



No. 2962

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1952

Price 9d.

CALENDAR

- Th. Nov. 13 C.C.F. Field Day. Essay Society: C. P. Gordon Clark, K.S., on 'Nostra damus cum falsa damus.'
- F. Nov. 14 Extra Books.
- S. Nov. 15 Old Boy Day. Concert. E.C.H.: Fifield Cross-roads, 12.45 p.m.
- § Nov. 16 College Chapel: Rev. B. W. Greenup (a.m.). Lower Chapel: The Head Master (a.m.). Music Competitions (instrumental).
- M. Nov. 17 C.C.F.: Cert. A., Part I. Scientific Society: Dr. E. C. Bullard on 'The National Physical Laboratory.'
- Tu. Nov. 18 Oppidan Wall: v. Mr. J. E. Remnant's XI. Rackets: The School v. Harrow (h).
- W. Nov. 19 Literary Society: John Betjeman on 'Hardy as a poet.'

NEMO LAYS THE ODDS

ON THE strength of the promise made by Nemo last week, the two Editors called on him the day after Long Leave to enquire about a prophecy for the House Sides. Anxious lest they might disturb him in a trance or gazing raptly into his crystal, they crept quietly along the passage and opened the door. It was a major social blunder. As the door opened, he leaped from his armchair, knocking over his whiskey bottle and the ashtray, and cramming his marijuana cigarettes into his tails. He turned round and gave a long-drawn sigh of relief. 'Stab me!' he said ('Stab me!' said the Oppidan Editor). 'I thought you were the Tutor.' 'We beg your pardon,' said the Editors. 'We were just wondering about a prophecy or two.' They helped themselves to the cigarettes. The Prophet's face fell. He sat down. 'Well,' he said, 'you see.' He stopped. 'Actually' he said. The Editors fixed him with what passed for a cold, compelling stare. 'The Leave,' he said. 'Not really the time to choose, you must admit. Faculties numbed, don't you know. Out of training. Fearfully sorry, but you see—' The Editors went on staring. The Oppidan Editor moved towards the fireplace and picked up the poker. The College Editor picked up the water jug. 'Two to one,' they said, in tones of what was meant to be fearful menace. The Prophet gulped. 'Have a cigar,' he said. They took one each. The Oppidan Editor planted himself between the chair and the door. He idly swung the poker to and fro. The Prophet sighed. 'Well,' he said. 'If you insist,' he said, 'I suppose—' The Editors placed their implements within easy reach and sat down on either side of him. He took a deep breath and fixed his leaving photographs with a glassy stare. The Oppidan Editor opened his shorthand notebook (it had nothing written in it at all) and held his pencil poised (it had no point). There was a long silence. 'I say,' said the Prophet. The Editors closed in on him. 'All right,' he said. He took another deep breath, and began: 'Four sides, I think, will reach the semi-final, when once the third round ties have all been played.' 'Remarkable,' said the Editors. 'Most strange! How does he do it?' They looked at one another, 'Shut up!' said the Prophet. 'I must begin again.'

'Four sides, I think, will reach the semi-final,
When once the third round ties have all been played.
For my divination shows
That Mr. Wykes's and Mr. Snow's,
D.G.B.'s and O.V.O.'s
Should make the grade.'

The Editors scribbled frantically. The Prophet squinted at the ceiling and wriggled in his chair. He began to foam slightly at the mouth. 'That's better,' said the Editors. The Prophet continued:

'So pray attend, kind sirs; this little prophet
The current odds had better start to lay.
Since the punters must be getting
Pretty keen about their betting,
I should like to stop them fretting
Straight away.'

'Poor stuff,' said the College Editor. 'Weak metre,' said his colleague. 'Faulty rhyming. No taste.' 'Irrelevant,' said the College Editor. The Prophet ignored them.

'Let's take the side that's seeded 4th, to start with.
They're not too bad, the way the form book goes.
If French can dribble through
And de Laszlo's kicking true,
Then the odds are 9 to 2
'gainst Mr. Snow's.

The side that's number 3 are pretty useful,
For nobody could call their corners slow;
And Tait, when on his day,
Helps them nicely on their way—
So it's 3 to 1, I'd say
'gainst O.V.O.

Next comes the lucky side with both the Keepers.
When Frazer's kicks are flying far and free'

'An alliteration,' said the Editors ecstatically. 'Most poetic!'

