



Thornbury Grammar School 1936.

THE THORNBURIAN

THORNBURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

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Editor :G. M. HARDING

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EDITORIAL

Carlyle once wrote Great is journalism. Is not every Editor a ruler of the world, being a persuader of it though self-elected, yet sanctioned by the sale of his own numbers?" Having completed the seemingly endless task of preparing this magazine for publication, we are inclined to think over, in somewhat sobered manner, these lines of Carlyle.

We dare not suggest that by printing matter of an authoritative or commanding nature, we could influence seriously the views of our own readers. Far from it. But what we do suggest is that the latter part of Carlyle's remark is far truer than might at first appear.

Born journalists are few, and the productions of journalists more often than not, mediocre. In spite of this, however, the Editor and his Staff have to produce a magazine of which the School can justly be proud. Many are the difficulties and discouragements that have to be met and overcome in the accomplishing of this task, and the greatest of all these is that, having striven to bring the contributions to a standard that he considers tolerably satisfactory, as soon as the magazine has been published the poor Editor and his unfortunate "subs," find themselves inundated with scores of criticisms.

Such is the lot of the Editor. Yet we must not grumble, for the work, though perhaps laborious, and full of discouragements is exceedingly interesting, and good criticisms are always helpful. Moreover, we do agree that the School should be capable of producing a far better magazine. We are of the opinion that many more budding writers are in hiding somewhere in the School, who, if they made an effort, could send in first-rate contributions. Even were the magazine improved greatly, it might still remain far from perfect. In literature perfection is an illusory thing—a man's appreciation is so largely a question of personal reaction, that there exists no absolute standard—But upon such a magazine we at least might look with pride.

The School, we believe, is capable of supporting the magazine in a much better and more energetic way than it does at present. We do thank those who sent in contributions; but they are far outnumbered by those who did not.

However, we will close on a note of optimism, hoping that the School will appreciate its magazine and endeavour to improve it year by year.

School Notes.

The publication of this—the third issue of the Thornburian “—records an eventful year in the annals of Thornbury Grammar School.

At the end of the Summer term 1936, Miss Thomlinson left us on the occasion of her marriage to Mr. Roy Luce. The best wishes of the School go with her and Mr. Luce for every happiness.

Miss Thomlinson's successor is Miss Thomas, a graduate of Bristol University, and she has already become a valuable member of the Staff.

Our cordial congratulations are offered to Dr. Pollard on his appointment to the staff of Hanley High School. His departure will certainly be a great loss to the School, where for seven years he has been Head of the Science Department.

While at Thornbury, Dr. Pollard carried on research work at Bristol University, and obtained his Ph.D., thus being one of the first persons to receive an external Ph.D. degree at this University. He has been responsible for the development of the Science Department, and has played an active part in the Scientific Society. Dr. Pollard leaves Thornbury with the good wishes of all.

Mr. F. H. Williams, M.A., B.Sc., Oxon., has been appointed to succeed Dr. Pollard, and comes to us in January next. Mr. Williams was educated at Berkhamstead School, Herts., where he gained an Open Scholarship in Natural Science at Keble College, Oxford. Here he obtained an Honours Degree in Chemistry. After special research in Organic Chemistry, Mr. Williams obtained his B.Sc., and in 1936 his M.A. Since 1934 Mr. Williams has been teaching in Lincolnshire.

Mr. Bush who has been an additional member of the Staff during the present term, will shortly be leaving us. The science pupils especially regret his departure, and we all wish him every success.

Since the last edition of the Thornburian,” two highly successful Whist Drives and Dances have been held, as a result of which the Games Fund has benefited considerably.

The next Whist Drive and Dance will be held on Friday, January 29th, 1937. Only a limited number of Dance tickets (3/6) will be sold to ensure that the floor is not too crowded. Whist tickets will cost 2/-.

The School Concert will be held on Wednesday and Thursday, February 17th and 18th, 1937.

The Athletic Sports will take place on Thursday, May 13th and Speech Day on Wednesday, July 21st.

An "Old Thornburian" who wishes to remain anonymous very generously sent £1 towards the cost of improvements to the playing field.

Since the new cricket pitch was laid last autumn, it has been very carefully looked after. Weather permitting it has been rolled and freed of weeds daily, and should be in fine condition for the next cricket season. It is certain that the boys will be able to congratulate themselves on their labours, for in the near future we hope to have as good a school pitch as there is in the county.

Two more grass tennis courts are to be provided for the girls, and in addition those at present in use, will be renovated unless hard courts are laid down in the quarry. In the past the girls have been handicapped by the insufficient number of courts, but this may be remedied by the time the tennis season arrives.

The School now possesses an up-to-date wireless set, and certain of the Broadcasts to the Schools are utilized. Light entertainment is available during the breaks and dinner hours.

The recent photographs of the School, bring home to us how privileged we are in having such fine buildings in which to pursue our studies—a modern gymnasium, and we should have no "further worlds to sigh for.

