

# *THE THORNBURIAN*

*THORNBURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL MAGAZINE.*

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Co-Editors

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# EDITORIAL

We must commence by expressing our appreciation of the way in which every one has contributed to the Magazine and helped to make it a success. Not all have the power of writing, but a representative number have done their best, and it is of this that we are proud. We did not ask for works of genius, we asked you all to do your best, and you have responded well. Your merit will lie in the reading, both now and in future years, and in the pleasure you are giving others. To those whose efforts we have not been able to publish, we must say how sorry we are, but lack of space prevented their insertion. We do not want to disappoint you, and we hope you will support our successors next year as well as you have supported us. We have increased the size of the Magazine for your benefit, and it is up to you to make good use of that space next year.

We wish you all pleasurable reading, and feel sure you will all, young and old, find something of special interest to each of you, for it is of this that the Magazine is composed.

Those who do not take an active interest in the activities of the School may sit back in ease and read an account of how others have been well occupied in serving their House or Society, while those who do, will be able to feel proud of their achievements brought in front of the public eye. It is a source of pride and pleasure to us that the members of the whole school are well represented in this organization. It is up to them to put all they can into every other activity of the school.

Give all thou cans't; high Heaven rejects the lore  
Of nicely calculated less or more."

You will never regret what you do in making school a pleasure for yourselves and others. School is a preparation for the life to follow and the life hereafter, so that whether you make or mar your lives is entirely your responsibility, aided, of course, by the advice of your teachers and elders; do, therefore, all you can in every respect, not in one alone, to make your school life enjoyable, for there not only yours but everyone else's life is modelled.

Above all appreciate what is done for you in the way of organizations, they are all for your good and to mould you into fit—physically, mentally and socially  
English men and women.

## **School Notes.**

We take the opportunity of welcoming Miss Gale as a new member of the staff since the last issue. Miss Gale graduated at Reading University, and studied for a year at Strasbourg University. She has already shown keen interest in the School, especially in the Literary and Dramatic Society.

Our cordial congratulations are offered to Mr. Sagar on obtaining his external M.A. at Bristol University.

Mr. Lawes has been an additional member of Staff this term. He has proved of great assistance in the language curriculum, and taken interest in cross-country running.

Howard Lewis, former School Captain, reflects credit on his old school tie by his achievements in athletics at St. Paul's College, Cheltenham.

Two highly successful Whist Drives and Dances have been held since last December, as a result of which the Games Fund has benefitted considerably. The next Whist Drive and Dance will be held on January 28th.

The delay in re-laying the tennis court is entirely due to the action of the County Authority. We still hope for their assistance and so the tennis enthusiasts must be patient for a little longer.

The School Concert which took place last February 17th and 18th maintained the high standard of previous years, and those who took part are to be congratulated on their efforts. Another concert will be held on February 16th and 17th.

Speech Day was on Wednesday July 21st, when Canon Maynard Smith distributed the prizes, and gave a most amusing and interesting speech.

The Athletic Sports were held on May 27th when after keen competition Stafford House carried off the new Athletics Shield, which was presented on behalf of the Old Thornburians by the president Mr. Gayner, to the captains V. Meachin and W. Speller.

The excellent work of the caretaker on the school field and in the garden is, we are sure, fully appreciated by all of us. The Chairman of the Governors commented favourably on the appearance of the School grounds at the Speech Day.

New concrete wickets have been laid down for practice next year and we are looking forward to an improvement in the standard of play.

During the past summer term physical training was held every morning, weather permitting, and it is certain that all have found this beneficial. We ourselves have noticed some very fine chest expansions of late.

Certain forms in the school are now pleasantly occupied in converting the "gully" into a combined school garden and aquarium, aided by talks on the wireless. There is no truth, however, in the rumour that the gully is to become a Tea Garden in the Summer and all the profits going to the Games Fund.

An interesting pamphlet on the Coronation was presented to each member of the school by the chairman of the governors, Captain Bennett, who was also kind enough to give us an address.

We all regret the departure of Briscoe, who has done so much for the school, while Captain; the prefects especially, as he was responsible for the establishment of a prefects' room. Maybe it was this fact that caused some of us to bid farewell to him with regret, but to others of us, who knew him, it was the fact that he was a firm and judicious School Captain, and an esteemed friend to us all.

In the Easter term an attempt will be made to initiate the boys into the mysteries of the "Handling Code." This will give some of our heavyweights a real chance to shove. George has been enquiring about a book called "How to hook" but he thought it was by Isaac Walton.

The 1937 examination results were satisfactory. Of the sixteen who sat for the Bristol University School certificate, fifteen passed, six with matriculation qualification. Two candidates sat for and were successful in the Higher School Certificate. A full list of results are to be found elsewhere in this issue.

The inauguration of a match against the parents proved a great success, the parents beating the school soundly.. The scores were: Parents 160 for 5, School 138 for 8 (dec.). Mr. Moss 38 and Mr Hulbert 58, played well for the Parents, and we hope in future to have many more such enjoyable games.

## Dean on the Trail.

*A. Lydford.*

The telephone bell rang, and Jeffrey Dean, amateur detective, picked it up.

After listening intently for a few minutes, he replaced the receiver, made a few notes, and turning to his friend, Moody, exclaimed " We are going down to Langton Manor—there's been a burglary there, and several thousand pounds' worth of jewels are missing."

His friend nodded his assent, and together they went out to Jeffrey's car which was waiting outside.

"Drive down to Langton Manor, James," he said, " and hurry—it's urgent."

They reached their destination after half an hour's drive, and were greeted by Sir Henry Langton, who heaved a sigh of relief.

"Thank goodness you've come, Dean," he exclaimed, and proceeded to relate the story of the theft.

It transpired that jewels valued at three thousand pounds were missing, but being small stones, they would doubtless be difficult to trace. Sir Henry had no idea of the identity of the thieves. The night before he had opened the safe which was in the library, and at that time the jewels were there.

At this point Dean interrupted, and requested to be shown the safe. The library was on the second floor, and as they ascended the staircase, Sir Henry explained that the safe itself was concealed behind a bookshelf, which could only be moved by pressing a button hidden in the same wall.

The combination that opened the safe was a five-lettered word, known only to Langton himself.

Tue latter described the scene of the night before as follows: "After dinner I retired to the library for a quiet smoke, and drinks were brought by Evans, my butler. When Evans left the room, I opened the safe, and examined the jewels, but while I was doing it, the telephone rang in my study, the adjoining room which could be reached by a communicating door."

"How long were you there?" asked Dean.

"About five minutes.

"Could you see the safe from where you were standing?"

"No! I could not."

"Was everything the same when you returned?"

Yes, and all the jewels were there."

By this time they had reached the library at the end of a long corridor, but after a short examination of that room and the study, Dean asked Sir Henry when

the discovery had been made and by whom.

