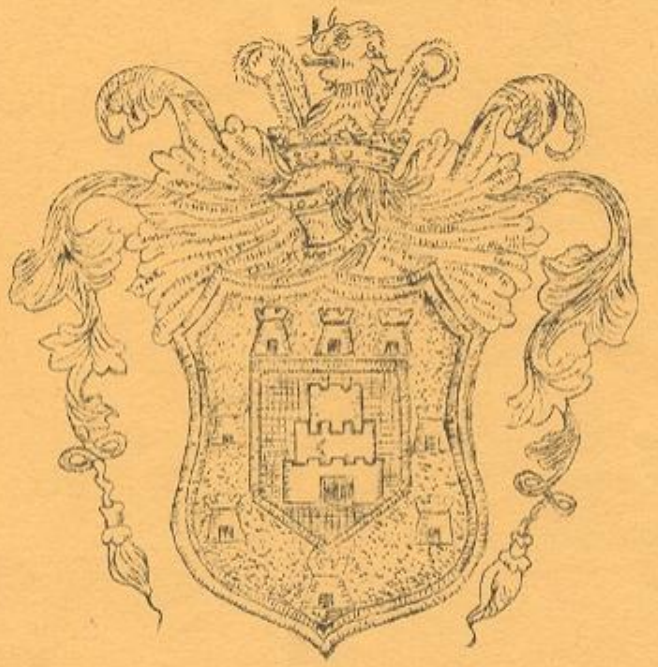
THE IVORY TURRET



№10 MARCH 1959.

EDITORIAL

The Spring Term is not usually one of great activity and this one has been no exception. This does not mean that we have been able to sit back and relax. Oh, no! Such gentle reminders as "Don't forget to revise your hydrostatics" and "Only a fortnight to learn your generic subjunctives" prevent one from forgetting that the mock "O" and "A" levels are on us. These are sat with varied feelings: some say they give little indication of one's ability. Is this because they have done little "swotting"? The minority, however, goaded on by conscience, make use of the exams. to better their exam. technique

At the beginning of term a club called "The Double Six" was formed. Its activities, discussed elsewhere, are to the uninitiated somewhat shrouded in mystery. Its members could be heard around the school wrangling about the finer points of its constitution. However the formation of such a club at the College has long been desirable and we hope it will continue to thrive for many generations to come.

We have been very pleased to welcome Mr. P.J.Colley to the Staff this term to do his teaching practice.

Congratulations to Bowyer and Christopher who were both selected to go on an "Outward Bound" course at Aberdovey.

Congratulations to Childs, Cuthill, Mills, and Neat C. who were amongst those who represented Cornwall at the English Folk Dance Society's festival in London in January.

Mr. Aynsley has had to give up teaching wind instruments at the College. In his place we welcome Mr. Eden, former bandmaster of the Royal Marine Band, Plymouth.

Congratulations to White who was chosen to play for the All-England A.T.C. Rugby team against the R.A.F. Apprentices School.

We are proud to record that in the New Year's Honours List W.Brimacombe, an Old Boy of the College and now a School Governor, was awarded the O.B.E.

VALETE

Sixth Form.

D.J.Knight.	Entered Sept. 1951. Prefect. "O" level. Rugger Colours. Cpl. A.T.C.
M.J.Tourle.	Entered Sept. 1952. Prefect. "O" level. Rugger and Athletic Colours. Folk-Dancing Crown.

Va Form.

R.J.K.Bawden.	Entered Sept. 1953. "O" level.
P.J.Dean.	Entered Sept. 1953. "O" level.
J.P.Wadge.	Entered Sept. 1953. "O" level. Rugger and Soccer Colours.

Fifth Form.

J.C.V.Watts.	Entered Jan. 1953.
W.P.Worden.	Entered Sept. 1954.

SALVETE

Fourth Form.

C.E.Blunden.	Broadwoodwidger.	R.M.Young.	Egloskerry.

First Form.

R.J.L.Stone.	Launceston.

THE DOUBLE SIX.

This club, restricted to members of the upper and lower sixth forms, came into being shortly after the beginning of this term. It is still very much in the embryo stage, there having only been three meetings so far this term: consequently it is difficult to assess its achievements or limitations.

The business of the first meeting was confined to discussing the aims of the club and to drafting its constitution. We went to see the Plymouth Shakespere Society's presentation of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and, at our third meeting Rev. Rolley spoke to us very broadly on Science and Religion, after which there was an informal discussion. This, I think, is the key word: informal. Schoolboys are notoriously reluctant to express their opinions; and when they are bold enough to do so they often express themselves so badly as to be virtually unintelligible. One great

advantage, then, of the informal atmosphere of the meetings is that members can say almost what they like when they like, and that nobody (we hope) will take offence.

One very important rule of the club is that under no circumstances will a meeting be held in the College. We are therefore at the mercy of members of the Staff and other friends of the club to invite us to hold our meetings in their homes.

Perhaps a better idea of the club's scope and activities will be derived from a brief account of the suggested programme for the future. We hope to read "The Lady's not for Burning" on March 20th: whilst next term it is hoped to visit a worthwhile film, to discuss a television or radio programme, to invite a speaker from outside, to hear a paper read by a member of the club, to have an illustrated talk on Art, and perhaps visit an historic manor or a "quaint old Cornish town". A full programme indeed, but one which we hope will be of general interest and mutual profit, for our aim is to provide pleasure by developing our outside interests.

FOLK DANCING

Despite the heavy sarcasm of the cynics, folk-dancing continues to thrive and is still the most popular activity among the senior boys of the College. Never has a member of the group been heard to say"Oh, blast! Folk-dancing this evening!" as can so often happen with other out-of-school activities.

The programme started early in the term when four couples were chosen to represent Cornwall at the English Folk-Dance and Song Society's Festival in the Royal Albert Hall. Two of the couples also represented the South-West of England in a special demonstration there.

Two demonstrations have been given locally, one at the Old People's party and the other at the Scout Concert. In the latter the dancers were accompanied, almost literally, by Peacock and his itinerant flute. There is a drawback to having only one musician - Werren was in bed with 'flu - he alone controls the tempo. And in the last dance he went on and on, and fasterand faster. Phew!

Preparations have already begun for the Launceston Music Festival when we hope once again to meet out rivals from Tavistock and once more to carry off the Courtney Sargeant Cup.

MODEL CLUB.

We have had a very successful term with several of the aircraft nearing completion. A very satisfactory feature has been the loyal attendance of the members which we hope will continue next term, when we hope to go on a few flying expeditions.

CAROL SERVICE.

