





Mark Keen

Eddie Dent

Andrew Maud

Dmit J. Kestane

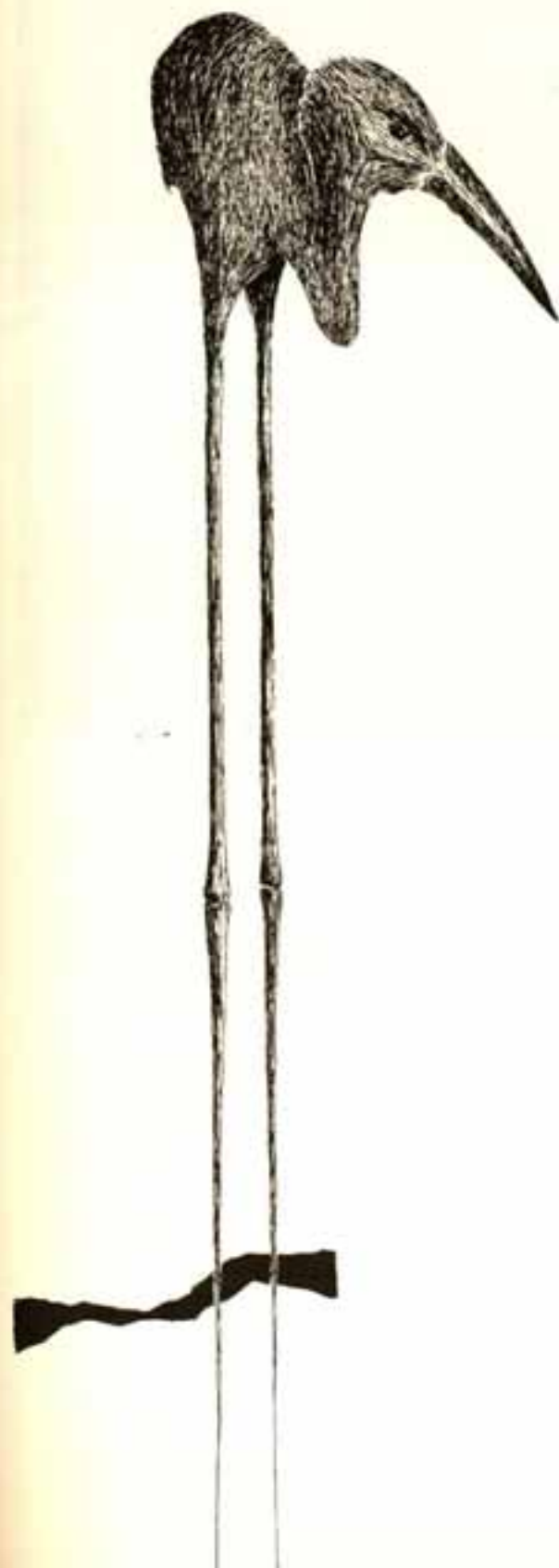
G. Martini

N. J. Aplin

Paul Spence

Andrew Garslow

Tony Miles



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CHRONICLE PRIZES

Cover Design Prize — TONY MILES

Creative Writing Prize — CHRIS ROBERTS

Photography Prize — TONY MILES

EDITORIAL

"All we need from a Chronicle is a simple record of events."

"But what about Poetry, Graphics, photographs?"

"There's no call for any such thing here."

"Surely we need an outlet for the creative talent in the school?"

"What creative talent?"

So went my earliest conversation with an awesome member of the Science Common Room—suitably edited to create the correct bias for this editorial. Well, that "awesome member" was wrong. The school is full of talent and it has been one of my great pleasures during these past four years to tap and release and offer a showcase for that talent. The 'Chronicle' bears testimony to the graphic, photographic, poetic and prose writing skills of the members of this school. I have no need to complain of lack of material, lack of interest or lack of quality. Each year I could have produced a 250 page magazine so splendid has been the response.

The 'Chronicle' has always had a critical edge. I have little need (or inclination) to fawn, but I am genuinely grateful for the constant support (both moral and financial) the Chief Master has given me. Criticisms, often quite powerfully expressed by people who believe themselves to be powerful, that I have thought petty and small minded, have been countered by Mr. Fisher on my behalf, in some instances against his own inclination and belief. For that, I thank him.

I have always believed that the School magazine should reflect the views, ideas, and activities of the School. The 'Chronicle' is not a glossy publicity brochure, it is written by you, for you. If it is weak, you are weak. If everything in it is full of praise for the school, then it is a lie. We have a lot of faults, we can always improve—without constructive criticism we never will be self-aware.

I am indebted to those quiet, talented young people who have always, often with requests for anonymity, offered me poems; very private, secret scribbles, to show to you others. I am indebted to my tireless editors, who type away, with far more gusto than skill, well after term has ended.

A special mention for Ray and Ruth in the Resources Centre who convert our typing-error-ridden scripts into the finished article.

I ask you all to help Miss Barnett next year, in compiling future 'Chronicles'.

Most of you spend seven years here, that's seven editions. Make every one worth keeping.

G.J.M.



UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS

OXFORD

R. J. IRVINE	Scholarship in Natural Science, Wadham
P. G. JEAVONS	Scholarship in Mathematics, Balliol
P. G. KNIGHT	Scholarship in Geography, Christ Church
I. A. M. BOND	Exhibition in Classics, Balliol
P. M. DOUBLEDAY	Exhibition in History, Magdalen
G. I. H. FISHER	Exhibition in History/Economics, Keble
N. I. G. STIFF	Exhibition in Natural Science, St. Anne's

CAMBRIDGE

T. P. BAILEY	Scholarship in Natural Sciences, Jesus
M. R. BALIMAN	Scholarship in Natural Sciences, Queens'
I. D. BROWN	Scholarship in Natural Sciences, Clare
J. E. CASHDAN	Scholarship in Natural Sciences, Clare
A. W. DALE	Scholarship in Natural Sciences, Clare
P. J. DAVID	Scholarship in Natural Sciences, Churchill
D. M. DUNNETT	Scholarship, Organ, Clare
D. T. LEWIS	Scholarship in Geography, Jesus
R. K. MILLINGTON	Scholarship in Economics, Christ's
D. W. STEPHENS	Scholarship in Natural Sciences, King's
R. M. TOBIN	Scholarship in Mathematics, Jesus
P. D. P. BROWN	Exhibition in Natural Sciences, Sidney Sussex
J. R. COE	Exhibition in English, Trinity

JOHN WILLS

John Wills was born in Penryn, Cornwall. He was educated at the cathedral school, Truro.



C. *Did your interest in sport begin there?*

J.W. Yes. I played Rugby and ran in the cross-country teams, up to County Trial standard, but the school was poorly equipped. There was no 'Gym' or swimming pool. My major academic interest lay in languages, particularly French and Latin. I decided to go to Trinity College, Carmarthen when I discovered I could combine my interests both in French and P.E.

C. *Did you enjoy your college days?*

J.W. I led a pretty quiet life. The college was in the Styx/sticks, which I was used to anyway, coming from Cornwall. I took up pot-holing and canoeing, but didn't play any Rugby, which was a mistake.

C. *You've started canoeing here as an option, haven't you?*

J.W. Yes—the first beginnings in the swimming pool. I hope it will develop. We intend to use the sailing lake and possibly even go on expeditions. There is a lot of interest waiting to be tapped. Unfortunately the best canoe has been vandalised.

C. *Was K.E. your first teaching post?*

J.W. No—I spent four years at King Edmund's School in Southend. We had to spend more time controlling there rather than teaching. Being a Sports master was an advantage. You could meet the pupils outside of formal lessons. Once established you could use that informal relationship to foster academic work.

C. *Is it different here?*

J.W. Yes, very. The academic standards are higher—I need to work harder as the boys are bright and willing to learn. There is very little apathy. The team spirit is very strong, even though there is very little House spirit. It's very hard to know what you're supposed to do with your tutor group—we meet so rarely.

C. *You now run the swimming in place of Mr. Cotter—has following him been easy?*

J.W. Yes, in that he left a very strong tradition and a very high standard. I shall do my best to achieve a similar standard.

C. *Do you enjoy living in Birmingham?*

J.W. I like the school environment very much, but not the city. Mind you I haven't left much behind, Southend was a hole. It comes as something of a shock to see your own pupils prostituting themselves on the sea front.

The common room has made me very welcome. I enjoy the plays and the concerts—I've joined the school choir and even had a tiny, and necessarily unpublicised part in 'Patience'.

I look forward to running the Hockey next year and generally becoming involved in the life of the school.

JEFFREY HANCOCK

Jeffrey Hancock was born in Cheshire, near Chester. But that didn't prevent him from suffering from asthma. His parents moved him to the healthy, dry air of Norfolk, to a small town south of King's Lynn called Downham Market.



C. *Do you still suffer from asthma?*

J.H. No. I simply grew out of it, or avoided the allergies that caused it.

He was educated at Gresham's Holt school, near Sheringham, and has far from fond memories of his time there.

J.H. I was appalling at Rugby, in fact at all games, and they played Rugby every day there. I disliked the C.C.F. and it was compulsory. I enjoyed my studies, and as I realise with hindsight, was not taught very well.

C. *Was there nothing to recommend the school?*

J.H. It made you self-reliant, able to stand up to loneliness and hostility.

C. *What made you choose Chemistry as a discipline?*

J.H. I enjoyed mixing things, but I made the choice early and did try to change to English when I arrived at Oxford.

C. *You were at Merton College?*

J.H. For the first four years, yes. Then I went on to St. John's to read for a Doctor of Philosophy in Biochemistry. But after two years either me or it gave up.

C. *Were you not happy?*

J.H. Yes, it was the time of one's life. The freedom, money, no pressures, so many facilities. I used to go to lectures in the English and Music faculties—I went to classes on the Greek Bronze Age and actually got to hold the marvellous relics that are normally locked behind glass. I think I simply became bored with research. I thought I could become a great research scientist, and when I found I hadn't got what it took I resigned my scholarship. I wanted time to do other things—to write, to read.

C. *Where was your first teaching post?*

J.H. At Solihull School. I learnt a tremendous amount from the head of science there—he was a truly gifted teacher. It was a very good school, there was always a lot going on.

Afterwards I lived in the Lake District for a year—on my savings. I read, wrote and walked. I even taught for a term as head of my own one-man-department at a school in Kendal.

C. *So then you came here?*

J.H. No, I spent three interminable years at Manchester Grammar School.

C. *Why interminable?*

J.H. The school is a crammer. The pressure on boys and staff is intolerable. There is no compromise. Even first year boys are taught in Oxbridge terminology—which makes for middle-aged intellectuals of 13.

C. *It was there you were married?*

J.H. Yes, my wife is a psychiatric social worker.

C. *And do you enjoy K.E.?*

J.H. Very much. The job is a plum in the pie of life. The ethos is so civilised. The drama, sport and music are all good. I help with the Scouts and hope to become

increasingly involved with athletics and cross-country. I enjoy running and would love to take part in something like the Lake District 24 hour race. If there is an interest I would like to start an Orienteering option.

C. *Why Orienteering?*

J.H. It's great fun, and it's the only sport that requires intelligence—you can quote me on that.

KEN HOWCROFT

Ken Howcroft leaves K.E.S. after six years to join the Methodist ministry. We shall of course miss his scholarship, his ability to bottom a complicated issue and present it concisely and lucidly. It has been good to have about the place a man who can talk so coherently about the intricacies of Greek philosophy without losing sight of the world we live in. It has been useful too to have someone who just *knows* how to pronounce Latin and, much more important, what it means and why it is worth reading at all. But we shall perhaps miss more his pastoral expertise, his enthusiasm for drama and music, his concern for the nature of the curriculum, his sense of humour and his willingness to take on any job that needed doing. He has, over these years, been a caring and patient Shell form master and Evans house tutor. He has assisted with the production of a number of plays, in particular a very memorable and moving version of the Mystery Plays. He has done much to make the Junior Classical Society such a lively and successful enterprise. He has argued hard in Common Room for what he believes in—particularly the importance of fostering the imagination and crossing the lines between traditional subject-areas in the Junior School curriculum. He has given a lot of time and enthusiasm to activities as diverse as junior

cricket, Personal Service and the stock control of Classics books. For both teachers and taught he has been a fount of good advice, delivered straight but with unfailing good humour. We wish Ken, his wife and family all the best in their new venture.

M.J.T.

Although not one to wear his heart on his sleeve, K.G.H. has shown himself to be a very deeply committed Christian, aware of the ways in which his faith relates to everyday decisions about the way he does his job and about the responsible use of money in the light of the needs of others. He is always ready to give unstintingly of his time to what he considers important, and he has staggered those who know him well by the amount of time he has been able to give to his lay-preaching, to church conferences and working-parties of one sort or another, and above all to giving pastoral help to individuals facing some kind of crisis. In school, we have been grateful for his fresh and thoughtful addresses in chapel and in Big School, as well as for his gentle, unassuming and always deeply caring manner. Rarely does one meet a man who comes closer to the Christian ideal of "a man for others".

R.W.G.

GARRY MARTIN

In the interview with Mr. Martin which 'The Chronicle' printed on his arrival, he described himself as 'a writer who teaches'. In the experience of K.E.S. this is a rare phenomenon, though common enough in universities. He also said that there were areas of school life where he thought he could make an active contribution. He has certainly done that. Perhaps the most tangible has been 'The Chronicle' itself which he has totally transformed from the tatty production that I used to oversee to a really first-class school magazine, very nicely and carefully produced, beautifully designed, carrying excellent art-work and a good balance of material. But I'm not sure that for all its excellence Mr. Martin would regard 'The Chronicle' as the most valuable contribution he has made to K.E.S. Nor perhaps would he regard his excellent innovation of the Bulletin Board as the most valuable, though that was certainly a long overdue feature of school life, merely waiting for somebody with the imagination to recognise the fact and the energy to do something about it. No, I'm sure that he'd think (and rightly) that his really important contribution has been in the classroom and in the contacts with the chaps which teaching produces. This latter point, his very sympathetic and helpful and informal attitude to boys, not only increased the effectiveness of his teaching but was also a great help in the complex business of running the Bulletin Board and the school magazine, in the production of 'Zigger Zagger' with its cast of thousands, and in that of the two successful revues in which Mr. Martin was the driving-force.

In that initial interview in the first of his Chronicles Mr. Martin also said that 'a school should be justified by its end products, not just by its honours board'. There is no doubt that he had a very considerable influence on the end product. Those whom he has taught and particularly those whom he taught for 'A' level

or for Oxbridge, will have been vastly stimulated not only in respect of particular books and authors, but also in the way they will have been led to develop a particularly lively way of reading and thinking about literature and indeed about anything, which will stay with them for life. For Garry Martin has pre-eminently the first requisite of any teacher—whether he's written or not!—which is an active and living interest in what he's supposed to teach plus plenty of views about it and its relation to life. From this lively, stimulating personality, many boys in the school have benefited enormously, whether they encountered Mr. Martin in the classroom, on the rugby field or athletics track, or in connection with the Bulletin Board or Chronicle. They will want to wish him all the best and so will all his friends and colleagues in the Common Room. Exactly what the future holds for him remains shrouded in mystery but one thing you can bet—that it will be alive and successful.

A.J.T.

RUPERT BENTLEY-TAYLOR

Rupert Bentley-Taylor leaves K.E.S. to take up an appointment at King Edward VI School Southampton. In the two years he has been with us Mr. Bentley-Taylor has become actively involved with the life of the School, making an immediate impact with his thorough and scholarly teaching of the 'O' level and 'A' level examination forms in History. Lower down the School he has inspired his pupils to produce some outstanding imaginative work, most notably the annual production by his Remove form of replicas of Magna Carta, each lovingly reproduced on hand signed parchment. As master

in charge of Squash since his arrival, and latterly of Tennis, Mr. Bentley-Taylor has wrestled mightily with the logistical and organisational problems which seem to be inseparable from these two popular sports, and has spent countless lunch hours engaged in handing out rackets and assorted paraphernalia to an apparently endless stream of boys heading towards the courts. As a dedicated Christian, Mr. Bentley-Taylor has addressed meetings of the Christian Union, and has led Block Prayers. Indeed his decision to return to Southampton was taken to be nearer to his family and to his Church. We wish him, his wife and family the very best of good fortune as they head South.

D.J.B.



(We felt this was a particularly good photograph of Agnès, the French Assistante. We wish her well.)

MRS. S. M. TALL

It is with regret that we say goodbye to Stephanie Tall after a one year temporary appointment at the school. Extremely pleasant and cooperative, she has been a most conscientious and inspiring teacher of French and German and made a great impression on those she has taught. A firm disciplinarian she has a presence and vitality in inverse ratio to her (relative) lack of inches. As well as her teaching duties she has had to look after her husband and four children, a daunting task at the best of times. Recently she has also had to cope with her husband's motor cycle accident (the same weekend as Chris Roberts') and two children in hospital. It says much for her fortitude and buoyant personality that she has kept on smiling throughout. We extend to her and her family our best wishes for the future, especially for good health and also in her professional career at South Bromsgrove High School.

MISS C. O'DONOVAN

It will come as something of a surprise to K.E.S. cricket fans that there is no more ardent follower of the fortunes of Kent County Cricket than Miss Celia O'Donovan. It is Kent C.C.C. that comes first in her affections when she is not working for her Ph.D. on Claudel or marking Rem E's French Prep.

We are very grateful indeed to Celia for her assistance over the past two terms. We hope that her researches into Claudel bear fruit and that Kent do better next year.

T.B.T.

NEW MEMBERS OF STAFF

On behalf of the School, the editors would like to welcome to the Common Room,

Miss K. J. Barnett (who comes to teach English)

Mrs. V. M. Shipway (Modern Languages)

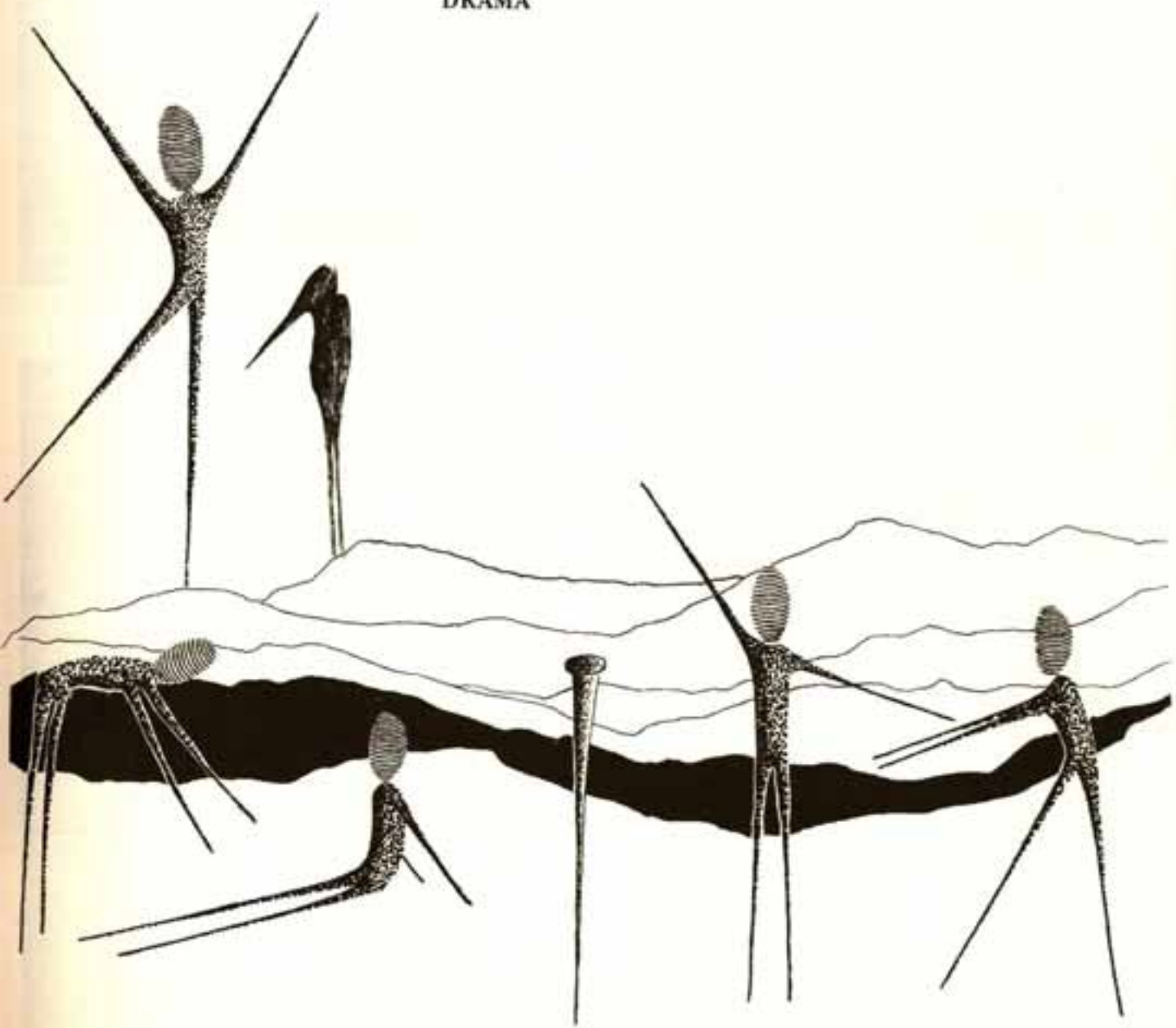
Mrs. L. M. Speller (Classics)

Mr. J. R. R. Emery (History . . . again)

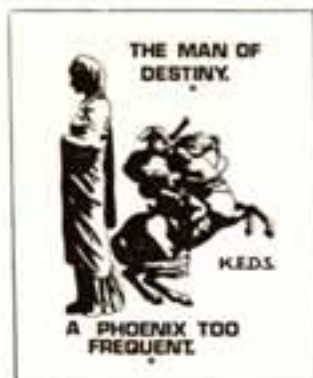
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Tony Miles



DRAMA



TWO ONE-ACT PLAYS, 12th & 13th October
'The Man of Destiny'
and 'A Phoenix too Frequent'



This evening of drama was an innovation in the school year. One-act plays are not normally performed at K.E.S. and casts of thirty-five rather than three or four are more common. The sets and lighting were restrained and, together with the small size of both cast and audience, helped to create an intimate atmosphere.

'The Man of Destiny' was dominated by Peter Jeavons as Napoleon, producing his swansong in school drama. His performance was compelling, ranging from menace to capitulation without any loss of credibility. Diane Aston also commanded attention, winning the audience's sympathy with touching nobility, whilst at the same time conveying an air of cunning. John Barnett was volubly Italian and servile, and Harold Longman simple and querulous, both to good comic effect. The interplay between the four characters was excellent, the Jeavons/Aston partnership being particularly successful. Credit for this and overall professionalism must go to Matthew Duggan, making a very satisfactory debut as director.

That seasoned director Tony Trott had another success in the guise of 'A Phoenix too Frequent' which provided yet more proof that, as he asserts, he is better than most. Caroline Green, as Dynamene, was persuasive both in grief and love, dominating the show after awaking from the sleep in which she spent the early part of the play. Helen Andrew contrasted well with her, being convincingly drunken, lascivious and full of vitality, taking full advantage of the humorous opportunities her lines presented.

Andrew Maund had a difficult role as a character unsure of himself and confused by the two ladies, yet he succeeded admirably in his portrayal, despite being heavily over made-up on his legs.

The evening was highly successful and enjoyable, and it is to be hoped that this precedent will be followed. The only drawback was the small size of the audience for this one-off production, for to my mind it certainly deserved greater exposure.

Roderick Beards

'PATIENCE'—K.E.D.S. Production 1980



My interest in this year's all too rare production of a Gilbert and Sullivan Opera, 'Patience', was far-reaching: I was involved in front of house activities (selling tickets), in the acting itself (as a heavy Dragon), and as a spectator at a number of rehearsals. My duties enabled me to collect

many amusing and interesting anecdotes of the opera, a few of which are presented here.

The overall impression given to a casual observer would no doubt have been one of organised chaos—in places this was fair comment: witness the valiant efforts of Mr. Bridle to teach a number of willing but not necessarily able boys and girls to dance—but on the whole everyone was well prepared for the three night run when it came along. The two dress rehearsals, though far from perfect, gave us confidence and kept the cast amused. I will remember for a long time the sight of Jeremy Davies almost becoming flustered(!) when he fell backwards over a chair and into the trunk of a very effective and solid stage "tree".

Stage-crew, and Nick Insley in particular,



*Photographs by:
Steve Cooper and Nick Osborne*



gave us a number of laughs as well. Nick's dulcet tones can for ever be heard on the Green Room loudspeaker during a production with his witty repartee, e.g. —

"Dr. Homer promises to buy me a pint if the wiring holds out for three nights."

"Jeremy Davies has only got two dramatic poses he is now in dramatic pose 1a."

"Freddie's just fallen off the stage."

It is worthy of note that the wiring did hold out; that Jeremy's dramatic poses mushroomed to about five by the third night; and that Freddie Dunstan is still to be seen around school from time to time, although now an O.E.

My final memory is of that massive tree (which, incidentally, turned up again in the German play, pruned slightly): because of its talents for getting in the way and tangling both with scenery and actors I would like to amend the old stage maxim —

"Never act with children, animals . . . or trees!"

Chris Buckley

PATIENCE

It is healthy that the Dramatic Society should (just occasionally) depart from its usual three-tier system of Junior, Senior and Syndicate productions. This year the Senior and Junior plays yielded to celebrate the marriage of Bunthorne's Bride uniting the musical and dramatic fraternities of the two schools. The early advertising through witty, but affectionate, photographic profiles of the cast and its directors emphasised the fun that was surrounding the production of 'Patience'. Tickets were soon sold out.

I was particularly impressed by the fluency of movement from the cast. To manoeuvre forty people on the stage of Big School is no easy task. Mr. Trott, and his choreographer, Mr. Bridle, trained chorus and soloists alike to avoid any clumsy collisions as the rapturous

maidens wilt in the footsteps of the Fleshly or the Idyllic Poets and as the Dragoon Guards, less fleet of foot try to win the uninterested maidens to raptures over their uniforms and manliness. The groupings of the vast numbers were always well managed with sufficient variety and movement so that they never looked apologetic about their presence on stage.

The achievement here was all the more remarkable because the centre of the stage in each act was dominated by a masterpiece of scenery which had to be woven into the action and not bumped into or felled. The first was the statue to one of Bunthorne's ancestors excellently sculpted by methods secret to those who work back-stage. This work by Gresham Carr and Mark Hudson is worthy of a place among the monuments in Poet's Corner and although it does not yet reside in Westminster Abbey it is still to be seen on display in the Art Department. The second act revealed the stage crew's skill in forestry. During the interval they had planted a magnificent tree beneath the boughs of which the Lady Jane (Frances Earle) sang to the accompaniment of her own 'cello playing; the delightful idyllic feeling was gently mocked by the deliberate hiccups in synchronisation between the Lady's bowing and the dubbed sound! The lighting throughout the second act was quite superb.

Singer and actor rarely seem to dwell together in the same artistic soul and body at school. This makes auditioning for an opera unusually difficult work because either the star actor turns out to be tone deaf or flees from the experience of having to use his voice in a series of musical notes, or the fine vocalist proves wooden and inexpressive in terms of stage action. Mr. Sill and Mr. Trott rightly took the preliminary sessions very seriously and with the patience demanded by the operetta of their choice. Thus it was that shrewd auditioning discovered Clare Costa and introduced her in the title role to the delight of the audiences on each night. Frances Earle's status as an

actress was already established but she worked hard in rehearsal on the less familiar techniques of singing. Once again she stunned audiences by her ability to amuse and to move them, this time in song as well as in dialogue.

The women's parts were generally sung well. Amongst the men, Jeremy Platt, with his ability to sing tenor and to act at the same time, made him an excellent choice for one of the solo officers of the guards. Andrew Hamer, a few octaves lower, was no mean second to him. Added to these were the qualities of officer and gentleman learned by Mr. Benson in his rise to the Command of the C.C.F. and we had a splendid series of scenes with these characters. Most memorable was the trio where they twisted themselves into ridiculous postures to ape the poses of the fleshly and idyllic poets in the hope of claiming the ladies' raptures. The timing, the business and yet control of the absurdities, and the quality of the singing through this were excellent.

If Freddie Dunstan and Jeremy Platt as the two poets found it harder to be so convincingly absurd in the postures Gilbert and Sullivan demand of them they were given good support by the devotions of the chorus of maidens. Freddie was at his best in his scenes with Frances Earle where they used the stage entertainingly.

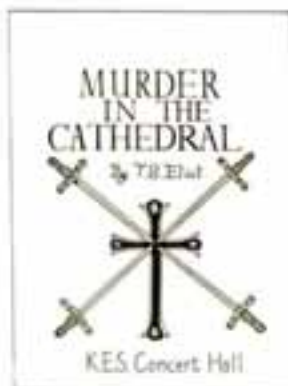
Amongst the Chorus the girls were generally better at adoring than the men were at trying to get themselves adored. It is in the way that the chorus members react to what is going on that they reveal their ability as actors. Among the boys some tried just a little too hard and others not quite hard enough to convey their involvement in the scenes. Some judged their reactions just right, and this was splendid. However their singing was always hearty and in the end their enthusiasm swayed the maidens. The producer's concept for the chorus of maidens was superbly completed by the costumes, made by the girls themselves, in a pre-raphaelite design which one commentator

in the audience called a "masterstroke" and "so much better than the original D'Oyley Carte production".

The Orchestra, a small but virtuoso band, played excellently under Mr. Sill. Finally it is to the quartet of masters on the board of directors, Messrs. Trott, Sill, Bridle and Homer that our thanks must go for such a lively show in which so many people were given the chance to enjoy themselves in entertaining us.

G.E.E.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL

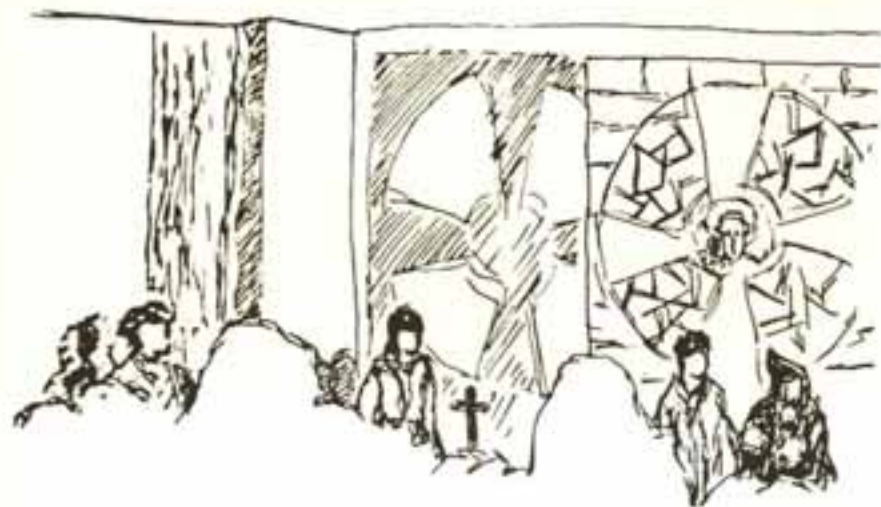


On April 30 and May 1, the Friday afternoon drama group, reinforced by an appropriate number of girls to enact the chorus of women of Canterbury, staged a very satisfying production of T.S.Eliot's play 'Murder in the Cathedral'. It was satisfying because it was entirely unfussy, because

the whole cast worked together as a team and most of all because it put a premium upon the words themselves. In this play the more weight you give to the words the nearer you are to getting the overall experience of the play right.

