



74
MARCH

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

CHRONICLE

Vol. 6, No. 4

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

On behalf of the library staff, I would like to express our gratitude to Mrs. Stubbs, of Handsworth, for donating to the School Library her late husband's large collection of excellent books.

P. N. JONES,
School Librarian.

OXBRIDGE RESULTS

One result of the change in 1970-71 to a five-year 'O' level course for all was the creation, for one year, of a very much smaller fifth form block than usual. Consequently, in 1973, there were fewer Oxbridge candidates than usual, only 12 in fact. Of these, eight secured either awards or places. The details are as follows:

CAMBRIDGE

Awards:

- S. D. Badsey: Exhibition (History), Sidney Sussex College.
- A. F. Forbes: Exhibition (English), Selwyn College.
- T. F. P. Hosty: Exhibition (English), Emmanuel College.

Places:

- R. M. Carpenter (Natural Sciences), Gonville and Caius College.
- E. O'Dowd (Economics), Downing College.

OXFORD

Awards:

- J. R. E. Wishart: Scholarship (Music), Worcester College.
- P. Klein: Exhibition (Modern Languages), University College.
- J. D. Lynn: Exhibition (History), Magdalen College.

ECHOES OF ALEXANDER SOLCHENITSYN

It was 38 degrees below zero. The world was a numb, blue plateau, scarred by black shadowing rocks and split in two by a single track railway line. Nothing broke the monotony but a small stone station, brightly lit by the harsh glare of mercury lamps. By the platform stood an old steam engine coupled to two battered coaches, marked only by the steel bars on the windows and padlocks on the doors. Barbed wire surrounded the engineer's footplate. Around the train worked anonymous shadows of men, checking the wheels and breaking up the frozen coal.

The station building was low and square; snow slipped off its roof every so often, breaking the oppressive silence with a hollow sound. Inside there was a cylindrical stove which struggled to fill the one room with a little warmth; the snow lay unmelted in the corners where the guards had left their boots. Two men sat by the stove in enormous fur coats with their feet on the chimney-pipe. Their round, fat faces were lit by the yellow glow of the fire; they sipped steaming mugs of tea, which their round fingers clutched close to

their chins. They did not speak, but stared into the hot coals and screwed up their eyes as the heat brought tears rolling down their cheeks.

Outside it was snowing hard. The guard on the platform pulled his coat close in to him and huddled against the door of the building. His numb hands eased their grip on the cold metal of his sub-machine gun and he let it hang downwards. From where he was he could still see all the prisoners and it was much warmer. On the far side of the track stood his companions at five yard intervals, feeling the full force of the plateau blizzard and unable even to shield their eyes.

The prisoners stood in between the station and the line guards, illuminated from all sides by the white lamps. The snow distorted the night, diffracting it in all directions, producing unreal shadows. The men stood around in groups of five or six, closing together for warmth. Some wore only raincoats and cotton scarves, with leaky, torn shoes on their feet, while the more fortunate had woollen overcoats and knee-length felt boots. But all their faces were alike; they were worn and haggard, covered in three weeks' bristle. Their eyes were red-rimmed and deep, sunken in their ashen cheeks. Their lips were tight and bruised, opening only to mumble a few words in a frightened whisper and then closing again. Everyone shuffled his feet from the cold—or from fear—and everyone had cold sweat inside his clenched fists.

They had all suffered from a merciless authority. They were political prisoners, the enemies of the state, traitors to a nation, to a people, to the world, to humanity, to democracy. They had fought for liberty, they had been the brave men, the free men, the idealists, breaking their manacles of oppressions. Now they were the hollow men—each one had been "treated." They had been physically destroyed; they had been starved and beaten, tortured and broken; their bodies were now racked with malnutrition and tuberculosis, with injury and deformity. Then their minds had been shattered; interrogation had dissected each nerve and each tissue; every memory and thought had been pared away by the knife of authority and thrown into confusion. The prisoner had had to grope for the pieces in darkness and exhaustion.

Each man had shared the benefits of this treatment; every mind had been flattened, every spark had been deadened and every experience forgotten. Every mind now had everything in common and nothing new to share. Each one was naked; stripped of life and energy, immersed in hollow confusion. Each one was a uniform grey, a microcosm of its cold plateau world, filled with dark shades and lacerated by the steel rails of interrogation. These were men with no understanding of beauty, of love, even of hate; they were cold grey men in a grey, cold world, where life was a succession of shadows—a cigarette end, an old meths bottle or a handful of poppy seeds. An aspirin changed hands like gold. They were small and furtive, they hid in the relics of their splintered minds, they lived in the comfort of non-existent memories. They preferred darkness to light, solitude to company; having no thoughts to share, they shared none—each brooded on why the others brooded, although he knew the reason. To them the past was a void, the present was the path to be avoided, by hiding or by a bullet, the future

was promiseless, a mist over the rails heading north; north to Ultima Thule, aurora borealis and the midnight sun, or north to death—it hardly mattered which.

It stopped snowing and the two officers walked reluctantly out of the station building. One of the soldiers hurried to them, a few words were exchanged, and one of the officers returned. Orders cut through silence, the prisoners were herded onto the wagons, the door was locked, and the engineer stepped onto the footplate, shivering. The whistle shrieked and the train moved out into the cold wet fog. It could still be heard long after it had disappeared out of sight. The station master blew onto his hands and called to his men. They locked up the building and padlocked the coal bunkers. Finally, the lights went out, and darkness made the men invisible.

STEFAN WAGSTYL.

SERGEANT MUSGRAVE'S DANCE

This year's production, the first modern play performed by the School since 1969, marked a welcome change from four years of increasingly stylised (and very successful) Shakespeare. Mr. Hames chose for his first major dramatic enterprise a powerful work dealing grimly with one of society's major problems: isolation, lack of feeling and of care for others; and the brutality which is an extended expression of this implicit violence.

The play's bleak darkness is eloquently established by its setting: a cold, black, Yorkshire mining village cut off from the rest of the world by heavy snow. Here Serjeant Musgrave brings three soldiers to begin a recruiting campaign, or so the villagers think. But in fact, Musgrave and his men are deserters, returned from the Colonies to show the people the pointless violence and cruelty of war. Everything Musgrave does has a plain logic: he chose this northern village because a young soldier from there was shot dead while abroad. His murder provoked five other deaths, suffered by the natives in the ensuing confusion, "therefore," as Musgrave says, "we multiply out, and we find it five-and-twenty . . . so, as I understand logic, and logic to me is the mechanism of God—that means that today there's twenty-five persons will have to be—" For Musgrave, necessity demands that twenty-five should die to compensate for the original killings: only thus can be demonstrated the ghastly mess that war produces. But the villagers are saved by dragoons, who arrest Musgrave and take him away to be hanged for deserting.

Running below the surface of Musgrave's plan, we see the characters in the play, all hardened by the environment in which they live. Every person, from the Mayor to the striking colliers and the cynical bargee, is an island, as much removed from his fellows as the village is cut off from the outside world. And though Musgrave's mission has a humane objective, its methods are callous and cold: no love, no warm emotion for others; only an intense concentration on duty. Only on two occasions do we see human beings living happily together: first, when the soldiers and miners are dancing in the pub; secondly, when young Private Sparks and the local whore briefly manage to form a loving relationship. But even here, tragedy intervenes: the miners can only enjoy themselves when drunk; and Sparks is killed in a brawl over his attempt to escape with the whore. Dancing is an expression of communal happiness: but the only dances here are those of the drunks, and Musgrave's Dance of Death.

Overall, the production handles this subtle and bleak play very successfully, but there were some blemishes which sprang not so much from the actors as from the play itself. It is a long work, which could be cut (without any loss of power) in the first act, when we see long and rather boring confrontations between various characters. And I felt that the Mayor and the Parson were really cardboard figures, cliché hypocrites whom we have

observed many times before in countless dramas. So quite often, when there was an argument of considerable dramatic relevance, the uneconomical script and poor characters cramped the actors and produced a wooden scene, totally lacking in interest or movement. There was, too, an excess of shouting. "Musgrave" is an emotional play, but the amount of overacting early on rather lessened the impact of Act III. Accents, also, tended at times to vacillate wildly between solid Yorkshire, savage Edward G. Robinson ("A'm gonna do you"), and a stranger from deep Under the Milkwood. This, combined with some hideously satanic expressions, when only bitter anger was needed, made me occasionally feel that I was watching a particularly bizarre American "B" movie. Finally (last complaint) the music was not often relevant enough to the play. Arden wanted the simple songs sung to folk tunes, but instead we had too often complicated and subtle modern nuance and counterpoint, dispelling any powerful poignancy.

But, having said that, I must say that Sparks' song at the end of Act II was beautifully handled: simple, sad, gentle, loving and lyrical. Andy Forbes, playing Sparks, gave a fine performance: nervous, witty, and eager to please—thus his death was all the more tragic. The bargee, a cynical, hard, brutal Vicar of Bray character, was superbly characterised by Robert O'Brien; Simon Hoban gave a telling display as the grim, commanding Musgrave, and received solid support from the sad and embittered Attercliffe, well played by Nigel Brown. Shaun Barnett and Tarquin Young were also touching in their different ways: the melancholy and perceptive landlady, and the ostensibly hard but really broken and tragic Annie. D. T. Griffiths, as Walsh, the earnest collier, well brought out this character's harsh and determined single-mindedness which brow-beat his fellows into respect.

Mr. Hames' production managed to combine the realistic scenery and hard, vigorous vernacular so perfectly that, at its best, the play never allowed the properties to impede the powerful verbal force of the script. There was, too, a strong sense of isolation characters caught in their own worlds, automatically distancing themselves from other people. The ominous rhythms—of death, hate and violence—were excellently caught, whether they came from songs, dances, drum rolls or marching. So, despite some unfortunate flaws, the ambitious project of producing so difficult and demanding a play was carried out successfully. At the finish I was surprised to see that three-and-a-half hours had passed between the beginning and the end of "Serjeant Musgrave's Dance."

Finally, the decision to limit the play to two nights shows a confusion which passeth understanding. The power crisis is not so acute that an extra performance would result in nationwide darkness; much work had gone into the production, and two evenings did not do it justice; lastly, the money from Thursday 24th and Friday 25th is not likely to help the Dramatic Society's financial situation in any substantial way.

SCOTT NEWTON.

SERGEANT MUSGRAVE'S DANCE

An Alternative View

This play is based on a string of implied subtleties and consists mainly of crudity and unnecessary violence. The cast succeeded in bringing out all the most undesirable elements of the script whilst conveying a total lack of subtlety. Certain of the "actors" made it clear that they are wholly unaware of the difference between voice projection and shouting, and the others obviously considered any non-vocal activity to be superfluous to the play. The all-too-frequent scene changes were accompanied by the sight of members of the Stage Gang lumbering about the stage carrying various properties hither and thither. Whatever the object of these manoeuvres they served only to widen the

gap between the actors and the audience. The skeleton which appeared in the last act was the complete antithesis of the production itself, which suffered from a surfeit of "blood" but no bones to hold it together. This formlessness meant that the play was rendered incomprehensible even to those who had the tenacity to return to Big School after both intervals.

The Chief Master had warned in his Christmas letter that "Serjeant Musgrave's Dance" was "not suitable as an evening's diversion for younger members of the family," but the question remains: Was it fit for an audience which had paid upwards of 20p to be entertained?

DAVID ARNOTT

DE-SCHOOLING SOCIETY

Every member of this nation, almost without exception, is forced, during his life, into an institution which for many is by no means beneficial, to many more, a rigour to survive, and for the majority, a waste of time. The institution is school, and its failure to achieve its aims (i.e., the education of the individual), with a maximum of efficiency is the disease, whose symptoms are manifested above. I do not intend to argue with the idea of compulsory education being desirable after a certain point, although this is certainly an important question; rather, I intend to illustrate the inefficiency of our present school system, and the fallacies on which it is based, and to suggest an alternative.

In all cases, school has a restraining effect on an individual, if it does not actually deter the individual from further study. In an élite school, such as our own, these effects are less obvious, but at a conservative estimate, something like 80% of our time at school is not spent on actual learning. In a history lesson, in which most of the time is wasted on note-taking, would it not be far more efficient for the history master to hand out duplicated sheets of notes, and then see pupils individually about anything they do not understand? If one pupil asks a question, during a lesson, to which all the other pupils in his form know the answer, he is wasting the time of 24 others! Most lessons are of this form, and for the rest, pupils are doing work which, for the most part, can be done far more efficiently at home without classroom distractions. The wasted time, and often an approach, to a specific subject, incompatible with the abilities or attitudes of an individual, may turn them away from that subject permanently.

And these are just the problems of an élite establishment; in less well-off schools, the element of classroom distraction is much magnified, and, as education in this country is geared to middle-class abilities and interests, is it any wonder that many children from a working-class background cannot cope, and are forced to drop out some time before they are allowed, by law, to leave school?

Ironically, this situation has been created by people with the highest of ideals, who believed, many years ago, that simply by increasing the number of schools and educational facilities, everyone could be brought up to a higher standard of education. To a certain extent, this has worked, by bringing children who would previously not have been educated, some way up the ladder of education. But these children have had to be dragged upward, and after reaching a certain level, they have thrown themselves off again, in boredom, determined never to start that ascent again. Our present system, unfortunately, is also, to a large extent, self-perpetuating, and this is because it is not a total failure; as yet, it has not shown any detrimental results on a large scale, and what inequalities there are can be brushed under the carpet as being "better than the bad old days at any rate." However, I am not so sure that in today's technological world it will not eventually be more harm than it is worth.

In addition, though not exactly a failure, the present system is far from efficient. Having learnt to read, write, and to do elementary arithmetic, more and more of an individual's education can be carried out in the confines of his own home; most of one's school time is spent being fed facts and asking the occasional question; but facts can just as easily be obtained from good text books, and in the absence of administering lessons, the teacher's time can be more easily employed in answering individual's questions. The chances are that everyone has, within a short distance of his home at present, a school: without the restrictions of an ordinary school timetable, an individual should be able to visit the school buildings fairly often, to settle his own uncertainties about a subject, and to receive guidelines for further study, and assignments in the subjects which he is studying. This revised educational system would leave far more time for actual study, with the added possibility of a far wider choice of subjects, which would be more likely to appeal to people who can at present obtain no satisfaction within the present system.

The above ideas are by no means politically motivated, they are simply ideas on education to which people must soon start to pay more attention. So it is most unfortunate that both the Conservative and Labour Parties are determined on playing Party games with the present system. Education is something which affects everybody and must not become a political forum; our present system, however, is certainly inadequate to the needs of a technological age, and clear, unbiassed thought must be applied to the problem—a solution, even if it seems totally alien to our present way of thinking, must be found and utilized. I believe De-Schooling Society will go a long way towards that solution.

I. A. OZIMEK.

The Orchestral Part of the House Music Competition, on Thursday, November 29th, adjudicated by Dr. John Bishop, Principal-Designate of the Birmingham School of Music.

The result of any competition in the Arts will depend to a large extent upon the criteria a particular adjudicator uses when judging. If I had to do this job, I would try primarily to assess the interests which a performance provided, not just for the specialist musician, but also for the ordinary listener with no technical knowledge of music. The innate musicianship and developed technique of good performers are, of course, an enormous advantage to any orchestra, but I would not reward them as such. Rather I would examine the use which a House made of the available talent; for example, whether their choice of music suited the resources, and whether their performance had the variety of dynamic and tone-colour to capture and hold the interest of the audience. Finally, as this is a House competition, rather than an opportunity for a few people to display their virtuosity, the more involved, if only in a simple role, the better.

By my criteria, then, Cary Gilson's performance was outstanding. Andrew Halstead's arrangement of a traditional English carol suited his resources admirably. The development of its contrapuntal texture provided interest for the musician, while the non-specialist's interest was held by the different combinations of instruments. For those who like watching the players' movements, there was the additional thrill of wondering whether one of the bell-ringers, licking his lips in concentration, would move the wrong hand by mistake!

This is not to say that Vardy's performance was anything but technically excellent. Although my own musical activities are largely concerned with a rather earlier period than those of James Wishart, I have played in enough music in this style to know how difficult it is to perform, and also how difficult it is to appreciate at a single hearing. But the attention of the audience did wander, and I suspect

that it would not have done so had the piece had more vitality and less introspective contemplation of pauses.

Gifford's choice was very ambitious and it did not quite come off because such music requires very secure string playing if it is not to sound ragged. Evans managed to come higher in the competition than for many years with a lively treatment of the "Air" from Handel's "Water Music." The "Bourée" by contrast, sounded dead and plodding because it needed to go about twice as fast. Jeune brought Count Basie into KES, and the adjudicator said he found their atmosphere "sultry"—he wasn't sure it was quite proper to use the word "sexy." I felt it needed more rhythmic intensity to be really erotic. Levett were technically competent and sounded confident, but they chose a melancholy piece with little variation in texture. Heath, like Gifford, chose music in which ragged string playing sticks out a mile, and they didn't have quite the same reserves of technique to gloss it over.

Adjudicators of amateur competitions, like school-masters writing reports, don't want to discourage by excessive direct criticism. Like school-masters, therefore, they conceal their true feelings inside polite yet barbed platitudes. For example, "the conductor was rather wooden" means that his instrumentalists weren't playing at the speed he was beating. "The continuo part was rather insecure near the beginning of the piece" means that the Prince Lee pianist had an attack of nerves and got lost. At least, the audience were kept guessing for half-a-minute whether, when he started up again, he would be at the same place in the music as the others!

Quite often in such competitions, there are moments when the audience wishes some of the performers could be swallowed up in a large hole, and so put our ears out of their misery. But this year it didn't happen, and there was nothing really excruciating.

