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JANUARY

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

CHRONICLE

Vol. 3, No. 4

OXBRIDGE AWARDS AND ENTRANCES 1971

AWARDS

Cambridge

- C. B. Jones, Scholarship in Natural Sciences, Pembroke College.
- S. M. J. Arrowsmith, Exhibition in English, Queens' College.
- J. M. Burling, Exhibition in History, St. John's College.
- M. J. Cardinal, Exhibition in History, Magdalene College.
- R. G. Maltby, Exhibition in History, St. Catharine's College.
- G. H. Smith, Exhibition in English, Selwyn College.
- A. R. D. Starr, Exhibition in Engineering, Clare College.

Oxford

- W. A. Ewers, Scholarship in Engineering, Worcester College.
- N. J. Faithorn, Scholarship in Physics, St. John's College.
- A. Mitra, Scholarship in Classics, Keble College.
- A. J. Morris, Scholarship in Music, The Queen's College.
- R. J. Nicholas, Scholarship in Physics, Christ Church.
- S. P. Slade, Scholarship in Modern Languages, Oriel College.
- A. C. Smith, Scholarship in Classics, Exeter College.
- P. A. G. Friend, Exhibition in History, Pembroke College.
- P. D. Goakes, Exhibition in History, Exeter College.

PLACES

Cambridge

- D. J. Aspinall, Selwyn College, to read Engineering.
- J. Burnie, Downing College, to read Natural Sciences.
- A. D. G. Cumming, Emmanuel College, to read Engineering.
- A. C. Foster, Sidney Sussex College, to read Natural Sciences.
- A. T. M. Freeman, Gonville and Caius College, to read Classics.
- S. R. Harris, Selwyn College, to read Geography.
- J. P. Minkes, Downing College, to read Law.
- A. D. Monk, Fitzwilliam College, to read Engineering.
- P. A. Morris, Gonville and Caius College, to read Mathematics.
- R. Osborne, Peterhouse, to read Natural Sciences.
- J. M. Shaw, Peterhouse, to read Classics.
- G. P. Tranter, Sidney Sussex College, to read Classics.
- D. R. Williams, Magdalene College, to read Engineering.

- N. M. Whitehouse, Clare College, to read Economics.

Oxford

- T. G. C. Bird, Magdalen College, to read Chemistry.
- D. C. Bromage, Trinity College, to read Metallurgy.
- N. J. Cleverley, Magdalen College to read Classics.
- A. K. Morgan, Corpus Christi College, to read Physics.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The First XV has enjoyed mixed fortunes this season, and by Christmas it had registered six wins as against seven defeats. D.C.E.'s XV was easily beaten, but then the XV lost twice to strong sides from Warwick and Denstone. A detailed list of results appears at the end of this report, and of these, undoubtedly the most pleasing was the match against Worksop. This was a game in which the XV gained the initiative at the start and never lost its control of the game. P. L. C. Knee scored 22 points, and this match seemed to bode well for the future. Unfortunately, the side could not maintain the flair and urgency which it had demonstrated in the match against Worksop, and slipped to defeats by Lawrence Sherrif, Bromsgrove and Wrekin. A narrow win over Solihull and wins against Cotton College and Universities XV at the end of the term restored the confidence of the side.

During the Christmas holidays, S. G. Johnson, G. T. Ruston, A. R. D. Starr and A. L. Burn played for Greater Birmingham Schools, and S. M. Hollingworth played for the 2nd XV. Two performances in particular stand out. In the match against Herefordshire, Starr, with a forceful display of wing three-quarter play, ran in four of Birmingham's seven tries, while laying on another for Johnson who is to be congratulated on his selection for the Midland Schools XV—a notable achievement.

A glance at the results of the other XV's shows that school rugby is flourishing. The Second XV has recorded several notable victories and its strength is indicated by the fact that a selection rota has been instituted. The Third XV is having its best season in living memory and the hard core of its players must be congratulated on their unfailing enthusiasm. The U.16 XV has had a difficult time, although it has some promising players. The U.15 XV, after losing its first two matches to Warwick and Denstone, has been undefeated. This team has all-round strength and it is to be hoped that this success will continue in the senior teams. The record of the U.14 XV is equally encouraging. After a disastrous 35 point defeat at the hands of Warwick in the first match, this team carried all before it and registered a 44 point win over Lawrence Sherrif. Their success is based on a strong, mobile pack, supported by incisive three-quarters. The U.13 XV suffers from lack of size, but despite this handicap, still manages to play good rugby.

1st XV Results

D.C.E.'s XV	Won	17—3
Warwick School	Lost	12—29
Denstone College	Lost	3—21
Tettenhall College	Won	19—3
Worksop College	Won	28—3
Lawrence Sherrif	Lost	5—13
Bromsgrove School	Lost	16—28
Solihull School	Won	9—8
Ratcliffe College	Lost	3—20
Wrekin College	Lost	6—13
King's School, Worcester	Lost	3—5
Cotton College	Won	15—12
Universities XV	Won	17—6

Overall Results

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.
1st XV	13	6	0	7	153	164
2nd XV	10	6	1	3	116	66
3rd XV	7	4	1	2	89	107
U.16 XV	8	2	0	6	49	146
U.15 XV	9	6	1	2	136	64
U.14 XV	9	7	1	1	187	80
U.13 XV	10	4	0	6	114	94

The following have represented the 1st XV during the Michaelmas Term :

P. L. C. Knee, R. J. Sheppard, A. R. D. Starr, J. P. Burton, T. L. Wenman, G. T. Ruston, R. C. Crocker, P. S. Russell, P. Wright, S. M. Hollingworth, G. P. Tranter, A. L. Burn, C. G. Watkins, S. G. Johnson, A. T. M. Freeman, P. J. Southern, P. M. Biddle, R. N. Webb, P. A. Glover, R. H. Pope, H. J. Smith, J. E. Hamlin,

Tries and their scorers :

Starr 3, Ruston 3, Biddle 2, Burn 2, Webb 2, Wenman 2, Knee 2, Burton 1.

Dropped goals :

Knee 1, Pope 1.

Colours have been re-awarded to C. G. Watkins and awarded to S. M. Hollingworth, S. G. Johnson, G. T. Ruston and A. R. D. Starr.

ANDREW BURN

THE BACKGROUND OF WESTERN CULTURE

This year, to replace English and Divinity lessons in the Divisions, a compulsory syllabus has been devised which deals with topics which have contributed to the development of culture in the West. The timetable has been arranged so as to have one lecture a week and two periods in which the Block is divided into seminars for discussion, and one more period for extra study of the week's topic or matters arising from it. The lectures are not so much a history of western civilisation as necessarily rushed educational discourses on topics which Divisions ought to know more about.

The lectures and lecturers for the Christmas Term were :

The Holy People.	M.J.G.
The Polis.	M.J.T.
Greek Science.	R.P.
Humanism.	F.J.W.
The Roman Imperial Ideal.	F.J.W.
The Third Race.	M.J.G.
The Break-up of the Empire.	R.G.L.
Byzantium.	R.G.L.
The Holy Roman Empire.	C.H.C.B.
Monasticism.	A.J.T.
The Nordic World.	W.M.J.H.
Music in the Church.	R.M.
Four illustrated talks on Classical to Romanesque Art.	J.B.H.

Reactions to the course are conditional on each individual boy's interests, knowledge and aims. They fall, however, into two predominant categories.

Type A. It is interesting that not many members of Type A can level any actual criticism of the course other than the fashionable remark "It's such a drag." Conclusion: Professional drop-out. DOES know but doesn't care. If thrust upon him at an earlier age, before he grew his hair long, might this course have yielded better results?

The Type B boy knows slightly more of the topic under discussion than Type A, and is therefore more interested in it. His comments will be mainly concerned with each lecture week by week. Many people might get a lot more out of the course if they thought of the relevance of each week's topic to themselves now.

The course was not intended as a mammoth history lesson, but the lessons to be learnt from all the lectures have a bearing on contemporary society. For instance, the underrated talk on monasticism was dismissed by some as being irrelevant and boring in content. Looked at in the light of contemporary society, it can be seen that monasteries and monks can offer a refuge and a useful occupation to those who wish to withdraw in part from modern society. Monks at least have a creative belief whereas the 20th century Hippie has a destructive and isolating belief. The Greek "Polis" system, as was pointed out, had the following to offer: democratic ideals, rights and responsibilities for the individual, community spirit and involvement, a high cultural level, and freedom of expression. These ideas outlasted Grecian civilisation and are today held to be of paramount importance to society.

Once all seminars start to discuss contemporary problems, the amazing potentiality of this course becomes apparent and the "mass apathy" of R. G. Maltby's article in "Chronicle" Vol. 3 No. 2 disappears. I would reply to him that it is not so much "mass apathy" as unfortunate ignorance of the relevance of contemporary problems to the individual which pervades our school. Incidentally, ramming an article like this down people's throats will certainly not help.

The "Background to Western Culture" series offers a remarkable opportunity for people to reflect on why and how contemporary society became as it now is, instead of taking many other turnings (notable turning points being dealt with under the headings "Greek Science, Humanism, Protestantism, Renaissance Art and Architecture"). It will be a measure of the success of the course if, in two years' time, the present Divisions do not have to conceal ignorance when faced with someone using the word "Manicheanism," and have the knowledge and intellect to submit and defend their own possible, reasoned and fair judgment of the topic.

CHRISTOPHER HODGES

THE HOUSE MUSIC COMPETITION

Part I—Tuesday, 15th December

The outcome of a competition on the Games Field is such that points for a House Championship may be awarded quite objectively. The referee can do little to alter the fact that the team with the most innate talent or brute strength will win. An orchestral competition, however, cannot be as clear cut, and the adjudicator's task is so subjective that it is nearly impossible. Should he give credit to a House whose choice of piece is exciting even if its performance is precarious, rather than one whose pedestrian offering is competently played but dull for musicians and audience alike? Should he reward a large orchestra with a wide range in its members of age and performing ability, compared with a smaller group of older, more experienced players, leaving out the throaty recorders and the squeaky violins best played only on open strings?

One suspects that most adjudicators rely on a general impression, and using this guide the performances of Vardy and Levett stood out from the rest. Vardy let the imagination of Gray play on

ideas of Bach. A very suitable creation for the available resources, it was played with great confidence, but the steady increase in tension progressed towards a climax which was quenched before it had really happened. In a very different style, Levett played a motet by Thomas Weelkes. The ensemble playing was excellent and the contrapuntal texture of the music was clear. Most important, the movement was tightly controlled and without this it could have been disastrous. This type of piece is not particularly approachable at first hearing, but it was a good choice for competent players.

Gifford's Mozart rondo—essentially a trumpet concerto—was immediately attractive, and a good sense of rhythm kept it going near the beginning, when a few notes went astray. Heath also presented a trumpet solo, and their arrangement worked well within the scope of the considerably smaller resources. Timothy Newman's "Quodlibet" was played from memory—in itself an impressive achievement—and the flute and piano sections were extremely effective. Jeune would undoubtedly have been higher placed had the guitar sections seemed more an integral part of the piece.

Evans had by far the largest orchestra, and attempted two movements from Handel's "Water Music." The effect was, of course, marred by the parts which sank from time to time, but the problem had deeper roots: the performance was hesitant and lacked the sparkle it could have achieved had there been adequate direction. Charles Spicer's original composition for Prince Lee produced interesting timbres and a variety of orchestral colour. Intonation problems seriously hampered its effectiveness, but the piece itself seemed to lack unity and a sense of direction. Cary Gilson's choice was perhaps unwise, even if we attribute some of the insecurity to an absent violinist. Purcell's music can be excruciating to listen to if the performers do not have the necessary confidence and technique.

The task of the adjudicator may be difficult, but that of a House Music Director is worse—persuading unwilling boys to appear for rehearsals at the extremities of the school day. But at least the competition itself is no longer the stomach-jellying ordeal before 600 boys on the Big School stage that it was when Professor Willis Grant was Director of Music at KES.

P.G.W.

CHRISTMAS CONCERT, 1970

The Chapel Choir carols were perhaps the most enjoyable part of the first half of this concert. The standard of performance was very high and the enunciation of the words especially noteworthy. Once or twice, particularly in the now familiar 18th century version of "Adeste Fideles," the attack of the choir should have carried rather more conviction, but this was outweighed by the accurate and rhythmical singing of the mediaeval carol "There is no rose of such virtue," and by the excellent balance between the soloist (Christopher Hodges) and the choir in "The Three Kings."

Of the orchestral section of the programme, the Vaughan Williams' Marches displayed great feeling for the music combined with accurate rhythm and tuning. The Intermezzo seemed unhappy at the beginning, but the pleasant wind solos helped to gloss this over and the strings gained confidence as the movement progressed. The Air of the "Water Music" showed off some warm and flowing string playing, while the Bourrée was also convincing, especially when the whole orchestra was playing. The very well-known Allegro was competently played, but could have been more lively.

The organ solo, "Rapsodie sur les Noël's," is an interesting piece, and Mr. Pryer exploited its full range of emotional effects in its juxtaposition of

the joyful and the mystical elements of the Christmas story.

The St. Nicolas Cantata displayed some fine singing from the soloist, Philip Russell, especially in those lyrical passages where Nicolas dedicates himself to God, and in the final death scene. He executed the taxing part with power and feeling. Perhaps the most notable sections from choir and orchestra were the Boyhood of Nicolas, where the varied combinations of voices and instruments led to an exciting climax; the Creation of Nicolas as Bishop, where the gallery choir (ably trained by Miss Douglas) played an effective part in working up to the splendid fugue passage; and the story of Nicolas and the pickled boys, in which chorus, gallery choir, orchestra and soloist combined to make it the most moving section of the Cantata. The storm scene was a little disappointing, since—although the music does not perhaps equal that of the storm in "Noye's Fludde"—there is scope for more excitement in the build-up and at the height of the storm than was made manifest here.

However, the evening, taken as a whole, was most enjoyable, and high praise must go to all the participants, and especially to Mr. Massey, who had prepared this delightful—and delightfully varied—pre-Christmas festival, and who conducted with such verve and infectious enthusiasm throughout.

And, at the end, a note of appreciation too, to Christopher Hodges and his team of bell-ringers, who sent us home with such a lively and disciplined medley of Christmas cheer.

JONATHAN HOMER (O.E.)

BLINDNESS

Blind people see in colour,
Not monochrome,
That would be too dull
And add to the monotony;
Instead, perception is heightened,
They see maroon, ultramarine,
And the sky.
They see the blood pulsing through their eyes,
The veins in their eyelids stand out blue.
They see the colour of the pupil
And wonder what colour is,
Try to remember orange,
And read the braille telling them which flower
they smell.

NICHOLAS COOKE

VOLCANO

Hot gore vomits from the torn earth's crusted
hide
and bright fires claw the stars;
the riven ground explodes in fury;
the air is fume and fire.

The land tilts and crumples.
Fire wheels turn in the smokey madness
and the ash-falls,
like the rains of hell,
link the burning sky and the ruined world
in a maze of fire and thunder.

The scorched earth splits
and blood fountains from the raw wound.

But . . . framed in fire, the question:
Who wields the blade that wounds a world?

THOMAS HOSTY

a statement

Yes folks, it's take-over time.

RICHARD BARLOW

a letter

Dear Sir,

I'm standing there watching the parade/feeling combination of sleepy John Estes. I've reached the conclusion that a writer can achieve more from beyond the grave.

This is my suicide note.

ARLO

P.S.—This is a joke.

P.P.S.—Honest.

a review

"Don't Look Back" and "Monterey Pop" (both directed by D. A. Pennebaker).

"Don't Look Back" is the better film, as a film, mainly because Dylan, like Clapton, is God; but also because Dylan, his music, and everything else about him, will last longer than most of the artists in "Monterey Pop." Dylan gained immortality because he's a genius; Jimi, Janis and Otis were all good, yes, but they gained immortality because they died early. "Don't Look Back" is a sort of "Hard Day's Night" for real—there's nothing like Ringo Dylan walking soulfully through London photographing soulful milk bottles and sandwiches curling up at the edges—but it's hard to know how real it all is: "I'm glad I'm not me," says Dylan as he reads the articles about himself; and there's people like Donovan and Eric Burdon trying to be cool and ingratiating at the same time. "We play a lot of your numbers and we try to get the kids to listen to the words," says Mr. Burdon. "Well, you shouldn't do that, you should just play and if they wanna listen they'll listen," says Dylan. Eric immediately agrees with him but still thinks the words are important.

The surprising thing is that Dylan comes out of the film so well: his songs really are as good as you always thought they were. He never sings a song all the way through because they're always cut up (after all, this is documentary), but he starts off "Come gather round, people, wherever you roam," and never sounds tired of it; he's still going to get people to listen. He always will.

"Monterey Pop" scores over "Don't Look Back" because it's in colour. It's a record of the Monterey Pop Festival of 1967, that's all it sets out to be, but consequently it's a bit dated—not by the music (except for Scott McKenzie), but by the signs saying "A Festival of Music, Love and Flowers." However, it is important since it was one of the first big Festivals, the beginning of the yellow brick road to Woodstock; and it introduced America to Hendrix; it introduced Janis Joplin (and showed what a terrible band Big Brother and the Holding Company was). Amongst other things.

The film doesn't carry any great message, except perhaps that the Festival was a success because everyone wanted it to be a success (there's a girl cleaning the seats, of which there are around 50,000: "How did you get to clean these seats, did you have a friend somewhere?" "No, I'm just lucky, I guess."). It merely shows the Festival, or at least part of the performances, some of which (Hendrix, The Who, Otis Redding, Ravi Shankar) are really exciting; others (Canned Heat, Eric Burdon, Jefferson Airplane) make you wonder what the fuss is about. But it makes the Festival seem very clean, very cosy, as if nothing went wrong (even the cops are smiling), as if nobody ever did wonder what happened to all that money. Perhaps Mr. Pennebaker was dazzled by his own colour; black-and-white does help make things look sordid. And Dylan never got a penny from his film.

RICHARD BARLOW

a article

Restless farewell

(being a third attempt to communicate)

This article is a culmination of thoughts and opinions expressed and improved upon in two previous articles which didn't get printed—the first reached Editor-in-Chief stage and was rejected on the grounds that we'd heard it all before. (Point One: constant repetition and revelation of new ideas—new to this school ideas—is the best way of having them accepted); the second reached Editor stage where it was mutually decided that it would never be printed anyway. (This is by way of an excuse for having this article printed after I've safely left school—it just happened that way, really). This isn't another Call to the Barricades, because I know that the attitude of the Masters has to change before the attitude of the Pupils will . . . It's dat ol' vicious circle, honeh. Anyway, "A Call to the Barricades" (what barricades? we start off with nothing, and we end up with less), suggests an inherent violence, perhaps to hide an inherent weakness, and it's a lot nicer, if less realistic, to change things peacefully. Hunter Thompson lives.

There's a lot of quasi-revolutionary rubbish talked at school: the destructive things (mostly), school uniforms are outmoded, CCF and Scouts should be disbanded, the Sixth Form Common Room is badly situated and badly planned; the constructive things (a small voice of innocence), there's never any soap in the washrooms, things that the Big League consider below their dignity, uncool, untrendy. That, admittedly, has all been said before; but no-one ever tries to really do something. The Sixth Former never has an opportunity to express his opinions; he may not have any (probably hasn't), but the opportunity should be there. There is the possibility of an opportunity in the General Committee Meeting of the School Club, which, apart from electing officials, could be extended to make suggestions about syllabuses, etc. (The Chief Master asked for such suggestions at an Upper Sixth period after the Oxbridge exams. No reply. Never is. The exams are over). When first proposed, this idea was ridiculed: "Well, those things can be rigged, anyway." Which means: "Well, we rigged the election of the Captain of Tiddlywinks. That's Power." The General Committee is the perfect example of being given "power" without having any Power. To resolve this, to make it so that things don't need to be rigged, to make it so that more important things are done than electing the School Tiddlywinks Captain, the General Committee should consist of all Sixth Formers, and anyone else who's interested, and should meet independent of the Chief Master. Thus any proposals of which it approved would be put before the Chief Master as the proposals of the School and not of an individual. Obviously the Chief Master could veto any proposals put forward, but then it's up to him to decide whether he wants to make the School a contented society or a collection of individuals each bearing a grudge and doing nothing for the School because of it, or whatever.

That's the only proposal I have to make. If that is ever achieved, you may be able to get something done about school uniform, lack of contact with the Girls' School, and all the other stuff you have to put up with.

RICHARD BARLOW

Well done, Richard, this year's winner of the Omar Khayyam Cuppe.



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FEBRUARY

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

CHRONICLE

Vol. 3, No. 5

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL LIBRARY

The Library accessions team is being kept busy this term by a very large influx of books. Many of these are the result of exceptionally generous gifts.

Many leavers have made gifts of money to the Library, and we are very grateful to T. J. Savage, departing School Librarian; R. W. G. Eglin, School Captain; T. J. Bishop, Librarian; G. J. Upton, G. R. Young, J. R. Burston, and of this year's leavers, J. P. Minkes.

The Common Room has also been generous, the Chief Master, the Librarian, and Mr. Tennick have all made extensive contributions, while many books were given by Mr. E. V. Smith and Dr. Mayor when they moved houses.

Presents have also been received from two Old Edwardians, S. A. Atkin (1960-1968), and a large gift of books on chess from Mrs. Winterton from the collection of her late Old Edwardian husband.

Finally, we have received a wide-ranging collection of books on America from the U.S. Embassy in London.

One very pleasing aspect of these gifts is that the whole Library has received additions rather than a small number of sections. Those responsible for running the Library naturally hope that this highly-valued generosity will be maintained in this and future years.

C.H.C.B.

HOCKEY

The Hockey team has enjoyed a highly successful season, losing only twice in 13 outings. The highlight so far has been to reach the final of the Birmingham Schools Festival without conceding a goal, only to lose 1—0 to Moseley Grammar, who have proved the only Birmingham school superior to our side. The key to our success is the experience gained by many of our players in club hockey, which has not only improved individual skills, but also encouraged a more professional attitude and produced an increased will to win.

The outstanding team members have been Colin Bromage and Phil Parker in the defence (both were selected for the Birmingham U.19 side), inside-right Nick Whitehouse (11 goals this season, despite his allegations of unfavourable bias on the part of every referee he plays against), Graham Holt, a talented mimic with 10 goals, and goal-keeper Dave Kilvert, penalty save expert in the Gordon Banks mould. The defence, with captain and strong man Steve Slade unshakeable, Tim Newman as sweeper, and Tom Burgess at left-half, has always been uncompromising. The mid-field work of Whitehouse and the unorthodox Phil Jones has produced brilliant flashes, and the incisive attacking play of wingers John Hall and Geoff Bird should also be noted. Our thanks must go to Mr. Buttle and Mr. Lambie for their often controversial umpiring and their help, and we now look forward to going one better in the Pickwick Festival, in which we were runners-up last year.

First team record: Played 13, Won 7, Drawn 4, Lost 2. Goals for 35, against 16.

