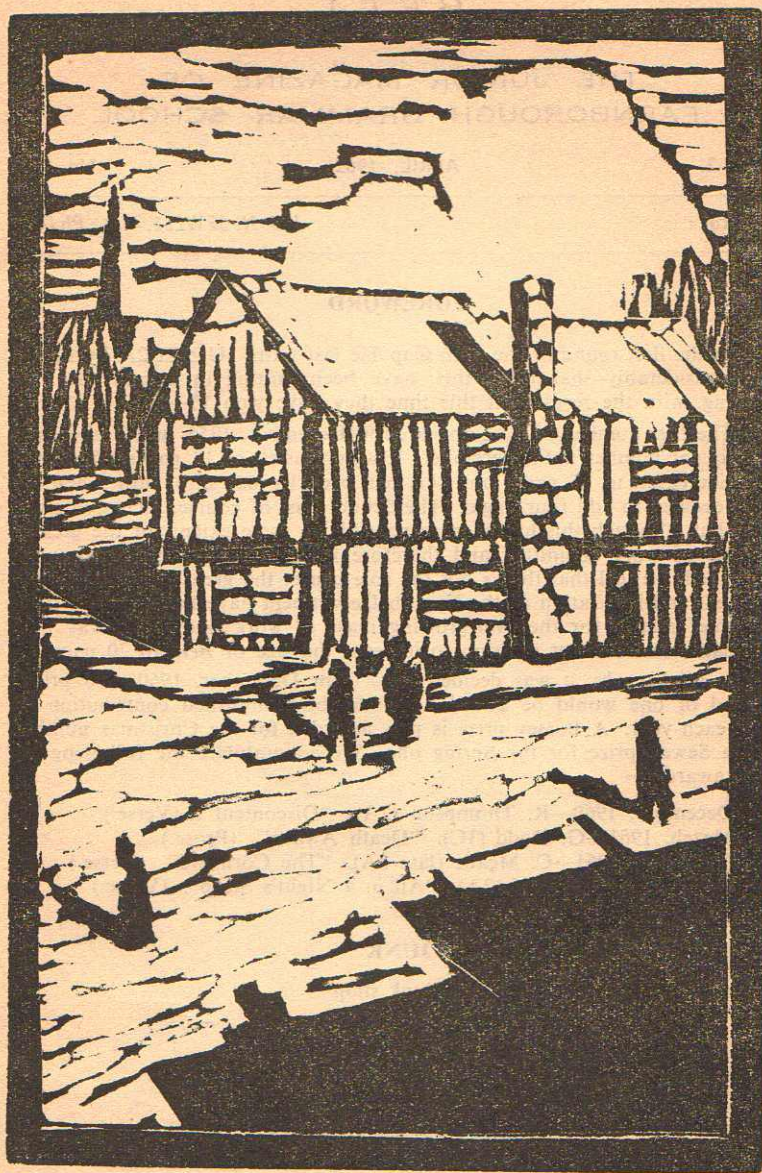


VOLUME 2.
No. 6



APRIL, 1962



The Morning After Yesterday

G. STEER (3C).

BETA

THE JUNIOR MAGAZINE OF
FARNBOROUGH GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Vol 2.

APRIL, 1962

No. 6.

Editor :

J. S. N. SEWELL, M.A., Ph.D.

FOREWORD

In the first round of the *Beta* Cup Tie last term, 1U beat 2A by 14—6. 2A, considerably shaken by this, have been putting in a great deal of training, with the result that this time they have won 17—5.

The first number of *Beta* appeared in December, 1955, and it and each subsequent number until December, 1960, consisted of 12 pages. *Beta* was then increased to 16 pages and this has been its size until now when we have decided to add four pages. The School has, of course, increased since 1955 but, although this has been responsible to some extent for the greater volume of work submitted and therefore for a higher standard of work published, we feel that this is not the sole cause; the great interest, encouragement and inspiration of the English Department have been, we are sure, the chief reason for the ever-growing mass of work finding its way into our hands and for our decision to increase the size of *Beta* to 20 pages.

