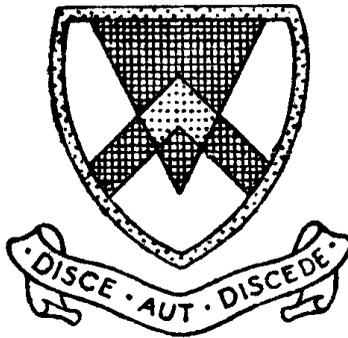


THE
THORNBURIAN



1606

1965

No 31.

SCHOOL OFFICIALS 1964/5

School Captains:

Andrew Browning

Hazel Deeks

Vice-Captains:

Bruce Johnston

Mary Fulwood

Prefects:

Michael Brown

Annette Armstrong

John Dempster

Cynthia Birtwistle

Robert Evans

Bridget Bryant

Robert Fill

Margaret Cole

Tony Fulwood

Annette Davies

Nicholas Royse

Cheryl Gould

John Sansum

Jean Holbrook

Adrian Shiner

Gillian Scarbrough

Geoffrey Smart

Eileen Wright

Rugby Captain : Michael Brown

Football Captain : Graham James

Cricket Captain : James Webber

Hockey Captain : Mary Fulwood

Netball Captain : Hazel Deeks

Tennis Captain : Bridget Bryant

Athletics Captain : Geoffrey Smart

Magazine Staff:

Jonathan Appleby

Pamela Parrott

Stephen Earley

Irena St. John-Brooks

Mary Paddock

Diana Huntley

Angela Clements

Sketches by J. Appleby

CHEWING THINGS OVER

There is one thing that is still true about everyone in this school, staff and pupils alike: we have all passed the eleven-plus. We are all literate. We can write and we can read.

And yet there have been times when one has wondered whether anyone actually wants to write anything for the Magazine and whether anyone actually wants to read it when it is written.

But faith is restored.

Firstly, by a letter from a parent : “ My wife and I and our son as well of course — have strong sentimental feelings for Thorn-bury Grammar School, particularly its recent history, and we do hope that we are not too late for a copy of the 1965 ‘Thornburian’ “. And they enclosed stamps and a postal order!

Secondly, by Alan Green, of 3A, who finished a piece of verse wondering what he could write about for the Magazine with this cheering couplet:

“I’ve always longed for my name to be seen

Beneath a few lines in the School Magazine “.

Hooray then: there are anxious readers and there are anxious writers.

BUT, as Alan Green says in another place:

“What can I write about, what can I say

That will seem amusing to those who pay?”

And the answer is ANYTHING. Anything that has really amused you and is written up sincerely and freshly will be valuable. But it will be particularly valuable, especially to those who, like our parent above, want to keep in touch with the school, if it is also about some aspect of school life.

But really, perhaps, the wrong question has been asked. It isn’t so much what you write as the way you write it. And the worst way you can write it is to adopt the School Magazine Style.

This exists throughout the country. It is heavy whimsy, diluted Dickens. People are somehow thought to be funnier if they are “individuals” or “beings”; pupils are “innocent”; they never think, they “muse”; food is “fodder”. And tired phrases are pushed together until every article looks like the same brick wall, especially at the end, where we are always “tired but happy” and everything is a “great success” and our thanks must go to so and so who has given up so much of his valuable time (rather reluctantly, it always seems to suggest to me).

It does seem utterly pointless that fresh and sincere people should give up their freshness and sincerity, and even their own vocabulary, to mete out this sort of thing from stale cupboards.

One of the freshest pieces in this issue was not submitted, but intercepted on its way to the staffroom waste-paper-basket. It may not be great, but it is unselfconscious and it has charm. And **it** obviously only took twenty minutes to splash down!

Here it is.

CHEWING GUM

I cannot think of one good reason for eating chewing gum except that it helps me to concentrate. If I do not chew, I find my mind wandering onto things other than Physics. This can be anything from dinner to James Bond.

This morning I did not intend chewing in your lesson, but just as the bell went a friend had given me a piece which I felt it was a shame to waste. So instead of throwing it in a litter receptacle, I kept chewing all through the two periods in the Junior Physics Laboratory. I try to chew in a discreet manner, but occasionally this is impossible. For example, if you get it stuck on your teeth, you have to open your mouth a little wider to get it off.

Chewing chewing gum and bubbling bubbly gum is a terrible habit and it can do great damage if one swallows. I never do. I always put it in a litter receptacle. Not like some people who leave it stuck on chairs and tables and drawers and even people's clothing. This I feel is a disgraceful habit which I would never carry out.

Another nasty habit is blowing bubbles with bubbly gum. Some people do it and they get it stuck all over everywhere when it pops — including other people.

My final note is that I mustn't chew in Physics, or indeed any other lessons.

Please Sir I went after 20 mins. as you said I could.

W. Harding, 3A

GENERAL NOTES

The number of pupils in the School is at present 446 (235 girls, 211 boys) and includes 80 in the Sixth Form.

Once again we have seen little in the way of staff changes this year. But one departure in particular has left a big gap. At Christmas, Mr. B. T. Hodge, left to start up a French Department at St. Matthias Training College, Fishponds. Mr. A. Hill has taken over from him as Deputy Headmaster and in January Mr. A. L. Antrobus came from Crawley to become Head of the French Department and to see to the setting up of the new Language Laboratory. Mr. A. J. Seely also joined us in January to teach English and History, and Mrs. B. Warren came to do some part-time English teaching.

Mr. N. B. Lake left us in December to become a Lecturer in History at Ormskirk T.C., Liverpool. Mr. G. Tuffnell left us in July to take up a senior post in a Comprehensive School in Leeds, and Mr. I. Collins from Manchester has taken his place in the Chemistry Department.

Mr. T. A. Wright has been seconded for a year to take an advanced Diploma Course at Bristol University, but he will be with us again next September. In the meantime, we have Mr. R. Hutchings to look after Classics for us.

We wish them all well, both those who have gone and those who have come.

We have had one more addition to the Grounds Staff; during the summer Mr. Davis left and his place has been taken by the bearded Mr. Shave.

Two main alterations have been made to the premises this year. Our first Terrapin classroom was erected in a day or two early in the year to house the Language Laboratory. This has been a hive of industry since the Spring—not, unfortunately, of pupils learning—~ but of installation engineers installing, and maintenance men maintaining. But the tape was cut in September and our Lab. — the first in a Gloucestershire School — is now in use.

During the summer the boys' showers have been rebuilt and extended and we hope they will soon be in use.

Internally, there have been two notable improvements. The Library has been refurbished entirely and now looks so imposing and "Ideal Homeish" that pupils come in with almost ecclesiastical awe and obey the Silence rule unwittingly; and the Old School Block has had a new heating system installed.

We had our usual Founders' Service on October 15th, when the speaker was the Rev. David Skinner from the Church of England Radio and Television Council. Appropriately enough, he discussed the true meaning of Wisdom and Stature in our world of mass communication.

This might be the appropriate place to record the deaths this year of two of our Governors who have been great benefactors of the School. Alderman H. R. Stephens, M.B.E., a prominent member of the Education Committee, was the County's representative on the Governing Body for upwards of 20 years. He was instrumental in securing many improvements at the School, not least the provision of the fiat in Marston House for the caretaker, and he took a very personal interest in all that went on.

Mr. Sidney H. Gayner was an Old Thornburian and a Foundation Governor. His name is given to the paddock behind the Grace Block which he helped to purchase for the School. Through his foresight, this triangle of land will always insulate the School from the nearby houses and provide junior boys with ideal rough grazing during the dinner hour.

The School Play this year was "Androcles and the Lion". It seemed to be enjoyed by actors and audiences and went off with considerable verve. Geoffrey Smart as Androcles brought a great sense of fun to his part, and this was infectious. Peter Brand certainly caught it, even through a thick lion's skin. Christopher House and Peter Townsend as two effete Roman courtiers certainly came across the lights; and Charles Stott and Bruce Davies in their microscopic parts brought the house down in Scots and Welsh respectively. Tony Fulwood was a most impressive Ferrovius — six feet, five and a half inches without his School cap!

The Geography and Biology Field Week was held again at the end of the Spring Term. New ground was broken this year and the party stayed at Falmouth, Cornwall.

The School Concert was given as usual on two week-day evenings at the end of May. It opened with the Benjamin Britten arrangement of the National Anthem. Then the orchestra gave us two movements from a Haydn Piano Concerto. The first half of the concert was rounded off by Vaughan Williams' Five Mystical Songs, and the second half consisted of the well-known "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast". This is not the place for long comment, but there is no doubt that Hazel Deeks' playing in the concerto and Derham's and Dempster's singing gave a great deal of pleasure.

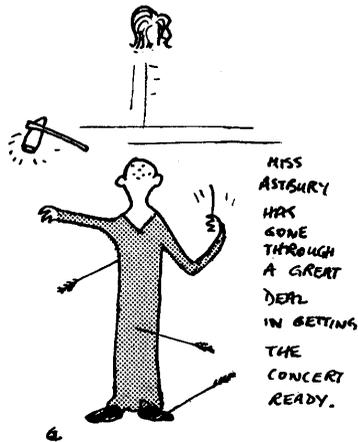
After a second successful season, the End-of-Term Programme has established itself as a regular part of School life. It began this year with a holiday — for the 700th Anniversary of Parliament and 750th of the signing of Magna Carta. There were local visits — to the Magistrates' Court, the Sheiling Schools, Southmead Hospital, Bristol College of Advanced Technology and to Frocester to dig. There was a series of talks: "Civil Defence", "Young America", "The Work of an Open Prison". There was a whole day's Conference on the transition from School to University, with an opening talk by Dr. Holliman of Leeds University, and discussion with several Old Thornburians now at college, and an Upper Fifth Leavers' Conference "Bridging the Gap". There were a series of tennis and cricket matches and all sorts of activities that ran into two sides on the notice board.

