

DECEMBER
1942

THE OFFICIAL
UNION MAGAZINE

VOL. "1"
NO. "4"

EDITORIAL.

The unofficial magazine has now successfully embarked on the second year of it's career, and the articles submitted to the Committee showed the great effect of even this short tradition. As the last Editor predicted, articles have, on the whole, improved in quality and increased in quantity, and the same broad outlook that the school gained in Weston has been maintained. This outlook is clearly shown in the production of the present magazine, -a collective effort from 260 boys, not merely the work of a few seniors. It shows the variety of hobbies pursued by the boys and the diversity of interests that constitutes the most important part of school life, -namely, out-of-school activities.

This collective effort is placed in an even more worthy light when one realises that the school receives no material profit from the magazine. All profits are sent to the Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, on Banstead Downs, where the school is endowing a cot. From that point of view the effort that produced this magazine is especially commendable, and the Committee hope that it will be repeated in future for the magazine that will be published at the end of each term.

(R.SEXTON.VITH)

THE POEM

Have you sat for hours and hours,
Trying and trying to write
A poem about Spring and Flowers,
And Towers of great height?

And have you gone to bed at night,
And dreamed about it too,
And woke up in a grey twilight,
To find that day is due?

And have you, with a painful sigh,
Raised hand up to your head,
And thought that you would rather try
Something else instead?

(J.SAGE.Ib)

MODERN DANCE MUSIC.

About three months ago I followed day by day in the newspaper the battle between the B.B.C. and this so-called "slushy" dance music. Admittedly some of the lyrics which were being written were over-sentimental, but I must say that some of the melodies for these lyrics were of quite a good standard; it is a pity that we have to stop hearing them just because of the "sloppy" words.

You have probably concluded by now that I am a dance-band fan, - that is not my only musical interest by a long way. I dislike jazz music, which may surprise you since I like modern dance music. It is so often the case that when a person says they like popular dance music, they are immediately classified with the section of people who like that tuneless "junk" (That's the only word for it) called jazz.

Why have so many people a prejudice towards modern dance music? It has been forming and is still forming, a high percentage of the entertainment for war-workers and the forces. It is easy to listen to, and surely that is the main thing where there is the noise of machinery or of conversation in a canteen when it is difficult to listen intently to a programme. Why should not these people be given the consideration for once? After all, they are the people who are working and fighting to win the war for us.

Since the B.B.C. put the ban on "slushy" songs and debilitated crooning, many of the dance tunes popular in the "twenties" have been revived, but, most important of all, we are still getting new tunes. I think that this has shown that our popular composers of dance tunes are capable of writing something other than just music for "sloppy" songs.

Long live the popularity of Dance Music.

(P.WOOLAS.Vth).

The church bells are ringing,
The people are singing,
The rabbits are working,
Their jobs never shirking,
The old dog sleeps in the sun.

The bees are stinging,
Their honey bringing,
The birds are singing,
The mountains are ringing,
The day has just begun.
(K.MARTIN.Ib.)

"PRAISE HIM WITH THE SOUND OF THE TRUMPET",
"PRAISE HIM UPON THE STRINGS AND PSALTRY."

The psalmist had certainly a more balanced conception of an orchestra than had the writer of Daniel. You will remember how the trio were ordered to bow down when they heard "the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer." Such a strange collection of instruments is only rivalled by those included in the "Floral Dance". An orchestra today is more like that depicted by the psalmist.

The modern symphony orchestra is in two main sections, strings and wind instruments, and almost all orchestral music is written in varying quantities of these two sections. In nearly every case there is a two-thirds majority of strings. The orchestra has certainly advanced very rapidly in the last three centuries. It was necessary in Handel's day, owing to the unreliability of the instrument for the conductor to sit at the harpsichord and make up for the deficiencies of the orchestra by playing from a figured bass, where the orchestra was weak.

In those days strings were almost entirely the basis of the orchestra. The wind instruments were in such a crude state of development that they were entirely unreliable. For this reason some of the finest music was written by Bach and Handel entirely for strings, like

the Brandenburg Concerto and the Concerto for Violin. However, not even stringed instruments were all they might be until the "Stradivarius" fairly stabilized their structure.

