

THORNS

Thornbury Grammar School Magazine

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HEADMASTER'S NOTES—SCHOOL YEAR 1968/69

The number of pupils in the School has averaged around 545 during the past year and has risen to 582 in September 1969. School Captains in 1968/69 were Pauline Ovens and Chris Bell, Vice Captains Desmond King and Lyn Hernits.

We lost three full-time Members of Staff in July; Mr. and Mrs. A.J. Seely and Mr. A.W. Aldrick. Mr. Seely has taken up a lectureship in Drama at Callander Park College of Education, Falkirk, and Mr. Aldrick has joined the Staff of Chippenham School. We thank all three for the notable contribution they have made to the life of the School and wish them well. Mr. Seely's work in connection with School Drama has been particularly noteworthy and it has been largely due to his personal interest and enthusiasm that Drama now holds so important a place in the School curriculum. He has been succeeded in the English Department by Miss E. Colley, who comes to us from Collenswood School, Stevenage. Mrs. Seely has been succeeded as Head of German by Mr. D. Allbon, who has been teaching at St. Edmund's College, Ware, and Mr. T. Leigh replaces Mr. Aldrick. This is Mr. Leigh's first teaching appointment.

It is with regret that we record the death of Mr. B. Stafford Morse, a former long-standing and much respected member of Staff, who will be remembered as the author of the History of the School, published several years ago.

Mr. Frank Biddle retired in September 1969, after fourteen years of devoted service as School Caretaker. An appreciation of Mr. Biddle appears elsewhere. We are very pleased to welcome his successor, Mr. C. Fox-Clinch.

Several distinctions were gained by individual pupils during the School year 1968/69. Paul Massey won an Open Exhibition to Worcester College, Oxford; Anne Sproson was awarded the Royal Geographical Society's prize for the best Geography papers at Advanced Level in the S.U.J.B. Examination; Janet Howell was presented with a cup for her performance in the School presentation of Anouilh's "Thieves' Carnival" at the Gloucestershire Youth Drama Festival at The Everyman Theatre, Cheltenham; Ann Broad and Andrew Matthews were selected to represent the County at the All-England Schools Athletics Championships at Motspur Park in July; Richard Panes has played cricket for the County U15 XI; and Jackie Anderson and Tim Johnson have joined the growing number of our pupils in the County Youth Orchestra.

Francis McCormick and Robin Mills, who left School in July 1968, have spent their pre-university year doing voluntary service overseas, the former in Ghana, the latter on a kibbutz in Israel.

Advanced level results, July 1968, were outstandingly good but were nevertheless improved upon this year when there was a 93.7% pass rate with fourteen Grade A passes, results which reflect great credit on both students and Members of Staff.

Games reports appear elsewhere but congratulations should go to the Girls' Hockey XI's and 1st Tennis teams, who had particularly successful seasons. We also congratulate Old Thornburian

John Pullin on having been selected for the recent British Lions and Barbarians Rugby tours to South Africa. He was one of the speakers at The Old Thornburians' Dinner held in July. Last year was a particularly busy one in terms of School activities. The preacher at Founders' Day on October 10th was the Revd. T.E. Evans, M.A., Gloucester Diocesan Youth Chaplain. A Careers Convention, which attracted over 400 pupils and parents, was held at School in November. The School Play, "Thieves' Carnival", was presented on three nights in December, the Carol Service was held in the Parish Church on December 19th and the House and 4th and 5th Form parties rounded off the Christmas Term.

The Adjudicator at the House Play Festival was Mrs. Mary Clark, a County Lecturer and Tutor in Drama, and for the first time an evening performance of the House Plays was given to parents. This was followed by an informal evening of junior improvisation and drama. We also had the presentation of 3rd and 4th Form plays.

The School Orchestra and Choir Concert was held in May and was closely followed by Speech Day, at which the Guest of Honour was Dr. S.G. Hooker, C.B.E., Technical Director, Rolls-Royce Limited, Bristol Engine Division. Athletics Sports Day was held earlier this year on June 11th, and the Swimming Sports took place at Bristol North Baths on the evening of July 23rd.

Two residential conferences for prospective Sixth Formers were held at Avening House during the School year, and a special end of Summer Term programme, which included numerous excursions and lectures, was arranged for Fifth Form leavers.

New recreational activities, such as angling, canoeing, sailing, judo and horse-riding have been introduced this year, and two new Sixth Form societies, an Ecology Club and an Evening Discussion Group have been formed.

Members of the second year Sixth now have the option of giving service to the local community as an alternative to playing games, and the Social Service Group which has been formed pays regular visits to old age pensioners, helping them in a vast variety of ways. A very successful tea party and entertainment was held at School in July and was attended by seventy elderly people.

Perhaps the most exciting and most rewarding event of the past School year was the Minibus appeal in the form of a Grand Draw, launched at a Parents' Wine and Cheese reception in April, and concluded at a 'Summer Fayre and Pig Roast' in June. Total receipts from the sale of Draw tickets, donations and the Summer Fayre exceeded £1,000, and we eagerly look forward to the delivery of our new 15-seater Ford Minibus early in November.

Plans for the new School at Alveston are proceeding apace and, at the time of writing, schedules of accommodation have been drawn up and the architects are now making initial sketch plans. It is hoped that building will commence in March 1971 and, if all goes according to plan, the School will transfer to the new building in time to receive its first comprehensive intake in September 1972.

On Retirement

Oh calamity! How will the school survive? The man who can open every door, who knows where everything is, is leaving. Mr. Biddle is retiring.

Mr. Biddle is a man often in print and in his final year we pay our tribute to him by recalling some of the other times that he has appeared in Thorns or, as it was, The Thornburian.

Back in 1962 he was reported in the "Thornbury Gadget (and Patchway Quilt)". Here under an article headed "Camograph MDCVI" we learnt a little about his illustrious past. Did you know that he was a member of the 6th. Maritime Artillery? That for many years he was a special constable? Or that for 25 years he was a first class referee in local league football? All this besides having had an outstanding playing career in cricket and football.

Mr. Biddle was again in the pages of the school magazine in 1964 when a little more was learnt of his interest in sport. Here he is quoted as saying "I've always been a great follower of sport. I've played cricket and football and, I'm still a member of the Gloucestershire Football Association. I have always considered that sport has a great bearing on the building up of character

In more recent issues Mr. Biddle has been treated in a slightly lighter vein. 1965 saw Biddlecombe, Game Reserve when we learnt about the various animals to be encountered in and around the school
—the seagulls that dislike cricket but like apple cores, and the fox cubs that like the seagulls!

And then last year in Thorns '68 he was the leader of the groundsmen of Baron Kendall's Castle, Hank Riddle, an ex-knight or keeper of the peace.

Thus you can see that Mr. Biddle is a great friend of the magazine editors. Now comes the time to say goodbye to him and on behalf of all the school we wish him and Mrs. Biddle a long and very happy retirement.

William Harding.

AVENING HOUSE 1969

The six days we spent at Avening House are described in the blue-paged pamphlet—sorry, Mr. Antrobus: “full colour brochure”—as a “Sixth Form Residential Course.” The “brochure” also gives the aims of the course as follows: “to re-orientate ideas towards Sixth Form studies and the additional intellectual freedom involved, as well as to allow opportunities for discussion about the part the Sixth Form should play in the School.” It is generally agreed that as far as work is concerned, the course was a success and helped in our adaptation to the different attitudes and techniques required in the Sixth Form.

There is a feeling, however, that through opinions voiced in discussion and the general atmosphere of the course, we were given the impression that the Sixth Form would be a much better institution than we actually found it. Although at first this occasioned some disappointment, it has by now led to a determination to improve matters.

We had discussions with last year’s sixth formers and staff on life in the 6th. form, with the Rev. P.B. Myatt on Christianity, and with Mr. W. Carson (a lecturer in sociology at London University) on subjects ranging from criminology to the problems of Northern Ireland.

The Treasure Hunt—a group competition devised to test general knowledge, quickness of thought and initiative—was fun, if not relaxing, and was much appreciated.

Field work consisted of surveys, made on the spot, of two differing villages, Frampton-on-Severn and Minchinhampton. This was a new experience for most of us, and enjoyable. (This effect was probably enhanced by the fact that the weather was good—it rained last year!)

Playing table tennis (including two tournaments) took up much of our free time, as did taking showers, making apple-pie beds and sewing up pyjamas.

Formal sessions included a discourse by Mr. Antrobus on “Straight And Crooked Thinking” (to show us all how stupid we were), “Writing and Presentation” by Mr. Seely, and an essay, presumably to see how much of this undoubted wisdom we had absorbed.

Another facet of the course was a visit to the Everyman Theatre in Cheltenham to see “Who’s Afraid of Virginia Woolf?” by Edward Albee. We had all previously read the play, which most of us either loved or loathed, but the general opinion was that the production did not come up to expectations.

In conclusion, the course seems to have been largely successful and certainly highly enjoyable.

Susan James, Christine Thompson et alia.

Evening Study Group.

The idea of a discussion group for the 6th form was initially suggested by Mr. Vittle who had organised a similar activity whilst teaching at Hinckley Grammar School in Leicestershire. The first Evening Study Group was held in September 1968 and the topic was Birth Control; many of the topics which followed proved just as controversial. These ranged from Spiritualism to Politics, Folk Music to Biafra and Further Education to cartoons. I think it is the opinion of several members that the most interesting sessions were an evening with the Headmaster where grievances were discussed and with some Jehovah's Witnesses when many tempers were raised and views vehemently voiced.

