



~ 1981 ~

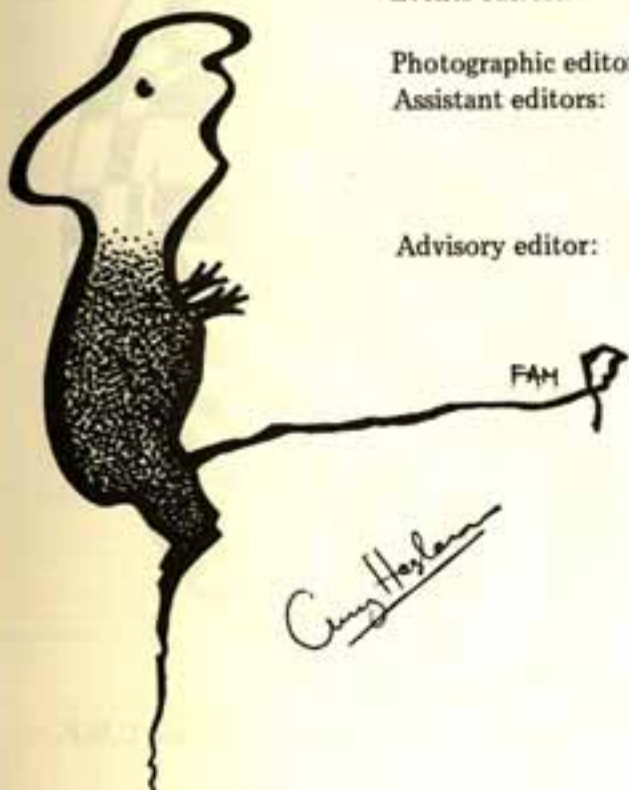
KES CHRONICLE 1981

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(with apologies to Adam Bradbury and Sean Hames who have already won the English Verse Prize with their poems, some of which are printed here.)

COVER DESIGN

Front: Matthew Kempshall, Hist.Div., from the Foundation Seal

Back: John Taylor, Maths VI.



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EDITORIAL

In the four years since the 'new-look' 'Chronicle' first appeared from under the guiding hands of Garry Martin in 1977, the structure has not changed at all, and this year's magazine is no exception. We hope, however, that this will not precipitate a loss of interest, although we are aware of the danger of merely producing an updated version of the previous year's 'Chronicle'! Maybe in future years the format will be more flexible.

Unfortunately, it has often been necessary to prise articles from unwilling contributors. This is a shame, especially as we do not desire the whole mechanism of the magazine to be operated by a small nucleus of enthusiasts. Perhaps this, too, will improve.

We have, however, enjoyed producing the magazine, and hope that you will receive equal pleasure from reading it.

Guy Haslam & Mark Keen

I should like to endorse the chief sentiments expressed above — and extend them. During my first year at the School, I have frequently been impressed by the creative, appreciative and also critical talents of its members. This magazine, in chronicling the school year, should reflect all of these. 'Chronicle 1981' is a magazine of high quality, its contributions living up to the standards established in previous years, but I believe it could be still better. But that is up to you: it is your magazine, and its editors are not its authors.

My thanks are due to all those who have contributed to this edition: to the authors, illustrators and photographers; to the editors, who have invested a great deal of their time and effort in its production, even in the holidays; to the Chief Master, for his encouragement and support, financial and otherwise; to the advertisers, for helping to offset the rising costs of production; and, finally, on the technical side, to the team at the Resources Centre, Ray Fisher and Jenny Norman, without whose advice and hard work, the 'Chronicle' would not now be in your hands.

KJB



SALVETE ATQUE VALETE.

VALERIE SHIPWAY

C: Could you say something of your early life?

VMS: I was educated at Haberdashers' Aske's School in Acton, and then Newnham College, Cambridge.

C: Had you taught before you came to KES?

VMS:

Yes, I was at Lordswood for a few years, and then when I'd had three children I took up teaching at Bishop Vesey's for eight years. After that I came here.

C: Why did you decide to come here?

VMS: I felt I needed a change after eight years — I was in a bit of a rut. The job had appeal and was near enough to come to daily. I knew that it was a very fine school as my son had come here. I also felt and still do, that the future of Vesey's is uncertain. It is under pressure to become either comprehensive or private.

C: You have taught boys before, then?

VMS: Yes, at Vesey's, so when a post as a German teacher was offered here, I could move without any difficulty. When I went to Vesey's, however, I was worried as I had only taught girls before. Any differences between teaching boys and girls are purely personal, but now I'm unnerved at all those little girls giggling along the corridors next door, and I find it very strange; at least boys don't giggle! Once girls start, it paralyses the class. The way girls react to punishment, too, is quite different — I prefer the way boys react.



C: So you enjoy teaching here?

VMS: The atmosphere seems to me to be much more relaxed and friendly than elsewhere, where the need for discipline is greater and you tend not to chat with people around the corridors. That struck me immediately on arrival here.

C: What extra-curricular activities are you involved in?

VMS: On Friday afternoon I drive for the PSG. Just driving doesn't take up the whole afternoon, however, so I've offered to help Mr. Lambie and am re-

cataloguing the Modern Languages section of the library at present. I also help out with swimming and athletics.

I should also like to offer a cookery option. A lot of boys who've never been camping go away from home and spend a great deal of money buying food at high prices. I think a 'Bachelor Cookery' course would be quite popular. I'm not a qualified cook, but I think that I could teach the basics, having looked after a family for some years.

C: Would you say that the school is too academically orientated?

VMS: Not really. The school obviously is, and probably should be, a school which sets out to give a good education. Competition is healthy but perhaps we go a little too far here. Boys tend to be rather mark-grabbing, even in essays where marks can only really be given arbitrarily.

C: *Is there anything you would like to see changed then?*

VMS: As we have this bonus of a whole afternoon without lessons, we could do something more practical like gardening. It would be difficult to fit into term-time, but I'm interested in walking and camping as well.

C: *What other interests do you have?*

VMS: I enjoy good literature and classical music, and I'm trying to learn to play the piano at the moment. Children are always moaning about how much they have to practice as beginners, but they appreciate music all the more if they play an instrument.

C: *Thank you very much, Mrs. Shipway.*

LYDIA SPELLER



C: *Dr. Speller, where were you born?*

LMS: I was born in the very centre of New York city and went to school there, the same school from the age of five right up to university entrance.

C: *When did you come to England?*

LMS: In 1975, to do research in Theology at

Somerville College, Oxford.

C: *Is that where you did your doctorate?*

LMS: Yes. But I didn't have my visa until the beginning of this academic year, and only took my degree in May.

C: *Which university did you go to originally?*

LMS: I went to Bryn Mawr College in Pennsylvania — to study several subjects, mainly Latin and History of Religion.

C: *What extra-curricular activities do you participate in at this school?*

LMS: Not many. I look after the Junior Classical Society and the Joint Junior Debating Society, but I seem not to be good at games, despite the fact that at school and at Bryn Mawr we were required to do sport. I managed to sneak by with archery, swimming and — you'll never believe it — relaxation classes. Outside of school I'm involved in Selly Oak Church and I help with the Diocesan Readers' Training Course. I enjoy cooking and — in addition to ladylike things like crochet — I enjoy making Russian-style Easter eggs. I got hooked on Rubik's cube this term. I can do it — finally. I've also recently 'discovered' gardening.

C: *What do you think of Birmingham?*

LMS: (indignantly) I like Birmingham a lot! Everybody says, 'Oh how can you leave Oxford to live in horrible Birmingham?' But we enjoy it: there's a lot going on here, and growing up in New York has given me a taste for city life.

C: *What do you think of the School?*

LMS: I think it's a very pleasant place, but the size of it I find a little overpowering — last year I taught in a school which had 150 girls, and my own school was very small. You might suspect

that to organise 700 boys the school would have to be run on military lines, but in fact the atmosphere is very civilised.

C: What do you feel about being one of only four women teaching in the School?

LMS: It doesn't actually bother me all that much, but there are times when I wish I could play rugby or understand the rules of cricket. But on the whole the boys are reasonably tolerant. (Pause) Are you reasonably tolerant?

C: We're asking the questions!

LMS: Oh, sorry!

C: Do you think you will stay in England?

LMS: I think I will stay for a while. My husband is English. I go in phases — sometimes I think 'America is best' and at other times I think that life is more pleasant here. My loyalties tend to be a bit divided.

C: What do you think of Ronald Reagan and Jimmy Carter?

LMS: Jimmy Carter wasn't too dynamic, but at least he wasn't a retired film-star. (Muffled laughs.)

C: Thank you, Dr. Speller.

KATE BARNETT

C: Miss Barnett, where were you born and educated?

KJB: Cheltenham, in Gloucestershire, which accounts for my accent! School was a state grammar school; and in fact it still is a state grammar school, one of the few remaining in the country.

C: And you enjoyed it there?

KJB: Yes, very much. Increasingly so towards the top end of the school where we were given a

lot more responsibility, and could participate in theatre trips and the like. It didn't have the facilities of this school, but we made the most of it nevertheless.

C: You did English at A-level I assume?

KJB: Yes, with French and History. I then went straight to Birmingham

University to read English. I specialised in Medieval English, in fact, as several boys in the Divisions will know since they've been introduced to the pleasures of Anglo-Saxon, Middle English and Old Icelandic this year. I carried on to do a M.A. thesis on Old Icelandic, a subject which appealed to me since it was something a little different. I had intended to do a Ph.D., but thought after the first M.A. year that I'd spent enough of my life in education, and that a change would be advisable. Careers advisers at school and university all told me that teaching was the career for me, but I fought against the idea for a long time. I ended up coming back into education of course, because I suppose this is the career I'm most suited for, and enjoy. I would still like to do the doctorate at some stage in the future, however.

C: And you've had experience of comprehensive schools?

KJB: Yes, during my Certificate of Education year I taught for three weeks at a fairly tough comprehensive in Wednesbury, where I discovered that several of the boys in my fifth form had been up before the courts the previous month, for causing grievous bodily harm! My main teaching practice was calmer, at Droitwich High School, a 13-18 comprehensive twice the size of KES. I also did some teaching of English as a Foreign Language that year, in a language school in Stratford. The students were all 16



and completely international, ranging from Arabs who knew no English at all to Germans and Japanese studying English at universities in their own countries.

C: Do you have any regrets about being in an unrepresentative cross-section of society?

KJB: None whatsoever. I originally intended to go into comprehensive education, having had a purely state and red-brick education myself — it seemed a natural progression — but I have no regrets. In many ways it is an easy life here, as there are few discipline or motivation problems. The challenges are of a different sort, more academic and personal.

C: What do you hope to achieve here?

KJB: Largely just to encourage an awareness of the language and a love of literature at all levels. There is a lot of talent in the school, and I hope to be able to tap some of it — not only in lessons, but also through the 'Chronicle', and the Bulletin Board too, which I shall be taking over next year. As for other extra-curricular activities, I have been introduced to sailing this year, and, as I have thoroughly enjoyed the experience, will be continuing next year on a more formal basis. I have also helped out a little with tennis in the lower part of the school, and finally, have been invited to take over the Middle School Film Society from Mrs Tennick in September.

C: Is drama important to you?

KJB: Yes, both in a textual sense and also in production — in plays and on a workshop basis. At the moment, I feel overshadowed by the two maestros in this field, however — Mr Trott and Mr Evans. But I will enjoy helping out, as I did with 'The Crucible'.

C: How long do you plan to stay here?

KJB: My original plan was to teach in England for three or four years, and then to go abroad for a while, teaching English as a Foreign Language, ideally in Scandinavia. I think that is still the plan — but I have certainly enjoyed my first year of teaching here!



Our Modern Language assistants:
Jurgen Graffe and Jean-Christophe Thomas.

Photograph: John Taylor, Maths. VI.

JOHN EMERY

C: Mr. Emery, you've come back to King Edward's after two years away from the school. Can you outline any reasons why?

JRRE: Mostly, you could put it all together under the heading of 'quality of life'. King Edward's is a very pleasant place to teach in for a number of reasons, not least that one has time to do things. I always felt when I was away that I was trying to do too many things, as I was really doing three jobs rolled into one — a subject teacher, a head of department and a sixth-form tutor — and never managing to complete any of them to my own satisfaction.

I think that although King Edward's has a reputation for being an academic hothouse, the work is taken as a matter of course, and there is probably more time spent out of the classroom than there is in most day schools. It offers a very broad education.

Elsewhere, the staff, if they feel they are being worked into the ground on routine matters, sometimes develop a sort of siege mentality and refuse to come out of the staff-room to see anybody, unless it's the headmaster or the chairman of the Governors. Here, that sort of feeling doesn't exist.

C: As you are going to be a House Master next year, do you have any strong feelings on the House system and the role of House Master?

JRRE: Yes, I thoroughly enjoyed being a House Master when I was at KES before. To some extent the House system in a day school is artificial but it does provide important contact between boys of different ages. The alternatives, such as the block system, I don't think are as effective. A danger is that the years go through the school in self-contained units.

C: Do you think more people would choose History A-level if we did a more modern period, and do you think the results would be better?

JRRE: It is possible that more people would choose History A-level if we did, for example, 20th Century history, but I think they might be choosing for the wrong reasons. However, we do periodically talk about the prospect of changing the syllabus, but it's by no means easy. It costs an enormous amount of money, because new library books and new textbooks would have to be bought. The O-level syllabus would also have to be changed, because it would be nonsense to do the same period for both. So there would be considerable difficulties involved in any change, although that's not to say that it won't happen. I don't think the results would be any different if we did change.

C: What are your sporting interests at the school?

JRRE: I run the U15 rugby team, and next year Mr. Nightingale will join me. I have given up playing, except Kestrels cricket and golf.

C: What are your political interests?

JRRE: I'm a member of the Liberal Party, but in practice this often means a few hours each month pushing leaflets through doors and occasionally electioneering in the Great Barr area and West Bromwich. I tend not to get very involved with the meetings side of it, but I do pay my subs.

C: Any plans for the future?

JRRE: The Chief Master envisages the position of House Master as being for at least five years and this time I intend to see out that commitment. I don't think it makes sense from a personal, and indeed from a national, point of view to think in the very long term, as far as my career is concerned. For the moment I am very happy to be back here.

C: Thank you, Mr. Emery.

JOHN HODGES



In September 1950, five new masters arrived at KES together, earnest and star-eyed. Now, only one of us remains because in July saw the retirement of John Hodges. As a matter of fact, he left once before, in 1953, to run the Modern Languages department at Beaufield School, but did not stay long and returned two years later to KES, this time for good.

Unlike the other young hopefuls who arrived with him, John's life had already been plenty of excitement. For a start, there was his get-away from France in June 1940. He had left school in July 1939 and gone to Besançon, returned to England on the outbreak of war, then gone back to France in January 1940, this time to Paris, to courses at the Institute of Phonetics and at the Sorbonne. With the Germans advancing on Paris in June of that year he and three other students (one of whom subsequently married) managed to get

Bordeaux, only to find it impossible to reach England from there. So he had to go back north to St. Malo on a train that took several days and from there get a boat to the Channel Islands and thence back to England. All this is material that felons are made of.

After a term of prep. school teaching, John joined the Royal Armoured Corps, went to Warminster and Sandhurst, was commissioned and went out to the Middle East on a four months' voyage via Brazil. The long remainder of the war he passed in various theatres of war, including a year in Italy where his unit was involved in breaking into a small fortified town for which he won the Military Cross. He characteristically insists that as it was a unit action, the decoration was for the whole unit and he, as the commanding officer, was the one actually to receive it. Further escapades involved evacuation of French personnel in Syria and being badly injured when his jeep hit something nasty.

After all this, Cambridge must have been either an anti-climax or a very pleasant relief. For Mr. Hodges it meant Christ's College, the Modern Languages Tripos, marriage and finally the Education Department. It was there that we first became aware of each other, through the common fate of being destined for KES.

When he arrived at KES, Mr. Hodges quickly settled into the routine of teaching French and Spanish in a department headed by three powerful and authoritative characters who had all been around the place for some time. However, it did not take him long to make his own mark and not only in the classroom. He was immediately heavily involved in refereeing rugby, in the CCF, and in singing. He and his wife, Norah, joined the Birmingham Bach Society, whose conductor was also in charge of the music at KES and at the Cathedral, the ebullient Dr. Willis Grant. They lived out beyond Rubery and were very welcoming and hospitable to rootless young bachelors (like myself) who were often rather at a loose end in their bed-sitters. Many who were members of the Common Room in those early days can recall with pleasure and gratitude trips to the end of the 63 tram route (as it was then) and the high-spirited and enjoyable sessions of chat, laughing, singing and sometimes gardening that filled up the time between

Norah's splendid meals. They really were marvellous hosts.

Needless to say, for many years John was much involved in taking school parties to France, often with Norah who also teaches French, and many tales accrue from them for which, unfortunately, there is not space here. Equally so from the innumerable CCF camps that he went on — in the early days with the formidable and slightly atrabilious Sgt. Major Moore and other members of the Common Room. The years passed and John became House Master of Gifford (having been a house tutor of Evans) and finally, on the retirement of Dr. Mayor in 1976, Second Master.

Being Second Master is a very demanding job. In the first place, it takes a lot of time, and consequently John's involvement with Gifford and the CCF had to come to an end. In the second place, it involves being all things to all men and taking everyone's troubles on your shoulders, and in the third it involves endless organisation of the details of daily school life. John has done all this for five years with perpetual good humour and efficiency. He is by nature a modest and rather reserved man. But beneath the surface of his personality is far more humour and wit than he cares always to allow to show. He can be great fun in private conversation and has unfailingly handled the business of making farewell speeches to other members of the Common Room when they leave with flair. His speeches on these occasions have always been pitched just right, amusing, right on target and very genuine indeed. It is this absolute genuineness of character that we shall all miss as much as any other of John's qualities, now that he has gone.

He went in style. No other master, second master, headmaster or Chief Master has been energetically kissed, in Sapientia, in front of the whole school by a winsome young lady from next door. This must be a real first-timer.

We all certainly wish John and Norah the very best of luck in their retirement near Cambridge, and we hope that we shall see plenty of them either in Cambridge or back in Birmingham on the occasional visit in the future.

A.J.T.

C: Mr. Hodges, what changes have you seen in your time at the school?

JHH: I've been here for thirty-one years, and have seen many changes. The main change has been the five-day week, which condenses the working week — in the old days it used to be far more leisurely. Language teaching has changed a great deal. We used just to work out of a book; now we have the audio-visual rooms, and the language laboratory. Obviously you've still got to learn the language, but it does give it a bit more glam and a bit more interest.

C: How would you compare the attitudes of the boys here now with those when you first came?

JHH: The attitudes of the boys, I think, came down from the attitudes of the school hierarchy — the masters. For many years there was a lot of aggravation. During the last five years there has been a far looser reign from the top, and that is reflected in the reactions of the individuals. There used to be a lot of wild things done here — we had a madman here once, who let off fireworks in peoples' faces. On the whole, we've had a quieter life over the past few years.

C: What memories will you take with you from the school?

JHH: One thing I've enjoyed very much has been the music. Support for this has gone up and down, but now it's very strong. Also, it's nice to know that there are Edwardians all over the world using languages which they learned here. One hopes that some of the things one stands for will rub off.

C: Thank you very much, Mr. Hodges.

TOM FREEMAN

Tom Freeman has been a devoted servant of King Edward's School for thirty-eight years. He belongs to that select but constantly replenished group of Old Edwardians who have spent most of their teaching lives at King Edward's. Within that group, he is the last link with the

New Street school, which he entered as a Foundation Scholar in 1932; he has stressed that it was only this Foundation Scholarship which gave him the chance to come to King Edward's, as there was no possibility of his parents' affording the fees. As a boy at the school he rose to be a Prefect and Captain of Cricket for 1937 and 1938. Maurice Porter, a retired Mathematics master (1933-1973) of great distinction, expressed the opinion that Tom was the most talented boy he had ever taught. In 1940 Tom went up to Caius College, Cambridge with a Scholarship to read Classics; after service in the R.A.F., he returned to Cambridge in 1945; and in 1946 he came back to King Edward's for a term's teaching practice. Boys and colleagues may be surprised by his admission that U.M.C. gave him a rough ride. After a decent interval (his own phrase) at University College School, Hampstead, London, Tom found the attraction of King Edward's irresistible and he made his career here since 1951. He has been a member of the R.A.F. section of the CCF, Levett Housemaster, Treasurer of the School Club, Under Master (not his choice of title), and all the time a masterly teacher of Classics. In a recent lecture to the Common Room, Tom pointed out the uniqueness of his experience at King Edward's, which included the old school in New Street, the temporary buildings on the South Field, evacuation to Repton, and the present school. His affection for and enjoyment of the school have been obvious, and he has performed with apparently effortless ease the many tasks asked of him. He has also played a leading part in the Old Edwardians' Association and as editor of the Gazette from 1961 to 1972.

Classical pupils and colleagues will remember him especially for his unrivalled command of Greek and Latin and his ability to communicate his enthusiasm. All of us will remember him for his equal mastery of English, his formidable accuracy, and his delight in correcting solecisms and in demonstrating illogicalities: "po sermonis amator". In Common Room meetings he frequently exemplified Pope's line "What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed" lightly controlling the discussion with a few witty and elegant words.

Tom denies any knowledge of the origi-

of his nickname, but it is one that has stuck so well that, when his two sons were at the school, he and they were known as Ferd the first, Ferd the second, and Ferd the third. It also prompted one fifth former to give him a copy of "Ferdinandus Taurus" as an end-of-year present.

Outside the school Tom's main interests are his family (five children) and travel. In recent years he has become a hardened continental traveller, who has driven three times to Greece with caravan in tow, and his plans for his retirement include a visit to relatives in Australia and Tasmania. We wish Tom and Margaret health and happiness in their retirement.

P.H.S.L.



C: Mr. Freeman, how long have you been teaching at KES?

TGF: Thirty-one years.

C: And of course before that you were a pupil here.

TGF: Yes, and there were twelve years in between, four of which I spent in the R.A.F. and five years teaching at a school in London.

C: How much do you think the school has changed since your days here as a pupil?

TGF: I anticipated this question! It's a very difficult one to answer, because as a boy and as

a master I looked at the school through two different pairs of eyes. Probably the most notable change is the amount of co-operation that there now is with the girls' school; it was almost nil in my time. I don't think that the behaviour of the boys is all that different from what it was in the 30s, but I think that when I was a boy, more boys got into the school simply because their parents could afford it, whether or not they were academically able. I'm not quite sure how that worked because there was an admission exam, but perhaps it was not as stringent as it is nowadays.

C: Do you feel that the relationship between the boys and the Common Room has altered at all?

TGF: It's certainly more free and easy than it used to be — it was quite a rarity in those days, for example, for a master to address a boy by his Christian name.

C: In your opinion, who have been the great "characters" at the school in the past thirty years?

TGF: Well, among the masters there was Mr. Biggs. He was the head of the Modern Languages department and was a remarkable gentleman in many respects. Although he was here for longer than I've been here, he cut himself off from the school entirely when he retired and has never been back. Roger Dunt was another one, the head of the Classics department for many years, with whom I had considerable contact. He was a character in the sense that he had more idiosyncracies than most people are blessed with.

C: What do you see as the future of Classics? Will it ever be as strong as it once was?

TGF: I personally see Classics at the moment weakening, but for a long time it has been in what I suppose people nowadays would call a pendulum situation — it weakens and it grows again. Every time somebody explodes an atomic bomb, there is a reaction against science. In schools generally, the strength or weakness of any subject depends to a considerable extent upon the headmaster. If he has been brought up

to think that Classics is not an important subject, there might be pressures coming on him from elsewhere in the school to reduce the amount of Latin or even to eliminate Greek. On the other hand, we have a new head of Classics coming who is said to be a live-wire and to have done wonders for the subject in his previous school.

C: What are your plans for retirement?

TGF: Well, the first major thing I'm going to do is to go for a long holiday to Hong Kong and Australia. In the course of my busy life I have left many things neglected, including my garden. I like travelling, but there are some parts of the Continent I know far better than I know some parts of England, and I would like to know England better.

I keep myself busy in the summer with GCE examining work — that, I hope, will go on for another ten years or so.

I have my family and grandchildren to occupy a lot of my time, but I have no particular long-term plans. However, there is a lurking feeling in the back of my mind that I might write a book, but I'm not going to tell you what about!

C: Thank you very much, Mr. Freeman, and best wishes for the future.

MARTIN TENNICK

Martin Tennick came to King Edward's fourteen years ago to begin his teaching career, and in five years became head of the Classics department — a meteoric rise seldom equalled in the annals of this school. He it was who really established the present Latin course here in place of the former, traditional, much more language-based course, and those who, during these years, have found Latin less of a chore than rumours and school stories led them to expect, may thank him for that. Martin has in fact gone further, in that he has actually contributed to the course with the book called *Libellus*, now required and indeed popular reading in the fourths and fifths. Anyone who has seen the *Teacher's Handbook to Libellus*

cannot fail to be impressed — nay, amazed — at the scholarship and research that have gone into it — a reference book for university lecturers as well as 'O' level teachers. Whether, in *Libellus*, he has produced a 'momentum aemulatio' we cannot yet know, nor perhaps will any of us ever, but it is certainly something for this school to remember him by.

Those who are left here will miss Martin's urbane presence, his evenness of temperament, his precise scholarship, his ever-readiness to help, his courteous consideration for other people and his firm upholding of the value and the claims of Classics, as well as his expertise in photography, which is for him an absorbing hobby. Friday afternoon photographers have benefited from his guidance, as have the rest of us from the exhibitions they have put on.

Martin's other great claim to fame at KES is he has shared with his wife Fiona; they have formed the only husband-and-wife team teaching here that I can recollect, and I would guess that it will be a long time before there is another such. Why either of them should think King's School, Canterbury, is a better place than KES we have not investigated, for what use is it to try to explain the inexplicable? What is certain is that they will be remembered at KES with respect and affection.

T.G.F.

FIONA TENNICK

Fiona Tennick arrived in the English department three years ago apparently to teach only part-time. Certainly she has slipped away from the building from time to time to collect Giles and Jane from school or to beat her own record for shopping in Sainsbury's (she was down to forty-six minutes at the latest timing). However, what Fiona has fitted into the hour she has spent in the school has left some other of us in the department at the starting line. The bell goes and already banda-sheets are distributed in room 59, novels are being read and the blackboard is whitening fast beneath Fiona's water-cooled chalk. Abashed, the present writer hastens on to settle his class.

Fiona's enthusiasm, her fantastic efficiency and her readiness to give extra time to boys with particular difficulties in the subject are appreciated by all who have been taught by her here. She has been valued, too, as a House Tutor. Boys have also benefited, though they may be less well aware of this, from the hours she has put in at home on her characteristically detailed and helpful markings of essays and on her burdensome task of assessing the GCE 'O' level comprehension answers. Irksome enough the boys find doing these comprehensions; the marking of them is death. To combat the mortal effect of the Mocks, Fiona has kept herself alive on a diet of peanuts nibbled with ruthless self-discipline at a rate of four for every five scripts marked.

In her teaching she has inspired boys to read by devising schemes for classes to borrow regularly from the School Library and by liaising with the Central Library to organise talks and readings for the younger forms. Outside the classroom she has operated through Stirchley Travel as an eager agent arranging frequent theatre trips. During school plays she has taken that sometimes elusive group who opt for make-up and turned it into a nifty team; the artistic blend of '5' and '9' with a touch of the lilac liner transforming boys and girls into Salem witches and Shakespearean sprites. Several of us will also remember her moving readings in the Remembrance-tide poetry and music recital at Edgbaston Old Church.

It is sad, but right, that she should leave us to accompany her husband to Canterbury and we wish her well and an equally dynamic time teaching English at the King's School.

G.E.E.

MUNNA MITRA

Munna Mitra left in July for Highgate School, North London. In his three years here he involved himself in many areas of school life with a vigour (and eccentricity!) that few can match. Unhindered by the constraints of a formal teaching certificate, Avijit proved to be a loss to accountancy and a clear gain to our profession;

and an attempt to recount his pursuits would resemble a catalogue of school life. He saw lessons as a beginning rather than as an end in themselves, and many sports, societies and excursions benefited from his excitement, hard work and infectious exuberance.

Clearly sacrificing his own game in cricket, the first XI in particular gained a knowledgeable coach who counselled Gooch/Gower-type attack rather than dour defence, and his champion young team promises well for the future. His command of the intricacies of the Fives court gave the Old Edwardians a strong team-mate and younger members of the School a fine example on many a dark, freezing night. He aided Shell rugby teams to move from quaking at the apparent harshness of his tone to blossom into sides (U14 and U15 of this year) that are outstanding for their skill and ability. In winter, the Common Room games against the second XV were enlivened by his fearless — though some suspect suicidal — twenty metre bursts in the early stages of the annual jousts; while in the summer, the cricket boundaries suffered weighty bombardment in Kestrel and other games.

These miscellaneous weathering processes did not prevent him from heading the Closed Circle, acting outstandingly as Dionysus with the Anagnostics, or pitting his debating skills against the varied opposition in Classical, Historical or Parliamentary Society meetings. We are sure that the ambitious trip that he has organised to Greece this summer will reflect his leadership and help, as displayed in such diverse activities in the past as taking the "Classical grand tour" to Florence; driving rugby teams to Yorkshire, South Wales, Northampton, Kent or the West Country; participating in CCF camps at Robin Hood's Bay; and even training sinkings at Dartmouth! He has also hosted Fives tours in London and turned up with Scouts on Brecon hillsides.

In his few remaining hours he has regaled many of the Common Room with curries, rice puddings, cream buns and "curdly white things" amongst other Eastern delights, whose real home was on the Deccan plateau rather than in a Balsall Heath plastic bag!

At home with both classical and popular

music, he might even be seen as a thinking man's Joe Dolce, and would, with more time, have sung in various of Gordon Sill's ensembles.

It should not be forgotten that he proved to be a proud upholder of the Classics tradition, teaching Latin and Greek — and history too. He was respected not only for his erudition and academic command (gained under T.G.F. at KES in the late '60s) but also for the sensitive and concerned way in which he channelled the inevitably mixed aspirations and frustrations of the fourth and fifth forms that he tutored.

This sandal-clad tornado undoubtedly elevated hyperbole to an art form and perhaps saw too much of the "deeply wonderful" in the boys of KES (and girls of KEHS!).

We feel that his great generosity, overriding modesty and even self-deprecation will be greatly missed, and not quickly forgotten, and we hope that he finds happiness when the cloth eventually claims him.

P.M.S., R.T., J.R.A.C.

STEVEN GROUNDS

Steven Grounds left KES at Easter after 4½ years in order to take his career in an unusual direction. He has become a tutor at Homerton College, Cambridge; a college of education where he will be responsible for re-training teachers to teach Physics in addition to their original speciality. KES schoolboys may be surprised (or happy for their contemporaries) to learn that there is a countrywide shortage of Physics teachers and that this re-training and Dr. Grounds' role in it, is an important part of the solution to the present difficulties surrounding science education.

Steven is admirably suited to such a task. He has, together with his wide knowledge of the physical world, a deep interest in many other academic pursuits. I know that boys here have been struck by his broad approach to his teaching not just in General Studies (where it is expected) but in his views of his own discipline and its relationship to other subjects.

His career before arriving at KES was also typically wide-ranging. He spent time as a supply

teacher in Oxford, was employed at the Department of the Environment, carried out research as a radio astronomer, and worked for Lucas Industries as a research scientist immediately before taking up teaching. He did much to further everyone's awareness of the possibilities of industry and, of course, was to the fore in arranging the visits of the Lucas team as part of the Divisions General Studies course. He is a musician, chess player, and cricketer. He gave very freely of his time and enthusiasm to many facets of school life: PSG, chess, Jeune House and so on — many more activities than one can list here.

In his spare time he contributed freely to the Common Room activities about which boys know so little. One particularly memorable Australian buffet supper (in the style of, not the continent of) springs to mind, hosted by Steve and his antipodean wife Pauline. I never actually heard Pauline use the terms 'sport' or 'cobber' and I never saw her toting Fosters but in other respects she is typically Australian with her friendly approach, particularly with shy and diffident youngsters. She was as generous with her time to KES as was her husband.

We thank Steven and Pauline for their short, but telling, contribution to our community at KES and we wish them and their family ever happiness.

G.A., D.R.E.

BERNARD SNAPE, Chief Technician

C: Mr. Snape, when did you first come to the school?

BS: In 1967. That was when boys were still wearing shorts and we had Saturday morning school.

C: What are the greatest changes you have noticed — apart from boys wearing long trousers?

BS: Other changes in appearance: amongst the boys, getting rid of caps; amongst the masters the gowns.