FESTIVAL OF NINE LESSONS AND CAROLS:

Our annual carol service was held, this year, in St.Mary's Parish Church.

The orchestra played, as an overture, the Pastoral Symphony from Handel's Messiah, and then the Rev. Canon Steer pronounced the Bidding Prayer.

The rest of the service followed the traditional pattern of nine lessons (read by the Head Prefect, members of the Sixth form, Fifth form and middle school, the Laboratory Assistant, an Assistant Master, the Chairman of the Governors and by the Headmaster.) The congregation joined in hymns and carols, the newly-formed choir sang "The Noble Stem of Jesse", and the orchestra accompanied Mr. Francis in a recitative and aria from the "Messiah".

After the Collect for Christmas Day, Canon Steer pronounced the Blessing, bringing the service to its end.

After this the Parent's Association served an excellent tea in St.Mary's School Room, providing an opportunity for friendly and informal talks between parents and staff.

THE LIBRARY.

The progress of the library this term has been steady and well-maintained under the steady influence of Mr. Jones, the librarian. The main feature of the library's activities this term was the complete re-cataloguing of the large Spanish section by certain members of the library committee on one fine Thursday afternoon early in the term. In due course it is hoped that the whole library will be catalogued in this new Merren-fashion!

A new system for the maintainance of order in the library has been instituted this term; for each day of the week a librarian is in charge of the duties with a library monitor under him who must see that tidiness is kept in the library.

It was decided that the newspapers should not be kept in the

library as they caused, primarily, unnecessary congregations of boys and so they were removed to the alcove outside the Physics laboratory.

It is hoped that next term money will become available for the purchase of some books. Please make any suggestions as to what books should be bought to any of the librarians.

MUSIC.

The College orchestra contented itself with only one public appearance this term, but this does not mean that the term was not such a busy one as usual.

The Scout Concert revealed the orchestra in an unusually lighted-hearted vein. After an impressive opening with Elgar's setting of the National Anthem, the orchestra played the "Stars and Stripes" march and Montague Ewing's "Ballet on Ice" before finishing their part of the concert with the March from "Carmen". Of the two performances, the orchestra played better in the evening.

The rest of the term, the orchestra has devoted to practising for the Musical Festival early next term.

We welcome Mr. Golley to the orchestra, where he has been a great asset on the double-bass. Also we have seen a new virtuoso on the tympani.

The Thursday morning "recitals" have now become an established feature of the College life.

Individual successes this term have included F.S.Werren's passing of Grade VII, while await the result of N.A.C. Cuthill's Grade VII examination. D.C.W.Peacock has been accepted for admission to a two-year course at the Royal Academy of Music.

The Gramophone Society has been meeting regularly and among the works heard were all Beethoven's Nine Symphonies. The members express their gratitude to Mr. Golley for lending so many records.

A.T.C.

During the Christmas holidays Cadets Knight, Tourle, White and Thomas travelled to R.A.F. Yatesbury to play for Cornwall A.T.C.in the S.W. Wing rugby championships. Despite the weather on the first day being such that two matches were played in driving hail and sub-zero temperatures, Cornwall repeated their successes of previous years and again won the trophy beating Devon in the final.

On the strength of a trial at R.A.F. St. Athens Cdt. White was selected to play for Gt. Britain A.T.C. against Halton Apprentices. The A.T.C. won II-9, White converting one try.

Perhaps the attraction of the A.T.C. is the lure of flying,

but unfortunately the R.A.F. seem to have been loath to arrange any this term or last.This is partly due to the closure of R.A.F. ST. Eval but we hope matters will improve next term and that some of the much-publicised Chipmunks willappear on the scene. Two cadets, now immune from most known diseases, are still waiting for their overseas flight and unfortunately do not look like getting one until affairs abroad settle themselves and R.A.F. Transport Command becomes less busy. Sgt. Thomas, not being as intelligent as Cpl. Neall, completed a Flying Scholarship in the colder part of the year, bringing the squadron total of flying awards to two Private Pilot's Licences and two gliding 'B' badges. We sincerely hope for more this summer.

The squadron has now been split into two flights which it is to be hoped will arouse some profitable competition, such as an exercise with the two walkie-talkie sets (if their quality of reproduction can be improved).

We have acquired some interesting new equipment including a bubble sextant, the intricacies of which should offer some scope to the scientifically minded, and a bren gun for the more war-like cadets. The Bren gun replaces the outdated Browning machine gun which some of us are not sorry to see go, and we hope that the Bren has a smaller number of sear levers than the Browning . A new syllabus for the Basic examination has been introduced and in addition to the old syllabus, courses will be arranged in first aid and the use of some simple tools.

The A.T.C. Christmas party for last term was finally held early this term in the new guise of an A.T.C. social. It was held in the Guide Hut and judging by the noise was a great success. Harvey Hills was invited to M.C.the folk dancing, the electronics were arranged by Cdt. Kinsman and the better -fed day-boy cadets brought a large amount of food which was all consumed. Flt. Lt. Francis was invited and we were pleased to see him taking part in the folk dancing and even helping to wash dishes. Among other items Sargeby entertained us with his trumpet and the newly-formed A.T.C. skiffle group (later pinched by Mr. Uglow for his Scout Concert) gave us some songs. We hope that the social will become a regular event.

Bowyer and White have been awarded Proficiency Certificates.

THE CYCLING CLUB.

To write about certain personal experiences on the Tintagel and Bideford rides would certainly be liked, but even if the conversation is left out, an interesting picture is formed.

The first ride by the newly-formed club was to Tintagel. We set off early on Sunday morning, well wrapped up in multi-coloured sweaters and jeans, only one member, scorning the frost, wearing shorts.

The Camelford moors were crisp and sparkling, the ice on the pools reflecting the sun into gleaming points of light. So far everyone was keeping up well, and nobody was hurrying, not even Bargery who is noted for his desire for speed. This state was happily kept, and at last, after two hours' riding, we reached Tintagel.

We ate our lunch in the old castle, looking out over the two hundred foot cliff at the rocks of Padstow and Port Isaac, and afterwards wandered around the cliffs until two o'clock when we started back. This time we went round the coast to Boscastle before again joining the Laneast moor road at Davidstow. As we were all fairly tired, we took our time arriving back at Launceston at five o'clock.

Several Sundays later, Mr. Birnberg acknowledged a request to cycle to Bideford , and the club(Bargery, Thomas, Christopher, Graham, Dean, with its new members Davey, Hendy, Prince and Neat.C.) set out at 9o'clock, Christopher distinguishing himself by falling off and sliding ten feet or so down the station road. Again everybody enjoyed themselves, and after a pleasant ride in the warm weather, we reached Bideford at I2 o'clock, the exceptions being Prince and Christopher who arrived half an hour later.