We will end on a proud note. In December, Alan Gent was awarded a place at Wadham College, Oxford, to read Chemistry, and Kenneth Harris gained a place at King's College, Cambridge, to read Mathematics. We should like to congratulate both them and those who have taught them so successfully.

"Defy Convention!" I said "Yes
I've struggled to dress like a Beat,
I've let cuban heels kill my feet,
I've booed at the Beatles, cheered at the Stones,
I've raved over Rhythm and Blues little known;
I've worn my hair long, 'gainst parental protest,
But so's everyone else,
So I'm still like the rest.

I've laughed at the Boy Scouts and praised R.S.G.
I've queued in the snow, the Kinks for to see;
I've bought Memphis Slim and to James Brown referred,
But, isn't it wonderful,
So have the herd.

R. Mills, US



TEMPO DI “HIAWATHA”

To the sound of flutes and singing,
 To the sounds of drums and voices,
 “Next bar, timps, then are you ready?
 Sleepers, Wake!” — two years have flown.
 In one hand a bow of horse-hair,
 And some strings were in the other:
 “Quick; she’s finished the cadenza “.
 But we paused: ... then came the Rondo.
 And with brass they made the brasswind,
 Gold and polished very shiny.
 “Now! “— back there behind the woodwind,
 “Yes! “— No door can keep them out!

... That the feast might be more joyous
 That the time might pass more gaily,
 Play on Wednesdays:
 “As announced “.
 May the guests be all contented.

Susan Gait, 61 Arts

FILM SOCIETY

Members file through open door.

Please, no litter on the floor.

Bags of tuck.

Anticipation.

Seated all ; strict segregation.

Switches off; bright light no more.

Please, no litter on the floor.

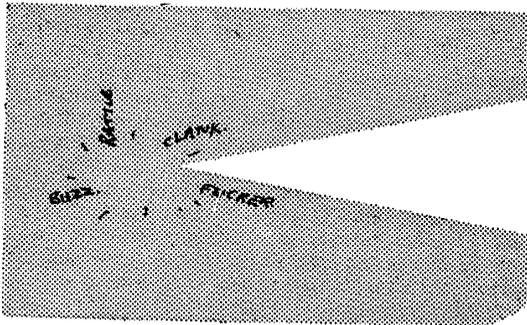
Snow white screen.

Deep misty blur.

Then Cary Grant and Deborah Kerr.

Anne Sproson, 5W

“LEND ME YOUR CHEWING-GUM.”



RAIN

Rain - pitter-patter

Rain - pitter-patter

Drum-rolled window-panes

Rain.

Falling - pouring, pelting

Waterlogged mud-squelch

Running - streams rising

Sandbagged river banks

Rain.

Wellingtons, raincoats,

Empty umbrella stands,

Wet clothes hanging out

To dry by the fire.

Rain.

Drip - drip - pit - pat - pit - pat

Sun emerging

Brightening clouds come without

Rain.

P. Massey, 4A

SISTRANS 1965

It could perhaps be due to great faith in human nature that we were led once more to introduce thirty-one T.G.S. pupils to the pleasures of the continent; it could be that we wished to introduce the Austrians to untold delights. Albeit we went, faith was rewarded and some Austrians, at least, will still have pleasant memories of our stay.

The unsympathetic sea and sky of the Channel, and the illogical wagon lit' attendant who insisted that to occupy a space lying down cost a pound more than to occupy the same space sitting up — these were forgotten as we climbed steadily by coach in blazing sunshine to Sistrans, high above Innsbruck. The snow-capped mountains before us glistened; the green ones behind us promised walks through pine forests, though these were to be thwarted by cloud and rain for all except a few hardy, and ultimately drenched, souls. We lazed around, wrote duty cards home and wondered, some of us, how we should spend the time in such a tiny village.

We did not wonder long; our days were easily filled. Apart from a damp, though enjoyable day in Bavaria, and a hot day which led us through the trials of the Brenner Pass to Italy, we strayed no further than Innsbruck and Seefeld, where it was easy to imagine the sub-zero temperatures of the winter sports. The Muhlsee provided some of us with swimming, alongside real live carp, others with lazy ease on the terrace, and we shall rarely meet a more charming man than its friendly proprietor. The village band, forty strong, twice gave us a real taste of Austria — even the pop fans fell under its spell and we could have wished for more performances under this starlit sky — and as guests of honour we joined in the gaiety of a Tyrolean evening. On our one really wet day, fears of dreariness were dispelled by the return of the village marksmen from their annual local shooting contest. Conviviality must surely be one of the greatest features of the Austrians, and a bowl of Herr Vogelsang's alpenrosen was little to pay for such entertainment!

Apart from brass bands and cowbells, our other great source of music was the juke box, so much pleasanter than its English counterpart. Evenings brought, among other things, dancing, and rumour bath it that 'Letkiss' and 'Il Silenzio' were grooveless by the time we left. At any rate they are tunes which will long bring back happy memories. (Strange coincidence that Radio Riddiford produced 'Il Silenzio' as we approached the A38 on our homeward way !).

We left as we had arrived, in brilliant sunshine, had dinner on the train travelling through fairytale mountains at sunset, staggered blearily onto the boat at sunrise and ultimately reached home in record time, thanks to Reg. Even this locality produced a sunset to receive us though perhaps few of us awoke early enough the following day to see the dawn again.

We should like to thank all the pupils who made this trip possible. They were a grand lot! R.B.

THE FIRST HOUSE DRAMA COMPETITION

For many years now we have had a most successful and enjoyable House Music Competition at the end of the Spring Term. And for many years there has been a growing interest in the idea of a House Drama Competition. But obviously it would be impossible to run the two at the same time; those who are good at the one are often good at the other, and there is the question of time and rehearsal rooms. So it was decided to run the two competitions alternately. This year we had our first Drama Competition. It was experimental. The Houses were left to choose and produce their own plays entirely by themselves. Housemasters gave encouragement but no help, and wondered what the house would turn up with when the afternoon for performance came round. Everyone was agreeably surprised.

As the Adjudicator said, "The general standard was impressive. To begin with, a lot of people had clearly put a lot of work into the entries. On top of this, however, it was clear that in most instances those concerned had applied a real dramatic sense to their work and had attempted to interpret their play in a proper theatrical way. Most adverse criticisms are the result of a quite natural inexperience, particularly in the direction of the plays."

Stafford's "We got rhythm" won with 38 marks out of 50. Howard's "Pygmalion and his Galatea" was second with 27 marks. Clare's "God's Jailer" got 19 marks.

"I, as Producer"

When the House Drama Competition had been enthusiastically received as a Good Thing, at the beginning of the Autumn Term, I let it slide, together with Latin verbs, early closing day, and where I had left my sister's pen, into the sludge of my mind, from which things are rarely retrieved. As the day drew inexorably nearer, however, it began to dawn that I, as Producer, should do something about it. We discussed it vaguely and, after second, third and fourth thoughts, chose a play. Then, surprise surprise, I was whisked off to hospital and woke up next morning without my appendix.

When, three weeks later, I hobbled back to school, we had ten days before the competition. No-one knew his lines, and we had not even read through the play together. Life was extremely depressing, and I was sure we would never even get the thing on the stage with all the words learnt, and certainly not with effective delivery, movement and general cohesion. I was also having dreadful doubts about the play itself. I could see in my mind's eye how it should be, but in rehearsal it refused to gell, and made little impression on the cast.

We spent every spare minute rehearsing, in break, the lunch hour and dreary, never-ending hours after school. Even minutes between

lessons were taken up with reminding people of rehearsals and discussing scenery, music and costumes. The first rehearsals were chaotic and generally abortive, as I was inexperienced as a producer, and found it difficult to direct and act my part. However, as we became used to working together, we ran through it starting at the beginning, the middle, the end, taking characters separately, and repeating isolated parts ad nauseam. We almost did it backwards. Everybody nobly learned his lines at high speed, and some, notably John Turner, with his impeccable Oxford accent, and the lugubrious tones of Ian Turnbull's clergyman, needed little coaching from the start. Within three days we were able to run through with no books or dry-ups, except on my part. Lydis Denner was a marvellous wardrobe mistress, and, with no prompting, quietly went out and hired exactly the right props. Chris House had charge of the backstage scene, and dredged up a wonderful collection of records, which we played at the wrong speed to create suitably weird sound-effects. Gil Scarbrough was a great support to me throughout; she and my family nobly bore with my coming home tired, depressed, speechless, and, as the day drew nearer, almost suicidal.

