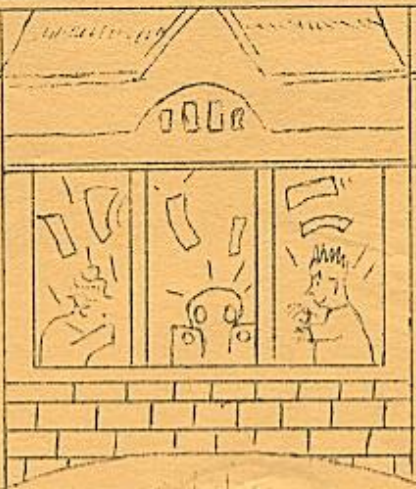


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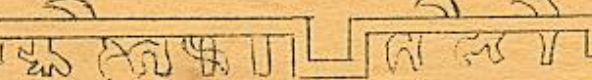
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AUTUMN 1960 TERM

COVER

BY



EDITORIAL

We are angry. We are annoyed. The News Chronicle has closed down. The sentence was passed and the execution accomplished swiftly. What will replace it? There is nothing like it. Its liberal ideas and opinions made it unique. To many people it seemed ideal. It was forthright in its reporting and articles. There was no hesitation to give fair accounts of news items.

But it seems it did not carry enough weight with the public, though the reasons for its closing down still seem shrouded with mystery. It is sad that writers cannot express themselves in this sort of paper now. Journalists must be free to write their ideas and opinions. This paper did print articles which were unusually controversial and was brave enough to allow writers of all shades to express their views. This shows tolerance. Well, why not? The opinions and ideas expressed by writers are bound to be criticised and questioned, but this does not mean that they should be prevented from printing them in this sort of paper. Indeed, the most outspoken ideas can be the most interesting. Articles written to please the reader, and bound by musty, conventional ideas, are completely useless. A newspaper which states more than one side of an argument is going to arouse anger in someone.

And so the axe has fallen. A channel of new ideas has been severed. The News Chronicle is finished.

This idea of free speech is readily conveyed to young people. Boys and girls have to learn to express themselves in an exact manner in terms they think reasonable. What they say will often be wrong, cruel, bad. But they are reaching for a difficult maturity. They must not have a lurking fear that what they say will be wrong, and that what they write will be held against them. Teenagers are very self-conscious and are often afraid to express exactly how they feel. But they should be listened to rather than talked at, encouraged rather than suppressed. And the results are often surprising.

This magazine would like to think that it offers a free expression of opinion like the News Chronicle.

We welcome to the Staff Mr. Vincent Bennett who teaches art at the College every Monday.

Mr. Eden has had to give up teaching wind instruments - he has moved to Deal - but we are very pleased to welcome back in his stead Mr. Aynsley.

Congratulations to A.Stayte who was chosen to play for the Cornwall Schools(Under 15) XV against Devon.

AS a result of last term's "A" Level exams, M.S.Fry, N.H.Hills, W.H.D.Kinsman, K.J.Merrifield, C.J.Neat, and A.D.Williams were awarded County University Scholarships.

Just after half-term a representative of Esso Petroleum gave a lecture on the production of oil. It was illustrated with slides showing both how and where oil is found.

At the end of term Mr. James Scott-Hopkins, M.P. for North Cornwall gave a talk similarly illustrated on how the House of Commons works.

Both talks were very interesting and we are grateful to both speakers for coming.

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SCHOOL OFFICERS

Head boy.	R.E.Bowyer.
Prefects.	S.D.Elling. R.P.W.Bennett. D.G.Brent. C.W.J.D.Hicks. C.Tilley. I.R.Fearnley
Captain of Rugger.	R.E.Bowyer.

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VALETE

<u>Sixth Form.</u>	
T.R.Childs.	Entered Sept.1953. 'O' and 'A' level. Rugger, Soccer, Cricket Colours. Folk-Dancing Crown.
P.R.Davis.	Entered May 1959. 'O' and 'A' Level.
T.B.Gerry	Entered Sept. 1953. 'O' and 'A' Level. Music Crown.
M.S.Fry.	Entered Sept. 1952. 'O' and 'A' Level. Music Crown.
J.C.Harry.	Entered Sept 1952. Prefect. 'O' and 'A' Level. Drama, Music Crowns. Gillard Cup 1960. Prizes;- IV Form English Subjects 1956. V Form English Subjects 1957. VI Form English Subjects 1959. Sloman Scripture 1959.

- M.H.Hills. Entered Sept. 1953. Head Prefect. 'O', 'A', and 'S' Level. Rigger, Soccer, Cricket Colours. Drama, Music, Folk-Dancing Crowns. Prizes;- Lower School English 1956. V Form Maths. and Science 1958. VI Form Science 1960. Gillard Cup 1960. Editor of Ivory Turret.
- B.A.Jones Entered Sept. 1953. Prefect. 'O' and 'A' Level.
- B.A.Moore. Entered Sept. 1954. 'O' Level. A.T.C.
- P.H.D.Kinsman. Entered Sept. 1953. 'O' and 'A' Level. Music Crown. Cpl. in A.T.C. IV Form Maths. and Science Prize 1957.
- K.J.Merrifield. Entered Sept. 1953. 'O' and 'A' Level. Soccer Colours. VI Form English Subjects Prize 1960.
- C.J.Neat. Entered Sept. 1953. Prefect. 'O' and 'A' Level. Rigger, Soccer, Cricket, Athletics Colours. Music and Drama Crowns.
- J.P.Rockey. Entered Sept. 1954. 'O' Level.
- B.E.Sheen. Entered Sept. 1953. 'O' and 'A' Level.
- A.D.Williams. Entered Sept. 1953. 'O', 'A', and 'S' Level. Prefect Athletics Colours. Drama, Music Crowns. Prizes;- IV Form Languages 1957. V Form Languages 1958. VI Form Languages 1960. Troop Leader. Vincent Ford Scout Trophy 1957.

Fifth Form.

- J.P.Maguire. Entered Sept. 1954. 'O' Level.
- M.B.Ellacott. Entered Sept. 1954. 'O' Level.
- R.H.A.Gribble. Entered Sept. 1955.
- P.J.Medland. Entered Sept. 1955. 'O' Level.
- J.H.Perkin. Entered Sept. 1955. 'O' Level. Music Crown. Music Prize 1957.
- K.B.Tucker. Entered Sept. 1955. 'O' Level.
- L.H.Vanstone. Entered Sept. 1955. 'O' Level.

Fourth Form.

- M.P.W.Hyflow. Entered Sept. 1956. (Left Easter 1960.)

Second Form.

- R.W.Willmott. Entered Sept. 1958.

First Form.

- J.M.Gay. Entered Sept. 1959.
- A.S.Killer. Entered Sept. 1959.
- N.Mullen. Entered Sept. 1959. (Left Easter 1960.)

SALVETESixth Form.

D.J.Scott. Bude.

Fourth Form.

N.P.Durrant. Launceston.

Second Form.

H.C.Rogers Lifton. F.R.Viles Penzance.

First Form.

B.R.Balsdon	Altarnun.	C.Common.	Launceston.
W.Daw	Treburley.	R.J.Dunn.	Liskeard.
D.W.Eno.	Trebullet.	D.R.E.Hillman.	Launceston.
J.A.Kemp.	Launceston.	K.Lomax.	Bude.
C.G.Lake.	St.Blazey.	C.M.Noall.	Bolventor.
W.H.Shambrook.	Redruth.	D.W.Smith.	Lawhitton.
K.J.L.H.Thomas.	St.Agnes.		

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SPEECH DAY

Speech Days differ only slightly, and this one followed the usual high standard set by its predecessors of previous years.

The Head Boy started by giving an interesting account of the school's activities of the past year. A full account of his remarks can be found in previous editions of this magazine.

The Headmaster followed. Academically the year had been unique for the number of boys (and one girl from Horwell) winning University qualifications. No less than twelve had done so.

