

THE THORNBURIAN

THORNBURY GRAMMAR
SCHOOL MAGAZINE

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Editor:
A. TAYLOR

Sub-Editors
Joan Goodbrook John Lavis
Lynda Lee

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EDITORIAL

Here we are again! And roughly the same team who battled at compiling the Magazine last year — with a few most welcome additions. At first we debated whether the larger proportion of the magazine should not be devoted to the departure of the Headmaster, with various angles upon the subjects. However we decided that this would be superfluous, for his work in building up the school over the last twenty-nine years is self-evident, and needs no eulogising from us. We include therefore only a short article upon the subject, including a precis of the more recent development of the school.

I must in this preamble give my most grateful thanks to all those who have helped produce the " Thornburian " this year—to the Sub-Editors Joan Goodbrook, John Lavis, Lynda Lee and other of my compatriots who whilst not on the staff, have attended many meetings and helped us on our way — Audrey Wright, Valerie Davies, Catherine Haste and Gregory (who usually succeeded in getting in the way). I also wish to thank Mr. Quest for his helpful suggestions and typing many illegible manuscripts.

Most features have not changed radically. We endeavour as always to enclose articles contributed from all parts of the school and to reflect the general activities and interests in these. We also aim at illuminating perhaps some of the more obscure byways of school life and yet to give a pretty wide survey of events in general.

That we shall not please everyone goes without saying. However we crave your indulgence. Well, here goes.



SUB-EDITORIAL

The sub-editorial is always something of a problem. Being landed with the same editor this year, we could not very well write another " View of Ed. as seen " Consequently, each of us sat in a corner of the room waiting for inspiration. Silence. A grunt from Gregory. A frustrated " this pen won't write " from another member (well, at least she wanted to write something). Another silence. " How do you spell ' illustrious ?' " from Gregory. (What **could** he be writing?) "Oh DEAR ! ! " We all looked up. Blue-black ink trickled down the dress and elegantly stockinged leg of the owner of the troublesome pen. " I must say it goes well with the green."

GENERAL NOTES

Newcomers to the Staff this year have been Mr. N. B. Lake, who took over the History Department from Mr. Stacey, Miss P. J. Sturdy who teaches Biology, and Miss R. Bintcliffe, who has reinforced the English Department. They have all been most welcome and are contributing much to School Life over and above their teaching.

At the end of the School year, we shall be losing, besides the Headmaster, Mr. H. Ratcliffe, who goes to Redditch and Miss E. Smith, who joined the staff in 1929.

We were forcibly reminded that School is ever-changing not only in its population but as a building, when we returned at the beginning of the year to find that the laboratories had been redecorated with a vengeance and with paint. The startling tones have been the cause of much comment, but we have got used to them.

In the main, however, the year has been quiet with its usual punctuations of official occasions — Founders' Service when the Preacher was the Rev. R. G. Rawstone, Chairman of the Governors, and the Choir sang the anthem: " Sing unto the Lord ", by Christopher Tye—the Carol Service later on, with a variety of new carols rendered by the choir. At Speech Day in the Summer Term the guest of the school was Mr. C. P. Milroy, the new Chief Education Officer for Gloucestershire.

The School play this year was " Macbeth ", and the production profited from the arrival of the new lighting equipment, which we have been hoping for for ten years. The problems of the music captains were made easier during the year by the arrival of yet another piano, which now makes a total of four. This benefit to captains was offset by the increased difficulty of organising the new-style music competition.

Despite the bad weather, the school kept going extremely well during the early part of the Spring Term. The snow drifts, which piled up outside the Headmaster's hedge, cut off the new school, but Mr. Biddle, with help from Mr. Strong, soon organised the necessary rescue operations. Courses in dancing to fill in Games periods rendered the boys far fitter than is usual, but unfortunately the improvement in Soccer when it finally started was not commensurate.

The usual School trips were this year reinforced by a walking tour in Cornwall.

The Choir and Orchestra have been very successful this year despite a slight drop in numbers, and produced what was, in the opinion of many, the best concert yet. It has been cheering to note the increasing popularity of the Film Society and the acceptability of the films shown. The formation of the Scientific Society has been the outstanding event in this sphere, and it now has a large membership in the senior school, extending even into the Arts side. Several meetings have been held at which there have been short lectures and films.

Other more personal success stories may be found in " Tales out of School".

The important question during most of the year has been: Who will be " The Next Man In ". One day Heads (or embryo) Heads of all shapes and sizes were seen wandering round the school in a posse, viewing it before being interviewed. The next " Sir " will be Mr. D. P. Rendall from Manchester Grammar School, where he has been Head of the Geography Department.

Mr. Rendall was at Wadham College, Oxford, where he obtained a Second Class Honours Degree in Geography. He then joined the staff of Bristol Grammar School, teaching in the Geography and English departments. His interests are wide, including all forms of sport, in and out-of-School activities. We look forward to meeting him next year.

ON WALKING ALONG THE CORRIDORS

From time to time, no doubt, your attention has momentarily slipped from your teacher; your eyes have wandered to gaze outside the confines of your classroom, only to encounter the figure of the Headmaster, engaged in one of his regular patrols around the school to ensure that we are still quietly pursuing the course of learning, and not in the process of lynching a teacher, or playing Bingo.

But have you ever wondered what strange snippets of conversation must be carried forth to the dictatorial ears as he walks along the corridor?

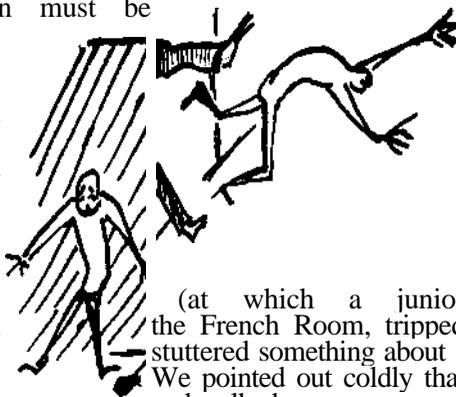
We determined to find out, and accordingly, spent an afternoon wandering back and forth, just listen-ing. With this result:

Ssch! (Geog. room)

Why not? GET OUT. precipitated himself from over our feet and Hail, fellow, well met". we had not been sent out,

" Well, urn, take this down " followed by a lengthy silence.

" No, Geoff, No. Don't put it in there " was the cry from the Chemistry Lab. We ran.



Standing outside another form room, we awaited words of wisdom. All we got was " creak, creak" of masterly steps on doubtful parquet flooring and a head peeping round the door: " What's this? M.1.5?"

Ugh! Garoo! Oooo! (Sick bay: Spotted Dick strikes again).

There was a clatter, and a mannequin parade teetered past us from the Needlework room on a visit to the Headmaster. We settled down to listen again:

" 12x plus 3 — um, well, ... now let's do another one."

" Now if this is Kalgoorlie—here, this red blob by the board rubber, where is Darwin?" — gyrations round a multicoloured blackboard on which is inscribed the outline of, we think, Africa; we could be wrong. " By the map-hook at the top left.... "

" KNEES BEND," comes a bellow from the Hall.

" Yes," (encouragingly) " yes, it rains. And what's the weather like when it doesn't rain? Miserable?"

" KNEES STRETCH!"

"Wet?" "No." "Dry?" "Well done" (encouragingly but dispiritedly). We pass on.

" Now, what's that graph going to do — go down? Well, it can't possibly go down any more; it's impossible, even if x were 1, it wouldn't come down, so it can't go down any further, so it won't go down, will it?" (Verbatim)

" Now, if I put the magnet near these iron filings, it will pick them up.... it should pick them up.... well, it would pick them up if the magnet were strong enough."

Clack, clack. The mannequin parade teeters past in the opposite direction.

We follow.

A. Taylor, 6² Arts.

ON WALKING ALONG THE CLIFFS

In April, a party of twelve pupils and four Members of Staff went to Cornwall for a cliff-walking holiday. We stayed in a farmhouse three miles from Tintagel and looked after ourselves. On four days of our stay we roamed the cliffs of North Cornwall, covering all the coast from Pentire to Crackington Haven. One day was spent on Porthcothan beach, where six of us bathed. On the remaining day we travelled to other Beauty spots in South Cornwall, Polperro and Looe.

The- official handout — a sheet of typewritten blotting paper — assured us that such a holiday could be very enjoyable in early April. With hopes held high, and fingers crossed we anticipated a week of fine weather. Cornwall greeted us with a snow-storm along the A39 by Bude, and launched us into our maiden walk with a torrential downpour known locally as an " April shower ". Many of us were in the choir and we remembered our Haydn: " And from

the bursting clouds the flood in ample torrents pours." We were not amused. On such occasions, the Urdu proverb "What does wetness matter, when we are all wet together?" seems very comforting.

When the sun did shine on us, walking was indeed pleasant. The warmth, scenic beauty, and strong sense of comradeship, urged us to give voice to our feelings. And so, after visiting King Arthur's Castle, we pooled our musical talents to form that obsolete group : King Arthur (Breens) and his Round Knights. Our repertoire was rather limited, but the Saints went marching Home round many a headland, with vocal guitars and vocal trombones in harmony.



One day, in Boscastle, we treated ourselves to a plate of Cornish cream cakes. A piece of very doubtful ingredient was found in one, but the proprietor of the establishment said: "That be a piece of saffron, that be, tha's what gives it the flavour."

On one more occasion, we got pleasure from the local inhabitants. On a hillside some cows were grazing. They seemed to us to be formed up into some sort of starting line. We each backed a beast, and encouraged them as they moved on to juicier and juicier grass. Unfortunately we could not wait to see them pensively chew their way to the finishing post.

These anecdotes form only a part of a truly memorable holiday, and we are most grateful to the members of staff who enabled it to be so successful.

