

# THE IVORY TURRET

NUMBER THREE

18th DECEMBER 1956

## EDITORIAL

With each number, the IVORY TURRET has grown in size and scope. Our present number reaches the record size of twenty-nine pages of typescript and approximately two hundred copies will have been printed. We thank everyone who has submitted articles, for a record number of contributions. It has been a truly magnificent effort that you have made.

We propose in future to publish a Juniors' edition, in which several pages will differ from the Standard edition. In this way, we hope to publish a much larger number of contributions from boys below the Upper or Lower Fifth. Please let us have your comments and suggestions - in writing, with signature. This new venture will require even stronger support in the way of articles and poems.

We would like to publish contributions from Old Boys, especially articles on Universities, foreign travel and careers. We also wish to extend our circulation to them at the price of 2/3 per annum (three copies) post free.

With the year drawing to a distressing close in the international field, may we say how thankful we to be in a position to continue our normal, peaceful activities. We, as a school, have not forgotten those less fortunate than ourselves and have contributed the sum of £17.15s. (including £1 from Scout Funds) to the Hungarian Relief Fund. Now, all that remains for us to do, is to wish all our readers a very merry Christmas, and to express the hope that next year may see a lightening of the burden that oppresses so many peoples of the world.

## SWEET CONSUMPTION

There is an undercover war being continually fought between Masters and Boys. It is the aim of the boys to eat sweets without being spotted. The masters try in return to confiscate as many sweets as possible, to be given away to friends and relatives or, if they are particularly delicious, to be consumed privately. Occasionally the Master forgets to take away the articles which are secretly prized. The person to whom they belong seizes hold of them before they vanish into other people's clutches.

Most quick masters will spot sweets in boys' mouths because the "maxillae" move up and down, side to side, clockwise and anticlockwise too obviously. Most boys cannot spot masters eating sweets because they rarely have the chance to, anyway.

Some sweets - for example, bullseyes - are so frequently spotted that I often think they must have the measles.

Polos are so hot that they ought to be named Tropicos, not Polos. It is best in school not to have that "magic melting moment" that Mars offers, because reams of crinkly paper would have to be unwrapped.

Tilley, L.5

-----

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We are very grateful to Mrs. Beresford of St. Gennys for presenting to the College books, wigs and scientific equipment that belonged to her aunt, the late Miss Twig.

We thank Mr. Turner for his kind gift of so many Bibles, including some in French and Spanish.

For we like sheep!  
Like May-day swarm!

The eaves-dinging-cluster-miming, fleecy followers  
and  
The black, buzzing indiscriminations of  
polymonofaction.

Jump the gate!  
Cling to the queen!

Mrs. Smith jumps all the gates she meets  
And clings to the queen, unseen.

See her green on the Jones' telly!  
One day she will jump over their aerial  
And hang on the queany screen.

Fleece and wings have their leader and queen!  
But alas! we have SOCIETY!

- - - - - Williams, Sixth

#### PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

We hope, despite petrol rationing, and the invasion of builders up at the College, that the evening of Dec 18 will see the formation of a Parents' Association which will work in close co-operation with the Staff to make possible regular meetings of parents, staff and, in the background, boys.

The more parents and staff meet and understand each others' aims and viewpoints, the more we shall all be able to work together for the encouragement and help of the boys. The aim can be very briefly summed up as: by mutual understanding to add continually to the community life of the College.

-----  
We thank Mr. Wise for the kind loan of his duplicator. It has made our work so much easier. Ed.

## THE PERISHING TWERP

It was on the 31st. of February and a bright summer's day when I found it. It was then a little dark green egg. I recognised it as the egg of the newly discovered moth called 'The Perishing Twerp'.

I took it home and in a few hours it hatched. Immediately I called it Bonzo. After consulting half a dozen books, I discovered it ate wood; I found it several times on my head!

Three weeks later, it had grown to the large size of seven inches. One of its latest escapades was when a dear old lady was having tea with us when Bonzo crawled up the table leg and coiled itself round her cup. As it was a bright red it was not surprising that when she saw it, she threw the cup at my grandfather's portrait. It landed with a terrible splash and rid us of this horrible picture.

Soon after this incident I took Bonzo to my Great Aunt Mathilda's. As we were getting ready to leave, I found that Bonzo had eaten his way through her precious whatnot and was now curled up in a corner fast asleep. This light meal caused him to turn into a chrysalis a glorious shade of blue.

He remained thus for several weeks until a certain gentleman who was very fond of cigars was just about to put a match to his tail when Bonzo gave a sudden leap causing the old man to fall backwards through the french-windows where he landed in a gorse bush.

I left the old man in his comfortable bed and turned to look for Bonzo. What was my surprise to find nothing but a shrivelled skin on the floor but upon the ceiling a multicoloured moth in beautiful shades of black.



# RUGGER

This season commemorated twenty five years of rugger at Launceston. To celebrate the occasion a College Past and Present had a very enjoyable game against the Launceston First Fifteen at Hurdon.

