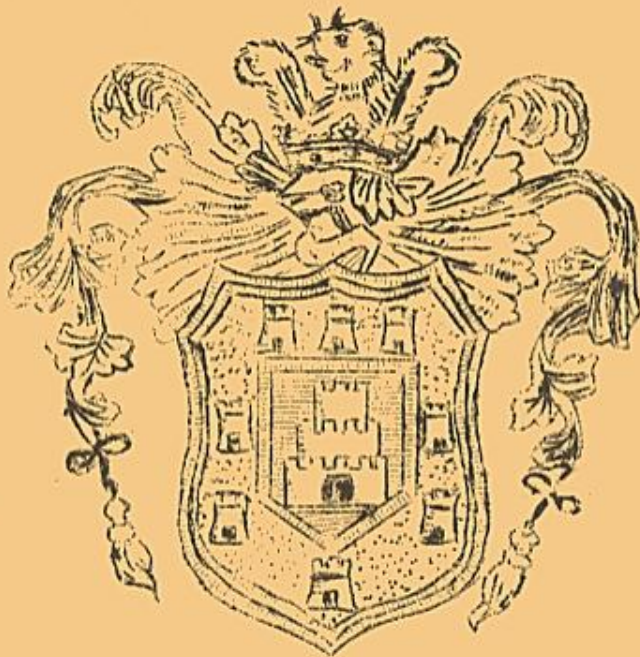


# THE IVORY TURRET



Nº 13.

APR. 60.

EDITORIAL

As Easter falls late this year, the term has extended from the depths of winter to the beginning of spring - three months packed with interest.

The spring term brings the annual feats of endurance in the mock 'O' and 'A' level exams. Theories, formulae, Gallic Wars, conditional clauses all wait to drop onto the heads of offending boys like the proverbial millstone. Many boys noticeably begin to work just after the announcement of results; this does not surprise us.

Spring has brought two new contrasting societies into bloom. The Field Study Group meets regularly in a hidden laboratory, while a few senior sixth-formers are beginning to be put through their paces at a modern dancing class; this does not surprise us in the least.

The College soccer team has played in conditions which have proved better than many preceding years. Form and results have varied considerably but this does not surprise us any longer.

To the historian this term may remain supremely important. The new South African crisis has luminated in no uncertain terms one of the greatest problems of our times. Our attitude as a younger generation to the 'wind of change' which is coming will be decisive. The fervent belief in the segregation of races goes against every Christian and humanist teaching. We are sincerely shocked and horrified.

Where is our school which was to have been started in March? Its failure to arrive has not surprised us!

-----

Mr. Weedon and Mr. Rocket have been doing their teaching practice at the College this term. We should like to thank them both for all the assistance they have been able to give, the former with the Chess Club, the latter on the football field and particularly for his help with the school concert.

R.T.Childs was selected to play for the Cornish Grammar Schools XI against Devon Grammar Schools, and D.A.Williams to run for Cornwall Schools Team in the South West Cross Country Championships.

We are deeply grateful to two parents who have presented the library with several new books.

B.A.Jones has been appointed a Prefect

VALETESixth Form.

B.A.Hendy. 'O' Level. Soccer and Cricket Colours.  
 G.F.Martyn. 'O' Level.  
 R.H.Persson. 'O' Level. English Subjects prize - 1V Form 1958  
 V Form 1960

Fifth Form.

R.J.M.Harris.

SALVETE

T.Peters Canworthy Water. F.A.Nicol. St. Stephens.

POT LUCK

Of all theatrical entertainments, the revue is easiest to plan, most difficult to stage successfully. And I might as well confess that I went to POT LUCK (two performances, Town Hall, Launceston, 15th March 1960) expecting to pray, but stayed instead to applaud.

We began with a brisk two-round bout from A WINTER'S TALE: Shakespeare v. an Autolyceus (fresh and delightful performance by P.Marsh) in Ted jacket, slim-jin tie, jeans. J.A.Bennett turned in a paralysingly gowkish study of the Countryman, and the somewhat nineteen-twentyish Country Girls (R.Dawe, J.Whiting) came over as crisply as a couple of lettuces left over from SALAD DAYS. This was a bold piece of production by Mr. D.F.Rowe. Audibility is not, as yet, a strong point with all these young and promising performers.

The College Jazz Quartet bounded into the attack with the explosive power of four hand-grenades from Archer Street. Presentation, in a deceptively simple set of coloured flats and some excellent lighting (Mr.B.F.Tunbridge) worked wonders. N.F.Hooper (solo guitar, arranger) is a born performer in this exceptionally demanding and difficult line. The Group's versions of Guitar Boogie Shuffle, Lullaby of the Leaves, Rebel Rouser, had vitality, variety, a rich, controlled beat. P.C.Griffin, strictly out of costume, put across the vocals with professional verve. Not all the Group had Hooper's easy showmanship, but there was some useful support from C.J.Hicks (bass guitar).

TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF BRITISH HISTORY (a witty and sternly irreverent script by C.Tilley and D.Brent) was played from all parts of the house at a fine music-hall pace by an energetic cast. As the father-figure of all ace TV and radio reporters, D.A.Williams delivered his lines with admirable confidence, superb audibility

and the strong antiseptic distaste of a Harley Street surgeon called in to deliver a donkey. There were excellent performances from M.Thomas as a Texan Caesar, R.C.Cudmore as the Epstein-like figure of woman bulging fearlessly in the wrong places, and D.Stephens in a swift sketch of Charlie Drake (full marks to the make-up team of Mr. and Mrs. B. Willmott).

I was disappointed that this stimulating piece of writing stopped short of 1960 by a couple of centuries, and ended on a gag-and-black-out rather than a Tilley & Brent version of a number from LOCK UP YOUR DAUGHTERS, MAKE ME AN OFFER, or FINGS AIN'T WOT THEY USED T' BE. But my hopes are for a sequel, or - allowing this lethal pair to sharpen their stilettos a little nearer home - for their boiled - sweet eye view of the Pageant of Launceston.

Danielle Vare's satirical story A PRINCESS IN TARTARY was produced with style and imaginative feeling by Mr. H.L.Jones. The sharply evocative Chinese fairy-tale settings were simple and effective down to the last needle on the cacti. J.C.Harry, in the manner of Robert Morley as Chu Chin Chow, gave a beautifully studied performance as the Emperor of China: but must learn repose while another actor has the floor. C.Vanstone, as a gargoyle of an Empress, would have done credit to a London Palladium Widow Twankey, and S.Frazer and B.V.Cudmore lent a wonderfully easy-seeming verisimilitude to the roles of The Princess Flying Shadow and The Lady in Waiting.

