

THORNS

Thornbury Grammar School Magazine

MAGAZINE EDITORS

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HEADMASTER'S NOTES

There have been a large number of staff changes in the past year. Miss Morris, Miss Sturdy, Miss Brown, Miss Russell, Mrs. Rowe and Mr. Quest have all departed. Miss Morris is to be Head of History' at Faringdon Girls School, Miss Sturdy is in Canada and Miss Brown is to become an air hostess with BOAC. We welcome in their place Miss Beale who comes to us from Merrywood Girls G.S. to be Head of history; Mrs. Pashley from Keynsham G.S., who takes over responsibility for domestic science; Mrs. Sadler, who joins the biology department; Miss Plowman who is in charge of Girl's Physical Education; Mr. Reynolds and Mrs. Lacy who join the English Department, and Mrs. Jackson who joins the part-time staff to teach History. Mrs. Hargreaves and Mrs. Hill are together covering the work in Religious Education this term.

We congratulate Miss Dyer and Mr. Seely on their recent marriage.

Two old Thornburians, Messrs. L.J. Hawkins and D. Trayhurn cease to be Thornbury Parish Council representatives on the governing body. Both have served the school well over many years and we extend to them our thanks and appreciation, as we do to other governors who have retired this year.

The school continues to grow in numbers, and there were 503 pupils at the beginning of the autumn term. A change in entry procedure has come into being this year and we now have an even closer liaison with the Castle School, in that there is now an overlap of ability within the two schools. We are this year using some of the Castle School's physical education facilities and a number of art and typewriting lessons are being held in their premises. In return, first and second year pupils from the Castle School continue to use our language laboratory.

HEADMASTER'S NOTES

The only main change in accommodation in the past year has been the creation of a sixth common room in the old school. Current members of the second-year sixth are to be congratulated on their painting efforts in the summer holidays. The common-room resplendent with parental and staff furniture 'cast-offs' now looks something like the lounge of the Grand Hotel, and is the envy of both staffrooms!

A new terrapin type of class-room has arrived this term to provide accommodation for our increased numbers.

Nineteen former T.G.S. pupils went to universities in October 1966, the largest number in one year in the school's history.

We congratulate John Punter on his 1st Class Honours degree in Geography at Newcastle University. He is now doing a post-graduate course at Toronto University.

Founders' Day, as in previous years, started well with an early morning School Communion Service in the Parish Church, followed by breakfast for communicants at school. The preacher at the Founders' Day Service in the afternoon was the Bishop of Hulme, Manchester.

We were blessed with a fine and sunny day for Speech Day on May 10th. and the school and grounds were in the best of condition for the occasion. The Guest of Honour was Dr. Marjorie Tait, Warden of Manor Hall, University of Bristol.

The School Play, "The Dream of Peter Mann" was presented in December and was well received by three full houses, as was the choir and orchestral concert in May.

It has been a good year for school games. Clifton High School was the only school to defeat the Girls' hockey XI during the course of a very long season, and the U15 girls' hockey team was the joint winner of the Bristol and S.Glos. School's Tournament. The 1st XV and the cricket XI both enjoyed excellent seasons.

Sixth Form Biologists and Geographers had a very successful Field Week in Dorset in the Easter holidays. There were the usual number of excursions, lectures, and conferences in the end of term programme in the summer, and a party of thirty-three pupils and four staff went to Switzerland in the summer holidays. We congratulate Ann Broad and Roger Steer on being selected to run for Gloucestershire schools in the All England Athletics Championships at Peterborough in July, and Champion and Nicholas on playing for the Senior and Under 15 Gloucestershire Schools Cricket XI respectively. John Trayhurn has been on the production side with the National Youth Theatre in London during the summer holidays, and Bell and Massey are in the Gloucestershire Youth Orchestra.

Features

And

Poems

EXCERPT FROM THE BOOK OF T.G.S., CHAPTERS 1-3.

In the Beginning was Rouch, and the word was with Rouch and he used it. But Rouch reached his three score years and ten and it came to pass that there came a new Headmaster, even from North he came.

And there was in the Town of Thornbury a Man of Greatness, who left a great impression upon the school, and he was Biddle called Frank, and he spent much of his time rolling on the field and mowing.

And a Decree went out, and the shower was builded₁ yea even to the extent of demolishing inconveniences. And this place of showering was floored, even with a floor which was slippery when wet. And from this Shower House issued many Songs, Pearls of Wisdom and Comments upon this World

Anon.

SEA SHELLS

My shell has a white spot in the middle and has a smooth curvy outside. It is an orangey-yellow colour with streaks of grey in it and a dirty white outside. There is a half-polished surface with a waxy touch. This shell reminds me of a scared hedgehog curling up, or a squashed slug, half-dead. My shell makes me remember my holiday in Spain when I could look down on to the sea-bed and see small shells like this creeping about like very small people.

Shirley Kitcatt

A sea shell looks like whipped cream.

A sea shell has colours of light and dark purple with sandy yellow inside.

A sea shell is sometimes rough and sometimes smooth.

A sea shell looks like a turban or a very small whirlwind.

A sea shell brings back memories of when a snail was in my shoe.

Stephen Miles.

It's like an almond in shape. I can see white, grey, pink and blue: the inside is a yellowish brown.

The surface of my shell is gnarled and twisted with narrow little ridges running across it.

When the sun hits it, minute pieces of it sparkle like tiny stars.

When I hold it upright it looks like a hill.

When I see it, I think of pleasant seaside scenes.

John Kirk.

When my shell catches the light it looks very shiny and sparkling. It is also very rough if you rub your finger over it. The shape of it makes me think of a James Bond film I have seen. It makes me think I'm at the baths, when I have swallowed a lot of water.

Malcolm Muir.

My shell is about an inch long, round and tapering. The thin white stripes round the outside are at the level of a spiral ledge inside. Between the stripes it is mauve, mustardy yellow and creamy white. It is smooth and shining and reminds me of when we went to visit two castles because it is like a castle tower with a spiral staircase.

Barbara LeMare.

It was small and curled in a little ball,
White and brown but lemon yellow.
The outside was glum and uninteresting,
But the inside was smooth and shiny.
All I could think of when looking at it
Was a peculiar-shaped lemon.
It very much reminds me of gathering shells on the beach in the summer of '64.

Diana James.



A GOOD LAMP IS ESSENTIAL

PVFS MEETS CAJ



THE SCENERY IS WORTH ALL THE EFFORT OF CAVING.

CHIMNEYS ARE TRICKY



EVERY HOLD HELPS

AMATEUR WINE-MAKING

“Try this,” she said.

A ‘wee dram’ of a murky black liquid burnt down my gullet like a forest fire.

“It’s great,” I said.

That was my introduction to wine-making.

My bedroom now reeks of sour cider. The carpet is covered with sticky sugar and the bottom of the cupboard is being quickly rotted away, while the gurgling goes on. The garage is plastered with homemade wine-racks and the kitchen sink is blocked up with old bottle labels. My mother is getting fed up and my father just complains, “Never can a Sunday dinner go past without a repeated report on the progress of your wine.

“The mincer’s lined with chopped up ingredients.” “All the knives are blunt.”

“The sugar has disappeared and so have the lemons. “The .sink is filthy and the floor flooded” etc...etc...

My spare time is often occupied by virtually living in the kitchen or my bedroom storage cupboard, and the night is occupied by reading a recipe book:

4 lb. mangold.

1/2 lb. raisins.

3 lb. sugar.

1 gall. boiling water.

...and soon....

Do this—don’t do that—don’t forget to do this—watch out for that— (Somehow I manage to forget all the ‘don’t forgets’ and a revolting vinegar is produced once in a while)

On the occasions when a nice wine is produced, its amount can easily decrease when it is maturing due to a quick sip through a plastic straw in the night, now and again.

“Well it helps me to sleep.”

I get to bed and start to nod off, when, suddenly, “blurp!” Every fifteen seconds at the beginning of the fermentation there is a “blurp..blurp” or just a plain “plup”. I begin to nod off again, wait for the “blurp”, “blip” or “plup” or whatever comes, but all remains silent.

“The cork’s too loose!”

I scramble out of bed; a thump on the floor and the house is awakened but the cork is fitted tightly again.

One nasty mistake when a wine is carrying out its secondary fermentation is to add a lot of sugar at once. The result is a disastrous frothing and wine pours out of the bottle all over the place.