The College team has not been successful as far as results are concerned, but the building of a young team has been very encouraging. The threequarters have shown particular promise, and I am sure that the Foley-Oliver partnership will be very successful in future seasons.

An innovation to College rugby has been the inclusion of a second team. They have done extremely well in the two games they have played. The Colts have again done well, with Wadge being particularly outstanding; he has been chosen to play for the county team against Devon.

May the seeds which have been so successfully sown this season bear fruit with equal success next season!

## THIS TERM'S RESULTS

### 1st XV.

Sutton H.S. 16 - 9 (L)	Bideford G.S. 3-5 (L)
Newquay G.S. 3 - 3 (D)	Truro Cath. 31-5 (L)
Redruth G.S. 11 - 3 (L)	Devonport H.S. 26-3(L)
Truro School 22- 0 (L)	Sutton H.S. 6-0 (L)
Redruth G.S. 11- 5 (L)	Bideford G.S. 26-3(L)
Tavistock G.S. 0-15 (W)	

### 2nd. XV.

Sutton H.S. 18 - 6 (L)	Bideford G.S. 22-3(L)
------------------------	-----------------------

### Colts XV.

Penny Gillingham 3-3 (D)	Truro Cath. 3-3 (D)
Newquay G.S. 14-3(L)	Devonport H.S. 34-11(L)
Redruth G.S. 14-0(L)	Truro School 28-5(L)
Redruth G.S. 9-3 (L)	Tavistock G.S. 15-3(L)

## CHEMISTRY OR FRENCH?

When one day doing French,  
 There was all of a sudden a bang!  
 And then came a terrific stench  
 From the lab, and a small voice, "Oh hang".

From out the lab the chemist came,  
 All black and torn and singed and charred:  
 Experiments had caused no fame -  
 Only a whacking, good and hard.

Then to myself I thought  
 That I am glad that I did French,  
 Instead of being caught  
 Doing Chemistry at the bench.

Sandercock, L.5

-----

## LINGUISTS EXPOSED by Wise, Sixth.

It is well known that a Scientist must be more orderly in his thoughts than a linguist, and must thus have a greater control of his intellect. Any boy in the Upper Fifth who is found staggering dizzily in the great kingdoms of Hypotenuse and Quadratic Equation, is afterwards placed in the languages section of the Sixth. Never, however, do we hear of boys being in the Science Sixth because they were incapable of making themselves understood in certain foreign languages. The reason for this process of selection is obvious: languages are far easier to master than Maths or Science.

A great weapon in their armoury is a specialist vocabulary which, unlike that of the Scientist, is quite unnecessary. It includes words and imposing phrases like "superb imagery" and foreign terms like "desengano" and "ennui", which they cannot be bothered to translate.

Scientists and linguists are all specialists. Scientists recognise this - and learn something of other subjects but linguists are all bluff.

## CHRISTMAS QUIZ

1. What is the Cornish flag?
2. In what Spanish town are fine swords made?
3. Name a French Statesman who drinks milk.
4. What part of Germany belonged to the British Crown until 1837?
5. What flowers are referred to in "The Bluebells of Scotland"?
6. Name the great volcano in Sicily.
7. Who never grew up?
8. Who wore the price-ticket on his top-hat?
9. Where were the lions chained?
10. Who was always expecting something to turn up?
11. Name the submarine in Jules Verne's story.
12. In what book was the baby not called Nicholas like his Father, lest the latter be known as "Old Nick"?
13. Who are Bonzo, Scruff and Arty?
14. What is "treacle thud"?
15. What is the connection between Cudmore, Hicks and Stephens (3rd form)?

## ANSWERS BELOW

1. A black cross on a white ground.
2. Toledo
3. M. Mendes-France.
4. Hanover.
5. Hare-bells.
6. Etna.
7. Peter Pan.
8. The March Hare.
9. "A very stately palace...the name of which was Beautiful."
10. Mr. Micawber.
11. Nautilus.
12. Masterman Ready.
13. Merrifield, Childs and Gribble.
14. Boarders' name for treacle pudding
15. All were top of their form this term.

## ANSWERS TO QUIZ

Note that the answer to question 1 is incorrect. St Piran's flag is a white cross on a black ground!



## THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

The Society has been pining for the loss of its Founder (N.G.Round) this term. However, we presented one play-reading (Jean Anouilh: Time Remembered) and produced the first edition of a new feature - our Book Reviews. Unfortunately we had to cancel our other event, an "any questions" session, since the School was not sufficiently interested to support us with questions. We presume that either nobody has any problems or else nobody has sufficient penetration to recognise their problems. Nevertheless, we feel that with a little more support next term we may make more progress.

J.M.Williams, Sixth

(We congratulate the Society on its admirable Book Reviews, mainly contributed to by Williams, Fisher and Bright. We respectfully suppress our own Book Review. -Ed.)

-----

## THE GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY

We claim to have been the most active Society in the School this term. We hope that other Societies will attempt to outdo us next term.

