

December 2003



The Old Edwardians Gazette





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Official Notices

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Editorial

As I write, it is a fine autumn afternoon here in Brecon. Sunshine, warmth, blue skies with tiny flecks of cirrus and many a con-trail from the transatlantic traffic. Our teams in the Rugby World Cup are doing pretty well, GCSE is having a bad press, and a lot is well in the world.

And yet in Iraq the lunatic element is persisting in making its presence felt, the Soham murder trial is under way, the Post Office is once more plagued with unofficial strikes, the Anglican Church is having a nasty turn and the blue sky is invisibly stripped of its natural ozone. It is indeed a funny old world.

Our species has (probably always had) a tendency to prefer violence, indiscipline and intolerance to the appreciation and enjoyment of the good things about us. Even in periods of the most refined civilisation — Classical Greece, Renaissance Italy, Elizabethan England — cultural achievement has gone cheek by jowl with international warfare and domestic squabbling. The same is true in this, the most technically advanced period of history. If in fact mankind is somehow genetically disposed to foul its own nest there is nothing to be done, but one has to hope that it is not, and in that case the road ahead away from violence, indiscipline and intolerance has to be that of liberal education.

Man, in his various shapes, has been on the planet a very long time indeed, and any sort of education, even in the limited forms of historical antiquity, is comparatively an extremely recent innovation. The facilities that our modern age enjoys for communication — in all senses — force us to realise that in our polyethnic global society we have a huge amount to offer one another, if we will but accept it, and liberal education should be geared to enhancing and reinforcing this realisation. Those from whom we have most to fear are often those who — perhaps without cause — fear us; those who are intransigently convinced of their own rectitude are in for the nastiest surprises.

In commemorating our own education at KES, then, and in offering our support to the good work that continues there, we sow seed in very fertile ground. That is a small but vital contribution to the future in these troubled times.

The Cover Picture . . .

. . . is of the members of Shell B '47 at their reunion in October. The photograph, and others on pages 14/15, are provided by Alan Donaldson. For names, see page 13.



Guided Tours

Derek Benson makes it known that he is able and willing to show OEs round the School during term. He recommends midweek for this, as the place is more lively than at weekends, and will be happy to make mutually satisfactory arrangements. Contact him at the School.



Burne-Jones stained glass

Derek Benson has a limited number of illustrated booklets on the stained glass by Sir Edward Burne-Jones OE in Birmingham churches. This very attractive little publication by Alastair Carew-Cox and William Waters is available to members — while stocks last — at the knock-down price of £1, inclusive of postage. Apply to Derek at the School.



Monthly Lunches . . .

. . . will continue to take place on the second Wednesday of each month in the Buttery Bar at the Clarendon Suite. Your attendance is cordially invited! Contact either Brian Teare ((0121) 429 7993) or Brian Creed ((0121) 705 5564).



Memorabilia

Earlier this year an OE, presumably of 1940s vintage, phoned the School, delivered to Reception a quantity of wartime records which had been gathering dust in his loft, and failed to leave his name! Derek Benson wishes to express gratitude for these, and points out that there must be various old documents and other items that members have no use for but which would have archival value. Anyone wishing to pass such things on to the School or OEA is asked to phone first.

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(OE Cricket Club)

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Search for New Host for OEA Web site

Sadly, the School has decided that it prefers the OEA to make its own hosting arrangements for its web site in the future. To date, we have had our own group of pages within the School's site, but now we are being asked to move. So we are looking for a commercial organisation who can provide this service for us.

There are two potential advantages of such a move. It may afford us the opportunity to purchase some more sophisticated software to run the site that offers new features such as the ability for members directly to input changes to their own personal information, e.g. postal or e-mail addresses. It is also likely to allow the OEA to make its own more frequent direct updates to the material on the site without the delay of having to go through the School.

We are looking for recommendations, so would welcome input from any member who has had a good direct experience of any supplier of membership software or hosting. Please contact Mike Baxter, the Honorary Registrar, at OEA.Registrar@btinternet.com

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Articles

An adaptation of Christopher Long's Toast to the School at the London Old Edwardian Dinner, 11 December 2000.

Memories of KES

I joined at the start of the summer term: Shell B, April 1949. That made me odd man out at the start, born in Northern Ireland and just arrived from a small prep school in Sussex, the son of a schoolmaster and (even worse) an RC. This was still the age of "fall out the Jews and Roman Catholics!" KES was not totally strange: my father had been there from 1918 to 1925 in New Street days, going on to Birmingham University, and my brother followed me to KES. But there was a sharp culture shock, and an urgent need to learn about Birmingham and how to assume the low profile suitable for a newcomer. I soon settled down, however, and enjoyed life.

This was already much more comfortable than the wartime austerities described in recent *OE Gazette*. We had excellent facilities for every kind of study, sport or approved interest. The atmosphere was entirely different from today: protected, paternalistic and innocent. Little alcohol was consumed; vice and drugs were unheard of. We were strictly segregated from the girls next door. Hours at both schools were fixed to prevent meetings even at the bus-stop. There were no joint plays, debating, or music. A few bright sparks no doubt found ways round these obstacles, but most accepted them as the natural order and got on with their work.

There was plenty of it, firmly focused on academic study and sport. Meritocracy ruled in both: we were good, and proud of it. 'Elite' was not yet a dirty word. Of the two, sport had vastly more prestige. In 1956, my last year, 87% of the Sixth Form went on to university, with a record number of Oxbridge awards; but winning the Public School Sevens caused us much more joy. (Wilson, Wilkins, Pendry, Kemp, Soutter, Lindley, Davis.)

We were very well taught, by masters (all men) recruited almost entirely from Oxbridge. There was a wide chasm between Arts and Sciences. On joining the Classical stream, I had to give up History at 12, Maths at 13 and

vestigial General Science at 15. By the time we took A-levels at 16 we knew a huge amount of Latin and Greek, but had paid a price of ignorance elsewhere. I am not sure I ever caught up. But above all, we learned to work as self-starters. As you moved up the school you were encouraged to get on with it under your own steam. I remember spending hours in the library reading Jules Verne, DH Lawrence and 19th-century volumes of *Punch*.

Sport was also well done and in an inclusive spirit. Team sports scored highest: rugby, cricket, athletics and cross-country running. The most talented sportsmen were systematically brought forward. The rest had plenty of outlets. There was free coaching in shooting, swimming, fives, tennis, squash and even golf. Despite (or perhaps because of?) its obvious social advantages (you could play it for the rest of your life and even meet girls), tennis had little prestige: too much right arm could spoil your batting. Swimming meant a tram to a chlorine-smelling pool in Selly Oak: later, we got the unheated and always freezing open-air pool next to the War Memorial Chapel.

But the most lasting memories are extra-curricular. School plays were a riot (even without girls; female roles were taken by boys, which caused plenty of ribaldry but no embarrassment). They produced real quality: Bruce Laughland's *St Joan*, or John Evans as Becket in *Murder in the Cathedral*. Debates, chess, sixth-form Shakespeare readings with Ronny Lunt on Saturday evenings, CCF camps and Naval Section boating on a reservoir in Perry Barr linger in the memory. When exams were over, we had a splendid choice of ad hoc mid-July courses on everything from music to woodwork and economics. The most vivid for me was the masters' staging of Gogol's *Government Inspector* in 1951. Tony Trott was a totally convincing Hlestakov, and several others, just recognisable (Crow, Sacret, Buttle, Benett, Osborne), supported magnificently. It went far to break down barriers between masters and boys. We knew, at least in theory, that masters were human too, but the barriers of discipline and compulsory deference were not easy to cross. I should like to pay a special

tribute to Willis Grant, who did wonders for music at all levels in the school: training organists for assembly, the choir, choral society and orchestra, and launching a house music competition on sporting lines, in which each house had to field a mini-orchestra and choir and offer a song sung by the whole house. The results were hilarious, and I am delighted to hear that this is still going strong. To end with a burst of frankness, I can only say that school lunch in those days was revolting. Maybe it was meant to be character-forming?

The diplomatic perspective

Having studied the ancient world in almost excessive detail and learned Russian on National Service and Arabic at Oxford and in Germany, it seemed a good idea to look for a job linked with the outside world. So I put in for the FCO. Working there provided a steady diet of new tasks in stimulating, even exotic surroundings. Living abroad can cut you off from your own country: and you can look back from a new perspective. But it is not too hard to remember where you really belong. I especially enjoyed the contrast between spurious diplomatic glamour and the normality of home, the tube from Heathrow, the supermarket trolley.

England does look different from afar. Returning from the Middle East, the countryside looks wonderfully fresh, green and tidy. Coming from Switzerland, the effect is rather different. Some of our sacred cows — the NHS, adversarial politics, the media or the London Underground — look rather scraggy when compared with counterparts elsewhere. But in plenty of other areas we have much to be proud of.

Education

Take education. Education (English language teaching in particular) is now a major pillar of the UK's standing in the world, and a major earner. University people are key contacts for our embassies. The FCO takes an increasing interest in educational questions, though the British Council does the day-to-day work. Embassies get involved when there is no BC representation, when politics cause problems,

or when big new departures are planned. In my time in Saudi Arabia in the 60s, and Syria in the 70s, we put a lot of effort into getting the British Council set up locally. When I was Ambassador to Switzerland between 1988 and 1992, there was no BC representation and we did the work ourselves, with the help of a junior trained by the BC on the complexities of educational placement. This taught me a healthy respect for both the British Council and the Swiss educational system.

Switzerland

The Swiss are widely but wrongly underrated. One of their many strengths is an educational system that is public (but controlled and financed by the Cantons, not the central government), broad-based, and sets and meets high standards. It reflects Swiss society: democratic, precise and motivated to do everything as well as it can be done. No Swiss wants to pay twice to educate his children: he expects, and gets, value for the taxes he pays. He respects academic achievement but also achievement in practical areas. Technicians, cooks, waiters and mechanics emerge from their vocational streams with just as much self-respect as their academic colleagues, and with the skills, knowledge and motivation to do their jobs to the highest standard. This, I suggest, is not very far from the ethos of KES, or any other institution viable in the long term.

Egypt

In Egypt in the early 1990s we found a country very different from both Switzerland and the UK: full of talent of which only a small proportion reached its full potential. It was held back by poverty, political tension, serious overcrowding and a medieval rote-learning school system. At loftier social levels higher standards were achieved, often in privately funded schools set up by imperialists or missionaries. The classic example was Victoria College in Cairo, which educated boys from all over the Middle East until Nasser nationalised it out of existence in the 1950s. Its sister foundation, the English Girls' College of Alexandria, still survives with the support of influential old girls like the wife of

the Foreign Minister or the Queen of Spain. When we visited it, it proved oddly reminiscent of KES: the same 1930s parquet floors, an assembly hall much like Big School, and a dominant head mistress, but with 3,000 pupils crammed into the space of 800.

