

# *THE THORNBURIAN*

*THORNBURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL MAGAZINE.*

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Although we are able to print the Magazine again this year, we do so in widely different circumstances from those under which the previous issue was produced. Whereas last year the political position was comparatively peaceful, we are now in the midst of a war which has in some way affected the lives of us all. We hope, however, that our readers will not allow this distressing fact to obliterate their interest in School affairs, and that they will scan these pages with as much appreciation as they have always hitherto shown.

As is usually the case, the finished article which you now behold is the result of much effort on the part of the Magazine Staff, together with the application of some pressure by them. Yet we believe that contributions this year are equal in standard to those of past years, and gratefully offer our thanks to those of you who have displayed your talents in the following articles.

We should like also at this point to thank the advertisers for the support which they have again volunteered, and which, may we remind you, is essential to the production of the Magazine. It is only fair, therefore, that you should support them as much as possible.

The past year has been another stage in the progress of the School in every direction; indeed, a year at which in that respect we may look back and be justly proud. It is a great encouragement for us all to strive for further development.

Finally, we would ask your charity in criticising this year's Magazine; for perfection is a standard which, although often aimed at, is seldom reached, and we have done our utmost in trying to achieve it.



## School Notes.

This is the sixth issue of the "Thornburian," and since the publication of the previous Magazine the School has passed through an eventful year.

The coming of Mr. Cudmore was heralded in our last issue, and since his arrival, he has proved to be a most valuable and willing sports master.

We have had another change of staff during the year. At the end of the summer term, Miss Hurley left us to take up an appointment in Cheshire. We wish her every success in her new post, although the School had good reason to regret her departure.

At the same time we extend a hearty welcome to Miss Hill, who comes to us from Bedford College (London University) and the Education Department of Oxford University.

Owing to the difficulty of "blacking-out" the School, the Whist Drive and Dance arranged for October had to be cancelled. One very successful Whist Drive and Dance was held in January.

The School Concert, held in February, reached the usual high standard and was very well patronised. The actors and actresses deserve hearty congratulations for their excellent performances. Falstaff himself would have felt jealous of the grace of action with which Parker disposed of the numerous cups of sac.

During the Easter holidays, some unknown burglar entered the school but had to content himself with a 'haul' of tuck. He chose a window of 2B room by which to enter the school, but contrary to all journalistic ideas, he did not leave cigarette ends, footprints or an initialed handkerchief.

With May 25th came the Athletic Sports, and once more we were favoured with good weather. Mr. Williams again deserves thanks for his untiring efforts on the sports field and the large number of broken records is due in no small way to his activities.

Speech Day was held on June 15th, when the Very Rev, the Dean of Gloucester (Rev. H. Costley White,

D.D., late Headmaster of Westminster School), presented the prizes and gave an interesting and amusing address. After the ceremony P.T. demonstrations were given by the pupils under the direction of Miss Thomas and Mr. Cudmore. Cricket and Tennis matches with the Old Thornburians were played in the evening.

The School greatly appreciates the presentation by Mr. Rabley of a Swimming Shield for Inter-House competition. We should like to take this opportunity of thanking him for his kind gift.

The opening of hostilities made necessary the erection of air raid shelters, and some of the larger, and, in most cases stronger, boys assisted in shifting sandbags. The official estimate that a sandbag weighs 60 lbs. seemed hopelessly inadequate after an hour's work.

Although we looked carefully in those sandbags we lovingly handled, we were not lucky enough to find a billet doux—as did a member of staff in Flanders in 1916.

The groundsman, as usual, has been keeping his weather eye open for opportunities of improving the field. The levelling scheme has had to be pigeon-holed until peace returns, but he seized the chance of making a rock garden on the cliff face over the A.R.P. shelters, and what might have been an ugly blot on the landscape will, thanks to his initiative, be, with luck, a thing of beauty.

The School is very grateful to Mrs. W. R. Jenkins, Mrs. C. E. Turner and those pupils who kindly supplied rock plants, bulbs and wallflowers.

In response to the Government's "Grow More Food" appeal, the School has taken over a plot of land, which the senior boys will cultivate. A Gardening Club has been formed, but bad weather has made it impossible for the would-be gardeners to commence activities. However, the busy click of knitting needles, coming from the Library every Tuesday evening testifies to the fact that the girls are -doing their bit." The various knitted articles are sent to Old Thornburians serving in the forces.

The School offers its hearty congratulations to Miss Thomas on her approaching marriage to Mr. Martin, and is glad this does not mean that she is leaving.

#### OBITUARY.

As 1939 draws to a close we look back over the year, and we remember those who were with us at its beginning. We think especially of Alfred Beake, the School Captain, who died in June; but mingled with our sorrow is pride that in our midst was one so worthy of our regard and respect. His conscientious fulfilment of duty and his sublime courage in death make him one whose memory will always be treasured.

## The Cycling Tour: Whitsun, 1939.

*“Roadster.”*

As there was no foreign tour at Easter of this year, Mr. Cudmore and Mr. Williams kindly offered to take charge of a party of boys upon a cycling trip in the Mendips during the Whitsun week-end, using Youth Hostels for accommodation at night. The idea proved very popular, so that when arrangements had been made a band of twelve (including tile masters) were prepared to take the road.

The Head Master had given us permission to leave school early on Friday, May 26th, 50 that we could gather our necessaries together before meeting outside the School at five o'clock. Accordingly, eight of the party met there at tile appointed hour, while the others were to join them en route. Everybody was excited and—strange to relate—seemed anxious to quit tile district as quickly as possible. After much delay all seemed ready, but to everyone's annoyance the party had to wait a further five minutes while Mr. Cudmore removed a large “L” sign, which lie discovered was attached to the front of his cycle.

Before finally setting out, several photographs were taken, and this helped to increase the feeling of heroism which was present among our members as they stood beside their steeds and proudly ignored the awed stares of onlookers. That feeling, however, was soon forgotten after several tiring miles had been traversed. Most of us were inexperienced in the ways of touring, and had saddlebags stuffed full of kit—much of which we found unnecessary. Mr. Williams manfully shouldered a rucksack which, lie told us later, had had quite a historic past.

There were several halts, the reason for which never seemed clear, before reaching Iron Acton, and just as we were settling down to a steady pace someone unfortunately had a puncture in his front tyre. However, while Mr. Williams was efficiently mending this, Mr. Cudmore took the opportunity to argue with Chipping Sodbury shopkeepers over the price of what was. to be our next day's breakfast. After this the rest of the journey proved uneventful; we were climbing for most of the time, and it was with great pleasure that we free-wheeled for about three miles downhill into Bath.

Batheaston Youth Hostel, where we were to stay that night, we found after a little trouble some distance outside the city. It is one of the best hostels in use, being a fine large old house with spacious gardens. We all stored our cycles in the buildings provided for the purpose and went inside, tired and hungry, but decidedly cheerful.

Everyone washed and made his bed—these, by the

way, were double-deckers—then we all went down to supper, for which we had brought sandwiches. Cooks were appointed to make cocoa, and showed by their proficiency that they had done so before. Mr. Cudmore gave us “marching orders” for the morrow, and we all trooped readily to bed.