We have had one away match, for which we thank Mr. R.Bennett; and guest presenters on at least two occasions. There were normal programmes on all the other Sundays of term. We have introduced new works to new people and have renewed our acquaintance with the old "standards", both members and records.

J.M.Williams, Sixth

(We congratulate this most active Society on getting through Brahms's Third Symphony in twenty-five minutes: surely this broke a (long-playing) record! We wonder whether our thrifty Society would make Beethoven's Funeral March serve for a Wedding breakfast. -Ed.)

THE GHOST AT NUMBER 44

It was nine o'clock on an evening in December, at no. 44, Ivy Alley, when Hezekiah Oswaldtwistle arrived home from a hard day's work at the boiler factory. Hezekiah lived by himself in his house, which was decaying and nearly fallen down from old age. When he got inside, he had some gruel and settled himself on his rickety old chair by the meagre fire to enjoy his novel. He had an old sack stuffed with paper for a cushion, as he was not very rich.

All was silent in the dark, stinking den, except for the ticking of the death-watch beetle in the rotten beams of the ceiling. All of a sudden old Hezekiah sat bolt upright, he heard something going 'waaaaaah! waaah!', outside the worm-eaten door. He thought it was old Annie Gurgle, who often made queer noises as she was mad. But it wasn't her, and all of a sudden, the latch lifted, and the door creaked open about an inch, and an icy blast whistled through the crack. Hezekiah was getting real skeery, so he dived behind the boxes that were on his bed. The door opened another two or three inches, and in came a horrible haemoglobin that looked something like those things in Hezekiah's novel called eggogies. The creature advanced, stood still in the centre of the room, and made a noise like this 'Wanhaaaiiiiiillierbieee!!'. It sent an icy chill up Hezekian's spine and he wished he was back in the friendly warmth of the boiler factory. Then Hezekian plucked up courage and said, 'Yer beder get out of 'ere, perdy, nippy, chugly lokin' brat.'

Then a woodworm ate through the last bit of beam, and it fell on his head, and he awoke from his dream.

Bargery, U. 4

OVERHEARD What does this word "liber-ace" mean?

There's nothing more lonely than a cross-country run - especially if you are by yourself.

Lower Fifth-former (looking at the builders' mixer):- What cement for?

FAMOUS LAST WORDS Does "idque" mean anything in particular, Sir?

(At Part-song Group:) It'll sound all right next time - now I know you're starting at Bar 13.

LOST Pekingese, answers to name of, "Troop-troop."

One cylinder-head - apply A.G.U.

FOUND Under <sup>h</sup>sowers in Changing-room, an umbrella.

WANTED Skeleton, to go in Library cupboard.

FOR SALE Racasan Air Purifier - apply Prefects' Room.

Bicycle, in constant working order - apply Third Form.

PERSONAL Trained variety artist requires post - apply Christmas Review, Launceston College.

For particulars of fees for use of clothesline apply E.G.S.S.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE A load of sand has arrived to add to the sporting amenities of the Lower School.

A grave has been dug on the Playing Field for the last of the Cornish giants.

Response to the Librarian's appeal in our last issue for Cornish parochial guide-books was one pamphlet. It has been promised by the Librarian.

BOWLERS A Factor - Words cannot express so profound a conception.

Pythagoras's Theorem - a theorem about the relativity of two straight lines.

## THE IVORY TURRET COMPETITION

The following article by P. Vernon-Roberts, Sixth, won the prize of a book worth five shillings for the competition announced in our last issue on the subject of 'An unusual hobby'.

## CAFE-SITTING

Addicts to cafe-sitting are as commonplace as enthusiasts at a cup-tie, but the connoisseurs, those unassuming fellows who derive trebled pleasure from extensive knowledge of the rules and finer arts of this pursuit, are in either case an abysmal minority. I myself profess to be an experienced cafe-sitter and feel obliged to pass on some information which could transform the habitual half-hours melancholy into forty minutes of exaldrating mental exercise, 'felt in the blood and felt along the mind'.

Too often the cafe-sitter chooses the wrong sort of cafe; the one with the brown wallpaper, the solitary automatic bus-conductor who is obviously eating his own sandwiches anyway, and a waitress who starts to squirm when you glare at her insalubrious finger-nails and spills the tepid coffee all over your trousers.

My idea of a cafe has yellow walls with at least six Picasso reproductions affixed to them (and possibly a Constable to cater for him who 'likes what he understands'). Waitresses should be statuesque, whilst the tables should be crowded with a wide selection of customers engaged in conversation which might vary between putting the cat out at night and putting the local candidate in at the next General Election.

Take a seat near a window which offers a view over the pavement, for if the rodent-



Operator is in the process of denouncing the sewage system to the Town Clerk at an adjacent table, interest may be satisfactorily diverted to a hefty policeman in the street, who is booking the butcher's lad for cycling against the lights.

