

## CHRONICLE 1976/7

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## CONTENTS

1. Salve et atque Valet
2. Opinion
3. Reviews
4. Words and Pictures
5. Societies
6. Sport

## CHRONICLE PRIZES

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|---------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Cover Design Prize     | <i>M. S. Kempshall</i> |
| 2. Creative Writing Prize | <i>D. W. Stephens</i>  |
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To  
Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II



The Governors, Staff and Pupils  
of  
King Edwards School, Birmingham,

present their humble duty

to your Majesty  
on the occasion of your  
Silver Jubilee.

They recall with pride your visit to the  
school in 1955, and they wish you many  
years of happiness as their revered  
Sovereign Lady.



## MR. T. R. PARRY



At the Common Room meeting the day before I began my first term at K.E.S. a weighty discussion developed about the design of socks to be worn in house rugby matches. It was a discussion in which many masters present had much to say. Heat, not to say passion, was generated. After it had bubbled on for some time, an eternity it seemed, the headmaster said, 'Well, what does the master in charge of rugby think?' On this cue a powerful, square-looking man who had hitherto offered no opinion delivered his view. Unfortunately I cannot remember his exact words but I can remember very exactly their import. It was that the whole topic was a lot of damn nonsense, the effect of this observation was to put an end to the discussion. Such was my first awareness of Mr. T. R. Parry, Bob to the Common Room and Tom to the boys, neither nickname relating to the reality behind the initials.

During the subsequent course of my first year here this vivid but simple first impression became increasingly complicated for Bob turned out to be anything but simply the tough, Welsh rugby player of English

mythology. He revealed, first of all, what was for me a providential mastery of clause analysis. This still had to be taught in those days and as I had never done any myself I had to learn. He taught me. He was also most illuminating about the books which we had to teach in the UMs and Fifts which seemed all to be authors in whom I'd never taken much interest. His best insights were concerned with how to teach these books, what kind of work to base on them and so on. He was immediately genial, helpful and marvellous for morale. Yet seen on a Saturday afternoon watching his XV in action, standing on the far side of the pitch, totally isolated from all other spectators, sealed in an envelope of gloomy, Celtic concentration, his mind photographing every movement in the game, he appeared an intense and solitary figure. When the summer came round I soon discovered that the master in charge of rugby was a more than slightly useful cricketer. Bob kept wicket and, as it happened, I had just played for two seasons in a college team that fielded the university wicket-keeper when he was available. It took me about half an hour in the field with him to see that Bob was the better of the two.

As time passed I began to be aware of and to relish the qualities that were to make Bob so successful and devoted a G.C.E. examiner in 'O' Level English Language. He made me aware that there are many different kinds of excellence in general essays and that it is not just the kind that one would write oneself that alone are the good ones. And I gradually learned from him something of the very mysterious art of distinguishing the merits of answers to comprehension tests, a skill infinitely more difficult than is required to answer the questions themselves. In this complicated world of one mark here, one mark there, two marks for this but only one and a half for that Bob is an absolute master. And as soon as one begins to discuss this seemingly unpromising material with him one encounters a group of key works which between them define, not only ability in answering comprehension tests,



but also the criteria which governed Bob's schoolmastering. These words are 'intelligent', 'accurate', 'imagination' and 'casual'. The first three are good and the last bad. But to feel their full force and flavour one must hear the distinctive emphasis and intonation that they acquired from him. One boy would be 'inTELLigent enough but a bit KAAsual'; of another one would learn that he had 'not much imagination but he's very AAKOUrate, you know'. The lucky lad (and they have existed) who merited all three of the plus words was quite someone. He was quite rare, too. And so for thirty years the by no means contemptible standards of intelligence, accuracy and imagination have governed a sizeable slice of the English and History teaching in the vital third, fourth and fifth years. The boys whom Bob taught always, at the end of the year, really knew something and could say what they meant to some purpose.

Perhaps surprisingly for one whose involvement with rugby had been so distinguished and, for many years, so absorbing, Bob's reports as a housemaster (he was connected with Vardy nearly all the time he was here) often stressed school work, reinforcing and illuminating what subject-masters and form-masters had said. They were always very good reading. They showed concern with all aspects of a boy's activity, not just house activity, and were appreciative, pertinent and full, sensitive to a wide variety of achievement and effort. In house-mastering as in classroom teaching, Bob showed considerable penetration into character, a relish of whatever was positive, and a gusty scorn for all pomposity and/or cant. Such was the distinctive Parry response to people, whether boys or colleagues.

After Bob relinquished control of the rugby in the school much of his spare time was devoted to his activities as an examiner in English Language for the J.M.B. By 1968 he had become a Chief Examiner and was much involved in launching the revised pattern of papers that have appeared since then. (How, in the future, we shall get our February test exams marked with the authenticity to which we have become accustomed is not a nice thought.) Certainly, one of the most characteristic images one retains of Bob shows him in the process of vetting the marking of greenhorn G.C.E. markers, tyros who have been at it a mere dozen or so years. He would be sitting in the Staff Quiet Room with those enormous, weighty spectacles well down the nose, awash with marked scripts, in the arrangement of which was some principle hidden from the lay observer, annotating, rummaging, sighing, exploding in sudden guffaws or groans, a familiar sight to frequenters of that sanctuary. Another favourite image (though nothing to do with the serious business of examining) is of Bob at parties where he used to enjoy himself and entertain other people a great deal. If it were a really successful party he would probably be in shirt-sleeve order. The moment when he took his jacket off and rolled up his sleeves was awe-inspiring, for he revealed forearms that would have brought sobering thoughts to a rhino on the rampage.

But all who have either worked with Bob as a colleague or been taught by him as a pupil will have their own stock of images or anecdotes that express his unique and strong personality. Those of us who have had the luck to be associated with him for a long time (in my case, twenty seven years) will naturally have a larger stock and will remember him as a very effective and conscientious teacher, a magnificent trainer of first fifteens, and a vastly entertaining personality, in short, a marvellous colleague. King Edward's is likely to be a slightly more boring place without him. We hope that he will enjoy retirement to his birthplace, Kidwelly, which by reason of his residence there will henceforth, in the words of the old-fashioned Baedeker, merit a detour.

A.J.T.



## C. R. DODDS



Chris Dodds joined the School in 1953 and during his twenty four years at K.E.S. has made a considerable contribution not only in the field of biology but also in the fields of music and scouting. Biology as a subject was, in the post war decade, very much restricted to the so called "medical sixth," but the department under his expert leadership was soon to encroach upon the confines of lower and middle school, the "nature ramble" image so often ridiculed was rapidly dispelled and the subject was put on its proper footing as a true science, notwithstanding frequent references made in the past from a certain high authority to "science and biology."

One of the outstanding features of Chris's teaching is his continual effort to keep up to date with modern developments. He has served on committees concerned with the development of the 'A' level syllabus and has been and is still very much involved in the activities of the Institute of Biology and the A.S.E. His book, "Practical Biology," written in collaboration with Bruce Hurn, former head of art

at K.E.S., has formed the backbone of much of the practical work performed up to 'O' level. It has sold many copies throughout the world and will continue to be used for the foreseeable future.

Many of the boys Chris has taught have gone on to become eminent biologists and medics and many will look back with fond memories to the enlightened teaching they received from him. In particular they will remember the Marine Biology Course which for so many years was based at the Youth Hostel at Borth. In the early years it was not uncommon for both boys and masters to cycle all the way there and back. The Handbook of Marine Biology produced from work done on these courses was printed in 1967 and ten years later is still a very important reference work.

An amazing fact about Chris Dodds is his phenomenal memory; not only is he capable of relating in precise detail information concerning many subjects but also he can immediately recall virtually all the boys he has taught or had contact with in the sixth form. For many he will quickly tell you their performance at 'A' level, class of degree and present occupation. No mean feat, and yet for all that he is extremely modest.

In 1956 Chris became actively involved in scouting at K.E.S. and in 1967 he became Group Scout Leader following in the footsteps of Dr. Mayor and Maurice Porter. He has taken parties of senior boys on numerous camps in this country and abroad. His knowledge of the countryside is first rate and the many anecdotes of his adventures have delighted colleagues. He has been and is still very active in Scouting at a County Level, and his service has long been recognised. It is perhaps in the field of scouting that most old boys will remember him.

It will come as a surprise to many to learn that he has for many years played the organ for many a school assembly, in fact he is a most proficient organist and plays regularly at a number of churches near his home. He has also played the double bass in the school orchestra on a regular basis. For a brief period he took charge of the Music department some years ago.

Chris Dodds will indeed be missed in the Common Room for his good humour and cheerful observations. His retirement marks the end of an epoch for him and the school, but I am certain that he will find a great deal to do at his home in Burcot. He has innumerable interests including a magnificent 'O' gauge garden railway constructed almost totally by himself. We wish him and Mrs. Dodds a long and rewarding retirement and sincerely hope that they will maintain their links with the school.

*D.C.R.*

#### M. J. KERSHAW



Mel Kershaw came to K.E.S. in 1973 after gaining his Ph.D. in Fluorocarbon Chemistry at U.M.I.S.T., bringing with him a great flair and enthusiasm for the teaching of Chemistry. Both in and out of the classroom he has built up lasting relationships with many of his students, making many contributions in the areas of fencing and sailing. He has regenerated the interest in fencing within the school, with both the number of participants and the standard rising accordingly: the school team won the West Midlands Championship in 1976 and were runners-up in 1977. Mel has also been instrumental in forging good relationships with Birmingham University Chemistry Department, with the result that boys can now undertake small research projects across the road. The school wishes him every success in the future and hopes that he finds his new position as satisfying as his stay at K.E.S.

*R.W.S.  
A.P.R.*



## H. J. DEELMAN



Harry Deelman leaves K.E.S. in July to return to Argentina as Headmaster of St. George's College, Buenos Aires. It is said that whilst there he was involved in 'almost anything and everything' for six years prior to arriving at K.E.S. in September 1973.

He will be remembered here for many things, particularly by colleagues in the Common Room for the seemingly endless telephone calls requesting his presence. Indeed some began to wonder what the G.P.O. would do without his custom once the 1976 South American Hockey Tour had been completed. They need not have worried. It is an indication of his involvement in so many spheres of school life that his volume of incoming calls has hardly reduced of late. Those with disrupted free periods eagerly await the time that news of his promotion to an office with his own secretary and personal telephone filters through to all of his contacts!

No doubt too that the boys will remember him as the organiser of a marvellous venture to South America or as the person responsible for finding so many "attractive" ways of persuading the majority to part with their cash in aid of tour funds.

As well as running the School Hockey teams with great success over the last three years, Harry has guided the School Chess teams to their best ever results. At the same time he has helped with the Tennis, organised the Quiz team and has established the International Society. This society is an appropriate creation for a man born in South Africa, whose family links are now in Switzerland, Peru, and who regards himself (perhaps rightly in view of his huge appetite) as a well travelled world authority on fresh fruit salads.

In all of these roles Harry has displayed the tenacity and enthusiasm which lies beneath his cheerful almost unflappable exterior. He is bored if he has too little to do. In his teaching of both Economics and Mathematics he has set high standards for his pupils to follow. Perhaps it is fair to say that he would most like to be remembered here for his contributions on the academic side. Few can claim to have introduced a new subject into the Advanced level curriculum—and fewer still would have done so with such impact and appeal. He has forged excellent links with local firms and regular visits by our boys are now an integral part of their course, as is participation in the Stockpiler game.

In acknowledging everything that he has done for the School we would all wish Harry and Margaret and their family great success in their second South American venture. We look forward to continued contact with St. George's, especially to welcoming their rugby players here next January. Viva el telefono!!

*D.C.H.*





#### M. A. CROSS

Those who are familiar with his apostolic profile may not, on reflection, be surprised to discover that Mr. Cross is to take up a diploma course in Theology at Birmingham University next October. He leaves us at the end of this term after two years teaching maths at K.E.S.

While imparting "sums" to the young, Michael Cross has been completing his doctoral thesis through Durham University. Also, during the long winter months this year, he has basked

before the gas fire reading Karl Barth, Goethe, Hesse and Nietzsche, using as an excuse for this indulgence, his general studies seminars.

Soon after my own arrival at K.E.S. Michael proved that a circle does not, after all, have to be round. Before long we were discussing the fourth and fifth dimensions. The highest reaches of maths bring contemplation of the infinite, and the photograph shows Michael in metaphysical speculation. But at K.E.S. he has not scorned the terrestrial and has acknowledged our time-bound human condition by holding the stop watch at Athletics matches. His running of Badminton has been much appreciated. We wish him well in his further studies.

G.E.E.

#### P. M. HEATH



Mr. P. M. Heath leaves us to become Head of History at Leasowes High School, Halesowen. He came to K.E.S. in September 1975 after teaching at the Holgate Grammar School, Barnsley, and at Kirk Balk Comprehensive School, Hoyland. With a physical appearance which reminded some of a younger version of Enoch Powell, and others of Edward Woodward, he quickly made his mark in the History Department where his scholarship, industry and constructive ideas will be much missed. He inaugurated the Junior Historical Society and presided

over its meetings for two years, and lately helped to organise the successful Schools' Challenge Team. His work in arranging transport for the Personal Service Group, and in Cross Country and Athletics has been much appreciated. Most of all the Common Room will remember him as a repository of constructive advice on car maintenance, house improvements and all do-it-yourself projects, and as a friendly and sociable colleague. We wish him and his wife continued success.

D.J.B.

MRS. WORTHINGTON

CHR Mrs. Worthington, which school were you at before K.E.S.?

EMW I was at a boarding school for girls in Cambridge—in fact, it was a convent school and before that, at Haberdashers Aske's school in London.

CHR What did you think of the relative standards of dress, or discipline in general?

EMW At K.E.S. they are, on the whole, better. The boys are smarter than the girls at the convent school and probably better behaved too. The fact that it was connected to the Roman Catholic church seemed to make little difference to the girls' approach to life. On the whole though, there are fewer differences between teaching girls and boys than I thought there would be. I think that at K.E.S. some older boys unfortunately become apathetic—I mean, a small minority of them in the upper part of the school—the younger the pupil, the keener he is, and I think that even some of my divisions and sixth do less work than they might—but as I say, this is only a small minority, who feel themselves to be superior. The boys here are as bright as the girls at Cambridge.

CHR What are the advantages of being a woman in a hitherto exclusively male community?

EMW When people I meet hear that I am the only woman in a boys school, I get two reactions: some say 'lucky you—your husband will have to watch it!' and others think that it must be awful and that they could never stand it.

It took me a while to settle in—as it does when one starts any new job—but the Common Room has been very friendly. I do miss female company obviously.



You asked whether there are any advantages of being a woman at K.E.S. I don't think there are many. I suppose I have 'curiosity value'! There are several disadvantages—I don't have a powerful, booming voice to quell the noise during geographical games—I often think a referee's whistle would help here). Also the school ought to provide more facilities for women—there is only one tiny cloakroom which generates huge queues at concerts, parents evenings and the like. The sports hall too is seemingly exclusively for males (although I did manage a shower in there once).

CHR But you are the only woman we've ever had.

EMW Yes, but I still think women should be provided for, even though they weren't part of the school until recently. Outside clubs use the games hall, for example, and so do the girls' school. There are other disadvantages as well. I can't walk past an open door of 4th's without being wolf-whistled, but I don't take much notice. I will say that I think I prefer to teach boys to girls. They are not so irritating. They don't habitually giggle, and never—almost never—cry. They are easier to talk to, and generally more lively.

CHR Do you teach any games?

EMW Yes, I take the Shells for tennis.



- CHR Is tennis a hobby of yours?
- EMW Yes, I have other interests too, when I get time—I paint (landscapes) and I enjoy playing the piano. I enjoy dancing—all types. Also I like cookery and pottery.
- CHR Have you any children?
- EMW No—everyone seems to want to know that. I don't know why.
- CHR What form of address do you prefer?
- EMW Well I like to be called simply "Mrs. Worthington", but the fourth formers tell me that this is far too long to say. I have been called "Mummy", though this is limited usually to the Shells. Today however one division called me that—I'm a bit worried about him!
- CHR Would you consider yourself brave in applying for this job.
- EMW Not really. The first time I found out that I would be the only woman was at my interview. Mr. Benett led me across the playground to the chapel during break-time, to see how I reacted to the boys kicking footballs around my ears. I seem to remember remarking, as we dodged about, 'we're quite good moving targets'.





CHR First of all, Mr. Campbell, can you tell us a bit about your background? Where were you brought up?

JSC Newcastle-upon-Tyne—educated at a direct grant school much like this one was. I then went to Nottingham University and got a degree in Chemical Engineering, then to Cambridge to get a Cert. Ed. and then to Oundle, which is a boarding school, to teach for three years and then here.

CHR You've been said to have unusual views on University . . . . ?

JSC I discussed with my House group, whether or not one should go to University at all. My opinions were not necessarily categorical. But most people at this school accept the fact that they're going to go to University without thinking whether or not it's going to do them any good. I think it could be worth looking into going straight from school into a job and not wasting—for some people—three years getting a degree. Obviously one realises that University helps people grow up and formulate ideas and so on. But I think it is something which people should think about rather than just accept. I think if you're good enough to go to Oxbridge, you should. To some extent, people coming out of Oxbridge tend to be that much keener intellectually.

CHR What do you think of the school, its good and bad points?

JSC It obviously provides a very good academic education. I wonder whether the House System is worthwhile. I don't think the boys need the pastoral side of the House system. I don't think my Tutees regard me as an important person in their life, because they've got their form-masters and of course their parents. The idea of older boys meeting younger boys does not at the moment work. Levett seems to be encouraging that mixture with our outings and so on. But I don't think one can sit back and let it go on as it is, because it's a simple waste of time. Not many people are interested, if there's a lot put in, you'll get a lot out. But unfortunately we've now got to the stage where apathy is rife, so unless the boys accept that it is a worthwhile thing, we'll have to think again—possibly even abolish it.

CHR Do you think it's true that there's only a few people interested in sporting and other activities?

JSC At a boarding school, you've got a captive audience. They want to fill their own time. Not many like sitting around doing nothing for half the day. At a day school, you're bound to only have a hard core doing certain things. There's only about thirty in each year who are interested in sport and will do most of the sports going. I don't think it's something to worry about. People go home at 4.10 and have other interests outside. That's great—why should life revolve around a day school.

CHR What do you think of sport in the school?

JSC Rugger's run very well. We had the problem that the U16s only had eleven boys. I personally think that boys should be made to attend school on a Saturday afternoon if they're required to do so. The Chief Master doesn't think so. I don't agree with him.

I boxed at one point in my life, which I personally think is a very good sport to do at school level. Unfortunately other people disagree with me and so it hasn't taken off. I think the social services thing is a fabulous idea. One thing which happened on the equivalent day at Oundle is that a Lower 6th group—boys who were going to do engineering or a practical course at University—went off and had a look round various factories.

CHR Mr. Campbell, thank you.



## S. GROUNDS

CHR Dr. Grounds, what were your jobs before you came to this school?

SG After doing some research at university I worked for a while at the Department of the Environment in London, moving from there to industrial research at the research laboratories of the Lucas Group. During this period I decided that I wanted to go into the teaching profession and so I read for the Postgraduate Education Certificate before coming here.



CHR What do you think of the school, its non-academic activities and so on?

SG My experience seems to indicate that there are more activities in selective schools than in non-selective ones, although I wouldn't wish to overgeneralise. Bearing in mind that this is not a neighbourhood school and that lots of people can't stay after four o'clock I think the range of activities is quite impressive.

CHR What activities are you yourself involved in?

SG Well, being a comparative newcomer to the profession I've had to spend a great deal of time organising lessons and work and haven't been able to get as involved as I would like. Nevertheless I try to put in a weekly appearance at the Choral Society, and I've organised a number of outings with my own Division. I hope to do rather more in the future. Next year I shall be running Chess and have already become some sort of Chess Supremo for the whole of Birmingham. I have a very grand impressive title which fortunately does not have (I hope) to be matched with a corresponding amount of work on my part. I also took on a House Tutorship with Jeune House which has not turned out to be too onerous.

CHR How do you find the House System at King Edward's?

SG Frankly I am rather amazed at the degree of enthusiasm because in many day schools it is regarded as something of a nonsense and has died a natural death. Perhaps I ought not to be quoted using the word nonsense; artificial is perhaps better. By contrast in boarding schools it is more sensible: it is somewhere where you live and often a school within a school. So in the light of this I do find the enthusiasm especially among senior boys (certainly in Jeune) quite extraordinary. You can hardly play any game without some sort of competition and I can't really propose a better system for that purpose so I suppose the House system is quite useful.

CHR What sort of things would you like to see changed at King Edward's?

SG I must be careful what I say—I would hate to be misquoted! In overall structural terms I would like to see the restoration of the direct grant, and perhaps more important for LEAs to again be allowed to send boys here. Within the school itself I would certainly like to see more contact with the High School. I'm not convinced that an amalgamation of the two schools would be a good idea, but I do think it would be useful for the boys if there was more contact—certainly at the senior level. I haven't really found out how much joint activity there is. Before I came here my wife and I could not help but observe a certain amount of joint activity at lunch time in Edgbaston Park Road but that's something else . . . . On the whole I think schools like this go forward steadily under a sort of self-propulsion.

CHR Dr. Grounds, thank you.

G. J. MARTIN

CHR First of all, Mr. Martin, you studied English at Cambridge, didn't you?

GJM Yes: I was at Emmanuel College between 1967 and 1970. Then I worked as a systems analyst in a Central Government department.

CHR What prompted you to teach?

GJM Basically I wanted to get back to literature and into a creative environment. I worked for about a year as a freelance journalist and broadcaster: in fact, I did some work for "Women's Hour". I gave it up because I found writing to order too limiting.

CHR Do you think of yourself as a teacher who writes or a writer who teaches?

GJM A writer who teaches: I don't think that the two are incompatible. If I'm actively involved in the craft of writing, what I learn is useful in my teaching. My stance when teaching English is from the point of view of the author—his problems, what he's accomplished, sometimes what he's done poorly.



CHR Before K.E.S., you taught at Brentwood.

GJM Yes, Brentwood School in Essex. But I left boarding school teaching because it took up all of my time: I taught six days a week and also did duties on Sundays. Of course, in a boarding school, you form close ties with the boys and the school itself becomes not only a place of learning but a social environment as well: I miss that, but I enjoy my weekends!

CHR If you could make an amalgam of the best points of Brentwood and K.E.S., which features of K.E.S. would you keep and which would you change?

GJM I'd keep the strict selectivity and overall high standards. I'd also keep the sensible balance between sporting and academic activities. It's very level-headed. If you saw the fanaticism about cricket at Brentwood, I think you would realise this. As for changes, I think the school needs a social venue—somewhere the staff and boys could meet in an informal atmosphere—a bar perhaps, or a really well attended club. Very few of the staff know the boys properly, and vice versa, and I think it's important that they should, especially in the upper part of the school.

CHR From the Divisions onwards, people are divided very firmly into "artists" and "scientists". Do you think this is desirable?

GJM No. Not at all. It's a great shame. It's not just a matter of throwing a load of plays at scientists: there should be courses in, for example, the history of science. Artists are just as much to blame for the split as scientists. The separation is very artificial and not at all necessary—it comes from extreme exam orientation.

CHR In conclusion, are you glad that you came to K.E.S.?

GJM I think so, yes. There are many challenging areas where we can still improve. When I've settled in, I'd like to think that I can make a contribution in these areas: I think it is fair to say that a school should be judged by its end products, not just by its honours board.



D. M. PERRY

CHR First of all, Mr. Perry, what subjects do you teach and why did you choose teaching?

DMP Maths and statistics—more than enough. I chose teaching because I enjoy passing on information and helping people in other ways. I considered electronic engineering, but I changed my mind because I found sixth form maths more interesting than physics.

CHR Can you tell us a bit about yourself? Where did you grow up?

DMP I've lived in Wednesbury all my life as per Blue Book. I went to Royal Holloway (as in the prison) College which is part of London University. I haven't travelled much at all. The nearest I've been to travelling abroad is Rhyl! I've been to Scotland on a railway trip.



CHR What school have you come from?

DMP K.E.G.S. Aston—two blissful years.

CHR You appear sarcastic. Didn't you enjoy it there?

DMP Oh yes, very much—the “blissful” is genuine. I moved because of the insecurity of the other Foundation schools. I was afraid they might turn comprehensive.

CHR You don't agree with comprehensive education?

DMP No I don't. The theory behind them is good, but they don't appear to work in practice. The schools are too big.

CHR You've been here a year now. What do you think of the school?

DMP I think that the school is splendidly equipped, well-sited and has every facility one could require. I can think of a few minor changes that could be made, but no major improvements. But so far I've found that the pupils have been less friendly and co-operative than those I've known before. Compared with other schools, I think that the pupils are given too much freedom, which they regard as a right and not as a privilege.

CHR What societies and school activities have you taken part in?

DMP I attend choral society, and I spend Friday afternoons duplicating material for other masters' lessons (especially exam papers—I enjoy those). I am not very sporting but I have been found at Eastern Road clicking a stopwatch from time to time.

CHR Have you sung in any public performances?

DMP Only for my college chapel choir. I am a church organist and gave several recitals at university.

CHR Thank you very much, Mr. Perry.



- PEB One of the basic differences was that Mr. Sill wasn't around (*Looks into adjoining room*) and there weren't any nice young ladies standing on chairs.
- CHR Do you think it's an advantage having two full-time masters?
- GRS For the health of school music? Of course it is.
- CHR There's been a great surge of interest in the Choral Society . . . . .
- PEB That's Mr. Sill's magnetic personality.
- GRS Of course. You didn't come to that junior concert, did you? That's what we're really interested in.
- PEB We want people to enjoy music. It ought to be more of a subject for everyone, rather than just a few specialists.
- GRS We had three classes demonstrating Mr. Bridle's Orff percussion, which was good despite Mr. Bridle saying that Orff is a Hungarian composer.
- PEB Oh, clear Orff.
- GRS Music's very difficult for kids who can't play an instrument. They're often lost from an early stage and they become depressed. On the other hand, there's a great reserve of talent in this school. It's the thing that impressed me when we came. There's a vast number who play instruments, but who weren't involved in school music. There were Grade 7 fiddlers who weren't being used. I'm also impressed with the co-operation between the boys' and girls' school. Is this the sort of stuff you want?
- CHR Yes.
- GRS Oh. I thought it was rather boring actually.
- CHR Apart from music lessons, what else do you do?
- PEB I do chamber orchestra, first orchestra and wind band.
- GRS I've done wind band, second orchestra and choral society.
- CHR The choral society's "Carmina Burana" concert was successful . . . . .
- PEB I think that's, if you like, a highlight of musical achievement, but the junior concert was more satisfying: getting kids to enjoy music.
- CHR Would you like to see more people doing music?
- GRS There's quite a fair number in the fourth form option. Music sets are necessarily smallish.
- PEB We wouldn't want big sets.
- GRS I've always liked to see boys go on to University to do Maths or Classics or whatever and keep music as a hobby.
- CHR Do you do a lot of music outside school?
- PEB Too much.
- CHR Where were the two of you before K.E.S.?
- GRS Camp Hill.
- PEB St. Thomas Aquinas.
- GRS He was deputy head.
- PEB Be quiet.
- GRS Well you were.
- PEB Only acting deputy head for two terms. I was senior master and head of music.
- CHR What were the main differences between K.E.S. and your previous school?
- PEB It was about a third of the size but with as many pupils. And it was Catholic.
- GRS It's a very difficult question to answer without being unfair to one establishment or another.



GRS You play with the CBSO . . . . .  
 PEB And the MRO. We both freelance a lot. I play in the Ritchie String Quartet and a rehearsal orchestra known as the Wednesday Band. We do more than enough.  
 GRS I play the trombone.  
 PEB And the cello.  
 CHR Have you any plans for the future?  
 PEB Plans? You'd better ask the boss.  
 GRS We haven't got any plans, have we?  
 PEB We've got ideas, but no plans. People keep suggesting plans to us. Mr. Bailey wants us to go on an Army Administrational and Organisational course.  
 GRS He thinks music masters are very disorganised.  
 CHR How about some final comment for the Chronicle?  
 PEB Think of some suitable final comment.  
 GRS I haven't got a final comment. Ask me a question. This is meant to be an interview, isn't it?  
 PEB Say something about the music department, Gordon.  
 GRS (*Looking around*): It's terribly untidy.  
 PEB That about sums it up. Come on Gordon, it's about time we had lunch.  
 CHR Oh, by the way, sir, I can't make rehearsal today.  
 GRS This is just the sort of casual attitude we're trying to get rid of. There you are: that's my final comment.