Results:

Moseley Modern	Drawn 0—0
Dame Elizabeth Cadbury	Won 6—1
Moseley Modern	Drawn 0—0
Moseley Grammar	Lost 0—3
Stanmore	Drawn 0—0
Warwick U.16	Won 9—1
Queensbridge	Drawn 3—3
Solihull	Won 2—1
Dame Elizabeth Cadbury	Won 2—0
St. Philip's	Won 4—0
St. Philip's	Lost 2—4
Lordswood	Won 3—0
Pickwick	Won 4—3

COLIN BROMAGE
STEVE SLADE

SHOOTING

This has been a year of somewhat mixed success. The N.S.R.A. competition resulted in our usual mediocre position of 108th out of 133 schools who entered, despite the valiant efforts of our venerable captain. However, there is a small consolation for the Rugby Football fans among you—Bromsgrove were 110th, and we beat them in a postal match! The team, though comparatively young and inexperienced, has performed adequately during the season and shows promise for future years. Our postal matches this year have been very successful, thanks mainly to the consistent shooting of the captain and secretary, Geoff Bird and Bill Workman. The inevitable First colours were re-awarded to the secretary, and D. J. F. Collier is to be congratulated on the award of his Second colours. The School VIII this year has consisted of T. G. C. Bird, W. A. F. Workman, D. J. F. Collier, N. L. Burton, S. J. Kitchen, G. A. Mann, J. Burnie and A. C. R. Lawton.

Results of postal matches:

K.E.S. 759, Warwick 752	Won
K.E.S. 760, Monmouth 775	Lost
K.E.S. 762, Solihull 750	Won
K.E.S. 761.8, Bromsgrove 757	Won
K.E.S. 765, Glasgow 754	Won
K.E.S. 756, St. Edmunds 707	Won

BILL WORKMAN

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

With meetings being held in the lunch break on Tuesdays and Thursdays, the attendance at Scientific Society gatherings has been good. In particular, we were pleased to welcome a number of non-scientists, who seem to find the lectures just as interesting as do those for whom science is a speciality.

The first lecture of last term was by an external speaker, Dr. Whitworth. He gave an interesting talk on the elastic properties of materials. This included some impressive demonstrations of the way in which crystalline properties convert cadmium from a tough metal to a substance resembling chewing-gum. All who came left this lecture in an appropriately enlightened state.

There must surely have been a record attendance at the next meeting, in which the School's newly-acquired laser was demonstrated. The seats and gangways of the Ratcliff Theatre were packed

solid, but seats were imported from the Biology lab., so that no one was turned away.

Mr. Parry first gave us a 20-minute résumé of the 'A' level light syllabus, including interferometry. The laser was then manipulated in the competent hands of Mr. McIlwaine, who demonstrated some of the effects about which we had been told.

Towards the end of term, Mr. Wright proved that Chemistry can be just as stimulating as Physics, when he talked on Inert Gas Compounds. There was an impressive gallimaufry of apparatus on the bench which, we were assured, was capable of producing Xenon Fluoride, had either Xenon or Fluorine been available. An amusing film was then shown, illustrating a research project carried out in an attempt to synthesise Inert Gas Compounds. It clearly showed how the Americans would like us to believe their research is conducted.

At the beginning of this term, our ex-Physics Master and Astronomer Royal, Mr. Matthews, returned to give a talk on galaxies. His reputation produced a substantial attendance at the meeting. The structure and methods of examination of the Milky Way were expounded in some detail, and the talk was illustrated with several slides.

The next meeting of the Society will be on February 18th, when Mr. Rushton will tell us about the scope and function of an engineer. This will be of special interest to those considering engineering as a career, and those of us pursuing other courses will see what we have missed.

Those who saw the film about Inert Gas Compounds will be interested to see what research is really like. To this end, Dr. Cumming is giving a lecture towards the end of term of Hexagonal Hierarchies in Nature. This is a new scientific theory which has evolved to explain the construction of such diverse objects as towns, trees, rivers and lungs. The lecture should be of interest to mathematicians as well as those concerned with the other sciences. Non-scientists are, of course, welcome as always.

DUNCAN CUMMING

DEBATING SOCIETY

The Debating Society, despite good attendances and innovations in the style of meetings, appears on the surface to be intellectually sterile. This is due to four causes, which could easily be removed. Firstly, the slickly-worded motions, such as "This house would hijack KEHS," invite fruitless discussions on their meaning: "What I understand by the motion . . ." has been heard too often. Secondly, there is a tendency to be parochial; the existence of secret school files does not indicate that "1984 is not far away." Thirdly, no one except the speakers bothers to think the subject over beforehand, which scarcely improves the quality of floor debate; and lastly, recent debates have been chaired by boys, who do not have sufficient inherent authority for the task.

However, these faults do not prevent the Society from serving the useful purpose of giving members of the School practice in discussion and debate. There is no lack of individual views at meetings, and everyone is allowed a fair hearing. Politically, attenders range from neo-Fascists to Maoists. There has lately been a tendency to be despondent about the present day; recent motions have included: "This house believes that society is doomed" and "This house thinks that the 20th century knows the price of everything and the value of nothing," which were both carried; but this can only reflect School opinion. The standard of debate is not at present very high, but this is because most people are still learning the art; there is a great deal of "promise for the future."

Finally, although the Chairman's adulation of the late General de Gaulle continues unabated, meetings do not yet end with the singing of "La Marseillaise."

ANDREW FOSTER

"TWELFTH NIGHT"

In a play of such sophistication as "Twelfth Night" the most important elements are co-ordination among the different departments and an overall sense of unity. Thus the first meeting of the members of the Dramatic Society concerned with direction, costumes, set, lighting and music, took place during June last year—in a sleazy Chinese restaurant in Selly Oak. The fundamental theme was a simplification of Tudor patterns: the set was designed from a Tudor architectural facade; the costumes were of a basic Tudor style; the music was a Tudor theme within Kevin Lee's distinctive style. The lighting was propounded in its earliest form to accommodate and enhance the set.

By September, therefore, when the cast had been selected and the first full company meeting had assembled, much of the planning had already been accomplished, and four months of extremely hard and ultimately rewarding work loomed in front of the actors and stage staff. The most immediate problem was the creation of an irregular framework set, with the strength to withstand not only a week's performance at school, but also a continental tour the following summer. Such a structure required, if possible, an alloy like aluminium, but the representative of British Aluminium took one look at the model, swooned and almost suffered a nervous breakdown. As a result, half term was spent wielding a propane gun and welding 250 feet of plastic tubing into position. The paint and an extra 300 feet of tubing were donated by various philanthropic firms in Birmingham.

The integration of lighting and sound took place once the set had been completed, and it is a tribute to the patience of all those involved that both had an exceptional degree of professionalism. Three neurotic evenings were spent at school experimenting with the largest range of theatre lighting ever used on the School stage. The music also took two sessions of recording to perfect, and employed the most accomplished musicians the School had to offer, as well as a number of recent Old Edwardians.

The central part of any production remains, of course, the rehearsals, and these continued, with a few breaks, from September until January; thus the essential energy and vitality had time to emerge and grow within the production, rather than be forced and distorted just before the first performance. It was the growth of this vitality of emotion, language and movement, which can only be achieved by concentrated application to the rehearsals, that created the tension evident in the performances. Rehearsals were often gruelling and tedious, but on occasions provided infinite satisfaction. This was particularly noticeable when the lighting and music were first introduced, adding a new dimension to the play and a wider context within which to act. When the costumes were finally completed, another of the necessary but tiring jobs, dress rehearsals could take place, mostly during the Christmas holidays. It is interesting to note that as much atmosphere was sometimes generated during holiday rehearsals as on some of the actual performance nights. The word "atmosphere" is here crucial: it gave life to a play already based on a sound technical foundation.

Performances themselves were the final expression of six months of work among nearly 60 members of the Dramatic Society. But every performance had its own individuality: Tuesday was competent; not until Wednesday did the company feel that the play was fulfilling its potential; by Saturday such a pitch of emotional strength had been developed that, in the last scene, several of the cast, unknown to the audience, were in tears—a situation which rarely arises in school drama. The audiences also varied from a noisy, popcorn-munching first night to a responsive and riveted last night. By the Saturday evening a sense of elation was pervading the back-stage area and an aura of success was prevalent. The next day there

was total depression at the thought that it had finished.

It was particularly exhilarating in "Twelfth Night" to watch the co-ordination of the various departments into the whole play, the crystallisation of months of planning and continuous work. But ultimately the object of "Twelfth Night," and school drama in general, is not merely to satisfy those participating in it, but to carry to the public a performance worthy of recognition, and to try to convey to the school an interest in drama—not merely the self-perpetuating and languishing tradition of the "school play."

JON BROMWICH

As the basic interpretative premiss of his extremely successful production, Mr. Parslew selected the strain of wistful melancholy which infuses much of the text of "Twelfth Night." Ensuring that it was accurately reflected by the spare economy and strict relevance of the set and lighting, and echoed in Kevin Lee's remarkable music, he took the crucial step of opening with a sombre, downbeat scene instead of the set-piece of Orsino's court, and the correct melancholic aura was immediately established round the action for the rest of the play.

The word "sombre" accurately suggests the necessary shade of a melancholy "Twelfth Night," but it equally implies the correct density of approach. Melancholy is neither intense grief nor deep sorrow, and some of the cast seemed a little slow to register the importance of this. Inactive scenes, e.g., Sir Topas' visit to Malvolio, were kept in dramatic motion by the ability and good judgment of the players concerned, but inappropriate heaviness occasionally crept in. Once the light, sad touch of the opening scene had attuned the audience to the level of intensity which the director was dictating, we could register the wider significance of Cesario's rejection of Antonio without (special sixty-four dollar couplet voice . . .)

"In nature there's no blemish but the mind:
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind."

The message is quite plainly there—it doesn't need a "serious" delivery. However, more generally the actors were extremely acute in reflecting that particular interpretative responsibility which the melancholic thread laid on their lines.

Also uppermost in the director's mind was the strategic importance of Feste. But in this case the Clown's exact position in relation to the remainder of the play seemed ambiguous, and the interpretation of the role sometimes appeared to contradict itself. Although the audience saw Feste at the centre of the action, it was quite clear from his costume and make-up that he wasn't there as a committed participant, but as a catalyst to the rest of the characters. But how far from the human involvement inherent in the interplay of the others was Feste standing? At times he was the incidental commentator par excellence:

"Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another"

and Feste throughout the play watches payment after payment. At times he seemed more involved than anyone, e.g., his assistance of the injured Aguecheek. Feste is clearly more aware of the pathos and melancholic potential of a given situation than any other character, but how far, if at all, should this commit him to positive action? Ambiguity haunted this feature of the production.

The constant reminders of "the winter's wind and man's ingratitude" inevitably brought Malvolio and the sub-plot to the forefront of the action. Chris Gibbons' intelligent interpretation of Sir Toby was refreshingly distant from the stereotyped bloated sot. Stuart Rogers as Aguecheek, and Andrew Forbes as Fabian provided lively and extremely able support, and Angela Bowes' Maria was approached sensibly with humour and zest while never letting the audience forget who originated Malvolio's humiliation. At the centre

of this plot Andrew Summers produced a performance which was complete from the first crisp entrance to his barefooted, stumbling exit. A single movement of the hand crystallised absolutely the core of Malvolio's self-love. In the first act's construction of Malvolio's hard, arrogant shell, and in its subsequent destruction, his comprehension and command of the character was never in question for a moment.

Despite certain ambiguities in the interpretation handed him, Charles Spicer carved a credible and largely sympathetic Feste out of the text. One's reluctance to associate him specifically with any particular incident or exchange is proof enough of the necessary elusive quality he brought to his catalytic rôle.

The battle waged by the romantic plot for at least equal attention with Malvolio's troubles was considerably aided by the striking vulnerability of Hilary Day's Viola, whose sensitive performance was marred only by a slightly wooden approach to her movement about the stage. Teresa Rogowski, as Olivia, moved extremely well, and her stylish progression carried definite aristocratic overtones. But she lacked the vocal flexibility of the other two girls, and there was a resultant diminution of contrast between her resolute rejection of Orsino and her overwhelming passion for Cesario, a consideration central to the construction of her character. She seemed happy to settle, however, for Sebastian, with whom David Jackson struggled valiantly. As his companion, Tim Newman looked immensely impressive and drew as to the manner born, which is quite adequate for any Antonio.

After a somewhat unimpressive first night, Peter Biddle's Orsino developed to a stage where no character, other than Malvolio, seemed quite so credible. The obvious enjoyment which the actor derived from his more fulsome passages came ironically to act as relief from the darkening convolutions of the "comic" sub-plot. But once again there appeared the occasional odd emphasis. Fancy, the blossoming imagination or the idyllic element, was subdued and largely devoid of shapes; and the high fantastical was notable chiefly by its absence.

SIMON ARROWSMITH

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

The School having given the experiment more than a fair chance to prove successful, I am writing to you as my only means of registering total disapproval of the five-day week.

Since this was introduced in the academic year 1969-70, nothing but chaos has ensued: long lunch-hours, short lunch-hours, fifth period at 12.30 or is it 1.10? The whole affair has proved most confusing. In addition to this, the loss of a second free afternoon, previously available for training or playing games, has lowered the standards of all our School teams—the XV has had poor seasons both last year and this—and caused the death of the House system as a basis for games organisation.

The Chief Master made it clear that he and the Common Room had considerable reservations about the new scheme, reservations which, I feel, have been more than justified. Is it too much to hope that this mistake may some day be rectified? As it is, many of us merely spend Saturday morning in bed.

MARK CHECKLEY

Sir,

In reply to Mr. Checkley's letter, there are eight points:

1. The experiment has not had more than a fair chance to work, since we are only in the fifth term without Saturday morning school.

2. Mr. Checkley mentions chaos—what chaos? Long and short lunch-hours have always existed. On Tuesdays, under the old system, morning

periods began at 9.55 and ended at 12.55, totally confusing the week's pattern. We suggest that Mr. Checkley should look at his old time-tables.

3. There is no justification for regret at the loss of a second free afternoon. Training for rugby teams, athletics, badminton, swimming, fives, fencing, basketball, cross-country, etc., have all been amply catered for during long lunch-hours. Society meetings have, if anything, benefited.

4. The statement that "the XV has had poor seasons both last year and this" is statistically insupportable. The captain of rugby notes that in the last nine years before the abolition of Saturday school the First XV recorded 56 wins, an average of just over six wins per season. Last year five victories were achieved, and this season the total so far is eight. If the team wins, say, two of its remaining five matches (a not unreasonable hypothesis in view of its record to date) it will finish the season as one of the two or three most successful KES XV's of the last decade.

5. Mr. Checkley's letter significantly omits any reference to academic standards which, in terms of Oxbridge awards, have been outstandingly good in the last two years. Is this mere coincidence?

6. Socially, family weekends are no longer wrecked, and the School is now in alignment with its neighbours.

7. Boys living at a distance from the School no longer waste so much time travelling for merely four periods on a Saturday morning. Under the old system the law of diminishing returns operated.

8. "Many of us merely spend Saturday morning in bed." So what? Sleep never did anyone any harm, and it is better done at home than at school.

MARTIN CARDINAL

PETER WYLIE

MUSIC AT KES

The success of this year's Christmas Concert, with both nights sold out, could be regarded as an indication of the improvement of music in the School over the past two years. There has been a large amount of favourable criticism from outside the School, both of this concert and of the Old Edwardians' evensong earlier in the term.

There is, however, no room for complacency, as music at KES has several serious shortcomings. Perhaps the most obvious of these is the execrable standard of the Orchestra. There can be no doubt that in comparison with other schools of the same academic stature, instrumental music here is of a very inferior quality. Mr. Mason's criticism, in the last but one Chronicle, of Christopher Hodges' concert, inadvertently makes an important point: there is in fact nobody in the School who is capable of playing the violin obbligato in the piece mentioned, which reveals the Orchestra's main weakness. The standard of string playing is so poor that it is impossible to raise even a reasonably competent string quartet. This is partly explained by the attainment of a nadir of musical morale during the middle sixties when, with a few gifted exceptions, most people in the Lower School were not interested in music, mainly because of the boring way in which it was taught. Thus the dearth of skilled musicians in the Upper School at the moment is responsible for the uninspiring Orchestra.

The Choral Society too, suffers from the indifference of the upper half of the School. Last term only three members of the Upper Sixth and some six or seven of the Sixth Form were involved in the Society. If one refuses to make allegations of mass philistinism in the School, the lack of support can only be attributed to stultifying Lower School music periods in the mid-sixties.

It is encouraging that today's Lower School does not exhibit the same degree of apathy. The number of junior boys singing in the choir and learning all kinds of instruments is increasing rapidly at

the moment and standards will be far higher when our present U.M.s reach the top of the School. Since a more flexible and catholic yearly programme has replaced the solemn ritual of the Lent Term Oratorio and the Autumn or Summer Orchestral Concert, choral and orchestral enthusiasm has mounted. It seems, therefore, that considerable improvement over the next few years is certain and that current mediocrity will prove transient.

Although there will in time be automatic recovery in some respects, there are further serious defects which cannot be expected merely to vanish. The Chapel Choir which, we are told, has achieved a "professional" standard, and has made a record, is wasted. Four or five times per term it sings Evensong, which at the moment consists largely of unadventurous, sometimes boring, and all too often repeated music. It also sings a few jolly little carols at the Christmas concert, and practises all this for an average of one hour per week. A choir of such calibre might manage a few elaborate motets or even polyphonic masses from time to time, both in Chapel and in concert. While evensong is obviously worth singing purely as a religious offering, the pretence of being a great public school is beginning to wear a little thin without more and better music to reinforce it. More enterprise on the part of the management and more frequent practices might be welcome here.

While small ensembles are arranged for the House Music Competition, which is, incidentally, regarded as a frustrating chore, there are no informal chamber groups which meet to play purely for enjoyment. It is virtually impossible to get up a group to sing madrigals or to play chamber music at a Musical Society lunch-time concert, let alone for an evening's private entertainment. This further restricts instrumental accomplishment and reflects lack of musical keenness.

Lastly, for inadequately explained reasons, music does not form part of the general School curriculum after the Remove. There are occasional music scholarships to Oxbridge, and poorly subscribed, half-hearted Sixth Form options sometimes lead to a few music "O" level successes, restricted to the top of the School. This system relegates music from being an intellectual discipline to mere pastime, resulting in gross ignorance throughout the School and an omnipresent spirit of lackadaisical amateurism. Perhaps the establishment of music scholarships on entrance to KES, and music periods at least as far as the Fifth Form would help. Serious musical study would certainly justify such vast expenditure on the Music School.

Although these are at least five serious defects, there is nothing that a little more enthusiasm and effort from both management and pupils cannot improve in the course of a few years. A large amount of talent in the Lower School, coupled with a new, enterprising direction, both of which already exist, should elevate music at KES to a level comparable with that of our academic equals.

JULIAN BURLING

FURRY ANIMULES

A puce nose-tip, silhouette against the tree
signifies mole presence; the wading hands
loop in arcs the yellow leaf mystery,
thread tides through his mystic bands.

Playful pouches, stuffed with porridge crumbs,
look out, through gimlet eyes; rods of steel.
Here connexion lies: the quick, pink thumbs
parallel outside-cage tactics, I feel.

Show me a flop-eared rascal, pub spaniel,
and take your artifacts: for are we not greater
than nature?

For: a hamster to dance to Bach gavottes! Well,
let's say Fellini or Warhol, but let's be demure.

PETER GOAKES



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KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

MARCH

CHRONICLE

Within minutes of the general issue of this edition, the Editor confidently expects to wade again through an ankle-deep swathe of "Chronicles" papering the locker-room floor. In the Cartland Room he will pause once more in speechless admiration before the assorted collection of darts, hats, mats, scorecards, bookmarks, spittoons and other domestic ornaments (all from a few pages of newsprint) which he has come to know and love so well.

In a short while he will creep dauntlessly out from behind the battered hulk of his journalistic reputation. He will organise events and report them himself. He will leave no stone unturned in his search for the Editorial Board. He will put out more flags. And at irregular monthly(?) intervals, he and his publication will probably continue to sink without trace.

To judge from such comment as he has received, he thinks that most people would miss "Chronicle" if it wasn't there. This never seems to prevent 95% of the School from suppressing any reaction to it other than sporadic and perfunctory grunts of largely destructive criticism. It's also traditional for middle-school heavies to mutter darkly from time to time about clique dictatorship. Speaking for himself, the Editor-as-one-man-clique would greet the advent of anything up to 700 or so new recruits with nothing but enthusiasm and certain encroaching symptoms of nervous exhaustion.

Ultimately, it's not just the remedy which lies in your hands—it's the responsibility as well. Ironically, in its present decline, "Chronicle" continues to reflect more accurately than most people realise the mood of this school. Because if this paper seems dead, a great many of you do, too.

RUGBY TOUR TO DEVON

On the afternoon of February 18th, 19 School rugby players, flexing their right arms in anticipation, clambered on board two Devon-bound Bedford vans (driven by Messrs. Benson and Everest). Once the vehicles had been crammed with assorted luggage and S. M. Hollingworth's week's supply of Polo mints, the party moved off.

Stopping only to answer the calls of necessity, we stormed into Sampford Peverell. The anticipated difficulty at the Devon customs never arose: George Tranter's foot and mouth was confirmed, but they couldn't spare a bullet. The Green Headland Hotel contained all the requirements so important to a touring rugby team, and our first evening was spent testing the local rocket fuel.

Next morning we were galvanised into unaccustomed activity for a training session on the Sampford Peverell F.C. (amateur) football pitch. The match that afternoon was against Shebbear; the journey was over rough country roads. Behind schedule and one puncture to the good(?) we took a hurried non-alcoholic lunch and trundled on, negotiating hills of 1 in 4 like bats out of hell and, thanks to directions from friendly natives, eventually reaching our destination.

The match was a close one, and by half-time K.E.S. had taken a six-point lead through two penalties by Peter Knee. Shebbear recovered well in the second half, however, scoring two penalties, the second of which was conceded only two minutes from time. Andrew Burn presented a shield to our opponents' captain after some technical difficulties with his pocket. Various strange ailments were common next day, mostly self-induced by the previous night's activities.

Messrs. Benson and Everest had earlier expressed their intention of participating in a coarse rugby match; on Saturday they carried out their threat. A fair percentage of the party decided to watch, and were rewarded by having to push the van to the ground, owing to a shortage of petrol.

The atmosphere built up before the big game. Chris Watkins, obviously carried away by it all, admirably demonstrated how to drop-kick and fall base over apex without really trying. Andrew Burn in his Tommy Cooper outfit acted as cheer-leader, and Peter "Muttley" Knee filmed the bizarre happenings, both on and off the field, for posterity.

This incredible game was climaxed by a lucky solo try by D. C. Everest, Esq., at which the spectators, intoxicated with delight, invaded the pitch, but were forced to retire to a chorus of obscene Devonian grunts from the players. Unfortunately, the team to which our masters had attached themselves lost.

After the game, the van ran very well on Red Barrel back to the club house, a converted barn with a permanent smell of manure, cigarettes and hops. We felt quite at home there.

On Saturday night, the entertainment was varied. Paul Glover and his belligerent "kiddy cart" mob went to a dance, a highly enterprising idea, but its success was dampened because only one other person turned up. The more senior members of the party—the "geriatric ward"—stumbled onto a skittle alley.

On Sunday we played our worst rugby of the tour—and won 11—0, against Tiverton R.F.C. Colts. During the game Peter Knee reached the 150 points mark for the season. Afterwards, in the club house, interest was directed towards the incongruity in the barmaid's jeans by the leering Peter Knee. An on-the-spot survey revealed to what lengths this incongruity extended. Mr. Benson's eyes lit up visibly.

Later, at Sampford Peverell, we were visited by two strange apparitions, an unassuming walking gargoyle and what seemed to be a Scot, belatedly

celebrating Hogmanay. Between them they supported a signpost! As to their identities and motives we can but speculate, but one did leave a visiting card inscribed "G.T., Publicity Agent, Notre Dame."

