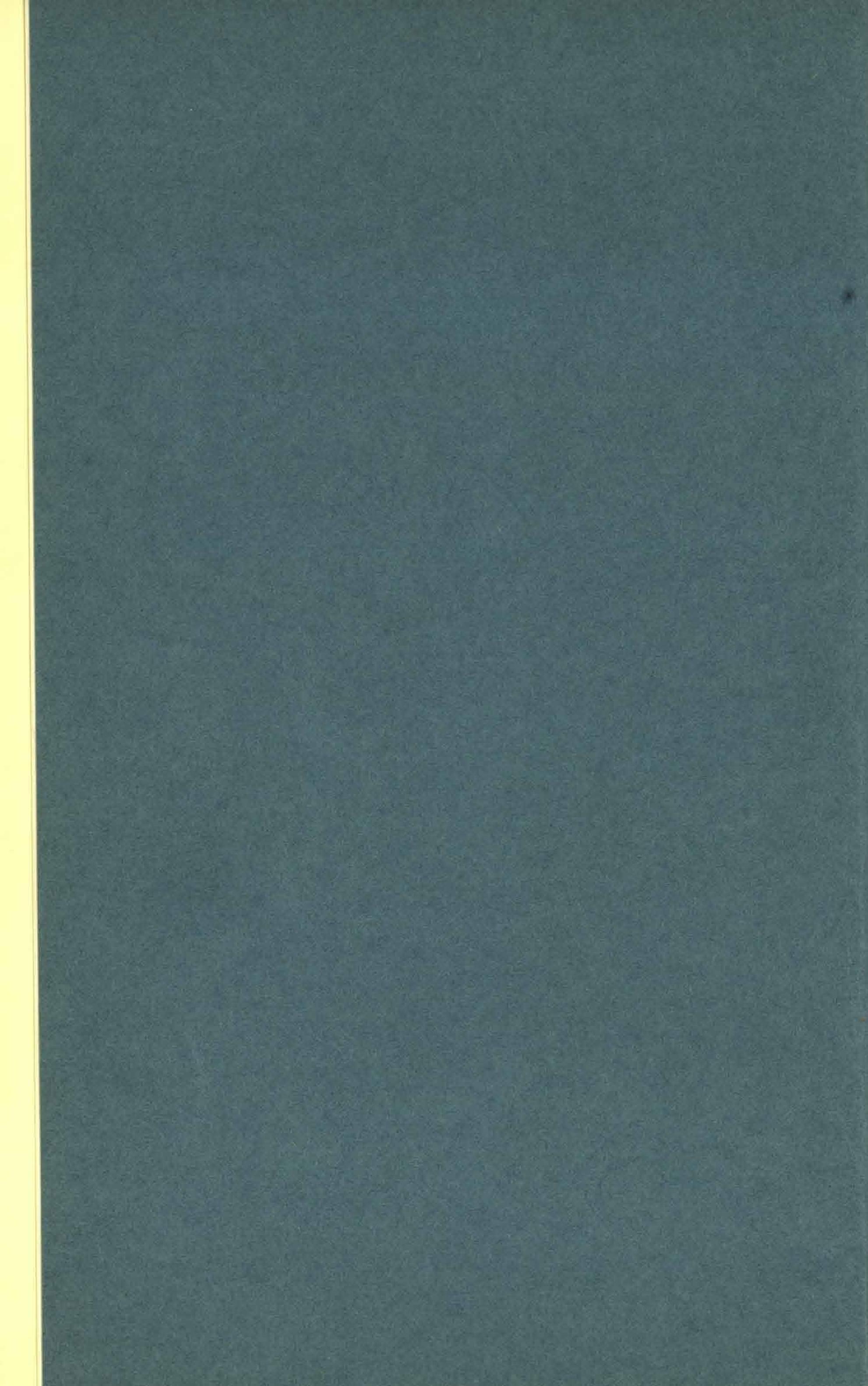


KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL



CHRONICLE





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KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

MAY

CHRONICLE

EDITORIAL

Vol. 1, No. 1

We feel the best way of launching this new publication is a clear statement of our intentions, in order that you may co-operate with, or criticise us. 'Chronicle' is based on reporting, of external as well as internal events, and as such, is intended to provide a stimulus to school-thinking. Although the editorial board will strive to achieve this aim as fully as possible, we would deeply appreciate reports from House captains and officials, Society secretaries, and games captains to help us in our task. And of course, general articles and original work will be most gratefully received. This term 'Chronicle' will appear on the twelfth day of each month, and the final dates for the entry of your submissions are in the School Calendar. We hope you will contribute with prolificness and enthusiasm, for by your contributions, 'Chronicle' falls or stands. And with that, we have smashed the bottle of champagne.

CALENDAR

Results from March 10 to May 1

During the last two weeks of the Lent Term:

Inter-House 'Country Life' Shooting Competition

1. Jeune	321
2. Levett	315
3. Heath	314
4. Evans	307
5. Prince Lee	295
6. Cary Gilson	294
7. Gifford	293
8. Vardy	278

In the semi-finals of the Greater Birmingham Schools Seven-a-Side Competition at Moseley, the Rugby Seven were beaten by King Charles I School, Kidderminster.

March 26—House Music Competition—Part II

1. Levett	80 pts.
2. Cary Gilson	70 pts.
3. = Gifford and Jeune	65 pts.
5. Evans	64 pts.
6. Vardy	59 pts.
7. Prince Lee	57 pts.
8. Heath	55 pts.

The overall result of the 1968/9 House Music Competition is as follows:

1. Levett	168 pts.
2. Jeune	151 pts.
3. Gifford	147 pts.
4. Prince Lee	142 pts.
5. Evans	141 pts.
6. Cary Gilson	140 pts.
7. Vardy	131 pts.
8. Heath	127 pts.

April 25—Foundation Athletics Match

1. Five Ways	79 pts.
2. K.E.S.	67 pts.
3. Aston	63 pts.
4. Camp Hill	36 pts.

The Sunday Times Chess Competition

The chess team reached the last eight by beating Dulwich College 5—1.

EVENTS

The Social Calendar up to June 17

May	8	Individual Music Competition.
"	12	The Forum, 'Student Unrest.'
"	16	C.C.F. Inspection at 6.00 p.m.
"	23/27	Half Term.
"	29/31	Junior Dramatic Society — 'Noye's Fludde' by Benjamin Britten.
June	2	G.C.E. commences.

The Sporting Calendar up to June 7

May	3	Athletics Sports.
"	7	Athletics v. Solihull (a).
"	10	XI v. Wrekin (a). Tennis v. Wrekin (a). Athletics v. Denstone and Ratcliffe (a). Swimming v. Trent (h).
"	13	Athletics v. Malvern and King's, Worcester (h). Tennis 1st VI v. Manchester Grammar School (a).
"	17	XI v. Denstone (h). Athletics v. Warwick (h). Tennis v. Denstone (h). Swimming v. Repton and Bromsgrove (a).
"	24	XI v. R.G.S., Worcester (h).
"	31	Athletics v. Ellesmere and Repton (a).
June	7	XI v. Wyggeston (a). Tennis v. Wyggeston (h).

SCHOOL DIARY

'Nothing will come of nothing,' says King Lear, and unfortunately 'nothing' is what I am faced with, in compiling this diary. The end of the Lent Term arrived with alarming haste, the end of the holidays arrived with a haste even more alarming, and within three days of being back at school, the machine has swung uninspiringly back into action, threatening examinations before another 'end of term' in eleven weeks' time (eleven weeks—it won't seem that long). This emotionally deadening acceleration of time tends to drain significance out of any event, and the few things that happened, during the short period this diary covers, received the same paralysing blow.

On the last day of the Lent Term, a School Captain and his second-in-command, together with a host of prefects and other seniors, left the School with an echo of a tired ovation in their ears, and two young men (or elderly boys) have stepped quietly into their positions, but there is no feeling of change. Perhaps this is due to the quiet efficiency of C. C. Maltby and J. S. P. Cape, who have fitted into their predecessors' positions with calm and ease, causing no stir of change amongst their inferiors; but whatever it is, a change in the hierarchy should make some impression on somebody somewhere, and I suspect that Maltby and Cape are the only ones who will feel it.

A few days before that undramatic last day of term, we had a Field Day (March 24). Amongst the varied events was a Drama Group revue rehearsal, a Scout camp, and a trip to Lincoln

(there is a full report on Field Day elsewhere). Two days later came the second part of the House Music Competition (the Choirs), which was much less interesting than the first. There were only three original pieces, one of incredible tedium, one which sounded like the ending of a 1940's Hollywood music, and one involving trebles singing of disease and corruption (the first time I have seen an adjudicator embarrassed). The rest of the pieces took one back to the musical 'politesse' prevalent in this competition about three years ago, and even the winning choir (a predictable, inevitable victory) was not as good as usual. So, overall, it was a let-down.

During the afternoon of the same day (March 26) the Drama Group presented 'The Mary Cooney Show' in Big School, to a sizeable, but financially ungenerous audience. This again was a disappointment; it lacked the conciseness of their last revue—'Suddenly It's Queen Victoria'—and occasionally delved into the vulgar humour of dirty-minded 14-year-olds (though, in all fairness to the writers, the audience laughed at every innuendo). The following day was the term's last (we wouldn't have known, had it not been for the silverware display on stage).

There were two important events during the holidays. The first took place on the first Monday, when the last rites (known as the 'pasting-up') of the old 'Chronicle' were performed. There was a goodly number of mourners, showing no signs of mourning. The second took place on April 18 at the White City, where Ian Baird (an Old Edwardian) represented Cambridge against Oxford in an athletics match—at last, an achievement to jot down.

And on April 24, the Summer Term began. And so far, nothing of note has occurred. So, feeling like Mrs. Dale on an off-day, I have to admit that nothing has indeed come of nothing.

HOUSE MUSIC COMPETITION

Part 2 (Choral), March 26

The choral stage of the House Music Competition was held on the last Wednesday of the Lent Term, and was adjudicated by Mr. David Turnbull, the Director of Music at Solihull School. Although the standard of the performances was not as high as it had been in the orchestral stage of the competition, the choirs presented an interesting contrast of traditional and more original compositions.

Of the traditional items, Levett's 'Alleluia,' by Thomas Weelkes, was clearly the best performance, and in fact, was judged to be worth 10 more marks than Cary Gilson's 'Sweet Day,' by Vaughan Williams, its nearest rival. P. K. Dews' original song, 'Voices,' was surprisingly monotonous when compared with the piece put forward by the same composer for the orchestral competition last December, but was, nevertheless, given third place. Of the three original compositions, I thought that Prince Lee's 'Eightights,' written by K. R. Lee, was the best, though this Mr. Turnbull placed seventh. This judgment seemed particularly harsh, as the adjudicator's only real criticism was that the choir's diction was imperfect.

There were two main points in the adjudicator's summing up. Firstly, he said that the choirs had the wrong approach to singing, and suggested that an easier, more confident approach was required. Secondly, Mr. Turnbull remarked that the School's main singing talent lay with the junior boys. Mr. R. Massey, Director of Music, concluded the competition by expressing his thanks to Mr. Turnbull and to all the competitors.

G.H.S.

THE SCHOOL TRIP OF WHICH NOBODY KNEW

It was half-past twelve on March 29 and the sun was shining on the K.E.S. forecourt at the top

of the main drive as a convoy of cars carrying two masters and 12 boys left for Nantwich Wharf. Our destination was reached at two o'clock, and one hour later the 'Curlew' cruise along the Llangollen canal had begun. Of the seven boats, City of London School had five and K.E.S. had two, 'Water Viper' and 'Delphinium,' each of which met with their own disasters. The first mishap occurred before the cruise. One of our boats, the 'Water Beauty,' had not been built, and the smaller but faster 'Delphinium' had to replace it.

On the night of the 29th it was decided that 'Delphinium' (whose length was 40 feet) should turn round in the canal (the width of which was 39 feet). Hence, with lights in the cabin failing due to a flat battery, 'Delphinium' finally rejoined the party—2½ hours late. Other incidents included the unfortunate one on Sunday morning. The crew of 'Delphinium' was enduring a lengthy church service when the oven of their barge went out. When Roger Cooke returned to the barge, there was a two-hour supply of Calor floating in the air of the main cabin.

There was only one dangerous part to the journey. This was the Pontcysyllte aqueduct, from which was prevented from falling by a metal plate, four inches wide and eight inches above water level. Mr. Wingate chose to navigate this obstacle at 10 o'clock at night.

If prizes were to be awarded for novelty and lunacy while travelling on a barge, the crews of 'Delphinium' and 'Water Viper' would surely receive them. Hadley managed to fall in twice; Biel walked all day for a prize of a Mars bar; Elkington swam in the canal for a prize of two packets of chocolates; and some fool jumped through a window for no charge at all. Surprisingly, everyone enjoyed the trip, and all have volunteered to go on Mr. Wingate's barge trip along the Grand Union Canal next year.

T. E. WEBB

THREE LOOKS AT SERIES TWO

At a first glance, the entries in the calendar for March 6, 13 and 20 might have seemed rather mysterious, but the three meetings in the Harold Smith Studio turned out to be very open and frank. The subject under scrutiny was the new 'Series Two' Communion service which has been used in Chapel for fifteen months. It was felt necessary and beneficial for regular communicants to get together and discuss their varied ideas and opinions on the new service. Communicants from K.E.S. and K.E.H.S. were all asked to attend to show their gratitude for the privilege of worshipping in Chapel, and the response was encouraging.

At the first meeting, four short talks were given by Messrs. Trott and Kerrel, Miss M. Harris and J. G. Davies on the subject of 'My Views on Series Two.' These were followed by a general discussion. It was thought by some that the service had been too severely 'pruned,' resulting in abruptness and bare passages at certain points.

The second, and most well-attended meeting, was about the place of music in the service, and a recorded talk was given by Mr. Roy Massey, who was previously Warden of the Royal School of Church Music and thus very informed on the subject. He made the points that music takes one out of one's sluggish shell, and stimulatingly near to God, that deep emotions can be well expressed in music, and otherwise uninteresting words become more moving when set to music. There followed a recording of a somewhat unrehearsed Choral Eucharist, including Britten's much-admired Missa Brevis and Marbeck's plainsong Creed.

Finally, the Rev. Walters, of Leicester University, an expert on the liturgy and the history of worship, gave an interesting scrutiny of Series Two, and discussed its changes and finer points. He

divided his views into the theological, pastoral and regional aspects. In the following discussion, the thought was raised that a future generation might be induced by the very straightforward language of the service to have a clearer but less deep sense of Christianity. We shall see.

These three interesting 'looks' were very useful and revealing to the regularly early-Tuesday-morning-risers. Votes were well carried on the occasional revival of a choral service and of the old form of service, but most of all, on the continuation to use Series Two. But, as Mr. Walters said, work has already begun on Series Three.

C.J.S.H.

ANGELIC OVERTONES

Trebles from K.E.S. have been making their mark in Birmingham Cathedral recently by appearing professionally on two occasions to provide part of ripieno choirs at public concerts. At the first engagement, on March 19, fifty young Edwardians and pupils of K.E.H.S. and the Blue Coat School formed a ripieno choir for a performance of Berlioz' 'Te Deum' given by the University Chorus and Orchestra. The part was not difficult to sing, but uninspiring to rehearse, although at the performance, when accompanied by loud brass, the choir sounded impressive. The three sections of the work in which the choir sang ('Te Deum Laudamus,' 'Tibi Omnes,' a beautiful hymn, and the military and fascinating 'Judex Crederis'), were very varied in style, and were performed accordingly, to make an enjoyable concert.

The second concert was a performance by the Birmingham Bach Society and the Orchestra da Camera of Bach's 'St. Matthew Passion' on March 22. In the enormous Passion, scored largely for solo singers, a third choir of Edwardians and the Midland Boy Singers sang in only two choruses—the first ('Come ye daughters') and the last ('In tears of grief.') These again were not difficult to sing, but required control and sustenance, which were not lacking, but expression was; the long repeated phrases became too monotonously similar.

It is very pleasing that boys from K.E.S. should be asked to sing at such professional levels, and this honour must reflect on the recent outstanding increase in musical ability and popularity at School.

C.J.S.H.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOLS' FESTIVAL

The annual Grammar Schools' Festival was held on Friday, March 14, in the Town Hall. In all, thirty-nine Birmingham schools were represented, and the atmosphere was overpowering. The programme began with the Magic Flute Overture by Mozart, played by the indefatigable C.B.S.O., to get everyone in the mood for the next item.

The large audience was slightly shocked to see a long-haired youth appear unexpectedly on the platform, accompanied by a flute and the conductor. Jan Steele, however, can be forgiven his hair as his playing of Mozart's Flute Concerto in D (K314) was superb. He is well-known at Cannon Hill Arts Centre, and his friends were not surprised at his performance. He played with the confidence of a professional, and the cadenza can only be described as 'rip-roaring.'

The two instrumental soloists at the concert were chosen by audition from the best thirty aspiring musicians of the city, and it is no mean achievement to have been chosen, especially if only fifteen years old. Robert Osborne was therefore given a very loud welcome, particularly from his friends on the ground floor. He had chosen to play the first movement of Beethoven's First Piano Concerto, 'allegro con brio,' and there was certainly plenty of 'brio.' It was a precise, professional performance of a difficult and exacting piece, yet not so irritatingly precise as to forget the flowing, rhythmic theme. His nerves showed for an instant, but were well under control when

he tackled his brilliant cadenza, ending on a triumphant note.

The second half of the Festival consisted of King David,' by the late Arthur Honegger and René Morax. This seldom-heard work is noted for its variety of style, ranging from 18th century to modern, brassy music. It is scored for a narrator, played by Richard Baker, the B.B.C. news-reader, three solo singers, symphony orchestra and choir. The solo parts were all excellent, but the choir, despite its enormity, did not produce the volume one would have expected, perhaps because it was somewhat drowned by the voluminous brass section of the orchestra in some choruses.

It is very gratifying to know that Birmingham can and does hold such a Festival of young talent and full marks must go to Christopher Robinson, who judged a music competition at School recently. His excellent musical reputation as a conductor was fully justified at this novel and enjoyable concert.

C.J.S.H.

THE ARTS

In this section it is proposed to review plays and films presented either at School or in the Birmingham area, and any books of particular note which have recently been placed in the School library. Contributions or suggestions from the members of the School will be welcome.

Books

'Culture, Anarchy and the Public Schools,' by T. E. B. Howarth (published by Cassell, price 21/-).

At a time when our own private concerns tend to be the impending G.C.E. examinations, the vicissitudes of the societies, changes in the dining arrangements, it is salutary to remember that the whole direct grant system, of which King Edward's has always been a notable part, is under review by a Government Commission. The public schools have already been investigated, their findings were published last year, and the suggestions made were far-reaching and controversial.