Middle-class Egyptians are therefore often chirpy and well educated. Many admire and some imitate the British concept of team sports as a builder of character. A famous 1930s book praised the English for going out to play football in freezing November: echoes of "forward where the scrimmage thickens". Is this why rugby football has not yet taken deep root in sunny Egypt?

Hungary

But a classic example of a first-class educational system damaged by politicians, yet surviving despite them, can be found in Hungary, where we did two postings, in the mid-1970s and the late 1990s. Education was at the heart of Hungary's struggle for independence from Austria in the 19th century, and has remained a measure of national identity since. One of the first acts of the father of the nation, Count István Széchenyi, after the 1848/9 War of Independence was to found the Academy of Sciences, the universities to underpin it, and schools to provide them with students. When Hungary lost two-thirds of its territory after the First World War education was a major tool in re-establishing national confidence. In the 1930s a famous education minister, Kuno Klebelsberg, founded a series of Hungarian colleges in European capitals (alas, they disappeared in WWII) and set up dual-language programmes in leading schools under which half the curriculum was taught in a foreign language: English at Sárospatak, Italian at Pannonhalma and French at Debrecen.

The communists who took over after 1945 did not abolish these privileged institutions but used them to train up people to fill key posts in the regime. They saw education as the key way to transform the young into communist believers. The Hungarian communists had their own views on the educational system in England. One evening in 1976 a member of

our embassy was invited to a farewell dinner for some educationists from England who had come to Hungary to give advice on the training of English language teachers. Over the cherry brandy, the Hungarian hosts remarked that they had analysed on Marxist principles the Shirley Williams “reforms” then being pushed through. They had concluded that what the British government were doing was a capitalist plot designed to prevent the children of the British working classes from getting a decent education.

Conclusion

KES was in my time, and remains, a very special institution. There is quite a bit of hypocrisy in giving the credit for our foundation to Edward VI, when the essence of the story was the despoliation of the monasteries. But at least this part of the loot seems to have been well spent. It is a living institution, the fruit of a long period of development, to which generations have made generous gifts from their own purses, and many individuals have given their whole working lives. To me, it also represents the classic fruit of the British talent for local initiative, improvisation and organic development, independent of central government or scheming to reshape society.

KES is a highly successful institution, concerned with imparting high academic standards as well as other key life-skills. I suggest that there should be other, separate, institutions catering in the same spirit for other less academic talents, offering their pupils not diluted academic schooling, but (in Swiss style) coherent and serious training in their fields of competence. Social snobbery is now happily declining fast, but intellectual snobbery continues to condemn masses of people to an academic treadmill that is wholly unsuitable and even positively damaging.

Schools like KES, and indeed all schools pursuing their different paths to excellence, deserve to be protected from the metropolitan instinct to meddle, to “fix” things that do not need fixing. We need to honour the character and strengths of our alma mater, and be ready to defend it against pernicious changes which

those who pursue different goals may seek to impose. In an age of creeping globalisation, any self-confident institution needs to defend its identity, its values, and its ability to go on making its characteristic contribution to future generations.



Duncan Law (2001) *writes about his participation in the 18th Marathon des Sables.*

In April 2003 I took part in the eighteenth *Marathon des Sables*, an annual foot race run across the Sahara Desert in six stages covering over 240 km, during which runners maintain self-sufficiency in food, clothing and equipment. It attracts around 700 runners from forty different countries and increases in popularity every year. Each stage offers a varied terrain — dunes, stony plateaux, trails, *oueds*, palm groves, small mountains and wadis. The length of stages ranges from 22 to 82 km, and there is one non-stop stage covered during the night. This is the diary of my nine days spent in one of the world’s harshest environments, and of the event which has come to be known as the toughest foot race on earth.

Friday 4 April

Well, we’ve arrived in the Sahara. After a five-hour coach journey packed with nerves and foreboding we were transferred to our first bivouac by four-tonne military vehicles. The bivouac consists of two large circles of shelters for competitors and a huge number of support tents surrounded by vehicles, helicopters and other aircraft. Through its shape alone, the camp creates a great feeling of camaraderie and harmony. Our tent, made from old coffee sacks and wooden poles, offers little shelter from the constant sandstorms but is at least a sanctuary from the fiery heat of the sun. The members of tent 65, our humble abode for the coming week, do not resemble the average competitor. With six students and two trainee bankers, we are the youngest tent in the competition and are more interested in talking about who will eventually win over the tour

rep, a young blonde called Melanie, than in which gaiters work well or the best way to tape up our feet.

Saturday 5 April

Today was spent going through a large amount of administration, equipment checks, medicals, and finally a rousing speech by the French organiser, Patrick Bauer. All our luxuries have been torn from us and we are left with only our running bags and clothes for the event. Tomorrow, as the race begins, self-sufficiency starts, and the only assistance we will be given is nine litres of mineral water per person per day. Everyone is extremely excited and ready for what they know may be the hardest and most painful few days of their lives.

Saturday 6 April

Up at 05.30 as our tent was pulled down around us by local Arabs to be taken to the next bivouac area. The first of the six legs started at 09.30, after a symbolic peace photo and the release of a thousand doves. I was surprised by the pace, and in the end had to settle for a fast jog. After a few kilometres I met up with two paratroopers and finished the leg with them. We ran 25 kilometres today, most of it over rocky ground and small sand dunes, but nothing too testing. We arrived at the bivouac, situated at the foot of some enormous dunes, at 13.30. After a good meal Ollie, Q, Will and I climbed a small dune and watched the stars, talking about future adventures, TE Lawrence, and the ridiculous size of the dunes that lay in our way.

Monday 7 April

The second leg — 34 kilometres. The first fifteen were all over dunes, the biggest in the world, where, we were told, *Lawrence of Arabia*, *Gladiator* and *Spartacus* were filmed. The temperature soared to 47 °C, and we were reduced to walking up some of the larger dunes. For the next ten kilometres we ran through a seemingly unending rocky plateau, and as the horizon offered us no hope of change in terrain the sheer vastness of the desert soon became apparent to us. Finally, the

stage ended with very rocky ground and then more sand dunes. The variety of the terrain today, the intensity of the heat and the sheer height of the dunes made this leg extremely taxing, and this evening we heard of the first people to pull out of the race with foot problems and heat exhaustion. Despite this, our tent goes from strength to strength and morale is high. I had my first blisters today, but have treated them and will tape my feet up in the morning.

Tuesday 8 April

Today started with hilarity, as our tent took the lead of the race for the first minutes, in front of the world's media. Let's hope Eurosport broadcast it! The stage was 38 km long and the maximum temperature 49 °C, but the terrain was a lot easier on the feet, so I found it easier than I expected. For the first three hours I ran at full pace before getting terrible pains in my stomach; two hours and six Imodiums later I arrived at the bivouac in extreme pain, but still among the leading 250 runners. A few hours later after some pain killers and a good meal, all was well again, and we started to prepare our bags for the 82 km stage next morning.

Wednesday 9 April

Well, it's actually 08.30 on Thursday morning. Yesterday we completed the 82 km ultra Marathon and arrived back at camp at 22.50. We ran, walked and crawled over wadis, mountains, dunes, packed earth and jagged rocks. Everyone was in considerable pain as they arrived back at the tent, but extremely happy to have achieved such a feat in so short a time. We felt great sympathy for the remainder of the runners who had not yet finished the course and would have to endure the rest of the night — and in some cases another day — in the desert. As we approached the final stages around 21.00 the night sky was occasionally lit up by an emergency flare, the signal that somewhere in the darkness around us someone, whether through desperation, immense pain or mental torment, could go on no longer and had given

up. The last 16 km of the stage I spent in immense pain, stumbling around like a drunk, trying to take my mind off the pain in my feet and knees by listening to music, but with little success. Those last few kilometres did seem to go on for ever, and I was glad to have the company of Q, a friend from university, even if we were too tired to say much to each other. It was an extremely hard day, and not something I'd like to repeat, but we did finish in the end in 170th position and everybody in the tent came in the first 250 runners. With today — Thursday — as rest, and only 70 km of the race left, we are now starting to think about the beginning of the end of this ordeal and the luxuries that await us back home.

Thursday 10 April

Today, after the hard work of yesterday, we have a well-earned day off. For those who have not yet finished the 82 km stage there is no such reward, and we watch in admiration as during the day people limp in to the bivouac. The state of people's feet after yesterday's stage is horrifying. The camp is now more reminiscent of a hospital ward, with hundreds of runners hobbling around — feet bandaged, leaning on crutches, and wearing protective blue shoes. Charlie had to go to the clinic tent today and came back with some horrific stories. The man next to him had such terrible problems with his feet that he could see the bone on two of his toes, while another man had to have the soles of his feet removed after blisters had formed under them. As we walked past the medical tent today we heard the screams of some of these poor people. This only reaffirmed in our minds how lucky we were, and that this event is definitely not for the faint hearted. The morale of the camp, however, was lifted at around 21.00 this evening with the arrival of the final runners, who had suffered thirty-six hours of pain, exhaustion and extreme heat. The entire camp turned out to meet them on the finishing line, and as they stumbled the last few metres of the 82 km they were greeted with a heroes' welcome ten times greater than the leader had received.

Friday 11 April

42 km — one Marathon. I was pleased to have completed today's stage in little more than five hours' solid running and came in 221st. The rest of the tent came limping in at 18.00 with knee and foot problems, having popped all the painkillers they could get their hands on. The real race is over now, and only 22 km lie between us and the finish. Everyone is excited about finishing tomorrow, and after struggling through so much in the last few days will not consider giving up so close to the end. This is our last day in the bivouacs, and as we smell our sweat and salt-stained clothes and admire our explorers' facial hair we all look forward to clean sheets, a shave and a shower.

Saturday 12 April

The final 22 km of the *Marathon des Sables* were among the hardest. Everyone seemed determined to do well despite their physical state, and so pushed even harder. As we entered Tazzarine, the endpoint of the race, the temperature was 52 °C — its highest — and in the final few kilometres I could feel my last reserves of energy being used up. I finished 260th after a 100 metre sprint finish that would put Josh Lewsey to shame, and received my medal with great pride.

A few hours later, back at our hotel, we still had not appreciated the magnitude of our achievement, and the only feeling we had was of relief, as we knew that we would not have to get up next day at 05.30 to run.

Afterthoughts

I have had various thoughts in the few days after completing the *Marathon des Sables*. First came an overwhelming confidence that after doing such a mentally and physically taxing event I now had a good starting point for further adventures, and a few of us considered climbing Everest or walking to the South Pole. On returning to England, however, I was overcome by a more negative feeling of boredom. Having left such an amazing place and such adventurous people, life back in sunny England doesn't seem to offer the same challenges or rewards.

I must take this opportunity of offering my thanks to my sponsors, King Edward's School, Hatfield College, Durham, The Royal Regiment of Fusiliers, The Parachute Regiment, Durham University Officer Training Corps, Karrimor, Red Bull and Science in Sport. This event does, unfortunately, have a large registration fee, and without their help I would not have been able to participate. I have also been able to raise the sum of £1,100 for Racing Africa, a charity that helps African children with a rare debilitating disease called Noma.