Susan Weeks, 6³ Arts.

PLEA FOR BUNIONS

A small file of narcotics peddlers, drug takers, long-haired • intellectuals', parents wishing to kill their children by exposure and shock, communists and other typical representatives of British life walk cheerfully behind a man with a funny collar dressed in mourning. (Well, it's his funeral if he's tired, hungry and cold). He gets so many holidays, I don't suppose he knows what to do with them.

The journey is a bit tiring at times, so people pass the time by reading volumes of Shakespeare and the House of Commons reports. But what is this? They are laughing. Oh, but of course, in the middle of each book is a magazine of (I dare say) Cheap

Sensationalism, the spreading of which lowers Britain's prestige. Never mind, because they don't.

Gradually journey's end comes into sight and by now the small file has been added to by other people who while not wishing to endure the rigours of the walk want to be in at the end for the games—like Punch the Policeman. Oh, what fun.

Ah, here comes the speech from the man in mourning. " Friends (I wonder), before my final speech, I must tell you that the favourite game held at the end of the walk has been voted Punch the Policeman, pipping last year's favourite 'Fight for Freedom by twenty thousand votes (Cheers from the audience). Thank you all for coming. I know we have strengthened our point."

People are by now very tired, so they all lie down.

D. Mendus, 6² Arts.

PLEA FOR IDEALISM

You talk
Of Youth,
Activity and Enthusiasm
Looking ever upwards beyond the limits
Of earth's existence.
And then of Age, The smoothing of
life Into well-worn wrinkled grooves.

You talk
(From your high—low pinnacle
Of worldly experience)
Of the false platforms of youth
From which in time
Foundations crumble
And all that is left
Is to burrow a hole
Move slowly into it
And die peacefully.

You make it seem so inevitable!...

I resent your pinnacle of experience.
You, lordly king of my castle,
You are not living—
Life has dried up in you ...
Life has died up in you.

But yet... I am youth:
You are age;
And from your so high position of life
You are probably so right.

Oh, how I could resent you!

Catherine Haste, 6² Arts.

OUR ONE IDEAL or KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES

Whenever I hear this saying, a question always comes to mind: "Who are the Joneses?"

Since a member of the Royal Family married a photographer by the name of Jones, I suppose this couple could be regarded as THE Joneses. Anybody in the world who is "with it" (and I, personally, would not be without it) follows their actions and reproduces them carefully.

By this I mean, you could buy yourself a coat of arms (or even legs) like "they" have got, for a mere fifty pounds, or get a mink coat for your wife, the cost being about the same.

Of course, there are millions of other Joneses in Wales one could follow, who would be less expensive. Besides, not everyone wants to go for holidays in Switzerland as "they" do, and even if we did, there is a little thing which might stop us called money. You could explain to neighbours that you don't go there because you might catch one of the diseases that are going round, such as typhoid or malaria.

Or you could follow some of these other Joneses by buying the same type of car, washing machine or pencil sharpener.

But the idea nowadays is not so much keeping up with the Joneses, as getting ahead of them, but once again, who are these "Joneses"? It might just as well be important to keep up with the Ramsbottoms. Which brings me to another problem.

"Who are the Ramsbottoms?"

S. Earley, 5A.

SEATS OF LEARNING

Relics from the Victorian era or perhaps Grandfather's childhood? You might well ask. Admittedly the school was founded in 1606, but were the desks cut from wood grown in the Forest of Dean by prehistoric man?

When desks are sent to the school it seems sometimes to have been forgotten that there is usually a slight difference in size between a Second Former and a Sixth Former, and many an anguished groan has been uttered by a giant who has got his knees stuck beneath a particularly small desk or else cannot even get his



legs beneath it and has to sit about a foot away craning his neck to try and see what he is writing. To add to his misery, the chair is usually too high as well. Harassed heavyweights have even been seen balancing little desks on their knees, as, in deep concentration, they tried to solve some mathematical problem. The whole picture does, in fact, look rather like the Square on the Hypotenuse.

Some of the desks must surely have been made from construction kits by some short-sighted piece-worker, for often the parts do not seem to fit and are liable to fall away at the seams if any hefty creature relaxes in them.

Of course, you may be lucky enough to get away with a desk with only a cracked lid into which your pen will suddenly disappear, leaving a hole in the paper. "There are gaps in your essay", declares an angry Member of Staff, as his biro, poised to deliver a crushing c—, plunges through the paper and into the Master's desk, like some erratic, unguided missile.

Valerie Davies, 6² Arts.

HOW GENERAL IS YOUR SCIENCE?

Take Specimen A for example (with a pinch of salt, of course).

A is for Amoeba. "This is Amoeba; say Hello, darling." Scientists say that amoeba started everything—once upon a time there was a little girl amoeba and a little boy amoeba—but amoeba is modest, so we'll leave the subject. It is also very sensitive and is not visible to the naked eye. Amoeba is irritable so handle with care, and if it objects to being called a vacuous unicellular polyp and being dyed red and chopped in slices, well then, don't send it to Miss Rees.

A also stands for Apple. An apple is a succulent polycarpellary pome. Theologians maintain that it was the apple that started everything—but it all depends on what you mean by everything. Apples have been shot at (William Tell), received on the cranium (Newton, who then formulated the theory that apples fell, and what is more, he could prove it) and also eaten (Custard).

A is also /or Archimedes, a gentleman of principle, and theorist to boot (or otherwise attack). When Archimedes was totally or partially immersed in a hot bath, he experienced an upthrust, due to the temperature or to sitting on his plastic duck. (Translators differ, the Greek for these two words being very similar and both applicable). He then rushed out, displacing an equal volume of water on the bathroom floor and ran through the streets crying Eureka! and other choice Greek epithets. (Archimedes, like Amoeba, was sensitive, but he was not so modest). However, when he returned home he found the plug was stuck and he had to find some other way of removing the bath-water — i.e. Screw.



A is for Atom (this is Top Secret information and we do not propose to reveal our sources). Atoms live in a world of their own which consists of grapefruit, cobwebs and battleships, but still bears a superficial resemblance to our own. An average atom, returning home from a hard day's work at Berkeley, finds his better half and the chips from their fusion; transfixed and Goggle-eyed before the Tellyfission, staring at " Sunday Night at the Graphite Pile ", starring Gamma Ray and the Isotopes with their electronic guitars. Then comes the breaking point; they are bombarded with the usual commercials — " Don't forget — Lucozade replaces lost energy ", " U²⁴¹ packet top of Radium, the radioactive powder for a dazzling white wash, can have a genuine atomic raygun ". After all this, no wonder our poor atom dashes out with a splitting headache to the nearest psychiatrist and nearly blows his top!

THE FIRST STAGE

Putting up the School stage was a great laugh, " which ", quoting from the memoirs of Colonel Glenn, " is more than can be said for the next half hour ".

It was funny at the time; but now, well, it is all clouded over by the events which have occurred since.

I remember vividly what wasn't funny. Firstly I was going to be on that stage at a later date. Now perhaps that doesn't strike you as being particularly hair-raising, but if you were to squeeze under the apron and inspect the few nuts, bolts and washers we stuck in to hold it up, it soon would. When Tina was doing her little Icarus act on the library floor, it was all very well. The stage is a different matter: it doesn't only need dry rot to stick a foot through the floorboards.

Secondly, I remember being unanimously elected to climb that oversize stepladder the school boasts. There again you may say (though you are more likely to be beyond caring by now): What's in climbing a step-ladder? I do it every morning before breakfast. Unfortunately, not even the stepladder in question was tall enough to reach the little bit of wood, onto which it was my ambition to screw another piece of wood. So there I was balancing on the top while down below the saboteurs began investigating the rotting wood and the loose step, chuckling expectantly as they did so.



One thing that did strike me as funny was Robert; well actually it was more what Robert did. It was Robert's avowed intent to be a curtain hanger. Fiendishly he tackled the job of placing the little hooks into the runners. Watching below we all saw it, but considerate as always we waited till the job was finished before telling him. Htf had forgotten to put a hook into the anchored runner—the very first one. I am ashamed to say Robert showed surprising lack of enthusiasm taking all the hooks out again.

If you ever get the chance of erecting that stage—take it. The biggest joke of the lot is the school stage—and the laugh is on us.

John Lavis, 6¹ Arts.

THE SECOND STAGE or THE AMBITIONS OF DAVID MACBETH

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, there lived a man called David Macbeth in the land of Shetland. David was a good man. He had neither been a teddy boy nor a communist in his youth and now he was a General in the Army of Duncan Duncan, President of Shetland.

One day, after a victorious battle, when David was riding through the streets of Socmow on his motor-bike with his friend Alan Banquo, he met three very unpleasant women who told him that he was now Field Marshal and eventually he would become President. The President then arrived in his Rolls Royce and told David that the Field Marshal had betrayed his country, and had died in front of the firing squad. The President then told David to be the host at a party to celebrate.

David's wife, Pat, urged him to kill Duncan, so that evening, David slipped a couple of "Mickey's" into the drinks of the king's bodyguards. While they were asleep, he took their service revolvers and shot the President. The ballistic experts found that the fatal bullets came from the bodyguards' guns and so warrants were made out for their arrest. The President's sons fled to nearby Emglan and David was made President.

Now although David was not a psychopath, he wanted to secure his position as President, so he started an S.S. squad which dealt with Banquo. After Banquo's death, David became a little neurotic and started having other people killed. He even went so far as to have Audrey Macduff—the wife of Paul Macduff—and her son killed.

When General Paul Macduff heard of his wife's death, he nearly became hysterical. He bolstered his Smith and Wesson .44 Magnum and went to find David. Before the battle began, Pat became mentally ill and took an overdose of sleeping pills. During the battle, David killed John Siward Jnr., son of John Siward, Senr. Eventually Macduff met David in a secluded place. Macduff put down his gun, and although David drew his gun first, his shot went wide. Paul shot David twice, and after they had buried the dead, they all lived happily ever after.

