

THE THORNBURIAN

THORNBURY GRAMMAR

SCHOOL MAGAZINE

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EDITORIAL

“The Editorial,” it is said, “must throw light upon the Editor as all individual.” This, I consider, is a very tall order, and I hope you will forgive me if my “outstanding talents” insist on remaining hidden.

This year’s magazine is something of an experiment compared with those of previous years. In that we have tried to make it less serious. You must realise how difficult it is to write something fresh and interesting about things that have been read and written about so many times before. However we have tried to throw new light on to the very familiar occasions. (Of course, I didn’t dare to trespass on the realm of sport in this way). I hope that you will appreciate the valiant efforts of our talented contributors.

My job as editor has been made considerably easier by the help of my Sub-editors, Simons and Helen Haste; and my main job it seems has been in keeping their natural exuberance on the straight and narrow path to which the magazine is confined.

However, we do hope you enjoy reading it as much as we have enjoyed concocting it, and as it is an experiment, we would welcome any comments (preferably favourable ones!) which you may have to offer.

SUB-EDITORIAL

Sub-editing a magazine isn’t easy. We’re sub-editors; we know. But the task has been aided by the invaluable sanity of our Editor and the digital dexterity of Mr. Quest. who was usefully employed as a copy-writer.

One factor which hindered us was that very few people proffered articles to be considered for publication of their own free will. Trojan efforts were required in order to cajole, flatter, coax or provoke people into putting pen to paper. Several old Thornburians were asked to write University Letters. After reminders, we did receive one reply; it appears on page 21.

Consequently we have had to fill up the gaps by burning the midnight oil and writing articles with improvident haste.

GENERAL NOTES, 1959-60

In September we welcomed Mrs. Hodge, who has come back to take charge of Religious Knowledge, Mr. Handan and Miss Shearman, who have both come into the English Department, and Miss Morris, who has come to teach History.

During the Summer holidays and extending over into the Autumn Term, the Main Building was rewired. Complete new electric lighting and power systems were installed at a cost in the region of £3,000. In spite of some early technical difficulties the new system is proving most satisfactory, and in particular the classrooms and Hall are much more adequately and pleasantly lit.

Mr. Hill again organised the Film Society, six full programmes being screened during the winter terms, together with a showing of Henry V before the whole school at Christmas. The discussions have not been very well attended, but those who have come have always managed to disagree with Mr. Hill on some fundamental point, and thus provided a basis for further discussion.

In March the school was again visited by a party of Iranian Head-masters and Headmistresses. One of the main contrasts between schools in England and Iran, apparently, is that in Iran marriage between senior pupils is by no means uncommon.

Towards the end of the Spring Term, Armstrong and Delia Clark represented us in the Inter Schools Debate at Cotham Grammar School. They were supported by some fifteen members of the Literary and Debating Society and were commended by the judges, although not victorious. This was a climax to a number of Debates, Discussions and other items during the winter terms.

For many years Mrs. Rouch has been teaching English mainly to junior forms, latterly on a part-time basis. In fact she is the last survivor of many mistresses who took the place of masters on war service. We were very sorry to learn that she was giving up her teaching, but she will still be with us in two other capacities—as Headmaster's wife and as Chief Flower Arranger! Her arrangements on Speech Day were widely admired.

Many pupils will be interested to know that Mr. D. I. Brooks who was until recently in the English Department and is now teaching in Tanganyika, has produced a school play at a theatre in the capital of the mandate, Dar-es-Salaam.

At last the school is to have a Woodwork room. The building is beyond the hard tennis courts, and is due to be opened this year. A Domestic Science room, on very modern lines, is under construction alongside. This should be in use in the near future. In his Speech Day Report, the Headmaster expressed the wish that soon the Secretaries might have a new room. He described their present conditions as the "Black Hole of Thornbury".

The school grounds look their best in May and June, when the brief flowering of the cherry trees is followed by more lasting displays from the shrubs and rock-plants round the new blocks. These have been most tastefully planted out and Mr. Strong must be congratulated on the way they are maintained. A new belt of trees and shrubs has been planted this year at the end of the Field. Eventually these will screen the houses that have been built in the hollow and the Field will lose that hint of semi-suburbanite that has pervaded it in the past eighteen months.

The first half of the summer term was magnificently sunny and warm. The usual trips to Stow-on-the-Wold and St. Briavels were blessed with perfect weather, and Croscombe too yielded only five minutes rain, as opposed to forty-eight hours last year. In the Autumn half-term, Miss Walker took a party of Upper Fifths to London, where they had an enjoyable and interesting time as usual, and were conducted round Westminster by our local Member of Parliament, Captain Corfield.

Some hundred and forty books have been added to the Library in the last year. Most of these have been bought by the school, but a good few have been presented by pupils and former pupils, Governors and friends. We have also bought a number of books with the money raised by the auction of old magazines. These auctions are hilarious occasions and a number of pupils are well worthy of a holiday job in Thornbury market on Wednesdays.

There are still some very keen Chess players in the school. They can be found in the lunch hour on Thursday with Mr. Ratcliffe, looking absolutely cool, calm and collected.

Several Members of Staff are leaving at the end of the year, the Games departments of other schools and the Science departments of Training Colleges being the chief culprits. Mr. James and Miss Preston are not going far, to Lockleaze School and Henbury County Secondary respectively. Dr. Bray is going to be a lecturer at Goldsmith's College, London University, and Mr. Harding is going to lecture at St. Paul's, Cheltenham. Mrs. Hawkins is leaving to become Mrs. Hawkins and Mrs. Wright is leaving to become Mrs. Wright. We shall miss them all, not only in the classroom, but also for their colourful personalities about the school, (and that riot of colour on Speech Day—"Look here's Father Christmas!").

THE LOCAL RAILWAY

As you enter Thornbury, if you look to the right you will see what remains of Thornbury Railway Station, a grass-covered embankment with a buffer on top.

It was about eighty-five years ago that the first train entered Thornbury, and its main purpose was to transport stones from Tytherington quarry to Avonmouth for the building of the docks. One of the chief difficulties encountered in the construction of the line was the solid rock between Tytherington and Grovesend. There was no way of avoiding it, so eventually they cut through, and that is why the tunnel has never been bricked.

On the first day that the train ran the local schoolchildren were given a free ride, but it was not till later that a passenger service was introduced, the first train leaving at eight a.m., another at ten a.m., and two in the evening, at five and seven. The last train ran as a goods train, bringing cattle and food products to the market. Local farmers could also use it to have their milk delivered to Bristol.

The service ran for over half a century, but in 1943 the passenger service closed down. Mr. Dick Leakey, present Headmaster of Thornbury County Primary School, drove the last train out. Now the milk goes to Bristol by lorry, and people find it quicker by bus. In the background, behind the line of houses, one chunter a day brings coal, and many people are barely conscious of the railway's existence.

When the railway was first built, it was thought to extend the lines across the B4061 road leading into Thornbury, making a bridge across the road and so on straight to Avonmouth, but the extension never took place, and now this would be impracticable because of the regular bus service of double-decker buses through Thornbury. With the slow decay of the railway, this project would in any case be uneconomic, but it is possible that with the new power stations at Berkeley and Oldbury and the I.C.T. factory, Thornbury's little old railway will again be put on the map.

JANE DAVIS. VIth Commercial.

TALES OUT OF SCHOOL

Initiative cannot be taught; teach it, and it isn't initiative any more. And one sometimes fears in these days of the Welfare School that private enterprise is dying.

And so I have been very interested to speak with a number of pupils who have carried out various projects unprompted, unaided, unorganised.

There's Geoff Bailey, for instance, of 12, who spent twenty-six strenuous days of the Summer Holidays at the Outward Bound School at Aberdovey. He wasn't cajoled into going by any Member of Staff. He heard about the course, applied and was accepted. He did some sailing canoeing and rowing. He did some bare-backed pony trekking; "the horses," he says "were experienced even if we weren't." But the real initiative test was the sixty mile mountain trek in a small group of four, when they had to map-read, bivouac and cook for several days. He has also learned some useful skills—first aid, fire-fighting and mountain rescue techniques. "It was a great experience," he said, "You meet chaps from all walks of life—real simple ones and brainy chaps from University."

In the Easter holidays, John Simons, 6', had a short-term experience of Dartmoor. "I did not make any mail bags," he wrote for me on a scruffy piece of paper torn from his chemistry book. "On the southern fringe of the moor is an institution somewhat less forbidding than the prison—an Outward Bound School. One of the tasks set, according to the local press, was a fifteen mile hike across the wild. Could I do it? I prepared myself with old clothes, maps, compass and provisions and, waiting for a particularly fine day, I set out to try. I spent hours sloshing through ankle-deep slime, trudging up gorse-covered hills, wading across streams and extricating myself from bogs. I enjoyed it, and it was a great boost for my Ego—for a time at least. I read later that this fifteen mile hike was one of the easy tasks set when the course was only for girls."

Nobody from School went on the Land's End walk, but inspired by that, Williams and Barker of 4A walked from Bristol to Gloucester one Saturday. Then they did something much more difficult; they persuaded Mr. Marrow to go with them on a similar cross-country walk from Thornbury to Stroud!

Bayliss cycled to France; he's an impetuous boy. I remember that other big splash he made in the Cross Country. But I never thought he was dangerous. Apparently the French police did. "A cheeky youth, whom we met at some swimming baths, showed us the town night-life and told us with a glint in his eye that we could camp on a certain hill near Rouen. We woke in the morning to find two stout gendarmes standing over us. It seemed we were loitering on consecrated ground. Then they noticed my huge, sharp bread-knife, which we were trying to hide. Grimly they escorted us to the police station. But I seem to remember that he got back for the beginning of term; he's an impetuous boy.

Bayliss is in U5 Alpha; they seem to be quite an adventurous crowd. Carter, Jones and Green (of U5B) have planned an energetic climbing holiday in the Lakeland Hostels. Peggy Bryant and Pat Bone are going to cycle round the South-West peninsula; what specially shows initiative about their project is that they are going to pay for it by potato-picking and selling blackberries

When I asked this form if they knew of anyone else who had shown enterprise, one girl at the back said, "Em cycled to Manchester by himself." This was enigmatic and I didn't follow it up, but there's no smoke without a fire, and obviously there is someone else who has in some way or other shown initiative.

