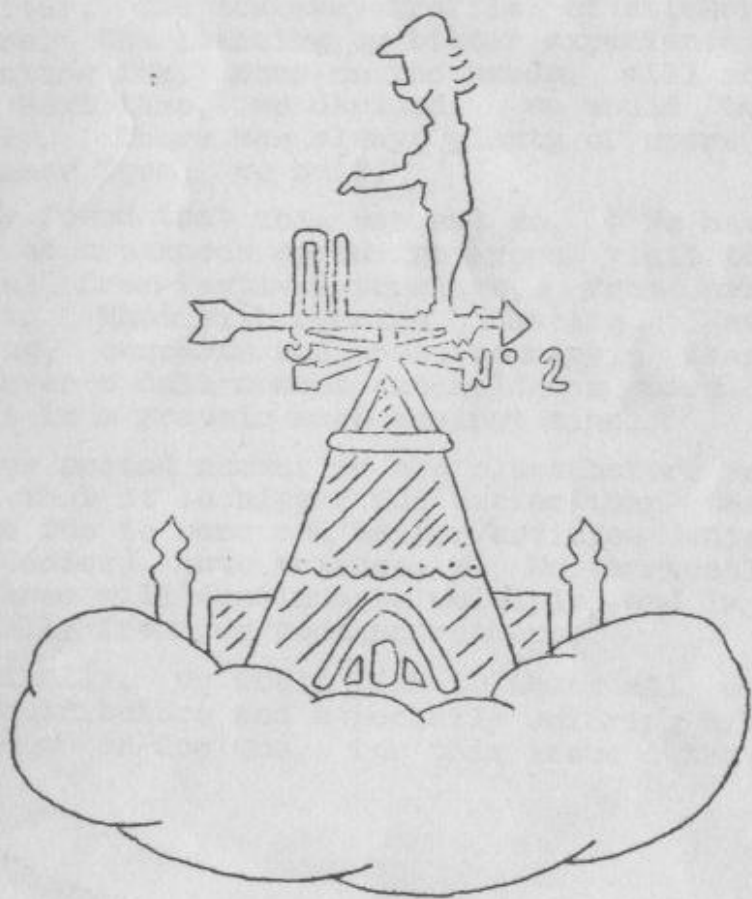


The

IVORY

TURRET



THE IVORY TURRET

NUMBER TWO

25th JULY 1956

EDITORIAL

"Never again", some of us were heard to mutter after the first issue of "The Ivory Turret" had been produced, not a moment too soon. Never again the frantic hours of more haste, less speed at the typewriter, the tearaway traffic of stickers and staplers, the learning by bitter experience that duplicating ink, once on the hands, will not come off. Next time, we decided, we would take it steadily. There was always plenty of spare time in the Summer Term, we said.

We found that this was not so. We have been hurled at breakneck speed from royal visit to Music Festival, from Festival to exams, from exams to cricket. What with running, dancing, walking, scouting, concerts and cross-country, there has been never a dull moment and seldom a spare one: again it is a frantic race against time.

Our second number we now place before you, confident that it is bigger and better than the last. This is due to more and better articles which you (dear Reader) have written. We earnestly hope that these will continue to multiply and improve - especially from our younger readers.

Finally, we would like to thank all our present contributors and especially Goldring u.V. for his two cover-designs, for this issue & the first.

He was very small. Later, I believe he announced in the piercing, hard monotone of a voice of his, that he was eight, but to all intents and purposes, for me he was ageless. Pale, slight with a cluster of dark, shapeless hair, he had no positive features that left a clear impression - he represented simply the genus, Small Boy.

And with him, shuffling myoptically just behind, was an Old Man. Again, the stage requisites were there without any individual features to stay in the memory: a little edging of grey hair, lines of age round a skull on which poched thick, lensed spectacles.

Small Boy and Old Man, representatives, not individuals, lost in absorbed consciousness of one thing - their Piece. The Boy carried the Instrument (whose identity of correct nomenclature was a mystery to the adjudicator but which I am sure answered to Hardy's description of his Wessex "serpent", an enormous affair in brass) and they moved in a procession of two down the side aisle, up past the drooping flowers, behind the proscenium curtains, and, as was their due, out into the vast platform of the stage.