Mr. Howarth was a member of that first Commission and disagreed so strongly with some of the recommendations that he appended his own minority report. This book is partly the outcome of his disagreement, partly the product of his concern for the future of both the direct grant schools and English education in general. As a past chief master of K.E.S., and the present high master of St. Paul's, he is in a position of experienced vantage to comment, and what he has to say is not only highly pertinent but also trenchantly entertaining.

The book is slender (only 96 pages) and beautifully written. In style and overall method it bears comparison with Matthew Arnold's 'Culture and Anarchy,' for the weapons are irony and precise, devastatingly critical analysis: at the end one is left regretting the intrusion of sociological and political bandwaggoning into the arena of education—which is a delicate and complex field of operation, and wishing that more of Mr. Howarth's basic good sense could be shown by those trading in the current emotive ideologies.

Within the book there are five chapters, inter-related but each offering particular arguments. In the first he shows how it is practically impossible to reconcile the present educational structure with the theorists' 'New Jerusalem' of universal equality. In the second, entitled 'Edmass,' he uses his irony with consummate skill to reveal the contradictions, ineptitudes, woolly-mindedness and even destructiveness of 'a large corps of professional advisers' who trade in ideas and have a zeal for theoristic research. This leads on to the most densely argued chapter, 'Our Liberal Practitioners,' which is of particular interest to this school, as he discusses the nature of Sixth Form teaching in the so-called élitist centres. Finally, in the last two chapters, there is an assessment of

the Newsom Report and an attempt to resolve the problems which that report throws up.

This is not a destructive and therefore critically limited book. The argument is that of reasoned belief; the destruction is of emotional banner waving and educational gerrymandering; the conclusions suggest a way in which English education could revert to its right business—of teaching and learning in a spirit of eagerness and trust. Despite kitchen changes, society slumps, and G.C.E., Mr. Howarth's book is worth the careful attention of all of us.

Ikon Gallery—Tim Threlfall—April 22—May 10

The Ikon Gallery is the only privately-owned gallery in the centre of Birmingham—that is significant. That it is a basement adjoining the G.P.O. parcels office in Swallow Street is also significant, and the scent of mice pervades its air. The building possesses a rebellious vitality, which is not surprising because culture in Birmingham constitutes sedition, but the vitality of the place is more important than its rebellion or its mice.

The exhibitions that appear there are always impressive of something and thus does the present exhibition warrant a reaction. Mr. Threlfall's work is possibly the most controversial yet to face the mice, being of the idiom that has come to be called 'Real.' The setting provided by the gallery is admittedly abominable, but if one is of a certain philosophy, the psychological effect of the sculpture will outweigh the clutter it entertains. Big 3-D black 'seven' forms about seven feet high greet the gaze of those who open the door, who have tackled the avant-garde door handle, and the effect on those who hold certain beliefs is impressive—rather like seeing Jesus, I would think, if one believes in Jesus, or Myrna Loy in one's lounge. In the same way it will leave the uninitiated of those who see it wondering and inventing oaths. The 'unit volumes,' as he calls them, don't aspire to beauty or ugliness, neither do they control space, merely dominating it. They are just there, rather in the same way as the Alps are there, and no spectator can do anything about it. Hence the problems of criticism or appraisal are obvious. The works are unlovable, unbuyable—they would eat a home, uncompromising, untouchable, yet their mere existence is strangely exciting. We really haven't dealt with this kind of thing before.

The lady who sits in the Ikon Gallery as though she too were a piece of sculpture—doing nothing with great intensity, remarked to a man sitting opposite her in a chair and equally sculptural: 'Do you ever get deeply depressed?' The exhibition perhaps provokes that sort of question.

It will have gone when this is printed, nevertheless the gallery may still be there, and containing more commentary on this strange age, with its white walls and mousey air.

K.P.W.M.

THEATRE

A spectacular opening to the Stratford season

One could regard 'Pericles' as a badly-written play, because of its disjointedness, its naive poetry, and its lack of penetrating characterization. If one was seeking a naturalistic interpretation, such criticism would be justified. However, Terry Hands, in his production at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, abandons naturalism, and rightly so, in favour of theatrical spectacle, and emphasises visual, as opposed to intellectual, effect. For 'Pericles' is, probably more than any other Shakespearean play, geared towards visual (and therefore immediate) communication, and requires such dramatic technique as mime, stylised movement and dancing for maximum impact.

Mr. Hands' production never lets the audience forget that they are watching a play, and the heavy use of ritual and chanting, of mime and ballet, provides a visual feast of the dramatic art at its best. This 'alienation-effect' (to use a

Brechtian term) makes acceptable the fantastical and allegorical nature of the play, and the doubling of several characters increases, rather than decreases, the overall effect.

The success of this production relies more on the cast as a whole rather than on individual performances, but the few characters with any depth whatsoever are all well acted: Susan Fleetwood (Thaisa/Marina) and Brenda Bruce (Dionysa/Bawd) are excellent, Emrys James (Gower/Helicanus) and Ian Richardson (Pericles) are outstanding. Needless to say, Timothy O'Brien's set and Guy Woolfendon's music both blend beautifully with Mr. Hands' concept.

K.R.L.

CREATIVE WRITING— THE FOUNDATION AND THE SCHOOL

King Edward's, Aston, has recently taken the initiative in suggesting the publication of a magazine containing Sixth Form poetry from all the schools in the Foundation. This appeared to be a good and worthwhile method of forging closer links between the schools, which normally continue their own isolated existences. A committee has been formed and, as I write this, two meetings have already been held, one at either end of the Easter holidays.

The quality of the material through which the committee has already had to sift, has ranged from the inspired to the excruciating; but the final selection of poems promises to be an interesting, varied and—we hope—entertaining one. Enquiries were made about the cost of having the magazine printed professionally, but this was found, even in the case of such an unambitious project as ours, to be prohibitive. Aston have therefore volunteered to produce the magazine themselves by the simple method of duplication, while Camp Hill have taken on the task of designing and printing a suitably attractive cover. The magazine should be on sale for a small sum before the end of the Summer Term, and any profits will be held in fund against the publication of a further edition.

Such a magazine will prove particularly fortuitous, now that original work in the 'Chronicle' is to be restricted to the odd exceptional item. And it has been suggested that, as further compensation for this, the School should produce its own independent poetry magazine. Such a publication would be a selection of original work from all sections of the school community; the Shells will have an equal, if not greater say, than the Sixth Forms. Perhaps consisting of a few duplicated sheets folded together, it will be distributed free on a first-come-first-served basis, and will be published at irregular intervals, whenever enough good material has been garnered. In this way it is hoped that the changing form of the 'Chronicle' will not totally extinguish the torch of creative writing in the School.

PETER DEWS

POSTSCRIPT

Victim

His fists clutched the blackened grass
and turned to dirt; soil
from which man first came,
now changed again to dust.
Glowing like a cinema saint
the dome of the cathedral rose
into a mushroom of apathy
and fell on places fifty miles apart,
fell in a slow spiral
from ten miles in the air.
That day the sun was lost
for five minutes,
as every army, navy, air force,
sprung into attack by the red light
lay fused in a swamp.
a dead, unseeing river, congealed.

A. J. H. SUMMERS



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KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

JUNE

CHRONICLE

EDITORIAL

Vol. 1, No. 2

There are three possible views of violence. Firstly, the realistic view, which filters through the front pages of the newspapers in the form of accounts of the Vietnam war; secondly, the heroic, which assails us much more frequently via television and the comic strip; and thirdly, a view that can be taken of many subjects and which is increasingly taken of them all—the sick, humorous view. Current Army propaganda is an area where the latter two views are dangerously predominant. Young men hold 'Exercises' but no-one gets hurt and suffering is never seen. These 'battles' are little more than an extension of children's games where the heroic view of violence is predominant. And we need no further proof of the existence of the third, or of its infiltration of our own society than the nauseating comments of recent literature advertising 'Genspec.' If an institution can foster such a distorted view of violence, then we need to examine our consciences

CALENDAR

Results—April 28 to June 7

Cricket—1st XI :

- May 12 v. St. Philip's G.S.—won by 2 runs.
- „ 17 v. Denstone—cancelled (rain).
- „ 21 v. K.E.S., Aston—won by 5 wickets.
- „ 24 v. R.G.S., Worcester—cancelled (rain).

House Matches :

- April 29 : Vardy beat Evans by 40 runs.
- Heath beat Gifford by 64 runs.
- Jeune beat Cary Gilson by 6 wickets.
- Prince Lee beat Levett by 9 wickets
(A. L. Burn did the hat-trick).

Athletics—

- May 3 : Sports (results appear elsewhere).
- „ 7 v. Solihull—won 82-55.
- „ 13 v. Malvern and King's, Worcester—
won 107-96-73.
- „ 17 v. Warwick and R.G.S., Worcester (the
Holden Trophy)—won 127-96-44.
- „ 31 v. Ellesmere and Repton—
won 94-93-87.

Swimming—

- May 10 v. Trent—won 44-23 (7 School records).
- „ 17 v. Repton and Bromsgrove—
won 79 (1 School Record)-31½-48½.
- „ 31 v. Malvern—44-22.
- June 4 v. Wrekin—won.

Social Calendar up to July 17

- June 20 Upper Sixth Form Prize Essays due.
- „ 24 G.C.E. ends.
- „ 25 School examinations.
- „ 26 Sixth Form Syndicates
Admission Ceremony.
- July 4 Final Shakespeare Society meeting.
- „ 11 Swimming Sports.
- „ 12 Speech Day : (Guest Speaker : Mr.
Derek Salberg).
Oxfam Concert.
- „ 14 and 15 Drama Syndicate in 'Rhesus'
and 'The Dumb Waiter.'

Sporting Calendar up to July 17

- June 14 XI v. Warwick (h).
Swimming v. Rugby (h).
- „ 21 XI v. Trent (a).
Tennis v. Trent (h).
Swimming v. Ratcliffe (h).
- „ 28 XI v. Bromsgrove (a).
- July 4 Athletics v. Old Edwardians (h).
- „ 5 Swimming v. Shrewsbury (h).
- „ 6 XI v. Common Room (h).
- „ 12—17 Cricket Week.

THE ARTS

THEATRE

The Junior Play—'Noye's Fludde'
(29, 30, 31 May)

By any standards this was a formidable undertaking. Britten's opera calls for a delicate balance of professionalism and amateur enthusiasm which cannot usually be found within the precincts of one school; to add to this the taxing simplicity of a miracle play seemed at first sight to be asking too much of one internal, and junior, dramatic society. It is therefore pleasing to be able to say, straight away, that, during the course of the performance I saw on the Saturday night, all doubts were dispelled and I was left with an overwhelming sense of enjoyment.

The play 'unadorned' is probably more tricky to perform than many people—perhaps even the actors—imagine. All the emphasis is upon the vigour and fervour of the words, and if they do not come through the outcome can only be boring. Happily, the cast, without exception, did not allow this to happen. Placed on the now familiar apron stage, they attacked their task with zest and confidence and managed the various changes of mood and pace within the text in a fashion which was wholly convincing. They were fortunate to have, as the spearhead, three young men who possess strong voices and an easy presence. As Noah, Christopher Gibbons modulated his tone well and, in the context of comedy, was ably supported by Alistair Duncan, whose muscularity was an immediate asset. They were first class, but even they had to bow—metaphorically as well as literally—to the God of Andrew Forbes, whose voice possesses a unique music quality and who already has a compelling stage presence.

In support, all the rest played up well, so that the audience never felt it was there to morally support the dramatic endeavours of young boys but was on the receiving end of a disciplined and tightly drilled cast of real actors. A feeling of calm and spontaneity is a difficult dramatic effect to convey, but this cast did it easily and never did they fail to capture the audience's attention. Mr. Parslew knew what he wanted and he got it: the result was a most interesting and compelling production. I was left with only one flicker of criticism—was the music really in place, if the aim was to recreate the 13th century? It is a nice point.

The opera carries its own inbuilt success-formula: it is colourful and musically entrancing, and it draws upon the audience's presence through the hymns. Nevertheless, it can fall short of

success if indifferently performed. This production did not; but, building upon the play's achievement, gained its own lustre and effect. It was given a strong base by the confident playing of the orchestra and the obvious mature poise of Mr. Neil Murray and Miss Christine Douglas; and to these were added the charm of the various treble principals and the magnificent appearance of the army of animals. Throughout the 'unembarrassed religious enthusiasm,' mentioned in the programme note, was well in evidence, but nowhere more than in the staggering canon of 'The hand that made us is divine.' Here there was a sense of uninhibited exultation which, though worshipful, approached the sensual rather than the divine. And this mood was emphasised by the almost overwhelming colourfulness of the set, the costumes, and those heads which bore witness to the thoroughness of the approach. In such an absolute dramatic, operatic and even religious experience, it is hard to single particular elements for praise as the success is that of a real whole; it is probably best, therefore, simply to say that, under the precise baton of Mr. Roy Massey, there was a sense of complementary parts working fluently to achieve a successful unity.

Again, faced with such quality, it seems churlish to carp, but I was uneasy over one or two things. Knowing the circumstances of the original, set in a church, I found the distance from the stage occasionally caused a dissociation of cast from audience, with an inevitable loss of effect. And this was further increased by the slightness of the treble voices, which could be drowned by the otherwise excellent orchestra—a more careful balance of instrumental forces would have made the sensitive interplay of children's voices, mature voices, and wide ranging musical effects come through with even greater felicity.

But these are relative matters. It was, all in all, a splendid, and at times moving, entertainment for which many people must take great credit. I came away feeling that I had been part of a truly stimulating evening which made a long journey more than worthwhile; and which left me with a great deal of respect for the resources of the School's dramatic (and musical) society.

MRS. M. J. POOLEY

BOOKS

Modern Languages in the Library

The Modern Languages section of the School Library is being extended in the coming months in two different ways. Firstly, we have managed to find in London very reliable sources from which we can obtain without too much difficulty works published abroad and normally not readily available in Great Britain. The result is that we are now able to speed the inflow of modern critical works and contemporary literature. The benefit will be felt particularly in respect of works in the Spanish language published in Mexico and South America.

In the second place, we are considerably increasing the stock of foreign literary texts of all periods which are now published in British or American editions with introductory notices and notes in English. In the past ten years the number of works of this type published has increased very greatly, and this means that many texts which were formerly difficult to obtain, and even more difficult to assign to their appropriate historical and social context, are now easily available and readily understandable. Members of the School who are not linguistic specialists, and also those who are in their first year of specialisation as linguists, will now find it much easier than ever before to make their way independently around the literatures of France and Germany and the Hispanic world. Such developments as these should make the foreign language section of the library appreciably more useful for everyone.

V.J.B.

ART

R.B.S.A. Spring Exhibition of Watercolours and Craftwork, May 5—24

This exhibition contained reproductive and imaginative work in water colour and gouache. The several paintings of beauty spots included one particularly striking one of 'Eynsford' by Joseph Priddey. There were also a few imaginatively loose items which possessed qualities of reflective glory. The highlight of the exhibition was a trilogy by Sibyll Duijts which expanded fluently in commonplace objects; a shell, stones in water, and a woodland walk. However, at the other end of the scale, the most painfully conspicuous exhibit was a collage of magazine scraps forming a large mural entitled 'The Poem'—Miss Joan Jones wielding the scissors. It is intelligently constructed but of little artistic value, despite its price tag of £40. All styles were easily recognisable, and the exhibition was well worth the nominal cost of the programme, offering great pleasure to the aesthete.

P. D. GOAKES, R. WOOLDRIDGE

MUSIC

Individual Music Competition—

Part I

The programme was refreshingly varied, ranging from Purcell to Debussy. Two outstanding performances deserve individual mention: Paul Russell, playing 'Claire de Lune,' demonstrated fine piano technique and a mature sympathy with the mood of the music, and Michael Cockerham showed considerable mastery of the oboe—a notoriously difficult instrument—in an 18th century Siciliano.

The overall standard of performance was encouraging and augurs well for the future. The adjudicator, Mr. David Turnbull, was duly impressed and made many constructive criticisms.

A.N.M.

Part II

Here the revolutionary was sacrificed to the traditional, but the diversity of instruments ensured that audience interest was sustained. Outstanding performances were those by Neil Macfadyen of a Handel violin sonata, and by Christopher Hodges of part of a Haydn trumpet concerto; their technical accomplishment was combined with great feeling for the music.

Of the less traditional items, mention must be made of a transcription by Martin Smith of a Handel organ concerto for piano, although I agree with the adjudicator in questioning the purpose of making such transcription.

The comedy spot of the evening came when no less than five people appeared on stage to perform 'The Trumpet Shall Sound.' The audience must have wondered who the soloist was to be during the woodwind section, as the three boys concerned seemed to be constantly circling the piano.

This was a very pleasant two hours of music, made the more mellow by the prevailing good humour of the competitors.

J.G.H.

SOCIETIES

Junior Scientific

The J.Sc.S. has met throughout the year, covering many aspects of science at its meetings. One problem facing the committee, however, is the difference in range of knowledge between the Shells and the Fifths; but for a faithful group of Shells and Removes attendance at several meetings would have been shamefully low. It is a pity that boys in the Middle School do not show more interest.

By far the best attended meeting was the first of the year, when Mr. A. W. Wright demonstrated his own brand of Chemical Magic. The attendance was 83, and one of that number was the Chief Master. The other six meetings have been attended by an average of 16 people, rather disappointing

considering the amount of work that the lecturers have put into preparing their talks and demonstrations.

The two films were not as good as they might have been, due mainly to the lack of interesting, relevant films. The lectures on subjects ranging from 'Chromatology' to 'V.H. Voltages' were made even more lively by the use of the School's excellent equipment.

D. C. KILVERT

Forum—'Universities Today'

The audience was sparse, composed mainly of Junior Fifth revolutionaries and similar malcontents. The speaker, Mr. Ray Osborne, began his talk inauspiciously by quoting the Sunday Express, and then asked a series of rhetorical questions about students and the purpose of University education. He answered these with clarity, talked about the new student movement, claiming most people who wrote about students disclosed only half-truths. Students had become morally outraged by the present society, and wanted to create some kind of Socialist State.

He claimed to be a revolutionary Socialist and disapproved of liberalism and 'liberal rhetoric.' He impressed upon his audience his opinion that some of the critical faculties developed by University education should be directed at the Universities. Complaining that University life is dominated by narrow specialisation, competition and conformity, he said far too many Ph.D. theses were written purely to obtain a Ph.D., and that far too much importance was placed on examinations.

There then followed a short discussion on examinations, the public image of the student, and student violence. Unfortunately, these discussions never involved more than a small proportion of the audience and the meeting was ended somewhat prematurely.