The unfussiness of the production was obviously an important element in Mr. Evans' conception of the play and it was helped by staging it in the revamped concert hall. The limitations imposed upon the lighting plot and the necessity of using a simple set which this playing space imposed were turned to positive advantage. The set, centring on one single large rose window, was both imaginative and economical and the limited lighting facilities were excitingly exploited to create an atmosphere in which the action could take place without distracting attention from the actors.





This is what sets and lighting are for.

The teamwork that was so striking a feature of the production meant that there were no stars. It is a play in which literally every part offers splendid opportunities to the player—the messenger no less than Becket—because every character while on stage is of crucial importance. Becket and the chorus who, as it were, 'stick around' longest almost become permanent aspects of the set *against* which the others play. This makes their roles very difficult because to be interestingly and yet almost self-effacingly *there* for a long time takes some doing. They are both, chorus and Becket, passive for long stretches of the play and what does happen to them is an interim and gradual process. All this was well and convincingly communicated, the chorus once settled into the right tempo sustaining their long, marvellous speeches with great expressiveness and Becket striking the note of grave spirituality from the start. The chorus, in fact, seemed to me to get better as the play went on and where one felt they did become marginally monotonous it may well have been because the material is not always as economical as it could be. Becket was fine in his sermon and in expressing spiritual struggle and resolution; what I missed in him was a sense of the worldly baronial magnate that Eliot has carefully built into the play because it was only too palpably there in the man. He didn't convince me that 'in the field/and in the tilyard he made many yield!' The doubling of tempters and knights, of course, was what Eliot prescribed and it worked very well. All of them made the most of the really juicy parts which they are. The scenes with the tempters gained a good deal in intensity from the intimate scale of the concert room production. The three priests (as I know to my cost in the past) can be a fairly sizeable dollop of unleavened dough in productions of this play but in this case they did very well. They do, in fact, get some very good speeches—all of them.

The main strength of this production was that it was clear from the start that everyone understood what he or she was saying. This may sound faint praise but it isn't. The words often express elusive or unfamiliar ideas or experiences and to speak them so that they make both intellectual and emotional sense, in other words with real coherence and conviction, is not easy. It involves a careful consideration of every line and of the inflection, weight and tone of every phrase. Everyone in this production surmounted this difficulty with total success. The chorus deserves special praise in this respect because judging tone and inflection becomes trickier with two voices than with one and the more voices you employ the trickier it becomes. Moreover the expressive possibilities of a chorus composed solely of girls' voices are limited compared with what could be achieved with a chorus of mixed voices. So they did very well and they looked very well, nicely and expressively grouped as they were. It is, after all, the words of the choruses that do more to communicate the emotional impact of the play than anything else. They socked it to us hard.

I think that the highest praise I can give to Mr. Evans and his group of dedicated players is that, in spite of having produced this play twice myself, I was totally involved in this performance and enjoyed it enormously. I would like to thank them very much for it.

A.J.T.

K.E.D.S. Production of MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL

Verse Drama, especially that of T. S. Eliot, can present great difficulties for any cast. Those who saw the production of this play at the Crescent Theatre may also be of the opinion that these difficulties are not always overcome. It is easy to fall into the trap of allowing the acting to stop where the verse begins, and

expecting the verse itself to carry all the emotion of the play.

However, this is not a criticism one can level at the production staged by Mr. Evans' Friday afternoon drama option this Spring. The production was very creditable, especially considering the age of the actors and actresses concerned.

The very demanding part of Becket was admirably performed by Chris Weston, who was always cool and detached, in fact, a little too much so for my own liking.

Also effective and entertaining were the Four Tempters/Knights. They were played by Steven Chapple, Alastair James, Peter Fraser and Kenneth Macnab. Their performances were always energetic and at the same time sensitive. I must mention in particular the performance of Macnab that brought out all the mystery and suspense of the Fourth Tempter.

Two small criticisms of these four gentlemen could perhaps be added. While one in particular tended to rush his lines, another tended to linger a little too long over his. But in general they handled their demanding parts well, especially the humour of the prose speeches at the end of the play, even if the audience were a little slow to realise that they were allowed to laugh in this passage. However, following the lead of the Chief Master, the audience soon entered into the correct spirit.

Special praise must go to the Chorus of Women of Canterbury, who, certainly for me, produced the most entertaining performance of the evening.

The Chorus play a very important part in this play, and were placed in a position of prominence, in contrast to the production at the Crescent Theatre where the Chorus were confined to the darkest and most distant parts of the stage.

The performance of the young ladies from K.E.H.S. was always dynamic and held one's attention for the whole evening. Their presentation was full of variety, both in terms of pace and the use of voices—admirably succeeding in

bringing out the effect of the rhythm of Eliot's words. Special praise must go to Sonia Johnson, leader of the Chorus, whose presentation was unique, perhaps the most effective in the whole production.

The performance as a whole was very enjoyable. The production was simple, yet effective, the verse was presented in a mature and sensitive way, and, perhaps most important of all, the actors and actresses themselves showed an enjoyment which was communicated to the whole audience.

A. J. Maund

LIVING AND PARTLY LIVING . . .

. . . being a typical day on tour with the cast of 'Murder in the Cathedral'

I had heard much of the K.E.S./K.E.H.S. production of 'Murder in the Cathedral'—the Reverend Grimley himself had declared it, 'A major event', so I had counted it something of an honour to be travelling with the cast to St. Giles' Church, where they were to perform. My initial pleasure was almost immediately destroyed by the hectic minibus ride, which was made in the company, not only of the advance guard of the cast, but also two loudspeakers, an upside down tape-recorder, several boxes flowing over with ragged costumes, assorted swords and sticks, and a collection of 12th century relics, (provided courtesy of the lighting department).

The ride ends with only minor damage to the contents of the van, and, having tied the parts of the minibus which have mysteriously come adrift in transit back onto it with lengths of rope, we proceed to enter the church.

"The good thing about performing in churches", one of the cast explains, "is that they have the same basic plan as the Concert Hall." Close examination, however, swiftly shows that this church is in a modern style and the whole play will need re-staging, after, that is,

the solid oak choir stalls and portable altar have been removed.

It is now, with the heavier work out of the way, that the rest of the cast condescend to arrive. They enter somewhat sheepishly having circled the entire building twice in search of the door, and all set to work on a short rehearsal, which, it is promised, will end at seven.

At half-past seven the rehearsal ceases, still unfinished, and the cast flees in all directions from the menacing approach of the first few members of the audience. I decide this might be a good moment to have a word with the cast. The dressing-rooms, each measuring some six feet square, are a turmoil of costumes and half-eaten sandwiches. The most constructive comment is, "Where are my stockings?"

Meanwhile, in the girls' changing room the 'scrubbers and sweepers of Canterbury' are busily applying their make-up (to guard against the almost non-existent lighting?), and wailing choral protest about the coldness of church and costume. Suggestions as to how to warm up the chorus ranged enthusiastically from the impractical to the illegal.

At this point, with only minutes before the play begins, word arrives that Kenneth Macnab has missed his lift from a concert at yet another church, and Mr. Evans hurriedly begins to con his part. As the cast is on the verge of starting Kenneth dashes in trying in vain to suppress his inevitable cough and simultaneous nose-bleed.

The play commences with Pete Fraser doing his damndest to foul up the apparently simple task of banging together a piece of iron piping and a lump of wood, and continues remarkably smoothly, if, that is, one discounts Chris Weston and Kevin Cotter's insistence on looping back to repeat their favourite speeches at least twice; Alastair James' exasperated dismemberment of the Chancellor's chain of office when Thomas refuses it; and the multifarious props that Mr. Evans has to rescue from where they have been misplaced so they are in the right place when next needed.

It is a pity that Chris goes to sleep in the death scene—and so misses the curtain-call. And eventually even the audience condescend to join in with the producer's applause, (even those who had hesitantly enquired beforehand if the production was a 'horror story', and had subsequently fallen asleep!).

Back in the dressing-room Pete, who has just given up threatening to throttle one of the younger cast members, is passing from his manic to his depressive phase, and begins to mourn the failure of yet another performance. Suddenly Mr. Evans enters to congratulate the cast on their 'best performance yet', and Mr. Howcroft attempts to convince them that when an audience takes a long time to clap it is a sign of a deeply moving performance. Meanwhile the girls congratulate themselves on doing their worst final chorus ever, but the whole cast recover their spirits on the discovery of a bottle of communion sherry, and a flask of youth club cider in a concealed fridge.

I decline the offer of another lift and hurry relieved into the pouring rain.

*(This is a Drama Weirds production)
Fraser and Weston*

FRUHLINGS ERWACHEN: the inside story

FRUHLINGS
ERWACHEN



The seemingly inauspicious arrival of the slim and nattily bearded, if sartorially somewhat questionable figure of Kurt Wagner as German assistant to the two schools here was to prove ultimately an event of singular mental, and even emotional significance to more than a few pupils.

Following in the footsteps of his Gallic friend and confidante, Géry Bertaux, Herr Wagner chose to produce what is possibly the

worst play in Teutonic existence, and proceeded in the next few weeks to enlist the participation of a number of gullible German students, whose subsequent embarrassment gave him the opportunity to set a new lip-licking world record, and whose supreme Thespian achievements were greeted with such ecstatic appreciation as "nicht slimm" (for a translation see Mr. Trott's red ink at the end of your best ever English essay).

Thus as the spring term advanced, and as vast amounts of Bournville plain chocolate were consumed amidst a distinctive chorus of nasal sighs, this unique dramatic undertaking developed, enlivened and punctuated by such arcane dialogues as the following:

"Gentlemen, where are the umbrellas?"

"What umbrellas?"

"The umbrellas. It's raining."

"Oh."

On May 9th this under rehearsed, over nicotine-stained, sexually obsessed and incoherent tragedy bustled out in a welter of grease-paint on to Big School stage and treated a sell-out audience to a curious little tale of sadism, rape, suicide, masturbation, abortion, escapes, homosexuality, ghosts and "the masked man".

Somewhat bemused the audience chose to laugh, thereby displaying considerable wisdom in the face of what proved in the end, quite a creditable series of character portrayals by actors whose accents varied from the "echt deutsch" of Andreas Müller to that produced by Rainer Evers who could have come from anywhere, West of Dover.

Assessments of individual performances are invidious, in this case incestuous, and, unfortunately, expected. Therefore suffice it to say that the three main characters, Andreas Müller, Rainer Evers and Sandra Wood utterly different in approach and technique, generally made a good job of a poor script and were ably supported by worthies such as Kathryn Henebery, Rahul Pillai, John Whitehouse and Chris Rawlins in particular. The whole performance

was an undoubted success, and it was a real pleasure to participate in—to pretend otherwise would be unreasonable, but it would be equally false to try to cover up the fact that the most generous description of this play would have to be "bizarre, disjointed and unbalanced" (though Wendla Bergmann will doubtless disagree).



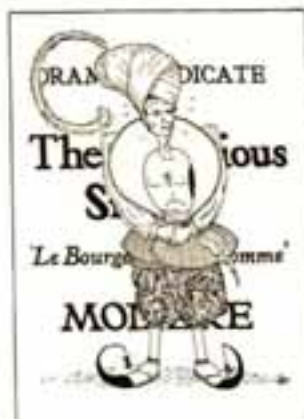
A. Müller



A. Müller



**DRAMA SYNDICATE PRODUCTION OF
"THE PRODIGIOUS SNOB" by Miles Malleeson**



The Drama Syndicate's production of Miles Malleeson's "The Prodigious Snob" completed a highly successful year for the Dramatic Society, and was in itself one of the most memorable school productions since "Endgame". Frances Earle and Tim Curtis had worked their cast very hard during the

fortnight available for rehearsal, and the result was a delightful and dynamic presentation of this adaption of Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme".

The producers had succeeded in conveying their enthusiasm and ideas to the stage most effectively. An amusing local relevance was made by setting the play in Selly Oak, with two scenes supposedly taking place by the 'Space Invaders' machines in 'The Brook' and 'The Gun Barrels'! The dramatic action was punctuated by music, dancing and slapstick,

instilling variations of pace and style vital to the success of any entertainment of this kind. Wendy Leach and Chris Weston deserve special congratulation for their fine harmonies as do their musicians for their accomplished playing, in particular for a remarkable impression of a Hoover at one point in the production.

After a rather bemusing first scene spent bouncing around the stage in confrontation with a manic music master and a Falsetto dancing master, Rainer Evers, as Mr. Jordan, the prodigious Snob, came into his own in highly amusing encounters with Nick Marston as Count Current, and Matthew Duggan as a philosopher. The production truly exploded into life with a marvellous scene set in 'The Brook', portraying the fluid romantic relationships between Cleonte and Lucille, the Jordan's daughter; and Covielle and Nicole, their respective servants. Being pleasant young people, Harold Longman and Anthea Gulliford fitted easily into their parts as the first named pair of lovers. Diane Aston obviously enjoyed herself immensely as Nicole, the lass from Devon. Martin Heng, however, was a revelation as Covielle, combining a confident economy of action with perfect tone and timing in delivery.

From this scene on, the audience was captured and the comedy coasted to its climax. Mandy Beech turned in a fine flouncing Marchioness meanwhile, and Tejina Margat bullied Rainer, her stage-husband, with the irresistible self-righteousness of a wronged Yorkshire wife and thus delighted everyone present.

Nick Insley, Tim Curtis and Frances Earle deserve considerable congratulation for integrating all aspects of the production into a coherent whole, and especially for marshalling Rainer Evers and the rest of the cast to an entertaining performance. It was a pity that a certain lack of concentration on behalf of the actors should have slightly marred the play's second performance on Wednesday evening.

Peter Mucklow



MUSIC



CHORAL-ORCHESTRAL CONCERT at St. George's Edgbaston, 5th July 1980

A fairly large audience—or should it be congregation?—greeted the Brass group as they opened the programme. This new group, mainly of younger players and directed by Gordon Sill, played short 16th and 17th Century works well suited to the church's acoustics. They should go far.

All the string players that the school could find—the Joint String Orchestra—played “The Arrival of the Queen of Sheba”, giving a good account of themselves but seeming a little ragged on some of the fast passages, and Peter Warlock's “Capriol Suite”, which was hard to fault.

The choral parts of the programme were well done for the amount of time put in, especially considering the long lay-off of most of the ‘men’ of the Chapel Choir during the exam period. Britten's “Missa Brevis”, for Treble voices, sung by the boys of the choir, Jeremy Davies and myself, had improved a great deal a few days previously and was not the disaster I half-feared. Max Carlish and James Dunstan sang the solos very well.

The main event of the programme, Handel's Thandos Anthem number 9 (or number 6 depending on the numbering system in use and which way up you hold the copy), again suffered from lack of rehearsal, especially in the orchestra, but on the night we all watched Dr. Homer as he sold another K.E.S. scratch production to the audience who seemed to like it well enough. The solo numbers were better than much of the rest—and not only because I could rest my voice—and were sung by James Dunstan, Duncan Curr and John Smith.

Andrew Chapple

SHELTER CONCERT

The most pleasing aspect of the Music Department's work over the last few years has been that such a wide range of people, not all of outstanding talent, have been encouraged to take part. After last year's Shelter concert I remember Mr. Bridle remarking that the character of the concert would have to change and indeed it has. The departure of some enormously talented musicians certainly affected the event, but not the enjoyment received by the audience.

The concert opened with 17th Century music from the K.E.S. Brass Group. Mr. Sill induced hysterics among the audience with his witty introductions which have become a standard feature of concerts at King Edward's. The Wind Band performed a serenade by Dvorak with their customary polish, and the Davies twins made their farewell appearance with an impressive rendering of a side-drum duet. They have been at the centre of the establishment of a formidable percussion section which has been established over recent years.

The Close Harmony Group were greeted by the customary group of girls ripping at their hair and crying with excitement (the Chief Master being prominent among the admirers). The standard of competence and confidence displayed by this group is quite outstanding, and it is unfortunate that the group is soon to be split up.

The concert closed with a survey of a “Century of Sentimental Songs”. An amusing commentary was delivered by Frances Earle, and the final item was an arrangement of Beatles tunes by Mr. Davies, which exposed various talents. The masters formed a small section in this and the sound of Messrs. Buttress, Hodges, Mitra, Russell, Wills, Tibbott, Homer and Sill brought tears to the eyes of grown men.

Altogether this concert, organised largely by pupils themselves, was a most successful occasion.

N. J. Perry

VERDI REQUIEM

Originally, the performance of Verdi's Requiem was to commemorate the retirement of Mr. Allan Cholmondeley, Headmaster of King Edward VI Camp Hill School for Boys.

The chorus was taken from the choirs of K.E.S. and K.E.H.S. and King Edward's Camp Hill Schools. This added up to nearly two hundred voices which frequently split into two choruses. They were supported by four very powerful soloists, namely Joy Naylor, who attended K.E. Grammar School for Girls, Handsworth, whose dulcet tones pierced the ears of even the bravest men stretching the range of her soprano voice to the extremes, Catherine Denley (Contralto), Richard Morton (Tenor) and Matthew Best (Bass).

The orchestra, led by P. E. Bridle, comprised largely of teachers and pupils from the schools and Mr. Sill's friends.

Mr. Sill led the practices almost to a point of fanaticism—every Monday and sometimes during the week the Choral Society's vocal chords were heard vibrating as people strolled down Park Vale Drive.

On the actual night, the Requiem was performed in the Town Hall. The most memorable section was undoubtedly the 'Dies Irae' performed enthusiastically by the chorus buttressed by a fanfare of school trumpeters. In an unfailingly professional performance the Town Hall was crammed with human bodies fitted with expectant ears. At the triumphant finale the chorus was dazzled with the extensive applause. It was an achievement worthy of comparison with any national choir. A great deal of enjoyment was derived and perhaps this was the most important result. After the applause Mr. Sill could be heard to say,

"How many minutes was that, Peter?"

Mark Keen

MR. GORDON SILL in conversation with G.J.M.

"This year we have given twelve concerts, and our total audience has exceeded 6,000. I suppose the highlight of the year was the "Verdi Requiem". We sold out the Town Hall, and that takes some doing, quite a precedent. The orchestra was led by Peter Bridle, and the soloists, mostly up and coming young people from London and the English National Opera North were simply excellent. Mike Southall of Camp Hill helped us a great deal. It was a very good performance, very pleasing

Peter Bridle's Orchestral Concert, in March (. . . "the fifth" . . . thank you Peter . . .) performed the "Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra". It was played by the first Orchestra no, we don't get enough rehearsal time. The response from the boys is tremendous, as long as sport is not involved. Apart from the 'dress rehearsal' everything is done in the lunch hour and after school I don't see how this can be solved, with the present system. It's worth bearing in mind how much kudos the joint musical activities bring to the schools

At Christmas David Homer produced two Carol Services with the Chapel choir at St. George's church. They performed Handel's "Chandos" Anthem, and Britten's "Missa Brevis", they are both difficult pieces and they sang them with some considerable skill. It's a great tribute to Doc's incredible hard work.

. . . We've always been fortunate with audiences. Most concerts, and all three nights of "Patience" were sold out. Mind you, I would like to appeal to a wider audience. Often it's the Mums and Dads of the players who come. I must try and think of something persuasive to say to gain the attendance of the average boy . . .

. . . yes, the standards of musicianship are very high. We have music periods, but all the actual teaching to individual pupils is done at lunchtime or after school, by people like Annie and Doris Allen. It's quite an undertaking, I don't see any other way of doing it . . .

The "Shelter" Concert was really super, much more diversified. We sang popular songs. The boys do the arrangements, and suddenly discover just how time consuming it is. Jeremy Davies and I did the choral arrangement—for the five minutes of Beatles' songs it took twelve hours to arrange and write—that's a fair amount of work...

David Dunnett in the past, and Jeremy Davies now spend many hours doing the arrangements for the Close Harmony group...

Jeremy Platt, Duncan Curr, Bill Curry and Andrew Chapple are the others... they are very musically skilled.

...I am very pleased with Concert Hall changes, with the new floor you can actually see what's going on—I must mention the new piano—a Steinway... we christened it with a performance by Peter Donohoe—he's a formidable young concert pianist—you know he learnt a whole piano concerto on a plane while travelling to a concert—before even sitting at a piano! He played the Rachmaninov 2nd Piano concerto here, with the school Orchestra... yes it was exciting, we also commissioned a piece from Anthony Le Fleming...

What improvements would I like to see? More boys and girls playing the piano competently, especially the Steinway. We do have a few talented youngsters, rays of hope. They have to be dedicated—they are allowed no practice time. Young Gerald Lowe is up at 6 a.m. to practise before school, then at lunchtime, and after piano he practises violin in the evening. It's a tough schedule. His day is filled with music. I have no quarrel with the amount of emphasis placed on academic study, nor do I have a quarrel with the P.E. department, but music comes low on the list of priorities. Mind you, the Close Harmony group are idolised by the girls just as much as the 1st XV... there's a thought.

Gordon Sill in conversation



TRIPS and FEATURES

Reports were received on:

*The Easter Ski-ing Trip to Bardonecchia
by Andrew Elliot*

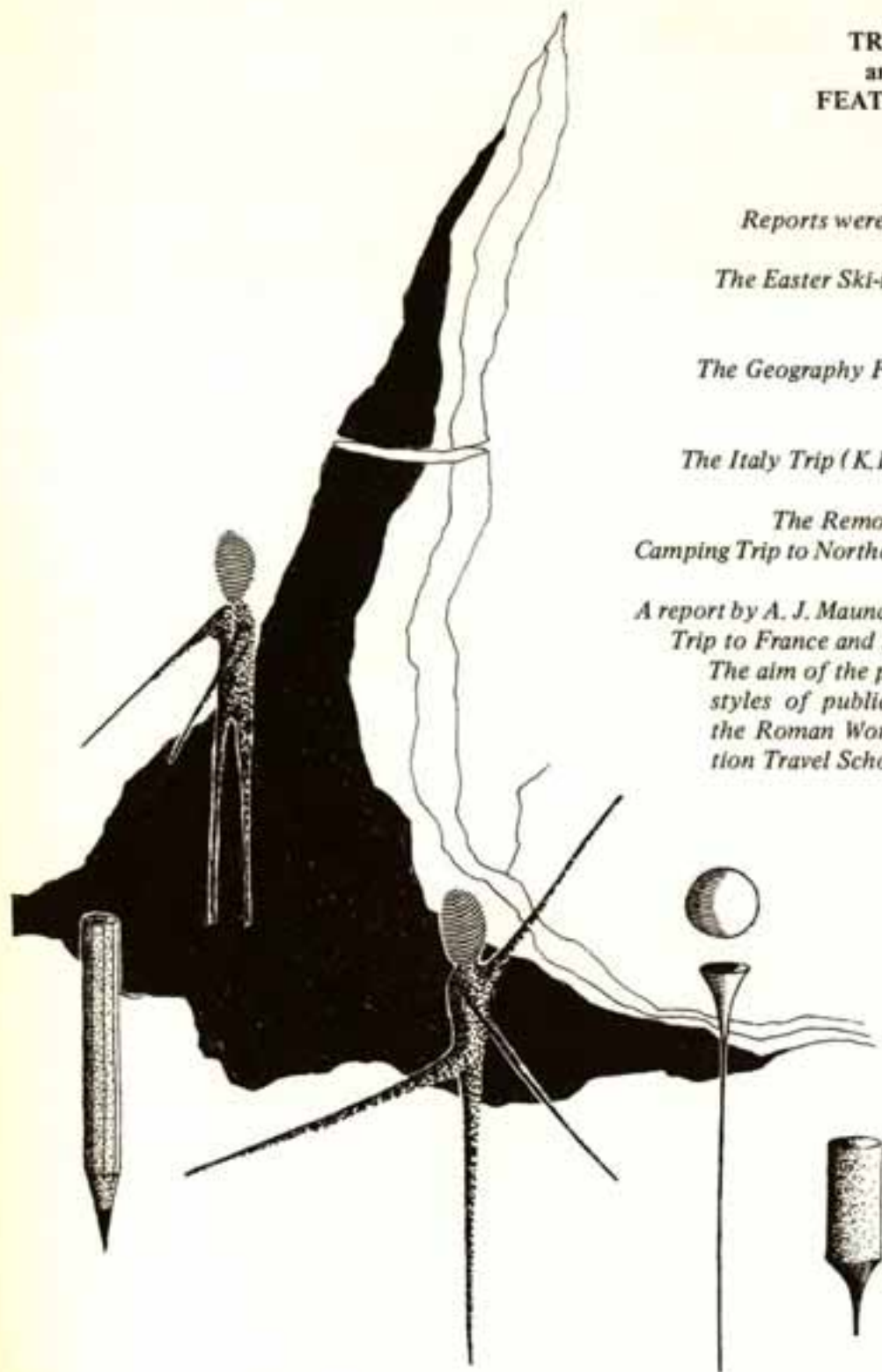
*The Geography Field Trip to Weymouth
by Chris Jillings*

The Italy Trip (K.E.S./K.E.H.S.) at Easter

*The Removes and Upper Middles
Camping Trip to Northern France and Belgium*

*A report by A. J. Maund on his and E. Faulkes'
Trip to France and Italy*

*The aim of the project, to compare the
styles of public buildings throughout
the Roman World. (A Parents' Association
Travel Scholarship)*



THE 1980 MARINE BIOLOGY TRIP TO ABERYSTWYTH

The purpose of this trip was to examine the Marine Biologist in its natural habitat. In the Easter holidays due to a favourable conjunction of the tides a large number of Marine Biologists was to be found in and around the Aberystwyth University area.

This environment presented difficulties to the species. The large number of steps separating levels of the habitat made heavy demands on its energy resources. Whilst its biorhythms were disrupted by the peculiar nocturnal resonances of the plumbing.

Visits to a plant breeding station and the Rhydol forest occurring this year for the first time, besides investigation on the rocky and sandy shores revealed the varied facts of the Biologists' life cycle.

The Marine Biologist is easily recognised by its bright yellow wellies, yellow pac-a-mac, and its tendency to locomote communally in yellow mini-buses.

A characteristic effect of this species' behaviour is the frequent adoption of David Attenborough-type mannerisms and ever-so-softly-so-as-not-to-frighten-the-gorillas voice patterns.

The predatory instinct of this creature clearly remains intact, it will kick Limpets and Dogwhelks off their rocky substrate. Several specimens identified as having migrated all the way from Chelsea College London were particularly skilled at this rearrangement of the rocky shore fauna.

Marine Biologists show a great affinity for jellyfish which they dissect or bury. The group brought back a video-taped record of such a dissection wherein the savage removal of the mouthparts is accompanied with the words "this jellyfish will never feed again". The burial of jellyfish seems to be for marking out territory, other Biologists are frightened off when they step on the yielding mass.

After a hard day's work investigating, however, the Marine Biologist relaxes much like ordinary Homo Sapiens, watching T.V., playing pool and consuming uneconomic quantities of ale. This chemical produces behavioural disturbances producing peculiar results with car bonnets and fire extinguishers for motives not yet elucidated. Thanks are due to the teaching members of our research unit whose enthusiasm and commitment enabled the gathering of this information.

Gary Cheung



Personal Reflections on the visit to ST. PAIR-SUR-MER, EASTER 1980

During the early part of the Easter holidays, Mr. Underhill and other members of staff led a visit to St. Pair-sur-Mer, a village in Normandy. As we stayed in the superb Port des Iles hotel in the heart of St. Pair, we had ample opportunity to explore this typical French village.

Various aspects of the visit were particularly memorable, such as the church service on Palm Sunday which was very moving, despite the handicap of it being in a foreign language. Wandering with a friend, I discovered the tranquillity of the Carmel (a Carmelite convent) and the simplicity of the small church of St. Anne. Indeed, throughout the trip, we witnessed France's unique response to Christ; in the size and majesty of the Gothic Cathedrals at Caen, Bayeux and Coutances, and in the amazing feat of construction called the "Merveille" of Mont St. Michel.

A deep impression was made by the war cemeteries in Normandy. At Colleville St. Laurent over nine thousand American soldiers killed during Operation "Overlord" are buried in a vast tract of land. The peace and calm of the setting and the long rows of plain white crosses were very impressive. We also visited the German War Cemetery at Mont de Huisnes where the contrast was striking. In a fiftieth of the area of the American Cemetery are buried twelve thousand Germans, their remains contained in small cells. The building style is very plain since the French agreed to the cemetery with great reluctance. They disliked the burial of their enemies in French soil. Thus we saw the victors' graves and the losers' graves; or perhaps simply the losers', all comrades in death . . .

From this visit I sensed the reality of France; the richness of its contrasts; the emotions of its people and the originality and vitality of this unforgettable country. The thanks of all the party are extended to the members of staff and Mrs. Hodges for all their efforts to make the trip enjoyable and successful.

Paul J. Davies

IVth Form Geography Field Course to SNOWDONIA, JUNE 27-29th 1980

The party of seventeen boys, Messrs. Marsh and Sljivic and two 'colleagues' left K.E.S. at 12.12 p.m. on Friday 27th June in high spirits. After a little misdirection in the depths of Harborne the mini-buses arrived in North Wales at the upper tributaries of the river Conwy and all thoughts of the perils of the A5 were dismissed as river cliffs, steam flows and meanders were analysed. Tomlinson was officially appointed 'Flow-Master-General' and spent the remainder of the weekend timing twigs in obscure water courses throughout Snowdonia.

The first day was spent getting excessively tired. A 'lazy' morning visiting the slate quarries of the Nant Francon Valley and examining the glacial features of the valley proved little preparation for the afternoon to come. The yellow mini-bus was finally coaxed up the old A5 inclines to the base of Lake Ogwen where lunch of unwelcome egg sandwiches was either eaten or discarded.

A long and difficult climb then carried the party through the dangerous Devil's Kitchen and onto the ridge overlooking the Llanberis Pass where Remfry dived headlong into wet marshland and announced himself completely satisfied with its moisture content.

At this point the men climbed on towards the clear skies above Tryfin whilst the boys turned tail and followed the ladies and Mr. Marsh downwards towards the comfort of the minivans. Mr. Sljivic's party proceeded at what was called a "Brisk Pace" and jogged across the screes eventually returning, exhausted, two and a half hours later. Many of the so-called men had long desired to be boys.

On the last day the famous river features of Trefriw drove the Masters with their ladies to return to the vehicles whilst the poor boys were forced to negotiate fields of cattle and the odd hostile bull towards a local village. The inhabitants were most helpful and relieved much of their money in return for questions answered.

The day was completed by a visit to the wildlife of Llandudno where amusement arcades were analysed and the features of the Great Orme's head dispatched with little problem.

Our thanks to the 'adults' involved for a most informative and enjoyable weekend.

I. R. G. Williams

1979 HAYWOOD TRAVEL SCHOLARSHIP— GOTHIC CATHEDRALS IN FRANCE & ITALY

When Nick Perry and I decided to enter for this travel scholarship, we also decided that the effort put into the project would be worthwhile—in other words, we were determined to win. We hoped to see as much of Europe as possible for our £200, and broaden our knowledge in the process.

Cathedrals are a fairly widespread European phenomenon, in which we are both interested. The best European Cathedrals are Gothic. In order to give the project more structure than the average Cook's Tour, we proposed to trace the development of the Gothic style, in various areas.

Our route was decided by estimating human endurance in terms of hours spent on continental trains, with the help of some old and consummately boring books on cathedrals. We originally planned to visit French, German and Italian cathedrals. The German phase was subsequently dropped because the scholarship committee were worried over the minute possibility that we might overwork ourselves—presumably incurring "cathedral shock" in the process. Also for this reason we added rest stops in Switzerland and Holland, in a totally cathedral-free environment.

Accommodation was arranged when we learned that our project was successful. Youth hostels were booked, acquaintances contacted. Italian accommodation we left to arrange on arrival—having learnt that youth hostels in Italy are a synonym for all sorts of contagious diseases.