'And Baring on the run
Kills 3 people just for fun—
Then I make it 3 to 1
'gainst D.G.B.'

'Pretty weak,' said the Editors, 'specially those last lines. Take a brace, Prophet.' 'Still,' said the Oppidan Editor, 'the Leave, you know. Must make allowances.' 'That's true,' said the College Editor, 'the Leave.' The Prophet said nothing. 'Come along, Prophet,' said the Editors, trying to sound encouraging. 'Try again.' The Prophet tried again.

'That only leaves the Favourites. Their bully
Should run the game whatever way it likes:
When Maclean is going strong,
2 to 1 can't be far wrong.
No, the odds are none too long
'gainst Mr. Wykes's.'

'Terrible stuff,' said the Editors. 'Worse and worse,' they said. 'Be more helpful, you two,' said the Prophet. He went on:

'This, gentlemen, is my confirmed opinion,
That Wykes's ought to deal with P.S.S.
O.V.O. v. D.G.B.
Should be int'resting to see.
What the final score will be
I cannot guess.

'My prophecy's been pretty good, I reckon,
At any rate, it's all you're going to get,
I haven't got the time
To produce another rhyme
So just run along and place your little bet.'

The Editors looked doubtfully at one another. 'I suppose,' said the Oppidan Editor, 'that we'll have to publish it.' 'For what it's worth,' they said in unison.
And so they have.

ETONIANA

Congratulations to R. Fearnley-Whittingstall, K.S. and I. D. Davidson, K.S. on receiving their College Wall.

Congratulations to P. M. O. Strafford, K.S., A. A. Sinclair, K.S., I. D. Davidson, K.S., and P. U. A. H. Browne, K.S., on

receiving their College Field: and to M. F. Mostyn-Owen (RJNP), R. E. Renwick (RJNP), A. P. Marsham (DCW), J. D. Dennis (CD'OG), A. J. D. Nicholl (EPH), D. C. Christie (EPH), J. H. P. S. B. Lewis (EPH), Hon. M. Cunliffe (LHM), R. V. Craig (GWN), J. J. T. Carver (GWN), I. C. Malcolmson (GWN), M. O. J. Nickerson (GWN), J. E. Baily (RCM), J. R. Aykroyd (RDFW), R. A. Eckersley (DJG-C), N. B. E. Mountain (DJG-C) and C. E. F. Benson (DJG-C) on receiving their House Colours.

Could results of House Ties and names of new House Colours be sent as early as possible to the *Chronicle*, preferably to the Colleger Editor?

YOU'RE MY BOY

THROUGH the American elections this journal stuck reluctantly to its resolve not to throw its weight into the internal affairs of another state. Its weight? Well, to judge from the present Parliament we might (God forbid) have been representing the views of some twenty-five per cent. of a future government of Great Britain—to say nothing of a rather smaller fraction of H.M. Opposition and a wide range of absentee peers. In which connection, who was the prominent Conservative pamphleteer whose only praise for the last government but one was that at least none of its members had been educated at Harrow? Or am I misquoting? At any rate, with this awful load of potential authority on our shoulders who were we to compromise this country's foreign policy for years to come by blundering lightheartedly into the intricate workings of American Democracy? So for the time we turned our attention to lesser things, or, as you noticed with pleasure or pain, omitted editorial comment altogether. This shirking of the issue admittedly had its advantages. Problems might have arisen if Eton's interest in the elections had been too hurriedly aroused. What, for example, would have been the status of an 'I Like Ike' button? Would it have been deemed a flower, or a symbol of support for a worthy cause? How would Pop have decided that one? On Party lines? Or just have left it until the custom became sufficiently widespread to be profitably pounced upon? And, while we could say nothing, we could at least say nothing wrong. Our pet pollster's reputation came through unscathed: our politico made no addition to the rash or silly statements that the election produced, even in Englishmen, from the dubiousness of the always forceful but perhaps unreliable source which declared last Sunday that Stevenson was a lightweight—who, somehow, had won an international reputation in a month: from that to the macabre unreality of the gentleman who reportedly claimed in New York to represent the British people in supporting Eisenhower.

