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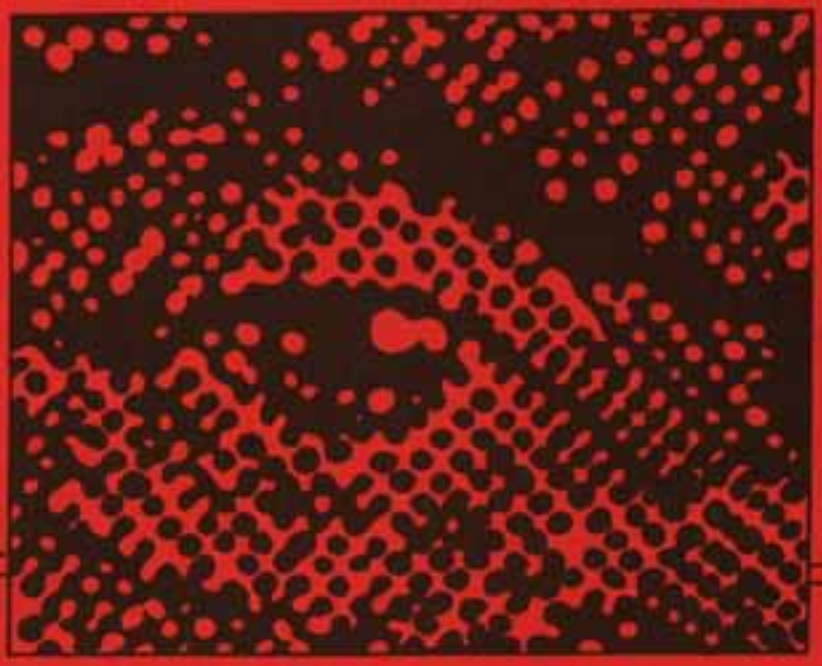

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EDITORIAL

1984 will probably go down in *Chronicle* annals as the year we went 'Hi-Tech': for the first time the need to type out each article several times before printing was blown aside by an IBM word-processor and the affectionately-known 'Nescafe' work diskette. For the uninitiated, (which as we soon found out meant most of the editorial staff!) this meant typing an article into the word-processor only once; the printout could then be edited, the text revised, and finally the whole diskette sent to the Resources Centre for photo-typesetting. It probably sounds very complicated, but future editorial committees will face a much easier task for this is probably the most important technical innovation the *Chronicle* has ever seen.

I believe that, in an age of increasing anonymity of the individual, *Chronicle* is still essentially about people and not advanced technology. This magazine depends entirely on the human response, be it artistic, descriptive or objective to what has happened beneath the not-so-sombre robe of the school in the last year. We have all changed since the last edition, influenced in many respects by the school, and I believe that we can all contribute in some way to recording those changes within *Chronicle*. A questionnaire sent out during the year registered the complaint, 'It's always the same people who write everything....'. Well, whose fault is that? If you cannot write descriptively, write a review of an event or draw an illustration. But please do not attack those who have made the effort. Lamentably, even the lure of prizes seems to produce few results. I close by saying that as school magazines go, *Chronicle* is undoubtedly one of the best: please keep it that way....

I should like to thank the following for their help:- Andrew Elliot and fingers - word-processing; Rob Ordidge - word processing and Music; Tim Franks and Simon Sadler - Words and Pictures (and explaining 'Art' to me); Stephen Taylor - Societies; Craig Lanham - Reviews and Features; Papu De - Sport; Rupert Ward and Max Carlish - Interviews; Andrew Coveney and Hari Deshpande - Photography; Andrew Buglass - Photography and Salvete Et Valete; and our Austrian Correspondent, Gert Natiesta. Finally, the whole team would like to thank Miss Barnett for the many hours of work she has put in, her expertise and encouragement, her humour, and, finally, the Extra Strong Mints! Without her as the driving force behind the team, you would not be reading this....

Paul Davies

The magazine should not go to print without further thanks being recorded too: first to Paul Davies for his initiative, total reliability and dedicated work in overseeing the whole operation; but also to Mrs Gibbs, Mrs Morgan, David Perry and Mr Bailey for tolerating our attempts to master 'The Beast'; to Jenny Norman and David for making the use of 'The Beast' possible; and to Jenny (again) and Ray Fisher for (I hope) making sense of the resulting text! Those who fund the *Chronicle* - the advertisers, the School Club and the Chief Master - also deserve thanks, as do all those of you who have contributed to this year's edition. One final plea: do please let us have your reports for next year's *Chronicle* as soon as you can.....Happy reading!

K.J.B.

SALVETE

ET

VALETE

ROBERT GRIMLEY

One summer day in 1972 I was sitting at lunch in the Dining Hall with Michael Gudgeon, who was then the school Chaplain, when the chief master, Canon Lunt, came into lunch with another clergyman in tow. He was, I learned, to be the new school Chaplain.

'What's he like?' I said to Michael. 'Is he all right?'

'Why not?' he answered.

Why not, indeed, as the newcomer was Robert Grimley who turned out to be not only all right, but very all right.

Mr Grimley soon began to make an impact. His very sharp mind and briskly decisive tone of voice quickly became a fact of life at KES, serving up many a point under discussion with crisp finality.

He was from the start closely involved with General Studies and it didn't take him long to engineer a re-organisation of the system along what were, by general consent, more democratic and less academic lines which made General Studies periods more profitable, because they were more intelligible and interesting. His whole-hearted concern with General Studies is, perhaps, not surprising when one remembers the range of his own interests and knowledge. Not many Anglican priests — nor indeed many laymen, Anglican or otherwise — have behind them the range of disciplines that Mr Grimley has experienced: maths and theology at Cambridge, oriental languages at Oxford and the general and pastoral training of the theological college. In addition he is proficient in French and German and soon after arriving at KES, won the Ellerton Theological Essay Prize offered by Oxford University.

The Personal Service Group is another area of school activity that felt his transforming touch, for it has been as a transformer rather than as an innovator that his influence has been most felt at KES. Here, his activities have been closely linked with Mr Tibbott, his chief fellow labourer in this particular vineyard. Known to the old folk of Balsall Heath as, respectively, The Vicar and The Driver, The Two Roberts have extended the work of the PSG into primary schools while at the same time maintaining its activity among the elderly of Balsall Heath. Organisation is one of the things Mr Grimley is good at, and under his control the PSG has done a lot of work smoothly and unobtrusively, the way the best work is usually done.

Mr Grimley's main job, however, has been as school Chaplain and head of religious studies. Here, it seems, the transforming touch has been most evident. Under his influence the emphasis of religious study periods has shifted from Bible study to a discussion of the implications of Christian thought in today's world; the non-Anglicans have been welcomed at the fortnightly eucharist in the school chapel; girls and teachers from KEHS have become regular users of the chapel and pillars of the Christian Union; and above all, the tone of Big School has been very much changed, though only those

who were familiar with them in the pre-Grimley era will know how much. It is not that the form and structure has changed, but rather the tone and content. The whole school has felt the benefit of Mr Grimley's very lucid and penetrating mind commenting on the world around us from a strong basis of faith, reason and humanity. After all the private smiles about the Chaplain's decisive delivery and the way he walks down Big School, casting a lofty glance from side to side in a manner which the seventeenth century would have called 'monstrous prelatical', what we got at the end of it was always first-rate, meaty, thought-provoking, at once humane and God-focussed. It reflected his marked concern with the world and his determination to make the school aware of the plight and problems of millions of human beings the world over, and to make us see these problems in the light of Christian teaching. All institutions of any size or age have a dangerous tendency to be inward-looking; Mr Grimley's Big School addresses were aimed to destroy this kind of omphaloskepsis (you'd better look that one up!) and to make us look outward to our own and the world's sufferers. And lest this sounds rather solemn, I ought to add that his usual way of asking others to do a week in Big School was the casual question, 'Okay for the Big S next term?'

The main compensation for his loss is that he is only moving just round the corner, to St George's Edgbaston, from where he will be able to keep an eye on us. He takes our best wishes with him and we hope that he and Joan will enjoy being back in a parish.

A.J.T.

DAVID BURNEY

David came to us in 1982 from Berkhamsted School. Whilst here he has taught Economics in the Divisions, Sixth and Upper Sixth, and Mathematics in the Shells, Removes, Fourths, Fifths and Divisions. David made a substantial contribution to hockey, especially with the U15 and U16 sides, and his talent for the game will be sadly missed next year. He inaugurated a winter Friday afternoon option in hockey which will, we hope, continue to bear fruit for school teams for several years to come.

As an Evans House tutor David has been in charge of the Divisions year group and has struck up a happy rapport with them. His enthusiasm for cricket may well have something to do with this.

David came to us as a bachelor, but not for long! He leaves us a father as well as a husband as he returns south to the summer climes of the Kent coast. We wish him and his family the very best, and record our thanks for his time here.

J.R.A.C.

ANDREW SHACKLETON

Andrew Shackleton joined us in September 1982 to teach Classics, straight after graduating from Trinity College, Cambridge. Apart from his academic qualifications, which form the foundations for imaginative and successful teaching, what impressed me most was his sense of humour: 'If he can turn a formal and potentially routine interview into an interesting and enjoyable exchange,' I thought, 'think what he can do for teaching Classics!' I was not far wrong, as those whom Andrew has taught will testify. He has brought his own quick intellect and lively sense of humour to all Classics lessons, to the pleasure of his pupils, and to the envy of his colleagues. His wit, his enthusiasm, his games with the most complicated rules, all these Andrew has brought to the classroom - not forgetting the academic skills of sound learning.

Andrew has also made an outstanding contribution to Middle School Games, whether helping to run the U13 XI Cricket team, or running the U14 A&B Rugby XV and the U14 A&B Cricket XI. These games require a full commitment from everyone concerned, and Andrew has provided, in himself, an excellent paragon of dedication and a knowledgeable mentor of skills.

Colleagues will remember Andrew as a young schoolmaster with admirable, sometimes enviably, youthful ideas: an irreplaceable member of the Common Room, an invaluable colleague on School trips abroad, and an irrepressible connoisseur of parties - he has taught us all a great deal. With his departure, a connection with Yorkshire, and its farming community, is severed.

Andrew is taking up a place at King's College, London, to complete a year's PGCE. After that, the education world, and others, will be his oyster. We all wish him success in his future career and hope that he will look us up again.

S.F.O.

ANNETTE DUMAS

Could you tell us something about your life before coming to KES?

My life, gosh! A very exciting life! I went to school until I was sixteen and then decided to stay on to do A-levels, because it was the best thing to do. Then I went to university - and I'm just finishing my M.A. now. At the moment it's my year off.

Which degree are you studying for?

English: in the M.A. you've got to take translation, and either civilisation or literature, and I did that last year. Now I'm working on the British colonies in North America up to the Revolution.

Do you enjoy English literature?

I do. But mind you, I managed to go through university without studying Shakespeare! I've always avoided it.

Why?

I hate it! I started *Macbeth* when I went to university for the first time, and because my sister, who was in England, said: 'You must be educated, and be very good at English, so here is Shakespeare, try it!' I started it three times, and I've just given up!

Have you gained anything from your visit?

Yes. I am much more patient. I never thought that I could be patient. Another good thing about being abroad for a year is that you grow up. You've got to survive with the money that you get and nobody is watching over you: you are actually free — you can do anything.

Do you plan to teach?

Yes, later, when I get married and have children — I might be a teacher then. But before that I want to work for companies and have responsibilities — and earn lots of money!

Mlle Dumas, thank you very much, and good luck for the future.

URSINA MEIGHÖRNER

Could you tell us something about your life before coming to KES?

Well, I lived and went to school in South Bavaria, and then after school I taught immigrants - often Turkish people. At University in Munich I studied Spanish, but dropped it - the job prospects weren't good. I then took up German and English for the education exam - although there is high unemployment among grammar school teachers at home.

What are your impressions of Birmingham compared with Munich?

Munich has an old town centre, and there is very little industry in the south. Birmingham town centre doesn't seem to be built for humans: it is very ugly and has no character. At least you can sit down for a coffee and chat in Munich. Moseley is nice, though, and Edgbaston, where I live.

Have you many interests outside school?

I visit friends quite a lot, and often go to the Brasshouse Centre, where there are talks and teaching. I've also been on trips to York, Swansea, Stonehenge and London - all of which I enjoyed very much. Birmingham Art Gallery is pleasant, and the Central Library has a very relaxed atmosphere compared with German libraries. I don't go to the theatre often - except Stratford, as I particularly like Shakespeare.

What do you think of KES?

I went to a comprehensive on one occasion, and the difference was incredible. At KES it is difficult to get into contact with the teachers outside the department - they seem friendly but reserved. The pupils seem to be in awe of the teachers. Of course there is a very high academic output - is it fun to learn here, I wonder?

Thank you very much, and on behalf of the school, I should like to wish you good luck for the future.

JACK JENKINS

Jack Jenkins joins us in September as the School's first Industrial Fellow - he is sponsored by Barclay's. He will be involved in the Economics Department and part of his time will be devoted specifically to fostering links with industry.

We welcome him to KES.

JANET MAYER
BAILIFF OF THE FOUNDATION

The Chief Master described you on Speech Day as not the first lady Bailiff of the Foundation, but the first Bailiff of either sex who has been a member of the teaching profession. Could you tell us something about your background and earlier career?

I was brought up and educated in Kent at Maidstone Girls' Grammar School before going to Westfield College, London, to study History. From there I came to Birmingham to start my teaching career at KEHS in 1967 where I eventually became Head of History. I left to have two children, and then returned to teaching in a part-time capacity at St Paul's Girls' School in Edgbaston. After four years there I left to have two more children, and I am now employed by the Home Teaching Service, in a part-time capacity of six hours a week. I became a Governor in 1976 and am the nominee of the teaching staff of the two independent schools.

What is the function of the Bailiff?

According to Governors' Standing Orders, 'The Bailiff shall have general superintendance of the income expenditure and property of the Foundation, subject to the control of the Governors.' In practice that means chairing board meetings, attending other meetings, relying heavily on the experience, commitment and support of other Governors, the Foundation Office staff and professional advisers, and fulfilling the public duties expected of the Bailiff in the seven schools.

Do you find your duties as Bailiff difficult to combine with bringing up four children?

Not so difficult as bringing up children and having a full-time job. The Bailiff's job involves very irregular hours: sometimes the work-load is very heavy but at other times it is fairly light. The job involves a lot of thinking and worrying but being a Governor has helped me to retain my sanity and develop my sense of humour - which has been for the good of the children, I hope!

Should there be more contact between the schools of the Foundation? In what ways could this occur?

I think that contact is growing steadily and advantageously, particularly between staff who are now meeting to discuss matters of common concern, such as libraries, modern languages and Oxford entrance procedures. I think it is important that contacts arise out of real needs or demands and are not contrived as windowdressing; the process is therefore evolutionary. You must not forget how many contacts exist already in the sporting and musical spheres, for example, or between brother and sister schools which are adjacent. It is also very important that contacts are maintained and increased between Foundation schools and other schools in the city and outside.

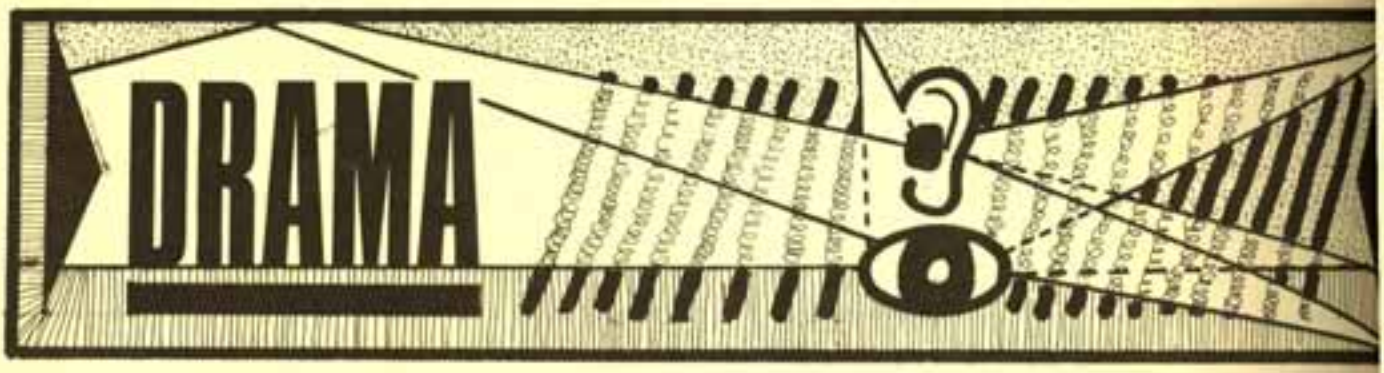
What is your reaction to the proposition that private education should be abolished?

Sadness. This is a huge question, but to answer it briefly I would agree with the Bishop of Salisbury who said that education is too important to be a monopoly of the state, and I would question the motives of those who seek to abolish the independent sector. Sometimes the arguments one hears are based on political and not educational grounds. Neither sector of education can afford to be complacent in seeking to meet the needs of our future society and I support all developments which help the maintained and independent sectors to appreciate each other's strengths, problems and aspirations and which enable useful co-operation and communication to take place.

•

Mrs Mayer, thank you very much.

REVIEWS



UNCLE VANYA

It's a brave man who'll stage Chekhov for a school play. First, Chekhov is a box office gamble; the legend that he's heavy and pessimistic still lingers. Secondly, nothing ever happens, does it? I mean, the only big scene is Vanya firing a revolver and then he misses! Thirdly the actors must be skilled in observation, interesting the audience through face, voice, gesture, and movement; they must be assured in handling the props and furniture of the naturalistic stage. Fourthly, the production team must create the atmosphere whereby sadness mingles with comedy and Chekhov laughs at absurd self-absorption or gloom. Finally, actors must have sympathy with characters who have an emotional life bursting below the surface of the text; they must be able to play old age regretting a wasted past, and youth longing for an impossible future — the former not in teenagers' experience and the latter not thought to apply at King Edward's!

Mr Trott's company had its bravery rewarded. Excellent was Vanya's farcical attempt to shoot his landlord for ruining his livelihood and marrying the woman Vanya wished he'd got around to proposing to himself. Max Carlish also captured Vanya's poignant moments at the end where his quill scratches in the account book while his niece speaks of endurance bringing reward in heaven. Eleanor Draper here played Sonia with just that sincerity and simplicity Chekhov wanted and thus completed her sensitive performance both in ensemble and soliloquy.

A further challenge in Chekhov's writing is that some characters have long spells without speaking, yet their reactions are constant indications of their personality and unspoken feelings. Comic timing was well-judged where one person's phrase, look, or movement unmasked the pomposity of another. Richard Brown's timing was particularly distinguished and he moved about the stage with ease. He

may have underplayed Astrov's idealism, but the tired air that haunts the character was well brought out.

Another excellent presence was Debbie Dolce's Yeliana, unhappily married to the ailing Professor, vainly loved by Vanya, but herself awakening to the charms of Astrov. Debbie acted well, even though occasionally she rushed a change of thought in her dialogue. Act Two gives her fine scenes listening to her selfish, chair-ridden husband through a humid night; then playing a scene of reconciliation with Sonia, only to discover that plain Sonia also loves Astrov. This challenges Yeliana to use her greater sophistication to win Astrov. Here both girls released powerfully the emotional complexity of the dialogue.

Age, however, presented greater problems. In a play where much depends on the experience of growing old it was difficult to be totally convinced by youthful actors. Jonathan Hollow and Jane Whitehouse gave good performances as the old-stagers; they played the comedy well, but their natural vigour meant that their performances were not fully balanced. One of the most interesting performances came from Tasso Gazis as the retired Professor. He had thought himself into physical old age with precision. The performance was, perhaps, too studied: the artist not yet concealing his art. However, Tasso managed to give us a difficult, demanding old man and at the same time, and here lies the skill, to show the audience that his insufferability was laughable. While Yeliana conveyed poignantly her frustration at being saddled with the old man, Tasso gave us an alternative comic perspective. The achievement of such a delicate balance of response in the audience between sympathy for Yeliana and enjoyment of the Professor took us to the heart of the kind of play which Chekhov was writing.

Given the impossibility of constructing realistic scenery with the lack of wing storage space, it was a good idea to simplify Acts Three and Four into the one room. The play opened with a splendid garden set. The change to a 'curtain set' for the interior in Act Two worked well. The drapes gave an appropriate claustrophobic feeling. The furniture and costumes were carefully chosen to give naturalistic detail to the setting. Inevitably we missed the realism of the window banging in the wind, being shut then reopened after the storm; Chekhov's detail suggests Yeliana's oppression by her husband and her refreshed spirits when he leaves the room. The lighting, however, was responsive to the mood. In the end this compromise curtain set was to prove more atmospheric than the more naturalistically conceived scenery for the final Acts.

Mr Trott and his cast and Dr Homer and his stage crew are to be congratulated on a production which brought Chekhov to life on stage simply and sincerely, at times remarkably powerfully.

G.E.E.

TWELFTH NIGHT

My first reaction to Mr Evans's announcement that the Junior Play for 1984 was to be *Twelfth Night* was one if scepticism and disbelief. I'd seen it done well as a Senior Play: but could younger actors and actresses master the complex language and ambiguous personalities of the play? Could they reach through the preposterous plot to the emotional subtleties beneath? In the event,they acquitted themselves extraordinarily well, and carried off an ambitious project with flair, confidence and tremendous charm. It was a thoroughly entertaining evening, and an impressive display of hard work and talent.

At times, the demanding nature of the text was evident. Some scenes remained static, as if the cast were devoting all of their concentration to the language, with nothing to spare for gesture and movement. The scenes at Orsino's court were particularly wooden, although this was actually due to the courtiers, who spent too much time gazing expressionlessly into the middle distance, and not enough to reacting to what was going on on stage. On the other hand, concentration on the language paid off, as everybody seemed to understand his or her lines, and spoke them with an often impressive subtlety of intonation. If there was a general weakness in the verse speaking, it was to deliver the lines too rapidly. But some players avoided this entirely, and the pace tended to relax a bit after the first act anyway.

There were some splendid dramatic moments to make up for the static sketches. The Box Tree scene was given a dynamically slapstick performance, wholly unfettered by niggles about realism, which made it the high point of the evening for me. Scarcely less impressive, was Olivia's first entrance, surrounded by mourning gentlewomen in mantillas, and a sinister, rather Spanish priest, which struck a note of convincingly funereal introspection.

Joe Martin's playing of Malvolio was a joy throughout; his furious entry in the 'drunken revels' scene, pulling a face that would curdle milk and seething with offended self-esteem, is memorable, as is the lecherous complacency of his mistaken advances to Olivia. Richard Wolffe

reacted confidently, projecting his voice with clarity and a fine sense of pace, and dominating the space around him with no apparent effort. If his performance had a fault, it was that he was too impressive to do justice to the narcissism and nervy petulance of some of Orsino's lines. His dialogue with Justina Hart's excellent Viola showed both players at their most sensitive and expressive. Andrew Killeen, as Feste, introduced a welcome strain of malice and acerbity into the generally light-hearted production, and his comic business was apt and amusing.

All the cast should be congratulated on their efforts, as should the technical crew, the costume department, Mr Evans, and all who contributed to a splendid evening.

T.F.P.H.

JANE EYRE

The end of the Summer Term saw another play this year: Mrs Sims's production of her own musical adaptation of *Jane Eyre*. There are very few plays with a large number of female parts, and Mrs Sims set out to remedy this for KEHS. This was a very ambitious undertaking, since it meant writing the script and most of the songs as well as directing a cast of some thirty girls, with a few boys from KES. The staging of the play in the Hall at KEHS was also ambitious: there were two main 'stage' areas, at the front and back of the hall, linked by a cat-walk which provided a further acting (and Chorus) area. There were some weak points — slowness of scene-changes, songs pitched a little too high for a character's voice, or the overall length of the production — but the enthusiasm of all those involved, especially the Chorus, ensured success. Mrs Sims is to be congratulated for providing an excellent evening's entertainment.

CONFUSIONS

I must confess to having been unexcited by the prospect of an Alan Ayckbourn play as this year's Syndicate production — but how mis-guided my prejudice proved to be! *Confusions* was in many ways a perfect choice for this form of production. With its five separate acts or 'vignettes', it provided self-contained units which could not only be rehearsed separately (very useful when the pressures of play production are condensed into just two weeks), but which also offered a variety of interesting parts for the enthusiastic — and numerous — actors.

All five playlets revolved around failures in human relationships, and we saw a mixture of rather eccentric — but often strangely familiar — characters acting out their lonely tragedies in different settings. This all sounds very heavy, but Ayckbourn's sharp wit and observant comic flair ensure that the poignancy is very well seasoned with simple good humour and a general sense of fun, such that the result is excellent entertainment.

Mother Figure, for example, showed us a frayed and house-bound young mother, Lucy (Sue Cockel), apparently separated from her husband and resisting the sympathies of a neighbour (Sue Whitehouse). The comic focus came with the entry of the neighbour's husband (Matt Wilson). The audience was delighted by the sight of Lucy treating the couple as children, and cajoling and scolding accordingly. The trio of actors handled the changes of pace and emotion very well — and Matt's portrayal of the solid, stubborn and rather unimaginative husband was particularly accurate and amusing.

Gwyn Harris succeeded in presenting a difficult character in *Drinking Companion*: the business-man in his late thirties on his own in a strange town, trying — unsuccessfully — to chat up a pair of young female reps, played by Sarah Lee and Sue Phillips. The comedy here came from his embarrassing persistence, and his inability to accept "No" as an answer. Jon Pickworth's smooth and unflustered Waiter was matched by Andrew Mole's Waiter in the play that finished the first half, *Between Mouthfuls*. Here we saw two couples (Pernille Morton/Andrew Wearn and Eleanor Crook/Andrew

MacGeoch) in a restaurant, and overheard such fragments of their conversations as a waiter might as he moved around, performing his waiting duties regardless of the discoveries of marital infidelity being made by his customers. Timing was important here, and although it was a little slow on occasions, such lines as:

MARTIN: "He probably had some little Italian senora lined up there. He always likes to mix his business with a bit of....."

WAITER: "Potted shrimps, sir?"

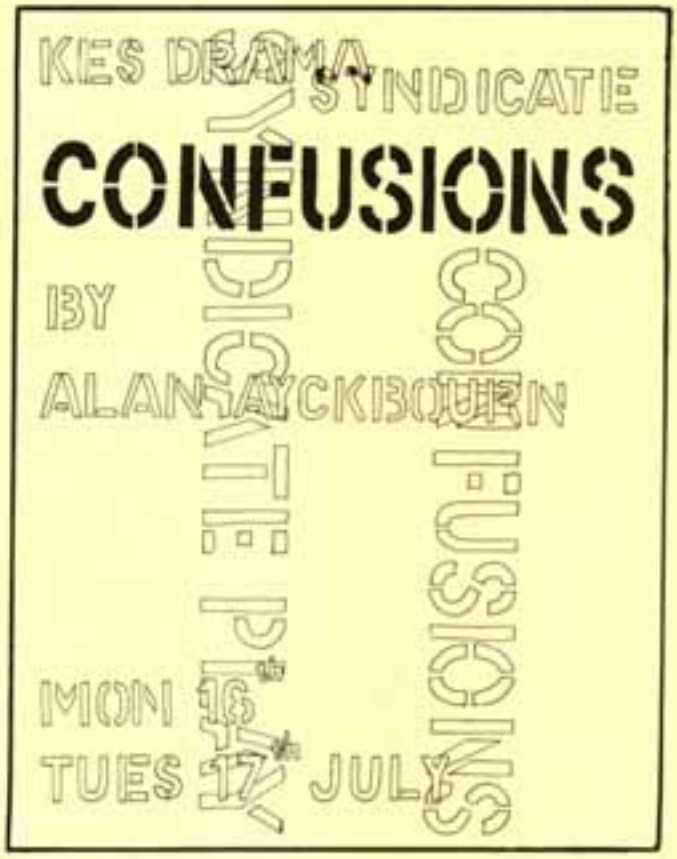
were sharp and effective.

The structure of *Between Mouthfuls* was interesting, as was that of *A Talk in the Park* — the former for its fragmented conversations, the latter for its circular movement. We saw five stereotypical characters sitting on four park benches, each in turn moving to escape from one character's conversation, only to intrude on another's privacy by talking. Simon Taylor, Sarah Deval, Sarah Harris, Jon Ager — and Matt Wilson again — all produced good cameo performances.

But the funniest and most enjoyable play of the evening I thought was *Gosforth's Fete*. The stereotypes here were very well portrayed: Eleanor Crook's snooty Mrs Pearce, Julie Davey's earnest, practical (and pregnant) Milly, Rich Hitchcock's well-meaning but fated Gosforth — and especially the Scout Leader and the Vicar, played by Stephen Taylor and Andrew Mole respectively. The plot here tempted the gods to rain on us, the audience, as well as on *Gosforth's Fete*, but the gods were obviously well-disposed, since we fared considerably better than the Fête, which sank irretrievably into disaster, dragging most of its characters with it.

Elinor Idle and Martin Turner are to be thanked and congratulated for their production of these entertaining playlets — as are the technical crew, led by Ben Rees and Rich Hitchcock. The acting area was once again Chantry Court and flats were used most imaginatively to suggest the different settings, while costumes, props and sound — vital to the playlets — were all most effective. A thoroughly good evening was had by all — including the actors, as their smiles (even when they should have been serious) showed!

K.J.B.



THE STAGE CREW

Although Big School has been declared unsafe for the performance of plays and concerts — because of a change in the fire regulations — this has not marked the end of the Stage Crew. Indeed, although we are lucky enough to be able to use the girls' school stage, this causes some technical difficulties, and so we are still very much alive and kicking. Merely having to carry the set from Big School over to KEHS, and back again, at regular intervals, is time-consuming, difficult, and gives the Crew ample time to wreck all obstacles in the way!

Unfortunately, many people think that the Crew consists of either lazy dossers, who never do any work, or weirdos, who can be seen carrying odd-looking objects around school and muttering strange incantations about flying barrels, T-84s, and Horace. Such misconceptions might have arisen because the Crew often work while most people are nowhere near school, let alone the stage. It is always necessary to work on Saturdays when a production is close, and even Sunday work is not unheard of! This is only possible thanks to Mr Bailey's unlimited patience, and Dr Homer's willingness to put in so much spare time and hard work.

If you think that you might enjoy working on a hot, dusty stage, balancing precariously on top of a step-ladder, trying to attach twelve kg of lantern to a metal rod, you might enjoy Stage Crew. If the prospect of treading on the faltering floorboards thirty feet above the stage, while you try to pull five kg of curtain up off the floor below, does not appal you, why not join the Stage Crew?

Ben Rees, Sixths.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN SCHOOL DRAMA

(an interview with Mr Evans)

Just how have the mysterious goings on in the Scout Hut established drama on the curriculum?

In the Summer of 1983, with Mr Russell's co-operation, one of the rooms in the hut was carpeted and blacked out, and eight lights (with a six channel control board) were installed. This has enabled each Shell and Remove form to spend one period a week with their English teacher learning the basics of improvisation, and the importance of gesture and movement in communication.

What are the educational benefits of such drama work?

Under pressure in small groups, boys learn to co-operate in improvising a small play; this may increase the confidence of some boys. Some improvisation may stimulate their imaginations and their written English work. It helps in the appreciation of plays and in particular O-level Shakespeare, where the boys become aware of the play as performing art and not just as a text. To prepare boys for this approach we study a text using drama methods in the UMs.

Do you believe drama could be taught as an examination subject at KES?

Yes, it could, although its recreational value is important within the curriculum. One examining board has O- and A-level Theatre Studies courses, concerned with the History, Styles and Philosophies of Staging, in the Theatre. This is an academic subject studying Theatre as an art form with its own techniques of lighting, setting, and costuming as well as acting.

Is there any solution to the problem that the same few boys always come for auditions?

The new curriculum means that teachers may

spot boys who might not have auditioned, and also the enthusiasm for drama in the first few years is increased. But you do need a core of people who are experienced and good, just as a rugby team needs its good players. We may also need to consider the type of play, with a view to attracting more people for auditions. I am always pleased if I have a large number of people to choose from.

How are school plays limited in scope?

A producer must choose a play with a large cast with some girls' parts, and which will enable him to include less experienced as well as the experienced actors. But the material must be good so as to stretch people. One problem is that teenagers, at the two schools, playing out the frustrations of poverty in an Irish tenement, in O'Casey for example, are almost bound to fall short simply because those feelings are alien to them. Yet few good plays exist which draw on teenagers' own experiences.

At KES in recent years the range has been wide: three Shakespeare plays and plays by Ibsen, Chekhov, Miller, Brecht, Dylan Thomas, O'Casey, TS Eliot, Peter Shaffer, Medieval Mystery Plays and even Gilbert and Sullivan; — a good spread of British and American Theatre.

Is there a play you would like to produce which you feel would be too risky?

Equus.

How has drama been introduced into the Sixth form?

A Theatre Studies Option is offered in the Upper Sixth Extra Studies Periods. This has been filled by Scientists as well as Artists; the former brought a refreshing attitude to discussions as they were doing no literary study for A-level. This course looks at plays as texts for performance rather than literary criticism. I would like to extend this to a two year course, leading perhaps to the Theatre Studies O-level, but this would require a minimum of fifteen candidates for this to be viable.

What are the likely developments in school drama in the near future?

There is a real need for a space to be used in lunch-hours, after school and in the holidays for the production of shorter plays, small cast productions and for experimental work such as mime, to be shown to smaller audiences.

What are the most promising and most disappointing features of school drama?

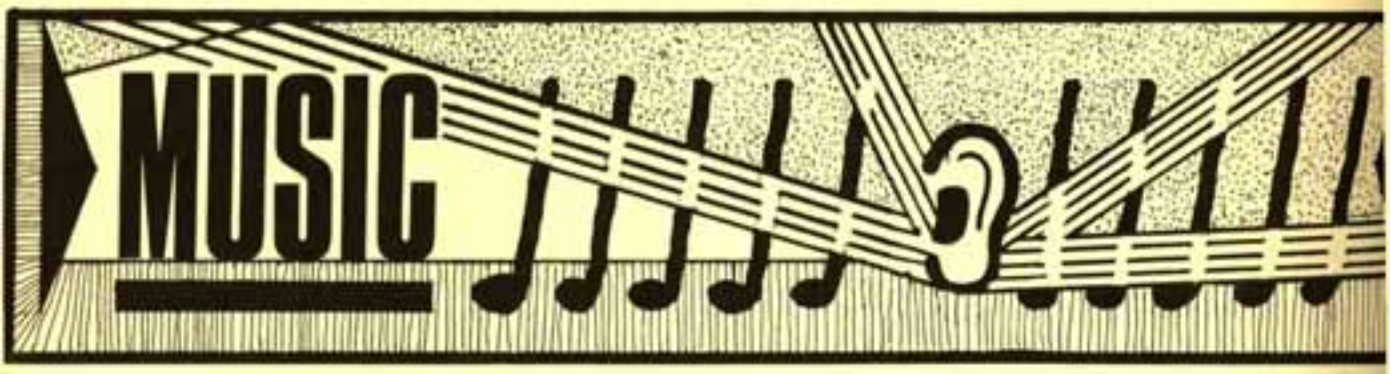
The great enthusiasm of all involved, coupled to the public support of the Chief Master for productions and for drama in the curriculum, are most promising. Similarly the possibility of moving towards greater resources and facilities.

However few boys seem to go to theatres in Birmingham, and in Stratford, as if what they study in school has no connection with what is actually going on as live professional Theatre. Within school there are disappointing audience numbers for productions. Maybe the choice of plays is not popular enough....

How are boys' attitudes to drama in school changing?

Although some boys have not yet accepted class drama at a serious enough level, they are aware of what it is; that a play is not just a text but something for performance; that their study of a play must be related to what can happen in the theatre. Thus they are most aware of drama as an Art form in its own right, with its own history, its own thinkers and its own way of representing reality.

Mr Evans, thank you very much.



Choral Society Concert

The two main works on this occasion were Monteverdi's *Beatus Vir* and Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*. The former is a quite beautiful work; simple in construction yet outstanding in effect, it received a 'hearty' rendition by the Choral Society which, though doing full justice neither to the dynamics nor — in some cases — to the notes of the piece, nevertheless brought across the power of Monteverdi's music to the obvious appreciation of the audience.

Dido and Aeneas, the stalwart of many a choral concert, has never failed to leave me cold, excepting Dido's Lament, and it was with no great enthusiasm that I approached the concert's second half. But the choir acquitted themselves admirably, and particular credit is due to the soloists, including Joy Naylor as Dido, and Clare Costa as Belinda.

Rupert Ward, Divisions.

Scout Group Musical Extravavaganza

7.30 Friday November 11th 1983 and an expectant audience awaited another Scout Group premiere.....The first public performance of the *KES Swing* Band. What a success story they were and have been ever since! Nick Davies put together a classical piano medley to fox even the most regular concert-goers; what skill he has with the notes — and there was even better to come when the hand-bell ringers gave what must be their best (and most difficult!) performance to date. Then Mr Tibbott got the older members of the audience crying in the aisles — emotional moments there! — and only Giles Evans's 'dramatic interlude' could have steadied their racing hearts. Max Carlish did the very difficult warm-up first item with all his usual panache, and everyone wants to hear him sing again soon. At last we managed to get Martin Turner singing and playing his guitar, and we are looking for some more guitar/vocalists for 1985. 'Voices in perfect harmony' (led by Richard Hitchcock) and the Chapel Choir rounded off a fine evening after Steve Twigg had given a memorable performance on the saxophone.

The Group can only hope that all the performers enjoyed themselves as much as the audience obviously did. Thanks to the audience, £65 was raised for Christmas food parcels for the Senior Citizens of Balsall Heath — another £65 went to help finance the Scout Group. Farewell to all performers who will leave this summer - thanks a lot and come back and help us in the future when you become well-known musicians!

A.P.R.

CHRISTMAS CONCERT

A substantial array of talent, representing the whole spectrum of musical activity at the two schools, was lined up for the annual Christmas Extravaganza. Such a gathering obviously attracted a large number of parents and friends, for the concert was sold out twice over within minutes of the tickets going on sale. Consequently, the bold step was taken to transfer the whole concert to Birmingham Central Hall. Initial anxieties were short-lived as almost all the twelve hundred tickets were sold.

The proceedings were opened by the Joint First Orchestra performing Walton's *Orb and Sceptre* under the baton of Mr Bridle, and this was followed by a seasonal and melodious rendering of four carols by Miss Douglas's Madrigal Group. The Joint Wind Band performed some lively American numbers, and the first half was closed by a skilful debut by the Swing Band, under Bryan Allen's direction. Incorporating such technological revelations as electric guitars, the Band played to a high standard and will, no doubt, become a regular feature at such events.

After the interval, the concert continued with Mr Sill and the Joint Concert Band, who played pieces by Tchaikovsky as well as Leroy Anderson's highly-acclaimed *Christmas Festival*. The Chapel Choir then performed one song in a mock-French accent, another (*Stille Nacht*) in a mock-German accent and finally *The Twelve Days of Christmas*. The latter inspired plenty of enthusiasm in the Choir (perhaps at the expense of accuracy!), much to the amusement of its audience. The partridge was finally seen off by a salvo of streamers and party poppers. The grand finale was *The Grand Grand Festival Overture*, involving guest solo appearances from 'The Hoovermatics' (a certain Headmistress and maths teacher from KEHS and English and German lady teachers from KES), playing the Electrolux in B flat and the Hoover polisher in A.

Rob Ordidge, Sixths.

MUSIC SOCIETY CONCERTS

A varied programme of concerts has been given. Nigel Roberts (tenor) and Jacqueline Tyler ('cello), two of our instrumental teachers, gave a joint concert which included Schumann's *Liederkreis* and the Shostakovich *'Cello Sonata*. The Orion Ensemble performed Mozart's *Flute Quartet* and the Ravel *Introduction and Allegro*. A concert was also given by two school performers, Gerald Lowe (violin) and James Dunstan (piano). Music by Beethoven, Chopin and Elgar was performed.

From the Speech Day Synopsis.

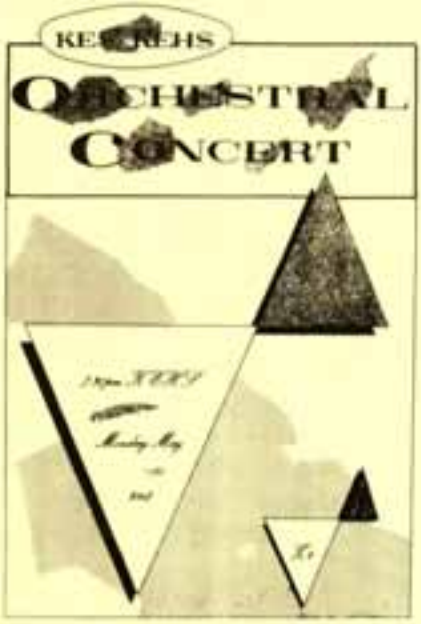
Joint Choral and Orchestral Concert —

26/27 March 1984

This concert was Miss Douglas's last major contribution to school music before her retirement in the summer, but sadly, it provided a rather poor farewell, emanating mediocrity, and generally failing to reach the heights which we have come to expect of school music. Mozart's *Violin Concerto No.5*, conducted by Mr Bridle with Margaret Faultless as the soloist, although well played, lacked any sparkle in its performance. Similarly, Brahms' *Four Songs for Female Voices, Horns and Harp* (conducted by Miss Douglas) were performed with a bland, listless air which did little to bring out the quite exceptional beauty of these pieces.

The second half of the concert consisted of a performance of Mozart's *Requiem Mass*. Generally speaking, despite a rather weak opening to the Sanctus, the Choral Society sang well and the First Orchestra played better. Mr Evans provided an unforgettable Tuba Mirum and the soprano soloist, Anne Szreter, also deserves special commendation.

Rupert Ward, Divisions



Joint Orchestral Concert

21/22 May 1984

It was perhaps inevitable that the heights of musical excitement and edification attained by the Joint First Orchestra last year, with the *Firebird Suite*, would not be reached again on May 21 and 22 this year, with a rather less ambitious programme. Still, the concerts — the main serious musical events of the year — were naturally enjoyed by everyone.

The Joint Second Orchestra were first on with three dutifully stirring pieces — a march and two dances — which were appreciated by the doting audience. This start was the perfect antithesis to the next piece, the Hummel *Trumpet Concerto*, which required immense technical confidence combined with sensitivity and control from the soloist. All these requisites were delivered (much to the awe and jealousy of the First Orchestra) by the gifted Duncan McNaughton. This boy will go far.

The second half was devoted to the Joint First Orchestra, who recommenced with an accurate and dynamically aware performance of Borodin's overture to *Prince Igor*. This was followed by a selection of generally loud and occasionally rousing movements from the ballet music *Le Cid* by Massenet. They were not musically demanding pieces, yet they did elicit an encore at one performance.

The concerts will be memorable for the talents of soloist Duncan McNaughton and conductor Peter Bridle, the trainer and mentor of the Joint First and Second Orchestras who displayed, as ever, his incomparable skill and devotion. Such service, as rendered here by these two people, is what helps to make King Edward's music special.

Tim Franks, Fifths

KES/KEHS SUMMER CONCERT

At 7.15 pm on Monday 9th of July 1984, the annual joint Summer musical festivities commenced. The venue was the impressive Central Hall in Birmingham, once again chosen because of the continuing unavailability of Big School for such events. Owing to the humid nature of the prevalent climatic conditions, the near capacity audience of around 850 soon worked up a warm atmosphere.

The entire first half of the evening was devoted to the production of highlights from *The Mikado* by Gilbert and Sullivan. Interspersed amongst the competent renditions of chorus and solo sections (the soloists provided by the Common Rooms and Sixth forms of the two schools) were passages of informative narration during which Mr Trott was able to give a full airing to his well received witty repartee, as compensation for the omitted movements. Certain of the lyrics were modified in order to provide a more contemporary flavour and the spectacle was completed by a somewhat rotund Mr Edwards (in kimono, headscarf and lashings of blue eye shadow), who was positively in his element as the voluptuous Katisha, prospective daughter-in-law of the Mikado. The proceedings were held together by the skill and efficiency of Mr Bridle and his orchestra.

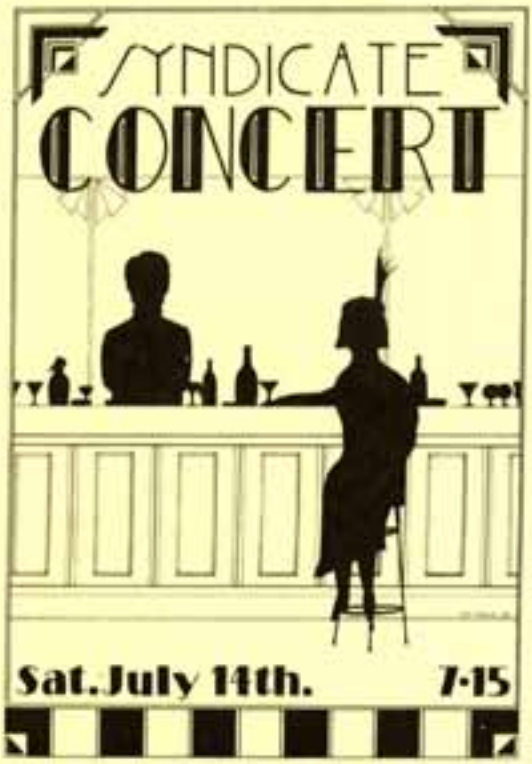
Following an interval lengthy enough to allow all to take on board substantial liquid refreshment, the concert resumed to the dulcet and vigorous strains of the massed ranks of both the joint Wind and Concert Bands, who played lively selections from Gershwin amongst others. Next on the bill was the KEHS Junior choir, whose dulcet renditions of four Negro spirituals were rather more soothing on the ear, though equally pleasurable.

As a fitting finale to a memorable evening, we were treated to the formidable sight of the combined First and Second Orchestras who played such well known pieces as *Greensleeves* and the *The March Of The Toreador* from *Carmen*. The finishing touch to a most emotive occasion (especially for all departing Sixth formers) was provided by a stirring performance of Elgar's *Pomp and Circumstance*, along with a five minutes applause and an unexpected encore.

Obviously, no such occasion could take place were it not for the considerable effort put in by all the performers, those who took rehearsals and bullied people to attend them, and many others too numerous to mention here. However it seems that the nucleus of the event is, as always, the apparently tireless dynamic duo of the Music School, Messrs Sill and Bridle.

Rob Ordidge, Sixths.

SYNDICATE CONCERT



This year's Syndicate Concert largely followed the pattern laid down in previous years - extravagant, lively, and, above all, immense fun. Imminent collapse faced almost every aspect of the concert throughout its stormy genesis, but eventually it coalesced into an immensely enjoyable evening, with some rather pleasant musical interludes between the wine and strawberries.

Part One witnessed the World Premier of the *Clarinet Concerto* of Nick Davies, Composer in Residence, finely played by Steven Twigg and the Chamber Orchestra. The Baroque Choir, performing with rather more enthusiasm than accuracy under my own rather erratic directorship, sang Handel's Coronation Anthem *Zadok the Priest* and pieces by Byrd and Dowland.

An interesting experience awaited the audience as they returned to the Concert Hall rather happier than they had left it (after their interval wine). Billed as *Strawberry Jam*, it involved a long-winded if talented performance by Martin Turner and Raymond Jellicoe (Who is he?). This was followed by the rather less esoteric delights of Susannah Nuttall and friends, performing, among other items, Toch's *Geographical Fugue* (a curious piece without music, exploiting rhythms for its effects) and an arrangement of *Old Mother Hubbard* in the style of Bach. The evening closed with a bang, as the ever-popular Swing Band performed a lot of old favourites mixed in with a few new numbers.

Our thanks must go to those who organised the concert, in particular to Nick Davies and Sue Cockel; to Andrew Rimmer for providing a splendid programme cover, and to the Director of Music himself, who tore his hair out over at least one of the items.

Rupert Ward, Divisions

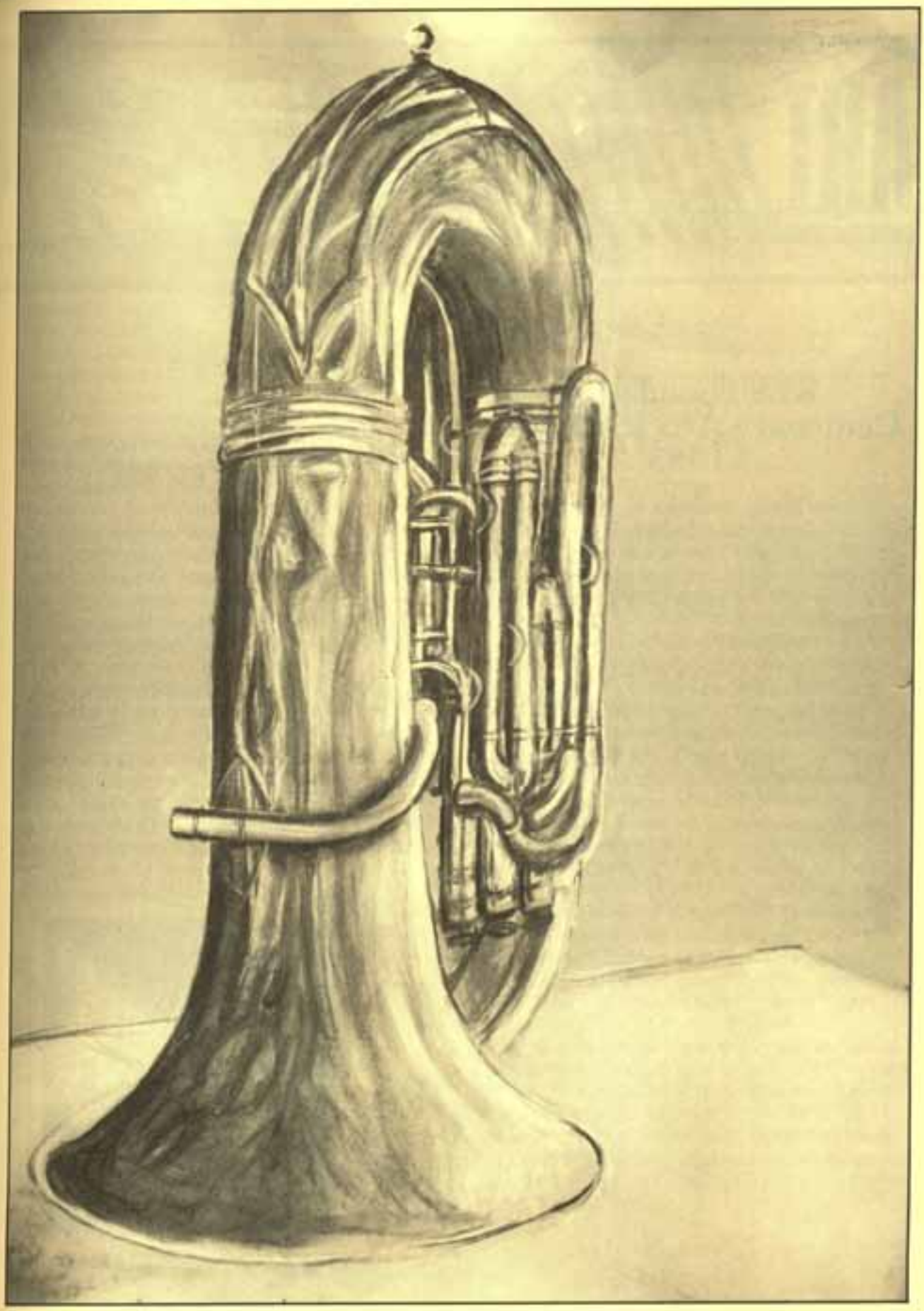
SOMETHING LOUD IN THE DINING HALL

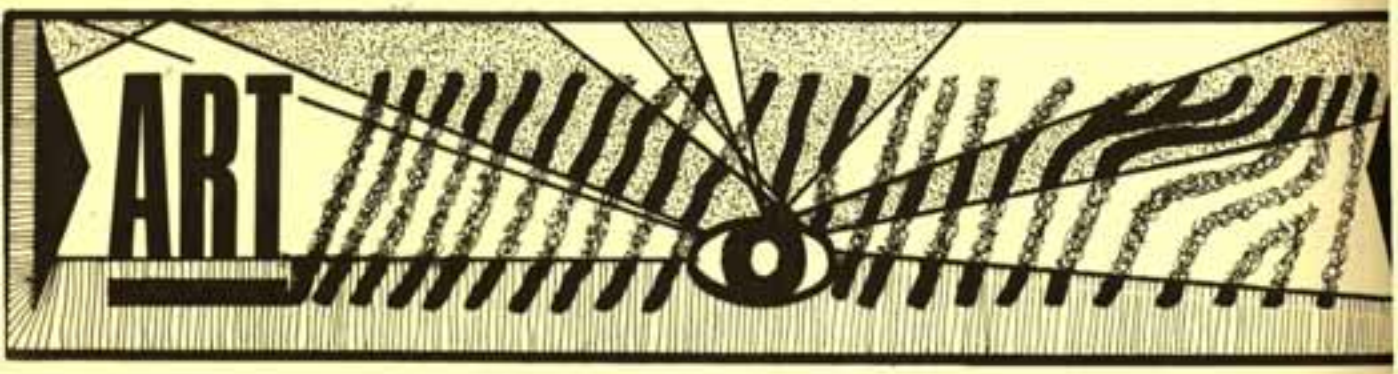
On the last day of the Summer Term, several Sixth formers gathered together to entertain what was, unfortunately, a very small audience. They threw several popular music classics at us, such as *Rock Around The Clock*, *Ziggy Stardust* and *Pretty Vacant*. In all they did twenty songs, all performed fairly well.

"If you don't dance to this," said Ian Pritchard, introducing the Undertones' *Get Over You*, "you don't dance." And so ....we didn't dance. In fact only *What Difference Does It Make?* got any reaction , with three demented members of the Fifth year 'bopping' away. Alice Cooper's *School's Out* acquired a new relevance with most of these musicians sadly leaving this year, therefore robbing us of a band with good potential.

Bearing this in mind, what does the future hold for pop music at KES? I can only hope that soon a school band will come along to equal, and then better, the achievements of 'The Detectives' back in 1979. Musicians in the school should be encouraged to play and write more pop music, for when played well, it can be just as impressive and inspiring as the many performances of Classical music which dominate musical activity at KES.

Toby Carpenter, Fifths





KES Foundation Centenary Arts Exhibition 1983

Anyone whose timetable dictated that they should traverse the arty-design end of the top corridor, and that must surely have included the vast majority, cannot have failed to mark the presence of the Foundation's Centenary Arts Exhibition.

It's not often we have the time or inclination to consider the various institutions of the Foundation as a whole, and the exhibition was as good a way as any to remind us that creativity extends without these walls. Its broad variety of topics had to be a point in the exhibition's favour, plus its scope in both style and influences. Subject matter ranged from pastoral landscape to fashion, passing *en route* through almost any interest you care to mention: each one presented in a totally different way from the next.

The overall high quality of the work made an immediate impression on the viewer — it would be unfair to single out particular examples, rather to say that juxtaposing traditional with modern, idealism with realism and precision, colour and black and white, lent to each work an unrivalled distinction and individuality. The effect of the display was perfectly focussed on providing visual relief, without as much taxing depth as some art may suffer from, for those lucky enough to pass Room 177 etc., between bouts of intellectuality.

Ian Pritchard, Sixths.

Helios Exhibition February 1984

The art of the print-maker was the subject of this recent exhibition, held in the former Timaeus Gallery in Moseley, dealing with various techniques such as relief, lithography, intaglio, silk-screen and monoprinting. Each section included work by modern printers, Victorians and school students.

Apart from more famous names, such as Henry Moore, KES was represented by the lively monoprints of Mr Ashby and Simon Prosser (OE). These showed how much can be achieved by this humble form. What came over from the exhibition was how print-making can allow those learning art enormous freedom to experiment and explore the limits of materials and techniques.

Paul Davies, Sixths.

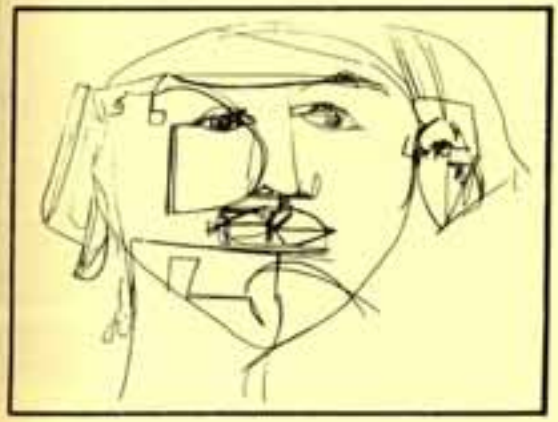
GEORGE FULLARD: Arts Council Exhibition

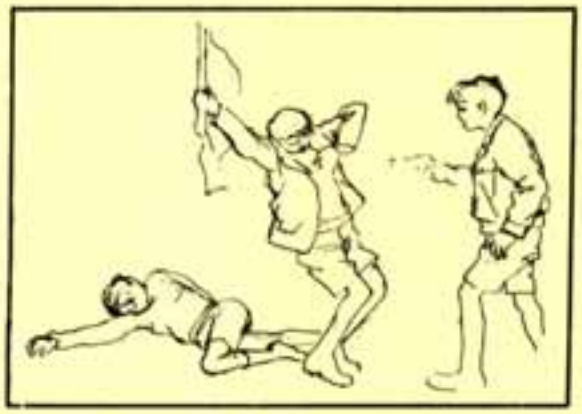
George Fullard was a sculptor who lived between 1923 and 1973. Of his work he said, "I am not a cultured man — I am a fastidious primitive." His sculptures ranged between those of semi-realist torsos and busts to amusingly casual montages of bicycle-wheels, board and table-legs. During the summer term KES housed a posthumously-collected Arts Council exhibition of scribbles and drawings for his sculptures.

Most of them were worked in blurred and very crisp charcoal. As you looked through it, the artist's preoccupations became evident: the lines hesitated and wavered around facial features — eyes and lips especially — and swept carelessly over the rest of the torsos. Tribal imagery and baby-like drawings abounded. As a series of pictures, they were most uninteresting. Variety was lacking. I'm quite sympathetic towards modern art, but the scurrying crowds of KES must have passed them by without a second glance.

But in defence of the exhibition, it can be said that it was by a sculptor not a fine artist, and however silly the scribbles may have seemed to some, they do allow anyone interested in sculpture an insight into that particular art form. But to the majority of KES this was hardly the best introduction to the more glorious side of the art of this century. Perhaps Max Ernst next term will prove more fruitful.

Jonathan Hollow, Divisions.





ART SOCIETY: London Visits

We always try to arrange a trip to London at least once a term and I am happy to report that this last school year was no exception. On these enjoyable occasions we are joined by girls from KEHS and students from a local institute of further education and sixth-form college.

Our aim is to give boys and girls the opportunity to study and enjoy original works of art, craft and architecture, and to stimulate a critical awareness of their environment and culture. Many of our students will be taking art to GCE A-level standard, so these outings become an essential part of their A-level course and, more importantly, the general education of the group as a whole.

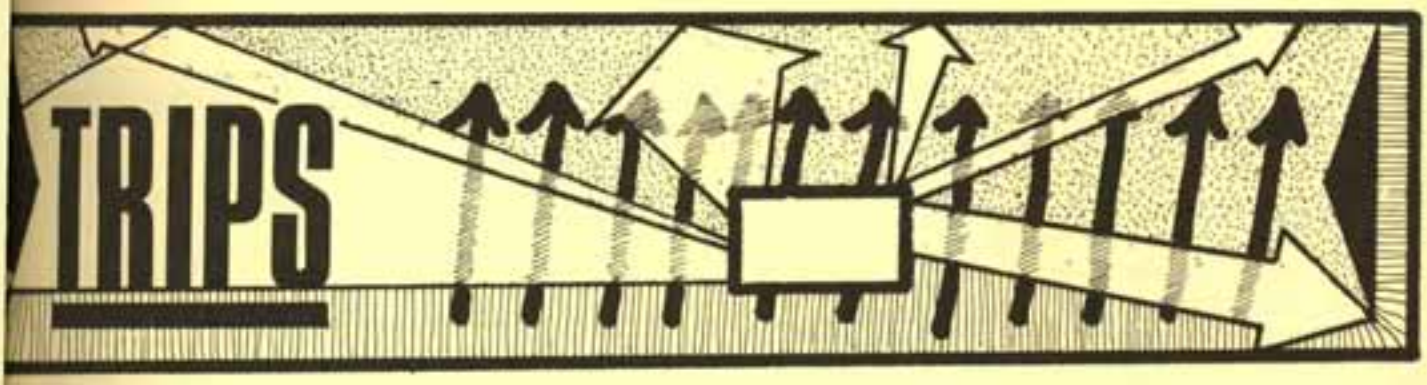
Some of the highlights during the year have been the Matthew Smith Retrospective, the Pre-Raphaelites, the 1984 Royal Academy Summer Exhibition and, perhaps best of all, the well-displayed exhibition of English Romanesque Art (1066) at the Hayward.

The Art Department has an excellent exhibition programme here at KES showing a wide range of work from the Arts Council of Great Britain and from pupils of the school. These exhibitions are regularly visited by students from local art schools and departments of education. They are open to the public from 10.00 am to 5.00 pm daily: parents and friends are particularly welcome.

T.H.W.A.

ART EXHIBITION

Yes, you are right: there wasn't an Annual Art Exhibition this July. That is why there is no report of it here. But there will be an Exhibition for Founder's Day instead, and we will have *two* reports for next year's *Chronicle*.



HAYWOOD TRAVEL SCHOLARSHIP: EASTER 1983
ROMAN AND PUNIC REMAINS IN TUNISIA

Modern Tunisia is well known for its oilfields and miles of sandy beaches, bordered now by hundreds of enormous hotels. At the same time, however, it is a country that possesses a rich and varied history. It was our intention, therefore, to travel inland and examine its history from the plethora of ancient remains.

We flew from Luton to Monastir airport, landing in the early hours of the morning, then taking a taxi the ten miles to Sousse, which was to become our base for the following twelve days.

Our hotel was small, modest and cheap but nevertheless comfortable. The atmosphere was friendly, and the entire hotel staff were dedicated to making our stay pleasurable, made easier for them as we were virtually the only residents. Known as 'Zee English', we settled in quickly — but only to find out that our plans would have to be completely reorganised. Transport to many of the inland sites proved to be primitive and it looked as if we would fail to reach many. However, with the assistance of a particularly helpful guide, we were able to visit the majority of sites.

Our first visit was to the enormous amphitheatre at El Djem with a capacity of about 31,000 compared to Rome's Colosseum that held about 50,000. The town itself was minute - so why should they have constructed such a theatre in the middle of nowhere? Well, it was exactly the middle of nowhere, that is, exactly 64 km from the two nearest major cities: Sousse in the north and Sfax to the south. Its huge size and splendour were overwhelming, making this visit one of the most memorable.

The train provided us with our main form of transport, rivalling British Rail by regularly being several hours late! Nevertheless, by exploiting the sophisticated one-line track network which covers very little of Tunisia, we managed to reach the most important sites.

Dougga offered the widest selection of Roman buildings, representing a time span from Tiberius of 30AD to Severius Alexander of the early third century. The best remains were the well-restored public toilets and the theatre. The town was built on a hillside with a commanding view over its wide adjacent plain. This view, besides being useful in the defence of the town, formed a magnificent backdrop behind the stage of the theatre.

The other highlights of the trip were visits to Tunis, Carthage and Sbeitla. Tunis, the capital city of modern Tunisia, is like any other capital city: large, noisy and busy. It is situated close to

the former capital, Carthage. Carthage was disappointing. It contained the Anthonine baths and some small unimpressive villas. There was a theatre but it was spoilt as it was adapted to regular use by the Comédie Français. Carthage is now the wealthiest suburb of Tunis including the Palace of the President, Habib Bourguiba.

Sbeitla, situated in semi-desert, proved to be the hardest to reach but by far the best site. We were forced to hire a Land Rover for the day at a huge cost and a driver who was paid very little. The remains are largely unexcavated and have been preserved by the dry, arid environment. Without guide or map we explored this virgin territory alone.

The town contained a tiny theatre on the banks of a river, now long since dried up, baths with a very sophisticated hypocaust system, a large forum and signs of an early Christian church. The statues remain in position, the mosaics untouched. Sbeitla was very much as the Romans had left it.

It is impossible to include the details of all the sites visited in such an article, but we would like to stress that Tunisia contains not only fine architecture from the Roman era but lavishly decorated mosques.

As Francis Bacon wrote, "Travel in the younger sort is a part of education." We were certainly educated, not only by seeing the glorious, classical remains but by witnessing a culture so devastatingly different from our own. We thank the school for the financial assistance and also, particularly, the members of staff who encouraged us to enter.

Stephen Taylor and Andrew MacGeoch, Sixths.

FIRST CLASSICAL SOCIETY TRIP TO ITALY
4th - 14th April, 1984

The first of the two trips to Italy which were organised at Easter lasted ten days and was supported by a party forty strong. It was led by Mr Tibbott, Mr Evans, Mrs Shipway and Mr Cooper and Mrs Marston from KEHS. Our guide was a retired schoolmaster, Eric Brentini, who was born in Switzerland but had lived in London for some time. He was thus bilingual in English and Italian. His knowledge of the classical sites was wide and deep. He added further colour to the tours using his own experiences during World War II when he had fought at Monte Cassino and also witnessed an eruption of Vesuvius.

The many excursions were of two types: very detailed tours of classical sites and lightning visits such as those to Rome and Assisi which served to give just a taste of the place while encouraging us to return in the future.

A whole morning was devoted to Pompeii. We saw extensive remains, preserved for centuries under volcanic ash. Here we saw impressive theatres, an amphitheatre, gymnasium and forum. Perhaps more interesting were the restored villas and shops, while the casts of people in the positions they were in when Vesuvius erupted were particularly moving. That afternoon we visited the crater of the volcano itself. The mountain dominates the surrounding area and the view from the summit across the bay of Naples was spectacular. The crater itself is 2,000 ft across, like a vast bare quarry with jets of steam emerging at various points.

The National Museum in Naples is vast and many of its galleries are filled with endless lines of headless statues and partially restored mosaics. However, it does also contain small household artefacts such as cosmetics and tools and even some shoes found at Pompeii and Herculaneum. Herculaneum is a smaller site than Pompeii and much of the ancient town is still unexcavated. It was buried under mud rather than ash which means that even wood remains from the Roman period. Of particular interest

is a two storey house and the corner shops in each street.

We also visited Cumae, with its Sybil's Cave, and Paestum with its striking Greek temples and wall paintings. A day was spent relaxing on the isle of Capri, reached by a crowded boat from Sorrento. The highlight of this day was the view from the summit of Mount Solaro of this picturesque little island and the clear blue sea that surrounds it.

On the whole the trip was a great success, marred only by a number of unfortunate accidents. Indeed, certain members of the group seemed destined to suffer mishaps, the most serious of which were a very unpleasant motor accident and the snatching of a handbag by an Italian youth. There were other people who took it upon themselves to be sick twice in the coach, get lost in Assisi, lock themselves in bathrooms, unwittingly insult Italian yobs, cut themselves on parts of a Sealink ferry that got in their way and even to find themselves in the wrong railway carriage when the train was divided into two parts.

I greatly enjoyed the trip and on behalf of all of us I would like to thank the leaders for all their hard work: few will forget Mr Tibbott whose ability to sing Italian folk songs was endless.

Stephen Taylor, Sixths.

SECOND CLASSICAL SOCIETY TRIP TO ITALY 11th - 21st April, 1984

After the handkerchiefs had been wrung out and the final farewells said, we were off to Euston station. Although still bleary-eyed at this early hour, spirits seemed high. From Euston, via the busy tube to Vectoria, we 'hit' — to use one of Mr Edwards's favourite Anglo-Italian colloquialisms — Folkestone. Then on by Sealink to Calais and southward by train to Milan. I had been looking forward to the train journey, even if most of it was to be spent overnight, but I certainly did not expect what I received. Exhausted, without sleep and running out of cheese sandwiches, we arrived in Milan the next morning.

The few who did survive boarded a coach at the massive Milan station and continued southward. After an overnight stop at Aquasparta we reached Rome, and then Naples and Sorrento, a busy suburb where we tied up the horses and thankfully settled in. The dust, to its disgust, was never allowed to settle, so busy was the series of excursions.

Suddenly the final day came. Tired by our travels, exhilarated by the sights of Southern Italy, and confused by the strange food, we had to return from whence we had come. And so it came to pass that the chosen people were led from the wilderness into their promised land of hot running water and real zebra crossings. However, a good time was, to use another cliché, had by all. Thanks must be given to Mr Edwards, Mr and Mrs Lambie and Mr Shackleton for their hard work, and to our courier Mr Holmes for showing us Italy at its best.

Carl Rohsler, UMs.

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION TRAVEL SCHOLARSHIP

This scholarship was awarded to Duncan Faulkes and Geraint Lewis for a study of Scandinavian Flora and Fauna. A report has not, however, been forthcoming.