## OBITUARY

### WILLIAM DALLEY

William Dalley joined the Art and Design Department of K.E.S. as a part-time teacher of sculpture and ceramics in 1970. For many years he was also a member of the teaching staff of the Birmingham College of Art, where he received his training under William Bloye and finally worked with John Bridgeman, Head of the School of Sculpture.

His wide knowledge of the history and traditions of sculpture allied to his technical expertise and craftsmanship made him an excellent teacher. Many boys of the school will remember with gratitude the patience and generosity of his teaching.

His own work was, in the main, related to architectural settings. The discipline and patience of the carver were inherent in him. Examples of his work can be seen at K.E.S. and Vince House, the Royal Palace at Baghdad; Birmingham University; a fountain at Little Aston Hall, Sutton Coldfield, numerous architectural enrichments on buildings in Birmingham. As a fine draughtsman, portraitist and letter cutter he was one of a dwindling breed of artist craftsmen whose like may not be seen again and cannot be replaced.

T.H.W.A.



# CHILD OF THE UNIVERSE

Everyone is probably aware of the atrocities in Uganda, the violation of human rights in the U.S.S.R., and the repression practised by the Chilean Junta; yet how many have ever heard of the mass genocide in Burundi, the bloody and despotic rule of President Marcos in the Philippines, or the murders by government agencies in Uruguay? Despite the work of Amnesty International and the United Nations in alerting people to these flagrant and revolting breaches of human rights; it appears that since we in Britain are fortunate enough to have preserved the basic elements of life which constitute freedom, we assume that others are blessed with the same fortune. This is simply not so: the vast majority of the world's population live under tyrannical or dictatorial regimes which maintain their despotism with varying degrees of brutality. Indeed, there are only some forty sovereign states, from the one hundred and seventy nations of this world, which can really be said to practise a true form of democracy, and which uphold such rights as the freedom to think, write, publish or express political opinions fearlessly; which are not luxuries but essential to a full life.

I feel that it is time that more people should at least be made aware of these depressing facts, and more importantly, the human suffering which these signify. Many of the countries which are ruled over by unelected regimes are subjected to all the many forms of political and social repression, from carefully constructed judicial facades, concealing ubiquitous state power, to outright torture, murder or disposal of any who dare to oppose the government; and yet our country continues trade and full international relations with them. In tolerating such regimes, the other great democracies of the world are giving an unprecedented display of total hypocrisy: we practise double standards, for while it is totally unacceptable in our own country for arbitrary arrest, imprisonment or torture to take place, with an unparalleled smugness at our own civilised superiority, we contemplate with equanimity a situation where decapitated and mutilated bodies of the opponents of a regime are fished out of a river in South America, or where a psychopathic policeman, who arbitrarily shoots five innocent bystanders because he is refused a seat on a bus, is supported by the state. This cannot, must not, be tolerated. Why? Because we are all "Children of the Universe," and the people in Uganda, in Chile, in North and South Korea, are as much people as those in Northfield, Warley or Knowle. Anyone who feels that torture, murder or genocide are acceptable as long as they do not interfere with ourselves or our country, is not merely insensitive, but inhuman.

Although we may not be able to do much individually, as a nation there are a number of ways in which we can register our abhorrence of such regimes, from diplomatic pressure to total economic and political sanctions: indeed the formation of an International pressure group of the democratic nations would be a great advance.

Yet it is essential that we at least understand the enormity of the injustice and inhumanity practised on the people of this world. It is our duty to care for the victims of repression, and, when possible to express and to put into action this concern. I can only hope that some will be moved to consider this because of my article.

*Gareth Williams*



After "Hello" and "Pass the butter", the things my father most often says to me is; "When you get a little older, you will realise that . . . . ." The context is probably some grown-up topic we are discussing, and given three guesses, you'd stand a fair chance with politics, women or religion. Our age difference brings opposing viewpoints; while my eighteen years behold a world bathed in rights and wrongs my father's wisdom weighs him down so that he must grope in shades of grey.

I begin quoting: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only Son . . . . ."

"God is God is God; not the picture you conceive Him to be."

"But you've got to be saved!!" I retort in desperation. My father groans.

This is a relatively mild example of a family religious discussion, which, as regards evangelising, proves singularly unsuccessful.

An interesting question arises, notwithstanding. Aversion to the Christian message is often expressed in far harsher terms, and one wonders whether this does not sometimes betray a stronger motive than straightforward, honest disbelief or agnosticism. An answer such as "You . . . . . off" suggests to me a latent fear; be it that of being mocked as a fool, jeered at as a hypocrite, or be it—as is more likely—fear for the loss of one's selfish materialism.

After a period of idealism at the age of about twenty, it seems that we slide progressively into a slothful complacency, courting the worldly ideas of popularity, promiscuity, fashion and financial advancement. No wonder men are afraid of Jesus's teachings, when he demands humility, truthfulness, kindness and faithfulness. We are happy to entertain some vague emotion for a distant and nebulous "god" who smiles on all our vices, and we may even go to church to appease him. But when some idiot of an evangelist has the nerve to intrude upon our privacy, the limit is reached. Then we crawl into a shell behind a barrage of apathy, or release a torrent of abuse. We play old men, weary of life before we have tried it. And if we are cynics as school-boys, what hope has the future for us?

For my part I would never attempt to intellectualise God. Could I, after all, confine Him to my limited mind? Is not the creator greater than His works. Although we can plainly see his hand throughout creation, we may only perceive our maker in Spirit; that part of Himself which He has installed within us. This is no way of backing out, but implies, instead, the need for faith. It is not until we reach out and truly seek with all our heart, that God will meet us halfway. And this is where naivete comes in, as Jesus warned that we may never enter His kingdom unless we have the trust of a child. We must be prepared for a leap in the dark, prepared to forsake all because He is incompatible with worldly ways. It is no use to give Jesus our lives while withholding certain areas in which we think we know best. Nothing less than everything is acceptable to Him; we must recognise His supremacy and become as children dependent on Him. Then, even if we accomplish this, we are offered no release from the pressures of this world. Indeed, He promises us suffering and persecution, but He also promises love, joy, and peace.

His ways are not easy; Jesus Himself died for men who despised and rejected Him. But I am not ashamed to be a child, if it means to be a child of God. And what can I lose if I gain eternal life?

Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if anyone hears my voice and opens the door I will come in to him and eat with him and he with me." (Revelation 3:20)



Sir,

In these days of paper shortages and scout collections, I should like to make a suggestion concerning a possible means of conservation at King Edwards.

Societies, and similar bodies which publicize their various activities, invariably use a full sheet of foolscap paper for their advertisements, and place one of these in every room in the school. Surely it would increase efficiency and lessen wastage if there were to be one special notice-board which everybody would look at, or else if some societies were to combine to market their meetings on one single sheet? In such a manner people could more easily anticipate future events and at the same time a great deal of paper would be saved.

Yours faithfully,  
P. Harrison  
4T

Sir,

The penalty of a Prefect's Detention for the petty offence of arriving late, three times in a term, is farcical and ludicrous, in comparison with serious offences, such as those of smoking and fighting.

C. C. B. Roberts

## 1977 AND ALL THAT

The Removes produce, under the pressure of examination, some careless mis-spellings, many of which are entertaining to those marking the papers. Below is a collection of some of 1977's more amusing howlers with one or two explanatory notes:

1. "A parliament is a house, happening or body designed so that a monarch or leader of a country or prime minister can consult it on social matters."
2. "The brides could be collapsed easily after you have gone over them." (should read 'bridges')
3. "Many people saw the Black Death as a divine punishment as it was mainly the priests who were killed by it."
4. "The only other commander was a sailor and therefore not used to the sea."
5. "After the Black Death years people started to think that the clergy were a freud." (a genuine Freudian slip)
6. "Spain had been hampered by the singing of the king of Spain's beard."
7. "The causes of the civil wars were really one side doing one thing and the other replying."
8. "Before John became king, there were at least three different kings."
9. "Seeing this the Stanley decided it was time to move and they joined the forces of the almost Henry."
10. "Philippe (sic) slowed his ships with unnecessary transports." ("of delight" perhaps?)
11. "Most of the peasants were divided into three."
12. "The houses in the medieval town had to be squashed up at the base, but went up towards the top."
13. "... and many rumours such as the belief that the clergy were immortal were dispelled."
14. "When a patient was dying the clergy had to see to them and give them their last rights." !!

The spelling of "The Duke of Medina Sidonia" caused some trouble being rendered (with immaculate conceptual grasp) as "Madonna Sidonia", and rather more earthily as "Medina Sodonía". The Duke of Parma in Italy often had his estates moved to the island of Majorca (Palma), was sometimes referred to as "Don Parma" and even on one occasion as "John Palmer".

*J.R.R.E.*



## READINGS AND MUSIC FOR ADVENT

'Readings and Music for Advent' was produced at the end of last Christmas term, and the two halves into which it falls, despite its somewhat unpromising title, blended well together to provide an enjoyable and stimulating entertainment.

'And all was for an Apple: a meditation in words and music,' compiled by Mr. Evans and performed by members of both schools was for many the high point of the evening, comprising as it did a balanced programme of poetry and prose interspersed with musical items from a period which at K.E.S. has been all too often neglected, the Middle Ages. If the literature chosen was diverse, ranging from Bible extracts through Langland, Dame Julian of Norwich, Milton and Donne to come up to date with Edwin Muir and Thomas Hardy, the standard of reading was one of uniform high quality, though the laurel crown must undoubtedly be awarded to Gareth Williams as rhapsode par excellence, whose forceful and agreeably provincial intonation lent 'God's Grandeur' in particular an almost breath-taking power. Mr. Evans, too, convinced us, with great lucidity, that it is indeed 'a terrible thing to fall into the hands of the Living God.'

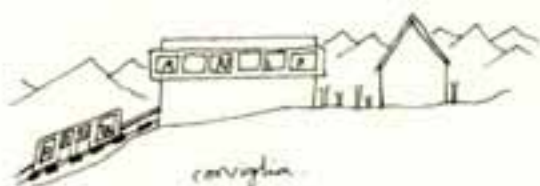
Though religious in design and content the programme was sufficiently varied to be enjoyed by all whatever their faith; the Christian 'message' rightly permeated everything but since it was tempered throughout by individual style, method and approach, though it was always apparent, never did it lose its appeal. Thus in combining religious teachings with entertainment the sequence was doubly rewarding and our thanks to Mr. Evans, the readers, singers and musicians for making it so.

After the interval came the musical half of the evening, comprising two items: Handel's Concerto Grosso in 'B' Minor opus 6 no. 12, played by the now legendary Joint Chamber Orchestra and conducted by Mr. Bridle, and a Gloria by Vivaldi, sung by the Choral Society, directed by Mr. Sill.

The slight lack of profundity in the Handel piece was more than outweighed by the brilliance of the performance it received, which was technically without flaw and which quite transcended the level normally aspired to by a school ensemble. The vivacity with which the piece was rendered makes the performance indeed a memorable one with the skill of Laurence Martin providing a highlight. The Vivaldi had moments of grandeur and power, and thus neatly contrasted with the buoyancy of the Handel; however, it was occasionally lacking in security and cohesion, though never in energy, and thus as a performance was somewhat less inspired. It was nonetheless encouraging that all the soloists came from within the two schools: Anne Szreter and Rosalind Bradley (sopranos) demonstrating great range and expression, while Andrew Halstead tackled manfully the problems with which a bass soloist of his comparative youth is beset.

However, the performance as a whole remained very impressive and our thanks must therefore go to Messrs. Bridle and Sill, and all concerned, for attaining such a high standard in their first production here.

*M. J. Brooke*



cable car



the captain



the hotel



cable car



dog sled



the captain  
"rescue"



the captain  
"on ski"



"red hot"  
roger wood



football  
game



me



roger  
skinner



## SKI TRIP TO ST. MORITZ, December 1976

The party left school at about 8.30 on Wednesday, the 13th, by coach to Folkestone and from there to Calais by ferry; we then travelled overnight by train to St. Moritz.

The journey, though long was not particularly uncomfortable and we arrived at about mid-day on the 16th at the hostel. Dormitories were chosen and luggage unpacked by supper time, and we went to bed early.

The hostel, though not luxurious, was clean, warm and provided with showers, which proved to be a major attraction, along with table football in the evenings.

Ski-ing started on the second day and the weather was fine, enabling a great deal of good ski-ing to be enjoyed. Standards were high this year, and even the least gifted managed to attain a medal by the end of the holiday.

Unfortunately, it became foggy on a few occasions and at one stage Mr. Tomlinson, far ahead (as always) was lost. However, he has since been recovered.

On another occasion Ashley Skinner (from Moseley) managed to separate himself from the others in the top group and the result was that we spent half a day searching for him all over the St. Moritz ski-region (which, actually, gave us some good, fast ski-ing) whilst he waited in the mountain top cafe at Corriglia. Apart from these minor incidents, the ski-ing was very well organised and I, for one, certainly enjoyed it more than in any previous year.

Sadly, however, Matthew Sheehan fissured a shin towards the end of the holiday when his ski-bindings jammed in a minor fall; he had to spend the remaining two days back at the hostel whilst we were ski-ing.

The night life was somewhat dampened this year by the presence of Mr. Kilby Edwards (the organiser of Gower ski-trips) with whom we did not get on very well. It must be said, however, that he was excellent in the role of ski-instructor and let us have many long, fast runs for which we are all very grateful.

Best dressed skiers were "red hot"—Roger Wood in his mauve trouser suit, Mr. Tomlinson in his daunting bobble-hat, and John "the reptile" Whitehouse, who sported a well padded green article (though not necessarily in that order).

Finally, our earnest thanks are due to Mr. Tomlinson for careful (if a little cautious) instruction, to Mr. Kilby and the other ski instructors, to Peter, the Warden and his wife, for making our last year at St. Moritz such a good one and lastly (but by no means least) to Mr. Worthington for keeping us all amused with his exhibitions of ski-ing bravado.

*A. Smith*



## THE DUCHESS OF MALFI

Following the rather domestic talents of J. B. Priestley, something more sublime: ecce John Webster's 'The Duchess of Malfi,' a return to Jacobean drama and an ingenious, if lonely, thing which might well seem sheer miracle to the multitude.

The representation of emotions ranges from Bosola's misanthropy, the nasty sty of Ferdinand's mind and the Cardinal's cold inhumanity to the Duchess' transcendent manner when faced with violent death, rising above the corrupting influence of unhealthy souls. The dominant themes of violence and decay, expressed visibly by murder, mutilation and grotesques, with kindred spirits in modern cinema, should entertain any audience.

However, while 'The Duchess of Malfi' is, potentially a most imposing play for any school to put on, there are problems arising from its nature as a late revenge tragedy in which the main dramatic interest is centred on the realisation of intense and extreme emotions, because key members of the cast are required to adopt extraordinary personalities. Thus, the Duchess should 'Stain the time past, Light the time to come' through physical passion, beauty, regality and, finally, a new, deeply felt spiritual insight; Ferdinand must decline towards an insanity which threatens his sister with a degradation where only repulsiveness, cruelty and the bizarre are recognised as real; the Cardinal, with no real desire within him to exist at all, acts amorally and without emotion because he sees no reason to strive to be human; and Bosola has to develop from a malevolent man-hater into a conscience-stricken but still murderous revenger.

Anne Szreter, who, suitably, has "youth and little beauty" coped very well as the Duchess, a fact which will doubtless add to her prominence as a leading lady. Though occasionally it seemed as if her concentration lapsed, and the lines became only daunting Elizabethan blank verse rather than readily comprehensible language expressive of personality, for the most part she infused into her speeches a very real sense of character. In the Duchess' death scene, especially, she was a very palpable hit; stage and the fact of fiction were forgotten and the woman's frailty was rendered insignificant before the strength of the soul. Such highly poetical drama as 'The Duchess of Malfi' can overawe both actor and audience so that the individuals in conflict



in the play are dehumanised by a welter of unfelt dialogue; in this production, however, the central characters were given life by actors who spoke rather than mouthed their lines.

Richard Horwood, predictably enough, rasped, sneered and threatened his way through the play as Bosola with complete conviction and authority. Together with most of his fellow actors, he was very aware of movement as a support for speech and an indication of character: his gestures were menacing, aggressive, accusing, where Ferdinand's were self-assured but with an artificial restraint revealed by his constant toying with a chain; and Antonio seemed always to be stretching out his hands, pleading, tentative, conciliatory. Richard also managed, just, to make plausible Bosola's spiritual growth, a difficult transition to impress upon an audience after so much harshness, and was powerful enough to prevent the play dying with the Duchess.

Peter Wynne-Willson also deserves acclaim, because I think he achieved brave new heights with his portrayal of Antonio, whose subdued uncertainty, making him neither good nor evil, places him among T. S. Eliot's hollow men. In the end, it was the energy with which the performance was given that saved Antonio from reprobation; he became a truly pathetic character, caught between mighty opposites, acted upon rather than acting. Such a figure might easily have been dismissed as unimportant if Wynne-Willson had not managed a presentation sufficiently forceful to keep him in the mind's eye, now as at all times.

Both Simon Black and Stephen Mazurkiewicz were given very difficult tasks to perform, and neither of them quite succeeded in realising the admittedly enormous menace and ugliness represented by the unnatural brothers. However, the sense of justice done felt at the end of the play could not have been achieved without their effective presence as dual centres of the audience's antipathy towards the pitilessness shown to the Duchess.

I have dwelt at some length, on the actors' individual performances because the setting seemed to demand such concentration. In previous school productions, the stage was interesting in itself, often a framework upon which the audience's imagination could easily build its own scenery; but Mr. Trott disregarded such methods for simpler techniques, relying largely on magnificent renaissance costumes and a scaled down facade of a prince's palace. Though this more traditional approach managed to evoke the period more accurately than has been attempted before, at the same time there still did not seem to be enough constant static visual information for the audience to place the play quite definitely in sixteenth century Italy. Moreover, Neil Harvey's artwork, though executed with customary excellence, varied in its usefulness. The crucifixion was perfectly attuned to the scene in Rome: like Dorian Gray's portrait, the sight of a Christ emaciated and hideous reflected Webster's own design of exploding the myth of a pious saintly Papacy; but the other tableau, implying Bacchanalian revels, appeared to emphasise too strongly the element of carnal love in the lovers' scene at the cost of minimalising such tragic implications in the dialogue as the sequence of allusions to death.

These faults, if such they be, did little to hinder the overall impact of the production. indeed, I mention them largely because the cast as a whole was strong enough in its performance to receive such criticism and still lay claim to the high status it manifestly deserved. Mr. Trott can drink with every justification to his own success as director and to his actors' achievement in realising such a difficult tragedy; I never saw Webster's Duchess 'til the day that she was lively bodied in this presentation of the play.

*P. Sheldon*



## SCHOOL CONCERT

March 7th, 1977

This year's main school concert took place on a Monday evening towards the end of the Spring term to a crowded Big School. During the first half we heard two overtures ('Russian and Ludmilla' by Glinka, and 'Sancho Panza' by Bryand Kelly), played by the Joint School Orchestra. In both these pieces the standard of playing was very high. The orchestra kept well together, and the strings, though slightly rushed once or twice, were accurate and clear. In 'Sancho Panza' each instrument seemed to be taking turns to play a short solo passage—the overall effect was lively and unusual.

After some commotion while the Chamber Orchestra climbed on to the stage we heard 'Summer', from Vivaldi's 'Four Seasons', with Laurence Martin as soloist. He and the six others played with brilliance and sensitivity, and it was difficult to find fault with them. The audience obviously appreciated this, and after applauding warmly they dispersed to find coffee and biscuits in the Dining Hall.

The interval was followed by a performance of 'Carmina Burana', an adventurous and stimulating work composed by Carl Orff in 1936. It includes many immediately appealing items which are particularly enjoyable when sung, as they were by the Joint Choral Society, with great vivacity. The Choir has been considerably enlarged in the last year, a tribute to the influence which Mr. Sill and Mr. Bridle have already exerted on the School's musical life.

A large orchestra had also been assembled, but it was perhaps rather surprising that only eight of its members were pupils of either K.E.S. or K.E.H.S. Although the score was sometimes demanding, it is a pity that more of the school's musicians could not have had the experience of playing in such a work.

The performance itself was of a very high standard and was forcibly presented. The choir sang extremely well in general, and it was clear that the recent amalgamation of the two schools' choral societies had considerably improved it. However, the orchestra was sometimes too prominent, particularly in the passages for male chorus, such as 'In taberna quando sumus', when some of the sound became muffled in the curtains on stage. The sopranos and altos sang very well, coping quite successfully with some very difficult notes, and the soloists displayed great virtuosity, especially Rosalind Bradley (soprano). But it was undoubtedly the major choruses which aroused the audience's admiration, for they were all sung with gusto and obvious enjoyment.

The work excited much well-deserved enthusiasm from the audience, and the soloists and Mr. Sill were called back twice. Although one or two of the items were rather repetitive, the co-ordination of the choir was outstanding, and the final chorus, 'O Fortuna', with its tremendous climax, left an indelible impression. In all, the performance of 'Carmina Burana' provided a refreshing and lively end to the evening, which was enjoyed by the large audience which filled Big School.

A. Shuttleworth  
G. S. Williams



## K.E.H.S. CONCERT IN HONOUR OF MISS WILKS' RETIREMENT

This event took place at 7.30 p.m. on Wednesday, March 30th in Big School, which was used by kind permission of the Chief Master. The hall was filled, I cannot say whether out of respect for Miss Wilks or due to the fact that no charge was made for admission. My own experience suggested the latter, for when I arrived late and found a seat at the back, I discovered that I was sitting next to one S. H. Hopkins, late of this school, whose love of this sort of culture had hitherto passed unrecognised.

The concert opened with a lively performance of 'Spring' from Vivaldi's 'Four Seasons' by the Joint Chamber Orchestra. This was followed by a brief round of uncertain applause from members of the audience, unsure whether 'Spring' and 'Summer' ought to be treated as parts of one work or as two separate works. 'Summer' came next with more than a slight feeling of *deja vu*. Not surprisingly, this was a more polished performance than 'Spring,' having been on the orchestra's concert repertoire for a longer period of time. The school concert goer is led to wonder whether he will miss out on the concerts for Winter and Autumn due to the regrettable departure of the orchestra's eminent leader Lawrence Martin.

At this point in the concert, Hoppo, apparently quite overcome by what he had heard, slipped out for a quick fag and was not seen again. Who's to know if he found the atmosphere at the local hostelry more accommodating.

The next element of the concert contained more reminiscences from the recent past. Three madrigals were ably sung by the King Edward's Madrigal Group led by Richard Bolton, who, by this performance, was killing his second bird with one stone, as three weeks previously he had conducted the Gifford House Choir to victory in the House Music Competition singing two of these three songs perhaps better than they were sung in this concert.

The High School Wind Quintet then played Handel's Haymarket Suite. Like the madrigals, this item appeared rather out-of-place between the more major works with which the concert began and concluded. However, the Quintet—the only group which was not a joint K.E.H.S./K.E.S. venture—made some nice noises, and had overcome practically all their nerves by the time they finished.

Finally, and the undoubted highlight of the evening: the Faure Requiem. This was an excellent performance. Apart from a couple of uncertain entries, it was almost perfect throughout. I might have rushed out at once and bought a record of the piece if it had not been 9.45 in the evening, and I had not realised that a record would not be the same as this. Alas, John Mayhew, was the villain of the piece, disappointing his innumerable fans by singing his solos from within the safety of the Bass section, whence his face could not easily be admired. They had to be satisfied when amid rapturous applause at the end, he stepped to the front to take a bow.

The feeling of blissful ecstasy as the spirit passed into heaven was quickly shattered when Miss Wilks stood up to make the inevitable speech, and was rewarded with applause more dutiful than rapturous.

Slowly realising that the festivities were over, the audience began to disperse with the sounds of angelic voices echoing in their ears and the feeling behind that had cushions been placed on the seats as is customary on such occasions, they might have enjoyed it even more.

*C. P. Ross*



## THE JUNIOR PLAYS: A Personal View

At first, the thought of a Medieval Mystery Cycle did not stir the very well-hidden acting instinct within me, but I volunteered all the same, not as some might think, to win favour with Mr. Evans, but to satisfy my constant urge to get upon stage, in front of a large audience to show off my rather mediocre talents.

The rehearsals were numerous and exhausting, especially for those who were in three or four of the separate plays that went to make up the cycle. Nevertheless, each had a friendly atmosphere, promoted by the genial masters who ran the whole affair.

I think perhaps everybody must have made new friends amongst the cast, even with boys in other years than their own. Also, everybody was very willing to lend a hand where needed, and even I was known to have propped up the cross while eating my peanut butter sandwiches.

Costumes were for many a completely new experience, and an embarrassing one for those who took the female roles.

Often, however, events backstage were equally dramatic as those in the view of the audience. Before the first performance I endeavoured to teach Harold Langman the rudiments of Bridge, and put him off the game forever. On the second night, God (Kanner Evers), Judas (Tim Curtis) and myself (Cain and Pontius Pilate), considering ourselves a little above the rest, found ourselves in a separate room where we ate fish and chips, solved the problems of the world, and made interesting sounds with music stands.

As far as I know, nothing went seriously wrong in the actual performances and everybody turned up on time, although Mrs. Noah nearly failed to make it, having broken her (or his?) front teeth. Of course, there were the usual and expected errors—Judas forgetting to bring his purse on stage in 'The Remorse' and myself missing my cue, which resulted in a complete silence on stage for what seemed to be ten minutes, interrupted only by Tim Curtis telling me my lines.

Unfortunately, I never managed to see 'Noah and the Flood' so I can't tell why it was the most amusing play in the cycle. However, every play had its moment, for instance, in 'The Creation' the discovery by Adam and Eve of their nakedness aroused much laughter, especially when the string of their fig-leaves unfortunately broke. In 'Cain and Abel' the incongruous ignition of Abel's sacrifice (by cardboard flame) and the Angel's rejection of my 'measly sheaf' were probably the places in which I found it most difficult to keep my face straight.

Not having seen all that much of the cycle, because I performed in both parts, I will not voice my criticisms of the production. Instead, I will congratulate every member of the cast on what was a very polished performance, according to the opinion of everyone I have met who saw it.

Then, of course, I must honour the Producers—Messrs. Evans and Howcroft, by whom it was all made possible, Doctor Homer, the Technical Director (or whatever his official name was) aided by the doughty stage gang, who gave the cycle an added dimension. Thanks also to Jonathan Barnett,



who had the time of his life being Props Manager, and to everybody else who had a hand in the plays.

*M. Duggan*

## JUNIOR PLAYS 1977

### Medieval Mystery Plays

That there is sufficient talent in the school to provide several dramatic productions of merit each year has been repeatedly asserted, and proved by a succession of excellent Junior Plays and Drama Syndicates. Evidence that this fact is unknown to or ignored by a large number of pupils has also been shown, both in the past, and especially so in the case of the recent Junior Plays, for which, on the first night, only six rows of seats in Big School were occupied; the situation being slightly, but only slightly, improved on the second. Thus I hope I shall be pardoned if I contravene the innovating policy of this new Chronicle by reiterating against this unwarranted lack of support the outcries of previous reviewers: for this production was of a calibre as high as, I believe, has ever been attained here in the past, and manifestly deserved better support.



No doubt the first task in reviewing the Cycle must be to applaud the unconventional choice of subject, original, in that Medieval drama seems to be attempted relatively rarely, and yet admirably suited to a Junior cast, in that the vital spontaneity which characterises these plays is perhaps more easily, and certainly more convincingly, put over by younger actors. The producers had taken individual scenes from different Cycles, and had arranged them to form a composite one, this making possible a welcome diversity of style and mood within the production in addition to that provided by the contrasts of subject. This meant that the Cycle had a great richness: thus the violent, strictly alliterative verse of 'The Conspiracy' and 'The Remorse of Judas,' was followed by the moving and beautiful language of Mary's lament from the Towneley Cycle; the knockabout comedy from 'Noah's Deluge' was preceded by scenes from the 'Ludus Coventrae' in which humour and tragedy were subtly intermixed, and was followed by an intense treble rendering of the Magnificat, though in the latter example the changes in mood were so vast that they occasionally tended to leave members of the audience somewhat breathless.

