers
 Anne Shore
 Margaret Slowley
 Rosemarie Smith
 Cynthia Tudor
 T. Bowers
 D. Edwards
 T. Chenery
 E. Deeks
 M. Howell
 I. Hole
 C. Jackson
 J. Morris
 R. Peckham
 P. Welsh
 T. Mills
 R. Jones
 A. Powell
 D. Rowe
 A. Johns
 W. King
 J. Vickery