

THE
THORNBURIAN



1966

No 32.

SCHOOL OFFICIALS 1965-6

School Captains:

Peter Brand

Pamela Parrott

Vice-Captains:

Andrew Browning

Elizabeth Punter

Prefects:

Ian Awford

Jane Andain

Malcolm Grosvenor

Angela Clements

Alick Burge

Susan Gait

Paul Jaques

Maureen Holbrook

Peter Chivers

Diana Huntley

Brian Organ

Lorna Organ

Ian Parker

Mary Paddock

Michael Powell

Susan Painter

Christopher Taylor

Irene St. John-Brooks

Jonathan Appleby

Stephen Earley

Richard Perry

Rugby Captain: Ian Parker

Football Captain: Ian Awford

Cricket Captain: Stephen Fisher

Hockey Captain: Elizabeth Punter

Netball Captain: Mary Speller

Tennis Captain: Carolyn Tippetts

Athletics Captains: Ian Parker,

Christine Severinsen

Magazine Staff:

Stephen Evans

Pamela Gerrish

Robin Mills

Sheila Ball

Sketches by Francis McCormick and Janet Sellick.

GENERAL NOTES

There are few staff changes again this year, but the departure of Mrs. S. Hodge and Mr. T. Wright has left a large gap. Mr. Wright had not been with us for a year, having been seconded to take an Advanced Diploma Course in Education at Bristol University. His place was taken for the year by Mr. Hutchings, who has now also left to begin his Theological training. The Classics Department is now in the hands of Mr. Tracy, who has come to us from Kings Norton G.S., Birmingham. Mrs. Hodge has left to devote more time to her family. We have particularly enjoyed and appreciated the courses she has pioneered in the school on Education in Personal Relationships. In her place we have Mrs. Rowe from Colston's Girls School. Earlier in the year Miss Anthony left to take up a post in Somerset, and her place in the Domestic Science Room has been taken by Mrs. Dilks.

There has been very little in the way of alteration to the School buildings during the past year. The school itself has been painted, inside and out, and now presents a shining front to the road. The Boys' Showers are now in operation, and further improvements are being carried out this term. Also in use is the Language Laboratory, which seems to be a valuable asset.

This leads us on to another subject: the closer relationship which now exists between Thornbury Grammar School and the Castle School. The first year pupils of the Castle School are to use the Lab. for certain periods this term. Another example of cross timetabling is the first and third year games lessons which are held with the Castle School. Folk dances between the two schools were held, and also with Wotton-under-Edge G.S.

A great deal of publicity came to us at the end of the Summer Term with the abolition of prefects. Two members of the school were interviewed on television and the matter was also mentioned in the newspapers. The whole of the second year sixth help to run the school, and will now have, as part of their uniform, a new tie.

Another change in the pattern of the school is the reintroduction in September 1966 of a three form intake. There are now about 90 pupils in the first year, instead of 60 as in recent years. September 1966 has seen our numbers rise again to 470, and in a year we shall probably once more top the 500 mark.

Founders Day this year started with a Communion Service in the Parish Church, conducted by Canon Rawstorne. This was the second school communion held in the Church. The speaker at the Founders Day service was the Rev. H. Timms, an Old Thornburian.

The School Play, presented in December, was "Twelfth Night" given a new look by production in the round.

The school took part in the new Thornbury Festival in

May, with the School concert forming part of the programme. Elgar's "Music Makers" was performed at the Castle School. The evening undoubtedly gave all who attended a great deal of pleasure.

Speech Day was held on May 13th—a Friday too. But the only piece of bad luck happened to the speaker, Dr. Mackay. Headmaster of Bristol G.S. who had some trouble with his car on the way out. On Speech Day we welcomed Mr. Gunnery to our Board of Governors, and more recently, Rev. R. Goodsell.

Field Week this year was held in the Easter holidays, and the party stayed in North Wales.

There were two school parties abroad during the year. One at Easter went to Paris, under the guidance of Mr. Antrobus. The other during the Summer holidays went to Switzerland, led by the Headmaster.

During the Summer Term two parties went off for Youth Hostel week-ends. The 5ths went to St. Briavels and the 3rds opened up new ground in the Quantocks, where they stayed at Seven Acres Hostel, Holford Combe. The 3rds enjoyed this week-end so much that by popular request they were taken later in the term for a day on Exmoor.

In October 1965, 18 second year sixth pupils went to Universities or Colleges of Advanced Technology.

Pamela Gerrish U5G.

RUGBY REPORT 1965

The first XV won more matches than they lost. The main strength was in the backs, and although the forwards worked hard, they were unable to get the ball to the backs as often as was hoped. As a result, many of the matches were won by making capital out of our opponents mistakes more than by constructive play on our part.

The second XV had a difficult time, suffering several heavy defeats. However, the team showed great spirit. This team in particular seems to suffer from the fact that many opposing teams come from much larger schools where the standard of second team rugby is quite high. However, this serves as good training for future first team players.

The Colts lost very few games when at full strength. From this team, G. Pearce and D. King were selected to play for Bristol Schools, and this very much weakened the team at times. The junior XV are still playing as individuals. The third forms played only two matches, but showed quite a lot of talent, although they lack knowledge yet.

Prospects are good. The school is growing; we have more players to choose from and there is real competition to get into the teams. The seconds are also starting rugby in their first year, and this will give them longer to assimilate the game.

P.V.F.S.

AWAY MATCH BLUES

in Nissen huts the teams are stripping
Through holes in roof the rain is dripping
Soon out on to the field we crawl
To see their players eight feet tall
The whistle blows, blows loud and shrill,
The baddies move in for the kill.

The fight is hard, the battle long,
Good never triumphs over wrong
Half backs run, forwards bind
We're only eighty-nine behind
There's still five minutes left for play,
Nineteen quick tries will win the day.

The game is won but not by us
We gladly plod back to the bus
And from this tribe we get no tea
So straight way home to Thornbury
With ribald songs we went our way
And live to fight another day.

Robin Mills, U5G.



1ST XI SOCCER 1966

The Spring Term of 1966 is one over which Soccer enthusiasts will wish to draw a veil. After some moderate practices, a team emerged. Spaces which looked permanently vacant became filled, or partially filled, by new, albeit dimly-shining, stars. However, one bright star dominated the firmament, the ever-cheerful goalkeeper Nye, a veritable Colossus, in spite of his 5ft. 8 inches. Like most good footballers who have natural anticipation, Nye seemed to attract the ball, which flew into his loving clasp as to its natural home.

And so we waited for the first match. Nature took a hand then: the influenza virus reared its head and Cotham, Dursley and Kingswood cried off, in swift succession.

Our first match against Rodway was a victory, but a rather hollow one, because they were below strength. However, it was a fair start. The first real test was to come against Sodbury, our traditional foe, and it was to be played on their pitch, which drains like the K.D.R. roof. It soon became apparent that they were better than we were. Nye was in his element, as busy as a bee. We were leading, against the run of the play, when Day, who broke his leg in the Old Thorn's match in 1965, was unlucky enough to break the same one again. He was by way of being the architect of the forward line and his absence threatened to be the deathknell of our constructive attack. We managed to draw this match and even the return with Sodbury, but our standard of performance was well below theirs and only the cat-like Nye and gallant Jordan saved us.

Worse was to follow. We were coasting comfortably to a win against mediocre Fairfield in a Force 6 gale with an eccentrically weighted ball when Awford, our hard-working skipper, whilst attempting a ballet tour de force, produced a fracture which made medical history at the B.R.I.

And so we came to the ultimate test, the away match against Cotham, lacking our major inside-forward and beaver Awford, and we went down 6-0 in spite of Nye. Honest endeavour there was and no giving up, but we were soundly drubbed. The victories against Bristol University 4th XI and Bell's, Coleford, were small consolation.

Only one defeat, though, you say, against School opponents. Not bad as results go. But when one remembers sides of recent years grinding Sodbury, St. George and even Cotham into the dust with destructive tackling and constructive football, one can but sigh.

H.J.

HOCKEY REPORT 1966

The first XI has on the whole had a successful season, although we were unfortunate in having eight matches cancelled due to bad weather. Out of the thirteen matches played, we won seven, drew one and lost five.

The most exciting match proved to be that against K.L.B.G.S., which resulted in a 3-all draw and made a fitting climax to the season.

Perhaps more important than the overall results is the enthusiastic team spirit which has developed and the pleasure we have derived from playing together.

The second XI has had a reasonable season, showing great improvement in the last few matches, which was indicated by the win against Clifton High School and the draw with K.L.B.G.S.

The Colts team deserves special mention for reaching the finals of an U.15 tournament. It is hoped that their enthusiasm will continue next season and that they fulfil the promise shown this year.

We would like to thank Miss Brown for her unfailing encouragement and the staff and boys' teams, who, although they proved victorious opponents, gave us several enjoyable matches.

COLOURS:

Earlier in the season Nicola Gibbs and Beth Punter were awarded full colours and Valerie Gould half-colours. Shirley Draisey and Carolyn Tippetts are now being awarded half-colours.

NETBALL REPORT 1965-66

The first VII have not had as good a success as we would have hoped, winning only 5 of the 11 matches played. This seemed to be mainly due to lack of determination and as a result of this, there was little co-ordination in the team as a whole.

The exception to this was the annual battle against Filton High when we had a resounding victory with a score of 36-28. This was because of very good shooting and some extra enthusiasm inspired by Miss Brown.

The junior teams, however, were very successful. The U14's have played 18 matches winning 11 of these and drawing one. This team is very enthusiastic and together with this enthusiasm and the outstanding skill of several of the players, we hope to see them become a strong 1st team in the near future.

The U13's played 16 matches. Of these, 9 were won and 3 drawn. These are good results, but the margins by which they were won were not as wide as those of the U14's successes. But, by next season, with some more coaching and experience, they will probably prove to be as strong as the U14's were this year.

Our thanks go to Miss Brown and Miss Sturdy for all their coaching, organisation and support.

COLOURS:

Colours have been awarded to Christine Severinsen.

TENNIS REPORT 1966

The actual tennis results for summer 1966 are not to be proclaimed in detail. Suffice it to say that our defeats were far more than our victories.

But statistics, as we all know, are misleading, and it is certainly true that the spirit of the tennis team was far from low. The first team were keen to succeed from the start. They played well and were unfortunate to lose three of their matches by only four sets to five. And they did win the match against the Old Thornburians for the first time in several years.

The second team won a couple of their matches, but praise should really go to the Under 15 Team who won more than they lost and look like making a strong team in the future.

The juniors in particular are taking a keen interest in tennis. Some are enthusiastic enough to take outside coaching by a professional during the holidays.

