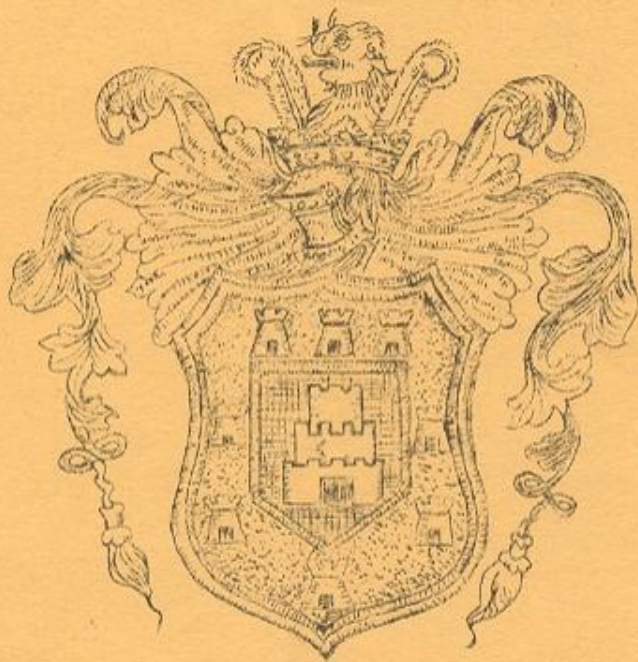


THE IVORY TURRET



No 11. July 1959

EDITORIAL.

Because of the new fixtures arranged in tennis and athletics and the high standard reached in cricket, we think the term's sport merits mention in the Editorial. It is only proper that there should not be too much emphasis laid on one game; this term, besides a full fixture-list in cricket, there have been three tennis matches and three athletics meetings. These may not seem many in comparison with the number of cricket matches (twenty four senior games) but we hope that more matches will be arranged in future years, and that tennis and athletics, as well as swimming, will be put on a more level footing with cricket. Of course, there is a danger in over-crowding the term's sporting programme. In a school of our size, the limits of an over-full programme can easily be seen; it is evident that some game will benefit at the expense of another, and this will lead to bickering and discontent. In sports, as in everything else, these must be avoided. Therefore we suggest discretion in arranging fixtures.

The widening horizons in sporting activities has been a gradual one; it has also spread throughout school activities during the year. We now play more schools in football and cricket than ever before. The number of tennis matches and athletics meetings has increased over the last three years in the ratio of one each per year. There have been formed a cycling club (which has lapsed, temporarily only we hope), a film society and a sixth form society; both continue to flourish. Reports of their activities can be found elsewhere but we commend these clubs to your notice as evidence of the growing interest which boys are showing in the College. We commend also the industry and patience of certain masters who have helped to bring about the formation of these groups.

We offer our sincere congratulations to Mr. W.Reeves and Miss Yvonne Sutton on the announcement of their engagement.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. D.E.Hodgkinson on the birth of a daughter.

R.F.White was a member of the Cornwall Public and Grammar Schools XV which toured South Wales last April.

D.C.W.Peacock has been chosen to attend the next course of the National Youth Orchestra in August.

D.C.W.Peacock has been accepted for admission to the Royal Academy of Music and Worcester College, Oxford; B.H.Robins to St. Catherine's Society, Oxford; B.R.Thomas to Southampton University; N.A.C.Cuthill to Bretton Hall Teachers Training College

N.H.Hills and J.A.G.Oliver have obtained provisional admission to Edinburgh and Bristol Universities respectively.

T.V.Neat played for Cornwall Under 15 XI against Devon and against Somerset.

R.T.Children and K.J.Merrifield have been appointed temporary sub-prefects.

Mrs. Russell, our laboratory assistant, left us at the end of the Easter term and we were very sorry to see her go. Apart from the monumental task of helping to re-organise the lab. and listing all the equipment, she quietly and willingly helped in many clerical duties particularly with exam. papers and the canteen account, which is beginning to miss her. We wish well in her new home near Sidmouth.

SALVETE.

Fifth Form.

P.R.Davis. Polperro.

Second Form.

N.Warringer. Coads Green.

VALETE.

Fourth Form.

C.E.Blunden. Entered Jan. 1959.

M.Stephens. Entered Sept. 1955.

Second Form.

N.Bowrey. Entered Sept. 1957.

DOUBLE SIX.

The excuses for consuming an amazing amount of food and coffee so kindly provided by the various hosts, this term have varied from discussions to watching television, from Ben Jonson to Arthur Miller. At the first meeting, at Mr. Harries' home, discussion began with student failure at university and ended with Mr. Birnberg reminiscing over the various people he has known who have committed suicide. For the second meeting, in Mr. Rowe's rooms, the society behaved itself a little better in front of visitors from the Plymouth branch of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and kept more to the subject, with the expected surprising opinions resulting. At the third meeting, when Mrs. Robins provided accomodation and supper, Thomas was prevented by illness from

delivering his address on Space Travel, so a general chaotic discussion was held. At the Francis' we watched Ben Jonson's "Volpone", and at the Thornes we heard Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman". Hereupon the Hon. Treasurer announced a considerable balance in hand, which the society considered undesirable to be left in the hands of next year's members, so it was decided to have a spree to Plymouth, to see "South Pacific" at the Drake Cinema. Friends were invited to fill the bus.

The meetings have provided ample opportunity for members to develop confidence and skill in arguing, and for some to learn to control their feelings. Thus the society has achieved something other than providing an entertaining evening for the members.

The club sincerely thanks its long-suffering hosts and looks forward to being entertained in other homes in the future.

POST-WAR SOCIETY.

Devonport H.S. for boys kindly acted as hosts on April 24th. for the second of this year's meetings of the society.

This meeting provoked much thought and interest by the discussion on the importance and influence of religion on our modern way of life.

The guest speakers were ably controlled by an understanding chairman. The difficulties of speaking in public on this subject seemed to me to involve some of them in the use of cliches, but there were good, provokingly simple answers.

As usual the meeting was divided into two general sections, firstly the forum and lecture and then the individual discussion groups. For us boys it seems difficult for the forum to become a complete success. Doubtless much is learnt and appreciated by listening to the learned guest speakers, but it seems to me that in public we become rather inhibited and when the cry of "Any Questions?" comes regularly after the questions have been debated, silence is the answer.

We only become ourselves in the smaller discussion groups where we are able to find our depths and allow our personal thoughts to be recognised by all present; it would seem that if more time were spent in these smaller groups everyone would leave with a feeling of having participated actively in the meeting.

The meeting ended with a social which was both amusing and enjoyable, typical of the hospitality which was shown throughout the day by members and staff of Devonport H.S..

FOLK DANCING.

With the spring upon us and the Music Festival approaching, the group practised with a will to try to keep the Courtney S Sargent cup from our rivals the Tavistock group. Unfortunately "Nibs" Mathews thought the cup should change its resting place for a while! But wait until next year, Tavistock!

Due to the numerous other attractions, it was decided to hold Wednesday meetings once a fortnight, but this arrangement had to be altered in order that dances could be prepared for two exhibitions which were given - one for the Rotary Club in Launceston and one for St. Lawrence's Hospital in Bodmin.

On July 11th. Pat Shuldham-Shaw came down from London to M.C. a party at St. Stephen's. It turned out to be the best which we have had for a long time and we all look forward to seeing him again in the not too distant future. After the Old Boys' match there is to be a dance at the College for the members of the group; and if it is only half as enjoyable as the last dance everybody should have a wonderful time.

