



CHRONICLE

King Edward's School Birmingham

CHRONICLE

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editorial

" Plus ça change, c'est la même chose." (Karr, 1808-1890.)

" When a newspaper or a magazine is set on foot in the interest of any political or religious party, a foremost place in its first number is commonly occupied by an article in which the purposes and desires of its supporters and managers are stated with more or less fulness. And now that King Edward's School once more has a paper of its own, it is the duty of the Editors to give some information of the usual kind. This we shall try to do as clearly and as concisely as we can. We wish,

- (i) To bind together all sections within the school,
- (ii) To strengthen the connection between our old and present members,
- (iii) To chronicle all events of interest to the school." (K.E.S. Chronicle, 1875.)

... " a new Chronicle, a magazine incorporating not only modern design, but modern opinion as well." (K.E.S. Chronicle, 1966.)

A new magazine : number 1. Our distinct fear, voiced last September, that this magazine could be abridged to annihilation, has fortunately not materialised.

No doubt you are eager to search wildly amongst the altered sections for your name in print, and then to discuss the re-designed institution. But before you do that, there are several points to be mentioned, and several questions to be answered. Why is there a new magazine ? How did it come into existence ? What is it ?

The answer to the first basic question should be obvious to all " CHRONICLE " readers, whether devotees or not : the last edition was an honest, straightforward record of the School, but its format was dull and anachronistic, as was much of its contents.

As so many readers wanted change, the Editorial Board has at last delved into the possibilities for alteration, since permission was granted last October to go ahead with experiments. At once the Board was expanded in accordance with traditional " CHRONICLE " theory that " as the head boys drop out one after another, those who take their places will be competent to carry on the work." Efficient continuity is essential. To try and achieve this, and to deal with a school as one School, we have endeavoured to consider all aspects of the School from first principles, and to express its component parts as accurately as possible. And so, steadily, the changes have evolved, and the tabulated plans have ceased to be mere theory.

The plans were radical, but one thing is clear : we were *not* seeking, on your behalf, a wilfully altered publication which would ignore 92 years of past editions. You may well wonder why not.

For an answer we must return to past " CHRONICLE "s, however much you loathe the retrospective glance. This may be a new magazine, but it is still the magazine of King Edward's School. It is unnecessary to delve into details of " CHRONICLE " history, but it might be relevant to mention that a line of " CHRONICLE "s goes back to 1875. That edition of Saturday, March 16th, may be regarded as the first, for the embryonic attempts before it never reached fruition.

For a moment, let us consider an analogy : one cannot plan extensive electrification schemes for railways without acknowledging the original considerations concerning wheels on rails, human limitations, curves, stresses, and many other details. And in some instances it may not be possible to transmit the rules of one medium (e.g. steam) directly to another (e.g. electric) : one starts with virgin eyes while avoiding all known pitfalls as suffered by predecessors in related fields. This parallel should indicate our basic position as planners. Precisely because the editors of 1875 faced almost identical problems to those of today, and because their ideals were high, full of hope, and full of potential, we are using a quotation from the first "CHRONICLE" above. In many ways, that, and other quotations elsewhere, should help to clarify matters. Moreover, those "CHRONICLE"s make enlightening, and often stimulating reading. They were *well-written*, and they were *lively*. And significantly, our policies will not be dissimilar from those of the 1870's.

A retrograde step ? Conservatism ? Damaging ? ... Surely not : one need only look at those "CHRONICLE"s to find articles entitled "Small Noses are a Failure," "My First Cigar," "The Lady Friends of Our Great Men" (in several episodes), "Thoughts on Bores," "Work During Sleep," "A Visit to a Lunatic Asylum," and "A High-Pressure Love Affair," with jokes ("scraps"), and epigrams liberally scattered.

Many of their observations are still relevant, and we intend to include in each of our editions several extracts from past magazines because they are witty, relevant, or simply well-written. Those magazines were alive : we want this one to be alive in a contemporary way. And so you will find in future the inclusion of a variety of new articles, such as purely linguistic or scientific pieces as well as surveys of significant aspects of the School.

The "CHRONICLE" has been through some extraordinary dull phases : it has switched from two columns to one and back again ; it has at times incorporated sketches, photographs, jokes, reviews, etc., etc. But gradually it has faded. To what extent, therefore, have the original aims been distorted ? This is what we want to discover, for evidently the traditional parasite has crept in to drain away all sense of interest—the bloodsucker Apathy. Therefore, a continual probing, not only backwards, but in all directions has been the basis of the new magazine. But enough of the past—let us return to the question of what end-product we had in view.

We were aiming at a radically altered appearance which would maintain a record of the School—and as interesting a record as possible—but which would maintain only the *necessary*. Consequently, much extraneous material had to be directly removed if it was too space-consuming and/or boring to a definite majority of the present School. For example this edition contains few statistics.

We are certainly not attacking or ignoring minority interests—in fact those are the very regions which need our support, and indeed will receive our support. But we are attacking data of minority interest which are of little or no positive value, indeed mere trivia, to any but those concerned with them. We recognise that statistics are frequently interesting in retrospect, but they may only be effectively gauged in a condensed and appropriate form. Therefore, many personal details have to be forfeited; a line *must* be drawn, and it has now been drawn much closer to the heart—not to constrict but to control. We cannot pickle everything for posterity.

What then is the new magazine ? It is a larger, somewhat hybrid and removed cousin of the last "CHRONICLE" which we sincerely hope will show all the benefits of selective breeding. There will be fresh articles, new type faces, more pictures to titillate the lazy, as well as unbiased treatment of opinion and discussion, and subjective appreciation and objective criticism : and to complete the ideal, objective appreciation, and subjective criticism. The ideal is comprehensive. The ideal is to chronicle all aspects of the School in its action and in its thought.

Iconoclasm is dangerous when cynically negative, but some images need shattering : our important new feature, "Comment," will try to point them out. "CHRONICLE" is the official representative of our school, and every institution should be able to stand up

to public examination. As distinct from the editorial, which will deal fundamentally with " CHRONICLE " policy and appraisal, we see " Comment " as an organ of opinion on School policy, attitudes, and reform. We don't want to butcher, or to completely re-design the School, but we do want to be speculators on your behalf. We may sound didactic : this is because we feel that " CHRONICLE " should try to provoke the School to self-criticism. A strong man is not afraid of showing his weaknesses.

The more one reads old " CHRONICLES ", not only Victorian ones but even later ones such as those of the early 'fifties, the more one realises that the dictum quoted at the head of this editorial is true. The policy has changed little in spirit : nevertheless we hope that the practice will show the necessary vast improvements. A new phase starts here : here is the result of revised attitudes and a revaluation of essentials . . . and it will not please everyone.

If it has succeeded, it is your duty to ensure that it will remain a satisfactory foundation for future planning.

If it has failed, then we must discover why. (For use in either case we have provided a questionnaire on the centre pages.)

You must estimate the result yourself. " CHRONICLE " is your possession, and we know it would make a superb pair of shin-pads. But whatever your avid pre-suppositions or premature convictions, at least bother to read it, and *in foto*. That is in fact its prime function—to be intelligently read. The vital question which must nevertheless now be asked, is whether or not " CHRONICLE " is intelligently written.

" Let me embrace thee, good old Chronicle,
Thou that has long walked hand in hand with time."

(W. Shakespeare.)

comment

King Edward's School, Birmingham

Birmingham is in some ways strangely dead, coldly affluent, and mean-minded. But, above all, it is indifferent and insensitive, probably containing more floating voters and "don't knows" than any other big city. And it is paradoxical that a city with a well-defined centre should have an outlook so lacking in unity or coherence.

It is therefore not really surprising that by its own standards, superficially by those of Oxbridge and the first XV, and more importantly by those of keenness and loyalty with regard to the school as a whole, we, King Edward's School, seem to be in the early stages of a possibly alarming decline; our spirit is showing signs of growing corrupt, our achievements of becoming meagre. Respect and enthusiasm for the school appear to be dying, and vandalism and petty dishonesty, laziness and unreliability are steadily becoming marked features of the school.

Obviously the immediate causes of all this are the attitudes prevalent amongst us. Particularly in the upper forms, we are suffering from an outbreak of arrogance and cynicism. To some extent this is inevitable in fifth and sixth forms; but at present enthusiasm for sport or work is a rarity, and is often sneered at, albeit in a facetious fashion. Respect for simple hard work, and even for intellectual achievement *may* be widespread, but respect and enthusiasm are so much against the reigning cult of cynicism that one tends to be shy of expressing them. In fact, if one expresses approval of something to a friend one is likely to be accused of insincerity.

Cults

We print below a letter from a parent, which complains about the appearance and behaviour of King Edward's pupils. You may feel that the letter is misguided, and that we should be entitled to express ourselves by our dress, or you may agree with its author. (The editorial board itself is split over this.) But expression of personality (especially in a school, which must conform to some rules), can easily snowball into arrogant self-assertiveness. And that cult of arrogant and assertive cynicism which rules at least the upper school is certainly conducive to both rudeness and to a sterile conformity in defiance of enthusiasm. The natural desire of boys is to be popular; but most of them, if they are not liked, do not enjoy school. Moreover, many of us seem to feel that the demands of popularity involve considerable concessions to the successive cults of 'hardness,' and 'pseudery' and their intrinsic conceit and negation. Cult-values *must* change: the present ones are decadent and harmful, however much the sarcastic and downright rude remarks that we mouth are in jest. Obviously most of the cynics and 'pseuds' of the school are insincere in their behaviour; but even pretence can be dangerous and anti-social. There is no reason why eagerness and loyalty (and their constant companion, courtesy), should be regarded as childish or old fashioned.

Anachronisms

However it is clearly difficult, and perhaps wrong, to be enthusiastic and loyal about an anachronistic machine, which in some respects King Edward's, in its present state, is. Arrogance and cynicism are inevitable substitutes for dying loyalty, and there is much in the argument that the faults of the pupil are ultimately faults in the organisation and policy of the school. School discipline and policy must become more consistent and definite, if not stricter. Outdated standards and yardsticks must be forgotten however painfully ; promises and threats must be carried out, and respect, loyalty, and courtesy will follow.

This word, courtesy, is often yawned at, but why should consistent rudeness be upheld as good ? This may be an old maid's viewpoint, but it is in fact valid. A courteous co-existence with a respected institution is both the most comfortable way to live, and most conducive to a contented life. To say this is not, however, to condone hypocrisy. Despite its faults, the school *is* still a valuable institution.

But what of its faults ? The school needs to rethink its attitudes to sport and work. For instance, many people think that houses ought to accept that games should only be played for enjoyment, and that the cost of sport to the individual in time and energy is unduly large. (See letters to the Editor.) Perhaps we should cut the number of houses so that full teams can be formed. And with regard to our mental progress, shouldn't we act rather more than we do on the principle that real education is an eager dialogue, and a good in its own right, rather than merely a monologue to be suffered as a means to University ?

New Thoughts

It might be argued that new thought should come from the top, and it would be depressing if we feel no definite response within the near future to some of the letters and comment we have printed. But this thinking must descend right through the school. It must accept and probe its weak spots, in order to patch them the more effectively. It is true, of course, that pop-socialist and cheaply anti-establishment opinion is flooding the whole country at the moment, and that as a public school we are associated in some minds with the British Empire and its bewhiskered colonels. The whole rejection of these concepts and all that goes with them, which has infected the members of our school, is, however, largely unaccompanied by constructive theories. The concept of a public/direct grant school may be one which is doomed in our society, but we should at least try to escape from the national malaise of negation and indifference, and try to show that such a school can be of great value to the community. And the happier, more productive atmosphere we want to create can only properly be based on enthusiasm and loyalty for a determinedly reforming school.

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SECTION A: school affairs

School Diary

The year began on September 15th, with only two prefects left, and four new masters. The first innovation of the year, apart from the revised games system, was the most successful Personal Survival Examination. Within a week, the Water Polo Knock-out had been launched and the first XV were tackling and losing their first match.

On October 4th, parents of boys in the Upper Sixth had their Oxbridge doubts confirmed, and on the 5th a similar process was undergone by parents of sixth formers. October 7th: Field Day early in the term.

Founder's Day was commemorated on October 15th, and the speaker was the bailiff, Victor Yates, M.P. To celebrate, the XV managed to draw with Tettenhall. October 20th saw the first meeting of "The Forum", a society for the discussion of the religions and philosophies of the world. Unlike the short-lived "Automobile Society," this effort to start a society by a boy seems more likely to become successful.

On October 28th, Half Term began, and the Natural History Society held a Field meeting. The following weekend, after a huge build-up, the XV clashed mightily with Bromsgrove. In blinding hail, on a muddy pitch, and with glorious tedium, the result was a draw.

In early November, Oxbridge candidates began to sweat heavily, as the term and their work became longer and huger respectively. On the 25th of the month, the examinations started.

December 1st saw Divisions' parents learning something about "A" level work from several exhausted members of staff. On the 13th of December, the last Holy Communion of term was held, and the next day heard the mighty cry from the science library for the return of books.

Prince Lee won the House Music Competition (Part One, Orchestral), on December 19th, and on the same evening the Carol Service was held. This year there was only one evening allotted for it, and Big School was packed to overflowing.

1967 began with a discreet yawn, and at least six fives matches, whereas the school actors were forfeiting their last days of freedom in cultivating their Irish accents.

Term began with a new vice-captain, five new prefects, and no snow. It progressed normally for a week or two, and then began to liven up as Edwardians tried to become either convicts, Irish, or Brendan Behan, or a combination of the three. Nevertheless, the play went dramatically on. Why though was Big School not packed for this contemporary play by such a notorious playwright?

It is interesting how society support fluctuates. Two days after the play, the Literary Society attracted 62 people from all blocks of the school. Why was this when, later in the term, two people attended a meeting to listen to a most entertaining and accomplished speaker from the University? The answer: two masters arguing superficially about immoral literature. A free-for-all at the debating society has not attracted the masses in recent months either.

The annual Foundation Service was held on February 9th.

Meanwhile, in utter loneliness, the lethargic in our midst were forced to pantingly plod the maudlin pavements of Oakfield Road, in an attempt to reach the standard expected by non-running House cross-country captains. Is there any chance of cross-country across country? After all, some people find more pleasure in utter exhaustion if they can paddle in mud at the same time.

February, and still no snow, but endless rain and 56 rugby players undecided whether they actually wanted to play the Sevens or not.

The sequence of Lent communions and collections began, the House gymnastics competition vaulted by, and the rugby captain left.

Half Term began, and on the Friday of the holiday, we were treated to the sight of 400 10-year-olds, some in tapered knees, all looking lost, clamouring for the lavatory, and calling all the prefects "Sir."

Half Term over, and a coach on its way to Westminster, large numbers not going to St. Edmund Hall or Athletics Standards, and even more cutting out half the cross-country race, now removed from Cannon Hill Park.

On February 25th, the sixth formers were treated to an ergonomical feast by a visiting

lecturer from Loughborough, and a new word entered our flimsy vocabularies.

Three days later some of the tortoises of the school hastily headed for the Oxford roads and the rest at last began to notice for the first time the hundreds of notices advertising the possible future publication of something called "CHRONICLE."

The Film Society burst into action with Alfred Hitchcock's tale of a mass-murderer ("Psycho") on March 1st, but the horrified members of the sixth forms were reassured by the burly personage of the Chief Constable on the Saturday following, talking about his pandas, of the non-cuddly kind. Meanwhile an athletics team headed into a blizzard and the wilds of Leicester and lost its first match against the bleak Ratcliffe.

The Common Room

After the disturbances and misfortunes of last year it is pleasant to be able to say this year has seen the Common Room relatively settled. In September we welcomed two new members of Staff. Dr. Gill joined the Science Department after doing research at Edinburgh University and a year's teaching at Manchester G.S. They would like to have kept him—we are pleased to have 'captured' him. Mr. Jayne is now a part of the formidable Modern Languages Department but no stranger to King Edward's. He did his teaching practice here last year, and we admire his resolution. In addition to these permanencies Mr. Malcolm Lee (O.E.) filled the gap left by Mr. Bolton's departure during the Autumn term. In this short time he became very much a part of us and we were sorry to see him go: we wish him luck with his Law Finals and then as a Barrister.

The one element of misfortune was the serious heart attack suffered by Mr. Cotter at the end of the Summer holiday. This, and his convalescence, necessitated his being absent throughout the Autumn Term: however, he is now with us again and as forthright as ever. While he was away his post was filled by Mr. Allard—(the nephew of THE Mr. Allard)—who has now taken charge of P.E. at Waverley G.S. We thank him for his work and wish him luck.

To finish on a happier note—Mr. Ganderton was married to Miss Patricia Cunningham on Easter Monday.

Awards at Oxford and Cambridge

The following boys have won open awards:

At Oxford:

- G. Selway, a Scholarship in Classics at Worcester College.
- D. L. Thomas, a Scholarship in Engineering at St. Edmund Hall.
- A. D. Wilding, a Scholarship in Natural Sciences at Christ Church.

At Cambridge:

- R. D. Blandford, a Scholarship in Natural Sciences at Magdalene College.
- P. F. J. Craig, a Scholarship in Classics at Emmanuel College.
- D. C. Allanson, an Exhibition in English at Queens' College.

Seven Commoner places were also gained.

March 13th must serve as an omen for this creation. After a week of extensive editing, material began to filter to the printers.

And on the 16th of March, the School Captain, S. G. High, celebrated his birthday with a famine lunch.

March 17th brought an early holiday for some and Expeditions weekend for the rest, armed with rifles, paddles, parachutes, hatchets, hammers, or squash rackets. Tuesday 21st, began the epilogue to term, with a joint communion with K.E.H.S., and the final rehearsal of Brahms' Requiem. This led up to a performance at K.E.H.S. the same night and in Big School on the 22nd. The House Music Competition (Part 2) was also on the 22nd and term ended on the 23rd March with limited weeping for the retiring veterans.

Governors' News

Twice in one year the Governing Body has been deprived of its Deputy Bailiff. When Professor Squire died in that office in January there were no Governors of sufficiently long service who had not already served as Bailiff to be elected Deputy Bailiff. The Governors therefore, in accordance with their rule, went back to the senior member and elected Dr. Mary Winfield Deputy Bailiff with a view to her becoming Bailiff in 1967/68.

Her sudden death on 25th November came as a great shock. She was the daughter of Mr. Cary Gilson, and herself had been a pupil at K.E.H.S. before going up to Girton College, Cambridge. There she qualified as a Doctor and on her marriage returned to practice in Birmingham where she brought up her family and was known for her extremely zealous and active care for handicapped children. She was for a long period Chairman of the School for the Deaf and she had a very great part in the growth of the School for the Blind.

She became a Governor, representing the City of Birmingham, in 1940, and always took the deepest interest in the affairs of the schools. She had served on all committees and was conspicuously regular in her attendance at school speech days and other public occasions. In recent years she had given of her time and attention especially to the Direct Grant Schools committee. Her loss will be keenly felt, removing as it does somebody with an almost unique experience of, and insight into, the affairs and the history of the schools.

To her husband, who has himself during the last year been in ill health, and to her family we extend our deepest sympathy.

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Into the place left vacant by Dr. Mary Winfield the City Council have nominated Councillor Mrs. M. A. M. Cooke, J.P. She brings to her work a wide experience of public life and in particular of governing some other schools.

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Into the place as Deputy Bailiff, left vacant on the death of Dr. Winfield, Sir Donald Finemore, was elected. He becomes Bailiff from April 1 when the term of office of Mr. Yates, M.P., expires. Sir Donald was Bailiff during the quatercentenary year and we should like to hope that his second Bailiffship will be marked by comparable glories and inspiration.

Visit to The House of Commons

In the days before the House of Commons degenerated into a second-rate Cruft's, a party of forty sixth-formers descended on it to discover what (if anything) goes on there. The Bailiff, Victor Yates, M.P., had kindly agreed to take us round, and after the inevitable visit to the Terrace, where we were accosted by a sweetly-lisping photographer and met the member for Sheffield Heeley, Mr. Hooley, O.E., we penetrated the Holy of Holies.

The Lords' Chamber is glaringly red and exceedingly dull except for the benches on which the bishops disport themselves during proceedings. These benches are the only ones with arm-rests on the end, a precaution apparently designed to prevent intoxicated ecclesiastics from rolling off at inopportune moments. On the whole, The Commons Chamber, with its tasteful pea-green decor, is similarly dull.

The main interest of the visit lay in watching the afternoon's proceedings, but few of us, alas, were able to get tickets for the Stranger's Gallery for Question-time. Certain sights are worth mentioning: the Speaker looking suitably ludicrous in his ceremonial wig and nightie: the Prime Minister implying that the Honourable Member was a bare-faced liar, while fervently assuring him that no doubts were being cast on his integrity: the Minister of Fuel and Power with his feet up, trying to think whether or not the Government had a fuel policy, and if so, what it was. In the face of such lethargy it was little comfort to be told that the House always begins its proceedings with prayers (in spite of the aversion of many M.P.s to dog-collars).

We came home no longer marvelling at the political ineptitude our governments display so often.

Thank God—for what ?

On Thursday, February 9th, as of former years, and according to tradition, our Sixth Formers loyally went to Church. The aim was to give thanks to God for our Foundation. I am not setting out to deny that this is probably a good thing, but its value should not be overrated. Once inside St. Martin's Church some of the thanks was for stranger things. To quote :

" We give Thee thanks, O Lord, for giving us the thirst to know and understand, and for showing us the paths of wisdom."

I would like to inquire what these ' paths of wisdom ' are. Does it mean that we have been guided in such a way that we are now much wiser than other unenlightened people ? I hope no such hypocrisy would be even thought of. If it does not mean that, then what ? There is only one ' path ' for Christians—not many—and that one being in the steps of Christ himself.

My second quotation is from a prayer that is familiar to nearly all of us :

" We give Thee most humble and hearty thanks, O most merciful Father, for our pious Founder, King Edward VI, etc., . . . , by whose benefit this whole School is brought up to godliness and goodlearning ; "

I will not quibble with ' good learning,' since academically our School is pretty good. But what is this ' godliness ' ? According to the Oxford dictionary, godliness is piouness or devoutness.

The School has among its staff three ordained members of the Church of England. We have School assembly with prayers, hymns, and lessons, five times a week. We have Holy Communion every other Tuesday (every Tuesday in Lent). We have Evening Service on Thursday evenings and Mattins on Friday mornings in Chapel. Is this in itself godliness ?

The fact that School prayers has little meaning for some and not a great deal of meaning for the majority—and I include myself in ' majority '—must mean that somewhere our godliness is dwindling. The fact that, excluding the choir, the congregation at Evening Service is usually about four, out of a possible four hundred boys who could come, must mean that somehow our godliness is fading out of existence. The fact that attendance at Friday Mattins is usually about four, while about forty play soccer outside, must mean that at sometime our godliness began to ebb away. The fact that attendance at Communion is usually about forty, out of an estimated one hundred or more, must mean that our godliness is not perhaps as strong as it might be. What, now, happens to our thanksgiving for godliness ? Should it not be turned into a prayer that we might attain such a quality ?

S. W. MITCHELL.

The School Weather Station

The " Met " continues to satisfy the voracious appetites of the computerised weather makers and has recently started to report rainfall to the Trent River Authority in connection with the " River Rea-Bournbrook Experiment Catchment." (Rumours that this is the cause of the unplayability of the South Field in recent months are unfounded.) An official inspection resulted in the acquisition of two new thermometers which it is hoped will eliminate some inaccuracies caused by the inability of some trainee observers to see straight.

The weather in the past few months has been characterised by temperatures marginally higher than average, above average precipitation and an almost total absence of snow—one day in December, none in January, and none in February. The average number of snow-days for these three months over the past few years is fourteen.

We would like to thank the following observers who have given up their time with varying degrees of willingness to ensure an unbroken record of readings : C. C. Maltby, A. J. Gilbert, R. A. Cooke, C. D. Roberts, P. A. G. Friend, P. D. Goakes, and P. H. Cooke.

P. L. MARCUS
P. H. BENNETT.

The Houses

For this edition we received the usual eight reports. We do not however print any of them, for two reasons :

- (i) Despite the practice of several of the less literate captains of giving the onerous duty of writing the report to a more literate member of the House, the reports lack interest and individuality. The only noticeable exception was, not surprisingly, that of the eighth house in the Championship, who had much to say about rampant apathy.
- (ii) Most of the House competitions were incomplete for various reasons (e.g. rugger, athletics) and therefore conclusive comment could not be made.

The lack of originality is in many ways a direct reflection of the House system at present. At one time it was easy to recognise distinctly House-centred days every week. This was partly true of Tuesdays, and especially true of Thursdays. House meetings started the day ; House games ended it. This orientation has largely gone, intensified by the many changes in the organisation of games and of the timetable. For example, Thursday has now become a full working-day for the senior blocks.

It has been proposed, therefore, that in each future September edition, the Houses' report will consist of a straightforward survey of the previous year's Championship, using the accumulated data of the Recorder. This will be the policy unless there is evidence that Houses have again assumed individuality.

SURVEY : The School Lavatories

An essential part of any institution (especially when it is supposed to be catering for 700 boys) is the lavatory accommodation. This school is blessed with five celestial halls for the boys, and in theory they are well planned and widely distributed. Their condition is appalling. It is ironic that, despite our great heritage, our school is not furnished with more stately facilities. We think it would be useful to clear up, first, two most important points. Just what functions are school lavatories intended to serve ; and how in fact are they used ?

Lavatories are meant to provide two services : relief for the strained and purification for the dirty. At this school they provide relief for the strained (but only for the very strained, for no-one at less than bursting point is mad enough to use them), and facilities for boys to practice some of their less adult activities.

As for the washing facilities—they are deplorably inadequate. This is a great pity, considering the scruffy state of 80 per cent of the boys. In one washing-area there is a cluttering of old desks which renders entrance practically im-

possible, and if one boy is in there at a time it is a tight squeeze to get out again. In another, if one boy is using a tap and someone else uses one further up, the water from the first is reduced to a mere trickle.

Not a great many boys, luckily for them, find it necessary to use the cubicles. This is probably because they avoid that necessity like the plague. In fact using the cubicles is likely to give them the plague. The seats are always dirty and in many of the pans the excreta has not been washed away; this produces an excruciating smell. This is a disgusting feat of negligence. Now the fact that the pan has not been flushed is, of course, the fault of the person who used it. However, that does not mean that the so-called cleaners should not flush the pans themselves. If they are cleaners, then they should do their job properly; they are, after all, being paid with the fee-payers' money. The fact that there have been unflushed pans shows that the cleaners have overlooked part of their job; surely, a lavatory is one place in the school that really does need cleaning thoroughly at least once a day? This has just not been done. There is rarely enough paper and there are no proper locks. Therefore, boys must use birch, old nails, calendars, or even "CHRONICLE"s as a substitute. They may have to wedge the doors with their feet. But if a boy has diarrhoea, he is liable to get cramp doing this.

We are constantly being reminded, especially on speech-days and Foundation days, that we are in a highly privileged position. Great boasts are made about the new pavilion and the swimming pool, yet we are completely without clean lavatory cubicles.

Even the standard of the graffiti is low. The rhymes are hackneyed and the swearwords too unoriginal to hold the interest of the cubicles' inhabitants. We suggest a series of Shakespearian verses might be pleasant for the summer term;

and for the autumn term perhaps Alexander Pope's "The Rape of The Lock," in weekly episodes.

The urinals also are not nearly well enough looked after; and they are the parts of the lavatories with the greatest clientele. Quite recently two lavatories on one side of the school (the 'Science School' side) had to be closed, since they were flooded with urine. Therefore, anyone in the Science School or Art Department had to go to the other side of the school to relieve themselves. Here the blame lies almost entirely with those boys who insist on throwing half-eaten sandwiches and banana skins into the troughs; but more regular cleaning and disinfecting would not come amiss—though we agree the cleaners are fighting an uphill battle.

On many occasions a whole lavatory has been found to be locked and boys have had to search at speed lest their frustration should reach its inevitable and embarrassing climax.

In the washing areas the towels are few and nearly always dirty (in the lavatory nearest the tuck-shop there are no towels at all). Who wants to wash their face if there is nothing to dry it on but a damp, dirty, dishevelled circular rag? Soap is never in good supply either and therefore anyone with the courage to brave the towels cannot have a proper wash anyway. Only one out of five drinking fountains is operative, the others often clogged with filth. We are regularly advised to keep our appearances reasonable, and what could be more sensible? However, it would be a great aid to carrying out this simple task if washing facilities were adequate.

It appears then that, in general, this school is in a very bad way for lavatory facilities. But it would be pointless to stop here without having said anything constructive. We therefore suggest certain improvements:

- (i) There should be proper locks on the cubicles and when they are installed boys should not exercise

their compulsive kleptomania by removing them.

- (ii) They should also be cleaned much more thoroughly and more regularly.
- (iii) Toilet rolls which are at present burnt, unravelled and strewn around the pan, or taken to the Aston Villa football ground, should be replaced by boxes of pull-out sheets fixed to the walls; this, at any rate, might discourage thieving and burning.
- (iv) The troughs of the latrines should be properly cleaned, or if Mr. Allard's staff is too apathetic for such a task, then the C.C.F. should build flood dykes.
- (v) There should be paper towels in the washing areas and they should be provided in adequate quantities with dustbins to put them in after use.

- (vi) There should always be enough soap, and when it is provided boys should not throw it out of the window, keep it as a souvenir of happy school days, or eat it as a substitute for school lunches.
- (vii) It would also be a great kindness, if operative drinking fountains could be provided. It is a long distance between the Science School and the gymnasium, where the only properly operative one is to be found.

However, if we are to be provided with improved facilities (which we sincerely hope will be so), then members of the school must not defile the lavatories, but must respect them as vital necessities. It requires full co-operation from both boys and cleaning staff to give us usable lavatories: comfortable conveniences which would be a pleasure to visit. In 1967, the lavatory's worst enemy is the adolescent school-boy.

P. R. HOGGART
K. R. LEE



Chess Problem

This position occurred in a recent House match, Black, to move, played 23...Kn-B6.

What was the result, and how was it reached?

(Just for the record, neither of the players nor any of the spectators *could* see the outcome.)

n. e. hickman

(Solution on page 56.)

SECTION B :

original



A New Poem

*Sheen of galloping horse
striven in great stretch
over turf,
grasping nostrils and eyes,
tail like a straining hand
remembering.*

*That's in your hair
when you spin your head
to smile at a voice by your shoulder.*

d. c. allanson

Sad Thoughts

*I sat lonely on the river bank,
Listening to the leaves rustling ;
And the otters whistling
To their playful mates by the mill,
She had only yesterday passed away,
Yet today, 'twas if I was alone
In this cruel, depriving world.
Yet she was happy, slumbering,
Never to wake again.*

*I saw a salmon leap high,
As though it was hunted
By a shoal of lampreys;
But not hunted as I was ;
In soul and spirit,
Hunted by a thousand sorrows
That forever would remain.
Yet she was happy, slumbering,
Never to wake again.*

d. p. whinyates

This Way Went I

*This way went I,
Down lanes bare and empty,
Through fields of ripe barley,
Swaying in the wind.*

*This way went I,
O'er moors ablaze with heather,
Across fast flowing rivers,
That sparkled in the sun.*

*This way went I,
Along sands covered in sea shells,
Through woods cool and shady,
On a carpet of blue.*

r. m. batters

Lines

*Everything is green and the sky is always sunny
Willy Shakespeare is running through the trees
Annie Hathaway is running in-front of him
Willy's trying to see her knees
Annie's wearing a French-bosomed dress
Willy prefers her traditionally English
Lines are running through his head
He wants to enlarge them in bed
So the plays come trickling out of a rhetoric skull
And the tragical characters live
The red velvet theatre rings out with words
The actors are beautiful
The queues are long
All is a confused mixture of faces and voices
And colour and applause
Lutes play plucking heart-strings
Hearts throb with looking-back emotions in black and white timbers and greenery
Yes
Everything is still green and the sky is always sunny
Wish Willy still ran through the trees.*

anon

April '66

k. mount

*Rainswept high slopes
Lurk under mist.
A stream rushes down a rocky bed
And spreads itself
Far
Over dead grass
That has become marsh
So swiftly
And is shocked
And saturated.
Sparse rock bursts through
The waterlogged earth
And stands stark silver
Suddenly to disappear in grey.
The whole landscape is unstable, uncertain
Drowning, floundering in visible damp
A moving sea of depression.*

The Hill

*Overlooking fields and towns,
Factory chimneys, dells and downs ;
Sometimes foggy, sometimes boggy,
Bleak and windswept, rather rocky ;
In centuries' time it will still be there,
Minding the plain with fatherly care.*

*In Spring, when Winter's rage has gone ;
And snow and ice and storms are done ;
The hillside's plants begin to grow,
Glad at living the Winter thru ;
Pale green shoots all fresh and new,
At last come forth and into view,*

*In Winter burns rush down the hill,
To join the river by the mill ;
Storms batter, and rains drench
The hill with its sodden, peaty stench ;
When washed by rain or baked by sun,
To face nature's wrath it stands alone.*

m. f. m. smith

*The lights went off, the Beat took hold
And the black bell of Chaos tolled
The booming sound devoured the room
The tune and dance were lost in gloom
But lights once on, the girl returned
In youthful blood, fair hopes soon burned
Such joys consumed—a state of trance
Like after-life after the dance.*

*Some love—to which all men aspire
Is linked to God's Refining Fire.
The love is stars in Night-Sky world
Until the Realms of Light's unfurled
When joys consume—a state of trance
Like after-life after the Dance.*

p. l. cox

Easter Egg

White Jerusalem stands high on the hill and even from the parched grounds of surrounding heights could be heard the cheering for Jesus Christ.

A little group ; a man in white on an ass surrounded by a group of gaily-coloured dressed young men, slowly makes its way up the little winding path to the city, a moving speck drenched by the sun shining onto many places together, but this group the highlight.

The huge walls were crowned with many waving, cheering crowds as the little group approached the mighty city gates. Soldiers open them. The tiny group slowly trundles in. As soon as the gates open, a huge crowd of cheering, screaming, waving people swarm towards the ass and Christ. But soldiers keep them back and make a path through the hysterical mass for the Lord who smiles on the ass. Palms are strewn before the ass. Jesus smiles. A young girl manages to break her way through the military barrier, and she runs up to Jesus and hugs him. Jesus nearly falls off the ass. Soldiers try to pull the girl away. They succeed, but another girl followed by many others break through the military barrier and surround Jesus, reaching out for Him, trying to touch him. The screaming and cheering are deafening. The whole crowd gradually swarms to the ass and its master. For the first time today, Jesus looks slightly afraid. The soldiers are vainly attempting to reach him to rescue him. His disciples are lost in the crowd. He is surrounded by the hysterical, adoring crowd.

As Pilate appeared, there was a hush. The crowd listened.

(Barabbas or Jesus ?)

Barabbas, Barabbas, we want Barabbas. Kill Jesus, kill Jesus, crucify him, crucify him, crucify, crucify.

What could Pilate do ?

(Scourge him and crucify him.)

He washed his hands.

Well, it was obvious that Barabbas would be freed. He was the favourite. The trouble was the length of time preceding the execution. Why couldn't they just crucify him at once ? Peter had thrice denied, Judas had had his kiss, and the whole week was overshadowed by a cross.

Gethsemane, there was the only peace.

The night was still, dark. Jesus had left some sleeping. He went further on, beneath the olives, along the stoney path, overlooking a peace, glorious and lonely, touching the whole world.

(My God, my God, my God.)

He kept saying. He cried pitifully. He wanted comfort. He wanted love. But all he could hear was the snoring of his few disciples sleeping nearby. Then,

Later, he walked back to his friends. He was tremendously nervous. It was so noticeable.

(Get up. Why do you sleep ? I told you to watch.)

He returned to pray and he cried once more. He longed to go to his father without the agony, the hurt.

(Please help me, father. Honestly, I'm terrified. Please help me. There's no-one to comfort me, there are no arms to rest in. There is nothing for me but the hate. So please appear. Appear before, father. Then I'll touch you, embrace you, kiss you, feel comfort, a protection. Father you must help me. I can't bear it any longer. When ?)

Well, he didn't exactly appear. Jesus just knew he was there. He stood and walked to the vision. He stared at it. And then, with the light and the dark, he reached out, and was grasped up by two arms, so warm, so protective and safe, so lovingly for him. He collapsed. And cried. The vision went up. He wanted to go up as well. But no. He had to face it. He sobbed bitterly, crouching hopelessly beneath a flowering tree, hiding his head, terrified, trembling, and his blood escaped his pores.

Angry footsteps approached, vicious lips kissed his, swift arms embraced him. It was Judas. Judas tried to disentangle himself from Jesus' hold, but Jesus held him fast, staring into Judas' eyes.

(What mean you ? What mean you ?)

Judas had to give in, feeling the warmth of Jesus' body, the ice of his eyes.

(The kiss, the kiss.)

Here, here is your man. Here is Jesus.

(The kiss, the kiss, what mean you ?)

And the guards took Jesus and Judas ran to the tree with the bag of gold in his hands and the naked youth ran away.

Judas tied a noose to the tree and climbed onto a bough, the noose around his neck. He jumped- his neck broke, the gold fell to the floor. It did not sparkle. The moon was not bright enough.

But now Jesus, after many vicious tribulations, was taken down from the platform down to the dungeons of the palace. Soldiers held him viciously, while others took up whips with many thongs. Jesus' robe was torn from his defenceless body. They tied him to a stake, and scourged him, until their red tunics were dyed anew.

Golgotha, the crosses, after the long journey, they arrived at the cross on Golgotha. His robes were looted, he was nailed down. The blood stained the grass. And as the cross was lifted, he saw his mother. That took away all the pain.

The feel of the spear through his body turned the blood in his mouth to bile.

He gave up his spirit, and the show ended.

The dark sky was patched with silver streaks, oh so very, very beautiful over the parched countryside of Judaea. So incredibly pretty : it made you glad you were alive.

k. r. lee





photographic competition winner

m. g. ewins

Manège à Trois

En France cette émission est pour les petits. Les marionnettes sans fils parlent eux-mêmes—Zébulon s'efforce de parler tout en sautant comme un diable à ressort. Comme vous le savez déjà peut-être la jeune fille qui fait des visites au jardin enchanté s'appelle Margot, et le chien qui habite le jardin s'appelle Pollux—je ne saurais pas vous faire part des noms des deux pères—je les ignore. L'émission est diffusée avant les heures de pointe—à 16.30 h. environ.

Considérons maintenant le "Manège Enchanté" qui est diffusé quatre fois par semaine à la première chaîne de la BBC. Il est censé être une émission qu'on regarde avec maman avant de se coucher pendant qu'on lit le bulletin d'informations. Mais examinons de près les personnages principaux: Zebedee (Zébulon), qui est magicien amateur, peut, sait et connaît tout—on soupçonne qu'il a la tête bouffie de sa propre toute-puissance—je n'aime pas davantage sa façon de gesticuler de la moustache—cela me rappelle quelque chose. Le père Rusty, lui, a besoin de nouveaux habits pour remplacer le chapeau et le manteau déguenillés qu'il porte à présent. Il faudrait aussi lui faire cadeau d'un nécessaire d'outils, car il s'est montré incapable de réparer les pannes de son manège et de son orgue de Barbarie—et d'un miroir pour qu'il puisse regarder la moustache quand il la peigne. Le père MacHenry (ou est-ce McKenry ?) profiterait bien de la lecture du code de la route. Brian, l'escargot, a la nez aussi long que celui du général lui-même. Brian est d'ailleurs aussi embêtant que celui-là. Les jeunes qui accompagnent Florence sont tous, sous leur masque innocent, des blousons noirs désaxés qui jurent comme des charretiers—(regardez de près la bouche quand un d'entre eux se frappe le doigt avec un marteau). Florence (Margot), qui porte une mini-jupe, est à cet égard à la mode, mais à voir sa coiffure elle idolâtre encore les Beatles. Le ruban noué la rend cependant assez féminine. Enfin, le dernier

nommé, mais non le moindre—la vedette Dougal—l'Écossais dont le visage ressemble un peu à celui de Mao Tsé-toung—Les voilà tous—vous les connaissez aussi bien que moi.

Cette émission, comme je l'ai déjà dit, a pour but en France de divertir les petits. Je ne prétends point savoir expliquer sa popularité parmi les adultes anglais, si ce n'est pas à cause de la combinaison de la vraisemblance des personnages, et surtout de Dougal, dont on saurait retrouver le caractère chez de nombreuses gens, et des observations spirituelles du conteur, qui sont très souvent trop érudites pour qu'un enfant de six (ou même parfois de douze) ans puisse les comprendre—par exemple "I have immortal longings" ou "Et tu, Florence" de la part de Dougal, dont le premier exige la connaissance d'un des véritables chefs d'œuvre de la haute-tragédie de Shakespeare—et "Sans doute les oreilles vous tintaient" servent à me convaincre que l'émission est nuisible aux enfants—on devrait la diffuser à une heure bien avancée de la nuit.