It is also why it was decided that, from December, 1960, two prizes instead of one would be awarded for the best published contribution to *Beta* each year. A Bussey prize is now awarded for the Christmas number and a Sewell prize for the Spring one. We congratulate the following on their awards:—

- December, 1960—R. Thompson (2A). "Discontent". (Verse.)
March, 1961—G. Dodd (1C). "Death Awaits". (Prose.)
December, 1961—C. Meade (late 2A). "The Cornfield". (Verse.)
April, 1962—G. Dodd (2A). "All in a Night's Sleep". (Verse.)

JUNK

I went to a junk shop
To see if I could find
An ornament for my bedroom,
Just something quite small,
Like a bird or animal,
To hang on the wall.
Perhaps an elephant or two.
But I do, I do
Want something for my wall.

P. BRIMELOW (1K).

ONE COLD WINTER'S MORN

One winter's morn,
When I awoke
So early in the morn,
I saw the earth had taken on a yoke
Of snow
That winter's morn.

I saw the fields of yesterday,
Which then were green and brown,
Had taken on a load of snow
Which still was floating down.

The trees that lined those barren roads,
They stood so gaunt and still,
For they had taken on a load of snow
Against their will.

M. HERLIHY (1K).

THE JUMPING JACK

The jumping jack
Goes crack, crack, crack!
All over the place,
Bang in your face.

Up and down,
Roundabout,
Like a clown,
Small and stout;

High jumps,
Low jumps,
Big jumps,
Small jumps;

When it is lit
It gives a spit,
Jumps about,
Then goes out.

C. HILLMAN (1K).

DEAD LEAVES

On the lone and desolate park green
Lie scattered everywhere
Big ones, small ones, brown ones, yellow ones,
Off the trees now tall and bare.

Dead leaves now dragged by the wind
With a whistle and a moan,
Up the alley, down the side streets,
Passing others, tossed and thrown.

J. NIBLETT (1K).

THE CROSS-COUNTRY RUN

I've never been on one before,
 I wonder what it's like?
 Instead of running all the way,
 I'd rather use a bike.

No time to look at scenery,
 Just keep a steady trot,
 The other boys look cool enough,
 But I feel very hot.

I feel so wet and muddy,
 And a "proper Charley" too;
 I'd rather stick to lessons,
 Than have things like this to do.

J. TOVEY (1K).

THE WILD BEAN

In summer, when the leaves are green,
 Upon the hillside there are seen
 The Oak, the Ash and the Wild Bean!
 The Wild Bean is very queer:
 It blossoms when the snow is here!
 Most people think it's very bold,
 Stuck there, so bravely, in the cold.
 But it blossoms 'neath the ground,
 As archæologists have found;
 When they are digging for the past,
 They come across the Bean, aghast!

A. SIDE (1K).

SISTERS

My sisters are a crashing bore;
 With cakes for tea, they ask for more;
 Around the hearth they sit at night,
 To watch T.V. is their delight;
 An argument they'll always cause;
 They never keep the household laws.

The sweet shop is their treasured goal,
 The path to which their daily stroll;
 They keep on singing all day long
 The never-failing "Top-ten" song;
 Their love for clothes is, oh, so great!
 For some new ones they just can't wait.

To play outside they'll always go;
 They love the ice, they love the snow;
 Their lawn no one must ever touch,
 Because they love it, oh, so much!
 When they are out it's very quiet,
 But when they're in they cause a riot.

T. HOLLIDGE (1U).

THE MODERN WORLD

Men go down and men go up
In parachutes and rockets,
And "kids" go round
About the town
With radios in pockets.

The Berlin wall, it keeps them all
From fighting one another;
And will it fall?
If so, who'll crawl
Away and under cover?

S. INGLE (1U).

BORSTAL BOY

My friend, he gave me money,
While he was feeling good;
The police they came and nicked me—
I never understood.

When I came out, I did a job
On Euston railway station;
The judge said I was very bad,
And put me on probation.

I did an 'ouse just yesterday,
'Twas that of Lord Galumphy,
The police, they haven't got me yet,
So I'm still living comfy.