The School has every reason to congratulate itself on the 1936 Examination results. One hundred per cent successes were obtained as against the National average of sixty-eight per cent. Of the twenty-five who sat for and passed the Bristol University School Certificate, thirteen reached the matriculation standard. One candidate was presented for the Higher School Certificate and was also successful. A full list of results are to be found elsewhere in this issue.

Major Howard has very kindly given us a copy of the Bedell Rent Rowell for ye Maner of Thornbury in ye year 1696." It now hangs in the north corridor.

The whole School was shocked to hear of the terrible accident to Mary Meredith, and all join us in extending our deepest sympathy to her relatives in their tragic loss. A tree will be planted in memory of a pupil who, to use her parents' words, "was extremely proud of her School."

The Paris-Saloon Aircraft Exhibition.

E. Styles.

In view of the great interest taken in the Bristol Aeroplane Company—several old boys are now connected with it—I think that many would like to read a description of the Paris-Saloon exhibits which were on show at Filton on Sunday, October 25th, and which I was privileged to see.

At the Paris-Saloon Exhibition all types of aircraft and subsidiary equipment are shown, the object being, of course, to introduce prospective purchasers to the latest improvements in design and construction of aircraft. This is a great international show, and is visited by representatives of many governments in addition to civil aviation authorities.

Of the Bristol exhibits, I was very interested in the Perseus and Aquila type of engines, these being the only sleeve valve engines at present in use in aircraft. Another very interesting feature was the sectioned Pegasus engine, showing clearly this internal working of the master rod, articulating rods and pistons. These could be seen moving up and down the cylinders, the firing stroke being indicated by a red light. Most modern aero engines are of the super-charged type, obtained by the use of an impeller at a speed of between 20,000 and 22,000 revolutions per minute, fitted in time induction system and impelling as its name implies extra air into the cylinders.

A special exhibit which attracted much attention consisted of models of aircraft which have previously held the altitude record. In comparison with these was a replica of the machine which recently established the latest altitude record. This machine is fitted with a double super-charged Bristol engine.

As the component parts of an aero engine have to withstand a severe strain, the materials used in their construction have to undergo strict examination on the test bed and careful analysis in the laboratory, before use. The finish of all parts has to be of a very high standard, and every precaution is taken to ensure that nothing of a doubtful nature is included in the final erection of either an aero engine or an aeroplane.

These Paris Show exhibits demonstrate to everyone interested in aircraft, that the engines manufactured at Filton by the Bristol Aeroplane Company are undoubtedly the finest in the world.

Our Second Appellations.

N. Nichols.

Everyone was struck with the diversity of our nicknames and we all had at least one, although some did not come to the surface until the end of our time together, when we asked each other to sign his or her nickname so that we could remember one another as a member of the form rather than as an acquaintance with a formal name. Strangely enough, many had difficulty in the spelling when they were called upon to write them down, and French accents had to be applied in an attempt to preserve the correct pronunciation, but even then something of the subtlety characterized by a sort of centre croon, or Claude Dampier effect, was often missed.

When on paper it was seen that our nicknames could be sub-divided, and classed under numerous headings. First the languages: French.— Jacques, Tñbs, Gus, Moineau and Esmé: Latin—Canis, Pongo (?), and Scinjo (?): German— Fritz.

The next big class concerns animals: Charger and Filly insinuate some sort of equine being, Pongo, Long-Dog, Canis and Fluff, are canine and feline representatives, while Hawk and Geese are birdmen.

Two of the remainder can be headed as articles of diet— Pickles and Tea-leaf, but others are definitely miscellaneous— Hosk, Hitch, Liz, Gravel-Pit, Sandy, Derf, Cis and Mim. Some of these are simply rhythmic abbreviations of real names.

Perhaps the most interesting part are the derivations. Many are too complicated to explain, and have evolved through many years, others are obvious—the colour and size of parts of the body, a quarrying habitation, or a French accent applied for exponents of that subject.

Well, don't be offended, often the more evil a nickname one has, the more popular one is, and everyone is sporty not to object to their second appellation.

Mr. Moon.

P. Daldry.

O, Mr. Moon you shine so bright,
And light the pathway of the night.

But when the dawn begins to peep,
Out of the sky you slowly creep.

Then when the sun comes shining through,
Pray Mr. Moon what's left of you?

Caught Red-Handed!

A. Lydford.

One evening George Wilson was striding pensively along a country lane near his home—a little village on the South Devon coast—in a puzzled mood. Since his return on shore-leave three days ago mysterious things had been happening in his village. Men no longer went about their work cheerfully but they stood whispering in the street, ceasing the moment they saw him watching them. Only the previous evening he had seen a stranger emerge from a cottage in rather strange circumstances. All this was very bewildering to George, who could not understand this sudden change in his fellow villagers' behaviour towards him.

Suddenly he stopped short, for his keen ears had heard the sound of men's voices a few yards away. He had no intention of eavesdropping, but he recognized the voice of his uncle, Jim Wilson, talking in an authoritative tone to the others, who appeared to disagree with him. The voices were low, and George could not hear their exact words, but that was the impression he received. A few minutes later, however, Jim Wilson evidently lost his temper, for George clearly heard him cry out, -I say we strike tomorrow night, and strike we do Who is leader here You, Will Johnson, or I ? Perhaps you would rather wait and risk running into that blundering nephew of mine ? -here he dropped his voice again. "We meet again tomorrow night. I've fixed everything up with Pierre. Are you all agreed ?