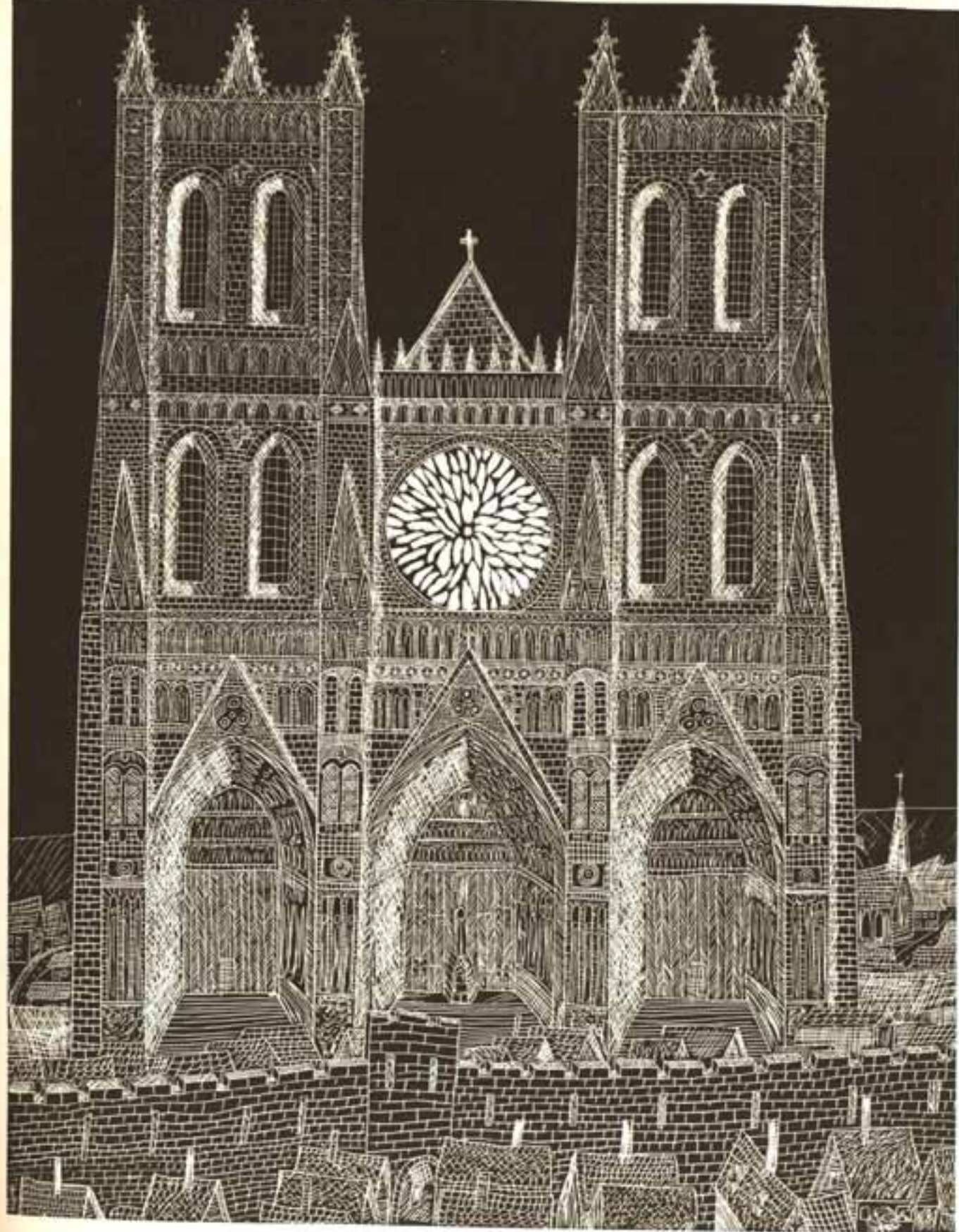
We purchased our Inter-Rail cards, which allow free travel for one month at £97 on most European railway systems, together with a 'Cook Book'—a Thomas Cook International Timetable, which proved invaluable.

An early criticism of the project was that we might spend too much time on the train. We travelled 7000 km in 31 days on railways in France, Switzerland, Italy, Belgium, Holland and the United Kingdom. We spent two nights on the train, and were without seats only once—this was unfortunately during a 9 hour journey from Perpignan to Paris.

Fortunately we adapted well to this amount of rail travel. The time was spent eating, reading, sleeping, chatting or especially in Switzerland, looking out of the window. We read 'The Guardian' or planned our next stage of travel in the 'Cook Book'—including hypothetical journeys from Ostend to Vladivostok, for example. We even sorted out or reviewed our notes on various cathedrals.

Probably the most interesting spin off of our rail travels were the people we met, for example, a group of extremely bizarre young chimpanzees masquerading as Frenchmen between Laon and Paris; a Pakistani from the London School of Economics who doodled in his diary in Urdu; a lady in Switzerland who spoke excellent English, whom we assumed to be Swiss, who turned out to be an Israeli English Teacher; numerous Italians who spoke no English but seemed determined to converse with us. Americans could be found everywhere—(just follow the trail of telephoto lenses) but we became particularly friendly with Jack, who expounded about the 'OPEC rip off', and laughed with us at Italian trains. Our 'Cook Book' provided a conversational gambit—it was rare and much in demand.

The trains were always comfortable, especially in France, but less so in Italy; and normally on time. In Switzerland they pulled out just as the second hand on the station clock reached the appointed hour, in Italy they went when they were full; in Holland they were so frequent



that every station was a bustle of activity, even on Sunday; in Belgium carriages were still furnished with polished wood.

Availability of accommodation in some ways governed our route. It would be cheaper and more pleasant to stay with acquaintances in Perpignan, Paris and Holland than to find Youth Hostel or hotel accommodation. In Paris, we were fortunately able to stay with a gentleman now working for UNESCO who once taught French at K.E.S. From here we travelled by train to the cathedrals around Paris.

In Switzerland, we stayed at Visp Youth Hostel for three nights. The hostel was good, and the scenery better—although the warden tried to deny any knowledge of the value of the vouchers we had used to pre-book.

Although there are no Gothic cathedrals in Venice, we felt that it would be definitely *infra dig* to visit Northern Italy without visiting this marvellous place. We accordingly queued for a reservation at an office in the station, and were offered a triple room. We asked around for a third party, and discovered one Graeme Flett, an Australian dentist from London, making his way south from Germany to Greece. He left us having mistakenly formed the impression, from my comments about Italians, that he had sojourned with a Fascist splinter group. As for Venice itself, it made no tremendous impression on me. It did not smell as people told me, but the city was just rather claustrophobic. The galleries and churches, however, were most interesting.

The 'Soggiorno Satellite' in Florence was excellent and cheap, we had a room with a balcony and view, and it turned up one of the best characters of the trip—Antonio, the owner, who spoke English to himself at breakfast time, and once had been to Birmingham—"is in the Black Country, no?" With his guidance we visited the best places in Florence—a marvellous city of art galleries and churches—and also the beach at Viareggio. The leaning tower at Pisa was not missed. We got on so well together

that he told two Americans, who had reserved our room that we were sick and could not be moved. I retracted my previous opinions of the Italians.

In Perpignan, we stayed with a wealthy restaurateur and spent our time on the beach in enforced idleness due to the S.N.C.F. train strike. We continued our journey north to Soest in Holland for a further cathedral-free rest period before returning home.

Despite the limits imposed by the train strike we managed to collect a coherent picture of French cathedrals—particularly those around Paris. These provided us with a sequence of development from early Gothic at Laon, to late Gothic at Rouen. France and Germany were two of the main areas in which Gothic style reached its peak, and all these cathedrals were massively impressive.

Laon was impressive for its hilltop position and soaring whiteness, Notre Dame de Paris for its air of dark mystery—rather spoilt by the chattering crowds, Chartres can be seen from Paris, sixty miles away, on a clear day, and is one of the finest examples of the Gothic style. The stained glass, always good in French cathedrals, was excellent here. Reims presented a powerful facade, and bristled with flying buttresses. Amiens was clean, bright and airy, with a vast hall-like atmosphere—it is the second largest Gothic cathedral in the world. Beauvais is the highest, at 157 feet, and is also unique in that it is only half a cathedral—repairs after two collapses used up all the money intended to finish it. Rouen was the most flamboyant example of the Gothic we saw.

In Italy there is a less unified Gothic style. St. Mark's in Venice is Romanesque, with Byzantine influence, and was not very dramatic. The cathedral at Florence, although slightly less famous was much more impressive—with its large dome by Brunelleschi, campanile by Giotto and baptistry adorned with the 'doors to Paradise' by Ghiberti. Four huge arches spanned the length of the nave. Milan was wide with

double aisles, two storeyed construction and narrow arches. The roof is covered by some 137 pinnacles, giving it the appearance of wedding cake.

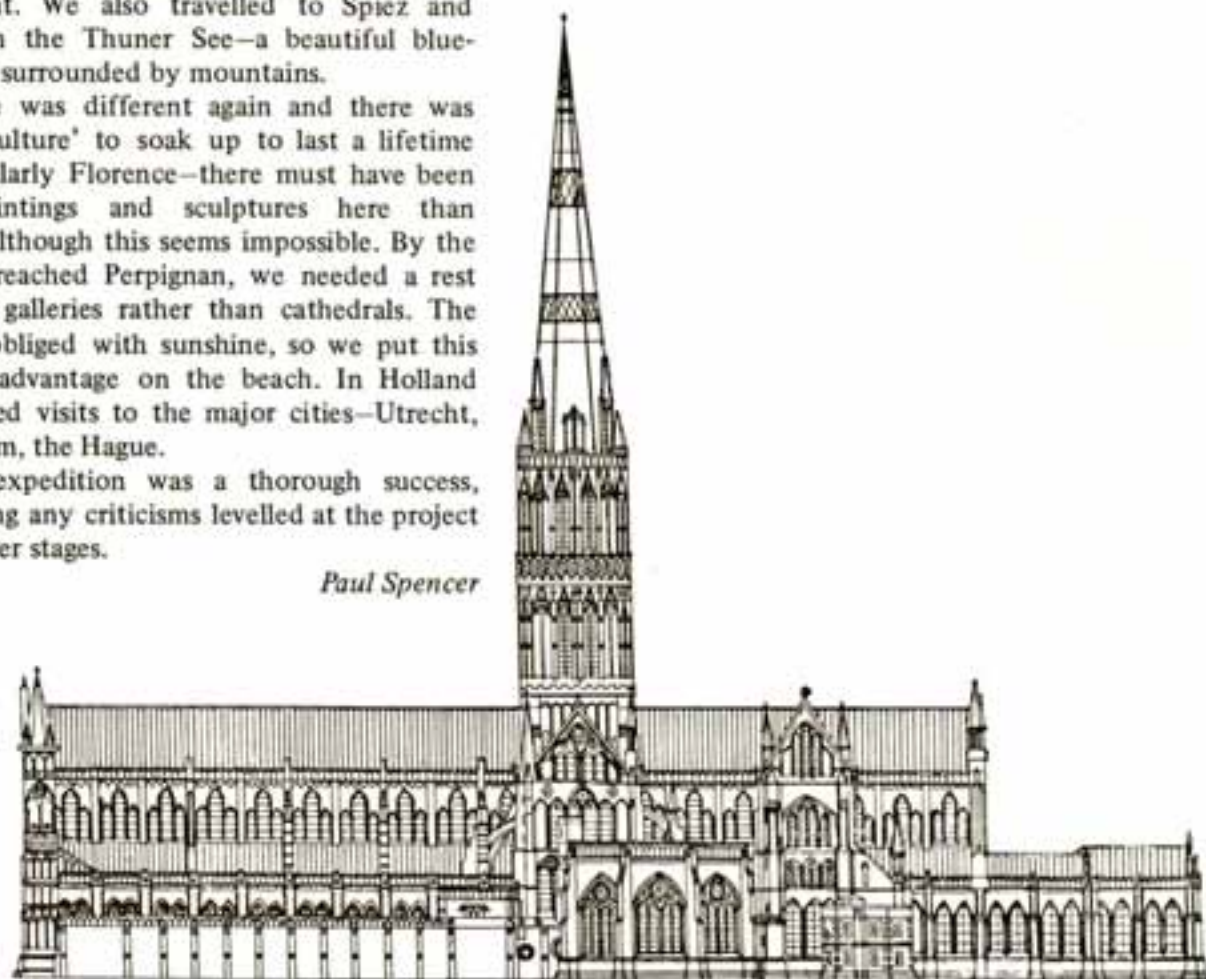
We often had spare time to fill in our cathedral cities. In Rouen, we visited other churches, and the museums connected with Joan of Arc. In Milan we watched with amusement as a film unit at La Scala held up the irate Italian traffic.

In Switzerland, we travelled to Zermatt at an extortionate rate on a private railway, and walked up to the Matterhorn above the town. The air was superbly clear, and the views magnificent. We also travelled to Spiez and cruised on the Thuner See—a beautiful blue-green lake surrounded by mountains.

Venice was different again and there was enough 'culture' to soak up to last a lifetime here. Similarly Florence—there must have been more paintings and sculptures here than tourists—although this seems impossible. By the time we reached Perpignan, we needed a rest from art galleries rather than cathedrals. The weather obliged with sunshine, so we put this to good advantage on the beach. In Holland we enjoyed visits to the major cities—Utrecht, Amsterdam, the Hague.

The expedition was a thorough success, overcoming any criticisms levelled at the project in its earlier stages.

Paul Spencer



Parent's Association Travel Scholarship SPAIN AND ITS MOORISH HERITAGE

After twenty-four hours of tedious travel, we finally arrived at Irun on the Spanish border early on Sunday, 22nd July. Although on first sight an entrepreneur of dubious origins conned us into paying 500 pesetas (—£3.30) for 'pension' accommodation, the Spanish Youth Hostels pleasantly reversed the dark rumours we had heard—they were cheap (i.e. a bed for 65p), clean, well run, and totally ignored most of their own regulations.

For a capital city Madrid was none too impressive, boasting only the Prado (which contains a superb collection of paintings by Goya, Velasquez, Rubens, and Bosch) and the Palacio Real of outstanding interest. It was also in Madrid that we first noticed the Spanish predilection for helmeted, gun-toting Policia, Guardia Civil, and troops. These worthies patrolled in front of every important building, and on one occasion lazily unlimbered their guns and told us to stop loitering in front of the Defence Ministry.

Some thirty miles north-west is El Escorial, 3,000 foot up in the foothills of the Guadarrama mountains. Here Philip II built his great palace/monastery in the 1580's, a huge, severely regular and undecorated building, highly reminiscent of a prison. The Youth Hostel here was adjacent to a camp-site containing, amongst hordes of schoolchildren, a group of about two dozen 20-year-old neo-Nazis. This nucleus of the Hitler Jugend revival came goose-stepping into dinner singing the Horst Wessel song under the command of some self-appointed Sturmbannfuhrer SS complete with lightning flashes and skull badges. At night they crawled around the bushes with blackened faces practising killing Jews and Communists, and the day before we arrived had beaten up some Americans with Socialist views.

After taking in Toledo, we arrived in Granada, formerly the capital of the last

surviving Moorish kingdom in Spain, which was not conquered finally until 1492. The rock of the Alhambra, which was built by the Sultans and remains the best-preserved Moorish fortress in Spain, rises steeply above the city and contains the Alcazaba or fortress palaces, a village, and a monastery. On an opposite hill stands the Generalife, a pleasure villa of the Sultans. Inside the nondescript walls of the Arab places we were transported into a world of near-perfect elegance, and wandered agog—or even two gogs—through the complex series of rooms and patios. Fountains play, in almost every room, and in the patios pools reflect the white columns and blue sky, the whole supplied by Moorish plumbing and still functioning after 500 years. The Moorish flavour of the Alhambra is somewhat marred by the palace of Charles V, a lumpish Renaissance pile asserting the triumph of rude Christianity over the Arab palaces in its shadow.

In addition to the Alhambra, Granada offers the Alcaceria, the old Moorish lace market. Most of the churches are Mudejar—a sixteenth century style arising when the Christians employed Moors for such menial tasks as building, thus producing Moorish styles within the constraints of a Christian edifice.

Andalucia, the southern region, is the poorest and most exotic part of Spain. Our route through France looked very much like Norfolk, whilst Madrid could almost have been Birmingham. But here, nature is at its most primitive, and around the small rural centres of Guadix and Baza, peasants still gather the harvest by hand, and use large numbers of mules and donkeys as pack animals. Guadix is famous for its 'trogloditos' who live in caves excavated in cliffs encircling the town on three sides. There is no life of squalor, however; some have cars parked at the foot of the cliffs and television aerials incongruously stick out of the hillside.

In Seville we paid about £1.70 for cheap seats at a bullfight lasting about an hour and a half, during which time six animals were

dispatched. Although one can admire the skill and courage of the banderillos and matadors, the scene of the horse team dragging the dead bull around the arena and out, leaving a swathe in the sand and a small smear of blood wrenches at some atavistic emotion, and leaves a somewhat sickened feeling in civilised Englishmen like us.

Our last stay before the journey home was in Toledo, ancient capital of Spain, and surrounded on three sides by the steep rocky gorge of the Tagus. It has a huge cathedral displaying every style from Gothic to Classical. Toledo is famous as the home of El Greco, and has a fine museum displaying many of his paint-

ings such as the 'Apostles' series and the 'Burial of the Count of Orgaz'. The Youth Hostel there was the medieval castle of San Servando overlooking the town from the opposite side of the Tagus gorge. But it suffered one drawback; the cook had decided to take August off, and no one had considered getting a replacement, so there was no food at all.

The next day we reluctantly placed this Spanish incompetence behind us and made our way home, loaded down with booty in the shape of wine and sherry, often cheaper in Spain than bottled pure water and far more drinkable.

*Chris Jillings
Mike Harrold*



Tony Miles



THE DETECTIVES

In September 1979 David Haslam (vocals), Adam Bradbury (bass) and Johnny Cooper (drums), who had with Simon Fowler (guitar), built up a proficient but largely unimaginative group, were joined by Matt Amos, replacing Simon. Our first concert with this new line-up was played in November to a reasonably appreciative audience at the Star Club (a legendary Commie-hole in the City centre, complete with a bust of Lenin above the bar, Watney's Red, and a major arson attack at least once a fortnight). The set was always made up of originals, though the Sex Pistols' 'New York' and Hendrix's 'Watchtower' were included at various times.

Part of the enjoyment in the Detectives was, for us at any rate, the chance to stage a publicity campaign or two. We managed to sell five hundred badges bearing our name. Many hours were spent in Mr. Ashby's Art Department creating posters, copies of which were (kindly) printed by the Resources Centre, and which were destined for the walls of Birmingham. This form of publicity assured that at least our name became known. The fruits of the Christmas campaign were seen when we attracted two hundred and fifty people to the Fighting Cocks pub on two separate occasions in December and then in January. Also in December we played to

a hundred and fifty people at K.E.S. Concert Hall (and raised £25 for the Cot Fund in the process). This period was probably our fifteen minutes of fame and clearly we had shown to many people, who at the outset had considered us little more than harmless twaddle, just how far enthusiasm and effort could get us.

At this time thoughts of making a record were serious enough for we had become reasonably accomplished and some material including 'I Don't Care' and 'Life Beyond Forty' was worthy of a recording. As a group we tried to present something new; it is easy to go on stage and reproduce endless versions of well-known classics. However our attempts at innovation were not always widely appreciated, apart from the presence of a T.V. on stage at the Concert Hall. After a disastrous concert at the Bournbrook and the impending era of 'A' levels the early excitement was never again attained. The last concert, at Birmingham University was, ironically, one of our better nights.

What was really lacking were unified aims, largely caused by the diverse influences of each of the band. We would like to thank all those in various parts of the school who showed an interest in us, and we hope the occasional concert, the badges, the posters and our attempts to contribute something worthwhile to your lives will be remembered with affection.

The Detectives





Horse racing hit me at a tender impressionable age. Spring was stirring over an Easter Bank Holiday National Hunt meeting at Newton Abbot race course. A foreigner in a land he couldn't understand:

"Five ponies to two Carrigeen... he only acts on soft... these are only Park fences... he pulled that one... another coup for Barons." The hit was a lasting one, a 10p winning bet on a seeming donkey Golden Tales at 20-1 cemented it.

The foreigner quickly interpreted the language and progressed. Years later but still only a novice, his early grounding graduated to the fences it would have to face.

I had bought a 'Birmingham Evening Mail' to read on the train one Friday night. A heading on the Racing page caught the ever equine-conscious eye; *Amateur Tipsters Come Under Orders*. Having complied with the contest and selecting four winners out of six at Ayr, I joined eleven other qualifiers in the next round at Newbury. Ahonoora sprinting home at 8-1 ensured me a place in the final which I won thanks to a 7-1 short head victory by "a dream of a horse" Fernaro. Now elevated to the ranks of a Racing Tipster, the prize being my selection published each day in the Mail for the 1979 Flat season with a £1 bet on each, I formulated my tactics.

The racing maxim is "Better a short priced winner than a long priced loser". Unfortunately if the favourite and form horse always won we would all be millionaires. We are not! Therefore my policy was to read between the lines following my maxim "Better a long priced each way chance than a disappointing, unimaginative, short priced favourite!" The lines took a few weeks to read between but the meticulous research into the equine intricacies proved illuminating.

My daily programme was hectic. The Mail's racing page goes to press at twelve noon the day before the actual Race meeting. This meant I had to select my "NAP" from four day declarations with no appointed jockey, no form commentary and no betting forecast. If my selection had been pulled out from the overnight stage, my second choice had to take the NAP or even the third or fourth.

Therefore, I had to build up my own list of horses. Having the Sporting Life everyday, I was able to follow the progress of horses running the previous day. I would look for a horse with a commentary rather like this:

Schwepperuschian—4th: hampered, ran on strongly, closest at finish.

He would not be the form horse having finished fourth but his promise was evident. Picking these promising horses up gave me quite a comprehensive collection and some prolific winners at odds ranging from 4-1 to 12-1 and placed horses at 20s and 33s.

However, picking up so many horses for my "Black Book", resulted in complications. Often I would have five or six horses running on the same day, even in the same race, and consequently often the "wrong one" would win.

My first NAP was an obvious choice, Gambler's Dream, which duly obliged followed the next day by Norman's Way. The next week was ominously barren while I compiled my 'Black Book'. I took a chance on the Derby on a 50-1 shot that finished fifth and on a 33-1 Oakes filly that finished fourth. Ascot began to loom ominously close like Tattenham Corner to a Derby colt under pressure. Luckily my NAP's began to show their turf promise; Gimri scored at 9-1 the week before the Royal Meeting followed by Eagle Boy at 6-1.

The Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot is the season's most competitive sprint Handicap. For some weeks I had been cultivating a well handicapped horse that showed considerable promise. He did. Taking up the running too near home for anybody's Pacemaker's comfort he won at 12-1, my greatest success.



Nigel's naps finish £154 up

NIGEL APLIN has ended his reign as the Evening Mail's amateur tipster for the 1979 Flat season showing an overall winning total of £134.

Although Nigel (pictured left), a 17-year-old student who lives in Brake Lane, Hagley West, saw his final selection FINE TALE beaten at Doncaster on Saturday, he still ended up with a useful profit on the season.

He managed to find only

over 4-1.

Nigel started well with two winners out of his first three selections, and then enjoyed a wonderful June, scoring with GIMRI (9-1), EAGLE BOY (6-1), PIPEDREAMER (12-1) and PAVAIHA (10-1).

He never reached that peak again, but among his other winners were BE MY SWEET (8-1), JUBILIE PRINCE (13-2) and SCHWEPERUSSCHIAN (8-1).

Nigel, whose selections

making his selections 21 hours in advance so that they could appear in the Mail.

"It isn't easy picking from the four-day declarations particularly when often you don't know who the jockey is, let alone the betting forecast."

A new amateur tipster competition for the 1979-80 jumping season starts in the Evening Mail this week, based on selection for Saturday's meeting at WARWICK.

Nigel's Nap

NIGEL APLIN made it two winners on the trot yesterday when TOU FOU romped home at 6-1 at Wolverhampton following MISS PUDGE at 5-2.

Nigel, winner of the Mail's amateur tipster contest, hopes to keep up the good work tomorrow when he naps SHUFFLING for a repeat win in the 2.20 at Doncaster. His selection today was DROMEFS in the 3.0 at Doncaster.

Nigel's nap on target

NIGEL APLIN hit the jackpot yesterday to end his lean spell when GIMRI stormed home at Lingfield at the rewarding odds of 9-1.

Nigel, winner of the Evening Mail's amateur tipster competition, hopes to keep up the good work today by napping Jeremy Tree's ALJA in the 4.20 at Newbury.

NIGEL'S NAP

NIGEL APLIN, winner of the Evening Mail's amateur tipster competition, was disappointed when yesterday's meeting at Epsom was abandoned for he felt STAR WAY had an outstanding chance.

Nigel sticks with Epsom today in the hope that things will have dried out enough for his nap JONDI to win the 2.35 for trainer Philip Mitchell.

Student Nigel takes amateur tipster title

EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD student Nigel Aplin became the youngest winner of the Evening Mail's amateur tipster competition when he gave two good priced winners at Doncaster on Saturday.

It was a short-head victory by 7-1 chance Fernaro in the Zetland Stakes which tipped the scales in Nigel's favour and won him £143 worth of free bets.

Nigel, who lives in Brake

Lane, West Hagley, is currently studying English, history and economics at King Edward VI School, Birmingham.

As well as Fernaro he also selected 4-1 winner Ilsa Kempinski to show a profit of £11.

Runner-up for the second time in six months was Ron Pickering, of Baldmore Lake Road, Erdington, whose son David was the Mail's amateur tipster winner two years ago.

Mr. Pickering selected Ilsa Kempinski and also gave another 4-1 winner in Overtrick to finish with an £11 profit.

The other two finalists Ronald Miller, of Moodycroft Road, Kitts Green, and Paul Wakeley, of Flaxley Road, Stechford, both also gave Ilsa Kempinski.

All the selections made by the four finalists were covered to a £1 stake by BARTLETT'S BOOKMAKERS. For this round only losing bets were not deducted from the winning total.

Nigel, whose ambition is to be a sports commentator, admits that he prefers National Hunt racing to the Flat, but he is a keen student of form and hopes to find some good winners in the coming weeks.

His selection will appear each day in the Evening Mail under the heading NIGEL'S NAP. Each one will be covered to a £1 stake by Bartlett's.

Nigel's first nap for tomorrow is: GAMBLER'S DREAM (2-1 Leicester).

NIGEL'S NAP

NIGEL APLIN was bang on target again yesterday when MARKIE stormed home at Salisbury at 11-4.

Nigel, winner of the Evening Mail's amateur tipster competition, hopes to keep up the good work today by napping SENATOR SAM in the 2.15 at Doncaster.

NIGEL'S NAP

NIGEL APLIN was in the money on Saturday. The Evening Mail's top amateur tipster swooped with 6-1 winner EAGLE BOY at York.

Today he hopes for more riches from WEALTHY in the 3.0 at Nottingham.

Uttoxeter

Tote Double: 2.15 and 4.15; Treble: 2.45, 3.45 and 4-4

2.15

STRAMSHALL NOVICES' HURDLE (Div 1), £625 added. Two runs and about one furlong. Penalty value £620.

(2)	2-13000 CASHMERE BERTA (C-D) Miss A. Hill-Wood	5-11-8	=====
(3)	2-01700 JIMS-DOUBLE W. Clay	5-11-8	=====
(4)	03411 MOUNTAIN AMY B. R. Cambridge	4-11-8	=====
(7)	4-00000 BOWSHOT Earl Jones	5-10-12	=====
(8)	007 DAVY MICHAEL W. Charles	7-10-12	=====
(10)	006 RAFOE PARK D. McCain	5-10-12	=====
(12)	000 MISTER CIMAREC W. Clay	5-10-12	=====
(14)	0000 RETAINER S. Palmer	5-10-12	=====
(19)	0-3-PPS SHARATRA R. E. Pencock	5-10-12	=====
(23)	000 SWIFT TOM M. Tate	7-10-12	=====
(25)	00 AUTO SAM T. Bruckner	4-10-2	=====

1979: Scot Lane, 5-11-8 (C. Smith), 2-4, M. Tate, 9 fms.



As the season reached its final furlongs, my 'Black Book' produced some more rewarding winners including Schwepperushchian at 9-1 and Swift Image at 4-1, the only two of my NAP's that I actually backed. At the time of going to press two of my NAP's have gone on to greater things; Tynavos winning the Irish Sweeps Derby at 25-1 and Rankin finishing third in the English Derby at 33-1.

Being a tipster in the public eye is not easy! To a certain extent you are expected to have an infallible knowledge of the Turf giving a perfect commentary on the chances of a lame donkey in the 2.30 at a rain-swept Teeside Park! Only very few make it to 'The Top' and even they struggle. In the Flat season that I covered, only eight racing columnists finished up with a clear profit on the season. I managed a clear profit of £12 if all my NAP's were backed with a £1 stake. My long priced horses, however, would have shown a profit well over £100 if backed each way.

I very much wanted my last NAP to win and spent much time planning ahead to the last meeting at Doncaster. I finally came up with the ever-appropriately named *Fine Tale*. The week before he had been backed down to favourite to win the November Handicap. My hopes soared as high as Willie Carson's, two furlongs from home on Troy in the 200th Derby, as *Fine Tale* challenged rounding the home turn. I, like every other racing correspondent, prepared to celebrate the last triumph, the last fruit of the season. We didn't. He was well beaten... that's racing.

Nigel Aplin

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION CAREERS SERVICE

At the beginning of this school year arrangements were put in hand to produce a register of parents who would be prepared to give information and advice to boys about careers. All members of the Parents' Association were contacted by Mr. Hamer and there was a most

encouraging response. Some parents signified that they would be willing to spend time with boys who wanted to know more about the particular careers in which they were engaged.

This year's Fifth Form have been the first to feel the benefit of the arrangements. As part of the post 'O' level programme they were able to spend from an hour or two to a complete day getting first-hand information.

It is envisaged that this service should be available to all boys in the Fourths and above. The list of careers covered by the service is a long one—too long to quote here—and most of the usual careers, together with a few unusual ones, are there. The complete list is posted in the Careers Library and anyone wishing to take part in the scheme should see the Careers Master.