G.Owen and J.G.Harries played a Chirico-style donkey with the uncomplaining fortitude of a pair of commandos, and N.H.Hills (an unexpected talent here) sang the Marco Polo songs with ease and assurance. C.J.Wheeler fluttered and flapped his way through the difficult part of the Court Parrot with a bright, bird-like zeal. And the oriental immobility of the Court Guards (J.Burnett, M.Hurcombe) contributed resoundingly to the visual effect. Costumes, by Mrs.D.F. Rowe, were brilliantly inventive and added more than a touch of insane charm to this unusual play.

If this is pot luck, I'm for a second helping. And may we now see an end to the military procedure of printing names of performers strangled by a string of initials? My programme, as usual, read like a casualty-list in the battle of the sexes.

~~CHARLES CAUSLEY.~~

*Charles Causley*

23.7.90

-----)

A.T.C.

This term the regular Friday meetings have been mainly devoted to preparing the younger members of the squadron for Easter camp,

which is to be held at R.A.F.Chivenor. Because of this all the classes have been those included in the basic syllabus and have comprised Morse, Aircraft Recognition, Aircraft Ranks, Weapon Training, Use and Recognition of Tools, Security and Drill. Most of the classes have have been instructed by the N.C.O's.

We should like to take this opportunity of congratulating Griffin, Hicks, Thomas and Kinsman on their promotion to the rank of corporal, and trust that their help will continue to be as forthcoming as it has been in the past.

In spite of the urgent need to persevere with basic training, time has been found to visit the Drill Hall for shooting practice several times.

We have also paid a visit to Exeter Airport in order to fly in the R.A.F. Chipmunks stationed there. Some of us experienced aerobatics for the first time and nearly everybody took over and flew the aircraft at some time or other. One event unfortunately marred the day for one person;-somebody accidentally ate P.O.Tunbridge's sandwiches! However the weather was excellent and on the whole a good time was had by all.

At last some definite steps have been taken to improve some of the uniforms. Several items have been sent for cleaning and new ones are slowly arriving, although a misunderstanding appears to have arisen somewhere along the line and most uniforms received to date are either too big or of the wrong sort.

Easter Camp draws near, and already the 'old lags' are facing a barrage of questions about past camps. An outline programme has come and is circulating at the time of writing. It includes several interesting items which have not been encountered by this squadron for many years. Among them are Amphibious Warfare Training, Parachute Training and Dinghy Drill.

Flight Lieutenant Francis would like to emphasise the fact that cadets could help themselves much more than they do, by learning the Morse Code symbols, practising turns in footdrill, and revising lessons in their own time. Too much time is being wasted in going over past work. Next term it is hoped to parade regularly at 1600 hours.

-----  
THE SCOUT TROOP

At the beginning of the term, P.Dent left us to join the Seniors and R.Bentley replaced him as Troop Leader. Unfortunately a few other boys have left us and it has been necessary to make some re-arrangements of the Patrols. J.Toms is now a Patrol Leader and P.Deacon and

J. Bennett are Seconds.

The Wenderfeet were invested early in the term enabling them to get on with their 2nd Class badge work. The First Class Scouts have done their knotting, mapping, and some proficiency badges, including the Guide and Stamp Collector.

On the whole, the Scouts are in sympathy with the views expressed in an article on the Boy Scouts in the Sunday Times. A need for greater co-operation between the Scouts and Guides was a point that specially appealed to them and to that end they gladly accepted the invitation of the Guides to a party in the Guide Hut.

Perhaps there should be more Patrol activities, though the weather has not been helpful in this respect. However each Patrol has been on an afternoon's hike which included cooking their ever popular baked beans.

Our last job this term has been an attempt to distribute a leaflet about the coming bob-a-job week to as many of the 1600 houses in Launceston as possible.

-----  
DOUBLE SIX

Lionel Miskin, the artist, was our first guest. Prior to his visit the College was privileged to enjoy an exhibition of some of his paintings and sketches, to which the general public was also invited. This was an exciting event which aroused great interest and much comment from all sides. At our meeting Mr. Miskin was first 'interviewed' for half an hour by Mr. Charles Causley, the poet; from this conversation we learnt a great deal about the artist's fascinating background. Then followed a general discussion. Mr. Miskin's answers to our questions were always frank and often moving; here is a man who in his work tries with passion to take 'a grab at life'.

At our second meeting Tilley talked to us about space travel, though his talk was frequently interrupted for urgent discussion of a point in passing. Mr. Symons, a Communist from Plymouth, spoke to us at our next meeting. After this heated discussion we are relieved to report that Mr. Tunbridge's sitting-room is still intact. Following upon our next meeting, a discussion of two films and a play, we ended the term at Mr. Self's house with the Headmaster opening a discussion on education. The topics we touched on ranged from public schools to free expression, from the school leaving age to sex instruction.

To all our hosts, thank you very much. Perhaps it should be put on record, Williams thinks the masters talk too much and vice versa.

STAMP CLUB

This new venture has got off to a flying start with twenty members meeting each Friday in the lunch hour. The aim of the club is to foster interest in philately by providing formal and informal meetings where we learn about the hobby and at the same time can talk about our collections and exchange stamps.

The meetings have included a 'thematic' competition and a talk by Childs on methods of printing stamps. The former was won by B. Bryne with a splendid display on 'Bridges and Harbours'. By the time these notes appear in print we should also have had a film strip lecture from Stanley Gibbons on Stamp Errors.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Bryne for the gift of Stamp magazines and some of his surplus stamps.

-----

MODEL CLUB

We have nothing spectacular to report this term, although a great deal of modelling has continued with excellent attendance.

-----

PARENT'S ASSOCIATION

This term's meeting brought many of the parents 'back to school' to hear a recorded discussion on the aims of English teaching followed by a live discussion arising out of the recording. After refreshments a talk on the aims of teaching mathematics led to further discussion on this subject. A display of mathematics text books was designed to show the advances in presentation of the subject to schoolboys

-----

MUSIC

As was pointed out in the last edition of this magazine, the orchestra began the Autumn Term in a very sad and depleted state. This unhappy position is, however being rectified, and although the Music Festival is not very far off, a welcome improvement is taking place. A permanent replacement for Peacock has not yet been found, but the teacher of woodwind and brass, Mr. Eden, has kindly agreed to attend orchestral practices, though it is not yet known whether he will be able to play in the Music Festival. The viola section has been augmented by Mr. Birnberg, and Miss Bennett has returned after rather a long illness. Hooper, the College's guitar virtuoso, has

graduated from the percussion to the woodwind, and that wild scotsman Nicol, has joined the second violins.

Mrs. Reeves took Madame Herschmann's place at the beginning of this term. Biddlecombe and Stephens have passed the Grade V exam. of the Associated Board.

The Orchestra is entering the Music Festival as usual this year. But due to the difficulty of the selected test pieces, we shall not be as well represented in the solo classes as we have been in past years. While College boys have been soloists in flute, horn, and violin concertos in the past, this year sees the first entry of a piano concerto, with T.B. Gerry as soloist.