After touching on Her Majesty's Inspectors' visit, the Headmaster emphasised the great need for boys to be treated as individuals. Knowledge of each individual boy could only be adequate if masters and parents and boys knew each other well and were in frequent contact. With this emphasis, this knowledge, these contacts, the College could then make its help to each boy more effective.

The Chairman of the Governors, Alderman W.E. Miller, had three distinct points to make. Firstly, he was distressed that so many boys, who had been educated in Cornish schools, should leave this county to find employment. Because of this local employment in Cornwall was suffering - and yet the jobs were readily available. Secondly, we were not getting all the school children possible as the county boundary was so close. This considerably reduced the catchment area and made some children go on long daily journeys

to other schools in Devon. If more children from Devon were to come to Launceston it would profit everyone, but at the moment the situation seemed deplorable. Thirdly Mr. Miller mentioned the progress of the new school buildings. This year things had moved fast and it would be with a sigh of relief that we saw the finished building.

In his speech Mr. E. T. Verger, Clerk of the Cornwall County Council, echoed the Chairman's words concerning local employment and was much concerned with this exodus of educated boys from Cornwall.

Mrs. Verger distributed the certificates and prizes and Mr. A. Sloman proposed a vote of thanks to her and her husband, thus bringing to a finish another successful Speech Day.

Prize List

Miller Art Prize	-	P.H.D. Mullen
	-	D.R.E. Hillman
Sloman Scripture Prize	-	S.D. Elling
	-	B.N. Bryne
Special Scripture Prize	-	T.B. Gerry
	-	P. Deacon
Form VI. Maths.	-	C. Tilley
Science.	-	N.H. Hills
Languages.	-	A.D. Williams
English Subjects.	-	K.J. Merrifield
Form V. Maths. and Science.	-	S.W. Broadfoot
Languages.	-	R.C. Cudmore
English Subjects.	-	T.V. Neat.
Latin.	-	F.A. Nicol
Form IV. Maths. and Science.	-	M.F. Chudleigh
Languages.	-	J.S.M. Toms
English Subjects	-	J.S.M. Toms
Lower School. Languages.	-	N. Warringer
Maths. and Science.	-	E.M. Dodd
English Subjects.	-	I. Dawe
Music.	-	P. Deacon
Form I Prize	-	B.N. Bryne
Form II Prize	-	A.M.C. Venning
Form III Prize	-	R.P. Nosworthy
Lord Marks Prize for 1959	-	R.F. White
Vincent Ford Scout Trophy	-	R.K. Bentley
Gillard Cup	-	J.C. Harry
Gillbard Cup	-	N.H. Hills

POST WAR SOCIETY

This term the society met to discuss Crime and Punishment at Stoke Damerell Grammar School, Plymouth.

The governor of Dartmoor Prison seemed to thrive in the grim building and made a humane speech, compassionate without being sentimental. A magistrate from Plymouth gave a statistical speech on Juvenile Crime, Capitalism, and Christianity. A lady from the Howard League spoke on Penal Reform, but her ideas seemed no more radical than those of the other speakers.

After lunch discussion groups got under way, took a long time to warm up and then stopped. In the forum many enlightened things were said and we heard unhearable truths; but there was little controversy. Someone hotly in favour of tough prisons, corporal and capital punishment would have been a great asset. At five a social, invigorated by a jazz band, did its best to make us happy and forget. Thus an enjoyable and 'thought provoking' day ended.

But something was missing - only one question was asked from the forum floor - Crime and Punishment were completely forgotten during meals - and though a few minds smouldered and discussions were on the whole factual and dispassionate many came home bursting with ideas and dissatisfaction. Speaking should not be only a matter of courage. However whatever may be wrong with the society, it is very worthwhile to give sixth formers the chance to hear some free speech.

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DOUBLE SIX

Norman Levine, the expatriate Canadian author and poet, has just gone back to St. Ives after climbing to the summit of the society's term. On the 9th of December he talked to us about the life of a professional writer, with special reference to his book 'Canada made Me'. Charles Causley interviewed him and both new and old members sat fascinated as his life and ideas flowed out of him.

Our veteran chairman, S.D. Elling, missed this meeting and the discussion of Methodism - which went to Canterbury and back. - but everything has run smoothly. We are very grateful to Mr. Tunbridge for coming along at very short notice. The first meeting was an internal discussion to let the new members find their feet. Next we heard and shouted about Dylan Thomas' 'Under Milk Wood'. The most controversial meeting was a talk on monastic life and the Roman Catholic faith given by Canons Regular from Bodmin and Father Wharton. An entirely new light was thrown on Roman Catholicism.

The Society, after driving in a gangster-like convoy to Plymouth, saw 'Hiroshima Mon Amour'. It was a magnificent film. I think everyone came back as though there were weights in their pockets.

The new blood in the Society has brought rebellion against some parts of the constitution but little other life. Whose fault is it if the adults say too much? Perhaps the speakers have not been extremists, but some members have not said a word all the term. The Double Six = not only free but abundant speech.

We should like to thank Mr. Rowe and Mr. Harries for their hospitality and their wives for the refreshments which are much appreciated.

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THE LIBRARY

This has been a most successful term in the library. Fearnley is now head of an efficient group of librarians - Bennett R., Griffin, Cudmore R., Gay, and Neat T. - all helped in turn by a set of monitors.

The withdrawal system has been nearly infallible, which is probably due to a devastating fining system. The money collected is being used to buy new books.

We are very grateful to several friends of the College who have provided us with some new books. Mrs. Boundy has helped to improve the history, chemistry, and maths. sections, though the latter two are still sadly deficient. Mr. Causley has given several very interesting books, mainly English and Hobbies. Mr. Common has donated about forty excellent sport books. Mr. Singleton has also given a considerable number of books, including many paper-backs. The four volumes of "The History of Mathematics" by J. Newman has also been bought, and mathematicians will wish to thank Mr. Tunbridge for his gallant struggle to persuade the librarian to get them.

Although the library is running well it is in trouble because of lack of space and the bad lay-out. We shall be most relieved when the new school is finished and the library is transferred to the present Assembly Room.

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THE GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY

The society has continued to flourish, meeting on Sunday evenings to listen to classical music. With a reasonably large selection the programme has varied from the violin concerto by

Mendelssohn to Arias sung by Kathleen Ferrier. The meetings are informal with tea and biscuits afterwards and have shown themselves to be popular by the good attendance.

The group would like to thank Mr. Kinsman for a most enjoyable meeting in his house one evening, and would also like to thank Mr. Uglow for the loan of his records, record player, and all his help.

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THE PLAY READING GROUP

This term Mr. Birnberg has arranged for a group of College boys and Horwell girls from the 4th and 5th forms to meet once a month to read plays together. Up to now there have been relatively few activities for the middle school, and this society has brought a new balance.

The plays read so far have been;- 'Look Back in Anger' by John Osborne; 'Pygmalion' by Bernard Shaw; and 'Tobias and the Angel' by James Bridie.

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THE FILM SOCIETY

This term has shown something quite unique in the history of the Society - a profit! This is due in part to the new system of organisation, and also, of course, to the high quality of the films shown.

The first film was 'The Defiant Ones', about two escaped convicts of different colours. It is set against the Southern States background of racial hatred. A fortnight later we had the poignant tale of two young children in Occupied France, - 'Les Jeux Interdits'. Although the sub-titles were perhaps insufficient and the Provencal french rather difficult to follow, most people understood the story.

In contrasting vein our next film was Agatha Christie's humorous thriller 'Witness for the Prosecution', considered by many to be the best film shown by the Society. The last official film was 'Marty' - the story of an obese New York butcher and his search for a wife.

Near the end of term the Society was able to show, rather unexpectedly, 'Richard III'. Well over half the school saw it and to their surprise rather enjoyed it.

This has been a successful term with excellent attendances, and despite the Head Boy's Speech Day comments about 'tottering finances', things are a lot better now. We are very grateful to Mr.

Birnberg for all the hard work he has put into running the society, and we thank the projectionist, R. Bennett, and his assistant technician, I. Flockton, for their help.

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P.T.A.