We had lunch at a cafe, and then had a look around the river front, before taking the road home at I.30. Of course, the journey back was much slower with frequent stops for drink and food, but everyone was back by 6 o'clock, having covered the 64 miles at an average speed of 10 m.p.h..

SCOUTS.

At the beginning of term a new scheme of work was brought into operation to help potential second class and first class boys to win their badges quicker.

Vanstone, P.L. of the Owls, obtained his speaker's badge just before half-term, when classes for the fire-fighters badge started. Sixteen of the boys went regularly every week to the fire station, for five weeks, fortheir first class badge, and on March I7th. fourteen of these boys took the test but the results have not come through yet.

After half-term everybody was working hard in preparation for the Scout Concert, which was arranged by the Scout Master, Mr. Uglow, in order to help Scout funds. Hoping to make a profit of thirty pounds the concert had two performances which raised 40 pounds, but with expenses to pay out of this the profit was 34 pounds.

Unhappily, Mitchell, P.L. of the Eagles, is leaving us this term, which means that the troop has lost someone who was once a keen scout.

During the Easter holidays Bob-a-Job week starts, and the scouts are hoping to get 50pounds in order to buy some new light weight equipment, so that we can go on long hikes without having to borrow from the County.

THE SCOUT CONCERT.

Tuesday March 10th. saw the first Scout Concert ever given in the Town Hall. There were two performances, both being well supported, the former chiefly by children from other schools.

The concert opened with a massed choir, consisting of boys from the 1st. and 2nd. and 3rd. forms, singing the whole of the National Anthem. This was followed by orchestral music and further songs by the choir, notably "Toreador" from the suite "Carmen" by Bizet.

The concert continued with an impressive display of Folk dancing by the Dunheved group, accompanied by D.C.W. Peacock. This was followed by two sketches "Cross wires" and "On Matrimony Bent". The first concerned what "might" happen when an anxious husband trying to contact the hospital by phone, only succeeds in finding a mechanic who thinks the husband is calling about his car; and the second, what does happen when an attractive young lady, patronizes a matrimonial agency in mistake for a dogs' home.

The skiffle group which came next, gained thunderous applause especially from the younger members of the audience. The last item before the interval was a spectacular gym display organized by the headmaster, Mr. Rowe. The display given by members of the 3rd. and 4th. forms, contained a surprising amount of variety and ingenuity, exceptionally well done in such a confined space.

After the interval the whole Scout Troop put on a 'camp-fire'. The audience was invited to take part, and joined in several of the songs, with varying degrees of success. The Scout-master, Mr. Uglow, led and several short sketches provided variety.

The aim of the concert was to raise funds for the Troop, if possible £30. In fact, after deducting expenses, this was exceeded by a few pounds.

THE FILM SOCIETY.

A large number of people had rather unformed ideas about the creation of a Film Society: and the member of staff who took it into his head to write around to various philanthropic institutions soon found out why. Prices seemed astronomic, while there also appeared some doubts as to the legal propriety of the whole undertaking. But there was a will, and after much chinwagging it found a way.

As I write this nothing has as yet been shown: but "Private's Progress has arrived, and should be screened before term ends.

In the future there are all sorts of good things I hope: but we must find at least 80 regular viewers to run economically. And also a few enthusiasts who will help advertise the programme and produce attractive notices.

CROSS COUNTRY RUNS

Much to many boy's joy the cross country season is over. The first of the four runs has already been reported: the second and third were unfortunately on roads. The bad weather had made conditions in the fields such that a hundred and fifty pairs of feet would have ruined the farmer's land. Previous rain and and falling drizzle made the final run a difficult course. However Ralph House mastered the hazards with great success and their sustained efforts were rewarded with a win by a large margin.

As last year the College sent three teams of eight to compete at Redruth in an inter-schools meeting. This event was also used to select boys to represent Cornwall Schools in the South-West at Yeovil on March 14th. From the College D.Sandercock and C.Neat were chosen for the Senior and Intermediate teams respectively. At Yeovil neither did as well as expected: Sandercock came in 25th (5th of the Cornish boys) and Neat 33rd (6th of the Cornish boys.)

Results

		Ralph	Turner	Hardy
Senior	1	209	192	64
	2	228	183	54
	3	276	108	81
	4	227	138	100
Inter	1	156	157	152
	2	133	177	155
	3	143	135	187
	4	199	116	160

Junior 1.	208	96	161
2.	181	160	124
3.	176	139	150
4.	167	138	160
	2303	1739	1538

Thus after Turner had monopolised this championship for three seasons, there has been a change. Ralph were the undisputed winners.

SOCCER. 1959.

Cancellations, wind and frost or mud and water, (or various combinations) are some of the regular hazards of the Soccer term. Others are that before Christmas boys have learnt that you must stay behind the ball- and everlasting quad soccer encourages players to stand and wait.

We began this term with a fine rugger record behind us but hadn't won a soccer match by March 20th. (There's still the Old Boys, I'm told!) All the same, the XI has played well on occasion. Against Callington, Bude and especially against St. Austell, we more than held our own for long periods. The wing halves have asserted themselves and won the ball and the inside forwards have learnt to hold it long enough for other players to get into attacking positions.

In goal we have had good service; at back and centre-half we have not been sure enough and we've been very slow on the turn; the forwards just have not scored enough goals!

It's been fun, none the less. The willing endeavour and a good attitude under good captaincy has made it a pleasant term to remember.

COLLEGE 2 V CALLINGTON G.S. 4

In this, the College's first match of the season, we began well, being faster on the ball and quicker into the tackle. We made a series of attacks which soon split the suspect Callington defence. Childs opened the scoring with a quick burst down the middle ending with a fine shot, and he also scored the second, from a penalty. Callington came more into the game towards the end of the first half and scored just before the interval.

The second half started disastrously for the College, when the defence had one of their periodic lapses, which were to appear throughout the season. The Callington attack soon built up a shock lead. Three goals came in 15 minutes, the centre-forward scoring a hat-trick. The score remained 4-2 and one was left with the

impression that had the College tightened up their defence, they could easily have won this game.

BUDE 5 V COLLEGE 2.

Throughout the match the College defence was pulled apart by the width of the pitch(nearly as great as the length). The result was that through balls were seized on by the Bude attack, and they lead by 2 goals at half time. But although thrown off balance at the start, the College attack at last broke through and Childs scored.

The second half saw three goals by Bude, their centre-forward getting a hat-trick, and a goal from Oliver, this in spite of a screen of smoke which made it impossible to see the opponents' goal from the centre-line! Although Bude scored three goals, the College were continually attacking and the forwards had some near misses.