Our last match was on Monday against Tiverton G.S., a hitherto unbeaten side, including an England U.19 Trialist centre and an England U.16 full back. At first, Tiverton were on top, but in the second half we came back, our three-quarters outstanding—Tim Wenman and Andrew Starr both scored tries. Unfortunately, however, the opposition held onto the lead they had built up early in the match, and we were narrowly beaten 11—13.

Andrew Burn repeated his shield act, and Chris Watkins accepted a gift for which he has, however, found no useful purpose. That night we travelled back to Birmingham.

We would like to thank Messrs. Benson and Everest for taking us on the tour, which was a sporting and social success. Everybody certainly rated it very highly. They certainly did.

SIMON HOLLINGWORTH

C.C.F.—ARMY SECTION COURSES

In addition to the many internal activities available to members of the C.C.F. at KES, there are many holiday courses, arranged either by M.O.D. or by District, which cadets in the Army Section may attend.

There are, in fact, two types of course—those concerned mainly with military training, and those teaching technical subjects. An example of the former, which a group of cadets recently attended, is Combat Engineering.

The course began with a study of knots, lashings and temporary bridge construction, followed by a whole-day exercise building a rope bridge across a fairly large frozen pond. The following day was spent studying elementary surveying, including a certain amount of practical work, and the theory of watermanship. The latter led up to the next day's exercise, spent driving Army boats up and down the River Avon. A day-and-a-half was then spent studying explosives before the highlight of the course on the last afternoon, when a few of us who were attending the advanced course set up and exploded a "ring-main" consisting in all of about five pounds of high explosive, strategically placed so as to make a large bang without destroying any of the buildings nearby.

Also included in this category are the courses run by the Corps of Signals on various aspects of military communications, and various Leadership and Adventure Training courses, which offer an unparalleled opportunity to any who feel fit enough to seize it.

Included in the technical group are the Mechanical Fitting course, which gives an introduction to metalwork, culminating in the construction of a G-clamp as a practical exercise; and the Mechanical Vehicles course, where a certain amount of the theory of the motor car is taught, and then cadets are allowed to strip down and, if possible, re-assemble various Army vehicles. One of the most popular of these courses is the "Basic Radio" course when, after a period of intensive study of the theory of electronics, cadets are presented with seven-transistor radio kits which they assemble and are subsequently allowed to keep.

The rapidly increasing popularity of these courses shows that not only are they often useful, but are also immense fun. There is, in the Army course, a unique opportunity to enjoy an extremely cheap yet thoroughly enjoyable and practical holiday.

PAUL COOKE

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

There have been three meetings of the Society so far this year, all of which have been well attended, when the apparent refusal of non-specialists to attend is considered. Indeed, the Society is experiencing a slow revival of interest, since last year, as few as four people bothered to turn up to one meeting.

In the Christmas term, P. T. Wylie gave a very lucid and informative talk on "The Popish Plot"; the speaker succeeded in providing as clear a picture as possible of a period in history which still puzzles historians and gives rise to much speculation.

Earlier this term, P. D. Goakes spoke on "The Inter-relationship between Art and History, 1600-1850," a talk illustrated by some 50 examples on film-strip, kindly loaned by Mr. Hurn. For a subject so large and complex, the material was well selected, covering, if briefly, a considerable number of national and international schools of art.

The topic for the third meeting of the school year was "Scribblers and Peers; Literature and Politics, 1660-1745"—a talk given by Mr. Trott. This was a most interesting and entertaining meeting, during which the speaker examined the political works of Milton, Marvell, Dryden, Swift and Pope, within their historical background.

Next term it is hoped to hold at least one, perhaps two, meetings. Scientists and mathematicians are always welcome to a society which is much more than a mere extension of school history periods.

MARTIN CARDINAL

MODERN LANGUAGE SOCIETY

In the course of this school year the Modern Language Society has met four times, to hear two talks in French, one in Spanish and one in German. Naturally, the Society can only appeal to a limited sector of the School, but some of the titles of this year's lectures have failed to attract even the senior linguists. There certainly seems to be little interest in European politics, as the two talks on this subject provoked no reaction whatsoever from the audiences, who appeared thoroughly bored by the whole proceedings. On the other hand, the lectures on Peru and the French cinema were much enjoyed and involved some discussion.

The moral is clear—if some linguistic benefit is to be available from the Society, lectures might as well deal with topics of more general interest, which will at least be listened to attentively. Nevertheless, the quality of the speakers has been consistently high, and linguists are indebted to Mr. Tomlinson for securing their services.

STEVEN SLADE

A REPLY

(Being a first attempt to communicate)

If all that Richard Barlow can do to further the cause of Democracy in this School is to write a letter to "Chronicle," and that only after he has left, then in my view, he is the sort of person that the School will not miss.

If he really believes in the views which he set out in his letter of January, '71, during his seven years here he should have at least had the courage to stand up and do something, instead of literally running away. The list of complaints (to which I could add dozens of others) is not "quasi-revolutionary rubbish," but perfectly legitimate complaints and points of view. I am writing this letter, however, just to point out that something IS being done, or to put it on his own terms, the oppressed masses are rising up. On January 11 my proposal to set up an "Advisory Sub-Committee to the School Club" was submitted to the General Committee. It made provision for about 10 people, representing every Block, to meet twice a month

to make reports and to give advice to the Chief Master and his staff on our opinion on any non-academic matters. The general intention is to keep the Chief Master aware and informed of current School views.

As Richard Barlow so gloomily predicted, this proposal was not passed, or even voted on, because it did not conform to Rules 30-33 of the School Club. A revised proposal, fully conforming, will go before the meeting of March 29. This may not sound very much to the Maoist sixth formers, but it is a beginning, realistic, and worthy of all the support it can get.

JONATHAN SPECTOR

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

The sad and misguided perverseness of Mr. Spector's whole approach is typified by his eccentric description of Richard Barlow. He's not really that dangerous; a heavy pixie, perhaps, a Maoist—never.

Yours faithfully,

A. N. ONCE (Marx Div.)

FILM SOCIETY

The main point about Jiri Menzel's "Closely Observed Trains" is that it is beyond doubt a satire on human insufficiency, or the ironies of life. Thus we see the small town railway official, still his mother's darling and what one would describe as an "ordinary," therefore very lifelike, situation. The film was shown in monochrome, which also brings out its earthy quality, the trains coming and going in very routine style and the colourless life brightened only by the prospect of sexual fulfilment.

It would be easy in such a state of affairs, for the director to make the film tedious, but, true to life, there are amusing and unlikely anecdotes sprinkled here and there in the story. The attempted suicide; the tears in the stationmaster's settee; the rubber-stamping of the young lady in an unusual quarter; all these incidents seem insignificant, even trivial, but all are essential to the theme of the film.

The hero begins the story by donning proudly the railway uniform, and his complete innocence was betrayed by laughter from the stalls, indicating that the look on his face transcended the innocent and became infused with a weird insanity. The routine jobs at the station are all plied with the same isolated expression. Even when attempting to make love, he wears his railway hat, and the same expression haunts his features. It is not surprising, then, that sexual gratification is his only requirement from life, and this finally arrives near the end of the film. But in accordance with the irony of human life, he dies, after escaping from the Nazis because they see his scarred wrists, when there is far less of a risk: gazing down in wonder at the bomb he has just planted on a German ammunition wagon, he is spotted by a machine-gunner and, with his girl waiting for his initiation on the platform, he blows up with the train.

Several aspects of the film lead one to believe that it has been directed with skill and care. There is the firm precision behind every train coming into the station: early on our hero is standing ready to kiss his girl goodbye when the train moves off with her aboard. The synchronisation of the two actions is more difficult than is at first imagined. We also see a train stopping to reveal the man standing behind and between two wagons: such an effect places a premium on accuracy.

There is, finally, the explosion which is a fitting climax to the film. We see the train explode, and the scene switches back to the station, where the heroine is waiting. The violence of the shock drives her coat behind her and sends various

objects spinning her way. A hat rolls by, then thick smoke covers the entire scene. This coup de grace is the quintessence of all that is best in "Closely Observed Trains": it expresses the irony of death, and the pain of thwarted love, possesses an element of humour, and exhibits masterly photography and effects work. It would cause even Antonioni to think again about his ending to "Zabriskie Point."

PETER GOAKES

"RIPPING!"

T. W. Hutton's history of King Edward's School is an amusing book, if only because the author generously tries to deliver praise even when the grounds for it are, to say the least, dubious. There is, for example, Charton Collins, who "might have been a critic of note, but somehow just missed it." The most obvious double-edged remark, however, is applied to Alfred Hayes, the author of the School Song. All that Hayes' songs are admirable for, apparently, is the fact that they "have survived much criticism." The implication is that even should the songs be found to be devoid of lyrical merit, they are at least robust, they have an unshakeable stolidity which defies anyone who should be so rash as to criticise them.

I shall now attempt yet another assault, however, upon this formidable bastion of English idiocy, and in particular, of course, to comment on that absurd congregation of bumbling inanities—our own School Song.

When the Repertory Theatre staged "Forty Years on" last year, the programme included a selection of school songs which, presumably, were meant to represent all that is most ridiculous about the "public school spirit." Our own song headed the list as a matter of course, but it was in good company. There was a corrective reminder from Harrow that we

"Come short of the giants of old
Who grew more mightily, all in a row
Than ever was heard or told."

Also present was the cheerful prognostication from Uppingham that

"The school, the school shall win
(Oh the royal game and free),"

apparently simply because

"(Short out, short out, long in)
'Tis a goodly companie. (Merry England)."

It is ironical that the song which is meant to be a eulogy of the school, combined with an encouragement to its members, should have become an instrument which can so easily be used to hold the school up to ridicule.

The common factor shared by three of the songs (including ours) in the Rep.'s programme is that they all preach the simple but obviously erroneous philosophy that life can be compared with a rugby/cricket match to the advantage of anyone besides the satirists. This philosophy has been extremely popular, particularly at the turn of the century, when the high-priest of the public school playing-field, Sir Henry Newbolt, was at the height of his ill-deserved fame. (One reviewer was so stunned by the implications of Newbolt's work that he could only describe it as "Ripping!"). It is extremely doubtful, however, whether such a philosophy was of any worth at that time, and it certainly is not now.

When an O.E. wrote to "Chronicle" from Chicago three years ago, he said that "the values" which he had been taught "related to a world which does not, and probably never did, exist." Those values are now deservedly in disrepute, but we still have the complete statement of them before us in the School Song. It is a pity (short out, short out, long in) that the goodly companie of King Edward's still has to exercise its lungs on this Merry English absurdity.

GORDON SMITH

A MAN

Escalated automate
Wearied waits until the feet are snatched away,
Forcing him to walk
Now moved away from station friends
Rebounding cries of haste.
Lethargic crates, unfabled, double-decked
Direct to housing,
Deposit and withdraw,
Depart.

The dreary haze
Of afternooning mornings,
Denying the day its order,
Shimmers like a central-heated dream,
A sleepless dream urbanic bus-stop barrack gate.
And from inside
The outside's cold,
And friends forget.

Oppressive light—or was it heat—
Burns eyelids red, sockets sore,
And leaves the blind man purged to his content.
Yet mattress'd to his death
He thinks
And knows
The difference.
Still Eve represses knowledge—drives him on.

The window free, uncurtain'd,
An Urban Tree mocks loud,
Throbs a swollen sadness,
But keeps its branches open.

JOHN MALLATRATT

JUST LIKE THE HEROINE IN THE SAW-MILL OF TIME'S BLUES

"She paused—"

The moment is sharp and crisply sawn
by the stainless knife which is the line between
such moments

"—and began again . . ."

The edge cut swiftly in the cold dry gloss
and the rigid months it cut stand up
with only the gap which is left by the breadth of
the knife

between them. Everything in them is over now,
they stand like the marble canopies
over the graves of our memories, lying
in the leafy groves of our neurological cemeteries.
*And the links between them are like the links
that join the dead;*

They were the moments when she said that word,
when
he switched off the light, when
the H bomb fell, or
when walking out of the open door,
the thread was cut between himself and days, by
the same blade that separates the units of
recordable time

And cut off the flowering of his organic thought.

Rigor mortis has set the bodies
of both the memory and the cadaver
And lying in their glass-topped boxes
they stand for a movement that was stilled

*Even in a moment there is room for movement.
Even in a lifetime there is room for moments.*

The wax flowers around them know their place
and do not move.

PETER DANIELS



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MAY

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

CHRONICLE

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King Edward's School,
Birmingham B15 2UA.
20th April, 1971.

Dear Editor,

To you, as the head of "our local Press," I write this letter primarily as a former member of the Press Council, secondly as an avid reader of your productions, and thirdly as a critic who is getting increasingly bored with the monotone that you present of apathy. In this presentation it seems to me that you are misinterpreting your job. You have the privilege of print, and this is a privilege to be most highly valued and carefully guarded.

I wonder whether you have really given any thought to the editor's role. I have the privilege of knowing well a number of editors of local newspapers. I have myself, in war-time, been responsible for the production of a school magazine. I recognise, and so do editors of local newspapers, that the editor does not just sit in his chair waiting for material to come on his desk. It is his job, as that of all journalists, to go out and seek for news. There are in our community gifted individuals to be discovered. It is your job to keep your finger on the pulse of the community and not just on a few individuals in it whom you may happen to know. You continually complain of apathy. I did not see **you** in the Choir, for instance, at the Easter Concert, or in the Eton Fives team in the Public Schools Competition. I very much hope that you have arranged for representatives to cover these and many other activities here.

We are going through a stage of diversification, and this will add to the complication and also the interests of the editor's job. You are the editor of our House Magazine. Upon you depends the public image of the community. It is intended that you should give to our grown-up friends, some of whom subscribe to the Chronicle, a picture of activities and interests that go on here, that you should be a real newsman and not just a critic or presenter of impressions that you have received. The true critic looks deeply first into the work to which he has been invited to attend, and only after a deep look does he feel it timely to produce a judgment. This is a fundamental of book reviewing, art appreciation, and the best type of journalism.

I saw with interest the work of your confrères in American schools, where, of course, journalism is taken much more seriously than here. They saw it as their job to go out and look for news. I recognise that this is a difficult, demanding and highly-skilled job. I have been disappointed that so few of our editors here have measured up to it. I have sometimes felt that if the Birmingham Post gave such a poor impression of our city as you do of our school, then the proprietors would be absolutely right, from the point of view both of profits and of the public, to change their editor.

You have established quite a good standard of English writing, but the trouble is that it is usually about nothing. It is the duty of a House Magazine to show involvement. Yours is far too apt to reflect contracting out. If your maturity is such that all you have to say is criticism of your juniors, then I am tempted to say that you could best go

on pension straight away! It does not seem to me that it has been recognised that the job of "a leader" is to lead. Your monthly paper, to which I much look forward, shows a dreadful absence of planning. It also hints at a sort of schizophrenia revealing an editor who is permanently disaffected.

You must recognise that there is privilege in getting your words into print. The Press is an important medium. The reputation that you have built up since the new Chronicle does not do to its editors in the eyes of the public at large the credit that was hoped. It is doubted whether you appreciate your job as that of one who goes out to look for news, and who so plans his columns that there will be in them something to interest each member of his readership, and also something to attract new readership. Your job as a Chronicler is to present both news and views and to see that these cover just as wide a spectrum as you can possibly imagine. In producing the Chronicle you are writing history. In offering a forum of opinion you are inviting all kinds of comments and reactions, but you are at fault if you allow the public print to become the vehicle for private controversies.

I write to you thus because I have the interests of the Press very near at heart. I hope that some of you who serve on the editorial board here may find this the jumping-off point for an interesting and successful career in the public Press, and I wish that people responsible for our House Magazine could recognise a little more fully their responsibility and the nature of their job.

Yours,

R.G.L., Chief Master.

A LINK WITH NEW STREET

The School has received back gratefully from Stirk-Adams, O.E., F.R.C.S., a master's chair and desk, previously given by the Governors to his mother in 1936, as a memento of his father, A. W. Adams, who served as an Assistant Master from 1883-1905. At present the chair may be seen at the back of Big School; the desk will be preserved in the Library.

The chair and desk were almost certainly part of the original Barry-Pugin furniture, designed in 1833 for the Big School in the New Street building. They can be identified on early photographs about half-way along the great 19th century Schoolroom, raised several inches above the stone paving on a wooden platform, surrounded on three sides by a wooden rail or book rest of suitably Gothic character. The chair was built into the oak panelling which lined the walls of Big School.

An examination of the oak chair reveals housing joints at the level of the wooden platform. The present back of the chair was in fact structural backing to the panelling of Big School, and was never intended to be seen, the line of the original sloping back can be seen on the inner surfaces of the wings, the woodwork above the arms of the chair.

It is interesting to reflect that in all probability the present light-toned English oak of Sapientia was, until the move from New Street in 1940, blackened, like this Master's chair, with a typically Victorian overlay of dark stain, linseed oil, wax polish and grime.

J.B.H.

HOUSE REPORTS

CARY GILSON

Whereas Cary Gilson failed to stake a claim to a fair percentage of the School collection of silver plate last term, this cannot be attributed to lack of effort.

Although the desire to play rugby is not one of those intrinsic to the hearts of Cary Gilson sixth formers, the House has managed to field a moderate XV in its first team matches. It has subsequently lost them all, but the older members of the House returned defeated to the changing rooms harbouring nostalgic thoughts of the days when fielding a full team was synonymous with winning. However, the days of beating non-existent, depleted or recalcitrant opponents are disappearing, and a depth of talent—sadly lacking in the senior part of the House—has become a prerequisite for Cock House Championship points as far as rugby is concerned.

Happier outlooks, however, can be taken of Fives, Chess and Music. The traditional House Choir carried an air of confidence supported by practice which earned them a position of equal second, and the Chess team also holds a respectable placing. An aura of doubt surrounds Fives results, with announcements by the captain, J. H. Berry, attracting greater attention to the phraseology than to the content.

Generally, last term was one of mixed fortunes for the House, substantial efforts by some members not being rewarded with championship points.

JOHN MALLATRATT

EVANS

Last term saw the arrival of a new games system which aimed to involve as many people as possible in House competitions by running the Rugby and Cross Country competitions concurrently. This caused certain selection problems, but the House first XV was almost the same under the new system as it would have been under the old system. However, it was very surprising when the first XV beat some quite strong opposition in Jeune, Heath and Gifford to reach the final, where they were beaten by an outstanding Levett side. Positions of seventh in second XV Rugby and fifth in third XV Rugby gave us an overall position of second in Rugby.

While House Rugby was being played, the Cross Country competition was also taking place. This took the form of two ordinary races, one road race and a relay for both age groups. In both age groups we ran up against the same problem, that of having two very good runners in each group with no other recognised performers. But after some clever mathematics we managed to come second overall in Cross Country.

At the end of term the House Choir performed in the House Music Competition, but only managed to come sixth. Positions of fifth in Gym, third in Fives, and seventh in Chess helped us to an overall position of second in the House Championship, just half a point behind the leaders. This is as much due to the administrative efforts of the captains of various sports as to the sporting ability in the House.

WARWICK EWERS

GIFFORD

Last term Gifford was very consistent in all the competitions, our lowest position being that of equal fourth in Rugby. Unfortunately, despite this record, we won only one cup and shared another. This consistency is reflected in our present lead in the Cock House Championship of half a point.

There have been outstanding individuals in every sport, notably P. J. Southern and P. A. Glover in Rugby, both members of the School first XV; M. A. S. Oates, who was second in the senior Gym competition; J. T. Goold and P. G. Prescott in Fives—both represent the School; A. D. Lloyd, the

School Chess captain; and C. J. S. Hodges, who has devoted a great deal of time and effort to the Choir, and to whom our success in the field of Music must be largely due.

We are not noted for our performances in the summer sports, but nevertheless if the whole House tries hard to secure Swimming and Athletics standards we have an outside chance of winning the championship.

ROBIN NICHOLAS

HEATH

The sun, alas, shows signs of setting on the Heath empire of last year. The reign of terror by this sadly fading House is nearly over, and the Cock House trophy, symbol of all our endeavours in this place, may soon be lifted from its glorious pedestal by one of the upstart combines of this School society. Gone are the days when teams drawn against Heath would throw up their hands in horror, let their jaws drop, their hearts sink, and their minds boggle as the great yellow band of gypsies, oiled to perfection, purred onto the sports field. Cynics within the House may curtly remind the world of Heath's overwhelming success on the Rugby pitch, but how fickle that claim now seems, a mere paper wall against the slings and arrows, violins and cross country markers, fives balls and chess queens which now mark the previously spotless record and lilywhite complexion of the House; indeed, its appearance is now distinctly jaundiced.

Since this is supposed to be a House report, some brief mention should be made of what the House has done this year. Despite the constant feeling that they were being got at, the Rugby teams won Rugby by a massive margin without actually winning any of the individual leagues. Extra time jokes were treated with some reserve by the first XV, forced by hook or by crook to play prolonged matches on two occasions. Anyway, no other House came near the consistency shown by the Rugby players of Heath (no-one in Heath knows the names of any of the other Houses in any case).

Apart from this success, the House did a list of other things which lack any real interest but need mention. Music proved to be a cacophony (or perhaps a catastrophony) for the third year running, showing admirable consistency if lacking art. Cross Country was enjoyed by younger boys but loathed by the seniors; the new points system giving the sport a bigger share in the House Competitions obviously lacked any sales research. Although there are enough boys of the required mentality to provide a School Cross Country team, few Houses can claim to be able to divine a team from the unplumbed depths of their fleshy Upper School section.

Chess achieved some kind of success—the House came second overall and won the first team cup; but inexplicably this did not help the Fives team to bring off similar success in their competition. The Gym team did quite well with fourth place in the competition, while Basketball was received with some enthusiasm, though perhaps a little more thought was required in the selection of a team.

Thus most House activities have been given a mention, and, I hope, more power to their elbows, for the season of Cricket and Tennis is upon the School like a golden chain of clouds before a final sunset, or gathering rainclouds, depending on whether you like Cricket and Tennis. However, the contents of the last paragraphs would be irrelevant without the members of the House themselves. Who could ask for better chaps, "good sorts" every one; boys with character, charm, wit and not a little mischief are rapidly over-running the brave old world of bat and ball, and "playing the game." Their tinkling laughter ripples down the ancient corridors of the School, appreciating the amusing inconsistencies of House Prayers, while sensibly refusing to be moved to

tears by exhortation or subtle innuendo. These are the boys of the seventies, the ones who know where it's at, and while we, the old lags of the House, wish them every ounce of luck, deep inside we know where they will be in a few years' time, and really does it matter?

ANDREW SUMMERS

JEUNE

As one of the most popular opinions of the present time is that the House system still exists only to provide organised competitive games, it is quite pleasing to report that although games are obviously the major item in House life, there are other factors present. One of these has come to the fore with the advent of the House Prayers week. These prayers are left entirely to the House to organise, and the result is that we are as likely to hear Bach as Lennon on record, and Dylan Thomas as the Bible in readings. House meetings are usually more than mere reports of games and team selections, as it is becoming the custom for "officials" to attempt to slander each other following the examples set by the House minutes, which have been likened in the past to a very poor man's script for "Laugh-In."