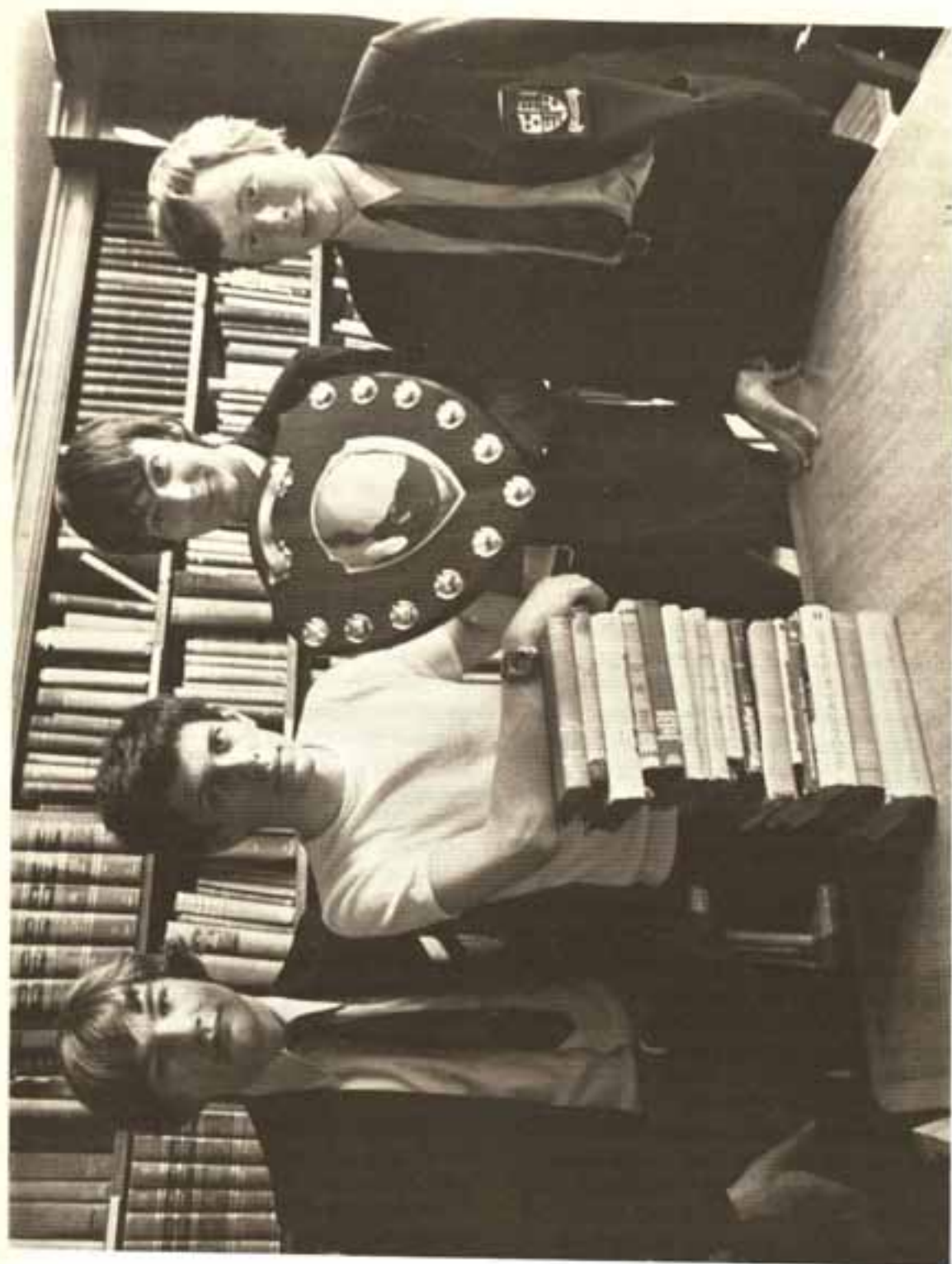
We are most grateful to Mr. Hamer for all the time he has already put into preparing this register which will form a valuable extension to the range of careers advice available to members of the school. It is to be hoped that the worth of this will be recognised and that these generous offers of help by the Parents' Association will be taken up.

D.B.H.

SCHOOL'S CHALLENGE 1980

This year the team, Alan Hall, Ken Macnab, Robert Chrimes and Andrew Chapple, won the national competition in seven individual matches spread out over the Spring and Summer terms. By the law of averages they had to win sometime (in fact, the second time in five years), but there must be a better reason. What is it? Could it be that the team's mentors, Messrs. Tibbott and Lillywhite, were wise to play as many matches as possible at home, where the team would be secure in the knowledge that no one would ever come to see them play? Or is it, as I suspect, that since Andrew Chapple is in the team for the fourth time, and Alan Hall for the third time, that they are learning the answers?

Bamber Gascoigne



**THE BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM,
THE RIGHT REVEREND HUGH MONTEFIORE**

What impressions did you gain from your recent visit to South Africa?

I was very shattered when I saw the reality of apartheid. Whatever the country seemed like superficially, when I actually talked to the blacks and saw how they lived I thought it was terrible. The blacks have to live in districts of their own, and many of them are 'endorsed out' into the homelands, which is really a way of saying they are dumped in the middle of nowhere where there are no jobs and the land is often infertile.

Is there any evidence to suggest that the South African government really is moderating the apartheid policies?

It is true that blacks can now go into some hotels, that there is a degree of integrated sport, that some black trade unions are permitted, and that the black workers are paid more than the pittance they used to receive. But I only find this cosmetic, an attempt to paper over the cracks. In education, for instance, the Government spends 54 rands a year on each black child and 551 rands on each white.

It seems to be the case that the younger blacks are more militant than their elders, is this true?

The young see their parents accepting an unjust situation that they will not tolerate; they are determined that the majority will rule the country. There are four times as many blacks as whites in South Africa and they have been encouraged by the successful exchange of power in Zimbabwe.

How will a change come about?

I think that all pressure that can be applied, should be applied. I was deeply ashamed by the tour of the British Lions to South Africa; it was a tragic mistake. There is a great deal of British investment, British interest in South

Africa which can be used constructively to bring about change. I believe that peaceful revolution can be attained and I believe the blacks as a whole don't want large-scale violence. I think perhaps the initiative lies with the Church. In South Africa the Churches are much stronger than they are here, and the Church is the only institution that can bridge the gap between rich and poor, black and white, Afrikaner and British.

It has been claimed, in a letter to 'The Times' for instance, that the conditions for whites and blacks in Western cities, including Birmingham is as much a cause for concern as in Johannesburg or Durban.

That's pathetic and ignorant. I saw hostels for migrant workers who are parted from their families by an evil law. One hostel in Durban housed 12,000 people in one block, six to a room, with no refuse collection and able to see their families only twice a year. Birmingham also has nothing to compare with the overcrowded, matchbox housing in the black townships. The law in Birmingham can be invoked against racial discrimination, the law in South Africa is invoked in favour of discrimination.

Many people, though, do see racial tensions in Britain building up into some sort of violent conflict.

In Handsworth you can see an enormous lessening of racial tension; I went to an inter-cultural gathering there just recently, the happiest, friendliest occasion you can imagine. I don't deny that there are other places where, through stupidity or apathy the matter is getting worse, but it is absurd to say it is inevitable that race relations will deteriorate in Britain.

With proportionately far greater unemployment among young blacks than among young whites, do you see problems in the future?

It is often difficult for a young black to get as high in education as a white; he may come from a home where it is difficult to work,

where there is no encouragement, they come from poorer parts of the community. Many leave school without any qualifications and thus, in the current situation, become unemployed. It is important to put this right. They soon become alienated and unemployable. This is true of many young whites too; there are a lot of awkward citizens among the whites as well, you know.

David Haslam

A PERIOD OF RELIGIOUS FERVOUR

The fact that a friar called Brother Christian was to visit K.E.S. could hardly have escaped anyone's notice at the beginning of the Autumn term.

No expense was spared in advertising the various meetings and opportunities which people would have to meet this seemingly (before his arrival) enigmatic figure. Amongst Christian members of the Community there was a great amount of anticipation; what would he be like? Would he be some Gospel-spouting evangelist, or perhaps a small timid Franciscan more at home on his own in his little cell (which we all assume monks live in).

His first appearance in Big School was on Monday 17th September immediately made an impression on the hard outer shell of cynicism and insularity which a few people have observed the school to possess. Many will remember the acute embarrassment felt by most people when some sixth formers heckled the Bishop of Birmingham at St. Martin's Church; would this comparatively 'unimportant' member of the Church of England hierarchy have any right to receive better treatment?

He immediately declared himself to be male, 32, and not a transvestite. This type of attitude doesn't usually work on K.E. pupils, but the heckling one might have expected was not to be heard. The man had managed to break down the first of many barriers which are put up against

guests: he had been able to command the school's attention.

Throughout his visit each day there was a 'spiel' from him in Big School. He tried, in these, to communicate to those people who had declared themselves uninterested in the truth about Christianity. It is true that he was not unsuccessful in creating interest in Christian ideas amongst so-called 'atheists'.

For those people who were interested in what Brother Christian had to say, he held meetings in the lunch-hours to talk about and, importantly for him, to discuss the attitudes of the Church towards various aspects of life, morality and dedication. To many agnostics who attended his talks he seemed to represent unorthodox ideas, compared to the views of committed friends. For example, one 'confirmed' atheist was more than mildly surprised when Brother Christian agreed that many Church goers are hypocritical about their faith, and attend not out of religious conviction, but in order to maintain social position.

Brother Christian was available before and after school to talk privately with boys (or masters) who wished to speak with him, and some people did take advantage of this opportunity. Here was a mild-mannered man, with a clear, calm, sing-song and yet striking voice, who commanded immediate respect. What appeared to shine out from him was his undoubted faith. It is something which cannot be explained in worldly terms, but he had that 'something' which everyone could recognise: his joy in the service and love of God.

For those with Christian commitments there were prayer meetings in Chapel at 8.50 each morning, and Holy Communion on the two Wednesday mornings of his visit. To committed Christians, here was a man, a shining example of faith, who gave us all a lead to follow, and who gave everybody the chance to find out where to start opening the heart to God.

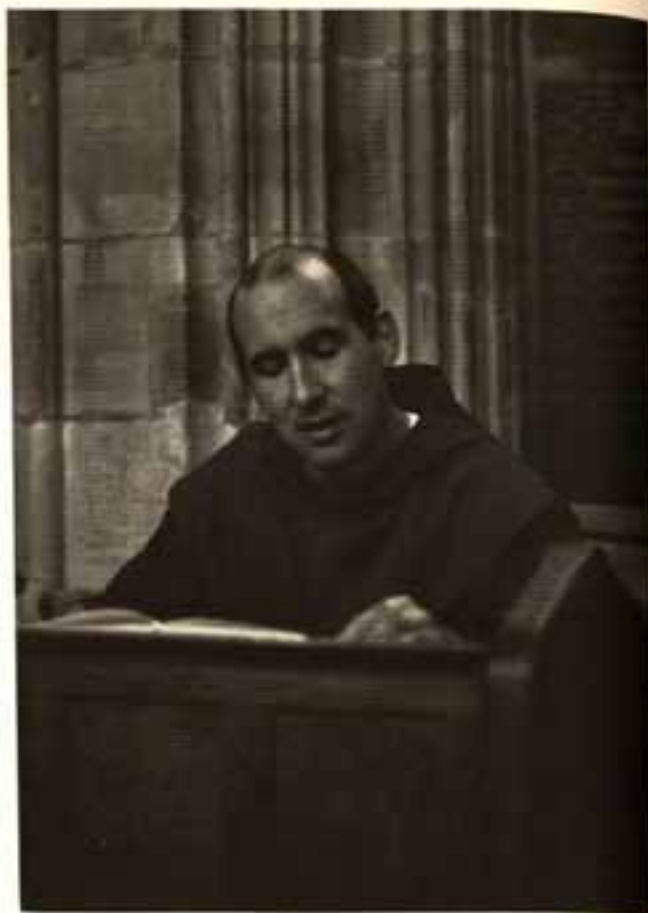
Robert W. Lawrance

BROTHER CHRISTIAN

Talking about his early life

"My mother and father were respectively schoolmistress and Police Officer. I have one brother, younger than myself. I was brought up in the north-east, County Durham, and went to a Grammar School. I don't think the family had any particular religious faith, though I was sent to Sunday school in the conventional style of those days, rebelled against it and became a fairly committed atheist by the time I was twelve, except that I didn't know what it meant—and I came into the Church by a somewhat hazy process, when I was about 17 or 18. I think I'd probably call it a conversion. I went to the local Church when we moved house, as we frequently did, because I wanted to look at the ancient, Norman building and I had to go to a service, as it was kept locked all the other times. After a very ordinary, boring service of Matins in the middle of the afternoon, I decided for some reason, without having felt any emotional movement while there, I wanted to go to Evensong. Not having been to either of these for some years, I did and I simply realised I was doing the right thing in the right place and, presumably, at the right time; and that is how it began. Eventually I was presented for Confirmation and left home to go to university to become an engineer.

"That didn't work, and I knew it wouldn't after the second week of the course. I didn't like it, and the people running it didn't like me. I woke up one morning realising that a decision had been made in my absence and without my volition, that I was going to be a Priest. I can't tell you any more about it but I simply knew that this had happened. It's a very strange sensation indeed. I'm getting a bit more used to it now. So, I had to change courses and I was eventually ordained in 1966 and worked in a parish, in the north of England. Somewhere in the student time, I came across some Franciscans when I was fairly recently a Christian and thought, 'This is fantastic. This is what I'd really



like to do'. I remember going to the Guardian, as we call them in the Franciscans, the head of the Friary, and saying, 'Please, I want to be a Franciscan', and him saying, 'Well, hard luck son, you can't. Go away and grow up somewhere'. Which was very galling, and I went away thinking, 'Well, I don't care what you say, I damn well will be'.

"I didn't realise how true that was, because it was ten years before I eventually got round to it. Having worked in two parishes, the Bishop rang up and said, 'Look here, it says on your file that you're thinking of becoming a Franciscan, are you going to do it or not?' and I said, 'I don't know' and he said, 'Could you make your mind up. If you're not going to be a Franciscan I've got a parish I want you to look at with a view to being vicar of it.' so I said 'When do you

want to know by?" and he said (this being Monday) 'Thursday please. Bye.' and put the phone down. I'd obviously been in touch with the Franciscans and I'd got to know one Brother fairly well, but it wasn't something I was actively considering as the next step forward, but of course, I now had to consider it and the more I thought about it, the more I realised that if I didn't I would wonder all my life about what would have happened if I had. But if I did, and it didn't work out, I could always go back to being a parish Priest again. So I became a Franciscan in order as much to prove to myself that it wasn't what I wanted to do as much as to prove that it was. Here I am now in these clothes. I suppose that at the age of 28 I'd got beyond the stage of ultra-idealism but I'd really stop to think, 'What's it going to be like?'

"Having to do as you're told, without the prospect of marriage, or any serious relationships with the opposite sex, and so on. I thought about it from the point of view of 'What's it going to enable me to do?' and that's the way it's appeared to me ever since. After all everyone else in the order can't do those things either and when you're all in it together it's much more tolerable. It's not really very different to being on board ship where liberty is severely restricted and apart from a few Wrens who are impregnable, there's nothing much in the way of female company. But what I looked at was that it gave me a wider horizon than being a parish Priest—the etiquette and practical business of parish life mean you're closely limited in what can do and where you can do it and for whom and to whom. Whereas to be a member of an order gives you a wider scope, you're not confined to one area with one group of people. You don't get to know people in the close way you do in a parish, but you get to know one or two in a much closer way, and many more in a more superficial way. It left me the freedom to choose, in practice, what kind of Christian business I wanted to devote myself to. A parish life asks you to be all things to all men and I'm not really, as a Friar. I can say if a request for some particular kind of

work comes along, 'I'd rather not thanks, it's not my kind of thing', knowing that unless there is no one else they will ask someone else, and I can ask for certain kinds of work I enjoy. I also know that I may be asked to go 3000 miles away at a week's notice, as happened once. I was asked to go to Tanzania (with three month's notice, so I could learn some of the language). That's the sort of background.

"I see the religious life as the sort of lifestyle that enables me to be free to do the things I want to and frees me from the distractions of secular life—running a house for instance. The great thing about possessing nothing is that you've nothing to worry about. There's another Brother whose job it is to make sure you're fed and unless it's your job you just turn up at 12.30 and food is there, and that is a great freedom, rather than a great deprivation. The fact that you have foresworn sexual relations of any kind is, in another sense, a freedom. You're not tied to anybody and as long as you join a reasonable kind of religious order the vow of obedience is not too difficult to keep. We do it mostly by consultation and only in the last resort are you told to do something. I've lived in Dorset, Worcestershire, Africa, London, and lastly Cambridge, which is my present base. I think that's all I can say for the moment, you'll have to cut out an awful lot of that, won't you?"

*R. Beards
R. Evers*



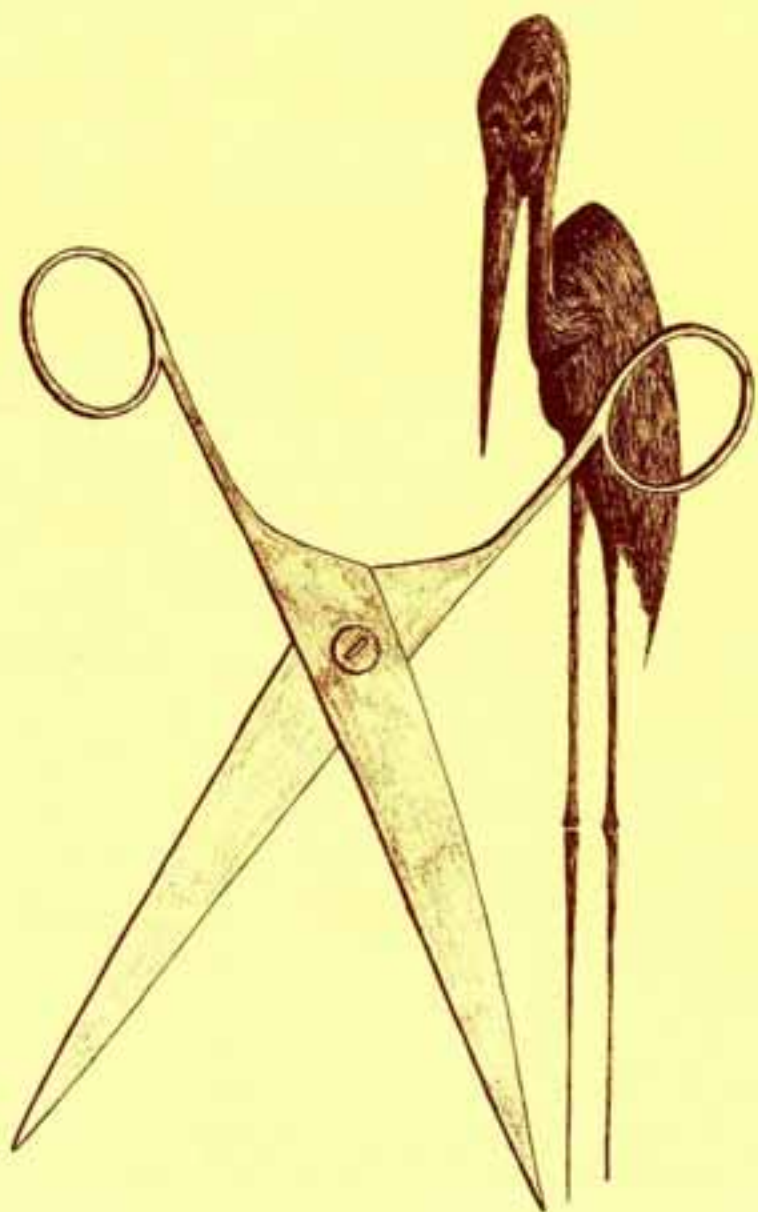


This is a play area by the underpass
on necholls parkway it is mainly for the
children in the flats



Taking a traffic count
bawley street

WORDS
and
PICTURES





The lone viking stands with sword in hand,
Waiting eagerly for his boat to land.
Now he nears his enemy's shores,
With the sea foaming up against the ship's ash oars.
Then the sea is calm as shimmering silk
And the sky is pale as fresh goat's milk.
The beginning of the battle is now very near
And he grips his sword in eagerness, not fear.
His sword, the Biter, now tastes its first flesh,
He still fights on, though his men are dead.
The sea is now flooded with blood which is fresh
And Odin's cry is harsh overhead.

P. Yan

Somewhile before the dawn I rose and crept,
Softly from the warm lair in search of food;
It had been raining as the earth was wet,
But my way was sure to the chicken brood.

Under the fence keeping close to the ground,
I carefully creep right up to the pen;
I listen and wait, aware of a sound,
The scratch and the cluck of a plump brown hen.

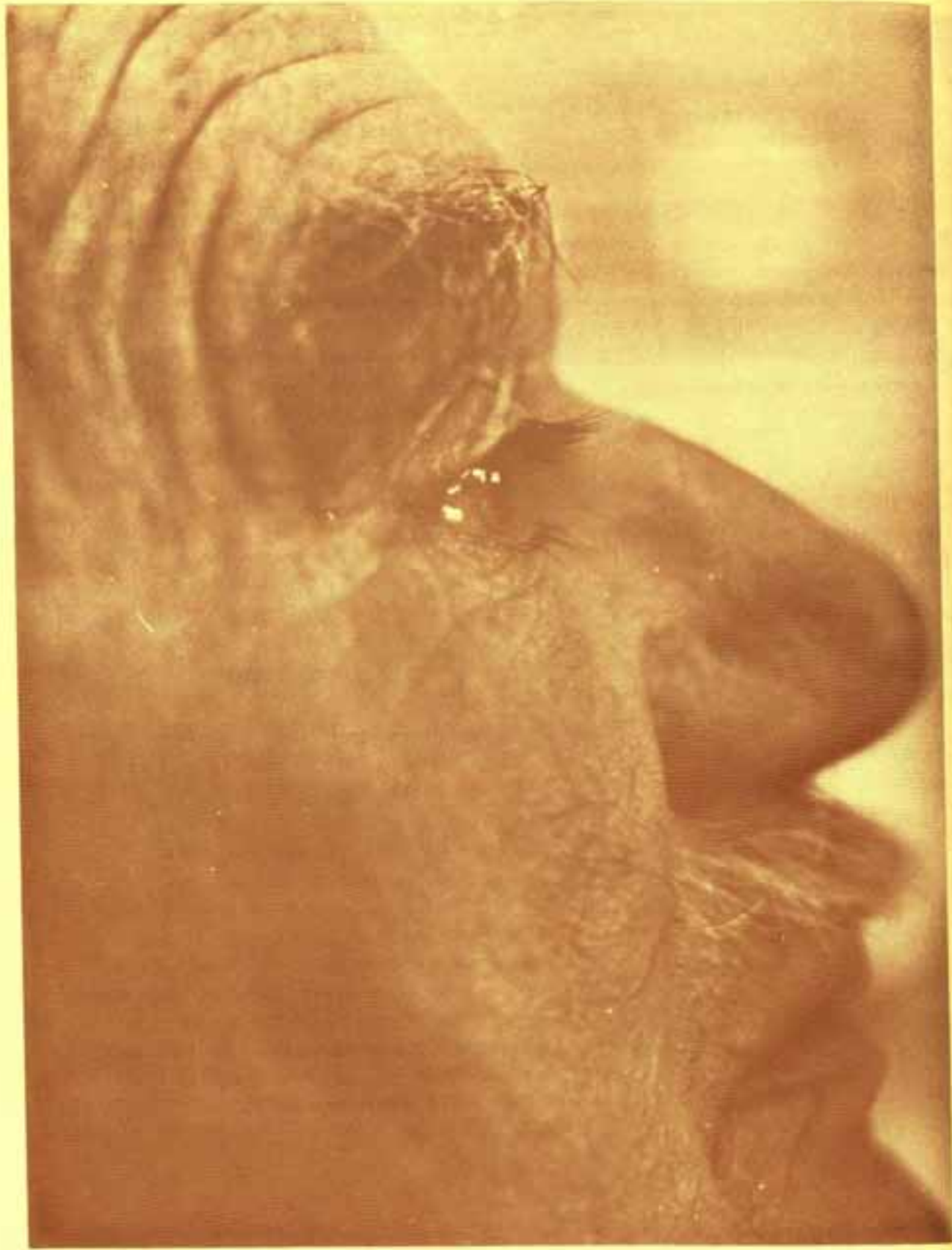
The net torn away, the blow of a paw,
Feathers go flying, complete disarray;
The crack of the neck, the snap of the jaw,
I'm off with my prize, my glorious prey!
Fast, fast over the fields homeward I go,
Danger still lurking, it will always be so.

Stephen Winder

ON MY HOMEWORK

When I consider how my night is spent
On Maths and English, History and French,
And all that homework lying on my bench
That I must do and of course present
The following day unless I am absent.
But such a homework makes a weak boy blench
To write a sonnet!—from my mind must wrench
Words that from Milton's work were lent.
Instead of homework what else could I do?
I could play tennis and games of my choice
Instead of working 'till I'm in a state
Unable to play with my friends, it's true.
So Mr. Martin, take heed of my voice,
We only serve those who stand and wait (for prep).

B. Everson



E. Tunn

Extract from "I'M ALRIGHT, JACK"

My grandfather is telling me about when he left school in 1924

"One evening in early March I was talking to a chap who worked for a big farmer about two miles away. He said he thought the farmer wanted a boy. So, without saying anything to father or sister, off I went. I had to walk as I had not yet got a bike. I arrived at the house and rang the bell, and a servant girl came to the door. I asked if I could see the master. He was about six feet tall and fifteen stone. "What do you want, boy?" he said. I told him a job. He said I was not big enough to leave school. I told him I was, and I could milk a cow and yoke a horse. He looked at me again and said he still did not think I was big enough, but he would give me a try. I was to be there at six on Monday morning to start. When I went home, I told my father and sister. "What! Did you go there on your own? It's a wonder he did not kick you up the behind."

He went off to work next Monday morning with a bag containing his breakfast, dinner, and bottle of tea. He had to milk five cows in time for the milk to catch the 8.30 train to London. On Sundays it was the 7.30 train, so he had to start working at five o'clock. He settled down quickly, and got on well with his first job, until one Sunday afternoon, when he was sent to fetch a pony from a field. He called her but she would not come, so he walked across the field, caught her, jumped on her back without saddle or bridle, and stuck his heels into her. She went off like a racehorse across the meadow and down the lane. Unfortunately, the farmer and his wife and child were just coming along! They screamed, and the farmer stuck his stick out, so that the horse stopped suddenly, and it was all that my grandfather could do not to shoot over her head. He managed to slide down in front of her and grab her nose, however, but he was threatened with the sack if the farmer ever saw him do it again.

He had been working there about two years

when one Sunday afternoon they saw an airship going round. This was not unusual, as Pulham airsheds were quite near, but this was not one they recognised, and it had NORGE written on it. They finished work as quickly as they could, and went to Pulham. She was still going round as she could not lose height, and by then there were several people assembled. They were told that she was Amundsen's, and that he was going to fly to the North Pole in her. At last she got down low enough to enable them to drop ropes from her nose. "My mate was tall and managed to grab one, and in less than a second there seemed to be hundreds of hands pulling on her. They got her down low enough to get her in the hangar and tie her down. We had made a bit of history, as the next day she set off and did reach the Pole."

It was at about this time that the General Strike was on, and things were very bad indeed. If you were out of work you had to go to the nearest workhouse, and go before a board of gentlemen, and according to the number of your dependents you were given, one, two, or three days' work breaking stones on the road, or cutting the sides, or filling in holes, but always well below the normal wage.

The next village was called Burston, and at this time it became very famous. The schoolmaster and his wife were "all for the working classes", which did not go down well with the authorities, so they were sacked. However, the children went on strike and would not go to school, so a wooden hut was set up, and the offending couple taught the children there. The incident snowballed, the village was split in half, and violence became very much the order of the day. Support for the strikers came from all over the world, and a grand new school was built called the 'Strike School'. It still stands to this day, but the village was split for years after. My grandfather says that basically the problem was that working people wanted something of what they were promised while they were fighting—a land fit for heroes to live in.

Laurence Doe

CHARACTER SYNOPSIS

My home is the East African town of Mombasa, Kenya's second city. I spent the first eight delightful years of my life on this tiny paradise-island, with on one hand its golden-white beaches and breathtaking cliffs, and on the other gleaming skyscrapers, and picturesquely archaic harbours.

It was a matter of course, on each Friday evening, for the whole family, having visited the local tiny tumble-down mosque, to go to a nearby tourist spot. This place was simply called 'Lighthouse'. On the face of it, it was little more than a windy view of the Indian Ocean from a cliff edge, with huge breakers smashing the rocks below. However, it had been monopolised and turned into a business with hotels buried in the cliffs, and more hotels looking out onto the view. Strewn along the edge of the cliff were the habitual 'mogo' sellers. This word in Swahili means cassaca and, just as the name suggests, these people sold sticks of delicious roasted cassaca sprinkled with lemon-juice, salt and powdered red chilli. Roasted cassaca was part of Lighthouse, and each seller had his own particular flavour. Over the years, we had grown accustomed to buying cassaca from one particular man. He was an African whose tight black curls had changed into looser grey ones. His clothes, which had remained virtually unchanged through the years, were a dusty brown colour, and smelt, not surprisingly, of the cassaca by which he lived. His face was dark and old and was little more than skin hung on the frame of a skull, rather like wet canvas on scaffolding. Doubtless decades of peering over crackling sticks of cassaca on hot coals had tinted his face, and his eyes, like the other side of the moon, were hidden from view, always staring intently at the glowing fire. His shins and ankles were bare and bony and he wore

rubber slippers on his frail feet. He worked with the precision of a machine, expertly snapping pieces of cassaca from a larger stick, and putting on just enough lemon and salt, according to size.

The hot cassaca was presented wrapped in small squares of newspaper, and we would often see him, after we had left, picking up sheets of newsprint from the ground, or from public litter bins. He never spoke a word save 'Asanti'—thank you, but despite this apparently rather anti-social nature, once when we had overpaid him, he ran after us to return the money; when we told him to "Keep it for your trouble"—effectively, "Keep the change" he handed the coins back to us and returned to his stand; unwanted charity can lay the deepest wounds.

We knew that he had a son, for we often saw a younger man helping him, who had the same narrow face and thin nose. With his son at the stand, he would get up frequently and walk to the cliff, and sit perfectly still watching the sea for minutes on end. Many a stray dog would find warmth and a precious stick of cassaca at the old man's stand.

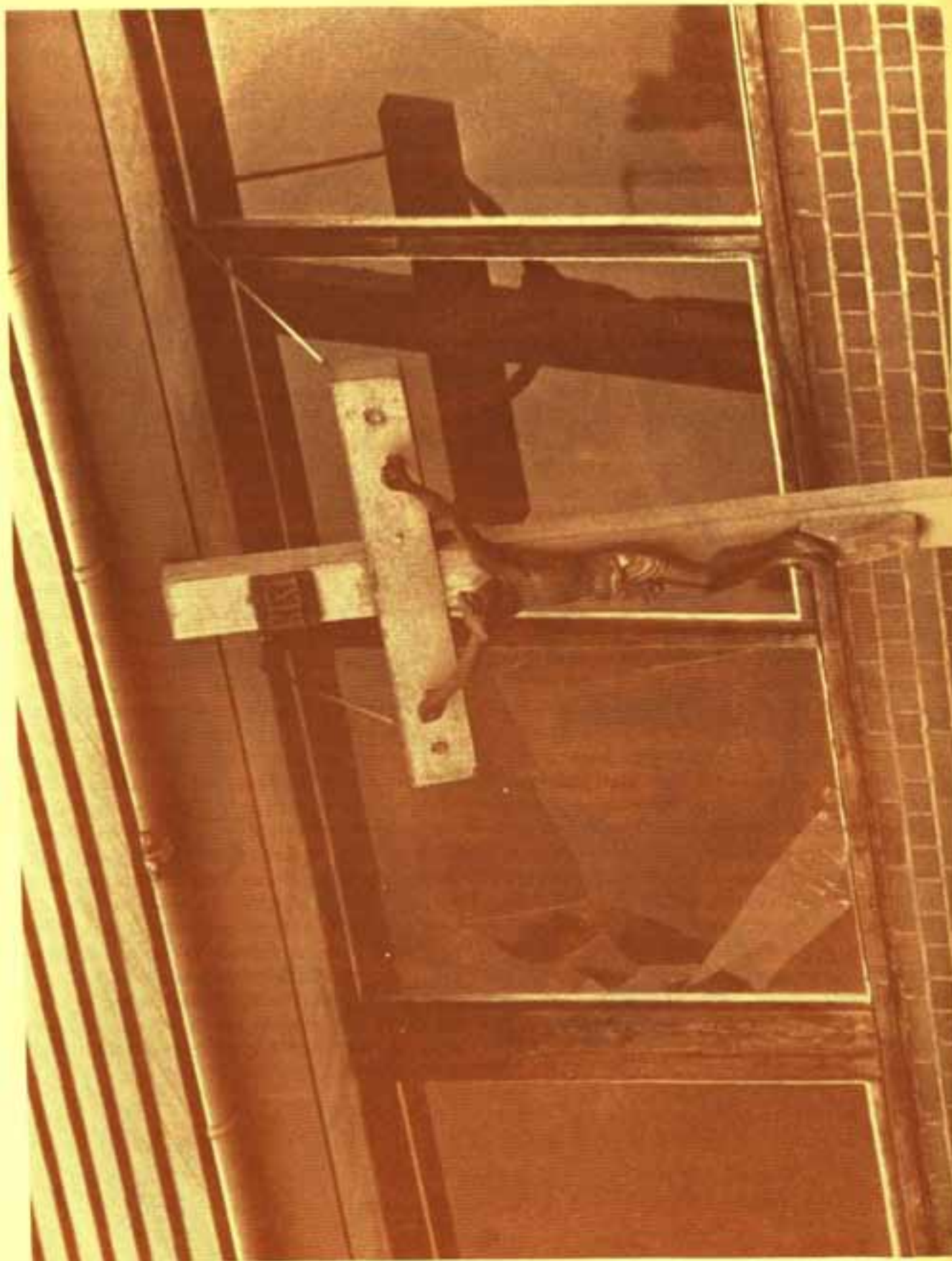
'Manaume Mogo', as we called the cassaca man, was part of the ceremony that Lighthouse involved for us, and when I returned a few years ago to Mombasa, I went, for the sake of nostalgia, back to him... Perhaps I thought he was timeless, ageless, perhaps I thought that his son might take over the business... Sadly, my expectations were never entertained. In his place, I found what I can only describe as a cassaca bar, where identically cut sticks of cassaca, micro-waved in seconds, and sprinkled with pre-extracted lemon juice were served, over a gleaming aluminium counter, to the avid tourists, now the only customers.

