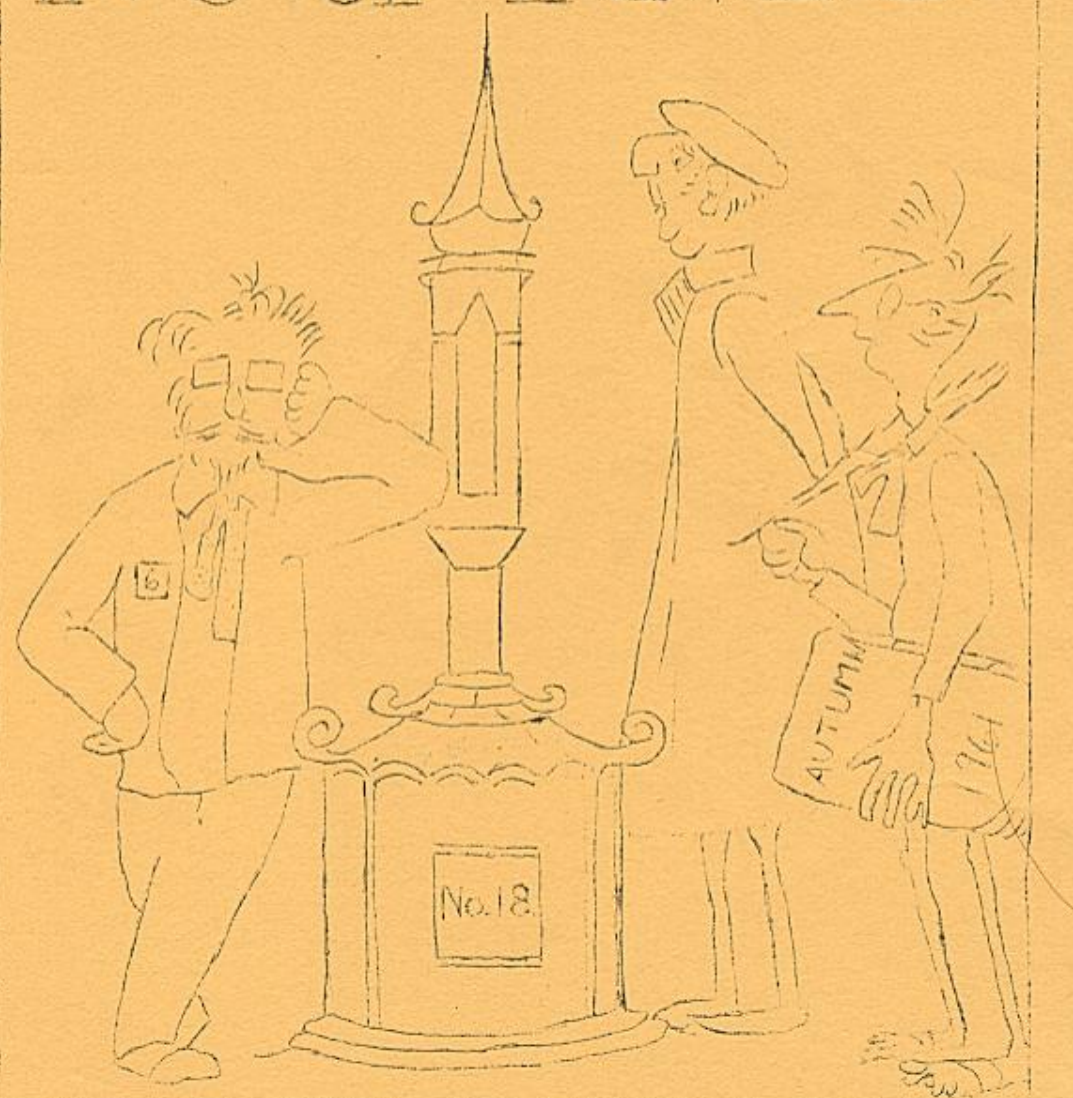


THE IVORY TURRET



SCHOOL NEWS

Congratulations to the following, all of whom won County Awards last summer. R.P.W.Bennett; R.E.Bowyer; D.G Brent; R.Christopher; S.D.Elling; I.Flockton; C.Tilley.

According to the latest information, the new school buildings will be officially handed over on Jan.2. The first public function will be Speech Day on Jan. 26, when the Bishop of Truro will present the prizes.

The school play this year will be "Ajax" by Sophocles. It will be presented in the school hall in the week March 26 - 31.

SCHOOL OFFICERS

Head Boy:	T.V.Neat.
Prefects:	R.C.Cudmore: D.Gay: F.A.Nicol.
Captain of Rugger:	T.V.Neat
Vice-Captain:	M.C.Julyan

VALETTESixth Form

R.P.W.Bennett.	Entered Sept. 1955. Prefect. 'O' & 'A' Level. Drama & Music Crowns. Editor of 'Ivory Turret'. V Form Maths. & Science prize 1959. Vincent Ford trophy 1958. 1st Class Scout.
R.E.Bowyer.	Entered Sept. 1953. Head Prefect. 'O' & 'A' Level. Rugger Colours, Music Crown. W.O. in A.T.C.
D.G.Brent.	Entered Sept. 1953. Prefect. 'O' & 'A' Level.
R.Christopher.	Entered Sept. 1954. 'O' & 'A' Level. Music Crown.
J.P.Davey.	Entered Sept. 1955. 'O' Level. Soccer Colours.
S.D.Elling.	Entered Sept. 1953. Prefect. 'O' & 'S' Level. Cricket, Rugger, Soccer Colours. Sloman Scripture prize 1960. VI Form Science prize 1959. Lower school Science & Lower school English prizes 1956.

