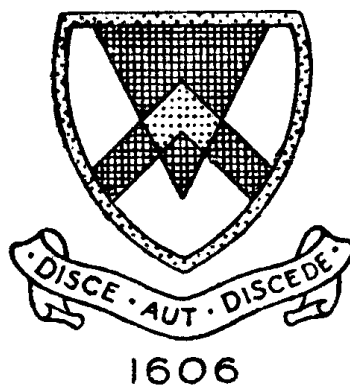


THE
THORNBURIAN



JULY 1962

THE THORNBURIAN

THORNBURY GRAMMAR
SCHOOL MAGAZINE

JULY 1962

Editor

A. TAYLOR

Sub-Editors

Joan Goodbrook Catherine Haste
P. Gregory

SCHOOL OFFICIALS

School Captains:

Delia Clark (H) D. F. Cleeve (C)

Vice-Captains:

Jean Scarbrough (5) P. A. Deeks (5)
J. Woodham (H)

Prefects:

Bethan Bishop (C)	P. Armstrong (C)
Peggy Bryant (C)	C. J. Bayliss (H)
Valerie Cornish (5)	A. Carter (H)
Mandy Durnford (S)	R. J. Crossfield (H)
Christine Gale (C)	R. Dibble (C)
Jane Harding (H)	U. W. Jones (C)
Janet Roberts (5)	R. W. Northover (H)
Margaret Stansfield (H)	A. J. Pearce (H)
Edith Wilkinson (S)	J. Reed (H)
Sally Winter (C)	H. Stansfield (H)
	I. A. Symons (H)
	R. Turner (H)
	P. A. Watson (5)
	R. F. Weeks (H)
	D. Williams (C)

House Captains:

Senior:

CLARE: Christine Gale, P. Armstrong.
HOWARD: Margaret Stansfield, R. W. Northover.
STAFFORD: Mandy Durnford, P. A. Deeks.

Junior

CLARE: Sandra Bell, M. Grosvenor.
HOWARD: Jane Andain, A. Champion.
STAFFORD: Avril Brealey, R. Dearing.

Games Captains:

GIRL'S HOCKEY: Mandy Durnford.
BOY'S HOCKEY: P. A. Deeks.
RUGBY FOOTBALL: A. Carter.
ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL: A. J. Pearce.
NETBALL: Peggy Bryant.
CRICKET: P. Gregory.
TENNIS: Jean Scarbrough.
ATHLETICS: A. Carter.
GYMNASTICS: G. W. Jones.
GAMES SECRETARY: Elizabeth Maxwell.

Head Librarian:

Jane Harding.

New Prefects:

Carolyn Davis (H)	P. Gregory (C)
Joan Goodbrook (5)	J. Lampard (H)
Catherine Haste (S)	A. Taylor (H)
Philippa Meachin (C)	

EDITORIAL

My enjoyment of black coffee is beginning to pall after several months of magazine work. Not that I needed the black coffee, but it is what all editors are supposed to drink.

Whether the coffee has had any effect upon the magazine only you can judge, but we have tried to produce something for your enjoyment, which at the same time will reflect the life of the school in its widest aspects. At least, we hope this is more than a summary of old news. We have tried to keep the tone light, although we have printed the two of the “angry” articles which were printable. We beg a fair hearing, and that we should not be jettisoned immediately out of the window of a school bus or be buried in the silage heap to mature.

In concocting this mixture I have had the invaluable help of Joan Goodbrook and Catherine Haste as sub-editors, and whilst Gregory was nominally Sports Editor, he has substantially contributed to other sections of the magazine too—to great effect. Susan Trayhurn has most ably ferreted out news of Old Thornburians, and Pamela Taylor has reduced many incoherent manuscripts into neat type. However the greatest acknowledgment must go to Mr. Quest, who has marshalled us in battle array and made up for our faults with ingenuity and wit. I should also like to thank the many contributors, whether their work was printed or not. Without them, there would be no magazine.

THE EDITOR (as seen by his fellow men)

The Editor was born, to the great dismay of his parents, who had been hoping that they might have been spared. He showed an early willingness to learn, but in spite of all efforts to teach him to say "Mama", the first word he uttered was 'money', and it has been an obsession with him ever since.

As the law demanded he was sent to school, where he quickly distinguished himself as a man of letters, having mastered his alphabet up to the letter 'T' by the age of 10, but insisting ever since that the rest did not concern him. Nevertheless he sat the 11 plus, doing just that for two hours or more. He obtained a place at Thornbury Grammar School, through the simple expedient of changing the name at the top of his companion's paper to his own, and vice versa.

He has not as yet been ejected from T.G.S., since his simple modest nature and the charming way he imitates his hero, Kruschev, in applauding his own remarks has provided his teachers with hours of harmless amusement.

Since nobody else was fool enough to take it on, he became editor of the Magazine. His letters still having progressed no further than T,' he has proved unsuitable for the job, and most of the work has been done by two Sub-editors, to whom all credit must go, whilst any blame for mistakes must inevitably be laid at the grave of the editor, who is expected to pass away soon, as a result of the brainstorm caused by the effort of writing the editorial.

General Notes

At the beginning of this school year, we welcomed Miss McKenna who has since ably taken charge of the girls' physical education, and has filled a vacancy which caused some difficulties last summer. Mrs. Campbell has taken over the needlework department.

At the end of the Winter Term we said goodbye to Mrs. Oldroyd and Mrs. Gambling. We would congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Gambling on the birth of a son, Alistair, and Mr. and Mrs. Wright on the birth of a daughter, Katherine.

At the beginning of the spring term we welcomed Mr. G. Williams, an intrepid Old Boy who after having gained high honours at Manchester University and after a period of teaching at Oratory School, dared again to enter the hallowed portals, this time to teach French. We also welcomed Miss Dyer who took over the German department, the third Cambridge graduate from Girton to do so.

Besides fresh faces, certain other more structural differences could be seen about the school at the beginning of the year. The new classroom beyond the Visual Aids Room has been completed,

and now serves as a sixth form common room. This extra classroom meant that a bottom corridor classroom could be appropriated and fitted out as a larger and better men's staffroom, and the secretary was at last able to flee from the "Black Hole" (now white-washed and transformed into a sick bay complete with deck chair) to take up quarters in the men's former staffroom.

Prefects were to be seen scurrying to and fro at the beginning of the term, clutching bundles of possessions and books, and eventually the girls found a home in the old sixth common room, and the boys in the geography room. The former prefects' rooms were now reserved for the Head Boy and Girl and senior prefects.

The grounds have remained as colourful and as tidy as ever, thanks to the care of Mr. Strong and Mr. Biddle. The patch surrounding the new classroom has been seeded, and planted with shrubs. The wall where the Old Barn stood has been renovated, and a quarter-cut oak door, made in the Woodwork room, fitted in it.

A noticeable change in the K.D.R. has been the provision of new water jugs. These are of very light plastic, but indeed have all the appearance of cut-glass. There was more than one unlucky pupil who was fooled by the deception and tensing his muscles for a heavy weight proceeded to shoot jug and contents high into the air, providing a fountain worthy of Bristol Council Offices.

As ever, during spare moments of the Spring Term, the air was filled with the sound of melodious and occasionally raucous voices lifted in song. To aid these efforts the piano was removed from the K.D.R. to the sixth common room—via the hospital, the gully stream, and Eastlands estate, we believe. It is rumoured that whilst this much-maligned instrument was being conveyed through the streets, Mr. Biddle was twice asked for his street musicians licence. Only the production of a Special Police Badge prevented his instant arrest.

There have been as many out-of-school activities as ever this year. The choir and orchestra, whilst tending to diminish in numbers, have retained, if not bettered, their previous quality. It is hoped that next year will bring a rise in support. The chess club has continued to function this year, the annual competition being won by J. Dempster (5C). Some of the players are said to have objected to the strategic use to which Mr. Ratcliffe puts his beard in obscuring part of the board during difficult manoeuvres. The Literary and Debating Society has only met intermittently this year. There has been a certain amount of very keen support from a wide cross-section of the upper and middle school when it has met, and perhaps more meetings will be organised next year.

Members of the sixth form German group this year competed in the German reading competition held at Bristol University. Cleeve gained 4th place.

Patricia Heal (USA) has been the first member of the school to enter the audition of the National Youth Theatre. There were 500 competitors from the West auditioned at Bristol and of these Pat succeeded in gaining a place in the short list of 20 people.

The school has long played a fair variety of sports, but this year two were added to the official list. A golf group was organised by R. G. Crossfield which meets weekly under professional tuition and is encouraged by choice comments from the Headmaster. The emergence of a boys' hockey team at first caused some amusement on the other side of the fence, but the girls were held to a draw in one match. Next year it is hoped to reform the side and play several matches against other schools.

The annual Youth Hostel trips to St. Briavels, Croseombe and Stow-on-the-Wold were very well supported and as successful as ever.

Trips of a less official nature have also been made—for example, by the projectionists of the Film Society, Crossfield, Stansfield and Scott, under the direction of Mr. Tuffnell, to the Whiteladies' Cinema, where they were shown the most modern equipment in Bristol. Gregory and Taylor of 61 made an expedition to Georges' Brewery during one half-term in connection with a General Studies' Project on cooping. There was some surprise and no little dismay evinced by their friends when they returned safe and sound. Two trips to Coventry Cathedral are arranged for the end of the summer term.

Finally we give our best wishes to those members of Staff who are leaving us this summer: Mr. Stacey has been with us nine years, and we wish him every success in his new post in Ormskirk (Lanes.) Training College. Miss Shearman who is to be married in August is joining the staff of Colston's Girls' School. Miss Scott is going to teach in Geneva, and Mrs. Campbell is to live in Newcastle. They have all, however long their stay with us, contributed valuably to school life, and we shall miss them.

CLARE HOUSE REPORT 1961-62

This year Clare has maintained a reasonably high standard in the inter-house competitions. Not only have we retained the Senior and Junior Rugby Shields and the Music Shield, despite vigorous opposition, but also we have gained the Senior Hockey, Junior Soccer and Cross Country Shields, winning this for the first time for several years.

We hope to meet with equal success during the summer term. A strong House spirit has been evident this year and has shown itself at two successful House Parties.

We should like to thank the House Staff for their help and encouragement throughout the year.

HOUSE CAPTAINS:

Senior: Christine Gale, P. Armstrong.

Junior: Sandra Bell, M. Grosvenor.

HOWARD HOUSE REPORT 1961-62

Howard has had varying success during the past year. The Junior House especially has proved very enthusiastic, and both the Junior Hockey and Cross Country Shields were gained.

The Seniors failed to retain the Hockey and Football Shields, but with such a promising Junior House, we hope that we shall regain them in the near future.

In spite of much enthusiastic support, we failed to gain the Music Shield, mainly because of our lack of instrumentalists.

We hope however to retain the Athletics, Tennis and Swimming Shields, which are at present in our possession.

In spite of early difficulties, the Senior House Party was a great success, whilst the Junior House is to have a Summer Picnic in place of a party.

We welcomed Miss McKenna and Mrs. Campbell in September, and shall be sorry to lose Miss Shearman, Mrs. Campbell and Mr. Stacey in the Summer. We wish them every success in the future.

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

HOUSE CAPTAINS:

Senior: Margaret Stansfield, R. Northover.

Junior: Jane Andain, A. Champion.

STAFFORD HOUSE REPORT 1961-62

The House has had quite a successful year. Although we lost the Cross Country Shield we redeemed ourselves by winning the soccer, two Netball Shields and the House Tennis Shield; whilst the hopes for the remaining competitions run high.

