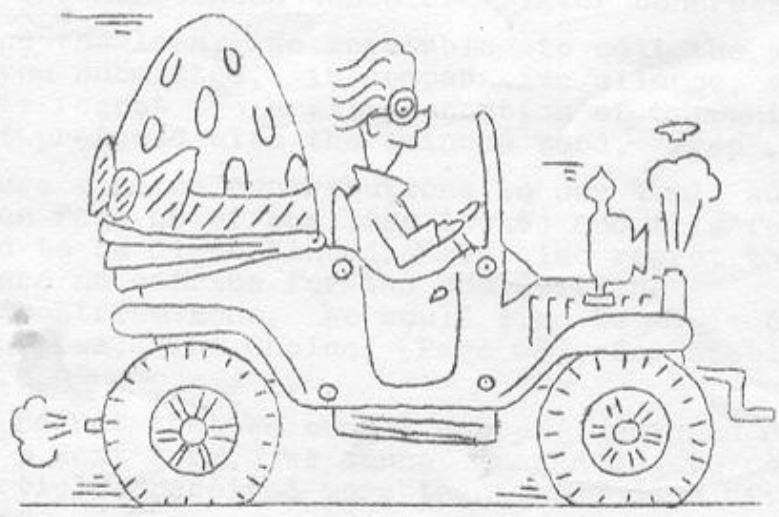


The
IVORY
TURRET.



LAUNCESTON COLLEGE
SPRING TERM 1957.

M.G.

THE IVORY TURRET

NUMBER FOUR

8th APRIL 1957

EDITORIAL

How this number came to be printed is not ours to tell - even if we knew. Throughout the term, the Library has been haunted by a piercing shrieking, while holes of various dimensions have been appearing in the oddest of places - all to the accompaniment of the monotonous tones of "mixtor concreti".

None the less, we were able to edit the articles you submitted, in comparative silence, although we regret the small proportion of them which were not prefaced with the ominous word, "Prep".

There were no contributions to our "Small Ads" page (see Page 46 of our last issue) and this feature had to be discontinued. We also regret that there were no entries for the competition. Of present contributions, we would like to single out Savage's poem, "The Choice" (Page 68) for special mention.

We regret that we cannot accept unsigned articles. Next term, we cannot guarantee to consider articles received more than three days after Half Term.

This term, just twelve months after our first issue, we offer you two editions, junior and senior, as our answer to the space problem. We hope that this way of publishing more articles will meet with your approval.

Sir! Proud man, who dost sit meditating amongst
 others of a feeble kind;
 Sit up, look around; shout back the ever increas-
 ing bloody snares of hell.
 Stir your damned soul and thrusting your head to
 the heavens,
 Scream out to the multitude of sinners who will
 answer: "but, fool maniac,
 All is well!"

All is well, All is well, All is well?
 Yes, nearly all is well.
 For there you stand in a world so grand,
 And you walk with a hopeful stride,
 And you kneel and pray nearly every day,
 And from evil your face you hide.

Usurpers of good - Fiends - Instruments of the
 devil.

Sir, you that have power to weigh your soul with
 flesh and use your mind to
 think,
 Tell these hell-bound imbeciles whither their vile
 forms will shrink.

Your earthly years you are exchanging for an
 eternity of heaven or damnation,
 Choose what you will.

Seventy years for an eternity; think, yes,
 think, standing still.

Do you yearn to meet him who gave his life for you,
 Or run, screaming, with fear-glazed eyes with the
 stricken majority

All crying for a life anew.

M. Savage, U.5.

This extract should be read and carefully noted for School Cert Geography, or you will be doomed to failure, Sonnies. It is from a new book on the geography of the British Isles by Splon. Here is part of the section on Launceston:-

Launceston can be divided into (a) the Town,
(b) the College.

The College

This is a small area of four natural regions.

1. The fields - an unproductive region.
2. The allotments - a highly productive region.
3. The buildings - poor asphalt and concrete rocks
4. Western Savannah.