COLLEGE 3 V ST. AUSTELL 4.

To anyone watching this match it seemed impossible that the College could lose. The defence completely blotted out the St. Austell attack, and our own attack scored through Oliver within seconds of the start. They continued to find the gaps, and before half-time further goals were added by Neat and Childs.

The second half saw a complete reversal of play. St. Austell, using the wind to great advantage, broke up with long shots a previously compact defence, which often panicked. The result was that St. Austell pressed home their advantage in spite of some fine saves by Cuthill, and scored four goals. Most of the blame can be placed on the half-backs, who,unlike their first half performance, covered badly and rarely distributed the ball to their forwards.

COLLEGE 2 DEVONPORT H.S. 3

Devonport barely deserved to win this match in spite of their terrific fight-back after half-time. In the first half, they were outplayed in mid-field, and were two goals down at the interval. After a quarter of an hour, Sanders slipped the ball past the advancing goalkeeper to give the College the lead. Towards the end of the first half, Oliver put the College further into the lead when after running twenty yards with the ball, he angled it finely into the net.

From the beginning of the second half, Devonport came more

into the game, and after a quarter of an hour reduced the arrears from a close range shot. They continued to press and equalised from a header after a faulty clearance. With only five minutes to go, they took the lead following a "bounce-up" decision. For the College Cuthill was safe in goal, while Peacock played like two men in defence. The Devonport left-back was outstanding in defence, while their forwards showed more cohesion than the College's.

COLLEGE 2nd XI 1: STRATTON C.S.S. 4.

Only one second team match could be played this term (against Stratton S.M.) since the other, against Callington, was first postponed and finally cancelled. The College lost the Stratton match by four goals to one, having been three goals down at half time. Although they fully deserved their win, Stratton's score flattered them and the College were extremely unlucky. Stratton's second goal was a gift to them from our defence, for Neal's clearance hit goalkeeper Neat and rebounded into an empty net. Then their third goal was the result of a lob when Neat was out of his goal. The other two goals, however, were good, opportunist goals.

Callaby scored the College's goal from a centre by Williams, and often put in hard drives from the centre-forward position. Graham played very well at centre-half.

CALLINGTON COLTS 2: LAUNCESTON COLTS 0.

It was a fine day when the two teams turned out. Callington had most of the play as their backs were very good and the College forward line could not get through them. Callington's first goal was the result of an individual effort starting from the half-way line: this player gave a powerful kick from fifteen yards and this gave our goalie no chance. The College then came into the attack but could not get the ball in the net.

Gillbard, the College goalkeeper made some very good saves, but fifteen minutes from the end there came a ball he could not stop.

BUDE G.S. COLTS 3: LAUNCESTON COLTS 1.

This match was played at a fast pace with Bude more dangerous in front of goal. However the College played the more constructive football throughout, Davey and Powell playing especially well. Two of Bude's goals came from errors after the College defence had been split open. Powell scored for the College.

LAUNCESTON COLTS 1: ST. AUSTELL COLTS 3.

This was rather a dull game. Both sides were fairly evenly matched, but because of the greater size of the St. Austell backs, the College forwards never moved well. St. Austell started with a prolonged attack, but no goals resulted and the game became a mid-field kick-about until St. Austell scored twice towards the end of the first half. In the second half the College played much better but were only able to score once. A few minutes from the end St. Austell scored again

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LAUNCESTON COLTS 1: DEVONPORT COLTS 11.

It soon became obvious that the Devonport team were very good. For the first twenty minutes the College were lucky to keep out a continuous attack: they actually scored once. After this the play was all one way. At half-time Devonport led 3-1, and after the interval scored freely.

SENIOR HOUSE MATCHES.

Hardy 1: Turner 2.

In a poor match, caused mainly by a 'sticky' pitch, Turner showed general superiority and fully deserved to win. Oliver opened the scoring, but Callaby luckily equalised when Callaby's shied shot entered the top corner of the net. Flockton re-established Turner's lead, and the teams crossed over with the score 2-1. Hardy kept trying in the second half, but they never looked like scoring.

Ralph 3: Turner C.

Ralph easily beat Turner in this match, though Turner failed to take their chances. Ralph were quicker on the ball and worked harder. Heppel scored two opportunist goals and Rockey scored the third. Turner were unlucky when Graham was slowed up by an injury, but even so they hardly deserved to win. Both goalkeepers, Robins and Neat T. played well.

Ralph 3: Hardy 2.

On paper Ralph seemed certain winners, but in fact they were very lucky to win. Hardy went in to a quick lead when Peacock's speculative lob entered the net. Ralph equalised when Jones, trying to clear a harmless centre, sliced the ball past his goalkeeper. However Ferrson re-established Hardy's lead soon after. In the second half Neat C brought the scores level and towards the end Chilas scored the winning goal from long range. Thus Ralph won the foot ball cup previously held by Turner.

JUNIOR HOUSE MATCHES.

Rather oddly neither House won the championship as each team won one match. In the first game Turner beat Ralph 2-1. It was a good game, despite the slippery pitch and both sides were evenly matched. Perhaps the deciding factor was an extraordinary goal scored by Biddlecombe. He took a corner kick, and a sudden gust of wind at the last moment blew the ball into the net!

Undeterred by this defeat Ralph took the field against Hardy and won a good game 2-1. Goss scored for Hardy in the first half and Retallack for Ralph. Despite continuous pressure, Hardy could not score again. In the second half, playing downhill, Ralph pressed home their advantage and the inevitable goal came when Tann scored.

Thus Turner took the field against Hardy knowing that a draw was sufficient for them to win the championship. Hardy, however, playing like trojans, won 3-0. Harries scored two goals in the first half and Lewis one in the second half. The Hardy defence played very well who consistently broke up every attack which Turner launched.

OLD BOYS MATCHES

The Old Boys rugger match was a great disappointment. The school had a good team and a very strong team had been raised to play them. But the weather intervened: the ground was muddy and waterlogged in places and good play was impossible. The College team, perhaps tired after a strenuous season, seemed stale but did well to force a draw. Taskes scored a very good try early in the first half and White kicked a penalty for the College

The soccer match, too, was disappointing. It was a dull game to play in and to watch and neither side deserved to win. As it was the College ran out the winners by 2 goals to 1. Near the end of the first half a misunderstanding between the full back and the goalkeeper allowed Sanders to score a simple goal. Downes scored a good goal for the Old Boys in the second half and two minutes from time Oliver scored the winning goal for the College.