On the games front we are having an incredible year, with the senior Rugby team losing each of its first three matches by three points or less, and then proceeding to show its true worth by crushing Cary Gilson to give them the wooden spoon. The juniors actually conceded some points in winning their event, and the minors suffered from the same sort of luck as the seniors, although they finished fourth. Simon Hollingworth is still astonished at our final position of third. In Water Polo we met Levett in the first round, and although we surprised ourselves by taking the lead, this lasted for only 90 seconds and we lost 2-1. Cross Country came and went leaving us fifth. Music may not be a sport, but it does figure in a competition and we again offered originality in both parts. Overall we came fifth, despite presenting what many people considered the best orchestral piece together with an average choral offering. As usually happens, orthodoxy won the day . . . yet again.

Finally, I would like to thank Mr. Ramsay for his tolerance of my minutes, and to commend Messrs. Everest, Russell and Tomlinson for their forbearance.

GEORGE RUSTON

LEVETT

The academic year 1970-71 has so far been one of very mixed fortunes for Levett. Our apparently everlasting superiority in the Music competition was dealt a slight blow when we learned that we had only shared first position, and the gallant efforts of the House First XV, who won both Rugby competitions, could not nullify completely the disappointing results of the second and third teams; our overall position in Rugby was sixth. In recent years Levett has never been a strong

force at Chess, and yet again we came eighth—but the situation may be improving, since A. F. Forbes was happy to report that we had actually won a match. On the range our marksmen performed superbly, and we came first in the N.S.R.A. competition. The Country Life results have yet to be announced, but we are expected to win this as well, thus completely sweeping the board. In Cross Country we came seventh, and our high hopes for the Squash competition were dashed when it never took place. We also recorded positions of sixth in Gym, seventh in Basketball and eighth in Fives.

On the games field, Levett is a very strong force in the upper part of the House, but a lack of solid team-men in the lower half will make it difficult for the House to continue the run of comparative success which it has enjoyed over the last few years.

ANDREW FREEMAN

PRINCE LEE

Prince Lee seniors have, counter to tradition, performed with greater success on the sports field than have the juniors. The delight engendered by senior successes in Rugby, Cross Country, Fives and Gym was slightly palliated by poor junior results. Nevertheless, the Chess team and the squad entered for the team section of the Gym competition both won commendable victories. Prince Lee Music was not appreciated. The House has energetically disregarded repeated pleas to enter for Athletics heats, and performances in swimming are decidedly unpredictable. Cricket (lovely Cricket) again remains the only sport in which glory seems solidly attainable. Unfortunately, Prince Lee relies too much on one or two outstandingly versatile people, and when support for these gifted individuals does not materialise, the inevitable result is mediocrity. But for all that, the social atmosphere of the House is good—and THAT, after all, is more important than mere success.

MUNNA MITRA

VARDY

Vardy is no longer plagued by visions of its seven-year supremacy in the Cock House Championship. There are no tremendous all-round sportsmen to dominate House teams, and this has led, paradoxically perhaps, to more co-operation and enthusiasm than before. Certainly there are talented individuals, but they seem outnumbered by the philosophical and reliable moderates who are always prepared to turn up and "have a go." The House officials have succeeded in fielding full teams for every match so far, with the result that the House is currently in third place in this year's Cock House Championship. The position, however, doesn't matter. If co-operation and enjoyment are considered, Vardy must surely be winning easily.

MARTIN CARDINAL

COCK HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP (to Easter, 1971)

	Water Polo	Rugby	Cross Country	Gym	Fives	Chess	Music	Total	Position
Cary Gilson	1	3	2	2	4	5½	5	22½	8th
Evans	8	21	14	4	6	2	3	58	2nd
Gifford	6	13½	12	6	8	5½	7½	58½	1st
Heath	4	24	6	5	2	7	1	49	4th
Jeune	2	18	8	8	3	4	4	47	5th
Levett	7	9	4	3	1	1	7½	32½	7th
Prince Lee	5	6	10	7	5	8	2	43	6th
Vardy	3	13½	16	1	7	3	6	49½	3rd

While compiling the official House Reports, we also received the following article, and we publish it as the expression of a sentiment which, we think, has a number of adherents in the School. It should perhaps be noted that although the author writes specifically about his own House, the subject of his reflections is the system as a whole. Needless to say, they by no means reflect the opinion of everybody.

Ask not why the House is decaying, but rather, why should it not die? Half the House are cynics, some are just not bothered, and the rest are Shells, for whom a Tuesday morning pantomime is enacted, starring half-a-dozen sixth formers propped up against the radiator, "Pilgrim's Progress" on a leprous piano, and news of a great victory on the running-track. A little boy's eyes light up.

And so to the House Report. Looking through old Chronicles I search for clichés: "Despite the exodus of talent last year, the House rallied to the cause nobly; up to the dizzy heights of sixth in Squash, but, oh dear, that cuddly old wooden spoon again in the dining hall. Not through lack of enthusiasm though . . ." I have never been enthusiastic. I cannot quite grasp the veil of happiness to draw across room 72 and its esoteric family. What can I say? We have a Rugby cup; we, or rather they, came seventh in Cross Country. But I bore you; if you were really interested, you would know the answers already. We are well well overdue for relegation.

"House" implies a dwelling, and in the "matured" boarding schools one eats, sleeps and plays in the House. There you have to grin-little-boy-or-they'll-have-you-weeping. We needn't smile though, or even see the House, save through sleepy Tuesday morning eyes. To crush the final palsied limb of the House system would do no harm: the soldiers will still creep off to the pits to kill their cardboard cut-outs; the cricketer will not be parted from his bat; nor will the playing fields be overcome by briars and brambles. And the pretty cups? Leave them be; the P.D. boys polish them.

CHRIS JONES

LENT TERM CONCERT

On Monday and Tuesday, 29th and 30th March, a Choral and Orchestral Concert (the same programme on both occasions) was given by the School Choral Society, the Chapel Choir and the combined King Edward's Schools' Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Massey. For most of the performers and the audience the substance of the programme was in the second half: the Passion Music from Part II of Handel's "Messiah." Before the interval we were given a miscellany of items for orchestra, Chapel Choir and oboe with continuo.

At the Tuesday concert the combined Orchestra (generously reinforced by some mature players) produced fluent and shapely performances of Nicolai's tuneful but over-long overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and Vaughan Williams's "Fantasia on Greensleeves"; the melodic and bass lines were always clear, even if the middle parts were sometimes thin. We salute the first appearance at these concerts of the Hodsdon harpsichord (on permanent loan to the School from the B.B.C.), which for some years has more or less silently graced the Harold Smith studio, and has now been rehabilitated by Mr. John Pryer (with assistance from a species which the programme note describes as "sundry boys"). Mr. Pryer himself played it on this occasion with great effect, both in the "Messiah" items and in the Telemann Sonata in which he collaborated with Michael Cockerham (oboe)—a notable performance, with some masterly shaping of phrase. In the three well-known lollipops by Handel ("O the pleasure" from "Acis and Galatea") and Thomas Morley, the Chapel Choir sang with exquisite precision and delicacy. But the four songs from Elgar's "The Bavian Highlands" not unnaturally defeated them. This is music which demands more mature and resonant voices (the sort that come from full bosoms and beer-soaked larynxes), and larger forces. Anyway, its heavy Teutonic coyness is difficult to take seriously. But this performance brought one *tour de force*: John Pryer's agile and resourceful piano-playing in the impossible redaction of Elgar's complex orchestral score.

For the "Messiah" music one can only say a very sincere "thank you." When a masterpiece of this scale is performed with such intense life and conviction, and with so vivid a sense of its sublimity, there is no more to be said. The School Choral Society was joined on this occasion by four young soloists—Gillian Coomber (soprano), Barbara McGuire (contralto), Philip Dennis (tenor), and Jonathan Gibbs (bass)—whose dignified yet expressive singing of the arias well matched the inspired vigour of the chorus work. Perhaps the great fugal chorus "He trusted in God" was the supreme experience of the evening; but it was a peak among many heights. Under Mr. Massey's

direction the School Choral Society is clearly capable of adventuring upon great things.

F.J.W.

CHESS

In the 1970-71 season, the School chess teams produced their best results for several years. In the Sunday Times National Tournament the first team has reached the last eight, beating Calday Grange G.S. 4-2 in the second round of the finals. The second team reached the zonal final. In the Birmingham and District Junior League the first team won the first division with unexpected ease, the third team won the second division, and a young fifth team was second in its section of the fourth division.

Probably our best result was in the Midland Schools Championship at Burton, where, despite the unavailability of several players, the title was retained.

Predictably, the best individual results were achieved by Tony "Superboy" Miles, who won the 1970 Midland Open Championship, was sixth in the British U.21 Championship, and represented England in the Glorney Cup, the U.18 team championship of Western Europe. At the beginning of April, 1971, he represented the British Chess Federation in the Nice Junior International Tournament, where he came equal first. At the Birmingham Easter Congress he easily won the U.18 title and retained the titles of Midland Open and Junior Champion. (In case anyone is wondering, I did once see Miles lose—I think!). M. J. Coward won the U.14 title.

Miles, Lloyd, Stoker and Wilson represented the Warwickshire Senior Team, and Coward, Klemperer, Szreter, Wagstyl and Unitt have also played for the county junior team.

In recognition of their performances during the season, full colours were awarded to C. J. Wilson and half colours to A. Forbes and P. Hanks.

Prospects for next season are bright, as only two of the School players are leaving, and several young players, notably Coward, Klemperer, Wagstyl, Morley, Unitt and Partridge are constantly improving.

Finally, our thanks must go to Mr. Hurn and Mr. Jones for their constant help and encouragement, and to Mr. Bailey and Miss Chaffer for allowing us to practice in the dining hall after school.

A. D. LLOYD

(School Chess Captain)

A. J. STOKER

(Secretary)

We subjoin two of the games that Miles won at the Nice Junior International Tournament.

WHITE: A. J. Miles; BLACK, P. Szekely (Hungary)

1, P-K4, P-QB4; 2, N-KB3, P-Q3; 3, P-Q4, P x P; 4, N x P, N-KB3; 5, N-QB3, P-QR3; 6, P-B4, Q-B2; 7, B-Q3, P-K3; 8, O-O, QN-Q2; 9, P-QR4, P-QN3; 10, Q-B3, B-N2; 11, P-KN4, N-B4; 12, P-N5, KN-Q2; 13, B-Q2, P-N3; 14, P-N4, B-N2; 15, QN-K2, N x B; 16, P x N, O-O; 17, QR-B1, Q-Q1; 18, N-B6, Q-K1; 19, Q-B2, R-B1; 20, N (B6)-Q4, N-N1; 21, R x R, B x R; 22, N-KB3, Q-Q1; 23, B-K3, N-Q2; 24, R-B1, P-QR4; 25, N (K2)-Q4, P x P; 26, N-B6, Q-K1; 27, B x P, P-N6; 28, B-Q4, P-K4; 29, P x P, P x P; 30, B-N2, B-QR3; 31, B-R3, B x P; 32, N-K7 Ch, K-R1; 33, R-B8, Q x R; 34, N x Q, R x N; 35, Q-Q2, B x P; 36, Q x N, B-B4; 37, Q-N7, P-K5; 38, N-K1, B-Q5 Ch; 39, K-N2. Black resigns.

WHITE: Barle (Yugoslavia); BLACK: A. J. Miles

1, P-K4, P-K4; 2, N-KB3, N-QB3; 3, B-N5, P-B4; 4, N-B3, P x P; 5, QN x P, N-B3; 6, N x N Ch, Q x N; 7, O-O, B-K2; 8, Q-K2, O-O; 9, P-Q4, N x P; 10, N x N, P x N; 11, Q-B4 Ch, K-R1; 12, Q x BP, B-Q3; 13, Q-R5, P-QN3; 14, Q-K1, B-N2; 15, P-KB4, QR-K1; 16, Q-N3, P-KN4; 17, B-Q3, P x P; 18, Q-R3, R-K2; 19, B-Q2, R-N2; 20, R-B2, R (B1)-KN1; 21, K-B1, Q-N4; 22, P-KN3, Q-Q4; 23, B x P, Q-R8 Ch.; 24, K-K2, R-K1 Ch.; 25, B-K5, R x B Ch; 26, K-Q2, Q x R. White resigns.



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JUNE

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

CHRONICLE

Vol. 3, No. 8

SPOT THE DELIBERATE MISTAKE

On the front page of the last issue we published a letter from the Chief Master, which presented a broad critical analysis of the progress of Chronicle from its first news-sheet issue in May, 1969, until Easter, 1971. A number of these points seems to me to be worth argument.

The first charge laid against recent Chronicles concerns the Chief Master's increasing boredom with "the monotone that you present of apathy." This observation has presumably been made and reinforced by reading a number of issues over the last couple of years, but what probably sparked off the specific complaint was my article about Chronicle and the School, which sat in splendid isolation on the front page of the last issue but one. It should be fairly obvious from the presentation of this onslaught, and from its tone of cheerful exaggeration, that the article was no more than an updated version of previous appeals from previous Editors for more copy—duly sensationalised because those earlier attempts had, in recent years, met with such scant success. In other words, it was propaganda. As a result, perhaps, of this article, we have had more than enough copy for two consecutive issues, sent to press within a fortnight of each other, instead of after the usual month's interval. The ends, I would suggest, have amply justified the means.

The implication that we print a constant flood of articles reflecting apathy at KES, and none (the word was "monotone") reflecting the manifold, widely various and enthusiastically pursued sporting or extracurricular activities in the School, is quite unjustified. During the past year there have been three articles, excluding my own, which touched on the subject of apathy to any significant degree, and one of those, Richard Barlow's four-part extravaganza, was in reality an attack on what he identified as the root causes of the apathy syndrome. "You continually complain of apathy"—this is simply not true.

The Chief Master goes on to discuss the reportage and general news content of Chronicle. Although it is easy to derive a false impression of the construction of the new Chronicle from the fact that original articles and poetry tend to stick in the mind longer than the day-to-day reportage, the bulk of the news-sheet invariably consists of just what its format implies—news.

The Chief Master pays tribute to "quite a good standard of English writing," but he complains "that it is usually about nothing." The copy for this issue contains reports on Borth, Genspec and Cross Country; the travelogues range from naval lightweights on the Clyde to classical heavies on Hadrian's Wall; there are two articles on the Staff Play; there is also some poetry. What precisely is the Chief Master looking for? If these subjects are nothing, then where and what, in terms of life in and around the School, is something?

Subsequently, the duty of a House Magazine is indeed defined: it is "to show involvement." This is where I begin to quarrel with the Chief Master's philosophy of Chronicle editorship. It is the duty of a House Magazine to show involvement when and where it exists—our orthodox

House Reports have done this. But towards the House system there has always been, rightly or wrongly, a certain amount of apathy or even opposition: hence, from our point of view, the inclusion of Chris Jones' article. If Chronicle doesn't reflect the School as fully as it can, warts and all, then "our grown-up friends" will receive "a picture of activities and interests which go on here" that is distorted, and correspondingly reduced in value.

The Chief Master draws a parallel with the Birmingham Post, and suggests that if the city received as unfavourable a press by the Editor of that paper as, I am informed, this School does from me, then the Post's proprietors would be justified, in terms of both economics and readership, in dismissing him. The parallel is tenuous by any standards; "profits" are mentioned, which are, unfortunately perhaps, irrelevant to any Chronicle Editor. A minority of people think Birmingham is an appalling city to live and work in; a majority can probably find some fault in its construction, atmosphere and administration. If these people cannot find a voice in the Post alongside more faithful or less critical Brummies, then that paper would do well to reconsider its treatment of local social issues. As for Chronicle, we present no monotone, either of apathy or of "everything in the garden is lovely." I would be the last person to suggest that I edit the perfect School Magazine, but I am convinced that this policy, at least, is the right one.

Of course I criticise my juniors and my contemporaries if they seem to me to be at fault. And as the publication of the Chief Master's letter demonstrates, I am only too pleased to allow juniors and seniors from classrooms and Common Rooms to criticise me and my attempts at editorship. This article itself implies an essay in self-examination and self-criticism. On the whole this seems to me to be a healthy tendency. And if I try to incorporate views on School life from as many angles as possible, I don't think my personality has split under the strain yet.

If I were disaffected, I wouldn't bother to reply to the Chief Master; I wouldn't even have started to edit Chronicle in the first place. However unlikely this may seem, I do take my job seriously; and good luck to my American confrères. But it must be obvious that I do not consider it in my interest to drive away half our readership and bore the rest to death. I do not doubt that the Chief Master has "the interests of the Press very near at heart." I do realise that print is a privilege.

But I think that the Chief Master is suffering under a serious misconception of what Chronicle can and should achieve. It is clear in his reference to the Birmingham Post; it is clear also in his courteous wish that boys will graduate from the Chronicle editorial board to careers in the public Press. In the public sense, Chronicle is not, nor has it ever been, a newspaper, and to use the same guidelines in publishing or criticising both would be an exercise in total unreality. No newspaper would sell a single copy if all its reportage was necessarily ten days to six weeks out of date. No newspaper would give itself away free. We try to be aware of our duties and responsibilities; we try to report comprehensively and to reflect a wide spectrum of comment. Our controversies are, by

our very nature, public (like this one) and not, as the Chief Master suggests, private. We are a publication, with the ideals of any publication, but with limitations as to size, scope, format, content, readership.

The Chief Master's letter seems to me, if based on the wrong conception of school (not public) journalism, at least full of a large number of highly laudable precepts and principles. But I have a growing suspicion that if he could ever face just one week's Chronicle editorial problems, not from the top of the tree but from inside the tangle of branches, he would discover a great many of his praiseworthy journalistic ideals crumbling before the hard facts of delayed deadlines and recalcitrant contributors.

SIMON ARROWSMITH

CCF GENERAL INSPECTION

The General Inspection 1971 will be memorable to me, not only because it was the first one which I had attended as a spectator, but also because of the ambitious enthusiasm with which it was so successfully approached. A very precise and military drum band led the Contingent in its marching, and obviated the necessity for the step to be called. This in itself, matched by the clarity of the C.S.M.'s orders, provided a touch of professionalism which, unfortunately, has been lacking at some of the previous Inspections. Following the actual inspection of the troops by Rear Admiral Illingworth, a number of separate demonstrations of training took place around the School.

The R.A.F. had to bale out of their crashing aircraft, which strongly resembled the School diving board, and jump into the sea to make their survival in an inflatable dinghy. It was with great relief that we saw them right the upturned dinghy—a formidable task after the righting strap had broken. The swimming pool was then used by the Naval Section to demonstrate their ability with canoes.

Various sections of Connolly Company showed how to scale a wall, and how to beat a team of ex-cadets and N.C.O.'s over the assault course, while the perennial static displays remained scattered at various points round the School grounds.

After an unfortunate start, when it was announced to the platoon which was advancing across the South Field, "Slim Platoon, you have not yet started your demonstration," an able and efficient demonstration was given of a night patrol. Whether the prisoner survived the return to H.Q. is unknown, but it was plain that the successful soldiers had never heard of the Geneva Convention.

The Final Parade commenced with a Trooping of the Colour. The Colour, escorted by Vyse Platoon, was slow marched through the Contingent with a militaristic precision that would surely equal that of many regular regiments. Following this superb demonstration of drill, the Rear-Admiral presented the Dolphin Trophy to L./Seaman Claughton, and gave a brief address in which, I have no doubt, he made many friends in the ranks, and one or two enemies among the parents, by advocating that every boy should have a motor-bike, which he should maintain himself.

The Colour was marched off, to the beat of the drums, to conclude one of the most memorable and successful Inspections of recent years.

ROGER COOKE, O.E.

ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD

It was an ambitious decision to choose "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead" as the play to break the Common Room's dramatic pause of the last seven years; and it proved to be a decision which met with mixed success. The audience each evening was duly satisfied, but the cast must have felt that this was a result of the naturally domi-

nant, and overplayed, comic element of the play, rather than appreciation of matchless balance and timing.

When Wednesday's performance came, the piece was being played almost solely for laughs, and the brunt of the element of pathos, largely to be borne by Mr. Tennick as Guildenstern, was more of an obstruction to be ridden than part of a blended mixture. However, Mr. Trott, in a natural casting as the First Player, the last of the showmen, helped to correct the balance. Mr. Gudgeon, as as Rosencrantz, made the most, with Mr. Tennick, of Stoppard's brilliant repartee, the high points being the question game and the "dead-in-a-box" interlude.

On the technical side, there was less polish than in recent productions; stray noises and crackling loudspeakers marring the expected and customary perfection.

To conclude, the production problems involved in presenting this unique play, which employs Absurd Theatre eccentricities against a background of Shakespearean drama, must be countless. The inability of words to express man's emotions, the disintegration of reason, the breakdown of the walls separating appearance from reality, and the limbo existence that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are experiencing; these are some of the tragic themes of the play, but nevertheless they are themes suffused with comedy, and the success of this production must be measured by the naturalism with which the pathetic limitations of the central characters, representatives of mankind, are portrayed. There appeared to be insufficient strength of character to evoke any great feelings of pity from the audience.

JOHN MALLATRATT

The Staff Play was performed in Big School in front of enthusiastic and appreciative audiences. The long-awaited debacle proved, in fact, to be a highly accomplished production, well up to the right standard of KES drama. Under the direction of Mr. Parslew, both actors and technicians distinguished themselves, bringing out the full meaning behind the text without allowing any of the superficial comedy to slip. Enunciation and projection were at all times good, overcoming the poor acoustics of Big School. The pace was exactly right, although it slipped towards the middle of the third act; but it was recovered, and led the way to a very powerful ending.

Mr. Trott was excellent, as expected, in the demanding role of the First Player. He achieved the correct proportion of crudity, mixed with a verbosity somewhat akin to Flamineo in "The White Devil"; but he rightly lacked all of Flamineo's vitriolic sycophancy. The bluff, genial character came over, giving the audience much cause for laughter and acting as a perfect foil to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

The rest of the cast also distinguished itself. Mr. Hames proved an excellent Hamlet, seizing the part as if it were a large leg of mutton, and chewing remorselessly through it. Two very good cameos were forthcoming from Mr. Worthington as Polonius (who suggested a frustrated woodpecker) and the all-seeing Mr. Ganderton as the all-seeing Horatio. The most pleasant surprise of the night was Mr. and Mrs. Benson as Claudius and Gertrude. Their performances as the bourgeois king and queen, always in a hurry, always with some major problem being reduced by them into a banal irritation, were absolutely right.

The major part of the credit, however, must go to Messrs. Gudgeon and Tennick (or is it Gudgeick and Tennon?) as Rosencrantz and Guildenstern themselves. They had developed a Laurel-and-Hardy-like understanding in rehearsal, which they exploited to the full in production. The dialogue between them alone, containing some of the most difficult passages in the play, was sustained all the

way through, and they coped in a most impressive fashion with the rapid-fire exchanges of the word game.

Also impressive were the changes of barrels by the stage staff, and the interchange of the actors as well; in fact, the whole of the third act was of a very high technical standard and the entire company was obviously very tightly disciplined. Let us hope, therefore, that there will be another staff play in the near future, and that it is just as enjoyable as "Sterencrantz and Rosenguild Are Dead"

CHRISTOPHER GIBBONS

CLYDE M.F.V.

(or there's an enigmatic title if you like)

"I'm not putting my uniform on," stated boring, defiant, muscular WAFBill Workman. Half-an-hour later, 12 uniformed cadets awaited the arrival of Messrs. Benson and Benett at the ticket barrier, Glasgow Central. Upon their arrival all the bags and suitcases were thrown into a passing taxi, together with Alan Buchanan, and quickly despatched to Queen's Street Station, where we imbibed foul coffee (there follows a joke so bad that the Editor has no intention of typing it out, let alone having it printed), while awaiting the Helensborough train.