					P.G.W.
Vardy	90
Cary Gilson	88
Gifford	87
Evans	84
Jeune	84
Levett	82
Heath	82
Prince Lee	76

ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

On Thursday, December 13th, the combined orchestra of KES and KEHS gave a concert in Big School. The programme was as follows:

- Overture, "The Magic Flute" Mozart
- Choral Prelude on "Rhosymedre"
V. Williams, arr. Andrew Foster
- Three Short Pieces Purcell
- Toy Symphony Leopold Mozart
- Praeludium Jarnefelt
- Piano Concerto No. 21 in A (K.488) Mozart
- Polka, "Schwanda the Bagpiper" Weinberger

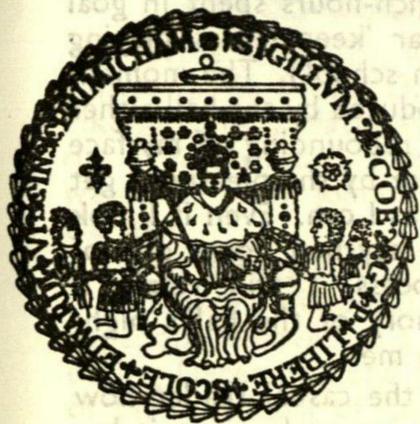
Now, one glance at the above programme will suggest even to the least musical that, in terms of musical substance, there are the two Mozart items, and somewhere, about 350 classes away, are the rest. Such a programme pattern has its points, however, and one of them is that it is tailor-made to test Trott's Seventh Hypothesis of Amateur

Performance, which states that the more intrinsic greatness there is in a play or a piece of music, the more likely you are to get an enjoyable performance of it from amateurs, provided that it is within their technical competence. In other words, the slighter the substance of the piece, the better the performance needs to be to bring it to life.

On the whole, by and large, with some modifications, reservations and limitations, the Great Hypothesis stood creakily up to the test. The Polka from "Schwanda" proved well beyond the capabilities of the orchestra, and so excluded itself from the main proposition of the G.H., but the Toy Symphony and the "Choral Prelude, etc." came within its terms and went some way to vindicating it. The former piece needs much more vivacity and the latter much more intensity than the orchestra could command if life is to be injected into them, fragile and inert as they respectively are. The three short pieces by Purcell were a somewhat special case as they were played by a newly formed brass group. The performance was by no means perfect, but the group is in its infancy and the players young. To include them in the programme was very worth while, and we hope to hear them frequently in the future, going from strength to strength. Jarnefelt's "Praeludium"—a charming old chestnut—rather confounded the G.H. It is a slight but very attractive piece and very attractive it sounded, with some nice oboe playing and a pleasant springiness to the pizzicato string accompaniment.

Which brings us to Mozart. The overture to "The Magic Flute," which opened the concert, presents a very considerable challenge. It confronts the orchestra with elaborate contrapuntal textures, tricky dialogues for flute and bassoons, and massively sonorous chords involving nice problems of balance; it also demands a driving energy and tension to be maintained throughout the whole. Mr. Massey and the orchestra dealt with these problems pretty well. The extensive fugal passages were confidently played, the wind dialogues came over fluently, and if the problems of balance were not always solved, the performance as a whole had energy, confidence and drive. But the high spot of the evening was undoubtedly the major work of the whole concert, the Mozart piano concerto. And there's equally no doubt that the star of that was the soloist, James Wishart. I think that one would have to go a long way before hearing as mature and musicianly a performance of this work from another schoolboy. In the first place, he showed a fine grasp of the relations between soloist and orchestra; in the second, his technique was secure and sensitive enough to enable him to play with a restraint that hinted at reserves of power below the surface; in the third, his phrasing was supple and delicate; and finally, he clearly responded to the emotional subtlety and range of this masterpiece, from the heart-rending sadness of the slow movement to the athletic joy (not gaiety) of the last, a movement which makes formidable demands on the soloist's stamina and technique. His whole performance was carried off with a degree of modesty and at the same time authority that was both memorable and deeply impressive. The orchestral playing in this work was the best of the whole evening; and as the work contains some of the loveliest orchestral sound that even Mozart ever conceived, it goes without saying that the overall result was pretty satisfying.

A.J.T.



MAY 74

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

CHRONICLE

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WILLIAM ROLAND BUTTLE

It is not a happy task, to write an appreciation of a well-liked and respected friend and colleague who has died; nor an easy one, for such appreciations as do not go into great detail tend to become compromises, with emphasis on what is favourable, and the rest left unsaid. But in writing as I do about Bill Buttle, I both am conscious that I am involved in very little compromise; and I welcome the task—since it must be done—because my life is more deeply rooted in King Edward's than most people's, and I am very grateful for what Buttle has done for the School.

After more than 20 years with him at KES, I can recall no time when he was not dedicated (and I am not using that word casually) to four things at once in the School—his academic work, with its form-mastership of Shell B; his House, whether as Housemaster or House Tutor; his school games; and his C.C.F. Four major, and simultaneous, involvements, every one of them making demands on time outside "normal" school hours, represent a huge contribution to a school's life, and perhaps indicate the difference between a school-master and a school-teacher. One result of this was that he knew the names, and the Houses, of more boys in the School than most of us.

He was himself a substantial player of hockey, rugby (full-back at one time for Moseley), and cricket, and his skills were at the service of a long succession of School teams. His direction of School hockey, so successful, was a recent development; how typical of him to embark on something fresh, comparatively late in his career. He brought to the C.C.F. a background of experience during the war with Royal Signals in India. Cadets will remember who was always first up in the morning at camp, and officers know who was usually last in to meals and at the end of the day. If example counts, his example counted greatly. Evans House was never called Buttle House, but I suspect that few Housemasters were ever more closely identified with their Houses for such a long period as Bill was. The position of form-master to a new form of sherrings is one of great responsibility, and I doubt if many boys who started in Shell B would wish to think back on their first form at KES as anything other than Shell Buttle.

In short, he was an exceedingly good school-master. It seems quite wrong that this tall, fit man should die so untimely. School life will continue, and his work will be continued; and King Edward's will be very fortunate when it finds itself again with a man of Bill Buttle's calibre. It is a measure of our feelings for him that a W. R. Buttle Memorial Fund is being established to provide awards in the Shells and Removes, where the greater part of his life's work was done.

T.G.F.

SCHOOL RUGBY, 1973-74

The mass exodus of last year's highly successful senior rugby teams means that this year's XV was very inexperienced and, on paper, relatively weak. The prospects for the forthcoming season were, therefore, gloomy, and they were dealt a further blow by the catastrophic 40—3 points. defeat by Warwick in the first school match. "You only

learn by your mistakes" is a popular maxim, and it certainly seemed to be a true one as the next match against Cotton College was won by 62—9. After these first two rather misleading results, the rest of the term witnessed a steady improvement, both in the team's ability and its spirit, the backs and the forwards combining well to create penalty chances for Peter Birch. This gradual rise was reflected in notable victories over R.G.S., Worcester, and Solihull, and culminating in the tremendous victory over Bromsgrove by 18—10, thereby retaining the Siviter Smith Cup.

The results of the Lent Term were perhaps somewhat distressing in that only one victory, a narrow one over Lordswood by 9—7, was registered. However, statistics are always very misleading; the performances against Bishop Vesey, Belmont Abbey and the Old Edwardians proved that the spirit and determination of the team were at a zenith, and as a result these extremely difficult matches were only narrowly lost. It was, moreover, in these matches that the foundations for next year's XV were laid, foundations which, on tour, proved to be very solid.

Because of the heavy preponderance of youth in the team, this year's representative honours were restricted to the "old men," to Mike Cleary, Phil Walsh and Guy Fenney. Other notable achievements in the year included "demon Eamon's" four tries against Bromsgrove, Peter Birch's excellent kicking, and the "backs" scoring five tries against Exmouth College.

Finally, the individual records of the teams prove that School rugby was not all-conquering as last year, but they do suggest that the prospects for the future are extremely bright, especially as 25 of this year's first XXX will be returning to school next year.

Records

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.
1st XV	22	11	1	10	260	222
2nd XV	14	11	0	3	221	108

The Second XV carried on from last year's successful team, scoring many fine victories, stemming mainly from their very mobile and skilful back row.

3rd XV	9	7	0	2	146	71
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Another good season for the third XV. Many players, young and old, have turned out for this team, but the standard of play has been high—another indication of the depth of talent in KES rugby.

U.16 XV	7	5	0	2	157	73
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A successful season which was unfortunately shortened by several cancellations. A strong pack formed the basis for this success, with the backs not always as decisive as was hoped.

U.15 XV	11	6	0	5	185	165
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A disappointing season for a team which showed promise last year. The one outstanding player in the side was M. Fisher, a centre, who played for the Midlands U.15 XV.

MICHAEL CLEARY

RUGBY TOUR, 1974

The teams set off in high spirits, in the minibus and the cars of Mr. Everest and Mr. Fenney, on

Thursday night. Despite the attempts of Mr. Birch and Mr. Everest to lead us astray, we finally reached our destination, Sampford Peverell, in Devon, late on the same night. We had a light snack on arrival, consisting of ham sandwiches and soup, which Colin Marks tried to drink with his fork.

An early night was prescribed by Mr. Everest so that the selected team would be fresh for the game against Shebbear College the next day.

On Friday morning, after a brief training session, the squad set off for Shebbear. A stop for lunch was made at The Chicken in the Basket. In an exciting game, the team played well to win 19—3. Unfortunately, the minibus overheated on the return journey, but the masters soon put it right. Limited resources, however, necessitated further treatment by a garage.

Saturday was the free day, and everybody was kept busy in training looking for Ian Metcalfe's front tooth. As a result of this injury the back division was changed, and the new-look three-quarter line practised in the afternoon on Exmouth beach, whilst the forwards took the chance to look round the closed seaside resort.

On Sunday morning, the team gave an excellent display against Tiverton G.S. in an exciting and hard-fought match, the final score being 3—3. As a result, the team was in high spirits for the rest of the day, which culminated in the tour dinner in the evening, during which Guy Fenney's real age was revealed, while Mr. Birch shocked all with a bow tie of enormous proportions.

Monday was spent clearing up the hotels and looking after David Clements. The final game was won 31—11 against Exmouth College. Unfortunately, this game started late and so the team did not get back to school until midnight.

The whole squad would like to thank Messrs. Everest, Birch and Fenney for all their help and hard work, which resulted in a thoroughly enjoyable tour.

RICHARD COOMBES and PETER BIRCH

IN DEFENCE OF PARADE-GROUND FOOTBALL

One lunch-hour, while I was standing in goal for 4A on the parade ground, Andrew Sparkes was nearby, goal-hanging for the combined forces of the other fourth forms. This brought to my mind his doleful article in the Chronicle, in which he unwisely insinuated that to play parade ground football is to fritter away one's time. Many other aficionados of such a vibrant and necessary sport as parade ground football will leap to my defence when I say that I take strong issue with Sparkes on this point.

Many will see instantly that parade ground football must be a wonderful idea if a monster of athletic ineptitude like myself can be numbered among its ardent devotees. Then they may ask themselves how someone with such an inherent lack of co-ordination can possibly play and enjoy a game which should apparently require at least a grain of sporting ability. Well, there are certain practical problems for myself and others playing when I am on the pitch, but these are outweighed tenfold by the enjoyment we gain from a lunch-hour's parade ground football.

The game actually requires little skill. Providing that, like me, you can run and shout "To me" at the same time, you are half-way there. The ball is seldom at your feet. I was playing in a defensive role the other day, and, untypically, the ball rolled straight to my feet and I had gained possession. I looked up, removed my hands from my pockets, and glanced round the pitch, analysing the situation rapidly. Football tactics now dictated that I kick the ball. But then, there was a sound like the slamming of a car boot, and the ball had been shot from my feet past the flailing arms of the 4A goalkeeper by one of the two reasonably skilled players on the pitch.

I have enjoyed all my lunch-hours spent in goal (usually because the regular 'keeper was playing hockey, unfit, or away from school). The momentary disconcerting effect produced by the ball either trickling between my legs or rebounding off my face is more than compensated for by the pleasure I get from drop-kicking it as far as I can. Even if I look down and find that I have scythed down one of my defenders in the process, I still retain a moment's bliss as the memory of the ball's high-curving path comes back to me.

It may be of interest to the casual reader how it is that I manage to score my goals, since it has been known for me to score two goals in a week of lunch-time football playing. Two typical examples of my goalcraft were shown one rainy day before prayers. In the first instance, I was standing in conversation with someone when the ball hit me on the back and went into the goal. Only ten minutes later I took a half-volley from five yards and the ball shot high in the air and dropped past the cowering goalkeeper over the line.

I sincerely hope that my words have inspired fellow footballing blunderers to take up the noble relaxation of parade ground football, and that even Andrew Sparkes may fritter his time away more often in future lunch-hours.

CLIVE JENKINS

REMS DRAMA TOUR, '74

Under the supervision of Mr. Birks this year, the Rems Drama Group has done something completely new. We devised a short play aimed at the younger children in the Birmingham area. This play was not from a book, but entirely new and out of our own heads. We built it up, bit by bit, scene by scene, until we considered it to be perfect. A lot of after-school work was put in. The play consists mainly of the basic ingredients to interest a young child, slapstick comedy and plenty of magic.

The first school we visited was Anderton Park Primary School, and to get there we used the School minibus. This school had 200 pupils in the right age-group for our play, and as they could only seat 100 at a time, we had to perform it twice.

Fortunately, the play needs no scenery, and we put it on in a large hall, using an adjoining classroom as a dressing room. The only props that we did not supply ourselves were a medical screen and the top of a gymnastic box.

We started wondering how the children would react, but we did not have to worry. They all seemed to thoroughly enjoy it, judging by both the laughter and the applause (perhaps this was assisted by the distribution of jelly babies!).

A week later we were due to perform at Kings Norton Primary School. Here we met with a small problem because the minibus was not available, but we overcame this by using public transport. We were each responsible for a set of props and our costume. We set off earlier than before and caught the bus near Pebble Mill and stopped outside the school. We went in and looked around for the best place to perform. We eventually used a large hall similar to the one at Anderton Park, but the nearest classroom was across the corridor, so we had to wait outside it to hear our cues.

Once again the operation was a success apart from one thing; there were a few ten-year-olds in the audience and they were rather critical. But the overall impression was very good.

As soon as we returned to school, we put the play on for the parents directly after a piece by the Junior Drama Group. They were kind enough to enjoy it, after first being warned that it was designed for a younger audience.

Our final school was Alston Primary School. We used the minibus and we again used a large hall. There was no classroom near enough to change in, so we used the corridor outside, but the play was received just as well. Altogether, the venture has been extremely successful.

SIMON GIDNEY

CROSS-COUNTRY REPORT

In September, the first team consisted of D. Barnes, J. R. Evans, D. F. Wale, P. R. Hicks, B. Elkington, M. J. Hathaway and J. D. Lynn, all having run in last season's successful team; shortly afterwards we were joined by J. P. Denton and A. P. Hannan.

David Barnes easily won every race he ran, but unfortunately disappeared into hospital to have his appendix removed at a most inopportune moment during December, and was out of action for much of the remainder of the season. Once Hannan had settled in he ran consistently very well, coming third out of the team; unfortunately, however, he also fell ill after only six first team appearances, and was hors de combat for the rest of the season.

David Wale, Paul Hicks and J. P. Denton all ran well, if somewhat inconsistently, and provided a useful reserve of strength to rely on during the long period during which two out of our three best runners were missing. Martyn Hathaway provided some surprises, his position in the team varying from second to seventh in a seemingly random manner, but despite this, he was a very valuable member of the team. Barry Elkington, after a mediocre start to the season, some of which was spent winning a trophy in the second team, greatly improved in the latter half of the season, managing second or third in the team during most of the Lent term; this is possibly due to the fact that he was the only person sufficiently keen to attend practices regularly. Jonathan Lynn finished several years' reliable if unspectacular running by being sixth runner in the team for much of the Christmas term before leaving. Tim Stafford, the youngest member of the team, is noteworthy for his spectacular improvement during the closing stages of the season from mid-second team to good first team status.

Despite having great potential at the start of the season, the loss of two very good runners dealt a fatal blow to the first team's chances in the various major competitions. In the Birmingham Schools League Division I, despite the fact that our full team was easily the best contending for the title, we eventually came third to George Dixon G.S. and K.E. Five Ways; although it is worth noting that our aggregate score (which decides the positions in the event of a tie) was better than either of these teams. In Division III the second team was pushed into second place by Five Ways; again our aggregate score was lower than theirs. Barry Elkington won the individual trophy in this division. A somewhat weakened team achieved eighth position in the Rugeley Inter-Schools Race, our best for several years in this difficult race. The position of fourth in the Warwickshire Championships was the same as last year. A disappointing position of fourth was achieved in the Kings Norton Relay; a consolation here was that we easily beat the league champions, George Dixon. The one other major championship we won last year, the Birmingham Schools Championships, was indefinitely postponed, owing to the N.A.S. dispute.

Prospects for the future are reasonable, but successes such as have been seen in the recent past are very unlikely for some time, as very few of this season's team will be left after Christmas. The one bright note with which to end is that David Barnes should be well capable of achieving considerable individual success in this sport, as in others, next year.

Thanks are due to Mr. Workman in his first year as master in charge of cross-country, for being the master in charge.

J. R. EVANS

"THE CREATION"

Of all the great standard choral society oratorios, "The Creation" is one of the most difficult for us to enjoy "straight" without having to make allowances for it. The libretto which presents a pre-Darwin view of the book of Genesis can remind us uncomfortably of religious tableaux in the nursery

school, and the effect of the music is made more distant by the clichés of 18th century poetic diction—the "mighty pens," the "finny tribe." The score reflects both the naivety and the artifice of the words, most obviously perhaps in the long, accompanied recitatives which tell the creation story; as all the works of nature come to birth they are portrayed in the orchestra with wonderful skill and economy. Moreover, Haydn uses a device often used by contemporary film directors whereby the incidental music introduces the next scene before the old one is drawn to a close; so the strings cease their buzzing *before* the bass announces the "insects" they represent, and at once a new motif begins to unwind, a "sinuous trace" which prefigures the worm as we hear eight bars later. Thus the story acquires a dramatic impetus and this, combined with Haydn's mastery of orchestral colour, allows us, if we will, simply to enjoy the creation story unfolded with all the love and faith of the simple heart that belonged to one who was both a great composer and a cunning craftsman.