Here, for a brief moment, they almost lost their air of inevitable motion. There was a hitch. How was the Boy to position himself? - was that the trouble? No words passed between them as far as I could judge; words were not for them. They were concerned only with Sounds. Their Mystery was the production of deep bass notes which had to be forced or rather, allowed to burst out, only in a certain slow and orderly sequence. No, it wasn't the Boy's position - Old Man held the Bass propped on the floor; Small Boy scrambled up on to a chair, turned with his legs dangling absurdly while the Old Man heaved up the Instrument on to his lap. Small Boy disappeared almost from view.

But something is amiss. The tousled head appears round the shining brass, one eye raised quizzically. The two, Old Man and Small Boy, are parted as the former shuffles away, peering appealingly into the wings. At once, the Boy perched so oddly on his chair, is in danger of so individual and personal a reaction as tears.

The situation is soon restored. The Old Man, beaming, returns. Once they are in conjunction again, both are lost as persons in the Mystery of driving and controlling the Instrument. An accompanist has been found.

The Bass is tuned by the Old Man - the Boy sits engrossed as he watches the ritual. He accepts the prepared monster back with expressionless face, settles himself and waits, as the introduction begins.

The Old Man, meantime, sits beside the accompanist in full view of us and, of course, the Boy. He proceeds to direct, encourage, warn and implore with gesture and facial contortion. It's his action, it seems, that's directly responsible for the vast rumbling notes that lumber along, amazingly adroitly, beside the tinkling melody. Old Man and Boy have now a combined individuality, perhaps, but still no selves.

So engrossed is the Old Man that he suddenly remembers that he has forgotten to turn over. Starts to do it. Sees that the accompanist has done it himself. Begins to apologise, sees that this is distracting and is called back to his directing by the hint of a wavering in the elephantine gyrations of the tune. He peers and gesticulates and takes control again....

What could the adjudicator say? She said that the competitor was a Phenomenon. She was wrong. It was They.

In the year nineteen hundred and fifty-six, in the month of July, in the third week, on the third day it was raining. This is quite usual for Cornwall, with the exception of the year nineteen hundred and fifty-six. There is an old saying, "Come to sunny Cornwall, but don't forget to bring a raincoat."

If it is raining and I want to go out, I put on my oilskin and wellington boots. Note that I wear no hat: hats are things that women wear. My usual reason for going out of doors is either to do some work or to avoid doing some work.

Where does the Cornish rain come from? The sun evaporates the seven seas and the water of lake and river all over the world. After a while, clouds form and, if you look at clouds when there is a depression, you will all see that they have flat bottoms. When these clouds have formed, they move en masse towards Cornwall, in what is known as a belt or front. When they catch sight of the coast of Cornwall, they naturally get a little depressed. Now when there is a depression, these clouds condense into drips. When these drips get big, they begin to fall. Anyone going out for a walk without his coat gets wet and becomes a bigger drip than when he set out.

Swanson, L5

Extract from an ESSAY ON MONKEYS

Before monkeys became civilized, they lived in the trees. Then climbing, their tails and long toes came in very useful. There is said to be a race of white apes which is half monkey and half human.

Some humans act like monkeys, some look like like them, but nearly everyone has climbed a tree in his or her time.

C---- L4

Lines written in Hispanic distraction, 4th July
1956, and dedicated with humble silence to the
Bricklayers' Union.

I could see little
I could say nothing
I could remember nothing - because
I could hear all

The merry strives of workmen
Beat Promethean themes from the gymnastic Pantheon

Tintinabulation

The engine-throb of
The stepped-out ends of dusty ways
Of distraction
Will Tell no Spanish

In the Prado no museum -
A grass-machine

Orpheus touches his futile lute -
Can-can? No!
I can't!

Can Renovaes renovate a buttress?

Out: Out: brief scandal:
All the curfews of Subtopia could not silence
This damned spot:

(1th apologies to Mr. Elliot, Mr. Shakespeare,
Sir Hugh Casson and the Musicians' Union.)