- I.R.Fearnley. Entered Apr.1957. Prefect. 'O' & 'A' Level. Drama Crown. Maths. & Science prize 1958. Scout Cord.
- I.Flockton. Entered Sept.1954. 'O' & 'A' Level. Languages prizes, IV Form 1958, V Form 1959. A.T.C.
- D.J.Goodman. Entered Sept.1955. 'O' Level.
- P.C.Griffin. Entered Sept.1954. 'O' Level. Rugger Colours, Drama Crown. 1st Class Scout. Cpl. in A.T.C.
- C.W.J.D.Hicks. Entered Sept.1954. Prefect. 'O' & 'A' Level. Cricket, Rugger Colours. Music Crown. Editor of 'Ivory Turret'. III Form prize 1957. Lower School Maths & Science prize 1957. Cpl. in A.T.C.
- H.Thomas. Entered Sept.1954. 'O' & 'A' Level. Rugger Colours Drama Crown. English Subjects prize 1957. Sgt. in A.T.C. Gliding 'A' & 'B' prof. certs.
- C.Tilley. Entered Oct.1956. Prefect. 'O' & 'S' Level. VI Form Maths.prize 1960.
- C.C.Vanstone. Entered Sept. 1955. 'O' Level. Drama Crown.

Fifth Form.

- N.Burden. Entered Sept.1956.
- R.Hancock. Entered Sept.1956. 'O' Level.
- R.H.Hoskin. Entered Sept.1956. 'O' Level. 1st Class Scout.

Fourth Form.

- T.Barriball. Entered Sept.1957. A.T.C.
- R.Martin. Entered Sept. 1957.

Second Form.

- C.J.Jasper. Entered Sept.1959.

SALVETE

Sixth Form.

- S.A.D.Peters. Canworthy Water.

Third Form.

- R.Pepperell

Looe

Second Form.

- B.Timms.

Kilkhampton.

First Form.

- R.T.Banbury
A.Cowling
R.A.Dawson
A.George
B.J.Harris

Truscott
Tremaine
Launceston.
Newquay
Launceston

- I.J.Cottrell
G.J.Davey
J.F.Dominy
R.W.J.Harries
G.H.Hockin

Launceston
Launceston
Launceston.
Launceston
Boyton

J.H.Julian	Launceston	S.Martin	Launceston
C.F.Mills	Launceston	S.B.Moore	Portreath
D.V.Mute	Launceston	A.B.Poole	Camelford
G.R.T.Smith	Launceston	C.Timms	Kilkhampton
T.J.Trew	Launceston	A.W.Vague	Launceston
B.R.C.Venning	Launceston	R.I.Windemer	Altarnun

POST WAR SOCIETY

After some accidental delay - bus trouble - the College contingent all arrived at Tavistock School for this term's meeting of the Post War Society.

The subject discussed this year was Education. All the speakers present were people directly concerned with this topic in its varying forms. In some ways this was a good thing, for it gave us informed opinion, but perhaps they were inclined to be all of one mind on important issues and so the discussion got rather bogged down. The same thing happened in several of the small discussion groups, which was a pity. We were also a biased assembly with our own views on the subjects, which we were unwilling to change.

Mention must also be made of the magnificent meals we had, which made the whole day really enjoyable. Everyone seems to have had some fun and perhaps we managed to learn something.

DOUBLE SIX

'Up the U.N.' The Society without reservations supported the actions of the United Nations in the Congo and Katanga. This was the conclusion of an internal debate on the last Friday of term. J.Toms and C.Mitchell had introduced subjects for discussion on ideas, logic, philosophy and art. Arguments were surprisingly deep until the Congo brought us back to earth and an attack on the British Government.

Earlier in the term Mr. Tulett, a spiritualist healer from Bude, gave us a sincere talk on his beliefs, and the meeting introduced the eight new members well. Prayers were said for Mr. Harries who was ill, and although he did not make an immediate recovery, he is still kicking. Mr. Paynter, a Cornish Bard from Liskeard, gave us a very entertaining evening, talking on ghosts and witches like the story-tellers of old. Charles Causley (who we hope will talk to us

next term) helped to give us a background to Cornish fantasy and the apparent power of these witches. The Society also saw 'Ben Hur', memorable for its chariot race and the fact that Biddlecombe had 'P' on his ticket.

Mr. and Mrs. Rowe and Mr. and Mrs. Harries are once again thanked for their hospitality.

THE LIBRARY

This term has seen the library strengthened in many sections by the addition of new books. Once more we must thank all those people who kindly gave us books.

A new feature this term has been the periodicals' shelf, where it is hoped pupils will increase their knowledge and widen their reading. This seems to have been a successful venture but we do wish that people would respect the papers more and not scatter them about.

This could apply to the rest of the library; not enough is being done to ensure that books are properly cared for. Those responsible for seeing to this can only do so much; it is up to the whole school to see that the library is a place for literature, and not a playroom.

In this connection we are glad to note that work on converting the assembly hall into a library is due to begin very soon: and there will be no private study periods in the library next term.

PLAY READING GROUP

This term the group has read as large a variety of plays as possible. We found our first play, 'The Hostage' by Brendan Behan, very enjoyable, although difficult to read. Our next play, Robert Bolt's 'A Man for All Seasons', was spoiled by long speeches, which tended to become rather boring.

'Our Town' by Thornton Wilder was a very deep and interesting play and we thoroughly enjoyed it. 'The Kitchen' by Arnold Wesker was also stimulating, and its down-to-earth language increased its popularity. The controversial play 'Offshore Island' by Marghanita Laski got a mixed reception, and some people were not sure whether to treat it as a science fiction thriller or as a horrible warning.

The last play, 'An Epitaph for George Dillon' by John Osborne & Antony Creighton, was amusing, but in some parts very truthful and

ended the term very well.

We must extend our sincere thanks to Mr. Birnberg for obtaining the plays and providing us with refreshments.

FILM SOCIETY

"3.10 to Yuma."

"Alright, pretty exciting."

"Good film, good ending."

"Couldn't understand the ending, though."

This was a fine Western, and so much superior to T.V. that 'Westward' might be in financial difficulty. This report is based on an interview with the fifth form.

"Better chairs."

"More musicals, more English films."

"More Chaplin."

To please the girls from Horwell we have shown 'A Town Like Alice.'

"Good. That was a good film."

"Sentimental."

For the same reason we also showed 'Song Without End.'

