

THORNS

Thornbury Grammar School Magazine

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THE EDITORS WRITE

This is 1968—and we have a problem.

As members of the most senior form in the school, we have lived through a great number of alterations, and the greatest of these is, of course, the announcement that our school—our Grammar School, of an old and honoured foundation, is to be swallowed up to satisfy the insatiable appetite of Comprehensive Education.

This prospect, with the potential benefits of new buildings and facilities, a new comprehensive system where the less academically inclined pupils will not be forced as they are in the lower streams of the school, into an academic syllabus unsuited to their personalities needs, and a completely fresh start in a new location, is the future to which we can look forward.

A new bigger school will give scope for a broader range of subjects—wider choice for all. There will be a bigger sixth form—possibly separate—where the atmosphere will be one in which people are treated more as students, and less as pupils.

We have had varied and violent ideas for reform during the past year, but they seem pathetically vague when faced by such an unprecedented upheaval.

The old and time-honoured traditions of T.G.S. will of necessity be lost, as will, lamentably, the exceptionally attractive grounds in which the present school stands, but these sacrifices must be made for a better education.

The opportunity created by an, as yet, un-named new school, is to build up traditions of its own, set new standards and gain the respect and help of the community.

Whatever the format of the future school, it will need all the efforts of pupils and staff before the transferred educational skeleton becomes even the pale ghost of T.G.S.

We have been challenged—and we look forward to the chance of proving the ability of THORNBURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL to rise to such a challenge.

R.H. P.M. L.H. P.G. S.H.

Apologies to a Traveller

*“Is there anybody here?” said an Editor,
Knocking on a common-room door,
And the pen in the silence scratched the pad
Which noted the magazine score.
And a shrinking member of Staff,
Beyond the Editor’s sight,
Escaped through a window to London Town,
And forgot the Editor’s plight.*

Rosemary Haines

HEADMASTER'S NOTES

There were 503 pupils in the School in September 1967, with 105 in the Sixth Form, including 14 in the newly-formed Sixth General.

The past year has been notable for the large number of Staff changes. We lost Mr. G. Williams at Christmas to Hereford High School for Boys, where he is now Head of the Modern Languages Department, and Miss P.J. Cleverley left at Easter to become Senior Mistress at Withywood School, Bristol. Mr. P.J. Ingram left in July on becoming Senior Master at Patchway School; Mr. L.R. Gwilliams has been appointed to a lectureship at St. Mary's College of Education, Cheltenham, and Mr. T.J. Tracey goes to King Edward VI Grammar School, Nuneaton, as Head of the Classics Department. To them all, we offer our thanks for many years of good service to this school, our congratulations and best wishes.

We welcome seven new full-time Members of Staff, who joined the School in September. Mr. A.G. Dykes from Bristol Grammar School succeeds Mr. Ingram as Head of Physics; Mr. G.Wallace, who comes from Plymouth College to become Head of Chemistry, is an additional appointment to enable Mr. A. Hill to concentrate on his responsibilities as Deputy Headmaster; Mr. R.K. Holloway, who has been teaching at Eastbourne Grammar School, succeeds Miss Cleverley as Head of Geography, and Mr. N. Large comes from Bedford School to replace Mr. Gwilliams. Mrs. J. Jackson is now teaching History in a full-time capacity, and Mr. V.J.W. Casey, Miss M. McDowall and Miss S. Nuttall come from York, Manchester and Nottingham Universities respectively, for their first teaching appointments. Mr. P. Vittle joined us from Hinkley Grammar School last January to be responsible for Religious Education, and he has already made his mark in the short time that he has been with us. We also welcome Mrs. A.J. Casey who joins the part-time staff to teach English.

There have been a number of changes in the Governing Body this year, the most notable being the retirement of Dr. E.M. Grace, who has been associated with the School for over thirty years. He always took a very keen interest in our affairs, especially Cricket.

It has been a full and busy year with an ever increasing number of events appearing on the School Calendar. Traditional functions have included Speech Day, at which the Vice-Chancellor of Bristol University, Professor J.E. Harris, was the Guest of Honour; Founders' Day Service when the Preacher was the Bishop of Tewkesbury, the School Concert—Handel's "Messiah", the Athletics and Swimming Sports, the House Music Competition, the Sixth Form Field Week in North Wales, the School visit to Switzerland, Youth Hostelling weekends, and the usual run of House parties, Folk Dances and visits to theatres, lectures and conferences. In this respect, the School minibus has been an even greater asset than any of us ever imagined.

Innovations have included the presentation of Drama Workshop and a very successful Open Evening in May when parents and friends had an opportunity to look round the School and grounds and see some of the work being done in different Departments. Numerous favourable comments indicate a wish for a repetition a few years hence.

There have been several notable changes in the School in recent years, among them changes in curriculum and teaching methods in a number of subjects, and a change in entry procedure whereby we are now taking in a wider range of ability: but there has been another marked change in this as in other Schools. The relationship between teacher and taught, the problems of discipline and the structure of authority are all undergoing constant re-thinking, with the result that there is now a more relaxed and informal atmosphere in the School. It is, of course, very difficult to reconcile this more liberal approach with the necessary kind of authority to ensure the integrity of an accepted high standard of values which must be maintained. This is perhaps the chief problem which we are today facing and I think, on the whole, we are succeeding in meeting it. We still have a small number of pupils, however, who do not respond to this more liberal approach, who obviously feel no fidelity towards the School and who are quite open in showing their hostility towards it in the way of wilful damage to School property. School should not be a separate entity, but a necessary and enjoyable component of social life. Not until respect through fear has been replaced by a respect and understanding of one's responsibility to the School community, can we be entirely satisfied.

First team Games have been in very good heart and the Rugby XV and Girls' Hockey XI, in particular, had most successful seasons. The School team reached the final of the Clifton Rugby Club's Schools' seven-a-side competition, and the U.15 Girls' Hockey XI were the joint winners of the Bristol and South Gloucestershire Schools tournament for the second year running.

The Chief Education Officer, Mr. C.P. Milroy, M.A., addressed a large gathering of parents of Primary and Secondary School pupils, in the Castle School Hall on Monday, July 8th, when he outlined the Working Party's proposals for the reorganisation of Secondary Education in the Thornbury area. The proposals are:

- 1 *A new set of buildings to be provided as soon as possible on a site in the Alveston area, taking 600 pupils initially, to which the present Thornbury Grammar School will transfer en bloc, and which will subsequently have a comprehensive entry.*
- 2 *The Castle School will become comprehensive at the same date, using initially both its own and the vacated Grammar School premises, until such time as the buildings are complete on the Castle School site.*

The date of the move and change in character of this School is at the moment a matter of conjecture, The earliest it could be achieved is September, 1972, but the timing depends on the acceptance of the proposals by the Department of Education and Science and the completion of building programmes on both the Alveston and Castle School sites.

Editors' Note

It was with deep regret that we learned of the death of Professor Harris during the Summer Term.

STAMP CLUB

Early in the summer term, a Stamp Club was formed at the school, after a group of first year boys had approached the Headmaster and requested its foundation. Its membership was confined to pupils in the junior school, and it held weekly meetings on Wednesdays at lunchtimes with Mr. Power acting as master in charge. At the end of the term on July 12 a small exhibition was held in the Drama Room; Mr. Rendall judged the entries, and several junior forms came to see the stamps on display during class time. Emphasis was placed less on the sheer quantity of stamps shown than on the quality of presentation and arrangement.

Prizewinners were:

Thematic Section: Elizabeth Middleton.

Stamps from ten countries section: P. Buckland.

Moya Brewer's entry was highly commended.

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH" Thursday and Friday, May 16th and 17th 1968.

We were determined to enjoy ourselves even if we had to grit our teeth to force our smiles. We were prepared to give praise to the school for tackling so manfully a work of such scope—"very commendable for a school concert" we thought might not be too dishonest. As it turned out we were swept off our feet by the sheer exuberance of the performers. How does Pauline Astbury get such magnificent results from a relatively small school? We were only held back from joining in ourselves by the conviction that such precision, such attack, such musical feeling could only have come from hard rehearsing with close attention to detail. There was no section of this vast work which caused the audience any concern (I can't speak for the performers). We could sit back and enjoy the work—as the performers seemed to be doing.