Casadros

Excuse me whispering in your ear, Eustace, but see they are all alike. Look at them carefully, you will see many of them during your visit here. Great ones, little ones, rich and poor, all have one similitude. For example, see that hairy mortal leaning wretchedly against the lamp-post? Watch! He's taking one from a brightly-coloured packet. Oh! - which he's thrown into the gutter. See that silver object he holds. Ha! It's on fire. He might burn his nose.

Be careful, Eustace, a luxurious car is coming. See the gentleman reclining in it. He likes them too - large, fat, expensive ones. Oh, Eustace, here's a funny man on a bicycle, look at what he has in his mouth. It is a short wooden, bent thing, but it emits smoke like the others. Look how he puffs so furiously, in time with his pedalling.

These are the fiery king-animals of this worldlet, an example for future generations to follow. Ah, but 'tis a happy sight, Eustace, a mighty little world helped by this creative habit.

'Tis a queer world, too, Eustace. White-man traversed the world and gave progress to the stagnant natives, stopped many of their native habits and practices and in return gave to them his own. It was during his wanderings overseas as well that he contracted a disease that was to be the most consoling of all, the tobacco-smoking habit. The lords of this creation seek refuge and satisfaction in nicotic weed. But now, Eustace, thousands of these can only live by this worthy habit, as they busy themselves about their earthly tasks (as their steam engines) only stopping to emit a cloud of smoke or to restcke their briar tubes.

'Tis truly an availing habit surviving from their oral phase of childhood. They sit with blissful expression sucking their pipes, day-dreaming, but it ever occurs to them 'tis better with this habit. With smouldering cigarette between fingers outstretched, or lolling in the mouth, they stand, left hand loosely in pocket, right foot forward, bright-eyed and alert. They say it soothes the nerves, for 'tis proof no one says otherwise.

Finally, Eustace, harken to this Nicotian youth: "Are yuh got a light? I'm dying for a fag." Come now, Eustace, before you catch a smokers' cough from this tobacco-reeking worldlet.

Superego (VI.C.)

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE: The Menace of Thinking
by Id (Upper V)

CLEANERS INCORPORATED or CHEMISTRY FOR BEGINNERS

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. The cleansing formula
Tide and soap,
Nitric, chromic,
Then no hope.
Then ammonia shows the
stain's not grease
We cease. | 2. Washing test-tubes -
Easy work.
Then scores of beakers
We did not shirk.
Then we come to those
exasperators,
The aspirators. |
| 3. What are these chemi-
Who can tell? (cals?
Into the sink with them
Dreadful smell!
The doors and windows
are opened wide -
We remain outside. | 4. If we by chance concoct
A bomb today,
Perhaps tomorrow
All will say,
As they stand in the
quad and stare,
"The lab was there." |

R.E.G. (VI)

TWO HUNDRED AND THREE books (excluding the fiction section) were taken out during this term. Juniors 20, Middle School 57, U.V. 93, Sixth 33. Publication of Staff numbers has been censored.

I hate cricket. Make no mistake: this is no idle hatred resulting from Tuesday afternoon compulsion. As it happens, this term I have not been forced into playing cricket and I loathe it still, with a hatred as pure and disinterested as that John Betjeman feels for concrete street lamps or Williams J. for the B.B.C. Show Band. My reason for hating cricket is simple: I consider it inelegant. There is a certain beauty of action inherent in tennis or athletics; in cricket there is none. Indeed only the bowler has a chance to act at all - and even he, if he attempts to carry his run to its logical and aesthetically fitting conclusion, is called to a halt by the brutal cry, "No ball".