J. Goodall, 6¹ Science.

THE OTHER HALF

A schizophrenic is a psychologically abnormal phenomena. It has a dual personality—like a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. School breeds schizophrenics—people with the appearance of one personality in school and the mystery of another undiscovered one out of school.

A bit of exploration takes us to Trayhurn (3a). He made his crazy stage debut as Thisby in "A Midsummer Night's Dream", and has now changed sex (surely a Dr. Jekyll manoeuvre!) to play the juvenile male lead in "The Music Man", opening next November at the Hippodrome. Is this another Tony Britton?

Thomas (6²) looks harmless enough, but he has strange tendencies. He needs help! He has a very good-looking female skeleton which he obtained from Scotland (is this significant?) and his problem is how to get it up to Newcastle on the train. Offers of coffins, suitcases, axes, diving suits, etc., gratefully received.

Looking up to illustrious heights, we dimly perceive Gregory, "I had an op", you may have heard about it. He is a great friend of Greves'—"Rudbeck Greves, the road builder". As you drive down to Aust, there is a little stretch of road about thirty yards long between Olveston and Aust, which has been re-done. That is the road that Greves built. He ceremonially joined the appropriate Union, was highly commended by Marples for and turned in the clouds of glory to—wall-building at Patchway Roadhouse. Many people, saw him sitting on it.

Taylor and Hayward spent their holiday waiting. . . . Taylor is branching out now. He is going to Russia this summer, as a tourist, visiting Moscow and Leningrad. We've been watching him very closely. . . . (last year he stayed with a French family. Actually, he has a real spirit for international co-operation).

Green and Smith (U5th) did not go abroad. They stayed at home to dig the school out during the snow. "We got paid—of course". (Otherwise, one feels, we might have had a few more days of holiday!) But congratulations to noble workers.

Constable (6¹) worked with a fair travelling round Somerset and Alveston. He liked working on the rifle range best.

Carolyn Davis took up amateur teaching of infants at Tytherington last summer, and Diana Lovell did the same at Berkeley. You may have noticed the scars.

Gerrard does not like work. He went with that boy Bayliss to London and stayed "in a beat up hut in the East End", (he looks so respectable in school, too). They "hit the town", ("it didn't hit us back as expected"—"although we did have a few punch-ups"). Bayliss, indomitable as always, got lost in a tube—but was eventually squeezed out.

Tebworth doesn't mind work, but he chooses his places—"The Ship" suits him. He has worked as night porter and at the bar mixing cocktails for G.G. and other gods of wine and song. Tebworth then recounted his holiday with D. R. Greves—motor-cycling to the Aegean—scorching weather—had a villa at a small caravan site—Emothi, or Emotto, or Exmouth, or something. They went swimming in the Mediterranean, anyway.

Jaques (5B) has a more authentic story. He went on an Outward Bound Course to Morayshire, Scotland, this Easter. "A life on the ocean wave? If you have a strong stomach", he begins pessimistically. It included mountain climbing in the Cairngorms as well as a sailing expedition—but he's an adaptable lad. His main impressions:—"Swimming in freezing sea, snow, thawing boots and drying clothes over a primus stove, 3 a.m. watch on a stormy sea, sun bathing on the schooner". So that is why he looks so healthy!

Brand is another healthy, open-air type. He went hitch-hiking to Cornwall this Easter, but he just could not get away from school. Having reached the south coast and Tintagel, he waited for a lift for hours when Providence arrived, disguised as Mr. Quest, and gave him a lift. I thought that Mr. Quest was going cliff-walking, though! Cornwall cliff-walking is popular, it seems. Pamela Bishop, Valerie Weekes and Kathryn Wilkins (6¹) are doing it this summer.

Three members of 5A—Susan Painter, Elizabeth Punter and Appleby—visited France through the Bristol-Bordeaux exchange. Apparently they had some interesting encounters with the customs.

Bell (2A) went canoeing on Dartmoor—"Well, on the River Dart, actually". Unfortunately, while messing about on the river, one forgets the practical side of life. They shut the door of their place of rest with the keys on the inside. Amateur burglary triumphed in the end—a skewer is all you need, he tells me.

Derham (USA) records experiences with water—the big floods of Severn Beach — "devastating — mass evacuation — fair ruined...." He seems to remember that everything looked like miniature castles with moats—at Severn Beach? He always had an imagination!

Gay (6²) and Jones are still hitch-hiking. Last summer, they "went abroad" and arrived by chance at Ibiza, an island off Spain. They stayed for five weeks in boiling sun, sleeping in fields and swimming all day, but they ran out of food and money after about four weeks. Providence is kind, but they won't try it quite so much "in the raw" again.

Cypher (6¹), the "funny-thing-happened-to-me" bloke, is making for the big time. He appeared in the audience on Discs-a-Gogo — twice. Undoubtedly, this is the first of many T.V. appearances, (he must have talent somewhere).

Some boys from 6¹ went to the Lake District last summer and seem to have spent most of their time scree-running. Williams seems to recollect that the water was awfully cold when he was swept over that weir.

So you see, we're an unusual crowd, really. And we are not what we appear to be at school at all. Perhaps we are all schizophrenic at heart.

Catherine Haste, 6² Arts.

KING LEAR, STRATFORD 1962

Agony
in the face of the flaxen-haired fool
Ecstasy
In the voice of the grey-haired king.
Madly he flings himself across the stage;
In rage and pain and fury he collapses
Into a long harangue; he then relapses
While his copper-haired daughters scheme and plot.
Under the hot, hot lights.

Beneath bronze thunder sheets he dances Through storm-
grey eyes in frantic haste, he glances At insane Edgar, as
the blue-eyed Tom Helplessly leads his blinded father on
In the white, unshielded glare Of the footlight.

Howling he grasps Cordelia's lifeless form And
swings the tawny head below his arm. Then
kneels upon the boards to take his bow.

It's over, all over now.

Annette Tyrrell, 6² Arts.

THE UNIVERSAL NATURE OF SHAKESPEARE

- These cloud-capped towers, these gorgeous palaces "
—Boys Wash-House. (Tempest)
- I think, but dare not speak "
—Two-minute bell. (Macbeth)
- What a strange drowsiness possesses them?"
—Friday. Period 7. (Tempest)
- Not able to endure the sight of day, but self-affrighted
tremble at his sin."
—seeing the Headmaster in the morning. (Richard II)
- Those mouth'd wounds, which valiantly he took on the
gentle Severn's sedgy bank."
—Thornbury G.S. v Bell's G.S. (Henry IV)
- Alt plum'd like estridges, that wing the wind
Glittering in golden coats, like images; As full
of spirit as the month of May."
—Spruced up for Speech Day. (Henry IV)
- Why, how now gentlemen! What see you in those papers
that you lose so much complexion?"
—The subject we did not revise. (Henry IV)

" NOW CROAKS THE FROG "

" No, please! I'll never do it! You can't make me go through with it! Anything but that!"

Such were the comments of the luckless soloists of the Choir on May 16th this year.

The half way point in the concert had been reached and the bass soloists of the Bach and Haydn made their last desperate attempt to escape, across the school field and over the wire. They had failed: handcuffed and under guard of four well-meaning Members of Staff they were dragged back to the Hall. Their hopes fade and they resign themselves to their predestined fate with courage.

The choir launch into " Hark, the Deep Tremendous Voice ". The thick soloist looks into the confident eyes of the conductor. His glance seems to say, " But Miss Astbury, I haven't got a deep tremendous voice " ... it is all wasted; all is for the music. He looks to his left to see two confident-looking young men bursting with song. The nearer of them turns with a smile and whispers, " Don't worry; you'll be O.K." Cynic! He's done his. "Heaven protect us!"

He remembers the words of the soprano soloists five minutes before: " Why worry? You can't mess it up any more than you did at the practice." Ah, confidence. " Oh, what horror."

Suddenly it is upon him—the quail has clamoured; the cricket has chirped; his throat goes dry and he croaks... His mind goes blank.

Finally he regains control to the strains of " Sleepers Awake ". It is all over. He smiles at the Bach soloist. " Don't worry ", he says knowingly, " You're bound to go wrong ".

Paul Gregory, 6² Arts.

" DIABOLUS IN MUSICA "

" What the devil!" exclaimed the cleaner, as she wonderingly swept a long white beard, six dead daffodils, and a bottle half full of water labelled F off the stage...

" What the devil!" grumbled the groundsman, as he vainly searched for a pair of shears, a pitchfork and the starting gun, which had been mysteriously spirited away in the night...

" What the devil!" ejaculated an astonished teacher, as he was bowled over by a harassed Music Captain, staggering along with a bucket, a large yellow tee-shirt and a bowler hat, with a somewhat drooping pipe of peace clenched between his teeth ... " There, there", replied his colleague soothingly, " It's only the music competition ".

It was indeed. For gone was the ordered chaos of individual classes, and in its place came the chaotic order of One for All—

half an hour for each House to exhibit its own peculiar talents (Did I say 'peculiar'?)

Six unsuspecting Members of Staff (chosen no doubt on the result of a questionnaire—Are you: tone-deaf: stone-deaf: a sound sleeper?) sat in judgment, headed by Miss Astbury in her sitting-on-the-fence coat of many colours, ready to pounce on any musical intrusion into the afternoon's entertainment.