We next met food at Faslane naval base (at this point it should be stated that the Editor takes no responsibility for the accuracy of the placenames mentioned, since he's experiencing some difficulty in reading Geoff Bird's handwriting). Here Geoff Bird was put in charge of suitable naval word the rations to two boats. We got a complete monopoly of the tinned, ready-peeled potatoes.

That night in Rothsay, WAFBill Workman, Simon Hollingworth and Dave Williams — for whom the sun was shining, although it was raining in his heart — visited every establishment and through a good bit of bowling, WAFBill was illegible leaving Simon ready for another innings.

The following day, Thursday, we steamed up the East Kyle to stop at Loch Riddon, where a walking/geological party was dropped off. Mr. Benett and Geoff Bird were subsequently deluged with samples of every rock for miles around—including concrete. After a mere 10 miles the mob grew tired of this little game, especially as the ship came into view at Otter Ferry. After a brief interlude at Tarbert, where WAFBill established his reputation as the only authentic darts player north of the Tweed, we burned up Loch Fyne to Inverary on Friday. With tears in our eyes, we drove off into the football match of the century. Niel (sic), the young skipper, and Hughie, the even younger ship's layabout, were of reputed international standard and needed a game to keep in trim. They got one: N.C.O.'s plus Niel and Hughie, stick the Rest of the World. The Rest won 11—4, although by Niel's Scottish ruling the N.C.O.'s won by scoring the last goal. Hughie lay flat out, steam rising from his shattered corpse. Something euphemistically entitled a "Night Op," followed, notably only for WAFBill's amazing enforced sobriety: we didn't arrive in Rothsay until 2 a.m.

Saturday saw us moving on to Lochranza on the Isle of Arran, where raised beaches and false bedding created wild excitement in tiny minds. Next stop Camble—definitely the worst town since Birmingham; we found ourselves in an establishment crowded with Celts. One particularly dirty and ill-spoken specimen took a fancy to the irresistible WAFBill, whom he identified unhesitatingly as Tiny Tim, that bosom buddy of all illiterate Scottish alcoholics. Tiny Tim was press-ganged into the local darts competition after glowing reports from those two fast buck promoters, Shylock Bird and Masher Hollingworth. With suitable liquid support between rounds, Tiny Tim performed very creditably, particularly in the semi-

final, where he brassnecked a very tricky customer with masterly aplomb. Unlimited free liquor seemed ours for a song. But we overdid it, WAFBill lost in the final, his manager and treasurer were both fired, and all we could conjure up was half-a-pint between ten of us.

We sailed over the bay to Ayr on Sunday, via Lamlash harbour, Arran, where Geoff Bird and Ian Page caught pollock with abandon. At Ayr, distress and discontent were rife among the crew—everywhere was closed. Tiny Tim's second sober evening of the week got on everyone's nerves, but time was passed by a cricket joke competition, i.e., every third man dismissed was bailed overboard.

By now Richard Pope had been revealed as the Galloping Gourmet of the Clyde and was awarded the Gordon Blue by Mr. Benett. He must also be credited with the invention of can throwing, a highly complicated and skilful sport enjoyed by the whole boat.

On Monday we steamed up to Little Cumbray and Largs. As if that wasn't enough for one day, a "man overboard" competition was held, won by the most competent, skilful and highly knowledgeable cadet on board (and modest too, it seems). The evening was spent at Greenock, where Hughie lived, so it wasn't much of a place. Simon forced the follow-on, leaving WAFBill out again plus a few other equally tremendous talents. The next day we returned to Faslane and Birmingham on an uneventful journey (i.e., he's run out of anecdotes at last).

Our thanks go to Mr. Benson and Mr. Benett, whose knowledge, advice and ability to play bridge were invaluable. Thoughtful regards also to Niel, Adam and Hughie in Scotland. We hope they all enjoyed the week as much as we did. Supporting cast on the trip comprised Andy Downton, Phil Jones, Derek Jones, Rodney Rounce and Paul Davis.

GEOFFREY BIRD AND THE BUSTED
TYPEWRITER KING

MARINE BIOLOGY COURSE BORTH, 1971

The Marine Biology Course at Borth has become an essential item for biologists at School, and the accumulated knowledge of 18 previous courses ensures a thorough acquaintance with all the terrain offers.

The course, which is supervised by Mr. Dodds, with the assistance of Mr. Rigby and Mr. Russell, caters for three distinct requirements; an introduction to field work for beginners, an opportunity to develop original research for "second timers," and unlimited scope for dedicated bird-watchers to observe and record the birds which frequent shore, estuary and wild bird sanctuary.

Laboratory equipment is taken down and set up in the Youth Hostel, and provides a proper scientific background for research. The course is divided into lectures, field work and lab. work.

The Borth area consists of an area of rocky shore, abounding in rock pools, the sand dunes, the estuary, and the peat bog. As the coast is not polluted to any great extent, opportunities exist to study wild life which has been exterminated in many similar areas, but one field of research did concern the incidence of DDT in shellfish, and in birds found dead without apparent injury.

Borth Youth Hostel faces the sea, therefore no time is lost in travelling to the area where people are working, the timetable is governed to some extent by the tides, and everyone works very hard.

The rich variety of sea creatures, anemones, fish, seaweed, crabs, starfish and shellfish amazes those accustomed to find discarded ice cream containers, tin cans and broken bottles on the sea shore.

The windswept sand dunes show ample evidence of the adaptability of plants, and overhead the sea birds wheel and call in the clear air.

The entire course is an adventure in noting the ecology of the seashore. The discipline of the course, which consists of collection of specimens, identification and examination, is consistent with the best scientific tradition.

The masters give directions to the beginners, information to the researchers, and also ensure the performance of those duties with which Youth Hostellers are only too familiar.

The atmosphere of Borth Youth Hostel during the course is compounded of chemicals, cooking and rubber boots—an unforgettable combination.

A MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION

TOUR OF HADRIAN'S WALL

The season was brought to a satisfactory conclusion by a visit of an uncommonly strong team to the Border Country. The team of 28 was led and captained by Rev. F. J. Williams, M.A. (Cantab.). The opposing captain-in-chief was the Emperor Hadrian, and the travelling umpire the Rev. J. Birdoswald Bruce. The following made guest appearances: Canon and Mrs. R. G. Lunt and friend; the Gnome of Acomb; Veronica (remember Veronica?); episcopus salta(r)trexque; Rosencrantz and Guildenstern; R. G. Collingwood, A.B.S., P.W.P.M., C.M.S., Q.C.P.S. and answers on a postcard to this address: The Emperor Hadrian, A Fragmentary Inscription 2½ cm. x 1 cm., A Plastic Marmalade Sandwich, Museum of Antiquities, Newcastle.

Guest disappearances were made by: Canon and Mrs. R. G. Lunt and friends; Rev. F. J. Williams and friends (vide supra); Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Tennick and vehicle; Hadrian's Wall (aedificatorum operumque publicorum ministerium falcit).

Matches played were as follows:

At Acombe Y.H. v. Old Miners' Association—

"In case of urgent need use ladies above."

At Hexham Abbey v. St. Acca—

"Every step down equals 100 years of history."

At Chesters v. Mrs. Lucullus and her astonishing Asturians—

"Isn't there a fort around here somewhere?"

At Once/Twice etc. Brewed v. The Flying Dutchman—

to six p Dutchmen: "I'm sorry, I thought you were some of my boys."

At Corbridge v. The Corstopitum Lions—

"No, you can't go up the tower. The graveyard's too full already."

After arrival at Acomb on day 1, following a brief visit to the Newcastle Museum of Antiquities, days 2 and 3 were spent in visiting various sites around Hexham and Newcastle, including the two most important Christian buildings on the tour: Hexham Abbey, which stands on the site of Wilfrid's original abbey, and incorporates a crypt constructed with stones taken from local Roman settlements; and St. Paul's Church, Jarrow, the church of the venerable Bede, where interest lay in those surviving parts of the church contemporary with Bede himself. The main Roman site was at Corbridge, where the Corstopitum station was found to be quite a typical example of its kind, and which provided a background to the more complicated forts the team was to see during the next two days.

Day 4 was occupied by the journey from Acomb to Once Brewed, taking in on the way the fort at Chesters, remarkable for its state of preservation—particularly the Bath-House, a typical example of Roman ingenuity and expertise with heating and drainage systems; and the Mithraic temple at Carrawbergh, a full-scale reconstruction

of which had been seen in Newcastle three days before.

Excursions along the wall successfully filled days 5 and 6, with stops at the forts of Housesteads, Curvioran and Vindolanda, a little way off the wall on the original supply route. This site was especially interesting as it provided an opportunity to watch excavations in progress, including the unearthing of an astonishing hoard of Roman shoes. On day 7 the team journeyed to Carlisle via the bridge at Willowford, Birdoswald fort, and Lanercost. During the next and final day time was found to visit Carlisle Cathedral and the Tullie House Museum.

The success of the tour was undoubtedly due to the amount of time and effort spent by its organisers, and especially by Mr. Williams. We would all like to thank both him and Mr. Tennick for transporting rucksacks, which made the trip much more enjoyable for all concerned. Finally, we want to express the hope that we have set a precedent for similar expeditions in the future.

BY VARIOUS PEOPLE WHO
SHOULD KNOW BETTER

THE RIOT

Red tension glaring
And bulging eyes staring;
Clenched knuckles gripping
And finger nails ripping;
Chanting and stamping,
With iron boots tramping,
The mob's hate is swelling—
Its power is compelling;
A senseless, raging, vicious herd
That never heeds the reasoned word.

ANTHONY BURT (Shell 3)

CROSS COUNTRY

The Cross Country team suffered last term from a totally unjustified and highly damaging sense of superiority. The attitude that "we will beat them, come what may," affected, naturally enough, the performances of the team. The situation deteriorated further because of our inability to field our strongest team; on no occasion were all our top runners available for selection.

There were also other problems, caused by injuries. At the start of the Lent term both the captain and the secretary suffered foot injuries. The captain was unable to run for six weeks, and only the meteoric rise to fame of C. N. Morris, who was for a period our best runner, the workmanlike support of our two vice-captains, M. Lawley and G. I. Dunn, and the bravery of the valiant secretary, who ran on despite the pain in his foot, prevented several humiliating defeats.

When the captain finally returned he ran extremely well, and the team performance improved considerably. He has appeared for the Birmingham League, for whom he came fifth, a very creditable performance.

ROBIN NICHOLAS

Results

Jan. 20th: 1, St. Philip's; 2, KES; 3, Moseley.

Feb. 13th: The 1st and 2nd teams both beat Bromsgrove.

The 1st team was also placed:

3rd in the Kings Norton championships.

3rd in the Kings Norton to Redditch road relay.

13th in the Rugeley inter-schools race.

12th in the Lichfield schools relay.

3rd in Division 1 of the Greater Birmingham Cross Country League. The 2nd team was placed 3rd in Division 3 of the same league.



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JULY

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

CHRONICLE

Vol. 3, No. 9

EDITORIAL

A large part of this edition of "Chronicle" is devoted to creative writing of one kind or another. We are able to print some games results, but full reports from the summer games clubs will not be available until the season is complete and will therefore appear in the next issue, which will also report on the various events that pepper the calendar at the end of the summer term. This will include Cricket Week, Swimming Sports, Speech Day, Music Syndicate Concert for "Shelter," and the Dramatic Syndicate plays. Between them, the two issues cover quite a lot of school.

AN O.E. CIRCUMNAVIGATES THE WORLD

(Earlier this year, a member of the Common Room received a letter from a very recent O.E. describing his life in recent months on a large cargo ship. The account is so interesting that we print a substantial extract from it).

I thought I would write and let you know how things are going on "Naess Talisman."

As I think I told you, I joined the ship in Rotterdam on December 27th last year. She is a 72,000 tons deadweight bulk carrier, capable of carrying any bulk cargo, but only carrying iron ore and coal on this charter. At present we are nearly back in the Continent with 66,000 tons of ore for Germany from Port Dampier in Western Australia.

We sailed from Rotterdam on New Year's Eve and into the Atlantic bound for Norfolk, Virginia, in ballast. The trip across was pretty severe, it being winter, of course. For much of the time I was keeping the 8—12 watch with the third mate on the bridge at night, and working on deck in the morning. In America we de-ballasted and loaded coal for Fukuyama in Japan. In the ballasting operation we loaded 43,000 tons of water ballast in 24 different tanks and two holds. The three pumps pump 1,250 per hour and there are about 60 valves to operate, which make it quite a sizeable and complex job. I was staggered to find myself put in charge.

Sailing from America on January 15th, we passed through the Panama Canal on the 22nd—the largest ship ever to do so: a beam of 104 ft. 6 in. left 6 in. to spare on either side in the huge locks.

After a three-day stop in Japan, we sailed on to Australia, crossing the equator en route. Two days from Dampier, the main engine-room switchboard blew up and caught fire. I was about to turn in when the alarm bells went, and I had to dash off to carry the breathing apparatus to the engineers' changing room—my duty in the event of fire. Fortunately, the fire was controlled and extinguished quickly, the damage being contained in the switchboard itself, but we were stopped for 24 hours and had no gyro compass, radar, refrigeration and a few other things until Dampier, when the generators could be shut down. We have fire drills and boat drill once a week, but when the bells go at night and you know it is for real, it is quite terrifying. At that time we were a couple of hundred miles from land, which would have been a long swim.

From Dampier began the five-week trip back across the Indian Ocean, past the Cape and up the Channel. We went through three hurricanes in the Indian Ocean—it's quite something to see a ship this size (820 ft. x 104 ft. x 60 ft.) thrown about like a "Wayfarer" in a Force 6: the wind was 90—110 knots. Rounding the Cape safely amid the usual whales and Russian trawlers, we are due in Bremerhaven in a few days, and we hope to get some mail at last. Thence to Rotterdam, and after a round trip to Brazil I am hoping to pay off back in Holland, half-way through June.

I have learnt a great deal so far in my short time at sea. Now that I have been right round the world I can see that it is really a very small place, and can see many things differently now. I have enjoyed learning the navigational part of the job very much, and I have gained my steering ticket, which means I shall probably have to take the helm in the Channel.

The work on deck has been mainly bosunry stuff—renewing ropework in lifeboats, as well as overhauling deck equipment, and a few odd painting jobs. I am very grateful for all I was taught in the Scouts with regard to knots, splices, etc., and have now also learnt to splice wire, which is very different.

There is a lot more to tell you, but I hope I can come and visit the School sometime when I get home, and see everybody then.

ANDREW ECCLESTON

"A starved crow sits in the field attentive: and in the wood the owl rehearses the hollow note of death."—T. S. Eliot.

A starved crow sits in the field attentive: and in the wood the owl rehearses the hollow note of death. They are the only crow, and the only owl. The classic fairy-tale symbols: blackness, the devil, the supernatural; and wide-eyed scientific wisdom; these two, and I—we are the only ones left, rehearsing for destruction. We have held the final dress rehearsal, and as we three sit upon our stage-property seats, we contemplate the end of the world.

I do not know why only we three were allowed to live beyond the first cataclysmic rehearsals. But when the play was conceived, when two remote planets, Neptune and Pluto, crashed together with such celestial force that the whole solar system was blasted out of its regularity, and when the moon went spinning away from its mother and left her desolate, when the floods came, and went, and came again—then only three living beings remained: the hungry, dusty, spiritual crow, the doomed, material owl, and the man, waiting for the performance.

So the crow, having little else to do but wait, sits on the sodden post of a fence and ruffles his feathers, then flattens them and grooms them with his beak. He is bored, waiting, and repeats the process many times, sending up clouds of dust. Perhaps he is saying to the post, "I'm alright, Jack," for the devil thinks he is invincible—death cannot harm him, but merely change his state from mortal to immortal. The same is true of his counterpart, God; indeed, it is true of all such celestial beings—all are sure that they are invincible and that death has no dominion over them. It happens

to be the devil, the crow, who has been chosen to represent the supernatural clan in this play. But he shuns reality. He refuses to accept that he will soon be a pitiful mass of black, oily feathers, floating on a gigantic ocean which obliterates all the land, with his beak open and his hideous wagging tongue waving with the flow of sea water as it corrodes his body away. The crow does not believe that reality is almighty, even over the soul, and he goes on grooming his plumage, waiting for the first night.

But the owl—the real, wise owl—he is rehearsing his part. He has been practising for a long time now. He predicted with his computer many years ago that the two planets would crash and that the earth would drown and die. He knows that at that time, cold sea water will enter his lungs, and he will be unable to breathe, and he will die and cease to exist. He has trained his mind with an electronic simulator to accept this. He sits on a branch, alert, waiting for his predictions to come true with callous precision; perhaps he says to the trees, "I told you so." But neither he nor the crow, the mundane nor the immortal, can foretell what will really happen after the instant when the wave comes and sweeps him into its eager mouth.

And then there is me, the rather stupid, unsure man. I sit on a mound of mud, composing elegaic couplets in Latin to preserve my sanity. I have a vague idea that I will go somewhere when I die, "depart this life," either to the crow's home or to some other hell, the home of another heavenly being, depending on my performance during the play: but there again, I also think that when water enters my lungs my life will end and I will not exist any more. I have been pressed from both sides, like a shopper being tempted by a new product, from the crow and from the owl; but still I cannot make up my mind. Perhaps that is even a virtue—at least I shall not be taken by surprise. But I do not know . . .

And so we three sit and wait for destruction. The crow, the immortal, complacent, sure of himself, despising everything else, confident in his belief that he will never die: the owl, wise, scientific, mathematical, real, predicting the exact point in time and space when he will cease to exist: and I, middling, philosophical, unsure, ignorant. And then the curtain rises, the wave comes, we three are swept up. Which one was right?

JON GIBBS

SOME CRICKET RESULTS

- May 1—D. H. Benson's XI 148-8 dec., KES 149-3. Won by 7 wkts.
- May 8—Wrekin 124, KES 126-1. Won by 9 wkts.
- May 12—KES 209-1, Waverley G.S. 77-7. Won by 132 runs (G.S. Cup).
- May 22—KES 203-9 dec., R.G.S., Worcester 154. Won by 49 runs.
- May 26—Commercial Union Assurance Co. 143-7 dec., KES 105-9. Match drawn.
- June 7—Denstone 224-7 dec., KES 206-7 Match drawn.
- June 10—KES 132-9, K.E.G.S., Aston 131-6. Won by 1 run (G.S. Cup).
- June 12—KES v. Warwick. Cancelled.
- June 16—KES 181-6 dec., Solihull 182-8. Lost by 2 wkts.
- June 19—KES v. Trent. Cancelled.
- June 23—King Henry VIII, Coventry, 152-3 dec. Kes 156-5. Won by 5 wkts.
- June 24—K.E.G.S., Nuneaton, 61, KES 62-1. Won by 9 wkts. (G.S. Cup).
- June 27—Bromsgrove 77, KES 78-3. Won by 7 wkts.

BASKETBALL

In its first season in the Birmingham League the senior team gained vital match experience and con-

fidence and improved its skill, but was only able to win two matches out of 12. The first two or three matches were needed to organise the team into playing as a unit and to provide some match experience. The team played well against Moseley and would have done better if Steve Johnson had been able to play, but only just managed to beat Lordswood, the weakest team in the league. King's Norton are this year's English schools champions, and so defeat was inevitable. In the return matches the team improved and could have beaten Bournville, Five Ways and Moseley but for the fact that it lacked the ability to take control of the game once it was in the lead. Against King's Heath and King's Norton a different key player was missing each time, but Lordswood were beaten more effectively. The team finished sixth out of seven in its section. The friendly games have been more successful and the team played well on each occasion. The leading players have been Alan Homer, Cliff Grover, Ian (Joe Davis) Hankinson and Roy Clarke, with Steve Johnson outstanding. These players have scored a total of 779 points in all matches. Robert "Sandy" Shaw has the unique record of being sent off at least (he's lost count) four times in ten matches for five personal fouls, but the fouls have been tactical and effective.

This season saw the formation of the junior team, which also played in the Birmingham League (U.15). The team played its first match after only two practices, which for most of the side was the first time they had played basketball seriously. After rather a nervous start, the team improved considerably as the season went on, and even won a match, although still lacking experience and skill. The junior team eventually finished an unbelievable fourth out of six in its section, having won four matches, three by default.

This year was only a start, and both teams should improve season by season, especially as basketball is now played in the lower half of the School. As a result of their performances during the season, School colours have been awarded to Steve Johnson, Alan Homer, Cliff Grover, Ian Hankinson and Roy Clarke, and for his great enthusiasm, Tim Shaw has been awarded his half-colours. Finally, I would like to thank Mr. Birch for all the work he has done for both teams.

ALAN HOMER

BASKETBALL RESULTS 1970/71

Senior Team :

League matches : v. Bournville (h) lost 32—66, v. K.E. Five Ways (h) lost 25—63, v. King's Heath (a) lost 33—87, v. Moseley (a) lost 52-90, v. Lordswood (a) won 48—38, v. King's Norton (h) lost 38—119, v. Bournville (a) lost 30—42, v. K.E. Five Ways (a) drew 61—61, v. Moseley (h) lost 49—56, v. King's Heath (h) lost 47—77, v. Lordswood (h) won 67—39, v. King's Norton (h) lost 31—121.

Friendly matches : v. K.E. Five Ways (h) won 52—42, v. Old Eds. (h) lost 73—76, v. Warwick (h) won 71—36, v. Bournville (h) won 83—66, v. Moseley (h) lost 55—72.

Junior Team :

League matches : v. Stanmore (a) lost 10—51, v. Lordswood (h) lost 12—75, v. Oldbury Tech. (h) won by default, Oldbury Tech. (a), won, withdrew from league, v. Stanmore (h) lost 36—48, v. Holly Lodge (h) won 40—32, v. Lordswood (a) lost 18—65, v. George Dixon (h) lost 38—50, v. Holly Lodge (a) won by default, v. George Dixon (a) lost 11—21.

Friendly matches : v. Warwick (h) lost 16—22, v. Lyndon (h) lost 18—60, v. Moseley (h) won 30—17.

POETRY

AWAKENING

Earth on wood:
the priest turns his back
and returns through the graveyard.
The lost wife
scatters flowers on the ground,
scarcely believing the words on his headstone;
the tune dies.
That was the first night,
when eye and hand discussed the day
where once they talked together.
The morning will bring work, not sorrow.
Door slams outside; the nightmare ends:
she dresses in front of the mirror, for company.

ANDREW SUMMERS

From "INSIDE A WHITE CHRISTMAS"

I knelt on the crimson velvet,
on the velvet so many have touched,
on the velvet before the snow-white altar
watched by the stone-grey faces
struck into life so long in the past
to gaze at the women as they sew.
And did my children arrive safely?
In the big towns I was sure they would lose their
way.

And do my children eat well,
do they run over the park-green land
to the bronze statues at the gates;
do they shake hands with the old men;
do they play with the tame town dogs;
do they keep clean;
do they remember my advice;
are they remaining young?
The glow from the window seemed to hold
them,
half their faces perfect in every feature,
half in darkness.

And Mary gazed like this,
into the eyes of her Christmas child
and drank the well water.

ANDREW SUMMERS

PORTSMOUTH CENTRAL PARK 1970

Cut out my heart,
And leave it here
In God's church;
Cool sorrow tends
The flowers now.
In these bright fields
Let my chained soul stay.
Don't make me wander
From these snow-borne lilies,
Let me keep my peace
For ever here.
In God's name I ask you,
Stop my errant nature,
Free me from my bonds of
Everlasting space,
Let me lie here,
God's own, if for only
A thousand years,
But let me stay.
I see too far, not far enough,
I cannot see all, yet
Must; O God, unchain me,
Make me know, or freeze
My very mind,
But for pity's sake,
Let me rest.