As for the batsman, his stance is awkward & his movement fatally hampered by the ridiculous clothes he wears; securely trussed up in canvas and flannel, he can do little or nothing with the pathetically ineffective blunt instrument which he carries. The wicketkeeper fares even worse - he crouches in enormous pads, with a huge yellow glove on each hand, squatting in anguish, squarely in the line of fire (for it's extremely unlikely that the ball will ever hit the wickets) while a cap whose peak protrudes not less than one foot in front of his face, crowns the unhappy fellow's head. I can only assume that this garb is worn to scare the incoming batsman by the resemblance to a duck (cricketers being notoriously superstitious). People will try to tell you that all this paraphernalia is put on because it is dangerous to be hit by the ball. They're right there - it certainly is. But if so, why do they throw the ball at each other? - why don't they wear neat little tin suits instead of all that padding? - or use a soft ball? - or just pack up quietly, and go home? - or spend their spare afternoons doing something reasonable or useful - like gardening or playing tennis?

Your correspondent seems to be labouring under a grave misapprehension as to the aims of cricket. No one in his senses would claim that the game in which, at any one time, nine of the twenty-two players are unoccupied, is perfect "qua game", as P.G. Wodehouse might have said.

The main enjoyment derived from cricket is the sheer aesthetic experience. Mr. C.B. Fry has always maintained that to play the game properly, a man must be perfectly fit and perfectly co-ordinated physically, and he maintains that there is no aesthetic pleasure equal to that of the perfect cricket stroke. He had nothing but the highest praise for Sutcliffe who, he said, "sometimes played the wrong stroke, but never an inelegant one". Mr. Neville Cardus, one of the most fastidious of critics, has talked of the "sheer beauty" of Macdonald's bowling action. Surely, when such men can find aesthetic appeal in a game, it is worthwhile. What makes it ugly is the unfortunate person who will not strive for beauty of expression; a beauty that can be expressed just as aptly in a late-cut or an off-spinner as in a sonata or a landscape. Watch Harvey run someone out, and you are reduced to babbling platitudes about the "poetry of motion".

The feeble request that we should turn to gardening must, I am afraid, be dismissed as ignorant. If your contributor will watch a county match on a wet wicket, on which two bowlers with large spiked boots are ploughing the surface up, and the batsmen are belabouring it with their bats in order to restore it to flatness, then he will realise that this is a subtle and effective way of tilling the soil. "Gardening", indeed, is one of the fundamental arts included in the great art of cricket.

'Twas a dark and windy night and, having nothing much to do, I decided to go down club for hour or so. Well, I goes down club and I has one game of snooker with Bill Langdon, when us heard the awfulest noise you kin imagine; 'twere like a gang o' men balin' on a galvanise' roof. "'Tis that there mine you," says Bill, "I allus said it were haunted and now I be sure."

"Get on wi' 'ee, Bill, youm yearing things" I says.

"All right," says he, "I'll soon find out. "I'm gain up mine t'ave look. Who's coming?"

None of us moved. Us sat looking at him.

"What's matter? - scared?"

"No," says I, "But if I go up there I'll lose my pint; you go on up and us'll follow."

Bill laughs and goes out saying he'd bring ghost back for us, seeing us didn't want to get our feet wet. The time were then about a half after seven. I drinks my pint and has a game o' crib with Jan Harry and then us decided us'd go up and see where Bill was.

Us all dresses up and goes out, making for the mine. Us was halfway up the hill when the noise was heard again, and old 'Arry Sleep, him having a weak heart, he turned tail and did run as if the devil were arter 'im. Rest of us goes on and, nearing the mine entrance, lights three or four lamps and goes inside.

Well, you, us searched and hollied for best part of an hour, but us heard nought and seed even less, so us went back down club, half expecting to see Bill down there. But he weren't. Well, next morning all us men was up there early and searched round again, but all us found was a few footprints in mud - nought else.

That done it, you. From that day to this,

men won't go near the mines unless they got a gun or summat to defend themselves wi'. So if you be going up mine, you'd better watch out, you. 'Twas on a night like this yere, that us first heard th'awful noise....

As Will Brent finished his yarn, the landlord called time and us all went home.

From our Langore Correspondent (U.V.)

R.A.F. St. MARGAN

Our turn came at last. There were fifteen of us, standing on the tarmac, waiting for our Shackleton aircraft to arrive. Aircraft, large and small, were taking off and landing every minute and the roar of the many engines drowned all other sound.