1. The fields. This is the largest area of the school. The land is tilted, low in the South and high in the North. It is very unproductive and there is no resident population. The far field is a region of swamplands with a silted-up port in the South-East corner. Two outposts have been built in the near field, peopled on Tuesdays; but goal-posts have been put up in both fields, nether and near.

2. The allotments. This is a region of rich soils and equable climate. There is intensive agriculture, market gardening but no dairy-farming. There is no resident population except Rhubarb. Chief products are "Food", e.g. Rhubarb, Cabbage, and Blossom. All products are exported to region 3

3. The buildings. These consist of a central lowland plain of poor tarmac soils, surrounded by mountain ranges. These are known as:-
(a) Bedroom- and Kitchen-ranges - an old hercynian bloc. Contrary to the rules of nature, it is high and pointed. Food is manufactured from raw materials, partly imported and partly from region 2
(b) The Gym bloc is separated from the first range by a rift valley.

(c) Lab. bloc. This is the highest fold of the mountain system. Bangs are manufactured on both floors.

(d) North bloc. This is a young fold mountain ridge (half of it is a low plateau). There is an important textile- and map-making industry. A river sometimes runs across the central plain. H.E.P. has not been exploited, owing to:-

- i. Lack of glaciers.
- ii. Lack of waterfalls and swift streams.
- iii. Lack of mountains (Brown Willy is too far)
- iv. Uneven rainfall.
- v. No money.

4. Western Savannah. This can be subdivided into (i) South-Western woodlands, (ii) North-Western grasslands. These are fairly unproductive regions with no industries (except tourists) owing to:-

- i. Lack of raw materials.
- ii. No transport.
- iii. Insufficient power.
- iv. No voluntary labour.
- v. No market, no rich bods.

An area has been fenced in for Summer sports on the high land of the North.

To sum up;- This area fails as an agricultural region, is unsuitable for permanent habitation and totally useless to the rest of the world, so we cannot see whatever we did an agricultural survey for.

C. Splon Tilley & D. Herne Brent, L.5

Dear Sir/Madam,

We have very great pleasure in offering you this little gift, grand total 4d. Now quickly take your bag and hurry to the local grocer. What's that? - a large ink stain on little Billy's shirt? But really, he should be more careful. Yours sincerely, J. Winkaer

I set out one morning to try to discover exactly what the butler originally saw.

The first call I paid was to a retired colonel from the Guards. I put the vital question to him, and in between hums and has I made out the gist of his conversation. Apparently he thought he was above such things, but he recommended me to try the penny slot machines at the fair. After reminiscing on his brilliant career which was, needless to say, imaginary, he let me off.

I went to the fair, but, alas, my journey was pointless. I spent several pennies on the slot machines, but surely that could not be all the butler saw.

I paid several more visits, including one to the local squire's manor, where I asked the butler if he had ever seen anything interesting. Apparently he had: for, after clearing his throat several times, blinking, opening and then shutting his mouth, and shifting from one foot to the other, he finally slammed the door in my face.

So I returned home, having interviewed several different people, but the same question remained: what did the butler see?

B.B.C. Interviewer to Schoolboy:

- Now, Sonny, why have you given up Geography?

- Because, Sir, every time I study Geograpy I get an AGU.

We thank Mr. Wise for the kind loan of his Duplicator. -Ed.

THE LIBRARY

High, long, thin, hidden low beneath the
Sports fields hedged by Gym, toilets
and third form this is where, behind
wire netted windows, we find the library.

The library home of learning, books, African
Indian relics, map of Roman England,
desks, fire extinguisher and dust.

Caged Classics, arts and sciences line the
walls with novels, poetry and prose. The
religions have their honoured shelves.

Careers catalogued, collected, information of
the forces, courses - inevitable exams.

Pipes appear, twist and twine warm the air,
climb the wall and go their way some-
times throbbing sometimes whining.

Tables new and old - one is round and rocks
- book-ends red brick blocks.

A vase, a door, a mat hiding on the floor
- a whispering room - 'prefects only,
knock.'

C.Pender, LVI.

