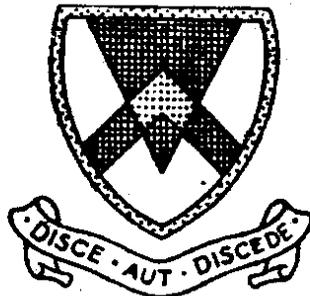


THE THORNBURIAN



1606

1964

No 30.

SCHOOL OFFICIALS

School Captains:

Roger Newman

Audrey Wright

Vice-Captains:

John Lavis

Susan Trayhurn

Prefects :

Peter Barker

Pamela Bishop

John Cypher

Gillian Emery

Robert Gay

Pat Heal

David Greves

Pamela Noble

John Sansum

Mary Fulwood

Duncan Smith

Rugby Captain : John Cypher

Football Captain : John Sansum

Cricket Captain: Roger Newman

Hockey Captain: Bridget Bryant

Netball Captain: Gillian Emery

Tennis Captain: Pamela Noble

Athletics Captain: Roger Dearing

Magazine Staff:

John Lavis

Eileen Wright

James Webber

Stephen Earley

Pamela Parrott

Sketches by James Webber.

COMPELLING THEM TO COME IN

My image of Editing comes from a book of stamps. Up and down the country, apparently, thousands of Magazines are waiting for stories and articles from bright-eyed housewives, needy students and inglorious Miltons who only need a little know-how to be mute no more. A few correspondence lessons and you could be WRITING FOR PROFIT in your spare time; you could, as one conceited student writes weekly to say, be just off to the Mediterranean on the cheque for your first article.

And from the Editor's end it's obviously a buyer's market. Your postman drops his bike and takes to a 12 cwt. van. Your team of readers reduce the 12 cwt. of material to a few pounds, and, between cups of coffee, you juggle what you want into a coherent magazine.

But what do you do when there's nothing to juggle ?

You become a supplicator in the corridors of power, and finally a sort of itinerant evangelist going into the highways and byways, seeking the halt and the blind and the lame and compelling them to come in.

In this issue of the Magazine, four articles have been freely submitted. The rest have been commissioned in one way or another, by homework or by private treaty.

Perhaps people are reluctant to submit work freely because they are not sure what is required. As far as writing goes, we are looking for two kinds of work. There is always room for articles or poems or very short stories of high intrinsic worth on any subject. But the Magazine exists chiefly to report and reflect the life of the School year by year, and we particularly want articles covering any aspect of school life, especially if they are written in a lively and personal way.

It is not our policy to try to cover every major school activity equally every year. This would make the Magazine unduly repetitive; it might easily come to read like forty interminable pages of House reports. This year we have a series of articles on Games. Next year we shall have two special features.

We shall cover School Societies thoroughly and we shall have a section about the first House Drama Competition seen from various angles. Think on these things, and if you have any good thoughts or sketches or photographs, offer them up early. Don't wait to be among the lame and the halt, those late-comers who are compelled to come in.

FRUSTRATION

Must write a poem for the Mag.
Time is going, cannot lag.
“The curfew tolls .
No, that’s been done.
Come on, Genius,
Think of one.
Feeling ill, take to drink,
Gone off girls, cannot think,
Restless nights, broken home,
Bitten nails, still no Poem.
Must be calm, that’s the need
“If at first you don’t succeed.”
More work and worry too;
Frustration: what’s to do?
To the river, deep despair.
Then a thought: IS IT FAIR
TO ROB THE WORLD OF SUCH A POET
WHO WROTE THIS STUFF AND DIDN’T RUE IT ?

Mute Inglorious

DARKNESS

The streets are dark, cold.
A pair of heels click slowly in the emptiness.
No-one knows; no-one cares.
A girl alone with her thoughts,
Her fears.
She stumbles between blackened walls,
Fumbling her way in the gloom.
A sparkle of light shows on a far horizon.
A glimmer of hope?
Hope—for a girl who is lost
In a cold, flat world
Of eddying currents,
A whirlpool of lights,
Blinding, leading, lying ..
Yet who knows? Who cares?
Only the gently-lapping waters
As they bear their lifeless burden
Onto the paper-strewn shore.

Diana Huntley USB

GENERAL NOTES

The staff have remained very constant in the last year or two. We were sorry to lose Miss Hunter at the beginning of the school year and we welcome Miss Anthony to the Domestic Science Room in her place. Miss McKenna left us in July to take charge of the girls' physical education at Weymouth Grammar School; we wish her well. Her place has been taken by Miss Brown, who, we hope, will have a long and happy association with us.

There have, however, been many newcomers to the school, not only the usual yearly intake, but many transfers from other schools in other parts of the country. We are very pleased to have them. Their presence often is refreshing and stimulating, and many of them are among the most lively pupils in their classes.

Grounds and buildings have remained much the same this year. They are still beautifully kept, and although it has become almost a custom to mention them in these notes, we will say again how much we owe to Mr. Biddle, Mr. Strong and now also Mr. Davis, and to the cleaners, for all their work round and about the place.

A new shower has been built for the male games' staff. But the show house of the year is undoubtedly the new sixth form common room, which was effectively converted from the form room in the Orchard Spur. Under the guidance of Mrs. Hodge it was furnished with easy chairs and stools, a coffee table and book shelf. Sixth form boys used their free time at the end of the summer term to decorate it—in, shall we say, rather gay colours. Another conversion is taking place at the moment. Miss Rees has kindly allowed her cloakroom to be made into a new room for the Head and Deputy Head boy.

There have been some changes in uniform. Caps are now not compulsory for sixth form boys, and sixth form girls may now wear brown casual shoes in summer. All girls may wear V neck pullovers as an alternative to cardigans.

Some major school events are mentioned later in the Magazine. For the record, others are mentioned briefly here. Founders' Service, on October 17th, was as successful as ever. The Preacher was The Bishop of Gloucester. The School Play "She Stoops to Conquer" was well-received, and certainly enjoyed by the cast, especially in the more crudely comic scenes.

The Choir concert was given two performances this year, and the singing of parts of the "Messiah" was of a very high standard. It must be more discouraging to Miss Astbury than to any other member of staff to see her star pupils leave. She spends enormous time and trouble on each orchestral player and just when they become really useful in the orchestra, it is time for them to move on.

Nevertheless, reinforced by some outside players, the orchestra gave the performances a richness and depth which the piano by its very nature could never contribute.

The Youth Hostel trips at the beginning of the summer term were as popular as ever. U5s went to St. Briavels as usual, but this year the 5th form trip went to Stow with Mr. Gambling. This was the first time for probably twelve or fifteen years that a party has not gone to Croscombe. We hope to go there again, but our old friend Mr. Earwaker the warden is much missed.

There were more day excursions at the end of the summer term than ever. Mr. Quest took a middle school party and a sixth form party to Exmoor; Miss Cleverley took senior pupils to the Black Mountains. These were walking days. Second formers went with Mr. Lake to Chedworth, and earlier in the term some senior pupils went digging at Frocester. Mr. and Mrs. Hodge also took sixth formers to Coventry Cathedral.

These and other trips were only part of an extensive End Of Term Programme, which the Headmaster arranged primarily for the sixth-form after examinations were over. On this scale this was an innovation, and a popular one. One outstanding event was a one day conference for pupils going on to college or university. Several Old Thornburians returned to give useful advice and lead useful discussion on problems of adjustment. The programme included a series of six lectures. The first was given by Miss Cook, who was senior mistress until five years ago. She showed slides and spoke on her experiences in the Sudan. An afternoon seminar on psychology led by Jack Dunham caused discussion which went on almost into the evening.

The culmination of the year socially was in a Sixth Form Dance, arranged entirely by members of the sixth to raise money for the common room. Almost £8 was made and the money will probably be used to decorate and equip the room further.

These general notes must not end without a mention of school societies. Several new ones have been founded this year with the encouragement of the Headmaster. A notable one was the Aeromodelling Club which 'flew' several times in the better weather. Miss Sturdy's famous club flourishes: does that ring a bell? On the quieter side, several sixth formers have had a series of lessons in golf, and every Friday evening non-swimming juniors have gone to the baths in Bristol. The gym-club practised hard during the spring term but unfortunately their Speech Day performance had to be cancelled through bad weather. Other societies have been and are being formed, and we hope to make full mention of them all and to print material by their members in the Magazine next year.

Eileen Wright 6¹ Arts

Pamela Parrott USA

FOUR MEN IN A BOAT

(This story is true. Only the facts have been changed to make it sound amusing.)