One member of the party, however, having washed up, was a little later than the others, and owing to an unfortunate similarity between the entrance of the women’s dormitory, which was on the third floor, and that of the men’s, which was on the fourth floor, he hurried upstairs without counting the flights and walked into the women’s dormitory, thinking that it was his own. Luckily he realised his mistake on meeting two sturdy female cyclists who were making their exit, and fled ignominiously.

That night only the experienced campers slept well. The use of sleeping bags is compulsory at Youth Hostels, and it was the first time that most of us had slept in the rather constricted space which they allow; so that it was some time before the squeaking of our iron bedsteads, caused by our continual turning, finally ceased.

Strangely enough, therefore, we awoke early next morning, and the cooks needed no persuasion to get up at half-past seven in order to prepare breakfast. A suggestion that a P.T. squad should be organised under the supervision of Mr. Cudmore was promptly squashed, and the offender threatened with being thrown out of the window. However, none of us took long about going downstairs when the appetising scent of bacon being fried was wafted up from the kitchen!

The route for Saturday was via Bath and Wells to Wookey Hole Hostel, where we were to stay for two nights. In Bath, our two leaders, after taking us inside the Abbey, went off and left us to our own devices for ten minutes— which time seven of us spent in a milk bar, while the other three went shopping for sun-glasses and post-cards.

On going out of the city we had to walk up a three-mile hill before we were able to cycle again. The weather was ideal, but as we were climbing all the time we were soon so hot that we began to wish the milk bars were in front of instead of behind us. We were therefore all very relieved when a halt was called for lunch at about two o’clock. By this time we had almost reached the top of the Mendips, and a fine cooling breeze added to the enjoyment with which we ate our sandwiches—and to the zeal with which we called for more! Whether it was because the country was flatter after this point, or whether it was that the party had satisfied the “inner man,” everyone seemed to find the rest of the day’s cycling much easier, and we reached Wells in time to see the famous

clock in the Cathedral strike four. Most of us then invaded another milk bar—the quantity of milk which we consumed in various forms during those few days was enormous—while Mr. Cudmore again went shopping.

Upon reaching Wookey Hole village, which is three miles outside Wells, we found the Hostel without much difficulty. Conditions here were perhaps not as comfortable as at Batheaston since this is a farmhouse, and sleeping accommodation is provided in a rather draughty barn and a wooden shed. The boys filled the latter (which they were pleased to term a “portable fowlhouse”) and the two masters seemed to prefer the barn, as it was much cooler. After making our beds and refreshing ourselves by means of cautiously sprinkling water upon our sunburned faces, we proceeded to the hostel dining room and heartily ate the supper of sausage-and-mash which the cooks had prepared. Mr. Williams, who is particularly fond of climbing, then heartlessly decided that all but the cooks and Mr. Cudmore should accompany him on a ramble to Ebbor Gorge. This entailed our toiling, with many groans, up the side of a hill which has a gradient of about one in three; and it was with some thankfulness that we finally took to our beds that night.

When we awoke the following morning, the sun was already shining through the window of our hut; and on discovering that the other members of the hostel had been up some time, we all arose with alacrity—indeed, one bright member, who had been sleeping in an upper bunk, rolled out so quickly that he fell through his sleeping bag. The cooks hurried to the kitchen, and by nine o'clock had expertly prepared a breakfast of bacon and eggs, to which we did full justice. By ten o'clock all our beds had been tidied and we were ready to begin the day's journey, which was a circular tour round the Mendips.

We went first to Glastonbury, which is about six miles from Wells, and with the help of a few words from Mr. Williams upon its history, we visited the famous old ruined Abbey there. Unfortunately we were unable to enter the grounds because it was Sunday. However, what little disappointment we may have had for that reason was soon lost when we climbed Glastonbury Tor, an outstanding limestone hill rising several hundred feet from the plain of Sedgemoor. With the loss of some perspiration we finally reached the summit, and paused to admire the wonderful view before us. At this point a photograph was taken of the party sitting at the foot of the old Church tower which is on the Tor, with Mr. Williams touchingly trying to pacify a cow in the background.

From Glastonbury we continued to Cheddar Gorge, where it was decided to satisfy the pangs of hunger which





GLASTONBURY TOR AND THE MENDIPS

E.H.W.

we were all experiencing. Therefore after walking nearly a mile up the gorge we climbed to a grassy point on the bank and devoured the sandwiches which had been made that morning by the cooks. This process was not a long one, so that we were soon on our way back down the gorge to a milk bar and further refreshment. At two o'clock we all queued up behind Mr. Cudmore at the entrance to Gough's caves, wearing our school caps and trying to look as small as possible in order that we should go in at half-price. Not even a suspicious glance was cast at us, however, and we passed inside the cave without mishap. Most of us had never been there before, so that we found the sight extremely interesting.

On emerging from the cave at about half-past two we retrieved our bicycles and, as the crowd of people and the traffic was so thick, we commenced to walk up the Gorge. It seemed to us some miles before we were once again able to mount our cycles, and go on at any speed. At Priddy, which was not far from the hostel, we stopped to drink from the local pump and eat some oranges; then we were able to enjoy a three-mile downhill ride into Wookey.

The cooks at once busied themselves with the tea, which was an appetising meal of spaghetti and mash. Our

plates were so thoroughly cleaned that it was hopefully suggested that they needed no further washing, but this proposal was met with the contempt which it deserved, and we left the washing-up party to their fate, thoughtlessly splashing each other with water. After making our beds we walked down to Wookey Hole Cave, which we found a pleasing contrast to Gough's cave because it had not been "touched up," and also because the River Axe flows through it. As there were no shops open we afterwards returned to the hostel, and after drinking hot cocoa we went to bed.

Monday was to be our last full day, so we arose that morning determined to make the most of it. We had a quickly prepared breakfast, as we were to start for Hutton fairly early, and by half-past nine we started from the hostel. There was one mishap before we readied Weston; not long after we had begun cycling, as we were all thoroughly enjoying the beautiful morning, the back brake-blocks of one member's machine came out, so that he lost control of it and rushed downhill at a terrific speed. Fortunately he was unhurt, and the fault was quickly remedied, so that on proceeding we soon reached the hostel at Hutton. This was built especially for the Youth Hostels Association, and is a fine building with accommodation for thirty men and thirty women. Our baggage was left here, and we proceeded afterwards on a visit to Brean Down, a fairly high promontory which juts out into the Bristol Channel. We went via Uphill, where we crossed to the Down by means of a small ferry, and after a little hard work we reached the top. Here we were able to relax in the scorching sun and eat a much-needed meal.

Whilst we were so engaged we were fortunate in meeting Mr. Harry Cox, who is in charge of the Down, and whose occupation is bird-watching. A few members of the party fell into conversation with him, and became so interested that it was difficult to drag them away. They joined the others quickly enough, however, when they discovered that an expedition was going into Weston in search of a Milk Bar and some refreshment! Yet we have sadly to relate the fact that we met with no success, for all the Milk Bars were so crowded that there was no chance of being served unless one waited for at least an hour. We therefore turned our faces towards the hostel, plodded back in the sunset to Uphill, where we had left our cycles, and reached Hutton fully prepared for a good night's sleep. One member, however, was rather depressed owing to the fact that he had toothache, but even he was glad to drown his sorrows in sleep.