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THE BOFFIN CLUB

This term has seen the formation of the Boffin
Club. At present it has two sections, one con-
sisting of members of the Lower Fifth and meeting
on Thursday afternoons; and the other of Junior
Boarders meeting on Sunday mornings.

Members can choose whatever experiment they
wish to do. I think our experiments have been
fairly successful, despite occasional leakages
in Hare's Apparatus and proof that the Law of
Gravity is wrong.

Hills, L.5

HIGH SPEED FLIGHT

At last the dreaded day had arrived. For the whole of the fortnight I had been at R.A.F. Valley I knew that the day would eventually arrive when I had my first flight in a jet aircraft. I must admit my feelings were rather mixed; one heard so much about the idiosyncracies of jets that one felt positive something awful would happen on your particular trip.

The previous two weeks had been spent on the ground studying the theory of turbine aircraft and how to start and stop them. I always find it difficult to remember names and positions of things unless I can see them so I went out for my first trip with a jumbled mixture of gauges, dials, temperatures and pressures all chasing each other round my head. Thank goodness this trip was with an instructor!

I found my instructor to be a pleasant R.A.F. Type, complete with moustache and the easy familiarity that is customary with the Royal Air Force. Sensing my nervousness, he had taken the trouble to find out my Christian name, and, after giving me a cigarette, told me what he was going to do. Only half listening, my imagination taking me already far above the clouds, I heard something about climbing to forty thousand feet (about seven miles up) and doing a speed run. This brought me instantly down to earth and set my mind running on a film I had seen called 'The Sound Barrier', where an aircraft was rushing down to earth with the pilot hauling back on the stick and nothing happening. It was only when he pushed it forward that the aircraft recovered. Storing this useless fact away for future use, I attempted to listen to the rest of the briefing, unfortunately with little success. There seemed so much to remember that I was sure I would never cope.

However, the cigarette was finished and we were soon walking out to the Vampire T-11, standing out on the hard waiting for us. Several ground crew were swarming over it, making last minute preparations. A quick walk round to make sure as far as possible that all was well and we clambered in. We sat side by side in twin ejector seats and, after fastening all the straps and cords, the pilot's mate withdrew the pins on the seats and the canopy was closed. There is a peculiar smell about aircraft, and this combined with the heat beating through the canopy, made it all seem very unreal. My instructor flicked several switches and all the instruments came to life. Several red lights appeared and, after a few checks, a thumbs-up indicated to the ground crew outside that we were ready to start. Fuel cocks were turned on and a powerful electric motor started turning the turbine around. When the necessary number of revolutions was reached, the fuel was ignited and, with a deep-throated roar, the engine reached its self-sustaining power.

After satisfying himself that all was well, my instructor called up the control-tower and received permission to taxi. Only by taxiing reasonably fast, is it possible to have good control, so at a good twenty miles an hour we raced round the perimeter-track to take-off point. We were soon lined up on the runway and a green light from the runway giving us the all-clear, the throttle was opened slowly, and in a dead straight line we raced along until the airspeed indicator showed ninety knots. A small backward movement on the stick, and we were airborne. There was a sudden reduction in noise as we left the ground and we were soon climbing effortlessly at 275 knots. The sky was blue with very little cloud. There was only a gentle whine from the engine, so it was easy to relax. At twenty thousand feet, a quick oxygen

check showed that all was well. It took twice as long to reach forty thousand as it did twenty, owing to the reduced air pressure. Finally we made it and levelled off. By doing a gentle turn, it was possible to see the lake district, Birmingham and South Wales, as well as the North and Irish Seas. Beautiful white contrails were forming in the exhaust and if, in turning, we ran into one, a pattering of ice crystals would hit the aircraft.

