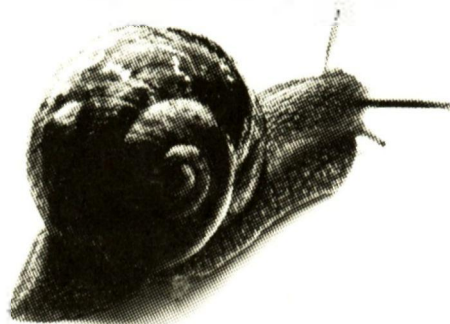


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BARCLAYS

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CHRONICLE PRIZES

Creative Writing - Senior:
Junior:

Indraneel Datta, Fifths.
Paul Mitchell, Upper Middles.

Picture Prizes - Graphics:
Photography:

Simon Hill, Sixths.
Edward Andrew, Sixths.
Nick Varley, Sixths.

BDH Chemicals' Prize for Humour:

Michael Robins, Sixths.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of school magazines from these contemporaries: Dulwich College, Eton College, King's Worcester, King's Canterbury, Malvern College, Repton School, Warwick School, K.E.H.S., Edgbaston High School for Girls and Worksop College.

The Editors.

EDITORIAL



Toby Carpenter: In 1966, a letter to the editors of the *Chronicle* complained that 'the magazine is not, as it should be, an organ of school opinions as well as events, but merely the preserve of an enthusiastic but very limited section'. A very fair comment: the *Chronicle* does, unfortunately, lack opinions and humour. Yet the letter goes on to ask the editors to 'remedy this state of affairs soon'. This shows that the author was either indescribably moronic or else had a personal grudge against the editors. For what can we do? We could force people into writing articles through physical violence (Jack is said to prefer this). We could nag people *ad nauseam*. We might get a devoted few to write even more articles.

But as long as such sanctimonious and apathetic imbeciles as the author of that letter continue to complain about the *Chronicle* without bothering to get off their backsides to write an article (Oh! The effort!), then we cannot change anything.

We have taken two steps to try to improve the magazine. We have taken the Words & Pictures section and split it up into various little sectionettes. We hope that this will stop people ignoring the cultural side of the magazine by simply turning over that 'arty rubbish' *en bloc*. We have also considerably enlarged our Features section. This is no longer simply a convenient device for fitting in all the articles which won't fit in elsewhere. Our section contains interviews with famous people (Bill Oddie, Tom Hosty), features on the innovations and changes in the school, opinions and lots more.

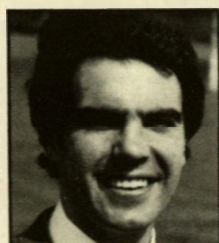
We can only hope that these changes will act as a catalyst for further development of the magazine. And if anybody tries to say anything even remotely akin to *that* letter, we'll set Jack onto them. He hasn't been fed for a couple of weeks...



Martin Crowley: An explanation is due as to why we chose Jack as Advisory Editor to this year's *Chronicle*, breaking the tradition of having an English teacher in charge. The reason was, in fact, quite simple: feeling we could handle the 'arty' side of the magazine ourselves, we decided we wanted someone with a talent for organisation, who could chase up the supposed authors of non-existent articles... who better than Jack Jenkins? Our faith was well-founded: Jack's formidable energy and efficiency have made our job of looking after the content of the magazine much easier, and for this we thank him.

Our thanks are also due to Jack's predecessor, Kate Barnett. The five *Chronicles* to which she was Advisory Editor were increasingly sophisticated, and her influence will be felt for a long time. We express our thanks to someone whose intelligence, vitality and charm will be much missed.

As joint editor, I must also acknowledge the fact that this magazine is more Toby's baby than anyone else's; while I travelled the world, Toby slaved over a hot word-processor, mastering the art of high-speed, high-technology, three-fingered typing, for which I thank him.



Jack Jenkins: It came as a real surprise when I was approached to act as Advisory Editor to the *Chronicle*. In my nine years as a school master, I have undertaken many diverse tasks, but nothing at all in the literary field. Except of course for my 'A' level Economics textbook, to which I thought I'd just give a quick mention in passing!! It doesn't help that Kate Barnett is a very tough act to follow. However, I guess that if you are reading this, then we made it! I must say that without Messrs Carpenter and Crowley, none of this would have been possible - Murdoch and Maxwell had better watch out! My thanks must also go to: Mrs Gibbs, Mrs Morgan and Mrs Perrins for their help and support in our struggles with the beast from IBM; the Resources Centre team of Ray Fisher,

Andrew Furborough, Tom Kelly and Geoff Astle in the Foundation Office for their advice and technical expertise; Mr Bailey and the rest of the porters for not making K.E.S. a boarding school; the Chief Master, the School Club and our advertisers for their financial backing; and finally to everybody else in the team who played a part in the editing, collating, writing and typing of this magazine. (P.S. I'm sorry for all the bullying and swearing that I had to do on occasion to get our copy in on time.)

THE TEAM



NICK VARLEY



ANDREW TODD



GUY EVANS



TIM FRANKS



LEWIS HANDS



GURSHARAN
RANDHAWA

For reasons of vanity, the following did not want their photographs to be printed:

Ben Franks; Neil Moxley; Richard Batsford; Guy Llewellyn; Chris Evans.

SUMMARY OF SCHOOL CLUB INCOME AND EXPENDITURE APRIL 1985 — MARCH 1986

INCOME	£
Subscriptions	5511.00
School No.1 Account	2500.00
Governors' grant	1173.73
P.S.G.grant	400.00
School Photograph	1610.41
Fencing fees	840.00
Basketball Tour	930.00
Parents' Association	257.66
Trust funds	224.62
Interest	131.77
Bromsgrove Match Coach	32.00
O.E.A.	10.00
Hon. Members	7.00
	<hr/>
	£13628.19
	<hr/>
 Excess of expenditure over income:	
	 £ 14391.91
	£ 13628.19 -
	<hr/>
	£ 763.72
	<hr/>

EXPENDITURE	£
Rugby	2890.86
Cricket	1892.30
Basketball	789.00
Fencing	675.00
Athletics	653.78
Hockey	628.63
Swimming	421.19
Fives	311.54
Chess	207.43
Tennis	184.41
Sailing	162.22
Cross Country	145.58
Squash	43.70
Walking	43.40
Bridge	29.00
Badminton	22.70
Golf	10.08
Table Tennis	2.40
Basketball Tour	778.37
Chronicle	1540.00
School Club (inc. calendars)	563.05
Amateur Radio	62.38
Literary Society	87.50
Geographical Society	50.30
Anagnostics	42.85
Closed Circle	39.55
Shakespeare Society	26.00
Eurodrama	20.00
Debating Society	19.05
Historical Society	15.00
Railway Society	9.00
Schools' Challenge	7.15
School Photograph	1561.80
P.S.G.	456.69
	<hr/>
	£14391.91

B.J. Nightingale (Treasurer), 24/3/86

HELLOS ...