Therefore, for preserving the differences of style between the four original cycles the translations deserve much praise, especially since some of the work was done by the actors themselves, though the most convincing proof of their success seems to lie in the fact that for most of the time one was able to forget that they were translations.

However, the biggest surprise of the evening was the standard of acting, which was very high indeed; and this, coupled with the obvious enthusiasm of the cast, bodes very well for future productions. The Removes and Shells who formed the cast of 'Noah's Deluge' displayed a comic talent which drew applause on successive nights, but it was not only the younger actors who showed their class: some of the more senior turned in performances with a conviction and maturity which quite belied their age and experience. Particular praise must go to Matthew Duggan for portraying Pilate and Cain with sufficient menace and scorn, to Harold Longman for steering the initial scenes through a period of insecurity on the first night, and coping effectively with recalcitrant fig leaves on the second, and to Tim Curtis for a vigorous and agonised Judas, who, particularly in his dialogues with Pilate, created a very forceful dramatic tension.



These seemed to be the outstanding contributions, but the success of the production quite obviously rested on the efforts of the cast as a whole: to a certain extent the plays seemed to demand that one, or two, central characters dominate individual scenes, but it is to the credit of the production that only rarely did such leading figures actually overshadow their supporting players.

On a note of mild criticism, clarity of diction was of uneven quality, and there was an unfortunate tendency to rush the last line of speeches; however, these are very small points, especially when the fact that every character could be heard showed that perennially hostile Big School acoustics had been overcome. More successful was the range of accent demonstrated by the members of the cast, a skill derived, no doubt, from that versatile maestro of regional intonation, Mr. Evans.

The Cycle was also attractive visually: a simple, but vivid, set had been combined with bright costumes and lighting, which, though occasionally unpredictable, was at other times stunningly effective, for example in the tableaux which closed the 'Cain' and the 'Crucifixion' scenes. Ravens, doves, and sheep for sacrifice might have been expected to pose problems: some of the models employed seemed however to be even more troublesome than the real articles might have been, but the cast showed great presence of mind in overcoming those obstacles with commendable panache.

All in all the actors seemed to seize upon their roles with tremendous enthusiasm, which they had no difficulty in communicating, and sharing with audiences on successive nights.

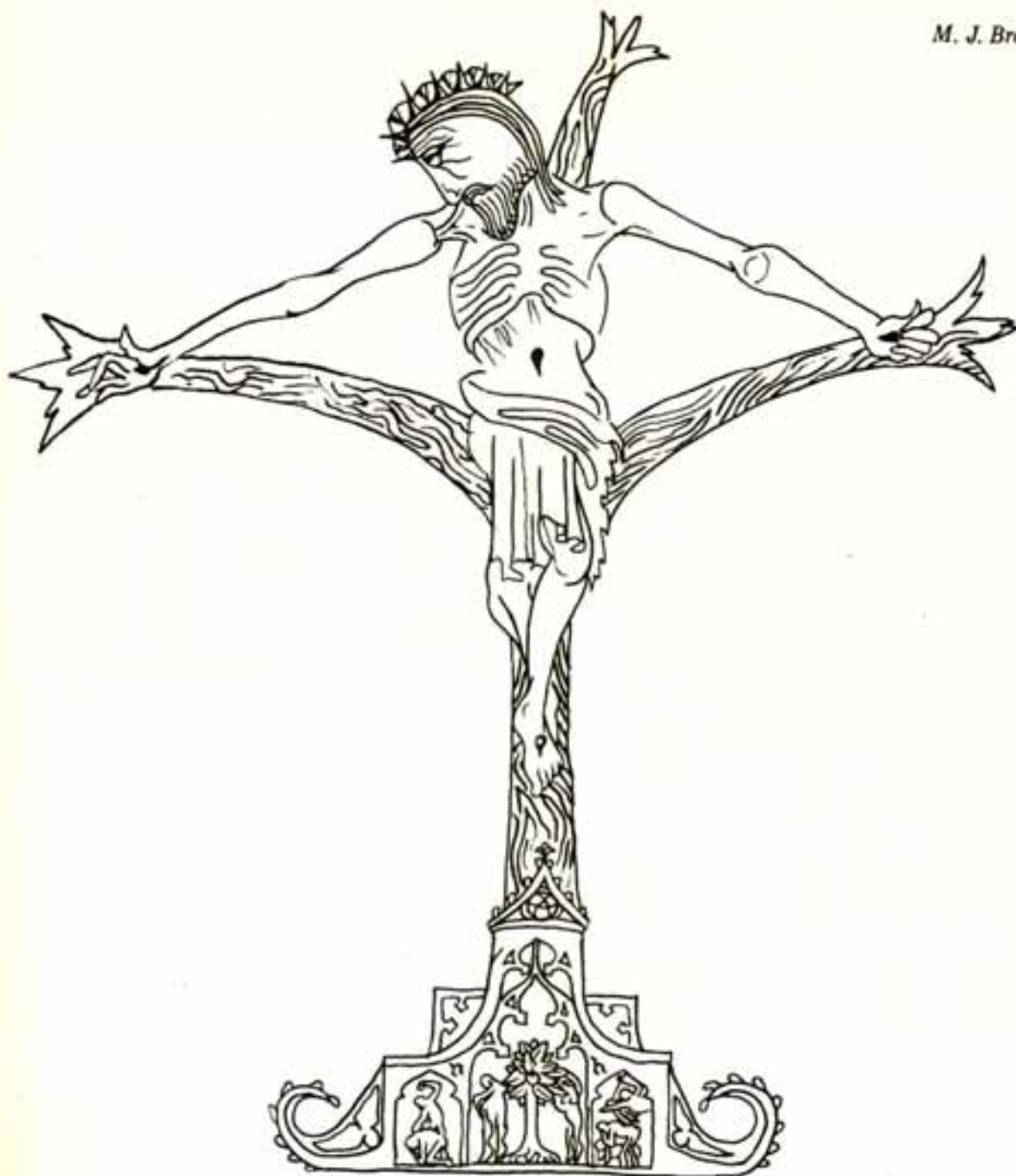
Any misconception those who formed the audience, or, more pertinently, those who did not form the audience, might have entertained that Mystery Plays were naive, colourless, or faintly absurd curiosities, devoid of interest to any but Christians and Scholars, would have been at once dispelled



by this production, which proved an enjoyable, thought-provoking and even moving evening's entertainment.

Our thanks must therefore go to the Producers, Messrs. Evans and Howcroft, the cast, the technical staff and all others concerned for the very hard work they had manifestly put in to make it so.

*M. J. Brooke*



## ETRETAT

At 6.30 a.m. on New Street Station a party from K.E.S. depart on their way to Normandy. The weather is average for Easter, and mixed in with April Fool jokes are ones about the sea voyage. However as the boat train nears the coast and the weather worsens, attitudes change and anti-sea-sickness pills are taken.

Everyone agreed it was a terrible voyage and it was a welcome relief to see Dieppe and the coach waiting to take us to Etretat. We arrived at the hotel in time for the evening meal and everyone was glad to have finally arrived.

April 2nd, a Saturday, was spent exploring the town and dramatic cliffs. We visited a large monument to Nungesser and Coli, two airmen who tried to fly across the Atlantic in 1927, and in the afternoon we went along the cliff path to the Falaise d'Aval. The weather was sunny and we spent some time admiring the views and breathtaking scenery that followed the coastline for a few miles. The Falaise d'Aval, L'Aiguille and La Manneporte are all examples of nature's superb architecture caused by the rough seas and readily eroded rock making up the cliffs. It was not a tiring day and despite a long whist-drive at the hotel, many of the party were in high spirits, having recovered from the previous day's rough crossing.

All the energy that was left over from the Saturday was used on the Sunday, when we walked along the cliff-tops to the lighthouse at Cap d'Antifer. After walking for miles, we finally reached the lighthouse but unfortunately it was closed! We explored some remains of the Atlantic Wall Defences left by the Germans which overlooked an oil terminal, then we returned to the hotel.

On Monday, 4th April, our expeditions began in earnest. The coach took us across the Seine at Tancarville and through Caen to the Allied landing beaches at Arromanches. After lunch we visited the museum where there were numerous model reconstructions of the landing and the artificial port of Mulberry. The remains of the Mulberry can be seen from the seafront. In the museum there was a diorama which reconstructed the 4th June, 1944, step by step, and then we passed into a special cinema which showed a film of the actual landings. Fortunately, the commentary was in English. We then travelled inland through typical Normandy countryside—high hedges followed by avenues of tall trees and open fields. Bayeux was the next stop and we visited the world-famous tapestry which is now housed opposite the Cathedral. The "Ecouteurs" which provided a radio-commentary were not too successful, but the actual tapestry was a miraculous and immense work of art of the 11th Century measuring over 70 metres in length. It is almost a miracle that it should have survived intact for such a period of time. On our way back to Etretat, we stopped at Honfleur, an old-fashioned town near Le Havre, but on the other side of the Seine.

The next morning was spent free in Etretat, but in the afternoon we caught a 'bus to the nearby port of Fécamp. This is the home of Bénédictine, a liqueur famous throughout the world. We visited the distillery and museum that is contained in an old 16th Century style building. The church at Fécamp is comparable to a cathedral in its size and splendour.

The last full day at Etretat was spent on an excursion to the city of Rouen. Here we explored the famous cathedral that suffered heavily in the last war; the Eglise St. Ouen, a large church in pleasant



surroundings; the Vieux Marché where Jeanne d'Arc was tried and executed and the Aître St. Maclou, a burial ground for victims of the plague.

Rouen is an important port because large ships can reach it along the Seine. Furthermore, it is an historical city where old houses and shops are preserved and blend in with the modern buildings.

The next day, April 7th, we departed and the return journey went smoothly and well.

Thanks to the hotel "Patron" and his staff for putting up with us for a week, and thanks to Mr. Underhill, Mr. Workman and Mr. Jayne, for ensuring that all went according to plan; so it turned out a most enjoyable school trip.

*R. J. Glen*



GENERAL INSPECTION

## MARINE BIOLOGY COURSE

This year's Marine Biology Course was held in Aberystwyth and Borth in mid-Wales, between 13th and 8th April with accommodation supplied very graciously by the University of Aberystwyth. They also gave us the use of a fully equipped laboratory which proved a great help.

The course being an integral part of the 'A' level syllabus, designed to study animals in the field, involved a surprising amount of work for the greater majority of the party and as the Sixth Formers had to complete their project by the end of our stay in Aberystwyth, lights were seen to burn in Pontycean Hall until the early hours. The course did have its lighter moments though, and before it had properly started James Blair decided that he would cycle there rather than suffer the arduous train journey. Murray Fisher thought that rather than use a path that was provided and a bridge to traverse a drainage ditch, he would go the easy way and jump over it, but even bionics develop electrical faults and he ended up with a new brand of deodorant, working on the principle of overcoming B.O. with a rather more pungent smell.

On the Sunday of the course, we were presented with a choice of visiting a peat bog or going swimming, so while Messrs. Rigby and Russell and Homer went off together to the peat bog, a group of adventurers went off into deepest Aberystwyth. Only three braved the icy Welsh waters, Neil Kendell, Nick Hatton and Pete Brennan, all whom now regret it.

The work we did was made appreciably more difficult by the absence of Mr. Dodds, who unfortunately had a nasal infection and had to remain at home. His experience of twenty-three previous courses would have proved invaluable especially where the naming of plant species was involved; as it was Mr. Rigby who would identify the plants, then Mr. Russell would use a book to give us the right names and 'Professor' Homer would provide the sarcastic comments.

However, the arrival of Paul Betham, O.E. made this rather easier for us, as he at least seemed to know how to use 'the' book.

Captain Homer was given the job of chief photographer, and head of tortures. His tests involved the exquisitely painful Reason Test, Administration, with the maximum pain to all, and filming members of the party in compromising positions, Jan Wagstyl (working), John Tudor (awake for thirty consecutive seconds), Simon Watts (eating—never before thought possible in captivity) and Simon Abrams (never before thought to exist in captivity).

Although, while at the University, the end never seemed in sight, when it finally came, grown men were known to cry:—

Another group had taken our food for the journey home, and as we waved goodbye to Jimmy Blair on his bike, there was time for reflection. We were reliably informed by the more experienced members that every year there is a notable decrease in the variety and quantity of species found, for instance, whereas on previous courses, a great many starfish have been found, this year only five were seen on the whole of the Borth rocky shore.

It is felt that a major cause for this decline is the removal and non-replacement of these animals, so let us be warned always to replace animals and plants if ever you look at them and ask others to do so.

Finally, all the boys that took part would, I'm sure, like to thank the Masters that took part, Mr. Rigby, Mr. Russell and General D. R. Homer.

*P. Brennan*



## THE GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP TO THE LAKE DISTRICT

After a perilously rapid trip up the motorway on Thursday morning, we arrived at (apparently) one of the best examples of limestone pavements in the country - Andrew's Scar. Unfortunately it was too wet to do any work (shame!) so we wandered aimlessly in search of elusive solution cups. Mr. Haywood managed to get lost, and only with the help of a requisitioned compass did this wonderful intrepid explorer manage to find our way back to the minibuses, where Mr. Martin was patiently waiting for us.

We were then driven to the hotel in Grange over Sands where we were to spend a happy week of hypothesis testing in the Cartmel Peninsula. After a brief briefing from Mr. Haywood, we managed to find not only our respective rooms, but the bar and a wonderful wood fire round which we were to spend many wonderful hours trying to dry our socks.

After a wonderful meal, we were debriefed and coaxed into writing up what we had seen on the limestone pavements (mainly mist and the occasional dead sheep).

The next day, April 1st, was a little less wet, though it was raining hard enough for none of us to need to have a bath for the rest of the week! We all went into the macro-settlement of the area, and counted the people walking past us on the street. Russ Harkin had some trouble with a dog, and Nick London tried very hard to get a deaf woman to answer a questionnaire on shopping habits.

In the afternoon, the sixth form went to see the wonders of British industry at Workington Steel Works, but the only thing that seemed to impress them was the Geographical Inertia of the workers there, and Mrs. Worthington's strange protective headgear.

In the evening briefing, when informed that the motto of Kendal is 'Wool is our bread' some wit with vast quantities of cagoule-coloured hair exclaimed 'that explains the rolls!'

It was on this day that rumours of Mark Good's strange infatuation with cucumbers started—but no-one is prepared to say quite how.



On Saturday we went to the spectacular High Cup Nick Gill, and on our way up, a shepherd informed us that it was not going to rain. It snowed. We lunched in odd funnel-shaped holes in the ground called shakeholes, which Mr. Bennett assured us were neither bomb-craters nor holes dug by Martians in search of Australia! On the way down we discovered that Mr. Haywood has an odd penchant for trying to lose his wellington boots, and that Mrs. Worthington can draw wonderful field sketches even in the rain!

When we reached the minibuses we missed Mr. Haywood, and ten minutes later he arrived. He had already been back to the minibuses, and then *ran* back two miles up the valley and back down again in search (or so he said) of a missing ranging pole, though we suspect he was still trying to lose his wellingtons!

In the evening we had a wonderful briefing from Mr. Haywood, and were joined by Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Haywood.

The next day we were strictly segregated into the eager, keen, fit, healthy fast party, and the slow party, to go to the Langdale valleys. Apparently the fast party had great fun in the snow, and Mr. Haywood appeared to be very much in his own element. Kevin Murphy took Loyola's 'Imitations of Christ' a bit too literally, and tried (unsuccessfully) to walk over a weir. One must admire his faith though.

Mr. Haywood mistook a goat track for a motorway, and this strange incident was taken as an indication that his bionics were malfunctioning.

The low slow party made an in-depth study of the factors influencing the location of public houses in the Langdales area, and coming to the obvious conclusion, indulged in several glasses of coke on their way.

On Monday morning Steve Watson was discovered not to be alone in his double bed—he was sleeping with his suitcase! Was this perhaps the ultimate in Freudian symbolism, or was he merely missing his teddy bear? The sun shone, and provoked the cooler elements of the Divisions and Sixth to don their shades (some members, in fact, had worn them in the rain and snow, allegedly to prevent snow blindness!)

We spent the morning doing a rural land use study of the Cartmel peninsula, and in the afternoon it was my good luck to hit the bright lights of Windermere. Out of twenty people we attempted asking questionnaires, four didn't speak English, two were very rude to us, two were from New Zealand, three from Germany, four from France, two from Macclesfield, and three from Birmingham. Unaccountably, our results deviated somewhat from the expected norm!

In the evening we realised it was Mrs. Worthington's birthday. We didn't know how old she was, but we calculated that she was more than a third as old as Mr. Bennett, and less than twice as old as us! At teatime we sang Happy Birthday, accompanied by Johnny Mayhew on ukelele, Pete Saunders on guitar, and humble me on tin whistle.

The next day was fine, and we climbed up to High Street, from whence there was a fine view of the Lake District. The top was covered in snow, and after a preliminary snowball fight during which Mrs.



Worthington showed her true mettle, Mr. Haywood shocked us all by sliding down a long snow-covered slope on his rear. Soon we realised he was not testing the critical slope angle for a large moving body, but in fact inventing a new game. Soon we were all at it, and only when we got further down the slope did we notice that the end of the slide was only twenty yards away from a perilous thousand foot drop!

Being the last night, there were the usual speeches, from Mr. Martin on 'their' behalf, and Johnny Mayhew on 'ours'. We were then presented with awards for notable achievements during the week. Surprisingly, John 'Hitler' Roberts did not receive a prize for being the most consistently popular member of our party, but one for vacating the bath for Mrs. Worthington (he emptied it first, though.)

That night there was some revelry, and the results of it hungover into the next day for most of us. We were driven back to school in the minibuses, which still inexplicably had stones in the hubcaps since April 1st, after an enjoyable week of walking, briefing, drinking and work.

*M. S. Hytch*

This slightly jaded view, was presented by John Mayhew as a speech at the conclusion of the field trip.

"Right, we've got thirteen minutes left; what I'm going to do in the first two minutes of this talk, that is apart from the twenty seconds I've just taken up saying this, is tie-up the loose-ends of the focussing in terms of the overall significance of the macro- and micro-features of the field course. This will take the form of a briefing in an on-going chronological framework analysis, that is I'll go through day by day and remind you of some of the highlights of the field course.

Day Two: A fascinating one hundred and fifty mile journey to Workington Steel Works to see a film we had already seen at school and to actually witness a breakdown which was a surprise to all. The steelworks is a monument to efficiency, rationalisation, cleanliness and labour relations. Job satisfaction was rife and information was always at hand, though never from the guide who knew all the factory's noisiest places: the influence of technology was especially visible: a nineteenth Century steam engine had been installed to haul the lumps of molten metal around, and the workers were equipped with leather boots to kick the machinery or steel when either went wrong. We observed that a two million pound development scheme had just been initiated in the corrugated iron shed which is Great Britain's premier railway track manufacturer, and we took great delight in seeing the televised and remote control electronic sophisticated control room come to a stand-still—one of the bits of metal had snapped.

We saw various lumps of metal, several times, and none of which were anything to do with the 'A' level course or with the preceding film. We thought this would be a good idea for a Divs. practical project.

Day Three: Mr. Haywood, our resident macrofeature, amazed us all and gained a new nickname by skipping from one end of High Cup Back Gill Nick Valley to the other, back again, and all the way down again, before you could say 'Six Million Dollars,' and making sure he told everyone exactly how far he'd run. With clinometers, pebbleometers, ranging poles, dowelling wire, hacksaws, welling

soil augers and six data sheets and hypothesis and analysis information sheets, we proved that, yes, rivers do flow downhill and round bends. The poor, overworked Banda machine on this day reached its personal best of twelve duplicated sheets per person, per day.

Day Four: This hitchhiking, pubcrawling, extravaganza made sure that we all believed our glorious leaders about upland galciation and geographic rain (ask J.F.B. afterwards, if you don't know what that means) and was probably the most magnificent day for apathy, cynicism, skiving, sarcasm, laziness and drinking; the degree of significance of this statement will, I trust, be proved by the Divs., in their extensive write up next term. We were refused permission in one pub to eat our *bumper picnic lunches*, so lovingly provided by 'mine host.'

Another hypothesis proved on this day was that 'U' shaped valleys provide straight pub crawls.

Day Five: Mr. Haywood nearly got annoyed after much persuasion when he discovered that we hadn't been filling in one of the prized columns of his faithful Banda sheet. This day almost rivalled the previous one for laziness and a long post mortem was held in the lounge afterwards to decide who had actually spent longest in the pub, who had hitched the most lifts, who had finished all their work before 11.30, who missed out the most micro-settlements, oh, I'm sorry, villages, and who conned the most out of Mr. Haywood in train fares.

Day Six: Today was remarkable for its complete lack of geographical content, even reference to practical projects. We made an extremely useful visit to the quarry so that the Divisions can build Mr. Haywood's rockery next term. Mr. Haywood didn't wear a tie . . . .

Overall, I think Alan Bailey summed up the week quite well, when he said: 'the field course reeks of efficiency but never actually does anything geographical.'

I must just mention the hotel: Mr. Haywood was here two years ago and obviously enjoyed the toast so much that there and then he persuaded the management to make a huge-stockpile that could be used this year. There's also a rumour that there's some spare butter behind the bar, but don't spread it!

Finally, I must thank our noble leaders—Mr. Haywood, our resident Bionic Kangaroo, who, when he was rebuilt had any capacity for compassion for our poor, soaking, blister-ridden bodies and for anger at our lack of co-operation with his treasured Banda sheets, removed.

Mrs. Worthington, whom, luckily, everyone managed to avoid calling either Mummy, Madam or Sir for the whole trip; and while we're on this subject, there appears to be a certain frustrated member of the party who would like to claim the four birthday kisses that he put on her birthday card.

Mr. Martin:— who has valuably enriched the knowledge gained on this trip by his extensive studies of English, Art, Science, Psychology, Economics, History, his wit, and even geography, and has proved that scrounging fags can seriously damage your health.

Mr. Bennett:— who has always been within ear-shot with relevant and fascinating pieces of information (i.e. 'that's a lot of rot') and has delighted us with his fashion display of what the well-dressed fossil was wearing six hundred years ago.



The Two Wives:— who came and went. Those wonderful people with such cunning names, about whom Russell Harkin was heard to ask, "Why have they come on the field trip at all, if they're not going to actually *do* something?"

And above all these humans (except some about whom we have doubts), the Banda machine which we estimate, with Mrs. Worthington's tender and delicate skill, has produced seventy letters and 1,500 duplicated sheets, without which this field trip would not have accomplished as much as we all know it has. Thank you."

*J. Mayhew*



## FORTY YEARS ON

Now that intimate parts of the human anatomy have been referred to—nay, named—on the school stage, things can never be the same again. So, clearly, felt the headmaster of "Albion House", punctuating the proceedings with tirades against immorality. One felt at times he had a point. Only Stephen Wickham as Chamberlain saved that particular target from being made of straw. And whatever were the staff of Albion House doing teaching without jackets under their gowns?

Many of the audience were relieved to see parody of the living resisted. Simon Black maintained an independent, forceful line, never faltering in a demanding role even if he might have varied pace and tone a little. Peter Wynne-Willson played with great wit and professionalism: the school will miss his talents as an actor. A sense of sheer enjoyment among the whole cast, but particularly the younger members, saved this school play within a school play from ever becoming unhealthily introspective.

"Forty Years On" must always be patchy: we switch rapidly from year to year in the inter-war period and it takes skilful direction to keep up momentum and avoid confusion. Neil Pearson and his technical assistants deserve great credit for this. If the play sticks in the memory as a series of vivid cameos, this is the achievement of individual performers: Peter Wilkinson as leader of the rugby hearties, Eve Littlestone as a most matronly matron, and, literally above all, Kevin Cotter as the intimately erratic top half of Lady Ottoline Morrell.

*R.D.S.*





## THE SHELTER CONCERT

This year's Shelter Concert was given in the Concert Room on Saturday, July 9th, and was the most enjoyable that I can remember. It was so because it offered the best instrumental playing that I've heard at a Shelter Concert. It was round a group of very talented and confident string players that Richard Bolton and Tony Burt, the organisers and directors of the operation, built their programme. Indeed, the composition of the programme was the key to the overall success of the concert. It struck an excellent balance between instrumental and vocal music (rightly tilted a little in favour of the former because that was where the greatest distinction was possible) and between music of various periods, from the sixteenth century to the immediately contemporary. Equally, the music encompassed a wide range of moods, styles and musical textures as well as offering opportunities for quite a large number of performers and for some to appear in several different roles. The length of the programme, too, was nicely judged; one left wishing that there might have been another item, always a better way to go than desperate for talk or silence or anything except music.

The concert began with a fine, idiomatic performance of a Mozart Divertimento in D, played by Margaret Faultless, Bethan Jones, Philippa Ibbotson, Matthew Bolton, violins, David Newell, viola, and Clare Dolby and Miriam Lowbury, cellos. In style and feeling it was excellent, full of the 'brio' and fastidious vivacity that Mozart's social music always exhibits. Perhaps in some of the forte passages the vivacity became a little too strident but taken all-round it was a stylish, confident performance that Tony Burt directed. (For collectors of nuggets of totally useless information, I should point out that the printed programme erred in ascribing this work to June 1776. It was written for Mozart's sister's birthday or name-day, both of which occurred in July.) The K.E.S./K.E.H.S. joint choir then assembled to sing two English cathedral anthems, the first by the redoubtable S. S. Wesley and the second by John Ireland. I must confess to being pretty unresponsive to music in this tradition and therefore not much of a judge of performance. These performances, directed by Richard Bolton, were efficient, pleasant and lucid. The music's structure was well articulated. Perhaps the choir as a whole was a little heavy in the bass but, of course, there's a lot to be said for a strong and unshakable bass-line. The first half of the concert closed with the first performance of 'Sonata for Chamber Orchestra' by Victor Bull, the composer playing one of the clarinet parts. This turned out to be an impressive and (dare one say it?) attractive work. Its conception was elaborate. It used groups of instruments within the orchestra in concertante style to create a variety of contrasting textures. It also made considerable demands upon the players and upon the conductor. Richard Bolton directed a confident and convincing performance of this intricate score. For the audience, I'm sure that the fact that the music sounded interesting, coherent and alive was more important than the fact that 'mathematical relationships determine the structure' which, when you come to think of it, they do in all music. But this fact may well have been important to the composer. The resulting music was very successful indeed, and it is good to know that ambitious and responsible composition at K.E. did not stop with the departure of Peter Wishart.

The second half of the concert began with Tony Burt conducting an excellent performance of the 'Adagio in G minor' by Albinoni. This curious hybrid of a work, eighteenth century bass-line with very much more recent upper parts, was given a richly sonorous performance which did justice to the work's full-fruit-flavour. The surprising whiff of Cav. and Pag. that hangs about this piece with eighteenth century origins was unmistakable in this very satisfactory performance. There is no doubt that of its kind this piece is a winner and the players played it with all the conviction that comes from knowing that you are on a good thing. It was followed by, what was for me, the high point of the

evening, a quartet in D minor by Telemann. In this performance Messrs. Burt and Bolton laid aside their batons to take up flute and cello respectively and they were joined by Philippa Ibbotson, violin, and David Dunnett, continuo. This varied and supremely assured music was given a really beautiful performance. The tone of each player was very pleasing, the balance was excellent and the exchanges between the instruments fluent and intimate. It was a performance that showed just what it is that chamber music offers that no other kind of music does, something analogous to vivacious and sensitive discussion among friends who all respect each others' abilities yet here in terms that are purely musical. It was very satisfying. Three Elizabethan madrigals followed, conducted by Richard Bolton and very nicely sung by Anne Szreter, Bethan Jones, Miriam Lowbury, Susan Field, Elaine Atkinson, Tony Burt, David Dunnett, John Mayhew and David Newall. They introduced a quite new timbre and sense of a quite different period into the programme. They were efficient and enjoyable performances with good balance and plenty of pulse and rhythmic energy. The concert closed with a performance by the joint choir of Buxtehude's 'Magnificat'. One had heard faintly disquieting rumours about the performance of this particular item but in the event it sounded acceptable enough. It is a varied work with plenty of musical substance while remaining usable in a normal liturgical context. The performance was distinguished by Anne Szreter's excellent singing of the short but difficult soprano solo passages.