With possible courses next Easter holidays and with the keenness of the younger players, all our teams will, I hope, in the future take on a more "terrible aspect".

M.B.

CRICKET REPORT 1966

The first XI performed rather better than expected this season. At the start, only three members had played regularly for the first XI previously. Our main concerns were our lack of experience and penetrative bowling, while our batting was, in theory, strong. However, it was our batting which let us down in the early matches, and we suffered crushing defeats against Q.E.H. and Cotham. Our third match, against Filton H.S., was the turning point. Despite a really dismal batting display, we managed to draw. This boosted us somewhat, along with the fact that Jordan had emerged as a danger to batsmen. The next thing to do was to win a match which we promptly did in exciting style against Fairfield. This was a 25 overs morning match in which we batted first scoring 90, mainly thanks to Day who, playing his first game of the season, casually hammered the bowling for 40. Fairfield were always in with a chance, but Jordan picked up 6 cheap wickets and we won, taking their last wicket with the last ball of the match. Confidence was further increased with a good win over Chipping Sodbury, but shattered once again when St. Brendan's ground us into the dust.

The following two matches against the Parents and Old Boys were good performances, both matches being drawn, but with the

school in commanding positions at the close of both matches. At last the batsmen were holding their own and good scores were notched up by the middle order crowd. The team was now at full strength with strong batting and bowling and only the fielding of doubtful quality. Nevertheless, we finished the season with two satisfying victories. The first was against Dursley, and the other was against G. Gambling's XI. In the latter the school finished the season in splendid fashion scoring 146 runs for the loss of 5 wickets, Day chipping in 56.

COLOURS:

Reawarded to Day, awarded to Davies, Fisher and Jordan.

Half Colours: Curtis, Cason, Lambert. Champion.

Played 10, Won 4, Lost 3, Drew 3.

S. Fisher, 61S.

All the teams wish to thank Miss Anthony, Mrs. Dilks, other lady members of staff and the senior girls who provided such excellent refreshments during the year.

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

Thanks also go to Mr. Biddle and Mr. Strong for their care of the pitches and courts.

TWELFTH NIGHT

“The play doth seem a burden to me, and I took no pleasure in it at all”. The large number of parents and pupils from neighbouring schools who braved the December cold certainly did not appear to share Pepys’ opinion of TWELFTH NIGHT. The production gave weight to the belief often expressed that school performances give to Shakespeare a freshness which is lacking in many professional productions.

In any well produced and acted play, the players and the audience are united by some mutual experience of excitement and interest in which both become absorbed. That this involvement was notably apparent in this year’s school play was due in no small part to the performance “in the round” which was a novel and pleasing experience for all concerned.

The general effect of the production as a whole was excellent. In movement, grouping, costumes and teamwork it set an example hard to surpass. The play flowed at a great pace which compelled interest throughout.

It is not, I hope, out of place to sound a slight warning, however, against the danger of production values being allowed to swamp the beauty of Shakespeare’s words. One of the first purposes of any production and the actors taking part in it must be to make the story plain to the audience. This is the more difficult “in the round” without traditional sets and with the audience sitting around the actors.

If a criticism is to be made of this year's TWELFTH NIGHT it is that the highly successful attention to the needs of the eye led to a tendency to forget the needs of the ear. This in turn made it difficult at times to follow the twists and turns of the plot and sub-plots. If there had been time to bring the words to the same level of polish as the movement, the production would have been first class.

For the writer, the serious actors won the evening and Viola's delicate unmasking of her emotions was exceptionally memorable, as also was her ability to appreciate the verse set down for her to speak—a quality equally shared by Olivia whose control and delivery were outstanding. Malvolio, too, gave a thoughtful and wholly competent performance, as did the dignified Orsino.

The Clowns, in the persons of a nimble and versatile Feste, a swashbuckling Sir Toby, a deliciously droll Sir Andrew and a delightfully gay Maria, were glorious fun. Much admirable "business" had been given them and they executed it with a technical skill which was most remarkable.

The setting was simple and effective. The costumes and makeup were a matter of congregation as was the charmingly arranged music. The effects and lighting were managed expertly and seemingly without a single hitch.

TWELFTH NIGHT is a gay and happy play and Mr. Seely's adventurous production gave much pleasure. All concerned deserve high praise.

D.P.R.

TESSERETE, August 1966

It was a heartbreaking sight! Parents stood tearfully waving goodbye to their offspring. Were they going off to war for Queen and Country? No it was this year's school trip about to get under way.

Arriving at Folkestone that afternoon, we made the most of our last fish and chips for ten days, leaving the luggage in the capable hands of a few volunteers until the party boarded the cross-Channel ferry. The crossing was very enjoyable, the boys making great efforts to improve inter-school relations with a girls' school from Kings Lynn!

Once ashore again at Boulogne we boarded the train and eventually, after a little reorganisation of compartments, settled down for a comfortable night? Sleep was in short supply but no one seemed any the worse when we reached Basle where we had our first continental breakfast, after which it was en route again, this time on the St. Gotthard line –very beautiful but no good to anyone with vertigo.

About midday we reached Lugano; almost there! Tesserete was just a small luxury-coach ride away and we arrived just in time for lunch. The rest of that day was given to installing ourselves, some of us in the nearby Pensione Eden, recovering from the journey and discovering the favourable ratio of Ristorantes to shops in the village.

The days were excellently organised for us by the Staff. (We are sure they had nothing to do with the rain we had all the time we were in Milan!). Milan was one of the two trips we had to Italy, the other being to Luino, a market town on Lake Maggiore. About Luino I can say that things were cheap, the salesmen crafty, the grapes there in abundance, and four of us did not really feel ill. Milan was very impressive. (Who said that stuff about all the rain falling on the Spanish Plain?).

Switzerland is famous for its mountains and so, naturally, we went up a couple of them. Monte Lema we ascended by chair lift. It is not really a bit frightening; sit in, close the bar and you're off. Now to practice my yodelling. The journey up Monte Generoso was by narrow gauge railway in a little story-book train. At the top was a hotel where Coke and beer were costly owing to carriage charges, so a few of us went along to where the locals hang out to tackle the local hard-stuff—MILK—(no trouble about carriage there!).

The food in the hotel was good and nobody failed to have “more cheeps”. Free time was spent in Tesserete or in trips to Lugano or Lake Origgio, where the delights of swimming awaited those who survived the marathon. The evenings were our own (more or less) and we did much to improve Anglo-Swiss relations. In our own World Cup final with the local lads, Switzerland won by about ten goals.

Leaving this pleasant mountain resort was worse than leaving home as far as tears were concerned. In fact, half the young population of Tesserete was at Lugano station to see us off.

We had dinner on the train and the loss of soup, thanks to an over-zealous waiter, was soon forgotten in the face of a seemingly endless number of courses. Our return crossing was an experience – few of us wish to have another like it but we survived the lashing of the waves, sank thankfully into a seat on the Riddiford taxi and arrived home about nine o'clock on Friday, 2nd September. Thanks to the organisation of Mr. and Mrs. Rendall, Miss Bintcliffe and Mr. Stubbs, it was a truly great school trip.

(For further information, come to U5G any dinner hour for the full facts. A small charge will be made but it's worth it!)

N. Murray, 5J.

ENGLISH WEATHER

I am English and I know all there is to know about weather. I begin my letters with it; I introduce myself with it; I greet people with it, and I invariably blame everything on it.

The most significant thing about it, however, is that it is English weather. If I and it were Chinese, the only time I should ever think about it would be when the rice fields wanted flooding. But we are in England, victims of the vicious elements, drowning in our overworked weather cliches, peering at foggy screens to make out what Bert Ford or Jack Armstrong are going to give us among the anti-cyclones and occluded depressions.

We save all our best functions for the summer: School Sports Days, Vicarage Garden Parties, Test Matches, Wembley. And yet, as we sit with sodden, droopy petal hats and dripping moustaches even till we shrink with cold or water, we don't swear or complain. We smile and say, "A little wet for the time of year" or "Seasonable but rather nippy."

We do have our extremes. Every two or three decades there is a fantastically hot, '47 type summer, or a three-month freeze-up of the '63 variety. And we are rather proud of them and rather proud of ourselves, as if to have survived them at all was a real feat. But such extremes are very rare. In most things, including the weather, this is a middling country, and especially those who live in the west know what it is to experience endless days of damp, dreary drizzle as the dry, cold easterlies fight a losing battle against the wet westerlies. The two in battle form a front, and helpless here below we stand (or sink!)

And yet in the heart of every English man and woman there lies a respect for our weather. For when there are tornadoes in Tobago or Hurricane Martha is rampaging in Miami, while the Swedes are frozen in the Baltic and the Indians dying like flies in the heat, here are we victims of vicious elements, yes, but – here's the point not suffering a great deal by it and while we hypochondriacs use it as an excuse and the gossips as a topic, we may be thankful that English weather exists, because, if it didn't, we should all find ourselves strangely dumb and with nothing to blame our failings on.

Anne Sproson U5M.

CLARE HOUSE REPORT

The main honours achieved this year on the sports field can be credited to the senior boys and the junior girls. Both parties contributed to a convincing victory on Sports Day. The senior Soccer and Cricket teams gave frustrating performances after having, perhaps, the strongest House sides on paper and it was left to the Rugby XV to gain a senior title. Did the senior girls sides collapse or surrender? We'll never know.

Once again the house party at Christmas proved a major success and it is hoped that this will be repeated this coming Christmas.

K.Bain, Pia Chambers.

HOWARD HOUSE REPORT

Captains: Mary Speller and Organ.

This year the house suffered one of its poorest years for a long time. We were close runners-up on several occasions, just being "pipped at the post". By no means was our failure due to lack of support; the house, as always, responded well to our campaign for new active members.

Our junior boys are to be congratulated on their exciting victory in both the Junior Cricket and Football Competitions. We must also congratulate our senior girls on a most convincing win in the Netball Competition.

Despite our lack of ability on the sports field, we strove to seek success in the Music Competition, but once again, we narrowly failed. Although we suffered an unhappy year, we learnt one valuable lesson, that being, to accept our defeats like good sportsmen, and we now go all out to do better next year.

A. Champion.

STAFFORD HOUSE REPORT

Captains: Paul Jaques, Angela Clements.

Vice-Captains: Peter Brand, Irene St. John-Brooks.

Stafford has had a promising year, and we have been well up in all house competitions. The work has, as usual, been done by the dauntless few, but some of the formerly less active members of the house are now beginning to take their lights from beneath their respective bushels and play an active and much appreciated part in the work of the house. With this added enthusiasm Stafford is making itself felt in sport and other house competitions, if not always coming out on top.