This term the activities of the Parents' Association have followed the established pattern for the Autumn. The gathering at the College after Speech Day for tea with its opportunities for renewing friendships and meeting new parents continued to be well attended. We look forward to the day when it will be less cramped.

The committee agreed to appeal directly to the parents for the funds the Association gives for Sports, Clubs, Library, Drama, and other activities at the College. The response has been magnificent and to date over £40 has been received.

Dr. R. J. Mealey spoke on the subject "The Health of the Adolescent" to a well attended meeting on Thursday Dec. 1st, answering questions at the close. After a break for tea the Headmaster presented the balance and outlined plans for sectional meetings of particular forms to enable parents to meet the Staff in a more informal way than is possible at the usual gatherings. These meetings are planned for:

5th and 6th Forms	Feb 16th	7.30 p.m.
1st and 2nd Forms	Mar 2nd	7.30 p.m.
3rd and 4th Forms	Mar 23rd	7.30 p.m.

It is hoped these events will prove popular and command good support especially from those parents who have not yet been to our meetings.

This note affords an opportunity to thank Mrs. Toms and all those who have helped to provide such splendid teas at our meetings,

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THE MODEL CLUB

The A.T.C. hut in which the Model Club is kindly allowed to meet has again been plagued with multitudes of hibernating flies, and so before work could begin the flies had to be exterminated in their millions and thrown out by the bucketful.

At the beginning of term model flying was possible, but by the time the wrecks had been repaired the good weather had vanished and activities were limited to indoor ones.

The Club has now been roughly divided into two sections: the model railway enthusiasts and model aeroplane constructors. Some good work has been done on the rather neglected railway and it is hoped that when the new school is finished we shall have a better place to put it.

The work on the model aeroplanes has gone on in the same way as usual; repairing some and constructing others to take the place of the unrepairable ones.

There have been two film sessions this term - a new item and both for the railway enthusiast. The first was a film strip lecture on the British Steam Locomotive. At the second we saw films on the Scottish Highlands, the Elizabethan Express, and clearing a train from a snowdrift.

The model club still has a full membership list and when boys have left others have filled their places. In brief the model club has been a general success all the term and our thanks are due to Mr. Tunbridge who gives up so much of his time to help us.

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THE STAMP CLUB

The main activities this term have been a competition, an auction; and a film strip, although little was done in the meetings for the first half of the term. Many new members have been recruited mainly because we now have a collectors' corner where matchbox-top collectors, coin collectors, and cigarette card collectors show their collections.

We should like to thank Mr. Bryne for giving us several magazines, thus making it possible to institute a library containing philatelic material of various types.

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THE FIELD STUDY GROUP

This term saw the departure of B. Sheen, to whom we owe a great deal.

Under the new joint leadership of I. Counter and C. Tilley a few changes have taken place. First of all we introduced the idea of a subscription which, initially, produced mixed feelings. The membership of the group has increased by the addition of seven new boys now bringing the total up to seventeen.

The first event this term was a colour film about man's fight against the world of insects, and it was enjoyed by all.

Then we had a lecture about the moon, by Tilley, who with all

his equations and so forth gave an interesting talk. Counter gave a talk on Entomology illustrated with his own collection of butterflies and moths.

The highlight of the term was a trip to Plymouth Museum. It was on the 15th of October that the Headmaster's car left for Plymouth full of excited boys; one clutching like grim death to a box of sandwiches. While the Head left on business we took a bus to the museum. But after we had seen it we still had most of the afternoon left, so we proceeded to the Hoe. Some boys went into the Aquarium and the rest sat and watched the sea. We returned tired but pleased after an enjoyable day.

Dean gave an interesting lecture on Space and Stayte gave a lecture on Ornithology.

During the end of term a quiz was held. Next term we hope to have a competition and to organise some more adventurous outings.

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FOLK DANCING

"Oh! go on, come folk dancing".

"Why"?

"Girls".

So I followed on behind the band of boys, all spruced up and ready to meet the girls. The ice-cold wind blowing up Dunheved Road made me shiver which only added to my state of unease and nervousness. (It's funny that whichever way you walk along Dunheved Road, the wind is always blowing in the opposite direction.)

I expected them to start singing hymns like Christian martyrs walking to their death, but instead they just walked on in silence, turned down the drive to Horwell and were consumed by the open doors. I started to run in order to catch them up but was too late. They'd gone, and I found myself in a tiny hall surrounded by empty green mats, which weren't a bit helpful.

Suddenly from behind the door came the strains of music. I went to the door and rushed into the room. I'd found them again; there they were, all huddled up in one corner, while in the opposite corner sat the Horwell girls.

The lady in charge said something and awkwardly the boys walked, one by one, over to the girls who smilingly stood up. Not to be outdone, I too walked forward and stood in front of one of the girls. I was lost for words. What could I say? However, much to my relief, seeing me standing, gaping at her, she stood up and we walked towards the nearest group.

To begin, folk dancing makes you feel awkward and clumsy, but once you get the idea, it's quite simple and enjoyable. Some dances seem to be quite mad, but there's usually method in the madness.

The folk dancing classes after school on Wednesdays have been fairly well attended and we are very grateful to Mrs. Hannah for taking such an interest in them.

For several reasons only one folk dance party has been held this term, in November at the Brotherhood Hall. It was well attended and a completely new band supplied the music, and did it very well. The atmosphere was not nearly so strained as it sometimes is at classes, and once the people mixed the evening was a complete success.

At the beginning of December we were invited to Horwell's Christmas dance in the Guide Hut. It was great fun; everybody enjoyed themselves; and we should like to thank the girls of Horwell for inviting us.

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A.T.C.

When people think of the A.T.C. they invariably think of camps; so we begin this term's report with a glowing account of R.A.F. Thorney Island, Hampshire. Only 12 or so cadets from 1559 attended and these, under Cpl. Thomas, were merged with 1387 (Liskeard) Sqn. Except for a few mishaps the camp ran smoothly, and discipline on the whole was excellent.

In all fairness to the Royal Navy however, I must say that this camp had more to do with the sea than the air. Cadets were taken round Portsmouth Harbour in a naval launch, shown over H.M.S. Victory and spent a pleasant afternoon swimming, in which Mullen gained both A.T.C. and R.A.F. swimming certificates. The crowning moment of the camp came when 1559-1387 Sqn. was presented the cup for the best squadron on the camp, and although Liskeard have this cup at the moment, we have it on good authority that this squadron will have it annually for a period of four months.

The other summer activity of note was that Cpls. Kinsman and Thomas gained their 'A' and 'B' gliding certificates at St. Eval on a weeks course. This enables them to fly solo in any glider.

In the field of sport too the squadron has been active. Thomas and Griffin were selected to swim for Cornwall A.T.C. early this term at Weston-Super-Mare. Later this term Powell was selected to play for Cornwall A.T.C. at soccer. And Bowyer, Hicks, Griffin, Thomas and Tann have been nominated to represent Cornwall A.T.C. at rugby.

But the normal activities of the squadron, the humdrum side of

the A.T.C. life must not be forgotten amidst its more exciting occupations. Classes still continue every Friday and cadets are doing well in their various subjects. Sgt. Bowyer has gained Advanced Proficiency, while Cudmore, Murphy and Powell have all reached proficiency. The squadron would like to thank W/O Wedgewood for coming up from St. Mawgan each week to take classes in advanced navigation.

Apart from classes there have been two Church Parades this term, one at the rededication of St. Stephen's Church, and the other on Remembrance Sunday at St. Mary's, where Cadet Flockton had the honour of laying a wreath.

THE BOY SCOUTS

On Thursday, 28th July, an assortment of scouts etc. left the comparative civilisation of Launceston for the Western Highlands of Scotland amidst crying mothers and jokes about the haggis. Mr. Harries, Mr. Tunbridge, and Fearnley boldly volunteered to share in the joys of camping, if only to avoid house painting and other domestic occupations. After a short gaze at London, tea, and a brilliantly executed manoeuvre involving the changing of trains, we left for our destination. Some of us awoke, early next morning, amid the delightful Scottish scenery (long stretches of factories, steel mills, furnaces, and other beauty spots), but at 9 o'clock, precisely one hour late, we disembarked from our carriage at Dalmailly, sparkling in the rain.