COLOURS

The following awards have been made:

1st Xl Colours: D.C.W.Peacock: J.A.G.Oliver: N.H.Hills:
R.Childs: D.A.Hendy.

Athletic Colours. C.J.Neat: R.F.White.

OLD BOYS NEWS.

Marriages.

AXFORD - R.J.Axford to Miss I. Dennis at Clawton.
ROGERSON - D.Rogerson to June Ponting on Feb. 28th at Newport, Mon.
KNEEBONE - G.N.Kneebone to Janet Chapman on Jan. 8th at Lifton.

Births

GUBBIN - to the wife of A.Gubbin a son
DANIEL - to the wife of V.Daniel a daughter.
GIBSON - to the wife of P.G.Gibson a daughter.

News of Old Boys is not always easy to acquire, and a great deal of that which I obtain is regrettably at second hand. However such as I have heard I append with a general appeal for more news from whoever may be able to give it.

J.Curnow is still stationed at Falmouth and is engaged to be married, James is married and Richard is working in Birmingham with an electrical firm. J.C.Taskes is with the London & South American Bank, London. R.J.Axford is still in the R.A.F. and is stationed at Hartland. E.G.Smith has been appointed a Governor of the College. W.Freary is still at S.H.A.P.E. Headquarters and returns home in May. T.Pethick is commissioned in the R.A.F and is at the apprentices school, Halton. R.J.Lesbirel is working with an engineering firm in London. Les. Kitto is with the Inland Revenue and Harold Nichols is with the Banco de Bilbao. T.S.R. Parkin has joined the research department of Wiggins Teake Group, Beaconsfield. E.J.Tucker is working for English Electric at Willington and has been playing wing three-quarter(!) for Borton-on-Trent 1st XV. J.Wonnacott is working in Barclay's Bank, Exeter and has recently become the father of a second daughter. J.C.Pepper is working with the Sherwood Box Co. at Sutton in Ashfield, Notts. L.M.J.Kavanagh is out of the R.A.F. and is with Marconi Instruments in St. Albans.

Percy Burden is now the organiser of the London Old Boys group instead of Stan Hosking. Meetings are still held at the 'Chandos'. His address is 25, Queens Road, Twickenham.

J.C.Terrill is still with G.E.C. at Erith but has a flat in town- 55B Granville Park, Lewisham, S.E.13. He offers any Old Boy a bed for the night if they happen to be in London.

And that is all. To all those who have written to me I can only say thank you very much. I hope to reply to as many as possible as soon as I can.

An Old Boys Dinner and get-together was held at Launceston College on Saturday, Dec. 20th. This was the first that had been held for many years and it is to be hoped that it will become an annual event. The affair was quite informal and their were no speeches. The evening was arranged by John Hicks and during the evening he announced that he was hoping to form an Old Boys Association, mainly from those Old Boys who wanted to join. There was no subscription and anybody interested in the idea should get in touch with him, 34 Dunheved Road.

Those present at the dinner were: Mr. H.S.Toy, Mr.D.F.Rowe, Headmaster, Mr.B. Millmott, C.Colwill, M.Colwill, D.T.Jenkin, W.G. Frost, R.G.Lyel, J.E.Lyel, M.Pender, C.Pender, J.Stratton, R.W.Oylor, W.J.Keatt, H.Hocking, E.Clogg, A.B.Venning, C.Causley, J.Hicks, P.Mance, M.Copp, E.Folley, T.Chapman, A.G.Uglow, J.Mules, W.Moffatt, R.Bailey, W.Daniel, E.Body, R.J.Keast, M.H.Goldring, K.Robins, L.W.Baker, E.G.Smith, A.J.Brewer, H.Maunder.

INTERNATIONAL FAIR.

Despite the plaintive cries of pessimism which were heard before the fair both in and out of the school, when the morning of Feb 17th dawned it was remarkable to see the change on the inner appearance of the Town Hall. This was the culmination of many weeks of fervent preparation inside all the senior schools in the Launceston area - preparation by youth to raise money for less fortunate children than ourselves, the children in Dr. Barnado's Homes.

The Fair was centred around the selling of produce from the European countries which each school represented. As for the College it was not surprising that Spain was the country in question. We erected a 'pavilion' divided into two parts: one was for the sale of produce, the other, decorated with souvenirs which boys had brought back from Barcelona and posters and pamphlets kindly given to us by the Director of the Spanish Institute in London, gave advice to prospective tourists. Dressed "a la moda española", Watkins, helped by Venning and Dawe, sold the produce which included anything from squid in its ink to onions. The 'tourist pavilion' was supervised by Robins.

The Fair was opened by Don Alberto Pascual-Villar, the representative of the Spanish Ambassador, who was introduced to the public by F.S.Werren, whilst J.C.Harry proposed a vote of thanks. When all was over and everything had been sold, the treasurer, M.S.Fry was able to announce that about £300 would be sent to Dr. Barnado's Homes, and we were able to go home well satisfied with the part we had been able to play in a great, co-operative effort.

'UN BUEN TORO'

The crowd stilled to a whisper. Under the hot sun the arena lay quiet, only the Spanish breeze breathed over the sand its breath of death. Men stood ready, ready for the first bull.

A fanfare. Then he came - a black, kicking, maddened bull, with dust in his eyes. He had come out suddenly to face death. The sun went behind a cloud and the breeze was colder. The crowd began to shout 'Un buen toro' as he ran from cape to cape, tormented into movement.

In his anger he ran straight at the side of the ring - following a cape - he could not stop himself. Up over the side he went and the crowd stood up to see him. Men ran behind the 'burladeras' and he stood still, panting and bewildered. But he soon ran around the 'callejon' and was back through the entrance into the ring, suspicious of capes and of men.

He went across the arena this time with his head down ready to kill, but he lost sight of the cape when his head was down and his horns dug into the sand. Now he was tiring, but he was a strong bull and it was taking them longer to sap his energy.

The 'picador'was in position. The bull turned and ran onto the lance. He got well under the horse with his horns and the picador came off. The crowd shouted - blood had flowed for the first time that afternoon and the sand was stained red.

The 'picador' remounted and the bull ran at him again. Whistles and shouts - the 'picador was taking too long. The bull turned away to the centre of the ring, bellowing and defiant.

In went the 'banderillas' and they hung limply from his flesh. His neck was red and the blood flowed again. The matador came - he played with the bull with his cape. The bull's head was down, but he was still strong. He ran hard at the matador - he was still ready to kill. The matador took his sword, poised it in his hand. He ran at the bull - side-stepping cleverly over the horns. The sword was in.

The bull sank, weakened by the dripping red blood. Yet he was strong, there was a final effort to raise his wounded body but he fell over dead. Now his blood would be covered with sand, the crowd would grow silent as the next bull entered the arena ready to face death.