We were disappointed in the rugby matches, losing both against Howard and Clare (through no fault of the captain, Richard Perry). However, we redeemed ourselves by winning the Senior hockey (Captain: I. Awford), in an exciting match with Howard.

The girls, led by Angela Clements, won senior hockey but were narrowly beaten by Howard in netball (Captain: Keren Lansdowne).

As last year, the cross country teams under D. B. Davies, P. Riccomini and T. Riccomini walked away with the championship but more effort on the part of some of the senior members would have been welcomed. However, the juniors worked very hard and were well rewarded although this was only competition that the juniors (boys or girls) won.

Claire Davis and Iain Turnbull, the house music captains, worked very hard to produce a polished performance for the competition and Claire is especially to be thanked for her excellent organisation of the junior members, and also for her excellent piano playing as accompanist and duetist. This competition was supported by fully two-thirds of the house and the result was a victory for us by only 3 points. This is the first time we have won the competition in six years and the third time in twelve years.

With the summer weather came the busiest season with Athletics (Captains: Anne Mansfield and N. Tazewell), Swimming (Captains: Nicola Gibbs and P. Brand), Tennis (Captain: Frances Haste), Rounders (Captain: Theresa Green) and Cricket (Captain A. Curtis) and on top of all this the Exams. It was in this season that the support for the house flagged. We did well to come second in Athletics but we might well have won if more people had made an effort to get standards. The attitude of so many is that someone else will do something and as it happened this year every one seemed to think the same. The girls won the tennis and the juniors the rounders.

The victory over Howard in cricket was a threefold one, as by it we got the Cricket Shield, the Games Shield and the Maritime Gun (where our rugby and soccer record had to be considered as well).

We won the Swimming distances and were second to Clare in the Sports.

Finally, I would like to thank Miss Rees, Mr. Jaques, Mr. Summer and all the other House members of Staff for their interest and advice. 1965-66 was a good year for Stafford.

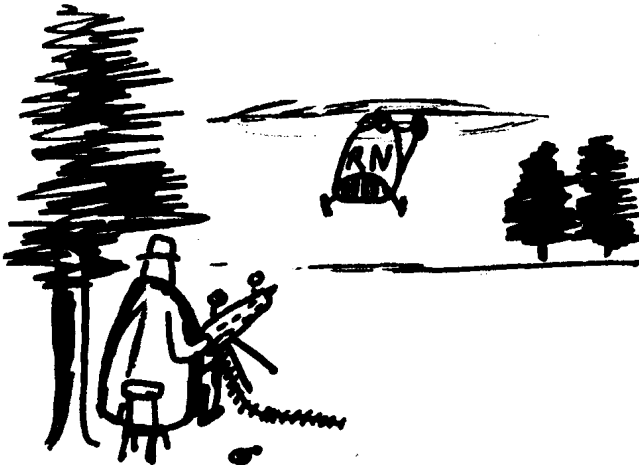
Iain Turnbull.

“ALL YOU NEED IS FIVE ‘0’ LEVELS”

We walk to the top of the field. A roar goes up as the machine is sighted. We turn and look disdainfully towards the gully, trying to retain our dignity. The officers get out of the helicopter on the wrong side. We all walk to the bottom of the field.

“Well, you must realise that this isn’t a recruiting campaign, but all you need is five 0 levels.” He blushes and tries to cover up his copy of “How to win friends and influence people.” “I’ll hand you over to my colleague.”

“Hello, chaps. I’m a fighter pilot aboard one of Her Majesty’s carriers. That’s me in the snap and that’s my plane.” You



expect him to say, “This is my wife and those are the kiddies, and here’s one taken at Bognor.” “You might think that being in the forces we don’t have much time for sport. God no. For instance, that’s me scoring the goal and in this one if you look over her shoulder, you’ll just see the top of my head. Well, I think that winds it up. Now, are there any questions?”

There are – a frenzy of queries, all from one PBH. The slides are over, the projector out, the floodlights are dimmed. “Thank you all for your many and varied questions.” They were gone.

I had missed my chance with one of the Lords of Life.”

Stephen Evans, U5G.

EXAMINATIONS: 'A' LEVEL

The terrible thing about sitting for three hours in the examination room is the isolation. You feel worse than a monkey in a zoo. A monkey can have food thrown to it; it can even throw the food back; it can shake hands through the bars. This is more like being a hamster in a glass case, or even a specimen in a jar of formalin. Everyone passing by the exam. room falls silent, gapes, looks embarrassed or passes by on the other side. The Invigilator, someone perhaps who has smiled warmly at you for years, freezes into impersonality.

You are restricted to one desk, at a regulation distance from another desk—all the world rolled into one ball—a cubic yard of space round you. No contact. No contact with the outside world, the bored watchman or your twenty former companions.

The only contact is tenuous and hostile. You are writing to a remote Examiner. You feel like a criminal making a long distance call to the police. You are a number. Even your school is a number. You see your Adversary, like St. Peter's Devil, roaring round, seeking whom he may devour. He will sternly –or worse still, casually—write you among the sheep or goats. He will allot you one more impersonal letter. And you can never answer back.

Susan Gait, 62 Arts.

EXAMINATIONS: 'O' LEVEL

The gold-plated rule about Exams is "Don't worry." Relax, enjoy it if you dare, but don't worry. I worried once. I'll tell you what happened.

It was the German Oral and I was nervous. I stumbled through the reading passage, my voice yodelling with excitement. The examiner was a lean, cool devil who wittled me to a splinter with one glance.

"Have you been to Germany?" he demanded (in German).

"Yes," I replied uncertainly.

"OH? Whereabouts in Germany?" he asked with forced interest and a feeble smile.

At this moment my nerve broke. My mind went blank. The dominant figure swayed before my eyes. He stared coldly. I'd forgotten the German for Oberamagau. I searched for a German name.

"Hamburg" sprang to mind.

"Oh? Hamburg?" he said rhetorically.

"No," I said with a feeble laugh. I'd guessed he knew I was lying, but he didn't see the joke. I was so nervous I didn't know what I was saying.

At last it all came to an end. “Oh well. Aufwiedersehen.” I said to terminate it. And as I went out, I heard a roar of laughter that filled the room, and, satisfied that I’d made the examiner a happy man, I returned to my lessons.

Francis McCormick. U5G.

EXAMINATIONS: MY LEVEL

I get in a mess

When exams test

My brain.

I swot in the night

Before I sight

Exams.

I get up next day

“Exams” I say

And “Ugh”.

I get the paper

(What a caper)

To do.

I mutter a “Phew

Time up nearly due

For me.”

At last it’s done

Now for some fun.

Hooray.

Peter Hayman, 3A.

STUDENT TEACHER

A red face

With a bearded base,

A pointed nose,

And eyes which are froze

On our work.

“Stop the noise please”

As we pretend to sneeze.

Next comes “Shut up”.

And then “Belt up”

Is final.

He’s not really bad,

Not like some we’ve had.

But as I say

He likes to display

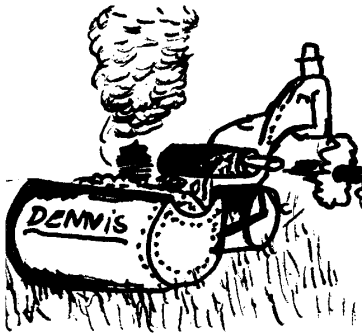
His command.

Jennifer Bell, 4A.

DENNIS THE MENACE

“Now if you CHUGG a CHUGG the square root of
CLACKITY CLACK – then the square – CRANK CRANK the first BANG
SPLUTTER COUGH – and the square
of HONK HONK Oh, I give up.

This is the familiar sound we hear about once a fortnight in April and September, but twice a week at the peak of the growing season. It doesn't happen in the dinner hour; it always seems to come in the peak of our growing season, say period 3 or 4 when the dew is nicely off the grass. It is, of course, Mr. Biddle bringing out his faithful Dennis to mow his own Square roots. Of course, he chooses a hot day, and we always choose a hot day too to open all the class room windows. The teacher may as well tell the class to get out something to read until Dennis has finished. Not, I should hasten to add, that we mind not doing any work.



Dennis is not a long distance machine; he seldom strays more than fifty yards from a classroom. But for bigger and really noisy jobs he invites in Big Brother from Gloucester. Big Brother is five mowers in one and one in five; he needs a Land Rover to drag him round, and he works in long sweeps.

When he comes near the buildings, we all suddenly look like the television with the sound off. But then he turns, and the din mercifully recedes until you can hardly hear it at all. Then there's a gradual crescendo until he screams past under the window again.

The roller is a more sedate machine altogether. He never comes right up to the windows at all, but keeps his distance pacing up and down the square like a rhino in the zoo, a rhino with the voice of a monkey, for his chattering little engine never seems right for such an imposing tank.

The roller's enough to wear down a fairly quiet teacher, but only Mr. Sumner can cope with Dennis. When Dennis roars near, double-declutching on the bends and developing fantastic speed wobble on the straight, the best of the rest give up. Dennis is the real menace.

Brent Thomas. 3A.

NEW BOY

“New boy, eh?” They look you up and down as if they are about to buy you as a slave. “Where you from then?” You mumble and look at the floor.

“Billingham.”

“Where?”

“Near Stockton-on-Tees.”

“Stoke on Trent?”

You look up, flushed, insulted. “No. Stockton-on-Tees, County Durham. You know, near Newcastle.”

“Oh, Newcastle.”

Well, that’s near enough for you. You sigh at the stupidity of these southerners. Agricultural peasants.

The first few days are the worst. Somebody is assigned to look after you by the Headmaster and you amble around after him. Some think you can’t speak English.

“Who’s he?”

“New boy.”

“Where’s he from?”

“Stoke on Trent.”

Teachers treat all your past work with sublime scorn. “What have you done then? What books did you have?” Warily.

You reel off a list of books.

“Never heard of them. Here’s something to be getting on with.” And you are handed a pile of text books which you’ve never heard of.

The first thing you notice about your new school is the girls. Not that they’re particularly special –just that you’ve never had them before.

“What’s she called?” you asked your new friends.

“Oh, her,” they say, giggling and nodding among themselves. You don’t pursue the matter.

And there are other matters you learn not to pursue. Where’s the gym then? Why are the tennis courts in a pit? Why is half the school prefab? Questions don’t get answered.

You soon settle in, although a lot of people think I come from Scotland. Some think I come from Wales. But you finally get used to this quaint little school, with its paddocks, fields, the absence of gym and the presence of the fair sex, the incredibly complicated timetable. When you don’t get lost in line 1, line 2, line abreast and line out, you know you’ve finally made it. Another refugee from the smoke has been rehabilitated.

Robin Mills, U5G.