Everybody who took part in these performances can rest assured that they gave a lot of pleasure to everyone in the audience by giving them a programme that was so well chosen and so well performed. Tony Burt and Richard Bolton have a lot to congratulate themselves about and if nobody has done so already—which is beyond belief—I'd like to tell them now that the whole evening was a fine achievement.

A.J.T.



## ALBUM REVIEWS

A selection of records released 1976 - 1977

**PETER GABRIEL:** *Peter Gabriel, Charisma:* As so many others it was with great surprise that I realized that this album, Gabriel's first since leaving "Genesis" two years ago, had convinced me that he was not only a songwriter of some importance, but also an excellent singer. Although his voice is not, musically, of the highest calibre, his ability to express emotions in his singing ranks him among the best of contemporary artists. The nine songs themselves show a competence in handling many different musical idioms, from outright rock through classical and jazz-influenced styles to subtle and quieter passages all of which prove equally successful, with the exception of the unfortunate and clichéd "barbershop" introduction to "Excuse Me". Each of the tracks is remarkable in its rapid change of rhythms, executed very smoothly which adds a freshness and originality to his compositions. Each is melodic (notably "Salisbury Hill", his moderately successful single which surely proves that it is possible to combine a "catchy" tune with interesting and serious lyrics) and well-arranged with the instrumentation favouring a balance rather than any lengthy solos. Yet once again there is an exception; the use of orchestra on "Down the Dolce Vita" seems tasteless and mars an otherwise excellent rock song.

As to lyrical content, although not deliberately thematic Gabriel constantly echoes the theme of Nemesis, the ultimate catastrophe: indeed the titles of his songs show this preoccupation, "Slowburn", "Waiting for the Big One", and "Here Comes the Flood". The lyrics are generally intelligent sometimes startling as in his vivid description: "Kisses of flame grow out of your lips, your back telling me of your apocalypse". Yet above all, this album can be listened to either for its message, or, despite its definite blemishes, simply as pleasing and enjoyable music, complemented always by Gabriel's fine vocals.

G.S.W.

**EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS:** *Supertramp, A & M:* This, Supertramp's first album for nearly two years, shows that the band are definitely progressing towards a more mature use of musical structure but, equally, reminds us that they still have far to go. The songs (seven in all) are always tuneful, and this is perhaps the band's chief attraction, that they are able to write pleasant melodies and exploit them: on their previous albums, each track has relied on this strength and once again several of their new compositions do the same: "Give a Little Bit", "Babaji", and to a lesser extent the title track. However, the group also show an awareness that to develop they must introduce sub-themes into their compositions and in two of the tracks, "From Now On" and most significantly "Fools Overture", there is use of more than one main theme. However, the album is certainly not uniformly impressive; although Supertramp's own style is in evidence throughout, with good use of piano and saxophone (the two predominant instruments on this record), in certain places they fall into standard rock clichés most notably the use of female backing echoing the lead singer's lines on "Lover Boy" and "Babaji". Furthermore, the repetition of the theme, in several of the less complex songs, would undoubtedly become boring, were it not for the group's obvious mastery of the technique of the fade out.

Thus, although showing Supertramp's skill, and proving a moderately interesting and pleasant album (while lacking the impact of "Crime of the Century", it improves on the last record "Crisis? What Crisis?"), "Even in the Quietest Moments" can only be a stepping stone to a more complex, more



advanced album in the future. The song-writing skill is there, it is to be hoped that they will make use of it.

G.S.W.

**CELLULOID HEROES:** *The Kinks, R.C.A.:* This album contains some of the finest material produced by the Kinks. Raymond Douglas Davies is at his best, singing lead vocals as well as writing, producing and arranging all the tracks, twelve in all, composed from 1971 onwards. The lyrics are as always of a very high standard and musically, Davies equals the best writing of Lennon and McCartney in songs like "Sitting in My Hotel Room", "Celluloid Heroes" and "A Face in the Crowd". But however good the lyrics, some of the songs struggle to get off the ground: "One of the Survivors" and to a lesser extent, "20th Century Man" fall into this category. The remaining tracks are vintage Kinks.

There are four outstanding tracks: "Sitting in My Hotel Room" describes the changes that stardom has brought to an ordinary person; "Alcohol", surprisingly enough is about a drunk who has wasted his life; "Celluloid Heroes", which describes Hollywood Boulevard, where the names and footprints of the stars are embedded in concrete and "A Face in the Crowd". These tracks are certainly as good as the well-known Kinks' songs of the mid-sixties, like "Waterloo Sunset", "Set Me Free", "Dedicated Follower of Fashion" etc., but they do not seem to have the "fun" element of their work ten years ago (consider "Lola" and "A Well Respected Man" for instance). In this respect The Kinks are in danger of concentrating too greatly on serious music. However the album does not seem to contain any commercial material and the group still have the potential to become again a great band. Perhaps if Davies writes more material with a sense of fun they will achieve their former glories, but until they do, they will remain only for the connoisseur.

G.P.

**HEJIRA:** *Joni Mitchell, Asylum:* After Ms. Mitchell's last album, the highly-acclaimed "Hissing of Summer Lawns", which seemed to many to mark the peak of her career, it was scarcely to be expected that it would be followed by a record so different yet so outstanding as "Hejira". Whereas "Hissing of Summer Lawns" was highly-arranged, the instrumentation here is simple generally restricted to guitar, bass and drums; whereas that was concerned with the wider problems of life in the seventies, this is an essentially introspective, very personal album. The music is subordinate to the lyrics and it is the quality of these lyrics which is the first remarkable feature of "Hejira", especially Ms. Mitchell's descriptive talents: describing the decrepit Beale Street in "Old Furry Sings the Blues", she writes: "Pawn ships glitter like gold tooth caps in the grey decay". And again, with beautiful artistry, she refers to a sky filled with "the clouds of Michelangelo, muscular with gods and sungold".

In general, the tracks relate to herself and to her obsession with travel (she describes herself as "a prisoner of the white lines on the freeway"). The centrepiece of the work is undoubtedly "Song for Sharon", one of the longest songs she has written, which deals with a desire to settle down and ends with the hope that "I'll walk green pastures by and by".

Yet the quality of the lyrics, moving and fascinating as they are, does not obscure the music. Extremely subtle, using a major theme for each song, complemented by constantly changing instrumental interjections, "Hejira" is essentially a jazz-influenced album featuring excellent bass playing



by Jaco Pastorius on "Hejira", "Refuge of the Roads" and "Black Crow". The quality of both lyrics and music is also matched by the superbly-expressive cover, a frosted landscape.

I am quite aware that this may well be dismissed as a mere "rave" review, but any listener with any sensitivity could not fail to be moved by this superb record.

G.S.W.

**WIND AND WUTHERING:** *Genesis, Charisma:* In "Wind and Wuthering", their second album since the departure of their lead singer Peter Gabriel, Genesis have not only consolidated the position achieved with "A Trick of the Tail" (released in January 1976) but have advanced considerably. The overall sound is similar to "A Trick of the Tail", being slightly more polished than the early Genesis, but this album marks a definite progression, with an admirable development in their use of musical structure. Although capable of producing beautiful melodies, as in the tender love song "Your Own Special Way" Genesis have never been content to rely on the simplistic formula of verse-chorus-key modulation: the tracks on this album are full of variety, rhythmically and melodically, most notably in the outstanding track "One for the Vine". The music is executed skilfully and smoothly, with Phil Collins' voice proving perhaps more suitable to the "new" Genesis than Gabriels would have done. However Gabriel is undoubtedly missed in that the band are no longer capable of producing the quirky, witty lyrics which he added to their songs (e.g. their successful single "I Know What I Like") and this is obvious in the one track on "Wind and Wuthering" which is unsatisfying, "All in a Mouses Night", which attempts to be amusing but fails. Nevertheless, in general this is a fine album and one which looks to the future: for the excellence and complexity of "One for the Vine", and the three tracks on Side 2 ("Unquiet Slumbers for the Sleepers . . . .", "In that Quiet Earth" and "Afterglow") which form one piece, shows that Genesis are once more capable of producing a worthy successor to "Suppers Ready", the twenty-minute track which made them famous in 1972.

G.S.W.

**WORKS, VOLUME 1:** *Emerson, Lake & Palmer:* On this album Greg Lake's dramatic degeneracy, as seen in "King Crimson", seems to lose all hope as a successful mask; for, with Keith Emerson's classical bent, E.L.P. seem to have plunged unerringly off the road marked "progressive". "Works" is a fine album, musically, but has about as much verve and inspiration as a mahogany wooden leg.

Keith Emerson's piano concerto and Greg Lake's compositions suggest that E.L.P. may be putting itself in lofty executive niches with Beethoven and Aznavour. However Carl Palmer's side proves that there is hope yet and this is borne out on the final, joint, side where "Fanfare for the Common Man" and "Pirates" suggest that they are still able to soil their hands with imaginative music. Despite this the words "Volume One" on the cover are disturbing: are the "Works" intended to be collected and kept neatly between the drum of Castella Cigars and the silver claret jug?

J.G.A.R.

**JOAN ARMATRADING:** *Joan Armatrading, A & M:* Until last autumn, Joan Armatrading was a relatively unknown singer-songwriter. A British West Indian, she has developed free from overriding influence by either soul or traditional girl singer-songwriters, and already on this album a personal style is seen to be emerging. While all her songs develop a fairly strong beat (with the exception of the lyrical "Save Me"), Ms. Armatrading never allows rhythm to become the predominant element in her music. Her compositions are neither complex nor intricate but avoid falling into stereotypes. Indeed, although her style is present throughout, the tracks do not lack variety, and it is pleasant to hear her unafraid to write outright rock songs and still able to produce beautiful more gentle songs like "Save Me" or "Somebody Who Loves You", occasionally and most effectively of all: combining the two in such songs as "Love and Affection" (described by one critic as the best single of 1976). As to the lady herself, her talents are in evidence in other fields as well: her own work on acoustic guitar is at least competent, and her singing is very impressive, showing a considerable range. The weakest element in her work is her lyrics, which although sporadically showing a developing skill, are often uninspiring. However that said, Joan Armatrading has produced a pleasing and confident album, which deserves the acclaim it has received.

G.S.W.

**A NEW WORLD RECORD:** *Electric Light Orchestra:* It is surely amazing that this album has been so highly acclaimed since its release, for on "A New World Record" E.L.O. show their talent for writing melodic songs, but little else. Whenever they deviate from the simple but catchy tunes and attempt anything more, the result is pretentious nonsense. This is unfortunately true of E.L.O.'s use of orchestra (e.g. on "Tightrope") where instead of achieving their professed aim of integrating an orchestra into pop-rock songs, the two sound completely at odds: indeed "Rockaria", supposedly humorous, is nothing more than a parody of this aim.

Furthermore, the songs strike few original chords: variously E.L.O. remind one of the Beatles, the Eagles and early Who, and their material sounds as if it has come from a decade ago. They consistently fail to produce a distinctive or original sound; it is not that they are plagiarists, but they have not sufficient talent to forge a new path free from dominant external influences.

Yet to deny that this album gives pleasure would be unfair. It is true that, however much E.L.O. can be criticized, as background music, the tunes are unfailingly appealing (perhaps because they seem so familiar). File under easy listening?

G.S.W.

Reviews by G. S. Williams, G. Perry and J. G. A. Roberts



## FILM REVIEW

September 1976 — August 1977

Of the innumerable films that have gone on release in Britain since September of last year, there are a number that have been highly publicised or acclaimed for one reason or another: here, many of these are reviewed:

Certificate 'U': there have only been two 'U' Certificate films that have really stood out from the others recently: the first was the latest, and, according to Director Blake Edwards, the last "Pink Panther" film, "The Pink Panther Strikes Again", in which ex-Police Commissioner Herbert Lom, driven mad by Inspector Clouseau (Peter Sellers, as always) is released from a Sanatorium, only to hold the world to ransom with the aid of a kidnapped scientist; the ransom—Inspector Clouseau. This is by far the best "Pink Panther" film, with a very liberal mixture of slapstick, wit, and many other hilarious ingredients, and if, in fact, it is the last one, the series has ended on its highest note.

The other notable 'U' film is "Freaky Friday" starring Barbara Harris and the now omnipresent Jodie Foster. This film, the latest to come from the Walt Disney Studios, starts and ends well—with the typical brand of Disney humour—but drags a little in between. The story starts with Miss Foster and her mother simultaneously wishing they were each other, as each regards the other's problems in everyday life to be easier than her own, and the rest of the movie shows, fairly successfully, how each one copes with her new problems.

In the list of newly released 'A' films (there is no difference in the laws of admission for 'A' and 'U' Certificate films), there are two of the most talked about movies of the year: "Rocky" is the story of an "unknown" boxer, "The Italian Stallion", in Philadelphia, and his once-in-a-lifetime opportunity of a fight for the Heavyweight Championship of the world. "Rocky" received ten Academy Award nominations, and won three: Best Picture, Best Director (John G. Avildson), and Best Editing. A highly entertaining movie, and although the story may seem a little like a fairy tale, the true fairy tale behind "Rocky" was the instant leap to success it provided for writer and star, Sylvester Stallone.

"Airport '77" was one of '76-'77's major disappointments: with its impressive cast, and the ten million dollars it took to make, the movie does not play sufficiently on the fear elements involved in the situation—a Boeing 747 crashing into the sea, and sinking, and the unprecedented rescue attempt. This is the third such air-disaster epic that, potentially, had it all, but, in fact, did not match up to its predecessors "Airport" and "Airport '76".

"The Family Plot" is Alfred Hitchcock's latest movie. It's a far stretch from the traditional Hitchcock, such as "Psycho" and "The Birds", but is, nevertheless, well worth seeing—as well as having the usual Hitchcock tension, it contains a lot of uncommon, but very funny, Hitchcock humour.

"Echoes of a Summer" is billed as the greatest love story since "Love Story", and is similarly a standard "weepy", but with a little extra punch. Jodie Foster, as Deirdre, is the eleven year old (I'm twelve tomorrow!) daughter of Richard Harris; she has a terminal heart disease. The father, who has resigned himself to Dierdre's death and wants to make her short life as happy as possible, and the mother (Lois Nettleton), who has spent two years searching in desperation for a doctor to save Deirdre, are forced apart by their daughter's illness, but Deirdre's nine year old friend Philip seems



to have the answer. On paper, the story seems a little far-fetched, and severely nauseating, but, on the screen, it makes a touching movie.

In the Certificate 'AA' category (movies for fourteen year olds and up) there are four films that should not be missed: "Network" is the very controversial story about the US television world, in which Peter Finch plays a newscaster turned mad prophet. An interesting film, heralded as Peter Finch's best (and last) performance, "Network" only suffers through an unfortunately inferior script. It received ten Oscar nominations, equalled only by "Rocky", and received four awards, challenging the all-time great of last year, "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest". Peter Finch received, alas, posthumously, the Best Actor Award, and the other three went to Faye Dunaway (Best Actress), Beatrice Straight (Best Supporting Actress) and Paddy Chayevsky (Screenplay).

"A Star is Born" received a vast amount of publicity, and, in Birmingham, even after fifteen weeks, still attracted some of the largest audiences. It tells the story of a fading rock star (Kris Kristofferson) and his relationship with his up-and-coming discovery (Barbra Streisand). Although slow-moving in parts, it is an enjoyable movie, with a wide selection of music, written by such people as Paul Williams, Leon Russell, Kenny Ascher and Barbra Streisand. "Evergreen", the love theme from the film was voted as the Best Original Song by the American Film Academy. My only regret is that Kris Kristofferson will not stop writing and let some of these guys write his music in future!

"Burnt Offerings" takes the prize for the best horror-thriller of the year (I think this movie should have had an 'X' Certificate). In it, a dilapidated mansion seems to come to life on the arrival of its holiday tenants, the Rolfe family (Oliver Reed, Karen Black, Lee Montgomery, and Bette Davis); in fact, the sinister house appears to live on the family, to their expense and horror. It is both an unpredictable and novel film that holds a store of shocks for the unsuspecting moviegoer.

"The Little Girl Who Lives Down The Lane" is about a twelve year old girl (Jodie Foster, yet again) who has trouble keeping her dark secrets from others. Jodie Foster is most impressive in this thriller as the girl who is not responsible for her predicament, but who will effectively, yet reluctantly, deal with any problems.

Now for the 'X' films (these are, or at least should be, restricted to people eighteen and over): "Would You Kill A Child?" is, without doubt, the worst film I've seen this year; Prunella Ransome and Lewis Fiander arrive on a Mediterranean island to find that the island's children have killed off all, or most of, the adult population. The movie deals with the dilemma of whether an adult could bring himself to kill a child, even if the child was trying to kill him. It's a rather pointless question, as the horrific news-reel clips, shown at the beginning of the film, from Nazi Germany, Nigeria, Korea, and Vietnam clearly show that adults have killed, do kill, and will continue to kill children, almost regardless of the situation.

"Carrie" is the story of a girl (Sissy Spacek) with telekinetic powers that she eventually uses, with devastating results, against some particularly unpleasant practical jokers and some innocent bystanders. The movie's "finale" is something not to be missed!

There were two very successful occult movies this year: the first was "The Omen", which, using frequent references to the Book of Revelations, tells the story of the Anti-Christ, in the form of



Damon, the son of the US Ambassador to Britain. Gregory Peck, the Ambassador, and Billie Whitelaw, as the evil governess, turn in marvellous performances. Unfortunately, like the "Exorcist", "The Omen" has revitalised the interest in the occult, and is responsible for a spate of incredibly bad Hollywood films.

The second occult film was "The Sentinel", a film not for people of nervous disposition. Alison Parker (Cristina Raines) rents an apartment in a block that she later finds to contain many weird characters, perhaps none more so than Halliran, the mysterious, blind priest who sits all day and night at his top storey window, gazing sightlessly out. Alison Parker is soon to find out just who are the other tenants, and what is Halliran's duty in this house of sheer, unreasoning evil and terror. Apparently, all the freaks and mutants used in this truly revolting, yet impelling film, are real, with no make-up to add to the physical horror.

All those who have a dread of visiting the dentist should avoid "The Marathon Man"; the dentist's drill and probe scene is almost guaranteed to send shudders through everyone except hardened dentists themselves. The intricate plot is not helped by the movie's lack of clarity, but, in a way, this adds to the idea of confusion that permeates the story. Dustin Hoffman and Larry Olivier are, as always, in fine form.

"Private Vices and Public Virtues" deals with the Mayerling Scandal showing (vividly!) the sexual exploits of the Kaiser's heir, and what happened to him and his "accomplices". This movie was billed as "Direct, and Uncut"—it was indeed direct, and would have been pointless, and about ten minutes long if it had not been uncut!

Other films of '76 - '77 to look out for include: "A Bridge Too Far", with fourteen top stars and twenty five million dollars behind it; "Silent Movie", the latest from Mel Brooks; "Jabberwocky", a Michael Palin medieval nonsense; "The Eagle Has Landed", the story of a Second World War kidnap attempt (half fact, half fiction) on Churchill; and "Bound for Glory", the story of Woody Guthrie, a winner of two Academy Awards.

Now to the "Chronicle Review Awards", a sort of high-class Academy Award: there are seven categories for the awards, and two special awards:

Best Picture	— "Rocky"
Best Actor	— Peter Finch, for "Network"
Best Actress	— Jodie Foster, for "The Little Girl Who Lives Down The Lane"
Best Supporting Actress	— Billie Whitelaw, for "The Omen"
Best Director	— Michael Winner, for "The Sentinel"
Best Screenplay	— Sylvester Stallone, for "Rocky"
Achievement Award	— Bette Davis, 70 years old and still going strong
The "Kentucky" Award, for the Best Artistic Treatment	— Miklos Jancso, Director of "Private Vices and Public Virtues"

1976 - 77 was rich with a wide variety of movies for all tastes—let's hope that the coming year holds as much, if not more.

*Robin Jackson*



JUBILEE TREE PLANTING by R. J. Garratt Esq.





#### 45 MINUTES' UNEDITED THOUGHTS OF A PRETTY THOUGHTLESS PERSON

I've got to do a bit of subjective writing. That means I've got to put 'I' all the way through. I should've done that reading from 'Catcher in the Rye', that's probably where he got the idea for a subjective piece of writing, and it would have been something to base this on, but I can't find it; it's probably in some desk or other at school. What was the beginning of 'Catcher in the Rye' about anyway? There was a kid, who was looking back on the time when he got kicked out of school, just writing down thoughts and recollections. It was pretty uninteresting really, but the way *he* read it made it sound very profound and really worth listening to, but then, doesn't he always?

I can't think of anything at the moment, I'm just gazing out of the window at all the other houses . . . . . What's that? Sounds like a grasshopper, but it can't be, it's too early. I'd like to go and fly the kite, the wind's swaying the top of the beech tree again, but Andrew's back at school, and without him I wouldn't be able to launch it. Besides, it's raining—your hands get cold flying a kite when it's raining, and Andrew moans and it's difficult to put the kite away at the end.

God this radiator's cold. The metal draws all the heat out of your bones through your knees. It goes off during the day because usually everyone's out. I could go and turn the heating on, but I couldn't be bothered. Couldn't I? Yes I could, I'll go and turn it on—back in a minute . . . . . Hello again, it hasn't made any difference yet.

My mind's blank again—the earphone of my crystal set just buzzed again—it keeps on doing that. I'd like to fix it, but I ought to get this out of the way, still, I'll just have a listen to what's on . . . . . The aerial and earth wires were touching. It's strange though, Radio 1's signal was stronger than Radio 4's, it's usually the other way around.

My knees are still cold. I wish this radiator would hurry up and get warm . . . . . I just turned round then and sat sideways on my chair, I don't know why, I just did. I probably have some subconscious dislike of writing English, or more likely would rather do something else. But what would I rather do? I don't want to go out, I could watch the telly, but that's a waste of time. Besides, it's just as cold downstairs I know, I've got to read those signals notes—there's an exam sometime soon. Yes, and I've got to work out what I'm going to say in my drill lecture on Friday. I'll have to clean my kit some night next week, I think there's an inspection next Friday, what a drag.

Well, I've just passed the two side mark, I've written enough, it all depends upon what he thinks of it now. He could throw it back at me, say what rubbish it is, and ask how long I spent (50 minutes in rough and 20 minutes writing it out) and I'd sit there feeling rather embarrassed and a bit of a chump, and I'd have to put up with the supposedly joking hissing, but in fact the quite biting hissing, which goes on when you have to give in your mark.

On the other hand, I might get a brilliant mark, (like 14?) and *he* might say it's very deep and original and definitely written from my own experience.

I don't know about it being deep (deep thinking just leads to depression), it's just 50 minutes' thoughts, one after the other, but it is original. I doubt many others, if any, will have written something like this. I didn't dislike the idea of writing this as much as writing a purely fictitious essay.



They're genuine thoughts, not made up ones, and he should like that, but he might say something like, "The level of thought in this class is remarkably low," and look as if he's about to give up all hope.

Or I might get, and this is quite likely, a mediocre mark, I nearly always do. Mind you, on his marking scheme there's not much difference between a disastrous piece and one of the great works of the twentieth century, a difference of about 40% at most. Still, at least the comments, though short, are relevant, and that's more than you get out of most masters. I often think they pull comments out of hats for essays, well, I don't really, that's a bit of invention.

I wonder what mark and comment I will get, it'll be interesting to see anyway. The radiator's quite hot now. I can't even find my English book now, he'll have to have it on another piece of paper.

*R. J. Irvine*

## MOUSE-EYE VIEW

The last thing that I remember was falling down a hole in a perpendicular mountain and falling unconscious. It is dark, and I can feel a strange material. I can see light below it. It is easy to gnaw. I am through. There is a low door but I am squeezing through. I see a pipe-line above me which bends round until it is lower than the original, I am in a three-sided room: the long side through which I came, and two shorter black sides either side of it. It is so hot that I must move. I am on a long but low wall. Behind me is the hill of heat. Behind me to my left is a gigantic brown monster with one huge green eye and four legs, attached by two cables to the wall. Underneath it is a huge blue silo. In front of me there is another four-legged brown monster with practically no body, and a tall thin ivory and blackish yellow-coloured neck with a disproportionately sized cylinderish shaped blue head, also connected to the wall. To my left and right are two waterfalls; therefore I am in a cave between them. Two captured flying saucers are attached to the ceiling; the six aliens inside provide light. There are three other creatures which are the same colour as the waterfalls and have tiny heels for feet. Their heads are set back on their main bodies. There is one parent and two young ones on the brown earth floor. I have been seen by a black and white monster. I must hide.

*Waldron*



### THE FLYING SAUCER

When the swirling grey clouds parted,  
It saw dots of light.  
Small towns and great cities from space.  
So it silently, cautiously came.

Our smog clogged its motors,  
Our germs crippled its crew.  
Disbelieving it slowly descended,  
And watched us,  
And left.  
And it did not return.

Cooper



## COMMUTING

It was a winter night, wet and windy, whipping the sharp rain, drumming it, rattling it, *allegretto*, *staccato*, hurling it into pockets to cut cloth and wet, tender skin. It was long dark, long glowing above with lurid red-yellow-grey clouds mistily reflecting the lights below, but at street level a rapid vortex of clamouring, rocketing metal, spitting back the now dirty water. If I lived nearer I would be home now, warm, in windless comfort.

There was a bus due, but if it came would I notice it taller in the glaring traffic or tell the dim number through the glittering stream of light. I stared out, keen-eyed but colour-blind under the neon glow, out through the rushing metal wind, lurching the taller bulk, luminous through the translucent atmosphere above the lights.

That! Tall, with blazing square lights, blurred in front with tenuous tracery of ephemeral white. Hasty, coming quickly through the twisting torrent—how distant could it be seen, see back—too close to clamp the wet hubs and slow in squealing *rallentando* and stop?

It was warm inside, and the air was thick and humming lazily. The rain beat and rattled with tinny impatience on the roof, but with no more malice. The watery storm was deflected, the metal hurricane stopped, snarled up, idling, slowly; becalmed and windless and whiling away wet hours wearily ticking over seconds with silver smoke. Then a quick catspaw: twenty feet, fifty even, but hardly ruffling the smooth calm. I could snooze in the blue fumes.

But it beat, with a long, accelerating ictus, quick-stepping downhill, beating, beating two-four time, accelerating to a demented, panting climax, and yawns (like me) with a long hiatus, hiccups, and off again, rattling, beating.

What a metal monster we ride, exhausted as life itself before death! What clock is ticking, clattering madly, cardiac contractions racing: one-two, one-two, one-two? To where? To what catastrophic climax, death throes, agony; how many tripping truncated seconds wastable till then?

We stop, worried, careful for the invalid engine. The driver looks, long and hard at each dull, muddied, perfectly round wheel. Think what hums under that flushed flank the rods, bars, cranks, cogs, flywheels, pistons, sprockets racing, racing, tortured metal. What piece is fractured. Tell, from only the heat's metal beat, loud through the stethoscope sides and seats and feet, and the breath of the sick monster, the diesel's military tattoo beating a retreat from the amber-spangled city.

He drives on, slowly, worriedly, nursing the wounded chassis through the bend's twisted tetany. We will be late tonight.