His claim might have been justified in July. After that, for obvious enough reasons it would not. But a sentimental favour towards the general still lingered. Until, alas, the affair Nixon. We could stomach, just, the li'l dawg from Texas: Roosevelt had had a dog just as well publicised: and, after all, it was only the Vice-Presidential dawg-basket that this spaniel was to grace. So Nixon and his mascot sailed triumphantly through the reefs of finance only to wreck on Eisenhower. 'Dick, you're my boy.' It may have touched the heart of the great American public: thirty-something million votes mean thirty-something million voters. Certainly it drove a final stiletto to the heart of his erstwhile support in this country. Why didn't he just keep on grinning? The great British public likes likeability, but honest emotion makes it hot under the collar. This collar at least.

So I supported Stevenson, and lost a dollar on him, which the Treasury would not give me to pay. But if we were a little doubtful of Ike, at least we knew him. What about Dick? It may be unfair, but over here we tend to be more than a little doubtful of those who have distinguished themselves in America by the zeal of their opposition to Communism. There is zeal and zeal, and at this distance liberal fervour makes them hard to distinguish. Just as, no less unfairly, in our own country we suspect indiscriminately the motives of all supporters of peace petitions. . . . But there, boy, by the time this is in print you will be away on a Field Day and, as you know very well, a good thing too.

ATQUI SCIEBANT

or,

WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL

Human Nature is strange, as we know;
But the strangest example of all
Of the lengths to which people will go
Must be Football, as played at the Wall.

It's a very remarkable sight
To see persons who really derive
(So it seems) masochistic delight
From maiming each other alive.

For why else should men normally sane,
More worthy of pity than blame,
Go on playing again and again
So incredibly painful a game?

No attention is paid to the ball
Which is carefully hidden from view;
The whole object, you see, of it all
Is to kill them before they kill you.

There is mud from their boots to their head,
They are weary and filthy and sore,
They are most of them half (or more) dead—
But they still keep on coming for more.

Any method you know may be tried,
Any system of torture be used;
Every man on the opposite side
Should be battered and wounded and bruised.

But of course if you're playing behind
You've the easiest task of them all,
Which is splendid, unless you should mind
Never having a sight of the ball.

For the game is as boring to see
As it seems to be painful to play:
What fun it can possibly be
There is no one I've found who can say.

It is brutal, unhealthy and rough;
It's a dead, as the saying goes, loss;
It's gone on rather more than enough:—
Do let's substitute Draughts or Lacrosse!

LITERARY SOCIETY

Mr. Isaiah Berlin spoke to the Literary Society on the 5th about 'The Russian Intelligentsia,' tracing its history from the days of Peter the Great to its decrease in the mid-1930's.

The intelligentsia, he said, was an entirely exotic growth in Russia, introduced from the West by Peter the Great, who sent abroad scions of the nobility to learn Western manners, skills, ways of thought, and to return with them to civilise Russia. They returned replete with undigested experience to find themselves aliens in their own country, a position in which the Russian intellectual has been ever since. Naturally, so few among a vast population, they and their heirs hung together: any one with the least intellectual pretensions felt a community of spirit with any other one. At the same time especially from the beginning of the 19th century they felt that they must identify themselves with their compatriots, with something particularly Russian. Taking over from the West, where Mr. Berlin claimed that every one of their ideas had originated, the idea that it was decadent, and at the same time the teleological notions of the Romantic Movement, they saw themselves as the elect who were to save Russia and perhaps the world. First they must raise the people of Russia, so winning identification with them. This was their end, and to deviate from it was almost sin. Hence their social standards of aesthetic criticism, their tub-thumping morality novels—all this generations before Stalin. Hence their appalling feeling of guilt when they realised that they were not only not at one with the people but sometimes not trying to be. And hence the Russian Revolution, brought about not by a mass movement, but by the determined efforts of a small class of intellectuals who hardly dared hope for success and yet achieved it: only to be snuffed out after 20 years. The new masters had understood their own doctrine only too well.

Mr. Berlin spoke throughout very fast, not concisely or exactly: but his points were so well argued and logically arranged that he was always absolutely coherent. We are most grateful to him for so interesting and enjoyable an evening.

FOOTBALL

IN THE FIELD

THE SCHOOL v. THE MASTERS

THE SCHOOL	THE MASTERS
E. J. Frazer (DGB), long	D. G. Bousfield, Esq.
P. Baring (DGB), b.u.p.	G. I. Brown, Esq.
A. G. Tait (OVO), goals	A. C. Burnett, Esq.
	M. A. Nicholson, Esq.
J. H. H. Illingworth (FJRC), short	F. P. E. Gardner, Esq.
	E. W. Gladstone, Esq.
F. M. French (PSS), corner	P. Hazell, Esq.
R. D. Carver (HGBS), s.p.	D. H. Macindoe, Esq.
Hon. C. M. McLaren (HKP), p.	W. M. M. Milligan, Esq.
D. R. Marshall (GADT), corner	F. A. L. Eddis, Esq.
T. G. A. Bowles (HKP), corner	S. J. McWatters, Esq.
D. R. L. Duncan (HKP), fly	
D. R. Maclean (NGW), s.p.	