I entered the library early this morning to obtain a book I wanted to read and found the safe open and empty except for a few manuscripts," replied Sir Henry.

Your butler is trustworthy?"

Oh yes, absolutely! How could you suggest such a thing!

The jewels are insured, I believe?"

Yes they are."

I am sorry to touch upon this point, but to put it mildly your money affairs, I have ascertained, are pretty shaky?"

That is so."

"And if only you could obtain a few thousand pounds, you would feel safe once more?"

I don't see what this has got to do with your investigations, Dean!"

"Moody, will you please hold Sir Henry and prevent him from escaping? Thanks!" was Dean's reply. "Now I am ringing up Scotland Yard where I have a friend— Inspector Jeans—"

Dean was interrupted here, leaving off to close with Langton, who attempted to escape and who now was looking sorry for his pains, having been effectively subdued by Moody.

Ring tile bell for Evans, will you, Moody, and we will secure him as well," Dean requested.

Only a short struggle was necessary to secure the butler and soon the pair were leaving the Manor in company with a police - inspector.

Moody's first question was how Dean had discovered the truth.

Well for one tiling I became suspicious when Sir Henry mentioned that tile small stones would not easily be traced. Next I found that in whatever position I stood at the study table I could not help seeing part of the bookshelf which hides the safe. I also remembered some unsavoury things about Sir Henry and when I heard him defend his butler so strongly my suspicions were confirmed.

While Sir Henry attended to the supposed telephone call, the butler, as agreed, entered and took the jewels."

## Sarcasm.

Sarcasm, apparently, is a method of " keen approach." It is, and always will be, universal. It is such a useful method of ticking off one's inferiors. It is an effective weapon. Yet it is not a weapon; it is a poison. It is the most underhand form of murder in

existence. “Oh, yes,” you may say, “we know your low mentality cannot appreciate it. Two clever people are able to enjoy a mental contest without requiring a boxing match.” Entertainment without bloodshed, it appears. But this conflict affects the mind. Psychology, we are assured, demands caution. A genius may be turned into a criminal by one word. Sarcasm, your responsibilities are great.

Sarcasm is useless with fools. With others you may be shot by your own poisoned shaft. The Sherwood Forest of Super Sarcasms, therefore, is the intelligent subordinate. Teachers fatten and then slaughter their animals. Imagine a silent class - room—Chappelle Major gives a tremendous yawn. The caustic and diminutive Mr. Candle sonorously peels out “The Chapel gates are open.” Cad Candle’s greasy old-school tie flops forward and a smile spreads over his face. Chappelle mutters, “How far that little Candle throws his beams.”

“Get out,” the some-time Beamer shouts. “So shines a naughty deed in a good world.”

Sarcasm lowers the whole tone of a man’s character. It makes him dishonestly cunning. It ruins men who could otherwise be called honest English gentlemen. It is the basest form of humour, the vilest means of squashing. It is underhand and cowardly.

If a superior says sheepishly to me: “What a wonderful article you wrote,” I shall say interestedly, not impudently: “Pardon, Sir.” According to my plan, he will curse his inaudible voice, and henceforward “be for ever silent.”

## May Night.

Now the white paths are stained with chestnut flowers, and  
hawthorns bend with bloom,  
and campions star the gloom  
of the deep places in the hedgerow bowers;  
and the pale bluebells die at the woods’ edges, and early  
honey-suckle peers  
among the hushed and ever darkening hedges.

Solemnly sinks the sun. A whisper grows in woods that turn to  
sleep.

The pond is still and deep  
wherein the willow her smooth shadow throws.

The tender moon kisses the chestnut tree; dimly his flower-  
candles gleam, and the world slips into dreams, as also we.



## **An Adventure of Two Boys.** *R. Smith (2a.).*

Jack, Thomas and Bill Richards lived in a little village on the rocky coast of Cornwall. They were very fond of adventure, and were always on the look-out for it.

Going down to the beach one morning, they saw what they at first thought was an aeroplane.

It's a seaplane," said Jack. "Let's ask the pilot for a flight."

They approached the plane, but saw no sign of the pilot.

"Where is he?" asked Bill.

"He has probably gone into the village to see a friend," Jack replied, whereupon Bill exclaimed, "Let's get into the plane and pretend to be going on a flight."

Jack agreed, and so they clambered in. Soon Bill started pulling levers, and suddenly the plane started moving out to sea. Both boys were now very frightened, and Bill pulled the levers more furiously, but all was in vain.

At this moment the pilot came down from the village, and was surprised to find his plane gone, but on seeing it he instantly jumped into a fast motor boat which was down by the shore. He overtook the seaplane and stopped it. The boys were surprised to see it was their uncle, who worked at a nearby airport. He sent the plane back to the shore and drove back himself in the motor boat.

When they reached the shore he said: "You young scamps, you deserve a thorough good hiding." They did not get it, but they were not so fond of adventure after that.

## **Ode to Artists.**

*M. H. H. Turner.*

Ye students of the higher aims,  
Waste not your "sweetest hours of life"  
In calling us from mysticism;  
But yet, while scampering in eternal day,  
Think something of past ages,  
Ere we could plan our "soul destroying craft."  
Perchance we wallow in perpetual gloom,  
But not the gloom of tapers in those monasteries  
Where yet, if science had not trod the primrose path of  
mysticism,  
E'en now you'd pore upon illumined manuscripts.  
By meddling with those limbecks and foul fumes  
Your years of "traversing those satisfying paths of light"  
We've doubled.  
Your high souled thoughts, which once  
By word of mouth you handed on,  
Are now borne heavenwards,  
Perchance to other worlds.

## **School Cricket.**

*Old Thornburian.*

As an "Old Thornburian" I should very much like to write a few words on School Cricket. Since last year's Old Boys "match, which we won, I have thought many times what a pleasure it is to play on such an enclosure as you have. The wicket was perfect from a batsman's point of view, and this I am sure helped more than anything to make the match such an enjoyable one.

During my school days, when preparing for a match, the first thing we did was to drive the COWS off the pitch, then fill in the hoof-marks as best we could; for then we had no carefully looked after wicket as you have now, but would select some spot which looked good enough to play on. The outfield didn't count, so you can quite imagine our having to dodge behind the square leg umpire.

To - day, however, you have a carefully guarded square," looked after splendidly by your groundsman, to whom it is sacred.

And now for the future and budding cricketers of the school. I could read the Head's thoughts as he sat watching us go out to bat that day, and he was thinking to himself what talent he had in the school, and was turning out against our team. Referring to talent I must mention two names in particular, John Dennis and Leslie Ford. The former is a fine forcing bat who also has a good defence, while Ford is an all rounder of great promise. Therefore I am looking forward to our next match in 1938 hoping that we may have as good a game as we had last year.

## **Howlers.**

*R. Aldridge.*

As the Latin master exclaimed, "There are many prowlers in your hose."