On Tuesday morning we awoke with the depressing

thought that it was to be our last day. It had been decided that the party should reach home at about three o'clock, so we had a fairly quick breakfast of boiled eggs, pineapple slices, and apples, and were away from the hostel at about half-past nine. On the homeward journey we visited Dolebery Warren, which was once an early British Defensive Settlement, built on a high mound which commands a good view of the surrounding countryside. To-day nothing can be seen except a ridge of stones which was once the wall around the Settlement, but we were all very interested and, led by Mr. Cudmore, we spent some time in looking for flints; so that when we went away we were loaded with various lumps of rock which were all suspected of having been the implements of Early Britons. As it was still quite early in the day, we decided to go home via Burrington and Brockley Coombes. On arriving at the former we climbed the Rock of Ages—here we lost sight of Mr. Williams for half an hour, but he finally appeared at the top of a slope which we had regarded as impossible to climb—and we had a fine view of interlocking spurs. At Brockley Coombe we sat down by the wayside and had lunch, then started on our final homeward run. This proved to be uneventful, so that we arrived in Thornbury at about three o'clock.

With regard to the tour as a whole, we have all agreed that it is one of the cheapest and most enjoyable ways of spending a holiday. To Mr. Cudmore and Mr. Williams we heartily give thanks for having organised and controlled the whole trip, and assure them that any future tours of the same kind will be well patronised.

## **A Visit to Castle Combe.**

*M. Y.*

Three friends and myself set out one morning at about half-past nine for Castle Combe, a picturesque village in Wiltshire. The car in which we travelled was an open tourer, so that we could enjoy to the full the bright, breezy morning; and by driving at the highest speed of which the car was capable, we reached our destination within two hours.

Castle Combe is said to be one of England's most beautiful villages. Set in a valley surrounded by hills and woods, with a stream flowing through its midst, this charming little place is the haunt of hundreds of tourists from all parts of the world.

The first glimpse which we had of the village as we drove down the hill towards it was of the old market square, the Church Tower, and the latticed windows of a row of the low gable-roofed cottages which are one of its characteristics.

The road was narrow, and rose at one point to form a bridge over the stream, from which the villagers obtain their water supply; and there were steps at intervals along the near bank down to the water's edge. Trees bordered the opposite bank, and as the sun filtered through the leaves we could see now and again the glimmer of trout darting hither and thither through the shadows.

Castle Combe is interesting for its historical past as well as for its beauty, for it was occupied by the Romans, and traces of Saxon earthen works have also been found; while the dungeons of the Norman Castle which once stood there still remain.

Having eaten our lunch on the wall of the bridge, we reluctantly left the peaceful hamlet and turned homeward.

## Autumn.

*A .M.L.*

The sun is glowing on the leafless trees.  
The breeze plays o'er the green green grass;  
The clouds are floating, pink and gold,  
As through the fields we pass.  
A sudden peace pervades the quiet air.  
No sound is heard in all the land.  
The trees are still, the clouds, the birds—  
For night is close at hand.  
How calm the landscape is I how clear!  
The dying sun diffuses light.  
And beeches, outlined against the sky,  
Are spreading arms to night.  
The rays are shorter, fainter, now; a breath  
Of wind is drifting leaves to rest.  
The daylight fades, the darkness falls,  
A star gleams in the west.

## Popular Sayings Heard in School.

“Cows on the long grass, sheep on the short grass. When I was in South Africa .

‘Now this is a very tricky problem.’

“What is the Key of Heaven, eh ?’

You r-r-rabbit!

Let Algy do it.

Voulez-vous attendre imbecile!

“Single file, there.”

Pull, yourself together, there. Chest out Hxmphrxxs.”

# A Tale of the Iron Road.

## *“The Three Mags.”*

Our story is centred in Devon,  
The toughest of all the tough places,  
Where the men present posies  
Of brushwood—not roses,  
And shave granite chips off their faces.  
The villain B.C. was then sitting  
By his hearth with his feet on a lowbar.  
He was knitting wire netting  
In this pleasant setting  
With two halls of wire and a crowbar.  
In her bedroom above that same cottage  
Was his daughter, the fair little Nell.  
With the window thrown wide  
She was calling outside  
To her destitute lover B.L.  
Don't tell Pa you're here," cried sweet Nellie.  
There is death in his dark eyes to-day"  
"I don't care," shouted B,  
You just leave it to me—  
I'll show him that crime doesn't pay."  
He opened the door with a clatter.  
B.C. with a start dropped a stitch.  
But when he saw B,  
He dropped two or three,  
And gave him a look black as pitch.  
I have come," cried B.L. with a flourish,  
To rescue sweet Nell, my loved one.  
Get out of my way!  
No, you've too much to say,"  
Said B.C., feeling round for his gun.  
He found it just under his waistcoat,  
And filling the barrel with lead,  
He fingered the trigger  
And levelled the jigger  
And threatened to shoot B.L. dead.  
"Ha! Ha! -laughed the villain, I've got you— But there ain't going to be any shooting,  
For before this moon pales  
You'll be tied to the rails  
In the path of the express from Tooting."

He picked up his ball of wire knitting, And making his way through the gloom,  
     'Neath the threat of a gun,  
     Our poor Lancashire son  
 Was led, like a lamb, to his doom.  
 With two plains and one purl and a cross-stitch,  
 B.C. tied B.L. in his traps;  
     When dc-clutched and high-gear'd  
     The express appeared  
 At two miles per fortnight, perhaps.  
 In the cab of this great iron monster,  
 Our driver B.S.M. with glee  
     On the sole of his slipper  
     Was frying a kipper  
 To have with a nice cup of tea.  
 He happened to glance through the window,  
 When what should he see on the track  
     But one lying as dead  
     Just a few yards ahead— 'Twas B.L., who was tied on his back.  
 The brakes wouldn't work; they were rusty,  
 And all they would do was to squeal— But with quick reaction  
     Lie stopped the old traction  
 By putting his foot in the wheel.  
 He tore off the bonds from the victim, And then of the outrage did learn;  
     After which our B.L.  
     Fetched his dear Nell  
 Before B.H.C. could return.  
 They boarded the tram with the driver, And off to get married they went.  
     So steaming like Etna  
     It puffed off to Gretna  
 In order to make them content.  
 And so the wiles of a villain  
 Were foiled, as is always the way. Our moral being clear,  
     We'll terminate here  
 By wishing you all a "Good Day."

## The German Fairy Tale or The Field Marshal's Bed-time Tale.

The scene is a room in Field Marshal Goering's house, where the Field Marshal is sitting on two chairs, proving (a) that the German population requires more sitting room and (b) that it is expanding. On the Field Marshal's knee sits his little daughter, playing with his medals. They jingle, sounding like Bow Bells—or should it be Goebbels?

The great Field Marshal, like all humane fathers, is telling a fairy tale to his daughter. Perhaps it is the one about Cinderella, or Goldilocks. Or is it the one about working late at the office?

We will listen. He speaks.

So der great and brave Red Hitlerhood left her task of vitewashing der rabbit hutch and vent to take em basket of butter to die poor Merry Vidow. So she set off troo die dark woods. Suddenly die bushes parted—and out came der vicked YOU called. Vinstone Churchill.

Vere are you going, mein pretty Red Hitlerhood?' he said, und die pretty Red Hitlerhood smiled because she liked to be called 'Red.' It pleased der Uncle Joe Stalin so and lie would not take no more of Poland if he was pleased. So der pretty Red Hitlerhood smiled.

I go to take der butter to die Merry Vidow," she answered.