The rain brightened up the usually dull task of pitching camp. The site was in a valley, which contained the river Orchy, renowned later for its ability to sweep away a billy can or a Bestwick at short notice, and some semi-mountains on each side. Loch Awe, the second largest loch in Scotland, was but a few blisters away.

A journey was made to Glencoe, involving trains, buses and a boat, to the site of the notorious slaughter which we all, no doubt, recall. After many miles of Unsurmountable Hills, Ossians, MacDonalds & Ruffs, and many other oddities, we visited an area famed for its vipers. Mr. Birnberg joined us for a short while. The other trip was to Staffa and Iona and the ruins and caves were seen and were highly notable. Various other local expeditions were undertaken, including going to church, hill climbing, chasing Mr. Harries for a cake, potato-peeling, and other worthwhile pursuits.

It rained on the last day, again helping us with the Herculean feat of removing the camp to a railway van. Ten days after our departure we returned, and everything was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

This term, as usual, has been almost entirely devoted to badge

work of all kinds. Most outdoor activities have been severely limited by bad weather, though there was a series of excellent patrol activities early in the term. General progress in test-passing has been very rapid, but without any lowering of standards. About twelve new members were received at the beginning of the term and most of them are now ready to be invested, having passed the tenderfoot test. The second year scouts have started on the first-class test series. Bennett and Toms were awarded their first-class badges just after half-term.

Patrol activities have had to be postponed because of rain and other factors, but all patrols managed to run one activity early in the term. After summer camp we were in debt, so it was decided to sell Christmas Cards to raise money. This proved a success and we are now more comfortable financially. We also run a canteen on Wednesdays and Fridays and anyone can come. A film show was held on the 27th November. Mr. Harries' cine film and Mr. Uglow's slides of the summer camp were shown to parents. Fearnley, Bentley, and Hoskin have helped us often in testing boys and in helping Mr. Uglow.

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MUSIC

The end-of-term concert last summer proved a great success. The orchestra performed several pieces including The "Clock" Symphony by Haydn, and the rousing Doge's March from the Merchant of Venice suite. We were pleased to welcome back the fine music of Mr. Tucker and D. Peacock who were the soloists. Mr. Tucker's rendering of Bach's Piano Concerto in D Minor and Peacock's suite for flute and piano composed by himself must have elated everyone. Also in this ambitious programme were the Piano Concerto in D Minor by Mozart played by Gerry and accompanied by the orchestra, songs by Mr. Francis and the choir, and some short vivacious pieces by the junior orchestra.

However this concert was also a farewell to many members of the orchestra. This year many of the string sections left. Five first violins had to be replaced, and this has meant a complete reshuffle. Consequently some very intense practice was needed with Speech Day in view. The piece chosen was the slow movement from Beethoven's 1st Symphony. It was ideal for beginners to just-get-the-notes, but infinitely harder to get sufficient feeling and expression into it. However it went off well on the day and most people were pleased.

The emphasis in the Carol Service on Dec. 19th has shifted this year from orchestral to choral so that the nucleus of a school

choir can be formed.

On Oct.6th the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra came to Launceston and gave two performances, one for schools and one evening concert. On Nov.21st the Western Theatre Ballet Company also gave two excellent performances to similar audiences. These visits are appreciated and well received because they give people a chance to see what really fine music and dancing can be like.

We are sorry that Mr.Eden had to leave so suddenly, but we wish him well in his new job. We welcome back Mr.Aynsley to take his place.

The following have passed their Associated Board Exams this term. Daniel (Grade II), Perry (Grade III), Retallack (Grade IV), and Biddlecombe (Grade V Theory).

We shall return in January with New Year Resolutions, many of which will fade into nothingness all too soon. But the following should be remembered for those learning an instrument;-

1. Only daily practice will achieve higher standards of playing.
2. Take instruments home between lessons.
3. Label your instrument with your name or some distinctive mark you can recognise.

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ATHLETICS AT PAR

By the end of last term the College's athletics team was sufficiently improved to take part in the County Grammar School Sports at Par. This was the greatest triumph of the year - and yet on Speech Day it was forgotten!!

Since in previous years the larger schools had proved too strong to make it worth while for the smaller schools to send a team, this year it was decided to have two competitions, one for schools over 300 and one for schools under 300, although all ran together. The good competition, track, fine weather, and Mr. Whippy ice cream did us all good. We narrowly beat Helston - Launceston College Junior Grammar School Champions. It was a team victory, coach included. We had no firsts and only 3 seconds, Williams in the mile, Neat T. in the discus, and Goss in the intermediate 880.

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CROSS COUNTRY RUNNING.

To avoid turning fields into quagmires, all the races this season have had to be on the road. The seniors have only had one race, mainly due to the fact that there was usually a rugger match shortly after the Tuesday games day. On those Tuesdays when there

was no rugger because of the state of the pitch, whilst the 1st XV were doing circuit training in the gym, the rest of the seniors would be out practising for the runs. As Hardy have only one 1st XV member, this might explain why Hardy, usually very weak in the seniors, this term came out on top. The run was over the South Petherwin-Landlake course and Goss Hardy, won by a very comfortable margin.

The results of the Intermediate and Junior races were very much as expected. Their two races were over the Hurdon-Landlake and Treniffle-Lawhitton courses. In the Intermediate Stayte, Turner, and in the Junior Cudmore B, also of Turner, both won their two races. The positions to date are:-

	Ralph	Turner	Hardy.
Senior	168	123	173
Inter	152	174	139
	172	144	149
Junior	166½	132	166½
	<u>156</u>	<u>120</u>	<u>183</u>
	314½	693	810

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RUGGER

With six of last year's pack to form the nucleus of a team, it was hoped that the 1st XV would be more successful than last year's. Although we have in fact won two matches and drawn two others, we have lost the remaining five, and there is little reason to suppose that we should have won any of those postponed and then cancelled. The difficulties inherited from last season have not been eradicated.

There is still a lack of fight and determination among the forwards; they have played as individuals and not as a unit, and there has been very little heeling, certainly no quick heeling, in the loose scrums. Consequently the back division has not had enough of the ball to prove its worth. When the ball has been heeled quickly they have shown promise, and it is encouraging to note that five of them should still be at school next season.

Due to the state of the pitch, the matches against Newquay, Redruth, Shebbear, and Cornwall Technical College were all cancelled, while the matches against Truro School and North Devon Tech. were played in a sea of mud. In the Truro game, two early lapses let the opposing left-winger in for tries, but after that there was no more

scoring. Against North Devon Tech. we led 3 - 0 at half-time after keeping our opponents in their '25' for almost all the time; but the tables were turned in the second half when we were penned back and the match ended in a 3-3 draw.

Our best match was against Truro Cathedral School; the opponents only entered out half on five or six occasions. We did not take advantage of our chances, however, and only won 8-0. Our other victory was against Plymouth Argaum Colts, whom we beat 9-6. Our heaviest defeat was at the hands of Devonport High School who beat us 44-3; we learned lessons from this match, however, and the three-quarters have learned the importance of going for their own men. We also lost to Sutton, Tavistock, and Launceston Colts, while we also drew with the Colts in a return game.

We still have two matches to play, one against the Old Boys, and the other a third match against the Town Colts.

Results.

College	8	Launceston Colts	10
College	3	Tavistock School	11
Truro Cathedral	0	College	8
Devonport H.S.	44	College	3
College	3	Sutton	20
College	9	Plymouth Argaum C.	6
College	3	N.Devon Tech.	3
College	0	Truro School	6
Launceston Colts	3	College	3
College 'A' XV	26	Bude G.S.	3
College 2nd XV	3	N.Devon Tech 2nd XV	6

As usual this year's colts team was both smaller and lighter than any of their opponents. Only once was this disadvantage overcome; this was in the first match of the season against Tavistock which we won 14-6. The team played well together then, but in the next match against Truro Cathedral School this unity was lacking and was the main reason for our defeat by 19 pts. to 0.