We were narrowly beaten into second place by Clare in the Music Competition, and many thanks must go to the music captains (Carolyn Frost, Janet Roberts, Watson and Freeman) who, by setting a fine example encouraged the house to bring out their very best.

The Senior House Party, although handicapped by a shortage of males, was enjoyed by the majority. The Junior House Party proved to be the most successful for many years.

We welcome Miss Dyer and our House offer our best wishes to Miss Scott who is leaving us to work in Geneva.

HOUSE CAPTAINS:

Senior: Mandy Durnford, P. A. Deeks.

Junior: Avril Brealey, R. Dearing.

MUSIC 1961-62

Yet again it is possible to record a successful year in the field of music. It is incredible that only four years ago there was no permanent choir and no orchestra whatsoever. Now, however, we not only have an excellent choir and an orchestra, which has risen literally from nothing to a position of considerable strength, but also pupils who are taking external examinations in the subject for the first time in the School's history.

Here we must congratulate Rae Thomas, whom we remember as the victorious music captain of Clare House and who has brought great credit to the School by becoming the first pupil to secure a place at the Royal Academy of Music. We wish her every success.

Now at last people are beginning to realise that sport is not the only important activity. Both the anthem at Founders' Day Service ("How lovely are thy dwellings" from Brahms's Requiem) and the music chosen for the Carol Service reflected to the Choir's skill. The chorale "Thee with tender care I'll cherish," from Bach's

Christmas Oratorio," which contains some technically quite difficult passages, was especially well done and again we were treated to Cornelius' "The Three Kings."

It was in this year's concert, however, that music reached its zenith. Because of the enthusiasm shown last year, the choir and orchestra gave two performances this year and needless to say, there were no vacant seats on either occasion. Brahms' setting of Holderlin's "Schicksalslied" was followed by the first movement of Bach's second piano concerto, during which it became quite clear how far the orchestra had progressed since last year and our soloist, Hazel Deeks, gave a spirited performance. The concert ended with "In Windsor Forest," by Vaughan Williams, consisting of five choruses from his opera "Sir John in Love," and the third of these, "Falstaff and the Fairies," was undoubtedly one of the highlights of the programme with both choir and orchestra ably creating just the right atmosphere. Surely after performances such as these we are now in a position to buy the other half of the oboe.

We were once again privileged to have as our accompanist Mrs. Wright, to whom we are greatly indebted and extremely grateful for giving up so much of her time.

Miss Astbury cannot be praised too highly for all that she has done for the school in the field of music and we only hope that she will be able to give us many more years of her inspiring leadership.

HOUSE MUSIC COMPETITION

Musical interest in the school has risen so rapidly that a whole day had to be devoted to the finals of the competition this year and even our adjudicator, the County Music Advisor, had only a few moments at the end to announce the final result. We must apologise for this and thank him for coming and putting up with our “musical and quasi-musical” efforts.

In the latter category Paul Whatley of Clare deserves our congratulations for his guitar version of the National Anthem which, although not obtaining quite the right effect, perfectly epitomised the general feeling of the day.

Stafford has reason to be proud of Philip Deeks (the leader of the orchestra) who lived up to his high reputation with his violin solo and the splendid idea behind Howard’s Initiative Group provided some first-rate entertainment.

After a very hard but stimulating fight, Clare was the victorious house (Captains Bethan Bishop and D. Cleeve) for the third time in four years.

THE MUSIC CLUB

You may remember that in the last issue of the Thornburian it was hoped that the interest which had already been shown in the club was not merely temporary curiosity. Unfortunately this has been the case. Let us hope that someone reading this who is not worried by external examinations will step forward to lead what could be an extremely valuable society.

Derek Cleeve.

BASSO PROFUNDO (or HOW LOW CAN YOU GET?)

“Music is the Bread of Heaven:
(Feed me till I want no more).”

D.R.G.

Miss Astbury raises her baton and this action has the effect of producing a hushed and expectant silence. I look around apprehensively. On my right is a big fellow with ginger hair and broad shoulders staring vacantly at a music copy.

And suddenly we are off! I look at my copy, glad that the words at least look familiar: “My soul fainteth.” I open my mouth uncertainly, and shut it again. I must assume an air of confidence at least. Although no sound is forthcoming, I discover that I can

produce a good effect by contorting my face on particularly high and low notes. The realisation that one can appear to be a person of considerable musical talent merely by having a wide range of facial expressions excite me. I am overcome with satisfaction, and instead of a tepid acquiescence in the music, I have developed all the glow and fervour of genuine passion. As the music builds up to a great crescendo and the baton finally descends, I close my mouth decisively and toss my head back with a firm flourish.



* * *

This was in September, when the Rugby team, challenged by Miss Astbury, packed into the busses, determined that they would tackle anything once. But in this case, the score was too much for 'them; they gave it a try, but were not converted. In fact, it was a drop-out—one by one, until now I only am left, a crow among larks.

D. R. Greves, 61 Arts.

ANYBODY HERE SEEN EARNEST?

A distance of about two months seems to be the right time lapse before writing about any momentous occasion. Time, and a strenuous course of exams, has banished most of the unpleasant features, and the memories which remain are merely amusing.

The climax of the final performance was inevitably to be spoiled. The curtain-raiser, determined to make things start with a bang, heaved mightily on the piece of string which drags them back. Unfortunately he selected the wrong piece of string; there was a snap, and he was rolling on the floor with about ten feet of cord wrapped around him. He had, however, succeeded in opening one curtain. The other was hastily drawn back by hand to reveal the bewildered head of an actor peeping out to see what on earth was happening, and also a treacherous loop of cord hanging from the proscenium arch. This threatened to strangle anyone who ventured forward during the first scene.

We who were trying to act were treated to the sight of our curtain-raiser hanging, bat-like, with bulging eyes and empurpled face, from a ladder steadied by two of his perspiring myrmidons, as he tried to retrieve the cord.

But all this was the climax of many weeks of sweat, blood, toil and cursing which had gone into this artistic production.

We tried out the first tentative moves in the Library before venturing on the stage. It proved smaller than we expected, and it was not unusual to witness such an imposing figure as Lady Bracknell precipitated into the arms of the butler through some improvident move.

A few other vignettes remain—the Hon. J. Worthing’s consternation when, on removing with a grateful sigh a choker which had continually threatened to do just that, he found his neck was some few inches longer than previous to the application of that garment of fashion.

One sees again the bland, benevolent face of Dr. Chasuble emerging from the gloom of the corridor, with dog-collar, black vest and clergyman’s hat, raising the latter to a group of the audience who were taking the air, then turning on them a naked and perspiring back, as he strides out to the wash-house, whistling Colonel Bogey” and showing that some clergymen are not what they might seem to be at first glance.

One pictures again Cecily, sweeping gracefully down the hardboard staircase, to be halted suddenly by an unknown force, a pained expression on her face as she retraces her steps to try again—the piquant annoyance as she is stopped short a second time, and the grim set of the mouth as she plods her way, an ominous rip echoing across the hush. She emerges triumphant, but with a slightly tattered hem to her skirt. There is some revengeful banging of the staircase before the next performance.

And then there was the time when Gwendolen and Algernon— but that’s another story.

A. Taylor, 61 Arts.

THE IMPORTANCE OF NOT BEING TOO EARNEST

If ever you have missed the Double-One by concentrating too anxiously, or fluffed a pot red or a put, you will know what I mean. It is possible to try too hard; success at some things goes to the one who is able to strike that happy, elusive balance between over-anxiety and insouciance. There is a place of poise where the meddling intellect is superceded by some instinctive rhythm. We acknowledge this truth every time we say “Sleep on it.” Games coaches are continually referring to this when they repeat such things as “Let the bat do the work for you” or “Keep your eye on the ball”—your **eye** on the ball, mark, not your mind. You may well “Keep your mind on the game” but the ball itself is wisely relegated to the eye, in fact to the natural responses and rhythms of the body.

I learned this truth again in the course of producing the school play this year. It was my first attempt at a full length production and I naturally wanted to make it a good one. I spent a good deal of time in the summer holidays sending to publishers and reading plays, and I got increasingly worried because I couldn't find the perfect one. A few days after term started, they were all abandoned, and I found myself happily settled with one out of my own stock-cupboard. I had been trying too hard.

I say "happily settled" deliberately. This wasn't just the peace that comes from having something settled finally for better or for worse. There was no question of worse; I knew this was for better because as soon as the title was suggested, the play cast itself. The floods of doubt were over; characters and actors paired up like the animals going into the ark, and marched neatly up the gangway into my mind. At the same time, I knew I hadn't only solved the immediate problem of what to do for the play this year, but also the general problem of how to choose school plays. As the sabbath was made for man, not man for the sabbath, so the play should be chosen for the cast, not the cast for the play. I read this in a book a few days afterwards.

First to enter the ark were Lady Bracknell and Delia, graciously hand in hand. Then a foursome—Algy, Jack, Cleeve and Taylor; they are adaptable; I was quite sure they could pair up happily inside and left them to do so. I read, again a few days later, that an actor should be given a part chiefly because the voice is right. Frankly it was Gregory's tummy that I saw marching up that gangway in profile with Dr. Chasuble's. Together, of course, with a certain bland benignity. But I was sure about him when I got him to repeat a few speeches and found that he could learn intonations. I soon found that he could do much better than that; he could interpret them for himself.

Edith and Miss Prism just seemed to associate themselves. Langdon had been a sort of ghostly butler in a previous play and was, I knew, something of a professional waiter. And as it turned out, he was more than adequate; he literally grew into the part and gave us the most well-rounded Merriman we are likely to see; he pushed himself forward and came right out in front. Jane still has the dew on her. I had already put "ingenuous" at the bottom of an essay ("I know you think I'm igneous, Sir") and she pattered primly up that gangway with Cecily, pert, perky and provoking. I wanted it all. Gwendolen came a little later. I don't know why, for once I heard her read some of the speeches, I asked Pat to do the part on the spot. Gwendolen is not a fully sympathetic character; she has more than a dash of her mother in her. Pat's is a trained stage voice and there is something in the very precision of diction that tends to repel the more slovenly of us. Sour grapes, perhaps; but however it comes, one can exploit

such reactions. Pat was perfect for Gwendolen, although there might be problems for her in a fully sympathetic part in a school production.

Thus did they all pair themselves up and jump into my mind. All I had to do was to open the door.

But I made the same mistake again. I couldn't let things work themselves out; I had to be worrying and pushing and striving. In the last fortnight there were times when the atmosphere at rehearsals was not relaxed and creative, when in fact again I tried too hard.

A second release came with the Dress Rehearsal. From this point onwards a producer can do no more—except worry. And that I actually enjoyed four performances without worry from the back of the Hall was due entirely to the cast with their happy blend of diligence and humour and their instinctive 'awareness of the importance of not being too earnest.

A.Q.

JUNIOR PLAYS

This year, it proved difficult to find suitable material for Junior Plays out of all the shorter works apparently intended for Women's Institutes or Mothers' Unions. This was rather evident in "The Old Settle," produced by Mr. Handan with 4A. The plot was not very inspiring, and it required excellent acting to carry it off. 4A made a very good attempt at it, and Mary Paddock and Peter Harding were especially good.

The "Crimson Coconut" presented by Miss Shearman and 3A had a good story, but some of the words were lost, as the actors were repeatedly forced to turn their backs on the audience. Janet Parker made a spy worth following, and Stephen Lambert was very good as the waiter, and we admired his attempts to make headway with Cook through the discouraging medium of a brick wall.