An exchange visit to Hinckley E.S.G. was arranged and on March 21st a party of 13 E.S.G. members left Thornbury for Hinckley where a most enjoyable weekend was spent. Ten members of Hinckley E.S.G. then took part in the exchange by visiting Thornbury for a weekend in April.

The Evening Study Groups stimulated much discussion and helped to form many personal opinions and, in one case, even promoted action when in March several members of Thornbury Grammar School E.S.G. with some outside help instigated and took part in a 48 hour sponsored "Read-in" when £68 were raised for the Biafra Action Group based in Bristol.

We should all like to thank Mr. Vittle for giving up so much of his time. Thanks are due too to our speakers, without whom the discussions would have been impossible.

Liz Avent.

THE JOURNEY OF THE SIXTH

(apologies to T.S. Eliot)

'A cold coming we had of it.
Just the worse time of year
For a journey, and such a long journey:
The ways deep and the weather sharp,
The very dead of winter.'
And the mini-bus chugged, sweated and strained,
Stopping in the middle of a hill.
There were times we regretted Moreton-in-the Marsh, the cafe,
The steaming girls bringing tea.
Then the teacher cursing and grumbling
And running away, and wanting his hearth and home
And the lights going out and the lack of room
And the cities busy and the towns small
And the villages ordinary and charging high prices:

A hard time we had of it.
At the end we had to travel slowly,
Sleeping in snatches,
With the voices singing in our ears, saying
“We shall overcome”, out of tune.
Then about 8 o'clock we reached a house,
Warm inside, smelling of coffee,
With running water and a flush beating the darkness,
And three comfortable chairs on the floor.
And a black-haired woman clinking cups in the kitchen.
Then we came to Jane's with a ring on the bell
Thirty-four hands at an open door pulling us in,
And feet kicking on the stairs.
There was much information, and so we continued
And arrived at Eleven, not a moment too soon
Finding the place: it was (you might say) satisfactory.
All this was in March, I remember,
And I would do it again, and again
This again
This: were we led all that way for
Fun or education? There was fun certainly
We had evidence and no doubt.
I had seen fun and education
But had thought they were different: this was education,
Good and valuable for us, like fun, our fun.
We returned home, to Thornbury
But no longer at ease here, in the old place
With the same people clutching the same ideas.
I should be glad of another visit.

Liz Avent.

For Want of Four Wheels.

Grunting and groaning but with great determination she passed through the school gates, her passengers crushed in among the satchels, cases and hockeysticks, hanging onto the back door to stop the entire contents from being hurled out onto the road.

Character it seemed was not enough. We needed a new minibus.

From St. George's day onwards the plan became a reality, but for some perhaps a nightmare. Thousands of raffle tickets had to be sold. The campaign was on! Those pink books appeared everywhere, offering a first prize of £100 and a host of others donated by generous benefactors. Unsuspecting Thornbury householders were besieged on all sides by eager ticket sellers. Pockets, handbags, houses bulged as people were cajoled into buying just one more ticket which was sure to bear the winning number. Even shopping on Saturday was a dangerous business with the persistent High Street sellers barring the way, waving tickets before bewildered eyes.

Through the untiring effort of all concerned all the tickets were eventually sold, the counterfoils reading like a geographical dictionary of the British Isles. Only the Grand Draw remained, an occasion planned from the beginning by a committee of parents and members of staff. This was to be the climax, a pig and turkey roast, with stalls, competitions and the added attractions of a magnificent steam roller and an original fair ground organ to provide appropriate background music. The whole event was to be finished off by Mr. Jeremy Carrad in person making the Grand Draw. But everything depended on good weather: to have an open air event during the British summer is asking for trouble and on Friday the thirteenth, well anything could happen. And it did. The hottest day of the year to date; the perfect setting for a summer fayre. Thanks to the hard work put in, the money made far exceeded anyone's hopeful expectations. This time there will be a roomy, intact minibus, and brand new.

Cathryn Britton.

THE DAY OF THE PAPER-BACK

"The trouble with children today is that they don't read books Oh, James Bond and 'True Romance' but we don't count those!"

"I only read pony books Oh no. Books are so boring. I only read comics Watching 'The Three Musketeers is so much easier than reading Dumas!"

The eternal nightmare of the English teacher—how to persuade the reluctant reader that books can be GOOD. Hence it was not with-depleted;

out some qualms that we arranged the Paper-back exhibition, the aim of which was not only to lead the pupil to water but also to make him drink

Was it worth it? 720 books later, I think it was. The library can rarely, if ever, have been so crowded over two days; the doorway so often resembled a Saturday afternoon soccer

gate, and the only disappointed faces belong to those who were turned away to come back later when things were, the stalwart door-keepers hoped, quieter.

"Oh Sir, do we have to go? Can we come back again? "Please Miss, which shall I buy? 1984 or Brave New World? "I've already spent 39/6d"..

Not all bought, but those who had no money to spare took advantage of the opportunity to browse round a well-stocked book shop. In the end the poetry stand was much

many dared to buy a book because there was someone at hand to assure them it was worth reading; both Orwell and Huxley were borne away whilst James Bond remained in lurid isolation, unwanted at last.

Next time I shall have no qualms.

R.B.

In Every Corner Sing.

Enter leader, applause. Enter conductor, applause.

So once again Thornbury Grammar School Choir and Orchestra perform. Brass-players wet their lips, string-players pluck, their ears close to the necks of their instruments, the pianist flexes her fingers, and Miss Astbury limbers up. The first note issues forth, hesitant at first then with increasing confidence they could almost be professional and we can hear the choir's words. The audience of parents, friends and well-wishers sit in quiet appreciation, or do they? Well, yes for the most part. However, later the solo instrumentalists appear: Miss Bintcliffe on bird call, Mr. Johnson on cymbals and Mr. Seely, with impeccable timing, on whistle. Several of the audience were seen near collapsing in tears at these musicians' antics during the "Toy Symphony".

The Junior Choir too, proved themselves in the finger snapping rhythms of the "Daniel Jazz", under the baton of Mrs. Johnson. Especially pleasing was their obvious enjoyment and enthusiasm for the work. The audience voiced their approval in the prolonged applause which followed the performance.

It is difficult to compare "Miriam" and "Rejoice the Lamb" the two works performed by the Senior Choir; each had its own particular merits. In both diction and control was very good, but perhaps they were really at their best in Britten's "Rejoice the Lamb".

As ever the whole concert was of a very high standard and all concerned should be congratulated on such a polished and entertaining evening.

William Harding.

THE HEADMASTER WRITES:

The Editors have asked me to contribute a piece to this year's Magazine. What I said in my introduction on Speech Day last May is still very relevant and since my words will have been heard by only a small number of pupils and parents, owing to the limited accommodation in the Hall, I thought I would repeat, with some amplification, what I said then.

I recently saw the following notice in the Personal Column of THE TIMES. It runs:

HEADMASTER, progressive educationist but old-fashioned disciplinarian sickened by permissive hogwash, offers many talents including dedication and experience wherever good order and idealism be acceptable. Write Box A.1907, The Times, E.C.4.

I must admit to a good deal of sympathy with the advertiser for I, like many others in education, although in favour of much that is implied by the term 'progressive', am beginning to wonder just where we are going, so rapid is the present rate of change. More Government reports are written, more Committees sit, more recommendations are made and publications produced, on the subject of education than on any other. At the same time, an ever increasing number of people outside education, from politicians and sociologists on the one hand to, no doubt, well-meaning but nevertheless uninformed amateurs on the other, are wishing to tell us how to organise and run our schools. It is not an easy world in which to live, particularly when anything which is compulsory is immediately regarded by many as implying something which goes against the grain, and when the traditional concepts of discipline and hard work are treated in some quarters with contempt.

Neither can we ignore the fact that current attitudes and behaviour of society as a whole exert great pressures on our young people today. We are living in a world where drugs, sex and violence hold the headlines. It is indeed a dangerous and a difficult world from which the various mass media in every home permit no relief. Added to this, earlier physical maturity and teenage sophistication coincide with a general diminishing of parental control. The strains of growing up are thus more complicated and bewildering than ever before. No wonder then that loyalties are confused, establishments distrusted and authority challenged.

A school community is of course a small-scale reflection of society in general and, as such, must be reshaped and adapted as society itself changes its attitudes and organisation. There is need, for example, for us to review some of the outworn traditional practices no longer appropriate in present times, to make a continuous reappraisal of teaching methods and subject content, to offer explanation instead of demanding blind obedience, to experiment in consultation between teacher and taught. All these and other such developments are going on here.

But there is a world of difference between pupil participation, which I encourage, and pupil power, the demand for which is now beginning to find its way from universities into schools in some parts of the country, a movement which I view with the utmost suspicion and concern. Of course we must go some way towards granting that greater freedom to which senior pupils today aspire. It would be wrong, indeed ostrich-like, to ignore it. But freedom must not be confused with licence and should be within clearly defined limits in a controlled environment in which the pupil learns under benevolent authority, first of all to take responsibility for his own work and actions, and then for his behaviour within the context of the community as a whole. Most Sixth Formers, in my experience, have plenty of good sense and understanding and would accept this view.

I use the term “benevolent” advisedly, for whenever people in authority over the young are self-righteous, self-satisfied or self-pitying, they are likely to breed irrational revolt. Where they are felt to be genuinely concerned with the young as persons and, in school, not so much with making them work as in making them want to work, then they are going a long way to encourage constructive and responsible attitudes.