(0)

(3)

The day seemed made for a display of elegant kicking and swift attacks, for the sun shone, the Field was beautifully firm and there was no troubling wind. Yet the new ball was exceptionally light

and strangely difficult to kick, especially off the ground. The game was more like a hard ante-final in pouring rain, with two bullies battling for the mastery in a compact and desperate mass, than a display of individual brilliance. Such contests can, however, be excruciatingly exciting, and this one certainly was.

The Masters nearly scored in the first five minutes. A long free kick by Mr. Macindoe was cleared, his return shot curled in towards goal and Tait only just got his head to it and then managed to touch it first. The School surged back but never quite got within striking distance. Once a stupendous brassie by the Keeper went three-quarters the length of the Field but was wasted by an untimely appeal for sneaking from one of his own side which cost the School a good fifty yards. It was becoming clear that a resolute Masters' bully was giving its behinds plenty of time to kick. Mr. Gladstone has a knack of holding up a whole bully, while Mr. McWatters and Mr. Eddis punish any loose play on its fringes. A concerted rush down the side, and an enormous kick by Mr. Macindoe kept the Masters attacking, and after another kick they were almost over. A defender handled the ball before it crossed the line, and the Old Gentlemen should certainly have scored from the resulting bully. Somehow they did not and Baring swept his men and the ball and several Masters away into safety. Change was called with no score and both sides reviewed the situation. Mr. Macindoe and his behinds were settling down after some harrowing tops, pulls and slices and the Masters had undoubtedly had slightly the better of the first half. Could they last? This year's Field has, deservedly, a formidable reputation. At Change the betting must still have been something like 11-3 against the Masters, yet prudent followers of the game were inclined to hedge. After all, they had not done too badly so far, and no side is to be despised which can afford to play Mr. Bousfield in goals.

Fate can be very harsh. All the behinds except one had a number of fozzles, none of them disastrous. Four minutes after the resumption of play that one had his first and only miss-kick. It curved backwards and behind and the Master in College was on it before you could say whatever one does say on such occasions. There was no mistake in the rouge bully and the ball was ground slowly and relentlessly over the goal line.

Still the School did not accept the possibility of defeat. They fought back enterprisingly and the issue was wide open. There was one particularly close thing when Duncan all but scored. Yet over-enthusiasm led to several penalties—grateful relief to the Masters, which the School could ill afford. Mr. Eddis's speed was constantly harrying and Mr. Hazell, playing in a grand 'Come-on-Butch-who-wants-to-live-for-ever?' style, several times made thirty invaluable yards. The Masters were giving very nearly as good as they got. The minutes slipped by: with five minutes to go, the Masters put in their last attack and they were still within five yards of the School line when Time was called.

Like Faber's side, the Field had met their first defeat in the second Masters' Match. They went down gallantly in a very even game in which they were just—and only just—out-bullied, and which they might well have won. The Keeper played quite admirably though unluckily, and a word must be said for Tait whose positioning in attack and defence and calmness under fire are exceptional. He is the only professional Goals there has been for years.

It was a fine win for the Masters, who had to play rather better than their best to rob so good a Field of its proud record. Readers will guess how much they owed to Mr. Macindoe. They will also have realised that Messrs. Eddis and McWatters are not to be sneezed at. But though the crowd melted away ungenerously with neither a clap for the winners nor a cheer for the losers, who surely deserved one, the *Chronicle* may bestow praise where it is due. It was the bully who did it. Strong, bony, persistent and indestructible, the Browns, Hazells, Gladstones and Nicholsons hammered on their way. The timing and cohesion of each blow they owed to the magnificent leadership of Mr. Milligan. He has never played better in his life.

Many thanks to Mr. Van Oss and Mr. Whitfield for umpiring.