You cannot start at all without ordering your coffee, which is a rather tedious operation for the uninitiated. A waitress naturally assumes that a passive-looking customer is being served by somebody else, so you begin by producing a very old newspaper and scrutinising the Births, Marriages and Deaths, with a bleary-eyed indifference. If this subtle psychology produces negative results, try stamping the feet rhythmically, as though in the first stages of pneumonia. A last resort is to kick the table over - this is calculated to bring the whole staff together like iron filings to a magnet.

Having received your coffee, immediately take an interest in your fellow cafe-sitters, for the beverage is merely employed as a physical abstraction which permits an absolute concentration of the mental faculties. Good cafe-sitters recognise a good study at a glance. One of my favourite cafes is patronised by a crusty old fellow with a deer-stalker, a pipe the size of a watering-can, a beard with a hole in it, and a dalmation with rheumatism and a corduroy waistcoat. Not often does one chance on such fascinating material, but you can always get a kick out of watching a stammering youth explaining a misfired joke to his lady companion or a wasp being squashed between the third and fourth chins of an elderly lady as she opens her jaws to devour a cream bun.

Every connoisseur of cafe-sitting is a colossal philanderer at heart, and even English ones have been observed to entertain more than one lady at a single sitting. Some have been seen

(Please turn to Page 49)



#### FOUR LITTLE BOYS

Four little new boys,  
Happy little souls:  
Nice burning fire,  
Hot coals.

Burned their little leggies,  
Really browned,  
- Cooled them down with water:  
Nearly drowned.

Rubbed them down with towels:  
Sore legs  
- Thought they needed drying:  
Four pegs.

Griffin, U.4

-----

#### CAFE-SITTING (continued from Page 4)

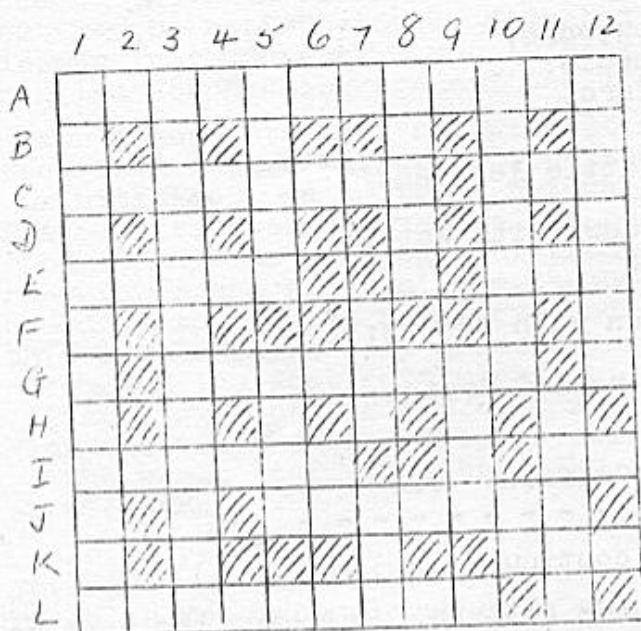
watching the cafe-sitters, watching the passers-by, playing games and entertaining lady-friends, all at the same time, whilst others have even been caught drinking their coffee as well.

-----

#### COMPETITION FOR OUR NEXT ISSUE

The Editorial Board offers a book worth five shillings for a Composition of 500 words, entitled, "A Voyage to the Moon". Intending competitors are advised to keep a due balance between science and imagination. The Competition is open to all pupils. Name and age (years and months) should head each entry. Closing date 4th March, as on which ages are to be given.

## CRISMAS CROSSWORD



(Based on a Crossword submitted by Hendy, U.4)

## CLUES ACROSS

- A 1 You need two hands to this.  
 C 1 Musical falls.  
 C 10 On board it means port.  
 E 1 There are many in the proverbial fire.  
 E 10 A quid for this.  
 G 3 Describes the boarders' feasts since  
 the builders moved in?  
 I 1 One may be at the end of it, like a  
 donkey.  
 I 11 Did he burn the short-cakes?  
 J 5 You have these after paddling.  
 K 10 She lays for breakfast.  
 L 1 To meet a Lower Fourth-former requires  
 a letter of introduction.

## CLUES DOWN

- 1 A Science (or art?) of building.
- 3 A A tip-top story? (7, 5)
- 5 A More than one Third-former.
- 5 G Seen but not listened to.
- 6 I In regard to an Army Corps.
- 7 F The aim of our A.T.C. Cadets?
- 7 J Headgear for this?
- 8 A Of sporting interest but not academic.
- 9 G The period in qwhich we live?
- 10 A There's a slant on this.
- 10 J A questionable word.
- 11 H Crate to supply food (anag.)
- 12 A That's not funny.

-----

The IVORY TURRET presents Professor H. Bomsky's latest article on the political situation as seen in Moscow:-

RUSSIAN INFLUENCE AND THE NASSERNALISATION OF THE SEWAGE CANAL

I should like to begin by observing that X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X and X X X X X X X X X X X X but X X X X X X X X X X X of the X X X X X.