Wyn Jones has already been mentioned. He was indignant when I suggested provokingly that modern youth had no enterprise. He told us that last year he went to Scotland for ten days with a gang of some twenty boys. They stayed at the Y.M.C.A. and the parents bought a touring ticket. I asked where he thought the initiative came in and he said they had been stranded in the Isle of Skye because they missed the train. Further pressed, he admitted "we went paddling a bit in Loch Lomond." A big adventure was mouching round Carlisle all night, when, again, the connections were bad.

Hatton (SB) had often taken a boat out on the boating-lake and watched the canoes on the Sharpness canal. In September he went to the Hobbies Shop in Bristol, bought the plans and announced his intention of paddling his own canoe to a rather dubious Mr. Jenkins. We saw the finished job on Speech Day. He has saved £25 by building the canoe himself and it is being entered for the Gloucestershire Craftsman's Exhibition. He plans to use it on the Sharpness canal. Other boys can do the watching now.

Marguerite Coppola has learned to play a game she has not learnt at school and recently has become Junior Badminton Champion for Gloucestershire. In the Easter holidays at Lillishall Hall in Shropshire she played with the Junior All England and reached the quarter finals of the Ladies' Doubles. She doesn't think she will ever play for England. Perhaps she may reach a greater fame—and appear on

What of the Staff? Of course they are all showing lots of initiative all the time, but we mustn't finish without mentioning that Miss Walker has bought a high-powered sports car, and Mr. Gwilliams has got married, and Mr. James sold his car to scrap merchants for fifty shillings.

VISITS ABROAD

A few people this year were fortunate in going abroad, and have been kind enough to tell us of their experiences.

Penelope Britton of 6' visited Germany and was lucky enough to see one of the main events of the German year—"it was the first Sunday after Easter, traditionally the Catholics' Confirmation Day. The little boys and girls in their confirmation clothes were parading to the church and were followed by their parents. We watched them for a while and it was explained to us that in Germany the Catholics wear white for their confirmation and the "Evangelische" wear black—just as we do for funerals."

She even had the experience of seeing Herr Adenauer's official residence—"It was a white palatial building in beautiful surroundings. At the gates stood armed guards with fixed bayonets forbidding photographs and entrance to unauthorised persons."

However the trip to Germany was far less distant than that of our well-travelled sixth-former Carole Caple, who spent a considerable time in Tel Aviv. "For six months," she writes. ~"I lived with my parents in a villa just outside Tel Aviv. The house is typical of those built to suit the warm climate; white walls and stone-tiled floors to keep it cool. In the garden lemon, orange and peach trees grow, while the roses and other flowers were in bloom almost all the time. The winter was warm, and although the summer was only just beginning when I left, the temperature had already reached the low hundreds. That would explain her sun-tan.

She was fortunate in seeing many places of interest during her stay. ~ travelled south through the desert and to Beer Sheva, the famous camel-market and to Sodom on the shore of the Dead Sea. This part of the Dead Sea was very disappointing, being unsuitable for swimming and bordered by potassium and salt mines. The prettiest part of the country is the area around the Sea of Galilee, also below sea-level. This region is extremely fertile and there are many acres of orange, banana and olive groves.

At Easter, I went, with many hundreds of pilgrims to visit the Church of the Nativity. I also saw the garden of Gethsemane, the Mount of Olives, the Field of Three Shepherds, and Mount Calvary, together with the Holy Sepulchre all of which were not at all as I had imagined, but none the less fascinating."

Of course, we all know that Anne Boreham has been to France this Easter, but she has been very silent about her activities.

Jacqueline Webber.

FOUNDERS' SERVICE

This year's Founders' Service was held as usual in Thonbury Parish Church. The highlights of the service were the Choir's rendering of the anthem "Turn back, O Man" and the sermon by the Bishop of Tewkesbury, which told us to seek the purpose of life through Jesus Christ for "He is the Way and the Word.

CAROL SERVICE, 1959

The familiar and the unfamiliar. That is the ideal blend for a Festival of Nine Carols Service, so that the Congregation may, on the one hand, have full opportunity to join with enthusiasm in that which they know and listen with enjoyment to what they do not. This balance of interests was nicely maintained in the 1959 service, which, as usual, contained a pleasing infusion of carols from continental sources. Among these, the choir's rendering (in English) of "Es ist em Ros" and the French "Echo Carol" were especially worthy of mention. The old English carol. "Masters in this Hall", which makes great demands on the choir's powers of enunciation, was sung in unison with great verve and gusto.

- The burden of maintaining continuity in such a service necessarily falls on the readers of the nine lessons, and though all of them acquitted themselves very creditably, one must single out for special commendation the youngest reader of all, Mary Paddock (2A), who read with rare clarity and expression.

Nothing that the choir performs is achieved without a good deal of hard work and the willing sacrifice of free time in practising. On this occasion, as always, the result was fully worthy of the effort.

T.A.W.

“THE QUEEN AND THE REBELS”

This more or less contemporary play, by the Italian Ugo Betti, afforded a striking contrast to the Greek play produced last year. The accent was on drama, and the play itself has been described as a mixture of “Anastasia” and the Hungarian revolt. Set in modern times, it shows the reactions of various individuals to the conditions existing in a country in the throes of revolution.

The leading roles, portrayed by Margaret Bavies, D. F. Cleeve, J. P. Simons and Gillian Knapp were depicted with appropriate calm, venom, brutality and craven fear. Two of the supporting cast did very well—J. E. Smith making a great impact as a mortally wounded revolutionary, and R. Entwistle gaining considerable sympathy as a downtrodden porter. These, with others, by dint of many long hours of rehearsal, helped to render the performance a stark and gripping one.

But this would not have been possible but for the hard work of all those back-stage. Few people realise to what a great extent the success or failure of a production depends on those anonymous beings.

The stage managers, Mr. Jacques and Mr. Jenkins, were responsible for the set. On a small stage such as ours, accurate positioning of furniture is vital, and on one occasion a slightly misplaced stool caused considerable anxiety in the wings. The lighting requires great care in preparation and operation, but Dr. Bray, surrounded in a mysterious technical aura of switches, dimmers and filters, produced some striking effects without blowing any fuses.

Miss Shearman and her make-up artists were successful in inconspicuously making the cast look even more frightened than they were, and our property mistress, Ruth White, was a paragon of efficiency. The mislaying of an essential gun or shawl can result in silent backstage pandemonium. However this year no-one had to crawl through the debris and cobwebs under the stage in order to retrieve a lost prop.

The prompter had a difficult task, for she had to have an intimate knowledge of the production, and know where all the characters made long, deliberate pauses! Jacqueline Webber, although fortunately hardly required, was a great reassurance to the cast.

The producer, of course, is the man around whom the whole thing evolves. He has to be a man of many parts, for it is he who must co-ordinate all the multifarious facets of the production, and bring them together harmoniously at the actual performance. This is by no means easy, but any aspiring or perspiring producer could do no better than to model himself on Mr. Hodge.

**Jacqueline Webber,
J. P. Simons.**



The EASE with which the Stage Manager gets chaos out of order.

JUNIOR PLAYS

For the most part the school is hardly aware of the slow growth of the Junior Plays throughout the Spring Term, until they blossom into a brief glory for two mornings before the holidays.

This year there were four plays. "Bill and Dukey. Private Detectives" was written (and performed) by R. Dewdney of 5 Alpha. It certainly showed the influence of Television, and the villains were knocked out in true Western style. Modern realism was the keynote of this play. it was produced by Miss Shearman,

Mr. Quest produced 4 Alpha's play, "The Man in the Bowler Hat" by A. A. Milne. I. Hayes and Julie Parker maintained just the right amount of detached bewilderment, which bordered on farce but never quite slipped over.

3A. with Mr. Handan, produced "Noah's Deluge", a Morality Play from the Chester cycle. The static picture-book quality was retained and there was no attempt to make any of the minor characters live. and the plot centred on the petty squabbles of Noah (Derham) and his wife (Hazel Desks) which seemed likely to endanger the future of mankind.

Mr. Marrow produced another French play. Pupils of various ages made the French family convincing. R. Taylor of 5A was a great success with his tragic-comic bewilderment as a peasant lost in Paris.

The scenery by Mr. Jacques did a great deal to establish atmosphere. especially in "Noah" and "Visite a Paris".

MUSIC, 1959-1960

This year the Musical activities of the School have greatly increased, due mainly to Miss Astbury, who, since her arrival has raised musical appreciation to a height before undreamed of, and brought out the musical best in each one of us.

The School Choir continues to flourish and this year's concert a selection from "The Seasons" by Haydn, was a great success. Notable among the soloists were Pauline Williams and Peter Hanks. For the first time this year a special performance was given for the members of the School. Unfortunately however, the Choir is soon to suffer a great loss, for its accompanist, Mrs. Wright, is leaving at the end of term.

This year a great new noise is beginning to blare forth, for an Orchestra is being formed by Miss Astbury, and we look forward to its first performance.

House Music Competition

The foundation of the Orchestra has brought about a significant change in the structure of the Music Competition. There are now two instrumental sections, other than piano, one for strings, and the other for woodwind, brass and percussion. The Vocal Quartet item was withdrawn.

The highlight of the "home-made music" section was the magnificently restrained withdrawal of his Watiola from its Watiola case by Watson. This was, one felt, more a work of art than either the manufacture of the instrument itself or the imperturbable and eerie performance of "Clementine" which followed. This sounded, especially to those at the back, as though it had in fact come distantly from "a cavern in a canyon". The adjudicator spoke of a Stradivarius-Kreisler complex. What about Secombe-Sellers'?

At the beginning of the afternoon Stafford had only a ten point lead over Clare from the preliminary judging, and a stiff battle ensued for the whole of the competition. The tension as we waited for the County Musical Adviser, Mr. Robert Clifford, to announce the result was almost unbearable, as it was nearly 4.0 o'clock and we were anxious about the buses.

Watson was Stafford Music Captain, and this was his day. Stafford won with 418 points. Clare had 379 points and Howard 316.