Petroleum is used to cover floors.

A metaphor is a thing you shout through.

Water is put into reservoirs and then filleted.

A fishing smack is a weapon for spanking disobedient fish.  
People were suppressed by heavy taxis.

A Cowpuncher is a mark who boxes the ears of cattle.

A stop watch is one with a broken spring.

## Balmy Books.

The Sardine by Inna Tin.

Learning the Violin by Watt. A. Row.

River Tales by Mrs. Sippi.

The Broken Window by C. M. Leggit.

Mountain Adventures by Hi Upp.

The "X" Mystery by Algy Braa.

The Escaped Convict by Stillat Large.

The Channel Attempt by Kan. F. Swimmet.

Hints to Burglars by O. Pennit.

## The Country on a Sunny November Day.

*S. Thompson (L.Va.).*

There had been a mist in the early morning, over the fields surrounding our village, but it was now dispelled by the sun's rays, leaving traces of itself, however, in the form of clear, crystalline beads of dew on spiders' webs and thorny hedges. These drops were scattered in a shower, sparkling in the sun, as the hedges were brushed by people in passing, while the crispness of the atmosphere was accentuated by their clouds of steaming breath. The thick piles of autumn leaves which lay here and there sparkled with a powdery covering of frost, crackling as they were crunched underfoot.

The trees also presented an exquisite spectacle, for they stood tall and solemn, etched in dull brown against grey November sky, some with bold thick branches, others with a network of delicate twigs, the whole making a dark tracery against the pale blue-Grey above. Somewhere near, a hidden stream rippled along over pebbles and sand, causing small splashes and swirlings to reach the ear—a sound more fitting for a rural scene in summer, but adding to the attractions of the present surroundings.

Not another sound could be heard, save an occasional crackling of twigs as some small creature moved; and yet the quietness was not startling, as it would be in some city, if silence suddenly descended upon it.

Presently the heavy mist came rolling down again, and the sunlight was blotted out. This brief day of sunlit beauty was over, and darkness came like a curtain over a canvas which portrayed a rustic scene.

## Stamps.

*John Parker.*

Out of the many hobbies, stamp collecting is my favourite. I wonder how many people who have stuck a postage stamp to a letter have thought what a wonderful piece of work it is.

To Sir Rowland Hill, the "introducer" if not the inventor of the adhesive postage stamp, the existence of my hobby is directly due. This was in 1840, but there were stamps before this time, though not adhesive postage stamps. The first issue, the Penny Black had no perforation but was cut with large scissors. Later, however, perforation was invented by Henry Archer. The most frequent are the ordinary or common and the roulette. An example of the former may be seen round the current issue of Great Britain. Rouletting is not really a perforation but may be so styled for convenience sake. Pin perforation is simply the piercing of the paper upon which the stamps are printed by a series of needles. In the common perforation distinct holes are punched whereas in the pin the paper has just been pushed aside.

Another interesting part of the stamp is the watermark. This is a figure or device worked into the substance of the paper when manufacturing. Methods of finding the water-mark are as follows —

1. Cutting a hole in a piece of cardboard and holding it to the light with the stamp over it.

2. Laying the stamp face downwards on a black surface and smearing it with benzene.

Very often it is according to the perforation or watermark that the stamp is valued.

Stamp collecting, as a whole, apart from being a hobby, is very educational. It is possible to make a Zoo collection, as many countries print animals on their stamps. Then again, if any outstanding event takes place it is generally printed on stamps. In Great Britain, however, this is only done on such great occasions as jubilees and Coronations.

## The Fisherman's Tale.

*V. Oates (L.Va.).*

1. We filed into the Woodwork room, each boy unto his place,  
The light was dim, the master grim,  
both stout and red of face;  
"Now boys," said he, "we take this tree,  
'tis hewn in planks of deal,  
With saw and plane, with brawn and brain, make of it what you will.

2. One boy would make a feeding rack for favourite horse or mule,  
And one would make a toboggan,  
to carry winter fuel;  
Till up spake Hand, a fisherman,  
who fished on the Severn's bank,  
O list to me my comrades free  
who "pop" with me have drank,
3. The last seven nights upon tile bank  
I've fished for conger eel,  
And as the tide did ebb and flow,  
each evening did I feel  
The river rise and deeper grow,  
'tis nigh on top the wall,  
But one more foot has it to rise,  
and 'twill overwhelm us all.
4. Let's "Sauve key peut," his French was, bad, yet his meaning clear.  
"Agreed," they cried, for life was sweet, and life to us was dear.  
One said a boat, one said a brig,  
and one, he said a barque;  
And so we built, with might and main, a second Noah's Ark.
5. We hauled it to the footer pitch,  
and called out "Ladies first";  
We victualled it with sausage rolls  
and ginger pop for thirst.  
In vain we waited for the flood  
to overwhelm our land;  
At length we built a Viking fire  
And burnt that foolish Hand.

## How I Got Lost.

*P. Mumford.*

Last year my aunt and uncle went abroad to Germany for their summer holidays and stayed in Coblenz, a town on the Rhine. While there they had many exciting experiences, for they were happy-go-lucky people, my aunt especially being very adventurous. Well, in time, I heard of all these doings, and am now going to relate the best, in the adventurer's own words.

"During our stay at Coblenz there was a grand carnival to celebrate an extra good vine season. I was glad this should happen while we were there, as I had always wanted to see one.

On THE day I got up earlier than usual, leaving your uncle snoring in bed, meaning to go for a walk round the town before too many people collected. It was a beautiful, clear morning, and the preparations for the carnival were finished, so that I was able to see the city at its best.

I walked along in a sort of day-dream, taking in all the wonderful sights, thinking now how pretty that building was, and now, what a shame that the house next door to it was so ugly. I seemed to turn down the streets mechanically, until suddenly I found myself confronted by water.

This made me realise how far I had walked. But even worse than the prospect of the long walk back was the thought that I did not know which way to go. Also my knowledge of the German language was almost nil, I not having been lucky enough to learn any while at school.

After debating what I should do, I realised that I was hungry, so, seeing a cafe on the other side of the street, I entered it and had some rolls and butter. While there, I decided to make a bold plunge and ask the waitress if she knew the way to my hotel. Luckily for me, she understood my broken German, and was able to direct me. But this was not the last of my troubles. Certainly not! When directing me she had mentioned the names of roads I had never heard of before, and so, every now and again I had to ask where the next road was.

Another trouble was that by now the crowds were collecting for the festival, and the traffic getting denser and denser. This last was the greatest nuisance, because I would not bother to cross the roads by the marked crossings, but dodged in and out. This is a punishable offence in Germany, and a policeman caught me once. I managed to get away by pretending I did not understand. The funny part was that another woman followed lily exam pie, and the same policeman caught her. Whether she was as lucky as I, I could not say.