RESULTS OF FIRST ROUND—HOUSE TIES

- Mr. Wilkinson's beat Mr. Lawrence's, 8-5.
- Mr. Gowan's beat Mr. Williams's, 5-2.
- Mr. Hedley's beat Mr. Parr's, 8-0.
- Mr. Coleridge's beat Mr. How's, 13-3.
- Mr. Graham-Campbell's beat Mr. Tait's 3-0.
- Mr. Nickson's beat Mr. Cruso's 2-0.
- Mr. Martineau's beat Mr. Wild's, 3-0.
- Mr. Brocklebank's beat Mr. Jaques's, 4-0.

HOUSE SIDES

Mr. BROCKLEBANK'S v. Mr. JAQUES'S

In the first half there was a strong wind blowing against Mr. Brocklebank's, and both sides were evenly matched. As the whistle blew for Change, Lascelles had broken away and was heading for the line. However, about the middle of the second half, Nicolle scored a rouge. Mr. Brocklebank's then stayed in Mr. Jaques's half for the rest of the game and Learoyd scored another rouge.

Mr. NICKSON'S v. Mr. CRUSO'S

Played on Agar's II on Thursday, November 6th. A strong wind enabled Mr. Nickson's to press at first, although powerful kicking by Fraser and Hamilton kept them from the line. After Change Mr. Cruso's attacked, but Malcolmson and Forbes kicked well, and runs by Craig, Carver and Nickerson brought the ball near Mr. Cruso's goal. Orwin retaliated, but Time came without score. In the second period of extra time Mr. Nickson's bully swept bodily over the line to score.

Mr. WILKINSON'S v. Mr. LAWRENCE'S

Mr. Wilkinson's nearly allowed an inferior side to beat them. Marsham scored early for them but they had to wait until the second half to score again. Mr. Lawrence's, ably led by James, now pressed hard and scored two rouges, one out of the ram. Mr. Wilkinson's were now harrassed, but a kick by Maud which caught the wind bewildered Mr. Lawrence's goals, and they led 8-3. However, a long rouge by Mr. Lawrence's forced Mr. Wilkinson's to fight to the end.

Mr. COLERIDGE'S v. Mr. HOW'S

With a strong wind against them, Mr. Coleridge's pressed from the start, and soon scored; however, Mr. How's were getting the better of it in the bully, and it was not long before they made it 2-2. But Mr. How's lacked any support from their behinds, and Mr. Coleridge's were quick to touch down a mis-kick. In the second half Mr. Coleridge's bully woke up, and they scored eight more points.

Mr. TAIT'S v. Mr. GRAHAM-CAMPBELL'S

Mr. Tait's attacked down hill with the wind behind them, and, after a kick for sneaking, almost scored. The game for the rest of the half stayed in Mr. Graham-Campbell's half.

In the second half Mr. Graham-Campbell's attacked and moved into Mr. Tait's half. The game then continued evenly. With two minutes to go and following a bully rush, Mr. Graham-Campbell's scored a long rouge and won.

Mr. BABINGTON SMITH'S v. COLLEGE A.

After a pointless and uneventful draw, which Mr. Babington Smith's were unlucky not to win, next day in a better game they beat College who were rather more unlucky but infinitely more stupid: they were in their opponents' half almost continuously before Change and a fair amount of the time after, but could never make the last five yards. Such incompetence had its deserts after Change, when College flagged against the wind and Mr. Babington Smith's eventually scored a long rouge, with a few minutes to play.

Mr. HILL'S v. COLLEGE B.

College played with great enthusiasm in the first half and after Rankin had saved a certain goal by kicking off the line Sinclair scored a rouge. But Mr. Hill's bully, stronger and faster than their opponents, got together after Change; they equalised, and finally scored the winning rouge in the second period of extra time. Rankin's fine kicking was the decisive factor.

Mr. GOWAN'S v. Mr. WILLIAMS'S

At first Mr. Gowan's, helped by a strong wind, outplayed their opponents and at Change were leading by a goal and a long rouge. A spirited rally by Mr. Williams's late in the game brought them a rouge but by the end Mr. Gowan's were pressing again. The bully play on both sides was good but the behinds found trouble kicking against the wind.

Mr. HEDLEY'S v. Mr. PARR'S

Mr. Hedley's pressed nearly the whole game, although Mr. Parr's, who had only 10 men in the second half, put up a stout fight. Barnett scored a lucky runaway goal and Mr. Hedley's bully made the score 5-0 soon after. The play was somewhat scrappy in the second half, but Smail scored a rouge, which was forced. A strong cross wind made kicking difficult.