As I have implied on previous occasions, we are steering a middle course here, experimenting responsibly and balancing the merits of past practice with new approaches. I welcome the more liberal atmosphere which today pervades our School, but at the same time I am determined to up-hold the necessary discipline required to ensure the integrity of that scale of values for which this School has always stood. If pupils break School rules they will be punished; if they break the law they will be dealt with like any other law-breakers. The greatest disservice which those in authority can do young people and society in general, is to abdicate their responsibilities at the very time when the need for firmness as well as help and guidance is more obvious and wide-spread than ever before.

I have no doubt that pupils up to the age of about 13 or 14 years need to be told firmly and clearly what to do and what is expected of them. After that begins the period of life in which they must learn to rely less upon discipline externally imposed, and more on self-discipline. To achieve this, they need increasingly to feel that they are being treated as real and significant and fully involved in decisions affecting them. This does not mean an abandonment of authority. It does, however, imply developing in young people the qualities which will enable them to treat others with respect and understanding, and this will only be achieved if they are treated in that way themselves. It will not be obtained by permissiveness. It will not be helped either by intransigent insistence on authority without reason and explanation. As in adult life, so in the Sixth Form; many problems can be circumvented by the development of mutual understanding through communication. Communication implies the exercise of authority by consultation and discussion.

With this in mind, we are strengthening the personal links between Staff and pupils in various ways. For example, since September members of the Sixth Form have come under the immediate direction of the Deputy Headmaster, Mr. Hill, who, with the aid of a team of Staff Tutors, is now responsible for their work programmes, careers advice, general welfare and well-being. A similar organisation has been introduced for Fifth Formers under the supervision of Mr. Jenkins, and at both levels Staff/ Student committees will act as foci for the feeding in and dissemination of ideas. It is my intention to encourage this devolution of authority and pupil participation as the School continues to grow in size.

LONG WINTER

White, Crisp,
Glittering in the morning sun
Deep footprints in the snow where the postman has trod.
Tyre marks in the snow where the milkman has been.

The curtains are drawn
No one is awake.
Mist and fog swirl around over the snow-covered chimney pots
The odd “*drip, drip, drip*” of the hanging icicle in the porch.
A voice is heard.
A light goes on.
People awake to see the white roof tops.
It's cold.
No fire on yet—
Teeth chattering.
A car is heard.
A door is slammed.
All that's left are some prints in the snow,
Winter has not ended.

Susan Baldwin

SPRING DAY

Wind and rain
Drab sky
Grey cloud
Black smoke
and it's a
Spring
Day
Sodden grass
in
sea of mud
Battered Daffodil
Battered and brown
Drooping ash
Weeping willow
Weeping
And it's a
Spring
Day

Anita Royce

And today
it really is
hot day
it really is
Summer
and already
my greedy mind
has put it
Into the imperfect
tense
and filed it neatly
Under 'S' as though
Shocked
By the suddenness
The amazing surprise
Of what
Is.

A.C.

ALONE IN THE DARK

You leave your home and walk down the lane; you have no torch and you walk slowly so as not to walk into anything. Up in the sky there are millions of stars and a thumb-nail moon. Then you look behind you and see the light in your house, knowing that inside is your family watching television. A tall black telegraph pole grows out of the hedge and as you pass it you hear the buzz of the electricity.

As you go on walking you hear a rustling noise behind you and you want to look behind you but you can't. A cold chill of excitement races up your spine, but you still keep walking. Nothing comes of the rustling and a car rounds the bend in front of you, its headlights blinding you, and when the car has passed you look behind to see if anything or anyone is behind you.

The car goes out of sight and all is dark again. You wonder why you were worried in the first place, and now it seems silly to think that something was behind you. As you walk on you hear a screaming-crying noise; just a cat mating, or is it? You turn and walk fast back towards home.

Max Dietschmann.

A WALK IN THE WOODS.

Summer sun drifting softly through the leaves,

Path under the trees; hard worn brown earth; some green springy moss at the edges; last year's leaves.

Bark: soft and crumbling, hard and greeny white, brown, grey, mottled by leaf patterns, black in the shadows.

Bright sunlight shining down; who can see the infra-red and ultra violet? who cares?

deep red dog roses, honeysuckle, wood anemones.

Yellow sunlight through green leaves.

Brown and black, wood and earth.

Red, white, blue, green; dog roses and honeysuckle.

A walk in the woods,

The colours of our world.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

The sun is set; the swallows are asleep;
The bats are flitting fast in the grey air,
with the dusk the shadows lengthen;
The shroud called night veils the silent earth.
Now! before the night has started:
To the east, a white gem in a dark blue sea:
The harvest moon steals o'er the scene.
To the west the fiery rays of a dying sun.

In the fields, the hay bales neatly stacked,
await the coming of the men in tractors.
But in the twilight, hovering between night and day,
Nothing is real; the mind drifts slowly back, spanning time
And space through which the moonbeams shine.

I know, I can see the Normans hunting
Deer through the great wide woods,
With baying hounds and piercing bugles.
Or perhaps my dream changes and I live in some
Medieval castle, surrounded by great stone walls
And tall towers.
A highwayman on some summer s night,
calls out from the shadows to a coach,
with driver sitting terrified on the seat.
The horses fly with the clouds
Through the night skies,
To a rippling brook, in which the little fishes
Laugh out loud,
At the great beasts quenching their thirst
And whipping the clear water to a foam,
Which thunders down some Niagra current,
Searching the quiet of the river below.

With the night my dreams disappear.
And a small boy walks alone through the fields.
Perhaps trying to catch the bats while the moon
Looks down with a silver glow that
Illuminates the fields of stubble.

The sun in set: the swallows are asleep;
The bats are flitting fast through the grey air.

Ian Rummens

TWILIGHT

The sun is set, the swallows are asleep,
The bats are flitting past in the grey air;
The gnats hang in bunches above cold grey concrete.
A toad croaks solemnly in the still air,
The golden orange sky over the hills,
Glowes brilliantly,
So brilliantly that long blue-grey clouds
Have a golden edge facing the sunset.
Lush, chlorophyll grass is moist with dew.
The sun-yellow water lilies are admitted to darkness
By the brown and green stamens,
And slowly and quietly submerge beneath clear water.
All now seems dead
Except a monotonous old toad.

Stephen Miles.

SONNET IN B MINOR

Is this the face that lit with love that night?
That whispered words of confidence and hope?
Tears streaming down the ever-chapping slope
And red-rimmed eyes now shutting out the light.
Are these the hands that gently smoothed his hair?
That stroked his hair in happiness sublime?
Now clenched together, nails lined with grime
Knotted in agony, all fingers bare.
Now face and hands tormented with despair
No hope is left to wipe away the ' ~ crime
Ahead—no love or help but pointless time
No reason to go on, no more to care.
And so the end—no-one to help her fight
A fallen woman, out of mind and sight.

Anon.

It could be a cyberman—you know, one of those horrible tin bods on Doctor Who', who appear so many times that one gets fed up with seeing them. You could just see it now, walking up the High Street bleeping that every one will be exterminated. Of course you might not know what a cyberman is, but it i~ up to your own imagination to think of something that would fit the description. The picture could be a futuristic type of space suit for people to wear when they go for a trip to the moon. Also one could turn the picture upside down or look at it from a different angle. This 'machine could be a superfangled kind of teacher—that's when they have got rid of human teachers of course! So this print could mean anything to the imaginative person like you—and that is what imagination is about; ideas that come to you in a flash.

Geraldine Haynes

Wilfred Owen's "Dulce et Decorum Est".
Our grandad's gasmask,
Futility.
Galvanised air-raid shelters in back gardens— Coal-houses really,
Insensibility.
Gasping, choking, deep-breathing death,
Disabled.
Wheezing, squeeze-box, barrel organ death,
Exposure.
Undertones of The Imperial War Museum.
Mental Cases.
Trenches, shell-holes, chlorine gas, choking green slime, death.
The Unreturning.

Anon.

ARE YOU HAPPY?

Are you happy?
The world's population grows every minute.
Are you happy?
Millions die every day.
Are you sure you're happy?
People fight people
You ARE happy——aren't you?
Nuclear bombs are ready to be used at any moment
Of course you re happy.
Oxfam needs your money.
Of course, you've given your sixpence this year.
So
You are happy.

Anne Grundy

MORNING TIME

The sun was shining brilliantly,
Was this the Costa Brava?
Below him lay the fields of Flanders
Seeming so unrealistic,
Like a model.
He pulled up the joystick,
comradeship?
This was ecstasy,
War seemed so far away.
He heard a faraway thumping,
In front of him a little line of holes appeared,
Rapidly advancing towards him,
Like the footprints of an overgrown centipede.
They ripped through the eggshell of his skull.
Blackness, Blackness, Dizziness.
Was this the Costa Brava?
Stephen Grudgings.

FOR EVER AND EVER

AMEN.

The bomb dropped.
The world ended
The last few minutes were chaos
I sat there
People cried around me
We knew this was the end
There was no heat or light
Only pain and terror existed
As death crept slowly over us
I began to shiver
I breathed in slowly
I must not panic
I sat there
Death was upon me and
The.....
World

.....Ended.