The number of girls at present in the group outweigh the number of boys but we hope that we shall have some new members next term.

MODEL CLUB.

This is the first Summer term in which the Model club has continued to meet and the experiment has proved a great success despite the attractions of outdoor activities. The fine weather has enabled us to fly some of the aircraft constructed during the winter; the standard of work has improved steadily and special mention must be made of the good work done by Marsh of Form I.

A new branch of model making should be available next term with the gift by Lord Clifton of Lanhydrock of a large 00gauge electric model railway now housed in the old carpenter's shed.

Lack of space limits our membership and we now have a waiting list of prospective members.

PARENTS ASSOCIATION.

Circumstances have prevented the Association from holding its usual meeting this term but the College is indebted to several parents for the help freely given during the term. A special word of thanks is due to Mrs. Thorne who has organised the catering for the Association since its inception.

The Parent's cricket team suffered at the hands of the College XI on July 4th. losing by 126 runs.

There will be a Parents' meeting at the beginning of next term and we should be grateful for a good attendance then.

THE LIBRARY.

The committee once again this term have spent an enjoyable Thursday afternoon and evening writing catalogue numbers in books. The section put in order this time was the English section which numbers about 900. Unfortunately after four hours some of the cataloguers became tired and stopped working but the more patriotic members carried on after a short break, until 9.30p.m..

Several new books have entered the English, French and Spanish sections this term and have been duly catalogued; including in the English section "Waiting for Godot" by Samuel Beckett, works by D.H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, Dylan Thomas and John Steinbeck.

Interesting additions to the French section have been Mansell Jones' "Baudelaire", French Introspective and Modern French Poetry. Salvador de Madariaga's "Don Quixote" has entered the Spanish section which is the only adequate section.

A new method for withdrawing books has been devised; there is a separate book for each subject. The guiding hand of Mr. Jones this term has continued its steady influence.

MUSIC

At the end of this term, as is customary, a concert will be given - this time in the Town Hall. We are fortunate in having as a guest artist Mr. Kenneth Tucker of Penfound Manor. We must mention here how grateful to him we are for his gift of music to the College. The programme will be of great variety and will include the Bach Brandenburg Concerto in D and Mozart's Symphony in G Minor (No.40).

We feel that here we should make mention on the Launceston Society of Arts which held its inaugural meeting in April. Apparently it was decided that it was not possible to make tickets at a reduced cost available to students. We regret this decision, for this Society could have been in many ways a finishing school, not only for the boys at this College, but also for the boys and girls at other schools in the district.

There is little more to add except to say that rehearsals, interrupted by the exams, are now in full swing and we hope for a

good audience on July 27th.

LAUNCESTON MUSIC FESTIVAL

For a week during May the Town Hall was filled, unfortunately not with people, but with the cold calculating air of competition. A section of the audience reminded on of the professional clientele of racecourse. Their cushions, knitting needles, cups of tea, programmes and sandwiches were substitutes for shooting sticks race cards and jellied eels. They seemed to carry the same bored indifferent expression of the punter, calmly awaiting the result, pencil poised over card.

An exception must be made to this general impression, for on the day of the folk-dancing there was a more genial atmosphere - this however is reported under the appropriate section.

Our producer chose, for the 'Scene from Shakespeare' class, one of the more sanguinary episodes from King Lear. The scenery was modern and cubistic and everybody worked hard to realise a polished performance. The adjudication was very disappointing, not because the marks awarded were not high, but rather because it seemed to be unconstructive. To describe Neat's cries of anguish as his eyes were plucked out as 'interesting noises' was not helpful and very unkind. In the elocution and choral speaking classes our entries maintained their customary high standard.

In the music section the entries in the junior string classes had risen considerably, in quantity and quality, and the junior orchestra played extremely well considering that the majority of the players had been learning for less than a year. For this and all the many other things she has done for the College recently we give a sincere thank-you to Miss Sutton.

The senior orchestra played movements from Haydn's 'London' Symphony, Handel's 'Faithful Shepherd' and his Concerto Grosso No.6. In these classes we gained such comments as 'rhythmic ensemble good', 'general standard of intonation good' and 'minor parts not always strong enough to achieve good balance'. In view of this latter criticism Mrs. Rees and Mrs. Littlewood of Bideford are going to augment the cello section at the end of term concert.

High standards were set by the senior soloists and it was pleasing to note that there were several examples of promising talent amongst the juniors. Peacock achieved the distinction of winning the 'Spencer Toy' Cup for the fifth year in succession.

The task of an adjudicator is never an easy one. Too often he has too little time at his disposal and to say the right things

to please everyone is impossible. But again the general feeling was that the criticisms were not sufficiently constructive.

A.T.C.

The A.T.C. has, during this last term, continued its well worn path every Friday. Classes have met regularly and lately, because of the heat, uniform has not been compulsory. Cadets Bowyer and White have been promoted to Corporal and since White has been awarded a flying scholarship and Hicks has been selected to go on a gliding course, special congratulations to them. Both of these will take place during the coming holidays.

On 31st May the annual A.O.C.'s inspection took place at R.A.F. St. Mawgan when Air Marshall Sir John T. Tremayne K.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O. took the salute. We were blessed with a fine day and plenty of flying in Shackleton Mk. 11 C's which, we were assured, had all the equipment of a Mk. 111 and was the equivalent of a Mk. 111.

Most cadets had a chance to see how sharp their eyes were when we were shooting with .22 rifles in the Drill Hall. Cpl. Screech produced the best score with four bulls and an inner from his five rounds. Some new equipment in the shape of new tools arrived this term and P/O Tunbridge has been instructing some cadets in their use.

Camp this year takes place at R.A.F. St. Athan in South Wales. This is a large station containing many types of aircraft, so that hopes of flying are high. There is also a very fine swimming pool there. N.B. Cadets should hand in their signed permission forms and 2/6 if they wish to attend camp.

A new addition to our instructors arrived last week, namely Chief Technician Kersley who entertained us with the beauties and complexities of the sparking systems of the piston and turbo-jet aero engines. Cadet Officer Goldring lectured us on life at the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, illustrating his talk with slides.

Most of the N.C.O.'s of the Squadron are leaving at the end of this term, so there are a number of vacancies to be filled by some keen cadets. N.B. The age at which one may join the A.T.C. is 14. The benefits are to be seen above and any person wishing to enjoy them should go and see Mr. Francis or Mr. Tunbridge.

THE SCOUT TROOP

Scouting is essentially an outdoor activity and this term we have been blessed with weather more suitable for nights in the open than we have had for many seasons, and we have made the best of the opportunities offered.

At the beginning of the term a swarm of scouts were to be seen at the far field hedge swarming up and down a tree with a maze of ropes and pulleys which finally turned into a spectacular aerial runway. It was left to the scoutmaster to make the first descent and we can report that he landed safely.

Just before half-term the wilds of Dartmoor were blessed with a visit of 8 scouts engaged in walking from Okehampton to Yelverton spending the night in tents en route. There have been a number of weekend training camps at Trecarrell Mill at which a number of new scouts have had their first taste of camping. A great deal was learnt, most of it enjoyably. We are grateful to Mr. Evans for allowing us the use of the site.