AT THE WALL

COLLEGE WALL v. Mr. P. N. C. HOWARD'S XI

COLLEGE WALL		THE SCRATCH	
R. Fearnley-Whittingstall	} Walls	C. W. Willink, Esq.	}
C. S. R. Russell		R. E. G. Hughes, Esq.	
H. A. Meynell		M. H. C. Robertson, K.S.	
P. U. A. H. Browne	} Seconds	H. R. Seymour-Davies, Esq.	}
N. J. Monck		R. B. O'G. Anderson, K.S.	
P. M. O. Strafford	} Outsides	J. L. Wood, K.S.	}
A. A. Sinclair		P. N. C. Howard, Esq.	
W. G. I. de la Mare		R. H. Norton, Esq.	
A. B. Gascoigne	} Behinds	D. J. O. Lort-Phillips, K.S.	}
R. Prior		M. J. V. Wilkes, K.S.	
I. D. Davidson		Hon. J. H. Jolliffe, K.S.	
	(0)	M. Mortimer, Esq.	(0)

Played on Thursday, 6th November.

This match was rather reminiscent of College Game, as the Scratch appeared at Eton five men short, and six disgruntled Collegers were promptly requisitioned and ordered to play by the Keeper of College Wall. But Howard, Seymour-Davies and Norton were a strong trio and not to be under-estimated.

Howard won the toss, and elected to play towards Good. The first bully was a very long one; Howard very nearly broke through more than once, but College countered with a good rush; finally Lort-Phillips gained 20 yards for the Scratch with a kick. College were penalised for sneaking shortly afterwards, which put the Scratch very near Calx; Browne recovered his error (for it was he who sneaked) by making ten yards at the Wall, where the Scratch were particularly weak; after some rather loose play in the outsides, during which de la Mare firmly suppressed any tendencies on the part of Norton and Howard to break through, College kindly presented the ball to Lort-Phillips, who put the Scratch into Calx with a good kick. College quickly furked, and Davidson did an excellent kick out. College held till Change.

The second half went badly for College. Seymour-Davies advanced fiercely into the seconds, Howard and Norton were not properly controlled by Sinclair and Strafford, and finally Howard broke through, was not stopped by fly or long and with Lort-Phillips following up, reached Calx. Most of College had raced back and were in time to prevent the ball being got up against the wall. After a great deal of loose scrimmaging College furked. Davidson did a good kick which bounced on the furrow and then in at right-angles, unfortunately, for Jolliffe kicked it nearly all the way back. College just kept the ball out of Calx; Strafford at one period spent a very long time on the ball, but did not seem very ambitious to advance. Davidson severely punished a cool by the Scratch and Time saw College in their opponents' half of the wall, for about the first time in the game.

This was a lucky draw and not one to be proud of. The Scratch Walls were weak but were not overwhelmed by the College Walls as they should have been. The College Walls did not get round and push in the thirds enough. The standard of play was high in the seconds and thirds, but the Keeper was outclassed by Howard, and he obviously needs more practice in third-play; Seymour-Davies had at times too free a rein in the seconds. This game was a salutary warning to College Wall side, and revealed its weaknesses.

Many thanks to Mr. Howard for an enjoyable game and to the Master in College for umpiring.

THE OPPIDANS v. Messrs. D. A. & A. M. CAMPBELL'S XI

THE OPPIDANS		THE SCRATCH	
D. C. Christie (EPH)	} Walls	A. B. T. Davey, Esq.	} Seconds
R. A. B. Nicolle (TAB)		N. J. Hodson, Esq.	
A. A. Lillingston (RCM)		Hon. R. N. Crossley	
A. M. Rankin (BJWH)	} Seconds	Lord Inchcape	} Outsides
D. A. Caccia (FJRC)		J. S. A. Douglas (DCW)	
R. J. O. Lascelles (LHJ)		J. H. Weller-Poley, Esq.	
Hon. T. R. V. Dixon	} Outsides	G. B. Reed (EPH)	} Behinds
(NGW)		R. F. Abel Smith, Esq.	
R. R. G. Gardner (LHJ)		A. M. Campbell, Esq.	
A. F. Raikes (PSS)	} Behinds	D. A. Campbell, Esq.	} (0)
A. D. McEwen (DJG-C)		V. P. Fleming, Esq.	
H. J. H. Maud (DCW)			
(2)			