Mr. Quest and 2A abandoned the search for new material, and fell back on the old work with the new look, when they presented an abridged version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." 2A might have been walking the boards for years from the professional performance they gave. Evans was excellent as Quince, and found it quite a profitable part . . . the Headmaster had also played Quince a few years ago during his younger days. Ash, as Snout

(alias the Wall) was a proper square and Jones as Snug (otherwise the Lion) made a real cool cat. Trayhurn was the ideal choice for Flute (later Thisbe) and could have gone on killing himself quite happily for hours. Lesley Hill as Puck was an ideally restless sprite, and carried off a difficult part very well—indeed, the casting was perfect throughout. However, there was no doubt about the star—Tazewell as Bottom completely stole the show. Even Shakespeare would have sat up and taken notice, (if he hadn't been so bogged down with Hamlets, Omelettes, Bacon, etc.). He was perfect, from the toe of his gym shoe to the tin of his furry ears— in fact, there was no doubt that top was Bottom—or vice versa. The diction was, rather surprisingly, first class, and the play was even more enjoyable to the audience as the actors themselves were evidently enjoying every moment.

It is worth noting that every single actor this year was making his or her stage debut (at least on this stage), and that, with one or two very minor exceptions, the acting was excellent.

We would like to thank all those concerned with the plays, especially those unseen forces at work behind the stage, who make a most essential, yet unappreciated contribution to any production.

Sheila Durrant 61 Arts.

FLING WIDE THE GATES

School car-park duty entails getting the low-down on the school from a well-known thermostat operator, eating unused sugar lumps and left-over coffee-soaked biscuits and, not unnaturally, parking cars.

A horde of little green ants, aided by a masculine figure in a battered old trenchcoat, tries to direct cars into the smallest possible area, whilst an army of staff, all poker-faced, prepare themselves behind small green card-tables, praying the evening will be a short one and that they can equivocate more convincingly than last year.

Midway through the evening the arrival of the coffee is heralded by two boys struggling under the weight of a large urn. The coffee provides an unequalled antidote for dried throats and sore feet.

There are a few parents lacking in stamina who can't stand the pace. They sit down; some, braver, find it necessary to leave early, but their agonised screams of "Oh, Mm" herald to all and sundry

that they have been caught. Others, iron-willed, manage to fight their inward opposition and last out the whole evening.

After directing each car out of the jungle of steel with hypocritical shouts epitomised in “Goodnight,” innocent schoolboys gaze pitifully at teachers with the “Can you give me a lift?” look. And as they bitterly board the bus, they muse without enthusiasm on the duties of a sixth former.

D. Mendus, 61 Arts.

FLING WIDE THE CRATES

She looks like a sentry on duty!” Well, perhaps **I do**, but someone has to guard the crates. People stare as they pass. “Do I look odd or something?” I come to the conclusion that I do. The suggestions of some infer that I tidy up the milk crates because I have nothing else to do and because I cannot bear to pass without making some minor adjustment—but this is not so! I do this in my spare time because it is the duty specially assigned to me.

When you have a duty, it is usually for a certain time of the day, but I that this duty, like the housewives’ work, is never done. You have to be constantly on the alert for small boys, who appear from nowhere and precariously deposit their milk bottles, half full and containing bent tops and chewed-up straws. You are lucky if you do not get your fingers jammed sorting out their mess.

Has anyone ever spent the break picking up straws from the school field and lawns, and along the hedges and paths? No? How odd! I have! Someone had opened both ends of the box of straw, and a gust of wind had taken them off. Again I was eyed with curiosity and interest, as, aided by a few colleagues, I scrambled to rescue them.

Now my tour of duty is ended, I must admit I really became rather attached to those milk bottles. That probably explains why I cannot resist keeping a professional eye on them and frequently asking my successor, “How are the milk bottles getting on?”



ure crate-minc

Valerie Davies, 6’ Arts.

THE LAB.

I am a biologist. I have five other companions with whom I work and share my trouble. We look upon the laboratory as our second home, and Miss Rees as our motherly protector and Miss Scott as our sister. The laboratory is divided into two rooms, the classroom for the under-privileged non-sixth form members of the school and a smaller inner room.

Here is stored all the scientific apparatus such as microscope, micro-projector, teapot, cups and a gas ring. A cabinet in the corner contains rare specimens of past Field Weeks, the bottles bearing the names of some of the all-time great of Thornbury.

Our keenness and devotion to the subject is shown by the stunted and uprooted flowers when we search for dicotyledonous Angiosperms. The Lab, claims a diverse selection of animal life, most of which is all dead and stuffed, save for the newts, who lazily bask in their sun-drenched tank (a veritable Newt-ists colony).

3.50. Time to feed the newts.

G. Robbins, 61 Science.

THE LIB.

As I **Sit** and look at the drooping eye-lids which surround me, I think to myself, "These are the top 4% who, in a few years, will be running this country. No wonder Britain is going to the dogs!" A tired, bent M.O.S. sits at the desk, drooping over a pile of unmarked essays and tries to put on the air that he is working. The sixth formers doze in their chairs, and dreary eyes survey books by Green, Cobbett and here and there a copy of Prodd, well hidden inside Vase-Zygo of the Britannica.

Some gaze longingly out of the window at the sunlit lawn, while others lazily flit through pages of reference books seeking elusive information which may lead to the magic A-plus, of which we all dream. I look at my two companions. The smaller of the two closes his "Tudor Age" with a bang and whispers in soothing tones, "This is ridiculous."

The six-footer from the other side of the table leans across and whispers "Greg, what are you doing?"

Suddenly the silence is broken. The sleepy overseer is suddenly wide-awake with ears pricked. He rises from his throne and



marches with heavy stride towards us. Tables, chairs and children are thrown from his path as he descends upon the poor unhappy little group. The rest of the room gaze with expectant horror at the underlings who have dared to flaunt themselves before such authority. But suddenly the blast of hope rings in our ears—a joyful noise which heralds the end of the afternoon. The M.O.S. has finished his work; he has no

more time for we lesser mortals. Visions of his evening float before his eyes and he walks unsteadily to the door in a trance.

“READ ANY GOOD BOOKS LATELY? ..

“You’re late!” This is how we are greeted every Monday and Friday without fail. We’re simply not appreciated. We fight our way through the ravening hordes outside, unlock the door and let the mob in. We are trampled underfoot by the onrush, and when we eventually pick ourselves up, it is only to be greeted with cries of “How can we bring a book back on a Sunday?” “You stamped our books for February 31st!”—followed by muttered remarks which are better left unsaid. Once inside our airless, cramped dungeon (a nightmare for those prone to claustrophobia) there is no escape. We prepare once more for the onslaught. A queue quickly forms, unruly and unending. We wade knee-deep through the assorted copies of Shakespeare which litter the floor, and glance nervously up at the massive biographies precariously wedged above our heads—a well-aimed blow from Samuel Pepys would provide them with a ready-stunned victim . . . (“and so to bed . .

The animals meanwhile search for suitable fodder, incessantly complaining “Same old stuff!” “Mouldy selection!” Eventually they depart, only to give way to yet more desperate characters. Our customers come in all shapes and sizes—there are those who hunt in packs, who make a mass attack on the provisions and triumphantly carry off the lion’s share; these are continually

emitting their various war-cries, and require an iron control. Then there is the lone wolf, who prowls morosely from one end of the line to the other, and eventually discovers that he has forgotten his tickets. There are the regulars, whose well-known tastes are relatively easy to satisfy there are those with an insatiable craving for horseflesh, and others who find inter-planetary refreshment more to their liking.

At half-past one we resolutely shut the door and lock it for extra safety. To a background of stifled threats from outside, we enter the day's takings, then we make sure the coast is clear, creep stealthily outside, and bolt back to our respective holes to lick our wounds.

County Librarian sounds such a peaceful job, too .

Sheila Durrant, 61 Arts.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

We all know the contempt that is bred by familiarity; in this article we study the contempt that comes merely from unfamiliarity.

Three pupils and two Members of Staff were asked to give us their first impressions of our school. Results trickled in, impeccably typed on school note-paper or scrawled on half a page from a used rough book. Approaches varied from the whimsically obscure to the starchily upright. We began to do some hard editing to impose some sort of unity, but in doing so we found we had edited the individuality and naive charm of these pieces quite out of them. They appear here in all their freshness (nothing added; little taken away; it's all in the shreds!)

* * *

“Imposing facade”

I am a transfer, but I do not feel like a transfer. I stopped feeling a curiosity (because that's how all the established pupils regard one) such an age ago that I hardly feel justified in writing as a 'transfer at all. Perhaps this all adds up to my first impression—one of friendliness and natural acceptance which made, and makes, me feel as if I have been here for a long time.

I still remember, however, some very first impressions. I found the facade of the main block imposing (and my mother, who came with me the first day and who is a keen gardener, remarked on the beauty of the red roses in the front borders). I liked the smell of new paint which seemed to pervade the corridors, and I liked the way the corridors ran round the little patio, letting in extra light. I was delighted with the playing fields and the amount of garden space that surrounded the school. A grammar school in town has no such luxury, and for some reason I associated Grace Block, Orchard Spur and the Sixth Form Rooms with little bungalows and not at all with dreary classrooms.

Perhaps because it was an unfamiliar uniform and such a sober green, I decided that everyone was extremely solemn and studious. I was surprised to see juniors washing bowls, cleaning doorknobs and sweeping the corridor. I thought they must be very proud of the school to want to do this.

Back for More

1955—not so long ago. Place looks much the same. Few more buildings. Grounds and playing fields as impeccable as ever. Some familiar faces, many new ones. Strange not to be calling former masters ‘~Sir ‘—must remember still to address Headmaster as
Sir.”

Despite the increased numbers, academic standards are certainly no lower than they were. The sixth forms, in particular, have to work to justify their existence. My previous impression that the Staff did very little apart from cracking the whip and the odd joke has had to be seriously revised; in fact, the pressure of work is higher on this side of the fence, believe it or not, and teaching is anything but a sinecure. If your aim is a job with the maximum reward for the minimum effort, don't bother to consider teaching—not in this school, at any rate.

One privilege which is shared by staff and pupils alike at Thornbury is that of working and playing in very attractive surroundings. Few schools are fortunate enough to be located in such a pleasant rural setting, which is still fairly close to “civilisation,” and the facilities for games are unequalled in any school I have come across. This is surely one reason why the school has always been well known for the high standard of its games. Pupils leaving Thornbury rarely find such facilities elsewhere, and those who made the fullest use of the opportunities available are very glad they did so.

But it is not only in the realm of sports and games that Thornbury's country setting is of benefit. How much more amenable it is to work and study here in relative tranquility than in the noisy bustle of the city. Those who come here from the urban districts are particularly appreciative of this, and it is seen, too, in the number of old boys and old girls who seize every chance to visit the old school again. It is to be hoped that the city does not encroach too much on to Thornbury, and that the atmosphere of peaceful dignity which is characteristic of the town and transferred in some measure to the school will remain for many years to come.

Stability is, I feel, a very important factor in the life of a school, and that Thornbury is stable is clearly shown by the number of staff who remain here for a considerable time. One can be sure of meeting many old acquaintances when one returns, and the knowledge that one will not be a complete stranger when revisiting the school after leaving is most gratifying.