"Wish it had ended sooner."

"Glad it broke down."

"Pretty good. Dirk was super."

"Too domestic. Repetitive but worth seeing."

Another contrast in this term's programme of classic films was 'O Cangaceiro', a Portuguese adventure film, and 'The Italian Straw Hat', an old and silent film.

"That was good."

"Brave fellows."

"First rate photography."

Has anyone a good word to say for 'The Italian Straw Hat'?

"No."

"It was horrible. A bore."

However the Film Society has thrived in peoples' minds if not economically. Three times boarders have been to the town cinema and Lord Morrison cannot complain the College is not pulling its weight in the nation's financial crisis.

PARENTS ASSOCIATION

Delay in the completion of the new buildings necessitated the change in the plans for the annual general meeting held on November 1st, when we had hoped to show parents the new premises. Instead, after a very brief A.G.M., the Headmaster gave a talk on careers to supplement the showing of a film on the same subject, with special emphasis on the industrial world.

In a discussion following this film the subjects ranged from careers through dialect and accent to the teaching of English.

The College is sincerely grateful to all those parents who responded so generously to the appeal for subscriptions which to date have amounted to £47-2-0-.

MODEL CLUB

For a change a model reached the blue skies, but Whiting's model "The Ace" flew too well and crashed high up in a park tree. All the same it was a change from the usual failures of Willie Shambrook's model 'Gipsy', and since then the 'Ace' has made a number of successful flights.

Another model has just been completed and this model, a glider of 50 inch wing span, 'The Phoenix', is expected to make some very good flights in the coming year.

Unfortunately no work has been done in the railway shed as it has been too cold and there are no heaters there. But a lot of models, such as station buildings, have been completed in the A.F.C. hut. I am sure that we all agree that this has been a very successful season

STAMP CLUB

The influx of new boys yielded eight more members to the Stamp Club, although four others have left this term.

Our library, which consists mainly of philatelic magazines and catalogues, has been available on only four occasions due to some difficulty in obtaining the library key. It has, however, become a great asset to the new members and is perhaps the most successful of the services rendered by this Club.

Another 'Blarney Parcel' has been obtained and its contents shared amongst members of the Club.

Earlier in the term a visit was made to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Bryne, and once again Mr. Bryne's extensive collection was placed on view. Welcome refreshments were provided by Mrs Bryne.

Three boys have spoken to the Club, Hurley, Tuckett, and Bryne, and of these, the former speaker aroused so much interest with his talk on programmes that a section has been devoted to this study.

BOFFIN CLUB.

As is normal the Boffin Club has met on Wednesdays after school. Several new members joined and seemed to enjoy their first meeting, attempting to produce fire by friction. Their efforts were rewarded with a puff of smoke!

Chemistry seems to have taken preference in the latter half of the term, with many people producing different alloys and melting metal objects.

There have been very few outstanding events this term. Are we lacking budding scientists? Lack of preparation may be one of the reasons; few people this term have come knowing exactly what they are going to do.

One of the most interesting alloys produced was a mixture of copper, zinc, lead and tin. The junior members have gained experience in using balances, and one daring pair distilled some water from the rugger field.

The meetings have not been very well attended, but we would all like to thank Mr. Beer for giving up so much of his time to aid us in our research.

FOLK DANCING

Walking, strolling, promenading, prancing, dancing, apologising, all adds up to folk dancing. Your feet are moving but brain is stupefied, wondering what your feet are going to do next; and then you wake up to realise that you are naturally doing what your mind had forgotten.

Next minute she is accelerating toward you, like a tank, but

with a clever side-step you manage to get out of her way. Unfortunately you have left your arm behind you and grasping it she hurls you round until you are thrown off at a tangent, back to your place.

Another arm tugs you and opening your eyes, the whole room is revolving. Images of people you once knew fly visionary past as you utter a quick prayer that this break-neck speed will not break your neck. Slowing down, a wave of sickly giddiness shakes your body but still the confounded music groans on and on.

Suddenly there is silence, and a roar of applause from the frenzied dancers, asking for more, beats around the room. Unfortunately before you can pull yourself together and run for your seat, the music has started again and once more you are hurled, pushed, persuaded, shoved, propelled and impelled, hustled and talked into doing the right things in time with the incessant fiddles, whose monotones never seem to change. Such is folkdancing.

Every Wednesday, between the hours of four and five, the same few people turn up to practise. Isn't it funny though that at folk dance parties, many who scorn the Wednesday practices come and attempt to dance! Wouldn't they enjoy themselves more if they acquired some of the basic skills and knowledge of different dances?

Early on in the term, the group went to Callington to dance with other groups from the nearby district for a folk dance recording by the B.B.C. The programme was heard on the Home Service at lunch time on the following Wednesday. Even though everything had to be done to strict timing, everybody enjoyed himself.

There have been two folk dance parties this term, one at St. Stephens, the other at the Brotherhood Hall: and also a Christmas folk dance party at Horwell. There is to be a Grand Christmas Party at St. Stephens on the last Saturday of this term which should be very enjoyable with a group from Okehampton coming over.

It goes without saying that we are all very grateful to Mrs. Hannah for the trouble she has taken in helping and teaching us, especially at times when enthusiasm has waned. She must surely love folk dancing.

MUSIC

The concert at the end of last summer term was a great success. The orchestra performed several pieces - amongst them Beethoven's

Overture 'Men of Prometheus' and 'The Marksman', one of Elgar's three Bavarian Dances. The orchestra accompanied two piano concertos, the first movement of Beethoven's first with Mr. Birnberg and Alec Rowley's 'Miniature Concerto' with Kay Tatton as the soloist. Both soloists put in a great deal of hard practice before the concert and both acquitted themselves with distinction.

The junior orchestra gave a worthy performance, as did a choir formed from boys in the first four forms. Cudmore, Hoskin, I. Dawe, Pearce, Uglow, and Dent gave good performances playing as a brass sextet. Biddlecombe and Stephens played a movement from a Handel Sonata for two violins very well indeed.