As time went on, both types of instruments became reliable but this did not stabilize the orchestra. Haydn needed an orchestra of only 30 players to perform his works. Today such composers as Richard Strauss need all the instruments they can get. Berlioz, living about 80 years ago desired an ideal orchestra of 250 strings, 30 pianos and 30 harps—an extreme case, however.

Although most music is written for the strings and wind instruments, yet occasionally a variation is introduced. Nearly all programmes include a Concerto. That is a piece of music—usually of three movements—for a solo instrument and orchestra. Piano Concertos are the most popular, but there are Concertos for nearly every other instrument. Handel wrote Concertos for organ.

The other category of artists which join force with the Orchestra is the singers. Sometimes it is a solo, sometimes a chorus, often both. Beethoven uses both in his last symphony. This practice is not general although voices are used by other composers than Beethoven.

These few facts and observations have not any connecting links but they represent the observations and thoughts of an ordinary concert goer, and give some indication of the evolution and formation of orchestras. Yet all these observations are entirely from the wrong side of the footlights. The musicians have a very different outlook on their Art.

(WILKS. Vith).

BEWARE!

I am firmly convinced that my life is at stake. The mad bestiality of the atrocious Hun may at any moment rob me of all that I hold dear - Life, Laughter and Liberty. Sitting where I am in this pleasant rural scene, enjoying a short break from the trivial round, the prospect seems unreal, for it is fantastic that my obscure person should be singled out for the vilest

of Nazi atrocities, and my dear reader, it is true. My life is haunted by a secret fear, the clutching hand of the G. I. is at my throat, my life is no more my own. Pistor if you can the relentless resolution of an enemy who is determined to eliminate the only man in England who can frustrate his foul designs.

I have realised the state of affairs for some time past and, last July, I attempted to baffle my pursuers by slipping from my lodgings at dead of night and making tracks for the Cornish Riviera. I quickly arrived at my ancestral hall, and, after having watched with a sardonic satisfaction the slaughter of the fatted calf, I congratulated myself on eluding the foe. That very night a furious onslaught by sea and air was made upon that vale of peace, and those noble towers, which had for centuries stood foursquare against the efforts of Dame Nature, those towers, symbols of the courage and fortitude so natural to my clan, were raised to the ground. "Nothing beside remains, round the decay of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare, the lone level seale stretch far away".

We moved, of course, -after all we still had our snug retreat in S. Devon, -but even there I was not safe. For, whilst walking along the beach with a friend of mine I was shot at by the Home Guard on manoeuvres. Apparently I was in a forbidden zone, but I am not to be deceived, there was an enemy agent present, who, seeing a glorious opportunity of destroying the one man who holds England's destiny in the hollow of his hand, took it.

The following day I went for a row up-river, as soon as I was in mid-stream, miles from anywhere, -a Heinkel swooped and machine-gunned me. I could see the Pilot's Nordic nose wrinkle as he watched me dive over the side and he probably said something rather rude in German. The regrettable sequel to this is that I now no more - I must place my country before mere physical pleasure. I confined my activities to mushrooming on the adjacent heath but even here I was not safe. For, no sooner had I reached my favourite spot and commenced to shovel the mushrooms into my basket than I was dive-bombed. Just as I was about to hand over once more I heard the harsh crackle of cannon fire and five planes simultaneously

converged on me, hedgehopping as was their wont. But as I climbed out of the gorse bushes afterwards I reflected that brute force has availed them nothing and Germany's doom is as assured today as ever before.

But this state of affairs could not continue so I decided to take a short break from the exigencies of office and return to that haven of delight, my "alma mater", and I now feel comparatively safe. But, should anyone notice a bald man with white side whiskers lurking around the school with a swastika on his arm, would he please communicate with the school captain who will form a posse to hound him to extinction.

(ALQJUS ANEMUS. Vith)

THE DUEL.