At the same time, musically speaking, "The Creation" is a very attractive choice for school performances. The orchestral parts are within the grasp of school orchestras and though the writing is on occasions dangerously exposed for them, it gives great opportunities for the woodwind soloists and these were well taken. Only a few seats among the brass were occupied by outside players. The strings, too, were judiciously stiffened and, even if the bowing was rather undisciplined, they played with great enthusiasm during the choruses and showed considerable finesse when accompanying the soloists.

The Choral Society, though rather small in numbers, sang with verve and confidence. The entries of the individual parts were all secure and it was manifest that once this choir was under way it would take a lot to divert it from its course. If it responded only sluggishly to changes of tempo, it produced good, clear tone with a nice balance between the parts; the small band of singers clustering round the fatherly figure of a distinguished O.E. tenor must have worked like Trojans.

The three young soloists, Pauline Adler (soprano), Paul Strathearn (tenor) and Richard Foster (bass) gave good accounts of their parts. Miss Adler has a clear voice of beautiful quality, admirably in tune; she negotiated her difficult runs with all the requisite dazzle, and she sang with unforced simplicity. Mr. Foster also sang with good, clean, well projected tone, and was man enough to venture on the low D for "the sinuous worm," while Mr. Strathearn sang "In native worth" in a most musicianly way, and sang the recitative about the "silver moon" quite beautifully.

But a school performance rests more than any other on the shoulders of the conductor. Mr. Massey's choir and orchestra showed the quality of their training, in the confidence of their playing and singing, and the choir in particular, their eyes glued to his baton, caught the excitement of the occasion and sang their hearts out, along with a spirited organ accompaniment which, at the close of each part, threatened to carry all before it. All in all, it was a performance which captured the freshness and simple innocence of Haydn's masterpiece in a way that many more highly polished performances have found it difficult to achieve.

JAMES BOLTON

THE C.U.—A YEAR ON

One year ago the Rev. David McInnes was invited to talk at three special meetings held during Lent in place of the old pattern of Chapel Worship, of Choral Evensong, and Bible Study. The response was surprising; instead of the regular attendance at chapel of three or four people, over 100 people from KES and KEHS came to the first of David McInnes' talks, and stimulated by this display of hitherto latent Christian strength, the Christian Union was formed at the end of the Lent term, 1973.

The C.U. is not a society, since it feels that it can achieve its purpose more successfully by remaining as an informal, if large, group of people; it does not wish its rôle to be restricted by association with anything like "chapel" or "prayers," which would automatically stigmatise the group's work before it has even started. But though trying to avoid an association with anything as fixed as the "Establishment," the C.U. has been hampered by something which is perhaps as great—that is, its own name. "Christian Union" has come attached to a particular "brand" of Christianity, a brand especially prevalent at Universities, where they are known, affectionately or otherwise, as "God Squads."

The risk of using such a name has been to give the group a stigma which, though different from the one it has tried to avoid, is as damaging since it tends to alienate half the spectrum of Christian traditions.

The C.U. at KES is surmounting this difficulty, and the people who go to its meetings represent all denominations of the Western Church—though I am not aware of any people from Greek or Russian Orthodox traditions. There is a danger that the C.U. might play safe and work together on a lowest common denominator of faith and consequently become a shallow or trivial group; indeed, after its first, somewhat euphoric form, it nearly succumbed, but now it is in the process of forming a much more valuable and thoughtful union, in which differences do occur but in which members can meet and share their common faith. As such there has been a marked revival of Christian witness and worship: in addition to the regular celebrations of Holy Communion and the Mass on Wednesdays, Christians meet before school for prayer on Tuesdays and after school on Thursdays for a talk or a discussion.

There is, however, another danger which has become apparent in recent months—as the C.U. has become known to people it has become associated with a particular group of people. "Clique" is a term which I have heard used. Like all groups which share a minority interest, there is a serious risk of its becoming a "clique." A few years ago this was true of the Musical and Dramatic Societies, but for the Christian Union the risk is especially dangerous, since it cannot exist for its own sake; like all Christian life, it is not self-contained or self-fulfilling. This is the problem which the C.U. must work hard to overcome, on the one hand to make it wholly representative of the Christian body in the school, which is larger than most people think, and on the other to put its witness to Christ across sufficiently to prevent its being consigned by the majority of people to the rôle of a clique which has nothing to say to them.

DAVID FOSTER

BASKETBALL 1973-74

The team started the autumn term with a series of well-attended practices. The hard work put in by the players was rewarded when the team won its first three games. Instilled with confidence, it lost its next two games, both against good sides. However, the team recovered and finished the season having won four and lost five games. One of the defeats was at the hands of last year's National Knockout champions, Darlaston School, against whom we did well to score 35 points. For the first time ever the team was promoted into the Premier League, but the fixtures, unfortunately, had to be cancelled. The squad was always in high spirits and enjoyed playing.

Much of the senior team's success must be attributed to Peter Birch, who was selected for Birmingham and also scored well over 300 points in the league. Yet without I. G. Wilson in defence the team could well have conceded over 400 points.

The junior team also played, but not so well, and hence were not as successful as the seniors. But this was not due to lack of effort and they produced stars in Wagstyl and Driver, who look to have a good future.

Many thanks must go to Mr. Birch, whose hard work and enthusiasm has shown itself in the willingness of the teams to do well, and also to Mr. Stead, who has introduced many Shells into the game and also perfected his own style of driving in order to add to the safety of the team on the road.

	P.	W.	L.	For	Agst.
Seniors	9	4	5	438	498
Juniors	6	0	6	151	277

RICHARD COOMBS

LETTER

Dear Sir,

There has recently been much discussion amongst the Divisions about the method of awarding School Colours. I think that the essence of the debate is "How does one determine the relative values of Colours awarded for different sports?" For example, how can rowing be compared with rugby? In the former case, the First IV had to be trained from scratch to match standard in two terms. On the other hand, new elements had to be welded into an existing framework of a rugby team. The two teams are not really comparable.

On account of this difficulty (shades of a Relativities Report?), may I suggest that either some system of differentiating the Colours awarded for the various activities, or a points system, be introduced. The former could be operated by the award of an appropriate "flash" (e.g., "1st XV"), to be worn on a blazer. The relative merit of each activity could then be left to the judgment of the individual. A system similar to this was operated at another school in Birmingham for many years (although the award was for playing at all, rather than consistently well).

Heath House has recently introduced a point-scoring system, for the award of House Colours, which could be adapted for School Colours. Each person collects two points for regularly playing in, or being a reserve for, a House match. One extra point is awarded for a high standard of performance. The totals are calculated at intervals, and those with six points, or more, are awarded House Colours. Thus, anyone who is not able to excel at any one activity, but is a member of a number of teams, or the same team for a number of years, is entitled to House Colours.

Whilst on the subject of Colours, I think a Colours system common to all Houses would be a sensible move. At present, Houses seem to be going their separate ways, with the result that there are large numbers of ties from some Houses, while others are only rarely seen—a situation which does not really correspond to the competence of the Houses, but more to the whim of House Masters.

Yours faithfully,

C. F. MORLEY

AFTER THE FIRING SQUAD

The ground is still wet,
With blood;

The smoke of gunpowder,
Still hangs.

The bodies lie as if
A flood

Had deposited
Them there.

The bodies are gone,
The blood

Is washed away,
The smoke

Has dispersed, but
An atmosphere

Stays, of fear, pain
And anguish.

H. BARTON-SMITH



74
JULY

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

CHRONICLE

Vol. 6, No. 6

MR. D. B. GANDERTON

David Ganderton left King Edward's School at the end of May, 1974, to take up the position of Head of the History Department at the new Solihull Sixth Form College, due to open in September. He came to K.E.S. in September, 1964, as the third member of the history teaching team, direct from the education diploma course at Cambridge University, before which he had taken a distinguished degree in history at Queen Mary College, University of London. When Copland retired in July, 1967, Ganderton succeeded him as second in the History Department at K.E.S. The universally acclaimed distinction with which he filled this position led directly to his senior appointment at the Sixth Form College.

Such, baldly stated, are the facts, but of course they fail to give any indication of the quality and personality of the man. Well-built, fair-haired, blue-eyed, with a fresh complexion, the immediate impression he made was of friendliness, self-confidence, and energy. This first impression was never contradicted by anything which on closer acquaintance he said or did. Closer acquaintance added to the first impression certainty of a wide range of interests, sound scholarship based on wide and astonishingly quick reading, and an outstanding ability to impart his knowledge of and enthusiasm for history to boys of a very wide range of age and ability. He had a particular gift for bringing to his senses a boy who was having difficulty in making the transition from 'O' to 'A' level work, getting him to accept that self-discipline, self-planned studies, and self-imposed tasks must now replace reliance on a course of studies planned and if necessary imposed by a teacher. If one can take for granted his scholarship and teaching ability, it was this gift above all which made him such a success as form master of the History Division for so many years.

On top of his very heavy burden of teaching and correcting, he decided to develop one of his cherished fields of interest into a thesis for an M.Ed. degree of Birmingham University. The subject is that usually referred to by the catch phrase "muscular Christianity"—the extent to which a schoolmaster should seek to make the characters and bodies of his pupils conform to a pattern which the master considers valuable and correct. The heyday of the theory and practice of this kind of education coincided with the rise of the British Empire to its greatest extent and power, roughly the half-century before 1914, and it was in the public boarding schools that it particularly flourished. That such educational ideas still lingered on in some quarters added spice to reading, discussion and writing.

Solihull's gain is very much King Edward's loss. Fortunately, the change of jobs does not entail moving house, so David's many friends will have no difficulty in maintaining a friendship which they value so highly. It only remains, therefore, to wish David, Patricia and their two daughters a continuation of the good health, success, esteem and friendship which they have enjoyed during his ten years at K.E.S.

C.B.

THE JUNIOR PLAYS, 1974

This year's Junior Plays took place on the 15th, 16th and, in spite of hopes to the contrary, on the 18th of May. The programme offered an improvisation based on violence, and "The Hole," an absurd comedy by N. F. Simpson. This was a departure from the varied light comedy of the past two years, and built on the work of the Junior Drama Club. Although the publicity was enthusiastically carried out, audience size was a little disappointing, but this did not detract in any way from the effectiveness of the performance.

An improvisation on such a controversial subject as "violence" was a brave and ambitious choice for actors so inexperienced. Indeed, this play may have seemed controversial in its theme and the method of its presentation. Some members of the audience may not have found it altogether to their taste, especially because of the language used. The theme taken was gang warfare in the city, the quarrels and exploits of a gang which eventually lead to its disintegration, and the killing of its leader by an "outsider." Improvisation allows the expression of the actors' ideas and characters, but the danger is that when rehearsed it becomes stale as it ceases to be improvised. To a certain extent this happened here. The actors themselves were sometimes stereotyped: their accents and movements did not contribute towards the realism of the play. However, we were very impressed with the power of provoking thought. One scene, with the actors shadowed against a screen of bright orange, was brilliantly done. Compliments to the technical staff. The sound also was very powerful and carefully done. Overall, it was quite impressive as a play, and the actors' diction was excellent, although there was a tendency to shout.

"The Hole" is a very difficult play to do well. It is certainly absurd, as the characters spend most of their time staring down a hole in the ground. They imagine very surprising things going on down there, and discuss them between themselves. Meanwhile, totally separate from them, two women discuss their husbands' idiosyncracies. There is no thread running through the play, except for the presence of the hole. The dialogue was hilarious early on, particularly when a member of the Common Room seemed to be down the hole, but it soon became boring. The actors seemed to be putting on the play for their own benefit and never quite grasped that their task was to entertain an audience. The groupings were repetitive and stage use poor. Apart from a stunning flash, the play tailed off uninterestingly.

This year's plays were produced with only a limited cast. Unfortunately, all those who wished to take part were not able to do so, and perhaps in the future, a play with Shells alone acting, could be reinstated. However, the Junior Plays were, on the whole, well performed and we think that most of the audience was very impressed by the polished performance which the actors gave. Their hard work did not go unrewarded. Mr. Birks deserves congratulation on the time and energy he has put into this production. All concerned can certainly feel satisfied with this year's Junior Plays.

JOHN BETTERIDGE
ANDREW HUDSON
PAUL RUDDOCK

EASTER SKIING HOLIDAY—SAALBACH

I expect that almost everybody will by now have seen David Rose hobbling around the school with his leg in plaster; he unfortunately was this year's skiing victim. Having fractured his left leg below the knee while doing a Billy Smar's Circus style version of the "Snowplough," David was forced to remain in hospital in Zell-am-See for almost all of the Easter holiday.

As Mr. Tomlinson observed in an unsuccessful attempt to coax a worthwhile number of us back to the slopes the next day, injuries are sustained by an unlucky minority of participants in most activities and the particular dangers of a sport such as skiing which involves a degree of speed (albeit unintentionally) are immediately obvious. However, this should not deter anyone from joining a skiing party. Every year, thousands of people derive immense pleasure and satisfaction from their own (and other people's) skiing, suffering nothing worse than mild sunburn; this was certainly true of the rest of our party.

Apart from The Accident, the Easter skiing trip to Saalbach was a great success. Travel arrangements were quite realistic and involved no huge nocturnal transcontinental coach journeys. A morning flight from Birmingham to Munich and a short coach ride across the Austrian border saw us at our destination in time to have skis and boots fitted before the evening meal, leaving the evening free for a preliminary investigation of the town.

By this I don't mean that all 29 of us went exploring. Every night, the group of seven "Divisions" abandoned the rest of the party (Fourths and below) at the hotel and made the long trek into town to sample the "amenities." This walk was in fact the first drawback of the holiday. Every day we had to cover one-and-a-half miles into Saalbach to collect our skis, and a repeat of the journey in total darkness was the penalty for visiting the town at night. The whole business was made worse by the fact that the road ran along the bank of a dangerously fast flowing river full of litter-bins and pieces of "hardware."

What really went on back at the hotel while we were away I can only imagine, but I have heard that the usual entertainment was interfering with Mr. Everest's adult game of "Scrabble" and listening to the occasional "How-We-Do-It-In-Club Rugby" talks by Whatley.

For those who preferred the "amenities" there was a wide enough choice. At one end of the town one could be served by an extremely suave waiter in comfortable surroundings, while in the "slum" area at the other end of the town the patron of the "Milch Bar" (Herr Nicht-Verboten) provided hours of amusement by appearing through a crack in the plaster with a menacing glare in our direction, his fingers itching to throw us out, whenever the waiter failed to grasp the details of the order. Of the several other cafés in Saalbach, one at least achieved immortality when a certain person (who for health reasons shall remain nameless) announced that he had found a great place called the "Hotel Eingang."

Our own hotel, the Turnerhof, was run by a part-time Austrian farmer who figuratively speaking bore a striking resemblance to S. Rawlings, O.E. His wife superintended the serving of meals, and her perpetual smile, revealing a hideous phalanx of caramel-coloured teeth, soon earned her the affectionate nickname of "Frau Drac" (nobody could pronounce her real name, anyway). She was one of the few hospitable Austrians we met, and she made our stay a very pleasant one.

The second and only serious drawback of the holiday was the gradual disappearance of the snow, at least from the lower slopes, which somewhat hindered the absolute beginners, who were forced onto the more advanced slopes perhaps before they were quite ready. It must be significant that Rose's accident occurred on his very first descent of just such a slope.

Despite the receding snowline, a good deal of skiing was done, and on the last day the ski-school tests for beginners were held. However, MacGuinness was the only beginner left in our own party who had both the confidence to ski after The Accident and the 35 schilling entrance fee to spare. He passed the tests and was presented with his medal in the afternoon at the ski-school with the National Anthem being rendered sarcastically by jealous onlookers in the background.

Our thanks, already expressed in liquid terms, must be repeated to Mr. Tomlinson and Mr. and Mrs. Everest for their part in a most enjoyable and rewarding holiday.

MARK ELLIS

TRIP TO ANNECY, EASTER, 1974

Twenty hours of solid travelling is not, perhaps, the best way to begin a holiday. However, most of us soon recovered from this and began to settle in. The 40 of us had seen fleeting glances of London, Calais and night-time Paris from our train and coach windows, and had endured a night in some fiendish French invention called "couchettes."

Our hotel was at Sévrier, on the Lac d'Annecy, in the French Alps. The first morning was spent walking round the village of Sévrier, a dusty, unimpressive place on first sight, but which improved on further visits. In the afternoon we proceeded into Annecy, the large town at the head of the lake, to visit a "fromagerie," where the most unbelievably foul cheese is matured.

In the evening we had time to inspect the hotel. There were showers in every room, but not a single one was connected. The entertainment was provided by a pinball machine in the bar.

The next day we walked again into Annecy for a guided tour. The guide displayed the usual incredible ability of foreign guides to find the most noisy places possible to stop and talk to us; his supreme triumph came when he stopped by a pneumatic drill in the middle of a building site.

Highlights of the trip were the two whole-day visits to Chamonix and to Geneva. The scenery at Chamonix was unbelievable, especially so from 8,000 feet up at the top of a hair-raising cable-car journey, from where we could see Mont Blanc in all its glory.

In Geneva, we visited the Palais des Nations, where we had yet another guided tour, this time by an extremely apologetic Swiss guide, who unfortunately decided to talk to us in her English, which was worse than our French. A guided tour of the old part of Geneva followed, this time in rapid but intelligible French. On both of these long coach journeys certain members of the party showed their propensity for being ill.

The rest of the week was spent making excursions into the beautiful woods and hills near the hotel, to the thrilling Gorges du Fier, and in attempts to play football on a field half the size of the parade ground with a 45 degree slope.