The Oppidans were playing without their first three Keepers, and two other regular performers, and so did well to beat a Scratch which contained such redoubtable players as the Campbells and Lord Inchcape. The Scratch, playing towards Bad, immediately started making ground in the thirds, where Mr. Weller-Poley was being very effective with his upright, aggressive style; but a kick from Raikes sent them back to the ladder again. Scruppy play followed, with both sides breaking through, and with the Scratch consistently making their ground in the thirds. The Oppidans were holding Lord Inchcape very competently but found it hard to go up. Mr. D. A. Campbell then produced a very long kick to put the Scratch 15 yards out of Calx, but Maud retaliated with another, and play returned to the ladder.

Just before Change the Oppidans unexpectedly found a gap at the wall, and rushed rapidly to about five yards from Calx, where the Scratch hustled it out. The half ended with play just outside Good.

During Change the Oppidans decided to keep the ball at the wall, and try to break through there. After momentarily forgetting this, and allowing Mr. Weller-Poley to advance again, they settled down to some steady play. Then a long kick by Raikes and another by Maud put the Oppidans into Calx. Their first attempt at a shy was a failure as the toucher-up was outside Calx, but after a furious bully four yards from Calx, they managed to push their way into Calx, where they scored. In the next Calx bully Gardner furked and they scored again. Then the Scratch furked, and when a kick out by Fleming landed inside the furrow, their walls rushed on it and made more ground. The bullies battled fiercely until time—about ten yards inside the Oppidans' half.

The best thing about this game was that the Oppidans scored (for the first time this year), and especially so after pushing their

opponents into Calx—a distinguished Colleger turned to your correspondent and remarked wistfully 'But I thought the Oppidans didn't know *how* to score.' Gardner, who changed to third in the second half, played a sound game and controlled Mr. Weller-Poley as well as he could be expected to. The Oppidans seemed strong at the wall and also in the seconds, but they failed to exploit this advantage until after change. For the Scratch Lord Inchcape was penetrating, and Mr. Weller-Poley always dangerous.

Many thanks to Messrs. D. A. & A. M. Campbell for bringing down their side, and to Mr. Herbert for umpiring.

Christie and Rankin received their Wall after the game.

JUNIOR CORRESPONDENTS CORNER

Though we congratulated the two clever children who won the big prizes in the crossword competition, we never gave the answer. There weren't very many solutions sent in, but perhaps one or two people would like to know the result, so here it is:

P E A C E
E X T R A
A T L A S
C R A N E
E A S E L

It was very disappointing that more children didn't manage to do it. Perhaps a Nature Competition or a Junior Snapshot Contest would be more likely to produce results. And of course if any children like to send in stories of all the adventures they had during the holidays, train-spotting at Euston and bird watching in the back garden we should be only too delighted to throw them all straight into the waste paper basket.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editors of the Eton College Chronicle

DEAR SIRS,—As you know, the Field Game is a curious mixture of unwritten convention and individual umpire's interpretation. This gives a large number of people the fun of spending a great deal of time trying first to understand and then to pick holes in the rules. But since the Keepers themselves don't know all the answers and the interpretations of umpires can be quite astonishingly different, might it not be time for a new and comprehensive revision?

Yours, etc.,

POSTIS,
ANGULUS,
BREVIS.

DEAR SIRS,—A number of O.E. ties have been worn in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot every day when I have been there for a long time past. Those who are admitted are supposed to know how to behave themselves.

I am, etc.,

AN OLDER O.E.

DEAR SIRS,—As the parent of several present Etonians, I would like to support the proposal for the formation of a School Umbrella Pound, made by your correspondent 'Jonah's Next of Kin.'

Recently two umbrellas of 'my' Etonians have gone, 'lost, stolen or strayed,' so that I have been obliged to obtain five umbrellas in as many years.

Yours faithfully,

AN UNWILLING UMBRELLA PROVIDER.

DEAR SIRS,—Why this eagerness to heap scorn on the O.E. tie as if its wearers had come from a certain other school that I could name?

Yours, from the valley,

A WOULD-BE WEARER.

DEAR SIRS,—On one of the window-sills in School Library are a faded flag and some photographs of a French village called Eton. This it appears was rebuilt after the First World War through the generosity of Etonians. It would be interesting to know if any connection is still maintained with the village. Perhaps some O.E. would know?

Yours sincerely,

C. P. GORDON CLARK.