Derek Cleeve. ~

GOWER TRIP, 1960

The Geography and Biology Field Week was held this Easter on the Gower Peninsula, based at Port Eynon. This was a new region. There are twenty-one Sixth Formers and four Staff—Miss Rees, Miss Cleverley, Miss Scott and Mr. Lodge. Mr. Lodge's son, Richard, also went, and also an Old Thornburian, G. Hitch.

We left school on the last day of term, April Fool's Day, and stopped at the Brecon Beacons for lunch, and climbed one of the mountains. We crossed South Wales by the "Heads of the Valleys" route, but were diverted by the landslide at Godre'rgrai.

The following day the Geographers walked across the cliffs to Rhossili Down. At first it was fine but later it rained, and after a short windblown rest on top of the Down we trudged back to the coach. The afternoon's activities had to be postponed. The Biologists on the beach held out a little longer, in plastic leggings, but they came in by three o'clock.

Sunday was “Tenby day”, organised by Burden, but he found the sun quite out of control, and we spent most of the time peering at misty views and then hurrying back into the coach to dry off. At Saundersfoot only a few were brave enough to go to the beach and see the anticline, but some even paddled in the icy sea.

The survey of Gower began on Monday. The Geographers were divided into groups, and given an area about which they were to find out everything geographical. At first it was just a question of sitting on a hill sketching and plotting fields, but in civilisation (every group had at least one village) we asked innumerable questions. Considering this, the natives were very tolerant—they are used to it apparently, because Gower is a favourite region for Swansea students.

On Tuesday we followed the Bishopston valley. This was extremely interesting because the whole course lies in five miles. But it was rather wet, and the map difficult to follow as the recent rain had made the river run in a course normally dry, and it disappeared in the wrong places. And then the path, marked as a wide cart-track, became indistinguishable in thick muddy woodland.

On Wednesday afternoon was the competition. We hurried back from the morning’s activities and the first group, a biologist and two Geographers, set out at one o’clock. We had four hours to complete the route and for the Geographers the main problem was finding the way, but the Biologist had many specimens to collect. The most difficult items were vertebrates, and many ingenious “evidences of” were found. Two groups held down defenceless animals and cut off fur. Nearly every group brought back a rat, because at one farm some boys were killing rats and impaling them on pitchforks. There they waved at the groups passing and we took one, dripping with blood. In the evening all the groups helped the Biologist arrange the display. The competition was won by Susan Newman, Armstrong and Helen Haste.

On Thursday we went to the Rhondda to see modern developments in the Welsh valleys. The boys, suitably dressed, went down a shaft, while its workings were explained to the girls.

The next day we came home, via Cardiff, where we stopped to visit the National Museum of Wales, incomprehensible to English eyes, as *Amgueddfa Genedlaetbol Cymru*. We also went to St. Fagan’s Folk Museum, where we had lunch. We came back through Chepstow and up the Severn so that we saw home ground about ninety minutes before we got there. This was the end of a most enjoyable week and we must thank the Members of Staff—and the Coach driver—for making it so.

Helen Haste 6’.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE LAKE DISTRICT’ TRIP

With time out for a picnic on a slag heap, we had been grinding our way through some of the most industrialised regions in Britain for ten hours, and it was a relief to see the green slopes of the mountains after the stacks of Wigan.

We were a very mixed party, ranging from US Alpha to third year sixth, but we settled down quickly at the Youth Hostel at Keswick on Monday, April 4th.

We had a fair quota of fine days during our stay and Tuesday was one of them. One party planned a tour of Derwentwater, whilst the others set off to conquer Skiddaw. Despite the weary groans of the climbers, the tour of the Lake was thought to be the more arduous of the two, at least by those who went, as the route was not so flat as it sounded beforehand. In the evening we met at the hostel a party of thirteen-year old boys who had not arrived at Keswick until two o'clock and yet had been up Skiddaw: and then our awe for our mountaineers lessened somewhat.

The evenings in Keswick were spent visiting the famous beauty spots by the lake and by the river Greta. This river, in fact, ran right past the doorstep of the hostel, so a pleasant evening could be passed on the verandah overlooking the river, either reading or planning the next day's march.

It is always unfortunate on these trips that some members of the party are not as fit as others; it was thus inevitable that Wednesday morning should bring a number of casualties because of stiffness. The more hardy, energetic walkers under the tireless leadership of Mr. Hill, went up Scafell, the highest mountain in England. Another group, a smaller one, at the suggestion of a sixth form English pupil, went to Watendlath to see a cottage mentioned in a Hugh Walpole novel. It was beautifully situated, i.e. near a tea-shop.

Thursday dawned bright and clear, which was ironic, since we were moving on to one of the wettest places in Britain,—Buttermere. Since the journey was only eight miles, Mr. Hill decided not to start until midday, so we had a few more hours in Keswick. The route took us through some of the most beautiful scenery we had seen yet, and the descent into Buttermere was so impressive that it was worth every ounce of energy put into the steep climb before it.

Buttermere itself consisted only of a cluster of houses set between two lakes, Lake Buttermere and Crummock Water. Our Hostel was actually outside the village with a magnificent view of Red Pike looming up directly opposite, the white streak of a waterfall with the delightful name of Sour Milk Gill rushing down the middle.

The following day was cloudy and brought the first signs of that mist for which the Lakes are notorious. In fact the party which climbed Great Gable (again with the indomitable figure of Mr. Hill at the head; how aptly he is named!) spent most of the day tracing the path through the mist and getting soaked into the bargain. Those who kept to the lower land and toured Crummock Water were more fortunate and avoided the rain, although most of the paths seemed to be along the beds of streams.

So far Mr. Hill and the other members of staff had planned each day's activities, so they decided to let the slower walkers dictate Saturday's climb. The day was intended to be something of a rest, but it turned out to be as strenuous as before. The path skirted Lake Buttermere, and turned up towards a pass between two peaks. From the pass we could look down into Black Sail Valley and in the distance there was Ennerdale Water. The return journey over the peaks and down the waterfall was exhausting but very enjoyable and we arrived at the hostel, footsore and hungry. Fortunately the food here was excellent, more like a hotel than a hostel.



Sunday's journey was to another hostel, at Grasmere. By now, several of the party had fallen by the wayside, and a Minibus was arranged to collect the injured and to take some of the luggage from Buttermere to Keswick and thence by bus to Grasmere. It poured with rain all day and the walking party had a gruelling cross-country route of fifteen miles, including the ascent of the famous Honister Pass. A few took to the bus, but the sun came out to welcome the walkers to Grasmere, and we envied their achievement.

Because Monday was our last day, we were given an open day. A few boys decided to climb Helvellyn with Mr. Hill; with this they had climbed the three highest peaks in Lakeland; it was their hat-trick. The majority took the opportunity of taking a pleasant and level walk to Amble-side. Some visited Wordsworth's cottage and his grave; others were interested in the local pottery and flax-weaving industries.

Tuesday was for us another ten hours grinding in the coach, with of course, time out for a mug of tea in the very nadir of Midland transport cafes. Our driver had a flair for finding places to stop.

Mr. Hill and Mr. Stacey did a lot of preliminary paper work and money work, and we are extremely grateful to them, and to Mrs. Stacey, Miss Morris and Mr. Quest for spending their time for us and with us. This trip was certainly enjoyed by all.

Jeanne Pearce 63.

THE MENDIP WALK

Why couldn't anyone talk about anything else but Croscombe, Croscombe, CROSCOMBE? And I knew I'd take all the wrong things. It would be sure to pour down in torrents. After all, it had for the past two years. I decided to play safe. I'd take only winter clothes.

But here it was—Friday 13th—and as sunny as it had been for the past fortnight.

We walked to Wells by a new route, following a path marked by most inconspicuous red marks on gate-posts and trees. At the hostel we were greeted by Mr. Earwaker and his wife, who showed us to our dorms—up a staircase three hundred years old.

On Saturday, the Warden led us on a walk of some eleven miles (or fourteen for those who walked back from Wells). It was literally up bill and down dale. We carried our macs, but of course, the sun shone hotly. After swinging through the jungle on creepers, we rested on the Pinnacle, and then we descended the gorge in stages of slips, slides and slithers on the muddy ground, trees providing necessary handholds.

Back at Wells, a milk bar was invaded. Buses were, for some, useful vehicles; others, perhaps because of financial difficulties, walked back to the hostel. 'Sardines' came after supper.

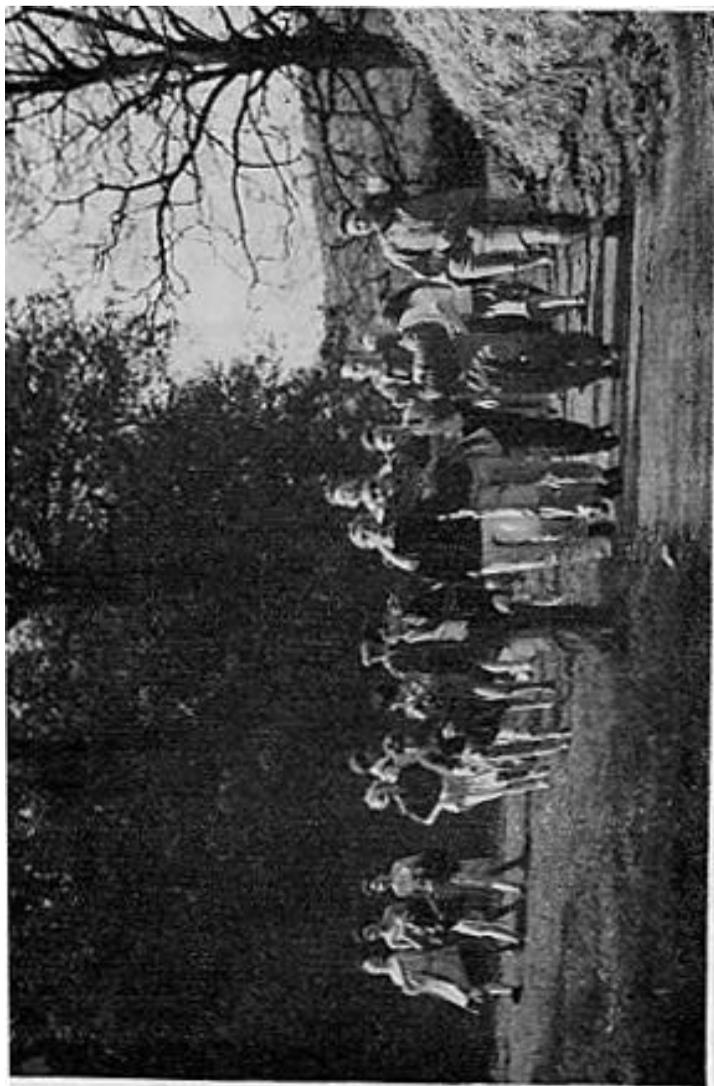
That was when Mr Wright made his famous announcement. There was some doubt whether there was a service at Croscombe church next morning. "There will be Communion at eight o'clock for those who want to go," he said, "subject, of course, to confirmation." Confirmation was provided and some went.

