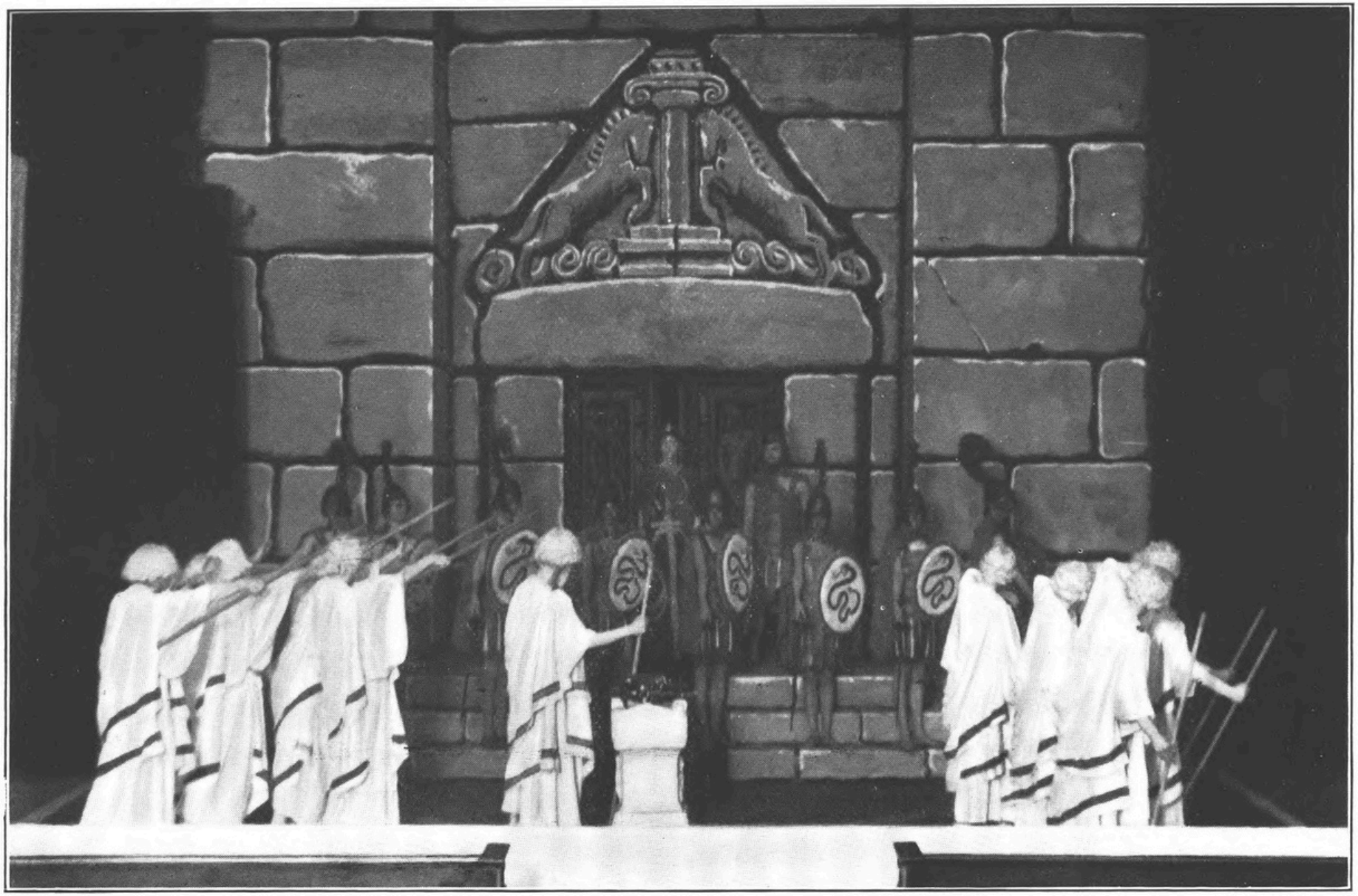
SOCIAL SERVICE

Few members of the Sixth accepted Mr. Gunner's invitation to visit boys' clubs with him, consequently the party was select and composed solely of those who took some interest in the problems of Newcastle and were not content placidly to ignore them.