One of my favourite wines is raisin and rice wine. It tastes like sherry and is ideal for warming yourself up or for starting up a wood fire. For alcoholic content rice wine takes a lot of beating and a bottle lasts a long time—I am not so sure about the drinker.

In pubs, wines and ciders can be bought for a fair price, but their taste is rather strange. If you want to drink a good wine, then make it yourself!

Nigel Snell.

MAKING THINGS

Making things and breaking things!

These are two pastimes which fascinate me. I can dream up wonderful plans for something like a front wheel drive bicycle, but can I ever make it?—No!

I think up most of my inventions in bed. I lie there thinking of all the fun that I could have with them. I lie still, with a blank mind, and then suddenly something shoots into my head. Yes—why not? A three-wheeled, pedal-driven three-, four-, or five-g geared ‘E’ type go-cart! But then, I come to my senses and realise the many problems which hazard my intentions. I would need a 26” by 1.3/8” geared wheel and at that moment I just didn’t happen to have a spare one. They were all on my five or six varieties of bicycle housed in the garage and shed! This now brings about another thought: Dad had warned me that if I hadn’t cleared all my ‘junk’ out of the garage by the weekend, then he would throw the lot out. Now I couldn’t let that happen. All my wonderful creations of the past months gone? No! I wouldn’t let it happen. I made up my mind to clear it out the very next evening. I did not think, in myself, that I would really do it, but it was a good thought anyway!

Now, back to the subject of bikes. What would be my next invention? Yes, I know—a ‘jockey’ bike. One like you can hire at the fair, but mine would be far superior to those. Mine would be comfortable and easy to get going. It would have gears for easier riding. “I will start it next evening,” I say to myself, forgetting all the other jobs I have lined up. Right, now for the plans. The saddle would have to be on a strong sliding stem so that it could move up and down to work the cranks which rotated the wheel. There would be no pedals or chain etc etc

Then I would go on planning and planning, but alas! I knew that I would never get round to building them all. A few, maybe, but most? Never!

Now for the other aspect of this essay—'Breaking Things'. Oh what fun! The main tools are always at the ready: sledge hammer, chisel, knife, overgrown spanner (open-ended variety, weighing about four pounds), hammer for smaller jobs and, of course, the one and only 'breaking boots'. If you don't know what they are, you're missing something. They are special home-made leather boots reaching to around the ankles. They have half inch thick leather soles and an inch thick heel giving way to perhaps nine or ten large solid-steel bars for grip and strength.

The uppers of these boots are real thick leather outside with a rubber waterproofing and sheepskin lining. The ultimate! One flick of the ankles and about six beerbottles could disintegrate to nowt. Petrol cans and oil drums are really in for it if my boots get anywhere near them. I tried playing football in them once. They had wonderful grip, but the sheer weight of these monsters allowed me to just about cripple no less than six opponents. After that I had the field to myself: no one came within twenty feet of me! Then, to top it all, I gave the ball a mighty great boot and BANG!— I owed my friend 25/6!

They're wonderful boots if you know how to use them. Unfortunately I don't!
Well, there it is, in a nutshell. Much more fun than knitting, isn't it?

David Hayhoe.



Scraperboard by Vivienne Woolford

LONELINESS

I wander up to my bedroom, ordered by my parents to continue my revision. This minor thing which I cannot be bothered to do will probably affect the rest of my life. I don't care: all I want to do is have a little studio somewhere and paint. But do I? Deep down I feel I must pass these exams whatever happens. So inevitably I return to my bedroom, enclosed in my own little environment. I work

for ten minutes, then think that I could do with a cigarette. I call my sister.

“Have you got a— “NO!”

It's funny but she's always annoyed me with some of her petty lies—after all, what would one fag do to her? But I must admit she's lent me ten bob already this week.

I scrape around on the floor, look in all my pockets: I can just raise 1/5. I nip down to mum.

“Lend me fourpence for the phonner”

(Phonner—we've always called it 'phonner': strange really.)

Now I have just enough for a packet of Number Six.

I return to my bedroom and look around—'this damn place is like a prison'. Then I waste time thinking how to improve it. Alone in a world of my own, yet I am lonely. This should not be; after all, I created this world. Why can't I create another aid to my loneliness? Suddenly, (why suddenly, I do not know, but it's always suddenly) “You must never forget his suspenders”. This quote from Rudyard Kipling is a family joke. Pity it's not funny. I look at the wall and see my design, 'Shapes and Figures in a Solid Triangle'. I take it down and alter it for the fourth time that week.

All things bright and beautiful, All creatures great and small, All things wise and wonderful— The Lord God made them all.”

Did he? I wonder. He never made me—I'm wise and wonderful—perhaps not. I can't see that God has any real use in the world at all. Perhaps he is there to help lonely people like me, but I don't need his help. If I did need help, I wouldn't get it from him. I don't like to believe in false help—I would rather help myself.

Anyway, I'm not lonely anymore. I've got my house and my room and—Oh God! I forgot my revision! When I said “Oh God!”, I wasn't appealing to God or Buddha, or anyone except myself: it's just an expression of anger.

Mother calls me for tea; sister calls to buy a cigarette off me; I tell her where to go; she goes. A friend calls; I disappoint him. I return to my lonely vigil. I drink my bedtime coffee. All my books are open on my bed. I read... I read... I read... I don't read. I don't read because I am asleep; I can't be bothered any longer.

I fall into a deep sleep and dream about my girl friend. I'm happy by the morning.

Alan Gould.

You can tie night and loneliness into a bundle and throw it away. But however attractive and appealing you make this bundle, for me it will always be cold and will never be thrown away. One day you will experience this inwardly cold sorrow and then you will understand. Then, yes, then, you will regret your bitter words. I understand you do it for a 'kick' but you do not realise the bitter pain and the sharpness of these words.

Yes, I have a companion, but I haven't a friend. Neither of us has any light, warmth or love. Instead we are lonely and insecure. We share each other, the night and I. I was young once; I got a kick from making fun of the old, but now I experience a sour regret and a realisation that it didn't make me popular but proved that I was immature with no consideration for others. Did you know that I stay out late like you? A burning desire of love and friendship is why you stay out. I stay out for burnt cinders, a dead companion, trying to grasp some satisfaction from it. Because I am different from you, dark shadowing words are printed alongside my heart. Last night an attractive, smart, longhaired lad walked up to me, laughter bubbling out of his mouth.

"Oh isn't she a doll! Did you know she's out late every night? Oh yes, I could really go for her!" he shouted as he walked past. The sharp glittering knife tore open my heart. My frightened, resentful mouth opened but nothing came out except an echoing cry. My knees knocked like a hammer banging a nail as I thrust my awkward feet forward. I stopped. My thoughts became diluted by crying against the cold wet wall. It is like water boiling in a saucepan until all the water is gradually evaporated away. This is how I felt. Then, I could feel nothing.

The night has no one. It too is lonely like me. Subconsciously you realise that one day you will grow old and you will be alone. You don't want this to happen and so you block it out like a dog buries a bone in the soil. You try to numb the loneliness by saying you're in love, but love is nothing to be ashamed of—surely it's love that makes the world go round. I know why you feel the need to do this. It's because you want to conceal loneliness. Everyone grows up with the idea that love is stronger than loneliness. So you feel you can combat and destroy this. Don't excuse yourself. Don't say that I am just one of the older people who are always criticising the young and what they wear. I don't think you are hooligans: I like the way you dress and act, except for your foolish remarks about the old. Just because the old criticise you it does not mean that you too must criticise them and make fun of them. Consider how the old must feel. They realise that they are not young any more and so they relieve this pressure by criticising the young. They do this because they are jealous of them. They try to make out that the young are no good and so convince themselves that they no longer want to be young. Also because you have more clothes and can afford motor bikes and they couldn't when they were your age, they show this jealousy by saying that the young have too much money, criticise the clothes they wear and say how dangerous motor bikes are. This shows how immature they are. Exaggerate their immaturity by being mature yourself. This way they will realise and be ashamed.

But remember, I can't tie night and loneliness into a bundle and throw it away.



Linocut by N. Weldon

THE POLICE & THE PUBLIC

WHAT DO THORNBURY PEOPLE THINK OF THEM?

Thornbury opinion was surveyed by members of the first year sixth as part of their English General Studies during the Summer term.