An unexpected try in the first few minutes against Devonport gave some hope, but they soon took control and won 33-3.

The colts were slightly strengthened for the final match, against Truro School. Both teams fought hard but Truro came out on top, winning 6-3.

SENIOR HOUSE MATCHES

Due to bad weather and the state of the pitch, House Matches have been postponed until the last week of the term. It was assumed that the loser in the Hardy-Turner match would also lose to Ralph, so that only two matches have been played. Both were hard fought and gave some of the poorer players, who have had hardly any rugger this season something to write home about.

Turner 25. Hardy Nil.

This result was expected. Hardy with very few resources played hard, but the score mounted up with tries by Dent, Mitchell, Burnett, and Powell, who also kicked well.

Ralph 3. Turner 3.

This game, although not up to its usual tough standard, was vigorous and both sides played hard. Powell kicked a penalty goal early in the game, but a good try by Davey J., following up a fine kick by Hicks, made things even. After this Turner wasted their superior three-quarters by kicking all the time. Ralph, with several injuries, played a defensive game, and did well enough to keep Turner at bay. Hoskin played well.

A report on the junior house matches will appear in the next edition of this magazine.

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MARRIAGES

PENFOUND J. Penfound to Trixie Barrett at Bude on July 30th.
 KEAST R. J. Keast to Brenda Mathison at Launceston on Aug. 8th.
 SMITH D. E. Smith to Geraldine Beckerlegge at Launceston on
 Aug. 11th.
 MULES J. E. Mules to Veronica Uglow at Launceston on Aug. 20th.
 BUDGE C. J. Budge to Christine Bedding at Beckenham on Aug. 27th.
 HICKS B. Hicks to Valerie Gilbert at S. Petherwin on Sept. 19th.
 ROSEVEARE S. R. Roseveare to Shirley Matthews at Launceston
 on Nov. 7th.

BIRTHS

UGLOW To the wife of M. Uglow on Aug. 13th - a daughter.
 GUBBIN To the wife of A. Gubbin on Oct. 13th - a son
 DANIEL To the wife of V. Daniel on Oct. 23rd - a daughter.
 JENKIN To the wife of M. Jenkin on Oct. 24th - a daughter.

OLD BOYS NEWS

P.L.White, married with two children, is still in Port of Spain Trinidad.

M.Pender and T.Pethick are both married and I should be glad to hear from them.

W.T.Wenham has been commissioned in the Technical Branch of the R.A.F.

A.Emmett is teaching at King's School, Macclesfield.

D.E.Miles is now a B.Sc.(Eng.). He was at the Northampton College of Technology, London.

J.Osborne is a Police Inspector at Newquay.

K.Cobbledick is Hon.Sec. Truro R.F.C.

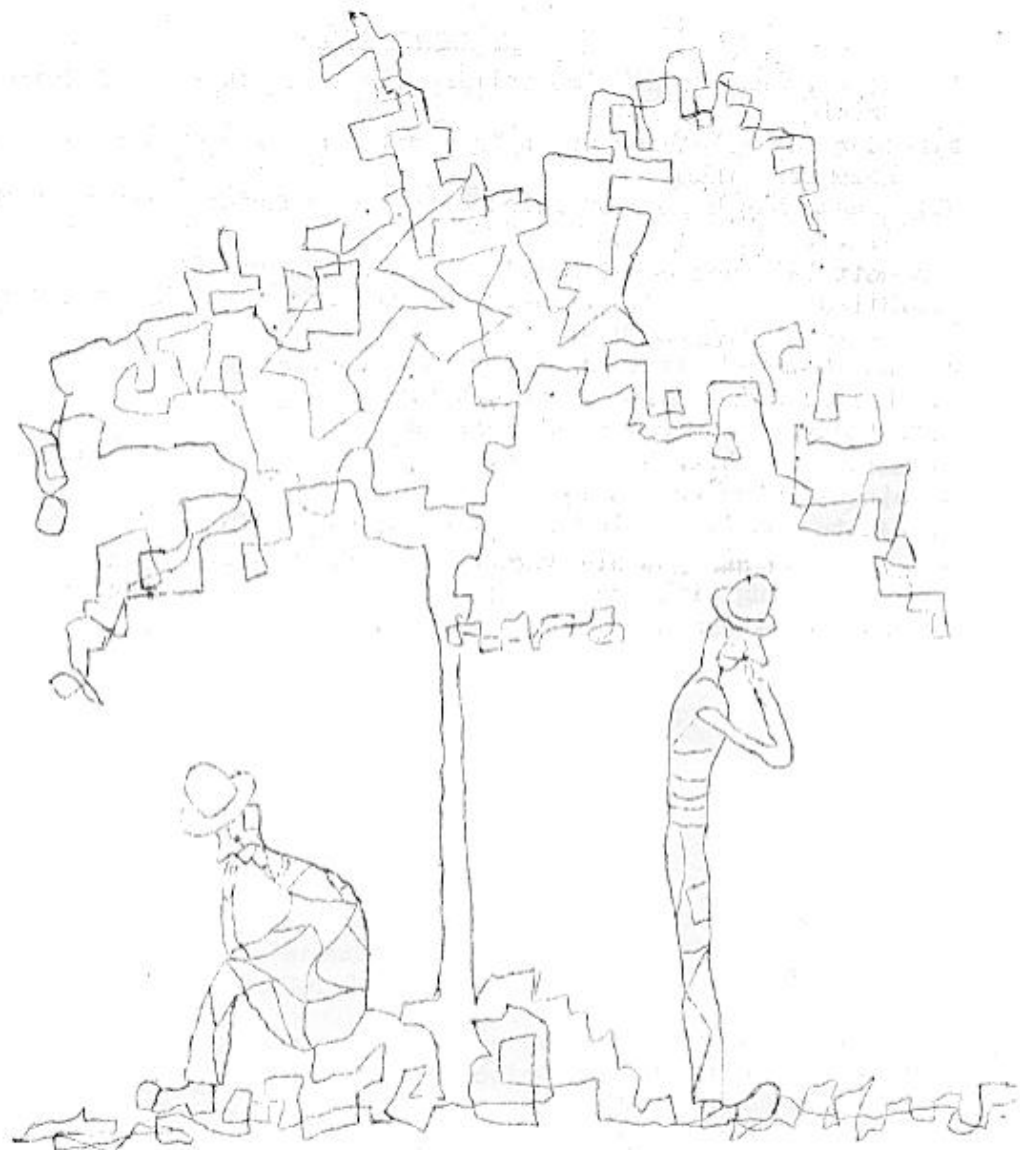
E.W.Stacey is engaged to be married.

R.Hamley is a B.A. - NOT B.Sc. - and is NOT engaged to be married.

R.Quick is home from Aden.

R.F.White and M.Goldring are studying dentistry.

R.J.G.Pitman has got his Higher National Diploma in Engineering and is working with English Electric. He is married and living at The Hollybush Inn, Seighford, Stafford.



WAITING FOR GODOT

The College Players will present Samuel Beckett's "Waiting for Godot" in the school assembly hall on the evenings of March 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th. Space is very limited and we would be grateful if all who want to come would tell us in advance.

BOOK NOW FOR GODOT

Tickets 3/6 and 2/6

LEISURE

He had nothing to do. Nothing. No work, it was all done. He hadn't even got a book to read, and even if he had he wouldn't have read it because he wasn't in a reading mood. If it had been summer, he could have gone out on his bike or gone into the country with his girl friend. But it was winter and it was raining as he had seldom seen it rain before.

He went across the room, pulled back an armchair, and opened the door of a cupboard in the wall. When he was younger he had kept all his toys in it, but now there were boxes of wire and electrical gadgets. He found no inspiration from this. He went back to his seat by the window, stared out into the rain. The garden looked bare and ugly, with the rain battering the leaves of the shrubs. Without the evergreens, the garden would have been a wet wilderness.