The adjudicators must indeed have wondered at times whether they were judging a mannequin parade, a Vaudeville act, or a livestock show—or whether indeed the whole thing might not be a colossal joke at their expense. It was difficult to assess the artistic merit of a cock-crow or the hypnotic stare of a fair-like gentleman with his do-it-yourself snake-charmer, or, indeed, to pass any judgment on a programme in which composers ranged from Strauss to Coward, and instruments from bones to trombones. Scarecrow, city gentleman, hens and farmers followed each other



across the stage in quick succession, the procession being wound up by Santa Claus, beaming on the assembled company, and promising the adjudicators a token of appreciation from his sack in return for the customary vote of confidence. Those who were still wondering whether they had indeed come to the right place for the Music Competition

were amply rewarded for their forbearance by such items as Derham's rendering of "Summertime" from Porgy and Bess, Bell's fine piano and oboe playing, and the duet sung by Susan Trayhurn and Kathryn Wilkins. On the lighter side honourable mention must be made of Stafford's intoxicating performance of the Drinking Song from the "Student Prince", Gregory's "Mad Dogs and Englishmen", Taylor's dexterous handling of O'Rafferty's Pig, and Punter's inspired contribution to Widdecombe Fair—but many heroes must, alas, remain, unsung.

At the final reckoning, Clare emerged as triumphant winners, hotly pursued by Howard, and followed at a more sedate pace by Stafford. In spite of a few rather dubious contributions, unusual, (to say the least) ensembles, and uncertain quavers, the audience were well entertained, both by true musicianship and by that

which served to provide cover for the less musical talent of the Houses; but if this form of the Music Competition is to be perpetuated, a more clearly defined book of rules must be drawn up, for the benefit of producers, performers, and adjudicators alike, by means of which this year's experiment may be the foundation for many worthwhile competitions in the future.

Sheila Durrant, 6² Arts.

DAILY DOZEN IN THE KITCHEN or RECIPE FOR SLIMMING

Prepare thus:—

- (1) Insert coin in groove and twist;
- (2) Tear along the dotted line;
- (3) Turn sharply in anti-clockwise direction;
- (4) Pierce with a pin and push off;
- (5) Check weight;
- (6) Stand in a cool place.

Then proceed as follows:—

- (7) Reduce surplus fat by kneading with fingers;
- (8) Whisk until stiff;
- (9) Smooth cream in gently;
- (10) Roll out on a cold marble slab;
- (11) Wrap up and steam slowly;
- (12) Don't stir....

Cheryl Williams, 6' Arts.

Sheila Durrant, 6² Arts.

GALLUP POLE

It is interesting to see from time to time how the school are reacting to the things of vital importance which surround them. During the early part of the term, before most of our subjects had recovered from the somnolent effects of the Easter holidays, we proffered several questions of importance to them, and requested their views, opinions, or any knowledge of the subjects.

(This Pole has been basely accused of being reminscent of a certain T.V. advertisement for Polos. We, the editorial staff, deprecate any such insinuations, maintaining that our aims are infinitely higher).

The Pole:

1. When asked about school potatoes, various reactions were:

"Oh ... the spud with the lump ..."

"Um ... 'alf-baked, I should say ..."

"Starch balls liberally coated with Old Man's Beard."

"I've heard about them, and I have cold lunches."

"... He choked."

"Black squidge."

"Haven't seen any lately, old boy" (could we have an embryo army pipe in our midst?)

"Been a case of bread 'n marge bashin', what?"

After which we called a halt.

With dreams of sporting backchat from bronzen track-suited types we asked about P.E.:

"Death in disguise," was the only opinion vouchsafed to us. Everybody else looked the other way and walked past as if we were flag-sellers in Broadmead on a Saturday.

Still pursuing a sporting theme, we inquired after views on Boys' Hockey, a recent innovation. The reaction was slightly better: "Putrid." "I have never played it," she said. "When are we getting our colours?" "... our knobbly-kneed heros ... pity they never win."

The next subject needs no preamble. Suffice it to say we asked about Tina. "Fair." — a junior commenting on her prefectorial actions, we hasten to say. "... Pardon?" "Who?" "Um ... well ... " Extrovert."—Watch it! — (Censored. Another junior who thought Tina not so fair).

"Why ask me? Well, if you must know, I'm marvellous."

We felt bound to ask opinions on some outstanding local monument, and opted for a few queries about Gregory's glasses. "Steamed up." "Sophisticated." "Where is it? Is it something like the Wiltshire White Horse, or is it somewhere near Nibley?" "Diggish!" (Out, vile Americanism!) "Makes him look like a clergyman."

"No no , Old Man—we did that one last year—he was Plum Duff this year..."

PICTURES

The School isn't an Art Gallery, but it does have its curiosities scattered about the corridors. People pass comments but only if there is a change; when they have been up more than a couple of days, they pass into oblivion for most, it seems. These curiosities make a varied study.

There is De Hooch's painting of a wall, an interesting wall, admittedly. It has rhythm in its geometrical proportions, falling in steps to the centre of the picture; and there is a softness in the

colour and tone which relieves the austerity of the stonework. An alley leads you away from the formal facade to give depth to the picture. De Hooch is an architectural painter, like Vermeer.

Vermeer saw his subjects through mirrors and that is why the shapes are so clear in his "**Painter in His Studio**" on the girls' landing. He paints within a box defining the limits. He is more interested in figures—even if it is only their backs. The chandelier is an excellent piece of technical painting.

Mouly camouflages his architecture (on the top corridor) with Cubism. His geometrical forms fit the architectural subject. His paint is free as his colour appears to be. Through colour and tone there is a feeling of space, accentuated by the perspective of the vertical shapes. The subject is disguised—but it is the design that matters.

The same is true of Picasso's "**Still Life with Fish**". It all looks horribly indelectable, and what queer shapes! Picasso is trying to make us see round corners; he's always doing that and it is very confusing—like a torture chamber. Apparently, it is all to do with horizontal dark areas of table and saucepan with light areas in between—design.

Vlaminck's "**Vase of Flowers**" is an odd subject and not "properly" painted. Modern art is a mental exercise, because no one is satisfied with realism. This painting is pure design — the drama of colours and balance of shapes. Background and subject are complementary—neither existing without the other. The paint is free and adds movement. In his "**Street Scene**", movement is made ominous by dark colours, swirling trees and depth by perspective. And yet there is a stillness as before a storm.

Braque painted "**Barque sur la Plage**". He wants to see inside things ("can you see the boats?"—.... Yes... but that is not the point...) Braque uses the colours of the deep sea, deep seaweed, light on sea and sand. Mix these together, smooth carefully, and they emerge as boats, painted with a wave-like rhythm, sand like light specks on water, and sky with sea-weed-coloured clouds. The effect is of rich depth of colour and atmosphere.

Babolene achieves atmosphere in his "**Barque en Provence**"—but not depth. His colour shimmers because of the paint application. He's interested in external appearance—and you can see the boats.

Paul Nash's "**Wood on the Downs**" is on the top corridor. It is one of those quasi-realistic paintings which "isn't quite". It has a dreamlike quality in the smoothness, the colours, and the feeling of infinite space. It is a design. The subject and background make up the total phantasy and the loneliness which is almost surrealistic.

And then there is "**The High Street, Thornbury**" by CAJ and we are back on home ground again. All art is not foreign, after all.

Catherine Haste, 6² Arts.

Poets' Corner

A MOMENT OF TIME

An eagle wheeling in the sky
Catches your eye. How great,
how full of life It wheels and
swoops, Silhouetted against
the sky.

A vision of life,
Of truth, of movement.
With an eye
As keen as a razor edge;
Wings outspread
Carry it on the wind.

Then suddenly a shot
Pierces the air!
And cuts it like a knife;
And from the sky,
Like a stone, drops a shape.

No longer a bird wheeling in the sky
Full of life.
But a stone,
A lifeless, sightless stone,
A mass on the rich earth.
Insignificant to all
But the ants that eat it.

In a moment of time
Life was destroyed,
By a single shot that hit its mark;
The bird of power,
Of life,
Was destroyed.

No longer a bird wheeling in the sky
But a stone, lifeless and sightless,
Insignificant to all But the ants that
eat it.

Frances Haste, 4A.

SILENCE

Silence,
How deafening you are.
I feel you throbbing in my innermost soul,
Saying nothing and meaning everything.
I try to avoid you,
You who stimulate my conscience
And make me think unwanted thoughts.
I think of cold, wet tombstones.
I think of stagnant grey lakes.
I think of death.

D. Turner, 6¹ Arts.

OBLIVION

They crouch there, scarred and old
In clammy-smelling alleys,
With their bandaged limbs. Snakish
sticks hold them up;
Old like themselves.

Smoke from clay pipes rises
Sinuously, like Life from
Strength to strength; and then
Engulfed by cold air,
Fades away.

Huddling Punch and Judy waited
Against depressed damp walls
Where rats have rummaged.
Cold cracks of light slash
Bodies, revealing their secret.

Remains of hands grope for spirits.
A rat takes flight over A baby
wallowing in slime.
Subsidence. Nothing any more Is
horrific:
Oblivion.

Paul Potter, 6¹ Arts.

VAN GOGH'S SELF-PORTRAIT

I saw your tortured face. Staring out of
the ragged past, The eyes deep-set and
lined with pain, The mouth twisted, as
though at last

You might have smiled : I took my brush And
stared into the world behind your eyes. I tried
to think as you had thought, To listen to your
voice, to sympathise

With you, to put upon my canvas, clean and white, The
swirling, eddying currents of your thoughts, To put
away the canopy of time, But I could not. And in a rage,
distracted,

I threw my brush upon the floor

And turned away from you for evermore.

Annette Tyrrell, 6² Arts.