*D. W. Stephens*

## MORNING AIR

*Still classical, still air  
poured over the morning  
crystals:  
a xylophone of birds,  
milk-bottles, distant tram-bells  
trills the window-panes like harness-bells,  
round and round the crescents  
cut in diamond-clear serenity.*

*Whitestone-fresh poising air expects  
the coachman's crack and cry,  
hooves' click and echo,  
creaks of empty carriage, crackling churn  
of cobbled wheels.*

*The tickle of a breeze  
soft simpers round the curtains  
shyly kisses sleeping eyes;  
and freshness quickly picks  
into the edges of the morning,  
without a sound disturbing  
the cool augustan slumbering.*

*Upward, all around, from under  
the castellated horizon  
softly grows, suffuses  
light,  
new light,  
for the dark grey morning.*

*Under the slowly-lifted stole  
lies the city, prone,  
starkly beautiful,  
naked she lies, years of mornings  
ever young and ever grave.*

*A. J. Sinclair*

## DAYDREAMS

*My mind wandered from the dreary classroom,  
I was whisked away into a world of fantasy.*

*Heavens' tears fell from the sky  
And I opened my umbrella to shelter from the rain.  
Suddenly I was floating; drifting; spinning;  
I rose through the skies and into a new world.  
I walked on clouds; drowsily; sleepily;  
Gradually I floated through nothingness; emptiness;  
Drifted through time and limitless space.  
I was surrounded by black, menacing eternity  
And fell into a deep, endless sleep  
Still floating through the caverns of time.*

*I awoke  
And returned to the dull and dreary classroom.*

*John McNamara*

## CLOUDS

*Saw you walking on a whirlpool smiling,  
On the spitting volcano's mouth dancing,  
You lie on the scorched earth of the wood,  
Where once as amateur lovers we stood,  
Precious tears weigh heavy on flimsy lids.  
Come look into my placid eyes, she bids:  
A reflection of years; I shall kiss you,  
No, my mouth is received by a misty dew,  
Now my eyes are open; my madness is clear,  
The presence has gone and only clouds are here.*

*Paul Bridge*



## A METHUSELAN METAMORPHOSIS

The world turns and turns and turns  
In the mystery of nothingness,  
But a person burns and burns  
When age creeps up unsuspecting  
Like dawn.

The fog sheathed its blade  
But the sun was too quick,  
And soon it began to fade  
Unveiling a sleeping mountain peak.

A crocus stood on the garden floor  
Alone and sad and bleached,  
I tore its roots—for all I could endure  
Was the sun and the melancholy  
Of a crocus, now impeached.

But when those days came to an end  
The world fell in my spleen  
And romantically did I defend  
My illusions of clean and unclean.

The child fell into bastardy  
When the saints came marching in,  
They filled their purses  
Changed their verses and donned their caps of tin,  
Then out they marched—as soon as they had marched in.

But the mind within  
Still warped by silent stills,  
Cries louder and louder at sin;  
Then commits it, himself,  
And laughs at people for their gullibility.  
He does this from within.

The music changed from jazz to rock  
I stare at senile sires  
I put my hand inside her frock  
To stir up her desires,  
But as none to give for I am young  
I poke around the fire.

That is the past  
Dead and boring;  
It won't last;  
For I am growing.



## TOREADOR

My footsteps  
    Meander  
        Across  
            The field.

Boots kick buttercups and daisies.  
Some fall,  
But others are eaten by the cows . . . . .

It stares deep into my eyes as it catches my glance  
And I stare back, hypnotised.  
It snorts, and the black vulture-crows are silent  
As they come down into  
        The tree above  
            My head.

And wait.

The silence is broken by crickets  
And broom-pods cracking,  
Spraying the arid scrub with their black seeds.  
The tension grows, amplified by the heat,

Hot—red, yellow, white—the sun burns down  
And in the glare the victim stands immobile,  
Isolated.

But his mind quickly and frantically  
Darts here and there, following his own eyes  
As they take in every feature of the featureless landscape—  
He knows cannot hide him—  
So he must face it.

A lizard scurries to hide  
Underneath the stone where he was sunning himself;  
The wheatear moves the twigs of the acacia,  
Silently ignorant of the drama beyond his own world.

My eye falls on a small stone and stops.  
I grab it up and throw it in one movement at my antagonist.—  
The cow bolts off through the buttercups.  
I walk on.

*Paul Shipway*



## SECOND CITY

Escaping along narrow freeway,  
Giant pylons pressing in  
Between chess piece chimneys covered  
in soot,  
Fort Dunlop arrow pointing to solid cement works,—  
Volcanic air—filthy product of a  
filthy city,  
Disgusting juggernauts hauling with  
vile effort.  
At last  
With Spaghetti maze out of sight,  
Exit  
Freedom  
Until tonight's return.

*Andrew Tobias*

## A MEMORIAL FOR ANY MAN

After I've ended  
This fruitless existence,  
Don't think of me as just  
Another pawn  
In a three-and-a-half billion piece  
Chess set,  
Nor one more dime in the  
Fort Knox of life,  
But though there's not time  
To compose laments  
For everyone,  
Delay just a while  
To carve on my gravestone  
A single-word epitaph:  
Individual.

*R. S. Jackson*

## A DYING VILLAGE

The peaks of mountains tower on high,  
Snow-covered hills form good retreat  
For deer not used to summer heat,  
"The hunt has failed again," they cry.—

They arrive home to hungry cries,  
"The hunting party's failed again,  
When will I eat, when oh when?"  
Tears flowing from the children's eyes.—

The frozen fields are bare of corn,  
Another child falls ill each day,  
The others seem too weak to play,  
How can we feed the newly-born?

The ravens sit upon the boughs,  
The broken inn-sign hangs askew,  
No light or fire to welcome you,  
Grave-diggers wipe their weary brows.

*M. Banks*



## MEDITERRANEAN VILLAGE

The sun shines down  
On the olive trees,  
The flowers  
And the white-washed houses  
With the red-tiled roofs.

A boat sits out  
On the blue water.  
A triangular sail.  
Nets prepared  
For the shoals of fish.

Grape vines  
Growing on the terraces  
The wine, to please  
The sleepy population.

Colourful flowers  
Hanging in pots and baskets  
Adding colour to the scene.

A spring bubbles  
Into a cool, clear pool,  
Where the village  
Wash and bathe.

Tall palm trees  
Shading the sun away from  
The shuttered, tired old village.

*Paul Harrison*



## TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB

I listened long but hardly heard  
A word of what was being said,  
The unintelligible drone,  
A verbal maze which sounded dead.

My eyes no longer kept their stare  
Upon the towering mumbling shape,  
But scanned across the classroom wall  
And on a poster came to rest.

The picture was a shimmering gold,  
Which cast a still mysterious air;  
A serpent coiled in ruby red  
On cloudy blue suggesting hair  
Upon the perfect glistening face,  
The death mask of an ancient king.

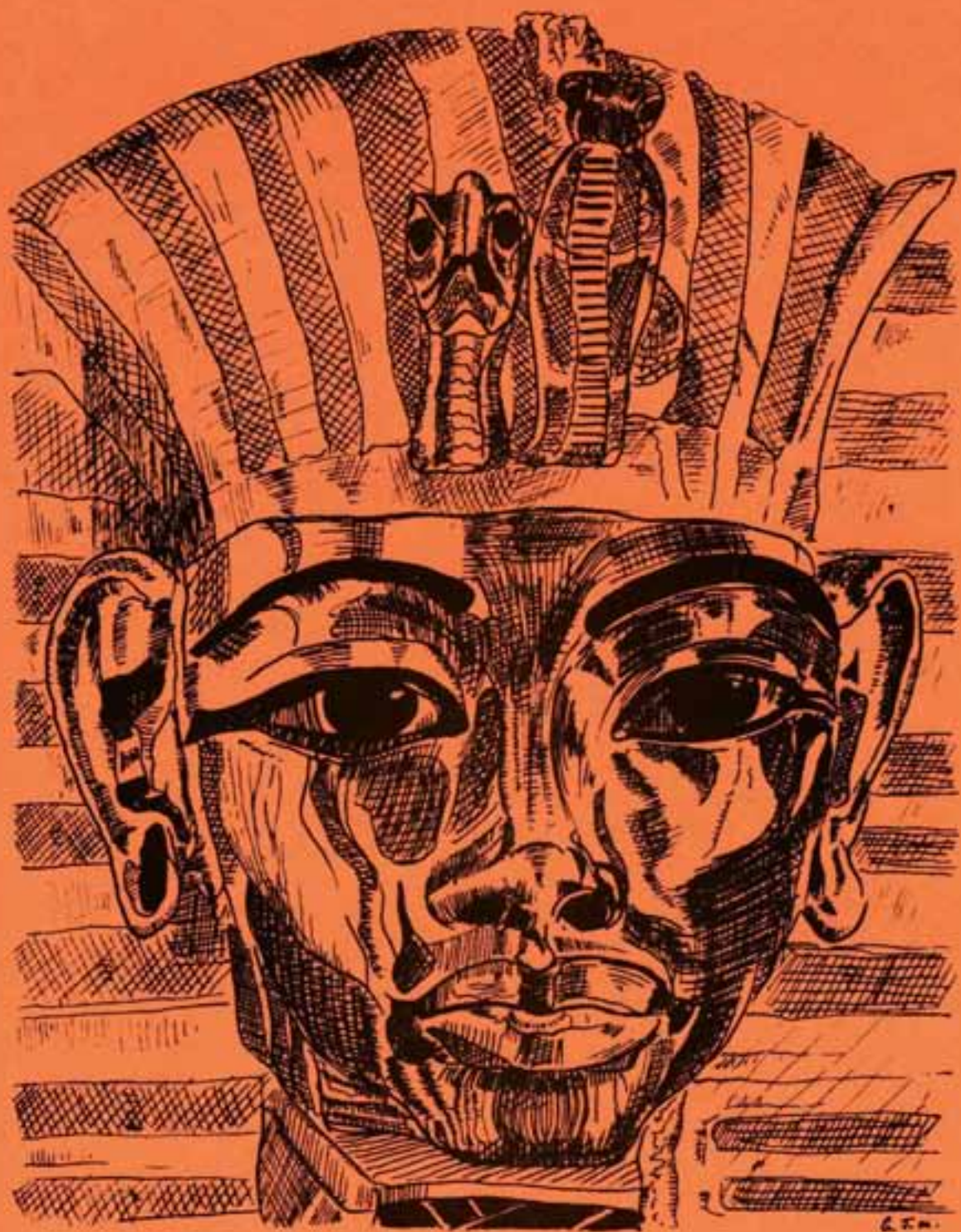
Soon I stood before the door,  
The first door of the hidden world,  
Two handles crudely fixed together  
Held with a seal of clay and string  
Barred me from the world beyond,  
The unknown mysteries beyond.

I broke the seal and heard a hiss  
Of stifling, hot, escaping air,  
My candle flickered for a while  
And then the room emerged from mist.

A host of statues filled the room,  
And strange unknown animals,  
Everywhere a wonderous sight,  
Everywhere the glint of gold.

*J. C. Robinson*





## A VISIT

Yes, this is me. You ask, why I am here?  
To tell or not to tell you, that's my choice.  
With all my other friends I've been so close.  
So why are you so different from them?  
For what are friends but those with whom we share  
Our deepest feelings, fears, confidences.  
Well then, I'll tell, for it will take no time,  
The story which I've hereto killed so long.

My mother came to see me in my room.  
I saw that she had some serious news  
To tell me, for her face was sad and grey.  
A cloud lay there which she must now release.  
By telling what she long was loath to tell.  
"Are you busy?" she asked, to seek for some  
Escape, to preserve her protective cloud.  
I feared to hear what I knew she'd to say,  
But had to hear, in hope that I was wrong.  
I sat beside her on the bed. She said,  
Hesitated, and said that she and Dad  
Had since applied that they be parted. "Oh!"  
I said, to stifle all the pain I felt.  
Some months before I'd found an old postcard.  
Upon it the crisp colours of a scene  
Of Austrian mountains where Dad had been.  
It read, "To darling Eva, darling son . . . ."  
I found another from last summer, said,  
"Dear Andrew, here it's raining . . . ." not even  
"Send my love."

"What do you want to say now?"

She said. I could not speak. "Big boys can cry."  
She said. I wept.

In time my father left.

And now he has his home just up this street  
Which leads off yours. It's that which brings me here.  
But now I must be off, I'm there for tea.

*Colin Ross*





## THE LAST POST

In that deserted city, an army stood and fought,  
For that was the land of their fathers,  
And though it could not be bought  
They stood and they paid with their life's blood,  
And now nothing remains but dead men and mud.

Their rifles, once clean, were glowing red-hot  
As the tanks crashed their way through the streets.  
A spluttering defiance with every shot  
As they died trying one last feat.

And when they had fought and died,  
And when the earth stood still,  
Not a man nor a beast had survived  
And Humanity lay dead on that hill.

Still an echo rings through the air  
Of the last stand made by man versus man,  
A bugler on a hill, standing there  
Playing the Last Post for man.

*O. J. E. Beale*

## SCHOOL

Skool is a wicked vacuum-cleaner which I'm too lazy to spell right.  
It sucks me up each morning and expels me again at night.  
The bait which lures me back each morning is the knowledge  
That I'll be free in seven hours time of K.E.S. college.  
Sitting in a shoddy room writing this pointless verse,  
I think of what else I could be doing—surely nothing worse?  
28, 29 minutes past twelve; the monotony broken by an infernal bell  
Off to lunch and the 'Junior Society Society' and football as well.  
The lunch-hour is a potential gateway through which enjoyment can be found,  
Or a pit of darkness which bores you down to the ground.  
The strain of afternoon lessons sends me close to despair,  
And at 4.10 when the gates close I'm glad that I'm not there.

*T. R. Johnson*

## TIGER

That furry purry creature walking down the garden  
Unconcerned. She is my friend, my gentle loving cat.  
But no friend of anything that moves or sighs  
Within the range of those sharp, pointed ears, those watchful eyes.

She hides, amongst the summer's gentle flowers  
A lurking danger, in the peaceful silence of the day.  
Nothing is safe: the birds, the bees, the graceful butterflies,  
Within the range of those sharp, pointed ears, those watchful eyes.

She pounces, claws alert and kills without concern.  
Some delight her palate; others left inert upon the grass.  
She hears my voice, and runs to meet me on the mat  
The furry purry creature. She is my friend, my gentle loving cat.

*Steve Hippisley-Cox*





## THE THINKER

The rising Sun  
Illuminates a figure  
Poised in concentration,  
Concentrating on his eternal existence.  
He sits restless,  
No muscle in his body relaxes,  
He thinks of his image  
Whose stony complexion  
Shall carry on the concentration,  
A new, untiring body for  
His anxious brain.  
He thinks of future generations  
Who will wonder  
"What is he thinking about?"  
The new body being cut  
Is helped through its stone shell  
By a human sculptor,  
Giving eternity to his tense model  
Whose tension is transferred  
To the cold host.  
The chips fly,  
The model watches himself  
Emerging from a white block  
To think for ever.  
The Sun sweeps across the sky  
And sets,  
To repeat its cycle the next day;  
And every day  
To watch upon  
The still stone figure!  
The Sun and this figure remain  
As mortals wither.  
But a man's spirit lingers  
In the lifeless stones.

## GOLD

A train was going through the land  
With trucks containing gold behind  
When cowboys in a largish band  
Robbed from the train all they could find.

They set off fast and now the gold  
Was locked in wagons in some chests  
When suddenly a cowboy bold  
Yelled "Aren't those horses in the West?"

And all the cowboys standing round  
Jumped to their feet and turned their heads.  
A cloud of dust rose from the ground.  
"The army's chasing us!" one said.

And in a flash the wagons stood  
Grouped in a ring behind some rocks.  
Some men built barricades of wood;  
Some moved the gold and checked the locks.

All rifles loaded, pistols ready,  
Camp was silent—guns held steady.  
This was the climax of their quest,  
As cowboys liked the fight the best.

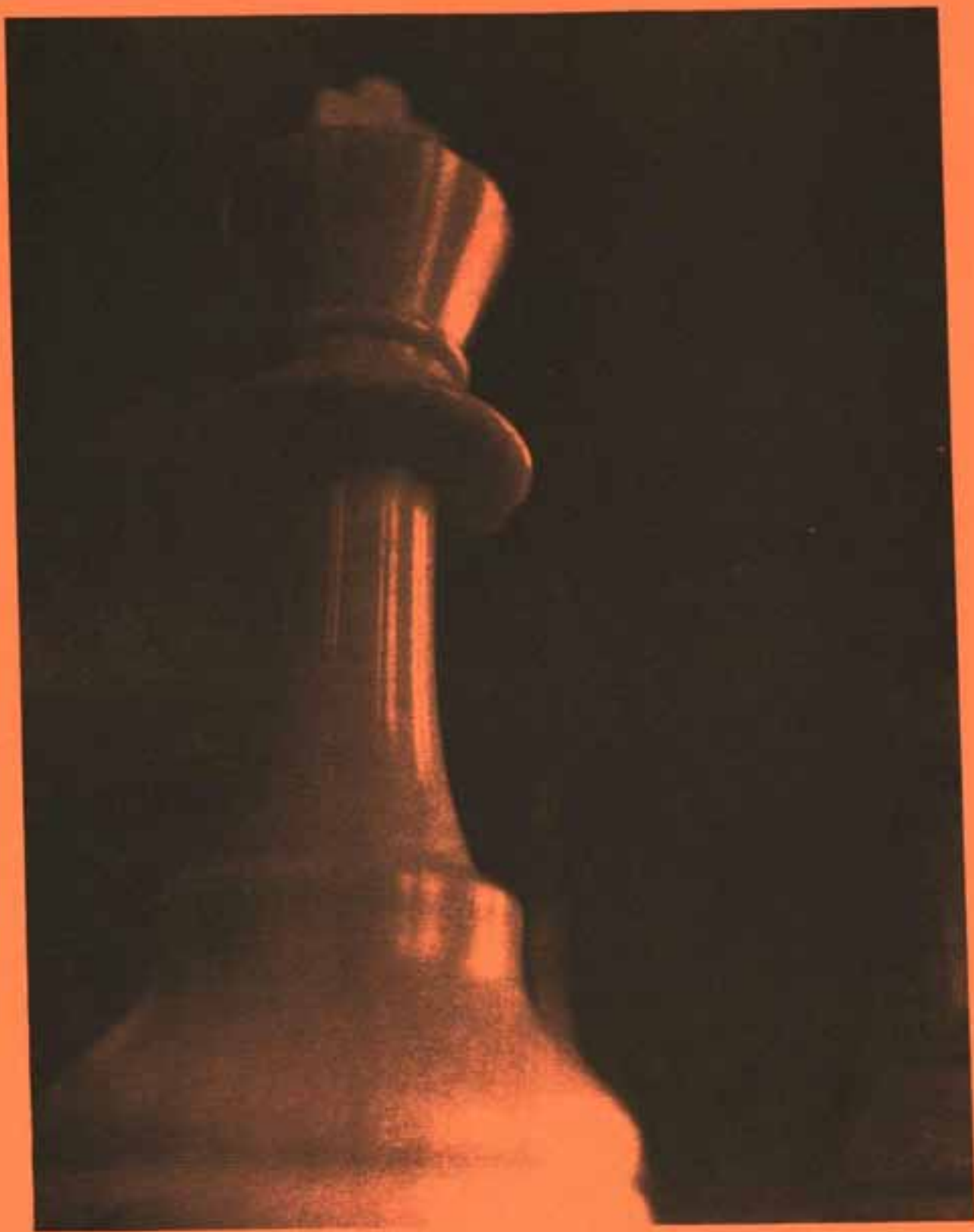
Hooves were heard, the cowboys blenched;  
They waited, ready, pistols clenched,  
When a Mexican came round the rocks,  
Astride an ass, and mending socks!

The cowboys stared, what had gone wrong?  
Where had all the army gone?  
Was all the government could spare  
A Mexican with greasy hair?

*D. P. Clarke* The cowboys stood there all confused,  
Their guns and bullets still unused.  
Did this mean that now there'd be  
No fight, no guns, no victory?

The cowboys left, now much less bold,  
But left the gold, dumped out of sight.  
For what's the point of having gold  
Without a desperate, bloody fight?

*P. Clark*





## CONFESSIONS OF A KING'S BISHOP'S PAWN

Looking around I was glad to see that I had been stationed on a black square fairly close to the edge of the large board. On the horizon, across the chequered no-man's land, the cold ranks of the shiny black men stood stern and still, staring back at me. I shuffled nervously. At this time I always wished that I was on the rear rank behind the comforting bulk, of our bishops and knights.

Still, I wasn't in a bad position, provided that the great general up there in the sky beyond the flower-bowl didn't try a king's gambit or anything stupid like that. I remembered the last battle when I'd been sent forward on the third move and been captured straight away. Then I'd been stuck in the cramped wooden box for the rest of the match. I hadn't even been allowed to sit on the side of the board and watch. Disgusting! Especially when you consider that I live in that box for days on end under the weight of fifteen other bodies. It's not so bad if you happen to be on top of the queen, I suppose, but you have to be careful. One of the knights got a bit too free the other week and you should have seen what happened when the king got hold of him! That's why he's got a chipped nose and he's come off his base.

Behind me the king was issuing an edict or something, whilst one of the bishops was busy giving his blessings to the crusade. Each said that he was certain that the cause of righteousness would prevail and we would win a great and glorious victory. A rook was sneering at the knight next to him (the one with the chipped nose). None of us like those rooks—they think they're bigger than life. Just because they can move further than the rest of us.

Suddenly a hand fell out of the sky and the pawn next to me was clutched up and swished off to be cracked down a couple of squares away. I shuddered. This was it. In the distance an enemy pawn was advancing threateningly. He looked a lot larger than me. Would it be my turn next? My heart was racing and I broke out in a cold sweat, then breathed a long sigh of relief as a knight swished overhead and settled solidly in front of me. Now I was safe.

Unfortunately I couldn't see properly from behind the knight, but there seemed to be plenty of activity. Far away on the other side of the board the enemy queen was gliding ominously into view. She slid out and one of our bishops was snatched away and disappeared into the sky. I shuddered again.

"Ha, ha!" The pawn next to me was enjoying this spectacle. "Pompous old fool! Serves him right!"

I was beginning to relax when the knight galloped off into a thicket of men in the centre of the board. Now I was more exposed, and I prayed that we would castle so the gleaming white rook in the corner could protect me.

Then something hit me in the back and I was sliding forward uncontrollably, a helpless spectator of my own fate. One square . . . . no, two! I was in the thick of the action, enemy pieces towering around me. I cowered on my small square and prepared for the worst whilst a ferocious black knight surveyed me with an evil grin. Then his grin turned to horror as a friendly bishop swept past and sent him reeling away.

"Thanks, mate," I said.



"It's nothing," he replied. "I didn't see you in the congregation on Sunday though."

"No." I smiled weakly. "I must have forgotten."

The battle continued apace. To my surprise I found myself advancing rapidly, and I was soon spear-heading an attack on the enemy king, who was under siege in the corner of the board. I was beginning to feel pleased with myself.

Then it happened. An ugly, gleaming black knight lunged at me from behind. Coward! I never even saw him coming. One minute I was thundering forward, then he rose out of a group of pieces and hit me when I wasn't looking. I'll have to remember him for next time.

I was soon back in the dark, cramped box. For me the war was over.

*D. T. Lewis*

## IS THERE SEGREGATION IN THE BREAKFAST BOWL?

Howdy do dere, massa? I is a poor old nigger cornflake. Yup, I is your original cotton-pickin' slave-flake from the good-old Mississippi. Now some of you polite whitefolk, youse got a habit of callin' us "overcooked". Well I thinks that's mighty good, unlike dem no good 'Reb-crispies'.

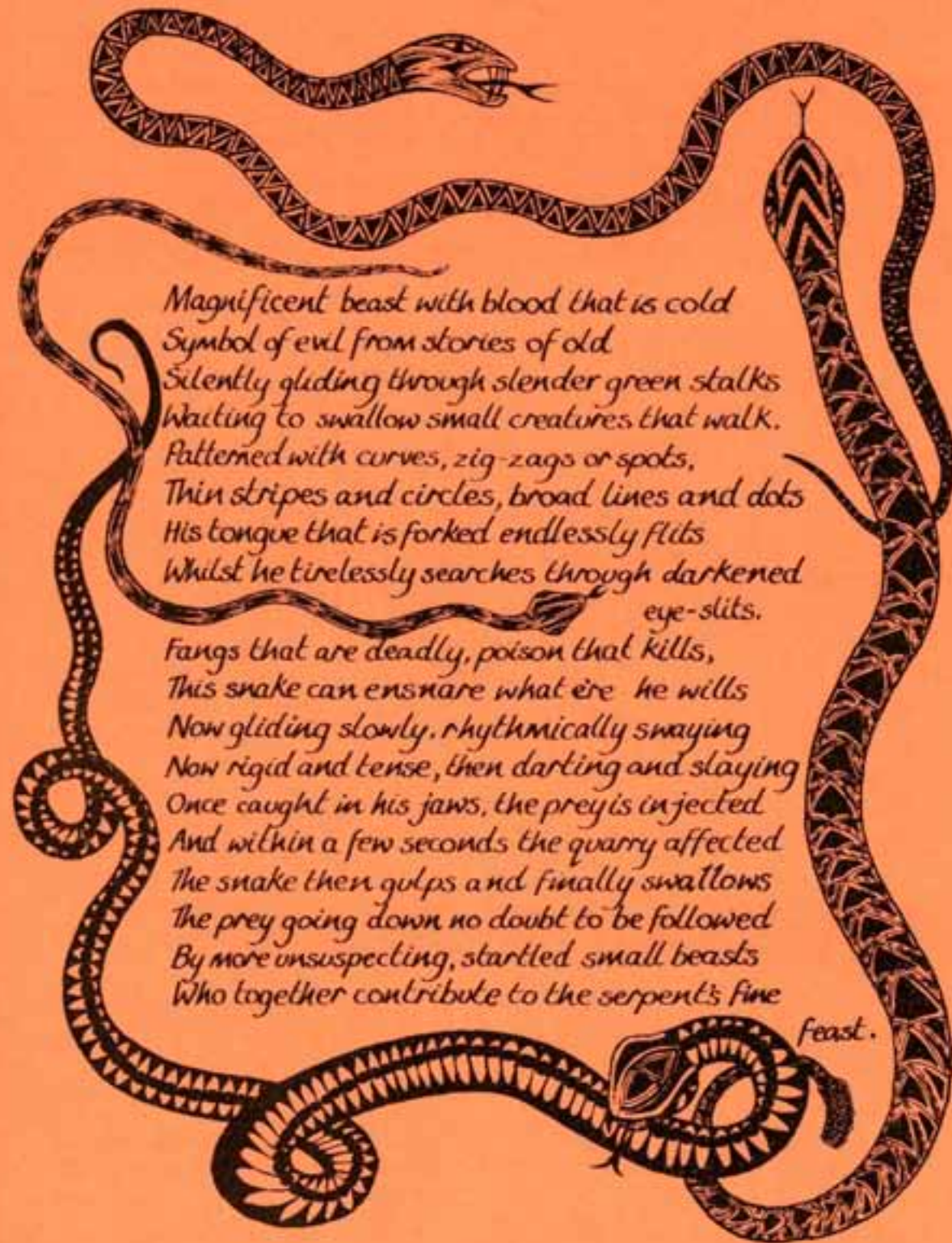
Anyhow, I is here to tell you 'bout all dis racial discrimination 'tween us pawr cereals. Why, even today some red-necked city-slicker picked me up outta ma bowl and he puts me on de side of his plate! Now I is askin' you, what's wid all this now man. I ain't done you no harm, 'n fact some prefer de taste of us seasoned old niggers. I knows what dis is, dis is segregation, oh lawdy, I knows that's so. What you white-folk don't know is that back on de old plantation down in de deep south, there is an equal number of honky and nigger cornflakes. But dey got dem damn machines what segregate us. Oh, yassir, I is one o' de lucky ones dat slipped through deyr fingers. I is proud to say dat my daddy, he was a freeman; he was a potato crisp in a packet of Golden Wonder chicken-flavoured crisps. Yeh, my daddy was Chicken George and he use ta tell me 'bout ma great-grandpappy, who was a peanut back in ole Africa.

Anyhow, us few niggers dat make it to your breakfast bowls, we is mighty proud of our heritage. Yeh, an' we sing de blues an' we sing it real good. We got songs like 'A Nigger Cornflake in a White-Man's Bowl', (to the tune of 'Another Suitcase in Another Hall'). An' we have a soft spot fer dem ole songs by Cream. Heh, heh, but our fav'rite is dat tune I remember when I first jumped into a breakfast bowl, 'Sugar, Sugar'.