It was encouraging to see how little outside help was needed. The Orchestra, so often the weak link in an amateur performance of this work, had a solidity and steadiness which must have given heart to some of the younger singers, had they felt inclined to flag, and had they dared, with you-know-who's eyes upon them. The newly-formed Junior Choir, after some nervousness on the first night, sang beautifully and feelingly on the second. Each section seemed to inspire the other. The soloists phrased their passages well, bringing a musical intelligence to what they sang.

The School can be proud of this performance. They have set themselves a standard to live up to. With the enthusiasm and pleasure they showed this year they should be able to reach—and who knows—perhaps pass it.

J&JM.

SWINGING IN THE HALL

"Let's have a discussion!" The cry went up in the Drama Room as fed up with King Lear, we pleaded with Mr. Reynolds. By the end of the lesson we had decided to reform the whole system of Assembly. There was just one problem—the Headmaster.

We went dutifully to him and found that this problem was not new, but so far no-one had been prepared to suggest a substitute for the old routine. Two of us had already been given ideas by Mrs. Hargreaves during R.K. lessons and we suggested these to the Headmaster. He was more than willing to give us the earliest Opportunity to put our ideas into practice. The dates were arranged.

At once we set about organising the routine and a pattern gradually emerged; record, prayers, hymn, reading and record. Records presented little problem and prayers even less—we would make up our own, which was surprisingly easy! Hymns, we were convinced, must be well known and have modern tunes. Readings, like prayers, were easy to find. We tried as far as possible to relate them to everyday life.

At last the day arrived, we all had misgivings—and sure enough things began to go wrong. By ten to nine only one of the readers had arrived and we found that we could not use the records for that day. Certain of failure we went into Assembly. By twenty-five past nine we were ready to sink through the floor in shame!

Strangely enough most people seemed to think that we had improved on the old format, and we eagerly looked forward to our next attempt.

This time all went well. By the end of the service it appeared that no one wanted to leave. However, the staff soon set an admirable example and the Hall gradually began to empty.

The overall comment was favourable; we had enjoyed composing the services and, as far as we could gather, most of the school had enjoyed attending.

Our thanks to all-6 1 or staff—who assisted with the experiment.

DRAMA

Continuing our 'straight from the horse's mouth' series (begun last year by Miss Astbury),

Drama is the second activity to receive the treatment from Mr. Seely.

Since there was last any record of drama in the magazine the new drama room has been commissioned and passed through its first year of full-scale operation. The effect of this on the development of drama in the school (of which more later) was seen in last year's public performance. Instead of the normal full-length play performed by senior pupils, we had 'Drama Workshop: The Guilty Generation'. A hybrid title which in some degree mirrored the hybrid nature of the activities it covered, three improvisations and two short plays all related to the theme of war and the conflict of the generations—linked together by a commentary which tended towards the didactic. To deal with positives first of all, the programme gave an opportunity for far more pupils than usual to participate, especially from the junior forms. It showed the public something of what goes on under the heading of 'drama' in the school and gave the actors a chance to express their own feelings and opinions on important subjects without the inevitable restrictions of a script. All the improvisations had something of interest to offer: the excitement and involvement of the juniors in their gang fight; the beautifully observed characterisations of the fourth formers in their piece about strife in the factory; and the seniors' analysis of the difficulties of personal and political commitment when entangled with CND and difference of social class. In the play 'The Guilty Generation' one remembers the moving performances of Janet and Philip Howell as Old Marie and Old Henri, beautifully sustained characterisations in a play that has so little 'action' that it could easily have deteriorated into a moaning bore. Finally, of course, the inspired goonery of Stephen Evans and John Trayhurn in David Campton's "Out of the Flying Pan", a very funny, very bitter satire on diplomacy. This short script which relies on clever language parody ('Yorick's clemency, label of gender' instead of 'Your Excellency, ladies and gentlemen', for example) makes very heavy technical demands on the actors. The degree of their success was shown by the reception the audience gave to a potentially very prickly piece.

On the debit side *there* is clearly a lot that was unsatisfactory about this production. Its coherence was rather artificially maintained by the commentary, which tended to 'preach' and point morals. (If drama is any good it will point its own moral). Much of the improvisation was extended beyond the point where inexperienced actors could sustain their invention, with the inevitable result that things tended to drag at the end. If improvisation is not very tightly controlled it tends towards vagueness, so that it was almost with relief that the audience turned towards the scripted plays where the ideas and invention were held in a more organised form. Nevertheless it was an experiment that was worth doing, both for those who took part and for the audiences, who certainly appeared to enjoy the entertainment.

Now that 'Drama' is more or less established in the school as an activity that most pupils participate in (or endure!) at some period during their school career, it is perhaps worth making one or two general remarks about what is going on and why. A writer on the subject trying to explain the particular contribution of drama in school, gave a rather neat definition. He said that when you were asked what it was like to go blind, you could if you wished write a detailed and objective account, based on all the latest scientific knowledge—that would be literature, of a kind. You

could, on the other hand, merely say 'Close your eyes and walk round the room'—that would be drama. In other words drama is a way of 'finding out' that does without books, pen and paper, instruments or brush and paints, and uses instead the resources of a human being—body, senses, voice. Basically that is what is going on in the Drama Room (behind closed curtains and to the accompaniment of strange and unaccountable noises!) We may use a script, or music or just an idea, but whatever is done comes from the thought and imagination of the people who are doing it, and not Out of a textbook. There is nothing very unusual about this, since much of the process is the same as what goes on when you paint a picture or write an essay or story—the difference being that instead of using paint or ink on paper, you use speech and movement. A developed form of cops and robbers or Batman and Robin which you're allowed to do in lesson time—but now, in the 1960's we call it 'Educational Drama'.

A.J.S.

GOD AT THE CHANTRY

While we were planning this survey, the three of us wrote down a specific set of questions to ask the three year olds at the Chantry playgroup. What we did not realise however, was that one just cannot ask a certain neat set of questions of children this age.

We aimed to find out how much these boys and girls had been taught about God and Jesus and what they thought themselves. Between conversations about seashores, tatty toys, and how to build trains, we obtained the following answers to our questions.

Do you go to Sunday School?

Pamela: No

Robin: No

Rachel: No

Alan: No

Brian: Yes

Veronica: Yes

Fiona: No

Heather: Yes

Nicholas: Yes

Karen: No (40% attend)

What does Jesus look like?

Pamela: Looks like God—all red and blue, Very long and thin because he goes round the whole world.

Robin: Jesus is a little red man, with red eyes. Looks like Daddy because Jesus was an Englishman.

Rachel: He's got brown hair, blue eyes and big round face. Very tall man, about five feet tall.

Adam: Different to ordinary men, probably got two pairs of hands or something, in any case he's got big eyes.

Brian: Looks like cheese with lots of holes in. He's got Chinese eyes and a patch of

hair in the middle of his head. He's a monster and a snowman.

Veronica: Jesus is a baby, small and fat.

Fiona: Looks like Jesus.

Have you seen Jesus?

Karen: Yes, he walked past me yesterday.

Nicholas: No, because he's up in the clouds.

Fiona: Yes, in the church.

Heather: No, but I know someone who has.

Adam: You can't see Jesus.

Veronica: No because he sleeps in the daytime.

Brian: Oh yes, he was making ice-cream in the kitchen.

Rachel: I don't think so.

Robin: Lots of times.

Pamela: He's invisible like a ghost.

Where does Jesus live?

Karen: He lives in a bonfire, he's always got flames coming out of him.

Nicholas: He lives in the clouds with St. Nicholas.

Fiona: He lives in the church on his own.

Heather: He lives in a cot, inside a church.

Adam: In England somewhere—not sure where.

Veronica: He lives up in the air with the clouds.

Brian: He lives in the cheese with God.

Rachel: He lives where it's hot and they wear nets and masks.

Robin: Down the road in that big place with a clock.

Pamela: He lives in London.

What sort of things does Jesus do?

Karen: He walks on the water.

Nicholas: He sends nuts down to people on

earth. Daddy says he sends Angels down in the night to fetch you but I don't think He does. He can lift up a house with one finger

Fiona: Jesus does things like my Daddy.