“One shilling for correct guess at the title”

Useful boy this when did you last see your father draughts scythe across the floor and wind billows down from the open windows someone's great aunt had a kink for biology or was it english in out whose cousin won the cross country from Ghent to Aix in 1918 the canvas chairs sag and gaping waste paper baskets lurk beneath the inhabitants of Severn Beach are still twelve feet under water while memory holds a seat in this distracted globe an unmentionable girl pursues red herrings across the sands of dee for sixpence are you one of old macdonalds chicken doing what he can her great grandmother found wandering quite of her own accord one of the best four minute milers caddies morris dancers delete where inapplicable we've had or was it excellent angelica wine good material this red circles olympic down the sheet martial bearing pale poker faces floor neat as a new pin drop clang it wasn't me wot done it it's a fair cop name and address supplied anon.

“Much good things” (as they say in Holland)

The main expressions I did up being in this school were about the following subjects.

School uniform: I dislike the school uniforms in general because it takes (or ty to takes) away quite a lot of your individualism. Everybody is dressed in the same colour, what gives me a prison idea. I also think that one should also be allowed to wear something else than always a jacket, tie and closed shoes. There, of course, some advantages, like the fact that everybody is dressed alike, and a teacher can't distinguish you from a distance so easily. It is also very good, of course, that everybody has got the same value of clothes (expensif) so there can't be so very quickly rivalery about clothes.

The Prefects and sixth formers : I don't like the prefect system. I don't see why another school boy, perhaps two to four years older than you should have as much power over you as a teacher. I especially hate doing jobs for sixth formers and prefects, as carrying bottles from the Prefects' room. But this can, of course, also be because I am lazy. From a prefect it is still to endure this things, but when upper fifth and sixth form are doing the same, and ordering you around I think this stupid.

Girls : I don't like the school uniform for the girls. It doesn't suit them. I think it further also nonsense that a boy shouldn't be allowed to talk to a boy or the other way round.

So far I have not been very complimentous, but there are also much good things about the school, such as the pupils, teachers, etc., who are in the majority nice. I was also a bit astonished about the fast area of land the school has. All the sporting fields and so much classrooms. I further also like the assembly in the morning. That is also a good thing.

“Disce aut discede”

It was two days before I came to Thornbury Grammar School. I found myself standing in a wide open corridor, whose walls were decorated with many beautifully kept shields and interesting photographs and charts. For a few moments I was so intrigued and absorbed in these that I did not notice a door to the left of me. On it was a plate bearing the legend: “Headmaster.” I became strangely nervous for the first time! To the right of the door above my head were three small lights bearing the words “Come in “—“ Engaged “—“ Wait.” I think it was these three lights which told me the most about about the standard and class of school to which Thornbury belonged.

Needless to say, they also told me something of the character and nature of its Headmaster. Then I remembered the words of a teacher at my old school—” Thornbury Grammar School is of a very high standard and has a good reputation.” Even then I could see signs of it for myself.

My impression was reinforced when I was shown the Orchard Spur and Grace blocks. I could not help noticing the fine wrought iron gates, particularly the school badge and beneath it—” Disce aut discede.” Each day every pupil who passes through these gates is reminded that he must learn or leave, so that he works half through fear of being thrown out if he doesn’t.

You can imagine the devastating resolutions I made as one who had not yet been taken in!

LAST IMPRESSIONS

I first saw Thornbury in hot sun. After London and inescapable crowds and hot pavements it seemed peaceful. The school, after a cramped building of weird design, seemed idyllic. There the form-rooms were built round a central hall-cum-gym, which meant that at the most dramatic point in a lesson, about fifteen feet from the ground, at the top window, a contorted face would appear, hanging from a rope! Here the bell echoed gently round the buildings and the pupils seemed to wander gracefully through the gardens to the next lesson.

You notice I said “seemed.” It wasn’t quite like that. They weren’t all that civilised! In fact I had to get used to some infuriatingly plausible excuses and elaborate red herrings I had myself tried out many years before. But you can easily forget the unpleasant elements and occasions in school life because there is so much that is enjoyable. Living and working in a community you enjoy makes it difficult to leave. Getting to know the people, their enthusiasms and prejudices, their humour, their ambitions, and watching them progress from Enid Blyton to D. H. Lawrence, you get involved.

But of course, there are honours for the future. Surely they can’t have rustic chairs in their dining room which account for two or

three pairs of stockings a week? And there can't be another living creature like that distinguished cricketer who can't spell opinion (or is it really opinion? I shall never be sure again.)

They really must be given more time on Monday mornings so that I can count the dinner money my usual four times and come to a sensible conclusion for a change. And, best of all, the prospect of peace and escape from the impossible stories told with a straight face by certain unmentionable members of staff to confuse and mystify!

But even these are not enough to make me happy to go. Not even a television set which doesn't persist in having horse-racing on one channel and big-band jazz on the other when a highly educative programme is advertised, and which could be approached without making you feel you were climbing Everest, and a chemistry Lab, with a smell-proof barrier round it, nor even a more subtle shade of peas would convince me it was good to go.

I suppose I might return. I little thought when I left my own school that I would ever return. Perhaps twenty years from now I might ... but no. That would probably shatter my illusion.

J.C.S.

TRUE TO FORM

Here are four impressions of pupils in a form by other pupils in the same form. Can you guess which form it is?

The impractical joker. This girl has glasses and looks studious. Her favourite topic of talk is historical novels; she likes the blood, thunder and sudden death. But the main thing she is renowned for is her jokes. Everyone at some time in their career at school must have heard at least one. Whenever you meet her you know that the first thing she will say is, "Have you heard the one about ...?" The joke will be told whether you say Yes or No. They are usually long and never funny. Here is the latest addition to her repertoire "A man went to a psychiatrist with a daffodil growing out of the top of his head. **Man:** Isn't this a little peculiar? **Psychiatrist:** Yes they are usually over at this time of the year."

The solitary debater. A fiery red mop comes haring into the form room and assaults you with a nuclear disarmament poster.

"Have you joined?" If you haven't, you are an outcast. So it's safer to pay up and sit down. She may also try to sell you a one-way ticket to Russia. You should not be affronted; she is only interested in promoting world-wide travel. A rock of the Deb. Soc. for ages, she has stood the test of time, even holding meetings on her own. We wish she would invite us to one one day.

The sweet pea. Of course this rara avis has to be different. Not content with the normal shade of green for a school cardigan, she sports one of a colour comparable to one of our celebrated school peas. Her hair isn't regulation colour either; only that's

Thornbury Gadget

(and PATCHWAY QUILT)

THIEF DRIP BY MAGISTRATE

The lack of fourpence caused him to become a juvenile delinquent, This was stated at the Raspbury Under-Eleven-Plus court last week, when a young offender presented the Magistrate with an unusually comprehensible confession. "I don't want this to go any further than you and me" he said. The Magistrate nodded

Homework to blame

One evening I left my books at school. I had to do my homework. I therefore affected an entry. Remembering that I had left the tap on, I climbed into the water pipe and dripped out of the tap. Realising that I had no money for the return bus fare, I decided to ring home to ask for some. So I had to have fourpence. Putting my hand in

my pocket, I chanced upon a stick of dynamite already lighted. Carelessly I tossed it aside. The room was filled with smoke."

"Non-Smoker"

The money trickled to my feet; an iron box was lying open against the wall. Realising that my homework did not have to be given in next day after all, I abandoned my search and flew home. Pausing only for a pint of blood at the Kings Neck."

"silly"

Asked by the Magistrate if he wasn't very sorry about this and whether he didn't think it a very silly thing to do, the defendant said, "I am very sorry about this. It was a very silly thing to do."

He added that he would not do it again.

For Sale:

CANES (well cared for, but well-used)
SET OF GOLF CLUBS
Send quotation to Hm. Box No. 1606

FREE FILM SOCIETY SEATS

Who are the Lucky Couple
This Week?

The answer is somewhere on this page

NO COLOURS FOR BOYS' HOCKEY

Unusual activity among the sixth form boys in the East Term culminated in the launching of a Boys' Hockey XI. We began with a series of warming up matches against the Girls team and the Staff. We brok even with the Girls, but beat thE *Staff*.

Taking courage from this modest success against experts, we looked to further fields, and although not aspiring to World Cup fame, we did make a "chile" trip to Bristol Grammar School. The opposition called themselves "The Casuals," but whatever the origin of this name, by the end of the game we found ourselves the casualties with a very sick unbeaten record. Only the tea provided, and a very comfortable ride home could bring us round to a cheerful acceptance of our lot (none for; nine against, to be exact—quite a lot!) Needless to say, it gave us great pleasure to return to play against the weaker sex and replace the apologetic air of defeat with the joys of evenly fought combat.

However, our efforts were rewarded with a mention in dispatches, and a team photograph which we proudly displayed with the football and rugby photographs in the corridor.

Results: Won 1 Lost 1, Drew 2.
Goals: For 4, Against 12.

Colours: No colours were awarded.

P A Deeks 63.

TOPICS DIGESTED by 'Gorgonzola'

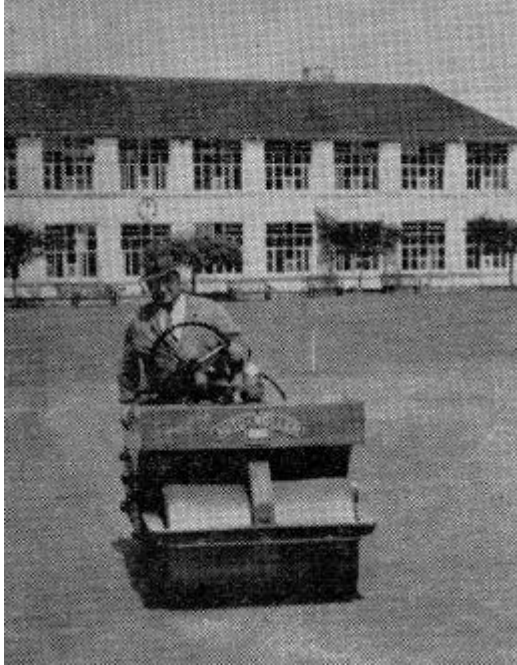
A starchy problem

I never realised quite how much we relied on those bearded balls of starch in school meals. Now the balls have been flattened into rectangular pieces of squidge, margarined on alternate sides on Mondays and Wednesdays, if the cook remembers to buy the marge.

We have discovered that our members of staff are quite adept at being "mother" and hanging round the bread. Nevertheless the disappearance of potatoes has left an aching void on our plates which will not easily be filled. We shall miss their passing. With all their faults, we loved them still and we are sorry they have gone. We mourn their going.

Waste Paper

We would deplore the extravagant wastage of paper that has long gone on uncriticised in this school in the provision of terminal reports. We would recommend simply the handing of Health Slips (sometimes known as "Dog licences") to those whose presence is required during the next period of incubation, and a gentle push to those who have been freed. This would be much more economical—and far less worrying for everyone.



CAMOGRAPH (MDCVI)

Few can claim to have led such an active, varied and at all times hazardous life as Frank Biddle, now caretaker of Thorn-bury Grammar School. And in whatever sphere of activity he has been engaged, whether as builder, special constable or upon the foaming seas, there has always emerged a story of initiative and personal dash. The first modest reaction to our correspondent's questions was to "give the kitchen and cleaning staff a pat on the back"—a typical example of his unassuming manner.

One of the lesser-known aspects of Mr. Biddle's exciting

life has been his long association with the forces of law and order. He first joined this fine body of men as a special constable, but was called upon to serve his country during the dark days of this century. At the turn of the tide, in 1944, he was transferred to the 6th Maritime Artillery, with which he toured a great deal of the Western Hemisphere, under the affectionate name of "Guns" Biddle. But even when back in the comparative peace of post-war England, duty still called and he rejoined the police force, remaining a special constable till this day.