-----

### JAMES BLADES

On a gloomy, wet Saturday at the end of last term, there appeared under the arch a small, inconspicuous car, driven by a small inconspicuous looking man, accompanied by a lady.

"He's come!" and various faces were pressed to various windows. James Blades had arrived, and his accompanist. But what of all his masses of equipment which he was to use? Surely there must be a furniture van following him?

But soon Mr. Blades decided to remove some of his thing from the car. and out they rolled, drums, bells, triangles, cymbals, every instrument of the percussion imaginable. Ten minutes later they were still coming out of that car, as though it were a bottomless pit. Eventually there were no more instruments in the car, and they were now arrayed with impressive splendour in the Assembly Hall.

The school was then treated to a most educational two hours of hilarity, with this small man transformed into a bundle of energy, leaping lightly from one instrument to another, with just the semblance of a smile twisted into the corners of his mouth. His humour was infectious, his virtuosity amazing. The lightness of his touch on the side drum, and his frightening performance on the tan-tan were but two examples of a performance which held his audience. This was a morning which everyone will find hard to forget.

-----

### THE FILM SOCIETY

The Society has seen another selection of films this term. First there was 'The Young Lovers', telling the story of a young man working in the American Embassy and a young woman working in the Embassy of an Eastern European power, and how they freed themselves



from the political restrictions placed on them for security reasons. They went out in the Channel in a small boat, and lived happily ever after.

The next film was 'La Symphonie Pastorale', a very moving story of a blind girl brought up by a village pastor. She is cured but still unhappy because she is different to others.

Starring Alec Guinness as over half the cast, 'Kind Hearts and Coronets' was much lighter entertainment. A young man at the beginning of this century, who has been dispossessed of a dukedom, decides to kill off all those who are in the way of his path to the dukedom. He ends up in Wormwood Scrubs. At the same meeting several small films were shown, including an advertisement for Bedford trucks and a travelogue of Iceland, showing that it is very much like Bodmin Moor.

The Society is just about paying its way. To be more ambitious we need more members. Any member of the schools in Launceston may see the films by joining the Society.

-----  
THE CHESS CLUB

This term a club for anybody interested in chess has been started. Now one would think that a club to play chess is unnecessary and that players should simply play when they feel like it and not at some set time. But meeting together has great advantages, especially if there is some one to help.

Mr. Weedon has done great work in this capacity, teaching the juniors the fundamentals of the game and introducing opening gambits and interesting problems to the seniors. It was found necessary to have some kind of division, so one meeting was held at four o'clock on Thursdays and the other at eight o'clock.

-----  
FIELD STUDY GROUP

At the Headmaster's suggestion it was decided that a field study group should be formed in the College. A preliminary meeting was held and about a dozen enthusiastic boys joined.

The first meeting proper was out of doors, a pupa digging expedition in the neighbourhood of Old Tree. Although we had little success it certainly tested the spirit of the participants and the meeting broke up with each telling the others that we would have better luck next time.

The following week a talk was given by B. Sheen on astronomical instruments and the subjects covered included various forms of

telescopes, spectrometers, and such interesting devices as the coronagraph and the spectroheliograph. On Friday, March 18th, a very interesting lecture on the Solar System was given by C.Tilley, covering the various physical aspects of our nearest neighbours. To conclude this series of talks Mr.Saunders of Horwell Grammar School came along the next week to tell us how the equinoxes are defined and the method used by astronomers to tell the time by the stars. Some of his demonstrations are well worth remembering by any future astronomical lecturers.

A general meeting was held on March 28th at which future plans were discussed, including the possibility of building a radio telescope. P.Kinsman gave an account of the construction of the instrument, while C.Tilley told us about the uses to which it could be put. J.Counter lectured on the importance of keeping entomological records, both for resident and migrant species. The results of these records will be sent to the Rothamsted Experimental Station. A pamphlet on how to start a herbarium has been distributed to those members interested. The points of this pamphlet were amplified in a short talk given by B.Sheen.

Next term Mrs.Francis will give a lecture on pond life. It is hoped that a microscopic examination of one or more ponds will be carried out afterwards.

-----

#### THE CAROL SERVICE

Our annual Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols was held at the end of last term in Wesley Church. As is customary the lessons were read by the Headmaster, a governor, an assistant master, the head boy, and five boys representing the various forms in the school.

There were two interesting innovations. The junior orchestra, conducted by Mrs.Reeves played two short pieces as a voluntary, and very pleasant they sounded. A school choir, formed from the first and second forms, some senior boys and masters, sang one carol and led the congregation in the singing of the hymns.

The school orchestra accompanied the singing of the carols and Mr.Self was at the organ.

A collection, taken at the end of the service in aid of the World Refugee Fund, amounted to £5-14-0.

-----

SOCCER

The season started for the College on a pitch covered with about 2½ inches of snow - the first of a variety of playing conditions met this term. The match, against Bude Grammar School, followed the pattern established last year, with the College in the lead at half-time and leading 2-1 with ten minutes to go, only to fail 2-3. The next match against a depleted Launceston Minors XI was played on the Park pitch where we won fairly easily, 5-2.

After this came an away fixture with St. Austell G.S., played on a hard pitch with a gusty wind. This match was notable for two fine goals by left-back Rockey trying, as he afterwards explained, to flick shots - already going gently past the post - for a corner. However the defence generally played well and it was the attack - minus Williams - that failed to get moving against a side that had already been playing together for a term.

A week later we were at home to Sutton High School, the best met this term. The defence was repeatedly caught flat-footed on a sticky pitch and the result was a 1-5 deficit at half-time. After this we improved and scored twice while our opponents added three more. Sutton took all their chances, and though it might be claimed that we had some bad luck, the result was a fair one. Devonport were next on the list and they had beaten Sutton. The match was played at home and the visitors won an extremely hard-fought game 3-1. Obviously we were improving.

Next came a match against a district police side. As three of our regular forwards were unable to play, the Headmaster was included in the College side. Ten minutes from the end we were leading 4-2 - need I say more.

Okehampton Grammar School visited us at the end of March and the College won easily 9-1 against a side which was playing its first match. A week later we played a side composed of cadets and a few policemen from County Headquarters. Slowly settling down, the College led 1-0 at half-time. But in the second half, attacking nearly all the time, we added four more goals. For the first time in many years we had not conceded a goal, and this in spite of the fact that our regular goalkeeper was away.

For the sake of the peace of mind of some old boys, I am glad to report that the 11-1 defeat at Camelford two years ago has been "avenged", to the tune of 7-1. This match was also notable for the fact that Rockey scored again - FOR us. This victory means that we have scored 21 goals in the last three games and we hope to score at least ten more next Saturday against the Old Boys!