C: What about discipline?

BS: That doesn't seem to be as good generally as it used to be. As the older masters have disappeared, so the discipline has altered. Back in the days of "Big M" as they used to call him — Mr. Matthews — discipline was very rigid, very strict. I don't think the boys are as polite now as they used to be.

C: Being, as you are, neither on the masters' side nor on the boys' side, you must get an impression of both. You've told us what you think of the boys here, can you tell us what you think of the masters?

BS: Although you get the odd one who's a bit nasty sometimes, they're a decent lot of lads on the whole. I get on well with them, I think — you get ribbed, you play them up in return — this is life, as you go through it.

C: What exactly is your job: ?

BS: Senior Physics Technician, which means that I have to provide you with Physics equipment. I make it and repair it; I'm in charge of the Ratcliff Theatre and anything else that goes wrong in the school, including the Chief Master's copying machine and so on. I think I'm supposed to be a man of all trades for the school.

C: What are you going to do now?

BS: I'm going to be a welfare officer with the Birmingham Education Department. It's working with disabled children and my own daughter is disabled, you see. The job entails working with them in the hydrotherapy pool and I shall be more involved with the teaching aspect, although I have to drive them about as well.

C: Have you enjoyed your time here at the school?

BS: Oh yes!

C: In what direction do you think the school is heading?

BS: A higher and higher academic output.

C: Do you think anything is being sacrificed for that?

BS: The technicians definitely — worked to death!

C: Mr. Snape, thank you, and the best of luck for the future.

MARJORIE CHAFFER

Preparing dinners for a horde of hungry hooligans must be a thankless task, and managing the operation doubly so. I wonder how many boys were even aware of Miss Chaffer's existence as Dining Hall supremo? Those who crossed her path would doubtless remember it to their dying day, but many, I am sure, take the efficient running of the kitchens for granted, and do not stop to consider the extra work involved in providing snacks after matches on Saturdays or teas at Eastern Road.

Though superficially a formidable dragon, I always found her as helpful as the various restrictions on stock, space and labour allowed her to be. Generally only a little sweet-talking was needed to persuade her to reveal a softer side, though it was usually necessary to humbly listen to a ten-minute sermon on the follies of Messrs. Benson and Birch in demanding cricket teas for twenty teams in the pavilion ten minutes before it was due to be invaded by a thousand starving athletes, and all at two days' notice. At the opposite end of the culinary spectrum were the lavish buffets for special occasions, where her mouth-watering gateaux will be sadly missed. I am sure that all will wish her a long and happy retirement.

R.T.B.

NICK PERRY

When Nick Perry left KES at Christmas 1980 he took with him an Oxford science scholarship and a secondhand prefect's badge, and left behind a reputation as a fine captain of swimming, a well-liked Gifford house captain, and a firm but fair prefect. However, he capped all this by returning in April 1981 to teach Physics for the summer in the place of a scientist who was taking a sabbatical term. And what a success Nick made of it! He slipped confidently into his new role, finding all his assigned tasks well within his capabilities; tasks such as entertaining the Science Common Room (an establishment easily plunged into gloom), joining the Gifford tutorial team (and then putting in more attendances at House meetings during the term than some of the old lags at the front manage in a year), and elevating the digit (much to the dismay of the budding U13 Boycotts). Moreover, in between times, he managed to slot in some very effective physics teaching as though to the manner born.

Some people say 'Never go back', but the Physics Department is glad he did, and indeed all our thanks go to Nick for the enthusiastic way in which he tackled his term as a teacher here. Our good wishes go with him to Oxford where — we are sorry to say — he will be back on the receiving end again!

D.R.H., D.C.D.

New Members of Staff

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

- D. Dewar (Maths and Physics)
- G.H. Edwards (Classics)
- D.J. Evans (Latin and History)
- P.G.M. Gunning (French and Spanish)
- T.F.P. Hosty (English)
- S. Owen (Classics)

From THE CHIEF MASTER

The Editors have asked me to write a few words about my new appointment to which I shall move in September, 1982.

The post is that of Deputy-Secretary to the Headmasters' Conference and to the Secondary Heads' Association. I shall be responsible for the administration of the Headmasters' Conference which has a membership of just over 200 and is a major force in boys' independent education in the United Kingdom. It was founded in 1888 and the criteria for membership include the degree of independence enjoyed by the headmaster at his school and the level of academic standards at the school.

The Conference meets annually in Oxford, Cambridge and other universities. The first annual meeting for which I shall be responsible will be in Durham in September next year. In addition, there are seven regional divisions which meet each term. H.M.C. committee meets regularly in London.

In addition I shall have various minor duties as a deputy secretary to the Secondary Heads' Association.

I am looking forward keenly to the new work, since I shall be serving men I know well and with whom I have worked on H.M.C. Committee in recent years. Moreover, I shall be glad to have a hand in trying to hold together the maintained and independent sectors of education at a time when they are in danger of drifting apart and when the very future of independent school is threatened.

I shall be sad to leave KES where I have been extremely happy — privileged beyond belief in my staff, boys, buildings and facilities. Under my contract with the Governors I was due to retire from KES in 1983. By going a year earlier I shall be able to do a job — and one I shall enjoy — for four years, up to the age of 60.

My wife and I both dislike change, particularly when we have been made so welcome at KES and in Birmingham. But we shall move to London with very happy memories of our 12 years here and great gratitude for so much friendship, encouragement and support.

F.G.R.F. — July, 1982



REVIEWS AND FEATURES.

DRAMA.



THE CRUCIBLE

I had seen two productions of Arthur Miller's play 'The Crucible', about the Salem witch trials in the 1690s, before I came to see the production which Mr. Evans and the KE Joint Dramatic Society staged last January. One was professional

and the second a school production. Ours was the best of the three — the professional one, at the Birmingham Rep., the least satisfactory. The reason why this was so exposes the big problem of any production of this play. It concerns, of course, control of pace and intensity. The production at the Rep lost impact somewhere in the second act because by that time all the stops had been pulled out and there was nothing left except a lot of shouting and squaking. This is a play about hysteria, but continual noise is not the best way of producing it. Mr. Evans's production satisfied because he was alert to this fact from the start and shaped the play so that intensity, achieved by different methods, went on mounting to the end. Or perhaps I should say *nearly* to the end, because I think that Arthur Miller worries over the reasons for John Proctor's final decision rather too long. But that is not the fault of the director, though perhaps a discreet cut or two might have helped.

So the fundamental excellence of this production was its overall control of pace, climax and intensity. The slow starts to each of the first two acts paid off handsomely in terms of the powerful climaxes achieved at their ends. The pacing of the third act, concerned exclusively with a judicial hearing, was excellent. Throughout the play sudden outbursts alternated with passages of quiet mundane domesticity.

If the guiding hand behind all this was undoubtedly that of Mr. Evans, it nevertheless needed actors and actresses to bring it all off.

Adam Bradbury made a very successful first and last appearance on the KE stage as the tormented and bitter Reverend Parris. Andrew Müller produced some very expressive moments, despite being restricted by the script. Chris Weston was excellent as Judge Danforth. His height, length of stride and dignity of movement all helped to create the sense of overbearing and unanswerable authority which the part requires. As the play's central character, John Proctor, Andrew Maund gave his best performance at school to date. Proctor is a complex character and Andrew did justice to it. He sustained the variety and intensity of this very long part with resource and vitality. This was in every way a memorable performance. As his wife, Mrs. Proctor, Sara Eveleigh had to tackle what to many minds is the most difficult part of the whole play. It is not easy to get inside the skin of Elizabeth Proctor, and Sara Eveleigh didn't make a bad job of this at all, getting better as the play went on. Amongst the problems which all the girls in the production had to struggle with were the very authentic-looking caps which they wore. They looked fine but cut down rather drastically the expressive possibilities of their faces. This was particular hard on Julie Shipway as the evil Abigail, the cause of all the trouble, who gave a very nice performance indeed. Others whose performances stood out were Becky Platt, as the possessed Betty Parris, Katy Greig as Mary Warren, Karen Wright as Tituba, Libby Armstrong as Rebecca Nurse, David Williams as Judge Hathorne and Ken Cotter as Francis Nurse.

The attractive sets were conceived by Dr. Homer and Mr. Evans, and painted by a team led by Andrew Swani and Mike Gibbs. The lights were expertly controlled by the technical director, Simon Clarke, and almost all of the costumes were made — superbly — by a team headed by Rosamund Idle and Jane Hobbs supervised by Miss Barnett.

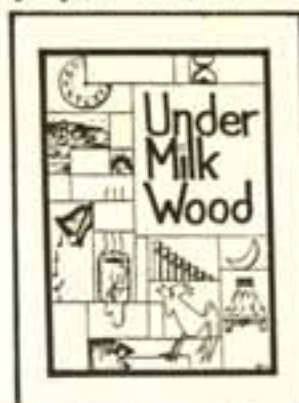
The play was appreciated by many, including several large parties from other schools. Its essentially theatrical success can be measured by the concentrated silence in which it was received, and it was altogether a very successful production.



Photographs: Trendphot

UNDER MILK WOOD

by Dylan Thomas



Undeterred by the requirements of dialect, we sat, an intrepid body of men, in Room 136, awaiting the auditions for which we had all applied. Here, however, it might be pertinent to note that despite the School Captain's clarion-like exhortations in Big School, the attendance fell significantly below the large cast needed — doubtless due to characteristic apathy of the UMs and 4ths. Little did we know that a mere week later we would be staring blankly at a computerized rehearsal schedule, courtesy of Mr. Simms and the university computer. We all appreciated the remarkable competence and efficiency of both Mrs. Simms and Mr. Trott in preparing a rehearsal schedule that dexterously circumnavigated (often fictitious) rugby matches, orchestral concerts, dance displays, and sometimes just favourite TV programmes. What's more, they both remained imperturbable throughout the play's share of apocalyptic crises, such as the time a joyfully oblivious member of the cast proclaimed "Oh, at least another foot yet" as Sapiencia crashed into a virtually priceless assortment of lights and microphones.

Mr. Trott could never resist the temptation to demonstrate frequent asinine smiles at the blatant double entendres, and similarly, Mrs. Simms would perform acutely embarrassing scenes ("Call me Dolores/Like they do in the stories") with an elusive twitch of the hips and a voice heavy with implication. Everyone cringed.

There were, of course, some technical difficulties, notably the very discreet bawling of Mrs. Simms (from off stage) at those on stage who groped (metaphorically) for their lines; the kicking of the stage by yet another unfortunate

during the last performance, and words in the play such as "mwchms". Also the fact that the play was originally written for radio made it somewhat awkward occasionally, and demanded much of the theatrical perception and artistic integrity of Mr. Trott and Mrs. Simms. Offstage, however, the omission of certain "unsuitable" and indecorous parts of the play had been deemed an adulteration, and provoked much controversy. As one fellow Thespian so articulately expressed it: "They've cut out all the bits wot's interestin!".

Succumbing to convention through mere sincerity, I must of course thank all those in and out of the cast who contributed to the general success and enjoyment of the entire production. Thanks are also due to the dynamic Richard Hitchcock whose sophisticated and acerbic wit helped to alleviate the monotony of waiting for and occasionally missing cues, to Rupert Warren whose romantic exploits were a joy and pleasure to us all, to J.C. (Clive) Ager who retained impeccable composure through all kinds of disasters, and to Mydie Macdonald not only for her assistance in teaching the little girls to sing

We must not forget the invaluable encouragement of D.R. (the good Doctor) Home who laughed loudly and lasciviously at the "dirty bits" during rehearsals, many of which we didn't understand ourselves.

Max Carlisle, U.M.



Photographs: J.M. Wood



JUAN: MONTAGE COLLECTIF

Music, poetry, dance, theories, costumes, masks, drama.

20,21 March 1981 — For the first time anywhere at KEHS.



'Juan' arrives at last — bang! bang! — a 'montage collectif' with its roots in Dada and its head in the clouds. Music by Mozart, poetry by Baudelaire and Byron, and drama in four different languages, all on the theme of Don Juan. A Ritual! 'Juan' was a composition

using space, colour and movement, and the setting in which it took place gave it an obsessive quality, although the 'meaning' of the 'action' was more or less non-existent. The combination of acting, dramatic arrangement, colour and music recalled the Gesamtkunstwerk (total work of art) of Dada Events. It required the collaboration of the audience.

The audience was first bemused, then amused by the action on stage. 'Juan' was completely incomprehensible for most of the time; the juxtaposition of English and French poetry rendered the verbal element meaningless, and there was not enough movement on stage to satisfy the eye. The light was too static, consisting mainly of unchanging blocks of colour, and although the German and Spanish segments were well-spoken, the language barrier was a problem.

Occasionally a brief scene would make an impact, before returning to a wash of language: Louise Evans as the femme fatale, Rahul Pillai and David Williams hinting at Don Juan's dual-sexuality, Sarah Vaughan stepping dramatically off her pedestal after standing blanché and motionless for an hour, or Jean-Christophe's own mime.

'Juan' was a theatrical play with hardly a note of theatre played. It was intended to shock — tear the beholder away from the stage — acceptance of his habitual attitude to theatre. After the initial slight shock, the aesthetic sank to zero, although, of course, 'Juan' attempted to establish such a shock as a value in itself. This is Art-for-a-Day. Welcome to Coca-Cola culture! Andy Warhol put twenty Marilyn Monroes in one picture; Jean-Christophe Thomas has put six Don Juans on one stage.

Simon Prosser, Geog



Photographs: J.

DINNER WITH THE FAMILY

by Jean Anouilh - the Vith Form Syndicate Play

kes syndicate
play 81



dinner
with the
family

Expressing his congratulations to all concerned, the reviewer of the 1979 Syndicate play "Lysistrata" registered his incredulity at the maturity of Nisha Pillai's direction. This year's director, Rahul Pillai, further illustrated his family's theatrical

talents. Despite his anxiety during the two weeks of rehearsal, he can in no way be seen as having been eclipsed by his elder sister.

The production captured the delicate balance of Anouilh's play between the almost-bizarre and the more serious problems which underlie the action. Neither element was allowed to dominate. Neil Bullock and Jacqui Bond provided the bizarre with extravagant portrayals of the actor and actress, which were both colourful and highly amusing, but were at the same time controlled.

David Wolffe, as Jack, created a character whose cynical disillusionment combined powerfully with a convincing emotional sincerity. His achievement is even more laudable when one considers that this was his first major part in a school play. Debbie Woodward, as his wife and George's mistress, Diana, handled a very complex

character skilfully. Similarly, Katy Greig as Isabelle emerged with credit from a difficult part. I was convinced by the strength of her love for the tarnished George.

Although I felt that there was a slight tendency towards an overstatement of the idiosyncrasies of the individual characters, Deirdre McCormack, Owen Beale, Sally Thompson, Leigh Biddlestone, Robert Glen and Edmund Faulkes all deserve praise. Their powers of characterisation were obvious and their contributions to the play, especially with regard to the humorous content, were telling.

Although it would be unfair to single out one particular member of the cast, Andrew Maund merits special mention. In addition to producing the play, he was thoroughly impressive as George. Particularly striking is his ability to regulate his performances to the varying demands of the other characters. He changed during the course of the play from being modest and unassuming in Act I, while the actor and actress were more prominent, to being more sinister.

"Dinner with the Family" provided an enjoyable evening's entertainment. The play itself showed weaknesses, notably a somewhat contrived final section, yet these faults can in no way be attributed to the direction or the cast. All concerned — the cast, and those behind the scenes — must be thanked for their hard work and congratulated upon their immensely profitable use of a fortnight.

Andrew Jones, Hist. VI.



Photograph: John Taylor, Maths VI.

GOD'S JAILER

Whilst rugby, cricket and athletics sides win trophy after trophy, you might have missed another that has found its way to KES — thanks to the Dramatic Society.

On May 25th, its members went to the Tamworth Drama Festival, and despite a cramped stage, modest lighting, no sound, and an audience of 32 in a 300-seat hall, won the Tindall Trophy for the Best School's Production.

The play, produced by the cast, was "God's Jailer", a one-act play rescued from obscurity in the school library. It is a comic morality play, and shows Satan, having locked up God, trying to oversee the progress of the world through the ages, as control gradually slips away from him;

and it ends up with a visit from Gabriel when Satan is defeated. Its obscurity was a problem since the author is dead, his agent is dead, and the agency went out of business in the '40s, and did the publishers! Eventually, permission to use copies was received from one of Mr. Evans' London "contacts".

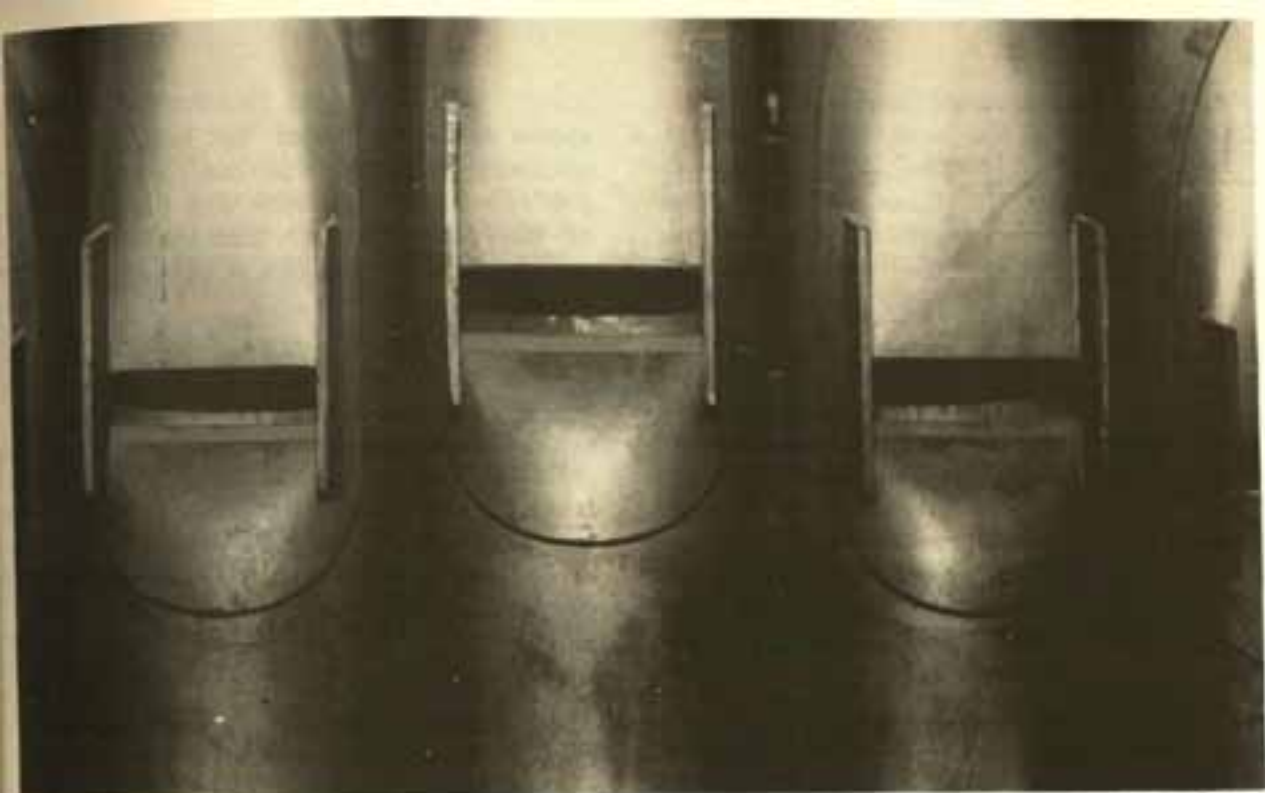
There was a dress rehearsal in the preceding Thursday lunch-hour, although costume was T-shirt and jeans, with time changes represented by different hat styles.

Thanks are due to Mr. Evans's (who took great delight in hearing that the play needed a real producer) and Richard Chapman for playing the fanfare. The players were Peter Francis, Kevin Cotter, Keith Anderson, Chris Weston, Alastair James and Ken Macnab.

The Drama Week



Photograph. John Taylor, Maths VI.



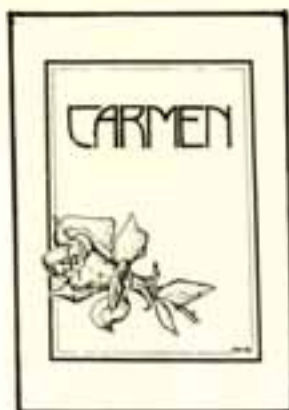
Photograph: John Taylor, Maths VI.



David
Wolfe

19-5-80

CARMEN



Cunningly browbeaten into buying a ticket for 'Carmen' by the usual devious Music Department methods, I awaited the actual performance with some trepidation. However, when I went I enjoyed a memorable evening's music, as Gordon Sill added yet another success to

his already formidable list of successful enterprises.

The highlight of the performance for me (and also, I suspect, for all other males present, at least) was the stunning portrayal of Carmen herself by Ann Hetherington. From her first sweeping entry she bowled me over (and also her chair!) with her tantalisingly seductive and wilful singing of the coquettish gypsy. The plot instantly became all too plausible, where in the past radio and recorded performances have left little lasting impression.

Richard Morton, making a return after last year's Verdi Requiem, was less colourful as Don José, but brought real emotion to the final dénouement. Edward Thornton was convincing as the strutting bullfighter Escamillo and the minor female rôles were ably and attractively sung by Susan Bisatt and Susan Evans. Special mention should go to Joy Naylor, who sang Micaela. After Verdi last year and Carmen this, she went on to sing an extremely difficult part in the Nelson Mass for the Christmas Concert at very short notice, and deserves at least honorary membership of the school.

A seemingly minor part, that of narrator, was played by Tony Trott in his usual inimitable style, bringing an amusing touch to this necessary link in a concert performance.

Beside these fine voices it was natural that the choruses of the two schools would

appear somewhat muted, but both performed spiritedly. One felt that the vivacity of the girls' gypsies and cigarette girls got the better of the mens' smugglers and soldiers, though they began to swashbuckle more convincingly at the famous Toreador's song.

The orchestral playing did full justice to the exciting score, and if not always note-perfect, achieved consistent energy and atmosphere. The credit for this must be largely due to that seemingly inexhaustible musical colossus, Gordon Sill. It is a fine comment on the high standard (which is a norm in his productions) that he is able to persuade so many professional musicians to take part in a school performance, often for a purely nominal fee. There cannot be many schools where music of the quality of this Carmen can be heard. More should take advantage of the opportunity in the future; I certainly shall.

R.T.

MISSA BREVIS

The Missa Brevis, composed by Britten in 1959, was sung as part of a service to commemorate All Saints' Tide, held in St. George's Church, Edgbaston. It was divided up into Kyrie and Gloria, the Sanctus and Benedictus and the Agnus Dei for the purpose of the service, and the soloists were A. McGeach, J. Sparrey and J. Dunstan. The service itself was held by Canon Bradley and the Reverend Grimley in a confusing mixture of Communion Prayer and Series Two. The sermon was by the Reverend Grimley and Dr. Homer conducted the Chapel Choir.

Am

CHRISTMAS CONCERT 1980

Tickets for this annual event are always scarce, and this year was no exception, even though there were to be an unprecedented two performances. Having gone to the trouble of queuing up on the first day of the sale, I obtained my ticket, unlike many other hopefuls, without having to resort to the black market, or to other similar methods

Was the great demand justified? On the night itself the signs looked distinctly ominous. I was charged good money for a decidedly scrappy piece of paper, with several handwritten corrections. In his opening words Mr. Sill informed us that one of the soloists for Haydn's "Nelson Mass" was ill, and a replacement had been drafted in at the last minute. I was worried. Was the perfection we had come to expect going to be impaired? The opening bars of the Mass dispelled my fears. Joy Naylor showed no sign of lack of preparation and the rendition by the other soloists, Jeremy Davies, Jeremy Platt and Andrew Hamer, aided by the Joint Choral Society, was nothing short of superb.

The Chapel Choir, under the direction of Dr. Homer, performed four carols, a pleasant enough experience until they fell apart, due as much to over-enthusiasm as anything else, half-way through the Twelve Days of Christmas.

After the interval, the Joint Orchestra gave a faultless performance of the ever-popular 'Peter and the Wolf', narrated by the inimitable Frances Earle.

Going as I did, on the second night of the two, I missed out on the marvels of the KEHS Madrigal group, and instead heard the Junior Wind Band. Considering that they had been formed barely a year ago, they more than made up for what they lacked in experience by their tremendous enthusiasm.

This was followed by three predictably highly-polished pieces from the Joint Concert Band and then we came to the climax of the evening's entertainment. What had the Music Department got in store for us this time? What could possibly follow Mr. Buttress on the wind machine, or Mr. Evans as Father Christmas on Sleigh Bells?

Mr. Sill let the suspense build up, and then told us that we were going to sing an original arrangement of 'Ding Dong Merrily On High', which he finally admitted to be his own. After a short practice the audience then proceeded to murder what was a highly imaginative, swinging version of the carol. This over, we departed to the now customary sound of hand-bell ringing in the Gild Hall.

Nick Osborne, Sci.VI.1A.



F. Andreas Muller, Econ. VI.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERT IN BIG SCHOOL



This year's orchestral concert on February 27th was ambitious even by King Edward's standards. The Joint Orchestra, led by Mary McGeachin and conducted by Peter Bridle, performed an exciting programme which included not only Rach-

maninov's Second Piano Concerto, but also a specially commissioned work by Antony le Fleming.

The concert began, however, with Kabalevsky's short but dynamic "Colas Breugnon Overture". This rhythmic music made a splendid start and gave opportunity for the striking young ladies recently recruited to the percussion section to show their talents.

The first performance of Antony le Fleming's "Variations for Orchestra" provided a great challenge to the orchestra. Though he wrote the piece specifically for us, Mr. le Fleming made no compromises and the work demanded professional playing. It was divided into two sections and began somewhat austere, the open harmony posing some intonation problems for the woodwind, but the orchestra, and Mr. le Fleming, came very much into their own in Variations V and VI, both scherzos influenced by American song and jazz. Part II returned to the sombre mood of the opening but the "Three Dance Intermezzi" soon re-established the rhythmic drive of the work. These culminated in Variation X, a fantastic jam session for clarinet and sax, which led directly into what Mr. le Fleming described as an "explosive transition", a wild passage in which everyone, including the Big School organist, pulled out all the stops. The Finale, which owed something structurally to another, more famous, orchestral work for children, followed, and left us all wishing that our hard work could have been rewarded with a

second performance.

The soloist in Rachmaninov's Second Piano Concerto was the young virtuoso pianist Peter Donohoe. Since Mr. Donohoe is now working with some top orchestras both in this country and abroad, it was very flattering to us that he agreed to play with our orchestra. He played superbly of course, but the orchestra rose splendidly to the occasion. There was some particularly fine playing from the strings and some beautiful solos, particularly by James Dalton (horn) and Jeremy Davies (clarinet). So we came to the end of an evening which must be regarded as a great triumph for Peter Bridle and the orchestra and a considerable reward for all the patient hard work he has put in over the last five years.

G.R.S.

SPRING CONCERT



This year's Spring Concert at KEHS in March was essentially varied in tone, and provided further evidence of the enthusiasm for greatly divergent forms of music which continues at the two Schools. The Concert opened with the KES Brass

Ensemble, a group conducted by Bryan Allen, under whom they have improved markedly in the last two years so that they are now a regular feature at many of our concerts. They played Gabrieli's 'Canzona' with accuracy, and then contrasted this by a performance of M. Locke's 'Music for His Majesty's Sackbuts and Cornetts'. The Ensemble coped well with some difficult pitching and produced a performance which the audience found attractive.

The second item on the programme was the KEHS Madrigal Group, conducted by Christine

Douglas. They sang 'Hymns from the "Rig Veda" by Gustav Holst, the harpist being Robert Johnston, who played with great clarity of tone. The Group themselves also sang very well under the direction of Miss Douglas.

The last item before the interval involved the Joint Chamber Orchestra, a relatively new innovation, conducted by Peter Bridle. They played Vivaldi's Concerto in A minor, F VII 5 for oboe, strings and continuo. The oboe soloist was Ginny Barber, who played with admirable skill and composure.

After the interval, the Joint Choral Society and Chamber Orchestra performed Haydn's "Nelson Mass" — a technically demanding work which demonstrated the application of the performers in practice for the Concert. The Choral Society sang especially well, and benefited from the polished professional performances of the soloists: soprano Anne Szreter and contralto Katherine Burnett, as well as our own Jeremy Platt and Andrew Hamer, who sang tenor and bass respectively. The Chamber Orchestra should also be congratulated on its performance, conducted by Peter Bridle with his customary brilliance.

Thanks are due to all who contributed to the Concert for making the evening so very successful and enjoyable.

Richard Hitchcock, IV.N.

CARMINA BURANA

On Saturday June 27th at twenty past seven, the trebles of the Chapel Choir walked onto the stage of Birmingham Town Hall. They were to perform the 'ragazzi' (children's voice) part of Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana". Although the performance was a great success, only a few people from an audience know how much work goes into preparing a choir for a concert.

The work began some months before when Dr. Homer gave out copies, and the choir were to learn a section from the work. A week later,

after school, Nicholas Cleobury, the choir-master of the CBSO chorus, gave an audition. Obviously the choir was up to standard, and more hard practice was needed to attain the final polish required by this perfectionist.

The next time the choir met Mr. Cleobury was the Friday before the performance, in the Friends' Meeting House in the town centre. He worked at the parts of the concert in which we were to take part and then we were able to go home — a long way ahead of the main CBSO chorus. The Chapel Choir had sung very well. We had another rehearsal the next day at two o'clock. It involved not only the Chapel Choir but also the CBSO Chorus, the symphony orchestra and the three soloists. There were no major mistakes. Now all was ready for the big night. Would the hours of practice pay off? or would the choristers lose their nerve?

As I have said, the concert went very well, but in *The Birmingham Post* the following Monday, although it mentioned the concert, nothing was said of the boys of the Chapel Choir. But I did hear one lady say as she was leaving the Town Hall "the boys were a credit to their school and to their choir master".

Tony Whitehouse, U.M.D.

SUMMER CONCERT



The Summer Concert 1981 took place in Big School on Tuesday 7th July, a sultry summer evening. As has become traditional on these occasions, there was a full house, but the warm, humid conditions did nothing to dampen the enthusiasm of the audience.

On the contrary — they kept asking for more.

The Concert began with the Joint Second Orchestra under its conductors Peter Bridle and Dennis Avery. They played three pieces, the second of which, Boyce's Symphony No. IV, was in complete contrast to the other two; but the orchestra seemed to have no difficulty in coping with this juxtaposition of styles. Although the performances were sometimes shaky in intonation, the great ensemble, the enthusiasm of the performers and their ability to change musical styles bode very well for the future of orchestral music at KES.

The second item was the only ensemble which was not a joint venture. This was the KEHS Junior Choir, conducted by Christine Douglas, who performed 'The Jonah-Man Jazz' by Michael Hurd. This is one of the many modern 'pop' cantatas and it received a very lively performance here, helped along by Gordon Sill (piano), Annie Oakley (drum-kit) and Peter Oakes (bass).

To end the first half, the Joint Wind Band took the stage under its conductor Peter Bridle. As many members of the school know, at great cost to their ear-drums, Mr. Bridle often conducts this band with the aid of a bass drum. This concert was no exception, although he did relinquish his bass drum — with a look of regret perhaps — for some items. This band plays remarkably well and its performance of 'Land of Hope and Glory' is one I shall certainly never

forget.

After a rather protracted interval, the senior part of the Concert began: with the Joint First Orchestra, led by Mary McGeachin and conducted by the ubiquitous Peter Bridle. The orchestra played two items, 'Night on a Bare Mountain' by Mussorgsky and Wagner's 'Prelude to Act III of "Lohengrin"'. As a member of the orchestra, I cannot really say what these works sounded like to the audience, but I can say that they were greatly enjoyed by the orchestra and, having played in many other orchestras outside school, I can also say that the Joint First Orchestra is one of the best.

The Concert ended on a lighter note with the Joint Concert Band. This saw a rather strange game of 'musical chairs' between myself, Gordon Sill and Peter Bridle. Mr. Bridle went from his conductor's stand to the percussion section on the stage, Mr. Sill from the trombone to the tuba, while I myself went from the clarinet to the conductor's stand. While the audience were still dazed from this we raced through four marches, including 'The Dambusters' only to find the audience still wanting more. They got it! We played two encores in all, the first of which was the more memorable for us. This was 'Hootenanny', a collection of American folk-tunes arranged in a contemporary idiom, which included such highlights as Mr. Benson standing up to show the world that he can play the trombone.