Oho!' said the volf, secretly placing em bomb in der roof of der beercellar. 'Oho, and are you not afraid?'" And der brave Red Hitlerhood answered 'Nein,' for she knew that der kind fairy Himmmler vas vatching over her. Then der vicked volf went off into der wood and der Little Red Hitlerhood vent on her vay, repeating softly der First German Commandment 'I haff no further territorial demands in Europe.' Die poor Merry Vidow was hungry because of der awful blockade by der British Navy.

Au, but mein father,' interrupts the child, 'Der good Dr. Goebbels said that der British fleet vas all sunk.'

Ach, ach,' said the Field Marshal, 'der British haff built another navy. But do nod interrupt me, child. Vere vas I? Ah! So der good Red Hitlerhood vent her vaay until she reached die Vidow's cottage. Knocking at the door, she entered and climbed up die stairs to die vidow's bedroom. Die poor vidow vas sat up in bed. But—silence—it vas not die vidow. It vas the volf dressed up.

'Hullo, mein Merry Vidow,' said Red Hitlerhood. 'I haff brought you some butter.' Und der Vidow said

Thank you, mein dear, I vill tell der good Uncle Joe Stalin of your kindness and he vill let you sail your paper ships on the mighty Baltic Oceans.'

O thank you!' cried Red Hitlerhood. 'But vat beeg eyes you haff, Vidow.'

'All der better to see you vith,' answered the Vidow.

But vat beeg ears you haff.'

All der better to hear you vith.'

- But vat beeg teeth you haff.'

All der better to eat you vith,' cried the volf, and lie jumped out of bed und vas going to eat her. Just then the door opened and in canie der good fairy Himmler with a band of U-boats. Ven Vinstone Churchill saw this he ran all the vay back to Scapa Flow, suffering from a floating kidney, vitch der German submarines haff since sunk. All der British fleet vas put into dry dock and no doubt der good Dr. Goebbels vill sink that too.

So der good Red Hitlerhood vas saved, all because she believed in der good fairy Himmler.

"And so, mein child, if at any time you are threatened by der vicked British volf, tell der good Fairy Himmler, und der good fairy Himmler der slats out of him vill knock."

## **Catching a Black Leopard Alive.**

*P. Rugg (IIa).*

In the depths of the Malayan jungle, a black leopard prowled around a tempting bait of fresh meat. For five nights in succession he had done this, not far from the bait; yet something seemed to have told him that he would be sorry if he did pounce upon it.

But this night hunger was stronger than caution. He made a dive for the meat, and in doing so he touched a trap wire with his foot. The movement of the wire released a wooden peg, a bamboo grating dropped with a crash, and with a snarl of rage the black leopard whirled round, only to find he was trapped.

"We've got him, boys," shouted an excited voice.

A white man, who had been patiently waiting, came forward with a party of natives who were dragging a wheeled cage, stoutly built of logs. The door of this was placed close to that of the snare, then both were opened. The hunters brought some long poles with which to prod the leopard into getting into the cage. After much snarling and growling the leopard finally did so, and by passing long poles through the top of the cage, coolies carried it to tile nearest village. On reaching the latter it was motored to the nearest docks, from which it was shipped to England.



## **Europe at the Cross Roads.**

*H.K.K.*

In the second week of September, 1938, the whole of Europe came to a cross-road. Two ways lay before her and on the path taken depended the fate of the world.

One arm of the signpost was pointing to a wide, easy to travel road, ending in war. The other, the way to peace, was along a very narrow, winding track, scarcely visible to the keen eyes searching it. Slowly Europe moved towards the first road, and when Hitler, one time house decorator, and now Master of Germany, issued his orders, war seemed inevitable.

Suddenly, out of the blue September sky, came the aeroplane bearing Mr. Chamberlain, who had flown to interview the world's warmonger. The world waited, only two steps from the road which spelt doom and destruction to its civilisations. When the "Umbrellaman" came back he did so looking rather tired, but none the less happy because he had done his best to put Europe's feet on the path of peace. On the following day, when Hitler issued his forty-eight hour ultimatum, Europe advanced the remaining steps and again, as in 1914, stood at the brink of war.

On Friday a few worried statesmen flew to Munich in a last desperate effort to pull Europe back to the narrow way." One by one they entered a house and sat around the Conference table to talk it over—British, French, German, Italian—all knowing what war would mean to their respective nations. Outside the building a throng of worried people waited for the news, which, when it came, made their hearts rejoice. Europe had suddenly turned about and chosen the road of Peace."

Then Mr. Chamberlain returned to England, where happy crowds greeted him as their Peacemaker. The Czechs had lost much of their territory but Peace had been gained.

No one thought in those few hilarious days that, within a few months, Europe would be at war, this time determined to rid the world of the unruly Dictator whose fantastic dreams of world domination had brought about this disaster.

## **Nipper.**

*B. Neads (Iib).*

My name is Nipper, and I am a black Labrador retriever. I have a little companion who is a Spaniel and is called Paddy, a name which suits him, for he often loses his temper.

I, however, am very amiable, hardly ever barking, and living a peaceful life. When I hear a strange noise I tell Paddy, who barks for me and apparently enjoys it.

When I am pleased I grin in my doggy way at my mistress, who, I am sure, understands me. Every morning Paddy and I sit by the breakfast table for the scraps. Paddy is generally there first and barks impatiently until he is fed, but I just put one paw on the table and whine to attract attention.

I love chasing rabbits, but I have never caught any. I must be' too slow for them. When I start to run, Paddy runs at my side, playfully nipping my ears and asking me to chase him.

I am lucky in having a good home and friends, and I hope my little discourse has shown you something of my life among them, but for the present I must say 'Goodbye,' because I think dinner is ready.

## **A Smuggling Adventure.**

### *D. Roddick (IIIa).*

Bill and Fred Stanhope were twins who lived with their father and mother in a small village on the east coast of England. When they were eleven years old they both passed an examination for entrance to a Secondary School, so that as a reward their mother promised them a holiday with their aunt at a village some distance away.

At last the day for their departure dawned and the twins, after excitedly wishing their mother good-bye, began their first long train journey. After two hours' travelling the train drew into Benbury station, where they alighted and were greeted by a middle-aged lady who told them that she was Mrs. Calthorpe, their aunt. They took their luggage to a waiting horse and cart, which conveyed them for about two miles to a small farmhouse. Here they were introduced to their uncle Jim, to whom they took an immediate liking; and after eating a sumptuous tea they went to bed, tired after their strenuous day.

On the following morning they were "up with the lark," and decided that after breakfast they would explore some of the surrounding district. Their aunt, therefore, prepared some lunch for them, and they started from the house at about eight o'clock.

They had walked briskly towards for two miles, when suddenly Bill stumbled over something- which upon investigation, they discovered to be - an iron ring. Bill grasped it and pulled hard, so that it gave way and disclosed a gaping hole at their feet.. Fred had luckily brought a torch with him, which he switched on; and with Fred leading tile way they went down a flight of stone steps into a dark passage.

They had not walked far before they heard a muffled sound of voices, but Bill incautiously went on. Unfortunately lie tripped over an object and fell, making a great deal of noise. He picked himself up and ran back towards Fred, but was too slow. A door opened in one of the walls, and through it he saw some men in a candle-lighted room, one of them running towards him with an oath. He was seized roughly by the shoulder and dragged into the light.