NATIONAL SAILING CENTRE, ISLE OF WIGHT

The party set off early in order to arrive in Southampton with plenty of time for the ferry. The only delay we encountered was Barry Manilow's nose at Blenheim Palace. Owing to the mass of Bank Holiday traffic at Southampton, we had to sit and watch the tide rise for three hours, until we were able to catch a ferry.

At last we arrived at the National Sailing Centre, perched on the bank of the Medina River. After a brief welcome we were immediately directed out of the main building and into the sail sheds. There we were shown our 'pipe-cot' accommodation, tacked onto the side of the sail sheds. Apart from the fact that anyone over five foot six inches needed two bunks, and there was only room for one person on the floor at a time, the accommodation was fine. The evening meal then followed. As with all the meals it wasn't 'Cordon Bleu' but a reasonable 'Delia Smith'!

For those up before the lark in the morning, there was keep-fit before breakfast, (obligatory for all those on Racing Courses). By nine we were having our first briefing and within a surprisingly short time we were on the water. The experienced sailed out into the Medina between the moored yachts, whilst we novices were towed well into the Solent before being released. The Toppers bore a great resemblance to a paddling of ducklings.

Just as I was getting the hang of sailing in a forwardish direction, KJB was sailing backwards (deliberately) and Jon Pickworth was performing his spinnaker drill and trying to impress us with his trapezing in the racing boats, and nearly falling overboard in the process. Meanwhile, on another part of the island, KMcI was falling off a sailboard more times than he actually got on it. Dave Somerset was half way to France on his.

The weather deteriorated towards the end of the week and by Friday the wind was at force six. All but the foolish stayed ashore. The 'oh-it's-impossible-to-capsize-a-Wayfarer' Wayfarers went out and managed to capsize, (didn't they Eddie?) and the board-sailors (those that hadn't given up already) demonstrated their wave-jumping skills.

The week culminated in an enthralling trip to see the Needles...by night (KMcI's idea). It is unfortunately pitch black at night (something KMcI didn't cater for) and we saw very little; perhaps next year?

We woke up to a howling gale and a gloomy outlook on the ferries on Saturday. So, in case of delay, we set off early and managed to get straight aboard a ferry — without the minibus. Unfortunately it took four hours to get the minibus, our luggage and lunch to Southampton! Thanks should go to KMcI and KJB for their organization and gullibility, even if KJB did get wet once or twice (it was purely accidental - honest!) Finally, if you have half an hour to spare, ask KMcI to tell you the joke (?) about the Martians with the big brown eyes landing in Ireland - he loves telling it...again and again!

Julian Sparrey, Divisions.

THE CANOEING TRIP, AUGUST 1983

OH NO! IT CAN'T BE! I hear you say, surely those lunatics didn't go back for more? Oh, but it was, and indeed we did: the KES canoeing trip was back, with new canoes, a fiery vengeance and, of course, 'The Jam'.

As the holiday progressed, however, none of these seemed to help very much with our canoeing — and on the first day, the crews' spirits were dampened not so much by the dunkings of the Eskimo rolling, but rather by the news that a badger had met its maker on the fender of our own fair Ford Transit. As for the new canoes: pah! Sleek and fast they may look and handle, but when confronted with the choppy Cornish coastal waters these turncoats soon reverted to their true form: submarine! Taking on water rapidly, these craft proved impossible to manoeuvre and caused the sinking of many a hardened veteran.

On more successful notes, the infamous 'Death Run' from Maenporth to Swanpool was finally completed, at the sixth attempt, without capsizing. Peranporth provided the venue for a highly enjoyable day's surfing as well as a surprise display of canoe aerobatics by Matt Hanson. Such dedication was only equalled by Jon Ager in his unrelenting search for companionship amongst the "younger female echelons" of the Cornish population.

The less sporting activities of the holiday included a visit to a closed outdoor theatre on the south coast, and a stroll around a thoroughly wet St Ives. Despite these disappointments, however, we were treated to a spectacular view of the ferocity of a Cornish storm from cliff vantage points.

Surely this was enough, you ask! But the crowning glory of the holiday was yet to come. Sampling the frigid delights of the Cornish night sea and strolling along the 'trail of nature' to sit finally by a moonlit lake, watching ducks ripple quietly through the darkness made a fitting end to a wholly enjoyable excursion.

Many thanks, yet again, to Mr Wills and to the ever-patient Mr Sljivic for their unfailing enthusiasm in making the holiday an excellent week for all concerned. Thanks also to Cornwall; once again left to lick its wounds for another year — until we return!

Matt Wilson, Sixths.

CHRISTMAS SKIING TRIP TO ST MORITZ

Some considerable time after we had committed ourselves to the skiing party, we were warned of the novelty of this trip; we were to stay in a Youth Hostel with particularly stringent rules, and to make the lengthy journey across Europe on a sleeper train. The arrival of the School Captain, the start of the holiday, and various other contrivances served as an excuse for the celebrations on the train. Few people found that night uneventful, and a great deal of travelling was done.

As soon as we saw the Hostel, we appreciated the need for such regulations — its standard was that of a good hotel rather than a Youth Hostel. Not surprisingly, the Gower representatives were introduced to us gradually; Carol-the-Axe was sent to travel with us, we encountered Mac at St Moritz station, but John we never saw.

Most groups found the skiing good and the instruction effective, although the top group found the necessity of adjusting their rank of progress to that of Brandeston Hall School restraining. The weather was poor, but did little to interfere with our enjoyment. Although most of the slopes were closed during our stay, those which were open were well chosen and maintained. An unfortunate accident towards the end of our stay left Anthony Rees in hospital over Christmas with a broken leg.

The après-ski facilities were good, although the Hostel was well removed from the centre of the town. Even so, it had games rooms; entry to the nearby swimming-pool was free with the lift-pass; and the local ice-rink was occasionally open. The Sonne restaurant provided a haven for recovery from the activity of the pistes. Enormously popular table-tennis competitions organised and monopolised by GAW and TBT, and table-football competitions were

participated in with enthusiasm.

Thanks to Mr Worthington who presided over the trip, Mr Tomlinson who left us at Paris, and Mr Wills who left us at Dover to talk to the Customs Officers.

Marcus Hughes, Fifths.

EASTER SKIING TRIP TO LES ARCS

The rather large party of fifty boys and masters gathered at the Foundation Office; the only island of light in this sea of darkness. We departed at 4 am and embarked on the gruelling journey to Les Arcs, high in the French Alps. By 10 am we were flying over the English Channel at 35000 feet en route for Geneva. The party was delayed slightly by Geneva baggage control; however, we were soon ready to depart on the final leg of our journey.

Les Arcs 1800 was one of the three 'mini-towns' that made up the Les Arcs resort. The ski lift system was well-designed and very extensive, with hundreds of kilometres of pistes. The skiing was further enhanced by the excellent snow. This allowed full use of the resort as we were not restricted to the higher slopes since the late snowfalls had covered all levels, giving ideal conditions.

Our accommodation differed from previous years as this year we spent the week in self-contained apartments with excellent facilities including an en suite bathroom and a fully fitted kitchen. The evening meals were taken at nearby restaurants which provided varying standards of cuisine. The après-ski facilities included a disco, an arcade and various bistros where late-night snacks and refreshments were readily available.

However, in a very short period the final day's skiing had passed and everyone had improved their skiing ability, despite the efforts of the advanced beginners to inflict mortal injuries on themselves and any other skiers who had the misfortune to be in the vicinity of their activities.

Many thanks are due to Mr Tomlinson, Mr Stead, Mr Worthington, Dr Bridges and Mr Everest, who had to deal with last minute changes in resort and a complete re-schedule of travel arrangements.

Simon Straker, Fourths.

WINTER WALKING TRIP TO THE LAKE DISTRICT

We arrived at Langdale Campsite in the dark: tents were erected and snow was visible, white amidst the gloom of a February evening.

Saturday brought the first real cookery: methods varied from the Cordon Bleu Five-Course Breakfast (failed) of Mark Hughes and myself, to the Jon 'Throw It In And See What Happens' Slater approach. But whatever method, Iain Tebbutt, resident primus expert, was always busy....

Bowfell and 'The Band' beckoned and the chance to impale our fingers on crampon spikes. The attempt on the 'Climber's Traverse', a steep snow slope, came to an abrupt end when one of the group fell — it was time to try the legendary 'Ice Axe Arrest'. The ice axe arrested beautifully, but I didn't, sliding down until my crampons stopped me! The walk ended uneventfully, apart from the ludicrous bagpiper, playing Scotland the Brave in a snowstorm! After a relaxing time in the New Dungeon Ghyll, we spent a very cold night in the tents.

Next morning, after thawing out the water (and Mark Hill's boots) we set off, dressed in a motley array of gear, ranging in colour from red

("It's psychological!" 'warmer") to Khaki ("It's military so it mu[illegible] best"). After lunch behind Dr Bridges' 'windbreak' at Esk Hause, possibly the coldest place on earth, we marched on to Esk Pike, Bowfell, Three Tarns Col and finally 'The Band'. It was here, whilst 'polyboganning' – a sport rejected as too dangerous for the Winter Olympics - that 'Psycho' Woodhouse chose to demolish a rock pile with his head! The evening found us smuggling wet, smelly boots into the pub.

Monday brought a last assault up Taylor Ghyll to Stickle Tarn where we tested the strength (or otherwise) of the ice. After Parey Ark, Harrison Stickle was climbed and we descended a snow slope, whence no man had gone before (but judging by the prints, a dog had!), before making our way home.

Thanks are due to Dr Bridges for leading yet another most enjoyable walking trip.

Paul Davies, Sixths.

GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP: LAKE DISTRICT (Divisions)

As the first of two trips for the Divisions, all concerned tried hard to keep the workload light and the atmosphere friendly. The hotel in Keswick where we stayed was excellent in most respects, especially the food and its two bars for 'relaxation'.

Most of the trip was taken up with an introduction to physical geography in the field. This, combined with the fact that Mr Sljivic was in training for a marathon, meant that the physical activity was somewhat excessive at times. When, after a long day's walking, the aforementioned Mr Sljivic suggested climbing up Helvellyn in driving wind and rain, all but four of the most foolhardy refused. Messrs Sljivic, Allred, de Vos, Woodhouse and Anderson bravely struggled on, only to be defeated at the final hurdle by '60 mph?' winds that made it too dangerous to continue. Mr 'Tracker' Sljivic lived up to his reputation as an infamous guide, and the return trip to Mr Cumberland and the others at the minibus was somewhat more hazardous and took somewhat longer than expected.

The Hydrology continued in much the same vein. The masters, having given a cursory glance at a map of the area, decided to measure the first river they saw. Accordingly, next morning, the intrepid Geog Div were dropped off in pairs 'close' to the 'small' river we were to measure. Once we had actually found the river (not always easy) it turned out to be a raging torrent. Amidst snapping tape measures, freezing hands, lost data sheets and soaked bodies, conclusive results became impossible to achieve. We were therefore left with only a couple of miles' hike to the rendezvous. The remaining days were spent studying the glacial features of the Lake District as well as a basic introduction to human geography.

Perhaps the only criticism of this enjoyable trip was the means of transport. A crowded minibus with small headlight windows provides neither much comfort nor the necessary degree of vision to get the full benefit from the trip. Nevertheless, full marks must go to Messrs Sljivic and Cumberland for giving up their time to organise this trip; they can be sure their efforts were appreciated.

Niels de Vos, Divisions.

A report was also received from Niels de Vos on the second field trip - to North Yorkshire.

GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP: BANGOR (Fourths)

A convoy of minibuses in varying stages of repair moved out of Birmingham one day last July, bound for North Wales. The ritual Fourth-form field trip was under way: an integral part of the course and billed as 'a bit of post-exam relief'. The truth of the latter part of this statement became dubious at our first stop. As the doors of the minibuses opened, the rain came down right on cue and fell relentlessly on the forlorn group of students frantically making

notes inside their plastic bags on the source of the River Conwy and its surrounding physical geography. As the course of the river was followed, partly on foot and partly by bus, the weather improved considerably, until the late afternoon, when a band of happy geographers could be seen observing the estuary of the now venerable River Conwy, bathed in sunlight. Four sides of notes later, Bangor Youth Hostel was reached and two dormitories promptly occupied. After storming the YHA's cash till, the lads assaulted Bangor town centre.

The tactics of the next day soon became obvious: 'exhaust the blighters and maybe they'll do some geography'. The glaciated landforms of the Nant Francon valley were observed, pondered over and drawn, and the significance of Roche Moutonees imprinted on our brains. Next came the assault on the Devil's Kitchen and Y Gan, impressively led by Dr Bridges. The day wound up with a skilful, learned and off-the-cuff appraisal by Mr Cumberland of the role of Snowdonia as a National Park.

By Day 3, the team were a bit the worse for wear, but nonetheless woke up in time to have Bethesda, superficially a dreary Welsh slate town, brought alive for them by Mr Cumberland. The town of Conwy was painstakingly analysed prior to the grand finale in Llandudno with the notorious tourist questionnaire. Welsh pensioners were ruthlessly interrogated about the length of their holiday, modes of transport and favourite holiday activity.

Thus ended what was an enlightening, invigorating and, above all, enjoyable trip, for which our thanks are due to Mr Cumberland and Dr Bridges.

Joe Martin, Fourths.

A report was also received on the Fourth form Geography field trip to Colwyn Bay - written by James Tait.

ABERYSTWYTH 1984: MARINE BIOLOGY TRIP

Arriving at the University Campus was a reasonably unpainful business and once a preliminary collection of animals and seaweeds had been made, the work really began. Each specimen was painstakingly examined, drawn and manhandled.

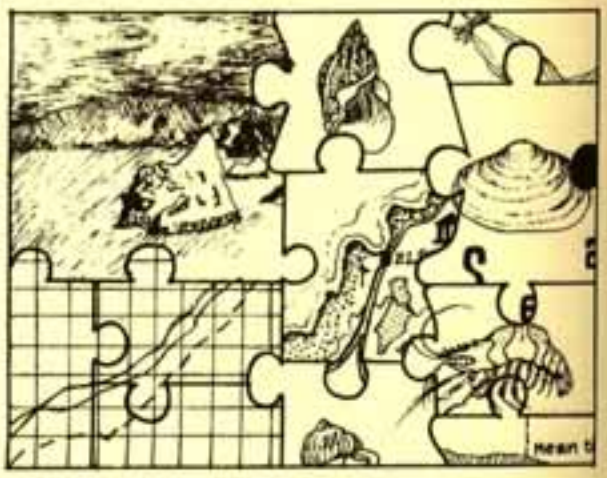
Unfortunately there was not the classic 'barnacle brain dissection' this year. This was probably since Dr Homer was preoccupied in ensuring that Bradley did not announce his birthday during dinner each evening.

The week involved a considerable amount of practical work, mainly on the beaches of Borth, Clarach and College Rocks. As a result, much of the daytime was spent out of the lab, therefore evening activities included lectures, experiments and dissections amongst other things. Yet, towards the end of the evenings, the lure of the Students' Union proved too great for many, although Simon Gall told us how only too pleased he would be to stay on the job all night.

The six days were soon gone and all that was left was a visit to the Plant Breeding Station. Mr Russell, who had been the previous year, was clearly looking forward to seeing the renowned Miss Twigg again. Our initial disappointment turned to excitement as Sam Smallman tried to smash a petri dish, but Mr Russell refused to have another go on the electron microscope, since he hasn't finished paying for the last one he broke.

All our thanks must go to Mr Rigby, Mr Lampard, Dr Homer and Mr Russell without whom the week's entertainment would not have been nearly so enjoyable.

Stuart Coley, Divisions.



SHELL L LONDON ZOO TRIP

We left our school at nine-o-five,
And along the motorway the coach did drive.
We eventually got to London Zoo
At approximately twelve-o-two.
I was in a group of three:
Jon Thompson, Brennan and fabulous me!

Birds of prey, we saw — who can
Spread their wings to a six-foot span;
Sleepy tigers lying on rocks
Were soon awakened by crowing cocks.
These cocks came from the Children's Zoo,
Where all the goats nibbled you!

Into the Moonlight World we went,
Where quite a lot of time was spent.
I looked especially at the dark fruit bats,
Who were almost as big as fully-grown cats!
The yellow mongoose prowled around,
Over the coarse, sandy ground.

The speed with which they chased their dinners
Would make the sea-lions Olympic swimmers!
The moulting camel was quite a sight —
I wonder if he lies down at night?
The thirty-six acres of the Zoo
We had looked at by four-o-two!

At the coach we did meet;
How come the fourth-formers won the back seat?
On the way back we had a sing-song -
And we didn't even get a verse wrong.
We met our Mums at the top of the drive,
And that was around eight-o-five.

Alex Wraight, Shells.

UMD/UME FORM TRIP TO WALES

At 8.30 am, we, that is half of UMD, half of UME, Mr Edwards and Dr Homer, set off for the Bryn Poeth Uchaf Youth Hostel in mid Wales. As we left, the brown minibus, driven by Dr Homer, proved to have the greater engine capacity and UME and Mr Edwards in the yellow minibus were left far behind.

When we arrived at our destination at around 2.00 pm, we were faced with hauling our rucksacks and bags to the Hostel which was a mere half mile away. The hostel has a two star rating — gas in cylinders and water supplied from a tank next to the Youth Hostel. The windows were minute and with the lack of electricity most of the Youth Hostel was in permanent darkness. Comments were overheard that in the event of a nuclear war, it could be used by the government as a nuclear shelter.

We set off again to the Lunn Brianne reservoir for a good long walk which later developed into a bit of a climb in which several people almost took nasty falls. As time went by, a few of us got left behind and went the wrong way. Eventually we found the main party again, on the other side of a field of sheep!

Several features of our little trip will be remembered by all of us: Mr Edwards' and Dr Homer's extraordinary talent for making up new and innovative recipes such as 'Goulash With Salted Roasted Peanuts'; Harbottle's 'seriously damaged' tent; Hodgett and Datta trying to chase two cows off the road (and failing!); Dr Homer's infamous emergency stops; and, of course, the sheep.

Thanks are due to Mr Edwards and to Dr Homer for organising this delightful little holiday which we will all remember for ever, well, until tomorrow anyway.

Richard Straker and Indraneel Datta, UMs.

REMOVES TRIP TO STOKESAY AND LUDLOW CASTLE

We were split up into three groups as soon as we arrived at Ludlow, the whole party consisting of Removes W and E. Mr Evans took one group, Mr Lillywhite the second and Mr Trott the third.

In turn, each group visited the strong castle, the oldest part (the Inner Bailey) dating from 1086. A castle on the Welsh border lands had to extremely strong and this had the natural advantages of a hill and a river as well. We made our way to the bridge, where the small outlets protruding from the sides enabled the archers of the time to fire at oncoming craft. The large parish church, rebuilt and enlarged in 1199, was visited next. The newer stained-glass windows were very effective, and from the steeple, we could see an enthralling view of the surrounding area, including the castle.

Soon the coach moved on to Stokesay Castle which, in fact, was a manor house, fortified against small groups of Welsh marauders. It was more comfortable to live in than the castle, yet still reasonably well defended. Beautiful carvings and the original wooden beams can still be seen inside the solar and great hall. Nearby stood the small parish church of St John the Baptist, built around 1150, which we briefly visited before finally departing.

Thanks to everybody involved — the trip was a huge success.

Niels Hooper, Removes.

REM E FORM TRIP TO SHROPSHIRE

On 12th May, fourteen members of Remove E, Mr Evans and his wife set off in a minibus bound for the Wrekin. The view from the top of the Wrekin was well worth the climb. Then, after lunch at Buildwas Abbey, we visited Viriconium, the fourth largest town in Roman Britain. We then had free time in Shrewsbury, Martin Potter visiting ten churches in only 1½ hours. Supper was meant to be in a restaurant, but fish and chips at the foot of the Long Mynd was almost the same thing, and the water fight which followed was much better. We spent the night at Ratlinghope Youth Hostel. The following day was spent walking on the Stiper Stones, around Mitchell's Fold Stone Circle, Clun Castle and Offa's Dyke. Our thanks are due to Mr and Mrs Evans, who lived up to the Evans tradition by giving out ten sides early in the trip. Thanks also to the Youth Hostel warden: we hope his pillows survived our pillow fight!

Simon Knowles, Removes.

4T FORM TRIP TO PARIS

At 7.10 on a dull Spring morning, half of 4T and a few additions from other forms met Messrs Tibbott and Workman at New Street Station in various types of apparel. Still half asleep, we set off for Folkestone. During the journey, numerous card schools were set up whilst others listened dreamily to personal stereos.

The ferry was fairly uneventful. Soon the party woke up to an expectancy of the happenings to come. In direct contrast to our BR journey, we travelled to Paris in a modern, reliable (and on-time!) train. On arrival in Paris, the atmosphere was overwhelming. In a state of anticipation, we were led about the city *en route* to our UNESCO hostel. Within five minutes of arrival, we gained a mischievous reputation. After a meal in a fast food joint, we were left to our own devices. To our astonishment, nothing was open on a Saturday night!

On the next morning, the air was heavy, the breakfast scant and the day stretched far ahead. To our horror, we discovered that we were to be accompanied for a part if not the whole day. Following a gruelling walk along the banks of the Seine, we entered the famous Louvre. After a very short visit (is there a Common Room record for who can drag a party round it the fastest?), we split up at our request. Dinner was eaten at the same place as the night before. The less said about the rest of that night the better....

On the journey home, many slept and the rest pondered about what could have happened, had we spent a week there.

Thanks to Mr Tibbott for organising it and to Mr Workman for aiding it to be such a memorable trip.

Phil Mirams, Fourths.

ENGLISH DIVISION TRIP TO HAWORTH

Who said field trips were only restricted to geography and biology students? On Friday November 4th nine keen English students set out for Yorkshire, with KJB driving, to prove otherwise and to obtain valuable background material for our work on Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights*.

On Friday evening after pitching our tents in a cowpat-spattered field on Andy Shackleton's grandparents' farm our work began. We visited a local fire-works display and spent the rest of the evening savouring the atmosphere (and bitter) of the Yorkshire surroundings.

The Saturday was spent visiting Haworth, home of the Brontës. The rambling scenery and unique atmosphere were admired, as was, in Shaun Austin's case, the local barmaid. We walked across the moors where those great characters Cathy and Heathcliff walked and went round the Brontë museum. In the evening the party 'hit' Leeds and saw *The Ruling Class* at the Playhouse. On returning we learned that the murderer 'Arthur the Fox' was on the loose in the area and so Sean Connolly, Phil Silk and Dave Sandercock spent most of the night looking for him, while Justin Gray got friendly with the sheep and Tariq Yusuf tried to work out why his and Mike MacGeoch's tent kept falling down.

We left the farm on Sunday and went to York where 'dead-hand' Simon Cotter bought everyone a 'Coke' after an amazing run on a fruit machine and Andy Rimmer showed his intelligence by falling down a lamp-post and leaving his camera in a Wimpy Bar. Exhausted, we arrived back in Brum on Sunday evening.

Thanks must go to Andy Shackleton and his grandparents for the use of the farm, Jem and of course Kate Barnett, who finally laid to rest the rumour about women drivers. We are now waiting expectantly for next Autumn when a similar trip is planned to Dorset in order to visit the setting of Hardy's *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*.

Shaun Austin and Simon Cotter, Divisions.

EXPEDITION TO HADRIAN'S WALL

On a hot Friday afternoon, at the start of the May Bank Holiday, we were taken to New Street by Mr Tibbott, and from there we began our journey northwards. Having arrived at Newcastle, we were given a knowledgeable tour of Wallsend, and the recent restorations and excavations, by Mr Owen. Then, after a brief look round the centre of Newcastle, we caught the train westwards to Bardon Mill and the inn which was to be our home for the next three nights. After a dinner of Double Hunky and chips we settled down for the night to prepare ourselves for the following day.

Early on the Saturday morning, we caught the bus into Hexham, and, after looking round the abbey and the rest of the town, we proceeded towards the Roman Fort at Chesters. We descended from the bus and entered a field to get our first sight of the wall. It was a short but well preserved stretch with the remains of a turret containing two weathered altars.

Then, after a short walk, we arrived at the banks of the River North Tyne where we rested: the sun was now glaring down upon us. Mr Owen showed us the remains of a Roman bridge that had once spanned the river and the massive stones, some weighing over a ton, which comprised the abutment. It was then decided, to save a detour of about one mile and the entrance fee of 40p, that we should try to enter Chesters Fort by wading across the river. We all removed our shoes and socks, except, that is, for Russell Barrett, who confidently predicted that he could cross the river without getting his feet wet. This was a disastrous decision, as the distance between the stones, as well as their size, was deceptive: the slippery moss did not help much either. He was one third of the way across when he decided to change tactics and go barefoot like the rest of us. Jeremy Tozer quickly reached the opposite bank and then returned to help us. He was unable, however, to prevent Russell from dropping his camera in the river: the rucksack quickly followed and then Russell himself: then he repeated the whole procedure, and did an encore. After forty minutes, we all arrived on the opposite bank, exhausted but exhilarated.

After a brief look around Chesters, we caught a taxi to the Temple of Mithras at Carrawburgh. The Temple was very well preserved and contained some replicas of the various altars and pillars, the originals having been seen at Newcastle the day before. We then began the ten mile walk back to the inn along Hadrian's Wall. After walking along some of the least visited parts of the Wall, we arrived at Housesteads. After a brief look around, we left to return on Monday for a closer inspection.

On Sunday, we caught the bus to Haltwhistle and then proceeded to Carvoran, once a Roman Fort and now the site of a museum. We then walked along the high crags to Windshield, the highest point of the wall, being 1230 feet above sea level, passing through the Roman Fort of Great Chesters. We then walked down to Vindolanda, the site of an early Roman fort and village. The remains of the old streets and buildings were clearly visible; there were also reconstructions of a Milecastle and a Turret. We then returned to the inn and ordered Double Hunky and chips.

On Monday, our final day, we had a shorter walk. First to Housesteads, for more detailed examination, then westwards along the most popular part of the Wall for tourists. Every section of the Wall was covered, including a detour to the north for extensive views, and a final visit to Vindolanda. Having arrived back at the inn we caught the train to Carlisle and thence to Birmingham, tired but happy. We are grateful to Mr Owen for the organization of the trip, and to all at Bardon Mill for their kindness.

Russell Barratt, Paul Kramer and Jeremy Tozer, Fourths.

CCF TRIP TO BERLIN Easter 1984.

Thanks to Mr Benson's persuasive talents, a party of seventeen boys (9 from KES, 6 from Five Ways and 2 from Warwick) was able to travel to Berlin as guests of the Fusiliers,

accompanied by Mr Dewar and Mr Andronov. The visit succeeded in combining unfamiliar military training with the social and educational opportunities that Berlin has to offer.

The high point of the training was the urban warfare skills, essential to the NATO forces in West Berlin in their role as defenders of the city in the event of an attack. Those of us who went through it will remember the physical demands of engaging an enemy protected by concrete walls and barbed wire barricades, and the delights of breathing pure smoke for ten minutes while your enemy grins at you from behind their respirators. The watermanship, the visits to the tank regiment and AAC border patrols and the mortar firing were equally memorable.

On the cultural side we saw the Reichstag, the Air Safety Centre and visited East Berlin to see their attempts at Western style department stores. The times we saw the Wall were some of the most striking times of our visit, producing anger, revulsion and sadness.

On the social side we mustered a football team to tackle the highly drilled ranks of the local forces' school. Training conquered enthusiasm and we lost 5-1. However, one of the team's stars, Corporal Johnnie, managed to redeem himself with his own brand of songs on the way to a nightclub and, later on, with his own brand of beer. Thanks to Dead or Alive and a Scottish DJ we had a very good evening despite certain 'trotters'.

The trip was, for many of us, our best time in the CCF, and thanks go to DCD and GA for taking us, to Major Cleveland and his officers for their time and patience and to all the soldiers of B Company, especially Sgt Waters and Corporals Lowe and Lydiate whose honest humour and professionalism made the trip so enjoyable.

Simon Taylor, Sixths.

CCF VISIT TO HMS LINDISFARNE

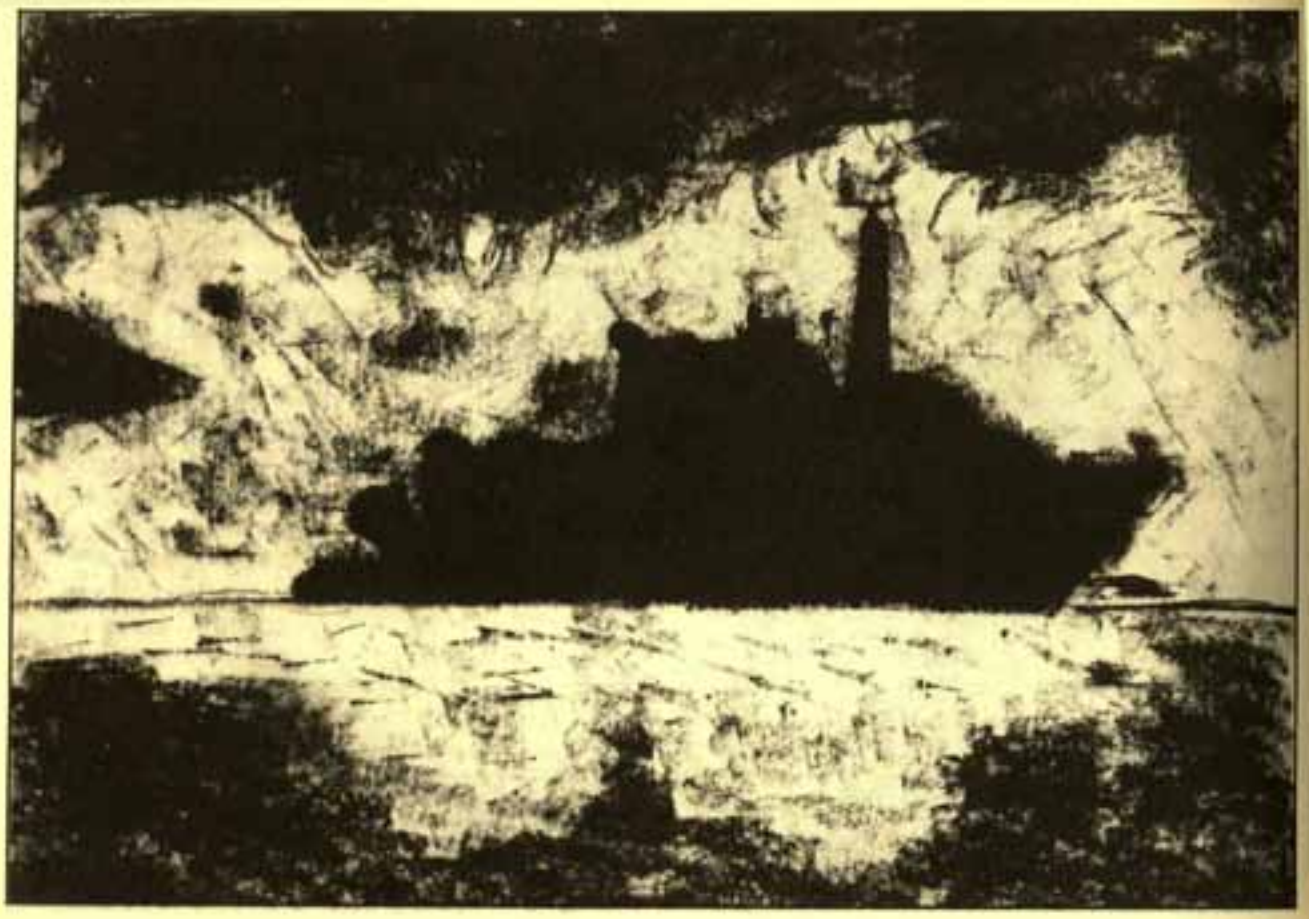
On Wednesday 28th March at half past one, three Royal Naval cadets set off to join HMS Lindisfarne, a fishery protection vessel, for ten days. We arrived at No. 9 dock in Manchester in the early evening and, after being welcomed by the coxswain and shown to our messes, were treated to a non-greasy meal of fish and chips. We had a late start in the morning and at about midday were joined by twenty Sea Cadets from TS Quantock for the seven hour trip down the Manchester Ship Canal. After the voyage we dropped them off at the bottom lock.

The next time we stopped was midday on Friday morning, in the middle of the Irish Sea with no land in sight. This was for a towing exercise with the Lindisfarne's sister ship HMS Jersey. It took them four attempts to fire the towrope correctly over our bows. The Saturday and Sunday were spent patrolling the Irish Sea and boarding fishing boats. We were given an exhilarating ride in a Searider just above the waves at 36 knots. The other Searider, coming back from boardings, was full of fish from the trawlers.

On Monday we arrived in Douglas on the Isle of Man and, due to an electrical fault, stayed until Wednesday morning. Then, as we left the shelter of Douglas breakwater, we had our first — and fortunately only — taste of bad weather, during which we all took to our bunks to sleep it out; however at two o'clock we were called to Inspection stations and the Searider was sent out to board the 'Green Hill'. Two days later we left Douglas and came back home having survived without being seasick (well almost!).

Our thanks go to Commander Benson and Lieutenant-Commander Wilson, the captain of the Lindisfarne, for organising the trip, which I hope will become a regular fixture in the CCF diary.

Robert Dudley, Fourths.



CCF TRIP TO ROBIN HOOD'S BAY, Whitsun 1984

The party comprised nine Cadets from Conolly (UMs), three NCOs from the Divisions, and three masters, staying at a farm near Robin Hood's Bay, West Yorkshire.

An advance party of the NCOs and Mr Dewar went by 'Rover' early in the day to prepare the camp and cook for the rest who would be arriving later. The twenty-man meal of steak-and-kidney and mashed potato (Kennomeat and wallpaper paste) was much appreciated, especially by Mr Andronov, who seemed to eat half of it!

The first day's walk to, and return from, Hayburn Wyke was characterised by pleasant weather and a diminutive physicist talking to other like-minded enthusiasts on his CB (Hamateur Radio as he insisted). The next day's planned walk was sadly cancelled because of the rain and the day was spent in Scarborough instead.

However, the following day was more successful, with a walk across the moors/ten mile marsh — except for some Russian-sounding chap who kept complaining his feet were wet.

The final day consisted of a 'forced march' to Whitby where the redoubtable CB managed to reach someone in the Cairngorms (isn't science amazing!).

Other highlights of the trip were: the nightly ritual of trying to stay clean on the way to Robin Hood's Bay 'nightlife', the pool-playing abilities of the locals, and the encouraging example of Cadet Morgan, who managed to keep going despite his stride being five times shorter then anyone else's; even mine. The camp 'characters' should also be mentioned; they know who they are!

Our thanks to Mr Patterson for the use of his farm, to Mr G. 'Oh my knee' Andronov, Dr Homer 'CQ, CQ' and Mr D. 'Digging holes is satisfying' Dewar: for a most enjoyable trip.

Paul Woodhouse, Divisions.

The presentation of the portrait of Mr Fisher took place in the early weeks of the Spring Term. In a packed Big School, Mr Whittall (the artist) presented the painting to Mr Fisher, who in turn presented it to the School, for future display.

THE FOUNDATION SERVICE

Once again the rain sodden pavements of the Bull Ring were trodden by King Edward's boys' feet. The milling throngs gathered to present the public unity of the Foundation. In the scaffold-filled St Martin's church, various readings were given, in addition to the various congregational hymns.

This year the prayers and sermon were given by the Revd Dr Charles Elliott, Director of Christian Aid. He preached on the Covenant of God and its renewal by Jesus, whereby those on the fringes of society were identified with by Christ. He described his experiences of Christian Aid work in El Salvador where he had seen the work of the church at its strongest within a strong community.

However, the significance and value of the service must be seriously considered as, for the first time, enthusiasm for attendance fell below the minimum numbers required. Once there, the major activity appeared to be a sweepstake on the sermon's length and the only unity between schools was when Camp Hill's and Five Ways' boys closed in for a struggle. Let us hope that in the future some things may be done to improve enthusiasm for the service.

Paul Davies

SCOUT REVIEW OF THE YEAR

When asked to write this report, I was surprised to realise that another year had gone by. Thinking back to last July, vague memories of the last camp came to mind. For a change, it was decided to have one camp twelve days long instead of two camps lasting only ten days each. This gave the opportunity of varied activities, although twelve days in a field is always a hardship; however, I believe everyone enjoyed themselves.

In approaching the tremendous height of eighty members, it was possible for a wide selection of expeditions to take place. The Shells and Rems were introduced to Youth Hostelling in Monmouthshire. In the depths of a Welsh winter, they discovered how cold life must have been in a fourteenth century castle when they spent one of the coldest nights of their lives in St Briavel's Castle Youth Hostel. Others spent a weekend on a barge on Birmingham's canals while a further group of intrepid explorers went pot-holing and climbing, over and under the Brecon Beacons. With patrol camps throughout the summer at the group's site in Alvechurch too, I think all have thoroughly enjoyed themselves in their outside activities.

On Friday afternoons, several new activities have taken place, including a visit to a BMX track and at long last a competition against the CCF navy section, which the Scouts proudly won.

As always, the year ended with the summer event. This year's was very successful, with teams from both Scouts and parents taking part. Parents who took part in previous years amazed me by having total lack of respect for themselves and turning up again.

Finally, I would like to thank all those masters without whom scouting at KES would not thrive - especially Mr Russell who never runs out of energy in his organisation - but also Mr Hancock for his intelligence and the serious side to activities; both Mr Jones and Mr Evans who have started off their scouting lives well; and last (although not least) Dr Rowson, for his control of the crazy Venture Scouts. Of course thanks must also go to Messrs Homer, Tibbott and Workman for their involvement in the highly enjoyable summer camps and other scouting activities.

Russ Barker, Divisions

Mr Russell, the Group Scout Leader, wishes to thank sincerely all the Venture Scouts, who have acted as 'morgues' in the last two years, for their great efforts and patience. They will all be remembered with great respect and affection - and it is to be hoped that there will be those who will continue with Scouting, and others who will return to help with future camps. *A.P.R.*

SEA SCOUTS

Membership of the Venture Sea Scout Unit threatened to sink to an all-time low this year: the unit began the year as a powerful force of three, but two of these missed the whole of the summer term! This year has, however, still been one of the most active for several years. Numbers were boosted by the introduction of two junior patrols who joined us for the sailing during the autumn and summer, but returned to their troops for the winter and spring. Mr Rigby also joined the unit in the summer term - and we even saw Mr Sljivic trying his hand on the sailboard on one occasion!

The Sea Scouts have acquired one new dinghy over the year - a Wayfarer - and have regular access to the school sailboard. On this score we have been considerably outdone by the Navy, however, who, by virtue of their increasingly generous allowance, have now

got two sailboards of their own!

As much because of the decline in numbers of seniors as anything else, the annual Sea Scout Camp has become obsolete — but was successfully superseded last August by a school trip to the National Sailing Centre at Cowes — which will be repeated again this summer.

Thanks are due to Mr McIlwaine for his organisation and efficient repair work during the year.

James Pickworth, Divisions

CCF GENERAL INSPECTION

This year has been a most successful one for the CCF, and the Annual Inspection proved the icing on the cake. On parade were a total of 7 officers and 108 cadets who were inspected by Brigadier Lee, who commented that the "standard was very high; great care had been taken in the preparation of uniforms and equipment."

Parade-bashing completed, both sections provided an exciting range of demonstrations. Members of Vyse platoon abseiled from a top corridor classroom past Room 45 (or almost into it in one case) to the South Terrace. Slim platoon demonstrated Unarmed Combat and a simulated hostage rescue, while the South Field once more provided Conolly cadets with the opportunity to show off their first year's battlecraft skills. The Navy section provided static displays about the Falklands War, ship recognition, camping, Naval medals, HMS Birmingham and a navigation exercise. Certainly not static were the inter-section raft race and the Jackstay transfer (or aerial runway) across the swimming pool.

Various awards were gained by CCF members during the year: the Knight Memorial Medals were won by Nigel Chandler in the

Navy section and by Steve Benson in the Army section. More important, however, were the external awards: a Royal Navy Cadetship was awarded to Nigel Chandler, Army Scholarships were awarded to Matthew Hanson and Richard Whitticase, and Damian Orton won a Royal Air Force Cadetship.

Paul Davies, Sixths.

PERSONAL SERVICE GROUP

I joined the Personal Service Group to take the opportunity of doing something offered within a school which was not readily available outside. In my view, it's pointless to opt for something like squash which can easily be done in a lunch-hour or at a youth-club near your home.

I visit a 79-year-old man who lives in a dingy street, in an outwardly shabby house in Balsall Heath. He has lived there since he was three years old and the family was forced to move after his father died. His school is still just around the corner and his work-place for 55 years is only a mile away.

I have an immediate respect for and distance from someone who has lived in the same place for 76 years of his life. This sort of stability is totally incomprehensible to me in the changeable society that I have been brought up in. He talks a lot about his old work and work-mates and I am sure that it is friends of a similar age that he misses.

When I first went to visit him, he slammed the door in my face, proclaiming that he was 'bad' and he didn't need a youngster coming to see him. I was very upset, as I had the typical idea that everybody should be profoundly glad for my duties towards them.

A few months later, I went back and he accepted me gratefully, explaining that he became very depressed occasionally and that he really wanted a friend, but he realised that the best he would get was company.

He does most of the talking when I visit him, as he is partially deaf and it takes a great effort on my part to make him hear anything. I spend my time nodding, smiling and occasionally interjecting a question. I also make him a cup of tea in his kitchen, which always smells of rotten cat-food, although I have never seen a cat in the house.

He talks mainly about his work, wife and mother. His father died in the First World War and therefore his mother was very close to him. He speaks of her often, and with much affection. It is a pity that the fashion today is to disown one's mother and speak of her either as a figure of ridicule or as a stifling influence. His wife, it seems, had less power over him, and she was more of a stable background to his life, someone constantly there. She died just as he retired, thus ruining all his plans.

At first he enjoyed the solitude but it soon turned to loneliness and he desperately wanted a friend. Now he has a bad heart condition and finds it difficult to breathe in the morning. A nurse comes to see him twice a week and he also has a home help.

Today, he tells me, he lives in a state of perpetual fear. A month ago he was burgled. He kept his savings, £100, in a suitcase under the bed. A man broke in and entered the bedroom. The old man heard him and confronted him, but the burglar swept past him with the suitcase and years of savings. He told me that it was

the first time that he had ever seen a police car in his road.

There are two other visitors he has in the week, besides me, but I think he feels that we are there out of a sense of duty and not because we like his company or want him as a friend.

I like to feel that I make him happy, as he does me when he smiles or waves goodbye, saying, "Do come next time". I think that my main job is just to be sitting there opposite him: a visible, responding mass to which he can relay his thoughts. It would be useless for me to visit him with the idea of changing his life, giving him a new purpose, a new goal. I know that I am better than nothing, but only a little bit better, and I know that I can never bridge a 63-year gap.

I do enjoy my Fridays. I have a great sense of achievement when the old man's face lights up as he sees me coming. Then I know I am of some use. I can only give a sort of instant pleasure, nothing lasting, and I can't solve his problems of health and the absence of friends. I am an antidote to his loneliness, not a solution, but, to me, that is still worthwhile.

Ally Morgan, Fifths.

MISSION 1984

Every two years the Christian Union bestirs itself to organise a mission. This was that year.

Preparations began during the Christmas Term with a spate of extra prayer meetings and some pointless internal political manoeuvrings. Preparations really took off during the Christmas holidays when speakers were booked and meetings were organised and reorganised. Large amounts of non-existent cash also began to move from one project to another and, more importantly, the frequency of prayer meetings increased.

The Mission took place over a three week period during the half term before Easter. Like Mission England, it was planned to have build-up and follow-up periods before and after. In the build-up week, Mark Hatto led a couple of meetings and played drums in the group Kairos on the Friday evening. In the main week, both KES and KEHS were subjected to Colin Berington and Nick Cuthbert working in tandem. The follow-up week was filled with the presences of Nina Coulthard and David Carr. In the meantime, some twenty people expressed an interest in becoming Christians.

However, all was not won; the presence of John Levine in the following week must have set theology back five thousand years, with his 'vegetable rights and no computers, all roads lead to God' comments. What a mistake!

In any case, the mission did make an impact and was certainly useful for the following term's Mission England. Our thanks go to all the staff for their help, and especially to Mr Rogers.

Martin Turner, Sixths.

THE HELL OF IT

I did not like it. I feel a little ashamed at having to say that, after all the hard work that the organisers undoubtedly put into it, but presumably they knew by and large what they were getting, and wanted just that. I had a fairly good idea; I have met both Nick Cuthbert and Mark Hatto before; but I must still admit to being profoundly disappointed — and rather annoyed — by the week and its surrounding meetings.

I was appalled by the hard-hitting, hard-sell nature of most of the talks. Mark Hatto, somewhat incompetent, theologically up-the-spout with some of what he said, and unconvincing, still carries off the award for the most interesting and appealing speaker of the week. Nick Cuthbert, the main speaker, would do extremely well as a door-to-door salesman of computers or encyclopaedias. His foot firmly thrust in the door

(without so much as a preliminary knock), he spoke — convincingly, charismatically and coercively — for five lunch hours, and after school on Thursday. He spoke well, extremely well. But that did not make his actual approach any more laudable. He used what can best be described as emotional blackmail. We were presented with a man very secure in his beliefs, expressing them very forthrightly, very arrogantly (I use the word in a non-pejorative sense), very charismatically — for he is a charismatic man. But we all know the dangers of appealing to the emotions above all else. Most obviously we have the example of Hitler before us. The principle remains the same: what he was trying to do was to brainwash us into becoming Christians. He was good at it, but further than that I cannot go.

An example of someone NOT so good at it was presented to us the very next Wednesday in the form of Colin Day. He talked and shouted a bit, but he was rather boring and not even very emotionally convincing. And while Nick had managed to persuade us that he knew something about Russell and Nietzsche, Mr Day managed to convince me that he knew nothing about Aldous Huxley. "Most ignorance is vincible", he quoted, and tried to use it to back up his own arguments! We of the enlightened, however, knew just what Huxley meant by that phrase; it was like trying to use Kierkegaard to show that Christianity had no foundation!

What was needed was learned, rational talk and debate; not something to pulverise us but something to put the case fairly. Time and time again I found myself looking back at the last Christian Mission, when we were given a dose of just that.

"Why haven't you asked Bryan Green to speak again?", I asked, recalling a superb talk of just the genre so sadly lacking this time.

"Oh, we couldn't have him. He doesn't believe in Hell!" Oh dear! So not only were we to be denied an extremely good speaker, we were also to be presented with only one option: hell, another ram with which to batter us.

Variety, they say, is the spice of life.and I found a whole week with Mr Cuthbert rather stultifying. The reasons given to me were reasonable: the Christian Union wanted to present a unified series of talks, without people repeating each other and presenting an incoherent picture, but I think that the advantages (undoubtedly) gained through this were unequal to the disadvantages; I yearned after some greater variety of expression as well as variety of belief; I yearned after a speaker I liked in more than a very few respects.

I did not like this mission. It was too high-powered; too little thought, too little reasoned presentation of views, too much emotional blackmail. On a very personal level, there were too few opportunities to ask questions. That does not mean, however, that I do not laud and appreciate the amount of time and effort that the organisers put into the Mission. The Christian Union are knocked very harshly and very frequently — by me, among others — and a lot of it is undeserved.

Rupert Ward, Divisions.

ART AND DESIGN DEPARTMENT EXHIBITIONS 1984

*Max Ernst's Histoire Naturelle
Sept 22 - Oct 14

Annual Exhibition of Art, Craft and Photography
Oct 10 - Oct 13

KES Annual Photography Competition
Nov 5 - Nov 23

Original Works by Friends of the RBSA
Nov 26 - Dec 14

EXHIBITIONS 1985

"Personal Choice" - a selection from past K.E.S. annual exhibitions.
Jan 14 - Jan 30

"Demonstrations" - Photographs by free-lance photographer, Nigel Dickenson (OE)
Feb 22 - Mar 15

"No Nuclear Weapons" -Photographs by Mike Abraham and Peter Kennard
Apr 26 - May 17

Etchings and Engravings from the K.E.S. Collection.
June 11 - June 25

* an Arts Council Exhibition

WORDS AND PICTURES

THE "J.P.S." RACING CAR

Up starts the engine of the 'J.P.S.'
The driver climbs into the seat.
All around there is lots of tension.
The driver can feel the heat.

Now the starter he lifts the flag,
The noise of the engines is loud.
The feet of the drivers are on the pedals
As the fumes blow into the crowd.

The flag goes down and so do the pedals,
Now the race is on.
What the positions are nobody knows,
Because the race isn't won.

So fast, so fast, so fast they go,
They race on through the gears.
Some of the cars they slither and slide,
And the track is covered in smears.

They go at a speed of one hundred and sixty,
Driving through the dust.
All the best go through to the front;
It's either stick or bust.

The cars must try to overtake,
So they may lead the pack.
If no-one tries to overtake
They will go to the back.

Through the hairpins, round the bends,
Through so many chicanes.
All, all, all the cars
Must stay in the same lanes.

Who is going to win the race?
Who, who will win?
Nobody knows until the man
Sees the laurels for him.

Now, oh now we know who's won,
We know who's won the race.
We don't know the driver's name,
But he must be an ace!

Robert Pike, Shells.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO COMMUNICATION?

Can't we please talk together;
Why do we simply confront each other
As emotionless images of an imperfect creation -
Why this sad lack of communication?

Is there no one we can find
Who will share the sufferings of our restless minds?
In this age of machines, telephones and televisions,
Hamburgers, pills, doctors and money decisions,
Still the missing link of understanding
Remains unaffected by man's new learning.

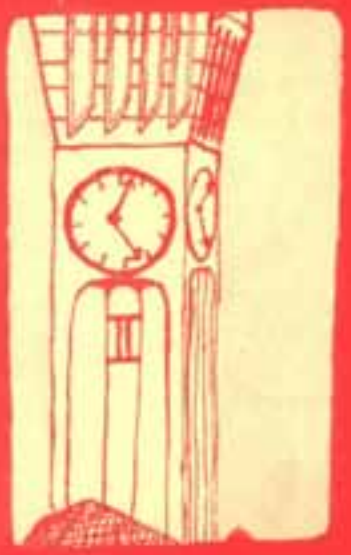
I want to talk, yet no one wants to hear,
I need some help to escape my fears.
No one to help me unravel my mind
Just the empty page, the vacant line,
The potent ink of potential thoughts -
My mind released, my feelings sought.

The cancerous growth of loneliness and frustration
Eats away my life and inspiration.
I want to cry for a lonely race,
For this endless life we have to face.
Communication would restore some feeling
To this long-lived life and lack of meaning.

My emotions destroyed only leaving a void
Where my mind used to be floating free.
My mind is just a hollow shell
Eyes exist to reflect the hell
Of the world's great hatred and despair,
My face furrowed deep with silent care.

The world's inability to live as brothers -
To hear the heartfelt emotions of others,
Is inflicted upon the unheard millions -
The stifled voices of the lonely billions.
And now the empty page alone
Remains receptive, eternal, unsown.

Pete Branson, Divisions.



The Approach of a Storm

The towering cliffs withstood the tumultuous waters, which foamed and raged at the foot of the barnacle-encrusted fortress. The fiery sea had, for centuries, laid siege to the echoing walls, which resounded the battle-cry with awesome vengefulness. The boom of waves on rock mingled with the shrieks of wheeling gulls, cloaked in the mist that seemed to be draped from the overhanging ramparts. Like white-winged angels, occasionally casting off their silvery shrouds, they dominated the heavens far above the conflicting elements, swooping in the swirling air.

Meanwhile, to sea, white spray was torn from the gushing brine by carnivorous rocks, where matchwood galleons had been gnawed and chewed during tempestuous storms in ages past. Tall and silent, the guardian lighthouse scanned its domain with a single, unflinching eye, lest any boat be ignorant of the yawning, hungry jaws awaiting them.

A pathetic length of driftwood came riding in on Neptune's fury, tossed from wave-crest to wave-crest like a child's ball, then hurled with zest against the rocks in a sadistic, ceaseless game. Split and splintered, the waterlogged timber rose out of the trough, as if plucked, prepared for another onslaught. Weathered wood met resistant rock, while a nearby limpet clung on for dear life at

the tremendous upsurge of watery might. Trickles of brine streamed down countless grooves to rejoin the heaving mass below.

From high above on the grassy headland, a shrill whistle sounded, and was carried away on the breeze. The ancient shepherd, his face pitted, wrinkled and hardened by the harsh salt air, could speak the language of the elements that exchanged blows not far away. The approach of a storm was being heralded, and with this foreboding, he gathered his flock. The black and white arrow of a border collie darted among coarse, tufty hillocks, driving the sheep away from the perils of the exposed cliffs.

The shepherd stood, as if on the edge of the world, catching glimpses, through the shifting mist and flying spray, of the frolicking waves and of noble kittiwakes pitching and rolling near the thresholds of their stony roosts. And with a lamenting sigh, he left the vicious beauty of the coast and headed back to the smog of industrial Britain.

Thunderous waves gambolled into the cove with increased energy. Rain, like biting whips, polka-dotted the creased fabric of the sea. Voluminous clouds invaded the yielding sky. The shepherd had been right: the storm had come.

Neil Wallace, Fourths.

HONOURING FATHER AND MOTHER

(An extract from the Removes' Hutton Prize-winning Essay)

...Josh stepped tentatively off the train, looking around him. He left the station and passed 'The Bee's Knees', a public house. Everything about the building seemed to sum up life in Solihull. The exterior with its false half-timbering looked sham and fabricated.

Past house after house walked Josh, noticing as he went that although each house was similar, each also had some distinguishing feature such as a statue of a nymph or an elaborate iron gate. In the Solihull status war, one's neighbours were one's bitter enemies.

Behind the polished doors with their ornate brass door-knockers, lulled the slothful slouchers of Solihull, the 'nouveau-riche' hated from above and below in the social spectrum. For them, life was like a round of golf - an orderly affair, with little scope for individuality where it 'just wasn't done' to break the rules.

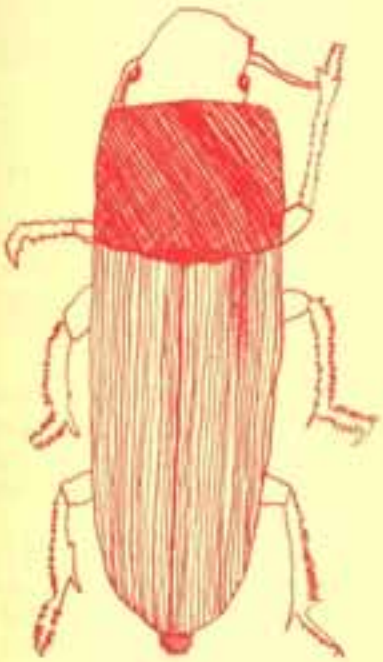
Josh, although a product of a 'nouveau-riche' family, held this grouping in contempt, longing to throw these social climbers back down the mountain of respectability, to bankrupt every one of them, and to see them claiming dole money. How he hated these anonymous clones, with their identical ideas! Josh could envisage himself in some study in Bohemia, surrounded by books and pictures, satirising these types.

He would be the black sheep of Solihull, a type not talked about at dinner parties, one of those 'trendy Moseley types'. Josh would escape from what he termed the computocracy, where everyone who was anyone had a computer, where conversation was dead and words processed, where music was a tinny beep of a synthesiser and art a series of clumsy blocks on a television screen. Josh would fall to the depths of disrepute in Solihull, dragging his family down with him.

Matthew Grimley, Rems.

THE THINKING CLUB

The doors opened as if controlled by the doorman's thoughts alone. I entered, thankfully: I had waited for some minutes to join them. The doorman glanced his eyes over my face, summarising it as I paid my admission for this exclusive of the silent. I stumbled, almost fell towards the saloon, hot and sweaty, small and intimate in size, but where the members sat as far from each other as possible to create their own clearly marked, defenceless territory. The two rows of expressionless faces, like busts spaced along two sides of a room, watched me, the new member, and I obligingly paraded down the aisle as if at a fashion show. There were no empty seats. I would have to invade somebody's territory! But whose? Each member tried to will me away by psycho-kinetic force while innocently glaring out of the window. I chose the most amiable-looking member and sat down next to her, uncomfortably. We did not introduce ourselves, as nobody spoke in this club. We had been brought together only by a common motive, not for social interaction. I considered the effect of replacing those philosophers' empty problems of what to have for dinner with the problems of Mankind: millions of minds working in places like this, achieving millions of solutions. Indeed I wondered whether, by chance, among all of those minds over the years, one of the thinkers' thoughts had strayed from the well-beaten track of his domestic intricacies and casually come across the meaning of life, but quickly dispelled this irrelevance for the more pressing problem of his bank balance. It could almost be the ideal thinking environment, where nobody spoke a word and where people diverted their gaze lest it should meet with someone else's: a place where the ever-changing view occupied their eyes while their minds thought. Not even the roar and the boom that came from the back, not even the rocking and vibration seemed to disturb anyone. But I was a short-term member: I got up clumsily as the room threw me about. Again I was on show: I straightened my back, drew myself to my full height, and strode as confidently as possible to the door. I had arrived at my stop, my destination. As the bus drove away the inmates, hidden behind dirty glass, allowed me to cross their field of vision, but I pretended not to know them.



Simon Sadler, Fifths.

O-LEVELS IN FREE VERSE

Four months to go to the O-levels.
Oh no! Give me a book.
I want to learn. I'll never learn all this.
'Yes you will,'
No I won't.
Give me a book please - and some coffee.

Two months to go till the O-levels.
And how much do I know?
Nothing.
'Yes you do, you've worked solidly.'
So what, I still don't know it.
'Yes you do.'
No I don't.
Give me a book - shush - I've got to work.

One month to go till the O-levels
As I sit in a mound of books.
Looking through past papers,
My heart convulses in panic.
Help! I'll fail them all.
'Of course you won't.'
Yes I will, how do you know?
Give me a pen and some coffee, I must work.

The O-levels are here at last
And how much do I know?
Everything. Yes, but do I understand it.
And can I repeat it in the exam?
Who knows?
Excuse me please, I feel sick.

So here is the paper in front of me.
'We will start now, at nine-thirty by this clock.'
I turn over apprehensively,
Not wanting to read the questions in case I can't do them.
I can do them!
Yes, but so can everyone else, and so,
I'll get a 'B', and who cares about a 'B'?

So I've finished all ten O-levels now,
And normal life has resumed.
I still know most of the work,
But no-one wants, or requires me to tell them what I know.
So what do I do? Forget what I learned during the last four months?
Don't dare ask myself, 'Was all that work necessary?'
Go to parties, live life to the full
And wait for indifferent results.
Pretend that I don't care about them.
But I do.
Desperately.

Nicolas Fowler, Fifths.

CUT OFF

Here, I say, is a chair.
I might as easily say it is a bun.
You do not know, nor do you care.
I hate the phone for doing this to us.

Your voice, soft as marshmallows,
Smooth as a silk scarf that lifts
And swirls, beckoning to follow,
Is cracked and dried, like one of last year's prunes.

I press my ear closer, but
The oily plastic is not like
Your dewy-dark hair. I reach to cut
Off the burlesquing conversations, but the

Pips go first. Purr.....
Helpless and coinless, suddenly tired,
I crouch to the grimy concrete floor,
Gazing stupidly at the broken street lamps

Shivering in the ever-worsening rain.

Martin Turner, Sixths.

HEROES

The elf horn blew, and slowly died,
The King was alive no longer.
The weak, the sick, the old, the poor,
Gave way to those who were stronger.

The legends died, the folk-tales of old,
Passed into dust and dreaming.
But the new race could not stop the pow'r,
That rose from the mythic's screaming.

The souls of these heroes laid to rest,
Live on in honoured glory.
Their deeds of valour, their deeds of hope,
Are praised in song and story.

Sean Smith, Shells.

I went through the large oak wooden doors of the church, noticing the square metal studs that stared sightlessly out of the splitting wood. The doors closed silently, but slowly, behind me. I resisted the impulse to turn round and rush out of the door, which was slowly blocking my way out into the real, living world.

The doors closed with a soft thud, and, as if the electrical circuit had been completed, I sensed the atmosphere change. It flooded partly loneliness and partly fear into my heart. The echoes had died away and the silence descended on the holy shrine like a black mist, enveloping it and hugging it close with clenched black fingers.

I let my eyes fall to the ground around my feet; to examine it minutely. The floor was flagstones, gigantic, worn-smooth through years of use, various passages worn into the unrelenting surface like drainage holes through which humanity flowed. However, there was no humanity now. Just the great black silence that reproduced and multiplied as I strained my ears to catch the slightest sound.

A spider tip-toed across the floor in front of me not daring to desecrate the silence. It scuttled around in circles as if it was under the spell of the church; as if drugged.

But even by its movement the spell was broken, the mist lifted. I looked up at the stone effigies leaning out of the pillar above my head. They stared at the spider as if it was covered in luminous paint, a substance which they could not resist.

The spider cringed and made its way hesitantly to a five millimetre gap under one of the heavy wooden pews positioned like ranks of soldiers on either side of me. The eyes of the effigies dulled and went back to their inner-selves. I dared not move, for fear of alerting these sentries.

Footsteps echoed around me. I looked in their direction. The priest had entered. "Hello", he said, "can I be of any assistance?"

"No.....no thank you", I replied. "I was just admiring your beautiful church."

"My church?", he queried. "Why, this is not my church. This is a house of God."

I sensed the sincerity in his words.

"Yes", I said. "Yes, this is the house of God."

The priest, after pointing out various features for me, left the church, going down a mysterious corridor leading off the right aisle. Slowly I walked up the centre walkway of the church. The priest was the kind of person you think of as a monk. He had bright blue, twinkling eyes and white hair, which was now just a fringe to finish off his bald head. The collar he wore seemed to shine out and symbolise perhaps a misplaced halo, overpowering the black force of which the robe was the representative.

I looked up to the altar decorated with white and gold cloth and walked towards it. I was suddenly aware of a draught which seemed to originate from somewhere above me. I looked up, and my eyes rested upon the enormous figure of Christ upon the cross, framed by light streaming in from the window.

His body was thin, his clothes scarce and ragged but, as I looked into his face and eyes, I saw all the strength he represented. For a moment, it was the face of the priest that stared out at me, then he was gone, but the same twinkle remained in the eyes of the Lord. The draught vanished as he warmed me. I knelt and prayed, my faith renewed.

Carlton Hood, Remove

BELLS

My brain has finally become subjected to a Bell, which rules my physical processes. I have stood absurdly waiting at a classroom door, all finished with the lesson, free personally to leave - but I cannot. I feel stupid, inhuman. What is stopping me? Then a sound, not ethereal, not spiritual, but shrill and pragmatic, breaks my silence and my feet tingle within its sound and I am magically, wondrously able to move them again as the great deity, the Bell, has given me permission.

This bell not only rules my feet, but also my mind. When it augurs a lesson, I am compelled to shut off my creativity, compelled to shut my mouth. Fact is pulsed mechanically from a man's voice through my fingers onto ice-white paper. Fact that I am forced to acquiesce to peacefully, even though I don't understand it, even though it does not interest me, even though I don't even know whether it is a fact or not. This fact is eventually battered into the memory, in the evening, at home, when the mind should be more purely, usefully occupied. Once this is done, the memory duly spews all this fact out onto more dull paper in endless tedium.

The sound which ends a lesson is a clatter to reawaken the senses, to reopen the shutters recently shut. The mouth can then move, speak what the brain thinks and the heart feels; the ears can hear what they desire, not what is rammed harshly into them; and the eyes are not compelled to look at a vague figure which they would rather ignore, but can focus on more vivid and interesting sights. The feet rush for the air, to escape from the stuffy coldness inside. The Bell has acted benignly.

At times in the day my stomach becomes irritable, desiring its due nourishment, but it must be firmly stamped upon when it cries out for food and told to be quiet until the Bell ordains its time. When the time finally comes, the stomach has got sick of waiting; the hunger has abated, and the food is pushed down the throat in the same compulsive, repulsive way that the teachers' words were earlier.

The final sound, still earthly but heavenly in significance, is the best of the day. It releases me from the strictures of desk, pupil and chair and returns me to the real world where I can once again feel air. Everyone shoves, pushes violently and selfishly, to get beyond the unemotional doors, and the whole cold, austere place.

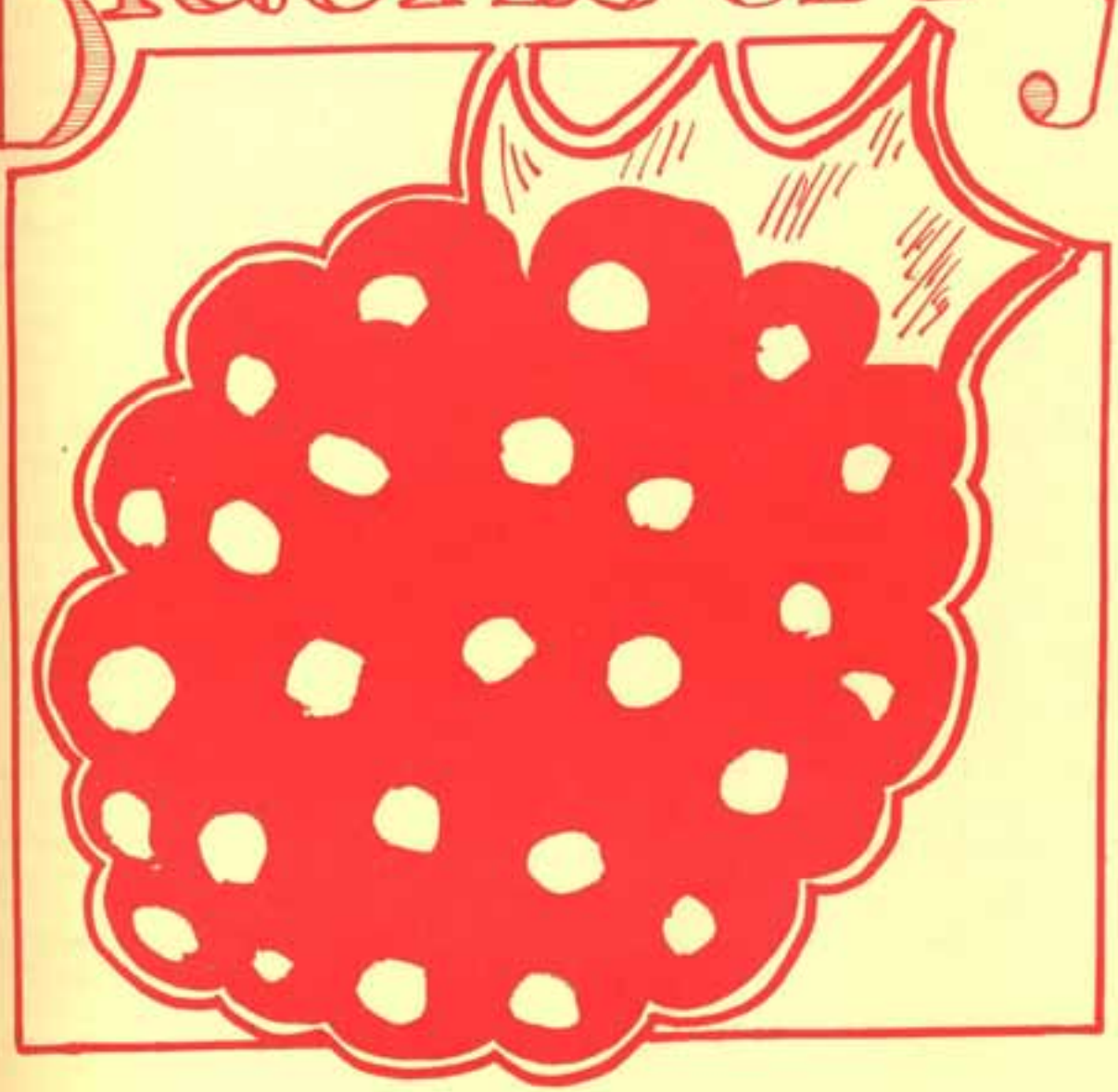
The Bell has finally released me, just as it earlier grasped me, mechanically, hypnotically, when I marched dutifully within the scholarly army towards my designated place. I have come to the conclusion that I have only come here this year because of a bell-like faculty of mind which makes me conform rigidly to everything I have ever done. This year has offered me nothing but the pleasure of anger.

After the stifling stuffiness of a train journey, which unconsciously draws my head-ached mind back to the schoolday, I can finally collapse in my chair and close my eyes in silence.

Next morning I awake to the sound of a Bell.

Ally Morgan, Fifths.

Blackberry



A CONCEIT

The boy grows. The rope beckons. It is in his blood. He craves the excitement, risk, pleasure, fulfilment. The danger. The rope beckons. It claimed the father's father, the father, the son too. He cannot deny it. The rope beckons....

He learns fast. The first years he falls a few times but it is nothing serious - a few sore bruises that show the hurt briefly, then fade to memories. Now he is there, his first time on the high rope, the walk that is so important to him. His pumps gleam white, the lights bright, tension tight, a fight, a fight with the rope; his skill against the slender teasing wire. The walker steps out boldly and his balance is perfect - he walks the rope.

The net is there, naturally. And he falls a few times, naturally. But the net saves him. He scrambles out, eagerly. Returns to the rope, quickly. And the net saves him. But he is not fulfilled. The net must go. He must trust himself completely to his skill.