JOHN EVANS

Can you tell us about your background, upbringing, previous jobs etc.?

I was brought up in a small town in West Wales, but I lost touch with Wales from the age of eight, when I was sent away to a prep. school over the border. Then followed a pretty well undiluted classical curriculum at Shrewsbury School, national service in the Sudan and what is now Ethiopia, and then Cambridge, where I read the full Classics course and stayed on a fourth year to read Part II Law. My first teaching job was in Nigeria, but I returned after four years to teach Classics at Radley College, where I was head of department. The public school system has given a lot to me, but I have always felt that it ought not really to exist, so after seven years, I left to teach in the state system, becoming deputy head of a Grammar school in Basingstoke and then head of a Grammar school in Surrey. This was during the late 1960's: I am a firm believer in Grammar schools and was appalled at the local political fighting which went on in the move towards comprehensivisation during those years - and in which I inevitably became involved. This was the era of 'great educational disasters' in my opinion, and after my second experience of being 'reorganised', I decided to leave the system and do something entirely different. I took a year off and went to Oxford to read Theology. I returned to teaching as a Second Master at Eastbourne College for



Nick Varley, Sixths.

eight years and then went to Shrewsbury School in a vaguer role, from where I accepted a suggestion which led me here.

As Head of General Studies, do you intend to change the way the subject is taught in the Sixth Form?

I shall do my best to get as many different courses as possible operating; also to arrange occasional talks by interesting outside speakers - a risky business, but well worth persisting with in my opinion. I would ideally like to see more courses in subjects not formally taught at school, but which some may go on to study at university, such as Architecture, Law, Philosophy and so on. But of course no Head of General Studies, here or anywhere else, can plan a coherent syllabus, because he is reliant upon what help is given him by the various departments which have their own pressing 'A' level demands to fulfil. I must add that I am extremely grateful for the willing help given, but change is more likely to be cosmetic than radical. But the Extra Studies/Options system which operates here means that at King Edward's there is far more non-'A' level teaching than at any other school at which I have taught.

Will you be restricted solely to General Studies in the senior school, or will you be teaching some other subjects?

I teach some Greek in the Sixths and some Latin in the Shells. This, I hope, will continue, but whether it expands or not will, I imagine, depend upon how the Gifted Children Project develops (see Features).

What impressions have you formed of K.E.S. during your first year?

Relief at being released from the claustrophobic atmosphere of a boarding school: day schools are far more relaxed and normal. Other things - a general seriousness about academic work, unexpectedly attractive grounds, an incredibly good school orchestra, a very agreeable, unfussy atmosphere, a willingness to speak up during General Studies lessons, very nice pictures on the walls and excellent school lunches.

Mr Evans, thank you very much.

RAY WILLEY

Ray comes from the North-East of England. Having studied Design at Newcastle and Aston, he formed an interior design company with some of his colleagues. One project was a big store in Birmingham, 'Pennywise'. He then became involved in a leisure housing company. In 1973, however, a crisis forced him to quit this. Learning from some friends that Design was taking off as a subject in secondary schools, Ray got an Art Teacher's Diploma. He taught for a year and a half at a school in North Warwickshire and then went to London, where he developed Design as a core-curriculum subject.

In a major interview for **'Chronicle'**, Ray Willey explains his role as the Small Piece Design Fellow and tells us about the new Design centre.

What do you feel is the role of design in our society? Many people feel that there is too much emphasis given to the sciences.

That's a fair comment, but it's understandable. Because of the requirements of society, it seems to me that there is a great deal of emphasis on the sciences and the theoretical subjects as an indication of status in society. There's not a great deal of emphasis given to the arts and the practical side of design. It seems that the skill of someone who can work through a problem and think laterally is an underrated one in our society. But there are very strong signs that people are beginning to realise that this is an necessary requirement. The new examination system is based on a more problem-solving approach to subject matters, and this is happening right across the board, not just in design.

The aim of design is to stretch people's minds, to get them to think in a lateral dimension, to get them to appreciate that we can affect all that is around us - our environment, our homes, our products. Design affects everybody - everybody should be more aware of it.

It seems to me that there is an awakening in the country as a whole, certainly at a political level, to the need for design. It probably says something about us that we actually need to have a minister for design. Germany, Japan, France, Italy, everyone seems to recognise that design is important. They know that if they have well-designed products, people will buy them, industry will profit, there will be more money put back into the country, and therefore develop the social schemes and whatever. We, on the other hand, need to debate whether design is important. We need to have prolonged discussions. We're having an industry year at the moment. Germany hasn't found the

need to have an industry year because the people there take it for granted that it is a necessary thing. We are postulating and debating, and really at the end of the day unless something positive is done about it we will cease to be in the top league of manufacturing nations. That will be a great shame considering our history with the industrial revolution and so on. There are still many talented designers in the country today.

What is your involvement with the new art and design block?

It's my job to liaise with the architect in order that they do what we want them to do. It's a unique opportunity, because often these things are imposed on you, they'll say, this is the new design centre, you go and work in it. So this is a rare opportunity for Mr Hopley, Mr Stoker and myself to get together with the architect and specify what we want.

When will the centre be ready?

Probably three years from now. My contract is on a three year basis, and I have a half teaching timetable in order to give me time to work with the architect. At the moment, I've just finished working on a brochure which the Chief Master will use to go out and raise the money to build it, because you see, all the money is being raised from industry, with a minimal contribution from the school.

What will the course consist of?