NEW GIRL

I was scared stiff. It was the day I started my new school. I entered the classroom, full of anxious thoughts. There was no need to worry. They all treated me as if I had been there all my life. Then I noticed her. She sat in the corner, never spoke, never laughed, never answered questions. She had no friends. She was like a nut tightly closed in her shell. I made up my mind to break that shell.

“What’s that girl’s name?” I asked one of my friends.

“Oh her. Shelley Davies. You don’t want to have anything to do with her.”

I laughed to myself. Shelley. I’d never heard such a suitable name for anyone. I decided I’d call her Shell.

Next lesson I watched her. She had a sad face, but when you looked closely you could see she was one of the prettiest girls in the form. Suddenly she saw me staring. I smiled. She took no notice at first. Then her mouth broadened to a beautiful smile. Her face glowed. Then she was the same morbid person. But I had made the first move in breaking that shell and before long we should be best friends. I was sure of that.

Geraldine Ballinger, 4C.

ALL FOR A SHILLING A DAY

Steam swirled about us like mist round Macbeth’s witches. We negotiated a ten gallon cauldron of seething custard. Pots and pans clattered like some primitive workshop before the Industrial Revolution revolved very far. We ignored the highly coloured chatter of the twelve white-coated labourers and sought out Miss Beak to discover the metabolism of the school kitchens.

When you actually visit the kitchens, all the traditional pupils’ rumblings over school meals seem remote and unreal. Quite obviously, Miss Beak does all within her power to please us. But her power is limited, partly by “Headquarters” and partly by the tact that we only pay a shilling a day.

Miss Beak showed us our daily two hundredweight of potatoes extracted from the frenzied machine that removes their skins. We saw them having their eyes poked out afterwards by pairs of eager hands.

On and on, never-ending, the flurry of hands works seven hours a day to feed a hungry four hundred, not only at Thorn-bury but also at Olveston and Oldbury schools. And after our visit, we appreciate it.

Lesley Hill, U5G; Catherine Coupe, U5C.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

1: The Philosopher's Club

When I lived in Chipping Campden, I knew a boy called Robert. We played together and one day we decided to start between us a Philosophers' Club and collect Beetles. We were only seven, and the word impressed us.

So out in the garden, which we shared with the vicar (the curate's house was in the vicarage grounds and daddy was the curate) we built a small hut in the vicarage's biggest elder tree and began Philosophy.

The beetles were quite simple to find – fat cockroaches crawling through the grasses and pretty cardinal beetles clinging to stalks. When we had caught a certain number we fed them, watched their antics for a bit and then set them free.

But our hide-out was on the vicar's land and we were sent off. It was a rather sad ending to our early interest in Philosophy.

Fenella Bell-Richards.

2: The Drawer

An arm, a head and a leg,
Remains of my first doll.
And the teddy bear who scared me—
Memories in the drawer.

Bandage, stethoscope and scalpel
From days when I played nurse
Bandaging up my cousin—
Memories in the drawer.

Marbles and three old conkers
Reminds me of Primary school.
Now it is all hard work
And memories in the drawer.

Rosemarie Mills, 4A.

3: Four Ducks

Four ducks on a pond
A grass bank beyond
A blue sky of spring
White clouds on the wing.
What a little thing
To remember for years
To remember with tears.

Shirley York.

4: Rosebud

I can remember my old doll called “Rosebud” large face with rosy-red cheeks, with a peaked hat sewn onto her head. She was as big as I was at the time. I was very fond of her. I can’t remember who gave her to me, or where she came from; all I can remember was that she had trousers of two colours, one side blue, the other red.

She was stuffed with straw or something like it; every time I held her tightly she would make a crackly noise, and I could hear her stuffing break into smaller pieces.

I don’t know what happened to her in the end. I found her in the cellar once. Then I lost her again. Then I remember seeing her under an old bench in the shed. Her face was torn and her cheeks were covered with oil. Her trousers were dull with dust. I threw her down and didn’t want her any more.

After that I didn’t see her again; I can’t think what happened to her. My mother didn’t tell me where she was; she didn’t like Rosebud. Perhaps she never existed or maybe I saw her in a dream. I dreamt a lot when I was young of all the brand-new toys other children had and I hadn’t.

Lynda Edwards, 4A.

5: Tree

When I was about ten, I lived in a shop in Northwick. The shop had a large garden, containing an assortment of trees. The largest of all was the cooking tree. It had a terrific amount of boughs, which were twined together in a complicated muddle. One of the boughs, very thick, went straight up from the middle of the trunk for about three feet, then did a right-angled turn and went for a long distance to the roof of the house.

On this bough, near the roof, I’d sit for hours on end. I could see nearly everywhere and yet I was perfectly concealed by other boughs and trees to the side of me. In the summer I used to sit and read there, or throw rotten cherries at my sisters playing on the concrete at the front of the house.

Up there in that tree I felt really powerful. I could command my sisters or the next door children at the throw of a rotten apple. In the winter when the snow was on the ground I could bomb any snowmen they might like to make.

But not for ever. Tragedy came. My sister learned to climb the tree.
Madeleine Phillips, 4C.

6: Wall

My Mum thinks **I'm** quite daft when I tell her I have been talking to my friend the grey wall.

This wall is opposite my home and is covered in moss and prevents the Severn tides from flooding the village. I often sit on it telling it what's wrong.

The first time I sat on it I was in a violent temper and I took it out on the wall. It was then that it became my friend. I think the wall knows more about me than I do about myself. It always listens patiently and never interrupts. He never hits me back and never swears.

I will always go back to the wall and maybe remember my childhood days, the days that only come back when They are sparked off by something.

Gordon Pearce, *5B*.

7: Whitebell

The rain went down the back of my neck and beat against my legs but I struggled on with a bucket of cow cake nearly as big as myself. "Whitebell" I shouted. Far up the field I could see a black and white cow who was slowly walking towards me. At last I reached her and gave her the cake.

The rest of the cows didn't take any notice of us; they had long ago given up trying to steal Whitebell's cake while I guarded it. I stroked Whitebell and said, "There, there, and when are you going to have your calf then?"

Whitebell was very old to be in calf and she was getting rather weak. Every day I gave her an extra supply and she would wait for me and be sorry to see me go.

One day I heard Whitebell had had twins. One calf was red with a white face; the other was black with a white face.

Most cows are not pleased if you touch their calves and Dad had always wade us keep away from them. Whitebell was an exception. I went to see her calves many times and I was nearly as proud of them as she was. As the calves became about a week old my father sold them and Whitebell went back to join the herd.

Nowadays she takes no notice of me and won't come when I call. Perhaps she thought I'd sold the calves. Perhaps she only wanted the food I had brought her. I prefer to believe that cows just have short memories.

Jennifer Rea, *4C*.



"VERY FLAT, NORFOLK"

"VERY FLAT, NORFOLK" –Noel Coward.

Norfolk men don't give a silver dime for spelling. After 2 weeks of "BREKFERSTS" and "HOME GROWN TOMARTOES" we were ready for anything in this Big Man's Land. We took two dinghies, a couple of tents and diaries, and were left at a farlowe camp-site where a whistling maniac on a back-pedal brake demànded 6/- per night. So next morning, at the wreck of doom, we packed our junk into the 5ft. inflatable dinghies and peddled off upstream until we came to Barton Broad, the most exciting place in the world. And, so, destitute, gall fingered, refractory, we set paddle up a gloomy Dyke and pitched our tent on the side of a public mooring Neatishead Staithe. Hungry men, we managed to cringe a practically free meal of "Rahatlakoum" and chips from the "Brekferst" cafe and met Winst and Liverlips. Staying the night at Neatishead, we afterwards became attached to the local populus—Big Chic, The Sonja Kidd, Maidstone and Round Norton some of which stayed a few nights, and didn't move for two weeks.

We visited all the Broads by dinghy, hitch-hike or motor launch. Many of them were crushed out by cabin cruisers and yachts, but the Nature Reserves were expressionately tranquil and runcible. The broads at night were completely free from this bustling activity; calm, pacifying, resplendent and satisfying, as we found when we peddled off into the moonbeams, and were swallowed, as we found when we peddled off into the moonbeams, and were swallowed up into the shimmering silence of the night.

David Dogers, U5M, Francis McCormick. U5G.

ON THE END OF A BELL-ROPE

The ringing-chamber buzzed with conversation. Suddenly an enthusiastic voice rose above the murmur.

“Band for Grandshire Doubles, please! Yes, you on treble, Amaryllis. Derek, you’re calling”. I took my place behind treble’s green sallie, took the tail in my left hand and waited for the others to go to their places. Rosemary stood behind me saying,



“I’ll keep you right”. The others were ready.

“Look, two ... treble’s going. She’s gone”. I was aware of my voice sounding loudly in the sudden silence. Then the bells’ voices came, bouncing down the scale from treble to tenor. I wondered casually why the Sallie was wet.

“Tenors behind!” called Derek. The order of the bells changed slightly and I felt happy, but nervous.

“Go Grandshire Doubles!” I heard Derek’s voice again and Rosemary muttered in my ear:

“Second takes you ... don’t let her drop. That’s right

over fourth now” She stopped speaking and I fixed my attention on the flickering green sallies.

“You’re pulling too hard. Now lead”, Rosemary’s voice was calm but I was beginning to panic.

“Oh, help!” I thought. “I’m behind ... check her in ... that’s it ... Ow! I’m pulling my arms off!”

“Single!” called Derek. I realized that Rosemary was speakin-.

“Let her stay longer on the balance. You don’t need half that strength”.

“Slow down”, I told myself, “I’m sure I’m wrong ... Oh! I’m supposed to be leading”. Derek called a bob and Rosemary went telling me bells to strike over and when my leads were. Soon I got more into my stride. My bell control grew better. I went on handstroke. backstroke, on and on. My bell moved up to the back and checked intowards lead, again and again. In the end I was sorry to hear:

“Go rounds!” then a few minutes later.

“Stand!”

Treble swung easily up, over the balance and stayed. Rosemary smiled and moved off. I knotted the tail and pitied people who didn’t ring.

Amaryllis Bell-Richards, 5C.

CHURCH BELLS

Tameable giants, monstrous shapes.

 Their brazen lips ring out for joy.

Ring out for deaths, ring out for news,

 The echo resounds over fields and hills

The swing and roll on their oaken wheel,

 Swaying church towers in earnest appeal.

The ringers below start dripping with sweat, As they pull the ropes and follow the rest.

One stroke wrong and the bells start crashing, Ropes and ringers strive correction,
When all is right and back in place

 Satisfaction shows on everyone's face.