"Ay, ay," murmured his followers, but in a rather hesitating manner.

"Well you had better agree," snapped **Jim** Wilson. "Don't go and give anything away to my young nephew; he has sharp eyes and ears, remember! Now go back to the village, and don't dare to breathe a word, or it will be the worse for you!

The conspirators soon dispersed, and George had to creep into a ditch, which was fortunately dry, to avoid their bumping into him. When all was quiet once more, he clambered out of the ditch, and returned home in an even more thoughtful mood. What did it all mean? That his uncle was mixed up in some mysterious business was certain, but what exactly this was, George had no idea.

The next evening George determined to be at the meeting of the confederates, and concealed himself at the previous evening's rendezvous, before dusk fell. The men did not begin to arrive however until long after sunset. He recognized them by their voices as men from the village, and they were evidently waiting for someone else. No doubt the mysterious Pierre thought George. After half an hour's

interval, interrupted by impatient murmurs among the men, a torch was shone on the road, and a soft foreign voice called out through the darkness, ~' Me voici, Pierre

Ah. here you are at last ! exclaimed one.

“Bon soir! my dear friends, and my fine companion Jim Wilson,” went on Pierre.

“Stow that stuff, Pierre. Have you got everything ready? We’re much too late already.”

“Certainment, mon ami. Don’t worry. All is ready. Follow me to the launch. It is opposite the cave, but it needs my good strong friends to carry the—ahem—bales of material into it,” responded the Frenchman.

As soon as they had gone, George did a bit of quick thinking. He knew the cave well since it was the only one along the coast for miles, and if he ran to the coast-guard for help, they could get back to the cave in a very short time. Accordingly he hurried to the coastguard’s house on the cliff, and managed to persuade the coastguard and his brother, along with Dr. James, the young physician, who was George’s best friend, to accompany him. Dr. James on hearing the story advised them to take the two village policemen and a few trusted villagers in case there was trouble.

When they had collected the party together, in a very short time they set out for the cave. The pompous inspector was inclined to disbelieve the whole story, but when they reached a spot near their destination, they could see a light moving near the cave mouth. George crept forward alone, and saw that they were loading what appeared to be bales of material into a launch. He hurried back to the rest of his party, and reported what he had seen. The inspector immediately took charge. “Smuggling, my lads. Are you willing to rush them? We have more men than they have, and if we surprise them we ought to be able to overpower them.”

All softly murmured their assent, and on the inspector’s word of command, as one man the whole party rushed down into the cave, and after a short struggle easily overcame the smugglers. When the bales were opened they were found to contain counterfeit notes, for which Pierre was the agent for a great continental gang. By Pierre’s capture, the rest of the gang were unmasked, and brought to trail. George was commended by the judge for the part he had played, and moreover he received a handsome cheque as a reward.

The villagers who had helped Pierre, including George’s uncle, had, it seemed, been the victims of a clever trick. They did not believe that they were smuggling at the time, but only engaged in perfectly honest trade, which for purposes of trade secrecy had to be carried out without anyone knowing. They were not, as a result, seriously punished, but they learnt their lesson, and for long after none of them would visit the cave where they were caught red-handed.

Ode to Scientists.

N. Nichols.

Ye scientists, who miss the higher aims,
Who fumble in vain mysticism.
And with fantastic meditations maim
The heaven-born gifts which art supplies.
Ye with low-thoughted care ignore
Th' example set by those who traverse stern
But satisfying paths, to carry out
Art's mission.
Come ye into the light of day and know,
What 'tis to sip th' exquisite honey of
Mellifluous Art, whose fruits sublime and fresh
Ameliorate the lot of man, and raise
His life above the common rut, where weak
Crabb'd Science wallows in perpetual gloom.
Obscured by its own green, opaque
And cumb'rous veil, which fain it would (hut can't)
Lift off. Avaunt thee, oh impending veil
Close in again what man hath loosened thus.
For to what end hath he grown wizened an(1
Forsook his gift of inspiration given
Cease ye to tread the primrose path which leads
To flames like those you now employ to carry out
Your soul-destroying craft.
Smash ye those limbecks, that contain foul fumes
That vaporize those thoughts which make the soul
Immortal.
Be rid of acid fetters that neutralize
The sweetest hours of life. Art calls for you
To swell the band who worship at the shrine
Of unpolluted Higher Things. Dissolve your shells
In Art's sweet julep and conjure yet again
To make the syrup clear, unlike your poisoned sloth,
And pour this over your debased crew
Of scientists, that they may drink or in
It drown. Let those who fast imbibe
Be saved, and lively scamper in eternal day
With those who, wise at first, ne'er strayed along
The tempting way which led those luckless ones
Into the labyrinth of Mysticism.
Thus Shepherd Art serene will be your guide
The useful hook used well to. haul you up.
Oh, listen, rescued Scientist, obey
Art's signpost to Life's Victorious End.