TAFFY WAS A WELSHMAN

People who aren't Welsh will say that Welshmen are Rugby-playing, beer-drinking barbarians, but one who was actually Welsh himself said, " We've got tremendous charm ..." The increasing numbers of Welshmen in the school encouraged us to find out which idea was correct. These were not the only opinions we found, however. Mutters of " narrow-minded hypocrites" were heard from some people we asked. To try to find the truth about these baffling Celts, we decided on a full-scale series of interviews. Through our perseverance, guile and sometimes force, we succeeded in gaining an overall impression of Wales — " two pubs and a Church ". Greatly encouraged, we questioned them on " home ", having visions of patriotic Welshmen pining for heather and hill-sides, but these were quickly shattered. " It's a bit of an 'ole really." With high hopes we changed the subject to Welsh people and were told cryptically that they went around "with chips in their hands and all that—very religious, some of them, too"—as if the two were mutually exclusive.

It was very, difficult to gain a true picture of the Welshman from the ones we talked to—" They're lush people ". " Why?" " I'm half Welsh ". Another said, " They're rather eccentric"—reflects a moment — "On the other hand, perhaps it's just my family." Welshmen were as much a mystery as ever but when we were told that soccer was never heard and cricket was booed at, we almost decided that " Barbarians " just about summed them up. But we forced ourselves to be fair. One of our illusions remained intact, however—" They like their pint, you know"—but we were assured that the picture of Welshmen as " short, and dark with blue scarves from down the pits " was entirely false.

We were delighted to learn that Welshmen are less inhibited than Englishmen. Now we are getting somewhere, we thought. One said thoughtfully, " People are very shocked by what they would call irregular behaviour in England, you know " We waited hopefully, but no examples were forthcoming. We heard mutters of " different code of behaviour, less refined ", but the subject was somehow turned to Welsh nationalists. To our surprise, instead of violent outbursts of national pride, we had a laconic " rather comic like CND ". Another Welshman whom we ensnared assured us to our dismay that girls were the same everywhere. " What about life in the Land of Song? " " It's all right; you've got to put up with some things, though, haven't you? " Funny people, these Welshmen; they've got tremendous charm though

Joan Goodbrook, Audrey Wright, 6² Arts.

CRIMINAL CONSCIENCE

I wouldn't like you to think I am unpatriotic or disloyal or anything like that, but at the end of my holiday, I did rather wonder if we Britishers rather over-estimate ourselves when we say rather proudly, that we belong to the land of the free. You see, I had been through the French, Swiss and Italian customs twice very rapidly with no trouble at all and they didn't seem to care if I was hiding perfume, drinks or gold watches in my pockets; they just asked if I had anything to declare and when I said No, they believed me and let me through.

Feeling light-hearted and happy we sailed past the White Cliffs into Dover where we waited patiently to see the Customs. I can't honestly say we waited quietly, for all the cars eventually started a din of hooters which was unbelievable.

We crawled towards the barrier at the rate of one hundred cars an hour. We must have been the two hundredth!

I never realised how important it was that a custom's man should know the exact price of a little, green, glass giraffe before: was it 150 Lira or was it 200 Lira? (It was worth about two shillings). His fierce gaze made me feel as guilty as if I had hidden watches all over me. It was so pathetically important to him to know whether I had one or two Italian straw hats. And, had I declared everything; the penalty for not declaring just everything was very heavy. From my bewildered brain I recalled buying a compass for my brother—100 Lira—could I really have gone to jail if I'd forgotten to tell the Custom's man about it?

I had no idea it was so difficult to get into my own country. I had no idea it was so important to them that I had bought these cheap souvenirs home.

It was on the road from Dover to Bristol that I remembered I hadn't told him I had bought those wooden-soled shoes for 130 Lira. I've felt guilty ever since.

Lynda Lee, 6¹ Arts.

THE HEADMASTER

Mr. John Rouch first became our headmaster here on January 1st, 1935, 29 years ago. At the end of the summer term this year he retires. During this time the school has steadily grown in numbers, buildings and undoubtedly in reputation. A precis follows giving the main building developments during this time, but what has really mattered, the Headmaster's vital influence on the school in building character, can never be adequately set down.

Any regime has its opponents, but Mr. Rouch has persuaded most people into his point of view, whether they have been recalcitrant landlords unwilling to see the school expand, or a junior "on the mat" for some misdemeanour. As to the methods of persuasion in the latter case, the Headmaster says that he is going to put his canes up for auction. Any offers? One wonders whether the chair ("Would you mind touching the bottom rung, laddie?") will be up for auction too. It would be an interesting souvenir, for some of us have spent a fair amount of time contemplating its fine workmanship whilst waiting ...

In all, the Headmaster has made a very deep and lasting impression on school life. Many of the products of the school have brought it great credit, and whilst they might not openly admit it, Mr. Rouen's influence has been of great importance in many cases. He insists that he has always had good material to work with (we agree!) but one thing which he has always tried to eradicate has been a contempt of the "B" streams which prevailed when he first came. One may well say that he has succeeded. "B" streamers have done just as well as "A" streamers, and much better in many cases. The long list of School Captains drawn from the "B" streams testifies to the fact that here to be in a lower stream is no disadvantage whatsoever.

The Headmaster has instituted Founders' Service, Carol Service, Leavers' Service, separate Speech Day and Sports Day and Parents' matches, which will long serve as a reminder of him. He has certainly never spared himself in his work at school even from the first day, when coming off the stage in the morning, he reflected on the beauties of being a Headmaster. "How marvellous! I start off with three free periods." He did not get home that night until eight o'clock.

When Mr. Rouch goes home from school for the last time he *will* carry with him the good wishes of all pupils, past and present, for his retirement. We wish him happy gardening!

SPEECH DAY 1963

For many years Speech Day for me has been the day of the watcher. In the fifth and upper fifth forms, I sat in the quad clapping my hands occasionally to keep the circulation going and ward off frost-bite. When I climbed into 6¹ my position also

changed—no longer the cold open air, but the cold open hall. I might add that I again sat as a watcher—no prizes for Paul. I still don't understand why the staff don't recognize my genius—I've told them about it often enough. Mummy thinks I'm good too. But still, martyred again, I wait.

About a week before the event, Mr. Hodge sent a message that he would like to see me. My heart gave a jump. A prize! Or even four! Perhaps it's for French.



My last examination in French was some three years ago, but still, at last they have realised what a mistake they made in giving me 2%. I rushed to his room trying to make up my mind between "Noddy and Big Ears" or "Little Grey Rabbit" for my 8th prize.

"Ah, Gregory. Speech Day. Wednesday. You have a speech to make."

Pop. My bubble bursts and Enid Blyton is out of pocket. A speech! Me? He is kidding of course. But no, it is upon me and I must frantically think what I can say. I go to look up some jokes, but can find none suitable. Suddenly a thought strikes me (I wish I'd struck it back now)—all these prize winners will be nervous and won't have had much school dinner — they will be hungry! — I will be topical and mention rhubarb. What a laugh! It is most interesting watching expressions as I say it. The people round me look disbelieving; then they wince, grasp their programmes, grit their teeth and then, at a glance from the stage, they clap—politely.

Paul Gregory, 6² Arts.

1934-63

This is a review of the growth of the School buildings and grounds. There have been far more important changes, however, of an intangible nature, changes that have affected pupils and staff far more than any new structure.

Ever since 1934 the School has been in a state of continuous, though slow, improvement.

The Field was particularly improved over the first ten years. Bricks and mortar were less easily added; witness the failure to

obtain a gymnasium. The hedge and ditch between Blake's and Puttley's disappeared around this time, and consequently the playing surface was enlarged. In the same year, the cricket square was laid by Bristol University groundsman, Mr. J. G. Benant. Mr. Rabley and his woodwork classes made the sight screens, which still exist though in a more weathered form. At the same time colours were introduced for the major sports. In December 1934 the first edition of this magazine was published.

The next efforts were concentrated on providing hard tennis courts, and eliminating the existing ones near the motor-house which were an eye-sore. By 1938 their removal enabled the School to have two Hockey pitches instead of one. The new tennis courts, paid for by dances and whist drives, gifts, and by the Education Committee, were made in the disused quarry, which had become a rubbish dump, full of brambles and debris of all kinds.

The war postponed many of the further plans for improvement. Air-raid shelters were provided but not on the playing fields as had been proposed and although the alarm often went, nothing ever came of it. Trees, subscribed for by the pupils, were planted around the field to celebrate King George V's Jubilee in 1935, and later to commemorate the Old Thornburians who died in the war. The rose borders were planted in 1937.

The first thing to be done as soon as possible after the war was the installation of the Memorial clock overlooking the playing field. The funds for this were raised by members of the school. The Quadrangle was converted into a second Memorial by the Old Thornburians' Society and the School.

The first buildings to be added after the war were the classrooms. Biology laboratory and Library, which constitute the Orchard Spur Block. Despite the name, this was not previously an orchard, but a private garden. There had been no Library before this, only a classroom set aside with a number of books in it.

The new Biology Laboratory was a most welcome addition, for until this time the Biology Department had to share the Physics Laboratory. It had been planned that there should be a Woodwork Room in this block, but the objection that such a nosy pursuit was not a fit partner for the Library was sustained.

However; during the first years of the post-war period, what was most needed in the school was somewhere to eat the dinners provided by the 1944 Act. Application for a new Kitchen/Dining Room block was made in 1947, and after the normal ministerial delays it was finally ready ten years later. Previously 400-500 people had their midday meal in the Art room, which was hardly conducive to the cultivating of art in the school, for it meant there could be no permanent display of any type and teaching was curtailed by the necessity to prepare for lunch. When the new block was built, the former kitchens were converted into showers for the girls. The siting

of the new buildings next to the hard tennis courts utilised a space which had degenerated into a rubbish dump, and cleaned up an eyesore. Steps had to be built up from the quarry.

The Grace Block followed in time to make it possible if not convenient to accept a fourth stream at short notice.

The troubles of the woodwork department during all this time are interesting. Denied a place in the Orchard Spur block, the department was closed down for two years for lack of accommodation. It then moved up the road to the Old Mill and flourished for a while in an attic there. The next move was to a room at Mr. Pitcher's yard, and there it remained until the building of the Practical Block, completed in 1961.