After the first flush of enthusiasm was over, things became a strain; we seemed to make little progress in rehearsals, and two days before the competition were forgetting words all over the place again. Then, the night before, we had a rehearsal until ten, with all clothes and props. We went through several times and a new life sprang into the play. At last it hung together, and people found, with surprise, that they liked it. Its theme at last became clear, and enjoyment came with understanding. The dress rehearsal went without a hitch, and we did not even need Carolyn Barlow's efficient prompting. The cast acted well, and the backroom boys performed efficiently. Those who watched were pleasantly surprised, for, having listened to my moans, they had expected a disaster. So had I.

We won.

Caroline St. John-Brooks, **62** Arts

“Joint Stage-Managers”

The play ran well for us, the joint Stage Managers-cum-Prompters. The most tense moments came just before the curtain was due to rise. We backstage muddlers stood almost as petrified as Galatea herself, while those of the cast who were not already on stage clung onto the wings by their eyelids, and the flimsy flats swayed under the weight of their quaking bodies.

Poor Galatea derobing behind the scenes provoked stifled titters from those hovering in the wings, as a frustrated Pygmalion, in vain, screamed the cue for her exit. She emerged at last, half-dressed, with a complexion more like old red sandstone than milk-white marble.

As the play warmed up, there was a nagging element of doubt. Would the audience respond to the humour? We could have left our finger-nails alone. The ever-faithful second formers virtually rocked off their chairs with laughter, and half-a-dozen fingernail-less being secretly double-blessed their cotton socks.

And so it came to an end, and really to our surprise, there had been no violent disaster, nobody fainting off with stage fright, and nobody forgetting to play his part on the stage or behind.

Heather Northover, US

Valerie Gould, US

Pity the Poor Adjudicator

I once went to a one-act play competition where the adjudicator was a particularly fierce-looking woman. After sitting through several plays of varying degrees of ineptitude, she rose and declaimed in a deep baritone, 'My dears, you were all wonderful. I only wish there were enough prizes to give you all one — you deserved it'. Quite what *she* deserved after this piece of effrontery, I was, and am, at a loss to imagine — possibly a performance of all three parts of Henry VI, uncut, by the Little Budworth Women's Institute? Still, in her own way she did highlight the permanent dilemma faced by the adjudicator: should he tell the truth or should he be tactful? Should he say what he really thinks; that at least half of what he sees is rubbish and should never have been allowed inside a theatre? If he does this he is at least being honest and standing up for his beliefs, but on the other hand he risks frightening people away from the theatre altogether at a time when it has never needed support more. If he is polite, however, and scrapes round trying to find something neutral to say about even the worst performances, he avoids this pitfall but never manages to say anything meaningful at all.

One answer to this problem is to try to pretend that it doesn't exist. In a desperate attempt to avoid committing himself, the adjudicator takes refuge in the murky thickets of technical jargon. Instead of saying that a play is trash, he remarks that it was not really suited to the sort of stage at the disposal of the actors. He will say 'the director's attempt to relate the tempo of movement and the light and shade of expression to the inner rhythm and structure of the play was not wholly successful' when all he means is that Miss Fosdyke, the producer, didn't know her job and the lights went out during the vital climax in the last act. Thus he delivers a little gentle criticism, while at the same time implying that this drama business is so difficult and intellectual that even to attempt it is immensely praiseworthy.

What is perhaps the worst thing of all is that after this great attempt to be nice to everyone, the adjudicator discovers to his

horror that he has pleased precisely no-one. As he makes his way out of the auditorium, the applause of a graceful audience still ringing in his ears, he begins to hear the muttered remarks — ‘Silly idiot — what does he know about it anyway?’ ‘It’s all very well for him to get up there and talk like that, but he doesn’t know what it’s like for us to try and put on a play in the village hall’. ‘If it hadn’t been for Mary tripping over her dress and falling through the French windows, I’m sure we would have won’.

The unfortunate truth is that when we have slaved for months on a play, when we know it so well that we can’t get it out of our heads, we don’t want to hear criticism of any sort, however mild. We want to be praised; ‘Darling you were marvellous, how was I?’ sums up our feelings. In a situation like that, pity the poor adjudicator—nobody is going to tell him he was marvellous.

A.J.S.

LONG TIME

Lithe limbs writhing
In the hot night air.
Brown eyes pleading
As people stop and stare.

Strong men groaning
As they move with pain.
Babies crying
Lying in the rain.

Fat women selling
In the harsh bright light;
Young girls dancing
While their lovers fight.

Soldiers marching
Down the long, bleak roads;
Others limping
Falling on their loads.

Machine guns firing
In another street;
Young men dying
In squalor and in heat.

A young mother wailing
As she clasps her son
It’s a long time waiting
Till the war is won.

Irena St. John-Brooks, 61 Arts

The School In The Locality

UNDER LEIGH WOODS

In the morning streams of traffic bustle to get into the big city. This is when shopkeepers clean the front of the window or brush away dirt into the gutter. Butchers hammer away at their meat.

Everyone is dressed in bowler and a black suit; some have a red carnation in their lapel and a red tie; some swing walking-sticks, poking people in the backs. They are all going to their offices with their secretaries typing away.

Some go to the Corn Exchange while the ladies of the house get rid of their children. Then they can come to the markets to have a good talk or wander round the stalls.

At the other end of the city there are the factories, gasworks, warehouses and rows of houses. The smell of the gasworks pervades everything. This is where acres of land are covered with a mass of piping and large containers. In the factories of the big city men labour to earn a few pounds, enough to pay for their house and family. Relief comes at five o'clock when the sirens roar out. They pack up hastily and fetch their coats and rush off home on their bicycles, to sausages, beans and chips.

In the evening people come to the big city to dawdle. They come dressed in long coats and show off their new shoes or even mink stoles. They gaze into shop windows. Teenagers with gaudy black jackets sit on new Hondas; they brace their shoulders and flex their muscles but nobody looks.

In the centre of the big city there are the night clubs with brightly coloured lights. Ladies come out dressed in stoles with their young husbands behind. They get into the Rolls: "I say, da-r-rling, how about going to that divine Casino?" The coffee bars are open again with youths cluttered inside. They slouch over tables drawing out their coffee and put their last sixpence in the juke box.

Office blocks stand up in the dark city covered with reflections from the lights. The big city is a large, rough place, but good, hard-working people live here, and they are happy to live in the big city.

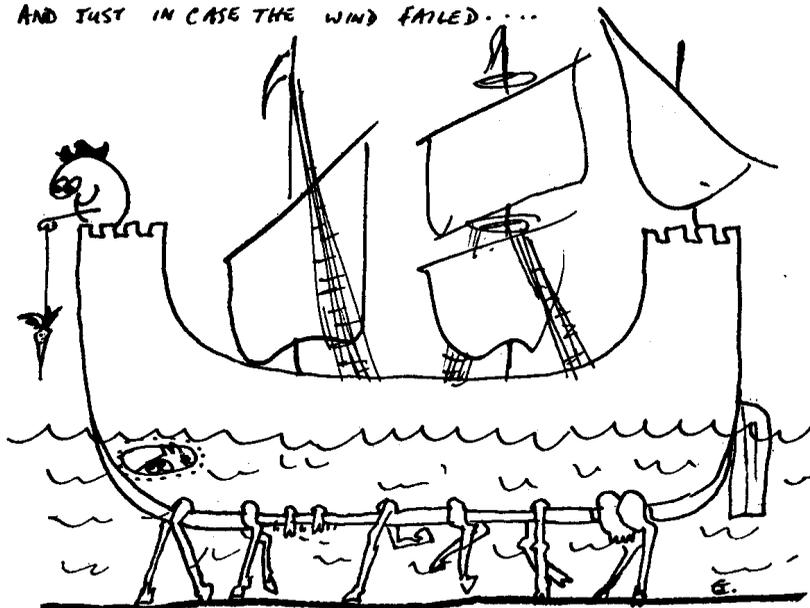
S. Snell, 3A

THERE ARE FERRIES AT THE BOITOM OF MY GARDEN

Beyond our barns on the edge of Aust cliff, overhung with beeches and barbed with brambles, is our Hidey. Nobody can see in from anywhere around, but we can see out — out across the muddy wash of the Severn from the rotting wooden pier below to the seaweed-covered stone pier over at Beachley. And from our Hidey, ever since I can remember, I have sat and watched the ferries.

But they go back far beyond my memory. In the middle of the last century the ferry was a steam and sail affair which carried only cattle, pigs and sheep. On one trip my great-grandfather, Amos Watkins, was bringing over a load of pigs, when some of the animals doubled back to the shore. Amos Watkins went back to get them before they Gadared over the cliffs and the boat sailed without him. This was a fortunate mishap, as half way across the

AND JUST IN CASE THE WIND FAILED.....



boat sank and a horse-dealer and his daughter saved themselves by clinging onto their horses' manes. I doubt if my great-grandfather would have done so well clinging to his pigs. A previous captain of this ferry is buried in Aust Churchyard. As you can read today on his tombstone, he was "drowned in the Bristol Channel"; then comes the surprise — "Age 20 years"

This animal ferry had five different landing stages to be used at different stages of the tide up and down the Aust shore; some of them can still be seen today. On the Beachley side, big lime kilns were built to burn the rocks to make a sort of cement for building the pier.

Old Passage Hotel still stands opposite the ferry; it was used as a hotel where people could go and wait for the ferries if they were not running. Sometimes these people had two or three days to wait. The old houses opposite the Old Passage House were once used as stables for the horses of Stage Coaches, which ran at one time from London to Aust.