(Owing to censorship, the rest of Professor H. Bomsky's article is obscure, so we print only the first three lies. -Ed.)

-----

STATISTICAL ANALYSIS OF BOOKS TAKEN OUT FROM THE SCHOOL LIBRARY DURING FIRST TEN WEEKS OF TERM.

(Per cent of total:-) U.6 11.5 L.6 39.8  
 U.5 10.5 L.5 29.0 U.4 2.5 L.4 2.9 3 3.8  
 (Per cent by subjects:-) History 27.4 Eng 25.8  
 Science 14.6 Languages 8.3 Hobbies 6.4 Mus 4.1

The Library was used by 50.6% of the School (excluding Masters). Last term 43.5 %.

## VISIT TO GERMANY

In August this year, seven College boys were privileged to travel to Germany with the Twardreath Youth Orchestra - a party composed of about thirty boys and girls. We spent fourteen days at the modern town of Wolfsburg.

On 15th August we sailed from Harwich for the Hook of Holland. Travelling through Holland was a new experience and a great contrast after our previous train journey: there was not a hill in sight. But there was a very noticeable difference when we entered Germany. The diesel engine was replaced by a smoky steam-engine - German steam-engines are enormous and look very old (there are diesel engines but I never saw any.) The fields were larger and were not so tidily kept. "Strohgedeckte Wohnhauser" appeared - large, red-bricked, half-timbered thatched farmhouses in which both animals and humans live. Horses are more commonly used than in England. It was indeed an odd sight to see old grey mares trotting cartloads of corn through a modern city such as Wolfsburg. I saw farm-workers and others working on Sundays. This is unusual in Germany, but it might be explained by the fact that Spring came three weeks late this Summer, year.

I stayed with the family of Herr Hauserdowsky who had been a prisoner of war in Russia and had been allowed to return only in 1950. He spoke English fluently and I was able to converse with him on a wide range of subjects. Germans are ultra-polite (or are we discursive? - or perhaps just too reserved?) It is normal to shake hands when greeting ones friends or hosts, and it is a common sight to see children in the morning run up to one another, just to shake hands and bid, "Guten Tag." It is also customary after the mid-day meal to join hands round the table and say together, "Mahl Zeit", an abbreviated form of, "I hope you've had



a good meal."

All schoolchildren learn English, which they find easier to learn than the romance languages (German and English belong to the Teutonic group.) School begins at 8.30, but ends at midday.

Wolfsburg originally consisted of three small villages, but now it is a fast-expanding town and has at present a population of 48,000. Hitler promised that every worker should have a car (few eventually had one, but those made were useful during the war) and so began the People's car, the Volkswagen. The factory was built just before the war and later made armaments, but was gutted. It has now been completely rebuilt and enlarged. It employs 32,000 people, 10% of whom are women, and produces 1500 cars a day. At one end of the town there is a fine swimming-pool which was built in a hundred days at the expense of the Volkswagen factory, which also heats every house in Wolfsburg.. Hitler decreed that the town should have no churches, but it now has two, a Protestant and a Roman Catholic, and there is another Protestant church being built in a traditional style, with a large, copper, conical tower. The others are built in a similar style, the top section of the square towers being cut away, so that the bells are revealed, hanging one beneath the other.

Wolfsburg has a really fine Youth Orchestra and the average, educated German is a keen musician. This was evident from the orchestra, which strengthened my love for Mozart. There is now a growing movement to revive the dying "Hausmusik".

Our holiday was organised by the German Youth Hostels Association, which has a very strong membership. While we were touring, I saw a hostel, where many boys and girls spend their holidays and where in winter they can ski.



This Youth Hostel was not far from the Iron Curtain. We went to Helmstedt, on the frontier, to look at the Iron Curtain: barbed wire and netting, frontier guards and a clearing all along the boundary, ten yards wide and covered with sand so that footprints can be easily seen. It is the gateway to Berlin, but there is little traffic from the East. The railway-station at Wolfsburg is the last before the line crosses the border. On the last day of my holiday there, hundreds of Roman Catholics from the Eastern Zone poured into the town: they had been allowed to enter for one day to attend an important religious festival. Many people of Wolfsburg once lived in the Eastern Zone, but once they moved they lost all their property.

The Germans decorate their homes attractively with indoor climbing-plants and other plants and heated tanks of tropical fish. Their homes are more comfortable than the English houses, designed to be inhabited in Summer) being insulated, draught-proof and the windows are double-paned. Television did not appear to be so widespread, radio-sets being predominant in the shops. Volks wagen were everywhere and few pre-war cars were to be seen. The typical German is fair-haired, has blue eyes and is generally more stockily built. Some girls wear the Austrian-style, brightly-coloured national dress, in which they look very attractive and the bun is a very common hair-style. Almost every boy and some of the smaller girls wear the thick, hard-wearing leather shorts, cut in Austrian style. As yet, there has been no serious invasion of "jeans" from America. Leather goods are comparatively cheap and everyone has a smart leather brief-case. Cigars are cheap and more common than cigarettes.