He is afraid.

He walks the wire and is gloriously happy, for the net is not there. He has never been so happy in his life. The lights are hot on his sweating skin, costume clinging, the crowd a beast roaring for more, and the rope is swaying.

The rope is swaying and he fights it with his skill but he is afraid so afraid - please, please, he must not fall, not now!

Silence of horror. Then the beast softly catches its breath as it sees the body slowly, gracefully slip from the gently swaying rope and hit the ground with an obscene splintering of smashed-apart bones.

He lives. A cripple, but he can still walk the wire. And walk it again he must, for it is in his blood. But he has been hurt now, and he must have the net. He is afraid. He wants so badly to walk without the net, but he needs it to save him. He could not take another fall. He is afraid to trust his skill again, but the walk is not the same with the net - not as fulfilling. Maybe, in time....

"Of course I love you!"

"Then trust me!"

"It's not that easy - I've been hurt before. Maybe, in time...."

Andrew Elliot, Sixths.

Jerking, the bus glides by.
On a wall is sprayed "DECCA SKINS"
On the top of a bus a baby cries,
And a young man grins.
* * * * *

At ten past four the bus stops in Town.
The pure white snow is now grey slush;
The grin is now a frown;
The crowd pour out in a rush
To the ramp of the station that holds many faces:
Some in suits who look the other way
When they see many people of many races
United by one thing -
Survival, of sorts.

Take the good news
To the ends of the earth.
"All for one and one for all."
For a week the preacher's crowds grew,
And during that time God was here too.
We all know
He was "Worth Listening To" (?)

Each to his own,
Each to his home,
Be it far or near:
Some to their 22 inch colour TVs
In their four bedroom suburban abodes,
To recline in a chair;
To cry in despair
When the seeds of doom are sown.
Others, in the lifts
And past the graffiti,
Return to their two room flats.
The hand rocks the cradle,
On the 16th floor.
That hand feeds the mouth,
But it only wants more.
"But what's the point?
We're in a no win situation, aren't we?
Aren't we?"

Below on the street the bus glides by,
On the wall of the tower block is sprayed
"DECCA SKINS".....

Nick Varley, Fifths.

THE SHORT, SHORT STORY

There was a man, known by all as Parker,
Who sat on the Board, and took home managerial pay.
And was all right,
When the revolution came: for a time, before the wall.

There was a philosopher whom everybody knew as Heinemann,
Who knew what life was about;
He shot himself when the revolution came,
Because he knew 'pity' and needed his image upheld,
For posterity.

There was a man, respected,
Held in reverence,
Who found a loop-hole, and called himself 23;
But when the revolution came
He turned into a computer
Because he forgot that 23 was a prime number.

There was a man who called himself a worker,
And a good member of the proletariat;
And when the revolution came,
He had to be purged.

So the revolution was over, and I went back to my tent and put away the gun, took out some paper and a pen and selected a record from my eight favourites. I wrote a poem, knowing that there was no more rule and therefore no necessity for rhyme or metre. I stopped a line when it suited me, or forgot the punctuation so that all my thoughts became one long sentence. I wrote a poem about the revolution and the reason I did it.

So what of this genocide? What of the revolution?
In the desert,
I have food and enough water, and the Earth
Is so quiet, so peaceful,
That for the first time in almost three million years,
A man can hear the Earth turning round the Sun,
With its low, soft throb - oh, it is so soft!
And I have won the revolution.

Carl Röhsler, UMs.

FUNERAL HYMN

The production continued.....
Conveyor belts conveyed a song of endless, rhythmical boredom.
Robotic screwdrivers twisted their naked heads towards the last blade of grass, and proceeded.....
Circuit boards lay blinded by computer data readouts that no-one would read - a flowerbed of technology.
Flourishing as dendelions wilted.
While the eternal, rhythmical pulsation of mechanisation climaxed at the final bars of my funeral hymn.....

Colin Hay, Fourths.

A Study in Black and White

The hot mud stank. Buzzing flies
Around chunks of market-place meat
Added their whine to the excited city's roar.
Many-trampled dust on cobbles gave way
To dry, compacted earth, pitiless
As Sinai rocks or the serpent's soul. Now
The long hill-scuffles in the dust mark
A forced changeover - and the city tip. To each
A screwing up of the face against the stench,
A holding up of the robes against defilement -
Some careful to be seen, some anxious
To remain hidden - priests, publicans and peasants,
Cut-throats, courtesans and centurions,
The patriarchs, the prostitutes, money-lenders and
Merchants, beggars and businessmen: anyone
Who is anyone, and everyone who is no-one -
And a man to whom no crime could be attached,
Yet whom everyone seemed to want dead.
The sky darkens -
Those nearest him hear him mutter something
About forgiveness - but then the dying are always
Delirious. - A loud cry - who would have thought
He had the strength? - and then ..... nothing.
No clap of thunder, no angel choir,
No spirit descending as a dove. Just
A piece of torn cloth - and the nature of the world
Changed.
The mob disperses. Aimlessly they
Shake their heads - the spell is broken; wearied
They wander back to muddy hovels,
With rising damp and grimy ceilings;
Or to long, whitewashed walls, huge
But empty - after the latest Roman style.
Others to scrolls they cannot understand,
To search for life they never had, buried
So they think, in the dryness of the written word.

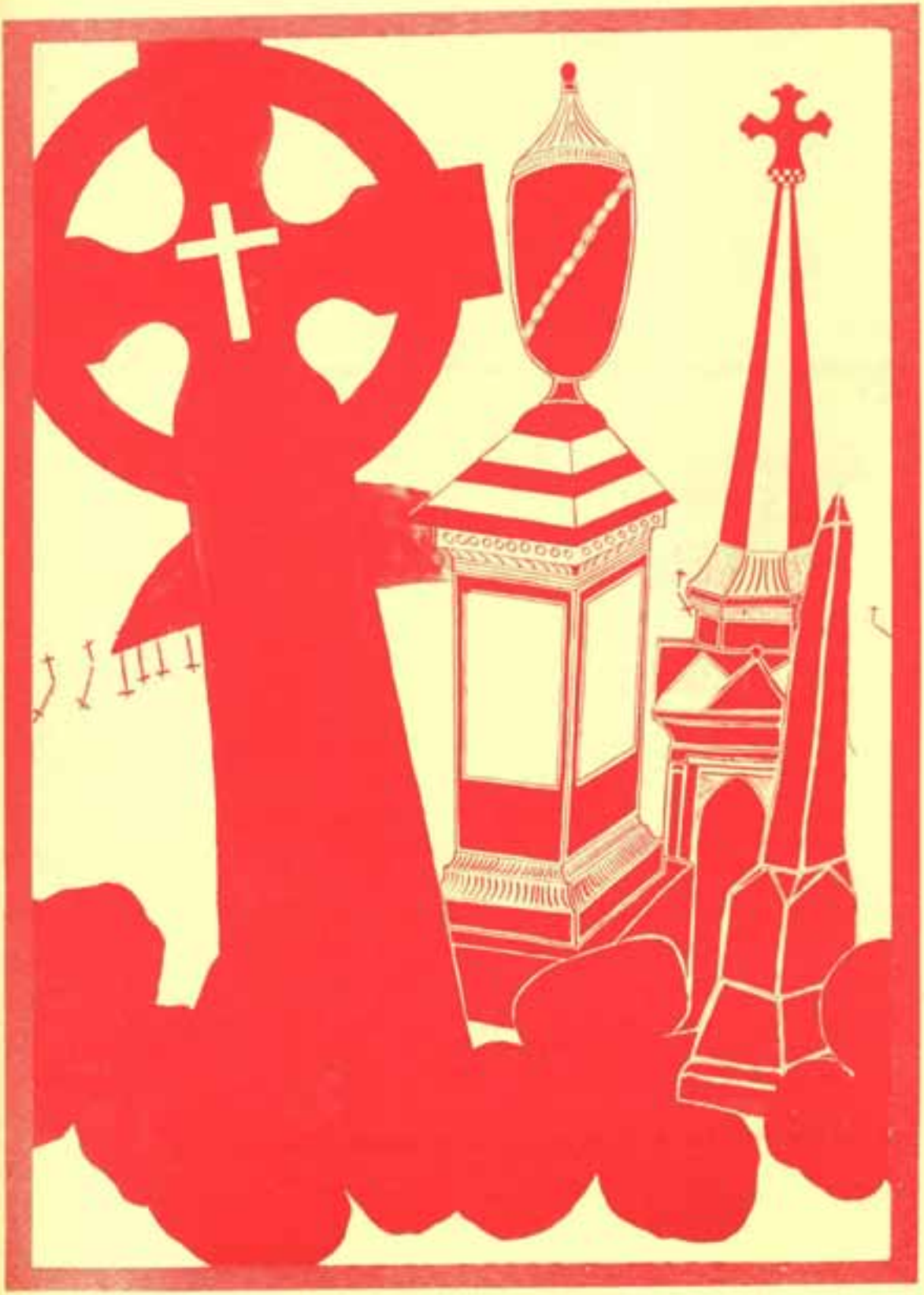
The hot mud stinks. Flies buzz around
A hunk of raw, freshly dead meat,
Left hanging as an offering to their lord.
A few eggs are laid. The body is removed.

Martin Turner, Sixths.

Silence

An empty, hollow shell of a person,
A life a gaping chasm,
Each hour a pain, each day an agony
Of frightened, brooding loneliness,
No sound at all just
Silence, perhaps the drip of a tear.
Two souls cried out in torment,
Two desperate needs met and were
Destroyed in fiery passion -
The Phoenix born from these ashes was
Love. And now we gaze in rapture
Into shining sparkling eyes,
A myriad murmuring messages
Revealed in cool clear bottomless depths,
Love created at Time's dawn
Stretching to eternity undiminished,
One solid rock of hope in a
Void of chaos. We gently touch each other,
No sound at all just
Silence, perhaps a sigh of happiness,
As time stands still yet
Slips away, each second worth
An hour to us, yet all our hours are
Nothing to the deathless love we share amid the Silence.

Andrew Elliot, Sixths.



DISILLUSION

Come on now, pass on thru',
It's only fair when the stars shine in love.
Jimmy Saville couldn't fix my hairdryer,
Superman can't fly at all.

(Ever get the feeling you've been cheated?)

Twisted Vince.

TRY AS I MIGHT, I COULDN'T GET THROUGH TO HIM

His face was showing bewilderment. In no way could he understand my words. I was one of several doctors put on his case.

Ben had been admitted to the psychiatric ward over two weeks previously. He blocked himself into his own little world from the moment he entered the clean, fresh environment. His stony face could not be altered. He was wrinkled - not with age but with fear: fear of becoming separated from his safe little hiding-place in his mind. He was nineteen years old.

I progressed to other techniques. I tried to get him to respond to colours, shapes and textures, but met the same stony face. I reached into my briefcase and extracted a shiny, red apple, which I placed between Ben's hands. He released his grip on it and it rolled onto the floor. I picked it up, rubbed it on my woollen jumper, and bit into it - a strong, over-emphasized bite which took half the fruit away. I moved my jaws up and down in a highly exaggerated manner, then swallowed, making a large gulping sound and clutching my throat. I licked my lips and filled my face with a large, beaming smile. It produced no response. I was still confronted with the same, hardened, grey frown. I placed the other half of the apple near Ben's mouth. Slowly he raised his hands to his chin. He grasped the apple in a strong hold. His eyes stayed as cold and still as ever. Slowly I moved my arms away from him, curiously wondering what would happen next.

Ben's jaw dropped - the first positive action since he had been admitted to the hospital - and slowly he moved the apple into his mouth. His jaw began to close. "Success at last!" I whispered to myself. I heard the crunching sound of fresh fruit, unmistakable in the silence of the bare, white room. He still retained his stony look, set into his face since his traumatic childhood. He reached up to his mouth once more, taking the remains of the apple away, and depositing them on the linoleum floor. Ben knew that he had to eat, but even the offering of food was not to change his thoughts of other people. He believed them all to be like his step-father: harsh and cruel, with thoughts only of punishments. How afraid he was of that long stick beneath the stairs, which his step-father would brandish whenever he believed that Ben had been playing truant. Ben hated school, too. The more he was punished, the less co-operative he became, until eventually he had reached this state. The only person in the world whom he had liked was his mother, and she had died when he was only six.

I tried to speak with him once more. "Ben," I said, "tell me about your mother. Say something to me about your family. Have you any brothers or sisters?"

Ben moved his eyes towards me. I had a hold on him. I was succeeding. I knew it was possible. Behind me I heard a click as the door was opened. Ben saw the nurse first.

She addressed me in a harsh tone of voice. "You're wanted at the office." I had to go, no matter how much I wanted to stay.

"Will you be back?" Ben asked, his first words for years. He smiled at me: a miracle had occurred.

Chris Nash, Removes.

SERPENTS

We creep motionless through the black and melting air
Like dreams suspended on a staring night
Ignore us in the darkness we are there

Do not presume when you are not aware
Each breath we are nearer and smothering tight
We creep motionless through the black and melting air

You will plead for the gashing of misery's snare
Follow grudge-trudging and loathe your sight
Ignore us, in the darkness we are there

Sink beneath a blanket of prayer
Brandish with terror a startling light
We creep motionless through the black and melting air

Mother-smothering Oedipus' despair
And Adam's green-dark guilty flight
Ignore us in the darkness, we are there

We seep through your mind with paralysed might
A shocking obsession that rapes all fright
We creep motionless through the black and melting air
Ignore us. In the darkness.
We are there.

Andrew Killeen, Fourths.

THE GHOUL

I do not need the moonlight's cold and pock-
Marked face, nor any sun's unbearable
And shadowless eruptions, but would have
The Morning Star whose light is dim and brief
Enough for me to see my coldest love.
But why, you living, do you fear or mock
Or loathe me for my night's detestable
Unwilling inhumanity and grave-
Seduction? I need it to turn my brief
Existence to deathless persistent love.

Andrew Killeen, Fourths.

SONG OF A BAD POET

Yes, gloat from spines of well-thumbed books, ye dead!
And scoff at me, because your books are read!
Enjoy your victory in silent, ghostly play
When Shakespeare's sonnets in endless regiments
Destroy my own lone, unfinished laments.
It was an unfair battle, anyway.
And Catullus may have loved unhappily
But he will get no sympathy
From me
For happiest he
Who succeeds in writing poetry.
And Tennyson's fossils of a boring age
Have done nothing to protect him in his grave.
But I don't care, for when I'm dead I won't be unhappy
Just because my bones don't lie in Westminster Abbey.

Andrew Killeen, Fourths.

HYMN TO DARKNESS

There is glory, O Darkness, in thee
In thy sweet silent-settling sloaness.
I embrace thy soft soul-like presence.
Not the glory of a gaudy bawdy orgy of colour -
Not the glory of fierce piercing keening trumpets -
But the glory of a perfection of death,
Resolution in dissolution
For a brief infinity,
Until the first harsh fangs of daylight
Resurrect the bright screams of loneliness;
So let thy drowning spell hang over us
And breathe murder over a shifting life.
There is glory in thee O Darkness
I embrace thy soft soul-like presence.

Andrew Killeen, Fourths.

Slave to the Liberated

My name is Jake, my mother is
a feminist who hates man,
and airs her views in letters
which she sends to The New Statesman.

If there's talk of dumping nuclear waste
or closing comprehensives,
she grabs a pen and paper
and she's off on the offensive.

She's often seen around the streets,
making folk sign some petition,
to save the local hospital
from likely demolition.

She loves to go on peace protests
and when marching at her last one,
she and nineteen others
smashed a fence at Aldermaston.

She claimed 'It was a selfless act:
a gesture to world peace,
but excuses didn't go down well
with Thames Valley Police.

Yet while she is campaigning hard
for peace between the nations,
she's constantly neglecting her
close friends and her relations.

And when she leaves suburbia
to go and stay at Greenham,
she leaves a list of filthy rooms
and makes her poor son clean them.

On anything South African,
she's imposed a strict embargo.
And she won't read paperbacks unless
they're published by Virago.

Won't anybody save me
from this life of bleak frustration?
I've a liberated mother,
but now I need liberation!

Matthew Grimley, Removes.

The City Diary of an Edwardian First Year

5th September: Today was my first at secondary school. My mother humiliated me by kissing me goodbye. On my way back from school I caught the wrong bus, and ended up in Handsworth, not Solihull.
9th September: French is terrible - everything is male or female, though I have never seen a female car. Classics seems to be a load of fairy tales.
17th September: I got an imposition for running in the corridors. It is entitled 'Picasso and Cubism'. I think Picasso is an Italian food, but I am not yet certain. I know that 'Cubism' is playing with one of those Rubik Cube things.
1st December: Results of the Christmas exams are now out; I came last in everything except for History, Science and English. An Asian boy called Tagistas came top in everything except for English, which his parents cannot speak.
20th December: My mother found my school report in the dog's basket; I had unsuccessfully tried to make it eat the report. She has gone mad, and is threatening to withdraw me from KES. She has no Christmas spirit!
15th February: I have been ill and my mother is now stressing that I need not overstretch myself.
1st March: Our neighbours were up at 5.00 am singing Cwm Rhondda, and spent the evening watching re-runs of Welsh rugby wins on their video.
1st April: As usual, today's television consisted of repeats of Richard Dimbleby's spaghetti tree joke.
27th April: Today was the form trip to Alton Towers. I queued for three hours for the 'Corkscrew' rollercoaster, had a five minute ride, then vomited.
9th May: The schools around us have the day off for the elections. Meanwhile bunches of lunatic Removes have been walking round the school telling us to vote Tory or SDP
20th June: Pike is in MD for fighting in the form room!
21st June: I am in MD for helping him. My mother is frantic.
15th July: My grades are poor, but there is hope; as term draws to a close, so does my diary. There is a lot to look forward to: sun, surf, sea, Spain...and next September.

Matthew Grimley, Removes.

KINDERGARTEN

Mr Varsovia stared through the window. It was raining. And raining. And raining. He turned round and sat down in front of the bureau. He opened the book of poetry.

Mrs Ashcroft, proprietor of the Woodlands Hotel, entered. She smiled at Varsovia and sat down by Mrs Elliot, another permanent resident of the small but cosy Woodlands Hotel. Their lives were simple: they never changed. They would have lunch when they had eaten their breakfast and gone for a morning stroll. Then they would read after lunch, until it was dinner time. Their lives never changed. Mr Varsovia had been a university lecturer before he was injured in the war. Mr Peacock had been a newsagent, while Mrs Elliot had taught in a kindergarten. She was well aware of how her life had changed. She had been the busy type then. She loved the children whom she had taught: she would play with them, or sing to them, she would paint with them or.... She shut off the memories. The lives of the residents were the direct opposite of the children's lives. Now she was old. She didn't play anymore.

The Reverend Bosworth and his wife Emily had been walking down the lane when the rain began. They were searching for assistance as their car had just broken down, and they ran down the drive of the nearest residence as the downpour started, and rang the bell.

"I'm terribly sorry to disturb you, but our car has broken down. Can anyone help?"

Mr Peacock invited the couple inside. He led them down the cold, empty corridor, where every step echoed. He stopped and opened a door, ushering the guests into the sitting room.

"I'll make some cucumber sandwiches," said Mrs Ashcroft, when she had received the couple. Mr Peacock rang the garage, and the mechanics said they would come as soon as they could.

Conversation started; people laughed, people cried, people sang, people ate, people lived.

The boot stomped across the board, to be caught up by the dog and the hat. Bow Street was crowded.

"I'll buy Marylebone Station!" exclaimed the Reverend.

"No! I've already bought it!"

"Well what about the fifty shillings?"

"Oh - I thought it was ninety!"

Mrs Elliot played the piano. Everyone sang; everyone cheered. "Who is Sylvia? What is she? Is she kind? Is she..."

"What a lovely voice!"

Mr Varsovia opened a bottle of wine, though Mrs Elliot refused a glass. The cucumber sandwiches had been consumed: two platefuls. People enjoyed themselves.

"The car has been mended," said Mr Ashcroft, replacing the receiver on the hook.

"Oh good! We'll be getting on then."

"Yes. And thank you all very much indeed."

Everyone said their goodbyes; the door closed. Mrs Elliot sat down.

"What a lovely couple!"

The clock's ticking was audible now, once again. The plate that had held the sandwiches was empty. Mrs Elliot wiped back a tear with her handkerchief. She was again the opposite of her kindergarten children.

Mr Varsovia stared through the window. The rain ran down the glass like tears down a child's soft face. He turned round and sat down in front of the bureau. He opened the book of poetry.

Aran Maddocks, UMs

THE VIEWERS' GUIDE TO AMERICAN FOOTBALL

Padded shells and heaving hearts
Faintly register a loving crowd.
Time moves, squadrons charge
In search of gains of yards.
Seconds, firsts and old timers
Are urged to thirty-three tons an inch.

Polaroids jam in boxes
Analysts swoop in fervour
Messages relay in seconds
Assistant signals in code
Quarterback gathers bluff and ideas
His offense bent in wheezing symmetry.
'Same again guys.'
'Shit,' murmurs tailback.
Inexorable chimes are aching
Above flak that rises faster than air.

No chickfeed to the government -
Hundert pro Stunde is not mistaken
Despite loss of the pros in
Game or age,
When then money stops not to flow.

Tim Franks, Fifths.

Dr Bridges interviewed by Paul Davies

What facilities are there for computing and how are these used in the curriculum?

The main facility is the Computer Laboratory, with its thirteen computers around the wall, and one 'Master' computer. Elsewhere we have one portable computer and Teletext and Prestel facilities. A robot controlled 'buggy' and voice synthesizer are also included in the wide range of facilities.

The Shells spend one period a week in the laboratory for the year, the Removes and UMs one period a week for half the year. After a gap over the O-level years, Divisions boys must study computing in General Studies, unless they have opted for the AO-level Extra Studies course.

What are the basic aims of the computing curriculum at KES?

The main aim is to give familiarity with what a computer is, and what it can do, rather than trying to teach boys to become expert programmers. The emphasis is on the general: how computers are involved with word-processing, calculating or in control of machinery, for example. But we do aim for competence on the school computers to enable more efficient teaching when computers are used in other subjects.

When else can boys use the facilities?

During two or three lunchtimes and evening sessions each week, although the demand has fallen due to boys acquiring home computers.

How are other departments using computers in teaching?

'Computer Aided Learning' is being used increasingly at KES, particularly by the Chemistry and Economics Departments, but also by the geographers, biologists and occasionally the linguists. The Physics Department has a different emphasis, tending to use the computer as a control or measuring instrument in experiments, and the chemists are also well advanced in this area.

To the A-level 'Artist' computers may seem irrelevant: do you agree?

Certainly not! Such boys fail to realise that most University 'Arts' Students go into commerce, journalism, personnel management or the Civil Service, thus all will use computers even if only at a word-processing level. A general familiarity will be crucial.

In contrast, some Sixth-form boys are worried that they have missed out on the recent computing developments. But they should remember that none of the staff presently teaching computing had had any experience of computers at their age, and so there is no reason why they can't catch up.

What are the most promising and most disappointing aspects of school computing?

In many schools, computing is still at club level, whereas here we are able to devote core curriculum time to the subject. The interest of other departments in the potential of computers is very encouraging.

However, few boys take the subject, as an interest, beyond a fairly low level. This is a pity, because computing is intellectually rewarding and the evasion of difficulties on the technical side is disappointing in a school like King Edward's.

What are the likely developments in KES computing in the next few years?

The major development is to connect all the computers to form a 'Network', for greater efficiency and flexibility. The use of word processors should increase and we plan to buy a better printer. I hope there will be more inter facing of computers to actual devices, such as the robot 'buggy'. Computers will be used in creasingly by other departments to prepare teaching material. Generally, computers will be used to reduce the laborious tasks such as the administration of public and internal examinations, or even in scoring the House Athletics Competition. We may well need another Computer Room in five or ten years, particularly as other subjects use computers increasingly. Fortunately computer prices will continue to fall, making such a development relatively less expensive than the present laboratory. To summarise, we may look forward to an exciting future in Computing at KES.

Dr Bridges, thank you very much.

Schools' Challenge

The school team comprised Richard Hitchcock, Andrew Killeen, Antony King, Julian Murray and the captain, complete with official supporter Austin Pulley. We annihilated the Convent, defeated our closest rivals KEHS by 660 points to 410 and then unfortunately lost in the regional final to Warwick 810-860. Our thanks to Mr Tibbott for organisation, chauffering, ices in Henley and diversions to Redditch!

Remember, if you want to be a part of the school team, be a part of House Challenge.

Andrew Gregory, Sixths.

Junior Challenge

Whilst our friends hurled their bruised and battered bodies around the South Field all winter, the Junior Challenge team stormed to victory from the safety of the Geography rooms.

We started the year by beating Blessed William Howard School from Stafford, and went on to win against Loughborough Grammar School by 900 points to 260. We came to the regional finals in which we narrowly beat the giggling girls of KEHS.

Our run of success, however, came to an end in the national finals, which were held at a Berkshire Prep School (resembling Dotheboy's Hall). We were to play Haberdashers' Aske's School, and the match began with KES taking a good lead. This lead was maintained until, in the closing stages of the match, Haberdashers' notched up a lead of one question. This result meant that we came third in Britain.

Thanks are due to Mr DJ Evans, Mr Lillywhite, and Mr Tibbott. Thanks also go to the McCrow family for driving us to Berkshire, especially to Dugal McCrow's sister, who kept our spirits up in the dark hours of defeat.

Matthew Grimley, Removes.

PRESTEL

In the spring of 1983 an information technology project was embarked upon in three districts of Birmingham: Sutton, Solihull and Edgbaston. The project, part funded by the Department of Industry, and co-ordinated by 'Club 403' at the *Birmingham Post and Mail*, invited participation by all secondary schools in these areas. Preliminary discussions and training sessions (attended by JRAC and KJB) took place in March - at which time a project co-ordinator, Dr Bob McKee, was appointed. King Edward's duly acquired an adapted television set in April, as one of the first schools to make a start.

We have, through Prestel, access to a large database (some 250,000 pages) held on two local and one London mainframe computers. Developments in the computing department have enabled us to copy pages from the database onto our own discs, and this work may, we hope, be of use in Economics, Geography and Biology. Curriculum use has also been made of Prestel during RTB's Divisions' General Studies computing periods.

Currently, however, the main use of the facility is in compiling a school magazine, *Kestrel*. One of the major differences between Prestel and Teletext (Ceefax and Oracle) is that the former can be interactive, and we can provide material for it - and it is this feature which the magazine exploits. Designing pages for presentation on a

television screen requires a different approach from any other form of publication, and the magazine style has changed considerably since the project began. It began with details of the school and extracts from last year's *Chronicle*; then, as we realised the strengths and weakness of the system, it began to develop along rather different, new and exciting lines. The boys involved are to be congratulated on the high quality of the artwork, which has required mastery of a very difficult medium. (See also Prestel Club, under Societies.)

It is entirely likely that our successors in even ten years' time may look at this work as extremely crude, given the innovatory features which impose such limits upon us. A sense of being in at the beginning is, however, extremely stimulating, and more than makes up for some of the administrative and technical problems that we have faced.

J.A.C. and K.J.B.

Bulletin Board

The past year has seen the arrival of several capable new faces on the editing team (modesty forbids me from naming them) and a rapid migration of the 'old hands'. So great has been this change that only Richard Frank and I have survived a full year.

Unfortunately the early part of the year was plagued by a lack of material (even unpublishable texts!) and this imposed a severe strain on the imaginations of the editors, who had to turn their thoughts to writing the articles. This created a rather biased Board and many complaints - and there seemed to be no way out of a rather vicious circle. But then someone came up with the idea of broadening the Board by having meetings in Thursday lunchtimes: many people, it seems, are interested in B.B. but are otherwise engaged on Friday afternoons. By having meetings at another time in the week, we hoped to stimulate more people to write on more topics. It worked. The Thursday meetings died after a while (we hope to resurrect them next year), but a number of interested - and quite prolific - new writers had emerged from the dark recesses of the school to reinvigorate the Board. Special thanks to Toby Carpenter, Twisted Vince, Martin Crowley, Andy Millicheap, Nick Varley, Carl Rohsler and all those others who contributed. A small amount of effort from everybody next year would lead to an even more varied and interesting Board..... The Board itself has received a fresh coat of paint and a new (pink) Box, hungry for your articles. For the editors, a rather monotonous year was highlighted by mince pies at Christmas, the last farewell from Martin Turner, and the disappearance of a typewriter, leaving us only one in good working order. The latter fact has led to an extreme case of typist's finger in chief editor, Miss Barnett, who, being the only 'two finger plus' typist in the option, holds the position of residence in front of the solitary machine. You may, however, have noticed that attempts have been made to computerise the option: we have used the Beebs to print out some of the material this year. Thanks are due both to Miss Barnett and to Mr Shackleton (whose dubious contributions included music reviews and Latin vocab.) for seeing that our eloquent Board kept to a reasonable degree of decency and presentation.

Neil Wallace, Fourths.

Cot Fund Report

Once again Cot Fund has raised large amounts of money for deserving charities ranging from Oliver 68 to the Queen Elizabeth Leukaemia Unit.

£912 was the marvellous sum reached in the Autumn Term, being equally divided between Saint Mary's Hospice, a hospital in Selly Oak for the terminally ill, and Oliver 68, a holiday scheme for children in Birmingham. Our contribution to Oliver 68 will guarantee that a large number of children can have their first ever holiday. It costs £70 to take a child away for the week - this includes travelling expenses, food, entertainment and overheads on the house in Wales.

Although only £624 was raised in the Spring Term, it was equally divided between the old people in Balsall Heath and the Royal Commonwealth Society for the Blind. In honour

of our achievement, £187 of our money has been channelled into an Eye Camp which will be held in our name, whilst the remainder has been put towards the Blinding Malnutrition Programme, which ensures that for only £9 a child will not go blind through lack of Vitamin A or protein deficiency.

The Summer Term's Cot Fund was equally divided between the Queen Elizabeth Hospital's Leukaemia Unit and the Kapedo Settlement Scheme in Uganda. The £350 donated to the QE will go towards a converted germ-free isolation room, in which the patients will remain for the three week treatment period after their operation. At a cost of £15,000, the room, as well as being designed with sterile ventilation and other facilities to keep infection out, will have such comforts as television, shower room and toilet facilities. The remaining money has gone to a scheme in Uganda which will, it is hoped, turn a wilderness into a garden. Kapedo, having suffered so much from drought and epidemics in the past, is now on the road to recovery. Huts have been erected and gardens developed. Land has been irrigated so that cereals and vegetables may be grown. Our donation will guarantee that this scheme will continue until Kapedo is self-sufficient.

Thanks must go to everyone for their generous contributions, however little. Notable contributions include, in the Autumn Term, £221 from 4T, £192 from Rem E, and £91 from Shell L; in the Spring Term £190 from UMH and £53 from UME; in the Summer Term, £131 from Rem E, £108 from UMS and £62 from Shell R. Let us hope that for many years to come KES can continue this very important task.

Craig Lanham, Sixths.

Multigym

All boys coming to PE in the gym during the year cannot have failed to notice our latest piece of equipment, the multigym. Thanks to the generosity of the Chief Master and the Parents' Association, we were able to purchase the version at the top of the range and have it fitted at short notice on a specially strengthened floor opposite the PE department office

The two great advantages that the multigym has over the traditional forms of weight-training are those of speed and safety. Due to the design of the system, the weights merely crash down the guide bars onto the remaining stack of weights. This normally results in a reprimand from the PE master for making a noise and being too ambitious, snorts of derision from the 'macho-men' present, but only bruised pride and a red face for the culprit.

Because of the number of stations we have, fifteen large boys can operate at the same time and a wide variety of exercises are possible - there are several variations on each station. Indeed, an important use of the multigym is for remedial exercises - gently and slowly strengthening parts of the body back to full efficiency after injury or operations. With medical opinion strongly in favour of all people improving their general level of fitness and strength, any apparatus that can help achieve that aim, in whole or in part, is well worth using.

The multigym is primarily used for weight-training and, because developing bodies can be harmed if put under too much stress too soon, it is only in the fourth year or above that the PE department introduces boys to the uses of the equipment. After three sessions of instruction and guidance, boys are then able to request use of the multigym in their own time. Some young men spend more time than others on the equipment before, during and after school, and for a variety of reasons. Some want to become stronger scrummagers, others high-jumpers or better throwers, others want to attract the ladies! Regular sessions are essential if any improvement is expected, and it is important to work on exercises that will retain suppleness and flexi-

bility as well as those that will strengthen muscle groups. Ladies aren't often keen on muscle-bound hunchbacks.

The multigym will not provide all-round fitness, but it does offer a safe environment to develop strength, suppleness and flexibility; a run of a mile or two after each session will enhance the cardio-vascular system and, whilst we cannot offer a relaxing sauna to complete each fitness session, we always have plenty of hot water in the showers!

D.C.E.

A Brief History of KES Basketball

The end of the 1983/4 season seems as good a time as any to record the brief history of basketball at KES, as shown in particular by the details of the progress of the Senior (U19) teams.

Basketball has become universally popular; at KES due largely to the excellent facilities of the sports hall, the increased media coverage, the support of the school and the very fast, skilful and athletic nature of the game. Although the English Schools Basketball Association is about to enter its twenty seventh year, inter-school basketball at KES was not introduced until 1970/71 when an U15 and an U19 team entered the Birmingham Schools League. Now five separate teams, U13, U15, U16 and U19A and U19B, play regularly in league, West Midlands and National competitions, the Senior side plays England Schools Juniors every New Year, and the U16 side has been invited to the prestigious International Schools Tournament in 1983, '84 and '85.

Perhaps because of its American origins the game generates a mass of statistics, which either bore or fascinate, depending on involvement, and from the early innocence of being satisfied with who scored how many points, today's senior players are equally concerned about such strange things as free throws, assists, turnovers, bricks and the effectiveness of last Friday's zone press. These statistics are useful for both individual and team development, and are recorded in every Senior match, and on certain occasions first half 'stats' are recorded on the opposition as well, to be interpreted at half time.

Suffice it to say spontaneous lunch-time basketball practice in the gym rivals parade-ground soccer, amongst other wayward pursuits, in terms of popularity, and the future of the game looks good.

The following is thanks to seasons' records by senior captains in general, and the efforts of Nick Willetts in particular.

S.B.

BASKETBALL: RECORDS OF SENIOR 'A' TEAM

	P	W	D	L	F	A
1970/71	No records. First entered Birmingham League.					
1971/72	12	4	0	8	461	714
	Top scorer - Steve Johnson (186 pts)					
1972/73	No records.					
1973/73	22	10	0	12	1208	1371
	Top scorer - Peter Birch (471 pts). First entered West Midlands Cup & National Cup.					
1974/75	19	10	1	8	983	952
	Top scorer - Francis Watson (348 pts). Reached round 2 of the National Plate.					
1975/76	22	13	0	9	1318	1174
	Top scorer - Francis Watson (572 pts). Reached round 2 of the National Cup.					
1976/77	26	16	0	10	1484	1521
	Top scorer - Duncan Shuttleworth (361 pts). Reached semi-final of National Plate.					
1977/78	24	6	0	18	1151	1585
	Top scorer - Andrew Tobias (208 pts). Not a good year!					
1978/79	28	21	1	6	2001	1646
	Top scorer - Paul Daniell (407 pts). Semi-finalists in Birmingham League play-offs. Losing finalists in the National Plate.					
1979/80	29	22	0	7	2247	1535
	Top scorer - Paul Daniell (515 pts). Losing finalists in Birmingham League play-offs. Losing finalists in West Midlands Cup, and reached 'last 16' of the National Cup. Chris Jenkins selected for Midland Schools' Seniors.					
1980/81	24	18	0	6	2391	1406
	Top scorer - Chris Jenkins (790 pts). Reached 'last 8' of National Cup. Jenkins and Gavin Grant both selected for Midlands Schools', Jenkins as captain.					
1981/82	19	14	1	4	1842	1321
	Top scorer - Richard Chrimes (382 pts). Semi-finalists in Birmingham play-offs and West Midlands Cup. Chrimes selected for England Schools' Under-17 team, Chris Grimley for England Schools Under-15 team.					
1982/83	30	26	1	3	2926	1822
	Top scorer - Richard Chrimes (917 pts). Won Birmingham League and play-offs, and won West Midlands Cup, but lost in quarter-finals of National Cup. Chrimes selected for England Schools' Under-17,Grimley for England Junior Men.					
1983/84	29	28	0	1	3327	1901
	Top scorer - Richard Chrimes (959 pts). Won Birmingham League and play-offs, and won West Midlands Cup, but lost in the FINAL of the National Cup. Chrimes and Grimley selected for England Junior Men to play in European Championships, and Andrew Crossley selected for Midland and Birmingham Schools'.					

SPORTS AND SOCIETIES

Anagnostics

"There are many good things in life but none better than anagnostics"

Enough of pretentiousness; Anagnostics has this year retained its ever faithful following despite the departure of many old hands. The society remains only open to Divisions and Sixths although yet again the subject of lowering the age barrier has been argued over and voted on. A unanimous decision to retain exclusivity was reached, maintaining the Athenian paradox of elitist democracy.

The splendid attendance of most of the meetings of the year also had something to do with the fact that Seventh Term Anagnostics never die, they just keep turning up to enjoy and partake of the refreshments. These, despite one weekend of cellophane and chocolate packs of biscuits, have been, as ever, up to the usual standard, thanks to the caterer Richard Hitchcock and the Dining Hall staff.

This year's memorable readings have included Euripides' *Andromache* (complete with fifty dancing nymphs), *The Swaggering Soldier* by the Roman comedian Plautus, and a highly cultured and dramatic reading of *Prometheus Bound*, by the operatic Aeschylus. There was also a fair helping of works by the Society's darling, Aristophanes; both *Thesmophoriazousai* and *The Peace* were read, the latter so outrageously disgusting that it even shocked the Chairman!

Several 'regulars' have entered the Anagnostics Hall of Fame this year: Martin Turner, for accents and ad libs; Elinor Idle, for excellence of chorus reading; Max Carlish, for absence; and Monica Gale, for her Brazen Hussey. I would also like to mention Rupert Ward for bribing the Secretary to fix the random allotment of roles at the final meeting (which also included the attraction of optional Greek dress). Profuse thanks to all readers, especially those who have struggled with Greek names.

Thanks too to Andrew Elliot, the treasurer, for collecting subscriptions from both members and innocent passers by, and also for picking the end-of-term strawberries (at great personal risk). I would like to thank Mr Owen for organising trips to Oedipus in Coventry and Antigone in London, amongst others, and for chairing the meetings. Finally, I would like to thank the Committee for being such a lively fountain of ideas and inspiration, and to everyone else for being 'so wunnerful'.

Eleanor Crook, Sixths (KEHS)

Amateur Radio and Electronics Society

This Society is flourishing at KES. As far as we can tell, we have the largest school radio club in Great Britain, with eight licensed amateurs and many others planning to take the Radio Amateur's Examination in the next twelve months.

Since the advent of licensed CB radio, there has been much confusion about exactly what amateur radio is and how it differs from CB. The differences are very great indeed. Amateur or 'ham' radio permits communication on many different, but internationally agreed, wavelengths. It allows the use of relatively high-power transmitters and elaborate aerial systems. It encourages the acquisition of technical skills in communication methods and construction through organised contests, conferences and magazines. The Radio Society of Great Britain now boasts some 50,000 members and is doing great things on behalf of the amateur radio enthusiast. The amateur can also make use of a variety of modes of transmission so as to communicate with his fellow amateur locally or around the world. CB radio, on the other hand, is for the most part a local communication system using low-power equipment and simple aerials. It gives good service to the mobile user, particularly the lorry driver.

The Society has continued to diversify its activities over the year. The RX80 communications receiver is near completion and plans

for a high-power morse transmitter are well advanced. We have successfully constructed several shortwave aerials which resulted in a good crop of contacts with far-away places. Last March the Society set up stations on the top of the Malvern Hills, giving us the opportunity to make contacts several thousand miles away.

The highlight of the year was the attempted communication with the Space Shuttle Columbia. We heard the crew calling amateurs in Europe, but did they hear us?

The Society hopes to attract more members in the coming year and invites anybody with something to offer to come along one lunch hour and hear us talking to our many friends around the world from Selly Oak to Sydney.

D.C.R.

Archaeological Society

The society report in the 1981 *Chronicle* blindly stated that "nobody wants an Archaeological Society anyway". Well, in 1984 the Society became re-affiliated to the School Club.

The two meetings held in the Easter term proved that an interest in the subject existed.

The newly-founded society met for an illustrated talk by Mr Lambie on "Witches and Weird-stones in the Cotswolds." The speaker recounted the legends of the Rollright Stones aided by some excellent slides which added such a frightening atmosphere to the proceedings that a few people of 'nervous dispositions' left before the end. Nevertheless, the majority who remained transfixed in fear learned that the entire Lambie family had survived to explain their ordeal. But are they the Cotswold witches in disguise? Watch this space. The Society will discover more when they visit he Rollright Stones on July 19th 1984.

The second exposé was given by Mr Bradford, a student teacher, on Carbon-14 dating. Many were lured into this meeting thinking that they

might be able to improve on their dating techniques with the young ladies of KEHS! However, Mr Bradford gave a very detailed talk on the complexities of dating girls and fossils!

Foundations have now been established. An exhibition of mediaeval artefacts from Newcastle due to be presented next year at KES should generate further interest. Thanks must go to all those who supported the society over the year, but particularly Mr Owen, Mr Lambie and Craig Lanham.

Andrew MacGeoch, Sixths.

Joint Art-History Society

The society was formed this year in an attempt to relieve the Art Society of the burden of staging meetings concerned with the History of Art as well as with other Art-related subjects. Many thanks must go to Miss Hillier of KEHS, on whose initiative the society was set up.

Its first three meetings: 'El Greco'; 'The Post-Impressionists' and 'Art and the French Revolution' were well attended, although the majority of attendants were from KEHS, and awareness of the society and its activities has been somewhat lacking in those not directly involved with Art in the school.

For those of you who have felt some diffidence about attending or who have not heard about the society before, meetings are open to anyone and all are welcome; refreshments are free; meetings are irregular, but usually take the form of a lecture with a slide show after school. Meetings are always advertised in Big School.

Unfortunately this year's activities have been disrupted by the building of the new KEHS Art Block, but next year promises to be more active.

James Wallbank, Sixths.

Christian Union

The year began, as always, with a weekend of water-fights, indoor hockey, loud music, inefficient management and a lot of prayer and study. This was held at Banbury this year, and was particularly successful.

The Autumn term was spent planning and praying for the forthcoming Mission and ended with the Christian Union conference and party. The Easter term contained the Christian Union Mission about which there is a separate article; suffice it to say that the occurrence of 'Allelujah' in Christianspeak more than quadrupled during that time.

If the Easter term was a marvel, then the Summer term was nothing short of a miracle. Richard Crocker set the tone with his exciting and innovative leadership of the Easter Weekend, the theme of which could be accurately summed up in one word: 'Onward'. The explosive new committee followed this up in preparation for Mission England at the start of July. The effects of that will be with you for years to come.

I would like to thank Albert Jones and Karl McIlwaine and especially Mr Grimley. Our best wishes to him in his new post.

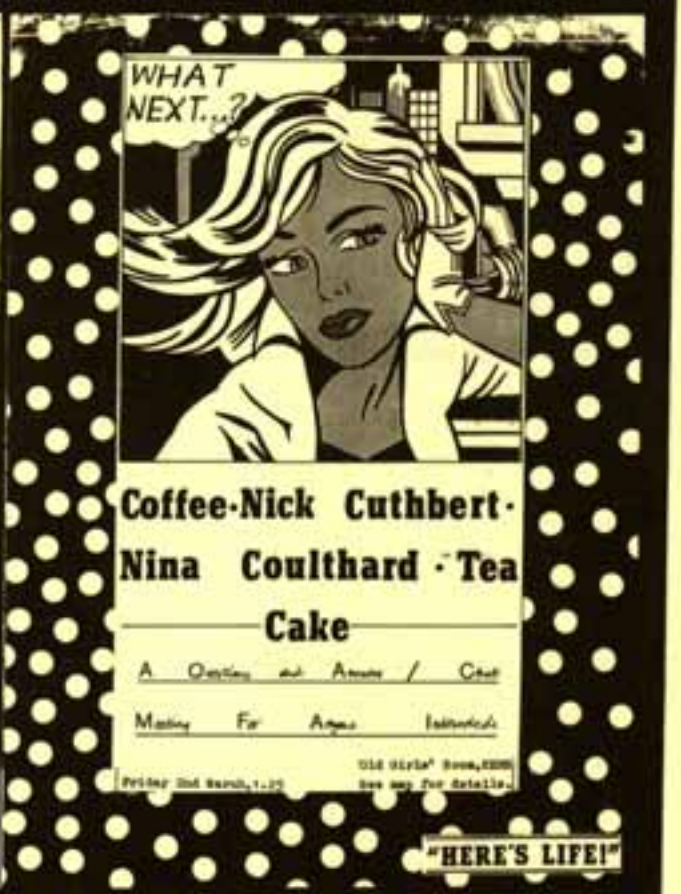
Martin Turner, Sixths.

Classical Society

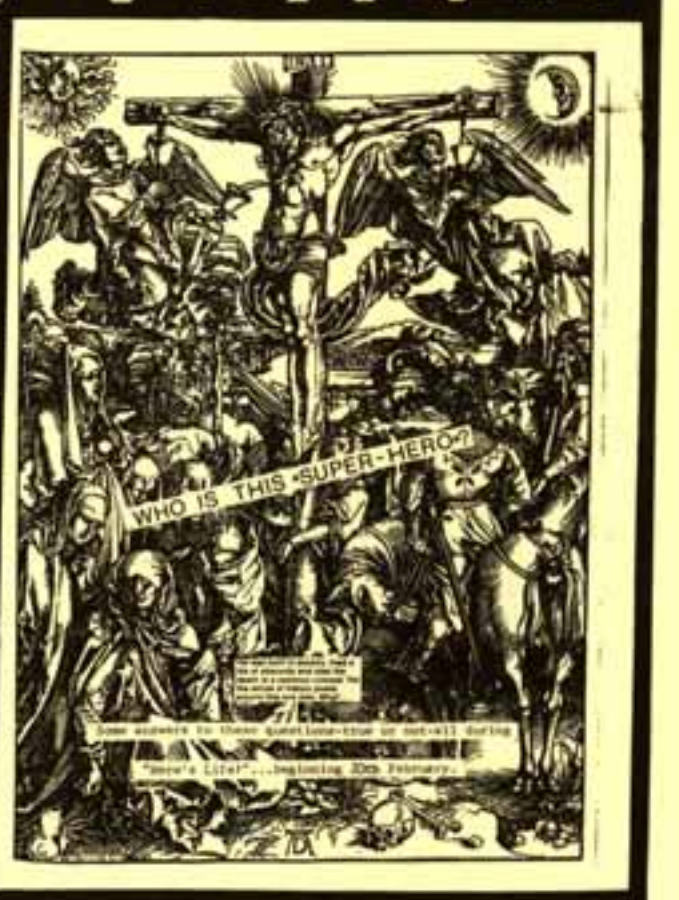
Not a very outstanding year, but nevertheless the Classical Society, missing presumed dead, is in fact extant, although floundering in an all-engulfing mire of apathy.

The one 'interesting' meeting we had was billed as 'Exclusive to upper school members' and as a 'Men only' performance; the blacked-out Room 161 was the venue, and hoards of depraved and deprived scholars flocked there in drooling anticipation ..... Craig Lanham started the proceedings with an interesting

KAIROS
FRIDAY 24 FEBRUARY
7.30 CONCERT
HALL KES • 75p
SYNTH/GUITAR ROCK


WHAT NEXT...?
Coffee·Nick Cuthbert·
Nina Coulthard · Tea
Cake
"HERE'S LIFE!"

GUILT:
MEANINGLESSNESS:
INSECURITY:
is there meaning or purpose in the universe?
a challenge to the sceptics·come and listen to two scientists, from Harwell, give their evidence
this monday, tuesday·ratcliff·
your verdict
FACTS
IF JESUS WAS WHO HE CLAIMED TO BE HE WAS THE MOST IMPORTANT PERSON IN THE HISTORY OF THE


WHO IS THIS SUPER-HERO?
"Here's Life!"...beginning 20th February.

short talk on *Superstition and Witchcraft in Ancient Rome*. Richard Hitchcock and I talked at length and with relish on *Obscenity* in Martial and Aristophanes respectively. However, Mr Owen really stole the show with his graphic slides of masonic marks and phallic symbols on Hadrian's Wall.

This talk just goes to show that Classics can be interesting, and we are willing to talk at length on anything you want us to (provided it has at least a few vague Classical links). Suggest things. Please. We're only human.

Andrew Elliot, Sixths.

Junior Classical Society

Despite the overwhelming and unashamed apathy of the Fourth year, the Society continued on its heroic mission to impart a knowledge and love of the distant past to those of tender years at an unflagging pace. In this task we were aided by Mr Edwards's cheerful smiles and some highly artistic posters. Particularly successful was the traditional classical quiz. Also memorable was the performance of *The Wooden Horse of Troy*.

Thanks to Mr Edwards for all his hard work.

Andrew Killeen, Fourths.

Closed Circle

Despite the attempts of various members of the Divisions to expose the Circle as an elitist clique, we have continued to explore new horizons during the year. While it is not the job of the Secretary to address himself to the rather snide and, dare I say it, uninformed criticisms which are levelled at Closed Circle, I feel it necessary to point out that those who seek to deride our activities have not actually experienced them. I would like to suggest to any member of the Sixth form who wishes to attend a meeting that he need only ask, and the chances are that he will be allowed to undergo the rites of initiation, learn the secret handshake etc.

But I jest. In fact the Circle has discussed a wide range of very serious topics during the year. Simon Taylor used a novel by the German author von Kleist as the basis for his paper which considered the rights of man to obtain justice beyond the law; while Paul Whiteside presented a paper discussing the philosophies of Russell's 'Protestant work ethic'. The final two meetings of the year provoked the most spirited responses from the Circle. Martin Turner's paper, on the perception of personality, exposed to the full the often polarised opinions of certain members, while Don Wilson posed some rather emotive questions with his paper entitled 'The woman's place...'

Thanks to Mr Cook for chairing our occasionally boisterous meetings and for trying to steer us in the right direction when we wandered from the main issues.

Richard Hitchcock, Sixths.

Debating Society

A bemusing choice confronts the school on Thursday evenings, between the guitar-strumming delights of the Christian Union and the more refined joys of the Debating Society. We can but marvel at the attendances that the Society has enjoyed throughout the year, and surmise that the attractions of a certain short, beret-clad gentleman have 'pulled the crowds'.

Debates have ranged from the ridiculous ('This House believes that the female is the deadlier of the species') to the deadly serious ('This House would banish Arthur Scargill to Russia') passing through the values of religion, the NHS and nuclear weapons on the way.

Although speakers have often been difficult to

find, the standard has throughout been of surprisingly high quality and though pronouncements from the floor have tended, as always, to be delivered with some timidity, they too have reflected the high calibre of the sort of people who attend the Society. In external competitions too, the Society has enjoyed substantial success. Giles Dickson, a Winston Churchill without the stature, did admirably well to get through to the second round of the Lloyds Bank Public Speaking Contest. The KES team in the English Speaking Union came second in the second round. Plagued by illness, it consisted at various times of Chris Evans, Max Carlish, Richard Brown, Giles Dickson and Paul Mason. The redoubtable Giles won the 'Best Speaker' award in the first round, and Chris Evans won the 'Best Chairman' award in the second. Niels de Vos and Rupert Ward reached the finals of the Birmingham Post Debating Competition. Richard Hitchcock and Justin Gray also performed well in external competitions. Nietzsche once said that 'Some are born posthumously'. This is certainly true of Nigel Reynolds who, having departed at Christmas, still managed to win the Malcolm Locker Debating Prize - in the summer!

Pride of place must go to Mr Hatton, who has berated more judges and competition organisers for incompetence than the human mind can possibly conceive. His long-suffering attempts to induce some kind of order into committee meetings and a rather incompetent secretary can only meet with our warmest appreciation.

Rupert Ward, Divisions.

Junior Debating Society

"Order, order, can we have some quiet please!" The debate continued. Unfortunately the enthusiasm of the audience to speak in debates was not matched by their ability to cheer, boo and generally make their opinions felt.

Twice the committee sat perplexed as the idea of the motion 'This House Would Ban The Debating Society' was considered.

Eventually ideas were forthcoming and such titles as 'This House Would Legalize Soft Drugs' and 'This House Believes In Father Christmas' were debated successfully. Finding speakers from the audience, intrepid enough to face the barrage that they gave to other speakers, was difficult. Press-ganging, bullying and bribery had little effect. Finally, as a result of a superb brainwave by Dr Hosty, a system by which each member had to own a number was brought in. If no speakers were forthcoming numbers were drawn from a hat, thus compelling the unhappy victims to speak. As a result attendance dropped dramatically but it has since picked up and is now officially some fifty strong.

Varied topics such as 'This House Would Not Mix Politics With Sport' and 'This House Would Ban The Eurovision Song Contest' have produced interesting and amusing debates. The year ended with a balloon debate involving characters from films and television.

Thanks are due to Dr Hosty for attempting to quell the masses and to Mrs Moule for support and ideas. I would also like to thank our valiant secretary who has presided over a successful year and, as future secretary, I hope that next year will be just as interesting and challenging.

Carl Rohsler, UMs.

Eurodrama

Once again, Molière has succeeded in dominating the Society's events. There were readings of *Le Tartuffe* and *Le Misanthrope*, and theatre visits to *Le Misanthrope*, *Don Juan* and *Les Précieuses Ridicules*. This phenomenon is entirely due to Molière's popularity amongst university French departments and theatre companies.

Nevertheless, Eurodrama has managed to produce a busy social calendar for interested parties. Other plays read have included *Der Besuch der alten Dame* by Friedrich Dürrenmatt and *Les Justes* by Albert Camus. Films seen were the Jean-Paul Beneix classic *Diva* and also *Thérèse Desqueyroux*. In addition, visits were made to see the Birmingham University production of Borchert's *Draussen vor der Tür* (including Andreas Müller's electric performance as the 'Heimkehrer'), Keele University's production of Dürrenmatt's *Die Physiker* and *La Valse des Toreadors* by Anouilh at Sheffield.

Eurodrama has had a reasonable year, although it might perhaps have benefited from more play-readings, but we must thank Mr Tomlinson for his efforts in finding us things to do and, often, the transport to get there. In the future we hope to feature other drama than the usual French and German, venturing perhaps into Spanish territory, and also English translations of other European writers. Molière beware: your grip will be loosened!

Simon Taylor, Sixths.

The Fellwalking Society

The Fellwalking Society organized a number of trips during the year. They were open to Fourths and below but the people who participated were mostly Shells, and a dozen or so usually attended.

The trip to the Stiper Stones occurred during frosty December and those who went will remember the 'Who-can-break-the-most-ice' championships! The Devil's Chair and Stiper Stones were very interesting, and the hill at the beginning will be remembered for wearing us out just as we had started.

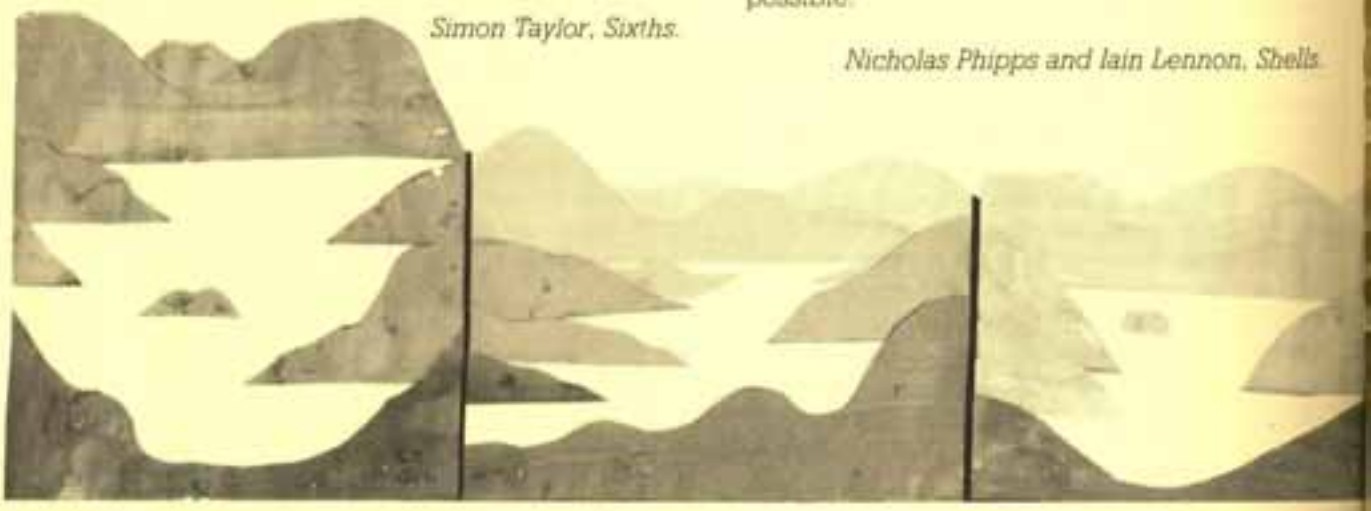
The trip to the Cotswolds brought the best weather and a very good walk. We passed Belas Knapp, an ancient barrow, and walked through a limestone valley.

The Kinder Scout trip was memorable for the Marathon that was sharing our track. At last we managed to get away from the race and see the famous peat hags on the top of the plateau. We also saw some 'sand valleys' which were easy to get into and hard to get out of!

The final trip was to Caer Caradoc. This trip will be remembered because of the 'hillsliding competition' in which a certain person split his trousers! We saw an extinct volcano and some spectacular views.

Trips to the Berwyn and Black Mountains also occurred for the more ambitilus. We would like to thank Mr Cumberland, Mr Lambie and Dr Bridges who helped to make these trips possible.

Nicholas Phipps and Iain Lennon, Shells.



Field Studies and Conservation Society

The Society consists of a core group on Friday afternoons, and other members from the rest of the school. Most work is carried out on Friday afternoons with trips and meetings for all members supplementing this.

The autumn term is usually the least active because the natural world decides to take a well-earned rest. Even so, there is work on the reserve to be done. The main activity is conservation, entailing denuding the reserve of young sycamores and rhododendrons. This is not simply a way of venting the frustrations of naturalists, but removes these unwanted aliens. The second activity is 'nest-box spotting'. We have several interesting species, notably Hardboardius Decrepidus and Ittis Gaun. In fact, checking up on nest-box conditions is an important part of our activities.

The spring term begins with the removal of broken nest-boxes. Often this results in members becoming intimately acquainted with the marsh. A head-count before and after is therefore necessary. We then show off our construction abilities as new boxes roll out of the converted garage faster than Metros do at Longbridge.

True field studies work now gets under way with insect collection, food chain analysis, bird watching, a flower census and the construction of a transect and canopy cover map of a woodland area.

The summer heralds field trips away from school into the early evening if light levels permit. A 'fungus foray' on the Lickey Hills left an unpleasant taste in some members' mouths. High spots included the sighting of a heron at Upton Warren Bird Reserve, a pleasant afternoon chasing butterflies at Botheridge Green on a sunny June day and observing a fishing kingfisher at the Knapp Reserve.

Over the year there have been several talks and films and even a visit to the London Zoological Gardens. It has altogether been a very varied and enjoyable year. Thanks to Mr Dodd and Mr Lampard for their enthusiasm and willingness to give up their time out of school hours.

Andy Wearn, Sixths.

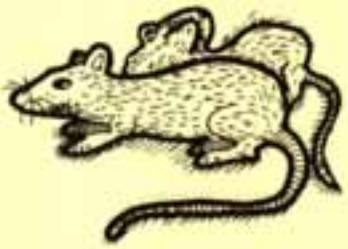
Film Society

"If you care about films, get off your ass and do something." These were the concluding words of last year's *Chronicle* report. There was a good response to this challenge.

The first problem facing the committee was the choice of films. In previous years, the films had become slightly esoteric, as a result of whuch the committee tried to choose films which would appeal to a wider audience. Our attempts, however, were hampered by the film distributors' failure to deliver certain films, notably *Manhattan* and what was to be the climax of the year, *An Officer and a Gentleman*. Nevertheless, the selection of films was more varied, from the sophistication of the *French Lieutenant's Woman* to the mass horror appeal of *Poltergeist* and the experimental rock of *Pink Floyd: The Wall*. The initial response was good, all tickets being sold and the first audiences were large. However, as difficulties arose and exams drew ever-nearer, numbers dwindled.

Overall, this was a most successful year, despite the censorship of the 'artistic' *Catpeople*. Our thanks go to Mr Sljivic and the committee wishes next year's Film Society good luck.

Charlie Dalton, Sixths.



Middle School Film Society

The year started with a showing of Pink Floyd's *The Wall*. This, as the number attending showed, was received with great enthusiasm. Despite this promising start, membership was only just over half of last year's figure, and only a third of the levels in the Society's first year.

During the rest of the year, numbers declined steadily: even a Monty Python film failed to rekindle interest. Attendance reached an all-time low when only sixteen people came to see the last film of the year, *Vampira*. Only eight people stayed to the end.

Our attempts to provide a balanced selection of films were not appreciated, although at least unlike last year, the Society remained in credit. Finally, I would like to thank Miss Barnett for all the help she has given to the Society in what has been, I fear, its final year.

David Derry, Fourths.

Geographical Society

The 1983/84 school year saw a new-style Geographical Society moving from strength to strength in a varied sequence of Thursday meetings and excursions. Under the auspices of Mr Cumberland, high quality speakers were invited to the school, including a University lecturer and prospective MEP.

It is the society's policy to provide entertainment attractive to the whole school as well as organizing more specialised talks for O- and A-level candidates.

Talks included those about travel scholarship trips undertaken by Stephen Taylor and Andrew MacGeoch on Tunisia and her archaeological sites, and Duncan Faulkes and Geraint Lewis on flora and fauna in Scandinavia. Mr Roden gave a specialised talk on whirlwinds and tornadoes. Guest speakers were Dr Collins of Aston University and Mr Hooper, a candidate for the European Parliament on airborne and spaceborne surveys and UN work in Ruanda and Gabon, respectively.

The 'excursion' to Merseyside was supported by a mini-bus load of Sixths who, guided by Mr Cumberland, visited sights including Liverpool Docks, Kirkby Newtown and Formby. We also took a ferry across a well known river. Unfortunately a similar excursion to the Welsh borders had to be cancelled at short notice but prospects seem secure, the society faces a bright future in the coming year.

Ian Pritchard, Sixths.

Historical Society

This year has been most successful, with a lively interest being shown in all the society's activities. The first meeting saw Room 174 crammed with souvenirs and odd items of interest salvaged from World War II. The meeting attracted some seemingly ancient knives which I was assured came from the 1939-45 war and were used by Italians.

There were two very different talks early in the year. The first, on Industrial Archaeology, was heavy and of limited appeal. The second, however, on the sterilization of the unfit by Dr Roy Lowe was both inspiring and instructive.

The highlight of the year was the day-trip to York, in May, to the new Jorvik Viking Centre. This trip proved that the society is anything but dry and serious, and we were even treated to Viking smells in the reconstructed village. We travelled around the settlement in time cars, listening intently as a commentary was relayed to each car. The village has been reconstructed on the site of the original remains in Coppergate, York and is well worth visiting for the novel experience. I would like to thank Mr Buttress for his organisational ability and his ideas, and the committee members Jon Pickworth, Andrew MacGeoch and Andrew Fry.

Paul Spibey, Sixths.

Junior Historical Society

The Society plodded on this year with an attendance consisting almost entirely of minors, and with meetings cunningly timed so that the secretary was able to attend only one of them. However, I have no doubt that the other three meetings were as exciting and entertaining. I hope that the present UMs do not degenerate into the total apathy of my own year.

Andrew Killeen, Fourths.

Literary Society

The Society has managed to provide a wide selection of events for senior members of KES and KEHS this year. The apathy that characterised the attitudes of many last year rapidly disappeared, with most of the meetings being exceptionally well-attended.

Each term we have included a play-reading in the programme, and all were read to a very high standard. I would single out for special praise Gwyn Harris, Simon Taylor, Elinor Idle and Sue Whitehouse for their superb performances in Arthur Miller's *The Crucible* and Arnold Wesker's *Chicken Soup with Barley*. *(And Andrew himself merits a mention for his Moulsworth in Ustinov's Romanoff and Juliet: K.J.B).*

Poetry is an aspect of literature that is sadly neglected. This year the Society remedied this by giving 'air-time' to a recital of members' favourite poems - which I found a most moving occasion. We have also benefited from meetings given by pupils: Rupert Ward organised a recital of contemporary verse; Martin Turner gave an illuminating talk on medieval symbolism, entitled 'Sir Gawain and the Green Knight'; and discussions were led by Andrew Buglass, Eleanor Crook and myself on Molière, Shaw and Aristophanes and their use of politics in comedy.

Equally enjoyable were two talks on freelance journalism given by the full-time writers Jenny Oldfield and Jim Crace, the latter citing the secret of journalism as being in part due to lubrication by a well-known brand of whisky! And the members still found time to visit the Repertory Theatre to see G.B. Shaw's *The Devil's Disciple*.

None of these events could have taken place without the guidance of Miss Barnett, Mrs Trott and a dedicated committee. I should like to thank them - and also everyone who supported the Society during the year.

Andrew MacGeoch, Sixths.

Military History Society

The Military History Society was resurrected early this year under the direction of Mr DJ Evans. The society generated considerable enthusiasm among the few regular members. Three meetings were organized to view newsreel films and a highly successful trip to London took place. Having been delayed at New Street for over an hour the party visited the Imperial War Museum and HMS Belfast.

There is great interest in the society developing in the lower part of the school and it has good future prospects.

Andrew Fry, Sixths.

Modern Language Society

I should like to start by thanking all the people who have spoken to the Society this year. Unfortunately, large audiences did not always materialise: the first two talks on 'Le Canada Français' and 'Art and the French Revolution' were poorly attended. However, the Society succeeded in pulling in the crowds for Fräulein Meighörner's talk on the German Ecology Party. As in her lessons, Ursina managed to be challenging and informative, with a refreshing and humorous approach to such a political subject. Then came the turn of Mlle Dumas, the French assistant, to reflect on 'L'Humour en France' - a difficult subject because of its dependence on language, but which nevertheless raised a laugh from the audience.

The final talk of the year was given by Richard 'Well, I'm a man now' Robbins and Laurie Doe on their experiences as assistants in Spanish schools. Their principal occupation seems to have been exchanging buckets of water with the local student population and drinking Pernod and lemonade. From Richard we learned that the Spanish for Colditz is *campios*, and that he had represented England against seven hundred knife-wielding Spaniards. Despite some of the more frightening details of his trip, the fact that both he and Laurie had returned safely is nothing but a recommendation for prospective students of modern languages to take a year off and to spend it in the country of their choice.

Finally, I should like to thank Mr Tomlinson for his unflagging enthusiasm and energy throughout the year.

Simon Taylor, Sixths.

The Newman Society

Deep in the bowels of King Edward's a dark brotherhood occasionally gathers - an unsavoury and ruthless looking bunch wearing painted expressions of intense concentration - the Newman Society.

One of the most common questions levelled at the Newman Society is "What the hell is it?" - it is, in fact, a society run by, but not exclusively for, Catholics, set up to discuss, watch, read or debate anything vaguely connected to the religious side of life.

After a disastrous previous year, enthusiasm burned once more, and a resurrection attempt was made - one which, I am sad to say, did not entirely succeed.

From the notoriously apathetic Catholic community, the response to the meetings was at best minimal, mainly consisting of the old campaigners from the upper years. Such interest did little to spur on the organisers' flagging enthusiasm.

I would, however, mention two events of the year which proved successful. First, the joint meeting with the Christian Union at which Fr Gregory was invited to speak. This proved valuable to both sides, if only to make clear the differences between faiths - ones which are so rarely fully understood. Secondly the trip to

Harvington Hall - an old relic of the Reformation - riddled with Priest holes, was a resounding success.

Finally a point must be made to those who now take on the mantle of responsibility - one of communication. In the past years the Catholic communities of KES and KEHS have been inexcusably isolated from each other - with only the briefest of contacts on Wednesday mornings. The results on the organization of meetings is disastrous and future committees must attempt to break down these barriers.

In conclusion, many thanks to all those on the committee, Mr Hopley, and of course to our continuing pastor Fr Gregory Winterton, for a consolidatory if not sparkling year.

Matt Wilson, Sixths.

Orienteering Club

Orienteering is a much underrated sport at KES. Many people are under the impression that it requires the ability to run w ll. Despite the efforts of club members to persuade people otherwise, this belief is still widely held.

Most people prefer to jog around the course, while the rest walk. This is because it is more important to know where you are on the map than to run quickly. Running fast inevitably results in mistakes and a longer overall time on the course.

Club members have competed in a variety of locations, from the open slopes of North Wales to the Wyre Forest and Cannock Chase.

The club was narrowly beaten in the Schools' Regional Championships.

Thanks are due to Mr Hancock for his wry sense of humour and his willingness to provide transport to local events.