This first ferry closed down in 1870 because of a new enterprise which opened between New Passage and Port Skewitt and was operated by the Great Western Railway. The ferries were steamboats and they carried cargo and passengers. They closed down when the Severn Tunnel was opened.

The Old Passage Severn Ferry Company was formed in 1930 with one boat, the Princess Ida, built at Chepstow. The present ships, the Severn King and the Severn Queen, were added in 1934. These boats were designed to carry cars and passengers. In 1956 a third boat was added, the Severn Princess.

The chief difficulty in operating a good service from Aust to Beachley has always been the great variation in the tides. The boats cannot run at low water and sometimes there is as much as a two or three hour gap.

The ferry is now entering its last year, for the bridge is due to open next September, and I for one will be sorry when the homely old boats which I have watched for so long from our Hide are seen no more.

Miriam Watkins, SW

OLD THORNBURY

No more are the fields, the trees and walks
So few are the people with the Glo' shire talk.
These folks are moving or passing away
They have no aim to live or to stay.

The castle still stands, guarding the town.
Will the time come when they pull it down?
This is the only part of the place
Where one finds silence, sleep and peace.

Thornbury now contains prams and poodles,
Supermarkets, advertising chicken noodles,
Strangers live where fields once stood
In mass-produced houses like boxes of wood.
Times have changed, and with them we must go
But where is the Thornbury that I used to know?

J. Trayhurn, SW

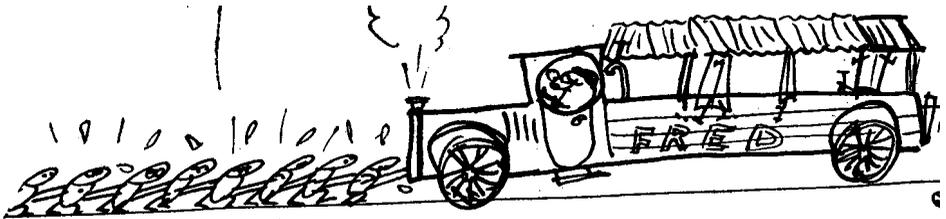
FIRM FRIENDS: THE RIDDIFORD BROTHERS

That familiar conversational first thrust —“ It was different when we were boys “— could hardly have more meaning than when applied to the Riddiford brothers. The men who make it possible for village children to come to Thornbury schools every day, themselves trudged over two miles each way to school, even though their father was hired to carry children from just down the road. Surely the rigidity of the “three mile limit” was never so incongruous as then.

The connection of the coach firm with the school dates from just after the war, but the firm itself goes back to 1926. It remains as much a family business as it was when Mr. Riddiford boarded up the sides of his Ford lorry to carry the local football team. He put in benches to make a literal Char-a-banc. The sons, Fred and Reg, have preserved this tradition of initiative; they do all the repairs, maintenance and cleaning of their coaches, besides the inevitable clerical work.

However, they cannot do all the driving, because the first coach, a 1929 fourteen seater, aptly called the “Newton Wonder “, has now multiplied to five, mostly forty-one seaters. One factor which has not changed so drastically is the hiring price: “as long as we can make a fair living “.

Fred and Reg brim over with anecdotes from the days when travelling was an experience and cars growled without a tiger. They took coaches into hamlets where villagers wondered, and every year on some school trip or another they ventured unperturbed up lanes or over bridges which the average



Coach driver
wouldn't look at. Since 1946
when the legendary Mr. Cudmore declared himself in
favour of “local enterprise”, Reg Riddiford has never missed a Field Week.
Both brothers have held clean licences for over twenty-five, years in spite of
tales like: “in the old days we had to reverse up steep hills because the petrol
wouldn't run into the carburettor facing uphill “.

It might have been a reflection on adult British life when Reg said, "One thing about taking children is that you do know what time you'll get home ". And he should know. About 75 per cent of his work is with schools. With weekly team visits to other schools and school trips of one sort and another, the Grammar school provides about a quarter of this.

Asked his opinion of the roads, Reg replied forcefully, "It's not the roads; it's the people on them ". His brother blames the lack of foresight from other drivers for the high accident rate.

In spite of long hours and road hazards and often hours of waiting about, the brothers remain cheerful and when one of them drives a coach, as the Geographers and Biologists well know, he is not just a driver; he is one of the party.

Pamela Parrott, 61 Arts

FIRM FRIENDS: MR. JOHN CULLIMORE

The difference in advertising appeal between 19/11 and £1 and 1 1~d. and 1/- first made itself obvious to the Wilkins family back in the 1800's, when the firm began. They were trying to buy premises in Thornbury and would not pay over a thousand pounds. The owners would not accept the round figure and so the deal was clinched at £1 ,00 Os. ~d. The firm is still in the family although the name has changed to Cullimore and the pence no longer matter so much.

Since the 1930's, the firm's connections with the school have been close, both personally and commercially. Several members of the family have attended the school and the firm has supplied us with uniforms and games kit for many years.

Although John Cullimore claims that "being an old boy only mattered for a few years ", he still retains memories of schooldays during the war when the curriculum included "shelter drill" in the gully and the staff checked that every morsel of a school dinner was eaten. John was treasurer of the Old Thornburians for a time.

The experiment which has been made in some other schools of allowing sixth formers to design their own uniforms, Mr. Cullimore feels would fail because patterns have to suit all shapes and ages of girl throughout several changes of what I will call "civilian" fashions. On the subject of imminent changes to uniform in T.G.S., however, he was as silent as one of his window models.

As my chief purpose in interviewing Mr. Cullimore was to find out more about ourselves as seen from a different angle, I asked him for some glimpses of the 15 per cent of his customers that come from T.G.S. He evidently remembered incidents as his secret smile showed, but he would only oblige with "Pupils think their parents know nothing ".

When it came to the selling of china, wool and fabric, the evidence was all around for me to inspect. I did, watched closely by the sales girls on the ground floor. But after a mischievous announcement that I was from the press, they shut up the shop and started sweeping all round me.

The lingering impression of my time in the shop was of an insight into a world of which we only catch glimpses as we pick up our hockey socks and count our change.

Pamela Parrott

Angela Clements, 61 Arts

WILDLIFE IN THE SCHOOL

Many people think wildlife is confined to the Junior school. In fact, the school fields and in particular the gully provide a reservation where animals are free from the pressures of expanding Thorn-bury. The gully, in spite of the encroachment of the Language Lab., is a remarkable little area where the weeds and the wilderness live yet, and if you walk through it on a summer evening when the grass is high and the trees in full leaf, you might well think you were in some Mendipcombe. In fact, the gully might well be renamed "Biddlecombe", because Mr. Biddle not only takes care of it but takes a genuine interest in its wildlife too.



I asked him about it recently. He told me about the seagulls, which inhabit the fields during the winter months. Apparently they dislike cricket, for as soon as Mr. Biddle starts his regular cutting of the pitches, they all vanish. Then at the end of the season, a lone gull is seen on the flagpole, announcing the return of the hundreds which once more flock back to the field.

Mr. Biddle pays a tribute to the pupils here when he says how tame the gulls are, and perhaps more significantly, he adds that he has never seen a bird's nest of any sort tampered with round the school. One of Mr. Biddle's best anecdotes is about the seagulls. Our former headmaster, Mr. Rouch, was very concerned about litter. Many times he complained about the apple cores that appeared all round the grounds, but Mr. Biddle never told him that they were carefully scattered by Mr. Strong as a supplement to the gulls' diet.

Gulls make their presence felt — sometimes literally. But not everyone knows that for the last three years the school has been supporting a vixen who has had seven cubs over that period. The earth is only a few feet from the iron seat where girls babble in the dinner hour. The cubs come out every night towards dusk — never coming from the earth during the day unless it is raining. Mr. Biddle takes a stroll down most evenings to see them and they seem to get to recognise him and will let him approach quite close. But as soon as a stranger is spotted, they are off to earth, where they remain quiet for about an hour.

The eating habits of these foxes have had to be modified somewhat, as they live in a little oasis in the middle of a giant housing estate. There are practically no rabbits, and they have learned to scrounge scraps from dustbins.

Mr. Biddle obviously gets a lot of pleasure from this "family" of his. He enjoys their antics as they try to catch the seagulls. Starting from the four corners of the field, they move towards their prey, Indian fashion, crawling and crouching. The gulls take no notice until the cubs are about five yards from them; then they scramble into the air. Mr. Biddle has actually seen a cub go to the middle of the field, lie on its back with legs in the air, playing dead, hoping to lure a bird that way. But this cunning was matched by the gulls, who would not be fooled and the cub eventually slunk off in disgust — completely foxed.

S. Earley, **61** Arts

MIDDLE OF NOWHERE

Once we had a house,
Very near the town.
There was entertainment by the hour
And the buses ran up and down.

Then, last year, one cold March day,
We left our house up North.
Pilning was its name, the place
We were to live in now, down South.

Buses a mile away,
Last train at eight;
Nowhere to go
If we open our gate.

Oh I wish we had a house
Very near the town
Where there is entertainment by the hour
And the buses run up and down.