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“Join the C.C.F., learn a trade,
Travel, adventure, and get paid.”
These are the facts you’re fed upon
And like a sucker you’re signed on.
And when they’ve got you in their grip.
Where are those smiles, that

And who’s this devil with the stripes?
Then you’re issued with your kit:-
A uniform that doesn’t fit,
Braces left and braces right
A pair of boots to be polished bright.
A belt, the brasses dull and black,
Two left gaiters, one small pack.
Pouches webbed, brasses ‘D’
Shirts of khaki issued three.
Let’s take a look and see you now.
Drill parades and kit inspections,
Brasses brightened to perfection.
Weapon training and P.T.
Life’s one endless rivalry.
‘Squad,attention! Stand at ease!’
Awful orders such as these.
How hopeless it all seems to you.
All those years you have to do.
You achieve your ultimate goal,
With the magnificent rank of S.U.O.
But then you begin to feel at peace
Because you’re nearing your release.
THEN you can tell the younger lads
About the good times you have had,
About the camps where you have been,
About the places that you’ve seen.
THEN you’ll say, “Wipe off that frown
Don’t let the C.C.F. get you down.
Stick it lad, keep smiling through.
I VE ONLY GOT ONE DAY TO DO.

RD Boyd.

Jackie Anderson.

THE FAIR

I remember the first time I went to a fair. I was seven and on that twinkling, flashing night the world was transformed. So were we. Normally well behaved Sunday school children, we whooped and shouted and screamed until we were hoarse. For a few hours at least, we belonged to the fair.

'The helter-skelter's only sixpence.'

'No, that's for cissies. I want to go on the Wall of Death.'

'That's a shilling.'

'You'll be sick.'

'Somebody's nicked my toffee apple!'

Fat women and small rabbit-toothed boys with straw-like hair tried their luck on the hoop-la stall. Great was their joy if they ringed an unsuspecting goldfish. Tight black-skirted girls with big gold ear-rings and painted lips yelled out '3 balls for sixpence, 7 for a shilling! Roll up, roll up, try your luck!' And so we did. Boys staggered away sheepishly carrying big pink teddy-bears or woolly rabbits.

I saw boys in tight denim jeans, black leather jackets and pointed shoes, swagger confidently over to the Wall of Death. And I saw boys in tight denim jeans, black leather jackets and pointed shoes sway over to a corner of the field to be quietly sick.

We were swirled giddily round and round in chairplanes 'till the world spun round instead of us; we flew above the lights and noise and smell in the big wheel; we seemed to go up and up for ever, into the clouds. Surely we'd reach the moon soon. And then with a swish we were on the ground again.

Music blared. Girls screamed. Fat women shouted. Drunken men sang dirty songs at the tops of their voices. Small boys drove recklessly on the dodgems. Girls with paper hats saying 'Kiss me Quick', with short tight skirts and long thin legs tried to balance sophisticatedly on stiletto heels as boys with greased-back hair whistled at them. Fathers ate fish and chips out of last year's Daily Express. Small girls sniggered at the Fat Woman.

'Our Lil'll get as fat as that—she eats so much 'Pooh—she's padded out with cushions.' 'She's not. Look you can see her wobble!'

'Like our mum's blancmange!' 'Wonder what she eats for breakfast.

One last hot dog, and we clutched our presents—hideous vases with 'A present from Weston-Super-Mare' written on them—and our newly-won prizes and set off for the waiting coach.

The lights and noise of the fair gradually faded and tired and weary we clambered onto the coach and set off for home.

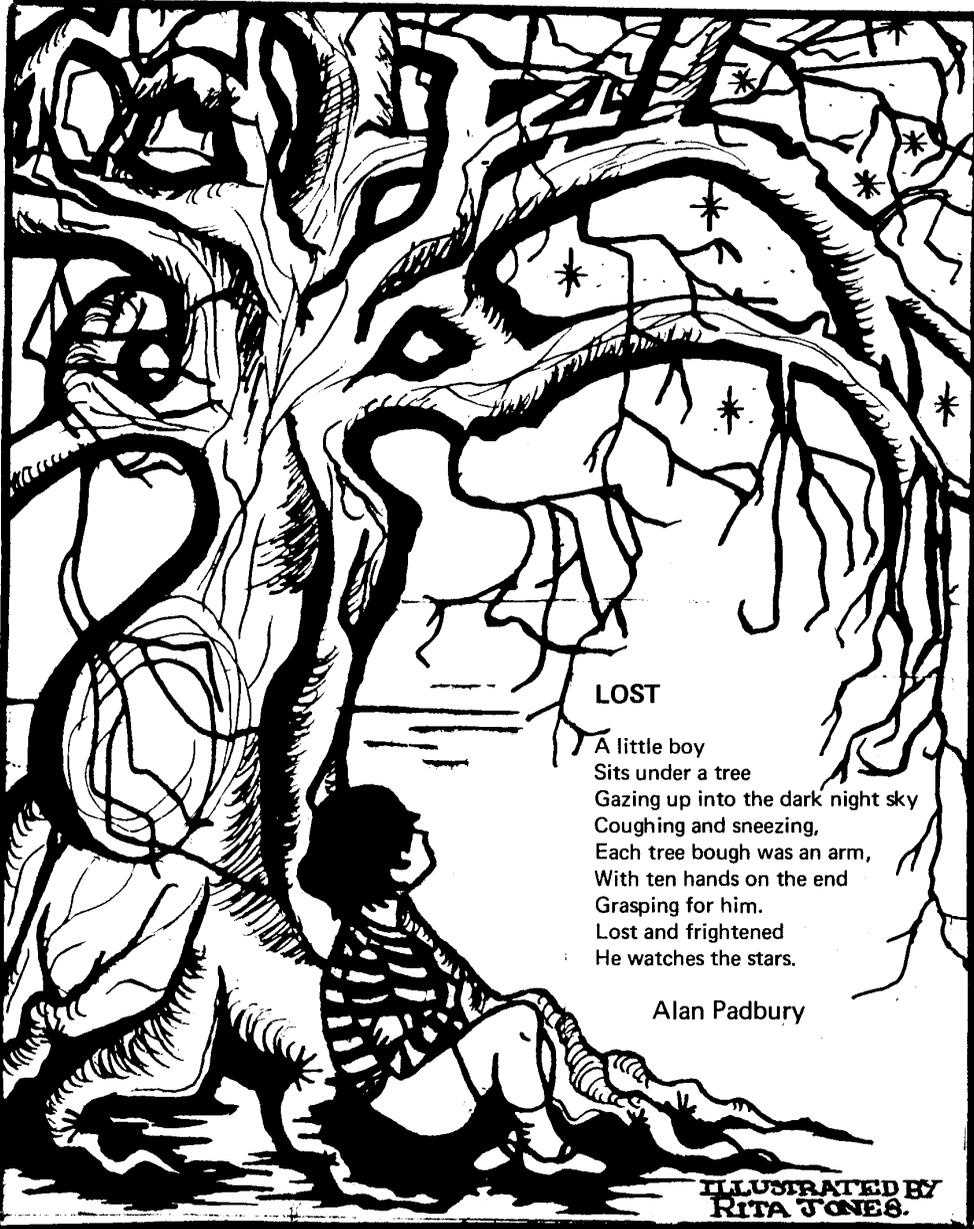
Rachel Warner.

THE WHITE-COLLAR BOWLER!

Eight o'clock
Each day at
The felt-
Rimmed
Bowler hat
Bobbed past
My window.
Eight o'clock
Patent-
Leather black
Heels clicked
Six feet
Below the
Starched white
Collar.
Eyes
Hypnotise
The humble
Watch's
Second hand.
Nine o'clock
Hand pushes
Door,
Hat flung on
Pea.
'See Manager
Dictates
Letter to
That
'Infernal,

Incompetent
Secretary-
Machine.'
'See Manager'
Twelve o'clock
Hand touches
Door.
Hat leaves
Peg.
'Giles.
'Sir?'
Twelve-five p.m.
Hand pushes
Door.
Patent-leather
Heels click,
'Giles — Fired!'
Hair ruffled,
Trousers dare
To have
a crease,
He's broken!
But look! There,
between the bowler
hat and starched
white collar,
a face—
Mr. Giles.
Now why did
you try to
hide it?

Susan Hutchinson



LOST

A little boy
Sits under a tree
Gazing up into the dark night sky
Coughing and sneezing,
Each tree bough was an arm,
With ten hands on the end
Grasping for him.
Lost and frightened
He watches the stars.

Alan Padbury

ILLUSTRATED BY
RITA JONES.

Revolution

revolt' (-O-) *v.i.* to rise in rebellion; to feel disgust.—*v.t.* to affect with disgust.—*n.* a rebellion.—*revolt'ing* *a.* disgusting, horrible. [F. *revolter*]

revolve' *v.i.* to turn round, rotate.—*v.t.* to rotate; meditate upon.—*revolu'tion* *n.* a rotation or turning round; turning or spinning round; a great change; the violent overthrow of a system of government—*revolu'tionary* *a.* and *n.* —*revolu'tionise* *v.t.*—*revol'ver* *n.* a repeating pistol with a revolving cart ridge-magazine. FL. *revolvere*]

REVOLUTION, REVOLUTION

Revolution. Revolution, reel them off.
Reverberating results,
Regarding reason,
Rejecting realism.
Revolution, Revolution, destroying hope.
Reforming realms,
Ransacking refuge.
Revolution, Revolution, sparking fire.
Rolling rocks,
Raiding rations,
Re-living Russia.
Revolution, Revolution.

