

On 18th January a party of boys in the Dramatic Society saw a performance of Dylan Thomas' "Under Milk Wood."

The School was represented by D. S. Sutton and R. A. P. Wilson in a Bucks Junior Chess team at a Jamboree at the National Chess Centre, London, on 2nd March.

A number of trips to see French and German plays were arranged by the Modern Languages Society during the Christmas and Spring terms. Full details are to be found in the Society notes.

Congratulations to :

P. Chamberlin for his Open Scholarship in Modern Languages at Jesus College, Cambridge.

J. H. Speight for his Open Exhibition in Mathematics at Jesus College, Cambridge.

M. Vaughan-Rees for his Open Exhibition in Modern Languages at St. John's College, Cambridge.

And also to D. C. Willatts for his Army Cadetship at Sandhurst.

Staff Notes

Since the last issue we have welcomed P. D. Brown, Esq. B.Mus. (Lond.), L.R.A.M., A.T.C.L., on the Music Staff to take temporarily Mr. Piner's place. We are very sorry to hear that Mr. Piner is seriously ill and we send our sincere wishes for his quick recovery.

We should like to offer our congratulations to Mr. Gareth Morgan on being awarded his D.Phil. by the University of Oxford for his thesis on "Cretan Poetry under the Venetians, 1210-1669."

We offer our warmest congratulations to Miss M. Grace and Mr. J. G. Lloyd on their marriage last December, and wish them every happiness for the future.

GROUP CAPTAIN G. A. R. MUSCHAMP, M.A.

The sudden very tragic death of our Bursar, Group Captain G. A. R. Muschamp, was a great shock and sorrow to all at the School, especially to those members of the Staff who were most closely associated with him.

Group Captain Muschamp had had a very distinguished career in the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Air Force, and apart from commanding various Stations both here and abroad had himself initiated several enterprises in the Service which made him very well known and greatly respected among thousands of his colleagues. He came to us as Bursar at a rather difficult time, but his force,

vigour and great goodwill soon commanded the friendship of a wide circle on the Staff. He was used to considerable responsibility and he lightened the burdens of many of us by undertaking duties which might not perhaps have been expected to fall his way. He was, however, invariably cheerful, full of sound common sense and essentially a man who enjoyed the companionship of friends in a large community. Consequently the senior members of the Staff had close and most affectionate association with him not only over School matters but in the social affairs which always exist on the fringe of any large community. He was a good bridge player, a most lively, energetic and fit player of tennis and golf, and was always much sought after as a partner by members of the Staff in all of these occupations. He always showed throughout an independence of spirit and the keenest desire to promote the interests and support the dignity of the School, where he will be most deeply missed.

We all offer our sincerest sympathy to Mrs. Muschamp and to Georgina, whom we were often delighted to see at the School. I know that Governors, masters, senior boys and many members of the Staff at the boarding houses and canteen would wish to be associated in this expression of gratitude to a sincere and warm-hearted friend.
E.R.T.

"PATIENCE"

The satire of "Patience" remains surprisingly fresh and topical; perhaps because Gilbert shrewdly chose as his chief victims two perennial types of the bogus in art. Today, when bluntness is mistaken for sincerity and insults may masquerade as wit, Bunthorne, with his professional rudeness, may be found, a national character, on any T.V. panel game; while Grosvenor still postures and poses in Hampstead or Chelsea, concealing his lack of talent beneath carefully cultivated eccentricity and gaining for himself sufficient attention by affecting to scorn that flattery and publicity which his narcissistic nature craves.

Around and between these two flutter and fluctuate a swirl of lovesick maidens, surfeited with sensibility and lacking in sense, ready, at the dictate of fashion, to change their minds and costumes, at one moment all Dresden delicacy and daintiness, and the next as hoydenish as a Hampstead Heath holiday. Their uncritical adulation is offset by the bewildered Philistinism of the Dragoons whose blood, as red as their jackets, boils at the success of the anaemic aesthetes. They do not easily surrender, however, and attempt, if this be the way to win favour, to bend their military rigidity of mind