Mr. Biddle is an all round sportsman, and revered in local sporting circles. Not content with

an outstanding playing career, Mr. Biddle has provided solid backing and firm support for sport in the Bristol area. In his younger days he was a keen member of the Old Down Cricket Club and in 1921 his abilities were recognised and he was invited to join Thornbury C.C., of which he remained a member for 35 years, the last five as captain of Second XI. He is still a pillar of that club, being one of the only three Life Members.

In the football world Mr. Biddle may well speak with pride of his 25 years as a first class referee in Local League Football.

Nor is he ever afraid to give his opinion on any subject. Always a stout supporter of the school, he said that in being extended it had lost none of its former character and he expressed optimism for the future of both academic and sporting life.

Non-non-smoker Mr. F. Biddle is no 9—4 worker. As caretaker, he takes care of our interests day and night. He is the first on the spot with every burglary, and if you move the latch on Orchard Spur in the evening, he will be questioning your movements the morning after.

Our photograph has caught him in happy mood at the controls of the AUTO-Roller.

To younger members of the school, Mr. Biddle may seem a little formidable. But although it takes a long time to approach him and perhaps even longer to get round him, it is well worth the trouble. For there is always a ready story worth recounting, a story which gains much by

being told by Caretaker Frank Biddle.

TALKING ABOUT THINGS

by Sou' Wester

Much Ado

Larceny always hits the headlines, especially when it makes an assault upon all that is valued in the literary world. We lament that such an assault has taken place, and although the stolen article has been recovered, the thief has not yet been apprehended.

The theft was of a basket containing some fifteen priceless manuscripts analysing the motives of Benedict in chasing Beatrice round the gooseberry bush—much ado about nothing had been the verdict of most of the contributors—and also an orange.

The basket was lifted from a oaked car, and great was the consternation of the authors when informed by a blushing member of staff that their manuscripts had flown.

A week later the basket was recovered, complete with manuscripts ready marked, though minus the orange. It was remarked that the marks were better than usual, and that the member of staff was quite welcome to lose the next lot.

The bright hour

In Form Prayers on April 1st, the good thought was expounded by that eminent man of letters, D. R. Greves, who expounded on his theory of the merits of temperance and cancer. Tea was served, and D. R. Greves was seen to produce a small hip-flask inscribed with the legend Drinka Pinta.

natural. Asked to describe it, a boy said, “Well, it’s not one of the primary colours, is it?” I should say it was just off— Well, just off! She is very sweet-tempered, and her temper is never more even than when she is acidly slandering you—to your face of course; she likes watching the expressions of her victim while she dissects him. She’d never do anything behind your back, unless it was to strike you with a milk bottle (full, of course).

The man of letters. This gentleman is considered by many to be a bit of a rogue. I think it is difficult to generalise on him in this way.” His hair-style is the pride and joy of the form. He is certainly a man of letters—the most prevalent of which is a large red capital L. The latter must be shown whenever he is at the wheel of his “Commer” or his speedy souped-up motor cycle.

GREGORIAN CHANTS

(While the following lines have no intrinsic merit, they derive interest from the subsequent eminence of the author, who, since writing them in 2Beta, has, among other things, composed recently the lines beginning “Chatter, chatter” printed below.)

In common with other great schools,
We Juniors think most prefects fools,
For they dish out the lines,
Without reasons or rhymes,
And we sweat it out—that’s the rules.
When we reach the famous sixth form,
Both Juniors and Masters will mourn;
We’ll be crafty, not kind,
Ask for money not lines,
And smoke fat cigars night and morn.

P. Gregory, 2Beta.

[This was submitted to the Magazine in 1957 and rejected. If you turn to page 1, you will see why it is included now.]

Chatter, Chatter

Chatter, chatter, talk and noise,
They never let us be;
We shout and beg and coax in vain,
No sixth-form life for me.
Lines, Essays, Threats go by the Board;
How can I get control?
We’d not have dared, when I was young
To mock the prefect’s role.
So all you young men who aspire,
A Sixth-form place to hold:
Things are not what they seem to be
Nor all that glitters, gold.

P Gregory, 6¹Arts.

NO DUCK FOR MR. POOLE

Nothing particularly hilarious happened this year in the annual fixture between T.G.S. Staff and "The Venturers."

The game was due to start at 6 o'clock, but since nobody arrived until a quarter past, it didn't.

The School batted first in very poor light. To begin with the pace was very slow, but Mr. Gambling (captain) set a good example by scoring two or three. No one on the school side made more than ten, except Mr. Poole, a "non-stafficial" member, who made thirty n.o.

Mr. Tuffnell scored a six, and things looked up towards the tenth over, but as there were only sixteen overs allowed per side, things didn't get a chance to look much further up. The Staff finished at seventy for nine at the end of sixteen overs, but the "Venturers" didn't do too well either, scoring thirty or so for about seven or eight, so, apparently, we won.

Apart from bad light, spitting rain and wet ground, it was a pleasant game, and we scorers were able to take it lightly after at least two five-ball overs and three seven-ball overs.



J. Appleby, 4A.

UN-UNIVERSITY LETTER

Dear Editor.—At School one is frequently reminded of the importance of the chance one is offered of going to a University, and how one should grasp some of the vast opportunities to obtain the very best out of the life which a University offers. However, as a Magazine editor will know, for some people reminders are not enough, and hence I find myself writing to you from the Bristol Aeroplane Company Technical College.

I have developed a vastly different attitude to work here, mainly as a result of receiving Union rates for a 42 hour week. And one never loses one's sense of the magnificence of the college buildings; their age is a reminder that Filton has been a seat of learning for close on seven years. and they encourage the realisation that one's education is bounded by one's syllabus.

Tradition lingers here—in 'the unique academic dress of oilstained green, and in the notable and inspiring ritual of 'clocking the card', which is religiously observed at intervals throughout the day.

Above all, I have realised how true it is that failing to get to University is not an end but a beginning and I find myself extremely indebted to the School for enabling me to grasp this opportunity.

Yours sincerely
J. P. SIMONS

CROCK OF AGES LEFT FOR ME

I dispose of old cars. In the last year I have disposed of five. You may think that this is no way to make a living. It isn't, because when I say 'disposed', I don't mean sold.

The first car I had, I sold admittedly. Scrap is worth six pounds a ton. I got three pounds for a car weighing fifteen hundredweight. The scrap dealer explained why it was only three pounds very logically. It took him three hours.

Rather than have the scrap dealer talking to me for three hours about my next car, I gave it to a friend who owns a junk shop.

I went to London for Christmas. I stopped for a cup of coffee in Marlborough. When I tried to start the car, I couldn't get any compression. I lifted the bonnet and was amazed to find that the cylinder head had been removed. A friendly Jew told me that he would fix the car for a fiver. I handed him five one pound notes. With the help of a friend he pushed the car away; I never saw him or the car again.

At Easter, I went down to North Devon. Do you know Croyde? Well, I drove onto the beach. As I did so the car lurched. I was flung against the steering wheel and knocked out. On top of the wooden seats I had an inflatable cushion. I remember coming to. I was being gently rocked as I was washed towards the shore. When the tide went out, the car was nowhere to be seen.

I disposed of the fifth car in North Wales. I shouldn't really say 'disposed — lost' would be nearer the truth. While I was driving about in the mountains I ran out of petrol. I walked for miles before I found a garage. When I got to the garage I couldn't remember where I left the car—and I never found it either.

The car I've got at the moment is home-made, combining safety with luxury. The seats are sprung, with foam rubber cushions securely attached on top of them. They even have head rests. They are also fitted with life-saving devices called safety belts. To add to safety, I have wrought iron bumpers, and a climbing rose is being trained up the radiator grille. This is a long-term investment. In twenty years I shall grow a magnificent crop of spinach on the spot; they need iron in the soil!

J. Goodall, USA.

BUBBLE, BUBBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE

Reflecting on the days of Dan Dare, Jeff Arnold and Luck of the Legion, I can remember two types of bubble. The most common of the two was the hot-air bubble, which issued from around about a character's mouth, starting as a point and gradually increasing in area. The rarer of the two varieties has certain small, but vital differences. The bubble is emitted in the form of a smoke-screen from somewhere in the hair; the words in the bubble are also occasionally preceded by "(Thinks)".

This is the most important bubble to me for a simple reason—I have nothing which will follow "(Thinks)".

My "(Thinks)" Bubble has blown up, in both senses of the word, in one night. It was one of those nights. After weeks of routine school work, you suddenly find yourself the proud owner of several duties. In the space of ten minutes I found myself due to attend a meeting concerned with initiative, and due to produce a masterpiece for the School Magazine.

Bubbles were prolific that evening, but all suffered the same death. My favourite idea was: "A critical appreciation of Teachers - Ideas were particularly well developed in the sphere of teachers connected with arts subjects, especially English teachers, and the subject of - how they force their ideas on the pupil" loomed large. Science teachers can't force their ideas because they teach fact, but in the realms of literature, art and music the element of opinion is introduced. It stands to reason that thirty people are not going to agree with Miss Hathaway's idea of the hidden meaning in the "Jabberwocky - A few might not see the idea of

There was an old Man, on whose nose
Most birds of the air would repose;
But they all flew away
At the closing of day,
Which relieved that Old Man and his nose.

Although to me it is fairly evident that it expressed the suffering of all people with physical deformities, and the fact that they can only creep out under cover of darkness.

My bubbles burst; ideas vanished. It looked as if I could only come to the startling discovery that teachers are human.

The second plan only reached the title stage. It was a good title; what a pity there was nothing to go with it. The title was And then they remembered - It was the tale of a school play

prompter. Over all those weeks of laughter and hair torn from the roots, one thought occupied my mind: what should I do if the actors forgot something? They didn't, but how hard they tried. Speeches were missed and others said twice during major performances.

Considering further ideas I came to one conclusion: writing for a school magazine has certain limitations. The basis of the writing must be of general interest. Who wants to read about

My cousin's wedding" or "My First Job"? Not even I do.

The result would be similar to a feeling experienced when I recently dug up an old "Little Stoke News Sheet". For the price of one halfpenny we of the primary school were allowed to revel in what might be called the Stone-Age counterpart of the "Thornburian". The magazine, which consisted of one faultily printed sheet guaranteed to send the reader cross-eyed, was edited by a member of our sixth form known as "Trog". (I am told "he is still thus euphemistically entitled"). The sheet contained news varying from the despair of knowing that "Clandine Todd's cat has flu" to the ecstasy of learning "Stanley Cook's newt has had newt eggs".

When I come to think about it, I definitely feel that choosing a subject for the school magazine is difficult. I'm still trying to think of one.

Now, what can I write?

WHAT can I write?

What CAN I write?

What can I write?

What? Can I write?

April Fool's Day 1962

J. Lavis, USA

TIME AND TIDE

I gazed upon the rocks, and thought
Of what the ageless seas had wrought,
As waves smoothed on with soft caress,
Or crashed with growing fearlessness.

They pounded on the rocks in vain,
And then surged back to pound again;
But every wave had left its mark,
For as I sat there in the dark
And watched the moody seas cascade,
I saw the crannies they had made
Through countless ages, as each crest
Mad-thundered down without a rest.

These rocks are scarred and jagged now;
They call to me, until somehow
My urgent spirit fiercely craves
For beauty wrought by ancient waves.