Gaynor Paddock was acquired to prevent building right up to the school; and grass tennis courts were laid on Chantry. An interesting footnote is the fact that the school had to fight hard and long to get £200 towards the hard tennis courts before the war— another £550 was put up by the school, whilst a single application produced £500 towards the grass courts. Again the school made a considerable contribution through Form Funds.

However, the gymnasium, first promised thirty-three years ago, in 1930, is still not on the drawing board. Plans for a Swimming pool were first made in 1935, but the cost is such that external help is absolutely necessary, and this has not been forthcoming. We also still need more changing accommodation and better showers.

" Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

ON RETIRING

After teaching commercial subjects, and Religious Knowledge, at this school for over thirty years, Miss E. Smith is retiring at the end of the summer term. She will, no doubt, be missed by the staff, and particularly the Headmaster, because of the service and invaluable help she has given for so long.

Those who grumble about dining facilities and the food provided, perhaps need reminding of the facilities when Miss Smith first came here (after teaching at a girls' boarding school on the South Coast). The present Art Room was then the Assembly Hall (which could be partitioned into two classrooms if need be) and also the Dining Room. The pupils had to bring their own food, and the members of staff (then eight in number) brewed cocoa over a gas ring for them.

At that time there were 250 pupils who paid £10 p.a. for their education and there was also a preparatory school for children aged about nine. There were no university grants, and few scholarships, and so there was not much scope for pupils to obtain a university education. Surprisingly enough, Miss Smith does not think that the standard of education has risen in the school since she first came.

Miss Smith recalls that during the second World War, the pupils had their holidays "staggered", and instead of lessons they played games for much of the time. After some time, they became so bored with playing games, that they actually **asked** for lessons!— something which must appear incredible to present pupils.

Perhaps the best way to finish is to say that Miss Smith has said she has been very happy here, and would come here again if the clock could be turned back.

The Headmaster, Members of Staff, and pupils all join in wishing her every happiness for the future.

Valerie Weekes, Commercial 6.

CORNERED

At last I managed to corner the secretary for half an hour! It was the first free minute she had had since she couldn't remember when. I wanted to know something about her average day, but only gained the impression that every day the office is like Paddington station in the rush hour and no two half-hours are the same.

As you may well have noticed it is very difficult to catch Mrs. Williams and keep her still for even a few seconds. As she always says, you must not take her too seriously when she seems irritable because something or someone has probably threatened the equilibrium of the school (and Mrs. Williams) and you are the first to come to hand. If you are tempted to be irritable back, well, don't, for Mrs. Williams deplores rudeness and bad manners.

There are a million and one jobs for Mrs. Williams to do in one day: Dealing with all types of mail, operating the telephone system (a work of art in itself), keeping the files compact so that they are easier to use, organising the times for certain meetings, and drawing up the agencies. Therefore she also has the usual worries of sick (or lazy?) pupils, cleaners' and caretakers' troubles, and thousands of little things which seem important to those concerned.

Even though pupils are reminded to ask their parents not to contact the school during the holidays, Mrs. Williams, during her flying visit to the school during the interim to make sure that it is still there, receives a lot of mail from parents which could well have waited until term began (hint, hint!) Other mail arriving during the holidays may be more important, dealing with matters of finance—such as subject allocations. Then Mrs. Williams has the job.- of chasing up the M.O.S. in question. Invariably they are touring outer Mongolia or somewhere similar.

Telephone calls range from the ridiculous to those whose content is so important that it should have been transmitted by letter. Calls come from companies saying that certain orders for stationery or books are delayed, and this is usually the only time one hears from them, except for the bill.

Calls also come from parents of transfers, worried about the school camouflage and parents complaining that the bus did not stop for Willie this morning. Presumably Mrs. Williams is supposed to lay on a special bus ?

Mrs. Williams is very grateful to the Commercial sixth form for their help, except when they mess up the switchboard. It is inconvenient when one tries to ring up Miss Rees to be connected to the Woodwork Department. A new supply of earthworms could well be interpreted as a new supply of woodworm. Mr. Jenkins might not be pleased. . . .

The Big Moment in Mrs. Williams' school life was the day she moved from the " Black Hole " (6ft. x 6ft.) to her present quarters (36ft. x 36ft.). She got lost in there first day, it was so roomy, and a search party had to be sent to find her; one could not afford to lose Mrs. Williams. She is the hub of the administration of the school, and without the hub, we should all fall apart. Long may Mrs. Williams keep us running smoothly.

THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

Things have changed since the days of the dozen flagging supporters attending the couple of meetings each term.

Without fail, each week of the Autumn and Spring terms saw at least one meeting, and in some cases, two.

Attendance has also reached an exceptional level — the sixth form room being packed to capacity on several occasions. What is more encouraging, is the noticeable presence of fourth's, fifth's, and Upper fifth's, who were renowned for their lack of enthusiasm. Many people have come along without the intention of speaking and are content to sit and listen to the few talkative ones.

With so many meetings there was bound to be a strain on organization. A ceaseless flow of new, original ideas were needed, and only one who has tried will know the difficulty of this. A varied and original selection was presented. The debates were kept to minimum, while new ideas like the General Knowledge competition (won by Annette Tyrell) and play competitions were encouraged. Factual talks were very popular—in particular Mr. Ratcliffe's on jazz, which packed in probably the highest attendance.

Credit for the surprising rebirth of this society must go to Catherine Haste, who has poured her unceasing energy into it.

The volume of work necessitated the enlisting of a number of assistants, and the readiness of people to do something was very gratifying.

For too long the society has been regarded as an institution to be avoided for fear of getting a reputation. If you are afraid you will miss some hilarious moments as well as a chance to legally speak your mind, come along.

All ideas will be gratefully received. Start thinking now !

J. Lavis, 6 Arts. 31

CLARE HOUSE REPORT

Versify a House Report?
Impossible, they said!
But why should we peruse dull
prose When verse is writ instead?



Now Clare has been successful
In the School's sporting sphere;
The Laurels of the netball shield
Have crowned her head this year.
Apollo ne'er deserted us
And even paved the way
For Clare to win the Music Prize
On competition day.
The ancient hall of Thornbury
To merry noises rang
When junior house and senior house
Revelled in party land.

So here's a thanks to everyone Of
order high or low Who by his labours
has ensured That Clare should glory
know. And if this glory should grow
faint CLAREITES, believe you me.
There never was a finer year Than
1963!

Captains: T. Lippi
G. Robbins.

HOWARD HOUSE REPORT

It is claimed that we are perhaps not what we were. In fact, although we have not been outstanding in our wins, we can claim not to have been negligable as opponents whatever the game, and have at times defeated our critics as well as Stafford and Clare.

We have so far won the Junior Hockey and Rugby and despite dread prophecies, the Senior Soccer. We also won the Junior Cross Country.

The results show that it is the seniors who have failed in the main, and the juniors augur well for the future.



Captains: Carolyn Davies
A. Taylor.

STAFFORD HOUSE REPORT 1962-3

Stafford has had only a mediocre year, the juniors showing considerable promise and enthusiasm which unfortunately was not so evident in the senior house.

We had a successful Summer season winning the Cricket, Athletics and Swimming Shields and it is to be hoped that this season will also show good results.

The junior house must be commended on its excellent efforts winning the Junior Soccer and netball, the seniors winning only the Rugby.

Praise is due to the Music Captains on their ceaseless hard work and to those who took part in the competition.

Two very successful House Parties were held for the Senior and Junior Houses respectively and staff and pupils alike must be congratulated for the time and work put into them.

Finally we welcome Miss Sturdy to the House and trust that she will enjoy being amongst us.

Senior Captains: Valeric Davies J.
Hortop.



CROSS-COUNTRY DAY 1963

Excitement, nerves, tension, the crack of a starting pistol, all seem to add something to cross-country day, one of the big sporting occasions of the school year.

Seventy-two runners anxiously wonder whether success or failure will come their way, non-participants relax and add their quips as critical spectators. Last minute thoughts race through the minds of competitors: " I wonder whether the months of hard training have been really worth it. So many hazards may occur—perhaps I will get cramp, or even pull a muscle and be forced to drop out."

My many anxious thoughts drift away temporarily as I watch the start of the Junior race. Twenty-four enthusiastic and excited Juniors jog up behind the white line, each one vying for a position at the front. Anxious faces look round as the Head holds high the starting pistol. BANG! They are off like a bullet from a gun, and the initial tension of twenty-four runners at least, has been released. Atherton is favourite (provided he has not had too large a dinner), but it is Richards who makes the break. However, there is not much in it as they enter the gully for the first time and disappear out of sight. Richards provides the minor shock of the day breaking the tape first to win the Junior race, with Atherton second and a tired Evans, third.

The Intermediate race does not hold so much excitement, perhaps, as the Juniors have already broken the tape and the

experienced old hands have yet to run. At the start of this race, a group of " odd-socked " intermediates are bunched together each waiting for the other to make the initial break. As expected, Awford emerges from the gully, a tired but smiling and relieved first. Organ and Davies present the onlookers with some excitement as they struggle for second place. Organ, however releases that vital burst of stamina to finish behind Awford, with Davies a gallant third.