Music Circle

There has only been one meeting this term, but owing to its success it has, to this date, been in four instalments, with a possibility of an extension to six or even seven before the end of term. Members bring along short pieces, to be performed live or on record, briefly introduce them, play them, and then the Circle discusses them. Pieces have ranged from a Gibbons anthem to a piece for a piano and a voice with an American accent, which was simultaneously composed and performed. This method of organising meetings has proved satisfactory from many points of view, the chief ones being that the younger members can participate just as much as the older ones, and that no extensive preparation of talks is necessary for those taking public or even school exams. this term. It's also less work for the Secretary.

A. N. MACDONALD

THE MARLBOROUGH EXERCISE

At 9.30 on May 15th, 36 members of the Divisions assembled in the Ratcliffe Theatre to take part in a careers venture organised by John Laing & Son (Construction) Ltd. The Chief Master introduced the three-man team, one of whom gave an introductory talk, which was followed by a film on critical path analysis. We were then given a buff-coloured folder each which we were told not to open. The feeling of expectation, unequalled since Christmas Day, did not last long, however, for inside were only some simple exercises in drawing networks.

After break we met in Mr. Porter's room, where we were confronted with the job of planning the programme for building a new School pavilion. The task of plotting the critical path, finding earliest starting times, etc., although frightening at first glance, turned out to be quite easy, and our guests seemed impressed by our progress. After lunch we had to produce the most economical plan,

using six men, for the same pavilion building plan. This was the most interesting part of the exercise, and only half the teams of two had finished by 2.30, when it was time to move on to a film about factory building.

At the end, two further visitors had arrived, and the five experts formed a panel to answer our questions—all of which were asked by a small group of participants. This seems to indicate that a more careful selection would have meant that only those really interested 'careers-wise' would have taken part: as it was, a number of keen people were accidentally denied the opportunity of doing the exercise. It was, however, a worthwhile experiment, and we thank Laing's for their interest.

R. J. CLARKE

SPORT

Cricket

The vagaries of the now traditional May weather have again completely disrupted the early season fixture list. The sound of a broad Wiltshire accent muttering 'Not a chance' in low tones has been an unfortunate characteristic of Saturday morning conversation. Fixtures against the Old Edwardians, Denstone and Wrekin have all been lost to the weather. The sun has shone on two occasions, allowing members of the XI to exhibit their latest hair-styles. In the B.S.G.S. Knockout, the School has reached the semi-finals by beating St. Philip's G.S. and K.E.S., Aston; but the junior teams have played only one, rather chaotic, fixture. The weather prospects look continually gloomy for the half-term matches.

A. L. BURN

Athletics

This season, which before Christmas looked like being a disaster, has turned out to be one of the finest for many years. The departure of such established stars as Baird, Wood and Atkin seemed to signal a weak team, but a combination of new talent and hard training has produced great success.

The first match should have been at home to Shrewsbury in the latter part of the Lent term, but even hardy athletes had to bow to the weather. The season eventually started with the match away to Ratcliffe College—a traditionally strong school. However, for the first time for seven years, both U.17 and Open teams won. This was the start and finish of Lent term athletics, although Easter holiday practices were well attended, and five team members went on an A.A.A. course.

The Foundation match was the first event this term and the School came second, some way behind a powerful Five Ways team. Then came the Sports, and three days later came the traditional 'derby' fixture against Solihull. This proved chaotic—false starts and 'flyers' were commonplace, and there were no refreshments; but the team won 82—55. Another comfortable victory over Malvern and King's, Worcester, helped the team build up for the 'big one'—the Holden Trophy match against Warwick and R.G.S., Worcester. It rained, the captain nearly had a nervous breakdown, but the team, undeterred, won convincingly, to retain the cup for a second year.

Besides School matches, the K.N.S.S.A. events have been progressing steadily. Eleven team members were selected to represent the district, and the School was placed second in the area competition. In the B.G.S. too, success has been the keyword. T. E. Schollar won the 800 metres, and B. L. Hanna the javelin. Besides yielding more silverware, these are excellent performances, and reflect the present buoyancy down at the track.

M. C. LEE

The Athletics Sports

The first big School event of this term was the annual Athletics Sports on Saturday, May 3. The weather was fortunately perfect while the sports were in progress, despite the bad weather on the previous day and later that afternoon. A great deal of organisation went into the sports, and it was a triumph for Mr. Symes and his colleagues that everything ran so smoothly and finished exactly on time!

In fact, the afternoon can definitely be said to have been a success: three sports records broken and one equalled, and two new School records; very strong competition in some events (reputed to have been caused by the Scouts' hot dogs), and close finishes caused the judges considerable worry.

The atmosphere almost felt like that of a garden fête at some points, with the latest fashions flowering on the most unlikely people. Sideshows includes judges playing football, and occasional boomings via the loudspeakers from the announcer's 'cave' as he called it.

The individual champions were:

Open: B. L. Hanna.
Inter: S. G. Johnson.
Junior: M. Galilee.
Minor: D. Barnes.

The final order of Houses was: Jeune, Levett, Heath, Evans, Cary Gilson, Gifford, Prince Lee, Vardy.

Chess

The School team has almost certainly beaten Manchester G.S. in the quarter-finals of the 'Sunday Times' Competition. The scores stand at 3—1 with two adjudications from which we need only one draw to clinch victory. Assuming we win, we shall go forward to the semi-finals in London (July 25/26). This is only the second time we have got so far; in 1961 we were third. But this year's performance must rate higher as over 800 schools now compete.

M. A. HUNT

[Editors' stop press: The result has just reached us: 4—2 to K.E.S.]

Sailing

The School now sails competitively! With a scratch team we have taken on the Old Edwardians in Enterprises, and Malvern and Bromsgrove in Fireflies. The results were cheerfully promising rather than instantly successful, but the traditional good time was had, and the tea provided by the members' wives at Barnt Green S.C. is thoroughly recommended.

J. R. C. WHITE

EDITORS' NOTE

Because of the pressure on space, several articles have had to be held back for use in future editions. We hope this unavoidable delay will not deter people from writing for 'Chronicle'. All contributions will be gratefully received, but keep them as brief as possible.

MISCELLANY

Gifts to the School

For a number of years, the Birmingham Insurance Institute has borrowed the track and the pavilion for its athletics sports. We have been glad to afford to the Institute these facilities. They have been most grateful for them, and this year have wished to present a new piece of plate as a token of their appreciation. The donors have been good enough to leave it without further designation or commitment. We are most grateful to the Institute.

The P.E. Department would like to record its gratitude for the very generous gift of a horizontal bar, a piece of gymnastic apparatus which has received publicity through the televised performances of the Russian and Japanese Olympic teams. This bar has been donated by Alistair Peterkin, his elder brother, Ian, and their parents.

Our trampoline was also donated by a K.E.S. gymnastic champion, James Park, and his family.

Solutions to K.E.S. Crossword

ACROSS: 7, New Street; 8, Barry; 10, Westcott; 11, Porter; 12, Semi; 13, Annually; 15, Dry Page; 17, Potency; 20, Informer; 22, Pads; 25, Levette; 26, Barer Arm; 27, Beard; 28, Mendicant.

DOWN: 1, Never; 2, Is it Me; 3, Grooming; 4, West Ham; 5, Carriage; 6, Free Place; 9, Span; 14, Prince Lee; 16, Pioneers; 18, On Parade; 19, Trebles; 20, Mute; 23 and 24, Direct Grant.

The winner of the book token was J. F. Barker (VN).

'Noye's Fludde'—record

A record of the opera is being made and will cost £1. Orders should be given or sent to P. N. Edwards by June 20. The record will be available before the end of term.

POSTSCRIPT

There's only enough time for hypocrisy

Six days a week
I go past Balsall Heath.
The other side is always more convenient.
I come to school and sit in a new chair.
How it is comfortable.
And I learn how I should help my
Less privileged neighbour.
And wonder when they last had a new chair.

J. L. MALLATRATT

Black Thought

He thought as the tram clashed through the rain, looking out at the bleak dampness, and saw how the world had changed. The rich fantasies at the mother's breast had transformed themselves into the grey drizzle that drained away all warmth. The richness of juvenile love had lost its firmness to become the milky liquid of his thoughts that washed down the drains into the sewers of monotony. But the drab uniformity of the greyness almost revealed a pattern in the filth which was not out of keeping with the cold beauty of the Universe.

R. WILSON



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JULY

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

CHRONICLE

EDITORIAL

Vol. 1, No. 3

During the last few years K.E.S. has found itself drifting somewhat uneasily, as regards academic and social policy, between two vaguely-defined categories of school—public and secondary—while identifying comfortably with neither. Previously, there had been little choice, and generations of Edwardians emulated, with simple faith, the former group, believing that they, too, would become public schoolboys one day. Recently, however, the educational pendulum has swung in the opposite direction, bringing with it the cult of the classless secondary schoolboy. K.E.S. is a direct grant school—a member of a category insufficiently large to make a profound individual impression on the educational consciousness of the nation. Unless our resolution is to leave no impression at all, local or national, we must determine our major influence for the future. Are we to cultivate our relations with neighbouring establishments, or join the 'Big League' of the public schools? Others similarly placed have chosen, but we remain irresolute, impaled neatly on the horns of a dilemma. We must make this decision while the power to do so is still in our hands. If we do not, we will, however many flags we may be flying at the time, ultimately go down

CALENDAR

Results, June 7th—28th

Cricket—1st XI

- June 7 v. Wyggeston—won by 10 wickets.
- „ 14 v. Warwick—lost by 7 wickets.
- „ 18 v. Solihull—abandoned (rain).
- „ 21 v. Trent—won by 5 wickets.
- „ 25 v. Saltley G.S.—won by 50 runs.
- „ 28 v. Bromsgrove—lost by 61 runs

Swimming

- June 18 v. Solihull—won.
- „ 21 v. Ratcliffe—won.

Athletics

- June 10 B.G.S. (Junior) Sports (ex. 17 schools)
 - 1st, Five Ways 47 points
 - 2nd, K.E.S. 45 points
 - 3rd, Holly Lodge 27 points

Achievements

Congratulations are offered to :

A. T. M. Freeman on his selection for the Great Britain Junior Swimming Team, and on winning the Midland Counties 110 yards and 220 yards finals.

The results for July and the Calendar for the beginning of next term will be published in the issue of September 13.

THE COMMON ROOM

Inevitably, inexorably, time—even as a cliché—marches on, and little by little it erodes the last 20 years' foundations of the School. Perhaps without our either noticing or remembering it, several senior members of the Common Room have retired during the past four years, and this summer is no exception, for, following Mr. Copland and

Mr. Roberts and Mr. Sacret, it is now the turn of Mr. Matthews to leave us.

He has been a master and a colleague since 1946, and in that span of time has given his energy and kindness to many enterprises. As a member of the Physics Department he has guided the budding scientists of Vb into the heady realms of specialism and has done much to ensure the continuance of the School's formidable record in Natural Sciences. As a past serving officer, he has assisted and then guided the work of the C.C.F. and, at a time when, perhaps, its role seemed to lose point with the gradual removal of war jitters and National Service, he helped to give it a purpose and continuance of its own. Finally, in the last few years, he has been the Housemaster of Prince Lee, where his tolerance and ubiquitous keenness have gleaned little reward in terms of success or silverware but have produced a House of cheerfulness and many talents.

His many other quiet services, both here and outside, are really too numerous to catalogue—for example, how many people are aware of his wrestlings with the seating arrangements in the dining hall? All that can be said is that he has, in his lifetime, played many parts. Now, ill-health has hastened his decision to retire. We wish him all happiness in that cottage near the Malverns he is hunting for, and thank him for all he has done for King Edward's.

We also lose this term Mr. Stanton, Mr. Kerrell and Mr. Gibson. Each has contributed, in his own sphere, to the life of the School—be it on the games field, in the area of spiritual advice, or in the writing of fiendish Haikus. We thank them and wish them well: Mr. Stanton as Head of Chemistry at Pocklington School, Mr. Kerrell in Church Society work in London, and Mr. Gibson somewhere in Kent.

SPORT

Cricket Report, June, 1969

As in past seasons, our quota of sun coincided with the G.C.E. examinations. Fortunately, members of the team did not need much persuading to abandon their more intellectual pursuits, and consequently, cricket did not suffer.

Wyggeston were played and beaten with ease. Mainly due to the efforts of R. W. G. Eglin, who took 5 for 15 in 16 overs, the home side were dismissed for 69. A. L. Burn and C. A. Crowdy scored the necessary runs in 46 minutes without being parted.

Our visitors from Warwick provided much tougher opposition, and on a perfect batting wicket, the XI were dismissed for 144, Burn scoring 39. Warwick started at a rate that would have received barracking at a Test Match, but with the arrival of their captain, this rate quickened rapidly, and they won by 7 wickets.

An 'A' XI visited Malvern and were beaten by 67 runs. The only memorable performance was that of the School hippy, N. P. Pearson, who scored an unbeaten 50. Other members of the team could not match this exhilarating innings, but T. I. Lewis assures me that he scored 16.

The game against Solihull was abandoned after half-an-hour's play. However, we were more fortunate against Trent. S. C. Williams crawled out from beneath his hair to take 4 for 19 and Eglin took 3 for 25 as Trent were dismissed for 81. To the consternation of the team, the captain scored 42, and J. G. Winspear finally scored the winning runs in a 5 wickets victory. In a 20-over game v. Old Edwardians, the XI lost by 10 runs after needing 22 runs off the final over to win.

In retrospect, it would be fair to say that the fielding of the side has not been as good as it might have been—the dropped catches fund has raised far too much money. If this fault can be remedied, the XI could easily finish the season on a high note. School colours have been re-awarded to S. C. Williams and awarded to A. L. Burn and R. W. G. Eglin.

I. A. D. THOMPSON

School Fencing Report

The School fencing team has completed an unbeaten season for the first time in its history. This success rests largely on a team effort by the captain, M. J. Gill, the secretary, G. R. N. Littlejohns, C. S. Kondic (whom we thank particularly for his transport), and E. H. F. Waterhouse. The club's most notable wins have been over Birmingham University, who themselves are ranked among the best university fencing teams, and over City of Leicester Boys' School, the champions of the East Midlands.

The season has marked the introduction of sabre and épée as weapons practised in the School, but the School unfortunately had to refuse to buy some electric equipment which would have been a great advance for the club. At the end of this term we are very sorry to lose our secretary, G. R. N. Littlejohns, who has played such a vital part in the team's success during the last three years.

E. H. F. WATERHOUSE

COMMUNITY SERVICE—A REPORT

Within a month of leaving K.E.S. I was firmly installed at the R.S.N.H. Community Service Volunteers are sent; I was sent to the Royal Scottish National Hospital at Larbert, 30 miles from Glasgow, 350 miles from Birmingham. So, for the first time in my life, I was away from home and financially independent, on two pounds a week.

I was originally told that my job would consist of spending four hours a day playing with mentally defective children, encouraging them to use muscles which otherwise would waste away. This has expanded into spending nearly six hours a day in the ward, not out of a masochistic desire for work, but because there are not enough nurses to cope with meal times adequately.

The transition from the rarified atmosphere of the Cartland Club to the smelly atmosphere of Nursing Pavilion 2 was obviously difficult. Some of the occupants' behaviour characteristics are similar, in particular their suspicion of authority; but these children do not even qualify for an I.Q., and of the 52, at least half are physically deformed. Chess is not a possibility, and only about four of them can catch a ball.

This explains some of the problems. The ultimate danger is of becoming emotionally involved. This may shatter idealist illusions, but once one begins to feel sorry for the children it becomes impossible to work constructively. They do not need our pity, anyway. They are rather to be envied than pitied, perhaps. 'Which is better, to be an unhappy Socrates, or a happy pig?'

S. L. RAND

A COMMENT ON THE PRAYERS EXPERIMENT

It has been obvious for some time that the traditional form of worship used in School prayers

has been inadequate, and therefore this term's experiment in prayers was greeted, initially, with considerable interest. Unfortunately, by the end of the experiment, this interest had, to a great extent, disappeared. From the comments of various boys on the prayers, the reasons for this loss of interest seem to be three-fold.

Firstly, after the novelty of the original idea had worn off, the inevitable apathy set in. This can be seen reflected in the comments: 'All right if you like that sort of thing,' 'I haven't really thought much about it,' and 'I haven't paid much attention but I suppose . . .' To these people, it can only be said that organisers have put much time and many ideas into the prayers with the aim of combating apathy. Therefore, if boys have not found anything whatsoever to interest them in the prayers, the fault can only lie at their door.

A second reason for the loss of interest was the fact that, especially in the upper half of the School, the topics chosen for prayers appealed only to minorities. Various people echoed the sentiment behind the statement 'It was directed towards their own little circle.' For some, those prayers which included folk-music were 'gimmicky' and 'appealed to a demotic taste,' while for others, those which featured the music of Byrd were 'unintelligible' and 'obviously did not take into account the tastes of the majority.'

House prayers were the third major factor accounting for the loss of interest in the experiment. These showed 'lack of original thought,' were 'little improvement on normal school prayers,' and 'unconvincing.' The most recurrent criticism was that most House prayers continued to use hymns which often had 'no relevance whatsoever.'

Nevertheless, despite such Jeremiah observations and destructive assessments, there can be no doubt that the Prayers Experiment is an attempt by authority and some members of the School to give the School's religious establishment a new life. If the majority of the boys will recognise this—and 'come half-way' in the attempt—it can be a success. And thereby it will refill what is fast becoming a disturbing vacuum in the corporate life of King Edward's.

G. H. SMITH
S. J. ARROWSMITH
R. G. MALTBY

THE C.C.F.—AN OPEN LETTER

The mind of the adolescent has, by nature, a tendency to the romantic. Therefore, schoolboys are most likely to be impressed by, and imagine war to conform to, the heroic view of violence as outlined in the June edition of 'Chronicle.' The C.C.F. goes a long way, by showing its cadets the weapons and techniques used in the battles of today, towards demonstrating the horror of war. The booby traps exhibited at the General Inspection were not constructed out of any desire to be 'sick': such are the weapons of guerilla warfare.

No cadet, with a full four years of experience in the C.C.F., can have any doubt that war is far from being romantic and is something to be averted at almost any cost. If war should ever come to Britain again, and as time goes by this seems more and more unlikely, the ex-cadets of the C.C.F. will be there, already with some theoretical experience of warfare, to pass quickly through training and fill the many vacant command posts which will be required.

However, parents who are thinking of allowing their sons to join Connolly Company next year need not worry. The C.C.F. is far from being a sombre institution: N.C.O.'s try to make it as lively as possible, and there is plenty of opportunity for individualism to emerge. The 'nauseating Genspec' advertisements were such an example. The occupants of the Orderly Room had

nothing at all to do with them! With the abolition of Saturday morning school the C.C.F. can look forward to an even more lively existence with, we hope, more weekend camps and exercises.