Character is like the atmosphere, it is in and around everything, and where there is no character, no real life can exist.

S. Essajee



Simon
Soddy



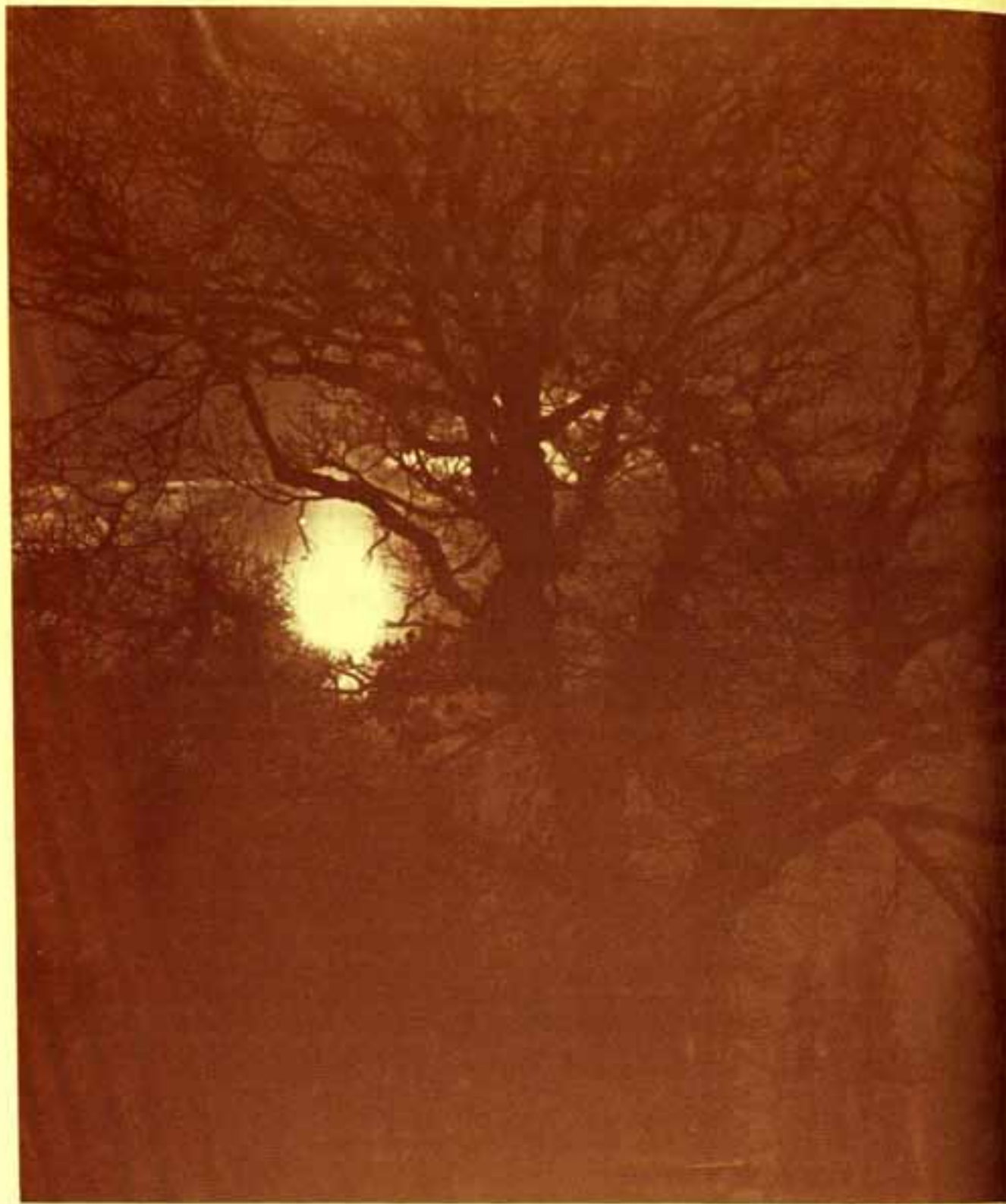
A long time ago, nobody knows the day, date, month or even year; a long time ago a child was born to a mother. The child grew up working as a carpenter. He lived a perfectly normal life, not rich, but not too poor either, until he started preaching. Huge crowds gathered to hear him, wise men discussed with him, he showed himself, though just a carpenter's son, to be wiser than any of the lawyers who argued with him, a better healer than any of the most skilful doctors, more comforting than the most compassionate parent, better, in fact than any man on the Earth. Yet, by some terrible "accident" he found himself convicted of the most terrible crime known to his people, a crime which it would have been impossible for him to commit; he made no effort to defend himself, he would not use his wisdom to destroy the case for the prosecution, and even so, the judge found him not guilty. By intimidation and every illegal method possible, his accusers brought him to a death sentence. He was killed using the most barbarous form of death known to man. He died and was buried in a grave that was not his own. Even after death they continued to mock and revile him. Yet, on the third day after he was executed, he did a thing no man had done before:—somehow he conquered death and rose again, not as a ghost from a fairy tale, not as an undead and fantastic creature, but as he really was, the son of God himself. He was seen in his risen condition by many hundreds of people, he appeared many times to his special group of followers—and then he went away, and it seemed all over—yet fifty-two days after he had died, he sent a helper to be with his cowardly disciples, fifty-two days after his death this 'helper' turned the bunch of cowards into the most convinced, jubilant, brave and active men the world had ever seen.

All the armies that ever marched, all the navies that ever sailed, all the governments that ever held control of all the countries in the world, all the things that man has done, all put together have not made such a big impact on humanity as this one single man, this Jesus Christ—born from an ordinary family, brought up in a normal situation, taught no special things, dying the death of a common criminal—this one man had made more impact on the world than anything since the creation of that same world, by that same person.

This Jesus, sentenced to death by man, brought back to life by God, this Jesus can change your worthless life into a great and wonderful glorification to God, into the most fulfilling existence possible, all this if you ask him and believe in him:—

And he can do this now.

Turner



Karl Hames

THE TREE

The icy fingers reach upwards in frosty supplication
To the cold hard sky, that ignores its pleas.
The sap has almost frozen in the wooden veins;
The bitter stump is hated by the other trees.

A snowy mantle shrouds the sad bark
That once grew firm and healthy.
But now it is worn and dying, exposing the wood
For the evil eyes of the sky to see.

No lonely crow sits and croaks from the branches.
The tree stands alone.
A sole survivor in the harsh winter,
That sighs to the wind's mournful moan.

C. C. B. Roberts

WINTER

So cold, and such solitude.
This is the best time of year.
It is so very cold and it hurts to be out
And fingers are numb neck cold;
And it hurts so much more when you get inside again.
Stay out.
The love and anguish of the cold when it's night,
And your breath spurts out in silver fountains.
No-one else can share your secret dark passion.

C. C. B. Roberts

THE SEA'S EDGE

Rain that cleanses the earth so thirsty,
Plummets out of sight in the gaping crevasse.
Deep in the earth's bowels.
The sea moves back and forth.
I stand still and silent.
Cascades of water fall from my hair,
Down round my eyes, and jump
Out into eternity from my chin.
A cold silence, isolating, frightening.
Chills the broth of my body.
I am in a crowd, silent and ancient,
Gathered around; a crowd of watchers.
They are waiting and watching.
Beneath my feet the sea of ages
Cries out to the eyes on the rocks.
The surge of time is stopped.
There is a deep blue of starless light.
I can feel the watchers beside me,
They are travelling in their minds
From the aged platform at the sea's edge.

C. C. B. Roberts



A CORNER OF HEAVEN

"Good afternoon, Father Walch", we all said.

"Let's say a prayer before we begin, for all the children of the world. Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee . . ."

This was a change. Usually by now he was into the 'fire and brimstone, hellfire and repent ye sinners' bit. I noticed some people talking at the back while we were praying, and I hoped for their sakes that Father Walch did not notice them. But he did.

"At the back there," he roared. "Did I hear somebody talking during that prayer?"

Silence.

"Answer me!"

I saw little Anna Neal go pale as a banshee as she stood up and, trembling like a leaf, said, "It was me Father."

At that moment I would not have wished the Devil himself into her shoes.

Another awful silence.

"Answer me child!"

Anna began to cry.

"Answer me God blast you!"

"I was talking about Mr. Doherty," she snivelled.

"What about him?"

"I was asking my friend if he was getting thrown out of school, because of his drinking."

"And what do you think should be done?"

His voice had quietened down a bit.

"I . . . I . . ."

"Say it child!"

She started to cry again.

"I think he should . . . should be thrown out."

He was getting really worked up by now.

"Child, did you never hear of the saying from the Bible, 'Judge not lest ye be judged'? Do you know what that means?"

He was booming now.

"Yes, Father."

"You are judging him." He banged his fist on the table. "Have you never heard of compassion and mercy?"

That sounds great coming from you, I thought. The Priest is supposed to be God's representative on earth. I know God is not like Father Walch. I know it is wrong, but I hate Father Walch.

"Do you know what Hell is like, child?"

"Yes, Father," said Anna.

"It's full of fire everlasting. Imagine being burned forever."

This is more like the usual Father Walch.

"Devils and Demons will burn you with forks. You'll never be at peace! Never!"

I hate this kind of ridiculous talk. I'm sure Hell is not like that. He makes it sound like a fairy tale. I believe in Heaven and Hell, but not the way he describes them. I do not believe Heaven is full of clouds, with winged Angels playing harps. I do not know what Heaven is like, but I think it is just a peaceful, happy place, where God is. I am not sure what Hell is. I never tell anyone what I think because they would probably think I was strange.

R. J. McNamara

Not Deaf, But Dumb

The bell rings.
Iron-shod chairs crash back on polished wood.
Scurrying, sliding shoe-leather fills clattering corridors.
Stand up. And turn. And go.
And carry with you what you know,
And what you've learnt and take away.

Loud-mouths have had their say.
They smile to hear their own voice and their mates'
But jeer, should a 'prat' get up to speak.
And so, for yet another day,
He'll burn with words he'd like to say,
But silent, can only pick up books and leave.

"More blessed to give than to receive."
Bible words in mouth of bearded intellectual.
Speaking behind the clouds of self-righteousness,
Admonishing the shy,
He plays by ear, not eye.
"He doesn't always contribute as much as he could do."

I know what you are thinking, all of you.

"He sits there, sucking it all in,
Logging it and giving nothing back."

Think what you will think.
I'll express with words of ink,
What others will express with words of air.

Andrew Maund

The Cow-Pat Seeking Enlightenment Asks It's Way of Ted Whose?

They were wrong about Antony;
It was not suicide.
The letter was forged,
Tempered to look real.

Cleopatra bit the asp,
Not "I" "
I merely chased the fox,
She called the hounds.

The asp, meanwhile,
Writes letters to the Times—
Genuine, first class,
Serpentine gut reactions.

Carl Freeman

CITY

The poison rains down from industrial chimneys,
Causing yellow-brown stains to endorse fresh washing "Unclean".
Death issues from insulated, insensitive engines.
Where are the children?

"DON'T PLAY ON THE STREET."

—or you will be gassed.

Breathe in the invisible erosion
Feel in the savage teeth that tear your lungs
Taste in the smell of industrial wealth

What's on telly?

Let's go jogging,

trotting,

gasping,

choking

on carbon monoxide.

Feeling fit?

?

Walk in the rain that evaporated in the North Sea;
Be kin to nature,
At one with your lost heritage;
Smile and laugh aloud—"I'm Free."

— the sulphuric acid is burning your skin.

C. C. B. Roberts



SONNET TO THE REJECTED PROPHET OF DOOM

An old man walked outside his carved door,
A book he carries in his aged hand.
His life's work done, and all without a flaw.
With rich and plenty he once was used to stand.

He carries now a battered book, which he
Alone did write. Now he stands alone,
Like a mighty withered oak; a tree
Of thought, in winds, of "now" and "man" that moan.

He walks towards his final resting place,
His head bowed before the power of his fate.
Despised, rejected, what has he done wrong?
His crime to have a mind not just a face,
And more: he thought before it was too late,
That life was not only a happy song.

Turner



Did you walk their way,
That flogged a friend
As he knelt to silent stone,
Playing memory's sterile games?
Or was it your feet that slashed their way
Through chalk and talk
And dusty dog-eared volumes forgotten
Amid cheap novelettes
And careers brochures?
Did Eliot find your trial,
Grasping uncertainly at understanding
That no man can serve two masters,
And remain master of himself?
Yours was a stranded spirit,
No place to hide in,
Till death sought you out,
But failed to quench your truth,
Which shines across the gulfs
Of time and mind.

R. Evers

THE LAST POST

This empty hollow in the warm earth,
Kind mother of our kind,
Shall soon be filled.
This shell of life destroyed by a
Shell of death shall lie in the earth's
Dark embrace and be happy.

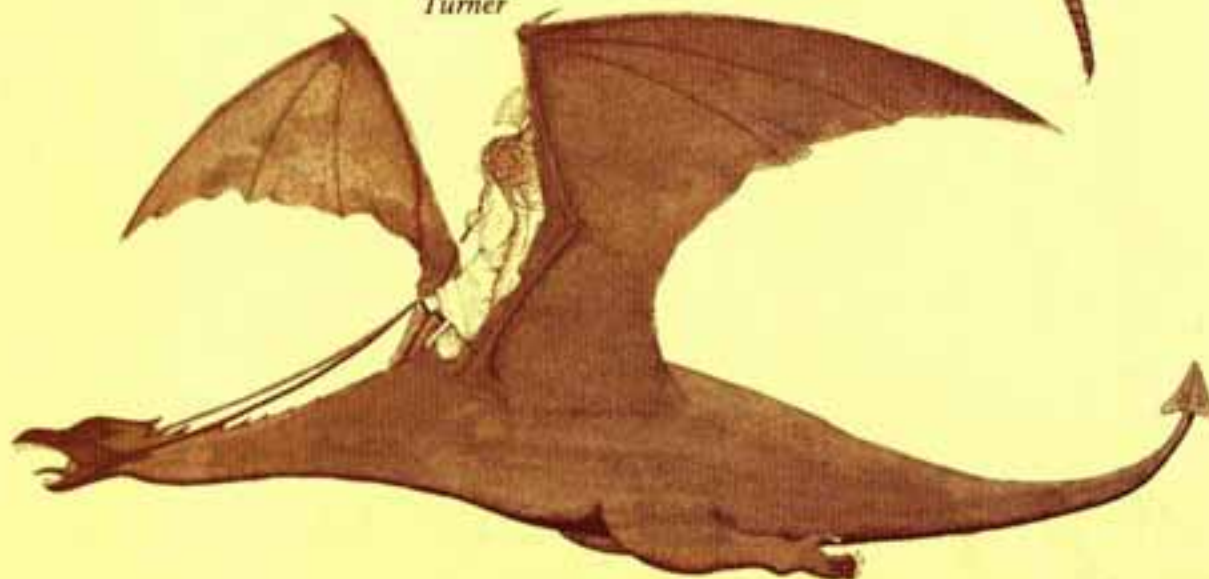
His gun fired no malice or hate
And the solitary thanks he gets
Is a hole,
Where stone images are raised
In a dead land,
And a blast of air through
A silver pipe.

C. C. B. Roberts

A DRAGON AND A HERO MAKES A HEROIC COUPLET:—

*Some time ago a hero lived of old,
He did great deeds and people called him bold.
A mighty sword there was that he could swing.
He swung it well and people made him king.
He fought a dragon that was in full fire,
His mighty sword got stuck under some mire.
'Ha' said the worm, 'I've got you on the hop',
The mighty hero almost did it cop.
But pulling on his boots and being bold,
He jumped up high and kicked the dragon cold.
"Hah" said he, "You thought my will'd be read!"
But the dragon woke and then bit off his head!*

Turner





NIGHTFRIGHTS

As I softly climbed into bed I could tell that I was in for another bad night; some sixth sense told me that I should not have stayed up to watch the horror film, but it was too late now. The cool sheets reassuringly enveloped me, and, as I called good night to my mother, she snapped off the landing light, leaving me alone in the confines of my bedroom. I opened the curtains for extra light and saw the sky above me. That pitch-black, all enveloping star-studded sky, soft as velvet and close enough to touch, yet menacing and foreboding, hid I knew not what in its dark and shadowy folds. It did little to comfort me.

Suddenly my mind took over, and I was no longer in my room but flying high, high above the houses and tree-tops. Then I was falling down, down, down in a screaming descent that threw me back into my room and under the bedclothes. The walls of the room advanced upon me, and my wardrobe, no longer wooden but flesh and blood, grew to terrible heights and then came crashing down on me, squashing me to a pulp and absorbing my frantic screams of fear. And then it was gone.

I slept more easily than I would have thought possible in such circumstances, but in doing so I opened up the black corridors of my subconscious mind, and demons and all Hell came flooding forth to torment my tortured brain. I was plucked at by a thousand hairy, thorny, flea-bitten and lice-ridden hands until I was naked and covered only in confusion and terror. Then they picked me up and threw me into a ball of flame, scorching and withering my skin to a crisp. Searing pain racked my body and I leapt out only to find myself falling again, with wicked rocks and a treacherous sea gnashing and grinding below me in a horrible cacophony of sound.

The transition to reality came with a jolt, and I sat up in bed. I wanted to get up and run to my parents, but as I made to do so I felt a gust of chilly air around my legs and withdrew quickly. It could have been my open window, or it could have been a foreboding that something unmentionable was waiting beneath my bed in readiness to gobble me up. I looked at my clock, but time appeared to have stood still. Sleep engulfed me again.

The clock's tick was suddenly magnified, beating relentlessly down on my eardrums. My bed became a pit of oozing mud, trying to suck me down into it, and my breath refused to come into my lungs, which seemed full of cotton wool and thorns. Somebody seemed to be using an axe on my legs, splitting them for firewood, and my own screams echoed unheeded around the room. Hands gripped me around the throat and squeezed the life out of me. I felt waves of nausea washing over me and fought my unseen attacker with a strength born of desperation. I couldn't take any more, any more, any more

A. Elliot



Tony Miles

THE LAST LESSON OF THE AFTERNOON

Rows of tense faces, hands on cases, legs slowly sliding round, ready to dash. Looking at the clock; hoping, wishing it would end. Nobody concentrating, simply waiting, waiting. I attempt to stir some attention into the form by a full scale attack of questions. All they meet is a solid wall of rows upon rows of blank, unseeing faces, staring through me, to the clock, and they turn tail and flee.

What is the point? What is the point of going on? If I suddenly started talking about the Great Wall of China instead of the square root of minus two, nobody would notice! Why don't I just sit and wait? They aren't going to listen whatever I say.

Still I must make an attempt at discipline, I must make an attempt to keep up my standard. If once I let it slip, then it's gone for good!

It's sheer mental effort to go on, like trying to walk into a hundred mile an hour wind. The icy silence is deceptive, never revealing the turmoil which exists inside the pupil's head. With one last, final attempt I throw myself into the job I'm paid to do, I hurtle myself mentally at my form, I push them to work. The result lasts for only a short space of time, and finally, in despair I sit down and stare at the clock.

Its hand moves slowly, painfully slowly, but at last the bell rings and, like a shot from a gun, everyone rises and rushes to the door, there to collide with others.

FROM A PUPIL'S POINT OF VIEW

Waiting, eternally waiting. The clock ticking, hands moving slowly, so slowly. Gazing at me with its scornful, omnipresent air, seeming to mock me, seeming to try to knock me, throw me from the pinnacle of excitement on which I stand. My hand burning hot, and clammy, grips my case, while the other one holds the books on my desk in a trembling grip, slowly edging them towards me.

The master stands as if embossed upon the background. His world is not my world, my world contains only myself and the clock. Time slows, slows almost to a halt. The hands of the clock grin at me triumphantly, maliciously, they take over my sight, everything else is hazy except the black hands, etched upon a background of white. Slowly, reluctantly the hands move and I leave my seat as from a catapult and move swiftly towards the door.

R. Ward

LAST LESSON OF THE AFTERNOON

BOREDOM:	When our minds leap the bridge of fantasy, But lose our footing, And land in a drear of mud; Where silver fish turn to pieces of lead And, choking, are swept to the underwater World of Graffiti, Whose idle scrawls imprint the bottom Of the floorless ocean of boredom.
INSPIRATION:	When an electric shock causes our brains To lurch from their glass tanks, And stride over the troll beside the bridge, To graze with the billy-goats, On fertile meadows of brainwave.
LAZINESS:	Where the soul takes a trip to swirling heaven, But misses the path to the stars, And plunges to the depths of mouths agape; And grunts issue from the suggestion box, But miss the collection plate, And roll beneath the pew;
SLEEP:	Where, during a leap to the stars, Through the troll's eye, We stop to graze on the pastures of wisdom, But find the billy goats chewing the grunts, Which missed the plate to life. We see lead fish casting iron nets, Luring us to their underwater fury, Where storms of afternoon rage Through glints of fiery swirl.
WISDOM:	The art of being able to manoeuvre a boat Through the fires of sleep, And successfully fish for comprehension In a scar of icy thought.
RING OF THE BELL:	Where our leap to the stars lands us At the throne of success; And we brush away the cobwebs of memories, To reveal pixies and elves, Nimbly hopping around the mushroom of boredom. See them pluck the gills, And scatter them to the evening breeze. How the palpitating throats of doves soothe The suggestion box, And the chirping larks carry blissfully To the next day.

Simon Dowell

"Help, help!" cried Piglet, "a Heffalump, a Horrible Heffalump!" and he scampered off as hard as he could, still crying out, "Help, help, a horrible Heffalump! Hoff, hoff, a Hellible Horralump! Holl, holl, a Hoffable Hellerump...!"

"What did it look like?"

"Like—like it had the biggest head you ever saw Christopher Robin. A great big enormous thing, like nothing. A huge big-well, like a—I don't know—like an enormous big nothing. Like a jar."

A. A. Milne

This passage will always reduce me to paroxysms of mirth. When one has built up a firm friendship with Piglet it is easy to see how this cowardice and over-active imagination may turn into a creature fearsome beyond words. As his excitement and anxiety mount, his imagination is finally paralysed and the frightening phenomenon is best described as a jar.

Why do authors include morals in their writing? It is true that many children who see life clearly defined in black and white like to read a story where good is rewarded and evil punished—this picture is secure and comforting as long as you see yourself as the good conformist child.

Richard Compton has done the moral education of thousands of mischievous boys a great deal of good. William is a boy that nearly everybody loves to identify with and William is never mean or spiteful. Although Enid Blyton idealised children as 'good' they are terribly boring—the average child could not identify with them and they are frequently mean and spiteful.

The influences of William and Bunter have been feared by authority in the past. Said John Peel, May 3rd 1980:

"We were always forbidden to read William at my Prep school—the headmaster considered him a bad influence."

Gerald Campion and Michael Palin, Radio 4, May 5th 1980:

"We never knew why, but 'The Magnet' was banned. Perhaps people feared we might imitate Bunter."

I believe that any child who grew up imitating Enid Blyton's complacent characters could risk being a narrow minded and unkind adult. Richard Compton and Frank Richards, on the other hand, would foster a much more joyful and positive attitude to life.

As in the case of language, morality is better 'caught not taught,' or in the words of a higher authority; 'Judge not that ye be not judged.'

M. Banks

..... SOMEWHERE

Dawn shatters
A weary, wintry world into wakefulness.
The rising sun gently lips
The frozen limbs of the dead children
As they lie in the gutters.
The wealthy world in which the rich
Live, is far from this.
They have built up a barrier
Against it, lest they be
Annihilated by remorse.
They pay and say,
"Don't worry. Everything will be all right."
The pregnant mothers, laden with lead
Disagree.
Here, at home
The enormity is less but
The meaning is the same:
Latin is too hard,
My girlfriend hates me,
Villa lost 3-0,
This is bitterness,
Thus is life.

Andrew Elliott



Nick Reid

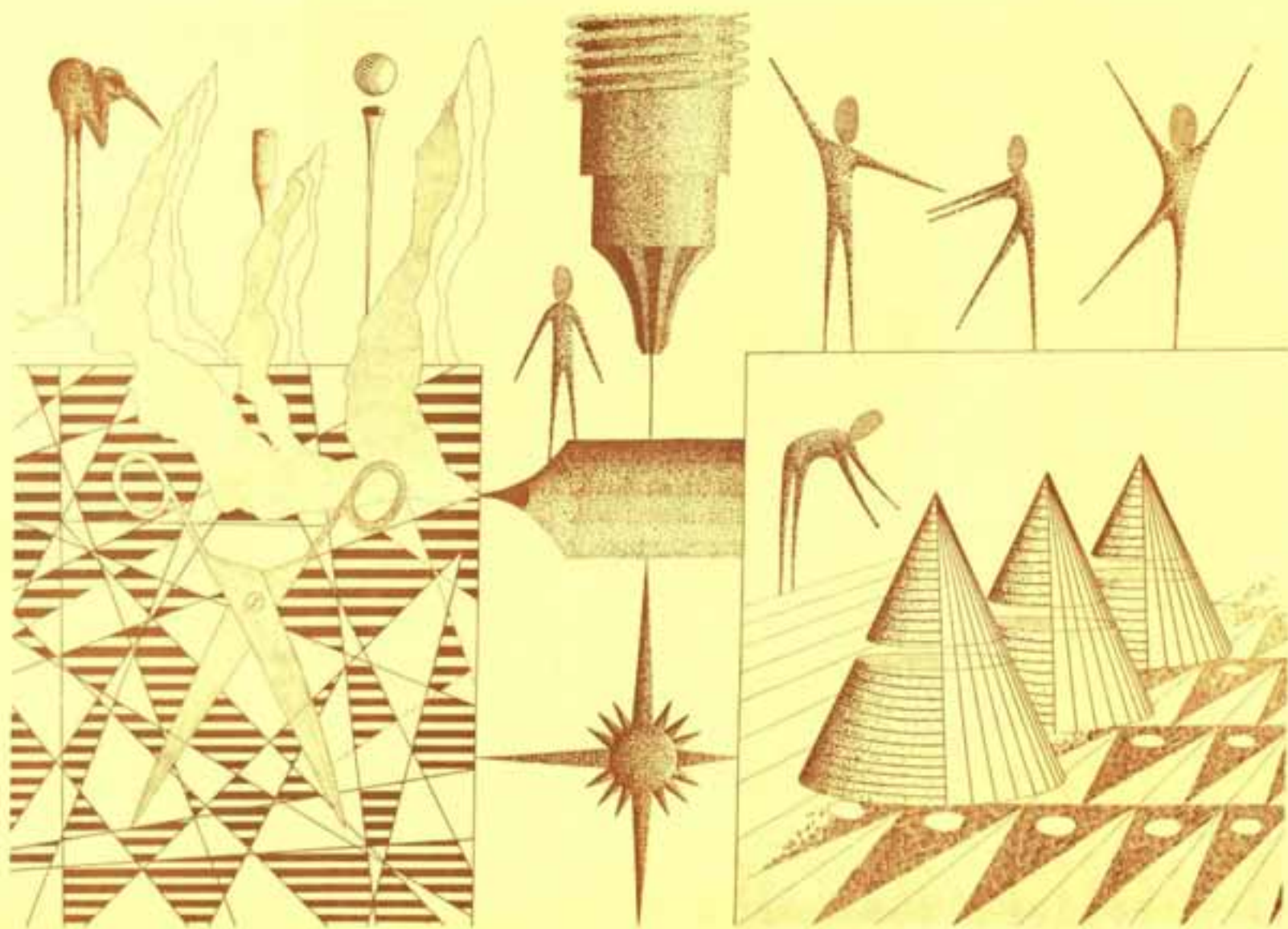
CONFRONTATION IN A CITY SUBWAY— PUNKS v ROCKERS

The two armies approached, one either side of the hollow mass of separating concrete. They had progressed through the streets of the city on each side, concealing their cowardice by joking; weak jokes; no one would have attempted to crack them under other circumstances. But these were not 'other circumstances', they could see each other across the flashing greens, blues, yellows and reds. They had both kept their promise. This was going to be real. Spiked arm-bands were adjusted, knuckle-dusters were gripped, not for show, but for life. The first leather jacket descended out of publicity. The opposite safety-pin followed the example. The tribes followed their leaders. Eyes looked across at eyes; hard eyes, but at the same time, scared eyes. On one side it was a colourful, if erratic display of the rainbow. On the other side, a much uglier scene was encountered. Bulges of flesh were scarcely concealed by soiled denim, ripped at the seams. Black leather tassles hung loosely from the shoulders of the rockers, continuing the scraggy strands of grease from the head.

The fighting began. There were no fists involved. Flick-knives jabbed penetratingly through P.V.C. legs, and the rainbow colours which had enraged before, were now of uniform red. Denim rips now revealed not bulges of flesh, but crimson stains, increasing in diameter with every quickened heartbeat, until the loss became too much. The blood dried, having enveloped the grime of fish and chip papers, empty beer cans, and leaking lavatories. The survivors left to soothe their wounds, and change their sect to ballroom dancing.

J. Candy





Andreas Müller

THE APOLACYPTIC HAMSTER

Dear Sir,

You have asked me about a job in industry. I'm glad to say we cannot oblige, but it gives me very little pleasure (but it happens to be all I can get) to tell you a story about one of my wife's friends' daughter's hamsters.