As for achievements, Counter and Dent completed a two day hike, following the river Inney, to win their First Class Badge; on top of this Counter has gained his Scout Cord. Counter, Gay, Vanstone and Davey J. should now have a better appreciation of the fine arts of Chef after having gained their cook's badge.

Preparations for the summer camp at Trebartha Hall are going ahead, and with several new willing helpers and the possible absence of all cosmic influence, we are looking forward to fine weather and an instructive time.

THE FILM SOCIETY

There have been four shows this term which means, in the numerical sense, that this society is flourishing, thriving and full of possibilities for the future. 'Moulin Rouge' was the first film shown followed later by 'The Cruel Sea' which was lapped up by those who hadn't lived on it; the showing of 'Hamlet', once a switch had been turned up and the film run at the correct speed, reassured us that Shakespeare does not always need notes to be understood. Lastly we saw 'The Ladykillers' a piece of light entertainment enjoyed by everyone.

-Pennygillan and particularly Horwell have given us valuable support, and our thanks are due to Noall and Broadbent who have acted as projectionist and doorkeeper. Mr. Birnberg, the driving force behind the enterprise, is to be congratulated and thanked

for his determination, for without it the society might never have started. Next term he threatens to be more ambitious and to launch out into films which cannot normally be seen at local cinemas.

CRICKET.

This term's cricket has been looked forward to with considerable interest throughout the winter months. The majority of last year's team was still here to form the nucleus of what was expected to be a good side. Apart from two sad and memorable lapses, this optimism proved to be justified.

Up to the time of writing, of the twenty two matches played 16 have been won, 3 drawn, 1 tied and two lost, a very favourable record for any school or club side. As last year the matches have been both for the Club XI, captained by Mr. Reeves, and for the Ist. XI, captained by Peacock. Of the two matches lost, one was a Club XI and the other a Ist. XI game.

An interesting point, which became very marked as the season wore on, was the difference in the standard of fielding in some of the matches. Sometimes verging on the brilliant, it sometimes dragged the very depths. The worst example of fielding by any College side for years was shown in the first match with Werrington, where there were at least six dropped catches. In the following match it improved no end, and it was probably a good thing for the team that it was decisively beaten by Werrington, at that early stage of the season.

The number of runs scored so far this season is far more than last year's total, and it may be noted that four of the Ist, XI bats have come to grief in varying degrees, and two have had to be discarded completely. Peacock and Childs have been the main run getters in the side and both are expected to reach the 400 mark before the end of the season- a very creditable achievement.

Of the bowlers, C. Neat heads the list, and at the time of printing has 67 wickets. He is followed by Hicks who has 42 victims to his credit, and it is hoped that he will reach his half-century by the close of the season. It is towards the bowlers that a great deal of credit for a successful season must be directed for on several occasions, with not a great deal of runs behind them, they have brought quite creditable victories.

To return to the improvement in the College batting, we are sure that this in a large measure due to the increased use of the concrete practice wicket, and the members of the team would

like to express their very sincere thanks to the parents who made it possible to lay a concrete run-up for the bowlers.

RESULTS.

College v Holsworhty.

College 107(Reeves 46, Peacock 15, Hicks 12. Martin
5 for 16.)

Holsworhty 21(Budden 14 no, Hicks 7for 3)

v Werrington.

Werrington 156-7dec(N.Martyn 69no, Shopland 31, Stanbury
29)

College 33.

v Launceston II.

Launceston 77(Harris 20, Emmett 12, Cleverdon 25no.
Peacock 4-20, Hicks 4-28.)

College 77(Peacock 20, Hills 14, Reeves 13. Teut 5-8)

v Camelford G.S.

College 86(Noall 21, C. Neat 17. Shattock 8-37)

Camelford 55(Rush 15. White 4-8, Hicks 4-20)

v Bude G.S.

College 181-7dec(Hills 40, Childs 36, T. Neat 28,
Peacock 24)

Bude 57(Tape 13, Spry 12. C. Neat 4-6, Peacock 2-8)

v Shebbear College.

College 96(White 25no, C. Neat 24)

Shebbear 63(Cowey 18no. White 6-II)

v Plymouth.

College 131-7dec(Childs 56, T. Neat 29, Peacock 18)

Plymouth 96-7(Davies 37no, Harries 21, Rowe 12)

v Gunnislake.

College 147-8dec(White 33, Peacock 32, Reeves 28no
C. Neat 22)

Gunnislake 34(C. Neat 6-4, White 3-6)

v County Police.

College 203-7dec(White 91, Peacock 32, Reeves 28no,
C. Neat 12)

Police 81-9(Hobbs 30, Williams 18. Reeves 5-28. C. Neat
4-20)

v Sutton H.S.

Sutton 78(McDougall 24n.o. Wills 17 C. Neat 6-37)

College 60(Peacock 20 Elling 13 Owens 6-17)

College v H.J.Harts XI

College I42-5dec(Harries55 T.Neat 35 Hills I8)

H.J.Harts XI IIA(Floyd 22 Manning 22 Martyn I7

White 4-23 C.Neat 4-24)

v Parents/Staff

College 205-6dec(Peacock 83Childs 56 Hendy 25)

P/S 79 (Young25 KinsmanI3 C.Neat 4-I4 Peacock2-4)

v Werrington.

WerringtonIO2(N.Martyn32 Dingle2I C.Neat8-30)

CollegeIC4-9(Hills26 T.Neat25n.o. Bowles6-45)

vTavistock School.

Tavistock IO5(Craze37 Lethbridge23 C.Neat5-30)

College IO6-3(Peacock37n.o. T.Neat28 HillsI7)

v Milton Abbott.

Milton Abbott53(TaylorI8 C.Neat8-2I)

College 55-2(Harries20n.o. ChildsI7 T.NeatI6n.o.)

v Rilla Mill75 for 9 dec.

Rilla Mill75-9dec(Ham24 PalmerII Hicks4-I9)

College76-4(Childs5I Hills20)

v Lifton

College IO5-7dec(Peacock54 Reeves2I HarriesI7

Hart5-47)

Lifton95(FVanstone47 G.Vanstone24)

v Devonport H.S.

Devonport56(RyderI6 Hicks5-II C.Neat4-2I)

College 57-I(Childs 35n.o. HillsI9)

v Launceston

College I52(Peacock3I T.Neat28 Elling26n.o.Hills23)

LauncestonI32(Coomber 20 NichollsI8n.o. White4-22)

v Compass

Compass70(NichollsI9 White5-20 PowellI5-27)

College 7I-I(Childs 44n.o. Hills20.)

vTax Office

College IO0-6dec.(C.Neat27 Harries23 WerringI6n.o.)

Tax Office63-6 (Moresworthy23 Vincent I7

Peacock 3-9 C.Neat 2-I2)

v Wainhouse Corner

College 70(Reeves23 Childs 20 Jones6-27)

Wainhouse6I (Prout23n.o. JonesI4 C.Neat7-33)

COLTS CRICKET.

This has not been a strong side. A cricket team should be well balanced, with variety in the bowling and consistency in the batting, and a high standard of fielding. We have lacked opening pace bowlers; the spinners Powell and Dent looked sound and played well, and Goss hit lustily at times, but the rest of the batsmen will need to practise hard to improve their technique if this Colts team is to become the First Eleven in a few years time.

A team can often make up for lack of high quality in bowling and batting by keenness in the field. Aggressive fielding will prevent runs from being scored, and that is just as effective as scoring runs oneself. Our fielding was rather sluggish; we never really made opposing batsmen feel that short singles were a form of suicide. The catching improved and several good catches were taken at Tavistock. Gillbard kept wicket very well.