A Night in a Haunted Room.

L. Taylor.

To win a wager with my wife, I have agreed to spend the night in the dark haunted room of my old house, where the ghost of a murdered man is said to wander on special occasions. My untouched supper lies on the table. It is an eerie, ghostly night; just the time for a spectre to roam abroad with cold, red blood oozing from its awful gashes. I doze off and then, awakened suddenly, I see on the table a great, red pool of dripping, splashing blood!! It dances before my eyes—a pale moon peeps through the clouds—the blood becomes clearer to see—cold, trickling, man's blood! / —it is terrible !—I shudder and a thousand wretched maimed creatures seem to hover around me—the moon brightens— it becomes more ghastly! Then—only a plate of pickled cabbage ! / I sigh a tremendous sigh of relief—I still shake from head to foot, whiter than any ghost. Hark!! two o'clock strikes out solemnly, then—pat / pat / pat !—soft muffled creeping footsteps—a clink—a sudden frightful, nerve-racking smashing crash / My hair stands on end—sweat, cold sweat trickles slowly down my shivering spine—then Meow / !— only the cat in the pantry. Another sigh, another wish to be in bed and—wait !—what do I hear? a tearing, scratching sound echoing loudly in the silence—getting louder ! / louder / / louder!! (a certain ghost) a sudden screech—two cracks as of breaking bones—a scuffle, a muffled, long-drawn-out moan such as a murdered man gives—silence again—a sound — and into the moonlight comes the cat with a mouse !!

Boom : Boom / Boom! a distant clock strikes. What frights, but I must be brave. I am brave but wwww what ddo I see now'? Two searching glaring eyes—a deep guttural growl loud! louder : then softer dying to silence—an echoing pattering ! What is it ? ?—only the dog. Silence reigns once more, but is broken by footsteps—one ! two / three! all down the stairs. Oh, it is terrifying—a figure in white enters the doorway—no sound but the pat of feet—I grasp an egg off the table with a trembling hand—close my eyes—throw !—a squash! a yell!! then

Who in the dickens are you throwing eggs at ?

It was my wife who had come to see if I was still in the room!! She retires. I doze again, then wa king with a start I see over the mantelpiece—a glowing, winking orb shining brightly ! ! I retreat—grasp a stool—throw it! Smash goes my best luminous-dialled watch / / I sigh deeply. Then clank! clank! rattling clinking, clanking noises, bring visions of white-robed, headless wretches, with bony fingers and rattling chains—maddening nerve-racking pictures!! I almost stop breathing then

Milko," echoes clear in the early morning. My vigil is over.

Modern Music.

G.M.

Of late, modern music has been very much in the public eye, owing to the consistent attacks upon it by people who consider it is degrading and insulting the art of music.

There is much to be said for, and against modern music. In the first place, the music of to-day caters for the enjoyment of millions of youthful people, who live in this new age which is, where music is concerned, one of gaiety and brightness. Sceptics firmly assert that the bringing up of a child to like this modern -dance music," is very wrong, as it will corrupt its taste and prevent appreciation of the music of the masters.

These people who unthinkingly hound down modern music, evidently do not realize that there are other forms beside "jazz." No one can dispute the fineness of the works of such modern composers as Eric Coates, George Gershwin and Hayden Wood, and yet these composers write typically modern music.

Referring again to the -dance music - of to-day, however, it is significant to think of the countless thousands and even millions of people all the world over, who nightly dance to the strains of some of this music.

There is no doubt whatever that it is extremely popular among a great number of people. Critics can't see why this should be. Modern dance music consists to-day of two things, rhythm and syncopation. The first is essential, the latter a refinement. Rhythm stirs the multitude who like -jazz." It quickens the pulse, makes one feel light-hearted and puts into one the feeling of gaiety.

Syncopation is a fine art, only properly used by a few. Oddly enough, the finest exponent of syncopation, George Gershwin, writes music that is essentially not -jazz." As an example, his -Rhapsody in Blue" is probably the most famous piece of syncopated music ever written.

Of course there is the other side of the question—can modern music compare with that of the great masters? It is ridiculous to attempt such a comparison. The music of Bach, Beethoven, Handel and the other great composers, will always remain, simply because music of this stamp will probably never be written again.

Summing up the pros and cons of modern music, one can only say that it is the music of the moment, and the music that the new generation now growing up enjoys to the full, and it is hard to imagine a world in the future entirely devoid of such rhythmic, exhilarating music. People may assert that it is wrong and degrading, but the fact still remains that modern music is liked by millions, and unless things change very considerably, music of this type will be popular in years to come.

Forty Minutes to Wait.

MM

“What time does the train go, my dear?” inquired Mrs. Oxstead of her husband. They had only been married three years, hence the endearing terms, and this was their fourth holiday together.

“Time? Oh, about—er—7.45,” he replied.

“Well, please make sure at the office to-day, Tom. It is that forty minutes we have to wait through losing our train that spoils our whole holiday.”