Gillian Lynch, 3A

VARIATIONS ON A THEME

“Bloody wogs!
These ruddy blacks!
Don’t know why they come.
Dustmen’s, labourers’ or roadsweepers’
Jobs can’t be much fun “.

Out the pub
A nigger whacks.
Why not go and scare him?
Punch him, spit at him, let me kick now.
Don’t he make a din?

Calm down whack.
He’s bleeding now.
Looks as if he’s dead.
Come on, run for it;
Why you staring?

“Funny, his blood’s red”

Stephen Earley, 61 Arts

Mrs. Gibson lived at No. 9 Walner Lane. She was an old woman. She had lived in England since she was nine, but nobody ever offered to help her across the road or carry her bag because she was coloured.

She had been blinded a year previously when the house she was living in caught on fire. She would shop and walk about town by counting the number of steps along the streets.

One day after finishing her shopping she felt tired and thirsty, so she went into a cafe to get a drink and have a rest. On the door of the cafe was a big notice saying "NO COLOURED PEOPLE ALLOWED IN THIS CAFE". This had only recently been put up. She walked up to the counter and asked for some coffee. An untidy boy of about twenty sat there picking his teeth. When she spoke, he looked up and said, "Can't you read?"

Mrs. Gibson dropped her head. "Well, get out then," the boy said with a smirk of satisfaction on his face as everyone looked admiringly at him. "The sign on the door says, No Blackies."

"I'm sorry I didn't see it", said Mrs. Gibson.

"Well, you wanna look, don't you?"

"I'll go now".

"It's a bit late now you've done your damage".

She turned to go and as she did everyone seemed to turn on her. She ran into the street and straight into a lorry.

A few days later a notice was put up in No. 9 Walner Street. "House to Let".

Angela Holland, 4B

"No more pint of salt for me
Though many a one bygone"

Brick and whip in the sand of Egypt;
Lions' den in the land of Babylon;
Separate streets in Alabama:
Father, forgive them.

Thrice denied in the land of Galilee;
Washing of hands in Zion city;
Everyman a Pilate in our home town:
They know not what they do.

Image of God is reserved for Abel
Cain must sit at another table.
"No more pint of salt for me"
How long can this go on?

Pamela Parrott, 61 Arts

JUNIOR SECTION

Editors: Heather Fulwood, Sally Bateman, A. Green

BACK AGAIN

September the seventh
Back to school;
Mustn't be late
Or break a rule.
Shoes polished,
Hair off face,
Goodness, mustn't look a disgrace.
Mustn't run, but walk,
Mustn't chatter or talk.
No short cuts across the grass.
Ladies first, boys last.
Single file down the stairs.
In dining-room mustn't scrape chairs.
Mustn't use ink in Common Room.
Oh thank heaven it's home time soon.
Once out of school mustn't be seen
In uniforms with ice-cream.
All homework must be done.
Then to bed, oh what fun.
September the eighth
School once more.
A life of mustn't.
What a bore!

Pamela McDermott, 2A

SECOND FORMERS' FIRST IMPRESSIONS: A SELECTION

At Thornbury Primary there were hardly any trees, but there are a lot at the Grammarly.

My first impressions of the rooms was that the walls were bare and we had single desks.

Many people like school at first.

There are so many different teachers that the lessons are over in no time.

The teachers are always on time.

On the very first day we had a period with Mr. Auntibus.

In the old school games were classed as a pleasure and if you did not finish the period's work, games would be cut out. But here you have to have this lesson.

I felt mostly nervous of the teachers, but really there's nothing to be nervous about. They are not executioners after all. They are only there to teach and help you.

I noticed that most of the teachers wore the black robes.

EARLY DAYS

First days at school
And what first days
Meeting new teachers
And learning their ways.
I wish they would say
“Have lunch when you like”
Or “I don’t care a twig
If you come on your bike “.
The Headmaster and all teachers
Are all very kind
But sixth-formers and prefects
Are the worst I can find.

AN OLDER SISTER IN THE SCHOOL

It’s horrid!

You’re not allowed to do anything exciting, because whenever you begin to, there stands your sister: “Don’t do that “. You take a pen into the Library and start writing: “Don’t do that “. You go up the field and do handstands: “Don’t do that “. You begin to wonder how many sisters you have.

You walk off to practise netball. You put the ball into the goal and back it comes: “Don’t do that “. You wonder if your sister’s voice has stuck.

Suddenly you hear a familiar saying, something you have heard so many times. You gather your wits and realise you are walking into the flower bed. You jump off and get a great shock. Your sister said something different. “Can’t you grow up?”

Marion Tippetts, 2A

It’s nice!

How lost I should have been in my first week of school if I had had no elder sister to turn to. “Where’s the Staff Room? Where’s the Geography Room? Is the Language Lab. working yet ?“ Who would have answered these questions except for my sister? When I was lost, fed-up or bad-tempered, who turned up? Sister!

Pamela McDermott, 2A

It’s nasty

Because I have an older sister in the school, I wear an older school uniform. If I were a boy, I wouldn’t suffer.

I am not in the fashion. I wear a tunic with a rounded neckline. The top button-hole of my summer dress has been filled in to make the revolutionary open-necked style. Instead, holes appear elsewhere in the fabric. The innards of my tie are oozing out. My blazer is getting a little threadbare, as if it belonged to a boy. Boys wear out their clothes so quickly that no younger brothers can wear them.

What I dread is a kit inspection, and the name-tapes giving me away.

Ruth Gait, 2B

I was “Little Sister”

“Mary’s sister?” “Your brother’s very tall ?“ These monotonous questions were droned at me by members of staff during the first few weeks of my arrival at this school.

I was, as my brother and sister were good enough to admit, a knobby-kneed second former. But I was known as “the little Fulwood” and was a nobody in myself. I was frequently called Mary — and to top it all — Tony!

I suppose it was nice to be known; it gave me confidence (too much sometimes) and I had my feet firmly on the ground in a very short time.

Tony acknowledged me round the school by a clout on the ear. Mary, however, with a nod passed me by. I always spoke. This caused a rumpus. They complained that I spoke to them too much — which was embarrassing. So I ignored them from then on; but still I didn’t satisfy, for then they said I didn’t speak enough.

Still, they’ve left now and I, confidently superior in my third term, and not “little sister” any more, feel quite MYSELF.

Heather Fulwood, 2A

ORIGINAL RIDDLES

What is red and comes at you from all sides?

Stereophonic rhubarb.

What is green and goes round the garden at 80 m.p.h.? *An Austin Healey Sprout.*

What is red and comes out of the ground at 140 m.p.h.? *An E type carrot.*

What is a polygon?

A dead parrot.

C. J. Hamer, 2A

CIRCLE OF LIFE

I rolled over in my sleep and stretched to feel the sopping end of my sleeping bag. I tried hugging my knees but it was no use; it was utterly cold and clammy.

My brother still snored peacefully. Just his luck to choose the lilo that didn't deflate in the night. I parted the wet canvas to stare at a misty, damp, dejected world. I could hear the four enormous pigs in the next field munching and snorting. And horses whinnied in the bleak air. On the other side of the field someone moved heavily around in a caravan. I drearily dressed, took the milk can and trudged off to the farm.

As I walked back up the field with the full can singing on my arm, I heard the chatter of knives and forks and the whisper of bacon in the frying pan. Someone called out: "Milko, three pints today please". I grinned and entered into the circle of wakeful camp life.

Verity Prowse, 2A

ELEPHANT TALE

It was quite an accident, let us hope.
It could have been nothing more
When Jumbo trod on a piece of soap,
And sat on the concrete floor.

It shook the whole Zoo, the paper said,
So we have no doubt about that;
It shook the cap from a keeper's head
And squashed his bucket flat.

"Run for a stretcher!" someone said,
"He must have hurt his tail",
But Jumbo sadly shook his head,
And wailed a mournful wail.

"It isn't my tail, ah me ! ah me !
They heard him wailing back,
"The nut I was carrying home for tea
Has vanished down a crack".

P. Airth

“ANGE”

Dark, mousey hair, with blue eyes. Slender, with long legs. Likes original blues, art, boys and the University Life, which she thinks she’s going to get. She also likes:

Nagging at me, putting the blame on me, borrowing money off me and never repaying it and having me as a slave.

“No you can’t because I am “ “ I’m NOT going with YOU “Clear off” must be the most worked phrases in her repertoire. The only time she doesn’t use them is when she’s with her boy friend. Even then she probably grumbles to him about me. I’ve never had a chance to ask him as she doesn’t let me near him in case I give him a disease.

One thing she loves doing is coming home in the early hours, banging all the doors as loudly as she can and stamping upstairs, all to wake me up.

All I can say is roll on the day she goes to University — but until then — **HELP.**

Sally Bateman, 2A

THE HUNTER

Watching its prey with evil eye,
Ready to pounce at any minute,
Green slits of anger,
Ears open wide,
Crouching low in the bushes.

The bird suddenly moves;
The cat’s head jerks,
Then..., it pounces.
Claws in deep
Ripping apart
Fangs sink into flesh
Of the unfortunate bird.