Duncan finished 235th overall out of a field of 700 runners.



Poets' Corner

End of the Beginning

When you've run your writing
deep into the sand,
and the poetry fish aren't biting,
you can't walk or even stand

in those unreliable shallows,
while the depths are out of reach.
It inexorably follows
you stop doing — and start to teach.

Graham Tayar

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ASSOCIATION AFFAIRS

Annual General Meeting 2003

The AGM was held at 2.15 pm on 10 September 2003 in the Clarendon Suite. The Chairman, Paul Thomson, was supported by thirty-one members, with apologies being received from the President and a further sixteen members. Present were: Bernard Adams, Derek Benson, Andrew Baxter, John Baller, Gary Bean, Alan Blower, John Botterill, Gordon Britton, David Corney, Gerald Chadwick, Brian Creed, Bill Chambers, Jeff Dolphin, Michael Edwards, Paul Faber, Tom Freeman, Bob Garratt, Gerald Grant, Philip Gough, John Hinkley, Eric Lewis, James Martin, Paul Thomson, Stephen Talboys, Brian Teare, Bill Traynor, George Watts, Max White, Martin Woodward, Tony Brierley and John Wheatley.

1. **The minutes of the AGM 2002** had been published in the *Gazette* for December 2002. These were taken as read, their acceptance was proposed by Gerald Chadwick, seconded by Eric Lewis, and general approval was indicated.
2. **The report of the General Committee**, published in the *Gazette* for June 2002 was accepted in similar fashion.
3. **The Accounts for the year ended 31 December 2002** (*Gazette*, June 2003), were also approved on the proposal of Brian Teare, seconded by Bob Garrett, and thanks were expressed to Roger Parsons (1968) of the Auditors, Clement Keys, who were reappointed.
4. **In the absence of the President**, who expressed his deep regret at having to attend a Governors' meeting called at short notice, Derek Benson read from the address the President would have given. At A Level the results in 2003 had been the best ever. The overall pass rate had been 100%, of which 90.4% were at grades A and B, and thirty-seven candidates had obtained top grades in all their subjects. Kieran Hubbard had been one of the Top Five candidates in the country in Physics. Most leavers had secured places at their first-choice universities, with another good crop of Oxbridge places. GCSE results too had been outstanding; 85.8% of entries had produced A or A* grades, while grades A–C had been achieved by 100% of candidates. Particular congratulations should go to those who had gained Top Candidate Awards (for the top five marks in the

country): Andrew Constantine and Karan Goswami (Physics), Charlie Butler (English Literature) and Dominic Corbett (Greek), while two boys had two Top Candidate Awards: Huan Dong for Biology and Physics and Matthew Hosty for English and English Literature. The English Department was also celebrating the achievement of A/A* grades by 90% of its candidates.

Sport had flourished. The Water Polo team were runners-up nationally and two members had represented England Schools. The Debating team had won their National competition. Chess was strong, winning the Birmingham Schools league and one fourteen year old was selected for the National U16 team. Cricket, rugby and hockey all continued successfully.

5. **Officers and Committee:** The Chairman said that all Officers were prepared to continue; there being no other nominations they were re-elected *en bloc*.

Under **Other Business**, Bob Garrett suggested that the Committee consider increasing the amount of the OEA Prize awarded on Speech Day. Brief discussion followed, and it was agreed to refer the question to the Committee.

The Chairman brought the meeting to a close at 2.30.

Derek H Benson
Stephen Talboys
Joint Honorary Secretaries
1 December 2003



London OEs

The Annual General Meeting of the London OEs 2003:

The London OE. AGM was held on 12 May 2003 at the RAF Club, Piccadilly, London, with the President, Graham Tayar, in the Chair. The Chairman to the Committee, Chris Latham, together with the other Officers to the Committee and Committee Members had all agreed to serve for another year, and were duly re-elected. David Sells was asked to join the Committee and with his agreement was duly elected. The meeting was attended by 13 OEs:

N Carter, D Edmonds, R Evans, H Hart, A Iles,

C Latham, P McLean, D Rattue, D Ridout, D Sells, G Tayar, F Thacker, and J White.

Mr D Everest, who addressed the meeting, represented the School.

The President informed the meeting that a number of LOEs had died over the year including E Dent, T Keeley, and G Lyall.

Since the meeting we have been informed of the deaths of K Downes, E Farr, K Neeves, J Rodway and A Reese.



Summer Outing 2003

This year's Summer Outing, on 21 June 2003, was a conducted tour of the Bell Foundry in Whitechapel, London with walks around the Whitechapel area of London. Lunch was provided at the Bell Foundry and we thank our walking guide Stan Pretty for all his help in making the day so eventful for the 47 Old Edwardians and partners, including 8 old girls from KEHS.

Among those present were the following:

Mrs S Alabaster (KEHS), Mrs N Bailey (KEHS), Miss K Blunt (KEHS), Mrs P Burston (KEHS), B Creed, D Edmonds, R Evans, L Freedman (KEHS), G Grant, H Hart, F Hearne, A Iles, S Ireland, Mrs P Joklik (KEHS), Miss M Kernick (KEHS), C Latham, Mrs L Osmon (KEHS), H Ramshaw, D Rattue, D Ridout, G Tayar, M Webbe, J White, Dr Wright, and J Young.



Annual Dinner 2003

The Annual London Dinner is to be held on Monday 8 December 2003 at the Royal Air Force Club, Piccadilly. The Guest speaker is Mr "Tony" Trott.



General Note

If you are not on the London Old Edwardians mailing list, and you wish to attend any of our functions, please contact:

The Hon. Secretary, David Edmonds.
146 Bath Road, Longwell Green, Bristol,
BS30 9DB.
Tel: 0117 9326910 (Home), 0117 9328892
(Office)
E-mail: david@edmonds0.freemove.co.uk



Reunion

The third triennial reunion of the Shell of '47 was held on 17 October at the School. Eighteen members and half a dozen of their courageous ladies were present. After a service in Chapel conducted by the Revd Brian Coleman the party moved to the Common Room, where drinks were served and from where members went to revisit Big School and other parts of the building. Dinner followed at the University's Hornton Grange, in the course of which diners were regaled by vivid accounts of the careers of Michael Parslew and Cedric Ashley.

The front cover picture is of the Shell B members, who as usual outnumbered Shell A by roughly two to one — a curious social phenomenon, often attributed to the lingering malign influence of 'Codger' Powell. They are, left to right: *back row* — Ronald Griffin, Brian Coleman, John Vernon, Bernard Adams, Christopher Pilling, Kenneth Short; *seated* — Cedric Ashley, Graham Willison, Michael Parslew, Graham Willets; *front* — Alan Donaldson.



"The Meriden Group"

Class of '51 Reunion

Prompted by a call from an OE in the USA saying he would like to meet a few old friends when he visited England, Richard Birch organised a lunch at the Manor Hotel, Meriden, on 9 November 2003. Seventeen OEs, almost a quarter of the 1951 intake (with a welcome "interloper" from 1950), gathered for what proved to be a memorable occasion. The names of those attending are listed below.

One of our number likened the gathering to an assembly of King Arthur's knights, returned from their quests to tell of their experiences around the world! Our collective travels might well have been the envy of many an Arthurian knight, but the smart, pension-financed array of 21st-century leisurewear on display discourages any further extension of such a comparison.

Remarkably, we had all deserted "the iron heart of England", although a couple had only just

slipped across the border to Solihull. But one of those attending could actually claim a Birmingham address — although that was Birmingham, Michigan! The rest of us had found careers across England and beyond, so there was talk of years spent in Spain, Nepal, and Hungary, in Malawi, India, Canada and the USA., mingling with less exotic tales of working lives spent in London, Coventry, Cheshire, Yorkshire, and Somerset. The variety of careers represented around the table was such that we could immediately have set ourselves up in business as a Family Guidance and Protection agency. We had representatives from the worlds of education, the law, finance, planning, soft drinks, the motor industry, the armed services, aviation, social services, and psychiatry.

Much of our time was passed, inevitably, in reminiscence and it was clear from the conversation that 1951 had been the best possible time to start life at KES.

We were the last generation to sway down the Bristol Road on the 70 and 71 trams. It was evident that on their withdrawal from service in 1952 the number of "souvenirs" we had retained would go a considerable way towards constructing a complete vehicle! What transport genius had decided to store disused trams in the Bristol Road, right outside a boys' school?

There was talk of life in the Shells with Sacco, Billy and Slimy; of those first encounters with Latin, was Sacco the only man with a bellow that was positively genial? Some of us could recall Miss Chaffer's school dinners (10d — equivalent to 4p!) with greater detail, if less relish, than what we had eaten last week. Names of masters were passed to and fro across the table with varying degrees of affection and respect — "Slasher" Woods, Willis Grant, Freddie Kay, "Stuffer" Williams, and, inevitably, "The Chief". Treasured photographs were passed round reviving memories of school trips to Norway with Joe Bennett, of C.C.F. events, of end of term excesses and especially of friends now far away in time and place. Old Blue Books, Speech Day programmes, and even a "cap pass" were produced for inspection. House memories were swapped and the relative merits on the rugby field of Prince Lee, Vardy, Heath and the rest were discussed with enthusiasm if not always impartiality.

The innocence of our Shell days was contrasted with the attempts at sophistication in later years when certain gentlemen flaunted the boater, a rolled umbrella and yellow gloves. Oh, the elegance of it all! Unofficial encounters with members of the girls' school were recalled: illicit, sweet, and so chaste. That led to memories of Wendy, the gorgeous school secretary who fuelled many a fifth form fantasy in the mid-1950s!

Amongst the tales told by various individuals, one from Peter Tyrer stands out. He and his twin brother are both psychiatrists. One brother had a patient who suffered from a condition in which the sufferer believes people he knows have been replaced by exact doubles. That patient was treated successfully by one of the twins and returned to his job. Two weeks later, working in his job as a petrol pump attendant, he encountered the other twin quite by chance. He spoke to the man he mistakenly thought to be his psychiatrist, but the twin explained he was a brother and practised elsewhere. Inevitably, this led the patient to the conclusion that everyone was against him and even his psychiatrist was an impostor!

Not all the conversation was rooted in the past. Old Edwardians could not gather without discussion of the Rugby World Cup and our varied international business experience led also to thoughts on the events in Iraq. But the main topic of conversation was school life in the 'fifties and there was general acceptance that we had been fortunate in the education we had received. The afternoon at Meriden was judged a great success and Richard Birch was warmly thanked for his enterprise in making the arrangements. We all vowed to meet again before too long and it seems likely that the fifties contingent at the next OE dinner in Big School will be greatly enlarged.