He wasn't fed up. It wasn't very often that he had nothing to do, and when he did he felt very pleased, though bored. He tried to think of any job that could be done for school the next day. Nothing; he had done everything possible in the morning, just for something to do. And now, nothing.

Of course, it had to be a Sunday. Another day might have been just bearable. On Saturday, he could even have found some occupation indoors, but today it was so quiet and so dull that he despaired. He sat down and thought about the summer. In summer, he could never imagine how he would bear the winter, but he always managed. He felt much more secure in winter.

and now he felt as safe as a seamless strongroom. The fire burned and kept him warm, while outside it rained and tried to get him wet. Just to feel even safer, he pulled over the curtains and switched on the light. And then he shut the door. He could only just hear the rain now. He turned on the wireless and the sound of the voice made the walls seem six feet thicker. Nothing could touch him now. Then he picked up an apple. He took off his shoes and put his feet on the mantelpiece, just like his father.

In front of the fire, with the rain still lashing down, he went to sleep.

BOREDOM

The grey old man who pastes adverts on the smoke-grey station wall,
 With his eyes half-closed, not caring should he fall
 To the dirt-grey pavement beneath,
 Is bored.

The city housewife makes the mid-day meal,
 Also with her eyes half closed, for she knows the room so well,
 she can feel
 And know everything all the time.
 She is bored.

The young child who needlessly punctures his new rubber ball
 While waiting for his mother's call -
 When will he have his dinner?
 He is bored.

And also the cat - who tries to have fun,
 And make the most of an old, worn-out sun,
 Which tries unsuccessfully to shove its way
 through the thick city smog -
 She is bored.

Everyone, everything is always bored.
 It seems that even the old Victorian chair,
 Which creaks in the slow stale wind,
 Is bored.

MY LIFE AS A BADGER

I am a badger, and as I expect you know my life is mostly in the woods. My home, which is a sett or earth, is very old, and my relations many years ago lived in it. The sett like many other badgers' setts is very big and spreads for more than fifty yards around with a lot of galleries.

One day, when it was near the time for my family to have young, we were cleaning out all the bedding, and suddenly we heard the horn of a hunter and the bark of a dog. At this we knew that there was a hunt to find either foxes or badgers.

Quickly we rushed out to one of our entrances to see the hunters and dogs come rushing down the hill opposite the sett. When we saw this we trembled with fright.

Next we decided to hide in the wood, but also we decided to stay in the sett. Really we didn't know what to do and our minds were all foggy with fright.

By this time the hunters had climbed the hill on which our sett was: so we rushed down into one of the galleries and we hid our faces in some of the bedding which we had been trying to get out of the sett.

After a while we heard the thundering of hooves rush past the sett. Then we realised that it was a fox-hunt after all.

When I took my head out of my bedding, I looked up and found my mother dead. She had died from fright because she was quite old and it didn't take very much to kill her. This was all terrible, and all my family mourned at the terrible disaster.

The next thing we did was to bury her and take her out of the sett. All the time I mourned. This was really the worst thing that has happened so far, and I hope that nothing like it will happen... again.

SPEECH DAY

The quad is full of cars. The dining room is full of parents. They have sons at Launceston College. Most of the parents are twenty feet tall and talk in loud voices. A few are two inches tall and hide behind a heap of buns; but even they are proud to have sons at Launceston College. Everything runs superficially smoothly, like an anniversary. There's Mrs. X in a flowery coat, she's got twins at the school. Mr. Y stands with his hand on his boy's shoulder saying what a lazy and good-for-nothing son he's got to help. Mrs. A, 45 and completely grey, says;

"My boy's going through a difficult age. We've done our best for him. Now the cane's the only thing."

The boys hover outside. Pretend to read books in the library. Discuss cars. Keep an eye on the door. Dissolve into dust and creep below the floorboards. A few are happy. Their parents haven't come, and they ask questions.

"Which is your mum?"

"How old's your dad?"

"I wish my mother had come!"

This is parent's day, and they thrive like the labour exchange at Michaelmas. Children are the tickets and are thrown into the waste paper basket. The parents are happy. The boys get chocolate, love, and forget.

Stalagmites grow up.

Stalactites grow down.

L O S T

I was lost,
 In the heart of the milling crowd,
 Who surrounded me
 Like an impenetrable wall.

I tried to look through them,
 Tears dripping down my nose
 And sweat piled on my brow,
 Searching in vain
 For the friends
 I knew were there.

T R A V E L

"Where are you going for your holidays this year?"

"Going to Torquay for two weeks, in a caravan for one week and a hotel for one week to see which we like best."

The boys sat on the dry, sandy hedge, looking at the sky which was blue. One boy picked his nose slowly, inspecting the results with a magnifying glass from a cornflakes packet.

"Where are you going?"

"Nowhere. Dad says we can't afford it this year. He says the house has got t' be painted this summer. And I'm darned if I'm going to help him. Everyone else has a decent holiday. Hell! Hell! Hell!" said the smaller boy, picking hard. Then he stopped, picked up a stone from the hot sandy earth and threw it into the mud at the bottom of the field, which was becoming hard in the sun.

"Don't swear!"

"Shall if I like."

They fought down over the bank, rolling towards the mud. Then they stopped, got up, picked themselves out of the earth and brushed each other off. Then they kissed each other, as they always did after a fight. They picked some nuts, which were soft and white because it was early in summer. But there were blackberries already by the river, in the sun. Soon they were black-mouthed and black-fingered.

"Do you get sick in cars? I do," said the boy who was going to Torquay.

"Sometimes, if the windows are closed and the heater's on and my grandma's smoking. Then I'm sick. But if I'm going on a long journey, I take Kwells or something."

They sat in earth in the sun on the bank. It was cooler than by the river, where there were no trees because the fishermen had complained because their hooks caught in them. It was the second day of their summer holiday and they were very happy because they did not have to go to school. The boy with the fuming grannie pulled several handfulls of moss from a tree which was growing in the hedge, with its roots poking through the earth in places. The moss was wet, because it was morning and the dew had not yet gone away.

"I like the summer holidays because it's hot now."

"So do I, because it's hot and dry and - dry."

There was a bridge across the river, which was not very big but slower. You could not see it move in places and the flies swarmed around it. You could swim in it, but they didn't because of the water rats and their mothers. But they drank from the river where it flowed over the high stone and the soft, small gravel on the bed and never felt ill at all. The air was so still that the leaves on the high trees did not move. The trees were high and fat, but if you had guts you could climb them, and if you hadn't, you were dead.

"I'm going home. See you tomorrow," said one of the boys, disappearing into the sun.

He was a vicious man, ugly and lonely,
 but once he was
 A laughing baby, a father's happiness:
 He was the product of a love
 but could not be loved.

He wasn't always vicious, only when he found
 he was unloved for his ugliness, and
 He'd seen the other boys with pretty girl friends
 and it made him hard.

The tang in his mouth never left him,
 and when he went away
 They shrugged,
 Remembering all his taunts and his ugliness,
 Then forgot.

IN PRAISE OF ANYTHING THAT IS BEAUTIFUL

Kill that bird,my son.
 I will not kill it
 Because it thinks it is pretty.

Come in,and stop looking at the sky:
 It is past your bedtime,my son.
 I will come when the sun is gone.

Father dear,I am going to demolish our house.
 You will do no such thing,my boy,
 For there are uglier homes than ours.

Take your eyes off me,small boy.
 Go and play with your trains
 And kiss your little sister.

Go to Hell,and don't come back,my son!
 I shall not go,Father,never;
 Because I like this earth and trees.

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THE CROSS-OVER

All is still. All is hollow and empty. Despair is the only sensation. I begin to lift my hands from my face and slowly open my eyes. They ache a little and the front of my face throbs from the pressure of my fingers. At first I see a blurred image,then a huge triple archway of colours is created from the mist,like a huge stained-glass window behind the high altar of a church. Little specks of coloured light flash and glint like myriads of sequins on an evening gown. They move in kaleidoscopic patterns like a swarm of beautiful butterflies crawling over a sheet of illuminated glass.