It was decided to send out people to get the opinion of a certain percentage of Thornbury's population rather than to distribute questionnaires randomly, to be completed and returned, as it was thought that a fairer sample would be taken.

Approximately one in every 30 of Thornbury's householders was questioned thus obtaining an even sample of the adult community. Altogether, 100 replies were obtained thus accounting for 3000 of Thornbury's householders, a figure fairly close to the total population.

The questions were made out in questionnaire format so that the answers would be easily correlated. Each person was asked to answer these questions which were designed to ascertain their opinions about the police, and how these opinions were formed.

QUESTIONNAIRE

- 1 How long have you lived in Thornbury?
 - a) less than one year
 - b) 1—3 years
 - c) 3—6 years
 - d) more than 6 years
- 2 Which of the following TV series do you think is the most true to life?
 - a) Z Cars
 - b) Softly Softly
 - c) Dixon of Dock Green
 - d) No Hiding Place
 - e) Gideon's Way
 - f) Maigret
 - g) None of them is true to life.
- 3 Which one did you enjoy most?
- 4 Which do you think is the most popular?
- 5 What nickname do you use to refer to policemen?
 - a) copper (cop)
 - b) bobby
 - c) jack
 - d) rozzer
 - e) scuffer
 - f) none of them
- 6 Do you think that the police are popular with the public than they were ten years ago?
 - a) more
 - b) as
 - c) less
- 7 Do you think the police should be armed?
 - a) yes
 - b) no
 - c) don't know
- 8 Do you think police pay is
 - a) too little
 - b) about right
 - c) too much
- 9 Have you had official (i.e. not social) contact with the police during the last
 - a) week
 - b) month
 - c) 6 months
 - d) year
 - e) more than a year
- 10 Last time you spoke to a policeman officially was it
 - a) to ask the way
 - b) to ask for help
 - c) to return lost property
 - d) to give information
 - e) in connection with some alleged motoring offence
 - f) some other reason
- 11 Do you think the policeman was
 - a) officious/overbearing
 - b) uninterested
 - c) helpful
 - d) don't know
- 12 Do you think that criticism of the police in the newspapers is
 - a) too much
 - b) about right
 - c) not enough
- 13 Do you think that the attention to police problems (pay, promotion etc.) on TV, radio and in the press is
 - a) too much
 - b) about right
 - c) not enough
- 14 Have you any friends or relatives in the police?
 - a) yes
 - b) no
- 15 Some people say that the police spend too much time worrying about motoring offences and not enough on crime prevention and detection.
 - a) agree
 - b) disagree
 - c) not know ?

RESULTS

100 PEOPLE WERE ASKED,
THIS IS HOW THEY ANSWERED.

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
1	11	19	26	44			
2	22	21	14	6	4	1	32
3	21	28	10	15	7	10	9
4	35	21	15	10	5	5	9
5	40	19	3	0	3	35	
6	28	35	37				
7	21	59	20				
8	41	51	7				ONE "DON'T KNOW"
9	6	7	28	15	44		
10	17	14	14	14	11	30	
11	15	13	64	8			
12	35	56	9				
13	15	54	31				
14	34	66					
15	59	23	18				

Questions 2-5 investigated the impressions of the people of Thornbury of the television programmes about the police.

As the tables show, 'Z Cars' and 'Softly Softly' were considered to be the most true to life. This is because in both of these programmes the police are portrayed as real people with normal human failings and emotions. Here the policeman is a man with a job and he reacts in the same sort of way as the viewer himself might react. Thus the viewer can associate himself with these characters. This approach is probably responsible for the high popularity of the programmes: 35% thought 'Z Cars' to be the most popular; 21% enjoyed it most; 21% thought 'Softly Softly' most popular, and 28% enjoyed it most.

'Dixon of Dock Green' with its image of the friendly bobby was not particularly popular and only 10% enjoyed it most. This is probably because an increasing number of Thornbury people have come from larger towns where the image is not realistic. Only 6% thought 'No Hiding Place' was most true to life, but 15% enjoyed it most. Here the image is of smart men who solve crimes. There is very little character acting, and the outcome of the programme is often so predictable that it is not generally thought to be true to life. However, the concept of good triumphing over evil seems quite popular. Neither 'Gideons Way', or 'Maigret' appeared to be very popular or widely enjoyed. 37% of the people asked thought the police are less popular with the public than 10 years ago. This could be partly due to the fact that television and radio programmes often feature situations where the police are generally unpopular and receive little co-operation from the public. 'Z Cars' is one such programme.

The majority of the people asked thought that the police should not be armed. This opinion was probably largely influenced by the discussion arising from the police killings last year, and the percentage of people who thought that the police should be armed would probably have been lower, had it not been for the murders.

The answers to question 8, concerning police pay would in fact, have been to a certain extent predictable. Only 7% thought their pay was too much, whereas 41% thought it was too little. This range of opinion is typical for many professions at present.

Questions 9, 10 and 11 were aimed at finding out just how the opinions of the police were formed by considering how often and for what reasons people came into contact with the police. We found that 44% had not had official contact with the police for more than one year, and a total of 13% had come into contact with them during the last month. This indicates that on average, people in Thornbury do not come into contact with the police more than once a year. Some people, in fact have not had any contact with a policeman in his official capacity for ten years, and some never at all. The reasons for speaking to a policeman officially were varied. Asking the way, asking for help returning lost property, giving information and in connection with an alleged motoring offence, all had about 14% in the answers and 30% of the people interviewed had had contact for "some other reason. This other reason was pursued no further.

The general impression of the policeman's response was one of helpfulness. 64% of the people questioned answered to this effect but 15% thought the policeman had been officious and overbearing, while 13% thought he was uninterested.

The next three questions were designed to ascertain opinions about the police, as influenced by external stimuli, i.e. the Press, Radio, Television and other people, and not based on personal experience.

The majority had no personal, social contact with the police, having no friends or relatives in the Police. So presumably, their ideas were not biased by this. The other 34% did have friends or relatives in the Police, so having a closer knowledge from the "inside", their answers may be somewhat prejudiced, or, at least, they should be better informed on such matters as pay, etc.

Both questions 12 and 13 have an overwhelming majority to (6). This indicates that people are non-committal or else they simply do not know.

Very few (9%) thought that Press criticism is not enough, but 31% thought that attention to police problems is not enough. These results indicate that a good proportion with definite ideas are sympathetic with the police. Most of the people interviewed appeared to answer frankly so probably those who answered 'about right' just weren't sure. This perhaps indicates apathy amongst the people but if so, they are not over-influenced by what they Press say.

Only 44% of the people we interviewed had lived in Thornbury for over 6years which may have had some effect on their opinions about the police. Many of the people, for example, who said that they thought public opinion of the police was lower than it had been 10 years ago had probably come from areas where this is the case and this is usually large towns.

These people were also those who thought 'Z Cars' was the most true to life programme because it portrays the police they had got to know before moving to Thornbury.

The general impression that the survey gives is that although many people think that public opinion of the police is low, in fact the people themselves hold a relatively high opinion of the police force.

F. McCormick

F. Hylton.

I. Weekes

P. Pownall

L. Hill

D. Cason

WHY I WON'T FIGHT

Why should we fight if what they say we are fighting for just doesn't sound right to us, I can't see the reason for all the fuss.

"For Queen and Country" they yell. To conscientious objectors the idea of fighting they try to sell. "Go to Hell." I don't want a gun, I don't want to make killing my living. To gore a man with a bayonet is not fun, to pull it out and to run again and charge on unquestionable orders from the sarge! and charge and charge again, like one who is no longer sane.

You get your pay—so much per day for the killing of an enemy a mile away!

With bombs you blow each other to bits, while the Prime Minister sits at conferences trying to agree how to end the war. The reason for fighting is forgotten, it doesn't matter any more. The Prime Minister doesn't fight—has he that right?

Ah! but he serves his country you say. Well I'd be serving my country by keeping out of the way!

I'm not against fighting on dry land, hand to hand, but from the sea or from the air it's not fair! Why should I kill someone I've never met. If I don't know them I can't hate them.

And yet I would like to bet the majority (except those in authority), in time of war can't really understand what the fighting is for, but obey commands to the letter, because they know no better.

Why can't all this fighting cease?

What we want is Peace

Gordon Andrews

WHY I DON'T BELIEVE IN SMOKED SALMON.