Once you start ringing the fever begins;

 It becomes uncontrollable, madness steps in. Whatever you know, there's still more to come

 The old have as much to learn as the young. You feel quite exalted, one taste of success

 Follows another, you must do your best.

Happiness spreads from the old to the ill

 And now that you've done it, your life seems worth-while. Worries, misgivings, hatred and woe,

 Bad-temperedness and unhappiness too

Get lost lost in the boom of the bells

 And soon misfortunes vanish away.

Jennifer Bell, 4A.

TO ME, THESE THINGS ARE BEAUTIFUL ..

The perfect symmetry of a fragile

Gem-like ice crystal.

The lacy pink froth of cherry-blossom,

Hanging in bunches among the slender network

Of the branches, against the darkening sky.

The shining silver disc of

The moon, outlined by a shimmering glow.

The slow, supple, swinging, striped— Flash of a tiger's spring.

The ruby sparkle of a glass of wine ...

To me, these things are beautiful.

Sheila La Mare, 5J.

LONG PLAY

I suppose it was parental force which got me into the world of pianissimo and semi-quaver in the first place. I was leading a happy existence until suddenly, at the age of eight, I found myself on the brink of Brownies – and piano. My tiny world was shattered; I cried and cried. Every Saturday morning after that I trundled up the hill to Maytree Cottage waving goodbye to my mother all the way as if I was going off to sea. I established middle C as the one by the keyhole at my first lesson, but everything was more complicated after that.

“Two hands together” was always a challenge, but even so, I dreaded every lesson. It was like being enveloped in some dark cavern for half an hour every Saturday where I made every mistake possible. It was nearly as bad practising in the evenings. When I say ‘practising’. I mean making a lot of noise in the front room for another half hour. I cheated a lot then. I had a horrid little notebook in which “she” wrote everything I should practise. And I lied now and then to get out of it.

We moved house a time or two when I began at last graduating from “weak” to “satisfactory”, but I still orbited round the same teacher. I honestly don’t know why I didn’t object, for I can’t have obtained much enjoyment from the whole rigmarole. Perhaps I was too shy. Or perhaps I was too credulous, believing every adult who told me how they wished they had had the chance when they were young, *forte da capo ad lib*. I was encouraged when I could play better than my father. I would jump down his throat whenever he tried to play something, feeling like some great scholar of music. And come to think of it, he has never played much since that time.

I took examinations every year or so, probably because after what is now eight years, I needed some sort of written encouragement. No, that’s not quite true. My whole outlook has changed, musically. I don’t know why, – perhaps with gradual maturity, perhaps with nothing. Music is a whole world apart – it’s an experience which words won’t reach.

Christine Davis, USC.

EXTENDED PLAY

Every person likes to express himself somehow, whether it be poetry or music or making things. I chose the cake-tin drum and paper-and-comb. They were not altogether successful and never musical. The cake-tin was too loud and never did sound right. The paper on the comb would get wet and soggy and fall apart.

These crudities were superceded by a plastic mouth organ. But this was no more successful; it ended its miserable life under a two-pound hammer. Then, when I was about nine, I was bought

a splendid plastic recorder. I tootled on this for a few years and actually learned to play a few pieces. I am ashamed to say this, but I found the recorder, or at least my recorder, a very difficult instrument to learn. C and lower E I could manage with great ease, but when it came to upper D, which involved having only one finger covering a hole, the wretched thing never failed to pivot and fall with a heart-rending crack to the floor. Fortunately the two pound hammer did not strike again and I still have that recorder somewhere.

Now we come to the last era when I did at last find an instrument to my taste. A few years ago I thought of the guitar— and thought again when I found how expensive they were. Finally Santa did me proud and I got one. It was small, curved and brown and I loved it, although it never acted as if it loved me.

The first thing was to get co-ordination between the left and right hand. Then, as with any classical instrument, scales, chords and style had to be learned and practised – very tedious, very necessary. That was two years ago and I am still learning and will be for years before I can really be termed a player. I was now in the “Clementine” and “Camptown Races” class, which, although very nice tunes, do not give much scope for little boys with big ideas. So I began to play pop songs by ear. That made me dissatisfied with my guitar, and I sold it.

Don’t be concerned. I did buy another one. It was bigger, louder, more shiny, more expensive and more vicious. The strings try to cut through my fingers, like a cheese slicer. As I said, everyone likes to express himself somehow. This thing makes me. Blast!

Anthony Moseley, U5G.

NO PLAY

I should be able to play the violin by now, but I can’t, and I won’t. I gave it up after a couple of terms. The strain was too great. It bored me, inconvenienced me and embarrassed me. It was too slow, too much practice, too much time.

I would wake up on a Saturday morning, realise it was a Saturday morning in gay relief. A depression falls. Violin day. Gloom as you butter breakfast, embarrassment on the bus-stop (uniform and coffin case) nonchalant suffering at the hands of the tutor, catcalls as you go back home. Perfect hell.

For those about to embark on a musical career, the safest line is the kazoo. It has novelty, cheapness, never lasts longer than ten minutes and will never be found in an orchestra. But for the violin, leave it to the fanatic, the master, the madman, the masochist. It is impossible to play, and nobody sane enough to let it lie will ever regret it.

David Rogers, U5M.

MUSICAL ACTIVITIES – 1965-66

This last year has had its full share of musical activities.

The orchestra, unlike previous years, started rehearsals in the Autumn term, so as to acquaint new members with group playing before work in earnest began.

The recorder group was started again and this was well attended. Also, under the direction of Miss Sturdy, handbell ringing continued, as in previous years with great success.

At the end of term a small group of players, led by Miss Astbury, provided music for the school play.

The choir gave its usual polished performances at Founder's Day and Carol Services, the latter being followed by the customary evening's carol singing, a very enjoyable expedition to round off the term.

In the Spring Term, activities hinged round two things:-

Preparations for the House Music Competitions.

Preparations for the following term's school concert.

The Music Competition achieved the very high standard expected of it in all three houses, which made judging extremely difficult.

This was, however, admirably carried out by Mrs. Hutchins, who awarded the shield to Stafford House, captained by Claire Davis and I. Turnbull.

The year was crowned on May 2 1st, by a concert, which was worthy of the honour it was given, of opening the Thornbury Festival. The performance given, of Elgar's "The Music Makers", was a credit to all concerned.

Of course, a great deal of this credit must go to Miss Astbury who worked, as always, like a trojan to bring the choir and orchestra to the standard a difficult work of this kind demands.

The rest of the credit, however, must go to the choir and orchestra, without whom even Miss Astbury would have failed.

Paul Massey, 5W.

ELUSIVE INSPIRATION

Inspiration, when most desired
Seems always to elude the mind,
Successfully escaping,
Developing just out of reach,
And helpless we must search for it.
Half blind.

Surely
Not beyond the capability of man
To sow a seed deep in the mind
And from it watch a poem grow
Inspired and true,
Already sealed and signed.

Anne Sproson, U5M.

A BOY I KNOW

A boy I know is very big for his age. He does very odd things sometimes – like racing round a garden pushing a small vehicle. Rather uneducated he is, and with a very limited vocabulary, more or less simply basic English and another language of his own. He wears long trousers but doesn't seem to mind what clothes he wears. He goes to school occasionally but doesn't learn much. He doesn't seem to like watching television, prefers to play with the dog. A very early bed-goer and riser he is. Mostly he just eats, sleeps and plays. He doesn't like being caged up. But then everybody would be like this if they were two years old.

Anthony Johnson, 3A.

“A N T”

The most conspicuous boy in our form is Ant. The first thing you notice when he walks into you is his tie; it is under one ear with the knot round the middle of his chest.

His pockets are a sort of combined zoo and antique shop. The contents range from a dehydrated pea left over from a school dinner in the primary school to a live frog feeding on his jacket. His pencil-case looks like a jigsaw puzzle box, but on the last public examination it was found to contain a pen with nib at 45 deg.. a piece of Meccano which could be used as a ruler, but isn't, and is usually bent to a capital C, and several twice-used sweet wrappers.

His desk is so full and so carelessly packed that the lid is usually at 1 in 7 and could qualify as a dangerous hill, cyclists are advised to walk. The books inside are lovingly decorated with miniature footmarks or expressions like HIC or SPLUDGE.

His satchel is as bad. The straps were long ago eaten away by his dog Humph and like his pockets it contains a varied selection of useless junk. Some days the odd hangman's noose can be seen dangling; other days bits of bicycle fill it up.

Although he is a memorable person. he is himself very forgetful. Only the other day he found a letter in his pockets₁ addressed to his parents inviting them to Speech Day, 1964.



Christopher Hamer, 3A.

FETE

Come with money in your pockets;
Try to knock a coconut down;
Buy a hot-dog; guess a cake-weight;
Cover the sixpence, win a half-crown.

Watch a display of Morris dancing;
Be extravagant, make no fuss;
Try and buy and guess and raffle.
We really need that Minibus.

Suzanne Greatorex, 4A.

A VOICE SAID “FETE”, AND THUS IT WAS THAT ...

We found ourselves firing coconuts into a top hat being whirled round on a Wheel of Fortune in the middle of a water chute. We wandered in a piece of land of undefined area which was to be carved up into little plots, none of which must encroach on the hallowed cricket square. Some distance away was a tea room where must be solved the problem of how many cups of tea would be required by x people consuming y buns. Over all this loomed the question “What happens if it rains?” Indoors, would the cabbage stall grace the rostrum? Would the piano-smashing competition be in danger of going too far so that in future all morning hymns would perform be unaccompanied? Would the Headmaster really understand why we had to turn his room into a toddlers’ corner?

If it all sounds like a nightmare, this may be because it was, at times, a nightmare. The idea of a fete had been strengthened by the thought of a mini-bus, yet, looking at it from the committee angle, there were times when we began to wonder if perhaps it was really right to take away part of the Riddifords’ livelihood, and whether it would be more loyal to the school to have cricket matches instead of a fete after all!

Yet we ploughed on, and many hours and dozens of ideas later we were to see the whole thing coalescing. We made mistakes; not all the things planned came to fruition, but no matter. The gods favoured us and our fears of clock golf in the cloakrooms were dispelled. We had the pleasure of seeing the crowds coming in and falling prey to cajoling stall-holders and persuasive sideshow attendants; later on we were able to sit back and relax, for the first time in weeks it seemed, and eventually we were to have the satisfaction of knowing that the fete had made more money than many had dared to hope for.

And so one aim, at least, was achieved. Yet in the end the real value of the whole enterprise may well be measured in terms of the co-operative effort which it involved. The committee worked on ideas but was ever conscious of the fact that success depended ultimately on the whole school, and whether it was by selling a raffle ticket, lending a pony, buying a bag of sticky toffee, or by one of the numerous other ways of helping, there can hardly be one member of the school or one parent who did not make a contribution. Not even the most sceptical can deny that it was worthwhile.