The evening went down very well with the audience, and if there was complaint, it was from the Music Department who were, they said, terribly confused as to who was meant to be playing and who conducting.

Jeremy Davies, Class VI

SYNDICATE CONCERT 1981



Wine and strawberries provided by the munificence of the School Captain greatly added to the attractiveness of this year's Shelter Concert did I say 'Shelter' Concert? Sorry — it seems that someone was offended by the political connotations

of providing homes for those who have none, so we instead witnessed a 'Syndicate' Concert. So what went on? Above all, most of the people I saw treated this as an Evening rather than a Concert: the summer gathering of those who go to all school plays and concerts. Slotted in between the gathering, the wine, the strawberries, the conversation and the departing, there was some music.

James Dalton performed most creditably in Mozart's Third Horn Concerto, backed by the school orchestra; while the resident Close Harmony Group (but not 'School' Close Harmony Group, as one leading member had already been an OE for nine months) had as this year's added bonus, four female singers. Alas, this was its undoing: the men's voices were all there, the girls' proved a little weak. The music, although ambitious, was not quite right, as overall the evening demanded a much more solid performance all round. The audience at least had the wine and strawberries to look forward to!

Part II consisted of a performance of the Fauré Requiem, with David Homer at the organ. Both soloists performed very well — Jeremy Davies the baritone and Clare Costa the soprano. Clare made us all sigh. The chorus had its usual hearty sing, all good, clean fun.

My abiding memory of the evening, I think, remains the wine and strawberries; because I consumed mine with a special friend in the

Cartland Club, the early summer sun shining over the oak panelling, the bustle of the Gild Hall discernable, but remote. Now, that is the way to spend an evening in school.

Chris Hamley, Class VI.

MARK RACZ

The summer term saw the arrival at school of an exceptionally versatile and talented young pianist from America, namely Mark Racz. Although he came primarily to fill in a gap in the Music School while David Sadler is away on an examining tour of New Zealand, he also privileged the cultured masses of KES with a recital, which he later repeated in an extended form at Cannon Hill Arts Centre. The programme consisted of the contrasting Hungarian music of Bartok and Liszt, particularly suitable since Mr. Racz is himself of Hungarian extraction. He demonstrated his many abilities by doing full justice both to the romantic and dramatic pieces by Liszt and to the percussive and scintillating music of Bartok, while his explanatory notes prefacing each piece were also appreciated.

I should like to thank Mr. Racz on behalf of all at KES for his regrettably brief stay here, and wish him all success in his future career.

Max Carlsh, U.M.D.

CONCERT HALL EXTRAVAGANZA

The audience on the night of the Concert was very large, probably due as much to image-building as anything else.

The first band to perform was the legendary 'Grilled Anorax'. Had they concentrated less on appearance, which was a joke anyway, and more on giving at least an impression of the talent, I believe they have, they might have been less appalling and more appealing.

The next band, the 'Spironoids', improved on their previous performance and were better than the 'Anorax' — enough said.

Joe Thompson appeared at the piano for a short while. He played well, although speed of rendition unfortunately does not make up for errors. Jacqui Bond's performance doesn't really deserve a mention

Adam Bradbury's band was promising: Messrs. Webb, Gibbs and Bradbury are all more than competent in the playing of their respective



Photograph: John Taylor, Maths VI.

instruments, but, sadly, lacked any impressive material. However, with a stronger repertoire they have potential.

The visual side of the performance of 'Korea Girls' was astounding; they were well turned-out, had impressive equipment, and the slide projector was a good idea. However, the sound was a mess, and their playing appeared incompetent. They have a lot of work to do before reaching T.O.T.P.

The courage of Brian Lynn, in playing a solo before an unappreciative crowd, deserves commendation.

In the final analysis, there is some talent here, but performances need greater polish and better material. Still, it was an enjoyable evening, and the proceeds of the Concert went to a good cause — and let us hope for a better turn-out from the performers next year.

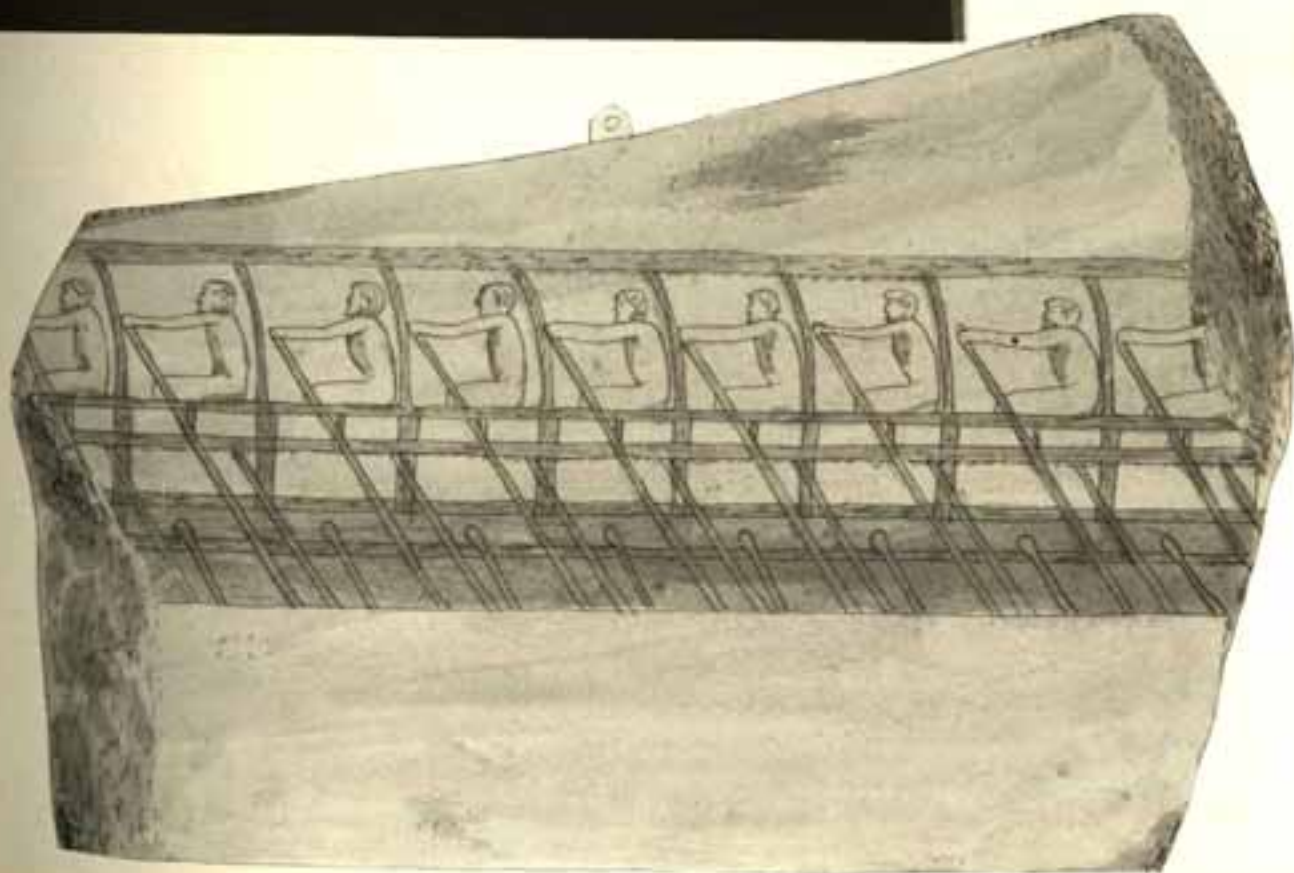
Anon.



Photograph: John Taylor, Maths VI.

SAUNDERS CLASSICAL PRIZE

EDMUND FAULKES, *Class VI.*







*T. Pickering, Sci. VI.2.
Photo: John Taylor, Maths VI.*

Last year's art exhibition was reviewed by Tom Canel who, having found the '78 exhibition to be "worthy of much comment", the '79 exhibition "extremely good" and the '80 exhibition "the best I have ever seen" has left behind a tradition of superlatives which I found hard to match this year.

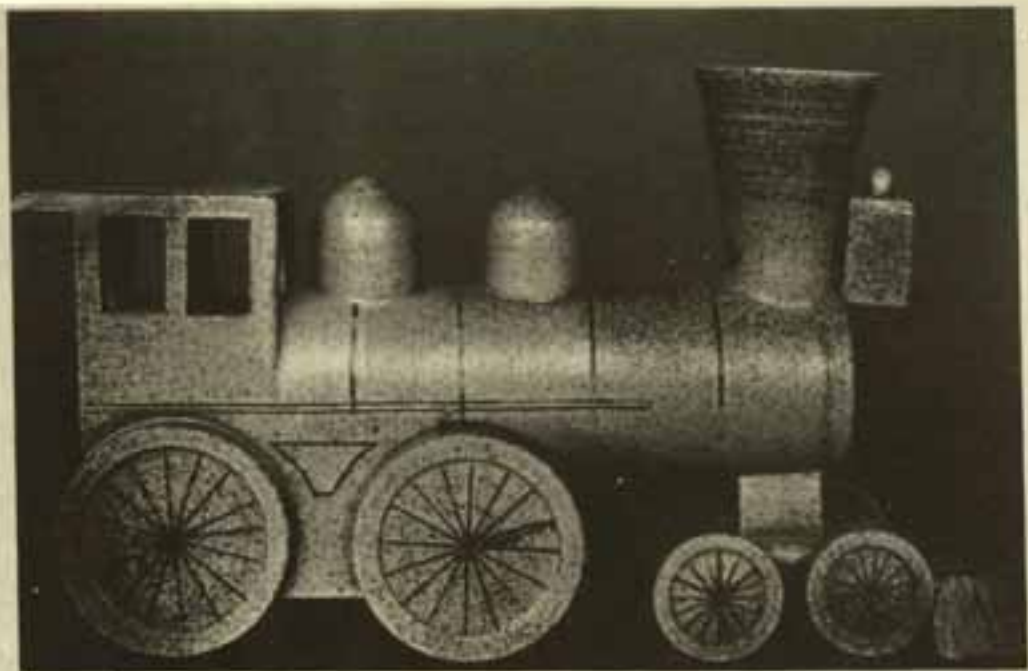
It seems that every year there comes a plea from the Art Department which, having passed unheeded, has been stored up for the following year. The photography section has again produced its fair share of dust-covered prints despite the obvious need for a darkroom with a dust-free environment. The artwork again lacks the finesse which an extra period per week in the earlier years of the school might have corrected. Generally the exhibition reflected a very low standard of calligraphy both in artwork and the accompanying captions — obviously supplied in great haste by the artists concerned.

More specifically, in the photography section the lack of consistency of printing was immediately obvious, particularly those printed with the enlarger and not focused correctly. Matthew Kempshall's pictures of 'Movement' were effective, particularly those taken with a longer exposure giving greater contrast between the solids of the rocks and the fluidity of the water. Nick Osborne's prints showed great inconsistency ranging from perfectly printed graveyard pictures to some very obvious finger-marks on others. It was like a breath of fresh air seeing colour photographs in the exhibition again. M. Embley tried hard to explain the intricacies of colour printing along with his excellent pictures. Perhaps in future a section on the differences between colour and black and white photographs could be included. J.R. Taylor remains the best technician that the school has seen for a long time. Perfectly focused and printed photographs have almost become his trademark. His buildings, though lacking a little in variety of angle and approach, were very well-produced pictures.

The pottery section was the only area to show a significant improvement, even early Shell work being far better than in the past. T. Pickering's tableware was perfect in many ways. 'The Locomotive' by S.J. Mounfield was put together very accurately, and 'The Dog' by H. Gyde looked as soft as the real thing. The 'fine' art section was, on the whole, disappointing. Andreas Müller's work lacked the variety and quality he has shown in the past and the 'A' level group as a whole was not well represented. 'The Divisions' work seems to be showing a lot of promise; hopefully they will be better represented next year.

Finally, the exhibition of the Model Railway Society's layout was very well produced. Detail was excellent, and obviously a lot of teamwork went into its production — very important these days.

A.J. Miles, O.E. 1980

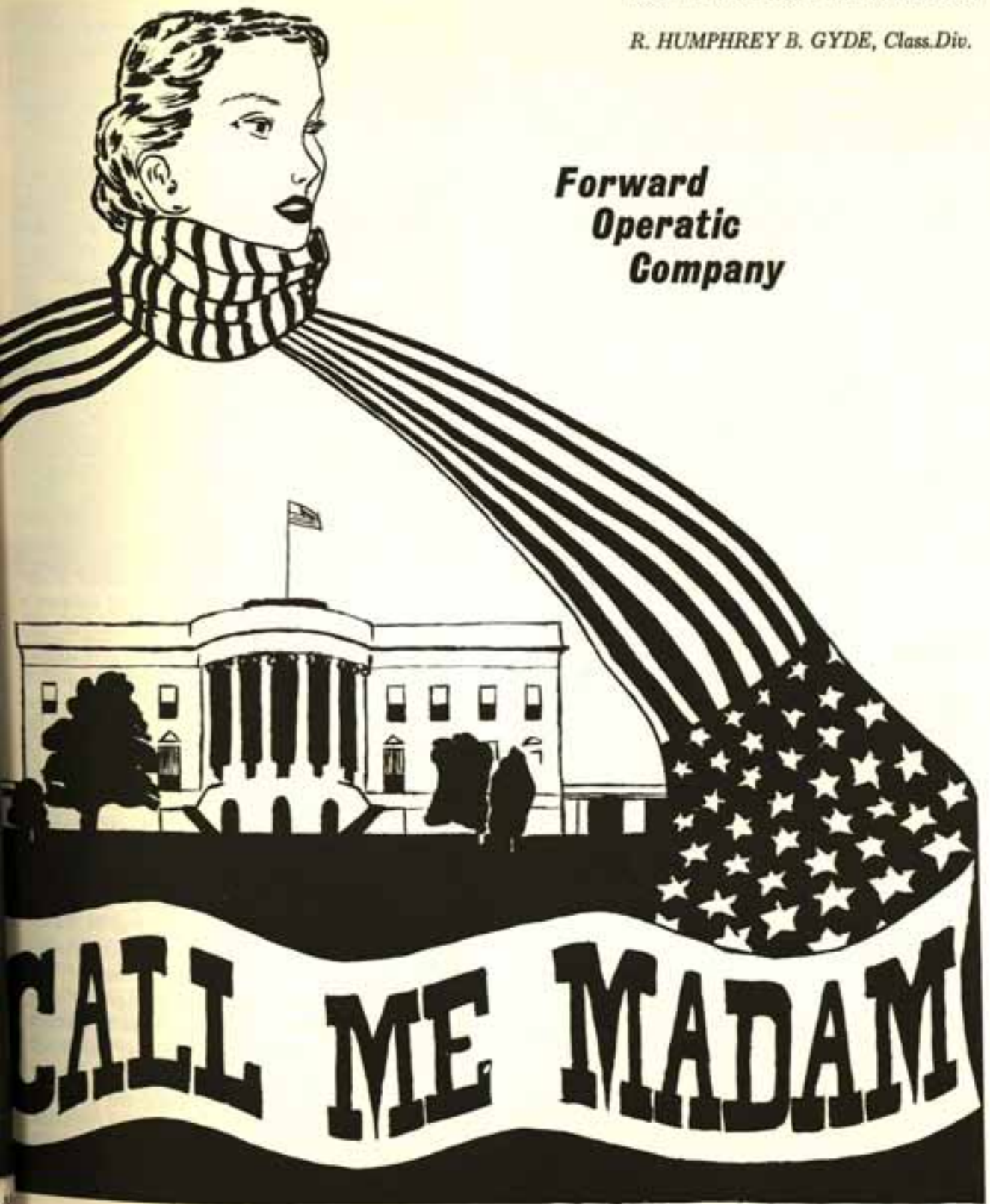


Photographs: John Taylor, M

BOND PRIZE FOR ILLUSTRATION

R. HUMPHREY B. GYDE, *Class.Div.*

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FEATURES TRIPS & REPORTS.

COMMEMORATION OF THE FOUNDER'S BIRTHDAY, 8th OCTOBER 1980

My instant reaction has always been that if I were the Founder and my birthday were being celebrated I would prefer a simple slice of sponge cake and a game of 'Pass the Parcel'. I'm not.

In October, the ceremony took place, as ever with the traditional pomp: the organ played, the distinguished procession made its dignified way onto the stage and we sang the national anthem. The prayer of thanksgiving was said and there followed an anthem 'Te Deum Laudamus'. We sat, and R. Hitchcock read with impressive authority from the Book of Job.

Tradition was later deserted for a moment by Chris Hamley with an inspiring and interesting account of his first-hand experience of the horrific bomb attack at the Bologna railway station. Apart from this, the proceedings took the same form as I imagine they have done for the last fifty years. We ended with the flamboyant 'Quadragesimo iam per annos' and departed, accompanied by even more organ music. The central part of the evening had been, however, the presentation of prizes and the two addresses.

The Chief Master's speech focused largely on the national situation, with particular reference to its effects on the Foundation and education in general. It was a strong but diplomatic speech, attentively received.

Scholars' medals and prizes were then presented.

The Bailiff, Mr. C.W. Robinson, returned with obvious emotion to the topic of education and current attitudes to it within Parliament. It was a controversial and outspoken speech, but with the good of the school clearly at heart.

During the next few days, some radical opinion within the school was critical of this speech. And yet, such occasions and speeches,

unpalatable as they may be to certain would-be progressives in the school, form a necessary, though not all-important, part of King Edward's. Those who would censor such speeches, or abolish the occasion altogether, should remember the cautionary tale of the baby and the bathwater.

On reflection, I could always find my sponge cake and 'Pass the Parcel' elsewhere.

Matthew Banks, V.I.

THE FOUNDATION SERVICE

It was on a wet and dreary February morning that Sixth formers from the King Edward Foundation Schools came together at St. Martin's in the Bull Ring in order to give thanks for the Foundation. The theme of the service was "Blessed are the Peacemakers" and the first reading was from the Beatitudes, which include this phrase. The prayers also called upon us to pray for our "strife-torn world" and the need for men to live together in harmony. The sermon also followed these lines. It was given by Deaconess Dr. Una Kroll, who is perhaps more renowned in recent months for her leadership of a protest at the church's refusal to ordain women, during an ordination service at St. Paul's Cathedral. This slight female spoke commanded us about the need for mutual respect and responsibility, if we are all to live together. She described an African 'palaver', where tribesmen come together to shout at each other and work out the tensions which have arisen between them, to enable harmonious living for the rest of the week. Using this example of human co-operating with one another, Dr. Kroll emphasised the need for us to do the same, although



she despaired at this ever being a distinct possibility because of the "privileged" education which she felt we receive.

Ironically, the service as a whole presented us with the problem of humans being unable to express emotion properly, in this case praise and thanksgiving. It is a highly institutionalised affair to which most sixth formers go, although attendance is not compulsory. The dilemma which one feels is that most of the young people there are unconcerned, and that the stilted service fails to provide them with any sense of taking part in worship. A good example of how the service fails to retain a coherent development of the religious experience of worship, is the way in which the Foundation Prayer follows a more modern, and hence, more attractive set of petitions. As these familiar lines tumble out — "We give thee most humble and hearty thanks " one wishes that just as the Church of England has seen fit to provide a more modern alternative to the Seventeenth Century Prayer Book, the Governors might approve a more

modern form of the prayer which would not rob the occasion of its sense of youth giving thanks. Outdated phrases like "become profitable members of the Church and Commonwealth and at last be partakers of thy heavenly kingdom" provide the correct sentiments, but they use a phraseology which is uncomfortable and unsuitable for the type of people using it. Obviously attempts have been made to rectify this problem: the second reading was not another Bible reading, it was taken from 'The Prophet' by Kahlil Gibran, a non-Christian work which expresses the Christian theme of the service.

Without a shade of doubt the Foundation Service is a worthwhile, if not necessary, occasion, in which all should be encouraged to give thanks for their education; furthermore, although in its present form it lacks the continuity and sense of true religion which any worshipper seeks to attain in a service, it is potentially a very meaningful experience.

Robert Lawrance, Mod.Lang.VI.

SPEECH DAY

It is generally true that short Speech Day ceremonies are more popular than those drawn-out affairs in which the audience is confronted by a speaker who finishes what he has to say after 15 minutes, but does not stop until after 25 minutes. The Speech Day ceremony this year was one of the longest on record, but by no means fell into the second category; indeed, it has been described as one of the most memorable Speech Days ever.

The school was honoured with the presence of the Lord Mayor of Birmingham, as well as the main speaker, Mr. John Garnett, Director of the Industrial Society. The order of the proceedings followed its traditional pattern. Dr. Homer's organ playing was impeccable, as was the Brass Ensemble's performance of Giovanni Gabrieli's 'Canzona'.

Declamations were read from four Sixth Form Prize Essays, those of R.J. Glen, A.J. Willetts, A.P. Balmford and A.J. Maund.

The Chief Master expressed his gratitude to those masters who are leaving school this year and he recounted the successes achieved over the past twelve months, while the second half of his speech was inevitably directed towards the future of education in Birmingham. He emphasised his opinion that although the Labour Council's proposals were bureaucratically tidy they took no account of the welfare of the pupils or schools involved in their plans to close school sixth forms and introduce Sixth Form Colleges. He also expressed concern at plans to end support for the voluntary-aided grammar schools, whilst saying that he would regard it as impossible for any government to make fee-paying illegal. His appeal to the Council, therefore, was to think again and to allow the educational system to develop of its own accord — "evolution not revolution". The speech may well have been disagreeable to the socialist Lord Mayor's personal opinion, but he was present in his capacity as representative of the city. He departed before the end of the ceremony, not because of the disapproval which his unsmiling face suggested, but because he had to go to another engagement which had been arranged on the assumption that the ceremony was not going to be as long as it was.

John Garnett delivered a very powerful and most impressive speech, which he addressed mainly to the prizewinners. He spoke of the need for the leaders of all professions and occupations (the ranks of which he assumed many of the audience would reach) to make the effort to relate to those who work with and for them and to give them encouragement and a real sense of purpose in their jobs so that even a boring job might be seen to have a purpose, even though the task itself remains tedious. He lamented the divisions in society, which had grown up during his own generation, between those who participate and those who actually get involved; he therefore exhorted prizewinners

to get involved with those who are under them, and to lead by example, which he referred to as "action-centred leadership". Over and above this he spoke of the advantages of adopting this attitude with a backbone of religious faith. There is no doubt that he wished the prizewinners good luck, he most certainly meant it, and his ability to incorporate ideas suggested to him by the declamations was impressive, as was his obvious interest in the School's achievements. It was the prizegiving which made the ceremony so much longer than usual. Mr. Garnett spoke to every prizewinner at some length, demonstrating the essence of his speech, a genuine desire to acquaint himself with each boy's achievements and future plans and also to encourage and congratulate them.

The School Captain delivered a vote of thanks, expressing a gratitude felt by many for a speech of force and plainness that will remain in the memories of the audience for a considerable time.

Robert Lawrance, Mod.Lang. VI

THOUGHTS ON THE TOMIN VISIT TO KES

During the Spring Term the sixth formers were privileged to hear a lecture on "The Freedom of Knowledge" from two important Caele intellectual dissidents who are at present at Oxford — Professor Tomin and his wife. It was a tremendous opportunity to gain an insight into a situation which is alien to our own thinking. Unfortunately it became inescapably apparent how wide the gap of understanding is between an audience with no sense whatsoever for the political tensions of Eastern Europe and an academic guru who has so much knowledge to impart that it should make every minute of his presence precious. His grasp of political theory synthesised with an acute awareness for the reality of its present actual application, is immeasurable. Tomin's somewhat embarrassed efforts to propound high calibre thinking under

circumstances of language problems (he had been in England only six months previous to his visit) and to an audience that was insufficiently prepared, was effectively counterbalanced by the exuberance and obvious charm of his wife. The dilemma was a clash of interests between two people hungry for intellectual freedom, and a political system sensitive to criticism, even where justified, as was the Charter '77 movement with which the Tomins were actively involved. Prof. Tomin pointed towards the political hypocrisy of the Czech government's attitude towards Charter '77, while Mrs. Tomin recounted instances of mental and physical harassment by the security forces.

The Tomins of this world march on, but what does this mean for our own situation? For myself, their visit brought a more immediate problem to the surface. The insulated atmosphere at our school is deep-rooted, a sorrowful part of the school's tradition, which is broken only by a minority (although extremely lively) Community Service option and sporadic imaginative efforts such as the decision to invite the Tomins. Although we must be aware of what is going on in Prague, we should be more aware of what is happening in our own situation — Birmingham, a city which is a multi-racial, multi-cultural, multi-faith treasure-house. Academic excellence is the powerbase for our school. Academic excellence ALONE is a poor skeleton. Our school community must be made more sensitive to the communities of which it should be a member. As my post 'A'-level syndicate, I worked as a research student for a pioneer Multi-Faith conference. Dealing with the different faiths that make Birmingham a multi-faith metropolis, the conference came into direct contact with cultures and communities that seem alien to King Edward's but are very much a part of Birmingham. We visited a Jewish barmitsvah, witnessed a Sikh marriage, went to black-led Pentecostal churches in Handsworth and Aston, travelled to a Friday service at the Central Mosque, as well as meeting Buddhists and Hindus.

Tomin's visit exposed many of us to a fellow human being, whose dedication to and vision of Socialism and Marxism in Czechoslovakia is closely allied to a deep love for his home country. That afternoon can only have been of value if it becomes part of an increasing effort to challenge the culturally lop-sided community at KES. It must be acknowledged that the understandable tendency to isolation is dangerous in that it breeds ignorance and suspicion. In present times where tension between communities is due to a disgraceful lack of understanding for one another I feel it must become a priority with the school to become more aware of the many communities and situations that make up Birmingham. Learning to live with people is just as important as learning about Newton's laws in Physics, French verbs and Economic theory.

Andreas Müller, Econ. VI.

FATHER JEAN-MARIE LEUWERS

Just before the main school exams, the school received a regrettably brief visit from Père Jean-Marie Leuwers, a leading member of the French 'Action Catholique Ouvrière'. Père Leuwers works both at national and international level, has had an audience with the Pope, and has contacts all over the world. A down-to-earth man, he gave the Christians in the school a good example of working-out their faith in practice.

The 'Action Catholique Ouvrière' is essentially a shop-floor movement, (although not aggressively militant), trying to improve working conditions. Through his work Père Leuwers has been trying to make people be more responsible in a world of changing conditions; by taking practical steps to help alleviate the problems of unemployment, for example. Recently he has taken up a position in a poor parish in Lille, and during his visit here he went to a workers' meeting in Digbeth.

For those fortunate enough to talk to him

in two fourth forms and in one of Mr. Hatton's Divisions French lessons, his perceptiveness, good humour and his warm Christian love for those around him were apparent, whether about the new Polish unions or his own experiences.

Jonathan Andrews, Mod.Lang.Div.

"THE CLUB"

At the start of the last school year, the old people's club in Balsall Heath moved out of its ramshackle meeting place into a fine new Church Centre, which is the place of worship for two local churches, and which, in addition, is intended to offer practical help to the people of the area. It is there that 'our' social workers, Miss Elsie Jones and Miss Mary Turnbull, are based for their work of caring for the old people and it is in the spacious and comfortable hall that their Friday afternoon club meets — between fifty and a hundred old folk come together on these occasions for tea and friendship.

Week by week, boys and girls from these two schools have helped with teas and entertainment at the Club, or have gone out visiting to the homes of the housebound. When Help the



Aged presented to the Club a mini-bus, which had been specially adapted for the handicapped, we were glad to be invited to join in the celebrations. The Summer term finished with an impressively professional concert and tea party, planned and put on by KES and KEHS.

R.W.G.



Photographs: Steve Cooper, So

NORWAY EXPEDITION 13th - 31st AUGUST 1980

From the official report:

The expedition was first proposed as a Foundation expedition in late 1978 and by January 1979 a steering committee had been formed. The intention was to take boys, girls, and staff from all the schools within the Birmingham King Edward's Schools Foundation. Within two months of this, the two leaders from Aston School were forced to withdraw and David Haywood suggested that the expedition should become a KES-only affair. This suggestion generated strong support within the Common Room and eleven masters expressed interest in or offered help with the venture.

The leader at this stage was to be David Haywood and he was responsible for the co-ordination of the initial discussions. However, in September 1979 he was forced to withdraw as leader due to family commitments, and George Andronov took over the leadership.....

The final party consisted of seventeen boys and five staff, which proved to be a very convenient number

Detailed planning began in earnest in January 1980. Tasks were assigned to the staff and kit for the expedition was chosen. There was to be a Snowdon training expedition in April and further training in snow and ice and rope techniques for the boys on the climbing wall at school.

Throughout the spring and summer we contacted possible sponsors in an attempt to obtain services or gifts from organisations to offset the costs. In particular, the Governors of the School made a generous donation to the staff expenses and also to the cost of buying specialised ice equipment. By the time school ended for the Summer Holiday the expedition was ready

The main restriction on our activities was the generally poor weather, we had only a few days without rain. The main objectives were achieved, however, and the first one and a half weeks went very much as planned with a slow build-up of fitness culminating in the ascents of the highest peaks

Conditions on the mountains were roughly

as expected, and we found our preparations and equipment to be adequate for what was attempted. Boulder fields were encountered frequently and always required slow, careful progress. Fortunately, there was only one accident on such terrain when a boy sustained a slightly sprained knee. The glaciers on which we travelled were not difficult, as the snow cover was light or non-existent and the crevasses were visible. Snow-fields were also encountered, the difficult decision here being whether or not to wear crampons in the event of ice under the surface. At one point a person slipped through trying to get away without them!

The poor weather also produced much deep snow high up. On fairly even terrain this was tiring for the leader only, but on top of boulders progress was reduced to a crawl (often literally!) and on one occasion snow over slabs meant wearing a rope and bringing the party up individually. The other hazards encountered were the glacial torrents. When full they can be uncrossable, and at best require tricky boulder hopping or very careful wading. Two people fell in (including RTB) and were fortunate that the day was not cold.....

Personal reminiscences of the highlights by James Lavery:

After an exhausting journey by boat to Bergen from Newcastle, during which DRH sat in a corner going green with fright at the thought of sea-sickness, and the rest of the party spent their money on Space Invaders, we arrived in Norway. The first, uneventful, night was spent at Vinje, after being crammed into two minibuses for the journey there, driven by George (Caveman) Andronov and R.T. Bridges, and guided by David (The Gnome) Homer. The following day, we drove into the mountains, to Spiterstulen, and established base camp after a wait of about two hours while our intrepid leaders tried to find a suitable place on what appeared to be a derelict bomb site.

Day 1 - we walked to Hellstugubreen in brilliant sunshine. Excitement mounted as everybody put on crampons for the first steps on ice. After a brief wander, GA organised the party

into groups playfully directing the channels of melt water into one channel. APR and DRH left us to it, declaring that it was too childish; they were later found hurling rocks into the melt water stream in vain attempts to dam the flow!

Day 4 — we arrived at Lom for a rest day and everybody went in search of liquid refreshment since beer in the mountains was £1.50 for a bottle containing 2/3 pint. We were delighted to find beer at 30p per bottle but doubts grew when the natives gave us increasingly bewildered looks. Once we had bought a month's supply, a kindly gentleman explained that it was non-alcoholic; the party was stunned.

Day 6 — the best day of the trip, although a long and tiring day. We ascended Galdhóppigen via the ridge over Keilhaus Topp, climbing through a beautiful snow field. On reaching the top, we found a small hut full of intrepid climbers. The atmosphere was light-hearted, and after one rendition of the School Song, which brought tumultuous applause, the whole hut hesitantly joined in.

Day 8 — the ascent of Glittertind proved to be the hardest climb of the expedition, and the most exhausting day for the leader — although very rewarding. The mountain itself was covered in deep new snow, and we were fortunate in being able to follow the tracks made by two people in descent, without which route-finding would have been very difficult.

Day 9 — return to Hellstugubreen for DRH's physics experiments.

Day 11 — the party split into two for a low climb — a walk around Langvatn — and a high climb. The latter party tackled Styggehoe and had a most interesting and eventful day, made the more enjoyable by RTB's fall into the freezing mountain stream, proving that even he can make mistakes!

Day 16 — on arriving back at KES the holiday ended on a poignant note as the boys stood in a circle on the grass square of the quadrangle and sang the School Song. Few would deny that it rounded off the expedition in the spirit in which the whole three weeks were enjoyed. Our thanks are due to all who made it possible.