So all you boys who want to do
The best jobs in the town,
Just come to me, and you can have
Lessons for half a crown.

D. PHILLIPS (1U).

DISCOVERY OF THE FUTURE

The countdown for take-off reaches eleven,
 Then ten, nine, eight and eventually seven,
 Six, five, four, three, two, one.
 The famous launching is now begun.
 Now I will take my place
 To find another solar race.

With my spaceship I will discover
 That there really is another
 Living, mortal, solar race.
 The rocket takes off and zooms skyward,
 And my thoughts are with it, flying
 Highwards, on their way to outer space.

When I arrive at my destination
 I will feel very full of great elation.
 Here is the description of the men I will find.
 Their name, by the way, ends in Tin-Ton-Tined.

They are the men with the green noses,
 The blue hands and the red toeses.
 They are the men with the telegraph poles,
 Topped with some knobs that are full of holes.
 —Their planet is Jupiter, and thus
 Each one is called a Jupiterus.

F. ROSE (1U).

THE EAGLE

Nefarious is the Bird of Jove;
 Once more he's on the wing,
 To prey upon a wandering lamb,
 Too young to know of him.

He has a neck of sun-like gold,
 A body purple-brown,
 With power and grace he rules the sky,
 Of birds he holds the crown.

He kills to live, he lives to kill,
 To feed his greedy young,
 Who clamour loudly in the nest,
 For food that must be won.

Though evil he must seem at times,
 With prey beneath his bill,
 Remember, Nature's law is set,
 And each must make his kill.

K. ROSS (1U).

HOW TO RUN A CAR

A car is an awful thing that clanks down the road followed by a great cloud of smoke from a tube called an exhaust pipe.

To start a car (an old model) you insert a bent piece of iron into a hole in the front of the car. This is turned very quickly for about two seconds. If there is no explosion, you know that your scrap-heap bargain was worth the sixpenny bit that you paid for it.

There should now be a steady purring from the pile of metal under the bonnet. You get in and sit on the moth-eaten upholstery. Then push the stick with the knob on it forward into whichever slot you want, cross your fingers, hope for the best, then drive off.

These cars need food just as much as humans. When this creature needs some petrol you just chug along to the nearest petrol station and ask the man in charge what you want. He pours the petrol into a little box at the back of the car, you pay him the money required and go home contented.

FOR SALE.—One 1910 Morris "10". Going cheap at £4 10s. 6½d. Square wheels or round wheels optional.

C. AVERY (2G).

SEASONS

One day I walked along the road,
The wind was blowing hard,
Some leaves came tumbling down and down
And danced along the ground.

Autumn is a lovely month,
The trees are burnished gold;
But always at the end of it
The Winter takes a hold.

After winter comes the Spring,
The lovely scent of flowers,
With wallflowers, tulips, daffodils,
To fill our daylight hours.

Summer's here with dancing clouds,
And deep blue are the skies.
The days are filled with hazy warmth,
Contentment in us lies.

P. BURDETT (2G).

ODE TO THE FOREST

A soft wind stirs the forest,
 The forest on the hill;
 How long those trees have stood there
 It's difficult to tell.

The wind and rain have beaten them
 Through many seasons past,
 But still they stand immovable,
 And will until the last.

The giant oak, the willow, too,
 Are legacies of ours;
 They shelter us in summer-time
 And shade our sunny hours.

E. J. HILL (2G).

THE JOURNEY

O'er weir and restless waters
 Swim their sons and daughters;
 O'er pebbles, rocks and such likes,
 Roach, perch, and all the bad types!
 Ever moving to the sea,
 Ever moving to be free!
 Past rubber waders and casting fly-lines,
 On to sharks and rusted sea-mines!
 On and on to reach their goal,
 Swim two goldfish in a bowl!

P. D. KILLICK (2G).

BATH TUB TWIST

Rub-a-dub-dub,
 She sat in a tub,
 Twisting the soap away!

The suds did fly,
 Oh my, oh my!
 Doing the Bath Tub Twist!