Iain Tebbutt, Divisions

Parliamentary Society

Living as we do in a parliamentary democracy, it is gratifying to see the amount of support which the society attracted during the year. Whether this is due to an awakening sense of social responsibility, or merely the extremely polarised views of the school, is not for me to say.

Under the dynamic leadership of Mr Buttress, the society's discussions have ranged from the present miners' dispute and politics, across the Atlantic to the American Presidential Election. The society's initial discussion on the prospects of the Labour Party, saw Mr Buttress confidently predicting that Tony Benn would not be selected at Chesterfield, and even if he was, Labour would never hold the seat; the rest is history. While the quality of response to these discussions often vacillated, the enthusiasm never waned; I'm sure we all hope that the society will go from strength to strength next year.

Paul Whiteside, Sixths.

Philatelic Society

The Philatelic Society has enjoyed one of its most active years. It developed from regular 'buy, sell, swap' meetings into a society that offers films, quizzes, auctions and a trip to London.

The auctions, held twice a term, always proved popular. Indeed our auctions have been successful in drawing the big spenders such as Mr Wills who has even on several occasions raised his bid to ten pence. The quizzes too have been a great success. I would like to thank Oliver Hone of UMH for devising some of the quizzes that we have used during this year.

We have also borrowed several video films from the Post Office. The films have included

Post Impressions on general collecting and a film on recent stamp fairs.

After two enjoyable years as secretary of this much rejuvenated society, it only remains for me to thank Mr Clark for running the society, and in particular for organising our trip to London for the British Philatelic Exhibition.

My best wishes to the new secretary Chris Jones for an equally successful year.

Andrew Buxton, Sixths.

Prestel Club

When the option was opened in January there was a small response consisting mainly of volunteers from the Removes. The school had produced a magazine, *Kestrel*, on the Prestel network, and this was to be redesigned. Previously the magazine had been devoted to text only - predominantly articles taken from last year's *Chronicle*. Having examined other material on the network (similar to Teletext, but more complex) we decided to change our approach to one involving more pages of graphics or computer pictures.

The results of six months' work have been promising. The *Art Gallery* on the magazine shows advanced use of computer graphics, and our Ice Hockey game is an example of how users can communicate with the main network to play simple interactive games. We have mixed text and graphics carefully, resulting in a well-presented final product.

Special thanks must go to Miss Barnett and Mr Cook for organising this interesting new venture, and also to all the contributors to *Kestrel*.

Chris Nash, Removes.

Railway Society

This year the society managed to obtain enough support for one trip. On the last Tuesday of the Easter holidays thirteen people arrived at New Street Station for 6.15 am. Included in the group were Mr Dodd, Mr Benson and his wife, Mr Russell and Mr Workman. The trip to travel on the Settle and Carlisle railway line was enjoyed by all. Trains had to be changed four times in total and, with

the exception of an hour at Leeds, there was hardly a second to spare. While passing over the aforementioned railway line the scenes were magnificent. We passed through a tunnel 1 miles in length and saw the peak of Pen-y-Ghent. The last train arrived at New Street for 17.10. Overall it was a successful trip.

Robert Farwell, UMs

Model Railway Society

The society, having been resurrected in November, generated healthy interest lower down the school, providing a keen and able work force. Work done on the layout this year included the replacement of the slightly hurried construction of the past, in the hope of producing a more professional result. The society is again viable and will hopefully grow under the enthusiastic supervision of R. Barker. My thanks go to all who have helped and to Mr Andronov for his support.

Nigel Chandler, Sixths.

Scientific Society

Over the past three years the Scientific Society has undergone a rapid regeneration. From an elitist society dealing with subjects only of interest to members of the sixth form, it has increased in popularity.

The talks this year were well supported, especially the talk by Dr Gough on the physics of a violin. Indeed, even when a talk on medical physics clashed with the House Music competition, the turnout was quite high (perhaps indicating the true level of support for House competitions!).

Next term, the society will return with renewed spirit and a full programme of talks and films.

Thanks must go to Mr Dodd for his stable management which has played no small part in the recovery of the society.

Iain Tebbutt, Divisions.

Shakespeare Society

Although attendance at the Society has been the lowest in recent years, this has not prevented the faithful devotees of the Bard from continuing to enjoy selections from his Collected Works. During the year we have read *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Twelfth Night*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale*. We also read *Volpone* by Ben Jonson.

There were several performances of note: Paul Woodhouse as an urbane and witty Volpone, Martin Turner as an interesting and ambivalent Leontes and especially Max Carlish for his excellent King Lear. Gwyn Harris, Andrew MacGeoch, Eleanor Crook and Sue Cockel also produced readings of a consistently high quality.

Thanks should go to the outgoing committee members Kenneth Macnab and Matthew Banks for their contributions to the Society over the years; also to the new members Elinor Idle, Gwyn Harris, Sue Whitehouse and Max Carlish for all their help. Thanks to Mr and Mrs Trott for bringing real insight to our meetings. It is to be hoped that the influence of new blood will allow the Society to scale even greater heights next year.

Richard Hitchcock (Scrivener), Sixths.

Rugby

THE XV

P21 W7 D1 L13
F223 A284

The first match of the 1983 season showed a new and youthful XV, only three or four players having any real experience. DCE's XV were disposed of in the usual pre-season warm up, but then the team handed Denstone the second match with a sloppy performance. Team spirit was revived after successes against Worksop, KE Aston and our highlight of the season against Warwick at Warwick, a feat rarely achieved and only one of two defeats that Warwick suffered all season.

Injuries hit key players in mid term and the XV had six straight defeats before an honourable draw at Belmont Abbey. We lost to Uppingham in the warm up to the Bromsgrove match but morale remained high. On the big day Bromsgrove won the Simiter-Smith cup by winning 6-0 with the home advantage. It is a pity that a KES 1st XV of any standard gets so little support at the yearly major fixture; even at Eastern Road last year KES supporters were outnumbered by two to one.

At the end of the Christmas term we had won four matches and drawn one from fourteen. This was not the send off we would have wished for the ever cheerful Richard Robbins who, hidden behind that broad grin, has a will to win, perhaps a quality lacking of the overall team.

After Christmas the team played far better with victories over QMGS Walsall and Bishop Vesey's and a narrow defeat against Bablake. On tour in Devon we lost by two points to Torquay Colts in a heated exchange, and easily defeated Devonport High School. Warwick, seething after their earlier defeat at our hands, challenged us to another match, in which they scraped through twenty to sixteen, in a thrilling encounter. The first VII took part in the Herefordshire Invitation Sevens winning one match and losing two, and on a gruelling Sunday afternoon carried away the Sutton Coldfield RFC Sevens trophy with a superb performance.

The XV contained mostly Divisions and Fifths and the inexperience frequently showed. Enthusiasm was lacking at times, however there are players in the lower teams who will challenge for places next year, the lack of competition for places this year being a contributing factor to the team's attitude.

Stuart Coley and Jon Ager were selected to play for the county, the latter failing to play for the Midlands only through injury. My thanks to Mr Everest for his perseverance and patience, to Mr Benson for entertaining us on tour and to Jon Slater for his work as secretary. A belated thanks to Mr Scott who retired during the season, and to the hard core of parents who supported us regularly.

Jonathan Cooper, Sixths.

2nd XV

P18 W10 D0 L8
F317 A290

Every few years in the history of mankind, the world has been graced with an event of true magnificence and everlasting glory. This year's 2nd XV has not had anything to do with any of these. However, while our season was not great, it was at least mediocre. A fast but rather lightweight pack combined with some talented but inconsistent backs to produce a mixed set of results. We started well with two wins, but after this a vacillating trend commenced - losing to Warwick and Uppingham but defeating Solihull and Denstone College. Sadly, the highly competitive match against Bromsgrove ended in a narrow defeat.

Yet, putting results aside, it was an enjoyable season. Morale was always high, and although we missed the support of Mr Roden at our matches, his coaching and enthusiasm were invaluable. The team had many notable

characters whose delightful little idiosyncrasies helped wile away the merry hours. Paul Woodhouse and Dobbin (Jon Hyett) were two who insisted I mention them. On the pitch, everybody played hard, which is what the 2nd XV is all about.

Thanks to the ground staff, and all concerned with making this an enjoyable season.

Richard Hitchcock, Sixths.

3rd XV

P13 W10 D0 L3
F209 A128

Looking at past editions of the *Chronicle*, one gets the impression of a usually makeshift and apathetic 3rd XV. This season the form was markedly different.

Owing to the numerous rugby players in the Fifth form a strong team was fielded fairly regularly and 'extras' only had to be brought into the side when the two senior teams had injury problems.

Every match saw a very inspired side whose keenness to win is reflected in such convincing victories as against KEGS Aston 28-3, Lawrence Sheriff 42-0, King's Worcester 32 -0, QMGS 30-0 and Bishop Vesey 23-3.

Against both Wrekin College and Bromsgrove School the scores were very close right until the end whereupon we deservedly scored in the last few minutes after a superhuman effort in search of victory.

This positive attitude of the side is reflected in the team's statistics at the end of the season which gave the 3rd XV the best performance of all the rugby teams in the school this season.

I would like to thank all forty-six players who turned out for the 3rd XV, especially such regular players as Ben Rees, Paul Woodhouse, Shaun Austin, Stephen Heath, James Haddleton, Richard Hoskison, Martin Crowley, Rupert Martin, Guy Llewellyn and Richard Leung.

Thanks must also go to Mr Emery for his organisation, support and encouragement as well as some admirable refereeing.

Damian Orton, Sixths.

I would like to thank Damian for his efforts as captain. Given the huge turnover of players in a 3rd XV, the captain has the unenviable task of keeping track of the shirts. In this and in all respects Damian proved highly efficient - the 3rd XV frequently having seventeen or eighteen shirts while the 2nd XV captain was reduced to abject grovelling in his desperate efforts to find fifteen.

J.R.R.E.

U16 XV

P8 W5 D0 L3
F137 A52

Because of the regular loss of six players to the 1st XV, this was a slightly disappointing season when judged by the high standards which we had set ourselves in the previous three years.

The whole season seemed to be reflected in the game against King's Worcester. Despite leading twice while playing well under par, we found ourselves a point down, and with only seconds remaining, we were awarded a penalty in front of the posts. The kick was missed by a back who shall remain nameless, and a defeat (8-9) was recorded on the playing record. Our other two narrow defeats came against Uppingham (0-4) and Warwick (12-17), the latter being the team's first and only home defeat in five years. But there were high spots during the season too, with some superb rugby played by forwards and backs. The 26-4 crushing of Bromsgrove and the 9-0 victory over a very big Loughborough 3rd XV showed the spirit of the team to win, in both cases after a defeat in the previous match.

The team was again based on a firm pack with speed and skill in the backs. The cornerstone of the team was the tighthead, Cheung, who worked quietly but skilfully in destroying opposition front rows. He was ably aided by Leung and Gadd, who shared the loose head position. The giant in the line out was Anthony, who, along with his second row cum flanker partner, Carpenter, won a great deal of ball to be used in the backs. The real strength of the team was again the back row with the No 8 - 'Mad Dave' Stapleton, the top try scorer - using and losing his head in more ways

than one. Clifford at flanker showed, along with his skill and speed, a great affection for the neck tackle, which was used to great effect during the season. Rees at scrum-half, and retiring from his captaining duties for this year, made some good breaks on his own, and always gave good service to his half-back partner, King, who nearly always kicked accurately and ran strongly. The centres, Hill and Hughes, showed enterprise in their moves and usually found the wingers when passing. On the wings were Cowell and Neville, who ran and tackled strongly. At full-back was Varley, who played excellently in his first full season: his defence was always sound and he often joined the back line to pose extra problems for the opposition defence. The bravery award goes to Robins, who, because of injury, played at hooker for the first time in his rugby career and, despite his screams of pain (or joy?) during the first match, was game enough to continue for four matches.

Finally, very many thanks to Mr Birch and Mr Everest for their insults and inspiration during the season.

Lee Bacchus, Fifths.

U15 XV

A TEAM: P16 W9 D0 L7
F333 A197
B TEAM: P3 W3 D0 L0
F66 A12

This has been a mixed season. At their best, the team was capable of playing fast, imaginative rugby and with a degree of team spirit. At other times their play degenerated into a reliance upon individuals who were unable to hold the side together.

As the season progressed, the players slowly realised that they did not need to depend on the so-called 'stars' -although the absence of certain people through injury or otherwise did leave certain gaps.

Some boys blossomed during the year: notably Alun Thomas, Jonas Hankin, Phil Mirams and Jeremy Tozer - who, if it had been possible, would have been used to throw-in and jump in the lines at the same time! The team was ably led by both Duncan Wynn and Jonas Hankin.

There is a strength in depth in this year group and many of the B-team players will flourish in the senior sides.

G.H.E.

U14 XV

P20 W17 D0 L3

This was a good season, with the team playing well on every occasion. Few sides had the competence to dominate us and notable victories were gained against Solihull in the final of the Birmingham Cup, Loughborough and King's Worcester.

The forwards, due to their size and skill, dominated opposition packs in loose and set piece play, forming an excellent attacking platform for the backs and a solid line of defence.

The backs, having got over initial difficulties in catching the ball, ran well in many games, the bulk of the tries often being scored by George Panayiotou at centre and Richard Jones at wing.

Thanks must go to Mr Shackleton for his coaching and original refereeing, and also to Mr Everest for his interest and coaching.

Michael Cooper, UMs.

U13 XV

P13 W8 D1 L4
F180 A97

This season was a relatively good one, but at times we let ourselves down, especially in tackling - although Matthew Hill shone throughout the season as an excellent tackler and saved us on many occasions.

We lost only four matches: those against Solihull, Bishop Vesey's, King Henry VIII and KE Five Ways. Our biggest win was against Old Swinford School whom we beat 38-0. Amongst our other victories we recorded wins over Warwick, Loughborough, King's Worcester and Bablake. Duncan Grzesiak and Daniel Aston scored consistently throughout the season and they ended up as our top points scorers. Our one drawn match of the season was against RGS Worcester, where the score was 14-14 after we had fought back from 4-14 down.

Unfortunately the season ended on a sour note when our proposed tour to Yorkshire had to be cancelled as only one of our matches there could take place.

Thanks must go to Mr Stead for organising the side and coaching us.

Jason Coates, Removes.

Hockey

The XI

P25 W11 D4 L10
F42 A37

The season began successfully, with convincing victories against King Edward's Five Ways, Bishop Walsh and Sheldon Heath; and narrow defeats by two strong Old Edwardian teams. The second half of the season appears to have been less successful; however, the opponents in these matches were of the highest standard and the games were close. Losing both Pete Nienow and David Higgitt at Christmas because of Oxbridge examinations left the side with spaces to fill. Considering that Peter was central to all tactics and play, losing him meant a restructuring of the team.

There were impressive performances by several, including Matthew Hanson, who took over as centre half in the second half of the season and who scored a large proportion of the team's goals. The attack was led by Jeremy Thornton - a Fifth former - competing regularly with Matthew Hanson and Charles Dalton for the position of centre forward. The defence was strong, with much battling for places, and included skilful and aggressive play from Lee Smith at sweeper, Steve Benson at centre back, and fine goal-keeping from Tony Whitehouse. Finally, I would like to thank Mr Wills, who has spent much time with the team.

Steve Benson, Sixths.

2nd XI

P15 W4 D2 L9
F18 A40

After an impressive start to the season, with victories against Five Ways (4-0) and Bablake (3-1), the team was brought quickly down to earth with a 5-1 defeat by Warwick. This was the first in a series of defeats at the hands of Broadway (3-5), Bishop Vesey's (0-5), and Sheldon Heath 2-5). The last four weeks of the Autumn Term, however, revitalised the team's confidence. A victory against Lawrence Sheriff, the winning goal coming in the dying seconds, a draw with Solihull Sixth Form College, and victory against Solihull School provided an excellent run up to Christmas, which was only spoiled by a narrow defeat by a strong Loughborough team.

As usual, the record for the Spring Term suffered through players being 'borrowed' by the 1st XI. The first match of the term was lost to Camp Hill 1st XI, followed by a defeat by Bromsgrove (0-5), and two defeats on astroturf by Bishop Vesey's (0-4) and QMGS (1-3). The saving grace (well almost) was a draw with Warwick to finish off the season.

Thanks must go to Mr Lambie for his coaching, 'umpiring' and invigorating pep talks, and also to Mr and Mrs Scott for the pitches and teas, in their last year at KES - may I, on behalf of the team, wish them both the best for a happy retirement. Thanks must also go to Leigh Ayres for introducing his 'friend' Lawrence to the team, to Neil 'half-colours' Anderson for occasionally stopping the ball, and to Austin Pulley for his persistently evident self-confidence, ability and opinions. Congratulations to Colin Brown for becoming the first person to play in five different positions at once, and finally thanks to all other players for their many and varied contributions to this season's successes.

Simon Gall, Divisions.

U16 XI

P12 W6 D1 L5
F23 A25

The season started off well, with a number of convincing victories against Warwick, Five Ways, Sheldon Heath and QMGS. Chris Plant maintained his high scoring rate, supported well by the other forwards. However, the midfield was weakened by the deserved promotion of Jeremy Thornton to the 1st XI. This meant that, despite a strong and well-organised defence, we lost a series of matches towards the end of the season.

During the season, skills and awareness were considerably improved and prospects look even better for next season. My thanks are due to Mr Burney for his advice and for umpiring, and also to everyone who played.

Bill Pike, Fifths.

U15 XI

P16 W11 D3 L2
F41 A19

Although this was the first season of hockey for most of the team, everyone contributed their part admirably to an unusually successful season for an U15 side.

Our first match against Warwick did not bring the expected 8-0 defeat but instead a well-fought 4-3 victory. This good form continued throughout the next two terms but we never really reached the peaks we should have done, disappointingly losing to Five Ways and Bromsgrove and also to an excellent Saintsbridge side. Too often we relied on Matthew Hills to sort things out at the back, and on Steve Twigg to hustle his way up front. However, all involved should take heart at good wins over Bloxwich, Bishop Vesey's and Malvern.

Finally, I would like to thank Messrs Wills and Jones for their enthusiastic coaching, driving and umpiring and encourage the team to maintain and increase the standard attained last year.

Chris Baker, Fourths.

Basketball

U19

P29 W27 D1 L1
F3147 A1845

In past years it has been repeatedly predicted that KES basketball would reach new heights, even become 'legendary'. This season's team has undoubtedly been the strongest the school has yet seen in terms of skill, application and achievement. As defending Birmingham and West Midlands champions, much was expected, and it is to the team's credit, with only 1 defeat in 29 matches, a record-winning score of 184-26 (in a reduced game) and a record points aggregate, that such a high standard of play was sustained.

We dominated Birmingham basketball, scoring over 100 points in every game against other schools and retaining the title after beating Shenley Court in the final; we twice defeated the Birmingham Athletics Institute Men's Team in physical games (their only defeats all season); and we retained the West Midlands trophy, beating Churchdown over 2 legs 186-170.

The national competition was the biggest and most prized carrot of a long hard season. After a fourth round struggle away at Gravesend we were fortunate enough to have both the quarter- and semi-final stages at KES. On both occasions the Sports Hall surely saw its biggest ever crowds and in front of this most welcome and helpful support, we defeated RGS High Wycombe 95-72 then Hemel Hempstead 99-80. So it was on to the National Final, again in Birmingham, at the B.A.I. A sustained publicity campaign helped swell the crowd to 500 strong for the game against Eastfields School, London (see separate report). However, it was unfortunate and a slight injustice that on the day we could not reproduce our usual form and we went down in a low scoring game 54-67. Although a bitter disappointment, there could be no disgrace in defeat, and the team could look back with pride on such an outstanding season.

Credit for the success and achievement cannot be pinned down to any one source. It

must be said, however, that Mr Birch has well deserved the praise for all his work, having led KES basketball from the depths of obscurity to be on a par with any other school in the country, with a national and even international reputation. Thanks are also due to Mr Gunning for his help in running the team and for learning how to drive; to Mr Cotter for keeping the Sports Hall smelling so nice; to Gareth 'Smurf' Jenkins and 'Little Richard' Wolffe, the school's most efficient double-act of table officials; and to the growing and much appreciated support from the Common Room, school and parents. Richard Chrimes (with a record 959 points) and Chris Grimley often dominated on court (both were selected for England Junior Men; Andrew Crossley also played for the Midlands) but the

team's great strength in depth, its necessary high individual skill and teamwork were equally important.

The season was the result of six years' hard work and dedication, beginning with Mr Stead's U13 team and involving training or playing at least twice a week and practising most lunchtimes; which points the way for teams in the future who will take out as much as they put into their game. The U19 team will no doubt change its style in years to come as players leave, but as basketball establishes its rightful place as a major sport at KES, with enthusiasm developed in younger teams and with a reputation already established, I feel sure that basketball will continue to give great pleasure to players and spectators and, who knows, will one day bring us the National Cup - so far the elusive third Shredded Wheat.

The team for posterity: Julian Bishop, Richard Chrimes, Iain Crawford, Jonathan Crawford, Julian Crawford, Andrew Crossley, Chris Grimley, Nick Willetts, Kevin Withers, Alain Wolffe. And, on occasions: Warren Cowell, Ben Everson, Neil Martin, Jeremy Tozer.

Alain Wolffe, Sixths.

U16

P8 W6 D0 L2
F663 A419

Although it did not win any trophies, the team was strong, and was beaten by only one other team - Aston Manor - in both the West Midlands Knockout and the Birmingham League. Other teams were defeated easily, and had it not been for these two defeats, the U16 team may well have been very successful in both the above championships.

Once again, the team drew upon the Basketball talent of a wide age group, with players from the Fifths, Fourths, UMs and even Removes. This underlines the talent in the lower half of the school, and next year's U16 team should be very impressive.

Thanks again for the organisation and work of Mr Birch and Mr Gunning throughout the season.

Warren Cowell, Fifths.

U15

P20 W18 D0 L2
F1480 A950

This was a good season, despite the odd losses to Aston Manor. The team played better as the season progressed, and a victory in an U15 tournament at Gloucester boosted the team's morale. As always, the team was composed of many young players who, although without much experience, played admirably -especially Jones, Misra and Roberts. The top scores came from the older players Neil Martin and Jeremy Tozer, with more useful scores from Leon Rowley and Richard Wolffe.

Overall I think the school should watch next

year's U15 team as the younger players will show their true skills then. Under the guidance of their coach Mr Gunning, I am sure they will be highly successful.

Jeremy Tozer, Fourths.

U13

P6 W6 D0 L0
F459 A201

Thanks to the expert coaching of our captain (Narain Moorjani) and the commitment of the team itself, the outstanding record of last year's U13s of no losses, was maintained. Everyone who turned up to the practices got to play in at least one game, as the first five (Moorjani, Aston, Maughan, Grzesiak and Tait) were sometimes substituted.

Niels Hooper, Removes.

National Schools' Basketball Final vs Eastfields Schools

The venue was the Birmingham Athletic Institute in Highgate, the date April 1984, the game was the National Schools' Final - the culmination of six years' basketball at KES and for some the last game of the school.

Naturally we were slightly nervous as we entered first the sports complex and then the main hall with hundreds of shouting spectators in the tiers of seats to one side of the court. Nevertheless, as we settled to watch some of the Girls' U16 Final, confidence grew. Then came the nod from down below and it was off in the changing rooms. There was no great drama, no pep-talk, no rugby style banging of heads on the wall, just chat about where to go after the game, Andrew Crossley's tan and a piece of reckless driving by nervous parents. Team photos followed (once Nick Willetts had combed his hair) then we went to the back of the hall and waited to make an entrance.

It was on the turf at Wembley, the Centre Court at Wimbledon, down the steps at Lord's; the Cup Final was about to start. There was no 'bottling out' now as we ran off any nerves and as the songs poured from well-oiled sections of the mostly 'home' crowd. The event was really one to savour: we had cheerleaders, an announcer and were introduced individualy to the crowd, imagining our own Miles Aiken voice-over.

At last the real business of the day - the game itself. The teams were fairly evenly matched and we pulled away to an early lead. However the opposition seemed to be reacting that bit more sharply and bouncing that bit higher than we were; with six minutes to go the game slipped away and with neither team playing particularly well, our own performance falling well below average, we went down 54 - 67.

The support had been magnificent throughout and made the evening truly memorable for everyone present - in spite of the bitterness at having fallen at the final hurdle and the lumps in our throats which grew to about the same size as the winners' medals we had just missed out on. Our thanks to everyone who turned up and took such an enthusiastic interest in the team: we must do it again sometime! If everyone enjoyed the event as much as we did, and if some were converted to basketball in the process, it is certainly worth repeating.

The U19 Basketball Team 1983 / 84

Solent Schoolboys' U17 International Invitation Basketball Tournament

Once again, KES were invited to play in this prestigious and enjoyable tournament over the Easter holidays.

After a long ride in the minibus, our first match was against King's Southampton, and we went down 48-48. We then took on USC Heidelberg, the holders, and although we were by far the youngest and smallest team in the tournament, we played well to lose 40-49. The third game - against St Columba's, our old rivals - was close all the way through and went to overtime, but the opposition managed to score (and win) in the last two seconds. We then beat Early Birds of Holland 55-33, but were outplayed by Speyer of Germany 57-74. In our last match, against King's Southampton once more, the KES team played outstanding basketball, winning 68-53. Main point scorers were Willetts 96, Iain Crawford 56, Tozer 46, Everson and Crossley 44.

As last year, the accommodation and general organisation were excellent, and great thanks must go to Messrs Birch, Gunning and Workman - without all of whom KES would not have been able to participate in what was a most enjoyable tournament.

Andrew Crossley, Divisions.

Tennis

1st VI

The 1st VI, under its new leadership, has had another most successful season this year, thrashing almost all who dared to take us on in Friendly and Warwickshire League matches. Notable victories were scored against Bishop Vesey's 8-1, Solihull 7-2, Repton 5-4 and Malvern 7-2. We reached the area final of the Glanville Cup for the third consecutive, time losing rather inevitably to the virtually professional side from Millfield. The team also retained the Warwickshire Schools' Shield.

The first pair, Robert Grierson and Paul Hill, were omnipotent - and unbeaten - while a second pair, Simon Booth and Duncan Grierson, provided most effective support. They performed well throughout the season, and TBT was ecstatic when they wrested a set from the Millfield second pair. The third pair, Chris Baker and James Haddleton, played some consistant and good tennis, clearly justifying their position within the team. Special thanks must go to James Haddleton's hairdresser for his outstanding contribution to the humorous quality of the game. Thanks are also due to Jon Ager, Stuart Duggan, Ben Everson, Paul Mukerji and Matthew Upton for their contribution to the team's success - and to Mr Burney for all his help.

Of special distinction were Simon Booth's selection for the England U16 team, while Matthew Upton was selected for the Warwickshire U12s, Chris Baker and Duncan Grierson for the Warwickshire U16s and Robert Grierson for the Warwickshire U18s.

Finally, I should like to thank Mr Tomlinson for all his efforts throughout the season. With an unchanged 1st VI for 1985, we are looking forward to the next season with great eagerness and confidence.

Robert Grierson, Divisions.

U16 and U15 VI

P4 W3 D0 L1

The U16 VI made great efforts throughout the season, led by James Haddleton - who won the plate event in the BSLTA U16 tournament with Duncan Grierson. The team shows promise, considering that their strength is considerably diminished, since five of the 1st VI come from this age group.

Thanks are due to Matthew Upton, Gavin Nicol, James Harms, Rajar Kushwaha and Narrain Moorjani for their consistently enthusiastic performances - and Martin Higgitt for his remarkable punctuality.

Last year's U15 team of Chris Baker, Simon Booth, Duncan Grierson and Paul Hill continued their successes in the Midland Bank Tournament, narrowly loosing the National Final.

Robert Grierson, Divisions.

Squash

P14 W10 D0 L4

This has been a very promising season for squash at KES, despite the fact that three players out of five were completely new to the team. Once again we reached the Sportsco Regional Final, where a considerably weakened team was clinically dealt with by Solihull Sixth Form College.

The team has improved considerably throughout the season, mainly through match experience, and competition between Crispin Hills and Jonathan Pickworth (also Paul Mukerji) for the final place in the team has been fierce. There has also been fierce competition between Jeremy Thornton, James Pickworth and Robert Grierson for the number 2, 3 and 4 positions in the team, and this has resulted in a higher standard of play from everyone. All members of the team have worked well together, despite differences in opinion on some rare occasions, and in between the games of squash (as well as during) a good time has been had by all! Commitment has been very impressive, and new heights have been reached: not in ability and fitness, but - in Paul Mukerji's case - in the well-practised art of apathy.

Prospects for next year are extremely promising, with the same team playing their second season, and with the continued guidance from Mr Tomlinson, the team's able chauffeur and efficient administrator. Furthermore, there are a number of promising players in the lower years of the school, ensuring the future growth of squash at KES.

Pete Branson, Divisions.

Fives

P26 W18 D2 L6

The school enjoyed a very successful season at both senior and junior levels, culminating in unprecedented success at the Schools' Championships in March. During the season, fifteen fixtures were played against school sides and eleven against the more experienced players of clubs and universities. The majority of these fixtures were won convincingly, a fact which demonstrates the depth of Fives talent in the School.

The seniors' best results were a 3-0 win against Loughborough University, a rare triumph over the Old Edwardians and the 1-1 draw against the Oxford University 1st team. The only disappointment was a 3-0 defeat in the needle match against Shrewsbury, whose 1st VI have not been defeated for four seasons. I should add, however, that each pair was closely contested and that two of them went to a fifth set.

The junior team also had some good results, including 6-0 drubbings of Stowe and KE Five Ways. At U15 level, Turnbull, Waldron and Courier improved considerably during the season. This improvement owed much to their participation in several open tournaments. Amongst a large number of Shell players, Butlin and Beighton showed tremendous potential, often beating much older players.

In February, the 1st VI went on tour to London, playing four fixtures. Overcoming seventh-degree hangovers, the team annihilated all opposition 3-0. At this juncture I would like to thank the Fives Secretary, Andrew Buxton, who tackled the difficult task of arranging fixtures with great enthusiasm. Thanks should also go to the master in charge, Mr Worthington, who paid train fares and organised teas.

The climax of the season was the Schools' Championships held in Shrewsbury. This tournament was divided into Open, U16 and U14 sections, KES being represented in each section. At U14 level our pairs were too inex-

petienced to progress very far in the competition, but valuable experience and enjoyment were gained.

Jonathan Mole and Robin Mason were seeded first in the U16s. Indeed they were never seriously threatened throughout the competition and never dropped a set. They also reached the quarter-finals of the Open competition before losing to Shrewsbury's 1st team. They will be favourites to win this competition next year, and I wish them luck.

In a strongly contested Open section, the school's first three pairs reached the quarter-finals - a tremendous performance. The 3rd pair of Mike MacGeoch and Andrew Mole had played excellently to beat Berkhamstead's 1st team, the fifth seeds.

The 1st pair of Andrew Buxton and Richard Tyler played Highgate's 1st pair in the semi-finals. At first, Highgate dominated the match and reached match-point at 11-5 in the fourth set. However, the KES pair escaped and won the final set. In the final, they played Shrewsbury 1st pair, the first seeds, who were on their home courts. In a close, tense and exciting final, Buxton and Tyler again won 3-2, thus exacting revenge for their defeat earlier the season.

I must thank two Old Edwardians, Tony Hughes and Richard Lambert, who helped the team throughout the season, and especially at the Schools' Championships. Without them, our double triumph would not have been possible!

Richard Tyler, Sixths.

Fives is one of the few sports at KES in which the school team competes against more experienced club players in four major tournaments. Again this year, the school pairs have held their own and produced some creditable results.

In London, the pairing of Andrew Buxton and Jonathan Mole reached the quarter-finals before losing to the first seeds, and Mike MacGeoch and Chris Jones also had a fine run, defeating a strong Shrewsbury pair 3-2.

The Midland tournament saw appearances on home courts in both semi-finals by the school 1st pair of Andrew Buxton and Richard Tyler, and the 2nd pair of Jonathan Mole and Robin Mason (the youngest pair ever to reach this stage).

In Shrewsbury, the 1st pair reached the semi-finals to become the first school pair to do this, and Andrew Waldron and Jonathan Turnbull reached the final of the second tournament.

However, the British Open Championship for the Kinnaird Cup is by far the most prestigious of the tournaments. Seeded eighth, the 1st pair reached the last eight for the second year running - no other school pair had managed it even once.

All players who competed in the tournaments, especially Andrew Mole who played with a variety of partners, should be congratulated on a fine season for the school.

Andrew Buxton, Sixths.

Fencing

P4 W2 L2

This was another year. Another year in which to fight. Another year to forget the failures of the past and press towards new goals. Another year to break with tradition. Another year to surmount the customary apathy of Captain and Secretary. A year in which all of these totally failed to happen.

True, all the fencers worked extremely hard - just not at fencing. Enough said?

Not quite. We did manage to wrest the sword trophy from its original place in the hands of KEHS, during its first year of use. We did manage to enter a fair few into a fair few competitions - some of the juniors did remarkably well. We even managed to place men third and fourth in the Warwickshire U18 and the West Midlands Schools respectively.

Most important of all, however, was that we have finally managed to squeeze some desperately needed equipment from the School Club No 1 Account.

And the future? Sadly, there can be no real future for this elegant and energetic sport in KES until the fee system is abolished. The School Club does not seem to realise that pressing £30 a year fee onto all fencers - including first years - is certain to drag much of the talent away before it has become firmly entrenched. Enough said?

Enough said.

Martin Turner, Sixths.

Bridge

This year has seen the partial resurrection of regional School Bridge, with three friendly matches between a total of five schools after we had all played at the one regular and annual fixture, the zonal heat of the Daily Mail National Schools' Bridge Knockout Competition. In that competition, the two pairs, Andrew Gregory and Mark Williams, and Papu De and Albert Hsu, came a very creditable fourth out of eight teams.

The first friendly tournament that we played in involved Codsall High School, Bishop Vesey's and Sutton Girls' High School, the match being played at the latter, which provided some excellent samples of home-made cooking! We came a close second, only one Victory Point behind Bishop Vesey's. The summer term began with a re-match, this time with QMGS too, excluded from the first tournament because they had won the Daily Mail heat (and had gone on to come sixth in the National Finals), and only now allowed in with their second team. On this occasion, missing my previous partner, Papu De, and playing with a relative novice, Hari Deshpande, we tied with Bishop Vesey's on Victory Points but had gained a moral victory, having beaten them in the actual match between our teams.

This was followed by a match against the Common Room, where we suffered an ignominious defeat, managing to gain only one I.M.P. while losing 24. Finishing the year on an equally low note, we only managed to come above Sutton Girls', the habitual losers, in the third and final friendly tournament.

Since all four of the regular players are leaving, a new team will have to be found from scratch to continue the good work already started in putting School Bridge on the map. There does seem to be enthusiasm in the lower years, but almost none in the higher ones. So, if you know the basics (which is all that we do), want to know what Victory Points and I.M.P

are - and to sample culinary delights - then put yourself forward for the new team.

Albert Hsu, Sixths.

Chess

GROUP	P	W	D	L
1st	8	5	1	2
2nd	8	3	2	3
3rd	7	1	2	4
4th	6	4	1	1
Shells	6	4	1	1

After dogged resistance in the previous season, the 1st team finally succumbed to QMGS Walsall, who won all their matches in the league. The team lacked a real mega-star, so it must have been effort and team spirit that gave us a position of 3rd - we may need more of these qualities in future.

The Times A team won the local zone yet again, but again came up against QMGS in the second National round.

Shaun Austin led the 2nd team to the Division II championship, and Jon Pickworth's 4th team won Division IV after a play-off. The Shells lost their play-off for the First-Form League. Thanks to Peter Bream for overseeing their efforts, and to Jon Slater for bravely captaining the 3rd team, whose players were continually stolen by higher teams. Congratulations to Summeet Singhal for winning the Warwickshire U14 championship, and to Albert Hsu for becoming the Senior League Division II Individual Champion. These and others have represented the County at Junior and Senior levels.

Thanks to everyone who played during the season, whether as 1st team regulars, or last minute replacements, and especial thanks to RLS for organisation, enthusiasm and general benevolence.

Andrew Gregory, Sixths.

Table Tennis

GROUP	P	W	D	L
U19A	12	6	2	4
U19B	12	1	0	11
U15	12	1	1	10

For the first time in years, the King Edward's U19 Table Tennis team had a stable line-up. Despite fierce competition for places Mark Embley, Chris Plant and Dave Conder managed to impress the selectors throughout the season and play all twelve matches. It was perhaps the consistency of the team that produced such creditable performances.

My thanks to the U19B team (Messrs Bott, Chivers and Schwartz) who bounced back game after game for a hammering. Their enthusiasm alone should have gained them first place in the league, and I am sure all three will be only too pleased to play again next year.

The U15 team had a disappointing season, but with practise and experience the figures should improve. The captain, Edward Foster, is a particularly promising player. Thankyou also to APR who organized all the matches throughout the season (although not necessarily on the correct day), for his dedication and enthusiasm towards such a minor sport in this school.

Mark Embley, Sixths.

Sailing

P2 W1 L1

The dynamically successful team of 1983 did it again, losing only one match in an otherwise unbeaten season. This high degree of success was due to the experience of literally years of sailing together, perfecting our team racing skills, and the publishing of the Pickworth re-revised, amended version of the team racing rules.

The one match we did lose came early in the season against Solihull School, unbeaten for two years, whose captain was a National Cadet helmsman. In the first race we managed to outsail completely the Solihull team, and took the first race. In the second race, however, we seemed to be suffering severe speed problems; our boats were simply not fast enough. It soon dawned on us that the dastardly Solihull team, having realised that a pounding defeat was unavoidable, had resorted to the desperate measure of sabotaging our fleet of boats prior to swopping over in the second race. There was nothing we could do, despite our obviously superior sailing skill; they took the second race. The final result rested on the last race, or did it? On coming ashore, we noticed that the Solihull team had formed an armed guard around their boats. Their captain then announced that as they were the visitors, they were going to choose boats for the last race. Surprise, surprise, the peeved KES team were again at a disadvantage. Despite a gallant effort, once ahead we could not catch them, and it was all over.

From then on, KES were to prove victorious in every match and maintained an unbeaten run. The next match was against Cheltenham College, our arch-enemies. We were armed with a protest flag in every pocket and a rule book in each boat so that we could quote the rules verbatim. However, when we arrived at Barnt Green Sailing Club, it was blowing a Force 6/7; it was going to be a 'Survival of the Fittest'. This proved an overwhelming victory, sailing in very heavy weather conditions, and

during the match everyone needed a cooling swim, except James Pickworth!

I'd like to thank the keen and tireless crews for their essential efforts, and greatest thanks go to Mr McIlwaine in his capacity as course-layer, rescue officer and maintenance manager, and also to Miss Barnett for co-ordinating the racing and pooping the start horns!

Mike Easton, Sixths.

Water Sports

Lifesaving

The closure of the KEHS swimming pool for maintenance during the autumn and spring terms has led to a drop in the number of examinations being attempted, since there has been a lack of training facilities. However, owing largely to Mr Owen's enthusiasm and resourcefulness (obtaining a pool for us in Coventry, for instance!), the club passed a new milestone this year, with the attainment by Paul Weston and myself of the most difficult practical test examined: the Distinction Award. Under the instruction of Mr Owen and Paul Weston, the Wednesday swimming option also gained a number of awards, and Mr Owen himself must be congratulated on passing his Teacher's exam.

The overall results for 1983 are not yet

available; however, in 1982 KES came second to Solihull School in the Mildenhall Shield competition (scored by noting the number of awards gained by each school), beating Bablake School and Malvern Hall, amongst others.

Many thanks to Mr Owen and Mr Wills.

Dave Somerset, Divisions.

Swimming

GROUP	P	W	L
U12	4	4	0
U13	4	4	0
U14	8	7	1
U15	1	1	0
U16	7	2	5
Open	9	8	1
W/Polo	8	7	1
Overall	12	12	0

As the overall results show, the team had a successful season with a large increase in the number of young swimmers, who performed very well, winning all four of the junior matches. Several of these younger swimmers were involved in main matches, swimming for the U14 sides, and Haywood, Parker, Burley and Cooper deserve special mention.

The intermediate age groups had a hard season, with a very young team suffering many injuries. Straker performed well, swimming the maximum number of events in all matches.

The senior team had a very successful season, which can be accounted to a good team which included several outstanding members such as Adrian Mackay and Jon Hatton - who also swam in the Midland District events - and Damian Orton. Both Adrian and the captain, Damian, will be missed in the future.

The water polo team was very strong this year, winning most of its matches and often, on confronting the opposition, being offered excuses such as 'The water's too cold'.

Finally, thanks must go to Mr Wills, Mr Owen and Mr Perry for all their work in organising and running matches efficiently. The transport provided by the parents was also much appreciated.

Jon Hyett, Sixths.

Cross Country

Birmingham League

1st VI:	P9	W6	(finished 2nd of 15)
2nd VI:	P9	W3	(finished 7th of 12)

Despite losing two of our top runners from last season, Matthew Banks and Martin Pugh, the 1st team performed magnificently to mirror exactly the results of the previous season. The 2nd VI, often struggling to make up the numbers, had to be content with seventh place, however.

Highlight of the season came in the close win over KE Lichfield, with a marvellous team performance. More dubious highlights occurred when the captain arrived without shorts, only to run, undeterred, in his 'skids'; and when George Fraser got confused about whether he was running or boxing in the race against Five Ways.

Mr Workman continued to organise the team with his usual efficiency and geniality, turning out in all weathers, and even on Saturdays, to encourage us to even greater effort through the wind, rain and mud with time-proven gems like 'Hang on in there, lad!' A tough, enjoyable season for all concerned, even if George didn't manage to sell any trainers this year!

Niels de Vos, Divisions.

Athletics

GROUP	P	1st	2nd	3rd	4th
Senior	15	14	1	0	0
Inter	15	12	3	0	0
U16	4	3	1	0	0
Junior	13	7	4	0	2
U14	11	5	2	2	2
Minor	11	1	1	2	7

With the loss of several fine athletes since last season, we could not have hoped for such a successful season. In the end, the seniors lost only one match all season, competition for places was healthy, and there were no obvious weaknesses in either the Senior or the Inter team. Numerous athletes were selected to represent King's Norton in the West Midlands' Schools Championships, and all met with a reasonable degree of success. Particularly praiseworthy were the performances of George Fraser, Robert Temple and Warren Cowell who were selected to represent the West Midlands at the English Schools' Championships at 400m, 1500m steeplechase and javelin respectively. George was also selected to represent Great Britain Junior Men vs Germany vs Italy.

The Junior and U14 teams showed good potential and came 2nd in the Junior Taylor Kenrick Championships. Only the Minors were rather disappointing.

However, perhaps the most pleasing thing of all this season was the excellent team spirit within a very close-knit team. No-one is ever reluctant to double up, even if it is at the cost of his own personal event. Support for fellow athletes was another pleasing feature of the season. With only a few of the present Senior team leaving this season, the future looks very bright indeed for KES Athletics.

Thanks are definitely due to the new groundsman, Mr Woodhead, who took excellent care of the track and a good deal of pride in his work. Also thanks to all the masters who helped out week, in week out with scoring, timing and measuring, and especially to the ubiquitous Mr Birch, whose words of encouragement and great enthusiasm for success rubbed off on everyone and contributed in a very real way to our excellent team spirit.

Let's go unbeaten next year please!

Niels de Vos, Divisions.

Walking

The Walking Option is going downhill. There exists a popular myth that we are a 'bunch of dossers', whose only aim is to avoid the rigours of rugby or the strictures of cricket. Pseudo-walkers, with this myth inculcated in their legs, have infiltrated the option.

So, henceforward let us not drag our feet. Let there be no complaints as our guide leads us through mangrove swamps, no worries when at four o'clock we are miles from civilization (or at least the minibus), no moans when interrupted from intellectual idioms by prohibitions of sauntering. Convenient loss of wallet and the disguising of pints of vodka is also to be deplored.

Would-be initiates apply to RT, displaying excessive gratitude for driving and refreshments.

Andrew Gregory, Sixths.

Cricket

1st XI

P17 W11 D5 L1

The XI had another outstanding season, winning a high percentage of matches as well as the Warwickshire Schools' Knockout Competition.

The season started steadily with two draws, but then began an impressive run of seven consecutive victories, convincingly beating powerful sides such as Solihull, Bablake and the Gentlemen of Staffordshire. However, we came up against stiff opposition at Warwick, and the game ended in a close and exciting draw, Warwick losing 5 wickets for 30 runs, then holding out for a draw with one wicket standing. Another win over a good King's Worcester side followed, but in the next match King's Macclesfield held on to deprive KES of a deserved victory. Our only real hiccup of the season was the defeat by RGS Worcester, where an unusually poor batting display lost us the game. The season continued in fine style, the XI rolling over the Common Room, Wolverhampton GS and a strong Bedford Modern team, and then destroying Bablake in the Warwickshire Schools' Final by 9 wickets.

The excellent playing record was due to a very powerful batting side (headed by Nick Willetts' 909 runs and Neil Martin's 505 runs) complemented by Stephen Heath's 54 wickets at 12 runs apiece, under the able captainship of Nick Willetts.

Thanks must go to Mr Benson, Paul Knowles and Mr Woodhead (the groundsman) for their efforts throughout the season.

Andrew Crossley, Divisions.

2nd XI

P11 W4 D3 L3 Abandoned 1

Not as successful as last year, though this was to be expected with the loss of several key players to the 1st XI.

Performances throughout the season were typically 2nd XI, with our fielding being particularly bad. There were occasions when we batted, bowled and fielded well, but we never put all three together in one match.

Victories were achieved against Wrekin, Bablake, King Henry VIII and RGS Worcester. We lost to strong sides from Solihull, Denstone and Bromsgrove, this last match reaching a grand finale, with the winning runs coming off the penultimate ball of the day.

Lack of space prevents me from going into details of my over against Bromsgrove; 'Rocko' Maini's rain-dances and attempts at fielding with all parts of his body except his hands; Phil Silk's anguish in the minibus on the way to Coventry, and his joint relief with Jon Crawford in a graveyard outside a Rolls-Royce factory somewhere in Coventry (Mr Jayne was lost - deliberately, perhaps, to compound Phil's agony?); my cramp against Warwick and my first (slip) catch in the same match (to everyone's relief). It was, one way or another, a memorable season and one which we shall remember fondly.

Prospects for next year are good with only one member of the side leaving. I wish next year's side and new captain good luck and give my thanks, on behalf of the team, to the groundstaff at Eastern Road for beautiful batting strips and tasty teas; to Mr Jayne for umpiring in Mr Roden's absence; and to Mr Roden for his guidance, advice, and time and effort in organising the side.

Papu De, Sixths.

3rd XI

P6 W4 D1 L1

This was quite a successful season, from a side made up mainly from fifth-formers. Notable performances came from the bats of Ally Morgan and Max Carlish, both of whom scored fifties, and also from the bowling of Lee Bacchus, William Pike and Dave Ward.

Some well-deserved victories were achieved: the most notable of which were against Bromsgrove, where Dave Ward took seven wickets for three runs and a second

game was played to pass the time; and against the King's Worcester 'Tigers', where we scored 243 for five before tea, and the Tigers managed only 80 - Lee Bacchus taking six for 30.

In fact, every member of the team contributed to its success in one way or another, and if we failed in one area, we invariably excelled in another. However, one area was unusually consistent - and that was the fielding, where many sharp catches were taken, and few runs given away. Special mention must be made of Mark Hughes, who invariably attempted to kick the ball to the stumps if a run-out seemed at all likely.

I should like to thank Mr Roden for organising the team, and also the twenty or so people who played for the team at various times, often turning up at short notice.

Iain McNeish, Fifths.

U15 XI

P10 W3 D2 L5

Although the results suggest that this was not a particularly good season for the team, it must be said that we did not have a full team until the last match of the season - which we won convincingly. At times, after we had bowled well, our batting let us down - and vice versa. We won one out of the two Birmingham League matches that we played, the other matches unfortunately being called off.

Many players improved over the season, especially Andrew Saunders - who proved himself to be a very good, quick bowler - and Leon Rowley - who showed himself to be an able wicket-keeper. A special mention must also be made of Jonas Hankin, who at times was a very effective all-rounder.

I should like to thank Mr Trott for his help throughout the season.

Phil Henrick, Fourths.

U13 XI

P11 W3 D3 L5

Although not the most successful of seasons, all matches were keenly contested and a good time was had by all.

Again Tait was steadfast behind the wicket. Harris bowled accurately and Clifford hooked aggressively. The team's strength lies in its batting, from the sound and straight Evans and Hockley to the flashing blades of Moxley, Goodall and Pritchard, who, as the season progressed, developed into an efficient strike bowler. Ball, Milne and Jones ably supported the main batsmen and fielded with skill and urgency. Jason Coates is to be congratulated on his first season of captaincy and he bowled effectively off-spin and, when necessary, batted responsibly and entertainingly.

The highlight of the season came with the last match, against a respected RGS Worcester XI. Set 147 to win, Coates showed the way with a sparkling 39. Then came a collapse. With only three wickets remaining, and still some 70 runs needed for victory, Worcester moved in for the kill. They did not reckon, however, on the late entry of the swashbuckling Pritchard, who cut and drove fiercely to win the match with one wicket to spare and in the final over of the day. No-one had a broader smile as we left the field, than the KES umpire!

G.H.E.

U14 XI

P8 W4 D3 L1

The beginning of the season brought two new faces into the ranks of the U14A team: Paul Inglis and Christopher Roberts. The addition of these two members strengthened both the batting and the bowling, starting the season with a resounding win over Wrekin where Paul Inglis made a good contribution, scoring 122. The second match saw a draw against Solihull School in which Christopher Roberts hit a smooth 118. Throughout the season the team lost only one Saturday match - against Denstone, due to bad lower order batting - and ended the season with a good win over RGS Worcester, Inglis making another century.

In the Lord Taverner's Cup, a limited-overs knock-out competition, we made our way to the quarter-finals thanks to good batting from Sudhir Misra, but lost to Higham Lane, unfortunately, because of a controversial decision on the very last delivery.

Generally a good season was had by all, and on behalf of the team, I should like to thank Mr Shackleton for coaching and umpiring.

Paul Inglis, UMs.

U12 XI

P10 W5 D2 L2 TIED 1

The season started with an exciting defeat against Solihull when we were set to make 164 and nearly made it, reaching 151.

The season then picked up with an exciting tie against King Henry's Coventry, and easy wins against Wolverhampton GS and King's Worcester. Two drawn matches against Warwick and Bablake ended with the opposition just hanging on and KES well on top.

There were victories in the limited over games in the Birmingham Schools' League against Aston Manor and Lordswood, although it was disappointing that this competition was not completed.

The season ended on a low note with a 52-run defeat by RGS Worcester, when the batting collapsed. However, the batting was generally good - we scored over 150 twice (against Solihull and King Henry's Coventry) - with a century by Harborne against King Henry's, two knocks of over 80 by Michael Dean and useful contributions with bat and ball from Ratnam and Christopher Atkin. The fielding was generally disappointing, with too many dropped catches.

It has been an enjoyable season and the team would like to thank Mr Stead for organising and umpiring our matches.

Michael Dean, Shells.

Summary of School Club income and expenditure
April 1983 - 1984

	INCOME	£
	Subscriptions	5542.50
	Governors' grant	1300.00
	Governors' grant to P.S.G	350.00
a	From No. 1 Account	1800.00
	Fencing fees	492.45
c_1	Parents Association	239.06
	Bank interest	143.82
	Trust funds/hon. members	52.50
b_1	Basketball Tour	99.00

	Expenditure	£
	Rugby	2013.36
	Cricket	1354.66
	Hockey	777.56
	Athletics	508.28
	Fencing	598.05
	Basketball	306.86
	Swimming	286.48
	Fives	267.00
	Chess	180.90
	Tennis	163.60
	Squash	122.80
	Cross-Country	102.38
	Golf	90.32
	Walking	82.58
	Sailing	70.90
	Badminton	10.50
	Orienteering	9.10
	Table Tennis	7.05
	Bridge	6.05
b_2	Basketball Tour	99.00
d	Chronicle	1265.00
c_2	School Club (calendars and engraving)	578.07
	Personal Service Group	340.45
	Literary	56.00
	Geographical	56.60
	Schools Challenge	42.90
	Closed Circle	39.60
	Amateur Radio	34.50
	Debating	17.41
	Eurodrama	14.12
	Field Studies	11.20
	Shakespeare	7.50
	Modern Language	0.85
	Scientific	0.85
		9522.48

Excess of income over expenditure

£	10,019.33
£	9,522.48 -
£	496.85

Notes

a — From profits of Tuck Shop.

b_1 & b_2 — These figures counterbalance.

c_1 & c_2 — Parents Associatation pay half the cost of calendars

d — This figure represents about half the true cost of the Chronicle.

B.J. Nightingale (Hon. Treasurer) *23/3/84*

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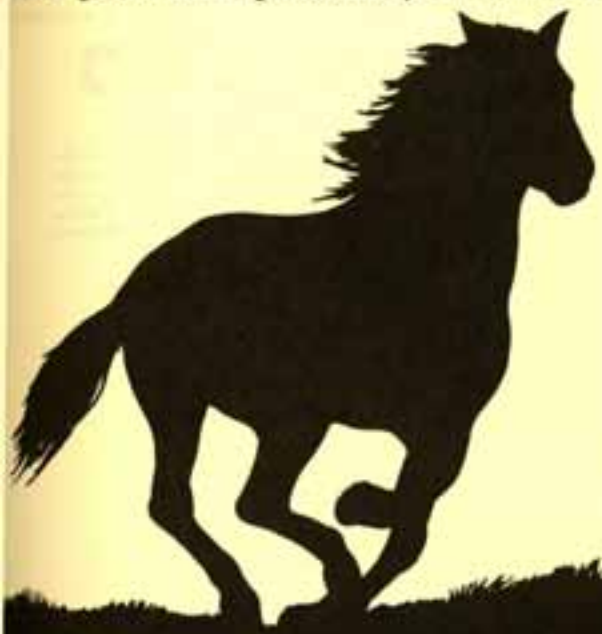

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EDITORIAL

After seven years and seven *Chronicles*, we've finally got the chance to do it our way. So here it is. And here's a schizophrenic Editorial.

Rupert Word:

I know that quite a few of us had hoped that this would be a year of radical innovation as the old divisive élites of the Cartland Club and Closed Circle were swept away in the tide of democracy. Sadly, this was not to be, and as someone leaving this Summer, institutions such as these inevitably leave rather a sour taste in what is otherwise an excellent school.

The *Chronicle* on the other hand, is a school institution by all and for all. If you want to get an article in, you can. If you want to edit a section, by the time you get into the Sixth form the opportunity is easily there. It does not always work out like this - frequently it is too much the product of a committed minority - but as a means of free expression in the school it is still much to be valued.

Jonathan Hollow:

We have aimed to produce a *Chronicle* that is more appealing visually than those of years gone by - there are more full-page illustrations than ever before, and fewer of the blank spaces that used to dog the magazines of my Shells and Rems. We have stuck to the five-part format: Salvete Atque Valete, Reviews, Trips and Features, Words and Pictures and Sports/Societies. However, it is worth remembering that this arrangement of the 100 pages' information is neither compulsory nor automatically desirable, and it would be pleasing to see some experimentation with it in future issues.

One element of the *Chronicle* that is scarce is humour, especially satirical or farcical writing. With a view to encouraging this, we have inaugurated the BDH Chemicals' Prize for Humour (sponsorship rules OK!), which will be presented in Big School a little after publication (due to the nature of the prize, it is unsuitable for presentation at Speech Day or Founders' Day). I would encourage you to enter for it next year. In order to stimulate thought about format, a small selection of other school magazines will be on display in the Library - again shortly after publication.

Team thanks are boring, but entirely necessary in the light of the extraordinary efforts that my colleagues have made. Particular thanks must go to Mark Hill, for his reliability and commitment - enslaving himself to the word-processor until late at night and not worrying once about buses back to Stourbridge. Paul Mason collated an excellent Words and Pictures section, not an easy task at all. James Pickworth and Shaun Austin deserve much praise for their efficiency in terms of Societies and Sports. The two great artists, Simon Sadler, who produced a marvellous set of Clockwise photos (pity we cut them all up!), and Andy Rimmer, whose work on his section and graphics throughout were of the highest quality, are to be thanked in the same way. Finally I thank Ms Barnett for her coolness in the face of the labyrinthine complexities of *Chronicle* production and design - without her skill at drawing it all together, your *Chronicle* would not exist at all.

We felt that the duality of this photo expressed neatly our varying attitudes to KES and the *Chronicle* ...

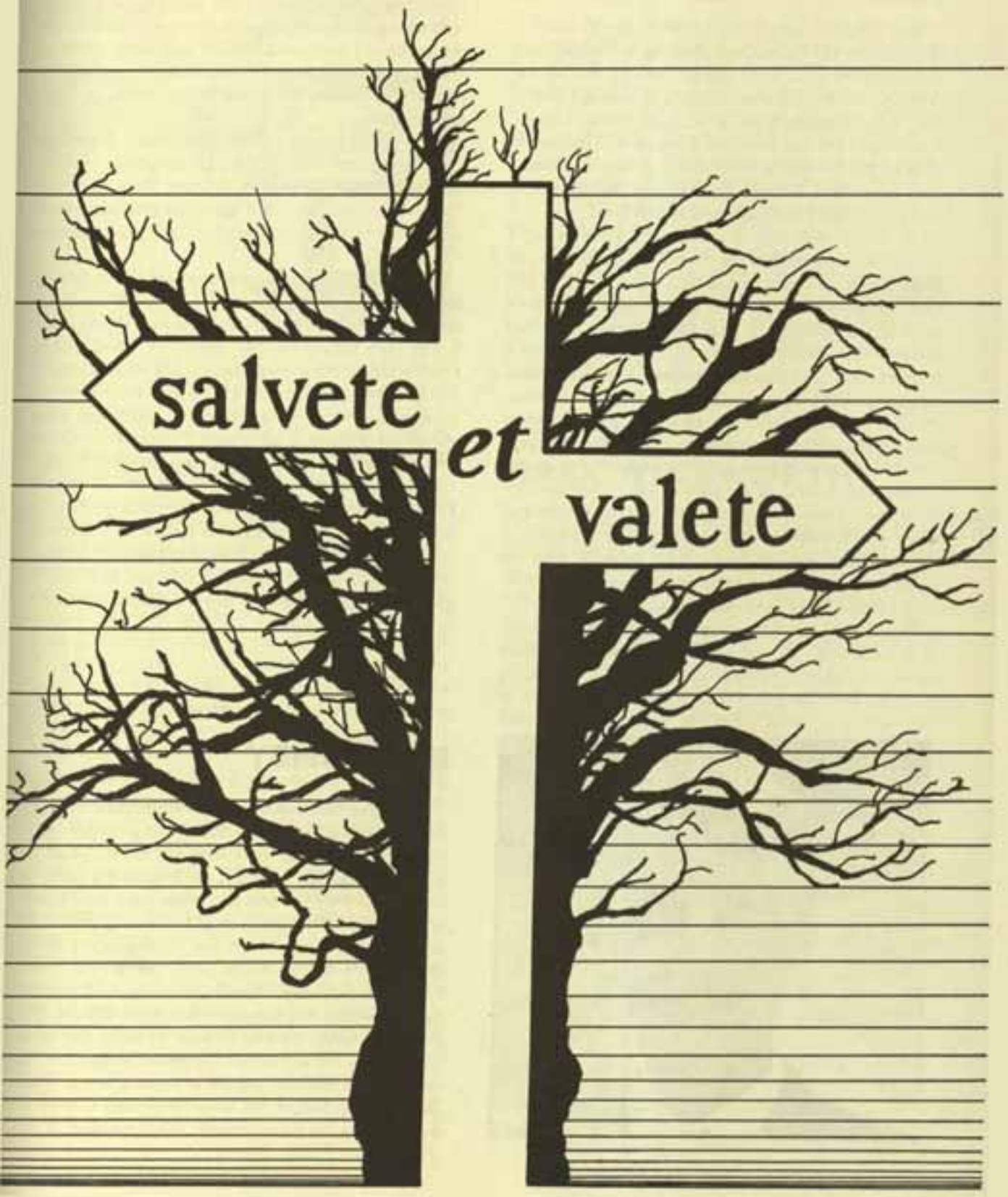
Rup---

No it's my turn NOW I've got the computer get off I WANT TO SAY SOMETHING no it's me on the keyboard now go away this is my Chr...DOES NOT COMPUTE ...DOES NOT COMPUTE...§ %&'()=__.../Give it me ooffist wham DR BRIDGES, HELP ME...

J.P.H. and R.J.A.W.

It's actually my turn now, and I have a few things to say too. First, editorial production of the *Chronicle* takes a long time, and it really would make our lives a great deal easier if people could get reports to us rather earlier - especially winter sports and trips in the early part of the year. Please? And finally, I have thanks to record too: to Mrs Gibbs, Mrs Morgan and Mrs Perrins for letting us share the Displaywriter, to Mr Bailey for not locking us in when we stayed late, to David Perry for letting us use his Displaywriter when the going got tough, to those who hold the purse-strings - the Chief Master, the School Club and the advertisers - and to the Resources Centre team of Ray Fisher, Donna Howlett, David and Jeff for actually producing the magazine. Oh, and I nearly forgot - thanks also to the members of my editorial team who have this year been rather few in number but large in spirit. To Jon's thanks, I should like to add mine to Rupert - for his dry, cynical wit and his labours once the Syndicate Concert and Play were over - and especially to Jon himself, for his energy, dedication and endless stream of good ideas.

K.J.B.


salvete
et
valete

PETER CHAPMAN

Peter Chapman retires this Summer after 32 years of service in the KES Maths Dept which he has headed since 1970 when Mr E.V. Smith retired. He was educated at Dorking County Grammar School and achieved distinction as a mathematician at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge . He was therefore a natural appointment in 1953 to the formidable team of Cambridge mathematicians under Mr E.V. Smith and including Maurice Porter that constituted the department at that time.

His considerable and acknowledged prowess as a mathematician made him the obvious choice for Head of Dept when that vacancy arose. It is characteristic of him that the offer was unexpected for he owns himself to be quiet and unambitious in that career sense. The Chief Master has described him as a mathematician's mathematician, and I can vouch for that: there were many occasions when I would need to turn to him for a solution. He was at his best with the very able and demanding maths specialists who have gone through KES year by year whom he form-mastered in the Maths Sixth. He was an unconscious comfort to any panic-stricken Oxbridge candidate who knew at the back of his mind that in the end Peter would be able to do it. And if he played longstop to the specialists, he had inexhaustible patience with the younger boys, both mathematically and pastorally, for he was a House Tutor for Levett for a good ten years.

Peter's ambitions were cerebral: he was an avid solver and constructor of problems, and I cannot remember when he was not thinking out a problem, sometimes abstract, when his preoccupation would be betrayed by his holding a small piece of paper covered with hieroglyphics, (his notations and symbols were usually his own), a far-away look in the eye and a slow, deep, irreversible draw on the cigarette. At other times it was a real problem - concerned perhaps with some obstinate wrinkle in the timetable. The school owes a great deal to his perennial tackling and solving of this increasingly complex problem.

In the minds of some Chief Masters, maths is sums, so Peter came in for many of the accounting tasks - such as Common Room Amenities, Clothing Store and Tuck Shop, the School Club - that school life generates, those undercover tasks which generally go undetected because they simply get done.

It was Maurice Porter who encouraged him to take up Bridge seriously: he became a force to be reckoned with both in the Midlands and nationally for most of his career. It was again natural that he should run School Bridge, which achieved official respectability as a House Game at a time when some considered Chess to be the only indoor activity for a young Edwardian, and Bridge as an aberration of Poker, unacceptable. Through Peter's quiet influence the School has put out some powerful teams.

His many friends in the Common Room will think of Peter with great affection: a modest man, a colleague as co-operative as any I've had the fortune to work with, constitutionally almost incapable of irritability or obstructionism, enjoying great respect. To him, and to Elizabeth, go our warmest wishes for a long and fulfilling retirement.

R.L.S.

BOB ASHBY

One of the best kept secrets of the aftermath of World War II, one that the Kremlin would have given its bottom rouble to know in the dark days of 1945-46, when the rough stuff was over, was that the British fleets in the Far East and in the Mediterranean were being kept operational by the selfless devotion of two unsung heroes. At the time they were known only by mysterious coded identifications as PMX742606 and CMX659776 but now, forty years on, the veil of naval secrecy can be lifted and it can be revealed that they were Bob Ashby and me. It is, therefore, rather shaming to have to admit that when L.S.A. Ashby first arrived at KES I did not recognise in that dapper figure and twinkling eye an oppo, a winger, a Jack Dusty, as the lads of the lower deck used to refer to those of us in the Supply Branch. What, however, it was

impossible not to recognise was a man who is a real enthusiast, one for whom the visual arts are enormously important and exciting. Once you'd heard Bob speak lovingly of Michelangelo as Big Mike and refer to Tintoretto's paintings as wallpaper, you knew that here was someone who knew enough to have likes and dislikes, always the sign of one who knows and really cares.

Mr Ashby came to KES from being head of department at Moseley Junior Art School. Because the art department here was very active before he came and because he is an undemonstrative, self-effacing and modest man, it is easy to overlook the extent of what he has achieved here. He re-organised the art teaching in the Shells, Rems and UMs into a coherent foundation art course. He succeeded in getting hold of money to buy a large number of excellent reproductions that now adorn the school so that there is something visually interesting in all the corridors. He has very much increased the number of Sunday visits to London exhibitions. He has been responsible for cataloguing and valuing all the Foundation paintings and, with his wife, for the restoration of some. More importantly, he has created very close links with the art department at KEHS, teaching links which mutually benefit both schools, and links, too, with other schools in the area. These individually undramatic developments have collectively added up to a great deal. And, of course, his department has continued to mount a succession of varied and interesting exhibitions, both from the Arts Council and of boys' work. And it has produced Neil Harvey, certainly the most talented and striking artist I've seen in my time here.

None of this, however, gives a really adequate idea of the effect of Bob's presence in the school. In the first place he is one of the kindest and most friendly men you're ever likely to meet. He is also one of the most civilised; his conversation is a splendidly tonic blend of robust humour and quick wit, of zest for people and sharp observation, of wide interests and considerable, fundamental seriousness. People like him are a vital counterweight to the technocratic/bureaucratic/apparatchik age we live in. And for this reason - apart from his great professional enthusiasm - his departure will leave a hole at KES that won't easily be filled. He goes to join his wife, Joy, recently appointed curator of Greys' Court, a stately home in the Thames Valley, a life which will hardly count as retirement. But it's pretty clear from the spells of duty that he's been already doing there at weekends that Bob and Joy will both love it. So we send L.S.A. Ashby to the drafting office to get his travel warrant with our very best wishes and many, many thanks for what he has given to KES and with an appropriate command ringing in his ears: 'Liberty Men fall in. Liberty Men fall in. Duty part close up to the main gate.' So chop chop Ashby or you'll miss the liberty boat.

A.J.T.

MARK WHITWORTH

Mark Whitworth joined the art and design department in September 1975 as a part-timer, teaching ceramics two days a week in a room where clay seemed to be thrown in all directions, but rarely onto a potter's wheel. It was in fact an area where boys were sent to relax after the rigours of their academic exertions, the assumption of the time being that if you work with your hands you most certainly do not use your head. A drastic change in attitude was obviously needed - and such a change came about!

With his background as a freelance potter/designer for

Denby, he was only too well aware of the practical problems to be overcome in a situation like this, but they were overcome, and with a minimal amount of fuss and maximum dedication: an attitude of Mark's which we have come to depend on, appreciate and admire. As a result of his enthusiasm and interest, the craft is now a flourishing part of the department and his classes are attended not only by boys and girls who have the opportunity to work in this area as part of their general education, but also by many others of all ages - including members of the Common Room - who wish to reap the benefit of his teaching and expertise.

His experience as an examiner for the Oxford Board has been most valuable, not only in preparing boys for this standard of work, but also in maintaining a good working balance between designing, making and the history of the craft..

His annual Raku firing in the grounds of the school has always been a popular summer term event with the specialists - although the ground-staff looked upon it with great apprehension! He also ran some lively ceramic courses for the art and design summer schools: always a very popular activity during the summer vacation, well attended by boys and members of the Common Room with their children.

Mark now wishes to involve himself in a wider range of craft activities and so is leaving us, having been accepted on a multi-media course at Wolverhampton Polytechnic. I would personally like to take this opportunity of thanking him most sincerely for all the time and effort he has given to the boys, and for his valuable contribution to the art and design department, both in his capacity as a professional craftsman and also as an essential member of the team: he has been a pleasure to work with. We wish him every success for his future.