*DRH, RTB, and the official report
James Lavery, V.S.*

1981 HAYWOOD TRAVEL SCHOLARSHIPS

The aim of our expedition was to visit the major ruins that survive from Mexico's pre-Hispanic civilizations and to see as much of this vast country as we could in the time available.

Our first stop was Miami, Florida, from where we were whisked some three hundred miles north along the coast to stay near to the Kennedy Space Centre. We arrived less than a week before the début flight of the space shuttle Columbia, but unfortunately we didn't have the time to stay and watch its launch. We did, however, make a point of visiting the Centre and saw the shuttle on its launch pad.

We returned next to Miami and flew on across the Gulf of Mexico to Mexico City. It is a breathtaking city — not least because at 7200 feet there is a distinct lack of oxygen. The centre of the city is a mass of colonial Spanish churches and palaces built on the ruins of the former Aztec capital, Tenochtitlan, with the wealth created by Mexico's silver mines. There is also a modern business sector dotted with skyscrapers, a few extremely wealthy residential districts, and the rest of the city is a vast sprawl of housing estates and shanty towns.

The population of Mexico City is growing at an incredible rate, but its size is limited by the surrounding mountain ranges. Already it is the city with the largest population in the world, some sixteen million people crammed into an area only a quarter of the size of London.

The mountainous region around the capital is where the best archaeological sites are to be found, and perhaps the most impressive of all is Teotihuacan, a short bus journey away from the city. It is dominated by two immense pyramids comparable in size to those of Egypt, and was a vast religious complex dedicated to human sacrifice, and in its heyday several tens of thousands of victims would be dispatched every year.

After spending our first week visiting some marvellous sites near Mexico City, we set off into the wilds of the Mexican countryside. The first stage of our journey was by bus from the capital to a small provincial city Villahermosa and then on to the archaeological zone near the village of Palenque.



Photograph: Steve Cooper, Sci.VI.1B.

It seems appropriate here to mention something about buses in Mexico. After a while you find it perfectly logical that the 12.15 bus should leave before the 11.45 but after the one at 12.30. Invariably you will find yourself seated between one cassette player blasting out last month's American "Top 30", and another equally loudly playing traditional mariachi music — not the best of mixtures. After about twelve hours of the sixteen hour journey, the batteries begin to feel the strain and the music grinds slowly and painfully to a halt.

From Palenque it was back into the central region and the charming city of Oaxaca where we stayed several days, visiting ruins at Mitla and Monte Alban. The latter was on the top of a mountain that its builders had levelled off by hand.

From Oaxaca we travelled down to the Pacific coast and a little fishing port called Puerto Escondido, squeezed between the mountains and the ocean. Unfortunately, it was not quite so idyllic as its setting, as we had half of our luggage stolen while on the beach waiting for a bus on to Acapulco. We stayed here just long enough to be robbed a second time before hurrying back inland to Taxco and then returning to Mexico City. This left us with a few hectic days in which to try to see anything we had missed during our first stay before flying home again via Miami.

We had a marvellous time and would strongly advise anyone eligible to enter the scholarship competition to do so, since it is an opportunity that you are unlikely to get again.

*John Hawthorne, Econ.Div.
and David Baker, Mod.Lang.Div.*

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION TRAVEL SCHOLARSHIP 1981 : OUTLINE OF TRIP

I shall spend four weeks in Canada touring the region of New Brunswick, principally around the Bay of Fundy.

The incredible generosity of the Canadian people has amazed me: I have had offers of accommodation from people in all the places I intend to visit, and one boy even sent me the taxi-fare (three Canadian dollars) needed to get from the ferry to his house.

The object of the trip will be to see somewhere "off the beaten track", and to explore anything that these places have to offer. A tour around the bay in a helicopter, a trip on a fishing boat, and the opportunity to sail at Saint John have been suggested already. I hope to have an exciting and enjoyable four weeks!

John Ingham, Geog.Div.

(It is hoped that a full report of the Scholarship will be available for next year's CHRONICLE.)

KES SKI-ING TRIP TO CHIESA IN VALMALENCO, DECEMBER 1980.

The party of seventeen boys and three masters was truly wafted from Luton Airport by that well-known firm of couriers, Monarch Airlines, and the Hotel Mitta, simple but friendly, was home for a week. Relations were soon opened with our new neighbours from Liverpool and an educational priority school from Bradford, thanks to that ever-present socializer Tarik "I've been going into pubs since I was twelve" Jennings. Conversation and integration were obviously deliberately provided by the management by varying the speed of service from slow to stop.

The ski-ing was marred by a distinct lack of snow, but this deterred no-one, and Jim Dalton was almost successful in leaving his head half way up the drag lift. The absence of ski-ing was made up for by numerous après-ski (and avant-ski) entertainments, including head-banger-baiting with the bar open from 4 pm to 12 pm, boogying in the sin-bin disco downstairs, and trying to extract drinks from certain perhaps

not-as-generous-as-they-might-be masters.

At the end of the week, nobody failed to pass their ski-ing tests, but Mr. Wills devised a stringent test which caught out a number of Removes who were apparently unable to comprehend the phrase "straight line".

The mysterious disappearance of Mr. Tomlinson during the last night caused considerable problems in terms of duty-free allowances, but innocent faces and the clandestine opening of bottles on the plane solved those problems.

Many thanks are due to Messrs. Tomlinson, Worthington and Wills for a most enjoyable holiday and especially for their initiative in going to Chiesa to ski. We all thank goodness that we are still alive after being returned home by a driver who had sat in the bar for 14 hours and proceeded to go the wrong way down the M1.

Simon Martin, Econ. VI

EASTER SKI-ING, MALLNITZ (extract)

..... on the second day, the more experienced skiers ventured to a different mountain, the Ankogel, only to find themselves ski-ing on ice, in cloud. With the instructor, Ernst, making several good attempts to lose his way, we were led up and down the mountain, hardly able to see the tips of our skis.

The top group was joined by the 'Schools Abroad' representative, Rose, and the masters in that group, TBT, GAW and DCE, all escorted her safely up the T-bar lifts whenever necessary.

By the third day, the cloud was breaking up and life in the ski-class was made more interesting by two new recruits, Suzanne and Berndt from Berlin, who enjoyed ski-ing down the mountain without looking and/or turning, leaving the best part of a nervous ski-party quaking in their wake. Now, the sky was as clear as the daily consomme and the snow was softening up. The good weather to trivial yet light-hearted fining from CJW, for the strangest of offences. The masters suffered dearly.

On the last day a slalom race was held, and GAW, claiming he was favourite, fell at the first. DCE, cool, calm and collected, was beaten into second place by a quietly confident Jes Butler.

The excellent ski-ing made up for the non-existent town life; the locals seemed to be in hibernation. Yet again TBT set the trend for head-wear, while GAW revealed his new turn of speed, and Simon Chance must get a mention for bringing music to the slopes via a miniature portable cassette-player

Chris Remfry, V.W.

SCHOOL TRIP TO ST.GERMAIN-EN-LAYE. EASTER 1981

At the beginning of the Easter holidays Messrs. Underhill, Jayne, Workman and Hodges, and Mrs. Hodges, took a party of forty two boys to the town of St. Germain-en-Laye, situated about 20 kilometres to the west of Paris.

We stayed in the middle of the town at the C.R.E.P.A., a modern hostel for foreign students. In the town of St. Germain stands the chateau, now a museum, which was the birth-place of Louis XIV and home of the exiled James II of England.

Three visits were made to Paris, enabling us to see all of the major landmarks. For most of us, the highlight was the ascent of the Eiffel Tower, included in our visit to the 'Left Bank'.

There were also excursions to the palace at Versailles; the chateau of Malmaison, which was the residence of Josephine Bonaparte; the cathedral at Chartres; and the International Lycee, to where children from nine different countries come to reach fluency in French before taking the complete range of subjects in French.

The itinerary left us plenty of time to spend in St. Germain and the trip was greatly enjoyed by all. On behalf of all who went, I would like to thank the various members of staff who ably shepherded us around the various sights.

James Pickworth, U.M.H.

CCF VISIT TO 1st BATTALION, ROYAL REGIMENT OF FUSILIERS, B.A.O.R.

The omens were bad. Less than ten minutes after leaving the house I was panicking over the loss of the sailing tickets, so while the lads were assembling on New Street, Mr. Benson was persuading B.R. to issue us with duplicates and Mr. Andronov was calming me down. After this, the trip was deceptively smooth, until we found out that having chosen the night that British Summer Time started meant the loss of two hours' sleep on the voyage. It was therefore a very tired Richard Prvulovich who, when I awoke him at 5.30 (3.30 real time!) demanded to know who the hell I was.

Wearily, we staggered down the steps from the boat onto a wet and deserted quayside at the Hook of Holland to be met by Lieutenant Robert Ashworth from 1RRF, and the 'coach'. Some eight hours later, somewhat cheered by warm sunshine, we reached Minden. As we were marched around the camp, being subjected to various ribald comments from some very powerful looking Geordies, the 'confidence meter' hit the zero mark. But as we got to know our hosts and began to recover from the journey, things started to look much brighter.

The high spot for me was the visit to the East German border, a sight I think I shall never forget. Approaching what appeared to be a normal village, we stopped the trucks and walked down between two farms to reach a stream. On the other side of the stream was the Wall, with all its dastardly machinations. As we stood looking at it, a jeep appeared through a gate, and out of it came two East German soldiers and a Russian officer, who proceeded to take photos of us. Afterwards, I wondered if they ever found out what KESCCF meant on our cap badges (or if they thought Albert Hsu was a Chinese adviser!).

We were taken to see live-firing of anti-tank weapons, and we also spent a day visiting Lt. Robin Jackson O.E., now serving with the Royal Horse Artillery at Paderborn. For the lads, the day they got their hands on an armoured personnel carrier, and drove it around the training areas, will no doubt be a golden memory, as will be Corporal Wilson's limitless variations in the

use of basic Anglo-Saxon. It was a memorable visit, and I would like to thank Lt. Angus Welch, our liaison officer at 1RRF, who turned out to be a real 'lad', and Mr. Benson for persuading Colonel Robinson to let us visit his unit. Thanks also to the other CCF officers who helped to keep me calm, Mr. Andronov and Mr. Bridges, and finally to John Whitehouse O.E., who ensured that none of us offended our hosts through ignorance of Army protocol.



D.C.D.

BULLETIN BOARD — THE WAY FORWARD

The Bulletin Board was originally set up as a cheaper alternative to a school paper or broadsheet, more regular than, but complementing, 'The Chronicle'. Far from being second best, I believe that the immediacy and accessibility of the B.B. are its great strength.

Recently there has been much political discussion on the Board on, for example, the state of the Labour Party, or the hunger strike at Long Kesh, but disappointingly its quality has often been low. There has also been a tendency towards serialisation — Coconoids cannot be ignored, while 'Examples to us all' has taken on a momentum all of its own. Another recent development has been a venturing from the typed word into alternative media. Hollow's 'Est' soap cartoon and Boy Boy's 'Don't knock that Fascist groove thang' (sic) must be seen as important, if only for the reason that they explored 3D and texture.

There could be a greater number of review

of all types, although the great bulk of material about School perhaps reflects an unhealthy dependence upon it, while the amount of self-indulgent Pythonesque parody suggests an unwillingness for people to commit themselves openly and be criticised. Unfortunately, a feature of such an open system is graffiti. This is not in itself bad, but too often it is offensive, and worse, not even funny.

This year will see more changes with Kate Barnett joining the B.B., and one hopes that links with the Phoenix Board at KEHS will be revived.

'Bossman'

MARINE BIOLOGY COURSE

The 28th Annual Marine Biology course to Aberystwyth left school at approximately 8.30 am on Friday 3rd April 1981, under the guidance of the Director of Biological Studies, Professor Rigby, assisted by Dr. Homer, and Messrs. Lampard and Russell.

On arrival at Aberystwyth University preliminary investigations of the flora and fauna of 'College Rocks' were started. It proved an eventful afternoon as Julian Waldron took a quick bath in a rock pool, and Mr. Russell made several vain attempts to get the whole party cut off by the advancing tide.

After the first day the party was divided into two groups: the first, a band of green young students learning for the first time about the joys of dahlia, anemones and barnacle-whelk correlations; the second, a team of older, wiser marine biologists who were to undertake an arduous, intensive research programme to contribute towards that fountain of all knowledge, 'The KES Marine Biology Handbook'.

On Saturday afternoon, both groups made surveys of the rocky shore at Borth. In the evening a plankton-collecting cruise around the Cape at Aberystwyth was arranged by our leader.

The next day, while the research team, led by Dr. Homer, continued studies on Borth rocky shore, the second group visited Borth sand dunes. Unfortunately, unlike the previous year, there were no jellyfish for Mr. Lampard to maim

or destroy.

For the senior group, the entire trip consisted of studies of three rocky shores, at Borth, nearby Clarach, and College Rocks, Aberystwyth. The major mistake on the trip was entrusting several hundred pages of results, graphs and calculations to Mr. Russell for 'safe' keeping over the holidays.

Further escapades of the other group, whose outlook on life was fast broadening, included visits to the Dovey estuary, the 'Mid-Wales' plant breeding station, the petrified 'forest', a peat bog and a salt marsh, where one character took a swim, fully clothed.

A range of novel experiments were also performed, such as the dissection of a barnacle brain, sub-aqua pyrotechnics, and a study of the effects of crab bites.

But such a full and exciting trip cannot be undertaken without a tremendous amount of organisation, and for this we have to thank Messrs. Rigby, Lampard and Russell, and Dr. Homer.

An exhausted but enlightened party returned to school with just two weeks to recover before the start of the summer term.

Tony Pickworth and Robert Glass, Sci. VI.1B.

THE GEOGRAPHY/GEOLOGY SIXTH FORM EXPEDITION TO THE PENNINES

The annual autumn trek to some far flung and perilously remote part of Britain was even more popular than usual this year, with both mini-buses and Mr. Bennett's car being used for the great venture.

The first task on arrival at Ingleton was how to get into the Youth Hostel. The Warden was a military-minded man of northern origin who regularly shouted "Get year bwoots off" and forced Mr. Sljivic to stand in the rain until he had removed his offending footwear. That night we were let loose on the town, and Tref Lewis reflatd the local economy by blowing his life savings on the one-armed bandits.

The first (and only) serious day started with a walk along two river gorges in limestone scenery. In the afternoon, several of the party

who could not contain their enthusiasm for cold showers disappeared down a pothole and floated out in inflated cagoules.

The next day it rained. Mr. Everest, Neil Bullock and Adrian Donne joined the party after having fought their way through the hostel security system. Neil Bullock wore his field course regalia: 'Smarties' scarf, striped leg-warmers and a plastic spotted bowler hat, to climb Ingleborough Hill. In the Ingleborough cave system an eccentric one-legged guide cheered us up with tales of people being forced through inch-wide cracks by the force of flood-waters.

On the next day much of Yorkshire was flooded. Crisis loomed as no bread was available for the next day's sandwiches. Mr. Haywood declared for the first time ever that he was fed up. This was thought to be a result of over-indulgence in cream cakes.

At Ramsgill, our hostel for the night, it was colder and damper inside than out, and we concluded that its 'S' rating meant that it was sub-spartan. The drying-room door fell off, and although the evening meal, a curry, was almost hot, it kept many people in the lavatories all night. Drinking water could be collected as it ran down the walls as condensation, and the lucky ones were those who didn't have to sleep on the damp beds because there weren't enough.

On the return journey, the following day, we visited the Brimham Rocks, remarkable because Mr. Benett had not seen them before. We arrived home five minutes late, a mistake which caused Mr. Haywood to consider retirement, as it was an unforgiveable precedent.

Nevertheless, thanks are due to Messrs. Haywood, Marsh and Sljivic for organising an epic, often entertaining and even informative expedition, and to Mr. Benett, and his 'mobile bar' for making the trip an unforgettable experience.

Robert Glen, Geog. VI.

GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP TO CUMBRIA

Our party left KES early of a morning, obtaining a merciful release from the traditional last rites of the Easter term.

Before we proceed along the M6 mention must be made of the sad absence of Mr. Benett — long a feature of such geographical sorties; a gap was left by the lack of his personalised style of commentary and we hope that come our next expedition, he will once again return to the fold.

The journey, although every attempt was made to shorten its duration — and in the process our lives too, on several occasions — was activity-packed as ever; and at the other end, after being abandoned in groups of threes (designed to be successful survival/fighting forces) we proceeded to accost the local population.

Our official-looking clip boards and wads of duplicated sheets proved to be a mistake however, as our visit was at the time of the census — an event which apparently provokes resentment from the isolationist communities of S. Cumbria. Whole streets would be seen to clear at the sight of our approach, as people melted into door-ways and hurriedly drove off in cars.

On arrival at Keswick we installed ourselves in the hotel in which we were to stay for the next four nights. It proved to be excellent both for its food and sleeping accommodation.

Our next day was not spent in the Lake District as one might suppose, but in the Pennines, where we traipsed up High Cup Gill (a U-shaped valley, for those who understand such terms) armed with the standard range of geographical equipment — including a pebbleometer, which proved to be less impressive than its name might lead one to expect.

We paused half way up our ascent to examine some shakeholes (the second half of whose name appears to describe aptly what they are, the first half having no relevance at all) and the opportunity was also taken to utilise snow lying in the vicinity.

The third day proved to have many of the characteristics one would expect of the Lake District: a curious mixture of murky clouds

and piercing winds.

Every well-planned field trip should include a visit to some phenomenon reputed to be one of the finest examples of whatever it was attempting to be. Mr. Haywood was determined to make this trip no exception, and whilst we were at Grange, proudly announced that we were standing on one of the most significant rock changes in the Lake District. This was met with some doubt, as the evidence of our eyes did not appear to match the confidence of his statement.

Our climbing of Great End (at 2,984 feet one of the Lake District's larger peaks) saw the reintroduction of cagoule sliding (refer to 1977 Chronicle for an explanation of the history and practical implications of this event) and of course the inevitable snowball fights.

Fortunately we paused on the side of the mountain, enabling Mr. Sljivic to provide us with a yoghurt commercial, as when we reached the top, the swirling clouds which enveloped us meant that this supreme vantage point was good only for providing excellent Downtown Radio reception from Belfast.

The next morning found the minibus purring along beside Wast Water — a man-made reservoir. The lake's glassy surface mirrored the abundance of colour on the adjacent mountain sides, forming a scene so idyllic that one wondered why the Welsh find so much cause for complaint in our reservoirs there.

It was the field course's penultimate day and the air was fresh, the sky cloudless and the sunshine brilliant. Unfortunately these unprecedented meteorological conditions took the veteran field-trippers by surprise and we were forced to rid ourselves of items of clothing as we panted up the hillside, high above the now duck-pond size lake.

Our goal on top of the mountain was a Roman road (the Romans believed in building straight over, not around obstacles). The road had acquired the name of High Street, presumably because of its altitude — not because of the existence of a line of riot-torn shops. It was here

that our party acquired a new member. A dog called Merlin was to accompany us faithfully for the rest of the day.

The final morning saw the presentation of various gifts — one going to Brian Lynn, whose birthday had occurred during the field course. We then sped southwards to Birmingham — after entangling ourselves briefly in the *mélée* of shoppers in Kendal, in an attempt at an urban survey.

Our thanks are extended to the accompanying members of staff, for their jovial leadership and lack of demureness.

P.S. Jing insists on a mention for his darts win over Mr. Haywood — in order to boost his already super-inflated ego.

Karl Przywala, Geog. Div.

IV FORM GEOGRAPHY FIELD STUDY COURSE TO NORTH WALES June 26-28 1981

The party of twenty-seven boys, Messrs. Marsh and Sljivic and Mrs. Marsh left KES in high spirits early on Friday 26th June. The journey was quite pleasurable, albeit unusual, with disintegrating blackboards abounding. We were presented on arrival at Llyn Conwy with the source of the mighty River Conwy — the unforgettable sight of a stream one foot wide. Measuring the angularity of pebbles, river gradients and water velocities proved very popular and moist.

After an afternoon's study of the Llanberis Pass and Snowdon, we arrived at Bangor Youth Hostel where a fine meal awaited us. After dinner we were duly shocked to discover that we had to work, having clearly under-estimated our leaders' zeal after a long week of examination marking.

Our second day began with a visit to Bethesda Slate Quarries and a ritual pillaging by the party. We continued up the Nant Ffrancon Valley and benefited greatly from our leaders' lucid description of glacial action, as we accel-

erated river erosion with our boots. Arriving at the Ogwen Falls, we were treated to a superb view of the valley and introduced to a particularly savage species of Welsh mosquito. Having consumed our packed lunches, we began the walk to Llyn Idwal to learn yet more about corries, rock banding and experimental grazing plots.

A brisk walk over some unpredictable bogs produced the inevitable victims, and then we ascended Glyder Fawr. It was here that a choice awaited us: either to take a sensible walk back or to follow Mr. Sljivic to the top of Tryfan. In our innocence many of us chose the latter course. At Bwlch Tryfan we discovered our lunacy. When it came to getting down, the lemmings' route prevailed over the safer but slower trek around the base of the mountain. Having taken over an hour on the peak some were for turning back, but with our leader's encouragement, we scaled Tryfan (3,010 feet). We were amazed at the way our mountain guide deduced our path, which can only be described as unorthodox. A group of climbers at the summit were obviously amazed by our antics, but a walk with our leader would have soon wiped the smiles from their faces. After a mercifully short study period, members collapsed into bed or sampled Bangor's night life; there was little to choose between them.

Our last day comprised an examination of nearby coastal features such as Conwy. After an hour of sampling the delights of pier amusements in Llandudno, we decided that work was preferable and interviewed several people who seemed mostly to have come from Birmingham.

After lunch there was a brief visit to sketch river valleys and the long drive home.

The thanks of all the party are expressed to Mr. Marsh, Mr. Sljivic and Mrs. Marsh for putting up with us.

Paul Davies IV.E.

THE NATIONAL YOUTH THEATRE OF GREAT BRITAIN

The function of the National Youth Theatre is very simple: to encourage drama

amongst the young by giving a number of four-week training courses at its headquarters in London. Its reputation is second to none, and competition for places is very fierce: in 1981 there were roughly forty applicants for each place. It is a mistake, however, to assume that they are necessarily looking for specialist actors; more importantly they are looking for people with enthusiasm and drive. Tim Curtis, who went to the NYT a couple of years ago, remarked that they were more interested in his rugby playing than his audition speeches. Moreover, the auditions are open to technical applicants (lighting, stage-crew etc.) as well as acting applicants. The older members of the school will remember that Nick Insley went to the NYT.

The popular image of auditions is quite terrifying: a lone, trembling figure, sweating under a spotlight, thirty yards away from a brash, loud, sadistic director. I had heard rumours of prospective candidates forced to imitate washing-machines, and all manner of terrible things were left unspoken. The reality is quite different: each acting applicant must prepare approximately twenty lines of Shakespeare, and a piece of similar length from a modern play. The interviewer, however, is not solely concerned with your vocal prowess; he is quite willing to let you babble on about whatever you're interested in — in my case the subtleties of postal war-gaming! Furthermore, how you choose to deliver your speeches is up to you; I saw one girl curl up in a corner and weep (intentionally) whilst giving a speech about happiness!

If you pass this first interview, you go through to a second, virtually identical interview, this time with Michael Croft himself, the director of the NYT. In my case, this second interview was much shorter, about five minutes, whereas the first interview took up all of ten minutes.

If you pass this second interview, you progress to a four-week course in London, where you learn mime, improvisation, voice and stage-work. Unfortunately at the time of writing my experience of this is non-existent, but by the time you read this I shall have finished the course; anybody interested is more than welcome to ask me questions about it.

Peter Fraser, Hist. Dis.



PICTURES & WORDS.



WE, THE CHRISTIANS

We came together
And said We are Christians
And were surprised that there were so few of us
And for the others,
 The non-Christians,
 There was no Hope left
And that we were the ones
 Who must surely succeed to 'The Kingdom
 of God',
And that we pitied the others,
 Who writhed in their ego-hells,
And we complimented each other on our God
And prayed for our country,
And our queen
And sang a Christian song and almost came
 together,
But not quite.

Everyone said their name
And no one knew who they were
And still we did not come together.

We played the game
And gave each other numbers.
Numbers.
Not names (for we could not think of anything
 better)

But numbers.
Numbers, as they are given to replace the names
 Of faceless people,
 Deprived of base humanity.

We came to the same place,
But we didn't come together.

F. Andreas Müller, Econ. VI.

TOCCATA IN F

A leaf fell, high from the church tower. A man climbing the tower tasted the air with his tongue. Sweet, sickly the taste of the high north wind. Time was of no essence in such a place, where the man's hair waved effortlessly in front of his face, and he smiled. The organ was playing in the church below and the glorious music seeped through each brick, each tile, lingering around the steeplejack's ears. It made the work more bearable, but not the risk; it hadn't helped the risk, the terrible risk. At the command of Charles Widor's genius the gush of rapturous hurried notes fell in quick succession like pearl beads; the organist was not in full control.

A funeral was taking place, far below the tower, a million miles away. The priest held open his arms and talked of ashes, of dust and a new life. He talked of a loyal and faithful steeplejack who had always enjoyed listening to the organ. He did not talk of how the steeplejack, when high above the trees, had been mesmerised by a majestic sound, his favourite piece, such an exquisite experience: then his foot slipped, hand faltered, body tumbled — tossed into the trees so far below. The darkly clad creatures looked upon the coffin in unison and the priest talked again of a new life and how privileged the steeplejack had been to have spent his working life so high up and close to God. They all walked slowly out until the church was empty, but for the organ, playing to the silence, to the heavens. The triumphant notes soared higher, the undulating sounds flashed in all directions. High above the organ the sounds could still be heard, yet distanced. Out and on the church tower they sounded, where the steeplejack's spirit looked on, lingering a few moments, for it was the last time he would hear it.

A dead leaf fell from the high tower, and floated slowly down to the sound of the toccata, the glorious toccata.

Mark Keen, Hist. VI.

THE DESERTED HOUSE

Deserted. Ruined. A shadow of former glory, forgotten and uncared for. Broken windows stare forlornly at the world, and doorways gape empty into the gathering dusk. Tattered curtains, grey with mould, flap in death throes at the wind, whilst parts which have rotted with age lie on the ground. Roof tiles have slipped away, baring the bones of the building to the cruel elements. Fragments of falling masonry scatter on landing, and the noise echoes through the night unheeded. Then, a placid, palpable serenity descends.

In the garden, paths have long since perished and the flowers have all been strangled in their beds by a victorious plethora of weeds that rampages everywhere. Trees, previously pruned primly and trimmed tidily, now shake their overgrown tousled heads with despair as they witness the ravages of time.

The moon is bright and randomly illuminates the interiors of rooms, drowned in a sea of all-enveloping dust. Nothing remains but the shabby wallpaper and peeling paint as a monument to human occupation. A myriad of decaying beams mark the staircase; collapsed joists the bedroom. From the chimney issues a snowy-white apparition, gleaming in the moonlight. It wings ominously away to feed on the many mice and rats, obnoxious parasites of the derelict.

Dawn breaks the spell of night, and the owl returns to rest. The house faces another day of agonisingly painful living death. But soon, one day soon, the waiting will be over and it will collapse into merciful oblivion.

Andrew Elliot, IVN



Guy Haslam, Class V

OLD MAN DIES

Old man dies
surrounded by tear-eyed housewives,
blowing their dose of emotion
into handkerchieves that need washing.
And they must get home
to stuffed cupboards
and lay-strewn floors
and hungry stomachs.

And all in the room bow their head
in silent donations to the nearly-dead.
And all gave a part
of their grieving heart,
so they can show,
in passing, in conversation, the hole
in their side:
'Look you can poke a finger in.
I gave that part to him!'

Old man dies
quietly closes his eyes.

And the servant sister of his sickness
sighs and cries
and remembers and forgets
the smiles and the threats,
and this, the last chance
for show of her sacrifice of all those years,
recovers about twice,
then lets out more tears,
And maybe cries at the old man's chair;
she won't feed him again
she won't wash his hair
or tie up his shoes

now empty
now dirty
now unknotted, she
cannot fill her life with him.

Old man dies
despite marvellous efforts
by qualified doctors
who struggled for his life
- they tell their wives
they struggled all night
for the old man's life.

And brother conceals his grief so well
that you can tell
he's a strong man
who won't let it show;
but he feels it, you know.

Dog barks
at the death-cough,
cracked breath lost
to the white winter sun
and everyone
fills their lives
as the old man dies.

*In my grief I turn to fantasies,
For life's long-missing tranquillities,
And for a moment to forget
The pains, the sorrows and death.*

*My head lolling in a drifting cloud
The hurts pull on a turquoise shroud
As watered vales guide summer breezes
And dreams o'erflow the conscience-creases.*

*In shallow streams there lies no remedy,
For morning returns grey life and misery,
But the answers lie, as once was set,
In pains, in sorrows, and in death.*

Lasantha Wijesinghe, V.T.

Adam Bradbury, Mod.Lang. VI.

"WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST!"

The steady murmur of voices was accompanied by the delicate tinkle of the piano as the boat rocked gently from side to side. A gong rang, and a voice spoke. "Ladies and gentlemen, the restaurant on 'B' deck is now opening. The restaurant on —". She stopped in mid sentence, then said, "The Captain has an announcement to make." The murmur grew quieter. A man took over and said, "This is your Captain speaking. I regret to announce that the ship is sinking."

What followed was lost in a confused babble of voices. Fear swept across the room like a wave. It was only at this point that I noticed that the music had stopped, and the pianist was nowhere to be seen. The Captain's admonitions to keep calm were useless, for riding in the wake of fear was panic, and it swept many people to the doorway, knocking chairs and tables over. Members of the crew appeared, attempting in vain to turn the stampede into an orderly exit. In the rush, I was carried away with the mob, and found it impossible to return. As the narrow doorway there was chaos. Somebody covered my face with his arm, another crushed me against the door jamb. I saw some people go down with muffled cries and disappear beneath the hundreds of terrified people. I kept thinking, "This isn't happening to me, it can't be. It only happens in books and films". At this moment I noticed that the ship was gradually tipping up. At last I burst free of the bottleneck at the portal, and soon was on deck.

Outside, lightning shattered the sky and thunder grumbled as the sea slowly consumed the ship, like a snake swallowing an animal whole. The deck chairs lay broken and forlorn, sadly flapping in the wind. The moon gazed upon the scene, its pale face betraying no expression. Here, the sailors managed to control the riot, and I eventually got into a lifeboat. As it was lowered, I saw people diving into the water, desperately trying to escape from the rapidly submerging ship. A woman in the boat was crying, because she had been separated from her son. She attempted to swim back to the doomed vessel, but countless hands pulled her back. We rowed further and further from the ship, until at last it was engulfed by the hungry ocean. Now, as though encouraged by its victory, the storm grew even more savage. We were tossed from wave to wave, like a mouse in the paws of a cat. The wind laughed mockingly, then, as suddenly as it had begun, the storm ceased. We were left alone in the middle of the wide ocean, with no food, chilled by the icy wind and spray. Suddenly we saw something coming towards us. At first, only smoke was visible, but gradually, a solid shape appeared. We were all filled with hope, and silently watched it draw nearer. At last, we realised what it was. It was another ship! The air was filled with laughing and cheering, and many people cried. We had been saved.