Delia Clarke 62 Science

WALTER, WALTER, LEAD ME TO?

They say Sir Walter Raleigh
In the reign of good Queen Bess
Sailed homeward to these islands
And landed us in this mess.
For on his latest voyage
Two things he had received
A large sack of potatoes
And some tobacco weed.
They welcomed him with open
arms,
And said how well he'd done, And
very soon, 'tis sad to say,
They bought them by the ton.
A meal is not completed now
Without a spud or two,
Although the dieticians say
That starch is bad for you.
A meal is not completed now
Without cigarettes to puff,
And many men, and women too
Are addicts to the stuff,
Though doctors say this noxious
weed
Inhaled into the tissue
For day on day and year on year
Might cause a fatal issue. In spite of
what the experts say, If you ate the
fruits of Raleigh Though spuds and
smoke fill up
the earth
You'd be a proper Charley.

Carolyn Barlow, 3A



CHIVALRY

In the words of the immortal schoolmaster Mr. Gwilliams, Chivalry is not dead - But it is very hard to keep it alive. When one speaks of chivalry, one invariably thinks of girls, although boys can, and often are, chivalrous to boys. I have seen a boy stop in a doorway and say to his companion, "After you - The companion replies with a gentle, "You go first" —and then they both walk through the offending door at the same time and get squashed.

Have you noticed that whenever you are fetching a girl a chair (under the direction of "We're all one big happy family")

/1

—Maths teacher) you usually end up with a series of giggles coming over from the female quarter. You serenely go to collect the chair and are just about to put it down in front of the desk, when you trip over your feet.

Those giggles

Girls seem to giggle over anything. They must either have a very high sense of humour, or none at all, although, I suppose if girls didn't giggle, the world would be a quieter and more boring place.

Yes, chivalry is not dead, and it will probably go on for a long time yet—but someone else can be chivalrous next time:
I haven't lost my bruises yet.

S. Earley, 4A.

BRISTOL IN THE EVENING

The soft black velvet of the whispering night;
Massive cubes of sea grey stones
Loom passive in the jonquil dusk;
Through plate glass windows models stare
With painted lips and silver hair;
Their lashless, lidless pale blue eyes
Hardly appear to harmonise
With virile fresh creation.
I have seen those faces many times
Pounding the shimmering flagstones;
Their feet rebound
And echo down the street
To fall in wells of silence.
Before gold lights blaze through the dark— The soft black velvet of the
whispering night— These who are soulless walk
Talk
Turn to look at those who intervene,
Tell them that they— Only a unit in a vast machine
Which screaming on digests its prey
And at the end, the body, a useless shell,
Is thrown away.

Annette Tyrell, 61 Arts.

WHAT AT THE TOP?

Suede shoes are very transitory things, and whether they cost 29/6, 49/6 or even 89/6, they will only last a season or two—and anyway they are the devil to clean.

And you worked quite hard for that 89/6. It's funny; there are so many things like suede shoes you have to buy, and for the

cash you have to work—tied to a lathe, desk or bench you plod away for one third of your life, with a third for sleeping and a third in which to “live it up” if you so wish. Sure, life is very easy nowadays during the third you work, compared with what it used to be—but it is a negative sort of easiness. Is it wasted?

Thus think many who have been working for years.

And we are on the edge, about to take the plunge. Do we put it off, and go to university, or do we take a deep breath and dive in, hoping for the best and invariably receiving the worst?



Even if we go to University, it's been a long time at school, nearly twenty years being educated. What then? (Either be a teacher or a secretary, says a girl friend cynically.) We are deluded into thinking that just because we have been at school for twenty years we shall walk into a plushy job, and we are quickly disillusioned.

This attitude is very typical of so many girls and boys about to leave school. They are out to have a good time, to be successful, to get to the top—and for what? They do not really know—unless it be for more suede shoes

And when he gets to the top, probably as a bilious, balding, indoor, nine-to-five executive of modest success, what does he find there? The only apparent comfort for those at the

top is that they can look down on those at the bottom—but what point is there in that?

Of course, one need not play for security at all. More interesting possibilities are to travel around the globe in ironware or to be scalped by the Congolese—but few of us are physically suited for the first, or morally suited for the second.

And where do we go from here ?

A. Taylor 6¹Arts

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

We stand in the street watching the passers-by. All hurrying, pushing. To what? For what?

“Most men eddy about...
Striving blindly, achieving nothing. .
And then they die...”

Man is aimless, drifting uselessly in a chaotic existence, wandering towards “the falling fruit

And the long journey towards oblivion .

Oblivion! A drowning of cares, a deadening of sorrow. But this sort of life would be soulless, meaningless. What is the answer then? Perhaps death? Death would be sleeping without reawakening to reality—just endless sleep. But sleep without thought, without enjoyment. Empty, lifeless sleep.

This realisation makes us appreciate reality, which is life and an acceptance of things as they are. Life is real, life is full, life is what we are doing and thinking and discovering. Life is pulsating, an unfolding mystery. From this age of discovery we must build. In doing this we move from a child's view of the world seen entirely in relation to itself, to an adult world where we see things in a wider perspective, and where we must each fit in. We each must do something in the world—that is our responsibility. But what? That is also the burden on our shoulders

—to find out, to discover. How? By discussion, argument, an eternal search for the new, the exciting, the exhilarating. Doubts are quick, doubts about the universe. Why are we here? To what purpose? A need emerges—to answer these questions, to find out everything, to know what to do when we leave the security of school. There is a need to “know thyself “—to find thyself.

Catherine Haste 6' Arts

ST. BRIAVELS 1962

By the bulk and weight of some of our packs one would have thought that we were going on a Himalayan Expedition, but earlier hikers had told us that the St. Briavel weekend was only for the hardy and energetic so we had stoked up with great supplies of sandwiches, pasties, etc., to keep up our strength. We waved a fond farewell to the Head as we boarded the coach on Friday evening and on reaching Lydney we had tea in the woods and walked o~ to St. Briavels, the only Norman castle to be used for a Hostel. It stands high on a hill with magnificent views across the Wye Valley. The Warden told us that Llandogo once was used as a main harbour but it was difficult to imagine it a scene of busy marine activity!

After a good breakfast, Saturday found us tramping off to Symonds Yat along tough muddy tracks which I believe are used only once a year—by Thornburians! We climbed Symonds Yat, where some of the party decided to go boating and the others to relax and enjoy the view. Crossing the Wye by a small ferry we found our coach on the other side and it was pleasant to view the Country from a comfortable seat like a normal tourist. A good cooked dinner awaited us at the Hostel and a happy evening was spent there. Lynn told fortunes and we were delighted to hear that a romantic future is in store for one member of the staff. The Warden took us on a tour of the ““aunted

‘ouse” and informed us that we may see the ghost of a little grey lady in the dining room. When my sister made this trip some years ago, her Warden possessed the ghost of a little grey man.

Future Thornburians will doubtless eventually see a family of little grey children. The boys were intrigued to find their dormitory was over a thirty foot drop to the dungeons and we were encouraged to throw coins into its depths to ensure a second peaceful night in the Castle ..well, who wants little grey ghosts disturbing their sleep ?

Saturday morning brought a report that Mr. Ratcliffe spoke in his sleep but as nobody understood him, it was assumed that he was working out a quadratic equation, a feat we find hard to accomplish when awake! We walked to Tintern Abbey, a serene lovely place, where we met the Head. Needless to say a football match materialised, boys versus girls, the latter admitting that there is more in this football game than meets the eye. A few lame warriors caught the bus to Beachley whilst the rest walked along Offa’s Dyke to the Devil’s Pulpit and this was voted the best walk of the week-end.

Leaving behind us the most beautiful view down to the River Wye, we caught the bus to the Ferry and so home to hot baths and meals. We do appreciate very much indeed the kindness of the staff who took us on this enjoyable trip and managed to get such a mixed bunch of hikers back to Thornbury all in one piece. To Miss Scott, Miss Cleverley, Mr. Jaques and Mr. Ratcliffe. . Thank you.

Linda Lee U5C

GEOGRAPHY—BIOLOGY FIELD WEEK

The aspirations of higher education took us this Easter to Dinas Dinlle in North Wales—a bleak spot ..the sea on one side and a salt marsh on the other. For the duration of Field Week, sixth formers and members of staff taking Geography and Biology (Miss Rees, Miss Scott, Miss Cleverley and Mr. Gwilliams), Mr. Quest, Mr. and Mrs. Jaques and Reg. disguised as coach driver, immersed themselves beneath the foaming torrents of Geographical and Biological knowledge.

On the journey up one boy (Robbins) made an energetic start for the Biologists when, while still in the mild plains of Hereford-shire, he insisted on visions of buzzards, sparrow hawks, vultures and other adverse creatures of the moon (Robbins included) swooping above the coach; he has since been christened “the bird man .

In a blaze of coloured garments and enthusiasm, we went exploring the Lleynpeninsula. While the Biologists went fishing the Geographers studied Hell’s Mouth and other notable geo

graphical and inhuman features. On the return to civilization, Mr. Gwilliams won a game of Russian billiards.

Catastrophe followed. Sunday was Snowdon day. It snowed— three inches of it fell while we were walking. Expert navigation successfully got us lost—until the arrival of Mr. Gwilliams, who paved the way through the swirling mist to the summit, from where we had an excellent view of more mist. Via a narrow arrête which fell to

unknown horrors of mist on either side, we stumbled down the mountain. Mr. Jaques ran into difficulties here when his moustache took fright and froze up. Most of us arrived safely at base. (Elated Mr. Gwilliams won another game of Russian billiards.)

The visit to Penrhyn Slate Quarries gave an insight into Welsh industry – the men were on strike ...but the workings were interesting. The Biologists spent the morning potting lacustine life. That afternoon in torrential rain, / one group of geographers found solace on the Devil's Kitchen, while the others suffered horrible agonies of mud and water near Swallow Falls. The Biologists got lost. For the transect survey, we studied the Conway Valley. This consisted of tea with the station master and a guided tour of an aluminium works for one geographer. “You do the physical, I'll do the human,” she said to her partner. I really think she believed her section would be less interesting.



For competition day we were “out on our own - This certainly made for initiative. One Biologist, with the request in mind for any “other specimen of interest - spied the carcass of a dead sheep, and dutifully delivered it an unburnt offering to the feet of Miss Rees. Subsequently, the boarding house was overrun by odd insects, segmented invertebrates, hits of leaf, rock specimens

and frustrated sixth formers. Hayward, Williams and C. Haste emerged as winners, but Mr. Gwilliams lost a game of Russian Billiards.

With Biologists included in the Menai Straits, we made a town survey of Bangor. In the afternoon we surveyed the Biologists walking lazily round Beaumaris. On trespassing into the local forests, they were pounced upon suddenly by a loaded rifle poised at the ready. They scattered, but explained later with true Biologist curiosity, that “there was something in there which they didn’t want to get out - Robbins suspected more buzzards.

On the last evening, Mr. Gwilliams was acclaimed over-all victor at Russian Billiards.

The week was one of activity and profit, as well as enjoyment. We are most grateful to the members of staff who enabled it to be so successful.

UNDER THE WIDE AND STARRY SKY

School may be an expander of outlook and knowledge, but it is only when you start talking about holidays that you realize its true limitations. It is out of school that the true, often undiscovered talent of enjoying life to the full is exercised. An enthusiasm infects the listener as these carefree wanderers lose themselves in blissful memory of their days of freedom.