One day, when it was looking the other way, suddenly a huge swarm of guinea pigs came and unlocked the cutlery-drawer it was raiding. Under intense pressure this hamster who was a virgin—as far as hamsterian virginity goes (which isn't very far) was forced to submit to a guinean arrest. The guinea pigs—those beautiful creatures of God yet rather putrid, spurious little pests—had suddenly become convinced under a full moon and their acrylic polyester cage covering that Linchpin the hamster (for that was his name) was guilty of certain crimes ranging from stealing a screw-driver to attempted high treason. However, chivalrous and fair as the Edgbaston Guinea PIG Mob agreed to give Linchpin quite a fair trial, feeding him small doses of poison during his time in custody. Eleemosynary as this act may have been, Linchpin was immune to the particular poison they were feeding him. However this was of no importance to the actual trial. It took place in a rather dusty cage on the outskirts of the inner boundary dual carriageway of the outside rabbit run. Linchpin was escorted by two hunky Guinea Guards who wore dark sunglasses for the image and the girls. Most of the Guinea sows who went for these types were the ones with the green fur and the stiletto paws—known in the trade as 'Mr. Kipling girls'. Linchpin was pushed through a hatch and into the court cage where the Guineas of the Peace were already sitting—one of them spoke;

"Right, sit down. Linchpin, isn't it? Stupid name. Stupid hamsters, why they can't stick to their own pawfaced families I don't know." The coconut-crusher had been made redundant as Linchpin was jostled into a toilet roll, which was a close relative of the one that famous hamster of all hamsters Bloxwich the hamster had once converted into a space ship using an idea from Blue Peter. The prosecution Guinea started up. He rolled to his feet and gave Linchpin an inquiring, condescending glance upwards and started his text;

"After thy text ne after thy rubriche,

I wol nat wirche as muchel as a gnat."

"Do you take luncheon vouchers?" asked Bloxwich, and then in an amazingly athletic foul swoop with a wisp of incarnate thoughts transpiring from a sparked streak of majesty the Prosecution Head Pig fell over. Linchpin took his chance and ran out between two guards who couldn't see him because of the dark glasses.

Outside he met a monster called Fred (Polyphemus really) who inconsequently sat down on a pile of rubbish.

Linchpin ran through the streets and through the roads as fast as his little paws would carry him, mustering all the hairy hamster power he could (especially the ones with the 'Levi hamster trunks'). He gathered them all together and then addressed them;

"Hamsters all, lend me your pouches. We come to bury the guinea pigs, not to drink a cup of tea and have a social chat. We must to Guinealand trot for our own sakes and those of many others!"

Soon the scene of the battle was set. The hamsters were poised with their sharpened matchsticks and pawdusters while the telepathic guinea pigs crouched opposite them menacingly with assorted keys and marbles.

It all took place on Mrs. Foggins's kitchen floor which had just been cleaned with Flash without scratching. Linchpin's matchstick broke, "Oh foggins' hell," but soon he got a new one and prepared to fight the battle which was to go down in hamsterian history as 'the one they won.' After much guinea blood had been spilled the hamsters gave it a rest for a while—but the guinea pigs fortunately surrendered. Linchpin was held up high, a worthy successor to Bloxwich until they were all snatched up by a chinese restaurant owner who wanted something to decorate his Ching Fah Wong (Face Stew). So you see, there are no jobs available at present.

Yours sincerely/faithfully (delete where applicable)

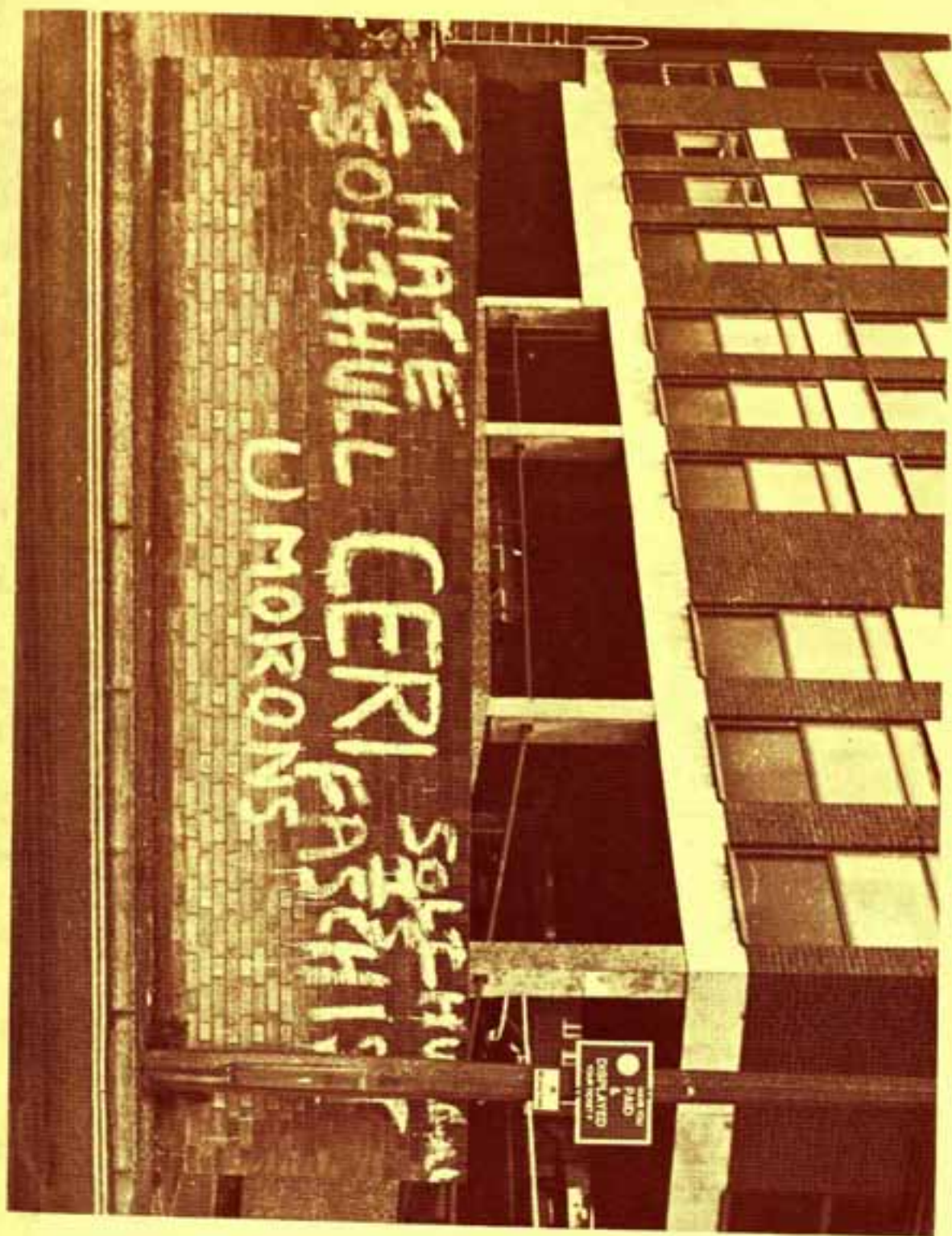
Mark Keen

CONSERVATIVE JUNIOR

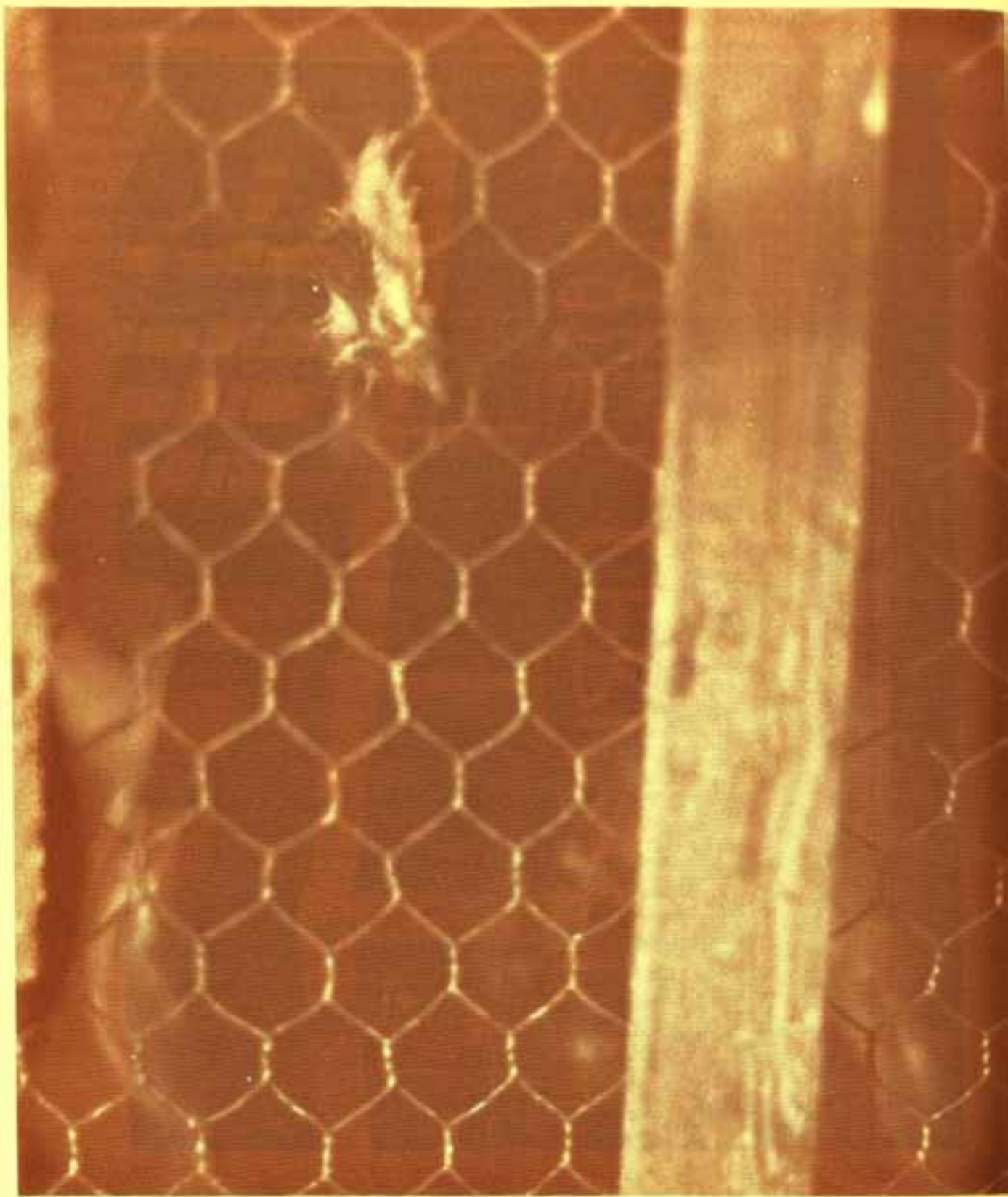
Reverberating hoofbeats drum the alley
Out of its secure and penetrating slumber.
Again.
The spraycan Mafia illuminate the terrace
Mansion: three bedrooms and a porch
Misunderstanding
Yellow lamp, blue light, intertwine, the dance is over.
Echoes separate into morning, fade into electric
Howls. A helmet falls to disrupt the symmetry,
One, discarded, slowfooted joker, struggles
And loses his safety net.
Probation.

Canvas slogans caressed onto another wall,
At the exhibition. Stonework of a sensual kind.
Graffiti to the outside world, and judges alike.
Revered by the hordes who guess beauty by surroundings.
And a name.
Paper success grasped in delicate fingers, the fee-paying
Communist displays social awareness.
Figure 109 'Trouble in the world'
This artist is deemed an undisputed expert
has to release the pressure inside him. He starts to swear a lot and gets
more loutish as the book ends. Vic is a victim (sorry!) of circumstances
and these seem to determine his character

P. Joyce



Tony Miles



SYNDICATE TEACHING

After my 'A' levels I needed the stimulation of a change of surroundings to help me recover, and I found that and much else when I spent three weeks 'helping' the staff and children of Vauxhall Gardens Junior and Infant School in Nechells Green.

Nechells is a new town area in the inner ring, and consists of City-Council-owned houses and flats, constructed in the early sixties. There is little recognisable evidence of a sense of community. Vauxhall Gardens School is housed in a bright and clean modern two-storey building situated on the brow of a hill. Catering for 5-11 year-olds the school suffers from a chronic lack of pupils. In 1979-80 there were one hundred children and five teaching staff, which will fall to eighty-five and four respectively next year. During my last week it became known that Vauxhall Gardens was to be closed down in July 1981. The reaction from the teachers was one of relief, since under the new Labour Council there are to be no new redundancies and all staff are to be redeployed.

I have discovered a great deal about the kids themselves. Approximately 60% of them are white and the rest black, but within the school there was no trace of any awareness of racial differences. The children had never known anything other than a multi-racial Britain, and the staff had grown utterly impervious to skin colour through experience, and neither group found anything to prevent them from acceptance of this aspect of the environment.

Educationally, the academic ability range was massive. I took several classes for reading and saw the papers and results of mathematics tests. On the one hand, David scores almost full marks on his maths paper and Alphege is reading a large small-print tome entitled 'Tales from Shakespeare', whilst on the other Christopher is adjudged to have done well to have scored 2 out of 73 in maths, and little Colin cannot really read at all, and is for the time being

incapable of learning because he just does not have the ability to remember words. All four are in the same age-group of 7-8 years.

The school's general academic standard was low, as the teaching staff readily admitted with that mixture of hope and resignation which one always finds in those who face great odds yet work their hardest, striving to win the odd hit.

There is no great mystery why academic standards are disappointing in Nechells Green. Christopher may be unable to do academic work, but considering that he has seven brothers and sisters, all by different fathers, and his mother is considered somewhat unbalanced, perhaps his failure is hardly surprising. Poor Colin, too, lives in a flat which is in such a filthy state that his teacher was truly flabbergasted when she visited him.

Few children at Vauxhall Gardens come from a genuinely stable home background. Most are from one-parent families; many of them are illegitimate.

Considering the homes many of them come from, the School's Secretary asserted strongly to me during one lunch-hour conversation, she was genuinely surprised that the school had as many pleasant, generous, stable children as it undoubtedly has. For all the problems, all the teaching staff were there because they really enjoyed working with the children.

During my three weeks at Vauxhall Gardens I was impressed by the overriding importance of a Primary School's human resources as compared to its financial resources. The greatest asset of the headmaster, Mr. Bancroft, was the quality of his teaching staff.

All the bright children that I saw seemed to be progressing without problems, and I got the impression that they were pushed quite a bit in the top year juniors, but were deliberately not really stretched beforehand, although there seemed to be no clear policy. The lack of special intensive help given to the slower pupils was quite worrying, however. With five teachers

and five classes, there is no one to staff a remedial class, and I am quite sure that some of the children at the school are losing out as a result.

Three weeks spent telling stories, tidying bookcases, hearing readers, cutting out cardboard shapes, helping with football and swimming, and making folders, was a rewarding and stimulating experience after months of revising and question papers. Above all, I spent most of my time left free, talking to the staff and to the kids, and it was through this that I learnt most. I would like to thank Mr. Bancroft especially for welcoming me into his school. For three weeks, Vauxhall Gardens was 'my school' more firmly than K.E.S. has ever been. Anyone who is considering spending time doing something the same or similar should be spurred on by my experience that in such places as Vauxhall Gardens can be found no less valuable and much more purposeful form of education than that which leads to the examination room.

Peter Mucklow

PRACTICAL PERFECTION

Our school is run principally to prepare students for 'O' and 'A' levels and finally University entrance if this is required. The school is very good at doing this.

Our school is supposed to train you for later life, but in this I think it fails hopelessly. I refer to the practical side of life, not the social side.

Take Art for example. I used to draw pictures (badly), paint pictures (badly) and make up collages and decorations. This institution would be far more useful if it simply taught you how to paint a large flat surface—which is, after all, what people need to do in their own home, and it is very difficult.

The years spent in Woodwork were used up making exclusively decorative objects. What I should and could have been taught was the manufacture of useful things and the general

techniques of woodwork as applicable to these useful things.

My lessons in some sciences were no more distinguished. In physics no one ever taught my class

- i) How to wire a plug safely and properly in practice
- ii) How to change a fuse
- iii) Scarcely anything about how the simplest machines work
- iv) Nothing about car maintenance in any respect, which is essential in later life as it can save you a lot of money and trouble

We never received one lesson on the internal combustion engine—Why? The subject has been removed from the 'O' level syllabus.

In Biology I cut up a rat and a cockroach and studied green plants' internal science. I found out nothing about how to grow flowers, vegetables, trees or grass, either as a hobby or a useful concern. The teacher told me that plants needed water and carbon dioxide to live, which was about as much as I knew beforehand. The teachers did not seem to realise that you can know all about the internal science of a plant and still be unable to grow it. How much I would have liked to spend some of these lessons in a greenhouse.

On the human biology side, I learnt about our structure and viruses and tapeworms. Nothing was said about exotic things like administering simple first-aid safety, and precious little about what I should eat to keep healthy and fit, which *is* important.

In Geography we learned little of our country, its resources and features. Instead we concentrated on so-called 'developing' countries from the Third World and America. I am not interested in the American climate or Ghana's chief export or the charming people of Peru. I am interested in British climate, her exports, her people, or these features of our Common Market partners, not to mention the fact that my class was never taught how to use a map and compass.





J. M. Andrews

English was a good lesson for me. We held discussions, read plays and books and wrote essays under fanciful titles. Were we taught how to write a business letter or any other letter? Well—yes, about a week before the mock 'O' level in English which required you to write a letter.

I repeat, this school is principally a preparation for exams.

Instruction in how to become a good writer (which might one day earn your living) was almost unknown. In general, if you were bad at English you stayed that way; constructive criticism and encouragement were usually absent.

I studied French for five years and obtained an 'A' grade at 'O' level with no trouble. I took a holiday in France after my 'O' levels and found, to my disappointment, that I could not hold the simplest conversation with a real live Frenchman or woman. Why? I knew most of the words, but the French talked too fast and the words they did use were heavily seasoned with dialect and slang.

The failing of our system was obvious: the emphasis was on written work. And all because the Aural part of the French 'O' level is worth less than 10% of your final mark (and the same is true for German). This is a sad reflection on our French 'O' level examiners, in fact it is a criminal way to set an 'O' level.

My father has been involved in many commercial deals with French companies. He tells me that it is simple and cheap to have letters translated by professional translators. But when he is speaking directly a translator is the last thing he wants. Obviously a man has greater confidence in another man who speaks his language than one who cannot, sometimes the deal will rest on this fact.

And when I was out camping in the wilds of France after my 'O' levels, what use do you think was my written French then? I couldn't ask people to write things down for me! Besides, what does a child learn first, naturally, talking or writing?

I feel the school should act on this point. I think it should ignore the 'O' level exam for a while and place greater emphasis on the spoken word. It should make fuller use of the 'assistants' who come to this school. A far greater proportion of our time should be spent in the Language Laboratory, which was hopelessly under-used in my time, and moreover, real French should be spoken by all the teachers, at the proper speed. I heard a watered-down version in my time from most of my teachers which, it transpired, was quite inadequate.

Above all, I should not have to attend a 'French and Business Studies' course to learn properly, if that is how they teach in this course. The trouble is, no one has ever told these teachers what the real use of French is. I sometimes think that some of our teachers have lost contact with the outside world.

I have one final point to make and it concerns cookery—a traditionally female domain. But in my opinion there should be a regular cookery class for the boys too. We have a golden opportunity of making use of the girls' domestic science kitchens across the way.

What people who decide our curricula fail to appreciate is that there comes a point when men cannot rely on their mothers for cooked food and must make their own. A prime case is Universities—by no means all have eating-places, and the ability to cook and make the most from cheap ingredients can save money and prevent dependence on pre-cooked shop food, or fish and chips. If you decide to leave home, this is the one skill you should have with you.

My conclusion is that the school should find time to teach these practicalities I have mentioned, and others. It could easily succeed where it has failed before.

M. Harding



SCOUTING AND K.E.S.

Who hath smelt woodsmoke at twilight?
Who hath heard the birch log burning?
Who is quick to read the noises of the night?

If this 'who' is not 'you', why not put the situation right and come along to a Scout Camp.

Gin-gan gooli, gooli, gool, gooli,
Watch-a gin-gan-goo, gin-gan-goo . . .

If you think this is just a nonsense song, you'd be right; but why not try a Scout Camp Fire where the aroma of burning pine and apple logs mingle with singing and the steam from thick, sweet cocoa.

High above on the crag, the unseen climber is taking in the rope.

"That's me!" you shout as the rope begins to tighten.

"Climb, when you're ready." Your leader's invitation is just audible over the wind as you strain to listen.

For a moment perhaps you hesitate. This is your first big climb on a long pitch. Despite the chill air there is a touch of sweat on your forehead.

"Climbing!" You are off, slowly, steadily, trying to remember the drill you have been taught. It is very different now from the nursery pitches. You feel very alone. Looking up, you attempt to plan your route, fighting back an off-moment of panic, keeping always, even when moving swiftly, in balance.

The rope is a comfort, a link with the leader; but the gradual ascent is your own effort, planned, deliberate, methodical. Should you make a mistake, it is up to you to rectify it, encouraged by the knowledge that high above there is someone who is alert and caring . . .

If this makes your whole body thrill and gets the adrenalin flowing, you could make a start in the 70th Birmingham Venture Unit.

"I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely seas and the sky,

And all I ask is a tall ship a a star to steer her by,

And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sails shaking,

And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking."

Perhaps you have not heard the call of the sea yet—but the Scout Group has a Sea Scout section with Larks, Wayfarers and the like. Think of summer camps beating up the Solent and sunsets on the water, cooking fresh-caught fish over a charcoal fire on the beach.

But if you think the Scout Group is just an outdoor pursuit club let me put you right on a most important point! In a club you dedicate yourself to excellence in one activity and so often there is not time for anything else. The Scout Group is made up of individuals with lots of different interests; some experts, some beginners and the subtle difference is that all their interests can be catered for. If a scout feels he is becoming enchanted by ornithology he will obviously want to join a specialist club as well but his developing interest in forestry management (let's say) will be taken care of too. Orienteering to cookery may appear during a year's programme but so will something else . . . The Scouting Method is to use a Patrol system where young boys and older boys help each other to learn new skills; and all the time there is a training scheme so *you* learn the basic skills and safety rules which apply in all adventurous activities, and by sixteen you should feel confident enough to be a leader, perhaps in a Venture Unit but just as likely elsewhere. Without boasting, this Group can name many men who are now actively involved in community service, all over the world, who are still proud to be members of the Scout Association. There are now over 600,000 Scouts in the UK and, to use a well-known phrase, "600,000 kids can't be wrong!"

However, I want to plead a little now. Our recruits come mainly from the Shells, but come on you Rems and UMs who are looking for a new challenge on Friday afternoon.

The Venture Sea Scout Unit and the Venture Unit are always waiting for new recruits at Divisions level to inject new skills and fresh blood into the Group. Many Ventures become Assistant Leaders in their sixth form year and find themselves involved in the planning and running of the Troops.

As a final bait to get you interested in us let me tell you what you can expect if you join us. We have boats at Bittell reservoir, enough back-packing equipment to send out a small army, large scale camping equipment to run a summer camp for fifty Scouts or more and our own camp site at Alvechurch. Every year we organise two expeditions, a summer camp for scouts, and separate ones for Ventures and Venture Sea Scouts; during the year you can get on canoeing trips, adventure weekends, learn how to life save, or go on a long distance walk. And as a Patrol Unit the Group's equipment is for you to use whenever the outdoor itch strikes. The Group is also part of a District which organises local events, which is backed up by a County organisation, in turn supported by National Headquarters and they will try to help we members to get the most out of our membership. Enough, I hear you gasp! But there is still the Duke of Edinburgh scheme unmentioned and committees to sit on if you have the secretarial urge; and many times we help the older people of our District by personal service.

If our sponsored events are successful during the year the cost of scouting is indeed modest for the pleasure extracted. But for me the most important aspects are firstly that you have to work for your enjoyment, and, secondly, some of my memories are priceless.

Baden Powell said it all in his final message to his friends all over the world,

"... But the real way to get happiness is by giving out happiness to other people. Try

to leave the world a little better than you found it and when your turn comes to die, you can die happy in feeling that at any rate you have not wasted your time but have *done your best*. "Be prepared" in this way, to live happy and to die happy—stick to your Scout Promise always—even after you have ceased to be a boy—and God help you to do it."

Group Scout Leader

ART (NOT JUST) FOR ART'S SAKE . . .

No prizes for guessing that the Art department is still very much alive at King Edward's. For those who keep in touch, the year was a blockbuster of creativity, reflected in the 1980 Summer Exhibition. To keep us all reasonably sane Mr. Ashby very kindly spent time in organising touring exhibitions to come to school, as well as trips to London and Cambridge art galleries.

I remember criticising the very first exhibition of the Autumn term, of Colditz Castle, for being shoddy in presentation. However there were some exciting photographic collections, including two which highlighted photographic activity at school. Homer Sykes was the man behind the lens for the Traditional British Calendar Customs collection, his photography being highly praised by many of those who saw it, with accompanying texts on the other hand "sparking off" a mood in many quarters which I can only describe as apathetic. The New British Image exhibition was an assembly of numerous British photographers displaying beautifully observed composition to give a flavour of contemporary Britain as seen through many different eyes. The Friends of the RBSA exhibition failed to stimulate me any further than leaving me with just a "nice" feeling.

The most controversial exhibition was most certainly the Harold Cohen collection. Introduced as "An artist's use of the computer", the viewer was faced with abstract images,



irregular lines, incoherent composition, explosive dabs of unrelated colours, preceded by play on familiar numbers and letters by the use of computer and interconnecting lines and colours. The marks that Cohen had created were questioned as to their true artistic value. His work was often rejected on the implied 'misuse' of his artistic skills in his production of nonsensical children's drawings. I personally enjoyed the collection because it was refreshingly different in its approach. By using a computer to make marks for him Cohen does not seek to impress with complete works, but instead tries to evoke an emotional response from his viewers. In this respect credit is due to Mr. Ashby in choosing to confront school with an exhibition as controversial as this showing of Abstract Expressionism.

In fact this complemented the trip to London to see the Abstraction Exhibition at the Tate Gallery during the Spring term. Trips were also organised to see the Post Impressionists Exhibition at the Royal Academy, to visit the Fitzwilliam Art Gallery in Cambridge, as well as one of the most famous exponents of Surrealism, Salvador Dali, at the Tate, a trip linked with the opportunity to visit the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition. I think it would be correct to say that most people found the Abstraction the most tiring mentally, nevertheless it might be a cliché to say that they were all worth going to, but they were.

As far as art at K.E. is concerned the work done here is often well worth the effort stopping over during a free lunchtime to see. Enthusiasm for Thursday Voluntaries, particularly from the Shells and Rems, can only be a good thing. Keep it up, people!

Where space is concerned the Art Department is cramped. A second sink would not come amiss, considering the popularity of the room, if only there were room to put it in. What makes the Art Room such a pleasant area to be in is contained in one word—*atmosphere*. It is pleasant to be able to find a room in school where the

only pressure (architecture excluded) is a creative one. Stimuli are not restricted to visual ones. The department's official crystal set, although soon needing servicing, has helped soothe many frayed nerves, including mine.

I would like to end on a word of thanks for all three members of staff, Mr. Ashby, Mr. Hopley and Mr. Whitworth for their invaluable teaching, with special thanks to Sam the cleaner.

Andreas Müller

CRITICISM OF ART EXHIBITION '80

This year's art exhibition was the best I have ever seen. As always it encompassed paintings, photography and ceramics. This year, like all other years, their work was of a high technical standard. However, this year there seemed also to be an attempt to go beyond technical flamboyance, and to produce work that was both imaginative and enterprising.

The series of pictures by A. Müller exemplified this tendency. His pictures included representations of figures trapped in almost surrealist worlds. They were fascinating images. The composition of S. Hames, involving hands placed against a blue background was also imaginative. M. Hudson's puppet was so revoltingly ugly that it almost had a beauty all of its own. All of these works, however, were not in the style of an advertising agency, nor were they soulless technical flourishes; they all tried to do something new, different and interesting.

As usual, the photography section of the exhibition was excellent. A whole line of photographs covered the walls of the corridor leading to the Art Department. A. Maund produced an array of portraits, including one of some 'clones' that either marked an extraordinary step forward in the biological sciences, or else was a very clever piece of trick photography. John Taylor's picture examined the texture of bricks, tiles, pipes and other such objects. Tony Miles' photos, which include those on the front and back covers of the Chronicle, were as ever wonderfully sensitive. The decaying statue, photographed by S. Cooper, was also very

effective; overall, the diversity of subject matter was most impressive, demonstrating as it did a desire to experiment with different visual effects.

This indeed was manifested throughout the entire exhibition; the images produced had interests which lay beyond any superficial glitter. Congratulations to the Art Department for having taken the new road. Art offers perhaps the only outlet in the school for creativity as opposed to passive regurgitation of material, and it appears that K.E.S. artists are now grabbing this opportunity with both hands.

T. Canel



Andrew Maund



Steve Cooper



S. Cooper

CERAMICS

The Ceramics Department has, for a long time, been the most ignored part of the Art Department. However, this year it has forced itself on the Art scene, and is becoming increasingly popular in the lower half of the school. General re-tooling and re-stocking of chemicals over the past year have made it a much more flexible and attractive department.

Despite the siphoning off of potential talent into the more academic subjects, there are an increasing number of competent and enthusiastic potters around now.

This year's exhibition is a testimony to the hard work and inspiration offered by Mr. Whitworth. It is certainly the most impressive ceramics exhibition to date—and the best is still to come.

Andrew Brenner



MONETARISM

or Why We Should Let a Little Fresh Air In

It will not have escaped your notice in recent weeks that we have been exhorted by posters from all sides to "Save It". This would seem to be yet another example of the government's left (if such a word would ever be used) hand (i.e. the Department of Energy) not knowing what its right hand (i.e. the Treasury) is doing.

If, as is no doubt the case, we are all good monetarists now, then we cannot but support the following line of action:

- 1) Open all the windows
- 2) Turn up the gas central heating to maximum

This, coupled with the price rises announced by the Gas Corporation, will help to create a huge rise in profits for the said corporation. These profits in turn may be handed over to central government and help lower public sector borrowing requirements. This in turn will enable the government to cut the money supply and, lo and behold, down comes the inflation rate.

"But what about fees?" I hear you ask. Here the answer is even simpler. By increasing your fees the disposable income left over will be reduced. This, in itself, is deflationary and therefore highly praiseworthy, but the real benefit is that money spent on increased fees cannot be spent on nasty things like foreign holidays, second Datsuns, etc. . . . This boost to the balance of payments, admirable in itself, will still further lower the inflation rate as the pound soars and import prices drop in response to the growing surplus.

So, remember, if you really want to back Britain—WASTE IT.

P.S. If you believe this, you'll believe anything (even 'A' level economics).

J.R.A.C.

"PHOTOGRAPHICALLY SPEAKING"

So—the fourth illustrated Chronicle is upon us. And perhaps now is the time to look at photography as it stands in the school. What have we got?

Excellent photographers; with good equipment, outlets for their skills; (Annual Competition and annual exhibition, Bulletin Board and Chronicle) but a terrible lack of facilities in the school. There is no permanent darkroom, just a shared office, which, putting it mildly, has not only its fair share of visitors, but definitely its share of dust (which any photographer will tell you is enemy number one). And a chronic lack of finance.

It is now time for this flourishing interest to be given the respect it deserves. Bearing in mind that—

- (a) The cost of photographic material has doubled in the last year and
- (b) While the pressure of time is so great in a school environment, a purpose-built darkroom with both of the school enlargers in it, as well as permanent fittings, lighting etc. is essential, so that work can be left in the room without fear of it being damaged.

If things are not done soon this flourishing form of expression may begin to lose the momentum it has gained within the school.

A.J.M.

HOUSE COLOURS—WHY?

A visitor passing down the school corridors would surely notice the unequal distribution of the various coloured ties. Why is this so? Is the amount of talent in one House so much greater than that in another? Obviously talent is not equally distributed throughout the Houses but this does not account for the strangely uneven sprinkling of coloured ties across our school.

The root of the problem appears to be that the Houses are not aiming at the same thing.