The colours begin to form shapes in my mind. A large,red hop leaf appears and for an instant I feel thirsty. Other symbols appear - the golden Fleur-de-Lis,and I think of an organisation when I was younger, - a red star hovers like a brooding cloud casting a shadow of indoctrinal doubt across my mind, - a pure white swan,and I shudder when I think of the terrifying noise of its wings as it flies. Then great,blazing rings are etched out in dazzling blue,white,and red at the centre. They envelop and claim me. I am theirs. I am lost in wonder as my Mother and Father are created like bronze images amongst the lurid red,symbols of pure love. They are my heart and the core of my life. Their helping rays pierce very deeply,never to be forgotten.

But the strain of this panorama of colour is appalling. My mind throbs dully again. The colours swirl hazily. Suddenly two silver swords materialise and strike deep into my eyes with a dreadful stinging sensation. They press deeper into my mind, and finally, searing through the bulk of my body, thrust upon me an excruciating agony.

A feeling surges through me. I am in the vacuum of empty space and I am part of it. I am infinity. The blackness is my mind. An intense black. I feel lost. Nothing is happening. The Earth with its great fairy tale of Creation and Evolution never existed. I am now an abstraction, plucked away from this fabulous legend of the world which never happened.

But out of the nothingness comes a pin-point of light. It is barely discernible. As I look into this little light I have a feeling of looking into myself. The light now begins to get bigger. It is an intense blue, a blue full of Life, and so intense that it is nearly white at the centre.

This hole of brilliant light tears open the solid, pithy blackness and starts to throb and bounce. It pulsates to the beating of my heart and I am completely drawn into it. I am this little blue light, this perfect light. I do not know what it is to be sad or hurt. All evil is a fantasy left in an unknown past. every element of good is absorbed and devoured by this Light, bound together for Eternity.

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MY UTOPIA

There would be no town, or cities, or villages, or any man-made thing.

There would only be, for me, the beach, the sky, the cliffs, the sea, and the birds. And for other people - for I suppose one must consider other people sometimes - I would allow them to build a city on the other side of the world. They could live in a horrible collection, but I would be by myself with no other human.

All humans are vile, including myself and my loved ones, and surely, if I am to have a Utopia, there must only be the least possible amount of vileness.

And as for birds, they would be my choice because they are, to me, a symbol of beauty. They are beautiful because they are innocent.

The beach, the sky, the cliffs, and the sea. I would have them because they are the things that impress me most on this earth.

That would be my Utopia, alone.

The fox cubs yelp on the brown hillside
 and the maidens feel tired in their beds.
 The black cows steam in frosty fields
 and the mothers lean pale over the stoves.
 The white sheep disappear deep in the moor
 and the men stamp their feet in the yard.
 The robin lies dead in the snow.

The woman leans over the iron:
 The cat lies asleep in the chair:
 The man dies engrossed in the paper:
 The fire makes the dog roll his eyes.

The spirits leap alive in the pine trees,
 The dogfish laugh beneath the ice:
 All lies black, or white, abroad.

The boys lie huddled in pink sheets
 with hot heads and cold feet:
 Sleep eludes them like the moon
 and the raging of the sea.

The children lie asleep.
 Over the snow come reindeer running,
 pulling old Santa with a sack
 full of toys and happiness.

The old men lie awake, although
 tired after midnight mass.
 Over the snow creeps death,
 pushed by a thousand clergymen.

THE PERTHYLELEICHE PLAN FOR REDUCING WORLD TENSION

	<u>Phase I</u>	
1961	Parts 1-10.	Talks at U.N.O.
	<u>Phase II</u>	
1962	Parts 1-12.	More talks at U.N.O.
1963	Part 13	(i) End of talks at U.N.O. (ii) Talks at Paris.
	<u>Phase III</u>	
1965	Part 1.	Talks in London.
	Part 2.	(i) Headway at last. (ii) Agreement.
1966	Part 3.	(i) Point of order raised. (ii) Adjournment.
1967	Parts 4-13.	Reconciliation.
1968-9	<u>Phase IV</u>	Agreement again.
1970	<u>Phase V</u>	False alarm.
1972	<u>Phase VI</u>	Complete agreement.
1973	<u>Phase VII</u>	
	Part 1	First moves towards action.
	Part 2	Commencement of Initial Action.
	Part 3	Americans and Chinese blow up Quemoy and Matsu with H-Bombs.
	Part 4	Iron and Bamboo curtains made into 'Curtains for You'.
1974	<u>Phase VIII</u>	
	Part 1	Arab States embrace Jewish faith.
	Part 2	Castro of Cuba elected to U.S. Presidency.
	Part 3	R.Congó dammed to form a vast lake of the Congo.
1980	<u>Phase IX</u>	
	Part 1	Britain leaves the British Commonwealth.
	Part 2	China admitted to U.N.O.
	Part 3	Russia and China join N.A.T.O.
	Part 4	U.N.O. to be disbanded because of lack of disagreement among the Nations
1990	<u>Phase X</u>	All telegraph cables are cut.

If this does not work and Tension is not reduced, but even increased, Armageddon will be fought most fearfully in 2000 A.D.

MUD

After the drought,
 Rain came down in torrents,
 Churned up the choking earth
 And washed it into pools of dripping,
 Squirming, squelching,
 Slimy, sticky,
 Goosey, glutinous, mud,

Mud was drained,
 In trickling streams,
 Off the saturated, sloping fields.

The wind sent trees to the ground,
 Some across the flooded river.
 One very large, branched tree
 Made a dam:
 Which kept the waters from sweeping on.

Mud and stones were washed against the barky trunk,
 By the ever-growing force of the streams;
 An island was made of mud.

On my way home
 I splashed my way slowly
 Through the familiar, mud-cloaked, sodden country lane;
 The once-green hedges and verges
 Decorated with mud,
 Each flower and blade of grass
 Gently marked.

Eventually I trudged over the dirty brown mud
 Into the warm lit kitchen.
 I went to wash my hands at the sink,
 And there lay a small pool
 Of dirt-filled, muddy rain-water,
 Blown through the window.

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RESPONSIBILITY

The schoolboy walked home from school, thinking very seriously about his age. His headmaster had been talking to them about responsibility that afternoon. He had said that they were now old enough to take a responsible job and to be trusted by others. The headmaster was a very persuasive man, and the lecture had made a

deep impression on the boy. After all, he was eleven years old. He would soon be a man, he had been informed earlier in the afternoon, and he must soon start giving up his childish habits.

He began to consider his childish habits. He still chased his friends around the playground during breaktimes. He still read the 'Beano' every week and enjoyed every page. But then he began to wonder if he really did enjoy it. By the time he reached the church he had decided that the comic was not contributing its share in the improvement of his mind. Something would have to be done about it.

He turned round and went back along the road by the fish shop to the newsagents where he got his 'Beano', but they were closed because it was early closing day in the town. He put down his satchel on the doorstep of the shop and took out his folder, where he kept lots of odd sheets of paper for aeroplanes and pellets, and found a little black crayon in the left hand pocket of his coat. He wrote a short note about the cancellation of his comic and put it in the letter box.

Then he looked at his shoes, because one shoelace was looser than the other, and he did not like this: so he hung his satchel on the railings in front of the market and bent down to tighten his shoe-lace. His mother always cleaned his shoes after he had gone to bed, but surely he was old enough now to clean his own shoes. Everyone else cleaned his shoes, so he decided to clean his. He wrote it down on the back of his hand with red ink from a black pen, alongside other notes for conkers and football boots. A boy of about sixteen was looking at the cinema posters beside him, and he glanced at the entry on his hand. The schoolboy felt intensely ashamed and put his hand in his pocket.

He picked up his satchel and walked down the hill to the shop where his father worked. He took out his hand and tried to rub off the writing with his handkerchief, but he couldn't, so he put his hand back into his pocket. A big motorbike with a fat man on it came down the road and he stepped farther away from the road to avoid the water from the wheels.