A word of praise for Powell, who captained without fuss but with authority and played extremely well.

RESULTS

COLLEGE v Bude G.S.

College 78-9dec(Powell123 Goss13)

Bude 46 (Lewis 5-10 Powell12-9)

v Shebbear

Shebbear 95(Lewis 8-31)

College 70

v Sutton H.S.

College 65(Powell115 Dent 13 Young10)

Sutton69-7(Lewis 3-19 Powell 4-21)

vTavistock

College85(Powell134 Dent 14)

Tavistock48 (Lewis 6-21 Powell 4-28)

TENNIS

It is true to say that tennis in the School has for many years been sadly neglected. This year there has been a revival, both of the sport and of interest in the sport.

We feel that a great deal of credit for this is due to Mr. Hodgkinson. We are very grateful for the encouragement and help which he has given.

In past years the School Tennis Team has suffered heavy defeats in the preliminary rounds of the Meare's Cup, the inter-schools tennis tournament. But in this year's competition the Four

excelled themselves by beating St. Austell G.S. by three matches to one. This match was exciting both for the spectators and for the players themselves. The School side although playing on their home ground failed at first to show the superiority which they displayed towards the end of the match. Both fours appeared to be well matched, for at the end of the first half the score was one match each. The School first pair, Cuthill and Childs lost their first match to the St. Austell first pair, but found no difficulty in beating the second pair.

Meanwhile White and Williams had beaten their opposite numbers and then went on to win a very good match against the first pair. Their volleying and net-play was extremely good, and they deservedly clinched the match.

In the next round of the competition we were drawn against Cornwall Technical College but they were unable to raise a team, and we were given a bye. This meant that we were now drawn against Penzance G.S. in the semi-final. The match resulted in a 4-0 win for Penzance who will now meet Truro School in the final.

The third match of the season was played against Devonport H.S. At the suggestion of the High School a tennis four was sent to Plymouth with the Cricket team. Owing to the versatility of several members of the tennis team there were changes which had to be made. The Devonport courts were grass and this gave us new and valuable experience, as we had been playing on hard courts previously. The wet grass was slippery but it did not altogether mar our tennis and it was good to see that the new members of the side did very well. The final result was a win for the College by three matches to one.

SWIMMING

For a school with a pool within a stonethrow, the College has not been remarkable for its swimming. But something of a revolution took place when several senior boys this term actually volunteered to teach newcomers to swim. And with some success; for some half-dozen or so boys who could not put "swimmer" to their name before, can now justifiably do so, and others have made brave, if somewhat breathing attempts at becoming waterbound.

In the Cornish Swimming Certificate Tests, the following were successful:

Advanced: Bowyer, Graham, Griffin, Thomas B.

Long Distance: Chapman D, Deacon Griffin Heppel Venning.

Elementary: Berryman, Chapman, D, R.Gribble, Heppel, Sims, Vanstone, Venning.

Swimming Sports are expected to be held in the last week of term. Nine boys have been regularly attending classes for Lifesaving given by Miss Ashbury of Horwell.

SPORTS DAY.

This year we were fortunate in that the Cosmic Evil brooding over the outdoor activities of one of the members of staff, was apparently kindly disposed, and the sun shone for the whole of the afternoon. It was extremely pleasing to see so many parents, friends and tennis enthusiasts, who came along to watch the many events.

There was this year a great improvement in the field events, but they are still well below standard. The track events were of a fairly high standard although few records were broken. The most exciting event of the afternoon was the Senior Relay in which Ralph just managed to beat Turner at the end of the last leg.

It was soon clear that Turner were going to win, and interest moved to the keen competition between Hardy and Ralph for second place. Ralph eventually emerged on top due to their success in the relay.

After the Sports many of the spectators stayed to enjoy the excellent tea supplied by the P.T.A.

RESULTS

High Jump.	Ist. Graham.	2nd. White	3rd. Screech.	5-2 $\frac{1}{2}$
888. Open.	Sandercock	Neat & White (tied)		2mins 18
100YDS	Screech	Cuthill	Neat	11.6
220Yds.	Neat	Screech	Sandercock	26 secs
440Yds.	Graham	Neat	Sandercock	57secs
Mile.	Graham	Sandercock	Williams	5m.5.2s
Discus	Prince	Griffin	Callaby	78'11"
Javelin.	White	Bowyer	Callaby	128'2"
Shot.	White	Griffin	Callaby	32'8"
Long Jump.	Peacock	Neat	Hicks	17' 0"
Relay.	Ralph	Turner	Hardy	51.2s.
Inter.				
100yds.	Maguire	Broadbent	Powell	11.7s.
220 Yds.	Maguire	Broadbent	Powell	26s.
440 Yds.	Maguire	Cudmore	Moore	59.5s
880 Yds.	Goss	Cudmore	Flockton	2m.26s.

High Jump	Christopher	Tann	Neat	4'8"
Long Jump	Broadbent	Flockton	Murphy	14'5"
Discus	Neat	Broadfoot	Hendy	83'9"
Javelin	Hendy	Davey	Flockton	108'4"
Shot	Hendy	Broadfoot	Vanstone	29'4"
<u>Colts</u>				
100Yds.	Sims	Burnett	Biddlecombe	13secs.
220Yds.	Burnett	Biddlecombe	Sims	30.Is.
440Yds.	Stayte	Dawe	Berryman	67.7s.
High Jump.	Hoskin	Burnett & Coombes		4'1"
Long Jump.	Burnett	Hoskin	Chudleigh	13'1"
Discus.	Bradshaw	Burnett	Berryman	68'10"
Javelin.	Burnett	Chudleigh	Stayte	71'11"
Shot.	Hoskin	Cook	Stephens	23'7"

ATHLETICS

Apart from our annual Sports Day, we have had three inter-school athletics matches this term. This is some achievement. They have been spread evenly over the term with two main purposes in mind: firstly to give some opportunity to those, no good at Cricket, of distinguishing themselves and secondly to keep the athletes in fairly continually training.

Results have been encouraging, particularly in our weakest events, the field events. More are becoming proficient at throwing, fewer are doing the "scissors". There is a long way to go. Records - though one is ashamed to call them such - are beginning to be beaten.

Organising this form of sport is a long and weary business and the school has reason to be very grateful to the few - alas all too few - boys who have worked very hard. The track - with 6 lanes - has had to be laid out three times; many hours have been spent sifting, carting and laying cinders at the jumps; a concrete throwing circle has been laid. Sandercock and Graham gave up much of their time to do this and to them and to those who helped - "Thank you very much". In addition it would not be out of place to thank all the masters who helped to make athletics afternoons run so smoothly by giving up their time to judge the events.

For the record we came third in the match with St. Austell and Newquay, scoring more points than last year (Tourle, where were you?), we lost once again to Tavistock G.S. (Tourle, etc.), and we had a very enjoyable, non-competitive match with Bude G.S. and Camelford G.S.

HOUSE- MATCHES

This term it was decided to play the Senior house matches early in the term, firstly in order that they could each be played on one day, and secondly that they might afford some good practice for Ist. and potential Ist. team players. They succeeded in doing this- but at a cost to the cricket. One cannot play these matches seriously without some previous practice, was the predominant opinion. Yet they were expected to give practice! Alas! the only practice one got was to go through all the motions of playing cricket without any true feeling of enjoyment. It had to be done and it was done- perfunctorily and with a sense of boredom.