R. J. CLARKE

THE ARTS

FILMS

A Comment

After too long a period of decline, the British film industry appears at last to be attempting some kind of critical self-analysis and internal reform. But certain facets of the problem remain almost entirely ignored—distribution, for example. This has particular relevance to Birmingham, where the system is seen at its worst.

Of the seven city centre cinemas in Birmingham, three—the Gaumont, the Scala and the Bristol—cultivate hardy perennials (e.g., 'Funny Girl'). As for the others, during one recent week, the Odeon and both the A.B.C.'s retained films from the previous week, the Futurist received a film which the Odeon had taken some three weeks previously, and the Cinephone, a double bill of two five-year-old re-runs. The suburban cinemas were, as usual, swarming with last month's city centre rejects. Birmingham failed to muster a single new film in over 30 cinemas. A one-cinema market town, given to allowing each new picture half a week's showing, provides a better service.

There are two points of view here. Bryan Forbes, A.B.C.'s new head of direction, has written: 'I . . . firmly believe that we should take a fresh look at distribution . . . In many areas we still live in the Dark Ages.' This is intelligent, but raises the question of the present lack of co-operation between the commercial and creative departments of film production. Forbes is in charge of creation—can he exert any commercial influence? At least by realising the problem he is pushing the industry in the right direction. Anything is better than the Rank Organisation's recent comment on their film distribution system: 'The Rank Organisation has given 25 years of service to the international film maker.' The international filmgoer, it seems, must fend for himself.

S.J.A.

BOOKS

'The Backstairs Dragon.' A Life of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford; by Elizabeth Hamilton. Hamish Hamilton, 63/-.

The subject of Robert Harley, considering that man's pre-eminence in early 18th century English political life, has been strangely neglected by biographers. Consequently, readers have been influenced in their assessment of him by the writings of historians, a large number of whom have been unsympathetic to 'Robin the Trickster.' Lady Hamilton's reappraisal, therefore, is long overdue.

Politicians who pursue a *via media* course in politics are rarely the occasion either of enthusiastic praise or voluble condemnation. Lady Hamilton illustrates by her analysis the virtues of Harley's moderate approach, significant in an age of religious, political and social bigotry and intolerance. She also examines Harley's spy network, which should be of particular interest to those conversant with the machinations of 007. It is not difficult in the light of Harley's manifest secretiveness to understand why the epithet 'trickster' was applied.

'The Backstairs Dragon' is attractively written, achieving a nice balance between the informative and the anecdotal. While occasionally the writer appears a little naïve in certain of her observations, writing as she does under the shadow of the recent, highly academic study of politics in Queen Anne's reign by Holmes, this weakness—if indeed it can be termed such—is more than

compensated for by the eminent readability of the book. This is a valuable addition to the existing literature on Harley and the period of the reign of Anne in general.

M.H.S.

THEATRE

'When Thou art King'—RST—June 9th

By any standards this history cycle was a formidable undertaking, and John Barton succeeded remarkably in producing a continuous, chronological play, although not all of it was Shakespeare. Barton manufactured his own plot of Hal's shaping up for kingship itself and delicately mixed it with the original text.

Even so, with this skill of writing, all would have come to nothing without a high standard of acting. Charles Thomas as Hal was superb: the part in his hands took on a new shape, coming to life as Thomas pranced round the stage with adolescent enthusiasm, casually adding gesture and expression to his lines.

But the undoubted star was Brewster Mason as Falstaff, the Peter Pan of the baronage. Due largely to his acting one almost grew to love Falstaff despite his inherent lying, cheating and drunkenness, his robbing and cowardice, and it all served to reinforce Mason's reputation as one of the best Shakespearean actors of the day.

The part of the austere Henry IV was taken by Jeffrey Dench. Hotspur was portrayed by John Forgeham, who underpinned young enthusiasm with a neat political and tactical hard-headedness that nicely balanced Hal's exuberance. And, as a counter-balance, there was the Bardolph of Don Henderson. With his stupidity and almost permanent drunkenness he almost raised the roof at times, and he supplied much of the vital light-heartedness.

The magnificent standard of the first two parts of a proposed trilogy made everyone wish they could see the third—albeit in more comfortable seats. But it was nevertheless an extremely enjoyable afternoon.

S. D. JONES

LETTERS

Sir,

S. J. Abbott's platitudes in the May 'Chronicle' seem to me to gloss over a major weakness in the Music Department. We have a new and expensive Music School, but, other than the obvious advantages of the Gym. Store and a new form room for Mr. Trott, the spending of such a large sum does seem rather excessive. The building is regularly used by less than 50 boys, and the Harold Smith Studio would seem to be out of bounds to all but a select few, numbering perhaps 15. For the vast majority of the School these facilities are wasted, and wasted needlessly. While there is only a relatively small minority who play musical instruments (and by no means all of these use the Music School), there is a large and almost completely untapped listening audience. At present the School possesses only one available record player, in the Harold Smith Studio. This, however, is intended for the Director of Music to use for teaching purposes. The only boys who are allowed to use it are what one might call 'the Inner Music Circle.'

While it is obvious that the record player must be kept in as good order as possible, it would also seem desirable that boys should have the facility to play records at School; the School has a record library that is hardly used. It must be the intention of both the Director of Music and the Board of Governors to stimulate boys' interest in music; it would therefore seem beneficial to provide a second record player for the School *en masse* to use. This need not be an expensive piece of equipment, indeed, portability would be an advantage, and would enable it to be used in any of the rooms

in the Music School. This provision would let the building be much more widely used than it is, and would allow individuals and societies such as the Folk/Blues Society, at the moment little better treated than a persecuted religious sect, an opportunity to listen to the kind of music they want to. As it is, without this simple and inexpensive provision, the expenditure of such a large sum on the building of the Music School seems totally unwarranted.

R. G. MALTBY

Sir,

I think it would be an excellent plan for the School to provide loose-leaf binders to be purchased optionally for general School use.

As metric standards are to be introduced into this country in the near future, I would suggest that the binders should be in the international standard A4 (297 x 210 mm.) and A5 (210 x 148 mm.) sizes, with paper punched in the standard manner.

I myself use, and I have seen other boys using, loose-leaf binders, which exist at present in several different sizes and formats. It seems to me that there is here an excellent opportunity both to rationalize the use of loose-leaf paper, and also, if the binders were embossed with the School name or crest, to provide publicity for the School.

M. G. COCKERHAM

[**Editor's Note**: The first step towards this sensible scheme has been taken already—folders to hold a year's copies of 'Chronicle' will be put on sale in the near future. Who knows what may follow!].

ORIGINAL

The Blackbird's Misery

His eye covered by a film of water
He weeps.
The bloody mess of his spilled young
Lies scattered.
The nest broken
His home ruined by the ravenous cat;
The home he built for his young off-spring
Devastated.
Those weak bald birds
Had not the chance to survive
The first crucial stages
Which the father was blest with.
But will the blackbird
Lament this mishap
When his next year's work
Becomes a reality
To love?

P. C. RUSSELL

Vietnam Protest

Over the warm roof of my house
Stuttering stars shine on the black
Cloth of night. In my room, no
Light as I lie on my back
In bed. Here, no fear of louse
Or snake: here, no inferno.
But out in the jungle, there
Is no warm roof, no bed.
But only bullet and shell;
Places where wounded are fed
By the light of a ghostly flare—
And places where the dying fell.
And I'm alive, but someone's dead . . .

S. D. JONES

Postal Lover

If you saw him for the first time today,
Would you know him, despite what you say?

S. D. JONES

THE FLIGHT OF DESPAIR

In many respects, the quality of life has deteriorated much since the Middle Ages. The feudal system was a political structure which allowed a decentralisation of power and so prevented great alienation. The harmony of a medieval integrated community has been destroyed by a breakdown of society into classes. Population increase has added tensions to a crowded land, and urbanisation continues to spread ugliness across former beauty. City cores rot as they await a renewal which will often only kill community life. Mechanical and technological innovation allow men to suppress the non-human world instead of integrating with it. Our culture flourishes by means of 'free enterprise,' a system of exploitation which flouts divine laws of the Just Price and is against usury. Giant institutions and corporations are entrenched in their grip over the state while increasing bureaucracy adds further frustration and alienation among those far from the source of ultimate power. Since the waning of the Middle Ages, continual emphasis has been placed in religion on the familiar rather than the mystic, the rational rather than the sensuous, the moral rather than the spiritual. The result has been the appearance first of beliefs such as evangelicism and unitarianism, then modernism, humanism and communism. Paralleling the trend towards rationalism and individualism in religion has been a cultural move towards liberalism. In the excitement of material progress man forgot the fact of his original sin. In the assertion of individual freedom, freedom to exploit and oppress was gained, for capitalism and imperialism flourished as spiritual values declined. Now materialism predominates in our culture. If St. Francis of Assisi wandered today he would be locked up as a vagrant. Suffocated by the arrogance of individualism, modern man's soul dies. By accepting the comforts of the devils of false philosophies, western man, like Faust, has lost the total comfort.

The psychological equilibrium of medieval man and his harmony with his environment cannot be regained by urbanised man. A changed culture divides us. Yet no matter how great is the gap, struggle against modern evils is not pointless. For even failed actions against this impure society appear as successes in the sight of God. Just as we as individuals all share the sins of our community, so the whole community is elevated by the action of a single good man. Thus, although he is spurned and fails, man's efforts can mitigate the crimes of those who reject him. With this knowledge, no action is futile, no action a failure if directed against evil.

However, this is not the only comfort against despair. Although we live in a fallen land, the former beauty has not totally faded. We can receive something of the tranquility of the medieval mind and assuredness in its part in existence. By partaking in the Holy Catholic rites of the Church of England, I find the survival of medieval tradition, which seemed so faded, bright and vigorous again. In it I am linked to the beauty of the past and am not alone in the immensity of time and space. By entering the tradition I become part of it, eternal and undying.

When the day ends, the sun sinks beyond the horizon and we see it no more. Yet it does not die, even though it has been darkened with clouds and the day sky been dull. Out of our sight it lives on. So too on death the locked door will open and existence beyond our comprehension will continue. With this reward, how can one despair at human degeneration? With confidence we can chase away the fogs of despair in the light of assured joy.

G. R. N. LITTLEJOHNS



SEPTEMBER 69

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

CHRONICLE

EDITORIAL

Vol. 2, No. 1

Man has finally reached the Moon—'That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,' as Shelley puts it. As was to be expected, the American achievement has been the signal for a resurgence in the activities of those who question the morality of spending large sums of money in space work.

The arguments for and against on this issue have become familiar, but has not the arguing been in vain? If history has demonstrated anything, it is not that Man learns by his mistakes, but rather that he does not. Man is constantly wise after the event. Hence it was increasingly easy to condemn the execution of Charles I after the regal head had rolled. Hence it is easy to day to criticise the naivete of Neville Chamberlain over the Munich crisis of 1938.

But there is a certain type of man who will always be moved to action by an inner conviction which remains steadfast, regardless of the disparaging and discouraging remarks of others. If that man is successful in what he attempts many will praise him; if he fails most will deride him. The regicides were men with a conviction. Neville Chamberlain was a man with a conviction. The Space protagonists are men with a conviction. About such men there is a certain inevitability.

CALENDAR

Results—July 5th to September 1st

Cricket—1st XI

- July 5 v. King's S., Worcester—lost by 3 wickets.
" 6 v. Common Room—drawn (rain).
" 7 v. Denstone C.—drawn.
" 12 v. O.E.A.—lost by 4 wickets.
" 14 v. M.C.C.—won by 4 wickets.
" 15 v. Gentlemen of Worcester—lost by 90 runs.
" 16 v. Hardye's S., Dorchester—drawn (Crowdy 95).
" 17 v. XL Club—lost by 6 wickets.

Swimming

- July 5 v. Shrewsbury S.—won 50—17.
" 8 v. Rugby S.—won.
Aug. 5 A. T. M. Freeman was second in the final of the 110 yards Freestyle (boys) at the A.S.A. National Championships in Blackpool, recording a time of 58.1 secs.

Chess

- July 27 The School team was defeated in the final of the 'Sunday Times' National Schools' Tournament against Dundee H.S. The match itself was drawn, and the result was decided upon age-handicap.

Social Calendar up to October 13th

- Sept. 11 Beginning of the Michaelmas Term.
" 26-28 Expeditions Weekend.
Oct. 9 'The Messiah.'

Sporting Calendar up to October 13th

- Sept. 20 XV v. Warwick S.
" 24 XV v. D. C. Everest's XV.
Oct. 4 XV v. Denstone C.
" 11 XV v. Tettenhall C.

SCHOOL NOTES

At the beginning of the Academic Year 1969-70 : R. W. G. Eglin and A. N. Macdonald are appointed joint School Captains.

R. J. Grant is the new School Recorder.

S. C. Williams is the Captain of Rugby for the 1969-70 season.

K. R. Lee and M. H. Smith are the joint Editors of 'Chronicle'; Mr. A. J. Trott takes over as Editor-in-Chief.

The next School Play—to be performed at the beginning of the Lent term—will be 'The Winter's Tale,' by William Shakespeare.

The following have been awarded their Blazer Badge for distinguished performances on the games field :

A. T. M. Freeman (swimming), S. C. Williams (cricket), M. A. Hunt (chess), B. L. Hanna (athletics). I. A. D. Thomson (cricket) and C. C. Maltby (chess), who have now left, were also awarded their Badges.

In the Common Room :

We welcome Mr. Gudgeon, who takes charge of Divinity, Mr. Hames, who will teach English, Mr. Nelson, who will teach Physics, and Mr. Gummett, who will teach Chemistry.

Mr. A. D. C. Wingate takes charge of the School's Eton Fives; he will also be responsible in future for the Personal Service Group.

Mr. M. Parslew takes over the Housemastership of Prince Lee.

SPEECH DAY, 1969

Speech Day

This was what might be called an essentially local occasion for, instead of the principal guest being an eminent person of national fame, the visitor to give out the prizes and speak to the School was Mr. Derek Salberg, for many years the manager of the Alexandra Theatre, and so often in the past the lone voice of culture speaking in the philistine wilderness. He is, of course, a well-known personality, but his close ties with the city and the School gave the occasion an intimacy which was rather refreshing. As was his speech too.

The morning's usual pattern was followed. After the declamations the Chief Master delivered his report. At the centre of his remarks was the concept of the Direct Grant School as 'a centre of excellence . . . with a wide social range but a common interest in learning.' In realising this notion he talked of the year's achievements and the range of activities which the School both supplied and fulfilled in an exceptional way. Music, drama, Chronicle, several sports—particularly Chess—were flourishing; Fives, sadly, was in decline. And there was change to note also—with new modes of worship, no Saturday morning school in the future, and a new cafeteria system in the dining hall. There was also the prospect of the new sports hall, a sign of the co-operative work of governors and parents.

After distributing the prizes, Mr. Salberg spoke briefly and wittily. It is difficult to record his

speech, as it hopped and bubbled from one joke to the next. But, at the heart of his matter, there was the idea of achieving happiness; by working hard, enjoying recreation, showing integrity, and having a sense of humour. On a warm morning, in formal circumstances, his cheerful disposition and absence of pomposity delighted the audience and made the occasion seem more a part of the living school than perhaps has sometimes been felt.

O.E.A. Cricket Match, 12th July, 1969 at Eastern Road

For once the weather was kind to King Edward's cricketers; indeed, conditions were near perfect, although the crowd was disappointingly small. That is, until strawberry time!

I. A. Thomson, captaining the XI, won the toss and elected to bat, the wicket promising little help to the bowlers. The School can seldom, if ever, have set off at a more confident pace, as Crowdy and Burn put on 121 in the first hour. This opening pair, surely the best seen at School for some considerable time, contributed between them 137 of the 198 runs scored by the XI. When the first man was out, however, the balance swung the way of the Old Boys, due mainly to a fine spell of slow left arm bowling by Harrod, who collected seven of the eight wickets to fall. Only Thomson of the middle order batsmen, played with any confidence, but he too fell to Harrod's spin. At 198 for 8, the School generously declared.

The Old Boys also accumulated runs quickly. The outfield was fast, and Sykes and Shenstone put on 79 for the first wicket. At this stage of the game the required total seemed within easy reach, but there were soon to be setbacks. Sykes batted forcefully until a superb catch by Taylor from a lofted drive deprived him of his century. Then Davis was well caught by Pearson off Williams, and Bryan, looking good for 50, was run out. At this moment, when a victory for the School seemed a slight possibility, several catches were dropped, and these errors—as so often in this season—proved costly.

The fall of wickets had inevitably meant a fall in the run rate also, and thus the match developed a cliff-hanging finish, with the O.E.'s requiring 13 runs to win with 7½ minutes to play. The experience of Campbell and Alabaster proved decisive, however, and victory was achieved with three minutes to spare. Rarely do visitors to Eastern Road see 400 runs scored in an afternoon or victory gained so closely at the end of that time.

Scores :

K.E.S. 198 for 8 dec. (Crowdy 79, Burn 58, Thomson 19; Harrod 7 for 44).

O.E.A. 199 for 6 (Sykes 87, Shenstone 27, Davis 22; Williams 3 for 71).

M.H.S.

The Oxfam Concert

My disappointment at the Oxfam Concert was due mainly to the programme. Firstly, the 'history of music' format made it rather bitty, and this was not really helped by the slight introductions supposed to aid continuity. Secondly, the programme could have been more consistently adventurous; I was more pleased to hear music by Dunstable, Byrd and Gabrieli than often-performed works by Haydn, Brahms and Parry. (And to end the history of music with the last-named composer was manifestly absurd).

Nevertheless, I enjoyed many of the items, particularly the soloists and chorus work. The smaller groups were a shade less successful because they require a balance between the individual and the group, and often—in works like Dunstable's 'Veni Sancte Spiritus'—we heard only the individuals working apart rather than the voices blended. The balance of the Gabrieli Canzone gave us a lot of trumpet, not quite enough flute, and a varying

amount of organ; while the altos were not always in time in the Morley madrigal. These may seem to the layman to be nice distinctions, but in small group works it is these criteria which matter and the players and singers need to be conscious of them in undertaking such demanding music. Balance and timing are—if not all—a large part of success.

While groups have many things to worry them, soloists have only themselves (and their accompanists) to worry about. Robert Osborne's piano playing showed a fine technique and command of tone which allowed few flaws. Neil McFadyen (violin) played with good tuning and intonation, even if he had some phrasing difficulties in the first movement. Mr. Trott made up for the lack of a top class voice with his relish of rapid Italian and his true actor's wit. The choral items were equally enjoyable, individuals being absorbed in the ensembles, especially in the upper parts. The trebles were clearly the best, a group of voices which really blended and made both the Haydn and Brahms most attractive. The Bach chorale was sound but there was an insufficiently firm bass line for the work to be fully effective.