When we arrived at Bray we met a moustache and a big smile. He was the “Hello Boys, I’m sure you’ll have a splendid time” type. His assistant was a Noddyesque figure permanently shaking his head from side to side as if watching an everlasting table-tennis match, and he took us down to the water’s edge and we got into the boat with a final fling from the moustache and the smile.

“Ma Cherie” was a twenty-two foot cabin cruiser which looked as if someone had tried to cross the Atlantic in it and sunk in the middle. As w~ gingerly moved away, the R.A.F. and Noddy turned into the boathouse with a big smile and a big shake. Obviously the rain and cold didn’t worry them.

We knew the reverse didn’t work properly when we left. It was only later that we found that: the fresh-water pump leaked, the forward gear had a tendency to slip out, the horn wouldn’t work at all, we didn’t have any pillows, three blankets allowed one just to feel cold when the ice was thickening on the boat, the toaster toasted too vehemently.

Then there were incidents. We ran aground for the third time when we were about to take some photographs. “It’s too shallow, that’s the trouble.” -Of course it is, idiot.” -I’ll jump out and push her off.” “You might have got her stuck on a dry bit of bank.” At one stretch, the Thames became peculiarly log-infested. “What’s that bumping on the bottom?” “It might be the engine seizing ~ - it can’t be someone wanting to come in.” -Fool, it’s those logs being chewed up by the propellor.” We got interested in those logs, started picking them up to admire their shapes and sizes, started collecting them and strewing them all over the deck until we looked like some cheap riverside Kon-Tiki and couldn’t get under the bridges.

Then there was the little incident at the Sany-Station. The helmsman misjudged the distance “ever so slightly” and we rammed a heavy wooden pile head on. We didn’t sink, but a milk bottle broke and the carpet needed drying out. We put it on the deck but forgot to nail it down. A sudden gust took it into the water. We waited for some boats to pass and then turned to pick it up. We reached the spot where it was, and there it was—GONE!

The next time we went aground we were a few yards from the bank. It should have been deep enough. There were other boats there and it was charted as an anchorage. Standard procedure : put it in reverse and open the throttle wide. The propellor ground into the mud and stones on the bottom; the water clouded up; the wash swept forward and we stayed still. The water looked cold and uninviting, it says a lot for Rog. that, cold and uninvited, he got in and pushed us off.

When, on the last leg of our voyage, we limped into Bray, “Ma Cherie” looked more of an old dear than she had. The R.A.F. was there to greet us. He pulled on his big moustache and he pulled on his big smile and he gleamed. He had something of the air of the veteran Best Man welcoming one more of his friends back from his honeymoon. “Hello Boys, did you have an excellent time, Boys, have you any damage to report, Boys?”

“Well, as a matter of fact. .

He laughed about the carpet, you know, sort of mad and hysterical.

G. Goodall 6² Science

(Goodall was accompanied on this trip by Newman, Barker and D. Williams.).

FOUR MEN IN A TENT

Tent walls billowed and slacked to the light morning breeze; mountain streams gurbled and rang; a blackbird sang nearby; the lark’s on the wing, and peace comes dropping slow. I put my arms behind my head and stretch; I gaze and gaze; I lie and stare; what life is this

“He’s coming; he’s coming!

“Who?”

“It’s him. I heard his feet by that copse. He’s nearly here.”

“We must be next.”

Footsteps fell heavily on the mossy ground and stopped outside. “Good morning, good morning, two and six please.” Silence fell heavily on the mossy ground and stopped outside. “Good morning, good morning, two and six please.”

I could see his gaiters and hob-nailed boots, large and wet with dew. I reached over in my sleeping bag and unlaced the door a little more, peering from gaiters to serge to tweed to flesh. His face was big and happy. He had a toothless smile and a chin like a half-combined harvest field.

Just the two of yer?

“Arrrr,” we duetted.

“That’ll be two and sixpence, if you please.”

I watched his big wet brown boots and gaiters plod away. “He’s gone. You two can come Out now.”

J. Webber 6¹ Arts

SWITZERLAND TRIP – A DIARY

A party of 34 pupils and staff left for Bonigen in Switzerland on the morning of the 16th May. After an uneventful journey by coach, boat and train, we arrived at the Hotel Seiler an Lac (on Lake Brienz) at 10.30 a.m. on the 17th and Cheryl met Harry who escorted her to her room (signed photographs of Harry obtained from Cheryl Gould of 6¹ Arts at 2/6 each).

The nearest town with a supply of hostelries was Interlaken and so we all adjourned there in the afternoon.

The Monday was taken up with a trip around the shores of L. Brienz on foot, and a boat trip to the town of Brienz in the afternoon.

On Tuesday the fine weather that we had been having broke, but, nevertheless, we spent a full day ascending the Niederhorn (11 ,000ft.) by chair lift and returned by funicular railway to the lakeside.

The highlights of the remainder of the week's stay were:

a trip up the Schynigge Platte by rack and pinion railway,

a visit to the falls at Trummelbach, and

several evening visits to the local hostelry, notably on the Friday evening, when "a good time was had by all".

On our return from Bonigen we went on a conducted tour of Berne, the Swiss capital, including a visit to the Parliament Houses and the Cathedral. Due to persistent rain, a visit to the bear pits was cancelled. We also noticed a large number of trolleys in Berne.

Our return was via Calais, Dover and London, and we arrived home about 4.30 p.m. on Sunday 24th.

We should like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Rendall, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Miss Dyer, Miss Bintlcliffe and Mr. Stubbs for a most enjoyable week.

A. Browning61S

C. House 61A

AFTER THE MUSIC COMPETITION

Clare had won. It was all over for another year.

Disappointed losers were heard to say that it had not been worth all the effort, if the adjudicator had disliked it so much, but knew that they did not really believe this, and all agreed that the result had been fair.

The criticism had upset many, but looking back, they admitted that they should have been pleased that such an experienced musician thought them worthy of honest criticism, and had not patronised them ingratiatingly as a bunch of school-kids. He had treated them as fellow musicians who were worth advising.

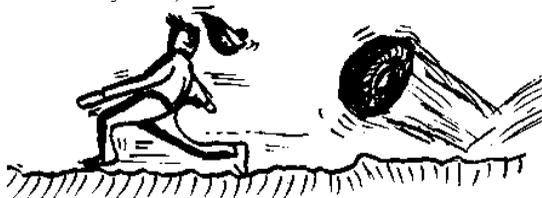
Besides, the actual result of the competition is unimportant compared with the idea behind it. It is a unique event; it is the only House activity which is left entirely to the pupils. The captains decide what to do and how to do it. There is something

for every member of the house to do, even if it is only to chase their friends into attending practices. Thus each house comes together as a team, and works hard to achieve the best results possible. While everyone works hard and gives up a good deal of time for it, they also obtain a good deal of pleasure and satisfaction from their own efforts. And from something, something comes.

Susan Trayhurn, 6² Arts.

FIELD WEEK

This year Thornbury Grammar School invaded North Wales for a whole seven days under the innocent mask of studying Biology and Geography “in the field”. Even before we started we seemed a likely bunch of sixthformers. Then there were the total Biology and Geography staff, our excellent coach driver and Mr. K (who prefers to remain anonymous).



Our first working day was spent wandering over the beautiful Conway Valley, in twos, collecting soil samples, studying land use,

counting sheep and generally spying on the locals. Mean

while the Biologists met with a little local opposition on the sand dunes where one of the group, already notorious, was found yet again on the wrong side of “The Fence”.

Snowdon was successfully climbed by some (and Mr. K.) while a hand of Cribgoch in the back seat attracted the remainder.

Monday was “Espionage Day”. While the Biologists carefully sifted the mud at Menai Bridge (Hayes himself was forcibly resifted at this point), the Geographers gleaned strategic information concerning bus timetables, local heavy industry, high water marks and the positions of pubs and sewers.

Competition Day was won by Hayes and Hitchcock. Everybody agreed that this was a happy day even though it proved to be both wet and tiring, especially “tyring” if your name is Duncan.

Other days provided excellent trips to both the plantations and to the slate quarries, whilst the last day provided most fun; the Geographers snowballed Mr. K. on Tryfan and the Biologists sunbathed at Abersoch. Here it was that Andrew failed to remove his famous string vest. The staff, no doubt thankful that the week had passed so quickly, provided cakes or Hot-Cross buns.

We did appreciate the generosity and vitality of the staff, the knowledge we gained, the fresh mountain air, the rain, our latenight strolls on the beach, the three days we missed from school— and Reg.

ARE THEY EXAMINABLE?

(1) Science

Science is knowledge and thus as examinable as any subject is likely to be. Examinations depend on knowledge in order to have anything to examine!

To me it is not a question of whether it is possible to set exams on scientific subjects, but whether these examinations should be set.