A design course is like a wedge. In the first year, the thick end of the work is teacher-supported design, because design depends on experience of systems and materials, and obviously a first year won't have this experience. So you can't throw an open-ended design decision at him because he won't know how to handle it, he's got to be given certain guide-lines. So the design decision is minimised: they do take some decisions, but controlled ones. The majority of the project work is done on a discussion basis, where I lead them through the design process. The aim is to familiarise them with design terminology and design methods.

Gradually as they go through the school, the teacher support diminishes so that by the time they get to the fourth or fifth year (that's one of things we're not sure about yet) they'll be on their own. Some will find it difficult because they are used to being given facts and information and then regurgitating them to pass exams. What I'm saying to them will be: 'This is a problem, you solve it.' I'll give them the guidelines and the tools to solve it, but they'll have to do the thinking, they'll have to develop initiative and find their own solution to the problem. The



Simon Sadler, Sixths.

aim of the subject is to develop all these abilities and to become an individual, making decisions for yourself. I think that this form of problem-solving can be used right across the board and to solve problems right throughout life.

We may get someone, especially at 'A' level, who's working on a project which goes outside our own specialism. At that point we get someone who can help him, making links with industry or universities, someone with specialist advice.

Will it be linked to any other subjects?

Hopefully it will integrate subjects, because undoubtedly the specialist areas in science will have a part to play. I'm already having lengthy talks with Dr Bridges about the overlap with the design application of computers not only graphically but in terms of three-dimensional modelling and in terms of production control.

So there are aspects of design which are technological as well as aspects which are aesthetic. I would put myself firmly in the middle: I am a product industrial designer and my brief is to cover all of this area, so I appreciate the need to integrate all these areas. The course will attempt to emulate this realistic approach, a similar approach to real life. I've always thought, having come into education through the back door, as it were, that the compartmentalisation and the specialisation of subjects is in many ways

the antithesis of life. The majority of people need to assimilate lots of information to solve problems that arise in life. I've found that I rarely use the specialist information I have been taught. It's really a question of knowing where to go for the information and of having access to the information. Of course there is a need for specialists in society in terms of research and development, but I think there's more of a need to take what the specialists have developed and then to put it to practical use in society - and that is what design is all about.

What will be the advantages over the facilities we have at the moment?

Well, the facilities we have at the moment are pretty poor, to be frank. The facilities of my previous school and of many others I have seen far outweigh what we have here. In the craft workshop, Mr Hopley has had to work in really basic conditions with the equipment he has. The course that I will be expected to develop will be specifically for K.E.S., which it is hoped will become a model for the rest of the country. It's an ambitious project and I think that in this sense the Chief Master has a remarkable vision. I think that this is quite a brave thing to do, to introduce design as a core curriculum subject into a school like K.E.S.

What materials will be used?

There will be more emphasis on plastic processes - vacuum forming, injection moulding, fibre glass work, whatever the problem demands. But the materials to be used depend upon the decision. So it's not a question of today we're going to do woodwork and tomorrow plastics work etc. We have those materials available in the Design centre. So we give them the problems and they use whatever they think is necessary.

Finally, have you enjoyed your time here so far?

Yes, I'm actually for the first time in a long time involved in a design situation myself. I've found my previous teaching jobs to be mainly concerned with the administrative and disciplinary problems of being a head of department. I've got a certain amount of freedom at the moment, in order to apply my philosophy to the problem. It's a very challenging job I have, and yes, I'm enjoying every minute of it. I like the school, it's considerably different to anything I've worked in before. I like the mood, I like the purposeful atmosphere in the place, it makes the job a lot easier. To teach committed people makes the job pleasurable. It's quite a different story to London NW2.

Thank you very much, Mr Willey.

To : Mr Higson,

Please could you fill in this questionnaire when you have time to do so.

Where were you born?.....STOCKPORT, CHESHIRE.....

Where did you go to school?.....STOCKPORT GRAMMAR SCHOOL.....

What is your most memorable childhood experience?.....STARTING INFANT SCHOOL - IT WAS THE MOST DREADFUL EVENT IN MY FIRST FIVE YEARS.....

What grades did you get in your 'O' levels?.....MODESTY PREVENTS ME FROM DIVULGING THIS (THEY WERE RATHER GOOD).....

Did you attend University?.....YES.....

Which one?.....OXFORD.....

Have you any 'A' levels? If so, which ones?.....YES, BUT THERE ISN'T ANY SPACE HERE.....

Do you have a University degree? What in?.....YES. MATHEMATICS.....

Why did you become a teacher?.....IT HAPPENED BY MISTAKE. I WANTED TO BE A BRAIN SURGEON, BUT WENT TO THE WRONG INTERVIEW.....

Have you any regrets about this?.....WHAT ABOUT NOT BEING A SURGEON? NO, I HADN'T GOT THE HEAD FOR IT, AND THERE'S MORE MONEY IN TEACHING ANYWAY.....

Are you married?.....YES.....If so, to whom?.....MY WIFE.....

Have you any children?.....NOT AS FAR AS I KNOW.....

And what are their names?.....DON'T KNOW YET.....

What other schools have you taught at before KES?.....RUGBY SCHOOL, SHREWSBURY SCHOOL, WINCHESTER COLLEGE.....

What do you think of KES?.....IT WOULD MAKE A GOOD FILM SET. THE FOOD IS GOOD. THERE'S FAR TOO MUCH MARKING TO DO, THOUGH, AND I THINK THAT THE BOYS WORK TOO HARD.....

In one word, describe yourself when you were young (eg trendy etc.).....YOUTHFUL. (I STILL AM YOUNG, BY THE WAY.).....

Do you enjoy Maths, or is it just a job to you?.....I ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT THERE WAS SAFETY IN NUMBERS. MY FAVOURITE PASTIME IS SKETCHING CURVES AND INTEGRATION IS ALWAYS FUN.....

How would you answer the criticism that Mathematicians live in a world of their own, shrouded in clouds of theoretical diversifications?.....IS THIS A CRITICISM? IT SOUNDS LIKE A DESCRIPTION OF BLISS TO ME. I WISH IT WERE TRUE. I SPEND MOST OF MY TIME CHAINED TO THE DESK, OR ENJOYING THE UNALLOYED PLEASURES OFFERED BY THE BRISTOL ROAD DURING RUSH HOURS. A WORLD OF ONE'S OWN SOUNDS A GOOD IDEA - AT LEAST THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY NEED FOR MEETINGS AND FUTILE FORM FILLING.....