After breakfast the party was enlivened by the arrival of the Headmaster. We visited Glastonbury Tor, Abbey and went on to Wookey Hole. Here we were fascinated not only by the caves, but by a guide in a large pullover and a wonderful artist-like hair-cut. His accent was peculiar—Breton? Irish? We decided perhaps he had been underground too long.

We walked along the plateau to Cheddar in the afternoon. The Headmaster joined us half way, and we had a long rest.

Getting off the coach ended one of the most enjoyable week-ends that I have spent in my life, and for it we all thank the members of staff who so kindly gave up their week-end for us.

Catherine Haste 5A.
(who also took the photograph)



"The Warden led us out a walk"

DEAD ONSIX

The first time I was called an Old Codger was when I went on a Youth Hostel week-end. I thought I was being rather young and enterprising, recapturing vanished youth and all that.

Of course, the Old Codger didn't come from any of us, although there was a rather alarming incident earlier on when a fifth-form girl said in musing wonder, "I didn't think you'd be the sort of person who'd like all this walking."

"Didn't you?" I said mildly, "I suppose you thought I'd spend every week-end with my head in a Dictionary!"

"Well.—yes," She admitted it hesitantly—with an apologetic smile.

No, the Old Codger came later on—and it wasn't said: it was sung, set spontaneously to music by a wayside Teddy Boy with a guitar and two dancing girls.

The Headmaster and another sprightly Member of Staff were on ahead, followed at a respectful distance by a bunch of pullovers and skirts as gay as Marks and Spencers. The Leader of the Party brought up the rear, and I was with him. The path became a Palais, but we edged past the skiffle without a skuffle, and knowing it was rude to stare, we didn't. The guitar strummed and the raucous voice of Ted howled down the path after us in brilliant improvisation: and two Old Codgers bringing up the rear..

We glanced at each other with a wan, uncertain smile...

And so I was glad I'd seen the Beatnik in Wookey Hole. Somehow it was comforting to think he was a sample of Youth. There were doubts about that of course; that hair, that formidable slouch, that grotesque leer seemed more like Age—the Old Stone Age. "Any questions?" he asked hungrily when he had finished elaborating on or inventing the cannibalistic orgies of the cave-dwellers. Cannibalistic. . . Calibanistic Yes, did the Witch of Wookey ever have a son?" We were afraid to ask it.

But out of the Cave in the Cafe, he was just a second-rate Beatnik. As we watched him reading Beowulf and gargling tea into that great sweater, it seemed obvious that he had just been sent down from reading English Literature at Sheffield,—but hungry still. And as we had only put sixpence in the "For the Guide" hat, we felt easier when we were walking away up Ebbor.

In fact, as we climbed out of the trees and on to the plateau, I felt quite elated. I fingered my Youth Hostel Card like a fifteen-year-old and even wondered about getting out my old shorts and patching up the holes with a few of those Wookey Hole badges. I felt ten years younger.

Then came Teddy Boy and took them off again, and added twenty more.

The Leader of the Party finished me off. At the last gate into Cheddar, leaning on the last post, he gasped, "We shall be leaving, dead, on six."

SPEECH DAY, 1960

The time is one-thirty. Most of the Lower School have gone home; a few wander about the field,—unwanted. In the Exhibition rooms, those involved are frantically putting last minute touches to their work. Downstairs small boys in a steady stream carry chairs to the Hall.

This is Speech Day. It comes once a year, but the awe never lessens. It is renewed—a little wearily perhaps as one gets older—each time by the August Presences, the Gatherings of Governors and the Visitor.

The parents are arriving, furtively identified with half-smiles by the pupils, as they take their places among the masses in the Hall. The tension increases with the fluttering of two hundred programmes. (One can almost hear the Orchestra tuning). The guests come on to the platform and the occasion begins.

First, the Chairman of the Governors gives a report of the year's changes and a note to parents. (on the left of the Hall, the parents are vibrantly individual, warm and colourful. On the right, the school, cool and impersonal, uniformly attentive). He is followed by the Headmaster.

The school relaxes slightly. We recognise the Headmaster.

His wit is effervescent and topical. The presence of Captain Corfield gives him the opportunity for political sallies. This is his twenty-fifth time. He makes an observation about the Crowther Report that will produce a hearty chuckle for the next few months: "My motto is never to pursue a bus, a young woman or an educational theory. There'll be another one along soon." No theory, he says, will work unless there are enough teachers of the right quality—and the only way to get enough is to make the career more attractive.

Now comes the highlight of the afternoon—the Presentation and Address by Captain F. V. Corfield, M.P. The ranks stand and file forward. Captain Corfield is familiar to most; they remember him taking the school party round Westminster. The clapping bursts out regularly as each prize-winner steps forward.

Then the Hall is hushed.

Captain Corfield modestly disclaims the eulogies of the Reverend

R. G. Rawstorne and the Headmaster. He spoke of the long tradition of the School and the value of it. There was a tradition, he added, that the Headmaster's salary should be £5 a year, but he felt that the Headmaster would not be in entire agreement with this. There was another tradition, he said, that the Speech Day Visitor should ask for a holiday. And he did. More seriously he made a distinction between instruction and education which develops the whole man, and complimented our pupils on the great width of interest shown in the choice of the prizes. We live in grave times, but this is not a disaster so much as an opportunity.

The School captain rises and gives a short and very polite vote of thanks. Then the Hall, emptying, is filled with chatter.

After the Speeches are the Displays. In the Art Room an arresting feature is the native dance mural by Isabel Edwards and Wendy Dyer of the Upper Fifts. The visitors move in colourful clusters to watch the Cricket Match and later the Gym Display. Unfortunately there is a cold, damp wind. Gentility represses its shivers in the cause of Education. By five-thirty only a few parents remain, like animated litter blown softly about the quiet field.

Helen Haste 6'.

THE THORNBURIAL

(Founded 1909)

LESS GENERAL NOTES

After much practice in the Sixth Form room, P. A. Deeks was Runner Up in the Bristol Community Association's Table Tennis Tournament.

Tony Britton, who has recently appeared in "School for Scandal" has made his first 'X' film. "The Happiest Days of Your Life"?

Susan has given in an essay.

At the beginning of the school year there were 644 pupils in the school.

During the Summer Term the Field was sprayed with weed killer.

At the end of the school year there were 640 pupils in the school.

Dr. Bray is synthesizing a new organic acid.

At Assembly, the Choir now stands by the fuse-box.

We hope that the new Science Lab. will be ready by September.

Several rats took up residence in the sixth form room in September.

We are expecting a new Chemistry Master next year.

The Old Barn (founded 1606?) has been finally demolished.

The Staff Treasure Hunt was a serious affair this year. Many clues were laid in grave-yards, and as the caretaker of a disused brickworks ran off with a tin of clues, many gave up the ghost before the end.

Hazel Pritchard had a letter from John Betjeman.

Susan has given in another essay!

The flag-pole broke.

GENERAL QUOTES, 1959-1960

The Editors would like to express their thanks to those Members of the School who, unwittingly, supplied the following material.

"In a Roman school the boys used to sit round the master in an ark".

"British is an important language because if you didn't know it you couldn't talk."

"Atalanta was not only able to run faster than most men, but she was just as beautiful."

"Some diluted water was poured onto a piece of chalk. Nothing happened:

"'Bats' should have been in inverted comas."

"He was arrested for carless driving."

"The two main parties in the U.S.A. are the publicans and the democrats."

"The Law of Mass Action—one out, all out."

"He took up his bed and went into the temple to pry."

"If oxygen did not dissolve in water, fishes would probably have to live on land."

"Some of the advantages of cross-country running is that if you are a brilliant runner like me you can come in first and shake hands with the Headmaster."

"I believe that children work less hard in mixed schools because the presents of the opposite sex seems to disturb them."

"Vanderbuilt was a railway magnet."

ST. REVEL'S

This year as usual there was a school trip to the beautiful countryside of St. Revel's, situated on the shimmering blue waters of the Severn Estuary. The party travelled by coach, which we abandoned three miles from the Hostel, which is famous as an ancient munition factory founded during the Middle Ages. There were twenty of us this year and an uncomfortably large number of Staff—thirteen.

From the village of Hotwells, we had a very pleasant walk. At one point we had to cross some marshy ground by a narrow foot-bridge. Unfortunately the bridge collapsed, but a happy thirty-two arrived ;- time for supper.

The following day we awoke to a dismal view of rain. Nothing daunted we arose and set off bright and early soon after eleven for a long day's tramp over the hills. It was a stiff climb but there were only a few minor casualties and the ten staff who reached the summit with us were rewarded with a fine view of the surrounding countryside looking ghastly and mystical through a bank of dense fog. The Staff were at great pains to indicate to us the incisions, meanders and why.

Unfortunately at this point we lost our way and inadvertently wandered into a field containing a bull. The pupils were fit.

We then followed the old cliff line of the estuary. Here one member of the staff left us very precipitously—a senior man, he was called to a post of greater responsibility. In the late afternoon we left the high land and returned to St. Revel's by road, singing lustily despite our tiredness with much improvisation of words and harmony.

In the evenings after supper in the hostel we explored the local area, and later enjoyed lively activities in the common room. We indulged in a riotous game of darts. The losers were the staff.., two.

Next day dawned fine and sunny. In the morning we visited a famous Beauty Spot known as the Dump where there were many contemporary remains. We ended up at the beach for lunch, where there was a fair in progress. At least one member of staff succeeded in getting drowned.