Today qualifications count, and they depend on examination results. But it is a poor state of affairs when our future scientists depend for their training on knowledge gained by following a closely controlled syllabus. Too many science syllabuses contain too much outdated and valueless material. No syllabus

can be comprehensive. Why not stop trying to cover everything and allow Advanced level scientists, guided by a science master, to follow a more general course where they could gain knowledge by means of the real scientific methods of observation and experiment?

If general papers can be set in other subjects, why not in science, perhaps the subject which requires them most ?



R. Evans 6¹ Science

(2) Art



As far as secondary education goes, there are two divisions of Art,—the Theory and the Practical.

Theory is the artist's basic groundwork, essential for the development of his individual practical style. It is largely factual and can be examined in the same way as any other body of factual material.

Practical work, on the

other hand, is inherently free; it has no basic standards; it is personal and expressive. There is no right or wrong answer, merely a way of interpretation of

an idea or subject. Marking must be intensely subjective, so much so that it would have little or no value.

My answer to the question then is this: Yes and No.

C. House 6¹ Arts

(3) Latin

To a certain extent all examinations are artificial, and subject to the same disadvantages and limitations. Conditions are unreal and tend to make the candidate apprehensive. Only a limited time is allowed, and although it is probably quite ample, it has the psychological effect of making you positive that you cannot possibly complete the paper in time. Another result of the time limit is that it is very difficult to

do

more



than scratch the surface of a subject in an examination, for searching questions on a work of art need time and space in which to develop and expand if they are to be of tend to favour factual subjects. Questions real value. In this respect, examinations needing essay answers demand ordered ideas and logical thought, which do not come very readily in an examination room.

But in assessing the value of an examination, we must look beyond the narrow limits of the subject itself and realise what

is being sought out and tested in a wider sense. Latin tests how far one has developed a capacity for ordered and logical thinking. This is the basis of all sound judgment and it is essential in all other fields of intellectual

activity. Latin also tests the ability to grasp an idea as a single thought unit, and to express it in another language without confining oneself to the exact meaning of each individual word. And, of course, factual knowledge is also tested.

True, Latin does not foster the growth of opinions, new ideas and the appreciation of works of art, but apart from this, Latin has a boot in both camps; it is the meeting point, as it were, of Arts and Sciences, embracing both matters of thought and matters of fact. What combination could be better for producing a matured, balanced and broader outlook?

Cynthia Birtwistle 6¹ Arts

OLD THORNBURIANS

Married

Gloria Fisher to Terry Symonds, Carole Caple to Pat Hawkins, Jennifer Parker to David Burgess, Jane Davis to Ceri Griffiths, Judith Elliot, Linda Manning, Jacqueline Webber, Muriel Sheppard, Marion Davies, Anne Clark, Keith Marsland, Michael Rayner, John Harbinson.

Engaged

Marilyn Evans, Peggy Bryant, Wendy Baker, Linda Pitcher to Brian Barton, Margaret Scott to Roger Jackson.

SPORTS SYMPOSIUM

OUR SPORTS EDITOR INTERVIEWS

1. The Headmaster

Webber: Now, Sir, if I may ask, what games have you played yourself?

Mr. Rendall At school I played Hockey, Cricket and Rugby, and at Oxford I got my College colours in Cricket and Hockey. I helped to found the Bristol Bedouins, a Cricket team which toured regularly in Dorset and Wiltshire. I am a batsman, could never bowl and am getting a bit old for games, but I join in the staff hockey and netball teams when pressed. And of course I raised an Eleven to play the school Cricket team in July.

Webber What do you think is the place of games in a school like this'?

Mr. Rendall Games are very important, but have to be balanced with academic learning. Cricket, tennis and other school games are valuable socially, because you meet others outside the classroom.

Webber What are your impressions about the standard of games here?

Mr. Rendall I think the standard is very satisfactory. I have noticed that the teams seem to be slow starters, but pick up well at the end of the season. This has been specially noticeable in Rugby and Hockey. There does seem to be a lack of enthusiasm lower down the school, especially on the girls' side. The girls seem to be a little too lady-like on the games field; they need more "fire - more will to win.

There is more enthusiasm for House matches and the standard of play is high. I could wish for more support for school matches on Saturdays.

Webber Have you any specific plans for introducing new games or sports facilities ?

Mr. Rendall In many ways we are well off: the square is the best I've seen. I hope for a gymnasium or covered play area, but it is a question of finance. So too with a swimming pool, although I am not sure of the value of this unless it is indoor and heated. If someone offered the money to build one, however, I should gladly accept.

The plans for the showers are through. There will be two new changing rooms attached to the existing showers and linked to them by a corridor. They will be tiled and repainted and heated.

2. Mr. Biddle

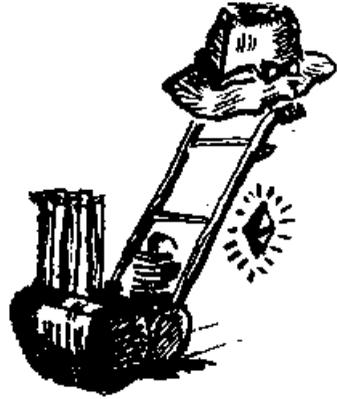
Webber Now Mr. Biddle, it's well known that you take a great interest in sport. Why do you?

Mr. Biddle I've always been a great follower

of sport. I've played cricket, football and, I'm still a member of

the Gloucester-shire Football Association. I have

always considered that sport has a great bearing on the building up of character.



Webber What skill is involved in preparing cricket pitches?

Mr. Biddle I don't want to sound big-headed over this, but there is a lot of skill involved. I've built up a lot of experience over a number of years. You've got to know **when** to do the mowing and rolling. Great skill is required. Groundsmanship is increasing in stature these days. In fact, top maintenance men earn more than teachers in this school.

Webber What about the sight-screens?

Mr. Biddle Well, I'm inclined to think we tend to pamper people. One sight-screen is enough; we have the school at the other end.

Webber What do you think of the present sight-screens ?

Mr. Biddle They're a relic of the ark.

Webber What improvements would you most like to see?

Mr. Biddle I should like to see all first team matches on the one ground. Chantry needs developing and the main square needs making more central. We need a better Telegraph. We need better training in the use of the square; they don't respect it enough.

Webber Have you noticed any changes in sport in your long association with it?

Mr. Biddle Standards have improved, if anything, and I don't want to criticise, but there's not enough adventure. Bill Allen plays what he preaches—more zest. The girls in particular lack zest; they're too camera-shy.

Webber Thank you, Mr. Biddle.

ATHLETICS REPORT 1964

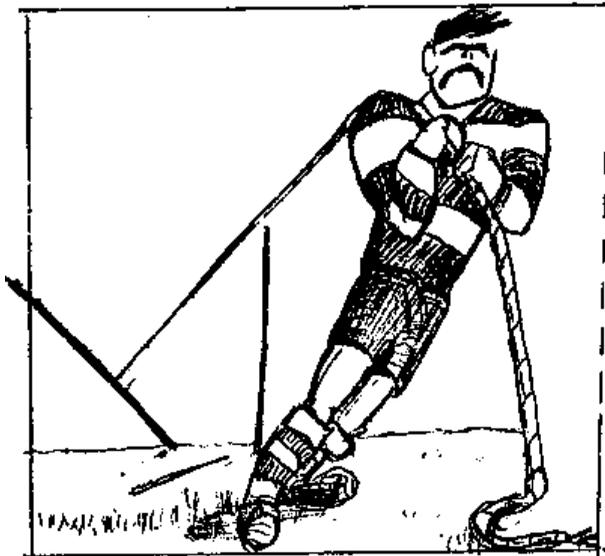
The increasingly high standards required of athletes and the decreasing size of the School are leading to disappointing results. In the recent South Gloucestershire Athletic Sports held at Filton only five members of the School qualified for the County Championships. In the equivalent meeting three years ago twenty-two pupils qualified

This year saw the addition of another fixture. The School staged a senior boys match against Cathedral School, which was won comfortably. The match with Kings School had to be postponed and a further fixture is planned against Avonhurst School. There is room for more such fixtures if the School wishes to reach County standards.

Those who follow the achievements of Alan Carter have not been disappointed. He has so far established himself as Britain's number two shot-putter and at present is within an inch of obtaining a ticket for Tokio.

A SPECIAL SORT OF PLEASURE

Imagine peering at your school timetable at the beginning of a new year to find that Games did not appear on it. Most, surely, would give a deep sigh of disgust, if they did not actually spit. Life, they would mutter, will be unbearable. For Games are



our chief opportunity for relaxation; academic concentration is thrown aside and replaced by a special sort of pleasure.