They met at night, nigh the old Chateau,
The sky was dark and the moon was low,
The seconds met upon one side.
The trees around them creaked and sighed.
Black and dark and listless yet,
Upon that dreared night they met...
A clang in the dark, their swords had crossed, -
Nothing to gain, a life to be lost.
A step to one side, a lunge; And still
They fought in the darkness, awaiting the kill.
And then it came - A shriek, a groan,
A deathly quiet and then a moan.
A shapeless mass fell to the ground,
And merged in the blackness all around.
The victor turned, his job was o'er;
The man at his feet would breath no more;
He backed and faded out of sight
Of the trees and the Chateau, into the night....

(S.YASS.IIIb)

THE PEREGRINE FALCON

Above the world, - your realm the mists
And vapours of the upper air,-
No subject birds your kingdom share,
Your empty state.
None dares to enter ethereal lists
To find his certain fate.

Alone you rule in realms unknown,
Despising every lesser type;
Despising even Heaven's stripe
Or threat of pain;
You take no heed, from your high throne,
Of lowering clouds of rain.

Supreme in courage, skill and lonely power,
You dwell apart in self-love's lofty tower.
(R.SEXTON.Vith.)

THE VATICAN.

The Vatican, as you probably know, is a city inside Rome. It is not like London or any other city in the world, for it is a huge pile of buildings which cover an area of about 1150 ft. by 770 ft. The Vatican city is ruled by the Pope who once ruled about half of Italy.

In the Vatican there are over 4,000 rooms with 8 grand staircases and many courts, halls, gardens, and galleries. Apart from the Church, the city itself is one of the most historic architectural records of the world. The actual residence of the Pope was built under the supervision of Sixtus V (d. 1590) and of Clements VIII (d. 1605).

The Sistine Chapel is the private chapel of the Pope and was built by Sixtus IV in 1473; the chapel is famous for its paintings, notably those of Michel Angelo. The Vatican Museum has the finest collection of Greek sculpture in existence; while elsewhere can be found the best paintings of Raphael, Titian and other great artists. The library contains many priceless manuscripts besides classical collections. In December 1931, part of the library was destroyed by the collapse of the roof, but

although many thousands of volumes were destroyed,
luckily the rarer treasures escaped.

(B.WALDEN.IVb.)

FRIDAY STREET.

When in Friday Street in the spring
There could be no more glorious thing
Than the woods, the flowers and the streams
Glittering in the sunlight beams.
The tall trees in the valley below-
The stream which ripples with gentle flow-
A shining lake with a rippling fall-
The sound of a bird, the cuckoo's call.
In Friday Street we have all these,
The birds, the grass, the flowers, the trees.
Yet here I am in a busy town,
Working hard till the sun goes down.
I could be there in the flowers so bright,
Resting all day, sleeping all night.

(M.BUTLER.IIIb.)

THE PAPER-BOY'S LAMENT.

5.45 a.m. one quarter of an hour before getting to the shop. Raining and cold, in fact generally awful weather to be up early, especially in the black-out. Feeling around for clothes, making a hot drink in as short a time as possible, a quick wash, then out into the still, black morn with the wind sighing, "It's too cold this morning, go back to bed".

Five minutes later, at the shop, the tired boy is greeted with a friendly, "What, late again". Papers are sorted and into the cold once more. What a waste of time fiddling about with gate latches. "Ah, I thought so, Number 63 is hanging out of his window," so paper-boy, prepare for your daily grumble about late papers. After a good lecture more gates and stiff letter boxes. Fumbling about with a torch finding the numbers. "Oh, how long am I going to be". At last it is getting lighter and I can just see the

gates". One sympathetic old lady calls out, "What's the time, son", then on again into the lonely side turnings.

But at last I have finished and I go home to a good breakfast.

One day, however, is looked forward to by these poor creatures who bring the country it's news, and that is Saturday, pay day. Then the boy leaps out of bed with a cry of joy and rushes down the road to receive his well-earned wages.