"Spying, eh!" said a man with a patch over his eye, looking at him angrily; "What shall we do with him, boss?"

Bill realised that these must be smugglers, who were using these underground passages as their headquarters.

Better tie 'im up quick and put 'im in the next room," answered another member of tile party, "and we shall have to make a move, or we shall have tile police ere.

The orders were obeyed, and Bill, trussed up like a chicken, was taken into tile next chamber. He lay still for a few minutes, then was surprised to hear a knocking sound. He realised that Fred' was near by, tapping out a message to him in Morse code. Listening intently, he made out "Bill, are you there?"

Rolling over, with his back to the wall, he kicked out with his feet

Yes . smugglers . fetch police," several times, and lay back exhausted.

In the other room he could hear the smugglers gathering their things together in readiness for making a getaway. It seemed hours of impatient waiting before he heard what lie was listening for—tile entry of another party. Tile door of the other room was burst open with a crash, and the sound of the smugglers' cries filled the air as they put up a fight. Their resistance was feeble, however, and they were soon overpowered; and Fred came in to release his imprisoned brother.

The police inspector praised them both, and assured them that they would be well rewarded for what they had done; so that tile twins brought to a happy conclusion the most exciting adventure which they have ever had.

## To a Would-be Poet.

*W.N.B.*

Have you ever lain, upon a sleepless night  
And thought, with sudden working of a restless brain,  
That you could, at that moment, write  
A poem? "Yes," you say—"How queer  
That you should know!" Oh no;

I think that we, each one of us is capable  
 Of greater things; and yet we cannot  
 Bring them to fruition. You may say—  
 To one who is your friend—  
 “ I think I’ll write a poem.” He turns,  
 And looks at you in dumb amaze.  
 “A poem!” he exclaims: and you,  
 Scenting the odour of disparagement,  
 Wish then you had not spoken. Yes, my friend;  
 At such a time we always are opposed,  
 So that, that spark, which may show genius,  
 Is quenched and soon forgot.  
 But all great poets—Byron, Milton, Keats—  
 With only such a spark were born.  
 Yet they did not allow it to be quench’d, but ‘gainst  
 All opposition, fann’d it to a mighty fire  
 Which ever after glow’d throughout their being  
 And placed them in the ranks of the Immortals.

By these, then, set your Standard, Would-be Poet,  
 And take advantage of that sudden spark  
 To start you on your way; and when that barrier,  
 Opposition, is pass’d o’er, you will find that Inspiration  
 Is thereon a steady road. And you—yes even you— That “ Silly Sentimentalist,”  
 and “ Nobody  
 May find yourself upon those greater heights  
 Which hitherto were mere imagination.  
 You then will bless that moment  
 When with the forces of a higher nature  
 You puff’d that spark into a living flame.  
 Here let me end,  
 Now having cased my mind of weighty thoughts;  
 For I must one day practise what I preach,  
 And ring the music of the highest art.

## **School Officials.**

*School Captains:* M. H. H. Turner, L. G. Taylor.

*School Vice-Captains:* A. M. Lydford, W. N. Batten.

*School Prefects:*

*Girls:* M. J. Veale, E. M. Watkins, E. Bartlett, C. Frost, B. Pierce,  
 E. Excell.

*Boys:* J. Hosken, B. Lee, A. Hills, R. Lewis, H. Knight, W. Vizard,  
 H. Holpin.

*Literary and Dramatic Society:*

Chairman: A. B. T. Hills.

Vice-Chairman: W. N. Batten.

Secretary: J. Parker.

*Scientific Society:*

President: A. R. Lewis.

Secretary: H. K. Knight.

*Young Farmers' Club*

Chairman: M. Watts.  
Vice-Chairman: S. McDonald.  
Secretary: C. Hetherington. *Gardening Club:*  
President & Secretary: H. E. Knight.

*House Captains:*

CLARE: A. Lydford, W. N. Batten.  
HOWARD: M. H. Turner, L. G. Taylor.  
STAFFORD: E. Excell, A. B. T. Hills. *Sports Captains:*  
Hockey: B. Pierce.  
Football: W. Vizard.  
Tennis: M. Turner.  
Cricket: J. Hosken.

*Magazine Staff:*

Co-Editors: W. N. Batten, L. G. Taylor.  
Sub-Editor: J. Hosken.  
Art Editors: W. G. Rabley, Esq., E. H. Williams, Esq.

## Examination Results, 1938-9.

We congratulate the following upon their examination successes

*Bristol Higher School Certificate.*

Beryl Clements, (Geog., Hist., Biology); Mary Turner, (Geog., Hist., Maths.); J. G. Skinner, (Geog., Hist., Eng.); G. M. Harding, (Geog., Biology, Chemistry); R. C. Garrett, (Maths., Physics, Chemistry).

*Bristol First School Certificate.*

E. K. Bartlett, E. I. Curtis, C. M. Frost (m), A. Gazzard, A. B. T. Hills, H. J. Holpin, J. Hosken, H. K. Knight, H. B. Lee (m), A. R. Lewis (m), P. T. R. Mercer, G. E. Meredith, D. E. Palmer, J. Parker, B. M. Pierce (m), S. Thompson, N. M. Watkins. M — Matriculation.

*R.S.A. Book-keeping. Stage I.*

G. Vaisey.  
M. Gallivan.  
Amy Carter.

*R.S.A. Typewriting. Stage I.*

G. Vaisey.  
Edith Moorman.  
Mona Gallivan (with credit).  
Amy Carter (with credit).  
*Pitman's Shorthand.*  
Mona Gallivan.

## Literary and Dramatic Society Notes, 1938-9.

*President:* L. G. Taylor.

*Secretary:* G. E. D. Vaisey.

The Society can pride itself on increased activity during the past year in both the Senior and Junior sections.

Many Interesting points arose in the two debates which were held, namely, "That Films are detrimental to children," and "That it is better to be a small frog in a big pond than a big frog in a small pond." They were both well attended.

Some amusing features, Spelling, Tongue Twisting and Celebrities Bees, were also popular. Play-reading has proved very successful recently, and several plays have been produced by the Junior Section. While the Seniors may have appeared inactive in this respect, they have met every week, although not before the School.

The School Concert, as usual, was extremely good, both from the point of view of finance and talent; but we are sorry to say that, owing to the war, there is little prospect of one this year.

We hope that the Society will prove as successful in the coming year as it was in the last.

## Scientific Society Notes, 1938-39.

*President:* H. B. Lee.

*Secretary:* A. B. T. Hills.

The Society has had a very successful year and has enjoyed talks given by lecturers from Bristol University, and by others, including Film Jan. 12th, Mr. E. H. Williams, "The making of Cartoons. ~

Jan. 26th, H. B. Lee, "The manufacture of High Explosives." ~

Feb. 9th, R. Morris, "The story of the Motor Tyre." ~

Feb. 23rd, Mr. Green, "Skeletons." ~

(A particularly interesting lecture, given by a lecturer from Bristol University).

March 9th, Marian Watts, "How Nature provides for her children. ~ ~

Sept. 30th, D. Roddick, "Metals." ~

A. Diment, "Bridges." ~

Nov. 7th, Mr. Jones, "Pueblo Indians." (Another interesting lecture, given by a lecturer from Bristol University, and aided by the epidiascope).