R.B.

SHAGGY DOG STORY –HOT

When they were well and truly into their first, I always asked people if they would like to buy a second. And I could never fathom out why they said politely, “Well, I’ll let this one go down first. Perhaps later.”

I didn’t burn them; I just did them well. After all, it wasn’t easy to deal simultaneously with ten pounds of them spread over six cookers in the Domestic Science room. It was rather like one of those Russian chess players taking on six opponents at the same time, a chess player with hay fever too, because I react violently with onions, and became rather upset that day.

Then: “One with and one without onions, please” and “Can I have onions, mustard and tomato sauce, please?”

Still, I thoroughly enjoyed Fete Day. But I didn’t please my mother with my reply when she asked me if I wanted sausages for breakfast the next morning.

Gillian Lynch, 4A.

TODDLERS’ CORNER

Help! Why did I volunteer? Kids! Horrible little sadistic monsters! Screaming, yelling, crying! Hundreds of them, thousands of them! I wonder if I can go off sick? Dreadful headache, awful stomach-ache, terrible toothache! Oh. its no use. I’ll have to go. Come on you! Got to be there in five minutes!

Nearly there. Take courage. Once more into the breach dear friends, or whatever. If there are more than twenty I shall scream and run! Come on, it’s only just around the corner. No, no, I can’t go on! They’ll murder me! But I did volunteer. Oh ...I’ll just have a peep. If there are too many I shall quietly vanish. Here we go then.

Good heavens! Docile as lambs! Sweet and innocent!

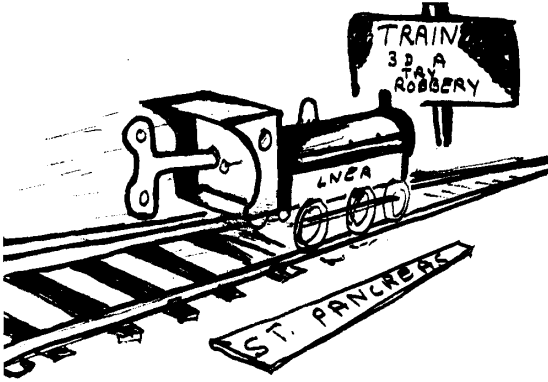
And there are only two!

Susan James,3A.

THE GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY

The stall was supposed to be a Jonah. But, once the project got under way, sites allotted, and apparatus found, our Shibboleth became an object of determined success. It was hard at first to avoid apprehension small boys removing rail clips during break, screeching wags eager for classmate giggles – “Look

—look---committing suicide and buckling the train, together with serious misunderstanding about the sign:



However, everything was sorted out and set up, new signs painted, prices stacked in the cool, and nervous jokes cracked while the field fluttered with silent expectancy. Gradually the first wide-eyed customers filtered up and tried their luck on “St. Pancreas”, and Tazewell started his magnificent patter of Spider Salestalk. Everything ran smoothly—only a few stray ties caused minor derailments, and mothers kept prying fingers away from the rail clips. At last success had become a reality the crowds pushed, the sun shone, money changed hands, and the clatter of wooden station chips became music to our ears.

David Rogers *U.S.M.*

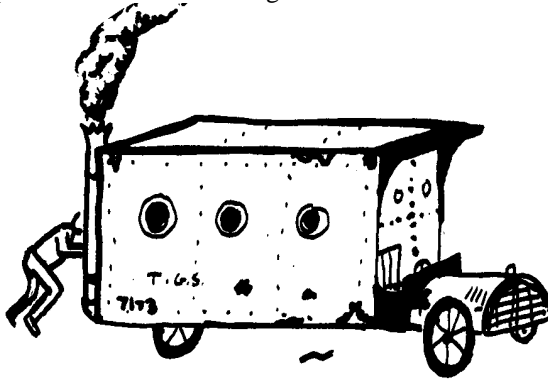
FETE ACCOMPLI

“What is it that roareth thus?

Can it be a Minibus ?”

And what will it be like?

It might be a brand new Ford Thames with Venetian blinds in the windows and a boot scraper on the door. There might be a

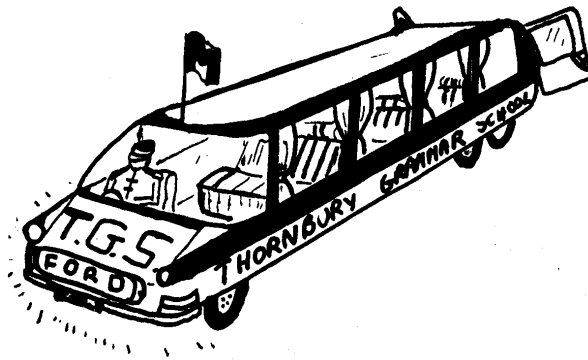


uniformed chauffeur to drive it. The school's name will probably be written on the gleaming red and green paintwork. It might even have central heating. And on the back door the famous translation of the famous motto: CRAM OR SCRAM.

Or it might be a decrepit old 1939 Austin which does about five miles an hour with a good wind and a couple of teachers behind it. The exhaust pipe will stick up like a chimney. Through the broken windows I expect packing case seats will be visible. Remarks such as “Lifts at your own risk” and “No throwing sandwiches out of the window” will be scraped on the dust outside. The whole thing will be held together with spiders' webs.

What will it be like?

Christopher Hamer, 3A.



THEN AND NOW

Mrs. Hodge and Mr. Wright left us in July 1966. They both first came to the school in 1950. We asked them to give us some impressions of the changes they have seen in those sixteen years.

The buildings, of course, have changed – no canteen in those days – we ate school lunch in the Art Room – paint and gravy combined, awed into polite murmurs by two lady supervisors who wore their hats, reminiscent of a Dames school. Cookery was practised next door the Advanced Physics Lab. of today – the smells of cottage pie and jam tarts have given way to purer things! Woodwork, too, was closeted in a little room in this block – later removed to a loft above a builder’s yard up the road. One vivid memory of that era – the small boy who cut the top off his finger and proudly held it up to the master exclaiming “Please, sir, I’ve still got the bit!”

There was no Library in the school when I came to it funny to think of that now. How did we manage? Let no-one imagine we were illiterate the weekly English reading periods for all forms were part of the pattern in those days. I toiled through Victorian “Cranford” with a group of 14-year-old girls – many from the Patchway estate far removed from the genteel world of afternoon tea and scones created by Mrs. Gaskell. They liked the gossip though – that rang a bell and I still remember the spontaneous humour of their dramatization of a Cranford tea party – Eliza Doolittles everyone with their crooked fingers and Bristolese. The boys read sterner stuff I forget the name of the book – “Jack the Ripper” or something like that – adventures of a dog on the South African veldt. We spent endless pages tracking spoor. “What’s spoor, Miss?” “Dung.” “Oh!”

We had no cricket pavilion either, to winkle girls out of, nor Chantry Fields on which not to lie inelegantly. One thing has remained unchanged though in all this the smell of polish in the main building. I always noticed it when I returned to school after the holidays. 0-Cedar and work are now inextricably associated in my mind and I suspect in countless others. But no more now the astringent scent of Brasso daily applied to knobs. What changes I have smelt!

As for the pupils – I do not really think they have changed at all. At first they were mainly from local homes and then more than half came from Patchway bringing perhaps a quicker, more ambitious tone, and then we became Thornbury centred again but now mixed with a tremendous number of newcomers and a plethora of accents – lilting Welsh, unfathomable Border brogues and flat Industrial sounds. I think we are now more truly co-ed – though there always were those who managed to surmount any barriers and be progressive in this direction! And yet boys and girls still sit separately in class just as they always did. Tradition

must die hard here. Is it a Junior School hangover, I wonder? Children are very conservative however. I tried for 16 years on and off to change the name of my subject to R.K. and latterly to RE. but one could still hear a VIth former declare, "I've lost my Div. notebook." Wonderfully resistant, the young.

On balance, I don't think the pupils I've taught have been much influenced by me – mercifully – but rather I, by them. I think the Staff at Thornbury have a wonderful "education".

S.J.H.

Thornbury Grammar School in 1950? Change has been so gradual in the last 16 years that it requires quite an effort to list the differences between then and now.

The first thing that springs to mind is that the school in 1950 was unmistakably rural in its **situation**. It is hard to recall that if one walked from The Plain down to school there were no council houses in the Stafford Crescent precinct, no estate adjoining the Hospital, and none of the private development that now rings both the Chantry Playing Field and the main playing field. Indeed, houses for sale or renting were so rare that new members of staff usually had the utmost difficulty in finding somewhere to live.

The feeling of rural insularity was enhanced by the fact that far fewer people had their own means of transport, apart from a bicycle, and to me, as an impecunious newcomer, Mr. Johnson's 1935 (or was it 1932?) Austin 7 seemed to be an amenity beyond my wildest dreams. In the absence of private transport there was only one place to go for recreation Bristol. And you had to be pretty quick about it, because the last bus back to Thornbury left at 9.50 p.m., usually as the last Act at the Theatre Royal was just getting under way. (I've often wondered how some of those plays ended).

The catchment area of the school was different in those days, of course, and a high proportion of the school population came from the Filton/Patchway area. We were unusual, I suppose, in an age when country children tended to be transported to the nearest town for their schooling in reversing this trend. Nowadays a far higher proportion of pupils live within the immediate neighbourhood of Thornbury, as can be judged from the diminishing number of Bristol Corporation buses – at one time six or seven— waiting outside school to take children home in the Bristol direction.

One could mention many differences in the purely **academic aspects** of school life. 1950 saw the end of the old School Certificate examination which involved taking (and passing) a group of subjects and its supercedure by the General Certificate in Education which could be taken in as many, or as few, subjects as a candidate wished. A seven year stay at school, ending with 'A' Level, is much more generally accepted now that it was in 1950, when the VIth Form was relatively small and destined, almost exclusively for some specific form of higher education, e.g. university or training college. New subjects have established themselves in the curriculum and new ways of teaching existing subjects have been developed – Nuffield Science, Modern Mathematics, and the Language Lab, being perhaps the most obvious instances.

On **the social side**, the thing which stands out is that in 1950 the school provided, and was expected to provide, a good many things which pupils or their parents can now provide for themselves. The family car has introduced a new dimension in informal education which has yet to be fully assessed. This is not to suggest that school visits are played out. Far from it. But some excursions which once had the appeal of novelty are now well within range of the week-end motorist.