(C.R.SEXTON, IIIb)

END OF TERM

"Silence! I'll take hospital money now!"
"Tuppence Jones? Good,"
"Are we s'posed to give in all our books?"
"Yes, of course, dope! What else could we do with them".
"Have you given in your library book, Len?"
"No, but I've got it here".
"Hospital, please! Cox, have you your money?"
"Yes, tuppence".
"Sim, have you got any National Savings?"
"Five and six, Len".
"Where's your English books, Stan?"
"Coming over, Piggy; catch".
"You, don't throw books about".
"Hey, stop fighting, you two".
"But he's got my pen!"
"Have you done your English homework Jim?"
"Not all of it".
"Sh-h-h-!"
"Sit down you at the back", said the Form-Master as he walked in, and the hullabaloo ceased immediately.
(MORIARTY IIIb.)

CONCERNING RUGBY.

Such phrases as "we are working as a team", "they are doing their bit", and "we can take it" are quite common nowadays. It is most likely that these phrases have originated from various sports of this country.

A game from which these phrases could easily have been taken is Rugby. Take, for instance, "working as a team", it is obvious that teamwork must be the basis of every game and Rugby is certainly no exception. In a Rugger match there is hardly a moment when every player is not on the move and combining his actions with those of his team.

"Doing one's bit" is also applied to every game, but in Rugby if a player is not doing his bit he stands out instantly as something quite apart from the rest of his team. (This is particularly noticeable in the case of a forward).

And lastly, the ideas of sportsmanship and comradeship are expressed in, "we can take it", and on the Rugby field this feeling is always present. The fact that 30 men can rush about the field for 90 odd minutes and spend most of that time hurling themselves at their opponents and still come off the field the best of friends, surely proves this?
(R. BRETT. IVb.)

DE LEONE BRITANNICO.

The British Lion has been for many years a matter of dispute. Frequently the army has taken to themselves the said lion as their special, personal property. The navy, far from sailor as the lion is, have also declared the disputed animal their own. We are happy to announce that a Mr. of Downing Street has once and for all set the matter at rest. The real lion of England is neither military, naval nor aeronautical, but parliamentary.

We hear of the British Lion being awakened by somebody or something so we must conclude that the beast is a very somnambulistic animal. We have no doubt that this sleepy habit grew upon him from the moment he was promoted to the royal arms. A good place in the Government often induces napping to the holder. However, thank Churchill, for the ten thousandth time within these few years, British people are again wide awake. Upon the authority of the afore-mentioned Mr. the lazy brute has at length shaken his mane and is doubtless at the present moment stretching his legs and opening his jaws.

The British Lion has been considered carnivorous, especially around such hunting-grounds as Genoa and Naples

or North Africa.

We thought too, that he had been roaring in India but we are told he was an imposter. The real lion was at the time fast asleep at Westminster, unconsciously entangling his weary paws in red tape.

Since the time of writing we have been told that a certain Mr. Stimulant has been administering invigorating beverages and promising a hearty old age, so perhaps we shall soon see our beloved lion snapping again at the British rears and we shall advance to victory.

(PINK RUSSIAN. Vith.)

(Just bubbling with Witte & good Duma.)

BRITAIN'S SPIRIT.

In the great hills of a dark land,
Where many a man was killed by hand,-
With ranks reduced to a very few,
Their flagging hope was raised anew,
For a British youth, a fine young lad,
Was going about in bandage clad.

He cheered the men that wounded lay,
He said there'd be another day;
For, not far off, our armies stood
To free them if they only could
Hold on for but one more short hour,
And they replied, "T'is Heaven's power",
But then a chance shot struck him down,
That hero of so small renown.

(V. STEVENS. IIIb.)

ARMY CO-OPERATION COMMAND.

The sound of aircraft engines at 5.00 a.m. is no unusual thing in war-time, as paratroops parade alongside the transport planes, somewhere in England. An inoffensive Officer makes a final check of their equipment, ensuring that their quick-release catches are in full working order, since a hitch over France would be fatal.

The Officer now gives the troops orders and they step

through the door into the fuselage, and take their appropriate places; the lights are switched on and they settle down for their dangerous journey to enemy territory, from which for some there is no return.