The bung fell out,
 She gave a shout,
 Doing the Bath Tub Twist!

Another goal!
 She's down the hole,
 Doing the Bath Tub Twist!

P. D. KILLICK (2G).

THE ENGINE

Smoke poured from the chimney stack
As the engine moved with a clickerty-clack.
The whistle blew,
And the driver knew
The signal was against him;

But on she came,
Like hunted game,
Onwards to the slaughter.

A thunder clap!
A widening gap!
The engine toppled headlong;

With buckled wheelhead
And whistle o' lead,
She lay there in the debris.

And the little boy wept
As up he swept
His little model railway.

P. D. KILLICK (2G).

SNOWFLAKES

Snowflakes short and snowflakes tall,
Snowflakes big and snowflakes small,
Snowflakes thin and snowflakes fat,
Flitter flutter on my hat.

'Least they would, I do declare,
If I had a hat to wear—
So the tiny flakes, instead,
Flitter flutter on my head.

G. SETTERINGTON (2G)

DAWN

Dawn is the beginning of the day,
The birds awake and start to sing,
And in the distance one can hear
The joyful cuckoo on the wing.

People rise and, sleepy-eyed,
Prepare to start another day;
The convent bell tolls on the hill,
The nuns kneel down to pray.

The factory siren starts to wail
In the valley down below,
The milkman whistles a cheery tune,
The roosters stretch their necks to crow.

R. PENDREY (2G).

THE SPARROW

It was about two years ago when Nipper, our most lovable cat, was just about one and a half years old. He had, like most other cats of his age, a passion for the destruction of everything small that moved, from a blade of grass to a full grown squirrel. He used to go out at night late in the nesting season and seek out birds' nests containing fledgelings. He would steal a fluffy little ball from the nest, receiving only a few sharp pecks from its parents, and kill it, leaving our kitchen a mess of feathers with a limp, mutilated form on the floor. This happened eight or nine times, and we were getting quite tired of it.

The next time I awoke in the morning to hear a weak chirping downstairs. I investigated and found Nipper chasing a little bird round the kitchen, and immediately put him outside the door. I picked up the bird which was trembling with fright. At the time I knew little about how to treat a hurt bird, but I managed to bathe its wounds with a weak anti-septic solution. I prepared a box for it, laying copious quantities of cotton wool in the bottom, with a punctured lid to keep the interior dark, so putting the bird to sleep. It slept until the evening, when I fed it on diluted milk and soft bread, using a medicine dropper and tweezers. It ate well. In the night I kept the box in my bedroom, but during the night it must have pushed off the lid, for in the morning I found it on the floor. It had also left its signature on the floor in several places.

In the days that followed, it showed a strong desire to go out again. It was wobbly on its feet, but I decided to set it free. It hopped around on the lawn, chirping loudly, watched jealously by Nipper in the lounge. Eventually another of its kind came, and the fledgeling followed it into the hedge. I thought that nothing could go wrong now that it was re-united, but I was mistaken. The next day I found its lifeless body lying among the leaves at the foot of the hedge. So ended the sorry tale of the little sparrow.

After this, Nipper, for no apparent reason, chased only wood pigeons, grey squirrels and field mice. Once he cornered a jackdaw, but it got away. But never again did he, to our knowledge, raid a nest. He is a lazy cat now, spending his time sleeping, eating, and frolicking in the garden.

J. P. DALTON (2A).

WISDOM

To be very wise, and show it,
 Is a pleasant thing, no doubt;
 But to know when not to show it,
 Is wisdom beyond a doubt.
 For to know when not to show it
 Is a virtue rare to-day.
 If a wise man knows and shows it,
 All his wisdom goes astray.