Nov. 21st, G. Barton, "Rock Oil." ~

Nov. 21st, I. Keitch, "Coal." ~

Dec. 5th, C. Morris, "Model Aeroplanes." ~

## Young Farmers' Club.

*President:* Marion Watts.

*Vice-President:* Sheila McDonald.

*Secretary:* C. Hetherington.

This is the third season of the Junior Section of the Young Farmers' Club, and we are pleased to announce that it has had an extremely successful year. The meetings have, on the whole, been well attended and we are hoping that our membership will increase during the coming season.

Mr. J. R. Stubbs, the County Agricultural Instructor, has been our chief lecturer, giving many interesting and instructive lectures, including one on the "Rotation of Crops," and another on the "Feeding of Calves."

The meetings are greatly appreciated by the members and should prove very helpful.

Last December one of our members, Norah Watkins, gained the Bryan Cup (presented by Gilbert Bryan, Esq.), for the keenest young farmer in the Thornbury and District Young Farmers' Club, while she also won the first prize for the best animal reared by a member of the Club. The prize of Three Guineas was given by The Hon. Mrs Mundy



## Football Notes.

CAPTAIN, J. G. Skinner.

Not only from the point of view of results, but also from the general play of the entire team, the season 1938-39 was a great success.

Skinner, Beake and Vizard 'ably represented the School in a North v. South Gloucestershire trial match, played on the School field on March 5th.

Out of the three matches lost by the School, one was against a strong Old Thornburian XI. on October 29th. The score on that occasion was 9—6 in the Old Boys' favour.

Colours were awarded in December to four members

of the team, owing to the fact that they were leaving. They were :—

Awarded for first time: R. Ford, P. Jacobs, T. Price.

Reawarded for third time: L. Stovold.

Colours awarded at the end of the season were : —Awarded for first time—B. Lee, G. Meredith, P.

Mercer, A. Garrett.

Re-awarded for first time—J. Skinner.

Re-awarded for second time—W. Vizard.

### SOCCER CRITICISM.

We were fortunate in having a number of good and experienced members in the team at the opening of the season, but in the Spring term, continual re-shuffling of the players was necessary. At all times, however, the team was very keen and played well together. The best display the School has put up for some time was in the last match, when we surprised a strong Cotham 1st XI. in a form of challenge match at home, by a well-earned victory.

#### FOOTBALL RESELTS—1st XI.

| Date                                |      | Opponents             | Ven. | Res. | F. | A. |
|-------------------------------------|------|-----------------------|------|------|----|----|
| 1938                                |      |                       |      |      |    |    |
| Oct.                                | 8th  | Collegiate School     | H    | Won  | 11 | 0  |
| Oct.                                | 15th | Kingswood G.S.        | A    | Lost | 1  | 2  |
| Oct.                                | 22nd | Chipping Sodbury G.S. | H    | Won  | 11 | 1  |
| Oct.                                | 29th | Old Thornburians      | H    | Lost | 6  | 9  |
| Nov.                                | 5th  | Half Term             |      |      |    |    |
| Nov.                                | 12th | Wotton G.S.           | A    | Lost | 3  | 5  |
| Nov.                                | 19th | Kingswood G.S.        | II   | Won  | 3  | 1  |
| Nov.                                | 26th | Thornbury Juniors     | H    | Won  | 7  | 3  |
| Dec.                                | 14th | Dursley 8.8.          | A    | Won  | 5  | 4  |
| 1939                                |      |                       |      |      |    |    |
| Tan.                                | 21st | Thornbury Juniors     | H    | Drew | 1  | 1  |
| Feb.                                | 11th | Cotham School IInds   | II   | Won  | 5  | 0  |
| Feb.                                | 25th | Cotham School IInds.  | A    | Won  | 3  | 1  |
| Mar.                                | 11th | Wotton G.S.           | H    | Won  | 7  | 2  |
| Mar.                                | 25th | St. George            | II   | Won  | 1  | 0  |
| Mar.                                | 29th | Cotham School 1sts    | H    | Won  | 4  | 3  |
| Played 14, Won 10, Drawn 1, Lost 3. |      |                       |      |      |    |    |
| Goals, for 68; Against, 32.         |      |                       |      |      |    |    |

#### FOOTBALL RESULTS JUNIOR XI.

| Date |      | Opponents               | Yen.  | Result | F  | A |
|------|------|-------------------------|-------|--------|----|---|
| Nov. | 16th | XIV. School             | A     | Won    | 14 | 1 |
| Nov. | 30th | XIV. School             | II    | Won    | 17 | 1 |
| Mar. | 11th | Wotton G.S. Juniors     | II    | Won    | 5  | 2 |
| Mar. | 18th | Clifton College "Prep." | XI. H | Won    | 11 | 1 |



## Hockey Notes, 1938-39.

CAPTAIN, Beryl Clements.

The .1st XI. enjoyed a very successful season in 1938-9, and was ably captained by Beryl Clements, who as centre forward, always played an excellent game. She was aided on the forward line by Pamela Mumford, right wing, Barbara Pierce, right inner, Vera Newman, left inner, and Betty Body, left wing, who all tended to rely too much on Beryl's ability to shoot rather than attempt to do something themselves. They were, however, very quick, and when they have more confidence in their own powers, should be very capable players.

The half backs, Mollie Hayward as left half, Jean Speller centre half, and Nora Watkins, right half, were indefatigable in their efforts to restrain opposing forwards. Jean Speller, especially, proved a very valuable member of the team, and her game showed considerable improvement on that of the previous season.

Once again the team was indebted to its backs and goalie. Mary Turner Dorothy Palmer and Mona Gallivan played gallantly throughout the season and even under the most persistent barrage, were able to keep cool, and employ tactics to drive off the opposition.

The School has now joined the All England Women's Hockey Association, and many of the team entered for the Junior County Trials. Unfortunately, however, these did not take place owing to bad weather, so that no member of the School was privileged to play for the County. The team also took part in the Inter-School Tournament held at Gloucester in the Spring term, and although not champions, certainly showed up well against teams not usually encountered in School matches.

The whole season was most enjoyable, and each member of the team well deserved the colours she was awarded.

The results of matches played were –

|      |      |                                     |          |
|------|------|-------------------------------------|----------|
| Oct. | 15th | Kingswood G.S.                      | 7—2 Won  |
| Oct. | 22nd | Chipping Sodbury G.-S.              | 5—3 Won  |
| Nov. | 4th  | Old Girls                           | 7—0 Won  |
| Nov. | 12th | Wotton G.S.                         | 14—0 Won |
| Nov. | 19th | Kingswood G.S.                      | 4—0 Won  |
| Nov. | 26th | Badminton School "A" Team           | 2—1 Won  |
| Dec. | 3rd  | Colston School                      | 9—1 Won  |
| Dec. | 10th | Red Maids' School                   | 4—1 Won  |
| Feb. | 25th | Old Girls'                          | 5—1 Won  |
| Mar. | 18th | Redland High School                 | 3—2 Won  |
|      |      | Played 10, Won 10, Lost 0, Drawn 0. |          |

## Cricket Notes, 1939.

CAPTAIN, J. G. Skinner.

VICE-CAPTAIN, W. Vizard.

The season was not too successful from the point of view of results, but this was due mainly to the fact that the team was comprised of practically a new set of players. Many of these players will be remaining for another year amid thus we are able to look forward to next season with high hopes.