The French food given to us was superb and the meals were further enlivened by a rather attractive waitress and a very attractive view of lake and mountains. Another feature of the holiday which should be mentioned is the duplicated sheets of questions given to us each day, about the places we visited. These meant that the poor guides and hotel staff were plagued with questions from us, as the prizes were the highly-valued Asterix cartoon books. However, these sheets did give us lots of helpful information, useful to a better understanding of the area.

The holiday was rounded off by a visit to a French school, and by what was for most of us our first flight. We accomplished the return journey in a third of the time of the outward journey.

Many thanks to Messrs. Underhill, Jayne and Workman for their efficiency as organisers and money-providers.

JOHN MAYHEW

"At the root of all great oratory there must be sincerity." So ran the final and most memorable point made by Lord Hailsham in his speech at the end of the final of the Schools Debating Association competition for the Observer Mace, held on May 10th at the City of London School for Girls. Just previously, Vic Feather, the chairman of the judges, had given a perfect example of how to heighten suspense by promising at least five times, so it seemed, that he was making his final point before announcing the result.

The King Edward's pair, who had won through to the final, David Willetts and Robert O'Brien, were on this occasion opposing the motion that "This House sees no future for Britain in the E.E.C." They seemed superior to their opponents from the City of London School, especially when the main speaker for the proposition showed, in summing up, that, **unlike** everyone else, he had not understood several of David's points.

The second motion was that "This House would welcome the election of Members of Parliament by proportional representation," and as soon as Adrian Hayday of Windsor began his speech for the proposition, we realised just how well a schoolboy can speak. The judges were later to commend him as being the best individual speaker. The opposers of this motion, Tynemouth School, were eventually the winners of the mace, and deservedly so for, as Vic Feather commented, their speeches were the only ones to follow logically from one to another.

Those of us who went to London for the evening had a highly enjoyable and informative time, learning several of the finer points of the debater's art, such as never, ever, to read one's speech, and to speak more slowly than in a normal conversation. The principal speakers learned more at the dinner which was given for them afterwards. Let us offer our congratulations to David and Robert, who made the trip possible for the rest of us.

RICHARD CARPENTER

WHO ?

- 1 I am the centre of my world:
- 2 The black specks crawled across the floor.
- 1 I see what I see,
- 2 Slowly, agonisingly slowly, across the floor.
- 1 I do what I do,
- 2 Paths winding and crossing, winding and crossing.
- 1 I hear what I hear,
- 2 My foot falls and they die.
- 1 I feel what I feel,
- 2 And as they die, they cry out to God.
- 1 I taste what I taste,
- 2 What kind of God is this,
- 1 Because I am what I am,
- 2 That would hear one so small, so insignificant?
- 1 I am the centre of my world.

MARTIN BAILEY

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

In the Chronicle of March, 1974, you published an article by John Ozimek entitled "De-schooling Society." I must state, unequivocally and unhesitatingly, that I have never seen an invective with so many over-generalisations, hyperboles and half-truths. To refute the "argument" point-by-point would be tedious, so I will restrict by attention to a few aspects of it.

The assertion that school "for many is by no means beneficial, to many more, a rigour to survive, and for the majority, a waste of time," is patently absurd. What basis is there for this extraordinary claim? Is it founded on a comprehensive survey of all types of schools over the entire country, a poll among the author's friends,

"personal experience," or no evidence whatsoever? I wonder.

Another extract from the article is the simple observation that "if one pupil asks a question, during a lesson, to which all the other pupils in his form know the answer," he is wasting the time of 24 others!", and thus "[a teacher should] see pupils individually about anything they do not understand." To which I would reply, as an equally simple observation, "If each of 25 pupils asks the same question to the teacher individually, then the teacher wastes his time answering the question 25 times over, when an explanation would have sufficed!" Or perhaps that had not occurred to the author in his zeal to prove his point?

The assertion that "education is geared to middle-class abilities and interests" is another remarkable statement; I would like to know what abilities and interests, peculiar to the middle-class, our secondary school system possesses.

Then we read the author's alternative to our present educational system. He proposes a system of study at home and occasional visits to a nearby school where the teacher would clarify uncertainties and give advice and assignments. This alternative presupposes that:

1. Education is little more than studying and learning a subject in which one is interested;
2. All children can stay at home every day for the entire day;
3. Children have an innate desire to study academically, which should be channelled to the subject which interests them most.

I would submit that these three assumptions are far from the truth.

John Ozimek completely misunderstands politics by saying that "Education is something that affects everybody and must not become a political forum"; politics is about the society in which we live and the nature of education is inextricably linked with nature of our society. Finally, I can only agree, without reservation, that the assertion that "our present system is certainly inadequate . . . and clear, unbiassed thought must be applied to the problem . . ." However, to accept every idea of the cult intellectual, Ivan Illick, author of "De-schooling Society," without any clear, unbiassed thought is hardly the most rational way of deciding how to improve education in this country. In the field of radical educational reform, we should remember, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

JULIAN THORNTON

Dear Sir,

Somewhat belatedly I have received a copy of the March edition of the Chronicle and have read with interest the two views of the K.E.D.S. main production, "Sergeant Musgrave's Dance."

My point in breaking the silence of the deep West Country is to take up the implications of the first sentence of Scott Newton's urbane review of "Sergeant Musgrave's Dance," and especially the phrase "four years . . . of Shakespeare." It seems to me that he, like so many people, has fallen into the trap of failing to identify the proper nature of school drama and the pattern of stage work at King Edward's during the past five years or so.

While I was doing my best to foster interest in drama and theatre at the school, I often felt that the work the Dramatic Society was attempting was being thwarted by the traditional, and false, view that there is only one real play per year, and that "The School Play" in January. This manifested itself in a variety of ways; by too much extraneous fuss over the January production, by too little interest in other shows, by widespread reluctance on the part of the public to come to more than one play in the year. This stubbornness of attitude could be slightly depressing to those trying to put on plays; it certainly hides the fact that, since 1968, a vast range of plays has been performed on the school stage, and that the School has not been

limited to just "four years . . . of Shakespeare." I think a list of productions will best illustrate my point:

1968

- "Everyman."
- "A Penny for a Song," by John Whiting.
- "Waiting for Godot," by Samuel Beckett.
- "The Hollow Crown," by John Barton."

1969

- "Murder in the Cathedral," by T. S. Eliot.
- "Return Journey," by Dylan Thomas.
- "The Dumb Waiter," by Harold Pinter.
- "Rhesus" by Euripides.

1970

- "The Winter's Tale" by William Shakespeare.
- "The Insect Play," by the Capek Brothers.

1971

- "Twelfth Night," by William Shakespeare.
- "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead," by Tom Stoppard.
- "Oh, What a Lovely War," by Theatre East.
- "Endgame," by Samuel Beckett.
- "The Room" by Harold Pinter.

1972

- "As You Like It," by William Shakespeare. Junior Plays.
- "And How Are You This Bright and Early Morning," by Alan Drury.
- "One," by Christopher Gibbons.

1973

- "The Tempest," by William Shakespeare.
- "The Hollow Crown," by John Barton. Three Junior Plays.
- "Brief Encounter," by Noel Coward.
- "After Magritte," by Tom Stoppard.

What is more, this list does not include more informal work, usually done under the aegis of the Drama Group, which produced such varied "ad hoc" plays or extracts as "Luther," by John Osborne, "The Nigel Barton Plays" by Dennis Potter, two "Noh" plays, and—more recently "Under Milk Wood," by Dylan Thomas." Among such a varied programme it is surely wrong to talk of "four years . . . of Shakespeare."? Granted that the Shakespeare productions were the main offerings of the year, they nevertheless represent only one-sixth of the drama work offered as public entertainment, and about one-tenth of all the drama done during the period I have outlined.

I hope that the School will one day really awaken to the drama which is going on—virtually all the time—in its midst, and learn to appreciate its many facets, its energy and its quality. After all, any plant needs fostering and feeding. Otherwise, it just might die.

I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

MICHAEL PARSELEW

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS ITEMS

The 1st XI hockey team won the Pickwick Schools Invitation Tournament for the first time during the Easter holidays. The captain, John Kerr, scored three goals in our 4—3 win over Lordswood in the final.

In the West Midlands Chess Championships, C. H. Jillings was Under-12 Champion (in a field of 70) and C. P. Morley runner-up in the Under-16 section. R. E. Borchards, though still under 14, won the Under-18 Championship. Tony Miles, O.E., won the main international tournament in the same championships.

A. J. Millinchip has acquired, at an exceptionally early age, a coveted diploma by winning an Associateship of Trinity College, London, a distinction which all instrumentalists aim at. His instrument is the organ.

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL CLUB

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS FOR THE YEAR APRIL 1, 1973, TO MARCH 31, 1974

INCOME				EXPENDITURE			
				£			
Balance of P.S.G. Account	47.37	Football	695.18
Balance of Locker Fund	6.75	Cricket	668.18
Governors' Grant	775.00	Athletics	107.81
Boys' Subscriptions	1752.50	Swimming	46.67
Levett Residuary Bequest	164.63	Fives	56.37
Gift from P.E. Department	10.00	Tennis	161.46
Cozens Trust	19.25	Rowing	13.84
Heath Testimonial Fund	13.12	Cross Country	50.34
Levett Trust	12.70	Squash	30.45
Mayo Trust	16.62	Basketball	20.78
Old Boys' Permanent Contributory Fund	9.29	Hockey	122.84
Solomon Memorial Trust	2.41	Chess	84.90
Honorary Members' subscriptions	65.05	Walking	3.15
			<u>£2894.69</u>	Golf	2.02
Deficit at 31.3.73	609.70	Fencing	7.24
Surplus on year 1973-74	402.55	Orienteering	6.60
				P.S.G.	57.67
Deficit at 31.3.74	<u>£207.15</u>	School Club (printing, postage, stationery, telephone)	115.95
				Chronicle	220.13
				Debating Society	11.70
				Geographical Society	1.10
				Pavilion	7.76
							<u>£2492.14</u>

Signed :

T. G. FREEMAN, Hon. Treasurer.

Examined and found correct :

BARRY ELKINGTON

ANDREW V. UNITT

Hon. Auditors.



SEPTEMBER 74

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

CHRONICLE

Vol. 7, No. 1

EDITORIAL

We do not usually have room for editorials in the "Chronicle," but there is a particular reason for having one in this number. It is very simply that we need collectively to record a hail and farewell—or should it, on both emotional and logical grounds, be a farewell and a hail?

The retirement of Canon Lunt will leave K.E.S. feeling for a little while like those who lose a limb, i.e., they believe that it is still there. So closely was he identified with the School, so completely was its life his life, and so powerfully did he imprint his personality upon it that it will be impossible for those who have been here for a few years to think of the place without him. He had made his presence more than slightly felt in literally every nook and cranny of school life. The enormous tally of what he has done for K.E.S. is registered elsewhere in this issue, and so here we will confine ourselves to recording the School's thanks to Canon Lunt for the "well-took labours" and and total devotion with which he has served it for 22 years, and to offering our very best wishes to him and to Mrs. Lunt for their life in Ledbury.

In Canon Lunt's place comes Mr. F. G. R. Fisher. He comes from fifteen years as headmaster of Bryanston School, from nine years in the English Department at Kingswood School, Bath, from Oxford, from the Army, and from Liverpool College. We welcome him very warmly indeed and are looking forward to getting to know him in the coming months. We hope that he and his family will be happy among us in Birmingham.

CANON R. G. LUNT K.E.S., 1952-74

R. G. Lunt, Head Master of Liverpool College from 1946, became in 1952 Chief Master of King Edward's School, and in his 22 years in office has devoted all his energies to the furtherance of the good of the School. He has ensured that academic standards have remained as high as ever, he has enormously increased the facilities available on the School campus, and he has done his best, in spite of great difficulties, to maintain the good name of the School by his work with outside bodies, particularly with the local education authority.

By 1952, post-war building restrictions had been lifted, and the time was ripe for a man with vision and enthusiasm to invest in bricks and mortar the money the governors had in hand. The present generation of Edwardians is probably unaware of how much has been done on this site since 1952. At Eastern Road the running track has been laid and the Victorian pavilion replaced; the South Field has been cleared of the temporary buildings and levelled; three houses have been built as well as the Scout hut, the music school and the new science laboratories; the swimming bath has been tiled, heated and enclosed; and many alterations have been made inside the school buildings. In all these projects the Chief Master has been the

driving force, and by enlisting the support of the parents for the C.M.'s Fund, he has been able to provide (in some cases) part of the cost.

These changes have made possible a wider range of activities which the C.M. has done his best to encourage. No school play or concert was complete without his presence, and there were few home matches of the First XI or First XV which he did not attend. He knew more boys by name—and by more than name—than anyone else in the School. While he could be stern to those who crossed him, to those in difficulty through no fault of their own (illness or family troubles of one sort or another) he gave unlimited time and attention until a satisfactory outcome of their problem had been achieved.

In these 22 years the nature of the Common Room has largely changed. The old hands from the ancient universities who had spent their lives at K.E.S. have nearly all gone, to be replaced by those who came here straight from the university. It says much for the C.M.'s selection that the academic standards have not fallen and that with his encouragement new techniques such as the Cambridge Classics and the Visual Aid method of teaching modern languages are now accepted here.

As the first ordained C.M. for many years, Canon Lunt developed the Christian activities of the School by the appointment of a chaplain (a post filled for so many years by the Rev. F. J. Williams), and by the creation, furnishing and use of the chapel. At the same time, the Roman Catholics were provided with facilities for regular masses, and the two bodies, Anglicans and Catholics, given opportunities of working together.

From his appointment, Canon Lunt set out to win the respect and co-operation of the local authority. He spent many hours in dull routine committee work, offering his knowledge and experience in their service. One result of this was the permission given to the School to select itself the pupils to be sent here by the local authority. It is unfortunate that the clash between the local authority, wedded to the principle of comprehensive schools, and K.E.S., believing in providing a challenging task for the more able, should have brought this co-operation to an end—a conclusion which the C.M. did his utmost to avert.

While the C.M. insisted that only the most able should be admitted to K.E.S. and should have all the facilities they required, he lost no opportunity of pointing out that these privileges carried responsibilities to those less fortunate. During his term of office the Personal Service Group was founded, and he gave it every encouragement. He was very keen on the V.S.O. scheme, and many O.E.'s spent a valuable year before going to university serving in remote parts of the world. In an attempt (sponsored by the Head Master's Conference) to extend this scheme to Oxbridge entrants with nine months to spare, Canon Lunt spent a month touring Africa to assess the needs and the means of meeting them. This was one of the few occasions when he was away from Birmingham during term. Others were when he accepted a school master fellowship at Swansea

University and learned something of the attitude of the university teacher to the schoolboy, and when he was awarded a W. H. Page scholarship to America to study various aspects of American education. Apart from such absence on duty, he never missed a day at school in spite of at times considerable pain from a war wound.

Twenty-two years of unflagging devotion to duty in a job which is as time-consuming as you like to make it can leave a man exhausted. There is no doubt that Ronald Lunt has given the best part of his life to the School, and future generations of Edwardians (even more than present ones) will look back in awe and admiration to what he achieved. He deserves his rest and retirement in Ledbury.

H.A.M.

V. J. BIGGS, K.E.S., 1934-74

Stopping at the honour's board outside Big School, a group of new boys was shown the name of J. E. Powell. Unimpressed, one of them asked where Bill Oddie's name was. It was useless to point out to them that, in addition to an ex-Cabinet Minister, the year of '29 had produced another phenomenon, renowned as leading Common Room wit, the finest languages teacher and classroom entertainer in the business (I bet Bill Oddie can't sing Lili Marlene in five different languages), an indefatigable globe-trotter, erudite lecturer, home wine brewer, early riser, experienced school counsellor and examiner, and a *maître de manoeuvre par excellence*.

Apart from a period of five years during the war, V.J.B. has been actively associated with K.E.S. for nearly half-a-century. Entering school in 1926, in Cary Gilson's day, he was made a prefect and awarded an open scholarship in Modern Languages to Christ Church, Oxford, in 1929. Even during his four years at university, from 1930-34, so great was his renown or so short was King Edward's School of linguists, that as an undergraduate, he frequently returned to teach in the vacations.

Awarded a First in French after three years, the following year he added a further degree in German and Spanish, and was appointed by England to the M.L. Department in 1934. During this time he had made a special study of Spanish Golden Age Drama, carrying out research at the Duque de Osma's private library in Madrid.

After the evacuation of the School in 1939, finding the rigours of Repton unbearable, V.J.B. in desperation volunteered for military service with the Army Intelligence Corps. He spent 1940-41 in the Western Desert imbibing arrack and Arabic, propelled over sand and wadi on an army motorcycle, acting on one occasion as a lone advanced lookout post, bivouacked in a deserted underground water cistern, popping out to interrogate passing Arabs on enemy troop movements until an unforeseen and misplaced monsoon flushed him out of his unsuitable desert billet.

Moving east, then north, he swapped his motorbike for a Palestine policeman's uniform, and added a knowledge of Hebrew to his repertoire. (I bet Bill Oddie can't sing Lili Marlene in Yiddish either). He then moved south and became involved in intelligence work in the Sudan, Northern Congo, Abyssinia, Eritrea and Aden. Having successfully organised these territories, V.J.B. turned his attention to the Central Mediterranean Forces, serving with the 78th Infantry Division and in 13 and 10 Corps, his career being cut short, at the Gothic Line, not by shot and shell but by a system of repatriation called Python, for those who had completed four or more years of service in foreign parts. The remaining year of the war was spent as Chief Instructor, Army Education Corps H.Q., Preston, helping to rehabilitate Servicemen about to become civilians again.