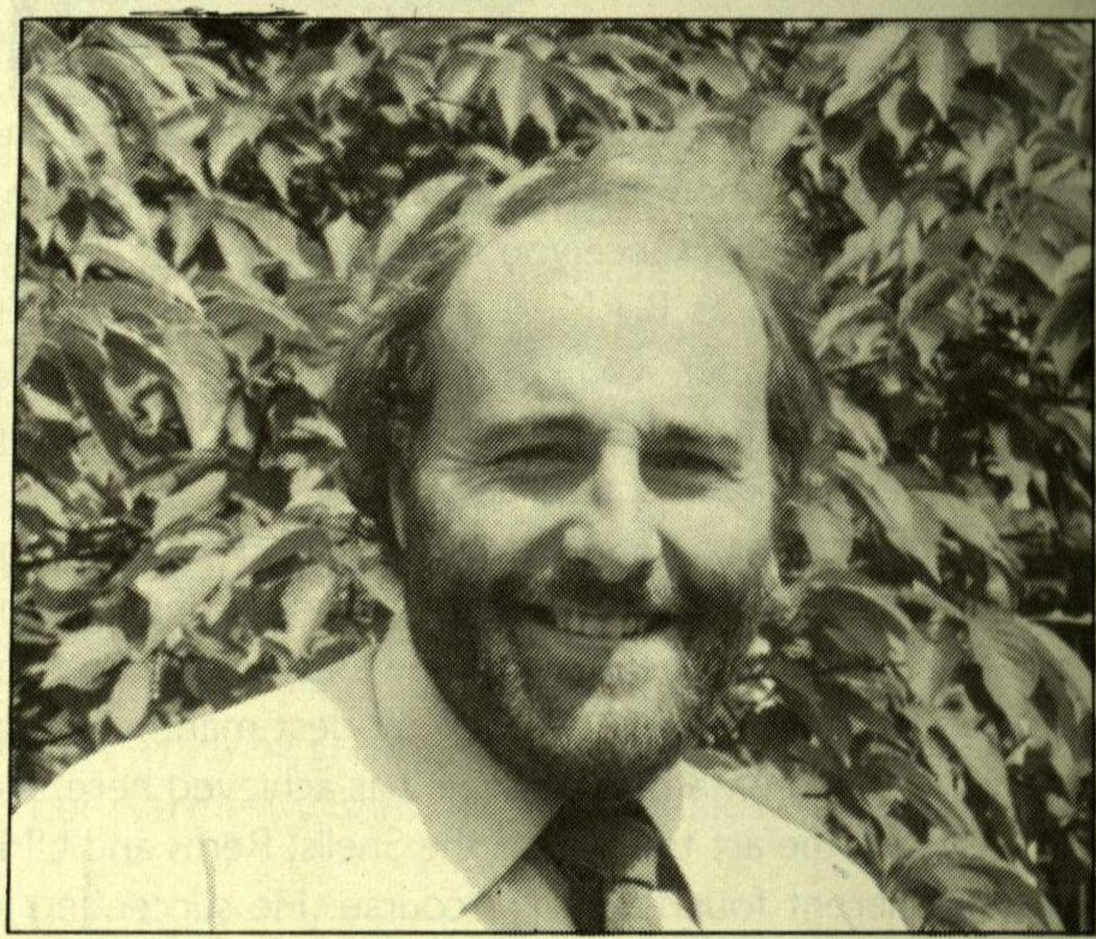
T.H.W.A.

GARETH EDWARDS

It is with the greatest regret that we announce the passing of Gareth Edwards, gentleman, scholar and sport, the Gentle Giant of the Classics Department, whose presence added much weight and whose departure leaves an unfillable gap. He has gone to become Head of Classics at Bolton School, on the edge of the great Pennine Chain, where the air is bracing and beer is Tetley's.

Gareth joined us in September 1981 after a splendid academic and sporting career at Exeter College, Oxford. We were indeed lucky to acquire such a hot piece of material: only prompt action prevented his being snatched by a school not too distant from Bolton. From our first meeting at interview, I was impressed by his likeable, yet serious, personality; from that time, Gareth has developed into a versatile and committed all-round teacher of the Classics, whose talents will enhance the reputation of any school.

Few people will forget Gareth. To his pupils, he was a buoyant mentor who, using his own inimitable combination of persuasion and ebullience, guided his pupils along their first faltering steps to a mastery of the Classics, whether Latin, Greek, or Ancient History. To the Common Room, he was a respected schoolmaster, an approachable colleague, and an expert on the coaching of rugby and cricket, while often doubling as a Common



Room heavy, when the final contributions for some cause or another were to be extracted. To the Department, he was a true friend, ever willing to help, whether pursuing Classics in the classroom or on location, as when assisting with, or frequently organising, Classics trips to Greece or Rome. Those many pupils who have travelled abroad over the past few years will remember his services with particular gratitude, as will those boys who, nearer home, have played U15 rugby or U13 cricket. I will remember Gareth particularly for his organisation of the Junior Classical Society when, in the Ratcliff Theatre, amid four enthusiastic teams and a hundred-plus spectators, Gareth managed to keep his head when others were noisily and frequently losing theirs. Gareth may truly be called an irreplaceable Classicist of the highest quality.

With Gareth go his wife Jane and daughter Holly. With all three go our sincere good wishes for a happy life in the North. Are the men of Lancashire ready for him?

S.F.O.

RICHARD CROCKER

Could I first ask you about your background?

I grew up in Birmingham and came to a school we all know well - KES - of which I have very happy memories. Then I went straight to Nottingham University to read maths and physics, and it was there that I began to think about the Christian Ministry, so after graduating I spent a few years in apprentice-type jobs: I was a chaplain's assistant at Warwick University for one year, and then had two years as a youth worker in an inner city parish in Birmingham called Christchurch Summerfield - near Winson Green. Following that I went to Wycliffe Hall, a Theological College in Oxford, went back to Summerfield as Curate, and then eventually got the offer of a job here.

There must be a tremendous contrast between Summerfield and KES - how do you feel about this?

I think the biggest difference is in resources - both material and human. At KES, people are confident and able to do things. In an inner city parish, however, it's not that people aren't able, rather that there are very many people of intelligence whom the world just writes off, ruining their confidence. Funnily enough, this situation doesn't drive people away from God, but rather strengthens their faith. People in the multi-racial Summerfield community are much more spiritually aware than they are here.

What do you find the tone of religion to be here, then?

It's hard to tell at this early stage, but I feel I have to spend more time just talking about the existence of God - just pointing people to God. There are tremendous strengths here too, however, such as the bulk of committed believers. But there is also the pride of wealth, which tends to take people away from God - something I never had to contend with in Summerfield.

What do you think of the Christian Union? Are your religious views similar to theirs - low-church and evangelical?

Very definitely. My background by persuasion and training was within the evangelical wing of the Church of England - so I'm reasonably sympathetic to the C.U. I hope the mutual support will continue: it's encouraging to see the overlap between the Chapel and the C.U. They are not the only Christians in the school, however, and my aim is to encourage all Christians.

Are you aware that the C.U. is quite unpopular in the school, and felt by many to be a patronising group of people who need to demonstrate their faith in very obvious ways?

I can appreciate your comments about patronising, because I think that many Christian organisations have that failing - but Christians are people too, and thus can make mistakes. As for being demonstrative, I think that any Christian in the nature of his faith would have the need at some time to stand up and be counted. How that's done varies from person to person. I personally think that witnessing is important in that Christians have a message to communicate to others, but they must be careful to ensure that the methods don't obscure the message. Having said that, I think there is a loading of the school media against the Christian Union - they get quite an unfair press on the whole.

How are you going to go about heightening religious awareness in the school?

I think I've got two distinct ways of approach. One is within the classroom, where I'm bound by a teacher's ethic - to restrain my own personal opinions and present boys with a wide range of opinions. I think Religious Education is important - religion does, after all, motivate, and inflame the passions of, most people in the world. If we don't appreciate that, then we're not going to be educated properly. As for actually getting the message of Christianity across, I have of course tried to make myself as approachable as possible to boys who wish to discuss religious or other matters. Also I see my job as training those who are Christians already.

Finally, have you enjoyed yourself this year?

Very much. Of course it's very different from the parish. I have a whole succession of deadlines to meet, defined by bells. But yes, I have enjoyed myself.

Mr Crocker, thank you very much.

KEN JONES

Mr K.E. Jones was born in Birmingham and was at KES from 1967 to 1974. He then spent three years at Cambridge University reading Mathematics and Engineering. This change of subjects came about because of a lack of interest in the second year maths syllabus, which caused him to change to an engineering course involving statistics and operational research.

After spending five weeks one summer working for an actuarial firm, he decided to enter the profession. He worked for four years with a firm of consulting actuaries, followed by a further two years as an Employee Benefit Consultant, including a three month stint in Frankfurt which proved most enjoyable.

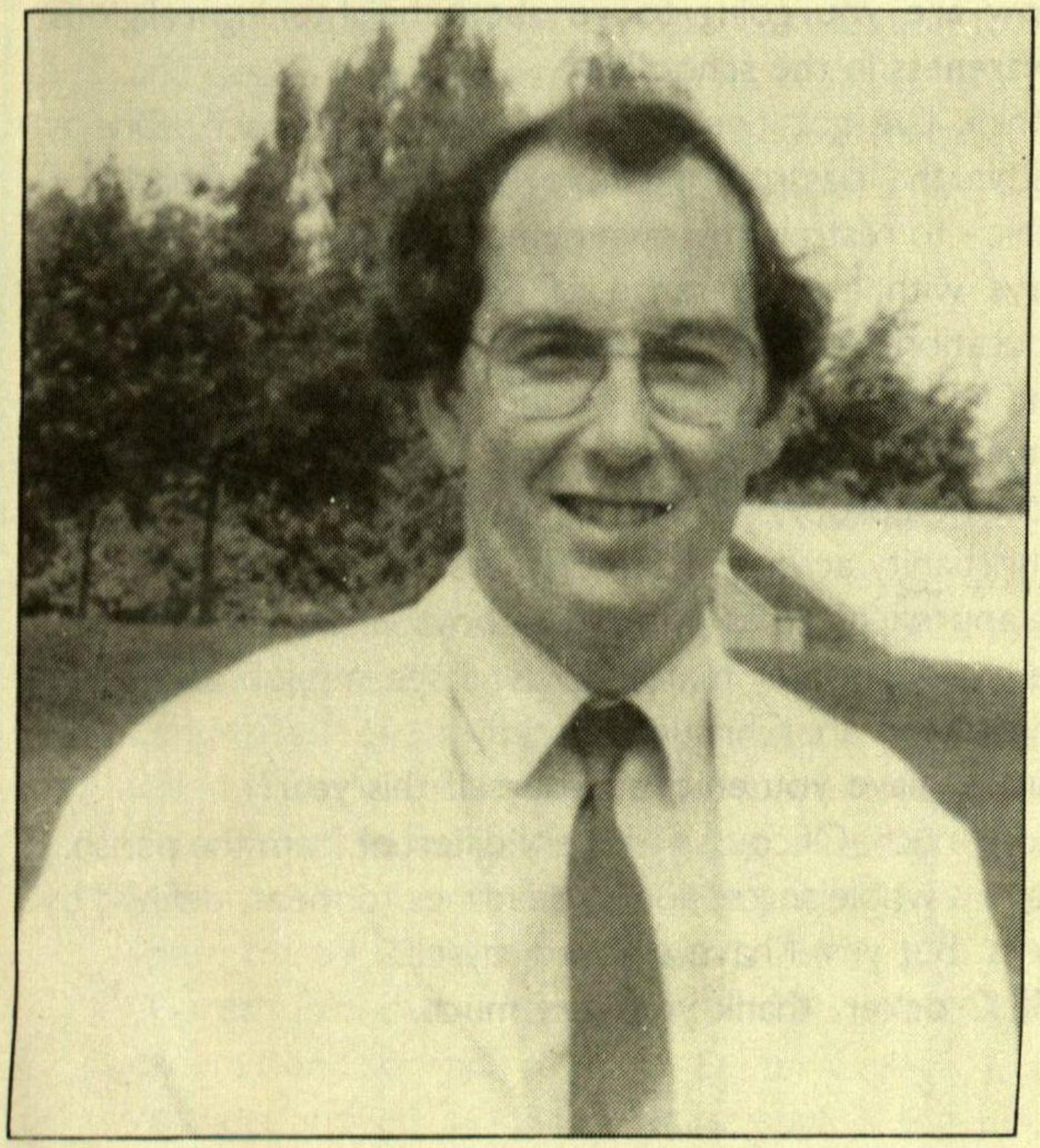
Disillusioned with the financial profession, and scared of becoming another grey man behind a desk, he began to consider the possibility of teaching as a career. It was about this time that a teaching post at KES became available.

It's eleven years since you left KES. How much do you think it has changed since then ?

I suppose the greatest change has been the loss of the Direct Grant Status. Whereas when I was at school very few boys paid large fees and over half the boys had completely free places, now most boys pay what might be considered quite high fees for a day school, and I think that the school has become, possibly, more middle class.

What sports do you play ?

I play rugby and cricket - the sport I'm actually best at is croquet, but I've also been known to play chess, hockey, squash and so on...



But you were an international player at croquet ....?

I represented Wales in an International against the United States.

Not one of the most high tension sports, I should imagine...?

You'd be surprised. It's got a rather tarnished image because of the style of croquet played around certain parts of the school during the summer.

Is this SCR Croquet Renaissance due to you ?

No, no, I would like to dissociate myself entirely from this Mickey Mouse croquet if I can. In fact, the actual game of Association Croquet is a very difficult, tactical game.

Have you any criticisms of the school ?

A change I would like to see in my time here is that of KES looking more into the idea of leadership; outside the purely academic subjects and outside the official sports teams... because almost every member of KES is going to end up in some position of responsibility later on in life, and at the moment we cater for leaders who lead only in their own specialist subjects, like the kind of people who continually get Grade Ones and Distinctions.

Mr Jones, thank you very much.

JACK JENKINS

Could you tell us something about your background?

I was born in Warrington and took History, English and Economics A-levels at seventeen, gaining a place at Brasenose College, Oxford. I then spent a year doing a variety of things, including getting drunk in Spain. At Oxford I represented the university in boxing - which accounts for my misshapen nose! Then after obtaining a good degree I did a PCGE at London and was lucky enough to get a job. My drift to teaching was really an accidental thing.

How do people react to your flamboyant teaching style, and ties?

The flamboyant tie to which my interviewer refers is a red tie, given to me by my mother-in-law.

(Laughter)

When you acquire a mother-in-law you will know that it is best to accept her presents gratefully, and wear them when you possibly can.

I think it suits you... and the teaching style?

Flamboyant? Well, you've experienced it, you tell me. I think teachers have to be individual...in the sixth form, (and all my teaching is done in the sixth form), you have to get a response. Up to O-level, boys have come through a

kind of sausage machine. I've got two years to get boys to think, to understand the need to analyse, not to take down what I say without questioning it - and they come to me clean of any knowledge of Economics.

What do you think you can achieve as Industrial Fellow at KES?

Really just to improve the experience of boys at KES - to get them to accept or reject things from a postion of strength not ignorance. Most seem to think that industry is not for them, purely because they've never really thought about it, or the opportunities it offers. It's sad that such bright pupils don't have this breadth of knowledge. The brief is for the whole Foundation. Several of the other schools are now involved in Industrial Evenings and work experience schemes. One success is to get people in the Common Rooms, as well as pupils, to realise that I am a teacher, not a Barclaycard.

Three years is a short time for seven schools...

Yes, but I see my role as a catalyst, to get the thing off the ground.

Surely though, it is the fact that you are employed by Barclay's that permits you to entice industry into the schools?

Certainly one tends to push the Barclay's connection, because sadly people in industry often think of people in education as unprofessional. The fact that a major international company is prepared to pay my salary does give a certain amount of influence. I hope that the work can continue if I leave.

Mr Jenkins, thank you very much.

KEITH PHILLIPS

Could you tell us a bit about your background?

I was born in Boston in Lincolnshire and lived there for the first eighteen years of my life. I went to the local grammar school, then I came to Birmingham University to do French. I did four years there, with a year in France; then I did a year's postgraduate research, before coming here.

Was Modern Languages a natural choice for you?

No, it wasn't; in the sixth form I was very keen on English and it was very much a toss-up whether to do French or English at University. But I found French easier, and there was a bit more variety to it, I thought, so I did French.

The Chief Master is very keen that boys should go on an exchange visit to France before their O-level. What do you think of that?

I fully agree with him. From my own experience, those Upper Middles who went on the visit this year benefited hugely - all of them. One does hear the occasional horror story of those who have found extremely unsuitable exchange families, but I think that the company which ran this year's exchange visits was very particular and careful about their choice of families, and it worked very well.

What are you involved with in extra-curricular terms?

I've been very involved with cricket and rugby. I ran the U12 XV for the first two terms, which was very enjoyable - particularly because many of the boys had never played rugby before and they developed very quickly. I am now running the 2nd XI, 3rd XI and 4th XI in cricket, and that's also been very enjoyable, despite the weather, which has

" PORKY "

rained off many games.

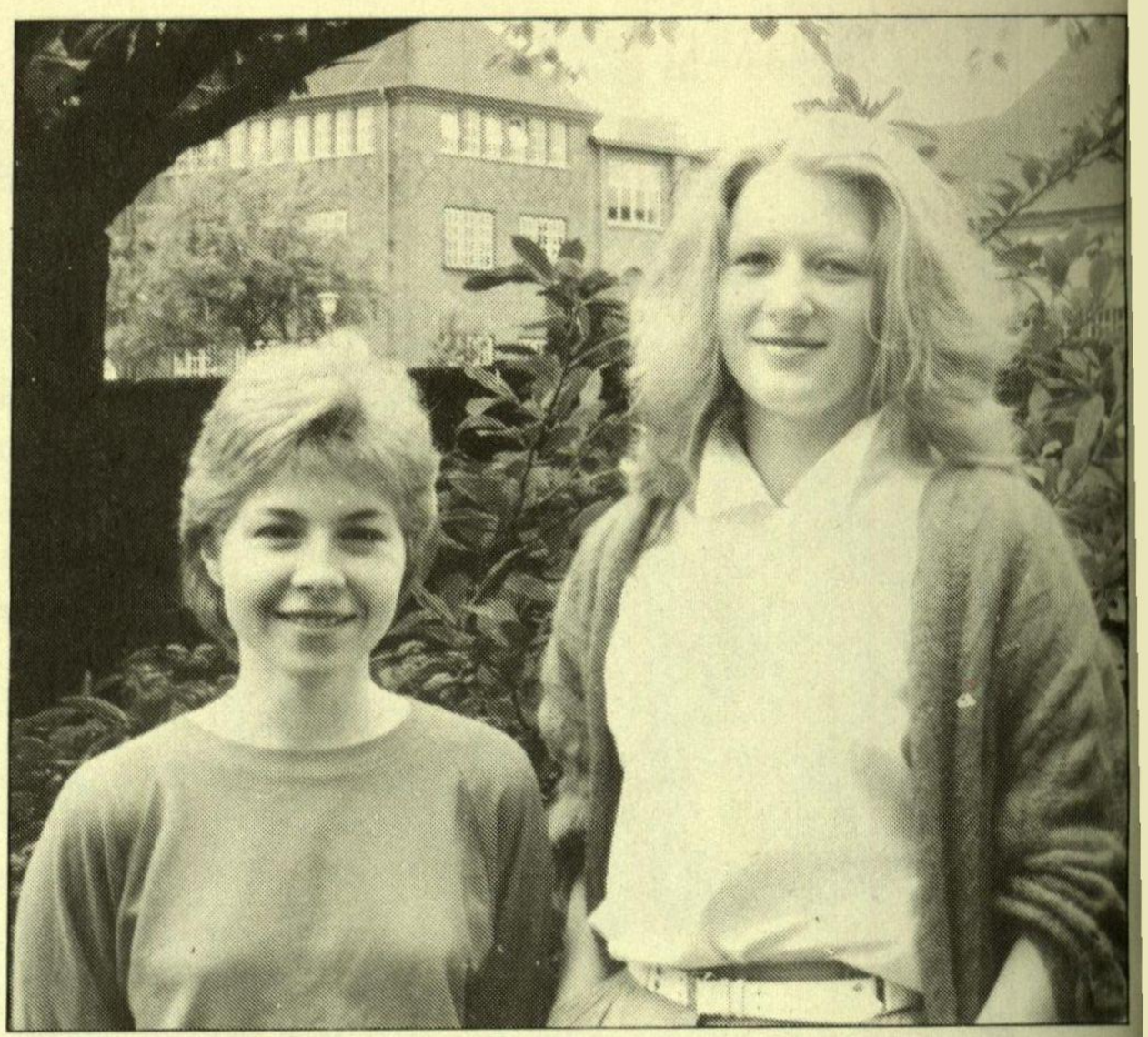
What is the value of Modern Languages in education?

It's a great asset to have Modern Languages when applying for jobs - in business, marketing and commercial careers especially. In other ways, the benefit is a broadening of outlook - we British tend to be rather insular in our outlook, and by studying a foreign language and the culture and society it belongs to, we can help to counteract this.

I suppose there's only one answer you can give to this question, but have you enjoyed your year at KES ?

Yes, very much so; I'm very sorry to be leaving - I'm going to Wolverhampton Grammar School. A one year contract is really a very unsatisfactory way of employing somebody - I feel I've only just got to learn the ropes, really, of KES, and I'm very disappointed not to be able to see the boys' progress through the school.

Thank you very much Mr Phillips.



Our thanks go to our two modern language assistants this year, Yvonne Wüthrich and Marie-Christine Fiévet. Marie-Christine will be with us again next year, but Yvonne leaves us now to continue her studies in Switzerland.

HUDSONS

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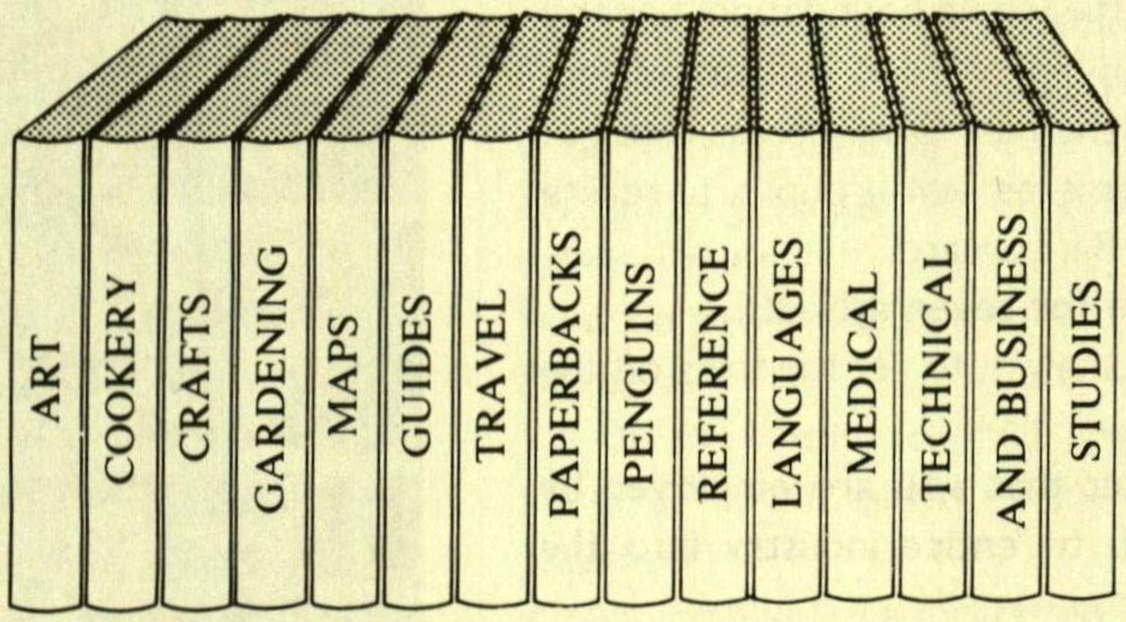

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REVIEWS

ART

ANNUAL ART EXHIBITION, October 1984

The emphasis of the 1984 Art Exhibition was, to coin a well-used phrase, on quality rather than quantity. The imaginative flair of the exhibition ensured that, despite its relative sparsity, it was more interesting than the previous larger displays.

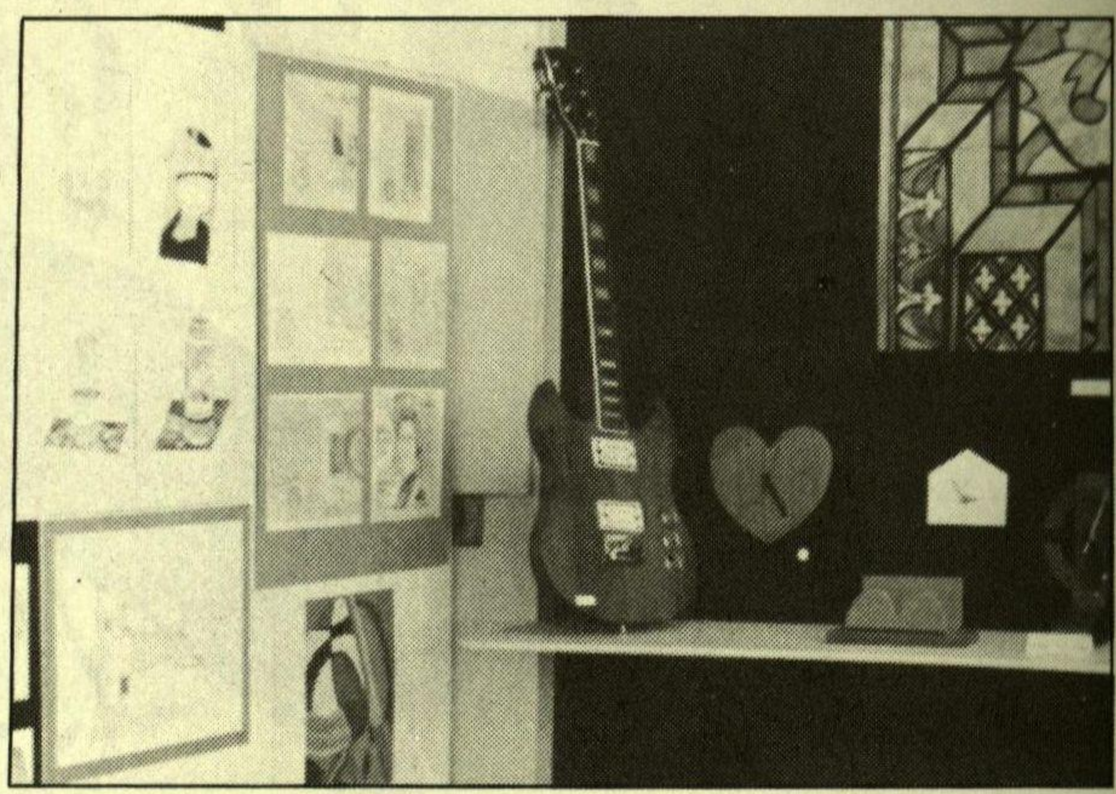
The woodwork department was, as usual, excellently represented. Its clock-making tradition shows no sign of waning, they continue to be churned out in all shapes and sizes. Indeed, perhaps it is time to consider more ways of exploring the properties of perspex. Meanwhile, the outstanding standard of carpentry at school continues. Bill Pike has been particularly prolific in this area. Although it was the smallest wooodwork exhibit, a sculpture of a whale and her young by Simon Linford particularly caught my attention.

It is tragic to see the sun setting on the other side of the 3-D work at school, that of the ceramics department, especially when one considers the work which has been produced there: the china shop quality of Lee Smith's teapot, the patient workmanship of Richard McIlwraith's Viking bust, the vivid surrealism of Paul Woodhouse and Stephen Honey's Daliesque sculpture; Matthew Bartlett's highly original pot, pulling itself inwards with its own claws.

The Fine Art section of the exhibition consisted of a selection of pictures made using a wide variety of media and techniques. They included several large oil paintings, including Richard Brown's excellent Toulouse-Lautrec inspired work. Several smaller paintings were almost over shadowed by their supporting sketches. For instance Andrew Wearn's superb studies of a bird's claw were so comprehensive that they included a lino cut of the subject, fitting in well with an array of cuts which included Andrew Rimmer's interpretation of Andy Warhol's Marilyn Diptych and Stuart Plotnek's colourful headdress designs.

The excellence of the exhibition is a fitting tribute to Mr Ashby, who of course leaves us this year. Let us ensure that the declining size of the exhibition does not herald the decreasing importance of the Art Department after he has left.

Simon Sadler, Divisions.



I.S.A.D.A. 20th ANNIVERSARY ART AND CRAFT EXHIBITION, DULWICH

To celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the Independent Schools' Art and Design Association, a major exhibition of art and craft work from independent schools was centred at the Dulwich Art Gallery, London, with three prior exhibitions mounted at Dulwich College, Alleyns Boys' School and James Allen's Girls' School. Owing to the overwhelming response, all schools had to be limited to five exhibits per school, with one of these entries chosen by a selection committee to represent each school in the main exhibition at Dulwich Art Gallery. The official opening and reception was held on Thursday, 20th May, 1985.

The exhibition proved to be such an outstanding success that it is to be shown at the HMC meeting in Oxford from 24th - 26th September 1985.

Boys representing the school are: Jamie Constable, craft; Jonathan Hollow, painting; Richard McIlwraith, ceramics; Nicholas Milowych, illustration; and Andrew Rimmer, printmaking. The boys should be congratulated for being selected and for producing work of such outstanding quality. The school can be justly proud of them.

T.H.W.A.

'DEMONSTRATE'

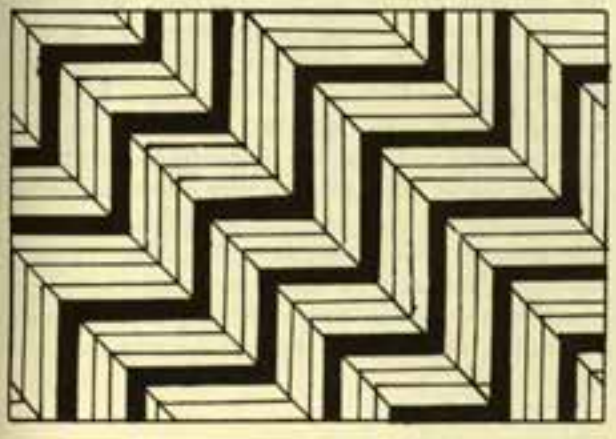
February - March 1985

'Demonstrate', a touring exhibition of black and white photographs taken by Nigel Dickinson, an Old Edwardian now working as a freelance photographer, proved to be one of the most interesting and controversial exhibitions that the school has staged for some time. It portrays a series of mass rallies and demonstrations against various aspects of government policy, mostly taken in Sheffield and London, from 1981 to 1983. Enlarged passages from socialist magazines and forthright statements of Mr Dickinson's own left-wing views backed up the powerful message of the photographs themselves.

One of the photographer's commonest techniques in this series was to catch the reflection of a group of demonstrators in populated shop or office windows, thus achieving a double image of bemused detachment and ardent campaigning. Visual imagery abounded: anti-Falklands war demonstrators were photographed next to an Army and Navy store, 'Right to Work' campaigners outside a 'Jobs Galore' agency, and a large group of protestors against Tory cuts marching in front of a 'Mr Satisfied' advertisement.

Mr Dickinson himself came to the school in March to give an illustrated talk to the Art Society entitled 'Politics, Communication and the Mass Media', intended to complement the exhibition. He talked at length of his experiences in South Africa, expressing strong anti-apartheid views both verbally and visually, and raised a few eyebrows by his less-than-complimentary references to the police. It is a shame that this extremely thought-provoking talk didn't attract more than the handful of people who turned up. Whether or not you agree with the opinions Mr Dickinson expressed in both his photography and his talk, he certainly did wonders for the 'street credibility' of the art department, at least!

Andrew Rimmer, Sixths.

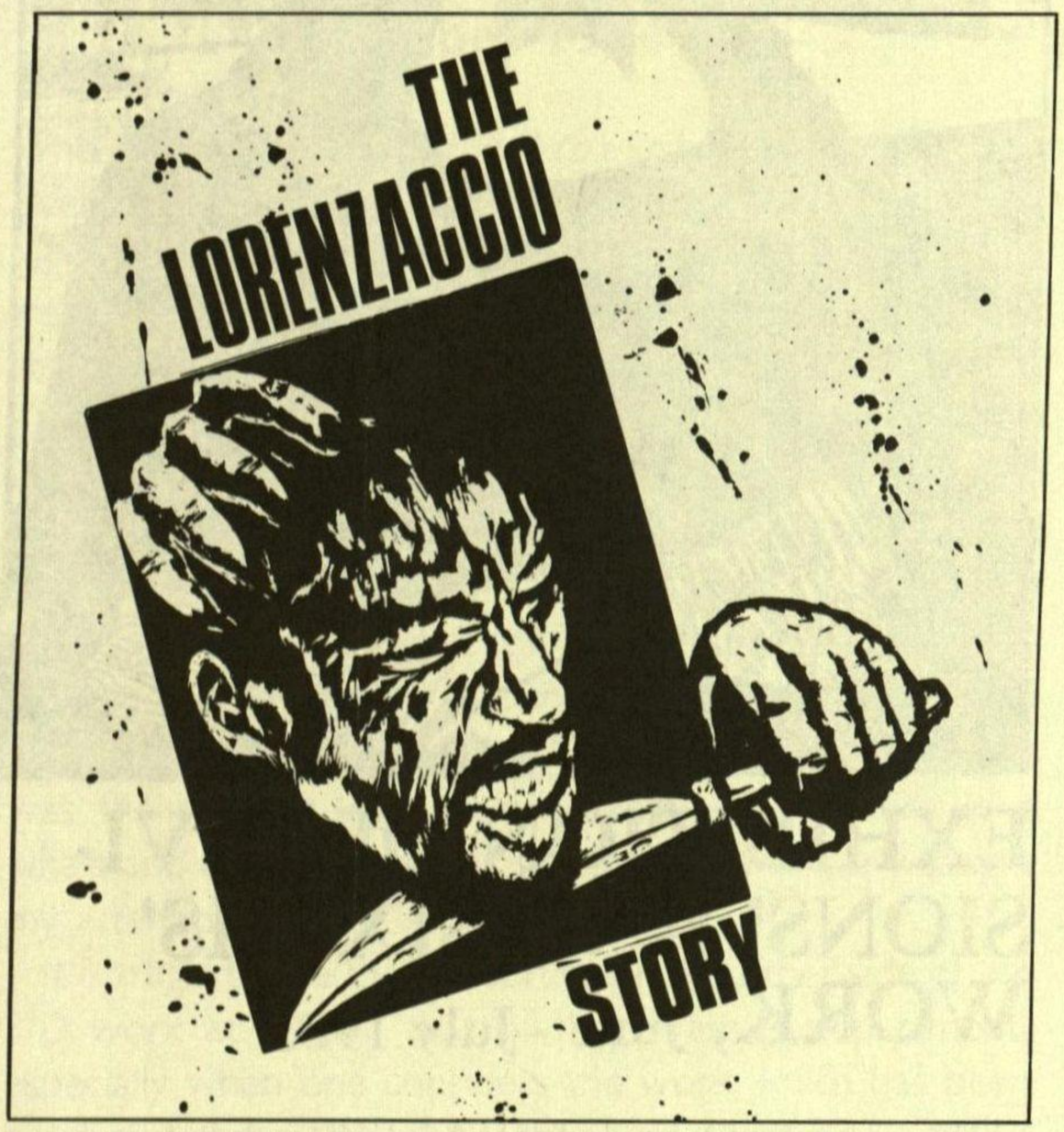


EXHIBITION OF DIVISIONS' AND SIXTHS' WORK, June - July 1985

This exhibition was dedicated solely to the senior part of the school, to A-level candidates and extra studies artists. It consisted mainly of fine art rather than ceramics or woodwork, although there was some work from these departments, notably by David Somerset, who won the 'Arthur Norton Prize' for pottery, and by Paul Woodhouse and Stephen Honey who produced a bizarre ceramic sculpture. Oil paintings were exhibited by Andrew Millicheap, Brian Ducille and Philip Silk, amongst others. The standard of these was, on the whole, very good. There was also some stimulating work by Andrew Rimmer and Nicholas Milowych, who shows a great interest in the occult. I thought that, out of the whole exhibition, Jonathan Hollow's 'Man and Machine' was particularly good, and he also displayed several other excellent paintings, which gained him the 'Reynolds Art Prize'. Simon Joseph's collection of photographs entitled 'Aspects of a City' was also noteworthy; he won the Photography Prize for them. Overall, I thought that this exhibition was very impressive.

Navin Reddy, Shells.

DRAMA



Paul Thompson's play, *The Lorenzaccio Story*, treats of the murder of the puppet Florentine duke, Alessandro, by his friend and distant relation, Lorenzo. The latter, a rather wild young exhibitionist, seems to have decided that the best road to public notice is to cast himself in the role of noble tyrannicide and, indeed, he is presented thus in Alfred de Musset's nineteenth century play on the subject. But for the conscientious, mid-twentieth century dramatist, writing post-Brecht, that really wouldn't do. Paul Thompson's play is more concerned to explore, not the characters and their feelings but the situation of potential revolution: impractical, high-minded student revolt; the agonised fence-sitting of cautious liberals: authority maintained by force and - how did you guess? - economic pressures on behaviour. Moreover, as in Brecht's plays, we are invited to sit back and analyse by the regular occurrence of songs which act as dialectical signposts. But there is a difference because, whereas we care a lot what happens to Brecht's Mother Courage or Grusha, for none of the characters in this play do we give a damn. Audience interest has to be captured in other ways.

The best way of capturing it is to make sure that there are good individual performances, particularly in the key roles. Miss Barnett's production was strong in this respect. Paul Mason played the corrupt Duke Alessandro with authority; he communicated very successfully the sense of over-confident self-indulgence that absolute power generates. Tasso Gazis, too, in the more enigmatic part of Lorenzo commanded the stage in his scenes. Both players are old hands and have the advantage of good voices, strong physique and easy movement. It was good to see Nick Fowler back on the stage - after a period of 'resting'. He gave a nicely sincere performance as the young, idealistic Piero Strozzi. He was eminently believable, looked good and also is a good mover. As his confused, hesitant father, Filippo, Mark Cook gave a performance which started brilliantly but did not quite manage to sustain the promise of its first few scenes. This was largely because of too frequent repetition of the same gestures which led to a monotonous and restless feeling which took the edge of what was nearly a very good performance indeed. Chris Evans and George Eleftheriou produced a very successful double act, a broadly comic rendering of a couple of successful Florentine tradesmen, straight from the Whitechapel Road. I loved their clothes. They played with relish and zip and, apart from one or two uneasy mutual glances when about to sing, with confidence. As Cardinal Cibo Andrew Killeen sounded good and looked good when stationary but his timing is not instinctive nor is his movement and consequently his performance was not absolutely convincing.

The play abounds in small parts, which makes it a good choice for a school play, but one cannot mention them all. Perhaps the most baffling is that of the artist, Tebaldeo, with which Graham Doe did what he could but I can't see actors queuing up to play the role. I should like to have seen Joe Martin in a substantial part instead of four bit parts because he looks and sounds at home on a stage. There was not much in this play for the girls but we know that Cathy Swire is good - as she was to demonstrate so clearly later in the year - and here, along with Rosamund Rossington, she did what the part required with con-

fidence.

Episodic plays such as this with a great variety of scenes are difficult to devise adequate sets for. Miss Barnett's solution to this problem was eminently successful. Against a permanent structure, well designed and executed to create an evocatively Italian image, red-tiled arcaded loggia, each scene was defined by a number of large, movable cubes. This gave plenty of flexibility and visual interest, achieved with a minimum of fuss, though I'm sure that Miss Barnett would have liked the actual moving to have been accomplished a little more quickly. A bare, non-realistic set of this kind necessitates good props and costumes and this production was well served by Andrew McGeachin and by Mrs Shipway and her team. Costumes were varied and striking and in the case of the hats of Messrs Evans and Eleftheriou sublime. They almost rendered the dialogue unnecessary.

I'm bound to admit that I didn't much like the music that Stephen Oliver wrote for the play and which I thought was boring and banal. The words deserved better and so did the actors who sang them and Nick Davies who played the keyboard.

Miss Barnett's success in this production, apart from securing some excellent perfomances and devising an attractive set, was in making a very episodically constructed play hang together and to gather force and cohesion as it proceeded. This was a considerable achievement and I hope that she will go on to many more.

A.J.T.

STAGE CREW

Last summer saw the start of renovation in Big School in accordance with the fire safety regulations. The result of this was about eight feet off the side of the stage, and a multitude of new doors, which slam at random.

Putting aside this inconvenience we were glad to be back in Big School after two years on the KEHS stage.

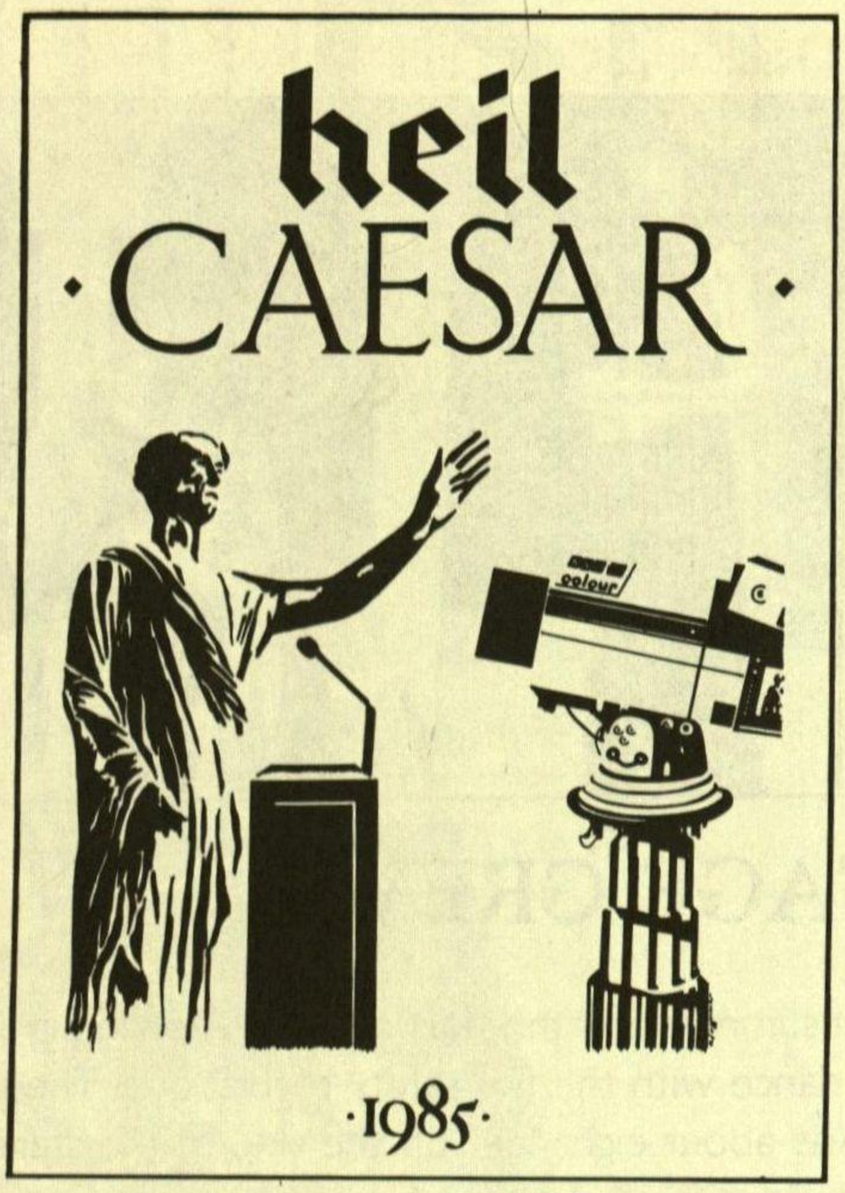
The cubist interpretation of *The Lorenzoccio Story* went down well. The cubes were in turn a stool, a chair, a table, a market stall, window and citadel. After constant failure of several channels on the lighting board half an hour before the first night, the actual performances went smoothly.

With the impending retreat of Dr Homer to the confines of Cambridge, the set for the Junior Play, *Heil Caesar*, was completed before the end of the spring term; a stage crew record. In the absence of DRH for the summer term we were blessed with the presence of the Head of Drama himself, Mr Evans. His views on the integration of performers and stage crew were widely and enthusiastically discussed, if not implemented. The whole stage crew would like to thank him for his dedicated term's work. Also for his extensive work in the planned replacement of the dangerous and outdated equipment on stage.

Finally, owing to the falling numbers in stage crew, a devious plot has been hatched. After extensive interviews, DRH has chosen four Sixth Formers from KEHS to join the crew for a year. With this in mind, anyone wishing to join ....

Next year with safe and modern equipment and the use of a workshop next to the proposed Drama Studio, and with the use of the Drama Studio itself, it is hoped to maximise the talents of the next generation of stage crew.

Julian Sparrey, Sixths.



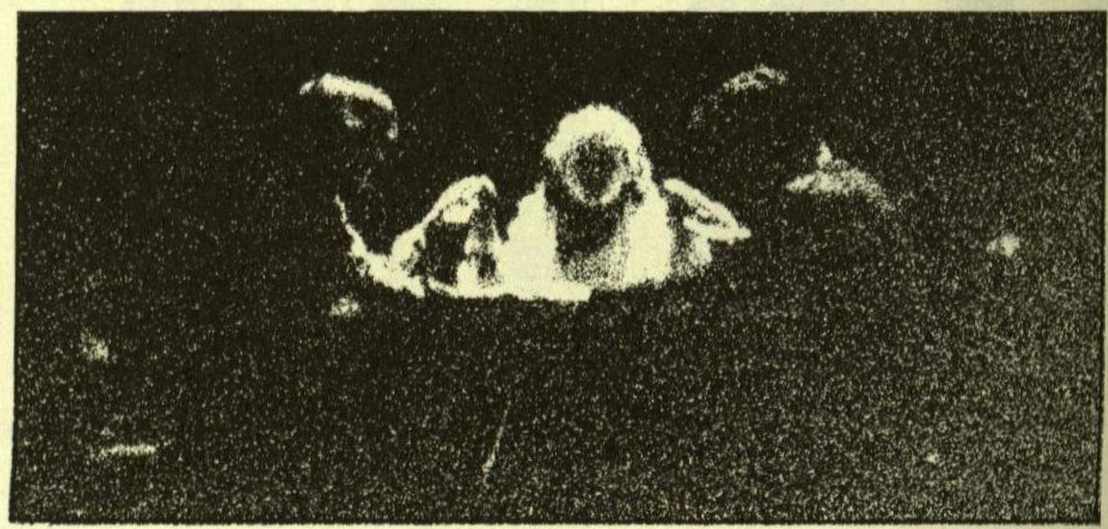
This was a bold - perhaps even foolhardy - choice for a stage production of a school play. Every producer has a problem. His choice of play is constrained by time available, actors and their ability, to say nothing of any limitations imposed by stage and auditorium. To all these, Tom Hosty added another: the fact that the play was originally written for television. John Bowen was originally commissioned to write the play as a vehicle to help students find their way into Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. In his introduction, Bowen writes: 'How can people be expected to enjoy *Julius Caesar* without a thorough grounding in Roman History...and a familiarity with the ordinary language of Shakespeare's time, which is considerably different from our own, since language is continually changing?'

A TV director has the great advantage over his stage-bound colleague that scene changes are never a problem. Tom Hosty went some way to overcoming the problems of speed and continuity by having separate pieces of action taking place alternately on the stage at the same time. Nonetheless the necessary breaks to change scenery and move actors on and off were a minor irritant. Having said that, the scene changes were crisply executed: the set delightfully simple and the lighting bold and clear. Technically this was an accomplished and smooth performance - and the same is true of the acting.

Aran Maddocks was splendid as Brutus - the politician of high principle who slowly finds, once involved in Caesar's assassination, that events overtake him and he is no longer in control. Philip Blenkinsop's Cassius was just right in his manipulation of the various political situations and still left one with the uneasy feeling that one should not have bought that used car from him. Niels Hooper as Caesar *was* the soldiers' general with an excellent blend of earthy humour and common sense. As the wives of the two central characters, Portia (Clara Price) and Calpurnia (Hannah Brown) came over strongly and clearly: Calpurnia just a little out of her social depth and Portia playing second fiddle to her husband for so long but eventually proving to be the stronger of the two. To mention others would be invidious: however I must commend Aman Grewal for his sympathetic performance of Antony and Carl Röhsler for his clinically - even cynically - efficient Octavius; James Bennett as Casca confirmed his reputation as a snappy dresser; and Helen Swanney was excellent as the suitably eccentric fortune teller.

An odd choice, then, for a production. Apart from the problems of translation from the small screen, it just stops at the end (the audience was grateful to those members of the cast who clapped at this point!). But it was a play well performed both artistically and technically and a production which moved well. What a pity that there were not more in the audience to see what can be done by hard work and enthusiasm.

D.H.B.



DRAMA LESSON
or
THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS

I must go down to The Hut again, to the furry floor and the lights,
And all I ask are my leotards or a pair of slinky tights,
And my rubbery pumps and my little book with the improvisations ready,
And the loony larks and the deafening din that I find so heady.

I must go down to The Hut again, to the lure of the Open Space,
Where the floor's hard and the bum's numb as it is at The Other Place;
And the scenic cubes and the plastic chair and the dinky portable dimmer
Make the blood pulse, and the nerves thrill and the waistline slimmer.

I must go down to The Hut again in the steps of Peter Slade,
In my tight jeans and my T-shirt with its RSC displayed;
And all I ask is a Trust Game with minimum interference,
And Eye Contact and Good Vibes and a Hands-On Experience.

A.J.T.

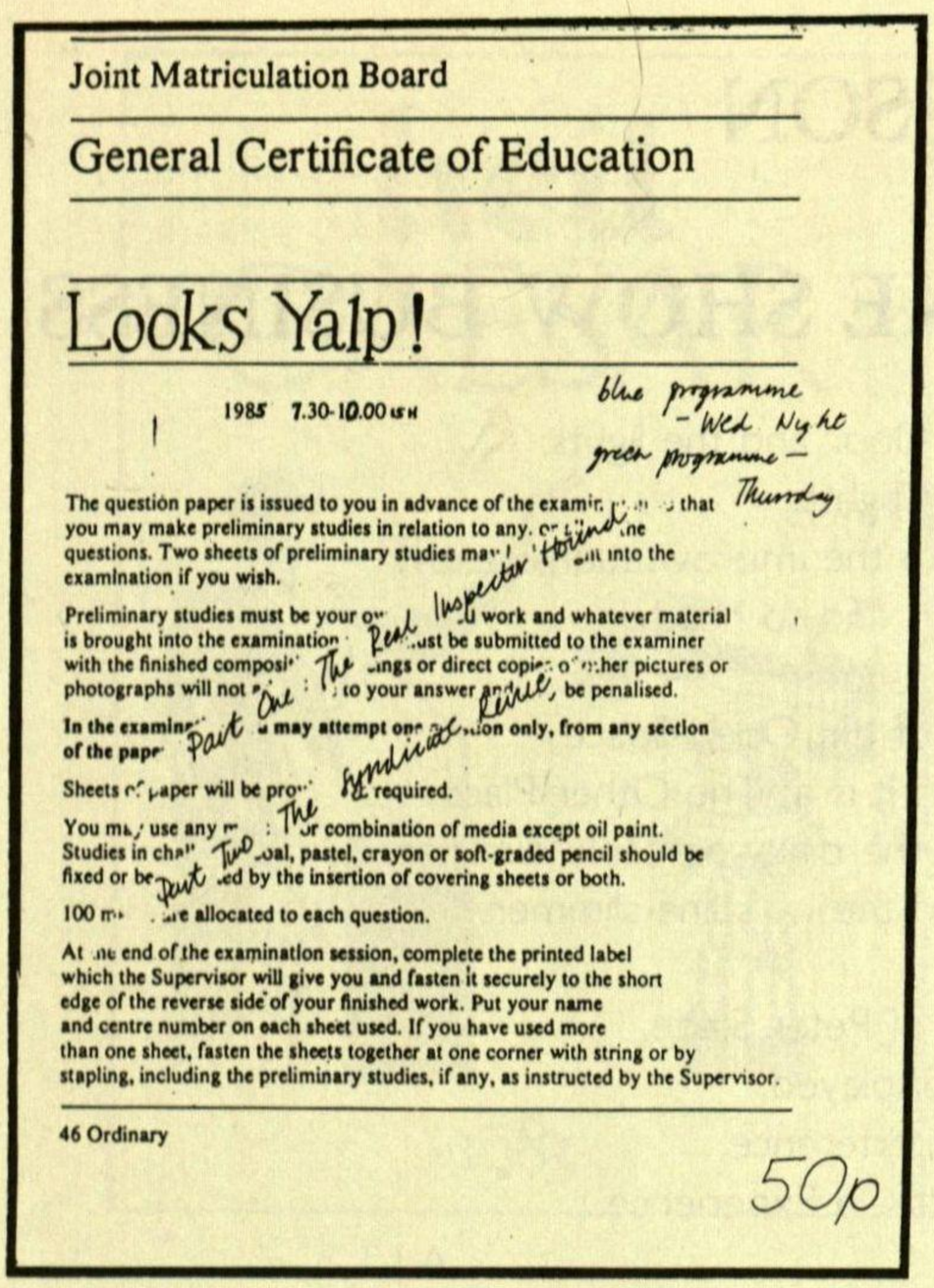
THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST

The actors confessed to being woefully unprepared; the stage crew admitted to being behind schedule; the Producer was a mere Lower Sixth...

The play was excellent. The set was ready in time, and the cast knew their lines. The music, costumes, expressions and gestures were all particularly good, without which Wilde's comedy would have been far less entertaining. The acting was refined and easy, with Cathy Swire, Marcus Hughes and Chris Evans outstanding. Rupert Martin, in his first production, was impeccable and brief, whereas Max Carlish in one of his last, was charming and notably rotund. Alice Wallbank and Sam Jones delivered their lines with much humour and confidence; Alice's slight pause before the famous line 'A handbag!' was particularly effective.

Most credit must go to Jo Bayliss, the Producer. Her ambitious project, to put on a play without assistance from staff, was a great success. Such productions should be more frequent in the future, with work on a Drama Studio about to commence.

Roger Rees, Divisions.



Joint Matriculation Board

General Certificate of Education

Looks Yalp!

1985 7.30-10.00 PM

blue programme - Wed Night
green programme - Thursday

The question paper is issued to you in advance of the examination so that you may make preliminary studies in relation to any one of the questions. Two sheets of preliminary studies may be taken into the examination if you wish.

Preliminary studies must be your own work and whatever material is brought into the examination must be submitted to the examiner with the finished composition. Drawings or direct copies of other pictures or photographs will not be taken to your answer and be penalised.

In the examination you may attempt one question only, from any section of the paper.

Sheets of paper will be provided if required.

You may use any medium or combination of media except oil paint. Studies in charcoal, pastel, crayon or soft-graded pencil should be fixed or be protected by the insertion of covering sheets or both.

100 marks are allocated to each question.

At the end of the examination session, complete the printed label which the Supervisor will give you and fasten it securely to the short edge of the reverse side of your finished work. Put your name and centre number on each sheet used. If you have used more than one sheet, fasten the sheets together at one corner with string or by stapling, including the preliminary studies, if any, as instructed by the Supervisor.

46 Ordinary

Real Inspector Hound
The Part One
The Syndicate Revue
Part Two

50p

This year's Syndicate Play, *Looks Yalp*, comprised a short play, Tom Stoppard's *The Real Inspector Hound*, in the first half, and a Revue, written by pupils, in the second. Both parts provided lively entertainment and impressive drama.

The Real Inspector Hound was an enjoyable production - particularly amusing by the way in which is exposed and mocked the conventions of 'drawing-room whodunnits'. This effect was achieved in many ways, both subtle and blatant: Eleanor Draper, for example, beautifully captured the 'sinister housemaid' with her exaggerated northern accent when describing 'the mysterious fog which comes down awful quick'. Moon and Birdboot, played by Paul Woodhouse and Giles Dickson respectively, were characters behind the stage, acting as critic-in-the-audience. Moon's pretentious interpretations of the play made one feel that Stoppard was not only mocking clichéd plays, but also clichéd criticisms of those plays. Thus, I felt rather self-conscious about making any comments in the interval lest they should seem to resemble those of Birdboot! The play itself was a great success, with commendable performances all round. The directing too was impressive, with lively actions adding to the humorous dialogue - particularly effective was Jonathan Slater's backward entry through a wall, when playing Magnus, a rather reckless cripple.

The revue was less consistent - in some places it was hilarious, in others it plainly fell flat. Unfortunately, although the sketches were often very amusing, it became clear that the writers had encountered some difficulty in ending them - indeed, no-one seemed certain at the end that the whole revue really had finished. However, there was a lot of skilful writing too. My personal favourite was a speech made by Pliny (Rupert Ward) who had noticed that 'the fluff in your navel is always blue', thus providing Leonard Nimoy (Max Carlish) with supporting evidence in a sketch satirising 'pseudo-scientific documentaries'. The hilarity of Pliny's speech lay not in his observation, but in the way that the 'translation' into English so accurately resembled O-level Latin translations by using such awkward phrases as 'To the slaves I exclaimed, who were much wearied by the weary journey'.

Other sketches satirised current affairs programmes such as *Question Time* - where Jane Jevons, an SDP MP, brilliantly avoided the probing question, 'What time is it please?' - and social problem programmes: we saw a moving presentation of the growing problem of sweet addiction, where Ed Shedd convincingly played the junkie whose life had been wrecked by sherbert sniffing.

Looks Yalp therefore provided a very good evening's entertainment - and, though it is said every year, it is particularly refreshing to see new faces alongside familiar ones on Big School stage, especially when the results are so impressive.

Nicolas Fowler, Divisions.

This was an idea that just grew and grew, ending up by providing one of the most enjoyable and entertaining performances that I can remember for a long time. Originally conceived as an over-grown Eurodrama play-reading

where the readers concerned did a bit of acting and, above all, actually read their scripts before the meeting, it developed at first into a studio production (with texts) of impressive quality and lucidity. So successful was this venture that those concerned decided to 'go public', learn their parts and put it on in the Concert Hall. Tickets were sold out by the evening of the performance, but the expectant audience (drawn from all the schools of the Foundation) certainly got more than they could possibly even have hoped for.

First, the play is good, and one of its greatest merits is its relative linguistic simplicity. Even if, like me, you have never got much further in French than *Les Bertillons I*, the play was readily comprehensible and very amusing. This belies the difficulty in understanding what the play is about. 'A play about plastic emotions,' said the posters. Yes, it is. It is a play that takes the formalities of our existence - language, social etiquette, logic - and turns them on their head. In the process, the formalities are fragmented - the language becomes a meaningless jumble of phrase-book French, for example - revealing the nothingness below the surface of our existence.

Second, the actors were good. Giles Dickson and Deborah Dolce deserve especial commendation for their portrayals of M. and Mme Smith, and James Dunstan was particularly good as an ingenuous chief fireman; particularly his impromptu (and unrehearsed) battering of Giles, Debbie and Jonathan during his very long and boring story.

All in all, this production represented a supreme triumph of enthusiasm and skill, both of which abounded. Taken together with *The Importance of Being Earnest*, this production should surely demonstrate to future school generations that it is really very worthwhile, and very possible, to put on productions of their own.

Rupert Ward, Sixths.

The Lorenzaccio Story

Hail Ceasar

The Importance of Being Earnest

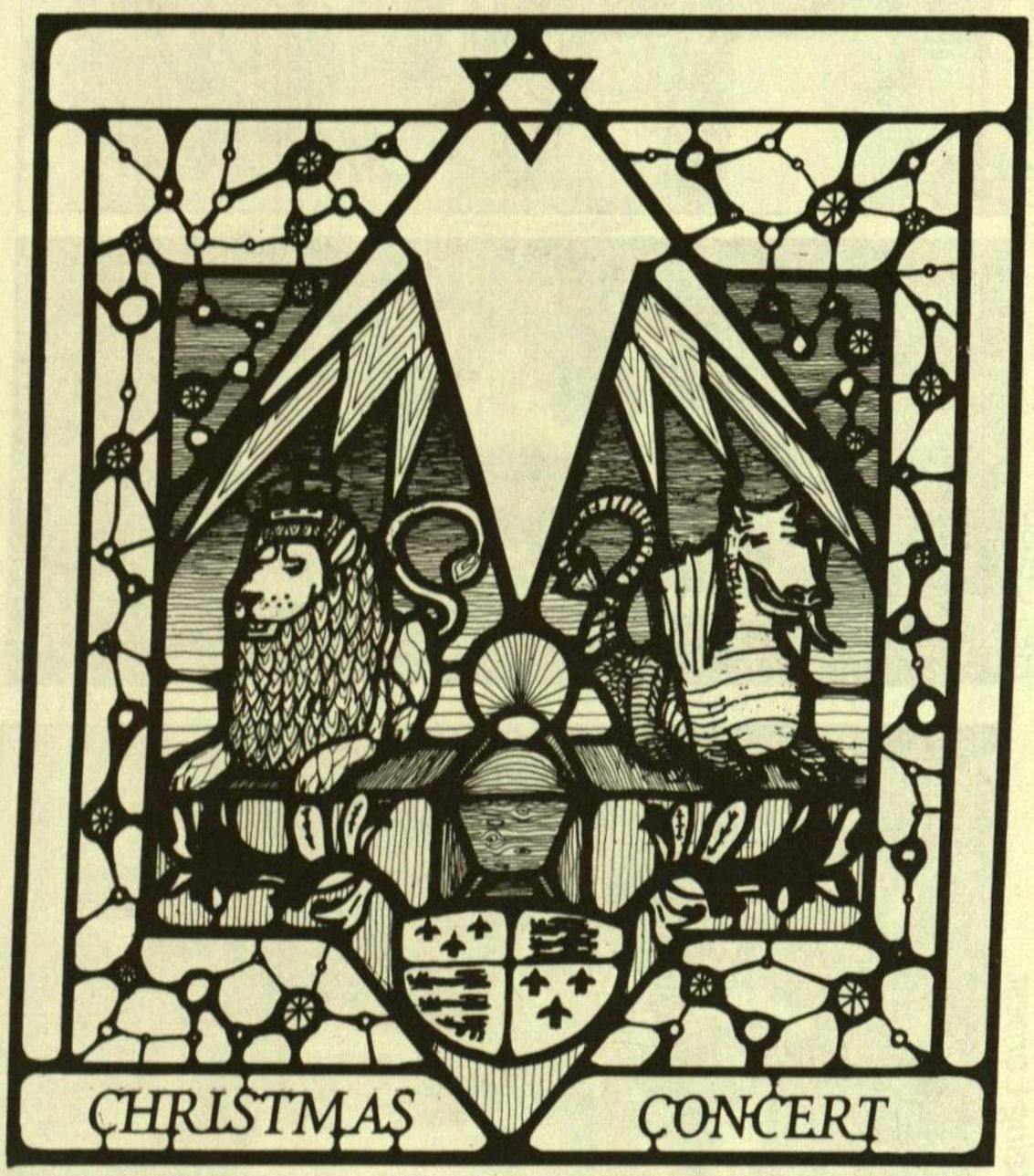
La Cantatrice Chauve

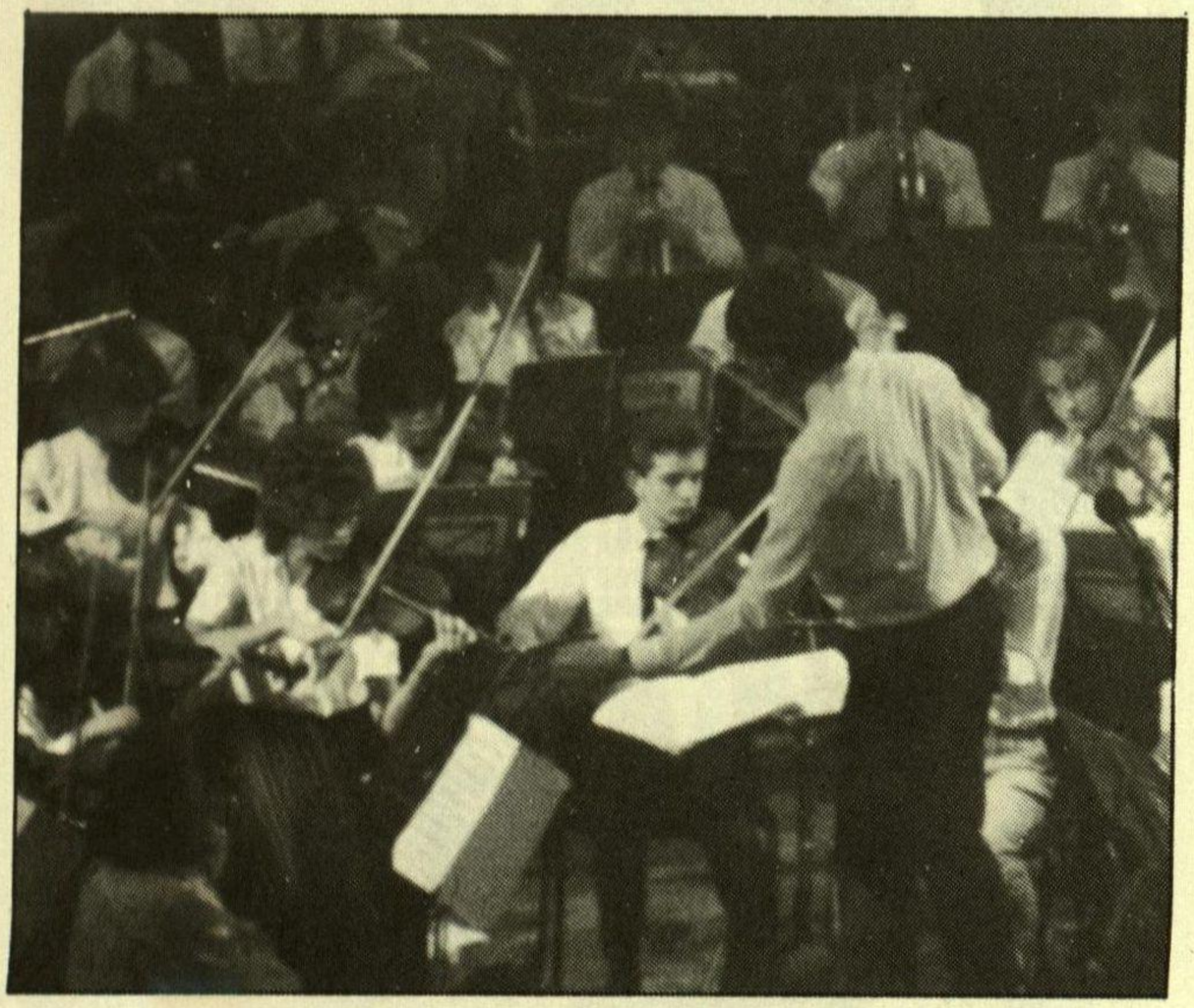
FRIDAY DRAMA

The option has had three activities this year: a dramatised reading of Julian Mitchell's *Another Country*, featuring a finely played duologue between Paul Mason and Andrew Killeen; a term working with the lower sixth option at KEHS on one-act plays ranging from *Elegant Edward* to Pinter; this term the boys have been preparing a mime show to take out to local special schools. A group also attended a voice workshop led by Cicely Berry at Stratford.

G.E.E. (from the Speech Day Summary)

MUSIC





Christmas Concert

December again, and as the first mince pies loomed menacingly on the horizon, out from among the usual morass of Oxbridge results and end of term hysteria emerged Xmas Concert 84 - and a suitably lively occasion it was too.

In the now-traditional setting of the Central Hall, we enjoyed a pleasantly balanced mixture of the familiar and the less well-known, the light and the serious, with a variety of conductors at the helm. Concert Band, under Mr Sill, gave highly accomplished renditions of old favourites *Christmas Festival* (a sort of 'Carols on 45'), *Hootenany* and a blistering *Trumpets Wild,* while the Wind Band presented more rousing seasonal stuff with Mr Argust, in his first term, on the rostrum. Indeed, he was perhaps the star of this concert, for he also conducted the KEHS Junior and Senior Choirs, whose revitalised enthusiasm was a revelation.

Of course, at Christmas, every musical ensemble in the school takes a turn in the limelight, and so we also heard the Brass Group giving a polished *Londonderry Air* - with a sensitive trombone solo by Dave Whitehouse - and the Chapel Choir, conducted by Dr Homer, the highlight of whose performance was *The Holly and the Ivy,* which was more reminiscent of the Wild West than anything else.

Musically, however, the concert was dominated by the First Orchestra. Their *Strike up the Band* - rehearsed with no less a luminary than Simon Rattle - and *Nutcracker Suite* were entertaining, accurate and eminently enjoyable, and special mention could be made of celeste soloist Nick Davies, however unlikely a Sugar Plum Fairy he may seem.

But most important was the audience singing, for this concert is, above all, about fun. And if the lusty renderings of everything from *White Christmas* to *The Fairy on the Christmas Tree* are anything to go by, everyone certainly had that.

Graham Doe, Sixths.