Revolution. Revolution:
Revolution. Revolution, still no end?
Brandishing bayonets,
Breaking breaches,
Bombing the brave.
Revolution, Revolution, plod along.
Loitering leaders,
Lamenting laughter,
Ludicrous life.
Revolution, Revolution, numerous deaths,
Endeavouring ensembleness,
Exterminating equality,
Evading an end.
Revolution, Revolution.

Ann Broad.

New Industrial Revolution: change from massive manpower to complete automation, involving machine-minders rather than skilled craftsmen. The end of individualism and the coming of standard, unchanging, uncompromising units. Mass production.

Machines!

Cogs turning: 9.500 revs per minute. Eyelids opening, closing.
My mind ticking, turning, revolving; needles spinning, springs
unwinding. Days passing; hours, minutes, seconds clicking; seasons
changing, snow rain and sun. Air moving, swirling, rising.
The unending spiral of time.

Time!

Time turning; bringing about a change in place, or a change in a way of life. Does the final product of revolution justify the method of revolution? Can anything be achieved without televised violence that shocks? Does it shock any more? Who cares about a peaceful demonstration?

Revolution!

Revolution in Ireland;
the people rising up against the government. Riots, people sent to
prison for breaking the law. Revolution in Malaysia; ordinary people
against the state. Revolution in Czechoslovakia; quickly put down by
force. Revolution France, student revolt, general strike;
industry, as a result still, machines idle, non-producing. The machine-
6' General Studies Group

The wheel of life goes round and round,
The little gears make it sometimes more hard,
And the cogs in the gears go round and round,
And specks of dust get stuck on the teeth,
And the wheel of life goes round and round,
And the specks of dust are carried round the cogs,
turning and twisting
on one or another
And the wheel of life goes round and round,
The specks of dust are carried through
Until they fall from the gears and are flung round and out,
And are left to rest by the side of the road,
And the wheel of life goes round and round.
But if the specks of dust are left by the side
And the wheel of life goes round and round;
But if the specks of dust, intent on themselves,
Say one speck is better or make it so,
They turn and twist and argue and fight
And the wheel of life goes round and round
And the dust fights and the specks collect
In tens
 and thousands
 and throw things
and clog up the gears
until
 The wheel stops.

Antony Johnson

BIAFRA CHILD

Please Mr. Nigeria, why do I suffer so?

Biafra Child, you have rebelled.

I have not rebelled, I have done nothing wrong.

Biafra Child, your people have rebelled.

They are to blame.

Mr. Nigeria, why do you bomb our villages?

Biafra Child, they have risen up against us.

Why do you kill my mother and sisters?

They have done no harm.

Biafra Child, it is the fortune of War.

Mr. Nigeria, why have you cut off the supplies?

Biafra Child, to starve you to death.

Mr. Nigeria, we are of the same race.

Biafra Child, you are dead!

Geoffrey Paddick.

The cry hangs shrill in the streets,
The peasants hang from the windows
Of their hovels,
Eyes and mouths wide open,
Faces vacant,
Waiting expectantly,
Staring into the dank, empty streets.
Revolt is all their words,
All their questions,
All their pleas
All their fears.

Janet Lewis.

'Repression is the seed of revolution.' Daniel Webster.

Merry-go-rounds, big dippers,
The wheels of the miniature train
In the round market place of the town
Next to a lunatic asylum
Where people sit, with revolving eyes
In revolving chairs.
THIS town sits on the world
Revolving round the sun.

The striking of a church clock sees the beginning of the arrival of a group of long-haired youths in Trafalgar Square. A platform has been set up with microphones. Gradually the square fills and the noise rises as student chats to student. Shouts and jeers from the students as police arrive. Still more students stream in. The square swims with colours. Then four students mount the platform. Gradually a hush falls over the crowd. The speaker clears his throat and—

‘So you say we want a revolution, well do we? Would it be any good? Think again, think of the revolutions we all know about—the bolshevik revolution and the Chinese communists’ revolution. These were said to be by the people, for the people but just look at the results—virtually a police state. Revolution is no easy way out! What has revolution achieved? What new freedom has been bought with blood? The wealth is still possessed by a few, a different few from before, but there is still no share out to the poor. The moderates go back to work, militants look forward to the next!

TIME is a revolving cycle of
War, peace, strikes, war
Sweeping through the world
Which one day will revolve no more.

6’ General Studies Group

THE EARTH TURNS

The earth turns and on it
A rigid pattern of life goes on,
Set and precise and unchanging

As the untiring glow of the sun.
And the earth turns and on it
Young earthlings gather in groups,
And train and endeavour to be
As like each other as may be.
And the earth turns and on it
Grown earthlings toil, and strive
Always to fit to the pattern
Or as near as can possibly be.
And the earth turns and on it
Small lives begin and lives end
With infinitesimal progress but
Strangely certain equality.

And the earth turns, positively.
Jane Anthony.

YESTODAY

Jesus, yesterday I was walking
In the roads of Piccadilly W.I.
Humming to myself
Daydreaming really,
When I met a young girl
With a wilting flower and a needle in her arm.

Jesus, yesterday I was walking
In the boulevards of Paris France,
Humming to myself
Daydreaming really,
When I met a young man
With a screaming banner and a bandage on his head.

Jesus, yesterday I was walking
In the streets of Stockholm Sweden,
Humming to myself
Daydreaming really,
When I met a young girl
With a flashing smile and a pill in her hand

Jesus, yesterday I was walking
In the ghettos of Alabama U.S.A.
Humming to myself
Daydreaming really,
When I met a young negro
With a bleeding wound and a gun in his belt.

Jesus, today I am running
On the paths of reality
Not knowing who I am.
This is real.
And I meet myself
With a tarnished cross and tears burning my eyes.
Jesus, don't bother coming to my house.

Liz Avent

PLASTIC GNOME REVOLUTION

One day, soon, it will happen. Politicians will tell no lies.
Young Communists will subscribe to the Conservative Party. Men will replace machines.
Work will cease to be a four letter word. Television commercials will have short breaks for
programmes, and cornflakes will give away, entirely free, a mass-produced plastic model of
your favourite revolutionary.
Then you will know that the Revolution has happened.

Gordon Andrews

IT HAD TO HAPPEN

It had to happen, I suppose,
Someone's invented plastic toes,
Actually, they look a treat,
Fitted onto plastic feet.

Mike Grundy

Revolutions are not about trifles, but they spring from trifles.' Aristotle.

WEMBLEY

The International hockey match. A cacophony of girls. A flourish of school scarves, A flight of hats. A bank of blazers.

I remember the diesel clamminess of the crumbling coach caught in the chill of early morning. Bulging kitbags stuffed with crushed crisps and sandwiches, plastic bottles of pale orange squash and compulsory macs all adding to the musty mellowness of the smell which grew in complexity with the sucking of acid drops, champing of apples and licking of lollies as we journeyed to the 'smoke',

I remember the moon-landscape of the empty coach park on arrival contrasting frighteningly with the back to back, row to rowfullness when, the game over, we tried to find ours amongst the rest of the world's. Coaches from Cardiff, Carlisle and Cockfosters, buses from Billingham and Bootle, and, to prove the world is small, a Riddifords Rover full to overflowing with the Castle School.

I remember too, the giant chess-board pitch, velvet smooth and empty save for the toy soldier bandsmen and the conductor who encouraged us, like a tick-tack man at the races,

to sing Tipperary
while we waited for the game to start.

Rousing choruses they were, broken only by the chink of pocket money changing hands for emblems, rosettes and rattles with which to swell the already riotous row. The shrieks, the screams, the yells, all treble pitched, as stick struck stick and sometimes ball and, when the victory was ours, the cheering, laughing crowds pouring out in ordered chaos for the long journey home, happier and more tired than any of the players.

Fish and chips and frothy coffee, vinegar soaked newspapers, melting chocolate and bananas left from lunch, bruised soft and sweet smelling; the lurching coach, swaying girls and all the songs we'd ever learnt and those we hadn't.

Turning heads from startled lamp-post-leaners as we drove through dozing villages, the determined-to-bear-it smile reflected back in the driver's mirror, the softly giggling quiet when we stopped in a sleeping town and the tired goodbyes when we parted.

I remember Wembley.

Jane Anthony.