If I have not bestowed praise all round for enterprise, enthusiasm and overall musicianship, it is because I vividly recall the Oxfam concert of 1962-3, which surpassed this one in all three departments. Nevertheless, I did enjoy this concert, leaving only with the hope that one day the various talents on display may be put to a more adventurous use.

S. J. ABBOTT

SPORT

Cricket Week

May was a disastrous month; the rain scarcely stopped and not a ball was bowled before half-term. July was glorious; the sun shone and fair success attended the School team in its full programme of fixtures. Camp Hill G.S. was defeated in the final of the Warwickshire Grammar Schools knock-out competition, and the Common Room were in grave danger of defeat when one of the few days of rain called a halt to the match soon after tea. And the fine weather continued into Cricket Week, which was as enjoyable as ever, providing interesting matches, good spectator material, and an entertaining social round.

The O.E.A. match (reported elsewhere) was a run spree, and on the following Monday the XI achieved a remarkable victory over a strong M.C.C. side. Unusually, in a poor year for fielding, nine catches were offered and held, and the M.C.C. were dismissed for 141 (S. C. Williams, 4—33). Much to everyone's surprise, the School scored the runs for the loss of 6 wickets, J. G. Winspear batting at his fluent best to be undefeated with 67. Tuesday's match against the Gentlemen of Worcester was as disastrous as the previous day's victory was splendid. The G.W. amassed 210—4 declared, but K.E.S.—bemused by some accurate swing bowling—were all out for 120! The only batsman to succeed was S. C. Williams, who re-discovered his form and made 40 not out.

Wednesday's opposition proved much easier. Hardye's School, Dorchester, had only modest bowling resources, and C. A. Crowdy and A. L. Burn, relishing this, made their second hundred partnership in a week. Burn made 47, and Crowdy went on to reach 95 before being rather unluckily adjudged lbw. The School declared at 225—6, and Hardye's, never on terms with either time or target, hung on to draw, scoring 171—9. The last over was especially dramatic—two wickets falling.

The final match was against the XL Club, a tricky proposition. The School, batting first, made 160, largely thanks to a fine innings of 67 by S. C. Williams. The Club, however, found little difficulty in the K.E.S. bowling and knocked off the runs for the loss of four wickets. So an enjoyable

week came to an end with defeat on the field, and a fine party for the XI given by the Captain and his parents off it. For the latter, the team is most grateful and appreciative.

On reflection, the season was enjoyable but not as successful as it had promised to be. Without the victory in the W.G.S.C., the number of wins recorded would have been disappointingly low. The fielding was rarely more than moderate, and the bowling seemed to lack penetration. However, with only I. A. Thomson, J. S. Cape and N. P. Pearson leaving, next year's team should be more successful, and it is to be hoped that there will be some good weather in May to start the season off on the right note.

A. L. BURN

The Swimming Sports

The annual Swimming Sports were held at 6.00 p.m. on Friday, July 11, and the weather was fortunately fine and dry, except for the occasional downpour after a hefty dive. As usual, the sports ran very smoothly—and ahead of schedule, so congratulations to Mr. Cotter and the 'old faithful' gentlemen with the stop watches, etc. All the swimmers, too, must not be forgotten, since they were the deserving stars of the evening, and many appeared several times.

The evening was, in fact, most enjoyable and, as with the Athletics Sports, a real social as well as School occasion. A. T. M. Freeman broke two records at the end of a splendid season; there was a great deal of fuss about disqualifications; the Scouts flourished at their now perpetual vending vocation; and, as the results of most of the events were foregone conclusions, an air of jollity reigned, which was summarised in the water polo match, in which the School literally steam-rolled the Rest, and in the now traditional ducking of the swimming captain. 'Jollity' does not, however, mean 'carefree,' for the swimming was of an appreciably high standard—what could be expected from members of an unbeaten team? But to end on an unfortunately sad note—this was the last occasion when the voice of our favourite announcer was heard at K.E.S.

The Individual Champions were :

R. C. Reasbeck	Open
A. T. M. Freeman	U.16½
A. K. Grice	U.15
D. I. Watton	U.13½

The order of Houses was : Levett, Cary Gilson, Gifford, Evans, Heath, Prince Lee, Jeune, Vardy. C.J.S.H.

The Final of the Burgess Tennis Cup

(D. K. Mclean beat J. T. Gould 7-5, 4-6, 6-4, 1-6, 8-6).

The match began with a long but friendly first set in which both players settled down to playing a defensive game, which made for long rallies but little excitement. At 4-1 in the second set, Mclean seemed set for a comfortable win, but he then lost six games running. The crucial point in the third set came when Gould lost his serve to love at 2-2. He fought back to 4-4, but then lost the next two games. At Mclean's request, there was then a 15-minute interval, which probably did him more harm than good.

The fourth set began with a service break to Gould. He broke again in the fifth game. By now Mclean's game had disintegrated, originally through over-confidence, and later through indiscipline, and he won only one more point in losing the set. It took this loss for him to recover his game. He immediately broke Gould's serve, but then lost his own. However, his confidence had returned, and he began to attack for the first time in the match. In the final set he led 5-3, but then Gould staged something of a comeback to 5-5, and after two very long games, to 6-6. However, Mclean's superior pressure and power told, and he won the next two games to love.

Mclean won the match in spite of himself, for his struggle was rather against his temper, his inaccuracy, and his unwarranted unwillingness to attack, than against Gould, who played his usual steadily defensive game. Mclean won, as he should have done, but he made it unnecessarily difficult for himself.

R.G.M.

SYNDICATES

Sixth Form Syndicates Report

The interlude between the return from the rigours of 'A' level and the departure to the outside world provides an opportunity for the Sixth Forms to extend their interests into fields they have never before been able to fully exploit. At the same time they can gain an insight into areas of learning which might otherwise remain totally unexplored. As the Chief Master so readily pointed out during the Syndicate reports, these two weeks provide at least a stimulating and often valuable experience.

The syndicate examining the contemporary press, under the guiding hand of Mr. Ganderton, produced a number of interesting statistics—not the least of which was the worth of daily newspapers in respect of classified ads.! The surveyors came forward ready-armed with a large number of highly intricate maps and diagrams which some of us almost recognised as being of the South Field and Eastern Road; these were accompanied by a pictorial account of their travels in the surrounding area. They had produced a large output and had triumphed over some instruments that had proved badly in need of overhauling.

The Art Syndicate, essentially practical in all respects, drew to its painty bosom a considerable number of boys, and each of them found a medium in which to express himself—from jewellery to mosaic—in copper, wood, clay, and even perspex. The amount and range of work produced was much in evidence at the Speech Day exhibition. Meanwhile, the archaeologists and geologists delved into what lies beneath the earth we walk on; a search which could have been further enhanced, perhaps, by the strange, renowned philosophy of Mr. Sacret. Perhaps he was with them in spirit—alas, not in body.

For those scientists who preferred to remain in chartered waters, various scientific apparatuses (apparati/apparatus?) were constructed ostensibly to make experiments easier to perform. To the uninitiated, however, the process still seemed like the production of a machine to make a machine to make a machine to make a . . .

As we emerged from this profound, infinite contemplation, the most ancient of syndicates, that emanating from the Library, announced in ringing tones that it had, as usual, checked and re-catalogued and re-re-catalogued the books. In so doing they had culled one heartening statistic—that over 75% of all books stolen from the shelves do—eventually—find their way back to the shelves. 'Thus conscience doth make honest men, at least of most of us?'

Nothing was heard from—or seen of, come to think of it, the Drama and Creative Writing Syndicate. We were left to judge their dramatic work in the last week of term (and a report appears elsewhere); only rumour of their writing had circulated, and it seemed that they had spent much time writing poems about boots and short stories about dreams! So the final report concerned the biologists who had been engaged in rectifying their marine apparatus. A startling range of grabs and nets was put on display. We were all hugely impressed. Perhaps the first machinery for the benefit of the revitalised dining hall—more plaise for the Chief Master's table?

W. J. MORLE

Fifth Form Syndicate

'The general theme is an exploration into human nature and personality, its instincts, drives and motives.'

The Conference opened on Saturday, June 28th, with a lecture on Extra Sensory Perception presented by Mr. Houlding. He talked clearly but tended to rely on jargon, and he sketched around several points instead of arriving at one definite conclusion. The following Monday we were joined by the girls to hear two talks—one by the City Recorder and the other by an eminent psychiatrist. In the former, Mr. Argyle concentrated more on Birmingham than on his chosen subject, crime. At times it appeared that he was comparing Birmingham with other big cities, and that crime was his yardstick. The latter talk was very concise and it helped us to form an idea of our inner selves. The afternoon was occupied by discussion groups which considered questions proposed by the morning speakers.

The highlight of the course was an informal discussion with a young Probation Officer. This was both interesting and informative as several important social problems were considered. The lectures were continued on Thursday; the Assistant Editor of the Birmingham Post gave an absorbing talk about the role of the Press in a democratic society. Friday's programme was divided between Trade Unions and the South African problem; the first speaker capably expanded his subject but, once again, no conclusion was reached. Dr. Payne, with the help of colour slides, demonstrated his great knowledge of South Africa in a carefully-planned talk. The first week of the conference closed with a morning devoted to careers and the problems facing a university graduate.

The conference was unexpectedly extended into a second week by a fascinating talk about America and the problems confronting all expanding communities. Professor Thomas spoke authoritatively and was able to give a good insight on American ideas. Thursday morning was devoted to group reports, some escaped the main issues with humorous comments, whilst others were lost in an incoherent mumble. The general impression, however, was of hard work and deep thought. The course ended with the return of Mr. Cook, who patiently answered our questions on Trade Unions.

P.J.S.

Comment

An important point to emerge from the Fifth Form Conference was the very definite apathy towards any suggestion of Edwardians being the 'future leaders of the nation.' Time and again this attitude was raised by many speakers; reaction was always spontaneous and adverse, and lecturers failed to recognise this at the cost of their talks. Feelings were ably summed up by one Probation Officer: 'You're just sick of hearing it, aren't you'

The reporting of the discussion groups to the full conference was a good idea, but in practice failed to realise its objectives. The time limit for the reports (six minutes) was much too short, and thus the reports glossed over minor details which might have been of considerable help to other groups which did not have time to go into some subjects. Next year might not a written summary of the most interesting topic covered by each group be circulated?

We must all be grateful for two stimulating weeks—obviously well and carefully planned, and even for those who did not allow others to listen by holding discussion groups of their own during lectures, the conference staved off the boredom of two weeks of doing nothing. But the number of idlers was pleasingly small.

The Drama Syndicate

'Trio'—July 14th and 15th, in Big School

This year's Drama Syndicate presented three very strongly contrasted productions: a scarcely-known Greek play—Euripides' 'Rhesus,' a snippet of marginally dramatised autobiography—Dylan Thomas's 'Return Journey,' and a real one-act play—Pinter's 'The Dumb Waiter.'

As Pinter's play is the most dramatic of these by a distance of several million light years, the Parslew-Lee-Davies Productions Inc. had a flying start. And their production was very, very good. It maintained great dramatic intensity from start to finish, and the play's macabre image of the subconscious sense of menace and insecurity that is so pervasive a feature of 20th century experience never lost its horrifying potency, for all the variations of surface texture that Pinter deploys. Both Lee and Davies gave splendidly authentic performances, but—as Lee's part made more complex demands—his authenticity was the finer achievement. Physically and vocally his was a sensitive and controlled and intelligent performance, with only the faintest hint of repetition and monotony. The best way of indicating how good Davies was is to say that his performance was in the same league as Lee's; if he appeared cruder it was because Ben is a cruder character than Gus. It was a deeply satisfying production.

'Return Journey' gave a larger number of actors an opportunity to try their hand at a series of character vignettes. These snippets of dialogue were by far the best written part of the entertainment and were presented with the air of lively and amusing improvisations which was certainly the right way to treat them. The narrator who links the episodes has the biggest single load in the piece. Dews fulfilled this role with assurance and a degree of vocal flexibility that successfully concealed the monotonous cadences and mechanical gimmicks of Dylan Thomas's awful prose, dead with pseudo-life. For this he deserves our gratitude and congratulation. So do the rest of the cast who managed to make the end of the piece seem genuinely touching without overbalancing into beery sentiment.

Lee's production of Euripides' 'Rhesus' had some good ideas and the beginnings of some useful performances. Hoggart, Davies, Testar and Dews all spoke well but looked rather less convincing (robuster legs would have helped). But there was a lack of conviction about the whole production. One sensed that a lot of people were trying hard but wondering subconsciously if the play was worth it. I wondered too. Hence the director's ideas seemed to exist for themselves rather than as an expression of anything felt in the play. Moreover, they clashed with the idiom of Gilbert Murray's translation, in itself something of a cross to have to bear. The syndicate didn't have time enough to bring their production of this play quite up to scratch.

Altogether, however, it was all very rewarding and worthwhile. One excellent production, one amusing entertainment, and an interesting workshop-style 'realisation,' as the in-boys say. Not a bad tally for under three weeks' work.

A.J.T.

EXPEDITIONS

C.C.F. Army Camp

The Army Section was this year split into two for the week's annual Camp. Slim Pln. and some of Connolly Coy. went to our parent regiment, 2nd Battalion, Royal Regiment of Fusiliers at Watchet; Vyse Pln. and the majority of Connolly Coy. were based at the Royal Marine Barracks, Eastney, near Portsmouth.

R.M.B. Camp

To start with, the food was good—and that helps. All the weapon instruction was given by Marine N.C.O.s who certainly knew their job and displayed an obscure Army quality in that they appeared almost human when giving orders. Reveille was at 0630 hrs., followed by breakfast at 0700 hrs. with hut inspection soon afterwards and training until 1600 hrs. excluding an hour's lunch break. Evenings were usually free and the main attraction was Southsea fun-fair.

On the first day, we were acquainted with the weapons that a modern British infantry regiment would carry: a Carl Gustav anti-tank gun, a General Purpose Machine Gun, a Self Loading Rifle, the .303 rifle, sundry grenades and smoke pistols. After a NAAFI break we marched to the main drill square to see a squad of civilians passing-out after a crash course. Their standard of drill and turnout after such a short time was stunning. During the Ceremony some of our ranks also passed-out and had to be carried off!

On the second day, there was the first of the novelties which characterised this Camp. We all went to Salisbury Plain to see the Open Day of the School of Artillery, Larkhill. The afternoon display was most impressive—not to say loud! A full regiment of Abbott S.P. guns, a battery of 105mm. Howitzers, a super-sonic Honest John missile, and sundry others were fired from in front of our very noses with alarming precision.

Sunday was free, and on Monday we departed to Browdown Ranges on the Solent, where we all fired .303 and S.L. rifles. In the night we were supposed to bivouac on the Ranges, but few slept much, if at all, during attacks on another C.C.F., recce. patrols, and return attacks by the other C.C.F. We were taken off from the beach on Tuesday morning, and spent a most enjoyable day around Portsmouth Naval Dockyard. Wednesday was rather hectic, with drill, an R.M. swimming test, more weapon training, and section attacks without blank rounds, which some thought disappointing. As a final novelty, on Thursday we saw the Sovereign's Parade at Sandhurst R.M.A., at which the salute was taken by Prince Philip. Friday saw a tired but cheerful C.C.F. disperse after a most enjoyable Camp.

I. H. K. PAGE.

Impressions of a Scout Camp

The wind and rain howling at your anorak as you try to keep a fire going on wet wood that smells of rotting bacon . . . the bumps in the ground digging into your tired back on your first sleepless night . . . rain pattering gently on the canvas above you . . . high-pitched words their owners don't know the meaning of . . . washing grease off dirty plates into cold, dirty water with a dirty dish-cloth . . . mist hugging you while a little boy ten yards away whom you can't see clamours to know how far it is to the top . . . sitting up late into the night talking incoherently about little . . . hearing the biggest Coca-Cola advert of them all . . . examining grubby hands and complaining of soap-filled ears . . . catching the occasional glimpse of the sun and thinking of people hiking in this heat . . . discovering Baden-Powell was a Fascist . . . singing out of tune at camp-fires . . . waking up to find it's over . . . suddenly realising from now on you're supposed to be in charge of them . . . watching them disappear at the station lovingly being accused of

being filthy and fatter . . . wondering what you do it for and realising you enjoy it.

R.G.M.

THE DINING HALL

During the Summer Holidays, as many will probably be aware, the Dining Hall is being modernised and converted to provide school lunch on a self-service basis. In the past, despite the efforts of kitchen staff and waiters, lunches have been served to you, the customer, in a lukewarm, semi-dried up state. As the new system will affect a large section of the school, some information, which we hope will help to explain how it will work, is set out below:—

Lunch tickets (still 1/6d.) will be purchased as at present from the Head Porter, but there will be no need to order lunch. There will be two service points, with a menu at the entrance to each, and it is hoped, a menu by the Porter's Lodge. The choice of three main meals and several sweets (or cheese and biscuits) will be available at both service points, and the popularity of a particular dish will control the frequency with which it appears on the menu. Thus, for the first time you will have some control over what is served, and any suggestions that you have will be welcomed by the stewards and Miss Chaffer.

Having chosen your meal, you will be free to sit almost anywhere in the Dining Hall. A table will be set aside for each House for use by House Tutors and thus any boy who wishes to discuss something with them will be able to do so at his own House table.

Much of this sounds like a planner's dream and the more cautious will be asking "How long will I have to queue for lunch?" Providing that diners make some attempt to 'stagger' their lunch break through the time available, there should be little, if any, queuing. You will be able to go for lunch at any time up to ¼-hour before the start of afternoon school, and if in a hurry, you can be in and out in 10 minutes.

Besides providing a much higher standard of hot lunches, Miss Chaffer hopes to be able to extend the other facilities that she provides. Experimental opening of the Dining Hall before school, at break and during the afternoon is being considered. Coffee, milk, soft drinks, biscuits and fruit would be on sale at these times.

Everyone who has seen the plans is confidently looking forward to a complete change for the better in K.E.S. lunches. Many schools have undergone a conversion to the cafeteria style of taking lunch, some more successfully than others. A great deal has been learned from their mistakes, but the success of this scheme will be shown by the number of people who regularly take the new lunch. We estimate that if everyone gives the system a fair trial, which we hope you will, about 600 will use the Dining Hall every day. Of course, it will take a couple of weeks for hundreds of people to get used to the new system, each playing his own small part in a job which used to be done by about 30 experienced waiters.