Heather: He cries a lot.
Adam: He tells stories,
Veronica: Little Lord Jesus listens to me and sometimes goes to sleep.
Brian: He just makes ice-cream and builds new houses.
Rachel: He does kind things.
Robin: He never does any work, He just walks around being good.
Pamela: He does what God tells Him,

How old is Jesus?

Karen: About as old as Mummy.
Nicholas: He's as old as ordinary men.
Fiona: Hers a bit older than Daddy.
Heather: He's younger than me.
Adam: Nearly as old as my Mummy.
Veronica: He's two, nearly two and a half years old.
Brian: He's forty.
Rachel: I don't know but He's very old.
Robin: About 200 years old.
Pamela: He's older than me but not as old as Mummy.

The answers we received from the children show quite clearly the main influence active in the formation of their ideas, notably that of their parents, and in Brian's case, food, probably due to a confusion between Jesus and Cheeses. Quite how much their ideas were the result of adult influence, and how much due to their fantastic powers of imagination is difficult to estimate. Obviously a great deal of what they are told is so strange to them that generally, it either stimulates their minds so that further miraculous elements are added, or leaves them muddled and mystified. This is to some extent an indication of the futility of trying to tell the children of this age anything about God.

Although many of the children probably have atheist or agnostic parents, the children do not, at this stage, have any doubts about the existence of God or Jesus. To those from Christian backgrounds, Jesus is someone very real, about 50% of the children interviewed claimed to have seen him. At the age of three or four, the only active influence in their lives is that of the home; outside this nothing has any significant effect. The influence of the church seems to have made some impression on a few, but only a minority attend any form of religious service.

Whether it is right that children should have instilled into them, successfully or not this definite, rather Victorian picture of a God with a long white beard, up somewhere in the clouds, doubtless with angels and little golden harps, is questionable. What seems to happen, anyway is that to some, Jesus is like a parent, and to others, probably as the result of our annual commemoration of the nativity, he is a baby. It is to be doubted whether such vague impressions are of any use, and even more, it is doubtful whether God should ever have been mentioned.

Pauline Ovens

Baron Kendalls Castle

In days of old when knights were bold there lived 'a man of very great power and authority. This man called Baron Kendall, lived in a very big castle and had under him many people who did daily service to him. He was himself a man of lean but tall stature who would sit each day in his manor room and do work.

The grounds of the castle were green and many and were worked on by three strong men. The leader of these men was a very big man who was practised in perching his famed feathered hat on his round bald muscular head. He was himself an ex-knight or keeper of the peace by profession, who had under him two peasants of the field. Now this big man, Hank Riddle, used to while away his time sitting on an old fat horse, and ploughed or rolled, as the season was, the green fair fields of England.

There were apart from these three men, many other people of different crafts worked under Baron Kendall. Some were men of sums who used to work out how much to tax the people, a Mr. Rambling being one

such man, who was a great lover of violent sports. Addict also of a lethal sport, cricket, was a physicist by profession, a Mr. Ringram, a gentle quiet man by nature, who when in white became quite aggressive, such was the turn of his nature.

But do not let it be mistaken there were also men of philosophy, peace and great learning in this humble community. One such man, Mr. Beely, being a replacement for a deceased historian, was found after messengers had been sent to every far-flung corner of England in search of a suitable man, and was appointed the job of teaching the rabble their language.

There was also in this castle as one might expect, a man of the church, though not a vicar. Mr. Bittle was, one might say, a man of many moral standards, whose job it was to teach the rabble the church.

Now this rabble, so often mentioned, were mostly the younger ones by age, who just idled away the time sitting behind carved tables, reading and writing much to their discontent.

Many a person of different
crafts worked in this place. There were
men from far-away countries, though
primarily English by birth who also
taught different tongues. As well as
botanists or dissectors as they were
commonly known, there were men

who tried to turn base metals into
Gold but invariably failed.

There were artists and car-
penters, linguists and historians all
living happily, or so it seemed, in that
humble abode, Thornbury Manor
commune.

Brent Thomas

I have seen,
Through a multicoloured haze of petals,
The rose-salmon-pink of the sunset
As it fades to a raging fiery glow.
The eastern sky afire with silver spangles,
As the crimson waves sink
Beneath the horizon.

I have waited,
As the dew spangled the grass

For the sun.
The stars fading, as the heavens grew blue
Through the shadowy mist,

A golden pearl in the eastern sky,
And the hills afire.

G r u n d y

THE WATERFALL

The small burn gurgled and sang,
As it flowed over a bed of shiny pebbles
It was so peaceful, so gay, until
The fury and the anger of a waterfall
Broke the silence into a deafening roar
Over and over the crystal water went,
Cascading into the water below,
Turning into a cluster of foam and bubbles,
Churning and swirling the water below,
And then settling down and flowing on its way
As a quiet little burn,
Into the glen below.

Stephen Miles

OUT OF THE RUT

Henry Ponsonby-Hewittson was what is generally known as a civil servant. This description did not really apply to Henry for he was not particularly civil and most certainly did not consider himself to be the servant of anyone. He lived in the typical suburban house. It looked from the outside, exactly like all the other boxes in its row and inside was not really very different from the others even in the minutest detail.

Henry's wife was a small mouse-like creature apparently with no feelings of her own. She was a machine, de-humanised by her husband — carefully and psychologically—he would never dream of touching her either kindly or otherwise. She cooked his meals, warmed his slippers, ironed and sewed together his newspaper and occasionally washed his dirty shirts and collars.

His day was that of the average civil servant. He got up at seven-thirty, washed, dressed, had his breakfast and left for work. Henry's job was one which, like all other good Civil Servants, he had created himself. His was the time-honoured duty of reviewing the bullets used in the 278 Bang-Bang Rifle used by Her Majesty's Army. Apparently no-one had yet realized that not only was the 278 Bang-Bang Rifle not used by Her Majesty's Army, but the rifle did not even exist, therefore it followed that the bullets did not exist either. Judging by this it would appear that the Civil Service was inefficient. Henry was

never late for work. He timed himself to the last second and despised those who did not do likewise. He left the house at eight-thirty precisely knowing that he would arrive at the office on the fifth stroke of nine o'clock. As he entered the junior clerks wished him a polite "Good morning" Henry grunted—it was his usual reply.

He sat at his desk which was piled high with papers. They were not at all relevant to his work, but he kept them there because it added to the impression of importance which Henry liked to make on those who came into his office.

At five precisely Henry stopped reviewing the bullets used in the 278 Bang-Bang rifle used by Her Majesty's Army and set out for home. On entering the house he wished his wife a polite "Good evening, dear" and sat down by the fire where his warming slippers awaited him. His newspaper was also waiting; although he carried a newspaper to and from the office, he would never dream of reading it. It was the duty of his wife to carefully pick up the newspaper from the mat where it dropped at nine-seventeen precisely and then to iron it carefully and sew it neatly together.

After reading his newspaper, Henry had his tea. It was brought to him on a tray by his wife. On finishing his tea Henry again read his newspaper. It was important that he should know more about the latest news than the others in the office, and for this reason he read the newspaper thoroughly.

At seven-thirty Henry switched on the radio. Television was something which he detested. The amount of violence shown, even on the news appalled him. He found the radio more comforting; at least one did not have to endure those awful pictures of people being shot—a sight which Henry had always carefully avoided. As Henry read a book, usually a detective story, his wife knitted or sewed according to the day of the week. On Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings she knitted, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings she sewed.

At ten-thirty Henry and his wife retired to bed until seven-thirty when they got up again. Such was Henry's working day. On Saturday the only change was that instead of going to the office he washed the car and dug the garden. Occasionally he went for a game of golf which he did not play very well anyway.

Sunday was the great day in Henry's life. He did not get up until nine o'clock. Then he made a cup of tea for himself and his wife, after which he washed and dressed while his wife (who had already washed and dressed while Henry was making the tea) prepared the breakfast. At ten-thirty Henry got out the car—the only day of the week when the car was used—and he and his wife went to church where Henry was a churchwarden and a member of the Parochial Church Council. He listened attentively to the sermon and prayed fervently for those less fortunate than himself.

At twelve o'clock they returned home. At one o'clock they had lunch. Henry carved the joint with great gusto and complimented his wife on her custard. At two o'clock Henry and his wife got back into the car and went for a ride in the country during which Henry commented on the scenery according

to the season. At four o'clock they returned home and had tea. At eight o'clock Henry and his wife went to the local pub.