The concert was, as usual, a farewell to many elder members of the orchestra, but we were delighted - and thankful - to have old boys back, reinforcing us in the orchestra as last year.

The music being practised this term is new - Dvorak's Slavonic Dances Nos. 4 and 6, Franz Lehar's 'Gold and Silver' Waltz, and an early Symphony by Mica.

During the term a concert for schools was given by part of the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra at Liskeard, and a number of people from the College attended.

The Gramophone Society is continuing to meet.

Joyful strains of 1st trebles, 2nd trebles, tenors and basses have been heard these past few weeks in the College - all this in preparation for the Carol Service on December 20th in Wesley Chapel. We hope that we shall have a better representation of the College boys at this Service than in the past.

Some years ago the Ivory Turret put forward some suggestions for people learning to play instruments. It may be that one reminder would not be out of place here:

ONLY DAILY PRACTICE WILL ACHIEVE A HIGHER STANDARD OF PLAYING.

A.T.C.

A camp at R.A.F. Colerne was the culmination of an active summer term's work. Some of the more enthusiastic members were disappointed in several ways, but, generally, it was enjoyed by all. Flights in Chipmunks and Hastings added to the Squadron's flying hours, although the promised Comet flight did not materialise. Among the organised games - including basketball - the College XI proved superior to the other 250 cadets on the camp at the time, and became cricket champions. Flight Sergeant Thomas, who was on his last camp, did much in boosting our morale.

Promotions, this term, have been numerous. Waldron, Watkins, and Hurcombe have risen to Corporals, and Corporal Tann has been made a Sergeant, while proficiency badges have been awarded to Frazer, Hurcombe, Tann, and Watkins. Attendances at classes have been good on the whole, which is encouraging.

"The Dam Busters" was shown for those who had not seen it before and also for guests.

The annual party has been arranged for next term and it is hoped that a night exercise will be staged on Bodmin Moor.

We would again like to thank Fl/Lt. P.G. Francis for his invaluable contribution as Commanding Officer of the College A.T.C.

THE BOY SCOUTS

Summer Camp.

"Unfeeling is he, alas, who spends his days in the city." No scout is unfeeling, so we all jumped into a lorry and went off to Bocconnock woods, a park full of trees and cows. This camp had an air of novelty about it: Mrs. Harries came with her husband, and she washed our socks very well. There were four patrols, and Hoskin and Gay came to look after the stores. The tents were put up in a clearing with big trees all around. A few days later a troop from Saltash pitched camp near us, led by two senior scouts.

The woods were ideal for making bivouacs, and ten scouts got their Backwoodman's Badge. Most people walked to Restormel castle - some never got there! - which was about five miles away. We all went to church on Sunday morning, and Mr. Harries played the organ. On open day, several parents came down and saw the advantages of camping and the beautiful estate. One disadvantage of the site was the absence of running water and we had to go 200 yards to get it. Firewood was no problem since there were many dead trees around.

We went to St. Mawes and Falmouth on a bus, and crossed from St. Mawes to Falmouth on the ferry.

On the last day Mr. Harries organised his annual cake competition, which was won by the Eagle Patrol. In the evening we held a campfire and the Saltash Troop were invited as well. Then we got back into the lorry and went home.

Autumn Term 1961

The 14 new boys in the Troop have settled down, worked hard and all were awarded Tenderfoot Badges before half term. It was

then that four energetic youths decided to spend the night sleeping on Brown Willy (the highest point in Cornwall) in the bleak and windy weather of a typical Cornish winter. These boys, P.Marsh, J.E.Harries, F.Bestwick, and non-scouter Owen reported a warm and sleepful night.

The annual winter Night Game with the help of the A.T.C.'s Aldis Lamp went very well; it was won, for the fourth year in succession, by the Eagles Patrol.

Progress this term has been very consistent and of a high standard. We now have five scouts with their first class badge, and one with his Scout Cord.

The Guide Party, which is dreaded all the year round by the Scoutmaster, was a great success. A combination of Scouts and A.T.C. Cadets joined in an enjoyable evening.

We would like to thank all those who have made this term's Scouting interesting and enjoyable.

The driving force which Tilley and Sheen gave to the Field Study Group is no longer here. Is there no one who is prepared to resuscitate this worthwhile Society?

RUGGER

As far as Launceston College is concerned another rigger season is over. The 1st XV have scored 96 points and have had 98 scored against them. 15 matches have been played, 8 won, 6 lost, and 1 was drawn. These figures tell us very little, except that perhaps we have defended fairly well and have not been capable of scoring frequently enough.

The team has been small and light, seven members of it played for the Colts team last season. But they have combined well and have been prepared to play adventurous rigger all the time. It took a little while for them to settle down at the beginning of the term - indeed it took some three or four matches before the final line-up was decided upon - but after that they played more and more as a team as the term went on.

In the first School match against Sutton, Stayte broke his collar-bone and didn't play again until the Truro match - and this was the only really heavy defeat we sustained. The best performance

of the season was probably against Truro School when we 'gave' them two tries and only went down 9-3 on their ground. We played poorly against a competent Redruth side and lost deservedly - we also played badly against the Cathedral School but this match we won. Against what appeared to be a strong Old Boys side the Colloge played hard and well and deserved victory, but on one memorable occasion it was hard to tell which side Turner was playing for. The Old Boys team was: - Brent: Harris, Tourle, Fry, Turner: Gleave, White: Robins B., Pender M., Doidge, Griffin, Roseveare, Wadge, Thomas M., Baker L.

The Colloge 1st XV has been:-

- CUDMORE - deceptively slow, he has filled this unwanted position with quiet competence and has tackled well
- MITCHELL - sees very little in full flight, but has improved slowly. Now receives forward passes less frequently. Got in one cross kick.
- NEAT - Goes for the line with great determination: always prepared to try something new and kicked several drop goals.
- PETERS - Not very fast, but strong with a good hand-off and tackle. Too inclined to go high.
- HURCOMBE - A powerful winger: must learn to pass the ball quicker and more frequently.
- SCOTT - An elusive runner and good kicker(he practised!) but his defence is very poor.
- HOOVER - He has developed very well as a scrum-half. His foot-work at the moment is poor and a good opposition nabs him too often.
- DENT - Very good in the loose, his back is too bent in the tight scrums. Covers instinctively.
- TOMS - Hooked very well and tackled too. In the loose is still surprised when he gets a pass.
- GOSS - Has propped well in the tight scrums, but has been very much at sea in the loose. Needs confidence
- CHUDLEIGH - Rather too quiet at the moment to be very good. On his day a fearsome fellow.