At last I found myself in a part I knew, and reached the Hotel safely to find your uncle was still snoring, not having me to wake him up.

### **The Haunted House.** *M. Hayward (U.V.).*

It might have been enchanted ground,  
Perhaps my thoughts were strange;  
But, in the spirit or the flesh  
I found an old deserted grange.  
Such omens in the place there seemed to be;  
At every turn, or on the landing  
The straining eye prepared to see  
Some awful apparition standing.  
No other sound or stir of life was there,  
Except my steps, which clambered  
From flight to flight, stair to stair  
From chamber into chamber,  
Yet over all there hung a cloud of fear,  
A sense of mystery that seemed so near  
And said as plain as whispers in the air  
The place is haunted.

## Autumn Leaves.

*H. Appleby.*

Some are yellow, some are brown,  
As they all come floating down;  
And they are piled right up in heaps  
Under which the hedgehog sleeps,  
Curled up in a tiny ball,  
Brown, but prickly, and very small.  
So the leaves they tumble down,  
Wrinkled, very crisp and brown.  
And they are blown throughout the town,  
Out on to the windswept down,  
To join with lots of other leaves  
That dance and twist in the day-time breeze.

## The New Handle for the Church Door.

*L. Taylor (U.V.).*

Us ‘ad zummat going on down our village t’other night. There was a meeting in the Parish Room (everybody went ‘cause ‘twas free) to decide about a new ‘andle for the Church door. Squire and Parson were chairmen, and ‘Arry was there to make a speech, so when us ‘ad all sat down squire got up and said a few words about a special type of ‘andle he thought best and then Parson did likewise about another sort of ‘andle, and then between them they got old ‘Arry on his feet. Squire and Parson had given ‘Arry a speech but when he stood up lie forgot what he had to say and mumbled summat about pigs and cider, so Parson gave ‘Arry’s braces a tug and made him sit down. Everybody was getting restless now so Squire got up and suggested an ‘andie as did work when you pressed a button, but ‘fore he could finish Jan jumped up and said as lie had no faith in buttons.

“No.” said Jan, “ since I been in this ‘ere meeting I’ve lost all my trouser buttons ‘cept one, and what ‘ould appen to my reputation if t’other gave out?”

Everybody cheered when Jan sat down and Squire ‘ad a job to restore order and said he knew a kind of brass ‘andle but that was as far as lie got before my missus. who do clean the Church, jumped up and said if they had a brass ‘andle Parson’s missus would have to clean ‘un ‘cause she wasn’t going to. So squire and Parson had a talk together and old uncle Tom got up and demanded ‘is money back, but as ‘twas free ‘e was unlucky.

‘Twas getting near closing time now and everybody started going out to get a drink, so whether Parson is getting a new ‘andle or no is impossible to say, hut they ‘aven’t got one yet.

## Horse-shoe Jones.

*N. Batten.*

Jones had been a member of the Form for three months, but was not as popular as some of the other boys. Harris, the Form captain, wanted to know why, and so, after some meditation he arrived at the conclusion that he must somehow “dub” Jones with a second appellation; other fellows possessed one, and, if it was to increase his popularity so should he. To do this he had to inquire secretly into the habits of the new boy and found that Jones had a weakness for collecting Roman remains.

The joker’s first step was to obtain an old horseshoe, on which with a hammer and chisel he roughly inscribed the letters

“ J.C. - 55 B.C.”

Then he put it in water to get it well rusted, and then took it to a navy in the town, giving him explicit instructions, at which the man grinned knowingly.

Later, Harris told Jones about the horse-shoe, saying that the navy had found it while digging, and would possibly sell it to anyone interested.

Ascertaining where the navy worked, Jones hurried off towards the town and found his man sitting on the edge of a large hole in the street, smoking a clay pipe.

“I hear you have dug up a horse-shoe.”

The navy regarded him solemnly. “Maybe I

“How much do you want for it?”

“ Five bob.”

I’ve only got three shillings; I’ll give you that for it.”

Naw.” If I took it to the mayor maybe ‘e’d give me ‘arf a quid.”

“Won’t you take three shillings?”

“We-ell, you’re gettin’ the better of a poor man, but—’and it over!”

And Jones rushed away with the horse-shoe. He carried it about for a day or so, showing it to all, until Denbigh said— “Jones, you’ve been had.” “ How?”

Well, how could Caesar have put ‘ B.C.’ eli? He didn’t know, as we do, that it would be necessary to use the terms B.C. and A.D.”

Then Jones saw his mistake, and everybody roared, and from that day he became popularly known as “Horse-shoe Jones.”



## The Belgian Tour.

By "Tourist."

*Easter Monday—Temple Meads Station.*

Agitated master pacing up and down trying to look unconcerned. Wonders (a) whether his 12 proteges will arrive in time to catch the train, which is running fifteen minutes before schedule; (b) Whether the train will hold the party in addition to the ten thousand other people who also appear to be dashing up to London.

*Same Evening—London.*

The journey safely accomplished, and the hotel reached after a somewhat fearsome Underground adventure—the Inner and Outer Circles were all mixed and every train seemed to be for "Uxbridge, not stopping at Covent Garden," until an official informed us that any train would take us to our destination. Safely at the hotel, half an hour's free time was allowed. Briscoe, Skinner, Sandy and Hosken, apparently under-nourished were found demolishing the contents of a milk bar; while Styles with scientific mind and open mouth, spent the time staring at the underground tramway in Southampton Row. "Lights out" followed later, but only after the hotel had been scoured for a bed possessing dimensions sufficient to house Solly.

*Tuesday—Breakfast Time.*

Solly, last to appear, must perforce sit to break his fast with a party of Lincolnshire schoolgirls. Pink to the ears and speechless he had to ask for the milk and sugar in the sign language. (How he did bestride his table like a "Colossus").

*Same Day—Aboard the Ostend Boat.*

Dover was reached after an interesting journey and the boat boarded. As she stood out to sea, Briscoe, with half a hundred cures for 'mal de mer,' cogitated which to use. Clements produced his own cure by opening a portmanteau full of apples. Rest of party, including Leader, straightaway complained of "internal unrest." Leader invited to Leaders' Meeting in first-class cabin forward. *Printed* instructions for complete tour issued, unfortunately in French. Rest of voyage spent by aforementioned Leader in secret consultation with a dictionary. *Arrival in Belgium.*

After a voyage on a sea like a "millpond," landed at Ostend. Thence across Belgium to Brussels by train, where motor coaches met the party, and conveyed us southwards to Nivelles where we were to stay at the Ecole Normale. After the first Belgian meal (shades of frogs and snails) Nivelles was explored, and futile efforts to find the "bureau de poste" resulted in a gendarme being commissioned to escort us personally. When the

majority were already in bed in the dormitories at the Ecole Normale, and some measure of silence reigned, a stentorian Welsh voice bellowed, "Who's got Cookie's pyjamas?" and the riotous laughter which followed forbade any sleep for some time.