The big event of the day, the Senior race, is about to begin. Old hands apprehensively remove track suits, and prepare for the four torturous miles ahead. Big schemes will soon be put into operation; last words of encouragement are passed among competitors as I turn and see the Head preparing to start us on our way. Dearing, the school all-England representative, and generally considered favourite, sprints to the fore and has built up an impressive lead as he enters the gully. The rest of the field endeavour to keep up a reasonable distance behind the slender figure in front. Dearing maintains his lead for the first half mile, but Gunning is rapidly closing the gap, with Davies (J.) and myself endeavouring to stay with the leaders. Approaching the A.38, Gunning has taken the lead and is keeping up a steady pace; Dearing now seemingly flagging. Perspiring bodies drag along the busy road, as Jaguars whizz by, their passengers looking back with satirical grins. Half a mile further on, an interested (?) marker remarks " Gunning 25 seconds, Dearing 10 seconds " as I splash through a mud-covered gateway. Crossing the final housing estate, I can faintly hear cheering and I realise that the winner must be approaching the finish. Dearing is still in sight, and unable to catch Gunning, who comes in an easy winner, to provide the major shock of the day. The Clare captain won for the second successive year in a near record-breaking time.

Results

Junior Race

1. K. Richards (H)
2. R. Atherton (H)
3. S. Evans (C)
4. Brickell (C)

Intermediate Race

1. I. Awford (S)
2. B. Organ (H)
3. B. Davies (S)
4. Curtis (S)

Senior Race

1. T. Gunning (C)
2. R. Dearing (S)
3. J. Sansum (C)
4. Townsend (C); K. Harris (S)—dead heat.

Total: 65| — Clare; 88* — Stafford; 146 — Howard.

Position: Clare 1; Stafford 2; Howard 3.

Time for Senior Race: 23 mins. 7 sees.

J. C. Sansum, 6' Arts.

RUGBY REPORT 1963

Cliff Morgan, the Welsh international, once said " The great thing about Rugby Union is that the social aspect of the game is just as important as the playing side."

In team spirit and socially this year's team was unsurpassed. The importance of victory for us is subordinate to the merit of the game and the spirit in which it is played.



I am not going to make any other excuses for this year's poor record except to suggest that a crop of injuries towards the end of the season lost us several matches, because of a lack of

reserve strength. Certainly this was one of the strongest all-round sides that we have fielded for years but the pattern for the season was set when Gibb sustained a serious head injury in the *"* second match of the season and was unable to play again.

The only match in which we could play a full side was in the memorable one against Marling. This victory should ensure us of a place in history.

Played 11; Won 5; Lost 5; Drew 5. **Colours:** Sansum, Greves, Gay, Gregory, Tebworth, Hayward, Chapman, Cypher, Robbins, Whatley, Hortop.

Half-Colours: O'Neill, Brown, Freeman.

HOCKEY REPORT 1962-3

19 matches were played this season, of which 12 were won, 3 were drawn and 4 were lost. The 2nd XI must be particularly mentioned for winning every match played.

The 1st XI participated in the Gloucestershire School's Tournament and came 3rd out of 25 schools.

The outstanding player of the season is Phillipa Meachin, who was selected to play centre-forward in the Gloucestershire Junior 1st XI. Tina Lippi and Pamela Noble were chosen as reserves.

On behalf of the teams and myself I should like to thank Miss McKenna, for patient coaching; Miss Walker, the

many other members of Staff and the girls who provided us with bountiful refreshments and finally Mr. Biddle and Mr. Strong for the devoted tending of the pitches.

Full colours:

Awarded for the 2nd time to

Phillipa Meachin, Catherine Haste and Pamela Noble.

Awarded for the first time to

Tina Lippi and Mary Northover.

Half-colours to Carolyn Davis.

NETBALL REPORT 1962-3

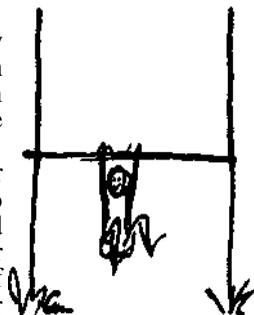
Unfortunately the 1st Team has not had a successful season. The team played enthusiastically together but failed to remain on the attack, until the end of each match, mainly due to a tiring or over-zealous first half. However the matches played against the staff were enjoyed very much and gave the 1st team good practice.

The Under 14 Team were undoubtedly the most successful team this season and won six of their nine matches played. Their team work was encouraging and this should make them into a good 1st team for the future.

The Under 13 team played well together and with added determination should do even better. The 1st year team show good promise and they won two of their four matches, having grasped the principles of the game very well during their first year which will be to their advantage in future years.

Hazel Decks must be congratulated on being chosen to play for the Junior County 2nd team.

Colours: Kathryn Wilkins.



"THE TABLE-TENNIS TEAM WON ALL THEIR MATCHES"

Table-tennis Report 1963

Under the strong leadership of A. Hayward, a well-drilled hand-picked body of prefects marched to take part in the first (and only) match of the season.

These men had been thoroughly trained to the peak of physical condition, more like astronauts than sportsmen—(they played that way too).

Surely it must have struck fear into the hearts of the opponents to see such a force against them.

With such a team, failure was impossible, Hortop and Lampard lost the first two games. But a poor start brought out the fighting spirit in the later players — " Battling " Dave Greves, " Fighting " Geoff Robbins, " Smashing " Alan Hayward and Paul (The Black Panther) Gregory all won great victories after hard games with their twelve year old girl opponents.

Played 1; Won 1; Drew 0; Lost 0: Points 150.

Colours: Yellow.

FOOTBALL REPORT 1963

The School First Eleven played only five of their twelve games because of the cold weather at the beginning of the season. Three were won; two were lost and one was drawn.

The defence showed up well, the experience of the team lying in the half back line. The forwards took time to knit together, playing as individuals and not as an attacking combination.



The Old Boys match was very entertaining, ending in a draw, two-all.

The second team tried very hard in their one match, but were beaten by a large score.

The Colts played above themselves to beat Dursley 10—1.

Colours: D. Greves, J. Sansum, T. Gunning.

SCHOOL v OLD THORNBURIANS

Result: School 3, Old Boys 3

This years' soccer match against the Old Boys was played in brilliant sunshine on an excellently prepared pitch. This was in complete contrast with the previous year, when the game was played in cold, wet, hazardous conditions.

The School opened in sparkling style, and by moving the ball smartly and making good use of the open space, were well on top in the opening minutes. The School opened the scoring when Davies challenged the fullback for possession and managed to run the ball into the net. The Old Boys quickly retaliated, and Wilson raced through to level the score. A similar goal by Rosser for the Old Boys, was followed by the best goal of the match: the ball was moved quickly from man to man down the School's left wing, the cross was perfectly placed and Nash moved into head past Lambert.

In the second half the pace slackened a little and several good chances went begging on both sides. It was left to the Old Boys' veteran captain, Humphries, who played his first match for the school twenty-five years ago, to put his side ahead with a deceiving shot which Green almost gathered. In the closing minutes the School strove hard for an equaliser and Davies, the School centre-forward, grabbed his second goal to make the score three-all and bring to an end a well-played and keenly-fought match.

J. Sansum, 6¹ Arts.

ATHLETICS 1962/3

Captain: P. D. Whatley.

Despite the loss of A. Carter to Swansea University last year, the general standard of athletics has remained quite high. This year Carter has gained his first full international, and must certainly be considered Olympic potential.

As a result of the South Gloucestershire Sports held at Patchway this year, we gained nine first places, nine second places and two third places. However, owing to the exceptionally high standard at the Gloucestershire Schools Athletics Sports held at Rodway in June, we only gained one second place and two third places.

A match has been arranged with King's School, Gloucester.

HONOURS

Southern Universities Joint Board General

Certificate of Education. Advanced Level, 1962

- P. Armstrong, History, Geography, Pure Mathematics.
C. J. Bayliss, Chemistry, Physics. (County Major Award).
Bethan Bishop, English, French, German.
Peggy Bryant, Biology, Chemistry.
A. Carter, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics.
(County Major Award).
Delia Clark, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics.
(County Major Award).
D. F. Cleeve, English, French, German. (County Major Award).
Valeric Cornish, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics.
(County Major Award).
D. F. Cleeve, English, French, German. (County Major Award).
Valeric Cornish, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics.
R. J. Crossfield, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics.
(County Major Award).
Heather Daniels, Geography, Domestic Subjects.
Valeric Davies, French.

P. G. Davis, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics.
(County Major Award).

P. A. Decks, Biology, Chemistry, Pure Mathematics.

R. Dibble, Physics, Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics.
(County Major Award).

Sheila Durrant, French (Distinction).

Carolyn Frost, History, Geography.

Christine Gale, History, French, German.

R. D. George, Physics, Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics.
(County Major Award).

Joan Goodbrook, French.

Jane Harding, English, French, German. (County Major Award).

M. R. Hawker, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics.

G. W. Jones, History, Geography. (County Major Award).

R. A. Langdon, History, Geography. (County Major Award).

Wendy Lombard, English.

R. W. Northover, Chemistry, Physics. (County Major Award).

A. J. Pearce, Physics, Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics.
(County Major Award).

Patricia Player, Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics.

J. R. Punton, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics.

H. A. Reed, Physics, Applied Mathematics.

J. C. Reed, History, Geography.

Dorothy Rickards, English, French (Distinction), German. (County
Major Award).

Janet Roberts, Biology, Chemistry, Pure and Applied Mathematics.
(County Major Award).

Jean Scarbrough, History, Geography. (County Major Award).

D. F. Scott, Physics.

H. P. Stansfield, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathe-
matics. (County Major Award).

Margaret Standsfield, English, History, French (Distinction).
(County Major Award).

T. A. Symons, German, Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics.

R. A. Taylor, French.

Christine Thomson, French.

Eris Tudor, English, French, German. (County Major Award).

R. M. Turner, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics
(Distinction). (County Major Award).

Pamela Watkins, English, French, German. (County Major Award).

P. A. Watson, English, History, Geography. (County Major
Award).

R. Weeks, Pure Mathematics.

Susan Weeks, English, French.

P. D. Whatley, History, French.

Edith Wilkinson, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathe-
matics. (County Major Award).