My instructor put the aircraft into a shallow dive. The Mach Meter, which shows the speed of the Vampire in relation to the speed of sound, began to increase rapidly. The speed of sound is represented by the figure one, and speeds below it in decimal parts. On our Machmeter a red line was marked at .85 : this was the speed when the aircraft is said to "break away" or refuse to go any faster. The Vampire became more and more difficult to control: the left wing was heavy and only by holding the stick fully over to the right, was it possible to keep the plane level. As the pointer on the machmeter reached the red line, all control was lost and the aircraft started porpoising all over the sky. After about thirty seconds of this, my instructor closed the throttle and put out the air brakes and we soon resumed normal flight. It was then my turn to take over, so after climbing to forty thousand feet again, we repeated the operation. All went well, but I lost no time once control was lost in putting out the air brakes and closing the throttle. Fuel was running low, so we returned to the aerodrome and, soaked in perspiration, I was soon offering my instructor a cigarette, hoping he would not notice how glad I was to get back on the ground again.

Lieut. Sturley, R. N.

 The Old Boys' Cricket Match takes place 4th (perhaps 6th) July 1957. Please contact Mr. Harries.

A CHURCH

Please could you direct me to the church? - this question has invariably been asked me in the summer-months when casual holiday makers, eager to feast their eyes upon glistening brilliance or quaint disfigurements stroll lazily from beach to cafe or cinema to pub.

That Church I see now: whispering silently to the gravestones while above the sneering clouds, flecked with gold and azure, caress a yawning sky.

Ten minutes later I may meet one who has been to the Church and who says with an over-polite nod, verging on sarcasm, "Nice little church, that."

Nice little church indeed, that wretched little stone building with its plaster eroding walls, and its horrible little font reminding one of the brink of hell, is no more 'nice' than a majority of people, who, entering with nose in air, make quick their departure almost immediately afterwards.

There it squats, neither dominating the landscape by an elegant tower nor blending peacefully with the lazy countryside around.

Squats is a more appropriate word, I think, than any other, for it gives the impression of a fat toad, glistening with sweat, which, with bleary eyes, anticipates a leather shoe to clamp down upon it, and shivers silently in frozen agonistic misery.

There, with the brown fields and green meadows to the one side, the blue waters of the shimmering sea on the other, the Church makes known its horrible presence twice each Sunday and once each Wednesday, with the sound of a solitary bell: clang, clang, clang, clang, - which induces one's very heart to scream vengeance upon those maniacs who constructed such a monstrosity, hundreds of years ago.

Continued on page 90

My First Attempt to Milk a Cow.

By a Townsman.

As I had to take my holiday early this year, I decided to spend a fortnight in the country. I travelled to my friend's farm early in March. When the farmer milked his cow each evening, I watched him: it looked so simple. I longed to "have a go."

At about half-past four I took a milking bucket and strolled to the shippon. The cow was lying down. How to get her up - that was the first problem.

"Get up Daisy, please," I said. But nothing happened. "Perhaps a little hay will help," I thought, so I offered Daisy a little hay, at which she sniffed disdainfully. She lay on. In despair I gave her a gentle tap on the rear.

She rose slowly to her knees and from thence to her feet. That presented me with another problem. How and where did I begin? I looked at her from all angles. Well at least I knew at which end to start - nearest the tail. Left or right was the next problem. I decided to try the left side first.

Gingerly I sat on the milking stool and put the bucket between my knees. Bravely I grabbed two of the four teats and pulled. Daisy began to grow restless and with one solitary kick dislodged me from my stool. I picked myself up and put my bucket again between my knees. I again grabbed the teats and began to squeeze again. For fully ten minutes I squeezed and pulled but without result. Daisy grew restless again and this time fully accomplished her task. I found myself outside the shippon door with the bucket lying beside me. I decided to give up the unequal struggle.

L. Vanstone LIV.

A "Modern(?)" House.

Ah! that was the one, a massive house standing well back from a weed encrusted lane. I was looking for a house, and as soon as I saw it, I knew nothing on earth would induce me to buy it.

However, more out of curiosity than anything, I went up to the supposed 'modern' house, (as advertised), with its worm-eaten oak door, broken windows, rotten roof and craggy, folorn chimneys. It was getting on for evening, and in the fading afternoon light the house looked cold and rather eerie.