Some people don't believe in ghosts; some don't believe in God; some don't believe in 'Unidentified Flying Objects'I don't believe in smoked salmon.

One doesn't hear much said about smoked salmon—perhaps there isn't much to say. If there is, I've never heard it. I can only ever remember seeing smoked salmon once.

you cry "You've seen it!—You must believe in it." That's a good point, but then they'll make anything out of plastic these days, won't they?

I've never met anyone who's actually eaten the stuff. (If I have, please inform me immediately, whoever you are!) I have asked people too. Most of my relations and friends. Oh yes—they've heard of it, but never tasted it. It's not as if I just sit at home and disbelieve. I do try to find out if it exists. I ask my mum every so often:

"May we have some smoked salmon with the salad for Sunday lunch?" "Too expensive," she replies, somewhat vaguely.

And she leads me on, too.

"Do you want salmon for tea?"

"Tinned?"

"No"

"Smoked?"

"No. Fresh."

"Oh. No thanks."

And so it goes on. "Too expensive": _____
the words ring in my ears,~ my ears. My one ambition is to become

famous and wealthy. Very, very rich. Then I shall try to buy smoked salmon, just to see if it exists in an edible form. If it does—I shall write you a letter of apology and eat it until it oozes from between my toes.

And if it doesn't—well just remember:

I TOLD YOU SO!!

Susan James.

OLD AGE

I see the Wednesday-permed, netted waves
White, flossy, ages of dust.
What goes on behind the bony forehead?
Thoughts of me? of futile modern pace?
The family face is horrid on her
Reminding me of a cousin
With stupid looks every day,
And the glance of the eyes at me
Over drooping, square,
Hideously-pointed, framed glasses
From her chair.
Do I care?
Two huge queer holes form the end of her nose,
Purple like the veins on her cheeks.
The mouth, whose lips
Regularly part a fraction
With an annoying 'plip-spit' sound,
Utters long-lost South Coast accented
Words—Just words.
When shuffling around
She clears her throat
Always with the same stupid little cough.
When sipping hot tea— The only drink for
her— She clacks her false teeth
At me, on purpose, to annoy.
The evening pose
In the chair
Is one leg out, the other bent.
Sharp fingers, the first tickling
The twitching upper lip,
Always prop her head.
She's never had it so good— Why must she
interfere?
Yet, I am
In the chair,
Something nags— I should care.
John Trayhurn



SILHOUETTES



Trees silhouetted
Black against the sky;
Twisted shapes
Here and there
Waving in the breeze.
Big and strong,
Thin and slender,
Stretching up
And up and up,
Twisting, turning,
Growing and growing:
Diamond shapes,
Square shapes
Circular shapes,
Indescribable shapes.
Moving and shifting,
Gnarled and old,
Tall and strong.
Not one leaf,
or bud or flower— No colour,
Just shapes
On those trees
Silhouetted
Black against the sky.

Anne Grundy.

WRITING ROUND A PICTURE

A girl looking through a dirty window at the rain outside

A young Chinese girl in the paddy-fields, looking towards the

Relief Centre wondering, wondering when the next bowl of rice will come. A dirty but happy young tomboy looking out to sea watching the

fishing boats coming in. She lives in a North Wales fishing village and is

wondering how much fish they have caught and if she will get the

beautiful doll in the window of Mrs. Brown's toy shop.

A grubby little gipsy girl looking sadly down the road, wondering where it will

take her. Looking up at the great shaggy-looking horses that pull the caravan. A crowd of children I saw on holiday in Yugoslavia.

Mark Lane.

It may be painted on a rough surface.

Autumn leaves falling from the trees.

A lot of fingerprints and smudges

A young girl having been told off.

A girl in bed with nose bleed and blood stains all over the pillow.

An Indian girl or squaw without a head-dress.

It looks new and may have been painted in 1964.

It might be a self-portrait from New Zealand or Australia.

Stephen Miles.

Performing seals in a circus ring,

A bomb site in a street.

Reflections in a deep well.

Witches, magic, death and hell.

Plastic dolls all trampled in

A solid concrete basement floor—

Dirty tramps who live in sheds,

Who never wash or sleep in beds.

At the back an Iron Cross,

Which a German pilot has received,

For killing girls, just like this,

Then travel home and kiss their own.

Ashes after the flames have left,

Scrawlings in the seaside sand,
died.

Footprints in the clean white snow,

Canyons through which rivers flow.

L. Valentine.

A child dying

I know not how,

A child crying,

I know not why;

A child singing

A baby sleeping;

An old man dreaming of days gone by.

A mother weeping,

Her child is dead

The baby sleeping

Now turns his head.

A father working

Looks up in pride,

But the old man dreaming has long since

Anne Cormack.

Newspaper cutting or blobbity blobbing, Smudging and blotting,
and scratching and ripping, These things started me thinking.

She is thinking of sadness,

She is looking with madness,

Never a glimpse of goodness,

Never a glimpse of friendliness.

Looking anxiously,

Feeling poorly,

Trying desperately

Not to cry.

Timothy Holdaway.

I AND MINE

I enter my room and stop.
The glass pig containing bubble bath
Leers at me.
The woman made of shells
Stares at me.
The glass elephant with a chip
Leers at me.
The ticking black clock
Glares at me.

I am a prisoner:
Without my possessions I am nothing.
They dictate what I do and say
And think and pray— I am dependent on
THEM.

I cannot sleep without my bear,
I need a brush to brush my hair
Both on top and underneath
I need a bag to swing as I walk
To give me confidence and poise;
I need nice clothes and make-up too— To give me confidence and boys.

Katharine St. John-Brooks.

Often I think I have no possessions really my
own,
Then I think of my Bengal flute,
Unique to me and two other idiots;
Then of my bike which nobody— Yes nobody—
can neglect as well as I;
My little book of poems, written by me,
Especially mine;
My room—this skull-and-cross-boned haven
Of peace away from my loving brother
and two hateful sisters.
My stamps, my pipes, my mug,
My cars, my tie, which I knitted:
All these mine.
If I were to die tomorrow,
What a wealth I would leave behind me.
Leslie Valentine.

MARKETS AND THINGS

Brussels sprouts and apples,
Both at a shilling a pound— Toys and non-stick frying pans:
These at the market I found.

Mens socks and ladies undies,
Kippers, plaice and hake,
Rolls of coloured fabrics,
Pork and stewing steak.

‘See my bargains, ladies— Come on up and buy.
Take them home to hubbie
I heard the salesman cry.
Brightly coloured awnings
Of yellow red and blue,
Orange, pink and emerald— And almost every hue.
They’re clearing away the market now
And all the colour s gone.
Fat and jolly housewives,
Have taken their bargains home.
Frances Herod.

Made in Hong Kong, it reads,
Chopsticks, cheap trays, and gaily-coloured
beads:
A narrow, crowded street,
Air shimmering in the heat.
Oriental costumes,
Europeans, Americans,
Different coloured skins:
Lovely dragonflies with purple wings.

Tourists, traders, merchants
All gather here

And always the little rickshaw boys
Never disappear.

The painted picture dims
Carrying away all whims,
The crowded streets, the rickshaws
All fade and die.

John Kirk

CHOOSING PRESENTS

Choosing presents, in my opinion, is one of the most difficult things that can possibly be done (except for the maths exam). Most of the people who give me a present for my birthday have no idea of my tastes and how old I am now. I almost cry when I unwrap the latest Dinky toy with the 7/6 rubbed out. But my eyes would pop out with joy if I found the spare part for my bike that I had always wanted. I always have an aunt who sends me ten shillings 'to spend on sweets'. I save the money and would never spend it on SWEETS! Baby's stuff.

But when it comes to me buying presents for other people, I realise the difficulty they get into. I have many Welsh relations and can't tell if it is a boy or a girl I am writing to. Names like Gwyn and Wyn—I can't tell which is which! Usually I am able to find out how old the people I am sending to are. If they are babies, a dinky toy: if about my age, a chemistry set; if about seventy—well!—a tea cloth. One difficulty I usually get into is that my mother buys some presents for a family and then they come and see us. When they thank us personally, I have a dazed look on my face, asking "What present?" Then I get a kick in the back and a 'look' from my mother, and I say "That's all right." One other difficulty: where do I get the money from? Some comes from Mum, but when she asks "What have you done with last week's pocket money?" she doesn't know I have got a new coat of paint on my bike in the shed. After an incident like that I don't get next week's pocket money, so that I have to wait until the week after for a new chain for my bike. When it's my mother's birthday, I buy her a present and she says, "Oh you shouldn't have." If I then don't give her a present, she complains. What can I do!