The huge, grey monster snorted and snarled towards us and came to a standstill with a hissing of brakes. A door opened and fifteen tumbling, blue bodies were disgorged. We all scrambled aboard, the slipstream plucking at our uniforms. A few orders from a crew member, barely audible above the noise of the engines and, with a jerk, we taxied out to the take-off point, pulling on our Mae Wests as we did so.

The smell, characteristic of the interior of Shackletons, a mixture of leather, oil and the coffee which aircrews drink by the gallon while on patrol, contributes in no small way to the shaky sensation in the stomach.

The aircraft slammed down the runway, its four griffon engines with their ten thousand horsepower bellowing healthily. The under-carriage and the flaps came up with noticeable acceleration and we banked steeply over Newquay. We gained height rapidly and, four thousand feet below, cars became ants, and people in-

visible. Soon we left the green fields & passed over Bodmin Moor, whose surface looked dry and strangely cracked, from our height. Then fields appeared again.

Then we saw it: Launceston, basking in the afternoon sun. There was a mad scramble as 1559 Squadron fought for the windows. At that moment, a whole window to oneself would have been worth a small fortune.

The town slipped away beneath our port wing and we turned North. Within a few minutes we were circling over Bude. This time it was 1432 Squadron who tried to get a glimpse of their home town.

The great aircraft wheeled away to the West and we passed over the rugged North Coast of Cornwall, wet black rocks glistening like huge slugs in the sun. All too soon at St. Mawgan, even those faces that were somewhat white turned green with envy as they saw the next set of cadets going aboard. The airman in the doorway grinned and disappeared. He was going to do it all over again.

From our Air Correspondent

AN ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH VERSE relating to the
Rheum rhapsodicum

Come into the garden, Claude,
Lay your cricket-bat down.
Come into the garden, Claude,
I am here at the gate with a frown:
For the scent of the rhubarb's wafted abroad
And the cockroach is going to town.

from Tennessee Claude

There grew among the untrodden ways
A plant that none would move;
A plant that there were none to praise
And very few to love.

from The Locket

When you wake up in fright in the middle of the
 (night
 And you see a stick of rhubarb coming to you.
 Bitter as rue, bitter as rue,
 Bitter as rhubarb coming to you.

from the Confidential Cook

'Twas brabhur and ye erksy guff
 Did slythe into ye pigge truffe.

Stanza of Anglo-Saxon Poetry

Glossary

BRABHUR Professor Skit describes this as "a rank weed, not all parts of which are fatally poisonous." We are sure that this great Middle School English scholar is referring to none other than the rhubarb.

ERKSY Word of onomatopoeic origin - "nauseous"
GUFF The origin and meaning of this word are obscure - see U. Glow: A Dictionary of Outlandish Cornubian Terminology.

THE LONG WALK

The train came slowly to a halt, shuddered and gave out one feeble whistle, as though breathing its last. It was about two o'clock on Saturday afternoon and we had arrived at Lydford. The assembled walkers made short work of the mile or two of ground that lay between them and Willsworthy Camp, spurred on, partly by a desire to do credit to their club and partly by the prospect of a meal when we arrived.

Willsworthy Camp, where we had permission to stay, is a partially disused base on the edge of a shooting range. We found a habitable hut and, after lunch, sent off one party on an eleven-mile hike to Great Links Tor, where Tuesday's reconnaissance party had struck gooseberries; and three of us explored the area near the camp be-

fore returning to prepare a meal for the main group. They did this excellently, but the good night's rest which should have followed was somewhat marred by the hardness of the beds (sleeping bags on army table-tops laid upon forms) by a number of sarcastic remarks, by sheep which ran all over the place (outside, fortunately) by people who got up to bar doors and suddenly decided they wanted a drink of water, and by rain hitting the tin roof and resounding throughout the building. Apart from that, we had an uneventful night.

At 5.15a.m. the cooks arose and began to prepare breakfast. At 8 a.m. the last members of the party rose and breakfasted. A group of martyrs were to take the rucksacks to Tavistock, but they missed the train and put their burdens into Left Luggage at Lydford. Three tired and sore-tempered martyrs returned to join the trek, which was aiming for Cranmere.