This was the moment Henry had been waiting for all week. In the pub Henry became 'Arry Hewittson. He played the piano with great gusto while the regulars sang the usual songs. There were not many people whom Henry did not know as it was a small pub and there were not usually many casual customers. For the next two and a half hours Henry was the centre of attraction. Not only did he play the piano but did impressions of various well-known people. This was the Henry which most people knew and which Mrs. Hewittson had married, yet this was not the real Henry. The genuine one reviewed bullets for the 278 Bang-Bang Rifle from nine until five for five days a week.

At work, Henry was, perhaps understandably not particularly well-liked. He commanded a certain amount of respect, yet he was also often the subject of office jokes. As the months and years passed, Henry gradually dreaded more and more the inevitable which was looming ahead—his retirement. This alone all else began to drive Henry towards thinking seriously of actions which no respectable civil servant would even dream of. The prospect of retirement really frightened Henry. The thought of seven days a week, fifty-two weeks a year spent with his wife annoyed, frustrated and horrified him to an extent which it is not easy to understand.

Henry left work early. Tomorrow was his last day and he felt entitled to leave early. He wandered along the streets, going nowhere in particular. Normally he disliked the busy streets, they signified only one thing—jostling masses of unimportant people. Today was different.

On reflection Henry could not imagine why he had married her, or perhaps it was the other way around. She was, he supposed, useful in the way that a washing-machine is useful, but beyond that he could think of no reason why he had been foolish enough to marry her—a housekeeper would have done just as well, if not better. After all, a housekeeper would not have any further claims on him than the average employee upon their employer; yet she, as his wife had extra claims. He did not want to spend the rest of his life with her all day and every day. She annoyed him, she could not hold an intelligent conversation, in fact she rarely spoke to him at all.

This frustrated Henry, he could see no means of getting rid of her and soon the dreaded day would come which would mark the beginning of his sentence. He was horrified by the thought of this. The more he thought of it, the more he vowed that he must do something about it—he could not, indeed he would not spend the rest of his life with this creature.

Henry began to count the days, since he had started to think about it they seemed to pass more quickly. Still no solution was forthcoming. Three months to go before they handed him the gold watch and thanked him for services rendered. Two months. Still he had not the slightest idea of what to do. Thirty-one days. He had to act quickly. They would think he was slacking because for two days running now, he had arrived at the office on the seventh stroke of nine o'clock—surely someone had noticed?

Six o'clock found Henry at a station. He didn't know which one but it was not familiar to him.. Henry found himself on a platform. He looked at the trains as they passed by. Strange how he had never discovered how wonderful they were. As a boy his father had tried to interest him in the 'iron horse' but to no avail.

As the trains passed, Henry wondered more and more at these scientific creatures. He could hear one coming now, an express—it wasn't going to stop.

A quick lurch forward. Henry had solved his problem.

Kay Rea

WHY?

Why grass is green, why sky is blue?

Why you're not I, why I'm not you?

Why some are giants, others small,

Why not the same size for us all?

Why skylarks sing, why cockerels crow?

If you can tell sir, let me know.

Nigel Roberts

You Shall Above all Things be Glad and Young

You shall above all things be glad and young
For if you're young, whatever life you wear

It will become you, and if you are glad
Whatever's living will yourself become

Girlboys may nothing more than boygirls need
I can entirely her only love

Whose any mystery makes every man's
Flesh put space on, and his mind take off time

That you should ever think, may God forbid
And (in his mercy) your true lover spare
For that way knowledge lies, the foetal grave
Called progress, and negation's dead undoom

I'd rather learn from one bird how to sing
Than teach ten thousand stars how not to dance.
E. E. Cummings



THE STAFF CANTEEN

It's certainly nothing like the Savoy but it is a refuge from impatient cries and truculent demands from small children clutching sixpences and old-age pensioners dithering with their sweet allowances.

The decor is an insipid cream and dust where a large mural of some more pleasant scene hangs limply next to a framed portrait of Sir Winston Churchill. Young girls with last night's eyes and Woolworths rings-giggle and chew over high formica-topped tables and lift men with purple mottled faces like blackberry stains on naughty mouths exchange small talk with the old dear who pours out muddy tea from a heavy pot. Middle-aged mutton with high upswept hair when and black dresses with see-through sleeves talk lamb to the white-collar workers.

The overworked underdogs puff aggressively and jeer at pin-ups in the Daily Mirror and in the background old ladies retell their illnesses to deaf audiences, and cleaners with hard red knees and sandpaper hands talk to themselves in some-remote corner,

There is no air, only smoke so thick that it hangs like a discoloured shroud above the bare light-bulbs and the smell of stale food smuggles itself into your nostrils,

All the while the big clock with its yellowing face stares down quietly, its hands whizzing around frenziedly.
book-

Elizabeth Avent

NUT CUTLET, SIR?

Much to the mingled amazement and amusement of my family and friends, I have a part-time job. The thought of me working reduced even my best friends to wild paroxysms of uncontrollable mirth and merriment. The whole idea appeared to them ludicrous—I have yet to find the funny side

I work in a restaurant—but no ordinary restaurant. This establishment specialises in vegetarian meals and herbal goods. For three shillings an hour I clean and clear tables, restock and tidy shelves, operate an extremely erratic dish-washer, and try to appear cool, calm and collected. I have also become an accomplished liar

trying to sell something. I thoroughly recommend the pineapple yoghurt to the dithery ecclesiastical gentleman who comes in every week for his "Cambridge Formula Loaf", quelling my own pangs of nausea at the recollection of a rather nasty experience I once had with some blackcurrant of the same. I enthusiastically suggest some of the "Herbal Cough Elixir" if someone chokes on their asparagus soup, and the last, but by no means least of my newly acquired talents is that I can agree convincingly with the highest of the high-minded when discussing the good work done by the firm producing the "Beauty without Cruelty" cosmetics.

Being only a few hundred yards from the museum, university and Bristol's largest

shop, we tend to get a very varied—and at times—peculiar clientele.

By half-past twelve every available inch is filled with a seething mass of famished, impatient humanity, queuing eagerly for their raw carrots and cottage cheese. The dish-washer rumbles and grumbles alarmingly until the last table has been cleared, and the last brave soul has departed. Then comes the complete collapse of an exhausted staff. Eventually we stagger away to lunch—the wide choice of whatever tasty morsels the public have declined (this has a nasty habit of being the raw cabbage-mix and onions), and restore ourselves with many cups of dandelion coffee, to do as little work as possible for the afternoon; until at five o'clock precisely the magic sign 'Closed' is put up, and we queue eagerly at the counter for our hard-earned wages.

Rosemary Haines

THE ILLUSION

The sun shone down on the miles of golden sands. The deep blue waves rolled in, and out again.

'What a lovely sight: a lonely beach all to myself, and the screeching gulls. There are unexplored caves behind me, and woods full of flowers swaying in the summer breeze.

'I've this whole beach to myself not a soul in sight but wait, what's this? A crooked

ASPIRATIONS

I want to take Magic at 'O' level,
For I wish to enrol as a witch~
I want to take Insects at 'A' level
And make the examiners itch.

THE FURNITURE OF TIME

These were a four-year old's efforts with **C**
And a five-year old's attempts with paint.
A psychiatrist's wonderland
Of grotesque shapes,
Beaten and blown,
In the grey desert, grey sky and no sun
Of the brain.
B. Stewart

figure of a man on the horizon He draws nearer and nearer.... He's dressed in black and has an odd striped cap....

His menacing eyes stare at me HELP

"Main, you 'aven't paid fer yer deck-chair. one and sixpence please!"

'Gosh! I thought they didn't charge after six o'clock at Weston!

Anon

A POEM

When I was young, I used to think
A poem had to rhyme
The lines must all have rhythm.
The words must be in time.

But I found as I grew older,
Though rhythm mattered still,
The rhyme was an optional extra
Used if it fitted in.

And now, I have, I think, found,
Poems to suit me,
For,
It seems that
Anything can be written down in
Lines of varying length—
And
Be called
A poem.

DESTRUCTION OF ART

Work of art analysed—aesthetics paralysed
This chord's a dominant seventh
This one's a fractured eleventh
With subtracted subdominant.