Richard Higson completed the questionnaire opposite for the Bulletin Board earlier this year. We decided, with his permission, that it would make a pleasant change from the usual interview. So...

Photo: Simon Sadler, Sixths.

MARIE-CHRISTINE FIÉVET AND MARTINA WÖLNER

Where do you both come from?

M.W.: I come from Vienna, which is the capital of Austria.

M-C.F.: And I come from Lille, in the north of France.

Why are you here?

M-C.F.: Why I am here? Because I wanted to improve my English and to live in England.

Are you doing a university course of which this is a part?

M-C.F.: No, being in England is not part of the English course in France, at least.

M.W.: I did teacher-training in Austria, got my degree in June 1985, didn't find a job - I'll have to wait another two or three years - so I decided to spend the first year in England, to improve my English.

Are you going to teach English?

M.W.: Yes, to six to fourteen year-olds.

Did you know anything about King Edward's when you applied to spend a year in England?

M.W.: Well, I didn't apply to King Edward's; I could only apply for a region, and I applied for Essex. I wanted to go to Colchester, but I received this letter from Birmingham, and I couldn't do anything about it (**laughter**). But I knew about King Edward's beforehand, because a friend of mine went here.

M-C.F.: For me it was just an accident as well. I applied for the south of England, as I wanted to be in the countryside. I think Birmingham's quite good - it's a treat, really!

What do you think of teaching in an all-boys' school, and a private school at that?

M.W.: It's, er, interesting...

Do you feel particularly isolated in a single-sex school?

M.W.: I wouldn't mind meeting a few more female teachers in the school.

What do you think of the private school aspect of K.E.?

M-C.F.: I think pupils studying in this school are quite lucky, because obviously it offers you more possibilities to succeed in your career, that's no problem. But if you look around you, in society in England, it's not fair, because you can see such a difference.

M.W.: I've noticed that you've never learnt how to treat people who're not quite as clever as you are. I've noticed that during lessons, and it made me feel really sad, because I felt, well, you're going to be the people who will rule the country in a few years' time, and I think you should know how to live together with other people.

What sort of things do you get up to outside school?

M-C.F.: We play tennis regularly; go to concerts sometimes; the theatre in Stratford - I like Shakespeare - and what else?

M.W.: We travel around a lot.

What do you think of Birmingham?

M.W.: It's much better than I had expected. You know what industrial cities are like: I thought it was going to be like that. But I started off living in Coventry, in a very nice area, and at the moment I live in Cotteridge, which isn't too bad. But I don't like the city centre very much. I knew Birmingham before I came here, because I've spent holidays in Coventry since I was very little, and so I knew it, but my opinion of it has improved.



Nick Varley, Sixths.

M.C.F.: The same for me: I thought it was going to be worse than what I actually found. I think if I had not been appointed to Birmingham, I would never have stopped here, or even thought of stopping here. I was expecting something very bleak and dull and black, but there is a very specific atmosphere in Birmingham.

With foreign language assistants over the years, we have always had to have discussions about pollution - it seems that the representatives of the Continent that we've had at this school are very concerned about it, whereas we aren't. Why do you think this is?

M.W.: I don't think people are very interested in politics in general in England. People are different in Austria: when I was at school, we went on the streets and demonstrated against anything!

M.C.F.: I think that it is specific to the German-speaking countries; in France it doesn't happen, unless it's something specific, such as a very strong national movement.

Why do you think the English are generally apathetic politically?

M.W.: I think that's because in our country, for example, we had a dictatorship not so long ago, and you didn't.

Well, that would seem to be about it, unless you've got anything you would like to say?

M.C.F.: thank you for the warm welcome everybody has given us, it was great. It's very nice to arrive in a foreign country and to be welcome.

Thank you both very much indeed.

Marie-Christine and Martina leave us this year. Marie-Christine has been French assistant here for two years, Martina German assistant for one. We thank them for all their help and hard work and wish them well in the future.

DAVID STOKER

Can you first tell us about your early life?

I was born in Cheshire - my family background is manufacturing and sea-going on the one side, and manufacturing on the other. I'm very much a Northerner. After school on the Isle Of Man, I went to Manchester Art College, then to Coventry to do a degree and then, as a post-graduate, to Birmingham. A few years ago, I went back to do an M.A. in 'The History of Art and Design'. After training, I started to teach at Rugby School in the early 70's. After two years, I worked as a lorry-driver and as the owner of a vegetarian restaurant.

Do you intend to stay here long then?

Yes, I've settled down now, married and so on. I hope to stay for several years.

Are you going to change the way art is taught?

I feel there is a great need to increase the amount of appreciation of art because I was quite horrified by the pervading Philistinism in this school and especially at Sixth-form level. Having seen what a representative group of sixth-form extra studies boys can achieve, I've some clear ideas about the direction it should take next year.

Will exhibitions continue at school?

The Chief Master is keen to use the Gild Hall to display the best work. The general policy will probably continue as established.

You said earlier that you were dismayed by the number of Philistines here. Is this a general view of people at school?

Sir Kenneth Clarke took the pessimistic view that (and I

have this quote in front of me) 'A great many people, perhaps the majority, really hate art as such, not because it is a symbol of a dominant class, but because it represents a scale of values that they do not understand.' Fear follows on from ignorance - and ridicule is often hot on its heels. I feel that art, and drama and music, get pushed to the sidelines. There's a lot of talk about the accountability of art which I personally think is nonsense.

However, a lot of people do think that art must be accountable. How can you change that?

It can only be changed by art being given more attention, especially through the recognition that self-expression, creativity and sensitivity are very important. One can lose sight of that at this kind of school. In later life, people may want to paint, draw or write but just don't have the vocabulary to do it. With the new art and design centre and the new G.C.S.E. exams, breakthroughs should be achieved. I'm very optimistic about the future.

What are your impressions of K.E.S.?

I've been shocked by what I can only describe as an insufferable arrogance by some sixth-formers that I've met, not only through the department, but also through other associations. I found their attitude very hard-nosed and complacent.

Mr Stoker, thank you very much.



Simon Sadler, Sixths.



Simon Sadler, Sixths.

ANNE WAUGH

Could you tell us something about your background?