The attractions which draw people to Games are various. To some it is the opportunity to gain fitness

without fatness.

To others it is a playground frolic Girls v.

Boys Hockey or

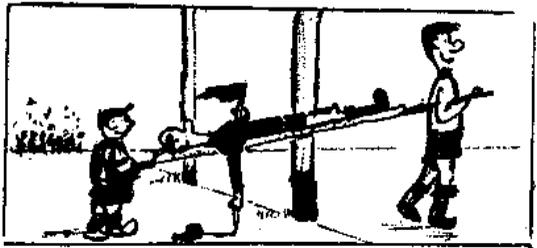
any Staff match. Others like the dressing-up routine, the chance to discard uniform and put on at least something else. Even spectators can enjoy the white-clad tennis beauties or the hooped-back rugger hearties or the fully-armoured battleships in the hockey harbour.



“ The Final Whistle ”

and really appreciate facilities we only dreamed of. Some will be ambitious of a “Back to the Showers on a Stretcher”

place in the first team, hoping to reap enjoyment from the competition involved (Cotham G.S. 15: Thornbury G.S. 2 thick ears and a broken nose). Some will specialise in a particular game while others will enjoy being “jacks of all sports .Soon we come to know where our real interests lie and the extent to which we want to carry them.



“ Back to the Showers on a Stretcher ”

In this school we are not compelled to play the same game right through the season. We are actively encouraged to try new games, acquire new skills and compare one with another. Those who do not excel at the conventional sports often find a niche somewhere else and only the very lamest of tame ducks are likely to be bored.

As our school career moves on, Games have attractions of varying degrees. As secondformers we are intimidated by the spacious grounds and

Modern equipment and in- which Mr. Biddle rolls the wicket. But our talents are quickly brought out; we lose our timid fascination

pres

J. Sansum 6² Arts

NETBALL REPORT 1963

The Netball teams have had varying success this season but have undoubtedly shown improvement since last year, with the adoption of faster methods of play. The lack or cancellation of fixtures has again had a very damping effect on the spirits of the otherwise enthusiastic teams, which only lacked experience.

The first seven have played only five matches, two of which were won, two lost and one drawn. It is probable that the team would have shown better results but for a number of injuries which meant that the whole team was rarely fielded. A most en joy

able game was had against the Old Girls and we hope that this will now become a regular fixture.

Audrey Wright, Hazel Deeks and Mary Speller must be congratulated on being chosen as reserves for the Gloucestershire Senior Netball teams.

The Under-fifteen seven played three matches, having one victory and two defeats. Their team work was encouraging and this should make them a good first team for the future. The Under-fourteens won four and drew two of their ten matches and the Under-thirteens played five games, winning one and drawing two. The first year team shows good promise, having won one of their three matches. They have grasped the principles of the game very well.

Full colours have been awarded to Audrey Wright.

THE SPORT OF KINGS

Tennis first assumed political significance when Henry VIII played Wolsey on the Royal Courts and beat him. It was the beginning of the end for Wolsey. Henry was, my History book assures me, “graceful, agile and strong; he could hunt, joust and play tennis with the best of his subjects.” What happened to those of his subjects who had the effrontery to beat their lord and master is not recorded,—except in the case of Anne Boleyn.

“A game for two, three or four persons, played by striking a ball with rackets over a net stretched across a walled court.”



Thus the dictionary definition of tennis, but the experts are gravely mistaken. Tennis, as any sixth-former knows, consists of lying flat on the grass in the sun thinking of nothing in particular. This idyll is shattered by spasmodic bursts of feverish energy when an angry young shout bursts the summer afternoon to tell you that Big

Brother is watching you. These exhausting bouts are characterised by slashing the umpire, your partner, your own shin or thin air

with your racquet in a vain attempt to come into contact with the elusive ball, which has by now buried itself in someone's Brussels Sprouts. The monotony is relieved by protracted negotiations through a ten-foot high stone wall with the owner of the sprouts. an expedition through vicious stinging nettles to retrieve another ball five minutes later, and the sight of a boy bounding across the courts like a seared gazelle after a soft-ball which some enthusiast has slogged beyond the bounds of reason.

When the constant presence of Authority makes a coherent game unavoidable, the shining hour is improved by the players

pretending to be Wimbledon stars. The result can prove interesting, as when Chuck McKinley, acting as commentator, was hit square in the small of the back by an unusually fast service in the wrong direction by Fred Stolle. The running commentary deteriorated with one expressive word, and in the heat of the moment McKinley completely chucked his American accent.

Caroline St. John-Brooks, 6¹ Arts

ALL THE PITCH IS A STAGE

All umpires are required to perform various brief gestures while signalling for a four, leg-bye or a six. The correct gesticulations are drawn-out in a little book of rules for umpires, rather like the illustrations for hand signals in the Highway Code. However, there are personal variations.



The one gesture which prevents me from becoming a famous batsman instead of a sort of twelfthman-cum-scorer is the Given out sign. And so I am in a perfect position to notice every slight variation on this theme.

he two really notable exponents are Mr. Johnson and Mr. Gwilliams. On hearing the appeal, Mr. Johnson leans back, grins with content, slowly removes his right hand from his pocket and stretches it high in the air, pointing vertically to the sky. The Gwilliams style is an immediate thrust forward of the arm with one foot forward for perfect balance. This terrifying gesture makes it seem perilous to remain at the crease. Lesser umpires are content with more orthodox methods, and with minimum effort, half raise their fingers.

When the appeal is unsuccessful, Messrs. Johnson and Gwilliams once again have the more remarkable stances. Mr. Johnson ignores the bowler's curses, leans back unmoved and gazes heaven-wards. Mr. Gwilliams is more melodramatic. He slowly removes his hand from his pocket in business-like fashion as if to give you out—but No!—he calmly flicks up a coin with which he is keeping count, catches it and replaces it in the other pocket. Then he stares inexorably down the wicket again like some granite Buddha.

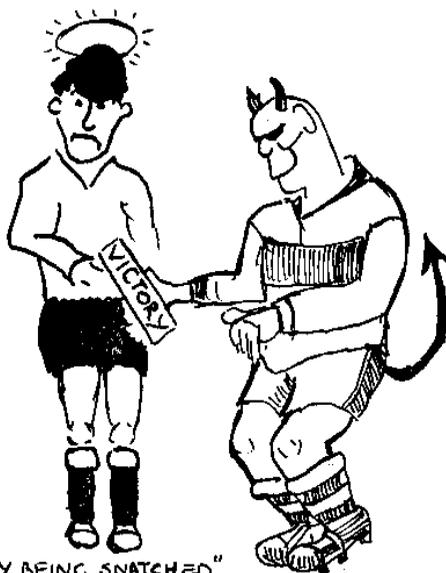
S. Fisher 5A

RUGBY REPORT 1964

The first fifteen has had a great deal of bad luck throughout the season, and this, coupled with foolish mistakes, has resulted in victory being snatched from our hands on several occasions.

The loss of Greves at serum half was felt as a marked lack of unity in the side. In the Old Boys match, the tactics were to run them off their feet. Unfortunately the old boys reversed this by running the school off their feet, with the result that we lost 19 points to 6.

Of the 13 matches played, 4 were won; 7 were lost and two drawn.



"VICTORY BEING SNATCHED"

The second fifteen, after a promising start to the season with t\VO good wins, collapsed, under the captaincy of Punter.

The Colts fifteen, after a poor start to the season, won their last few matches comfortably.

The Junior fifteen as opposed to the rest of the School Teams, managed to win more matches than they lost. It might be added that both Colts and Juniors really do show great promise for the future, if they continue to play the game with the spirit that exists at present.

COLOURS

Full colours have been re-awarded to: Gay, Sansum and Cypher; awarded for the first time to Gibb, Davies and Brown. Half colours have been awarded to Dempster and Parker.

THE STAFF CRICKET XI OR “ANY OTHER DAY”

Our Sports Editor interviews Mr. Gambling, the Organiser.

Webber How long has this team
been going and how did
you get involved?

Mr. Gambling The Staff side has been going for four years now, with a substantial fixture list. Mr. Johnson arranged a few matches; I arranged a few more— and have been up to my eyes in it ever since.

Webber How many matches have
you won?

Mr. Gambling I haven't a clue. I don't even know how many we've played. We play for enjoyment, you see. I spend most of my time getting people to play. We won the School six a side, I remember that. —



Webber Do you still call your
team the Staff team?

Mr. Gambling That's a very good question. We do—but the most we've ever had is five. When we had seven, it rained.

Webber How do you select your team?