- NEAT T. A good goalkeeper occasionally caught out of position by a high dropping ball. Agile and quick, he should help his safe pair of hands by always covering the ball with his body.
- MERRIFIELD. A strong, sensible full-back, he makes up for slowness on the turn by a developing sense of position.
- ROCKEY. Quick and a good kicker of the ball but still impetuous and inclined to put himself out of the game by going down too easily.
- HILLS. A dogged player with an ability to cover his man but not always the energy to come into attack. A fine captain.
- BEILING. A little ponderous but always going hard. He must come to meet the ball and win it so.
- DAVBY J. A very good natural ball player, he has been a little unwilling to mark his man closely enough or to follow up attacks. He likes the game to be at his speed but is learning to adapt himself now.
- WILLIAMS. Fast and a good shot from unexpected positions, but not well able to control the ball.
- POWELL. Somehow, on the wing, he has not shown the ability, speed, and tenacity he gave promise of last year, - but the promise is still there and he has fulfilled much of it at inside forward.
- LAWRENCE. A good footballer but not yet strong enough in the tackle nor in the air, nor when going through on his own. He must train ruthlessly.
- CHILDS. With good ball control, fine shot, and ability in the air, he has often brought the best out of the other forwards. He, too, must work harder to get really fit. A natural footballer, he could play in first-class company.
- NEAT C. Inclined to be dangerous in the tackle, but a fine left foot.
- EL-AOUMI. Bustling, and although erratic in his shooting, he does go for goal. Unfortunately the ball eludes him when he is dribbling and he tries to keep it a second or two too long.
- DEMP. A good goalkeeper in the making. He must move quickly and positively when he decides that he is going for the ball.

-----

Under 15 XI v Bude G.S.

Shortly after the pitch had been marked, it began to snow and lines had to be scraped in the snow. By the time the match was played, two or three inches of snow had fallen. Collogo kicked off and began pressing very hard. The ball stayed in the Bude half most of the time, and about half way through the first half, Retallack pushed the ball past the Bude goalkeeper

Not long afterwards, as a result of a long pass upfield, Dodd just managed to get his shot in and put the ball over the advancing goalkeeper's head. Half-time score, 2-1.

After the interval the game was hard fought and Dent scored a good goal with a long shot.

A little later Tann, with some clever footwork, walked right through the Eude defence and scored with a good drive. This was a heartening performance, for when last had a colts soccer XI won a match?

Under 15 XI v Stratton S.M.

The visitors were much the bigger team and played faster football. Heavy rain had fallen before the match and as a result the ground was in poor condition. Stratton immediately took the initiative and led 1-0 at half time. Although stratton added three more goals in the second half, the College defence kept fighting to the end. But the home attack could make little impression on a powerful defence.

Under 14 XI v Devonport H.S.

This game was played under pleasant conditions - the weather was fine and both teams well matched.

From the start both teams played hard. The visitors had a good forward line and kept our goalkeeper, Stayte, at work. Nevertheless in the first half R.Dawe scored a goal for us. After the interval Devonport began to press and the College goal had a number of lucky escapes before the deserved equaliser was scored from a very well taken free kick.

Under 13 XI v Stratton S.M.

This was one of the best and most exciting junior matches seen at the College for a long time. Stratton led 2 - 1 at half-time, but the College enthusiasm remained undaunted and there was some spirited play in the second half. The result was a 5-4 victory for Stratton, although it could easily have gone the other way. Cardew, Abbott, Dawe, and Francis scored for the College, whose team was chosen entirely from the second form.

#### HOUSE MATCHES

##### Senior.

Ralph 3 ; Turner 1

Ralph had the advantage over Turner although both sides of good quality. Ralph, however, were two goals up in the first half (Griffin scored the first Goal!!). Turner managed to close the gap through a

penalty from Merrigield. But in the closing minutes Ralph put the issue beyond doubt by a goal scored by Ellacott.

Ralph 3 - Hardy 0.

In a sea of mud and a howling wind, twenty-two boys tried to control one wet ball.

There was no score until 15 minutes from the end and Hardy, with the wind against them, were fighting desperately for a draw. But due to slips in the defence, two Ralph forwards managed to get the ball across the Hardy goal line three times between them. The result was inevitable.

Turner 6 - Hardy 0.

Hardy, with a weak team this year, did well in the first half to hold Turner's more experienced side to a score of 1-0. Although Hardy's defence played hard in the second half, the whole team seemed to lack punch, and five more goals were scored without reply.

#### Junior.

Ralph 2 ; Turner 1.

This was a very evenly contested game which resulted in a 2-1 victory for Ralph. Ralph led 1-0 at half-time due to an own goal, and yet another (have we a Rokey in the junior school) in the second half gave Ralph victory. Uglow reduced the arrears from a penalty.

Ralph 5 ; Hardy 2.

Hardy's forward line lacked penetration and were never on top of the Ralph defence. Ralph, on the other hand, had a fast-moving attack and Francois scored three good goals in Ralph's fully-deserved win.

Hardy 2 ; Turner 1.

This was a hard-fought match which was made very exciting not only by the closeness of the final result but also by the presence of many partisan spectators on the touchlines.

Neither side ever dominated play though Turner were pressing hard towards the end to get an equaliser. But Hardy held out.

#### ----- CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING.

Unfortunately this year two of the three runs have been on roads and we have definitely missed the springy turf of the Tamar valley and the prickly ferns of Gordonhill. Only three runs have been possible as the end of term has been too crowded to allow time for the usual fourth run.

This term only a few boys were sent to the County Championships instead of the full team. Goss, whom we expected to do well, was attacked by stomach cramp when lying third not far from the finish. Stayte, who will still be a junior next year, did well to come in thirteenth. No-one did very well in the intermediates, but Williams ran well to come in fourth in the senior event, and was afterwards chosen for the Cornish team.

	Ralph	Turner	Hardy
Senior	674	481	240
Inter.	477	395	515
Junior	500	412	483
	<u>1651</u>	<u>1288</u>	<u>1238</u>

-----

### OLD BOYS NEWS

The Old Boy's dinner was held at Launceston College on 19th. Those present included;- H.S.Toy; J.S.Hicks; D.J.Jury; A.J.Symons; E.W.Clogg; J.Keast; T.Chapman; A.Emmett; W.W.J.Fry; M.Collings; P.Cotton; A.D.Brewer; T.Paullings; B.G.Lyel; L.Daniel; G.E.Jasper; A.Harris; A.G.Uglove; J.E.Mules; J.E.Lyel; L.W.Baker; A.B.Venning; D.J.Knight; F.G.Mute; G.M.Hartland; R.B.Gleave; M.Copp; P.Burgoyne; J.Wills; C.Colwill; M.Colwill; S J.Colwill; A.Chudleigh; M.H.Goldring. D.F.Rowe(Headmaster); H.Hills(Head Boy); K.C.Olver.