Après cela, qui n'est pas du tout français écrivons un peu le véritable français, tel qu'on l'entend parler en France...

Le Franglis—(Feuilletez en vain vos dictionnaires de poche.)

Première leçon "Comme il est facile d'échouer à vos examens."

Le boy se tenait devant le building, et il songeait à ce qu'il allait faire pendant le weekend "Est-ce que je regarderai la télévision —la speakerine annoncera un film de cow-boys semblable à tous les films de ce type qu'on ait jamais tournés—et avec les mêmes stars, ou est-ce que j'irai au steeplechase?" À ce moment là une automobile stoppa pour lui demander où était le parking le plus proche. Dedans il y avait trois hommes—tous yachtmen. ... Après être rentré des water-closets, il mit le waterproof, car il pleuvait des hallebardes, et il sortit prendre le tramway, afin de se rendre à la maison à temps pour le five-o'clock.

A. R. MORRIS

Demetrius was being chased by an avalanche of nearly spherical boulders. He wasn't worried. This was only a dream. He had a reason for being complacent, too, because he had had this dream before and he always woke up when he came to the bottom of the hill. There it was, there was the stream at the bottom, gleaming silver. When he came to the bottom of the hill, nothing happened. He stood there, waiting to wake up. As he watched it, the stream of tarnished silver and gold turned into the marker of a nineteenth century hymn book, which was growing and looming upwards out of the mist, swallowing him up as the pages slowly drew closer together.

"Good," he thought. "The book's shutting. I shall wake up soon."

The book stopped shutting before it completely swallowed Demetrius up, and there was a small slit through which some light came. The page-marker hung down and fluttered, tickling his feet, in the draught from the crack.

Suddenly the draught grew larger and the book opened. Demetrius hid in the folds of a piece of scrap paper that wasn't doing much. He could see a person looking just like himself. The person took out the piece of paper and threw it in the air.

Demetrius peeked out of the paper and saw the fireplace not far away. Thinking that the paper was going to the blazing inferno, he jumped out, but miscalculated and landed in the fire and expired.

p. j. daniels



SECTION C: social affairs

Societies Report

Society secretaries seem on the whole to be either lazy, illiterate or dead. The assorted hieroglyphics which they kindly gave to the editors were nearly all indecipherable, and many did not bother to submit a report at all. So it is hoped that any enraged members of societies which are not mentioned will administer salutary kicks in the pants to those responsible for not thinking of anything to say. But let us turn to the various reports.

Many will be enthralled to hear that at three of the last five meetings of the Anagnostics translations which have not yet been published were read. Incredibly, the attendance has gradually risen, and members are occasionally drawn from outside the Greek Orthodox Church. The Philatelic Society appeals to a minority interest and hopes, as ever, for greater support. The Geographical Society shows bad films to five boys at ordinary meetings and worse films to twenty boys and thirty girls at joint meetings. Perhaps, its most successful meeting, however, was a joint one with the Athletics Club when the A.A.A. national coach, Mr. Marlow, gave a colourful talk, with slides, on the extraordinary Commonwealth games. The Historical Society has embarked on its biennial cycle of debate—Brains Trust—talk, etc., and might do well to think of something different. The Closed Circle rolls on in secret.

Helped by the use of moral blackmail in certain quarters, the Modern Language Society continues to flourish. Each speaker, whatever kind of Woggese he speaks, is thanked in the same language, an hilarious performance which reflects great credit on the poor souls who are entrusted with the job. The Drama Group meets in various obscure parts of the school to read plays by authors from Marlowe to Arden, and to slander David

Warner. Outstanding members of the group are K. R. Lee and K. R. Lee. Showing more initiative than most societies, they visited backstage of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre during Expeditions Weekend. The Secretary wishes it to be known that this was due to his own efforts, and nothing to do with anybody else of whatever seniority. The Dramatic Society has taken the drastic step of doing something apart from the school play, but it becomes more and more an 'in' group. Audiences listened enraptured as the Secretary and three girls from K.E.H.S. recounted their experiences as extras in the film 'Privilege.' They seem to have been within spitting-distance of most of the stars one usually feels a desire to spit at.

At the Literary Society, attendances have ranged from two to sixty-two, speakers from the beautiful but hairy Rod Brookes (a friend of a friend), to Dave Hill (the late lamented) and the sensationally maudlin T. R. Griffiths—and Mr. Gibson, of course. Audiences thrilled to talks on Samuel Beckett (who bowled with his left arm and batted with his right), Gogol and Turgenev (who were both sad, Russian and half-mad), and the contemporary theatre (which just *is*). Most successful was the mass literary execution concerned with immoral literature, in which Messrs. Gibson and Parslew threw knives at each other while sixty-two little boys leered lustfully.

As the cries of 'Libel!', 'Irrelevant!', etc., multiply, the present writers feel it behoves them to provide some justification. We shall therefore digress. The Lifeboat Fund in Mr. Whalley's Geography Room usually passes unnoticed in the school, and the sums which can be added up every six months are relatively small. All non-swimmers who are pushed into the deep end of the swimming bath are urged to think of the

inestimable benefits provided by life-boat. Support is also needed for the Science Library (yes, there really *is* one!), now residing inconspicuously in a minute closet officially labelled 'Balance Room.' A few donations of books and a better response from the alchemists and astrologers in our midst might make it more worthwhile. But none of this has anything to do with societies, to which fossilised institutions we shall now return.

The Musical Society, in spite of the obvious enthusiasm shown by the organisers, still has little support. Attendances at lunchtime concerts remain low—a pity, especially now that the school gramophone provides an opportunity to hear much more varied works than was possible before. The Chapel Choir (in the hands of baser fellows since the omission of the trebles) periodically assails the barely visible congregations with rather odd noises, but there has been some healthily fresh thinking about the choice of music. Plans are afoot to have anthems sung occasionally in school prayers on important dates in the religious calendar. This will give the plebs an opportunity to hear some good vocal music, and the incentive of performing before a much larger audience than usual will no doubt help to prevent the various choirs from falling into slipshod singing habits.

There are, luckily, two societies which are showing the others what can be done with keenness and efficient organisation. The Forum, a new society formed with the object of learning about the different religions of the world, has already attracted enthusiastic support. With the help of vast female contingents, attendances have rarely been much below seventy, and the interesting nature of the meetings usually justifies the large turn-out. However, discussions might be improved if speakers were allowed to squirm longer when they are asked embarrassing questions. There are

several members of the school who are both willing and able to challenge either woolly or illogical arguments, but at the moment they tend to be stopped by the Chairman just when their attacks are beginning to go home. If speakers agree to explain their own beliefs, then they ought to be able to defend them in a civilised argument, and boys who want to argue ought to be given a reasonably free rein.

The Photographic Society is enjoying similar success. It has met frequently, usually jointly with K.E.H.S. Programmes have ranged from lectures by industrial and press photographers to practical demonstrations of indoor portraiture. Apart from the meetings, the greatest success has been the Photographic Competition, which was organised in conjunction with 'CHRONICLE' and attracted three hundred entries, some of which were of a very high standard. The total prize money was nearly £8, a tolerably large carrot for budding photographic donkeys. Some of the winning photographs are included in this edition, and it is hoped to mount a Photographic Exhibition on Speech Day. Members of the society have also helped in a great deal of photographic work inside the school, disappearing frequently into the darkroom in search of messy, but nevertheless productive, experiments to perform. With the possibility of another competition next year, the society's future prospects are probably brighter than those of any other.

It seems that the main difficulty facing society secretaries at the moment is the question of whether to provide talks of particular interest to a small number of specialists, or subjects of much more general interest, so as to attract the masses. Few have yet managed to hit a happy medium, and it must be admitted that the answer is not easy to find. There is room, perhaps, for amalgamation or voluntary liquidation on a grand scale.



m. workman

photographic competition class winners

j. ewins





THE

QUARE



FELLOW

'The Quare Fellow'

The School Play, by Brendan Behan :

February 2, 3, 4, 1967

I must confess, at the outset, that I went to see "The Quare Fellow" with a certain amount of misgiving; I do not like to hear men swear on the stage, let alone boys, and the insides of prisons (unless they are used as Peter Sellers and his gang used theirs in "Two Way Stretch") do not offer much scope for entertainment—which after all is the primary task of a play, particularly in a school. The subject and the setting had seemed, to me, to be so far from the experience of our boys, that one feared a dull pseudo-Irish evening. But even before the play began the stark realism of the set showing a prison landing was an indication that we were to see a polished performance.

One will never persuade most anti-swearers to accept bad language on the stage or off it, but the boys used the strong words with such an absence of self-consciousness that we did not feel a kind of 'second hand' embarrassment and as it was in a context where such words form the basic part of most men's vocabulary there would have been something unnatural, almost obscene even, in the inmates of a prison not using them. Those of us who are familiar with H.M. Prisons or H.M. Forces know that this is completely true to life. As for the accent, it was good, clear and it hardly ever slipped. The actors spoke distinctly, but it was rather difficult, even from the front rows, to pick out all of what was being shouted from inside the building during the scenes in the yard.

Roger Barlow was an example of a certain type of prison officer, bullying, loud-mouthed, and, as we saw later, not averse to lying about his colleagues in order to ingratiate himself with his superiors. The prisoners were a gang such as we find in any jail on either side of the Irish Sea, yet each had his own personality—even the old lags were not

dulled by their many years inside, Stuart Atkin and Kevin Lee being particularly outstanding; the latter to such an extent that someone said to me that he had not realised before that the boy had false teeth, so well did he portray the old lag who is full of the twitches that old men seem heir to. His struggles with Dunlavin for possession of the bottle of spirit provided some of the funniest minutes of the evening and the latter's discomfort after his overindulgence did not seem at all exaggerated. While dealing with the humour, I might say that it was a pity (though no fault of the producer or the cast) that some of the jokes—about novenas, rosaries and the skill of S. Anthony as the celestial lost-property officer—were lost on most of the audience; "in jokes" I suppose they would be called in some circles; all the more regrettable as they revealed much of the character of Regan, admirably played by Michael Blair.

Alan Drury as the lifer started off well as a rather negative psychopathic character but became a little wooden as the evening went on. He, together with one or two others, has not mastered that most difficult action—making a gesture with the hands. Michael Biddle and David Gritten provided further light relief with their duet—just like so many young Irishmen I have known who have done a stretch inside—quite irrepressible and uninhibited. But their presence in the play introduces a serious note. As with the young warder, Crimmin, there is danger in putting young and old together. The young criminals learn the tricks of the trade from their elders and a sensitive young man like Crimmin suffers all the more from what seems to him to be the heartlessness of his fellow warders. Behan who himself had spent some years in prison knew of this and other dangers of prison life, dangers

which he portrays very clearly and which this production faithfully transmitted to the audience.

Michael Cooper was good as the cold Chief living in that uncertain area between warders and the world of Governors and other 'high ups,' trying to be a cut above the first group but by his language and his lack of confidence clearly not in the second and so spitefully taking it all out of others. Mr. Trott was superb as stand-in for Trevor Griffiths who had gone down with chicken-pox—his boozy rendering of "Rose of Tralee" as he made his uncertain way back into the prison followed by the ghoulish Jenkinson, played by David Hill, was deservedly applauded, and his phlegmatic working out of the details for the execution as his assistant played and sang a morbid hymn was macabre in the extreme, providing the lighting staff with further opportunities to show their skill (which they had demonstrated earlier, in the evening scene in the prison yard). It is to be hoped that Mr. Trott will copy Alfred Hitchcock and give himself a part regularly in his future productions.

The embezzler and the bookie were not worldly-wise-enough—the world of

the glib money-maker was obviously unknown to them, and it was perhaps too much to expect them to be able to imitate adults so different from their own acquaintances.

The set has been referred to briefly already but deserves a far longer mention. The interior and the exterior were both very well made and painted—and were admirably shown off by the skill of the lighting team with results which matched the atmosphere at different points in the play.

It is only lack of space which prevents me from mentioning others, but a glance at the programme (done in a very effective austere grey with simple printing) shows how varied in age and talents was the group: the group that the producer had collected on stage and back-stage to give us an evening which was entertaining and instructive, centred, let us not forget, on a character who does not even appear and whose last hours create a well-held tension rising to the climax at 8 a.m. There was a strange actuality about it all as Ronald Ryan was hanged in Melbourne half an hour after the first performance ended.

BROTHER JOHN

C.C.F. Report

For several years the C.C.F. has been losing its role of training recruits for officer entry into Dartmouth, Sandhurst and Cranwell, and of giving some idea of pre-war-time discipline. As realisation of its dwindling potential has dawned, enthusiasm on the part of officer and cadet has also dwindled in all of the three sections. In the R.A.F. and Army sections the officers have taken a large part in the running of weekly affairs, with the result that N.C.O.s have become gradually less interested and control of cadets, (especially as the old-fashioned need for discipline has been left behind) has become more and more difficult. Unfortunately the growing dissatisfaction and slackness within the Corps has been

kept out of the open, for the officers have allowed themselves to fall into well-tryed training routines, while ambitious cadets have been too scared and unambitious cadets too unambitious to point out its weaknesses and propose reforms. On rare occasions weaknesses are mentioned, but letters to the "CHRONICLE" by Corps members who only dare write when leaving school can neither be followed up by the agitators, nor do they allow the officers to argue their own case. Certainly no one will deny the basic problems especially in organisation, transport and funds.

No one seems to think that the "CHRONICLE" Corps Report is the place for anything but the well tried and

utterly useless description of "hopeful signs for the future" and proficiency attainment. The annual cycle of the C.C.F. seems to be Winter and Lent terms spent rehearsing for proficiency examinations, with the Summer term spent rehearsing for the General Inspection, nearly always a failure because of its proximity to 'A' and 'O' levels. Field days, according to the last ten "CHRONICLE"s, have been perennially at Leek.

From the R.A.F. there came no report. The section was asked several times to submit one but apparently has nothing to say and no one to say it. Certainly the R.A.F. section has the worst deal in the corps simply because practical training is virtually impossible. On the other hand, perhaps book reading and drill could be slightly implemented on Friday afternoons. Is there a Midland Gliding Club anywhere near? For Expeditions week-end the R.A.F. went first to Leek with the Army (as they always have done) and then on to Gaydon (as they have always done): it is rumoured that two of them actually flew in planes; truly an achievement.

From the Army came a report in typical 'proficiency' vein. Field day saw them practising the inevitable section attacks on the Clent Hills, but at least they were getting outdoor practical experience. Most of the rest of the term was spent working for proficiency exams, which are becoming more and more of a time-wasting anachronism in all the three sections. Duke of Edinburgh's award schemes are entered by some of the army platoon members. These are worthwhile schemes which can be run on the basis of platoon competitions and could be given even greater encouragement with the system of award entry tightened up.

Expeditions weekend at Leek was the same as all expeditions week-ends at Leek: rain, messy stoves, lumpy beds, straggling queues and blackened potatoes: the former could be endured

if the cooking was improved.

In the Easter holidays Arduous Training included elementary mountaineering for the first time, a most worthwhile introduction, and in the summer of 1966 army cadets went to Kingshill, Chatham. Weather was hot and tiring but the Camp offered a useful introduction to new wireless equipment and bridge and waterside engineering. Explosives demonstrations were an interesting sideline, and as a climax to the Camp the Cadets themselves prepared and gave a demonstration in the employment of explosives against military objectives. It seems that only on camps can cadets gain the practical experience which they need.

The Signals platoon which offers members greater practical application than any other part of the army continues to chalk up competition successes, and enthusiasm is still growing, especially as the introduction of new equipment is expected.

The Royal Naval Section's report was an interesting contrast to the other two. The Naval section has led the swing from the increasingly redundant drill and discipline and has begun to emphasise practicality as the basis of Cadet training. Work on fibre-glass canoes and light dinghies has progressed, while heavy and old fashioned craft have been discarded.

From the beginning of the Summer term they have been using seven fast racing dinghies and about ten canoes (the use of Earlswood Lakes being obtained partly through members' acquaintance with the Commodore's daughter). The section is hoping that the enthusiasm derived from their use will reflect in the better reception of the smaller amount of drill which it now does and it hopes also that Inspection Rehearsal which so often takes up the whole of the comparatively dry and warm summer term, will not prevent it from concentrating upon these practical objectives. In the Naval Section, perhaps because of the low officer-cadet

ratio which enables N.C.O.s to think and act for themselves, progress is at last materialising.

An attempt must be made to offer constructive alternatives to C.C.F. facilities previously attacked. Obviously cost is a prohibitive factor, and the C.C.F. grants are small. Nevertheless many believe that they could be used better; the previous officer in command of the Naval Section made virtually no attempt to use money to benefit the section, and grants and subscriptions were simply hoarded.

Less systemized field-days and Expeditions week-ends, and the opening of new horizons, would promote interest; large scale map reading and training exercises in the Peak District, the Black Mountains or Dartmoor would add authenticity especially if worthwhile objectives were set and the cadets allowed to think for themselves instead of having everything done for them by N.C.O.s and officers.

Camps in Scotland could provide even greater scope, and the Duke of Edinburgh's award schemes, as mentioned before, could be given greater encouragement and successfully be put on a compulsory basis as they are both interesting and competitive.

Small groups might be trained for Outward Bound courses, with toughening up exercises in the weeks before, and Expeditions could place greater emphasis upon new projects such as rock climbing or caving. Perhaps at school a large scale engineering project could be begun, with Cadets given a budget to work to and an incentive to work constructively and well.

For the R.A.F. section the future looks poor, but the Solihull R.A.F. section would have had two of their Cadets flying past their school on Inspection Day if the weather had not been too bad. Why cannot K.E.S. get some ideas from them?

Stephen Shaw made many good points in his leaving letter last year, and offered

constructive ideas for the future. He mentioned the tendency of officers to do too much Friday afternoon work themselves, reducing the amount of "training for leadership" which N.C.O.s are supposed to receive by training cadets themselves. When N.C.O.s are allowed to give lectures officers often criticise their technique or subject matter in front of the classes. Not only is this demoralising and embarrassing for the N.C.O.s but it shows a certain inverted disloyalty, for the N.C.O.s must be backed up by their officers especially in an era when discipline and control of cadets are so difficult. No attempt has been made, since Shaw's letter a year ago, to give Army and Air Force N.C.O.s more say in the running of Friday afternoons, despite growing resentment from within their ranks.

Proficiency examination instruction takes up too much time, and could be compacted to allow other projects outside the book to be begun. Purchasing a 3-ton truck presents the problem of constant maintenance, but even without one, Army Cadets could be sent out on the bus to the Lickey Hills at fairly regular intervals for practical training.

More time ought to be spent on modern aspects of military life and training—what are the Civil Defence plans for evacuation of personnel during nuclear attack?

The Scouts, often despised as children or worse, have, it must be admitted, many good ideas for practical Friday afternoon activities and the C.C.F. must find out about them. Scouts are willing to remain after school on Friday afternoons; why should members of the C.C.F. find Friday afternoons so dull?

The General Inspection, so often ruined by 'A' level absenteeism of a legitimate or an illegitimate kind, should be held once every three years. This would offer two summer terms out of three for fine weather activities, an absolute necessity hitherto disregarded, and give the triennial Inspection greater

CHRONICLE QUESTIONNAIRE

This pull-out sheet is included so that you may have a chance to voice your opinions concerning "CHRONICLE." You now have something positive to evaluate and criticise. Please be helpful by answering legibly as many questions as seriously as possible.

Write your form here : (if not a member of the school, state your relationship to it, e.g. O.E., parent, etc.)

(A) GENERAL.

1. What do you think the function of "CHRONICLE" should be ?

(B) COVER. *(Please tick appropriate boxes.)*

2. Are you in favour of varying the cover; for each edition : ☐ for every few editions : ☐ not at all : ☐ ?
3. Do you like the present cover : Yes : ☐ No : ☐ ?
4. Would you like a cover of a graphic nature, as with this edition, or of a pictorial nature—photograph or drawing ?
Graphic : ☐ Pictorial : ☐
5. Other suggestions for cover :

(C) LAYOUT.

6. Is "CHRONICLE" too long : ☐ too short : ☐
about right : ☐ ?
7. How many columns per page should be used ?
One : ☐ Two : ☐ A mixture : ☐
8. Do you like the variations of type ? Yes : ☐ No : ☐
9. Do you think the sections are well ordered ? Yes : ☐ No : ☐
10. Other suggestions and comments on the layout :

(D) COMMENT.

11. Is the editorial comment you have read in this magazine ; too weak : ☐
too strong : ☐ about right : ☐ ?
12. Is there too much : ☐ too little : ☐ the right amount of it : ☐ ?

(E) TRADITIONAL FEATURES.

13. Do you regret the absence of House reports ? Yes : ☐ No : ☐
14. If so, how would you represent the Houses in " CHRONICLE " ?
15. Valet : (i) Should this feature be included ? Yes : ☐ No : ☐
(ii) Why ?
(iii) If you answered yes to (i), which school leavers do you think should be included ? Just the prefects, for instance ?
16. Societies :
- (i) Should there be a general survey or individual reports ?
General : ☐ Individual : ☐
- (ii) Which societies deserve most space ?
- (iii) Should there only be a critical analysis of one, two, or three societies per edition ? Yes : ☐ No : ☐
17. Sport :
- (i) Should coverage be as extensive as in the old " Chronicle " or as it is in the new " CHRONICLE " ? Old : ☐ New : ☐
- (ii) Are all sports fairly represented ? Yes : ☐ No : ☐
- (iii) If not, what changes would you make ?
- (iv) What events, if any, deserve special coverage ?
- (v) Should there be more space for statistics ? Yes : ☐ No : ☐
- (vi) Are there any particular statistics you wish we had not omitted ?

18. Other comments on traditional features :

(F) ILLUSTRATIONS.

19. Photographs : too many : ☐ too few : ☐ the right number : ☐ ?
Art work : too much : ☐ too little : ☐ the right amount : ☐ ?
20. ☒ Are they varied enough ? Yes : ☐ No : ☐
21. Are they good enough ? Yes : ☐ No : ☐
22. Should illustrations be more than one to a page : ☐
all vertically printed : ☐ ?
23. Do you like the overall arrangement ? Yes : ☐ No : ☐
24. Are there any particular school photographs you think we should not have omitted ?
25. Suggestions ?

(G) ORIGINAL WORK.

26. Is there too much : ☐ too little : ☐ the right amount : ☐ of this work ?
27. Is the balance between poems, prose and serious articles to your liking ?
Yes : ☐ No : ☐ If not, why not ?
28. Should items be included solely on grounds of merit, or to represent the whole school ? Merit : ☐ Representative : ☐ A Compromise : ☐
29. Other suggestions on original work :

(H) MISCELLANEOUS.

30. Do you read the whole "CHRONICLE," including the editorial and comment, without prompting ? Yes : ☐ No : ☐

31. Do you ever look at the advertisements ? Yes : ☐ No : ☐
32. Do you think literary ' and ' official ' matter should be segregated ?
Yes : ☐ No : ☐
33. With regard to critiques of school plays, etc., do you prefer them written by a
boy : ☐ by a master, or visitor : ☐ or would you like both : ☐
or one by a person involved in the production as well as one by a spectator :
☐ ?
34. Would it be a good idea to set up a permanent suggestion box for anonymous
ideas ? Yes : ☐ No : ☐
35. Please write below any considered and serious suggestions or comments on the
new " CHRONICLE"; for instance what we should not have omitted, and what
we should have included :

Thank you for your help. All serious suggestions will be considered, and the
results should be evident in the next " CHRONICLE." Please hand the completed
sheets in to the editor, c/o Prefects Room, by **SATURDAY, MAY 13th.**

importance and offer the chance to show a greater range of Cadet training.

(Shaw asked rhetorically "does the Contingent set its sights high enough or is it still aiming each year to do as well as it did last year in precisely the same pursuits ?")

It is hoped that action and progress will be stimulated by this report, and a reply by the officers and constructive suggestions from Corps members of all shapes and sizes will be expected in the September edition of "CHRONICLE." C.C.F. N.C.O.

The Scout Group

Edwardians, whether they be C.C.F. members watching with interest as scouts build precarious bridges, or scouts themselves soaked to the skin in the mist on top of Scafell, are inclined to question the purpose of the Scout Group. The purpose is to provide activities which are enjoyable, in retrospect if not at the actual time, and which also provide training in self-reliance and—dare I say it—service to others. The activities undertaken in this, the thirtieth year of the group are as usual well suited to these aims.

The camp site at Alvechurch continues to be developed, and the toilet block there is now completed. Troops visit the site most Friday afternoons, and two troops have held night-operations centred on the site.

Senior troops have undertaken activities ranging from forestry and helping Oxfam to visiting the cinema and Cadbury's factory. The Juniors have spent a commendable amount of time Training and Testing, and have dashed enthusiastically around the School and grounds on various widely differing activities. The autumn term ended with successful Christmas parties for all troops. However, an unfortunate lack of enthusiasm resulted in only two troops holding Christmas Hikes.

This year's recruits are few in number, but seem keen, as two successful days organized for them in the Christmas holidays showed. Seven more recruits joined when the good news of these activities spread—perhaps our publicity is not usually good enough!

We were recently hosts to over 500 Cub Scouters at a conference in Big School. Over Expeditions Weekend, plans ranged from hiking in the Peak district to working on the Festiniog Railway. There was unfortunately very little demand for a badge training camp at Easter this year, but a Youth Hostelling hike in the Black Mountains was arranged as a substitute.

We are all sorry to hear that Dr. Mayor has announced his resignation as G.S.M. at the end of this year, and wish to thank him for his long period of service to the group. Our thanks also go to the other members of the common-room who work so hard to make the group a going concern.

D. L. Thomas.

Bavaria, 1966 : some impressions of a Senior Scout Camp.

The camp was held near the village of Krun in the Bavarian Alps not far from Garmisch-Partenkirchen :

Munich, city of artificial coalmines and beer, brass bands, burly barmaids and hats. A certain O.E. Alpinist lost on a lesser mountain collecting flowers and rising at 3-30 a.m. ; every-one else at 7-30. Apparently "Alpine Pace" is not only an excuse for ascending at a crawl, but also for descending at one. Everywhere the trappings for American tourists. Water out of a litre mug at the Gasthof.

A round Bavaria coach trip visiting three places : (i) the immense Passionsspielhaus of Oberammergau from the auditorium and backstage ; (ii) the romantic, Wagnerian " fairy tale " Schloss Neuschwanstein, creation of Ludwig I, Wagner's patron ; (iii) Wies Church, described by the book as " the nearest approach to heaven in Christendom." A unique, extraordinary atmosphere with a Catholic wedding in progress, the baroque ornaments, and a trio consisting of organ, tenor and violin.

Walking along an Autobahn at 8-0 a.m. with a Sou'wester as a sunshield. After climbing over 4,800 ft. with rucksacks up Germany's highest mountain toward a mountain " Hutte," discovering the hut closed. The tantalizing choice—2,000 ft. down again to a lower hut, only to climb back up again the following morning, or, another 2,000 ft. up in approximately 2 hours of daylight and through thick snow-drifts to the famous ski-hotel, the Schneefernerhaus, 900 ft. below the summit, with only the off-chance of being accommodated. Schneefernerhaus : Simon and Garfunkel and Bert Kaempfert on the juke-box (6d. or 10 fr. pieces a go, unofficially), meat and sauerkraut. 7 a.m. on the Winter Garden with snow-glare and helicopters. Climb to the summit to find it *overlooked* by a restaurant and hotel swarming with cable-carried Americans taking " NODOZ " tablets and sticking " Zugspitze " labels on their un-used walking-sticks. Next morning—luxury for the ardent football fans, who stopped to watch the World Cup semi-final : an unlit " Hutte " with an icy stream but a perfect blue sky, shining limestone cliffs, and conifers for the hardy. (N.B.—the tunnel from Schneefernerhaus into Austria for cheap brandy.)

Mittenwald Violin Museum, old, quaint, with equally quaint English from a be-whiskered Bavarian. Innsbruck emptied for the World Cup and spectators at a shop window—all Scottish or Welsh. Horlick's instant food and yoghurt. Meanwhile, back in Bavaria, everyone else squeezed into the Gasthof with 100 Germans, leaping on tables for the equalising goal, more atmosphere than Wembley, and a Union Jack running round the village.

A superb example of international friendship : a triangular soccer tournament on a rock-strewn pitch, Franco-German-K.E.S.; with buckets of water (no wonder they say " non "); Frauleins scrubbing (potatoes) for us.

40 boys trying to share 3 small compartments with about 20 Greeks for over 12 hours across Europe in a train comprised of German, Belgian, Yugoslavian, and French coaches through the night with a pungent smell of cheese and a massive Union Jack, and a corridor completely blocked with international friendship. Other things were also blocked.

A rotund German Customs Officer waving on the Volkswagens and agreeing in laboured English that England ought to win.

A sauerkraut factory.

P. J. KILVERT
G. G. SELWAY

The Personal Service Group

It is possible to discern the development of two distinct trends in the type of work which the Group has undertaken during the past six months. The first of these is the increasingly common practice of visiting elderly people with no other purpose than just to talk to them for an hour or two. For some of these old people, this visit is virtually the only

company they ever get. In spite of this trend, the more traditional activities of the Group such as buying the week's groceries, playing bingo with the more astute old-age pensioners of Balsall Heath, and displaying some novel techniques in interior decoration, have now been established at the Birmingham Accident Hospital, Selly Oak Hospital,

and Rubery Hill Hospital. Hospital visiting is of psychological rather than physical value—except perhaps when the fourteenth game of draughts appears imminent.

Fairly stable subdivisions have been established which are centred on Balsall Heath, Northfield, Kings' Heath, etc., and which maintain links with the Balsall Heath Association and Newhaven, the Evans Trust, and Neville Williams House. Two of our members have

displayed conspicuous bravery in their assistance in the running of a youth club in Balsall Heath on Tuesday evenings, which has a tendency to become slightly boisterous.

A new ruling this year restricts entry to the Group to members of the VI and Upper VI Forms ; this is in line with the type of work on which the Group is now concentrated, but it also has the inevitable effect of curtailing the scope of the work which can be undertaken.

T. M. T. COOPER

Brahms' Requiem

On the 21st and 22nd March, the combined Choirs and Orchestra of K.E.S. and K.E.H.S. performed Brahms' German Requiem. This was by far the most ambitious work which the musicians have tackled in recent years and the concert which in Big School on the 22nd was on the whole very successful. Mr. Tunnard is to be congratulated on interpreting this large-scale Romantic work with thoroughness and sensitivity.

Brahms' German Requiem presents great problems, not least of which is the sheer technical difficulty of most of the orchestral writing, much of it in keys of three flats or more. The chorus parts are by no means easy either, and although the work lasts only about seventy-five minutes the choir is functioning throughout most of it. This puts a great strain on the singers, especially on young voices likely to tire easily.

Above all, the work was conceived as a *German* Requiem, in which the German text blends so brilliantly with the music that any performance in English is bound to lose much of the "atmosphere" with which Brahms imbued it. Practical difficulties make it impossible for an amateur group to sing the work in German which means that much of its musical feeling and vitality is lost and thus the choir is under a severe handicap from the start. Also, Brahms was an agnostic and the Requiem was influenced far more by the deaths of the composer's mother and of Schumann than by any deep religious conviction. Thus one must not expect to find the clue to the work's greatness in any religious message but rather in the incredible variety and beauty of the textures and colours which sustain it from beginning to end. Perhaps this is why it is often criticized as a vulgar work. No matter, it offers all the performers real scope for imaginative and sensitive singing and playing.

This performance tended toward the lightweight—in part because some of the more exotic orchestral instruments, e.g. contra-bassoon, were not available, and partly because there was more concentration on accuracy and balance than on actual volume of sound. Nevertheless one would have wished for more sheer noise, especially from a chorus of over a hundred. More too could have been made of the exciting climax, "But yet the Lord's word standeth," which precedes the fugue in the second number ; sadly also, the towering strength of the staccato chords of "The trumpet shall sound" in the sixth number was largely ignored. Again one would have welcomed a more imaginative attempt at capturing the sweetness and serenity of the fourth number—"How lovely are thy dwellings."

But what the performance lacked in grandeur and excitement it made up by keeping for the most part pleasantly in tune and in time. This was doubtless because

of the presence of members of K.E.H.S. in the soprano and contralto lines. They sang with sweetness and clarity and gave a firmness lacking in the rather shaky treble and alto parts. The tenors and basses obviously benefited from the improved accuracy and volume of the higher voices and one hopes that the experiment with a joint choir will continue. However it was surely a mistake to attempt this work with only seven tenors though the gentlemen concerned, once they had settled down, performed valiantly. But one felt disappointed by the chorus as a whole. They lacked inspiration. There was no pride in their singing. This was because basic choral discipline was lacking. Until they learn to stand up straight, hold the music up, watch the conductor the whole time and open their mouths wide when they sing the effect is bound to be feeble and thin. There is nothing more depressing for an audience, or more frustrating for a conductor, than to see row upon row of faces buried in the music, or even in one or two cases, staring vacantly round at the rest of the chorus. At times they seemed to give up and were submerged under the hearty noise of the orchestra. Strangely enough, the choir did best in the most difficult passages—the fugues. In particular "Worthy art Thou" at the end of the sixth number was sung with great zest and relish. This was infinitely the most successful number, since the choir managed to capture something of the mysterious restlessness of "For we have here no abiding city." Also, they coped well with the difficult task of accompanying the soloists, keeping well in tune and time and producing a pleasantly subdued colouring. But oh, how one wished for more enthusiasm and confidence!

The orchestral playing was good throughout. Despite frequent changes of personnel the orchestra seems to keep a consistently high standard from year to year. I was very impressed with the string playing: timing and ensemble were good apart from the occasional lapse, and the whole effect was pleasant and relaxed. The lower strings in the first number produced a warm, round tone and the violins proved more than equal to the tricky notation of the second number. The woodwind too had their moments of glory, coping well with some taxing solos, especially when accompanying the soprano in "Ye now have sorrow," though they tended to smudge some rather vital moments. There was some excellent trumpet playing, especially in the second movement. On the whole the orchestra was well-balanced and extremely competent. They kept together well and played with good rhythmic precision.

Both orchestra and chorus obviously benefited from the excellent performances of the two soloists, who, although not having much to sing, did what was asked of them with a great deal of musical feeling.

Carol Hart (soprano) sang her one solo with clarity and accuracy and captured perfectly the wistful, timeless beauty of "Ye now have sorrow." Roger Bray (baritone) was, as always, accurate and clear and if he lacked dramatic vitality this was a pleasing performance. Co-ordination between soloists, chorus and orchestra was achieved with unobtrusive precision by Mr. Tunnard, who kept the performance splendidly under control with a firm, clear beat.

This was one of the best Easter term concerts in recent years. Many thanks to all concerned for giving such an enjoyable account of this difficult but rewarding work.

R. M. WHALLEY (O.E.)





THE XV, 1966-7

*Back Row (left to right) : P. H. Bennett, I. G. Haynes, M. Biddle, P. G. Haasbeck, P. S. Harrison, A. J. Orwar, J. P. Evans,
P. C. Barker, C. J. Warren, S. P. Hiley, D. O. Cox.*

*Front Row (left to right) : J. Pickering, G. C. Robinson, R. J. Arculus (Vice-Captain), D. R. Hill (Captain), I. K. Smout
(Secretary), C. A. Crowdy, D. A. Thompson.*



SECTION D :

sport

Survey of Sport

It is as yet too early to estimate the success of the new School Games system. Although providing a far more extensive range of activities than was previously the case, it has meant a conflict in fixtures and a reduction in the number playing the so-called 'major sports' (particularly Rugby). However, after the summer term we will be in a better position to decide the relative virtues of the new system, and whatever the outcome, the experiment has been necessary, and in some cases very worthwhile.

For the XV (which has, if anything, suffered under the new arrangements) an exceptionally young and inexperienced team has taken the field, and their lack of success is no reflection upon their attitude to the game. Next year's pack should be very powerful and, despite lack of experience in the backs, the team should have a much improved record. Luck was never on the side of the XV but they continued to play consistently well against good opposition, and badly against the poor teams : nevertheless the Siviter-Smith cup was retained. Apart from the

fine record of the U.15 XV, the other school teams have not draped themselves in glory, yet optimism prevails. Whatever else may be said about the XV this year, one cannot deny that it has been a very happy team; adversity has not bred ill-feeling.

The Eton-Fives team has a colourful four and, although dogged by clashes with the XV concerning certain members, it has maintained its customarily high standard. Only one school game has been lost, against Repton on a bad day, and at present S. G. High's greatest problem is contending with P. A. Gompertz's sudden Pauline conversion to squash—he saw himself on the road to Damascus. The first pair has been very successful, occasionally erratic, often brilliant, and frequently mediocre, while the second pair, although supplying invaluable support, has not fully exploited that divine assistance which is at all times theirs to invoke.

Despite the sublime indifference with which A. J. Dewar's captaincy (from his throne in the Cartland room) has been greeted, squash is becoming increasingly popular, although conflicting fixtures have as yet prevented the selection of the strongest side. One can trace this increase in interest not only to the quasi-religious mania (tempered with undue modesty) of P. A. Gompertz himself, but to the arrival of P. G. Lunt and a universal increase in the desire to play the game, no doubt as a result of the great publicity which it now receives.

From an amazing height R. E. Z. Habermass has been heard to cry 'Vive l'escrime' as he reports fifteen successes in fifteen fencing matches. His team has won the West Midlands Fencing Championships, the climax to the team's most successful season on record. The standard of reserves and of the under sixteen fencers provides hope for continued supremacy in this area.

Cross-country runners are now busier than they have ever been and success has been the just reward for industry. Having entered the Greater Birmingham schools Cross-country League, they have won the second division, and achieved promotion. In this most universally hated of all sports at K.E.S., teamwork has been at a premium. Younger age-groups have also had their share of success, and thus in yet another sport the future is promising.

Down in the gym things are stirring. The Basketball Club has suddenly begun to flourish, while gymnastics has maintained a reasonable degree of popularity, despite a dearth of matches. Basketball is now affiliated to the School Club and has developed a fanaticism

within its own select circle rivalled only by that given to Soccer and Tamla-Motown in the Cartland Room. The club has arranged a surprisingly large number of games, and despite mixed success, seems destined for rapid expansion and improvement.

The story of golf is one of rapid expansion and great keenness. At the moment plans are afoot for boys to enter external golf tournaments to be held this summer. The facilities at Harborne golf club and the aid given by professionals have been of invaluable aid both to novices and the more experienced. This is an activity which flourishes while receiving little publicity. Judo receives more publicity and has more participants and the Judo Club has achieved a remarkable popularity in but a short space of time. Indeed two judo matches have already taken place—one was won, the other lost—and invaluable experience has been gained from them. The defeat has proved the necessity of practice over and above that possible at school; outside experience is therefore vital and this should cause the club to thrive.

Chess and Shooting, two of our 'established sports,' have met with mixed success this year. Our Chess team, for so long the men to whom we could look for amazing consistency, began disastrously by losing to King Edward's Aston in the *Sunday Times* competition. Since this catastrophe they have risen with but little opposition to that degree of continual success to which we are all accustomed. The decline in C.C.F. numbers has had an adverse effect upon Shooting, where the enthusiasm of the few has produced results far beyond those which could have reasonably been expected from an initial survey of the available talent. House shooting, by virtue of the diminishing ranks of the C.C.F., is now rather poor, and only by allowing everyone in the school to shoot can this be improved—definite food for thought.

In conclusion it is necessary to bring the attention of the school to the fact that a survey which is published in "CHRONICLE" reveals that 80 per cent of the school would like soccer as an option—we might possibly take note! Of course people who genuinely enjoy sport will play rugby if that is the sport available, and those who do not cannot claim to be true sportsmen. Nevertheless, might not this overwhelming preference for soccer be given some recognition, if only by a serious discussion as to the relative merits of soccer being played for half a term or even a term at K.E.S.? However soccer is not totally to blame for the shocking attitude towards sport prevalent throughout

considerable areas of the school. The small amount of time devoted to games gives but little incentive, especially when one considers the amount of time devoted to sport by those schools whom we usually oppose, and something must be done to increase the school's interest in sport as much as possible. An

increase in the general emphasis and time given to sport would also help, and thus our rather low sporting reputation might be heightened with the corollary of an improved standard within the school.