MICHAEL JACKSON

RULE

Wonderful men, a facsimile
Army struts onto the field:
Rameses, Napoleon, Joffre and Slim
Give command, fight, fall,
And fight again, smashed in tactics,
Made humble, then, reborn,
Every metal man marches forward,
Sweet cherries in his mouth, brittle roses in his
hat.

MICHAEL JACKSON

From "REPRIEVE"

I remember that afternoon with the sun.
Flicker the torch.
Doom.
Fires leap, leap high into the chimneys of
Despair
To light me on my way.
Devils creep out onto the greasy promontory,
Before the gates that open into Hell,
Whereon the victim slithers down
Like a trickle on a slimy branch.
You are doomed, simply rings the voice
Behind the barbed-wire strands and spiral.
And I walk to the beckoning devils.
They do not have green eyes,
Nor are they black and impish,
But wickedly innocent and obscure.
Large hands sway back and fore,
I cannot see their grin or smile,
I walk, and nearer,
They come nearer, and I see
Agony swept across them, in their eyes.
Let the drums beat while I descend.

As they walked across the lawn
The wind poured the sail, and my boat lurched.
A wave flapped like a flounder in the bilge
And fled. There. There. Gone.
The cork in the bottom of the boat blew out,
Pop.
Water gushed.
The ninepins drinking tea on the church lawn
Did not see the sail submerge,
For Death is invisible.
And they talked away the sun
Of this and this and that and
Not a mention of Death,
They could not see Death,
And the sun shone on their blessing.
The minister glanced at the green sea
And saw no ships.
The sun set, grinning,
And its smile turned into the moon,
Melancholy moon with seas lashing up to seas of
sand.
The silver surf roared, rolled
Onto the seaweed streaks,
And the pebbles washed the willows in the field,
And the hedges ran rings around the bluebells
Black with night and Death,
As the sea mounted, reluctant to receive the
Dead.

EWAN BOWIE

SO ARE YOU

I saw you coming through the long grass,
(the grass was greener)
Long orange dress, long yellow hair
(your hair was irrelevant),
Standing pointing accusing fingers at the 1930s
Playing with me and our minds touched, our
minds touched,
Softly touched each other with our minds
Crossing thoughts
And when you're not with me you're not
without a doubt
Without me
And when I'm not with you
I'm there, and so are you.
One fine day I'll carry you away,
Seal our fingers at break of day . . .
You move for me and your hair blows wild—
Mother of Grief and Mother of Child.
The time ticks along crossed-over wires
Now's the time for blossom-time . . .
One fine day I'll carry you away.

PETER GOAKES

WITH TRAIN HAZE

This lazy bay of solitude
Is sunk with rays, with deaths of smoke,
And motion, like a snake, is hurled
Against the frames of shattered night:
Indubitable rays of snakes
And motion, one dead horse, once trapped,
Within the past is tamely wrapped.
O wanderer, come close this night
And guard, my soul, its troubled flight.

PETER GOAKES

SILENCE—"WHAT CAN I SAY?"

Remember
When I'm a gurgling grandpa
Shock white-haired, a wrinkled foetal head
Inside my mind the words fly round and round
More words than you've yet seen
A swarm of depression, malnutrition, pride,
Bees that sucked all reason dry
And stored the honey God knows where
Remember
When my mewling face runs backward to the
brain
And you think you have frightened it
Remember
The words are now locked in
I alone the key
And when you wheel me off with glee—
My false teeth confiscated, a dummied baby—
And store me with more "senseless souls"
In the stench of urinated wards
And are gone
Remember
That you cannot see us talking each to another
You do not see us flout our faces
In argument, but yet
We
Can communicate;
I am an incubated child
With arm and leg stumps waving in the air
Like a cripple
Who has that within which passes speech
But not understanding.

JOHN MALLATRATT

SECOND COMING

Like a twisted drawing pin,
Spun from a schoolboy's hand,
I spin and travel nowhere
Until I fade and fall.
But sadistic child
Picks up my broken corpse
Reminds me of a cross;
I spin once more and fade.
And now I live in fear
Of being picked up again,
And also in the fear
Of not.

JOHN MALLATRATT

BEING YOUNG

Being young and indolent
He wished to be carried
By every current of contemporary thinking
So much so that he remained forever
In the same place.

STEPHEN SMITH

SONG FOR THE PEOPLE

Inside us all, the dirty urban streets
Touch lasting memories:
Grey faces, black; seeing only old days
as burnt-out candles, new days,
menacing, threatening, similar.
Which pass into the dark
before coming to light.
Pavements crowded, people empty.
Physical force lacking mental energy,
Mental force lacking physical energy.
But on, on, on, anywhere but somewhere.
Lost in a nightmare of fallen angels.
Inside us all, the dirty urban streets
Touch lasting memories.

STEPHEN SMITH

RUGBY

PLAYING RECORDS, 1970/71

			P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.
1st	22	10	1	11	245	258
2nd	15	7	2	6	155	127
3rd	8	5	1	2	103	120
U.16	8	2	0	6	49	146
U.15	12	6	3	3	151	78
U.14	14	10	1	3	259	138
U.13	18	8	0	10	217	153



71
SEPTEMBER

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

CHRONICLE

Vol. 4, No. 1

Some Syndicate Reports

DRAMA

I am just recovering from post-play depression; I am tired, my throat is sore, I have been withdrawn from the breaches. A company of about 30 have been totally immersed in "Oh, What a Lovely War," and even though many of us had never acted here before, I feel that we were soon working as a unified cast, sympathetic to the script and to the direction. The actual performance gave me great satisfaction, but I am no critic.

The time allotted to syndicates was a fortnight, and we worked solidly through two weekends. Most afternoons were eaten away by games, and we were hampered by other school obligations, such as Speech Day. A mere 36 hours were spent in stage rehearsal, but our aim was achieved. We claim to be the hardest-working syndicate.

We began by gloomily reading through the scripts on stage, and blocking in various stage directions with considerable uncertainty. The run-throughs became progressively less catastrophic, and gradually songs and dances were slotted in; finally the lighting and sound effects.

Apart from the fact that the syndicate furnished a scratch company, there were some special difficulties inherent in the play. The show demanded continuity between the individual sections, each of which was developed to a rather grotesque caricature of some particular portrait or event. This was the most difficult task, to put the ball-back-home alongside the gas mask, to fit them into the same show. There were also the stupendous complexities of sound effects, in which artillery fire had to be distinguished from the sniper's bullet, and follow it by seconds. One does not fully appreciate the lighting or the lantern-slides from the stage itself, but the effects were both subtle and dramatic. The technicians' cue-sheets were formidable.

Costumes and properties were necessarily limited by a self-imposed budget, and indeed, availability. Attics yielded tin hats and gas-capes, we distinterred our greatcoats, and although the C.C.F. was unwilling to loan out their playthings, we scrounged a few belts and caps, and shot people with broomsticks. In the original production, by Theatre Workshop in London, the cast wore pierrot outfits, but I believe we looked presentable in the functional black outfits which attempted uniformity. Hair-length was naturally a problem. We did trim our locks a little—warily for fear of hormonal upset—and did our best with odious Brylcreem. I like to think that the hair lent an extra germ of parody to the performance.

Many parts were difficult to learn: if one played four different soldiers, there was a risk of mixing them up, for military commands are so tediously similar. The trench scenes were most difficult to learn, when one had to intersect some brief order or spontaneously witty comment every sixth line in a lengthy section. Cues had to be picked up quickly, and this is where we were most likely to fail. The girls were lovely.

The tarty cabaret girl, the stylised Tiller-girls, the pathetically beautiful Austria, the refined, arrogant France—these were key parts giving life and

colour throughout the production. They could also sing.

I mention three people by name. The elaborate work behind the stage was tied together smoothly and firmly by the excellent Jon Bromwich, stage manager. Robert Osborne suffered musical degradation by both playing "Goodbye" and similarly inspired works, and making us sing it, or at least, articulate it. Without the wholehearted, indeed, passionate direction of Mr. Parslew, the play could not have been; he showed us the guiding hand, or rather, the grip of iron that makes a play succeed.

Finally, I mention the theme of the play, for me, the inspiration behind the acting. Throughout, we see the disturbing balance between gaiety—hope and glory—and the sinister, beckoning realities of the War. August, 1914, saw the beginning of a party game: take a gun, knock a Hun, and we'll be back for Christmas. A boy is beguiled by patriotic and sexual taints, dressed in khaki, taught the killing game with a rifle, and sat in a trench. Gradually the optimism and colour of the first half of the play gives way to 1915 and the pitiful realisation in the later years of the second half. The last three songs are bitter. And yet still the façade, the prattling fools at home, supporting a cause that did not exist, a front that was meaningless. It was a façade. "The war to end wars . . . killed ten million . . . wounded twenty-one million . . . missing seven million . . . oh, oh, oh, it's a lovely war."

CHRIS JONES

MUSIC: SHELTER CONCERT

The first group of items was sung by the Chapel Choir and technically they sang very well. In pieces by Vecchi and Morley, their entries, leads and diction were good, and the overall sound was disciplined and pleasant. But the style left something to be desired. They continued to **sound** (and **look**) like a chapel choir, in spite of the gay, secular music that they were singing. Their inherently "ecclesiastical" tone coped better with the deliberately ironic melodrama of "The Gosling" and the fruity sentiment of "My Evaline."

A group of soloists followed. Michael Cockerham's oboe playing was technically and artistically excellent and his sympathy with the subtleties of Britten's writing for the instrument quite outstanding; his performance was truly poetic and spellbinding. Christopher Hodges sang two songs by Stanford and one by Warlock. Apart from an occasional lack of rapport with his accompanist, these were polished and relaxed performances, and that of Stanford's "A Soft Day," a deeply committed one. Robert Osborne's playing of Debussy's "Les Collines D'Anacapri" was expressive and thoroughly enjoyable, though perhaps not quite extravert enough. He overlooked, for instance, the comic possibilities of the bouncy first theme.

The remaining pieces were ensemble items, and of these, Jeremy Gray's "Concert Variations" was the most unusual. Scored for a strange assortment of instruments, it had plenty of musical substance from which its use of electronic noise should not be allowed to divert attention. Messrs. Massey and Pryer played a duet for piano and organ in

which the dynamic and rhythmic variety made up for its lack of structural subtlety. Their performance convincingly captured the spirit of the piece. The inclusion of Haydn's "Toy Symphony" (which is almost certainly by Leopold Mozart—Ed.), was an odd item for inclusion. It was both musically disastrous and highly amusing; but the music is funny enough in itself without attempts at comedy by the performers.

Vaughan Williams' "Benedicite," sung by the Choral Society and Miss Gillian Coomber formed the climax of the concert. Balance between soloist and choir was good, and, after some initial vibrato trouble, Miss Coomber achieved a very pleasant tone. Her phrasing and diction were excellent, and altogether she coped very well with her difficult solo line. The choir enunciated well, dealt efficiently with some high staccato runs, and managed their leads well enough. Yet something was lacking. Of course, this was partly the result of replacing an orchestra by a piano—even when played with Mr. Pryer's virtuosity—and partly the fact that Vaughan Williams' choral writing is simply out of the range of most young singers. But it was more a lack of conviction, of panache, an anxious concern to avoid mistakes rather than to communicate the sense of the words in the declamatory, almost operatic style of the work.

This was a very good concert of its kind. Performers and audience clearly enjoyed it, and there were many impressive performances. But there is a lot more to musical performance than getting the notes and dynamics of a piece right. And until a greater sympathy with the music and a greater subtlety of performance is achieved, the standard will not rise above that of an averagely good school concert. The art of programme building is to choose what you can **really** do in the time available.

Abridged from a vast original by
NORMAN MACDONALD, O.E.

SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS SYNDICATE 1971

This year's Syndicate concentrated on five projects, the first of which was a piece of apparatus to demonstrate the superposition of sine waves. It involved cutting pieces of plastic tubing to the appropriate length and fitting them onto a set of vertical rods, so that the tops of the plastic tubes displayed a sine wave. A small horizontal rod keeps a second set of plastic tubing above the first. When it is released, the top row of plastic tubing falls onto the lower row, and the resulting waveform displayed is the sum of the two initial waveforms. This apparatus is at present on display in the art room.

The second project involved designing and building a small electric motor, suitable for construction by Removes. It was built out of everyday materials, so that it might be built and improved at home. With the exception of two small bar magnets, the motor consists of components which are easily obtainable at home: two candles, a cork, a matchbox, 12 metres of insulated wire, a small knitting needle, and a few short brass strips. The strength of the magnets could be increased by winding a few turns of wire around them, and connecting these to the 6-volt battery off which the motor works.

The third project was a system of push buttons to be fixed outside the Science Master's Common Room, and connected, by multicore cable, to 16 lights inside the room. Each master has his name printed against one push button and one light. The caller must first knock on the door, in order to draw the masters' attention to the light indicator panel. The lights only remain on while the buttons are being pushed, and in this way the problem of little boys playing with the system has been alleviated. The system is built so that it will eventually run off the mains, by means of a step-down transformer.

The fourth project was an attempt to replace the existing relays in the Vibrator, which is used in the "A" level experiment on capacitors, by a new type of relay known as a reed relay. By enclosing the contacts in a dustproof glass tube, the life of the relay is greatly prolonged. In practice, however, the reed relay does not seem capable of the high switching speeds used in the experiment.

The final project, which was by far the largest, involved building five complete sets of logic boards and plug-in circuitry. Each set comprises a base-board, made out of plastic guttering, which has four 11-pin valve sockets in it. These can be interconnected by a set of short leads, with small wander plugs on them. Into the valve sockets are plugged any four of the nine basic modules. These are small plastic cubes, containing the electronics of a particular logic gate or associated circuit, and they took most time to build. The following modules were made:

1. One multivibrator. This produces pulses of electricity at a fixed frequency.
2. One frequency divider. On receiving a set of pulses, this unit transmits only half of the pulses. Hence the output frequency is only half the input frequency.
3. Two lamp indicators. These convert sets of pulses into flashes of light.
4. Three basic units. So called because of its many uses, this unit may be used as an amplifier of pulses, and as a 3-input NOR gate. A NOR gate is a logic gate which only gives an output when there are no pulses at any of the three inputs.
5. One beam switch unit. This is a specialised unit which is used for converting single beam oscilloscopes into double beam models, and is used in conjunction with a square wave generator.
6. Two AND/OR gates. This is another logic gate which only gives an output pulse when there are pulses at the first and second inputs, or the first and third inputs.

These modules may be assembled quite easily by Upper Middles, to make burglar alarms, person counters, automatic traffic lights; indeed, the list is almost endless. Its value in teaching logic, especially to mathematicians, is immediately apparent. As a Syndicate activity, it has provided a valuable insight into basic electronics, and, furthermore, into the design and modus operandi of computers. This apparatus was originally intended for the Nuffield Science Course; commercial versions of our apparatus are available at £28 a set. As our equipment cost only £7 a set, a clear saving was made in building these logic boards, as well as providing the Syndicate with what must have been the most interesting and rewarding project for many years.

COMPUTER SYNDICATE

The first week of the Computer Syndicate consisted of rather feet-uppish sittings in the Four Citizens' Room while some of the less programmed of us learnt the rudiments of Algol, the language to be used at the Computer Centre in the University of Aston. Time passed remarkably quickly with a suspect four afternoons free for games and Friday afternoon activities. What we all learnt then was just enough for some to confuse with Fortran and not quite enough for those to whom computer language was new.

However, during the second week, the mysterious world of the computer was revealed in all its splendour in the Computer Centre. Mr. Doubleday, our guide throughout this magical tour, was an extremely pleasant man who impressed upon us strongly the urgent need for coffee breaks. He made this clear on the first day after an arduous tour of the centre, and an equally exhausting session in which he drew pictures of Aston and commented on catering services.

The first afternoon was passed mainly by playing golf with a par 1 computer. The player at the keyboard end was always at a disadvantage, caused by randomly variable wind speeds from 0 to 25 m.p.h. However, one inspired shot with a 6-iron brought the ball to four yards from the hole. "Not enough data, next shot please?"

Perhaps disappointingly, our idea of the super science fiction computer with flashing lights, rows of dials and violently circling needles was hopelessly dashed. George consisted solely of four large blue boxes with ICT or ICL stamped on them, according to their age. The computer room itself was decidedly clinical.

We were all fascinated by the speed of everything. Mr. Doubleday reeled out figures such as 0.005 of a second and 360 revolutions per second. Mysteriously, the computer insisted on using buckets for something, and for finding the answer to a simple equation:

$$F = (x+3)/(7+6x+x^2)$$

it used fire buckets, a cooling system perhaps?

Mistakes were far too frequent. At the beginning our programmes were reeled out with as many as seven syntax errors in one short line. One simple spelling mistake can throw the whole system out. It did.

Our most enjoyable pursuit was sitting at little type-printers, printing out cards galore to give to George, but the highlight of the week proved to be the Business Game. We were split into three firms and mysteriously, the firms which sold bicycles at £23 and watches at £22 ended up with assets of £43,000 and £6,000 respectively, while a firm selling model mechanical diggers at £20 ended with assets of over £130,000. George's calculations were extremely suspect.

On the last day, with the disruption of Big Biz, we turned to the golfing computer again, and fed in other programmes. As time progressed, our code name "Home" became the operative word, and we took leave of Mr. Doubleday, thanking him warmly for his friendly instruction, and for giving us a taste of enjoyable learning under such carefree conditions.

EWEN BOWIE

THE FIFTH FORMS' CONFERENCE, 1971 : A GENERAL REPORT

The Conference this year contained in it a number of new features, some of which were undoubtedly beneficial, but as a whole it encountered difficulties from the Calendar and conflicting claims which prevented the members of discussion groups from really getting to know one another and producing reasoned considerations of the deep problems presented. Certainly the organisation was this year less effective than sometimes previously. The Conference started with a presentation by a psychiatrist of the working of the ego, under the title "At least we are this." The clarity of this and the doctor's following presentation near the end of the Conference were much appreciated, but some of the outside speakers failed to make themselves properly heard; others, however, opened new horizons. In most cases there was felt to be a need for more time for discussion. Talks by groups of young O.E.'s, one group now up at various Universities and Colleges, and the other in the early years of professional careers, offered useful advice about the decisions that have soon to be taken in respect of higher education and career plans. It was a pity, though, that there were so few scientists among the visitors.

Social needs, personal relations, our national role, were among the subjects tackled under expert guidance. The object of this post "O" level course is to present grown-up problems, to open new spheres of interest, and to help members to become more articulate—and certainly the presentation of reports this year showed that quite some advance had been made towards this last objective.

The availability of the Ratcliff Theatre encourages the use of the much-advertised medium of film for educational purposes. Yet it continues to be very difficult to secure good and effective films. The career films that are produced are too often made up of advertising blurb, and films on personal relations are too often tawdry and unconvincing—it is a cause for surprise that at this date in the history of film as an art so many films should continue to be so bad.

The time this year was short, and also broken into by the incidence of such late "O" level papers as Additional Maths. and Classical Studies; out of the five afternoons of each week, three were scheduled for games and services. All this meant a break in continuity which limited the effectiveness of the Conference.

An Opinion

This year, as ever, a Conference was arranged for all fifth formers on their return from "O" level leave. The stated purpose of the Conference was simply "to broaden horizons." Did it do this? To find out I spent some time just asking people for their opinions of the Conference. Complaints were unfortunately very numerous; films were poor, discussions unplanned, irrelevant and disorganised, lectures inaudible, organisation often "chaotic," and the careers talks far too narrow in scope. In its present form the Conference has no theme, no cohesion or co-ordination from one day to the next and is badly lacking in substance. Thus one ends up with a flaccid, gutless, ill-assorted collection of little bits; it is scarcely surprising that this programme failed to captivate the vast majority of its audience. In spite of all the criticisms, praise and constructive ideas were not lacking. Everyone was highly interested in at least some of the lectures; most found a great deal of new information in the various careers talks.

At KEHS the girls were given the choice of doing social work or attending this Conference. Who, I wonder, benefited most? Doubtless our own Personal Service Group could find plenty of work to be done, if it was wanted. The remedy for the malaise which this annual Conference has caught is quite simple. If next year's fifth forms are asked beforehand what they would like to do, what sort of films they would like to see, where they would like to go, what subjects should be discussed, and what the general theme should be, then they will be able to report truthfully that their Conference has been interesting, worthwhile and useful.

JONATHAN SPECTOR

ARMY SECTION ANNUAL CAMP, 1971 FOLKESTONE

This camp differed from previous ones in that transport was exclusively by road; the C.O. explained that this was to avoid changing trains in London, and so having to rush across the city in the rush-hour. Transport was provided by two coaches and a lorry. The small party which travelled with the baggage in the lorry was warned that it might be asphyxiated by exhaust fumes, and although smoke was frequently seen issuing from the vehicle, I don't think it was caused by a fault in the exhaust system.

We did eventually arrive at Folkestone, however, and immediately encountered a problem; there seemed to be 72 people present, although only 71 were expected, and there were only 71 beds. The problem was solved when a mysterious character called Softon finally turned out to be two people, Soper and Sefton. This major administrative error inevitably meant a little confusion as to who was sleeping where.

Training started the next morning with shooting for the senior members of the contingent, something in which Connolly were not allowed to participate, much to their disappointment. The training as a whole was remarkably interesting and varied, far more so than at other camps. It catered

for all interests, from a signals exercise and demolitions to canoeing under the able leadership of a member of the N-N-Naval Section, plus Captain Benson and Mr. Birch.

We were honoured by the visit of a General from Southern Command, who had undoubtedly come to see today's equivalent of the Home Guard learning how "to show Jerry a thing or two." He saw an efficient demonstration of booby traps, in which one cadet was blissfully unaware that he had been lying on one for 20 minutes, and also an obstacle-crossing exercise performed by Slim Platoon. He finally left as he arrived, in his helicopter.

The hut accommodation was quite good, and the food improved after Captain Ramsey had a word with the Italian gentleman who seemed intent on either poisoning or starving the entire contingent. The lighting system in Vyse Platoon's hut was not helped by numerous games of cricket, but fortunately it seemed to display remarkable powers of regeneration; either that, or certain members of the contingent showed that they have a trade, albeit an illegal one, to fall back on if their intellectual powers ever fail them.

Army food did not seem to be conducive to Chris Springall's human flamethrower act; Paul Stone's attempt to grow a beard resulted only in low marks on an inspection; the fatal fascination of the Sun Super Girl Contest proved too much for Harry Calver to resist; but undoubtedly the hero of the camp was George Ruston, when he luckily scored a brilliant goal to give us a 3—3 result against a Scottish side in the only football match of the camp.

We returned to Birmingham one Friday afternoon after a very enjoyable camp.

S. D. JONES

Library Accession

MEAT IS FOR SPECIAL DAYS

by MORITZ THOMSEN

We are all deeply concerned about the poverty and need in which two-thirds of the human race is living. Here is an admirable documentary of a farmer who in middle age volunteered from his California ranch to join the Peace Corps and work in Ecuador. Vivid, realistic, sympathetic, heart-rending in his writing, this is a story of the endeavours and the disappointments in trying to raise a poverty-stricken community to better standards of living. It is not, it cannot be, a success story; nor on the other hand is it, though it could be, a story of despair. It shows human nature in its true proportions, it shows how hard it is, especially at the bread-line, to learn to work together in any sort of co-operative. It sets the scene quite admirably for anyone who is going out to tackle the job of community development. The whole narrative is well lightened with humorous touches and anecdotes. It is strongly recommended for anyone who is thinking in terms of V.S.O. either as cadet or as graduate. R.G.L.