### BIRTHS

BREWER - to the wife of A.D.Brewer, on March 2nd, a daughter.  
 SHILLABER - to the wife of E.Shillaber, on March 8th, a son.  
 FRY - to the wife of W.W.J.Fry, on March 17th, a son.

### MARRIAGES

PARKIN - T.S.R.Parkin to Angela Scott on Dec.18th at Hove.  
 UREN - W.J.Uren to Joan Bell in December at Carlisle.

-----

We have had visits to the College this term from N.A.C.Cuthill,, J.A.G.Oliver, B.E.England (who has been awarded the Duke of Edinburgh's Golden Award), J.M.Williams, and R.Uren.

J.E.Mules has announced his engagement to Valerie Uglove and T.Lambourn to Jennifer Coade. B.Hicks and A.S.Howling have also announced their engagements.

H.G.Wills is at the Bristol College of Advanced Technology.  
 W.P.Burgoyne's address is; c/o Cable West Coast, Casilla 124,  
 La Paz, Bolivia.

M.Collings is home from service abroad.  
 J.C.Terrill has been posted to the Far East. He is with Shell Tankers aboard S.T./S. Haustellum.

George was the errand boy of 'Smart & Son', butchers of Sheffield. He lived amongst the red houses overshadowed by the mighty factories and blast furnaces. He worked amongst the red houses alone in the confusion of noise and hidden in the dirty mist of billowing chimneys. George had a cough - the smog had given it to him. He was not frightened at the sight of blood. He was just part of the dirt, the grey and the red dead.

George gradually lost more and more strength until finally he was given a few pounds by a local charity to go into the country for a while. Thus in August he caught a train to Devon and exchanged his life of grey abstract to one of colourful intensity. He was so overcome by the beauty of the countryside that he started working on a farm. He did not write home to tell his parents he would not be coming back. He felt very bitterly towards them. He almost hated them but he did not know why. His cough slowly got better but he remained pale and thin. Every time he saw bronze, red-faced Devonian he would hate the town that had shaped him.

He could not work much so that although he had little money he had plenty of free time. He used to walk up onto the moors and lie in the sun, naked. He would sing and laugh, roll in the springy grass between the boulders, heather and bracken, banging the earth in contentment. He studied the birds and little animals as his slender body slowly became golden brown. He boarded with a farmer and although neither liked each other much, things ran smoothly. With other people George was nervous and uncomfortable; he longed to be alone. Slowly this feeling became stronger until he hated all humans. He remained with the farmer for convenience's sake.

He hated the bad weather, partly because the rolling rain-clouds reminded him of home and partly because he was unable to go out. He discovered a cave in a birch copse. He stored food in the cave - even he didn't know why. Each time he visited the cave he would collect wood and light a little fire of birch twigs and watch it flicker to a black nothingness. He loved to watch the blue smoke silently rise in the silence of the haze above. He liked this. It was so different from the smoke in Sheffield. More and more he loved the sky, the earth and the trees.

Every Friday from his cave he could see the artillery practising. He used to like counting the time between the puff of smoke on the hillside that heralded the firing and the cloud of dust, smoke and stones that marked its fall. In some ways he hated the gunners, the guns and the shells: in other ways he loved them. He did not know why.

On the last Friday of July, almost a year after his departure from Sheffield, George's parents and a man from the Charity came to get him. For a long time they had been looking for him and finally



they had found him. They wanted to bring him back, they did not know why.

When George saw them he ran up onto the moor, through the birch copse, past the cave and onto the artillery target area. He was not frightened of blood. He was not afraid to die and he knew why. A puff of smoke appeared on the hillside.

-----

A TRIBUTE TO TELEVISION

Television, glowing blue,  
I am so in love with you,  
Belching forth your mellow sounds  
Thank God that science knows no bounds.

Praise to your father, Logie Baird,  
It's nice to know that some one cared.  
Without this man's inventive mind  
There'd be no 'telly' for mankind.

Your welfare is to me so dear  
(Where is that service engineer?)  
All your problems I will solve  
Do take a thermionic valve.

All powerful lord, almighty king,  
I will to your glory sing.  
You are my only joy in life,  
My only respite from the strife.

O marvel of the modern world  
The flag of progress is unfurled.  
To thee we owe our hours of bliss,  
Lots of prep, what shall I miss?

Here at last we have the key,  
We heard, but now we also see.  
Increase our knowledge day by day  
B.B.C. or I.T.A.

Great Master, hear my humble praise,  
I am not worthy of thy gaze  
Television, son of man,  
Television, God of man.

-----

SMOKE

If there is one thing I hate it's smoke. For one thing it gets in my eyes and for another, it stinks. Especially that thick black stuff that comes out of those vilest of monsters, chimneys. I mean those big tall ones, of course, the ones you see in the industrial centre, 'the heart of British economy'. That reminds me. I heard a party political broadcast the other day. It was so bad that I was almost driven to switch it off. But I kept it on, just for the fun of it. All about British economy it was.

I can't see why the government doesn't spend more money on the smoke problem, like they have done in America. Millions of pounds are going to be spent on this object they are going to build in Yorksnire to give four minutes warning when a rocket is coming towards us at high speed. So high a speed in fact that the rocket will reach its target long before any measures can be taken against it. The facts of the case are that it takes seven minutes to launch any of the rockets so kindly lent to us by the Americans. So, what's the use?

Now just think what good would be achieved if all the dirty smoke in the industrial areas was prevented. I've heard that if you burn coal in a certain way, no smoke is produced. So there is no excuse.

The housing problem would be cut down. The muck and soot, which is carried along with the smoke, settles on walls, causing them to rot. The muck and soot also gets in people's lungs and causes them to die. But this, the government might say, helps to ease the population crisis. Quite right. Three rousing cheers for the government.  
'Rah. 'Rah. 'Rah.

And there are hundreds of reasons why smoke should be abolished. I should just love to live in one of those smoky towns in the 'Black Country'. An inspiring place I should say. Wouldn't it be lovely to work there? You throw open the soot-encrusted shutters, take a deep breath....., and spit it out into the waste-paper bin. You look around the town. A poet's paradise! Who could fail to write screeds and screeds on this delightful view? It does wonders for your complexion (the air, I mean, not the view). Strengthens your bones no end.

Then you decide to take a trip into the surrounding country-side. Oh, what a pity! It's foggy today. Tomorrow perhaps? Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow creeps in this fog. But at last, a clear day. Out into the country you go. Beautiful, enchanting, delightful! The gracious, slender slag-heaps piled high to the sky, ladders to heaven. The rivers so fresh and lively winding on their sluggish way to the sea, stifling all living creatures in their way. Except man, of course. After all, why should one worry? The black water doesn't hurt us.

Makes a change from the usual. 'Rah. 'Rah. 'Rah.