I pulled the old-fashioned bell and heard a crunch as something happened in the back regions: a long wait, then shuffling footsteps were heard, a clank, a thud, and, with a whispering sigh, a little panel opened in the door. Two red-rimmed eyes peered through this. Then the door slowly creaked open, I looked inside - "No signs of life, funny!" Then a dismal, toad-like voice croaked from the semi-gloom "Well, now yer 'ere, what'e want?" I presumed that this was the owner of the red eyes. I could not very well back out now, so I said boldly that I had come to look at the house.

At this, the figure, (who turned out to be a woman, though looking like a toad), grew more surly, probably because she would lose her job if I bought the house, and with a loud bang, slammed the door in my face and shouted through the peep-hole, "He ain't at home!"

I did not pay very much attention to her shouts, for the door had caught my foot, and I was describing a war dance on the steps. It had also dirtied my suit so I, getting angry in my turn, shouted back, "If you don't let me in, I'll fetch the police!" This had the desired ef-

fect, for the door rustily swung back with a creaking of oil-less hinges, and a voice enquired "What'e want tu see?"

"The whole house," I answered.

"Can't see the third floor, stairs be broke again."

"Oh" I replied coldly and, pushing past the loathsome reptile in the 'hall,' proceeded to make my own inspection. The hall was a shambles, broken plaster here, there and everywhere, and a massive chandelier hung apparently by a piece of string. I circumnavigated a huge pile of masonry, and squeezed under a beam, so coming to the huge, old-fashioned kitchen - everywhere was rust. I turned on a tap but it broke off in my hand and I got wet, the water adding to the general chaos of the room. I went to a cupboard, it was locked. I pulled - a crunch, clatter. It came off in my hand. A voice said plaintively " 'ere, 'ere now...crash. Silence. I started mounting the stairs and saw above a huge, black labrador dog with red eyes, like its mistress. Then the stairs collapsed... a blinding flash... I asw stars...all went black.

When I woke up again, I was underneath the real stars, lying in the garden of the old house. I quietly left.

Thomas UIV.

* * * * *

Cross-countries.

Our college is a grand old place,
 Our masters make us go the pace.
 The cross-country runs are second to
 none,
 And are supposed to be such fun.
 Alas! when you skin heel and toes,
 The blood from both it freely flows.
 It's not much fun just to be
 An also ran such as me.

M. Chudleigh.

Weather.

January can be so cold,
 February's the time when snowdrops appear,
 March brings the wind so bold,
 April shows that Spring is here,
 May brings the blossom out,
 June is the month when Summer begins,
 July sets the holiday-makers about,
 August brings its heat waves in,
 September shows that Autumn's near,
 October the leaves come tumbling down,
 November means Winter I fear,
 December, snow and ice abound.

Bradshaw, III.

* * * * *

THE HOBGOBLIN FROM MARS.

There was an hobgoblin from Mars,
 Who said he was seeing the stars.
 But no one could tell
 How he fed on the shells
 That roamed about upon Mars.

His friend was a 'goblin, too.
 He never knew quite what to do,
 He always looked up,
 When he drank from his cup,
 That poor little goblin from Mars.

Our second little goblin liked "Mars"
 (You've heard of those sixpenny bars)
 But the other was funny:
 He never had any money
 While he lived upon that planet Mars.

One day our goblin took ill,
 He fetched the doc for his chill,
 His friend, he was sad,
 Some others were glad,
 That poor little 'goblin from Mars.

D. Gay, LIV.

The five-and-a-half-day-week has had disastrous consequences on Society life this term. Nevertheless, we have a new Society to welcome, the Boff-in Club (See Page 72) (We note that they too appear in a Senior and Junior Edition.) The Walking Club awoke from hibernation on Sunday, 7th April, and (according to T. G. Prince's memorable explanation) made

"A tour of the moors
To see more of the tors."

During our attendance at the Gramophone Club on Sunday evenings, we have been less surprised to hear that the minutes have ceased than to find that the payment of subscriptions has lapsed.