The painting inspected, dissected by experts
This sun was drawn with the heel of a left shoe
This one was made with a brush, emerging new
Painters are so original.

Thick metal tubing in right-angled joints
Juxtaposed planks tied at various points
In the new exhibition they're holding
The sculptor innovates scaffolding.

And the poet has made every one of them rhyme
The poet's witticism, cynicism, criticism?
This poem has only one syllable in each line
The critic does not understand

So he criticises.
P. Massey

"Take a letter, Miss Smith,
'Sir
A dilemma is mine
For the sun ceased to shine
And yesterday it started snowing.

I got lost in a fog
Had to bark at my dog
And my new car it just was not going.

I bumped into a girl
Caught my nose on a curl
And had to have twenty-four stitches.

My left foot dropped off
I developed a cough
And had to hitch-hike with four witches.

The worst of the day
It seems to me lay
Through part of that self-same evening.

The bailiff plus man
Put my goods in a van
And even stripped paint off the ceiling.

You might say 'What's the grumble?
For though yet so humble
There's no place like home, even barely

But do you want to bet?
Since then it's been let
To a three-foot-high-red-concrete-fairy.

N. Tazewell

A LOOK AT TODAY

It is a cold miserable day, so I have retired to my bedroom with books and a radio. The radio is blaring away but the storm outside has almost drowned the announcer's voice. A record comes on—"What a wonderful world", I look outside and laugh. "The singer must be mad". I think "it's not only the weather which ruins our world". A magazine on the floor catches my eye. I open it at the centre pages and I am faced by the burnt body of a child—sex undistinguishable. Why is the child in such a pitiful state? He is a victim of that cruel war which is raging in Vietnam—a part of this wonderful world. I wonder when people will realise it must stop. Bloodshed, whichever part of the globe it is in, concerns them. The participants of the war may be guilty but in most cases they are just ordinary people forced to fight for their country. Rebellion! That is the only solution.

I flick through the pages of the magazine and I notice an appeal for OXFAM. A half-starved mortal, an inhabitant of this wonderful world, is begging you for a little—even the left-overs from a normal meal, but does he get it? No! Those of us who live in better lands tend to let dismal matters like this slip into the back of our minds—in the meantime a whole generation dies.

I throw down the newspaper and pick up a Sunday newspaper. What here? The same people fighting and being killed, people arguing over trivial things and people struggling for life in impossible surroundings, struggling and dying. I cannot believe such things are happening in this wonderful world. Never before have I really understood the problems of the world, but now I do I sincerely wish I did not. Thoughts run through my mind: "How will it all end? Famine? Nuclear war? Or will just the leaders survive?—Having killed the

ordinary man in the street whilst trying to gain power".

I look outside, the sun is streaming down onto the oily-looking pavements and drying them in a great hurry as if the world were going to cease to exist any minute and the pavements must be dry for the occasion. Who knows? The end of this wonderful world may truly be near.

Doreen Freeman

The bomb is our actual deterrent
But I find its theory repellent.
If we use it we die,
If we don't—why oh why
Do we purchase destruction abhorrent?

Paul Massey

ANTHEM FOR DOOMED YOU

I remember when sun was sun

A fiery ball in the sky,
And air was sweet and pure and fresh,
A time when birds could fly.

I remember the children laughing and in
In fields of golden corn,
The misty dewdrops going home
In the radiant pearly dawn.

A time when life was peace and still,
And could have been evermore,
I remember the stars and the beauty there was,
Before they had the war.

Grundy

DRAG RACING

Drag racing is basically the racing of two equally powered motor cars or motorcycles, from a standing start, over a quarter mile straight road.

Drag racing began in Southern California in the U.S.A. in the post-war years of 1946-47. It was started by a couple of hot rods, highly tuned old cars, in a town's main street waiting at the traffic signals. When the lights changed to green the hot rodders would 'pop' the clutch and race to the next set of lights,

However, the police did not welcome this form of racing. Knowing they would never halt it, but having to safeguard the safety of the citizens, they built a drag strip. This drag strip was at Pomona just South of Los Angeles. Pomona was a huge success and this led to more drag strips being built in the United States.

Today there are approximately fifteen hundred drag strips across the United States. There are two in Australia and one in Great Britain, out in the wilds of Bedfordshire.

The types of vehicles that can run on a drag strip are unlimited. They range from the everyday minis to jet powered go-karts to the ultimate dragster.

A dragster is a car specially and solely built for the dragstrip. Its engine has a capacity of seven to eight litres, usually from large American trucks, and is tuned to the fullest extent with supercharger, fuel injection etc. To give an idea of the power put out by a dragster, it is in the region of twelve hundred horse-power or the equivalent of thirty mini-car engines. Dragsters have a single gear which calls for the engine to be taken up to three-quarters full throttle before letting out the clutch sharply. This in turn causes the massive slicks, treadless rear tyres, to spin so violently that they

burn, creating huge clouds of smoke, which billow out from the tail of the dragster. The fastest time for a dragster to date is 6.92 seconds from a standing start over a quarter of a mile. The fastest speed reached is 234 reach-

miles per hour. Of course at this speed the other.

dragsters need to be slowed down to 9 point where wheel brakes can be used, for this, dragsters carry a parachute on the tail. To gain maximum traction, the engine is moun

ted as far back on the chassis as possible; the driver sits with his legs over the rear axle and bicycle wheels are used on the front.

Dragsters are divided into two classes, they are Gas and Fuel. Gas dragsters use ordinary petrol as a fuel, but fuel dragsters use varying degrees of Nitro-methane in a Methanol base. Nitro-methane is a highly volatile rocket fuel.

To protect himself against the hazard of explosion the driver wears a special, shiny racing suit of aluminium and asbestos.

At a drag race the cars, already built so as to fit certain classes, make their class run-offs. After this the thirty-two fastest cars of each class go into a 'Class Eliminator' event where the cars are eliminated by a quicker car

ing the end of the quarter mile before the

This happens round by round until an eventual 'Class Eliminator' emerges.

To ensure maximum fairness on a drag strip the cars are started by a system of lights, usually five orange lights, a green and a red. The orange lights flash on from top to

bottom and when the green light comes on the cars can go. If a driver get oven-eager and goes off before the green, the red light flashes on and off denoting a foul run disqualifying him from further competition. This allows his opponent to win, but he must make a run as well.

Strangely enough, a British dragster holds

the official record for the standing start quar

ter of a mile. This dragster has a super-charged 7 litre Ford (American) V8 engine and uses alcohol as fuel,

The time it set for the world record was 8.92 secs., American dragsters are two seconds quicker. Maybe the Americans prefer to compete than to set a standard.

Drag racing is fast, colourful, noisy and exhilarating. Imagine if you can, a dragster standing on the starting line, chromed wheels and

engine; a beautifully painted, pencil-slim, shiny body, the engines' exhausts belching out blue flames and making enough noise to turn your brain inside out. The green light shows and it's gone leaving a cloud of swirling, thick, blue smoke from tyres that scream in burning agony.

Once you have been to a drag meeting you are either deaf and hate it or deaf and hooked to it, and it is usually the latter that is true.

S. Huxley.

YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU

Sam was an honest American. He said he was a Democrat, and he supported the Presidency wholeheartedly. But Sam was only 21, and one day a letter came to him from the Pentagon. "Your Country needs you .o Sam spent three weeks in a California swamp, and was then shipped half way round the world to a small, poor starving country called South Vietnam. It was the same as California, except that all round him people were starving, and dying from bombs. Sam went north with his artillery group and shot shells into the forest. He went north again and saw the funny little yellow men and women that he had killed. It made him sick and he said, Wheel,
"I'm not going to fight any more .

The Generals said "You are a naughty man. You must kill these yellow men because they are Communists and we don't like them". Sam said "I don't care. I'm not going to kill any more. Why don't guitar you and the President kill them yourselves?" The Generals said "Because we do not wish to get our hands dirty. Now go and do as cafe. we say". Next day, the little yellow men taxes. captured Sam. "You are the greedy Capitalist who has killed all our friends". "No" said Sam, "I like you." The little yellow dress, men said over their radio "Sam is on our side". Sam got to thinking, and he didn't like the little yellow men any more. So he escaped and went back to the south. When he got back, the Generals said "You are a Communist and a traitor".