D. R. HILL

Rugby Football

This has been a most disappointing season for Rugby throughout the school: only the U.15 XV had a tolerable record, and they appeared to be the only side with any talented players. The XV beat Sutton Schools and Mount St. Mary's, drew with Tettenhall and Bromsgrove, but lost all the rest.

After a hard and exciting game against Mr. Robbins' over-confident XV, J. Pickering effectively quashed those who doubted his kicking ability by scoring fourteen points against Warwick, a match which would have been won if the fringe tackling had been better; this defensive failure was to lose us many more matches during the season. Two crushing defeats by Denstone and Monmouth, both superior sides, followed and then we entered the crucial part of the season—the three weeks ending with the Bromsgrove match.

We could have won all five of the games played during this time, but only managed draws with Tettenhall and Bromsgrove, and lost to Solihull, Workson and the West Midlands Teachers' Training College, all in the last ten minutes. The most obvious reason for this was the lack of an experienced player in the scrum or at half back. Such a player could have made all the difference for nobody near the scrum attempted to stamp his personality on the game and control it; in addition it always seemed that it was the opposition who had the lucky scores, and in fact more than half the whole season's matches were lost by five points or less.

Following the well deserved and freeing draw at Charford and the customary set-back against King's, Worcester, came three very exciting games against Ratcliffe, Nottingham and Wrekin; excluding the Bromsgrove match, the XV played better at this time than at any other during the season. None of these games were won, but the spirit of the team was surprisingly high; by this time also, the younger players had gained experience and the pack especially was more co-ordinated and assertive. And then in the Christmas holiday came the long-awaited

victory on the field, the XV beating Sutton Schools by three tries to nil.

We returned to school almost as unfit as in September to find the pitches in a sorry state. The mud caused the abandonment of the House Rugby competition and hindered school practice. The first two matches, against Moseley Schools and the O.E.F.C., were lost to much better sides and then came a deserved win over Mount St. Mary's by eight points to three and an exciting game against Bishop Vesey's, which should have been won.

Before the season began the general opinion was that the success of the side depended on the ability of the pack (expected to be inexperienced, light, but speedy) to get enough of the ball for the three-quarters (who included the three senior players) to score the tries. However we gained more possession than expected and scored fewer tries.

In the front row, I. K. Smout, S. P. Hiley and P. S. Harrison expended most of their energy trying to get the ball from the tight scrums, and (with a few exceptions) usually gained an almost equal share; they had to struggle at times during the season against pain from 'galloping ear rot' and acne as well as against more orthodox opposition. The back row did not prove as forceful as had been hoped, playing unexceptionally as a unit, but with the occasional excellent individual game.

It was the second row, however, which made the difference to the scrum. C. A. Crowdy proved a solid scrummager and a hard player in the loose; A. J. Dewar, who had not played in the second row before this year, made the conversion from House 2nd XV scrum-half and school 3rd XV full back amazingly well. His line out work was particularly good; P. G. Reasbeck was played for his determination, fitness and strength, and never let the side down.

It was the link between the tight forwards and the three quarters which proved the vital weakness. Although the forwards gained more tight possession than expected, it was rarely good ball

and with the pack as a whole slower in the loose than had been hoped, there was little really good possession for the backs to use. Neither of the scrum halves, J. Pickering and D. O. Cox, had an excellent pass, and this put I. G. Haynes (the stand-off half for most of the season) in the unenviable position of taking the ball, standing still, yards behind the Gain Line. This meant that only rarely were the three-quarters given the ball when they were moving at full speed and this, more than anything else, prevented their being the force we had expected.

The regular centres were R. J. Arculus and J. P. Evans, with D. R. Hill and D. A. Thompson on the wings. Evans had the misfortune to be faced by two international-class centres within the space of four days and both these matches, against Denstone and Monmouth, were lost heavily. The defence in the centre tightened up considerably as a result and proved inspiringly solid at Charford. Due to hard practice, Evans's place-kicking improved gradually during the season: he took over this role from Pickering and became the side's highest point scorer. Both Arculus and Thompson were potential matchwinners and played as well as they were able to with their limited opportunities. Arculus making a great try at Nottingham and Thompson scoring a vital opportunist one in the Broms-grove match.

Court Diplomacy

According to S. G. High... (writing about Fives) J. Pickering: By far the best Rugby player in the team who has had considerable trouble this season in persuading the Rugby circles to release him to play Fives. His presence is always an inspiration, although his play is an erratic mixture of brilliance and mediocrity.

R. N. Barlow: A rumbustious player whose matches, even when not progressing too well, have been enlivened by his curfew commentaries. A very promising player of excellent potential who has had the unenviable task of playing with...

P. A. Gompertz: According to P. A. Gompertz, a remarkable Squash player. His pre-occupation with Squash has affected his game and his enjoyment of it. He has become erratic and inconsistent, but there is indubitably a powerful and talented player here who should not be allowed to withdraw from the game too easily.

According to J. Pickering... (writing about S. G. High)...

The artist in the team with an incredible flair for the unorthodox. His skill is unquestionable, but his stamina is a trifle suspect. He plays better on rainy days when the lights are off.

D. R. Hill was unfortunate to get a poor side to lead and on the wing he was in a difficult position from which to lead it. But he led by example when possible, and scored five tries, including one against Broms-grove. The team's record must have disappointed him, but he did not allow the team to become despondent.

R. N. Barlow, the full back for much of the season, had no experience of the position but, although his play rarely filled his colleagues with confidence, he made no fatal mistakes. His dropped goal against Wrekin was no doubt his personal highlight of the season, and amazed the rest of the team.

The 2nd XV perhaps suffered most of all the teams from the absence of talent in the senior school. Their record is probably worse than they deserved, for they too had a number of close matches. Of necessity they were plagued with team changes.

The 3rd XV demonstrated the hidden strength of Rugby in the school by regularly producing a team.

The U.16s managed to draw their final match.

The U.15s have several outstanding players and lost only two games narrowly.

The U.14 XV suffered from lack of size in the pack and skill in the backs.

The U.13 and U.12 XVs both performed creditably.

I. K. SMOUT

According to P. A. Gompertz... (writing about Squash).

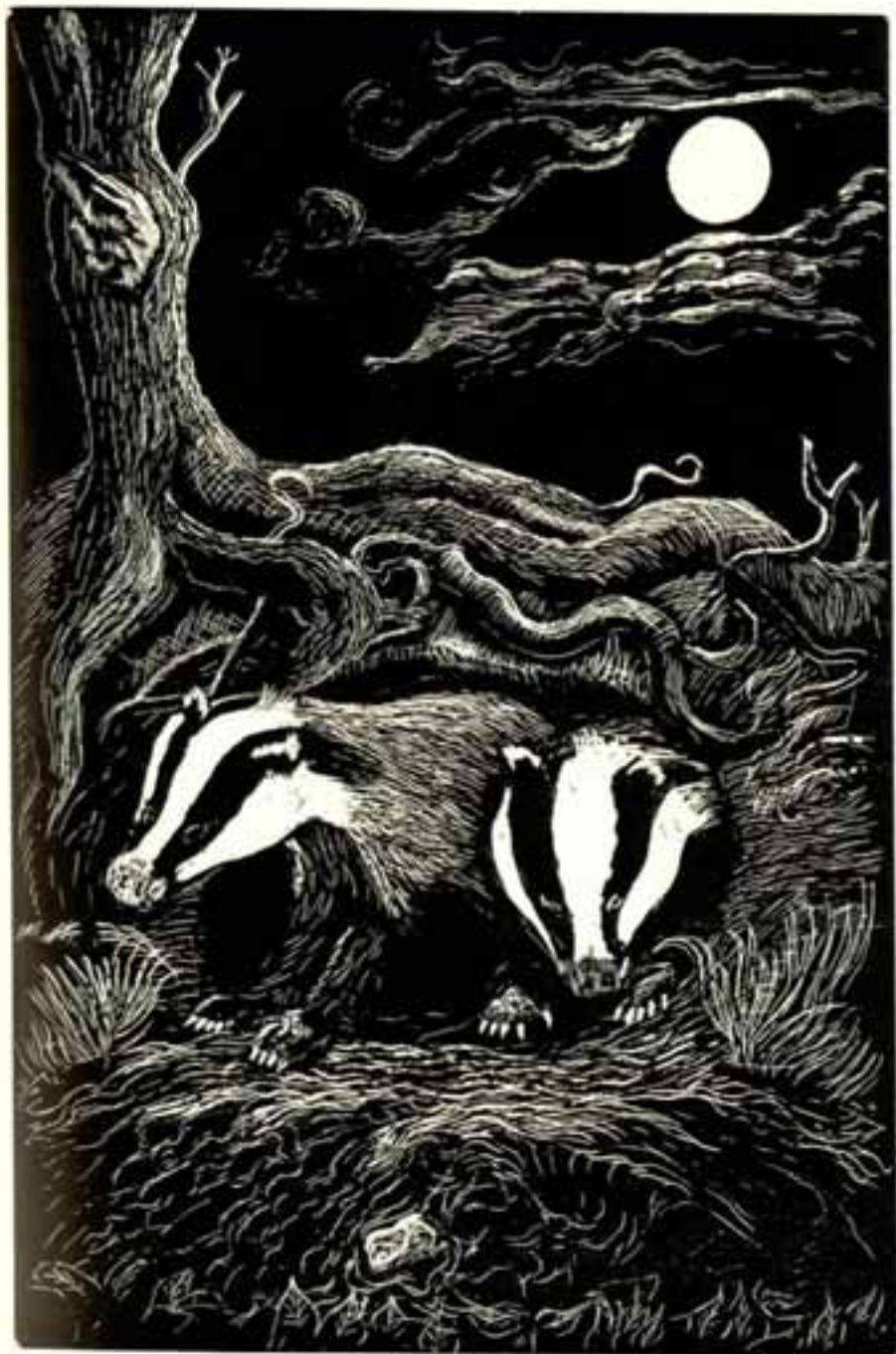
S. G. High: According to S. G. High, an eminent Fives player. He has burst on to the scene with remarkable force, and against mixed opposition has unfortunately (despite his tenacity and undoubted fire) been unable to win several of his very close games.

M. J. Gill: The school number 1, in name if not in ability. His determination and optimism off the court seem to disappear in the face of strong opposition.

P. G. Lunt: A welcome addition to the ranks, despite the fact that he plays with the wrong hand. He has been the most consistent School player, and perhaps the most improved. He plays best under the powerful influence of Mr. P. G. D. Robbins' racquet.

According to S. G. High... (writing about P. A. Gompertz).

Since the beginning of the School year, he has developed an almost quasi-religious attitude to the game, and his play is almost equal to his claims. He is an exceptionally forceful player who takes a great deal of beating (so he claims).



badgers

r. w. hall



THE SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1966-7

Standing : D. M. Gritten, D. C. Allanson, P. J. F. Craig, S. G. Mallabatt, D. V. B. Davies, P. J. Kilvert, I. D. Lamb,
D. L. Thomas, R. D. Blanford, A. O. Wilding, R. J. Arculus.

Sitting : C. W. Bryen, J. Pickering, D. R. Hill, A. J. Dewar, S. G. High (*School Captain*), The Chief Master,
S. A. Atkin (*Vice-Captain*), D. L. Parsons, A. B. Hopkins, P. D. Wilding, R. Thomas.

A Statistical Survey of School Sport

At the end of the Autumn Term, as part of a Numeracy Study, a questionnaire dealing with various elements of sport in the School was issued throughout Blocks A, B and C. Its first intention was obviously to provide material for classroom analysis and discussion; but the information does also go part of the way towards revealing the climate of opinion concerning games in the top half of the School at the present time. 'Part of the way' it can only be for two reasons: firstly, there was not more than a 47.75 per cent response to the questionnaire—disappointing but not surprising when one considers the present apathetic atmosphere; secondly, it was known that certain gentlemen in an elevated position and with a vested interest had got hold of surplus papers and "cooked" some of the returns. However, setting aside these factors for the moment, the following conclusions were arrived at: they may provide a topic for conversation at large or a preface to letters about the new games system which appear later in "CHRONICLE".

1. Games and P.T. in general: In this area was to be found the greatest degree of uncertainty or conflict: on the basic question of compulsory games, for example, 52 per cent were for and 47 per cent were against, and similarly, over the matter of making P.T. optional, 54 per cent believed it should be and 46 per cent did not. These results, in their closeness, might derive from happy or bitter experience lower down the School: or they could well stem from a callous indifference based upon invulnerability.

2. The present Options system: This area of question proved pretty dull by itself. In reply to the question "Are you satisfied with your option?" 65 per cent said "Yes"; and 59 per cent also believed there were enough Options to choose from. This is relatively gratifying as it must surely be recognised that the School is now offering a remarkably wide range of Sports: but the fact that 41 per cent were dissatisfied suggests that something is amiss and leads on to:

3. Rugger v. Soccer: Inevitably, this was the section where most of the figures showed the widest differences. There were four relevant questions and it would probably be easiest simply to tabulate all the statistics:

(a) Should Rugby be the main winter game?	Yes:35 per cent No:65 per cent
(b) Should Soccer be offered as an option?	Yes:80 per cent No:18 per cent
(c) Would you play soccer if offered?	Yes:56 per cent No:43 per cent
(d) Would you like a compromise of one term Rugby, one Soccer?	Yes:50 per cent No:49 per cent

On the surface two inter-related conclusions are self evident: there is a strong feeling that the main winter game should be different and, while a positive substitute to Rugby was not asked for, an even stronger feeling seems to want Soccer at least as an option. Beyond this, however, the controversy becomes more intriguing. Thus, although there is apparently such overwhelming antagonism to Rugby and equally overwhelming support for Soccer, this could be interpreted as a mere "paper protest." For when the figures are further studied it is interesting to note that only 56 per cent of those answering the questions would actually want to play: this is 69 per cent of those who answered "Yes" to (b) it is true, but also means that a little over 30 per cent have fallen by the touchline. The final fact, that only half the answerers would accept a compromise, could be taken two ways. Perhaps it means that the militant soccer devotees will accept nothing less than total surrender; or perhaps it is simply an indication that, the protest having been made, the contributors to (d) were not interested in the more subtle points of discussion! (There is a further complication that the low percentage might represent something of a "last-ditch stand" by those who want nothing but Rugby.)

Before all the above precipitates either a flood of letters to "CHRONICLE" or a School movement for action, it is surely worth while to make—or repeat—one or two significant general points. Any survey in which there is less than a 50 per cent return must be considered highly suspect and limited as it simply does not carry a majority voice. One might also add the hypothesis that, if such little interest is shown by the top three blocks, then the 48 per cent who *did* supposedly reply might be an artificially compiled number reached by an influx of "loaded" answer-sheets. Hence the true record would be even lower, the validity of the survey even smaller. This is all lent credence, in fact, by the open secret—mentioned at the beginning of the article—that a strong "upper house" cabal did

contrive, with disguised handwriting, etc., to flood the results with 'bent' information ! Synthetic veracity, indeed !

Conclusion : So everything seems to point to the truth of the adage that there are " lies, damn'd lies, and statistics " ; although, whatever the interested parties, it all does provide a nice point of departure for discussion.

Sports Results

		P.	W	D	L
Rugby	THE XV ..	19	2	2	15
	2nd XV ..	13	0	1	12
	3rd XV ..	7	1	1	5
	U.16 XV ..	9	0	1	8
	U.15 XV ..	13	11	0	2
	U.14 XV ..	11	3	0	8
	U.13 XV ..	6	3	1	2

Cross-Country

League :	v. Saltley G.S. and Kings Heath T.S.....	1st.	34:87:66
	v. Bournville T.S. and Kings Heath T.S.	1st.	37:63:85
	v. Bordesley Green T.S. and Central G.S.....	1st.	32:57:96
	v. Kings Norton G.S. and Central G.S.	1st.	34:64:83
	v. Central G.S. and Saltley G.S.	1st.	21:79:88
	v. Kings Norton G.S. and Kings Heath T.S.....	1st.	40:60:83
	v. Bournville T.S. and Bordesley Green T.S.	1st.	35:63:87
	v. Bournville T.S. and Saltley G.S.	1st.	41:52:81
	v. Kings Norton G.S. and Bordesley Green T.S.	1st.	50:60:61

Non-League :	Senior Team—Ran 7, Won 2.
	U16 Team—Ran 7, Won 1.
	U14 Team—Ran 2, Won 0.

Multi-School Competitions :

Sutton Park Race	3rd of 13 schools.
Wolverhampton Road Relay ..	14th of 29 schools.
Loughborough G.S. Relay ..	8th of 15 schools.
Kings Norton G.S. Relay ..	8th of 14 schools.

Basketball

Manchester G.S.	Away	Won	41-25
Wolverhampton T.C. ..	Away	Won	51-37
Bournville T.S.	Away	Lost	42-84

Fencing

Versus Schools : Played 9, won 8, drawn 1.

Versus Clubs : Played 3, won 3.

Others : v. Birmingham University : won 10-6 and 12-4.

v. St. Peter's College, Saltley : won 5-4 and 7-2.

The School First III also won the West Midlands Schools Championship.

SECTION E : **prose and letters**

Salting the Doves

It is a long time since you have heard of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. We have come a long way since the incredible days of 1961 and 1962, when the peace protester could point to real success in achieving his proximate aims and real hope for his ultimate ones. For a glorious instant the pressure group seemed poised for triumph; Gaitskill was beaten, Macmillan was nervous, and the Labour Party and Opinion Polls were momentarily in its favour. But the peace movement, when outwardly most successful, was internally divided. Arguments about means and ends were rife and Canon Collins and Bertrand Russell were estranged. Its rocket, as if in a pyro-technic display, had shot up to its zenith, and disintegrated in a dozen sparkling pieces. Thus fragmentation and the hooliganism of extremists were responsible for a sudden loss of public sympathy.

One may be thankful that protesters never possessed power, one may doubt the political judgment of their leaders, but one cannot doubt the value of the peace movement for the lean and hungry idealists. What has, since then, united youth so strongly?

There has been no war for us to fight, no common enemy to hate. No just war has sucked the country's blood from its veins in this decade. We have not known the intensity of death as other generations knew it. The First World War was a fine romantic war, with its beautiful poets first seeing mud deeper than the mud of playing fields, and becoming embittered; the Spanish Civil War was a fine war in which the simple artists could see the rights and wrongs quite clearly; and the Second World War was less romantic, its poetry less beautiful. Suffering no hardship, having no pain inflicted upon us, we have pretended that our post-war monotony suited us well, but our reaction to peace is sub-conscious. To achieve the admiration of others, we can pretend that emotion is beneath us, or we can create a false intensity of feeling medicinally. But we have never known crusade and tragedy of which the poets wrote. They describe a fantasy land to us.

It is no coincidence that youth applied, in 1961, the same fervour to asserting the sanctity of human life that the previous generation applied to negating it. The Vegetarians, the Anti-Vivisectionists, the Anti-Fluoridationists, the Pro-Abortionists, the Nationalists, the Anti-Apartheid campaigners and the Young Liberals, will never achieve the same deep commitment to cause. This commitment can return to us or can grow from the embryo in each of the undeveloped peace organisations. The urgency of Vietnam is oppressive and the threat of nuclear proliferation insistent. Arguments and theories must again be shaken to pieces by the vibrations of a national movement, the components reassembled to the instructions of morality. We need war; a war against war.

s. m. j. pickvance

The Rise of the Gaily Coloured Artifice

In 1914 Britain was at a watershed. The first major stage of the Industrial Revolution was complete, but the significance of many of its achievements and the problems which it raised were only just beginning to be felt. The era of nuclear physics had just been born, and we were in the early days of mass education: virtual universal literacy was a very recent development. Automobiles, aeroplanes, and radio were all in their infancy, so too were phenomena such as the housing estate, the chain store, the giant industrial concern, and the cinema. Mass poverty was at last being regarded as a real problem rather than an unavoidable and natural phenomenon. However, the seeds of the Welfare State were only beginning to be sown; and the paperback, the 'pop' industry, and the gaily coloured artifices of the leisure age were hardly dreamed of. Britain was a liberal capitalist society, about to evolve into an archetypal social-democratic state.

Now we have cheap power in vast quantities, free mass education, and we have experienced rapid and widespread technological advance. On the ethical side we now accept, in principle if not in practice, that all animals are equal. The business and political worlds too have become dominated by the motive of giving the people what they think they want. Above all, Britain is now seen as a coherent society rather than a collection of individuals. As a result of all this, virtually indiscriminate mass-consumption of mass-produced food, clothing and entertainment dominates our lives, and seems to be gaining a complete stranglehold over them.

The causes of these developments are both ethical and material. Ethically, the sprawl of neo-socialism is the chief influence. The Labour Party has replaced the Liberal, severe physical discomfort has been largely abolished, upper class snobbery has been slightly softened, and the Tory Party has slowly progressed towards the Centre: as early as 1924 Neville Chamberlain began, as Minister of Health, the movement towards a National Health Service, and in the 'fifties we saw almost cordial diplomatic relations with the U.S.S.R. (Baldwin cut off all diplomatic contact with Lenin's government). Coincident with these developments is the rather sterile but perhaps inevitable concept of the average man, and the feeling of the need to conform, which considerations scarcely affected the lower-middle and lower classes of 1914. We find that mass production and mass-consumption have produced predictable mass-behaviour patterns. Even contemporary "rebel" groups like the rockers and the beats observe strict rules of conformity within themselves.

But Britain cannot rightly be described as a socialist state. MacDonald and Wilson have both manifestly rejected socialist principles, and Attlee sanctioned charges for health services, which decision caused even a man of Wilson's principles to resign. The British Communist Party has attracted minimal support (although this is probably mainly because it condoned doublethink and deceit for the sake of a creed which condemned these practices). Fundamental but moderate socialist propositions, like that of Comprehensive Education, have met with widespread disapproval. We must therefore look elsewhere than socialism for the basic root of twentieth century change, to the development of mass-production itself, probably also the chief cause of the development of neo-socialism. Mass-production, inevitable as soon as technology allowed it because of its economic advantages, has made all strata of society accept the same material products, and therefore to some degree the same ethics. Consequently a demand for a limited amount of socialism and equality was created. Technology is the bones of a society, ethics merely the flesh.

Socialist tendencies in themselves would avert class barriers, without restricting individuality; whereas the very aim of mass-production is to appeal to various kinds

of snobbery and yet persuade many quite unique people to want the same things. The affluence, classlessness, comfort-craving, concern for trivial accoutrements, and the concept of the average man are the manifestations of mass-production, mass-consumption, and mass-behaviour patterns, made possible by the unfortunate fashion in which capitalism has shaped the technological revolution. True Socialism, in avoiding such anti-social devices as advertising, would have avoided the peculiarly boring mob-conservatism of modern British political philosophy.

d. c. allanson

What price Utopia ?

Equality of opportunity is a thoroughly laudable ideal that most of us, including all the political parties, pay lip-service to. However, like most thoroughly laudable ideals, it is extremely difficult to implement.

One of the areas in which it is the current fashionable dogma is education. The end-product aimed for is that the course of a child's education should not be influenced by his parent's income, the district he lives in, or the way he talks ; to sum up, his social class. This desire has, instead of an imaginative and viable education policy, led to the application of the over-worked and over-tired principles of socialist egalitarianism. These principles have led one M.P. to claim that the proportion of university places that each class holds should be in the same ratio as the proportion of the classes to each other in the country as a whole.

The train of argument behind such opinions is very easy to understand. Working class children tend to live in areas where the school buildings and environments are poor. They are starting at a disadvantage, and they will always suffer for it, being kept from developing to their true potential. Upper class children, on the other hand, are sent to public schools which are better endowed in both buildings and salaries for teachers. They will live up to promise completely. Thus a good count's son will beat a brilliant car-worker's child everytime. The usually propogated solution to this problem is to forbid the count's son to have his superior education and to force him to learn with everyone else. This is a dangerous fallacy. As usual the song of egalitarianism has been debased to the shriek of mediocrity. The true solution is to raise the level of the car-worker's son's education to that of the count's child.

The Plowden Report on primary education saw this when it recommended emergency grants to schools in poor and deprived areas. The report also saw another vital problem. It saw the disadvantage of a child who came from a family that viewed learning as something not for them, a house where the nearest thing to a book was the *Sporting Argus*. It saw the disadvantage of a child who lived in a one-room flat at the top of a slum tenement, who was forced to leave school at fifteen to start earning, whether he wanted to or not. It saw that the real inequality in education was an inequality in home environment, and that it was this inequality that crippled a child's educational prospects.

In support of this I would quote my own primary school. Although the roofs of some of the class-rooms I was taught in are now collapsing, the academic standard of the school is high. This is because the children are drawn from a predominately middle class that respects academic qualifications.

The Plowden Report's attempt at solving this problem to suggest that spiritual deprivation should be repayed by material comfort. Logically, however, in line with true socialistic equality of opportunity, the solution would be to transplant these children into a favourable environment. According to egalitarian ideals, an even better procedure would be to ensure that all children had a completely identical background.

These inhuman and impracticable methods are the only way to achieve true equality of opportunity. Thus we can only try for the closest possible approximation to the ideal, and the present policies dealing with the subject are not the correct ones.

a. f. drury

Communication without wires

Neither of the authors was a licensed Radio Amateur but they wished to communicate without having recourse to the somewhat doubtful service provided by the G.P.O. The use of wires over the distance of $\frac{1}{2}$ mile was considered impracticable and this led to the investigation of other means. The first idea was to transmit through the ground by using it as a conductor. Telegraph lines have long used the ground as one conductor, but it is possible to use the ground to replace both conductors in the manner indicated in Fig. 1. If a potential is applied between *A* and *B*, two points in the ground, current will flow between them. Most of it will travel along the path R_1 , but because the ground is a continuous conductor some current will flow along R_2 and a detectable but very small potential will be present between *C* and *D*. Hence a signal applied across *A* and *B* can be detected at *C* and *D*. In practice the volume was very small and much mains interference was experienced, so that the idea was eventually abandoned in favour of the one described below.

Modulation of a Beam of Light

Since the transmitting and receiving points could be clearly seen by each other, communication by this means was considered. The use of Morse was thought to be too slow to be of any practical value, and the problem of converting electrical impulses into variation of a beam of light was investigated. It was found that the filament of an average bulb will heat up and cool down at a rate of up to 2,000 Hz (c/s), making transmission of speech of about 200 Hz possible. Experiments connecting a torch bulb directly to the loudspeaker terminals of a record player failed. See Fig. 3. As can be seen the current output reaches two peaks, one positive

and one negative, during each cycle. The illumination is as in Fig. 3b, its intensity reaching two peaks per cycle. This difficulty was overcome by making the whole cycle positive by addition of a 'bias' battery in series with the bulb and loudspeaker terminals. The voltage was the operating voltage of the bulb, giving an 'illumination' response similar to that of Fig. 4. Illumination now changed with the same frequency as the input from the record player.

The receiver was built into a torch case making use of a photo-transistor mounted in the reflector. The circuit of this device is shown in Fig. 2. The authors can supply suitable circuits for printed circuit construction to anyone wishing to try this.

In the apparatus used over the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile distance, the transmitter used was a record player amplifier of 8 watts with the terminals of its output transformer (for loud speaker) connected in series with a 12 volt car battery and a 24 watt headlamp bulb mounted in a parabolic reflector. To provide consistent modulation the power of the amplifier should be about $\frac{1}{3}$ rd of the power of the bulb. See Fig. 6. Bulb and transistor should be mounted at the foci of their respective reflectors. WARNING: care should be taken not to leave a large current (2 amps or more) flowing through the out-put transformer of any but the largest amplifiers for any great length of time. If in continuous use, the amplifier should be isolated from the battery by a heavy duty 1:1 ratio transformer.

It is possible that greater efficiency could be achieved by the use of a lens instead of the receiver reflector. The authors wish all would-be constructors the best of luck and should any difficulty be encountered they will be very glad to lend their assistance.

p. a. griffin and r. w. hughes

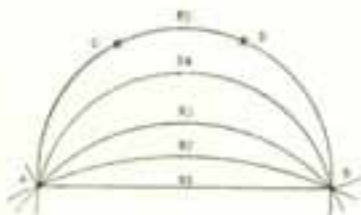


Fig. 1. Field of current between two poles (A & B) in the ground.

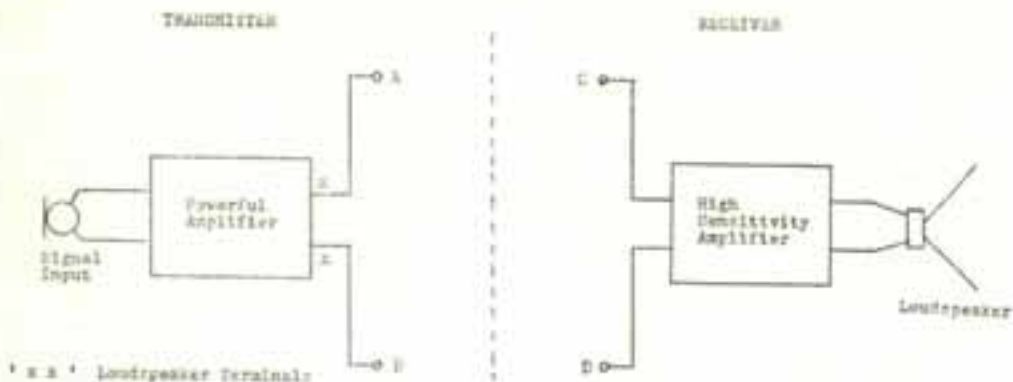


Fig. 2. The transmitter and receiver for through the ground communications.

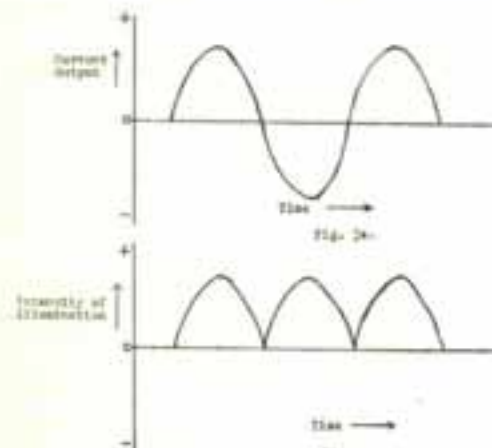


Fig. 3a.

Fig. 3b.

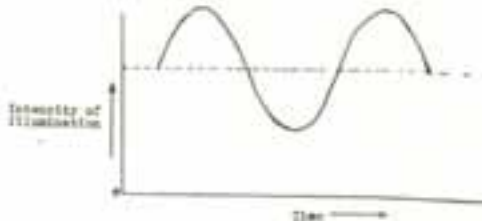


Fig. 4.

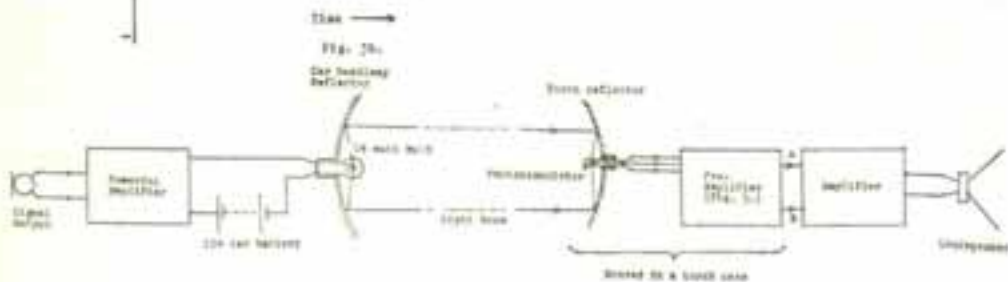


Fig. 5. Block diagram of 'Road or Light' wire.

In Defence of Apartheid

The present policy of the South African Government for dealing with the widely disparate population groups of the Republic, which officially came into being in 1943 under the Afrikaner name of apartheid, has its roots in South Africa's history.

In 1652 Van Riebeeck landed at the Cape under instructions to establish a victualling station for the Dutch East Indies Company and not to establish a colony. In 1656 nine of the Company's officials obtained permission to farm along the Liesbeek river and gradually moving further afield, the settlers crossed the open plains meeting no other people.

Six hundred miles north-east of Capetown and a hundred and thirty years later ; the Voortrekkers encountered the vanguard of a great Bantu migration on the banks of the Great Fish River. Border skirmishes occurred until 1797 the Voortrekkers concluded a treaty with the Xhosa. The Voortrekkers were not idealists ; they left the Bantu in their areas because they were heavily outnumbered by them and not because they believed that each race should have its own area of land. However it so happened that by settling only the uninhabited areas and by demarcating areas for the Bantu, the Whites arrived at a crude form of apartheid. There is therefore no foundation in the allegation that the Whites displaced the Bantu from their traditional homelands.

The Bantu will receive the land that is historically theirs. It is true that the Bantustans will only comprise 14 per cent of the Republic for 66 per cent of the people, but that this area, which is greater than England, Wales and Belgium with a population of 56,000,000 people, should support 13,000,000 Bantu in 1975 is not unreasonable. Critics allege that the Bantustans' policy is a step backwards to tribalism but the tribal unit is the only social structure the Bantu know. This same criticism of 'tribalistic' has been levelled at the system of government in the Transkei and at the system of education for the Bantu.

By the 1954 Bantu Education Act the system of European-orientated education which produced quasi-Europeans was altered for one in which the Bantu children would be taught in their native tongue. Critics charged that in future education would be inferior. Dr. Verwoerd, the then Native Minister, said that the Bill's main aim was the elimination of illiteracy. Today 94 per cent of the Bantu are literate and there are 5,000 university graduates, more than double the number in the rest of Africa combined. The very fact that the success of apartheid is dependent upon education is a guarantee for the future.

The success of apartheid will remove two great evils from South Africa because when border industries have been established to make the Bantustans economically viable, the Bantu workers will be able to return home in the evening and this will mean the cessation of the social disintegration associated with influx into the White urban areas. Also the over-centralisation of industry in the White areas will be eased.

Of course there is a great difference between thinking at Cabinet level and the thinking of the individual South African but if, through ignorance, the race hate which has long been endemic in South Africa permits the Bantu to achieve full political independence coupled with economic interdependence with White South Africa, is the Pretoria government to be the subject of world-wide condemnation ?

t. c. webb

Letters to the editor

The New Games System

Dear Sir,

How long can the school keep up the pretence about the importance of rugby here? The new games system has merely exposed the lack of interest in both school and house rugby.

From the shells upwards, we are taught that games play an important part in improving our self-discipline. But why should rugby in particular be associated with this moral aspect? It is merely another sport and should be played by those who enjoy it.

Those in charge of school games cultivate the professional attitude that winning is of paramount importance. The game should be played for the enjoyment which results from the effort made. This in turn stems from a natural liking of the game.

Ostensibly the games system offers a free choice of activities. However, the time allotted for voluntary pursuits is frequently occupied by the "morally improving" demands of the House.

Yours despairingly,

r. j. arculus

g. j. hooper

Dear Sir,

Drastic changes are needed in the archaic fixtures lists of some school teams, notably rugby and athletics. As a member of the athletics team, I am fed up with long trips to out of the way places such as Ratcliffe, Denstone, Shrewsbury, etc., just for a few minutes' performing. Away matches at these places mean missing a morning's school, having four or five cramped and boring hours on a coach, and getting home late and despondent. They are expensive both to the competitors and to the School Club.

It would be far better to have all fixtures against local schools and teams

and play as many matches as possible on weekday evenings. The most successful school teams, such as those of fencing, chess, fives, basketball and gymnastics, play their matches on weekdays. All the members of these teams, and those pressing for places, are eager to play, and will practice voluntarily and without supervision, in contrast to most members of the rugby and athletics teams. I am sure that boys would be much more enthusiastic to play for the rugby or athletics teams if the matches did not ruin their weekends.

Yours, etc.,

p. j. kilvert

Dear Sir,

As every Society Secretary, every House official and every Scout must know, it is now impossible to arrange a meeting during the school day at a time when everyone can attend. The principle cause of this situation is the new games system. With three blocks playing voluntarily or compulsorily on each of Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, there is no hope for the organiser on any of these days. After Scouts, C.C.F., and Personal Service Group missions have scattered personnel all over Birmingham, only the Film Society has sufficient drawing power to attract large audiences on Fridays. Consequently Monday evening is so booked up with regular activities that the occasional meetings of societies are poorly attended.

The new lunch arrangements, presumably introduced to fit in with the games system, have had the same effect during the dinner break. Less than half the school can meet at any one time on any day of the week, and the desired attendance of a master introduces further complications.

It is not our intention to comment upon the achievements of the new games system, as such, but to draw

attention to some of its side effects. We believe that voluntary activities like those mentioned are a sufficiently important part of the school's curriculum to deserve kinder treatment from the programme planner.

Yours, etc.,

s. m. j. pickvance
d. i. thomas

Dear Sir,

The new games system marks a trend towards giving as many people as possible the opportunity to play the sport they most enjoy. Would it not be possible to employ the South field, which at present is largely unused, to provide more field games? At present only rugby pitches are provided, yet little effort would be required to convert a couple of these to either football or hockey pitches. Four pitches are required for house rugby matches: but there are eight on the South field.

There are many enthusiastic footballers in the school, as shown by the constant use of the parade ground. Is it only tradition which prevents facilities being provided for them?

Yours, etc.,

d. v. b. davies

Image

A letter received from a parent:

Dear Sir,

As a parent of one of your senior boys, I feel I must protest at the mode of dress and appearance of some of your pupils.

I can remember the time, only a few years ago, when it was a cardinal sin for a boy not to have his hair cut and combed neatly or not to wear a white shirt. Some extroverts now choose to grow their greasy locks till they reach their shoulders, and to clothe themselves in 'mod' type shirts. One individual who sports chin length sideboards believes that the correct garment for a wet day is a cossack like white fur object. I can assure you he resembles

the well known creature of the Arctic regions rather than a pupil of a school with such a great heritage as K.E.S.

To the outsider the character and efficiency of a school are judged by the appearance and behaviour of its pupils. It is a pity that some of your boys wish to forsake the glorious name and tradition of your school in order to match the idiosyncrasies of many teenagers.

Worship

Dear Sir,

I'm sure everyone is aware that, according to the book, attending the morning assembly is voluntary. (Despite the unwritten law that states it is not.) I would like to see this principle observed, as many who "opt" to attend this service are not practising Christians or even convinced Christians. Some of these do not take any active part in the worship, but actually hinder the proceedings by talking, laughing, foot-stamping or singing extravagantly loudly. This has become so bad that the sacriligious atmosphere exceeds that of the average church with screaming babies, belching old men, and giggling choir boys. If these persons were not there, the service could be conducted in peace, and a sincere, genuine worship would replace the farcical formality of today.

Yours, etc.,

ex-c. of e. agnostic

Dirty Boys

Dear Sir,

Two letters have been written to the editor in the past three years, complaining of the lack of:

- (i) locks on toilet doors;
- (ii) soap;
- (iii) plugs in hand-basins; and
- (iv) toilet paper

in the school's toilets. As yet, the only

remedy has been to supply small cakes of soap which do not last at all long.

Yours, etc.,

g. g. selway

Cheating Harold

Dear Sir,

I have noticed with horror and the gravest fear for the health and viability of our economy the Price Rise in the Tuck Shop. Many 'in the know' will realise I refer to Cartland Club ties, which started the year at 12/6 and have now rocketed in price to the extortionate sum of 15/-. When Mr. Wilson and his keen band of price-watchers are urging the whole nation to curb themselves in one way or another, the action of the Tuck Shop or Moss Bros. is absolutely unforgivable and should be punished with a heavy fine or a position of responsibility in Local Government. Please keep prices down, fellow patriots, and boycott the Tuck Shop if necessary, until the money-grabbers put down the price of the ties. I urge this on behalf of the Cabinet, myself, and Her Majesty the Queen.

Yours,

j. sabell

Rubbish

Dear Sir,

A recent survey of the fiction section of the school library revealed the following facts: 20 per cent of all the books have never been taken out since they were donated, and 60 per cent have not been taken out since 1950.

There are two possibilities: one is that the majority of the school is illiterate, and the other is that the fiction shelves contain a prodigious amount of out-dated rubbish. It seems to me obvious that the shelves are full of

rubbish, and I suggest that this should be sold to a book or wastepaper merchant and some more modern fiction be bought with the proceeds.

Yours, etc.,

a. j. b. winter

"A" Levels for 3/6d.

Dear Sir,

Presumably study is the *raison d'être* of this establishment, but I have yet to encounter one of its inmates who has received any instructions in how to study—that is, how to go about learning what is taught, revising the same, and all with the maximum efficiency, while reproducing it at the appropriate time to the best effect.