Advent Carol Service

December 12th 1985

The Chapel Choir Advent Carol Service passed this year in its usual blaze of obscurity, with the same familiar faces sitting in the pews. This was particularly sad this year as it was the Rev. Crocker's first Carol Service as School Chaplain and the Rev. Grimley's first as vicar of St George's Church. The choir rose to the occasion, even if the congregation did not, and performed more new carols than they have for many years - including a jovial arrangement of *The Holly and the Ivy* - surprising even themselves with their ability. These, together with some old favourites and a pleasant solo from Andrew McGeachin in *The Three Kings* by Peter Cornelius, added up to a very enjoyable evening. Thanks are due to the Rev. Grimley for the use of his church, to Nigel Argust for accompanying us, and above all to Dr Homer for his hard work and skilful direction of the choir.

Andrew Killeen, Fifths.

Choral Concert

December 10th 1985

At Christmas, the Choral Society gave an excellent performance of four differing and difficult works. Playing to a capacity audience at KEHS, the first work was a setting by Parry of one of Milton's odes: *Blest Pair of Sirens*. Set for eight part choir and orchestra, this is probably Parry's most popular work excluding the church music. Next the girls gave a seasonal performance of Britten's *Ceremony of Carols*, which is an arrangement of early English carols for treble voices and harp - and the latter was played beautifully by Robert Johnston. Moving solos were sung by Debbie Dolce, Helga Mosey and Sarah Wood.

After a lengthy interval, the whole choir took the stage under the inimitable Mr Nigel Argust's baton for his debut concert. They sang Elgar's *Give unto the Lord*, a setting in English of Psalm 29. The final item was an arrangement of parts of Psalms 100, 23, 131 and 133 by Leonard Bernstein - sung this time in Hebrew. (And if you think singing Hebrew is easy, try saying 'Ul'umimyeh'gurik' several times over, very quickly!) Here, mention must be made of James Priory in the Shells, who gave a brilliant performance of the treble solo. *The Chichester Psalms*, to give the work its proper name, was performed to a high standard, and any slight uncertainty about the pronunciation of words went unnoticed by the audience. Thanks are also due to Sarah Stobart and Paul Farrington (who now teaches singing at KES) for the soprano and tenor/bass solos during this piece.

Finally, many thanks should be given to Messrs Sill and Argust for conducting the evening, to the orchestra, which was led by Mr Bridle and included several CBSO members, and to all the members of staff in the Society who helped to make it a great evening.

Paul Hodgetts, Fourths.

Big School Revisited

March 6th 1985

Quite apart from being an enjoyable musical experience in its own right, this concert also provided an enticing taste of things to come, featuring extracts from Bruch's *Violin Concerto* and Arnold's *Scottish Dances*, to be played in their entirety at the Orchestral Concert later in March.

The great highlight was Thomas Trotter, the dynamic young city organist. Despite his choice of programme, that some regarded as a trifle esoteric (including some of Louis Vierne's *Organ Symphony No. 6* and the *Scherzo* by E. Gigout) his stunning playing was a delight to hear, particularly the organ arrangements of the more familiar *March* from *The Love of Three Oranges* and the *Toccata* by Prokofiev. He certainly managed to demonstrate that, despite the ravages that the Big School organ has suffered, it is still in fairly good shape.

Equally enjoyable were the orchestral items in the concert: Wagner's *Rienzi Overture* and the *Allegretto* and *Con Brio* from Arnold's *Scottish Dances* were performed with verve, accuracy and excitement under the baton of Peter Bridle; while Gerald Lowe's brilliant solo playing in the *Adagio* from the *Violin Concerto* of Max Bruch left us all wanting more.

Finally, this report would not be complete without mention of the splendid victuals provided afterwards by the Dining Hall staff, along with copious quantities of wine. Now that's the way to end a concert!

Rupert Ward, Sixths.

Orchestral Concert

18th and 20th 1985

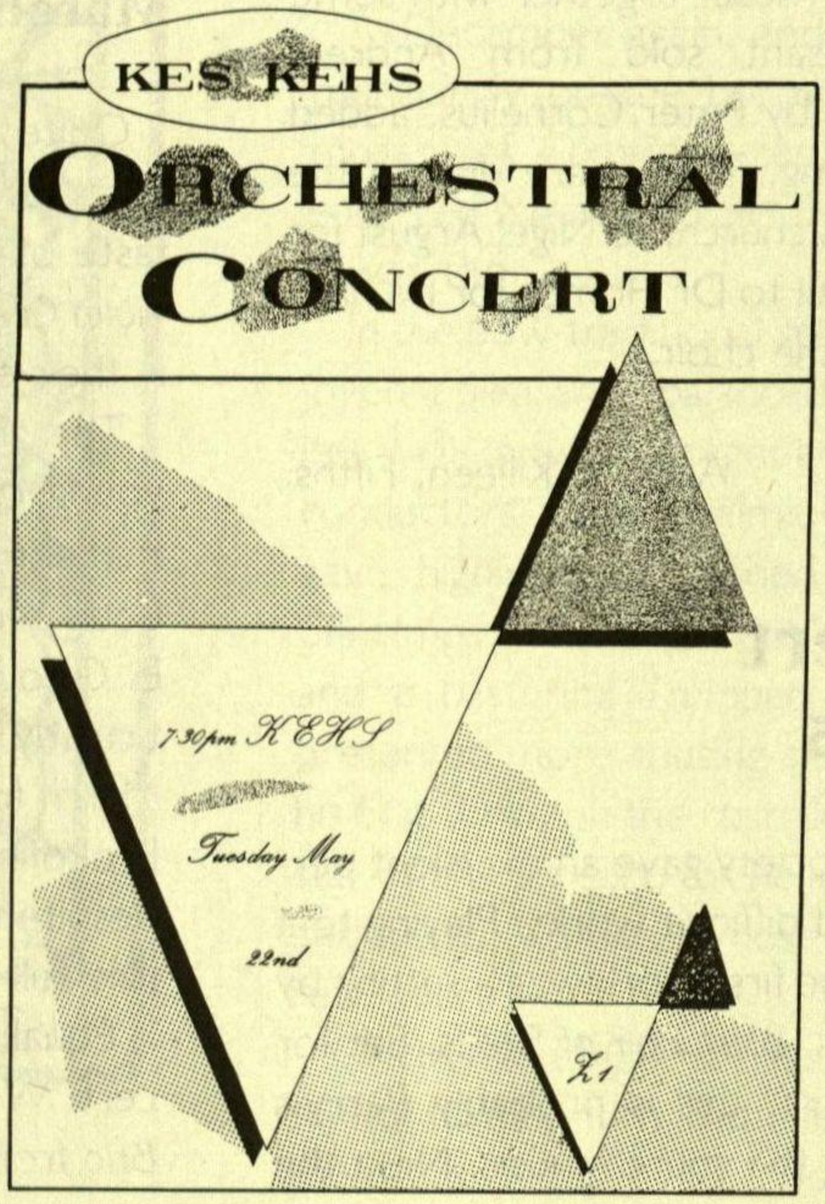
Peter Bridle and his stamina must surely be praised for the tremendous amount of hard work he put into the orchestral concerts in March. As they drew near, rehearsals were frantically packed into Sundays and in the face of House Competitions. That doesn't mean to say that the concerts were under-rehearsed. After a term's solid preparation - and indeed, some music had been issued to players the previous September - he was justified in his beaming optimism. Most of the programme had been performed a few days earlier, to the Chief Master and his guests on the occasion of the re-opening of Big School, but this did not detract from the excitement of the 18th and 20th March.

The programme opened with Wagner's *Rienzi Overture* which played rousingly. The piece has a beautiful opening but is a little tedious and loudly insistent towards the end. Nevertheless, the power of the brass did it full justice. Gerald Lowe, hanging around after his successful seventh term application to Cambridge, showed the extent of his excellence for the first time: a fitting farewell for him to KES music. His hard work as leader of the First Orchestra, and his self-effacing reliability over many years, made me applaud his astounding performance of the Bruch *Violin Concerto no. 1* with rare sincerity. The technical and musical control of his rendition seemed perfect.

The Second Orchestra were not to be outdone, playing Waldteufel's *España*, Weinberger's *Polka* from *Schuanda the Bagpiper* and an arrangement of the Finale from Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*. They matched, or even bettered the *Rienzi Overture* with this last: loud, fast and melodious. Does the school really have so many good musicians or do we owe all this to Mr Bridle for coaxing the best out of us and hiding our mistakes? It doesn't really matter, of course, given the results.

Finally, the too technically demanding *Scottish Dances* were played excellently, but perhaps with a slight lack of control in the final movement *Con Brio*. The misty atmosphere-weaving of the third movement, however, more than made up for the untimely appearance of a kilted drunkard pretending to be Scottish badly, pretending to be drunk worse, and playing the bassoon worst of all.

James Dunstan, Sixths.



Carmina Burana

May 16th 1985

Not untypically, the major problem in this concert for the music staff involved such factors as the finishing time, packing up music stands and last orders. Indeed it was with this in mind that Mr Sill began the concert by wondering aloud to the audience what purpose the fifth valve on his tuba had. 'I'm hoping it will dispense real ale,' he mused. Amidst appreciative cackling he eventually joined the Joint Brass Ensemble for three pieces which included an impressive trombone solo from David Whitehouse in an arrangement of *Londonderry Air*. The Joint Ensemble followed, whose oboist (David's brother) will be known for evermore (thanks to Mr Sill's typing) as that hip, cool swinger 'Tone' Whitehouse. The quintet's final piece was a very clever arrangement by the bassoonist Ian Crew of *The Teddy Bears' Picnic*, affectionately dedicated to a member of the music department. The first half finished with two further, contrasting pieces from the Brass Ensemble under the direction of the laconic Bryan Allen.

The second half was devoted to the popular choral work *Carmina Burana*. Unfortunately, as a person whose Music O-level sight-singing caused the Head of Music to crease up double in tearful mirth, I feel ill-placed to pass profound judgement on the performance. All I shall say is that both audience and performers appeared to enjoy it immensely with generally confident massed singing, enthusiastic piano and percussion playing and very fine solo singing from Malcolm Singer (aptly named baritone), Joy Naylor (soprano) and John Smith (alto).

Overall, the concert was thoroughly enjoyable. It was especially good to see a balance between the big scale of *Carmina Burana* with the chamber music of the first half. Let's hope that the latter genre, previously somewhat neglected, will continue to be encouraged.

Tim Franks, Divisions.

Summer Concert

The Central Hall once again provided the venue for an enjoyable demonstration of the enormous musical talent in our two schools.

Unfortunately, however, the first half did not quite fulfil its potential, with neither the Concert nor the Wind Band demonstrating adequately the fruits of all their hard work put in during the term. The Chapel Choir handled Britten's *Golden Vanity* thoroughly competently, even if not without undue excitement, though the Choir-Master Mr Farrington must have been delighted with the adept singing of the soloists. Matthew Killeen especially displayed confidence and maturity in what is a very difficult piece to sing.

After the interval, the quality improved dramatically. There was no longer any need for the wry humour of Mr Sill to keep the audience on their toes. The First Orchestra gave a stunning rendition of Britten's *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra*, where each section was in turn thrown into the limelight, and where each performed admirably. The Choral Society, with a sadly shortened version of *The Merry Widow* by Franz Lehar, again delighted the audience, and this was followed by the large Joint Orchestra to round off the evening with some Strauss waltzes.

Finally, Rupert Ward paid a characteristically diplomatic but well-deserved tribute to Messrs Sill, Bridle and Argust, for their skilled leadership and enormous effort throughout the year and I can but echo his thanks here.

Stephen Tuck, Fourths.

Syndicate Concert

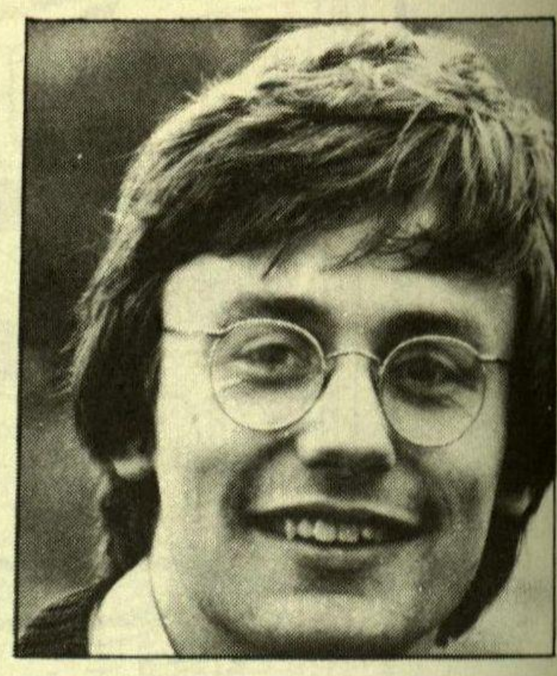
This year's Syndicate Concert proved as enjoyable as ever, with a wide variety of ensembles playing to a just-less-than-capacity audience on a fine summer's evening in early July.

The concert was, as always, hampered by lack of rehearsal time, but the problem was made more acute this year by the curtailing of term by almost a week. This was particularly obvious with the Syndicate Choir: Tony Whitehouse in fact did a marvellous job in getting Nick Davies's *Eine Kleine Todmusik* and two choruses from Vivaldi's *Gloria* to sound as good as they did. The Wind Commune, playing the last movement of Mozart's *Piano Quintet K452*, and Steve Twigg and Duncan McNaughton, playing a movement from Gordon Jacob's *Concerto for Clarinet and Trumpet* were particularly good - they had all been rehearsing for longer - and James Dunstan and Dominic Worsley demonstrated their talents once again in *Aus der Heimat No. 2* by Smetana and Aaron Copland's *Hoe-Down* from *Rodeo*. We were all charmed and delighted by the performance of Britten's *Golden Vanity* by the boys of KES Chapel Choir - they displayed enormous competence in the face of a very difficult score. Mention should also be made of a presentation made to Nick Davies before the interval by the Chief Master - a well-deserved tribute to his enormous dedication, skill and enthusiasm, put at the service of School Music for eight years. My personal highlight of the concert, however, would be the interval: wine and strawberries in Chantry Court, with a resident string quartet (organised by Lana Wood) playing arrangements by Nick Davies in the background.

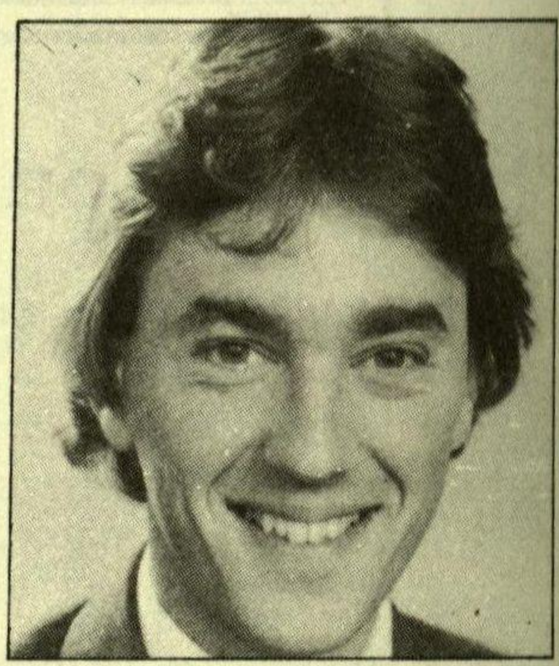
Rupert Ward, Sixths.

THREE MUSICIANS

SIMON RATTLE



SIMON HALSEY



THOMAS TROTTER

This year has seen three leading musicians, each based in Birmingham, visiting the school.

Thomas Trotter was formerly a pupil at the Chief Master's old school before winning an Organ Scholarship to King's College Cambridge, and he is now the city organist. He came in March to reopen officially the Organ in Big School.

Simon Rattle, who won the First Prize in the John Player International Conductors' Competition at the age of nineteen, and who made his North American début with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra when he was still only twenty-one, is now of course the internationally respected conductor of the CBSO. He accepted an invitation to conduct the First Orchestra for a morning's rehearsal in the autumn term.

Simon Halsey, a Choral Scholar at King's College Cambridge and currently Director of Music at Warwick University as well as chorus master for the CBSO Chorus, trained the Chapel Choir for an evening in the autumn term too.

In the inaugural concert, Thomas Trotter played a delightfully varied and virtuosic range of pieces, showing his skill - and the organ's revamped state. Simon Halsey's training was thorough and exhausting: we got through the whole of the first section of Haydn's *Creation* in an hour, each part thoroughly tackled. Simon Rattle, asserting his extraordinary clothes sense, showed the training skills which have taken him to where he is today. Both the First Orchestra and the Chapel Choir gained enormously from the experience and good humour of both Simons and the school was lucky to be able to attract such eminent musicians to it. For this, thanks are due to Messrs Sill and Bridle and to Dr Homer.

Andrew McGeachin, Sixths.

Absolute Zero

What more could we ask from a concert? Emotion, humanitarianism, loud guitars, a moody bass-player and...Martin Crowley's amazing performing plectrum. All this and much more was supplied by Absolute Zero's debut concert, part of the KEHS Lower Sixth's 'Charity Week'. Absolute Zero comprises Martin Crowley on guitar and vocals, and Nick Varley on bass guitar, who together play a peculiar kind of music, full of cliched teenage rebellion and angst as well as a certain degree of originality and vitality.

I suspected that this concert was going to be either spectacularly successful or embarrassingly awful (the latter being the likelier of the two). My initial fears were confirmed by the second song, *Desperate Times* (the first having been an enigmatically untitled instrumental), in which the ridiculously loud guitar totally obscured Martin's vocals - which might on reflection have been a good thing. However, by the fourth song, *Matter to You*, things had changed. Martin introduced it bitterly with a reference to the previous day's eviction of starving Ethiopians from their refugee camp, and then produced a song whose lyrics were at the same time bitter and perceptive:

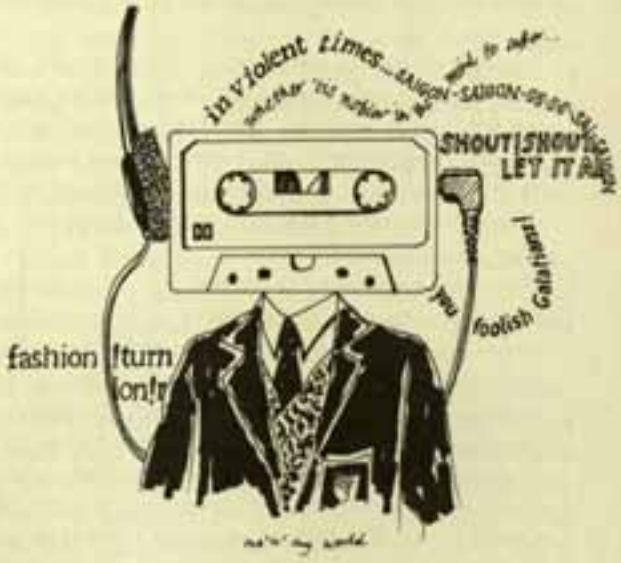
even now I can see people who sit at home
and just think 'How nice it would be
if this unpleasant reminder were gone.'

In the Valley of the Blind, *Dream* and *For You* were all products of Absolute Zero's teenage sensitivity and emotion. Although some of the audience squirmed at the dedication of *For You*, it is refreshing to hear music which can express emotions so frankly.

For encores, Martin and Nick played the cleverly titled *Really Shouldn't But* and *For You* (again), which prompted the angelic choir of the back-row hards to go into action.

And then...it was all over. Absolute Zero left one person extremely moved, many amused and others adoring (the lads were mobbed the next day by hysterical KEHS teenyboppers). They left me relieved that a concert which started so inauspiciously and promised so much embarrassment had actually provided some decent songs, which frankly expressed emotions and opinions close to my own.

Toby Carpenter, Divisions.



trips...

HAYWOOD TRAVEL SCHOLARSHIP
A Trip to Hamburg Railway Station (and the Viking Sites in Denmark)

It is a little known fact that most of the railways in northern Europe go through Hamburg, and stop there. This allows travellers to Denmark to disembark and wait for their connection. All reasonably clear so far, except that the train I was on got in at about midnight, and the train to Denmark left at about five the next morning. Hamburg station is not heated at night, and the benches are not very comfortable.

Eventually, though, our travel-weary hero arrived at his chosen youth hostel only to find that his booking had either been ignored or lost. I ended up sleeping on the floor again. The next morning I negotiated the hire of a bike (no mean feat - in Danish!), and set off on my first site visit. After this excursion I went north (by train - cycling looked too much like hard work) and found a youth hostel that wasn't full.

I spent the next few days visiting various farmers' fields, which had once been Viking forts - and I paid through the nose for the privilege too. The state of preservation of what are essentially mounds of earth is quite impressive, and the Danes have a very responsible attitude to their heritage. It was rare indeed to see any site built over and all are clearly marked.

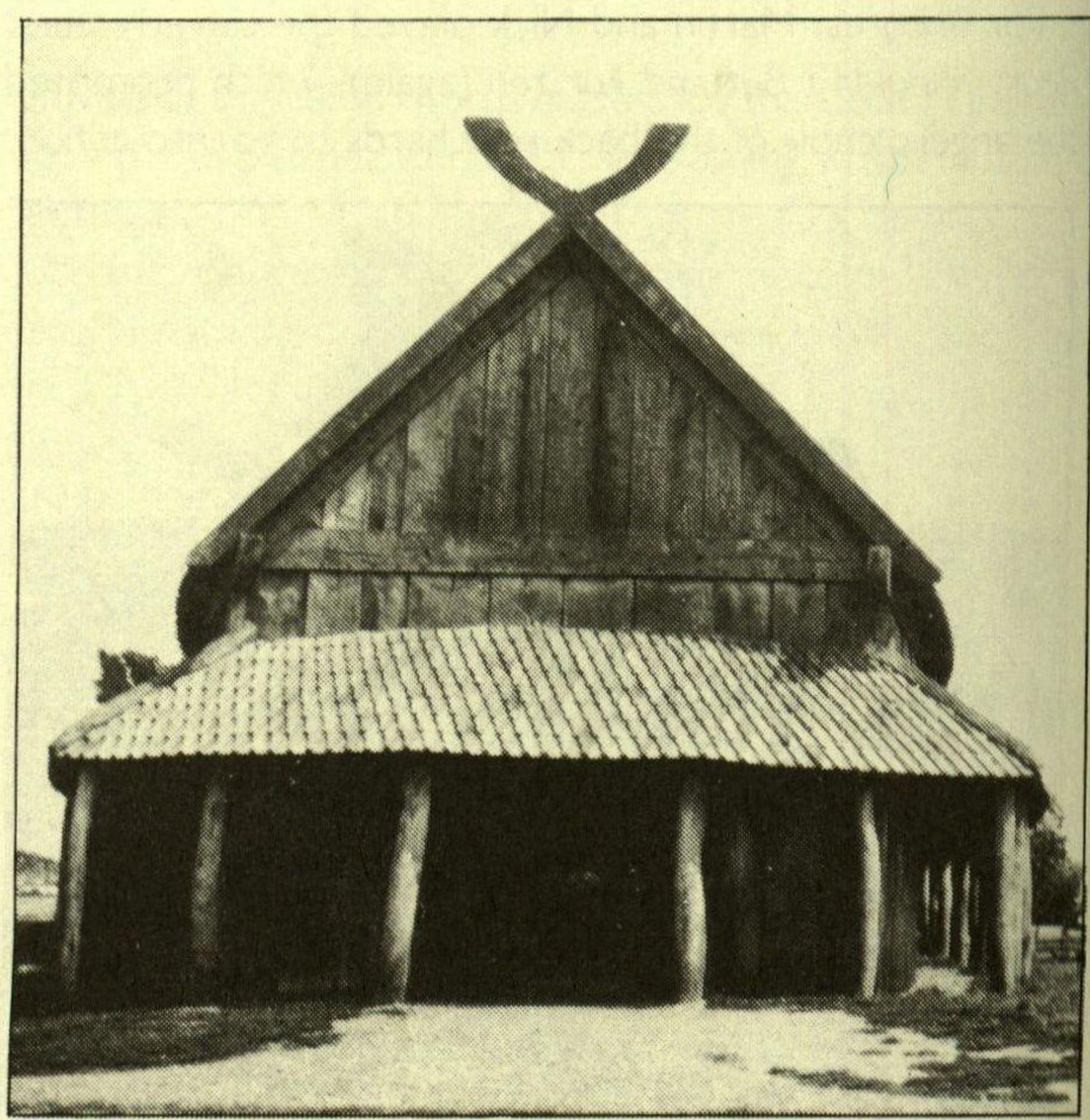
My cycling began in earnest after this, and I soon ran into what was to be a major source of irritation: Danish motorways. Denmark did not prove to be the haven for cyclists that I had been led to expect. On at least three occasions I was cycling steadily towards my destination when I was diverted completely off course by the start of an unmarked motorway. This was particularly worrying when it happened just before a ferry port, the ferry being my only means of continuing my route. I ended up cycling across a golf course, climbing over a fence - discovering that Danish bikes are very heavy - and just catching the ferry.

I managed to avoid some of the less salubrious delights of Copenhagen on my visit, though a friendly Swede told me where some of them were to be found. Copenhagen itself was quite pleasant, but the National Museum was inevitably reorganising some of its Viking artefacts. The high point of this part of the trip was the brewery: I think the elephant gates were part of the architecture...

Diversions apart, I managed to visit all the sites I had planned to, and some I found out about on the way. Much fitter and very tired, I left Denmark at about ten one morning, getting home thirty-six hours later.

I would like to thank the school for giving me the chance and the means to make this trip: and I hope that everyone who can will take the opportunity to win one of these two scholarships, which are valuable in more ways than one.

Edward Simnett, Sixths.



PARENTS' ASSOCIATION TRAVEL SCHOLARSHIP Battlefields of Normandy

In late August 1984, Robert Wheatley and I drove down to Portsmouth and embarked on the ferry to France, tracing the footsteps of thousands of allied soldiers forty years earlier.

On the way out of Portsmouth, we passed the remnants of Britain's last invasion fleet, Hermes and escorts, back from the Falklands. Arrival in Cherbourg was more peaceful and the occupants less hostile than those greeting visitors in 1944, but it was not without trepidation that I faced driving on the wrong side of the road.

Our first camp was at the aptly named seaside village of L'Anse au Brick, in the bottom of a wartime quarry. From here we explored the Cotentin Peninsula with its heavy defensive zone and strongly fortified port area in Cherbourg itself. The city was defended by four heavy batteries to seaward and only fell on June 27th after five days of ground assault supported by naval and aerial bombardment, by which time the port facilities had been thoroughly wrecked by the garrison. The occupation museum in the Fort du Roule is well worth a visit with its superb collection of uniforms, documents, weaponry and equipment, although it is small in comparison with the collections in Bayeux and Ste Mère Eglise.

Our main study site in this area was the naval artillery battery at Neville. The open gun emplacements had been bombed/shelled and wrecked, but the crew and ancillary bunkers, deeply buried and protected by two-metre thick concrete roof slats, remained untouched. The battery observation tower, three stories high, and originally disguised as a house, took over an hour to reach through a sea of bracken. Standing on the roof, however, gave such a commanding view out to sea that it was well worth the effort! The tower clearly showed signs of being involved in an infantry fire-fight. Defensive embrasures covering the door were pock-marked by small-arms fire, a metre-thick wall had been drilled through by a bazooka shot or an armour-piercing shell and the roof of an adjacent generator bunker cracked by a hollow charge grenade.

Further down the coast we studied two positions covering the US 'Utah' landing zone: Les Dunes de Varreville, an infantry strongpoint dug into the dunes overlooking the landing beaches, and a naval artillery battery at St Marcouf. The battery's four 210mm guns were protected by concrete casemates three metres thick, and had resisted attacks by US paratroops for several days. However, the archaeological value of the site was reduced as the US Engineer Corps had used the area as a playground to practise with explosives. Far from removing the bunkers from the landscape as intended, they created new architectural forms with huge roof slats tilting skywards!

The most spectacular site by far was Pointe du Hoc where US Rangers scaled cliffs under fire to find that their objective, an artillery battery, had already been moved inland. The preliminary aerial and naval bombardment has left a spectacular moonscape, preserved as a memorial to the Rangers' bravery.

Our study continued along the coast, through Bayeux, Avranches with the remains of the British Mulberry Harbour, Riva Bella and the famous Pegasus Bridge, ending in Caen, a beautiful town, reconstructed after being completely destroyed during the breakout, and now a symbol of the reconstruction achieved over the last forty years.

Andrew Fry, OE.

CLASSICAL SOCIETY TRIP TO GREECE AND CRETE

In the care of Mr Edwards, Mrs Edwards and Mr Tibbott, the much publicised élite crack force 'The G Team' found itself on New Street Station early in the evening one April day. By the following morning we were standing, bleary-eyed, somewhere in the grey stillness of Athens. The capital showed us its rather faded true colours; but soon we were off and away on the Greeks' efficient, if rather decrepit, bus service.

Perhaps it is wise at this point to inform the reader about Greek transport in general. If, however, you are of a nervous disposition, it may be wise to skip the next few paragraphs.

One of the first features that you note on the bus service is that reserved seats count for nothing unless you are a sheep or a chicken. Next, there is the manic wailing issuing from the speakers along the roof of the bus. The Greeks have only one piece of music, which was composed in 1703. Every work since then is merely a reshuffling of the bars, making the end product rather more the musical equivalent of a zip-code than a tune: this, of course, was all to Mr Tibbott's liking, who seemed in a state of

tuneless bliss throughout the trip. A note of praise must also be made for the agility of the conductors - who seemed to be both in a state of total panic as to whether sheep were at half fare or not, and, at the same time, to be in complete and friendly control of the affair.

Enough, however, on our adventures with transport - back instead to where we left 'The G Team': on a bus, and just arriving at the historic sanctuary at Delphi. Here, we had our first taste of the Ancient Greek culture: a mixture of secluded temples and huge, glorious, awesome views. Delphi is situated halfway up a mountainside, and to climb the mountain adjacent to it, as we did on two occasions, affords a splendid view of the site, down further to the gorge, to the olive plains and finally to the sea.

After two days around Delphi, we made the great leap south to the more classical Olympia. Then, further on and across the Gulf of Corinth to the much more ancient sites around Nauplia: Tiryns and Golden Mycenae, famed for their Cyclopean walls - and more for their prominence in the much-lauded Michael Wood series, *In Search of the Trojan War*. A short walk leads past the beehive tomb that Schliemann called the treasury of Atreus. Turning the corner, you see the Lion Gate - not huge but nonetheless impressive: powerful and stark, high in the mountains. It is ruined, but is somehow more impressive in its desolation.

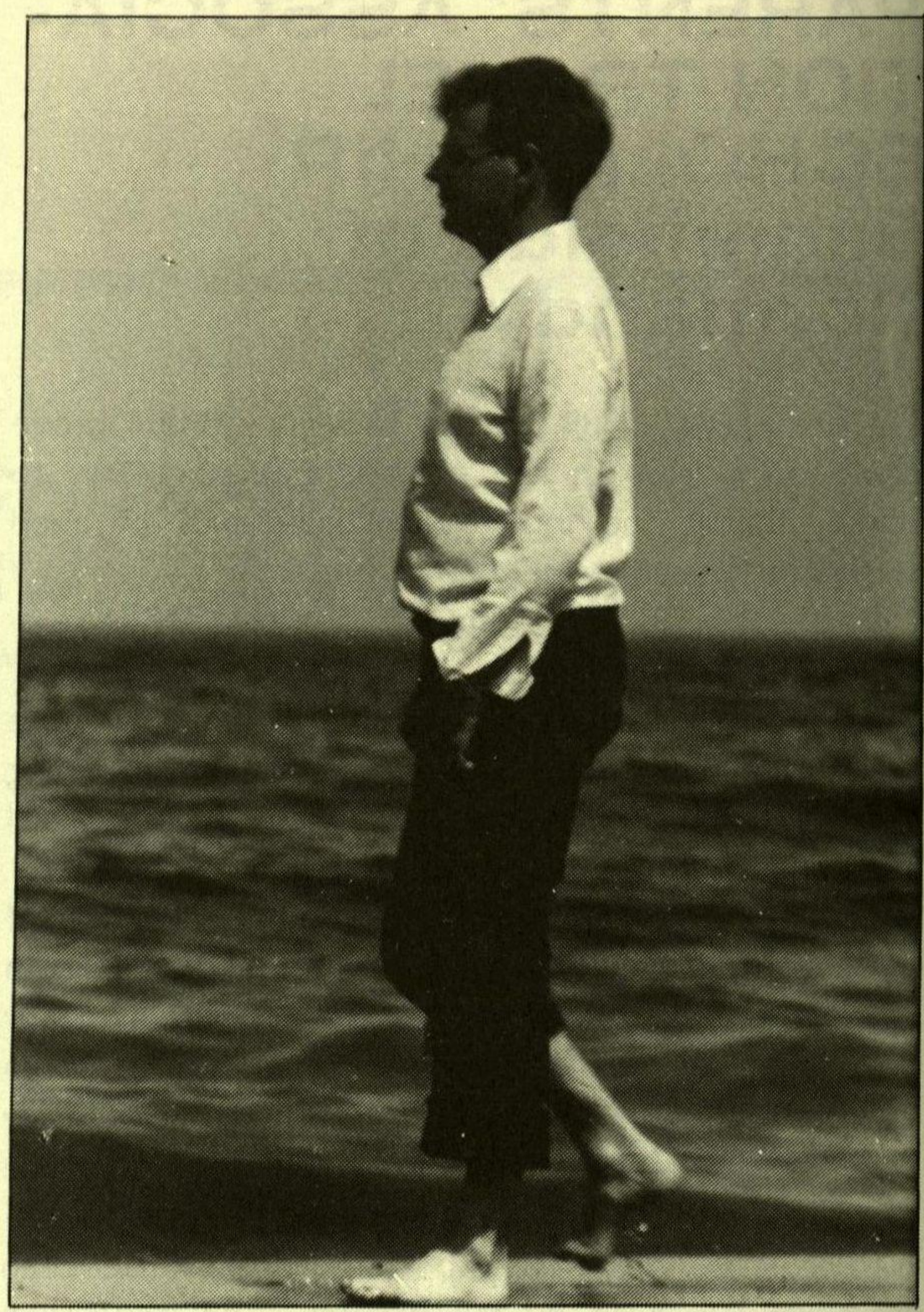
From there, with glorious weather which stayed throughout the trip, we went back to Athens, to catch the 'boat' to Crete. ('Why,' you ask, 'the inverted commas?') The boat, it is true, was much more comfortable than than the buses - once you had killed the cockroaches in your immediate vicinity - and you could even sit back and watch MGM's classic version of the classic tale of *Samson and Delilah* - with Greek subtitles, of course.

'When rosy-fingered dawn had touched the sky's edge', we saw the isle of Crete finally coming into sight. Crete allowed relaxation and also a chance to view the great sites at Knossos and Gournia, but all too quickly came the boat to Athens and the plane, and finally home.

The people of Greece are the most friendly I have met - they are perhaps too kind a tribute to their troubled country, and more than any other people, they allow you, for a few short days, to leave your tourist's garb aside and become part of their community; it would be a terrible fate if, by their passivity, they lost their culture by dilution.

Grateful thanks, of course, to those who made this trip not only possible, but a great success: it is a holiday which I shall never forget.

Carl Röhsler, Fourths.



Tuneless bliss throughout the trip

NATIONAL SAILING CENTRE, COWES

25th Aug - 1st Sept 1984

On Saturday August 25th, a party of thirty odd seadogs assembled at Southampton docks. The by now customary wait at Southampton was this year enjoyed only by the minibus party, while those who had travelled in the relative comfort of train and taxi stepped virtually straight on to the ferry.

The courses began on the Saturday evening with an introductory lecture and the same film as last year. The KES/KEHS party was spread out among three of the courses on offer: Elementary Sailing, Seamanship and a racing course, which had considerably more subscribers than last year. The legendary 'keep-fit' sessions at the crack of dawn, intended for but not exclusive to the racing course, did not, to our glee, appear on the agenda until the Wednesday, when we were placed under the direc-

tion of a certain 'stupid Dutch git', the wonderfully named Aryan Stoof.

The sailing during the week was good, with the wind varying between a nondescript force nil and an exhausting but exciting force four, and all the time under expert tuition. The evenings were occupied by lectures for the respective courses, watching a fellow resident sailor on *Blockbusters* (five gold runs!) and seeing the sights of the town. On the last night a barbecue was arranged with the help of the Centre staff.

Thanks for arranging a very enjoyable week are due to Miss Barnett and to Mr McIlwaine, whose presence in moments of crisis and inertia was invaluable.

James Pickworth, Sixths.

SKI TRIP TO SAAS FEE

December 1984

In the early hours of December 20th, the KES ski party gathered at the Foundation Office about to embark on a trip to Saas Fee, Switzerland, a trip which proved to be full of memorable events and scenery.

Having had seemingly strict hostel laws laid down by our supervisors, we were a little apprehensive as to how far how joviality would - or could - be extended. Knowing that a tiring twenty-six hours of travelling lay ahead of us, everyone soon discovered the advantages of a Sony

Walkman. Even the ever-merry James Peel was able to relax in the peacefulness of a Sony, along with his passport - which he had neglected to bring with him and which had to be delivered by Red Star! In our sleeping compartments we were joined surprisingly by a hairy and drunken Scot from London. He and his fellow Ford car workers were to spend the rest of the holiday with us, and proved to be excellent fun both on and off piste.

Everyone was immediately enormously impressed with the beauty of the snow-covered village. The accommodation was spotlessly clean and very suitable. But it was from then that the real festive enjoyment began. Everyone was to be without family over Christmas, but was going to make the most out of being on holiday in such a beautiful place. Simon Handley was never short of a stare of utter amazement as the peace-loving Swiss locals simply could not believe his soft-core punk look. Every night members of the party would 'hit the town' to soak themselves richly in Christmas cheer and excellent German Pils. Yet despite all this, all were up again next morning as the sun broke breath-takingly onto the snow-capped Alps, ready for the skiing action.

Spurred on by excellent instructors Paul, Steve and

Keith, everyone relished the most perfect conditions possible for skiing. The pistes were conquered with lightning speed, although the more advanced attempted the deep off-piste virgin snow with a little less success. Yes, Warren Cowell and Dave Somerset were thrilling to watch, but Dave had 'done harder runs when he was five'! In the Beginners, Michael Cheung, and, to a lesser extent, Simon Handley, stole the limelight - and made sure they told everyone about it!

Finally, a great many thanks to Mr Worthington, Mr Tomlinson and Mr Wills who were great company, game for a laugh and also somewhat lenient with our joviality - and also to Ski Gower and its friendly instructors who helped make everything so worthwhile.

Simon Ellis, Divisions.

Report also received from Keith Belson and Guy Evans, Fourths, on the Easter skiing trip.

TRIP TO GLENCOE

25th-30th October 1984

The journey up to Glencoe, Scotland, on the Friday was long and uneventful, and we were glad to arrive in the glen itself, where we stopped to inspect the silhouettes of the mountains we would climb the next day. We soon got into the rhythm of the expedition with a relatively early rise (made even earlier since we ignored the transition from BST to GMT), followed by the conquest of that day's mountain, despite the range of weather from driving rain and biting cold to gale force winds.

I'm sure that every member of the small, brave group has his own memories of the expedition: perhaps they are of following a track of blue spots on the snow of Ben Nevis as Elliott Harbottle squeezed out of his soaking gloves? or of Mark and Simon Hill's collapsing tent? or of Peter Bream's unusual diet? I am however certain that no-one will forget Dr Bridges proving that a minibus will act just like a plane when he's the pilot!

I would like to thank Dr Bridges for putting up with us for six days and for being such an excellent guide on the tiring but enjoyable Scottish mountains.

Iain Tebbutt, Sixths.

MARINE BIOLOGY

April 1985

The mood for the week seemed to have been set. We had been warned of a Latin catalogue of organisms to be learned. The video made by the 1980 expedition forecast rain and gloom. The five hour train journey to Aberystwyth seemed quite in place. But on that day, mid-Wales was being graced by glorious sunshine. Things didn't look so bad after all, and when Mr Rigby suggested a trip to the beach we became really quite excited. However, the wellies prevailed over the shorts and we then realised our condemnation to a week of wading in rock pools, counting seaweeds and performing sinister experiments on rocky shore organisms. Our practical work was supplemented by several lectures, and, although a video was available, it suffered from over-exposure, so it could not be shown.

The week in Wales provided time for several excursions, most of which were wholly unconnected with Marine Biology. We visited the Ystwyth forest, where we were privileged to see the lakeside combat of two rather primitive organisms, and we went to the wobbly peat-bog where we observed the attempts at swimming of an unbelievably advanced creature.

As usual, the trip was both enjoyable and worthwhile; sincere thanks are due to Messrs Rigby, Lampard, Russell and Roden, who helped to make it so.

Marcus Hughes, Divisions.

GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIPS

Geography is concerned with the world around us and therefore field trips are an essential part of the geographer's training. This year Shells have completed local project work, Removes have visited Snowdonia on an integrated study week, all the UMs have spent a long weekend in North Wales and A-level geographers have visited North Lancashire and South Devon. Space does not enable each excursion to be chronicled but the selected reports give an indication of the work done and convey impressions of some of the other experiences which make trips memorable for those who take part.

J.A.C.

Morecambe Bay (Divisions)

'The sole motivation for the weary geography student in the long, bleak winter months is the thought of the Easter field trip. A phantasmagoria of social science sweeps like a veritable breath of fresh air through the scholar's overburdened mind.'

Thus the famous words of the great geographic intellectual, John Keats, describe his experiences on the quintessential field trip. Their inspiration echoed in our ears as we clambered aboard our trusty steed, the 'Geog-Mobile', and headed for the wilderness of North Lancashire. The first day was spent gleaning valuable information about rural settlements in and around the Lancaster area, by fair means or foul (ususally foul!) and furthering the ancient tradition, dating back to the golden days of the stage-coach, of counting vehicular transport on the M6.

An excellent example of monsoon conditions was provided on Day 2 as the brave 13 and their (fool-) hardy leaders ventured to the infamous Silverdale Salt Marsh, an area which has claimed the life of many a fine geographer. The afternoon was equally memorable when the intense rainfall combined with gale force winds to provide conditions that would petrify timorous men - but not the renowned Geog Div; we clambered to the limestone crags at Hutton Roof and did what had to be done. Day 3 was spent performing strange rituals of slope measurement and river work at Lythe Fell and environs. The fourth day was optional, so I can only describe the sobering experience of Barrow-in-Furness on a Sunday morning. Kendal was the next stop, on the all-singing, all-dancing Geog Div World Tour. We discovered that Kendal is not just where the mint-cake is made. The last day was spent analysing the evolution and decline of Morecambe as a seaside resort. And it was with damp eyes that we sadly began the long journey home. However, the memories are eternal: the good times, the bad ones, the laughs, the tears, the smiles, the headaches: they will last forever.

As ever, thanks to our mentors, Messrs Roden, Cumberland and Sljivic, who all contrived with boundless enthusiasm to formulate a thoroughly educational and, above all, enjoyable trip.

Garon Anthony, Divisions.

Devon (Divisions)

If any readers are planning a trip to Devon in the future, be sure to consult a member of the Geog Div before setting off. For we have all been well informed of the hidden delights of granite intrusions and rural settlements of which most mortals are probably unaware.

Having arrived safely at our guest-house, we were immediately forced to watch a video which tackled the subjects of Tors, China Clay and Tin-Mining - joys of the next day. Indeed, this video left us all so excited and raring to get out into the field that it was difficult to get to sleep that night.

Excitement had wavered somewhat by the next morning. However, the invigorating sight of Haytor is enough to wake up any Rip Van Winkle. Having foraged around in plastic bags, violently making notes from Mr Roden's prolific words of wisdom, we were released from our mobile Turkish Bath, alias the minibus, and instinctively scrambled up to the top of Haytor. Having reached the very top, and satisfied that the wind was strong enough, Kieran Neville chose to disperse his notes all over Dartmoor. Unfortunately they descended into a crevice where

Mr Roden was giving an alfresco seminar, and they were collected and returned to the owner.

It was after an investigation of some of Britain's oldest deciduous woodlands that Garon Anthony astounded us all. For in the minibus, on the way to a China Clay factory, he felt sick. We stopped the bus, and he was. We regarded it as inevitable, and were satisfied by Garon's claim, 'I feel much better now'. However, he was sick again, and again, and again, and again, and yes, again. Six times he was sick, and after each time he uttered the immortal words, 'It's OK - I feel much better now'. In fact, he used up all our plastic bags: we were grateful that it didn't rain, for we had nothing with which to cover our precious notes.

The next day was less eventful: in pairs we were dropped off round Dartmoor to analyse a small village and a small town nearby. In the evening we collected and exchanged our findings, before 'hitting' that well-known sophisticated night-club town of Paignton, which kept us happy for a good half-hour.

Thanks to Mr Roden and Mr Cumberland for a trip which was enjoyed by all - including Garon Anthony.

Nicolas Fowler, Divisions.

Bangor (Fourths)

Sixty O-level geographers visited North Wales. One group, led by Mr Slijvic and Mr Roden, stayed at Llanberis Youth Hostel. The remainder, led by Mr Cumberland, Mr Everest and Dr Bridges, stayed at Bangor Youth Hostel. The following is an account of the Bangor group.

A pleasant coach journey through sunny Shropshire soon gave way to work, starting with a short stop for a breath of fresh air down by the river in Llangollen - then the real work: a study of the river Conwy from start to finish, making notes on everything from the sewage discharge in a medieval wool-making hamlet to tourists enjoying the black stinking mud in Conwy town itself. A short journey via Llandudno saw us installed in the ill-fated hostel, and after eating, we had our first follow-up session.

Saturday dawned dull and somewhat hazy, just like us. But by 9.30 we were all set for the ascent of Y-Garn, described by some as a very exciting mountain - but not by most. We spent some time in Cwm Ydwal, making reams of notes, drawing strange pictures and admiring female climbers - and then struck out for the summit. The view was fantastic, especially for those who like the lighter shades of grey. During the rapid and painful descent, we stopped to admire the hallowed Nant Ffrancon valley, commonly thought to be the mythical resting place of fanatical geography masters. Llanberis was the last victim of the day, and, after stripping the leaflet racks and scaring the receptionist in the Information Office, we returned to yet another follow-up session.

Sunday was the last day, but the work was not yet finished. We counted closed shops in Bethesda, terrorised tourists in Conwy and revisited Llandudno, Great Orme et al. And from there, home, feeling happy, refreshed and simply raring to get going on our gigantic projects.

Thanks should go to Mr Cumberland, Mr Everest, Dr Bridges and Ralph the coach driver, who all made the trip possible.

Paul Whatley, Fourths.

VISIT TO THE BATTLEFIELDS OF EUROPE

Undaunted by the 3 am start, a party of 34 boys from KES set off for the Front one dark April morning. At Dover we picked up our guide, Captain Jeff Rumbold, who instantly set about trying to convince us that our Intasun coach was really a time machine!

Over the next six days he led us relentlessly around a variety of military sites. These included the Trenches of Death at Diksmuide and the Ypres salient. From the Second World War we visited the Dunkirk beaches and the city of Bastogne with its fascinating museum. Visits were also made to various cemeteries, including Tyne Cot (the

largest British war cemetery in the world) and to Waterloo.

Many memorable highlights remain. The Act of Remembrance was movingly read by Simon Rhodes at the sounding of the Last Post at the Menin Gate. Paul Whatley impressed us all with his knowledge of the Panther tank at Houffalize. On the final evening poems and thoughts of the trip were presented in a convivial atmosphere on the balcony of the Hotel Wilgenhof at Valkenburg, featuring the golden voice of James Priory. We do not, of course, mention the cruise down the Rhine, the 1-1 soccer draw with the Netherlands, or the quantity of local beer enjoyed by all.

Thanks go to Mr Buttress for his vigilance, Mr Evans for co-ordinating the planning and Mr Phillips for his goalkeeping. We are also indebted to the sophisticated Miss Jackson and her three girls from KEHS who bravely decided to risk all with our fourth formers at the Front.

David Milne, Divisions.

EXPEDITION TO HADRIAN'S WALL

On the afternoon of Friday 3rd May, three of the more adventurous members of the fourth form Greek set boarded a train for Newcastle upon Tyne for a Walk along the Great Wall of Hadrian. At Newcastle, having been impressed by the new metro system, we could not pretend to be equally ecstatic about our first contact with the Wall at Wallsend. The fort, though recently excavated, was mostly obscured by a council estate, and the dull weather matched the surroundings of this depressed area. After a fruitless search for refreshments in Newcastle (Mr Owen backing down to the bouncer of a floating night club), we arrived at Bardon Mill, our base for the next three days. When our meal was finished, the first of the Dominoes Tournaments began, during which Mr Owen displayed a consistent lack of form, which clearly upset him.

After a good night's sleep, we set off at 10 o'clock on Saturday morning for Chesters Fort. This turned out to be a well-preserved fort and worth the lengthy journey. The outline of the fort, pleasantly situated by the River North Tyne, is clear, together with its barrack-blocks, administrative buildings and gateways, and, above all, its excellently preserved bath-house. As Mr Owen surged ahead to catch the bus back to Hexham, thence west to Thirlwall, where our 'Walk along the Wall' was to begin in earnest, we realised the significance of previous warnings about 'stout hearts and sensible shoes'. After an invigorating walk of five miles from Thirlwall to Cawfields, where we met Mr Tibbott and the school minibus, and where

Jonathan Kail found a hat which he insisted upon wearing, we walked to Haltwhistle, declining offers of a lift, and caught the train back to Bardon Mill. Jason Hill again won the Dominoes; Mr Owen became disgruntled and went down to see some friends in the bar.

Sunday turned out to be the day of reckoning: weather and walk both promised to be daunting. We took in the forts of Vindolanda and Housesteads, covering some sixteen miles amid the cold and drizzly weather, though these conditions stopped none of Mr Owen's famous scenic detours. The Roman soldiers, who patrolled the Wall, had a tough existence, even when sheltered behind the solid walls of Housesteads Fort, but our walk eastwards towards Sewingshields Crags and along the wastes to the north of the Wall showed us how bleak life on the Wall really could be. When we arrived back at Bardon Mill, Mr Owen decided to have a three hour bath and Jonathan Kail washed his feet in the sink. The bath did not help Mr Owen to improve his form at Dominoes: he again became disgruntled.

On Monday, despite tired limbs and aching feet, the final section of the Wall, from Cawfields to Vindolanda, via Milking Gap, was completed, and the sun came out as if to smile upon our expedition. Late in the afternoon, we caught the train from Bardon Mill to Carlisle, and thence we quickly reached Birmingham, tired, as they say, but happy.

Our thanks go to Mrs Kail, who took us to New Street, to George and Tony of the Bowes Hotel, and to Mr Owen who organised a strenuous but enjoyable expedition.

Geoffrey Lunt, Jason Hill, Jonathan Kail, Fourths.

Mr Tibbott also took a party of UMs to Hadrian's Wall, as the accompanying photograph of the boys in the latrine shows! A report on this trip by Timothy Collinson was received.

REMOVE STUDY WEEKS

This year, two of the four Remove forms have been away from school for a week, staying and studying in North Wales, either shortly before (Rem J) or shortly after (Rem E) Whitsun. One of the objects of these study weeks has been to break down the traditional barriers between subjects, and boys have thus pursued historical, cultural and scientific interests as well as geographical. Reports on the individual trips follow.

REM J

Accompanied by Mr Jones and Mr Cumberland, we left school early on the Monday morning. On the coach, there was a rush for the seats around the tables and a call for cards. The journey gave us a taste of the breathtaking scenery and acquainted us with the only black spot of the trip, the constant Welsh rain.

We stopped on the way at Llangollen and then at Bangor, where, due to his poor cardmanship, John Brennan had to propose to the first three women he met. At Bangor University, we listened to a talk on 'Wales and the Welsh' by another Mr Jones.

Later, the party had to rush to catch the evening meal at Llanberis Youth Hostel. We soon discovered the pool table which was in constant use until our money ran out. Mr Jones and Mr Cumberland narrowly lost to Adam Colledge and John Brennan, who can break better than he can propose.

Tuesday morning was spent investigating the old-established industry of slate mining at Llechwedd. In the afternoon we visited the Ffestiniog Hydro-Electric Power Station.

Wednesday was spent in Anglesey. Mr Everest joined us early at breakfast and the speed that he must have driven at from Birmingham can only be guessed at. We crossed into Anglesey via the Menai Suspension Bridge, then we fought 'bent double like sacks... we cursed through slime' to Bryn Celli Ddu, a celtic burial mound, the entrance of which forced even the smallest members of our class to stoop, prompting speculation that the original inhabitants of the island were pygmies. The whole class was terrified of a massive black 'bull' until Mr Everest told us it was carrying bagpipes.

Later we saw the amazing and horribly beautiful sight of Parys copper mine. After attempts at a sketch the whole class, including Mr Cumberland, who proved to be a reasonable shot, threw stones at the cars and rubbish in the bottom. We also stopped at Llanfair PG where Mr Jones read out the whole name very successfully and the class, with an amazing variety of accuracy, tried to imitate him. Then we went to the highspot of the day, the only place where we did not take our clipboards, Aberffrau sand dunes, where most of the form went paddling or swimming in the freezing sea, with the teachers snapping photos from a safe distance.

On Thursday morning we followed a nature trail near Aber Falls discovering the delights of the shrubs and lichens of North Wales. The afternoon was filled with a visit to Conwy Castle, built by Edward I to suppress the Welsh.

Friday provided perhaps the most memorable experience of the trip, a walk along the Miners' trail on the Snowdon Horseshoe. The miners must have been very

courageous to trek the path in Winter. The weather was appalling, the wind and rain beating at our faces and almost blowing us off the path. The rain turned to hail while we were sheltering behind some old miners' huts at Llyn Llydaw. We completed a full song of seventy green bottles while struggling down the path to some welcome hot drinks by the coach.

When we finally returned to school there was a brief competition on the Welsh pronunciation of Llanfairpwllgwyngyll....gogogoch. The trip was by all accounts a resounding success: we worked hard, learnt a great deal and enjoyed ourselves immensely. Many thanks to all the staff involved with this worthwhile venture. Can this trip be extended to all forms soon?

Henryk Santocki and Sean Smith, Removes.

REM E

On Monday 3rd June, Rem E left KES in two minibuses bound for North Wales. Our brief was to investigate the history, geography and industry of the area. Our base was the youth hostel at Idwal Cottage, where we took up our accommodation in a redundant chapel. On the first evening we were all set for a hard time of relaxation, but this never came since the results of our study of Welsh culture during the afternoon in Bangor had to be discussed and our information sheets filed away.

The following days saw us on a lightning tour of North Wales, marvelling at the cantilever bridges, rocks left by the Ice Ages, and I dare not mention the phallic symbol. Edward I's castles at Beaumaris and Conwy did not fail to impress. However, for many, the most enjoyable visit was to the pump water storage power station at Ffestiniog, where the noise of modern industry came as a shock after

the tranquil 19th century atmosphere of the nearby Llechwedd slate caverns. The week ended with a hike around the Snowdon horseshoe to get everyone well and truly soaked!

In spite of all this, it was not just work, work and more work. There were many laughs too. The youth hostel facilities were excellent. The pool table and space invaders were appreciated, especially when it was discovered that they took 2p pieces as well as 10ps! The dune-jumping on Aberffrau beach was another highlight. The trip would not, of course, have been complete without the school minibus breaking down on the return journey. The AA man, who was some obscure relation to Mr Evans, soon had us on our way, by-passing the ballast resistor, but also turning the bus into a moving time-bomb without any indicators!

Great thanks must go to the three teachers who accompanied us and planned the activities - to Mr D.J. Evans (for his entertaining sleep-talking), Mr Everest (for allowing himself to be beaten at pool) and Mr K. Jones (for his completely illegal hand-signals on the M54). The trip was a great success.

Tim Harrold, Removes.

A.R.E.S. EXPEDITION TO CLEE HILL

On the afternoon of 5th September 1984, the date of a VHF and HF Field Day, a group of keen members of the Amateur Radio and Electronics Society left KES for Clee Hill in Shropshire. The Field Day, organised by the Radio Society of Great Britain, consisted of a competition which involved gaining points by contacting as many other radio stations as possible.

After the minibus had shown that it was only just capable of stuttering to the top of Clee Hill, everybody began to wonder what they had let themselves in for. The gale force winds at first proved difficult to master, but after a few attempts the tents were pitched - although some insisted on removing themselves from the ground and blowing away. Surprisingly, even with the aerials swaying quite dramatically, all of the equipment worked first time. The overnight amateur radio contest began furiously at four o'clock the following afternoon, with the VHF station and Mr Andronov in a rather cold, draughty tent and the HF station and Mr Rigby in the minibus, still warm after its hill-climb. Sleeping throughout the weekend was impossible as the two generators chugged in unison with the continuous wailing of the wind. The contest itself ran for twenty-four hours, by the end of which time many of us were having difficulty remaining awake - and the awesome task of clearing up and packing still awaited us. Overall, the event was a great success, with both stations performing well. The VHF station made exceptional contacts with people in Northern Italy and Germany, and the HF operators reached amateurs all over the world.

Extra special thanks must go to Mr Rigby G4KXV, and Mr Andronov G6IRJ for the loan of their precious equipment, for organising the whole expedition and for agreeing to repeat the enjoyable pilgrimage next year.

Paul Westbury G1JAL, Fourths.

CCF TRIP TO ROBIN HOOD'S BAY

Whitsun 1985

For another week, a party of six cadets and two masters set off for West Yorkshire. On arrival at the campsite, much to the joy of the cadets (except Peter Robins, who wanted curry and chips), twenty-four hour ration packs were issued and promptly cooked. The six cadets then attcked Robin Hood's Bay, where Dave Edmonds displayed his talent for being unable to chat up girls, much to the disgust of Elliott Harbottle, who then hit a wall, realising that a night's entertainment had just been wrecked.

The first walk was to Hayburn's Wyke, and to the surprise of all concerned, it didn't rain all day. The following day's walk was to Whitby, and we arrived thirty minutes late thanks to Robert Farwell's admiration of a young girl. In Whitby, Peter Robins showed skill in the arcades. Monday was spent in marching across the moors, with the navigators under constant threat from a Russian who didn't want to get his feet wet. The final day consisted of another walk across the moors.

Other events which have to be mentioned are: Farwell's inability to stop talking when in the presence of young ladies, Lucas's new sport of heading the rock, Harbottle's inability to tell the difference between mint cake and solid fuel blocks, Parnaik's astounding knowledge of everything from Greek to Karate, and the locals who, in their search for a fight, chased four cadets up a cliff and along lanes for more than a mile, only to be confronted by farmer Ken and his vice-like grip.

Thanks must go to Mr Dewar and to Captain Andronov, pilot of the Aeroflot minibus, for a memorable trip.

Elliott Harbottle, Fourths.

HMS BIRMINGHAM

On 23rd November 1984, six cadets from three schools - Marlborough College, Bradfield School and KES - were flown out from RAF Brize Norton to join a task unit of four ships on the way back from a Falklands patrol. Callum Nuttall and I were lucky enough to represent KES.

The people who organised the trip unfortunately forgot to tell any of us that we would be going through the United States, so we had no visas - and consequently the MOD had to pay $1000 for each of us!

In Barbados we were met by officers from RFA Olwen, an auxilliary ship, and taken back by taxi. Five days later, the frigate HMS Broadsword arrived at the island and we were transferred to the more rigid Royal Naval lifestyle. While we were in Barbados, we spent a little time being shown how naval vessels operate in harbour - and at one stage we were scheduled to meet Eddy Grant! But most of the time we had the freedom of the island, and we even managed to get a tour around a very up-market cruise liner - the Sun Princess - sister ship to the much publicised Royal Princess.

On 4th December we set sail from Barbados on board HMS Broadsword, in tandem with RFA Olwen. The following morning we rendezvoused with the two other ships in the task unit, and the six of us were split up, being transferred from ship to ship by helicopter. The two cadets from Bradfield School were airlifted to HMS Ajax, the cadets from Marlborough College remained on board HMS Broadsword, and Callum and I made the short journey to the school's sister ship HMS Birmingham.

We spent the remaining ten days on board HMS Birmingham until we reached Portsmouth. During these ten days we saw how the various departments of the ship operate at sea. The one time we left the ship was for a thirty-minute flight in the Lynx helicopter. On the 13th December the task unit split up to return to the separate naval bases at Portland, Plymouth and Portsmouth. We

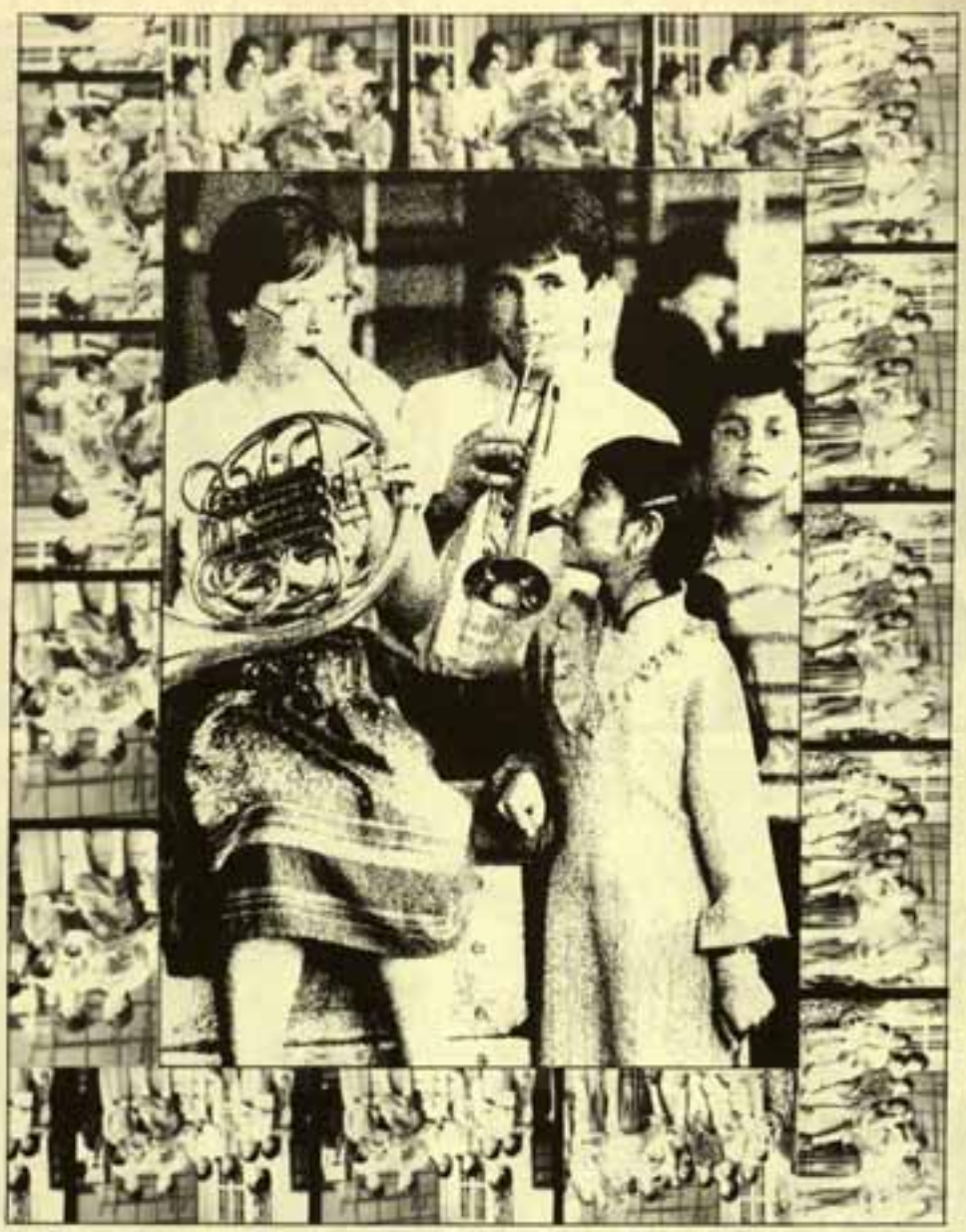
were back in Birmingham the following evening, after a round trip of over 10,000 miles.

I would like to express our thanks to Captain Bird, Commander Benson, all the members of the Task Unit and Mr and Mrs Nuttall for driving to Peterborough to get our passports in just two days. I hope that the NMJCE will consider offering future naval cadets a similar marvellous opportunity.

Robert Dudley, Fifths.

Commander Martin Ladd at the presentation of a framed photo of HMS Birmingham to the School in February 1985.

Brass Group Concert tour of Junior Schools

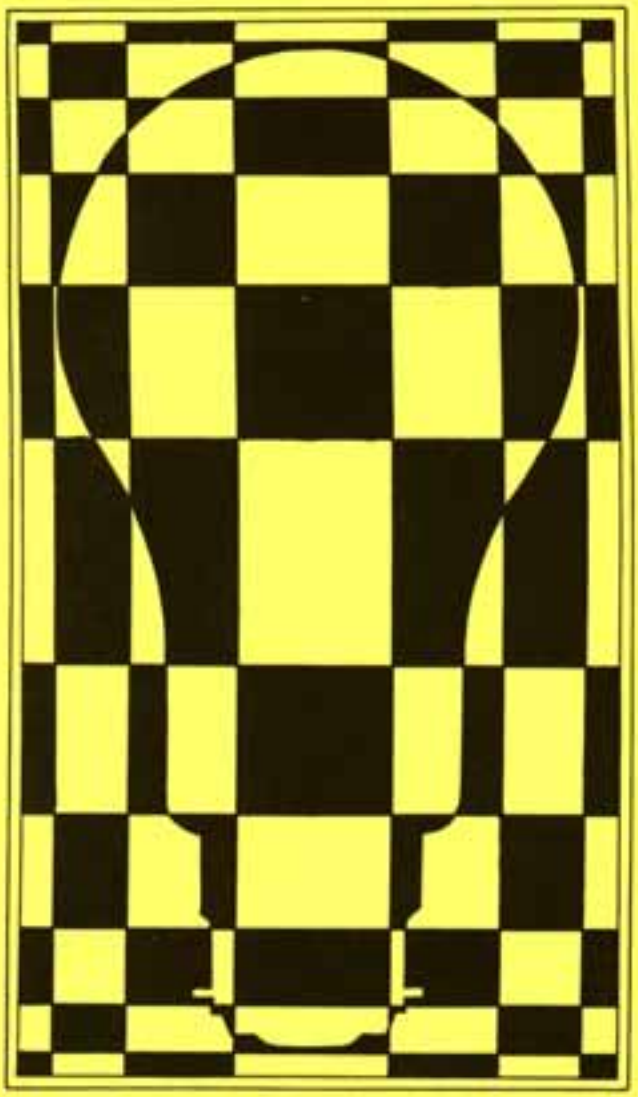


Freed from the pressures of O-levels and end of term exams, the KES Brass Group set off on the first leg of its world tour - first stop: Harborne Junior and Infants' School. The idea was to convince the youngsters of the many pleasures of playing a brass instrument, and also to tell them of the origins of brass instruments - and both these aims were *successfully* achieved, largely by deception. And so, after many references to that celebrated and virtuosic horn soloist, Count von Schperck, and after more than one attempt to play a hose pipe duet, the group set off for its next sun-kissed destination: Tiverton Road Junior School. Here the group played to a much smaller audience; and hence played for a shorter time, as doubtless our new-found genius, Mr Sill, who had supposedly recently entered the *Guinness Book of Records* for completing *The Flight of the Bumble Bee* in 8.6 seconds, had some lucrative recording contract to fulfil. The audience, stunned at the brilliance of Mr Sill's technical ability, were left bewildered and shocked, asking questions such as 'Did Count von Schperck's horse hurt itself when he and his horn fell off?'

The next destination wasn't reached until the following morning, and here we were greeted by 400 ecstatic infants from the Nansen Junior and Infants' School. The group played its usual selection of pieces, and once again, hose pipes and cow horns came into operation.

Thanks must go to our leader and mentor, 'Uncle' Bryan Allen, whose quickfire wit and humour had the audience and group in fits of hysteria (although we were laughing at him and not at his jokes!) and also to Messrs Sill, Argust and Davies for transport and refreshments.

Duncan McNaughton, Fifths.



WORDS *and* PICTURES

FACE

First
A face
Framed by throngs
A target for the eye
A face
From here
An abstract concept
An expected pattern
Nearer
A part of a whole
Nearer
And suddenly life
A skin
A breath
Then later
Again a shape
A memory
A face

Andrew Killeen, Fifths.