Tours to many places, as far South as the Harz Mountains and as far North as the historic town of Lüneburg, brought my holiday to an end.  
Bright, Sixth

## LAMB-POON

Mary had a little lamb,  
 His tail was long as long,  
 His eyes were black,  
 He'd bought a mac.  
 He burst into a song:  
 He sang, "I'm baaing," once or twice  
 Then, "Hay-field, here I come."  
 He sang a song of sixpence  
 (Poor little lamb got none.)  
 He pranced about, then gave a shout,  
 "I'll earn some liquor yet.  
 "I'll jump a stile, then fly a mile  
 "And be a budding jet."  
 He got his wish, tripped o'er a dish,  
 Went whistling through the air.  
 He hit a cloud, became a shroud,  
 Then vanished like a mare.  
 "I'm black as blue and when I'm through  
 "You will not want to care.  
 "I'll eat my hat, a cap at that -  
 "You'll never know the why.  
 "I cannot stay to say goodbye,  
 "I've got to hurry to my sty...."

Worden, U.4

## THIS LITTLE FISH....

From the Atlantic came this little fish,  
 To end up soon on the poacher's dish.  
 A fish swam by, a great big pike -  
 This was a fish he did not like.  
 This pike's blood made lovely gravy,  
 Poem was done by Roger Davoy.

## THE ORCHESTRA

Our first public performance this term was at Speech Day, when the first movement of Mozart's Symphony No. 40 in G minor was played. Next we attended the Town Dramatic Society's performance of Vernon Sylvaine's "Will any Gentleman?" and provided incidental music. The second half of the term was well packed with engagements, for, only a fortnight after the Town Play, the Orchestra played at the Bazaar Concert of St. Mary Magdalene's Church, in aid of the Organ Fund. Here the programme was the "Prometheus" Overture, Trumpet Voluntary, Strauss's Pizzicato Polka and the minuet and trio from the "Clock" Symphony. A short, informal concert was given after the first Parents' Meeting. The Orchestra is also to play at the Carol Service at the end of term.

We welcome Mr. Aynsley (wind) and Mr. Jordan (piano) to the teaching staff. There is also good reason to believe that the bass section of the Orchestra will soon be honoured with the presence of a Very Important Person. We look forward to his first appearance. We note with pleasure the continued progress of the Junior Orchestra, who meet regularly on Saturday mornings. We fully appreciate the value of this "nursery".

"Viola", Sixth

-----

## FASHION

A wide selection of styles has been displayed in the College this term, with varying degrees of unsuccess. The popularity of lemon upper garments has decreased, although a few connoisseurs reserve the right to adorn themselves like cage-birds. To increase the noxious effect, a bright, metallic tie is sometimes worn. Although we would not guarantee the aptitude, certain members of the Lower School consider that the correct complement to such upper attire would be a pair of ~~genes~~ ~~jeans~~ ~~jeans~~ - you

know. those unequally-shrunken trousers made of blue scourge.

It is said that character can be judged by the colour of the shirt. In that case, here is something perfect for the schizophrenic: a ghastly Texan shirt; from one side a red stripe starts and, colliding with a blue stripe, produces an effect likened by a famous modern poet, to "strawberries, cream and seasickness". These shirts are popular in Hollywood and the Upper Fourth, so what else can they suffer?

In Sports wear, track suits to match the College score are favoured, though certain Sixth Formers prefer to respect the modesty of the '80s with covered knees.

J.M.Williams, Sixth

-----

#### PERSONAL NEWS

Sixth-formers who left in Summer 1956:-

N.G.Round	48-56	Pembroke College, Oxford
F.G.Nute	48-56	Exeter University
J.Keast	48-56	R.A.F., Henlow
T.Lambourn	50-56	R.A.F.
P.Tripp	5 -56	National Prov. Bank, L'ton
B.E.Lyel	50-56	Royal Navy
M.Collings	50-56	R.A.F.M.P.
R.Quick	50-56	Auctioneer's Assistant
R.Uren	50-56	Insurance Agency

H.Quick 49-56 is leaving at the end of this term to join the Royal Navy.

Eight boys went to Germany in the Summer holidays with the Tyrwardreath Youth Orchestra. They were Bennett D, Bright, Glanville, Hartland, Hosgood, Peacock and Uren.

We are given to understand that the following Old Boys are at Oxford:- Emmett, Golly, Maddever, (Mr.) Mules, Pethick, Round and Smith.



To the editor of the "Ivory Turret"

Dear Sir,

Observe the following quotations:-

"I hate Oxford." (A Freshman in second week).

"I'm beginning to like Oxford." (Another Freshman in second week).

"Intolerable boredom." (an Oxford magazine).

"The most eventful term in years." (another Oxford magazine).

"Nothing real will happen to you." (Secretary of the University Cornish Club).

"Oxford life has a way of making itself felt." (Senior Tutor).