I was born in Wolverhampton, but was educated at Worcester Grammar School, from where I went to London University to read English, after which I took a P.G.C.E.

Did you enter straight in to teaching?

Yes, I spent two years at a girls' school in London. After that, I felt like a change, so I went off to Norway and taught as a travelling tutor for the British Consul. On reflection it seems like a dramatic change, but it was very enjoyable. Then I returned to Birmingham, having spells at Bournville and Saltley. I gave up teaching to have children, who are now being educated at Camp Hill.

Have you any particular aspirations for them?

No, not at all, I think that's quite a mistake, I wouldn't dream of guiding them in any direction: I just hope they use the skills they possess to the best of their ability.

Having spent a short while here, how does K.E.S. differ from other schools and colleges at which you have taught?

The degree of motivation is generally high here, and as a first-timer at an all-boys school, I feel it's more highly-structured and organised than a girls' school. I think boys

have a natural inclination to work in groups, more so than girls, who tend to have a lot of different individual reactions.

Do you have any hobbies or extra-curricular activities?

I enjoy upholstering and renovating old furniture, so I go to woodwork classes. I enjoy camping, in France and Russia for instance, and travelling in general.

Camping in Russia?

Yes, after camping in Morocco, my husband and I decided to return to Norway, where I had been teaching, and we thought it would be more interesting to go via Moscow and Leningrad.

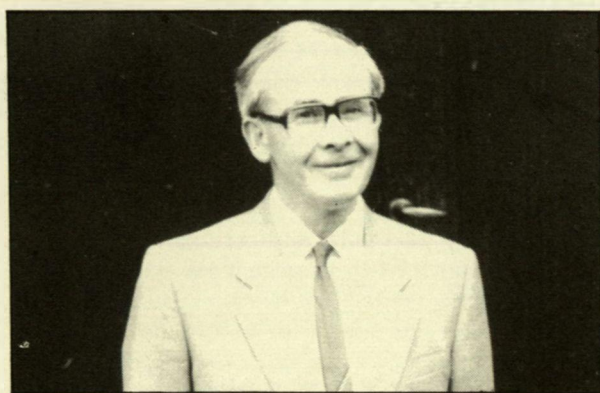
What were your impressions?

The famous bureaucracy, I suppose. The whole trip was organised in London, yet every day there was an hour or so of filling in forms at camp-sites. We were checked occasionally by policemen, but overall, there was a tremendous feeling of being watched. There's a great absence of public information, no street names or posters for instance.

Thank you very much.

Mrs Waugh leaves us after two terms here. We would like to thank her for all that she has done, and we wish her and her husband well for the future.

JOHN ROBINSON



Nick Varley, Sixths.

Could you tell us something about your background?

I was born in Middlesbrough. After two years in the services, I went to Hull University.

Have you any regrets about the unrepresentative cross-section of society taught here at K.E.S.?

No, teaching only the first three years there is a certain amount of superciliousness but perhaps here the rapport with classes is a bit livelier since the boys are fairly uninhibited.

What are your political interests?

I am involved in a justice peace movement which emanates from the Catholic church I belong to. Next year when I leave here, I will be going around schools promoting this. Peace Studies in schools is highly criticised, and can be a form of indoctrination from extreme left-wingers. But my group emphasises justice and peace, since you can't get peace without justice first. Hence we look for injustice in the world, whether communist or capitalist.

How do you feel about the present government's stand on education?

Keith Joseph is right to revise teachers' contracts, since terms of employment need to be thought out again. Teachers here go well outside teaching from 9 till 4, being involved in a multitude of activities: that is how Grammar schools used to be. Now though, very sadly, this doesn't generally seem to exist, and therefore Keith Joseph's ideas seem to be sensible. However, he has been very inept and undiplomatic in his manner of negotiating, having an extreme approach for someone in his position.

What is your attitude to the G.C.S.E.?

I'm very dubious, because I feel it will lower the standards throughout, but educational standards have slumped desperately in the public sector, that is why the private sector is increasing all the time.

Do you see this downward trend continuing?

Yes, I do. I can't see much else.

If you had to choose a job now, would it still be in teaching?

I feel doubtful whether it would. I've had a very satisfying career, I've really enjoyed my job and wouldn't have done anything else: it's the thing that I was best suited for. But in the present conditions I don't know whether I would.

Thank you very much.

Mr Robinson leaves us after two terms. We wish him well for the future.

DONALD HENRY

Can you tell us something about your early life?

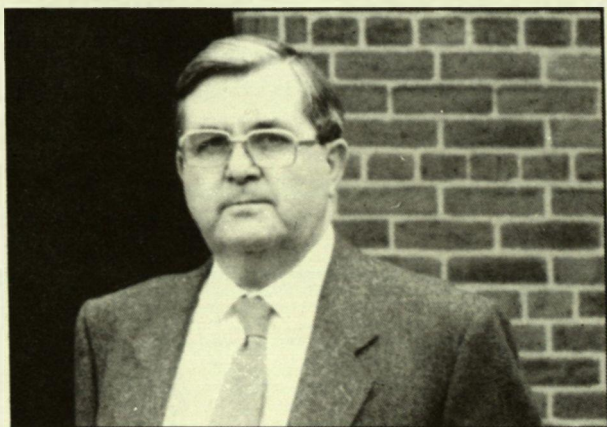
I was born in Liverpool in 1929 and went to school there until I was 10, when I won a scholarship to the Liverpool Institute, but I didn't take this up because I was evacuated in 1939, at the outbreak of the Second World War.

Where were you evacuated to?

Bangor in North Wales. Actually, I think evacuation changed my life quite a lot. My father died in 1942, and when in Bangor, I lived with the headmaster of my school, so my life changed from working to middle class.

Did you go to university?

I passed for Oxford to read History, but didn't take it up, as I joined the army for National Service, so I went to Cambridge in 1951 to read Theology.



Nick Varley, Sixths.

What differences have you noticed between K.E.S. and your other schools?

The main difference is that this is a single-sex school. I'm afraid that I am absolutely converted to co-education and I still feel that girls are a civilising influence. I miss them about the place really. I think they do make a difference to the classroom atmosphere.

You describe yourself, when you're introducing yourself to new classes, as a 'Christian Socialist'. This school being what it is, I imagine that the word 'Socialist' may alarm a few people here. Can you clarify yourself?