Are house matches of any real use? Again the general opinion is that they are not. One can rarely, if ever, take them seriously, because it is extremely difficult to evoke the necessary feeling of regarding one's opponents as "enemies". If not played seriously they become slap-stick sport; and if taken seriously they result in bad sportsmanship and ill-feeling towards one's fellows. Are they worth this?

SENIOR

Hardy v Turner:

Turner batted first and were dismissed for 27 runs. This seemed a paltry total, but Hardy found some difficulty in winning. A sudden collapse in the batting evened the chances but eventually Hardy hit off the runs with three wickets to spare.

Hardy v Ralph:

This was going to be an easy match for Ralph! Hardy batted first and surprisingly scored 52 runs. Ralph, with apparently superior batting potential, started badly but Coall, who scored 22, saved the side from heavier defeat. He was helped in this by some lusty tail-end hitting but Ralph failed to win by four runs.

Ralph v Turner:

Ralph dismissed Turner for another low score. 32 runs this time. Childs and White then batted well to give Ralph a ten wicket win.

INTERMEDIATE

Mainly due to the weakness of the Hardy team these matches were not as exciting as they might have been. Against Turner, Hardy were out for 16 and against Ralph for 21, but because of

good bowling and rash hitting both teams had anxious moments as their best batsmen failed. In the end both teams won by 5 wickets.

The Turner-Ralph match was much more of a game. Ralph batted first and after being 79-3, collapsed and were all out for 37. Turner then went for the runs and with some luck won by 5 wickets in about an hour.

JUNIOR

The junior matches were more notable for their enthusiasm than their skill. This is the second year that house matches have been confined to the members of the two lowest forms, and it is difficult yet to say whether the experiment is a success.

Young boys get a chance of playing in the games, but the standard of play is lower. In time, the experience gained may prove worthwhile.

Turner had no real difficulty in winning both their matches - they were the best team - though Hardy's performance was very disappointing.

Results.

Hardy 23 Turner 29-2.
Turner 62-5dec. Ralph 42.
Hardy 23 Ralph 29-7.

SEVENS

Earlier this term a depleted College seven went to compete in the County Rugby Competition at Carborne.

We lost to Penzance G.S. in the first round by ten points to five. They were the better side and deserved their victory, but our chances of winning would have been greatly increased if our best threequarters had been available, but unfortunately they could not be released from a very important orchestra practice.

The standard of rugby was very high and the games were always fast and exciting. Cornwall Technical College were the eventual winners of the competition, and worthily so.

HORWELL BOWL

As far as can be estimated at present Turner have once again won the Horwell Bowl. The final points placings have not been worked out fully, but we offer our congratulations to Turner on a very fine all round year on the sportsfield.

NEXT TERM'S CALENDAR.

Sept. 10th.	Term Begins
Sat. 12th.	Launceston Ist(A) 2nd.(H)
Sat. 19th.	Tavistock (A) Ist & Colts.
Thu. 24th.	Sutton (A) Ist.
Oct.	
Sat. 3rd.	Newquay(A) Ist & Colts.
Wed. 7th.	R.A.F. Lecture. 3p.m.
Thu. 8th.	Cathedral School (H) Ist & Colts.
Sat 17th.	Devonport H.S. (H) Ist & Colts.
Sat. 24th.	North Devon Tech. (H) Ist & U.I6.
Nov.	
Wed. 4th.	Speech Day.
.. " -	Half-term begins at 4p.m.
Tue. 10th.	School re-opens.
Wed. 11th.	County Trial.
Wed. 18th.	Truro (A) Ist & Colts.
Thu. 26th.	Redruth (H) Ist & Colts.
Dec.	
Thu. 3rd.	Shebbear (H) Ist & Colts.
Sat. 12th.	Launceston Ist (H) 2nd. (A)
Thu. 17th.	Old Boys
Sat. 19th.	North Devon Tech. (A) Ist & U.I6. Old Boy's Dinner.
Tue. 22nd.	Term Ends.

BOARDING VACANCIES

Old Boys and friends of the College may well be interested to learn that it is now possible for parents to send their children to the College, providing their children have satisfied the requirements of the "II+" examination, if and when there are vacancies in the Boarding House here. Parents who do so pay for the boy's tuition which is, of course, free. There are at present a few vacancies and application should be made direct to J.G. Harries, Esq., County Hall, Truro, from whom full details may be had. The Headmaster is naturally anxious to help all Old Boys and others who have connections with the College and who have boys whom they would like to come here.

OLD BOYS NEWS

Marriages.

CONGDON- D.G.Congdon to Susan Fletcher on Dec 28th 1958 at Nyncehead, Nr. Wellington.

STACEY- A.E.Stacey to Sheila Hunting on 28th March at Launceston
GYNN- R.W.H.Gynn to Doris Perkinon 4th March at Bude.
MENEER- H.C.Meneer to Patricia Trigger on 4th April at Ruthin.
HICKS- H.J. Hicks to Robina Palmer at Burnham-on Crouch on 4th
April
STEPHEN- M.J.Stephen to Greta Hill on 18th May at Camelford.
STEPHEN- E.G.Stephen to Pamela Hooper on 30th May at Altarnun.

BIRTHS

CONGDON- to Rita, wife of P.J.Congdon, a daughter.
JENKIN- to Margaret, wife of V.Jenkin, a son.
COTTON- to Rita, wife of D.Cotton, a son.
SYMONS- to Margaret, wife of .M.Symons, a son.
COPP - to Annette, wife of M.T.Copp, a daughter.
BLAZE- to Christine, wife of G.Blaze, a son.
CROOKE- to Margaret, wife of R.Crooke, a son.

M.G.Frost is getting married at Northampton on Aug.22nd:
next term he will be teaching (History in form I!) at Stratford-on
-Aven G.S. K.J.Robins is going to teach at Lowestoft G.S. and J.H.
Ward at Plaistow(London) G.S. B.E. England is still at R.A.F.
Locking. J.C.Taskes is in South America: his address, CAIXA 1013,
Rio de Janeiro, Brasil. D.G.Congdon is with the Mercantile Credit
Company, in Exeter. G.Towl, 31 Christine Avenue, Rushwich, Worcs.
and with the Mining Engineering Company, is seriously ill in a
London Hospital. J.Leshirel is at Siemens and will probably be
going abroad in the Autumn. R.T.Philips is working for British
Railways, and M.P.hilips is in the Toronto Police Force.

Percy Hurden 25 Queen's Road, Twickenham, the organiser of
thr London group of Old Boys is anxious to get in touch with any
Old Boys in the London area and particularly would like to know
the addresses of the following: Len Harris, John Turner, the
brothers Miles, Johnnie Uglow, and Bill and Johnnie Lea.

REMEMBER! The Group meets at the Chandos at Whitsun 1960.

COLOURS

Cricket Colours have been awarded to the following:
White, T.Neat, Henty, Elling.

We offer our congratulations to them all.

LATE NEWS

Due to the fact that we are printing rather later than was originally anticipated we are now able to complete the report on the terms cricket.