Timothy Johnson.

THOUGHTS IN AN EMPTY FRENCH LESSON.

4A formroom, period 5, Thursday (last day of the exams).

Mr. Johnson is laboriously reading papers, totting up marks and heaving a sigh as he turns to the next pile. Outside the sun is shining and the birds are making their usual glorious racket. The sky is grey; the hill beyond the houses is hazy.

No one speaks, but paper rustles, rulers clatter, chairs creak, pencils bustle across clean, white sheets of unblemished rough paper—and Mr. Johnson sighs again.

I could just sit here for ever, listening to the almost-silence and feeling wonderfully happy because for the first time in weeks I have nothing to do.

Suddenly Mr. Johnson leaves the room and slowly the power of speech returns to the silent masses. People whisper, then talk, and the hum reaches its peak, then dies a sudden violent death as Mr.

Johnson returns.

Back to the previous atmosphere, when nothing happens. If I want to, I can shut out the inner noises and just hear the birds, except when people pass the window and the noise rises and falls as it does when you switch our vacuum cleaner on and off again quickly.

It's twenty-five past two. Mr. Johnson seems to have given up as regards his exam papers and sits toying idly with his ominous red ball-point pen, scrutinising everyone as if he had nothing better to do. Imagine what it would be like if he spoke now. Shocking, I expect. I feel as if no one should speak, and someone is whispering at the back of the room, and it feels wrong.

It's twenty eight minutes past two now. Any minute the bell will go, so I shall stop writing and just sit and enjoy these sinfully idle seconds which are left to me, before I have to turn off my ears again as noise and bustle take over my life once more.

Susan James.

THE LESSON.

Sitting here lust listening
Hearing all the words
Drift by with no meaning
Past my small dream world.

Writing on the desk top,
See initials drawn
In a blue-back bio— Hang on! Suppress a yawn.

Red dots on the blackboard— Wonder what they mean.
Circles lines and arrows;
Lovely shade of green.

Sound of thirteen pen-nibs
Scratching thirteen notes.
What have I put down now— “Chinamen eat goats”?

Looking out the window
Lovely summer's day.
Wish that I was out now,
But—what did he say?
Looking at the woodgrain,
Four initials clear— Funny thing, I never
knew
He went out with her.
Who eats what in China?
What about the Congo?

Rubber from the U.S.A.?
What time does the bell go?
Nicholas Tazewell

PATER NOSTER

qui es in coelis sanctificetur
nomen tuum. ~ ~ ~

Adveniat regnum tuum —

Fiat voluntas tua, sicut in
caelo et in terra + + + — + + +

Panem nostrum quo tidianum

da nobis hodie. Et dimitte ~

nobis debita nostra, sicut et

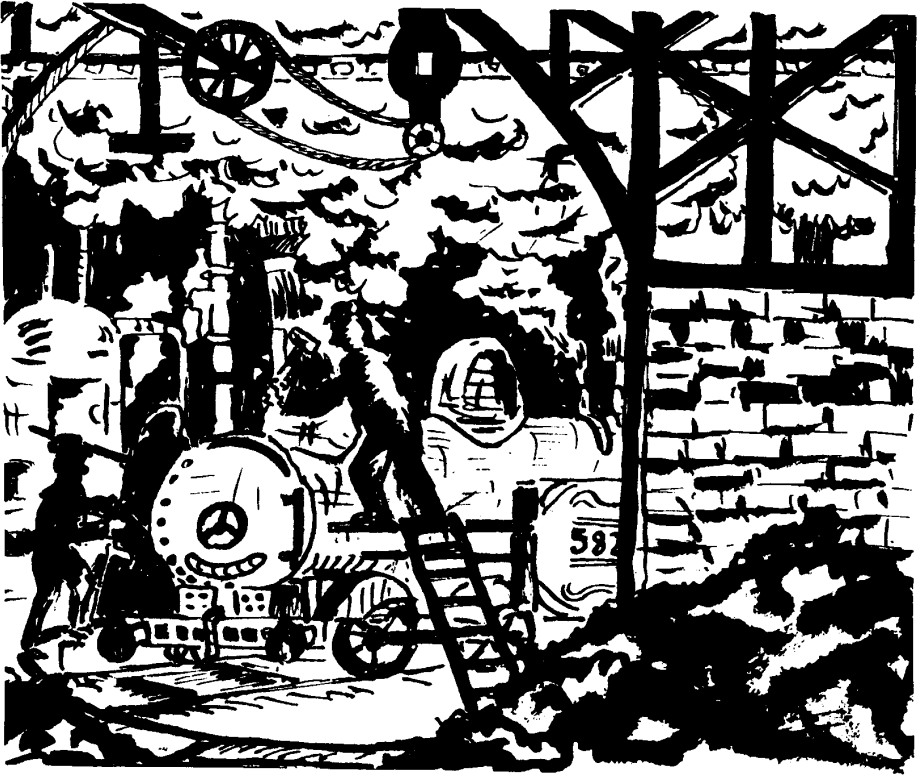
nos dimittimus debitoribus + +

nostris. Et ne nos in ducas in

tentationem. Sed libera nos a

malo. A M E N + +

THE ENGINE SHED



The crowded yard and white grey smoke, with such a sombre pleasant smell to those who love and know those monsters. The murky air, uneven track, gigantic, smoke-black coaling plant. Now dirty engines leaking steam from all around. Listen carefully? You can hear faint noises from the boiler. Ashes, and clinker—strange sounding. Dark pits between the rails, dark shadows in the bridge, dark shadows—blinkers lamp irons, capuchons, irregular cast-iron, clinker, ash and stone.

Inside the shed is dark. Your eyes are quickly accustomed to it. Look around. Like a giant wheel: turntable in the middle, engines the spokes, and dirty smoke—black walls the rim—a wheel in a great machine. Engine crews in dirt-blackened overalls and caps turn an engine on the turntable.

Engines look with kindly faces, like gods, at people who admire them, but scowl at those who don't.
Malcolm West.



Scraperboard by Susan Weekes

STONES

Smooth, rough and shiney,
A crescendo of colour
In frosted glass;
Or the heavy stone
Like a piece of coal,
Shining in the light
With a glitter of silver:
The stone seems alight.
Hazel Ballinger.

THE SCHOOL

SIXTH FORM '67

Today we live not only in an 'age of change' (for every age has believed itself to be that) but also in an age when many people accept the dangerous equation; change progress. At Thornbury we have had our changes, too, over the past year or so, and none has been more obvious than the change in the sixth form. First came the abolition of the prefectorial system and this was followed, in September, by the institution of the new sixth form common room. No one would claim that this experiment was an immediate and unqualified success and some would argue that it was perhaps premature. However that may be, in the belief that institutions should be moulded to fit people and not the other way round, it seemed reasonable to ask one or two people who had been through the sixth form their opinions about it as it is, and as they think it should be. The following 'symposium' does not claim to be representative—no one is more determinedly individual and independent than the sixth former—but it is hoped that some of the points raised will be of value to future sixth form students and teachers Each section is by a different contributor.

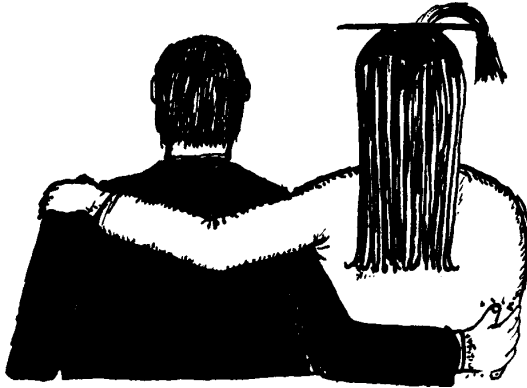
TEACHING METHODS

Since I am a member of the arts sixth, my ideas about the teacher/pupil relationship must necessarily differ from those of the scientists. The nature of arts subjects allows one to become more personally involved with the exchange of thoughts, which in turn means a more informal relationship between staff and students. Yet even though there is this difference of technique between scientists and arts we all feel that our main desire over the past two years has been for teachers to treat us in a mature and friendly fashion—allowing time for the occasional comic relief....and digression—yet at the same time to retain a semblance of formality based on mutual respect. No one would want the teacher to consider himself on a totally equal footing with us—we agree this would be embarrassing and indeed unwise. A happy medium must be reached. In general my relationship with staff has been fruitful and enjoyable. I can recall streams of lessons which have been inspiring and scintillating I have been taught in a way that, although not free of faults, has been acceptable, pleasant and generally efficient. My main criticism of 6th form lessons is that at the beginning we were not given enough advice on how to approach our work. My first year in the sixth form was spent rather fruitlessly because I had little idea about how to make notes or pursue each individual subject. Another wish would be for more individual work such as projects and lengthy essays. Similarly I feel that members of staff should provide us with a syllabus for their subject and a reading list—to persuade us to do more reading around the subject. So few people realise until about two weeks before 'A' level the importance of individual study. Moreover, although I feel discussion to be of great importance to the sixth form arts student I think it should be immediately followed up by essays or notes so that we can sort out our ideas in a more comprehensive form.