Then, just ahead, not much further; almost there now, you see green fields and spreading trees. Oh joy of joys! You run. But you are suddenly confronted with a huge, grinning, barbed wire fence. 'Keep out. Military Establishment.etc.etc. Early Warning System'. Bang goes four square miles. Must have an adequate defence system you know. 'Rah. 'Rah. 'Rah. Then there's the firing range, then the American aerodrome, the hush-hush establishments. God knows what goes on in them.

Back to the town. 'Rah. 'Rah. 'Rah.  
'Rah.

### THE SOUL

The Christian meaning of the word soul is, as far as I know, that it is the one permanent thing of us, the part of us that lives for ever. When we die, according to this belief, our body rots, but our soul goes to heaven, living in bliss for the rest of eternity.

I prefer to believe that heaven, or an eternal state of mind, is reached during life, when we are plunged into a sudden moment of reality, when nothing else is seen, heard, or appears to happen. You are completely alone in a bliss of nothingness.

In the way Christianity is preached to us, I think much too much emphasis is put on statue-like abstraction;

Prostrate before thy throne to lie  
And gaze and gaze on thee

and not enough on vital, peaceful, unselfish reality. Many people do good for good's sake, a product of civilised human beings. Talking of this, I am sure that it is not the people who put on artificial piousness and goodness who experience heaven. It is the sincere, humble, socially unrecognised people who find the true heaven, not the seemingly pious but really selfish persons, unsatisfied with life. No-one gains the immortal heaven by humbug.

The soul and God are very closely linked. The soul is God in people. Most mental and physical actions of man have no reference to his soul; they arise out of his animal nature, which is both bad and good at the same time. Man is the most advanced animal on earth, shrewd, clever, strong, able to laugh and love, combining in himself most other animals' advantages. It is this that makes the powerful man the most powerful thing in the world. His soul speaks to him very little. By self-will and determination he throws all aside other than his great mental and sometimes physical strength. He turns nations into animals, packs of wolves.

It is the people who listen and talk to their soul who are

geniuses, the most advanced humans, the people who are nearest their souls and God. These people most often find the earthly heaven. They feel the most intense joy and excitement, and the most utter despair. They are the peak of human life on earth in any age. They find reality. These people are all artists, usually in literal terms - painters, poets, musicians, etc. - the most truly religious people. But they don't necessarily go to church, they don't get humbug presentations, they don't say how good they are; they don't need to.

Most people are in between these two extremes. But the soul is the nucleus of Being.

-----

DOLE

Twenty-five shillings a week.

Up at ten o'clock - nothing to do, he'd stay in late, but the crumbs from last night's biscuits are irritating his bottom, and the sheets are hot and wrinkled under his feet.

The cat in the little hot cave under his knees is fidgeting. Probably too hot for it.

It bites his feet viciously - the teeth go in, then twitch and relax. But it doesn't hurt, his legs were numb long ago.

So up, now. The sun shines brilliantly through the not-very-clear window panes, and the specks of dust fly around in the rays of light, fighting each other continuously.

He pulls the bedclothes back and the startled cat leaps out and runs away to her bowl.

Standing up, the blood rushes from his head, down, down - his mind black for a second, and he sways dizzily. But it goes back to normal.

His bare feet sting on the cheap hemp carpet, and he pads his way to the bathroom to wash. The taps drip because he can't be bothered to fix them.

No time for that.

No time for anything much.

The cat is sitting, like a great curranty pudding, in the bath, her eyes following a bug on the ceiling.

Whiskers twitching, pudding-cat.

He cuts himself shaving and can't find the caustic stick, so he lets it bleed. Down his chin and onto the cat. He has to lean over the bath to shave; only that one wall is strong enough for the mirror.

Breakfast, cold and uninviting, is on the table. The knives have stains on them, and the salt is wet and refuses to come out of the pot.

He gives the bacon to the cat, which follows him around, whiskers twitching, and he puts jam on the fried bread.

Dull morning.

But the evening's different.

Ho! yes.

Down to the Espresso Coffee Bar. They've got a juke box there. He listens to it for hours, but doesn't know what a key signature is.

He changes, in the coffee bar. Everything's so bright, and gaudy, and he's got a bit of glass stuck in his tie; it flashes, and he likes it

After a few hours it's midnight and he goes home.

Supper on the table.

Mum and Dad in bed,

Don't blame them.

They must get fed up, working all day.

-----

#### DR. BARBARA MOORE'S WALK

I'll start my walk at John O' Groats  
Lands End will be my goal,  
and if Lands End I should not reach  
The devil take my soul.

Along the route I'll have to stop  
In dwellings high and low,  
And come what may I will go on  
Through rain, or sun, or snow.

My greatest joy of all will be  
To round that last long bend,  
To view the sight I've longed to see,  
Yipee! I'm here, Lands End.

-----

#### THE INTRUDER

A boy cries. His knee bleeds, his hand is grazed. He covers his dirty knees with an equally dirty handkerchief and goes to find teacher.

Now the playground is bright with young children playing in the April sun. The aeroplanes fly in graceful arcs on the hot ground trailing handkerchiefs from outstretched arms. The prisoner is marched to the smelly dungeon. His comrades plan a rescue bid behind

locked lavatory doors. Machine guns spit fire and death and blood from red hot muzzles.

A fiendish-looking array of steel tubes is swarming with brightly-coloured children. The bars are hot and they burn the hands; not painfully, but unpleasantly. Girls with white shorts and shapeless bodies skip to devilish chants. They are now tired and they go indoors to discuss babies.

The rescue bid is unsuccessful. Teacher scolds a young boy for drinking an extra bottle of milk. Feet in sandals climb Everest and play football. They are lost in the security of the playground and the delusion of their imagination.

A whistle is blown and they file indoors. The playground is empty and very quiet. The iron railings are distorted by the rising heat, rippling gently to the rhythm of the sun. The sky is blue; the blue of the sky in a child's painting. There are no subtle colours of a beautiful sunset or billowing fluffiness of clouds. The apparatus ponders over its sudden solitude and sinks into a metallic despondency.

The afternoon passes just like any summer afternoon. The sun is less strong now and the railings are still. A sweet paper trickles over the ground to the wall. It stops.

Chairs clatter. Children shout. They are coming like an army of ants. I am Afraid.

-----

### THE RETURN

He sat back and gripped the steering-wheel more firmly and watched the beams of light playing on the road ahead. The car swept onward through the narrow lane until gradually the place of trees was taken by modern semi-dets., and then office blocks, shops, brilliant fluorescent lighting, flats, people, searing advertisements and cars. Every now and again a car would shoot out and slow the line of midnight traffic to a halt, or a stop would have to be made for traffic lights.