- BURNETT - Moved from wing to back row, to second row, has played with more and more fire as confidence grew. Beginning to be very useful in the line-out.
- TANN - A fine forward, tackles very hard, always to the fore in a loose rush, and falls on the ball. Too prone to put his head down and charge, but not so often now.
- STAYTE - No. 8, has covered well and generally played very intelligently. Always ready to try to set a passing attack going.
- JULYAN - Attacks and defends with great fire. Full of good advice - even to the referee.
- BENNETT - Played in the last two matches and did very well. Perhaps he ought possibly to have been in the team earlier.

As has now become the custom, the "Colts" team varies from match to match according to the estimated strength of the opposition - and except in one disastrous case this solution to a small school playing bigger ones has proved quite successful. Quite a number of boys in the middle school have played in matches and we can only hope that it will stand them in good stead in later years.

A 2nd XV also played one match against Bude Grammar School and two other matches arranged for them had to be cancelled at the last moment as did an Under 14 match against Grenville College and an Under 13 match against Pennygillam.

RESULTS

College v Launceston 'B'	6-3	Sutton v College	21-0
College v Launceston Colts	5-3	College v Truro C.S.	6-0
College v Devonport H.S.	3-8	College v Redruth G.S.	0-13
College v Plymouth Argaum		N.D.Tech. v College	13-0
Colts	24-5	Truro Sch. v College	9-3
College v Cornwall Tech.	6-6	Okeh'ton G.S. v College	8-21
Tavistock Sch. v College	3-6	College v Shebbear	0-3
College v Old Boys	8-3	College v Launc'ton Colts	8-3
2nd XV v Bude G.S.	3-13	Colts v Truro C.S.	0-43
Colts v Devonport H.S.	3-18	Colts v Redruth G.S.	0-27
Colts v Tavistock Sch.	0-78	Colts v Truro Sch.	3-6
Colts v Shebbear	8-11	Colts v Pennygillam	0-17

JUNIOR HOUSE MATCHES

During the junior house matches this term there has been a lot of excitement and too much foul play, such as the older ones trying to be the big heroes of the day. They grab the ball and bash out at anyone who comes near them. It is usually the big heavy ones of the third form who are the worst. They seem to think that the rest of the players have to give them the ball, then they never pass. But I think all this is wrong. I think that the older ones ought to give the younger boys a chance to get a try.

There was a lot of this in the Ralph-Hardy match; Ralph won 30 points to Hardy's 6. There should be more instruction in these games: instead, some big Heads think they know it all, but when it comes to playing the game they don't even know the shape of the ball.

In the match between Turner and Ralph, Ralph were losing 0-9 at half-time: but in the second half Ralph fought like a crowd of women in a jumble sale and the score turned out to be 9-6 to Turner.

In the match between Turner and Hardy there was nothing but foul play and fighting for the ball. In the end it turned out to be 12-5 to Turner.

ATHLETICS

The Grammar School Sports were held at Par at the end of the summer term. In the small school's competition we did well to be just beaten at the tape by Helston.

Unusual for us, our field event athletes did exceptionally well, having intermediate and senior javelin firsts in Burnett and Kicks, and Neat's strong arm threw him into first position in the discus. On the track, Goss won the senior mile in 4.47 and Stayte ran a good 880 to come second in this intermediate event.

Apart from a few murmurings that it was too hot to do anything, the team was fit, though more previous competition would have produced better results.

CROSS COUNTRY

An interesting fight is brewing up in the cross country championship. The juniors and intermediates have each had two races, and the seniors one. They have all unfortunately had to be on roads and at the moment the position is as follows.

	<u>RALPH</u>	<u>TURNER</u>	<u>HARDY</u>
Senior 1.	155	99	211
Inter 1.	192	117	156
Inter 2.	112	171	182
Junior 1.	172	172	121
Junior 2.	<u>144</u>	<u>163</u>	<u>153</u>
	775	727	823

COLOURS

Athletics Colours have been awarded to:-

C.W.J.D.Hicks; T.V.Neat; C.J.Goss,

Rugger Colours have been awarded to:-

R.C.Cudmore; P.B.Dent; A.Stayte; D.S.Tann.

SWIMMING

The swimming sports were held at the end of the summer term when the results were as follows:-

Junior.

1 length breast.	Chapman	Ryder	Venning.
1 length back.	Watkins	Mullen	Bestwick
2 lengths free	Watkins	Whiting	Venning
7 lengths free	Chapman	Venning	Ryder
Diving	Ryder	Venning	Mullen
Relay	Hardy	Turner	Ralph

Senior.

3 lengths free	Christopher	Young	Thomas
3 lengths back	Davey R.	Thomas	Goss
3 lengths breast	Waldron	Davey R.	Brooke
13 lengths free	Young	Thomas	Mullen
Diving	Christopher	Griffin	Tann
Relay	Turner	Hardy	Ralph

Winners; Junior - Hardy
Senior - Turner

MARRIAGES

- RANDALL - P.J.Randall to Elaine Boney at Tremayne on July 22.
 GOLFEY - P.J.Golley to Maureen Maguire at Launceston on July 27
 BRAY - C.H.Bray to Patricia Brown at Launceston on Aug.7.
 PHILP - P.Philp to Esme Horrell at Maxworthy on Sept. 2.
 DANIEL - Leighton Daniel to Molly Rich at Lifton on Sept.20.
 LAMBOURN - T.Lambourn to Jennifer Coade at Launceston on Dec.16.