The team was ably captained by Skinner who headed the bowling averages. Lee topped the batting averages, while the all-round play of Morris deserves special mention.

Colours were awarded to—Hosken. Taylor, Morris and Beszant. Be-awarded for first time to Skinner, Lee and Vizard.

### CRITICISM.

The team was a little weaker than last year's, particularly in the bowling. The Captain had a very difficult task in varying his attack, and we frequently experienced expensive overs at critical stages in the match. More than half the team, however, showed much ability with the bat, though unfortunately they took some time to settle down and show this ability both in the early part of the season and in each match. This apparent nervousness and the resulting lack of initiative was largely the cause of the matches lost to much stronger teams. This was particularly so against Thornbury.

The Junior XI. showed fair promise and were very keen. Special credit goes to J. Lanham, the captain, who batted extremely well on two occasions.

Credit must be given not only to the Groundsman, who always prepared a really good wicket, but also to the team, the Prefec<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> and their lunch time squads, who all worked so patently and willingly rolling and weeding the square

|           |      |                        | Res. | Scores |       |
|-----------|------|------------------------|------|--------|-------|
| Date      |      | Ven.                   |      | Sc.    | Op.   |
| May       | 6th  | Kingswood G. School    | A L  | 109    | 115   |
| May       | 13th | Bristol G. School 2nds | A ID | 120/8  | 90/4  |
| May       | 20th | Chipping Sodbury G.S.  |      |        |       |
|           |      |                        | H W  | 121    | 118   |
| June      | 3rd  | Cotham School 2nds     | A L  | 125    | 166/9 |
| June      | 8th  | Thornbury              | A L  | 62     | 87/8  |
| June      | 10th | Clifton College        |      |        |       |
|           |      | Townsend XI.           | A L  | 78     | 179/4 |
| June      | 15th | Old Thornburians       | H L  | 85     | 187/7 |
| June      | 17th | St. George Secondary   |      |        |       |
|           |      | School 11              | W    | 126/5  | 84    |
| July      | 1st  | Wotton G. School       | H W  | 150    | 141   |
| July 17th |      | Headmaster's XI.       | H ID | 47/7   | 175/8 |

## Tennis Notes.

CAPTAIN, Beryl Clements.

The Tennis season of 1939 was on the whole not as successful as some previous seasons. The standard of play was very uneven, and it was some time before a satisfactory team was obtained.

Beryl Clements once again distinguished herself, but it was well on in the term before she was able to find a partner capable of giving her sufficient support. After many experiments Pamela Mumford was chosen to fill the vacancy, amid she remained in this position until the end of the season. Pamela is young, and at the beginning was quite inexperienced in match play. She did, however, show marked improvement, and although her service is still weak, she should next year be a very valuable member of the 1st VI.

Mary Turner also had difficulty in finding a suitable partner. Joan Taylor played in some matches, but the weakness of her backhand stroke prevented her from retaining this position throughout the term.

Others who played for the team were Mary Hewes, Edna Bartlett, Dorothy Palmer and Barbara Pierce. Unfortunately, there was usually a great disparity between the play of the first and second couples, and that of the third. This caused the team to lose matches which they should have won, had the standard of play been more even. The backhand stroke was in many instances very weak, but net play showed improvement.

Colours were reawarded to Beryl Clements and Mary Turner.

The results of matches played were:—

|      |      |                         |             |      |
|------|------|-------------------------|-------------|------|
| May  | 6th  | Kingswood G.S.          | Unfinished. |      |
| May  | 13th | Colston's Girls' School | 52—65       | Lost |
| May  | 20th | Chipping Sodbury G.S.   | 51—48       | Won  |
| June | 3rd  | Badminton School        | 32—67       | Lost |
| June | 10th | Redland High School     | 55—44       | Won  |
| June | 15th | Old Girls               | 51—48       | Won  |
| July | 1st  | Wotton G.S.             | 72—27       | Won  |

## Swimming Notes.

Apart from a short warm spell at the beginning of the season, the weather was too cold for swimming to be really enjoyable and attendance at practices was not as good as it should have been. In spite of this, many of the keener swimmers, including E. Watkins, P. Mumford, M. Watts and several of the Juniors attended regularly. Two of the younger boys, F. Pitt (2 A), and P. Hewes (3 B) are to be congratulated on gaining their Mile Certificates.

The Swimming Sports were held on Friday, July 21st (Boys), and Monday, July 24th (Girls) at the Thorn-bury Baths, and the points gained by the three Houses in the actual sports were —Girls (1) Howard, 36; (2) Stafford, 25; (3) Clare, 5; Boys (1) Howard, 32; (2) Clare, 31; (3), Stafford, 17. When, however the points gained by pupils for the Distance Certificates were taken into consideration the final house order for boys became (1) Clare, (2) Howard, (3) Stafford, that for girls remaining unaltered. Howard thus won the Shield.

### **Cross Country Running.**

During the 1938—39 season, voluntary practice runs were held in the autumn and spring terms, once a week, and attendances were very encouraging. Running, in all weathers, is not perhaps one of the most attractive forms of sport, and those pupils who turned out regularly deserve praise for their keenness.

The Cross Country Championships were held on Monday, April 3rd, and the points gained by the respective Houses were —

Seniors: Stafford 10, Howard 5, Clare 0.

Juniors: Howard 10, Clare 5, Stafford 0.

The first ten competitors in each race were : —

| Seniors.            | Juniors.         |
|---------------------|------------------|
| 1. Tymms (S.)       | 1. Lansdown (S.) |
| 2. Elliot (H.)      | 2. Jenkins (S.)  |
| 3. Harding (H.)     | 3. Thomas (H.)   |
| 4. Robbins (H.)     | 4. Horder (C.)   |
| 5. Coster (E.) (C.) | 5. Roddick (H.)  |
| 6. Skinner (H.)     | 6. Hignell (H.)  |
| 7. Garrett (C.)     | 7. Norman (H.)   |
| 8. Vizard (S.)      | 8. Diment (S.)   |
| 9. Panes (S.)       | 9. Pearce (C.)   |
| 10. Parsons (S.)    | 10. Seymour (S.) |

## **Athletic Sports, 1939.**

The annual Athletic Sports were held on Thursday, May 25th, 1939, under conditions which were excellent for running, with a slight following wind on the hundred yards track Under these circumstances **it** is not surprising that many of the times recorded showed an improvement on those of the previous two years. Among the best performances were those of N. Watkins, who won the Girls' High Jump (over 15) at 4Jt. 8ins. and Tymms, who won the Boys' 100 yards (under 15) in 11.3 seconds. The main weaknesses were in the longer distance races and in the Long Jump. Iii the latter, competitors had not mastered the timing and technique of

a good take off. High Jumping had improved, and next year we hope somebody will clear 5 feet in the finals.

At the conclusion of the meeting, Mrs. •W. H. Watson, kindly presented the Old Thornburians' Athletics Shield to the captains of Howard House, and distributed certificates to the successful competitors. The Headmaster congratulated the competitors, and the whole School on putting up a good display, and thanked the parents and visitors for their enthusiastic support.

The points gained by the Houses were as follows : –

(1) Howard 157~ (2) Stafford 105k; (3) Clare 69.



# Clare



CAPTAINS, Beryl Clements, G. M. Harding.

Despite the fact that Clare unfortunately won none of the three Shields we are certainly not discouraged and are confident that we shall do much better in the near future.