Andrew Killeen, Shell B

MIGRAINE

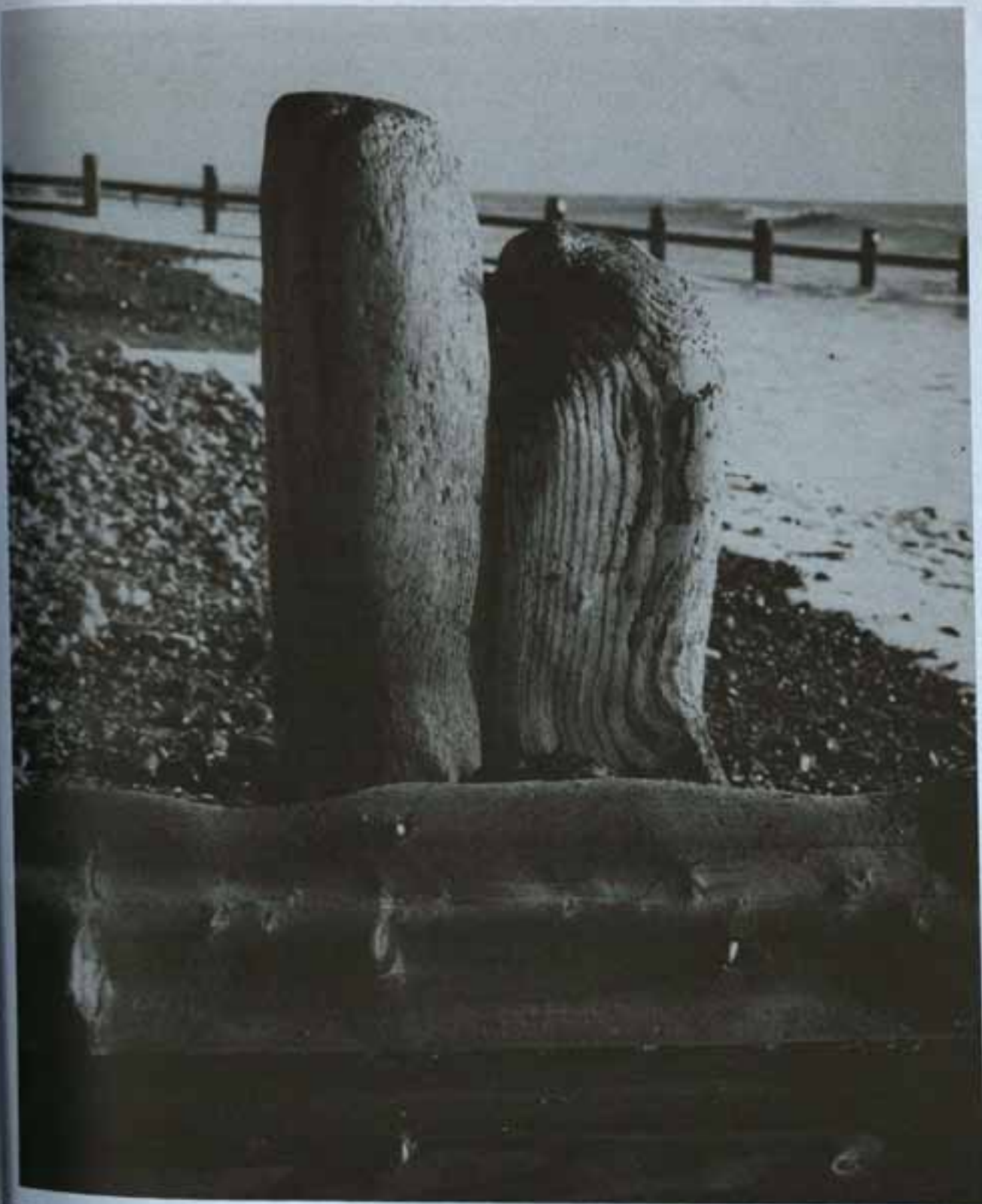
*Pain, intense and hard —
Thumping, twisting, throbbing.
Pressure pushing past eyes,
A blunt hammer hitting.
Sickness and heat perceived in a blur.
Colours, red hot and running.
The pain is the prompter
That cannot forget,
A brick wall hatching
out of my head.*

Stephen Mustow, IV.M.

AMBITIONES HOMINIS PRORUIUNTUR FATO

*Daedalus volitat,
Icarus decidit;
Icarus occidit;
Daedalus lacrimat,
Obitus cachinnat.
perditur Icarus;
puer traicitur
Styga trans nigram.
fatum surripuit
Icaro Daedalum.
lacrimat Daedalus,
cachinnat Obitus.*

Stephen Linley, V.F.



Photograph by Nick Osborne, Sci.VI.1A.

THE NIMRODIAN CLUB

Robin Maxwell woke up to the sharp sound of the auto-valet. He fumbled around and found the alarm-cancel button, which he punched, irritably. "Black coffee," he groaned into his pillow. Five seconds later an apologetic bleep announced its arrival. He took it from the delivery slot and shifted the bed to 'upright'. He tried to remember last night's party, with very little success.

After a moment's intense thought, he shrugged and sipped his coffee. What did it matter, anyway? He had probably drunk, eaten, danced and laughed like he did every night, and as he probably would tonight. The prospect was not so appealing and he tossed the half-empty cup into the ever-open mouth of the disposal chute.

He turned his attention to the day ahead. "Anything on?" he asked. The modulated voice of the aut-valet recited:

"Item: Maxwell Textiles Board meeting, attendance invited. Item: fitting for control couch of ground cruiser ordered; attendance invited. Item: Aunt Helga's birthday; acknowledgement advised. Item: Tristram Keeler-Finch's Skula hunt, attendance invited. Item: . . ."

As the list droned on, Robin sighed and thought about the board meeting, but he could not face sitting in his 3-D room listening to old men telling him how rich he was.

"That's enough," he said. "Send my apologies to the board, tell the fitters to call next week and send the old bat something. Tel Tristram I'm on my way."

Half an hour later he was cruising towards mid-France. In his saloon he punched a button for a drink and sipped it.

The journey from Switzerland took less than an hour and as the jet-car slowed down, Robin leaned into his seat-clamps. He hated landings and held his breath. The slight bump and the hissing of retro-rockets indicated landing.

Ten minutes later he got out of a hover-cab and looked around. Tristram stood looking at him.

"You're just in time, Robin. The Skula was just set free."

"What are we waiting for then?" said Robin.

The video-locator was switched on. A prominent white spot showed up. The two men crept through the undergrowth of the forest like cats, searching for mice.

In a clearing ahead lay a Skula, wounded by a laser beam. Soon it would be shot and it would fall down and die. Robin realised he was tired of doing the same thing every day.

"I'm bored," he grumbled. "In fact, I'm always bored."

That was when it all began. Robin spent weeks thinking. He wanted to know what it was like being in danger, risking life and limb, what it was like being hunted. The idea came when he was scanning a videotape about the 18th century. There was an article about duels and everything fell into place.



Illustration by Simon Sadler, Rem.D.

Within two weeks, Tristram and he had formed a society called the 'Nimrodian Club'.

The members' names were fed into the computer. On the anniversary of the founding of the club two members were chosen to duel to the death. The first draw took place in the year 2314 — the names paired up were Robin Maxwell and a Carl Hinton.

On the 'big day' both men were taken to neutral territory in a small transporter ship, equipped with two one-man service craft. At a prearranged time the two ships were launched in opposite directions. Maxwell took no modern weapons, just a plastisteel crossbow, a hunting knife, and a coil of rope. He wore a special thermobaffled overall to prevent his body heat from showing up on Hinton's sensors.

Hinton had landed four miles away, and as Robin made his way through the forest, he wondered what Hinton was doing.

Suddenly a startling feeling of loneliness crept over him. He stopped walking as a bitter taste grew in his mouth and a sucking sensation started in his belly.

It was fear. He could feel his blood gushing through his veins and his lips were dry and salty. He wanted to return, but couldn't. The thought that Hinton might have the same feelings comforted him slightly. He gripped his crossbow and carried on.

The ship was lying at the foot of a rise. It was deserted. He crept towards it, his hand shaking with exhilaration. Soon he reached the ship and touched the airlock key. The lock slid open and a quick glance confirmed that the ship was empty. He headed for the control console. He hit as many buttons as possible to create some interference. Robin looked up at the yellow-orange sun and sprinted to the safety of the trees. He waited until dusk before moving out. Slowly and silently he inched his way up the slope. He felt as if he were a part of the moist earth, every sense was alive, every nerve was tingling.

In the dark gloom he saw a dark figure, bent over a locator siren. Holding his breath he carefully winched back the woven bow string and slid the heavy bolt into place. His pulse seemed deafening as he took aim and squeezed the trigger, and the shape folded silently over the viewscreen. With a shout, Robin got to his feet and charged into the clearing. He sobbed as the tension flooded out of him. He looked down at where his bolt lay entangled in Hinton's cloak. But Hinton was not there. The crossbow hung limply from his hand. There was a small sound behind him and a voice said softly, "Sorry, Robin". He spun round, his eyes wide as the laser beam hummed and cut him in half.

Patrick Yau, Rem.W.

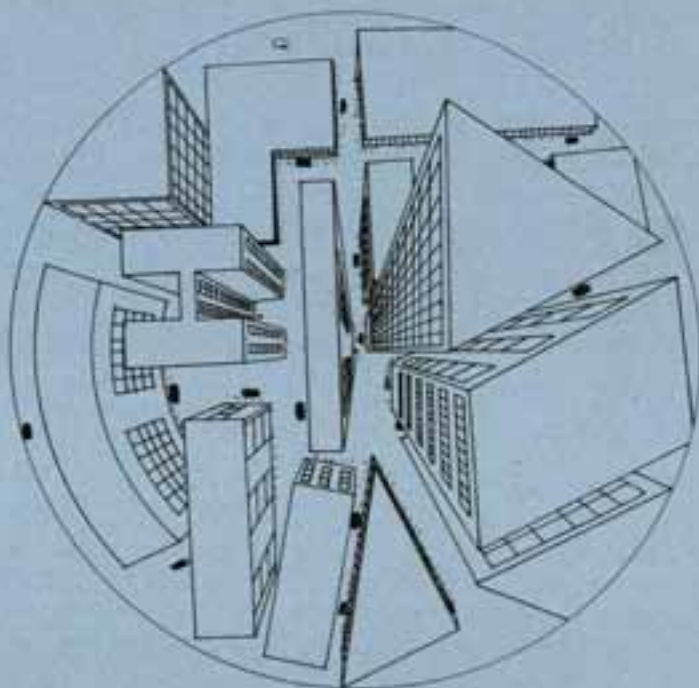


Illustration by William Pike, Rem.D.

NIGHTMARE I

*Shrouded by fog and swirling mists,
The turbulent river frothed and hissed
As it cut like a gash into bleak, barren stone
And I stood on its banks in the twilight, alone.*

*Behind me a forest of black, twisted oaks,
Casting forth shadows, like old ragged cloaks
Raised their jagged, ebony arms
Above me; and death lay in their palms.*

*I heard a noise, and turned to see
A black shape advancing. I tried to flee,
But the skeletal forest blocked my way
And silently cackled at me, its prey,
As the Demon of Darkness stretched out his claw
On that cold and savage moor,
I was engulfed by fear, his breath,
Fear of darkness, fear of death.*

Andrew Killeen, Shell B.

MY CREATION STORY

Four spirits wandered through the vast density of nothingness before our earth was created. Three spirits wandered together, as though made for each other, but the one who wandered alone was more powerful than the others.

One of the three spoke to his companions. "We must create a life-form, and a place where other races can exist." His companions agreed and said they should begin immediately.

The three spirits collected particles of dust from the nothingness and put them together to make a home for the new species. The spirit who had spoken first, named Life, moved across the new land with all speed, making creatures never seen before, and all over the land were new living things like plants and trees. Then the second spirit, known as Beauty, moved across this new place, giving markings and beauty to every new creature and living thing; then the first spirit created a giant fireball over the land. The final spirit of the three, known as Love, also started to work, moving across the new life-centre and introducing love and faith among the creatures.

At length, happy that their work was finished, the three spirits moved away. The lone spirit, known as Evil, moved menacingly towards the happy new life centre. It came and settled above this land, spreading its influence, even up until this very day.

NIGHTMARE II

I was standing alone, on the dark beach. The sky was starless, but the moon hung large and forbidding, spreading pale, eerie light on the silent scene. The sea, black as pitch, rolled frothing up the sand, but it made no sound as it collapsed and retreated. In its elegant but menacing movements, in the moon's pale, skull-like face, even in the shiverings of the soft, grey, sand beneath my feet, I read the same message: death.

Suddenly a mighty voice spoke, and at its sound the sea mumbled, shrieked and groaned in a sudden, terrifying cacophony of sound. "Why are you here?" it bellowed, sounding like a thousand trumpets playing a funeral dirge. "This is the land of the dead, but you are alive."

As it spoke, I saw, all around me, people, in a line stretching as far as the eye could see. They were thin and starved-looking, their faces were twisted in agony, and all were crawling towards the sea, their arms outstretched as if they were trying to drink from it. But they were chained to a rock, and everytime they almost reached the sea they were pulled back.

"Those chains are Sin," the voice said, "and beyond that sea is Paradise. These you see before you will never reach the sea, but will try for all eternity."

It stopped and its tone of voice changed. Now it was softly dangerous. "There are only two ways of coming here," it said slowly. "The path which the dead take, and the doorway which may only be passed through by those in a dream. If you came by that way, beware, for it can be closed, and you will be condemned to wander on this beach for ever, neither dead nor alive, merely a ghost."

It faded away, as did the people around me, echoing, "Closed, closed, closed" I spun round and saw a huge portal, intricately carved with skulls and skeletons. And the vast iron door set in it was very gradually closing. I tried to run over to it, but my legs just moved slowly, as if in water. I reached out towards it, panic-stricken, desperately trying to reach it in time. I touched it, but too late. It slammed shut, and I sank to my knees on the cold, silent beach.

Andrew Killeen, Shell B.

Lee Bacchus, Rem.D.



Andrew Swani, Art.Div.

LIVING

I NEVER TALK TO YOU

*I never talk to you —
It's so much better
In a deliberated letter
Where all my failings are revealed
Like a plaque to some sordid ideal
Of a sick-minded, suicidal, self-centred guy —
And besides,
It would never do.*

*Never do to be seen talking
Or seen out walking
With someone the clique doesn't know
(For a rumour can grow
As fast as loving you,
Which is what I would do
If I talked to you).*

*And if I love a dream,
A bland sparkle of golden hair
Wrapping everywhere
In its inevitable gleam,
Then you can never refuse me:
Reality can never confuse me
With unprostrate girls
Steeled in Harmony-curly
And brain enough
To laugh at my love.*

*So I follow my pencil to its end
Penning me galaxies of swooning girlfriends
Packed into poetic bits of body,
And at least I can pretend I'm happy
When you look at me a while —
And all my life stops in your smile.*

Séan Hames, Mod.Lang.VI.

*I look, I see much, yet I see nothing.
A world full of sight and sound, yet emptiness lurks;
The painful truth oft bites deep,
A state of success eludes me constantly.
Lost forever and yet for never;
A light goes out on a darkened age,
For an eternity that is momentary.
Sleep through yourself, to escape for a while,
An era of quiet, at least it appears so,
But when I wake, what truths will bite deep?
Can they be truths? Their pains are cold and bitter.
Can they be pains? This troubles you greatly.
You travel a narrow path, are you moving?
Where are you going?
Someone tells you that you're useless,
You ask, "What is useful? Whose values are these?"
I can't tell you, you'll grow old not knowing,
Life will deceive you I'm sure.*

Jeremy Southall, V.S.

THE DREAM DRAGON

*A billowing, screaming storm
Rages midst fluorescent clouds,
Raves wild in hazy skies.
Through it all I saw the dragon;
My worm of sadness:
Not black nor white,
Nor any colour were its scales;
A raiment of void it wore,
A vacuum to suck at
My soul's depths.
The creature sprawls,
Swift through lethargic sights,
And grows nearer.....*

*Yet from fear I called forth hope;
I smiled.....
And let the dragon settle
In my
Palm;
I smiled;
And watched it grow small
Before my joy;
I laughed —
And it was gone.*

Peter Fraser, Hist. Div.



David Brewer, V.R.



THE EVENING MAIL YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE YEAR CONTEST

Winner: Nick Osborne, Sci.VI.1A. (above)
Second place: Steve Cooper, Sci.VI.1B. (opposite)



SCRATCHING FOR COAL

— *hunger.* Kindled by an icy wind, a gnawing ache at the bottom of my stomach. A steady, persistent pain, always just a little more than bearable, pricks maliciously every time the barrier of concentration wavers for an instant. Internal reactions roll like distant thunder, unemotionally, audibly. One tiny section of the brain whines, forcing into inner vision a warm, cosy room, with a tin of something on the table. A sharper, more realistic hemisphere locked inside my skull rips the inviting scene to shreds. The tin is rusted, battered. The last one. The room is not warm, for its only protection from the elements is a pitted sheet of wood, greyed, hanging with a gap of inches between it and the layer of dirt.

— *dirt.* Fingers scrabble, bleeding, pain-racked yet numb among sharp, hard shards of rock. A glint. Black diamonds? No chance. I am scrabbling on the raw desolate heap for the worst type of coal, that which stutters in the fire, fails to light, leaves a residue of earth in the blackened grate.

Yet there is nothing else. I would not be able to afford coal — even if I could obtain any.

— *mind.* Drifts mindlessly to a junction, shambles into another corridor and meets the huge, rumbling giant of hunger. For a few seconds it wakes up to screech a retreat.

— *numb.* The combination of cold and the never-ending hunger slowly dampens the fire of electrical sparks darting from cell to cell. The mind closes down. Stutter, stutter, die. On Holiday Until Further Consumption. Bleary, fatigued eyes stare at the uncompromising slash of scoured earth. Blankness forms a routine. Tiny fingers scratch at the face of the planet.

— *cold.* An icy drift engulfs the desolation. The layers of thick, old cloth cannot compete with it. It hasn't been warm for a long time. Not since the weather changed. Not since the weather changed. For the past few years all that has lingered on in my mind has been hunger and freezing draughts. Even when

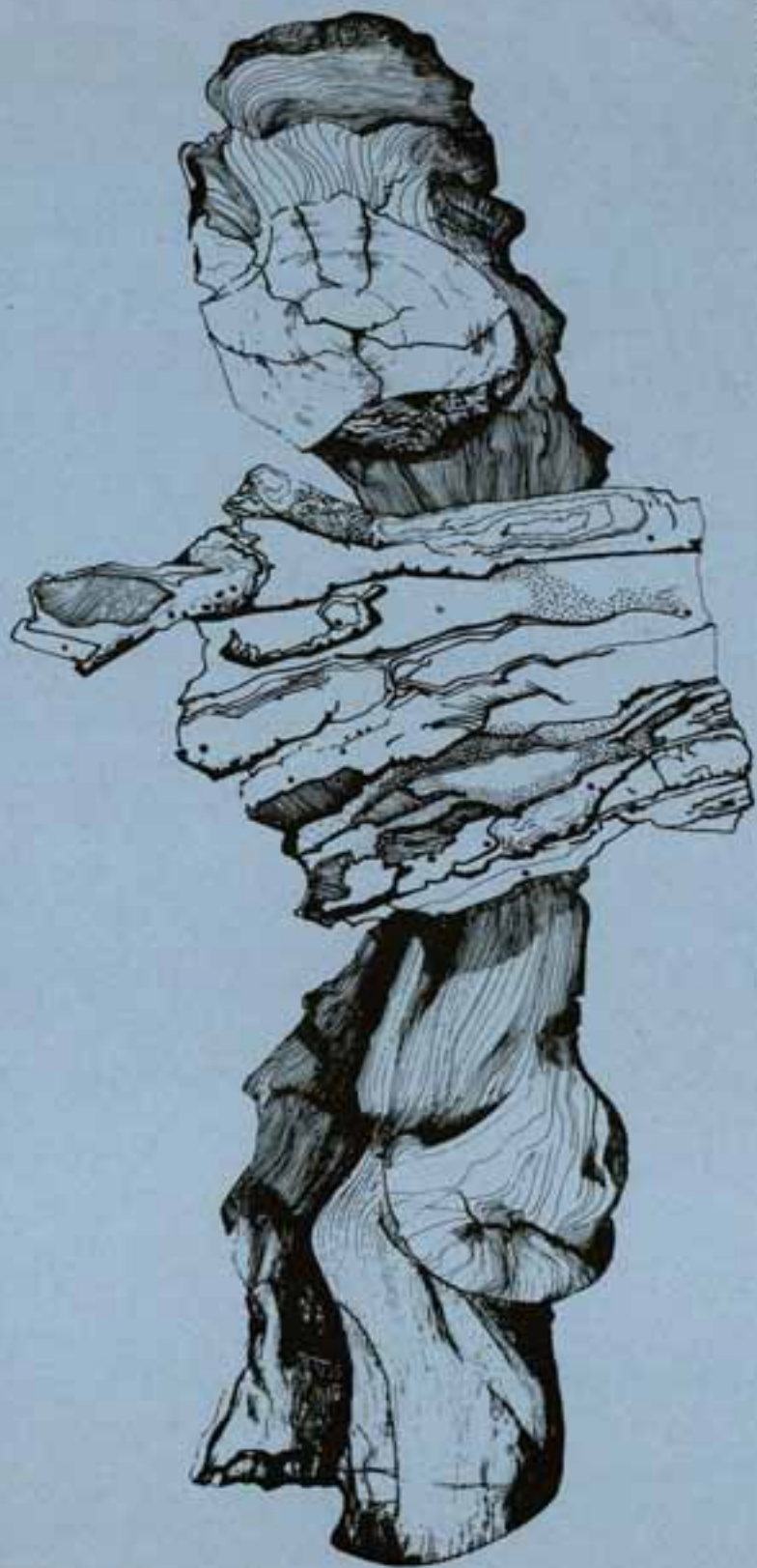
Food

Dampen that spark. Dampen it. It will grow, expand into a crackling electrical storm and smother you with addictive fantasies of steaming chicken, rich and tender, mounds of hot flesh. Slide the glittering knife through pale, honeygold skin, and behold, creamy white meat, juicy and delicious. Peas, sweet, green and intensely palatable. Crackling potato—

STOP IT! Stamp out that vision. Forget it. You are gathering coal because it is cold. You need much coal for very little warmth. When you have finished, you will arrive home to one tin between the three of you. You do not know what is in it. It has lost its label. It might contain steak, or it might contain milk. Forget chicken.

— *desolation.* A slag heap, rubbish-littered. Around it, moors. Mist. Rotting fences. Behind you, a desolate, cold, gutted city.

Jonathan Hollow, U.M.F.



Greshame Carr, Sci. VI. 1B

A POOR MAN'S PRAYERS

*A cry breaks out from East to West,
Across the storm-black sea,
Of pain and fear and helplessness
And death that's yet to be.*

*A tale runs back from West to East.
Propelled on rich men's jets,
Of wealth and power and "Help yourself!"
Carved out on poor men's heads.*

*A scream flies out from South to North,
Across the desert sands,
Of thirst and toil and hungry days,
For help from richer hands.*

*The West lands hear the Eastern call,
The Eastern hear the West;
But no one heeds the poorman's call,
For he's already dead.*

Martin Turner, IV.E.

SONNET TO LIVERPOOL

*Without a friend the young man stood alone,
And wondered why it was that men should choose
To wreck each other's homes and smash up bone,
When only they would be the ones to lose.
The fire burned red along the terrace wall,
And killed a bird who could not leave its nest;
While in the streets police sent out a call
To save themselves, and fire would do the rest.
The petrol bombs and cobbles killed no men,
But holding back police and fire brigade,
Let many fry to death in their own blood.
By dragging them with fumes while they still stood,
And letting no-one come to them with aid,
They recreated a wartime scene again.*

Martin Turner, IV.E.

23/2/81

*How many moved through the streets of Madrid
beneath bed-sheet banners,
daubed with shaky letters,
which swayed with each step
and each after-nightmare breath?*

*And in their throats
galloped pleas
for the infant on the tip
whose hopeful eyes freeze,
who burns his trembling lip
reaching to kiss an old black boot.*

*Five years in a night;
five.
And forty nights in a night
of forty years.*

*One raised arm
spoke for silence
with a small black pistol.
And somewhere, in a dusty room
a sea of raised arms
like anemones
catching fish to feed the pocket hand,
waves of the crusade,
sticky-fingered soldiers of Christ,
scuttle and slide
beneath a rock
to await the falling tide.*

*How many moved through the grey light
where the green-leafed domes,
pale catacombs
planted in secret, at night,
during the night,
reach over the white stones,
darkening their rising tones?*

*How many visitors stood in the glow of the door?
prepared to step inside?*

Adam Bradbury, Mod.Lang.VI.





Nick Osborne, Sci.VI.1A

BETTWS GRANGE

*Boldly scratched on the stone-grey sky
An aspen, lichen-like, spreads its yellow trembling leaves,
Standing guard at the pine, chimney-high,
Darkening the barn and tapping the eaves.*

*Don't, oh please don't leave me.
Can't you just stay for me
Can't you
Just a while.*

*Peewit cries high over the hill,
Wheezing and rising and curving around
And praising the blue of a snap April chill,
Lord of the field, the reed-soaked ground.*

*I must go, things have changed
Can't you see.
We weren't that close
You know that.*

*A mewling buzzard, the raven's rasping call
Start and kick nervously the newly-born mare,
While below the unbuilt dank stone wall
A hundred green springs sing to the air.*

*Please, I am old now, I have
Served you well.
Help me.
But can't leave me.*

*Looming deep under the cool, earthy bank
Of the rippling stream, the trout,
Chestnut back hiding a red-ruby flank,
Darts at trouble and twitches at doubt.*

*My children, don't you see,
Cannot eat.
I am driven to work for some bread.
I cannot choose.*

*The heron clatters down and waits for a trout
Its patient grey beard fluffed in the cold,
Slowly, unerringly, the fish glides out,
A dart, a splash, a final deathly hold.*

*All these years I supported you
For this?
Oh, go if you must, but please,
Some day return and weep for my bones.*



Simon Sadler, Rem.D.

Guy Haslam, Class VI.

AN EXPERIENCE OF LOVE

The confident steps covered the ground with efficiency, and the boy exuded assurance and vitality to each passer-by. He experienced the extra-long glance of female eyes in his direction, aimed supposedly at a bird in a tree in a mind that wanted both bird and boy to move closer, for they were the same. The yards receded under his shoes with a certain inevitability for the boy had travelled this way in body, or in voice encased within a metal wire beneath the paving stones, each night for several months now. His arrival at the driveway, the insistent grinding of gravel on the path, triggered off an unseen reaction from an occupant of the house long before the subtlety of a door bell ever could.

Yet tonight was different and they both realised that the other knew it, as the door swung irrevocably behind him. He never left this house without feeling differently; feeling either pain or joy, uncertainty, confusion or peace. The first few tentative words were exchanged. This was the moment he always found difficult, his horribly logical mind unsure of her feelings, yet having to endure the all-knowing, all-perceiving look of someone not as clever as he, yet so infinitely more sensitive. Having assured himself of her good day at school, he began to settle himself into this, his second home. She made him a cup of coffee, always too strong, and climbed the stairs with a look back at him, beckoning him to follow. Obediently he ascended after her, a six foot three inch giant following a five foot six inch normal girl.

He shut the bedroom door behind him — a sign of seclusion to her parents — and sat beside her against the wall. He slipped his arm carefully around her and she responded by shifting closer. He was happier than he had been all day, secure and drowsy. He had forgotten that she had been different when he came to the door. He was promptly reminded:

"I wondered whether you would come tonight, since you are so busy with your precious work. Why can't you be open and tell me what's wrong? I tell you everything, you know; if you really loved me you would do the same."

His heart jerked and missed a beat. He was unmarked outwardly, yet his emotions had been sliced cleanly and sharply, as with a piano wire, by his Grade Five Piano-playing girlfriend. They began to bleed and his heart pumped faster. As his heart accelerated so his feelings flooded out.

"Look, I'm sorry about last night. I know I should never have asked you to wait for me to finish my German prep, but I only did it to be able to talk to you longer, later on," he pleaded. He sat looking at her sadly, asking her to remember his cricket practices and tiredness.

"But why can't you be open with me?" she demanded, and he racked his wrecked heart for an answer.

"Well, I have been more trusting recently," he implored with little hope.

"Oh, don't be pathetic; you still don't trust me, do you?" His logical mind fought like a fencing foil against a sabre and she ran through him again:

"Oh, I just cannot understand you sometimes!"

The moments passed and the boy tried to reason out the problem without success. Why was he so wary? Would he ever trust anyone? (although he questioned whether she had misjudged him). He had the strangest feeling of unreality, of disbelief at seeing a toy boat floating out of reach; out, out to sea. He could always buy another boat, but a part of him was lost in that boat, lost forever. All he could do was to throw a stone before the boat, and risk sinking it, to make it bob back into reach.

"Whether you believe me or not, I need you and I love you. Will you give me another chance?"

"Now don't be silly; I love you too, but come on now, I suppose you are tired, and, well....."

The boat returned to his arms and the danger passed for another day, week, month or year. The cruelty of the words, of love, of life had passed; for another day anyway

Paul Davies, IV.E.



P. Grewal, IV.N.

HIGH SOCIETY BLUES

*Down in the ground floor
There is mingling going on
My coat just stays on the hook
I turned
My whole mind shook
My eyes burned
I had seen her before
I had seen her a thousand times
Our hostess intervened:*

*"Ah, Eileen, this is Roger, Roger, Eileen ..."
We had met before
We had met a thousand times
In the shady heights of aristocracy*

*"Eileen's married to Count Paul Sheridan of
Wiltshire, Roger, you'll have to meet him too."
Married? It was inevitable
My mind churned
Possibilities? No.
Another false hope.
Ashes to ashes
Dust to dust
Another wild mind
Bites the dust.*

Mark Keen, Hist.VI.

"MOVEMENT"

Matthew Kempshall, Hist.Div.



A WORD FROM

We are aware that you are often bored and frustrated in your work situation. But we are confident that you are not disenchanted with our society as a whole because of this. We are already implementing programmes that will make your job more meaningful to you by involving you more actively in the decision-making process. All of this will not change your position in society but it will bring your work closer to you. While you may be unhappy with your present conditions of employment, we know that underneath it all, you still believe in work itself and the system of authority that lies behind it.

It may appear to you that your work bears little relation to what you really want to do, and that it mainly consists of producing, selling or servicing items which have no apparent value in themselves. This may be true; nevertheless, work keeps people occupied and gives them a goal in life. Besides, this is the way it is all over the world, even in the so-called "socialist" countries. Work has helped everyone live much the same way. Work may be unpleasant, then, but it is absolutely essential. We are convinced that the average worker is basically satisfied with his life and respects his superiors.

Politics, too, exists for the service of us all. However, we feel obliged to warn you of a danger which has recently emerged in political spheres. It is appropriate here to quote from our 1981 election leaflet: "You may be disgruntled with Politics, but you Cannot Afford the LEFT. They will turn Britain into a Marxist state." Wise words, indeed. The fact that we did not fare quite as well as we had expected merely underlines the powerful nature of this danger facing us.

All of this indicates that people are not dissatisfied simply with the rising cost of living, but also with the way we live in society. In a sense, we can even understand this sentiment. Apparently, shoppers feel insulted by being forced to buy back what they have already produced as workers. Shopping, however, is as necessary as work. Western society needs its consumers. You may feel sometimes that in our economy, things are more important than people, but, after all, we do give you a choice of what you can buy. Those people who think shopping is boring are the same people who are bored with their work — in fact, they're probably bored with everything our system has to offer. But shopping is not necessarily a dull obligation; it can be an exciting experience, a useful way to spend your leisure time. Many people, especially housewives, do a lot of shopping and find it rewarding. The destructive minority do not. If we do not stop these people, we could be faced with a revolt against the foundations of our society — work and shopping. These people are capable of anything, including the ridiculous notion that they could run society by themselves without any need for people to give them orders.

Guy Haslam, Class VI.

hey you.
you with the quick-draw smile on your face
bandaged hands before you
your hair in duplicate
mother's carnation hinting from your lapel
the tie set straight for once.

but when you're up there
rising
and falling
to the applause
be mindful that they do not applaud the months of slog
but an initial taken out of context
an entry in a directory of winners.

enter the fold and join the show
and yet

where are the others?
where are the credits?
sitting backstage, some sound asleep.
"The prizes have all been safely handed out."
and the anonymous
monotonous
meaningless
unceasing
shell-hollow
applause
to the domino parade
flickers candle flame fingers
squeezed of fresh air.

they may help you up the stairs
but the applause is for another
when you descend
at the other end.

F. Andreas Müller, Econ. VI.



PROSE-POEM

"you, who say you are no artist"

you said
I am no artist
you said
I can't draw

sorry
but I don't understand
is that
all
there is to an
artist
?

and how can you
"be" an artist
when your eyes
are closed
when your mouth
is gagged
when your ears
are plugged
when your nose
is blocked
to the world around you
to the continents inside you
?
if you're no artist
then neither am I

if you can't draw
then so too
this arm
this hand
is as useless
as the snapped branch
of the storm-torn tree.

F. Andreas Müller, Econ. VI.

STONEGLOVE

*For what do you yearn, Stonegrave
For whom do you mourn, Stoneglove
Why point to heaven, Stonewrought
Where now are your makers, Stonebuilt?*

*Cleave earth no more,
Crave life no more,
For they who delved, died deep,
So let sundered schisms sleep,
Chasms be healed, earth annealed,
Yet remember, regret, despise,
For those who made you with their lives
Are long forgotten. So stand
Gravestone wrought as mailed hand,
High held tower mirrors deep well,
Point to heaven, descending to hell.*

Alan Hall, Sci.VI.1A.