Mr. Gambling If they can breathe and are available, they're in. I seem to spend the evenings burning up the roads and the telephone wires trying to scratch up a team. The usual answers run like this: Any other day: No: My wife won't let me: I've been picked for Patchway: I'm in Merrie England. The wives don't start talking to me till Christmas.

Webber Have there been any amusing incidents?

Mr. Gambling They happen all the time. The best was when deep mid-on managed to tip over the boundary three catches off three consecutive balls, allowing Tytherington's score to rise by sixteen runs.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

At first glance the School Sports Day programme probably seems about as prosaic and functional as it is possible to be. That has certainly been my impression over many years, but it struck me this year that here, on the contrary, was a rich field for research.

The complete programme lists over fifty events and in every case the name of the record-holder is given, the oldest record to the most recent covering a span of 25 years. What did these athletes have in common, I wondered, apart from sound physique, the capacity to train well, and sheer grit? How many made their mark in athletics after leaving school? What are they doing now?

These were some of the questions to which I hoped to find answers, but it was soon clear that, even supposing I had had the time to complete an investigation of this size, no school magazine could possibly contain such a voluminous offering.

The most I was able to do, in the end, was to probe a little here and there and make a random selection from the lists, of those who might by now be regarded with a certain amount of historic interest. ('Historic' in this context, it should be added, merely indicates that they have left school: gone, but obviously not forgotten). For the rest, since some of them are still at school and others have left sufficiently recently for their activities to be reasonably familiar to a good many of their contemporaries, I felt that they might, without disparagement, be left for some future chronicler to deal with.

In any review of this kind, one name which must be mentioned, because it appears on the programme year in year out, is that of Nora Watkins, undoubtedly the doyen among Thornbury's record-holders, with a senior girls' High Jump record set up as long ago as 1939 and still unbroken. As she is now married and living in Leamington Spa, where she runs a practice in chiropody and electrolysis, it was impossible to do more than gather a few impressions. It seems clear that in her case the outbreak of war in that same summer put a severe limit on further opportunities for athletic success and four years war service in the A.T.S. (with Searchlights) provided little chance to keep in training.

One gets the impression that for a good proportion of our athletes their school days marked the high-water mark of their athletic careers. For many of them the choice was doubtless between games or athletics and they chose the former. Roger Jackson, for instance, who took all games and athletic activity literally in his stride and still holds the Senior Javelin record, is certainly better known for his Amateur International cap at Soccer and an Oxford Blue. A. J. Pritchard, who set up the senior 880 yards record also preferred Soccer to Athletics and as a student at King's College, London, was offered a trial by West Bromwich Albion. He is now, incidentally, on the staff of Filton High School.

No survey of School Athletics would be complete without mention of the Carter brothers who between them still hold six records, three each. Alan, now at Swansea University, is fast approaching Olympic class as a Shot Putter and is frequently in the news. Donald, on the other hand, with three sprint records to his credit, is forced by domestic ties and a job that provides little opportunity for regular training sessions to rest on his laurels.

The hours of work in certain jobs must, of course, make training and participation in athletic meetings impossible. Maureen Watts (now married), who achieved the distinction of competing as a hurdler in national championships, found that her job as a nurse put an end to any further successes on the track.

Did any of our record-holders ever capitalise their skill to the extent of qualifying as teachers of Physical Education? Surprisingly few. Alan Slade, who set up records in the Senior Hurdles and Senior High Jump and the Intermediate Long Jump went on to Loughborough to train as a teacher of Physical Education; and Mary McIntyre (Senior Long Jump champion), who is reputed to have been able to walk on her hands as easily as on her feet, went on to Bedford College of Physical Education and subsequently taught P.E. before getting married.

It is not surprising to find that the opportunities for sport and athletics offered by the armed forces attracted a fair sprinkling of our athletes into this type of career. Rhona Ewins, who set up the 150 yards Girls Senior record in 1952 and later became the School Secretary subsequently joined the W.R.N.S. and (almost inevitably) married into the R.N. Joan Jennings, who holds the Senior Girls discus record, also joined the W.R.N.S. She has, incidentally, another minor claim to fame in that she was the first pupil to be transferred from Patchway County Secondary School into our VIth form. Ian Lowe, holder of the Senior Triple Jump record, joined the R.A.F. and Edwin Gray, who set up the Senior Mile record continued to earn fame as a long-distance runner in the R.N.

There is little space for more. One name whose disappearance from the list will be regretted by some old hands is that of Leonard Price, whose record in the under 15 Mile event was broken this year by another up-and-coming athlete, K. Richards. Leonard Price earned fame in an unusual variety of ways, from conjuring at Junior House Parties to winning a rickshaw relay race from Weston to Bristol.

And so the list evolves, with every year a few changes as someone clips a fraction of time off the existing record. Looking down the programme, one cannot help wondering what there was about the athletes of 1957 who set up no fewer than ten of the existing records. Was this the effect of some relentless P.E. master driving them on to their best; or to the superior school meals of the period; or were war-time babies reared on more Spartan lines? Perhaps some budding sociologist among us can provide the

answer.

T.A.W.

SOCCER REPORT 1964

The prospects of the soccer elevens for the 1964 season opened with a certain amount of pessimism.

This was based on the fact that what soccer talent there was in the school seemed limited, with numbers decreasing.



"TALENT SEEMED LIMITED"

exceptionally well, winning all five of their matches.

However, despite this, the first eleven has had a moderately good season; of the thirteen matches played, eight have been won, one drawn and four lost.

Against strong opposition we were not disgraced and a high standard of soccer was attained with the margin of defeat only slight.

The second eleven, under the captaincy of Punter, were called upon on only three occasions, losing all their matches.

The Colts eleven has enjoyed reasonable success, winning one, losing one and drawing two of their matches.

The under 14 eleven has done

COLOURS

Full: O'Neill, James, Newman, Newton, Davies.

Half: Gay, Organ, Awford, Parker, Fullwood.

Re-awarded: Sansum, Greves.

CLARE HOUSE REPORT

This year Clare House has survived a series of ups and downs

—down in the Hockey, the Netball, the Cross-country, the Football, the Cricket, and up in the Music Competition and the Rugby.

The Junior girls have contributed towards the glory of Clare by winning the Netball, while the boys seem to have given up—winning nothing.

However the spirit of the House has not suffered. The greatest event—apart from that one intoxicating success of the Music Competition—was the House Party. Juniors combined with Seniors in perhaps the only time the House is a unity, excepting House Prayers.

CAPTAINS: Audrey Wright

John Sansum

HOCKEY REPORT 1963



future.

The first eleven have had a moderate season, and of the eighteen matches played, eight have been lost, six won, four drawn. The play throughout has been very consistent and although we were not very successful at the beginning of the season, the team work has gradually improved to secure

us more vic

Perhaps the main weakness was the lack of attack in

The circle, as although many of our games were very evenly matched, we seemed unable

to

gain the necessary goals.

The second eleven also have had similar success, although they had played fewer matches. The team on the whole is young but shows a lot of promise for the

COLOURS

Colours have been awarded for the third time to Pamela Noble and awarded for the first time to Lorna Cox and Bridget Bryant.

HALF COLOURS

Gillian Scarbrough, Mary Fulwood, Margaret Cole, Annette Armstrong.

HOWARD HOUSE REPORT

We should like to congratulate Clare and Stafford on managing to win several shields. The House officials are adopting a new policy of sportsmanship. We have been forced to retain the Boys Football Shield as well as winning the Cricket and Netball by a convincing margin. We must admit Clare and Stafford have tried hard—they are all sporting teams and excellent people. We have got all the talent though—we have negotiated some successful transactions on the transfer market.

HOUSE CAPTAINS: Cheryl Gould
John Lavis

WHAT I MOST OWE TO SCHOOL

Artful Dodging

One of the first things I learnt at Thornbury was the art of dodging the authorities, especially the Headmaster. I was still very junior when I happened to visit the doctor about some trivial matter. Noticing that I could not even see the optictesting chart dangling from the wall, let alone distinguish the letters, he realised that something was wrong with my sight. The goggles they fixed me up with transformed my appearance from an ordinary junior jerk to an intense-looking swot. It was amazing how many people didn't recognise me at first. ~Seeing an opening, I took to wearing the glasses only part of the time. It was the jerk who was caught by Mr. Rouch running along the corridor one evening and told to report next morning. The jerk forgot, with the result that whenever the Headmaster came into sight, the swot appeared. He would be studied quizzically but he was never challenged, and the jerk escaped unwhacked.

Alan Taylor

Confidence

It is difficult to say what I most owe to School because what I most owe to School concerns personalities. All I owe to the institution as such is a morbid, inflated consciousness of litter. I was in charge of it as a prefect, and now I just can't stand seeing people throw litter down. If I know them, I ask them to pick it up again. Often I pick it up myself. If I don't know them, I mutter under my breath the sort of thing that Mr. Rouch would understand.