G. G. DODD (2A).

FRUITS OF WAR

Look on the monument in the square,
 The grey stone slab so cold and bare,
 Covered with names, smothered in dust,
 And the soldier on top, decaying with rust,
 Who stands and stares, with shock and awe
 That his name the country remembers no more.
 Look on the tombstone, mournful and grey,
 And scrape the weeds and moss away.
 Look at the name there, carved in stone,
 A man who died through no fault of his own.
 He lies under your feet, at rest at least,
 Peaceful and silent, his life having ceased;
 His body still, his mind at rest,
 No beating heart within his breast.
 He lived in fear, he died in glory.
 In war so bloody, cruel and gory
 What did he earn in the dust and the mud?
 What did he earn by the loss of his blood?
 With his number and his gun, he earned himself a nook
 In an insignificant chapter in a British history book.

G. G. DODD (2A).

ENTER WINTER

Choppy fingers on his lip,
 Winter came, the wind his whip,
 Lashing all the leaves away,
 To make them run and jump and play,
 In icy breath that chills and freezes,
 Biting cold and bitter breezes.

Icicles his glistening spears,
 Raindrops as his shedded tears;
 On his head a cloudy crown,
 At his feet a mat of brown;
 As his mantle dank, grey mist,
 That seems to swirl and coil and twist.

Clothed like this he comes to freeze,
 To strip the raiment from the trees;
 And many creatures hibernate,
 To hide from Winter bold and great;
 Yet when the Spring comes Winter cowers,
 And cries and weeps forth April showers.

G. G. DODD (2A).

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED . . .

Straining, thinking, words a-linking,
 An amateur poet's hopes a-sinking,
 Despairing, sighing, ideas dying,
 Yet still working, writing, trying;

Writing with pencil or writing with heart,
 A poet is fanciful right from the start,
 For his beliefs must fit into rhyme—
 He cannot say what he means all the time.

So the poet gives up, sick of it all,
 His pencil lies smashed against the wall.

G. G. DODD (2A).

THE IDIOT

His body was big but his mind was small,
 Compared with a lucky person.
 For a lucky person had a normal brain,
 And an idiot was not the same.
 For normal man had put a curse on
 Those who were insane.

His face was scarred with a permanent grin;
 His eyes like half-moons shone;
 And his eyebrows were raised as if he had asked,
 "Why from normality have I been cast,
 To be scorned and mocked and looked down upon,
 By anyone whom I have passed?"

Indeed, some whispered under their breath,
 "An idiot," they said.
 What kind of doctors would they make
 If they their patients would forsake
 And treated them by insults said?
 Many a tear would be shed for their sake.

But it matters little to the idiot,
 Though companions for him are none,
 For he dwells in a strange little world of his own
 And all around him curtains are sewn,
 Dividing him from our world of fun,
 For the idiot is alone.

But in some ways the idiot is wise,
 And in other ways he is not.
 Life for him is a struggling task,
 When problems arise there is no one to ask.
 His mind is that of a babe in its cot,
 A mind that no evil can grasp.

G. G. DODD (2A).

ALL IN A NIGHT'S SLEEP

White-washed ceilings, shining light bulbs;
 Wallpaper designs of a thousand eyes, looking, staring.
 A flick; and darkness, like a black gas, hovering, swirling.
 Lost eyes staring into ugly blackness, mournful, useless.
 Eyelids drooping, sliding over sleepy eyes.
 Eyelids meeting in one long innocent embrace.

Pictures swimming, hazy, floating through a tired mind.
 Weird patterns in gloomy colours ever changing shape and shade.
 Ever swirling, twisting, curling,
 Blue and black and green and . . .

A shattering crash! The clock has murdered sleep!
 Incessant deafening ring; bitter after the sweet silence of sleep.
 Fingers fumbling with cold and harsh metal.
 Fingers blindly groping, feeling.
 It stops and silence fills the ears with awe,
 And coldness begins to gnaw the body.

Eyes wander in new-found light, looking, staring.
 White-washed ceilings and wallpaper designs of a thousand eyes,
 looking, staring.

G. G. DODD (2A).

THE MORNING EXPRESS

The signal came down with a clank, and through the early morning mist shone a penetrating green light. Inside his cabin, the night-shift signalman looked at his watch, and yawned. All was still.