Nowadays the motorist himself may well be a member of the VIth form anyway. This point was brought home to me very forcibly last autumn when, after vainly driving around the precincts of Bristol University in search of a place to park, I finally found a clear space about half a mile away from where I wanted to be. As I parked my car, a familiar figure emerged from the vintage model in front of mine. I recognised him as one of our previous year's VIth formers, then in his first term at the University. He greeted me with the cheerful resignation of a fellow-sufferer: 'It's quite a problem parking round here, isn't it?'

I've not attempted any more than a few random and personal impressions of Thornbury. It will be obvious that I find it difficult to separate school from its environment: the one has always seemed to complement the other.

To those of us who joined the staff in 1950, having spent the war years in various stages of discomfort, Thornbury seemed at its best a veritable Shangri-la and at its worst a far pleasanter place than we ever expected to end up in. Even today, with the marks of change and progress observable on all sides, it still retains much of its charm and appeal. Long may it remain so!

T.A.W.

GOING TO SCHOOL

Going to the Grammar School,
Experience so strange,
Seeing different faces,
Learning different names.

Going to assembly
Instead of morning prayer,
Single desks row on row,
No longer need to share.

Rushing round the building,
Each time a different room,
Don't forget a single thing,
This could be your doom!

So many different subjects
I've never done before,
Learn to say "fermez la porte",
Instead of "shut the door".

It still seems very special,
And challenging and new
Looking at this strange new world.
From 2B's point of view.

Jane Anthony, 2B.

MUM

Ideal Mums are Squezy Mums
They never forget to get fruit gums.
A Mum has always a job to do.
Searching, Searching for something new.
She puts man appeal in every dinner
And every day gets five pounds thinner.
Her family gets its central heat
And lots of ready-made things to eat.
Groceries she gets at Spar
And Jiffy-Jellies in a jar.
Corned beef in a tiny tin.
Thousands of pounds for her to win.
Rice Krispies snap in every store.
And all the children shout for more.
She always has to have Milk Tray,
And an extra pinta every day.
While Timex ticks the time away.

Barbara Le Mare.

THE BRIDGE

On September 8th, the bridge was opened. This was of course, the newly completed "Ploughground Rhine Bridge" at Earthcott, opened by Miss Gaunt's Earthcott, 1934. A spokesman for the police said "Although there have been threats, we do not expect any trouble from the Free Itchington Army."

The girders used in the bridge were welded at the farm, then floated down the rhine to the site of the bridge, where they were lifted into position. This revolutionary new technique has not been used before. Its sister bridge in Scotland used a much heavier steel lattice.

Miss Gaunts Earthcott remarked at the opening.

The bridge was finished five months ahead of schedule, which shows what can be done when management and labour pull together. Consultant Engineer and Brickie's mate Mr. McCost of Iron Acton Municipal Borough Council said "Yes" when this question was put to him. But Gaunts Earthcott Councillors boycotted the celebrations afterwards which were held. They objected to the ratepayers' money.

We are sure that this bridge will change our lives in some meaningful way.

Pamela Gerrish, Robin Mills, Stephen Evans, USG.

MY RELATIONSHIP WITH M. ARCHDALE

M. Archdale is not a girl friend or a relation and with a name like Archdale and having a father called Aubrey Archdale, I wouldn't want her to be. The relationship is this: she's a baby and I'm a baby-sitter. Aneka, mother of one, wife of ex-Etonian, exHorseguards Aubrey, once asked if I could babysit for them. I said I'd love to. (It was the money I was after).

They left me with instructions to help myself to anything in the kitchen and not worry too much about Margerate. In the sitting room was a baby call, and with every giggle, scream or sigh, she gave I quaked in the chair. Should I go up and see her, make sure that she hadn't done anything rash like throwing teddy into potty. You may well ask why I worried. Well, you see, I had never seen her, and, on seeing me, she might have had hysterics.

Well, I finally decided I would take that chance. I crept into the bedroom. There was M. Archdale not asleep, looking very content, obviously very happy to be a baby with a sitter like me. "Hello Chris." she smiled. All was well. I returned to the TV.

But it didn't end there. Now when I get home in the evening, she'll be there to greet me. "Hello Chris. Hello Chris." And the big boys laugh and say, "Who's the girl-friend?"

Christopher Williams, SB.

IGNOMINIOUS TO SAY THE LEAST

Laughter is the emission of explosive inarticulate sounds of the voice under the influence of amusement, joy, scorn of other emotions, – or so says the dictionary.

Laughter is fun, which is better than sorrow. Laughter is good for the lungs and the mind. It is healthy.

Laughter should not be suppressed. Laughter is wit and wit is the combining of ideas with a pointed verbal effect; wit is humour and humour is a mental quality that apprehends and delights in ludicrous and mirthful ideas.

Humour is fun and fun is merriment.

The reason for laughing in the Library lesson yesterday was humour.

Alison was engrossed in the story of her visit to the dentist. We were listening with rapt attention while, with faultless memory, she recalled that the dentist said her front molars protruded seven centimetres from her lips towards the centre of the earth. Before she had time to correct herself, Denise and I started to emit explosive inarticulate sounds of the voice at her remark – which you obviously thought to be ignominious to say the least.

With mirth I recall the sweet picture of Alison with three inches of solid bone protruding from her lips, torpid with laughter.

What fun, what mirth is this? It is clean honest fun which should neither be controlled nor suppressed.

Elizabeth Avent, 4B.

NOTHING HAS CHANGED

It was with relief that we second-formers received the news one day in Assembly that there would be no more prefects. Thank goodness, we thought, no one to make us do litter duty. We wouldn't be bawled at to shut up at our slightest sound. We could do handstands on the field with no one yelling at us not to. Prefects' detentions would be finished. No more lines for the tiniest thing we did wrong. We wouldn't be made to ball boy on a Saturday morning when we had other things to do.

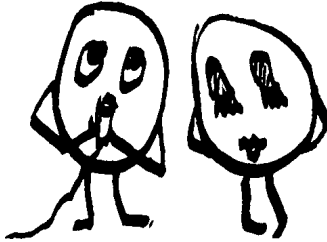
How lovely life would be. We'd be able to get away with anything. We could talk to our heart's content. We'd be able to piggyback race round the hockey pitch, climb the horse chestnut trees for conkers, throw balls against the walls and race round the school at top speed. Hooray!

BUT

we soon found out: instead of having two dozen prefects, all 62 would have prefects' rights. Nothing had changed.

Rachel Warner, 2J.

HOW ROGER MILLS INTERVIEWED ME



The scene was set. A scathing observer might have said it was rigged, as he watched “appropriate” captions being written on the blackboard to create a “real” classroom atmosphere.

I was reminded of a dentist’s surgery. Everywhere I looked something was aimed at me. I had been chewing over my speech for the last hour and I smirked with glee as I thought of the perfection I had managed to achieve.

“Right, you’re on.” I waited to be asked what I had automatically assumed this rather reasonable, harmless-looking interviewer would ask. Instead a microphone was pushed under my nose and with uncanny determination he poured forth like an irate Army Major an irrelevant question, the answer to which I had not even considered in my eloquent dissertation. My equilibrium toppled as I studied the contraption two inches from my nose. A few mouldy words reiterated and rapped the microphone.

“Thank you. That’s all.”

In a dazed stupor I trundled from the room, steam bubbling off my red-hot face.

“What happened?” my companions asked with keen anticipation. Their false expectancy crumbled when I said I hardly knew.

Nevertheless, five minutes of fame, however unwarranted, boosts the ego considerably: and it is flattering to be asked for your autograph. After all I can tell my grandchildren about it – no doubt the details will be cunningly avoided.

“I was on television.” That sounds good.

Heather Northover, 6’ ARTS

HOW JEREMY CARRAD INTERVIEWED ME

His advice was: “write it as soon as you can, while it’s still fresh in your mind.”

Anyway, it’s all well and good being on television; in fact, it’s quite enjoyable, but when you have to say that the answer to the question “What did they have you on for?” is “Well, “I’m supposed to be the country’s youngest Women’s Institute president”, it becomes a bit embarrassing.

Of course, it was all terrifically exciting – phone calls to school from “Points West”, waiting around for someone to interview you, rehearsals for the actual television interview, a guided tour of the B.B.C. studios, and a lift home from Peter Brown, one

of the interviewers. But the thing that remains with me most is the feeling of nerves and the craving for a glass of water. I was really petrified but Jeremy Carrad and all the technicians were very friendly, and that helped. My cravings for water were more than satisfied when Peter Brown took me down to the B.B.C. bar for a “chat up” as he called it. This involved my being introduced to Mark Puckle and some other familiar faces, and learning that Jeremy Carrad suffers from a bad back

Yes, I should have written it as soon as I could, while it was still fresh in my mind.

Angela Cattley, 62 -

HOW WE FAILED TO INTERVIEW JEREMY CARRAD

“You go and ask him.”

“Why should I? It was your idea.”

“We’ll both ask him.”

So we both asked him, or rather didn’t. It had been a good idea in the beginning, and imagination had worked wonders. We imagined ourselves as a couple of female reporters and interviewers, rather ~n the style of Robin Day. We would carry notebooks and pencils, and be armed to the teeth with questions which would throw Mr. Carrad off his feet. The sun was going to shine, the vicar would hover discreetly in the background with his wife in the floral print dress serving tea and buns. And Mr. Carrad was to be left wondering how two-school-girls could be quite so literary minded and what he had said. For Jeremy Carrad, well-known man of TV was to open a Church Fete in a village not far from Thornbury.

The actual event was rather different. The sun did shine, but only for a quarter of an hour that morning. The sky at three in the afternoon was dark grey and the rain dripped from the trees on to everything and everyone beneath. At the marquee where our interview took place people were trying not to touch the sodden canvas which showered water at every possible opportunity, and we had to share it with a Punch and Judy show. The vicar’s wife served tea in wellingtons and plastic mackintosh. The vicar completely disappeared. Tea was served to keep out the cold. It is highly doubtful if Mr. Carrad was swept off his feet. If he was, it was because he had never met two people with so little imagination in his life. The two notebooks and carefully sharpened pencils had been left on the dining room table.

When Mr. Carrad actually accepted our invitation to be interviewed, we couldn’t think of a thing to say. Robin Day died a quick death; two girls feeling very stupid were left.

“I suppose you want me to interview myself,” he said smiling. We smiled too.

There was nothing else to do. It must have been one of the most unfruitful interviews ever conducted. The facts we discovered could be counted on our fingers. He lived with his family at Easter Compton for about eighteen months and during this time heard of our school. He was surprised that we had no swimming pool, horrified that we had no gym. He thinks all child

ren should be able to swim. Again we felt stupid; we can't swim. He spent most of his childhood in London and was in the Army before joining the B.B.C.