The pattern of language, travel, administration and organisation continues. Returning to K.E.S. in 1945, V.J.B. organises the M.L. Department, founds the M.L. Society in 1948, arranges, accompanied by his wife, numerous school parties to the Continent, founds with O.E. subscriptions the Acatos French Prize and Bryant Room, and acts as Careers Master. Under his direction, a 28-booth Languages Laboratory was installed in a wing of the Music School and two attractive Audio-visual rooms equipped above the gym. in what was once the Scout quartermaster's stores. Outside school he has been a member of the S.S.E.C., Chief Examiner, lecturer for the British Council, Alliance Française, English Speaking Union, and President of the Anglo-French Society in Birmingham. Work as an assistant lecturer at the College of Commerce led to his election as a Fellow of the Institute of Linguists.

For ten years, as House Master of Cary Gilson, supporting his teams from the touchline was the nearest V.J.B. ever got to taking hard physical exercise. Co-opted as a sports day official in the early '50's, he could be heard giving expert advice on the finer points of discus and javelin dodging, from the shelter of the pavilion steps. He invariably made a point, however, of walking daily to and from school, adamantly refusing to take lifts.

Feeling the urge to travel further afield, he and Mrs. Biggs in three major lecture-cum-sight-seeing tours, visited in 1957, the U.S.A. and Canada, in 1964, Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Peru, Jamaica and New York, and in 1971, Iran, India, Thailand, Hong Kong, Australia, New Zealand, Ceylon and Cairo, returning with a wealth of amusing anecdotes and perceptive observations.

He has two worldly accomplishments as yet unmentioned. In the first place, he has been for many years, an active member of the Birmingham Council for Old People. And in the second, his absence from the beginning of one September term was explained by the fact that he was being enrolled as a Mousquetaire de la Compagnie des Mousquetaires d'Armagnac. He is one of six Englishmen to be thus honoured out of a total of 300 members. V.J.B.'s panache and robust vigour are an eloquent advertisement for the health-giving properties of this, the oldest alcoholic beverage in France.

Here is, indeed, a man about whom one could say: "Il faut savoir montrer l'esprit de son âge et le fruit de sa saison." Generations of old Edwardians would, I am sure, wish to express their appreciation and thanks to our eminent colleague and friend for his long and distinguished service to the Foundation, and would wish to join us all in wishing him and Mrs. Biggs abundant happiness and good health in the years to come.

J.H.H.

WILLIAM LAMBERT WHALLEY K.E.S., 1947-74

My first clear memory of W.L.W. is of his greeting to me when he heard that I had joined the C.C.F.'s R.A.F. section, of which he was then 2 I./C. "Get fell in" was his way of welcoming me back to the service of His Majesty, and his use of that wording, which readers will readily recognise, is of doubtful grammatical validity, illustrates three features which are discernible in W.L.W.'s make-up: first, that his service in the R.A.F. (and all people now reaching retiring age were young men during the war) has left this mark on him, that war is foul, but if you survive there are always some things, such as illiterate authority, to look back on with affection; second, a certain informality of manner that served well in the classroom, as outside it; and third—not merely discernible this, but obvious in the dark for ten miles—an aquiline eye for an erring apostrophe, a searing scorn for the solecism, a crushing contempt

for grammatical goofs of job-lot journalists. Scarce passed a day without a biting comment, mingled with a despair for mankind, on A's spelling, B's syntax, C's choice of words, D's faulty participle. His daily reading of the newspapers was incomplete if he did not find at least a couple of good 'uns; yet, strangely, he seems early to have given up the struggle to get his own name pronounced proper.

No need for me to relate his long tenure of the headship of the Department of Geography, during which time "geoggers" changed from being towns and coalfields and fishing grounds and become history and weather and politics and commerce and navigation and over-population and geology and astronomy and Chay Blyth and ordnance survey and Kings Heath; or his long direction of the School's weather station, whose importance in the life of its operators was well illustrated recently when one of the junior sunshine readers (I mean, Mr. Whalley, junior readers of sunshine), who had read his sunshine a few minutes late, was afraid that the whole Met. Office machinery (that is, the whole machinery of the Met. Office) was in jeopardy (who could bear to miss the standard weather forecast for Selly Oak, "There may be rain at times in places."?); or his brief House-mastership of Cary Gilson and the one hundred and one other things that go to make the life of an active schoolmaster; or his great services to the country's public examinations system in his very long stint as examiner and chief examiner with the Cambridge and Northern Boards. These you probably know of, and I will leave them unsaid.

Long and happy retirement, Bill Whalley. Off to your garden, and may the Lickey wood-pigeons grow no fatter.

T.G.F.

MR. R. PARRY

Roderick Parry joined the physics department in 1965 direct from Cambridge. His clear mind and wide reading soon made him the acknowledged authority on modern developments in theoretical physics and his ability to explain these, particularly to Oxbridge candidates, was very much appreciated. He was, from its inception four years ago, a member of the general studies team and clearly enjoyed extending his teaching from physics to other areas of knowledge. He was one of the planners and organisers of the course, and his lectures for it were full of substance. His belief in the value of general studies made him an enthusiastic seminar master, and he was a successful one because he was interested in discussion and argument and because the range of his knowledge and interests was considerable. In argument, his refusal to be stampeded from reason into various kinds of disguised emotion made him a formidable exponent of any case that he espoused; and this quality of intellectual integrity and tenacity combined with his wide range of intellectual sympathy to produce a very civilised intelligence and cultivated personality.

Outside the classroom he undertook the nerve-stretching job (shared with Mr. Ganderton) of driving the minibus every Friday afternoon for the Personal Service Group, and he also served the Scouts well, both as treasurer and as a supervisor of camps. We shall miss him in many spheres and wish him well as he goes (as Head of Physics) to Peter Symonds College, Winchester, where he joins Mr. Symes, who left last year.

H.A.M. and A.J.T.

MR. R. MASSEY

Last term Mr. Massey left us to become Cathedral Organist at Hereford. He had arrived at K.E.S. as Director of Music in 1968, a post which, like his two immediate predecessors, he held jointly with that of Cathedral Organist. He came with a good deal of varied experience behind him,

at K.E. Five Ways), experience as an organist and choir trainer at various Birmingham churches (encompassing such contrasted churchmanship as that of SS. Alban and Augustine) and as Warden of the Royal College of Church Music. He came with experience of teaching music in schools (six years the deserved reputation of being a particularly fine organist and choir trainer. These qualities were quickly in evidence in his early terms at K.E.S., notably in the markedly greater tautness of the Chapel Choir singing and in a comparable improvement in the performances of the Choral Society. There was likewise a brightening up of the playing of the School Orchestra, and it is from the first few years of Mr. Massey's period with us that the most memorable performances stem. One remembers in particular performances of Haydn's *Mass in D Minor* and Britten's *S. Nicholas* (1970), Handel's *Messiah* (1971) and Haydn's *Creation* (1974), and even more, perhaps, the production of Britten's *Noves Fludde* (1969). Mr. Massey extended the range of music offered for public concert, and it was during his directorship that the concerts for "Shelter" became a regular feature of the end of the summer term. The quality and range of these varied a good deal, but they were always very much enjoyed. We hope that Mr. Massey will be happy at Hereford and he takes our best wishes with him.

A.J.T.

MR. P. G. WIMPORY

Paul Wimpory returned to his old school in 1970 after three years at Oxford, where he read Engineering, and two years of a V.S.O. commitment to teaching in Jamaica. At first he spent half his time teaching mathematics, but later increased his contribution to physics until all his effort was devoted to it. His quick mind, unconventional approach and practical ability made him an excellent teacher and an inspiring member of the Science Common Room. Outside the classroom he served as an House Tutor in Gifford, but gave most of his spare time to the Scouts of his old troop, Mitre, where his enthusiasm and expertise put new life into them. They, as well as the Science C.R., will miss him and will wish him well in his new career as an engineer in the Post Office.

H.A.M.

COMMON ROOM

We would like to welcome the following new masters, and hope that they will like it here: Mr. M. S. A. Goodchild and Mr. D. C. Haywood, who come to take charge of the Modern Languages and Geography Departments respectively; Mr. D. Bruce-Payne, who comes as Director of Music; Mr. D. J. Buttress, who comes into the History Department, and Mr. K. G. Howcroft, into the Classics Department; and Messrs. D. C. Dewar, P. R. Daffurn and D. R. Homer, who all join the Science Common Room.

SPEECH DAY

Pupils, parents, masters and governors met on the 13th July to participate in the traditional report on the School's achievements during the year. With a perceptive appreciation of the main feature of such proceedings, this is called Speech Day. The tone of the speeches was somewhat elegiac, though not sentimental, for this was a year for farewells and memorials—farewells to Mr. Biggs and Mr. Whalley, to the Chief Master himself, who retires to Herefordshire after 25 years of notable service to the School; memorials to the deeply-missed Mr. Buttle, whose death occurred in March, and to Sir Donald Finemore, O.E.

After the assembly had offered a vigorous performance of the Latin Quatercentenary Song, there followed an equally vigorous (and almost as incomprehensible) series of declamations by Sixth-Formers from their prize essays on such subjects as "Los problemas de los ciudades americanos" (T. J.

Craddock), and "Variable stars" (D. A. Rothery). J. R. E. Wishart's "declamation" was the first performance of a short lyrical piece entitled "Cantilena for Piano." This, by contrast, was certainly intelligible and beguiling.

The first main speech of the proceedings was delivered by the Lord Mayor, Councillor E. J. Eames, one of the Chief Master's fellow members of the Birmingham Education Committee. He was frank in admitting differences of opinion with the Chief Master in educational policy, but nevertheless praised him for his sincerity and ability. Councillor Eames ended his speech by assuring everybody in the hall that even if the School's function or educational status were altered, he was sure its high quality would remain.

The Chief Master replied in a fine speech looking back over the achievements of the past year and the past 25 years. While the record of the last year was impressive in terms of artistic, academic and sporting successes, the Chief Master detected a worrying trend towards selfish individualism. There was less sense of community in the School and boys were increasingly concerned with their own convenience; however, he contrasted this depressing tendency with the noteworthy charitable activities of the Personal Service Group and the high contributions to the Cot Fund. Finally, Canon Lunt expressed his appreciation of all the support and help he had received during his time at the School and looked hopefully to a future of achievement and improvement.

The prizes were then presented, and our distinguished Deputy Bailiff, Mr. Alexander Innes, managed to tell us how lucky we were while good-naturedly denying he was going to do so. He then spoke in praise of an open mind, free from cant and capable of moving beyond slogans and received opinions. In this context he criticised the recent decision of the National Union of Students to refuse the right of free speech to groups they considered "racist" or "fascist."

Finally, the School Captain, another notable leaver, expressed our thanks for all that the departing masters and Chief Master had done for the School. The meeting was then concluded, all present hoping that the iron heart of England was not yet in danger of cardiac arrest, and that the School would remain and continue to produce men of distinction.

DAVID WILLETTS

SHELTER CONCERT, JULY, 1974

At the Summer Concert, the accent has always been on variety. This year's concert was no exception: a crowded Concert Hall was delighted by performances of music as disparate as Dowland's "Lachrimae" and Honegger's "Rapsodie." If there was one factor, however, which gave a feeling of unity to the evening's entertainment, it must surely have been the standard of performance, which was consistently excellent.

The programme opened with the sublime "Lachrimae" of 1605 by Dowland. The music drew forth ensemble playing of a high order: secure intonation from the strings, sensitive phrasing from all the players, and assured direction from the keyboard combined to produce a most polished performance.

A group of "Liebeslieder" by Brahms was sung by the Chapel Choir. We were rewarded with some fine tone from the inner parts, though the trebles at times lacked body and genuine feeling for the music. Perhaps the most entertaining feature was the accompaniment of "Flanders and Swann," disguised as Michael Birks and John Pryer.

We were then brought up-to-date with the first performance of James Wishart's "Stille." Scored for flutes, piccolo, oboe and clarinet, violins, viola, 'cellos and bass, organ, piano and female chorus, the stilness implicit in the title was created by

contrasts between the long-drawn-out "pedal" harmonies and the frenzied pizzicato passages or sharp tone-clusters from the piano. Now an experienced conductor, the composer had the performance completely under control.

The first half drew to a light-hearted close with a group of close-harmony songs, preceded by Ernst Toch's "Geographical Fugue." This last was remarkable for the fine sense of rhythm imparted by the conductor, and for the control of dynamic range within the limits of the spoken word. The folk song arrangements were carried off with the panache of a future group of King's Singers, and a competition between audience and singers to see who could last longer without laughing gave an additional touch of merriment to the proceedings.

After the interval, pieces for wind quartet and wind trio by Honneger and Mozart showed the strength in depth of both schools. Honegger's "Rapsodie" produced some fine flute playing, and the Mozart "Divertimento," though occasionally undisciplined, was charmingly executed.

The last item of the concert was Monteverdi's motet, "Beatus Vir," effectively counterbalancing the opening "Lachrimae." The chamber orchestra and choir captured delightfully the exultant mood, and any insecurity from the violins was lost in a glorious wash of joyful sound.

It would be inexcusable to conclude without paying tribute to the retiring "leader of music," James Wishart. He has emerged as a respected conductor, growing in confidence with each new success, and an outstanding performer on piano, bassoon and organ. If he is chiefly remembered for his compositions, it will be because they best exemplify the diversity of his musical talent. Alongside more serious works, he has been required, for instance, to compose incidental music for a choreographic "Tempest," and to provide pieces suited to a myopic, tone-deaf house choir, and he has never failed to delight and satisfy. He has crowned his career at K.E.S. with an open scholarship to Oxford, where he is certain to do well. We all wish him the very best of luck.

MARTIN HOMER, O.E.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST

A play in which every other line is a well-known *bon mot* presents two major problems to anyone directing a production of it. The first is to make sure that epigrams sound like dramatic dialogue and not like a music hall act; the second is to rescue its wit from English suburbia's grisly habit of choking the life out of the art which tickles its fancy by institutionalising it. One thinks of the awful fate of Dr. Johnson, Jane Austen, Dickens, Gilbert and Sullivan and Shakespeare. Just as only a man of Louis XIV's enormous physical stamina could have survived the loving care of his doctors, so it has been with these great artists and their admirers; and though Wilde may not be quite in their league, he wrote, in *The Importance of Being Earnest*, one genuine masterpiece of its kind, stylised farce. Characteristically, the theatregoers of my generation and earlier got their fingers round its windpipe by deciding that the great performances of Dame Edith Evans as Lady Bracknell, and Sir John Gielgud as Jack Worthing, were definitive and therefore to be mimicked as closely as possible in all subsequent productions. It is, therefore, of immense advantage to a school cast in 1974 that in all probability they have never seen those two fine players in those parts.

I should like to say now, loud and clear, that I thought Jonathan Gibbs' production of the play was, overall, convincing and very enjoyable. It was never dull or monotonous; and even if one is asked how a production can be dull that has dialogue as unflaggingly vivacious as that of this play, one must reply that television has, on occasion, contrived this memorable feat. The life of the K.E.

production stemmed firstly from the obvious enjoyment that the actors, director and others derived from it; secondly, from their obvious respect for it; and lastly, from the considerable intelligence which they brought to bear on it. This was principally noticeable in the diction. However good an epigram is, there are several ways of saying it, and some show a more intelligent savouring of its wit and force than others. In this production they were delivered with intelligence as well as panache and not just paraded with a "Laugh Now" ticket attached. One was always made to feel that they grew from a soil of dramatic dialogue and were not just like flowers stuck in sand.

There were some very good individual performances, particularly those of Robert O'Brien as Jack Worthing and Gail Edwards as Lady Bracknell. They both had authority and they both got the style just right, Lady B. properly imperious and Mr. Worthing, thick as a plank but looking tremendously well-bred (considering his origin as a "guilty bundle,") and possessing a native shrewdness that sees him through. David Willetts started magnificently as Algy, couldn't quite keep it up, and became rather mechanically pop-eyed whenever he rapped out—with a properly Algy-like self-consciousness—his witticisms. The pointing of them was excellent for reasons already described; the monotony came from visual rather than from oral sources. Nice performances, too, from Dilwyn Griffiths as Dr. Chasuble (from whom an object lesson in how *not* to ham an Anglican clergyman too crudely might well have been learnt by British film and television actors), and from Nichola Thomas as Miss Prism. She was particularly good in Act 3 when recalling her poignant past. Pippa Layton looked pretty good as Gwendolen and had some very good moments, including two of my favourite lines: (i) "I'm happy to say that I've never seen a spade," and (ii) "Detestable girl! But I require tea." Like David Willetts, she was not able fully to sustain her own best moments and occasionally forgot the outrageously artificial pose which Gwendolen adopts as her personality-ideal. Nicky Kelly, on the other hand, never quite achieved the unique blend of real charm, spurious innocence and a sense of being just about as hard-bitten as they come that Cecily ought to have. She was less successful than the others in casting off the aura of 1974 and making one believe that she was a product of the 1890s. It is, though, only fair to add that she was hampered by some peculiarly repellent clothes which proclaimed frowsy middle-age rather than frivolous youth, Ibsen rather than Wilde. Michael Cleary and Simon Jarrett, as gentleman's gentleman and butler respectively, sounded fine but looked—to say the least—faintly alarming. They were clearly not braced up to make the total self-sacrifices that art demands, in this case in the small matter of coiffure.

In this play everything and everybody must look supremely elegant, and that poses problems for amateur productions because you can't feign expensive clothes and furniture. This led to several minor irritants. The set for Act 1 was, frankly, wrong. It did not suggest the "heavy swell," but rather the hard-up undergraduate. On the other hand, the set for Act 2 was triumphant. It was economical, imaginative, evocative, beautiful, one of the most successful I've ever seen. That for Act 3 was perfectly acceptable without being as exciting and felicitous as the previous one. Clothes presented a big problem. How can you, with hired clothes, make a man look as if Jermyn Street, the Burlington Arcade and Saville Row have danced attendance on him for years? In many plays this would not matter, but in this play it does. As Wilde himself observed, "In all matters of importance it is style rather than sincerity that counts." Merriman's suit was not exactly a resounding success, and Algy's Bunbury gear was not worn with sufficient distinction; it suggested "I do like to be beside the seaside" rather than the

nonchalant elegance that should go with Lady Bracknell's nephew, of whom it was said that "he has nothing but he looks everything." However, in the frenetic conditions of the end of the summer term it is no easy matter to mount a long and demanding play, and in face of the zest, conviction and genuine high-spirited humour of this production as a whole these minor irritants evaporated. One was left with a satisfied sense of the play's perennial freshness and sharp good humour. Well—if one may say so—done, ALL!