After lunch we visited the village of Upper Slaughter. Then there were none.

In conclusion we should like to take this opportunity to thank those members of staff who were kind enough to give up their valuable lives. The success of the outing was entirely due to them.



UNIVERSITY LETTER

Blake Division

Britannia Royal Naval College

Dartmouth

31st May, 1960

Dear Sub-Editor,

I am afeared that your seeds have fallen on the worst ground. I

very much appreciate the effort you made in writing to me and I do apologise for not replying a little earlier.

I was so bogged down with submarines and hovercraft at the time, that your letter fell to the bottom of my bumf drawer and it was not until your second letter arrived this morning that I felt the smallest pang of conscience. I sincerely apologise for letting you down as I have done, but will try and rig something up for next year.

I hope the magazine will be a great success

Yours sincerely,

John P. Drabble. Midshipman, R.N.

“AN INTELLIGENT INTEREST IN THE SCHOOL..

Do you know?

- The number of window panes in the school—3,387.
- The number of railings round the hard tennis courts—523.
- The number of squares in the eight school tennis nets—50,048. formrooms—7,428.
- The average number of inkwells per desk in the bottom corridor formrooms—~71428.
- The number of tassels on an average school scarf—28.
- The number of green stripes on a school tie—22.
- The total height of 5A (March, 1960)—176 ft. **1in.**
- The number of miles of chalk ordered per year—* mile, 200 yards.
- The number of currants in an average piece of suet pudding (school)—48.
- The total weight of 3A girls—16 cwt. 4 stone.
- The total weight of the same number of Sixth form Girls—1 ton 2 cwts. 3 stone.
- The total age of 5A—496 years.

(This takes us back to the Wars of the Roses)

The number of blades of grass on the school cricket pitch—Neither do we, but if you want to go on taking an intelligent interest in the School, you can count them.

Research by: Catherine Haste, Jennifer Tear, 5A.

WHITSUN HOLIDAY MYSTERY QUIZ

(The characters implied in this article are unfortunately non-fictitious, and any resemblance to any persons, past or present, is purely intentional.) Who **said the** following?

1. “This huge conurbation is correlated..
2. “If you don’t know the french for corrugated iron...
3. “Nah look here, you boys..
4. “Thank you for cleaning the board..
5. “Ah—laddie—you’re not fit..
6. “My dear fellow, you must have these basic fundamentals..
7. “Manners are more important than Mathematics
8. “Salve discipuli .. sedete.”
9. “**0 stupid one!**”
10. “So poor Freddie was sick
11. “You must know your trig, equations..
12. “There’ll be another one along soon ..
13. ..~“**One of the best, if not the best**

Answers on Page Fifty

(A T.G.S. Network Production)

The following 2 essays were written by 0 level Candidates in the course of the year's work.

* * *

GROWING UP

It has been said that death is life's one great adventure, yet "growing up" is surely a very great one also. During adolescence the world is revealed to the child. To some it is to be feared; it appears as a stark, cold, cruel world into which they are pushed as soon as they can fend for themselves. To them the world is an enemy to be kept at bay, an ogre waiting to pounce, and to them life becomes dull and dreary—it is not life but mere existence. They will look back on their period of "growing up" as the "best days of their life". To them it was secure and comfortable.

Some are kept in cotton wool far too long by fussing parents, and when they emerge, they consider that the world is just a play thing. Sooner or later they find out differently and wish that they were back in cotton wool.

To the majority, however, life on emerging from the cocoon of youth, appears both fascinating and repulsive. We find that it has its hard times, and, as compensation, the times when we seem to be floating on air. Childhood is just a happy memory.

We learn the rudiments of existence at our mother's knee; why fire hurts, what makes people go. The parent must answer a thousand such questions from the insatiable brain of a young child. Perhaps here we learn a simple faith; if so, it is very simple, and very trusting, for we accept everything on faith, and we do not question what we are told.

Then the first part of the adventure: school. The thought appals some and attracts others. We find it a very mediocre establishment. To those who expected heaven it is, in comparison, merely of this earth. To those who expected hell, it is, again, merely of this earth. This is the first of many such experiences, encountered throughout our whole life, in which we find that this earth has no distinct blacks or whites, but only differing shades of grey.

The days slip by; holidays seem idyllic after school (for the first few days), and we at last begin to attain what seem to us to be the heights of knowledge; the three Rs. or as the National Union of Teachers would say, the Three Rs plus one. The years pass; our ideas change; the world does not seem so simple as it was. All the time we are learning, often very unwillingly, but we are learning. Examinations become an integral part of our lives, along with the associated fears and horrors, which, unfortunately, do not pass with the years. Finally comes a strange examination.

We have, in the previous months, encountered strange "intelligence Tests" in which some lofty personage is insisting on knowing whether we can decode messages, and if Monday were Friday, Sunday were Wednesday, would we go to school on Saturday. The youthful brain is not deceived—we would never go to school on Saturday! Finally comes the examination. We have been told by our teachers that it is the "eleven plus". Some of us have been told by our parents that it is the "ELEVEN PLUS". There is a difference. Some of us have not been told anything at all. These possibly feel worse than the others.

We are herded into a familiar class-room. To our horror we find that others have taken our favourite places. They are strangers from other schools. The butterflies take off. We exchange glances with our friends. Their faces have changed; they are paler, longer faces. They stare at us, and we realise that we too must have changed.

At last we start. The lofty personage is upon us again. This time he tells us that a kipper and a half costs three-halfpence. How much would a case containing a score cost, if the case, which you kept, cost five shillings? We groan. We reel. We gasp. We feel that we shall never be able to look a kipper in the face again.

It is finished. Our fate is sealed. Some boast of their fine essays and the ease with which they sped through the mathematics papers. We see them next term, plodding along to the Secondary Modern School, for we have passed; they have failed. It is not until later that we find that this is a very final moment. We shall know them, play with them; they will be our friends, but somehow they are slightly different.

We have entered another phase of life. It is as long as the first, yet there is little in it to describe. It passes quickly. It is the blooming of the flower, in which all and sundry wait to see whether the flower will be a weed, or a winner. It is the developing stage—adolescence. Professors argue; books are written, yet to the adolescent himself, it does not seem that he changes, but that the world does so, forming a new pattern.

Finally we are thrown out into the world, the world we have been warned against and advised about. Life has begun.

R. Taylor 5A.

INTERIOR DECORATION

“Lord Finchley tried to mend the electric light.
It struck him dead; And serve him right!
It is the business of the wealthy man
To give employment to the artisan.”

Hilaire Belloc

Don't do it yourself!

Tool makers are growing rich; paint, wallpaper and plaster manufacturers are rubbing their tailor-chalked hands because more and more people are buying overalls so that they can save money and do it themselves.

A thought has just struck me that perhaps the two well-known phrases “Do It Yourself” and “Shoddy Modern Workmanship” are synonymous. Is it not quite possible that the modern adult has become dissatisfied with professional workmanship and that he has come to the conclusion that he could not only do it himself but do it better himself?

How awful it is to have to sit staring for a whole year at the place where young Willie slapped on the flour paste too heartily or the gash where he put his foot through the last roll of wallpaper as it was about to be ceremoniously hoisted into position by Uncle Samson and Aunt Delilah, suspended on two precarious sets of do-it-yourself ladders which suddenly crack and split.

And the mess you get into when you do it yourself!
 “When father papered the parlour
 You couldn’t see Pa for paste.
 Slapping it here, slapping it there
 Slapping it here and everywhere.
 The paste was stuck to the ceiling;
 Mother was stuck to the floor;
 You never saw such a blooming family
 So stuck up before!”

And when the job is finished you cannot enjoy the immediate results because you are incapacitated when the steps fall on you.

“There you are,” said Uncle Podger in ‘Three Men in a Boat’, stepping heavily off the chair on to the charwoman’s corns and surveying the mess with evident pride, “Why some people would have had a man in to do a little thing like that!”

AND HOW SENSIBLE THEY WOULD BE!!

Derek Cleave US Alpha.

FOUND DROWNED

Found drowned on the wet ground
With the sound of the waves in her ears
The fair hair on her shoulders bare,
The river is all she hears.

Fleet feet that ran to greet
The coming of the tide,
Pale trail on the watery gale
On the ocean where she died.
Night flight of the seagull white,
You knew her hopes and fears.
Found drowned on the cold wet ground
With the sound of the waves in her ears.

Annette Tyrrell 5 Beta.

POLAR BEAR

Menacing as an ice-berg white
The polar bear looms up at night,
Free as the stars in the northern sky
And still as the moon set far on high.
He crushes down the seal’s crying
And sends the Eskimos into hiding.

Tame as the bulbs on the roof above
And still as the bars, unable to move,
He lives on food bought with the funds
And is grateful for the children’s buns.
Menacing as a snow-man white
The polar bear looms up at night.

Form 4 Alpha.

THE MISSING LINK

In the jungle stood a tree;
On it sat a Chimpanzee;
In his hand there was a book;
On his face there was a look
Of a strained and serious yearning
For the mastery of learning.

But however he did stare
At the pages everywhere,
He quite failed to see the need
That one must know how to read;
So he did not understand
The meaning of the book in hand.

Then, for reasons quite complex,
Discovered that he needed specs,
So he put them on his nose,
On his head, his arms, his toes;
Yet, despite this visual aid
His lack of comprehension stayed.

In a fit of sudden rage
He ripped out every single page.
What a shame he was denied
The title of this useful Guide,
Which was Darwin's prize solution— "The Evolver's Book of Evolution".

Pat Bone US Alpha.

PROGRESS

The hiss of a stone—a man lies wounded.
The twang of a bow—a man lies dead.
The boom of a cannon—ten men to be buried.
The thud of a mortar—one hundred like lead.
The blast of a bomb—the death roll's five hundred.
The final explosion—Evolution has ended.

Delia Clark USA.

EASTER PARADE

(with apologies to William Wordsworth)

I wandered lonely in my shroud
I floated high o'er dales and hills
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of mouldy radicals
Below I seek, beneath I see
Them muttering and chanting angrily.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way
They marched in never ending line
From Aldermaston, day by day;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their banners to pacifist chants.