*Wednesday—The Grottos de Hans.*

In the morning the motor coaches took the party southwards into the Ardennes district to Hans to visit the famous Grottos. Although a breakdown delayed us for quite a time, we managed to reach Hans Lesse in time for lunch, and then spent three hours touring the caves. Never discovered the culprit who said "Coo, this makes Cheddar look like a Woolworth's edition." Solly was thrice mistaken for the Leader, so the latter had to wear a hat in order to preserve his dignity. Back at Nivelles after visiting Dinant and Namur, the town's electricity failed, to atone for the lack of a civic reception on the previous day. Garrett quite unconcerned; "reminds me of Thornbury," quoth he. Sandy found difficulty in producing the French for "candle." Debonair Speller immediately led community singing and even the vocal efforts of Briscoe and Watkins were unable to affect his sangfroid. We know now why Watkins prefers a mouth-organ and Briscoe a bun.

*Thursday—Waterloo and Brussels.*

In the morning Waterloo was visited, and Sandy had the honour of receiving a wound almost on the battlefield where "Bony" met his due, by striking his head violently on the door of the coach. Thence to Brussels, and a much-appreciated lunch at the Bon Marche. Waiters personally escorted all Leaders to a special table. Thorn-bury leader, minus his hat, was as usual overlooked, and was not missed until the third course. Retribution was just, for group photographs offered to other Leaders at 15 francs each were offered to him at 10 francs. Perhaps they realised he came from Yorkshire. Fryer with his usual caution and assisted by numerous escalators, toured the whole emporium before he found a present, while Sandy and Speller, after much cogitation and collaboration, for some unknown reason both purchased a bottle of scent and a scent spray.

The party then entrained for Blankenberghe, and before turning in for the night enjoyed a walk along the promenade of Belgium's premier seaside resort.

*Friday—Bruges.*

The morning and afternoon spent sightseeing in Binges until everyone revolted against being shown the umpteenth Church. This day famous for Uncle Wood's two-hour effort to buy a doll for his niece. Six Bruges



THE PARTY



ARCADE MONUMENTALE



TOWER OF BRUGES



KING'S PALACE, BRUSSELS

shopkeepers got headaches before the seventh got his money. Of the rest, Clements preferred lace, Briscoe petits sabots, and Solly dough nuts.

*Same Evening—Blankenberghe.*

Wood determined to air his French at all costs. Repulsed at the first fruit shop as follows: “Avez-vous des pommes s’il vous plait?” Shop woman (with complete understanding): “Cookers or eaters, sir?” Collapse of Wood. It subsequently transpired that she had lived in England for about five years. All the party then taken to the “flicks”—perhaps to make up for the energy expended sightseeing at Bruges.

*Saturday Morning—Zeebrugge and Home.*

Zeebrugge visited and thence on to Ostend in lime to catch the mid-day boat. Party reached Dover sound in wind and limb, and the customs were passed with consummate ease, despite Fryer’s suspicious bulges. After a quick journey to London, followed by an enjoyable tea, we were once more en route for home. In the train to Bristol, everyone sang themselves hoarse for every minute of the journey, and we arrived in the greatest of spirits. At Temple Meads, amid choruses of “What about next year?” we made our way home in divers directions, but we were unanimous in saying that we had had the finest time of our lives. To Mr. Sagar we can only say how much we enjoyed ourselves, and trust that he did not find us too much of a handful.

## **Burglars’ Den.**

*G. Shipp (2a.).*

It was a cold, dark and dreary night, and my companion and I made our way to a cave on the shore of Wales. Hearing voices, I jumped, and my amazed companion asked me what was wrong. As I told him, a thoughtful look crept over his face.

“We may have a chance to capture a noted band of burglars,” lie replied, when I asked him what was the matter.

Well, at first I thought that he was only shamming, and I laughed modestly, but after a minute or two I came to the conclusion that he really was serious, and so we quietly and cautiously entered the mouth of the cave, the voices becoming louder and louder at every step.

“Well, it is all arranged for to-night,” we heard one man say. “We can raid Swann Court, as I know the lay-out of the place very well.”

I gasped. Swann Court belonged to Lord Dundee, who owned practically the whole of the cottages and woods in the village of Stanhope. They would not raid Swann Court if my companion and I had anything to do with it.

Then suddenly we saw a man emerge from the cave, and as soon as I saw him by the light of his dim lantern, I was sure that it was John Siebeg, whose photo graph I had seen in the paper as wanted for a robbery. Two thousand pounds worth of silver had been stolen from the Lyle Bank at Enton. Several men followed, and I supposed that they were his followers.

When they had gone, and we were sure of it, we lit our lantern and made our way to the cave, and carefully searched every nook and cranny, but we could not find anything, and, giving up the search, we went home. The next night, and, giving up the search, we went home. There we found a large chest, which we could not open.

Running to Swann Court, which was not a hundred yards away, we found Lord Dundee, who came to the cave with us, with a gun. Taking a key from his pocket, he proceeded to unlock the chest, which belonged to him.

We were both proud of the handsome rewards received from Lord Dundee, but what pleased us most was to know that we had the pleasure of going over Swann Court whenever we liked.

## **The “Gallant” Ship.**

It was a winter’s evening dark,  
And earth looked cold and wet,  
When out at sea the “Gallant” ship

Sailed ‘gainst the wild son’ west.

The captain on the bridge he stayed,  
The mate on deck below,  
When suddenly, some great waves sprayed, Right o’er the  
“Gallant’s” “bow.

The crew all hastened to their posts,  
The captain stood unmoved;  
Till a great cry came from below— To the boats, men! She is  
doomed!”

And then the ship in great despair,  
Gave in the mast-high waves;  
And gradually she sank right down  
To Father Neptune’s Caves.

## An Egyptian Mummy Comes to Life.

*R. Collins.*

I was in Egypt when the fearful adventure I am about to relate took place. Desirous of visiting the Pyramids, I lured an Arab guide who, before he would commence the journey, repeatedly said, "Where's money? Where's money?" At first I did not realise what the fellow meant, until it suddenly dawned on me that I had not paid him in advance as is the custom. After giving him a few piastres he immediately started off for the pyramids.

On our arrival we entered first a little room at the base of one of the pyramids, which my guide informed me was tile tomb of a Pharaoh. My recollections of what happened during the next few minutes are rather hazy, but I remember shuddering at the thought of being in a burial chamber. The next minute I found myself touching one of the gruesome mummies which were propped against the wall. Suddenly a voice said, "Why are you meddling with the dead?" I screamed with terror, but my guide, cool and collected, told me to keep quiet or I might attract attention.