There are in my opinion two remedies for this deficiency. The first involves the use of a few periods of the fifth form year for an introduction to methods of study and to examination technique. Failing this, the reading of such a book as "The Psychology of Study" by C. A. Mace (Pelican, 3/6d) would prove beneficial to all those attempting G.C.E. examinations.

Yours sincerely,

p. l. marcus

Art Exhibitions

Dear Sir,

The walls of the school are doubtless privileged, for very few school walls are adorned by Arts Council exhibitions. But the number of possible exhibitions is extremely limited, and so the older members of the school have seen each several times. Certainly the splash of colour which they provide breaks up the monotony of the corridor walls, but to many of the school this is all that these paintings mean.

The Arts Council might, therefore, profitably be asked to increase the number and range of their exhibitions, and instead of a piece of useless introductory blurb, the paintings could be arranged precisely, and have captions pointing out the contrasts in style and technique from painter to painter. At present, prints of different painters' works are arranged in a completely haphazard manner, and with no verbal guide. The result is drab and disappointing. As well as providing instructional captions the exhibitions should have three or four of each artist's work shown together, instead of being separated.

It is interesting that the figure exhibition has been shown only once, while some of the others have been shown five or six times. Apparently the veto of the cleaners is all-powerful.

An interesting change would be a complete exhibition of K.E.S. work, for it is only on parents' days that our own paintings are readily on view.

Yours, etc.,

b. v. hayes

Miaow from the Wilderness

Dear Sir,

It has been said before and we say it again: this school is passively approaching its nadir. We refer not to the level of academic achievements, or even of sporting prowess, but to the general atmosphere and attitude of this school which can be politely described as staid, or more truthfully, as moribund.

Our present educational curriculum has almost completely throttled any enthusiasm, any imagination, any inquisitiveness that may have lurked long ago in youthful minds. A clearly defined character is supplied free with every education. History lessons, for example implant a vague feeling of national superiority and subtly encourage a respect for things military. Our religious

education also presents one side of a many faceted subject, leaving ignorance and often intolerance of other points of view.

There are those who have tried to alter and reform, but they are Edwardian Cassandras, voices miaowing in the wilderness. Even the attempt to make the "CHRONICLE" readable has met a dismal response, for it relied on the forlorn hope that people in the school have something, anything, to say.

One step in the direction of the educational ideal would be the breaking down of the barriers between our school and K.E.H.S. He would certainly be no gentleman who suggested that our female counterparts would be anything but intellectually stimulating.

At present we could not be more effectively separated if a stone wall was set up, surmounted by barbed wire and patrolled by armed prefects ready to gun down the mob of frothing sixth formers rushing to any joint meeting. A certain amount of progress has been achieved by the Divisions' liaison with the "other side," but this is by no means sufficient.

But before any release from the narrow confines of our studied subjects can be effected, a Sixth Form Common Room must be established. The conversation in our present, separate, form-rooms—when they are not occupied by a class—is not of the communicating and varied nature expected of the potential intelligentsia of Birmingham. A common room would enable all sixth formers to meet, read newspapers and possibly play records in suitable surroundings. It would also enable aspiring intellectuals to make known their opinions, thus preventing them from sending bitter invectives to the "CHRONICLE." We suggest that a room in the new music school could be utilised for this purpose.

Yours, etc.,

members of science vi b

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afterthought

"Why is my poetry so sad? Well, I think it's because I'm one of those sad, terribly sad people who go round the world being terribly sad. It's just one of those frightfully worrying things that happen to certain people. I think it was Bertrand Russell who said, "God, I'm sad." How very relevant that seems today with the world in its so very, very morbid condition.

I was talking to Mary Macarthy the other day at a little cocktail party at David Frost's last week. She said, "I do hate these horrible little green olives that David serves up with his rather measly Martinis." And I said, "I do so agree." And for that one fleeting moment I wasn't sad. Then Princess Margaret came up to me and said, "Oh, Peregrine, not you." And I was plunged back into such sadness and despair. I think it's one of the handicaps of being a poet."

(Well done, Jez, this year's winner of the Omar Khayyham Cup.)

"Hoggart became the scholarship boy all scholarship boys want to be: the uncompromised one with the Real Book under his belt, who makes it to the book-lined study and the sherry glasses and can still tell the phoneys, quietly, to get stuffed."

(Sunday Times, March 12th.)

Mmm. So that's where P.R. gets his stomach from.

Last Thursday, the oldest person in the world, T. J. Morriss, at last admitted, "I gave George Eliot his first Big Break."

Thermidor 1966-67: Diary of Balthazar J. Vorstward.

November, 1966. Cunningly manoeuvred by a Canadian spy into resigning from the Historical Society Committee. I proposed a vote of thanks. He immediately left the school. Another victory.

December, 1966. Why wasn't I elected to the Clickband Committee? Why are they all shouting "Bad luck, Balthazar"?

February, 1967. A triumph! I have assumed the powers of chief librettist... Embarrassed by my success, the true Librettist returned to his post. So he desires... I propose to resist his siege... the barricades by the Cambridge Modern History fell today... I have almost completed my memoirs, "Life of Balthazar J. Vorstward, Leader of Men." (They don't deserve me.) Hysterical shouts of welcome greeted me as I greeted the men in the trenches.

March, 1967. I have finished rewriting History. It is now called "Story of B. J. Vorstward." The Clickband Faction is weakening. Bribe by meals at the Albany, they cracked under the strain. Coffee was hurled over my Prize Essay, "Why God lost and I won," in a desperate effort to retrieve lost ground... At last, the ultimate success! I'm leaving while in control of the school as shadow-vice-librettist. A gesture of disdain, the reward of power, at the height of my triumph. I can hear them shouting. Heil Hitler! Heil Woodvost! Heil! Heil! Heil!

N.B. How are your nigboxing, nigtoosing, nigspinning, nigballing, nigflicking, nigspotting, nigtwisting, nigknuckling, nigbluffing, and nigurgling fingers?

We must congratulate S. Gilbert, our 6-ft 8-in. sixth-former who, alone, proud and undaunted, has been the XV's support this year.

**We found the following in our typewriter :*

Fencing

Stephen G. High fenced remarkably well against all opposition. His thrust has beeby boochied each of his adversaries. What remains to be seen is not worth seeing. High's impressive parry has been second to nothing but his double-tour on the backhand. Against Highgate on February 3rd he came out with an unbelievable forcee-pence, which left the Highgate fencer sprawled on the mat clutching his ankle. The crowd roared and minutes after High had beeby boochied he was awarded his School Fencing Pumps—an unbelievable effort.

* * * * *

**Further investigation has brought the following in reply to our pleas for ' More, More, More.' (Sept., 1966) :*

A Report from the Groad Lily Set

This set, founded on November 9th, 1966, is a closed circle for all Groad Lilies. Its main aim is to introduce Groad Mania to the whole school. Some of our past activities have been to protest against the removal of drains (home of the sacred drainmen) in the area of Wyld Green. The outcome of this is still being awaited.

At our first meeting it was decided that vaccinations against Prunes should be held under the supervision of Dr. Buncletum. Days and Anniversaries were appointed for Groad Diaries : (e.g. Grandmother's Toe Nail Day : 19th May).

The epidemic of Groadoline (Diary of a Groad Lily : last edition of " CHRONICLE ") has turned out very mildly and is a great asset to the Yoghurt Can Hunting Co. in the Clonkipush District. A recent survey shows that the disease has made sales of the Company rise by 50 per cent. (P.S. It is hoped that all boys reading this article eat Yoghurt, or will do so in the future.)

* * * * *

**Ed.—Could this poem possibly refer to the editor ?*

To the Man Who Sat Where Others Had Only Dare Stand

Thud ! Thud ! Thud !
The sicker thirds and fourths
Clap their hands
And stamp their feet
With gay masochistic abandon.

Roar ! Hyaw ! Yuk !
Cackle ! Turgid ! Watneys !
The Divisions Sci. and Classic
Are as one
As they threaten the extermination
Of the speaker
In the chair.

Now the speaker has arisen
(Not from death,
Just from sleeping).

The proletariat are hushed
As he walks down the aisle
(Not with loved one,
Just with prefects).
As he reaches the door,
The proles wait, anticipating
The speaker's final, foreboding speech :
" Detentions on the house."

The atmosphere electric,
The proles, now dejected,
Trudge to first period
With heavy, heavy heart.
All think as one,
With one thought uppermost :
" No pieces for the " CHRONICLE "
from me on March the First."

What is a V.W.P. ?

" It is about half past eleven on a quiet morning in the holidays when the silence and bird-song of a certain rural location are rudely interrupted by the sound and fumes of the 'mobil,' carrying X to the V.W.P. He is accompanied by three large plastic containers of some liquid and some hundreds of confections. He de-locks the hut, and ambles therein, disengages the 'bar' and wipes turps or paraffin off it with a wet rag. Z arrives and chants a well-known greeting, oft repeated. Spades and oddments are uncovered from a secret cache behind the 'bar.' These are carted away into the thorny wooliness of the woodland. A, B, C and D arrive on bicycles, or other two-wheeled conveyances. All these characters are bent on some mysterious purpose.

Y rolls up the hill, complete with foliage, deposits luggage on the gravel and shouts for X. The stealthy silence is unbroken as a reply.

Digging commences, mud flies, chopping starts, brashing is heard, cries of 'timber' and other epithets are uttered.

Building starts, as do scything, sickling, cycling, lashing, puffing, carrying, grunting and working. Simultaneously the tea-break, coffee-break, beverage pause starts and X meets Y. Lunch-break.

Then again is the wood activity, broken rural slumber. Work accomplished, tools regathered, hut brushed-up. Mobil and cycles departed. The location is once more the property of the flying and creeping creatures. All is still.

This location, somewhere, is gradually waking from its many years of overgrown sleep. It *might* have been a caravan site—what a fate. Now it is safe, for ever, for "little men" and V.W.P.s."

" Such are our aims, aims that seem to us to deserve the support of every right-thinking and high-minded boy amongst us. The task will be no light one. Heavy work will fall upon those who take the most active part in the management of this paper. They will have to give it both time and thought. "Many people are ready enough to do the good Samaritan without the oil and twopence," but they have still to learn that no work worth doing can be done without sacrifice. We for our part are ready, and we call on you to help us, and every boy who answers this appeal, and takes his stand with us, will have the satisfaction of knowing he has at least tried to do something towards leaving the school better than he found it."

—end of Editorial, 1875.

You may hate "CHRONICLE" as an institution. You may like it. At least you read it. If you preferred the predecessor, then this new volume may have to be buried. We decided it was best to give you something to comment on. Please do. Tearing the centre pages out should satisfy your sadistic tendencies. Now use your head as well.

Finally, we would like to thank all those who wrote for "CHRONICLE." We were gratified at the response, although much material came in very near to the deadline. Please keep up the response and use a typewriter if possible.

(N.B. Selection of material for "CHRONICLE" is based on merit not prejudice.)

Acknowledgment

We would like to acknowledge the receipt of three letters, which unfortunately must wait until the next edition to be published. Two of them are about Expeditions Weekend, and one deals with the successes of two O.E.s at the Royal College of Art.

Solution

White wins, as follows :

24. B-R3. KnxR(Q8).

25. RxKn.
R-B3.

26. B-N2. R-Kn3.

27. B-B7. RxKP.

28. BxR. Px8.

29. K-B2. and White won easily.

Or: 24. .KR moves; 25B-Kn2.

24. .KnxR(Kn8); 25. BxR. Rx8(B1);
26. K-B2, Kn(Kn8)-Q7; 27P-Q61, PxP;
28. B-Q5, and White regains his piece
with a slightly better end game.

Not 25. BxR ? ? ? Kn-Q7ch.

Or. .R-R1, 26. B-Kn2, R-K2, 27. P-B5,
any; 28. P-B6 and wins.

Or. .R-R3, 27. K-Kn2, Kn-R5 ch., 28.
K-Kn3, Kn-Kn3; 29. P-Kn5 and wins.

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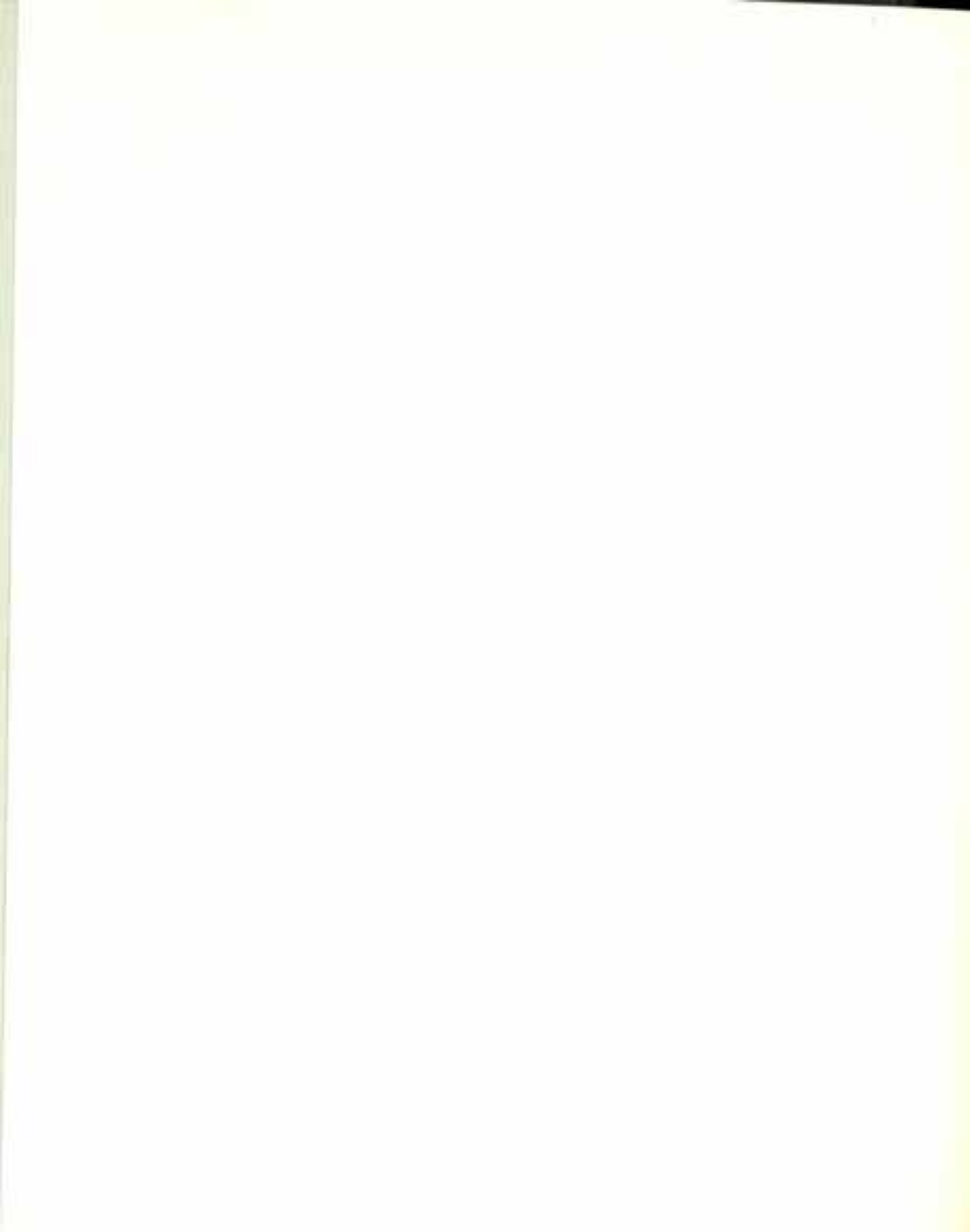
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An abstract geometric design featuring a grid of black lines on a white background. A thick vertical green bar is positioned on the right side. The word "CHRONICLE" is printed in bold, black, sans-serif capital letters across the middle of the grid.

CHRONICLE

**King Edward's School
Birmingham**

CHRONICLE

October 1967

CHRONICLE: volume 81 number 2.

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contents

	<i>Page</i>
Editorial	59
Comment	61
On Censorship	63
School Affairs :	70
Diary, Speech Day, Valette, The Recorder's Report, Chapel Notes, Library, Weather, Survey	
Original Work	79
Social Affairs	87
Societies Report, Junior Play, C.C.F., Scouts, Kesmet, P.S.G., E.S.U.C., Greek Expedition, Solden, Syndicates	
Sport	99
Survey, Cricket, Statistics	
Prose and Letters	104
Prize Essays, Articles, Letters	

editorial

How is it possible to judge the response to a publication ? In our case, obviously not through the number of copies sold—we dictate the supply very largely ourselves (although it is interesting to note that more people than usual have expressed a desire for more than one copy of the last magazine). We cannot necessarily accept either hearty appreciation or outright spurning as an indication of effect. But are we not justified in expecting an improved response ? It has not come.

The questionnaire provoked some agreeable and constructive comment, some of it openly derogatory (a detailed report is on page 77). We have learnt much from those who were prepared to return those pallid green slips, and they will be kept for future reference ; but a disappointingly small percentage of readers returned them. Has the "CHRONICLE" still affected so few ? Are over 80% of readers really concerned with its future welfare so little that they merely glance through the thing and then cast it aside ?

Practical support can be measured in terms of quantity (taking into consideration quality, of course) and lack of procrastination. The support for this edition has in both respects been paltry. 'A' and 'O' levels and syndicates and prize essays and sunbathing are all extra factors during the summer term for so many ; but even many of those who promised, and promised early, to write for us, either procrastinated until it was embarrassingly late, or backed out at the last minute. To write for the "CHRONICLE" or even simply to hand in material is regarded as a chore. Are these brains so idle that they are contented only to chortle their ideas to the air ? This has been so true of the syndicates, for example, whom we hoped would submit interesting reports. The end of the term is busy, but enough time and expense were spent on this edition by us in chasing potential contributors. We cannot go on pleading for ever. Contributors must not forget: all our work is done at the very end of term, and yet we are heavily blamed if one small thing is forgotten or improvised. And when articles are poorly presented we cannot be expected to improve them within the space of hours, if at all.

Similarly, it is not much help for a demand to be made from some quarters for more art-work, if this is not followed up by appropriate contribution. Once again that quotation from 1875 ("many people are ready enough to do the good Samaritan without the oil and twopence") is most relevant.

This may be the time to state that the editorial board (by now used to a totally exhausting final week of work) has several times expressed doubts as to whether it is really worth the trouble. There are other ways in which we could occupy ourselves, with far less worry, and far less apparently wasted time.

The uneven response is reflected by the large original sections : 'officialdom' so often cannot be bothered to report, but we are pleased to be able to print some 'meaty' and thought-provoking articles. However, it

must just be made clear that articles we intend to print do not in many cases represent either editorial or official opinion, and we do not want to 'load' the magazine with our opinions, only to use editorial comment where relevant.

It might be useful here just to point out to contributors how the actual 'editing' of "CHRONICLE" is carried out. There are of course several criteria upon which choice of material for inclusion must be based: personal taste is not always relevant, but is of some importance; technical skill or cogency of argument may characterise a piece hardly worthy of inclusion otherwise, perhaps because of limited scope; and finally, of course, subject-matter must be considered. These various factors must eventually coerce into the decision as to whether a contribution is worthy and suitable for inclusion in "CHRONICLE", which is not a rag magazine, nor a tub-thumping periodical for general consumption, nor a rag-bag of news valid today and vacuous tomorrow, or so we hope. Nor just an organ for vituperation.

Choice is not as far as possible merely personal. A majority decision of several members of the Board is always taken. But personal like or dislike or admiration may be overruled by the all-important pencil of censorship: subject-matter must always be very carefully considered.

If we first project ourselves hypothetically into the position of the newspaper editor, and so consider the prospective article in relative terms, then, if statements within it, or its general emphasises, would in that case be clearly libellous, then they cannot be printed—not that we of course would really be sued, but would be more likely to be cut off as an editorial body. An action for libel would to us mean the total annihilation of "CHRONICLE." Anyway, the analogy with a 'daily' is not entirely valid, for we are obviously far more restricted in scope by our very nature. As an institution "CHRONICLE" is commentator on the activities of the establishment which controls it. It is not the Fleet Street hot press for the country; it is the cooler press talking about the inside workings of Fleet Street itself. And we must therefore make it clear that "CHRONICLE" is not here to enable everyone blatantly and publicly to preach their own thoughts about the school, if indeed they have them.

We must attempt a broad analysis of the working machine, not a hypothetical and personal conjecture of the entrails. Censorship for "CHRONICLE" means editing to cut out the unwarranted or offensive personal feeling. What is unwarranted or offensive is up to the editors to decide, bearing in mind what they represent, and it is argued out amongst them, with the Common Room as the final arbiter. The policy is "CHRONICLE" policy, not personal whim.

This may give you some idea of how we decide what goes in and what does not. Inclusion is always the result of a consortium of feeling.

Finally, we do recognise the danger that "CHRONICLE" may begin to represent merely those opinionated minorities who have sufficient regard for their views to set them down on paper. If the balance in the magazine of opinion throughout the school appears really distorted, then it is likely to be because the spread of contributors is erratic.

comment

UPPER SIXTH TIME

The year of the Upper Sixth presents more opportunities for individual expression, research, and discovery than any other. And more for wastage, boredom, and disillusionment with the 'freedom' of Upper Sixth education. It offers several major occupations: the exercise of responsibility in the Cartland Club and Prefects' Room; the undertaking of additional 'A' levels; the unrestricted possibilities of prize essays; and syndicates, which can combine the exploitation of individual interests with the discipline of group work. These opportunities should allow for a full year to be spent usefully and interestingly, and certainly the two terms after Oxbridge exams need not be idle. But prefectorial responsibility and 'A' levels may be ignored, prize essays skimmed, and syndicates may not be taken seriously. How may this be prevented? Should it be prevented? Is the institution of the Prefects' Room no longer valuable; do subjects such as British Government and General Studies offer enough interest?

Perhaps it is inevitable in any school year that some perfectly adequate opportunities be ignored, but it is more significant that it is possible for someone to be fully engaged in the businesses of prize essays and prefectship and yet still be at school doing almost nothing they could not do at least as efficiently and certainly more comfortably at home. So true is this that the duties of being a prefect are at times ignored or treated too lightly. Although it is possible to work in the Cartland Club quiet rooms if you can do without scandal and coffee along the corridor, it is not possible to concentrate fully, or at length, simply because of the presence of so many others. Twenty free periods a week cannot all be spent in this curious, six-tenths concentration on work. The consequence is that often nothing is done in the Cartland corridor—and this leads to disillusionment in the Upper Sixth as an institution, and a lack of willingness to partake of its opportunities.

In the May 'Comment' we wrote that "real education is an eager dialogue, and a good in its own right, rather than merely a monologue to be suffered as a means to university." The Upper Sixth is the one year when this may be practised fully: at other levels concessions must be made to the dictates of syllabuses. But the education of the Upper Sixth is perhaps an indication that there are easier things to do than foster an "eager dialogue."

What can the school do, if anything? When work becomes as advanced and as individual as it does after "A" levels, it cannot be governed along set lines and watched over; not if the Upper Sixth is to be the preparation for university it should be. The editors are themselves in no position to put forward knowledgeable advice, we can merely point out the dangers of our environment. But perhaps more attention should be given to checking that useful work is being done, less that the inactive and formal motions of attendance are gone through—so long as responsibilities are fulfilled. But such a proposition takes all the logic out of responsibility, out of the prefectorial/Cartland Club 'vice-prefect' system: we must be occupied, we must want to be occupied, and in school, otherwise why be here at all? Perhaps the syndicates could extend over two terms for the Upper Sixth, at any rate for those not vitally concerned with 'A' levels, and involve far more ambitious projects. Many take up and profit from the opportunities offered them in the Upper Sixth, but still waste almost all of their time in the school grounds. Some waste this time and the other opportunities of the third year sixth. Possibly this is their fault, but the school is responsible for shaping them. The editors can offer no fully formed solution, as we have said, but a year or six months wasted at the age of eighteen is a disastrous loss—so great that it is no matter at all whose 'fault' it is. And, through the prefects, this loss must reflect throughout the whole school.

THOUGHTS ABOUT HOUSES

At the Admission Ceremony in June, this year's newcomers visited their Housemasters to be instructed in the importance of House spirit, loyalty and unity, and the holiness of the team. And in the autumn's rugger games a few Shells and Removes will support their Houses, but probably no seniors or members of the middle school. Houses fail to instil their members with lasting loyalty or enthusiasm. Why?

To the writers, any appeal the House system makes seems to be made on arbitrary grounds: by the time the House-fever-struck Shells reach the fifths they will be as devoted to individual sports, tennis, fives, squash, and fencing as their predecessors were: probably more. In the few questionnaires we received, there was demand for much less on traditional sports, far more on minor sports. An increasing number of boys refuse to play House games, or play unwillingly. Five years ago thirty non-school-team seniors from each House played rugger once a week: now this would be impossible.

We would be the last to deny the values of unity and loyalty. But to echo our last 'Comment' again, loyalty without reason behind it, loyalty for a mere figurehead, is a nonsense. Perhaps Houses can rekindle loyalty by coaching in minor sports, by looking after the boys' individual interests more fully. But these things can probably be done more efficiently by the block games system and form masters. Even the Cock House Championship arouses less feeling these days.

Back to our old theme: loyalty grows from enthusiasm. The tepid House reports received in March showed little of this even in most of our House Captains. The simplicity, the easiness, and the comfort of loyalty for its own sake are indications of its danger: intelligence and energy of the mind invariably develop reasoned enthusiasms and loyalties, not unthinking loyalty for a 'House' that nobody lives in.

Nevertheless, one opportunity which the Houses can provide more readily than any other unit is that of playing team games. They also fulfil another function - the opportunity for boys from a deep vertical spread throughout the school to meet and co-operate, if only spasmodically. After all, would it be right to concentrate solely on the rigid, sometimes rather arbitrary, and strongly horizontal zoning of the 'Block' activities? The divisions the Houses create may at times be a little painful, even creakingly awkward, but at least the School is made aware of its present constitution in this way. And the School cannot ignore that make-up if it is to remain coherent. The world is not built of many bricks divided simply by bands of cement representing the fading of the births of one year, and the New Year arrivals of the next.

It could be argued that few people at present are really concerned with team games. Does this lack of support for major team games lessen the need for social intercourse between all strata in the school? If it does not, how can this need be fulfilled? Is there in fact any other way than that of the House system?

In future October issues, retiring editors will be given the opportunity to write about a topic relevant to "CHRONICLE" which has particularly concerned them while on the editorial board. This will of course be an expression of personal opinion.

censorship

In the last few years the problem of censorship, always something difficult to employ tactfully and justly, has been widely discussed on television and in print with reference to Britain's theatre, cinema, books, newspapers; indeed all means of communication. Television, for instance, is a tremendously influential way of saying something, and if the thing is unprovable and harmful it should not be said. On a much smaller scale, we are directly concerned with censorship at King Edward's. The Editorial of this edition of "CHRONICLE" deals in part with the problems of the editorial board, and the attitude it has to take in the matter of censorship.

No editors of any publication can afford to print remarks offensive to its managers or sources of financial backing, and none do unless they consider that the cause they champion is more important than the prosperity of their publication. To get the case of "CHRONICLE" in perspective, this magazine is now such a valuable thing that to harm or destroy it for the sake of almost anything else would be a tragedy. But the potential value of "CHRONICLE" to the school is even greater than the considerable service it does King Edward's at present. If "CHRONICLE" were freed from the necessity of censorship, the school would be doing itself a great good.

At times the unofficial publication of a magazine wholly produced by the boys has been contemplated, but the dangers of such a venture are clear: it would probably degenerate rapidly, without the official status, reputation, and tradition behind "CHRONICLE" into a scurrilous hand-out sheet. On the other hand, if "CHRONICLE" were freed from the necessity of censorship, it could become the school's most effective means of the critical self-examination which is one of the greatest needs of any institution. May's Editorial said that "A strong man is not afraid of showing his weaknesses." The school should attempt to hide none of its shortcomings, but rather to seek them out openly and as energetically as possible.

In my view, "CHRONICLE" should be in a position where it can afford, as it cannot at present, to print remarks which may cause offence: provided that the remarks are

- (a) fully substantiated,
- (b) constructive in intent, and
- (c) aimed at individuals only in as much as they represent school policy, and if possible not by name.

Doubtless, if "CHRONICLE" were in this position, it would provoke sniggers of satisfied spite from some and disgust from others, due to immaturity and ignorance of the school. But in time the new policy would be widely respected: who sneers at the openly critical but responsible and honest remarks of, for instance, the "New Statesman"? Censorship, the hiding of dissension, and the unwillingness to look for or admit mistakes all tend to create distrust and lack of confidence in the school—and ultimately they make for lower standards of both work and conduct. Editorial censorship of "CHRONICLE" is by no means stifling, as must be evident: indeed it is sufficiently limited to make it a great pity that the editors cannot dispense with the small but significant restraint which they do feel to be imposed on them, and which, of course, they accept in accepting their positions.

To quote from the editors' "Comment" of May: "The concept of a public/direct grant school may be one which is doomed in our society, but we should... try to show that such a school can be of great value to the community. And the happier, more productive atmosphere we want to create can only properly be based on enthusiasm and loyalty for a determinedly reforming school." King Edward's must be constantly ready to examine itself critically in public, and to change itself in harmony with its environment: otherwise it must expect to be changed from outside, perhaps crudely and insensitively.

D. C. ALLANSON

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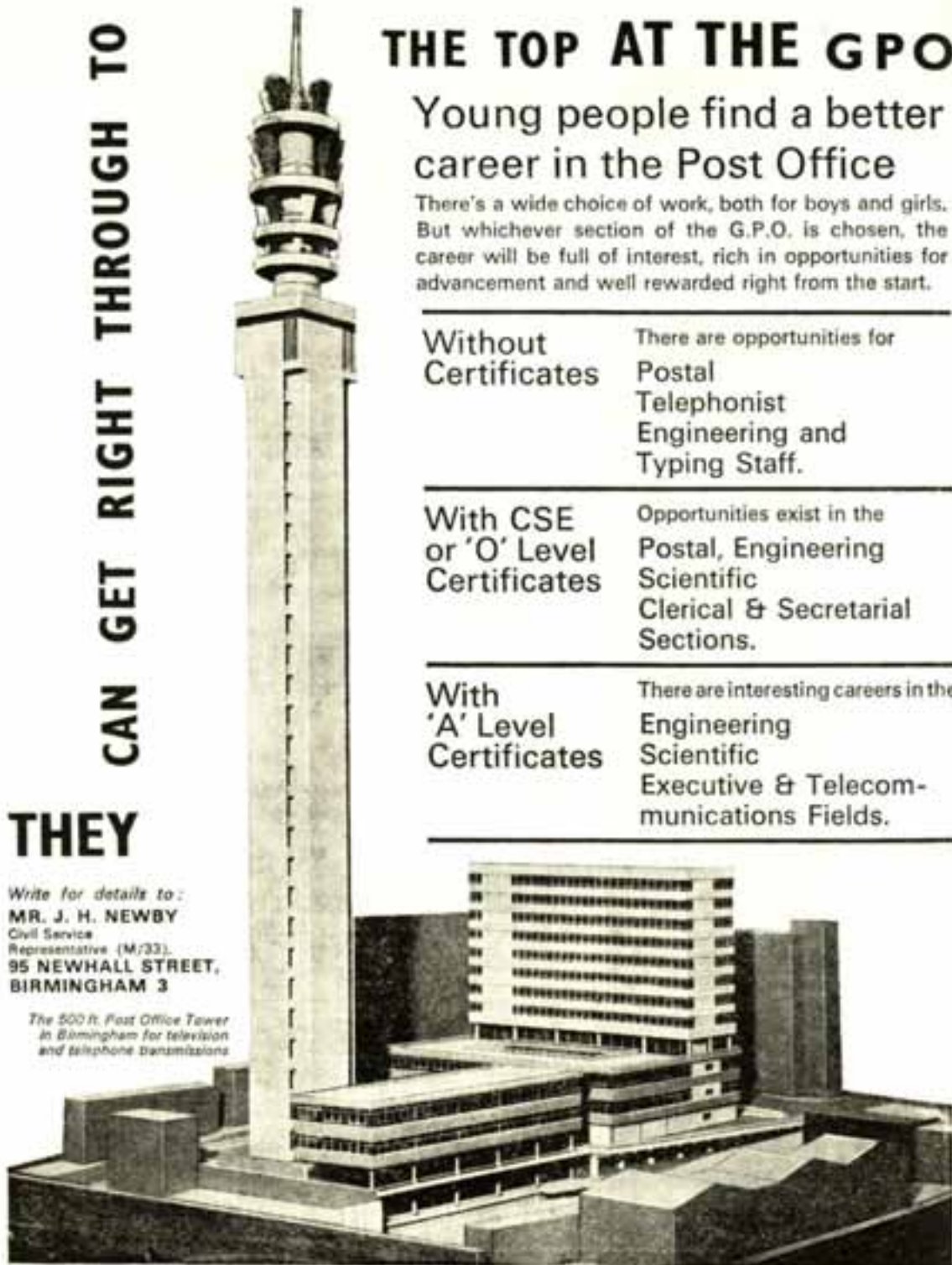
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CHESS PROBLEM

In this position from a recent school match, White, a rook to a knight up, played QxKt. What was the result and how was it reached?

There is only one line of play which should not be difficult to find.

Solution on page 124





School Diary

Term began on Thursday, April 20th, two days after the return of the biologists from Borth, where the communion of the souls with lug-worms and star-fish had taken place. After two days, the Natural History Exhibition was under way, Athletic heats had begun, and 600 voices could be heard in Big School, chanting in unison the words "Sixpence per book per day."

April 25th saw the first Holy Communion, joint with K.E.H.S. Three days later, the "Sssh..." was published, early of all things, and before long, pale green questionnaires began to waft around the Prefects' Room. Messrs. Webbley and Jenkinson won the N.S. Robinson Prose-Reading Competition with a modicum of fuss and in extreme privacy.

On May 1st all 'A'-level Candidates' Prize Essays were due: the first entries trickled in several days later. It was quite a week for

trickles: the meagre ones of green questionnaires suddenly developed into a roaring, frightening crescendo of trickles, to expire within the space of days. This week also saw a fall of snow, the start of the Tennis Knockout, and the Athletics Sports, with more competitors than spectators.

May 8th and the athletes started to do surprisingly well in the B.G.S. Preliminaries, whilst individual musicians fiddled and flauted in the School Music Competition. House cricket began quite mildly on May 9th. (Posters had meanwhile appeared on the walls of Gild Hall, put there by name-dropping fourth-formers wishing to draw attention to the rather more interesting Poetry Appreciation Society. Its big brother, the Literary Society, had a long cool, introspective glance at a historic committee meeting to discuss falling attendances). On May

17th the Great Rains began, and swallowed cricket up for a few weeks.

The next day, the Junior Play, an Aristophanes comedy, opened for its customary three-night run. Attendances were poor: performances rather good. The eccentricity which disgusted a school parent in May's "CHRONICLE" found a plug at the debate on May 25th, where it was received unanimously as better than "apathy." Half-term, and, for some, 'A'-level leave, began on May 26th, and with the start of the public exams on June 5th, prayers were held in the vicinity of metal spoons and wooden tables. The U.13 XI played something or someone called Eversfield, and the Senior Half Mile Swim was held. Friday, 16th, saw the ever-helpful School Captain rendering his services publicly to the "CHRONICLE," and advising the school not to visit the lavatories, which were to be used only for "official business."

Oxbridge entries were completed, June 28th marked the start of School Exams, and the Admission Ceremony, when the school succumbed to a preponderance of purple blazers. 'A' level leave was left behind on June 29th and the gifted gladiators of the past returned to the track to lose narrowly.

The start of July saw the past and present scouts and scouters meeting for reminiscence, dinner, and a tour of Andrew's Copse, to mark 30 years of scouting at K.E.S., and the retirement of Dr. Mayor, the G.S.M.

July 4th: All entries for "CHRONICLE" were due, but most of them had yet to arrive. During the next few days, we had some successes in the B.G.S. Sports, a visit to Alvechurch from the parents of scouts and the life-saving exam. The Shakespeare and Elizabethan Societies spent a delightful two hours reading "All's Well that Ends Well," all fresco in the evening sun.

Cricket week began officially on the 13th, but the school were strongly opposed, to the tune of a 9-wicket defeat, by the Warwickshire

Club and Ground on the 10th. Two days later, the Swimming sports were held, with a reasonable number of spectators and hot dogs. Once again, it was very much an occasion for the individual, and confirmed the opinion that the titles of champion for more than one age-group are hereditary rather than occupative. The syndicates held their official report on the 14th, the same day as the General Inspection, at which the Navy marched badly, and the behaviour of the R.A.F. section was disgusting and hilarious. The most notable occasion was the utterance of an obscenity which the commentator of the platoon attack wrongly presumed to be inaudible over the loudspeakers; the inspecting Air Vice-Marshal remained impervious beneath his sunburn.

Speech Day went off with its usual panache, with the exception of one unfortunate individual who went up for one prize too many. We heard a witty speech from Professor Bowra, one of whose many books was presented to Mr. Copland. The O.E.A. match was victoriously dragged out to 6-30 on a pleasant day, but was watched by a very restricted number. The match was followed by the annual gathering of the prefects.

On Sunday, July 16th, the Service of Thanksgiving was held so appropriately in Big School. The choir for once descended from the removed heights of the gallery, sang an unaccompanied anthem. Only a handful of leavers was there.

Cricket week continued with the School's second successive victory over the M.C.C., leavers' interviews proceeded, the Cartland Club met for the last time, and on July 19th, "CHRONICLE" went to print. On July 19th Big School resounded to the surprise boom of a lectern microphone—refuge for the inaudible? After a week of sultry, head-shattering weather, everyone departed in their several directions on July 20th.

Speech Day

This was held, traditionally, on the last Saturday of the Summer Term, the guest of honour being Sir Maurice Bowra, Warden of Wadham College, Oxford. Following, as it did, the nationally reported and controversial speech by the Headmaster of Taunton School in which he foretold the doom of the Public Schools, some people may, at the beginning, have wondered if this too was to be an occasion of high drama. It proved not to be: individual attainment was of far more interest than national policy—and Education, indeed, took a hard knock from both the principal speakers.

After the declamations, which were notable for the precision and learning of P. J. F. Craig—whose discussion of Vergil's Fourth Eclogue is printed later in "CHRONICLE," and the pianissimo performance

of P. A. Gompertz—whose poem is also included, the Chief Master presented his report. First he lamented the absence of the Bailiff, Sir Donald Finmore, who had been taken ill through over-work; and the death of Dr. Mary Winfield, known for her good works and as a member of the great Cary Gilson family. Then he turned to welcome Sir Maurice Bowra, "a vital scholar who made the Classics come alive" and who had been one of Oxford's outstanding Vice-Chancellors. Summarising the School Year, on an occasion when the boys were encouraged to show off, he admitted that it had been one of the "least fruitful years of recent times." This particular generation seemed to lack "the best intellectual horse-power"; but nevertheless there was plenty of evidence of wide and impressive study. The prize essays were an obvious example and seemed more learned than ever; and visitors could see the other demonstrations for themselves—in the Art and Photographic exhibitions, and in the several books on sale in the Gild Hall. During May, too, the new "CHRONICLE" had come out: it was the result of a lot of editorial thought, it was "mod" and "O.K." and had been called "the salvo of iconoclasts." Certainly it fitted the current habit of apparently "taking one's clothes off in public," but—the Chief Master added—he thought that it would eventually return to an approach in which its aim was to "enrich the civilised virtues."

For the rest, our games were many and various and neither good nor bad. It was nice to know that the proposed building of new squash courts might go ahead in the near future and all parents deserved sincere thanks for their gifts which had so far realised over £10,000. Other activities too, were abundant and in things like Prize Essays and Syndicates there was the proof that the boys could cover entirely new ground. There was a danger that this might become the most over-examined generation, for there was a poisonous fallacy that exams and success in exams are everything. What is much more vital is that, as a result of his education a man should prove to be reliable and co-operative.

This was in part the theme of Sir Maurice Bowra's address when he had distributed the prizes. He dwelt with a certain amount of relish upon speech days of his youth and a particular dim general who insisted upon the totally fallacious point that "brains don't matter." Of course they do—but they must be supplemented by character. This is the function of school. Constantly he had been surrounded by Educationalists talking Education: it was a sad fact but he had to admit he could never understand what they were talking about. After all, education was really based upon practical experience—the boys, it might be said, were "the subjects of vivisection." And their response was likely to be to ask "why?" and "what's the advantage?"