“Yes,” agreed Mr. Oxstead. That was just it; they always seemed to lose their train, however hard they tried to catch it.

When Friday night came, the day before they were going away, Mrs. Oxstead managed to put the clock forward twenty minutes before going to bed, without her husband knowing. She knew he always took an extra long time to dress and shave when there was a train to catch, and those twenty minutes would no doubt come in very useful. She also sent a note to the taxi-man, asking him to call for them twenty minutes earlier. Mr. Oxstead set the alarm, which was secretly altered again by his wife, for each was quite determined not to lose that train.

They woke up in good time in the morning, and watched the clock very carefully as they did their toilet, cleaned their shoes, and made the other necessary preparations.

At 7.30 there was a loud knock on the door; the taxi-man had come to collect the luggage, and to take them both to the station.

“I have a nice surprise for you, dear,” said Mr. Oxstead as they sat in the taxi.

Really?—said Mrs. Oxstead,—well, now is the time for surprises. Do tell me?

“The train we are going to catch does not leave the station until 8.5, that is twenty minutes later than I told you. I thought those twenty minutes would be useful, and would prevent us from getting worried, you see?”

“I see well enough,” replied his wife dejectedly. “Do you know that I put all the clocks forward twenty minutes last night, and ordered the taxi-man to come twenty minutes earlier, so that we should have enough time, and now——” “Well, I never did—” exclaimed Mr. Oxstead, and his

face became similar to that of the noble beast whose name belonged to him, as he groaned, “Now, we’ve still got forty minutes to wait

The Whitsun Camp.

One of the eighteen.

The School Camp was held at Park Farm, Nympsfield, during the Whitsun vacation, when eighteen boys under Dr. Pollard, and Mr. Sagar spent four days under canvas. The School is greatly indebted to Mr. Carpenter, an uncle of the School captain, who so generously allowed us the use of his field amid surroundings which were so ideal for camping.

We were seen off from school by a few patriots, and after a long cycle ride we reached the camp site, where work greeted us. Everyone was glad when we had finished for the day, after the laborious task of putting up the tents, and making the camp ship-shape. A shrill peep . . . eep marked lights out, but few heard it, since all were engrossed in the elaborate task of making their beds, and everyone seemed to see an immense amount of humour in the proceedings. It was a long time before the camp settled down to anything like silence, and then one heard intermittent bursts of half-stifled laughter issuing forth from each tent in turn, until everyone at last fell asleep—a state of affairs that was unfortunately destined not to last long.

Oh, the joys of a first night at camp, when trying to sleep on the ground for the first time ! We were all equally guilty of bringing Dr. Pollard out of his tent several times during the night, to tell us to stop talking and get some sleep.

In one tent, the tent leader brought a strap to bear, but with little effect, while one of the more peaceful among us, endeavouring to obtain forty winks, heartily kicked the tent pole with a "Get out, George!

In the morning we were greeted by a lecture and rain. How we enjoyed our morning wash, followed by physical training in the rain, the cooking in bathing costumes, and the games of chasing.

We shall always remember the memorable meeting with the old lady, in the sacred precincts of Woodchester Park, who bewailed her woes on our unhearing ears, and how the School captain thrust out his chin, and steered us so diplomatically out of trouble.

The weather improved during the last few days, and although we had occasional showers, in between whiles we enjoyed ourselves to the full in the sunshine.

Monday was visitors' day, and was eagerly looked forward to, and although showers damped our enthusiasm, those with the true British Spirit, were at last seen by the more anxious, who had wandered off to meet them, making their way towards the camp.

Our last full day ended with a camp concert to which



THE SCHOOL CAMP AT NYMPFIELD WHITSUN 1956

1. Some of the Boys 2. The Cook-house 3. The Stone
4. Fire 5. Off for a walk 6. The View 7. The Camp

everyone contributed. Community singing was entered into with gusto, but the enormous success was the war dance, given by an appropriately clad "savage," to the accompaniment of a chanted "umpah."

On Tuesday we had reluctantly to say goodbye to Nymphsfield, which will always remain a place of happy memories, and we made our way home a trifle sadly as we thought of our all too short camping holiday, now come to an end.

The camp was undoubtedly a great success, and all regretted having to return to School. Some may be fortunate enough to go to a future camp, but those who cannot, will I know, join me in wishing it the same success as the last.

School Concert.

M.I.S.

A very successful concert in aid of the Games Fund, was held in the School Hall on March 12th, and attracted a large audience.

The programme opened with "The Rights of the Case," written and produced by Miss Dicker, and was an amusing sidelight on married life, played by Ivy Carter as Lucy, the wife, and G. Harding as Tom her husband.

Members of JIB then presented scenes from "Alice through the Looking Glass," the parts of Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee being well played by R. Pope and D. Pearce, while Sheila McDonald made a charming Alice. The costumes and lighting effects were very attractive and were much appreciated, owing to the ingenuity of Miss Hurley.