Well, by 'Christian Socialist', I mean that I believe that Christians should be aware of their responsibilities to society and that people generally, society, should be aware that we are all really moving to one family under God, and we should treat each other, whether we're nations or individuals, as members of a family. I don't actual-

ly believe any one political party has the monopoly of political wisdom, but I do believe that in every party, there are those who are, I would put it, thinking right, and others who are thinking for themselves only and interested in doing things just for themselves. There used to be a phrase 'Butskellism', a combination of R.A. Butler, the Conservative, and Hugh Gaitskell, the Labour man, because, although they were in different parties, their views were very much the same - they were basically concerned about people, about the welfare state, about education, about health etc. I'm very unhappy with politics at the moment, where there's been a polarisation, and where we seem to have two different societies: the Haves and the Have-Nots.

Do you think there is, or have you been aware of, any political bias in this school?

No, I'm not aware of any political bias at all - I'm sure it exists - but it's not obvious. This is one of the strange things I find when compared with when I was young; then, people had far more definite views. I can't see any strong political commitment from either side here. People may have views, but I'm not aware of them always wanting to make their point-of-view known, or to argue politics.

You're teaching History at the moment, whereas I would have expected you to have become a Methodist minister. Do you enjoy teaching History?

I enjoy it when it's the period that I like and it's the subject you're right on top of.

For you, what period would that be?

I'm basically at home in 19th century British History, since it is my own area of study.

After you leave, do you have any plans for the future?

Well, my wife is teaching and isn't retiring for a year or two, so I hope to find a similar sort of chance to do a little bit of work. I enjoy retirement, but at the same time enjoy having something to do and the money that goes with it. We hope to retire and find a flat in the country. I shall probably end up working - I've already volunteered to work in the Oxfam shop in Great Barr.

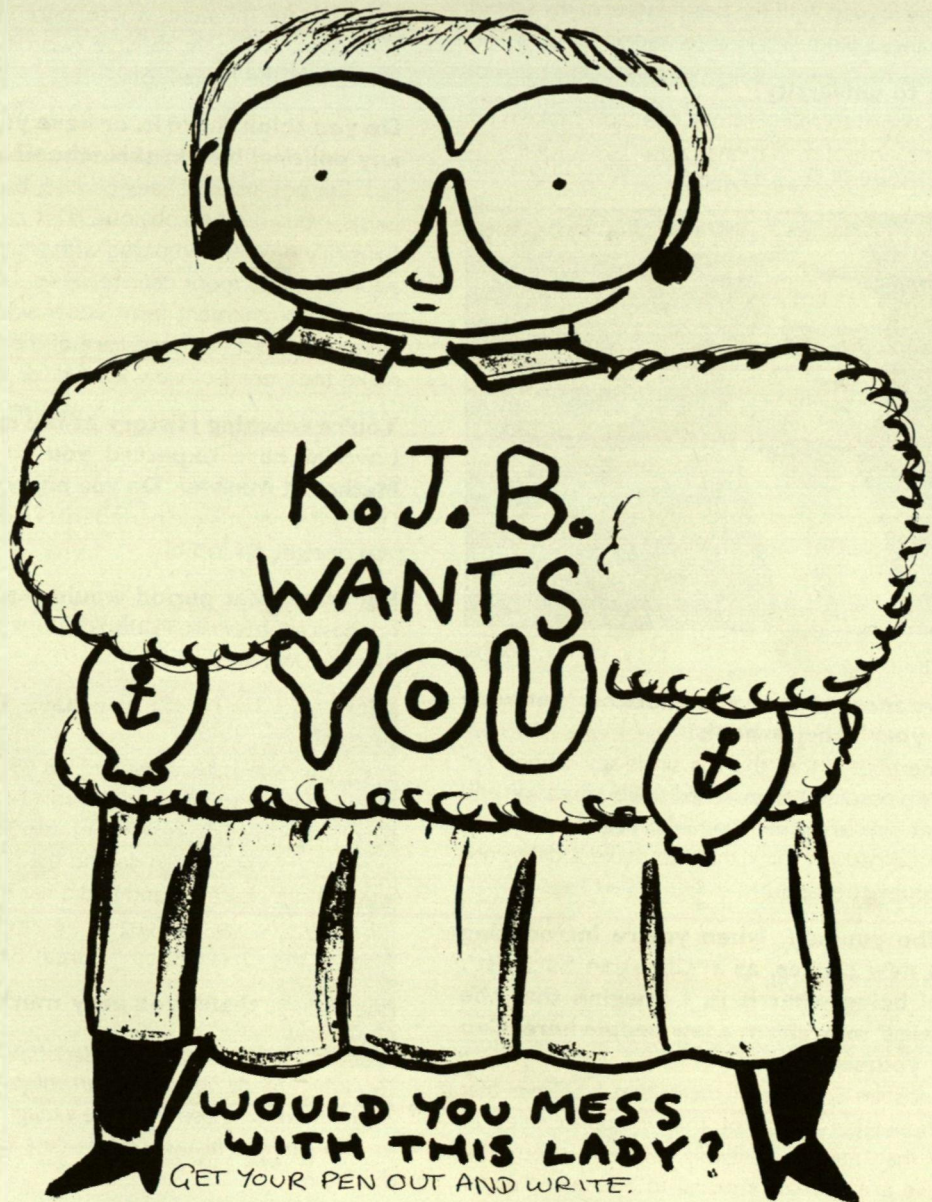
Mr Henry, thank you very much indeed.

Mr Henry leaves us now after two terms here, and I wish to thank him for all he has done in enlightening us. I think he's left his mark on those whom he's taught, and it only remains to wish him and his wife all the best in whatever they do in the future.

Guy Evans, Fifths.

GOODBYES . . .

BULLETIN BOARD



KATE BARNETT

The first thing to say about Miss Barnett, who left us last Christmas for higher things at Camp Hill, is that she is a dynamo. There is simply no other way of telling the truth about her. Her energy is such that some of us are convinced that the table at which she worked in the Staff Quiet Room and which usually carried about two thirds of the Resources Centre's entire stock of videos even now vibrates and hums with the stored-up vibes that it absorbed from her. Mr Evans, who often works at it now, claims that on some days he can scarcely hold it down.