CULTURAL AND SOCIAL OPPORTUNITIES

It is supposed that the 6th form should be the life blood of a school. This may be so in general terms but should not merely be a question of running the school on duty lists. The two 6th form

years are most important for formulating attitudes and values. The key word in discussing something of this nature is stimulation. To prevent an atmosphere of apathy which can so easily creep in from accumulated trivial irritation and unconscious boredom, the student needs to be diverted from the restrictions of a narrow syllabus, confined to three or less subjects, towards something much more comprehensive. It is external interests that will alleviate problems of community living and personality clashes which are obviously going to affect attitude and capacity for work. Firstly the 6th form needs quite a large degree of autonomy in running its own affairs, concerning such things as a room exclusively theirs. A healthy atmosphere cannot be produced by restrictive half measure; social conditions are just as important psychologically as cultural ones.



The 6th form curriculum is worth little if, at the end, the student knows only a few equations or how to translate a line of French into a line of English. Regularity of trips to the theatre, art galleries or good films, followed by general discussion afterwards establishes a tradition which will break down a certain basic antagonism one might find towards activities of this sort. Any cultural activity is much more interesting and stimulating if followed by discussion, and a discussion forum should be an essential part of sixth form life. In a small school, contact with other schools in the area—social and cultural as well as merely sporting—will allow opportunities for meeting different attitudes and opinions instead of rehashing the same arguments with the same people. The opportunity to do something really constructive outside the academic syllabus, like making a film, and the possibility of using school facilities outside school time for such activities are essential to maintain a healthy association with school; not only as a ‘nine till four’ institution of academic study, but as a general education fundamental to life. It is true that the main following and maintenance of any activity must come from the students themselves, but a strong initial stimulus is essential.

STATUS, RESPONSIBILITIES AND PRIVILEGE.

During seven years at grammar school, I have noticed a great change in the relationship between 6th formers and juniors. In my early days, the 6th former was a person to be held in awe, respected and obeyed. Everyone jumped when given an order, for fear that he would end up outside the Headmaster’s study, or in the then torturous prefect’s detention. Discipline was enforced with relative ease and for a couple of years prefects and sixth formers lived as virtual dictators over the younger contingent of the school.

Over a period of five years, however, I have noticed that the dictator's position has steadily declined. No longer do the juniors remain silent in his presence or rush to do his bidding. Every command is either questioned, ignored or grudgingly obeyed. Despite this, the Headmaster receives very few visitors and the detention room is very sparsely populated during Monday lunchtimes. This new situation can be attributed to a number of factors. Primarily it is because the present sixth former looks back on the detestable days of the tyrant when he vowed that he would never act like that if he reached sixth form status. To some extent this vow has been kept; relationships between 6th formers and the rest of the school are much more amicable and as a result discipline has been relaxed. Most sixth formers no longer wish to take pupils to the Headmaster and the only alternative, prefects' detention, serves no purpose as it is so short and within school hours.

People are being treated more like human beings at Thornbury Grammar School. Liberal-mindedness is a natural characteristic which is spreading, from the second form captain right up to members of staff. Although this is a pleasing state of affairs, there must still be an effective form of discipline within the school, otherwise there will be wholesale disorder in a few years' time. The sixth former has new privileges, of which the most prominent is the introduction of the common room, but the new changes are obvious only to him. Many second formers cannot tell a sixth former from a member of the lower fifth and consequently, with the abandonment of the prefectorial system, it has become more and more difficult to carry out duties effectively. While the sixth former is wearing exactly the same uniform as all other members of the school it is extremely difficult to keep things running smoothly and remain on good terms with everyone else.

School life has become a great deal more pleasant within the last few years; a fact that many juniors will never realize. If this situation is to continue, however, there must be new visible signs of recognition (i.e. drastic changes in uniform) and a harsh effective sixth form detention which can act as a deterrent to all those who wish to take advantage of liberal-mindedness.

RELATIONSHIPS WITH STAFF

I think it is beneficial to both staff and senior pupils that they should meet and know each other on a friendly basis outside school. For the pupils it is easier to learn from one who is respected as a friend as well as a tutor. Friendship can also help to break down difficulties in communication between pupil and teacher which could be a severe handicap in the kind of course the senior pupil follows, dependent as it is upon discussion and the exchange of opinions. The teacher can also gain from such an out of school relationship. It means he can find out more about the pupil as a person, his ideas and personality, and, knowing him in this way, is able to teach the pupil and others like him by methods which are acceptable. Some teachers may fear that when a relationship changes from a formal one to a more casual one, the respect which is due to them in their professional capacity will be lost and may never be regained. This must be an open admittance of their lack of confidence in themselves, both as teachers and as figures to command respect. If this is the case, they cannot hope for others to have respect for them since they have no self-respect. Teachers who seek to enforce respect through discipline are more likely to drive the pupil in the opposite direction and, by remaining aloof, stand no chance of encouraging any kind of relationship at all, let alone a social one. The sixth former will act as a reasonable human being if treated as one, and most are intelligent enough to realise that a relationship of this kind must be kept out of school and not used as a kind of status symbol against their contemporaries. If all teaching staff and all senior pupils were friends socially, that situation would not arise.

THE HEADMASTER COMMENTS

In order to round off this selection of opinion we asked Mr. Rendall to read what had been written and then offer his own views on the subject. This he did.

Two factors in the social setting cannot be ignored when discussing the Sixth Form of 1967. First, the nature of acceptable authority is changing and Sixth Formers of today are very ready to question assumptions about behaviour and discipline, which to be effective must be seen as intrinsic to the situation in which the student finds himself. There must be authority, but it should be open-ended and directive of growth, and not imposed from without merely for its own sake. Secondly, society is increasingly stratifying itself horizontally: vertical groupings as were traditional in the Grammar school are giving way to horizontal groupings of a single age group, as seen, for example, in the new teen-age culture. The increasing maturity of the modern Sixth Former is such that he finds himself remote from his eleven-year-old School mate and closer to the adult community outside the School.

1



This increasing aloofness on the part of the Sixth Former is the root cause of the disappearance of the “cops and robbers” relationship which previously existed between prefect and junior pupil. These two trends are clearly seen in the contributions to this symposium.

Within any one School the Sixth Form of today is a unit which in a sense constitutes a society in its own right, and attempts were made last year to take into account the relative maturity, sense of responsibility and, at the same time, the personal needs of Sixth Formers—their aspirations towards

freedom and independence and the conditions under which they are expected to work and live. The creation of a Common Room for the second year Sixth, and freedom for them to choose how to use their Private Study periods, are two examples of this new approach. It was with the object of encouraging the idea of active mutual responsibility and of giving all second year Sixth Formers the opportunity of helping in the day-to-day running of the School that the traditional prefectorial system was abolished. It is too early to judge whether the system which has replaced it is successful, but it is surely right that social responsibility should be one of the goals of all Sixth Formers and that the time spent in the Sixth Form should give ample opportunity for the exercise of leadership and the acceptance of responsibility to all its members, and not only to a somewhat arbitrarily chosen few. In return Sixth Formers must become more responsible. Under the age of sixteen a pupil is sent to School, but over sixteen he is a volunteer, not a conscript. He voluntarily accepts membership of a community and therefore accepts obligations, and is expected not to break the accepted code of behaviour of this community. For instance—punctuality is a matter of rules for the Fifth Former and below; it is a matter of self-discipline for the Sixth Former.