P. Spibey, IV.G.

ANCIENT GREECE IN LONDON

During March, five members of the Classical Division and two girls from KEHS, chaperoned by Mr. Tibbott, spent a long weekend in London sampling the novel delights of an Ancient History and Literature Conference. This was a course of lectures open to sixth formers and sponsored by Lloyds Bank, presumably working on the principle that you can take a black horse anywhere — even to the Ancient World!

At 3.30 on a Saturday afternoon, in the stuffy and somewhat twee 'theatre' of the Grand Metropolitan Hotel, Marble Arch, the assembled multitude was welcomed by its own Lloyds Bank liaison officer, the curiously-named Mr. Moral. Sir Kenneth Dover, President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, gave the first lecture, a weighty discourse on 'The Relevance of Greek History', with an intensity that was aptly complemented by the oppressive heat of a malfunctioning central heating system. Saturday evening was spent by most in watching 'Stalker' at the Academy Cinema and/or painting Marble Arch red, and was concluded at one in the morning with some much-needed sleep.

The next day began early, and it was left to Dr. Peter Jones to eradicate all traces of somnambulism with an amusing and forceful 'Homer', showing the basic structuralism in certain episodes from 'The Iliad' and 'The Odyssey'. After coffee, Dr. Paul Cartledge proceeded to give an authoritative analysis of 'Athens and Sparta'. Sunday lunch for most, including Mr. Tibbott, was a 'Big Mac', eaten whilst standing in a bitterly cold gale on Hyde Park Corner watching soap-box Iranian mullahs and crippled pigeons. Mr. Tibbott later rediscovered his roots sufficiently to guide us, by way of a number 74 bus, to the British Museum. After several hours perusing, we returned to the hotel, to what had been billed by Mr. Moral as a 'Massage of Egos'. This turned out to be a 'Teach-in and Discussion' organised by the four lecturers, peppered with propaganda for their favoured tomes. By now the heat problem of the previous evening had been deftly solved by a GLC workman slicing through the mains electricity cable of the hotel while purporting to be digging up the pavement. Not only had this left

his pneumatic drill a twisted mass of molten metal and the rest of him dazed in the middle of the road, but it had also plunged the whole hotel into darkness. The ubiquitous Mr. Moral had, however, managed to string up a loop of light bulbs from the theatre ceiling.

Later on the Sunday evening, we were transported to a 'classical disco' at the Piccadilly Hotel by a reinvigorated Mr. Tibbott, who promptly learnt the verb 'to headbang' and did a promising line with his foot.

It came as quite a shock to be awoken by falling scaffolding at dawn the next morning. This experience was eventually crowned by the final lecture given by Oliver Taplin on 'Greek Tragedy', finishing in time for the slow train home.

The weekend was immensely enjoyable (and no doubt highly appreciated by the grey matter!) and many thanks go to the ever helpful and buoyant Mr. Tibbott.

Matthew Kempshall, Hist.Div.

THE SCOUT MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA

On a cool, clear winter's night last year, a large crowd thronged into the Concert Hall for the Scouts' Musical Extravaganza. Peter Russell, the Group Scout Leader, set everybody in the right mood with his subtle wit and double entendres, and briefly introduced the evening's varied programme.

Dave Rigby, another man high in the power structure of KES Scouts, displayed yet another of his talents in rendering two pieces by Billy Mayerl on the piano; these being quickly followed by a percussion solo by Annie Oakley, played with awesome speed and skill. Robert Tibbott also managed to surpass himself, singing 'The Trumpeter', accompanied by Gordon Sill on the piano; and later joining the other members of 'The Grafton Singers' to perform several English madrigals very professionally.

Gerald Lowe, an ex-Scout, played Handel's Sonata in F on the violin with a great deal of expression and expertise, and showed admirable coolness in extricating himself from his music stand during his bow — a feat which added

extra spice to his performance. Other even younger soloists also performed admirably: James Dunstan, singing 'Nunc Dimittis', and Duncan McNaughton, complete with bow tie, playing the trumpet. Giles Evans was also to demonstrate his magnificent voice in his reading, continuing with his customary nonchalance in spite of a minor loss of concentration.

The KEHS guitar group comprising four members of the upper school no doubt performed very well, but were, unfortunately, not audible from the back of the Concert Hall.

The Chapel Choir, conducted by Doc. Homer, generously emphasised the fact that this was a Scouting occasion by singing several sea-shanties. It was notable during their performance of 'Riding along on the Crest of a Wave' that several members of the Scout group were moved to join in with the occasional nautical phrase.

The evening was concluded in a suitable vein with the finale, entitled 'Piers Harvey Glydon'. This title, although somewhat imposing, turned out to mean that Piers was to become 'Master of Ceremonies'. His singing, with actively-encouraged audience participation, was a great success, and eminent members of society could be seen shouting "Don't put your muck in our dustbin" over and over again, and obviously enjoying it, whilst their neighbours sang "Ding, Dong" with laudable gusto and enthusiasm.

This concluded what was, on the whole, a very enjoyable and successful event, proving that people can enjoy laughing at themselves as well as at other people. Thanks should go to everyone who took part, especially all those not directly connected with the Scout group, and it is to be hoped that the success of this Extravaganza will have established a precedent for future years.

Richard Hitchcock, IV.N.

THE MICROCOMPUTER REVOLUTION AT KES

Times are changing at KES. Computing used to be an arcane skill involving the drumming of hot teletypes, frequent calls to Post Office engineers, and now and then the odd pearl cast by the intractably faceless and distant machine.

Now, any self-respecting Shell knows how to play someone else's video game on the UK101s (some even know how to write them!), and the black hole is regularly crowded to the point where GA is forced to ban everybody so that he can play with them himself. Using this wonder machine he has reduced his time for finding the wrong value of 'g' to a staggering ten microseconds. Meanwhile Dr. H sniffs floppy discs with an appreciative glint in his eye and frequently retires to feed them to his 380 Z, encased, fittingly, in a large black box. In the rabbit hutch at the end of the top corridor RTB sneakily saves face by programming the Apple to do his Rubik's cube, provided that the Economists are not playing at running the country. At Sports Day more people watched A.N. Apple than George Fraser, and it is rumoured to be taking over as School Recorder next year.

Speculation is rife. Is it true that the new buildings will house a computer room and micro-electronics laboratory? Can the UK101s be programmed to write pseudo-intellectual gibberish for the Bulletin Board? Can APR perfect his silicon-chip-eating bacterium in time? What does it all mean?

R.T.B.

MASTERMIND 1981

The title of this piece perhaps implies an unwarranted optimism about the future of the competition, suggesting as it does that there may be a 'Mastermind 1982' contest. The support received and the money raised for the Cot Fund this year suggests that an audience can be conjured up, but what about the contestants? "Once bitten, twice shy" seems best to describe the situation.

This year, the contestants were approached well in advance of the competition (a crucial stratagem), and caved in under surprisingly little pressure, offering to tackle special subjects from the loftiest (mountains, de Gaulle), to the lowest (coarse fishing). Once dates were arranged for the competition, however, panic set in on a grand scale. Something close to exam fever swept through the Common Room, with one half of the contestants, exemplified by Mr. Skinner, anxiously swotting up what they thought they once knew, whilst the other half, exemplified by Mr. Hopley, froze in horror at

the thought of impending disaster. Treatment of the quizmaster was equally ambivalent. Some chose the "let's butter him up and winkle a few questions out of him" approach; others, accurately recognising this to be futile, saw their future inquisitor as the lowest form of life, occasionally casting me glances normally reserved for something nasty one has trodden on.

As the contest got under way it was time for the organisers to panic. Would the frantic researchers come up with enough specialist questions in time? Did anyone really know enough about the General to test Mr. Hatton? And, horror or horrors, what if he actually got one wrong! Meanwhile the atmosphere of examinations continued among the contestants, with a friendly rivalry being one feature of the week, another being the camaraderie of comrades at arms faced with a common enemy.

The semi-finals passed. Mr. Lambie was impressive on Roman history, which was just as well. Mr. Worthington set new standards in fishing attire and points scoring, Mr. Emery wondered where the questions on The Beatles were, and Mr. Buttress showed how much he had picked up from the Parliamentary Society over the years. Miss Barnett seemed very relieved not to have to face the firing squad again when Mr. Hatton answered his final, clinching question. Mr. Haywood was consistently one year out, in company with Mr. Lillywhite, who nevertheless enhanced his image with a remarkable display on Grand Prix racing. Mr. Workman gave advance warning that he was too clever by half by taking someone called Arouet, of whom no-one had ever heard, as his special subject. It later turned out to be Voltaire, which did not help much. Mr. Bridges, protesting his lack of revision, knowledge and memory won through, even though he did not know what an akja was.

The final took place in the last week of the Easter term. Mr. Hatton seemed upset by an inability to recall that the General's maternal grandparents had been 'in biscuits'. Mr. Bridges fell down on some of the mountaineering questions, and the battle was joined between Messrs. Buttress and Workman. In the end the latter scraped home by one point.

J.R.A.C.



Photo: M.J.T.



Photos: M.J.T.

**A PARTING SHOT BY A. MITRA at a meeting of the
Parliamentary Society, July 1981**

In the late 1960s, John Enoch Powell, O.E., quoted Vergil to illustrate his gloomy predictions about the outcome of mass immigration by coloured people into British cities. He referred to "the Tiber flowing with much blood" and was applauded by London dockers but censured and finally extirpated by his beloved Tory Party. Recently, events in Notting Hill, St. Paul's, Brixton, Southall, Toxteth and Handsworth have taken a grisly turn. Were Powell's words a kind of self-fulfilling prophecy which has contributed to the apparent breakdown in racial harmony, or a rational analysis of a situation which is now being emphatically realised? Powell's comments must have been to some extent provocative, and even his foresight at the time could not have seen 2.8 million unemployed in 1981 along with all the unpleasant social consequences resulting from such a brutal statistic.

The assumption underlying my words so far is that there is a racial element in these recent riots. This is assuredly the case, but the social, economic and political conditions in the various locations of these incidents are NOT identical, although strong similarities between the areas are apparent. All are deprived areas, they all have large black populations, yet from all informed accounts, there had been sparse evidence of serious black-white antipathy in Toxteth before now, whereas inner London has suffered from poor race relations since the mid 1950s. Are community relations the root and heart of these disturbances? I think not. Rather, racial tension is a sign of deeper weaknesses in the fabric of urban society. It is an EFFECT of economic slump and a potent symbol of people's despair.

The social cost of recession is relatively greater among the poorer members of the community than among the better-off because the middle classes may protect themselves against the bad times — with better housing, better educational standards, and greater job security. In a sense, the middle classes can afford to take a long-term view and wait for the new Dawn in the form of an 'Upturn' in the economy, whereas the poor have no such illusions of Utopia. In such circumstances frustrations and discontents which have long simmered, but been suppressed by a continuous, slow annual growth in prosperity, may understandably explode to the surface as prosperity diminishes. There is a moral and emotional content to this process which commentators from Marx downwards have labelled 'Alienation'.

The conditions in which a race war could emerge are probably now present in our cities because,

supremely, scapegoats are necessary for the specious justification of people's violent response to the misery of unemployment, poverty, and loss of hope. The black person needs to blame 'racists' who have prevented him from having an equal opportunity to secure a healthy future for himself and his family, as his white neighbour enjoys. The white community need to blame the immigrant for doing Englishmen out of jobs, for changing the face and character of entire neighbourhoods and 'for lowering standards' in education and housing.

Are there any solutions? No simple ones, I fear. The damage has been done by innumerable failures of economic and social policy over twenty or thirty years. The best we can hope for are instant palliatives to cope with immediate problems and more sensible long-term planning by government. Unemployment has to be reduced; there has to be faster urban renewal in the inner city; relations between the young and the police must be quickly improved; the educational system and all liberal forces with a shared interest in promoting social harmony must co-operate to explode the myths promulgated by the men of hatred of any colour or political persuasion. Such programmes can only be publically financed, but because the present government is ideologically opposed to any increases in public spending, you may readily understand my gloom about the future.

In the final analysis, we cannot look to governments, which invariably think short-term, to solve our present problems. Responsible people everywhere need to tell the truth. Leaders of opinion must no longer hide behind diplomatic language nor be too intransigent in their devotion to traditional interpretations or ideologies. The plastic bullet must not be allowed to become an accepted part of English social life, nor must our traditional freedoms be unthinkingly surrendered to diehard authoritarians of the Left or the Right posing respectively as champions of 'revolutionary socialism' or 'freedom under the law'.

A.M.

INTERVIEW WITH THE RT. HON.
J. ENOCH POWELL, M.P. (O.E.)

C: What are your most abiding memories of the school — presumably that was the New Street school?

JEP: Yes, it was indeed, and I was there from 1925 to 1930. The memories are essentially those of a school in the centre of a great city. It was a city school almost more than any other school. One lived in the fog, one lived in the traffic. In latter days, when one had lunch in the city, one went down to the Bull Ring to hear the political speeches delivered there by the orators. So it was 100% a town school. A factor which is probably forgotten today is the railway; it was part of a railway culture. It's almost inconceivable now that most boys travelled to school every morning by train, then back home to lunch, back to school in the afternoon and back home to tea. Life was lived around, and to a considerable extent on, the railway, which provided an element of social life. Obviously, in a day school in the centre of town, the time spent in clubs and so on was very limited. In particular games, since the field was three miles out by tram, were by no means compulsory, especially not for boys as incompetent as I was. The railway was the setting for so much of our social and communal life, and of our activities lawful and unlawful.

C: You spoke once on the Michael Parkinson show of vandalism on the trains

JEP: Oh dear, did I? It always rather upsets my wife when I reveal these aspects of my mis-spent youth. Did I tell Mr. Parkinson about the Midland Railway doors? They were so constructed that, by taking off the brass plate behind the handle, one could remove a little piece of the mechanism and then with a single tap, the handle would spin round and round, and neither open nor close the door. This was very entertaining.

C: How did the school affect your political views?



JEP: Not at all — I didn't have any political views. I didn't take part in what school debates there were. I suppose, like so many I was extremely concentrated on the essential of life, which was to get an open scholarship, major or minor, but preferably major, to Oxford or Cambridge.

C: Did you enjoy your time at the school?

JEP: Yes, they were happy days, comparing them with other periods. I look back

upon my schooldays with approval, and consider myself to have been extremely lucky to have been at a first class Greek school. I'm only sorry that it was not also a first class Arabic and Hebrew school.

C: More generally, there has been much controversy in recent years over education. What are your opinions on the changes, taking into account comprehensive education, the demise of the Direct Grant system, and the present Assisted Places Scheme?

JEP: Well, I'm glad that KES became independent. Certainly I would have been prepared to put my hand into my pocket had it been necessary to ensure an independent continuance for King Edward's, Birmingham. The Direct Grant connexion always involved some degree, I don't say of interference, but of influence from the civic authorities upon the school.

C: What do you think of the Assisted Places Scheme?

JEP: Don't overdo it — anything ought to be the result of effort. Benefits should not be so numerous that they are not relatively difficult

to secure. There's a line of Hesiod,

"θεοὶ δὲ κτείνουσιν ἰσχυρὰ θεοὶ: προσηγορεύει ἔθνη καὶ ἀνθρώπους."

"The Gods have decreed that in front of virtue should be set sweat." What comes easily isn't worth having.

C: *Do you feel that comprehensive education is compatible with private education?*

JEP: I want to see more Greek and less science, but that would be regarded as recidivist, wouldn't it?

C: Yes.

JEP: but it's right. The grammar school, in the narrowest and broadest sense, is an indispensable institution. Civilization, culture, government in the end all depend upon the word, upon the word. In government and in other walks of life I have been impressed, much more than when I was a scholar or teacher, by the power which comes from the ability to handle language. Government is by the word — the word is an instrument of thought and action. Education should be about words. Hence the necessity of being able to write good Greek iambs. Do YOU write Greek iambs?

C: *There is, I think, an option to do so.*

JEP: I am sorry to learn that it's only an option — it should be a compulsion. Everything in education should be compulsory. If it is necessary, it should be compulsory. If it is not necessary, it shouldn't be taught. That's a slight overstatement, a bit Powellist!

C: *To get away from education, we have a question we were asked to ask you by our head of English, Mr. Trott.*

JEP: Mr. Trott! With three Ts?

C: *Yes, he wanted to know when, in your opinion, was Britain at her greatest?*

JEP: If he means the United Kingdom, I would say the age of Tennyson. If it were England, I

would say the age of Shakespeare — of the committee known as "Shakespeare". (That should start something!)

C: *You also said in the Parkinson interview that you wrote poetry. Was this confined to Greek iambs, or was it English as well?*

JEP: No, no, English poetry. Indeed, I have published four books of it, some of which was read on the Parkinson show. There were two books before the War — one mainly written in Cambridge, and one in Australia — then there was a book written during the War, and one written after the War in 1950. I put aside the question whether I still write poetry. It is the greatest human activity, the supreme human activity, I had sooner be a poet than anything else. If one were to ask me the silly question, "Who do you think was the greatest man that ever lived?" I would say Dante Alighieri — a poet, you see.

C: *On a different subject, given the terrible situation in Northern Ireland.....*

JEP: Is there a terrible situation?

C: *Well, there seems to be.*

JEP: I thought you were going to say the terrible situation in Liverpool or Birmingham.

C: *I don't think there is a terrible situation in Birmingham actually.*

JEP: That's what they said in Bristol, and at Brixton. They said, "It can't happen here".

C: *But there are a lot of people who have come up recently, saying, "We told you so, because we've been working in these areas".*

JEP: I've heard these things. It is self-deception. Do you mean the Handsworth show and all that?

C: Yes.

JEP: It is self-deception. On the 11th May 1857,

the colonels, who knew all their men, who were connected with them by ties of affection, and who were what was called 'man bap' ('mother and father') to their Sepoys, rode onto the parade-ground at Meerut and other places, and were shot down. They didn't know it was going to happen. Neither did the Sepoys. We don't know But you wanted to talk about Northern Ireland?

C: *Yes. I wanted to say that there seems to be an impasse.*

JEP: There is an impasse.

C: *And there is continuing violence.*

JEP: Diminishing, continually diminishing.

C: *But there seems to be no prospect of it finishing.*

JEP: Why not? Everything finishes. Of course there is an impasse when the same territory is claimed by two nations. It can't belong to both. There is only one to which it can belong; and that is the one to which it is bound to belong by the reason of numbers. Numbers are a form of force. I don't know if you realise that this is the reason for democracy. Democracy, the taking of decisions by counting numbers, is a means not of superseding force, as people think, but simply of formalising force, taming it to a degree by rendering it institutional. Unfortunately, in Northern Ireland, successive governments, particularly Conservative governments, have not been willing to accept that that was the alternative, and that the alternative could only be resolved one way. Where there is uncertainty, there is scope for violence. Where there is no hope for success, terrorism, which depends for its existence upon hope, cannot continue.

C: *Do you see a long-term political solution for Northern Ireland?*

JEP: I've just answered that question.

C: *Well, the government doesn't seem to be acting any way at all. We call it steadfast and*

so on

JEP: Do I think Parliament will at last get round to where they have to get around to, sooner or later? Yes, I do.

C: *Do you feel that the government is bothered enough about what is going on in Northern Ireland?*

JEP: If anything, they're too bothered. Bothered is a bad thing to be. It would be quite interesting to see how many Members are in the Chamber at the moment. When I left it, there were half a dozen, and that's the Army debate. But if there are half a dozen in a debate on Northern Ireland, you say that's a poor attendance. Often, on subjects where nobody has any interest in saying anything, there is bad attendance, there is bad attendance.

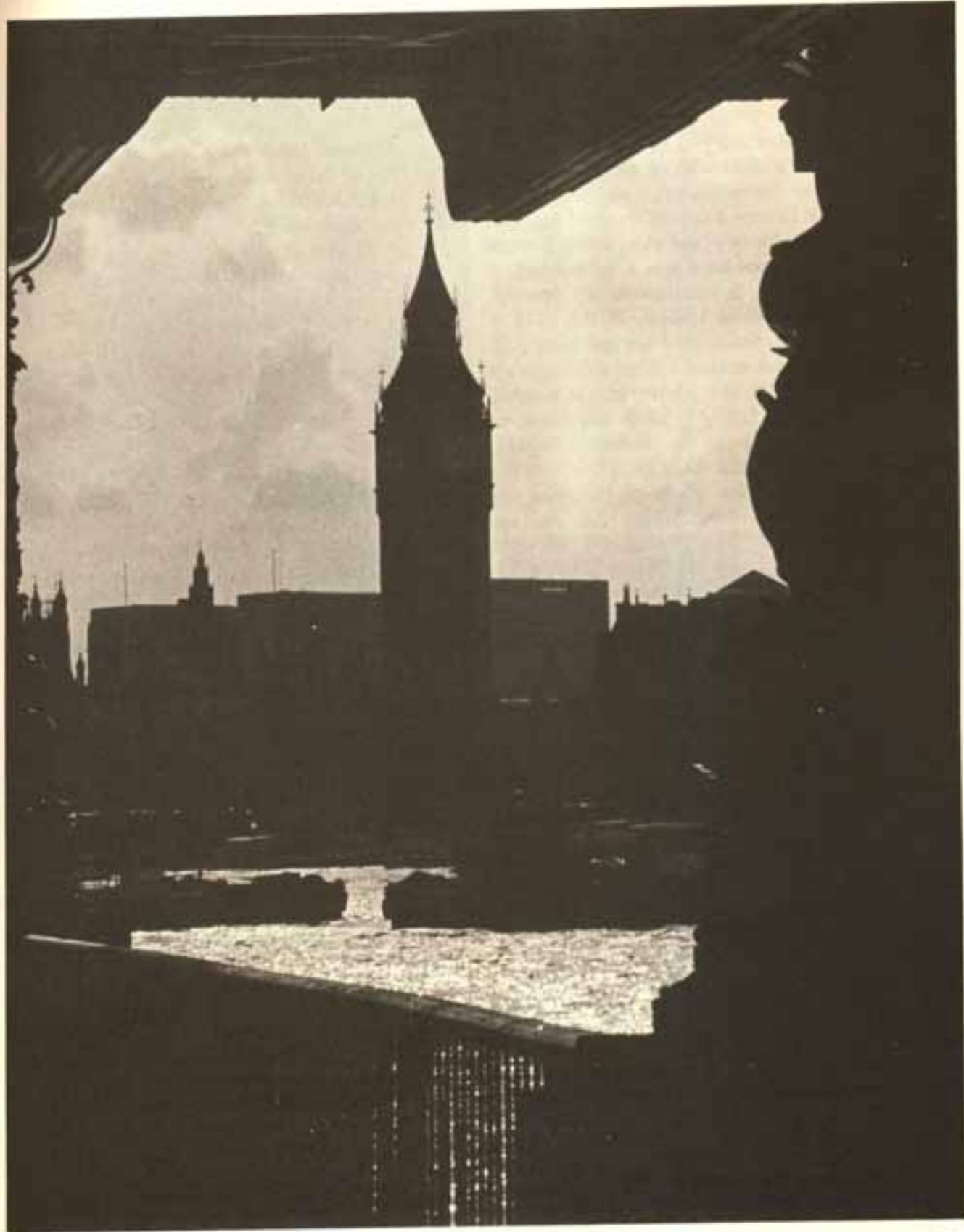
Is there anything else I can tell you? Here is the Sibyl's cave. It's true I've lost the books, but she did as well.

C: *Yes, but when she was asked what she wanted to do, she replied "ἄποθαιμι θάλω", "I want to die".*

JEP: I understand that. Nor can I justify not wanting to. We are trapped by our chemistry — "the chemic labour of the brain" as Tennyson calls it. You will know that 'labour' in that context means the thing made by labour, and not labour in the sense of work done. You see how naturally I become didactic!

C: *Mr. Powell, thank you very much for your time.*

Interviewers: Guy Haslam and Mark Keen



ASSISTED PLACES AT INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS

In September this year over 5,000 boys and girls will start at 220 schools which are taking part in the Government's Assisted Places Scheme. This Scheme has been designed to make it possible for able boys and girls, whose parents might well have not been able to afford to pay the full fees — or, in some cases, any fees AT ALL, to attend these schools. If the child is accepted by the school, then the fees to be paid by the parents are worked out on a sliding scale related to their income. Moreover, the number of children in the family is taken into consideration when working out the amount to be paid. Where the relevant income is £4,766 or less, the Government pays the whole of the fees: the child is educated free. Where the relevant income is £5,000, the parents pay £33 per annum £6,000, £171; £7,000, £369; £8,000, £597 and so on up to a maximum of relevant income where the parents get only a little help with fees.

The 220 schools are spread across England and Wales and include many of the independent schools which were known as Direct Grant schools until the Grant was abolished by the last Labour Government. The majority of the schools are day schools, but some are boarding schools; and, indeed, some of the pupils will be going as boarding pupils because of particular needs which make boarding the right solution to their problem. For example, one eleven year old West Indian boy whose parents are separated will be educated entirely free, becoming a boarder in Bristol, the Government paying the full tuition fees, while the school is paying the boarding fee. There are also several 'Warnock' children, who have special needs, who have been accepted by schools under the Scheme.

As Chairman of the Assisted Places Sub-Committee of the Headmasters' Conference, I have seen the scheme at every stage from its first draft to its final form. I am especially glad that the Scheme is generous in the help it gives

to families whose income is low. Moreover, uniform, travel and school meals in appropriate cases.

Although the Scheme has been opposed by the Labour Party, it has been warmly welcomed by the public. In an 'Observer' N.O.P. poll 67% of those questioned approved of the Scheme. It has to be said that it is unfortunate that it is being introduced at a time of severe cutback in the finances of the maintained sector. Nevertheless, it has the great merit in the eyes of the public of making it possible for able children from homes of modest means to go to some of the best independent schools in the country.

In Birmingham the only two Schools in the Scheme at present are King Edward's School and King Edward VI High School for Girls. King Edward's will have 46 pupils coming in under the Scheme in September, and the High School 33. In 1982 and subsequent years they are likely to take much the same numbers.

It has been notable that in most areas of the country the great majority of children who have been granted Assisted Places are coming from maintained primary and junior schools. Heads of Assisted Places Schools have commented on the co-operation they have received from the heads of these schools. Here, in fact, is one bridge across the gap which sometimes seems in danger of developing between the maintained and independent sectors in education.

It is my hope that over the years the Assisted Places Scheme will become established and be recognised as a practical, imaginative and valuable scheme.

F.G.R.F., Chief Master



Photograph: John Taylor, Maths VI.

Photograph: Jürgen Graffe







SOCIETIES & SPORTS.

AMATEUR RADIO AND ELECTRONICS SOCIETY

If you look out of the window of Room 72, you will see a rather large antenna on the roof of the Biology Prep. Room. From time to time it can be seen to twitch hesitantly and then turn a few degrees, only to stop abruptly, as if it had a mind of its own.

In fact, it is controlled by one of the school's radio amateurs, who might well be in contact with someone in Holland, France or Norway (but more likely in Nottingham).

At the moment these people are an élite, but the society is fostering the growth of amateur radio by offering a course covering the subjects set in the City and Guilds Radio Amateurs Examination. A pass in this is required before a transmitting licence will be granted by the Home Office.

To date, the society has been able to establish a complete station on the two metre VHF band, and a receiving station for other bands, following a generous grant of £100 from the Chief Master. We also have our own call sign of G8ZKE, which may be used by any licenced member.

The society has organised several outings, including a trip to a radio rally in Worcester. We intend to enter some of the radio contests which take place every year, and to collaborate with the scouts in putting on a station in the annual 'Jamboree On The Air'.

The society would like to thank Mr. Rigby for his help and enthusiasm, and for the loan of his transceiver.

Andrew Cox, V.R.

ANAGNOSTICS

The current 'winds of change' would appear to have infused even the tradition-imbued Anagnostics. Last year saw a mathematician at the helm, in the person of Andrew Chapple, and succeeding him in this 'man's world' (I quote Mr. Tennick on the subject), a female — perhaps reflecting the recent unprecedented enthusiasm from KEHS in this joint

Society.

The Intellect and the Humours have been treated to some fine readings of plays this year. 'Hippolytus', 'Bacchae' and 'Medea' by Euripides all provoked lively debate, including a controversial hypothesis propounded by Dr. Barnett (who attended this meeting by special request) that the crux of the 'Bacchae' centres on hard drugs! 'Prometheus Bound' by Aeschylus, and 'Philoctetes' by Sophocles (authors perhaps considered 'of more mettle' by the ancients) resulted in powerful performances of the title rôles: Rainer Evers as Prometheus readily adapted to the fact that he could boast complete knowledge about everything, and David Williams as Philoctetes showed himself capable of impressive distraction.

Comedies, read in timely fashion at the ends of term, proved a welcome 'romp' — Aristophanes and Plautus doing the honours here. 'Frogs' by the former completed the year — perhaps an appropriate comment, by a contemporary, on the state of Greek drama.

At the end of the year the Anagnostics bade farewell to Mr. Tennick, who had been Chairman of the Society since AD1972. Though when you consider a time-scale of well over 2,000 years!

Helen Kempshall

ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

This year the Archaeological Society did absolutely nothing. No meetings were held and no speakers came to give illustrated talks about South American ruins. We did not hold a field trip to Uffington Castle Iron Age hillfort and Wayland's Smithy Neolithic Chambered tomb. The highlight of the year was not attending an excavation of a fortified manor house on the outskirts of Birmingham. We are thankful to the secretary (who will remain anonymous) for not writing about the years' activities, which is why I'm doing it.

Prospects for next year can hardly be worse as it appears that nobody wants an Archaeological Society anyway.

M.J. Hetherington, Sci.VI.2

CLASSICAL SOCIETY

In the Christmas term, with the secretary studying for Oxbridge and his enthusiasm waning, there was only one meeting. Mr. Tennick gave a sparkling talk on Ovid's 'Metamorphoses', designed specifically for budding Classics scholars, namely those studying Latin 'O' Level. Indeed the talk was concentrated on those poems that Mr. Tennick himself had chosen for the textbook that he had written, intending to enlighten enthusiastic fifth formers with the joys of Latin poetry.

With a change of secretary, there was a rather tentative first meeting, tucked away in the blacked-out video room, to see an episode of 'The Greeks'. This showing proved more popular with the lower school, probably because they were all in bed when the series was originally shown.

The highlight of the term was a balloon debate with Classical figures. Mr. Worthington presented a pitiful Cyclops followed by Mr. Tibbott with a rendition of Thucydides. The only pupil to show his face was Guy Haslam, who in admirably convincing fashion portrayed a certain Verres, about whom little if anything is known, as a stalwart and honest individual. Mr. Tennick substituted at the last minute for Alcibiades, again presented an utterly corrupt Athenian figure as a fine figurehead of Athenian democracy, but was overpowered at the end by Mr. Lambie who, worthy of his role of Julius Caesar, amused his audience and won their votes.

In the only meeting of the summer term, a talk was given on Antony and Cleopatra, including both historical fact and Shakespearian fiction, which was useful and informative to Classical and English students alike.

Andrew Mendoza, Class.Div.

JUNIOR CLASSICAL SOCIETY

The year began without the leadership of Mr. Howcroft, who had moved onto a higher plane of activity by entering the Methodist Ministry. However, there was no need to fear collapse, as Mr. Tibbott and later Dr. Speller took up the leadership, and the society increased its reputation throughout the year.

The year commenced with an excellent film on Roman society narrated by Magnus Magnusson, whose 'Latin accent' would have caused Nero to give up the fiddle and burn the rest of them. The second meeting — an illustrated talk on Roman houses by Mark Hughes — attracted a large audience which seemed incapable of asking questions until goaded by the speaker.

Play reading took on a new dimension when Aristophanes's 'The Frogs' was performed on consecutive weeks drawing vast audiences. The attraction for many was the chance of hearing Dr. Speller and Mr. Mitra reading major parts. The way in which the chorus 'enlivened' the play was noted by all.

The excitement continued with an inter-year Classics quiz which was won convincingly by the Removes, and this was followed by 'Greece in the Heroic Age', another illustrated talk by Mark Hughes and Humphrey Gyde.

After an impressive talk by her Remove on Roman writing, Dr. Speller herself gave a talk on Roman food which drew a large and enthusiastic audience whose enthusiasm turned to horror as she described the manufacture of garum (sauce), which seemed to consist largely of leaving rotten fish to 'mature' in the open air for several months. A joint balloon debate with the Junior Debating Society proved to be successful, and was fiercely contested by the Trojan Horse, Zeus, Dionysus, and the eventual winner Hannibal. The year closed with an excellent talk by E. Faulkes on 'The Athenian Trireme', which proved very entertaining as he explained naval tactics with the ferocity of a Spartan. Thanks are expressed to Mr. Tibbott and Dr. Speller.

P.J. Davies, IV.E.