Then he walked farther down the road to the park entrance, and saw his friends picking beech-nuts. He didn't want to join them, because he was getting older now, and more responsible than he used to be. But he could not stop himself, so he went in and joined them.

TRAINS

Puffing through the station,
 Charging down the line,
 Blowing on the whistle
 To warn us they are coming.

Using all the coal up,
 And the water too,
 Stopping at the station
 To add water and coal.

The diesel uses oil,
 Which is cheaper than the coal.
 They are safer than the steam trains,
 And go much faster too.

Trains can get you quicker
 To most places you can name.
 And London is the centre
 Of all the British trains.

London Transport also
 Is very clean and quick.
 Its all run by 'lectric
 But is rather dangerous.

Train service is quicker,
 And much cheaper too.
 But if you went by car
 You'd get stuck in traffic jams.

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'BEST QUALITY IRISH LINEN'

I began as a young seed when I was dug into the ground.
 I pushed out roots to grab the food from the precious soil: a
 young shoot burst through my skin and wormed its way towards the
 light. I gulped in air through nostrils in dark green leaves.

The sun came out from hiding behind the pale clouds. My
 thirsty leaves shrivelled in the sweltering heat.

Then came the gentle rain-drops which quenched my dried-up
 tongue. Two yellow buds sprang to life, sheltered from the wind by
 my leaves.

When the fierce storms raged, my slender stem bent, and crouched
 tight against the earth, as my roots trembled and shivered
 mournfully below.

The earth split open as it was rent with volcanoes.

A volcano erupted and sent hot, black, thick lava gushing from its crater. This, pouring down over the land, scorched my toes.

Mucky rivers flowing near to me rose to tumultuous floods, which threatened to wash me away, and then leave me stranded on some barren rock with nothing to nourish my bud. But I remained.

After the frozen spring snow, when the icy dew-drops had thawed off my stem, I grew to a large plant. My flowers stood high above any others in the field. I was proud.

But then the farmer who had planted me came and tugged me out of the peaty soil. I was almost strangled when a length of fluffy, frayed and knotted rope was trussed around me and some other stalks. A large stone was attached to the other end of the rope.

Then I was thrown, choking, into the farm netting-dam. I was left there for nearly eleven days, until my green skin blistered and peeled away, leaving my strong inner fibre bare.

Next I was dragged - thoroughly drenched - out of the pool.

I was forked into the rear of a small lorry, piled high with flax, and jolted along a bumpy country road to the nearest railway. There lots of flax plants were compressed into neatly-tied bales which were heaved onto the railway trucks standing silently in the station.

A steam locomotive whistled its way into the siding. With a clang of the firm steel couplings it was joined to the string of wagons. Then the engine puffed up steam and towed them to a linen factory on the outskirts of a large industrial town which was also a port.

Just inside the factory a roaring machine was working at full pelt, dropping the flax-seeds of the stems as they entered. The seeds were later squeezed to obtain linseed oil from them.

But the stem carried on until it reached another, smaller machine. Here my fibre began to be combed out into threads. The threads were split to produce smaller threads, till they would split no more.

The threads were woven, on huge mechanical looms, into cloth. My threads were woven into a small tea-towel: a design depicting a bunch of flowers, with a red and mauve border, was stamped on it. Below this was written in black ink: - 'Best quality Irish linen'.

Soon I was stuffed into a thin cardboard carton. When I had been delivered to a shop, I was kept there on a dark, musty shelf for several days. Then I was taken down and displayed in the shop window, where the sun beat at my face and the colours faded. A ticket marked '3/11, very good bargain' was hung above me.

Straight away a young lady marched into the shop and bought me.

She told the shopkeeper that she wanted me as a Christmas present for her five-year old daughter to give her grannie.

That meant that I was crushed into a small dressing-table to be hidden until Christmas came.

Grannie said she was pleased to have a tea-towel - and that lovely bunch of flowers - it was just what she wanted. Actually she never used me for wiping dishes except when her grand-daughter came to tea.

One day, when grannie was ironing me, the postman called with a parcel which was too big to be pushed through the letter-box. She spent about three minutes opening her big parcel.

When she came back to me she found a hole had been scorched through 'Best quality Irish linen' and that a brown patch was showing across the stalks of the bunch of flowers.

She cried "Oh! Dear", and promptly threw me in the dustbin. There I was left, amongst empty cans, a broken saucer, a heap of ashes from the fire, and a small pile of garden weeds, together with mounds of sodden earth.

Eventually a lorry came, which I was tipped into - amongst a lot more rubbish.

Then I was bumped slowly to the rubbish dump, thrown unmercifully onto it: left there to rot. An old and greyed rat sat, twitching his whiskers, on top of me.

He bent his weary, thin neck and with yellow teeth began to gnaw at my threads. Like me, he was near to death: we rotted away together.

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My eyes hurt at the slightest brilliance and I feel them begin to close against my will. I jerk my eyelids back. The sudden effort sends a searing pain through my head. All kinds of colours rush before my eyes, intermingling, flashing, separating. All is confusion. This happens every few minutes. I am so tired, yet I must keep awake. Danger lurks everywhere, even in my barricaded room. Any moment it might happen and I must be awake when it does.

Still the waiting continues. The periods between my dozing get shorter. Inevitably the time will come when I must doze off completely. But I persevere. Waiting, waiting,.....

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LIGHT

And God said, "Let there be light."
 And a glistening orb lit up the dark.
 The stars disappeared, and the earth bare and stark
 Was born again and began a new life.
 A life of struggle and terrible strife.
 When God said, "Let there be light."

God said, "Let there be light."
 And the world turned round, the trees grew high
 And sheltered the world from the orb in the sky.
 And man was born and began a new life.
 A life of struggle and horrible strife
 When God said, "Let there be light."

And God said, "Let there be light."
 And man progressed and flew in the air.
 He lived on the rest, he didn't share
 His fortunes with other beasts that were there
 When God said, "Let there be light."

And God said, "Let there be light."
 and men fought wars with quarrel and strife
 And forgot about God who created their life
 And had said, "Let there be light."

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THE END

In an instant every emotion, sense, and feeling is brought to a crisis, an erupting volcanic head, a blinding climax in an all-out final effort of life. The eyes see the fantastic glare of the headlights with the beams of light like silver swords thrust deep into the scabbard of darkness. The body experiences the greatest hurt of all, the ripping, searing sensation of death with no reprieve. The ears hear the penetrating scream of the road tearing at the rubber instruments of death, the tyres. The nostrils stretch and quiver for an instant with the most awful, stinging, stifling reek of burning, like a flash of flame in one's face. The voice offers the last fragment of life to the wide open sky for everyone to hear, for everyone to witness to its greatness as the shrill, pitiful yell in a crescendo reaches to the depth of every heart.

A witness timidly approaches as the ghastly, piercing cry of

the victim sinks and gurgles into a blood-thrilled throat, lost for ever in the ruined depths of misery. He bends over to look and is promptly sick, and it mixes stickily with strewn pieces of pulpy tissues, the horror of the living mingling with the horror of the dead.

He can do nothing, as the lorry driver careers drunkenly on and on, retreating from an appalling miniature battle-field which he may not even remember in his stupor. Why does it have to happen? Why is a life ended so ruthlessly?

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CHRISTMAS CAROL

Dear sirs - you are alright Jack and your fires
 are very hot
 And your 'fridges are bulging with good food.
 But out here its very cold, and our leaders have
 been shot
 Though we'd be good chaps and like you if we
 could.

We know, but it's too late, all our money's gone
 to you,
 And we only bought the 'fridge on tick.
 It's easier to moan that your folks cannot
 get home
 Than for us to send the blighters back!

You can hate us for our happiness
 But it isn't really true,
 'Cause we're worrying too much
 Over you.

-----O-----

He thought he saw a flag of truce
 A-flying from a beam.
 He peered more close, and heard behind
 A dreadful piercing scream.
 "It's not my fault," he said, "if things
 Aren't always what they seem."