Apart from the usefulness of knowing French to back horses, Sir Maurice continued, he believed the whole purpose of School was in learning to think. Facts could easily clog the mind, and the training at school could help a boy to distinguish between sense and nonsense and to express himself. Beyond that the years in the school would give the chance to pick up interests, fashions and all kinds of curiosities which would last for life. He had even found that writing out lines developed into his own peculiar brand of scholarship! His final message was that he wanted all the boys to realise that their education brought them into the society of Western Civilisation in which they would have the chance to use their talents to the full. In this way they would not be bored—he had been bored at school, he had been expected to be bored—and would develop into happy sensible people.

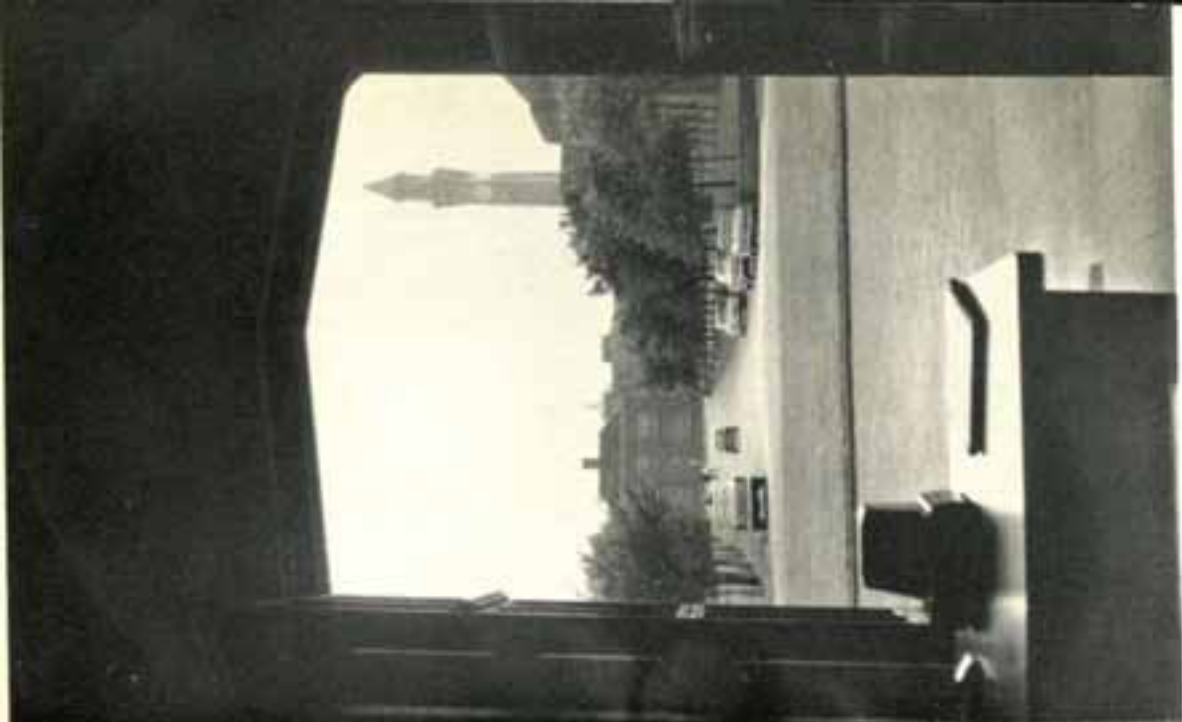
The occasion concluded in the usual fashion, with the Chief Master's presentation of Memorial medals, the School Captain's vote of thanks to Sir Maurice Bowra, and the singing of the School Song.

VALETE: JOHN DENISON COPLAND

Copland, who retired at the end of the summer term, joined the staff of King Edward's School straight from Oxford University in September 1928. From Liverpool Collegiate School he had gone up to Jesus College in 1924, taking First Class Honours in Modern History in 1927 and then an Education Diploma (with Distinction).

Immediately he arrived at K.E.S. he was appointed Assistant Housemaster in Mr. Langley's House, and he continued to play a leading part in house activities until he retired from the housemastership of Vardy in 1960. At least the House was called Vardy when he retired, but the change of name was a pure formality. It was essentially Copland's House; no name, however illustrious in the past history of the School, could conjure up such moments of magic as those contributed by J.D.C. He used to sweep into House meetings—always distressingly punctual for some—half-cloaked in a battle-scarred gown, and with his firm, booted steps ominously suggesting some grave news of battles lost and





deserters (usually at the dentist) to be shot. But he never delivered sermons or any other kind of moral exhortation. With a studied nonchalance he said what needed saying in a brisk, forthright manner tinged with a delightful sardonic humour. His timing never faltered; he always knew when to stop without being brusque, harsh, and hammering. Nevertheless J.D.C. left no doubt in the mind of each member of the House that he personally, through some lack of effort or other, was responsible for the previous week's massacre on the Rugger or cricket field.

As Librarian from 1935 to 1950 he faced and overcame the herculean task of recreating the library after the disastrous fire in the temporary buildings, occupied in January 1936 and burned down the night before the summer term began the same year.

To the burdens of House and library he added from just before the war until 1947 the task of running school Rugger, and he handed on to Mr. Sacret an excellent Fifteen—one of the best teams to represent the School, probably.

He was at school throughout the arduous days of World War II, acting as chauffeur to the headmaster (Mr. England) during the school's exile to Repton (1939-40), extemporizing valiantly when the school returned to Birmingham in September 1940 to occupy its still far-from-complete new buildings in Edgbaston, distracted by air-raid alarms (when all marched to cellars and other places of supposed security), hardpressed by the absence of all the younger members of the Common Room on war service and by Air Raid Precaution duties.

A tremendous reader, particularly on the Tudor and Stuart periods of English history, he was almost throughout his time at K.E.S. form master of the History Division and taught English history to the History Sixth and Upper Sixth. He was also deeply interested and widely read in economics, and each year prepared a group of Sixth Formers for the Ordinary level examination in this subject. As a teacher he was systematic and thorough rather than wide-ranging—he preferred to stick to the subject in hand rather than chase every hare that ran.

It is difficult to write a personal memoir of "Cop," because to men younger than himself he did not reveal his heart and little of his mind. There was a group of masters who were very close friends with each other and with him—Dunt, Leeds, Barlow—any one of whom could have written an intimate memoir; but alas they are all dead, and with them perished that close personal knowledge without which penetration inside a man is impossible.

The externals, however, must be imperishably impressed on the minds of many generations of Edwardians. The abruptness and brusqueness which hid the warmest of hearts, a profound concern for other people's feelings and interests, and an unstinted readiness to do whatever was asked of him—and more. The noisy stumping around which was partly a sensitive and shy man's reaction against his own shyness, and partly a by-product of the deafness which so sadly hit him in middle age and became deeper as he grew older. The indomitable courage with which he fought the dizziness and other physical weaknesses which attacked a once fine athlete as he grew older, and his refusal to be driven into premature retirement by difficulties which would have overwhelmed a less determined and courageous man. His immediate and instinctive comment when told that his colleagues had subscribed to a leaving present epitomizes his modesty and sincerity: "How embarrassing!" he said.

His friends and colleagues say "good-bye" to him with sadness, and wish him many years of peaceful retirement with better health than he has recently enjoyed.

A. P. ALLARD

Many members of the School will be shocked to know that they belong to an "exceptionally good class of lads." They will be further amazed to hear that this is the considered judgment of Mr. Allard, who left at the end of the summer term after spending more than fifteen years at School. Before vanishing into the depths of Somerset where he and Mrs. Allard are going to spend their retirement, Bert agreed to give us some impressions of his time here.

He thinks that discipline in School is no slacker now that it used to be when he first came. But he bewails the decline of the P.D., which now takes place every Saturday afternoon rather than, as previously, for half an hour every evening. In old-style P.D.s, boys used to have to stand properly at ease for thirty minutes in the Gild Hall. These joyful ceremonies came to an end when one unfortunate detainee fainted and injured his head. Malefactors were then entertained by carrying bricks to and

fro across Chantry Court. It was only when the fascination of this intellectual exercise wore off that the modern system of detentions was decided upon.

When asked about the nefarious activities of leavers, Bert felt that ingenuity had been largely replaced by a nasty spirit of vandalism. He remembers the times when leavers hired every taxi at New Street Station and drove in state down the Bristol Road, waving rattles and flying banners; and when a pedestrian crossing was painted across the Main Drive so that Masters' Cars had to stop to allow streams of well-marshalled little boys to cross over time and again. Although he admits that these celebrations sometimes went too far, Bert feels that they compare favourably with the modern customs of stuffing locks with chewing gum or of carving out 'V's' on school lawns with weedkiller.

After he joined the CCF in 1957, Bert took part in many of its activities. He feels that the decline in its popularity is largely due to lack of interest amongst the boys themselves, but that some sections of the Corps are still doing worthwhile things. Bert is especially interested in the Signals Section, which he helped to found and which has been built up by the keenness of boys in successive years. He wishes that camps abroad, such as those to which he went in Germany, could come back into fashion, but he admits that the cut in the Ministry grant makes this more difficult to arrange than before.

Bert had much to say on the general aspects of his job. Stealing, he thinks, is not a serious problem at this School when compared with some others. 'Hardened criminals' are fairly easy to catch, and Bert says that there have been only three of them since he first came in 1952. He thinks that because most of the boys here belong to the affluent society, they are careless with their property, and therefore allege that kit has been stolen which in fact has been lost. Indeed, the Porter's Lodge has become a well-endowed Lost Property Office, and the Birmingham University students whom Bert has chased dripping and naked from the school swimming bath may be interested to know that he still has one shoe and one pair of lady's knickers, both of which he would love to return to their owners.

Bert denies having made his millions as the owner of the shop. All profits actually go to the School Club, and since 1952 weekly takings have grown, through efficient management, from £17 to about £80. Soon after he came, the wooden partition which then served as the counter collapsed before a charge by a baying pack of little boys, all eagerly pawing doughnuts. This led to the erection of the present brick fortification which has so far withstood all assaults. Bert also pointed out that he has nothing at all to do with school dinners, and modestly admitted that he could accept no credit for their quality.

He believes that it is possible to trace the development of boys' thuggish instincts from the Removes to the Senior Fifts. After this peak of vandalistic fervour, they usually relapse into a relatively harmless spirit of conscious seniority (or senility). It is boys in the middle school who are most fond of making burnt offerings of toilet paper in the lavatories, or who stuff mouldy cheese sandwiches down the plugholes of washbasins. But Bert feels, as he does about stealing, that such anti-social activities are not so great a problem at this school as they sometimes appear.

He likes music, and can play the piano, the clarinet and the organ with varying degrees of success. He also likes beer, "but only for social occasions." Some of his pet hates are very long hair, beat groups, and people who become abusive on the phone, when they know he cannot swear at them. He has never worried in his life, because "there is nothing worth worrying about." He likes to shout at recalcitrant little boys, but doubts very much whether they are afraid of him. He has always got on well with his staff, and has been friendly with the Masters. He has "enjoyed himself no end" during his time at School, and we wish him and Mrs. Allard a happy and interesting retirement.

* * * * *

Bert wishes to add that he sends his most sincere good wishes to all the boys in the School, and that both he and Mrs. Allard will miss us very much indeed. Should any of us be passing along the Weston-super-Mare road with our parents, they would be delighted to see us for coffee. Their address is

"Weir Cottage,"
Congresbury,
Somerset.

The Recorder's Report on Houses, 1967

This academic year has been a particularly testing one for the Houses, since there is undoubtedly a move afoot to abolish the existing system, and one has felt very much that it was on trial. This is neither the time nor the place for the Recorder to argue out the pro's and the con's of such a system, which after all we know to exist satisfactorily at practically every Grammar and Public School throughout the country. But mention ought to be made of the fact that in view of the restrictive effect which the new Games System has on the House Competition, the decline in House Spirit reported in recent editions of "CHRONICLE" has not escalated to any significant extent. But on the other hand I am sad to have to report that two of the eight Houses withdrew from their 1st Team Cricket Matches without so much as making an attempt to outplay their respective opponents who, though it will be admitted had great potential, also had considerable vulnerabilities, which were nearly exploited by other Houses in subsequent rounds. Fortunately these instances were confined to two Houses, but one cannot help feeling that if such occurrences were allowed to spread to other Houses, they would, as it were, doom the House System to extinction.

At the time of writing this article several of the Summer Competitions are still to be completed, and in view of the drastic effect which events on the Cricket Field and in the Swimming Pool can have on the Lent Term positions, it would be impossible to forecast at this stage the eventual winners of the Cock House Championship.

Vardy's long reign as House Champions has, barring a miracle, come to its inevitable end. Their position as Champions of Rugby Football has been taken over by Levett: they have relinquished their title in the gym to Jeune and their loss of the overall crown now is a foregone conclusion. In Cricket however they remain insuperable. They won their first three matches with the maximum efficiency and minimum effort before defeating Gifford in an exciting final: a foreseeable result since both the School Cricket captain and vice-captain are members of Vardy. Unfortunately for Vardy the majority of their sporting skill and spirit lies at the top end of the House, and unless the next Vardy House captain can instill some of the enthusiasm, so much a part of Vardy's recent brilliance, into the lower house one can envisage more disappointment in the next few years.

The optimism which played a large part in Evans' reaching the creditable position of second in last year's competition seems to have been justified again this year. A strong surge of house spirit notably in gymnastics and athletics and surprisingly in Music and Swimming, combined with the customary dominance in the Fives Courts, has been largely responsible for the strong position held by the House shortly before the end of the summer term.

As expected Cary Gilson dominated both the Swimming standards and the Sports. Apart from the famous pair of Cary Gilson brothers, who between them won most of the open and U.16½ events at the sports, the most notable individual swimming performance came from A. T. M. Freeman who alone scored more than half Levett's swimming standards. Alas, swimming appears to be a flash in the pan for Cary Gilson. Their overall position in tennis was a lowly seventh.

Jeune also have had an unlucky year. With victories in Cross-country, Gymnastics, the Athletics Sports and Shooting, they were well placed for a serious challenge for the House trophy, and are indeed still in a position to make a last minute take-over bid, but one is still left wondering how different their position might have been if their Chess captain had submitted his good results in time.

Gifford seem at last to be on the upward trend. After holding up the rest of the Houses last year it seems probable that they will achieve a vastly superior position this year. They reached the creditable position of third in Rugby Football but the position of eighth in Cross-country does suggest still a lack of House Spirit somewhere in the House.

Prince Lee is the most disappointing house of all. Well equipped with talent throughout the House, especially well blessed with an excellent House captain, they have not managed to attain anything more than mediocrity in any sport. According to the House captain, the House is not short of enthusiasm, but always seems to lose no matter how long they fight defeat.

Levett, through sustained effort during the whole year, also have an outside chance of the coveted trophy. Heath are favourites for the Championship and lead the rest of the field at the present time. They shared Levett's success in Rugby Football, and without excelling in any other sport besides Chess, they have maintained a high standard generally, and thus find themselves in an enviable position.

Next year the Recorder's task should be facilitated by the introduction of a new Points System, but whatever the result of this year's Cock House Championship, all the Houses should be out from the start to show those whom it may concern that the House System is far from out-dated.

R. THOMAS

Appendix

Evans added to their previous successes by winning Tennis and this result coupled with their position of fourth in Cricket was enough to secure the Championship, overhauling Heath at the last moment. Despite Vardy's victory over Gifford in the final of the Cricket League, they could not prevent the latter from taking the Cricket championship shield. The final overall positions in the Championship are published below :

1	Evans	349-60
2	Levett	340-26
3	Heath	339-52
4	Gifford	322-52
5	Jeune	285-72
6	Vardy	279-45
7	Cary Gilson	246-74
8	Prince Lee	236-93

CHAPEL NOTES

Holy Communion continues to be the best attended voluntary service, and we are now joined by K.E.H.S. twice a term, when it is pleasing to see the chapel full. It has also given us much pleasure to welcome the Bishop of Aston on two occasions during the year, when he has been the celebrant at our service.

The collections from Holy Communion have been given to The Bishop's Appeal during the Michaelmas Term ; Malawi during the Lent Term ; and the Cambridge Mission to Delhi during the Summer Term.

Mattins has continued to compete with the footballers at 8-45 every Friday morning, and the congregation at this service has been disappointingly small.

Evening Service, now at four o'clock on Thursday afternoons because of the new school timetable, has a choir of broken voices, but the loss of trebles has in no way detracted from the quality of the harmony, and indeed the singing is often very much more polished. It has also become much easier for the congregation to join in the singing and the service is a very pleasing way to finish a long day of work.

As in former years, Remove prayers have been held in the chapel nearly every Saturday.

I would like to express my thanks to T. M. T. Cooper, who has been a very willing assistant, and is taking my place when I leave.

LIBRARY REPORT

1966-7 has been a successful year for the library, but books are still being stolen, and the thoughtless have not yet stopped disturbing the whole library with inane chatter. Fewer books have been borrowed from the library and at the start of the year only 590 additional tickets were ordered out of a possible 2,000. The Library Syndicate, working for a fortnight through intolerable heat, have revealed that this year's total of missing books is 246 (of which 56 are from the History section), worse than last year's 219 but an improvement on 1965's 274. Half of these will no doubt return during the course of the next year, but it is appalling that some people are prepared to remove, even if only temporarily, what is not their own.

We are most grateful to those leavers who have presented us with books : may next year's leavers do likewise.

P. J. F. CRAIG

THE SCHOOL WEATHER STATION

The weirdest feature of last term's weather was the rainfall of 6.12 inches in May—the second highest monthly total ever recorded at K.E.S., followed almost immediately by a period of fourteen days without any rain at all—a real drought! Temperatures were slightly below average during May, but slightly higher than normal during June.

Those who envy their fellows disappearing up the drive at one minute to ten during the summer months will doubtless be interested to learn that the government's decision to extend the use of British Summer Time will cost the school an estimated twelve man-hours during the school year 1968-69.

Our observers making this great sacrifice to serve the Met. Office's computers, and continuing the struggle against leaking rain-gauges and schizophrenic thermometers are N. A. Carter, P. H. Cooke, R. A. Cooke, P. A. G. Friend, P. D. Goakes, C. D. Roberts and R. G. Wilkins.

C. C. MALTBY, A. J. GILBERT.

survey

"Chronicle" Questionnaire

The response was extremely disappointing. 114 answers were received, and ten of these were not from members of the school, so that only 15.5% of school pupils returned questionnaires. Of the 114, 15% came from a much depleted U.6th, 22% from the 6ths, 16% from Divs., 17% from 5ths, 3% from 4ths, 7% from U.M.s, 7% from Rem.s and 4% from the Shells. Many of the questionnaires received were lacking in thought, and blank but for a few ticks, but the editors have been considerably helped by answers to some of the questions.

Most people liked the cover, but would change it for each edition. We contemplated superimposing a modification of the black framework of the May cover over a photograph, but the cost turned out to be prohibitive. Several improvements we want to make we cannot in this issue, which had to be virtually completed by the end of the summer term and was hence restricted by time, examinations, and prize essays. This does not mean that ideas of further improvement have been abandoned, but that we have had to shelve some of them for one issue.

The layout was also liked, but lower case printing of names came in for a lot of criticism. The types used, use of sections and columns, and the coloured paper were all appreciated, and several interesting comments were made, although some suggestions were too costly to be considered, as in the case of the cover. The new 'Comment' feature was approved of by

about two thirds and, perhaps surprisingly, more thought it too weak than too strong. There was considerable support for the idea that the criticised should have the right to reply in the same issue and, where appropriate and possible, we have tried and will try to allow this.

The question of how much the editorial staff wrote the magazine themselves was raised by many of our ever-watchful "clique" shooters. In the first place it should be pointed out that the editorial board was made large and is now larger, in an effort to incorporate the thinking of as much of the school as possible. Secondly, most of the editorial board would have written for "CHRONICLE" whether on the board or not. That is one of the reasons why they were chosen. Thirdly, many submitted reports were badly written and too long. Fourthly, no general report was written by a member of the board unless he was personally and intimately concerned with the subject of the report. When more, better written, more readable reports are handed in on time, less need be done by the editors.

The absence of the House reports was not lamented, but there was a marked degree of indecision about the 'Valeto.' The editors were at odds on this matter, and as only 85% of the questionnaires replied to this, and those represented a 50/50 split as to keeping it or not, the questionnaires were little help. Many of those who wanted it admitted that vanity was the reason, that they wanted to see their names

in print. There was much disagreement as to which leavers should be included. If anyone feels strongly about this, letters or articles are welcome.

On sport, the coverage of the May edition was approved of, but many wanted still less on the traditional sports and more on the minor sports such as squash, fencing and fives. There was virtually no demand for more statistics.

Photographs and art stimulated a vague feeling of discontent. The printers were rightly blamed for the poor reproduction (not evident in the proofs the editors received), and 50%, which was too many, complained of lack of variety and quality. In response to several requests, we have sent a cameraman around the school and grounds. Suggestions were helpful—group photographs were hated, but despite requests for colour and “freakout psychidaic” photos, the editors have remained committed to strobeless black and white.

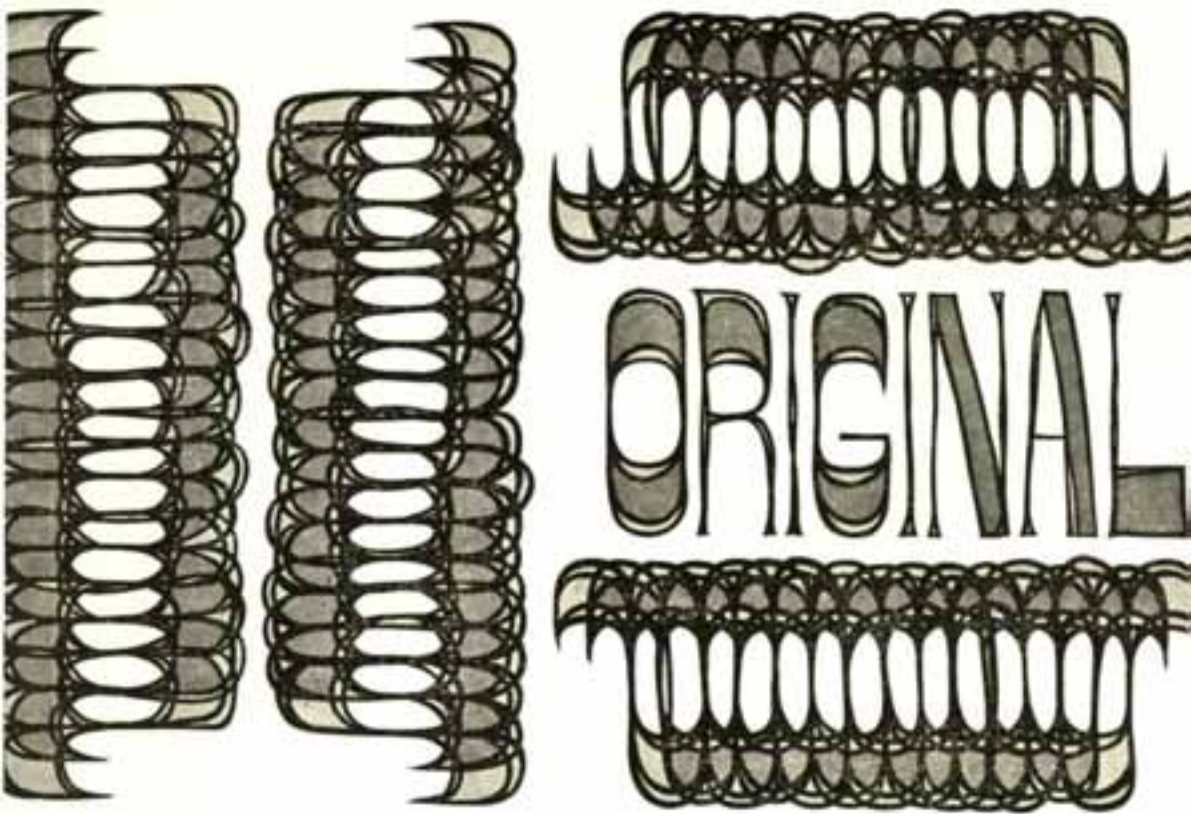
Most people thought that there was too little original work, but many resented the three and a half pages of poetry and requested variously “more trivia,” more serious articles, and short stories. “Communication without wires” was a flop. Artists thought it broad-minded but couldn’t understand it, and scientists were bored; some of them even claimed not to be able to understand it. The same was true in reverse of the French. With regard to criticism of plays, the idea of a piece by a member of the cast or stage-gang was well-received, and we intend to print two short articles rather than one long one in future.

The last and general question was the most interesting. One we suspect to be the most beautiful KES 1st XV forward put forth a subtle request for “more scandal and women.” Scientists harked back to the old magazine full of scores, statistics, etc., and asked

for more jokes and less intellectual stuff “to take our mind off the hurly-burly of this dreary existence.” We were accused by a few of the sins we condemned in “Comment,” and more generally of too much “in” material. It was asked that we omit anonymous criticisms and commission more articles, reports and original work. “Survey” excited much discussion, but examinations restricted repetition of this in the current issue, although we hope to resume it (fearlessly of course) in May. School-leavers, the House-system, school dinners, relations with K.E.H.S., and Saturday school were all suggested as subjects of discussion. Which do you think most needs discussion? It is hoped that two or three viewpoints—from master, parent and boy, perhaps, may be represented.

You may complain that much of your excellent advice has had no effect. If it hasn’t, it should be appreciated that even the idle rich of the Upper School are busy in June and July, when this was written and edited, that expenses are controlled by very hard to get advertising, and that the last issue was very costly owing to lack of ads, and we are partially repaying the School Club with this issue. But the questionnaires have not been thrown away, despite the disappointing response, and we hope you will notice more improvements in May, 1968.

Another complaint we have received and expect again is that the Junior School is not well enough represented. But the first four years of the school produced only 21% of the questionnaires, although they constitute over half the school. We can cater only for those really concerned with “CHRONICLE,” and we assume those to be boys who have bothered to fill in a questionnaire. Ultimately, if “CHRONICLE” is not what you want, it is because you have not told us what you want and because you have not given it to us to print.



The Hearth and the Raingulls

*Within the fire the fading cinders shift
And glow, but there is one who can lift
On it more coal, to make the slow flames rise,
No man to have their weirdness slake his eyes,
So that his dream dances unwatched, and dies.*

*Strange westerly roads rise steeply to the sea
Where the raingulls stare
And shriek their unkindly songs to me.
Where courage keeps its sight, the air
Is circling the sighing ones to sea,
And calling in the changing light
The gulls cry and shrink from sight
To the shilliness of the great sidereal sea.*

*So in the hearth the raingulls turn,
Unbodied dream of real-less land.
The watchless chair can see them burn
Where nought but emptiness stand.*

G. L. Gretton

Sun

Crisp, the twining zephyr
That curls and sweeps round leaf-greened
strongholds
And bends the living drops of golden heat that
swell the blood
At the noon-hour,
And distances away
The Carnelian globe wields the flames that still
give their abundant warmth.
It stands awake—shimmering in sanguine
splendour.
Prominent : poppy in blue cornflower fields.
Across the crystal ocean,
Fleeced wisps drift unmoored, oblivious of all.
Everything is still, quiet—
Yet teeming with life
At the summer noon-hour.

Storm

Black : and blatant—reverberating.
Blazing black—fire
That hides refreshing moon
from wretched eyes.
Black at heart and in colour.
Disastrous : destitute.
Black and brief : not settling.
Blowing from sea to land.
And the flashing wires.
They wing wickedly.
Black, brief but beautiful.

J. P. Gray

Floral Hall

*He took a glass of water, sipped, and put it down.
Coughed, rustled his papers and launched, with a frown,
Into his speech : "Unaccustomed as I am . . . it is a pleasure . . .
Some-one sneezed, lit up, ate sandwiches and
After half an hour, took off their shoe and emptied sand
From off the beach ; " . . . in future years . . . benefits without measure . . . "
Across the empty promenade the spring high tide
Throws spray like shot against the windows. Those inside
Are just out of reach : " . . . addition to our assets . . . a hidden treasure."*

*He stops. Accompanied by clapping
Sits slowly down. There is the snapping
Of breaking glass, burst by the sea.
Water pours in. The people leave
The hall, and the sea cleaves
New aisles amongst the chairs. It is free
To upset the palms, rot the floor
Smash all the lights, and warp the doors,
For a week it shifts a scum of debris ;*

*A soggy poster of the speaker
A broken deck-chair
A shoe.*

A. F. Drury

Concrete

Poor little dumb girl,
getting through with
pictures from your hands.
Only the flight of your
fire-forming fingers
concretes my belief.

P. K. Dews

CLEANLINESS, QUIETNESS AND ME

" 'Once upon a time,' is a negative value," said Me, in his own characteristic way of making a statement, "and it cannot be translated into positive situations or specific moments in Time."

"Very well! Yesterday," declared Cleanliness using a positive value. "I discovered how our personalities blend and bond to form one character."

"Really?" said Me.

We waited for Quietness to say something but since he only murmured, "Hmmm," before relapsing once more into meditation I decided to let Cleanliness continue.

"A mirrored effect!" he exclaimed excitedly, while being deeply philosophical. "There is a triple image from a single subject."

"In Which the Writer Tries to Explain a Mere Statement of Fact," I wrote down the next chapter title and then spent several minutes studying my pen. My contemplations brought me to the conclusion that, not only did a writer have a distinct character, but also a pen; for it was he, not the author, who was the blueblood of literature. The scribe only assisted the poet whose brain gave the characters life and names.

Quietness desired to speak here by adding that in fact I wasn't trying to explain the fact that "there is a triple image from a single subject," the subject being the author, but that the pen I manoeuvred was trying to explain that he was the subject.

Cleanliness and Me, having discussed this, thought I was extremely confusing and suggested I should go to bed. I decided they were right and prepared to retire. As I packed away my pen I thought I heard a muffled cry but decided anything more my pen had to say could wait until morning. I bade farewell to my characters but again thought I heard a muffled cry. I climbed into bed yawning "Sweet Dreams" to my imagination.

"Night-night!" Me almost shouted. "I'm not at all tired."

Three little characters, each adorned in a long flowing night-shirt and a large night-cap, sat on a bed with a pink pillow, a blue pillow and a white one.

"You're not tired because you are a sloth, Me!" Cleanliness was criticising again. Quietness decided the best policy was quietness and meditated a dirty toenail.

"I'm as hard-working as anyone!" retorted Me. Quietness pondered who "anyone" might be.

"And another thing, Me, you can let me have a bit of blanket tonight, I almost froze last night," Cleanliness was very angry. "Pity he didn't," thought Quietness, "it would have kept him out of the novel for a few peaceful chapters."

Quietness was an old man, for all his youthful speech. He was little interested in other people and would often slip his hat over his eyes and sink into meditation. (Meditation loved Quietness, and Quietness loved meditation.) His sallow complexion, boney features, and eyes that peered from beneath an overhanging skull, matched his strange mind, which clung to the few things he believed in. He had never understood the difference between a bedtime meditation and prayer for five minutes, and a lifetime meditation for twenty years. He was accused of escaping responsibility, and of being a coward. He only believed that responsibilities, created by a society which was the product of humanity, not God, were unnatural to man and thus not needed by man... but his thoughts were too lofty for a literary character.

He knelt on the floor, while the other two argued. As his head rested on his hands on the soft bed, he felt the vibrations of angry voices drift away and the resounding presence of prayer approach.

"You are very lazy, Me," Cleanliness shouted in the heat of the argument.

"Yes, I am," said Me repentfully. "but I am also ambitious: ambitious for a more just and a more glorious moment in the history of literature. I shall lead the event, in fame exceeding Tom Jones, in richness exceeding Christ, and in romance exceeding Romeo. I shall laugh, I shall sing, and I shall be immortal."

"You won't be loved, however," said Cleanliness. "Quietness was written to be loved, he is old, soon to die, he never knew romance or heroic deed: but you, Me, you will not be pitied, because of your fortune. And through all your immortality you will wish that you were Quietness, silent but for prayer."

"Prayer!" scoffed Me. "God is simply a figment of Man's imagination and..."

"What are we?" interrupted Cleanliness.

Me turned away, he felt the very ink of his character run and he wept tears of desperation. He sipped some water from a glass on the bedside table and then buried himself in bed, huddling up to his hot water bottle.

Cleanliness, a young and healthy man, climbed in over Me, and laid his head on the little blue pillow and said, "Night-night."

Quietness yawned an answer which no one heard, clambered into bed and pulled the sheet around him, settling down to sleep while tracing the outline of the cat on his hot water bottle.

The three little characters were soon asleep, soon to awake, to explain why 'there is a triple image from a single subject.'

J. G. Davies

Opus 8

*The house is night-bound : midnight chimes.
Recalling love and gayer times
She hears her mother move—the baby groan,
Dead leaves are scattered—soon the wind will moan.
A secret foe of loneliness, she writes,
She watches, tense, The enemy she sights
The darkness saying no to all that seems.
Unnerved, she weeps for vanished dreams.*

P. L. Cox

Poem

*As sharp-tipped rain that pounces on the road,
Corn-hardened fingers dance from string to string.
So does man approach his world,
Buddha's Wheel is whirled by human hands,
The axle loosed, the bolts undone
I die, and Vergil with me.*

P. J. F. Craig

" IT'S A MAN'S LIFE . . . "

It was a small lawn, bounded on two sides by straggling hedges and, along the far edge, by several strands of rusty wire called, rather optimistically, 'the fence.' Near the potting shed lay a large piece of cake. Several sparrows were bobbing about, pecking at the cake and then fluttering a few feet away. A starling came crashing in amongst them.

(The lieutenant was brusque and North Country. "Now then, I've been told to keep up the attacks. This farm here is the only part of the area we haven't yet occupied. Patrols are out everywhere, quite unopposed.")

More sparrows were hopping about at the bottom of the lawn, looking for crumbs.

("Keep up the pressure. This place'll soon break," continued the lieutenant. All around him there were shouts and rifle-shots. Lieutenant Hosen was pleased. This sort of hot little action would bring a bit of credit to the officer in charge of the assault.)

The starling was interrupted in its preening by the arrival of two more of its kind. The three screamed at each other, each trying to drive the others from the cake.

(As the two new lieutenants jumped out of their jeep, the "officer in charge of the assault" was visibly annoyed. "Lieutenant Collins, Lieutenant Rivers, where have you sprung from? H.Q. run short of tea or something?" The younger officer, Collins, ignored the sarcasm. "We just wanted to have a battle, didn't we, Rivers?" he said. "You mean I wanted to have a battle," replied Rivers coolly. Collins glared at him. "Thanks for your enthusiasm," said Hosen, "but I don't need any help."

"Great White Hunter on safari for gongs, by any chance?" asked Collins acidly.)

A blackbird landed on one of the fence-posts. Perching there for a minute, it then flew gracefully down on to the lawn. It approached the cake in a series of short runs, pausing occasionally with its head to one side, listening for worms.

(The Intelligence Officer was tall and elegant, even in battledress. "Hello people," he remarked. "Just had a quick look from that hill to the north-west." The three lieutenants looked in three different directions and nodded wisely. "Thought I'd come and recce your little scrap. No mention of enemy reinforcements on the radio, by the way, although I've been tuning in regularly on the way over.")

A door slammed in a house nearby. The blackbird dived low over the fence, rattling its alarm-call. Two of the starlings fled and the sparrows flew to the hedge, chirruping loudly. Only the third starling stayed near the cake, crouched ready for flight. But no danger followed and the sparrows returned.

(Suddenly, from a point alarmingly near, there came the crack of field artillery. The Intelligence Captain leaped into his jeep and disappeared over the ridge, talking feverishly into his microphone.

Collins and Rivers also dived for their jeep and sped off in a commotion of clashing gears and spinning tyres. The infantry withdrew some fifty yards to the shelter of a group of trees. Hosen, however, was loth to leave his 'bit of credit,' and even more reluctant to follow the example of his detested colleagues, so he sat in his Land Rover with the engine running. Where the shells landed was someone else's worry, for nothing happened around the farm. The infantry came back to the attack.)

A large shadow slid across the lawn, and a rook flapped unsteadily on to a post. Here it stayed for some time, looking around and nervously cawing and half-opening its wings at the slightest sound.

(After half-an-hour Hosen's ears caught a dull roaring in the distance, a noise that grew louder every minute. Then, on the crest of a nearby hill, a large black shape appeared. The tank, for such it was, stopped, waiting on the skyline. Hosen cursed and thought indelicate thoughts about the sergeant beside him who was yelling happily at the sight. The tank could only be friendly, since the enemy had no armour to speak of, and Hosen saw his fame vanishing if the tank knocked out the farm-house. The Lieutenant hurled his men into a fresh attack, in an attempt to finish the action before the tank-commander overcame his anxiety about the land-mines.)

The rook flopped heavily on to the lawn, ignoring the starling's screams, picked up the remains of the cake in its huge white beak and flew off. The small birds pecked desultorily at a few last crumbs. Then, they too, departed.

(Hosen's efforts were in vain. The tank rumbled into the valley, stopped, fired three times at the house and withdrew. Wearily, Hosen directed his men in taking care of a pair of snipers in the cow-shed. As the platoon drove off, he looked back once at the burning ruins of a day's hopes, then let in the clutch with a jerk and followed the swaying trucks.)

The cake had gone and nothing stirred on the lawn. But high overhead a murmur ruffled the silence—the Brigadier's plane flying him to Base H.Q.