DEBATING SOCIETY

What do you think about the Pope's forthcoming visit to Britain? Do you think the neutron bomb is a valuable asset? Would you abolish public schools? Do you think that our policemen are wonderful?

These are just some of the subjects that the worthies of that revered body, the Debating Society, have debated this year. That's all very well but quite boring, you might say. Certainly not! The Debating Society has once again allowed all those present to say what they feel about the main issues of the day. Whether a main speaker, a second speaker, or just a member of the House, everyone has his rôle to play in deliberating the various motions. You may well be criticised for what you have to say but at least you will have the knowledge and satisfaction of making your view known.

The Society has had two balloon debates this year, one starring public figures and the other featuring parts of the school. Neil Bullock in particular deserves a mention for his stunning portrayal of Barbara Cartland and a cleaning lady. Members have also taken part in various external competitions this year, Rainer Evers and Simon Jones in the Observer Mace Competition; Andrew Maund, Neil Bullock, Guy Jones and myself in the Birmingham and Midland Institute Competition, and Andrew Maund in the Public Speaking Competition at the Council Chamber.

The Society also ran an extremely successful trip to the House of Commons in the Spring term. All those wanting to go were invited to write to their own MPs for tickets to the Public Gallery at the Commons and about fifteen people were able to get tickets. After a detailed tour of the Palace of Westminster in the morning most people were able to sit for some time in the Public Gallery to see a real debate in progress. Thanks to Katie Iles for organising everything for us in London.

Thanks are due to Miss Jones and Mr. Hatton for guiding the committee during the year and for making sure that everything ran smoothly. Thanks also to all members of the committee who have helped run debates this year, and congratulations to Neil Bullock on

winning the Hammond Debating Trophy and Malcolm Locker Debating Prize as best speaker of the year.

I would urge all members of the Divisions and Sixth Form to attend at least one debate next year in order to see what debating is really like. It is all too easy to sneer but just as easy to participate. Make an effort and stun us with your views. Someone has to be Prime Minister — it may be you. Start practising now!

Chris Rawlins, Mod.Lang.VI.

JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

The year started well for the Society considering that it now had a new secretary and representative from KEHS. The first debate was the most successful for many years. Under the title 'This house believes that girls have better manners than boys', the meeting attracted over one hundred people to hear four of the best, and most varied speeches that have been heard within the society. The highlight of this performance was undoubtedly Max Carlish who, while speaking against the motion, managed to include almost every adverb and adjective possible in his eight minute speech. With the help of Elizabeth Allsop, he narrowly managed to defeat two very good speakers — Andrew Gregory and Sarah Deval.

The second debate was also the last that Dr. Grounds would chair and it was fittingly held in the place where the Society had started under his guidance — the Ratcliff Theatre. The attendance was poor compared with the previous debate in spite of its title 'This House believes in Nuclear Disarmament'.

The third debate has now been excluded from the minute book, as it was not technically a junior debate and did not involve any High School speakers. It was a joint debate with the Junior Classical Society and contained Greek characters. Because of the lack of speakers from the High School, two Divisions were called in at very short notice, which made it a semi-senior debate.

It was a very enjoyable year and I would like to thank all who helped, especially Mandy Plastow and the committee.

Harikrishna Deshpande, IV.G.

FILM SOCIETY

The KES Film Society has always been based on the principle of the greatest benefit for the greatest number, and the old adage that it is impossible to please all the people all the time. Given the diversity of taste within the school, especially considering that we have both male and female members in the society, we try to produce as varied a programme of films as possible. This year was no exception.

'Dougal and the Blue Cat' proved to be by far the most popular film shown, whereas films like the Japanese adventure classic 'The Seven Samurai' had people leaving their seats after the first reel. Even usual safe bets such as the Marx Brothers failed to stir up much enthusiasm. Success was achieved finally with 'M*A*S*H', despite the fact that this (admittedly hilarious and enthralling) film has already been shown several times on television.

As usual, the Society was beset by administrative problems, despite a gradually increasing understanding of the internal goings-on of those enigmatic organisations, Securicor and the film companies, and the new and efficient leadership of Messrs. Barrat and Hopkinson.

I should like to thank all the committee and staff involved in the hectic business of organising the Society, and I can only hope that the new régime manages to get the film selection formula right.

Nick Osborne, Sci. VI.1A

MIDDLE SCHOOL FILM SOCIETY

This is the first full year that there has been a Middle School Film Society and had it not been for the enthusiasm of Mrs. Tennick, it would not exist. The society was formed because members of the junior part of the school were not allowed to attend School Film Society meetings.

By the end of the 1980 summer term a committee had been formed and four films chosen for the autumn term. The annual subscription for the society was set at three pounds, and we attracted sufficient members to finance

the screening of a total of twelve films during the last year.

Our programme this year has been mainly experimental with films varying from Spike Milligan's 'Hitler, my part in his downfall' to J.R.R. Tolkien's 'The Lord of the Rings'. We now understand the type of film that our clientele prefer (action-packed with a thrill-a-minute), and we hope that next year we will be able to provide an even better selection.

I would like to thank Mrs. Tennick for her great dedication to the society, and Miss Barnett for agreeing to accept the chair for the coming year.

Jonathan Hyett, IV.G

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Joint Historical Society held many meetings during 1980-81, almost mind-boggling in variety, although with perhaps fewer guest speakers than in past years (due, no doubt, to the recession). Nevertheless, most meetings were well attended, and usually — to the more erudite, at least — provided an aftertaste of a lunchtime well spent.

The Autumn Term was undoubtedly the most eventful, with a talk by Mrs. J. Taylor of Newcastle University on German history since the Second World War and the attitudes of German historians. In addition, a talk on genealogy by Mr. K.A. Buckley entitled 'Tracing Your Ancestors — Assuming you have any' confirmed a suspicion long held by many of us when it revealed that Chris Rawlins was descended from the village idiot of a hamlet in Oxfordshire. Home-grown produce included a lively rendition of '1066 and All That' by a team of worthies led by Tim Curtis. This long-mooted project demonstrated the wide scope of the Society with its blatantly un-intellectual and humorous nature.

The Spring Term saw another visiting speaker, although on this occasion the Society had to swallow its pride and hold the meeting jointly with the Literary Society. The talk, by Dr. Richard Simmons, about the Salem Witchcraft Trials, proved most valuable, as it

was arranged — in a stunning display of inter-society and inter-departmental co-operation — to coincide with the school production of 'The Crucible'. The Spring and Summer Terms also saw the screening of television feasts on the Irish potato famine, and, as proof of the society's value in supplementing school history courses, on the Second World War.

Finally, an occasion which has become as traditional an institution as the Cup Final and Wimbledon — the annual summer excursion — was made to Llangollen and Chirk Castle. Despite typically dismal Welsh weather, the trip was very enjoyable, although it was agreed by all that Llangollen was undoubtedly not the cultural centre of the universe, in spite of the forthcoming Eisteddfod.

Thanks are due to Mr. Buttress and Miss Diggory over at KEHS for running the society without a hitch and for ensuring that, while other societies sink beneath the tide of apathy or lack of activities, the Historical Society continues to ride, as it were, on the crest of a wave.

A.J. Willetts, Class VI.

ORIENTEERING CLUB

My blood pounds in my ears, my feet feel like lead, my lungs have ceased to function, a shaky finger traces the line of the path on the map. Another 50 metres and I reach the stream. I count off 40 paces and look around, scanning the area for a little orange and white marker at the edge of a marsh. I see only dry bracken stretching to the horizon with no sign of any water. Who has moved the marker (and drained the marsh)? What have I done wrong? Where am I?

Orienteers will recognise these feelings. To say that they experience them very often would, however, be false; orienteering would hardly have such a growth rate if this occurred often.

An orienteering event involves navigating

your way around a number of controls placed in the forest, and demands subtle combination of mental and physical exertion. Clearly, the more intelligent and experienced you are, the less often you get lost. Perhaps that's why KES boys tend to be good at it.

The first event that the new club went to, Saltwells Wood, clearly showed this. Despite the dense forest and the intricacy of the area, almost everyone was highly placed. Other events in the next few months should enable these beginners to master the basic techniques. We should have a strong team for next year's schools' championships.

But does it sound like fun? A unique challenge? A sport verging on the addictive? It is all these things, and more: orienteering is a way of life.

Niall Tebbutt, V.R.

PARLIAMENTARY SOCIETY

The Parliamentary Society continued to be active throughout the year, though the attendances at meetings were comparatively low, and in one case, boys were outnumbered by the masters. This was due to a somewhat disappointing show of support from the lower part of the school (and, come to think of it, from the upper part), who would rather spend their lunchtimes in an unintellectual stupor, engaged in mindless activities. One can but hope that in future some of these deprived characters will realise that there is more to life than a Rubik's cube, and join the Society.

Among the gems missed by these gentlemen were discussions on topical subjects such as Afghanistan, Mrs. Thatcher's economic policies (which was not well attended), and the French presidential elections, where Jean-Christophe Thomas lent a continental flavour to the proceedings. Mr. Cook also made his annual visit to the society to talk about economy, and various distinguished masters

joined a political forum.

There were two meetings for which prestigious outside speakers had been blackmailed into attending. At the first of these, Mr. Kenneth Clarke, a junior minister of transport, gave an interesting and relevant talk about his work and parliamentary life in general. The talk proved too exciting for someone at the meeting who fainted halfway through.

The second of these two distinguished guests was to be Mr. John de Courcy Ling, a member of the European Parliament, for whom a capacity audience gathered. As the packed house eagerly anticipated his arrival, they were informed by a breathless Mr. Buttress that the speaker had been detained in London because his car had been stolen. The audience waited on the edge of their seats for further developments, until it was announced that Mr. de Courcy Ling would not be coming, as he was "helping the police with their inquiries."

Our thanks go to Mr. Buttress, who organised and coerced in his own inimitable style.

A.J. Willetts, Class.VI.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

Two sixth formers yawn and a fifth former stares out of the window: a scene typical of the old Scientific Society, which was frequently concerned with matters of little interest to anyone below the Divisions.

However, the renaissance has arrived and from now on the Society will interest a greater number of people and a wider age range. The recovery plans suffered a slight setback, however, due to the film library's inability to provide a description of the films that they had on offer. The film with the provocative title 'Is music noise?' was in fact the story of a minor political dispute over the maximum legal sound intensity in the discos of Scunthorpe.

The society has chosen nuclear energy as its

theme for next year, during which there will be a talk on nuclear waste disposal and a film on nuclear energy.

Thanks are due to Mr. Dodd for recovering the society from its dark ages and for showing unlimited enthusiasm throughout the year.

Niall Tebbutt, V.R.

SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY

The Society saw an unprecedented rise in popularity this year; the first meeting lured over sixty culture-starved sixth formers into the cramped conditions of the Cartland Club. This surely dispels once and for all the myth that we are an elitist clique, and it is encouraging to observe an increasing awareness either of the society, or indeed of Shakespeare himself.

Matthew Duggan and Jon Barnett made their final impressions on the society at Christmas with a memorable reading of 'Othello'.

In the summer term there was a moving and sensitive reading of 'Antony and Cleopatra' (hot on the heels of the BBC), the two title roles very ably read by Andrew Maund and Catherine James.

The year's readings were concluded by a superb rendition of 'Hamlet', in which Kathryn Ingermell's portrayal of Ophelia must be one of the finest performances of the year, such was the sensitivity and understanding with which she read.

The more senior members of the society were less in evidence this year than in the past, but the Ancient (Mr. Trott) found time to play the Fool in 'King Lear' and Caesar in 'Antony and Cleopatra', while the Welsh Captain (Mr. Evans) gave us a magnificently regal Henry IV.

I would like to conclude by thanking Miss Chaffer for her continued supply of nourishment, without which it is doubtful whether we would ever make it past Act II, and for Steven Cooper for coercing her to produce it.

Nick Osborne, Sci.VI.1A.

TRANSPORT SOCIETY

The Transport Society this year, apart from showing films and journeying the length and breadth of the country, held a successful quiz on the three most popular modes of transport: road, rail, and air. After a tie breaker, the quiz was narrowly won by A.J. Hall, who generously donated the prize to the funds of the Model Railway Society.

The Autumn term trip was a return visit to Stratford Depot, last visited by the Society in 1978. On arrival at the Depot, we discovered that we were expected at 10 am and not at 12 noon as we thought. As British Rail are used to late arrivals we were allowed round and returned home with only the temporary loss of a member at Liverpool Street Station.

The Spring term saw another return visit, this time to Tinsley Depot in Sheffield. We were also late in arriving at this depot, owing to our inability to find South Yorkshire bus stops. After an otherwise successful tour of the depot, the party continued on to Doncaster, where the older members of the group seemed more interested in the 'Space Invaders' machine than in the trains.

This year, unlike the previous ones, the Transport Society did not go into hibernation during the Summer term. Mr. Dodd felt sufficiently recovered from his previous trip to the North East to take a party to Thornaby Depot in Middlesborough. The party left Birmingham at 7.30 am and in the early morning panic it was discovered that the depot pass had been left at home. At Thornaby we pleaded with a sympathetic Area Manager who gave us a guided tour of the sheds. During our brief stop at Newcastle it was decided to travel to York by High Speed Train as this gave us an extra half an hour in York. However, due to circumstances beyond our control we arrived at York half an hour late.

At York the party completed a hasty tour of the National Railway Museum and then headed back to the station, only to find

that our train back to Birmingham should have left two minutes earlier. However, British Rail was as punctual as ever, and we left York some twenty minutes late.

The Society would like to thank Mr. Dodd and Kevin for escorting the trips, and British Rail for allowing us to visit their depots.

P.E. Mole, IV.E.



Illustration: Steve Chapple, Art.Div.



Illustration: R. Herd, V.T.

RUGBY

1st XV

P 20 W 18 D 0 L 2 F 394 A 130

Paul Campbell's report from last year's 'Chronicle' tells us that: "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"

None of us, however, could have foreseen the tremendously successful season during which no fewer than sixty-eight tries were scored by the best side that the school has produced for more than twenty-five years.

After a warm-up match against the weak D.C.E.'s XV, the side went on to demolish Warwick, Denstone and Ellesmere before KES Aston provided some of the stiffest opposition that we were to face throughout the season. Worksop, Lawrence Sheriff and Radcliffe College were all disposed of by thirty points or more, and after an unconvincing one point victory over R.G.S. Worcester, the XV provided some of their most entertaining rugby against KES Five Ways. Leading by 18-9 at half-time, we ran in another six tries to win by 52 points to 9. The Five Ways centre J. Goodwin, later selected for the England U19 Group Squad, joined the growing band of opposition players to admit that the side was the best schoolboy XV he had ever played against.

Three days later, however, the home defeat by Solihull was the only game in which the XV failed to score a try. The determination shown by the XV, after Ashley Greenbank's injury, against the most mobile pack we were to meet was highly commendable, the result being in doubt until the final whistle.

After defeating King's Worcester 16-13 in an exciting match, and Wrekin by 18-0, the King Edward's Road Show moved on to Bromsgrove for the annual match for the Simiter-Smith Cup. Aware of the way Bromsgrove had frozen the previous year, we played some solid rugby and backed by tremendous support from young and old alike we recaptured the trophy with the help of two

tries by Andrew Webb, without doubt the best schoolboy winger in England.

The departure of the captain Paul Campbell at Christmas heralded the arrival of yet another hard-tackling centre in Phil Griesbach. He continued the hard work of Paul despite some horrific passes from the fly-half as we went on to beat Bishop Vesey's, Bablake and King Henry VIII. The latter provided another close encounter, with our Rockabilly Rebel Michael Mills scoring the winning try in the dying minutes.

The most dismal performance of the season came in the defeat inflicted upon us by Camp Hill.

The annual tour to Devon was enjoyed by all and after beating Tiverton 19-9, we went on to defeat a very strong Sidmouth Colts side the following day, 26-8. This victory included five superb tries in an excellent display of fluent, running rugby by the backs and saw three great tries from the ageing Paul Campbell.

The forwards were led enthusiastically by Simon Jones and in his absence by Andrew Hamer and Christopher Leng, and their hard work was usually rewarded with running rugby of the highest quality by the backs who performed with distinction throughout the season, scoring 56 out of the 68 tries, and 21 of these were scored by Andrew Webb.

Good individual efforts were provided by Andrew Hamer, who scored four tries against KES Five Ways; Simon Lambert, who scored all fifteen points against KES Aston; and Andrew Webb, who twice scored three tries in a match, and achieved the 'double' on several occasions.

S.C. Johnson, P.W. Smith, J.D. Sheehy, M.W. Cooper, R.J. Hayward and S.J. Lambert were selected for the county side with the latter two going into the West Midlands trial, and S.J. Lambert was selected for the Midland trial, though beaten to the fly half position by Smith of Bedford who went on to play for the England U19 side.

Choirmasters throughout the season were W.S. Jones and M.W. Cooper with accompaniment from M.J. Mills on the comb and J.P. Thompson on the piano.

Finally, I would like to thank in particular



Photograph: Jonathan Andrews, Mod.Lang.Div.



Photograph: John Taylor, Maths.VI.



Photograph: Jonathan Andrews, Mod.Lang.Div.

D.C.E. and also J.S.C. for all the hard work that they have put in for the team throughout the season, which was evident in the team's supreme fitness and finesse, to Mr. Mitra for bringing a splash of colour to the tour, and also to all the players who helped make the the season a particularly memorable one.

With so many experienced and talented players returning next season, the prospects are excellent. The fixture list is much tougher with far fewer home games, the introduction of new opponents, Uppingham, and the prospect of a tour to the south of France.

P.J. Campbell, W.S. Jones and S.J. Lambert were awarded blazer badges for their contribution to rugby throughout their school career.

Simon Lambert, Mod.Lang.VI.

2nd XV

P 17 W 11 D 1 L 5 F 220 A 103

This was to be the 2nd XV's best season for a long while, as Messrs. Campbell and Heng had confidently predicted before the first match, at home to Warwick. We lost 4-30, but bounced back, thanks to Simon Medcalf, to beat a poor Denstone side 11-10 after a last gasp penalty by Simon Laugharne. This was the start of a purple patch, in which we won ten out of eleven games.

For the next match we had to travel up to Ellesmere in darkest Shropshire, a successful trip which resulted in a 23-0 victory. It was about at this time that a distinct style of play began to emerge. In previous years, most players had been used to playing very tight rugby, using the set maul wherever possible. However, this year it was decided to adopt a much looser style of play, rucking the ball rather than mauling and generally moving it about much more quickly. Rolling the ball from the back of a ruck or maul by a hefty forward, usually Robin Baker or Simon Medcalf, proved rather successful, releasing second-phase balls for the backs.

Over the course of the season, many memorable tries were scored, particularly by Andrew Farrow, who scored four in the 35-0 defeat of Worksop, and Jeremy Sayer, who scored two against Radcliffe as a winger.

Highlight of the season was a 12-0 win over Solihull, which was followed by victories over several other notables, until we lost to Bromsgrove.

A drastic change took place over the winter break. Tim Curtis and Martin Heng left, and Peter Smith, Robin Baker and Philip Griesbach were promoted to the XV being replaced by a number of U16s, notably Mark Adderley, Paul Edgington and Robert Stokes, with Leigh Goodwin already in the team. Simon Medcalf was appointed captain and went on to lose the toss four times. The post-Christmas matches were moderately disastrous, but in fact we could have won them all.

Prospects for next season seem bright. With a young 1st XV, few of the present 2nd XV will be removed; even so, there are able replacements in the present U15 and U16 sides.

Finally, thanks must go to Mr. Campbell, who forced us into some sort of shape, shouting at us from the touchline to play better, until we eventually did.

Paul Goodson, Sci.Div.1A.

3rd XV

P 13 W 8 L 5 D 0 F 186 A 96

The 3rd XV consistently produced performances this season which dispelled the long-standing belief that 3rd XV players use brawn and beer instead of skill. The results reflect a considerably better achievement than has been seen for years. A master in charge was even heard to remark, "The 3rd XV is getting too professional".

The highlights of the season on the scoring front were the 39-0 victory over Aston and the 40-14 beating of Five Ways, but the best team performances came at the end of the season in beating Bishop Vesey's 12-0 and a strong side from King Henry VIII Coventry 14-11.

Special mentions must be made of Andrew Wolfe, who did not miss a match until January, and to Matthew Pike, who surely would have played for higher teams had not his passion for basketball exceeded that for rugby practice on Wednesdays.

Thanks also to all those who turned out for any match and last, but by no means least, to Messrs. Buttress and Haywood for the work they put into coaching, refereeing and supporting the teams.

Timothy Boden, Sci.VI.IA.

U16 XV

Although the season began with a disappointing defeat at the hands of a strong Warwick XV (0-17), the side showed considerable determination and character in recording four successive wins in hard-fought games. These were against useful opposition (who seemed to take good advantage of defensive lapses), and the victories owed much to reliable goal kicking from Paul Edgington and some crucial scores on the wing by Jeremy Southall. Denstone were defeated 6-3, Ellesmere by 24-13; Worksop were overcome by 10-3 in a rousing match of hard running and fierce tackling and then Ratcliffe were beaten 14-7.

Defeat by the narrowest of margins against Wrekin (6-7) was followed with a good end-of-term performance in atrocious conditions at Bromsgrove where Jim Mather scored an outstanding try to give us the only points of the match.

A squad of 22 players was used with many progressing after Christmas to regular spots in the stronger 2nd and 3rd XV's. The features of the very tight games were the excellent team spirit and enthusiasm which made up for any lack of ability.

Six of the squad went on to play for Greater Birmingham (Graham, O'Toole, Lavery, Adderley, Southall and Edgington). The first three proceeded to the Midlands Trial and John Graham played at scrum-half in the England trials.

Apart from the usual thanks to all staff who coached, cajoled and refereed, our thanks also go to the loyal parents who supported and did much to encourage us from the touchline.

M. Adderley, V.R.

U15 XV

P 19 W 9 L 10 D 0 F 281 A 276

The season started with a match against Warwick which proved to be absolutely indicative of the rest of the season's matches. Warwick utterly monopolised possession, KES won tidy ball twice in the whole match — and scored excellent tries both times. The final result, a defeat by 20 points to 12, was no indication of the balance of the game which was totally in favour of Warwick.

Some compensation for the shortcomings in the pack could be found in the performances of the backs, where there was a certain lack of pace, but which was more than compensated for by some excellent pairs of hands (though in the case of the flying Fraser, the reverse could be said to be true). Ager and Crawford in particular timed their passes well and developed a good understanding. McCubbin and Fraser ran aggressively on the wings (but not always with the ball in the latter case); while Bishop, in and out of the side, and Payne, who developed very well as a full-back in the latter part of the season, both exhibited excellent ball skills and some flair. The backs developed a capacity for exploiting what little possession came their way, which served them well during a quite extraordinary cup run, where we were on the verge of being knocked out in every single round, coming from behind to win at the last gasp with a try in the dying seconds. In fact, against Camp Hill in the quarter-final of the competition, we came from nowhere to score twice in the last four minutes against a side who had completely dominated the game. In the final, things went according to plan; we were awarded a penalty kick with fifteen seconds to go to win the competition. Parkes took the kick but the wind blew the ball against the post and the gods that look after Lordswood had done the trick again. The trophy was shared, as the result was a draw.

Other highlights included an impressive performance at the Sutton Coldfield 7-a-sides where we were a little unfortunate to lose in the semi-finals to the eventual winners King Edward's Lichfield in a competition where we were lacking one or two first choice players because it

took place in our school holidays.

In conclusion, I would like to thank everyone who helped to make the season an enjoyable one, particularly the captain, and the many parents who supported the team so loyally and loudly.

J.R.R.E.

U14 XV

P 22 W 18 D 1 L 3 F 716 A 104

This is a record to be proud of and reflects six months of training and physical application by many talented boys. The season began in style with the destruction of a succession of sides, including R.G.S. Worcester 66-3, and Solihull 44-0 — both unbeaten until then. In fact the manner of these victories was to prove almost a liability, as all future performances came to be compared with these standards. Opposition teams planned the disruption of our strengths and a little over-confidence entered the side.

Despite the almost invincible start to the Christmas Term, two matches were lost. These setbacks refired enthusiasm and the following term saw a fairly easy passage to the final of the County Cup.

The success of the side was grounded initially in the unusual physical maturity of the boys and the high level of positional skills exhibited by most members. The manner of the XV's victory in the Warwick competition over the eventual winners — Emmanuel from London — (30-0), is testament enough to their mobility and fitness, and I am sure that all thirty players will provide a rich reservoir of talent for the senior teams in a few years' time.

P.M.S.

U13 XV

P 24 W 24 D 0 L 0 F 942 A 40

This has been an outstanding season during which the team has developed well. The basis of this success has been the play of the forwards. The front row of Gazis, Bacchus, and Cheung gave us the majority of set scrum possession

throughout the season; Clifford (especially in loose play) and Grosvenor (in the line out) backed them up most ably; and with a back row chosen from Everson, Temple, Hill and Downing, the pack dominated to the extent that we were never in any real danger of losing a match.

The play of the captain, Rees, at scrum-half, was mature far beyond his years, and he has the potential to be a very fine player indeed. Hill, at fly half, had safe hands and King could develop into a very fine full back if he works at his game. Ben Everson scored 60 tries — through good rather than greedy play.

What makes the season so pleasing is first that the boys scored this huge number of points without being allowed to get above 58 points in a match, and when several games were stopped after half an hour; and secondly that we beat the best teams that we could find to play against. Solihull (28-7) were unbeaten when we played them, and Loughborough G.S. (14-0) had beaten the best in the East Midlands, losing only to Solihull. Perhaps the best performance was against Queen Elizabeth G.S. Wakefield, who had never previously lost, until we beat them by 20 points to 6. Other fine wins were against R.G.S. Worcester 38-0, Bishop Vesey's 58-0, King Henry VIII 22-0, Warwick 38-4, and a very dangerous Roundhay RUFC XV 12-4.

I hope that they will not be content to rest on their laurels and will maintain this hunger to learn and win. If they do this, then there are several boys among them who will go a long way in the game.

M.D.S.

U12 XV

The U12 team had a mixed season, but showed occasional flashes of flair and skill. In the traditional 'needle' matches against Solihull, KES was worsted both home and away. We drew in a competitive confrontation with Warwick and won our other matches against Shenley Court, Loughborough, King Henry VIII Coventry and Bablake.

The weakness of the side was manifestly

the pack's lack of aggression. When Denis Healey described the parliamentary performance of Sir Geoffrey Howe as an experience akin "to being savaged by a dead sheep" his simile could accurately have been applied to our pack's lacklustre display in the loose. The forwards were certainly substantial figures, Thomas and Lock in particular being positively gargantuan. However, their disinclination to employ their weight advantage was matched only by a recurring inertia which afflicted the pack whenever the ball traversed the field.

At wing forward, Withers always impressed when he took the ball on the burst, but Dudley was the outstanding player, showing great courage and determination at No. 8. The backs lacked blistering pace, but in Wynn possessed a promising elusive outside half. Martin at centre frequently barnstormed through the opposition defences with all the sophistication and élan of a charging rhinoceros. Turnbull's characteristically lowered head revealed a magnetic attraction for any cover defence within fifty metres, while Rowley made some entertaining forays into the line from full back, neatly side-stepping members of his own side and careering into opponents. Mirams acted as a kind of Trappist captain from tight head prop, where he succeeded in keeping, occasionally, a far too low profile. The unfortunate Henrick, our 'happy worker', was as enthusiastic as he was injury-prone. Lock, at six feet plus, was prominent in the line-out, but received too little effective support.

Many good things came out of the season, but my abiding memory of the side will be its boundless good humour and enthusiasm. If better technique, fitness and strategic sense are learned in the next few years, the side should maintain the consistently successful record of other junior teams at KES.

A.M.

HOCKEY

1st XI

P 27 W 17 L 6 D 4 F 51 A 25

This was the most successful season for many years, starting with victories in the first twelve matches, including a win, unique in living memory, over Bishop Vesey's. At this time, we were also narrowly defeated in the semi-finals of the Midlands Cup.

Especially after the loss of the multi-various services of Eddie Dent and Tim Hamer at Christmas, the results tailed off and the B.S.H.A. League once more eluded us, despite a crushing 8-0 defeat of Sheldon.

Special mention is due to Alan Miller who averaged more than a goal per game, and to Mr. Cook, whose conscientious support maintained morale and enthusiasm throughout.

A testament to the team's effort and commitment was the match against Solihull, where not only did they prevent their extremities from freezing off during a 20 minute blizzard, but they also scored three goals during that time and saw their illustrious skipper notch up his fourth disallowed goal of the season.

Simon Martin, Econ. VI.

2nd XI

P 11 W 9 D 0 L 2 F 30 A 12

The above record pays tribute to a highly successful season for the 2nd XI, the backbone of the side being a solid defence composed of seasoned campaigners, steadying the inexperience of the younger players. The season opened with a 4-0 win over KES Five Ways, this result heralding a winning run of six games, including impressive victories over Bishop Vesey's, Solihull and Bablake.

After a somewhat less successful period, the team finished with a flourish, completing the double over Solihull, beating a depleted 1st XI, and in the final match of the season, massacring Q.M.G.S. Walsall 8-2, A. Jones scoring four goals, making him joint top scorer



U15/16 XI v Peruvians

Photograph: John Taylor, Maths. VI.

with M. Kempshall and M. Menezes.

The season was marked by the performances of such defensive buttresses as Bellenger, Aldhous and Zacharewicz. Younger players such as Masters, Baker, Downing, Kempshall, Hickman and Mendoza all showed considerable promise, and through the expert coaching of Mr. Cook and Mr. Wills should emerge as the superstars of tomorrow.

I would like to extend a word of thanks to Mr. Lambie, Mr. Jayne and Mr. Wills for their umpiring, and Mr. Scott for keeping the pitches in such good condition.

Mark Menezes, Sci. VI.2.

U 16

P 9 W 4 L 5 D 0 F 16 A 20

The season started with an encouraging 2-1 win over Five Ways, but in the next match

a heavy pitch saved us from being beaten by more than 5-3 against King Henry VIII, Coventry. Then, defensive lapses gave Loughborough a 3-2 victory, even though they were clearly the weaker side. These problems were slowly overcome and the attackers were starting to score enough goals to cover for the break-away goals conceded through lack of organization and concentration. At the end of the season, the attack, backed up by a strong midfield, was dominating our games.

The social highlight of the season came with the visit of a team from Markham College, Lima, Peru in January. During an interesting few days they beat the 2nd XI and a combined U15/U16 team 2-0. On one evening they provided a slide show complete with frequent strange noises. Their captain exchanged their pennants for a KES plaque handed over by the Chief Master.

Amongst our players, Nimish Subhedar had an excellent season at centre-half, improving

enormously to become perhaps our best player. David Higgitt never missed a penalty flick and Ken Macnab showed himself to be a very determined centre-back. Richard Hunt, our goalkeeper, stopped many shots and thankfully was not as busy as last year and Frank Prais's constant refusal to give up his faith, despite continual requests from Messrs. Wills and Lambie, denied him a more secure place in the side.

Top goalscorers were Andrew Marshall with 7, David Higgitt 4, and Simon Billington 3.

Our thanks are given to Mr. Wills for his organization, coaching, umpiring and encouragement, to Mr. Lambie for stepping in when Mr. Wills broke his hand, and to Mr. Scott for his Eastern Road pitches and the refreshments after our home matches.

Andrew Marshall, V.W.

FENCING

A quiet season for the Fencing Club. Several members of the Advanced Group entered the Midlands Area heats of the National U16 and U18 Competition, while in the U16s a member of KES reached the Quarter-finals. We were less successful in the U18 competition. However, this was the first major competition that the Advanced Group had entered, and so we are optimistic about next year.

The Club has been progressing well with the new British Academy of Fencing's Five Star Award scheme adopted in favour of the Amateur Fencing Association's three stage scheme. The Club has also fenced some friendly matches against KEHS.

Several matches are planned for the future. Members from the Beginners' Group will be moving up to the Advanced, and as they gain their BAF one star, so we can expect better results next season.

Finally, on behalf of the Fencing Club, I would like to thank our coach, Peter Northam, for his tuition; and Mr. Lillywhite for his efforts in arranging matches.

Nicholas Lee, V.T.

BASKETBALL

Basketball at KES has recently blossomed into one of the school's most successful sports. Cultivated through the unending hard work and enthusiasm of Mr. Birch, the foundation of the U13 and U14 teams has resulted in a tide of support flowing through the school.