Members present at Meriden, 9 November 2003:

John Beard	Roger Hughes
Roger Bickerton	Peter Lee
Richard Birch	Paul Matthews
Michael Cashmore	Philip Pardoe
Clive Cooper	Peter Tyrer
Alan Cowie	Stephen Tyrer
Robert Darlaston	Pat Walker
Geoff Henman	Roger Wilkins
Andrew Hornig	

It is always a pleasure to have news of reunions. Let's hope that others are inspired by these accounts to organise their own: it's a very rewarding thing to do.



Where are they now?

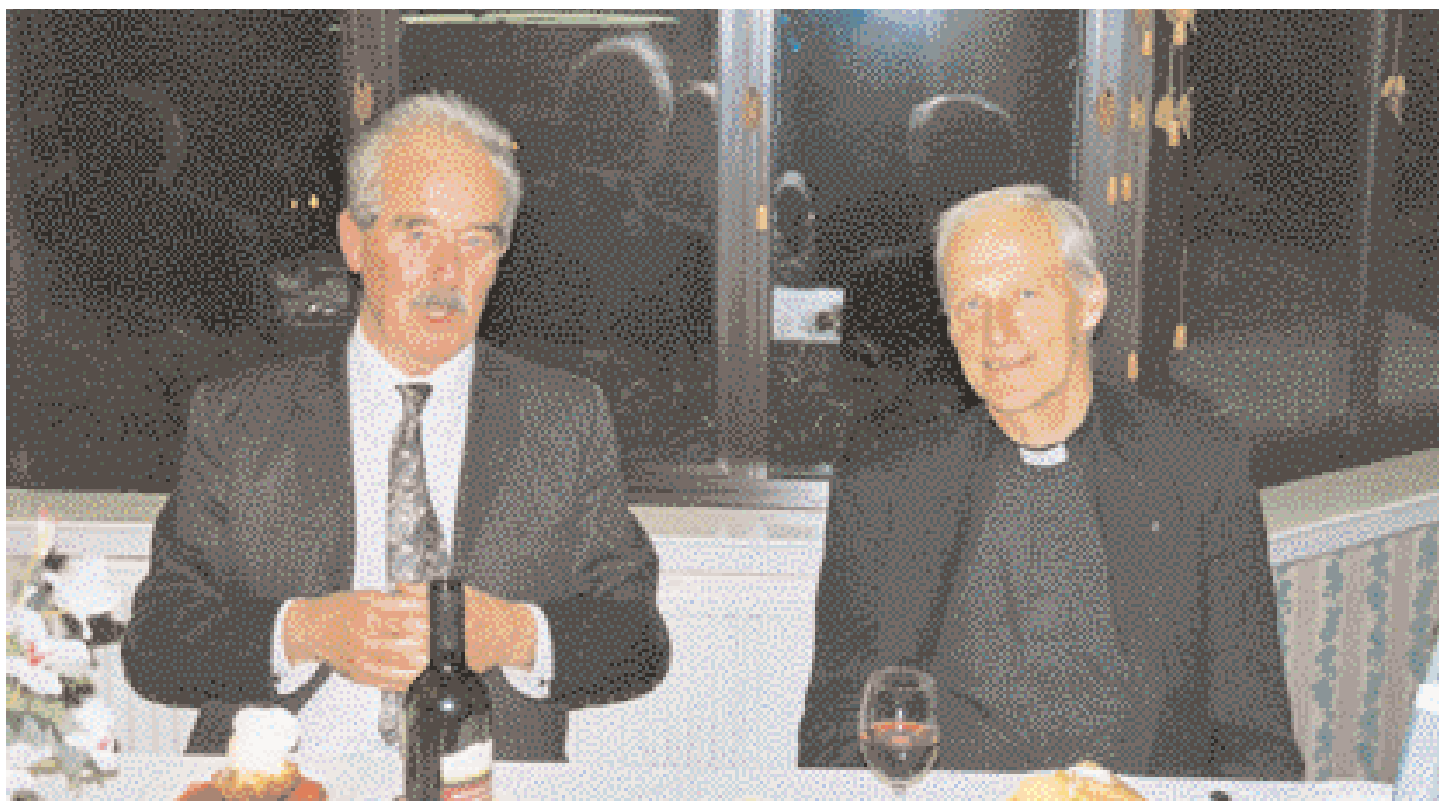
John Harry Atkinson (born 1 April 1931, left 1948).

Jonathan Mark Barritt (born 6 April 1964, left 1982).

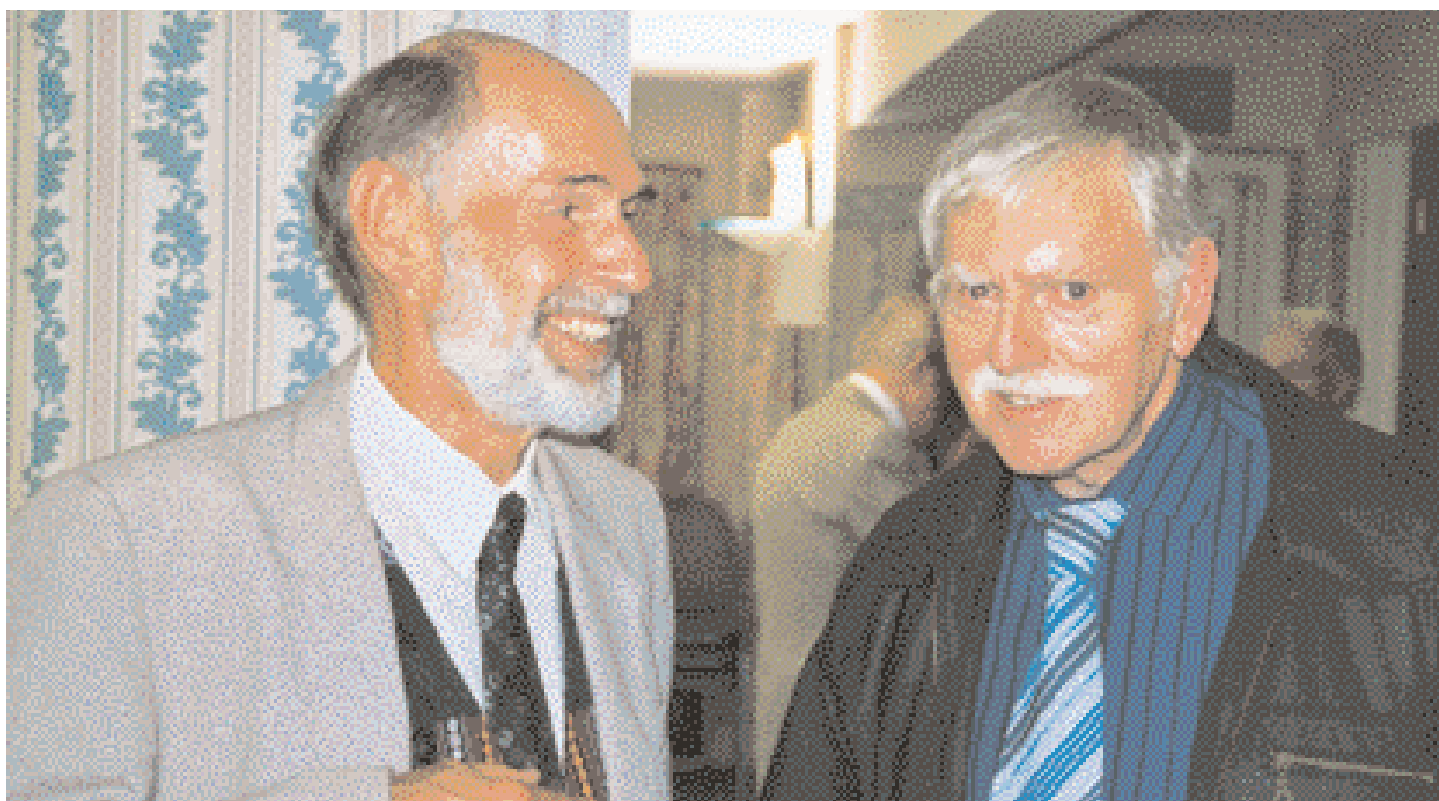
If anyone can supply their addresses, or ask them to contact me, that would be much appreciated — BSA.



Reunion



Bernard Adams, Brian Coleman



John Vernon, Christopher Pilling

Reunion



Shell A: Robin Richardson, Michael Hodgetts, David Inman; (*front*) Gordon Woods, John Dale, Douglas Fleming



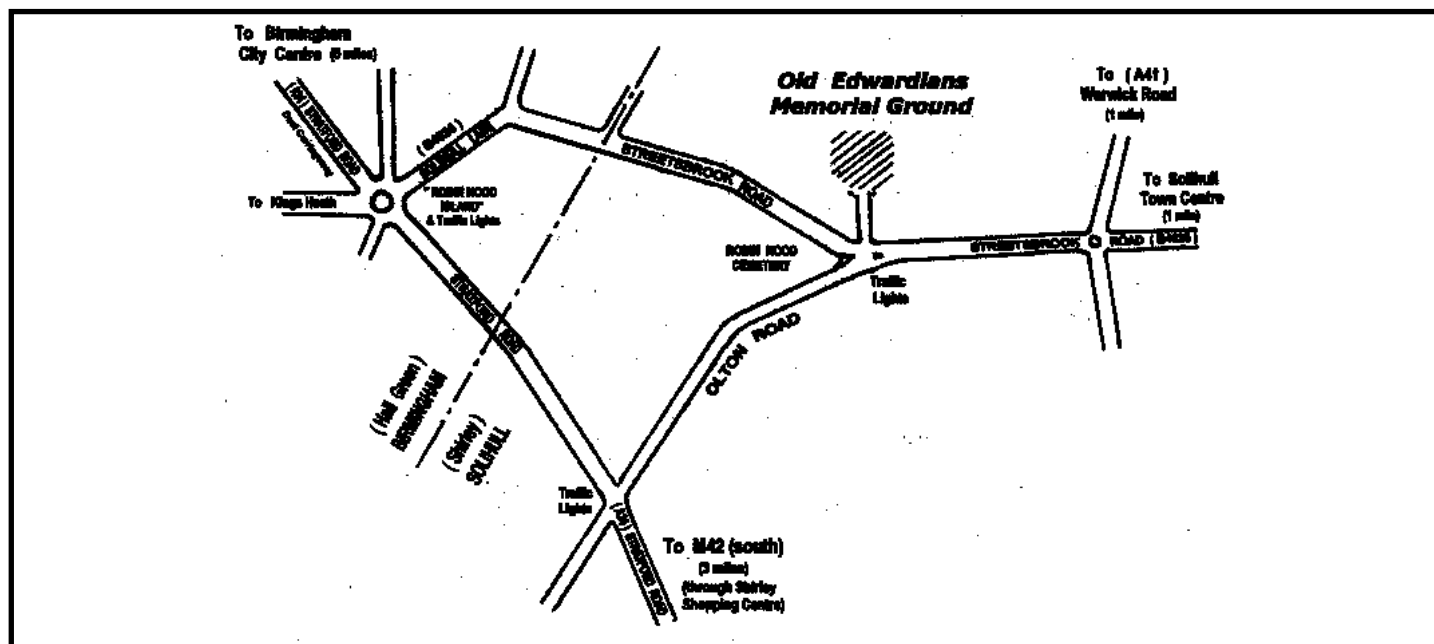
Trevor Willets, Cedric Ashley, Graham Willison

OLD EDWARDIANS SPORT

Where to find us!