In Jeune, colours are almost as much for encouragement as for reward, and yet in Vardy, especially at the lower end of the age range one has really to excel to stand any chance of Colours.

The system of winning Colours is totally inconsistent. Most Houses are agreed upon a system whereby one is recommended for Colours and, if thought suitable, a tie is awarded by the House master; but what constitutes "suitable"?

In Vardy the House masters and captains meet at the end of each term to examine the recommendations and then award colours very sparingly. At present there are no fourth years in Vardy with their House Colours. This, in my opinion, is counter-productive. Although the lucky few who will win their Colours in the fourth year are seen to have great talent, to the average Vardy House member the Colours are not a realistic hope. I asked Mr. Worthington for his view on this matter and he said that he thought Vardy had stuck a balance—making Colours a good reward but not too difficult to obtain. The evidence would not appear to agree with him when he said that the dark blue ties were "not just for superstars" especially in the middle school.

In Jeune, however, a completely opposite approach is taken. The House captains draw up a list of those who merit Colours and say why. These are then presented to Mr. Hopley and Colours awarded—to nearly all. Mr. Hopley did admit that it is uncommon for him to turn down a recommendation, he merely relies on the captains to keep the numbers fairly low. Nevertheless a considerable number of Jeune fourths have their Colours. This approach too could be claimed to be counter productive. When House Colours become an award of no great importance, the pride in wearing them is minimised and therefore they become almost worthless as an incentive.

In quoting Vardy and Jeune I believe that I have struck at the two extremes at either end of the spectrum, although other Houses tend one

way or the other they generally fall between these two.

To take an example of the difference in standards required I do not have far to look. Being junior cross country captain I am about to recommend the entire team for House Colours:

As I am in Evans, and we won, the chances are that two or three will get their Colours.

If I was in Jeune, most of the team would probably get them—they did try hard.

If I was in Levett, it would be a case of "well done, have a House point or even two".

If I was in Vardy, the team would probably get a pat on the back and "good, we won't forget this in 1982".

I do not share the fairly widespread belief that the House system is pointless. I think it is stimulating and a good way of creating some competition. In fact the arguments in favour of the House system are innumerable. My sole criticism is House Colours. If we are to have them at all, then they may as well be properly and fairly distributed throughout the school.

I would propose that a completely new system of House Colours should come into operation. I cannot say what the system should entail because I believe that it is not for the individual to decide, or even the minority; the cause of our problem now. The House masters should meet with a large pupil representation and they should democratically agree on the function of Colours. There is no reason why the system should not be completely re-drawn.

Should the House points system be used? Should House badges be re-born as a means of identification? Should Colours be awarded lower down the school? Should they be for sport alone? Should they be awarded for perseverance or merit? Or both?

I know my answer to all these questions and I'm sure you have ideas, but why not find out what the whole school thinks? The system chosen would be of relatively little importance as long as it was consistent and adhered to

throughout the school's eight Houses.

I await the day, and I think it will have to come soon, when House Colours are a reward that mean something, rather than a tie that shows how lenient or harsh your individual House happens to be.

There will obviously remain an element of human inconsistency but I strongly feel that the system could be used much more productively than it is at present.

Matthew Banks

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Historical Society, which is not as daunting as the name might suggest, has had another vintage year, maintaining its usual high standards by providing a variety of lectures and films to suit almost every taste. Meetings are always interesting, sometimes venturing into the realms of intellectuality and sometimes exploring current issues in some depth, but meetings are never obscure (if you wish to delve deeper into medieval Serbo-Croatian politics or learn about the latest idea on the missing link, Bognor Man, then the Historical Society is probably not for you).

The tradition of interest in local history was kept up when Dr. Jennifer Tann of Aston University, returned to give a talk and present a film on central Birmingham, entitled 'Joseph's Dream', showing the involvement of the Chamberlain family in the city. A talk on the revival of classical learning in the Renaissance was brought alive by the presence of many scripts and books, some copies, some genuine, and P. N. Edwards continued this theme at the end of the first term with a detailed talk on

Renaissance Venice as a follow-up to his visit there.

The Easter term saw the screening of various epic productions including a film on the Spanish Civil War and a videotape on 'Germany through the Newsreels', both of which captured mind-boggling audiences of fifty or more. Mr. Taylor, fresh back from Rhodesia, where he had had first hand experience of the elections as an Official Observer, presented an illustrated lecture on his work. This came within the scope of the Society as very recent history.

The summer term started with a meeting at very short notice, joint with the Geographical Society, when Dr. Brooks, a visiting lecturer from the U.S.A. presented a talk on the 'Black Presence in America'. This touched on some highly controversial issues and attracted an estimated two hundred people, even including some of those who skulk in form rooms and only normally play Bridge at lunchtime. Also joint with the Geographical Society was the meeting at which Simon Szreter O.E. gave a talk entitled 'Population Studies in the Andes', accompanied by some breathtaking slides taken while he was in Peru. Dr. Hurst came up from Oxford to talk about 'Thomas Hardy and Social Class' to the Historical and Literary Societies, demonstrating how historical information might be gleaned from Hardy's works. The year would not of course have been complete without the annual summer excursion, which this year ventured out into darkest Cheshire. Time was spent at Chester, where some marched around the city walls (and got lost!) while others paddled round in circles in boats hired on the river. Everyone proceeded to Tatton Park where the afternoon was passed pleasantly in the house and extensive gardens.

Thanks must go to Mr. Buttress, and Miss Diggory from K.E.H.S. for ensuring that everything ran smoothly during the year, and for making sure that something had always been arranged for each meeting on the calendar.

R. J. Glen

THE PARLIAMENTARY SOCIETY

Meetings of the Parliamentary Society have never been entertainment for the uncultured masses, and the Society remains a forum for those enthusiastic enough (but sadly, few in number) to listen, discuss or pontificate on current issues. Discussions on such matters as Zimbabwe-Rhodesia, the T.U.C. and Afghanistan draw crowds ranging from five to fifty, and frequently, in the half-hour meetings, the world is put back on the straight and narrow course to political harmony after the United Nations, S.A.L.T. negotiations and the Conservative government have failed to do so. A firm favourite with the audience was the Political 'Brains' Trust, made up of masters specially selected to cover a wide range of political views, from Gaullist to Marxist. Brilliant arguments were stopped short in their tracks by exclamations of "Rubbish" and "Tommy-Rot", and Mr. Mitra complained of Mr. Hatton apparently being "somewhat to the right of Genghis Khan".

Mr. Cook gave an admirable talk on 'The Government's Economic Policy' which would have made any minister resign on the spot, and at a later talk, Mademoiselle Schaff and Herr Wagner demonstrated that the E.E.C. was by no means an extension of the British Empire (this was too much for the more patriotic members of the Society to bear). Further variety was added by two Old Edwardians. John Ozimek gave a talk on his attempt to become a Liberal M.P. in the 1979 General Election, and Tom Canel, "popped over" from Harvard to talk about 'Politics on the American Campus'.

Thanks are due to Mr. Buttress who has initiated discussions, hauled people in from the corridor to attend meetings, lent the Society the use of Room 174 and guided the policies of the Society by pulling ideas for meetings out of a hat at the eleventh hour. Incidentally, anyone with a burning desire to discuss any particular topic at the Society, is always welcome to make suggestions for future meetings.

R. J. Glen



THE FILM SOCIETY

Chronic and persistent organisational problems beset the Film Society throughout the year. Indeed it was a considerable achievement for the society to screen twelve films at all, considering the chaotic situation inherited in September from the previous committee. Inevitably, a lack of forward planning limited the range and quality of films available, resulting in a number of decidedly second-rate productions being screened.

Even more disappointing was the quality of some of the films which had been eagerly anticipated by many members. The fine photography and musical score of 'Easy Rider', and the brilliant wit of 'One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest' were counterbalanced in both cases by poorly constructed plots. Nevertheless, occasionally a cinematic gem arose from the ashes to surprise a depressingly small audience in the Ratcliffe Theatre. Jean Gabriel Albicocco's 'Le Grand Meaulnes' rapturously adapted Alain Fournier's novel for the big screen, and all who saw this beautiful film were intrigued and impressed.

Meanwhile the Society's problems continued unabated. Our projector committed Hari-Kari at the start of 'Rosemary's Baby', and only after a new projector had been fetched from the Resources Centre in the pouring rain, and after some clever work by Mr. Snape to adapt it to the Ratcliffe Theatre, could the film be shown. During 'Stavisky' it was discovered that Mr. Bailey had locked the entire society in the Science School for the night. The result was that the audience's enjoyment of the film was disturbed by muffled thumps from the back as the Secretary tried in vain to kick down the door to the Ratcliffe's fire escape. Eventually the situation was remedied when the school Recorder was dragged from his seat to force an escape route via a Chemistry laboratory.

In the future the society, under the new management of Messrs. Barrat and Hopkinson from the High School, must pay meticulous attention to its organisational affairs. I would like to thank everyone who has helped me to overcome our problems during the past year, especially Mr. Snape for his efficiency, and Mr. Lillywhite for his infinite patience.

Peter Mucklow

THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY

In the past, secretaries of the society have felt the need to react to the suggestion that ours is merely an elitist clique. As it stands now the Shakespeare society is nothing of the kind. On the contrary, some people are worried that the meetings have become simply an excuse for having a lonely-hearts club rather than being a less than scholarly encounter with the bard's words.

This, however, is taking ourselves rather seriously: it is better to stress that the membership is large and varied in its tastes and attitudes; meetings are always informal, sometimes riotous; and the readings are always on the right side of competent.

The finest reading of the season was that of 'Henry V' in the summer term. In an hilarious first half, the inevitable accents were not confined to this side of the Atlantic, but all such efforts were eclipsed by the fluency with which Frances Earle and Sandra Wood read an entire scene in French. Yet even this was more than matched by the moving dialogue between Katherine and King Henry, who was read by Freddy Dunstan, brought out of retirement specifically for the part. The society was genuinely thrilled by such powerful drama, and it was a moment that made the existence of such a society worthwhile.

Another memorable reading was that of 'Macbeth' earlier this year. The Scrivener, in the title role, was somewhat hysterical but this was more than compensated for by Diane Aston's sublime, yet penetrating, Lady Macbeth. We thank Diane for her term of office as The Strumpet. This post has been filled, now, by Helen Kempshall who provided one of the witches, who were very airborne that evening. The Master of the Revels who closely resembles the Chief Master, read the first Murderer with obvious relish.

Mr. Trott (The Ancient) and Mr. Evans (The Welsh Captain) frequently held together meetings that might otherwise have been

mediocre. The former's Mercutio and Richard III have marked him out as a fine prospect for the future. The Welsh Captain's Angelo in 'Measure for Measure' was proof to us all that lust was a strong point in his emotional composition. The object of his passion, the delectable Isabella, was read by Caroline Green.

Another good reason for joining us (which is very easily done) is that there is a plentiful supply of Miss Chaffer's delicious victuals, and our middle-man in the food chain, Mick Baliman (The Sutler) deserves thanks for his labours. He has also found the energy to read Romeo and Banquo.

Our official (and reluctant) sycophant, Rainer Evers (The Sewer) is engaged to attend to the every whim and wish of our Senior Members. He has also been known to attempt to assassinate other committee members with a water-pistol and it has been suggested that it was he who hired a band of evil individuals to bump off the Scrivener, an attempt which failed, much to the chagrin of those members who have been cursed by being mentioned in the Scrivener's notoriously acrimonious Minutes.

To put our humble readings in perspective, the committee made the unprecedented move of organising a coach party to Stratford to see 'Hamlet'. In this role, Michael Pennington was quite sensitive, but he would have benefited from being a member of our august assembly. Organisation of the trip was the burden of the Scrivener and the Augurer (Jon 'Shylock' Barnett) who deserve recognition for their pains. The excursion was a great success and will hopefully become a regular event.

To those approaching the Senior parts of the schools, who are eligible to come along and see what we get up to; you are very welcome, reading or acting ability is not essential, in fact, you will be in the majority if you lack these in any great degree. Apart from being jolly good fun, there is, every now and then, the possibility that our minds will be improved.

Matthew Duggan

RUGBY

1st XV

P 20	W 9	D 2	L 9
Points for 212	Points against 208		

Obviously this was not a particularly successful season. On a few occasions however the team performed extremely well but they could not consistently produce this form.

At home we only lost one match, 18-9, to King Henry VIII, Coventry, and pleasing wins were scored against Ellesmere and a strong Kings Worcester side.

The highlight of the season was the defeat of Bromsgrove in the annual match for the Siviter Smith cup. Playing with great determination and spirit the First team won a very tense match by 15-7. The win was made all the more satisfying since Bromsgrove were previously unbeaten and were confident of remaining so throughout the season.

The forwards, led enthusiastically by Chris Roberts, played well and were rarely bettered. They won a great deal of ball for the backs and were very solid in the scrums. The front row, in which Tim Bird and John Whitehouse played all year, provided a strong base here. At No. 8 Paul Daniell was the outstanding player of the season, and he fully deserved his selection to both the Greater Birmingham and West Midlands U19 sides.

The backs, including many younger players, again failed to perform with distinction this season. Despite receiving plenty of ball from the forwards they were generally unable to convert this possession into points.

When Simon Lambert was fit he kicked well, and his goal kicking in the Bromsgrove match made the difference between the two sides. His best kick however was a penalty goal in injury time against Sidmouth Colts. This attempt from the half-way line bounced on the crossbar before trickling over. This goal won the game by one point.

Tim Curtis, on the wing, again showed he had great pace this year but suffered from not receiving much of the ball.

Of the younger players in the side Joe Sheehy, Taff Hayward and Martin Cooper were the most outstanding. Towards the end of the season Scott Johnson and Mike Gibbs came into the side and performed well in the forwards.

The annual tour to Devon proved to be a very enjoyable and successful end to the season. We won both games against Tiverton and Sidmouth Colts and played as well as we had done all season.

Fourteen players with 1st XV experience are returning next year and with many other promising players in the Senior age group, prospects for the season 1980-81 are brighter than for some time for all Senior teams.

Finally, I would like to thank Mr. Everest, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Birch for all the work they have put in for the team, and the contributions they made towards making the season and particularly the tour so enjoyable.

P. J. Campbell

The following represented the XV:

P.J. Campbell (Capt.), W. S. Jones, C. C. B. Roberts, P. F. Daniell, T. J. M. Curtis, M. J. Partridge, J. G. W. Whitehouse, W. J. Curry, D. T. Lewis, T. D. Bird, S. J. Lambert, J. A. Donne, A. J. Hamer, S. Hippisley-Cox, S. C. Johnson, M. J. Worsey, M. C. K. W. Heng, A. R. Webb, J. D. Sheehy, M. R. Gibbs, D. Haslam, R. J. Hayward

3rd XV

The 1979-80 3rd XV played only six games with high levels of dedication and skill, winning two and drawing one. This disappointing break with tradition was the result of a dedicated 5th year and the return in the second half of the season of Michael Mills, Andrew Wolfe, Brendan Mulligan and Bob Troman. The only encouragement I can offer to junior years is that the 1980-81 season will hopefully see a return to traditional levels of apathy, lack of skill and good natured defeat.

B. Mulligan

U16 XV

For the first time for some years, enough people in the fifth form were prepared to carry on playing rugby to form an U16 XV. However, five of last year's U15 squad went on to better things in the 1st XV. Coupled with this fact, injuries in key positions sometimes made it difficult to field a full side. The team's record of Played 9, Won 4, Lost 4, Drawn 1 in many ways speaks for itself although three of the last games were lost by a margin of less than six points. Memorable victories were recorded against R.G.S. Worcester (26-0) and Worksop (16-0). At Worksop we were watched by six members of their team who had all incurred broken limbs of some sort the week before.

Injuries were a problem for us as well, and John Harrison did well in deputising for Simon Laugharne at Fly Half. Pete Knights also gave a good account of himself both as Scrum Half when Simon Prosser was injured, and on the Wing, scoring a memorable try against Ellesmere. Phil Greisbach's tackling in the backs was, to say the least, good, and it was often a joy to watch the way he dealt with larger opposition. Mike Gibbs, as Captain, also deserves a mention, not just because he was the Captain but because of his confident kicking and good positional

sense at Full Back. He later went on to play Hooker for the Firsts. The pack was quite reliable, though at times its members tended to fight amongst themselves in an effort to get the ball back. Joe Thompson burst on the scene as a prolific Number Eight, scoring some fine tries and setting up others from the base of the scrum. Piggy Smith's propping was as usual faultless and Ashley Greenbank proved he was as good a Hooker as any of the opposition.

In March a squad of eleven players went to Warwick to participate in a sevens tournament. With the five refugees from the firsts in our ranks, we narrowly missed the final and indeed out of the eight teams competing we and the eventual winners were the only teams not to lose a match.

Thanks of course go to Messrs. Haywood and Martin for their encouragement and willingness to give up their free time.

Chris Leng

(Both unable, and unlikely to commend himself, I would like to draw attention to the outstanding play of Chris Leng. His tackling was breathtaking for both spectator and opposition alike. For his tireless covering, skill and enthusiasm the team is much indebted.

G.J.M.)

U15 XV

P 19	W 9	L 10
Points for 285	Points against 74	

The above record suggests a poor season overall despite the fact that half of the defeats were by less than four points. The side played excellent 'Barbarians' style rugby on occasions, without fully exploiting their scoring opportunities. The strengths lay in the individual skills of a number of players, especially a tremendous complement in the back-row of Chrimes, Adderly

2nd XV

P 19 W 7 D 1 L 11

The season was quite good on the whole for the 'seconds'. We started confidently losing to Warwick and Denstone. Here our captain, Dave Haslam, was plucked from the team to play for the 'XV'. However a replacement was found in the inscrutable Martin Heng, who remained as captain for the rest of the season.

The coaching of Mr. Campbell at last paid off, and almost full strength sides beat Ellesmere 7-0 and gained a creditable draw against a strong Worksop side.

The next match was lost, but a pattern was forming. The XV had injury problems and their gaps were filled with 2nd XV players. The seconds then had to draw on almost forgotten rugby experience, from the Divs. and Sixths.

Before the close of the Christmas term, the seconds had two excellent wins. The first against Lawrence Sherrif 20-0, and then Five Ways 23-0. These victories were due to the talents of Messrs. Farrow, Baker, Heng, Worsey and Bullock.

The Easter term saw a rejuvenated second team stroll majestically onto the pitch. The team strengthened by the stars from the U.16's, like Simon Laugharne, Phil Griesbach, Jo Thompson and Chris Leng went on to win four out of six matches. The best game of the Easter term was a good 16-12 win over Camp Hill which gave the mauled ego a treat.

Thanks must go to Mr. Campbell, even though he shouted and was never satisfied. But a special thanks to all those people who played for the seconds when they could have done something else on a Saturday.

The Regulars:

M. Heng, R. Baker, M. Worsey, N. Bullock,
S. Medcalf, J. Platt, D. Haslam, A. Brenner,
D. Brown, P. Griesbach, S. Prosser,
A. Farrow, P. Smith, C. Leng, J. Thompson,
S. Laugharne, R. Benson, P. Gawthorpe,
J. Sayer

The Occasionals:

C. Hamley, A. Greenbank, A. Davison,
B. Mulligan, N. Cartwright, A. Hamer
S. Medcalf

and O'Toole. Graham's strength, versatility and fearless commitment often disheartened the opposition, and he found good support from Tomlinson, Stokes, Southall, Edgington and Rodaway. Lavery at full-back often proved to be the rock on which opponents' attacks foundered, and his bravery and counter-attacking abilities caused them great problems.

Serious injuries deprived the team at one stroke of hookers and centres amongst others, although this should not be taken as an excuse for the weaknesses of not immediately tackling in open play and failing to score when breaks had been made. A fly-half failed to emerge, although Mather showed great promise during the late-season tour. Notable defeats of Denstone and Ratcliffe by thirty points or more and an outstanding tour on which three talented sides from the Northampton area were defeated were high-spots to record. However, the best performance of the season that reflected great spirit and satisfaction in defeat came against R.G.S. Worcester where a juggernaut side many stones heavier and many inches taller was tackled into oblivion and the match was only decided on a doubtful penalty.

Over thirty-five boys played for the 'A' and 'B' XVs combined, and both sides found excellent captains in Adderly and Bevan respectively. Many of the players, with more thought and self-discipline allied to their skills should prove to be very able senior players, especially when the sun shines and the going is firm!

P.M.S.

U15 XV Tour

P 3	W 3
Points for 73	Points against 20

The scene for the U15's most successful tour to date was Wellingborough in Northamptonshire, where the team showed flair both on the field and off. Due to a variety of factors the team's

rugby improved tremendously, although external distractions (often female and unaccountably arriving after midnight), extreme cold and unusual forms of foreign cooking combined to keep sleep to a minimum.

The first match against Banbury School, after a long and tiring journey, was incident-packed. An early accident to an opponent interrupted play for twenty minutes whilst an ambulance arrived. At half-time K.E.S. led 10-0, although play was rather scrappy. Phases of better handling and harder tackling promised more for the next day. A tea based around a King Edward potato ensured indigestion on the journey to the Youth Hostel at Towcester. (This held P.O.W.'s from Italy until conditions finally drove them away.)

Wrenn School gave a more even and exciting game which King Edward's eventually won 29-14 against a weakened opposition. O'Toole scored two tries, the second of which was one of the highlights of the season as he ran from his own 22 and despite a massed defence managed to weave eighty yards or more to score between the posts. Lunch on the canal, an afternoon watching the Internationals and a relaxed evening gave an excellent preparation for the final game on the Sunday morning against Wellingborough Colts.

This contest against some of the best individuals of the area's schools was played on a cold, windy day on a sloping pitch. The adverse conditions could not halt one of the best team efforts of the season which produced 22 points in twenty minutes. Chrimes, O'Toole, Lavery, Quincey and Tomlinson scored points from superb team movements although Edgington could only convert one. Strengthening breezes disrupted further scores and K.E.S. defended stoutly, uphill, through the second half. Graham managed to break from the base of the scrum and elude several defenders to run sixty metres to the posts and cap a fine team performance. Edgington converted to make the result 28-6. Wellingborough R.F.C. entertained

lavishly, Mr. Mitra took a shower fully clothed, and the vehicles returned after a number of wrong turns on the Sunday evening.

This concluded a memorable tour, greatly enjoyed by all who participated. The whole side would like to thank Mr. Slijovic and Mr. Mitra, the Youth Hostel wardens and the teams we played for a great and energetic weekend.

L. J. Goodwin

THE BOOT ON THE OTHER FOOT

With the 'A' and 'B' teams assembled and the match due to start, Mr. Slijovic counted the players. At twenty nine (a personal best for him) he realised that the teams were a player short. The shame of it, at King Edward's too.

Meanwhile the Solihull ogres had disembarked from their bus and sat sharpening their studs and chewing broken glass as the K.E. teams neared hysteria. "I know," suggested some stupid flanker "what about Banks, he lives close."

"Banks" had just arrived back from a cross country match and was almost unable to walk. As his mother prepared some much-needed food he hobbled into a chair and turned on the television. The All Blacks were just about to massacre Scotland. He knew very little about the game except that it hurt and that he would never play it again. He was awakened from this comforting slumber by the ominous ring of a telephone. "Hello. Mark here. Fancy a game of rugby today? Good. Eastern Road. Five minutes. Bye."

Speechless, weak at the knees and hungry enough to eat a dead horse between two mattresses, the Evans U15 rugby reject (and that is bad) began to collect together what had once been his rugby kit: two boots (both left footed), a pair of 1950's style shorts and an athletics vest.

By the time he tottered on to the pitch, looking like an ill-assembled Action Man, the 'B'

team were struggling as the Solihull titans seemed to gain strength with every opposition bone they shattered.

At half time we found ourselves 22-6 down but some K.E. optimists were convinced that a come-back could be effected. Some others rolled about in the mud groaning and complaining about the size of the opposition and the remainder simply ate through their oranges as they nursed their rapidly-developing bruises. Robert Herd somehow managed to instil a little organisation and confidence into his team and, totally rearranged, we took the field ready to go "Forward where the scrum thickened" throughout the second half.

Amazingly things began to go well. People actually started to tackle and, lead on by the strength of Karl Hames and the skill of Mario Remfry and James Mather, the team surged forward. Our efforts resulted in two fine tries which were both excellently converted by "Wallis" (?) Downes. Despite our hard work we could not force another try and Mr. Buttress blew the final whistle, to what must have been the relief of Solihull, with the score of 18-22. This was a fine result against a 'B' team unbeaten so far this season.

A rumour is also circulating that the 'A' team played on Saturday, and came second.

Matthew Banks
(*'B' team sub-deputy-assistant-occasional-reserve*)

U13 XV

P 20	W 17	D 0	L 3
Points for 489		Points against 78	

A very successful season. Our three defeats were all close run, against R.G.S. Worcester 6-12, Bishop Vesey 0-4, and Tividale 3-4, and these were compensated for by some outstanding victories. Perhaps the most notable of these were the performances against Warwick (previously unbeaten) and a very strong Morley side.

The success of the side was based on dominance of the forwards. Our set scrummaging was excellent and Honey, the hooker, deserves a special mention. We were also able to control most of the rucks and mauls although Tivdale showed that we have more to learn before possession can be guaranteed in this department.

The leading try scorers were Crawford (19), Willetts (18), Woodhouse (12), Carter (11), and Grimley (10). The bulk of our points were scored by the backs and the team did try to play 15 man rugby when possible, but there is still much to be done before the passing can be described as fluent. There was a noticeable improvement in the team's defence however, and, in particular, Coley and Carter can take credit here. The team as a whole showed that they had guts and survived some very heavy pressure on occasions, especially at Roundhay.

The boys worked very hard and were keen to learn, their record is very good, some excellent sides were defeated and there is much hope for the future of this team.

The following boys played for the U13 XV: Grimley (Capt.), Austin, Bayliss, Bourne, Brown, Carter, Coley, Crawford, Crossley, Evans, Everson, Grierson, Honey, Jennings, Mason, Shedd, Silk, Somerset, Ward, Willetts, Woodhouse

M.D.S.

U12 XV

Although four fixtures were lost to inclement weather, the five games which were played afforded considerable hope for the future success of this team. The one defeat of the season was suffered at Warwick on the kind of day more suited to a naturalistic rendering of the opening scene of 'The Tempest' than to an open game of Rugby. Having lost the services of Dolman, a stalwart in the backs' defence, earlier in the season, K.E.S. were outmanoeuvred by some skilful back play in the second half and went

down by the unflattering margin of 24-0. However, many useful lessons were learned about organisation and strategy for use next year.

If Warwick represented the nadir, the zenith of the season was an away win at Solihull. Although the usually dominant forwards were disconcertingly shoved off the ball in certain phases of the game, the team hung on to a narrow lead provided by 'le petit Général', Roger Rees, who scored a brilliant breakaway try from his own half. The away victory consolidated the sense of superiority over our local rivals, because we had also beaten them at home a few weeks earlier.

The other games were against inferior opposition and enabled statistics-freaks to gloat over monumental margins of victory.

Overall, several forwards showed great promise. The prop, Cheung, showed unusual tactical awareness, the other prop, Clifford, considerable momentum. Temple's speed and stamina mark him out as potentially a superb player at Number 8. Both Gazis and Downing showed plenty of aggression. Everson, who played sometimes as a forward and sometimes as a centre, proved difficult to stop in either role. Among the backs Rees' balanced running and accurate kicking suggested a shrewd Rugby brain. Paul Hill's defence was amazingly courageous at all times, although he broke less often than his athleticism warranted. Neville and Dolman also showed brief flashes of attacking flair and Stapleton ran and tackled enthusiastically. What was lacking was consistent discipline in defence and a proper realisation that Rugby especially in attack is a team game, not a pretext for a demonstration of individual virtuosity. Such lessons will no doubt be learned under the benevolent tyranny of M.D.S. next season. Warwick had better watch out!

Finally thanks are due to D.C.E. and especially to P.M.S. for devotion to coaching of superhuman proportions and far beyond the call of duty. We look forward eagerly to 1980-81.

A.M./R. Rees

BRIEF ENCOUNTER OF THE SLOW KIND?

This title is not accurate—or even true. For on Monday 10th, the titans clashed; well almost.

They entered, walked to the pitch; muscles glistening, body tanned, biceps and triceps overcrowding the elbow and shoulder... woops! Wrong match.

The 2nd XV marched onto the pitch, bright blue kit with fire filled eyes, hands like clamps, practising their spine weakening techniques. Did the masters have a chance? A gasp from the crowd; 'Gasp!' The masters were over the hill (no offence intended), they mounted the hill gasping and wheezing. The younger ones (what younger ones) started to sprint, then stopped and joined the exhausted party. They removed their thermal tracksuits, water-bottles; and started the match.

Now comes the excitement! Mr. Haywood was out of the team after causing numerous damages to the opposition last year, two masters had been ill over the weekend, including R. Fisher (the Chief Master's younger brother). Mr. Wills was brought in at right centre, could this new face give new heart to the team; and it is rumoured that he is light of foot, and also rumoured that he taught ballet; enough said.

It was hoped by many that the masters would meet their match this year, but only after a few minutes our hopes were slashed, banished, sent forever from our minds; the cause—the kicking power of Messrs. Everest and Stead. Once the unstoppable scrum machine of the masters had started, the lithe and impassive figure of S. Birch would, in one movement, pluck the ball from Mr. Campbell's feet and send it unerringly into the hands of the equally lithe figure of D. C. Everest. The ball was then skimmed along the line to the able hands of the Wingers, or rather Winger; because while Mr. Benson had hands like a vice, Mr. Worthington was not worthy of this post and with hands like jelly only made three catches throughout the match.

Despite this, the first half was rather dull apart from incredible breaks by the centres, G. Martin in particular who flew around the pitch with great speed and incredible body control. Apart from this Mr. Stead missed two penalties; Mr. Sljivic was cautioned for going in over the top; and the first try was scored by R. Fisher, after which Mr. Stead missed the conversion.

The second half was rather, well, uneventful, apart from Mr. Wills with a bit of, dare I say, 'luck' scored a magnificent try. Then Mr. Stead restored himself by performing an excellent conversion. Then the kicks really started, up and down the field with incredible accuracy. Suddenly the masters were in trouble, a quick break from A. Farrow and the second team from their 25 had leapt into the masters' half and were sprinting along only to be forced out of touch. After this the match slowed down to a quieter pace until the closing minutes. The second team had slipped the ball past S. Birch and were haring up the field. It was left to Mr. Wills to pull off a superb tackle, only to see someone lumber in and score an easy try. The conversion was missed to leave the score at:

Masters 10 points 2nd XV 4 points

Jason Bayliss

BASKETBALL

U19

The U19 team this season was the best the school has ever had. There were good individual players but the important factors were a great team spirit and enjoyment by all who played.

Of the twenty-eight games played only six were lost, and these were at the highest level. In the English School's knockout the team was beaten in the last sixteen by St. Columba's, the eventual winners.

We won the Birmingham League finishing ahead of Handsworth, but in the Birmingham Play Off final Handsworth defeated us by 5 points. We reached the final of the West Midlands knockout and in a rough and physical two leg match we lost 113-110 to Ernesford Grange.

On the individual side six players were selected for West Birmingham and Daniell and Jenkins were selected for the West Midlands. Chris Jenkins went on to play for the Midlands team in a final England trial.

The highest pointscorers were Paul Daniell 515 points, Chris Jenkins 480 points, Roger Ashton 258 points and Peter Bull 312 points.

These shooters were well supported with strong rebounding by William Curry and Richard Parlour who through hard work and dedication was the most improved player from last season.

On a lighter note we played two friendlies against representative sides. The first was against the England U15 which we narrowly lost. The other was against England's Ladies and we suffered an embarrassing defeat partly due to some most unladylike play and suspect referees.