CRICKET REPORT

Before the season began this was known to be a team of great batting potential and of unknown bowling strength. At the end of a successful season, the batting (four batsmen scored over 300 runs) had more than lived up to expectations, whilst the bowling had improved as the season had progressed. Moreover, the fielding was generally of a high standard, and this was a major factor in the team's success.

The batting relied on a long line of ability led principally by J. G. Winspear (407 runs) and A. Mitra (369 runs), whose experience and skill played a big part in the team's success. Their partnership of 73 in 30 minutes in the victory over King Henry VIII, Coventry, was one of the highlights of the season. D. C. Bromage, who ended

the season as an opening bat, developed extremely well and scored fifties against the O.E.A. and the XL Club. Unfortunately, the original opening bat, G. C. Holt, failed to live up to last season's promise. He was nevertheless an efficient secretary and never failed to keep the team amused with an endless stream of C.R. impersonations. R. H. Pope played some attractive innings, none more so than a match-winning 65 not out against King's School, Worcester. Of the other batsmen, A. C. Lewis, D. J. G. Mutteen and P. R. K. Bristow looked very promising, and P. L. C. Knee played some useful innings.

P. M. H. Jester and J. P. R. Hall formed the opening attack and both bowled well on occasions. Jester's outswing was generally more dangerous and he ripped through the early batting of Wrekin and Bromsgrove. Hall often bowled steadily with little luck. The remainder of the bowling fell largely to P. L. Knee, A. Mitra and S. M. Hollingworth. Knee's medium pace was at its most devastating when he took 6—26 to dismiss Bromsgrove for 77, and Mitra's off-spin seemed to benefit from the psychological threat of being Indian in origin. Nevertheless, he took several useful wickets, notably against R.G.S. Worcester (4—58) when, along with S. M. Hollingworth (4—59) he bowled the team to victory by 49 runs. Although Hollingworth's leg spin was often expensive, he provided the team with many humorous moments. He would stride to the wicket beneath his acutely angled snob-cricketer cap, bat at the ready, in the attitude of a district commissioner bent on dealing with "cheeky" natives. His reaction to the G.S.K.O. final, in which he unfortunately played no active part, was to pronounce himself "man of the match."

This was a successful team and a very friendly team to play in, and we thank Mr. Benson and Mr. Cockle for encouraging and coaching the side and for their good humour in all situations.

Results from June 27

Bromsgrove beaten by 7 wickets; King's, Worcester, beaten by 4 wickets; Bishop Vesey's beaten by 5 wickets (K.O. final); O.E.A. beaten by 7 wickets; XL Club beaten by 5 wickets; draws with Worcester Gentlemen and Hardye's School, Dorchester; and a defeat at the hands of an M.C.C. XI. ANDREW BURN

SQUASH

With the opening of the School's own squash courts last December, the number of boys playing the game increased enormously. Before December, only about 20 boys from the fifth forms and above had taken any interest in squash, but the new courts made it possible for people to play squash in their lunch-hours and thus become more keen. The School team has improved considerably and enjoyed some success.

It is hoped that in the coming season squash coaching will take place under the supervision of Mr. J. S. Panell, who has also coached the tennis team. This will probably be on Thursdays during the lunch-hour, and Mr. Tennick proposed holding a session to teach boys how to play the game at some other time. A house competition will be run on 20th and 27th October, involving three boys from each house. We hope that squash will continue to make progress as a major attraction in the marvellous new facilities now available.

JONATHAN GOOLD

CHESS

Congratulations to Anthony Miles who, in July, shared the first prize in the open chess championships held in Manchester. This performance, in the words of The Guardian, "confirmed his status as one of Britain's outstanding prospects."



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OCTOBER

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

CHRONICLE

Vol. 4, No. 2

SMASHING THE BOTTLE

(Part Two)

Since "Chronicle" was launched in its new format three years ago it has steadily veered off course into the dangerous waters of unpopularity, largely because of the lack of variety and ambition in its content. This year we are going to try to lift the magazine out of the rut by broadening the scope and interest of the articles we print. One of "Chronicle's" most important functions as a chronicler is to record the School's intellectual ability, and this we can do by publishing articles on scientific, cultural, scholastic and political topics: this will not only make the magazine more interesting and worthwhile to read, but will also show our outside readers that we can do more than just play games and write poetry. If, however, we are going to achieve this aim, a large share of the responsibility must fall on the School. A browse through old "Chronicles" will reveal a large number of articles by such memorable characters as Drury, Maltby, Wallace, Allanson, Arculus or Craig, on such varied subjects as Apartheid, Communication without Wires, or Virgil's Fourth Eclogue. But although, at least in terms of Oxbridge results, the School's intelligentsia has grown in number since then, yet articles such as those have been less and less forthcoming. If only people would write about their academic subjects, or their interests, or their views on current affairs, then we could restore "Chronicle" at least to its former prosperity. Remember, as has been said many times before, and is worth repeating, that "Chronicle" is your magazine, and it is you who ultimately control its success.

It is perhaps worth taking this opportunity to state one or two points of editorial policy. In future we shall not print reports which are so obscure in their attempts to be funny that they are only comprehensible to the people who were involved in the event being reported. By all means let reports be funny, and recount amusing incidents, but let the whole School share the joke too.

As for controversial articles against the establishment, we want to make it perfectly clear that the board does not necessarily support the views expressed in such articles, but will print them if they are well argued and seem to represent a prevalent opinion which should be chronicled. So anyone who disagrees with some articles in "Chronicle" should not attribute them to some back-scratching clique of revolutionaries who are secretly running the magazine, and throw away his copy in disgust, swearing never to read it again: let him set down the arguments for his own views, and see if they can stand the test of print. On the other hand, although we will print some controversial articles, they must contain well-argued and valid views, and make positive suggestions: we will not publish articles which simply amount to a leaver letting off the pent-up steam which has been mounting inside him for seven or eight years—we want articles to be constructive as well as destructive.

With that, we leave the matter in your hands.

CHAPEL

Chapel Keeper: P. H. Cooke

In place of the traditionally ill-attended Evening Prayers and Evensongs previously held on Tuesday evenings, a new, and, we hope, better attended series of meetings has been arranged. A quick glance at the Calendar will reveal the general structure of this system.

The Chapel Choir will be singing in two Evensong services during the term, and will in addition, give two recitals in chapel. This is, in my opinion, the most beautiful and most meaningful service of worship at the School, and I hope many others will attend and join in this form of praise.

On five evenings during the term there appears "Bible Study—Holy Communion." In this, members of the congregation join in analysing and finding the true meaning of certain passages of the Bible. This term the readings have been taken from Paul's letter to the Ephesians. These discussions are followed by Holy Communion.

Finally, on two occasions during the term there is a "Service by Boys." The exact shape of these is not known to any but the group of boys organising. There will be attempts by certain boys to put their ideas into prayer, and for the congregation to join with them.

I would like to extend a welcome to anyone who would care to attend any of these meetings, and would invite them to meet us in Chapel on a Tuesday evening to join us for this act of prayer and witness.

PAUL COOKE

MUSIC

Music Circle Secretary: J. P. Gray

Musical Society Secretary: R. M. Batters

The Music School is going to see, and indeed already has seen, a number of changes, improvements and notable events this year. The Music Circle and Musical Society are arranging for some of their meetings to complement the General Studies programme for the sixth forms and divisions: Mr. Trott, for example, will be giving an illustrated lecture on opera to the Music Circle towards the end of this term; and the Musical Society is planning a concert to illustrate Mr. Massey's General Studies lecture on 20th century music next term. Thus we hope to see a large number of the senior members of the School at these meetings, and at all others that we hold. The invitation to attend is, of course, offered to everybody in the School, right down to the Shells.

The Chapel Choir is broadening its horizons. Last term it sang Evensong and gave a recital at All Saints' Church, King's Heath. This year it is going to sing at the President's Evening of the Birmingham Organists' Association (Mr. Massey is the President), and give a public recital for the Association on another date; it has also been asked to give a recital at St. Agnes' Church, Moseley, together with the School's very competent handbells team. A set of handbells was acquired for the production of "Noye's Fludde" two years ago, and a team has since been formed which goes on carol-singing tours round old people's homes and hospitals during the Christmas season with a choir from School, and with the Cathedral Choir. The team also took part in a public concert in the Cathedral last year. Any members of the School

who want to hear the Chapel Choir will have the opportunity at the two Evensongs, and two recitals, which it will be singing on Tuesday evenings this term.

Anyone interested in taking an active part in the musical life of the School can do so by joining the Choral Society, which is now preparing the superb Mozart Requiem for performance at Easter; alternatively, he is very welcome to come to the "Do it yourself Messiah" on the evening of Thursday, 21st October, and to bring along his family, friends, relatives, cat and anyone else who would like to come.

Some notable events have already taken place: the Music Circle organised a very successful outing to hear Mendelssohn's "Elijah" at the Town Hall, preceded by a talk by Chris Hodges; Jeremy Gray won the Birmingham Grammar Schools' Festival Competition and so will be playing Shostakovich's Second Piano Concerto at the Town Hall in February—an obviously remarkable achievement; Martyn Webster had his pages turned by David Willcocks; and Mr. Massey dined with the Prime Minister at the Savoy.

ROY BATTERS

ART IN THE SCHOOL: PAST AND PRESENT

Art Circle Secretary: J. H. Faulkner

Art Society Secretary: J. P. Gray

Once more at the end of the summer term the Art and Design Department erupted into frenzied activity in preparation for the Speech Day exhibition of work done in the department over the past year. When the dust had finally settled, paintings and sculpture from boys throughout the School stretched from the Science School to the Art Room, making an impressive display. As usual, there was great variety in the work on exhibition, ranging from carving in wood and stone to an excellent series of lino prints from the lower half of the School. Naturally, the entries from boys in the sixth form for the art and architecture prizes took pride of place in the exhibition, particularly J. P. Gray's study of Long Melford Church in Suffolk. However, the standard of work and originality throughout the School was very high, and it was only a pity that so few people found time to visit the display after the Speech Day ceremony.

Now, however, the opportunities for art work at School have been increased by the incorporation of Mr. Buttle's room into the department during the summer holidays. This was achieved by making an opening through the wall which divided Mr. Buttle's room from the exhibition room to give an overall sense of unity and space to the department.

This added room means that the conglomeration of sculpture, mosaic work, jewellery and lino printing which had previously almost swamped the pottery area in the craftroom, can now be separated out to allow each craft the space it needs to be pursued enjoyably. In addition to this, help is now available in the pottery section from Mrs. Frances Moore (well-known in the Midlands for her ceramic work), who has taken over from Mr. Tom Reynolds.

The art room has also seen over the past year the attempted renaissance of the Art Circle, a Society which exists primarily to give people the opportunity of seeing and discussing the large collection of art slides which Mr. Hurn has now amassed. This will obviously be of help to the Divisions' General Studies course, but is open to anyone in the School who is interested in attending.

Indeed, this applies to all the facilities offered by the art department; they are available to the whole School, and in the long lunch hours particularly, provide the opportunity for time which might otherwise be frittered away, to be used constructively and, more importantly, enjoyably.

JOHN FAULKNER

KING EDWARD'S THEATRE COMPANY TOUR OF GERMANY, SUMMER, 1971

It is no easy task to take a party of 25 actors and technicians, with all the necessary equipment, completely out of the country to perform plays to foreign audiences. However, this was exactly the job the School's Dramatic Society undertook when the tour to Germany was planned a year ago. To have any hope of success it was necessary for everyone involved to devote a great deal of their holiday time and energy to the formidable amount of preparation required.

Two difficult modern plays, "The Room," by Harold Pinter, and Samuel Beckett's "Endgame," had to be built from nothing, and the main production of last January, "Twelfth Night," had to be adapted and improved for foreign theatres, all in the short space of ten days that we could allow ourselves. The complex "Twelfth Night" set had to be sectionalised and packed, new costumes and properties had to be made, and both the plays and the members of the Company themselves had to be geared to meet any unforeseen problem. It required the closest possible co-operation between actors, technicians, business manager, director, and the organisers in Germany to co-ordinate this massive operation.

The task in West Germany itself was no less difficult. We had to shake off the effects of the long hours of the journey, during which we had to pass through three borders and a hundred miles of Communist territory, and adjust as quickly as possible to our strange surroundings. Our programme included not only the performances, but sightseeing tours, official receptions and visits to the performances of the two other British youth groups taking part in the festival in which we were involved. The organisers of this cultural festival were as much concerned with showing us as much of German life as possible as with the plays themselves, and in Berlin we were given the invaluable opportunity of being escorted around the city by school-children of our own age. For many of us, our experiences with them will form some of the most indelible memories of the tour.

Our main business, however, was the performance of the three plays. From the Germans' point of view it was a chance to see what standards a British amateur dramatic group could achieve, and we hope they were not disappointed. Certainly several Berliners expressed surprise at the quality of our work. From our point of view, it was a chance to discover for ourselves exactly what standards we could attain when removed from the restrictive atmosphere of the school stage. The whole project was the logical follow-up to our tour of the West Country; we were completely divorced from the English stage, and able to test our mettle against the very high standards of West Berlin and Frankfurt, two major cities of one of the most advanced nations in Europe from the point of view of drama. Overall, I think both parties were satisfied: the German audiences were very impressed by what they saw, and we were pleased that the actual job of preparing and performing three plays in three different theatres proceeded without any trouble. Inevitably, when a group of 25 young people with widely differing personalities and ideas are forced to work and live in close contact with each other, frictions will occur; and it is a tribute to the sensible organisation of our life in Germany that this valuable experience didn't degenerate into an ordeal which could affect our work.

In the company now there is a great sense of pride in our achievement, but we must not allow ourselves to become arrogant or complacent. There is still much to be done, future projects to be planned, and plays to be rehearsed. From the wealth of experience gained on tour, perhaps the most important thing we learned was to blend pleasure with hard work, and this lesson can be

very useful as a guide to what we must try to achieve now the company is back at school.

ANDREW FORBES

CHESS

Congratulations are once again due to Tony Miles. In the British Chess Federation annual congress held in August at Blackpool, he entered the Under-21 Championships. Despite the fact that he was six years younger than some of the competitors, and that several student internationals and Gorney Cup players were present, Tony won the title with a clear point to spare. He now qualifies for the full British Championships to be held next year at Brighton.

The implications of Tony's win at Nice last year are only now coming to light. Three of the players whom he finished ahead of qualified for the World Junior (Under 20) Championship, and one of them, R. Hug, of Switzerland, who finished second behind Tony, won the title. "The Guardian" recently assessed Tony's chances of winning the title in 1973 (the last year in which he will be eligible) as "reasonably good."

Once again, prospects are bright for School teams. The "Sunday Times" first team should remain unchanged and has the potential to do great things. We shall, however, be in the top age-group for much of the season, and this must be a major factor in assessing the team's chances. For the Birmingham and District Junior League, the six best players have been divided between the 1A and 1B teams in order to give match practice to some of the younger players. The 1A team, however, is still relatively strong, and should be a contender for the first division title. We are once again entering five teams in the league, and this necessitates at least 30 players. If you are of a reasonable standard and would like to play, please contact Tony Miles.

ANDREW STOKER

CRICKET: A. L. BURN

At the end of his cricket report in the last number of the "Chronicle," Andrew Burn noted that last summer's XI was "a successful team and a friendly team to play in." What he omitted to add was that the major factor contributing to that happy state of affairs was himself. Now that he is safely off the premises we can say that he is the School's outstanding cricketer since Alan Smith. On the field he was a very knowledgeable and shrewd captain, and off it a very likeable and popular one. When he said that there would be a fielding practice at 4.15 p.m., the team was there—at 4.10 p.m.—and in the best of spirits. His temperament, both as a player and as a captain, was admirable—professional, realistic, good-humoured, keenly involved in the game without any nonsense about its being a way of life. Burn was an immensely reliable batsman—a fact which was borne out not only by figures but also by the manner and authority of his performances. This summer he scored 542 runs at an average of 45.00, and last summer 668 runs at an average of 51.38. If not quite in Boycott's current bracket, these figures put his aggregate for this season 140 ahead of anyone else in the XI, and for last season 300 ahead. There was, moreover, a little matter of 139 not out against King's School, Worcester, in 1970, and in 1971 of a not-out ton (101) against Denstone, and of 93 not out against O.E.A. He didn't miss or drop much in the field either. So one way and another, cricket at K.E.S. during the last few years has owed more to Burn, A. L.—considered as performer, as captain, as maestro, and finally as Grand Old Man—than to many a departing games-king. And this is what must go on record.

A.J.T.

BEAUCE CROWS—A Sensitive Vignette

Two birds, to men an antonym of love,
guarded and black behind your hangmen's hoods,
I wonder how you keep yourselves alive;
seeming to be too closely kept by grief,
alighting on the empty road ahead
(I thought it was a suicide attempt):
Falling with beaks stretched out towards a grave
—mechanically to death your wings are clamped.

PETER DANIELS

"CLOUDS AT DAWN"

A cloud sighs, sugared
Across a land of castles
Distant and melancholy as the worlds of child-
dream princes,
Pursuing its odyssey
Amidst a sky sea vapoured as the morning.
It holds a fleeting promise of rain,
This dawn rider of the jetstreams;
Dull, mournful, grey as iron,
The dawn birds echo its speeches.

"AS CHILDREN"

How they wept in love,
How they sighed at the meaningless world,
Loving it, feeling it,
As it crooned a lullaby
In the voice of unhatched years.

ANDREW FORBES

C.C.F. ADVENTURE CAMP SNOWDONIA

At nine o'clock on Friday morning, 27th August, seven members of the present Vyse Platoon departed for Capel Curig in the School's Transit. The first stop was to pick up Mr. Skinner, who was to help Mr. Symes with the training, and fill the evenings playing a four-strong opposition at chess. Captain Cotter was also with us to command the base camp.

The party was self-contained, with light-weight camping equipment and heavy-weight Army "compo" food; our base was to be a small converted barn from which expeditions into the hills with tents would be made. All were pleasantly surprised by the high quality of the Army rations, though, no doubt, these were greatly improved by Captain Cotter's poetic handling of the Calor gas rings. He produced such feasts as "S.A.M. Irish Stew Special," followed by "No-cream-spared-rice-pud."

Our first expedition was a crossing of the Glyder Miners' Track from PyG to Ogwen, taking in a circuit of Cwm Idwal, a unique nature reserve, many biological and geological features of which were only glimpsed through a veil of driving rain. This rain continued, blown eastwards along the valleys like a liquid curtain, until 3 p.m. on the next day. Not welcoming a second soaking we waited for a lightening of the sky before snatching Moel Siabod in the late afternoon. The ascent up its north slopes, through mossy bogs and drenching heather, seemed endless as successive ridges proved to be false. However, the slog was rewarded by the fine views from the summit. North-westwards lay the highest ridges, peaks and plateaus of North Wales; to the east stretched the flatter border counties; and, to the south, coastline and estuary glittered in the sun.

Monday dawned brightly, but the rain and wind caught up with us near the shapely summit of Cnicht (2,265 feet), and made the use of map and compass difficult as we took turns to navigate through the miniature lakes and mountains of the Moelwyns.

That evening, when we camped alone on the slopes of Moel Siabod, the weather eased, but the storm returned next day as we moved camp to Llyn Teyrn, within the Snowdon Horseshoe. All night long a howling gale battered the four tents,

and Messrs. Skinner and Symes needed to hang on to the poles of their comparatively frail "Rob Roy" tent. The rest of us were grateful for the security of the front and rear "A" poles of our "Force 10" tents.

Next morning, our route along the Pyg Track to the summit of Snowdon was enveloped in cloud, and not until we were slithering down the scree towards the Watkin Path did the sun break through to the twin peaks of Y Lliwedd, the southern limb of the Horseshoe.

Our last mountain of the week was Tryfan (3,010 feet), which was ascended by Heather Terrace and the South Ridge. Again it rained, and visibility was nil for much of the climb, though we enjoyed the scramble over the huge blocks which make up the summit.

It was certainly disappointing to visit North Wales during a wet week, but it had been a happy group. We thank Messrs. Cotter, Skinner and Symes for making it so.

C. M. ELLIS (Vyse Pln.)

IT'S QUITE A THOUGHT

All the energy that the Earth receives is derived from the nearest star, the Sun. It is a huge sphere of glowing hydrogen, 93,000,000 miles from us and 865,000 miles in diameter. Its size is very difficult to conceive, being over one million times the volume of the Earth and 333,000 times as massive. Its energy output is immense, and mostly originates at the centre of the Sun, where the temperature is thought to be about 20,000,000 degrees Centigrade, and the pressure about 400,000,000,000 atmospheres. In fact, 99% of the Sun's mass is concentrated within 0.6% of the radius. Under these conditions, thermonuclear reactions occur involving the conversion of hydrogen to helium. There is a loss of mass in this reaction, mass being equivalent to energy. It is surprising to learn that the Sun is losing mass at the rate of 4,000,000 tons per second.

The size of our own Earth is so small compared to that of the Sun that the human mind has difficulty in getting an idea of the scale of the universe. Today, the observable limits of our universe are 10,000,000,000 light years away. One light year is the distance light travels in one year. In the same way, the Sun is 8.2 light minutes from us.

Nearer home, the Earth and Moon form what some astronomers term a double planet. This is because the Earth to Moon volume ratio is 81:1. In other planets this ratio may be 1,000:1 or greater, indicating that other satellites are much smaller compared to their parent planet. The Moon is 2,160 miles in diameter and is on average 240,000 miles from Earth.

The Earth is some 24,900 miles in circumference and weighs 5.8×10^{21} tons. We still cannot comprehend these numbers, even though we are now talking about that minute speck of cosmic dust, our Earth.

Our minds will never grasp the infinite, and probably never grasp the finite numbers concerned with our Earth.

DAVID NEWEY

SWIMMING

In their matches, the School teams maintained the success of previous years, the Senior team winning all their matches (very easily), except one, that against Wrekin College, which was lost by 0.1 seconds on the final event. In all the other matches our full team won comfortably, the usual human torpedoes doing stalwart service, well supported by the remainder of the team, who were always trying hard, even if they were a little unfit at times.

The U.16 team swam well to win the majority of its matches, and the U.15 team once again showed great promise, so hopes for the future are high. Water polo was, as usual, somewhat of a light relief for the team after the strenuous exertions of swimming, and the team was once again undefeated (the 14th time in 15 years that this has happened, which must be due to something).

Under the new games system the Swimming Sports no longer counted towards the House Swimming Championships, so in consequence they lost some of their appeal. The results were as expected; three of the five individual champions came from Levett in the persons of Andy Freeman (Senior), and the Watton brothers, Dave and Mike, who won the U.16 and 1st year championships respectively. They are, perhaps, attempting to "do a Reasbeck," so to speak. Crowder won the U.15 Championship and Herrod the U.13½.

The swimming on games afternoons, the replacement for the sports, was successful inasmuch as it provided House Champions in Levett (Senior) and Heath (Junior), but it was generally felt that some events developed into somewhat of a farce as once four of the eight Houses were forced to scratch because of their inability to find 10 swimmers, despite the frantic efforts of their swimming captains. Something different next year, perhaps?