R. J. CLARKE,

G. R. YOUNG.

THE FILM SOCIETY IS CHANGING

After the disastrous effect of "The Titfield Thunderbolt" on its reputation, the Film society is making an attempt to regain the support of the senior part of the School. This is largely being done by showing better and more adult films, such as "Doctor Strangelove," "Guess who's coming to dinner?" and "The Taming of the Shrew" (a full list is published on the notice board). We are also altering the day of the week on which we show films; now this will normally be a Tuesday, which will be more convenient for the senior part of the School. This, however, does

not mean that juniors are no longer welcome. Certain films ordered are specially intended for them, and these will be shown on days most convenient for them.

Unfortunately, more and better films mean higher costs, and therefore it has been necessary to raise the subscription to 10s. per annum. This can be paid either in a lump sum at the beginning of the Michaelmas Term, or in 5s. instalments at the beginning of each of the two terms in which we shall be showing films. It should be pointed out that the Film Society is entirely self supporting, and we can only get good films if we receive sufficient money from membership fees. If enough people join, we shall be able to obtain even more than the eight films already planned for. And where else nowadays can you go to the cinema for just over 1/-? With the quality and quantity of films we are presenting, we hope and deserve widespread support from the whole school.

MISCELLANY

Letter

Sir,

It would appear from Mr. Maltby's letter in the July 'Chronicle' that he is labouring under a misapprehension when he inveighs so sweepingly against the Music School and its users.

Far from being the habitat of a privileged few, as he suggests, the provision of such a plant has made it possible for a steadily increasing number of boys to have individual music lessons at school, and during the last academic year approximately 150 each week have taken advantage of this opportunity. This number has grown steadily since the Music School was opened, and the growth shows every sign of continuing, so much so that yet another visiting teacher has had to be engaged this term, making a total of ten in all. Similarly, the record library and the collection of scores and music are available on loan to those wishing to make proper use of them, and if Mr. Maltby has not taken advantage of this fact, he has only himself to blame.

Musical activities such as the Choral Society, the Madrigal Group, the combined orchestra with K.E.H.S., the Music Society concerts and the Music Circle are open to all and support is growing. Surely a musical set-up which in one year can produce a most successful Christmas concert, a full scale Britten opera, the Ripieno choirs for the Bach St. Matthew Passion and the Berlioz Te Deum, and to crown all, a very lively 'Oxfam' concert, can in no way be accused of not making use of its facilities?

Mr. Maltby's plea for a second record player for entertainment purposes is perhaps valid, but should not such provision be part of a Sixth Form common room or other place of relaxation, rather than as part of a centre specifically set aside for the serious study of musical and cultural matters?

NORMAN MACDONALD,
JON HOMER.

Original

Inscape

A petal falls.
The forest is silent
except for the cries of birds.
A flower blooms in the
forever twilight of a forest.
The sun slides through
the crack in the leaves,
scattering its light on the soggy ground.

Another cry.
Another petal falls
to create sadness all day long.
Flowers bloom
to scatter their fragrance in the air.
An unfelt wind
moves the leafy roof.

No breath. Nothing
but bird cries. Nothing
breathes the humid air.
Suffocation killed the last
remnants of the animal world. Nothing
but the lonely bird's cry—
On and on, leaving echoes
of a dying race of silent
tired men.

D. WILSON.



OCTOBER 69

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

CHRONICLE

Vol. 2, No. 2

EDITORIAL

This is our Special Travelogue Number, complete with a real, genuine 'Come to Sunny Spain' article. If, during the holidays, you were involved in activities that were more exciting or glamorous or edifying or amusing or enjoyable than those chronicled here; and if, in your opinion, they would have made more instructive or entertaining reading, there can be only three explanations for their non-appearance in this number. The first is that you sent them in and we have, for our own sinister and inscrutable purposes, suppressed them; the second is that you were so overwhelmed with honest toil that you hadn't the time to write them up and present them for general entertainment; and the third, that you were just too idle. The first explanation we know to be untrue and we're far too charitable to assume the third. It must be, therefore, that unsleeping industry in other fields prevented you from deluging us with copy for the 'Chronicle.' We realise that life makes its relentless demands on us all, yet at the same time we don't like securing our copy 'by invitation only.' It suggests nasty visions of cliques, in-groups and cosy meetings of back-scratching pals. So for our next number write your entries on a nice, clean sheet of paper and address them to The Editorial Board, K.E.S. Chronicle, Room 136, K.E.S., Birmingham, 15. And see that they arrive before October 27.

CALENDAR

Sporting Calendar up to November 13th

- Oct. 18 XV v. Worksop (A).
" 22 Birmingham Schools U.19 Hockey Festival.
" 25 XV v. Lawrence Sherrif (H).
Nov. 5 Judo v. K.E.VI School, Nuneaton.
" 8 XV v. Bromsgrove (H).
" 12 XV v. Solihull (H).
Cross-Country League Second Teams' Race.

Social Calendar up to November 13th

- Oct. 25 Shakespeare Society.
" 27 'Chronicle' entries due.
" 28 Film Society 'The Best of Enemies.'
Oct. 31—Nov. 4 Half-Term.
Leavers' notices due.
Nov. 8 The Bromsgrove Match.
Anagnostics 'Iphigenia at Tauris.'

F. H. VINEY

1882—1969

In the death of Mr. Viney the School has lost one of its most loyal sons and certainly its most munificent benefactor among the Governors of this century. He was born in Stechford and as he loved to recall, came to K.E.S. at the age of 8, being the youngest boy in the School. He ended his career here as School Captain in 1900, and was therefore responsible for the tributes to A. R.

Vardy, his Chief Master, who died in that year. He went up to Caius College, Cambridge, which from that time shared with K.E.S. the fruits of his generosity.

He became a Governor of the Foundation in 1928 and retired in 1965. He was Bailiff in 1938 and so it fell to him to officiate at the laying of the Foundation stone, which preserves his name in perpetuity. After the War he presented the panelling and the stained glass windows in the Dining Hall. Many other gifts he gave but in his gentle, modest way avoided public record and even the expression of public gratitude. Perhaps he would best like to be remembered as a loving tree-planter: he was a devoted gardener and 'man of the trees,' and many of the trees on the site he himself nursed until they were ready for transplanting. In particular he gave the row of Cornish elms beside the swimming bath, to which he had already subscribed substantially.

Failing health in the last two years had made him a rarer visitor to the School: but previous to that he used to claim that he had not missed a Speech Day in forty years.

To his loyalty, generosity and example, honour and gratitude are due.

R.G.L.

EDWARDIANS ON THE MOVE

Spain

Rex Walker spent three months teaching English in Madrid, followed by a three week tour of Spain and Portugal. Here are some of his impressions:—

Madrid—a city of picturesque back-streets, broad new avenues, endless rows of multi-storey flats—the 'mighty' Mazaneres, which becomes an insignificant trickle in the heart of summer—red and black taxis—ubiquitous Coca-Cola—the Rastro flea-market—Japanese radios, brass bedsteads, live donkeys and imported and very illegal copies of 'Playboy.'

The 'Easter Parade'—fetch out the mounted police, close the whole of the city centre, add 200,000 spectators, mix in several dozen 'Senoras Penitentes Descalzas' (penitent ladies barefooted) trailing enormous chains from their feet, and several sombre gentlemen in what look like purple Ku Klux Klan hats, and you have religious fanaticism.

The Fairs in honour of San Isidoro, patron saint of Madrid—a bullfight every day for a fortnight—midnight pyrotechnics in the Retiro Park—Miss 'Pretty of Madrid with Glasses'—international baseball versus Italy.

The Most General Franco in the Victory Day Parade (one old lady tried to convince me it was victory over the Russians) which commemorates the Civil War—San Bernabeu Stadium where Real could only manage a goalless draw against Atletico.

The 'Plaza de Toros' (bull-ring) visited with some uncertainty as to the morals of bull-fighting. Nineteen thousand people (principally the Spaniards who can appreciate what's happening) applauding the award of the two ears—twenty thousand people applauding the exit of one very dead bull.

The Prado Art Museum where you can only marvel at such masterpieces as Goya's 'Saturn Devouring his Son' or Rubens' 'The Three Graces'—the superb new American Museum which arrogantly attributes the discovery of Australia to one Fernando de Quir.

Beer at sixpence a glass (including pickled fish, octopus, or dried blood)—the bar with a patent on its chips—Achmed Mohamed, "king of the pinchos morunos" (skewered meat)—"futbolín" (table soccer) versus excitable Spaniards—lies in the press about British tyranny in Gibraltar, the Falkland Islands, Ulster, Trinidad and Tobago—Spanish students who think that because the plural of 'mouse' is 'mice' the plural of 'house' is 'hice' (now I can sympathise with V.J.B.)—billiards on a table without any pockets—sweet red wine with fried eels.

The boot-blacks outside Toledo Cathedral who give an incredible shine to scruffy shoes and, if you don't watch it, fix a new pair of soles while they're at it—streets so narrow that you can touch both sides with arms outstretched.

El Escorial and Philip II's monastery—the American who asked the guide if they sold hamburgers there—Avila, a walled city—enough to give anyone claustrophobia—the train to Salamanca ("just hold my rooster while I buy a beer")—Santiago de Compostela, a concrete, or rather stone, jungle ("get a load of that cathedral façade, man").

Shiny steam engines in North Portugal—Oporto, city of Sandeman's wine, children with no trousers, and the longest single span concrete bridge in Europe—Lisbon with its genuine yellow London trams—the notice on the door of the boarding-house room "This room has been fumigated and insectified against rats, lice, cockroaches and other vermin."

Seville and the Moorish influence—Columbus' tomb—Cordoba with its mosque whose mihrab doesn't face Mecca—Granada and the 'Alhambra,' Moorish rulers' residence. Twelve hours in the train to Valencia—too tired even to visit the Mediterranean—Madrid to Elmdon in 3½ hours, almost as long as that stop we made at Tuy on the Portuguese frontier while the Spanish customs officials drank wine, looked officious and just procrastinated.

Russia

'He was head of the CHEKA, and he looked after orphans.'

I suddenly became aware that a young man had emerged from the shade of the roadside trees and was walking beside me.

"You are English? American?" he asked.

"English."

"Good. You wish to sell something? Shoes? Shirt? Trousers?"

"No."

"Perhaps you have pounds," he said thoughtfully.

"Yes."

He glanced up and down the street. "Intourist gives two roubles for one pound. I give you five, yes?"

This was my introduction to Moscow, at 6.30 a.m., two hours after our arrival.

David Blainey and myself had left Birmingham three days before, aided by the Hayward Travel Bursary and a minimal amount of pidgin Russian. After an unscheduled and unofficial diversion in East Berlin and an equally unexpected overnight stop at Terespol, where our coach was simply uncoupled and shunted into a siding, we finished the journey travelling third class from Brest to Moscow.

Russian third-class coaches breed togetherness, as well as occasional bugs, but the steam-hauled train rocked us to sleep, despite the rock-hard benches and the crowded mass of humanity on all sides.

We soon encountered Russian organisation. Although we were twelve hours late, our hotel rooms were not ready; 'under repair' is the ubiquitous official explanation.

We left Boris, our interpreter, and went for a walk, soon discovering that Moscow is awake and on its way to work at 6.0 a.m. 'Tesco,' as the Soviet spivs became collectively known, flourishes at that hour, as do the young addicts who beset tourists with optimistic cries of "Chewngum."

Besides the usual tourist round, a tour of the city, the Kremlin, a two-hour queue to see Lenin, suspiciously waxwork-like, the Economic Achievements Exhibition, we just walked around, quite freely photographing everything in sight. Everywhere the austere lives of ordinary Muscovites contrasted with the monuments and slogans, still invoking the words of Lenin to rouse the comrades as pioneers in a great adventure. There were other surprises, too, fresh flowers on Stalin's grave, the palatial Metro with chandeliers and paintings in the stations, dozens of drunks in Gorki Park, the city dying at 10.0 p.m., queues for everything, but no complaints.

We went reflectively on to Leningrad, to be told repeatedly about the Great October Socialist Revolution and the siege of 1941, when 600,000 civilians died in nine months. That trauma has left hatred and fear of Germany in every Russian's heart. But Peter I meant his capital to be near and of the West. The Winter Palace, the Peter-Paul fortress in the Neva, St. Isaac's cathedral, show how narrowly but inevitably he failed. The Hermitage is worth a life-time's study, but we had to settle for a day.

Twenty-four hours by train and we were in Kiev, being welcomed by Komsomol and invited to a very decadent party. Kiev is not Russian but Ukrainian, and proud of it. Almost everything was destroyed during the German occupation, and the city is still being rebuilt. Everywhere were lorries and cranes and sun-baked mud. It was a warm and happy city, but we had to return to our own far more comfortable life.

C. C. MALTBY.

Iceland

Iceland has remained 'the land of the sagas,' or so the glossy travel leaflets of *Icelandair* (the official Icelandic airline) would have it. Some might suspect that this is largely because Iceland has nothing else to offer, apart from its ice and land, and they are probably correct. The travel agencies, in their euphoric dream of picturesque national costumes, stylised model villages and traditional turf huts (the earthy touch is necessary for a sense of realism), of course ignore the basic physical facts and immense attractions of the country. That Iceland can be not only attractive but also in many respects far superior to England would, however, probably be inconceivable to most people. Despite the contrasts evident in any comparison of Iceland and England—population, climate, accessibility—the former is becoming a victim of problems associated rather with the latter.

It is interesting and disturbing that Iceland has many of the problems of western society on a relatively large scale despite the fact that she has only been open to their civilising influence for a few decades. The forcible allied occupation during the Second World War, in which Iceland had wished to remain neutral but her strategic value was too great, had a great impact in this respect. This is especially so as the Americans have, until this day, retained a large and unpopular air base at Keflavik near Reykjavik, the capital.

A typical problem, drug addiction, is limited less specifically to the young than in England, and in Iceland drugs are a much more serious problem among the middle classes. This sector of society has been disillusioned by successive devaluations of the Icelandic kronur—once a year for the past

three years—and has become estranged from the government more and more as it proved its incapacity to solve Iceland's social and economic problems. (For Iceland, read England now, or Germany in the 1920's.)

Including a drugs problem, a small but growing hard core of alcoholics, and a rapidly rising crime rate at the moment, Iceland has most of the disadvantages and few of the advantages of western civilisation. It is strange to find a philosophic and humorous view among the Icelanders on these matters however. After a recent earthquake, a government bureau tried to contact the official seismologist to determine the strength of the quake and whether there were likely to be repetitions. It received the reply that the seismologist was in prison for attempting to blow up the U.S. radar station at Keflavik with home-made petrol bombs.

This is typical of an Iceland where the people are as yet not fully civilised in the sense that they cannot come to terms with modern technology and its achievements, which they regard with amusement. It will take another two or three decades for them to realise its seriousness.

R. HARRIS.

Sea Scout Cruise

At Christmas 1968 the senior members of the Venture Sea Scout Unit became members of the Ocean Youth Club, and booked themselves on a two-week cruise. We spent the next six months wondering if we had done the right thing. Recalling stories of O.Y.C. boats adrift in force 9 gales in the North Sea with the crew dropping like flies, and hearing first-hand stories of sea-sickness, mutiny and Davy Jones, we had our doubts.

As it turned out, we had a splendid time, no one was drowned and at least one person was NOT seasick and we gained a great deal of experience. We embarked at Brightlinsea, on Sunday, 27th July, and set sail at 11 o'clock that night. The first time we tacked we ran hard aground for eight hours. Returning to Brightlingsea we obtained a new alternator and left again at 2 o'clock in the morning. (This turned out to be the pattern for the cruise since we never entered or left a port unless it was under cover of darkness or a fogbank.)

We then proceeded to sail non-stop for 60 hours to St. Peter Port in Guernsey. By the time we got there we had learnt what seasickness was and some idea of how to handle the boat.

The vessel was a 22-ton auxiliary gaff yawl, built in 1912 with 2,200 sq. feet of sail. She was called 'Duet' and was quite a handful even for eleven people. The crew consisted of eight sea scouts with Mr. McIlwaine and an O.Y.C. skipper and mate. They were both excellent seamen and our trust in them was in no way diminished when we learnt that our skipper was the one involved in the aforementioned incident in the North Sea.

After spending three days in St. Peter Port, enjoying the sunshine and duty-free purchases, we sailed to Honfleur, a fishing village near Le Havre. We arrived there at 5 o'clock, in the morning. We left there suitably laden with 'Vin Ordinaire' and 'Pains,' watched by a large crowd who liked our "joli bateau."

Our next stop was Calais where we met another O.Y.C. yacht, 'Theodora.' We stayed there one day and left early the next morning for Brightlingsea. This part of the trip took 24 hours with light winds. We succeeded in nearly running aground on the Goodwins and snapped a 4-inch diameter genoa boom.

We arrived home very tired but with a much greater respect for the elements and for ourselves.

A. J. ECCLESTON.

REVIEWS

FILM SOCIETY

It is difficult to establish a base from which to criticise Stanley Kubrick's film, 'Doctor Strangelove,' perhaps because Kubrick himself reveals an ambiguity of approach to the film, while the script itself is tinged with flashes of humour, not only is the subject of the film, nuclear warfare, highly serious but also, beneath all the comic touches, the writers themselves approached their task with sober realism. When the horrified President breaks up a scuffle on the Pentagon floor with the words, "Gentlemen, you can't fight in here; this is the War Room" we are intended not just to laugh but to realise simultaneously how ludicrous personal conflict has become under the vast, impersonal shadow of the atomic bomb. And when the President tells the Soviet Premier, in respect of an inadvertent nuclear attack, "Well, I'm sorry. Don't say you're sorrier than me, Dimitri. I assure you I'm just as capable of being sorry as you are," one can clearly detect the fell pen of Terry Southern. We are presented with a politico-military morality play with humorous overtones. As such the script is devastating, but Kubrick's direction sometimes reveals his confusion as to where most emphasis should be placed.

As far as the acting is concerned, despite a number of strong supporting performances the film belongs to Peter Sellers, playing three different rôles. As the ultra-British Mandrake, sublimely ridiculous in a call-box, trying to telephone the President and twenty cents short of saving the world; as the President himself, shrilly neurotic, discussing the impending holocaust with the Soviet Premier—"For goodness sake, Dimitri, there's no need to get hysterical about it"; as the crippled Doctor Strangelove, his arm jerking up spasmodically in a Nazi salute, he controls the film, neatly mingling the humorous and the macabre, evoking laughter and thought simultaneously. Finally, with the whole world under a horrifying atomic shroud, Strangelove leaves his wheelchair and walks for the first time. A film built around contrasts as ludicrous and ironic as these, 'Doctor Strangelove,' will perhaps be remembered by this generation as the blackest comedy of all.