Anyhows I'd like to ask you, massa next time you find one of us pawr old overcooked cornflakes in your breakfast cereal, help us to reach our promised land. Yeh, I is sayin' massa, don't throw us down your sink, please eat us!

*T. J. Ceney*





Magnificent beast with blood that is cold  
Symbol of evil from stories of old  
Silently gliding through slender green stalks  
Waiting to swallow small creatures that walk.  
Patterned with curves, zig-zags or spots,  
Thin stripes and circles, broad lines and dots  
His tongue that is forked endlessly flits  
Whilst he tirelessly searches through darkened  
eye-slits.

Fangs that are deadly, poison that kills,  
This snake can ensnare what ere he wills  
Now gliding slowly, rhythmically swaying  
Now rigid and tense, then darting and slaying  
Once caught in his jaws, the prey is injected  
And within a few seconds the quarry affected  
The snake then gulps and finally swallows  
The prey going down no doubt to be followed  
By more unsuspecting, startled small beasts  
Who together contribute to the serpent's fine  
feast.



## PUNISHMENT

The cell door shut, hard. Overhead, in the courtroom, there were rustlings and scrapings as the jury were led out like sheep, and the sound of talking, muffled and woolly. The room, he knew, was full, because he was a priest and yet a criminal, and so was more interesting because he had been in the fold and left it.

He sat, silent, on the chair, and waited to be called back to hear the verdict and be sentenced. He sat, and remembered, and felt the guilt heavy in his guts like fruit, the overripe, poisonous fruit that he had eaten, green apple in his throat and nightshade in his belly. He felt the weight and pressure of it, the ache of the noxious poison in the dark juice. He heard the black pulp squelch and bubbles of black froth, and smelled the addled fumes, the heavy stink of black, hellebore death. And again he saw the juice spattering his clasped hands, black like the baby's blood. Then he wished he could spew up his crime.



It was his fruit, this rot, and he knew himself by it. He saw the tendrils that grew from him, felt the tendrils and suckers between his palms, heard the thick, hairy leaves rustle and the thorns scrape the floor as he moved and cag and tear.

But the rustle and scrape came from upstairs, the rustle of voices like reeds to scourge, and the scrape of chains like spittle to be spat. Then the thorns made a dark halo, and he remembered, and prayed, and cried.

The Spirit was still in him. He felt it hot over his heart, burning gold and lapis lazuli. The heat and white fire burned the fruit inside him, dried and crinkled the black skin and pulp, and hardened the black, heavy pulp.

He heard and tasted the sweet absolution and the gem burned in his heart.

He was clean.

The usher led him to the courtroom and he stood in front of the jury, warm and confident. He looked at them, the twelve good men and true, twelve tribes, twelve gates, twelve stones. He felt the sun



like a golden river on his back and the gold burning in heat, life.

"You are found guilty . . . ."

Yes. He had done it, but now he was forgiven. The poison was washed away, and even its dark juice could not stain the crystal water. He was clean, and the gold burned at his breast and the sunlight washed his back. He was bathed in gold.

The judge's words fell like lead.

"The punishment should fit the crime. But is there a punishment to fit a crime like this . . . .?"

But he had had his punishment. He had been absolved by the ultimate judge. What was human punishment against the gold in his heart?

"I sentence you to life imprisonment."

The golden flame shuddered, then burned, hot again.

He did not care. He had seen, on the judge's robes, stains and spots of the black juice. *He* had not punished. Yet.

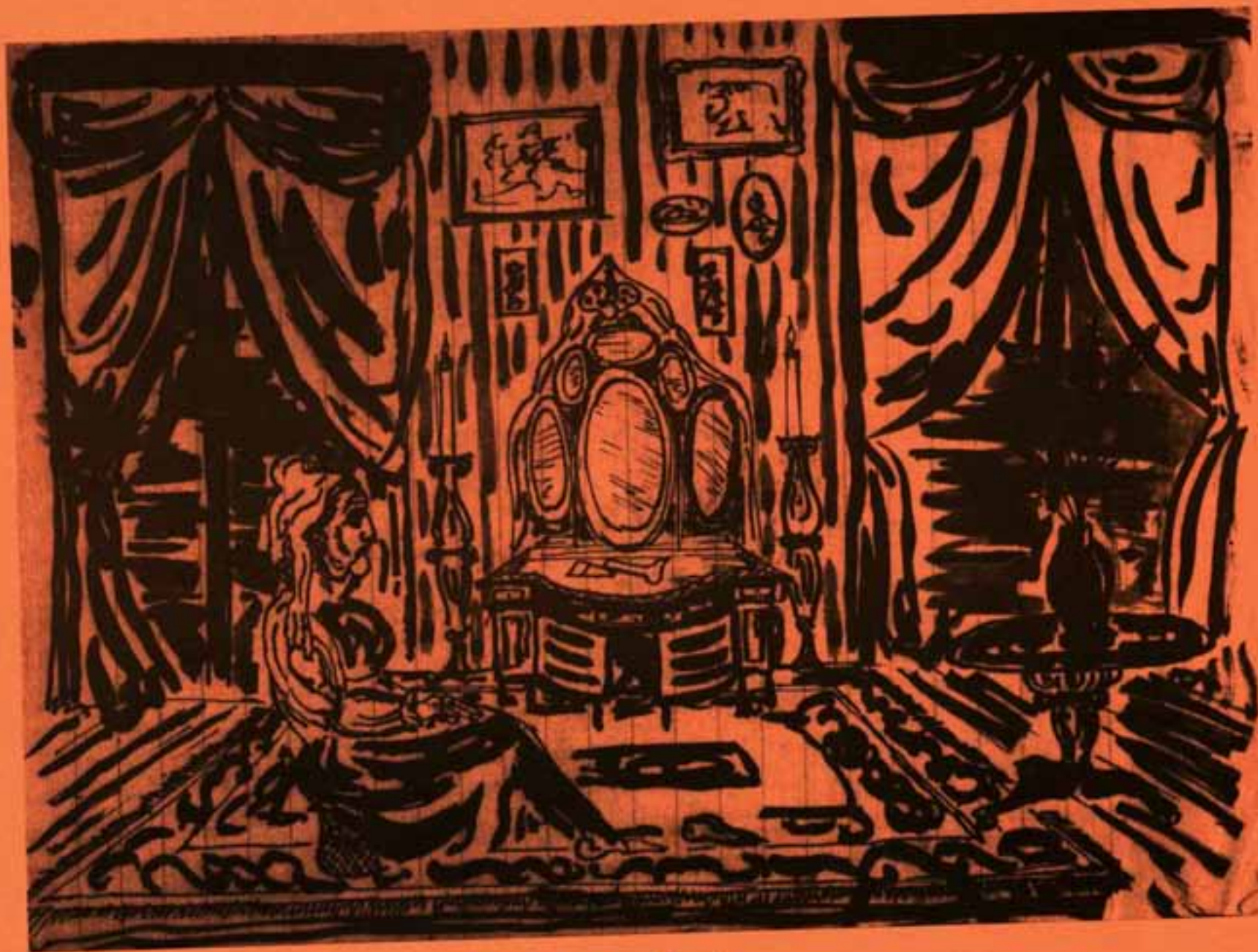
*D. W. Stephens*

## ROOM WITHOUT DAYLIGHT

Four poems on a theme by:

### 1. *Michael Kavanagh*

Something was missing, something wasn't there;  
Perhaps it was the way she sat, perhaps it was her hair.  
The colour in her cheeks had gone; her once white dress had faded.  
She hadn't seen the light of day for years; she had forbade it.  
The only source of light—a lamp; the room was very dim.  
Whoever dared to go inside knew not what lurked within.  
I did not like the atmosphere, but why I can't define.  
The clock in the hall, and the clock on the wall has stopped at ten to nine.  
I ran out through the drab grey door and down the stairs I hopped,  
I turned my wrist to see the time; I looked, my watch had stopped.



DRAWING by William Newell



2. *Jonathan Masters*

There she sat all alone—  
In a corner. This was home.  
She looked as though she was dead,  
Her eyes moved but not her head.

The clocks had stopped at twenty to nine;  
Long ago she'd forgotten time.  
Someone had done a mischievous deed;  
They'd broken her heart and let it bleed.

There she sat, almost dressed,  
But one slipper lay 'neath a chest.  
The foot on which it should've fit  
Lay bare where the silken stocking had split.

For years the dust had gathered there  
And had fallen in her hair.  
Her clothes, once white now were yellow  
Because all the years had made them mellow.

There she sat all alone—  
In a corner. This was home.

3. *Anthony Walk*

The shining day is left behind  
When you enter the room without light.  
The curtains are drawn,  
There is nothing bright,  
Except for white jewels  
That reflect the candle-light.  
Maybe they reflect something else:  
An age gone by? Events of the past?  
Look in their depths,  
And see joy and happiness  
Followed by sorrow and loneliness—  
The atmosphere of the room.

The rest of the room is dark and oppressive;  
It is untidy and in disorder,  
Yet everything is in its place;  
The slipper, yellowed with age,  
The clock and the candle,  
The dressing table and the old woman.  
She sits there, alone, in the semi-darkness,  
With her ageing wedding-dress,  
Her tattered stocking,  
Looking through sunken eyes at the outside world,  
Hating it,  
And hating the people that broke her heart.

4. *Alex Santocki*

The room was dark and gloomy,  
Lit by just one candle;  
The walls were black from dust,  
And on the floor lay a sandal.

The sandal was yellow from age,  
Yet one could tell it had not been worn;  
It had been left there, new, to rot,  
Never seeing the light of dawn.

No dawn? the room had never had a dawn,  
It was always just like night;  
And yet, as I looked up in despair,  
What I saw gave me a fright.

On a chair sat the old woman,  
Her clothes glowed yellow like the sandal had done;  
On one foot she had a sandal,  
On the other there was none.

It seemed that she had been frozen in time,  
Turned to stone as she put on her shoes—  
A desperate attempt to battle with time,  
But a battle she will lose.





## THE RAILWAY SOCIETY

The Railway Society has had a productive year. Besides arranging trips for the school's increasing number of train-spotters, the society has shown a varied collection of films and is arranging a photographic competition.

The trips over the past year have met with an overwhelming demand and enthusiasm. The first Trip was to Eastleigh, Southampton, and although we had permission to visit, the men at the depot seemed blissfully unaware of this fact. However, a tour of the depot finally materialised, after which the party returned to Birmingham, with a stop-off at Reading.

In the Spring term, the society made a trip to Swindon Works and Railway Museum. Despite the loss of two shells on the station, who were eventually recovered by the committee, the trip was a success.

At the beginning of the Easter holidays, a profitable, preliminary trip to Glasgow was made in preparation for the main trip on 4th July.

The committee would like to thank Mr. Dewar on behalf of all the members of the society for his capable leadership of the society throughout the year, and also Dr. Homer for participating in the society's excursions.

*M.R.B.*  
*R.C.B.*  
*R.T.W.*

## THE PHILATELIC SOCIETY

The Philatelic Society meets about eight times a year under the guidance of Mr. Clark. In recent months the Society has held three auctions, a stamp market, a philatelic quiz with prizes and has shown a Post Office film. In addition, a series of informal Wednesday lunch-time meetings were initiated this year to which anyone is welcome to come along to buy, sell and swap stamps. It was the overwhelming response to these Wednesday gatherings that prompted the committee to switch the regular Society meetings to this time, with an occasional change to Thursday lunch-time if more time is required.

All this might suggest that the Society is merely a mercenary one; and certainly some members do seem to see the Society as no more than a vehicle for buying and selling stamps. This is unfortunate, since I believe that the most valuable meetings are those in which members exhibit and talk about their own collections. There has sadly been a lack of such meetings in recent months: it is an aspect of the Society from which all members can learn something, and which I hope will be more vigorously encouraged in the future.

At present the Society enjoys a regular attendance at meetings of twenty to thirty members, most of whom come from the Shells and Removes. The opinion of the upper school appears to be that philately is merely for children. This is a mistake and a great pity, since the older members have an important part to play in encouraging those younger boys who have only just begun to take an interest in stamps. Why not come along next term and find out what you have been missing? You don't have to own a Penny Black to qualify for admission.

*A. Brown*

## THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY

It may surprise some to find a report on the Shakespeare Society in so public a publication as this, but it is considered time for the myth of our society as a kind of Closed Circle in blank verse to be exploded. If the aim of this article is to sell Shakespeare to the school it should be said that our readings are reasonably good, and reasonably good fun.

The meetings this year have been brightened by several notable attractions. Mr. Trott (technically, and affectionately known as "The Ancient") attends when London doesn't need him, and can usually be relied upon to wake up for any lines he has to speak. Mr. Evans is a new recruit, who has already this year demonstrated his mastery of a vast range of dialect, though perhaps, with the benefit of a little more experience, he will learn to restrict himself to one per character. Both Mr. Tennick and Dr. Homer have made guest appearances, and the Chief Master, bearing the jolly title, "Master of the Revels", is a permanent fixture.

Daryl Pearce ("The Strumpet") was unfortunately seldom able to come, but there were various fine readings by girls, notably Anne Szreter and Becky Collis. It would take too long to list boys who have contributed well to this year's readings, which have generally been of a high standard—but thanks are due to them all: there is nothing more tedious than three hours *bad* reading of Shakespeare.

Thanks go, too, to this year's committee: Steve Wickham ("The Augurer"—treasurer to the uninitiated), Simon Black ("The Sutler") and Matthew McGrath ("The Sewer")—did I hear someone say he thought these titles somewhat precious—shame! The latter two have organised the food, which must also be mentioned in any attempt to advertise. By some quirk, we are a subsidised society, and Mrs. Chaffer, ever charming, has done us proud: which is another reason for *you* to come next term.

Peter Wynne-Willson



## THE JUNIOR PARLIAMENTARY SOCIETY

This has not been a year of unrivalled success for the society. Indeed, on scarcely any occasion has the audience at one of our meetings exceeded ten. Last year ended with a highly successful and enjoyable end-of-term trip to the Houses of Parliament, but this year we have perhaps lost some of our novelty. One of our intended star-meetings even had to be abandoned when it was found that the International Society had already organised a meeting on the same subject on the same day.

At the beginning of this calendar year we invited the masters to make their predictions on happenings in the coming year. This produced a lively meeting with interesting discussions from the floor, but, unfortunately for the society, only six people turned up.

A discussion of economic policy again produced lively debate on the platform and on the floor, but once again, the audience was barely able to outnumber the various speakers of the main parties.

We were forced to go abroad in our search for new members, with a discussion on the subject of Africa, but our search was vain, and only five people attended. By this time we were becoming desperate.

Our final meeting was entitled 'The Role of the M.P.' and was supposed to be publicised with an excellent technicolour banda notice, including the added inducement of a green brassiere hanging out of a briefcase, an intriguing picture, which, one might have supposed, could have brought the crowds in droves. But this was not to be, for the banda machine broke down, and the master had to be photocopied, which destroyed the effect. The meeting was once again poorly attended, although T. E. Canel gave an excellent talk.

Thanks are due to Canel, Tobin, Mountford, Doubleday and Mr. Buttress, for keeping the society running. Next year we are becoming a senior society, in the hope that we can attract members from the top of the school, but we would still welcome support from younger members of the school, in order that we may establish ourselves as a major society in the coming year.

*I. A. M. Bond*

## THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

During the 1976 - 77 school year the Geographical Society held five meetings. Although the audiences varied in size they were, on the whole, well attended. I should like to thank all those who came for their support and hope that they will continue to do so.

The first meeting of the Christmas Term heralded the return of Mr. J. F. Bennett, who had 'retired' from school life only a few months before. The talk was very enjoyable and Mr. Bennett entertained a full Ratchliff Theatre with his account of six hundred million years of West Midland Geology, much of it from his experience. By way of contrast the second meeting was a showing of a video tape recording of a BBC TV Horizon programme about the drought of 1976.

The two meetings of the last term were both complementary and contrasting. The first by Mr. J. Kohler, of St. Peter's College, Saltley, was about East African agriculture, and though poorly attended Mr. Kohler presented a very informative and well illustrated talk. The second meeting of the term was better attended, mainly because the subject, the West African State of Ghana, is a major part of the 'A' level Geography course; indeed all the Sixth form geographers were present, even those who are not usually seen at school during lunch-time. The talk by Mr. S. Sinclair of Oxfam, was not, however restricted to a detailed study of Ghanaian geography for the 'A' level specialists, since it was also about the development of a Third World country and consequently was of interest to many non-geographers.

The final meeting of the year was held in the Summer Term and was again given by a lecturer from St. Peter's College, this time Dr. M. Pemberton. Again the subject, scree formation, was of greatest interest to the 'A' level geographers, but the meeting was also attended by some boys lower down the school, mainly because Dr. Pemberton's case study region is very near the college's field centre in Cumbria, which they were due to visit.

Finally, on behalf of the Society, I should like to thank all the speakers for their interesting and informative talks; and also the Geography Department who did most of the organising.

*George Stiff*

## THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY

The International Society held its inaugural meeting on the 18th November 1975. Various members of both school and staff had felt that there was a lack of knowledge and understanding of international events.

The aim of the society is simple: to try to create an atmosphere of a general (yet also particular) awareness of the world outside England—something that the founder members believed was lacking in both K.E.S. and K.E.H.S.

Many people have come to speak at society meetings, and there have also been several films, a debate, and an Open Forum on racialism. The various topics covered included a talk on the United Nations,



one about the work of Amnesty International and another about Oxfam. There have been various speakers on the subject of America: its Asian foreign policy, electoral system and also an interpretation of the results of the Presidential election. A teacher from the Girls school spoke about the V.S.O. and her work in Nigeria.

I am sure that all who have attended meetings this year would like to thank Mr. Deelman for his encouragement over the past eighteen months, and hope that without his guidance the society will still continue to prosper.

*Simon Abrams*

## THE FIELD STUDIES SOCIETY

The Field Studies Society, formerly known as the Biological Society, is intended to cover all aspects of Natural History and practical fieldwork. It is divided into a number of sections; Ornithology, Mammology, Lake and Marsh ecology . . . . . which vary according to the interests of current members. In recent years we have seen some very keen and knowledgeable naturalists pass through the School, with the result that the Society has thrived. The essential feature of this Society is its use of the Nature Reserve which can be seen from the Music School behind the Girls' School Playing Fields. One of our major problems is of finding and maintaining suitable research projects. Ornithologists, for example, have a lot of national studies which they can participate in: nestbox schemes, nest-recording, census-taking of breeding birds, contributing to bird-watching publications and many forms of bird-ringing in the Midlands and on the Wash. Some of these activities have been undertaken in a special Friday Afternoon Option which includes boys from most years of the School.

The other sections of the Society have had a more difficult task in finding projects. I suspect that this is not only because of a lack of national study-projects but also of support within the School. This problem might be reduced by a closer liaison between Biology Staff and the Society. I am sure that if you have some new ideas in this field the appropriate Masters will be only too pleased to advise and assist you.

In addition to its constant work in the Nature Reserve, the Society has occasional indoor meetings for slides, talks and films on Natural History and there are always opportunities to go on Field Trips or to organise your own.

Over the last three years the Society has received much publicity. First, the Birmingham Evening Mail featured some large-scale vandalism which our nestboxes had suffered; then the BBC Radio 4 "Living World" programme featured the rare Cetti's Warbler which we discovered in the Nature Reserve. Finally a few senior members participated in about twenty-five "Nature-Watch" items on the BBC TV "Pebble Mill" programme, which included anything from working in the background to being interviewed live and having a film unit record one of our Bird-Ringing trips. This was an extremely valuable experience for those concerned, who learnt much about live and recorded television and met many interesting (and some famous!) people. The Society has maintained a link with the programme and it is hoped that other boys may have similar opportunities on future occasions.

*N. J. Speak*

## ART AT K.E.S.

A person holding a high position in the school went missing at the beginning of the summer term 1977 and yet his disappearance went largely unnoticed by the rest of the school. He had been at the school longer than anyone else; indeed, the school would not be found in its present form but for his generosity. After diligent searching he was traced to the Art Rooms and thence to an outside department where he was having a little colour put back in his cheeks, and putting on a little weight, having become rather thin over the years. Now Edward VI, suitably restored to health, is back in his rightful place, gazing down the main staircase as the beneficiaries of his gift in 1552 hurry beneath his watchful eye without so much as an upward glance.

The Art Department also managed to unearth a delightful painting by Thomas Cox, former Art master at K.E.S., which is displayed at the end of the top corridor, now the preserve of the department for exhibitions.

The school has played host to several Art Council exhibitions this year, illustrating the mastery of photographers of this century. In October 1976 we saw a collection of early photographs by Bill Brandt, which gave a revealing insight into everyday working-class life in the 1930's. This was followed in January 1977 by an exhibition of pictures by Bert Hardy, taken for the picture magazine *Picture Post*, now sadly no longer published. His photos showed remarkable versatility and imagination, ranging from the people of London in the midst of the Blitz, to Dr. Ralph Vaughan Williams conducting the Halle Orchestra. Each photograph was as striking as the last. In March we saw an exhibition of photographs by Tony Ray-Jones entitled "The English Seen", an amusing study of the eccentricities of the English on holiday. However, the most spectacular exhibition of the year was undoubtedly that of photographs by Harold Edgerton, one of the pioneers of highspeed photography. Not without reason was the collection named "Seeing the Unseen" each photograph revealed a fleeting moment caught by a shutter speed of thousandths of a second. Many a member of the school was arrested in his sedate 'rush' from one period to the next by such impressive pictures as that of a bullet passing through an apple that exploded after impact.

It was refreshing to see a large number of people from outside the school, from local Art colleges and other schools, who came to see the exhibitions; after all, these are public exhibitions, and it would be wrong to regard them as intended only for those in the school.

Exhibitions booked for the coming school year are as follows:

- |               |   |                     |  |
|---------------|---|---------------------|--|
| 15th October  | - | 6th November 1977:  | Photographs by Frank Meadow Sutcliff                             |
| 12th November | - | 9th December 1977:  | Exhibition by Friends of the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists |
| 14th January  | - | 15th February 1978: | 'Cottages and Farm Houses' Arts Council exhibition               |

*A. Brown*



## LOCAL HISTORY GROUP

In September a new Friday afternoon activity was made available to boys in the fourth year and below, that of the local history group. As its name suggests, the idea was to investigate further into the history of Birmingham and its suburbs. To this end we not only examined the available local parish records and old maps, which can be seen, on request, at the central library, but also visited sites of historical interest such as Aston Hall, Sarehole Mill, Weoley Castle, Selly Manor and many others.

Half way through the year we gave a talk for the Junior Historical Society about the history of Selly Oak and the techniques employed in investigation by the student of local history.

In view of the highly varied and interesting range of activities in which we took part, it is a pity that the parochial mentality of so many members of the lower school could only provide such a small group.

The members of the group would certainly wish to extend their thanks to Mr. Buttress for the transport and hard work which he provided in making the activity so interesting.

*R. Evers*

## THE JUNIOR HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Junior Historical Society has had an extremely successful first year, and consistently good attendances have fully justified its affiliation to the General Committee of the School Club.

The Committee would like to thank everybody who has contributed to the Society during the past year, and especially Mr. Heath for all his time and help.

*C. C. B. Roberts*

*P. J. Campbell*

## PERSONAL SERVICE IN SCHOOLS

In a school like King Edwards, it is very easy to become slightly removed from reality, the reality that there are great areas of need on our doorsteps. One of these areas of need, perhaps the largest in number, is the care of deprived, isolated or sick children. There are many nursery schools around Birmingham, well within reach of this school. The work here is basically to act as a toy, a punchbag and sometimes even a teacher. The staff of such schools and playgroups are vastly over-worked, and any assistance, even one afternoon a week, is usually gratefully received.

Another aspect in child care is the Five Ways Children's Hospital. The children in the hospital are often registered for a long period and therefore need to continue their school work, but there are also long periods of boredom. This is where we come in, as general helpers and 'play-mates' for the inmates. The work is very rewarding, and the staff very welcoming.

*Jeremy Salt*





## THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The name of the Society might lead to the impression that it has always been one of the larger societies, able to count on attendance simply because of the place of History as a school subject. It is, however, only in fairly recent years that the Historical Society has made a successful bid for the popular market. The development of contacts with the K.E.H.S. History Club, coinciding with the brilliant and highly entertaining talk of a now departed History master, Mr. D. B. Ganderton, on the Victorian Public School, led to a dramatic increase in membership. Ever since, the Society has been trying to maintain its wide appeal without losing its scholarly integrity. Thus the past year has seen a blatantly crowd-pulling quiz based on "Many a Slip" which succeeded in packing the Ratcliff Theatre and provided an opportunity for the school's historians to show a surprising amount of knowledge of football. A series of meetings relating to the Second World War and the events which preceded it also proved popular: three films sketched in the origins and course of the war, while Mr. C. H. C. Blount talked on Hitler and the collapse of German democracy—an informative talk which showed Mr. Blount as ebullient as ever in spite of his retirement. The remaining meetings were less spectacularly well attended, a fact which is even more disappointing in view of the high standard of their content. A debate on the motion "This House would have fought against King Charles I in 1642" demonstrated that the Debating Society does not have a monopoly of argumentative talent and that the school—hardly surprisingly—is fervently royalist.

In the more orthodox style, Mr. Kinsolving from the American Embassy in London told us about American Foreign Policy in Asia (a meeting in which the Historical Society momentarily amalgamated with the International Society) and Mr. Palliser from the Department of Social and Economic History at Birmingham University offered a sidelight on Tudor and Stuart History in his "New Light on Old Towns": a title intended to popularize the development of towns between 1500 and 1700, but which conceals some of the intriguing and amusing insights the talk contained on English life in the period. One other activity of the Society is notable. In July 1976, an excursion was organized to Blenheim and Oxford, and at the time of writing a trip to Derbyshire and Chatsworth is imminent. These are primarily occasions to be enjoyed rather than to be educated by—which last year's trip certainly proved to be. It is hoped, however, that the historical ambience heightens the pleasure. Much the same might be said of all the society's activities, and we trust that forthcoming entertainments are as successful as those of last year.

*R. E. Foster*

## THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

The Archaeological Society had a quiet year this year starting off with an extremely informative and well attended lecture by Mr. Freeman on Delphi, in the Autumn term, but unfortunately with no other meetings owing to the unavailability of the speakers requested. The highlight of the year will be the five-day trip to Wales walking and exploring sites, taking place on August 9th - 13th.

*N. Merriman*

## ANAGNOSTICS

Anagnostics meets two or three times a term to read Greek plays in translation. Held in the civilised atmosphere of the Cartland Club, these meetings are convivial and relaxed occasions. Generally, a number of members contribute some cakes or biscuits and coffee is organized by Sue Bold.

Membership of Anagnostics is by no means restricted to classical specialists. Anyone from the Divisions or Sixth forms can come along, and indeed several non-classicists are among our staunchest supporters.

This year we have read a wide variety of plays, including Sophocles' "Electra" as a prelude to going to see a production of this (in Greek) at Cambridge.

At the end of the year we were sorry to see leaving Peter Wynne-Willson, a long-standing committee member; Rachel Naish, our long-suffering treasurer; Daryl Pearce; and Mrs. Warren, always able and willing with a helpful point during the post-reading discussions.

*R. J. Bolton*

## JUNIOR CLASSICS '77

The society has played its usual fairly active part in lower school life over the past year. There have been a number of meetings, including quizzes, talks, a balloon debate, a 'recitatio' and a video film on the Olympic Games.

The talks have covered subjects connected with the Roman Empire, notably one on "The Day in the Life of a Legionary in Britain" by Messrs. Lambie and Howcroft.

A talk on Pompeii was backed up by an independent trip to the Pompeii Exhibition in London, last February.

Quizzes always feature in the society's programme and "Top of the Blocks" was, as usual, very popular. Also popular were the "Call My Bluff" and the "Zeus for a Day" balloon debate.

The performance of Aristophanes' "The Archarnians" proved enjoyable to both participants and audience alike.

Next year we hope to keep a full itinerary. However, more support from U.M.s and IVs would greatly boost the society's future ventures although it is stressed that Shells' and Removes' support is also just as vital.