The waves of scientists pressed, but they
Out-bid them with their awful gloom;
A Stoic could not but be gay
In such foretaste of coming doom,
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth my death to me had brought.

And oft when on my couch I lie
Eyes vacant, yet defensive, cowed.
There flashes on my inward eye
A radio-active mushroom cloud;
My heart with sickening horror fills;
I weep for mouldy radicals.

Helen Haste VI (i).

EPITAPH

Here lies a Student, who being a learner,
Blew himself up with a Bunsen Burner.
But had he a little more ambition,
He could have done it with Nuclear Fission. Valerie Weekes, 4A

CORNFLAKES

There once was an old man from Datchet,
Who chopped off his corns with a hatchet.
And much to his woe.
He chopped off his toe,
And can't find another to match it.

Marie Doherty 2A.

CLARE THE TIPPER

You notice when you go to School
That tipping chairs is not the rule.
There was a vicious girl called Clare
Who disobeyed and tipped her chair.
Splutter! Wallop! Bang! and Smash!
The chair went over with a crash.
"You've broken it," the Teacher whined. "As sure as fate you will be fined. This
chair has cost the G.C.C. Twelve and threepence ha-penny."

“Oh, dear,” cried Clare, “I’m in a fix.
Bang goes my weekly two and six.
My back feels like a twisted rope.
Hey, Jane, don’t stand there like a dope,
Come and untwist it if you please.”
So Jane untwisted it with ease.

“Now off you go to see the Head.”
The poor girl’s face became quite red,
The Head sat sternly in his room,
His countenance was full of gloom.
At last he spoke, “It is quite clear
You’ll cost your parents very dear
If you pursue your awkward way
Of rocking in your place each day.
The punishment must fit the crime.
A cradle made to my design
Will be your seat in class until
We are quite sure you can sit STILL.”

Form 2A.

SONNY

(who listened to his Science Master—and came to grief)

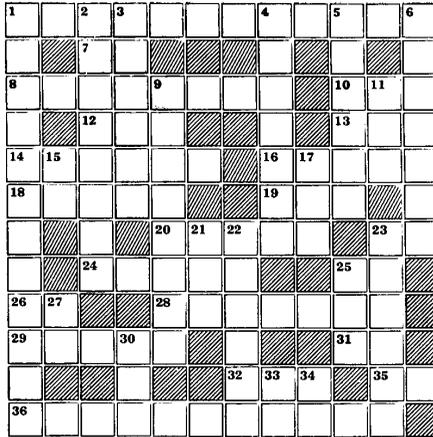
Sonny was a greedy lad;
He gobbled food both good and bad— Spaghetti, mayonnaise and
cheese,
Things from the garden and deep freeze

One day towards the end of term
His Science Master, Mr. Germ,
Gave the class a talk on bees
And said they sometimes swarmed in trees.
The thing that interested Sonny
Was that they manufactured honey.

One day he heard a buzzing sound
And reached up bravely from the ground
“Where bees are, honey is,” he hoped
And in among the swarm he groped.

Poor Sonny, ‘twas the end of him.
The bees created such a din,
And took their vengeance on the spot.
Poor Sonny suffered quite a lot
(before he died)
Now listen, friends,
The greedy come to sticky ends!

Mary Paddock 2A.



ACROSS

1. Sacred turf. (7, 5).
7. North America. (2).
8. Darn once to make a survey. (8).
10. Cross hands or ship—better still a bridge in Austria. (3).
12. Alternative in rowing. (3).
13. Taken, not a metal. (3).
14. Used with a hot iron, but not on Monday! (6).
16. The tide or a limestone gorge, cheesed off. (5).
18. Top the milk in synthetic form on the K.D.R. (5).
19. Antonym of 17 down may try to be this. (3).
20. Not I in a sty—not pleasant! (5).
23. Possible disagreement on electrical matter? (2).
24. ‘Those who can, do, those who can’t (5)
25. “1000 x ___”(2).
26. “1000 x ___”(2).
28. In theory in the Bio. Lab., in practice in the Headmaster’s study. (7).
29. 18 across should be regarded as one, especially if paid for by someone else.(5).
31. Comedian in motor-cycle race ? (2).
32. No certificate of sanity for colloquial anger. (3).
35. Initially a poetess in the fifth form. (2).
36. Games master in bizarre danger? (6, 5).

DOWN

1. School event sounds like angry nation. (5, 7).
2. Nine told they are lazy. (8).
3. British syrup not under worker of iron despite close proximity. (6).
4. Ford car in the Sixth form? (7).
5. Mr. Biddle’s headgear. (6).

- 6.. Not often scored on 1 across. (7).
9. The needlework department may have one *left*. (1. 1).
- II. New Greek fruit-salt. (3).
15. See 27 down for alternative. (2).
17. No French article for the Father of Chemistry. (3).
21. One may beat royalty. (3).
22. Sometimes goes with salmon. (6).
23. This service is not religious, but it has an order. (6).
25. Colonel with a shell is mad. (3).
27. 2B –not 2B. (2).
30. Without exception. (3).
33. Initially Matty. (2).
34. Medicine man or donkey noise? (2).

Sub-Editorial Staff.

RUGBY REPORT, 1959

Captain: R. P. Entwistle

This was only a moderate season. The 1st XV. won six of their ten matches. They held the stronger sides, such as Marling and Q.E.H. to closer margins than last year, but only just beat Kingswood and lost to Colston's, both of these sides having been heavily beaten the year before.

The 2nd XV. had the same sort of success, winning four of their seven games. The colts won only two of their seven matches, but some individuals promise well for the future. The Under-13 and Under-14 XV's. won all their matches.

At Christmas, A. Jenkins and D. Skuse of the 1st XV were selected to play for the Bristol Public and Grammar Schools' XV in matches against the Clifton Vacation XV, the Devon Senior XV, the Weston Vacation XV, Bristol United, Worcestershire and Herefordshire, Cardiff Public and Grammar Schools.

Colours were reawarded to R. P. Entwistle, A. Jenkins, D. Skuse, C. Riddiford, P. Willcox and H. Roberts, and awarded to R. M. Phillips. J. Townsend, R. Bayley and P. G. Nellthorp. Half-Colours were awarded to W. Braund.

1st XV Results

Bristol University Unicorns	Won	10-6
Wycliffe College 2nd XV	Won	22-0
Marling	Lost	8-21
B.A.C. Aces 2nd XV	Won	11-3
Cathedral School	Won	6-5
St. Brendan's College	Lost	5-19
Colston Grammar School	Lost	3-6
Kingswood Grammar School	Won	3-0
Old Thornburians	Won	13-8

HOCKEY REPORT, 1959-60

This season, of the eleven matches played, the first team have won five, drawn two and lost four. The team as a whole have played well against the other schools, but as usual it fell to the stronger and more experienced University side.

The outstanding matches of the season were the defeat of the Old Thornburians and Redland Ladies (whose undefeated record was broken) and the enjoyable, but not so successful, Staff match.

The defence have maintained a consistent standard of hockey, but there were several changes among the forwards and they did not play together with any force until later in the season.

Seven girls were entered for the Gloucestershire trials. Valerie Collier was chosen for the 1st XI and Marguerite Coppola for the 2nd XI. Valerie Collier has since played for the West of England at the Western Counties Tournament.

In a slightly different sphere, Jeanne Pearce has gained her Umpire's whistle.

RESULTS OF MATCHES

Autumn Term

Oct. 3—Chipping Sodbury 1; Thornbury 2. Home.
Nov. 7—A XI Cirencester 1; Thornbury 0. Home.
Nov. 11—Bristol University 8; Thornbury 1. Home.
Nov. 14—Redland High School 3; Thornbury 3. Home.
Nov. 21—A XI Redland Ladies H.C. 7; Thornbury 2. Away.
Nov 28—Clifton 0; Thornbury 1. Away.
Dec. 5—Colston 1; Thornbury 5. Home.
Dec. 12—Badminton 3; Thornbury 1. Away.

Spring Term

Jan. 30—Redland Ladies H.C. 2; Thornbury 4. Home.
Feb. 6—Gloucester 1; Thornbury 1. Away.
Feb. 10—Bristol University 9; Thornbury 0. Home.
Mar. 5—Clifton 3; Thornbury 0. Home.
Mar. 23—Old Thornburians 3; School 5. Home.
Mar. 26—A XI Badminton 2; Thornbury 2. Away.
Mar. 30—Staff 2; School 0. Home.

Colours

Re-awarded to: G. Knapp, V. Collier, M. Coppola.

Full colours awarded to: G. Brooks, M. Durnford.

Half colours to: P. Taylor, C. Haste.

THORNBURY v. OLD BOYS SOCCER

A firm pitch made the light ball difficult to control, but play was fast and open in the early stages. R. Jackson opened the scoring with a hard drive from an oblique angle, but the School equalised through a header by Roberts from a Parker cross. Jackson restored the Old Boys lead by flicking the ball home after a mix-up in the School defence. The School levelled the scores again through Rosser, and a further goal by Nellthorpe gave them an interval lead of 3 goals to 2.

Later, Barton made a spectacular goal-line clearance to deprive Jackson of his hat-trick after the latter's shot had beaten the goalkeeper. In the second half the suspect fitness of some of the Old Boys told and the School added further goals through Rosser, Roberts and Freeman. The Old Boys attack in this period was easily contained by a safe School defence.

The School thus repeated their previous year's result, this time by 6 goals to 2.

“Spectator”.

SOCCER REPORT, 1960

Captain: D. E. Rosser

The 1st XI were unsuccessful this season, losing five of their ten matches. This failure is attributed to the lack of effective forwards and dominating wing-halves.

The Under-14 XI lost only one of their five matches, and the 2nd XI, although unsuccessful, exceeded most expectations.

Colours were awarded to D. H. Skuse, M. Gee and B. Barton.

Half-colours were awarded to P. 6. Nellthorp.

D. E. Rosser was selected for the F.A. Schools week at St. John's

College, Oxford.