Next day, Sam got shot.
Michael Grundy

THE DOSSER

A juvenile version of the classical tramp,
The dosser swaggers along;
Hating society, ignoring class,
His hair is kept Brylcreemed and long.

He inhabits clubs, like Smiths and The

Taking hemp and the sly purple heart;
He is a teenage extremist and greatly misled,
In need of a new fresh start.

His drain-pipe denims are tattered and torn,
There's a great wide gap at the knee.
His most worldly possession is a Spanish

And even that was on H.P.
His diet is meagre, he seldom eats
Except for the "butties" from Uncle Joe s

He calls his the free life, no rents and no

He lives just for 'kicks' or a laugh.

He finds bowlers and pinstripes a comic's

And Chopin some kind of 'nit',
Shakespeare's a mystery, Boz is the same,
In his life only Dylan could fit.

But don't say the dosser is an evil youth,
For he is only partly to blame,
Society and his parents drove him to protest,
So let them take some of the shame.

Margaret Gunn

Why is everybody sad?
 Come on! Climb out of that trench of gloom.
 Slap Yourself
 Kick Yourself!
 Hit Yourself!
 Walk out of the grey, the black and the blue,
 And enter the spectrum of beautiful colour.
 Forget Vietnam
 Sadness
 Death
 Think of something pleasant. Please!
 Birth
 Love
 Life
 It's simplicity in itself to be happy.
 Isn't it?
 Intellectuals and sophisticats are dull.
 Go on, break that glass domed prison,
 And appreciate the lesser things of life
 It's simple
 Easy
 Nothing.
 The mass to me
 Is a black plastic cube
 Which I would love to smash!
 To completely disintegrate!
 With an acid of happiness
 To totally dissolve
 And leave a precipitation
 Of laughter
 Merriment
 Joviality.

S. Huxley
 FIRE

Devils' eyes in the fire gleam orange bright red,
 Magic castles in the glow slowly creep behind a
 coal-black cloud.
 The wizened faces smile a warm red smile,
 Then sink into the glow and disappear.
 Magic animals scamper across a red-hot field,
 Then fade away and fall grey on to the hearth.
 Susan Morris

A PEACEFUL EVENING

Bells clanging in the distance,
 Birds twittering in the eaves,
 Sun setting in the West—
 All the signs of a peaceful evening.
 Wind blowing gently,
 Trees swaying, bowing to the breeze,
 Smoke winding its way to the heavens
 Silhouetted against the flaming sky.
 People walking, (shutting out cares)
 Breathing the warm, cool fresh-air.
 Cats prowling, looking for mice,
 Children sleeping soundlessly in warm beds,
 Parents watching, cosy at home.
 Warm thoughts flooding my brain.
 Lovers kissing unaware of YOU.
 Bells clanging,
 Birds twittering,
 Sun setting.
 The signs of a peaceful evening.

Lyn Hernits

COURAGE

Andrew to Jane "Will you marry me?"
 David and Goliath, a stone in the air.
 Air and time between two different people,
 A prize for one,
 But which?
 Out of the lion came forth sweetness
 Honey, near which there is an agonizing buzz,
 A red swollen finger, throbbing and aching and
 oozing with retaliation.
 The long years ahead which could be mine
 And mine alone, to enjoy as I please.
 Do I need somebody near? Yes
 I think I do.
 Andrew to Jane "Will you marry me?"
 Ann Broad

THE BABY SLEEPS

Pure and innocent,
A baby lying under white coverlets,
With downy head laid on a silken pillow,
Not half as soft as the coral pink skin on its tiny hand—
Now clutching at my finger.

Eyes like liquid,
(Fringed with dark, long lashes)
Begin to close with drowsy unconcern,
And the fingers release their grip,
And I draw mine free.

A peaceful picture of contentment
In a blissful land, the baby sleeps.
We creep away silently, and leave the baby
to dream in its dreamworld.

Mary Bennett

NO-ONE CARES

Alone, she trudges along,
With the dirty milk bottles
clutched to her as though
They were the dolls she never had.
She sees the same people she sees every morning
But, as usual, they don't see her— A small, dirty bedraggled creature
Wearing the same old dress she always wears.
She hungrily licks the remains
Of milk around the bottle top.
(As usual she hasn't had any breakfast
Nor will she tomorrow, or the day after).
She reaches the milkman,
And ambles home.
Why hurry?
No-one cares!

Rachel Warner

NO PEACE

Shouldn't the grave be silent?
What scratches and rattles at the coffin lid?
What silently slithers over decaying bodies,
And stealthily creeps from grave to grave,
Mourning its long dead love?
What howls in the echoing shadows?
For what does it grieve?
Does it listen for some lost voice,
And watch for the dead?
What will release it from its tormented world from
the ever-present past?

Barbara Le Mare

A THRUSH

The thrush bites at the victim worm,
Tears it up from the ground,
Swallows it like a piece of spaghetti,
Through its powerful beak.

A second thrush waddles along,
Listens for the movement of a worm,
Its hammering beak pulls at the object,
And sucks it through its mouth.

A. Britton

POOH

Pooh is the name of my sister's teddy-bear;
she had him for Christmas two years ago.
When she woke up and saw him she immediately
said "I have got a real live bear". Since
that day Pooh has been 'live'. Pooh is a light
brown colour with fur that is well handled.
He is rather triangular in shape with a triangular
head and body.

There is a rule in our house, enforced by my
sister, that whenever Pooh is thrown, thumped
or generally ill-treated the person who has done
it is wicked and cruel. Also Pooh must have
his own chair at the table and his own meal
which he eats.

One day Pooh's ear came off; you never
heard such a commotion; there were screams,
yells, curses and everything was done except
sew it back on.

"Pooh is ruined for ever, you will never be able to
sew it back on right", spoke Pooh's legal guardian.
When Pooh's ear was eventually sewn on there were
a few "not so bads"
and, two days later "This sewing is very
subject.

good". Pooh's ear is still a very sore
Pooh has been everywhere with us, on school
trips, abroad, and on a paper round. One
time when we were setting off on our summer
holidays Pooh was forgotten and we had to
turn back and fetch him, accompanied by
cries of "He'll starve!"

Apart from this active life Pooh is still a
quiet bear and is at the moment sitting on the
settee.

R. Bown

MAN'S SMUDGE

I stood on a hill,
And looked down at the world,
And I saw clouds..
surface,
But these were not fluffy, white, rain clouds.
These were the clouds of dirty grey industrial smoke
Rising from tall, grey-brick chimneys.
And I hated those straight, ugly chimneys.
Surge and beat against the shingly coast,
I stood on a hill,
And looked down at the world,
And I smiled at the sight of cool, green grass.
But as I looked again, I saw the blades cut short,
waves.
And locked in straight hedged fields.
And I hated those square, man-made fields.
As I looked for a third time,
I thought these people must be happy with their
onlooker
chimneys, and fields,
But their faces were sad and worried,
pebbles.
And they made me sad.
Then a bird flew into a tree, singing happily,
And I smiled again.
And I hated those people for being so wretched,
Trying to make the world wretched too.
Christine Thompson

AUSTRALIAN SCENE

A mountainous wave with its sparkling spray
Comes roaring towards the beach,
Raging torrents of water coiling over the

The arched waves glinting in the sun.

The rhythmic surging waves
Reflecting the turquoise clear sky,

A multitude of swelling globules.

The bronzed skimming skating surfers
Balance, crouching across the swirling

They hear the roaring, pounding, beating surf,
Lurching, pitching, they sway on the beach.
The salt spray stings the nostrils,
The freshness and hissing spray hits the

They bellow and laugh, the sea-gulls screech
As the turmoil of water slinks over the

The coral gives off a sharp smell,
The aquamarine water rolls over the shore,
Dodging, stumbling over the watchers feet,
The surfers race on racing waves.
Susan Morris

VIEW FROM THE CANAL

The sun had gone down peacefully
Shrouded in a purple haze.
Flowers slowly nodded and bent their heads
Heralding the close of day.
Birds gathered
fighting for the uppermost branches of the
tree,
Farmyard creatures nestle down to rest
and face the chill of coming night
Busy bees had long since ceased their hum
But other insects followed up the song
with endless droning.