The seconds ticked past. Then the ground began to tremble. The signalman arose from his chair and walked over to the window. The tremble grew to a rumble. The signal box shook, and from within the mist came the heart-stopping scream of a whistle. The rumble was now a thundering, and then suddenly from out the mist burst the express. Again came the shriek of the whistle. Everything began to shake alarmingly. The cups on the shelf shook; the floor shook; the walls shook; in fact the whole building moved on its foundations. The blaze of light from the fire in the cab of the locomotive lit the signal cabin, and then was gone. The carriages flashed past, drumming out a rhythm on the rails. The train sent up clouds of dust, and leaves went flying and jumping about in the rush of air.

Through the station it roared, echoing about the deserted waiting rooms and booking office, rattling the windows, and arousing every bird and beast for yards around.

Then suddenly the carriages were past. The red light on the last vehicle glowed as the train rode on into the distance. Even after it had disappeared the noise of the engine was still audible. At last even that died away.

The morning express had gone.

R. HAMILTON (2A).

A MOUNTAIN VILLAGE

Perched upon the mountain side,
 Beneath the cloudless skies,
 Between the sparkling rivulets,
 A tiny village lies.

Little houses with red roofs
 And gaily painted doors,
 Wooden shutters carved with skill,
 Wooden walls and floors.

In the centre of the town
 Stands the little church
 With its spire ascending high,
 Like a silver birch.

All the townfolk chat and talk
 With neighbours in the street;
 All of them are gaily dressed
 From heads right down to feet.

From the heights, the mountain streams
 Come tumbling o'er the rocks;
 Beside them, on the fresh green grass,
 The shepherds graze their flocks.

But, alas, when winter comes,
 The shutters are closed tight,
 And the roofs, that once were red,
 Are turned from red to white.

R. HAMILTON (2A).

EPITAPH ON FRED

Here lie the bones of lazy Fred
 Who wasted precious time in bed.
 One day he got up very late,
 He was not dressed 'till half-past eight.
 There wasn't time to catch the 'bus,
 To school he'd really have to rush.
 He travelled at a snail-like rate,
 He was so slow, he would be late.
 A short-cut 'cross the railway line,
 And he might make the school in time.
 Along a train came—thud! blam! splat!
 And as for Fred, well, that was that.
 The engine-man a tear did shed,
 He saw the mess that once was Fred.
 And then he took a dirty sack
 And wiped poor Fred up off the track.
 His bones were strewn for half a mile,
 To pick them up took quite a while.
 The moral thus is plainly said,
 "Don't be a lazy chap like Fred."

R. HAMILTON (2A).

THE IDIOT BOY

And then he wondered if his ears told true,
About the story of the sticky glue,
About the story of the cow who cooed,
About the story of the fishes' food,
About the story of the cat called Tim,
They all did sound so queer to him;
He knew his ears were not so good,
But still he did whate'er he could,
And one night cold he thought it bold
To go outside and dig a hole;
And this he did and, feeling ill,
Went back indoors and took a pill;
And after this he went to bed,
And in the morning he was dead.

M. KIY (2A).

AFTER THE RAID

Many, many British bombers
Bombed the city in the night,
Reducing homes to dust and rubble,
Leaving homeless to their plight.

Refugees in countless numbers
Stream in one long endless wave,
Weary, homeless, they tread onward,
Taking little they could save.

A church where once church-going people
Used to go, before the planes
Bombed its walls and brought them crumbling,
Just the altar now remains.

The station which trains came into,
Bringing folk from far and wide;
The signals which stood by the railway
Topped over on their side.

Children running round the rubble,
Panicking, homeless, so afraid,
People trapped beneath the ruins,
Shouting out for help and aid.

P. MOWER (2A).

THE FOREST

Within the forest, tall and stately
Trees, their branches outward spreading,
Sigh and moan throughout the evening,
Swaying in the wind of autumn.

Leaves these forest giants are shedding
From their boughs in countless millions,
Falling, gliding, twirling, twisting,
Gently on the ground are landing.

Now the winter, cold and dreary,
Comes upon the weary forest.
Snowflakes whirling, gently settling,
Cover up the leafless forest.