No, the real debt is to personalities, and, as I've said, that's difficult. I never had much to do with my contemporaries; when I say personalities I mean members of staff and if I said what I really thought about those nearest me at school, I should be conscious of giving myself away, and I don't like to do that.

Briefly. There were some who gave me confidence and made me think that the things I did and thought were worth-while. There were others who thought that my ideas, however original they were to me, were useless because they were not original to them; and these made me more disastrously aware of my besetting lack of confidence.

Hazel Pritchard

Irrelevance

I was a Mod before my time. I didn't fight Rockers because they were Teds then. Rockers look like out-of-work railway attendants now—the real ones, anyway, who prowl behind their imaginary banners ("Watch it, Mods" written in blood). You can't fight against these tough hunks of masculinity, because there isn't really anything to fight for—ask a Mod why he doesn't like Rockers and he'll say it's because the Rockers don't like Mods, and vice versa ad infinitum, but they seem to evolve quite a bit of excitement out of this sparse reasoning!

Mods are definitely 'in'. If only Mods had been 'in' eighteen months ago, I'd have been 'in' too. Whenever my hair just touched my school collar—a look of warning and off it came. That last time it was a perfect Mod cut—I was “in” .no, 'out'.

But my vision of 'in 'ness fades with school. I was 'in' before IT was 'in', although I was 'out' then. But I'M 'out' now. I groan.

Oh for School, when 'ins' and 'outs' were simple.

Catherine Haste

Sentimental Value

What do I most owe to School?

Two library books.

Numerous rulers and pencils borrowed from Lost Property.

One decaying hockey-stick.

A few leaves of File Paper.

and, pressed between the Book of Ruth and the Song of Solomon,

Two sprigs of holly from my last Prefects' Party.

STRONG-MINDED MEN

(1) My Neighbour

In an old forge near our house lives a man whom I find very interesting. He is a freelance engineer. He will tackle any job, and usually makes a success of it. He once spent a whole day mending by little brother's Kiddy car, sending in a typewritten bill for 3d, but adults have an awful job to get a bill from him.

He will spend hours shooting at a cornflakes packet with his rifle. Other days he may go sailing or follow the hounds on his push-bike, on which he has fixed a plastic rain-shield for his legs which makes him look like a plane about to take off. He found two fox cubs and brought them up as pets. One ran away but he kept the other for a year, taking it out for walks on a lead like a dog. It went away twice but came back to him at night. He likes puzzles and problems and never lets anything defeat him. Recently he has taken to kite building. His kites are about five feet high and have 1,200ft. of line. Once he tied a pair of overalls on the line and it looked so like a man gone up that he had quite a few p2ople come to see if he was still safely on the ground.

Although you never know where you will find him or what he will be doing, you may be sure he will drop everything to help anyone who is in trouble.

F. Johnson 2B

(2) My Uncle

My uncle was a strong-minded man—in his own opinion. He was determined to train his Great Dane to the point of perfection and would sit misty-eyed, watching the puppy play, imagining himself receiving prize after prize in time to come.

He and my aunt would have long arguments and refutations about methods of training, quoting from favourite dog books, the dog sitting between them and apparently listening with great amusement. The only regular training the dog got was from the boy next door who was paid to walk him, and who taught him the regrettable habits of smoking, belching and chewing gum.

One Sunday, when the boy was on holiday, my uncle decided to take the dog to the park, to teach him to retrieve the dumbbell. He started early, to get back in time for church, and was looking very smart in a new suit. The dog started off quietly enough, but soon erratically rushed across the street and burst into the nearest newsagents', where it snatched a packet of cigarettes from a stand and stood up against the counter.

My uncle was astonished to see that the newsagent was apparently quite used to this procedure, and still more astonished to find himself handed a vicious-looking green ice lollipop. "Loves 'em, don't 'e Sir?" said the newsagent, "That'll be 1/9 as usual." So my stunned uncle paid and fled quickly from the shop, clutching the green ice. The dog sat down and whined until my uncle realised that he was expected to walk along the street holding the ice for the dog to lick.

The dog had his own, that is, the boy next door's ideas about the route to the park, which involved a short noisy trip through a narrow alley, set about with dustbins and populated by cats, through a railway siding and over a five foot wall, which the dog cleared with ease, leaving my uncle to clamber over in his new suit. From here, it was a mere muddy slither into the park. My uncle collapsed onto a seat; the dog streaked off to the play place and soon great sprays of sand were rising from the pit.

A horde of small boys came racing over with the dog and were so disappointed to find that Billy had not come with the dog as usual that my uncle felt obliged to give them all the loose change that he had in his pockets. After their joyous departure, an irate fat lady stormed over to him to indicate the sandy appearance of her frilly, curly little girl, whose tearful wailing was finally pacified with a ten shilling note "for a nice box of chocolates and a shampoo at a shop".

Meanwhile the dog had prized the packet out of my uncle's pocket and now held a crumpled cigarette in his slobbery lips.

Such strength of will was in the dog's gaze that my uncle took out his matches and meekly lighted it for him.

Sheila Le Mare 3B

(3) Uncle John

Uncle John has a rather mixed personality. When he is in the company of young children, he is an absolute rogue, but when he is with adults he is quite pleasant. This is because he is a teacher. I am not holding that against him, but perhaps he could have chosen another profession to make a name for himself in.

He is quite a good teacher, using some intelligence but mostly brute force to keep his form in order. He teaches English and P.E. I can always remember the smile on his face as he goes to school on Wednesday mornings. He has his favourite fourth form then for football and being quite young and active he joins in with them. The fourth form get so much punishment that lesson that they are never really aware of the world until the end of the morning.

In his English lessons there is always dead silence, and then the little fourth former dreams of jumping on uncle John in the middle of a game of football. He knows it will never happen but there's no harm in just thinking about it. While the fourth former dreams, Uncle John teaches. He is not one of the best English teachers in the whole world but he gets most through their exams and that's all he worries about.

Out of school Uncle John has two great loves; cars and rugby. I-c plays for the local club at full back and is one of the stars. The other is a forty-eight year old bus driver who didn't take the game up until he was forty-two. He is also the groundsman of the pitch and spends a lot of his time at the ground, or more specially, at the club house, where the barman doesn't worry much about the hours of opening.

His other pet love is not just cars, but veteran cars. He has two—Susan and Jenny. His wife, Pat, fits in just between the two. All three are in running order, but they are not quite the cars that one would take on a long journey. He paints them every year. Pat says she would rather walk than ride in them—and she does. When we go to visit them, there is always the traditional ride in the car. It doesn't matter which one because we have a ride in the other just before we leave.

He has few other talents except perhaps telling stories which he learns in the club house from the barman. But he can organise. He organises many parties for the rugby club and dances and raffles and he also organises our holidays, which my mother is not too keen on.

I shall be glad to see him again this summer.

R. Steer 5J

STAFFORD HOUSE REPORT

Shields won: Senior Girls Hockey

Boys Cross Country

Junior Boys Rugby

Junior Boys Football

This year has been reasonably successful although perhaps more enthusiasm and more hard training could have won us a few more cups.

Unfortunately we failed to win the Music Shield, but this was not too disappointing as we succeeded in providing the only

comedy of the afternoon—a Happy Birthday from two of our members.

The House Party this year was a joint junior-senior one for the first time in many years.

We welcome Mrs. Rendall and Miss Anthony and hope they will have a happy stay with us. We also thank the Members of Staff in the House who have done so much to make House occasions run smoothly and successfully.

HOUSE CAPTAINS: Patricia Heal

David Greves

ONE WITHOUT CUSTARD

Three pieces of shortbread divided between five—theoretically simple. Practically impossible, I realised as a sticky cubic missile sliced through the far-side window, propelled by a still-quivering palate knife.

These were unexpected hazards a raw sixth-former had to face as table prefect. Seven hungry pairs of eyes hawked me as I made my initial plunge into the fruit salad. Only the moment before “Fruit-without-custard” had been flicking spilt water, “No-skin” had been kicking his neighbour and the two “Prunes, dates-and-a-drop-of-that—if-it’s-not-too-thick “s had been watching tennis. Now they were all watching me in my unequal struggle with the fruit juice.

This was commonplace. I had yet to meet the middle-school gourmet who asked for “rice without sultanas”.

The responsibility in my hands (or knife) is tremendous. What repercussions if, in an unguarded moment, I should misdeal the sausages or say “apple” when rhubarb appears.