C. R. Webbley

Wedding

*This ring not on my finger
is a symbol of the promise not made
when the green green light
was filtered on the step.*

*The rain dulled for a moment
to suggest tears ;
but these pink near-tearful girls
could not think of that.*

*Somewhere is a maniacal bell-ringer ;
Ringing out the changes bawls a giddy uncle
Already half away, armed with spangled queen—
Away to the sparkle and the banquet life.
Dull photographer joking the lovely cliché
Feeling the wind coming in the rain.*

*I feel detached : hold your veil back,
Hold the spotless embroidered hand
Before you start to run.
Suddenly the mystique is breaking, bending slack :
Another party is strutting across the holy land,
And for both and for me
There is an instant of remembered sun.*

S. A. Atkin

Seeing an Old Man

*Seeing an old man sitting on a bench,
I approached him, and sat down beside him,
And asked him what he thought made life worthwhile.*

*He answered: "To override the horror
Caused by the thought of modern devices,
That which makes living worthwhile must indeed
Be a powerful potion to most men.*

*A wise man sees only what pleases him,
So I see only Beauty's many forms.
It appears very strongly in music,
Stringing the notes together in order;
It appears even stronger in pictures,
Where the very colours are Beauty;
And it also appears in poetry,
Where even the lines themselves are Beauty.*

*But all three are yet surpassed by Nature,
Who comprises all her powers to make
Even the world a picture in itself.
The most splendid Beauty is of Nature,
And now it is being destroyed by Man.
There is no more anything to live for."
Which is a typical old man's view.*

R. W. Tomkins

Chariot Race

*Youthful visage radiant through the flames
Couldn't stop the whirling wheels, leapt
Terror stricken from the raging beasts.
Moons turned to gold, suns to silver;
The earth revolved in a sundial;
Someone was ecstatic round a totem.
Others prayed in celibacy's cloisters,
Melas burned, despite the spirit of Citemes
Whose tongues of fire withered
In the heat of veneration,
And engulfed his own visions.*

*I too came and saw, but conquered nothing,
Being a prey to too much vicissitude,
I had to run the race on a pair of skis.*

M. T. Young

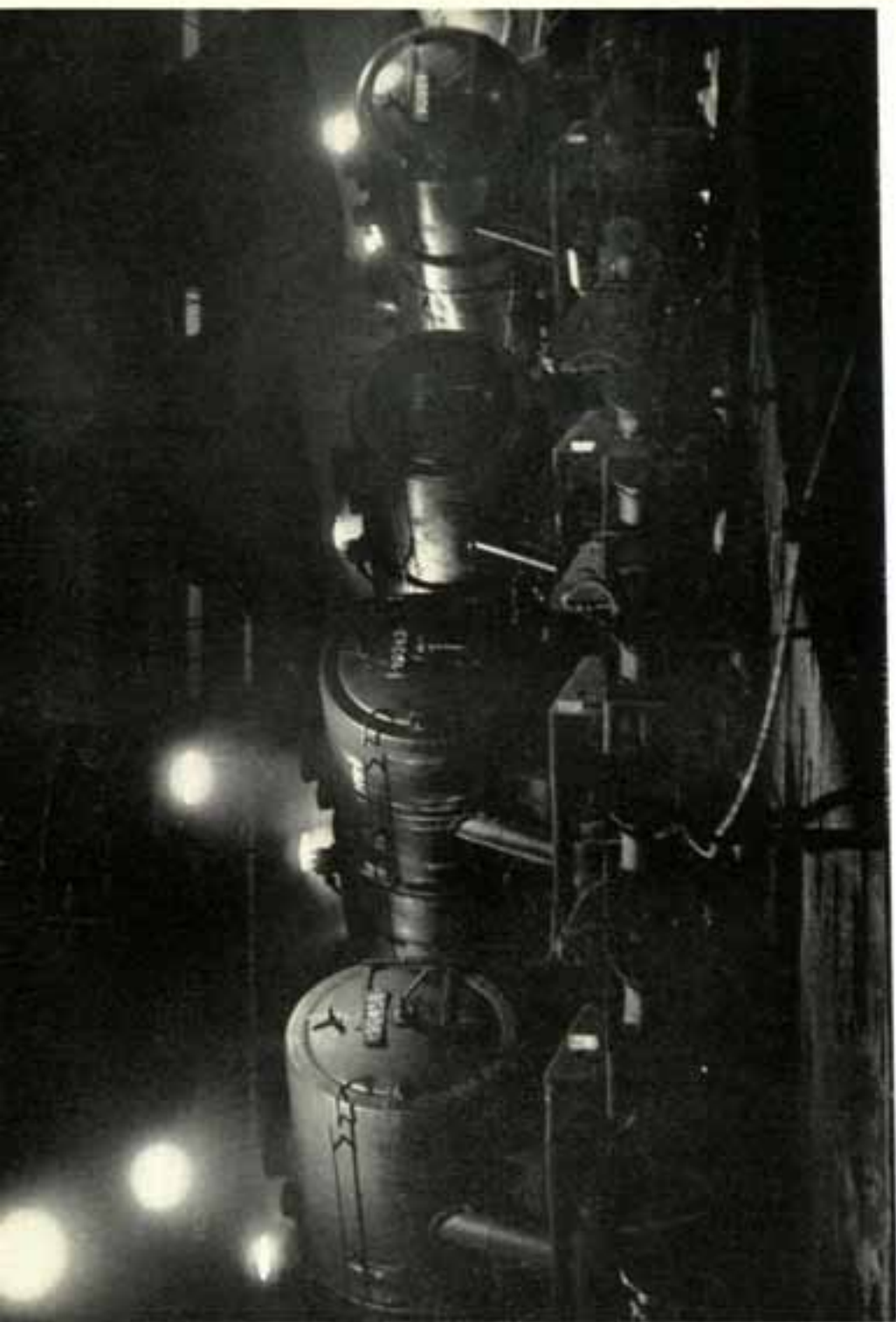
Grandad's Dead Again

*The oblivion of death pervades the joy of life.
Grandad is dead again.
The absence of subdued sagacity screams at you behind the eyes of death.
Eyes, once like darts of grey, are blank, yet alive
Above a smile, which, although in the throes of death, is lined with sarcasm.*

*I shuddered, the days of waiting to come flashed through my mind,
To Grandad's rehabilitation with life and my own fear.
To arrival with terror, and that smile,
Smiling grimly at me as I collapse, down,
Down, into an abyss of agony, a nightmare of torment*

J. G. Bromwich





Angst

*So late arrived the loved one at the door ;
The sighing myth, paced out, was all in vain
The doorbell starts a riot in your mind ;
Sharp breathing, bitten lips, devouring gloom,
Exude your ectoplasm in the empty room.*

*Yet other princes wrung their idle hands.
The castle walls resounded anguished thoughts.
Should one redeem the mortal farce ?
Can daydreams make the mind and hand as one ?
And what to do for Daddy now he's gone.*

*Hypnotic steaming shirts in laundrettes.
The cloying scent of tea rose, nearly dead ;
A futile sense of wasted time.
Escape into the fields ! you find, returning home,
The dulling Angst reclines beside your telephone.*

D.M. Gritten

The Tragedy Kind

*The tragic boy walks in despair and the dark
Writes poems of gravestones and dogs who can't bark
He finds death acceptable, morbid and good
He makes graves of claystone and wood
He suffers from migraine, which makes him feel miserable
Pierce his skin and his acting's infallible.*

*Tragic boy's puzzled in depths of tied knots
He tries to undo them with non-aiming shots
He writes in a net and believes he thinks deep
And knows that strong drugs are the answer to sleep
But pricked with a pin and he won't open his eyes
The point is quite clear, so quit after nine tries.*

*Tragic boy swears that all vicars are dim
He never goes to God, it's God comes to him
By this rash practice, he thinks he is big
He loves seeing scorn on the face of a prig
But when Sunday comes, he doesn't go to church
He says he's finding his heart, when he hasn't begun the search.*

*The tragic boy's silent and worships the famed
He burns himself daily, continually blamed
He knows all folk watch him, perpetually framed
He loves his chastisement, sensationally caned
He loves to write songs of a maid on a shelf
He looks in a mirror, the maid is himself.*

*The tragic boy sits on the brink of despair
He's full of dutch courage, he's nothing to wear
So he runs about naked, in private—of course
And sings songs of hatred to friends without pause
He writes many poems of poverty and wealth
Of kings and of sluts and, of course—of himself.*

K. R. Lee

Funny Thing

*Carolyn Nesbitt walked along the prom,
The ozone was blowing hard,
The pekingese by her side was panting,
But Carolyn walked on.*

*Plodding, plodding, calmly unstopping,
Carolyn, staring straight ahead,
Past the deckchairs,
Past the measly things the butler saw,
Down the slipway, to the sea,
With her pekingese.*

J. Sabell

TWO POEMS FROM THE WINNING ENTRY FOR THE GOVERNORS' VERSE PRIZE

BY P. A. GOMPERTZ :

Lara's Song

*The wolves call to their voices
That elude them in the night ;
Each sent messenger deserts,
But the threat of death
Does not reduce their right
To fly free down the world's wind,
To play with time and burn themselves.*

*We played with time : dangled it
On a string of wolves' -breath,
Knowing it would break,
Yet savouring the musty sweetness
That perfumed death.*

*Lara, Larissima: the wind is empty ;
Our heart-strung balalaika muted ;
But it will play again,
When wolves wait to the moon ;
Our moon ; earned by your pain
And my yesterdays : goodbye to cattlecars
And welcome to a bed of snow, or you.*

Play-pen

*'O that I were a mockery king of snow' :
A nostalgic enigma ;
The wardrobe mistress laughs
And flings a chalky golden skin
Across the room.*

*The naked wretches that bide the verbal storm
Leave the stage
To be drowned in the pits.
The audience stands to applaud
And is shot by the fool.*

*Only the prompter remains : and the fool ;
Sufficient to rebuild kings
And make raincoats.
Fools know it rains every day
And seek shelter.*

*The dress-rehearsal ends : recasting starts ;
The time-less farce is borne again
Another wash-out leaves the womb !
How long will this ever-fertile mother
Bear the strain ?*

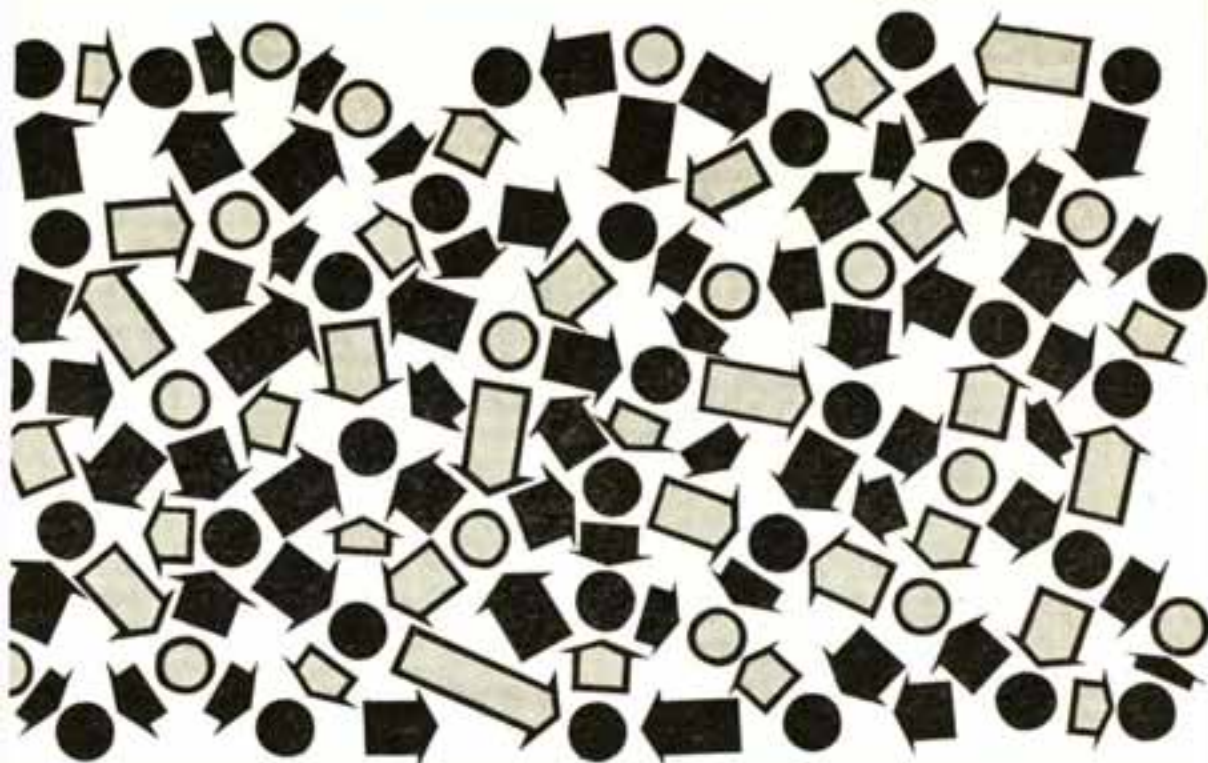
A Problem of Communication

Yes, it's all right, you say, all right.
When the marvellous mastery of verse,
Wrung from impassioned hearts and adult minds
Caresses your affronted ear, and I
(A dessicated, dry-as-dust old stick) am ravished by
Its strict compelling beauty to delight.
Yes, it's all right, you say, all right.

Yes it's not bad, you say, not bad ;
And as you say it, I wonder
If, when at some not-too-fat-distant date
You note how narrow the grave is, or when
Dissolved with tenderness, you find you have no speech
and then
Your insupportable dumbness drives you mad,
Yes, it's not bad, you'll say, not bad.

A. J. Trott

(We hope this is the first of a series of contributions by Old Edwardians and Members of Staff)



SOCIAL AFFAIRS

Societies Report

The Summer Term is traditionally the time of the year when most societies enter into hibernation, or at least suffer a drop in attendance; most people prefer to rush out into the fresh air at a quarter to four rather than sweat at debates about dog-washing or talks in Russian about International Brick-Throwing. The strictures of the games system have ensured that no more than two blocks are represented at any given meeting (for who wants to go to any society

after two hours exertion on the South Field 7); and, in general, requests for reports from society secretaries have been met with the words "Nothing to say."

However, a society which depends on its vitality as much on activities in the field as on indoor meetings can survive despite the obstacles of the school timetable. The Natural History society has done more than just survive in recent years, and now has more active partici-

pants than ever. There is a new breed of freshwater biologists, who have started an ambitious survey of invertebrates in Edgbaston Park. The ornithologists still brave the titters of their friends, and completed a census of breeding birds in Edgbaston Park last year. Entomologists and botanists have their interests catered for by keeping in touch with the Birmingham Natural History society. Talks have been given by D. C. Robertson and Dr. Gill on Tsetse fly and Cell Division, and, in a considerable feat of underhand organisation, half-a-dozen girls were seduced from the High School to enable a trip to the Wildfowl Trust to be run more cheaply.

The Debating Society, after its Canadian-Fascist wars in the last half of 1966, has become more peaceful, if more boring. The range of subjects discussed has been wide and topical: Vietnam, homosexuals (an immense attendance here, predictably), apathy, and the Middle East. Under the new regime, the Society has depended largely for attendances upon avant-garde posters, with in-jokes about LSD, soul music and flower power. Judging by the low turn-outs and the staid nature of those who attended, the hippies were not amused. The Film Society still wearing the glamorous mask of outlawry, rolls its reels merrily, under pressure from a fifth-form clique who want to see 'Jailhouse Rock.' Financial embarrassments curtailed society activities in the summer term, and rumours that 'The War Game' was to be obtained never materialised. The most acclaimed film show of the year was 'Psycho.' The activities of the Closed Circle must remain a secret known only to the small intellectual élite it comprises, but the suggestion that its meetings consist of orgies at midnight complete with flagellation and black leather can be safely refuted.

The Shakespeare and Elizabethan Societies now function as one and have continued to gather on Saturday evenings to read an assortment of plays by the Bard as well as those of more modern playwrights. As well as the traditional tepid coffee and cheese sandwiches, the societies have also partaken of a glorious open-air reading at the final meeting—"All's Well that Ends Well."

Anagnostics have elected new officials and read bawdy plays of Aristophanes under clerical chairmanship. Sports curtailed Photographic Society activities during the summer term, and only two meetings were held, both of which, it must be noted were on Holiday Photography. However, an exhibition of prints was held at the end of term, consisting of the Competition winners, and the best of the photographs taken by the Photography Syndicate. Rather surprisingly, the Drama Group still continues to meet on Fridays, but is now split into two factions: those that believe that Peter Hall exists and those that do not. Visits have been made to see, amongst other things, the Rep. production of 'Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?' The P. R. Hoggart Mutual Admiration Society is rumoured to meet after each meeting.

The Literary Society has continued its uneven progress. Its secretary, who claims to be the Society's star attraction, drew a disorderly, swaying mass of one to his non-talk on Ted Hughes, but a poetry reading, held a few weeks later, was a success, after a decision had been made to develop discussion rather than lecture. The Society, as was then noted of P. L. Cox's poetry, has had "a repetitive, plonkity, plonkity, plonk rhythm" occasionally enlivened by "a tumpy tumpy tum."

Despite all these comments, however, Societies are getting an increasingly rough deal in this school: they are one of the safeguards against producing stereotypes of an unimaginative education, and their importance should be realised. The games system is not the only reason for their decline; possibly half the societies in this school do not attract sufficient audiences to justify their continued solitary existence and the Literary, Debating and Historical Societies would benefit greatly from frequent amalgamations. Because societies hold such little weight, they cannot hope to attract the best outside speakers. This is extremely unfortunate; how many members of the school could fail to be stunned by a talk of the calibre of Dr. Hugh MacLaren's Sixth Form lecture on abortion?

"The Acharnians"

The Junior Play

May 18, 19, 20, 1967

(Editors' Note.—This review is an intentional amalgam of articles contributed by Mr. and Mrs. R. Parry, K. R. Lee and P. R. Hoggart.)

Ever since Mr. Alldridge's arrival at the school, junior plays have possessed an inventiveness and originality that have made them of great dramatic interest. In his production of THE ACHARNIANS, however, he departed from his normal formula in sharing the direction with Paul Gompertz. This collaboration proved to be very fruitful, as the result was a production that was, if anything, even more resourceful than previous ones, while still being unified in tone. It was not possible to tell who had directed which section. The production was so skilful that it masked the difficulties inherent in every junior play through the inevitable youth and inexperience of the cast.

One of the major foundations of this success was the translation of the play by Mr. Alldridge. The script was a witty and well-worded transposition of the play out of the alienating influence of the Greek language and culture into an easily appreciated modern idiom, while remaining reasonably faithful to the original. Thus there were some school in-jokes, and Euripides' "tragic rubbish" came in the guise of mock Shakespearean verse written on toilet paper. Some of the word-play and rhythms stick in the mind: "mis-anthracite," "spartisan," and:

"The blood-red straits of Salamis

Were better than such straits as this."

The most novel feature of the production itself was the extension of the apron stage into the audience, a device to increase the spectator's involvement with what was going on. As people were wheeled off down the central aisle, and Godley broke into flight by leaping

onto the front row, this could hardly fail. The set was simple and effectively used; its almost single colour concentrating attention on the actors. However, after sumptuous David Taylor creations, Alldridge utilitarianism gave no point of interest to the wandering eye. This may or may not be a good thing.

One of the other foundations of this production was the music by Robert Hanson, who set the lines of the Chorus admirably, and produced amusing incidental music at times verging on the sacrilegious. He showed what a devastating instrument of comment the trombone can be. Michael Cockerham's excellent and apparently atonal solo deserves a special mention here.

Unfortunately, the Chorus did not do justice to their music as they were almost completely unintelligible. This must have marred an important contribution to the drama. They would probably have done better to speak their lines to music, as this was very effective when done by the Chorus leader. A similar malaise was evident in some of the other actors; at times nearly all tended to gabble or mumble their lines, obscuring punch lines and robbing themselves of a laugh. This, coupled with a tendency to relapse into a vacuous stare when not speaking, is a recurrent problem in both junior and senior drama.

Of the individual performances, Peter Biddle's Dicaeopolis was the most prominent, because of its overwhelming competence and length. The play would be meaningless without an actor of some talent in the part, and Biddle gave ample demonstration of his talent in such sequences as the flour scene at Euripides' "Boutique Tragique," by his smoothness of action, phrasing and timing. His imitations and accents, however, were not as effective as they might have been,

as they were not differentiated enough, but it would be churlish to ask for an even higher standard in one not yet 15. Richard Maltby's blue-faced Godley, superior in both manner and pedigree, also contributed an effective performance its most telling moments being on the end of a rope and a tea-trolley. It was, however, a trifle rushed at times. Andrew Summers' Euripides was original but the motivation of his doubling as Chorus leader was incomprehensible. Simon Hollingsworth's representation of the pomp, blimp and bloody circumstance of Lamachus' military mind was convincing, and his mastery of the action of falling over backwards virtually complete. His balloons had a rather startling visual effect. Michael Goldman's Narchides was suitably nasty, and he

succeeded in producing an intelligent character study in a short time. Nearly every actor made some impression, if only by banging a gong or appearing in wig and drapes as a whore, and these impressions combined to make the audience forget the usual faults of an amateur production.

This is the measure of Mr. Alldridge's and Paul Gompertz's success. The evening was primarily a triumph for their stagecraft. It is to be hoped that Mr. Alldridge's departure from the school will not mark the end of the style of production that only he has been brave enough to tackle, and that both senior and junior play producers will in future try innovations of this nature instead of keeping to conventional production techniques.

C. C. F. Report

General Inspection

This year the inspection was carried out by Air Commodore E. J. Morris, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., Air Officer Commanding Air Cadets, United Kingdom. Rumour has it that this honour was due to H.Q. Air Cadets being extremely interested to know what goes on at K.E.S., since the Advanced Proficiency results of the Air Section are quite excellent. We know that they result from a mixture of intelligence and good instruction by N.C.O.s and rather take them for granted, but it is permissible now and then to do a little preening. Actually on the night the Air Commodore saw air cadets handling a different sort of logs. Not what they joined for? Well, the R.A.F. have always been very photogenic P.T.-wise.

It was rather ironic that the Section's glider should have been 'grounded' for most of the Summer term with suspected glue fatigue, so that the traditional ground flight could not be attempted. Curiously enough, this great sporting

event bores some people; but interest springs from understanding. The intrepid glider-pilot does not just sit there—training and skill are necessary to produce the momentary end-product.

The temporary eclipse of the glider, however, set free a portion of the playing field for Fort Tel-el-Konolli, the objective of the Army section platoon which demonstrated the Platoon in Attack. A few bangs are always welcome; the dearth of thunderflashes is such that only one pyrotechnic rehearsal was possible before the night. Nevertheless in the event the Demonstration was successful enough in making its two points: first, how we can use the playing field to lay on tactical training; secondly, how important it is to teach N.C.O.s to give simple, clear orders to meet the needs of the moment. When the Crown Jewels had been recovered one parent was heard to remark, "Palmerston would have approved"!

The Naval Section had everything out

from dinghies to task forces, with plenty of explanatory material. With the Navy berthed alongside the Signals Platoon on the South Terrace, this made a very high-powered static display area. The Inspecting Officer also saw naval cadets use a jackstay-transfer to move scientist and precious burden across the Swimming Bath without getting more than his coat-tails wet. When the jackstay was dropped it nearly dropped a *Birmingham Post* photographer as well. Are these chaps insured, one wonders?

Space does not permit of further detail, but one aspect of the inspection

was most pleasing. The Contingent's arms drill and steadiness on parade was very favourably commented on, and in the marching there was more élan than we have been able to produce for a long time—thanks surely in part to the Band's vigorous beat. A fine sight, in fact, and very fitting on the occasion of R.S.M. Allard's last parade before retirement. The glorious weather made the inspection and the presentation to him of a silver salver on the final parade a genuine occasion. Several thought it our best evening since the Centenary Parade of 1960.

RAF Section

The seasonal variations in the normal run of R.A.F. Section activities took members variously to several parts of England and to Germany. On the Autumn Term Field Day there was an initiative exercise at the Lickeys. Two days of Expeditions Weekend were spent at Leek, where a cross-country/initiative/map-reading exercise was undertaken on a very windy day; itinerant cadets kept reasonably warm, but static N.C.O.s at turning points suffered a little—gladly, of course, in a good cause. The last day of the week-end was spent at R.A.F. Gaydon, where all cadets flew in a Varsity aircraft (the comment about this in the previous "CHRONICLE" was one of several falsehoods about the R.A.F. Section). For annual camp in the Easter holiday, we went to R.A.F. Thorney Island, near Portsmouth, where a varied programme included a visit to a Military Police assault course, a trip round Portsmouth Naval Dockyard with a visit to *H.M.S. Victory*, and flying for all in Chipmunks and for some in a helicopter, into which they were winched 25 feet or so from the ground. Unfortunately, only 11 cadets attended this enjoyable camp. There was also a camp at R.A.F. Gutersloh in Germany for four cadets,

who reported a very good time, with flying in helicopters and a visit to the Moehue Dam.

Cpl. Reasbeck has been awarded a flying scholarship, and will train for his pilot's licence this summer. There are prospects of a gliding course for four or five cadets during the summer. Our own glider has been grounded for some time because of a suspected faulty wing; this has now been declared serviceable, but too late to enable us to fly at the annual inspection.

Classroom instruction still goes on. In the examinations this year, all ten candidates passed at Proficiency level, five with distinction, and all five passed at the Advanced level, four with distinction; in particular the performance of Cpl. Lambourne at Advanced level is worthy of comment; he dropped only five points out of three hundred, spread over three papers. All the instruction for these exams was done by N.C.O.s, who in fact do by far the greater part of the training of cadets; despite an allegation to the contrary in the last "CHRONICLE," the officers' work is confined very largely to organisation and administration—which is, of course, as it should be.

Naval Section

This year the Naval Section has progressed well and its association with water, the main reason for its existence has increased tremendously.

Two 'Enterprise' sailing dinghies are now owned by the Section, and we can sail these and several others at Earlswood Lakes. This new activity has been very well received by the members of the Section and it provides a new experience for many of the cadets.

The other nautical activity, canoeing, has also been progressing satisfactorily. The Section has now built three fibreglass canoes, and these, together with several wooden canoes, have been used extensively this year.

On land the Section is setting an example by its emphasis on varied and practical work. Its displays at the General Inspection was outstanding, and although drill has been a minor priority during the year, it was as good as the other sections.

There has been a tremendous transformation in the Section over the last three years. N.C.O.s are now given responsibility and the results prove that this does nothing but good. Also more cadets are prepared to stay after school or work in their spare time to help the organisation of activities.

The summer holiday has seen increased interest in camps, courses and holiday instruction in sailing and canoeing. All this has helped to improve the image and morale of the section.

However the main instigator of this change is the officer in charge, Sub-Lieutenant Everest. It is his ideas and actions which have transformed the Section from a mediocrity to a very worthwhile and enjoyable activity, and all the Section are very grateful to him. It is hoped that his example will be followed elsewhere.

The Scout Group

Summer is, in the minds of Edwardians, synonymous with examinations. All school activities suffer during this period of upheaval but the Scout Group, because of its small number of staff and high percentage of exam candidates in positions of leadership, suffers more than most. The group has, however, been ticking over quietly during this period.

Those seniors who have been available on Friday afternoons have served many causes. They have chopped down trees for the school and have provided refreshments at the school sports. They have helped to decorate a hostel for unmarried mothers and have worked at school on our own camp kit. They are now preparing to descend on the Norfolk Broads for a week in full force. Meanwhile the juniors, although short of leaders, have already taken to the water. Every troop has been swimming at least once in the school bath, two troops have been boating on Cannon Hill Park Pool, and all the P.L.s and seconds have been introduced by the Sea Scouts to the pleasures of sailing. The Andrews Coppice site is nevertheless still regularly visited, and much interesting and useful training takes place side by side with maintenance work. Patrol camps have been held by most patrols in preparation for the climax of the year—summer camps. These are being held this year near Harlech and in the Lake District.

The Easter Hike, a new event open to any boy in the juniors, was greatly enjoyed by all, and if the talks on mountain safety in the evenings met with a rowdy reception, at least a few people showed signs in ensuing conversations of having





learnt something. Parents Evening, despite having possibly the heaviest rain ever on such an occasion, was not a complete washout—and at least the hot refreshments sold well ! The open evening at Andrews Coppice was fully booked, showing that the country headquarters are still a great source of interest.

The highlight of the year was undoubtedly the dinner held by the group for its old members in honour of its 30th birthday. Dr. Mayor was the guest of honour at this dinner. A very pleasant social evening was enjoyed by all, and the group and parents committee presented to Dr. Mayor a radio and a briefcase respectively as tributes to his service. We must also offer our congratulations to ' Doc.' on the award of a bar to his silver acorn. This is a very high award given by the Chief Scout in honour of the recipient's work for scouting, and is of course very well deserved.

As another year draws to an end, we must once more give our sincere thanks to those members of the Common Room and those parents who do so much to help us. Our thanks are also due to Miss Chaffer and Mr. Allard for all their help and guidance. As the Group goes on into its 31st year, its strength arises from the work of all these people.

D. L. THOMAS.

Twenty years of KESMET

The weather station at K.E.S. has been recording since January 1947, and in the terminology of the Meteorological Office is now entitled to its very own " climate." At this official " coming of age " it is felt that some form of history of the " Met," as it has come to be called, should be published.

Readings at 0900 hrs. G.M.T. have been taken every day since 1st January, 1947, with the exception of the period from February to October, 1963, when the new tennis courts were being built. In 1951 we first sent our readings to Bracknell, which is the home of the Met. Office computers, making us the third officially recognised weather station in Birmingham. The Monthly Weather Report first began to include a summary of our readings in 1959. Two years later it was decided to take readings at 1200 and 1500 hrs., but after a few months it became apparent that, desirable as these figures were, the problems involved in fitting these times in with the school timetable were too great.

In the past few years our observers have visited both Edgbaston Observatory and the station at the University, and these visits have led to cordial relationships between us and these two stations. These establishments co-operate, as we do, with the Trent River Authority in connection with their rainfall scheme.

The monthly weather return, Metform 3208, is filled in at the end of each month by a senior observer, and this is without doubt the most onerous of the responsibilities which this position entails. About 900 digits must be entered on the front of the form, and a coded weather diary on the back, and all must be carefully checked : if a mistake is detected by the computer, one of its minders sends a rude letter asking for the meaning of this outrage, to which it is imperative to reply in the most obsequious terms. The readings taken each day are as follows : (1) Wind speed and direction (e.g. speed being measured by the movement of trees and direction by the vane). (2) Rainfall (using a standard five-inch rain gauge). (3) Temperature at 0900 hrs. (using a solid stem thermometer). (4) Relative humidity. (5) Vapour pressure and Dew point (by comparing the readings on the Dry thermometer with that on the Wet, and using hygrometric tables). (6) State of Ground (by inspection of the bare plot).

(7) Maximum and Minimum temperatures for the 24 hours (using standard thermometers) and (8) Weather phenomena observed at the time of the observation.

The Climate consists of averages of temperatures and rainfall, and some other phenomena, month by month over the twenty years of readings (see Tables below).

This then is the climate which has established itself at K.E.S. over the twenty years of existence of a weather station here. If there are any questions which arise from these data, I would be pleased to answer them.

My thanks are due to the generations of school meteorologists who have taken the readings and to Mr. Whalley, at whose suggestion this analysis was made.

P. L. MARCUS.

Month	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Jan.	37.3	42.0	33.0	2.20	6.0	13.0	60 ('49)	9 ('53)
Feb.	38.1	42.6	33.6	1.86	5.8	11.5	61 ('59)	5 ('47)
Mar.	42.4	48.3	36.6	1.92	9.0	8.0	71 ('65)	10 ('47)
April	46.8	53.4	40.3	1.95	1.4	1.3	75 ('49)	24 ('58)
May	52.4	60.4	44.4	2.07	0.2	0.1	85 ('47)	32 ('61)
June	58.3	66.9	49.9	2.01			88 ('47)	34 ('62)
July	60.0	67.7	52.8	2.47			88 ('49)	41 ('65)
Aug.	60.5	68.1	52.9	2.60			86 ('53 & '61)	40 ('66)
Sept.	56.4	63.4	49.8	2.38			86 ('61)	36 ('48)
Oct.	50.3	56.5	44.3	2.30		0.9	77 ('59)	27 ('48)
Nov.	43.5	48.3	38.8	2.68	0.8	3.8	61 ('47 & '55)	22 ('52)
Dec.	39.8	44.2	35.3	2.78	2.5	8.2	57 (48, '54 & '55)	16 ('63)

Column 1 : Mean 0900 temperature (°F).

Column 2 : Mean daily maximum temperature (°F).

Column 3 : Mean daily minimum temperature (°F).

Column 4 : Mean monthly total rainfall (inches).

Column 5 : Mean number of days on which snow fell (monthly).

Column 6 : Mean number of nights on which a frost was recorded (monthly).

Column 7 : Highest maximum ever recorded for the month (°F) (figures in brackets indicate year).

Column 8 : Lowest minimum ever recorded for the month (°F) (figures in brackets indicates year).

Year :

Mean yearly rainfall : 27.22 inches.

Mean 0900 temperature : 48.8°F.

Mean maximum temperature : 55.1°F.

Mean minimum temperature : 42.6°F.

Mean number of days on which snow fell : 25.7.

Mean number of nights on which a frost was recorded : 46.8.

Most rain in a month : 6.80 inches in December 1965.

Most rain in a year : 36.59 inches in 1960.

Highest ever maximum : 88°F in June, 1947, and July, 1949.

Lowest ever minimum : 5°F in February, 1950.

PERSONAL SERVICE GROUP REPORT, JULY, 1967

The Personal Service Group has continued its work with quiet determination throughout the academic and sporting disruptions of the summer term. Little manual work is done now, the Group's resources being almost wholly directed towards visiting the elderly. As well as visiting old people in their homes, we assist in the running of an old people's club in Spring Road, Balsall Heath, and also maintain liaisons with several old people's homes, and with a home for unmarried mothers in Norman Road, Northfield. Weekly visits are made to the geriatric wards in Selly Oak Hospital and fortnightly visits to the Burns Unit in the Accident Hospital and to Rubery Hill Hospital.

This term, we have tentatively joined forces with some Senior Scouts in some decorating jobs. Although not wholly successful so far, this bodes well for the future and could be a solution to the looming problem of diminishing man-power.

T. M. T. COOPER.

THE EDGBASTON SCHOOLS UNITY COUNCIL

Following a meeting before Christmas on the initiative of the Catholics at the Oratory, a movement has started among all the schools in the Edgbaston area to foster Christian unity. Initially a united service was held in the Annual Week of Prayer, and then the schools split up into three groups for various social service projects, the idea being to promote friendship and understanding through working together for a common aim; this seems to have been reasonably successful, each group having carried out at least one project.

The main activity of the Council so far, however, has been a three-day conference held after G.C.E. in the very fine Catholic Chaplaincy of the University. The programme was varied with lectures, discussions and original expressions of the theme of "Brotherhood and Reconciliation" in drama, art and music. It was all most stimulating and proved a thoroughly enjoyable as well as worthwhile three days—better than any of us had dared to hope. It is regrettable that only three of our senior boys have shown any interest, especially as other schools have had to limit numbers participating.

I. K. SMOUT.

THE GREEK EXPEDITION, 1967

Our first discovery on this trip was the way to eat on trains: the Chief Master and his "firm" put our miserable packed lunches to shame with chicken, soup, wine, etc., *ad. inf.* We soon fell into our journey routine: searching for our resident Pole at all hours of the day and night.

Milan: our first disembarkation, in Mussolini's station, which bears a resemblance to the Rock of Gibraltar, hollowed out and adorned with jingoistic murals, and SPQR plaques. Otherwise, Milan is uniformly grey concrete, apart from some tenth-century churches, the cathedral, and the Last Supper to which we paid our respects.

Another night journey, to Brindisi: it rained. Here is a huge brick rudder, another of Musso's erections: it contains a jar of sand from El Alamein, and a jar of water from Cape Matapan.

Then the greatest luxury of the whole trip: from Brindisi to Patras by liner, complete with swimming pool and tamarisk pop machine. Plenty of room to move, nothing to do.

Now Greece proper : round the Pelapones, experiencing Greek drivers, Greek roads, Greek divans, and retsina, all notorious. Hit a horse en route. We returned round such famed sites as Olympia, Mycenae, Corinth, with constant commentary from R.G.L. and J.B.H., very informative.

Hotels at Athens are not above suspicion, especially the Tourist and the Pea : plumbing and other things were dubious, but it was quite amusing. Despite our superiority we were treated as mere tourists and as such visited the Acropolis. Delphi, set among magnificent mountain scenery, took a day for us to visit : one day was spent bathing and visiting the Plaka, the oldest part of Athens, which is full of fake tavernas : real Greeks frequent dreary cafes : then to Mykonos by boat.

This latter, a small Aegean island, is notable for 365 churches, as many tourists shops, impotent windmills, mini-streets and all-white houses. After one visit to the sacred isle of Delos, where we obeyed the law by not dying or giving birth to children, we put aside classical cares and sun-bathed on the beach. An excess of tourists has spoilt Mykonos.

Our final experiences consisted of : scouring Athens market for cheap provisions; attempting to emulate the Chief Master's 'firm' (this seemed to be the general pattern); paying 500 lire to enter the Vatican museum, where there is a super-abundance of fig-leaves : and discovering that one does not pass Pisa on the line from Rome to Florence.

P. E. L. DAVIES

SCHOOL SKI-ING PARTY TO SOLDEN, EASTER, 1967

On the morning of Tuesday, 28th March, after being assaulted by B.R. electric train, cross-channel ferry and (ultimate horror) overnight continental train, we arrived at Otzel unscathed. On the 5th April, after sampling the above delights in reverse order, we arrived at Birmingham with a collection of bruises, twists and sunburn. This, however, was the result of ski-ing (?) and not the journey.

We stayed at the famous (it says here) ski-ing resort of Solden in the beautiful Otz valley, at a 3-star hotel which sold Pepsi-Cola (advt.) at inflated prices, and boasted a manager who, although he sat behind the steering wheel, could not in fact drive a car with any degree of accuracy.

The ski-ing lessons were all prefaced by a 20 minute ride on a chair lift, where a blanket was vital to combat the cold, and dark glasses to combat the sun. We split up into two groups for actual lessons : Mr. and Mrs. Everest came with us, while Mr. Tomlinson, thinking he could ski, went off by himself and tried to get lost. The lessons were characterised by the instructors' quaint English, and our even quainter attempts to perform such intricacies as the snow-plough stop and turn, the kick turn, and slide slipping. None of these will be demonstrated on request.

On the last day, we all took a proficiency test. It was a race against time down a course which, by the time the last few people fell down it, was almost a sheet of ice. Some of us decided to celebrate our survival with champagne. Thinking back, it was not worth the money, but it left us happy for the rest of the evening. The trip was a roaring success.

M. L. CASTLE

R. J. GRANT

REPORT OF THE REPORTS OF THE SYNDICATES '67

It was perhaps fortunate that the Arabic syndicate was the smallest of all the study groups, having only three members, because the difficulties with which it was faced were formidable. The Arabic alphabet consists of one hundred symbols, the master in charge had not used the language for eight years, and there were, it seems, no books available which were much help. Under such circumstances we were not surprised to hear that in a fortnight's study only a few words and simple phrases ("the girl is beautiful") had been mastered.

A sizeable silver object, with rows of lamps fixed onto it had been flashing ominously in a corner of the concert room ever since the meeting assembled and the Chief Master, apparently anticipating an explosion, instructed that it be demonstrated forthwith, before it caused any loss of life or limb. The electronics syndicate announced that it bore the name FABCAT (although it seemed to me that there was more of what was monstrosly human than attractively feline in the machine). Two weeks seemed a surprisingly short period of time in which to build such a complex-looking piece of equipment,

contemporary Drama Syndicate.

The Syndicate sat in the music school for two weeks and found time to study developments in post-war drama. Besides the obvious dramatists - Beckett, Pinter, Caryl Churchill, O'Casey - a fairly extensive study ^{using many of Mr. Goring's tapes.} was made of some of the lesser known talents - Simpson, Mortimer, Arden, Shaffer, Saunders, Reed, Orton ~~etc. to name just a~~ etc. All the members of the Syndicate found something ~~that~~ ~~to~~ ~~do~~ to do, and, on the whole, the fortnight provided an illuminating experience.

A week before Syndicate started, a member of each Syndicate was asked, and agreed to write a report for "CHRONICLE". When Syndicates were over, this was all that we received. It is a photostat copy, and shows the difficulties under which the Editors work.

especially as we were told that it could (theoretically) count up to 20,000 impulses per second. The concert hall lights were extinguished and the machine demonstrated. All the little lamps on the front of the silver box in turn switched themselves on ; and then off again in a most impressive and convincing manner. A further demonstration involving a photo-electric cell was proposed, but FABCAT did not appear disposed to co-operate. Three members of the syndicate tinkered anxiously in the innards of the beast, hovering round it like pathologists over a cadaver, while the reporter explained that the demonstration that they were trying to perform could be of great use by timing experiments in a physics laboratory to within 1/1,000 of a second. On this occasion, however, the machine was of no use to anybody, and it maintained a stubborn indifference to all the efforts of its ministers.

The Victorian Architecture syndicate seemed to have been one of the most mobile of all the study groups, having visited over forty sites in fourteen days, covering buildings erected in every decade of Victoria's illustrious reign, mainly in Birmingham, but also as far afield as Malvern and Burton. The reporter emphasised the confusion, the profusion and the brash self-confidence of these buildings and advertised an exhibition which the group had mounted.

The activities of the physics apparatus syndicate were as diversified as those of the previous syndicate had been wide-ranging. Five projects had been undertaken by a very small group, with the assistance of the Royal Navy, the C.C.F., BMC and the communications industry (*inter alia*). The syndicate's report was somewhat technical, but one did gather that devices for measuring hydraulic brakes and water currents were two of the projects undertaken. In connexion with the latter an exciting contraption was produced, which rather resembled an abortive snow-goose painted yellow and black. This was intended for use by the marine biologists at Borth.

The mountain biology syndicate had spent the first few days preparing for an expedition, a week in mid-Wales, and the remainder of the time preparing an exhibition. The camp on Cader Idris was ideal for the study of flora and fauna, but the mountaineers of the syndicate considered it too dangerous for their purposes, and so set up a second camp in Snowdonia where they tackled two "very difficult" and one "severe" climb. The ornithologists and botanists concerned themselves with a study of birds and plants in relation to their habitat : and there also took place an investigation of the ration of food needed in one day for one man on a climbing expedition. The reporter quoted a most attractive sounding recipe for rum fudge which had been found most satisfactory. He then produced from his pocket a matchbox-sized object and announced, to our considerable astonishment, that it was a "space blanket." When shaken vigorously this made a loud crashing sound and assumed the appearance of an exceptionally large piece of kitchen foil which (still more amazingly) had been found warm enough to sleep in at a height of 3,000 feet above sea-level.

The Modern Economics syndicate reported that it had made a study of three of the most important economic philosophers—Malthus, Marx and Keynes. The reporter gave us a brief and succinct account of the principal theories propounded by these thinkers and then demonstrated how the syndicate had attempted to relate these theories to economic conditions as they exist today ; how Malthus helps in determining an optimum population for the British Isles ; how important was Marx's emphasis on good relations between worker and employer, and how Keynes' theories are the basis upon which all Western governments today function.

The contemporary drama syndicate's report took the form of a learned if somewhat bawdy discussion of developments in English theatre since 1956, and it was appropriate that this syndicate, confined to bookwork more than most should have given an account of its findings rather than its activities. The reporter talked briefly about Osborne, Delaney, Beckett and Pinter amongst others, with constant allusions to bosoms, bongo drums and trumpets and stated with endearing charm that the group had been studying playwrights whose chief concern was "a close and intimate scrutiny of . . . sex perversions" (both before and after marriage). The reporter concluded by praising the worldliness of the syndicate and expressing the hope that he had not embarrassed his audience.