LIST OF SOCIETIES active during the year 1956
(with principal patrons)

Literary & Debating	Headmaster	Williams J
Bookbinders	Mr. Farthing	Werren
Modern Languages	Messrs. Lane & Farthing	Prince
Gramophone	Mr. Uglow	Williams J
Walking	Mr. Hunter	Round/Williams J
Art	Mr. Uglow	
Aeromodelling	Mr. Tunbridge	

CONUNDRUM SIMIORUM VAR. LANSTONIENSIS

The Christmas Vacation witnessed the demise of a fealded giant, none other than the "Monkey Puzzle" tree. The tree was found to be rotten at the base and high at the top. Its disappearance had to be pointed out to Mr. Truby when he paid the school a visit recently - a clear case of forgetting what one does not wish to remember.

What is to replace it? We have heard suggestions of flowering cherries and of a magnolia. Mere numbers cannot compensate for the commonplace, nor beauty for lost grandeur. Our own suggestion is a Cedar of Lebanon.

THE ATOM

As yet, nobody has ever seen, or even photographed one lone atom away from its neighbours. Why, then, should anyone believe in their existence?

So far as is known, the idea that all matter is made of very small, indivisible particles was first thought of by a Greek gentleman called Democritus around the year 400 B.C. Democritus was interested in such things as the dissolving of salt in water. Although, by looking at it, one would think that there was nowhere in the water for the salt to go, we all know that it does go somewhere. Democritus suggested that water was made up of a very large number of very small particles, between which similar small particles of salt could squeeze. By applying similar arguments to other phenomena - the mixing of metals to form alloys, for example - Democritus concluded that solids, liquids and gases were all made from atoms.

Not everyone agreed with Democritus. Aristotle's theory was that all matter was made, not of atoms, but of combinations of four "elements": fire, earth, air and water, and it was not until Priestly proved, in the eighteenth century, that water was not an element but a combination of hydrogen and oxygen, that this theory received its death blow. It must, however, be pointed out that Priestly was only one of several experimenters and this honour is not really his alone.

In 1808 a great step forward was taken when Dalton produced his Atomic Theory which was based on the discoveries of the previous century and is still basically accepted today.

This theory may be summarised as follows:-

(1) Every element consists of a large number of small particles or atoms. An element is defined as a substance which cannot be split up into further simpler substances. Atoms cannot be

created or destroyed. (This is now known to be not strictly true as it is possible to change one element into another by such reactions as those occurring in the atomic bomb).

(2) The atoms of any one element are all exactly alike in chemical properties and their average weight is constant, but they differ from those of other elements.

(3) When elements combine to form compounds the combination takes place between the individual atoms. These combine, to form compound atoms or molecules, in the ratio of small whole numbers. The molecules of any given compound are all alike.

The only properties of the atom which the chemists of the nineteenth century knew with any certainty were its weight, compared with atoms of other elements, and the way it behaved when combining with them.

By comparing the weights of the atoms of all known elements with that of an oxygen atom, which was said to weigh 16 units, a list of numbers called atomic weights was prepared. It was noticed that many of these figures were very nearly whole numbers, and it seemed that atoms might be built up in some regular way. Unfortunately, some elements had atomic weights which were clearly not whole numbers, and so this theory had to be put aside.

On studying the combining properties of the elements, it soon became apparent that many elements fell into well defined groups. It seemed, therefore, that some good purpose might be served by attempting to classify the elements. Accordingly, in 1869, a Russian chemist called Mendeléeff produced a classification based on atomic weights. He arranged the elements in order of atomic weight in a table which had eight vertical divisions, so that all the elements in the same column had similar properties: in other words, every eighth element is chemically similar to the one you start with. In order to do this, Mendeléeff had to leave sev-

eral gaps to be filled in later - as indeed they were.

At the end of the nineteenth century, this regularity in the behaviour of the elements, the discovery of the emission of energy from radioactive elements and the phenomenon of electricity were casting doubts on the classical view that atoms were rather like billiard balls and called for some investigation into the actual structure of the atom.

From about 1835 up to the present day, the atom has been thoroughly pulled apart. The story is still by no means complete but by the early 1930s the existence of three important pieces of the atom had been established.

The first is the electron which has little mass and a negative electric charge; the second is the proton which is relatively much heavier and has a positive charge; the last to be discovered was the neutron which is about as heavy as the proton but has no electric charge.