Gerard and Bayliss (62) for example, spent their summer travelling around Wales on pushbikes. Unfortunately, Bayliss has finally decided to limit records of his escapades to his own book of memoirs (to be published in 1984). He did admit, however, that he spent two nights in a Youth Hostel, two in a tent, and two in a barn, but he didn’t say how long the holiday had lasted.

Wendy Lumbard and Mandy Durnford (62) went in for a life under the stars when they went hitch-hiking in S. Devon. Life proved most eventful, as when they got a lift in an open cement lorry in a howling gale. When their baggage fell off and burst all over the road, they caused a minor traffic hold-up. They survived police investigation, to reach the sea, where, in search for pleasant natural surroundings on the beach, they stumbled on a nudist colony. As a final effort, while walking along a flooded towpath, Wendy missed her footing and landed in the river. Mandy meanwhile was struggling in the clutching jaws of a pothole. The bits and pieces were collected in time for Wendy to go sailing later in the holiday—but she broke the mast.

Catastrophes can be fun, it seems, but surely not all the time. Sue Cotton (5B), for example, went to France this Easter. In the first week she caught German measles. Three days later, she was

rushed to hospital with appendicitis. The ultimate disaster, one might think, until she went on to say that she got mumps in the next week. It takes an indomitable spirit to reply then to the question “And how did you enjoy the holiday?” with “Fabulous!”

Most people have milder holidays, exciting in a different way. I gather, from a very rushed exchange of words, that Melhuish and Cypher (USA) spent their holiday prising off other people’s Corona bottle tops with the brass lids of bank night safes. For pleasure, they went deep sea fishing “with a tank aerial. Unfortunately, we failed to catch anything—from the sea.” Lack of further time to question them forces me to leave them in this shroud of mystery.

Cherry Blythe (USB) spent Easter scouring the Mendips for potholes, but enthusiasm sapped rapidly when she found only one, which was full of water. Valerie Cornish (62) experienced the same sort of thing when she went to Anglesey last summer and tried her hand at rowing, but the boat had a large leak in it. Valerie, by the way, has recently gained her Bronze medal in the Duke of Edinburgh’s Award Scheme.

Pat Heal (USA) went pony-trekking last August in Wales and Linda Lee (USC) went camping in Italy. Carolyn Paterson went to Denmark, where she spent two days with the great-grandson of Hans Christian Andersen.

Lesley D’Arcy-Drake and Hazel Legge (6’ Arts) had several interesting experiences while Youth Hostelling this Whitsun. ‘Wishing to cross the River Wye, they were blithely looking for the ferry marked on the map when they met an old rustic. He gripped Lesley’s shoulder, pushed back his hat and said, ‘~Thar bain’t no ferry yer no more. Go over the stile, down the meadow an’ over the railway bridge.’ After several stiles and several meadows they reached the bridge only to be greeted by a notice: “NO ONE IS TO CROSS THIS BRIDGE.” They looked left and right—and scuttled over in safety.

The Boy Prefects’ room provided plenty of scope for information—and imagination. Armstrong, Watson and Weeks were revelling wildly in their trip to the South of France. They went with Aristotle (or was it Socrates?), ‘Winnie’ (presumably the Pooh) and “The Beaver” (Lord Beaverbrook?), and they spent the time cruising on the Riviera in their super yacht—which flew! Of course, it was Armo who went to Butlin’s last summer, and Armo’s courage which broke the ice on the swimming pool by diving from fifty feet!

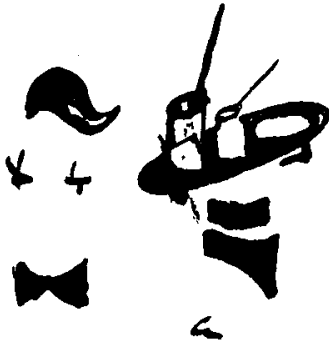
Williams and Symonds sobered the situation down a bit by reports of hitchhiking in Germany. “We turned down an offer

by an American of a Mercedes for £30,” they said. But perhaps this also borders on the mythical.

With great pride we were able to report that Carter says he has climbed another mountain. The reason? “Well, you never get to the Olympics by sitting ..

Langdon was among the rapidly expanding retinue of waiters, dishwashers, potato-peelers and tourists from T.G.S. who invade Bournemouth every holiday. This group almost forms an elite society in the school now.

Wyn Jones spent a strenuous summer taking soil samples on the Filton By-Pass Substitute. This consisted of collecting and delivering bits of mud on the spot. He even got paid for it. It was Jones who on a spur of the moment decision one Saturday evening hitch-hiked to Cardiff with Gay. A normal trip? Yes, until they were nearly involved in two accidents and then spent all night talking to an alcoholic and finally meeting the first convict to escape from Cardiff prison for eighty years



(best friend of Alfred King, famous Dartmoor escapee)! And all because they arrived too late to wake up Jones' aunt.

So it goes on, with a few mentioned and many unmentioned incidents. Catastrophe, confusion and carelessness—but rarely design—all go to make the best of a holiday. Perhaps it is the lack of these which is really the limitation of the school. Certainly, without it, life under the wide and starry sky never attains quite the perfection and spontaneity necessary for a complete contrast with the disciplined sobriety of school.

Catherine Haste, 61 Arts.

HOCKEY REPORT 1961-2

This year the Hockey teams have met with average success. The First team, with hard work, and a few choice comments from the Headmaster, have managed to win several matches. There were two highlights of the season. First was the annual “bloodbath” against the Staff, which was won by the School; the second event was the match against the boys, the result of which was a draw

.. amongst other things!

The Second team has tried very hard this season and have gained valuable experience, for ..

Much praise must go to the Colts team, who have played excellently throughout the season, and proved to be promising first team players.

Colours awarded to: Jean Scarbrough, Pippa Meachin, Pamela Taylor, Pamela Noble.

Half colours to: Sally Winter, Tina Lippi.

RUGBY REPORT, 1961

The School 1st XV has had a poor season, winning only five matches out of the eleven played. The Colts and under fourteen teams showed little promise for the future of the school's rugby.

The immediate sources of failure were the frailty of the three-quarters, who whilst sometimes brilliant, were more often shoddy, and the failure of the pack to co-ordinate and release the ball quickly enough from both the tight and loose.

The School had good wins over the University, Bristol Grammar School and the Old Thornburians, the latter, as usual, were not at full strength and only succeeded in combining towards the end of the match, when they looked very dangerous.

It is a relevant fact that the six matches lost were all against teams who play rugby during both winter terms.

Colours have been awarded to: A. Carter, P. Whatley, D. Williams, T. Symonds, D. Greves, J. Hortop.



SOCCER REPORT, 1962

The School First Eleven has had a very mediocre season, winning only six of the twelve games played, losing four and drawing two. The season began well enough with six games without defeat, but these games were either at home or against poor opposition.

The defence showed up well at the beginning of the season, the experience of the team lying in the defence, but as the season wore

on, time caught up with these old hands and under the strain of better opposition, they cracked up, giving away almost as many goals as the forwards scored throughout the season.

The Old Boys' Match was very disappointing, the team's first defeat against the Old Boys for many years.

The Second Eleven only had two matches, both against Cotham, of which they won at home and lost away, giving very good performances in both games.

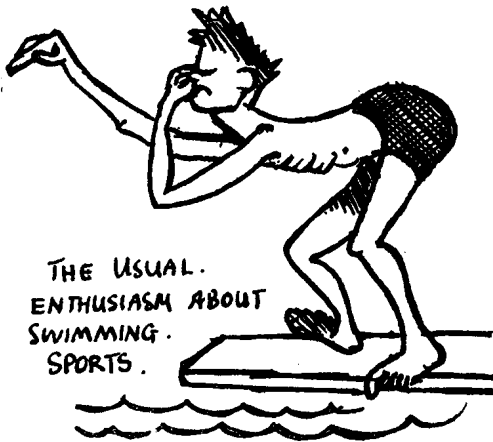
The Colts played well in all of their matches, winning two out of the three, but the Under 14's were unlucky.

Colours have been awarded to: J. Hortop, D. Greves, A. Pearce, J. Sansum, A. Carter.

CROSS COUNTRY DAY 1962

The weather on Cross Country day matched the attitude of most boys at its mention—it was bleak and rainy. This, however, was Overshadowed by the keenness of those few competitors who had actually been foolhardy enough to train, and by the enthusiasm of the onlookers, eager to cheer (or jeer) home the

drenched survivors (or as we prefer to call them, soaks).



The crowd took the Junior event as an appetizer as they saw Champion, Atherton and Curtis lead the field.

Most people considered the Intermediate event to be a foregone conclusion and so it turned out to be Dearing and Jaques, the school's two

Gloucestershire representatives, taking first and second places.

The star attraction, of course, came last and the Seniors set off at a fast pace. It was an outstanding run by Gunning which brought him home 3 minutes ahead of his closest pursuers Stansfield and Cleeve.

Some hours later the great Armo was seen emerging in somewhat bedraggled condition from the deep and murky waters, but this faithful old stager could still summon a smile and a sign of victory to his host of cheering admirers on the bank.

Results: Juniors—1, A. Champion (H); 2, R. Atherton (H); 3, A. Curtis (S); 4, 1. Hodges (C). Intermediates—1, R. Dearing (S); 2, P. Jacques (S); 3, J. Dempster (C); 4, B. Organ (H.). Seniors—1, 1. Gunning (C); 2, H. Stansfield (H); 3, D. Cleeve (C); 4, G. Church (C).

P. Gregory, 61 Arts.

NETBALL REPORT

The First team was disappointing this year, playing only three matches. We were unable to keep up last year's winning record and lost them all. Although we practised regularly we did not work well as a team but with more matches, however, teamwork would doubtless have improved.

The Under 15 team has played consistently well and shows promise for a future first team. They have won eight of their ten matches. Some of the matches were very exciting to watch and were won only by determination.

The Under 13 team has won four, lost five and drawn one game. They played rather erratically at times and need to work together more as a team.

The First Year team has played two matches and lost both. Some of the team, however, show a lot of promise for next year's Under 13 team.

Colours have been awarded to Linda Paver and Peggy Bryant. Half Colours to Kathryn Wilkins and Diane Lewis.

RECORD OF SCHOOL HONOURS

Honours (Old Thomburians)

- A. C. Darby, Ph.D., A.R.I.C., Queen's College, Belfast. Margaret Bracey, B.Sc., 2nd Class Honours (1st Division), Mathematics, Southampton.
- B. G. Keedwell, B.Sc., 3rd Class Honours, Chemistry, Chelsea College of Technology, London.
- A. C. B. Nicholls, B.Sc., Mathematics, Nottingham.
- O. H. R. Price, B.Sc., 3rd Class Honours, Chemistry, Chelsea College of Technology, London.
- R. Wells, B.Sc., 2nd Class Honours (1st Division), Chemistry, Chelsea College of Technology, London.

Southern Universities Joint Board

General Certificate of Education. Advanced Level, 1961.

P. Armstrong, History, Geography. (County Major Award).

J. E. Atkins, Physics.

Wendy Baker, History, French, German. (State Scholarship).