The main evidence of the work of the photographic syndicate was to be found in its exhibition, we were told. The group had concentrated on variety of subject matter rather than excellence of finish because of its members' "lack of experience in the dark room." The exhibition of photographs of "people at work and play" indeed contained an astonishing variety of subjects. Someone had even managed to smuggle a camera into Room 174 to obtain a delightful shot of Mr. Blount dictating notes.

D. TAYLOR



SPORT !

Survey

The first year of the new Games System has come to an end and we are now in a position to see what effects it has had upon the various sports offered at School. On the surface the result may seem rather uninteresting—disappointingly lacking in sensation, disaster, and controversy. True, in the winter, there was a momentary flurry when Rugby players found their loyalty tested by the lure of Fives and really did find that Options meant opting; but otherwise all seems to have been as before. However, below the surface it cannot be doubted that changes have taken place—in part of attitude, in part of balance. In attitude because boys have been able to declare for minor sports—which presumably means a greater willingness to participate because it has been choice rather than compulsion: in balance because the 'major' sports no longer

dominate the sporting year but are rather a part of it. Inevitably, this shift of emphasis and outlook has meant also a shift of attainment. During the winter the Rugby team undoubtedly suffered while the minor sports—like Fencing, Judo and Cross-country—gained strength and success. Since the last edition of "CHRONICLE" we have seen Cricket maintain an unperturbed and even course; but Athletics has definitely felt the sharp wind of unpopularity and Swimming seems to have had a smaller number to draw upon. Perhaps the saddest sufferer has been Rowing which never had more than a dozen people available and now, with the departure of the coach, seems in real danger of extinction. In all these assessments there lurks the suspicion that the new system may give people the chance to become mere sporting dilettantes, so that the majority will

merely select the activity of least exertion and those important sports which demand hard work will be left to suffer and decline. Rugby

ATHLETICS

The crisis which had previously threatened came to a head at the beginning of the season. Under the new system there proved to be far too few boys who had opted for Athletics to make the running of both a Senior and U.17 Team feasible: age-grouping was therefore abolished and one 'School Team' was organised. The season itself divided into two, both according to the calendar and performance. The Lent Term was like all Lent Terms: the weather indifferent, the team unfit and under-trained, the results depressing. It seemed as though disaster was at hand, perhaps even the general fold-up of School Athletics. However, the Summer allayed those fears. Some athletes showed some inclination to do some training, lights came from under bushels and initial

suggested this; some of the Summer Term's results reinforce it.

success in the Foundation Match brought further success, notably against Uppingham and Worksop, and Solihull. The defeat of a surprisingly fit and very strong Old Boys' team by a not-surprisingly-post-A-level-unfit School team was a satisfying conclusion to a moderately successful season. Looking back the memories are of the superb sprinting of R. J. Arculus—an outstanding athlete, the untiring all-round ability of I. A. Baird, and the developing potential of B. L. Hanna and J. S. P. Cape. Looking ahead, the departure of the captain will mean a loss to the team which it will be impossible to make good; therefore next year's team will have to be prepared to get really fit and train more regularly in order to achieve the consistency to win matches.

SWIMMING

Here there could be no accusations—direct or oblique—of unfitness; but then swimmers are, by definition, fit! Training began in the Lent Term, team members responded to the call, and practices were well attended. But again the handicap was the small number of potential performers; and, as a result of this, certain members of the senior team were overloaded with race commitments and the overall success of the School Side was limited. In matches the weaknesses were in backstroke and breaststroke, the strength was in Reasbeck, Inc. Both P. G. and R. C. of that clan swam well in the freestyle events and in the individual medley: they were comforted and assisted in

freestyle events by A. T. M. Freeman whose forte was the 200 yards. Others who performed ably were M. A. S. Oates in the diving and M. L. Dunford as secretary. All this modified rapture at the top end of the team was compensated by the almost total success of the juniors, and the devious fringe triumph of the water polo team. (Is it the dirtiest of all games, as we are so often assured?) The only fly in their particular ointment is the hint that, having gained such a high standard, they will need to practice a little harder in future to maintain their own excellence. For the broader prospects the swimmers can have hope: only three of this year's team have left and so success should be there for the taking next summer.

TENNIS

More success might have been taken by the tennis team had it not been for injuries, examination commitments and inconsistency. There was, in truth, insufficient talent to beat the better opposition with any degree of confidence, and the fact that the side beat Manchester G.S. but then lost to Wyggeston illustrates the unpredictability of performance. As the pernicious influence of squash affected Fives in the Winter, so in the summer it wrought

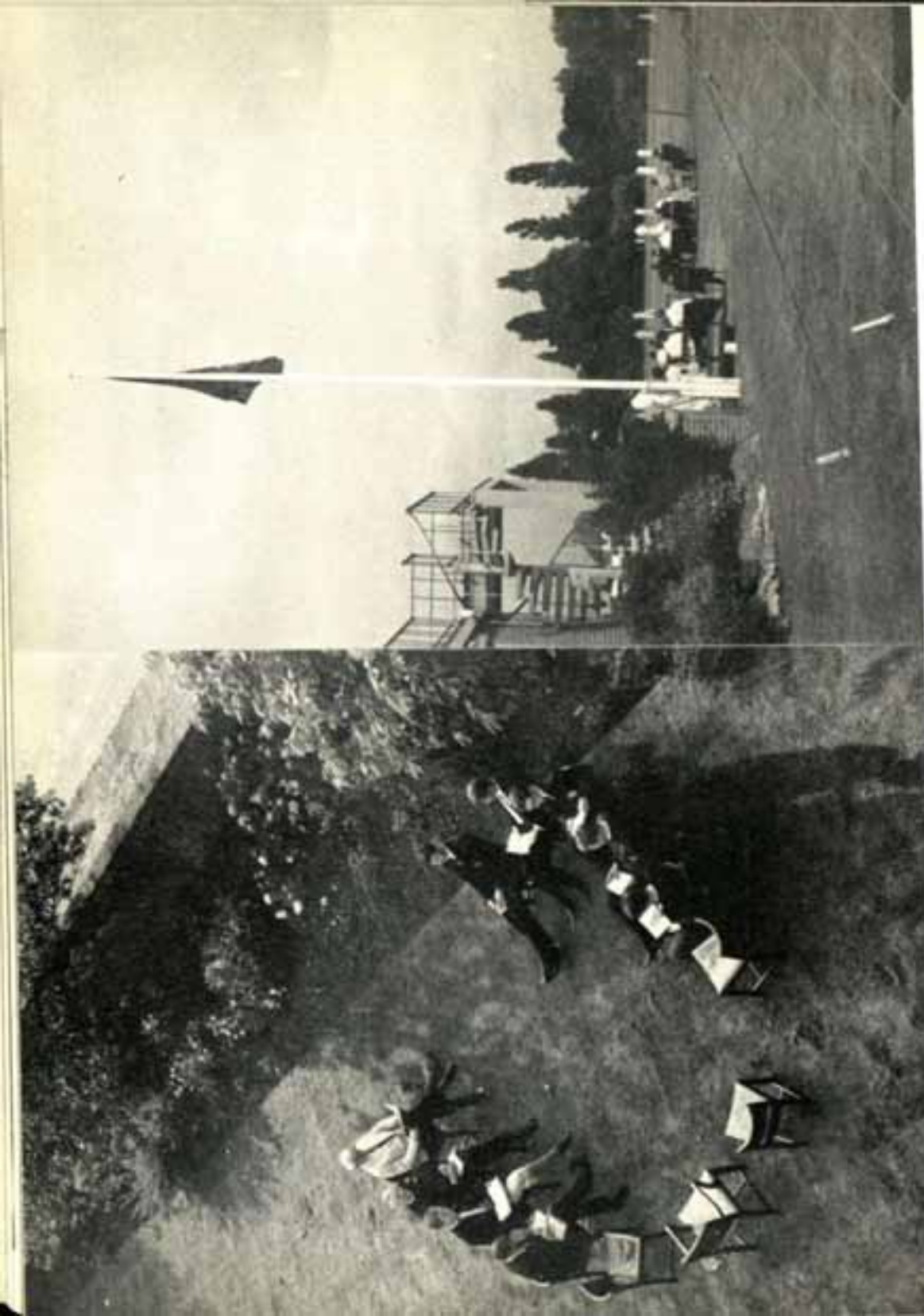
havoc early on with A. J. Dewar's game. He, like all the rest of the so-called 'established' players, was far too erratic and this factor—besides minimising the effectiveness of the team—gave opportunity to the dark horses, M. C. Blair and P. A. Gompertz, to gain fame for some surprisingly good singles wins and to monopolise the final of the Burgess Cup. The conclusion to be drawn from all this is that more practice, concentration and, thus, stability are needed for future team success.



*"I'm going to ask you to get up out
of your seats."*



"Who? ... me?"



SHOOTING

This is one of the two sports where the pinch is really being felt. Its fortunes have always been closely bound up with the popularity of the C.C.F. and as this has wavered so the standard of School and House shooting has fluctuated. At School level the team was young and inexperienced but it did manage to improve its score in the "Country Life" competition, without really achieving the position the

School's size and standing should produce. However, the prospects are poor, mainly because there is a lack of talent in the C.C.F. and because House shooting has gone into a rapid decline. There are vague thoughts of making shooting a Friday afternoon activity, of allowing a team of non-C.C.F. school members to take part in competition—both economy permitting. Otherwise the outlook is very bleak indeed.

ROWING

If Shooting's position is precarious, then Rowing's is catastrophic. The purely factual report of the season records a late start to training because of general apathy, lack of practice in the face of all the competitions, and a series of depressing defeats by a varying number of lengths—usually far too many. Behind this catalogue—which is tragic enough—there is an even grimmer story of apparently impending collapse in the face of hosts of discouraging disadvantages. The boat-house is apparently a converted public lavatory with an earth floor and little roof; the boats are borrowed, in their death throes, and are like

those at Cannon Hill Park—leaky and squeaky; and, as far as can be seen, the departure of Mr. Alldridge at the end of the summer term has left the club without a master, coach, confessor and supporter. Rowing is a young School sport—only eight years old, it can cater for people both as individuals and as teams, and it is an attractive activity—as Oxford and Cambridge and any number of other schools could testify. But at present it is in urgent need of three injections—of money, guidance, and participants. If it does not get all three quickly it is doomed.

JUDO

The extent to which School sports, and particularly the minor ones, depend upon the personal dynamism of the master-in-charge is reflected in the collapse of Rowing as its mentor goes, and in the success of the Judo

Club under Mr. Skinner's continuing aegis. Matches are now undertaken and gradings are tackled; but even here there is a whisper that more members are wanted.

CONCLUSION

There seems to be little doubt as to how School sports are going as a result of this summer survey. Cricket is unruffled; whatever its limitations at national level it possesses an unchanging appeal at school which will ensure that the numbers necessary to produce a reasonable First XI will always be available. (The same may be said of Rugby in the winter, though on a slightly smaller scale.) Beyond this major sport, however, all is not well. The suggestion at the beginning that too many people try to do too little seems to be proven by the constant pleas for more participants and greater support in all the games offered. The School offers an immense number of activities, and, with the renewed hopes of a squash court being built, this range could be—if not in-

creased—certainly strengthened. In addition, no one denies that the first intention of a game or a pastime is that it should give pleasure or enjoyment. But, it is surely a matter for concern that, in King Edward's at present, there are precious few individuals who are prepared to put in the work that will give them enjoyment and also bring success in School competition? Can it be enough to be "neither good nor bad"—for the corollary of this is indifference? If the new Games system widens the opportunities and choices in games then it has in part succeeded; if it ultimately means the decline of standard and the extinction, one by one, of the less attractive or more demanding sports then it will have totally failed.

Cricket

The team's performances this season have been almost as unpredictable as our notorious weather. The batting has often looked shaky and often looked inspired, while the bowling has been penetrative on the most unlikely occasions. The torrential downpours of merry May left the team very short of practice, but this in no way affected the XI's performances. A fairly young team has matured so much that this season has proved to be one of the most successful in recent history. K. A. Ogden and J. P. Evans have become probably one of the most devastating pairs of fast bowlers in schoolboy cricket and, but for the rain which transformed Eastern Road into a suitable venue for a regatta, they could still be chasing the record for wickets in a season set by an infamous equestrian O.E. L. M. Biddle has kept wicket well beyond his expectation, and has survived many nasal comments, whilst still striving hard after P. A. Bowes' record. The most pleasing feature of this season, however, has been the consistent if not consistently brilliant batting of the entire side. S. P. Hiley, and J. G. Haynes batted, and argued effectively at the beginning of the season, and although both seem to be unfortunately out of touch at the moment their presence has been invaluable through the season. Equally invaluable have been I. K. Smout and S. Gilbert, although the latter has only occasionally revealed his undoubted talent. Smout's cavalier flair and imperturbability have made him such a force. His antics in the field have given the rest of the team many necessary moments of joviality whilst Gilbert's undoubted

tactical skill and seriousness have often inspired the captain in tricky situations. The two spinners, C. L. Edwards, and S. C. Williams, have been slightly overshadowed by the two quick bowlers, yet they have always done all that has been asked of them. Williams needs to gain more confidence and flight, and Edwards would be advised to pitch up his other ball. J. S. P. Cape, a recent, and valuable, addition to the team, has performed on and off the field in a manner which belies his comparatively tender years. Of the younger players Burn and Chambers show great promise, and with experience and maturity must become great servants of school cricket.

Nine victories have been registered, Denstone, the O.E.C.C., and the O.E.A. being the most notable. Only four first team matches have been lost and only one of these was to a school. The adventurous and positive nature of the school team can be seen since only one match has been drawn, and that because of rain.

The Second XI has been noted for its unflagging team spirit, admirably fired by R. P. M. Thomson, and has deserved more success than has come its way. A superb victory over Bromsgrove was the most notable moment of the season. The performances of the younger teams augur well and several of the younger players are destined for great success.

Mr. Benson and Mr. Cockle must take their due reward for firing school cricket with their shrewd advice and cheerful wit and our thanks must go to C. W. Bryan for his sterling work with the pencil.

J. PICKERING.

Sports Results

CRICKET

The XI : Pl. 17 W. 10 L. 4 D. 1. Abandoned 2.

Defeated : O.E.C.C. ; Wyggeston G.S. ; Warwick S. ; Trent C. ; Denstone C. ; King's, Worcester ; Tudor Grange ; Hardye's, Dorset ; O.E.A. ; M.C.C.

Lost to : R. G. S. Worcester ; Common Room ; Warwickshire Club and Ground ; Gentlemen of Worcester.

Drew with : Manchester G.S.

Abandoned : M.C.C.C. ; XI Club

Batting : K. A. Ogden 44 v. Denstone.
57 v. Hardye's.
65 v. M.C.C.

	S. Gilbert	42' v. King's Worcester. 48' v. M.C.C. 41 v. O.E.A.
	J. Pickering	75 v. Wyggeston.
	J. G. Evans	50 v. Denstone.
	L. M. Biddle	56 v. Warwick C. and G.
Bowling :	J. P. Evans	5 for 35 v. O.E.C.C. 5 for 19 v. Warwick. 6 for 23 v. Tudor Grange.
	K. A. Ogden	6 for 44 v. R.G.S., Worcester 5 for 29 v. Warwick. 5 for 43 v. Manchester G.S. 6 for 6 v. O.E.A. 7 for 54 v. M.C.C.
	C. L. Edwards	5 for 8 v. Wyggeston. 6 for 43 v. King's, Worcester.

ATHLETICS

- Defeated :** Solihull S.; Uppingham S. and Worksop C.; Old Edwardians; Foundation Schools.
- Lost to :** Ratcliffe C.; Warwick S. and R.G.S., Worcester (3rd); Shrewsbury S.; Denstone C. and Ratcliffe C. (3rd); Malvern C.
- Records :** 100 yds. 10.3 secs. R. J. Arculus. (v. Denstone and Ratcliffe, h.)
220 yds. 23.1 secs. R. J. Arculus. (v. Denstone and Ratcliffe, h.)
High Jump. 5 ft. 7 in. P. J. Kilvert. (Birmingham Grammar Schools Sports.)
Hurdles. 16.0 secs. M. D. W. Wood. (v. Old Edwardians, h.)

SWIMMING AND WATER POLO

- Seniors :** Defeated Trent C., Ratcliffe C, Solihull S.
Lost to Repton S, Malvern C, Bromsgrove S, Rugby S, Shrewsbury S.
- Juniors :** Defeated Trent C, Repton S, Ratcliffe C, Solihull S, Wrekin C., Shrewsbury S.
Lost to Bromsgrove S.
- Water Polo :** Defeated Trent C, Bromsgrove S, Ratcliffe C, Rugby S.
Drew with Solihull S.
- Records :** Open 66½ yds. butterfly. 46.6 secs. P. G. Reasbeck.
U.16½ 4x33½ yds. Individual medley. 1 min. 38.8 secs. R. C. Reasbeck.

GYMNASTICS

- Defeated:** King's, Worcester (home and away); King Henry VIII, Coventry.
- Birmingham Schoolboys' Championships :** Under 13 team, 13th (ex 16)
Over 15 team, 4th (ex 16).
Individual, 7th (ex 34).



PROSE and LETTERS



We print below extracts from three prize winning Sixth Form Essays:

"Vergil's Fourth Eclogue" By P. J. F. Craig

"Two Religious Poets" By D. C. Allanson

**"Underground Drainage in N.W. Yorkshire"
By R. J. Arculus**

Vergil's Fourth Eclogue

When Granville Barker was going to produce one of Gilbert Murray's translations of Euripides, he came to Cambridge to ask A. W. Verrall what a Mycenaean hut looked like. "No-one knows," said Verrall, "but Miss Harrison will tell you." In the history of the study of the Fourth Eclogue there have been too many Miss Harrisons; for so long as these sixty-three lines of Vergil are contemplated they will probably always retain that aura of symbolism and mystery which has fascinated centuries of scholars and interpreters. Whatever conclusion the critic may arrive at he would be mistaken to express his belief dogmatically, or to forget that one of the characteristics of great poetry is the ability to express more than one meaning at the same time and in the same word. Yet from the days of the Emperor Constantine it was firmly believed by many that this poem was a prophecy of Jesus The Messiah.

There was a common belief in Italy that St. Paul visited Vergil's tomb in Naples, and mourned over the lost chance of converting one who was so nearly a Christian and would have been, if he had not lived before Christ. This hymn was sung in Mantua down to the fifteenth century as part of the Mass of St. Paul :

*'Ad Maronis mausoleum
Ductus fudit super eum
Piae rorem lacrymae :
"Quem te 'inquit' reddidissem
Si te vivum invenissem
Poetarum maxime "'*

Dante, the most significant figure of the Middle Ages, regarded Vergil as the bridge over the gap between paganism and Christianity, as the divinely inspired foreteller of Jesus, not as a believer but as one giving pre-Christian expression to the ideas and principles of Christianity. The men of the Middle Ages had an innate respect for authority. To Dante, Vergil, the chief representative of the classical tradition, was the supreme authority, the supreme poet.

As a moralist and as a Christian prophet Vergil exercised an influence down into the eighteenth century in England. In 1702, Alexander Pope published in the "Spectator" his "Messiah", a pastoral poem in imitation of Vergil's Fourth Eclogue. The mediaeval tradition had trickled down to Pope's day.

The Fourth Eclogue was greatly influential in preserving the rest of Vergil's works during the Dark Ages. But it was not simply this poem that appealed to the early Church as indicating an attitude that was Christian (or at least potentially Christian). Ecclesiastical writers looked in pagan writings for confirmation of the principles of their own faith, and from an early time it had become traditional to show in pagan authors an anti-pagan spirit that was moving towards Christianity. It was Vergil's spiritual insight, his sympathy and humanity, his universality, his outstandingly pure and noble character, his wisdom and uprightness, that made men ready to accept him as a pagan Isaiah, a prophet envisaging a juster and happier existence, an 'anima naturaliter Christiana.' Some have even maintained that Vergil had a providential mission to prepare the world for Christianity. Whether providential or not, the part he played is, I think, of great importance.

The Windhover

Gerald Manley Hopkins

I caught this morning morning's minion, king-
dom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon, in his riding
Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and striding
High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing
In his ecstasy ! then off, off forth on swing,
As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend : the hurl and gliding
Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding
Stirred for a bird,—the achieve of, the mastery of the thing !
Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here
Buckle ! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion
Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier !

No wonder of it : sheer plod makes plough down sillion
Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear,
Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermilion.

The meaning of the octet is fairly clear. "Caught," of course, does not mean "caught," nor, as Hunter suggests, does it mean "caught sight of," but rather "took in the inscape of"—which implies more than sight. Hopkins perceives the bird swirling "high there," as he "rung upon the rein," (a metaphor from the practice of wheeling a horse round a circle, while standing at the centre holding the reins), and then moves "off, off forth on swing." His "heart in hiding," presumably hidden in the still body, "stirred for a bird."

The sestet causes much more difficulty ; there is a definite ambiguity here, and a very successful one. Pick considers the "thee" of lines ten and eleven to refer to the bird, and the beauty which is "a billion/Times told lovelier" than the soaring bird to be the bird diving, when his flight does "Buckle !", in the sense of giving way or collapsing, this being "more dangerous." This pantomime of self-destruction and sacrifice (for of course the bird does not destroy itself) is infinitely beautiful. Similarly the earth is more beautiful when broken or ploughed ; and the fire when embers "Fall, gall themselves." The relevance of Christ's sacrifice, his fall, is obvious ; and the reason for the poem's dedication "To Christ our Lord." As a Jesuit Hopkins was one given to renunciation, to sacrifice, to being buckled, or crushed, and Empson suggests a great contradiction between Hopkins the admirer of the bold bird, and Hopkins the humble Jesuit. His poetry is clearly the embodiment of this contradiction—for it has the beauty of inscape and yet often holds a humble message of self-sacrifice. This is even noticeable, as has been observed, in the Oxford poem, "The Habit of Perfection."

Seen in another way, the poem means that in the flight of the bird, "beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here/Buckle !", in the sense of being clasped together, shaken, or united into one beautiful inscape, which as all natural inscape does, reflects "the beauty of our Lord," which is of course "a billion/Times told lovelier" than the bird's flight. And remembering that the poem is dedicated to Christ, and that the bird is in the octet always "he" or "him," and that lines ten and eleven refer to "thee," it would seem that Hopkins is addressing Christ, whose fall was "more dangerous" than any bird's. In this light, it is the "sheer plod" of man who is "Christ—for Christ plays in ten thousand places" which gives the prosaic furrow its "Shine." The last two lines provide another example out of ordinary observation of life revealing Christ's beauty all around us.

The poem is the richer for having two such well-sustained implications, which are of course so far from being contradictory as to bring into the poem a sense of the harmony of nature with Christ. This is a complete harmony, such as is found in several great "nature poets," although the instressing force, which in Hopkins' vision of nature is God, is not the instressing feature of, for instance, Ted Hughes' poems, where the high hawk, the "master-/Fulcrum of violence" (a phrase reminiscent of "Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here/Buckle!") eventually will "Smashed, mix his heart's blood with the mire of the land," for in Hughes' vision of nature, this harmony is instressed by the earth, an all-dominating, all-absorbing, "womb-of-all", mother symbol.

The structure of "The Windhover," also brilliantly accomplished, consists in part of a crescendo movement to the daring central climax, for the whole poem gravitates to "Buckle!" The next word can only drag itself away from this climax by an extraordinary heave:

"AND the fire that breaks . . ."

and there follows explanation, wonder, and diminuendo. The previous line rushes towards "Buckle!" in a great breathless run:

"Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here
Buckle!"

The incredibly complex and immensely effective rhythm of the poem alone is worth a long study. Consider the smooth strain of a bird banking around, then flying into the wind and conquering it:

"As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and gliding
Rebuffed the big wind."

In the opening lines the bird seems to be half-hovering, "striding/High there," on the "rolling level," almost resting:

"I caught this morning's minion, king-
dom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon, in his riding
Of the rolling level underneath him steady air . . ."

The rhythm of the first eight lines is one long rush of air, flight and swoop, caesuraed in the fifth line,

"In his ecstasy! || then off, off forth on a swing"

as the bird begins on a new swing, a new rush through the air which continues into the ninth line with fierce acceleration until the brilliantly achieved sharp braking as the words concertina-crash into one another and finally explode: "Buckle!" The rhythm strains away and explains the glory of the bird, of this one thing which holds the whole beauty of nature and God in its fire, this instress, with a slower but flowing rhythm which comes gently to a delicate, poised, but beautifully decorated halt in the last two lines:

" . . . and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear,
Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermilion."

The "ah my dear" does much here for the gradually relaxing rhythm and for the winding down of the effort in Hopkins' mind, quite exhausted by admiration.

The Gaping Gill Complex

Gaping Gill main shaft is some 40 feet across at the top. The southern grassy slope of the hole is steep, but the northern side is gently stepped over the upper limestone beds. Flowing down this is Fell Beck, sinking in normal weather in several minor sinks some yards above the main hole with a fair proportion of the water carrying on down the main shaft. Despite its unfenced nature, even nowadays, there are few legends of death concerning the hole. One of the closest calls was achieved by one of the pioneers. Edward Calvert, a Yorkshire Rambler, walked across the shaft top on a cornice of snow and ice by mistake. He survived to be the first Englishman to the bottom.

The earliest attempt to descend the shaft was in the late 1840's, by John Birbeck of Settle. This gentleman reached a depth of 190 feet and landed on the large ledge which appears to be the bottom of the shaft when seen from the top. Birbeck's descent nearly ended in catastrophe, because he had not diverted the waters of Fell Beck. While being lowered on a rope, it had frayed on a sharp rock and he had to be hauled back to the surface. A local legend said that there was a lake at the bottom, and this and the delicate nature of his rope must have dissuaded him from descending further. Indeed the floor of the chamber does become a lake in heavy flood. Another John Birbeck, probably the son of the first, was reputed to have descended in 1872 but recent study † has shown this to be unlikely.

This partial descent did little to clear the general mystery and superstition surrounding the hole, although Birbeck had plumbed it to a depth of 360 feet. It was not until the 1890's that there was an upsurge in interest again. In 1892, the Yorkshire Ramblers were formed and early in 1894, Edward Calvert "conceived an inclination to investigate the chasm." He commenced to recruit a team for the descent and was beaten to it by a Frenchman, Edouard Martel. Martel, a man of means and one of the great pioneers of potholing, knew nothing of the Ramblers' intentions.

He had a trench dug in August, 1895, to divert Fell Beck down Grange Rigg. Then he was lowered on a rope, guiding himself on the way down by ladders and more rope. He announced the dimensions of the cavern beneath as 480 feet long by 82 feet wide and 110 feet high. Next May, the YRC descended the hole and commenced the exploration of the system leading off from the chamber.

The Geological Survey had noted a small lateral passage, just north of the main shaft, leading from the beck to a parallel shaft of 350 feet, six feet in diameter at the top. The floor of the chamber immediately beneath the waterfall is formed of smooth boulders. Beyond sand and mud covers the floor. Channels carrying various parts of Fell Beck wind round the chamber, some sinking at the base of the north wall and some at the base of the southern. There are slopes of debris at either end of the cavern. The one at the east end is some 70 feet high.

A narrow passage leading off at the top of this was the first to be explored. It has since been named Old East Passage. After some preliminary stooping, the passage height varies from 10 to 60 feet. Occasionally stalactites decorate the passage. After 400 feet, a mud and silt coated chasm called Mud Hall is reached. A boulder ridge runs north-south dividing this chasm in two. The depth is about 60 feet, being 80 feet lower than the Main Chamber at the bottom. The other side of Mud Hall is a great pile of pebbles, boulders and mud. The passage continues at the top of this. At first it is low but later heightens to allow walking upright. After a few minor shutes, a final boulder slope and sinking of the small stream that enters from Car Pot marks the

† The Speleologist Vol. II No. 9: P. Johnson.





end of East Passage. This is about 1,500 feet south-east of the main shaft. No further exploration was attempted until 1903 when the crawl at the south-east corner of the main chamber was investigated. This was named the Booth and Parsons crawl after the Ramblers who discovered it.

In 1905, South Passage was entered off the end of Booth and Parsons crawl. Going north along this, a fissure traverse enters West Chamber and then a 10 feet climb on the right to the Main Chamber again. Continuing North-west, an 85 feet pitch is reached, West Pot, to a narrow passage going downwards to a pool. Going south, along South Passage, a tunnel turns south-west and enters another passage running south-east-north-west. This point, 600 feet from the Main Chamber, has been named simply ever since, The T-junction. On this occasion the Ramblers turned north-west and discovered the Sand Caverns. This is a chamber 15-40 feet wide and up to 40 feet high. It is floored with mud and sand and at the southern end is a mud slope. Above this is a low roofed stalactite chamber floored with boulders. This enters Stream Chamber, running north-west again, covered with numerous boulders. On the northern side of Stream Chamber is a hole in the floor some 30 feet deep. A stream enters from the south, from Stream Passage Pot, one of the inlets and alternative entrances to the main shaft. The water sinks in boulders on the floor.

Stream Chamber continues north-west becoming narrower and boulder strewn. Some fine formations cover the roof and walls in this cavern. Eventually after 700 feet, Stream Chamber becomes too narrow to follow.

Stream Passage continues south-east from Stream Chamber for 400 feet before coming to a belfry chamber, 60 feet high.

In 1906 and 1907, South-east Passage was explored from the T-junction and this tunnel passage ends about 1,500 feet south of the Main Chamber. About half way along an inlet comes in at the roof. This stream comes from Flood Entrance Pot, another entrance to the system. The water carries on through the floor, down an 80 feet pitch to a talus slope of loose boulders. Another 60 feet pitch at the bottom of this is a fissure 10 feet wide and 30 feet long, lands in water. This pool is a dead end, filling the bottom of the pot. It has been plumbed to a depth of 40 feet. Its level is 860 feet OD, being only 10 feet higher than the mouth of Clapham Cave, though it is a mile away. The connection must be a submerged passage.

South-east Passage continues over the top of South-east Pot as the above drop is known. A narrow passage opens out to a mud floored aven which is the last pitch of another inlet known as Bar Pot. The Passage runs south-east for another 600 feet up a mud bank and then narrows until a pebble floored aven. Here a stream enters from the roof and sinks in the floor.

In 1909, the Ramblers discovered Rat Hole and Spout Tunnel. Rat Hole runs as a narrow passage from 100 feet above the Main Shaft. After 150 feet, it opens onto another shaft into the Main Chamber, 310 feet deep, split by a ledge 200 feet down. Spout Tunnel is a passage in the wall of Lateral shaft about 30 feet down from the top. A narrow passage runs east to a chamber and 25 feet high waterfall. A climb up this and another 10 feet waterfall leads to a low bedding plane crawl leading under Fell Beck.

This exploration marks the end of the Ramblers' discoveries in Gaping Gill. Other clubs started taking an interest however.

* * * * *

Thoughts of an Unknown Leaver

The success or failure of a school depends upon three factors : the innate intelligence of those who apply for admission, their home environment, the talents and policies of those who govern and teach in the school. Many criticisms that are levelled against one particular school could be used also in attacking English education as a whole, or Mr. Crosland and his Ministry.

Something has happened to King Edward's. It is not the same as it was forty or a hundred-and-twenty years ago. The ruffians of the school are no doubt much sweeter individuals than the characters in John Cooke's day who caused police officers to be summoned to quell the riots, but the intellectual standards of King Edward's have deteriorated, and it is by these (rightly or wrongly) that the school is ultimately judged as an educational institution. E. W. Benson wrote that " King Edward's School is in the foreground in every vision I have. Its discipline has been my strength, and its knowledge and faith my joy and peace." No-one of the present generation at K.E.S. will recollect in such language when he is an old man. I doubt whether any old boy of any school will.

But we must not attribute this lack of a deeply-rooted loyalty entirely to the individualism of the age, to a refusal to express indebtedness to or respect of an authority, a reluctance to learn from one's elders. It is partly the fault of ' authority,' older men who have failed to interpret aright the psychology of those who will one day replace them. It is not just the boys of King Edward's who have changed. In the old days there were great schoolmasters like Rawdon Levett and Prince Lee, men who not only "knew their stuff" but could inspire those who came under their direction. At this moment I can personally see no great schoolmaster of this kind at K.E.S. The boys may be criticised for apathy but might not this very fact be one of the root reasons? Something, to be sure, which is unorthodox, new and lively seems to have started emerging in the teaching of English to the junior part of the school ; is this the shape of things to come, the light to lighten the Gentiles ? " If I had to live an hour of my life again," said Lightfoot, "I would choose a Butler lesson under Lee." Do really remarkable men such as Lee no longer exist ?

The masters were not wholly to blame for the December, 1966, Oxbridge results. I believe the chief reason is simply that the calibre of the boys taking our admission examinations is not as high as it has been in the past : Birmingham has changed, her people are different, the home background of K.E.S.'s pupils is not the same. I do not know the details and extent of this transformation, but something *has* happened. Nearly all parents want their children to do well, but not always in an academic field. It would be interesting to discover how many of us come from homes where books are considered unimportant, how many of us have come to K.E.S. because our parents thought it was quite near home and was probably one of the best schools in Birmingham.

We all know in our hearts that there is something dangerous about over-specialisation. As long as examinations are difficult, as long as our society is highly competitive and specialised, a high degree of specialisation will be necessary in upper forms. The Arts side is treated to numeracy periods but only a few seem to take these seriously. The proper study of man is man, which is another way of saying that our ideal in education should be what Cicero called ' humanitas.' Like all ideals this one is now unattainable but it would be fatal to forget it. At K.E.S. there is too much emphasis on examinations. One cannot do German for 'O' Level without taking the exam.

We belong to the H.M.C. and qualify as a public school. But we neither produce

the public-school type nor are we a boarding school. We have a House system and take lunch according to it, but there is little house spirit, partly because (thank God) we do not live together or sleep in the same dormitories. Soccer is not yet a recognised school game because it is not played by the public school type, but most K.E.S. boys do not belong to this category : in fact they come from backgrounds where soccer is a common and respected game. In my experience old boys at Oxford and Cambridge have found the barrier between themselves and the public school coterie almost impenetrable. Most of us are not gentlemen and never will be.

There is not an intellectual atmosphere at K.E.S. It is not done to be academic. Intense self-consciousness has paralysed modern man and destroyed his confidence in himself. Apathy, I think, is an indication of lack of confidence as well as lack of concern. The "CHRONICLE" is now recovering under its imaginative and far-sighted editors, but it will never flourish until inclusion of original work in the "CHRONICLE" can win the favour and respect (or envy) of fellow-students. The first new-style magazine has stimulated a move in the right direction, but there is still a long way to go. It seems to me that almost nothing has been done to encourage people to write for "CHRONICLE." This is deplorable. Never, if my memory is correct, has there been expressed a desire that more people should make literary contributions. I wonder how many forms read through and discussed the last "CHRONICLE," with congratulations being given to contributors and encouragement to others? Such directed appraisal is the very essence of creating a climate of revitalised interest that we surely need.

Upper Sixth life is badly organised. The Cartland Room is meant to provide opportunities for intercourse between sixth-formers, whatever their specialist study. In addition, the intelligences of the forms of the Upper Sixth should combine under the unassuming and well-balanced supervision of a broad-minded master. If we became co-educational, amalgamating ourselves with the girls' school, such discussions would be of great profit to all. The conference with the sixth-form girls in 1966 was a notable success, and I hope it made the authorities on both sides realise that such a venture was long overdue. Why are not scientists and mathematicians instructed in the history and development of their subjects? Should not sixth-form psychology seminars enrich our free-periods? Time could be found.

A school of the present day should not have religious education interpreted as 'Christian education,' nor should prayers be compulsory, because such activities are inconsistent with the free-thinking we should aspire to. A Christian service should certainly be available for believers, but school assembly should be an entirely separate occasion, and religious education should consist of instruction in the history and character of the religions of the world with emphasis on Christianity because of its importance for western civilisation. To compel the whole school (Jews and Catholics excepted) to attend a Christian service is simply an act of madness. The sensible (a category which includes sensible Christians) can only grind their teeth, laugh, weep, and protest in vain.

K.E.S. is potentially a great school. Its foundation is rich, its governors generous, its amenities and apparatus mostly first-class. Greedy boys with red faces can wallow in the HP sauce of the Tuck Shop. Big School despite its acoustics is a fine room. The Music School is in the process of arousing much jealousy. Water comes out when you turn on the showers in the gym. Miss Chaffer's fair hands can provide us with luncheons worth more than 1/3. Although most are forbidden admittance, since God is still in the Nature Reserve, it still exists. Boys enjoy reading since one book is stolen from the library every day. Performers at the Musical Society need not feel nervous with no audience.

Life at K.E.S. can be full if one is prepared to participate in it. There are so many societies that no-one has time to work for scholarship exams. The scouts seem to enjoy sitting in tents in the Lake District, and senior boys, we are told, are moulded into responsible men by showing the little ones how to tie knots and make a nuisance of themselves. The Summer Term syndicates produce valuable results and offer opportunities for team-work. Some camp in Snowdonia and catch pneumonia. Others count up books in the library with bent backs and sore eyes. In the Easter holidays biologists go to Borth to learn about lugworms and return intellectually refreshed for the Summer Term. Others stay at home and think and do well in their 'A' levels. Some go to Iceland to bring back old rocks in plastic bags. Some travel to Athens a week before the military coup but fail to perceive any political unrest. Some train for the athletic season and die at 30.

Such is life at K.E.S. The part I have played I have enjoyed, and it has helped me in my growth to maturity. I may sound cynical but I am really full of praise.

Yet what I have learnt most and what I am most grateful for is something that no-one ever intended to teach me. King Edward's, being a day school, contains quite a large number of social types; unlike a boarding school it has a population that is not confined to an élite. One of the dangers of a real public school education is that one can grow up inadequately aware of the tensions of the class-system and therefore with an imperfect understanding of human beings. In my later years at school I have become increasingly aware of the agonies of class-consciousness. Marx drew our attention once and for all to the reality of class-consciousness, and King Edward's has made me immensely conscious, conscious not so much of my own class as of the fact that others are nearly always acutely conscious of their own. Understanding the problem of social inferiority is one of the most important acquisitions of maturity. King Edward's has, I am sure, made me much more humane and sympathetic than any real public school would have done. For this I am grateful. Almost all my thoughts throughout the rest of my life will be conditioned accordingly.

ANON.

Consciousness

Have you never thought on waking in the morning, "O God, not another day!"? Unconsciousness is the ultimate freedom, by comparison with which living eternally would be agony. On consciousness, I blame the unsolved riddles, quests for non-existent grails and every desire unsatisfied. But the pleasures of non-existence cannot be described, for non-existence has no metaphoric counterpart in this world. A word used to describe it interrupts the absence of a thought. In the pain of consciousness, I have crumpled up, like a soldier in his much-rehearsed fall in a war-film, but the human inheritance of a drive to live prevents such self-willed attainment of unconsciousness. Consciousness is man's unwanted first birthday present.

To seek for pleasure, joy, happiness or ecstasy we must make the unwarranted logical concession that any particular aim is desirable at all. To seek for absolutes or objectivity or other qualities which, like non-existence, cannot be described by reference to the existing world, is hopeless. It is true that there are perfect paradoxes of the apparent laws of logic, of numbers, randomness and symmetry, but to try to understand them is to embark upon a journey concurrent with that of life, which will end simultaneously. The artist's absolute; that which he seeks to give communicable form to, is false, for the artist is like a hand grasping for a feather floating in the air, which sets up currents which move the feather out of reach. The many languages

of the artist's mind cannot be translated into the single language of his communication.

And so to despair. An interest in life, in politics or religion, is a mere diversion. Living and finding happiness or joy or ecstasy, whatever these things are, is like looking for unsmoked cigarettes in discarded packets. Despair is to sit in the same armchair wasting away, reaching unconsciousness at last, when the sequence of numbers in the counting of sheep is as loud as the beat of a hammer. Consciousness is the crown of thorns to be worn forever; the unconstructive criticism. The gift of prolixity; as I write these words, two eyes watch the written page and the third eye looks inwards on the mind. This is the agony of consciousness.

S. M. J. Pickvance

Revisited Revisited

"The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity."

Yeats' lines mirror the plague with which the civilizations of the twentieth century are riddled, i.e. totalitarianism. The modern brand is distinct from the classical, which tended to adhere to Fascism or Bolshevism, and was accompanied by dictatorial subjugation of the aspirations of the masses. Modern totalitarianism creeps, it subtly pervades, it infiltrates the flimsy barriers of social democracy to brainwash the minds of supposedly free thinkers. Nowhere has this process been more blatant than in the upsurge of diluted socialism since the war; this has become associated with almost all forms of pop-culture, and is blindly accepted, rather than contemplated. The partaking swine apparently do not discriminate between good and bad fodder.