The second bull that afternoon was a poor one. When he came into the ring for the first time the dust flew up under his angry hooves and he went hard for capes and men, but he soon tired.

All the life seemed to go from his black body and he stood still in the middle of the ring. He wouldn't move any longer for cape or man. After two or three assistants had tried unsuccessfully to provoke him into movement the matador came into the ring.

He stood for several minutes stamping his foot, waving his light fighting cape and shouting 'Huh! Huh!' throwing back his shoulders as he did before the animal began to move.

When the bull did move shouts broke from a once silent crowd. The matador swung his cape around himself pivoting as he did and ended with a flourish much to the delight of the crowd. The bull charged a couple more times: but that was enough. His head was down with the 'bandilleros'and he didn't feel like fighting.

There were only five banderillas in to start with because one of the banderilleros failed to get his in. He tried about three times, each time failing and the crowd became angry. Gradually the banderillas dropped out and only one clung to the bull's bleeding neck.

The bull now stood motionless at one side of the ring while the matador and his cuadrilla closed in on him. Yet he stood firm. This bull wouldn't fight so the men had to make him fight. I felt sorry for most bulls in the ring but even more so for this one. Death had come for the second bull that afternoon.

CROSS COUNTRY SCRAMBLE

The raucous voice of the games-master shattered the gentle silence of the warm spring afternoon. In a body the Senior school surges forward, faces grim, eyes fixed on the grey ribbon of the dirty road, their feet kicking aside the muddy rain water from the deep eroded pits. Before a hundred yards have been pounded by the feet of panting boys, the field has spread out, the usual unfit, long-haired, jazz-singing wide-boys trotting in a body, gradually slowing down, until the slightest slope stops them and they sit, swearing silently, upon the dewy grass of the high hedges.

On once more to the leaders, the bright-eyed, fit, athletic types, their muscles bulging with the exertion of solid running. They press themselves to limits they thought that they could never reach, and then the fields are reached. The mud and slime of many sudden showers causes them to slip, stumble, and career about unnaturally; the pace is upset, the sure-footed pulling away from the sliding followers. Down over a slope, a quick leap over a small river, and into the woods. Before a warning glance can be given, the sweating figures are plunged into the dirty pools of thick clinging mud, the brambles cutting them as they try to crawl through the wood.

Now the whole field is about a mile long; the thought of a few points for his House drives on each labouring, hot, short-tempered

figure.More fields are reached, and a long, uphill climb over treacherous, slushy mud brings the proud heroes' last dreams of a dramatic finish to a meaningless close. There, away down the road, the solid figure of the checker is seen, grinning at the pathetic figures pounding towards him.

Afterwards pride is regained and everywhere the cry is heard " Ah well! No more till March!"

RICHARD'S CAR

"Let me take you for a ride in my car" Richard said to me one fine afternoon.

Hardly realising that I had said "Yes, alright" I followed him to the garage behind the bungalow.

"I'll get her out" he said enthusiastically.

A bluish cloud, preceded by a bang, slid out from inside the garage - then I saw some thing speed past me as I held one of the garage doors back.

"Well! What do you think of her?" Richard shouted, almost hoarse above the noise of groaning mechanism.

I knew Richard of old. Almost every time I visited him on those Sunday afternoons, he seemed to provide me with a different car. They were always old cars, usually extremely decrepit,- and which inevitably ended their career by falling to pieces. This time it was a bull-nosed Morris, which snorted every time Richard depressed the accelerator. It seemed to have acquired the habit of back-firing something which Richard rarely noticed.

"I say, Richard," I said, "this b..... thing is back-firing every five minutes."

"Oh! is it" he replied, quite casually. "Come on, hop in."

Well, we set out, quite successfully too, I might add, until the exhaust managed to drop off. Of course I had to shout like mad at Richard to tell him that it had dropped off. We eventually managed to stop the car after a consirerable amount of zig-zagging from one side of the road to the other. All Richard could say was, "Brakes aren't as good as they were, old man!"

The silencer, which had remained on the vehicle for quite a while after we had discarded the end of the exhaust, now fell away too and we were both treated to an ear-splitting roar.

I could now see the funny side of the whole situation and I began to laugh. Unfortunately, a thick fog had now decided to settle around us, and because we had no hood we were uncomfortably subjected to it. We were now reduced to a speed which was no faster

than walking pace. Richard drove the car with his head around the windscreen all the time, and I acted as a kind of navigator.

Eventually a bus, travelling in our own direction, appeared in front of us. I felt quite relieved and relaxed in my seat.

"Must be nearing town now" Richard shouted. And we were, too.

Quite suddenly the bus in front of us turned off to the left. Richard followed. The bus then stopped. Richard drew the car up close behind.

Richard and I have often argued since as to whether we waited half an hour or more behind that wretched bus; not that it mattered particularly any way. I remember that Richard came back to the car, after getting out to see what was happening, with a rather red face. And I felt such a fool, too, because I had been saying all along that we were probably at the rear of a long queue, held up by the fog.

We had stopped behind a bus in a bus-station.

Well, as I have said, old Richard inevitably has a different car when I go to see him, and I am always fool enough to accept a ride. I wonder what will happen next time. I just wonder.

TRAVELLING BY TRAIN.

I enjoy travelling, especially by train. It is through travelling that I can sit back and see other people, watch other people travelling. People intrigue me. It is with innocent wonder that I watch people, see how they appear on the surface to the outside world.

When I have journeyed by train I have seen the business man somewhat distraught in physical appearance, contentedly reading his newspaper,disinterested in others of his kind, vainly trying to relax in his seat, to catch up with all the sleep that he has lost through the worries of his business.

I have seen others of my age, soldiers and sailors, whose faces show apprehension. Am I really liking it? How far will I get? I have seen students like myself, excitingly discussing their future or prospect of a good game of rugby at the week-end.

People come and sit opposite me in the compartment. I am intrigued. Who are they? What are they really like? These questions fade through my mind. Some look at me and seem to think the same - who is he?

Yet we are all in this unfortunate ignorance, and it is very often through our ignorance that we misjudge other people.

I rested my head back on the seat in my compartment. Yes, the train was full. The porter had been right when I had asked him at Waterloo. Now I had the long journey homewards ahead of me. I sighed to myself, I was tired enough already. The two other elderly gentlemen in my compartment took no notice of me but were both engrossed in their newspapers. They didn't speak: the atmosphere was a trifle strained as it usually is in English train compartments. A request to have the door shut would be the only excuse to make conversation but it was warm in the carriage. There was silence, broken only by the rustle of newspapers.