We are indebted to Richard Stubbs (1963) for the map showing the location of the Memorial Ground.

The Memorial Ground



Edwardian Football Club

John Forster writes:

We have embarked upon a new season with enthusiasm and optimism.

For the forthcoming campaign we have a new Club Captain, **James Brough**, an Old Edwardian and an uncompromising wing forward of immense talent, drive and enthusiasm. He regularly shares the back-row berths with **Ian Glover** (son of Duncan, 1962) and **Andy Thomson** (son of Paul, 1967). It goes without saying that we, like all competing clubs in the vicinity, are always on the lookout for new players, and in our case especially young — and-not — so-young — Old Edwardians.

Having suffered the disappointment of being retrospectively relegated from our league last year, despite finishing only slightly below mid-table, we appealed successfully to the RFU and were reinstated. This leaves us in 'Midlands Four West (South)', with apologies

to any former geography masters. At the time of writing we hold the position of eighth in the table, but as we have played the four leading sides we are confident that we will improve on this as the season progresses.

Our forays into Cup Rugby are more successful in that we have reached the second round of the Midlands Shield competition. Who knows? Perhaps a match at Twickenham will round off the year!

During last season a number of administrative changes were made in the Club. The Sports Club made arrangements for the club facilities at Streetsbrook Road to be opened at lunchtime on Saturdays! More important, though, are the pre-match lunches, which are held approximately once a month before selected league games. All are welcome — just phone for details. Our catering prowess has been extended to the provision of breakfasts before World Cup games. These are good fun, but lead to a very long day indeed.

In an effort to stay abreast of modern technology, the players have set up a web site

— www.edsrugby.com — on which results and details of activities can be found.

Looking forward again, we are mindful that in less than four years' time the Club will celebrate its 125th season, now to be known as 'Year 125'. To mark the occasion Mike Allport (1963) is co-ordinating a subcommittee to make this a truly memorable year. Many ambitious events are being considered, but the most ambitious will be an extended overseas tour for players and supporters alike. Venues as far away as New Zealand are being suggested, and anyone interested should contact Mike — if, that is, his playing commitments allow him the time to travel! Oliver Jones's record could be in danger as Sports is still playing regularly and will lead an invitation Veterans XV in a few games later in the season.

On a sad note, former captain of the Eccentrics and club stalwart Keith 'The Duke' Downes (son of Joe and brother to 'Cat') passed away earlier in the year following a thankfully short illness. The Duke's memory will live in our thoughts.

Thinking of other OEs, Roy Stevens contacted us recently and sent a collection of old fixture cards going back as far as 1931–32, when the Club was playing at The Horseshow Ground, Tram Terminus, Alcester Lanes End (tramcar 42 from Dale End and 39 from Hill Street). To save Spike's blushes it should be said that John Evans, our former President, had passed the older ones to him. The intention is to have these mounted and displayed in the Clubhouse, and if any OE has any more to spare they would be gratefully received.

In conclusion, we would be delighted to see OEs young and old on the touchline and in the newly refurbished Clubhouse as often as possible during the season.

It is very pleasing to have a rugby report once more, after a few issues without one. Let's hope that the Club meets with the hoped-for success and gets the support that it needs — BSA.

Home Fixtures

First XV

3 Jan	Dunlop*
24 Jan	Earlsdon*
7 Feb	Five Ways OE
14 Feb	Solihull*
28 Feb	Old Yardleians*
6 Mar	Earlsdon
27 Mar	Old Leamingtonians
4 Apr	Berkswell & Balsall*
24 Apr	Old Yardleians

* denotes league match

Second XV

10 Jan	Wood Rush
17 Jan	Silhillians
31 Jan	Old Griffians
28 Feb	Bournville 1
13 Mar	Veseyans
17 Apr	Kings Norton
1 May	Camp Hill

Third XV

28 Feb	Old Saltleians
6 Mar	Earlsdon
24 Apr	Old Yardleians

Old Edwardians Cricket Club

JFR Evans (1991) writes:

The annual match between the Club and the School provided its customary entertainment this year. While it is never a pleasure to lose a match, there was much satisfaction to be gained from seeing an inexperienced School team play to their full potential and defeat the Club comprehensively. The Club players did not perform as they would have wished, but their lack of success was mainly due to the pressure put upon them by the School's bowlers. The accuracy and skill of Nick Chase and Vikas Katyal compelled the Club's batting (which included five players with considerable 1st XI experience) to attempt reckless and ill-advised shots. The early stage of the match was dominated by Gurjit Bhogal (2000), who demolished the School's batting except for a vital half-century by captain Ravi Tiwari. Having now lost in two successive years the Club will not be favourite to win in 2004, as many of this year's School players are returning next year.

We are proud to report that two of our senior players have been selected for the Warwickshire Over-50s team. John Winspear (1971) and John Nicholls played throughout a highly successful season for the Over-50s, reaching the semi-final of the National Championship, where they were eventually defeated in a close match against Kent.

Unusually, in an earlier round the journey to the ground took twice as long as the match itself — a swift victory over the Channel Islands in Jersey!

Although all three teams have struggled this season there has been some encouragement in the form of new and returning players. New 1st XI opening batsman Darren Baker has provided some solidity to our batting line-up, and William Webb (1998) has returned from his studies in the United States. Tony Evans (1989) played for the first time in many years during our tour of the West Country.

The School's highly rated left-arm spinner Vikas Katyal was promoted to our 1st XI mid-way through the season and performed well, taking 6 for 93 against Coleshill in his first league match. Jonathan Christopher (1998), Neil Chandler and David Sheppard have given the 3rd XI a more youthful bowling line-up than it has had in recent years, although the vastly experienced batsmen remain in place.

Two major milestones were the first centuries in the careers of both Peter Clare, who has played for the Club for twenty years (in a 2nd XI match against Studley, and Parvinder), Hunjan (for the 3rd XI against Solihull). A full report on the performances of all three teams will appear in the next *Gazette*.

The Club was pleased to see our South African professional in the 1994 season, Jacques Kallis, return to international cricket following a family bereavement. Thankfully, our wish to see Jacques perform well while England won was fulfilled for at least some of the summer.

KING EDWARD SCHOOL v OLD EDWARDIANS CRICKET CLUB

Played at Eastern Road 10 July 2003

The School

J Neale	lbw Lowe	14
RD Tiwari*	c Clarke b Nicholls	52
Gatrad	c Webb b Jones	11
N Chase	b Brockelbank	28
V Katyal	st Clarke b Bhogal	2
Hecht	lbw Bhogal	2
Loyomaya	c Evans b Bhogal	0
S Patel	c Chandler b Bhogal	9
Paterson	c Lowe b Bhogal	2
Botha	not out	15
A Vakil†	not out	3
Extras		11
Total (9 wickets)		149

OECC

WRN Webb*	b Chase	5
PL Clarke†	c Gatrad b Katyal	16
S Brockelbank	b Neale	11
T Burn	c Neale b Katyal	11
RWE Jones	lbw Neale	10
JRF Evans	c Paterson b Botha	7
NS Chandler	run out	13
JA Nicholls	c Loyomaya b Botha	0
K Lowe	not out	6
GS Bhogal	c Vakil b Botha	4
D Andrews	c Katyal b Patel	1
Extras		12
Total		95

SCHOOL AFFAIRS

Five teachers left the School at the end of last term. These were Derek Everest and Mrs Rosie Temperley (retirement), John Herbert (to Head of English, Christ's Hospital), Richard Lonsdale (Head of Classics, Shrewsbury High School) and Miss Lyn Seamark (to KEHS). We wish them all the very best. John Rigby and Mrs J A Matthews retire from full-time teaching, but continue part-time.



Six newcomers are welcomed. These are Mike Roden (previously Deputy Head, Camp Hill, as Assistant Head, Teaching and Learning), Philip Balkham (ex-Holly Lodge High School, as Head of Design and Technology), Duncan Witcombe (ex-Wisbech Grammar School, as Head of Biology), Robert Milne (ex-RGS Worcester, English), Ben Tanner (Cambridge University, Classics) and Ms Cas Britton (formerly Deputy Head, King Henry VIII, Coventry, part-time History).



Some reappointments too may be noted. Keith Phillips (Third Master) becomes Assistant Head (Administration/Pupil Discipline) and Colin Howard (Head of Design and Technology) becomes Assistant Head (Pupil Welfare/Health and Safety).



Jeffrey Hancock, Head of Chemistry, gives an account of

The Chemistry Department

Who could follow Bernard Guy without looking like a dog following a band? He and 'Doc' Mayer had largely put King Edward's science on the map, and built it up into a sizeable and successful empire. In 1975, four years before I arrived there were 47 students taking A Level Chemistry, and 68% of them got an A grade. When I visited after my

appointment, I was taken into Mr Guy's lab, the old ACL, to see students working away on QA — qualitative analysis, no less. None of them wore lab coats or eye protection — one didn't in those fine free days — but I remember being struck by how diligently they were working and how easy their relationship was with this impressively dominant individual. They would stroll to the front, ask casually "cadmium, perhaps?" and receive a grunt of approval or a whinny of gently mocking triumph that he had put one over on them.

How things are different 25 years on? Modern labs, for one thing, refurbished in a frenzy of building all started a dozen or so years ago: clean(ish), bright and with colour everywhere. Computers, instruments for automatic data collection, meters, lots of glassware stored on the walls or in racks. Lab coats or protective aprons mandatory. Safety specs or goggles. Every experiment with its own risk assessment. No QA these days; and some of us might regret its passing. But there are modern syllabuses, including techniques discovered (and rewarded by Nobel prizes) long after Bernard Guy started teaching here.

The story goes — apocryphal it may be — that Mr Guy had no great opinion of our first year boys — Shells — doing science. ("Let them do nature study . . .") But nowadays we take it more seriously. The course has just been substantially rewritten, with more emphasis on the techniques of science as opposed to a mere collection of facts. Chemistry forms a third of it, starting with the Bunsen burner and including the time-honoured (but still worthwhile!) topic of purification. But whereas I guess that we all separated salt from sand in our youth, we now do something a little more sophisticated. This serves as an introduction not only to many useful scientific ideas, but also allows boys to get used to handling apparatus and working out how to carry out investigations (actual experimental research) — such as the one to establish how best to keep Mr Dewar's tea hot. Almost every period will involve experimental work. But boys are asked to raid the kitchen to do

experiments at home, starting with one to investigate how good various different types of paper are when used to filter dirty water, and going on to investigate the dyes present in Smarties and M&Ms, and (as a competition for a small prize) the effectiveness of various methods of cheating by hardening conkers!