The canal flowed by me
Rippling only in the evening breeze
that caught its surface.
Alone, I sat and watched night falling
and wondered about the following day.

Judith Chambers

THE PRISONER

Three years left, just three years of hell,
What will I do when I get out?
Sitting here alone day after day.
The kids will have grown up too.

Those pickaxes keep on and on
The devils never give in,
Day and Night, Night and Day,
Beating rhythmically in my head.

The hard bed, a cold wall.
There's something to remember them by.
You can't forget it, it stays
In your mind, like a lump in your throat.

The long queues, the shared cell.
When, oh when will it end?
Not just three years, not ever.
Hell! Not even they want me!
Jayne Target

NEWSPAPER

Temporary stuff, newspaper. Tears so
easily, yellows with age so quickly. No good
for keeping as a souvenir, but I still do it.

It's a first-class insulator, though; I remember
how it was wrapped around the hot-water
tank in the airing-cupboard. I used to spend
ages there, squatting beside the clothes-horse,
reading sideways the article about icebergs
in the North Sea.

There are scraps of newspaper in my photo-
graph album, stapled together and hiding
behind a group of schoolgirls with hands
clasped, standing in the middle of a tent-
strewn field. Together, they commemorate
my exploits as a tambourine player in the
percussion group, and a Welsh choral poem
reciter in various eisteddfodau.

And creamy columns of faded newsprint
live in the family album, too. Most are
about the marriages of unheard-of
parental pals, but some, more recent,
are torn from the 'Deaths' column of
the 'Births, Marriages and Deaths'
page of the local paper.

Newspaper can mean so many things,
but, like once-precious memories it doesn't
last for long.

Susan James

Last year we published a symposium on the relationship between the sixth form and the rest of the school. This year we deal again with a subject that concerns senior pupils deeply—careers. In the section that follows we look at careers from three points of view: school, industry and commerce. Firstly Mr. Ingram the careers member of staff, who left Thornbury last term, examines the role of the school in helping its pupils to choose the right career. Then Mr. Harrison of I.C.I. explains the attitude of a huge industrial concern to employment and careers. Finally, there is an interview with Mr. Gibbs, the Manager of the Westminster Bank in Thornbury, on the changing face of banking.

SCHOOL

One of the important aspects of school careers work is the careful co-operation between the careers staff within the school and the Careers Advisory officers and Youth Employment officers of the Ministry of Labour. The Careers Advisory officers give a general introductory talk to fourth formers and later in the year, parents are invited to an informal 'Any Questions' evening. Fifth and Sixth formers have interviews with the Careers Advisory staff and fifth form leavers are helped to find employment by the Youth Employment officers. To supplement this work, a careers Convention is planned for the Autumn term when senior pupils and their parents can meet representatives of different careers,

That pupils should be able to make an informal choice both with respect to the demands and opportunities of different careers and knowledge of their own abilities and personalities is an important, but not the sole aim of careers work. Careers can probably only be seen in perspective if the individual has a broad idea of the structure of society.

How else can pupils obtain information to make this choice? Members of staff are always available to give helpful advice in informal discussions. Parents can draw ~ their own experience to help their own

children. Although pupils have a general idea of their own ability, this needs putting in perspective by another person. Much basic information is given in booklets provided by firms, further education institutions and H.M.S.O. and these are displayed in the Careers room. Visits by school parties to local firms can give an introductory if superficial insight into the opportunities there. Many pupils gain work experience through part-time and holiday jobs. Unfortunately the pressure of academic work severely limits experience during term time.

What difficulties still remain in connection with careers guidance? The choice of subjects at the end of the third form which is made largely on academic grounds has a bearing on future career possibilities.

Gloucestershire has already made the welcome step of allowing teachers to have industrial experience during term time, an extension of this scheme would enable teachers to give first hand information of industry.

Although the careers' staff have the ready co-operation of other members of staff in advising pupils, preparing testimonials and similar tasks, there is a need for an integrated careers curriculum. Aspects of many courses already existing in the school would play a part in this, e.g. local studies, civics, mathe

matics, personal relationships and science.

Careers work is sometimes undertaken by full-time counsellors appointed to the staff of the school. However, I feel that the present arrangements involving the careers staff, who know the teaching situation within the school at first hand, and the Ministry of Labour staff will best serve the needs of the pupils.

INDUSTRY

What is ICI like? Well, it is more like a lot of separate firms fairly closely associated than

just one very large and uniform concern. ICI was formed in 1926 as a result of the merger of four of the leading chemical concerns in the U.K., in order to stand up to the tremendous competition in Commonwealth markets of giant U.S. and German combines.

The companies joined in the merger were divided into groups according to their manufactures. These were later called divisions, each one typifying a particular range of chemicals—fertilizers, crop protection chemicals, etc., from Agricultural Division; Nylon, Terylene, and other man-made fibres from Fibres Division and so on. The divisions have their own Management Boards, their own programmes of expansion and research and are to a very large extent self-governing, with major overall policy controlled by the Company Board in London.

If you wish to join ICI, when is the best time to leave school? The Headmaster should always be consulted, of course, but in general we feel that students should be encouraged to progress as far as they can before they leave school. The longer the school career the less will be the need to work for higher qualifications by part-time study. If you have the opportunity you should certainly go to University.

What are the chances of an overseas career or travel abroad? There are occasional overseas appointments, but it is the Company's policy to appoint local nationals wherever possible, and so a man joining ICI in the U.K. would not normally expect to be appointed abroad. It is very unlikely indeed that you would travel abroad early in your career, and later oppor-

tunities will vary depending on the nature of the work you are doing.

Can you work for ICI for a year before going to University? A few outstanding students are given a year's industrial training if they intend taking a science or engineering degree, and have obtained a University place. These appointments are normally made by the Div-

ision headquarters.

How do you get further information about ICI? Central Personnel Department, Imperial

Chemical Industries Limited, Imperial Chemical House, Millbank, London, S.W.1, can

provide booklets on:

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COMMERCE

BANKING

'Banking', said Mr. Gibbs, manager of the Thornbury branch of the Westminster Bank, 'is no longer a question of dead men's shoes'. He explained that the image of a career in banking as a continual wait for the retirement of superiors is no longer just, and that now, as in any career, accent is on ability. There is an ability-graded tiered system of salaries such that at 22, salary can be from £625 to £850 p.a. tion—Staff department, premises department, as well as a Public relations department and Mr. Gibbs dismissed as being out of date, the other popular image' of banking as the continual chore of ledger-keeping. Due to automation (the Thornbury branch of the Westminster is soon to have a computer link) such jobs are far less important than before. There are, too, enormously varied openings within the Westminster Bank. Banks handle not only private accounts, but also have departments for Trust Administration, Estate and Investment management, Buying and selling of foreign currencies. It is easy to change departments and all can lead to management.

Employees are encouraged to take courses, all expenses paid, and there are large bonus payments for those who pass the Institute of Bankers examinations. Candidates are given time off for study—in fact every encouragement is given.

As well as the departments already mentioned, there are others concerned with administra-

tion—Staff department, premises department, as well as a Public relations department and an Electronic methods and research department.

The openings in banking are varied and wide, the conditions of work and financial reward excellent (remember there's money in banks) the prospects, too, especially for those with ability, are extremely good.

All in all, Mr. Gibbs made banking a very attractive proposition; he summed it up himself by saying 'prospects for the future in banking look very bright'.

CRICKET

The opening of the season was almost completely washed out practice-wise and match-wise and we had our first match against Dursley late in May. They had played 7 matches! Dursley batted first and made a modest total. For the school, Day looked set for a good score but a very good gully catch saw the end of him and the rest of the side collapsed against some good fast bowling by Buckingham (who later played for Gloucestershire Schools).

Again some cancellations, then St. Brendan's. Here our batting really got going and we piled up a very respectable score. By the close we had eight St. Brendan's wickets down and had a very good moral victory. After this we maintained a good standard.

In the Parents' Match, their last man was holding out desperately at the close of play. We—thrashed a strong Old Thornburians side convincingly and in our last match, against Mr. G. Gambling's XI, we lost, but honourably, against a good side. Our youngsters showed up well and next season does not look as hopeless as we had thought. Skipper Cason finished all smiles with the highest score of his career—and even then he was unluckily run out—so did Barry Taylor who batted most of the innings.