Then slowly and silently a horrible, awe-inspiring face appeared from the mummy, and said, "How do you expect to learn anything about the ancient Egyptians if you disturb the dead? Come with me." He slowly glided out and holding my hand, which was shaking with terror, he led me from the room, and along a gradually ascending passage which wound its way to the top of the pyramid. My guide seemed to have disappeared, when we reached a little door opening off the passage. We entered a magnificent room in which were two gold thrones, while there were many statues around the walls. Suddenly my companion, who had remained silent during our journey along the passage, spoke in a regal and majestic tone, "About 5,000 years ago my only son married the daughter of my most hated enemy. It was an arranged plan to get my son into his clutches. He imprisoned my boy and said he would kill him if I did not allow him to take a large part of my lands." Here his voice faltered but he recovered and continued, "My son would not think of my giving up Egypt, and rather than be killed by his captor he killed himself. The shock proved too much for me, for I dearly loved my son, and I fell into a stupor. My friends thought I was dead and brought me here after embalming me, and I have remained here ever since.

Suddenly he seemed to vanish in a mist, and everything went black. I recovered consciousness to find myself back in the little room at the base of the pyramid, with my head aching badly. It appeared that my guide was a thief, who knocked me out and then took my money and

to this day I still wonder whether my adventure with the mummy was just a dream.

## At Random.

### The Editor's Stop Press.

It seems very probable that there will be another foreign tour next Easter, both for the boys and the girls. Already Mr. Sagar and Mr. Williams have been enquiring about suitable tours for the boys, while Miss Gale, we believe, is arranging to take a party of girls for a short stay in Paris.

As was the case last Easter, the total cost per person should not exceed £5, and those who were fortunate enough to go on the Belgian tour will, we are sure, agree that it is money well spent.

\* \* \* \*

Three excellent views of the School buildings are now on sale with the suggestion that they should be used instead of Christmas cards, by those to whom the idea appeals. This reminds us of the fact that a School group photograph was taken at the beginning of the term. Although it is really a good photograph, there are, of course, the usual number who will persist in saying, "Oh, it's a perfectly rotten one of me," or "I'm sure I don't look quite as bad as that!" We did hear someone whisper that they didn't know that the boy prefects were quite such a handsome lot of fellows. We refuse to comment.

\* \* \* \*

Recently the whole school was privileged to view tile Christmas cakes made by the Advanced and Commercial girls. Although we could only judge by outward appearances, tile cakes seemed to us to be excellent in every way, and we are sure that if we could taste any one of them it would only confirm our opinions. Surely this is a good omen for the future.

In preparation for the Senior Christmas party, Miss Thomas, Miss Hurley, Mr. Sagar have been giving dancing lessons to those who could not dance or could dance very little. As a result a large number of boys will now be able to enjoy themselves fully at the party, as dancing fills the main part of the evening. Mr. Sagar's diagrams illustrating various steps were models of clearness, and helped considerably.

To the members of the Staff who gave up many of their lunch hours we offer the sincere thanks of all.

\* \* \* \*

It is with deep regret that we hear, at the time of going to press, of the death of Mr. C. Garrett. He always showed a great interest in the School, and to Mrs. Garrett and her three sons we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

## Examination Results.

We congratulate tile following on their examination successes in the year 1936-7 —

### *Bristol Higher School Certificate.*

P. A. Briscoe (Distinction in Chemistry), E. L. Watkins.

### *Bristol First School Certificate*

A. Beake (m), B. Clements, R. Foote, A. Fryer (m),  
D. Hayward, C. Hooke, J. Lane, V Meachin, M. Mersh,  
M. Nichols (m), B. Pullin (m), P. Sainsbury (m), H.  
White (m), K. Williams. Supplementary Subjects: M.  
Turner, J. Skinner (Latin with credit).

### *R.S.A. Examination.*

Typewriting: Stage II. F. Cummins, P. Burcombe. Stage I. D. Ledger (with credit), M. Symes, V. Wilton (with credit).

### *Book-Keeping.*

Stage I. E. Sweet, D. Watkins.

### *Pitman's Shorthand Certificate.*

P. Burcombe (70 words per minute), V. Wilton (70 words per minute).

## School Prefects 1936-7.

SCHOOL CAPTAINS: B. Thompson and P. A. Briscoe.

PREFECTS: Girls—B. Clements, B. Sims, N. Nichols, M. Turner, P. Cotterell, M. Nichols, M. Symes, J. Lane, P. Burcombe. Boys—D. R. Wood, W. J. Speller, E. L. Watkins, G. M. Harding, A. D. Hosken, F. C. Styles, W. D. Appleby, D. H. Hitchins, J. G. Skinner, E. H. Williams, F. C. R. Garrett.

## Magazine Staff.

Co-Editors: J. G. Skinner and A. D. Hosken.

Art Editor: W. J. Speller.

Sedgemoor was the last battle fought with British soil.  
High and low tides occur twice a day respectfully.  
When a lot of goals are scored against you it is called a pylon.  
Infanticide is a powder for killing babies.



## **SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY NOTES.**

PRESIDENTS: F. C. Styles and E. L. Watkins.

SECRETARY: F. Cummins. TREASURER: D. R. Wood.

Activities of the Scientific Society during the past year have not been quite so extensive as we might have hoped, and difficulties were met in arranging meetings in the Summer Term. It has now been decided to hold meetings fortnightly in Autumn and Spring Terms, and monthly in Summer Term.

Interesting lectures were delivered to the Society on a wide variety of topics, which included Electricity in the Home, Sound Recording on Steel Tape, "The Structure of the Earth," and "Other Worlds."

The short talks given by members of the lower and middle school have proved very successful, and included "Ferrets," by Slade; "Silkworms," by Lanham; "Pigeons," by Lewis; "Fish," by Powell; "Glass," by Lee; "Pressed Flowers," by M. Gough; and "Interesting Animals to keep in an Aquarium" (and Sink)?

## **LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY NOTES.**

CHAIRMAN: G. M. Harding. SECRETARY: A. D. Hosken.

Although from the limited programme it appeared that our Society was somewhat inactive, this was not the case, as our members were constantly meeting to rehearse the dramatic productions performed at the School Concert. Besides this dramatic work, successful debates were held, and from the excellent attendance it was concluded that many, although too modest to voice their ideas, enjoyed listening.

We shall again help with the Concert this year and in the meanwhile it will be left to the literary enthusiasts to provide meetings. Officers for this year are: Chairman—A. D. Hosken; secretary, P. M. Sainsbury.

## **Country Dancing Notes 1936-37**

*A.B.*

Under the tuition of Miss Storey, Country Dancing Classes were continued with great success. The introduction of Morris dancing proved very popular.

The Bristol team gave a demonstration to parents and pupils in the School Hall in January, while a School Team gave exhibition dances at the School Concert and at the Annual Meeting of the "Bristol Branch of the English Folk-Dancing and Song Society" held at the Red Maids' School, Westbury.