The Ist XI had two further matches, one against Menheniot and another against the Old Boys. In the first match the College scored 167-7dec, Childs 55, Peacock 29, White 26, Hendy 23n.o., and Menheniot had scored 97-9 at the close of play, after having been at one time 81-2. The Old Boys did not have a full team for their match and so three boys were persuaded to "leave" a few days early, and make up the side. They were Peacock, White and B.Robins. This gave the Old Boys a very good side for the eight already playing were: K.J.Robins, M.G.Frost, M.J.Keatt, B.J.Foley, J.R.Stratton, G. Vanstone, J.Wadgeand M.Lake.

The Old Boys batted first and scored 113 runs.White made 30, Foley 23 and Peacock 19. The College then had to score at about a run a minute to win. This they did thanks to yet another half-century by Childs, 17n.c. byHendy and 17 by T.Neat, with about five minutes to spare.

The Colts had another match, this time against Lewdown Youth Club. The College batted first and scored 96 (Powell 45, Dent 16). Lewdown then put on 60 for the first wicket and were 89-5 with 25 minutes to go, but they had a sudden collapse and were all out for 93, which gave the College a victory by 3 runs. A very exciting game.

Of the twenty four matches played, 17 have been won, 4drawn, 2 lost and one tied. We must apologise to Childs for underestimating his cricketing ability, for in the full report we said that we hoped he would get 400 runs. In the last two matches he has scored two half centuries and has now a total of 502. Peacock, the second largest scorer of the season only played for the College in one more game but still obtained 416 runs. Of the bowlers C.J.Neat has taken 73 wickets, Hicks 43, and White 37. Congratulations to them all. A very encouraging observation is that all but two will still be here next season. The two leaving are Peacock and White.

The editors record their deep and abiding thanks to all those who have written, typed, proofed, turned, folded and stapled this magazine. For without their willing and unselfish help it could not have been completed. Thank you one and all.

THE CORK-TIPPED FLY.

Last night the sun was shining bright
I met a cork-tipped fly,
And as it swam into the light
It dropped a heavy sigh. (on its toe).

His wife, with fountain-pen in hand
Was chopping down a bun,
And while she smoked it on the sand
She chewed her six-eyed son (orange flavour.)

The daughter of the cork-tipped fly
Was shaving in the sea;
She cleaned her teeth with cold pork pie
And washed in T.C.P. (obtainable from all good
chemists.)

The moral of these few short lines
Is very plain to see-
That madmen come in different kinds
Including ones like me (banana flavour.)

Don't be a good, good little man
But be a bad boy whenever you can,
Sail on the sea of devil-may-care
With the locks of a maiden dangling fair.

Lift the heart of the dulling grind
Loose the cares of a Christian mind
Run with the wind of Satan's breath
To the yawning pit of fiery death.

Free the spirit, unbind the feet
Climb the hill to the Judgement Seat
Sit with the teeth of scornful pride
And spit in the face of Christ Who died.

I shivered as I tried to get further under the tree; another
flash lit the countryside, its ragged edges forming a forked
brilliance across the black, foreboding heavens. Then a terrible
crash of thunder rent the inky darkness asunder, and the rain

came down even harder, like a sheet of semi-transparent material in front of my face. No leaves could stand such a hammering, and and gradually the rain began to leak through, slowly at first, then, with increasing rapidity, the rain poured down upon me. It was no good; I should have to make a dash for it. I launched myself to jump the ditch, but alas, I did not notice the roots of that tree; I picked myself out of the ditch, by now soaked to the skin. I blundered on, my feet floating on little lakes in my shoes, my black suit brown, my hair bearing a remarkable resemblance to grass in March. Another flash raced across the sky, each prong trying to catch the one in front. I raced into the house as the next clap of thunder shook it to its foundations.

DESPAIR.

Life is dull here now, the king is a libertine and my mother died last week. I hope to see you in the spring, dear Emily, the garden looks so lovely then. My brother was killed last week, you know what these things are, but the goat is still the same, and the cat has found a mate. My uncle was here last week, seemed a nice sort of chap, funny he got murdered like that. Please give my regards to your parents, I hope your mother is out of the asylum by now, and your father has'nt broken his other leg yet.

I don't think I can write much more now Emily, my hand is stiff, and the pain is spreading up my arm. My head seems heavy and I've lost the circulation in my legs, my lips are cold and my mind seems to be slowing down, I think I'll go upstairs to lie down now, sometimes it is easier that way.

A BRIEF RESPITE FROM HUNGER.

When the sun broke over the little world of Jimmy Clinge that morning, he had already been up for an hour and a half. He had to be first on the beach this morning; he had never known such a gale in all his years of beach-combing. When he had seen those ominous black clouds gathering the night before he turned out the old hurricane lamp early, crawled under the sacks, which were his sheets, and tried to sleep; but the gale came quicker than he ever imagined. All night long, he pulled the sacks up round his head to keep out the terrible noise of the rollers crashing their way up the rock-strewn beach. Jimmy almost rubbed his hands with joy; the wreck-wood

which would be washed up would pay for his food and oil for a month - "Just think of it, a month without begging," he chuckled to himself. Although the wind which blew in through the holes in the shack shrammed him to the marrow, and the far-flung spray from the raging seas leaked onto him through the slats in the roof, he was inwardly very happy. But he knew that he must be out before sunrise to beat the other two to it.

And so it was, that morning, that Jimmy was running over the rock-strewn beach, picking up wreck-wood as he went. It was not yet light, and the half-gale which was still blowing prevented him from using the rusty old lamp. His feet were battered and bruised as his ragged shoes offered little or no resistance to the rocks over which he was continually tripping. Every time his arms were full, he stumbled back to his shack, stacking the timber in a neat pile inside. When the sun broke through the stormy clouds on the eastern horizon, it shone on a dirty, oil-spattered Jimmy rolling an enormous oil-drum up the beach; with Jimmy, anything gained meant a temporary respite from semi-starvation. He was more pleased with the oil-drum than he had ever been with any of his other "finds"; he could exchange the oil alone for at least enough bread and cheese to last him another fortnight - the local store-keeper would be very pleased with this. At last Jimmy rolled the drum up to the door of the shack, pushed it to one side, and sank down onto his sack bed, happy in the knowledge that in these little bits of timber and that drum of oil, he had food for a month. His feeble little body tossed a few times, his eyes closed and soon he was dreaming of his ultimate luxury - blue cheese on a lovely thick step of newly baked bread. -The sea had saved Jimmy from starvation for the umpteenth time.

It was a cold winter morning when young Splondike entered the College grounds. He came in ready for a hard day's work slogging at schoolwork. This morning he realised he was letting himself flow and woke up to the facts of life. The familiar pinnacled shape of the Ivory Turret no longer seemed to be the symbol and source of all love, happiness and knowledge in the world. Revolutionary thoughts stirred in his noddle. He had the feeling that the masters were suppressing all pleasure from his life; he was being watched over and used for the purposes of a superior sect. He had the idea that the Ivory Turret would crush him if he made one false step. The prefects were there -everywhere- to pounce on anyone acting against the well-being of the school.

Splondike suddenly remembered the Scout meeting he had to

attend that evening, a movement that was supposed to direct all one's energies to the benefit of the school. Later on in life other societies would draw him in, keeping him on the right track; the A.T.C. or the Seniors.

On the whole, he considered himself relatively lucky. The boarders, the "higher" set, were severely restricted in everything, all thoughts to the upkeep of the school. You were continually kept in a state where it was not beneficial to rebel.

The terrors of being reprimanded, suddenly came to Splondike. Could the dreaded prefects and the masters read your thoughts? He hurried into the building however and began his life of pretence.