Let's hope for a drier 1969.

NETBALL REPORT 1967/8

At the beginning of the season, the First VII did not have as good a success as expected, winning only 3 of the 9 games played. I think this was due to the unfortunate need of switching several girls from the team in mid-season. Although the season got off to a poor start our play successively grew better. The highlight of the season was our last match against Filton High School. A few weeks beforehand, they had become the Gloucestershire Schools Champions, so we knew we had to operate at our best and succeeded eventually in winning 15 to 13.

At the County Trials this year we were again fortunate in having two girls selected, Margaret Gunn and Susan King, who played in several matches.

The junior teams were very successful this season. The U14 played 13 games, winning 7 and narrowly losing 6. I am sure that experience is all that is needed for this team to improve itself. The U13 team played very well, winning 10 of their 12 matches. This is an exceptional record for so young a team. The U 12's unfortunately lost all five of their matches, but I am sure they will improve.

Our thanks go to Mrs. Sadler for her unfailing support, much needed at times! She had a very difficult task and coped admirably.

Colours: Janet Howell, Angela de Frame, Susan King, Margaret Gunn.

Half-Colours: Catriona Leslie, Vanessa Keedwell.

S. King

RUGBY REPORT 1967/8

It was forecast that the school 1st XV would enjoy reasonable success this year. In fact the school XV went on to have a remarkably good season, setting up a new school record. The School's high standard of rugby was reached not through sheer talent but by hard work, and determination. The older boys blended in with the younger fraternity to form a tough outfit, and throughout the season their high standard was maintained. The school forwards, led superbly by Tazewell, excelled in their covering, scrummaging and ferocity on the loose ball. But the real strength of the side lay in the back division. The half-backs, Davies and Day, incessantly kicked the side into scoring positions before breaking and then moving the ball out to the hard-running, thrustful Pownall, and the gifted, side-stepping, short-legged speedster Steer. Credit however must always go to full-back Maslin, whose tackling and place kicking reached high standards.

The most satisfying victory of the season was over the Old Thorns, where the school were worthy winners: 17—5; Lambert excelling by scoring 11 points.

The school's entry in the Clifton Sevens competition must also be mentioned, where the team really showed its paces by reaching the final. Although the final was a little disappointing, the school had shown they were a force to be reckoned with.

Played 15; won 11; lost 3; drawn 1.
Points for: 278 Against: 99

Colours: Re-awarded to Steer, Davies, Higgins, Bain

Awarded for the first time to Maslin, Day, Mills, Lambert, Pearce, Pownall,
Tazewell, King G.

Half-colours: King D., Berry, Taylor.

Bruce Davies

SOCCER REPORT 1968

The results this season were average, with five matches won, five lost and one drawn. The goal average was exactly one. This parity, however, represents a considerable achievement in the last part of the season when only one of the last five matches was lost.

Everyone concerned with soccer knew that the depth of talent available was strictly limited, and it took some time to find a formation that would make the best use of the playing strength available. This, added to injuries to key players, was the main reason for the poor. results early in the season. By half-term, however, the team started to play quite well, and it became obvious that once the defensive errors, which at one stage cost the team three matches in a week, were eradicated, better things were sure to follow. Better things did follow with an excellent game at King's Norton, Birmingham, a 2—0 victory at Chipping Sodbury and a good win over the Old Thorns.

Colours: Day, Lambert, Steer, Davies

Half-Colours: Fraser, Higgins, Pownall, Taylor, Pearce, Maslin.

HOCKEY REPORT 1967/8

The first hockey XI had a very successful season this year—not losing until late into the Spring Term—and then to a strong Bristol University side. The most thrilling matches were those which were hard fought, notably against old rivals Chipping Sodbury in which we won 1—0 and Dursley which ended in a 0—0 draw. This was a remarkable feat because only three former members of the first XI remained at the beginning of the year.

Team play was erratic, invariably either the attack or defence carried the game, but when co-ordination was needed it was attained. This was shown during the tournament at Cheltenham in which we reached the quarter finals, losing to Charlton Park who were eventual joint winners.

Although the team played well, their play declined towards the end of the term due to lack (or cancellation) of fixtures and consequent apathy. This was overshadowed by the feat of the U15 XI who became joint winners of the Gloucestershire U15 Hockey Tournament for the second year running.

The first XI were very sorry to lose Denise Barlow, a very strong dependable player and spent several weeks trying to find a suitable replacement—this was another reason for the unrest. The second XI were successful in all matches they played. Several players improved greatly throughout the season and proved great assets to the team. Of these, Judith Chambers, (re-awarded) Lyn Hernits, Erica Goulden and Helen Randall gained colours. Christine Garrett, who had a very successful goal-scoring season was awarded half colours along with Alison Covell, Lynda Edwards, Pat Neale, Pat Daniels and Ann Broad.

Thanks go to all who have made such a successful team, Mrs. Patterson for her unfailing support, effort and humour, Mr. and Mrs. Rendall for invaluable support and advice, and the groundsmen, and girls who made teas.

Judith Chambers

TENNIS

Our record this season is a great improvement on last year's, with 4 victories and only 2 defeats. We had an excellent start to the season and came close to winnings against Kingsfield, but unfortunately rain interrupted play.

Our most exciting match was against K.L.B.G.S. in which we recorded a good close victory at home. Another close finish was recorded in the match against the Old Thornburians, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all who participated.

As usual the match in which we played against the parents was most enjoyable and we were especially lucky in that the weather was very good.

The first VI have had a very successful season with many close and exciting matches.

FULL COLOURS:-

Lesley Evans
Christine Garrett
Helen Randall

HALF-COLOURS:.

Alison Covell
Diana Jones
Pat Neale
Celia Hanson

Lesley Evans

OLD THORNBURIANS' SOCIETY

The Society has had a successful year, with membership and funds increasing. We look forward to this continuing next year. but cannot help wondering about the distant future, as we hear the latest news concerning the fate of T.G.S.

Old Thornburians are, as ever, to be found in all parts of the world. John Pullin, already well known as a rugby player for England, is at present playing for the British Lion's team in South Africa. Mary Nicholls has been on a visit to Russia. Jennifer Rouch, Sandy Harding and Cyril Jeffery are all in Australia at the moment. Anthea Orr is now married and living in America, as are Roger and Cherry Crossfield. Delia Clark has now, for a year, been working in a hospital on the Ivory Coast.

Several Old Thornburians have been on voluntary service, among them Peter Barker, Gillian Emery and Bethan Bishop. I understand that Francis McCormick and Robin Mills, who will soon be Old Thornburians, are the first pupils to be accepted straight from school.

Wendy Baker has just completed her studies for her Ph.D at Cambridge. During the course she has spent a considerable time in Spain doing research.

Dennis Hawkins has moved from Thornbury and is now Headmaster of a school in High Wycombe.

Graham Williams is now Head of Department of Modern Languages in a Hereford school. Susan Trayhurn, Paul Whatley, Margaret Stansfield, Dorothy Richards, Susan Weeks and Sally Winter are also teaching.

At home John Cullimore's intention to move his business to the Old Post Office has caused quite a stir in the local papers

On the whole our news tends to be of recent generations, so it has been all the more pleasant to hear of some of our "elder brethren" among them, Mr. Roddick, who apologises for having no claim to fame, and Mrs. Morgan who were both present at the Old Thornburians' Dinner.

Congratulations to the following who have all obtained 2nd Class Honours 1st Division degrees:

I.P. Roberts	Psychology and Philosophy	Newcastle
Cynthia Birtwistle	Law	Bristol
D.R. Livsey	Electronics	Birmingham

There has, as usual, been a number of engagements, marriages and births. Congratulations to all, among them:

Engaged:

Hazel Deeks, Pamela Bennet, Edith Wilkinson, and Andrew Champion.

Married:

Susan Reeves to Philip Jones, Susan Weeks to Alan Carter, Cherry Lake to Roger Crossfield, Anthea Orr, Hazel Pritchard, Tony Reed, Michael Hawker, Bob Dibble, John Hortop. Births to:-
Peggy nee Bryant a boy, Janice nee Danials a boy, Marion nee Hodges a boy.