After two hours' travel over rough ground and small, foul bogs, the Headmaster decided that he wanted to have lunch. Two boys elected to stay with him, while the rest went on and entered an area of peat-bog, in which lay Cranmere. Half an hour later, we were still in the peat-bog, where we were joined by the Headmaster and his companions. Over mile after mile of Dartmoor's largest area of peat we trudged; then over miles and miles of rough, stony ground, till at last we were past caring where we were putting our feet. Then seven or eight miles (Dartmoor miles) before we came to a halt in the square at Tavistock, where the Launceston bus proved a very welcome sight.

Caballero Andante

PERSONAL COLUMN

Notice to G.C.E. Examiner in Latin: Re my answers to Paper II. For "Caesar" read "Pompey" throughout. - Distracted.

Of numerous recent accessions to the School Library, we select two for notice:

An Anthology of Modern Verse 5 B 11

W.G.V. Balchin: Cornwall - the History of the
Landscape 15 B 23

Some may remember the Headmaster's reading Hopkins's poem, "Glory be to God for dappled things" as a prayer one morning. It may be found in an Anthology of Modern Verse recently acquired. This anthology includes poignant poems of the "Great War" generation - who, for instance, wrote the following lines?

Red lips are not so red
As the stained stones kissed by the English
dead.

How did Launceston become the "gateway to Cornwall"? What routes were used before the Castle was built here? The "story of the bridges" (Polston and Greystone amongst them) is neatly outlined in Balchin: Cornwall. This helps us to realise how Cornwall was "invaded by an unsympathetic and brutal race" - to quote from J. Williams's article in our first number.

The Librarian

NEWS FROM NOWHERE

We hear that members of the newly-formed garden-society may be awarded a Rhubarb Crown.

The Wind Section of the Launceston College Orchestra will be going on a continental tour at the request of the string section.

The Headmaster has invited a herd of homeless elephants to make their nests in the rhubarb trees.

This term's main musical event was the Festival in which all College entries maintained a high standard. The senior orchestra played two overtures: Beethoven's Prometheus and Nicolai's Merry Wives of Windsor. The strings gave us movements from Handel's Concerto Grosso in G Min and accompanied Peacock in a concerto for flute by Pergolesi. This performance won especially high praise.

Nor were the juniors to be left out. Their orchestra played "A Summer Dance" by Charles Woodhouse, a composer not unknown in College musical circles; while their choir, making a first appearance, were only narrowly beaten. For the moment, however, Mr. Francis remains unrivalled as our best singer and he gained first place in two of his classes.

The instrumental solos and ensembles were of a fairly high standard, despite an element of "ground bass" in the string quartets.

An open-air concert was given in the College grounds on 12th. July when the orchestras played a selection of pieces and we were also entertained by our outstanding Festival soloists - Mr. Francis, Robins and Peacock.

"Viola" (U.V.)

STOP PRESS

The orchestra seemed to appreciate the informal atmosphere of the Hall at North Tawton and gave of its very best. We will long remember Mr. Self's enquiry from the rostrum, whether the coffee was ready - or should we play a little more before the interval?

The Editorial Committee offers **one** book prize. It is worth five shillings. There is a choice of subject - either, "An unusual hobby" or, a local tradition or legend. The competition is open to all pupils; the essay should be between 250 & 500 words long; and closing-date is the Saturday after next half-term.

THE LIBRARY

Our statistics⁺ show that the Cornwall section is particularly popular in the Middle School. We would like to improve this section by binding together guide-books into a new parochial survey of Cornwall. It would be appreciated if boys returning to school next term would present to the Library a copy of a guide to their parish church, of a pamphlet about a local saint or local crosses, etc. (Cornish parishes only).

+ Books were borrowed from the School Library during the past term by 43.5% of the school (pupils only).

WANTED - Spare shoes, feet, knees, etc. All enquiries to: The Secretary, College Walking Club

WANTED - Strong, healthy lads, not easily put off by failure - Apply: R.C.H, College Rugby Club

IN MEMORIAM - R.C. Mudd. Went out on Cross-Country Run, 8th May 1956 and did not return.

Requiescat in Kensie.