M. RAYNE (2A).

ECHOING FOOTSTEPS

Down the lane he ran in fear,
That haunting shadow still was near,
The footsteps rumbled in his ear,
Footsteps echoing . . .

Through the farm his pace was quick,
By a barn, a shed, a rick,
Through fields and then a forest thick,
Footsteps echoing . . .

Down the bank, across the river,
Cold night breezes made him shiver,
The pitchy shadow seemed to quiver,
Footsteps echoing . . .

Then an owl's hoot, oh, so low!
And a caw from startled crow,
Then the rumble seemed to grow
Of footsteps echoing . . .

Then a disused hut he saw.
He ran, but as he reached the door,
Then suddenly there were no more
Footsteps echoing.

C. H. C. WARREN (2A).

EPITAPH ON A CAT

O dear little pussy,
I'm sorry you're dead,
No more will you hiss,
Or wait to be fed.

No more will I see
Your vivid black fur,
For that is gone with
Your musical purr.

No more will you lie
On the best armchair,
On the carpet, the table,
The sofa, or stair.

No more will you lie
On my history book,
Or seize the calendar
Down from the hook.

You're dead now and no
More cat food I buy;
I nearly was bankrupt,
You just HAD to die.

C. H. C. WARREN (2A).

THE DAFFODIL

Oh daffodil, whose head doth droop
Beneath thy slender stalk,
Why weepst thou so mournfully
Throughout the joyful spring?

Why is it that thou hangs't thy head
Beneath the sunny showers?
So mournfully thy petals open
To the rising sun.

One day perhaps thy head will rise
And look anew at life,
And sing and dance, and bow thy head,
Beneath the cool spring breeze.

M. RAYNE (2A).

RIVERS

Through mountain valleys rivers flow,
 Down to the lake they all must go,
 Tumbling,
 Rumbling,
 Rushing,
 Crushing,
 Pounding.
 Bounding,
 Rivers go.
 And then at last they reach the lake,
 Whose limpid, azure waters take
 Their load, which they have nobly borne
 Through day and night and dusk and dawn.

C. H. C. WARREN (2A).

THE GYPSIES

Through the glade the caravans rolled
 To a destination yet untold.
 Unwelcome visitors are they,
 Wherever they go they're turned away.
 They poach and steal to get a meal;
 Against this townsfolk do appeal.
 A life of ease is not for them,
 They are not classed as "gentlemen".

R. CONSTANTINE (3G).

THE GYPSIES

A shaggy pony, a wagon red,
 A swarthy man at the pony's head,
 A skinny mongrel dog beside
 The gypsy woman's swinging stride.
 They walk like this for many a mile,
 Upon the heath they halt awhile,
 And when night creeps across the sky
 They sit by their fire as the flames leap high.
 A cooking pot, a savoury smell.
 Rabbit perhaps? Who can tell!
 Sitting around the woodfire smoke,
 The gypsies are a contented folk.

R. VAUGHAN (3G).

"BAN THE BOMB"

"Ban the Bomb!" That is a slogan we hear very often. What do you associate it with? Cranks! Beatniks! Unwashed morons! Most people laugh at them and call them fools; then one day Mr. Kruschew starts nuclear tests and there is a public outcry. Everybody says what a monster Mr. K. is, and that atom-bombs should be banned.

After a while people drift back into their indifferent way of thinking. The Marchers become fools once more, the country is in the pathetic state it was before the upset. It is really frightening to think how far people have to go before they make any impression on the general populace. If people do not wake up to the fact that the responsibility for the safety of this generation and generations to come lies on their shoulders, it is extremely doubtful whether there will be a generation to come at all. While nations still possess these dreadful weapons of destruction the future of the world is not safe. Unless something is done about it this world is walking headlong into destruction, and yet we have the audacity to call these disarmers "fools"!

We are the fools, not they. They have enough foresight to see the danger we are in, and are trying to do something about it. If the world does come to its senses and abolishes the atom-bomb, we shall have these people to thank, not the pompous bowler-hatted politicians.

M. WALLER (3G).





The Blue Tit

M. GOODE (3A).



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