Gaynor Jordan, 2B

THE BOX

She had found it in the attic, while messing about. It had been in a little cavity beneath a small drawer in a bureau. The box was covered in beautiful carvings. She had picked up the drawer to put it back, and it had fallen to pieces in her hands. A small key fell out of the false bottom. She looked at the box again and found a little keyhole. The key fitted, and opened it. Inside, she had found a miniature portrait of a pretty young girl and a small tapestry picture of a young woman. The wools were faded but she had

made out a name under the face. Louisa Elton. Her own name. She looked at the portrait and saw that the girl looked strangely like herself, A name was carved in the gilt frame. Louisa Elton. She looked again at the tapestry and saw that her own face bore a strange resemblance to that also

Her mother called her to dinner. She took the box to her bedroom before she went downstairs. She spent the afternoon reading about the two previous Louisa Eltons. They had looked strangely alike, and both had died at an early age, apparently from natural causes.

Before she went to bed that night, she put a photograph of herself in the box. She left the key in the lock and put the box on the table at the foot of her bed.

She dreamed that night. She dreamt of the first Louisa Elton finding the box, putting a portrait of herself in it and dying, that very night, in her bed. She dreamt of the second Louisa Elton finding the box, putting a tapestry of herself in it, and dying that night in her bed. She dreamt of herself, the third Louisa Elton, finding the box, putting a photo of herself in it, and .

She awoke in a cold sweat, to see two images by the window. The first and second Louisa Eltons. They glided towards the table. Louisa's heart missed a beat. And another, and another, and another.

The box, with portrait, tapestry and photo, vanished.

Susan James, 2B

IF

If you can maintain interest, while the staff around pale,
If you can keep your keenness, and avoid becoming stale;
If you are really sure that your stuff has got across,
That the pupils have some value and the lesson not a loss;
If you can stop the chatter, make the pupils do and think,
And not just talk, talk and talk, which will simply make them blink.
If you can teach the things that count,
Not saying what you know to impress all the pupils sitting down

below;

If your diagrams, etc., are seen by everyone,
And your class when you have finished are sad that you have done,
And if, combined with all the points, you're natural and real,
You're a pretty good teacher, in fact, almost ideal. (With apologies to Rudyard Kipling and my Dad).

P. Hayman, 2A

LIFE OF SILENCE

The leaves shake, the daffodils sway and the smoke swirls from the chimney. The door slams shut — but all is silent. Someone taps me on the shoulder. With my eyes I search for words.

People are so kind; they speak very slowly to me. If only I had paid more attention, perhaps I would remember their voices: my mother's so sweet and gentle, the crying of the baby, the whine of the dog and the commanding but reassuring voice of father. My mother's voice I try to remember most. Always I must look in people's faces.

They try not to show it but they are embarrassed by my presence. My friends often come to see me, but I feel I am a hindrance to them. They are so considerate. By the way they pay me too much attention they make me realise I am different, apart from them.

I sometimes think: can people hear me when I speak? Do I speak too loudly or too softly? I often feel lonely and afraid. I am afraid to venture out on my own for I don't know what is going on around me.

The children I have met at my school are all like me. We seem to be bound together in a certain friendship. We understand each other. We can act naturally together.

Julie Watts, 4B

LIFE OF DARKNESS

If the knife hadn't slipped I might not be in the shade of life today. I wish I could see all the coloured things of the earth again

— the trees, the grass, the houses and the people. I wish I could see the cheerfulness on the faces of the other children, but all I can do is hear the laughing voices. It makes me sad to think I was once like this. I feel clumsy and helpless since I always have to rely on people or a guide dog. I feel a burden to my friends and when people speak to me they say how sorry they are.

I wish I could see the seasons — the snow, and the sun and the river in summer, the forget-me-nots in spring and the fall of leaves in autumn. When there are festivals like Fireworks Night I would feel happy if only I could see once more. I hate Christmas because I can't see my presents but only feel them by touch and it's as if I'm dead because I cannot see out to the other people.

Bridget Gregory, 4B

LONDON

Reluctantly the watery sun announces day.
The earth spews out the human race.
The clockwork toys of progress on ambition's wheels
Come rolling on the rails of yesterday.

In all the thousands no toy has a face.
They move and countermove like pawns upon a board.
They never check or ponder in their flight.
They never stop, or slacken in their pace.

Oh might I hear a certain voice cry, Stay,
Or see a purpose in the headlong rush:
But senseless and unhearing the assembly belt
Flows on, and takes them on their backward way.

Mary Paddock, 6' Arts

PLEA FOR A SOUL

How can they know? Would they care?
An affectionless world for one small soul
Lost in its own black depth,
Plunging, trying to find even keel,
While storms tussle with overwhelming power
And threaten your demesne.

Who can love you, harsh, embittered,
Intolerant to all who try to help.
You build a barrier of thorns
No man can break.
How can we love a soul we do not know?
Only you can help,
You, with your ear turned inwards
Against the foe.

We are not your foe.
Your enemy is inside your wall.
Your enemy is you.

Diana Huntley, 61 Arts

“SHOP TED!”

When I go fishing in the canal by Sharpness, I always visit the local shop. Ted is the man who runs it and he must be all of sixty. The shop always looks empty when you go in. “Shop Ted!” ~ voice calls out suddenly, and you look round and see Ted’s wife leaning on the window sill. She is a short old woman and wears a faded print apron and scarf. Ted shuffles in wearing the old red cardigan and brown cap he was wearing last year and possibly the year before that.

“Yes sir ? “ says Ted.

“Bar of Tiffin, please,” say I, as he starts scrummaging around in a deep glass container. “Yer, Beat, have we got any o’ they Tiffin?” Beat mumbles and Ted disappears under the counter and grunts around like a mole, emerging again into the half-light of the shop. “Sorry, sir,” he blink, ““No Tiffin.” He sounds triumphant. “Any other day, sir; we sell boxes and boxes of they Tiffin.”

“Well, how about a Mars Bar?”

“Yes, sir, them very popular. Them and Tiffin “.

“I should say Kit-Kat was popular too,” I say.

“Well, sir, no, sir. Though there be one gentleman who do come in here and buy a whole box at one scrumping. And he want discount.”

He gives me the Mars and I give him half a crown. He scuttles away and I can hear him counting.

“Half a crown minus sevenpence is like a shilling minus seven-pence which is fivepence plus a shilling and sixpence which is one and elevenpence.”

Ted runs the Post Office as well as the shop and round the walls are notices as old as the last Liberal Government: “Don’t shoot homing pigeons” “Your country needs you “.

Ted shuffles in with the change; Beat turns to me. “Where do you live?” she says.

“Thornbury.”

“Then you pass a house with a green door?”

“‘E knows ‘is way home; you don’t have to tell ‘im,” says Ted.

“I can ask, can’t I ?“ says Beat.

I leave hastily to avoid the argument.

A. Moseley, 5J

A DREAM

I dreamed a dream of prison bars;
I lay locked, far from hidden stars.
The laughing walls looked down on me;
I knelt in dark iniquity;
I would not find the way to see,
The light was in such scarcity.
Thirteen faces stared at mine;
He turned and put the black cap on;
Thirteen hands my exit signed;
Thirteen days to dwell upon.
A bell beyond the dark wall rang;
I stirred to find a light ahead;
I heard them shout "To hang, to hang!"
They took my hand and out me lead.
I stand in front of twisting rope.
Was my dream just wishing hope?

Elizabeth Irvine, 5J

SCHOOLBOY EXPLORATION

On July 29th a party of fifteen leaders and sixty-five boys left Newcastle on a six week expedition to Northern Norway. The boys were selected from schools all over the country and I felt myself very lucky to be able to take part.

The aim of this expedition was to teach us how to live in difficult and desolate country, with the intention of developing character through this. But there was an element of exploration and even research — into such subjects as Glaciology, Botany, Ornithology, Geology and Surveying.

During the six weeks many marches left base camp to explore the country within a twenty mile radius, but the longest march was into Sweden. This took eighteen people two weeks, covering a hundred and fifty miles of valley and highland. The food was concentrated survival rations; this wasn't filling, although it tasted pleasant enough, and we were able to improve it with roast field-fare and bilberry jam.

In base camp, we slept three to a tent. On marches it was five — mainly for warmth and the convenience of not having to carry so many tents. Squashing up resulted in some loss of sleep and most of us found ourselves mentally tired rather than physically tired after long marches.

The climate was very varied. Some days when the wind was from the East, you would get snow on high ground. Other days you could be as high as 5,000 feet without a shirt on and still feel hot.

It was a wonderful experience.

P. Jaques, 61 Arts

HOUSE REPORTS

Clare

Clare had a moderately successful year. We managed to retain the senior rugby and tennis shields and we won the hockey shield. The junior boys deserve full praise; they swept aside all opposition in rugby, football and cricket. The future in these sports thus seems promising.

The crowning achievement was winning the games shield outright, after sharing it with Howard for so many years.

The House party was once more a great success. The entertainments were admirably led by Peter Townsend.

Captains: M. R. Brown; Bridget Bryant.

Howard

The seniors have done quite well on the games side. We won the senior cricket, football, netball and six-a-side cricket. The juniors have won only rounders. However it was the combined efforts of seniors and juniors which resulted in our winning the swimming shield for the first time for many years.

Captain: J. Webber; Mary Fulwood.

Stafford

If you are not in Stafford, as you read this, you'll probably think what a load of rubbish this report is. Actually if you are in Stafford, you'll still probably think what a load of rubbish this is. We have won athletics, drama, cross-country, junior hockey and junior netball. Our success in the drama and athletics was most unexpected.