Life-saving continued its successful trend and Prince Lee won the Standards and Life-Saving Cup. Levett, as expected, were overall Swimming Champions and also won the Sports Cup and the Senior Relay Trophies. So, a very successful year, and the prospects for the future seem very good indeed, and if the teams trained, who knows what might happen.

KEVIN GRICE

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL CLUB

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNT FOR YEAR 1st APRIL, 1970, TO 31st MARCH, 1971

INCOME				£	p
To Governors' Grant	400	00
Heath Testimonial Fund	11	93
Levett Trust	11	55
Mayo Trust	15	11
Old Boys' Permanent Contributory Fund	8	45
Solomon Memorial Trust	2	19
Cozens Trust	17	50
Honorary Members' Subscriptions	82	62½
Boys' Subscriptions	1057	50
Grant from School Stock	650	00
(Signed) P. B. CHAPMAN, Hon. Treasurer					
Examined and found correct,					
A. R. CLAUGHTON (Hon. Auditors)					
G. A. MANN					
				£2256	85½
Deficit at 31/3/70	438	77½
Profit above	13	37½
Deficit carried forward	£425	40

EXPENDITURE				£	p
By Football	587	90
Cricket	582	01
Athletics	86	48
Swimming	33	52
Fives	96	41
Tennis	94	56
Rowing	26	00
Cross Country	44	98
Fencing	12	73
Squash Rackets	66	55
Basketball	23	20
Judo	1	89
Hockey	97	60
Life Saving	18	78
Chess	85	71
Volleyball	7	25
"Chronicle"	213	68
Scientific Society	5	61
Geographical Society	1	00
Photographic Society	1	82
Debating Society	3	00
Biological Society		90
Printing and Stationery	146	80
Postage and Telephone	3	25
Bank Charges	1	85

£2243.48



71
DECEMBER

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

CHRONICLE

Vol. 4, No. 3

YOUTH AND AGE CAN NEVER AGREE

It is obvious that on many superficial matters youth with its freshness, ebullience and ability to disregard traditional social customs will disagree with the old. This has always been the case; the young as part of their growing up at some point have to break away from their parents. To show that they are independent they will often do something with which their parents don't agree. Normally, it is a relatively unimportant matter of which stricter parents might complain but which doesn't suggest a "complete breakdown in communications". In the 1870s, in Victorian England, the young men all had their hair cut to a "short back and sides" to imitate the style of the victorious Prussian army. Their parents may have disapproved but no more. There was always a basic continuity; fundamentally youth and age did agree. The aims and values of society changed over centuries, not decades; old ideas went, and new completely different ideas became part of society, but never did the young completely reject the teachings of the older generations.

Nowadays we are seeing something completely different and much more serious. Long hair and crude and noisy L.P. records are not simply a demonstration of the independence of the young. There is complete rejection. Pop music, with typical youthful arrogance, claims that it can ignore most musical forms which have been created over millenia.

Never before have ideas and values changed as quickly. The classic image of youth, clean-limbed, graceful, naive, beautiful, more spiritual than sensual, has gone. We have Casanovas not Romeos. Many university students have not simply reached a new, more sophisticated fashion in clothing or hair-styling which is aesthetically better than dark suits, baggy trousers, and the "short back and sides". They look like old men with their dishevelled hair running to seed and their "casual" clothes. They have the cares of the world upon them. How often do people of my generation really laugh? The basically false statement that "children are maturing earlier" contains the correct idea that adolescents regard themselves as grown-ups directly they enter their teens. Though not really mature they feel able to preach to the middle-aged and completely reject their values.

The older generation, however much they inwardly deplore this change, have not complained or, if they have complained, only on a very superficial level. They deny the problem's existence, explain it away, brush it aside as insignificant and finally agree that all along they were sympathetic observers of the change. Not realising the great significance of the youth movement they claim that patched jeans are no more serious than "Oxford bags".

Much of what adolescents do and say against their parents is ludicrously stupid. Many adolescents are basically immature. One pities, as one pities a lost man who takes a wrong turning at a cross-roads, the in-crowd who stride up the school drive each morning with their long brass-buttoned coats flapping in the breeze and nearly tripping them up "looking like the chorus of a Ruritanian comic opera", brandishing their L.P.

records with screaming pretentious lyrics that mean nothing. This is mostly the relatively harmless mating display of the adolescent worsened by the increased spending power of the 15-25 age group, and the basic aimlessness of their lives.

However, one cannot deny the existence or even the correctness of the young's basic differences with the old; they are more extreme and worrying than ever before. Underneath is a final comprehension that, unless something is done soon, the inner contradictions of our materialistic, over-industrialised, G.N.P. orientated society will kill it within fifty years.

The deliberate cultivation of the drab and the bedraggled implies a challenge, a repudiation of the dinner jacket and the dark blue suit and the bourgeois respectability that they symbolise. Many of the young are moved by something deeper than impatience with middle-class sartorial conventions. The members of the young generation most dangerous to present society aren't the in-crowd, the bright young things who simply follow a fashion created by non-idols and exploited by men's fashion shops from Austin Reed down. They are those who don't mind what they wear. They are prepared to wear sports jacket and trousers or patched jeans and granddad vests and go bare-foot. They are not concerned with appearance. They are concerned much more seriously about the hypocrisy of a society that itself is so much ethos of that bourgeois society enshrined in its conception of "decency". They seem to be saying "We attach more importance to the purity of our motives and the nobility of our ideas than to the neatness and appearance of our clothes. We are giving the world a lesson in priorities". They are protesting against the values, the standards, and the assumptions of western civilisation.

The mood to which this movement gives expression is negative rather than positive. Its tendency is to a moody frustration rather than revolt. Though many of those affected by it would gladly accept radical solutions for the problems of society only a minority of them are proponents of any political doctrine or followers of any political party. The movement is not a proletarian one; many of the children come from bourgeois homes. The young don't want standard political parties or solutions, they are thoroughly disillusioned in that respect. All Parliamentary political parties, with the notable exception of the Liberals, have no mass appeal or even relevance to the young.

There is from Katmandu to Paris in adolescents an aching uneasiness about the way the world is going. Ordinary people, surveying mankind, can't help but see a doomsday looming before their eyes which are desperately trying not to see the inevitable. They see racial and national dissensions and even simple hysterical fear of an alien political system threatening a nuclear holocaust. They see natural supplies of valuable materials being whittled away. They see starvation rife in two-thirds of the world. They observe the aims of society becoming every day more vulgar and materialistic. The citizen seems to be a victim of the tyranny of unseen powers that control the society of which he is nonetheless a member, while the individual human being, entangled in a network of man's own creation, is so preoccupied with the business of making a living that he is unable to live his life.

The generation which is now the object of protest is the middle generation, the middle-aged, middle-class generation which dominates the life of the West. Most of our parents belong to this generation. I sympathise with them. They were children in the great depression, saw the rise of the dictators in Europe, saw the Spanish Civil War and fought in World War II. They learnt the art of survival in World War II. "In 1914 the young officers went to die in pursuit of honour. In 1939 they went not to die in pursuit of victory." World War II moulded this generation into a hard, harsh, greyness. There is no flamboyant or extroverted air around this generation. The virtues which our parents' generation possess and admire are those of the "hard-headed businessman": logic, reliability, practicability and administrative ability.

They are efficient, determined, and colourless. They live in the suburbs with the separate "nuclear" family of four. Their religious beliefs are almost non-existent. Generally they seem to have a strong doubt as to the existence of God but believe it is wise to pray to him sometimes. They go to church for christenings, marriages and funerals. To use a cliché, which is not less true for being a cliché, they are "dried-up inside". There is no sense of the romance and the mystery of the world, nothing to uplift or excite them.

For many of them their attitudes to the young can be summed up thus: "Why aren't the young more grateful for all the opportunities we have given them? They might complain about the world into which they have been born but they have a better life than any of their fathers ever had". There is no realisation that modern youth is starved of the greatest gift most of our forefathers have had. They had an aim for which to live. Whatever combination they were of materialistic, Christian, aesthetic, spiritual or national aims they have usually been given a secure basis on which to live. Our parents have given us cars and exhaust fumes, aeroplanes and noise, atomic power and total war, and an idolatry of a rise in G.N.P. but they haven't given us Christianity or anything comparable. Our bodies might be flourishing but inside we are iconoclastic and lost souls.

I respect that middle generation for their success and middle-class charm and appeal but they stand for what I believe to be a doomed way of life. I want to change the path of a society in which they are contented and successful which requires a certain hard-heartedness.

A much more valid case against the young is made by other people, many of them in my grandparents' age-group. The burdens of our civilisation oppress them as they oppress me. However, they sustain them more calmly. Many of them have suffered much and know what it is really to suffer. I am almost envious of them for what they have gone through. Many have a humanist or possibly Christian base from which to operate. They think the young should not shout pessimistically and frantically about a doomed civilisation. Too many of the young nowadays lack the "guts in the head necessary to look the universe in the face and still get a good night's sleep" is their attitude to the immature idealists who never take it easy. They claim possibly correctly that "the young are incapable of compromise and unwilling to learn from others". They don't suggest practical remedies for the manifold inherent wickedness of the world. They unload upon their parents' generation reproaches due to Adam and the Creator who endowed them with individual sin. Many young people are dupes of what Conrad called "the strange conviction that a fundamental change of hearts must follow the downfall of any human institution". They suppose that a clean sweep of "the system" will lead, not to the jungle, but to a paradise where we shall all live happily ever after. The young want a dream world but should realise it is impossible. The young do not understand the great power of selfishness even in characters as benign as they could wish to be. They do not understand the danger that any

revolution will in the end lead to the victory of its most cynical and detestable members. They lack proposals even of superficial plausibility for bringing about what they want to achieve. In short, many of these more perceptive critics seem to realise that the Spartans beat the Athenians in history and there is no reason why that should not occur again. The young generation has a "Shelley-like sweetness", it lacks the toughness of a generation which has been through two world wars and a slump.

Many of the older people who say this seem to speak more sense than either of the two generations after them. But they have led a happy life already, with the most of the time a firm, secure society with no atomic bomb or pollution threat. Many responsible critics haven't got such a strong realisation of the danger, physical and moral, we are in, as the young have. They cannot realise the almost hysterical pessimism this creates. The perceptive adolescents "drop-out" surrendering to a nihilistic mood in which Art and Literature seem irrelevant, Law and Order a mockery, and all individual effort, all human aspiration, pointless. "Destroy the system or it will destroy the world" might be a slogan which has more sense in it than most and which in twenty years' time will either be the prevalent mood or will be treated as old-fashioned if our system has matured sufficiently.

DAVID WILLETTS

SCHOOL NOTES

We returned from half-term on Wednesday, November 3rd, and soon were witnessing the culmination of months of intricate planning. Yes, in Big School, a sketch on THE BROMSGROVE MATCH, imaginatively called "The Bromsgrove Match Sketch" was in progress. Never before has the whole of the 1st XV been seen together on the stage and, despite the attempts of S. D. Jones to turn the proceedings into a fashion show, they came across magnificently if a trifle loudly. J. G. Winspear, moreover, demonstrated to the assembled populace that he was still in possession of—and, indeed, deeply attached to—his school cap. And so to the match itself. 2.15—prefects out in force but no-one to force. 2.30—kick-off. 2.45—J. M. Holder scores for K.E.S. and J. G. Winspear converts to loud cheers and the strains of N. Burnie's cowhorn. 3.17—Bromsgrove score and convert. 3.40—Bromsgrove score a drop goal and the final score becomes 9—6. For both players and spectators this was an annoying and frustrating game. Nothing went right for the XV and the performance by both sides was unenterprising and haphazard. After the match the K.E.S. players felt frustrated and faintly frothy at the mouth. This could have been due, as much as anything, to the fact that there were three bus loads of **them** but more parents than boys supporting us. It don't give a team much heart, do it?

However much we try to isolate ourselves from the outside world it still loves us. This was demonstrated on (appropriately) November 5th, when all the schools on the Foundation were the victims of a bomb-hoax. Rumours were rapidly circulating as to the originators of the (?) bomb. The I.R.A.? Bromsgrove? The Spanish Inquisition? (Nobody expects the Spanish Inquisition.) Never mind—we are still not amused.

The "Blue Peril Chronicle" (Vol. 82, No. 3) stated in 1968 that matins was celebrated for the few and the fan-vaulting. Since then, however, the congregation at the Holy Communion has, thankfully, grown in numbers. On one notable occasion the Chapel Keeper triumphed in not only ordering enough breakfasts for the faithful but in doing a "loaves and fishes" act as well, as there were some breakfasts left over.

Remark of the week, emerging from Room 45 and addressed to a loquacious miscreant—"Stop wasting the Foundation's air". But in the Science Corridor there have been anguished cries of "Bring back Dinsdale" (Something must be done about

Science VIB). So, after all, despite the fears of our immediate predecessor, something has come of nothing. (Vol. 1, No. 1.)

COMMON ROOM

Congratulations to Mr. Russell on his being awarded the Scouts' Award for Meritorious Conduct. And to Mr. Massey on being elected an Honorary Fellow of the Royal College of Church Music.

REPORT ON THE SIXTH FORM CLUB

The beginning of the new school year meant the beginning of the financial year for the Sixth Form Club and, more important this year, the first full year of the Club's existence. A general meeting of the sixth form was called and proposals for the committee were voted upon. The committee line-up that resulted was Richard Pope as secretary, Philip Jones as treasurer, David Williams as supplier and Roy Clarke and Paul Williams as committee members. Messrs. Symes and Tennick had been appointed by the Chief Master to represent the Common Room, the former as president of the Club.

With the sign "Under new management" hung on the door the Sixth Form Club opened up offering coffee, tea and exceptionally cheap biscuits. With such attractions it was little wonder that many people joined and the number of members staggered the committee—a total of nearly eighty.

Towards the beginning of the term a pre-Marconi radio appeared and emphasised the need for a record player or other music-playing apparatus. Luckily the Club was able to borrow one from the P.E. department. New goodies have now been added to the stock such as soup, crisps and an assortment of biscuits. We have also invested in an electric kettle, a saucepan and other domestic items.

So much for the achievements of the Club. Apart from the ideas mentioned above the committee has considered many others. One suggestion was that smoking should be permitted in the Club and a referendum amongst members showed that a majority was in favour of allowing it. A committee is considering this opinion in the light of increasing evidence of the undoubted health-hazards involved. Another proposal which is receiving consideration is that of inviting girls, including the sixth form at K.E.H.S., to share our facilities on some occasions.

Over the first half-term there was, unfortunately, a deficit in the Club's accounts because of the failure of some people to pay for their coffee and biscuits. No doubt such characters will soon realise that they are, by their actions, jeopardising the very existence of the Club.

PAUL WILLIAMS

HOUSE CHARITIES COMMITTEE

As most people are probably aware, the manner in which our charitable resources are organised has been drastically rearranged for the present school year. Whereas there were previously separate groups dealing with the diverse charities, e.g., a school "Oxfam" group, "Shelter" group, etc., it being mainly incidental that its members were all at the school, there is now one large committee to deal with all charities. This comprises Mr. Hill, Mr. Gudgeon and, theoretically, two members of each house. This has the possible disadvantage of excluding sympathetic individuals, but is certainly an improvement over the old system.

A sub-committee has been formed to deal with all aspects of the School Cot Fund, and has, as previously announced, recommended that proceeds from the Michaelmas Term should support an Oxfam housing project in the Chittagong region of East Pakistan. The problems of this area will surely be well-known to anyone who is, in any way, conversant with world affairs. Devastated

during the fighting connected with the Bangla Desh insurrection, it was recently ravaged by extensive flooding, and clearly needs all the help that we can give. We are hoping to raise £150, the cost of two houses, but as previous Cot Fund collections during the same period have raised approximately £120, increased contributions are needed.

Proceeds from the Lent Term are once more to be devoted to the Balsall Heath Association, but suggestions are welcomed for the Summer Term Cot Fund and for any other projects that are thought to be worthwhile.

ANDREW STOKER

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME

For the last week or so a large notice-board has been evident in the Guild Hall. It shows starving, homeless Indians and quotes some of the views given by people who have gone out to the Indian sub-continent. It probably had some shock value first time round, but surely we are all comforted by the fact that it is half a world away and not on our doorstep. Or is it?

"Shelter" officially states that there are two million "homeless" in the United Kingdom. This represents approximately 4% of the total population. Still our schooling and housing programmes are behind—mainly owing to lack of funds. Still there are people who have to support a family of four on £16/£17 a week, again because employers cannot afford to pay them more. Our mentally handicapped live in overcrowded conditions which would disgust any sane person. And, of course, there are the old pensioners, some of whom will freeze or starve to death this winter.

Yet we are asked by some organisations to give 1% plus of our gross national product to "under-developed countries". I think it is about time that Britain and the British stopped giving to these poor countries and channelled that money into helping the aged and the homeless, the mentally sick and the unemployed. There is a proverb that charity begins at home. I agree with that proverb and I think that we should sort out **this** country first before trying to solve the rest of the world's problems. Therefore I think that the school should put down its binoculars and look in front of its nose for social problems and concentrate all its funds on Balsall Heath.

STEPHEN BINGHAM

CHRISTMAS CARDS

The school Christmas Card is being printed as "Chronicle" goes to press. It will be sold at 3p in aid of a new charity called "MAKE CHILDREN HAPPY", which works through local voluntary groups to provide leisure activities for deprived and handicapped children.

We hope that members of the school will support the charity as generously as possible by ordering cards on the Broadsheet published in the porters' lodge.

M.J.G.

THE VALUE OF B.A.Y.S.

Despite reasonable advertising in the Science Corridor, the first two meetings of the West Birmingham region of the British Association of Young Scientists have been poorly attended by members of K.E.S. In fact, I was the only person from average attendances of about 150 to come from what purports to be the school with the best educated pupils.

Although I realise that the fact that meetings do not finish until 7.0 p.m. may deter those who travel by train or special bus, and they might possibly interfere with homework, it would seem that in absolute terms the advantages are far greater.

Early meetings have dealt with "God in Science" and "The possibility of life on other planets".

These consisted of excellent talks given by well-known local scientists, followed by lively and, at times, amusing discussions. Although such meetings are unlikely to improve A-level results they undoubtedly serve to educate more fully, which is surely what school is all about.

ANDREW STOKER

THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

The Scientific Society is one of the best supported of the school societies. Only the Film Society would appear to have consistently better attendances. Yet Science is still subject to serious misconceptions by many in the school. Their views nearly always fall into one of the following categories.

- (a) "Science is too difficult for me." Such a view would only be tolerable if held by the uninitiated Shells, yet it reaches the Sixths. All the subjects presented to the Society have been in an easily understandable manner. Innumeracy is no virtue.
- (b) "Science is the devil in disguise." Common, especially among the long-haired, paper-revolutionary set, this naïve view is as false in respect of the Scientific Society as of society in general. The Scientific Society is certainly not a group of megalomaniac Sixths intent on destroying us all.
- (c) "Science is stinks, dissection and Ohm's Law." This view would appear to be prevalent among the middle school. Notwithstanding the comment of a certain science master, "... chemistry is cookery ...", the Scientific Society attempts to reflect the fundamental relevance of science to everyday life.

What, then, is the role of the Scientific Society? As I see it, it has a three-fold function:

- (a) to present up-to-date scientific information to science students;
- (b) to inform the whole school on scientific matters;
- (c) to support members of the school wishing to carry out research, as happens in the Biological Society.

The Scientific Society, therefore, is intended to appeal to the whole school, and this year's programme has been drawn up with such an appeal in mind. We hope you like it.

ROBERT WILKINS,
Secretary, Scientific Society

HOCKEY REPORT

The season has been highlighted thus far by the inclusion of three first team players, Dave Kilvert, Tim Newman and Martin Taylor, in the Birmingham U.19 team, whilst four members of the U.16 team, Simmonds, Lewis, Kerr and Teare, have also been included in the Birmingham U.16 team. The feature of the season, to date, was the Birmingham U.19 Festival in which we were expecting to do well. However, we came up against Queensbridge in the first round, the eventual winners of the competition, and lost 1—0 due to some controversial umpiring.

During the rest of the term, the team has performed creditably, recording five victories, one draw and three defeats. The team is a blend of experience and youth. Dave Kilvert, Tim Newman and Tom Burgess, our most experienced players, have formed the backbone of defence and have been ably supported by newcomers Graham Wooldridge, Steve Johnson and Henry Higgins. The mid-field duo of Graham Holt and Phil Jones have added experience to the forwards, and along with Dave Harris, Jeremy Deeley and John Kerr they have helped Martin Taylor, our leading goal-scorer, to score six goals so far.

Results:

v. S. P. Slade's XI	Won 4—1
v. Warwick	Lost 1—2
v. Moseley G.S.	Won 4—0

v. Stanmore	Drew 0—0
v. St. Philip's	Won 3—2
v. George Dixon	Won 1—0
v. Dame Elizabeth Cadbury	Lost 0—1

Festival—

v. Queensbridge	Lost 0—1
v. Kings Norton	Won 3—0

GRAHAM C. HOLT,
Captain of Hockey

1971 CONSULATE INTERNATIONAL CANOE SLALOM AT LLANGOLLEN

At 9.0 a.m. on Sunday, 17th October, three cars carrying 10 members of the Divisions and Sixth Forms departed on a trip sponsored by the Naval Section to see the Consulate International Canoe Slalom being held that week-end at Llangollen. We had great hopes of seeing a comparatively unusual and exciting water sport spectacular on the River Dee, which had been swollen somewhat by recent rain.

The slalom course was long, about half a mile, with 30 forward and reverse gates over the rapids to be negotiated. There were four separate competitions that afternoon—the Canadian Singles, the Men's Kayak, the Ladies' Kayak and the Canadian Doubles events. The distinction between Canadian and Kayak is that in the former the canoes are propelled in a kneeling position, and in the latter in a sitting position.

The canoeing itself was of a very high standard, too high in fact, for we were rather disappointed by the ease with which the various obstacles were tackled and overcome. We had gone to watch the basics of top-class canoeing and to learn from them, but so few mistakes were made that it was difficult to determine these basics.

It was obvious that the sponsors, Consulate cigarettes, had been generous, as illustrated by the truly international flavour (12 countries were represented) and by the high quality of the competitors, one of whom was the World Champion Kayaker. But the arrangements were inadequate. Spectators were not catered for at all, and the unexpectedly large attendance made it virtually impossible to obtain a good, comfortable viewpoint. The loudspeaker commentary was also totally inadequate.

In spite of these criticisms, we all had a thoroughly enjoyable day and would like to thank those who made it possible.

PETER ROUNCE

SOMETHING BIGGER

Feeling like this
I often think of where we
came from, wombs and universe.
Existences and civilisations,
different arrangements on pieces of paper:
contracts; or patterns,
gods or God, it seems life still goes on, like clocks;
or lumps of clay.
This is when I think
across a past without distance, of a man,
at a desk in a field, writing
with a feather on a leaf.

PETER DANIELS

POEM

Perhaps you remember the bell-peal,
The cluster of tones clenched in snow and
How long groans quivered the valley's length
Whirled round a crowned spire. Your soft lips
mouthed

A shiver-warm breath spiralled in steam,
I dreamed of love fractured in glass fire,
White wax's effluorescence melting
Snow on a thousand grey hunched coats.

At time's seeding the self's awareness
Grows. Was it in Tyrol, love's pain reached
Germination? Only in a snow-shuttered
Linen-lost room silence rushed recrimination.

MALCOLM SPENCER