Soon all but one seat was taken and I wondered who would take it. It was to be a young girl. She had pretty, dark hair and a natural, fresh-looking complexion. I helped her put her cases on the luggage rack and my elderly companions peered at me over the tops of their glasses, one smiling as he did.

The girl smiled at me and sat down. I wondered very much what she was thinking. I had felt pretty chivalrous when I had helped her, and I could see the funny side - deep down I was laughing like blazes. The two old stooges over there were certainly amused enough!

The girl got off the train a few stations further on and I lost sight of her on the crowded station. One of the old gentlemen turned to me and said; "Rather a pretty girl, that" and I replied enthusiastically, "Yes, rather."

The train rattled on monotonously as the light began to fade. In so many hours I shall be home, I thought. I shut my eyes and in my mind I could still see the face of the pretty, dark-haired girl, smiling at me.

DARKNESS.

It is daylight. A normal day with everyone grumbling, laughing, and fooling. I am working, hard. There are books before me and I am reading, writing. I can see the book, I can see the writing. If I look up I can see the others in the room. Often I sit back and talk to them. Then there is darkness, a darkness I cannot understand. No longer do images strike the retinas of my eyes. I am moved away, no longer there at all. My body is but that I cannot help. It is always in the way, preventing me from seeing things in their reality. My life moves back and forwards from that time regardless of any time, because a day, a week, perhaps a month or years may pass in seconds. It is another world, the reality, the old the new, the everlasting existence. I can remember the tortuous

climbs the spirit takes, the reeling and the agony. It has an infinite strength and knows no physical, deforming pain. It is then that there is darkness. It is not a glowing, ill-lit, starry night, nor is it a pitch-black, cold, and cloudy night. It is some thing new, never experienced in living for it belongs to sleep or death. It is a warm, smoky, comforting, and all-enveloping cloud above you and below. You know not cold nor light nor darkness nor even are you hot. An infinite speck in infinity. From this you can create a joy. A past experience brought into unreality. To each a climax - but no, you cannot reach it because you are alive. You see your books and feel morose; you "are" again.

He sits while swallows sing around the roof,
But he hears them not; - far too aloof.
Way down in the village, miles below,
The toiling natives come and go.
They do his bidding throughout the day,
Theyr'e 'British Subjects' - that's their pay.
But what does he care - with smile and sneer -
He's got his char, his food, and his beer,
He does not dare reflect too deep
On how he gets his complacent sleep.

His skin is white, like that of his father,
Why should he worry for his dark-skinned brother?
A stiff upper lip! All his cups for rugger!
Why should he care for a black-skinned nigger?

The evening brings with it the thought of new gains,
Sugar that's sold and the rows of new canes.
But he spares not a thought for the workman's labour,
He's never heard of 'Love Thy Neighbour'.
But when the smell of burning shoots reaches his nose
He little thinks that he will smell it much more close
One day.

Darkness, stifling and heavy, looming black on the horizon of a dead world; slipping its finger into depths of the grave and into the recesses of the tomb, while I lie in my coffin, motionless and pallid, with a wooden roof nailed tight above me. The velvet black ness impinges on my retina, unseeing till the dawn of re-creation.

and in the shadows of the night, softly and silently the decay begins. The air itself carries my body into the earth: the flesh rots and the stench of my horridness hangs on my bones. I have no friends, I am alone: the world has passed me by and I lie in the void of eternity. I have passed from the material to the invisible. Experience has passed and only emptiness awaits. I have scattered my body and my soul has mingled with the Universe. Or does my soul still hang on the darkness of my coffin imprisoned by the confining earth, responding to no call of any Christ?

It came sweeping in, filling the air with a ghostly silence and covering the earth with a blanket of murky darkness. And the mood in me changed, like the colour of the fields, from green and gay to dirty and dismal. I had seen it coming; gradually moving in relentlessly from the distant horizon. Until now it came sweeping across the moors, and the air grew cold with fear. The day was suddenly, sickenly, empty.

It had happened before and it would happen again. But today! Today of all days! My heart began to thump and the fear in my stomach rose until I could feel it battering against the back of my throat. I had prayed for this day, setting it apart from others; it had given me something to live for through the long weary months of waiting, waiting for something that never came. Until at last it had come. And now, now was I to be denied?

The scream of the wind rose piercingly, whistling through the rotten rafters of my dingy cottage all alone on the moors. That scream, so terrifyingly alone in its hatred of the world, took with it all my bitterness, the bitterness caused by the endless months of frustration, and my mind was at peace. At last! free from the cares of the miserable world.

I began to walk, slowly but surely, in the direction of the cliffs and a new life. I heard the thunder of the angry surf beating at that jagged cliff, and soon my spirit would be with that surf in the eternal task of fighting for its freedom.

Down on the river in my little broken boat I would sit and wait for the eels to come. The black waters nestled against the sides of the wharf. The stinking black mud of the river, the darkness of the night and the thought of the squirming eels made me feel sick. But I was used to it: within the next half hour the eels would come. I thought I could hear a frog on the bank croaking with a

blackness in his throat and the mud-spattered ducks wandered out from under the disused boathouse. There was an early morning stillness, but the sharpness in the air made me crouch lower in the boat.

Then I saw them, swirling in the water. Now, switch on the light, I thought. The beam from my torch spread itself out across the water - the eels wriggled into the net. I leaned over the side of the boat, tearing my jacket at the sleeve in my haste, and and pulled a slimy mass gently out of the water. They had come alright, I thought.

SNAKES.

Sliding, slithering,
Doodling, dithering,
  Goes the snake.
Slyly walking, slyly running,
Goes the man who has great cunning
  In its wake.

Agony is on their faces,
Trying to keep the quickening paces
  On they go
Now ascending,
Now descending,
  To and fro.

But alas! the man is slowing,
And he's tripped - the blood is flowing
  From his head.
But the snake is slowing too,
A thorn has run him through.
  Both are dead.

A FANTASY

The dove was flying silently over a rooftop, its wings in a v-shaped dihedral. Every now and then it would flap its wings making a stacatto chattering noise. High over the trees it flew. Out came a flock of crows in v-formation. Diving, wheeling, they attacked the dove. She eluded them as if by magic and flew on northwards. She passed a big house with a clothes line hanging from the chimney

onto the television aerial. Luckily the chimney was not smoking or it would have dirtied the clothes and probably have poisoned the dove with its fumes. On she flew, and looking down saw the upturned faces of some men. Looking more carefully she observed the faces to have no eyes.