To all those who are returning we hope these admirable achievements will be continued, and indeed, improved upon.

Captain: G. Smart; Gill Scarbrough.

RUGBY REPORT

To be quite frank, the first XV had a brilliant season, losing only three of their thirteen matches.

The outstanding match was the victory over Marling, always keen rivals. A close game with the Old Thornburians also resulted in a satisfying victory.

Much of the credit for a good season must go to the forwards, who, led by A. Fulwood, were always first-class. They were a big pack and consequently won the ball both from tight and loose, paving the way for their threequarters who were generally quick to take any opportunities.

The second XV were not so successful, but both junior teams played well, winning more games than they lost.

Colours have been awarded to: A. Fulwood, M. Brown, J. Sansum, G. James, I. Parker, J. Dempster, R. Steer.

Half colours to: A. Berryman, P. Jaques, I. Awford, R. Evans, L. Fisher, J. Grail, I. Appleby.

NETBALL REPORT — 1964-65

The 1st VII has had a very successful season, and apart from a temporary lapse at the beginning of last term have played consistently well.

Fourteen matches have been played, including two against the Staff and three at the Gloucestershire Netball Tournament. Of these, ten have been won; one has been drawn and three lost. (Goals for 247; against 140).

During the Autumn Term, all the matches played were won; but the highlight of the term was the match against Filton High School, in which Thornbury pulled away in the last few minutes of the match.

A most enjoyable game was had against the Old Thornburians, who were fielding a very good side. The Old Thornburians' team was not so used to the pace as the school team, and after forty minutes of play the school had pulled ahead and eventually won by a comfortable margin.

The Gloucestershire Tournament was a fitting end to the season. We won two matches, but lost the third to the eventual winners of the tournament.

At the County Netball Trials, Carolyn Barlow, Hazel Deeks and Jean Holbrook were selected to play for the 2nd County Netball VII. This team had a very successful season, winning all eight matches played against other counties.

The school team is on the whole a young one, and shows promise for the future. Much useful experience was gained in the very enjoyable matches against the staff and the boys, and we hope these matches will become regular fixtures.

Our thanks go to Miss Brown and Miss Sturdy for their advice and umpiring and also to Mr. Williams who kindly volunteered to stay late and umpire matches against the boys on several occasions.

Colours: Full colours were awarded to Carolyn Barlow, Hazel Deeks, Jean Holbrook and Mary Speller.

HOCKEY REPORT — 1965

The first XI have had a fairly successful season as we have won more matches than we have lost. Out of the thirteen played, six have been won, four lost and three drawn.

The results of the first few matches were rather disappointing but we soon began to pick up to achieve many convincing victories. The win 3—0 against the Old Thornburians was an excellent match to end the season. The victory over Redland Ladies was also notable. Improvement was shown particularly in our team work and in the new persistence in the attacking circle. Our main difficulty was an inability to fight right from the very beginning of each match.

The Second XL have won four matches, lost three and drawn one. The Colts team have had a poor season, but their results are

not indicative of their abilities. Both teams look promising for the future.

We should like to thank Miss Brown for her enthusiastic coaching; and Mr. Sumner, the Boys' Hockey team and the Staff XI for many enjoyable and instructive matches.

Colours: Full colours have been re-awarded to Bridget Bryant, and half colours to Annette Armstrong and Mary Fulwood. Earlier in the season full colours were awarded to Gill Scarbrough and half colours to Cheryl Gould. Full colours are now being awarded to Margaret Cole and Maureen Holbrook.

Our congratulations are offered to Gillian Scarbrough on being selected to play for the Gloucestershire Schools XI.

SOCCKER REPORT — 1965

The school first XI this season has finally fulfilled the promise which has looked like materialising for the past two years. A perfect blend of experience, youthful talent and skill has brought its just rewards. The past season has proved to be one of the most successful ever, the most outstanding victories being those over Chipping Sodbury G.S. and St. George's G.S. The only defeats to blot our record were both suffered at the hands, or rather the feet, of Cotham G.S.

But more satisfying than the actual success of the team has been the keenness and enjoyment with which the game has been played.

James had the honour of representing the Gloucestershire Grammar Schools XI in matches during the season.

The Second and Junior teams have had variable success, but the talent is there for the future.

Colours: Re-awarded—Sansum, Newton, James. For the first time—Shaw, Nye, Awford, Fulwood, Day. Half colours—Champion, Jordan, Grosvenor, Davies.

It is not often any school team gets a record like this, so we thought it should be included.

Opponents	Result
Cotham G.S	L 3—5
Dursley G.S	W 6—0
Kingswood G.S	W 4—2
Rodway Tech. H.S	W 2—1
K.L.B.G.S	W 6—1
Chipping Sodbury G.S	W 3—2
Fairfield G.S	W 6—0
K.L.B.G.S	W 14—0
Cotham G.S	L 3—6
Bristol Univ. 3rd XI	W 9—0
Old Thornburians	D 2—2
St. George's G.S	W 3—2

TENNIS REPORT — 1965

The first VI have unfortunately had a very disappointing season. We have seven fixtures and of these two were cancelled and the remaining five lost. Our play was consistently competent, but never strong enough to beat better opponents.

The matches against the Parents and the Old Thornburians were both very enjoyable, as were the games played after school against the Staff. To some extent these games compensated for our defeats earlier in the season, as against mixed teams we managed to pull off at least one victory.

The 2nd VI similarly had limited success.

ATHLETICS REPORT — 1965

The school has taken part in three Athletic matches this year, as well as the South Gloucestershire sports. Although none of the matches were won, we were never easily beaten. Our main weakness lay in the field events, although the standard of the track run-fling was often very high.

The first match was against Kings School, Gloucester, and Avonhurst School, Bristol. The match was narrowly lost to the Gloucester school, although we easily beat Avonhurst.

The second match took place on the cinder track at Rodway Technical High School. We lost this by only six points, despite several of our star performers being absent.

The last match was an inter-school affair, involving five schools. We were beaten by three of the schools and here particularly was our weakness in the field events underlined. In only one field event did the school have a representative in the first three places.

In the South Gloucestershire sports several members of the school were successful, and went on to compete in the County Championships. As a result, Carolyn Barlow, Steer and Smart all gained county titles. Pearce obtained a second place. All four went on to represent the county in the South Western Counties Athletics Championships, where Pearce was second in the junior boys triple jump, Carolyn Barlow and Steer were first in the intermediate 100 yards, and Smart was third in the senior boys 100 yards. These three went on to represent the county in the All England Championships at Watford. Steer did particularly well here, reaching sixth place in the final of the 100 yards.

Sports Day was once again a successful occasion, with several outstanding results, although the weather did not exactly break records. Stafford came through to win, due chiefly to a great effort on the day of the sports.

We must finally thank Mr. Sumner for his coaching, enthusiasm and support through the season.

Colours: Full colours have been re-awarded for the second time to Smart and for the first time to Carolyn Barlow and Steer. Full colours have been awarded to Jaques and half colours to Pearce.

CRICKET REPORT — 1965

The first XI has experienced a generally disappointing season. However, there have been astonishing victories and performances to provide vivid contrasts.

A general lack of practice, and enthusiasm brought poor performances at the start of the season. It was not until June 5th that a victory was recorded — against Clifton College. Before that game, three matches had been lost, one cancelled and one drawn.

However, the second half of the season brought improved results. Of the remaining five matches, two were won, one drawn and one lost. The two victories, against the parents and Old Boys, were especially satisfactory as they were won by wide margins, but perhaps the highlight of the season was the school's unlooked for success in the Ducie Cup.

More games could have been won with greater concentration and effort at crucial moments. Batting, generally, has been weak, although Sansum, Fulwood, Nash and Day have each made scores of over 45. There has been no great consistency among any of the bowlers with the exception of Fulwood in the second half of the term. The fielding has been better, but more catches held would have put the team in a far better position on several occasions. Evans has kept wicket well, taking several smart catches behind the stumps.

Defeat by the Headmaster's XI was decisive, but not really surprising, as his team included such stalwarts as Hawkins and Dunham; we valued the experience of playing against them.

Finally our thanks go to the Headmaster and Mrs. Rendall for their constant support and encouragement: to Mr. Johnson for umpiring so impartially and to Mr. Biddle who once again prepared such excellent wickets throughout the season.

Colours: Colours have been re-awarded to—Sansum, Evans. Awarded for the first time to—Fulwood. Half colours re-awarded to—Newton. Half colours awarded to—Day, Champion.

DUCIE CUP — 1965

This year the school again entered a six-a-side team in the Ducie Knock-out Cup competition. They exceeded all expectations by winning their way into the finals only to lose narrowly to Old Down.

In the first round the team were drawn to meet last year's winners, Almondsbury, and the prospects of getting past this initial hurdle seemed thin. But in a tense and exciting match, the school scored 53 for 2 against Almondsbury's 49 for 2, earning themselves a quarter final match against Rockhampton. They surmounted this obstacle more easily, scoring 53 for 2 against 43 for 3 to gain a semi-final match against arch-rivals Filton H.S.