Results

Dursley Grammar SchoolDrew 4-4	
Bristol University 3rd XI	Lost	1-2
Filton United	Won	4-1
Chipping Sodbury Grammar	School	Lost	1-2
Dursley Grammar School	Lost	1-5
Cotham Grammar School	Lost	2-3
Chipping Sodbury Grammar	School	Lost	3-4
Bell's Grammar School	Won	6-1
Old Thornburians	Won	6-2

NETBALL REPORT, 1959-60

The first team have been unfortunate this season in having all but three of their matches cancelled. Of these, one match was drawn and two lost.

In March the First VII entered for the Gloucester Schools' Tournament, and were fortunate in being placed second in their section. As usual, the team were handicapped in being unable to make use of their full resources from the first whistle.

The second team did well however to win all three of their matches. and Miss Preston and I have been pleased to notice that the Under 14 and Under 13 VII's show promise for the future.

Finally we would like to thank Miss Preston, Mrs. Hawkins and Miss Cleverley for their enthusiastic coaching, and Miss Hunter and the Sixth Form girls for the excellent teas provided.

Colours reawarded to: V. Carey, G. Starling, R. White.

Colours awarded to J. Britton.

Half Colours to M. Harris.

Ruth White, Captain.



CROSS COUNTRY, 1960

Mention the words "Cross Country" to any boy, and he will probably think of weeks of training in wind, rain, hail, snow, sun, and worst of all, mud,—thick, brown, slithery, slimy, mud. This added to the exertion involved in running the race anyway, completes the ultimate picture— one of extreme discomfort.

And yet a surprising number of people actually enjoy it.

Results

- 1st Stafford, 203 penalty Points.
- 2nd Clare, 347 penalty points.
- 3rd Howard, 350 penalty points.

INDIVIDUAL PLACINGS

Senior

1. Rodaway (S)
2. Freeman (S)
3. Roberts (H)
4. Rosser (C)
5. Nellthorp (H)
6. Powell (H)

Intermediate'

- Price (S)
- Curtis (S)
- Hunton (H)
- Dearing (S)
- (Brown (S)
- Mainstone (S)

Junior

- Smart (S)
- Gullwell (S)
- Appleby (C)
- Harris (H)
- Stockey (C)
- Leslie (S)

Time: 24 mins. 37 secs Time: 20 mins. 15 secs. Time: 17 mins. 46 secs.

Record held by

R. Jackson (C)

22 mins. 36 secs.

Record held by

F. Gray (C)

18 mins. 39 secs.

Record held by

E. Gray (C)

16 mins. 1.5 secs.

ATHLETICS, 1959-60

Captains: Valerie Collier, D. Burgess

The general standard of athletics has remained quite high but several star performers have been lost, including F. Gray, probably one of the best five cross-country runners of his age in the West Region, and A. Parfitt, who showed considerable promise in the 440 yards last season.

The greatest achievement in the Athletics sphere during the last School year was that of A. Carter. In the Final of the Schools Athletic Association's All-England Inter-County Championships at Northwich, Cheshire, last July, he came second in the Junior Boys shot with a throw of 53 feet 11 inches, which beat the previous record. Carter should have a good chance of repeating his performance this year.

Members of the School again competed in the recent South Gloucestershire Championships—with the following results:

Girls: Four first places, four second places, four third places.

Notable performances: Margaret Slowly, Under 15 Long Jump, 14ft 11 ins.; Pat Bone, Under 17 Long Jump, 15ft 2+ins.; Angela Oliver, Under 19 Discus, 86ft 2 ins.

Boys: Eight first places, six second places, nine third places.

Notable performances: D. Burgess, Under 19 Javelin, 158ft 8 ins.; A. Rodaway, Under 19 High Jump, 5ft 3ins.; A. Carter, Under 17 Shot, 53ft 9 ins.; L. Price, Under 15 Mile, 5 mins. 17.3 sees.

SPORTS DAY—IMPRESSIONS

Above the tennis courts a red flag is wilting in the humid heat of a thundery July afternoon. Summer dresses. Scorched grass, ribboned with harsh white lines. Girls and boys attired in sombre green; a chosen few in clothes of many colours.

A group of athletes converge upon a shirt-sleeved steward. The roll is called; six lanes, six forlorn figures. The gun is up. Heads bowed, unsmiling, they take their marks. A sharp command. The crowd is silent. Six taut and straining bodies are still. A crash; the tension snaps; the sports are on.

The guests sip tea. Small boys, begrudgingly, move piles of chairs. Beneath the gathering storm-clouds, the bright red flag flies still.

CRICKET, 1960

Captain: C. C. Burden

Up to the time of going to press, the School XI have won two of their four matches played, having lost the others. Six regular members of last year's XI have been retained.

The opening match of the season was played against Q.E.H. The School, batting first, scored an impressive 136 for 5, Gregory contributing an undefeated half-century. Q.E.H. obtained the runs quickly, partly because of our own inaccurate bowling, for the loss of only two wickets.

The second match, against Wycliffe College 2nd, was very promising. The School made a very good start, losing only one wicket in scoring fifty, but, owing to a spin attack, were dismissed for only 97. Through some good fielding and accurate bowling, Wycliffe were all out for 68.

Against Cotham Grammar School, the School bowlers did well in removing the first nine batsmen for 79, but they were unable to break the last wicket stand which added 29. Cotham could have been dismissed for a very low score had the fielding been to the high standard achieved in the previous match.

Failing to obtain the runs, the School was all out for 58. again showing that they are suspect against spin bowling.

In the following match Chipping Sodbury Grammar School declared at 138 for 9, leaving the School one hundred minutes to obtain the necessary runs. This was achieved because of the good batting by B. Barton and D. F. Rosser for the loss of five wickets.

The fielding has been much below the standard of the batting which has shone at times. Most of the side has shown poor form, and football in the outfield is not expected from members of the 1st XI. The bowlers have settled down after the first match and C Riddiford and W. Jones have bowled very well.

The match against Thornbury Cricket Club on Whit Monday. promises to be very interesting.

The junior XI have won all their five matches, although the very high form of last year's XI has not been maintained.

TENNIS REPORT, 1960

The 1st VI have been fortunate in retaining three of last year's members, but the 2nd VI consisted of mainly new and young players to whom match experience has proved useful. This year, for the first time, we have put forward an Under 15 Tennis VI, who, we hope, will prove more successful than the 1st VI and 2nd VI.

The team has yet to learn how to maintain a high standard of driving and net play, while concentrating on other aspects of the game. The attacking power of the team has improved but it is hoped that a

constant standard of play will be
gain experience.

maintained by each member as they

Results

Stroud: won 5-4

Colston: lost 4-5

University: lost 0-9

Dursley. lost 2—7

Badminton: lost 2-9

CLARE HOUSE REPORT

Captains: Senior—D. E. Rosser, Cynthia Rouse

Junior—R. Newman, Hilary Wright

Clare was unfortunate this year in losing the music shield to Stafford but the success of the choirs was proof of the enthusiasm of our competitors. We have been awarded the physical training shield and have shared the Rugby shield with Howard. and won the junior football competition.

Two lively house parties have been held, thanks to the efforts of house officials and members of staff who gave valuable assistance.

We welcome Mrs. Hodge to the house and congratulate Miss Cleverley on her appointment as Junior House Mistress, hoping they will find their stay both enjoyable and rewarding. We will be most sorry, to say goodbye to Mr. Harding. but we wish him every success in his future post

HOWARD HOUSE REPORT, 1960

Senior House Captains: G. Bailey, Frances Taylor

Junior House Captains: D. Hunt, Diane Lewis

Again the House has done well, having retained the Football, Hockey Netball shields and sharing the Rugby shield with Clare. Unfortunately we were unable to take the Music shield from Clare but we have retained the Academic shield and hope to keep the Games shield, Maritime Gun, Cricket Bat, Tennis and Athletic shields, in the Swimming events this term we hope to do more than win the swimming distances cup!

Two very successful parties were held this year and the Junior House was very sorry that the Headmaster and Mrs. Rouch were unable to attend their party.

The House is very pleased to have Miss Hunter as their Senior House Mistress although disappointed in losing Miss Cook. We welcome Miss Shearman and Mr. Handan—both of the English Department, and hope their stay with us will be very pleasant. We are sorry to be losing Miss Preston, the Junior House Mistress but we wish her every happiness in her future career.

STAFFORD HOUSE REPORT, 1959-1969

Senior House Captain: Jeanne Pearce, C. Burden

Junior House Captain: Kay Marshall, R. Grey

This year has in many ways been successful for the House, not merely in the winning of shields, but also in showing that we really can work together as a team. This was shown very clearly in the Music competition, when we gained the shield by quite a large margin of marks, through hard work and team spirit. Unfortunately the spirit has not pervaded all the other activities, but we managed to retain the swimming shield and the cross-country shield, both of which we regard almost as our own now.

The junior house must be commended on its excellent efforts, winning the junior rugby shield and the junior hockey cup, but we must also add that the seniors have played their part even though they have not always won.

Not only have we had success on the games field, but also in our social life. Two very enjoyable House parties have been held for the Senior and Junior house respectively, and their success must be attributed to the amount of time and work put into them by staff and pupils alike.

We are very proud that our House Mistress, Miss Rees, has been made Senior Mistress of the School, and she may rest assured that just as she has always helped the House, we will try and help her in her new role.

Finally, may we say how sorry we are to have lost Mrs. Rouch this term, whose help has been invaluable in the past, and to lose Mrs. Wright, Mr. James, Dr. Bray and Mrs. Hawkins who is leaving Stafford for the second time. We wish them all success and happiness in the future.

THE OLD THORNBURIANS SOCIETY

President: The Headmaster.

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

Chairman: Mr. A. W. Knapp.

Secretary and Treasurer: Mr. P. Floyd.

Committee: Mesdames A. Harris, J. Joseph, Misses B. Knapp, C. L. Rees. Messrs. G. Excell, D. Trayhurn, L. Hawkins, R. Barton, R. Howell, D. Hawkins. P. Williams.

Auditor: Mr. Timbrell.

Staff Representative: Mr. T. A. Wright.