The crew speak over the inter-comm. to one another making sure that everything is in order. The engines which are by now warmed up, open up in a throaty roar, as the planes taxi across the field and turn into the wind. Receiving the signal, each plane races across the flying field and becomes air-borne.

As there is forty minutes to go, the paratroops swap yarns and crack jokes on all kinds of subjects, except on their objective. After being in the air for thirty minutes all the occupants of the planes receive the order, "Action Stations", as the planes near their objective, and the paratroops sing a final song, and then comes the order to drop. The Officers' voices shout out the numbers and the men drop out of the planes in quick succession, and land on their objective in small groups.

Their job done, the transport planes turn for their base and hurry back to their starting point, an hour after they had set out. (J.D.SMITH IVa)

"NIGHT".

The day is at its end at last,
The night is drawing nigh,
The golden sun is setting fast
In the western sky,

The birds have stopped their merry tune,
And fly home through the night;
And high up in the sky, the moon
Shines out with chilling light.

Stars twinkle brightly in the sky,
The lights no longer shine,
The people in their beds do lie,
Of life there is no sign.

Then slowly does the sun appear,
And slowly comes the dawn;
The song of birds bring joy and cheer,
Another day is born. (R.KATESMARK IIIa)

THE LOST BUTTON.

"You are sentenced to seven days in the dark cells". The visiting J.P. to Blackmoor Prison passed this sentence on Patrick Farley for disobeying prison regulations. Farley remembered the words of a medical student, doing "time" in the dark cells. He had suggested that the only way to prevent insanity was by tearing a button from the prison jacket, flicking it in the air, and then searching for it on hands and knees. A simple pastime but it kept madness from one's brain.

Farley immediately adopted this plan in the dark cell. He would flick up a button, crawl around till he found it and flick it in the air again. Again and again, and again, - only glimpsing daylight when a warder brought his food. He fought insanity successfully for the first three days of his punishment. He became gradually more used to the tinkle of the button, and could pick it up almost before it stopped rolling, in which case he would compliment himself aloud.

On the fourth day Farley tossed up the button, leaned forward to catch it, but no sound came. Frightened, he searched every square inch of the floor. He went through the motions of tossing the button and vainly searched where it would have fallen. He shouted, and thought he heard a mocking laugh. Then something snapped in his head. He screamed, and knocked against the prison walls, - still no sign of the button. The next morning the warder found Patrick still frantically searching for the button.

Years later, when the dark cells were pulled down, a metal jacket button was found securely fastened in a spider's web on the ceiling. But in Kenmore Prison Asylum, on his hands and knees, an inmate still searches for the lost button

(R. HAMPTON. IIIa.)

WHERE WAS IT?

The day was hot and sultry. Crystal clear water rippled quietly under the bridge and flowed into a pond. There it disappeared under a carpet of green pond weeds. Farther on it lost its quietness and became a rushing waterfall, shooting over rocks and into crevices, and there turning into masses of foam. Soon, however, it ran into a bed of rushes and as it flowed out again it returned to its

quiet mood. Suddenly there was a flash of brilliant blue and a beautiful dragonfly alighted on a reed. Another flash and a green one joined it. Beyond them, where trout leapt in the water, as the pond opened out again, water-lilies showed their colours in their bed of green.

Where was this?

In the heart of the pinewoods of our own beautiful country.

(F.BANYARD.IVB)

A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

Above the double doors of the brilliantly-lit building shone in gigantic letters, "COME TO MARS". Awefully I entered the magnificent edifice with my aged Mother behind me. Slowly, almost reverently, we made our way along a long corridor carpeted with a soft, thick pile, between rows of gay stalls, reminding me of those at the entrance to our larger Tube Stations.

Eventually we reached the box-office at which we were going to pay the large sum that I had been carefully saving up for such a long time. The bespectacled lady imperturbably received our money, gave us our tickets and motioned us on to the striking metal cylinders which was to carry us to our destination so immeasurably far away in such a short time. A large rotund man busily ushered us up the metal steps and through the circular floor.

Within all was dark, but we soon made out the rows of chairs tightly screwed down, the specially constructed windows at the sides and the screen in front by the driver's seat. We took a seat near the front and waited, while the rows of chairs gradually filled up.....