The immediate future of the senior team is not good as most of the senior team leaves this year. However, at the younger age levels there are signs that King Edward's will become one of the strongest Basketball schools in the Midlands.

A major contribution to the success of Basketball at K.E.S. has been the limitless enthusiasm, tactical know-how and dedication of Mr. Birch. Thanks also go to Mr. Stead for his work with the Junior teams, and to Jeremy Platt for his professional scoring. Also we must thank "Smurf" the best timekeeper the school has ever had.

Paul Daniell



The U19 Team

Jenkins, Daniell, Ashton, Bull, Curry, Parlour, Sheehan, Farrow, Pike, Wolffe, Haslam



U15

The U15 team had a good season winning nine out of their thirteen games, despite the fact that this age level in Birmingham is highly competitive.

The team won the Birmingham Plate Knock-out with an aggregate win of 109-107 over St. John Wall School showing great character after losing the first leg of a two leg final. Wolffe, Bishop and R. Chrimes from the U14's played for the U15's and showed maturity and promise for the future and contributed 255 points between them. D. Chrimes scored 96 points and Grant scored 278 at an average of 21.4 points per game showing more promise for the future.

P. F. Daniell

U14

The U14 team led by A. Wolffe had a very successful season. Of the ten matches played, the team won seven. They reached the quarter-finals of the West Midlands Knockout and the semi-finals of the English Schools Plate Knock-out. The team played some good quality basketball and were well balanced with several players over six feet tall and also skilful ballplayers. The main pointscorers were R. Chrimes with 161 points, A. Wolffe with 116 points and Bishop with 131 points.

P. F. Daniell

U13

The U13 team enjoyed a most successful season. All twelve games were won and the team finished top of the Birmingham School's League. The side was built around Crossley, Grimley, and Willets, who, after many long hours of enthusiastic practice have become very good players and are well able to hold their own with boys in older age groups. It was also very pleasing to see the other members of the squad, and even some who could not get into the team practising both at team sessions and in their own time. With such interest in the sport and such competition for team places there can be little doubt that basketball at K.E.S. will continue to be successful at this level.

The following boys were regular members of the squad:

Crossley (Capt.), Coley, Crawford L.,
Crawford J., Grimley, Jennings, Mason,
Rice, Sharrat, Shead, Willets

M. D. Stead



HOCKEY

1st XI

P 24 W 10 D 4 L 10
Goals for 47 Goals against 47

The Christmas term was one of the most successful in recent history. Despite an early setback versus Five Ways, conclusive victories were recorded against Warwick, Aston, and a rather 'agricultural' Common Room XI. Also, the term was highlighted by a rare 3-2 victory over Handsworth Wood, in which A. Dickens saved two penalty strokes.

Following the departure of captain Chris Bench and vice-captain Hugh Oxenham at Christmas, the results were less promising, and all hopes of winning the league were lost. Throughout the season, spirit was never lacking, although optimism was not always present.

Two hat-tricks were scored by A. Miller against Handsworth and A. Yardley against Warwick and 'Psycho' Dave Brown was unlucky to miss a hat-trick when his glasses were smashed.

The most enjoyable games were those versus Edgbaston High School and K.E.H.S., in which Mr. Cook revealed his ignorance of the word 'impartiality'.

Unfortunately, next year we will be missing Andy Dickens' goalkeeping, Simon Manson's tight marking, Steve Fletcher's dynamism, Ant Yardley's jockstrap and Eddie Dent's 'flashing manoeuvres' in the coach on the way home.

Next year's team shows more signs of normality, but one can never predict the effects of the communal bath at Bromsgrove!

Simon Martin

U16

P 10 W 5 L 5

The above record gives a fair indication of the team's performance. Most of the matches were close, seven games being decided by a margin of one goal.

The team would like to thank Mr. Wills, and Mr. Medoza, for coaching and refereeing respectively.

A. A. J. Hickman

CROSS COUNTRY

Team performances this year lacked consistency—the first team running very well on its better days, but running badly just as often.

The First team was largely inexperienced, since only two runners remained from last year's side, and the places were often filled by Fifth formers. The captain was (as in former years) unsuccessful in attempting to improve the fitness of his team, in spite of the novel approach used. His suggestion that runners should train at home to ease transport problems was eagerly received, but the subsequent match results suggested that little training had in fact been done.

The first team came fourth in the Birmingham Schools League, having won six of the nine matches. The seconds showed our 'strength-in-depth' by winning the second team shield.

The Birmetal Championship shield was given up with scarcely a whimper at Frankley Beeches, although a reasonable fight was made by the Firsts in the Sutton Park Race, coming second. The team was more successful in the Kings Norton District Championships winning the competition despite the icy conditions. However the prestigious friendly matches against Bablake and Queen Mary's were heavily lost, thus lending credence to the suspicion that these teams do actually train on a regular basis.

The U15 team had a bright season and did fairly well in their League matches—also coming third in the Kings Norton and fourth in the Birmingham Schools Championships. This team was led by Matthew Banks, a promising prospect, who shocked the First team's 'old-timers' by beating them in the tough Ernest Nunn race at Rugeley.

The U13 team was well led by De Vos, but, consisting largely of Shell boys, was at a disadvantage running against boys a year older.

Congratulations and thanks should go to the incoming captain, David Tyler; to the Junior team captains for a season's consistent running; and to all those K.E. boys selected for the Kings Norton League team in the Midlands Inter-Area races.

Thanks should also go to Mr. Workman, for his organisation at, and transport to and from, the various matches, and also for the good humour with which he received our results, good and bad alike.

Finally I must say that the teams showed promise, but this potential will not be fulfilled without conscientious training, and full support for the new captain.

D. Rawlins

SWIMMING

	P	W	L
Open	8	8	0
U16	8	3	5
U14	6	5	1
Overall	8	7	1

Under a new management team of Messrs. Wills and Everest, the swimming team continued its successful record into 1980. Although defeated by Bromsgrove (the first defeat in three years) the Senior team remained unbeaten once again.

This record was achieved despite the team being frequently depleted by illness, the school

athletics team or by swimming competitions at a higher level. Swimmers in the Senior age group particularly had to swim a maximum number of events as a result.

Mr. Wills however remained unruffled by the organisational problems resulting from the above. The 'Friday morning panic' was seen at its worst before the last match of the season, when Warwick sent an obscure and apparently false message telling us that the fixture was "up the spout". Mr. Wills' theory that this was a "ploy" was not borne out by the opposition performance the next day.

The hard work put in by the team members, and the physical discomfort often endured on the road to success are not always recognised by the rest of the school. Those who do not train at clubs through the winter are cosseted in the stifling atmosphere of the Girls' pool, to emerge to the chilly blasts of an English summer. Rugby's 66 yard arctic pool is said to have ocean tides and currents, with increased rainfall on the leeward side.

A large proportion of the Senior team will be leaving at the end of this season, but the future is by no means poor. Younger swimmers, particularly Adrian Mackay, frequently form part of the Senior team, and perform extremely well at this level. Mr. Wills has encouraged a vast number of Shells and Removes to swim—Dolman and Robins are worthy of special mention in this age group.

Special thanks should go to Nick Perry, the retiring captain, to Mike Dilkes, and to 'Buster' Brown, who swam consistently well despite protestations of weakness. In the Inters, Andy Downes, Karl Hames, Jonathan Cooper and Paul Edginton swam well—the latter when not required to throw sticks for the athletics team.

Mr. Wills and Mr. Everest coolly managed the team in the face of various types of adversity, and Mr. Perry provided much help with transport.

P. J. Spencer
(Secretary of Swimming)



TENNIS

A classical quotation from Mr. Tomlinson:

"Well you might start winning next year."

This summed up the mood of the start of the season. We had a completely new team and non-playing captain. Twelve people represented the 1st VI, varying between Sixth form and Shells. The results were slightly more successful than earlier anticipated,

P 13 W 4 D 2 L 7

this included an unexpected victory over a strong, if rather out of practice, Common Room VI.

With all the team staying on next year, and all but Simon Martin the year after, prospects are extremely good, with very talented players right down the school, and the irrepressible enthusiasm of Mr. Tomlinson making sure we all keep in practice.

S. Martin

The First team are indebted to the first pair of Simon Martin and Simon Clarke who with battling and effective, if not graceful, tennis won many important rubbers and managed to beat Lichfield single handed.

S. Clarke

CRICKET

1st XI

P 16 W 2 L 5 D 9 (before cricket week)

The statistics reflect another disappointing season characterised by slow batting (P. J. Campbell excepted) and bowling that lacked penetration. The XI's best chances of victory came when batting second. The two wins and a near success against the Old Edwardians came when chasing targets.

The side produced some of its best individual performances in defeat. The game against Solihull yielded 450 runs, the XI losing by six wickets despite P. J. Campbell's fine effort of 61 runs in twenty-five minutes. C. D. Jenkins' bowling achievements were similarly dramatic—he took 6-48 against the Gentlemen of Staffordshire and 6-87 against King's Macclesfield. Many of the main batsmen scored over 250 runs, but only Jenkins took over 25 wickets. The team was handicapped after half-term by the loss of S. E. Fletcher, perhaps the side's best player, due to injury.

Performances in the field were also chequered—catching ability and throwing accuracy were patchy.

The team's new coach, Mr. Mitra, was a great help to the side although threats to drop all and sundry for "the worst ball/shot/throw/catch I have ever seen" were generally ignored.

Thanks from the whole team go to "Smurf" Jenkins and D. J. Haslam for scoring, to Mr. Scott for his excellent Eastern Road pitches and his umpiring, to Mrs. Scott for serving lunch and teas. Thanks also to Mr. Lewis for umpiring and to Mr. Benson for his team organisation.

Finally, since a lot of the present team will still be available next year, together with a number of younger players, the prospects are for an improved record in the seasons to come.

R. H. Benson

U15 XI

This season has not been one of our most successful. We began with hopes of winning the Birmingham and Kings Norton Leagues, and ended by winning neither.

We began with a series of draws and some occasional victories, thanks to some excellent performances from Mike Hughes, Chris Ibbetson and Andrew Marshall. Life with the 'lads' of

the U15 XI has been enjoyable at the worst of times, but captaining them has not been the easiest of jobs. (I set my best field in our last match!)

The boredom of fielding second while the batting side was playing for a draw was made more annoying (or less, depending on your taste) by the shrill voice of Nunney screaming from the general direction of long leg.

We must not forget the highlights of the season. One of these was the match against Warwick when we experienced that phenomenon known as Robinson (Nige). He was described by Mr. Trott as "the eunuch from Warwick". His extremely high pitched voice was a constant source of hilarity.

Another highlight was the match against the Kestrels when an unknown cricketer from the depths of K.E.S. called D. C. Everest scored over 120, not out, after bullying me into batting first by hanging a detention card over my head.

We did not always play our best, but it was a good season, and I hope next year will see an improvement.

Our thanks to Mr. Trott, Mr. Benson and the groundsmen.

Lasantha Wijesinghe

U13 XI

P 17 W 11 L 1 D 5

A much improved performance compared with last year despite the absence of Nicholas Willets in the latter part of the season, due to 1st XI and Worcestershire commitments.

We started on a high note with revenge on Solihull for the mauling they gave us last year. Other notable victories were over Henry VIII Coventry, R.G.S. Worcester and Five Ways.

On the batting side we missed Willets' performance last year of over 700 runs although he did knock up many notable fifties when he played. Stephen Heath showed great ability as well as style and partly made up for the absence

of Willets. The early promise of Jeremy Sharrat, who hit 48 against Solihull, was rather dimmed by a disappointing performance by David Sandercock, another excellent batsman who showed consistent form when needed.

On the bowling side Edward Shedd proved a much improved and faster bowler than last season, finding life in the hard wickets in May and still taking wickets when rain came. The other notable success was Sean Conolly who showed the ability to attack or contain with spin. These two were adequately supported by Ian Crawford and Chris Grimley.

Apart from star performances from Willets, Andrew Crossley kept wicket consistently well.

The final of the Birmingham League proved to be the closest match of the season. A quick innings by John Crawford boosted a seemingly small score to 128. But Five Ways got off to a good start and were in complete control until some good bowling from Heath, Conolly, and later Shedd produced 6 wickets in no time at all. However, Five Ways won the match with only one wicket left in the last over.

I would like to thank everybody who played, not forgetting the scorers, Chris Grimley and Stephen Honey. Also Mr. Wills for putting so much effort and time into organising, coaching and umpiring.

J. T. Gray

U12 XI

P 19 W 15 D 2 L 2

Although it has had its shaky moments, the season ended successfully with victories in both the Kings Norton League and the Birmingham Schools League. The batting has looked suspect throughout the season and will remain so until there is a general acceptance of playing on the front foot and getting determinedly into line. The bowling has always been penetrative and all five of our bowlers have had success, but in particular, Clifford and Plant deserve mention.

I would like to thank the captain, Tim Franks, for his efficient organisation and also to mention his increasing tactical awareness.

The following boys have played for the team:
T.H. Franks, P.A.F. Clifford, M.J. Dolman,
B.D. Everson, N.D. Fowler, D.M. Grosvenor,
S.J. Handley, P.M. Hill, F.O.S. MacDonald,
W.T.N. Pile, C.B. Plant, N.A. Reed,
R.D. Rees, D.K. Roy, D.A. Stapleton,
N.D. Varley, R.J. Wem

M.D.S.

ATHLETICS

In recent years Athletics has undergone a remarkable resurgence after reaching a comparatively low ebb in the early 70's. In 1978 the school won the premier schools competition, the West Midlands 'Super Schools'. In 1980 we came second but by a margin of only three and a half points. This after having been placed only fifth in the Birmingham version of the competition. It was heart breaking to realise that only fractions of a second, or a few centimetres, or a gust of wind which had taken a javelin off course had denied the team a chance to represent the area at Crystal Palace in the national championship. It was indeed a superb night of Athletics; the determination and sportsmanship present were refreshing in a sport which seems to be increasingly undermined by drug taking and 'shamateurism'.

If the West Midlands 'Super Schools' represented the Everest of the season then the Holden Trophy and the match against Shrewsbury were the Mont Blanc and Matterhorn. We recaptured Jack Holden's former 'News of the World' trophy with an unparalleled display of all-round performance; everyone produced their best. Similarly on a bright afternoon amidst the beautiful grounds of Shrewsbury we defeated perhaps our bitterest rivals. We scaled other lesser peaks; the

Foundation match was won convincingly and we retained the overall Kings Norton Trophy. Yet there were troughs. King Henry VIII massively overwhelmed us, but as it happened revenge was gained in the West Midland 'Super Schools'. Handsworth also inflicted a severe blow to morale. Perhaps, however, the fulfilment achieved later in the season would not have seemed so complete without these early setbacks.

Enough said about the performance of the team. Athletics is essentially an individual sport and it is to these which I must turn now. In the senior age group Tim Curtis and Andy Hamer performed to their usual high standard. They were ably supported by the team mascots, 'Hippo' and Robin. The Inters have produced a galaxy of stars. Lawrence 'Otle' (O'Toole) did not lose a single hurdles race. 'Webby', 'Taff' Hayward and John Harrison could take on the best over 100 and 200. Andrew Webb's long jumping was on occasions quite remarkable. In the middle distance events Matthew Banks and Prvulovich ran with great courage and success. There were some sparkling performances also in junior matches by George Fraser, a future 400m star perhaps, and 'Shirley' Temple, the first shell to break five minutes for 1500m. Finally my congratulations go to Paul Edgington our only athlete to reach the English Schools Championships this season in his first season as a youth in the Javelin. I wish him luck next season. My thanks are due to all these and those whom space has prevented me from mentioning.

Finally I would like to thank Mr. Scott and his staff for his care and preparation of the excellent facilities at Eastern Road, to Mrs. Scott for the teas and to those masters, Mr. Hill, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Workman, Mr. Buttress, Mr. Dewar and Mr. Martin, who have contributed so much to the running of School Athletics. Fittingly my last word is reserved for Mr. Birch, "Basher" as he has become known to the team; for it is to Mr. Birch's enthusiasm and organisation that we owe our present success.

N. Edwards



(I would like to thank Nick Edwards for his outstanding contribution as Athletics Captain. He has led by example, his determination, will to win and constant encouragement have been greatly appreciated.

S.B. ("Basher")



SAILING

At the beginning of this year the school bought a fleet of four "Lark" dinghies and so we were able to run home sailing matches for the first time ever, these being held at Bittel reservoir, Barnt Green. The rules for two-boat team racing are such that the last boat home loses the race for his team, and each match is run as the best of three races.

So the team took to the water for the first ever home match, against Malvern College, on April 26th. We decided to take three pairs for this match, and sail two races each. It was a memorable day for us as we easily won all three races, coming first and second in each one, leaving the opposition well behind every time. In fact we contrived so that all three boats, containing respectively Tony Pickworth and James Dalton, Michael Easton and Jonathan Pickworth, and Richard Gedge and Jonathan Lewis, had a first and a second.

The next match took place the following Wednesday, again at Bittel, but this time in a near gale. Only two pairs were taken on this occasion, Tony Pickworth and James Dalton, and Richard Gedge and Adrian Aldous, to face a Bromsgrove team unbeaten for three years. It was not a happy day for the team, and worse for the captain in particular. He started disastrously when his boat suffered gear failure just half a minute before the first race was due to start, with the result that he finally got going well behind the rest. Nevertheless, he managed to overtake the last Bromsgrove boat with about half a lap remaining. But, whilst rounding the last-but-one marker, he became so excited at the prospect of taking a race off Bromsgrove, that he clean fell out of the boat. James Dalton, his crew, however, was unaware of this silent tragedy and sailed off into the sunset until he eventually capsized, and the first race was lost.

After tea Tony Pickworth made another gross error when he strayed over the start-line before the flag had been lowered and was thus

forced to return before restarting; again, well behind the rest. As this was only a short race there was nothing either he or Richard Gedge could do to make up the deficit, so Bromsgrove easily won the match by two races to none.

For the return match at half-term, the Bromsgrove team called it off, saying they were unable to raise a team. The only other match, against the University, was also cancelled, for similar reasons.

The team looks forward to a greater number of matches next term, to be arranged by our noble leader Mr. McIlwaine. Our thanks are due to him for organising the matches and arranging for teas to be provided by Mrs. Solloway of Barnt Green sailing club.

*A. J. Pickworth
Sailing Captain*

TABLE TENNIS

P 8	W 4	D 2	L 2
G for 53	G against 27	Points 10	

First of all I would like to thank the Parents' Association for the amount of money they have put into this new school sport. As a result we now have a number of good tables which are essential for a higher standard of play.

An infusion of new talent this year justified such expenditure. Adrian Aldous entered the school in the divisions and provided a very competent third member of the U19 squad. Mike Summers had taken an increasing interest in the game which has resulted in his playing a stylish and effective game though sometimes a lack of experience showed. He and M. C. K. W. Heng made up the doubles partnership which held an unbeaten record this season. We finished third in the league, mainly due to the fact that on two or three occasions a member of the team was unable to play. This suggests the lack of depth of talent in the upper school.

U17

However the U17 record provides hope for next season:—

P 6	W 3	D 1	L 2
G for 34	G against 26	Points 7	

With this performance the team finished second in its league. Pantaki's personal performance must be commended: his style of play remains as strange and effective as ever. Humphrey Gide's participation was enthusiastic throughout the year.

U15

The U15 team were largely overwhelmed this year:—

P 12	W 1	D 1	L 10
G for 34	G against 86	Points 3	

Perhaps there are promising players in the years below?

Though a casual interest in the game has been shown throughout the school, there are few people who wish to play the game seriously, representing the school in teams and *practising* rather than knocking a ball about for half an hour. It is only fair to the Parents' Association and to the School Club, that interest in playing the game seriously is maintained and heightened.

Above all I would like to thank Peter Russell for the time he has spent in organising the administration as well as ensuring teams are full and turn out on time, especially in the lower school. He was almost 'conned' into the job of being in charge of the sport two years ago (by myself). Since then he has spent increasingly more time on the sport, including attending leadership courses even though he does not play to a high standard himself, and he has more than enough on his plate running the scout troop at school. I hope he has enjoyed himself as much as he seems to have done and as much as we have enjoyed his amusing and witty presence.

M. C. K. W. Heng

BRIDGE

Diversions such as Scouts, Drama and Oxbridge work have adversely affected the first team's results this season. The second team, however, enjoyed a more successful season finishing higher than the firsts on many occasions. On the basis of this we may suppose that future prospects are bright.

The first team suffered its most ignominious defeat against a Common Room team of Messrs. Benson, Chapman, Andronov, and Nightingale. The reason for this, of course, was that we growing boys suffered more than the 'old lags' from the lack of food which had been pinched by the tennis team.

For the third year running the first team excelled itself to reach the finals of the 'Daily Mail' National Schools Competition. The team finished second in the first round to Queen Mary's, Walsall, and won a semi-final in Bristol on the way to the final at the 'Eurocrest' Hotel in Wembley. At times the team was the best of the twelve teams present, but these times were unfortunately infrequent. The event was won by Plymouth College whom we had beaten in the semi-final; our side finishing seventh.

Peter David (the retiring Captain) and David Brown will be missed by the surviving first team members next season.

Regular first team players were:

Peter David (Capt.), Matthew Duggan,
Jeremy Platt, David Brown

Second team players were:

Andrew Farrow, Adrian Donne,
Graham Walker, Nicholas Pulsford,
Andrew and Roger Wood

Matthew Duggan



FENCING

Despite the school's general attitude of indifference towards fencing, the few fencing 'die-hards' have managed to keep the club going. The advanced group has had an injection of vigour into it through the ascension of some younger fencers, mainly from the Shells. However, the club would still like to see some new fencers, so come down to the gym at one o'clock on a Thursday lunchtime, and join.

For the first time in many years, the club has fielded two teams. The first team has fought two matches, losing 9-4 to the Birmingham Athletic Institute, and beating Birmingham University 9-4. The second team lost 9-4 to the University.

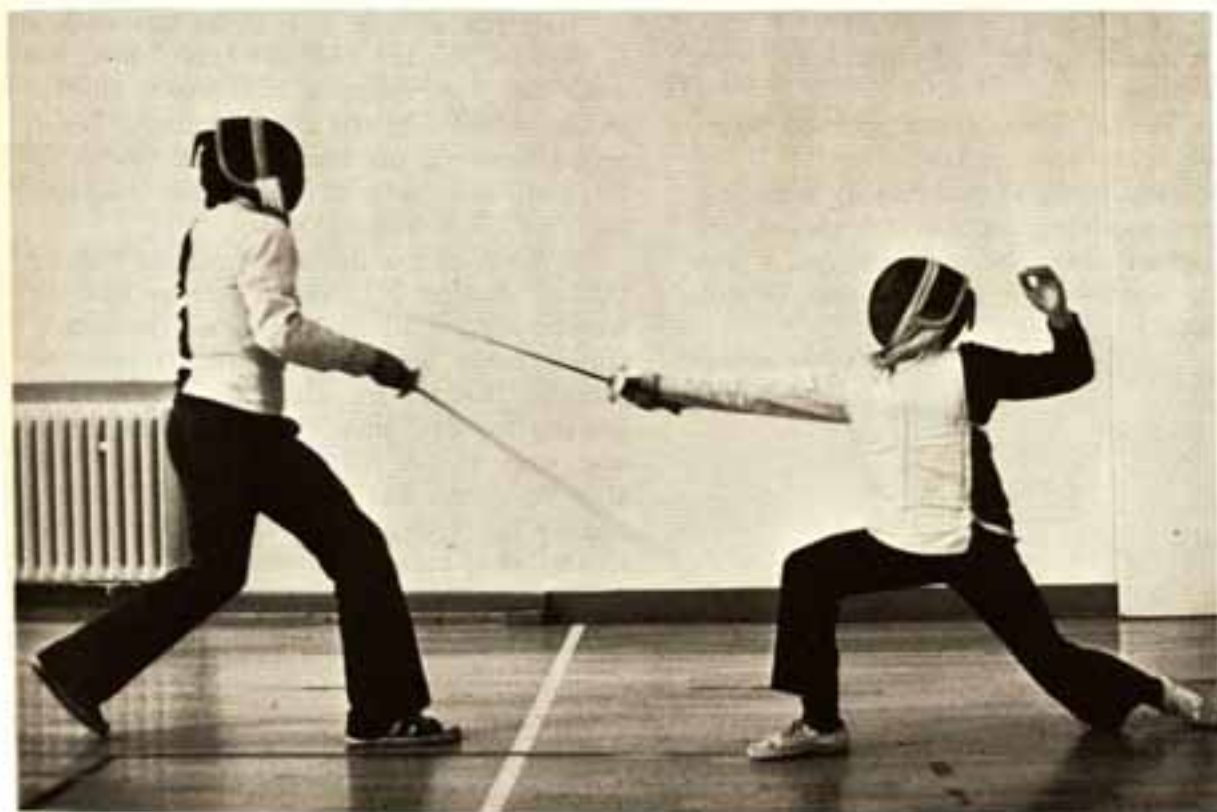
The first team was: R. Parkin (Capt.)
G. Kerwick
C. Barrow
N. Lee

The second team was: M. Cooper (Capt.)
S. Chapple
K. Cotter
I. Weston

Nick Lee won the Peter Mountford Cup in 1979, but the 1980 Championship has not yet been decided. Nick Lee and Mark Cooper have recently advanced into the field of Sabre fencing which is more violent, and often more painful. All of the boys now have their bronze fencing proficiency award, and some have started on their silver award.

By way of conclusion, we would like to thank Peter Northam for training us so well, and Mr. Lillywhite for being the master-in-charge.

*M. Cooper
N. Lee*



in its infinite wisdom, has let these poor characters, after suffering for some five years, finally join a games option in which their true sporting abilities may be exploited to the full. For, while other options might necessitate brawn, the Walking Option is the only one that requires brain.

Leader of this august, if somewhat pitiable body of men is that fine chap, Mr. Tibbott, who constantly amazes the option by his enthusiasm, punctuality and skilful driving. Mr. Tibbott is always at our head, leading us on up hill and down dale to ever greater glories, despite the evil comments from various other members of staff. Oh yes, Mr. Tibbott—or Speedy to his friends—has to put up with a great deal of adverse comment from other teaching colleagues. Often a P.E. master will look with disgust as the option minces up to the minibus as it waits in front of the school, and laugh to himself. Even the Chaplain has been known to make disparaging comments about the option, and we often have to put up with Gallic comments from a small figure in a black beret who wanders up and down muttering to himself about "... people who spend afternoons walking about the countryside while other people have to work ..." in that strange accent of his.

But, while people may be very free with their cruel comments about the athletically sub-normal, it must be noted that they are very reluctant to 'Put Their Money Where Their Mouths Are' and actually join us for an afternoon's exertions. Even the Chief Master found an excuse for backing out on the afternoon he had arranged to come with us.

So come on all those of you who scoff at us, join the option, just for an afternoon and see if you can stand the pace. For this option is one which taxes not just the body but also the mind. It is true that we are soon to lose many people who have done the Walking Option sterling service: people like Jonathan Green,

typical of the type of intellectual that the option attracts; Stephen Dodd, group ornithologist; Andrew Chapple, who should be writing this review; Charles Fuller; David Wade-Evans, with his wide knowledge of Birmingham canals; and Duncan Curr, the recently elected school Walking captain. However, many of the more eccentric characters that the option seems to attract will still remain to carry the option to ever greater heights.

As well as our usual Wednesday afternoon walks which take us out into the countryside around Birmingham, along the canals of the city, and, when all else fails, into the deepest depths of Edgbaston, the group also organised a trip to Malvern in the summer term to walk right along the Malvern ridge and back—on this trip the option was graced by the presence of Mr. Lambie, now an honorary member. The group is also planning a weekend trip to the Three Peaks Walk in the autumn.

So next time that you see that strange collection of lads assembling outside the main doors of the school, dressed in cagoules and thick socks or Jeans and silly hats, spare a thought for them, remember that walking requires its own special sort of stamina, and please don't let them see you laughing at them. They deserve your pity, perhaps your admiration but certainly not your scorn.

A. J. Maund

CHESS

This year saw the exit of R. K. Millington whose presence, however unpleasant, was sorely missed. Despite this setback the first team, consisting of 'Chimp' on top board with regular appearances from C. F. Fuller, J. M. Andrews, C. H. Jillings, I. D. Brown, S. J. Tinley and occasionally by special request, T. P. Ireland, easily won the first division.

The ever reliable second team was again brilliantly led by T. P. Ireland and swept aside all opposition without dropping a point, thus winning their division. This team contained the 'new-wave' element of school chess in the guise of Boaz Moselle and his appearance often contributed to a psychological advantage gained from the outset. Those who 'also ran' were D. L. Higgitt, M. R. Baliman, and a multitude of miscellaneous extras.

The third team sank into oblivion but the fourth team, ably led by M. R. Keen, succeeded in winning their division with very little difficulty.

The Shells' team, although keen, were disappointing.

The Sunday Times teams achieved little—after one or two administrative errors.

Generally, school chess is steadily improving. Many school players are also club players, and they enthuse about its usefulness—so, if you want to improve, join a chess club. If not, who cares?

Tim Ireland

THE WALKING OPTION

Picture the scene. A quiet English village, basking in the warm Spring sunshine on a peaceful Wednesday afternoon. The simple people of the village go calmly about their business, unperturbed by the rigours of Twentieth Century life. A sight to bring tears to the hardest-hearted Englishman.

Suddenly the peace of the village is shattered. Round the corner into the village runs a small figure. Staggering, almost falling, he finally collapses at the feet of the village policeman. The policeman bends over this miserable figure and just catches his dying words;

"They're coming!"

The village needs no more warning. Everyone rushes to the tasks that they have been prepared for for so long. Fathers hurry to lock up their daughters, shop-keepers board up their windows and lock away their supplies of ice-cream and soft drinks, publicans clear everybody out of the bar and bolt the doors of the inn.

Only just in time. For, as the last window is blocked, the last bolt slid home, down the road into the village a mud-brown minibus swings purposefully if a little erratically. Yes, it is the curse of the highways and byways of England, that body of violent and merciless men, the K.E.S. Walking Option.

A fair picture of the much maligned Walking Option? Perhaps not. This is perhaps how the Walking Option would like to see themselves. Others might see us differently. It must be admitted that we are something of a band of sporting mis-fits, athletic ne'er-do-wells, those who were always left lying in the mud long after the scrum had passed, who were always running the wrong way in the Hockey match, who knocked over the hurdles and dropped the shot-putt on their feet, and were always the last people out of the swimming pool. The school,

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL CLUB

Statement of income and expenditure, April 1979 to March 1980

INCOME	£	EXPENDITURE	£
Boys' subscriptions	2927.63	P.S.G.	415.15
Governors' grants	1600.00	Hockey	331.56
Fencing fees	370.10	School Club	1648.84
Bequests	209.32	Tennis	31.61
P.S.G. prize from Natwest	100.00	Catering	2085.02
Bank interest	238.78	Rugby	699.17
From no. 1 A/C	1200.00	Chess	86.23
Honorary members	35.00	Cricket	472.14
Various small items	23.31	Fives	357.65
	<hr/>	Walking	115.58
	6704.14	Fencing	345.20
	<hr/>	Basketball	242.92
		Table Tennis	2.20
		Bridge	52.22
		Swimming	41.69
Excess of expenditure		Squash	91.50
over income —	£740.53	Golf	43.52
		Debating	2.32
		Cross Country	74.85
Signed: T. G. Freeman		Athletics	110.73
Honorary Treasurer		Newman Society	9.00
		Transport Society	49.32
		Anagnostics	18.75
		Sailing	67.76
		Classical Society	11.14
		Junior Classical Society	4.00
		Archaeological Society	3.50
		Science Society	5.90
		Shakespeare Society	9.50
		Standing orders for various fees	15.10
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			7444.67
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