Next came a selection of country dances, the performance of which, both in sprightly and stately manner, delighted the audience. Additional pleasure was afforded by the attractive costumes of the dancers.

An outstanding performance was that of scenes from "The Rivals" by Sheridan, produced by Miss Dicker.

G. Harding played the part of Sir Anthony Absolute in fine dramatic style, and Pat Sainsbury gave a clever portrayal of Mrs. Malaprop. Nancy Nichols gave a good characterisation of Lydia Languish. J. Skinner as a dashing young Captain Absolute and Jean Thompson as Lydia's maid completed the well chosen cast. The announcement of the scenes of this play was well delivered by B. Lee, and added to the pleasure of the performance.

A very popular item was the playing of the School Band under the direction of Mr. Sagar. The band rendered several well-known dance numbers, and a very interesting piece was a waltz composed by Mr. D. Pitcher an old boy of the School, who had specially orchestrated it for the Band. The soft crooning of "Love is Everywhere," by Mr. Sagar was very acceptable.

The School Choir conducted by Mr. B. S. Morse sang three songs—"The Flowers of the Forest, -In Yon Garden," and -When Johnny comes marching Home again."

A delightful performance was that of the "Poetasters of Isphan" by Clifford Bax, produced by Miss Dicker. Barbara Sainsbury played the part of the poet in a charming way, and Freda Williams made a very attractive "Princess Silvermoon." Pleasing portrayal of their parts was given by Hills as a wealthy jeweller, Taylor as a pastry cook, Batten as a miserly silk-mercer, M. Hayward as a perfume seller, and A. Carter as a barber. The costumes of the performers in this play were exceptionally good.

Mr. F. H. Grace and Dr. Pollard were in charge of the very successful lighting arrangements.

We all hope that this concert was the forerunner of many more all as equally enjoyable.

Speech Day.

The Annual Speech Day and Prize giving was held in the School Hall on Thursday, July 23rd, 1936.

Captain R. A. Bennett, Chairman of the School Governors, presided and opened the proceedings with a speech, interspersed with his usual amusing anecdotes.

The Headmaster then read his report, in which he showed the further progress of the School during the past year.

The examination results were considerably better, and five Higher School Certificates, and twenty-one First School Certificates were obtained. In addition, Dorothy Atwell had been awarded a State Scholarship, and Jessie Mersh and R. Organ a Board of Education University Training Grant and County Higher Exhibition. Of the Old Thornburians, D. Pitcher had been appointed Senior History master at Westwood's Grammar School, North-leach, and Molly Atwell had been awarded a Diploma at Bristol University.

The Headmaster was very pleased to welcome Dr. Thomas Loveday, the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Bristol, who had kindly consented to give away the prizes.

When the certificates and prizes won by the pupils had been distributed, Dr. Loveday addressed the gathering, particularly the pupils. He gave several pieces of advice, and his speech was very well received.

The usual vote of thanks followed, and the proceedings closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

Tea was provided by the Domestic Science pupils for the Governors and for parents in the Old School.

Several of the visitors availed themselves of the opportunity to look round the school buildings, and once again all who did so were full of praises for their excellence.

Examination Results.

We congratulate the following on their examination successes in the year 1935-36

BRISTOL HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE:

P. A. Briscoe.

BRISTOL FIRST SCHOOL CERTIFICATE:

D. Brown, B. Clements, P. Cotterell (in), V. Jenkins (m), N. Nichols (m), R. Pullin (m), P. Savery, J. Thompson (m), M. Travell, M. Turner (in) Allen Clements, Garrett (m), Harding (m), Hawkins, Hayward (m), Hitchins, Hosken, Meachin, Nash, Sheppard, Skinner (m), Speller (m), Styles (m), Watkins, Wood (m).
(m) denotes matriculation.

R.S.A. EXAMINATION:

TYPEWRITING:

Stage II G. Batt, B. Sainsbury.

Stage I G. Batt, B. Curtis, F. Reeves. B. Sainsbury, B. Sims, B. Thompson, F. Williams, Excell.

BOOK-KEEPING:

Stage I B. Sims.

PITMAN'S SHORTHAND CERTIFICATES:

B. Curtis (90 words per minute).
G. Batt, B. Sainsbury, B. Sims (80 words per minute).
F. Williams (70 words per minute)

School Prefects, 1935-36.

SCHOOL CAPTAINS Briscoe and I. Carter.

PREFECTS B. Thompson, B. Clements, F. Williams.

B. Sainsbury, V. Jenkins, B. Sims. G.

Batt, V. Turner, M. Boyt.

Meachin, Powell, Speller, Watkins, Wood,

Eacott, Gain, Excell, Styles.

Magazine Staff.

EDITOR: G. M. Harding

ART EDITOR: W.J Speller.

SUB-EDITOR:

W. N. Batten.

ADVERTISING MANAGER: E. Williams.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

1935-36

PRESIDENT: P. A. Briscoe.

SECRETARY: G. Harding. TREASURER: F. Styles.