Chemistry is now taught as a separate subject in the next two years (Removes and Upper Middles), for just one double period a week. This is a desperately thin allocation of time; it is the price we have to pay to enable boys to do such a broad curriculum to GCSE, and the results at the end suggest that we can cope. We are not constrained by the requirements of Key Stage 3 and can teach what we judge appropriate for boys of high ability. There is much emphasis on experiment, and we are able to begin to touch on ideas often not covered elsewhere until two years later. As in other sciences, we have to spend time working on techniques of scientific investigation. I hope it's not all serious stuff, though: we try to do exciting demonstrations, too: from the Howling Jelly Baby, to how *not* to put out a chip pan fire. (Less than 5 ml of cooking oil gives a fireball that rises to the ceiling. "Do it again, sir!")

The fourth form sees the start of the formal work for the GCSE examination (although much that is in the syllabus will naturally have been covered earlier). It is here that a boy will have opted to take the Chemistry GCSE (along with Physics and Biology) or Dual Award Science (which puts all the three sciences together into a package, though it is of course taught by subject specialists, and counts as two GCSEs rather than three). This allows boys to concentrate on a wider spread of non-science subjects. We expect about 90–100 boys (of a year group now of 130-odd, with the five-form entry introduced by Chief Master Rogers) to study Chemistry, working for the examination set by AQA — the descendant of the old Joint Matriculation Board. Assessment for this is by one paper at the end of the course (80% of the marks), with the remaining 20% awarded for experimental investigation, assessed by us in the two years up to GCSE.

Since the introduction of the new GCSE examinations under the requirements of the National Curriculum about fifteen years ago, over three-quarters of our candidates have gained A* or A; this year 105 of the 130 did so.

Around 65 students opt to do Chemistry at AS-level; they are taught in five sets, for seven periods a week. As with GCSE, we take the AQA syllabus, with some (12.5%) of the final marks for experimental work assessed hitherto by coursework but from this year on by a practical exam in the summer. Like the GCSE it is a modern syllabus, an academic syllabus, and a good preparation for university science courses. And again, the results speak for themselves: around 85–90% of our candidates will get an A or B grade.

In addition, we administer the Crest Gold Award scheme, in which members of the Divisions (year 12) spend some time on a research project in any of the sciences, in a university department or with an industrial concern. This has involved projects as varied as writing a spreadsheet to enable Rover to keep track of their emissions of volatile organic compounds from the paint shop at Longbridge, studying a bacterial plasmid or synthesising rotaxanes, and some very impressive work indeed has resulted. Two lads last year discovered a new technique now in use at Birmingham University; two others got their names on publications in the research literature.

It's a good department, a "cracking" department, as our recent inspection put it. Let me introduce the members.

Peter Russell, 33 years in the job, almost ageless (though the Zapata moustache has gone). Once the Scout leader — if you haven't shared a camp with Peter you haven't lived — now housemaster of Cary Gilson, the man who put table tennis on the school map, he goes on churning the results out year after year.

Rob Symonds, fresh-faced and mop-headed when he arrived in 1973, safety co-ordinator, minibuses supremo. An external examiner for chemistry A level, he rises in the summer dawn to mark scripts before breakfast, yet comes in as bright and combative as ever to extract the same standards as always.

Phil Rees came in 1995. A hockey player, mountain walker, rock climber, orienteer and now deeply into caving; in 2002 he calculated that in seven years at the school he had been on over 200 days of school trips. He has

created the school's Duke of Edinburgh scheme from scratch, and still he finds time to prepare lessons, mark and teach.

Howard Smith dates from 1999, following on from Mark Beard — we only managed to land him because he had been Mark's best man. At first known as "Satan", he now gets his excellent results by energetic teaching and — as it is with everyone — by the respect accorded to him by his students. As I write this he is away with the CCF on an expeditions weekend; he will be in on Monday, hollow-eyed but as driven as ever.

It was said that if Mr Guy received a job application from a woman, it was immediately filed in the bin. Not allowed these days, of course, and since Derek Benson retired, we have appointed two women. Deborah McMillan is a great asset. A lively personality with a characteristic laugh that rings through the room — frequently — and at present driving herself bonkers trying to finish off her PhD.

The Engineering Education Scheme is followed on Friday afternoons by a group in the Divisions under the guidance of Mr Lloyd, and is strongly recommended. Collaboration has been established with Birmingham University.

Four boys spent some time in Melbourne during the Spring Term, staying with the families of boys at Scotch College and playing cricket for the college. Their 'Ozzie Oppos' paid a return visit at the start of the Summer Term, staying for three weeks. One of them played a couple of matches for the 1st XI.

James Booton was selected to play his euphonium in the National Youth Wind Sinfonia, performing in Sweden in July.

Five boys took part in the 8th British Biological Olympiad: Chris Mitchell and Chris Hindley gained Silver awards, Jon Adamson and Harpreet Mangat gained Bronze, and Kasun Witana was highly commended.

Bronze awards were won in the Physics Olympiad by Edward Graham, Kieran Hubbard and Abhishek Misra, and in the Physics Challenge (a junior event) by Oliver Grauers, Mohsin Khan and Thomas Paine.

An Arkwright Scholarship was won by Ibrahim Natalwala.

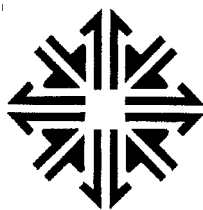
In Debating, KES provided both teams in the Grand Final of the Birmingham University Schools Tournament. The A team (Samir Deger-Sen, Matt Siddons and Somanka Deb) defeated the B team (Shan Hassan, James Waddell and Oliver Carter), while a team from the Fourths (Richard Lau, Richard McDonnell and Seb Heaven) did well.

Samir Deger-Sen and Alex Vakil also finished 11th of 300 in the Cambridge Union tournament, and later Samir, this time partnered by David Tite, were runners-up in the UK event.

Matthew Hosty and Tom Johnson won the Midlands Schools Debating Contest in Birmingham.

Edward Freeman and Saqib Bhatti have won Gap Year scholarships sponsored by the Midlands law firm Pinsents, and will work with distinguished lawyers before starting their own Law degree. Pinsents are also to support the Ogden Trust, paying half the fees for two pupils at KES or KEHS.

School sport is taboo in these pages, of course, but mention must be made of Anirudh Singh's appearance for Cambridge in the Varsity Match at Lord's, and of Tom Wallis, who, representing Solihull Cycling Club, won the Junior Tour of the Peaks in May and finished fifth in both the Kingswood International Road Race and the National 25-mile Time Trial. When will we see him winning the Tour de France?



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From David Chalmers (1959)

18 June 2003

Dear Bernard,

Apropos Graham Rand's *Burkina Faso Diary* in the June 2003 *Gazette*, what happened to the chickens?

Thank you for another good issue.

Regards,

David Chalmers



From Peter Mathews (1965)

18 June 2003

Dear Bernard,

Thanks for the *Gazette*; I find it an increasingly good read as I get older. I suspect it is the nature of Old Boys' Associations that the news and articles tend to be about more distant generations and you have to wait patiently until it is your turn!

I enjoyed singing along to the additional words to the Quatercentenary Song penned by those clearly talented young men, Nicholls and Houghton. The words scan well but the erudition of this particular reader does not stretch to a translation; indeed, it had not occurred to me until now, that I did not have a clue what I was singing about so lustily some 40 years ago with the original!

Best Wishes,

Peter Matthews



From Geoffrey Simon (1954)

18 June 2003

Dear Bernard Adams,

The author of the first item in School News (June 2003) describes as "curiously odious" the phrase "top universities" as used by the Chief Master in April 2003 News & Views.

Perhaps the writer suggests that all universities are of identical quality.

OEs are justifiably proud of the academic reputation of KES and I suggest that they should not tremble at abuse along the lines of that particularly stupid concept "elitism".

Best Wishes,

Geoffrey Simon

An interesting point! The comment inserted in the CM's words was, of course, mine (whence the italics) as this locution has always grated on my nerves. Does one ever hear of 'bottom universities'? Should all universities not be at least of comparable quality — 'identical' is surely asking too much — insofar as they treat of the same academic subjects? — BSA



From Peter McLean (1944)

18 June 2003

Dear Bernard,

As a former President (1951) of the Genista Club I was glad to hear of its revival, but sorry to read in your June 2003 editorial that this was short-lived. I think that the club's existence over many years of the past century owed much to the support of that remarkable Old Edwardian Tom Keeley, who was for 64 years a Fellow of my college, Wadham. He made

sure that one or two OEs in residence were prepared to take office, and to organise the occasional event such as dinner or drinks party to tempt the Chief Master or the like to visit us. The Presidents of the Genista and Tudor Clubs were, in my day, invited as guests to the London OE Dinner, at which they were expected to give an account of how OEs were contributing to the life of their respective Universities. And of course, there was considerable rivalry between the two clubs to see which could produce the wittiest comments about their members in their letters to the *Gazette*.

I do wonder whether there is not in the University a Fellow who is an OE, and who would be prepared to provide, as Tom Keeley did, that continuity required in what is inevitably the ever-changing membership of a University club?

I don't believe that Tom Keeley's death on Christmas Day 1988 was ever noticed in the *Gazette*. The story of him that I like most was of the incident when, as an ardent film fan, he wanted to see *The Cruel Sea*. He had a most fractious dog, and as no 'sitter' could be found he took the dog to the cinema, naturally buying two seats. The dog behaved impeccably, so much so that as the film ended the person behind leaned forward and said: "Your dog seemed to enjoy every minute of that film." "Yes," replied Keeley, "but not as much as he enjoyed the book."

Yours ever,

Peter

Peter makes a very excellent suggestion. Will any of our OE dons — at Oxford, Cambridge or elsewhere — take it up? This is clearly what is required if such societies are to flourish — BSA



From Jim Wainwright (1951)

26 June 2003

Dear Bernard,

After reading the obituary on Gavin Lyall in your June issue I was left with the feeling that full justice had not been done to a man of exceptional talent. As his contemporaries and friends at KES between 1944 and 1951, I and others of our group were left in no doubt that his was a remarkable mind complemented by an athleticism which literally left us standing. He was House Captain and Vice-Captain of the school, acting as head boy during the absences of Paul Gardner in his final year 1950–51. He was a devotee of jazz and folk music, forming his own band which gave lunch-time concerts in the music room. Between school and university he did his National Service in the RAF, being trained as a pilot on the recently developed jet fighters. This was quite an achievement for a National Serviceman, and it did give him the knowledge of flying which he was later to use to good effect in his novels. He was a more than competent artist, using this skill to good effect when at Pembroke College, Cambridge, he created ‘Olly’, a cartoon character in the student newspaper which I seem to remember was called *Varsity*, of which he was editor in his final year. This experience led him first into journalism when he graduated from Cambridge.