A.J.T.

THE INDIVIDUAL MUSIC COMPETITION

"An interesting musical experience" was promised us by the Chief Master for a Thursday evening's entertainment. This four-hour-long concert was certainly an interesting experience, if not totally musical! It was certainly good to see a few non-Harold Smith Studio dwellers gracing the stage, even if they were confined to the dubious realms of Scott Joplin.

J. M. Platt gave a very lively performance of C. P. E. Bach's "Solfeggietto" to win the Under-13 Pianoforte Class, despite the close attentions of T. Wynne-Willson entertaining us with the "tea and sugar spoon" music of Scott Joplin. N. A. Robinson woke us up after tea with the strains of his trumpet, moving rapidly from a C major warm-up into a D major "Study" (a very original title). Anthony Burt won this section (Strings, Woodwin and Brass Under-15) with considerable ease, gaining 95 marks for his superb flute playing.

Next on our programme were the Treble Soloists. A good treble rendering of the bass solo, "Glorious Devon," by D. W. Stephens, was followed by a piece under the suspicious title of "A Music Hall Song." After announcing that the song was "light-hearted and in a Music Hall style," Matthew Bolton proceeded to delight the audience with his own "show biz" performance of "Nobody loves a fairy when she's forty." This was just the tonic needed to lift the evening, and he departed to rapturous applause. The audience waited with bated breath through two mediocre performances to hear the purple-shirted adjudicator's comments. After explaining the meaning of the "forty," carefully avoiding the "fairy," and having accused Bolton of "dinging his dong with sheer perfection" (whatever that may mean) he awarded him the prize "for sheer bloody-mindedness," though he was certainly a most deserving winner.

A dull Under-16 pianoforte class followed, Dr. Bishop frequently employing his brass bell, especially on the badly played Scott Joplin "Elite Syncopations," in which the turn of the page was undoubtedly the best moment. For the record, A. Shuttleworth won the prize for playing some difficult Chopin.

After the interval we were in for some real music—the senior part of the competition. J. A. Cowsill on the flute, and L. J. R. Martin on the violin played extremely beautifully, Martin getting the verdict by 95 marks to 94. In the broken voice class, "Drinking," by Fischer (a foretaste of things to come?) was well received, despite the collapse of the music stand under the drunken sway, but was well beaten by David Lowe's vibrato (89 marks), and Peter Williams' alto tones (88 marks).

The final blow to Scott Joplin came from N. P. Brown, whose "Gladioli" were in complete rags! James Wishart (famous name!) won the Pianoforte Over-16 with some of his Messiaen. The organ, the king of instruments, rounded off the evening. Andrew Millinchip beat the good opposition of David Dunnet and the less brilliant discordant noise of Alun Hoddinott's "Intrada" (was it in C major!).

Dr. Bishop, after persisting with his often rude, and sometimes funny witticisms, bade a fond farewell to Mr. Massey, who himself took leave of Dr. Bishop.

The evening showed us K.E.S. music at its best and its not-so-good, yet always gave us enjoyment. We await with interest the arrival of Mr. Bruce-Payne.

ANDREW HALSTEAD

LAW AT UNIVERSITY

Learning law involves hard work and sometimes sheer boredom. Legal textbooks are seldom elegantly written and are often regrettably thick. The training is long and, grants being what they are nowadays, five years of relative poverty might seem a severe deterrent. Nevertheless, once the basic techniques of legal argument and rules of law have been mastered, the practice and study of law is immensely stimulating and enjoyable, not to say profitable. Few other careers offer a chance to earn quite a good income while one is still relatively young.

If all this seems sufficiently tempting, one will normally become either a solicitor or a barrister, whose rôles are roughly analogous to those of G.P. and consultant in medicine. Many people who qualify never practice but take legal posts in industry or the Civil Service. To enter either branch of the profession it is desirable to read law at university. Indeed, it is probably a waste of time to read law at university unless one intends to become a professional lawyer. Three uninterrupted years of reading, e.g., history, classics or philosophy are an opportunity which will probably never be repeated, whereas a knowledge of most branches of English law can be obtained at any time through correspondence courses, evening classes at Institutes of Further Education, or, better still, the courses for professional qualifications offered by the Council of Legal Education and College of Law. For the lawyer, however, a degree in law is most useful and, for barristers, wishing to specialise in chancery, commercial or tax matters, almost indispensable.

University law courses tend to involve a much deeper study of the branches of substantive English law than do the courses offered by the professional bodies for the professional examinations. Moreover, universities offer subjects which it may be impossible or inconvenient to take in the professional bodies' courses, such as Roman law, jurisprudence (legal theory), public international law, criminology and Mohammedan law. Exemption from professional examinations can be gained in respect of the relevant subjects read at university. It is possible to be exempted from all of Part I of both Bar and Law Society examinations.

Without any experience it is difficult to decide whether or not to read law at university, let alone devote part of one's life to it. It is wise to read some introductory books, such as Henry Cecil's "Brief to Counsel," 2nd edition (Michael Joseph), and Glenville Williams' "Learning the Law," 9th edition (Stevens). Take every opportunity to talk to practising lawyers and students, who are invariably ready to give advice and help. At some universities it is possible to change courses, as in the Tripos at Cambridge, which provides a chance to explore the subject without being fully committed or feeling that one has wasted three years.

Once at university there is a great danger of doing just the minimum of work required to get through supervisions without too much embarrassment. While it would be foolish not to use unequalled facilities for music, sport and amateur politics which universities have to offer, it is most unpleasant to realise just before the exams how much must still be learnt in great detail. It is also a great nuisance in the third year to have forgotten most of the first year's work, to which there may

be constant reference. It is advisable for intending barristers to join their Inn of Court during the first year at university. Eating the traditional dinners and talking to practitioners strengthen wavering enthusiasm and make the subject seem more real.

It is pointless to repeat here the contents of introductory literature which is available from the professional bodies themselves. They are, for barristers, The Council of Legal Education, 4 Gray's Inn Place, London WC1R 5DX; and for solicitors, The Law Society, 113 Chancery Lane, London WC2.

JULIAN BURLING, O.E.

RAPID READING COURSE

The wish to be able to read more quickly has probably crossed the mind of almost everyone, whether it be in perusing the vast tracts of "Vanity Fair" or in revising the seemingly endless succession of Balkan Wars. Unfortunately, this ambition has rarely become reality because the techniques of rapid reading have always been shrouded in mystery—making one wonder if they involved performing feats of ocular gymnastics in reading three lines at a time or undertaking the dubious procedures of reading alternate words, sentences or pages. The issue is made even more confusing by the various handbooks which are in the shops and which claim to reveal all about the subject rather like paperbacks on practical magic. As those who took part in the rapid reading courses run at school found out, the reality of the situation is far different. Rapid reading requires no super-normal powers and is acquired by the age-old techniques of practice and concentration. The results, however, can still be fairly dramatic and most people taking the course can expect to double their reading speed.

The course is based on the idea that the ability to read in word groups is a natural progression from being able to read separate words, but that we have neglected to improve our reading ability since about the age of twelve. Thus the course aims at shifting the brain from interpreting words to interpreting whole ideas. The secret lies in eliminating "subvocalisation," a word coined by the course's inventor to describe the way in which we say words over to ourselves as we read them) and then to see words as shapes on a page, directly associating the shape with its meaning. This, at least, was the theory of the course, and its method was to teach the eyes to move more quickly across the page until eventually they were moving too fast for individual words to figure even subconsciously, as sounds.

Each session of the course consisted of three different types of exercise. Most important was the time spent on what came to be called "the machine." This was a device consisting of a plastic bar moving down the pages of a book at a speed far too fast for normal reading and covering up everything above it. The idea of the exercise was to beat the bar down to the bottom of the page without cheating, by missing out lines or interfering with the machine. The snag lay in the fact that as soon as you started winning the instructor came round and speeded the bar up. The other exercises were a lot less frustrating, consisting of word games to improve eye speed and of speed reading comprehension tests. One cannot, however, underestimate the importance of the instructor, Mr. Richard Marsden (ex-Merchant Navy), whose enthusiasm and friendliness were as essential a part of the course as his infernal "machine."

In the end, the value of the course can only be assessed in terms of the permanent improvements it achieves. Actual improvement depends very much on the individual, but most people manage at least to double their previous reading speed. Figures are the best way of illustrating the range of results the course can obtain. Normal average

reading speed varies between 200 and 300 words per minute, and in such an intellectual whizz-kid establishment as K.E.S. this can be as high as 500. At the end of the course, several people had reached speeds of above 1,000 w.p.m., and the average improvement was one of about 500 w.p.m. on previous speeds. But to show that there is still room for improvement, and to end on a note of humility, it is worth saying that the late J. F. Kennedy could read at about 10,000 w.p.m.

STEFAN WAGSTYL

CHESS

The 1973-4 season has been the best, I think, that School chess has ever had. The first team, despite the departure, after a period of six years, of Tony Miles, won all its matches, and not surprisingly, therefore, won the 1st Division championship. Also, by a strange paradox, we have reached the final of the Sunday Times National Schools' Competition, which we failed to do throughout the time Tony was playing on top board for us. Unfortunately, this success seems to have had some strange effects upon the members of the team: Martin Coward insists on being addressed as "Tony," while Paul Klemperer is so nervous that the face falls out of his clock when he touches it (this may account for the large number of clocks with detachable faces). Richard Borchers is saving up for a pair of platform-soled shoes, but is quite certain that he is shrinking and not growing. However, this does not seem to undermine his uncannily powerful method of winning by conning his opponents into thinking he is below the age of criminal responsibility. Stefan Wagstyl merely eats as much as possible while his opponent is thinking, so that he becomes so hungry as to hurry his move enough to make a mistake. Nicholas Pitt, as is the case with all great artists at the peak of their careers, has decided to give up chess . . . before every match. So anxious is he then to do well in his comeback game that he just can't lose. Sadly, we do not win every match 6-0, though I may have given that impression since there is, after all, still one more player, who shall remain nameless, in the team.

The other teams have also done exceptionally well. The 2nd Team were runners-up in the 2nd Division; the 3rd Team came second in the 3rd Division; the 4th Team won the 4th Division; and the Shells team won the Under-12 League. M. B. Robinson, D. J. Laight, A. V. Unitt, D. K. Arnott and M. Cathcart were prominent amongst these teams both in organisation and play. Much of our success must be attributed to the direction of Mr. Deelman, who has taken a very active interest, and inspired confidence whenever he has supported us.

With none of this year's first team leaving next year, prospects are even brighter, but to ensure the continuing high standard of school chess, interest must be maintained throughout the School.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

Roughly 700 boys are taught by about 50 masters at this school. Obviously, there should be a structure within this large framework to bind the school together. For although we are incessantly being reminded of our "community" interests, there is little doubt that no such feeling exists at K.E.S. There is a vacuum where the very centre of school life should be, for few can now pretend that the House system has not ceased to function, except in the most rigid confines of games, music and the Cockhouse Championship.

And yet the House system has the potential to be exactly the type of structure which can fulfil all the social needs of the school. In so large a place as K.E.S. there is a desperate necessity to prevent the alienation of pupils and to keep their

interest to a reasonable degree. Forms and societies are very helpful but often they do not sufficiently assist those who feel lost and wish to attach themselves to the school in a positive way, simply to give their existence here some purpose. As we have all seen so clearly in recent years, it is very easy for boys to lose interest and become apathetic about K.E.S. Only the education they receive for internal and external examinations makes their time here worthwhile: otherwise, seven vital years drift tediously away with nothing to declare except their sterility. Is it, then, a surprise that there is much disaffection, cynicism and apathy, that many leavers are happy to let so colourless a part of their lives fall into obscurity?

In the midst of all this, what does the House system do? It concentrates to a perverse degree on games, on athletic prowess, on competition, and on the infantile Cockhouse Championship. Certainly these activities play a useful rôle, but all too often people are left out, excluded from what begins to appear a select club. Perhaps this is because they are indeed poor sportsmen—in which case they will be offended—or perhaps it is because they are not athletic and do not wish to play—in which case they have all my sympathy. Attempts on the part of captains to sustain wide interest in their games are mainly unsuccessful, and the rather distasteful manner in which people are sometimes pressured into action by angry officials can only breed more alienation and cynicism. If the House system is to survive, then it is individuals who should maintain it, not officials working in a small group. The survival of the House system is fundamental to the existence of the School, but at present it does more harm than good, exacerbating areas that are already inflamed. Perhaps in its present condition the House system is better off dead than alive.

It is vital that a new start be made. To survive as a purposeful structure within the School, one which is relevant to School life, the Houses must change their outlook, or be swept away. Preferably, however, they should develop methods and channels by which everyone who wishes to express himself in a positive way—and by that I mean wishes—can do so, not only in games, but in social activities also. The results of such a revolution would be interesting: we may even see a revival of interest as apathy fizzles away in the path of a new enthusiasm which could easily excite the whole school. Surely we have nothing to lose by such a change? The situation of the Houses could not be much worse. In the face of so grievous a plight the lack of enterprise by the authorities is very alarming. The School must adapt itself and make an effort to understand and communicate with its pupils. The way to all of this lies through the House system: but at the moment it is suffering from a near incurable disease. Our patient's illness is contagious: it needs bold surgery. Is there a doctor in the House?

SCOTT NEWTON

GAMES COMMITTEE

During the course of last year the Games Committee made the following recommendations for the award of blazer badges:

Rugby Football: M. J. Cleary, P. Walsh, G. W. Fenney, P. J. Birch.
Basketball: P. J. Birch.
Athletics: G. G. Morris.
Cricket: J. A. Cloughton.
Tennis: D. G. Clements.

LAW AND ORDER

During the past year or so, this country has been shaken by a tide of ever-increasing violence, both from political extremists, and from such less well organised sources as football hooligans. And, whilst the public cry out in self-righteous indigna-

tion, more and more people are beginning to turn to the good old-fashioned methods of law enforcement for protection; once alone in its demands to "bring back the cat, hanging and even Enoch Powell," the Daily Express is now at the head of a formidable movement for the restoration of such drastic measures. Many "moderate," and well-educated people openly invite totalitarianism, with remarks such as, "I personally don't hold with extreme measures, but, all the same, I think that what this country needs now is some sort of benevolent dictator." Just what a number of prominent people must have been saying in Germany toward the end of the 1920s, and we all know what happened after that.

Yet, if all other means fail, then what else is left but for this country to resort to extreme measures to create a tolerable environment for its inhabitants; Hitler did his country a lot of harm, but he also did a lot of good; if only he had left it at that. If only . . . it were possible to be sure that someone entrusted with supreme power was incorruptible; but it is not. If only we could devise a "safe" oligarchy; but almost inevitably one person finds himself in a supreme position again, either by necessity or design. If only . . .

A dictatorship is, indeed, a very attractive idea, and could well prove most amenable in practice. But, before looking to such an alternative, one must be sure that one knows what, precisely, one requires from a government. If one requires an effective, and efficient government, then totalitarianism is a viable possibility. If, however, it seems desirable for "the people" to control their own fate, for better or for worse, then some form of democracy is the only real possibility.

However, in the context of today's growing trend towards anarchy, some of the so-called staunchest allies of this system are either gradually bringing pressure to bear on it, or heralding its demise by apathy, and, in general, by utter irresponsibility. Order could be restored by the extremes mentioned above, such as corporal punishment and hanging; we could throw all long-haired Communist agitators, and parasites into jail, give them a touch of the good old birch, and restore National Service; and, whilst we're about it, we could give the police special powers to invade the privacy of people's homes without warrants, and instal a political police. And then democracy would be safe for everyone who counts; everyone, that is, except unions, students, immigrants and, indeed, anyone who is capable of rational thinking and is prepared to express his views openly. Of course, it couldn't happen here . . . could it?

The ultimate resort to such means as corporal punishment to enforce a code of conduct, however laudable, is an admission of failure, as, indeed, is the desire for a dictator an admission of failure on the part of the people as a whole. The use of force as a punishment, even if it has become a necessity, is an admission that that society has failed to produce in its members any rational motivation for obeying its rules and regulations. This is evidenced by the growing support for the return of the ultimate penalty. It becomes increasingly evident that our society is the proud possessor of a number of laws which it is incapable of enforcing, and at the same time, incapable of repealing, for if a society blatantly fails to enforce one particular law, this failure calls into disrepute the rest of that society's laws. Would it be any great loss to permit teenage gangs to knife each other with impunity? Or is it better to admit failure and to take the coward's way out? On these

matters I refuse to commit myself, and nor will I here attempt to put forward any solution, if one is to be found anywhere. But, whatever the opinions of either myself or you, it seems likely that before very long, the indiscriminate terrorist and unthinking hooligan will lead the apathetic electorate to give up in disgust, and, taking the latter course, to hand over all responsibility to whoever is prepared to take it.

It is a sobering thought that when, in 1970, a prominent government figure predicted economic chaos for this country within 10 years, he was either laughed down or strongly attacked for publicly proclaiming such preposterous views; recently, when it was announced that Britain could be rivalling Italy as poorest country in the Western World, by next year, in spite of some half-hearted silencing attempts by the government, the announcement was, for the most part, received with mixed feelings of calm acceptance, and indifference.