The atom is now known to be made up of a number of neutrons and protons - which together form the nucleus - and electrons which revolve around the nucleus in elliptical orbits. The number of electrons present in any atom is always equal to the number of protons, thus making the atom electrically neutral.

The nucleus of the atom provides most of its mass, and as the atoms of any one element can have slightly different numbers of neutrons in their nuclei, not all these atoms weigh the same, as had been believed by Dalton. The varying types of atoms of the same element are known as the isotopes of the element and it is the existence of these in proportions which vary from

element to element which accounts for the fact that atomic weights are not whole numbers.

The electrons which spin round the nucleus are arranged in a definite way for each element.

Their orbits are grouped in a number of layers or 'shells' around the nucleus - provided, of course, there are enough electrons to complete the first shell. The outermost shell, and it is largely upon this that the chemical nature of the atom depends, never contains more than eight electrons. It is this fact which accounts for the eight columns of Mendeleeff's Periodic Table.

This, rather briefly, is the structure of the atom. There is, of course, still a great deal to be learnt about this subject - how the nucleus of an atom sticks together, for example- and it must be realised that the account given above is perhaps a little over-simplified. But, after all, we may never completely understand this fascinating subject upon which so much of the future depends.

Footnote. The first sentence of this article states that the atom has never been photographed; while the article was being completed, however, photographs were published showing individual atoms of tungsten as white dots. They were taken in the United States.

A.G.Wise. VI.S

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Statistical Analysis of Books Taken out from the Library during the First Ten Weeks of this Term.

Total number of books taken out = 268.

Percentages of total by forms, with most popular subject :-

UVI - 15.3%, Languages;	LVI - 43.3%, English;
UV - 3.7%, History;	LV - 25.4%, Science;
UIV - 9.7%, Fiction;	LIV - 1.9%, History;
III - 0.7%, History.	

The two most popular subjects overall were :-
Science - 25.7%; History - 23.9%;

What is this object, small and round;
 That rolls upon the muddy ground;
 For which the groping forward fumbles,
 Or headlong o'er the scrummage tumbles?
 Can it be that which brings our woe
 When we are told to "tackle low";
 Or when the heaviest of the foe
 Taps us upon our injured toe,
 While all the touchline grumbles?

A moment's silence, all is still,
 And then like vultures for the kill
 They swoop and, eager for a score,
 Press forward, carrying all before.
 The rain descends and veils the scene,
 And where the trampling boots have been
 Lies one small forward, sorry sight,
 A sole survivor of the fight,
 Who curses the ungainly plight
 That put him in the first fifteen.

Now spare a thought for those who play,
 That ever after you may say
 Of those whom you could never name,
 "I'll give them this, they played the game."

M.H.J. Goldring, Sixth.

 AN EXCITING MATHS PERIOD

We were grinding away when we heard a loud banging above our heads. We looked up to the ceiling and saw a cloud of dust descend. We looked again and, to our surprise, saw a chisel come through the ceiling. The banging ceased, we heard a knock on our door and a workman entered. He gazed round the room until he saw his chisel protruding from the plaster. "There it is, thanks," he said and out he walked.

Ellacott, U. 4

Dear Sir,

I have a painful corn on my big left toe, which wakes me at night. Looking from my bedroom window, I can see three men digging up my garden. Whom should I consult, the police, my doctor, or a corn specialist?

Col. Albert Nasser, D.F.C.

(Try sleeping on the other foot.)

Dear Sir,

There is a rumour in the school that my name is Mudd. I wish to dispel this: my name is Fred.

Fred Mudd

Dear Sir,

Is it true that the new classrooms are to be used as an A.T.C. glasshouse?

Worried A.C.2

NEWS FROM NOWHERE

A large tank has arrived in the vegetable garden from the Herwell Experimental Reactor.

A new variety of rhubarb has recently been bred in the vegetable garden.

SAYINGS OF THE TERM

A long circle is one that goes all the way round.
(Heard at a Folkdance Party)

S. O. S. -- Help!

WATCH THIS SPACE!