B. Barton, German, Pure Mathematics.
 Anne Boreham, English Literature, French.
 Penelope Britton, French German. (County Major Award).
 Vanessa Carey, History, Geography. (County Major Award).
 Hilary Clark, English Literature, French German.
 Marguerite Coppola, History, Biology.
 Margaret Davies, History, Geography.
 Marilyn Davis, English Literature, History, French.
 P. A. Deeks, Biology, Chemistry, Physics. (County Major Award).
 Marilyn Evans, Biology, Art.
 R. R. Freeman, Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics. (County Major Award).
 Christine Gale, French.
 M. A. Gee, Chemistry, Physics, Pure Mathematics.
 Jane Goodwin, Physics, Pure Mathematics. (County Major Award)
 Jane Harding, French.
 M. J. Hart, Physics, Pure Mathematics.
 Helen Haste, English Literature, History, Geography. (County Major Award).
 J. Hewkin, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics. (County Major Award).
 J. A. Hubbard, Pure and Applied Mathematics.
 Caris Jones, Religious Knowledge (Distinction), French German. (County Major Award).
 R. G. Jones, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics. (County Major Award).
 D. G. King, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics. (County Major Award).
 Susanne Lester, English Literature, History, French. (County Major Award).
 A. McIntyre, Physics.
 R. Millhouse, Physics.
 Susan Newman, Biology, Chemistry, Physics. (Bristol City Senior Award).
 R. W. Northover, Chemistry, Physics.
 Anthea Orr, English Literature, History, Art. (County Major Award).
 Hazel Pritchard, Latin, Religious Knowledge, English Literature. (County Major Award).
 Jacqueline Raymond, English Literature, History, Geography. (County Major Award).
 Dorothy Rickards, French.
 G. Rickards, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics.
 H. N. Roberts, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics. (County Major Award).
 J. P. Simons, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics. (County Major Award).

Margaret Stansfield, French (Distinction).
Geraldine Starling, Geography, Pure Mathematics, Applied
Mathematics. (County Major Award).
P. G. Taylor, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics. (County Major
Award).
Rae Thomas, English Literature, History. Music. (County Major Award).
Pamela Watkins, French.
P. A. Watson, Geography.
R. F. Weeks, French (Distinction), German, Pure Mathematics. (County Major
Award).
Carol Wright, History, Art.

General Certificate of Education. Ordinary Level, 1961.
(Candidates with five or more passes)

J P. Bradley, D. J. Chapman, A. R. Chenery, M. B. Cleaver,
G. H. Collins, Pamela Cridland, B. J. Curtis, K. G. Darby, Valerie
Davies, Carolyn Davis, R. I. Dewdney, C. Doig, Sheila Durrant,
Sylvia Entwistle, K. W. Freeman, R. P. Gay, P. K. George, Joan
Goodbrook, D. R. Greves, Catherine Haste, A. Hayward, Janice
Hill, Christine Hopkins, J. H. Hortop, M. E. Howell, Hazel
Jefferies, Julia Jones, R. V. Jones, R. P. King, W. G. King, I. F.
Lampard, Diana Lovell, M. J. Lyons, T. D. Malone, Elizabeth
Maxwell, Margaret Mellor, D. J. Mendus, Diane Moon, Gillian
Northover, Mary Northover, Janet Pearson, R. I. Perry, Barbara
Poole, Roselea Pountney, A. Powell, G. R. Robbins, Pamela Slade,
Sally Staines, R. A. Taylor, D. H. Tebworth, H. C. Thomas, B. I.
Thomas, Christine Thomsen, J. F. Trebble, M. K. Walsh, L. R.
Wilkinson, I. G. Willis, Dorothy Wiltshire, T. Wines, Audrey
Wright, D. R. Yelland.

Commercial Certificates, 1961
Royal Society of Arts Examinations
Pitman's Shorthand Speed Examinations

Jane Davis, Rosalyn Davis, K. Davies, Kathleen Gray, Elizabeth Lemare, Ann
Northover.

THE OLD THORNBURIANS' SOCIETY

Mr. H. Lewis (Chairman), Mr. G. Williams (Secretary), Mr.
R. Hill, Mr. R. Howell, Mr. D. Woodward (Vice-Chairman), Mr.
D. Hawkins, Mr. S. G. Hunt, Mr. G. Excell, Mr. D. Trayhurn, Mr.
L. Hawkins, Mr. R. Barton, Miss Rees, Mrs. J. Joseph, Mrs. A.
Harris, Mr. T. Wright (Staff Rep.), Miss B. Knapp.

News of Old Thornburians

This year Roger Jackson, after winning fame in football and gaining a place in the England Amateur International Team, has turned his hand to rugby and is doing well in this sport too. This summer he has been included several times in the Oxford University Cricket XI.

Tony Britton is known to everyone for his success in the world of entertainment but there are two more Old Thornburians, who are on the road to success in the same sphere. Valerie Mountain has sung several times recently on television. Jim Sparrow, after leaving school, joined the Bristol Musical Comedy Club and appeared in their annual productions at Bristol Hippodrome. Two years ago, he was given the lead in the club's production of "South Pacific." This experience led him in good stead when he decided to turn professional. Since then he has appeared in the West End production of "Oliver" and after appearing as one of the leading dancers in "The Music Man" at the Adelphi Theatre he is now on tour of the country with this show.

E. R. Gray has been awarded his athletic and cross country colours for H.M.S. Fishguard, where he has successfully completed Part I of his apprenticeship, and Plymouth Command. He has received a Captain's recommendation for sporting achievements and has captained the Establishment cross country team and gained a first in S.W. Counties Youth Championships (making a new course record) and first in Plymouth Command Championships. In athletics he gained an A.A.A. Standard award during the Royal Navy Championships.

Lloyd Wilkinson, now a Police Cadet, is going on the Outward Bound Course in Cumberland and specialising in mountaineering.

Wendy Baker is studying history at Girton College, Cambridge. Rosemary Clews, who was a Librarian, is now training to be a teacher at Norwich. Cans Jones is studying French at Manchester University. Jeanne Pearce is at Cardiff University.

Cynthia Tudor, Lesley Jacob, Ann Kirkhead and Pat Ree are nursing. Many Old Thornburians are now at the B.A.C. or Filton Tech. College, including Janet Pearson, Sally Staines, Bernice Botterill, Judy Rogers and Mary Herbert. Mary Wilson, Ann Beard, John Phillips and Linda Manning are teaching. Christine Cook has successfully taken her secretarial course. Jacky Britton, Lynette Sansum and Eileen Jenkins are working in insurance offices. Anthony Bishop is at a science lab. in Birmingham and Marcia Harris is working in the laboratories of the Imperial Tobacco Company. G. Bailey is training in Yorkshire as a helicopter pilot. D. Latham, Ann Northover and Jill Northover are working in banks.

M. Hanks is banking in Uganda; Yvonne Underhill has gone to Germany; Lynette Mills has gone to Australia.

At the Bristol Aeroplane Technical College the following Old Thornburians gained successes :—M. H. Brown, City and Guilds Electrical Technician's Course (Final); A. F. Carter, City and Guilds Machine Shop Engineering (Final); D. A. Fox, City and Guilds Machine Shop Engineering (intermediate); D. J. Martin, Higher National Diploma in Mechanical Engineering; G. A. Rich, City and Guilds Machine Shop Engineering (intermediate); and D. F. Waring, City and Guilds Electrical Technician's Course (Final).

Engagements

Brian Keedwell, Jacqueline Starling to Alan Jenkins, Eileen Jenkins, Michael Prichard, Jean Whiting, Roselea Pountney.

Marriages

Brian Thompson, Joan Clutterbuck, Rosemary Rosser, Perry Collins, Jill King, Lynette Mills, Brian Selwood, Roland Davis to Gloria Boxwell, Victor Ray, Felicity Riddiford, Tony Harding to Christine Jeans, Sally Durnford, Anne Weeks, Maureen Kelly, Ann Rea, Christine Thompkins, M. Matton, J. W. Narbett, Marilyn Wright to David Martin, Sheila Fairman, Maureen Watts.

Births

Mary Britton (née Neate)—a son. Jim and Doreen Stutter (née Hathaway)—a son. Roland and Pauline Rosser (née Robson)—a daughter. Dennis and Ann Hawkins (née Phillips)—a son. Derek and Margaret Hawkins (née Caswell)—a daughter. Hazel Staley (née Gray)—a boy.

All Old Thornburians were deeply grieved to hear of the tragic death of "Chick" Hamilton and his wife Margaret and their daughter. A memorial seat is being placed on the school field by the Old Thornburians' Society.

VALETE

THIRD YEAR SIX

P. Armstrong. P. A. Deeks. R. W. Northover. P. A. Watson. R. F. Weeks.

SECOND YEAR SIX

Bethan Bishop, Peggy Bryant, Valerie Cornish, Heather Daniels. Mandy Durnford. Carolyn Frost, Christine Gale. Jane Harding. Wendy Lumbar, Patricia Player. Dorothy Rickards, Jean Scarbrough. Margaret Stansfield. Judith Thomas. Eris Tudor. Pamela Watkins. Sally Winter.

C. J. Bayliss, A. Carter. D. F. Cleeve. R. J. Crossfield, P. G. Davis, R. Dibble.
R. D. George. M. R. Hawker. G. W. Jones. A. J. Pearce. J. R. Punton.
H. H. Reed, J. Reed. D. I. Scott. H. Stansfield, T. A. Symons. R. Turner.
P. D. Whatley. C. A. Williams. D. Williams. J. H. Wright.

FIRST YEAR SIX

Leslie D 'Arcy Drake. Jane Floyd, Hazel Legge.

COMMERCIAL

Anne Coupertwhaite. Diane Hucker, Julianne Jones. Deirdre Palmer. Rosemary Sheppard. Pamela Taylor. Linda Wright.

UVA

Susan Bucker, Diane Lewis. Kay Marshall, Wendy Miller.
Mary Palmer, Linda Paver, Elizabeth Cowp2r. R. McLhuish. M. Hardiman.

U V APLHA

Margaret Fed, Sandra Harmon, Susan Holland. Pauline Jones, Christine Lansdowne, Susan O'Neill.
Julie Parker. Muriel Sheppard, Margaret Snook. Suzanne Spencer. Catherine Stock, Mary Webb,
Hilary Wright.

G. W. Church. D. F. Collard. D. Elson. N. A. Jesson. J. E. Marshall. P. C. Mossman. B. A. Rowsell.

UVB

Judy Cook, Janet Meek, Vivienne Northover, Susan Pearson, Constance Seddon, Leslie Watts,
Christine Wheeler, I. Boreham, C. Brown, S. Clark, M. Cole, A. Constable, P. Cook, R. Grey.
R. Harris, D. Hunton, A. Ind, S. James, R. James. T. King, D. Kirkman. D. Long, P. Mainstone. R.
Pursey. J. Reynolds. R. Stock. P. Trickett. M. Wilson.

UVC

Ann Davies. Ruth Doncaster. Christine Everdon. Janet Forward. Pamela Jonys. Sally Skinner, Cynthia Teague.

R. Dark. R. Keating. M. Morrell. C. Taybor. A. Welsh. D. Williams. J. Wilson.

ARTHUR N. KNAPP

The School lost an old and valued friend by the sudden death of Mr. Arthur Knapp, of Holly Farm, Oldbury-on-Severn, World War on 31st May.

Mr. Knapp was at the School during the period of the First under the headmastership of Mr. Ross and for many years maintained a keen interest in the School through the Old Thornburians' Society of which he was Chairman for five years, retiring only last January.

In his younger days he was a well-known sporting figure in the Berkeley Vale and played cricket for Thornbury and Oldbury and football for the Thornbury Club.

He placed a high value on good sportsmanship and on several occasions during his period as Chairman of the Old Thornburians' presented a cricket bat or tennis racket for outstanding contributions in School games.

He will be remembered by his wide circle of friends as a kindly, warm-hearted personality, always ready to help in promoting the interests of the School.