Gradually the cars and people thinned out, traffic lights became fewer and allowed a higher speed to be maintained. The man relaxed gently and opened the car windows with his right hand, slowly and rhythmically. Other cars swished past, he heard a snatch of music from a gay-looking cafe, horns, buses, screeching brakes and a continual hum reached his ears. He wondered at the number of people about so late at night and his mind drifted back to the party he had left, lingering on the memory of the music and the people he had met, the whole atmosphere of gay abandon.

'Wine, women, and song', he thought, repeating them slowly to himself. He laughed and began humming, trying to remember that catchy little tune. What was it now? He had danced to it with the fat woman he had sat next to at the table.

Without warning, a large, black saloon drew up alongside, then blasted its horn, the fanfare echoing against the tall, modern buildings. He looked through his open window to see who it was. The Police! He stared, paling visibly, and stopped humming. What did they want him for? His mind swept back over the event-filled evening. He had not done anything as far as he could remember. Had he run over some one without knowing? He turned cold at the thought and pressed his foot down firmly, accelerating rapidly. The black car slowly but surely overtook him, at the same time gently and firmly forcing him into the roadside. He had to stop. He sat trembling, fingering the steering wheel, his mind a blank. Two black uniformed shapes appeared at the window and glared in. He suddenly felt ill, their faces seemed to be laughing at him, leering, grinning...

He came slowly back to reality and got out of the car. It was damp and cold and he buried his hands in his overcoat pockets.

"You've got no back lights, sir. Thought we ought to tell you", said one of the black shapes. Was there a touch of sarcasm in his voice?

"Yes, yes: thank you. Silly, didn't notice myself". He sniffed loudly. "I'll put them right in a jiffy, thank you. Thank you very much."

The black and solid figures nodded and faded away, leaving him to mend the fault by the roadside.

-----  
REQUIESCAT

He always did his best,  
But he's not changed the world, or rippled the sea of History.  
And no-one knew his name, no-one that mattered.

He worked, loved, hoped,  
But no-one knew, or cared much,  
An entity on his own,  
a molecule.

He lived in a city  
a speck of dust in a beam of light  
And no-one knew how he felt  
or cared  
or hoped  
and he died,  
and an old lady wept and bought flowers.

THE FOUNTAIN

Whenever I see a fountain I am filled with a bitter hatred towards life and the way it has treated me. For me a fountain is the symbol of past security, now lost.

I remember, as clearly as if I were looking at it now, that old farmyard fountain. It was an old copper thing which had definitely seen better years. It poked out of the smooth greenness of a bank, looking like an ugly brown snake, but unlike the flowers which grew around it (primroses in spring and frozen little daisies in winter) it was permanent. There it would be in spring, the clear life-giving water gushing from its dirty brown mouth into an old, cold granite trough, probably as old as the fountain itself. In summer, when the fields were parched and brown, when the very dust seemed to choke the birds' song, when all nature seemed to be dying, there was the old faithful fountain still giving water to the animals from its inexhaustible supply. And in winter when the world froze and the animals' breath could be seen puffing up like steam, and when the cold would almost bite your ears, fingers and toes off; when the water from the old pump froze, we would have to turn to the fountain. Yes, cheerfully defying the winter it would throw out more than enough for all.

Some how such constancy was very comforting. I remember one day when a pig was killed. I had had no idea that this was going to happen, and watched the man enter the pigsty. A few minutes later there was a terrible bang. I rushed to the sty in time to see the pig still writhing, hung up, and then saw its throat cut. A mass of blood poured from the poor creature, and I felt sick. That pig was no ordinary creature, it was a friend. For months I had fed it and played with its funny, floppy ears, or let it nuzzle me with its wet snout, or tickled its round tummy. Yes, it had been a friendly old beast. But now all that remained was a writhing corpse and a bath of black blood. My world came tumbling about my ears. Reality left me. All I wanted to do was scream and break something. I could not see. All was a thick black mist. I ran and ran until something forced itself into my vision - the fountain. There it was, the same as it had been for all my life, or so it seemed. Here was reality, and slowly my mind slipped back into focus and I was sane again.

Time passed by as if on wings, and the day came when I had to leave our farm.

It was a hot sunny day, and I sat watching the fountain, thinking of my past life. Slowly the cattle, the implements and the other familiar things vanished out of my life. Slowly I walked towards the car which was to take me away; my life seemed to be going with the lorries and the cattle



Suddenly a lorry lurched backwards. I shouted, but it was too late. With a sickening wrench the fountain was twisted and broken. Its life was finished. So was mine.

-----

I stood upon the narrow stone-built bridge  
 that spans a tiny stream not far from here.  
 The water gaily babbled on its way, stopping  
 here and there to greet a branch bent o'er in age,  
 and with a laugh, it winked at me and carried on.  
 And over the pebbly bottom it would leap in ecstasy,  
 but sometimes it would strike with a resounding smack  
 the more upstanding rocks.  
 The story of our lives is here, my love  
 The stirrings of our bodies, as we laugh and wink and carry on'.

And as I stood upon that narrow stone-built bridge  
 I realised that both of us, on some appointed day, would  
 pour out from the mouth into the mighty source of all,  
 and become as the minute plankton of the deep.

And now I am transported yet again  
 To where the water gently heaves and sighs  
 upon the shore of this great lake.  
 Its waters gently lap the banks, and overhanging  
 fir trees nod, though hold themselves aloof  
 The islands, with their rocky, greening fingers clawing  
 up into the virgin blue, stand sentinel o'er all.  
 And round their feet the water laps and lulls,  
 with that insatiable desire to form and shape.  
 All is peace, no greedy lust is seen.  
 All was peace - for now there comes a blustering wind  
 and shows that lust to break forth from the inner soul.  
 The water crashes in upon the shore, and beats its weary  
 body flat against the rocks.  
 The trees escape the fury of the storm, but lose  
 its agonising inspiration.  
 The shores pick up some fragment of the dream  
 but the islands and the waters lose sight of all  
 that was in view and merge in one ecstatic point of time.

-----

THE HARMLESS HABIT

It is extraordinary what habits people do have. By this I mean the small, unimportant habits, usually the product of nerves and self-consciousness but very annoying to watch. I have several myself and I expect that even the most self-confident people have a few.

These habits and mannerisms appear to be at their worst when somebody is forcing their conversation. They do not know what to say, do not want to say anything, and so they have to strain themselves to the limit to produce even a word or two. I suppose that we are all producing these habits every day, scratching a non-existent itch on the nose, painting pictures in the air with our fingers when we cannot express ourselves, and moving our chairs about for no reason at all. I pity the politician who, even after extensive speech-training to boost up his confidence, must be riddled with mannerisms.

The other kind of habit that I have noticed is rather like those first mentioned, except that it is a little more constructive. Instead of twiddling your thumbs you breathe in smoke, intoxicate yourself with alcohol, or chew gum. I sometimes chew gum, and I enjoy the odd drink of sherry or 'Babycham', usually at Christmas. I once even had some liqueur, minute half-crown bottles of 'Rhum Negro' and 'Cherry Brandy'.