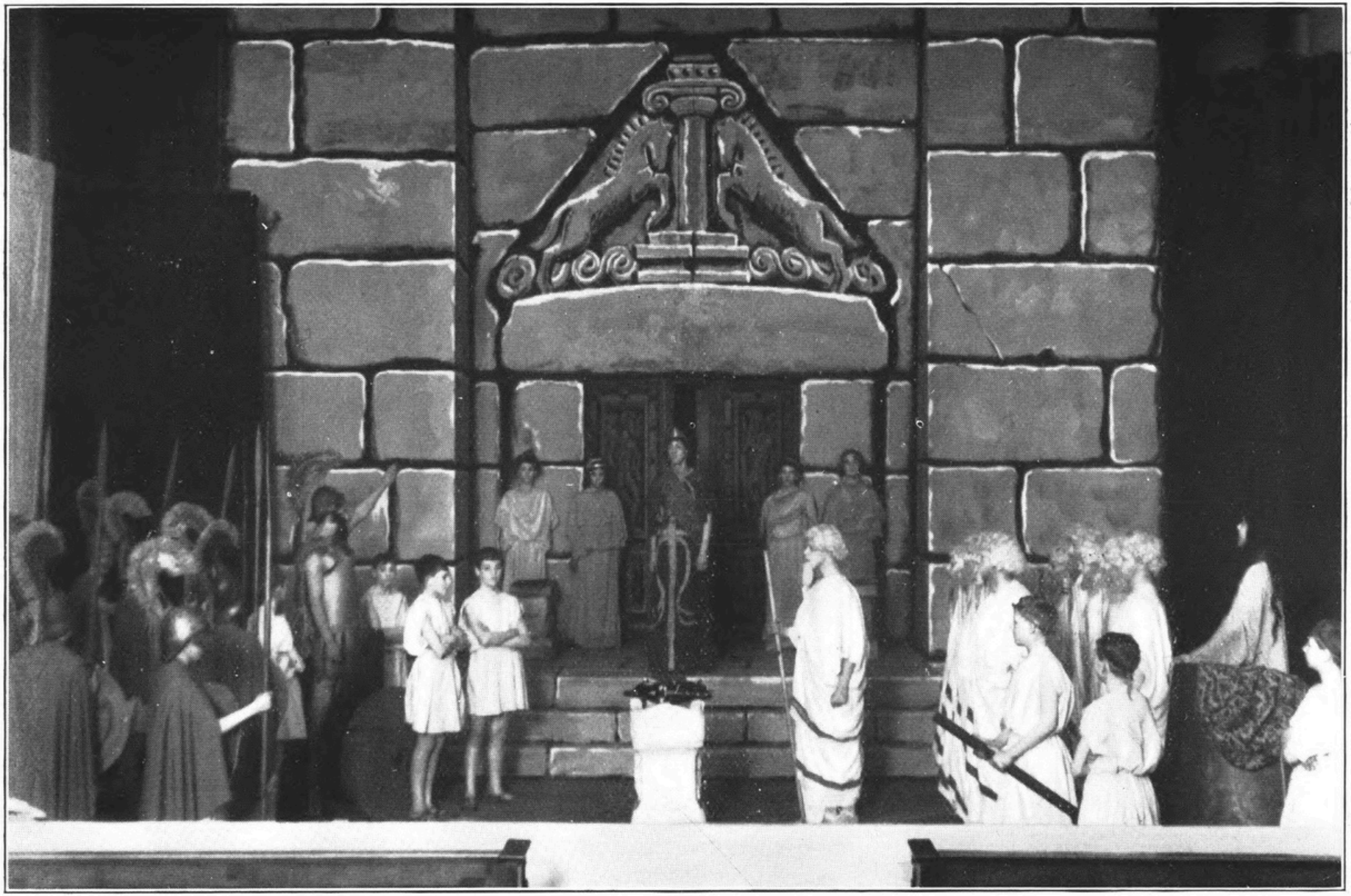
The Y.M.C.A. Boys' Club in Fenkle Street was first visited, and then later the Club run by Mr. Teasdale from the Grainger Park branch of Toc H. Both Clubs are obviously doing excellent work. The former offers excellent opportunities for many older boys in the city who find themselves rather adrift and without any connection with a body which may claim their allegiance and interest. The second, however, which is run in an old police station on Scotswood Road, was to some of us by far the more impressive. The neighbourhood definitely offered little or no chance to the boy who had just left school. This Club, therefore, supplies a great need. Games, including boxing and football, are run on the house system, but just as important is the opportunity offered for craftsmanship. Wood-work, metal-work, leather-work and model-making form an important part of the Club's work. It is quite impossible, however, to give any adequate impression of the visit, though perhaps it was Mr. Teasdale himself who impressed us most. Therefore I shall mention in conclusion that the Club runs a library which is dependent upon voluntary offers for its books. If by chance anyone in the school has any books and the energy to sort them out, he would be doing much good if he would pass them on through either Mr. Gunner or O. Parker.

THE AGAMEMNON

It seems almost superfluous to make any mention of the school's Christmas production, the "Agamemnon" of Aeschylus. Quite apart from individual distinction, the whole cast acted with splendid co-operation. The majority of the audience had about as much idea of a Greek tragedy as the man in the moon; yet the actors achieved such an atmosphere that they compelled attention, and people who went prepared to be bored found their thought fixed by a work written over two thousand years ago. The fatality and the



"Agamemnon," December, 1932.



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splendour of it gripped us all, and at times the Aegean Sea and the blue Greek sky seemed behind the palace towers.

Pointless it would be to enumerate the cast. But special mention might be made of the four actors who most contributed to the success of the actual production. W. Harbottle gave to the long and unhistrionic part of the Leader of the Chorus a nobility and a gentleness (as it successively demanded) which were wholly admirable—his rich and ringing voice will not easily be forgotten: " It is finished." T. F. Graham as Clytemnestra was, as the critics would say, convincing, but to be convincing as a Clytemnestra requires an understanding and a dignity that deserves the highest praise, and he did make us sympathize with the horrid inspiration of the double murder. He was helped by the simple kingliness of T. G. Fenwick as Agamemnon. Very good indeed was T. J. Gill as Cassandra—cursed with a diabolical gift of unavailing prophecy and resigned to her fate; as she went into the foreseen unknown the audience was as still as a transfixed audience can be. Then Mr. Hare and Mr. Gunner were splendid. Practically the whole brunt of the singing fell upon them, and they never tired. Every heart surged as the music lifted to " But Hope Will Rise," or thundered " Unto Oblivion." The carefully synchronized movements of the chorus magnified the majesty of the scene and gave to mythological pomp a pregnant symbolism.

The scenery was designed by Mr. Marfitt Smith and painted under his direction. The translation was the brilliant work of Mr. A. A. Le M. Simpson, the music the result of the efforts of Mr. Hare and Mr. Milner. The entire *Novocastrian* nature of the production need not be emphasized.

Tribute, too, must be paid to the orchestra and chorus, who were working on their share in the performance from the middle of the summer term, under Mr. Milner, Mr. Hare, Mr. Simpson and Mr. Gunner. It was only through consistent enthusiasm, supported by ungrudging practice, that the production could have left us feeling a little of the immensity of a Periclean Athens.