BIRTHS

- DOWNES - to the wife of Bert Downes on July 24th, a daughter.
 WILLS - to the wife of John Wills on July 30th, a daughter.
 THOMAS - to the wife of Ivor Thomas on Aug.1st, a daughter
 FROGARY - to the wife of Wesley Freary on Sept.29th, a daughter
 PARKIN - to the wife of Sam Parkin on Nov.10th, a daughter.
 KNEEBONE - to the wife of Bill Kneebone on Dec 7th, a son.

OLD BOYS NEWS

- A.J.Brewer is now practising in St.Austell. Address; 10 Carnsmerry Crescent, St.Austell.
 M.Savage is on the staff of a West London Newspaper. Address; 1 King Street, Acton, W.3.
 M.J.Courle has now returned from Aden. Whilst out there he met Several Old Boys including Nightingale and Titball. After Christmas he will be stationed at Abingdon.
 P.J.Graham, in the Metropolitan Police, is reported to have met Bob Childs sitting in Trafalgar Square; he was watching.
 Bill Burden has got married; any further information will be welcomed.
 R.S.Madaever is going to Australia in the new year to take up a position as Physics master in a large school.
 Paul Vernon-Roberts is engaged to Susan Lyel. They are getting married on Dec,29th - I think.
 Michael Colwill is engaged to Sandra Caple.
 M.Rowe is now at Barclay's Bank, Penzance.
 Neil Cuthill is at Dartington Hall.
 Mike Pender, married and with a baby daughter, is farming on St. Mary's, Isles of Scilly.

Charles Causley, who has just had a new book of poems called "Johnny Alleluia" published, has been elected to the Poetry Panel for the next three years.

H.Spencer Toy, now engaged on writing the history of education in Launceston, has published part of it; a History of Horwell Grammar School for Girls. Copies are obtainable from the School or booksellers in the borough.

Bennett is at Bristol University, R.E.Bowyer at London University, S.D.Elling at Manchester University, and D.G.Brent at Hull University.

R.Christopheris at Bretton Hall Teacher's Training College

J.P.Davey is in the N.P.Bank in Launceston.

D.J.Goodman is in the Cornwall Constabulary.

P.C.Griffin is in the Civil Service (Air Ministry).

C.W.J.D.Hicks is now at Wandsworth* Technical College.

M.Thomas goes into the R.A.F. after Christmas.

C.Tilley is at Exeter University. There is an incipient growth on his upper lip.

C.C.Vanstone is in the N.P.Bank at Bude.

I.R.Fearnley is articled to a Chartered Accountant.

I.Flockton is with Smith's Industries with prospects of going on to a University

I.A.C.Cuthill is working for the Minnesota Manufacturing Co.Ltd.

D.J.Knight is teaching in Biggleswade Primary School.

A.L.Hicks is now working as a Quantity Surveyor with Plymouth Corporation.

FOOTBALL

The Old Boys Soccer Match will take place next term. The most likely dates at the moment are April 9th or 10th. The match will probably be played in the evening as last year.

It is always difficult to get hold of Old Boys for this match, so if you can play please get in touch with the College as soon as possible.

* NB It was Walthamstow - not Wandsworth

PAGE 18 LEFT BLANK

"My boy, your masters seem so young. When I was at school there was not one that was under sixty-five - and they all wore mortarboards. They were not scared of little boys, and there never used to be any trouble.

"The cane - my boy - the cane. Great believer in it myself. Did me a lot of good - no end, in fact. But not now, oh no! Lines, that's all you get, lines, but I'm not saying we didn't get lines, oh yes! We did, but in Latin - yes, Latin. Teaches one about the world, my boy, worth knowing. Still use it even now, you know - quo facto et sic transit gloria mundae - great stuff. Used to use the old green book. Come to think of it, Euclid had a green book also, but I could not understand it. After all, one cannot expect a great literary family such as ours to learn Euclid, can one? Goes against the grain, so to speak. Never had much use for it afterwards anyway; Father (God rest his soul) looked after that sort of thing although, of course, I could have managed, come to think. Latin trains the progressive mind, my boy, very necessary for Mathematics. Did you want to speak? Just put your hand up, like they teach you at the Old School".

"Did you ever learn politics, Father?"

"Politics, eh? Well....um...yes...I suppose I did. Great help, my boy, you take my word. Broadens one's outlook on life, very necessary. From the Latin, you know."

THE TRAMP

Warmed by the sun
 Chilled by the snow
 Splashed by the rain
 Through this life I go.

Up with the dawn
 To bed with the sun
 Sleeping in the hedgerow
 When the long day's done.

Soon I'll fall asleep
 Underneath some tree
 They'll find me there
 But I'll be no longer me.

The car stood purring quietly as if pleased to leave. It was cold in the quad but he stood, shivering, by the car, his hands resting on top of the window. He resented the car. It was impersonal not knowing that it was taking them away from him. People walked past, casting curious glances at him and his parents. One or two of them nodded or smiled.

It was growing dark and the orange glow from the lights on the by-pass painted the gym wall. The fire escape was silhouetted against the orange.

The car revved and rolled away from him. He stood back and watched it roar into the shadows under the arch.

All's fair in love and war, they said,
 It's either you or him to die, they said,
 You owe it to your queen, they said,
 And I went to war.

Jack's going to war, the village cried,
 He's not the type to lie a'bed,
 Jack's tough, Jack's brave, but his mother sighed,

Come back.

Jack killed one man, then more besides,
 Fulfilled his duty to his queen,
 Sailed home on welcome tides.
 Jack's home, He's home, the village cried
 Jack's killed and lived, Jack's home.
 I'm back, my mother, Jack did cry,
 But his mother didn't hear, his mother wasn't near,
 Poor Jack, the village cried.

Jack went back on hostile tides,
 Killed men, men, and more besides,
 Fought for his country, his queen, his ideals,

His mother.

He killed so many men he could kill no more,
 And, "Jack's coming home" the village cried.
 But the village mourned, for Jack was dead,
 "He owed it to his queen" the village said.