S. M. ARROWSMITH.

THE BEATLES—"ABBEY ROAD"

At the time of their original successes, the Beatles were primarily a rock group. Recent tracks, such as 'Get Back,' have pointed towards a reversion to this relatively basic style, if employing a greater measure of sophistication. This trend is continued to a certain extent on the group's latest L.P., 'Abbey Road,' where such songs as 'I Want You (She's So Heavy)' and 'Oh! Darling,' a well-worn, 1963-type rock-ballad, represent one of several styles which the Beatles have revisited.

Some of the tracks are easily identifiable as being strongly influenced by past work. Songs about the more peculiar personalities of modern society (originated in 'Dr. Robert'—the modern witch-doctor figure), appear as Maxwell Edison (majoring in medicine)—the confirmed psychopath with the 'poor boy' public image, 'Mean Mr. Mustard'—the archetypal dirty old man, and so forth. Among other tracks which are clearly influenced by past records are 'Something,' which, while possessing many unique attributes which make it an outstanding Beatles track in itself, is clearly in the tradition, begun with McCartney's 'Yesterday,' of the big, showpiece ballad.

Yet by no means everything is copied or rehashed. In an age of harsh, unremitting, noisy expression of most emotion in the pop world, the Beatles have discovered a certain wistful, nostalgic tenderness which haunts 'Something,' 'You never give me your money,' and certain other tracks with a subtle simplicity. Had this been an explicable feature of the Beatles' work, their success might not have been so complete. As it is, it



NOVEMBER 69

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

CHRONICLE

Vol. 2, No. 3

CALENDAR

SPORTING CALENDAR

Nov. 19	Cross-Country: Sutton Park Race, 1st.
" 22	The XV v. Wrekin. Cross-Country v. Newcastle High School, 1st and U.16.
" 29	XV v. King's, Worcester. Hockey v. Shenley Court.
Dec. 6	XV v. Cotton College. Cross-Country v. Warwick, 1st, U.15, U.13.
" 12	Fives v. K.E.G.S., Five Ways.
" 13	XV v. Universities XV. Cross-Country v. John Wilmott, George Dixon, K.E.S., Stourbridge.
" 17	Cross-Country v. Wolverhampton G.S., 1st.

SOCIAL CALENDAR

Nov. 24	Oxbridge Examinations begin.
" 27	'Chronicle' entries due.
" 29	Shakespeare Society.
Dec. 6	Scout Parents' Social. Anagnostics.
" 15	Carol Service.
" 16	'Chronicle' published. House Music Competition, Part I. Carol Service.
" 18	End of Term.

SPORT

RESULTS

Rugger—1st XV

v. D. C. Everest's XV	Lost	13—16
v. Warwick School	Drew	9—9
v. Denstone College	Won	22—5
v. Tettenhall College	Won	23—5
v. Worksop College	Lost	0—8
v. Lawrence Sherrif	Lost	11—16
v. Bromsgrove School	Lost	5—16

Hockey—1st XI

v. Moseley Modern	Lost	0—1
v. Stanmore	Drew	4—4
v. Lordswood	Drew	2—2
v. Common Room	Won	3—1

Fencing

v. City of Leicester Boys' School	Won	11—5
v. Portland Fencing Club	Drew	8—8
v. Bishop Vesey's G.S.	Won	10—6
v. Birmingham University	Won	9—7
v. Stourbridge Fencing Club (foil)	Won	10—6
(épée)	Won	5—2
(sabre)	Won	2—1

Fives

v. Wolverhampton G.S.	Drew	2—2
v. Old Edwardians	Lost	0—4

FENCING

This term started very slowly for the Fencing Club. Four matches early in the term were cancelled for one reason or another, and these included our annual matches with the High School and Birmingham University. However, we won the first match we actually played against City of Leicester Boys' School, a result which retained for us our Midlands Schools' Championship. We then achieved a draw against a strong and rather older team from Portland Fencing Club. This result broke our two year series of outright victories but the team still remains undefeated. A match was hastily arranged against a full strength Birmingham University team which we narrowly won by nine bouts to seven, thanks to an outstanding performance by last year's captain, M. J. Gill. Our last match against Stourbridge Fencing Club, was extended to include matches with épée and sabre as well as foil. Surprisingly we won at all three weapons. Our expectations for the future are as bright as our past record.

EDMUND WATERHOUSE.

CROSS COUNTRY

Every Monday lunchtime several pairs of hairy legs may be seen pounding off up the main drive at the start of a training run. The many successful cross-country results this season and last are a direct result of this time voluntarily given to training by members of the teams. The great improvement in the first team last season led to an overall position of fifth in the Birmingham Schools' League. This season, in spite of the loss of M. J. D. Edwards, the improvement has continued, and the excellent performances of M. Lawley have ensured a very powerful first six runners. The team showed its capabilities by beating its previous conquerors, Lordswood Technical School, both at home and away. This year our only rival in the First Division of the League is St. Thomas Aquinas School which has four exceptionally good runners. Having lost to them once we must run our strongest possible team when we challenge them over our own course early next term.

NEIL MACFADYEN.

ETON FIVES

This year has seen the start of a revival of fives throughout the School. More junior members of the School are taking up the game which has been suffering such a decline over the past few years. Mr. Wingate, who has succeeded Mr. Parslew as master-in-charge, has brought forward several new ideas: a booking system which has become necessary so that boys can reserve courts so as to play during the lunch hour, a fact which shows the increased popularity of the sport; the operation of two fives 'ladders,' one for pairs from the shells and the other for players from the removes and upper middles; and the loan of gloves which can be obtained from the Porter's lodge, but must be returned within twenty-four hours. Moreover, a new ruling has now been made concerning House Junior Fives; matches are to be played during the week shown in the calendar—pairs from the fourths and junior fifths on Monday, from the removes on Tuesday and from the upper middles

on Wednesday. Results of the two School matches are given elsewhere.

COLIN BROMAGE.

REVIEWS

FILM SOCIETY

Two wealthy American liberals bring up their daughter to deny any social differences between the white and black races. One day she turns up out of the blue with a civilised, highly intelligent negro whom she intends to marry. He imposes a deadline on her parents, giving them just one day to make or break the marriage with their reaction, refusing to marry unless they agree. Then his working-class parents arrive, and they all attempt to solve their problem over dinner.

Such is the plot of 'Guess Who's Coming To Dinner,' and with a cast featuring Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn and Sidney Poitier as the parents and their would-be son-in-law, it represents a potentially intelligent, sympathetic, individual treatment of the American colour problem. The parents are soon divided, he accusing her of surrendering logic to emotion in consenting, she retorting that he has betrayed his liberal principles in disapproving. The team of Tracy and Hepburn, which made so many great films, excels here once more, and the scenes between the two are both accomplished and powerful. Some of the supporting performances, notably the angry negress cook and Hepburn's nosey business partner, add invaluable depth to the narrative.

Then, quite suddenly, the film degenerates into one long cinematic cliché. The various confrontations are laboriously contrived, the script becomes flat and uninspired. Hepburn practises her standard tortured-grimace-in-moments-of-great-stress ploy; Poitier produces his once-per-film angry negro speech. Finally, Tracy is won over when he is told that he has forgotten what true passion is (sob, sob, violins), denies this vehemently (the all-American potency figure re-established with a deft glance of meaningful nostalgia at Hepburn), and consents. Lovers embrace, and Hollywood gives itself a congratulatory pat on its self-consciously liberal back as the credits roll over a somewhat belated dinner.

Here was the framework of a fine film, promptly subjected to every film cliché conceivable, visual and verbal. Although the masterful Tracy-Hepburn combination redeems it somewhat, by the time the handy Catholic priest-cum-long-standing family friend archetype entered, it was already beginning to turn sour.

The Film Society's more recent offering, the Anglo-Italian production 'The Best of Enemies' scarcely wants enough space to be comprehensively rude about it. Most notable aspects are the lack of humour, the painful pseudo-broken English of the Italians, David Niven doing his famous impression of David Niven. The kind of film you walk out of halfway through because it will keep waking you up.

SIMON ARROWSMITH.

RAVI SHANKAR CONCERT

The fact that the phenomenon of Indian music has become an integral part of musical culture in the Western world was clearly demonstrated by the enthusiastic welcome given by a full house to Ravi Shankar and Alla Rakha, two of the greatest sitar and tabla players respectively that India has ever produced. The evening began, appropriately enough, with an evening raga, after which Ravi Shankar went through the almost unnecessary ritual of informing everyone that the sitar is made of teakwood and has six strings. He also ventured, apart from asking people to refrain from smoking during the performance, to put forward the fact that more than ninety-five per cent. of the music we were about to hear would be improvised. And, despite a statement in the programme which estimated the amount somewhat more liberally as between twenty-five and ninety per cent., nobody could really claim to care about such mathematical trivialities after the next raga, the most beautiful of them all, the principal mood of which was undoubtedly love.

After a somewhat shorter than usual interval, the artists reappeared to present the lightest entertainment of the evening, a demonstration of some of the innumerable resources of the tabla. This divertissement, Alla Rakha playing various rhythms almost as quickly as they were spoken by his colleague, was followed by a more serious piece, still without sitar, based on the popular Ektal tala, that is a rhythmic cycle of twelve beats. Following this tabla solo came a sitar solo, this raga being the deepest in the emotional sense of the whole evening, the mood throughout being very spiritual. The two-and-a-half hour concert ended, however, on a note of happiness, for, after at last giving a word of mention to the almost forgotten tampura player, Ravi Shankar's final creation was a Ragamala, or 'Garland of ragas,' at the end of which the three musicians quickly left the stage to the sound of tumultuous applause from the delighted audience.

ANDREW MORRIS.

VIEWPOINTS

STUDENTS IN THE U.S.A.

If, as seems likely, student power is to become a powerful force in politics, it would be useful to know more about this movement. In the past the observer has been confronted by a panoply of extremist groups whose basic aim is revolution. However, during the American Presidential Campaign of 1968 the Democrat contender, Eugene McCarthy, surrounded himself with enthusiastic young supporters who appeared far more representative of their age-group. These groups did not fully disperse after the Chicago convention which rejected their nominee, but remain an active force in American politics, and their actions in connection with the Vietnam war protest are worth investigation.

First, it must be conceded that the movement started life with a tremendous success, in the announcement by President Johnson that he would not run for re-election. How greatly his decision was influenced by student pressure is debatable, but certainly the demonstrators, encouraged by their leaders, became very conscious of their own importance.

Unfortunately, they do not appear to realise that their present dissent is on much less firm ground. In 1968, public opinion was very unhappy about the war and President Johnson's apparent inability to reduce the scale of American involvement. The most popular idea of that time was the (Robert) Kennedy plan for the gradual replacement of American troops by Vietnamese.

Since his election, Mr. Nixon has followed just such a policy, and has until recently received scant recognition of that fact from his opponents. However the recent lull in fighting has reduced American casualties to such a degree that the leadership of the Democrat party has come to the conclusion that there is no future in condemning the Administration, and later Senators Mansfield and Fulbright actually went so far as to endorse its policy.

This puts Senator McCarthy and his followers in grave danger of being left out on a political limb. Certainly, the part of the war about which they have complained the most—the sending of draftees to Vietnam, is scheduled to come to an end next summer. Therefore, they leave themselves wide open to the criticism that their protest is simply an attack on the President, and that the purpose of the October 15th Moratorium was, as Governor Reagan said at the time, "to give aid and comfort to the enemy." If this turns out to be the case, they will lose much public sympathy, and this has so far been their most precious asset.

However, this does not mean that the present student movement is doomed to become merely another extremist group. There are plenty of worthy causes which it could take for its own, and which could not bring it into disrepute. One of these is the problem of pollution, which is a national scandal. If the movement does follow this course we will perhaps see how many of its members are genuinely concerned about current problems and how many are just out to embarrass Mr. Nixon.

NICHOLAS FAULKES.

TWO CULTURES

"Much has been said about the conflict between the sciences and the humanities or the liberal arts. There is no root in history for this dichotomy, for science has its beginnings as a kind of philosophy. And if the term 'liberal' is interpreted in the sense of liberating from prejudice, want, fear and bondage to nature, then there is no art more liberating than science itself." Thus wrote Henry Margenau, physicist and philosopher, at Yale University in 1955. It seems relevant both to the last lines of the editorial of Vol. 2, No. 2, and to the manner in which this article was solicited. When one is asked to write an article as a scientist rather than a person, then it is a sad commentary on the gulf which exists between the sciences and the humanities at this, and presumably, many other schools.

Intellectuals of many sorts tend to be scornful of science and remain unaware of the fact that the intellectual climate in which they live has been largely formed by science. Scientists themselves, as C. P. Snow has pointed out, are not considered 'intellectuals.' Snow, interviewing

thousands of scientists in England during the Second World War, found them in general to be amazingly ignorant of literature and the arts—as he found writers and artists to be ignorant of science. The result is 'two cultures' which have little contact with each other. It sometimes looks as though our intellectual world were as sharply split between scientists and humanists as the political world is between communists and advocates of democracy. Divided worlds, whether political or intellectual are dangerous; and for the intellectual division there is little excuse.

Our separation of science as a special kind of intellectual activity is relatively new, though nonetheless unfortunate. We can recognise many instances of scientific exploration in the ancient and mediaeval worlds, but the people involved generally called themselves philosophers, whatever the system they urged in their enquiries. The founders of modern science in the seventeenth century still thought of themselves as philosophers and considered that they were dealing with the traditional problems of philosophy, even though they were approaching these in way far from traditional.

At this school, which offers a far greater range of subjects than most, it appears to be the fault of those involved rather than of the system itself. Both scientists and artists have compulsory periods in which the opposite culture is instilled into usually unwilling brains. The solution is in our hands; instead of contrasting the sciences with the humanities we would do better to look at the sciences (as they did in the seventeenth century) as one of the ways in which man has tried to understand himself and the world around him.

PAUL WILLIAMS.

PRE-RAPHAELITES

The most interesting section of our own City Art Gallery is the collection of Pre-Raphaelite paintings. They can always be guaranteed to produce a fairly dramatic response, and, all too often, it takes the form of a comparison with 'pop' art. As far as I can see there is only one point of similarity—the choice of luminous and garish colours. This characteristic is, of course, not true of all Pre-Raphaelite and certainly not of all 'trendy' painting, 'pop,' 'op' or otherwise. The comparison becomes fruitful and interesting only if we examine a few of the social aspects of the two types.

Pre-Raphaelitism, on the whole, exhibits sickly sentimentality, prurience, naiveté and melodrama, combined with an inability to relate ideas to the medium. The City Art Gallery contains some fine examples. In Arthur Hughes' 'The Long Engagement' two figures droop round an over-vegetated tree, gazing at nothing with unctuous sanctimony. Technically efficient but unoriginal, this painting has nothing to offer the spectator but a surfeit of glutinous sentiment. A recent loan from Manchester (now returned) was the extraordinary 'Hireling Shepherd.' This painting (a kind of Biblical parable in Victorian dress) consists of a whole series of covert erotic suggestions. The shepherd and his country wench appear to be enjoying innocent mutual admiration of a butterfly, but the two figures are poised in a strangely

awkward and titillating posture. It is this suggestiveness that I mean by prurience and it appears in other Pre-Raphaelite works as well.

Other paintings show knights accepting challenges, grim faced emigrants and cosy domestic scenes. Many (especially scenes of mediaeval life) exhibit the Victorian taste for melodrama and none allows itself to explore any human situation but rather wallows in sentiment. Other Pre-Raphaelite works about the country show lurid and highly detailed Biblical scenes; nuns peep round corners, porcelain doves fly into temples and choirs of angels hymn the heavens. All of which, it seems to me, is a frustrated grasping for ceremony and splendour in a puritan and Non-Conformist society. On the other hand the religious, moral and cultural flux that forms the background to 'pop' art produces a style of painting different in every way from its Victorian predecessor, except sometimes in the use of colours. It is important to realise that Pre-Raphaelitism exhibits little more than the excesses of a restricted society and that whatever 'pop' art exhibits it is not that.

PAUL HOGGART.

Poems

STONE CARVINGS :

JOAN OF ARC—HENRI CHAPU

Sculptured out of a piece of sleeping rock.
Turned into a living form.
One, alone, never repeatable,
Not at Domrèmy, nor in France.
Even without a mind, but human still.

Completely animated,
Able to flee the plinth and escape.
Right out of the gallery.
Very interesting the people say
In passing—away.
No one stops to read the name.
Goodness! the French, they're all the
Same.

Henri Chapu used his chisel
Entirely, unsparingly, to carve this work.
Not knowing the year of Joan of Arc's
Renaissance.
It was carved in his style.

Completely unknown until after his death
He worked for pleasure
Although his
Pecuniary interests are
Universally unknown.

NICHOLAS COOKE.

ON LOSING MY WAY NEAR WELLINGTON QUAY

I

Behind Joe Moran's Georgian pub,
Near to Rory's fishing shop
Are tinkers' houses.

No, not houses;
Iron girders, bricks and roofs,
Just dirty shacks.

In front of Moran's Guinness sign
By the Liffey's 'Halfpenny Bridge'
Are foreign tourists, camera-mad,

Just a stride
From tinkers' shacks.

II

They don't know what poverty reigns
Five hundred yards from O'Connell Street;
Europe's widest, brightest street,
The busiest in Ireland.

Here they visit the Book of Kells,
Saint Stephen's Green, Phoenix Park;
They're one street from the stink and the filth
Of poverty at its worst.

CHARLES SPICER.

LETTERS

Sir,

As everyone in the School probably knows it is the custom once each term to have an expeditions weekend. During that weekend the scouts and the C.C.F. go off to camp and, until last term, coach-trips to cathedrals, museums, historical towns and other places of general interest were arranged for the remainder. These expeditions were always much looked forward to as a bright spot in the usual routine of the term, and, apart from that, were highly beneficial in giving people the opportunity of visiting places cheaply that would otherwise be out of their range.

For the past two expedition weekends, however, no such trips have been arranged, and the School seems to be losing one of its more enjoyable extra-curricular activities. Therefore I would urge that for both educational and entertainment reasons these trips be restarted.

Yours, etc.,

J. H. FAULKNER.



DECEMBER 69

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

CHRONICLE

EDITORIAL

Vol. 2, No. 4

HELLO TO ALL THIS

Recently, the Shells were asked to write down their first impressions of K.E.S. They set about this task from a serious point of view, and the results, whimsical interludes included, make interesting reading. Certain features of School life underwent regular comment, the general trend of which is indicated below.

The School building surprised many by its dimensions—'I was amazed at the size compared with my old school' seemed a widespread reaction, one boy claiming it was 'more like a maze of corridors than a school' (obviously speaking from bitter experience).

Some people had trouble getting to school as well. One late riser lamented: 'I have to get up at 7 a.m. I found this odd, because I usually awoke at 8 a.m.' The 'Specials' were accordingly valued—'I think that the special buses are jolly good'—although with reservations: 'One thing I don't like is the behaviour on the school bus.'