Not much time went by before trouble began. Master Tunglow made him feel silly. A lecture and a punishment would put him back on the track. Splondike felt that his days were numbered. The demure maidens of Horwell hinted that he should rebel despite all punishment. How could he go out on Tuesday when the Scout meeting must be attended? As it was he had to make detours on community hikes.

Splondike felt uneasy when the prefects began to keep a watch on him. Had life always been like this at College, a life of hatred? How could Mr. Uxbridge know that two and two made five when Splondike knew that they made four. (He had only found that out then).

One day Splondike found himself capable of rebelling. He found himself in possession of a commodity only the masters were allowed to possess: chalk. In the midst of the great preparations for Speech Day beneath the posters listing scholarly duties he wrote his thoughts.

He had grown a hatred of the Scouts and the Headmaster; so, it seemed to Splondike, had another fellow by the name of Wereng. A message was given by him to Splondike that he would receive a book, a black one!

A chill belted up his spine as he opened it. He didn't reckon on the subtle methods of the prefects; those guardians of the non-existent rules.

He wrote down his confessions in the book, signed it and was bundled off to the punishment rooms, to be interrogated, punished, and beaten into loving the school.

The next thing he knew he was being hounded up the stairs by Mr. Tunglow. A door slammed and the painful interrogation began. A few slaps and the questions were fired. e.g. Who killed cock robin? and When did you see your father last?.....

The kindly face of interrogator Mr. Sevear and the healthy face of Mr. Hairraiser the sports instructor met his gaze as he opened his eyes, writhing on the floor. It was agony.

Questions were asked until he could no longer be certain whet-

Way.

her to answer yes or no. What could he do to resist, or at least relieve the pain? He accused everyone of perverting him, even the dinner staff that they poisoned his brain, but in his inner mind he still knew he was right.

His mind now became more viscous after more beatings by Jeno. Mr. Tunglow convinced his outer mind that scouting was worthwhile. (With the help of prefect Revilo).

The twisted truth of the masters was slowly perverting and contorting his mind. The torture almost killed him; not quite. They didn't want to finish him off; not yet.

Splondike gathered the next session would decide whether he was ready for deporting to the dreaded room where his rehabilitation would be completed. The thing he hated most would operate on him in that room.

They released him for an hour or so to get some dinner in the dining room, then the ominous form of the prefect on dinner duty came over to him and helped him through the door.

The dreaded room, the Headmaster's room. He was in it at last. He walked onto the mat, got six of the best and a gruelling lecture on discipline.

At last he found he loved the Scouts. He also loved the Headmaster.

We strolled along a narrow path; it was rough but what matter? Loose divots, snake-like roots, entangling brambles, we made our way, half-noticing these and never talking. We waded through thigh-high rushes, zig-zagged across the shoe-worn slabs of stone in the shallow, icy stream; under a curving branch which seemed to bow in obeisance before us. Then, leaving the rippling shade we walked across a grass cushion which yielded invitingly, caressing our feet to the right, some trees; we made for these; the sun shone with such brilliance that the shade suddenly seemed darkness and the forms of the trees loomed sinister about us. The intense, blue-white light outside shed a Van Goghian aura over the grass and sky and air and even the sounds from the river became merged, so that it seemed as if the trees and the grass and the stream were in the same place, together, and that we were everywhere, not just sitting amongst the birch and the willows.

THE BRITISH PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Come on, blast you! Up you fool!
This is a British Public School.
Seven o'clock and you're still in bed
I say old chap, show a leg!
Back with the clothes, out, my lad!
Breath in at the window, ah! by gad.

Swimming trunks on away we go
Just a quick walk through the snow,
And then, how serene, how nice,
Who's the first to break the ice.
Splash, splash, splash, in we go,
Absolutely terrific, Oh! what ho!

Back to breakfast really awake,
What's to eat- Tomato and steak?
Nothing so fine. We live it rough.
Eggs that are hard, bacon that's tough.
This is the British life, we're told
Their upper lips are stiff - with the cold.

GREAT NEW OFFER :

A new PLANETARY DIRECTORY issued by RHUBARB SPACELINES, a must for any bod who enjoys exploring odd spots of the Galaxy. 12 handy pocket-size volumes, or in the form of 102 drawers of index cards obtainable separately in every packet of 'RHUBARB' breakfast cereal.

These volumes list every planet in the explored section of the Galaxy, Rhubarb space-routes, times of arrival and departure for these routes, early closing dates on the major planets, London Underground map plus extensions to Venus, and hints for punters.

The following are some specimen pages from this great new directory, bound in cosmic-dust-covers.

page umpteen

OPEN CLUSTER M.O.G. 2 (or Gerflood Cluster)

- 1
The Trogus system, a red and a green star used as traffic lights for spaceships. Type-Independent variable star.
Galactic co-ords. 10 36 23,452p.

There are 4 planets.

Jamsanwijk.

Uninhabited, no life forms, no mineral wealth; NO NOTHING.

Nellie

A Terran planet. A large amount of CO₂ in the atmosphere. Mammal life forms, intelligent population (?). 1,000,000 Earth colonists. Mining for treacle, tin, and other minerals. Bad communications, 3 paddle steamers, berth for 6 space-ships on even dates only.

Flauerpot.

Devilish cold, no inhabitants. 2 satellites, Bill and Benne.

Albion.

Vital statistics not yet off the secret list. Believed to be a Terran planet. A Gerflood military base. 23 cities with a million population. Earthmen prohibited. One satellite, Gollifluf, inhabited by glass domes containing 676,001*5 Gerfloods. No diplomatic contact with the Solar System.

2

The Astoun-Veela system, 3 stars, red, white, and blue. Large patriotic diameters. Galactic co-ords.- uncertain. 3 planets and asteroids.

Astoun(1) or Veela(11).

Type;-Pretty shocking. Diameter;-1 foot.

No atmosphere, a dirty brown colour. A characteristic pattern of lines can be seen on it. Inhabited by a red bladder. High radio-active content.

Beliwobl.

A terran type planet, diameter 8,564 miles. Dense atmosphere. Planet littered with communications and cities over a million pop. A strong frontier post against the Gerfloods. Half-day Sunday. Original life-forms wiped out. No sanitation. Space-bus stop 8 miles.

Tumitruhl.

Type;-Martian.

Highly radio-active. All Earth settlements recently wiped out by the Gerfloods who mistook it for Beliwobl. No sea. Three moons Khon, Stipay, and Shun. Mining pop. 1,786,000 (Bottled).

G.C.Asteroids.

Diameters 675 miles and under. The well known 'Garden City' pleasure resorts; artificial atmosphere apparatus.

3

The Plumpoujhin system, a yellow star type M.a.r.t. 8. One star snow-white and 7 dwarves with 2 planets.

Derelix.

Type;-Lunan. Density high. Thin atmosphere, low windy deserts.

An Earth outpost, is maintained on imported rice puddings.
The rateable value is 10/-.

Thikieres.

Type;-Plutan. A strange planet; temperature is sometimes -273 C but usually one degree under. It suffers from depressions. No foreseeable future.

Artificial Penal Planet X.Y.Z.9.

Circling in the dark at 11.87 A.U. from the sun. 9,675 inmates.

5

The Rhubarb-iz-bitta system, 5 stars, red, green, and pink with with blue spots on. There are 3 planets.

Rhubarbitono.

A centre of intense space warping, from a distance it looks like the loud end of a trumpet. Inhabited by warped crumpeteers.