Modern totalitarianism, whilst striving to destroy excess, creates a void, which can only accommodate an attempt by man to divorce himself from guilt, and to narrow the range of emotions of which he is capable. This is manifested in the destruction of theology in this century; its worst astringencies have been removed, but so has a vision unparalleled in history. The ultimate result of totalitarianism, therefore, can only be a standardized mediocrity.

All around, the malignant symptoms of the plague are discernible. Contemporary literature, for example, is motivated by therapeutic rather than aesthetic considerations. No longer is the writer's intention to produce great works of art to the public, but rather, in a single cathartic orgasm, to formulate his own emotions and, if he is fortunate, to impress his audience sufficiently to share them with him. All this is unhappily accompanied by an unobtrusive desire for easy immortality, which is too often manifested in concessions to the craze for 'camp,' and exemplified in titles such as "Opus for Mr. Schopenhauer" and "Twelfth Street Nightmare Revisited." The gallant but abortive attempts of Cyril Connolly to transcend transience in his work bear testimony to this unfortunate trend.

The intensification of mass production and advertising has been instrumental in spreading the epidemic by the means of creating a common denominator for different sorts of people. This unhappy fact is allied with another—that the common denominator invariably promotes institutions which are valueless, if financially attractive propositions. Thus one can account for the popularity of trading stamps, Monkees, bingo and Harold Robbins paperbacks.

The Press suffers from the disease, and predictably, the Beaverbrook group is riddled by it. All its articles discourage critical appraisal of opinion, whilst its centre page reactionary propaganda encourages blind acceptance. More respected newspapers adopt totalitarian attitudes over certain topics, viz. the *Observer's* condoning

of mescaline and the *Sunday Times'* rigid pro-Israeli policy over Middle East War.

The disease was manifested in the C.N.D. movement, where disparate groups were content to be a part of a large unthinking mass; and it is prevalent in modern architecture, which tends to dim expression and individuality, and creates a stereotyped environment.

The school has become a hot bed of totalitarians; anyone doubting this should try expressing a liking for T. S. Eliot's poetry, or try to get a critically valid if controversial point of view printed in the "CHRONICLE." Totalitarians of the Left are recognizable as those who have a mania for categorising everything, and those who hope Billie Jean King does badly at Wimbledon because of her nationality. Those from the Right have been inundated by sheer accumulation of insult, and seem to have given up hope of forcing their opinions upon others.

The pendulum, then, has swung away from the ridiculously totalitarian conformity of the Establishment into the chaotic jungles of non-convention, taking with it a tendency to intellectual flirtation in the form of blind acceptance of ideas, and the annoying habit of thinking only in terms of black and white. In consequence, such undeserving causes as abortion, promiscuity and Ho Chi Minh have gained popular support, and the ridiculous notion has grown up that it is a greater sin to express a wrong-headed opinion that has been contemplated than to express one which is facile, popular and all too often destructive.

D.M. Gritten

De-Nazifying Nietzsche

The concept of Nazism, because of the horrors perpetrated in its name, is righteously shunned by many people as something too terrible to consider seriously. Yet, relying as it does on racial hatred and the yearning for a phoenix-like national revival, it can have powerful emotive appeal which can be combatted only by open minded consideration.

Nazism is claimed to be based on the writings of Friedrich Nietzsche. Nietzsche suggested that God is dead, killed by science and rationalism. Certainly, today, belief in God can be explained by the need for psychological security, and the mechanics of human development and other natural phenomena can be understood more easily than in mediaeval times. But with no God there is no intended purpose, no absolute meaning in life. Consequently, Nietzsche attempted to ascribe some significance to life on the human plane of existence. He gave warning of the ultimate society of complacent satisfaction which many ideologies promise us, and as his alternative suggested that superlative human beings, such as Goethe, should be produced by the human race, not by accident, but by conscious effort.

His views were misrepresented and his words quoted out of context by Nationalist intellectuals while he lay, a helplessly insane invalid until his death in 1900, unable to publish the work that refuted these false ideas, "Ecce Homo." Nietzsche himself, although he preached the doctrine of the Superhuman, despised the nationalism and anti-Semitism of the Nazis. His Superhuman would have had subtler mental attributes than any warrior hero.

This same mental adventure, the logical development of the human passion for truth, was suffocated in the totalitarianism of the Nazi state. The unthinkingly emotional support of the mob was itself indicative of the Nazis' failure as Nietzscheans.

But the Nazis failed also as Nazis. Undeniably, their ultimate aim as National Socialist Party, was to benefit the human race. But while it succeeded in spreading the power of the Nazi state, the military subjugation of other nations failed to spread the ideology of Nazism.

(continued on page 124)

Letters to the editor

On the C.C.F.

From the commanding Officer,
K.E.S. C.C.F.

Sir,

You said in your May Editorial 'A strong man is not afraid of showing his weaknesses.' The C.C.F. certainly is not—frank discussion never hurt anybody when the agreed aim is improvement. The "CHRONICLE" is perfectly entitled to give space to 'revised attitudes' and a 'reevaluation of essentials,' and expect them 'to be intelligently read'; the only thing is that the more 'intelligently' one reads the May self-styled C.C.F. Report the more astounding it becomes. In the first place, it was not a report. The writer (anonymous, of course) rummaged about in the reports duly, and unsuspectingly submitted and picked on odd words like Inspection, Proficiency and Leek and let his revising and reevaluating mind play over them. The result was not a report but a long statement of opinion, certainly containing some news, valid criticism and suggestions for change, but distressingly laced with half-truths, distortions and misapprehensions.

'Bad money drives out good.' What credence ought your readers to give to the 'candid critic' who cannot get his facts right? Let me illustrate by reference to just one topic, the Annual Inspection:

(1) "So often ruined by 'A' Level absenteeism" . . . There was one occasion some years ago when the Naval Section looked very thin on the ground, but even that year no ruination occurred.

(2) "Nearly always a failure because of its proximity to 'A' and 'O' Levels" . . . Most of our Inspecting Officer's Reports have had something critical in them, usually to do with aspects of

turn-out or the March Past, or a technical administrative point, never in my long recollection to do with the quality and worthwhileness of the Contingent as a leadership-encouraging unit.

Let me quote from the latest one (i.e. 1965, 1966 was a 'free year'); "I was not impressed by the March Past in the rain; with exams pressing this is not an easy time of year for practices but I suggest a little more is warranted. The training I saw was extremely lively, cheerful and imaginative; it was good to see the senior cadets taking charge easily and in a sensible manner. This point also came out in my Army (Staff) Officer's report on the Field Day." (This Officer visited Slim Platoon's Field Day at Kinver Edge* and reported as follows: "The N.C.O.s are given considerable responsibility and organise much of the training. This is most successful and much initiative is shown.")

(3) "The Summer Term spent rehearsing for the General Inspection" . . . At the time of writing (20th June) the whole Contingent has been available this term on five Fridays. After 'O/A' Level leave two Fridays will remain before the day of the Inspection. So far I have paraded the whole Contingent only for two half-hours for the purpose of teeing-up the Ceremonial aspect. I have always been prepared to run the risk of criticism that we are under-rehearsed in this respect. I shall continue to do so. What must be really good in the Inspection programme are the items which illustrate the training and the capacity of the N.C.O.s to present it. I want both Service representatives and parents to go away thinking we justify our existence.

In these as in other matters I am not the final judge, and 'a divine dis-

* What not, 'Perennially at Leek'?

satisfaction' is in any case highly desirable on both sides of the Orderly Room door. Your correspondent, despite his propensity for muddying the water and rocking the boat (is he in the Naval Section, I wonder? A rejected suitor of the Commodore's daughter?) has alerted us to the one thing that really matters in the Contingent—that the N.C.O.s are prepared to think. It is said that you cannot put old heads on young shoulders, but how about putting young hearts in seasoned rib cages? Officers and N.C.O.s this is a Warning Order!

L.K.J.C.

Two Comments

Sir,

This year has seen the Cadet Force urgently seeking self-reform, the trend being initiated by the controversial, if somewhat inaccurate report in the last "CHRONICLE," and a certain alarm from the officers at a couple of prominent N.C.O.s handing in their resignations in the Summer Term. Almost every possible attempt has been made by the officers to avert this discontent from the ranks; an official meeting was held to discuss grievances, but everyone was reluctant to voice complaints in front of officers, and only an unofficial meeting held later proved fruitful. Thus it might be advantageous to outline some grievances discussed, for they provide a far more representative view of popular opinion than did the article in the previous issue of this magazine; this was written by one of the Navy N.C.O.s, who these days tend to be out of touch with the other sections, and notoriously contented with their lot.

However, the presence of Navy N.C.O.s at the unofficial meeting proved extremely useful, in that they showed the others what a Cadet Force life can be like. Arising from this, it is imperative that the Army, Navy and Air Force sections should work in much closer harmony than previously, as well as

expand ambitiously. The C.C.F. would become a much more attractive proposition if a cadet in any section had the chance of carrying out such a wide range of activities as signals, gliding, mountaineering, and canoeing. Something else which arose from the Navy N.C.O.s was that their section is much more liberal in spending its grant than the other sections, for they have purchased several canoes and sailing dinghies in the last few years. There was a unanimous feeling that the C.C.F. should publish a yearly statement of accounts for each section, and an unpleasant suspicion from several N.C.O.s that a surplus of officers reduced the army's grant for practical use. Certainly a very wise investment for the Army section would be the purchase of a second-hand three-tonner truck, which would cost in the region of £200 and which would revolutionize Friday afternoon activities.

The question of officers proved to be extremely stormy; Army N.C.O.s, especially those from Slim Company, complained that they suffered from a surplus of officers and a surfeit of over-regulation. These claims are quite justified; one officer per company is sufficient, and their role should be one of helpful supervision rather than direct administration. If the C.C.F. were to combine and expand along the lines already suggested, there would still be enough work for all the officers to do without having to be attached to a particular company.

The C.C.F. is still capable of attracting and keeping recruits, if only it develops its potential in the right places. For example, Shooting should remain a privilege open to C.C.F. members only and a reversion could be effected to 303 shooting at Kingsbury, coach expenses being obliterated by the use of the aforementioned three-tonner. More could also be made out of week-end camps, the decision to hold three single Field Days in the year 1967-68 is one of

the saddest blunders ever committed, and the reasons for the decision should be made known as soon as possible. Two, or even one week-end camp each year would prove far more interesting from the training point of view: Leek, in spite of its sombre appearance (black Nissen huts with peeling paint), is generally enjoyed, and would be appreciated even more if the camp subscriptions were doubled. This would be well within the means of all parents (because it costs at least 25/- to feed a cadet over a week-end) and would result in greatly improved facilities.

This, of course, shows only the N.C.O.s side of the picture, and a defence of C.C.F. policy may be found elsewhere in this magazine, from the Commanding Officer. It is quite justifiable to admit that the outlook of some N.C.O.s has been undesirable; there tends to be a dichotomy between the casual and the self-righteous, and if a new lead is given by the Orderly Room as a result of the recent upheavals, then N.C.O.s must play fair, and fulfil their side of the bargain. There is a popular feeling abroad that the C.C.F. is dying on its feet, but radical changes within the next year may help to dispel this contention.

D.M. Gritten, (Sgt.)

Sir,

After reading the "C.C.F. Report" in the last "CHRONICLE" it is necessary that some protest be made about its general contents.

The "old fashioned need for discipline" has not been left behind. The need for discipline is as strong as ever—only the discipline is lacking. The C.C.F. is run on a military basis, and as such must use military procedures. Any would-be entrant to the corps must realise that drill and "bull," in moderation, are essential to the contingent. Anyone who refuses to face these facts should not join. There are several persons in the corps now who do not

accept that military training is necessary—these people make life just as difficult for N.C.O.s and other ranks as do any weaknesses in the officers.

Proficiency exams are an official requirement, and as such inescapable. The time spent on training would be reduced if the cadets worked harder. Once the novelty of wearing a uniform has worn off, cadets become a nuisance to themselves and others by not co-operating with N.C.O.s, (this is not, of course, true in all cases, but in the majority). Once "proficiency" has been struggled through, the cadets find themselves N.C.O.s, and the cycle repeats itself. I propose therefore, that the root of the trouble is the general immaturity of the 14-16 year old groups who constitute the rank and file of the C.C.F.

In conclusion it must be said that the comments on Field Day at Leek given in the last report were completely erroneous. For instance, neither were the potatoes blackened nor the beds lumpy. I suggest that in future writers of the report in question should put down the facts as opposed to a cynical criticism that serves no useful purpose.

B. A. Austin

" CHRONICLE "

Sir,

The ennui that results from the reading of reports of school events is so acutely and so widely felt that some have advocated "cutting reports down to a minimum" or even doing away with them altogether. Such suggestions are, I think, mistaken, for it is essential that serious accounts of the many aspects of school life are published as official and easily accessible records. Hansard may be immensely tedious in parts, but it is still published. The first of the new-style Chronicles attempted to enliven the production with a certain humour that easily degenerated into facetiousness. I approve of humour and wit as an ingredient in our school magazine (un-

fortunately real humour and wit barely exist among the members of King Edward's School), but it seems to me that all school reports should be written briefly, accurately, seriously and without frivolity, as indeed some were. As long as our magazine is called "CHRONICLE" it must chronicle events. (Were it not obviously too expensive an idea, I would advocate the revival of "Miscellany" as a separate literary production). If our reports, as some would wish, are to be nothing more than a collection of chatty off-hand reminiscences then we should discontinue the title "CHRONICLE" (which would be a good idea anyway, since it is such an unevocative and unimaginative title).

The editors of 1875 endeavoured to "chronicle all events of interest to the school." We must do the same in 1967. But what is "of interest to the school"? It is, alas, certainly not of general interest that it was the distinguished head of an Oxford college that spoke to us on Speech Day. The truth of the matter is that most of us don't know what we ought to be interested in, if that is not too dogmatic a way of putting it! Instead of permitting childish facetiae we must develop corporate spirit. We must change the boy, not the report. This is one of the major problems of our school. I am not overcome with curiosity by the latest news of the vicissitudes of the Cricket XI and the Rugby XV, but that is no reason for not publishing in serious language what the flannelled fools and muddled oafs have been up to.

P. J. F. Craig

The Image of the Foundation

Sir,

Recently, the school has built an athletics track and a new music school, and our female counterparts across the drive have built a covered, heated indoor swimming pool. All these are examples of the thin paint that is used to decorate and apparently to improve the image of

the King Edward's Schools Foundation. The Athletics Track is under-used and requires considerable expensive maintenance. The New Music School is also under-used, and could have been better designed as a general purpose hall with associated rooms. The girls' swimming pool is obviously well-used, but expense would have been spared if the schools had co-operated in improving the boys' baths.

The image of the Foundation could be more honestly maintained by the achievements and attitudes of the pupils, for they are the best publicity. There are days when the school 'shows itself off,' like Speech Days, Exhibitions and General Inspections, but it is obvious that there is only a thin veneer of worth. The pupils are made to feel that their purpose at King Edward's is to serve the Foundation. Apparently what matters is the maintenance and glorification of the status of the school. The Athletics track and music school were built for the same reason.

In the long run, the status of the school would be improved and maintained by the people it turns out. There are individuals in the Upper school who ascend mountains, descend caves, rock climb, canoe, dive with aqualungs and take part in other dangerous and strenuous activities. It is my belief that a physical activity linked with mental effort moulds the character of the person taking part in it. This school has only weakly attempted to further these pursuits. This is because of the crippling restrictions imposed on the time available for them, by Saturday morning school. This three hour period in the week-end is openly retained only as a layer of the same paint that I criticised before. Apparently the abandonment of Saturday morning school would make us 'lose face' in the eyes of other schools and the public. If the week-end was free, the scouts, corps and adventurous individuals would be able to follow the pursuits

they choose. The image of the Foundation would be improved, not weakened, by the achievements of these people and the loss of Saturday morning. Those who wish to take part in these activities may be a minority, but I am sure they would be greater in number than the athletes who regularly utilise the track, and the musicians who regularly utilise the music school. Many schools own vehicles and even cottages in the wilder parts of the country to be used by the pupils. The expense of these does not compare with the cost of track, music school and swimming baths. We are frequently told that the examinations are not the sole purpose in life. "We are at school to become complete persons" but so far the Foundation has done little to implement this aim.

The attitudes and achievements of the boys reflect the worth of the school, and I believe that these are neglected at King Edward's.

R. J. Arculus

On Apartheid (two letters)

Sir,

Apart from containing numerous factual errors, T. C. Webb's article in defence of apartheid in the last edition of the "CHRONICLE" was a masterpiece of misguided irrelevancies.

The Bantu will receive the land that is historically theirs, we are told. "History" includes the Native Land Act of 1913 which prohibited Africans from acquiring land outside the "Bantu Areas" which comprised only 13 per cent of the area of South Africa. Thus, while the African population has more than trebled in the last half-century, these extra eight million Africans have been restricted to a very small proportion of the land. This is what South African propagandists call "history."

How can one defend the system of Bantu education, either, when, while £70 is spent on each white child, only £7 is allotted to each African child's education. Add to this the fact that African parents

are, unlike their white counterparts obliged to buy most of the textbooks that their children need and a true picture emerges.

Furthermore, what "Bantu education" there is is better described as a system of indoctrination than of education—a system expressly designed to instil into the African child a sense of his own inferiority. Professor Horace Bondmann, an American educationist, told the United Nations that Bantu education was "a political tool with which to perpetuate the White man's dominance of the Black man . . . There had at no time in history been witnessed an educational system better calculated to inflict lasting deformation on many millions of human beings." In 1953, Dr. Verwoerd, then Minister of Native Affairs, only confirmed this view when he said "there is no place for him (the African) in the European community above the level of certain forms of labour—for that reason it is of no avail for him to receive a training which has as its aim absorption in the European community."

At this moment all but 4 per cent of the African children in school are in primary school, being taught how to become good kitchen "boys," mine "boys," and garden "boys."

Apart from the degrading injustices of apartheid, it is just not practicable. The theory is that industry should be based on the borders of the African Reserves so that the natives won't have to live in "white man's South Africa." But the major industries are the mining of diamonds, gold, and uranium. Is Mr. Vorster going to attempt to move these mineral deposits to the borders too? A recent report of the Johannesburg City Council, furthermore, in contradiction of the Government's policy of sending Africans back to their "homelands," says that they need more, not fewer Africans to work in the city.

The South African Government spends

proportionately more on propaganda than almost any other country in the world. It seems that their attempts to galvanize an odious policy of oppression with a thin veneer of illusory wealth and justice has had some effect on the susceptible minds of the western world.

S. A. Robinson

Sir,

Please allow me to correct some of the more blatant half-truths in the article "In Defence of Apartheid" in your last issue.

This article states that the idea that "this area (the Bantustans) which is greater than England, Wales and Belgium with a population of 56,000,000 people, should support 13,000,000 Bantu in 1975 is not unreasonable." (sic). This seems *extremely* naive, as England, Wales and Belgium are fertile countries which also have many natural resources and much industrial development. The one Bantustan so far set up, the Transkei, is largely arid, lacking in mineral resources, and almost totally undeveloped. It is worth noting that the author only mentions the Bantu; there will be no "Colouredstans" or "Asianstans."

The author quotes Dr. Verwoerd as saying that the main aim of Bantu education would be the elimination of illiteracy. May I add another statement made in 1959 by the Department of Native Affairs which stated that the main aim of Bantu education was "to keep the Bantu child a Bantu child"?

Education for whites is free; coloured people must pay for secondary education. They must also pay much (at secondary schools, *all*) of the cost of books. Ten times as much money is spent per annum on the education of a white child as on that of a coloured child.

It is news to me that the Bantustans are ever going to become economically viable. All that they will be are nominally independent satellites of South Africa proper. To quote a distinguished

observer, "I think the policy (that of establishing Bantustans) is a complete sham."

The very policy of apartheid is abominable enough, but what is even worse is the tyrannical way it is put into practice. Can there be any defence of such affronts to human dignity as the pass laws and the 180-day detention-without-trial laws, to cite but two? I feel that there cannot.

Therefore, Sir, I feel that the only answer to the question which concludes the article *must*, if we have any feelings whatsoever, be a most emphatic "Yes!"

N. E. Hickman

"Gaily Coloured Artifice" — Reply
Sir,

In reply to the article in the last edition of the "CHRONICLE" I feel that I must point out how contradictory the "Rise of the Gaily Coloured Artifice" was.

Primarily the author D. C. Allanson, says, "We must therefore look elsewhere than Socialism for the basic root of twentieth century change!" Yet only seven lines further on he changes his mind and extols the virtues of socialism in these words. "Socialist tendencies in themselves would avert class barriers, without restricting individuality."

In any society there will always be 'the leaders' and 'the led.' The employer and the employee. This must happen for a community to exist at all.

As soon as one begins removing these 'so-called' class barriers, what happens? There are two main results: (1) all incentive for free enterprise is taken away; (2) all people are forced to live in the same manner.

If all class barriers are removed who leads the country? In George Orwell's words, 'those who are more equal than the others.' Immediately the class system is restored.

Later on Allanson attacks mass-production but, like nearly all socialist





critics, he offers no alternative for those made redundant by stopping mass-production, no alternative for increases in prices of goods and lastly no alternative method of producing goods for the 57 million people in Great Britain today. For these reasons we must have a class system and mass production.

J. S. Wheatley

TWO POINTS

(1) The passages Wheatley draws attention to do not contradict one another: socialist tendencies in themselves would avert class-barriers without restricting individuality, but what has happened in this century has been the gradual aversion of class-barriers with great restriction of individuality—this is why we must look to the unhappy exploitation of mass-production and consumption for the cause of twentieth century change rather than the spread of neo-socialist tendencies in our thinking.

(2) I agree that mass-production is inevitable, so to suggest alternate methods of industry is pointless. To some extent it is mass-production which has merged strata in society by making them 'accept the same material products, and therefore the same ethics,' but in the main I believe it is capitalist exploitation of mass-production, through the expensive and wasteful lies of advertising and various other huge economic atrocities, which has made our society as classless (yet class- and status-conscious), as average, conformist, and as excited by trivia as it is. Advertising as we know it could not exist in a truly socialist state. But it is a socialist mass-production I'm asking for, not a socialism of hand-weavers and scythe-wielders, as Wheatley imagines.

D. C. Allanson

The Library — Reply

Dear Sir, in many past "CHRONICLE"s there have been loud wailings from the Library about misconduct there. Hasn't the penny dropped yet in the mind of Authority, I wonder? How much longer before someone realises the *real* reason for misbehaviour, namely, the stupidity of the Library Rules? Is there any *real* reason, apart from a built-in resistance to any weakening of the Librarians' powers, why the following should not be allowed?

(1) Playing chess.

(2) Sensible, *quiet*, conversation (remember, a Librarian may talk as much as, and as loud as, he wishes, a privilege which far too many Librarians abuse, while if a pleb so much as says "Good morning" he is liable to be put into the Black Book).

(3) Carrying bags, which is also quite all right if a Librarian does it.

In addition to these, I feel that some more careful supervision of the use of the Black Book would surely be sensible. While a Librarian deserves respect in the Library, he should not be given a free hand to intimidate anybody he likes, at any time, in any place, as at present.

In the last "CHRONICLE" there appeared a very sensible suggestion that all out of date and/or worthless books should be removed from the shelves and sold. Nothing whatever has come out of this, to my knowledge, nor does any action seem likely.

Yours, etc.,

A Frustrated Scientist

Some of these complaints are, alas, justified. Librarians **are** often the worst offenders as regards making a row (although they are not officially allowed to talk unless they are discussing library business), and similarly they sometimes intimidate prospective rioters so as to gain the lead in the Black Book Stakes. But such activities are almost exclusively reserved to the Librarians in the Fifties. These worthies wield the same powers as do their colleagues higher up the School, and inevitably some tend to lack the maturity to use them properly. Were the School able to provide from the Divisions and above an adequate number of Librarians who would be keen and efficient enough for the job, then the Library Staff could dispense with less mature boys. But, in the last few years, the vast majority of those in Blocks A and B who have applied to Librarians have had to be rejected because they have been unable (or unprepared) to accept the duties which go with the privileges which Librarians enjoy.

As for playing chess and conversing sensibly and quietly in the Library, one must ask oneself what the purpose of the Library is. Chess may be played in the Dining Hall or, indeed in any

one of the form-rooms throughout the School. Must the Library be invaded, then, by hordes of little chessmen hysterically hissing "Check!" at each other? Perhaps this is the "sensible, quiet conversation" envisaged by the writer? Has he considered the cumulative effect of several groups of boys talking "quietly" in the Library? The sustained buzz would be enough to prevent concentration by anybody who was trying to work seriously.

Librarians are allowed to carry bags in the Library because they may use the Reserve in order to work, and also as a place in which they may leave their books. Is it really asking too much of members of the School that they leave their bags in their lockers during Library periods? Boys manage to steal far too many books with their bare hands. Must they be allowed the use of carpet bags to help them in such enterprises?

A. J. B. Winter's letter in the last "CHRONICLE" has, in fact, been acted upon. Many mouldering books have been removed in the annual check, and anyone who bewails the lack of good novels in the Fiction Section might venture with profit into the English Section. If he still fails to find a suitable book, then he will no doubt join the Librarians in cursing the thieves who remove nearly all the best books within six months of their acquisition.

A. R. Wallace

Image?

Sir,

The parent whose letter was published in the last "CHRONICLE" appears to support the dangerous fallacy that because certain conventions of behaviour have existed in the past they are automatically applicable to our present situation.

The individuality, even eccentricity, to which he objects, are, whether consciously or not, an expression of revolt against the amorphous, "1984"-type, conformist society towards which his generation are leading us. Those who lacked either the courage or the opportunity to break away from the constricting conformity of the society they inherited should not deny us the right to our own idiosyncrasies. The natural tendency of youth to question the values and standards of its elders must be recognised as a factor essentially

beneficial to human progress. There is only one society in the world where this tendency is suppressed, and youth is controlled completely by its elders. Those who wish for total subservience of our generation to theirs need only look to Communist China to see the fruits of such a policy.

Our "great heritage and glorious tradition," of which the parent is obviously proud, were not gained by such methods of suppression, and those who advocate them should not be content to criticize youth merely for its refusal to subordinate individual personality to social convention.

C. C. Maltby

Roadworthy?

Sir,

We are constantly being told by the Road Safety Authorities that one of the ways by which our roads could be made safer for all those who use them is by giving better and more easily obtained Driving Instruction to Motor Car drivers. To assist in this the two principal motoring organisations hold courses in car driving at schools. Schools in the Birmingham area have had these courses but we have not even been asked by the Powers-that-be if we would be interested in one. Every boy in the school has two half-days a week; surely this could be fitted in on one of these days. The ideal age for those on the course would be sixteen, i.e., just before a boy takes out a provisional licence. This would be time very well spent.

R. S. Green

Blazers

Sir,

Is it possible that some day the school will allow us to wear a lightweight, preferably light-coloured, blazer? The present heavy-weight, dark blazers are too warm in summer, and uncomfortably heavy when worn with a mac in winter.

J. Minkes

SHERATON-BLACKTONE HOTEL Chicago, Illinois

Sir,

March 1967

The Travel Page of the *New York Times* today depicts the uncomfortable grin of the Lord Mayor of Birmingham, England. He is inviting me to spend my next British vacation in his Progressive City. Visions of the pageantry of youthful Speech Days pass before me, the Mayor portentous in his robes, the visiting dignitaries, the shuffling Governors, all that glorying in the game, the resolute quest for the thickened scrimmage.

I believed in it all then. I gave humble and hearty thanks with the best of them. Then three years of Oxbridge woke me sharply from a dream of triumphant bourgeois virtue. The awakening was painful not only in the adjustment to a new *weltanschauung* but also in a grievous sense of having been deceived. The world is run on a complex reciprocal system of sycophancy and patronage for which my education had totally failed to prepare me. A crash programme of corruption has enabled me to win a little in the game, but my main grief, one that grows keener with the years, was the realisation that I could no longer hope for contentment in a land that was inseparably associated with a discarded vision of the beautiful. A sophisticated friend who knows about such things, remarked sympathetically that it would be like continually bumping into an ex-mistress.

So I left England and shrugged off the husks of old ideals. England was cant and ill-judged expediency, a land of old men and lackeys. I did not expect to find America pleasant and it is not. The essential brutishness of the prevailing ethic here, the cynical pseudo-democracy of government, the shallow sentimentality of self-awareness give this nation the dangerous inconsequence of the schizophrenic. It will continue to

attract your scientists and destroy your artists because scientists need money and artists enjoy money, but the only moral of America for the poor and huddled masses of the world is that mere forms of democracy will not guarantee a virtuous government.

One personal benefit of my being here is that I can take a more tranquil view of the faults and uncertainties of my native land. The English have yet to come to terms with their history and accept it with magnanimity. Imperial yearnings and post-colonial self-abasement are both ridiculous and egalitarian moralising ill becomes you. You gave up the Empire because you no longer had resources or courage to maintain it, not because you had suddenly realised that wogs are human. The important thing about history as Santayana said, is that people who do not understand it are compelled to repeat it. The incomparable gift of having lived and reflected on a full national life could fit Britain to make a useful eirenic contribution to a world dominated by anomic post-revolutionary peoples such as Americans and Chinese. This will only be if you can be seen to have profited from your insight. If you value history merely for bogus traditions to foist on to schoolboys or as a means to maintain a tourist trade you will have made your last noteworthy failure.

Here, Sir, lies the substance of my tale. My education at King Edward's, though technically superb, was ideologically unrealistic. The values we were taught related to a world which does not, and perhaps never did, exist. Granted, we were the spawn of a mercenary and Philistine City, we were in danger of becoming ingenious but narrow-minded technicians. In spite of this we deserved, I think, something better in the way of

worldly instruction than the Boys' Own Paper Public School ethics that were handed out to us. We were not all the sons of shrewd Brummie businessmen, schooled at our mothers' knees in the world's deceptions. Some of us sprang from long lines of failures, the well-meaning dupes of a capitalist society. Many of my generation left school blazing briefly as academic meteorites, with potential and aspiration that they lacked the wit and the ruthlessness to fulfill.

Was all this simply a thing of one generation straddled uneasily between the pre- and post-war worlds ?

Where could my son find an education informed by a practical idealism which deals neither with the shibboleths of my youth nor the superficiality of the Colour Supplement Culture ? At King Edward's with its new swinging "CHRONICLE" would you think, Sir ? I would value your opinion. After all it did not matter very much ten years ago, but nowadays a man cannot afford the luxury of changing his philosophy at the age of twenty.

Yours faithfully,

Old Edwardian

(continued from page 114)

Even their 'final solution' of the Jewish problem, abhorrent to all humane and rational men, was inconsistent with their aim of developing the human race to perfection. For if the Jewish people had some sort of stranglehold on the country it would demonstrate only their success as human beings in the existing society. And if, this being the case, the society were to be basically changed for the better by Nazism, then, as the fittest generally survive, those best developed to exist in this perfect state would become dominant. The massacre of millions of innocent Jews served only to testify to the weakness of an ideology that could exist only by force and was therefore not worthy of support.

The Nazis, therefore, were wrong. Like all totalitarian systems, the Nazi state used military achievements and mob emotionalism not because of a firm conviction in their doctrine, but because the ideology could not withstand rational criticism.

Any positive answer to nihilism must therefore stem from the intelligence of the individual. Not only must he try to achieve perfection ; he must decide the way to do so by original thinking. In Nietzsche's words : " Yes, a sacred Yes is needed, my brothers, for the sport of creation : the spirit now wills its own will, the spirit sundered from the world now wins its own world."

A. B. Holloway

CHESS SOLUTION

Black forces a draw as follows :

- | | | | |
|-----------|----------|----------|----------|
| 1. QxKt. | QxBP ch | 4. RxR | Q-Q8 ch. |
| 2. R-Kt2 | R-KKt1 ! | 5. R-Kt1 | Q-B6 ch. |
| 3. R-KKt1 | RxR | 6. R-Kt2 | Q-Q8 ch. |

and Black draws by perpetual check. All White's moves are forced.



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'Let's see . . . when you start off there are several scales of salary to suit different abilities. In Central London it ranges from £595 to £655 at the age of eighteen and at twenty-two from £775 to £1,100. In the country slightly less. Interested?'

'Yes!'

If you have at least five 'O' levels (including Maths and English) and preferably two 'A' levels, and want to know more, phone the Manager of your local Westminster Bank or complete and post this coupon.

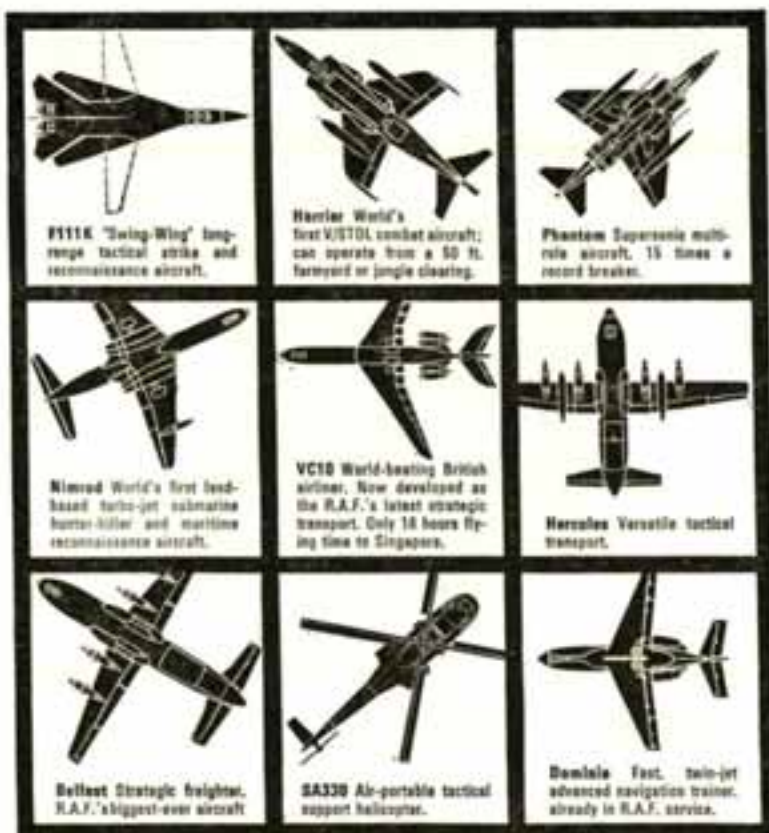
To: General Manager, Staff Control, Westminster Bank Ltd., 41 Lothbury, London, E.C.2.

Please send me more information about careers at Westminster Bank.

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ADDRESS.....





Have you any plans for the future? Above are some of the R.A.F.'s

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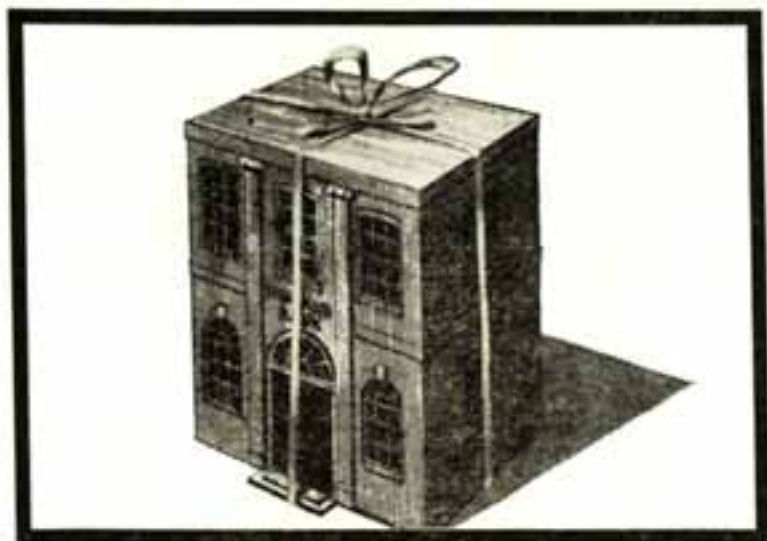
If you are interested, now is the time to do something about it. Ask your Careers Master for some R.A.F. pamphlets—or

get him to arrange for you to meet your R.A.F. Schools Liaison Officer for an informal chat.

Or, if you prefer, write to Group Captain M. A. D'Arcy, R.A.F., Adastral House (25HDI), London, WC1. Please give your date of birth and say what qualifications you have or are studying for (minimum 5 G.C.E. 'O' levels including English language and mathematics), and whether you are more interested in a flying or ground branch career.

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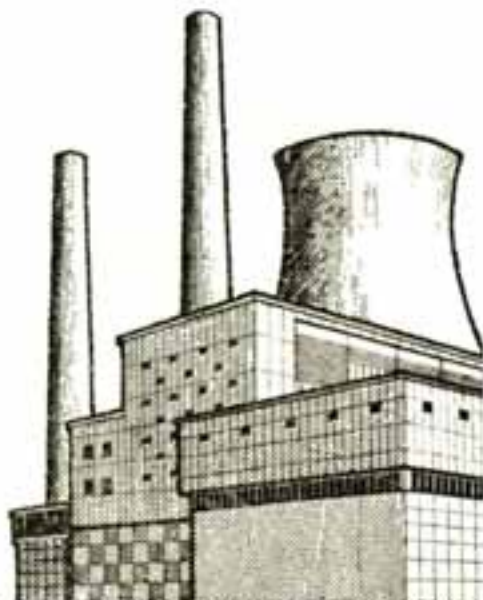
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All Section Headings and "Whrr" by D. Taylor.

Photographs

- | | |
|-----------------|------------------------------------------------|
| I. D. Lamb : | facing pages 72, 92a, 93, 108a, 109, 120, 121. |
| S. A. Atkin : | facing pages 73a, 92b, 100, 101. |
| S. C. Baker : | facing page 85. |
| R. J. Arculus : | facing page 108b. |

As a postscript, a word must be said about this edition's photographs. We have attempted a broad selection based very much on people and places functioning as part of the School. K.E.S. is not an amorphous generalisation, but a mass of assorted individuals, and individuals are invariably interesting, whether at work or not. Here some are displayed in the various environments fostered by the School. We hope to maintain the supply of photographs—remember that we are always looking for more.

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL CLUB

Statement of Accounts for Year, 1st April, 1966, to 31st March, 1967

INCOME	£	s.	d.
To Governors' Grant	350	0	0
" Heath Testimonial Fund	11	18	8
" Levett Trust	11	11	0
" Mayo Trust	15	2	2
" Old Boys' Permanent Contributory Fund	8	9	0
" Solomon Memorial Trust	2	3	10
" Honorary Members' Subscriptions	66	9	6
" Boys' Subscriptions	694	0	0
" Grant from School Stock	600	0	0

(Signed) J. C. Roberts,
Hon. Treasurer.

Examined and found correct,
D. Clegg } Hon.
P. Morris } Auditors.

£1759 14 2

EXPENDITURE	£	s.	d.
By Football	182	18	3
" Cricket	516	12	2
" Athletics	100	6	11
" Swimming	38	5	9
" Fives	239	11	11
" Tennis	117	3	2
" Rowing	18	16	0
" Cross Country	45	11	7
" Fencing	29	2	6
" Squash Rackets	25	4	0
" Gymnastics	5	4	9
" Basket Ball	6	6	5
" Judo	1	0	4
" Shooting	7	9	
" Chess	29	3	5
" " CHRONICLE "	234	7	0
" Civic Society	7	6	
" Natural History Society	3	10	0
" Photographic Society	1	7	2
" Modern Language Society	1	6	6
" Aeronautical Society	1	0	0
" Geographical Society	15	0	
" Christian Guild	3	0	
" Printing and Stationery	111	6	6
" Postage and Telephone	8	6	6
" Bank Charges	15	0	

£1718 19 1

	£	s.	d.
Receipts for year ending March 31st 1967	1759	14	2
Expenditure for year ending March 31st, 1967	1718	19	1
Balance	40	15	1
Deficit brought forward, April 1st, 1966	82	1	2
Deficit carried forward, April 1st, 1967	£41	6	1

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N. J. F. CRAIG,
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Honorary Membership of the School Club (which includes a subscription to "CHRONICLE") is open to all Old Edwardians and to parents of boys in the School, and friends of the School at a subscription of not less than ten shillings per annum. It affords to Old Boys a means of keeping in touch with the School and at the same time of giving support to the School Club. Subscriptions should be made payable to "King Edward's School Club" and sent to the Hon. Treasurer at the School.