Small boys at 1 p.m. are unlike the original pint pots, which hold only their fixed amounts. These empty vessels can never be filled—and they make the most sound.

Servers come in all shapes and complaints. They have one principle in common: No extra work without extra food. This may take the form of bagging the surplus potato, liberally helping himself to jam or forking the skin from the yellow peril. The result is the same—we take ten minutes longer than any other table.

Spooning out blancmange should be compulsory training for brain surgeons. My artistic soul quavers when I face the pink sea and islands of mock cream. I make the first incisions with an eight—pronger star of tentative stabs and remove a slice. The remaining wedges slide silently towards the bottom as the cream disappears into the chasm. The same slow ebb occurs with minced beef, rice and jelly, I find, as my weak judgment leaves me with the scrapings.

I long for the day when all food will come in pills. Did I hear a voice : “One without Vit. Dnoy6l2” ?

Pamela Parrott U5A

POEMS

(1)

White—Green Darkness— As I look up through the sheets,
Under which I sleep.
A cold hand slipping down my back.
—I look up
And see only White Green Darkness.
Sliding out of my dark abode— I see—ugh—a female face
Of a loving sister saying, “Get—up!
“All right just five more minutes.”
Back I slide oblivious of the world outside.
Snoozing snores fill the room:
The hardboard doors rattle.
Pounce—Bounce
As a black shadow jumps on the bed,
Creeping as it wriggles along.
Then—licking, nose, ears, and cheeks all
Wetted by the sharp tongue of Pedigree pussy Paz.
This is my second rude awakening; I give in and get up.

William Harding 2B

(2)

He was carried in that day
And was coldly washed in warm detergent.
His clothes were coolly incinerated
And his temperature flamed all night.

He was carried off next day,
And what a cold day it was;
As cold as the people’s stare it was,
As cold as the welfare coffin.

Stephen Snell 5J

(3)

We talked of the white, white snow,
And we heaved.
We talked of the pure white snow,
And we parted.
Honesty, had you been a saving lie
I could have kept a feeling,
A Friend.
But now I see life through tears.
Loved united our blood, our minds:
Honesty tore them apart.
Blood flows on and feeds the body,
But the mind withers and kills the soul.

Paul Potter 6² Arts

SITTING SILENT:

The Library

In the last eighteen months some five hundred books have been added to the Library stock, and for the second year we have been fortunate enough to receive an extra grant so that our range of titles should become much wider in the next few months.

At the end of last summer term the system of issuing books was changed to the readers' ticket system which has enabled a closer check to be kept on borrowers and books. This change entailed an enormous amount of work and my sincere thanks are due to all those members of last year's Upper Fifth, many of whom have NOW left, who gave up a great deal of their time in order to effect the change-over before the new term started. I should also like to mention that C. P. Leslie, who gave so much time to the Library, presented us when he left with a copy of Gerald Durrell's

A Zoo in my Luggage . Other leavers might like to show their appreciation to the School in the same way.

A large number of pupils borrow books regularly but there are still far too many who make no use at all of the opportunities afforded both for pleasure and the extension of knowledge. This criticism applies at all levels but unfortunately it is more true of the older pupils, many of whom read little or nothing and some of whom seem almost to rejoice in a state of ignorance when it comes to general reading, fiction and non-fiction. There should be no pupil in a school such as this who does not make full use of the Library.

I should like to thank the Library prefects, particularly Jean Holbrook, and Johnston who proved himself an invaluable C. in C. during the music competition rehearsals. Several members of 3A have given up a lot of time to help in the interminable task of preparing books for the Library shelves; their help is greatly appreciated.

There is always need for enthusiastic helpers and I should be most grateful to know of anyone who is interested in being recruited.

RB.

SITTING PRETTY:

The Careers Room

“What do you think of the Careers Room?”

“Where's that ?”

“It's in the Art Room Corridor.”

“Didn't know it was for us.”

Well, it is. Let us explain just what is in the Careers Room for you, and when we say “you” we mean everyone from the anxious sixth-former to the newest pupil whose career worries seem to lie five years ahead.

Thinking about a career should be a leisurely business, not a two minute, over-the-counter, Buffet-style sort of thing. And so we

have chairs,—two standard easy chairs, the “Metchair” and the “Sitting Pretty”. There are four tables for those getting down to serious study. And there are two cupboards, one of an intriguing “Take Your Pick” design with twelve boxes inside.

Its main feature, of course, is an array of brightly coloured, sadly faded booklets, containing mines of information on anything from cookery to corsetry, from metallurgy to marquetry. With a quick glance, we look something like a travel agent’s office, and the outside of our brochures make every pedestrian opening glow with possibilities of romance.

Yes—the Careers Room is for you. It is open all day—not only as a shelter from the rain or a place to hide from a raving member of staff in pursuit of your homework, but as—well—er

a Careers Room.

Elizabeth Punter

Susan Painter USA

JUNE NIGHT

The windows are squares of blackness
And sparks of rain shower down outside
Like Roman candles, catching
The merciless lamplight from a naked bulb;
And, sickly-pale, the books are dying
On the hearthrug.
Strident beat music, fatuous commercials
Infuriatingly bright
Wash over me.
I stare blankly at half a sentence
And little men with square faces doodling.
Tomorrow, tomorrow; my pulse beats;
Tomorrow, tomorrow; the clock ticks;
Tomorrow, tomorrow; a dying fly feebly buzzes,
Skidding round and round on its desperate back.
I shall be dead in a hundred years,
Or fifty,
Or maybe even ten.
For thine is the Kingdom, the power. . . the power
But I am tired
And rapidly becoming feeble-minded.
Leave the books, turn off the wireless
And hear the winging silence in the drugged house,
Pad up the stairs in stockinged feet
And forget in the sleepy night.
Yet a sharp whisper gnaws
“Exams tomorrow”
And, horrifyingly, it matters.

Caroline St. John-Brooks, 61 Arts

THAT UNCERTAIN FEELING

“Will G.C.E. candidates return to school on August 24th for the results of their examinations please?”

This calm announcement from the platform sent thoughts wandering through my mind: “I’m going to die; I’ll be sick; if I faint, will all the people collapse in front, concertina-fashion?” And I thought of some of the complex theorems in physics such as Archimedes’ principle. Physics was one of the subjects I would drop when I advanced to the sixth form and I sadly thought I would no longer have the pleasure of such famous remarks as “Well, the wood **should** float” or “Once you start reading this passage, you won’t be able to put the book down”.

Suddenly a cry which sounded like “hip hip” brought me to my senses. Why was everybody cheering? They wouldn’t be cheering if they were waiting to see if they would jump into the sixth-form or fall back into the upper fifths.

Through the holidays I lived in terror of the word “results”. All my relations asked kindly if I had heard anything and I would get a sinking feeling which went away to leave a rising feeling. Each morning I scanned the papers hoping for a headline such as:

“Alberto, the great Astrologer forecasts the End of the World. When asked, he said it would be sometime before August 24th.” But “all to no avail,” as somebody (could it be Archimedes?) said.

So August 24th arrived, with no Explosion and no Green Men, and I found myself waiting at the bus stop, forced out by unrelenting parents. “But roadsweepers get quite good wages, Mum!”

As I walked through the school gates, my mind flew, or rather ~ trotted, forward to the moment of truth, the day of judgment.

Would those pearly gates also have Thornbury Grammar School on them?

But I was soon back to my happy, gurgling self, as a friend said, “You’ve done all right, Steve.”

Now I’m dreading August 24th 1966.

S. Earley, USA

FACILIS EST DESCENSUS AVERNI

“Oh, I suppose I’ll go to University if I can.”

How many times, I wonder, have prospective sixth-formers been on the issuing end of those ambitious words, and just what did they mean by the modest “if I can”?

To the facile observer, it would seem merely a question of obtaining the requisite “A” levels. But now that I have spent some weeks trying to select a university, I am sure it is not as easy as that. Could the layout of prospectuses be a subtle move on the part of universities to dissuade students from trying to join their already swollen ranks? Perhaps the prospectuses themselves are designed

as a first-line intelligence test; those who can't understand them automatically weed themselves out.

Let me explain. I set out determinedly. I was rather taken back when I found that there were thirty-two universities to which I could apply, but I sent out, completely at random, for fifteen booklets. This is not, perhaps, the most efficient way to order the course of life. And when they arrived, I ploughed dutifully through the lot without looking back. Again, it was a mistake. One should never "plough through" anything of this sort. The only way is to know beforehand what one wants, and then look for it.

I have read, marked, learned and inwardly indigested fifteen prospectuses. These are my three conclusions:

1. I now have no idea of what I wish to read, or where.
2. As I cannot understand the prospectuses, I am diffident about understanding actual work at a university.
3. I am going. I think, to become a shorthand-typist.