He was a member of the 1st XV for three years, his speed on the wing winning many a match, including the Siviter Smith meeting with Bromsgrove in 1949 in which I had the privilege of giving him the pass from which he scored for us to win the match. (My pass was incorrectly attributed in the *Chronicle* to another player, a fact which still rankles after 54 years.) He was in the 1st XV for three years from 1948 to 51, gaining his colours in his last two seasons. He was Vice-Captain and Secretary of rugby in his final year, earning the comment in the *Chronicle* that ‘he affects an air of benign incompetence’, a front which suited his cavalier attitude to sport. In 1951 he was the Open Champion, winning the 100, 220 and 440 yard races. The sight of his auburn hair steadily and inexorably overtaking the leader on the last leg of the final relay race of the afternoon is still a vivid memory for me. He turned his hand to Fives, and can be seen in

the small photograph on page 117 of *No Place for Fop or Idler* making up a lunch-time four with John Harvey, Geoff Green and me.

I think that he enjoyed his school days enormously. Like so many of our year (many of us were still only fourteen when we took our School Certificate) he returned for a third year in the Upper VIth, studying English, History and Geography. A few years ago I visited our Geography master Bill Whalley in retirement in Bognor. Bill pulled out his mark book of 1948 and asked me what I knew about the members of that year. The person he was most interested in was Gavin, who had clearly made a big impression upon him. I suspect that there are still several members of the staff of those post-war years who would enquire first about Gavin, who really was outstanding amongst his contemporaries.

Kindest regards,

Jim Wainwright



From Philip Gough (1951)

5 November 2003

Dear Bernard,

I entirely agree with Jim Wainwright that Gavin was quite outstanding among our contemporaries in so many ways. Perhaps you would kindly allow a few more thoughts about him without, I hope, repetition.

In the early years of our stay at King Edward’s what were known as the Temporary Buildings occupied a fair chunk of what is not the South Field. These housed the School between the sale of New Street and the occupation of the present buildings, but in our time housed American soldiers. Gavin was more fascinated than most of us by these men from another world and spent time sketching GIs and their activities. When, rather later, surplus American uniforms became available, it was second nature for Gavin to appear in items of GI kit, particularly jackets and headgear.

I am reminded too that with his mop of fiery red hair he always had difficulty in keeping his School cap on. Even as late as 1951, the year we left, it was compulsory to wear caps even in the Sixth Form!

Work seemed to come easily, and while he had

a wider range of talent than most his forte was undoubtedly English and Art. Just a cursory glance at the records shows Gavin winning the Block Art prize in the Shell, and in the Sixth the Governors’ Prize for English Verse and the Reynolds Art Prize, with numerous English and Art prizes in between.

While Gavin made a distinguished living as a story-teller, he retained his ability to draw and sketch. It gave him endless pleasure and relaxation, and it was his task throughout forty-plus years of happy marriage to Katherine to produce the family Christmas card, which always contained somewhere his hallmark of the family cat.

Regards,

Philip Gough



From Peter Harborne (1963)

2 July 2003

Dear Bernard,

I don’t know why, but the previous edition of the *OE Gazette* did not reach me. So it was only in the June issue that I learnt of Richard Edis’s death. We were not contemporaries at KES, nor did our paths cross in the Diplomatic Service. And I don’t believe he came to last summer’s splendid 450th anniversary dinner. But somewhere along the line I discovered that he was one of the few OEs in the Service. Indeed, I think that I may now be the only one, as the other OE whom I did know — Christopher Long — retired a few years ago, and I am not aware of any others.

Before coming here I was our ambassador in the Slovak Republic, next door to Hungary. That is how I got to know Christopher, as he was ambassador at Budapest at the same time. From 1989 to 91, I was deputy head of mission in Budapest, which is how I got to know Hungary. It is a pity that, for whatever reason, you were not able to take up the job offer to which you refer in the editorial. It is a wonderful country.

Yours sincerely,

Peter Harborne



From Chris Latham (1950)

6 October 2003

Dear Bernard,

I would like to thank Gordon Woods and Michael Banton for the information regarding the past winners of the Athletic Sports Mile. I remember NC Brown and will pursue the leads Gordon has mentioned. Michael Banton's information regarding the winners in 1943 and 1944, namely BA Wigmore and GN Hackett respectively, brings a slight tinge of sadness as I now no longer hold the record for the slowest mile. BA Wigmore's 5 mins 25 secs was slightly slower.

I have now almost completed the 1940s. The only gaps there now are 1942 and 1947, and did GN Hackett win in 1943 as well as 1944? After the 1940s the only name missing is for the year 1955. In the 1930s we still require names for 1930, 1932, 1934 and 1937. Did PK Holding win in 1936?

I am still trying to trace the past winners' whereabouts.

Regards,

Chris Latham



From Stuart Varnam-Atkin (1968)

9 October 2003

Dear Messrs Dancey and Baxter,

Greetings from Tokyo. After a considerable time out of touch with KES, I was delighted to find your home pages. It's 35 years since I left the School, and I note from your newsletter that Derek Everest retired recently — I clearly remember him starting there!

I have spent a major part of my adult life since leaving Oxford living and working in Japan as actor, writer, translator, narrator and university lecturer, using the skills developed at KES! I was School Captain 1967–68 and also editor of the *Chronicle*. At the time we were busily revamping the whole thing, and I wrote to JRR Tolkien to ask for a contribution. I recently found his reply and thought that in view of the recent worldwide upsurge in Tolkien appreciation it might be of interest to the *Gazette*. It's interesting to note how worn the letters a and e were on his typewriter.

13th February, 1967.

Dear Mr. Atkin,

Thank you very much for your note and news about the *Chronicle*. I am afraid, all the same, that I can do nothing more than send you my best wishes for success in your new plans. I am very heavily engaged in work at the present time and cannot possibly make any suitable contribution for some time to come.

Yours sincerely,

Stuart A. Atkin, Esq.,
King Edward's School,
Birmingham 15.

My very best wishes to you all, and to anyone who may possibly remember me, such as Derek Benson and Tony Trott.

Yours sincerely,

Stuart Varnam-Atkin

Stuart will be better remembered as just plain Atkin. The letter from Tolkien — for which many thanks — is reproduced — BSA



From Chris Eckersley (1970)

27 October 2003

Dear Bernard,

Some of your readers may remember that I wrote to you in 2001 concerning the very unfortunate overpainting of the 1956 altarpiece in the School Chapel, which occurred some time in the early 1980s.

Whether this was an overenthusiastic ‘restoration’ which went very badly wrong, or a deliberate attempt by some Fourth-form iconoclast to ‘modify’ the painting, it has not been possible to establish; in any case, there is little point in holding a post-mortem now, and undoubtedly no current member of staff was involved in any way.

Obviously it is virtually criminal (but not literally, at least not for work executed at this date) for a work of art to be modified for no good reason and without the permission and knowledge of the artist. In this case the ‘crime’ is pretty close to home, as the artist is Bruce Hurn (Director of Art at the School 1947–73, a Past President of the RBSA, and still a respected and practising artist), who inspired several generations of Edwardians to take up successful careers as artists, designers, architects and architectural historians.

Over the past two years various experts have examined the current state of the painting, resulting in a favourable report from a team of conservators who have estimated the cost of restoration at £6,000. I have discussed the matter thoroughly with the Chief Master, Roger Dancey, who, like me, ‘*deplores the overpainting*’ but feels ‘*it would be wrong . . . to commit School funds to the restoration when there are so many other pressing educational needs*’. Therefore, with Mr

Dancey’s permission and with the support of a number of like-minded OEs, I am launching an **appeal** among OEs in order to attempt to raise the sum involved.

May I urge any readers who feel either a debt of gratitude to Mr Hurn, or who feel that there is a moral and artistic principle at stake here, to contact me as soon as possible with pledges of support, so that this fine painting can be returned to its original state. Six thousand pounds is not an impossible sum — *please donate generously!*

Yours sincerely,

Chris Eckersley

An information sheet is available from Chris Eckersley: phone (01736) 799312, or e-mail chris@blue-earth.co.uk



NOTES & NEWS

Daniel Burns (1999) has been elected to a Brackenbury Exhibition at Balliol College, Oxford.



Gurpreet Chawla (2001) has been awarded the Peel Engineering Prize at Queens' College, Cambridge.



Peter Cuthbertson (1943) started in 1934 in the New Street school, where his elder son now has his office! He lived through the evacuation to Repton, the fire in the temporary buildings and the time spent in Birmingham University premises, ending his time in the unfinished new building. A few years ago, having assumed that none of the masters that had tried to teach him could possibly still be alive, he was surprised to have a letter from J Lambert, whom he describes as the finest teacher he ever came across. Now in his eighties, he lives in Whitney on Wye, Herefordshire, not far from **Frank Newman**, and never seems to be far from Old Edwardians.



Ben Goodyer (1991) graduated in Biological Sciences from St John's, Oxford, in 1994 and in 1997 took an MSc in Nature Conservation at University College, London. He is now living in Bristol and working as an ecologist at Just Ecology Ltd., an environmental consultancy. He is the only OE known to have run in the London Marathon 1999.



Richard Hanke (2001) has been elected to a Porter Senior Scholarship for Law at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and been awarded the Dick Longden Prize.



DR Hill is the newly appointed successor to Alastair Campbell as Director of Communications at 10 Downing Street.



Haide Hong (2002) has been elected to a Senior Scholarship at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and has been awarded a College prize.



Stuart Rutter (2001) has been awarded a Prosser Scholarship at Balliol College, Oxford.



Anirudh Singh (2002) has been elected to a Scholarship at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, and awarded his Cricket Blue.



Ben Speight (2000) has been elected JCR President at Girton College, Cambridge.



David Tropman (1997) spent a gap year working for the National Grid Company in Coventry. He then graduated from York University with a 2:1 MEng degree in Electronic Engineering in 2002, and has spent a year working for the NHS in Portsmouth. He married Sarah Wightman on 28 June 2003 at St Nicholas' church, Allestree, Derby (where the Revd **Brian Coleman (1954)** was once vicar) and is now living and working in Aldershot on the NHS Clinical Scientist training scheme.



Rahul Vohra (2002) attended a garden party at Buckingham Palace as a member of the successful UK International Biological Olympiad Team.



Gordon Woods (1995), holidaying in Greece, encountered the Revd **Michael Counsell**, who was officiating temporarily in the English Church in Athens.



OE Bibliography

Bernard Adams (translator): Zoltán Benyák & Tibor Dékány *Hungarian Wines and Wine Regions* (Corvina, Budapest, 2003, ISBN 963 13 5307 9).



Births, Marriages, Deaths and Obituaries

Births

None have been notified

Marriages

None have been notified.

Deaths

We regret to announce the deaths of the following Old Edwardians:

AA Carter (1931)

JA Dunn (1940)

EW Farr (1937)

BW Kington (1954)

JRT Mercer (1946)

J Rodway (1947)

Revd Dr JN Rowe (1941)

HA Satterthwaite (1938)

Brother David Stephen SSF (Revd DJ Stevens) (1931)

AF Webb (1927)

Obituaries

ALLAN ALDERTON CARTER (1914–2003)

This notice is edited from the eulogy spoken at his funeral by his daughter Sarah:

Born in Bristol on 9 April 1914, my father died on 1 July 2003. His eighty-eight years covered a period of great change and of major domestic and world events.