C. A. Williams, History, Geography.

D. F. Williams, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics
(Distinction). (County Major Award).
Sally Winter, History. J. Woodham, Physics.
Audrey Wright, French J. H. Wright,
Geography, Woodwork.

General Certificate of Education. Ordinary Level 1962

(Candidates with five or more passes)

A. C. Baldwin, P. P. Barker, Pamela Bishop, J. D. Constable,
Judith Cook, P. Cook, J. R. Cypher, Carole Barley, Gillian Emery, L.
Fisher, Mary Fraser, J. R. Gibb, B. R. Gildersleeve, J. G. P.
Goodall, R. G. Grey, Sandra Harman, M. L. Hardiman, K. J.
Harris, M. E. Harse, R. W. Hawker, J. Hayes, Patricia Heal, Susan
Holland, Susan Hucker, D. B. Hudson, D. R. Hunt, Linda Hunt,
G. S. N. James, Pauline Jones, J. R. Lavis, Diane Lewis, D. F.
Long, J. D. MacDonald, Kay Marshall, R. O. Melhuish, Wendy
Miller, R. W. Newman, Pamela Noble, Mary Palmer, Julia Parker,
Linda Paver, Susan Pearson, P. M. Potter, P. F. Sellek, Muriel
Sheppard, Margaret Snook, W. B. Stephens, Catherine Stock, Susan
Trayhurn, P. K. Trickett, B. P. Waring, A. J. Webb, Kathryn
Wilkins, A. W. Williams, Cheryl Williams, D. E. Williams, Hilary
Wright.

HONOURS (Old Thornburians)

R. Blenkinsopp, B.A., 3rd Class Honours, Arabic, London.
J. L. Caswell, B.Sc., 2nd Class Honours (1st Division), Natural
Sciences Tripos, Cambridge. J. R. Collins, B.Sc., 2nd Class
Honours (1st Division), Chemistry,
Leeds.
M. W. Darlington, B.Sc., 1st Class Honours, Physics, Southampton. A.
J. Harding, B.A., 1st Class Honours, French, Reading. Valeric
Holman, B.A., French, Bristol. R. Howell, B.A., 2nd Class Honours
(1st Division), Ancient History
and Archaeology, Birmingham.
R. F. Jackson, B.A., 3rd Class Honours, Geography, Oxford. Daphne
Jefferies, B.A., 3rd Class Honours, French, Exeter. Ann Jenkins,
B.A., 2nd Class Honours (2nd Division), History,
Leicester. B. D. Thompson, Ph.D.,
Southampton.

COMMERCIAL CERTIFICATES, 1962

Royal Society of Arts Examinations

Pitman's Shorthand Speed Examinations

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

NEWS OF OLD THORNBURIANS

Many Old Thornburians have been travelling this year, so that we are now represented in varied parts of the world. J. Narbett and B. Keedwell are in Canada as is M. G. Wright who is at Hamilton University. R. Howell, having graduated in archaeology at Birmingham University has been on an extended tour of Greece and the Aegean as part of his post-graduate studies. Cynthia Rouse, after spending two years at the Lycee Francais studying French and German, has spent several months as a trainee secretary with a large business organisation in that town of evil memory, Munich. Andrew Fowell has taken up an appointment in New Jersey and his brother Peter is on the staff of the University of Colorado. Caris Jones and Margaret Stansfield are both at universities in France. David Green has gone to Australia to live and Doris Cullimore to Rhodesia.

Peter Welsh, having done excellently at Welbeck, is now at Sandhurst. Delia Clark is working at Harwell Atomic Power Station, before going up to Oxford University in October.

Colin Burden is finishing his training at Loughborough Training College this year, and will take up an appointment at Redcomb College. Alan Carter has once again brought credit to the School on the athletics field. He represented Great Britain recently in West Germany and has hopes of being included in the team for the Olympic Games in Tokyo in 1966.



Jennifer Rouch, having resigned her commission in the WRNS has now joined the staff of East Anglia Television Service as a weather broadcaster.

Jim Sparrow, having appeared at the Savoy Theatre for a season in Noel Coward's latest musical "Sail Away" is now rehearsing for a West End revue opening this month.

There were some Old Thornburians who received awards at the recent apprentices' Prize-giving at Bristol Siddeley Engines Ltd.:

Grade 1, First year: G. D. Gamlin (craft apprentice).

Machine shop engineering final: D. H. Dibble.

We extend our congratulations and best wishes for the future to the following engagements:

Ruth White, Pat Breen, Celia March to Richard Pym, Gillian Knapp, Gloria Fisher to Terry Simons, Pauline Barrows, Angela Oliver, Michael Darling, Muriel Sheppard and Sylvia Gerrard.

Marriages: Brian Keedwell, I. Jackson ,D. Cole, Marion Hodges, C. Shearing, Jessica Hewlitt, Marlene Vizard to Alan Rosser, Gillian Arnold, Michael Rainer, Anne Rea to Barclay Riddiford, Ann Kinkead, Rev. Peter Winstone.

Births: a daughter to Hazel Staley (nee Grey); a son to Pamela Lee (nee Savage); a daughter to Derek and Margaret Hawkns (nee Caswell); also to Jean Lawrence, Dr. E. B. Selwood, Felicity Riddiford, Jennifer Wooster, Hilary Godwin and Colin Cooper.

The school was very shocked to hear of the death of Eileen Rhodes in the tragic A3 8 road accident last year, and would like to send its deepest sympathy to all concerned. At the same time, we should like to wish a speedy recovery to Pauline Elson who was injured in the crash and who is now making good progress.

Old Thornburians' Society

President: The Headmaster
Chairman: Howard Lewis.
Vice-Chairman: D. Woodward.
Hon. Secretary: Graham Williams.

Committee: G. Excell, D. Trayhurn, D. Hawkins, R. Hill, R. Barton, S. Hunt, T. Wright (staff representative), C. L. Rees.

Last year's Old Thornburians' Dinner in July 1962 was a great success, and we hope that this year's will maintain the excellent standard. The dance in March 1963 was also very enjoyable and well-attended.

THE OLD THORNBURIANS' SOCIETY

A gathering of 140 Old Thornburians and friends attended this year's Annual Dinner on Saturday, 14th July.

Inevitably the theme that dominated the evening was the impending departure of the Headmaster and Mrs. Rouch, and as was to be expected on such an occasion the speakers were in reminiscent mood and, let it be added, well-qualified to reminisce.

The ambivalent mood of the evening was perhaps best caught by the Revd. Harold Tymms who, in proposing the toast to the Headmaster and Mrs. Rouch, combined a brilliant wit with genuine regret at the ending of an auspicious chapter in the school's history.

The toast to " The Society " was proposed by Mr. John Sagar, who was the first member of the staff appointed by Mr. Rouch in 1935. His picture of Thornbury in the 1930s conjured up a scene of almost Arcadian perfection.

Mr. B. Stafford Morse, from over 40 years contact with the school, and with the official history of the school to his credit, was able to bring an historian's judgment to his appraisal of Mr. Rouch's Headmastership in his toast to " The School." Catherine Haste, the School Captain, in responding, brought the scene right up to date in an able and light-hearted speech.

Mr. Howard Lewis, the Chairman of the Society, presided over the Dinner and it was appropriate that, as School Captain when Mr. Rouch came to the school, he should have the final duty of presenting Mr. and Mrs. Rouch with a garden lounge, garden table and a cut glass drinking set on behalf of Old Thornburians.

The catering arrangements were admirably undertaken by Miss Beake and her helpers, whilst members of the Severn Vale Floral Society provided a very striking arrangement of flowers for the tables in the school colours, with Frensham roses as the major element.

VALETE

Third Year Six

Susan Weeks, Edith Wilkinson M.
Gerrard, P. D. Whatley.

Second Year Six

Valerie Davies, Carolyn Davis, Sheila Durrant, Joan Goodbrook, Catherine Haste, Tina Lippi, Diana Lovell, Elizabeth Maxwell, Phillipa Meachin, Mary Northover, Rachel Sealey, Christine Thomsen, Annette Tyrrell, Elizabeth Westcott, Audrey Wright. D. Chapman, K. Darby, K. Freeman, R. Gay, P. George, P. N. Gregory, D. R. Greves, A. Hayward, J. H. Hortop, P. G. Hooper, J. F. Lampard, D. J. Mendus, R. J. Perry, G. R. Robbins, D. M. Smith, A. Taylor, D. H. Tebworth, J. Trebble, H. Thomas.

First Year Six

Lynda Lee, Carolyn Patterson, J. Constable, P. Cook, T. Gunning, R. Pursey.

Commercial

Sandra Hudson, Valerie Weekes, Kathryn Wilkins.

UVA

Marilyn Bishop, Linda Daniels, Christine Edwards, Ann Lawrence, Patricia Pugh, Ruth Winter, K. Chick.

U VB

Pamela Clutterbuck, Suzanne Cotton, Isobel Couperthwaite, Margaret Cowper, Theresa Davis, Josephine Gane, Pauline Johnson, Linda Murley, Carol Phipps, Gerda Smith, Mary Turton.

P. Hemming, I. Hughes, C. Knapp, J. Loye, A. Webb, Q. Whiteman.

U V C

Danie Atkins, Elizabeth Ball, Judith Bamfield, Susan Brooks, Gillian Campbell, Diane Evans, Veda Gregory, Wendy Hayden, Patricia Langhorn, Sandra Mutter, Georgine Snell, Margaret Taylor, Susan Topps, Janet Young.

G. Davis, M. Dimery, A. Green, M. Hammond, P. Harris, C. P. Leslie, L. A. Nash, R. Pearse, T. Rye, M. H. Sampson, G. L. Smith, P. A. Stubbs, R. J. Warwick, J. Webber.