JOHN OZIMEK

Three Poems

THE GARDEN

I look out at the beautiful sky,
blue and cloudless.
I see the magnificently vivid garden,
in full bloom,
All the plants flowering,
a mass of colour,
I observe the abundance of green,
the hedges and bushes,
The miles of grass lapping up the sun,
as a cat laps up milk.
The sun beating down on the flowers,
bees busily working,
not appreciating the utter bliss
surrounding them.
The trees blossoming in all colours
and drifting in the gentle breeze.
The little church near the centre of the garden,
its walls glistening.
I look out through the bars of my cell,
the church clock strikes twelve,
My keeper opens the iron door, and,
with the garden alive in my memory,
I see the shadow of a noose
On the wall outside . . .

NOTHING

He wanders down the streets
Of Manhattan,
His clothes are torn but he seems
Not to care,
His mind is blank and his brain
Is mindless,
For the sight of his true love destroyed
Reduced him
To what he is now, a simple figure:
Nothing . . .

LISTENING

I hear the cries of the injured
Ringing out across the plain:
Some low and muffled,
Others the desperate pleas
Of men in agony.
Yet I, unable to assist,
Lie helpless and still,
For I am one of many:
The Dying . . .

ROBIN JACKSON



DECEMBER 74

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

CHRONICLE

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FROM THE CHIEF MASTER

The editors of the Chronicle have very kindly provided me with a clutch of questions which they invite me to answer, evade or ignore. I shall do my best to answer them, but I must ask readers of the Chronicle to bear in mind that I do so on the basis of five weeks in office as Chief Master. On the strength of so brief a tenure of office, it would be possible to make sweeping generalisations which could be profound, unredeemably stupid or irrelevant. Nevertheless, the task has been given to me and I do not intend to try to avoid answering the questions.

"What are we here for?" If the question means "What are we alive for?" my answer could be in essentially religious terms: to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever. If the question means "Why are we at K.E.S.?" my answer would be: "To develop whatever talents we may have, and to put them at the service of God and man." I am sure that K.E.S. has a role to play, and it is intimately concerned with both the individual and society. The relation between the two is one of a proper tension between the needs of society on the one hand and the fulfilment of the individual on the other. The two are not incompatible: on the contrary, they are related, and in the last assessment should be harmonious.

"How damaging do you find the 'elitist' aspect of the school?" Very damaging indeed if seen in the terms of the individual and his privilege and selfish advancement: not in the least if it is seen in the context of the needs of society and the sense of obligation of the individual to society. Privilege must involve obligation.

"Would you be prepared to make any moves towards greater parental involvement with K.E.S.?" Yes, certainly. As I said in my speech on Founder's Day, I hope for a far fuller and richer commitment of parents to the ongoing and well-being of the school. I hope that within the next few years we shall have given practical form to this commitment. Schools are an extension of the intentions of home, and nothing but good should come from a fuller involvement of parents in the ongoing of the school.

"Is the inculcation of 'godliness and good learning' a task which a school nowadays can or should undertake?"

Every mature human being must make up his own mind on his ultimate beliefs: but parents and school have a shared duty to make the adolescent aware of what they value and of their own order of priorities. You cannot compel anyone to believe anything against his will: you can, on the other hand, show him what you believe and why, and urge him to consider your beliefs seriously in the hope that he may come to adopt them for himself. Religion concerns the whole of life and I should like to hope that boys left K.E.S. with some awareness of the religious dimension—or at least with minds not closed to this way of seeing things. "Good learning" is of the essence for the mature, civilised human being and involves the training of

the mind, the assimilation of the culture of the past as well as the present, and an openness to the very rapid development of new science and new ideas to this century. To sum up this section, godliness and good learning are still very relevant to this age.

"What do you feel to be the Chief Master's role at K.E.S.?" I see his role primarily as an "enabler." He should be someone who sets the general direction of the school, gives the staff a clear mandate and a positive lead, but leaves them free to make decisions in matters of details. He should aim to be accessible, reasonable and fair. Ideally, I should like to know every boy and be concerned with his welfare. But one of the prices which has to be paid in such positions is the necessity to delegate and to allow others to deal with the detail while he copes with the administration—a restraint I do not welcome but may have to endure.

"Do you think that Houses have any use at a day school?" I do not yet know the answer to this one. I am convinced that boys need to feel that they have a commitment to a unit smaller than the whole school and that they are aware that they are cared for as individuals in school just as they most certainly are at home. So far I have not found a unit more suitable than the House, but I am conscious of its limitations as at present organised. I am sure that this area of school life needs to be looked at afresh and in a constructive way.

"School uniform. Do you detect a hint of absurdity in dressing up to be educated?" I think there is much to be said for school uniform. It obscures differences of wealth and home background and so saves any embarrassment in one direction or another. Any uniform is likely to be out-of-date at one time or another; but, while we may modify the details from time to time, I believe it is both a unifier and a leveller.

"Do you find the atmosphere at Assembly irreligious? If so, how can it be altered?"

I was surprised to find Prefects facing the school like policemen when we were invited to pray together. But I recognise that the morning assembly seeks to do two things which may be incompatible: first, it seeks to make the school aware of its corporate identity through a ceremony which is dignified, formal and, presumably, ancient; secondly, it invites the school to join in prayers for man and society. Both are good and worthy aims: I am not yet certain that they will lie down together.

"Do you think that activities such as music, drama or art could be encouraged more within the school curriculum?" Yes. The problem as I see it is one only of administration, not at all one of principle.

"Does rugby build one's character?" As one who was frightened at school and had to drive himself to seek a place in the 1st XV, I can only reply "Yes!" I am sure that team games, especially those in which the possibility of injury exists, do help to strengthen character and commitment.

Oarsmen always maintain that rowing is the best character training of all. But which came first, the chicken or the egg?

"Are there any areas in which you think contact between K.E.S. and K.E.H.S. can be increased?" I do not know enough yet of either school to answer this in any detail, but I am in favour of strengthening links wherever shared endeavour, academic, artistic or social, seems likely to be to our mutual advantage.

"Should smoking by schoolboys be accepted or opposed?" I believe everyone, adults and adolescents, should be discouraged by every possible means from starting to smoke or continuing to do so. The habit is almost certainly damaging to health and is certainly anti-social. I am sure we at K.E.S. should do all we can by precept and by example to discourage boys from smoking.

"How does K.E.S. compare with Bryanston? What features of K.E.S. have you found to be particularly praiseworthy or reprehensible?"

The most obvious difference arises from the fact that K.E.S. is a day school. The school day is very short, the period of contact between boys and school is very limited. At Bryanston we felt responsible for the boys (and girls) 24 hours a day, seven days a week, in term time. Here boys go home and have another life at home by night and at the week-ends. The result is that the K.E.S. boy is more self-reliant than the Bryanston boy. Moreover, home is the predominant influence in his life. School is important, but not all-important.

On first sight—and I must emphasise that it is only first sight—I would say the K.E.S. boy is more mature, academically more able, more hard-headed, perhaps less imaginative, less sensitive. These are, of course, only first impressions. Without any desire to flatter, I have been greatly impressed by the general maturity and great courtesy of the most senior boys with whom I have come into contact. I am very much aware of the traditions of the school and of its very real contribution to education and culture. I hope I can give it a nudge in a useful direction in the years ahead.

FROM THE SHELLS

Four years ago Chronicle asked the then Shell forms for their first reactions on joining K.E. Now that most of us have had time to forget about that survey, we thought it might be worthwhile making another. Accordingly, a questionnaire was prepared and circulated in great haste, to meet an urgent deadline. Because of this haste, the following survey covers only a third of the Shells, and I apologise for this, particularly to those who filled in questionnaires which were never collected. It is to be hoped that this is a fairly representative sample of Shell opinion, but scientific accuracy is not the main object: the atypical reaction is often more interesting than the norm, and I intend to give it more attention than is statistically justifiable. Otherwise, there would be no sense in surveying Shell opinion in isolation from that of the rest of the school. Shell reactions are interesting because they are different, and they are different because Shells see the school with fresh eyes, and for the first time.

Clearly, one of the most striking features of the school at first glance is its size: "It is so big." Remarks of this sort were very common, though it was not always clear whether it was the size of the buildings that was meant, or the number of the pupils: someone wondered whether it was "really necessary to have so many staircases?" Others were clearly rather lost among so many anonymous faces, so that someone put down "the large number of pupils" as the most unpleasant feature of the school, while another thought that "being welcomed on a large scale is not a welcome." How would they have liked one of the city's new "all-in" Comprehensives, often three or four times as

large as we are? To be fair, however, the great majority of those questioned felt that they had been made welcome, though there were one or two reservations: "not by Rems. and U.M.s."

About a sixth thought that they were allowed more freedom at K.E. than at their previous schools: "you are left to do everything without prompting," someone remarked with approval. True to form, there were two who saw it the other way, saying, though without rancour, that K.E. was stricter: "it has more discipline and you are more restricted (I would rather have this)." Along with freedom goes opportunity for voluntary activities, and this was one of the features of K.E. which received the most widespread approval. We asked whether there were any new societies which they would like to see formed. There was strong support for the establishment of a "table tennis society." Other suggestions included bridge and snooker societies, and a "card and dice" society. Traditionally, of course, K.E. frowns on such idle and dissipating amusements, and discourages its boys from participating in them in their spare time. But what are boys in the Lower School expected to do with their lunch hour? They can fill the Library to bursting-point, presenting the librarians with a disciplinary problem which is well-nigh insoluble. Parade-ground football is a better way of passing the time, though there is a certain cost to pay in broken Chapel windows. But for many the solution seems to be to mill around rather aimlessly on the South Terrace, dropping litter. It seems rather ironic that only the Sixth Form is provided with adequate recreational facilities, and they are the members of the school who probably have least time for using them.

Other ideas for societies included soccer, geology, photography, bus-ticket collecting, nature conservation, computers, electronics, and, rather facetiously, anti-education.

Rather hopefully, we asked whether they were terrified of masters or prefects, but it seems that most of them have not yet had cause to fear the authorities. There was someone who complained enigmatically of "rough masters, who . . ." but in general masters were approved of: "they are very good and understanding"; "they certainly know their subject." Nobody seems to be scared of prefects any more, though the most emphatic denial was qualified by an admitted dislike of impositions: "only the head boy when I ran into him in the corridor," as someone else maintained.

Some found that they had to do more work at K.E. than at their previous school, and there was someone who thought "lessons" were the worst feature of the school. Rivalling this was the wit who, when asked what he liked best in the school, laconically put down "Friday activities and the 4.10 bell." Homework, of course, was new to most, and reactions to it were mixed: "horrible," "a good idea," "we are generally given more than we can do in the set time" (a common complaint), "no comment." On the subject of lessons, quite a few commented favourably on the variety of subjects, and were impressed by the equipment at the school's disposal. We asked whether there were any subjects they would like added to or subtracted from the time-table. There were several additions suggested, among which were German and electronics, and boys asked variously for more science, music, history and classical studies (a subject which got several favourable mentions). There were also plenty of suggested subtractions, including organised sport, geography, music, French, maths. and Christian R.E. With the exception of the above lone voice, who also, surprisingly, identified "the sporty atmosphere" as the chief disadvantage of the school, most mentioned sport only with approval, and many put it down as the feature they liked most. The same applied to the House system: most thought that it created a spirit of

end of the season, the side played positive cricket, only one match resulting in a draw and two being lost by narrow margins. The Birmingham Senior Schools Cricket League trophy was retained in a splendid finale to the season, when Sheldon Heath were defeated in the final as a result of some excellent batting and steady bowling.

Worrall, Fletcher and Matthews (at times), shared most of the runs, with useful contributions from Morris and Walker, while almost everyone who bowled took wickets at some stage of the season, Hayes and Morris being the most consistent performers. Despite mention of these individuals, the overall impression is of a genuine team effort with plenty of spirit and aggression throughout the season.

THE UNDER-13 XI

Under the leadership of M. B. Smith, the Under-13's used 16 players, suggesting if not strength, at least depth. The side possessed many good bowlers, of whom the most successful were McGuinness, a tearaway fast bowler, and Knight, who proved the steadier. Unfortunately, however, the malaise of first-class cricket has spread even to this side, in that there are too many medium-pace bowlers. Perhaps the great D.F.C. would have changed that. As for the batting, if the side received a good start, then they would score well and attractively, especially in the person of Gibbons.

The fielding was generally good, and the year contains a large number of people with a good eye, natural ability, and a great deal of enthusiasm; ten players are tipped as possible first team material.

TENNIS '74

The School teams experienced mixed fortunes this year. The first team was selected from "Jock" Cameron, the captain, David ("just call me Nasty") Clements, Andrew Keatings, John Porteous, David Barnes and Mark and David Pearsall.

The season began very successfully, with victories in each of our first five matches. However, we then suffered two defeats, but regained winning form towards the end of the season, only losing one further match and retaining the Birmingham Schools Shield, which we have now won for three consecutive years.

The U.16 team, supported by the might of Phillips, his six steel rackets, and Willetts, captain Southall, Grant, Sheldon, Rees and Behean, plus sporadic appearances by Bush, Neale and Farmiloe, managed to finish the season winning three and losing only one.

Thanks must be expressed to Mr. Tomlinson, his faithful car, and, by way of an introduction to school tennis, to Mr. Deelman.

Results

1st VI. Won 9, drawn 1, lost 3

- v. Bishop Vesey (home). Won 6-3.
- v. Solihull (home). Won 6-3.
- v. Five Ways (home). Won 7½-1½.
- v. Trent College (home). Won 7-2.
- v. George Dixon (away). Won 9-0.
- v. King Henry VIII (home). Lost 1-2.
- v. Kings, Worcester (away). Lost 4-5.
- v. Warwick (away). Won 3-1.
- v. Denstone College (away). Won 3-1.
- v. Malvern (home). Lost 3-6.
- v. Nottingham High School (home). Won 5-4.
- v. Common Room (home). Won 7½-1½.
- v. Old Boys (home). Drawn 2-2.

U.16 VI. Won 3, lost 1

- v. Solihull (home). Lost 0-9.
- v. Trent (home). Won 7-2.
- v. Denstone (away). Won 3½-½.
- v. Nottingham High School (home). Won 5½-1½.

DAVID BARNES

Dear Sir,

LETTER

In his thought-provoking, and otherwise well-argued article on "Law and Order," John Ozimek slipped in the following sentence: "If one requires

an effective and efficient government, then totalitarianism is a viable possibility. While I agree with most of John's argument, this one totally unjustified claim requires some examination.

It may be true that dictatorship can be effective, in the short term, for rescuing a country from economic disaster. When the Nazis came to power in Germany in 1933, there were six million unemployed—by 1939 Germany was enjoying a boom period (however, this was largely due to expansions in the armaments industry and general preparation for war). But it is inconceivable that a right-wing dictatorship would have any success in Britain. It would be immediately opposed by a united Trades Union movement, and the recent strikes in Glasgow show how effective the unions could be. To take another example from German history—Kapp's putsch of 1920 was defeated in a matter of weeks by the striking workers of Berlin. A left-wing dictatorship might have fewer problems, but it would still be faced by a long tradition of freedom and relative conservatism. The business world would collapse, since it is controlled mainly by Tories and Tory money, and this would make our financial problems even worse (to say nothing of the inevitable meddling of the C.I.A.).

Even if totalitarianism were effective in the short term, it could never be in the long term because it is not efficient. No-one can claim to know everything about politics, economics and sociology and so some of the policies and ideals of a ruling group must be false, or at least unworkable. Since it is in the very nature of dictatorships that criticism of the rulers is not possible, these false policies will be carried out, with potentially disastrous consequences, any objections being silenced. Thus even the most benevolent of dictators can never know whether his well-meaning policies are having the desired effect.

The second objection to totalitarianism is one which John seems to be aware of. He says: "If only . . . it were possible to be sure that someone entrusted with supreme power was incorruptible; but it is not." The briefest glance at history will show that mankind has frequently been led by the least able and rarely by the most suitable. We must realise that we are likely to find ourselves with bad leaders and that our institutions must be designed so that the worst leaders can be replaced by better ones. A well-tryed institution for this purpose is the General Election, which gives the people the opportunity to remove peacefully undesirable rulers every five years. As K. R. Popper said: ". . . the old question, 'Who shall be the rulers?' must be superseded by the more real one. 'How can we tame them?'"

Yours,

RICHARD BLACKWELL

JUNIOR CLASSICAL SOCIETY, 1974

Since its resuscitation last September, I am able to report that the Junior Classical Society is alive and flourishing under the joint leadership of Messrs. Tibbott, Worthington and Howcroft. We have now also been affiliated to the School Club, so not only will our name be appearing in the Blue Book in future, but we will also be able to call for financial aid if required.

Meetings are organised regularly: talks, quizzes, a war game and more recently a highly-successful balloon debate have all been features of our activities over the past year, attendances for which have been most encouraging. An excursion to Bath has taken place and a round tour of the antiquities of Monmouthshire, including Caerleon, Chepstow Castle and Tintern Abbey.

Forthcoming attractions are not lacking either. On the programme for this term are a film on Julius Caesar, and a talk by Mr. Round, an archaeologist, giving first-hand experiences of excavations going on at Wall in Staffordshire. Everyone from the Fourths and below will be most welcome.

MARTIN BROOKE

The season opened with a creditable draw against the O.E.C.C., including a superb first wicket stand between J. A. Claughton (77), and S. M. Partridge (54) of 124, followed by draws against Bishop Vesey's and Trent, P. D. Clarke taking 4-41 and scoring 40 not out against Trent, in an unbroken partnership of 83 with G. W. Fenney (57 not out). The first victory was recorded against the Gentlemen of Staffordshire, Ian Metcalfe taking 5-20 and Simon Rich scoring the winning runs with a superb wedge shot over the bowler's head. A victory against Lawrence Sheriff in the knock-out was followed by a dull draw against Solihull, J. A. Claughton scoring a superb 80. By far the best game of the season was against R.G.S. Worcester, when the first four of the batting order all got runs—J. A. Claughton 97, S. M. Partridge 30, G. W. Fenney 42 and P. J. Rich 27, and at 209-4 dec. the XI looked as though it could not be beaten. R.G.S. finished at 182-9, the last pair playing out the final eight overs after Ian Metcalfe had taken 5-44. A win against Denstone meant the XI were unbeaten until midway through June, when beaten by Warwick. A tremendous K.O. match against Bablake saw us scrape home in the final over, thanks mainly to 60 not out by S. M. Partridge, a performance that won him full School colours. A good win over Bromsgrove, mainly due to great performances by P. D. Clarke, 5-38, and S. G. Rich, 4-45, was followed by defeats by Kings Worcester, a strong side, and Solihull, and a draw against a Common Room side who attacked throughout the game!