THE TALE OF AN ACCOMPLISHED PIPE SMOKER

The tale of the accomplished Pipe-smoker

Is a tale that should never be told

'Tis the tale of constant filling and

Cleaning and

Smoking and

Coughing and

On and

On and

On with the tale of the accomplished pipeman,

The man who can never grow cold

To the taste of his sweet-scented shag or tobacco and the

Filling and

Cleaning and

Smoking and

Coughing and

On and

On and

On with the tale of the accomplished pipe-smoker

Whose tobacco is never too old

And whose pipe is accustomed to

Filling and

Cleaning and

Smoking and

Coughing and

On and

On and

On with the tale of the tobacco merchant

Whose 'baccy is never all sold for the

Filling and

Cleaning and

Smoking and

Coughing and

On and

On and

On with the tale of the accomplished pipeman

Whose story will soon be told, and the

Filling and

Cleaning and

Smoking and

Coughing and

On and

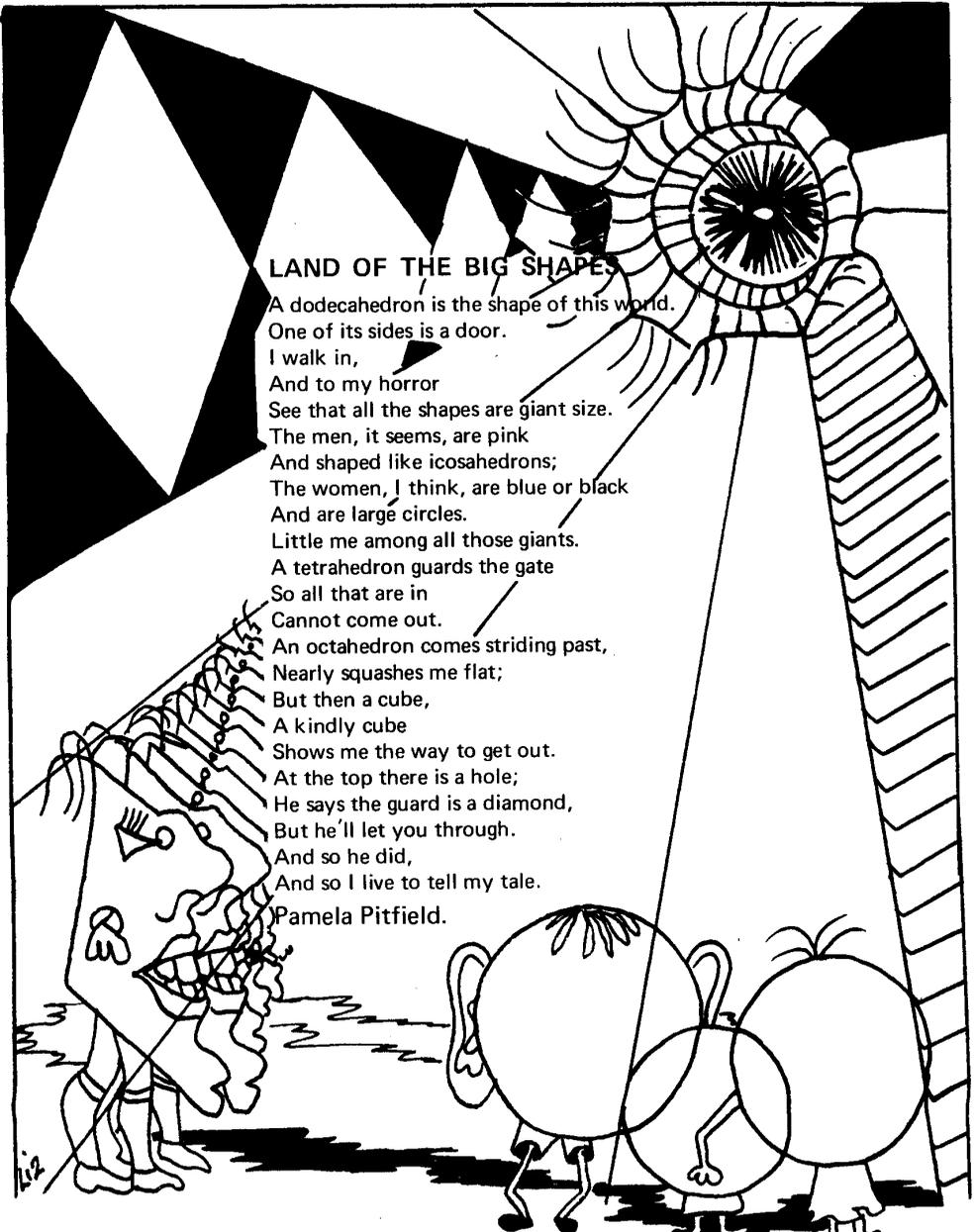
On and
On the last day of his life he will find
The world is not worth all this
Filling and
Cleaning and
Coughing and
On and
On and
On and on and on and on and on and on and on and

Antony Johnson

LOOKING INTO A FATHER'S WORLD

He doesn't see through the same eyes
As I do, or if he does, something
There since younger years distorts
The reflection.
He doesn't hear through the same ears
As I do:
He doesn't wish to.
He doesn't dream the dreams I dream;
He looks back,
I look forward.
I'm not supposed to dream.
Sometimes I think the words I say bounce
Like a rubber ball
Against his brain.
They daren't go in,
He doesn't let them.
And yet, often, I see him reach up and around,
To grasp the handle of the door
Into my world.
Like Alice, he draws himself up
Small.
But still his feet slip back,
As the clock ticks the minutes away,
Fifteen times since I should have been in!
He has a different dock from mine;
He can't see

Susan Hutchinson.



LAND OF THE BIG SHAPES

A dodecahedron is the shape of this world.

One of its sides is a door.

I walk in,

And to my horror

See that all the shapes are giant size.

The men, it seems, are pink

And shaped like icosahedrons;

The women, I think, are blue or black

And are large circles.

Little me among all those giants.

A tetrahedron guards the gate

So all that are in

Cannot come out.

An octahedron comes striding past,

Nearly squashes me flat;

But then a cube,

A kindly cube

Shows me the way to get out.

At the top there is a hole;

He says the guard is a diamond,

But he'll let you through.

And so he did,

And so I live to tell my tale.

Pamela Pitfield.

THE EVENT

I wonder what to cook for the weekend.
I've an idea Aunt Jane doesn't like coffee cake.
I wonder if Roy's changed after all these years.
And what his wife's like.
I bet it'll rain, and spoil everything,
Like on the cruise last summer.
Meanwhile,
the rocket
taking the first men to the moon
is at count-down.
And I don't feel like doing all this work.
I wish I could get a better suntan.
Do the ants always have to be
Just where I sit to write a long letter?
Meanwhile,
this venture
which will forever make history,
this most important development
for ages,
is launched.

Blast Off !

And I hope Kathy's alright.
She looked ghastly pale, bedraggled and aged
When I left this morning.
It's that heart of hers again, getting her down.
All the work has been a strain.

Thrown into space are the men, the first moon men ever.
On their way to conquer the unknown.

And I peer through my window
Onto all the sleeping houses, windows lighted, curtains closed,
All those people.
I wonder if they are happy tonight
For reasons of their own.

A lonely breeze drifts through the darkness.
I look up in wonder at the distant twinkling gems,
And the moon.
Cold, glistening, strange moon man,
You have gazed for ages past upon our shores;
And now
The first ever man
Steps from his space capsule
Onto the moon.
No longer
Will it be my dream to wish upon
And I spill my supper drink,
dash out,
to get a cloth to mop it up with.

Elaine Hackett.

GIRLHOOD

Girlhood for me was:

- going to tea parties in fancy dresses and clean white socks washed by the powder that washes whiter!
 - going to a queer old lady with a grand piano in her front room for weekly piano lessons. I can see her now beating out a steady pace and myself plodding through uninteresting bars of music.
 - poking fun at other children and skipping to silly chants like “Robin loves Gillian, Robin loves Gillian.”
 - playing mothers and fathers using mud pies as food, sticks for cutlery and stones for plates.
 - dressing up in mother’s clothes and slopping around in her shoes pretending we were stunning princesses and being captured by a horrible Baron, then having a dashing young Prince come to rescue us.
 - pretending we were millionaires and holding parties that ran into the early hours of the morning.
 - having a craze for horse-riding and collecting pictures of horses then sticking them to the bedroom walls.
 - playing with dolls and prams and taking them out for endless walks during which we would have detailed conversations.
 - wasting our evenings then regretting it when we had all the homework of this school!
 - counting the endless days before Christmas and waking up about five o’clock on Christmas morning and then being absolutely sick of the sight of food the next day.
 - riding up and down the village on a new shiny bicycle making sure all the other children saw it.
 - having dozens of birthday cards on my birthday and a large iced cake with gaily coloured candles on it.
- Girlhood is doing all the things girls do. Girlhood is growing up.

Jane Webb

FIRE OR SUNSET

Look! a fire, amid those dingy buildings.
Look at those flames and the falling rafters.
That huddle of boats—will they be burnt?
Will a flaming spark set them alight?
Will the rippling water cower under the raging heat?
Call the police, my friend, the fire brigade, ambulance!
But, my friend, it is only the sunset.

Julie Cullimore.

FIRE AT DARK

Smoke, rising from the house,
Ancient rafters groan and glow beneath intense heat.
An ominous glow shines from the dark, glassless windows,
And flames leap into the city fog.
Charred debris flies, spitting and popping.
The eery glow is reflected in the water;
Paint cracks on nearby boats.
The door sways slightly, desperate to resist destruction.
Brilliant flames grasp at the city sky
And the pungent smell of smoke reeks along the waterfront,
While night, like a blanket, wraps around
The desolate shell of a house.

Diana Goodwill.

FIRE

Orange, red, yellow, brown;
I watch your flames dancing now,
Beneath the dark moonlight.
You snap and crack, you spit and
moan— As if seeking vengeance of
some misdoing. Your flames shoot
towards the sky, And an orange sheen
lights your way, As you burn yourself
away.

Elizabeth Blenkiron

EVE OF DESTRUCTION

A dilapidated cottage by the waterside portrayed in shades of amber,
dainty red and orange, the building is on fire.
A harbour in the front contains only a few broken down boats now only
worthy of destruction.
Only colour tones in the background, black with a splattering of brown,
a city dark and smoky, taking over from an older world whose memories
will soon be ashes.

Viveca Peet

THE NEW SHOPPING CENTRE

Warm and friendly,
Bright and shiny,
Stocked full of tins and packets,
Is the grocery shop,
In the new shopping centre.