Actually those horrible, ugly, distorted faces were paper masks on scarecrows. They had high tilted foreheads and cruel bent noses. Their lips were compressed into a thin downward line. Their eyes were gone and the black pits that were left showed what their inner nothingness was like: enough to frighten away any crow, let alone a dove.

Losing height carefully the dove could see a telegraph wire near an empty window. This would do for a resting place. Carefully, carefully she flew on to the wire and closed her wings onto her body. In the window she could see a green thing. It drew nearer and nearer until at last a head could be seen. A girl, dressed in a green cloth with flowers on the front, and a bar of coal tar soap in her hand beckoned to her. She did not take the invitation for she knew that she would never leave the house if she did.

Flapping her wings she flew on, passing the house to the left. In front, green plains rolled on and on. Then she saw in the distance a range of mountains with no snow on top of them. They were all blue, different shades of blue according to the light which fell upon them. Also in the distance were some people. Drawing closer she recognised them to be people without any clothes. A strong old man was grabbing at an arrow which a woman, who had no clothes except a string of pearls round her hair, held out to him. She also had an apple in her other hand and hurled it at the dove. The man, grabbing at his bow, also shot at the dove. Both hit their target. The dove went down, down, down, down, downwards. It seemed to her as if she would never hit the ground. At last with a sickening jar she hit what seemed to her to be the ground, but in fact was a water tank. Again she went down, this time under water. The arrow had only struck a glancing blow and the apple not hit at all she discovered when she floated to the surface, quite unharmed. A very wet and bedraggled sight met her eyes when she climbed on to the rim of the tank. It was her own reflection.

Everyone's seen those fluffy tails
Bouncing in and out of the dales:
Everyone's seen the rabbits playing.

Many have seen their bodies decaying.

A pink light of Summer
drifting on, just drifting
through the hellish heat of day
to cool night.
Oh! pink light
filled with an extasy sublime.
In the night I feel thee,
and by day I see thee, divine

A grey light of Winter
dark like a leadened sky.
Heavy light, noisy light
lit with yellow.
Oh! grey light, sad light
of time, flee quickly; thou art
chased by the youthful Spring.

A white light of Death
so cold I do fear thee,
so white I have seen thee.
Oh! white light, pure light,
light of lights, I do love thee.

A WALK IN THE RAIN

It had been beautiful sunny weather for about two weeks of the summer holidays and, as I had nothing to do, I thought I would go for a long walk and a picnic on the moors. I set out at about half past eight, intending to keep walking until about 12 o'clock, when I would stop for a meal and rest a while, and after resting, return home.

The moors were quite hilly and it took a lot of energy to climb some of the hills. I had walked about three and a half miles in the first hour and by that time the sun was shining brightly and radiating a lot of heat. It soon got so warm walking in the hot sunshine that I took off my T-shirt and singlet.

I kept plodding across the moors until about a quarter to twelve when I was on top of a hill which, when I had looked around, I found to be the highest piece of ground in that region. I decided not to go any further and spent about a quarter of an hour looking at the view all around. The moors were barren, the grass parched and the ferns withering; but far away in the distance were green fields and farmers bringing in the corn harvest.

After my picnic I lay down in the sun for quite a while and when I looked at my watch it was time to go home. I started at a slow pace so that I would get home just in time for tea. After walking for about twenty minutes the heat haze cleared and, although still hot, the air became fresh and clear. Then the sky clouded and it began to rain.

I was in the middle of a wide stretch of moorland and there was no shelter near. I put my shirt and singlet in my satchel so that I would have something dry to put on. As I walked through the rain, I realised how beautiful the rain was. I had never realised this before but I noticed how the rain changed the dry, grey rocks into wet lumps of seemingly black matter, how it brought life to the half parched grass, how it seeped into the hard, cracked ground and swelled it to soft, unbroken earth.

I had never before felt the sensation of warm rain beating down onto my bare chest and back, never before had I felt the refreshing powers, or seen the beautifully formed spectrum of light which forms in the raindrops. All these things had gone unnoticed by me before, but now I could see the wonderful powers of rain. Its power was further imprinted in my mind when I saw how the heather freshened in colour and gave out a fragrance which before it had seemed incapable of possessing. Another example of its power was the way in which the green gorse bushes with their yellow blooms gave off a sweet smell which I found quite refreshing.

The shower did not last long but when it ended I was wet and becoming quite cold, so I wiped myself in the cloth on which I had spread my picnic, and after donning my shirt and singlet, I resumed my walk.

As I walked I could almost see the grass growing and I was positive that I could see its colour changing. The rain, besides proving to me its beauty, was proving its power as it changed the parching grass into luscious green.

This walk was most enjoyable and I am glad it rained, because now I realise its power and beauty.

THE CONCERT AND THE GROUP

The applause was still in our ears as we jumped actively off the stage (quite a feat considering some boy's years) and walked to the top stage of the Town Hall. It seemed all right now, quite different from the ten days before that Tuesday, 10th March.

On March 1st, the Skiffle Group - thought they prefer to be called the Vocal Group - had decided to try and do an act for the

Scout Concert. On the Sunday we had practised, but all we could think of to do was just to try a few tunes. It was a week later, Sunday March 7th, that we settled down to practise. We had three tunes we decided to sing, but after some looking around, we got a record of a song, "Claudette". That evening we played that record about twelve times in an attempt to write down the words to learn by Tuesday. For his patience in listening and his kindness in lending his gramophone we thank Mr. Birnberg. We wrote the words down and on Monday we sang the song, having learned most of the words, also practising our other two songs, "Sugar Moon" and "Rave On". Then we hoped for the best.

On Tuesday afternoon, no-one was more nervous than our Skiffle Group. We walked on to the stage and were greeted by a heart-warming cheer. I think it was this more than anything else that made us lose the jitters and sing those half-learned songs as if we had written them.

The evening performance we now looked forward to, and after making sure of our words, we were ready. The first two songs were warmly received and we began the third, the one we knew and enjoyed singing best. Before we reached the second verse, the audience were clapping to the beat. For that encouragement and and reception of our first public appearance, we thank you all.

"LIBERTY AT THE BARRICADES"

Some sit smoking, some spin yarns,
When of a sudden from the leaden sky
"Men, to arms!" runs the cry from
The sentinels who glimpse the enemy.
Enemy? Nay, 'tis Liberty
Stoning the gates of Paris city;
In one hand the tricolour, a bayonet in the other,
She comes breast bared, hair in plaits to
Free those who have been oppress'd.
The dead and nearly-dead lie around,
And see! The blood-rich ground where
One uplifts his head above
The less fortunate that surround him.....for
His reward has come, though
Time, almost till too late was it delayed.
But he sees it, red, white, blue and
Liberty at the barricades.