Interest in the Scientific Society has been well maintained, and the various meetings have been enthusiastically supported. Lectures have been given on a wide variety of topics, such as "The Lake District," "Bacteria - "The Hydro-electric plant at Niagara," and the "Hydrogenation of Coal," to mention only a few.

Outings were arranged to the National Smelting Works at Avonmouth, to Robinson's Factory at Fishponds, and to the Royal Agricultural Show at Bristol. All these outings proved to be very interesting, and much valuable knowledge was obtained.

The programme for the Easter term 1937 is as follows ,

JAN. 21st. A series of four short talks on Pets.

(1) Ferrets by Slade. (2) Mice by Cough.

(3) Silk-worms by Lanham. (4) Pigeons by Lewis.

FEB. 11th. An epidiascope lecture on the "Co-operative

Society's Dairy," by Enid and Nora Watkins.

MAR. 4th. A discussion between F. Styles and D. Wood on the respective merits of Gas and Electricity.

The Outing will be announced at a later date.

While heartily congratulating Mr. Pollard on his new appointment, the Society at the same time regrets his departure, which will mean a serious loss to the Society. Since the inauguration of the Scientific Society, Dr. Pollard has given invaluable help to the committee, and he will be greatly missed

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

1935-36

CHAIRMAN P A Briscoe

SECRETARIES: Ivy Carter and G. Excell.

The Literary and Dramatic Society did not embark on a too ambitious programme for the year 1935-36, as it had not then become fully established. Nevertheless those meetings which were held were well attended, and the Society was responsible for the dramatic entertainment at the School Concert. During the coming year it is hoped that the Society will carry out a very interesting and varied programme.

Country Dancing.

C. C.

Under the direction of Miss Storey, Country Dancing has been carried on most successfully and those taking part have been full of enthusiasm.

The School team gave exhibition dances at the Annual Festival of the Bristol Branch of the English Folk Dancing and Song Society, and at the School Concert.

Old Thornburians.

The Old Thornburians Society continues to flourish, and forms a vital link with the School.

A Dance has been arranged by the Society, to take place in the School Hall on December 11th.

On November 12th, 1936 the Old Thornburians met the School both at hockey and at football. The footballers with their extra weight and helped by the saturated state of the ground, proved too much for the School, and won an interesting game by 7 goals to 3.

Most of the clever movements came from the School, but they failed badly near goal. Thompson, centre forward, Lansdown, right back, Woodward in goal, and Curtis, centre half, were prominent for the Old Thornburians, while King, Watkins, Ford and Hooke played well for the School.

The teams were, O.T. R. Woodward: J. Lansdown and J. Dennis: G. Ford, R. Curtis and L. Dearing: A. Pitt, A. Webb, J. Thompson, L. Jones and BA Newman.
School: E. Williams : XV. Vizard and L. Ford: H. King, W. Speller and D. Watkins: C. Hooke, D. Appleby, K. Phillips, F. Niblett and L. Stovold.

In the Hockey match the School were successful against the Old Girls by 9 goals to 1, after an exciting match, which was watched by a large crowd. The School was always the superior team, although the Old Girls did not give up heart once, and played with great determination and spirit to the close. For the School scorers were M. Maggs (6), B. Clements, N. Nichols and J. Thompson, while F. Taylor hit the goal for the losers.

Old Girls: F. Bryant: M. Symes and L. Turner.:

J. Lansdown, Mrs. Bennett and R. Pullin: K. Watkins,
S. Nichols, J. Mersh, F. Taylor and V. Nichols. School:
M. Gallivan: M. Nichols and M. Turner: B. Thompson,
B. Sims and B. Clements: J. Lane, J. Thompson, E. Newman, N. Nichols and M. Maggs.

After the match both teams were entertained to tea in the Old School.

In spite of intermittent rain an interesting cricket match was played on July 17th, 1936 between the Old Boys and the School resulting in a win for the School by 66 runs due chiefly to the efforts of Meachin and Ford.

A Tennis Match with the Old Girls was also played and ended in a victory for the visitors.

The Old Girls were represented by:

D. Atwell and M. Atwell.
E. Nichols and S. Nichols.
K. Smith and I. Allen.



Clare



1935-36

HOUSE CAPTAINS: B. Clements and G. M. Harding.

HOUSE COLOUR: Gold.

The privilege of holding the shield for the third year in succession is not ours. For two years, Clare has been undisputably the Champion House; but we must now relinquish that title which Stafford has so deservedly taken from us, and in doing so we heartily congratulate our successors who are now holding the shield for the first time. During the last year the House competition was much more closely contested than ever before, and the name of the Champion House was in doubt until the last cricket match between Clare and Stafford had been played, when Stafford by their victory, assured themselves of the Shield.

Once again Clare was well served by the girls, who have saved us so often in the past, and their results both in tennis and hockey were very satisfactory. The boys, although not acquitting themselves as well as usual, did reasonably well, and if an improvement is shown during the coming year, Clare may once more become the proud possessors of the Shield.

The House congratulates Dr. Pollard on his new appointment, although at the same time is very sorry indeed to lose such a keen and energetic House supporter.



Stafford



1935-36

HOUSE CAPTAINS: F. Williams and C. Meachin.