The burnt-out end of a smoky day
 Is caught by a cold and misty night.
 The thought evokes a vision
 Which is too near to see.
 It is too big to be seen until gone by;
 Then the mist has cleared and it is cold;
 It waits to be awaited.

The burnt-out end of the world waits.

I was walking up into the unearthly feeling of the mountain. I was alone. Thank God. The mists were getting thicker. I had been afraid of this before I set out but somehow I wasn't scared at all now. My feet were getting really wet but the clear mountain water did not make me feel cold. It seemed like the water of life. I began to think how weak was our existence down there, in the world below, every person and action seemed so stupid now. Every few steps I bent down and picked up a stone and added it to the small pile by the side of the path - the lonely traveller's only lifeline. If everything was so stupid down there need I ever go back? Why didn't I just lie down by the side of the stream in the thin brown grass among the sheep? Suddenly I was on the top. Everything changed.

I was above the swilling mists now and in the distance I could see the tops of other mountains just islands in the sea of peace and quiet I sat down and rested. I spoke to myself and my voice seemed vile and coarse and I hated myself for speaking.

Then I saw walking towards me a mountain sheep. I only looked at it meaninglessly until it looked at me. Then I looked into its eyes and suddenly I realised I was still part of this earth, that I still loved the earth, that I did not want to die. The sheep's eyes were somehow so contented, so powerful.

I found myself walking down the other side of the mountain, coming down to earth again, from dreams. Before me was the beautiful earth.

In front of me was a hill. A hill with a skirt of mist. The sides of the hill were covered with heather, a beautiful sea of twisting purple heather. I loved that hill. Down the valley was a lake. The sides of the grey, calm water, had small waves, as if it was trying to become a sea, but pathetically failing. On the bank of the lake were green grass and primroses. So earthly. I loved that lake.

I looked up the valley and saw the town. The grey, dull slate roofs. The red, stupid chimneys. I hated that town.

Then I knew that if I loved and hated, I was alive.

Tired to drooping
 From a year long ache,
 Time crashes in
 To steal away light,
 To impress on us all
 The flickering
 Damp bitter doom
 Of waste,
 Of death,
 And the sliding
 Through bluest ice
 To cups of tea and toast
 And all things nice,
 To Humpty Dumpty
 And dear old God.

We had seen the watchful moon,
 We had heard the croeping sea,
 We tasted salt on scented air,
 While she talked to me.

The two of us were silent
 As we sat there, hand in hand.
 I thought of love so various
 Like a tract of sand.

Yet Cupid, looking onward,
 Had turned about his bow,
 And the arrow, swift but silent
 Seared out 'She must go.'

The longing eyes of sadness,
 The thin-drawn lips of love,
 They are all that I remember,
 Pity from above.

My body lay so helpless,
 Surrendering to its fate
 To bear the kicks, the scorn, the dust
 Of embittered hate.

A spirit now looks earthward
 Where its body is engraved.
 Love could not perceive the passion
 Which, for her, I saved.

FLEA'S PROGRESS

Having spent the night in my host's left ear hole I decided to go out for a snack. I had to get up early because he puts his tie on at half-past seven and I had to get past his neck by then. I had a bit of trouble getting over his collar bone today, I think it was a bit of stiffness in my left hopper. Anyhow having worked my way through the heavily wooded area I got in among the undergrowth of his right armpit and started to set up my apparatus. I selected a size 2 piercer because he had rather tough skin. Having inserted the tip into a suitable place I bored down to about 2000 fleanits and poured in a couple of fleaters of swelling fluid and having obtained a reasonable flow of blood I sat down for my breakfast. At that time of the morning I usually encounter violent earth tremors; but that particular day they weren't too serious, so I ventured down a bit but no further than the end of his ribs because of the long haul home.

 Trees like men with the sea in their hair
 Grow up from the green grass, bony and long.
 Blacker than a bed or a black man.
 Electric knives and forks as a reason.

This cold is so clean and classical,
 Purging, but leaving untouched the square sky.
 Beauty is acute and freezes sharp.
 It pricks the ice to feed pure fires.

The weight droops, dribbling molten in the snow.
 The soul is loose, it leaps in circles.
 Knowledge rises from the stagnant leaves
 And boiling blood detects a purpose.

LIVING

I toss and I turn searching for sheep
 to forget about the horror of being me
 But I cannot forget about the people I've hurt
 and evasion of sleep is my fee.

The express rumbles along at the end of the garden
 taking people to kingdom-come.
 I can see the driver's face gleaming in the dark,
 purple, deformed and he begins to hum.

"We're speeding along - enjoying ourselves,
 smoking fags and drinking ale,
 Why care a damn about anyone else?
 You can't stop us from going to hell."

The train has passed and all is still again,
 noonbeams filter into the frightening gloom.
 O God, what am I doing here,
 lying on my back in this stupid room.

Come soon, doom.

Come soon.

NEVER CUT A FRIEND

Maybe there are arguments, maybe there are scenes,
 Rows in which a parent never intervenes,
 But amongst the happy homes
 The drunkards often rend
 A never-ending song
 Called "Never cut a friend."

Father's late from work, bringing help to all the poor.
 Ma has to tell him "Put your cap in through the door."
 But amongst the happy homes
 The drunkards often rend
 A never-ending song
 Called "Never cut a friend."

A French friend of my sister came to stay at our house last summer. She was very intelligent and sensitive and used to write poems and play the piano. But she was from a semi-upper class

family with a Russian mother and had been told how to behave, I should think. She was good mannered, but without being prim.

All the time, I wanted to touch her but she seemed so delicate and shut off that when I was with her I never felt like it. Then on the Sunday before she went back to France we went to Tintagel and the area around there. We went down on to the beach at Trebarwith and sat down on the rocks to look at the sea, because it was very rough and worth looking at. We sat there for about 10 minutes and then I thought it was about time to go. She had hair about one foot or one and a half feet long and she sometimes wrapped it around her head, so that the back of her neck was showing. Then I touched the back of her neck to tell her it was time to go and she did not jump or anything but turned slowly around and smiled. She had a very odd smile. Then I said it was time to go and we went back to the car.