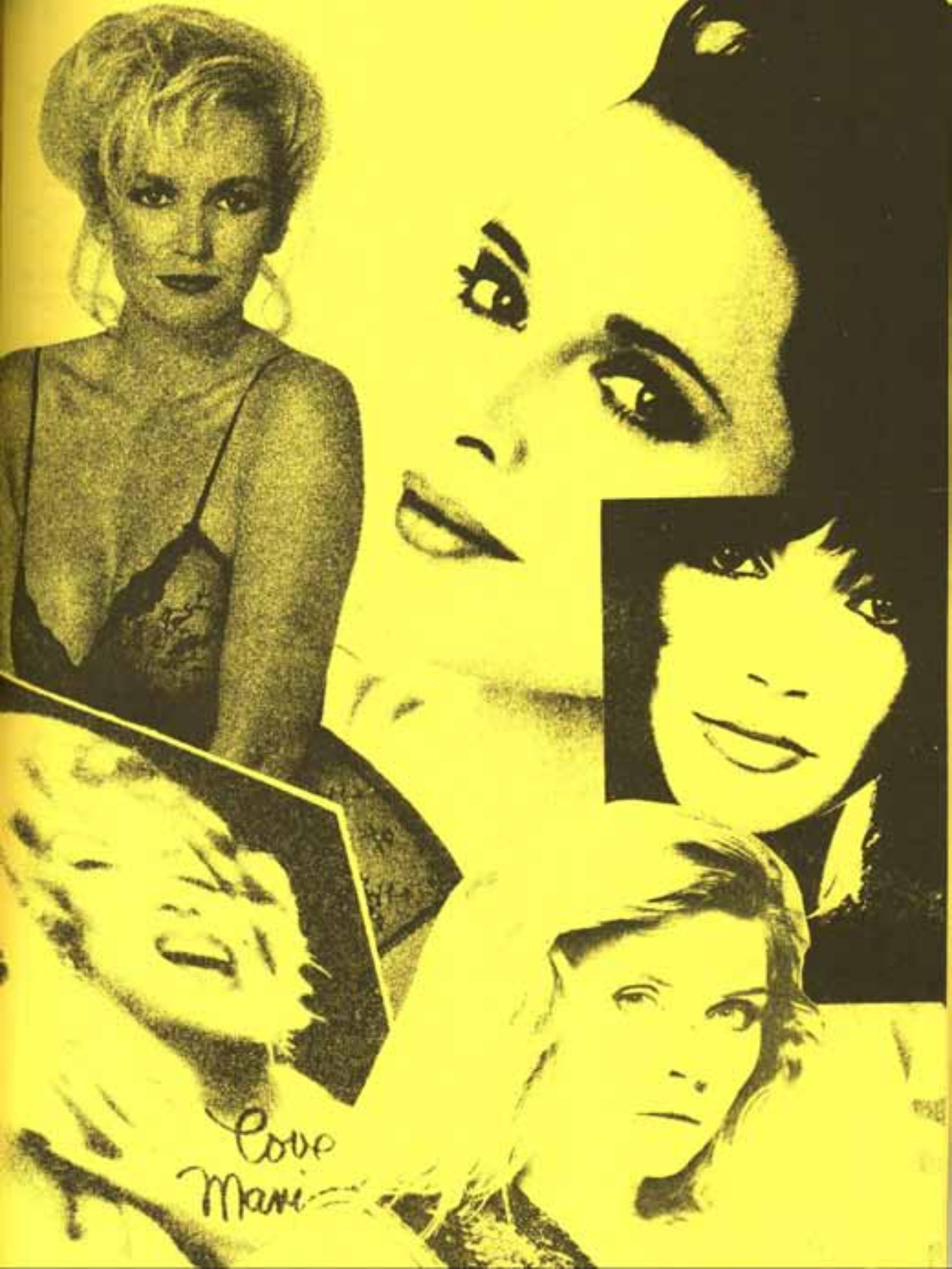
LOVE WITHOUT WORDS

'A poem can have music without meaning,' she said
And though I disagreed, drunkenly, boyishly, how I despaired
'A sound can sing without words,' she said, and I bled
For I wanted to say, I wanted to shout
Amidst the discord of words, where syllables ruled, and music fled
Myself - the prince of pontificating puppeteers,
Do I dare to bleat and preach, like J. Alfred P.,
Of literature, life and limp poets
When there are questions
That must be answered?

'Can a look have meaning without love?' I say,
And though your eyes defy analysis, criticism, how they are loved
'Can a face speak without voice?' I say, and the verse
Of your beauty needs no meaning, no message
And the poetry of your slender poise needs no sense, no noise
To make it convincing, effective, aesthetically, acceptably
...Beautiful

You are a song without words,
A poem without meaning
Not long known, but oh-so-near,
And if one day I should dare to ask,
Would you (like those mermaids of J. Alfred P.)
Care to sing to me?

Max Corlish, Sixths.


Love
Mari

'Vous avez disputé avec votre copine; imaginez ce qui se passe ensuite.'

ESSAY: 'CLICHÉ, CLICHÉ, CLICHÉ'

Je me réveillai tard le matin, vers onze heures. Je me sentais assez mal, et voulais m'endormir de nouveau, mais je savais que je ne pouvais pas: il y avait quelque chose à faire, quelque chose de très important. Mais quoi?

Ah, oui, justement. Mais je ne me sens pas capable...Enfin, elle ne s'est peut-être pas encoure levée, ou peut-être qu'il est possible qu'elle soit allée en ville...Non. Il ne faut pas hésiter; il faut agire d'une manière décisive, et surtout il faut agir...

Je me levai, lentement, et trouvai la salle de bains je ne sais comment. Après m'être lavé, rasé et habillé, je descendis, et entrai dans las cuisine, où se trouvait ma mère, malheureusement.

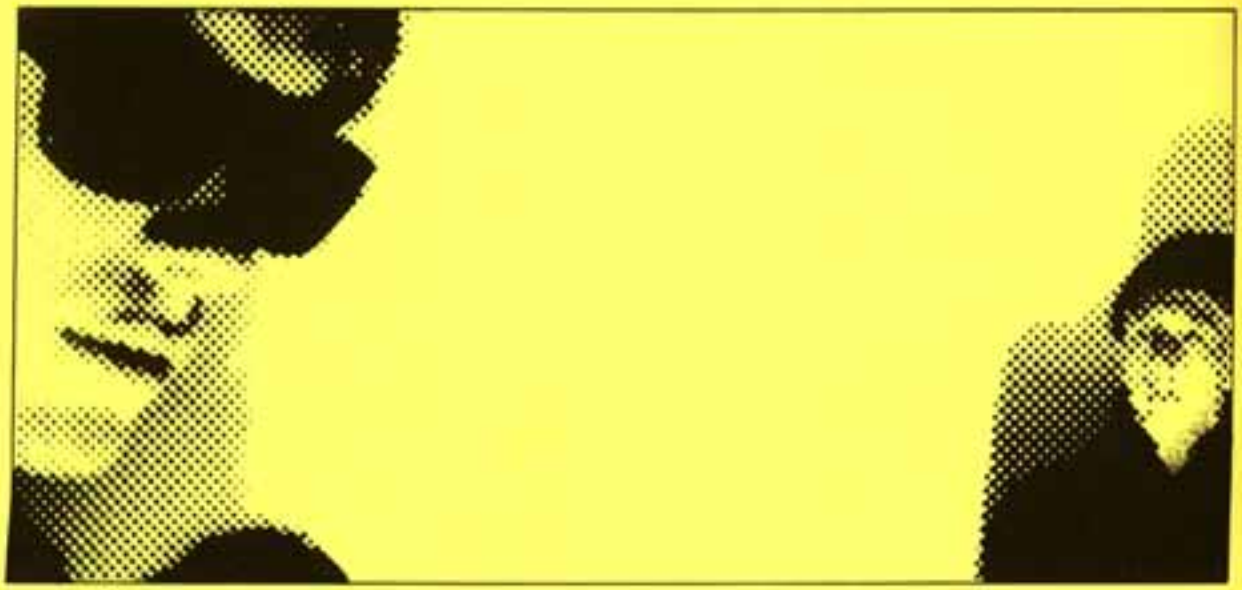
- Mais, qu'est-ce qu'il y a? Tu as l'air vraiment terrible! Qu'est-ce que tu as fait hier soir, alors? Dis donc, je voudrais bien savoir ce qui se passe a ces boums...

Je ressortis. Enfin, je ne voulais pas de petit-déjeuner. J'allai dans le salon et décrochai le téléphone. Le numéro de Barbara, qu'est-ce que c'est? Ah, oui, le voici. Ça sonna, et puis:

- Allô? Ici Barbara.
- Ah, bon, Barbara, c'est toi. Bien. Ça va?
- Oui, tant bien que mal. Qu'est-ce que tu veux?
- Eh, je veux m'excuser, eh, je veux dire, ce qui est arrivé hier soir, eh...
- Oui, ce que tu as fait hier soir. Comment est-ce que tu as pu faire de telle niaiseries? Ce n'était vraiment pas comme toi, eh? Je suis bien déçue, moi.
- Oui, moi aussi. Alors, tu veux sortir ce soir? On pourrait aller voir un film, ou boire un pot - à toi de choisir. Ça m'est égal, tu sais.
- Quoi? Tu crois que...vraiment, je ne te croyais pas si stupide...

Elle raccrocha. Que faire? Je montai dans ma chambre et pris ses lettres dans un tiroir. Je le jetai tristement dans la corbeille, et je passai un disque, notre chanson. Eh bien, pensai-je, regarde ce que tu as fait maintenant, hein?

Martin Crowley, Divisions



CRICKET

Thirteen little priests stand on a field. However, this is no church. Some look as though they are pure and sacred, wearing white from head to toe. Others look ready for war, with fabric shields attached to their legs and gloves on their hands. They carry a club made of willow, which they wield at the passing ball.

One man is like a hurricane, and he throws a leather ball, which moves and rises like a stick on the sea. It goes up and up, and the batsman, a defenceless fly to a swatter, swings his club in defence of himself, and hits the ball so hard that it rolls over the white boundary.

The fielders, slaves to the bowler, stand, waiting anxiously for the ball to come to them. They crouch, waiting, and the ball flashes past them. They turn, and begin to kick at the ground, as useful an act as a baby throwing its toy out of the cot, useless and pointless.

The bowler comes in again, and the ball, as if his own puppet controlled by strings, sways majestically, dips and raps the batsman on his pads. The bowler turns, raises his hand and screams, and this action throws the fielders into fits of joy. They jump and run, children in a playground happy that they actually have some free time. The umpire, a solitary, unyielding man, just moves his head from side to side; no other motion at all.

The effect of this simple action could be compared to sentencing a group of people to death. There is immediate silence, then, slowly, they begin to complain, urging and begging the stubborn umpire to change his decision for just this once.

The bowler now gives up. It is clear to him that nothing will change the umpire's mind. He walks back to his mark and rushes in again, while the fielders crouch, waiting for the ball, which performs its normal, elusive action, in managing to evade the fielders totally. The game falls back into its slow, boring action and no one knows when it will end.

Andrew Darnton, Shells.

LONELY DOG

Again the heavenly odour
Wafts through the gaping chasm.
And again the little quadruped,
Peeps into the vast hole.
Its pitiful whine is silenced
By a passing juggernaut,
A deafening roar.
And the shadows cold
Shoot past the tiny form.
A cloud of dust,
A freezing wind,
Follow in its wake.
And the end of a howl is lost by the echo of the lorry.
A meaty, juicy, sweet smell,
The instrument of his torture.
And singing voices far away
Reminded him of days gone by.
A warm fire,
A cosy basket,
A bone to gnaw,
A plate of meat every day.
Playful children,
And long runs.
Then the sack,
The bricks for company.
And cold water seeping through the seams.
He remembered after,
A human say -
For he understood it -
'You're lucky to be alive'.
Sometimes he wished he wasn't.
He took his nose
From the torture strong,
And sniffed at the blackboard on the wall.
White sticks were on it,
At odd angles and intervals,
As if performing an obscene dance.
The smell came again.
This time clearly meat,
With meat came bones.
He knew that now.
He could take a run,
He might get some meat,
He might get what he got before,
He thought, as he scratched a scar.
A further odour came from the chasm.
The small dog's hunger
Overcame his sense,
And he pelted through the door.
A man with a tall white head
Screamed and shouted,
When he saw the mutt.
The dog changed direction mid-run,
And headed for the door.
He passed through the frame,
Into the street,
Just as a stick
Crashed to the floor,
Like a kestrel missing quick prey.
Another night,
The dog thought,
Another night of hunger,
Another night of melancholy,
Another night in the bins,
Where the cats howl all night.

Matthew Killeen, Shells.

AS NORMAL, BUT...

They came again this morning,
As normal, with lead and bone,
Everything was as routine -
But there was something different.

I was put inside a plastic kennel,
Just as I always was.
Then I was placed in a metal room,
As routine dictated.

But there was something different,
Wrong,
Strange,
An air of excitement,
An atmosphere of tension.

The noise began as usual,
But tremors, I could feel.
The pressure began on time,
But there was something...

I looked out of my little window,
And saw a sight I had never before seen.
I searched my mind.

Puppy...
Puppy...long ago,
Cliff top,
A sight like...

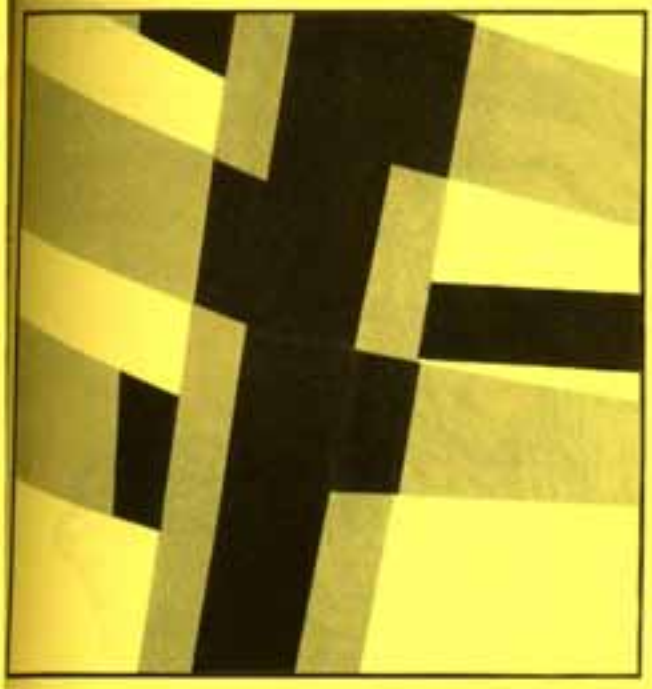
I was on a cliff-top!
No...
I was...in the air,
In the clouds,
High up.

The halo of cold appeared,
Black in contrast to the bright world.
The noise and pressure ceased,
And, as if a great weight was taken from my back,
I drifted to the roof of my kennel.

I panicked,
I howled,
I scratched at the door,
I bit the plastic,
But all to no avail.

Exhausted I lay back in mid-air,
Watching the shining globe of the earth,
Spinning on its endless journey...

Matthew Killeen, Shells.



The Druidic Circle

The plain beneath rests, serene as evening approaches.
Below, down the long, shallow slope, the farmer,
Harvest-toil over,
Lays aside his tractor for his house.
Up above, the cows descend and leave the field,
Glad to put their backs towards the stones.

Seventeen great hunks, hollowed and roughened by weather,
Encircling and protecting the One, a
Sinister limestone slab.
Honeycombed and tainted and greened with lichen,
But showing dark stains spread here and there of blood.
Here then were sacrifices,
Among the stones.

The autumn geese honk by, reassuring as night approaches.
Below, the altar-stone is lit by the dying sun
Of the Autumn Equinox.
On this night the druidic cult
Performed their ghastly rites. Initiation into
The mysteries once took place
Around the stones.

The night deepens, the moon spilling a silver glow among the stones.
Below, the stones' eerie shadows fall, the precinct
Of dark sorcery.
A procession of druids march up, torches
Held aloft, bodies clothed in shadow, and dance
And chant their incantations
Around the stones.

Richard Fowler, UMs.

HARVEST DRAGON-FIRE

The bright flame
In the night
Came,
To burn our fields of stubble.

Rung high,
The smoke,
Like a black Chinese dragon,
Ever swirling,
Grotesque in its power,
Entered the sky,
Making the moon seem a black coal.

The flames,
Yellow demons of destruction,
Leapt high in praise of this dragon.
Stubble beneath shed,
Glowing like torches,
Deadly as they fed the demons,
Seeds of their own destruction.

Farmers came and lit more fires.
Up rose the stubble's funeral pyre.
The farmers cried,
'More kerosene!'
Next morning the fields were bare to be seen,
In blackness, as if some Giant Hand
Had scattered the ashes of the now dead land.

Sean Smith, Removes.

'Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover and the poet
Are of imagination all compact.
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold.
That is the madman.'

Vince, Bill and John.

TRAMP

Cold stone cradled, curled
In foetal comfort, he drinks
From the hard glass teat.

Andrew Killeen, Fifths.

TWO SEASONS

Autumn bitter as
coffee leaves the earth and ground
the dust into ice

Winter silent as
silver whines high up to
empty space and cried March.

Andrew Killeen, Fifths.

JUST REWARDS?

We used to play Giant-Steps - me standing on his feet, stretching high to clasp onto his reassuring hands. He amazed me. I thought I could never equal his size, strength, wisdom...

Together we watched sport on the television. He knew the names of all the players, and was even able to explain spinbowling. I couldn't do it, though.

He told me his memories, and I was taken back, to the cold runways in Czechoslovakia, I was swimming in the Severn, I was running from the boatmaster. He was my time machine.

But now he gets old, and his gargantuan body has started to fail.

He can no longer dig the garden in a single afternoon. He can no longer climb the tall ladder to pick apples from the tree, and struggles even to pick the bruised windfalls, breathing out sharply, and shutting his eyes as he straightens.

His mind that once could wrestle with the tougher crosswords wanders now, and he slips from you while he talks, leaving you to finish the sentences.

He refuses to accept the atrophy that a full life brings, and he struggles with his pride.

He gets so tired...

Vince.

SPARE TIME

It was early in the morning of Thursday 20th June that *Moment Films* arrived at school to film *Clockwise*. For the next week they were to take over Big School, the main entrance and the Gild Hall. Furthermore, one gymnasium was temporarily converted into the actors' dining hall, and the classical corridor was used by the costumes and props departments.

The main star, John Cleese, didn't arrive until the Saturday, as he was filming in West Bromwich, but other famous faces that could be seen included Geoffrey Palmer, Geoffrey Hutchings, Stephen Moore, Pat Keen, Joan Hickson and Ann Way. The film is directed by Christopher Morahan, who directed most of the *Jewel in the Crown* series on TV.

The film is based around the character played by John Cleese -Brian Stimpson - who is the headmaster of a comprehensive school who finds himself chairman of the Headmasters' Conference (HMC). The first part of the film is devoted to the chaos caused by his pupils, and to his obsession with punctuality (hence the title of the film), and then later he attends the Annual Headmasters' Conference at Norwich University - which is where KES comes in. The film depicts the problems he has getting to

orwich and then his speech at the meeting. During this inaugural address he is "continuously interrupted by latecomers and flapping doors." Mr. Stimpson subsequently goes mad, turns the conference into a school assembly and his suit falls apart.

Then he leaves in disgust, but is promptly arrested by Norwich CID's Detective Sergeant (alias Nick Stringer) on charges of burglary and kidnapping. The film is drawing to its end, but John Cleese manages to cause further havoc on the way out. He is talking to himself in the police car, but the driver allows the mutterings of the babbling fool and swerves in front of an apple cart which spills its load across the road (Edgbaston Park Road).

Don't miss it in the cinemas next year!

Robert Farwell, Fourths.

A CALL TO ARMS

The blood surges in our veins,
again.
The beckoning hand of war says come,
We strong of limb,
We brave of heart,
Go to meet our destiny.

We falter not before our fate,
The foe are flesh and blood,
yet weak.
We march on, to our chosen goal,
The time has come,
our call to go.
The foe shall fall beneath our feet
and be trampled.
Yet,
men shall die,
gloriously,
in bravenes uncounted.
And the last cry on their lips shall be:
'Forward, England, in Majesty.'

And when we return,
Victors,
Heroes all,
To England's golden fields,
We'll be proud that we did heed the call,
And our courage did not yield.

Sean Smith, Remove.

Red carnations - that was what she had always liked; so, finally, she was going to get some. I wandered up the gravelled path to the Church. The sunlight was just high enough to have begun warming the dew. The trees on either side of the path shook the dawn from their dappled leaves, and began the soft moaning whisper, which they spoke all the day. The graves were not in any order. They poked like teeth from an ancient jaw, twisted, angular, and yellowing with decay. I understood why my mother had picked this Church: it was such a quiet place in the morning. I walked about. I did not know the location of the tomb, nor what kind of headstone to look for. I didn't really mind. I just walked about the stones, glancing at each name when I came to it. Finally, however, a breeze hurried me on, and I decided I'd better ask someone where I could find it.

'You lookin' for something?' The voice was shrill, quavering and unsure. I turned round.

The man was bent, collapsed and hunched; withered like some forgotten potato. He was wearing a flat cap from under which peered two ratty eyes. His nose twitched, and he wiped it on his sleeve, before questioning me again.

'Who are you looking for?'

'My mother's grave, Mrs Emile Hamford.'

He sniffed again, and looked down at the handle of his spade, thinking. 'Sure you've got the right church? I've buried almost everyone hereabouts....', he indicated with an exaggerated gesture encompassing the churchyard. 'I don't remember a Hamford. Could it be Hamburg? I did one of those only the other week.'

'No. And this is the right churchyard.'

'Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. It's about time I knocked off for my tea-break. We could go up to my hut and check the lists - and have a cup while we're about it...eh?'

'Thank you.'

I was not sure what I should do. He seemed a pleasant sort of person, but there was something about his nature, some ferrety quality, that you could see in his eyes when he smiled. Something. But I couldn't pinpoint it.

We arrived at his hut, which was little more than a potting-shed, and he fished a small brass key out of his pocket. The door swung open. It was musty, old, and frighteningly small. He stepped aside, and pulling off his cap to reveal his wispy grey hair, he showed me in.

The tea was strong, chokingly so, and it was only with liberal amounts of sugar that I could drink it. The old man drew up two boxes, and indicated that I should sit down. He sucked at his tea through his gums, before leaning back for a moment, to snatch a book from the window-ledge behind him.

'When did she pass on?'

'Oh...almost ten years ago.'

The question surprised me. The old man chuckled. 'A bit late for the funeral!' He showed off his few remaining teeth. After thumbing through the pages for a few minutes he stopped.

'Eighth June?'

'Yes.'

'Here we are then. Plot 236.'

'Thank you very - '

'It's a funny business being a grave digger. You get to meet all kinds of interesting people. And it's a skilled job, not one that everyone could do.'

He leaned forward until he was about six inches from me.

'A very skilled job. I have buried eight hundred and seventy-two people in this one graveyard. A mighty feat, don't you think?'

'Yes', I stammered.

'How do you think I get eight hundred and seventy-two graves in a yard this size? I'll tell you. The graves fall into disrepair after a few years. With some, you persevere; with others, you leave them until they can't be seen. Then you call them...empty, like. The number of bones I've found whilst digging new plots!' He chuckled again. I was beginning to wish I'd seen the Vicar instead.

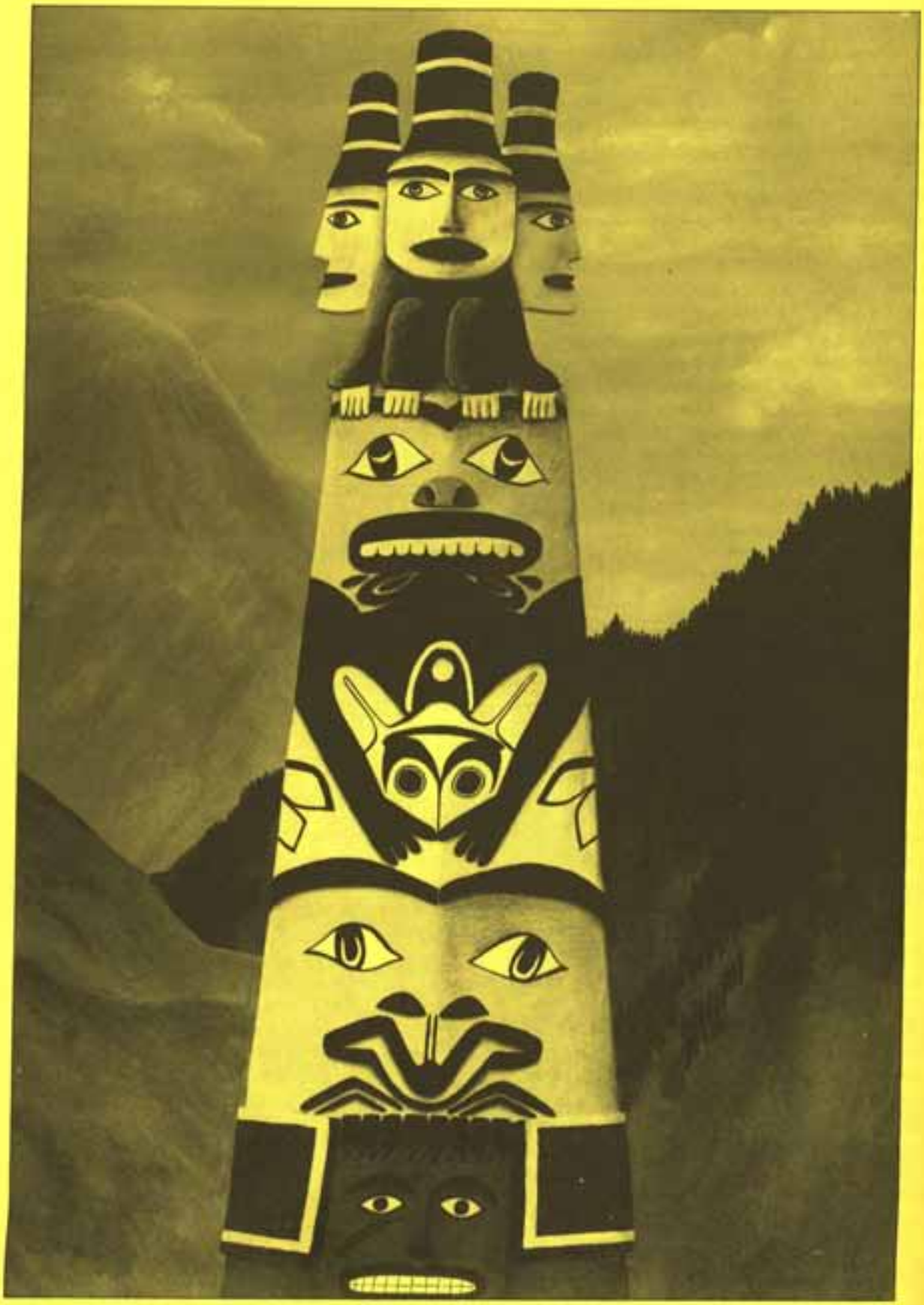
'Tell you what - I like you, and by the looks of you I've kept you long enough. Give me your flowers, and I'll see they get on her grave - promise.' He paused. His ratty, piercing eyes darted about under his cap, and he drained his mug before continuing. 'I like you so much, I've got you a present; hold on a tick while I get it.' He stood, opened the door and went out. In a few minutes he was back, holding a crumpled brown paper bag.

'Here, take it,' he said, offering me the bag. It was heavy, and like a ball. The whole thing smelt of old leaves.

'What is it?' I asked.

But the little ferrety man only smiled.

Carl Rohsler, Fourths.



THOUGHT FOR TODAY - AND EVERY DAY

They worked so hard
And expected so little for themselves,
Our parents,
In the days of Henry Hall and Arthur Askey,
Of Odeons, Gaumonts and Dominions,
Of Bastin, Perry, Hammond
And the R.101.

They were (and we must admit it) rather remiss
In not knowing who James Joyce was,
And thinking perhaps - had you mentioned his name -
That T.S. Eliot was The Chocolate-Coloured Coon.

But their children can put them straight,
Their whizz-kid daughters and smartarse sons:
There's not much you can tell us
About the novels of Henry James or - come to think of it -
About most intellectual topics and even less
About responsible citizenship and intelligent living.
It's just that
When it comes to 'the less common acquirements
(As Jane Austen put it)
Of self-knowledge, generosity and humility
They are breasting the tape before we
Are settled on the starting blocks:
As human beings they take some beating.

Anthony Trott

THE ELDERS

The Elders, the older ones,
Respected, revered, worshipped,
Bowed yet brilliant by the candle
Of my precocious innocence.

They were my Gods then
And they in turn versed me, the novice,
In the ways of their faith.

The hushed intoning of brilliant party banter,
The palms pressed together round sacred glasses of whine,
The devoted droning of the priests of praise at play
(Or at work to impress?).
All this, and more
I learnt from the elders.

Their faith, though, was brutal
And their hearts were fickle
And though I strove for their cynicism
And prayed for the immaculate conception
Of concert and intelligent (yet changeable) conviction,
The candle guttered and the wine-glass was empty.

Yet, oh, miraculous! Though they were older,
I was wiser and 'in the twinkling of an eye'
My youth could see their carelessness with people,
Their unknowing hypocrisy, their youthful mediocrity.
These dead shall never more be raised.

Now I am elder, too,
Respected, revered and perhaps worshipped.
But to all those who would do to me
What I did to them,
I say disrespect, distrust perhaps, dislike
And you may gain
The true grace,
The True Faith.

Max Carlish, Sixths.

COIN AND LOIN

Men made out of monkeys,
Men made into mice,
By worship of a paper god
And lust for sugar spice.

A girl that plays a trick
And a bowler comes to call,
Both trying to make a living
Out of young Adam's fall.

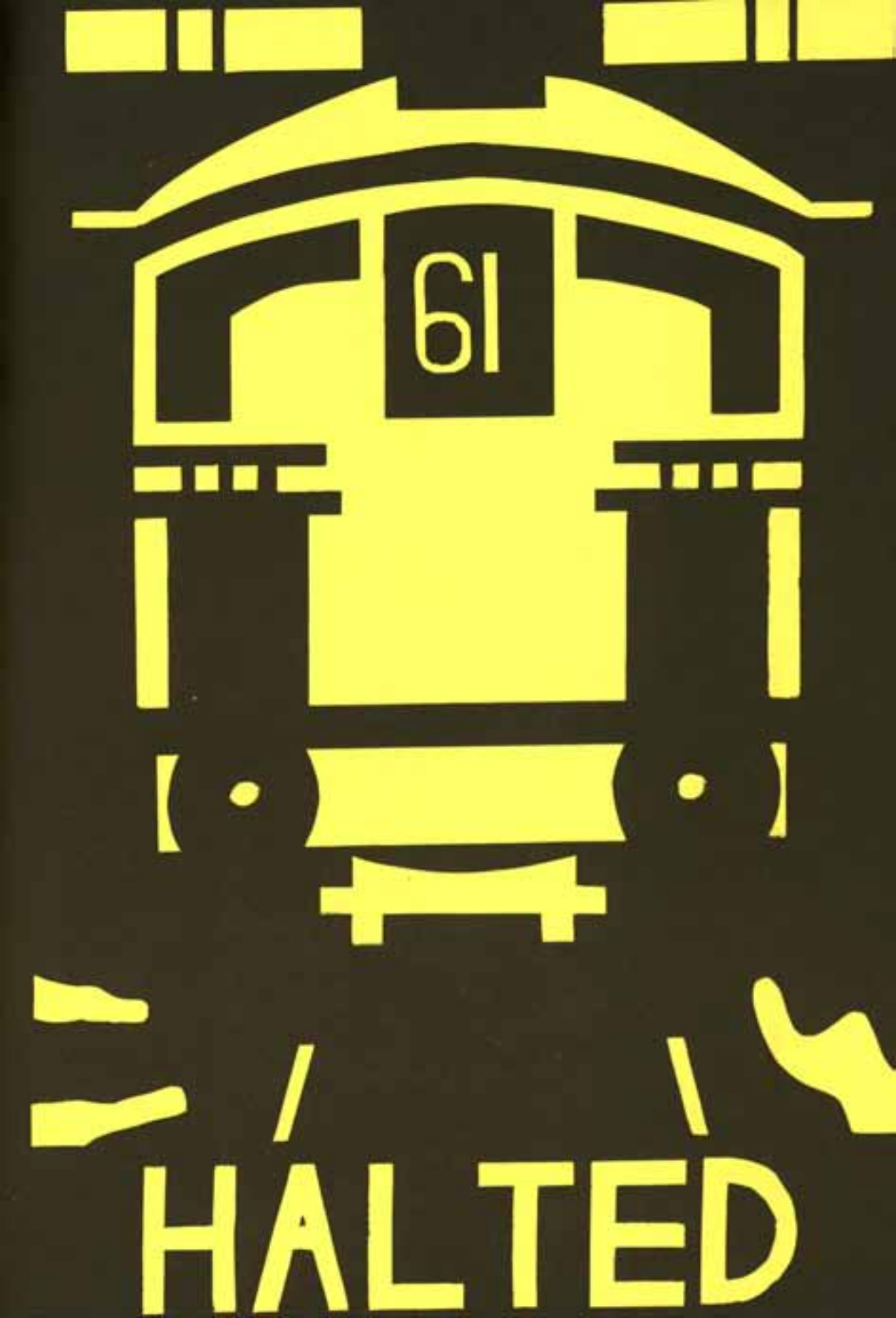
Girls now tear the rose
Leave the penetrating thorn,
Eden's serpents eat away,
Abort when love is born.

From birth to death it's drummed
That coin and loin are you,
Live with pocket full and peroxide hair,
Think reflections are really you.

WORDS

The ring-necked dove of peace
Offers comfort
In his master's arms.
Words,
By a hole in the ground.
The prayer is lifted by
Some celestial breeze,
Along with dying leaves,
To fall against a marble memory.
This man never knew her.
What right has he
To say these final
Words?
Stone cannot show what was.
The dove doesn't know
What will be,
He cannot see
My love, now or then.
How can I truly express
That which I feel?
Not enough are these
Words.
I am that leaf which
Strikes against her name,
And falls; broken.

Paul Mason, Sixths.


61
HALTED

Our noble school, our other mother, this seat of learning,
What has it given us, what has it taught us?
It has taught us ambition, cynicism, sarcasm,
It has given us pride, prejudice, and university places.

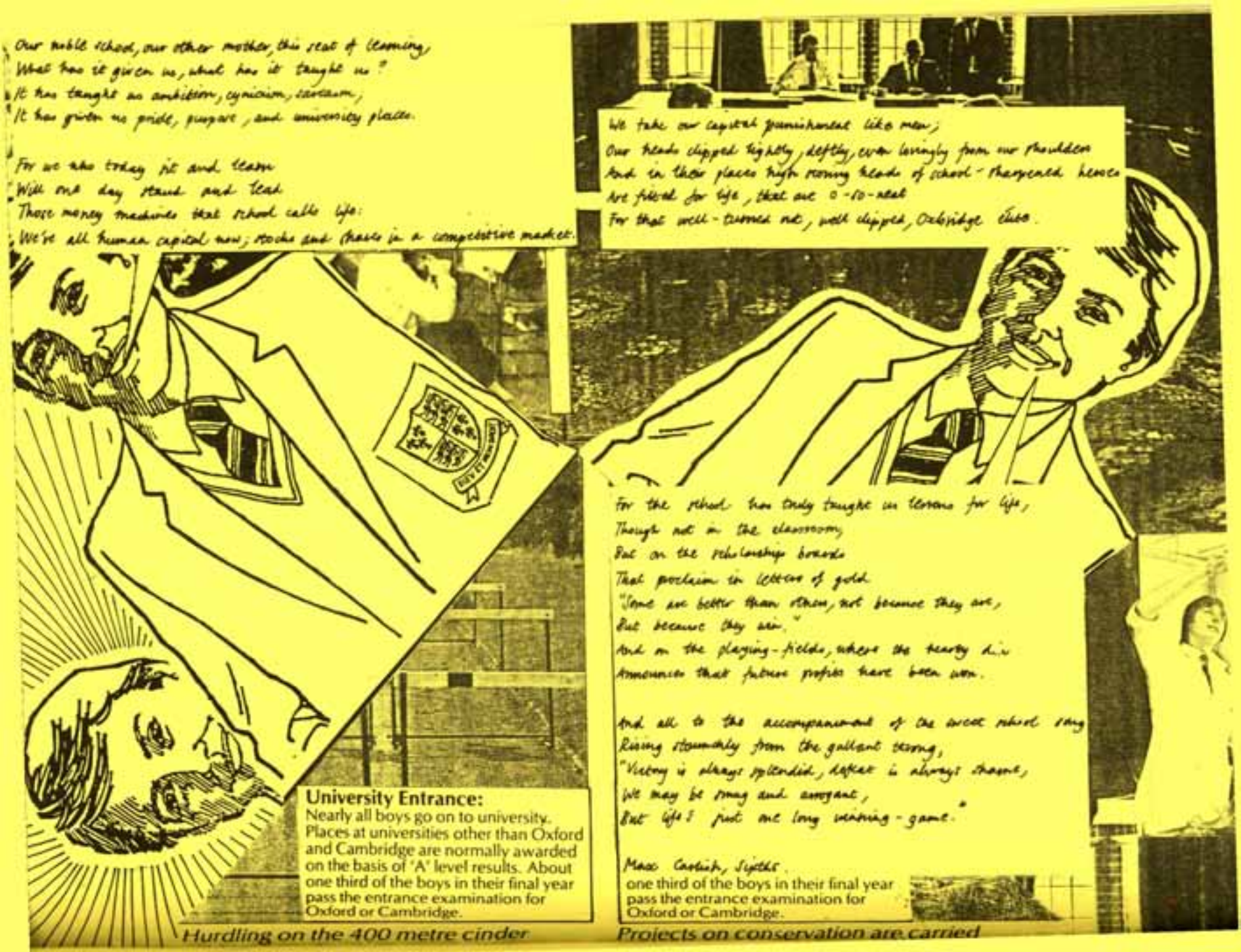
For we who today sit and learn
Will one day stand and lead
Those money machines that school calls life:
We're all human capital now; stocks and shares in a competitive market.

We take our capital punishment like men;
Our heads clipped tightly, deftly, even lovingly from our shoulders
And in their places high rising heads of school - the prepared heroes
Are placed for life, that are 0-10-neat
For that well-turned out, well clipped, Oxbridge Club.

For the school has only taught us lessons for life,
Though not in the classroom,
But on the scholarship boards
That proclaim in letters of gold
"Some are better than others, not because they are,
But because they win."
And on the playing-fields, where the hearty din
Announces that future profits have been won.

And all to the accompaniment of the sweet school song
Rising stoutly from the gallant throng,
"Victory is always splendid, defeat is always shame,
We may be smug and arrogant,
But life's just one long winning-game."

Max Caslish, Sixth.



University Entrance:
Nearly all boys go on to university. Places at universities other than Oxford and Cambridge are normally awarded on the basis of 'A' level results. About one third of the boys in their final year pass the entrance examination for Oxford or Cambridge.

one third of the boys in their final year pass the entrance examination for Oxford or Cambridge.

Hurdling on the 400 metre cinder

Projects on conservation are carried

Great Expectations

Great things were expected of Tristan. He was a bright child, his father a writer, his mother a don. But many things - too many things - were expected of him, and pressures bore down on him, controlling and confining him on all sides. His teachers expected him to make Oxbridge, his school friends encouraged him to make merry, and his elderly relatives expected him to make money. Even his parents, exponents of a 'liberal upbringing', inwardly wanted great things: they looked for a 'socially aware', uninhibited adolescent. His life had become some sort of role-play - he acted his parts, yet were one to strip him of his mask, one would find an exposed, confused and abused youngster turned near schizophrenic by his portrayal of differing characters. He needed time - time to retreat and to refresh his arid, free-wheeling mind.

The train drew up at Paddington, and Tristan prised himself from the sticky seat, and walked onto the platform. It was the beginning of the Easter holidays and he had come home from school. Detaching himself from the horde of other schoolboys - the future Cabinet ministers, judges, peers and industrialists, as if to say 'I'm not one of them', - he gathered up his cases, climbing onto an escalator. As he passed the gaudy advertisements which lined the pipe-like corridors and stairways, he gazed at their subliminal messages, poised ready to grab the susceptible minds of the weary passers-by, who scampered or sauntered through the rabbit warren. Tristan watched the faces of those around him: the harrassed housewives, the jovial Jamaicans, the ashen-faced lawyers, the ruddy-cheeked alcoholics, the rich and the poor, the young and the old, the illiterate and the literati, life after life, personality after personality passing by him. He was, it seemed, an island, free of the tides of concerned adults. But would he not soon be an adult himself? Soon there would be O-levels, then A-levels, then university, then...then what? He could think no further; for the next few years he would be little more than a sponge, soaking up ideas, concepts, words and figures in the way that an illiterate man can form letters without knowing what they are. Of course, there would be some thought involved, yet Tristan felt that, with the onset of exams, his capacity for developing ideas would be confined to the mental mothballs, whilst his brain would be left 'ticking over'. It was yet another of his many worries, and Tristan was indeed worried; he was as concerned about famine as he was about his family, as busy with Brecht as he was with his brother, and, perhaps because of his isolation at school, more interested in Golding than girlfriends. He was a 'mixed-up kid'.

Tristan reached the end of the corridor, climbed the steps and emerged. Outside, his father stood waiting for the melancholy youth weighed down by cares and cases. Soon, thought Tristan, I'll be home...but home to what?...

Matthew Grimley, UMs.

All over - bar the waiting...

There was not really much point in staying there. I hadn't got the job, I knew that for certain. I had messed up the interview totally. I really had: it had gone absolutely disastrously from beginning to end. Literally, that is. The first thing I did wrong was the first thing I did. I just sauntered in without knocking, nonchalant as hell and with my hands in my goddam pockets and I said, 'Hi!' And the old guy behind the desk wasn't too pleased, by the look of it. He sort of looked at me with his cold blue eyes over the tops of his steel-rimmed glasses. Honest he did. I know it sounds as corny as anything but that was really the way he looked. And he said, coolly as you like, 'Please take a seat, Mr Smith.' Not, 'Sit down', or, 'Hello, why don't you take a seat?' It really felt as if I was in on Saturday morning to see the Head after detention.

From there it went from bad to worse. I got tongue-tied, I mumbled, I didn't laugh at the old guy's jokes, I laughed when he was being deadly serious. I almost expected him to put on a black wig and sentence me to death.

So now it was all over, bar the shouting, when the old man would walk out of his office and spell out for me just why he couldn't give me the job, much as he would like to.

I had already read all the old colour supplements that were lying around during my three hour wait to be interviewed. The secretary across the room was drafting some letters for old steel-rimmed glasses in there. For want of anything better to do I started to look at the secretary's legs. They were quite nice legs too. Not too thin but not fat either, just slim and elegant; the way the light was shining on them gave them a very nice sheen. My mouth must have been hanging open or something because all of a sudden I felt her rather acute gaze burning into my forehead. I immediately began to give a show of studying my fingernails with great intensity.

I didn't want their blasted job anyway: the pay was lousy, the promotion prospects poor, and the top brass had all the best secretaries.

I stood up as the old man entered the lobby, prepared to tell him all this and more. I was really roused now. He wouldn't get a word of his lies in edgeways.

To my surprise he took my hand and shook it warmly, 'Congratulations, Mr Smith. You've got the job.'

Indraneel Datta, Fourths.

EXTRACT FROM 'Q' **1984 A.W. Adams' Memorial Prize Essay.**

....Quickly, before he could take the idea of it in entirely, Keith was proposing that as it was a little after seven, they had more than enough time in which to begin an evening out doing something interesting. He didn't specify what. Michael had no evening duties on a Saturday, no need even to consider giving an excuse. He would not have wanted to, yet it was a shock to his system that somebody he hardly knew could propose an unplanned, spontaneous journey like that. He was virtually grabbed by the collar and propelled through dim streets to the tube. Therewith the tube obligingly grasped them both between its sliding doors as they got on and ultimately dumped them not far from Leicester Square. Michael had never found films extraordinary; but Keith took him to a most moving, evocative piece whose magnification onto the vast screen threatened to engulf them both in a wave of pathos. This having overcome them, they sheltered huddling in a MacDonald's, eating unnecessary but delicious hamburgers one after another. And in the tube and the alcove of the synthetic food-palace Keith was talking all the time, his grainy brown eyes twitching expectantly at Michael, clearly eager for some kind of response. He never questioned whether Michael was enjoying it, and indeed, Michael had the suspicion that he knew it was all utterly new to him. Having paused briefly to extract money from a cashpoint, Keith pulled him into an extravagant bar, full of smoke and self-conscious people. He tried several liqueurs, found Drambuie to his liking, and began to relax as one in the morning was fast approaching. Keith's voice began to drone, not that he was boring, simply that even as he darted and poked and twitched responses out of Michael, the time began to take the edge off his expression. The drone was still a pleasure, if a remote one at that.

'We reckon, you see, that, that's us in the block, you see, that you need shaking up a little.'

This made him sit up. 'Who's we?'

'Oh, you know, the gang. Whatever,' Keith yawned. Up until now he had been rollercoasting over his life history, and trying to evoke from Michael similar comparisons at various stages.

'Shaking up!'

'Get you out of your seat. You know, lively.'

'Anyway, who's interested in me?'

'Well, you're seen. Emptying dustbins, standing behind the bar, the office door ajar when we want something at the desk. And it just seems as if, well, you're a recluse.'

The thought that other people, people he did not know, had been thinking about him, was extremely odd, like a sort of inverted perversion that reflected back on him. He stared heavily at the mess of light and glass and mirrors behind the bar, with half-reflections pulsing to the music.

'Don't look so worried!'

'It's a bit manipulative.'

'Maybe it's what you should expect, behaving like you do.'

This sent him into a light sulk that took him back to his usual, curt self. On the rocking tube back they sat in silence. Yet riding above his annoyance was a sort of empathy that he had never felt for anyone before. Was it because Keith was so gratingly frank with him, he wondered. In all his other, half-friendships the conversations had been like games of hide-and-seek.....

Jonathan Hollow, Sixths.

FEATURES

WHAT'S THIS PSG ABOUT THEN?

Only after I arrived at St George's School did I realise how nervous I was. I was hungry, as I had left school without lunch, I wasn't sure what to expect or what I actually had to do, and I felt, even though the children were only five, that they would be unreceptive.

Confidently, the headmistress strode into the classroom and I followed her, trying to return her polite conversation. She introduced me to the teacher of Class 1, Mrs Saunders. Awkwardly, I returned the greeting and glanced around to see about thirty faces of mixed colour staring at me.

Mrs Saunders announced, 'This is Nick. He's going to help me this afternoon.'

Immediately a swarm of five year olds gathered around my legs and suddenly I was part of Class 1. They accepted my presence as if I'd been there for years.

Every so often I read to a group of the worst behaved children, but usually I just wander freely around the classroom helping with craft work, supervising the playing outside and sorting our arguments. Although PSG can leave me drained at the end of the day, the effort is worthwhile: I'm sure the children don't know why, how or even when I come, but when I open the classroom door and see faces grinning broadly at me, I know I'm welcome!

Nick Varley, Divisions.

PSG SUMMER CAMP, 1984

20th - 24th August

The idea of the camp at Earlswood, Solihull (financed by KEHS's Summer Fete), was to give fifteen or so underprivileged children five days' holiday.

During those five days there were such events as long walks, boat-making and mask-making competitions, and trips to the Cotswold Wildlife Park and Solihull swimming baths. Then of course there was the Teddy Bears' Picnic with Mandy Tozer, Pip and myself as the Bears (see picture) and the Pig Hunt with guest stars Mark Thomas Pig and Albert Hsu Pig! On the last night there was a party for the children, during which they showed us their break-dancing skills. After the kids had gone to bed, the helpers had their own party.

Thanks go to Mr Hopkinson and Miss Jackson of KEHS for their organisation and help.

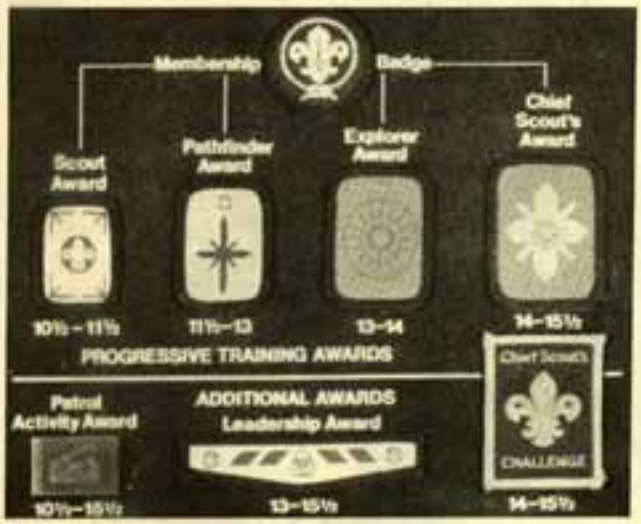
Lewis Hands, Divisions.

THE SCOUTING YEAR

This year has seen many new developments which make the Group a lively part of the Friday afternoon scene. Mr McIlwaine, Venture Sea Scout Leader, has started a Junior Sea Scout Section, which runs in the summer and early autumn terms and which offers plenty of opportunities for sailing both dinghies and sailboards. We hope that this will attract UMs and IVs to join the Group, who will thus spend part of the year in the Troops and part on the water. A brand new Seamanship Proficiency Badge Scheme has been introduced this year, and Sea Scouts can work towards the standards set.

The Venture Unit is small but active and we are crying out for new recruits from the Vs and Divs years. Duke of Edinburgh Silver and Gold Schemes are part of the attraction as well as the Group having the resources to run challenging expeditions and other activities: climbing, canoeing, mountain walking and so on. The more boys there are, the better the programme can be. And, of course, social activities are included: the Unit Executive chooses the programmes and sets the standards.

The best thing to happen for years is the new Scout Section Training Programme. This new scheme at last relates to a Scout's age and gives challenge, social awareness and skills development to match his capabilities; but the basic Patrol Unit is still there. Scouts is more than any ordinary activities club - when working well it stresses leadership skills by the sharing of responsibility among Scouts of differing ages.



Our camp site at Andrews Coppice near Alvechurch has had a facelift: runnning water has arrived at last (£300 was given by the Parents' Association; it cost nearly £500) and all the old conifers have been removed, while the planting of broadleaves has begun. Our Plant-a-Tree Scheme has raised about £80 and there will be a lot of work for the next few years making sure the saplings do well. The camp site has been used more than ever this year and the Group is pleased to be able to help others by allowing outside Scout groups to use the Coppice too.

Scouting in this country gets excellent local press (despite a few accidents, which are almost inevitable when over 3/4 million young people are involved) and, when asked, the person in the street usually says that 'the good fun' is the best thing about us Scouts. KES Scout Group maintains a tradition of helping others - by helping the old with gardening, raising money to make holidays possible for the handicapped, carol singing, having disadvantaged kids to our camp site for some fun - and everyone in the Group is encouraged to be proud of the Scout Movement and to try to do a good turn every day. This year's Musical Extravaganza, AGM, Barn Dance and Summer Event have all raised money, some of which goes to the charitable work mentioned.

The Group's Travel Scholarship (worth up to £100 for a camping expedition in Britain) this year involved Jolyon Constable and David Foxall walking the Cleveland Way: a challenge in terms of miles to be covered, and packed with historical interest. Of course, the year has been filled with activities too numerous to detail. Highlights might include: last summer's smashing summer camp at Bedgellert in North Wales, barge trips, YHA-based expeditions, stave-fighting, adventure weekends, Patrol Camps at Andrews Coppice, video-making, caneoing and a wide range of games. Our Patrols, through the Patrol Leaders' Councils, decide on a term's events and so the range of activities is a reflections of our Scouts' interests, enthusiasm and commitment.

I finish this review by hoping that every Scout in the Group has enjoyed most of the activities, by thanking them for their good humour in the face of the short supply of Scout Leaders (a situation which we hope will change) and by sincerely thanking all the Scout and Venture Scout Leaders for their enthusiasm and dedication. And finally, a big thank you to all the other staff and members of the school who have helped with expeditions, been on camps and played or sung in our concerts - and to the Chief Master, who is our President.

1987 is our 50th Anniversary, and if anyone reading this article remembers the Group with fondness and can send in memories or momentoes, the Group Scout Leader would be pleased to hear from you via School.

A.P.R., Group Scout Leader.

SCHOOLS' CHALLENGE

With the dynamic line-up of myself, Graham Doe, Chris Nash and Matthew Grimley, the School's prospects in this annual school equivalent to University Challenge seemed good. Mr Tibbott, with able assistance from Mr Lillywhite, harsh task-masters that they are, were able to hone down the team's raw skill to the professionalism of a well-oiled machine. In our first match against the Holy Child of Jesus Convent School, this training paid its dividends. Graham Doe's lightning-like speed on the buzzer would have been enough to win him several sets of driving lessons on *Blockbusters*, while Chris Nash's mathematical wizardry and scientific knowhow stunned us all. Few fourteen-year-olds are as well-versed in ecclesiastical architecture as Matthew Grimley is, I'll wager. From here on in, though, the going got tough. We managed to pull off a slender ten-point victory against Mrs Sims's girls' school team of intimidating viragos and harpies. This too was the margin of victory over Warwick School, despite Graham Doe's irresponsible tactic of answering questions to which he didn't know the answer with the responses 'Bruce Springsteen' or 'Robert Maxwell'. With victory over Warwick, we became the recipients of that highly-cherished accolade, the Regional Schools' Challenge Cup. This, however, was to be the summit of our achievement. The combined intellects of the Norwich School's team proved too much for us, and though we acquitted ourselves respectably, we were not to go further than the national quarter-final. Thanks are due to Mr Tibbott, Mr Lillywhite and Mr David 'Bamber' Buttress for dealing so admirably with the onslaught of the harpies.

Max Carlish, Sixths.

'RUNNING THE BRITISH ECONOMY' GAME

Just after the spring half term this year, some nine teams from the sixth forms of the two schools participated in a computer-based economics competition at Birmingham Polytechnic. The time pressures of the game, requiring speedy decisions on management of the economy, created an exciting atmosphere to which our teams responded better than most. A team from the Econ VI took an early lead, despite the handicap of some computer 'hiccups'. They were eventually overtaken by a team comprising Iain Crawford, Chris Bennett, Rob Allred, William Guest and David Conder. In the Birmingham heat, the school teams filled the first three places, and six of the first eight places. As a 'reward', the winning team were invited for a day's visit to the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce, where they were able to see the Economics Committee in session. Later on in the day, they were photographed by the *Birmingham Post*. There, unfortunately, our interest in the national competition ended, as we were beaten in the region by an extremely well organised team from Lytham St Anne's. Our taste of success will, however, only serve to encourage us the more next year.

J.R.A.C.

THE DOMESDAY PROJECT

Nine hundred years have passed since the compilation of the great census, *The Doomsday Book*, by William I and his scribes. 1985 has seen the launch of The Doomsday Project, which aims to provide a complete and comprehensive guide to every square kilometre of the country.

With the aid of computers, pupils from schools everywhere in the UK are collecting, sorting and recording information from every corner of the country. No aspect of Britain is being left untouched. Its people, languages, science and technology are all being covered and recorded on libraries of video discs, together with a complete map survey of the country.

The group from KES, headed by Mr Cumberland, started work in the summer term on its allocated section of Birmingham. Groups of Shells and Removes, under the supervision of Divisions, have made studies of the area around the school under the headings of industry, language, media and land-cover. Many trips have been organised, including visits to factories, schools, Pebble Mill and other places of interest. All the groups have compiled a series of short essays, stored on the school computers, which it is hoped will give a fair impression of a wide cross-section of our area.

Thanks must go to Mr Cumberland for leading our survey and to Mr Cook for his help in handling the computer. Next year, it is hoped that the project will continue, and it should provide an interesting Friday afternoon activity with a potentially very useful end product.

Michael Eyles, Divisions.

VISIT OF SIR KEITH JOSEPH

25th January, 1985

With discontented students beating on the gates and unprecedented security within the walls themselves, Sir Keith Joseph's visit to KES at the invitation of the Parents' Association seemed to present a microcosm of beleaguered Britain in the mid 1980s. Nothing that the Secretary of State said during an absorbing hour of question and answer was calculated to relieve the gloom. What seemed remarkable was that a man who had been at the centre of political power for so long should have been so unreservedly critical of past performance and so pessimistic about future prospects. Other countries had been better governed, better managed and better unioned than Britain. In terms of services, wages and pensions the peoples of North Western Europe were better provided for than those of the UK. A return to high living standards and full employment could be achieved only by increases in productivity and output. Meanwhile Britain was over-taxed, uncompetitive and complacent. Research had shown that even Headmasters were normally appointed by amateurs, although as the Chief Master later remarked, he at least took some comfort from the thought that professionals had designed the Titanic.

In truth Sir Keith posed more questions than he was able to answer. Why did at least 40% of our children get nothing out of their eleven years of compulsory education? Why were children underachieving at all levels? Why was there such a prejudice against business and trade within the British middle class? Why did the overwhelming majority of secondary school age children in West Germany reach the equivalent of O-level standard in Mathematics, behave more responsibly, argue more cogently and so on? In addressing himself to these weighty questions the Minister drew aside the veil to reveal a little of the Establishment's thinking on the matter. The education service was betrayed by unsupportive parents, by a narrowly academic curriculum which was unsuited to the needs of a majority of children, and by a national culture which was not sympathetic to good educational practice. The government could do little about the first or last of these but it could use its limited power and influence to promote reforms in the curriculum and examination system, and to encourage a more rigorous selection and training of teachers. In the meantime, parents should be alerted to the inherited snobbery which regarded a safe career in the professions as somehow more dignified and valuable than one in trade and business, for it was only via the latter route that national salvation could be achieved.

Neither the evident conviction with which these nostrums have been argued in recent years in the corridors of power nor the courteous if rather world-weary in which they were debated on this occasion with a mainly professional audience could obscure the powerful ironies lurking behind the Secretary of State's message. Did not Joseph Chamberlain, a reforming Lord Mayor of Birmingham and a member of one of the greatest entrepreneurial families of the nineteenth century, pioneer the movement for universal free education one hundred years ago precisely so that Britain would be able to compete with Germany and the United States in trade, business and industry? Could we have got it so wrong? Again, how was it that a member of a government which espouses an essentially nineteenth century view of political economy and *laissez-faire* should be found presiding over an interventionist policy in the education service at all levels more wide-ranging than at any time in the post war years? Here too was to be found a liberal, humane and sensitive man praising the excellence of teachers and extolling the virtues of a value added education yet insisting that salaries should be determined by market forces alone, and being applauded for it by sections of his audience.

Sir Keith talked of Utopias but in truth the message which came across was one of realism, if not resignation. He is sufficiently experienced to know that his bold initiatives might yet founder on the deep-seated inertia of the present system, or die the death of a thousand economic cuts or perhaps be cut short by his sudden translation to another place. One suspects that the brave new world envisaged by our masters will be more of the same: steady, remorseless decline, and grade-related criteria.

D.J.B.

VISIT OF COLONEL JIM IRWIN

23rd October, 1984

Colonel Jim Irwin gave two talks - one to the Fourths and one to the UMs - about his exploits on the Apollo XV landing and his subsequent theological conversion to the Christian faith. It is to his credit as a speaker that he balanced his talk in such a way as to give greater emphasis to the scientific side of the matter, and, by doing so, he gained a much more attentive audience. His allusions to religious belief were at all times pointed and fair, crushing the rumours that he was a 'flying Billy Graham'.

He entered, carrying a suspicious silver suitcase and wearing an official Houston Space team baseball cap. Having introduced himself, he showed a film on the landing before talking about the effects the mission had had on him. Finally, there was some time for questions. His rhetoric was interesting and informative. My only criticism was that his talk seemed a little too rehearsed. During the film, he timed his commentary perfectly, but never once looked at the screen, keeping his eyes on the audience.

At the end of his talk he presented the school with a signed picture of the landing, which now hangs in one of the Geography rooms, and for which we are very grateful.

Thanks are due to him and also to the Reverend Grimley - who has left us now (and was last seen training at Cape Canaveral for the next shuttle mission, despite press reports to the contrary) - for organising a most interesting lecture.

Carl Rohsler, Fourths.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF KES

After completing my O-level studies at a comprehensive school, Perry Common, I entered the Divisions at KES in 1983. The following are my first impressions of KES, as compared to PCCS.

There seemed a lot of arrogance at KES. 'Good Heavens!' I thought, 'they know about everything!'

House meetings and the House system seemed to form the backbone of school life here. PCCS consists of 1500 pupils and only has four Houses, so each had about 390 members - and since they met only about once a term, it was all very impersonal. There was little of the enthusiasm, attachment and commitment toward the House that I have seen at KES.

PCCS is a coeducational school and it is with particular nostalgia that I look back to the mixed PE sessions I attended. Activities included basketball, swimming and volleyball - and I particularly enjoyed the latter!

I found the architecture at KES initially quite awesome, being particularly impressed by Big School and the Library. And the playing fields seemed immense. The place and everything about it oozed tradition.

When studying for my O-levels, groups comprised a mixture of O-level and CSE candidates, the proportion being about 21 of the former to 9 of the latter. Lessons were often very interesting and stimulating, particularly in the sciences, since there was a lot more 'two-way' communication than I have seen at KES.

At PCCS I had few contacts with people in the years above or below me. At KES the greater interaction between school years, in House competitions and in school teams, has ensured that I now have many friends, not only in my own year, but also in the present Divisions and in the year which left in 1984.

Other impressions include the following: the need to excel in everything; the awe and respect attached to the 'bigger boys' by the lower years; and the formidable teachers!

To the uninitiated, KES often has a mythical aura associated with it. Few people outside the school know what it is about or what sort of people attend it. My first impressions were often inaccurate or too severe. And it took me a long time to overcome them and to appreciate fully both the place and the people. Once I had overcome that barrier, however, KES became just a normal school, but one with a tradition - and one which is so successful because all of the teachers and most of the pupils are not only intelligent, but also prepared to work hard!

Brian Ducille, Sixths.

SOUTHAMPTON U17 BASKETBALL TOUR

After a very long journey down to Southampton in a very old and clapped-out minibus, the whole team was not only tired but also poorer (thanks to our kindly fine-collector Neil Martin). We arrived around mid-day and had about an hour to recover before our first game, against Framwell Gate Moor. This team were U16 national champions and, although we were level at half time, we soon became tired and lost by ten points. In this game we were on the receiving end of the best dunk of the tournament, where their big centre banged his head on the ring while dunking the ball viciously into the basket. Our next match was against the eventual winners, Spyer, and we lost by five points. We were a little dispirited when we returned to our hotel.

The next day we were struck by illness. Mr Birch's son was ill and he had to leave. This left the team to play two matches without his coaching. Yet, despite this handicap, we won both matches comfortably - against BMS of Holland and Derba - by about thirty points. That night the older members of the team celebrated, and by about 11 o'clock had succeeded in keeping the landlord in business for at least another year.

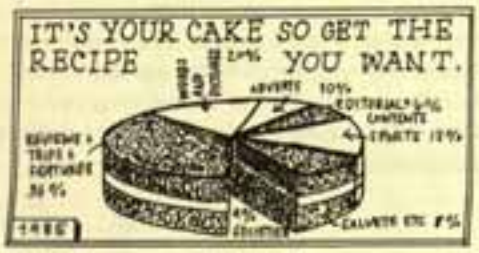
Early the next morning we defeated our arch rivals, St Columba, by thirty points again, and so had earned a play-off against BMS. We started badly and at one stage were twenty points down. At half time we had drawn level, however, and, despite various members of the first five being in foul trouble, we won - to achieve a position of 5th overall.

The highest scorer in our team, Neil Martin, was second top scorer of the tournament, averaging around thirty-five points a game. At the end, Neil and I played in an England All Stars game against the Foreign All Stars - and the English team were easy victors.

Thanks must go again to Mr Birch and Mr Workman for taking us down there - and also to the team, as we have been invited down again next year.

Ben Everson, Divisions.

Chronicle Cake



NATIONAL SCHOOLS' BASKETBALL FINAL

The venue was again the Birmingham Athletics Institute, Highgate, as the previous year. The opposition was also unchanged: Eastfields High School, London. Our preparations for the game went smoothly despite the late arrival of Warren Cowell thanks to a breakdown. Then, after the team photograph, we took to the court, and after the warm up, the game began.

After the early exchanges, the score stood at 18-18, but then, slowly and surely, Eastfields pulled away to lead at half time 47-39. At the start of the second half a determined effort was made to pull back the deficit; however, no impression could be made on Eastfields' lead. With three minutes remaining, the score stood at 78-69 in their favour and, despite an all or nothing final effort, the London team ran out 88-75 winners.

Although the result was very disappointing, losing by the same margin as in the previous year, the team put up a creditable performance (without Nick Willetts, injured during the previous week); and indeed, this year's final was regarded by many as the most entertaining yet to take place. Thanks must also be given to those who came to support, sticking with the team even when defeat was imminent.

The U19 Team.

BULLETIN BOARD

The promising influx of fifth-formers into the BB editorial body which started last year continued apace in 1984/5: joining the old hands such as Neil Wallace and the newer hands such as the UMs (Carlton Hood, Salim Nasser, Nick Bacchus and Neil Toulouse) we had not only the trendy lefties, but also the talents of Dave Stapleton, who contributed *Mod/Gentle (delete as appropriate) Dave Investigates*, Rupert Martin, who founded the sadly short-lived *Cupid's Corner*, Ben Franks, Jamie Murray and Simon Spencer (or should that be Vince?), who continued to produce his own enigmatic style of 'poems'. At one stage, it seemed that the Division influence might be a little excessive, as the Board began to turn into a slanging match between the Divisions' BB contingent and the CCF. However, this was remedied by two things: first, members of the team other than the Divisions began to write; second, Miss Barnett instigated a new 'populist' policy to appeal to a wider audience (supposedly). This was occasionally nullified by mysterious censorship, sadly affecting the most original and witty 'article' of the year: a mildly satirical Monopoly take-off called *Monotony*. With the end of the BB Musos' *History of Rock 'n' Roll*, the Board reached Christmas, and since then has plodded steadily on, with articles from the regular contributors. However, this may be just as much of a handicap as a bonus - next year, will someone else please write an article!

Martin Crowley and Toby Carpenter, Divisions.

VIDEO FILM OPTION

On Friday afternoons, when many of our colleagues were marching up and down the parade ground in the gnawing cold or the searing heat - or standing knee deep in mud pulling sycamore saplings out of the ground; or desperately trying to explain to five year olds that, 'Just because David killed Goliath, it doesn't mean that you have to try and kill Johnny' - a select band of Fourths, Fifths, and Sixths, especially chosen for their skill, patience and resilience under strain, were making video films under the watchful eye of a certain member of staff.

Despite the rampant inefficiency of the option, the seeming inability to do anything more than one week out of four, and the unmitigated hostility of certain elements within the CCF and, dare I say it, even the Common Room, a lot of interesting, if not useful, work has been accomplished. Impervious to the jibes of 'dossers!', we carried on our work with assistance from any members of the art and music options who had nothing better to do. With Dr Hosty to watch over us, we have all obtained skills in areas in which we never knew we had any talent: filming, editing - even acting. In short, most of us were a trifle sorry to see the death of the video option in our lifetime.

Indraneel Datta, Fourths.

COT FUND

This year, the Cot Fund (so named because initially the money raised went towards providing cots for the Birmingham Children's Hospital), has raised large amounts for charities ranging from the Queen Elizabeth Hospital Renal Unit to the Leprosy Mission.

In the autumn term, £910 was sent to the Save the Children Fund for Famine Relief in Ethiopia (not quite 'Live Aid', but then Mr Underhill is not quite Bob Geldoff) and £460 was raised for the Skin Appeal Fund at the Birmingham Accident Hospital. Meanwhile, the Music Dossers raised £182 for the National Children's Home by carol singing in New Street Station and around the pubs in Harborne.

The spring term saw £386 going to the Voluntary Care of the Elderly in Balsall Heath (more than half raised by Sci Div IA), £175 to the Leprosy Mission and another £175 to the Queen Elizabeth Hospital Renal Unit.

The summer term's collection was sent to the laboratories of the Royal Victoria Hospital, Banjul (in Gambia), to buy basic items of equipment such as scalpel blades and needles.

Thanks are due to everyone for their contributions, but especially Geog Div (£169), UMB (£120) and UMH (£136).

Rupert Ward, Sixths.

SPORT AND SOCIETY REPORTS

Anagnostics

Things looked bad for the Anagnostics after the riotous Christmas reading as attendances threatened to plummet to even greater depths. However, thanks to a new influx of Divisions and even one Fifth, Andrew Killeen, the society found enough members to carry on and indeed the two readings of the spring term - Seneca's *Oedipus* and even Terence's boring farce *The Eunuch* - were successful.

But the Summer term foundered. First, the replaced reading of Sophocles' *O.T.* from the term before, had to be cancelled. Then when the society did next meet to read Aristophanes' *Knights*, the meeting nearly ended half way through, as the society was to a large degree unable to stomach the long speeches, even though supposedly funny. Indeed even two committee members eschewed the reading, to chatter instead about Arabic.

The final disaster was the reading of two of the plays from Aeschylus's *Oresteia*. The meeting was beset by problems, as the texts ordered by Mr Owen had been stuck in the post for two weeks, so that the society had to return to the poor Penguin translations. But still the secretary had hopes that the reading might come alive, in vain; the play reading again lost out to the delights of chatter. Indeed only the actual readers seemed at all interested but their attempts to create a suitable atmosphere were destroyed by the non-readers.

In fact the meeting appeared to be, rather than a meeting, only a stop for some to pass the time before the pubs opened. Unless somehow more genuine interest in reading is created, the society, which in its past has been the leading literary society, will simply degenerate into old wives' meetings.

Andrew McGeachin, Sixths.