All of these, which I have heard or read during the past term, are attempts by men older, and in some cases, wiser than myself to give their impressions of Oxford. Yet now you ask for my impressions of the place. I have tried to put them on paper - and I have failed. All I could give you of this nature would be something short and inaccurate, as above, or long and unreadable. (As usual - I can hear some of your readers mutter). Instead, here is a strictly factual account of the events of my first two days there.

When we arrived there were notices up. "The Dean would like to see all freshmen..." So would the Senior Tutor, and the College Sister, and the Secretary, and practically every official of the College from the Master downwards. It was the frequency of these interviews which was disturbing - in themselves they were simple enough. The Dean, a Law Tutor of uncertain age and hollow quavering voice (his bite was reputed worse than his bleat), told us what were the wages of sin in his college, the Sister confiscated our medical cards and, addressing us collectively as 'sonnies'



informed us chirpily that we were not going to contract any colds; the Senior Tutor mentioned the difficulties of combining work with the hundreds of societies devoted, in his own phrase, to "anything from the highest philosophy to.... er....folkdancing." So it went on.

Then came the Society representatives. There were politicians, Labour ("It's not political: I'm a Conservative myself.") Liberal, gloomy and earnest, Conservative, sending us glossy brochures and facsimile letters from the Prime Minister. There were hopeful youths from rather more esoteric groups ("Are you interested in Opera?") There were sportsmen, evangelists actors and musicians, in such numbers that three days later, when we came to start work, we were quite exhausted. Activity has gone on at this pace throughout the term, with work or interminable talk filling in the rare spare moments. In fact, there were times, Sir, when I longed for the leisurely, gentle hours I used to spend on the "Ivory Turret". And yet, if I had to support one of the opinions I cited at the beginning of this letter, it would probably go to the second: in spite of the pace, Sir, and for no single reason that I could name, I'm beginning to like Oxford.

Contentedly and sincerely yours,  
N. G. Round 48-56

-----  
SURVEY OF OUT-OF-SCHOOL ACTIVITIES OF THIRD FORM

Rugby	85 %	Table Tennis	55 %
Soccer	85 %	Orchestra	50 %
Cricket	90 %	Scouts	50 %
Meccano Club	55 %	Stamp Collecting	60 %
Swimming	55 %	Reading	100 %

Goss and Stephens claim to practise all ten forms.

A stag  
Likes to sit on a paper bag,  
But it's too much fag  
To sit on a rag.

A whale  
Certainly has a very big tail,  
And the tail of a whale  
Is very much longer than the kind of tail that  
you find on a snail.

A horse  
Is an expert at morse,  
And lives mainly on gorse -  
Of course.

A frog,  
Unlike a dog,  
Floats on a log  
In a bog.

An ox,	Robins
When washing his sox,	and
Keeps his head in a box	Blatchford,
Which Knox.	Sixth

-----

#### PRIZE DAY

For the first time for many years, form prizes were awarded. They were distributed by Mr, J.G. Harries, Secretary for Education in Cornwall. He told us that if our schooldays were the happiest days of our life, it was our own fault.

Keatt (Head Boy) thanked the Staff "for all they do to us."

School awards were made to Round, Oliver, Peacock, Goldring and Keatt. The Horwell Championship Bowl was received by Keatt on behalf of Hardy House.

## NOT ONLY HUNGARY !

It was one of those crystalline, frosty, moony nights. The dusky, covey masses were crisply dosing. They had been since dusk. Soon, a skylark, a lively, sprightly, constitutional skylark awoke the sleeping masses when the Phoebian hoperays smoothed the bristling, frosty hair of the historic hills.

Never before had this skylark been seen in the grassless field. But now it twittered, interested the dull cows and they danced willingly to his music. And they grouped themselves into the figures that pleased them most.

But scarcely had Phoebus reached his starry zenith when the noon-day hawk, flying from behind the hills, that communistic, bloodthirsty, life-hating and dance-defying memory hawk, came and perched and pecked the stirring lark and broke the link between its music and the bovine orgy.

'Cows should not dance,' it cried, 'they should only produce their laborious milk. Music is only for the azure flying birds'. Then he killed the lark with his dictatorial talons.

The mourning sun, in respect covered its downcast face with a gloomy, funereal cloud.

And the hawk danced with ludicrous, cumbrous movement and, being a hawk and not a dance-designed lark, it soon tired and, being weary, it slowly and drearily witted earthwards.

Twilight followed, and again the night was at hand, but no longer a crispy-hopeful, frosty night but a drizzle-bedraggled, fog-foul night and the cows were dying with their grief for the lark and the strangling gloom.

## TWENTY FIVE YEARS AGO

Exactly twenty five years ago, the first number of the 'Launcestonian' was published. The appearance of this magazine, our predecessor, coincided with Mr. Toy's first term as Headmaster, just as the 'Ivory Turret' began in Mr. Rowe's first term. Though the policy of our present magazine is to stimulate creative writing rather than to record the minutiae of school life, it would be a sad omission not to refer to so signal event in the history of the College as the reappearance of builders on our premises. The immediate object is to extend the kitchen and to enlarge the Dining-room with a view to providing lunch for Day-boys.