The Sixth Form is thus in part a self-educating community in which its members can develop their powers of judgement and discrimination and, at the same time, find ample fields for their desire for self-expression, whether one thinks in terms of running their own Sixth Form affairs, assisting in School Clubs and Societies or taking leading parts in House matters, such as the House Play and Music competitions.

The Sixth Form tie is the mark of recognition which one contributor seeks; but those who wear it must lead more by example than by sanctions if it is to be, as I hope, a symbol of authority to be held in esteem by the rest of the School.

CONCLUSION

It would be rather fruitless to attempt to sum up the range of opinions that have been expressed here, but one or two points emerge which are worth commenting on. The writer of the first section, as well as making a general plea for the mature conduct of classes at the sixth form level also makes one or two specific suggestions which may not have occurred to everyone. These are followed in the second section by a criticism that is perhaps more serious: that even when the sixth form is given the freedom which everyone agrees is essential there is a danger that its life may still become arid and frustrating if enough outside stimulus is not brought to bear. The writer suggests more non-sporting contacts with other schools as well as 'outside school' projects to take place inside school. While everyone may not agree that this is necessarily the right answer, the problem is certainly worth considering. There is always a danger in any school that its members will become parochial even to the extent of near-suffocation in an atmosphere of claustrophobic self-preoccupation. The problem of authority, which is raised next, is one that is strongly felt and many may feel that the Headmaster's comments at the end do not altogether answer the fears that this writer expresses. So here, and elsewhere in the article are points which are worth consideration, not only by sixth formers, but by staff as well: the Sabbath was made for man and if the sixth formers represent 'man', then the school and its staff must be the Sabbath.

Games



SOCCER REPORT 1967

The season was certainly below average. The team never seemed to get into a unit, although individual ability was there. Pearce performed notably in goal, until he was injured. Bain took his place and looked as if he had played in goal all his life. Fisher's clearing at fullback could have been more positive, perhaps, but Maslin grew in stature as the game progressed. In spite of his rugger beginnings, Steer occasionally looked as if he had played soccer before and his bursts of speed as he recovered the ball after being dispossessed were dazzling. Lambert as always had some delicate touches. Day made a return to the forward line after his second accident, but, understandably had lost a deal of his confidence. He was a shadow of the player he promised to be in the previous season. Champion could play match-winning football, but his tendency to hold the ball and look for an opening blunted the thrust of the attacking move. Davies improved considerably as the season progressed and was at full throttle for the whole of the game.

At a time when international soccer was much on the public screen, and displays of temperament there were frequent, there is perhaps some small excuse for the similar displays which had hitherto been absent in Thornbury football. I hope this is a passing phase. Football, more than any game, is one which is better played with the mouth in the firmly closed position. Disappointment and frustration should result in increased effort and an occasional sigh—nothing more. I'm sure 1968 will see Thornbury on the upward swing again.

HJ.

RUGBY REPORT

The 1st XV had a fairly good season, winning seven matches, drawing two and losing four. Notable matches were the win against Clifton College second XV and the game against St. Brendan's, when the school lost by only 11 points to 3 against one of the strongest Bristol sides. Another very satisfactory result was the 57-0 defeat of Avonhurst in which Champion scored 30 points. The second XV had a poor season, winning only one match. This was probably due to the number of injuries sustained by the side and the call upon members for the first XV. The junior fifteens, though showing promise proved too small and light against many sides with heavier members. The under 13s faired quite well and rugby was played for the first time in the second forms. A combined team from this school and the Castle School had successful matches against Patchway and Filton teams. The teams would like to thank Mr. Sumner for his coaching and encouragement, the Headmaster for his criticisms and support, Mrs. Dilks for preparing excellent teas, and Mr. Strong for preparing the pitches.

COLOURS

Re-awarded to Steer and Jordan.

Awarded for the first time to 6am, Champion, Davies, Fisher, Higgins.

Half-colours go to Gibb, Jones, Pearce, Pownall, Mills, King D. and King G.

Roger Steer



CRICKET REPORT 1967

It is always encouraging to get off to a good start at the beginning of the season, and this is precisely what the 1st XI did. In the match against Dursley we won by 5 wickets, Curtis taking 4 for 5 runs. The staff gave invaluable aid in a most enjoyable match which resulted in a draw, and they spurred them on to win by 3 wickets in a match against Filton. By now, the first XI was really working as a team and batting was to the foreground. Day ran up a score of 114 not out, when we defeated Wycliffe College. Neads showed great form as opening batsman with 62 runs and Cason took 6 wickets for 5 runs.

The team was not disheartened by an unfortunate defeat by Henbury in a morning overs match in rather soggy ground, and we went on to display excellent bowling from Curtis and Fisher, and batting from Day in defeating Chipping Sodbury and Wotton.

A gloomy shadow was cast when the first ball from St. Brendan's took a wicket, but things started to look more hopeful as the game progressed and although we could not quite hold St. Brendan's to a draw, the result was a close one. Rodway gave no trouble and the 1st XI won by 98 runs with a score of 54 not out by Davies. We drew with the parents and gained a fairly easy victory over the Old Boys. Although we lost to Mr. Gamblings XI, the standard of play was high throughout the whole season and the 'A' XI rounded it off very nicely with a good victory over Bristol Grammar School.

Stephen Lambert

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

The Editors would like to thank Veale and Co for permission to print the photograph of the 1st XV, other photographs in this issue were by Cyril Downing. We should also like to thank the following for contributing illustrations — — —

J. Berry. N. Weldon. P. Howell. K. Potter.
Vanessa Keechwell. Lesley Windsor. R. Padbury

“IT’ LL BE ALL RIGHT ON THE NIGHT”

To mark a decade of annual contradictions of this repeated assertion of faith, the Music Report comes straight from the horse’s mouth this year. Perhaps the miracle of Sensitivity and vitality, called the Choir, which results from weekly grind and battering, no longer seems miraculous enough for anyone else to feel moved to write about it; or perhaps the emergence of a nearly independent orchestra has left the musicologists speechless. I prefer to think that the editors feel, at last, that it is time that those tireless workers who actually make the sounds at Founder’s Day Service, Carol Service and the Annual Concert, received the credit due to them.

No doubt, when Kodaly set to music the words “We with bitter tears are weeping”, sung by the Altos with an anguished accompaniment from the men of “Ah!”, he had no idea how appropriate a comment on the Choir’s feelings this would become, as hour after hour they searched for the right notes (or any notes, for that matter) in his work “Matra Pictures”—the centre-piece of the Concert in May. How many choristers, I wonder, looked back to the Carol Service nostalgically and wished instead that they were singing ‘Hallelujah’, or even to Founders Service, to an earlier Handel anthem, embodying the words “Their name Iiveth for ever”? I mention specifically Kodaly, because every year we attack one major musical peak (principally, as climbers say, because it is there) and while undoubtedly even ‘on the night’ we did not arrive at the top unscathed, we and the audience did at least glimpse the beauty that every mountain top offers. So now, what about the Orchestra—which has only one ‘outing’ a year? Everyone knows why the Music Room is so discreetly tucked away (amidst the bicycles, showers and petrol stores), but particularly those who pass by on a Wednesday after School. This body of musicians who rehearse at this time is quite unlike the Choir. None of their irreverent thoughts about the music, nor the way they are asked to play it, are suitable for even the most progressive magazine; but in any ~ the physical effort of scraping or blowing doesn’t allow much time for comment—and even counting 180 bars ‘rest’ requires excessive concentration. But I wonder how many of those who overhear our rather chaotic rehearsals ever come to hear the players ‘on the night’? This year, we boasted three instrumental soloists, Chris Bell (oboe), Paul Massey (horn), and Claire Davis (piano), the latter contributing a complete J. Christian Bach Concerto with the Orchestra.

The gradually increasing size and independence of the Orchestra is entirely due to the musicians associated with our School, Miss Whittingham, Miss Cordell and Mr. Langley—all of whom **willingly** take part in our Concerts too.

Finally, Old Thorns will I think be as delighted as I am when they read in future of the activities of a newly-formed Junior Choir, under the direction of Mrs. Johnson.

I.P.A.

Old Thornburians

ANNUAL DINNER

The highlight of the year was the annual reunion dinner on July 8th. The Guest of Honour this year was the previous Headmaster Mr. S.J.V. Rouch, who retired in July 1963. This was his first official visit to the school since his retirement, and in proposing the toast to the school he provided a fund of anecdotes and reminiscences which were fully appreciated by the staff and former pupils present who knew Mr. Rouch.