At last, amid a breathless hush, a man entered from another door and climbed into the driver's seat. He pulled back a lever, turned a switch, and a low whirring sound changed to a staccato crashing as the circular door silently closed and we heard the hissing of the oxygen pumps. There was a slight jerk and we were off!

Through the screen we saw the earth rapidly receding, and then for a moment a blinding glare lit the cabin until the shutters closed and released our aching eyes from the dazzling radiance in space of the sun.

On the screen the view changed. A red spot swiftly grew into a circle, and then we saw queer shapes moving over the reddish earth of Mars. The roar of the engine died down, the hissing ceased, and soon after there came the slight shock that announced we had arrived at our destination.

In twos and threes we passed through the circular door, down the metal steps, and along a wide corridor bordered with strange pictures and designs. At last we stopped and I gazed up at a magnificent being, twice as tall as myself, dressed in a flowing crimson robe and having a long white beard. He looked down benignly upon me, smiled, and said to my Mother,

"How old is he?"

"Five", answered my Mother, and Father Christmas selected a suitable parcel and handed it to me with another kindly smile. I received it meekly.

My Mother, taking me by the hand, led my reluctant self from Gamages. It was Christmas, 1945.

(MOSSLESS VTH)

THE GOSPEL OF THE ONE WHO DARED NOT WAIT.

That day - the one when the sun rose thoughtfully over the cold white mountains, as if it knew it must go on, yet knew not where it went - I met the strangest traveller one could imagine; strange I say, yet he had about him something common to all men. His eyes were weary and he listened to my conversation as one who hears a sentiment he has heard ten thousand times before and fears to waste his breath in speech that lacks all profit.

I gained no profit in asking his destination or the region whence he came, for he spoke but little. His few replies, however, were spoken in the gentlest of commanding voices, giving the impression of a superiority that comes with exceeding age. Neither could I understand his answers since they seemed to be expressed in riddles or phrases of wisdom, beyond the power of my understanding. Nevertheless I will try to repeat the burden of words which he passed to my own shoulders.

The first expression which lifted from his

shoulders was; "I am the first, only after much importunity a strange statement, but more followed, that he had been from the beginning. He was the energy first swelled from a point lost in nothing, to give the universe. He had been present when heat grew cool and life began to live. He had inspired the life that left the sea. The reptilian thunder amid the humid heat was his own thunder. He was the accelerating force which led life to be great. "I have journeyed far," he said, "Over threshing seas, beyond each mountain ridge where always another is seen, stumbling over burning rock, through mist and storm, but also I have seen the fields that gleam with glorious green and freshness of dew and have sunk through skies of delicate softness while sleeping amid cool folds of cloud. True, I have fought each inch of way but never have I retreated throughout this dreary dream.

Slowly I awoke from the dream with which he had surrounded me, hardly credulous but almost believing, - fearing to question yet yearning to learn more. With much temerity I asked him; "Whether do you go?" After a weary meditation he continued:

"My journey's end lies beyond the sight of thought. How can you understand, whose conception is limited to time which closes with the present? Do you see this path along which my footsteps lead?" I answered that I did not, but on he went, "The lines that lie on either side converge in truth, but that time is not yet. Not till life has all power and knowledge and wisdom dare I return to the thought which sent me forth".

I dared to ask, was man the culmination of his efforts, was man to reach the final destination?. He said "Is man complete perfection? I think not, but no life can die thus, that which makes a man will be embodied in the future forms".

"Progress and the future is my duty, I am the whip that drives on God". I could not grasp his meaning, he explained:

"You are the God, it matters not your present incomplete development, you will one day know all things. On that day all power will be yours. But time is but a term of

man so even now that day is come; I am the
slave that is the master, but only master of the one
that guides".

I, the guided, fell in thought, determining to make
his pathway smoother, fresh with the vigour of his
presence. He was lighter, for his gaze met the sunset
just a little less sadly, and his feet pressed more
gently on the stones before he was gone.

(WARD VITH).