Much interest is being shown by the Juniors, who attend special classes each week, and it is hoped that they will uphold the traditions established by the Seniors.



## **Football.**

CAPTAIN: W. J. Speller.

The School Football XI. enjoyed a highly successful season, losing only two matches, one of these being against the Old Boys.

The team are not to be congratulated so much on their success as on the team work by which they earned it.

The Juniors won all their matches and judging by the class of football they displayed, the prospects for the future are very bright.

Colours were awarded to: Speller, Ford, Niblett, Stovold, and Vizard.

## *Criticisms.*

The season's success was entirely due to team work and good positional play. The forward line was extremely small in comparison with other Schools, but this handicap was overcome by speed and accurate inter-passing.. The defence, particularly the full-backs, deserve a special word of praise on account of their remarkably good understanding with each other.

## **Hockey.**

CAPTAIN: B. Clements.

The season 1936-7 was successful, if success is to be gauged by the number of matches which were won by the School. On the other hand, in spite of evident prowess against other Schools, there was always great room for improvement. At the end of the Winter Term the girls challenged the Staff to a match. This they lost, not so much because of the superior play of their opponents., but rather by reason of the totally unexpected and unusual tactics adopted by those playing for the Staff. May they be more prepared for the wiles of their elders, in the next contest!

At Christmas many of the most promising of the team left the school, but fortunately there were others to take their places who, if at first they did not appear to be as good, certainly proved their worth before the end of the term.

Individual play in many instances was very good. I should like here to make special mention of Beryl Clements, who throughout the season displayed excellent stickwork, and who was always on the spot to help in any difficult situation.

The forward line showed an inability to work together; there were always too many attempts to take the ball on without passing, and almost invariably this policy proved to be a failure. The team spirit of co-operation is more necessary for those playing in the forward line than in any other position. Nancy Nichols and Margaret Maggs were outstanding — Nancy as left wing and Margaret as centre forward. They both did their utmost to encourage the forwards to work together, and in addition both used their brains as well as their sticks—an example which might well be followed by all would-be hockey players.

The team's gratitude should also be extended to the two valiant backs, Mary Turner and Mary Nichols. They worked untiringly throughout the season and in spite of hard pressure succeeded in frustrating the onslaughts of many potential goal-scorers.

Mona Gallivan as goalie showed herself calm even in the most persistent barricade, and I am pleased to say that she well deserved the colours which were awarded her.

Last year's team as a whole was always on the defence—it was in its defence that its strength lay—it must not be content with this policy. Nothing can be accomplished merely by repelling the attacks of others; it is necessary to take the initiative; invulnerable backs are good, but importunate forwards are excellent.

## **Cricket.**

*D.H.*

CAPTAIN: D. Hosken.

Owing to the fact that this year's team consisted almost entirely of new members, the results were not as good as those of last year. Ten matches were played, of which 7 were lost and 3 won. It was encouraging to see the standard of play improve so greatly towards the end of the season, for this gives us hope for a more successful season next year.

Speller proved the most consistent batsman, his highest innings being 46; while Lewis, Niblett and Hosken took the burden of the bowling—8 for 11 by Hosken, and 4 for 10 by Niblett being the most outstanding individual feats. The following deservedly won their colours : —Lewis, Niblett, Speller (re-awarded), and Hosken (re-awarded second time).

#### *Criticisms.*

During the season disappointing form was shown in most school matches. Batsmen failed to reproduce their “nets” form, usually owing to lack of confidence and patience. Lack of variety in attack was a serious handicap, and an attempt must be made to remedy this for the coming season.

The best cricket of the season was played in non-School matches, viz., against the Parents, Old Boys, and the Assistant Masters’ Association. In all these games, but especially time last one, the School team was deservedly congratulated on its sportsmanship and keenness.

## **Tennis.**

Of the girls who had the honour of representing the School in tennis matches this season, the first couple, Nancy Nichols and Beryl Clements, were outstandingly good. They held an almost unbeaten record, and showed themselves to be both agile and clever in the tactics they adopted against their opponents.

The other girls who played for the team displayed great weakness in backhand shots, but this is not by any means confined solely to the team. Every member of the School should do her utmost next year to achieve a sure and strong backhand return. Many girls seem disinclined, once they are on the tennis courts, to move either to receive the ball or to place themselves in a more advantageous position to strike it. They should realise, however, that the quicker they are on their feet the better will be their play.

The Juniors especially experienced great difficulty in coping with the overarm service, hut this. I can assure them, in case they become discouraged, will be achieved after consistent practice, and doubtless they will be quite accomplished next summer.

A new feature in the Tennis season was the match against Colston’s Girls’ School. Unfortunately we were defeated by five events to four, but the whole match was most energetic and exciting, and even if we were unsuccessful we certainly managed to put them on their guard, for at one stage it seemed as if we might beat

them. A few more matches of this type would do much, I feel, to improve the general standard of play, and it is to be hoped that next year it will be possible to arrange them.

At the end of the term came the Staff match. As with the hockey, the girls were outplayed, but they were by no means "mere passengers," and in many instances they gave displays of really clever play, much to the amazement, I believe, of their "learned" opponents.

Let us hope that next summer will bear out the truth of "The best is yet to be," and that there may be no losses to report, no weaknesses in backhand shots to be criticised, no lack of agility to be condemned, but above all a victory over the Staff to be recorded.

### **Swimming.**

*DR. W.*

The third annual Swimming Sports were held on July 14th and 15th and proved a great success. The standard of swimming was higher than in previous years. Beake, of Stafford, gained most points among the Senior boys, while there was little to choose between Court and Beszant in the Juniors.

In the Senior Girls' Sports, F. Cummins and M. Symes obtained most of the points for Stafford, and B. Nash for Clare Juniors.

As an innovation proficiency certificates were awarded this year and proved to be very popular. The girls proved the stronger with two one-mile certificates—gained by F. Cummins and M. Symes, while of the boys, Beszant gained his half-mile certificate.

House points: Stafford, 82; Howard, 32; Clare, 23.

## HOUSE NOTES.



House Captains: M. I. Symes and W. J. Speller.

The publication of this issue of the "Thornburian" marks the end of another successful year for Stafford House.

For the second year in succession we have won the Games Shield and also had the honour of being the first house to win the Athletics Shield. Of the latter achievement we are exceptionally proud.

Both the boys and the girls by their co-operation and wholehearted support did their best for the house and enabled us to bring off the "double."

We optimistically look forward to the coming year, and although some of our stalwarts have left us we hope once again to be the champion house.



# Clare



Captains: B. Clements and G. M. Harding.

Although we had the unenviable honour of being third in both the Shield Competitions, we are nevertheless looking forward confidently to a successful year. The Junior Boys show every promise of developing into first-rate cricket and football teams.