Inevitably, food encountered criticisms—'The school dinners . . . are, in my opinion, an insult to the culinary art.' However, most reactions were favourable: 'The meals are well-cooked.' The service was appreciated by some—'I like the cafeteria system and, from what I have been told, I think that we get a better amount of dinners than with the old system,' but its efficacy was doubted by others—the queues are long and if you do not rush to join them all the things I like seem to have gone.' As an alternative, the tuck shop was welcomed—'a good idea because if someone forgets to bring his dinner tickets he can always go and buy a drink and a bun.'

Games proved another much-discussed facet of School life. Comments on facilities—'very good . . . the School is equipped with a monstrous amount of showers'—were not so manifold as those on the sports themselves. It being the winter term, rugby had been encountered. Someone asked: 'What is rugby going to be like?' and answered himself: 'A very rough, tough, fast-moving and muddy game . . . but I was surprised at the results of my first game—how clean I was.' The most prevalent reaction was: 'I would have liked to play football as well as rugby.' One bright lad favoured the game because 'I enjoy having a bit of rough play.'

Societies won approval, but there were complaints of 'not enough information given about them. There are a few societies I would like to join but, owing to the lack of publicity, I can't.'

The Library impressed many, chiefly owing to its range—'the assortment of books there is amazing,' 'most fantastic. It must have nearly every book'—and the only suggestion for improvement was to 'extend the range of books in the library because there aren't really any books Shells would like to read.' Some illusions have yet to be shattered: 'It is an excellent idea being able to do prep in the library for it can be done in peace.'

Music cast a spell over many—'I am very impressed with the music school.' The organ attracted special attention—'it fascinated me.'

Duration of lessons was 'just long enough, because when you are getting bored or tired the bell rings.'

Chronicle faced again the accusation of 'isn't much use to the new boys,' because 'the articles seem to be for older boys.' Apparently, however, someone found it 'very interesting and well thought out.'

Conclusions: the least enthusiastic was 'I think I like it.' Most reactions were more akin to this goody—'To sum K.E.S. up, it's just GREAT!'

'The Chief Master came in, and after we had sung a hymn, he began to talk. I got very confused by all the things he said, and hoped that there would not be much more of it to come. Eventually he stopped talking.'

'I remember first of all . . . being directed to a massive hall with a stage and a great throne on it. I was very nervous and I began to talk with the boy next to me. As we went up to shake hands with this great man, I felt as if I was dreaming.'

'I noticed that the classrooms had quite high ceilings and have still not found out why.' Well, think about it.

'Days seem to get shorter and shorter, but the lessons seem to get longer and longer.'

Life at K.E.S. has afforded some a deeper, more profound comprehension of life's little eccentricities. 'Later on in the day I decided to try and talk to the boy sitting next to me in form. He was a "wee Scottish lad" who was like a cat which has got the smell of a fish. He followed me everywhere. It was a good job he lived near me because he followed me home as well.'

'Some of the masters are very nice and some are just not bad. I don't think any are really nasty.'

'I look forward to gym because I am always full of energy.'

Note the remorseless logic of the following: 'The tuck shop sells all sorts of delicious things, including Pepsi-Colas, pies, Payne's peanuts, raisins and mints, all of which are in chocolate, except Pepsi-Colas and pies.'

'It was different from what I had imagined. The Chief Master gave us a very warm welcome.'

'I am a very lucky boy being able to come to this school' (repeat after me).

'At dinner, I can see all the masters, and when I see them I wonder who they are.'

'The Choral Society . . . brightens up the day, with Mr. Massey making jokes and trying to sing soprano.'

'Myself and some friends kept careful watch on the prefects to see if we could find the dreaded and notorious Cartland Corridor.'

'K.E.S. has everything, and in some cases, two things.'

Shades of the prison house . . . 'I've realised that we do mostly work in the morning and more vigorous work in the afternoon.'

RUGBY FOOTBALL

Despite the despondency of the old colours, the School season began well. After losing narrowly to a strong D. C. Everest's XV, we went on to draw with Warwick, then defeated Denstone and Tettenhall handsomely. This jubilation was short-lived, for the XV were then defeated by Worksop,

Lawrence Sherrif, Bromsgrove and Solihull. Some of the XV's confidence was restored by a victory over Ratcliffe College—only their second defeat in three years.

The team's performance, as can be seen by their record, has been somewhat unpredictable. When the backs have played well, the pack have played poorly, and vice-versa. Few players have played consistently well, and we have had to rely all too often on the kicking of J. G. Winspear. A. R. D. Starr scores the most tries and, always assuming that he has first caught the ball, runs towards the line. The backs, though probably the best the School have had for some time, have not reached the standard expected of them often enough. Our forwards, very ably led by A. G. Bell, always kick off with the disadvantage of being smaller than the opposition, but they too have failed to produce performances they are capable of.

Practices this year have been restricted because there is only one game afternoon per week, and this on five occasions has been used for House Rugby. Time for practice in the week is severely limited by members of the XV being required for House or Society activities. This was inevitable with the five-day week, but it is hoped that, as the season continues, our results will improve.

The Second XV, captained by F. W. Jones, have had a remarkably successful season, winning five out of eight matches, and a sixth by default against Tettenhall College.

The Third XV have finally demonstrated in terms of results, some of the promise I was assured they possessed, and P. F. Williams, each Thursday night, is now in a position to pick 15 out of some 25 names from his hat. The U.16 XV have not continued their successes of the U.15s and U.14s, perhaps because of the loss of their best players in T. I. Wenman and S. G. Johnson to the First XV. The U.15 XV have a big pack, but seem more at home with a round ball. The U.14s are small, skilful and enthusiastic, and I am informed that the U.13s play some of the best rugby in the School.

Our thanks to Mr. Everest and his colleagues for their continual guidance and support, and to Mr. Holden and his ground staff for the way they prepare and maintain the pitches. We hope we can provide them with better results, to repay their hard work, in the Easter Term.

STEPHEN WILLIAMS

HOUSE RUGBY, 1969

Senior League

1. Heath
2. Levett
3. Gifford
4. Jeune
5. Vardy
6. Evans
7. Prince Lee
8. Cary Gilson

Junior League

1. Jeune
2. Gifford
3. Heath
4. Levett
5. Cary Gilson
6. Vardy
7. Prince Lee
8. Evans

Overall

1. Heath	80	Championship points
2. Gifford	70	" "
3. Jeune	60	" "
4. Levett	50	" "
5. Vardy	40	" "
6. Cary Gilson	30	" "
7. Evans	20	" "
8. Prince Lee	10	" "

HOUSE REPORTS—A SYNTHESIS

The various reports of House Captains exhibit a marked lack of optimism and buoyancy. The Evans' report speaks of 'depths of ignominy,' relieved apparently only by success at fives. The words 'little hopes of success' form the keynote of the Captain of Cary Gilson's report. Despondency is not quite all pervading, however. Mr. Parslew has been enthusiastically received by Prince Lee, we are informed, and the Levett, Jeune and Gifford reports see at least a glimmer of hope.

Levett were triumphant in water polo. Just as well, perhaps, for had the result been otherwise, their captain would have been 'ashamed,' so talented were his house. Prince Lee were amazed at their position of third at this sport and the captain of Jeune remarks 'traditionally dismal.'

The various captains of chess, music and shooting would, it seems, perhaps do well to cultivate a more dynamic approach to their particular spheres of activity. Collectively, their efforts appear to have made little impact upon their respective overall House captains. But M. A. Hunt at least is confident that the success of his team in chess will prove to have been unparalleled in the history of that royal pastime. Music appears to be a totally unknown quantity, however. Even the captain of Levett, a house which abounds in musical virtuosity, remains strangely noncommittal about prospects. The captain of Cary Gilson seeks comfort in a rumour of universal musical incompetence (unfounded, I do assure him), while A. L. Burn speaks of 'funny noises.'

Fives remain the stronghold of Evans, while the captain of Vardy expresses surprise that a full team has actually been turned out in this sport, not only it appears, on the right day, but even, wonder of wonders, on time.

Heath have won rugby football. Their captain was much gratified to have exacted his revenge upon Levett for the water polo final result. The Levett captain could apparently attribute the success of his House on the rugby field to the existence of a 'good supply of toughies,' in the words of his opposite number in Heath.

Unfortunately for Levett, however, the final proved Heath to possess an even greater 'supply of toughies.' 'Very unsuccessful,' reflects the captain of Evans on their rugby efforts. 'Have lost all matches again,' is R. C. Reasbeck's doleful comment.

The most remarkable incident of term, in fact, appears to have been the recitation of an article from the 'Eagle Annual' in one session of Prince Lee's House prayers. All in all, however, a dreary set of reports. Perhaps we could receive a few positive and less reluctant accounts in time for the next reckoning. Not all Houses can be performing badly, surely!

MARTIN SMITH

FILM SOCIETY

In a week which has seen John Wayne open in London in what threatens to be the year's best Western (seriously), fittingly entitled 'True Grit' (the story of my life), it seems a little unkind to go into ecstasies over a movie which sends up this important part of the industry. But 'Cat Ballou' has two saving graces. Firstly, it has no pretensions whatsoever to carrying any vital 'message' for the world at large. To a generation which has breathed over Warhol to the tune of 'God, but it's penetrating,' which has clasped sick humour to its cynical bosom, is presented a slapstick comedy set in the lush tradition of the Hollywood Western. Goodies and baddies are thankfully distinguishable; the heroine is beautiful and, even when trying to be ruthless, helplessly feminine; the hero is beautiful, too; right triumphs in the last reel. 'Cat Ballou' parodies a tradition, but is, to the relief of all nostalgiamongers, enmeshed in the basic moral concepts of its target. Even comedies about crime can never accord the criminals complete ultimate success of 'The Italian Job.' Fortunately, 'Cat Ballou' does not try

to and remains sentimental, reassuring and very funny.

The film's second recommendation is Lee Marvin, who won an Oscar for his portrayal of the drunken gunfighter, Kid Shelleen. He dominates the picture completely, adding pathos to a narrative which would be hopelessly shallow without him. He swaggers, he poses, he declaims with absurd bravado. He epitomises everything memorable about 'Cat Ballou.' However much it ridicules them, the film industry, born and raised in the realms of the personality cult, depends on men like Marvin and John Wayne, and must acknowledge this in the future when people will no longer say 'that was "Cat Ballou,"' but 'that was a Lee Marvin picture.' In the days before they told us reality was a crutch, we found a use for films like "Cat Ballou." We lose a great deal if we now ignore such a tradition. As Dilys Powell might dismiss it—(rattling?) good family entertainment.

SIMON ARROWSMITH

Poems

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

If I could go back ten minutes
I should not be standing here with
A gun smoking in my hand
But as it is I have a life expectancy of
About six months.

JOHN MINKES

NIX MCMLXVIII (SNOW 1968)

Regarding not the darkness of the trees
nor the greenness of the lawn,
you fell
passive, white, enclosing every article of matter
in cloudy envelopes.
Yes, you were silent, omnipresent and cold,
silently walking downwards;
how hard to find a reason for this empty falling . . .
We shut ourselves away from
your cold and airy essence,
Hoping for a quick wet thaw,
and Christmas presents.

PETER DANIELS

THE BUSINESS GAME

The Business Game has now been running for three years, and has proved so successful that the number of participants has been trebled each year. Now, for the first time, its secrets are being disclosed to the whole School.

In each individual game there are three competing companies, each of which is producing and marketing a certain product in four areas. Each company has its own home area, where its product enjoys a built-in advantage, and there is also one large neutral area. The game is made up of five periods, and at the beginning of each period the boards decide on the level of production, and the prices and marketing expenditure in each area. These decisions are sent to I.C.L., and about three days later, the computer print-outs showing the results arrive at the School. The winning company is the one which amasses the greatest net profit over the five periods.

Our Man in the City writes . . .

If we had once again been knocked out in the first round of the Business Game, this would have provided strong evidence that the School was in some way sub-average. Fortunately, for the peace of mind of the Chief Master, this did not happen—we beat John Mason by the considerable margin of £600,000, while Kidbrooke, the third school in our group, became the first school to make a loss in three consecutive years.

This year's result can be attributed to the dynamic policy of the administration. To prevent the internal bickering which marred previous board meetings and which was probably respon-

sible for our defeats, these meetings were accorded much less importance. To adapt a dictum of President Johnson, 'you get things sorted out in the Quiet Rooms, and then you chat a bit before you vote.'

The result was particularly encouraging in view of the fact that all the board members except the Financial Director, Malcolm Hunt, were working for the Oxbridge examinations while the game was in progress. Next term, this will not be the case, and it is to be hoped that the work will be shared more evenly between members, including those who have suddenly expressed an interest in joining the board.

My thanks to all fellow board members who were, in decreasing order of importance: M. A. Hunt, E. H. F. Waterhouse, T. I. Lewis, M. R. Seabrook, K. A. Murphy, M. Jarvis. I wish them luck in future rounds.

SUMMARY OF EVENTS

Period I

Our prices were higher than those of John Mason, which was to our advantage, since they had many unfulfilled orders. Kidbrooke raised their prices in 'away' areas to a ridiculous level, and were rewarded with no orders at all.

Period II

Much as before, except that Kidbrooke adopted a more reasonable pricing policy.

Period III

To use up the inventory, which we had accumulated, we lowered prices—as it turned out, to just the right extent. This was probably the critical period.

Period IV

On the previous returns, the financial position of each company was given, showing that we had a lead of £280,000. Therefore, we adopted a conservative policy to consolidate this.

Period V

We won, no trouble.

NICHOLAS FAULKS

TWO CULTURES—A REPLY

Paul Williams was, of course, absolutely right to deplore the supposed emergence of 'two cultures.' But it is easy to simplify a very complex intellectual development.

In the 17th century, when the spectrum of man's knowledge was comparatively limited, it was not difficult for the educated man to play the role of the 'complete gentleman'; dabbling in science, playing the lute, thumbing through Virgil and handling a sword. Newton himself saw 'science' not as an end in itself, but as a means to greater theological clarity, a means to 'justify the ways of God to man' as Milton put it.

The course of time, however, has expanded man's knowledge to such an extent that specialisation is the key to today's academic activity. It is no longer possible to be a 'complete gentleman,' merely a complete dilettante.

It is, however, only recently that the science/arts dichotomy has appeared to consolidate itself. Yet what does 'science' mean? Literally, it simply means knowledge. This may be pedantic, yet none of our greatest intellects subscribe to the theory of the great divide. Intellectual bigotry is a contradiction in terms. Historians, for example, acknowledge the validity of 'scientific' techniques in the spheres of economic history to take just one the spheres of economic history (to take just one instance) while scientists are becoming increasingly tions of their work.

Perhaps, therefore, the dichotomy is greater in the minds of schoolboys accustomed to mud-slinging than in actuality.

MARTIN SMITH

CHRONICLE—A SUGGESTION FOR THE FUTURE

Today, November 24th, I received my November issue of 'Chronicle,' ten days later than advertised, and more depleted than usual in its relevant content. In my opinion, the service of the 'Chronicle' is to chronicle the social, sporting and other activities of its patrons. I realise that the magazine was forced into its present form by severe financial trouble, but this is no excuse for the lackadaisical approach by members of the School, who seem bent on hiding what talents they have under a bushel, or confining them to a desk top. Judging by the content of recent editions, it is clear that the editorial staff have been forced out of 'retirement' to provide any material at all.

If the 'Chronicle' is to be saved, then its presentation must be drastically altered, and the 'hard sell' must begin. Owing to lack of funds, we seem fated never to see the old glossy 'Chronicle' of my youth. However, after long discussion, we feel we have found a way to restore the magazine (minus pictures) to something like its former glory, and to the benefit of ALL the community. The answer is simply to invest in a printing press.

Owning such a press at once solves several financial problems; there will be no more bills to the printers, the entire School stationery can be printed at no more than the cost of the materials alone. At that rate, the machine would pay for itself many times over before its usefulness was expended, and would also be a useful asset to the Art Department.

It would help to save our magazine from dying an unmourned and unnoticed death.

S. A. HAMMOND

The Editor thanks Mr. Hammond for his letter, and respectfully reminds him of the following points :

1. The School already possesses a printing press.
2. Economic considerations and alternatives received our fullest attention at the time that the present 'Chronicle' policy was formulated.
3. Ultimately, the form of a magazine/news-sheet is of little consequence. It is the content that is important.
4. The existing format has other advantages besides cheapness. Eton and Winchester have adopted a similar scheme, hardly for lack of funds.

THIS IS WHERE WE CAME IN

At the time of going to press, we have been at King Edward's for three-quarters of a term, and these are our first impressions of the School. We were told before we came that King Edward's is a great school, and that we would be expected

to carry on the traditions of over 400 years, and to follow the examples laid down by our predecessors.

We approve of the House system, as it stimulates competition, especially in games. It seems to us, however, that its function is rather confined to games, and apart from the House Music Competition about to take place, it seems that the House system is not operating fully. All three of us, however, have entered the School at, or above, the half-way stage, and it appears quite possible that the House system can offer benefits to boys younger than we are.

Two of us who, during the course of the day, have to travel about the School a great deal, are annoyed by the continual necessity to pit one's wits against the intricate mazelike complex of corridors, and would prefer a reversal of the current situation, with itinerant masters 'visiting' stationary forms. The other member of our trio finds getting to lessons no problem, partly because the system in use here was also in use at his last school, and partly because his activities are, for the most part, confined to a limited area of classrooms.

There is no difference of opinion amongst us on the meals system. Considering the price, we feel that the meals are well worth queuing for, being, as a rule, of good quality, quantity and well presented. Some people we have spoken to preferred the previous system, and therefore, we would have liked to experience this system. And, despite our praise of the meals, we feel that the way they are served is wide open to improvement.

We are agreed that one of the best features of life at K.E.S. is the system which operates on Friday afternoons, and the opportunities that it presents. Friday afternoons have something to appeal to everyone, whether it be taking part in an organised body or pursuing more social activities. Thus, at the end of a hard week, one is presented with the opportunity of participating in an organisation, whether it be social or disciplinary.

One of us, having experienced it elsewhere, misses a Sixth Form Union. Apparently, its nearest equivalent here is the Cartland Club. We have asked people why there is no Sixth Form Union, with a room where all its members could meet, organise and finance its own activities, and we have received no satisfactory answer. Replies have varied from 'Oh, there's the Cartland Club' and 'What the hell do you want one of those for?' Besides, there seems to be enough going on elsewhere to supplement this lack, and you never miss what you never have.

All in all, we feel privileged to be at K.E.S., and we were especially glad to see how friendly people were, teachers and pupils alike.

ANDREW LEWIS
SCOTT FELLOWS
PHILIP PARKER