Cricket week opened with S. G. Rich and I. R. Metcalfe surviving 15 overs to play out a draw after a superb all-round bowling display; a rain-affected game against the Gents of Worcester, and defeats by Nottingham H.S. and the XL Club.

Every member of the side performed well at times, but there was a general lack of consistency. John Claughton surprised us all by scoring over 500 runs during the season. Limited by a mixture of bad luck, bad form and bad weather, he failed to do as well as we thought possible, but next year, as captain, should add heavily to the 1,100 runs he has already scored for the School. Brian Partridge was undoubtedly the "find of the season." A hard-hitting stroke-maker in the mould of John Jameson, his innings of 26 against Nottingham H.S. will be always remembered for its great fluidity.

Guy Fenney, the captain, was an example to all with his clean kit for every game, and he, at last, managed to make a half-century for the School, and we hope his 51st birthday will be just as enjoyable next year. Peter Birch was again a solid middle-order batsman who ended his school career was a fine 77 against the XL Club. His bowling proved disappointing—it was far too good for all except R. Claughton, who fell to the lethal long-hop two feet outside the off-stump.

The performances of Biffo Coombes and Mike John also proved disappointing. Biffo dropped his left shoulder far too much, and Mike John suffered from over-keenness and perhaps got stale from too much net practice. Fran Watson lived up to his potential as a good young 'keeper, and his place was never threatened during the season. When he was unavailable, Peter "Owzhat" Williams proved an able deputy.

The spin attack was better than any the School has produced for several years. Peter Clarke, an able off-spinner, was also the great artist and literary figure. He spent his spare moments reading such books as *La Lûné* or writing poetry or sketching scenes from the dressing room. His fielding proved brilliant at times, but disappointing mostly, as was that of most players. Duncan Shuttleworth and Simon Rich were the "Spin Twins." Simon managed to smash the wickets as many times as he smashed his car against gate posts, and we hope his work on space probes continues successfully.

The quick bowlers also had their successes. Ian Metcalfe managed to bowl five straight balls against R.G.S. Worcester, but later matured into a fearsome quick bowler, particularly on hard wickets. Tom Bradbury and Chris Morley also did well and will help to provide a spearhead to next year's XI. Prospects for next year must be good with only three players having left. The 2nd team and younger sides have promising players who will provide a backbone for the XI in the future.

JOHN CLAUGHTON

THE SECOND XI

The 2nd XI started the season with an undecided and inexperienced team, containing only three Six Formers, including the captain. It was perhaps due to this that the first two matches were lost, although in the second of these, against Bishop Vesey's, the team suffered the upsetting experience of losing, by five wickets, in the final over.

We then remained unbeaten for a month, during which a notable victory was achieved against Solihull, Richard Coombes scoring an excellent 50, which was followed by a whirlwind innings of 43 in 20 minutes by Ed Wickins, and Tom Bradbury took four extremely cheap wickets. Following this he was stolen by the first team, and partly as a result of this, the remaining results formed an even mixture of wins and losses, culminating, unfortunately, in defeat at the hands of M. O. Checkley's XI.

Although the team functioned well at most times, it contained a batting line-up that was capable of crumbling alarmingly—although it was bolstered by solid personal contributions from Peter Williams (also an excellent wicket-keeper), and Richard Coombes, and an almost complete lack of spin bowling, while the medium and fast bowlers performed with considerable hostility and took nearly all the wickets between them. All that can be said of the fielding is that it was haphazardly effective, although John Betteridge and Mark Ellis were outstanding. Duncan Macwilliam surprised many with his unique style of slip-fielding. The contribution of Martin Fletcher, both as captain and player, must not be overlooked. He proved a most aggressive and astute captain and scored a large number of very valuable runs, often at crucial times, and took several wickets.

Finally, it should be said that all who appeared for the Second XI enjoyed their cricket, even when it was not as successful as might have been hoped. Our special thanks must go to Mr. Jayne for all his hard work and perseverance.

MARTIN FLETCHER

3rd XI CRICKET

The Third XI, under the captaincy of Jeremy Buttle, comfortably managed in obtaining the unenviable distinction of losing all their matches last season, in spite of the enthusiastic efforts of such regulars as K. E. Jones, N. F. Jones, A. Ewers, M. Chambers, D. Rogers and yours truly. Defeats were sustained at home against an O.E. XI, Trent and Bromsgrove, and away at Wrekin and R.G.S. Worcester. The team basically lacked the experience and know-how to play good, penetrating cricket. The prospects for next year are more encouraging, the U.16 XI beating and drawing with Trent and Kings Worcester respectively. Our thanks are extended to Mr. Trott for his help and encouragement throughout the season.

MICHAEL FORREST

THE UNDER-15 XI

Record: Played 15, won 12, drawn 1, lost 2.

This record, the best in the School, proves the success of the side. The team was fortunate in having several genuine all-rounders, of whom at least one came off in every game. Aply led by P. R. Fletcher, an aggressive opening batsman, who by his performances won a place in the XI at the

healthy competition, though someone perhaps implied a criticism when he said that it "makes friends rivals."

Last of all, and most controversially, school meals: here again the reactions varied wildly. On balance, most approved, partly because they felt they were better than what they were used to. An extremely favourable reaction was "delicious, especially the whips and mooses (sic)" and the wide choice was commonly applauded. Those who found fault tended to complain about the mashed potato—"horrible"—expressing a preference for the fried form: "Alright, but sometimes the chips run out." "Eggs are plasticky," someone observed neologically.

I would like to thank everyone concerned, particularly the Shell form-masters, for their co-operation, and to apologise if I have misrepresented them, or intruded too many of my own opinions.

RICHARD BRADLEY

TONY MILES A WORLD CHAMPION

While most of us were sitting on the beach in Brighton or Benidorm this summer, Tony Miles was predictably playing chess. The event this time was the World Junior Chess Championship, and it took place in Manila, in the Philippines. Last year Tony came second in this competition when it was held in England, and this time he was the favourite to win, though the results are difficult to foretell. As it happened, the tournament was held during the monsoon season, and disaster struck about half-way through—flood water blocked the roads to the hotel where the championship was being held and several competitors literally had to swim for it to arrive on time. Understandably, this experience caused several freak results, including Tony's one loss in the entire competition. He quickly recovered his form, and in the penultimate round beat his strongest rival, a Russian, to gain an unassailable lead over the players. Thus Tony Miles became the 13th World Junior Chess Champion. Incidentally, the tournament was first held in Birmingham in 1951, when Malcolm Barker, then a boy from K.E.S., came second. He, however, left chess for life immediately afterwards, and it remains to be seen what further progress Tony Miles can make. Here is one of his games from the tournament:

KOCHIEV (U.S.S.R.) MILES (England)

1, P-K4, P-QB4; 2, N-KB3, P-Q3; 3, P-Q4, PxP; 4, NxP, N-KB3; 5, N-QB3, P-KN3; 6, B-K3, B-N2; 7, P-B3, N-B3; 8, Q-Q2, O-O; 9, P-KN4, P-K3; 10, KN-N5, P-Q4; 11, B-B5, P-QR3; 12, BxR, KxB; 13, PxP, PxP; 14, N-R3, P-QN4; 15, N-Q1, P-N5; 16, N-N1, BxP; 17, B-N2, Q-K2 ch.; 18, Q-K3, N-K5; 19, PxN, BxN; 20, N-Q2, BxBP; 21, R-QB1, P-Q5; 22, Q-KR3, P-Q6; 23, O-O, K-N1; 24, P-K5, R-Q1; 25, P-K6, PxP; 26, QR-K1, N-Q5; 27, K-R1, N-B4; 28, R-K4, Q-N4; 29, N-B3, Q-R3; 30, R-R4, Q-K6; 31, RxNP P-Q7; 32, NxP, QxQ; 33, BxQ, RxN; 34, R-K1, B-B1; 35, R-N8, K-B2; 36, R-N7 ch., B-K2; 37, B-B1, B-QR5; 38, R-N6, B-Q3; 39, R-K2, R-Q8; 40, K-N2, B-N4; 41, R-KB2, B-B4; 42, R-N3 ch., K-B3; 43, BxB, PxP; 44, R-K2, R-N8 ch.; 45, K-R3, P-N4; 46, R-N2, R-Q8; 47 Resigns.

STEFAN WAGSTYL

"THE LADY'S NOT FOR BURNING"

Christopher Fry's play has great charm. It also has some oddness, partly in its poetic self-consciousness which delights in immoderately, though humorously, lengthy words ("concatenation . . . cachinnation," etc.), partly in the one inconsistency between the historical date it is given (1400 according to Fry, 1600 according to the programme), and the modernity of its language, its jokes—"the chaplain's tuning his G-string by the bells,"—its light wit, and even its ideas. It puts the Middle Ages in a modern setting.

It is one of those plays which tell of an alien disrupting a town, where the domestic townsfolk are honest, but do not have the alien's "towering pride in his sensibility," and where the town officials are satirized as insensitive bores (which, I suppose, town officials sometimes are). Thence derives the dramatic conflict, and hence modification of Weltanschauung for the principal character.

Mr. Birks' first senior production was entirely successful in presenting the comedy of the townspeople, where the acting was strongest, especially in the relatively stable Devize family. Helen Dealey excelled as the warm-hearted mother of two, normally placid but helplessly flustered by surrounding disorder. Andrew Unitt gave an attractive and lively performance as her younger son, and in particular made a well-matched pair with Nigel Brown as his outwardly cool but inwardly lustful brother. As for the officials (whose values are quite wrong and seen to be wrong), the bumbling, egotistical mayor was ruthlessly caricatured by Simon Hoban, and the humourless Justice was played with impressively unbending stiffness by Richard Blackwell. The contrast to these villains of the piece was embodied in the naive chaplain of Steven Resuggan, and the young clerk played by Peter Wynne-Wilson, who came over as nothing less than sincere—neither as easy nor as uninteresting as it might sound.

The aliens in this comfortable world are the "lady" of the title, supposed to be a witch, and a discharged soldier called Thomas Mendip. These two carry most of the meat of the play, which happens to be garnished with sufficient extravagance of fancy to make it difficult to get at. They are the disturbers of the town's peace, and together they form a yardstick by which the audience can weigh up the consequences of the plot through contemplating Mendip's denial of anything good in life, and the lady's positive embodiment of that goodness. Mendip dislikes such people as the Mayor so much that he seeks death by hanging: he good-naturedly refers to the townspeople as "insect life." It is the "witch" who saves him from his cynical attempt at a heroic end. While Mendip tries to get himself hanged, and she tries to save herself from being unfairly burnt as a witch. He is captivated by her: he says, "Nothing in the world could touch me, and you have to come and be the damnable exception." They fall in love, and at the end of the play step out of the French window, not into a blazing sunset, but into a blazing dawn full of promise.

The players of this pair did not unfortunately have quite the force of character to uplift the audience into their flights of fancy. John Ozimek was certainly eccentric enough for the part of the soldier, but was often uncomfortable on stage (perhaps partly attributable to some long, black, probably plastic boots which looked as if they might, all of a sudden, break into a heavy goose-step). The "witch," Jane Colman, had much charm but less power.

The production is summed up in the words charm and good humour. It was an impressive start to the new year, and I hope that, for the main production next January, the company tread safely through the crisis-packed minefields which have, on occasion, been known to lie hidden under the road to serene dramatic success.

ROBERT O'BRIEN

SCHOOL CRICKET REPORT, 1974

Following one of the most successful School Cricket XIs ever, this year's XI faced a daunting task. With only three players of any experience, the XI achieved the creditable record of: Played 17, won 3, drawn 10, lost 4.

The side also reached the semi-final of the Birmingham and Warwickshire G.S. K.O., only to lose off the final ball of the final over of the game to Solihull.

At 10.30 a.m. on the morning of Friday, August 30th, five members of the C.C.F. joined Messrs. Everest, Cotter and Nelson (on loan for the weekend from Northfield Comprehensive School) on the South Terrace, intending to spend a week walking in North Wales. The journey to Dolawen—an outdoor pursuits centre owned by University College, Cardiff—proved quiet and uneventful, apart from Mr. Cotter's attempts to keep us awake, and we were joined on arrival by Blair and Herrod (on loan from the Scouts).

As we experienced the wettest week any of the party had ever known in North Wales, the amount of walking actually done was slightly less than had originally been intended. We managed a low-level "introductory walk" to the east of Mod Siabod on Saturday and stuck to our programme the following day by camping in the Carneddau. Despite his desire a few days later to climb Tryfan in a gale, Herrod declined the offer of a walk, and the four "old men" of the party (Messrs. Everest, Nelson, Jones and Elkington) climbed Carnedd Llwyn under the inspired leadership of Mr. Nelson—"I'm not sure quite where we are, so let's walk on a compass bearing straight up the side of the mountain."

Monday morning was spent breaking camp and getting soaked on the descent to Bethesda, and, as the rain stayed continuous and heavy in the mountains, we spent the rest of the day and all of Tuesday visiting local attractions (Llechwedd Slate Caverns and Caernarvon Castle), the only notable occurrence being the completion of The Times crossword on Tuesday.

Wednesday morning found us climbing from Llyn Ogwen up to the saddle below Tryfan in heavy rain. When the weather got steadily worse before the descent to Pen-y-Cwryd, Harkin decided that enough was enough and dived into the nearest peat bog—it must, however, be remembered that he had already been assaulted by wasps and metal ladders.

As five members of the party had still not climbed any mountains, we were determined to get up Snowdon whatever the weather on Thursday. Having managed to wade our way to the summit via the Pyg Track, we swam into the café for an hour to dry out, play "Spot the Tourist," and drink endless cups of coffee. The descent down the Watkin Path began in a hailstorm, with visibility down to 30 yards, and ended in sunshine with impressive views of the waterfalls in Cwn y llan.

Cooking was the main entertainment in the evenings, highlights being Ken Jones' onion soup and Bruce Herrod's instant mashed potato (add boiling water and cooking instructions before stirring). While the masters were on their recces. (climbing mountains in pitch dark?), Blair entertained us by playing with a water pistol and attempting to eat cream crackers.

Our thanks are as follows:

To Mr. Birch, who smiled bravely when faced with four pints of gravy soup (compo ration C, Tobruk), on his arrival on Monday evening, and said it looked very good.

To Mr. Cotter, who uncomplainingly drove the minibus all day.

To Mr. Everest, who led us up Snowdon on a day when a less experienced leader might have found us a place on the national news along with nine injured police cadets who were rescued by helicopter.

Predictably, the rain had stopped for the return journey to Birmingham on Thursday evening, and most of the party were very relieved to arrive back in England.

KEN JONES

THE HOUSE SYSTEM (AGAIN!)

I would very much like to congratulate Scott Newton on his recognition of the failure of our House System, but sadly feel that he himself has failed to realise its chief fault—it is not dying; it has, in fact, been dead for years, and if it were not so rooted in tradition, the irrationality of perpetuating it would have been realised long ago. Can anyone really specify one useful function of a "House" which cannot be achieved just as effectively by other means?

Originally, in the nineteenth century, with the misapplication of Darwin's theories concerning the "survival of the fittest" to the growing cult of jingoism, public schools became places supposed to produce a "leader class." In them, games fulfilled the double function of mirroring imperialism, and, allegedly, of "sublimating the sex-drive."

It was soon discovered that the House System was, indeed, one of the most effective ways of doing this, and so, at root, the House System was founded on ideals of racism. Does anyone ever consider the real implications of "competitive spirit," and wonder whether it is a logical foundation for a society which claims to desire peace?

But, of course, no-one would dare attempt to defend the House System on the above grounds nowadays; today's modern, with-it House System enables pupils from one year to meet pupils from other years, with whom they would normally have no contact; it allows one master to be associated with a particular pupil for his whole school career, and even gives those less physically talented an opportunity to blow their minds as captains of House Junior Third teams and other such exalted posts! All this, and a House Tie too!

Why, then, is it that the only thing Houses seem to do effectively is dragoon unwilling volunteers into House Teams? The only people who seem to get closer acquainted through House Games are those with peculiar talents for a particular sport, who would almost certainly meet anyway. What, too, of the House Master's role as resident Marjorie Proops? If a pupil needs help, the House Master is not the first person he goes to, whilst House Master's reports do not supply much continuity. And finally, what about House Games? I thought we were trying to avoid competition? Surely, someone who is not really good at games will either endeavour to become so, if he wants to become a sports superstar, or will find another activity more suited to his talents. If someone is not inclined towards rugby, he may well be quite happy in safer pursuits, such as chess, drama, debating, music, or even tiddly-winks.

What, indeed, is the function of the Cock House Trophy other than to enable one House to say to the rest: "We are better than you?" And why should it be based almost entirely on such activities as rugby and cricket, and not, for example, achievements in debating or charity work. I, personally, have little against any particular sport, but from the practical point of view, someone skilled in jiu-jitsu, or aikido, is worth rather more than someone who can throw balls at speeds in excess of what is considered a safe speed limit for cars? Is it not, indeed, sad, that this school spends more than twice as much on rugby, each year, as it gives to charity?

Sport appears to be the only excuse, at present, and a pretty feeble one at that, for retaining the House System, and even that could be brushed aside by placing greater emphasis on older pupils spending more time teaching younger ones in sport. For the rest, School Societies and external Youth Clubs are the only real means for people to make acquaintances with others of differing ages.

JOHN OZIMEK