I have only once tried smoking and I nearly killed myself doing it, so I really cannot say whether it is an enjoyable habit or not.

I was going on a bus for a distance of about seventy miles. We were due to leave at seven-thirty A.M. and would probably take two hours, so I had 'breakfast' before we left. It consisted of some 'Teabreaks' and jammy butter; anyone who has had these to break their fast will know just how unsustaining they are. On top of this I had a whole large tin of raspberries. It is a pity that the bus did not leave later as I might have been able to have school breakfast.

By the time the bus was ready to set off, I was feeling rather sick. However I was alright for the first few miles, and then somebody gave me a magazine to read. I don't know what it is, but if somebody gives me a magazine to read in a moving vehicle, I feel absolutely deadly. I gave it back and sat in silence for a while until the dizziness wore off. The boy sitting next to me had procured a packet of cigarettes, I don't know how, and was drawing the smoke into his cheeks, puffing it out again, and saying how smashing his cigarette was. We offered me one and I thought that it would be alright to try, so I took one, lit it, and took a deep breath of smoke. It seemed stupid to throw away my cigarette after just one puff, especially when I had actually inhaled smoke, more than the boy next to me was doing. I took one more puff, then my coughing started. On the next puff my coughing and choking ceased and I felt that I was sinking through the

bus seat. Objects passed by outside in an ever changing stream of colour.

Through the rest of the journey I sat low down in the seat, feeling dizzy and sick. The bus seemed to be deliberately jolting and shaking to try and make me sick. I am sure that I would have been ill if I had had anything substantial to eat; indeed I would have liked to have been sick but as it was I had to go on suffering for the rest of the journey.

After this awful experience I will never smoke again. Smoking is a revolting habit, the worst, I think. But not only is it revolting, it is also expensive. If you smoke a shilling's worth a day, you have wasted £20 a year. I prefer to spend my money some other way.

-----

### BOY WITH A HORSE

The path is brown with white knotted ribs. The sky is black and the pale moon is a dull murky orb. It is the mist, weaving its way into the trees like a million needles - pricking and jabbing. No-one moves in the solitary aisle crowned with straggling beeches. Then a distant clip-clop is heard more clearly and a fine brown horse approaches led by a boy.

The boy is thin yet well fed. Every night in his sleep he takes the horse out for a walk, but sometimes the horse refuses to move from its sleeping stall and it is only after much prodding that he will eventually stir. The two slowly walk along the path and the boy says;-

"How thin the path is! Its body is sore and bruised and only the leaves can protect it from your savage hooves".

The path twists a little in agony and the wind whistles in the trees. From time to time the horse coughs for the dust is contaminating his large red lungs. The boy shivers like a flag in the wind and encourages the tired horse onward.

"We must be thankful" he says "that we have these fine strong trees to protect us from the prying forks of the wind".

The horse's skin has a dull shine in the coatless night where the nightjars play their one-stringed guitars.

The two move on till they reach their goal at the end of the path, a huge, gaping pit, like a bottomless night, awning - plunging - fiery - terrifying. And in a bound he is on the horse's back and the two float down into the vaporous pit.

-----

THE PONY

The small dusty little boy scuffed through the dust in the farmyard, the ancient sheepdog muzzled in the palm of his hand. He patted the toothless head and walked on. Slowly he climbed the vertical ladder into the loft and parted the hay. There in the hollow was Silky, the farm cat, purring contentedly while the kittens alternately pushed and sucked at her pink distended teats.

Roughly he picked one furry bundle and rubbed noses with it. He tried to lift one shut eyelid but was unable. He put the kitten back in the hay and went down the ladder. Outside in the sun he blinked, picked up a handful of pebbles and kicked the dust all the way down to the cornshed. There he sat between two sacks and started thinking about what a poor substitute a kitten was for a pony. It wasn't his fault that the other pony had died.

Ron let it die of pneumonia, and when he found the pony dead on the plains - with the vultures picking the eyes - he had run down to it, killed the bird. Oh! how well he remembered. His father had said: "The vulture didn't kill the pony, you know".

And Ron, the farmhand, led the boy away, saying, "Of course he knows, can't you see? Don't you know how he feels?" He led the boy away, patting his shoulder. How could he possibly forget?

"Mike! Mike! come here". His father's voice aroused him from his thoughts and he ran up to the yard, wondering what he had done wrong.

"Mike, I've got a horse in foal for you. If you don't look after it - no more ponies".

So abrupt, so unwilling to see emotion, and how angry he got when he did. But as Mike's father turned away his heart softened at the look on the boy's face. Inside that shell was a true kind heart but many people only got to the shell and in consequence didn't like him.

The next day Ron came to tell him that the mare was going to throw her foal. They both went down to the stable, and there was the horse lying on her flank, sweating away with her neck tendons taut as rope

"It's not going as it should", said Ron. He felt inside and an expression of dismay filled his brown, wise old eyes.

"Turn your head away, boy; don't look until I say". When the boy did look round, he saw the steaming hulk of the horse, dead. Her flank was slit open and her intestines were steaming.

"Here's your foal, boy. I had to kill the mare". The boy looked at him dolefully. "I had to, don't you see?"

"It's never the same" said the boy, and he slowly walked away.

-----

THE END

Must it always end like this?  
 Even as people sat and chatted  
 Sipping their ice-cool drinks  
 On sun-lit terraces of great hotels  
 The earth was boiling in a torment of rage  
 Which cracked the whole town open  
 Just as the nut is cracked in the crackers jaws.  
 The wave swept in, and fire with roaring beacons  
 Of liquid heat and light gave the alarm

We can never know  
 When life and death will meet, greet,  
 Shake hands and sink into an illuminated nothingness.  
 We can never know  
 When the drinks on the hotel table  
 Will be swallowed up, to be empty and flat  
 In a lifeless body beneath the hotel walls.

Sorrow and happiness, life and death -  
 They grow together from one vine  
 And so we chat, we laugh, and then we die.

The sun shines and the moon wanes,  
 But the earth quakes and man lives  
 And dies.

-----  
COLOURS

Rugger colours have been awarded to;- R.T.CHILDS; S.D.ELLING.  
 Soccer colours have been awarded to;- K.J.MERRIFIELD.

NEXT TERM

Term will begin on May 9th and end on July 28th. Because of the re-seeding of the far field and the work on the new buildings which is due to begin at any moment, it is doubtful if we shall be able to play any cricket matches at home. However we hope to hold Sports Day as usual on Thursday, June 2nd, and the Old Boy's cricket match if possible on July 23rd.

SCHOOL OFFICERS.

Head Boy; N.H.Hills.  
 Prefects; J.C.Harry; C.J.Neat; R.E.Bowyer; D.A.Williams.  
 B.A.Jones.  
 Captain of Soccer; N.H.Hills