*R. W. Lawrance*



## THE SENIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

Despite the name all years of the school are fully entitled to attend the society's various meetings. Nor should anyone fear that they will find the atmosphere excessively intellectual. The days when J. R. R. Tolkien addressed the assembled multitude in ancient Greek are, thankfully, gone for ever.

During the past year the society has experienced mixed fortunes. Attendances have varied considerably, with the contingent from the High School proving most erratic. Neither have the main speeches always been predictable in quality. However overall standards remain high and the meetings have been consistently entertaining.

Without a doubt the main obstacle to further successes is the marked absence of really first-rate speakers. No-one has ever been painfully incompetent while the remarks from the floor are generally amusing and stimulating. Each meeting invariably manages to generate its own momentum. Nevertheless quality speeches from the platform are rare. Only Mark Steyn and Peter Wilkinson have managed to display any true genius in this respect.

However this problem may well cure itself as existing speakers mature and new members appear. In the meantime the atmosphere at the meetings remains convivial, the catering, when there is any, is still atrocious, and the debates are always diverting if not cogent. Those who seek gentle diversion after a day's work will not be disappointed.

*Alan Bailey*

## JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

Early on in the year I attended my first Junior Debate, "This House Believes Nationalism is an Outdated Concept." The motion was, as I remember, rejected, and I also recall that I was not very impressed by the whole affair. I did not attend any subsequent debates that first term, so I cannot recount them, and all I can remember is one motion: "This House Believes in Father Christmas," God help them.

Then somebody volunteered me to speak for the motion, "This House Disapproves of Marriage." The debate was moderately successful. The motion was rejected, not I think because of the superior opposition, but because of the overwhelming majority of pristine females in the audience; but I did manage to convince myself that marriage ought to be phased out. It was after this debate that Mr. Smith asked me to be secretary, and being basically self-important, I agreed.

The next motion proposed the amalgamation of K.E.S. and K.E.H.S. Once again I was on the side of the proposition, and once again I lost. This time I think it was due to my rather insubstantial speech, and I do not really consider the debate to have been very successful.

"This House Would Abolish The Monarchy" was probably the best debate we have had all year—I wasn't speaking. Yet again, the motion was rejected, and again it was the members of K.E.H.S. that formed the main trunk of the body that voted the anti-Monarchists out. Nevertheless, it was a grand debate, with excellent speakers, although rather limited in contribution from the floor.

The most recent motion "This House Believes All M.P.s Should Have Science Degrees," led to a complete fiasco. I was quite sure that the motion was going to be carried, as it had been proposed with superlative speaking, but, in fact, it was rejected by quite a sizeable majority.

I would like to thank Mr. Smith and Mrs. Trott for chairing the debates, and also, I am grateful to everybody who has spoken in them. Again my thanks to everybody who has suggested motions, or criticized them, and I must apologise for the lack of imagination in the posters advertising the society meetings.

Finally, I appeal to all those who attended the debates, male for female, to vote for the better speakers, and not as directed by their loyalties or the general opinion.

One day, Tom, one day.

*M. J. Duggan*

### THE MODERN LANGUAGE SOCIETY

What do you do on a Tuesday lunchtime:—disappear behind the cycle shed for a fag, or toddle off down to the 'Gun Barrels' for a quick pint, or even plough your way through yet another school meal? All are liable to knock years off your life, so why not come along to a Modern Language Society meeting instead?

The society meets about three times a term, and, contrary to general opinion, is not dominated by lectures from obscure outside speakers who jabber away in foreign languages comprehensible only to a tiny minority of the school. Of the seven meetings held in 1976/77 only two were in foreign languages, both in clear, easy to understand French, and both very interesting, one on French 'Pop' and the other on the city of Strasbourg. Besides these we have also heard talks on the author Bertolt Brecht; marriage as a comic theme in the French theatre; the study and application of linguistics; a former pupil's year in Germany; and a very revealing illustrated talk on Chinese life.

Unfortunately attendances do not do justice to the quality and variety of these talks. Apathy from the upper school ("Ask me again tomorrow") is coupled with a certain fear on the part of the younger boys of being out of their depth. Neither excuse is justified, and the embarrassing effect is that members from K.E.H.S. far outnumber those from K.E.S. (And if that doesn't tempt you, I don't know what will). And what about you scientists? (those of you who have actually bothered to even read this article)—why not drag yourselves out of the polluted air of the Science School for once and come and learn all about the Chinese, before you set about constructing an atom bomb to blow them all off the face of the earth?

The Modern Language Society offers the widest variety of topics of any of the multitude of school societies, and is held specifically on Tuesdays to avoid the numerous other gatherings. The first talk next term is on Arabic; no, I didn't say in Arabic, so why not come along and see what it's like?

*A. Brown*



## SPORT

### T. R. PARRY

Members of the school who have only known Bob Parry in recent years when his health has been at best indifferent, may find it hard to appreciate the impact he made when he arrived in 1947. He had won Blues for Rugby Football at Cambridge for the three years 1936 - 38, and the opinion was that only his comparative lack of inches prevented him from gaining a Welsh cap, although he played in several Welsh trials. He and another newcomer, Dick Osborne, between them transformed school Rugby and the fine playing record of school sides in the '50s, including the winning of the Public School Sevens, was the result of their efforts.

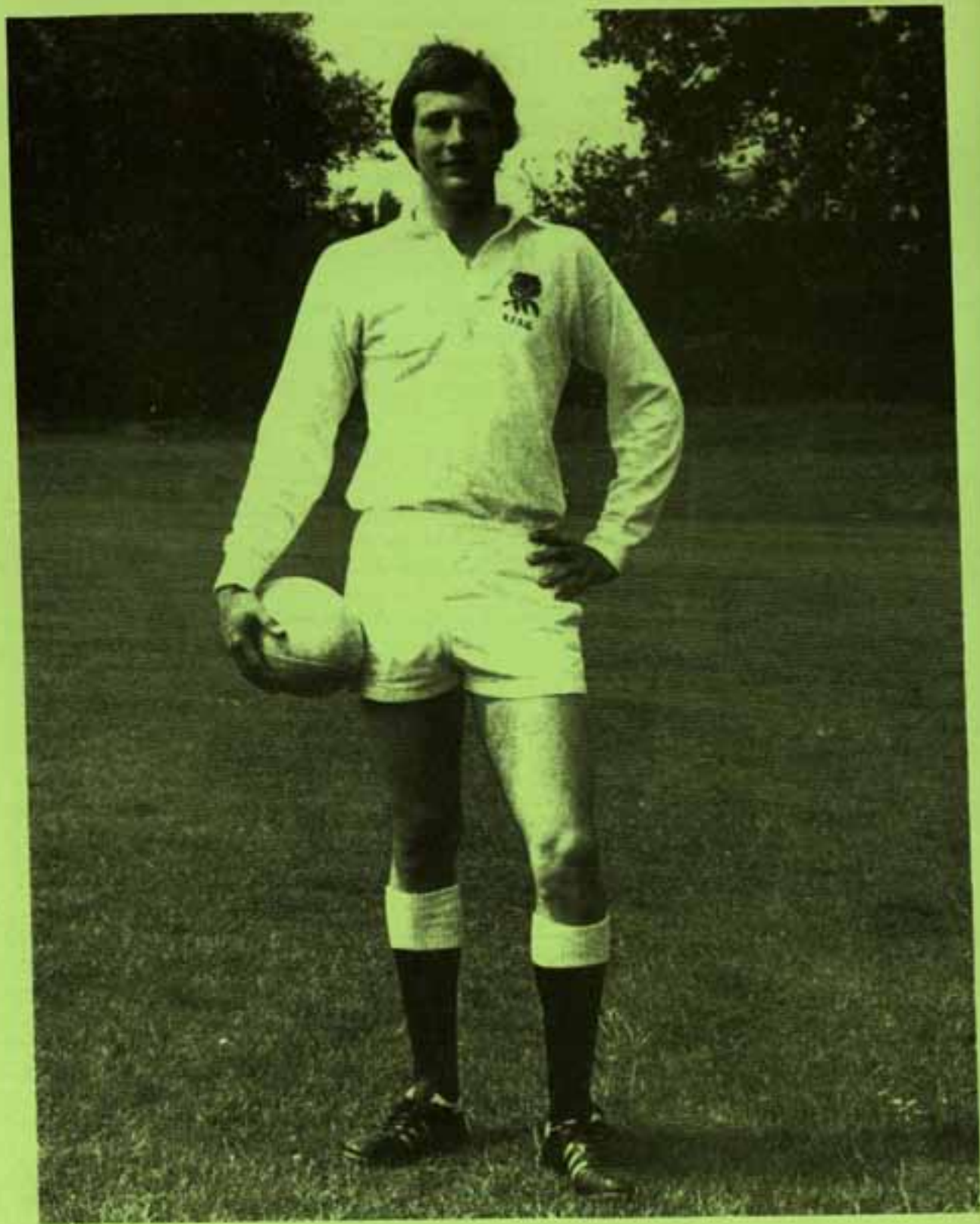
The organisation of and approach to Rugby was distinctly amateurish in the years immediately after the war. (I have painful memories of being promoted as a boy in the Rems from reluctant touch-judge to even more reluctant wing forward because only eleven players put in an appearance for an U14 game against Central G.S. We lost 75 - 0!) Fitness training, team organisation, planned moves and so on, which are taken for granted now, were virtually unknown in K.E.S. rugby, but under T.R.P.'s leadership soon became normal.

He brought to the game a critical awareness which all those who played under him came to appreciate in pre-match briefings and at post mortems. He led by example. In training sessions, having acted as scrum or line-out for the scrum-half, he would travel along the three-quarter line faster than the ball and invariably be outside the wing three-quarter to urge him on with cries of "Faster, boy, faster". (I am sure a certain D. H. Benson remembers this all too well!) However vocal he was in training—and those who have sat in front of him in the classroom will know how expressive he can be—he remained quiet on the touch line during games. Not even the grossest stupidities committed by players or referee ever produced any audible comment.

We didn't see him playing very often, but I have memories of a game in which he played for the Common Room (augmented by parents) against the 1st XV. A parent, who got talked in to playing in the second row of the scrum, vows that his feet never touched the ground in any scrum, so great was the shove coming through from T.R.P. at wing forward! I remember too a penalty which he took from way out near the half-way line, which was still going up as it passed about twenty feet above the tip of the posts.

To many of us who played in the school team at that time Rugby Football was never quite the same after leaving. The enjoyment and enthusiasm which he engendered was rarely found elsewhere. There are many Old Edwardians of that vintage who would wish to join me in expressing thanks to Bob Parry for the tremendous pleasure we got from playing Rugby under his guidance.

*D.B.H.*





## IAN METCALFE

Ian Metcalfe has been one of the most outstanding games players that K.E.S. has produced. He has represented the school in many sports from his first year here in 1969—cricket, athletics, basketball, and of course rugby, where he was to make his greatest contribution.

He played first in the XV as a fifteen year old, in the full-back position where his ability to catch the ball cleanly and kick accurately under pressure would be most used. To play at that age and in that position in 1st XV school rugby, is not an easy proposition when faced with eighteen year olds from Denstone, Warwick etc., but Ian showed from the start that he had the ability to learn quickly, and the desire to do well.

In all, he has played some seventy five games for the XV over the past four seasons—an automatic selection after the first few games, and during that time he has scored some 500 points and helped the school to win eighty per cent of its matches.

As captain of the XV for the past two years he has learned to encourage others and he has had the ability to inspire his side to defend heroically when necessary and attack brilliantly whenever possible. All forwards will agree that it is most comforting to know that if the opposition kick the ball twenty yards behind you, your full-back has the confidence and ability to either counter-attack effectively or kick the ball some fifty or sixty yards in front of you—either way your team move forward. Ian developed into a prodigious kicker of the ball and a very fast and incisive runner, whether entering the line from a set-piece situation, or counter-attacking, and he has scored many tries from the full-back position, and had a constructive hand in many tries scored by other members of the team, particularly the wings.

This ability had to be recognised at higher levels, and for the past three seasons Ian has represented the County—Greater Birmingham—and played with distinction. Last season he represented the West Midlands in the Midlands Trial and played against Japan Schoolboys, scoring an amazing eighty yards try.

This season he was undoubtedly the best schoolboy full-back in the country, and fully justified his selection for English Schools in the championship matches at the end of the season. He is the first boy from K.E.S. to represent England at rugby, and few will know the dedication and determination needed for Ian to get that far. Injured in late November, not able to play for five weeks, Ian had to start playing again on a suspect knee in county matches and trials—no relatively easy school matches to help him get fit again—and each week for two months he had to play well in a trial, then spend the next six days having treatment on his knee to recover in time for the next trial. Fortunately, by the time of the International matches in April, Ian was fully fit—and how well he played! The whole England XV produced an unforgettable performance at the National Stadium, Cardiff to destroy Wales 26 - 0, with Ian having an important hand in two tries and kicking two penalties. Ireland were humbled 37 - 7 at Gloucester, although Ian remembers little of the second half, in which he converted three tries, as he was concussed after twenty minutes of the game. His great positional sense, prodigious kicking and assurance in defence were all needed against Scotland at Meadowbank, where England won 10 - 3, thanks mainly to Ian who created both tries and converted one. In the final game at Wilmslow against France, the England team completed the 'Grand Slam' winning by 19 - 6—all their points coming in a storming first half, Ian scoring two penalties and one conversion.



In the four games, Ian was the top points scorer with 22 points more than the other four countries total combined! There is no doubt that Ian was one of the outstanding players in an outstanding International team. He describes the two weeks he spent with the England squad as 'an unforgettable experience' and 'fantastic', and it certainly was a pleasure to watch the team play, and I know that Ian's parents with their unfailing support, were very proud to watch Ian's part in England's success.

As Ian leaves for Cambridge, I personally would like to wish him further success in the future, and to record my thanks to him for all he has done for the school and school sport in particular. For his determination, his dedication, his willingness to listen to advice, his help and example to others, his high standards of expectation and performance, he deserved and achieved success. I am sure his example will be followed by others in the school, for Ian Metcalfe has written his piece of school history, and will be long-remembered.

*D.C.E.*





## RUGBY

Contrary to the opinions of a few cynics, school rugby is still thriving and successful, as shown by the proliferation of 'A' and 'B' teams, and the standard of rugby achieved at all levels. Players of all ages have had an enjoyable and mostly successful season, and there is much evidence for strong future 1st XVs.

The success of Ian Metcalfe, the School Rugby Captain, in the England team in particular has increased the enthusiasm and pride of all school players.

*Ian Keeling*

### 1st XV

The XV faced the season with a basically young side, strengthened by a few more experienced players. If all were fit at one time, the backs, combining great experience and tremendous speed and flair, were easily capable of scoring many fine tries. The pack was physically small, but generally made up for this with their mobility, and enthusiasm frequently countered their lack of experience.

Throughout the season the team showed itself determined to play good, open, running rugby, even when beset by injury problems in the backs. Much credit for this was due to I. R. Metcalfe, both in the example he set as a player and in his captaincy which held the team together on more than one occasion.

Although the XV was perhaps not expected to be as successful as in previous years, it lost only three games in the Christmas term. On one of the few occasions that a full strength side was fielded, against Solihull, the team showed its great potential, scoring five tries in an exhibition of open attacking rugby to win 35 - 3.

Heavy victories of over 50 points were also inflicted on both Lawrence Sherrif and K.E. Five Ways, when the team really "clicked together", but the pleasure of such victories was slightly offset by below-par performances that resulted in defeats against R.G.S. Worcester and Dublin High School. The great character of the side was shown in pulling back deficits against both K.E.G.S. Aston and Denstone.

This character was also shown in the Bromsgrove Match, when, deprived of star players, the team battled to a 7 - 0 victory, during which substitute K. W. Turnbull made his 1st team debut when M. N. Fiske was injured.

After Christmas the team lost key players in A. W. Halstead and D. A. Shuttleworth, and the power of S. G. Cooper. I. R. Metcalfe was also unavailable because of his selection to the England team, a deserved honour for which the rest of the team were both happy and proud. D. G. S. Worrall captained in his absence.



The games played after Christmas suffered because of bad weather, and there were many cancellations. In those games which were played the team had little chance to function well together.

At half term the team again embarked upon a tour of Devon, which was also unfortunately curtailed because of unplayable waterlogged pitches. Injury again hit hard, with neither of the Fiskens able to go on tour, and in the first match, against Shebbear College, the XV lost 9 - 11, despite a tremendous performance by the now seasoned pack.

For the second match, the team was indebted to D. A. Shuttleworth for coming back and playing, and also I. R. Metcalfe rejoined the team on tour, captaining the team for the last time against Sidmouth Colts in a match which saw the best performance of the season. In front of an appreciative crowd, and on a quagmire of a pitch, the team rose to the challenge. As a team, everyone played very well, outscrummaging a heavier pack and running round and through the opposition backs, finally winning 16 - 3. It was Sidmouth's first defeat in 20 games.

To finish a rewarding season, the team, as usual, held a tour dinner, which proved to be a highly emotional and unforgettable experience for all there.

During the season, D. A. Shuttleworth, A. W. Halstead and I. J. Keeling (also rugby secretary) played for the county, and the youthfulness of the side was again illustrated by A. G. Fiskens and P. J. Brennan's selection to the county and West Midlands U16 sides, with A. G. Fiskens going to the final England trial. M. N. Fiskens would surely have played for England (or Scotland) if he had not been plagued by a troublesome hamstring injury.

With most of this year's pack returning next season, the prospects for the future are very good. In conclusion, all the team would like to thank both Mr. Everest and Mr. Birch for all the time, patience and effort they have sacrificed in coaching and guiding us.

*Ian Keeling*

## 1st VII

The 1st VII's main achievement was in winning the Greater Birmingham Schools Knock-Out tournament, making 1977 the third successive year in which K.E.S. have won. Generally, the team worked well for each other, but often relied on the speed and strength of M. N. Fiskens, who contributed much, together with his brother A. G. Fiskens in winning the Greater Birmingham tournament.

The team was captained by D. G. S. Worrall, who directed the play thoughtfully and well. The VII also entered tournaments at Nuneaton and Worcester, and spent an enjoyable long weekend attending the Hereford Centenary Sevens.

*Ian Keeling*



## 2nd XV

The second XV benefitted throughout the season from a strong and experienced pack, comprised of several potential 1st XV players. With weight and height in the front five and a fine back row, notably N. J. Proctor and P. J. Brennan, the pack approached that of the 1st XV at the start of the season.

The threequarters were equally strong until the departure of J. C. Betteridge and A. P. Hudson at Christmas, and P. R. Willetts and C. Bridges subsequently to the XV.

The performance throughout was skilful and consistent and highlighted in the matches against Solihull and Bromsgrove.

*Hugh McIntyre*

## 3rd XV

The 3rd XV's reputation for coarse rugby proved difficult to sustain this year. Competition for selection was keen and considerable enthusiasm was generated amongst both forwards and backs. There was a praiseworthy determination to play open rugby at all times, and the team was led in characteristically energetic and resourceful fashion by T. J. V. Bowcock. Individual members of the XV won well-earned promotion to higher things as the season progressed, justifying the survival of the XV as a nursery for available talent at this level. That the school is able to field a 3rd XV of such skill and enterprise testifies to the continued strength of Rugby football at K.E.S.

*D.J.B.*

## U15 XV

The Under 15 XV had its worst record for at least ten seasons. Although some players had ability, the team as a whole was unwilling to come to regular practices. As a result there were many poor performances from a team lacking any tactical appreciation of the game.

*B.J.N.*

## U14 XV

P: 9            W: 5            D: 2            L: 2            Points for: 136            Points against: 90

The season was very successful, although a lot of games were cancelled at the beginning of the season. The best win was against Solihull (14 - 10) avenging previous years' defeats. The team had a large, mobile front five with a dynamic back row of Brenner, Clark (captain) and Albright. They only met their match against the very large Bablake pack. The backs lacked penetration, which meant that Lambert spent most games making half-breaks or kicking. However, the tackling of the backs was always very good and in this context special mention should be made of Donne.

The outstanding attacking player in the side was Hamer who played games both in the forwards and backs. Gawthorpe, Bird and Lambert played for the county.



## U13 XV

P: 23      W: 20      D: 1      L: 2      Points for: 881      Points against: 106

The U13 Rugby XV this year showed great enthusiasm in both training and in all of their twenty one matches. Coached by Mr. Stead they progressed steadily, starting with a narrow 25 - 14 win over Camp Hill and then launched huge scores of over 50 on neighbouring Birmingham teams. The last day of the Christmas term brought about the beginning of the U13 Birmingham Schools Knock-Out Cup and our first fixture: we promptly passed into the quarter-finals with a devastating 102 - 0 win and yet another victory to add to our unbeaten record after the first half of the season. We came back after the Christmas holidays bursting with health and just raring to go. We got off to another excellent start by beating rivals K.E.G.S. Aston 37 - 0 after a narrow 4 - 0 victory the year before. Again we won our Cup Tie versus Hodge Hill comfortably 46 - 0 and so we hurried on into the semi-finals to face Yardley. Before our Yardley game we faced Solihull and our first defeat to a team who hadn't lost for over three years and are rated as one of the best teams in the country. Even though our spirits were dampened by our first defeat we soon bounced back into action with a 78 - 0 win over Hallfield and a semi-final victory over Yardley on a neutral ground at Moseley G.S. When Cup day arrived there were many butterflies in our stomachs as we watched the Moseley v. London Welsh before we took the field at the Reddings to play King Edward's Camp Hill for the second time that season. We soon dispersed the pre-match nerves and launched our attack on Camp Hill. At the end of the day, being cheered on by choruses of the School song, Michael Gibbs, our captain, collected the shield which had been so nearly won the year before. This was naturally the climax of a great season, and special thanks must go to Andrew Webb, who scored no less than 81 of the team's 181 tries, to Michael Gibbs for leading the team with great confidence, and also to Mr. Stead who coached us through agonising training sessions and organised an excellent and most enjoyable Rugby tour. Finally on behalf of the whole team special thanks must go to the dads who braved the cold winter mornings to chauffeur us backwards and forwards from matches.

*M. R. Gibbs  
J. D. Sheehy  
A. R. Webb*

## U12 XV

The under 12 XV had a moderately successful season but were not helped by a tendency to selfishness which affected almost all of the backs. The forwards were large but did not use their weight to full advantage, and were rather slow about the field. Individual enterprise rather than teamwork was responsible for most of the points scored but was also responsible for the fact that the team scored so few points.

Next year there must be greater determination in the tackle and a willingness to pass the ball early rather than individuals trying to do it all on their own.

*J.R.R.E.*



## "DETESTED SPORT, THAT OWES ITS PLEASURES TO ANOTHER'S PAIN"? — AN ANALYSIS OF 3rd XV PHILOSOPHY AND ACTION

The matches that the 3rd XV play usually fall into two main categories: the ones we lose by a large score and the ones we lose by quite a large score. The vital difference elevating the match into the latter category is usually made by a second-team member recovering from injury, on whom everybody relies to do the tackling, scoring, rucking, running and jumping. In a memorable match this year versus Solihull, the thirds had no less than seven second-team members and the whole team, inspired by the poetry of movement of Mr. Benson's proteges, recklessly ran from ruck to ruck grunting heavily, and won the game.

This sort of thing happens occasionally because early in the season the thirds are actually quite good and even win a few matches because the younger stars, who have not yet learned to master the state of apathy of the senior members of the team, defy convention by tackling the opposition, until they are elevated to the professional teams.

However, such miracles as the one at Solihull are few and far between and later in the season, when skill has been excluded from the team, the 3rd XV really comes into being as the players solely interested in the violence of the game appear, who together with the reject back division form a team interesting to the world of psychology if not to the world of rugby.

From then on most matches seem to come in the first category, basically because of lack of skill, but also I feel, because complacency sets in owing to the custom of playing unopposed rugby during training. The forwards are quite shocked when they realise that eight other people are trying to gouge their eyes out and break their arms while they are trying to master how to get their own team members out of the way.

Most matches seem very similar: the team shambles out onto the pitch, looking for any good players who will do all the tackling, and finding there are none, and seeing the opposition who, because of some mental block, always seem bigger and more psychopathic, one's spirits are somewhat dashed. After the customary football kick-about with the rugby ball, the game commences and the pack trundles around the pitch, often doing quite well as they practise the lethal tactics learned in Mr. Nightingale's Under 15 team. However, they eventually give way as the opposition, with its red-faced, sweating captain screaming encouragement and leaping head-first into rucks, takes the upper hand. Matters are not helped by the 3rd XV captain who shouts unintelligible orders with his gum-shield still firmly lodged in his mouth, confusing the backs. Finally, as the thirds trudge wearily off the pitch, freezing cold and pulling the mud in lumps off their legs after yet another defeat, the casual observer may ask them why on earth they do it. It will probably only then occur to them that the idea of turning up on a Saturday and being subjected to physical discomfort is rather ludicrous. Even so they will still keep on playing rugby on Wednesdays, taking cheer at Mr. Buttress's stentorian bellows of "Right lads . . . . .", despite what the dark muttering of the players may indicate, and they will still play on Saturdays being convinced that they will lose. It is this unthinking devotion to rugby that has typified 3rd XV rugby this season. Every team member would rather be throwing stones at policemen at Villa Park or whatever, but we still turn up and, hardened to defeat, are doubly ecstatic when we actually win. At 1st and 2nd team level, getting covered in bruises and mud is said to be an honour, but at 3rd team level there is no such question, so on reflection the only reason we play must be because we enjoy the basic energy and violence of the game and certain

elements of the team take pleasure in the pain of others in Cowper's quotation. While we play it is a "detested sport" because we always seem to be on the receiving end of the pain, but once in the safety of the dressing room, the match is looked on with affection, marred only by the fact that we will have to play next week.

*Nick Merriman*







## 1976 - 77 HOCKEY

It was expected, on arrival back from South America, that the hockey XI would do well, containing some very experienced players who were taking Oxbridge entrance exams. The XI played twenty two games before being beaten for the first time, when under-strength, by Solihull Sixth Form College. During this period the team was successful in retaining the Bromsgrove Sevens and the W.R. Buttle Memorial Plate. The XI was defeated once more, on a tour to London, losing to Kingston G.S. However, as this is unquestionably the strongest hockey-playing school in England a 4 - 1 defeat was a very good result. The fixture list in 1976 - 77 was far more difficult than in previous years e.g. there were games against Lawrence Sherriff (Rugby), Kingston, Cranleigh and Highfields School, Wolverhampton.

Unfortunately, the backbone of the side (Stuart Southall, Eddie Wickins, John Dunnett, Charlie Davidson and Chris Matyszczyk) left at Christmas and as expected the ability of the team dropped. All the tournaments won the previous year were lost, though this is in no way a reflection on the captaincy of M. A. Kordan who succeeded Wickins. He did inspire us to extend our unbeaten record in the Birmingham Schools League (U19) which stretches three and a half seasons from our last defeat, in January 1974, a total of thirty matches.

The XI were knocked out of the Pickwick tournament in the first round by Moseley, with everyone unhappy about the umpiring. More disappointing, however, was the defeat by Sheldon Heath at the end of March in the match for the Birmingham Schools Trophy (played for by the winners of the B.S.H.A. U19 league and the W.R. Buttle Memorial Plate Champions). Sheldon Heath's centre-half, Lee, a member of the England U19 squad, ran through the King Edward's defence to score three minutes before the end. The XI competed for the first time in the Highfields tournament at Wolverhampton in March, losing to the hosts by 4 - 2 in the final after leading 1 - 0. The XI also competed in the newly-formed Midlands Counties' Schools H.A. Championships at Solihull in March. Unfortunately, the team came fourth out of the four schools who survived from the preliminary rounds.

A record nine school players were chosen for the Birmingham U19 County squad together with five for the U16 squad. Wickins, Southall and Davidson all had trials for the Midlands U19 squad but only Southall was selected. He also played for Warwickshire U21 and is going to North America with a Public Schoolboys team in July. More domestically, John Dunnett was voted winner of the Buttle Cup, "for the greatest contribution, through enthusiasm and sportsmanship, to school hockey this season".

The 2nd XI had an improved record compared with recent years due to Andrew Manson's captaincy. However, not one match was played after Christmas due to bad weather.