In the shadow of one of the all-time great U19 teams of last year, the season began with an air of mild tolerance of forthcoming prospects. However, despite their overall lack of star quality, by dedication and teamwork, the U19s set out to prove themselves. They were inspired by the breathtaking skill and flowing locks of their captain, Chris Jenkins, who was also captain of the Greater Birmingham, West Midlands and Midlands teams.

In fact, this season has been one of the best. We have played 24 and won 18 matches, and have set a school record in reaching the last eight of the National and West Midlands Knock-outs, beating England Juniors convincingly and scoring 148 points in one match. Our total points score was 1996, of which Chris Jenkins scored 790, including 58 in one match. Honours achieved included Gavin Grant playing for the West Midlands and Midlands teams.

The U15 team have had a staggering season, playing 26 and winning 26 — not surprising with five team members over 6ft tall. Under the ice-cool, but firm leadership of A. Wolffe, they have overcome the sluggishness which accompanies such physical size to win the West Midlands Knockout and the Birmingham Premier League in style. During the season, total points scored for were 1869, R. Chrimes scoring 690 points and J. Bishop amassing 86 'steals'.

With three players — R. Chrimes, J. Bishop and A. Wolffe — selected for the Greater Birmingham team, the U15s herald an unprecedented dominance in schools' basketball for KES in the next three years.

The U14 team has had a promising time, playing seven and winning five. There has been no shortage of players to select from, such is their zeal, and Crossley, Willetts and Grimley all played for Greater Birmingham.

The U13s too show enormous potential for years to come, winning all ten of their

matches, coming top of their league. Cowell deserves special mention for the many points he has scored, and King and Everson also deserve commendation. All three boys have been involved in the Birmingham Schools' Squad.

With the arrival of another basketball coach next year to rescue Mr. Stead and Mr. Birch from their marathon-like achievements, the future seems very rosy.

David Wolfe, Sci.VI.1A.



Photograph: John Taylor, Maths.VI.



Photograph: John Taylor, Maths.VI.

FIVES

P 16 W 9 D 0 L 7

This year's season was not quite as successful as expected. The majority of the defeats were against Old Boys' sides, including two by the Old Edwardians who were forced to field a very strong squad to defeat us.

At Christmas T.G. Haslam and O.J. Zacharewicz reached the final of the plate in the Midlands' Fives Championships. However, we

were forced to withdraw from the final, owing to both players having bruised their hands badly in a previous match.

In the Schools' Eton Fives Championships at the end of the Autumn term T.G. Haslam and J.E. Dalton played extremely well to reach the quarter-finals of the Open Competition unexpectedly before being beaten by a pair from Repton School. In the U14 competition M.C.G. MacGeoch and A.D. Mole also reached the quarter-finals before losing to the eventual winner of this competition.

It is also worth mentioning that the Old Edwardian Colts side, which relies heavily upon players from the school, finished third in Division Two of a league consisting of Old Boys' sides.

Next year's side will be very young but there is plenty of enthusiasm and a promise of a good solid squad for the future.

O.J. Zacharewicz, Sci.VI.1A.

TENNIS

1st VI

P 8 W 4 L 3 D 1

Tennis at KES is a rapidly improving sport with a wealth of talent, especially lower down the school. This can be seen from the fact that the ages of 1st VI players this year have varied from 12 to 18 years.

Following last year's dismal string of results, the 1st VI has performed much better this year, with a memorable victory over Bishop Vesey's and a very creditable draw against Solihull.

The simple and effective (if not graceful) tennis of the stalwarts of the team, Messrs. Martin, Clarke and Ingham, was enriched by the skill of the younger players especially Robert Grierson and his younger brother, who are England trialists.

This year sees the departure of the captain, Simon Martin, who has influenced the performances over the last two years a great deal, having played in all but one of the matches in that

period.

Every first team member has without doubt benefited from Mr. Tomlinson's persistent encouragement to 'punch away your volleys', especially the first pair, Richard Stokes and Simon Billington who punched very successfully all season.

Highlights of the season included Mr. Tomlinson's interest in numerous women, including a lost Birmingham athlete and various female members of the opposition. He kept everyone going with his fruit pastilles and Lion Bars and was even seen buying Simon Clarke and a wandering vagrant a drink in 'The Cup' to celebrate the victory over Bishop Vesey's.

U16 VI

U15 VI

P 4 W 4

P 4 W 4

The prospects here look very bright indeed. The U16 team remained unbeaten against some very good opposition. The 'Coca-Cola' team has won through to the next round of their national tournament. Thanks are due to Miss Barnett for taking the team under her wing and for her support and encouragement in this respect. There is every reason to believe that they will equal or perhaps even improve on last year's performance when they reached the regional final.

Finally, many thanks must go to Mr. Tomlinson, for under his support, tennis at KES appears to be going from strength to strength.

Simon Martin, Econ.VI.

SQUASH V

P 13

W 11

L 2

This has been a very successful season under the new management of Mr. Tomlinson. His organisational and analytical skills have helped to restore the team to its former brilliance following a brief period of stagnation.

The regular team has produced consistently inspired performances under conditions which have varied dramatically. However, the team's

'strength in depth' was demonstrated by much appreciated guest appearances from Tony Pickworth, Howard Bennett, Chris Ibbetson and Nick Perry.

There has been an injection of totally new talent to the team which creates a much brighter future for this rapidly growing sport in the school.

Thanks are also due to Mrs. Mackay who has organised and run two very helpful coaching courses for the younger boys.

Paul Denny, Geog.Div.

TABLE TENNIS

U19

P 7 W 4 D 0 L 3 Points 8

This performance gave the team second position in the league. The difference between the teams in the division wasn't great, with experience, or lack of it, often clinching matches.

Adrian Aldhous again played well, and with more practice could well have defeated most other players. The two other members of the team were Tim Haslam, Mr. Consistency himself; and Firdaus Panthaki, whose performance fluctuated from : ysmal to good.

U17

P 12 W 3 D 0 L 9 Points 6

This was a poor season. One pleasing aspect was the improved play of captain 'Humph' Gyde. Other regular players were J. Masters and I. Hodges.

U15

P 10 W 3 D 3 L 4 Points 9

The team finished third, which was a great improvement on last year. M. Embley (captain) and J. Tozer show much promise for the future. R. Hitchcock also played.

The most encouraging aspects of the past year have been the greatly increased enthusiasm and participation in the game throughout the school. These are good signs for the future. However, if school teams are to improve, then boys must be coached at an early age so that the basic skills of table-tennis are nurtured.

I would like to thank Peter Russell for organising all the teams and matches, and for devoting much of his time to the sport.

Firdaus Panthaki, Maths.VI.

SAILING

P 4 W 3 L 1 D 0 Races for 6 against 4

The 1980-81 season has seen an unprecedented boom in interest in sailing. No fewer than four matches have been sailed and even the School Captain has occasionally raised an eyebrow and inquired about the result. Of these four matches, three have been won, bringing the total number of victories in sailing matches to six.

The first match was against the Old Edwardians and we lost, but we went on to beat Solihull by virtue of the fact that in the last hectic race we capsized fewer times than they did.

The all-important Bromsgrove match was won — due, in the main, to the skills of Michael Easton. This was our first ever victory over them, a team defeated only once in four years.

In the final match, as if to emphasise the upsurge of interest in the sport, a strong Common Room presence eagerly watched the match, which we won. Apart from Miss Barnett, who was running the meeting, Mr. Evans appeared to help set the tea, and Mr. Worthington was also there, cleverly disguised as a fisherman.

Thanks are due to Mr. McIlwaine and Miss Barnett for their dedicated and very efficient running, to Barnt Green Sailing Club for use of the water; to Mrs. Sollaway and Miss Chaffer for refreshments; and to Suggitt Sails Ltd. and Bittel Boatcraft Ltd. for their help in repair and maintenance of boats.

Tony Pickworth, Sci.VI.1B

SWIMMING

	P	W	L
Open	9	5	4
U16	9	4	5
U14	6	3	2
Overall	9	4	5

Swimming in 1981 was characterised more by exciting competition than by the unrelenting victories of previous years. The team was unable to maintain the truly excellent record of the past five seasons or so, and sadly the senior team's four-year unbeaten record fell. The overall standard was high, however, comparing well with other school sports.

A full-strength version of the senior team demonstrated the top ranking of the school's swimming amongst the swimming schools of Birmingham, by winning the senior section of the King's Norton District Gala, with U16 and U14 teams both attaining second place.

Problems of availability of individuals and lack of more mature swimmers proved a handicap this year. County competitions robbed us of our best individuals on occasions, whilst the Open age groups possessed only three regular

members aged over fifteen, the rest being borrowed from the lower age group. This latter problem should ease over the next couple of years as the talents of younger swimmers like Hyett, Bramley, Robbins, Straker and Dolman come to fruition, bringing strength to future years.

Particularly successful this season were Paul Denny, Damian Orton, and of course Adrian Mackay, who ended the season holding seventeen school records.

A feature of this year's swimming was The Great Water Polo Revival, catalysed by Steve Swani, who came back to school to act as coach, armed with his experience of Physical Education at Birmingham University. A greater number of matches were played. The team, captained by Andrew Swani, and including Andy Downes, John Cooper, Simon Medcalf and Joe Thomson, competed in a tournament at Rugby School, achieving a creditable fourth place.

Last but not least, thanks are due to Mr. Wills for managing the team, along with Mr. Everest.

Gary Cheung (Swimming Sec.,) Sci.Div.1B.



CHESS

Once again the KES chess machine rolled slowly into operation this year. There were the usual last minute panics when the captain realised that only five players had turned up, but somehow a full team was nearly always assembled in time.

The 1st team came top of their league with little difficulty, and once again John Hawthorne went through the season without dropping a single point on top board.

For the first time, the 1st and 2nd divisions were amalgamated and our 2nd team came top of the former 2nd division teams, achieving very creditable results against tough opposition.

The third team was led well by Mark Keen, who carried his team forward through the blitz of apathy surrounding some of his players. Several 'higher' teams attempted to steal his best players, but he carried on regardless, and the team came second equal in their league. His opinion of Tim Ireland: 'Tim has done for school chess what worms do for soil'. (It is thought that Mark Keen might have helped in writing this part of the report).

The 4th team, under the leadership of Tim Boden, did reasonably badly, failing to make an impression on their league.

The Sunday Times Competition teams did very well, eventually meeting each other in the June final, and the result was 3-3. The A team then played King Charles I, Kidderminster, possibly the strongest team in the country. The match ended in a 3-3 draw and we lost by virtue of the fact that our board six won!

Dr. Grounds has since left and we are indebted to him for his unrelenting hard work, both as master in charge of chess and as mini-bus driver. Already Mr. Skinner is making great moves to encourage chess throughout the school, and we thank him for what he has done so far.

Holder of the Pugh Cup: David Higgitt.

Holder of the Hess Trophy: Tim Ireland.

Tim Ireland, Sci. VI.2.

BRIDGE

1st team	P 7	W 5	L 1	D 1	F 60	A 24
2nd team	P 8	W 5	L 2	D 1	F 60	A 36

The 1980-81 season has seen the first team meeting with mixed fortunes. In the Birmingham Schools' Bridge League the team only lost once and was narrowly beaten into second place. However, at Moseley Bridge Club, the venue for the qualifying round for the National Daily Mail Cup, a team stricken with 'flu failed to reach the semi-final stage.

I would like to thank my partner Adrian Donne for his notoriously thoughtful play, and Mr. Chapman for his stamina in sitting through the lengthy matches and for transporting the teams.

The second team, ably led by Graham Walker, had a successful season, winning the second team cup in the Birmingham Schools' League.

Andrew Farrow, Sci. VI.1A.

CROSS-COUNTRY

With the departure of the old stalwarts at KES, the season was one spent acquiring experience rather than trying to rival the glories of former years.

The senior team was captained by Dave Taylor, who admirably fulfilled his task of collecting the trophy that we won. He also organised Monday evening practices for which the average attendance was approximately 0.7 — an indication that this season was to herald new heights in enthusiasm and athletic prowess.

Regular first team members included Matthew Banks, who was consistently home first for KES. However, he still managed to find an excuse not to run in the House Competition at Easter, having suffered a nasty injury to his knee (requiring six stitches!) when he fell in a puddle. Fortunately he recovered in time to jar

a tendon on a ski-ing trip. Congratulations to him for a 'gutsy' run against St. Thomas Aquinas when he vomited three times. 'Percy' Stallard surprised everyone by his speed and courage. He pushed his slight physique to extreme limits and was a most valuable team member. Adam Lawson and 'Bod' Bradbury also put in some very useful performances, although Adam was unable to run on Saturdays due to commitment to a non-existent Saturday job. The highlight of the season was the great 'Ian Lewis Comeback' after a very serious injury. We witnessed with joy, surprise and then horror the dazzling way in which he re-attained his old winning ways. I don't think anyone begrudged him the school individual title which he won at Easter.

The senior team won the King's Norton League and was third in the Birmingham League. Many went on to represent King's Norton in the West Midlands Inter-Area finals.

The U13 and U15 teams were moderately successful, and the nuclei thereof form an encouraging prospect for future school first teams. It is the name of Robert Temple that really stands out. He is surely the best middle-distance runner KES has seen for years, and it would be tragic if he completely neglects cross-country for rugby, as it is only through those hard winter miles that he can fully realise his potential.

Although not spectacularly successful, the cross-country team enjoyed the season, and thanks are due to the ever-smiling Mr. Workman for his organisation, encouragement and the hours he spent on cold, windswept plains with only his pipe for comfort.

*Matthew Banks, V.W.
Ian Lewis, Geog.Div.*

WALKING OPTION

No smut, sweat or tears — good wholesome stuff — as virginal as the sun-kissed glades through which the jolly band of troopers thread their merry way. Beneath the surface joviality there lurks, one feels, a surface joviality, and beneath that, an inadequacy, a regret of their

bodily faculties — a sharp contrast indeed to the 'matey', sinewy esprit de corps of our betters on the rugger field.

But, oh, how we laughed!

*Bill, the 'before' in a Charles Atlas ad.
(A report was also received from Andrew Maund, Class VI.)*

ATHLETICS

Writing is traditionally not one of the strong points of athletes, who are more content to jump over sticks or heave lumps of metal around. Even so, I will try to recount the past athletics season in all its splendour.

This has been the most successful season for many years, not only in terms of competitions and trophies won, but also in the enthusiasm and willingness shown by both regular school athletes at matches, and by the great number of boys seen at Eastern Road gaining valuable standards.

The School Team scored many a memorable victory. Not only did the Seniors win overall in the King's Norton Championships, but they also won our other two most prestigious matches, those being the Senior Foundation Match and the Holden Trophy against Warwick and R.G.S. Worcester. The team also had victories over Repton, Wrekin and Loughborough G.S., but were beaten by very strong sides from Handsworth and King Henry VIII Coventry.

One reflection on the Senior team (Divisions and Sixths) is that only five Sixth Form boys competed this year, the rest of the team being Divisions. The real strength in School Athletics lies in the lower half of the school: our Inter and Junior Teams won Division 1 of the King's Norton League and the Junior Team won the Taylor Kendrick Championship (the Birmingham Junior Championships).

On the last day of June, a team consisting of the Junior and the Inter teams won the Birmingham 'Super Schools' Championship, beating Great Barr and Handsworth by 19 points. This established them as the best school



Photographs: Jonathan Andrews, Mod.Lang.Div.

side in Birmingham. A week later they competed in the West Midlands 'Super Schools', and put in an equally impressive performance, but were just beaten into second place by King Henry VIII Coventry.

Success also came on an individual level. This year saw the first boy from King Edward's to be selected to represent his country at athletics. Paul Edgington was chosen as a result of his very fine javelin throwing, to represent the English Schools in a match against the Home Counties in Dublin. This was a great tribute to Paul, whose best throw this year of 61 metres ranks second in the country. He has also competed for the West Midlands in the All England Schools' National Championships, in which he came third. He has the ideal attributes of an athlete, being not only well-built and strong, but also having great tenacity and determination to win.

Both he and Laurence O'Toole, our excellent hurdler, have been selected to represent the West Midlands Schools in the English Schools' Championships at Yeovil.

Special mention must also go to the stalwarts of School Athletics. Andrew Jones has improved by leaps and bounds in the hurdles, won the West Midlands Schools' Championships, and was selected for the inter-county Mason Trophy match in which he came second. Matthew Banks had a great deal to do with many Inter team victories, but only wore his spikes twice! He captained from the sidelines, whilst injured, concentrating on cajoling his team. George Fraser frightened off many rivals with his powerful sprinting, whereas Robert Temple simply ran away from any opposition, setting new school middle distance records frequently. Whilst still in the second year, Cowell came fourth in the West Midlands Schools Championships in the javelin, competing against athletes who were a year older than him. A mention must also be given to the captains of the various age groups, Stevenson (Fourth Year), Bayliss (U.M.s), Rees (Removes), and Constable (Shells). All organised their teams impeccably, and contributed a great deal to their teams' success.

As many people know, Ian Lewis was knocked down in a road accident over a year

ago, and was incapacitated for weeks. However he recovered well and this year won the English Schools' Race Walking Championship. To be able to return to such a level of competition so quickly and to win is a most impressive and praiseworthy fact.

It is not just the athletes who are responsible for such a good season. If one examines the outstandingly successful and consistent games in the School, basketball and athletics are two that stand out. Mr. Birch is the common denominator. His technical knowledge and his ability to instil the will to compete whilst still retaining a sense of good sportsmanship, has brought School Athletics out of the doldrums, and firmly placed it on a par with cricket and rugby.

Finally, I should like to thank all those in the Common Room who gave up their time to officiate and timekeep at Eastern Road, and to those who accompany teams to away matches. Without their help, such success would not have been possible. We are also very lucky in having one of the finest school athletics tracks in the country, and Mr. Scott does a marvellous job maintaining it in first class condition.

Andrew Hamer, Sci. VI.1B.

With characteristic selflessness Andrew Hamer has forgotten to mention his own considerable contributions to the School's athletics effort this year. Both in and out of his hammer cage he has provided an excellent example of organisation, enthusiasm and technique, and what success has been achieved is largely due to him.

S.B.

RACE WALKING: A PERSONAL VIEW

Race walking is an easy target for derision. The style is unnatural and thus many people find it amusing. However, it attracts all types of people, of all ages and both sexes. The sport conditions both body and mind, stamina and fitness are both necessary, coupled with a certain amount of co-ordination. Great concentration and self-discipline are also needed — it is

not easy to keep walking to well-defined rules, in some races for well over an hour.

My father used to race walk, in the days when they used to rush around 440 yards. When the opportunity came to start walking at my old school, I therefore took it — at the age of 10. A coach came to train the small band that turned up, and I later joined the club that he ran, Holloway Polytechnic. This man, Les Lewis (no relation) has coached me ever since, and much of my success is due to him.

I walked in my first 'Nationals' (the English Schools' Athletics Association Championships) at the age of 11, and finished fourth, which was an excellent and encouraging result since I was competing in the U15 age group. I managed to win the Race Walking Association's National Championships in 1978, after finishing second earlier in the year in the E.S.A.A. Championships. This year I finished third over 10,000 metres in the E.S.A.A. Nationals, and still have the R.W.A. Nationals to look forward to.

There are many other races at club and school level, and it would be nice to see the School take more interest in the event, and encourage others to compete in this interesting and beneficial sport.

Ian Lewis, Geog.Div.

CRICKET

1st XI

P 19 W 5 D 7 L 7

A very poor start to the season was characterised by the inability of the batsmen to put together large totals. This, combined with some poor fielding, led to defeat against Wrekin, Solihull, Warwick and R.G.S. Worcester.

However, as the season progressed, runs again began to flow more readily, and as a result, some notable victories were achieved against King Henry VIII Coventry and Bromsgrove. The two most prized wins were a four-wicket victory over previously-undefeated King's Macclesfield, and a superb three wicket win against the M.C.C.

Of the bowlers, G. Carr was the most consistent, taking 41 wickets, including 7 for 20 against Wolverhampton, 6 for 36 against Camp Hill and 5 for 43 against King's Macclesfield. T. Haslam also bowled well taking 32 wickets.

Many of our main batsmen made over 250 runs, with R. Benson, N. Willetts, J. Bishop and M. Hughes consistently achieving large scores.

The whole team would like to thank Mr. Mitra (in his last year as coach), 'Smurf' Jenkins for scoring for us, Mr. Scott for preparing the excellent Eastern Road pitches and to Mrs. Scott for serving the lunches and teas. Thanks are also due to Mr. Benson for organising the team.

Finally, since many of the present team are not leaving, the prospects for next year are good.

Simon Laugharne, Sci.Div.1A.

2nd XI

P 11 W 5 D 5 L 1

Despite never fielding the same side all season, the 2nd XI met with a fair degree of success, and until half way through the season was undefeated. For the first few games the team had the knack of struggling to draw against the weaker opposition while annihilating the more accomplished sides such as Solihull, Denstone and Stourbridge. The side's only defeat came just after half-term, when a much-weakened team went down narrowly to Warwick. The weakest side, on paper, that we put out scored a memorable victory over King Henry VIII's Coventry, and a more regular side achieved draws against Bablake and King's Worcester, and another victory over Bromsgrove.

The side played with great team spirit throughout. Its success was due not only to the batting of guest stars such as Chris Ibbetson and Simon Lambert, but also to the consistent bowling of Ian Perrins and Jonathan Masters, and the performance of regulars such as Alastair Sambrook and Philip Griesbach. Memorable moments included Nick Georgevic's six in a hail storm against Denstone; and a win off the last ball against Stourbridge when the Captain

almost forgot to run.

Ground field was reasonable, although the team held some brilliant catches, particularly Trevor Johnson in the slips, and boasted two exceptional fieldsmen in Adrian Donne and Philip Griesbach.

Our thanks must go to Mr. Jayne for his support, constructive criticism when needed, umpiring in all weather and subtle hints on field placing; Mr. Scott for preparing such beautiful wickets at Eastern Road; and finally to all the players who played so well and with such spirit for the 2nd XI this year.

Ashley Greenbank, Sci.Div. 1A.

2nd XI — THE UMPIRE STRIKES BACK

Ashley has been characteristically modest in his report. He has been a very safe 'keeper, fully equal to the athletic feats to which he has been subjected by his bowlers and fielders; and very unselfish in batting so low down the order as to give himself little chance of recovering his tenacious form of 1980.

Nevertheless, the team has enjoyed its cricket, achieved very good results, provided a springboard to the 1st XI for several players, and recuperation from it for others. My thanks to Ashley for keeping them in order.

T.P.J.

3rd XI

P 5 W 2 D 3 L 0

Yet another successful season. In five matches the Thirds provided a succession of thrilling finishes in which calmness only prevailed due to a great deal of courage, and Watneys. An inspired declaration led to a one run victory over Wrekin, and Warwick were defeated thanks to a 5 for 18 spell by Dave O'Connell. Denstone failed to reach the target set by 1 run as time ran out after some unforgivable time-wasting by our men.

Firdaus Panthaki showed how a confirmed tail-ender should bat, being dropped 5 times in a persistent innings against Bromsgrove, and

and taking 3 guards and 5 mid-wicket conferences in one over, to counter Worcester's fast over rate.

Thanks are due to Messrs. Mitra, Everest and Benson for umpiring and Mr. Haywood for letting them. All players tried hard, especially 'I want a riot' Bayliss, in the Bromsgrove changing room, and we wish good luck to any hang-overs who play again next season for the side where entertainment is a priority.

Alan Miller, Econ. VI.

U15 XI

P 13 W 6 D 6 L 1

The season saw some fine overall performances. Most satisfying was the victory over Solihull by one run thanks mainly to some hero's work by M. Payne. There followed an impressive victory over Denstone College. We were unlucky not to win three drawn matches which involved good batting and bowling performances.

There were half-centuries scored by J. Bishop, E. Tann and J. Crawford. M. Payne (41 wickets) and A. Wolffe (36 wickets) were well supported by D. Wilson, Tann and Crawford.

Although not particularly outstanding, it was an enjoyable season, highlighted by the bowling of M. Tebbutt, the fielding of A. Coveney and Bishop, and a day out at Malvern. Thanks are due to Mr. Trott for putting up with us.

Alain Wolffe, IV.M.

U14 XI

P 19 W 8 D 7 L 4

There was an excellent start to the season, as the team won six of its first eight matches; Wrekin were beaten by nine wickets, Denstone saved by the rain, and Coventry School humbled in the Lords Taverners' Competition. However, this successful start was followed by a catastrophic June, four matches being lost in the

space of three weeks. The Saturday games against Bromsgrove and King's School, Worcester ended in defeat and the team was bundled out of the Lords' Taverners Competition in the 4th round by Bishop Vesey's. At the time of writing the team has reached the final of the Birmingham League.

The batting has generally been sound, though much seemed to depend on the openers, Heath and Sharratt, both of whom fortunately had a good season. Crawford used his power to good effect on occasion, and both Gray and Sandercock made runs stylishly if not quite consistently enough. The pick of the bowlers were Crawford and Maini, who both bowled quickly and accurately and it was pleasing to see the two leg-spinners, Heath and Mukerji, in demand. Connolly, Shedd and Sharratt bowled steadily but without a great deal of penetration. Crossley had a good tidy season behind the stumps.

Mention must also be made of the all-conquering 'B' team, which won all three games it played. Notable performances with the bat came from Cotter, Grimley and Ward, while the opposition's batsmen were unable to cope with the accuracy of Bellingham, the pace of Austin and Grimley, and the guile of Mukerji.

G.A.W.

U13 XI

The U13s were a fairly strong team this season, with only two matches ending in defeat. Particularly good wins this year came against Broadway School and Five Ways.

Runs were not always easy to come by, but Ben Everson succeeded admirably in this task, making two scores of over fifty. He was well supported by Felix Macdonald and Roger Rees. The depth of batting proved useful on a number of occasions.

On the bowling side, most of the wickets which fell to pace went to Ben Everson, who was ably assisted at the end of the season by Antony King. The spin department was in the hands of Iain McNeish and Chris Plant, who captained the side throughout the season.

However, the fielding was erratic and there

is room for improvement in this important aspect of the game. The wicket-keeping was sound in the gloves of William Pike.

Overall, a good season with a lot of promise for the future.

Chris Plant, Rem.D.

U12 XI

P 19 W 18 D 0 L 1

The U12 XI have again had a very successful season with comprehensive victories over Warwick by 32 runs, King's Worcester by 119 runs, King Henry VIII Coventry by 114 and Bablake by 118. They have won the Kings Norton League and on the last day of term, beat Handsworth G.S. by 98 runs in the final of the Birmingham Schools' League. Our only defeat came at the hands of Solihull in the first match of the season when, needing five runs to win with five wickets standing, we finally lost by two runs after a run out caused panic in the ranks.

The depth of talent available this year is quite extensive — the B XI reached the semi-final of the Kings Norton League — and we have twice had opening partnerships of over 100. Matthew Hills (345) and Simon Booth (390) have both come on well as batsmen and their running between the wickets could be studied to advantage by boys higher up in the school. Neil Martin (587 runs, including 102 not out against King Henry VIII) has great talent, and Carl Withers is another with much ability, but greatly lacks confidence. Neil Moxley, too, bats with sound technique and will score a lot of runs as he gets older and stronger.

At times we have found it difficult to bowl enough straight balls, and it has taken us far longer than it should have done to bowl out very ordinary sides. Peter Ashton (50 wickets), Robert Fox (33 wickets) and Philip Henrick (34 wickets) have been the main wicket takers and all have made good progress during the season. This team compares well with previous years in terms of talent, but their success in the future will depend on their approach to the game.

M.D.S.

'BIG BOB' WILLIS AT KES

R.G.D. Willis, Warwickshire captain and England vice-captain, came to school in November to present awards to the successful U12 and U14 cricket teams. Towering above the likes of R. Chrimes and P. Sampson, it came as a relief to strained necks when 'Big Bob' sat down and talked to a crowd of about sixty boys (mainly Shells) about his cricketing career, past and present.

He went to school at KES Ilford where, in two years, he grew almost a foot to his present height of 6'4". He played first for Surrey Colts; from there, after a season's trial at Surrey and being called by England to Australia, he came to Warwickshire.

The questions that were put to him were about individual performances, floodlit cricket, bowlers in England, the forthcoming tour of the West Indies and Ian Botham, and these yielded some valid and interesting answers.

Finally, after stating that players had a duty to sign autographs, Mr. Willis kindly agreed to do so, whereupon he was mobbed by eager young autograph-hunters grabbing a golden opportunity to increase their collections.

The visit had been extremely interesting and enjoyable throughout; his talk 'off the cuff' was good-humoured and earned him the thanks of all those present.

Alain Wolfe, IV.M.



Photograph: Steve Cooper, Sci.VI.1B.

KESTRELS CRICKET

For the uninitiated, the Kestrels cricket team is based broadly on a nucleus of would-be, superannuated, or sometimes active cricketers in the Common Room, but in recent years has cast its nets wide to include at least one Frenchman, a Zambian international, the odd Australian and even an Oldhill C.C. reject.

This season, in fact, the Common Room has provided the majority of the players and in a season much ravaged by the weather and the incompetence of the administration of the opponents, much enjoyment and some success was secured.

In limited-overs cricket we have won two matches out of three — a crushing and particularly satisfying victory being inflicted, in revenge for the previous year's débâcle, on Little Aston and Sutton Coldfield Cricket Clubs, masquerading as Bishop Vesey's Staff XI, who were torn apart by some fine bowling by Neale Perrins (OE) and devastated by some late hitting by Derek Everest and David Haywood (the latter had been dropped earlier in the season for low scoring). Two of these early games were notable for the fact that Martin Stead was officially in the team but never actually took the field, umpiring an Under 12 XI while we fielded, and not being called upon to bat.

The highlight of the season so far was probably the match against the School 1st XI, when Steve Campbell batted on one leg for almost two hours in a fine innings which defied the determined distractions of the armsful of Common Room offspring scattered thickly around the boundary. Brilliant catching, heavy rain, and a flexibility about the twenty overs law produced an exciting finish with the school failing (by ten runs with two wickets remaining) to reach the Kestrels' total of 158 for 6 declared.

The season has not yet finished for us, as we now have the beginnings of what might ultimately turn into Kestrel week in August, playing two tough fixtures against Denstone Wanderers and the Cheshire Cats.

I would like to thank all those parents, friends, colleagues, boys and others who have

helped in any way to make the season go smoothly, and made the task of organisation a relatively simple one.

J.R.R.E.



SCHOOLS CHALLENGE COMPETITION

Every other year we win. This wasn't one of the other years.

After reaching the Midlands final, we met Warwick again, and managed to tie after thirty minutes of intensive interrogation. For the next twenty-six minutes we had a lead of 200 points, which was whittled away, and we lost minimally.

Next year, the Macnab, Paul Davies, Martin Turner and a new member of the team should win the competition.

Alan Hall, Sci. VI.1A.

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS

OXFORD

C.M.E. Barrow	Scholarship in Natural Science, Wadham
P.E. Clark	Scholarship in Natural Science, St. John's
N.P. Insley	Scholarship in Natural Science, University
C.D. Jenkins	Scholarship in Natural Science, St. Catherine's
C.H. Jillings	Scholarship in History, New College
N.J. Perry	Scholarship in Natural Science, New College
J.M. Platt	Demyship in Natural Science, Magdalen
C.A.F. Buckley	Exhibition in History, Magdalen

CAMBRIDGE

P. Bowcock	Scholarship in Mathematics, Trinity
R.F.S. Evers	Scholarship in English, Queens'
P.J. Whitlock	Scholarship in Engineering, Trinity
R.T. Wood	Scholarship in Engineering, Sidney Sussex
N.C. Osborne	Exhibition in Natural Sciences, Selwyn

LONDON

A.M.B. Watkin	Scholarship for Aeronautical Engineering, Imperial College
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Summary of School Club income and expenditure, April 1980-March 1981

Income £11,334

Expenditure £11,701, of which £60 is returnable.

Of these figures, £3,800 was using the School Club account as a temporary home, making the real figures:

Income £7,534

Expenditure £7,841

Main Items

Main Items

Subscriptions	3,890
From No. 1 a/c	1,350
Governors' grant	1,000
Bank interest	374
Governors' grant to P.S.G.	275
From Parents' Association	201
Bequests	165
Special grant to P.S.G.	50

Catering	1,648
School Club (includes £1,000 for Chronicle)	1,469
Rugby	1,544
Cricket	867
P.S.G.	367
Basket-ball	311
Fives	258
Swimming	236
Athletics	197
Hockey	178
Chess	160
Sailing	154
Walking	106
Squash	95
X-country	92
Tennis	70

Excess of expenditure
over income — £307

Signed, T.G. Freeman (Hon. Treasurer) 24.4.81



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Photograph: John Taylor, Maths VI.

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