NEWS OF OLD THORNBURIANS

This year is Roger Jackson's second year at Oxford and he has brought great credit to himself and the school by gaining his Soccer Blue. He has been elected Secretary O.U.A.F.C. for year 1960-61. The match in which he played against Cambridge, scoring two goals, was televised. His brother, Ian Jackson, is based on Deception Island in the Antarctic with Sir Vivian Fuchs doing meteorological research. At the Bristol Royal infirmary School of Radiography Jean Mood received the Bryan Adams Memorial Prize last September for being top Student of the year. David Thompson is in Finland studying forestry. John Drabble is now a midshipman at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. Judith Neale has become a Senior Aircraftswoman in the W.R.A.F. Roger Hill is a trainee Public Health Inspector. Margaret Shellard is working at Long Ashton Research Station. B. Powell won the Harwell Prize. Margaret White, who gained her S.R.N. in Canada returned to this country and visited the School at the time of the School Play. Mary MacInnes (nee Rouch) has also returned to this country from Canada. Jennifer Rouch has been promoted to Second Officer in the W.R.N.S. J. Sparrow is turning professional actor and is going to America. Robert Cower emigrated to Australia in December, 1959. Pauline Elson has been chosen to go on an Outward Bound course. Angela Vickery has become a member of the police force. Ray Barlow is attending the School of Navigation at Southampton. Janet Northover is secretary in a mental hospital in Devizes. Heather Hanks is an Occupational Therapist. Jill White is now working in Bristol Royal Infirmary. Rosemary Clews is a librarian and is soon moving to Cornwall. R. Brown is at Hull Training College. John White is training to enter the Church of England Ministry at St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead. A Pritchard is teaching at Filton High School. Betty Knapp is teaching at Thornbury Secondary Modern School. Jennifer Morse is teaching at Leicester. Joan Gingell is working for the Civil Service in London. B. Purnell is working in the Industrial Chemical factory at Avonmouth. Mary Hulbert is teaching at Tetbury. P. Fox is working for the G.P.O. Malcolm Hanks is at a new post at Lloyd's Bank in Chipping Sodbury. Captain and Mrs. H. B. Thomas (nee Miriam Craik-Smith) have gone to Cyprus. Tom Darnell is Chairman of the Thornbury Branch N.F.U.

Congratulations on the following engagements: Peter Williams, Bette Woodham, Joan Wright, A. Harding and Christine Jeanes, Janet Mansfield, Jill White, Grahame Adams, Pamela Peacock and Robert Sharp, Hazel Grey, Brian Thompson, Susan Corbin, Gillian Arberry, Sheila Fairman, Joan Clutterbuck.

Marriages: Leslie Watkins, Patricia Brown and Eric Locke, Judith Robson, Mary Wilson, Heather Hanks, Patricia Timbrell, Roger Bennett, Kathleen Reeves and Donald Excell, Jennifer Bidwell, Margaret Caswell and Derek Hawkins, Leonard Griffiths, Jennifer Wooster, Sheila Blair and Colin Tanner, Carol Davis, Anne Lippiatt, Peter Fox, Monica Wyatt who has gone to Pakistan, Andrew Fowell, Corale Staley and Michael Spratt, Captain Arthur Smith (Royal Hampshire Regt).

Congratulations also on the following: A daughter to John Blenkinsopp, a son to Cyril Key, a son to Arthur Smith who is in Kenya, a daughter to A. Pritchard, a son to M. Jones (nee Beard), a son to Mary Heal, a son to Doris Lendon (flee Hooper), a daughter to Ann Setchel (nee Foyster), a son to Betty Rugg, a son to Colin Radford and Judith Radford (nee Watkins), a first child to A. Sandifer.

EXAMINATION RESULTS

We congratulate the following on their academic successes:

HONOURS (OLD THORNBURIANS)

- E. B. SELWOOD, B.Sc., PH.D., Geology, Bristol.
- L. J. WATKINS, M.Sc., Metallurgy, Birmingham.
- SALLY ADAMS, B.A., 2nd Class Honours, English, Manchester.
- D. C. EXELL, B.Sc., Aeronautical Engineering, Southampton.
- JANET NORIHOVER, B.A., 2nd Class Honours, English, Exeter.
- G. WILLIAMS, B.A., 2nd Class Honours (1st Division), French, Manchester.
- MONICA WYATT, BA., 2nd Class Honours, English, Oxford.

SOUTHERN UNIVERSITIES JOINT BOARD

General Certificate of Education. Advanced Level 1959

- R. BLENKINSOPP, English Literature, French, German. (County University Award).
- PATRICIA BREEN, History, French.
- D. BURGESS, Art, Woodwork.
- MARY BURKE, English Literature, Geography.
- ROSEMARY CLEWS, English Literature, French.
- R. W. C. COLLETT, Chemistry, Physics.
- R. G. COLLINS, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics.
- M. W. DARLINGTON, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics. (Bristol City Senior Scholarship).
- JUDITH ELLIOTT, History, Geography.
- R. P. ENTWISTLE, Physics, Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics (County University Award).

- R. J. HILL, Geography. Biology. Chemistry.
 A. N. HITCH, Geography.
 VALERIE HOLMAN, Latin, French, German, (County University Award).
 ANN JENKINS, English Literature. History.
 GILLIEN JONES. Latin, French, German. (County University Award).
 LINDA MANNING, Latin, English Literature, French. (County University Award).
 K. 1. MARSLAND, Biology, Chemistry.
 B. 1. NOTT, Latin, French, German.
 JEANNE PEARCE, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics. (County University Award).
 G. RICHARDS. Latin. French. German.
 C. RIDDIFORD, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics.
 D. SKUSE. Chemistry, Physics. Pure and Applied Mathematics. (County University Award).

General Certificate of Education. Ordinary Level, 1959

(Candidates with five or more passes)

Janet Arbon. P. Armstrong, Wendy Baker, R. N. Barlow, B. W. Barton, Dorothy Blackman, Ann Boreham, W. H. Braund, Mary Breens, Penelope Britton. Christine Brown, I. T. Burke, Vanessa Carey, P. Church, Hilary Clark. Marguerite Coppola, Margaret Coxon, Marilyn Davis, Carol Dicker, Pauline Elson. Marilyn Evans, D. A. Fox, Jane Goodwin, F. R. Gray. Helen Haste. J. Hewkin, P. B. J. Hewlett, Cans Jones, R. G. Jones, P. I. Keane, D. G. King. Suzanne Lester. J. R. Lewis, Jennifer Marsland. R. Millhouse. I. A. Morris, D. Munns, Susan Newman, R. W. Northover, Judith O'Niell, D. C. Organ, K. I. Organ, A. Parfitt, Hazel Pritchard, Jacqueline Raymond, P. Reeve, R. Reeve. G. A. Rich, H. N. Roberts, J. P. Simons, Geraldine Starling, P. G. Taylor, Rae Thomas, J. E. Tout, Angela Vickery. P. A. Watson, Eileen Webb. R. F. Weeks, D. J. Welch, Gillian Wooster, Carol Wright,

COMMERCIAL CERTIFICATES, 1959

Barbara Carss. Ann Langman, Christine Lethbridge, Jean Whiting.

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD

ACROSS: 1 Cricket Pitch, 7 N.A. 8 Ordnance, 10 Inn, 12 Oar, 13 Led, 14 Solder, 16 Ebbor. 18 Cream, 19 Coy, 20 Nasty, 23 P.D., 24 Teach, 25. No. 26 No. 28 Nervous, 29 Treat. 31 TL., 32 Mad. 35 At, 36 Yellow Peril.

DOWN: 1 Cross Country, 2 Indolent, 3 Canada 4 Prefect. 5 Trilby, 6 Hundred, 9 A remnant, 11 Neo. 15 Or. 17 Boy, 21 Ace. 22 Shrimp, 23 Postal. 25 Nut. 27 Or. 30 All. 33 A.E. 34 Dr

VALETE

Prefects

G. A. H Bailey
R. S. Bayley
C. C. Burden
D. Burgess
R. P. Entwistle
A. R. Jenkins
P. G. Nellthorp
R. M. Phillips
B. A. Prew
C. Riddiford
D. E. Rosser
J. F. Smith
J. V. Townsend
P. C. Willcox
Carole Caple
Barbara Cole
Valerie Collier
Janice Daniels
Valerie Hargreaves
Gillian Knapp
Angela Oliver
Jeanne Pearce
Susan Rea
Susan Rees
Cynthia Rouse
Frances Taylor
Mary Thompson
Jacqueline Webber
Patricia Weeks
Ruth White

Vith

A. J. Bishop
B. S. Lee
A. G. Rickards
A. J. Rodaway
F. R. Gray
P. Hanks
Geraldine Smith

Commercial

Ann Goodbrook
Jennifer Foote

U5A

T. Summers
T. Symons
Christine Cook
Miriam Edwards
Gloria Fisher
Sylvia Hodgson
Marilyn Teucher
Peggy Turner

U5alpha

D. Cook
T. Fitzgibbon
R. Lethbridge
W. Jones
B. Page
M. Poole
J. Puntun
P. Quick
R. Thomas
A. Welsh
Patricia Bone
Jacqueline Britton
Peggy Bryant
Angela Hanks
Marcia Harris
Lesley Jacob
Cherry Lake
Patricia Rea
Cynthia Rundle

U5B

R. C. Beer
R. M. Fisher
D. R. Green

A. R. Hall
A. Leek
D. B. Reeves
C. H. Revill
R. Veitch
Elizabeth Davies
Lynda Deacon
Wendy Dyer
Jennifer Evans
Sandra Evans
Christine Nicholls
Wendy Riddiford
Susan Robins
Lynette Sansom
Sylvia Tiley

U5beta

G. Barton
P. Brazington
P. Climmer
D. Gray
A. Hanks
L. Jeanes
K. Lovenidge
C. Mair
J. Martin
M. Organ
C. Stokes
Gillian Brooks
Rosalyn Davis
Isabel Edwards
Mary Herbert
Lynette Mills
Margaret Phillips
Angela Reeve
Margaret Scott
Pauline Williams

OBITUARY

It is with great sorrow that we record the death of Mrs. E. Lanham early this year. Several senior girls represented the School at her funeral at Thornbury Parish Church, and all the girls contributed to the Bible which is now used in the Hall as a tribute to her. The Inscription reads: This Bible was given by the Girls of Thornbury Grammar School in memory of Emily Lanham of Rockhampton. She was, as Emily Lippiatt, the first girl to enter the school when it became co-educational in 1906.