Owing to the unusual length of the Christmas holidays, I was lucky enough to go to Davos Grisons in Switzerland. As there is too much to describe in such a small space, I will write about one day, the best.

Davos is a height of 5000 feet and, in order to go up the surrounding mountains, some of which rise over 9000 feet, you take either a train or a ski-lift. To start with, you usually go up with your class in the ski-schule. The Weissflujoch is the highest mountain and that was the first we went up. The funicular goes up to 4200 feet in 4976 yards. As you ascend, large wooden fences to stop avalanches take the place of the silver pine woods. When we reached the Weissfluh, we went on an air-cable to the Weissflujoch. The view from the top was magnificent: range upon range of mountains stretched away in the distance. The day was fine, and after putting our skis on, we began the downward journey.

The first part was the trickiest, as it was a very steep slope, but after a few falls, we reached the bottom. For the next mile, it was a gentle slope, ideal for the 'stem christie' and round we went, the snow whirling up behind us. Soon the Strela Pass came into view. It is fairly flat, but one slip would mean a long fall as it is on a precipitous slope. The next stage followed the ski-lift down. It was very icy and witnessed the most falls. We stopped at the Schatzalp restaurant and had something to drink. From there, the run, an old bob-sleigh track, is perfectly straightforward. You have just reached the upper limit of trees, and the silver pines go flashing past while you simply relax. After twenty minutes, you arrive at Davos where the temperature is much higher. But the next day was a sharp contrast: a blizzard was blowing at the top of the mountain.

Williams A, L. 5

There are few newspapers which do not regularly contain impressive columns of careers advertisements. The press and the nation are rapidly becoming careers-conscious, and these careers are not exclusively, in spite of appearances, scientific and technical. For instance when recently we wrote to the Training Councils of the Church of England and of the Methodist Church, both were able to send us by return of post a series of helpful pamphlets. It is reassuring to discover that the Retail Distributors Association and the Federation of Building Trade Employers, to mention only two, consider it worth their while to publish attractive booklets outlining the opportunities which their trades can offer.

Parents may gauge the deluge of careers information that daily descends upon the school by pausing to investigate the Careers Table when they visit the school library. We file the more particular offers of employment and information about scholarships and qualifying examinations. There is a hard-working secretary in the person of J.R.Stratton. Next we want the school as a whole to become careers-conscious. That need not mean that each boy must know what he wants to be, but that he ought to be finding out for himself what opportunities are offered by many types of career. Parents please encourage. If a suggestion might help, many firms and industries are now providing vacation courses for fifth and sixth formers. What surer way of coming to a wise choice than by sampling and seeing one's future career for a week - without obligation and often without expense to the parental pocket and purse.

Finally, in response to repeated requests, we must confess that we have no information to hand about prospects in Space Travel.

* * * * *

The Church? Yes sir, keep straight on and take the first turning on the left, and there, amidst a sea of rolling grave-stones, giving the very impression of what lies beneath, you will see the Church, which you will enter with a light heart and a lighter head, and from which you will emerge either two minutes later with an air of contempt, or thirty minutes later with mind enlarged, soul strengthened and with your knees indented with the rough surface of a cracked and unswept floor.

M.N.Savage, UV.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR 1956
("Ivory Turret" Nos. 1 to 3)

CREDIT

Receipts	Issue 1	117 @ 4d.	£1 . 19 .
	2	122 @ 6D.	3 . 1 .
	3	138 @ 6D.	3 . 9 .
			<u>£8 . 9 . 0</u>

DEBIT

Paper	£3 . 16 .
Stapler	1 . 15 .
Prize	5 .
Miscellaneous	4 . 8½
Cash in hand	2 . 8 . 3½
	<u>£8 . 9 . 0</u>

EDITORIAL BOARD

Messrs. Farthing and Lane

Prince Werren Williams J Wise

We wish to record our gratitude to Mr. Lane for all the work he has put in as Editor of this magazine. He leaves shortly for Malaya and the School's good wishes accompany him.

Mr. J. Rashley's address is "Pendarvis", 10 Windmill Lane, Launceston.

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