Good work was accomplished both by boys and girls last year. The girls, particularly, are to be congratulated on their Hockey and Tennis matches, while the boys were no less enthusiastic and did their share on the Cross Country runs, and in the swimming and the athletic sports.

The Juniors, especially, show promise and we know the Seniors can depend on their whole-hearted support.,

The House was unlucky in losing both House Captains, Beryl Clements and G. M. Harding at the end of the year, but we hope they will not forget their House in the excitement of their new life.

We should like to show our appreciation of the valuable coaching given by Mr. Williams during the year, and especially before Sports Day.

Greater efforts still must be made during the coming year, however, and if we all co-operate to the best of our ability there is no reason why this report should not have at least one success to record next year.



# Stafford



HOUSE CAPTAINS 1938-9, M. L. Hayward, A. S. Beake.

This year 'has not been a very fortunate one for the House, as besides losing our captain, we have not succeeded in securing any of the three shields We must

congratulate Howard on their unique success, yet can assure them it will be some time before there is a repetition of such a performance.

At the end of the autumn term, Mr. Sagar, who took an active interest in all House affairs, and was an invaluable coach on the games field, left us. We wish him every success at Grimsby.

We have welcomed his successor, Mr. Cudmore, who is 'helping us in many ways to maintain the prestige of Stafford House.

It is with much regret that we report the death of our House captain, A. S. Beake. No house could have wished for a better Captain, and he was a credit to us both in School and on the games field. An ardent athlete, both in cross country running and sprinting, he set the House an outstanding example, and our football and cricket teams have suffered without his 'help.

We hope, in the coming year, to relieve Howard of at least one of the shields, and with the whole-hearted co-operation of all the members of the House, this should not prove too difficult a task.



Howard



CAPTAINS, M. H. Turner, J. G. Skinner

Last year, when priding ourselves on regaining the Games Shield, we also held forth high hopes for the future. Our greatest expectations have been fulfilled, and we can claim to have achieved, for the first time on record, the meritorious distinction of having won all the three shields which have been presented for competition.

True, it is the first time that the Swimming Shield has been competed for, but Mr. Rabley 'having so kindly presented it, Howard House could hardly let any other hold the honour of having its name engraved upon it first.

Our success, we are pleased to say, was the result of an all round effort, though, perhaps, the girls did achieve greater glory than the boys. On Sports Day after

an early tussle with Stafford, Howard was able to win comfortably, and mention must be made of the great performances of our two Sports Captains, who have now unfortunately left us.

An encouraging feature of the year has been the achievements of the Juniors. The Boys did much towards winning the Games Shield, and the girls helped in winning the Sports Shield.

At the end of the year we were unfortunate to lose the services of Miss Hurley. We welcome Miss Hill as a new House Mistress and hope she will find us a House to be proud of.

## **The Old Thornburians Serving with the Colours.**

The School is proud to announce that up to the time of going to press there are forty six Old Thornburians serving in His Majesty's Forces. They are —Ruth James, W.R.N.S., Josephine Woodward, W.A.A.F.

ROYAL AIR FORCE.—R. F. Barton, J. Bruton,  
F. W. Burns, F. Champion, J. Dennis, A. F. Eacott,  
H. F. Eacott, E. Eddington, H. F. Hand C. .T. Lewis,  
J. Newman, V. Oates, A. G. Pitt, T. Price, H. Salisbury,  
J. Sheppard, P. Smith, J. Watkins.

ROYAL NAVY.—M. S. Hutchinson, E. K. Slade.

ARMY. —R. Aldridge, Gloucestershire Regiment, C. Allen, R.A.O.C., W. Appleby, Gloucestershire Regiment. R. A. Ball R.A.S.C., D. Brookes, R.T.C., A. Daniels, A.A., T. Daniells, Royal Gloucestershire Hussars (R.A.C.), P.T. Eacott, Gloucestershire Regiment, W. Fossett, C. Garry, Gloucester Regiment, L. Gunningham, R.A., D. Hawkins, R.E., P. Hosken, R.A., J. Leakey, P.A.S.C., W. T. Lewis, R.A.S.C., J. Maggs, Searchlight Regiment, A.A. C. Nash, R.E., K. Pennington, Gloucestershire Regiment, Pouting, Royal Gloucestershire Hussars R.A.C., K. Poole, Gloucester-shire Regiment, E. Richardson, R.A., W. J. Speller, R.A., A. Webb, Gloucestershire Regiment, K. Wright, Leicestershire Regiment.

## The Services.

W. Appleby and P. Hosken have called in while on leave. Appleby will be remembered as a good football player, who after leaving School, became a prominent member of the Thornbury A.F.C. He is with the 5th Gloucesters, stationed on the edge of the region known to all old soldiers as "The Plain." lie is billeted in Lawson's racing stables, which are very comfortable, with electric light and hot water—not surprising since the racehorse is so much beloved by the average Englishman on at least one day in the year, the first Wednesday in June. Some of his regiment are in Gordon Richards' stables. We have asked "Bill" to keep his ear to the ground when he can. Do not be surprised if next year we publish the latest information from our own racing correspondent. P. Hosken, who is in the Headmaster's old regiment, the 4th Gloucesters, then footsloggers, but now "Searchlights," is stationed on the Bristol Defences. He looks very fit and spends most of his leave making up for arrears of sleep. Flight Sergt. Jim Bruton has been seen in the town while on leave after undergoing intensive training. A. Webb, another "Old Colour," has been enjoying soldiering in the Gloucesters, despite the heavy responsibilities incurred by promotion to "lance-jack." "Hutch" is on H.M.S. Ganges and J. Sheppard is taking the air on the Glamorgan coast—when his duties as Air-craftsman permit. C. J. Allen appears to have found the "cushiest" billet of all—in the Bovington Camp. His services as a pianist are in great demand, and we expect him to appear on his next leave wearing "crossed pianos" on the left sleeve. H. A. Bail is already with the B.E.F. All Service Old Thornburians will be welcomed at the School if they can call for a moment while on leave, and to each one the School calls in the best touch-line manner,

**GOOD LUCK!**



During the past year the Society held two Whist Drives and Dances, each of which yielded a small but very acceptable profit.

One of the Committee members, Mr. t. 3. Hawkins, i~ to be congratulated—for on Saturday, September 9th,



1939, he was married at St. Mary's Church, Thornbury. As the minutes fled by towards the appointed hour on that fateful day, a glass of water was hurriedly conveyed into the interior of the Church. For whom this was required it has not yet been satisfactorily ascertained. However, it is hoped that Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins will enjoy every happiness in the future.

A welcome innovation during the year was the formation of a Ladies hockey team, which despite lack of training put up very good performances throughout the season, although it lost to a team composed of the staff (especially augmented for the occasion by members of the School Hockey Team). Some slight trepidation was shown in tackling the staff's captain, and upon inquiries being made it was stated that it was better to lose a goal than a leg. However, the Old Thornburian Hockey Team must be congratulated upon their fine display on the evening of Monday, June 26th, 1939, when they amassed the total of 153 runs in a cricket match against the Thornbury Cricket Club.

Tennis and cricket matches were also played against the School on Speech Day. and in the latter L. Stovold, playing for the Old Boys, made a fine innings of 103, retired. Thanks are due to the Headmaster and staff for arranging these matches, and to the Groundsman for preparing such excellent playing surfaces in all the games.