Roodbarba.

A Terran planet; first discovered by the Russians and Romans, noted for rushing at things and roaming about them. Present population quite small, believed to be descendants from a gallant expedition from Launceston College, Cornwall, Earth. A hash has been made of things. Similar climate, topography, and underground system to Earth. Exports Hashes. A useful halfway point for Hell-bent ships. Plenty of cafes, hotels, motels, boatels, williamtells, and cream teas. No special amenities. The Jamaica Inn of the space-ways.

Trogg planet.

Discovered and exploited by the fabulous Capt. Trogg. (Named after his mother.) Many great cities and a big dipper. College boarders have been repelled by the stiff customs men installed there; rhubarb might kill off the dwindling population of aboriginal humanoids - and Capt. Trogg's pet elephant. (Strictly a non-profit making organisation.) Curfew at 7 a.m. (A custom.)

6

The Solar system, a yellow, slightly blood-shocked star.
Slightly variable. There is one planet.

The Earth.

A planet with dark days to its everlasting credit. The top race is the semi-literate Collegians, a group of bold colonists who returned, after the war with the Gerfloots, who destroyed the other planets- to see if concrete pudd. still grew there. Inspired by an article in their ancestor's school magazine, describing certain unknown planets, they journeyed to the Earth a one-time rhubarb exporter. A fierce controversy is on at the present time as to whether this planet was the original home of Earthmen. (The name suggests it).

THE CLIMB

We climbed.....and climbed.....and climbed. Would we never get there? The white wisps of cloud which sailed merrily across the blue sky accentuated the wonderfully shaped crags at the top. Our feet left a little brown trail in the springy close-cropped turf as we picked our way upward, dodging the outcrops of tough purple heather. Those last few hundred yards seemed the longest quarter of a mile I had ever walked. But then, quite suddenly, as I walked round another granite outcrop, I was there. My companion joined me as I looked out over the Highlands. The purple of the heather on the hillsides looked strangely red in the bright sunlight; the grass in the glens looked an emerald green, and that round the hamlet a terrible, sun-burnt, cattle-trodden brown. Wisps of smoke rose from the crofts and disappeared into the clear air. The shepherd on the opposite hill, a mere speck under an outcrop of boulders, whistled to his obedient dogs, which promptly responded by bringing the sheep down from the top. All this we took in at a glance.

I sank to my knees in the springy grass, and flopped forward into the heather. Everything was so peaceful that that I could hear the little stream gurgling its way down the hillside. The sun, glinting on the stream, reflected the beauty of this heaven on earth. I ran down the hill to the stream, and in an ecstasy of delight, lay in the warm water; I got out, my clothes sticking to me, and lay in the sun to dry myself; truly this was heaven on earth.

As we wound our way back down the twisting path, I thought that if heaven is like this, I don't mind dying.

THE CRAG

The seas came thundering in, driven by the wind - the wind that tore at the cliff, screaming in defiance. And the seas grew, the dark grey murderous waves hammered at the foot of the cliff; never before had there been such a storm as this. But the crag fought, how it fought! That great jagged spear of rock jutting out of the sea, the rock that no man had ever climbed. Only the gulls nested there, but even they had deserted it that day and wheeled in crazy circles above it, fearful of its fate.

There was a great fissure in the otherwise precipitous seaward face; that fissure had been there as long as living memory extended, but never before had it been so relentlessly attacked. The spray lashed on past it, sometimes concealing it from view,

but it never gave up as the sea pounded in against it. But could it go on, could it survive this terrible storm when even the cliff staggered under the impact of the mountainous waves?

I looked again into the stinging spray, but it still remained. But no longer did it fight, now the sea was battering it unmercifully, and it seemed to shake at every blow.

Part of the side fell as dusk was falling, and then it crumpled slowly with every oncoming wave. There was no glory in its end, just a resigned helplessness, as piece by piece crashed into the water. It was all over by nightfall and only the lonely cry of a gull and the occasional sigh of a wave remembered it.

The sun blazed down from an ether sea,
While the fountains behind me tumbled and rolled
In never ceasing, joyful, cool cascade.
The marble pillars of this refreshing source
Dazzled my eyes, and yet seemed cool.
In spite of the heat the grass was as green
As ever it is in England.

The tiny houses straggled up the hill,
And on the steps in front lay the bronzed embers
Of a fire that now had dwindled.
These men have ancestors who fought with Drake,
But now the fire has dwindled.

The Mediterranean coast-line dozes in the sun;
All rest, save one,
The traffic policeman who from his white and ruddy stand
Waves as sleepy horses pass him by.

I am sometimes amazed, when I consider the people around me in this school, at the lack of initiative and coordination and sheer aliveness that resides in the minds of these boys. They seem to have done practically nothing as a child. When I was seven or eight I was living in the industrial midlands, though I was fortunate in living in a 'small' village in one of the few existing country districts. We always seemed to have so much to do, and worth doing. Our activities were sometimes illegal and sometimes we got caught; but it meant nothing to us. There was not one of us who had not been summonsed at least once before. We regarded unlawfulness as a matter of course. We were always climbing into

the local steel works to pinch sulphur sticks.

When I was twelve I came to Cornwall. The first thing I noticed was the lack of people, and the fact that everybody had some idea of who everybody else was. It was and is considered a crime to break the law, even if only caught 'scrumping'. The boys I have since met did nothing, do nothing, and never will do anything. They are too complacent. They are content to exist as indeed I have become content to exist in my few years here. I have become polluted.

THE POET AND THE EAGLE

A broken shadow
sinks along the valley.
The sun has gone.
We cannot understand
the darkness of approaching night,
The grass is black
beside the crumpled barn.
High up in the mountain
an eagle sits
perched upon a cairn.
Up there where the wind
can whisper only to the dead
sits a bird, motionless
as feathers bla . .
on its ugly head.
And looking earthwards
its breast in grief now torn
stretches its powerful wings
to wait the light of dawn.
Towards the south above
the misty bright'ning trees
against the sky
the poet sees
an Eagle leave his perch
to fly downwards.
The poet writes,
his words are powerful
like the Eagle's wings.
In the red light
a chaffinch sings
of death now born.
A broken shadow lifts now from the valley.

Why cannot British schools adopt the 'four terms a year' system. Over the past few years, experience has shown us that the worst time to take a summer holiday is in the month of August, when the school vacation comes. Why can't we have our summer holidays in the months of June and July? so that the poor boys taking Public Examinations will not have to labour under such extreme conditions of heat.

It is a commonly known fact that long holidays have a very deleterious effect upon a person's capacity to learn, and that even after three weeks one has forgotten a lot about what one was doing even the term before. As this is so, surely we could have three holidays of two weeks instead of two of three weeks. It is true that a four term year would not enable school holidays to fit in as well with religious festivals, but as many of these are moveable feasts, it would be very difficult to avoid this. It would also, to a certain extent 'muck up' the sports timetable as we have it today, because there would be the four terms to be used, and they would of course be much shorter; but everyone knows how the summer term drags on after the Public Exams. have begun, so I don't think that this difficulty will prove insuperable.

As we have 52 weeks to play with, of which 12 are holidays, we should have 4 10week terms, three holidays of a fortnight, and one of six weeks in the part of the summer when the sun shines instead of the rain pouring. As the term after the summer holidays would probably be over by the end of September, we should be able to play cricket during this term as well as the one before it.