It is certainly difficult to think of any teacher at K.E.S. who gave more to the school in time and energy and in activity than she did in the five or so years that she was here. She was seemingly tireless and the evidence of this is the number and variety of points at which she contributed vitally to the life of the school. She taught English with zest and success throughout the school; she devised and taught several stimulating and popular General Studies courses; she ran the Bulletin Board; she produced five very high-class *Chronicles*; she directed two plays and helped in many ways with others; she went sailing on Wednesday afternoons and during the holidays, determined to show that what chaps could do, gals could do as well; she took parties of boys to theatres all over the place and also on jolly jaunts to Lyme Regis and London; she was a keen proponent of the use of high tech. in schools and set herself to master information technology and word processing. She was enormously well organised and methodical and this fact, combined of course with a first-class brain, made her such a good teacher.

If all this makes Miss Barnett sound daunting and rather formidable, anybody who had anything to do with her at all will know that the reality was precisely the opposite. She was a very warm and friendly person who found no difficulty in quickly establishing good relations with both pupils and colleagues. She was great fun, too, liked jokes and was quick to relish funny situations. She had a talent for making friends and had the not-too-common gift of being a good and sympathetic listener. She always got the best out of people and was willing to help anybody with anything - well, almost anything; she drew the line at refereeing rugby or umpiring cricket.

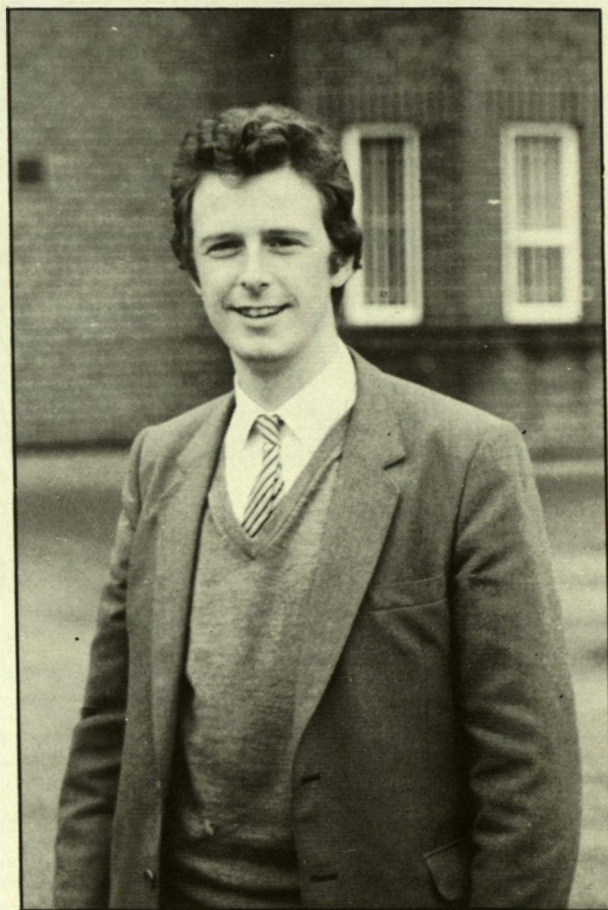
Since Miss Barnett has gone, the consciences of the rest of us in the English Department are not battered quite as much by the thought of the things we have left undone,

but we have missed her a lot. Happily she is still close at hand, still on the Foundation payroll, socking it now to the girls at Camp Hill as she formerly socked it to us at K.E.S.. We can only add - as they are alleged to say in some parts of the world - 'Good on yer, Kate. And thanks a bunch.'

A.J.T.

DAVID EVANS

David Evans left at Christmas 1985 after four years at K.E.S. to become Head of History at the King's School, Gloucester. Although he came to us armed with a distinguished degree in history from Cambridge University, he was initially appointed to teach mostly Classics,



Simon Sadler, Sixths.

together with only a modicum of history in the Junior School. So successful was he in the latter discipline, that he was soon given responsibility for teaching examination forms at both 'O' and 'A' level, proving himself equally at home with the post-war dictatorships as with the complexities of Stuart England. As a classicist, he was to be as inspiring and successful. A visit to room 159 immediately revealed the catholic nature of his interests and his ability to stimulate the imagination of his pupils. Here the portraits of classical heroes jostled with calendars of the medieval year and brightly coloured displays of the Bayeux Tapestry, which tickled the most jaded palate. It must be said that David knew instinctively how to establish the right environment for learning, and his resources were always used to masterly effect.

Outside the classroom he contributed in equal measure. As factotum of the Junior Historical Society and the Military History Society, he brought a skilful blend of enthusiasm and organising ability. His cycle tours over the hills and far away with the Scout Group introduced boys to the delights and hazards of the open road. He took a leading part in initiating and planning the Remove field week in North Wales. Those who joined the Battlefields of Europe tour which he organised at Easter 1985 will long remember his cheerful leadership and stoic acceptance of errant boys and lost passports alike. But it is as Form Master of Remove E that he will be best remembered by his pupils. The sight of David surrounded by his young flock evoked images of Socrates presiding over an Athenian symposium - entirely characteristic, one would have thought, of a historian who had such a powerful feeling for the classical world.

Our best wishes are extended to David and his wife Pauline in their new venture amidst the cloistered calm of Gloucester.

D.J.B.

DAVID WILSON

Dr David Wilson leaves K.E.S. after spending one term short of four years in the physics Department. He taught both 'O' and 'A' level sets in his own distinctive style. Notes were always complete and well-organised, and easy to revise from. Dr Wilson seemed to enjoy all aspects of Physics, though his central loves seemed to be the Cathode Ray Oscilloscope and the Electronics

Laboratory.

Although not at the school long enough to make a significant impact on extra-curricular activities, his affable nature and intricate domestic situation (I refer to his cats!) made him a well-known member of the teaching staff.

He leaves to take up the position of Head of Physics at the Roman Catholic Comprehensive School at Hagley. With him and his wife go our best wishes.

Tasso Gazis, Sixths.

JOHN WILLS

In his six years and two terms at K.E.S., John Wills showed himself to be a caring and hard-working schoolmaster. During his time here, John took over the running of the hockey teams, ran the swimming and joined the Army section of the C.C.F., in addition to being a Remove form master and teaching French as well as his main subject of P.E. and Games. His swimming teams were particularly successful, constantly breaking records and hardly ever being beaten in school matches; but in all his ventures he left his mark.