Archaeological Society

The two meetings of the year showed the great diversity of archaeology and also the knowledge of both boys and masters at the school. In the spring term Edward Simnett gave a talk on Viking remains, a subject he has studied in great depth, as witnessed by his travel scholarship visit to Denmark. In the summer term Mr Lambie gave us a fascinating insight into white horses - those on pub signs as well as those carved into hillsides. Both of these talks were admirably illustrated by slides.

Thanks must go to those who supported the society, and in particular to the two speakers. For those who blindly consider that archaeology is boring, may I appeal to you just to go to one meeting next year. After all, what is one lunchtime if you discover a lifelong interest?

Martin Bourne, Sixths.

Art Society

The Art Society, together with its cousin the Joint Art History Society (increasingly a KEHS phenomenon alone), has enjoyed a busy year. Meetings have included a slideshow by Nigel Dickinson OE - described elsewhere - and a very useful talk by Mr Arthur Hughes, the chief Art Examiner for the JMB, who talked at length about the mysteriously unpredictable methods of marking used by his team which have delighted and annoyed O- and A-level candidates for so long. He then went on to pass judgment on various mock

examination pieces.

Our jaunts down to the London Art Galleries have continued, with two very successful trips to see *The Age of Vermeer and de Hooch* at the RA in November and to the Hayward Gallery's *Renoir* exhibition in March, as well as the usual working trip for the A-level candidates to the National Gallery. Exhibitions in the Art Department this year have been of a particularly controversial nature (is Mr Ashby attempting to go out with a bang?), including Nigel Dickinson's *Demonstrate* and another photographic exhibition bluntly titled *No Nuclear Weapons*. We thank Mr Ashby for this, his final year of organisation and enthusiasm at KES; also indeed for supervising the ever-increasing display of prints around the school.

Andrew Rimmer, Sixths.

Christian Union

In my four years of attending the CU, surely this one has been vintage. Perhaps the most exciting aspect has been the amount of activity during the holidays which got people together: a weekend away or a conference every major school holiday. As a result, most people, from Shells to Sixths, know each other pretty well, and the CU has been a particularly welcome place after the barren wastes of a Thursday afternoon. But what was done, as well as the people, counted very much indeed. Memorable meetings included Mrs Sims on 'Judaism', Mark Hatto on 'Let's annoy the Debating Society by singing too loud' - the main subject of his talk escapes me - and an unforgettable but thoroughly worthwhile loss to the Debating Society with the motion 'This House believes that Christianity has done more harm than good'. The Tuesday Bible Studies seemed to take a new importance within the life of CU and a Monday lunchtime praise meeting has been inaugurated. Moreover we bade farewell to Mr Grimley and welcomed the new chaplain - such an event is always sure to shake things up a little - who startled us into realising we ought to be praying more. One rather exciting tangible result of Richard's new ideas is the arrival of service in chapel weekly, albeit not a Communion service; something I hope CU will support fully. Many thanks must be expressed to Sarah Edmonds for her steely presidency, and I urge all Christians in the School to pray for Geoff Rimmer, the new president, and his committee of the year to come.

Jonathan Hollow, Sixths.

Classical Society

Not one of the society's most packed years, with a total of two meetings all in all. The Secretary, Paul Mason, was absent from both of these. Nevertheless these two ventures into Classical activity - a talk by the eminent Martin Bourne on Alexander's Army, and a strange balloon debate featuring Rupert Ward, Martin Bourne again, and Andrew McGeachin about the perversions of Roman Emperors - were reasonably attended and enjoyed, especially the debate - a clue into the motivations of Classical scholars.

It is hoped that next year there will be more meetings, greater interest, and perhaps even the Secretary will turn up.

Andrew McGeachin, Sixths.

Junior Classical Society

The Society has survived a fairly dormant year, although a few of the more cultural members of the fourth year enjoyed a fortnight visiting the ancient sites of Greece, although the site staff were on strike for much of our visit. The traditional Christmas quiz was the only in-school event because of the late and unfortunate cancellation of the other planned meeting, which would have educated many on the Olympic Games.

Finally, but most importantly, many thanks to the buoyant Mr Edwards who gave his all in his final year with us.

Timothy Walker, Fourths.

Closed Circle

The Closed Circle always used to be a formal discussion group which met once or twice a term to discuss 'papers' prepared by a member of the group. New members were elected by outgoing members - and this struck me as prejudicial to the Circle's declared aim of promoting a high standard of discussion for a number of reasons. First the system of election meant that new members were chosen on the basis of whom they knew in the year above. Then a considerable proportion of the members also contributed little to discussion, preferring to revel in the exclusive atmosphere that they imagined to permeate each meeting. This elitism seemed to me unfortunate - especially when it hindered good discussion. After all, if people attended Closed Circle meetings merely as an ego-trip, then surely the Circle had little purpose. It was for these reasons that I sought to open the Circle to the whole year. After the departure of the previous secretary, Richard Hitchcock, and the 'Old Guard', there were fortunately a majority of members who agreed with the idea, and so we went ahead. The anticipated problem of over-attendance in the next two terms did not materialise - the highest attendance was fourteen.

The meetings that did go ahead were, on the whole, successful. Conversations ranged from the media's role in promoting professionalism and violence in sport, to the merits of comprehensive schooling. The range of opinions expressed was wider than any under the old régime. The level of participation, too, was considerably higher - members of the year who would not even have been considered for membership of the old Closed Circle were foremost in provoking intelligent if sometimes 'undisciplined' (Mr Cook's word) controversy, while those who had at first refused to be members of an organisation so exclusive played their part too. I hope that next year's Sixths will use the newly liberated Circle to the full, as an opportunity for frank and free exchange of opinion.

Max Carlish, Sixths.

Debating Society

...*Oratoris autem omnis actio opinionibus, non scientia, continetur; nam et apud eos dicimus qui nesciunt, et ea dicimus quae nescimus ipsi*...(...but the whole sphere of an orator is in opinion, not in knowledge; for we both speak in the presence of those who know not, and speak of that which we ourselves know not...).

Well, be that as it may, we have certainly run the gamut of metaphysics, politics and psychology this year in Debating Society, with debates ranging from 'This House believes that a Classless Society would be undesirable' - spiritedly defeated by the indefatigable Max Carlish, through 'This House would vote for Reagan', to 'This House believes that Russia poses no more a threat to world peace than America'. One debate in particular deserves mention, if only because it meant that we came into open conflict with Christian Union, with whom we have shared adjacent rooms for several years. The debate in question was 'This House believes that Christianity has done more harm than good', and though modesty forbids me to mention which side won, it wasn't them.

As usual the society enjoyed some success in external competitions. Max Carlish and Giles Dickson reached the regional finals of the *Observer* Debating Competition, and acquitted themselves admirably. Tim Franks and Robin Mason, having battled through numerous rounds, reached the finals of the *Birmingham Post* competition, where they were narrowly defeated. Our thanks must of course go to the ubiquitous Mr Hatton for telling us all about his holidays; to the committee, and finally to my successors, Tim Franks and Mandy Harrison - yes, sexual equality has even reached the Debating Society - for all the hard work they will undoubtedly put into the society.

Rupert Ward, Sixths.

Junior Debating Society

A new era had dawned. The standard of debate was definitely due to rise. Gone were the days of rowdy misbehaviour, catcalls and booing. This year it was going to be different...Surprisingly, it was. The audience was quiet and attentive and the speeches were of a higher standard than those of any year I can remember. Difficulty in procuring speakers led to the re-introduction of the entry-card system (see *Chronicles* passim). This improvement in both discipline and the quality of the speakers meant that more serious subjects could be discussed. The debate on Disarmament was hotly contested, and the one on surrogate motherhood drew a tie for the first time. There were more humorous verbal skirmishes over such topics as the Royal Family and Sport. The year finished with an excellent debate on the motion that 'A Woman's Place is in the Home' which was (unfortunately) defeated by a large majority. Thanks are due to Dr Hosty for bribery, bullying and blackmail to ensure that debates ran smoothly.

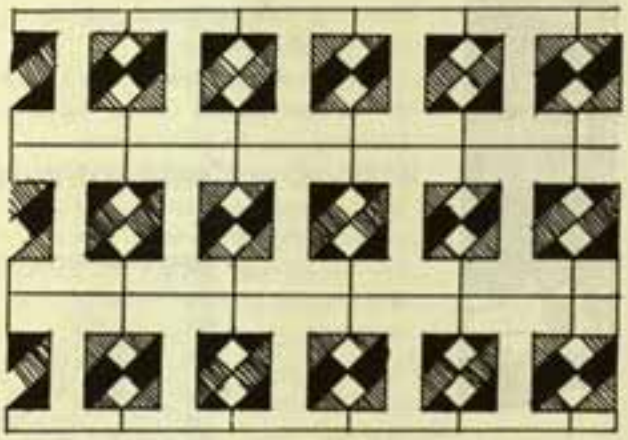
Carl Rohsler, Fourths.

Eurodrama

This has been a varied and successful year for Eurodrama, including theatre visits, opera, and even performance. The plays read included Ibsen's *The Doll's House*; Dürrenmatt's *Der Besuch der alten Dame*; Sartre's *Huis Clos*; and the statutory Moliere, in this case *L'Avare*. Of these four readings, the highlight was perhaps Mr Hatton's volatile rendering of Harpagon, comic, and even slightly poignant. Additionally, at the end of the spring term, a performance with texts of Ionesco's *La Cantatrice Chauve* was given in the drama studio, and was highly acclaimed by its small audience, including the head of KES Drama, Mr Evans. The performers were spurred on to a repeat performance, given in the Concert Hall and, this time, open to the public (*See Drama section*).

There were two theatre visits, to *Le Tartuffe* at Sheffield, and a double bill of *Huis Clos* and *Jacques ou la Soumission* (Ionesco). Thanks to Giles Dickson, we saw an interesting production of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* at the Hippodrome, preceded by an excellent talk given by Mr Trott, a great opera enthusiast. Thanks are also due to Mr Tomlinson and Mrs Lora for support and organisation.

James Dunstan, Sixths.



Fellwalking Society

The fellwalking excursions this year have attracted the regular support of a group of boys stretching in seniority from the Shells to the Divisions. With the partial co-operation of the school minibus we have spent a night at Corris Youth Hostel, climbed Cader Idris, and explored the Shropshire Hills, the Roaches and the Black Mountains. The trips this year were memorable for the pleasant company and the usually successful search for tea. Thanks go to Mr Cumberland, Mr Lambie and Mr K. Jones for their expertise in planning these ventures.

Edward Andrew, Divisions.

Film Society

Problems seemed to beset the Film Society this year almost from the outset. Selling enough tickets to hire the required number of films was the one which immediately confronted the committee. This feat was achieved only by selling tickets to the Fifth form, whose bestial instincts seemed to be aroused by the fact that we planned to show *The Exorcist*. Other difficulties included a rapidly falling attendance, and several members of the committee were at fault here too (the final film, *Under Fire*, was seen by seven people), and the severe decline of the seating arrangements in the Ratcliff Theatre. More importantly, however, it would seem that the advent of the home video has signalled the demise of this once proud institution.

Having said this, several of the films shown were a great success, including *Educating Rita*, *An American Werewolf in London*, *Airplane II* and *Animal House*, all of which were well-attended. Mystery still surrounds the eventual fate of *The Exorcist*, although rumour has it that it was savagely censored by some higher authority.

Stephen Honey, Sixths.

Geographical Society

The Society's programme began well with a talk by Dr Eccleston from the Met. Office Radar Research Laboratory on the subject of short term weather forecasting. The weather obliged us by raining all morning, enabling us to trace the passage of rainstorms across the UK on the computer. Our second visiting speaker was Mr Johnson, chief planning officer of Dudley, who was able to describe to us some of the planning problems of the Black Country.

The Society then hit a lean patch with two outside speakers being forced to cancel their talks. One of these, on the Ice Age, had to be abandoned owing to the accumulation of snow and ice around Birmingham in January! Two Old Edwardians reading geography at Oxford managed to get through to KES that winter, however, and led a discussion on Oxbridge geography. Our final speaker was Mr Thornton, who gave a first hand account of the famine in Eritrea and the problems of the war between Eritrea and the Ethiopian government. Visits were also made to Birmingham University's meteorological department and to Aston University's remote sensing department.

Thanks must go to Mr Cumberland, Mr Sijvic and Mr Roden for arranging the programme.

Chris Bennett, Sixths and Lewis Hands, Divisions.

Historical Society

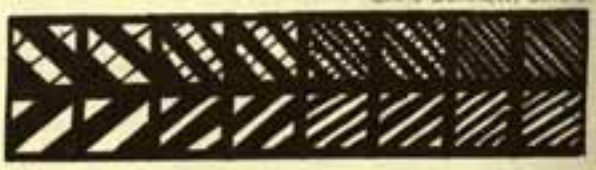
The meetings of the Society this year have ranged from a keenly fought historical contest to biographies of great generals, and it was pleasing to note the participation of younger members of the school too.

The year began well with a varied programme of videos and lectures, including one of special interest to A-level students on the French Wars of Religion. Perhaps a regular fixture could be made of the 'needle match' that took place this year between the KES 'Superstars' (James Pickworth, Shaun Austin, Graham Doe and the ubiquitous Max Carlish) and the KEHS 'Allcomers'. Thanks to Max and co. They stamped their authority on the match and the girls never stood a chance.

Other highlights of the year included the return visit after some forty years of Mr Rowland Ryder OE to lecture on General Sir Oliver Lees, an event which merited a mention in the *Birmingham Post*; while the final meeting of the year was held in conjunction with the Military History Society, the subject being General Paton.

Thanks must go to Mr Buttress and the history departments of both schools for ensuring that everything ran smoothly during the year, and for organising the visits of such interesting outside speakers.

Chris Bennett, Sixths.



Literary Society

The Friday meetings have proved to be the most popular this year: attendances at the Thursday lunchtime sessions have often been a little disappointing. Nevertheless, the happy band of old faithfuls has enjoyed some six lunchtime sessions over the year, including a couple of home-grown poetry readings and - a new venture this year - a prose reading. We chose the theme of decadence for the latter, and with some interesting results!

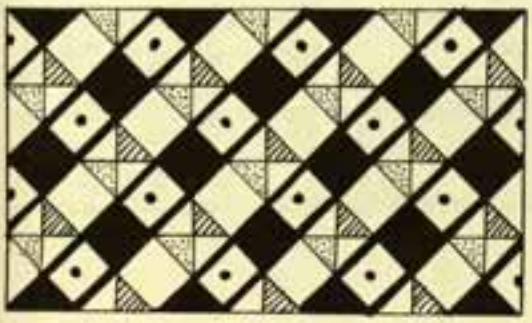
Poetry held an important place in our excursions this year: poetry-addicts visited not only Ted Hughes at Cannon Hill, but also the Poetry Olympics, a marathon at the Young Vic in London, where we heard poets ranging from Michael Horovitz and Gill Neville to John Cooper Clarke and Attila the Stockbroker. A very good time was had by all.

The three play-readings after school on Fridays were well-supported, as always: Priestley's *Time and the Conways* was chosen to commemorate the author's death, while both Ibsen's *A Doll's House* and Brecht's *Mother Courage* were not only well read but also very moving.

But, as usual, it was the outside speakers who drew the crowds. I should like to take this opportunity to thank Professor Joan Rees for her illuminating talk on *Othello* and its sources; Dr Bob Wilcher for his most informative talk on the endings of *King Lear*, *Hamlet* and *Othello*; and, lastly, Jonathan Coe, OE, for his amusing and thought-provoking 'Samuel Beckett and the Future of the Novel'. Perhaps we shall see a *Chronicle* with strange typographic patterns or holes in the middles of pages next year.....

Finally, I should like to thank the outgoing committee - and of course Mrs Trott - for all their help; and I look forward to 1985-86 with the new committee.

K.J.B.



Meteorological Society

With a hand-picked membership of five, this elite society differs from most other societies in that it has...a day to day function. At 9.00 am GMT every day -even in the holidays - a furtive-looking figure can be seen near that white box at the top of the drive. What is he doing? Nobody is quite sure. But it must be of some national importance, as each month the results are sent 'On Her Majesty's Service' to the Met. Office in London. Recently the society has supplied information to University Students as well. Idle requests for snippets of information have led to surprising conclusions: one geography class who asked for the lowest temperature ever recorded received a pile of over a dozen graphs and charts! Our records will soon be much more flexibly stored on computer. Prospective applicants are welcomed to this elite; ask Mr Roden for details.

Callum Nuttall, Divisions.

Military History Society

Under a new leadership, the Military History Society, reorganised, re-equipped and refreshed, has mounted a *blitzkrieg* on the KES lunchtime scene. For a society always struggling for independent recognition from the more generalised Historical Society, our record over the term threatens to reduce our rivals to a supporting role. The four meetings have ranged from First World War Battlefields to what Napoleon was doing on the night of the 17th June 1815. The personal history of General Paton was also revealed and general Oliver Lees given a generous eulogy. As for Napoleon and Hitler, most military dictators tend to be small and therefore it should be no surprise to anyone that the C in C of this society Mr D.J. Evans - many thanks to him for his many excellent 'suggestions' and tireless support. The committee would also like to thank Roger Rees for his poetic contribution and Andrew Millicheap for his cartoons.

Callum Nuttall, Divisions.

Model Railway Society

Being a model railway enthusiast at KES is as rare and risky as being a member of the permissive society. As soon as one demonstrates even the slightest spark of creativity, one is assumed an outcast. This year at least the society has taken a step towards normality by keeping a low profile. There is sufficient interest in the middle of the school to produce tangible results next year. I do hope that it happens and I wish them luck.

Robert Barker, Sixths.

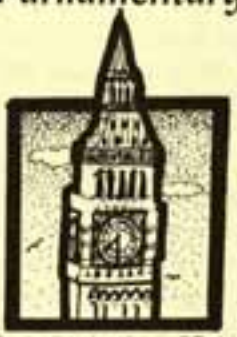
Modern Language Society

This year has been unfortunately typified by a pronounced shortage of enthusiasm for the society. In spite of a variety of speakers and subjects at meetings, other lunchtime commitments (most noticeably the ubiquitous squash practices) or indeed sheer apathy seem to have prevailed. True, the planned visit of guest speakers from Wolverhampton Polytechnic did not emerge - but nevertheless our travels took us (via the slide projector) as far afield as Morocco, Nîmes (with its Roman remains), the Nord region of France, and Switzerland. All the meetings have been both entertaining and informative, and even at times amusing; Martin Crowley's unforgettable question about yodelling springs to mind.....

But seriously, unless people - and that means you - start going to the meetings, this society will die out and that would be a great shame. If you are studying a language, go along - not just to keep Mr Tomlinson off your back (although that is a perfectly justifiable reason), but because it will help your language and it will also be interesting. A lot of effort goes into organising and preparing these talks, for which I would like to express the society's gratitude to TBT and all who spoke - but the best way to do that would be for more people to come to the meetings.

Graham Doe, Sixths.

Parliamentary Society



The year was dominated, not surprisingly, by the miners' strike and Arthur Scargill. Although the society attempted to approach the subject from different angles, the discussions were inevitably affected by the polarity of people's views.

A few other issues did manage to get a look in, including Trident, the privatisation of British Telecom and Thatcherism as a political force. Attendances varied, with a very large turnout for a talk by Mr Jenkins on 'The Sterling Crisis'. One of the most interesting developments within the society this year has been the number of boys from the lower years who have participated in discussions. This has led to far more lively debates and the most pleasing moment of the whole year was when a left wing member of the Shells told Rupert Ward to shut up! There would appear to be a few lively and very interesting years in store for Parliamentary Society. Thanks must go to Mr Buttress for the time, effort and knowledge he has put into the running of the society.

Justin Gray, Sixths.

Scientific Society

This year the society has further diversified into areas previously unexplored - such as lubricants and the history of science - while still presenting updates of work being done by the Nobel prize winning CERN team.

It has been many years since the society truly deserved the reputation of being a joke society attended by a few introverted scientists. Under the dynamic guidance of Mr Dodd it has developed into a often well-attended society - though its old reputation still lingers on.

I would like to thank Mr Dodd for his steadfast control, which has helped to bring the society back from the lean years.

Iain Tebbutt, Sixths.

Shakespeare Society

The Society's year did not get off to too good a start, with readings being less enthusiastically attended than before. However, such a drop in numbers was not accompanied by a corresponding decrease in the quality of the readings, as seen particularly in the annual non-Shakespeare play, *Volpone*, and in *Antony and Cleopatra* with Paul Mason and Cathy Swire.

Once the Oxbridge people had left, and the ageing Richard Hitchcock had 'retired' as 'Scrivener', attendances picked up somewhat, and once more, in the spring and summer terms the Cartland Room throbbed with the vitality and enthusiasm to which the society had been accustomed, as an average of thirty people broke all engagements to attend. With such rabid enthusiasm came a few notable characters: the stalward 'Ancient', Mr Trott, always ready to provide an introduction to a play and capable of reading well any part given to him; Giles Dickson - 'Winston' to those of us who know his marvellously Churchillian readings; and Chris Evans, the society's minority representative, who will always be remembered for the first camp reading of Julius Caesar.

The girls' school must also be mentioned, because I would never be forgiven if they weren't, and because they produced some good performances despite the reluctance of Shakespeare himself to include many substantial female roles. Elizabeth Jones and 'The Augurer', Alice Wallbank, were regular and competent readers, as was Cathy Mackay, 'The Strumpet', whose position on the committee bears no relation to her character, as I found out when she poured water over me for suggesting that it did.

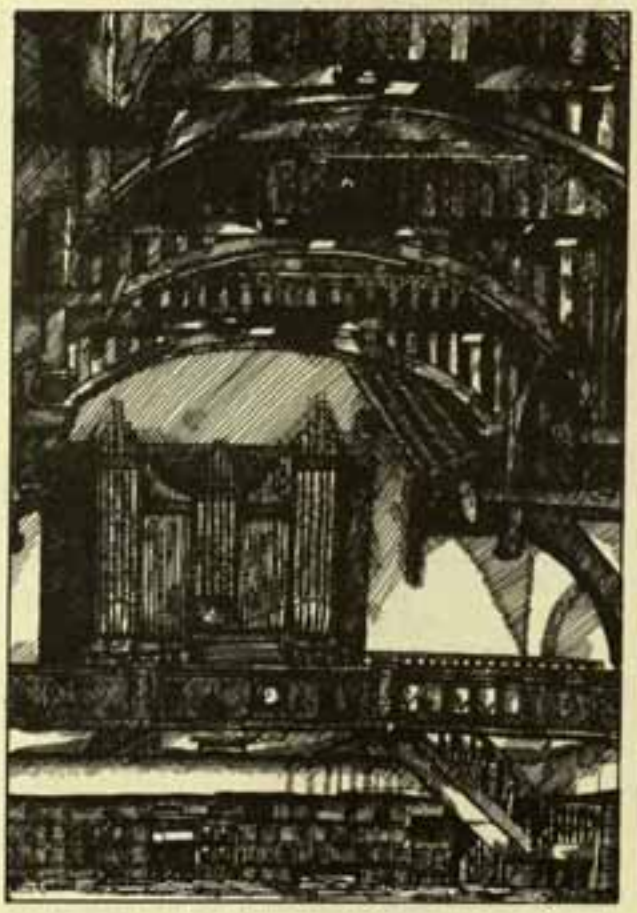
My thanks to all those who attended this year, and I urge all those of you in the upper school to give the Society a try - it's good fun. Long may the Bard be appreciated.

Paul Woodhouse, Sixths.

Video Club

After the demise of the Middle School Film Society and much badgering from the Shells ('all our friends at Bishop Vesey's go to their Video Club'), I was prevailed upon to start up the club, with help from Mrs Ewin from KEHS. Initial support has been high, each film being shown on two nights to accommodate all members, and the programme appears to have catered for most tastes. Humour was provided in the form of *Police Academy* and *Life of Brian*, whilst *War Games* and *Firefox* set the adrenalin flowing, and *Startrek III* was faintly boring!

D.C.D.



Athletics

	Played	1st	2nd	3rd	4th
Senior	13	9	4	0	0
Inter	14	11	2	0	0
U16	7	6	1	0	0
Junior	8	1	1	6	0
U15	10	0	0	6	4
U14	9	0	2	1	6
Minor	9	5	1	1	2

The season got off to a successful start in the first week of the summer term with victory in the Foundation Cup, now something of a traditional early season confidence booster. Eastern Road, indeed, proved to be the scene of several victories, including a notable success over the old enemy, Rugby School.

Away from Birmingham, however, the team developed the irritating habit of losing matches by just a few points, especially in the Senior group, such as the defeats at Repton and Loughborough.

Individually too, there were some excellent performances with Warren Cowell (Javelin) and Robert Temple (Steeplechase) both being selected for the West Midlands Schools' Team, and many more from all age groups being selected for the King's Norton district side.

In the West Midlands Super Schools we finished fourth and in the King's Norton League first (Inters 1st, Juniors 2nd, Minors 1st). The Taylor Kenrick Championships were a shade disappointing with a final position of fourth again. The Minors have proved a very competent team, and should do well as they move up the school.

My expectations for next season are high, with only four of the senior team leaving the school. KES has an excellent crop of Fifth form athletes in all disciplines who will move up to the Senior age group next year giving us a formidable squad at senior level.

This is, of course, the only way it should be. We are blessed with the best facilities in the Midlands which are the envy of all. It is with great pride that, as visiting Captain to other schools, I have heard the masters in charge make a point of saying how much they are looking forward to coming to KES next year. May they keep coming, and keep going back, beaten but happy.

On behalf of the team as a whole, the respective age groups ably led by Jeremy Tozer, 'Sid' Ahmed and Oliver Bishop, I would like to extend a warm thank you to all connected with KE Athletcis this season, to those members of staff who selflessly gave up their free time to come and officiate, to the groundstaff at Eastern Road, and finally to the ever present Mr Birch, the motivating force behind the whole team during my entire seven year spell here. He has done a phenomenal job with his own brand of good humoured determination, and I am sure he will continue to be successful in years to come. Thanks, of course, to all those who pulled on the KE vest this summer, and who combined to ensure a very enjoyable season.

Niels de Vos, Sixths.

Basketball

	P	W	L	F	A
U19A	28	25	3	3124	1825
U19B	10	2	0		
U16	10	9	1	926	603
U15	23	22	1	2037	851
U13	8	7	1	436	307

U19

This season's team was undoubtedly one of the strongest the school has ever produced, equalling the achievements made by the previous year's team. It should be noted that two of the three losses were to National Junior League teams.

As now seems customary, the

team dominated the Birmingham League, scoring over 100 points in six out of the eight games played. In the final against West Park College, a comfortable victory was obtained (105-74), despite the fact that the game was played during the summer term, after serious training had stopped. The West Midlands trophy was also comfortably retained, by eventually beating Churchdown over two legs 281-182.

The national competition was again, after a disapponting performance in last season's final, the main objective of the season. The first three rounds were won with little difficulty, and our first potential threat was posed by St Columba's College in the quarter-final. The game turned out to be something of an anti-climax, however, with KES running out victors by 95-56 over disappointing opposition. The semi-final brought Sir George Monoux School to KES. Again, with good home support, KES defeated the London school by 82-69, to progress into the National Final for the second year running. The opposition, as in the previous year's final, was Eastfields School, London. Although the team put up a creditable performance, the National Cup was retained by Eastfields, defeating KES by 88-75, thus inflicting upon us our first - and only - defeat by another school team in the season.

In spite of the defeat by Eastfields, the season was an extremely successful one. Thanks must go to everyone who helped with the running of the team, especially to Mr Birch, for the long hours given to training and coaching the team, and to Mr Gunning, who more than adequately supported him.

Chris Grimley, Sixths.

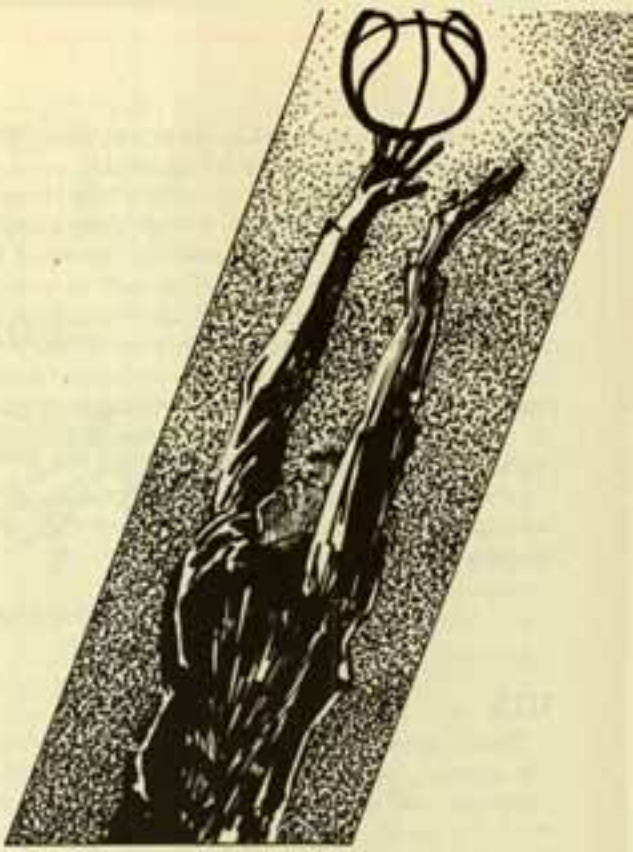
U19B

As is generally said in this sort of report, 'the statistics speak for themselves.' In our case, they show that taking part is really more important than winning. The team exists to provide an opportunity for senior boys, who lack either the ability or the commitment (or both) to play for the U19A team, to play basketball regularly. Thus the emphasis is very definitely on 'fun' basketball.

That being said, we aren't necessarily disgusted by the idea of winning, and when victories do come along, they are welcomed with open arms. The two victories, both against Solihull Sixth Form College, formed the highlights of our season. At the other end of the scale, our most enjoyable defeats were both suffered at the hands of the mighty Broadway, who took us apart with such glee that it was impossible not to share their enthusiasm.

We thank Mr Everest for entering into the spirit of things, and look forward to an equally enjoyable time next season.

Martin Crowley, Divisions.



U16

This was a very successful season for the U16 side, suffering only one defeat, at the hands of the future national finalists, Aston Manor, in the quarter-finals of the national KO competition. However, the defeat was soon put to rights with a splendid victory over Aston Manor 99-84 in the process of winning the West Midlands final.

The team's success was mainly due to the skilful and very aggressive performances of Neil Martin, who managed to amass nearly half of the team's points, scoring a total of 422. Other high scores were provided by Jeremy Tozer, Chris Roberts and Sudhir Misra. There were also good performances throughout the season by Richards Wolffe, Jones and McIlwraith and Neil Shah.

The team wishes to thank Mr Birch for the time he spent coaching the side.

Jeremy Tozer, Fifths.

U15

The season started with relatively easy matches in the Birmingham League and the team regularly scoring over 100 points. Our first real test came up when facing St John Wall away in the National U15 KO competition. Thanks largely to Chris Roberts, who led the defence with a painful back injury, we won a tight match by 8 points. This brought us into the quarter-finals where we were to meet Lancaster School. Playing at the BAI and with a multitude

of supporters, the team put up a spirited performance but lost by one point because of foul trouble.

However, we continued to dominate school basketball and were victorious in both the Premier League and the West Midlands Cup, on both occasions beating St John Wall, who must have been sick of the sight of us by the end of the season. Honours went to Richard Jones and Sudhir Misra, who represented the West Midlands and England respectively. However, special mention must be made of Chris Roberts, who, after only eighteen months of playing basketball, won international honours with England and top scored for the school.

All in all, it was a successful season, durung which we were once again in debt to Mr Gunning and Mr Birch for devoting their time to basketball.

Sudhir Misra, Fourths.

U13

Despite losing Mr Stead's prized unbeaten run covering the previous five U13 teams, this minor team did play reasonably well on most occasions and certainly showed much enthusiasm for the game. Messrs Cutler, Everest, Follett, Tomkins (captain) and Warwick achieved a good standard, and Mittra and Chris Dean showed promise towards the end of the season.

Judging by the large number of Rems practising at lunchtimes there is no lack of interest, and plenty of potential is available for Mr Gunning's junior squad next season.

S.B.

Christopher Grimley

Each year a minute trickle of young potential basketball players is going from Britain to the game's spiritual home in the USA, and in August 1985 a very recent KES leaver will be one such. Even though seventeen-year-olds win Wimbledon and set world swimming records, Chris Grimley's progress in basketball is quite impressive.

Whilst one accepts that he is physically well-suited to English basketball, being an athletic six feet five inches, it is his sheer determination and desire to succeed that have given him his chance. He has worked on some aspect of the game virtually every day for the last two years, on top of his academic commitment, and played and trained for three separate teams at the same time!

Like so many good games players at KES, he began in Martin Stead's U13 basketball team, but he began to show real potential when an aggressive Fourth-former in the U15 school team. Along with Andrew Crossley and Nick Willetts he represented Midlands Schools in the National U15 Tournament (held at KES) and although none were selected for the England U15 team for the home internationals, Chris was an eleventh hour replacement for England's traditional Easter tour to the continent. The England Junior Men's coach then selected Chris as a sixteen-year-old, and he subsequently played for two years and gained invaluable international experience. He has played all over Europe and also against Poland, Italy and China in the prestigious Mannheim tournament.

At home, Chris played three seasons for Birmingham in the National Junior League, this year as captain, winning the Junior Club Cup Competition. Birmingham Bullets also selected him early in the 1984-85 season to play in the National League Division 1. Once again, basketball at this level provided him with the opportunity to learn, playing with and against lightning-quick guards and huge American 'gorillas'.

In between all this, he played three full seasons for KES U19s, the last as captain, gaining three Birmingham Championship, three West Midland Championship and two National Final medals. Not a bad record, particularly when one considers the demands placed upon him by three separate coaches and an A-level programme. In this season for KES he played twenty-six matches, scoring an average of thirty points and taking twelve rebounds on each occasion.

If ever there was an immediate and first-hand testament to what can be achieved by genuine hard work and determination, this is it! Well done indeed, good luck in Florida for the forthcoming season, and perhaps a full international cap is not too far away.

S.B.

Chess

	P	W	L	D	Placed
KES 1	6	3	3	0	3rd
KES 2	6	0	6	0	1st
KES 3	7	1	6	0	7th
KES 4	5	4	0	1	1st
Dwell	5	2	3	0	4th

With the loss of four top players at the end of last season KES chess was unlikely to rise to great heights this year, and unlikely to threaten seriously the dominance of Queen Mary's. However, there were many sources of encouragement during the season, and, after a poor start, the 1st VI finished with three straight wins, whilst the 4th VI, ably led by Dipak Roy, retained their division title. In the quickplay tournament at the end of the season a weakened team did well to finish equal third out of sixteen against a strong opposition.

A few individuals distinguished themselves during the season: Jon Turnbull, Paul Trafford and Shaun Austin played for the Warwickshire County side at U18 level, whilst Sumeet Singhal and Andrew Harrap represented the U14 side. Sumeet Singhal and Jon Turnbull improved significantly in a strongly competitive first division, whilst Peter Ashton and Andrew Harrap performed with increasing confidence for the 2nd VI. David Yau merits a special mention for an unbeaten season in the 4th VI, whilst Andrew Lynn must have produced the most entertaining performance of the season when drafted into the 3rd VI at short notice to play the second game of chess of his life.

My thanks to all the team captains for their work, and to RLS, whose devotion and attention to chess convinced many players that the second master's job is not all that demanding! Prospects for next season are not excessively bright, but the current fifth formers may provide a 1st VI able to challenge Queen Mary's in two years time.

Shaun Austin, Sixths.

Bridge

This was another comparatively uneventful year as we competed in only four matches.

The first two were friendly matches between a total of five schools, with Sutton Coldfield Girls' School as the venue. None of the teams really dominated either event - except perhaps the Sutton Girls, who proved themselves to be inveterate losers.

The third event was the zonal heat of the *Daily Mail* National Schools' Bridge Knockout Competition. In this match we came an ignominious fourth out of seven teams, behind Blue Coat School, Queen Mary's GS (who went on to win the competition eventually) and, amazingly, Sutton Girls' School.

The high point of the year was in July when we, along with four other schools, were invited as guests of the Warwickshire Bridge group to a charity match against club players from all over the West Midlands, held in the Banqueting Suite in Birmingham Town Hall. Despite the disruption to preparation for the match caused by O- and A-levels, we came a creditable 33rd out of 59 teams and managed to sweep aside two of the other school teams by Victory Point margins of 19 to 1 against Sutton Girls' School (*again!*) and 20 to nil against Codsall School.

As three of the regular players - Eddie Simnett, Jon Slater and I - are leaving, Chris Baker is left to find three accomplices for next year's campaign. I wish him luck in his attempt to gain some more distinguished results.

Robert Hall, Sixths.

Cricket

	P	W	D	L	Abandoned
1st XI	20	10	7	2	1
2nd XI	8	5	1	1	1
U15 XI	4	1	1	2	–
U14 XI	8	3	3	2	–
U13 XI	6	4	0	1	1

1st XI

The XI had another successful season. The results do not give the whole picture of a season - more important is the manner of doing things. Runs were scored quickly - almost 70 an hour over the season - and the outcricket was generally purposeful. Much credit goes to three players: Nick Willetts, captaining the side for the second year and in his sixth season, compiled several large scores and brought his total in school cricket to around 3000. His left arm slow bowling was equally successful. Stephen Heath in his fifth season took fifty wickets again - his final haul of 63 equals that of D.A. Shuttleworth in 1977 and is the biggest this century. His batting prospered, and the opening pair of Willetts and Heath was highly successful. And when eventually one got out, Neil Martin came in a no. 3 with a fine display of hard hitting. Later batsmen had little practice but Andrew Crossley, who also kept wicket, Matthew Hills, Philip Silk and Jeremy Sharratt made useful contributions. The opening attack of Jon Crawford (brisk and sometimes erratic) and Edward Shedd (slower but generally straighter) were effective and backed up by keen ground fielding. Alas, the catching, especially in the slips, was a weak area. Indeed the system of fines for dropped catches was so well subscribed that at one stage it was thought that the dinner would be at the Albany, rather than the usual venue, the Selly Oak Fish Bar.

Prospects for 1986 without Willetts and Heath (who are both appearing in the final U19 England trial) must be less rosy but at least we shall all have the highly original (and somewhat non-mathematical) approach to scoring of Edward Andrew to look forward to in the long dark winter months.

D.H.B.

2nd XI

Irrespective of the result of our final match of the summer against Bromsgrove, this has been a good season by 2nd XI standards. It began with two convincing victories over Bishop Vesey's and Stourbridge, by eight wickets and 98 runs respectively. However, in true 2nd XI style, we were soundly beaten by Wrekin, due to poor fielding and worse batting. The side returned to winning ways against Wolverhampton, and a draw was achieved against a strong Solihull side. Rain played a major part in this season, causing several matches to be called off in advance, and in the match against Denstone, it put an end to a game which was finely balanced. After further cancellations, the side gained another two comfortable victories against Camp Hill by 79 runs, and King Henry VIII by 7 wickets.

My thanks go to David Conder for batting consistently well, and to Ian McNeish, Nicolas Fowler and William Pike for their accurate and effective bowling. My thanks also to Chris Plant for captaining the side in my absence, and especially to Mr Phillips for his help both off and on the field: we wish him well as he leaves us this year.

Finally my thanks to all those who helped, in any way, to make this a most enjoyable season.

Jeremy Sharratt, Sixth.

U15 XI

Never before has a season's cricket been as ruined by rain as this one. Of the fixtures on the school calendar only four were played. Of these we won one, lost one and drew two. At the time of going to press we have played two games in the Birmingham Schools League, of which one has been lost and the other won. There are still two to play. On such meagre evidence it is impossible to say much about the team except that it looks as if it might shake down into a useful side if it had the chance. Paul Inglis, the captain, is in considerable demand at the county ground and Chris Roberts and Sudhir Misra have been invited there, too. All members of the side have produced useful performances on occasions. The B team won very decisively the only fixture it managed to play, the one against Denstone. Altogether, a very frustrating season, entirely owing to the weather.

A.J.T.

U14 XI

This has not been a good season for the U14 XI. Nevertheless, there were many moments to savour and a good time was had by all.

Our season started with draws against Bishop Vesey's, when we were saved by snow (!) and Wrekin, when they just held on, 110 runs behind with two wickets standing. The highlight of the season was undoubtedly the convincing win against the old enemy, Solihull, in the Lord's Taverner's Trophy, although in the next round of the trophy, we were unfortunately beaten by Holte. In the Birmingham League, we had two easy wins against Kings Heath and Lordswood, but were defeated in successive games by Handsworth and Holte, owing to poor batting performances.

Thanks must go to Mr Crocker, for his fine coaching and umpiring; Mr Goodall, for umpiring when Mrs Crocker was expecting a baby; and Mark Ashby, for consistently scoring well.

Jonathan Pritchard, UMs.

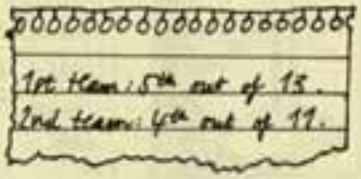
U13 XI

The season started badly with the first match, against Bishop Vesey's, being abandoned. After this, the weather improved and we met West House. 107 all out was a poor total to defend, but we dismissed them for 30. The next matches were against Solihull and Blue Coat and we won both comfortably. After a long wet period without a match, we defeated Bromsgrove and drew with King Henry VIII, and then the rain set in again.

Overall it was a good season - although the weather could have been kinder! I would like to thank Mr K. Jones and Mr Symonds for umpiring and organising everything, and thanks also to the team.

Chris Atkin, Removes.

Cross-Country



This year's team, not as strong on paper as in past years, ended the season in a very satisfactory position in the exceptionally strong Birmingham League.

All twelve runners who made up the A and B teams gave their all, and met with some degree of collective success. Especially pleasing with a view to the future, was the emergence of Neil Moxley and Neil Bates as excellent team runners, to add to the gutsy running of proven old stagers like Jason Bayliss, James Dunstan, Giles Dickson, Iain Tebbutt and Robert Barker. The influence of Robert Temple joining half way through the season from rugby would be hard to overstate.

For many of the first team, this was to be the final season, and it was decreed that we should exit in a blaze of glory. The 1st VI were not to let us down and walked away from the final race with the Foundation Cup!

On behalf of the whole option, I would like to thank Mr Workman and Mr Hill who tirelessly ferried our motley crew all over the Midlands and organised us into something like the team unit we finally proved ourselves to be.

Niels de Vos, Sixths.

Fencing

Played 16
Won 8
Drawn 5
Lost 3

This was a very successful year for fencing: the club played more matches and were rewarded by some good performances throughout. Public schools again proved tough opposition but a draw with Denstone was well-earned as was the victory in the Birmingham Schools' Team Foil Championship, although losing to Wolverhampton at the beginning of the season was unlucky.

The club received twenty new masks this year and will be branching out into the realms of sabre and épée next year, thanks to some very generous allowances, as well as maintaining - and improving on - the present equipment.

Thanks must go to Alex Jones and Brian Parkes, who came second and first respectively in the Birmingham Schools' Individual Competition, for their help during the year in fixing up matches; also to Messrs Lillywhite and Dodd for their work behind the scenes, and to Prof. P. Northam for his coaching, time and encouragement both in club sessions and at matches.

Simon Rhodes, Sixths.

Fives

Played 21
Won 11
Lost 8
Drawn 2

The 1984-5 season was a mixed one. Excellent results were achieved early on, most notably a victory against the 1984 University Champions: Loughborough University. However, the departure of Andrew Mole after Oxbridge meant the top VI lost both an experienced player as well as some much needed leeway for injuries or illness within the team. This combination of injury and illness led to some rather disappointing results in the latter part of the season.

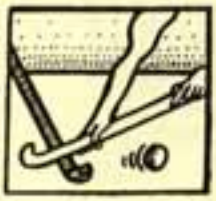
Encouraging signs for the future were the improvements shown by many players, particularly Robin Mason, James Courier and, lower down the school, Michael Francis and Christopher Dean. The side should continue to improve and mature over the next few seasons. The senior side especially will be expected to do well under the influences of Robin Mason and Jonathan Mole, who should be looking to win the Schools Open Championship in 1986.

Congratulations are to be given to Robin Mason and Jonathan Mole for receiving School Colours, and to Jonathan Turnbull, James Courier and Richard Smith for receiving Half Colours. Congratulations should also be given to Mike MacGeoch and Chris Jones for representing Scotland and Robin Mason the Rest of the World side.

Thanks must go to Mr Worthington for his continued support and encouragement, especially for the big effort put in to pass his driving test, enabling him to provide transport for the team.

Michael MacGeoch, Sixths.

Hockey



1st 11 –
Played 11, Won 4,
Drawn 3, Lost 4.

1st XI

The 1984-85 season started well for the 1st XI: following victories over Lordswood and KES 2nd XI, and a draw against Sheldon Heath, the team reached the final of the Buttle tournament. Handsworth Grammar were the opposition - the scores were level at full time, but we lost the match on penalties. Things were looking good with successive 2-1 victories over Five Ways and Warwick. However the team was then struck by a series of injuries, the most notable being to Lee Smith, a member of the 1st XI for three years, who suffered a badly bruised side and then torn ligaments in his wrist. Heavy defeats followed the Warwick match at the hands of Bishop Vesey's and Malvern. A 2-2 draw was a commendable result against an unbeaten Solihull team, but then we lost heavily to Bishop Vesey's a second time, and finished the season with a high-scoring draw at Warwick.

Some seventeen players represented the school, indicating a far from settled team. Top goal scorers were Chris Plant and Neil Anderson, each with five goals. Jeremy Thornton turned in numerous good performances (when he wasn't playing squash) and Tony Whitehouse usually did well in goal. The three younger players, Chris Baker, Matthew Hills and Phil Henrick, did well, and the 1st XI should have a more impressive record next year.

Thanks must be given to Mr Wills for his coaching and to Mr Cook for his umpiring. The groundsmen should also be congratulated for preparing the pitches so well, considering the weather conditions.

Simon Smallman, Sixths.

2nd XI

The hockey season for the 2nd XI was very much a non-event. Following the departure of Mr Burney, we had nobody to run the team, although Mr Lambie and Mr Cook both endeavoured to do so, given the limited amount of time they had available. The team played around five or six games, losing them all and only managing to score a couple of goals. The highlights of the season were Stuart Maslen's goal against Bishop Vesey's in which he ran the whole length of the field - and the oranges we had at half time against KE Five Ways. Despite the fact that team performances left a lot to be desired, the season was enjoyable and 'good for a laugh', if nothing else. Thanks must go to Mr Lambie and Mr Cook for attempting to impose some order amidst the chaos.

David Milne, Divisions.

Rugby

	P	W	D	L	F	A
XV	20	16	0	4	496	149
2nd XV	19	14	0	5	435	135
3rd XV	15	14	0	1	442	26
U16 XV	9	5	*	3	190	67
U15 XVa	18	12	1	5	395	209
U15 XVb	5	5	0	0	118	28
U14 XVa	16	8	0	8	244	272
U14 XVb	4	3	0	1	82	56
U13 XV	10	10	0	0	272	46
U12 XV	5	3	1	1	58	28

* 1 abandoned

1st XV

This year's 1st XV hinted at its possibilities with the swift despatch of DCE's XV and then the production of 116 points in the first two matches of the season. Success followed success with victories away at Loughborough, then at home against a most successful Nottingham High School - a new fixture.

However, there then came the suggestion of complacency with losses against King's School Worcester and Uppingham. But the team then produced its best performance of the season: a dominant, eager pack provided plentiful possession to three-quarters showing pace and, for once, an ability to pass and hence score points - 31 in all. This overwhelmed one of the most successful Bromsgrove teams since the war.

The season continued - matches against King Henry VIII Coventry, Bablake and Belmont Abbey all falling victim to the weather. The team was defeated only once more - by Bishop Vesey's. This was the only defeat of the second half of the season: the XV beat Solihull, Camp Hill, Lawrence Sheriff and QM Walsall among others.

Twelve of the Greater Birmingham Schools' squad were provided by the XV, Phil Silk and Andrew Crossley also being awarded blazer badges for their notable contributions to KES rugby. The Sevens Squad retained the Sutton Coldfield RFC trophy and achieved semi- and quarter-final placings in other tournaments.

Overall, it was a successful season, thanks predominantly to the continued and continual effort of Mr Everest and

our regular parent supporters. Our thanks are also due to the rugby secretary, Simon Hill, for confirming both fixtures and referees for every match of the season.

Next year promises to be good: ten of us will return.

Tasso Gazis, Divisions.

2nd XV

The season's results have been most encouraging with few defeats to record - including Wolverhampton RGS 1st XV - and a general high level of spirit and skill to review. The side integrated well, despite the inevitable turnovers necessitated by illness, experimental changes (demotion to the 1st XV or promotion to the storming 3rd XV) or sheer old age: Hitchcock, Austin and Mason clearly succumbed!

The pack applied their craft well, and combined general mobility with real technique at scrum, line-out and often ruck. On some occasions the backs failed to use the ball to maximum effect - though their general lot cannot be happy when given a surfeit of possession and told to attack from any position at any time! It was good to see real speed and co-ordination on the wings by younger players, supported by ambitious full-back incursions. Thus the side generally played well, even managing to overcome their aversion to mud! Highlights include a heroic rearguard action to beat Loughborough (10-0), destruction of King's Worcester on a balmy day on the Severn meadows below the Cathedral, defeat by a fine Nottingham HS side (18-12) and a comfortable win against Bromsgrove. Most important, however, was the pleasant demeanour of a side based increasingly on Divisions, who at all times represented the school with quiet distinction.

My thanks to the stalwarts who leave - although there are some twenty or so (!) 2nd XV players returning next season, so prospects look rosy. Get training!

P.M.S.

3rd XV

This was the best ever season for a school 3rd XV to date. The statistics do not quite reveal the scale of success. The 3rd XV scored almost a hundred tries and conceded only four. The one defeat - against Uppingham away - saw three tries conceded by a much weakened side (most of the 'regulars' were in the 2nd XV) in rather curious circumstances to a very strong side. Otherwise, the season was a glorious one with notable victories secured at Warwick, RGS Worcester and Solihull.

The strength in depth of rugby at the top of the school meant that many boys who most years would have been 2nd XV players have spent most of the time in the 3rds and, as virtually all the side will be back next year, the prospects for an even better season are bright. I would like to thank the six boys who captained the side during the year and single out for special mention Jamie Constable, Martin Crowley and Marcus Hughes.

As a sign of how far things have changed from the days of the 'old style' 3rd XV (see various old *Chronicles* for details) boys were even asking for team practices. The pressure was resisted in case the spell was broken. England have squad sessions: who wants to play like them?

J.R.R.E.

U16 XV

Rugby should be played in a physically controlled manner, with all efforts channelled towards team cohesion and the scoring of tries, but unfortunately most members of the U16 team had great difficulty in appreciating this. Individuals preferred to establish themselves by means of excessive physical presence, retaliation, argument and general dissent. Consequently the quality of rugby was poor and seven of the matches were unpleasant and worthless affairs. One produced a very easy win, and the other showed a brief glimmer of hope when the previous season's heavy home defeat by Warwick was adequately reversed.

I trust that eventually the players realise that rugby, like all other sports, must be played as a socially acceptable game and not all-out war.

S.B.

U15 XV

This was a good season with the team playing skilfully and competently on most occasions. The season began with a series of five wins in which the side played very well, especially against Loughborough and RGS Worcester, when we fought back to gain victories after being behind at half-time. However, there then followed a series of three losses and innumerable permutations of the back row and it became evident a new scrum half was needed. Eventually Ashley Hoare returned to the team in this position and Paul Inglis, at fly half, finally received the ball in front of him.

The rest of the season proceeded with the victories as the norm, except for a hard game against Solihull School where a 4-4 draw was recorded.

Unfortunately, the season ended at a low ebb as the team was defeated by Solihull School in the final of the Birmingham Schools Cup. In this match the team were well placed at 3-0 following a penalty by Chris Roberts, but disaster struck in the fact that Paul Inglis, who has been playing very well, had to leave the field with a suspected broken nose.

The last games of the season took the form of a sevens competition in which the team played progressively better to end up winners at the end of the day and the season.

Thanks must go to the members of staff concerned with coaching us - notably Mr Edwards - and prospects appear good for next season.

Michael Cooper, Fourths.

U14 XV

A disappointing start to the season occurred when heavy defeats against Loughborough GS, Rugby and RGS Worcester reflected a poor attitude in training and a lack of team spirit. However, the team did respond to the pleas of the coach for a more determined and consistent effort both in practice and on the field of play: and victories were achieved against Warwick, Belmont Abbey, King's Worcester and Bromsgrove.

With a '15 man approach', the team began to play with confidence and indeed produced a number of memorable passages of play. Although the strength of the team was in its teamwork, a number of individuals deserve a special mention: Blenkinsop was a captain who led by example; Aston proved to be a strong running, huge and intimidating scrum-half; Hill and Clifford in the centre positions tackled awesomely at times and distributed the ball well; Hockley was an elusive, quick and skilful winger who scored many impressive tries; and Pritchard - 'the find of the season' - as full-back produced a number of scores by his frequent entries into the line.

It finished a creditable season, and the team has the ability to succeed, although to do so it must train hard and compete consistently!

M.R.

U13 XV

This season has been a very successful one and we have remained unbeaten, defeating four of the five teams who beat us last year. The one that got away was Warwick, and the match against them was cancelled owing to bad weather. We also won the Greater Birmingham Cup, beating Great Barr in the final.

Our success came from disciplined approaches on the field, and mistakes were kept to a minimum. Our backs were lacking in speed but since we were able to deny the opposition much ball there is the basis for developing a wider game.

I should like to thank Mr Stead for his advice and encouragement throughout the season.

Michael Follett, Removes.

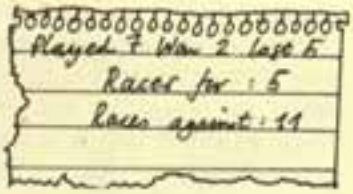
U12 XV

This was a most encouraging season. Having lost all the early matches to the weather, a draw against Loughborough and conceding only two tries against Solihull were promising performances. Thereafter, the tackling and ball-winning ensured three convincing victories over more experienced sides. The half-backs were most impressive, and the forwards finished the season playing as an aggressive unit.

Thanks are due to Mr Phillips, Mr Roden and Mr K. Jones for their coaching and refereeing, both of which were crucial to the team's success!

Oliver Bishop, Shells.

Sailing



This was no *annus mirabilis* for the sailing team. Out of seven matches sailed, there were only two victories, and one of these was against the vastly inexperienced (bar one 'mystery guest') KEHS. The only other school to fall at our hands was Repton.

Twice we sailed against Solihull, and twice we lost. The first time, handicapped by the loss of certain navy men to expeditions weekend, we managed to escape with a thrashing, but back on home territory, we at least gave them a run for their money. For our two trips to Cheltenham College, we were provided with all the traditional ingredients of the fixture: the tide, the narrowness of their river (to be seen to be believed), plenty of wind and multiple protesting, demonstrated not least by the captain's valiant effort to salvage the fixture in the protest room. Tim Panter, who earned himself the title of the least lucky crew ever to represent the school, discovered an additional hazard: the supposed river-banks turned out to be composed of something akin to quicksand.

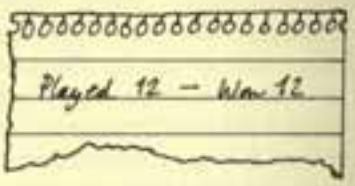
We at least sampled success again when Repton visited us at Bittell. The wind speed was an enthralling nil, and, having discarded all water-proof equipment, the heavens promptly opened. We gave them a lesson in handling such conditions - in fact two of their boats didn't even make the first mark in the last race.

We rounded off the fullest fixture list for some years with a defeat at the hands of Bromsgrove, but they did after all have a national champion in their team! We made it a close thing, despite a tiny slip-up from the captain in the first race, moving from first place to last in a matter of minutes. Dave Derry moved into the entertainment business in the second race, giving us two capsizes and falling out at various stages.

Thanks are due to Ms Barnett, our new Team Manager (but reluctant tactician), and Mr McIlwaine, our bo's'un, for between them sharing the duties of Race Officer, chauffeur, rescue facilities etc...

James Pickworth, Sixths.

Squash



This has been a highly successful season for the squash team, which remained virtually unchanged from last year. Under the guidance of TBT, the team pulverised all local opposition and remained unbeaten in 'friendly matches'. We also reached the final of the Sportsco Warwickshire tournament - where we were convincingly beaten by the mighty Solihull Sixth Form College - and the fourth round of the nationals, losing in an exciting match to Oakham School. Apart from this, there was only one defeat in the season: to the Old Eds by a narrow margin.

For the second season running the team has been under the captaincy of Pete Branson, whose professional approach has helped to establish him beyond any reasonable doubt the school's top player. As last year, there has been some healthy competition below him, but Jeremy Thornton, James Pickworth and Robert Grierson have been unable to make any impression on the number 1 spot. Strength in depth has, however, made the team particularly strong in the middle order where only a handful of individual matches were lost. The team was completed by Paul Mukerji, Crispin Hills and, when available, James Jefferson.

Our junior team, led by the same James Jefferson, did not have such a successful time. They only came together for the Sportsco tournament and were beaten in the second round by Arden School. There are a number of promising youngsters in the lower half of the school, however, and although the team for next year will be a comparatively young one, the future prospects for KES squash look very good.

Thanks are due to Mr Tomlinson for his effective organisation and invaluable coaching hints. It would be nice to think that our heaviest defeat of the year, a 5-0 defeat in the Sportsco final, was not due to a lack of talent, but rather to the fact that he wasn't there...

James Pickworth, Sixths.

Swimming

	Played	Won	Lost
U12	5	5	0
U13	6	6	0
U14	8	7	1
U15	1	1	0
U16	9	8	1
Overall	14	14	0 !
Water-Polo	6	5	1

The results speak for themselves. This year's swimming team was completely unrivalled by any school on our fixtures list. No one came close to beating us. For the first time in recent years, the team swept the board at the Kings Norton Schools' Championships, winning all three age groups. The performance of the senior team in the Championships was particularly impressive, the individual swimmers and relay teams winning every race.

Full of confidence, the team launched itself into the summer season. Success came easily, and on the rare occasion when the opposition was going to win a race, KES seemed to cheer on the opposition swimmer even more loudly than their own team.

Only two results need further explanation. The junior age group, defeated at Warwick, was badly under strength, missing four of its best swimmers, whose excuses ranged from an athletics match to a torn hamstring. Similarly, the inter team defeated by Bromsgrove had been stripped of the entire fourth year contingent owing to a geography field trip. I should like to extend my thanks to all those swimmers who covered for absent colleagues at these fixtures.

I must point out that the team's success this summer is undoubtedly the result of regular training sessions, both with clubs and in the revamped KEHS pool throughout the autumn and spring terms. Success has been the just reward for a lot of hard work.

In the junior age group, Darren Haywood and Miles Parker excelled, usually beating swimmers a year older than themselves. Similarly, Des Burley and Mike Cooper of the inter team regularly outswam opposition older than themselves. The unbeaten senior team consisted of John Hatton (the seniors' only club swimmer, who broke the 100 yard Fly record by an an incredible ten seconds); James Morris, our fly swimmer; Paul Weston, who seemed to come second to John in all the breaststroke races; and Rhid Bramley and I: we left backstrokers across the Midlands in our wake, finishing the season without having lost a race between us. Mat Dolman and Rich Hoskison filled in the gaps.

I would like to thank all the team members for faithfully turning up to matches, even during exam leave, and Paul Weston in particular, who has done a tremendous job as secretary. I should also like to thank the recorders and time-keepers, especially the regulars, including Richard Fowler (recorder) and Mr Dodd, Mr Hatton, Mr Perry, Mr Straker and Mr Weston; those parents who helped with transport; and the dining hall staff for their nutritional support. Finally, Mr Owen with his unmistakeable starting technique must be thanked, together with Mr Wills, without whom the swimming team would not exist.

Water Polo

As the results show, this was a very successful season for a keen team who found the opposition a little less eager. Only four matches were played (*until the Swimming Sports, Ed.*) after our opponents offered such feeble excuses as 'The water's too cold' or 'We're too tired'. Team performance was good all round, although special mention should be made of David Somerset in attack and Mike Cooper in defence. There are many promising youngsters coming up through the ranks, so the team should continue its success. Many thanks to Mr Wills for his help and enthusiasm for the sport.

Dave Somerset, Sixths.

Table Tennis

After the departure of its force and guiding light (Mark Embley), the U19 team was not set for the most successful of seasons. Our apprehension proved well-founded. All matches were keenly contested, however, and the results hide the credibility of some of our performances.

Chris Plant and 'Duane' Conder were regulars throughout the season, with the third slot causing a dilemma. Would it be the smooth, elegant style of Mark Chivers, or the direct, crushing blows delivered from the bat of Sean Connolly? Whatever the choice, the team was always full of wit and good humour, even in defeat.

The U15s had a mixed season, also losing a number of close games, but they did manage to defeat the eventual champions in their section. The team was ably captained by Edward Foster, who will be welcomed with open arms by the U19s next season.

Thanks are due to APR for his encouragement and his willingness to pick up a bat to show young players what happens if they never practise!

Chris Plant, Divisions.

Tennis

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
1st VI	8	7	1	0
U16 VI	3	2	0	1

1st VI

The 1st VI once again had a successful season, with a team unchanged from last year. Robert Grierson (captain) and Paul Hill were superseded as first pair by Simon Booth and Duncan Grierson, whilst the third pair, Chris Baker and Matthew Upton, brought up the rear in admirable style. I would also like to thank James Haddleton for his contribution to the fortunes of the third pair.

The 1st VI was able to win the majority of its matches with relative ease, beating Wrekin, Repton, Bishop Vesey's (twice), Camp Hill and Five Ways, amongst others. We did, however, meet with tougher opposition in the form of Solihull 1st VI, who forced us to a draw. In the U19 BSLTA tournament at Tally Ho! the second pair reached the final. The first pair won the equivalent U16 event, and the third pair reached the semi-finals. In the U14 event Oliver Backhouse and Peter Taylor also lost in the semi-finals. For the third consecutive year the 1st VI reached the area final of the Glanvill Cup. We came in third position behind the winners Millfield and runners-up Eton College, forcing Bristol Grammar into last place.

Particularly worthy of mention is Simon Booth, who has continued to distinguish himself this year by representing Great Britain in the U16 team. Simon's talents will be sorely missed when he leaves us for High Wycombe School in September, where he will be able to take full advantage of the National Tennis facilities at Bisham Abbey. I wish him all the best in the future and hope he goes far in tennis.

Thanks must go to Mr Tomlinson for his tireless efforts for the tennis teams this year, and I wish him the very best of seasons in the future.

Robert Grierson, Sixths.

Simon Booth

Simon's sporting background is very impressive - his father won an Oxford Blue for tennis, captained the Oxford team and also played in a joint Oxford/Cambridge team which played Harvard/Yale, and was for many years a Cheshire county player. Simon's mother is considered by some to be the finest amateur lady golfer never to have played for England, and was a Staffordshire county player for a number of years.

Simon's debut on the national tennis scene was in 1980 when he played in the national U12 tournament at Eastbourne, though with little success. However, in September 1982 he won the West Midlands regional, beating Duncan Grierson, also at KES. Then, due to several good performances against national squad players in the L.T.A. Saab Winter Series, he was invited to play in the following year and beat the No.1 national U14 player. Simon qualified for the grand final of the Saab Series and did well despite a fresh rugby injury. He was invited to join the national U14 squad training at Bisham Abbey.

In Easter 1983 Simon won both the U14 and the U16 Tournaments at Oxford, and represented Great Britain during the summer in the Corpe del Sol, the European U14 Championship. He won the Warwickshire U16 tournament, but because of mumps, was not at his best at the

national U16 tournament at Eastbourne.

In the 1983/4 Saab Winter Series, Simon again performed well and was invited to join the national U16 squad, being reserve for the Great Britain team in the Jean Borotra European U16 Team Championship, playing in one match. That summer he won the Warwickshire U18 tournament, and was ranked No.5 in Great Britain. Simon also represented his country against Germany, Sweden and Holland. His best achievement to date came in March 1985 when he won the Saab Grand Final, which is, in effect, the national covered court championships. He has been invited to join the national squad at Bisham Abbey, and will be allowed to train there while doing his A-levels at Royal Grammar School, High Wycombe. These are really tremendous achievements, but Simon has always remained modest and unassuming, and he should be congratulated for that too. He will certainly be missed at KES, and we wish him luck with both his tennis and his academic career.

T.B.T.

U16 VI and U15 VI

The U16 team had a relatively successful season in their smaller number of fixtures, beating Solihull and Wrekin conclusively. The team suffered defeat at the hands of Warwick, yet it is worth remembering that four of the regular 1st VI players still qualify for the U16 age group, on whose talent the U16 team is thus unable to draw. Nevertheless, the members of the U16 team show promise, most notably Matthew Upton and Oliver Backhouse. I would also like to thank Nicholas Jowett, Gavin Nicol, James Booth, Michael Follett and Peter Taylor for their efforts this season, which are most appreciated.

The U15 team are still competing in the Midland Bank tournament, in which they have as yet unfortunately been unable to play a match, owing to the teachers' industrial action. Prospects look good for future rounds!

Robert Grierson, Sixths.

Walking Option

The Walking Team has proved outstandingly successful this season in both regional and national competitions. We scooped the Junior, Intermediate and Senior prizes in the Birmingham finals early in the summer term, and a particularly fine performance by R. Tibbott in the Geriatrics class led to our overall position of third in the national league tables.

This is, of course, complete and utter rubbish. If the self-styled 'Walking Team' gets further than the bottom of the drive, it is considered quite an achievement - and a quite sufficient excuse for wandering off home with a feeling of an afternoon well spent. Nevertheless, this limited exercise has proved too much for our august leader, Mr Tibbott, who had to drop out at the beginning of the summer term, excuses such as 'too much work' dropping from his lips as the more accurate 'couldn't stand the pace' formed itself on ours. However, even limited experience of his successor - Mr Cumberland - suggests one immeasurable advantage, for he seems actually able to read - and understand - a map, whereas Mr Tibbott would stare vainly at it, then lead us straight into the bog he was trying to avoid.

So onwards with the Option, and as the invective falls upon it from more physically able members of the upper school, recall that 'oftentimes defeat is splendid.'

Rupert Ward, Sixths.

SUMMARY OF SCHOOL CLUB INCOME & EXPENDITURE
APRIL 1984 — MARCH 1985

INCOME

Subscriptions	£4258.00
School Club no.1 a/c	£4500.00
Governors' Grant	£1140.00
Governors' Trust Funds	£206.95
ISG Grant	£370.00
Hon. Members	£7.50
Interest	£113.41
Parents' Association	£346.58
Basketball Tours	£613.00
- repayable	£806.00
Fencing fees	£10.00
OE Grant	£25.00
GBSRU	
	£12,396.54

EXPENDITURE

Rugby	£27[illegible]
Cricket	£165
Hockey	£64[illegible]
Athletics	£655
Fencing	£875
Basketball	£425
Swimming	£406.[illegible]
Fives	£347.6[illegible]
Chess	£240.3[illegible]
Sailing	£152.46
Tennis	£127.36
Squash	£109.64
Basketball Tours	£553.00
Cross - Country	£77.21
Walking	£38.04
Table - Tennis	£30.46
Bridge	£20.85
Golf	£3.36
Orienteering	£2.70
Badminton	£1.75
PSG	£384.93
School Club - Calendars	
- Rules	£937.30
Chronicle	£1400.00

Closed Circle	£58.30
Geographical	£36.40
Field Studies	£20.00
Literary	£33.00
Debating	£27.18
Amateur Radio	£53.46
Historical	£17.18
Film	£8.00
Eurodrama	£5.50
Schools Challenge	£34.32
	£11,956.16

Excess of Income over Expenditure	
	£12,396.54 -
	£11,956.16
£	440.38

B.J. Nightingale, Treasurer.

24 / 3 / 85

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Should you wish to have some reward for your endeavours simply write to us at Porsche. In return for the seven correct numbers, we will happily send you a very collectible poster.

■ Only once has a Porsche claimed a Formula 1 victory. Which year was it?

1955 ☐	1971 ☐	1962 ☐

■ Apart from the new 944 Turbo, how many other road-going Porsches have been turbocharged?

6 ☐	3 ☐	2 ☐

■ How many times has Jacky Ickx won Le Mans for Porsche?

5 ☐	4 ☐	6 ☐

■ The Porsche 917-30, produced in 1972, was probably the fastest racing car in the world. Fitted with a 5.4 litre, flat-12 cylinder, twin-turbo-charged engine, it was capable of accelerating from 0-125 mph in 5.3 seconds. What brake horsepower did the engine have?

600 bhp ☐	750 bhp ☐	1100 bhp ☐

■ In which year was the 928 voted Car of the Year?

1978 ☐	1979 ☐	1980 ☐

■ The Porsche 911 was originally intended to have another numerical designation, but Peugeot had already registered it. What was that number?

901 ☐	904 ☐	909 ☐

■ How many victories did the Porsche developed TAG Turbo powered Marlboro McLaren cars achieve in the 1984 Formula One World Championship for Constructors?

12 ☐	9 ☐	6 ☐

■ Total: 5960

Send your seven selected numbers to:

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