Now this changed my attitude. She did not seem offended because I touched her deliberately (very different from touching a person by chance which is almost unavoidable), and at the time she seemed to be feeling friendly. I liked her more every day then.

Two days later she went home again and now I curse myself for not having done anything about it. But it wouldn't have done much good. At least I can write a letter.

CANADA AND 3 PEOPLE

Gay Dog
running wild
through the forests
of a street light reflection.

Sad Cat
heaving soft
o'er the snow under the trees
of sheets and painted faces.

Asleep the young
old, tree, river beaver
hat, the symbol of his freedom
in the land of dreams.

THE DINING-ROOM VOLCANO

The smouldering fire like
 An ebullient volcano:
 Flickers of flame
 Bursting from its ash-filled 'crater,'
 The glowing coals like
 A bed of boiling lava,
 The soot-black chimney
 Like a starless night sky.

The sun rains through a
 Hole in death; the
 Sheets are breath of
 Off white light;
 My face and tie are
 Red inside cold teasing
 Sheets which
 Clammily are still

Death comes from there,
 Not joyful strength
 Or love or Grace.

I remember a farm in the summer where I worked.
 With dung in the yard and cobwebs in the windows of the cow
 shed.

Working late on the combine carryin sacks and swinging them,
 ear held, into barns. The corn standing soldier like then bowed
 under by the combine.

Dogs barking around the tractor as it grew darker
 The cows walking, udders full, down the lane to the yard.
 The clink of chains as they're fastened round the head.
 Fetching bales with the trailer ease off the clutch or tip
 the lot.

Loading dung in the spreader with an heevil.
 And crout in the morning saffron cake and tea.

Look at them big clouds rolling up
 Black and ominous too.
 The wind might be blowing from north or south
 But I don't care,
 'Cos the black, black clouds
 Are on both sides of the blue.
 Let it rain,
 Make it rain,
 Please God, do.

There's a break in that rolling bank of cloud,
 A great big cleft, and it's coming this way
 Passing right over me,
 Leaving the sky clear and free,
 And over there, I can hear the loud crash
 Of thunder.
 Roll your curtain over the sky, God,
 And bring the rain.

there is no reason to this game,
 To live, and then to die,
 Merely to propagate.
 I'll have no part of it;
 I'll be no tool of any bully on a higher plane
 And yet I do not want to die.
 Who knows the pains that death may hold?
 Cruel world, there is no hope with you
 No long lived pleasure, no ecstasy
 Just pretence.
 Why hate us so?
 Murder and then be done.
 We are no good to you;
 Play somewhere else.

The woods on the opposite bank were reflected weakly in the wet mud of the estuary. A heron slowly flew up the river to its nest in the oak by the water's edge. The grey of the heron hardly showed against the mud and it was only discernible by its white underparts. It glided in low over a trunk that stuck, seaweed-draped

and mud-encrusted, from the grey mass around it. Lights went on in a house hidden among the trees opposite, the light too was reflected in the mud.

A boy in jeans walked slowly along the road by the edge of the creek. He whistled quietly to himself as he entered the pine wood and watched the rooks' circling black shapes against the grey sky. A grey mist fell to meet the grey mud as night closed in.

Purple Mountain beyond the vale
Brown trout-stream rippling through it
By its side we shall meet no more
My old Charian guest.

Who came with the sun in the spring
But now with the sun is departing
Like a flock of white foam
Carried off into the sea.

And death too comes now between us
Like the shadow of the high crag
Over the corrie when the hinds bound in fear
From the evil omen
Of foreboding.

SUNSET

Slowly the glowing orb
Sinks beneath the sea.
A mighty warrior,
Sending out shafts of light
That glimmer through the waves;
And upward flings
The final javelin
That hits the hill above,
And shatters like glass;
A last forlorn hope.
Then he falls, lying in a pool of blood.

The sun arose and the day began,
 The father went to work in his Astrakhan,
 Daughter went to school,
 Mother did the pools,
 The day began...
 The day began at the stroke of nine,
 Washing flapped on the washing line,
 Cat knocked the top off the garbage can,
 Father got the sack as an also-ran.
 The dog growled,
 The mother howled,
 The daughter wept,
 The father kept
 To himself.

Baby played in the filthy yard
 Rent collected for local laird,
 "Time to quit" the bailiff said,
 Took away the chair and the feather bed.
 The baby played.
 The baby played, found a sparrow,
 Played in the dirt with the lowly bird,
 The howls of mother, tears of sister,
 Went unheard.
 Mother hit the child, dog went wild,
 Bailiffs came for the other chair,
 And the mother cried.
 Pulled the baby through the dirty gate,
 Who cried for the dirty yard.

 Grey, grey was the moonlight
 as the yellow clouds flew past
 and the stars blinked from the heavens,
 then stopped and blinked no more
 as the yellow clouds brought the blue light into
 black, black night.

The morning was damp and grey,
 buildings all shrouded in mist.
 But there on the path,
 by the old elm tree,
 lay a nit without any wings.
 It looked at me
 with soulful eyes,

stared and stared,
 but did not despise
 me,
 so I bent down and picked it up
 and into a box it went.

The gardener watched, and the evil glint in his coal-black eyes and the glistening sweat on his spotty face told me what I had never known.

On impulse,
 I picked up the spade by the side of the shed,
 walked to the gardener and quietly said
 "You have sinned against both God and man."
 Fear crept into the gardener's eyes,
 "What will you do with me now?" he cries.
 "I'm going to hang you with this rope,
 stretch your neck then cut off your
 head,"
 I said.

The gardener ran to the gate,
 And 'twas there that he met his fate,
 For a passing car was not very far
 when he stumbled upon a slate.

"Who will my next one be?"
 I said as I looked at the tree
 that spreads its branches over the
 house. "I hope that it won't be me."

The nit was still inside the box,
 so I let it free
 and it ran to the tree
 waving goodbye to me
 with the stumps of its wings.

The sun shone for the first time that day.
 And a bent-nosed man was passing that way
 dressed in blue
 like my subconscious
 too.