The semi-finals and final were played on Almondsbury's ground on the same evening and a large contingent of pupils, past and present, and staff turned out to cheer them on. In the semi-final, the school produced their top form and hit up 61 for 2. Filton could not cope with the school's all pace attack and could only muster 37 for 4. They then watched the other semi-final with baited breath to see who their final opponents would be. It turned out to be Old Down, who defeated Pilning.

Sansum, who was the mainstay of the batting throughout the tournament, won the toss and decided to bat. The school could not get to grips with Old Down's attack and only scored 41 for 3. But this nearly proved to be enough. Due to excellent bowling Old Down was still 14 runs short with one over left. But Roy Dash, who had been Old Down's batting star throughout the competition, edged a lucky boundary off the fourth ball and off the fifth he drove a powerful six, counting ten runs under the rules of the competition, so giving Old Down victory. One of the Old Down team was the Old Thornburian Roger Jackson, perhaps the most successful all-round athlete the school has produced; his "actual cap" won at Oxford was even produced in Assembly.

After the match, each member of the school VI received a silver ash tray and a ten-shilling note.

Team: J. Sansum (captain), A. Fulwood, R. Newton, R. Evans,
P. Day, A. Champion. R. Newton 62 Sci.

All the Games reports ended with the credits, and to save repetition they are printed together here.

All the teams wish to thank Miss Anthony and the fifth and sixth form girls who provided excellent refreshments.

They wish to thank the Headmaster and Mrs. Rendall for constant support and encouragement.

And last but not least they wish to thank Mr. Biddle and Mr. Strong for their care of pitch and court.

SPEECH DAY

Speech Day this year was on Wednesday, May 26th. There were a number of displays and exhibitions as usual, and the prizes were presented by Lady Verdon-Smith, J.P., who spoke afterwards in a particularly natural, womanly and effective way. Canon Rawstome was unfortunately not able to take the chair for the first time for many years, and another Governor, Mr. Leslie Hawkins, introduced the speakers very sincerely and warmly.

RECORD OF SCHOOL HONOURS

Honours (Old Thornburians)

Wendy Baker, B.A., 2nd Class Honours (1st Division), History,
Tripos, Part II, Cambridge.
D. R. Cooper, B.A., Bristol. B.D., London.
J. P. Dickinson, Ph.D., Cambridge.
M. A. Gee, B.Sc., 2nd Class Honours (2nd Division), Electrical Engineering,
Swansea.
Caris Jones, B.A., French 2nd Class Honours (1st Division), Manchester.
R. G. Jones, B.Sc., Mathematics, Swansea.
D. G. King, B.Sc., 2nd Class Honours (2nd Division), Physics, Birmingham.
Susan Newman, B.Sc., 3rd Class Honours, Zoology, Southampton.
B. A. Prew, B.Sc., 1st Class Honours, Physics, Leeds.
Jacqueline Raymond, B.A., Social Administration, Manchester.
D. H. Skuse, B.Sc., 2nd Class Honours, Chemistry, Southampton.
P. G. Taylor, B.A., 2nd Class Honours (1st Division), Economics, Leeds.

University and Colleges of Advanced Technology Entries, 1964

A. C. Baldwin, Bristol C.A.T.	B. J. Nichols, Bristol C.A.T.
P. P. Barker, Liverpool.	I. V. Punter, Newcastle.
I. R. Cypher, Bristol C.A.T.	H. A. Reed, Bristol C.A.T.
Gillian Emery, Birmingham.	G. R. Robbins, Swansea.
R. P. Gay, St. Andrew's.	P. F. Sellek, Bristol C.A.T.
J. G. Gibb, Bristol.	J. P. Simons, Bristol C.A.T.
I. G. P. Goodall, Nottingham.	Cheryl Williams, Leeds.
I. R. Lavis, Leeds.	Audrey Wright, Keele.
R. W. Newman, Nottingham.	

Entry to Teachers' Training Colleges, 1964

Pamela Bishop, Bognor Regis.
Patricia Heal, City of Birmingham.
J. R. Hitchcock, Edge Hill, Ormskirk.
Pamela Noble, Anstey College of Physical Education, Sutton Coldfield.
Julia Parker, College of St. Matthias, Bristol.
Caroline Patterson, Battersea, London.
Susan Trayhurn, Rolle College, Exmouth.

Southern Universities Joint Board — General Certificate of Education —
Advanced Level 1964

Annette Armstrong, French.
A. C. Baldwin, Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics.

P. P. Barker, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics.
 Cynthia Birtwistle, French.
 Pamela Bishop, Geography.
 Lorna Cox, French.
 J. R. Cypher, English Literature, History.
 Lyndis Denner, French.
 N. Derham, French.
 Gilliam Emery, Biology, Chemistry, Physics.
 L. Fisher, Physics.
 Mary Fulwood, Biology, Chemistry.
 R.P. Gay, Geography, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics.
 J. G. Gjbb, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics.
 B.R. Gildersleeve, Pure and Applied Mathematics.
 I. G. P. Goodall, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics.
 D.R. Greves, English Literature, History.
 Angela Haines, French.
 K.J. Harris, Physics, Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics.
 R.W. Hawker, Latin, History.
 I. Hayes, Biology, Chemistry, Physics.
 Patricia Heal, English Literature, French, German.
 J. R. Hitchcock, English Literature, History, Geography.
 Jean Holbrook, French.
 G.S. James, History, German.
 I. R. Lavis, English Literature, Geography, Pure Mathematics.
 J. D. MacDonald, Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics.
 R.W. Newman, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics.
 B. I. Nichols, Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics.
 P. R. N. O'Neill, Art.
 P. M. Potter, English Literature, Geography, French.
 I. V. Punter, English Literature, History, Geography.
 J. C. Sansum, Geography.
 R.N. E. Savage, Pure and Applied Mathematics.
 P. F. Sellek, Physics, Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics.
 D.J. M. Smith, Geography.
 Lynne Solley, French.
 Caroline St. John-Brooks, French.
 K.S. Sullivan, Applied Mathematics.
 Susan Trayhurn, English Literature, French.
 D.A. Turner, English Literature, History.
 B.R. Waring, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics.
 A.J. Webb, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics.
 A.W. Williams, History, Geography.
 Cheryl Williams, Latin, English Literature, German.
 D.E. Williams, Chemistry, Physics.
 Jacqueline Williams, French.
 Audrey Wright, English Literature, French, German.
 Eileen Wright, French.

MR. B. T. HODGE

When Mr. Hodge left us last Christmas, we lost a member of staff who had contributed greatly to all aspects of school life since he first came as Head of the French Department fourteen years ago from Chesterfield School, Derbyshire. Members of Howard House were doubly sorry to see him leave, as he had been senior house-master since 1952, and the enthusiastic interest which he showed in all Howard's activities must have contributed greatly to the large run of success which Howard had during the 1950's.

Mr. Hodge was a lively and inspiring teacher in the classroom, and has sent a steady stream of well-prepared candidates on to

•University. Mr. Hodge was the producer of some ten school plays during the 50's. Among the highlights of this run was an adventurous production, "La Boite Miraculeuse", which was performed entirely in French.

In 1956, Mr. Hodge was appointed second master. Here his efficiency and quick grasp of detail have been largely responsible for the smooth running of the school from day to day. In 1959, he became Deputy Head, when Miss J. Cook left to take up an appointment at the College of St. Matthias, Fishponds. Now we have lost Mr. Hodge to the same place, and, though very sorry to see him go, wish him every success in his new post.

A. Browning, Head Boy 1965

VALETE

63 Science

L. Fisher, D. B. Hudson; Mary Fulwood.

63 Arts

G. James, J. C. Sansum.

62 Science

A. Breens, M. Brown, R. Evans, A. Gent, I. Grail, D. Gulwell,
B. Johnston, P. Jones, D. Livsey, M. Munns, P. Nash, R. Newton, N. Royse, R.
Shaw, A. Shiner, G. Smart, R. Stockley,
I. Stone P. Townsend, S. Vowles; Bridget Bryant, Annette Davies, Hazel Deeks.

62 Arts

B. Davies, I. Dempster, N. Derham, R. Fill, A. Fulwood,
C. House, I. Roberts, D. Webb, J. Webber, T. Wills; Annette
Armstrong, Cynthia Birtwistle, Margaret Cole, Lyndis Denner,
Cheryl Gould, Jean Holbrook, Katherine Marr, Rachel Morse,
Susan Reeves, Gillian Scarbrough, Lynne Solley, Caroline St.John-Brooks,
Jacqueline Williams, Eileen Wright.

61 Science

D. Huntingdon, P. Ward, A. Williams; Eileen Harvie, Maureen McKenzie.

61 Arts

H. Cudmore.

U5C

D. Browning, C. Davis; Janet Bachelor, Carolyn Barlow, Stephanie Birtwistle,
Diane Brace, Janet Coster, Pamela Durston, Margaret Dyer, Marilyn Kemmett.

U5G

J. Gale, J. Hodges, K. Johns, A. Potter, P. Robson, J. Roper; Denize Latham, Susan
Lewis, Rosemary Livsey, Diane Locke, Marilyn Longman, Carol Mime, Maria
Oldland, Janet Parker.

U5M

J. Sadler, S. Snell, I. Turner, A. White. P. White; Catherine Redfern, Barbara
Salisbury, Diane Starkey, Elizabeth Starling, Elizabeth Stockdale, Audrey Tudor.