Since structural changes are likewise recorded in the 'Launcestonian' of the Autumn Term of 1931, it would be interesting to make a few quotations.

"The President of His Majesty's Board of Education, Sir Donald Maclean, visited the College to lay the Commemoration Stone in the new block of buildings" (the North Block)."

"After years of darkness, Launceston College has at last seen the light; the first electric lamp cast forth its glory in Mr. Toy's study on the 17th. of September."

"The gas lighting has also been completely revolutionised. The whole of the old pendants and fittings have been removed and others of the most modern type have been substituted for them."

"One youthful member of the school threw a sod of turf at another and hit a navy by mistake: the latter was heard to exclaim in an angry voice "-----." "

At the same time, the College was undergoing a complete reorganisation. The boys of Dunheved College and the Horwell Grammar School still occupied separate buildings, but from the beginning of the following term, all (122) would be accommodated at Dunheved.

"A Dramatic Society has been formed this term. It is starting in quite a humble way and is producing a play privately.... it is hoped to undertake a more ambitious task next year and to produce one of Shakespeare's works in the Town Hall'.

"Rugger - The Men's Game. .... rumours were heard hinting that an attempt would be made to institute Rugger instead of Soccer as the Winter game. The second practice..... the game progressed favourably until just after half-time, when Ballard was tackled spiritedly by Denton and fell heavily on his collar-bone, unfortunately breaking it. This mishap put an end to the practice for that afternoon."

"Next term another new subject, Spanish, will be introduced for the benefit of the linguists and an arrangement will be made for boys to take Latin and Spanish instead of Physics and Chemistry in cases in which they wish to specialise later in Arts instead of Science."

"The new College Ties are now obtainable from Messrs. Treleaven & Son, Ltd., at 2/6 each."

¶ We read that in 1935 the annual subscription to the 'Launcestonian' was 3/6 for three issues. We cannot refrain from pointing out that although ties have become financial halters, the "Ivory Turret" is stupendous value at sixpence a copy. - Ed.



## TREASURES FROM THE COLLEGE LIBRARY

1. 3. JOHNSON: RASSELAS, PRINCE OF ABISSINIA  
(first edition, without author's name, 1759)

This book, a first edition of Samuel Johnson, is in the final stage of being bound by the Librarian. The book has been resewn (the original cords being rotten) on four cords, as originally sewn. The new headbands are red and gold, there are hand-made endpapers and the binding is half-morocco with buckram sides.

The book was written and published in 1759. It is interesting to note that Johnson wrote this book because his Mother had died and he wanted money for the funeral expenses. It is one of his most important works and has been translated into most European languages. None of his works has met with so many contradictory judgments. In the book there is little or no crisis, no conclusion - in fact, there is little more than a succession of discussions and disquisitions on the limitations of life.

The book was published by Robert Dodsley (1703-64) who was an eminent bookseller and publisher, and the friend of many men of letters of his time.

Werren, U.5

(Those who are acquainted with Voltaire's "Candide" (a satire on the philosophy that everything happens for the best) may note that this book first appeared in the same year. -Ed.)

## ANSWER TO PROBLEM IN OUR LAST ISSUE

Why is 142857 a peculiar number? - try multiplying it by 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 & 7!

Did you detect the allusions? - pages 28-9:-  
Ternyson's Maude; Wordsworth's Lucy; Eliot's Confidential Clerk; Lewis Carrol's 'twas brillig..  
Page 31, News from Nowhere - by William Morris.

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:-

Editorial .....	1	Acknowledgments .	38
Parents .....	39	25 Years Ago ...	62

FEATURES:-

Small Ads. ....	46	Fashion .....	56
Survey .....	59	Library .....	64

ARTICLES:-

Tilley .....	38	Sheen .....	40
Wise .....	42	Bargery .....	45
Prof. H. Bomsky .	51	Williams J .....	61

POEMS:-

Williams J .....	39	Sandercock .....	42
Griffin .....	49	Worden .....	55
Roofs and Blatchford .....			60

RECORDS OF THE TERM:-

Pages 41, 44, 51, 56, 57, 60.

THE WIDE WORLD:-

Germany .....	52	Oxford .....	58
---------------	----	--------------	----

COMPETITIONS:-

Cafe-sitting ...	47	New prize .....	49
Answers to last issue's Problem, &c..			64
Quiz .....	43	Crossword .....	50

OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

Mr. J. Rashley, of "Pendarvis," 10 Windmill Lane, Launceston, is anxious to contact all Old Boys of the College - and please look once more at our Editorial!

BERRATA

On Page 57, Keatt (the eighth boy) was unable to go to Germany, owing to illness.  
On the same page, substitute E. A. Rowe for Golly, who has left Oxford and is now in the Army.