HOUSE COLOUR: Blue.

During the year 1935-36, the fourth year since the inauguration of the competition between the Houses for the holding of the Sports Shield, Stafford achieved their ambition and carried off the Shield for the first time. This was in no small measure due to the enthusiasm of its captains, Freda Williams and C. Meachin, and also to the loyal and wholehearted manner in which the rest of the House backed them up.

The boys won all their football and cricket matches, in addition to coming out top in the swimming and athletic sports. Time girls, although not very strong in playing quality, were nevertheless very staunch supporters of the House, and warmly encouraged their more active colleagues.

The whole House is hoping to retain the Shield at the end of July.



Howard



1935-36

HOUSE CAPTAINS : I. Carter and P. Eacott.

HOUSE COLOUR: Red.

Although the end of the last school year saw Howard finish with the least number of points in the House competition the House was not without its successes.

These were provided chiefly by the girls, who won the majority of their hockey and tennis matches. The senior boys, although losing all their football and cricket matches, played with great zeal and determination. This keenness was also apparent to a marked degree among the junior boys, who won some of their games in splendid style. This seems to be an omen of a bright future for Howard House.

On the day of the athletic sports, all members made a great effort, and this was not without its reward, for many valuable points were obtained. The House also showed up prominently in the cross-country runs, while in the Swimming Sports, Howard finished runners-up to Stafford with 16 points.

Unfortunately, the House has lost both of its captains, and this will mean a serious loss, for both were untiring supporters, and did much to arouse the enthusiasm of the other members of the House.

Nevertheless, we all look forward optimistically, to regaining the Shield in a short time, and provided that all show as much keenness and loyalty as at present, this time should be very short indeed.



Football.

W.J.S.

During the season 1935-36, there was a marked improvement in the standard of play, chiefly due to the valuable coaching received.

Out of the 12 matches played, 7 were won and 5 lost.

One of the School's most interesting efforts was the defeat of Dursley, 5-4, on the latter's ground—the first home defeat sustained by Dursley for 5 seasons.

The following appeared for the School during the season :—Allen, Ponting, Ford, Dennis, Speller, Styles, Eacott, Webb, Appleby, Meachin. Stovold, Moss, Clarke and Hooke.

Colours were awarded to :—Speller, Appleby, Ford and Dennis, and reawarded to Meachin and Webb.

Hockey.

B.A.T.

The Hockey Season, 1935-36 was quite a successful one, in spite of the bad weather which caused some of the matches to be cancelled.

Wins were recorded against Wooton G. S. (twice), Chipping Sodbury, and Yate Ladies (twice). while defeats were sustained at the hands of Dursley S. S. (twice), and Chipping Sodbury. In the Dursley Tournament however, the 1st team managed to come in 2nd and the 2nd team, 5th, which was very creditable. At the end of the Easter term the School was ingloriously beaten by the Staff.

Colours were awarded to B. Sainsbury, M. Turner,

M. Nichols, E. Newman, and reawarded to B. Clements.

B. Thompson, M. Maggs and N. Nichols.

Cricket.

D.H.

The standard of play during the 1936 season was much higher than that of the previous year, chiefly due to much appreciated coaching by members of the Staff.

The results—5 wins and 5 defeats—were considerably better than those of the previous season, when no wins were recorded. The brilliant century by Meachin, a most efficient captain, and the 71 by Ford, were the outstanding feats of the season. The most notable achievements by

bowlers were 6 for 9 by Hosken, and (5 for 18 by Meachin. The following deservedly won their colours Dennis, Ford, Appleby, Niblett and Speller. They were reawarded to Meachin and Hosken.

Tennis.

B.C.

The 1936 Tennis team failed to maintain the unbeaten record of the previous years. Considering the fact that five of the six were new to matches the results were satisfactory. Only five matches were played owing to the inclement weather, two of them being won and three lost—one of these by the odd game.

The team was

1st couple. F. Williams and B. Clements.

2nd couple. N. Nichols and B. Sainsbury.

3rd couple. M. Turner and V. Meachin.

The 1st and 2nd couples were awarded their colours.

Swimming.

D.R.W.

The Swimming Sports, the points of which counted in the fight for the shield for the first time, were won by Stafford with 24 points, Howard were runners-up with 16, and Clare third with 5 points.

Although the weather was cold and showery, it did not damp the enthusiasm of the competitors, and a fine display of swimming and diving was given. There was little to choose between the seniors, although Slade was undoubtedly the fastest of the juniors.

The Sports were not without some amusement, and when three of the Clare team, after struggling hard in the Relay Race found their fourth man had gone astray, everyone saw the funny side of the situation, including the three members of the Clare team.

Owing to the weather conditions, the girls' Sports were postponed and eventually abandoned, much to the disappointment of many enthusiasts.

Athletics.

The athletic sports, witnessed by a large crowd, ended in an easy victory for Stafford House, whose competitors put up an excellent display. Previously Stafford had been successful in the cross-country runs, and its members may congratulate themselves on their obvious superiority in athletics.