The Headmaster, Mr. D.R Rendall, responded to the toast and in turn proposed the toast of the Old Thornburians' Society. In his address, he drew particular attention to the distinction achieved by two Old Thornburians: Alan Carter, who had been chosen to represent the A.A.A. in a number of international matches, and John Pullin who had been invited to join the England Rugby Union party to tour Canada this year.

The Chairman, Mr. H.C. Lewis, in responding to the toast proposed by the Headmaster, said how pleased he was to see so many recent school-leavers at the dinner and that he hoped that this trend would continue in future years.

After the dinner and the speeches, guests adjourned to the school hall where there was dancing until midnight.

GAMES

The annual games fixtures against the school teams followed the usual pattern, and the results were as follows:

Soccer	Victory for the Old Boys
Rugby	Match drawn
Netball	Victory for the school
Tennis	Victory for the Old Girls
Cricket	Victory for the school

Any former pupil who would be willing to play in any fixture against the school is invited to contact Mr.

H. Johnson, or Miss. C.L. Rees at the school. Fixtures for the current year are as follows:

1967	Saturday, 16th December	Rugby (2.30 p.m.)
1968	Wednesday 3rd April	Hockey)
		Netball) 2.30 p.m.
		Soccer)
	Saturday 13th July	Cricket (12 noon)
		Tennis (2.30 p.m.)

The Annual Dinner will also be held on 13th July, at 7.30p.m.

G.W.

RECORD OF SCHOOL HONOURS

HONOURS (OLD THORNBURIANS)

A. CARTER, B.Sc., 2nd Class Honours (1st Division), Chemistry, Swansea.
D. CHAPMAN, B.Sc., Mathematics, Cardiff.
DELIA CLARK, B.A., 3rd Class Honours, Physics, Oxford.
D.F. CLEEVE, BA., 2nd Class Honours (1st Division), French, Reading.
R. COLLETT, MB., B.S., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., London.
PA. DEEKS, B.Pharm., 2nd Class Honours (2nd Division), Chemistry and Pharmacology, London.
SHEILA DURRANT, BA., 2nd Class Honours (1st Division), French, Exeter.
P.K. GEORGE, B.Sc., Geology and Geography, Liverpool.
JOAN GOODBROOK, B.A., 2nd Class Honours (2nd Division) French, Exeter.
CATHERINE HASTE, BA., 2nd Class Honours (2nd Division), English, Sussex.
A. HAYWARD, B.Sc., Bio-Chemistry, Liverpool.
PG. HOOPER, B.Sc., 2nd Class Honours (1st Division), Chemistry, Birmingham.
J.F. LAMPARD, B.Pharm., 2nd Class Honours (1st Division), Pharmacy, Nottingham.
J.P. SIMONS, B.Sc.(Eng.), 2nd Class Honours (1st Division), Engineering, Bath.
R.A. TAYLOR, LI.B., 2nd Class Honours (2nd Division) Law, London.
H.C. THOMAS, B.Sc., 2nd Class Honours (1st Division), Physiology, Newcastle.
EDITH WILKINSON, B.Sc., 2nd Class Honours (1st Division), Physics with Pure Mathematics, Exeter.

UNIVERSITY ENTRIES, 1966

J.R. APPLEBY, Aberystwyth.
P. BRAND, Birmingham.
A.J.F. BROWNING, Birmingham.
I. BURKE, Bristol.
A.J. CHIVERS, Salford.
N. DERHAM, Cardiff.
SUSAN GAIT, Royal Holloway College, London.
NIKOLA GIBBS, Manchester.
J.D. MACDONALD, Bath.
M.S. MUNNS, Exeter.
A.C. NYE, Salford.
B.D. ORGAN, London.
PAMELA PAR ROTT, University College, London.
R.J. PERRY, Aston.
ELIZABETH PUNTER, Warwick.
CAROLINE ST. JOHN BROOKS, Trinity College, Dublin.
IRENA ST. JOHN BROOKS, Belfast.
RACHEL SEALEY, Cardiff.
R.A. STOCKLEY, Birmingham.

SOUTHERN UNIVERSITIES JOINT BOARD
General Certificate of Education. Advanced Level 1966

JANE ANDAIN, Art
J. APPLEBY, English Literature, History, French.
I. AWFORD, Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics.
A.M. BERRYMAN, Geography.
P. BRAND, Biology, Chemistry, Physics.
A.J.F. BROWNING, Biology, Chemistry, Physics.
A.W. BURGE, Woodwork.
ANGELA CATTLEY, French, German.
A.J.M. CHIVERS, Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics.
P.C. CHIVERS, Geography, Woodwork.
S.J. EARLEY, English Literature, History.
SUSAN GAIT, French, German, Music.
NIKOLA GIBBS, Geography, Botany, Zoology.
D. GOODE, History, Art, Woodwork.
M.K. GROSVENOR, History, Geography.
P.B. HARDING, Geography.
MAUREEN HOLBROOK, Religious Knowledge, History.
DIANA HUNTLEY, English Literature, History.
P.F. JAOUES, Geography, Art.
A.C. NYE, Physics, Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics.
8.0. ORGAN, chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics.
LORNA ORGAN, French.
MARY PADDOCK, Religious Knowledge, English Literature, History
SUSAN PAINTER, Religious Knowledge.
I.W. PARKER, Chemistry, Physics.
PAMELA PARROIT, English Literature, History, Pure and Applied Mathematics.
R. PERRY, English Literature, History, Economics.
M.J. POWELL, Geography.
ELIZABETH PUNTER, Religious Knowledge, French, German.
MARY SPELLER, Biology.
IRENA ST. JOHN BROOKS, English Literature, French, German.
C.W. TAYLOR, Physics. Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics.

6²SCIENCE

Jack Chambers
Michael Cook
Guy Cudmore
Stephen Fisher
Michael Gibb
Peter Hardwick
Alan Jordan
Martin Neads
Andrew Pearson
Keith Reid
Roger Taylor
Paul Thomas
Austin Thorne
Iain Turnbull
Pia Chambers
Claire Davis
Elizabeth Henderson
Christine Severinsen
Mary Speller
Valerie Taylor

VALETE

62 ARTS

Andrew Champion
Gerry Curtis
Dean Pepall
Michael Stewart
Richard Watkins
Adrienne Baldwin
Rosemary Cassell
Anne Cormack
Vivien Davies
Valerie Gould
Frances Haste
Christabelle Jones
Keren Lansdown
Anne Mansfield
Susan Marshall
Maureen McDermott
Heather Northover
Shelagh O'Neill
Margaret Philpotts
Patricia Sullivan
Carolyn Tippetts
Linda Tonks
Anne Wilkinson
Vivienne Woolford

SCHOOL CAPTAINS

MICHAEL GIBB

CAROLYN TIPPETTS

VICE-CAPTAINS

STEPHEN FISHER

HEATHER NORTHOVER

GAMES CAPTAINS

RUGBY:	Roger Steer
FOOTBALL:	Andrew Champion
CRICKET:	Andrew Champion
HOCKEY:	Valerie Gould
NETBALL:	Christine Severinsen
TENNIS:	Carolyn Tippetts
ATHLETICS:	Roger Steer

VALETE

UPPER FIFTH

Michael Ash
Robert Birtle
Philip Burrows
Andrew Ginn
Brian Faulkner
Roger Howell
Peter Lansdown
Philip Lewis
Peter Newton
Adrian Roberts
Martyn Sams
Martyn Sansum
James Turton
David Vowles
Christopher Williams

Irene Pennycook
Cherry Ewer
Megan Griffiths
Rosemary Atherton
Carol Britton
Linda Cundill
Christine Dixon
Mary Dyer
Bridget Gregory
Carolyn Hosken
Kathleen Latham
Sheila LeMare
Marguerite Potter
Linda Simmons
Pauline Smart
Gail Watkins
Julia Watts
Rita Williams

FIFTH

Peter Skuse
James Sparrow

Amaryllis Bell-Richards
Alison Cox
Christine Chambers.

FOURTH

Ruth Gait
Pamela McDermott

THIRD

Simon Lewis

Kathleen Gough

SECOND

Steven Kafka
Fenella Bell-Richards

Jane Plant