The U16 XI, for whom Murphy scored seventeen goals in thirteen games, were beaten in the B.S.H.A. league semi-final (it is like the Benson and Hedges Cup in cricket). They nevertheless claim to be the best U16 side in Birmingham.

The U15 XI, showing some promise, also lost in their B.S.H.A. league semi-final.



# Statistics

	P	W	D	L	F	A
All first team matches	47	27	13	7	113	54
Full-length 1st XI matches	32	17	9	6	80	45
2nd XI matches	12	3	3	6	19	23
U16 XI matches	13	7	2	4	42	12
U15 XI matches	10	4	1	5	18	14

## Total 1st team matches and goals to date

✕ S. M. Southall	123	32	G. M. Walker	79	4	
J. F. Dunnett	101	64	P. R. Fletcher	79	-	
E. G. Wickins	98	10	J. R. E. Kerr	70	70	(approx.)
C. S. Davidson	96	1	J. C. Thornton	62	17	
D. C. N. Wilkins	95	-	A. N. Manson	61	19	
M. A. Kordan	90	16	R. B. Bush	59	37	
K. C. Matyszczyk	79	79	M. R. C. Sheen	58	2	
R. G. Young	79	14	N. J. Kimberley	54	17	

Keeping the most important item for last, it must be said that none of our hockey success would have been possible without the enthusiastic organisation and stimulation from Mr. Deelman, whose departure at the end of this year will be by far the biggest loss to K.E.S. Hockey.

*Glen M. Walker*

## CROSS - COUNTRY

This year the school has had its most successful season for five years; in the Birmingham Grammar Schools League the 1st team took the overall title, winning seven of its eight matches, and the 2nd team beat all others.

The school also fielded junior, intermediate and senior teams in the King's Norton District Championship, taking Senior and Overall titles; as a result of their performances, five members of the senior team were selected to run for King's Norton District in the West Midlands League.

The senior team also won for the second consecutive year the King's Norton Relay and the King's Norton Road Relay, which has a course going from Birmingham to Redditch and back, covered by teams of eight runners each; the team set a new course record.

In the Sutton Park Race, in which all the teams in the Birmingham Grammar Schools League run together, the school won the team title by one point, and A. W. Ewers won the individual title.

Andrew Ewers also won the Birmingham Schools Championships at Chelmsley Wood, the team coming 3rd, and the Ernest Nunn Race at Rugeley, against a strong field over a hard course, the first three of the school team finishing in the first twelve.

In the West Midlands Schools Championship the school finished 4th, narrowly being beaten by the 3rd placed King Henry VIII School, and the first four runners finished 10th, 20th, 23rd and 26th.

The team also ran in various invitation events for schools and clubs from as far afield as Newcastle. We didn't win anything, but we enjoyed ourselves.

Finally, I would like to thank those people who made the teams such a success, especially those who ran for the first team: T. P. Stafford, I. H. Whatley, J. N. Lavender, J. W. J. Wagstyl, P. N. Edwards, S. J. S. Hicks, J. G. A. Roberts, S. H. Parkinson and T. P. Hawes.

Two people deserve special mention: Andrew Ewers, who inspired us with his consistently excellent performances, though injured for most of the season, organised and led many regular training sessions; and Mr. Workman, who provided much of his free time for managing and transporting us, and who encouraged the team (even if it overslept) with constant good humour and a permanent smile.



*A. M. Fowkes (Captain)*

*Hicks, Roberts, Edwards, Wagstyl, Dunn  
Stafford, Ewers, Fowkes, Whatley*



## FENCING

Despite the loss of two-thirds of the first team last year it has had a reasonably successful season, playing eight matches, winning five and losing three. One of the defeats occurring when we, unable to field our regular first team, had to fight a well-known public school that put a fencer who had no connection with the school in their first team because one of their regular fencers was playing fives! On May 7th the team came second out of twenty-seven in the West Midlands Section Schools Championships, narrowly losing to Rugby in the final by four bouts to five.

The second and third teams were less successful, both playing six matches and winning two and three matches respectively. The fourth, fifth and sixth teams did not fence a single match in the entire year because we have not yet found another club which has enough fencers to field even a fourth team.

In the individual Section Championships held in the Autumn term (in which over one hundred fencers competed) three school fencers obtained medals; D. Wolffe and S. Watts won bronze medals in the U14 and U16 Foil championships and M. Thouless won a silver medal in the U18 Epee championships.

Finally on behalf of the fencing club I should like to thank Dr. M. J. Kershaw for the work he has done for fencing at this school during the past four years.

*M. D. Thouless*

## SQUASH

This season the squash team has played 13, lost 3 and won 10, making it the best season for many years. A notable factor is the greater breadth of talent in the school now: many matches have been won without regular first team players in the side.

*R.D.S.*

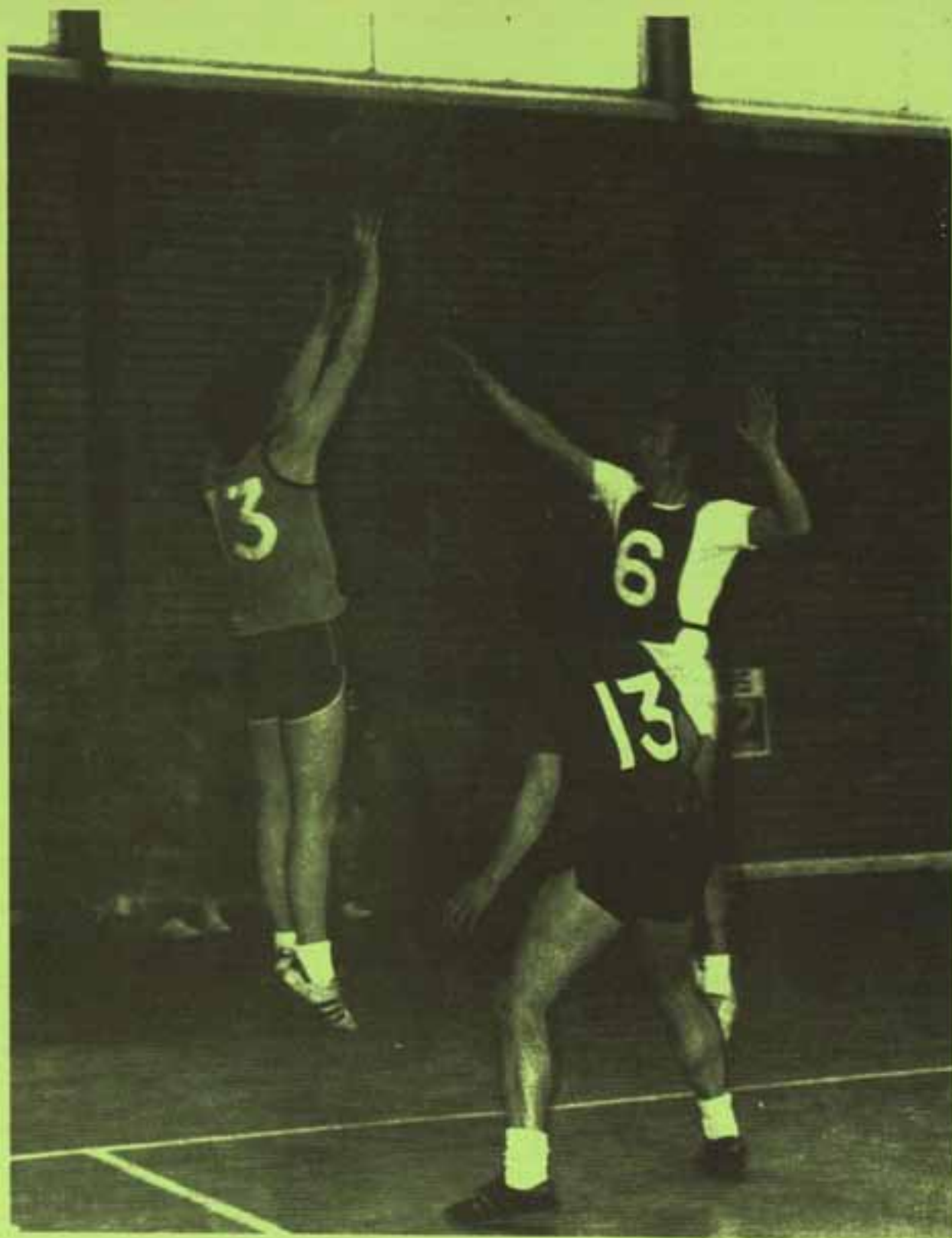
## TABLE TENNIS

There has been much interest and enthusiasm during the year and this looks good for the future.

The standard of table tennis in Birmingham is very high indeed and we have met some very stiff opposition. However, it is to be expected that next season our standard will improve considerably and things will even out.

In the winter league the U15 and U19 teams finished up about middle positions in their divisions and the summer league is not yet finished.

*A.P.R.*



*"This is a good basketball photograph."*



## BASKETBALL

The popularity of Basketball, as exemplified by the number of boys practising their skills in the Gymn each lunchtime of the Autumn and Spring terms, is indicative of the success of the school U19 and U15 teams this year.

The Junior team was unfortunately beset by injuries for the majority of the season and thus robbed of much of the success it merited. When the team was at full strength, however, not only was it one of the most talented teams produced in recent years but also one of the most balanced.

Daniel, Parlour and Haslam were three tall and useful guards, Ashton an exciting cutter into the zone, Jenkins an exceptionally talented ball handler and Curry not only a calm, steadying captain but also an excellent shot. Besides these, there were many other up and coming, steadily improving U.M.s and Rems who will form an excellent team next year.



*'This is not a good basketball photograph'.*

The team just failed to qualify for the Birmingham premier league in two close play-offs, and the end of season statistics were:

Played 17

Won 10

Lost 7

Top scorers were Curry 200; Ashton 163; Jenkins 105; Parlour 103.

The Senior team was built on the core of four of the previous year's first five—Shuttleworth, Herrod, Betteridge and Jackson, and was entered in three competitions.

In the Birmingham League we are drawn each year in the same group as King's Norton Grammar school, which is probably one of the best teams in the country, and so in practice we have to aim for second place to qualify for the Birmingham Knock-Out. Before Christmas with the team at full strength we had a very good run losing only to King's Norton, and being in the position of equal second.

In the National Knock-Out we were unfortunate to meet King's Norton in the first round and thus qualified for the plate competition. In this we beat President Kennedy school, Coventy and Prince-thorpe college, Rugby to reach the semi-finals.

In the West Midlands Knock-Out we received a bye in the first round and then beat Great Barr comprehensive to reach the semi-final of the competition.

At Christmas we lost our most experienced players, Betteridge to the Army, Herrod to the U.S. of

A. and the other to his girlfriend. All three were still eligible to play for the school but only Shuttleworth was regularly available.

This loss of experience was reflected in the post-Christmas results, when the team was knocked out of the Nationals and the West Midlands and consistent form in the Birmingham League was hard to come by.

I would like to thank all those that played for Shuttleworth and I, but to give special mention to the following; Wilkes (master of the "gentle" pass), Worrall (a comic genius worthy of the Globe-trotters), Williams (whose financial difficulties did not prevent him from scoring a few points), Tobias, Bridges and Blythe who would have liked to play a bit more.

At the end of the season, the results were;

Played 25

Won 15

Lost 10

The highest scorers were Shuttleworth 301; Jackson 245 ;Herrod 203; Betteridge 185.

Finally I would like to thank on behalf of Curry, Shuttleworth and myself Mr. Birch and Mr. Stead for their excellent coaching and hope that they see K.E.S. Basketball grow from strength to strength.

*Mark Jackson*



## K. E. S. GOLF REPORT

The transformation of golf into a national pastime is reflected in the current upsurge of interest in the golf option who are given lessons every Wednesday by Barry Jones, a local golf professional, aided by a grant from the Schools' Golf Foundation.

The Old Edwardians' Golf Society has stimulated this interest by inviting current members of the school to play for a special prize at their Spring and Autumn meetings. Laurie Newby, the retiring captain, was particularly active in this respect, presenting a magnificent cup at the Spring Meeting to be played for by members of the school.



Jeremy Wilkes won at the Autumn Meeting held at Moseley Golf Club, Nick Kimberley coming second. At Harborne Golf Club where the Spring Meeting was held Matt Allchurch became the first person to win the new trophy, Nick Hatton being runner up.

The school golf team had a good season, being well placed in the Aer Lingus Midland Schools' Golf Tournament and losing narrowly to Solihull School at Olton Golf Club. If the very talented members of this year's team can keep the promise they showed we can look forward to an excellent season next year.

Mr. Hopley must be thanked for his dedicated and efficient running of the golf option. Without his help the golf option would undoubtedly collapse.

*Neil Kendall*



## SWIMMING

	P	W	L
Under 14	6	2	4
Under 16	5	5	0
Open	7	5	2

Once again the outdoor pool was closed but swimming carried on in the girls' pool until the final weeks of the year when the pool opened in time for the inter-house competitions. The closure of the pool disrupted the individual championships but these were eventually decided.

The school team had a mixed season with the team having to be constantly swopped and changed because of swimmers being unable to attend the matches. The matches were all swum at home, all but one being held in the girls' pool.

The juniors found strength from several new boys, but unfortunately the opposition always seemed larger and taller and the final result is not representative of their strength.

The Under 16s had an impressive season winning all their matches convincingly. The success of the Under 16s will undoubtedly be carried forward to the senior team, which takes pride of place.

The Seniors had a varied season with a different team competing each week. Many new faces were seen which can only be a good sign.

Special mentions must go to Mike Watton, Paul Cartwright, Nick Perry, Paul Denny and Paul Edgington.

The teams were enthusiastically led by Mike Watton who is unfortunately leaving, so ending a Watton family tradition at the school and in the swimming team.

Many thanks to Mr. Cotter, the teachers and parents who turned up each week to judge and time-keep. Very special thanks must go to Dr. Watton who acted as starter and judge for many years.

*S. M. Swani*



## C H E S S

The 1976 - 77 chess season has been one of the most memorable ever, K.E.S. teams carrying away almost all the honours, with the best results on record. The first team, (P: 5, W: 4, D: 1, L: 0), tied with Bishop Vesey's for first place, a situation unresolved by a play off. The team was captained by R. E. Borchers, "the bionic brain", and featured R. K. Millington, M. J. "Villa rule" Spinks, C. F. Fuller, C. H. Jillings, (and his amazing seven move draws), P. M. Doubleday, myself, and other second team refugees.

Meanwhile the seconds, despite a shaky start, topped the division, (P: 8, W: 5, D: 2, L: 1), to take the title, thanks, of course, to superb captaincy (guess who's writing this article) and the miscellaneous efforts of J. M. Platt, P. D. Middleton, T. P. Ireland, J. M. "can't concentrate against girl opponents" Andrews and J. P. Hawthorne.

Unfortunately the third team, though with similar results, (P: 7, W: 4, D: 2, L: 1), were narrowly beaten into second place by Sacred Heart. Captain T. J. V. "Bongo" Bowcock would like to thank the team, C. J. Tolley, I. D. Brown, R. C. "scream" Beards, F. K. Panthaki and N. D. Perrins for their support.

The fourth team defeated all opposition (P: 8, W: 8, D: 0, L: 0), to win the title by a sizable margin, ably led by the walking chess encyclopaedia N. J. L. Brown (who, despite the odds, did try to avoid the girls' changing rooms), and assisted by S. J. Tinley, M. R. Balliman, and others too numerous to mention.

Following last year's excellent run in the Sunday Times National Trophy, the school entered two teams this year. The 'A' team, our youngest ever, easily won the zone final, but were finally halted, by the narrowest possible margin, one match short of the London finals, by Wolverhampton G.S. Meanwhile the 'B' team (the old lags), defied an age handicap to reach the third round, but were narrowly knocked out by a strong Bishop Vesey's 'A' team.

More successfully, the under twelve team swept aside all opposition, gaining an easy victory in the First Form league, (P: 4, W: 4, D: 0, L: 0), never conceding more than two points over six boards.

All those involved in school chess would like to thank those masters who make all this possible. Mr. R. L. Skinner, whose promotion of shell chess has produced the recent flood of younger players, and especially Mr. H. J. Deelman who has efficiently organised and managed all the school teams for the last four years, and is primarily responsible for their present condition.

To all team players, whether immortalised above or not, your support is appreciated, and will also be next year when you win all four divisions, (threat, not promise). To those undiscovered chess enthusiasts,—why not step forward and be recognised. Who knows? You too may not be another A. J. Miles, but at least you will become a connoisseur of bus station architecture, hard boiled cheese sandwiches and exploding chess clocks, (see T.J.V.B. for clarification on that one!), and at best you might even win. Chess is not the minority game it is made out to be, so play well, and join a team, so that we might improve even on this year's excellent performance.

*T. J. Haynes*



## THE BUSINESS GAME

A gentleman of the Cartland Club, penetrating one lunch-hour, in the spirit of challenge and adventure for which the members of that body are justly celebrated, to the extremities of the Cartland Corridor that he might well have supposed to have been denied for many ages the imprint of a human foot, was aghast to discover in the room at its end, in an atmosphere of mental resurgence and decaying sandwiches, an array of the school's finest intellects. "Gee, man," he observed, opening the conversation with the elegant phrases of conventional politeness, "Like, wow. Say, er, whassall this?" We told him it was the Business Game Board. At this, he regarded us pityingly for a moment with the air of one who had seen it all too often before, then faded through the doorway making vague allusions to the unfortunate effects of Monopoly upon the human mind.

In fact, the Business Game is a competition run by International Computers Ltd. and is intended to give the participants some knowledge of the sort of decisions that company managements have to make. Several hundred schools enter each year and are divided into small groups each of which plays one game. Each team in a group is given an identical company selling the same product to the same markets. It sets its prices and distributes its cash on advertising, transport costs, production costs, investment and so on, taking account of the probable actions of its competitors. ICL process the decisions of the companies in the group and send them back news of the new position. The procedure is repeated three or four times and the winning team in each group passes into the next round. Last year's school Board left after bringing us through the first round of the 1976 - 77 game and a new board was formed to play the next round.

Let us return to the summit meeting in the Cartland Club where on the departure of the intrepid explorer, A. J. Sinclair benevolently extracted A. Brown from the accounts file into which he had carelessly fallen and replaced him on the table where he could be seen without the aid of a magnifying glass. Mr. Brown drew the Board into debate once more and the necessary decisions were taken. As Sinclair made the final computations, Hugh Blythe, exhausted by the complexities of the recent discussion and worn down by the frantic pace of the game, sat slumped over the table gazing vacantly ahead of him and pressing watercress with nervous fingers into the back of Sinclair's calculator.

Throughout the game, the other members of the Board were reassured by the philosophic attitude of Peter Hore who met the news that we had lost the second round with the same untroubled air with which he ate the chairman's sandwiches.

My thanks to all the team and to Mr. Deelman's ties which appeared now and then, frequently accompanied by their owner, and formed a focus for discussion.

*J. Hayes (Chairman)*



## 1st XI CRICKET



At the end of last season, with the batting and bowling records broken and the wicket-keeping one equalled, and with only four or five of the team remaining, it seemed unlikely that this season would be anywhere near as successful. However, though the majority of the matches have been drawn, the XI will play tomorrow in the final of the Knock-Out, whereas last season the team was eliminated in the quarter-finals. Furthermore, I believe all members of the XI who played in both years are agreed that this team has been a far more enjoyable one to play in. Certainly this enjoyment has not come from the results of the matches. To date, the XI have won one, drawn twelve and lost three, including a crushing nine-wicket defeat at the hands of Warwick. However the statistics are misleading.



The matches against Wrekin and Bromsgrove (whom we bowled out for 81) were ruined by the weather, and Bablake and King's Macclesfield both imposed late declarations upon us.

In truth, though, the team has, on many occasions, not had the batting to chase the totals which have been set for us, nor the bowling to capitalise on our own batting.

The high-points of the season were the only win, against Denstone, with the side scoring more than 220 runs, the close-run match with King's Worcester which ended in an exciting draw and the match against the Old Edwardians, perhaps for Kevin Reynold's golden duck or for the extensive range of apres-cricket activities. The Common-Room game also provided an exciting finish, with the last pair playing out the draw for 12 overs and scoring 23 runs, despite a formidable attack of leg-spinners and bouncers from Mr. Emery and parabolic full-tosses from Mr. Everest.



Other memorable moments were the open hand of brag dealt in the road outside the Wrekin, which yielded 3 runs, 2½p to the winner and the force of Mr. Benson's enraged tongue; Russell Harkin being forced to run naked around the Eastern Road pavilion and car-park; the extensive range of after-shaves, alcoholic drinks and deodorants thrown around changing rooms throughout the Midlands; and Simon Fowler being forced to miss a

date with his girlfriend while his money was distributed along the Bristol Road from the School Captain's car.

So far I have deliberately not mentioned the Knock-Out, as these matches have produced the most memorable moments. The XI must thank Russell Harkin for providing an impressive array of sixes in this competition (mostly over midwicket) and its long line of medium-paced bowlers who have been the main reason for the success. The jubilation after the semi-final at Solihull caused the twelfth man, Jack London, to hug the whole team in the dressing room.



But the most important aspect of this year's XI was the team-spirit and good-nature which was not so apparent last season. For this, we have to thank mainly Ian Metcalfe and Mr. Benson who removed some of the emphasis from winning and individual skill and placed it on enjoyment. This season there have been very few arguments, and those that have taken place have been mainly about football!



As a member of the XI I should like to congratulate and thank David Worrall, Noel Matthews, Glen Walker, Kevin Reynolds, John Hayes, Simon Fowler, Tim Thomas, Nick Kimberley, Russ Harkin, Jack London and especially Ian Metcalfe for their performances this season and for making this season such an enjoyable one.

I must also thank on behalf of all those who have played for the XI, Mr. Benson for the time and effort he has put into the team, Mr. and Mrs. Scott for the meals and work done at Eastern Road, Mr. Lewis for umpiring and all those masters and parents who have helped or turned up to support us.

*Chris John*





## ATHLETICS

The 1977 season has proved to be the most outstanding of recent years in terms of both team results and individual honours achieved.

Perhaps one of the most pleasing features of the season has been the depth and quality of talent demonstrated in the younger age-groups which, coupled with a renewed enthusiasm for this most ancient of all sports, must surely mean the continuation of the school's present success. This talent was evident in the King's Norton League Division One (for Fifts and below) which K.E.S. won, thus qualifying for the West Midlands Schools League Winners Championship.

In School matches throughout the year the Intermediate team was the most successful of all, beating teams regarded as the best in the Midlands during a season in which they slipped to second place only once. They also won the King's Norton District Championship as did the Senior team although the School finished second overall, the Senior result being excluded.

On an individual note a record number of K.E.S. athletes represented King's Norton District in the West Midlands Metropolitan Championship. Of these the following produced notable performances:-

### Junior

I. A. Lewis	-	4th	2000m walk
A. J. Hamer	-	5th	Hammer

### Intermediate

A. G. Fiskien	-	5th	100m Hurdles
D. W. Stephens	-	5th	400m
M. N. Sawyer	-	6th	1500m Steeplechase

### Senior

M. N. Fiskien	-	1st	200m
M. N. Fiskien	-	2nd	100m
A. M. Fowkes	-	2nd	400m
S. I. Good	-	3rd	110m Hurdles
S. I. Good	-	3rd	400m Hurdles
I. H. Whatley	-	3rd	5000m

### RESULTS

	Pld.	1st	2nd	3rd
Senior	6	2	4	-
Intermediate	6	5	1	-
Junior	1	-	1	-
4th Year	2	1	1	-
3rd Year	2	1	1	-
2nd Year	4	1	2	1
1st Year	4	1	3	-

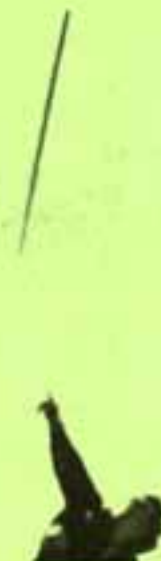
## INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIPS

MINOR	1st Mackenzie
	2nd Prulovich
JUNIOR	1st S. J. Lambert
	2nd A. J. Hamer
INTERMEDIATE	1st M. N. Sawyer
	2nd P. J. Brennan
SENIOR	1st M. N. Fiskén
	2nd A. M. Fowkes



In conclusion I must thank all the ground staff for keeping the track in such good condition, Mr. Birch and all the other masters whose time and effort has contributed much to the success of the season and to all the athletes who are, after all, what it's all about.

*M. N. Fiskén*





**K.E.S. CLUB**  
**Statement of Accounts, 1.4.76 - 31.3.77.**

Income	£	Expenditure	£
Covenant	15.00	P.S.G.	84.80
Governors' grant	825.00	Rowing	35.40
P.S.L.T.A. Coaching grant	6.00	Cricket	973.27
Hire of tennis rackets	1.50	Rugby	863.16
Gift	10.00	Tennis	124.12
Boys' subscriptions	2081.95	School Club	450.86
Interest on covenant	7.32	International Society	24.44
Bromsgrove match collection	11.50	Fives	110.28
Interest on deposit A/C	78.86	Fencing	77.96
Transfer from no. 1 A/C	700.00	Athletics	40.72
Classics trip collection	10.16	Swimming	59.67
Geography trip collection	13.32	Hockey	97.79
Archaeological trip collection	65.00	Basketball	78.65
Coyens Fund	24.06	Chess	116.07
Heath Fund	16.40	Golf	40.10
Levett Trust	15.88	Sailing	7.04
Mayo Trust	20.78	Table Tennis	13.55
O.E. Contributory Fund	11.61	Debating Society	6.02
Soloman Trust	3.01	Business Game	1.00
Trip collection	18.28	Bridge	48.65
Honorary members	23.20	R.M.E.S.	5.87
Trip collection	55.00	Bus Society	1.93
		Walking	7.20
Total	£4013.83	Cross Country	74.12
		Minibus	118.28
		Squash	9.19
		Modern Language Society	0.99
		Science Society	10.00
		Railway Society	5.21
		Transport Society	9.97
		General Knowledge	3.50
		Badminton	3.19
		Judo	11.48
		Geographical Society	13.32
		Classics Society	10.16
		Total	£3537.96

Excess of income over expenditure	£475.87
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Signed *T. G. Freeman*  
Honorary Treasurer  
Examined and found correct *T. J. V. Bowcock (Maths VI)*  
*T. J. Haynes (Maths VI)*  
Honorary Auditors

King Edward's School  
Awards and Places at Oxford and Cambridge, December 1976

Cambridge

* P. H. Beton	Scholarship	Natural Sciences	Sidney Sussex
R. P. Davis	Scholarship	Natural Sciences	King's
M. E. Horton	Scholarship	Natural Sciences	Trinity Hall
M. G. Jesson	Scholarship	Natural Sciences	Emmanuel
* M. McGrath	Scholarship	Natural Sciences	Queens'
F. Panthaki	Scholarship	Natural Sciences	Gonville & Caius
F. J. Peel	Scholarship	Natural Sciences	Churchill
W. H. C. Powell	Scholarship	Natural Sciences	Clare
W. J. Thurstans	Scholarship	Modern Languages	Sidney Sussex
A. J. Webb	Scholarship	Mathematics	Corpus Christi
S. G. Cooper	Exhibition	English	Trinity
C. S. Davidson	Exhibition	Natural Sciences	St. John's
J. F. Dunnett	Exhibition	Geography	Sidney Sussex
S. J. R. Gray	Exhibition	History	Selwyn
J. M. Harris	Exhibition	Modern Languages	Trinity
P. M. Sandbach	Exhibition	History	Magdalene
S. M. Southall	Exhibition	Mathematics	St. John's

\* Fourth Term candidates

Oxford

A. W. Ewers	Scholarship	Classics	Worcester
J. A. Lawrie	Scholarship	Natural Science	Pembroke
J. C. Betteridge	Exhibition	History	Queen's
A. S. Berry	Exhibition	History	Jesus
L. D. B. Herrod	Exhibition	Mathematics	New College
A. P. Hudson	Exhibition	History	New College
J. F. Wilkes	Exhibition	Mathematics	Queen's

Summary :	Cambridge	Oxford	Total
Scholarships	10	2	12)
Exhibitions	7	5	12)
Places	13	2	15
	30	9	39

24