It was all very irrelevant. Then Elizabeth Carrad, aged we think about three, came in, scattering Smarties. She was, like us, a girl of few words, but she liked investigating the back of the Punch and Judy, whence she emerged looking scared and guilty. Eventually Mr. Carrad said he had to take tea in the vicarage, so, smiling and saying, "Of course, you can make it all up if you like" he left us.

So we could say he was, a right-wing Communist, or wears pink and green shirts or has six fingers on his left foot, or ... Still, Mr. Carrad is certainly not like that. So we did find out something.

Pamela Gerrish, U5G; Sheila Ball, U5C.

6 A.M. MONTMARTRE

Heave, heave tired legs up cobbled steps of generations,
Streetlights shining on Citroen roofs
Gaze in awe at the mighty ruler of the hill.
Looking across the misty, purple, neon city
With tight, no-sleep eyes.
Reminded of suffering and poverty throughout this city's life,
Marie Antoinette, Napoleon and Hunchback,
Utrillo, Monet, Renoir, and Vincent
All saw the places that I see now.
The bright lights, records and groups of the Bus Palladium
Are now far away.
I wonder where the people are now that I met there,
Sleeping the all-night dancing, and the laughing off
Behind the wooden shutters of Paris?
Am I the only person in the city now?
This is the only time of day or night in Paris
That the cafes, the boulevards and the tourists
Are all asleep.
I feel warmth on my cheek.
The sun is coming
Shines pink on old Sacre Coeur
The mighty ruler of the hill.

J. Trayhurn, U5M.

MAGNIFICENT MACHINES

The bus company seemed to be buying a new fleet of buses out of what I spent on fares. So I got a motor bike to save my legs and my pocket.

My first machine was given to me but it didn't save my legs at all, as it refused to go. When I was being towed by a tractor in an attempt to start it, I was dragged off. So I sold it for 30/.

My next was a 49 cc moped. This refused to go uphill and had trouble on the flat. It never broke down as I pedalled it everywhere. I once pedalled it into the back of a bus.

What I wanted was gears, so I worked on a farm at week-ends and with the money leapt up to a 197 cc Francis Barnett. This was a very reliable machine and I even passed my test first time on it, my friends standing at corners and yelling advice when the examiner was out of earshot.

Then I went up to 350 ccs a Bullet which was capable of long distance runs. I once went to Brands Hatch and back in a day on this one and got to London in $2\pm$ hours one spectacular day. This machine brought me my first endorsement for speeding. However, after ten thousand miles of this the engine started dropping exhaust valves at a terrible rate and I finally sold it to a scrap yard in Bristol, where it can still be seen. Its number plate was rather good

RU 54.

The very next day I bought a 650 cc BSA. It had terrific performance and died after ten miles on the road, following a violent seizure at Tockington.

The story of my bikes can best be summarized in distances covered.

Bike 1	Many fields
Bike 2	About 500 miles
Bike 3	5,500 miles
Bike 4	– 10,000 miles
Bike 5	– 10 miles
Bike 6	is still going

Alick Burge, 6²Sci.

I may not be an amazing young man, but I definitely was the proud possessor of a crazy machine.

I got the car via a friend of a friend, neither of whom I have seen since. The money for it was earned slaving away at the washing up at "The Ship" two nights a week.

Both the car and I had some difficulty passing our tests. My problem was that I kept trying to take the test in a 1937 Austin 7 and every time something went wrong. Once the seat came off its hinges during the emergency stop; another time third gear slipped out going down a steep hill.

I suppose it could be written off to experience, but it did cost a lot. The insurance, especially, was very high. My quarrel with H.M. Excise officers set me back a lot of evenings of dishwashing, although I got off there fairly lightly.

There were disconcerting mechanical failures too. The back wheel fell off on Christmas morning, and the same thing nearly happened again coming back from Thornbury fair loaded with six people. Then there was a breaking of the brake connections in a French traffic jam, followed by a dented French bumper, and me being made out as a stupid Englishman—some insult!

I am afraid the car is no longer with us. It rests still in the backyard of a French agricultural engineer with a broken crankshaft.

Peter Brand, 62S.

Tommy Brown was aged sixteen
Lived with Mum in Golders Green.
Scrimped and saved with all his might
To buy himself a motor bike.

Christmas came, the bike was bought.
Tom rode faster than he ought.
Roaring up the motorway
Didn't care what Mum would say.

Until one evening off he went
Landing in an accident,
Took a corner much too fast.
I fear that ride will be his last.

So children, list to what I say.
Live to ride another day.
Use the road with utmost care.
Ride with caution everywhere.

Julian Stansfield, 4A.

America the Golden.
The Knight riding backward on Errant
Waving her nuclear deterrent
Flaunting Armageddon to the fire-red dragon
To deaden the noise of the battle wagon
Of a new black freedom, and a bread-line long as death.

Robin Mills, U5G.

SOLILOQUY OF THE PRINCESS X

Queen of Symèdre!
Nothing but a farce.
And what a ridiculous hat
Her smiles are all false,
Anyone can tell that.
What, truly, does she think
 Such dirty children, these boy scouts,
 Sticky hands and knobby knees.
I don't hear any friendly chatter with the masters.
Tell them (as I do, but, of course, I mean it)
What a pleasure your meeting them is.
Cover your scorn, dear.
She can't see how much they hate her.
She knows they'd prefer my clear laughter.
Oh? A speech?
She pretends to be coy.
You don't like making speeches?
Come now — after all that time before the mirror
All that time perfecting it.
I hope you're a success (and won't miss the notes
I know aren't there).
 Home, James. I can't bear to see her. The palace! Nice big smiles for the
 papers, dear!

Valerie Gould, 61 Arts.

THE OLD THORNBURIANS' SOCIETY

“Write about us!” they said. So here goes.

The Society is for all Old Thornburians, whatever their length of sojourn at school, whatever their vintage. For an annual subscription of 2/6d. payable at any time (to Mr. G. Williams at the G.S.) members receive news of all activities and even a free copy of the School Magazine. Failure to pay does not preclude anyone from attending the various functions.

The dance was again held at Easter time. It was mildly successful. Would it be better held at Christmas? The dinner, on July 9th, at which the speakers were Fl. Lt. Malpass and Mr. E. ‘Tricky’ Williams, was as usual successful, although not profitable. It has become necessary during the past two years to employ outside caterers for this function. While lessening the worries and responsibilities for the committee, it has necessitated a substantial rise in cost. Many people, we know, look forward to returning to the school but some members of the committee wonder if the time has come to change. Would not a combined dinner and dance be more appreciated, more in keeping with modern trends and a more suitable function for both old and young Thornburians? The possibility of a wine and cheese party during one of the vacations has also been suggested. We would welcome the views of other Old Thornburians. Why not attend the Annual General Meeting in January and voice an opinion.

We are sorry to lose Mr. Wright, but wish him every success in his new post. Was there an Old Thornburian to which he could not put name, face and profession? All must remember the varied anecdotes occasioned by the annual re-distribution of text books.

We send good wishes also to Miss Helen Pitcher on her retirement from teaching.

Many Old Thornburians are to be found in far corners of the earth. Pamela Bennet is enjoying life as a nurse in Canada, where also, Brian Keedwell works for a chemical firm. James Coswell having obtained his Ph.D., is going to work in British Guiana (Guyana), Ann Goodbrook is stationed with the WRENS on the Rock of Gibraltar. Mr. J. Skinner has just resumed his post as head of Wellsway Secondary School, Keynsham after a three year stay in Cyprus, studying educational methods.

Nearer home, John Pullin, who spends most of his time farming near Aust was chosen to play rugby for England. Bob Collett is now a medical doctor. Pat Heal appeared on television in the National Youth Theatre's production of "Troilus and Cressida". Graham James played soccer with the London University Eleven during the past year. Paul Potter is a department manager for British Home Stores, and moves shortly to Doncaster. Roger Hill is a district Public Health Inspector in Bath. Sheila Durrant has won a scholarship at Exeter University. Edith Wilkinson has won a research scholarship to Oxford. Wendy Baker is studying for a Ph.D., at Cambridge. Silvia Tyley has returned to the Grammar School as a Laboratory Technician. Among the many who have become teachers are Margaret Stansfield, Dorothy Rickards, Sally Winter, Margaret Bracey, Rosemary Clews, George Skuse, and Roger Blenkinsopp, who is on a one year course to learn Russian.

We offer congratulations to all who have become engaged, married or parents.

BIRTHS

Daughter to Marilyn Savage nee Evans.

Son to Gloria and Terry Symons.

Daughter to Judy nee Fudge.

to Marguerite nee Coxon.

to Christine and Tony Harding.

MARRIAGES

Peggy Bryant; Pamela Watkins, Hazel Pritchard; Wendy Baker; Margaret Phillips; Sandra Riddiford; Geoff Bailey; John Smith; Jean Pearce. Richard Climmer; Judith Rogers; Janet Pearson; Gill Brooks; Angela Fudge; Margaret Scott to Roger Jackson; Jane Harding to Roger Hill; Yvonne Underhill to Keith Maloney.

First doctor — Robert Collett.

First osteopath — Margaret Phillips.

First woman law student — Cynthia Birtwhistle.

RECORD OF SCHOOL HONOURS HONOURS (OLD THORNBURIANS)

- C. J. BAYLISS, B.Sc., 2nd Class Honours (2nd Division), Chemistry, Manchester.
 R. J. COLLINS, Ph.D., Chemistry, Leeds.
 R. J. CROSSFIELD, B.Sc., 2nd Class Honours (1st Division, Chemistry, Exeter
 R. DIBBLE, B.Sc., Mathematics, Cardiff.
 R. D. GEORGE, B.Sc. (General) Mathematics and Physics, Reading.
 DOROTHY RICKARDS, B.A., 2nd Class Honours (1st Division), French, Exeter.
 JANET ROBERTS, B.Sc., 2nd Class Honours (2nd Division), Microbiology, Cardiff.
 H. P. STANSFIELD, B.Eng.(Civil), 2nd Class Honours (2nd Division), Liverpool.
 MARGARET STANSFIELD, B.A., 2nd Class Honours, (1st Division), French, Nottingham
 ERIS TUDOR, B.A., General Honours (Division 1), Languages, Sheffield.
 R. M. TURNER, B.Sc., 1st Class Honours, Physics, Birmingham.
 R. F. WEEKS, B.Econ., 2nd Class Honours (2nd Division), Industrial Economics,
 Nottingham.
 D. F. WILLIAMS, B.Sc., 1st Class Honours, Metallurgy, Birmingham.

UNIVERSITY and COLLEGES of ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY

ENTRIES, 1965

- | | |
|--|--|
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