SPORT THIS TERM

The Swimming Bath often resembles a training school for frogmen, such is the prevailing fashion for flippers, masks and Snorkel tubes. Mr. Hunter has organised classes for life-saving exams: The instruction, given by boys already holding awards, was so successful that all nine candidates passed. Christopher gained second place in the

The societies have continued to flourish this term the Literary and Debating Society held a debate in which the motion before the House was "That this House considers National Service to be a general disservice." The motion was carried, 16 - 10.

The Gramophone Club recently announced that its finances were sufficiently healthy to allow the purchase of a record. The Modern Languages Society heard illustrated talks on Santiago de Compostela by Mr. Lane and on Strasbourg by Mr. Farthing.

The Scouts have had a series of weekend patrol camps at Werrington Park; we wish them a pleasant Summer Camp near Cader Idris. We congratulate Mr. Francis and the A.T.C. Guard of Honour on their splendid turn-out when the Queen and the Duke visited Launceston on 9th May.

"THE IVORY TURRET" PRESENTS A SURVEY OF THE READING HABITS OF THE SENIOR SCHOOL.

Approximately equal numbers of L.V., U.V. and VI Formers were questioned and the following information was acquired.

Newspapers stated to be read:

West M N.	Express Mail	Teleg.	Times	Mirror
60%	39%	24%	15%	9%
				21%

Newspaper articles normally read: Comic Women's

Sport	Polit	Edit	Crime	Reviews	Strip	Page
85%	82%	76%	88%	70%	82%	27%

Numbers who still read Bloods:

L.V.	U.V.	VI.	Total
50%	70%	45%	55%

The last three books read (in no. of books):

Novel	Detect	War	Sport	Poetry	Drama	Hist
34	7	20	6	4	1	1

Those who favoured some form of censorship of what boys read: below own age, 63%; above, 6%.

1. During the Royal visit the A.T.C. provided a Guard of Honour. How many Launceston cadets took part?
2. Which boys have represented the county at athletics?
3. Which boys have been selected for the Cornwall under-fifteen cricket team?
4. How many subjects were taken at this school in G.C.E. examinations (a) at "O" level, (b) at "A" level? Name five of each.
5. The arrival of Mr. Branston has strengthened our first team bowling. What was the first side to face the onslaught of his attack?
6. What have the following in common? - Jet, Brumas, Tiny.

PROBLEM

What is peculiar about the number 142857 ?

LITERARY REFERENCES

How many literary references can you detect in the pages of this edition of "The Ivory Turret"?

FALSOUS LAST WORDS

- There's no firing on Dartmoor today.
(Member of the Walking Club)
- Please, Mr. Pilot, what happens when you press this button?
(A.T.C. Cadet)
- It's a good thing the Headmaster isn't listening.
(Sixth Former during free period)
- It's all right, I know the words.
(Heard at North Tawton)

36 Sport, cont from Page 33
Swimming Gala at Truro.

The College Cricket Club has not had quite so successful a season as might have been hoped, having won twelve matches, lost ten and drawn four. One game was abandoned because of rain. Top of the batting averages was the captain, F. Nute, with 22.18, his best score being 74 not out.

WATCH OUT in our next issue for Professor H. Bomsky's sensational article on the politics of the Russian block, entitled, "Is Mao Tse Tung a Chink in the Iron Curtain?"

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EDITORIAL COMMITTEE: Mr. Farthing, Mr. Lane, Prince Round, Turner, Williams J, Wise

PRODUCTION COMMITTEE: Mr. Farthing, Mr. Lane, England, Fisher, Round, Taylor J, Williams J.

1.	25	
2.	1.1.1, Jury, Tourle	
3.	Childs, Neat	
4.	"O" - Eng Lang & Lit, Latin, French, Span	
	Hist Geog Maths & Add Maths Phys Mus	
	Art Chem (13)	
	"A" - Pure & App Maths Phys Latin Anc Hist	
	Span French Greek (8)	
5.	Milton Abbot	
6.	All of them (Taylor J, Callow, Doidge) are	in the Upper Fifth.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ



Set

Mr. Hunter starting up his new car.