Clean and stuffy,
Full of assistants in blue overalls,
Smelling of newspapers,
Is the confectioner's shop,
In the new shopping centre.

Gay and modern,
Full of colour,
With records pounding out their modern tunes,
Is the boutique
In the new shopping centre.

Carpeted thick,
Boxes stacked high on shelves,
Ladies running round in sandals that flip-flop,
Is the shoe shop
In the new shopping centre.

Old and smelly,
Dirty and full of flies,
No customers,
Is the shop which was put out of business
By the new shopping centre.

Sheila Taylor

THE SNAKE

A living whip.
Eyes steady unblinking,
Glaring colours on its scaled back.
Flickering like bee's sting
Its needle tongue.
Slender body writhing,
Quicksilver.
None so dry,
None so deadly.
A thinking cord.

G.C. Poole.

S
m
all
drops
of rain
fall from
the dark ang
ry sky. Slowly
at first then faster
and faster until there is
a loud thudding noise on
the ground, like a hundred
beating drums. Suddenly the
thudding ceases, the rain stops.
The sun comes out of hiding
And shines brightly once
More. The whole world
Glistens and is
Clean.

SOCCKER REPORT

They say that one's reputation is hard to live up to and sure enough the soccer pride of T.G.S. has taken a knock it will quickly want to forget.

After some moderate practises a team emerged—"blended" with youthful ambition and the old campaigners' wise heads, and a moderately successful season seemed possible.

Rapidly the first game of the season approached, and of all the schools to choose from it had to be Cotham, one of the best footballing schools achieve

in the county. We took to the field and played out hearts out but this was not enough—we were beaten by size and stamina. And it was to be the same story throughout the season, The 1st XI did not beat any school and totalled only 5 goals for, compared with 41 against, despite some excellent goal keeping by Jock (the cat) McCrindle.

Possibly the best game of the season, and certainly the most enjoyable, was against the Old Boys, when the school were unlucky to be rewarded with only a 2—2 draw. Playing their best football of the season the school deservedly took the lead through the industrious Fraser. But the Old Boys fought back to take the lead, only to have it stolen from their grasp by an excellent Longman goal. Plucky saves by the old campaigner, Cyril Lambert, prevented the school from winning the day.

Finally, on the last day of term a school XI played against a staff XI when we WON our first game of the season after trying to

this for the past eight games.

And so ended a season committed to the archives of time. What of the future? Well the 1st XI has gained some invaluable experience especially for the new members of the squad and with a little more coaching a real team could emerge for next season.

Paul Maslin

CRICKET, 1969

As we have come to expect over the years, the first few playing days were spent gazing hopelessly out on to the square as the English rain slanted down. And, indeed, as Wycliffe 'A' XI arrived for our first match, the clouds were gathering.

We began, with the balls digging great divots out of the pitch and, as expected, the heavens opened and about 2' of rain fell rapidly, **SO** much so that the bottom west end of the square was awash. We persuaded the girls to lay on an early tea (since it had to be eaten anyway) and ate it without much hope of continuing the game. However, Groundsman Frank led us to a part of the square which was eminently playable. A new wicket was quickly cut and a very exciting draw ensued. Thornbury 137 for 7 (Hook 48), Wycliffe holding out at 126 for 9 (Maslin 5 for ~

Chipping Sodbury beat us narrowly by 7 runs, The St. Brendans' game was drawn, but the moral victory was theirs. The Filton High match was rained off, after they had amassed 133-1, with the School replying with 32-2. A victory over Clifton College 3rd XI followed,

In the Parents' match the honours went to Mr. Day, who batted throughout the Parents innings. They started very slowly in reply to a fairly generous School total, and it looked as if the game would peter out into a draw. However, urged on by Skipper Sage, the

Parents began to hit out and get out, except Mr. Day, who plodded steadily on, more and more leg-weary with each over, until the School total was passed with only a few minutes to spare.

A very pleasant Old Boys' game followed. It was a victory for the Old Thorns, but if Dave Longman, who was in full control and full spate at the time, had not had a rush of blood

to the head and had not attempted to hit Skipper H. Lewis out of the ground with his eyes tightly closed, then we might have won. Normally, the School season ends with the Old Thorns' match, but this year (and in subsequent years the story will be the same) we welcomed The Royal Forest of Dean Grammar School (with 3 XI's). Although the match was drawn, we had ended the season with a moral victory, having 123 for 4 declared, whilst the Forest replied with 65 for 8.

Although our victories were not numerous, two points have to be kept in mind. The side was young (8 will be here in 1970) and we improved steadily during the season. Our prime need is a quick opening bowler. Although Gould and Hucker bowled quite well, neither was really strong enough to break through when we needed it. Paul Maslin was a tower of strength as an all-rounder, but it was good to see young Fifth Formers, like Hook and Nicholas,

making some good scores.

The stumps of 1969 must not be drawn without mention of the retirement of Mr. Frank Biddle. To Shire Hall he may be Caretaker, but to all cricketers here, past and present, he is the preparer of some of the finest school wickets in Gloucestershire.

Those of us who travel round the various schools know of the various grassy buffalo wallows which they are pleased to call wickets, and we bemoan the retirement of one who has been in cricket in one way or another all his life and who has forgotten more about how to look after a square than most groundsmen ever know about it. However, a bird, possibly one of the seagulls which don't come to visit us until the cricket season is over, has whispered that he isn't going very far away. We hope not, anyway. Our grateful thanks to Mr. Biddle and to all others who have helped make cricket in 1969 pleasant.

The 1st XV did not enjoy a very successful season losing eight of their twelve matches, winning three and drawing one. The problem of establishing a team of 1st XV standard was

H.J. very apparent with a very limited number having had experience of rugby at this level
G.G. before. The result was that boys were thrown in at the deep end when we played the very strong St. Brendan's side as our second fixture of the season, losing by an embarrassing number of points. However, games such as these gave the younger first team players a great deal of valuable experience and it was pleasing to see that their enthusiasm was not dampened.

The Old Thornburians fielded a strong side skippered by John Pullin for their annual fixture against the school and consequently were able to win convincingly.

The 2nd team also had a disappointing season despite their great enthusiasm. The U15 had a good season under the coaching of Mr. Large, many players making their mark and showing themselves as 1st team potential for the coming season. The three junior teams benefited from enthusiastic coaching from certain members of staff.

Des. King

On behalf of all the teams we would like to thank the Games staff for all their coaching, support and determination, Mr. and Mrs. Rendall for their invaluable support, the groundsmen for preparing the pitches and the girls and staff, who gave up their tree time to provide refreshments.

HOCKEY REPORT

As last year, the hockey teams had a very successful season. The 1st XI started excellently, but perhaps did not play to their full capacity at the end of the season, due to missing several matches because of bad weather. However their results on the whole are quite pleasing, and Thornbury Grammar School hockey teams can honestly say that they are making a name for themselves in this area. Out of sixteen matches played by the 1st XI 11 were won, 2 lost and 3 drawn. The U 15s had even better results: 13 matches were won, 1 drawn and only 1 lost.

COLOURS

Full colours were awarded to Janet Meachin, Helen Sloman, Valerie Sewell, Pat Neale, Elizabeth Howard and Ann Broad and re-awarded to Helen Randall. Half-colours go to Janet Davis and Carol James.

Erica Goulden

TENNIS REPORT

The 1st VI have had a successful season winning six of the eight matches played.

The team had a very good match against Ribston Hall where, although we won by a large margin, we had to fight hard for the games. The annual Old Thorns match was as enjoyable as ever, resulting in a win for the school. Two U.15 VI members participated in this match and proved worthy of the praise they received.

The U.15 VI had a very successful season too, winning six out of the seven matches they played.

COLOURS

Awarded to Alison Covell.
Re-awarded to Helen Randall and Christine Garrett.
Half-colours to Pat Neale and Celia Hanson.

Christine Garrett.

OLD THORNBURIANS' SOCIETY

Committee for 1969

President: D.P. Rendall, M.A.

Chairman: D. Trayhurn

Vice-chairman: L. Hawkins

Committee: Miss C.L. Rees, Mrs. Bird, Mrs. J. Hill (sec.) Messers. G. Excell, K. Sullivan, H. Lewis, T. Daniel, R. Hill (treas.)

I must begin by saying how much we regret the death of Mr. Stafford Morse. He was a much valued and stalwart member of the society. We send our sympathy to his wife and family. For months I have avoided this article in the hope that news might happen. I had concluded, proverbially, that, "No news must be good news", or rather I had grown older and out of touch. And then—Geoff. Bailey, while flying over the Irish Sea, had an unfortunate encounter with a sea-gull. He was forced to bale out but was fortunately rescued uneventfully. Geoff is a Lieutenant in the Fleet Air Arm. Anyone who knew him at school would know some such occurrence was inevitable. There are some who might feel his sins had found him out! And then—Stephen Hodges found himself involved in police charges in Wenceslas Square, Czechoslovakia on the anniversary of the Russian invasion. After a hair raising time he too survived unscathed. And then—Henry Stansfield an experienced potholer and mountaineer in many parts, fell on the Avon

Gorge. He too thankfully survived unscathed.