Some of the Senior Boys are to be congratulated on their splendid efforts of last Sport's Day, when, although facing certain defeat, they did their utmost to win for Clare.

The Girls also show great promise for the future, when it is hoped they will, in collaboration with the boys, reverse the present position.



# Howard



Captains: N. Nichols and D. Hosken.

Mainly owing to the efforts of the girls we were runners-up in last year's Athletics and Games Shields competitions. For the latter, the girls won all their matches except one against Clare. The boys were less fortunate but they lacked talent, not enthusiasm. They did, however, record one win; this was against Stafford, in a senior cricket match. The form which the Juniors displayed gives us hope of a more successful year 1937-8, when some of them will be Seniors.

The Athletics Shield was lost by only a narrow margin, and if a little improvement is shown next May there is no reason why Howard should not be the victors. While congratulating Stafford on their splendid success, we look forward to next year with confident hope of relieving them of their prizes.

## Old Thornburians.

All Old Thornburians wish that these Notes should begin with messages to four of their number. The first is an expression of deepest sympathy to their late secretary, Mr. Leslie Hawkins, and his brothers, in their sad bereavement.

The second is a sincere hope that their chairman, Mr. S. H. Gayner, will have a speedy recovery from his illness, and that he will soon be with them again in renewed health and strength.

The third is a message of best wishes and congratulation to Mrs. Elsie Ford on her marriage.

The fourth is also a message of congratulation to Mr. J. Nichols, of Oldbury House, on the honour conferred on him by his appointment as one of the Governors of the School.

This is especially gratifying to them, as all his children can or will be able to claim membership of this Society.

With regard to the inner workings of the "Old Thornburians," it is pleasing to note that a brief period of suspected somnolence has been followed by one of renewed interest and activity, in which it is clearly shown that the bond between the school and its past pupils is becoming stronger every year.

The Annual General Meeting was held in October, and this month was chosen for the annual meeting in future; the meeting was the best attended to date.

Resignations were received from the secretary, Mrs. E. Ford, who has now taken on a whole-time job (unpaid), and the treasurer, Mr. Leslie Hawkins, whose business responsibilities have been greatly augmented.

These resignations were accepted with regret, and Mrs. Ford and Mr. Hawkins were cordially thanked for their past services.

The Old Thornburians were fortunate in being able to fill these posts with two young and enthusiastic members—Mr. D. Gain being elected Secretary and Mr. G. Excell Treasurer.

The following were re-elected for the coming year:

President—The Head Master.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Lanham; Messrs. E. Cullimore, C. H. Ross, F. H. Burchell, C. Weatherhead, P. Luce, L. J. Thurston, E. J. May, R. Hignall, R. W. Jackson, R. Dennis, D. Pitcher, and F. R. Ellis.

Chairman — Mr. S. H. Gayner, Thornbury. Vicechairman—Miss F. Hawkins, Rudgeway. Hon. Treasurer

—Mr. G. Excell, Thornbury. Hon. Secretary—Mr. D.

G. Gain, Thornbury. Committee—Miss L. Turner,

Almondsbury; Mr. R. Pullin, Woodford; Mr. L. Ford, Cowhill; Mr. S. Hunt, Filton; Mr. F. Richardson, Iron Acton; Mr. W. G. Rabley, Thornbury; Miss F. Nichols, Thornbury; Mrs. F. Ford, Thornbury; Mr. L. Hawkins, Thornbury; Mr. F. Champion, Thornbury.

It was decided to hold a Reunion Social and Dance on November 26th, with the special object of increasing membership. This took the form of a free entertainment to Old Thornburians and the two Senior Forms of the School. Dancing formed the main source of entertainment, but opportunity was also provided for playing bridge and whist.

Despite a foggy and uncertain night, a large muster was very gratifying to the organisers, who feel that the financial loss is more than compensated by the interest shown and the substantial increase of membership.

A previous Social, held in the early part of the year, was in every way successful. There was a splendid rally and besides dancing, members were able to show their skill at table tennis, darts, bridge and whist.

The annual fixtures on the sports field, between the Past and Present, have received increasing support, and the Old Thonnburians look forward to these events with great enthusiasm.

The cricket match held on the evening of Speech Day gave splendid entertainment to all the spectators. Over 300 runs were scored in quick time, which in itself is sufficient testimony to the excellence of the wicket.

The Old Boys scored 179, chiefly due to the excellent batting of Leslie Ford, 52 not out, and John Dennis 35, supported by some lusty long handle work by that hardy annual, Geoffrey Ford, who also made 35.

Against good bowling and steady fielding the School did well to make 121, W. Speller 41, and B. Lewis 33, showing exceptionally good promise with the bat.

The School got one back at Soccer on October 28th this year, when they defeated the Old Boys after a keenly contested match, by 4 goals to 3. The excellent combination and superior training of the boys more than compensated for the extra weight of the old pupils, several of whom had not donned their footer togs since the corresponding match last year.

The girls proved too strong for their older sisters both at lawn tennis and hockey. Although beaten by the speed and agility of the younger girls, the "old girls" put up a brave fight in each match and look forward with every confidence to reversing the results in the future, when some of them will have reaped the reward of attending "keep fit" classes.



The “ old girls greatly appreciate the facilities provided for them by the Head Master for continuing their hockey activities and it is hoped that next season **it** will be possible to run an Old Thornburian Ladies’ Hockey Club.

The Old Thornburians have again shown their interest in the School Sports activities by presenting to the School a second Shield, for Annual House Competition in Athletics. This Shield—to commemorate Coronation Year—was presented to Stafford (the winning House) last May by the Chairman—Mr. S. H. Gayner.

A further Coronation Commemoration took place in the early Spring, when members of the Committee took part in the ceremony of planting a tulip tree in the front of the School.

As a final note, all Old Thornburians give a hearty welcome to all new members, and the Committee hopes that pupils on leaving School, and all eligible non-members will communicate at the earliest opportunity with any member of the committee, signifying their intention of adding to the strength of an active and flourishing Society.

We congratulate the following Old Girls—M. Croome and J. Higgins—on obtaining their Teachers Certificates.

W. II. O. Chambers is taking his finals at Cambridge this year. We wish him every success.

P. A. Briscoe is now at Bristol University. A photograph of a dance in a Bristol paper shows him lurking shyly on the outskirts—typically Briscoe.

Roger Pullin has recently completed a very successful course of study at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester. At the end of twelve months he gained the Silver Medal—the highest possible award for first year students.

Strange to relate, he has recently expressed a liking for rising at 5.30 a.m., even after an Old Thornburians’ Reunion.

If you matriculate properly you can be sure of a good digestion when you get older.

At weddings spaghetti is thrown about.

A veterinary surgeon cures veterans.

Rin Tin Tin is the name of the Dog Star.

A harmonium is a piano with knobs on.  
The Roaring Forties were somewhere about 1400-1500 A.D.

A prism is a dried plum.