Allan was the eldest son of Charles and Gertrude Carter; his brother Ray and sister Joan were also born during the war, and a second brother, Don, was born after their father had returned safely from service with the army. The family moved to Birmingham and settled in Acocks Green, and in 1925 Allan won a place at KES.

The School made a lasting impression on him. He was always proud of being an Old Edwardian, took a keen interest in the history and current doings of the School and other pupils, and was delighted when my brother

Jonathan and I attended King Edward schools. Allan never boasted of his own achievements, but we know that he was an able pupil. In 1930 he won a mathematics prize and a medal for place-kicking, and it was probably King Edward's that nurtured the love of history which he maintained all his life.

Unfortunately, the Depression thwarted his ambition of reading History at university, as it was felt that he should leave, be articled to an accountant, and follow his father in the laundry business. He therefore left KES in 1931 and as well as starting work learnt to drive; it always amused him that he had done this so long ago that he had never had to take a test! He always enjoyed cars and driving, and it was only with great reluctance that he was persuaded to give up in his early eighties.

Allan started to travel to Europe in the '30s and appreciated the growing threat of Fascism. It seems to have taken his mother to stop him fighting in the Spanish Civil War! On the outbreak of the Second World War he joined the Royal Navy, serving initially in minesweepers. He was later commissioned and served as a cypher officer. Torpedoed on one occasion, he spent several hours in the sea before being rescued and taken to Malta, where he lived through the siege — but he never talked much about his wartime experiences. These did, naturally, leave a lasting impression on him, one aspect of which was the beard that he wore for much of his life, and he retained a keen interest in the sea and ships; because of this, donations in his memory were invited to the RNLI. The war left him a sincere patriot — not xenophobic or jingoistic, but profoundly proud of the history and achievements of the nation. For many years he wore a red rose on St George's Day.

When the war ended Allan returned to Birmingham and to his work at the laundry. He also resumed his interests in sport and the theatre; not only was he a frequent visitor to Stratford, but he also played at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, where, in February 1957, he met his future wife Pat, a teacher from Chester. They married in Chester in April 1958; in 1959 I was born, and my brother Jonathan in 1962. He was always most supportive over her career, and when she became Head of Rookery Road Infants School

he became an active participant in school affairs.

Not a demonstratively affectionate man, Allan took a deep pride in the family, and was always very supportive of the activities of us children, attending school functions and parents' meetings and spending many an hour on wind-swept touchlines. He was also very caring towards his parents, who both lived into their nineties. Family holidays were often spent in France, and he would make arrangements himself, writing in French to hotels and planning our route.

Eventually he left the laundry business and went to work for TRW as company secretary; after retiring from them he worked on for a city centre insurance firm. When he finally stopped work he turned once more to History as a hobby, completing an Open University course on Reformation Studies and attending lectures at Birmingham University.

Allan's four granddaughters were a source of great pleasure to him, and he took a great interest in the things that they did.

He was taken ill in the early summer of 1998 and spent some time in Good Hope and Highcroft Hospital. He was, however, too poorly to return home, and was moved to Marion House Nursing Home in Walmley, where he was looked after excellently. The family are most grateful to the staff there.

We are sad that he has left us, but he will live on in memory and in the values that he showed us: devotion to his family, respect for others, and a deep interest in what goes on around us.



JOHN RODWAY (1929–2003)

John's son David writes:

John was born at Glenhurst Nursing Home on 19 May 1929 to Sidney, a grocer, and Marjorie; he had an elder brother Peter. Until 1937 the family lived in Shaftmoor Lane, Hall Green, and then moved to Charlotte Road, Edgbaston. John started school at St Luke's in Bristol Street, where he showed early academic flair, and gained a scholarship to KES in 1940.

During his years there he was an avid reader and developed an early interest in and

enthusiasm for languages, including documenting his own, to be spoken on Rodway Island, should it come into existence! Throughout his school years he also developed a lifelong interest in public transport, exploring Birmingham and the Midlands by bus and tram with his fellow pupil JB Morris.

In 1947 John won a scholarship to Wadham College, Oxford, to read Classics and Comparative Philology. At the end of term he would sometimes cycle back to Birmingham, sending his luggage by train, or would widen his knowledge of public transport by taking a circuitous route home. He had time at college to pursue his love of classical music, choir and opera as chairman of the Classical Music Society.

Graduating in 1951, John served his National Service as a corporal in the RAF, performing mainly 'non-physical' duties, particularly running Mess Clubs for the 'down time' of his colleagues.

After National Service he trained to be a tax inspector, an occupation which he never took up. Instead he joined the Inland Revenue as a librarian, rising to SEO by the time he retired early in 1986. During his years with the Revenue he ran the 'Foreign Intelligence' department, advising successive governments on European tax comparisons.

John had worked on a number of independent publications while at Somerset House, and eventually decided on a self-employed consultancy, publishing 'Tax Treaty Networks'. This was followed in the 1990s by consultancy, writing and editorial work for the International Bureau of Fiscal Documentation; he concentrated on publications on Caribbean taxation, which became a valued resource for financial professionals. He finally 'retired' in 1994, and continued to be periodically invited to lecture on his taxation specialities at LSE and at Oxford and Surrey Universities.

John married Diane in 1962, and their only son, David, was born in August 1963. The family lived first in Addlestone, then moved to Guildford in 1969. John remained there until his sudden death in March this year. Sadly, Diane had died suddenly in September 1995, and from then on John maintained a fierce independence; at the same time he revived, nurtured and enjoyed numerous

friendships from School, University, work and neighbourhood. He had witnessed the births of his grandsons William and Tristan, and David's partnership with his future wife Sarah.

Visiting his widely scattered friends provided the excuse for travelling by all modes of transport in this country and abroad. In the last few years of his life John visited some thirty countries and almost achieved his lifelong ambition of travelling on all the railways lines and main bus routes in the UK.

He himself had many happy memories of a varied life and dreams fulfilled, while those that knew him will remember a well-informed, educated individual, not without a streak of eccentricity and a wry sense of humour, but above all a man with an acute sense of right and wrong who cared about others.



JOHN NIGEL ROWE (1924–2003)

Peter Cuthbertson (1943) writes:

Nigel Rowe was the elder son of John and Brenda Rowe of Solihull. His brilliance in Classics was proved when he became the youngest ever recipient of a prestigious Classics scholarship at Balliol College, Oxford. We that were his fellow pupils will never forget the morning when the Headmaster, ET England, announced with great pride the news of Nigel's success. ET was almost ecstatic, and emphasised the pride that the School must feel at this pupil's achievement.

Nigel went up to Balliol in 1941 (at the age of seventeen), but in 1942 was conscripted into the Intelligence Corps and posted to Bletchley Park, where he learnt Japanese to enable him to work in decryption and translation. While still at KES he had been encouraged by one of the masters to take an interest in Norway, and so had taught himself Norwegian and later translated a number of Norwegian books into English.

At the end of the war he returned to Oxford to complete his degree, but after a short while abandoned research and turned to religious studies. In 1949 he entered Ely Theological College, took his BD in 1953, was ordained

deacon in 1954 and priested in 1955. He served for twenty years as vicar of St Mary's, Newchurch-in-Pendle (Lancashire) and for nine years as vicar of St Paul's, Denholme Gate (Yorkshire). A lifelong scholar, he was awarded a PhD by Leeds University in 1982 and another by Pacific Western University in 1995. He was a wonderfully caring parish priest, known for his diligent visiting. He will also be remembered for his splendid sermons, which will be sadly missed and are surely worthy of publication. Although a dedicated anglican, he preached in churches of other denominations too, and obituary notices were printed in both *The Tablet* and the *Church Times*.

Constant walking round his parishes was another feature of his ministry, and an enthusiasm for walking was a relic of his schooldays. Together with his wife Elizabeth, whom he married in 1966, he made many visits to Norway, and he continued to read the Bible in Norwegian daily. A great love of that other notable clerical walker Francis Kilvert drew them to Clyro in Radnorshire (where Kilvert was curate) when Nigel retired, and he was for many years Archivist of the Kilvert Society.

For all his intellectual abilities — his brilliant mind never left him — it is for his qualities as a marvellously warm and caring human being that he will be best remembered.



John Nigel Rowe



BROTHER DAVID STEPHEN SSF (1913–2003)

Brother Bernard SSF (MJ Apps) writes:

Canon David Johnson Stevens, born in Moseley, died peacefully in Alnwick on 21 September. He had a very varied and interesting life, the years from 1976 being spent as a member of the Anglican Society of St Francis, where he was known as Brother David Stephen. Here was another new adventure consistent with much that had gone before, for his life was full of vigour and fun.

After school and in business his greater interest was in activities with teenagers in Aston and elsewhere with TOC H. His military service during the war (he rose to the rank of Lt. Colonel) was followed by rehabilitation work in the easternmost part of the British Zone of Germany, where he was responsible for reconstruction from basic food supplies upwards. He became famous for work with young people, founding the first post-Hitler Youth Group and converting used oil drums into canoes so that they became the 'Dunnarberg River Pirates'! But behind all the fun David meant business, and some embraced the Christian faith and many discovered their dignity as human beings. The son of one of them was at his funeral.

David shocked his KES rugger mates by going after demobilisation for ordination, which took place, after a BA and Training, in Oxford in 1952. From 1957 to 1977 he worked in the Liverpool Industrial Mission, on the shop floor and with management groups on human relations and group processes, and notably on innovative adventure programmes with apprentices. These Outward Bound-type events had Christian interpretations, as was witnessed to at his funeral. Nor did his adventurous nature wane: he celebrated his sixtieth birthday by climbing the highest peaks in Scotland, Wales and England, and in later years spent time with TOC H groups in Mull. Less adventurous but much appreciated by SSF was his hospitable nature at the Friaries and his tireless work in the gardens; his damaged back was protected by boards strapped back and front — he smiled at the cracks thrown at him! Another of his interests was weather

predicting, which some judged to be almost an obsession.

But again it was his frequent school and college visits which were deeply valued — he was proud to wear the house colours scarf awarded to him at Sedbergh, and won fame at Bromsgrove where, as he passed the range, this unlikely-looking monk accepted an invitation to 'have a go' and casually scored five bulls and an inner. Behind the fun and the light touch David had much more to offer, and many benefited from what he brought to them.

Here is an Old Edwardian who died in his ninetieth year 'not of rust' but 'of service'. Who can doubt the world is a better place by what he brought to it?

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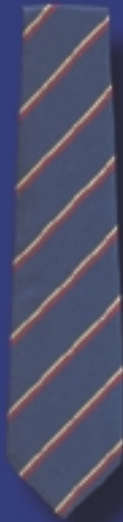
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