Jean Holbrook, 61 Arts

SPEECH DAY

Speech Day took its usual form, although this year we had the Speech Day holiday before the speaker asked for it.

The prizes were presented by our new Headmaster's previous Headmaster, P. G. Mason, Esq., M.B.E., M.A. High Master of Manchester Grammar School.

RECORD OF SCHOOL HONOURS

Honours (Old Thornburians)

Gillien Jones, B.A., 2nd Class Honours (2nd Division), French, U.C.W., Swansea.

Lindsay Manning, B.A., 2nd Class Honours (2nd Division), French Birmingham.

Pamela Mumford, B.Sc., 2nd Class Honours (1st Division), Nutrition, London.

P. G. Nellthorp, B.Eng., 2nd Class Honours (1st Division), Engineering, Birmingham.

B. J. Nott, B.A., 3rd Class Honours, Arabic, School of Oriental and African Studies, London.

Jeanne Pearce, B.Sc., Mathematics, U.C.W. Cardiff.

G. Richards, B.A., 2nd Class Honours (1st Division), Arabic, School of Oriental and African Studies, London.

C. L. Riddiford, B.Sc., 2nd Class Honours (1st Division), Physics, Southampton.

D. E. Rosser, B.Sc., 2nd Class Honours (1st Division), Chemistry, Birmingham.

D. H. Skuse, B.Sc., 3rd Class Honours, Chemistry, Southampton.

F. A. Thompson, Called to the Bar (Lincoln's Inn).

Jacqueline Webber, B.A., 2nd Class Honours (2nd Division). English, Manchester.

University Entry 1963

P. Armstrong, Queen's University, Belfast. D. Chapman, U.C.W. Cardiff. Delia Clark, Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. Sheila Durrant, Exeter. P. K. George, Liverpool. Joan Goodbrook, Exeter. Catherine Haste, Sussex. A. Hayward, Liverpool. P. G. Hooper, Birmingham. J. F. Lampard, Nottingham. Albertina Lippi, Hull. R. A. Taylor, King's College, London. H. C. Thomas, Newcastle. Edith Wilkinson, Exeter.

Entry to Teachers Training Colleges and Further Education

Establishments 1963

Valerie Davies, Rolle College, Exmouth. Carolyn Davis, City of Coventry Training College. P. N. Gregory, St. Luke's College, Exeter. J. H. Hortop, Bede College, Durham. Diana Lovell, College of St. Matthias, Bristol. Elizabeth Maxwell, The Gloucestershire Training College, Gloucester. Phillipa Meachin, Chelsea College of Physical Education, Eastbourne. Christine Thomsen, Trent Park Training College, Barnet. P. D. Whatley, Avery Hill Training College, London. Susan Weeks, The Training College, Hereford. Elizabeth Westcott, The Training College, Fastbourne. M. D. Gerrard, Oxford Technical College. D. Mendus The Holborn College of Law, Languages and Commerce, London.

R.J. Perry, The Holborn College of Law, Languages and Commerce, London. Annette Tyrrell, The Royal West of England Academy of Art, Bristol.

Southern Universities Joint Board

General Certificate of Education. Advanced Level 1963

D. J. Chapman, Physics, Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics (County Major Award).
K. G. Darby, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics.
Valerie Davies, French, German.
Carolyn Davis, History, Art.
Sheila Durrant, Latin, French, German (County Major Award).
R. P. Gay, Geography, Physics (County Major Award).
P. K. George, Geography, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics (County Major Award).
M. D. Gerrard, Pure and Applied Mathematics.
Joan Goodbrook, English Literature, French, German (County Major Award).
P. N. Gregory, English Literature.
D. R. Greves, English Literature, History (County Major Award).
Catherine Haste, English Literature, Geography, Art (County Major Award).
A. Hayward, Biology, Chemistry, Physics (County Major Award).
Patricia Heal, French.
P. G. Hooper, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics (County Major Award).
J. H. Hortop, Geography.

J. F. Lampard, Biology, Chemistry, Physics (County Major Award).
 Albertina Lippi, History, Geography, French (County Major Award).
 Diana Lovell, English Literature, History.
 Elizabeth Maxwell, Geography, Domestic Subjects (Cookery).
 Phillipa Meachin, Geography, Biology.
 D. Mendus, English Literature, History, (County Major Award).
 Mary Northover, Geography.
 R. J. Perry, English Literature, History, (County Major Award).
 G. R. Robbins, Biology, Chemistry, Pure and Applied Mathematics (County Major Award).
 Rachel Sealey, Biology, Chemistry.
 D. J. M. Smith, Geography.
 R. A. Taylor, English Literature, History, French (County Major Award).
 D. H. Tebworth, Chemistry, Pure and Applied Mathematics (County Major Award).
 H. C. Thomas, Biology, Chemistry, Physics (County Major Award).
 Christine Thomsen, French, German.
 J. F. Trebble, Geography.
 Annette Tyrrell, English Literature, History, Art.
 Susan Weeks, English Literature.
 Elizabeth Westcott, Art.
 Edith Wilkinson, Physics, Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics.
 Cheryl Williams, French.
 Audrey Wright, English Literature, French, German (County Major Award).
 P. D. Whatley, English Literature, History.

VALETE

R. Gay, D. R. Greves, D. Smith, Audrey Wright.
 A. C. Baldwin, P. Barker, J. G. Gibb, B. R. Guildersleeve, J. G. P. Goodall, J. Hayes, J. D. McDonald, R. W. Newman, B. Nichols, R. Savage, P. F. Sellek, K. Sullivan, B. P. Waring, A. I. Webb, D. E. Williams.
 Pamela Bishop, Gillian Emery, Pamela Noble.
 J. R. Cypher, R. W. Hawker, J. R. Hitchcock, J. R. Lavis, P. O'Neill, P. Potter, J. V. Punter, W. B. Stephens, D. A. Turner, A. W. Williams.
 Patricia Heal, Susan Trayhurn, Cheryl Williams, Kathleen Breen, Lorna Cox, Joan Pearson, Judith Rymer.
 M. Davies, R. Dearing, P. Pullin, I. Mcfarlane. Colleen Bamfield, Sandra Bell, Elaine Humphries, Susan Lippiatt, Margaret Peddy, Mary Radford. Jane Sadler.
 M. Boak, R. Cornock, P. Gough, B. Hawkes.
 Marilyn Badger, Sylvia Bryant, Marlene Biddle, Avril Brealey, Marie Doherty, Rosalind Fluck, Linda Givens, Linda Greves, Susan Hall, Marion Roberts, Carol Starkey, Judith Tonks.

THE LAST SUMMER

In the steady rhythm of peaceful summer days
The thought of leaving seems remote, unreal.
The pattern of the term rolls on inexorably
To the final examination, the climax of the year,
And the lazy, longed-for days that follow work.
Slowly each small occasion takes on another meaning,
The sharp realisation that this is the last time,
The last time we shall sit and talk under the trees,
Scurry unprotected along the splashy paths.

Or gaze, half-listening, half-dreaming at the white, slow figures on the even grass— These little things will stay the same for others,—still be little.

It isn't sad or sentimental to remember.

Many things we gladly leave,—the pettiness, the trivial restrictions;

We know too well 'the small world we belong to,

Are growing out of it, happy to be looking forward to new ways, new pleasures, and new limitations.

But in the hopes and glad anticipations echoes the whisper of nostalgia,

The fear that these we know we may not see again,

The thought that this is passing.

However cheerfully we leave, from the outside, when its over,

It can never be the same.

Cheryl Williams 6² Arts

OLD FRIEND

Old Friend, the time is here,
The time to part has come;
This friendship, held so dear,
Must fade as the evening sun.

Seven years ago we met:
Old friend, the time has flown,
Ours a friendship without regret,
A friendship truly sown.

You brought me strength and refuge,
I tried to obey your rule:
My debt to you is large,
I'll miss you Beloved School!

J. Cypher 6² Arts

**In memory of Graham Taylor. Thornbury Grammar
School, September 1963 to July 1964.**

Mr. W. G. Handan died in Ham Green Hospital on September 21st 1964. He had been ill for some time during the year, but we hoped until the last moment to see him back with us in September. However, his health deteriorated again and he suffered a further heart attack from which he failed to recover.

Mr. Handan taught English here for five years. He was a good teacher because he was a good man. He brought to school—not Theories, nor “Efficiency” nor any other Abstraction—but himself. And he had humanity and he had humility; he was tolerant and warm-hearted; he had a warm wit and a warm wisdom. In the classroom and in the staff room it was good when he was there.

It is good that he has been there.