So Old Thornburians' still have that spirit of adventure and things are happening to them. Robin Mills, now awaiting University entrance, spent a year in Israel. Pam Huntley is a hotel receptionist on the Isle of Skye. Valerie Cornish, now a physiotherapist, is in Mombasa, where she is working for the V.S.O. She writes, "My work is really interesting—rehabilitating Polio children after the acute stage of the illness. It involves arranging their ops. aftercare and fitting with calipers and then keeping an eye on them afterwards. I have 18 In-patients and about 30 post ops. who come 2 or 3 times a week for exercises and walking practice... It is really worthwhile and the children are delightful to treat, and being my own boss is quite a change from being a Junior Physio in a General Hospital."

Pamela Bennett, nursing in Canada, was married recently and has been home on a visit. Derek Hawkins, brother of Lesley and Lyndon, has too been home on a visit from Canada.

If one looked carefully on Carnival day one could detect, beneath the yashmaks, the well known faces of Olivia Burge, Cynthia Birtwhistle and Peter Floyd. Were there more Old Thorns?

Roger Crossfield, who lives in America, continues to triumph on the golf course. Phillip Barton has joined the Merchant Navy. Hazel Deeks is now married and training to be a missionary. Keith Sullivan is an engineer with the South Western Electricity Board. Ann Riddiford (nee Rea) has opened a gift and antique shop in Castle Street and John Cullimore has moved his business to what was the Old Post Office in Thornbury High Street and has a thriving coffee and tea room.

Old Thorns who remember Mr. (Johnny) Bell will be interested to hear that he is now Assistant Education Officer (Schools) in Bath.

The Annual Dinner preceded by Tennis and Cricket matches was as usual very successful. Over 70 guests were entertained by the visiting speakers, Mr. John Pullin and Mr. Trevor Wright. Mr. Pullin has played for the Barbarians and the British Lions and spoke mainly about his experiences touring South Africa. He dispelled many of the press rumours, particularly those concerning team relationships on and off the pitch. Mr. Wright recalled his days as staff representative on the Old Thorns committee. He suggested also that whatever the future of the school it might be possible and very acceptable to many if the dinner could continue to be held on the old school premises. The Headmaster spoke of the changes in the school and the retirement of Mr. Frank Biddle—to whom the Old Thornburians offer best wishes. It was a pity that the Gazette report on the dinner seemed so concerned with the future of the school. Its importance cannot be denied but there were other speeches and other topics of interest to Old Thorns.

Incidentally have Old Thorns noticed the 6th. form tie? Perhaps it is time for a new Old Thorns tie.

We look forward to meeting all Old Thorns, particularly at next year's dinner which is on Sat. July 11th 1970.

We offer congratulations to those Old Thorns who became engaged or married, or who have given birth, among them:

Engaged:

Heather Northover and Andrew Browning. Caroline St.John Brooks. Pat Beethani.

Married:

Meralyn Curtis. Gillian Scarbrough. Paul Whatley. Paul Potter.

Births to:

Elizabeth nee King. Gloria nee Fisher and Terry Symons. Judy nee Fudge. Yvonne nee Underhill and Keith Maloney. Jane nee Harding and Roger Hill.

FRANCIS MCCORMICK ON V.S.O.

Navrongo—14th March

Dear Editors,

In answer to your demand for a letter, here is something I dashed off while invigilating an exam

"I am writing this during a Physics exam—20 "Afro-guys" wrestle with Ohm's law and the electric bell while out of the window endless miles of bush roll across the horizon; a sea of long, dry grass, shrub and vast Baobab trees, frozen like grotesque statues under the burning sky. The school itself, a cluster of small white buildings, stands like an oasis western ways, around which my life has revolved during the last six months.

When I asked the headmaster how many students there are, he answered "about one in five", but in fact there are 150. In a school of this size, discipline seems to be easy, and teaching Science and Maths, has been no trouble. The hardest part was learning the names. They all adopt pseudo-european names such as Charles Moonraker Kingsley, Garry Mills, and Billy Jones in addition to a string of Apumporongos, Azantinlows and Awensebahs. The school is supposedly a seminary, but the priest-output is so low that in fact no-one has graduated from here to major seminary in 10 years. Many of their ambitions are mercenary, as summed up by one student in an English essay:

"My ambition is to become a school inspector. I will go to the schools where teachers have been avoiding classes, and for fear of being terminated, they will tend to give me money.

Such gems as this, by the way, come up by the dozen in homework and exams, and this seems to be one of the redeeming features of teaching English with VSO, as many people find that they can achieve very little in one year of teaching English. With Science and Maths it is very different because you can come out of a class knowing that you have taught them something new, and the results of your own efforts are easily seen in the end of term exams, although when someone stated Boyle's law like this: "for a fixed mass of a body, the pressure it applies is directly and inversely proportional to the weight it feels' I was somewhat discouraged!

The Fathers who supposedly run the place are a very merry bunch (stories of the White Fathers Acrobatic Motorcycle Team are never in short supply); I eat all my meals with the Fathers, and this is highly satisfactory as they live very nicely indeed, and seldom miss an opportunity to celebrate something with beer or whisky. At Christmas we had Vermouth, Brandy, and a gallon bottle of White Horse, and a party that went on till 2, ending in a glorious climax with the bishop rendering an obscene version of "Alouette" amid drunken cheers.

Another big advantage of living with the Fathers is that through them I have been introduced to many people living right in the bush where it would normally be very difficult to get any friendships started. As a result of many visits, I have made friends with several families, with whom I've spent hours, just talking or drinking the local brew. This brew, which is not always lethal, tastes like hot rough cider, and has a soup-like consistency. You drink it from a vast bubbling pot of brown broth, which is, they say, fermenting millet, though I m not so sure. But these visits have been one of the best parts of my stay here; to meet people with such a vastly different way of life and background, and to meet them on a personal level rather than as a camera-clad tourist, is a really fascinating experience, and one which many ex-patriots here have been denied through lack of opportunity or lack of trying.

Travel in Ghana seems at first to be remarkably cheap—a penny a mile— but after you've tried it it's not so remarkable. Last time I made the mammoth trip from Navrongo to Accra, I had to sit in a mini-bus for six hours before there were enough people inside to make it worth starting. Having piled in three or four people per seat, we left, and travelled through a very rough jungle track until we reached our first stop for 300 miles—Kumasi. This is said to be the most beautiful town in Ghana, but as it was midnight and I had nowhere to go, its beauty was lost on me. After sleeping the night in the bus, all the passengers, including several goats and chicken, dispersed and I got a train to Accra. Sometimes the train went over 30 mph, but as the scenery was jungle and cliffs, and really beautiful, it didn't matter. The contrasts between the sweaty jungle of the South and the dry open savannah of the North (Navrongo is as far North as you can get), and the ways of life of the people of these two regions, are so enormous that all the discomforts of travelling are justified as they unfold before you.

Anyway, I could fill a book with all my experiences here, and my conclusion would be that VSO, for me at any rate, has been a hugely rewarding way to spend a year, and I hope plenty more Old Thorns will have a go at it—it doesn't cost a penny!

There—you can do what you want with it. I hope the magazine goes well for you, and I certainly hope you'll send me a copy.

Best wishes,
Francis McCormick

VALETE

SIXTH FORMS:

Derek Anstey	Sheila Ball
Christopher Bell	Christine Brown
Richard Davies	Audrey Champion
Peter Dawson	Janet Chivers
Philip Day	Pamela Cook
Geoffrey Derham	Pamela Cullum
Cyril Downing	Jane Cusens
Maurice Downing	Gaynor Davies
Thomas Easter	Joy Dearing
David Farrier	Lorraine Devlin
Paul Gardiner	Janet Dupere
Alan Gould	Maryrose Gane
David Granger	Christine Garrett
Edward Henderson	Erica Goulden
Stephen Huxley	Wendy Green
Desmond King	Margaret Gunn
Gordon King	Rosemary Haines
William Lloyd	Audrey Harrison
Ian Marshall	Lyn Hernits
Paul Maslin	Kathryn Hicks
Paul Massey	Patricia Hill
Kevin Mattsson	Sally Hill
Nigel Murray	Angela Holland
Stephen Pinder	Janet Howell
Peter Riccomini	Kay Hylton
David Rogers	Pamela Jenkins
Martin Sage	Gillian Lynch
Trevor Spill	Pauline Ovens
Andrew Storey	Patricia Palmer
Barry Taylor	Rosemary Palmer
Malcolm West	Lynda Pierce
Raymond Williams	Jane Poole
	Kay Rea
	Lesley Robbins
	Ann Shippey
	Jacqueline Tucker
	Philippa Turnbull
	Carole West

FIFTH FORMS: Robin Bown Gillian Champion
Ivor Bryant Janet Davies
Nigel Cottle Teresa Fisher
David Goodfield Doreen Freeman
Peter Hayman Wendy Hooper
Peter Hodges Marilyn Leaver
Graham Jackson Janet Meachin
Bernard O'Neill Deborah Mizen
Glyn Parker Frances Pearson
Ian Pope Anne Richards
Toby Riccomini Georgina Sage
Nigel Riddle Helen Sloman
Anthony Rutter
Robert Spence

FOURTH FORMS: Alexander Abiola
Joseph Lembo
Susan McFarlane
Helen Street

THIRD FORMS: Frank Campbell
Susan Gill
Anthony Sullman

SECOND FORMS: Jane Chastney
Yvonne Mattsson
Timothy Moseley
Caroline Nicholls
Timothy O'Neill

FIRST FORMS: Stephen Barrie
Timothy Brannon
Martyn Kneath
Maureen Low
Katherine Padbury
Colin Randall