All schoolmasters earn reputations and become part of the current K.E.S. folklore - C.J. was no exception! Older O.E.'s would have enjoyed his Blountian memory for surnames - at one stage, the number of Blythes in the school almost reached double figures - and younger boys have been agog at his Mansell-like cornering and acceleration!

His willingness to take on new ventures is typified by the enthusiasm with which he took to skiing, quickly becoming very proficient and subsequently organising an Easter skiing trip. The canoeing trips to the Cornish beaches were also much enjoyed by boys in and outside the C.C.F.

The life of a P.E. master is a very full one, yet John managed to combine his considerable load of out-of-hours school duties with the successful completion of an external degree in French. A notable feat this - no doubt spurred on by regular visits abroad and fortified with continental food. In addition, John still found time to join a local bell-ringing group and sing in the school choral society.

John has left behind him some fond memories, as he has already taken up the post of Head of P.E. at Wallop School in Surrey. We wish him and his fiancée Wanda well and all success in the future.

D.C.E.



BUS STOP

The annoying question of the positioning of the bus stop arrived both literally and figuratively at Mrs Ponsonby-Smythe's door. Only that morning had she returned with her husband from their fortnight's holiday in Tenerife. She was in excellent spirits, for the holiday had been very enjoyable. When she found that nothing appeared to have changed during their absence, she was even happier. It was not until, after a cautious survey of the neighbouring gardens, to make sure that nobody was tending their extensive plots, and after she had started mowing the lawn, that she found a fly in the ointment, a Serpent in her Garden of Eden, a bus stop!

As she suddenly became aware of its presence, her hand dropped nerveless from the handle of her Hovver and hung loosely at her side. She switched off the mower and forgot all about the ankle-high lawn. At first, she could hardly believe her eyes, for it was not as if Walnut Park Avenue needed a bus route or stop. Described in estate agent's jargon, Walnut Park Avenue was 'The most exclusive residential area in Northbrook', and any properties for sale were labelled 'Rarely available'. The families living there could hardly be described as two-car families, but rather three or four.

There had already been trouble with the Council's 'Improving' schemes for Walnut Park Avenue. The road took its name from a splendid row of walnut trees, which had been planted during the Edwardian era. With these, the road had been a superb sight. But now, to be correct, the verb had to be used in the past tense, because for a road-widening scheme to take place, these had been cut down. This had met with such criticism and opposition, that the Council had decided not to widen the road, and to replace the walnuts with flowering cherry trees.

Mrs Ponsonby-Smythe did not have time to ponder the bus stop's implications, but she guessed with unerring accuracy that the diversion had been made from the main road to provide a more convenient stop for the inhabitants of some nearby flats. She then had to interrupt her thoughts, as she realised that her husband would soon be wanting his evening meal, so that he could go for his usual evening's bridge at the Conservative Club.

The next day, Mrs Ponsonby-Smythe realised her full dilemma. She glanced out of the dining-room window whilst having breakfast, and saw a youth gazing in at them eating, whilst waiting for his bus. She found that this was a regular occurrence, and whilst gazing coldly at the bus passengers, she reflected on how nosey the population of Northbrook was. One insolent young woman even sat on the low ornamental stone wall at the front of the house and calmly dropped cigarette ash, an end and a chocolate wrapper on the lawn. Enough was enough! If the people in the flats wanted a bus, they could have one, it could go anywhere, apart from down Walnut Park Avenue!

She wrote indignantly to the Council, who replied that hers was the only complaint which they had received, and they did not consider it sufficiently backed up. But Mrs Ponsonby-Smythe could not be quelled that easily. In retaliation, she drew up a petition, using persuasive tact to such effect that every resident of Walnut Park Avenue had his or her signature on it. This could not be passed off so easily!

Mrs Ponsonby-Smythe's campaign got a huge boost when the opposition candidate (Conservative) added his support. The local election was imminent, those few extra votes might just do it!

Then, there seemed to be high hopes of progress when the Labour Party lost the election, but, alas, the pressing business of extending the Town Hall and Council offices, as well as increasing the rates pushed the Walnut Park Avenue business (something helping people) into the background.

Finally, a letter from Mrs Ponsonby-Smythe triggered off action. Her finest hour came with the solemn veiling of the bus stop sign outside her house. (The Council wanted to keep its newly-made friends). The sign remained, covered as a warning to any bus company of the futility of placing a bus stop on Walnut Park Avenue.

For a few weeks afterwards, peace reigned in the avenue, and the silence was broken only by the sound of the gardener's lawnmower or shears.

Then disaster struck and the peace was shattered. The bus stops reappeared, but for Cheshire's Coaches, not for Northbrook Transport Corporation buses. Mr Cheshire, being fond of a drink with the mayor at the Rotary Club, had somehow acquired the Walnut Park licence for nothing. I wonder how...?

Paul Mitchell, Upper Middles.

DRAMA



GREGORY'S GIRL

After many years of half-filled Big Schools, problems selling tickets and rather 'heavy' plays, *Gregory's Girl* proved a most enjoyable turnaround. The usual advertisements and publicity were planned, but were unnecessary. All three nights were packed. Saturday sold out within twenty-four hours. It seemed that *Gregory's Girl* was set to be a huge success. Not since *Patience* had a production caused such a furore in the school.

The play was co-directed this year by Mr Evans and Dr Hosty. They supplied ideas separately, but cooperatively with overall skill and occasional excellence. For example, it was decided that one of the more unfit members of the football squad should arrive back on stage at the end of his run after the transformation into a domestic science lesson. The expression on the boy's face proved that more can always be squeezed from a script if one wishes. The full spectrum of ages is obviously necessary in portraying school life. It was indeed pleasant to see seven years of K.E.S./K.E.H.S. together on stage.

Although the script of *Gregory's Girl* is funny upon first reading, good acting renders it hilarious. The central character, Gregory, was very well played by Joe Martin. Joe, however, did have the advantage of physique! Samantha Leek projected the mature, determined, though slightly sarcastic Dorothy with the same force. These two provided a strong framework upon which the rest of the play could be built.

Anthony Rees and James Bennett were a beautifully timed double act, Jim Bennett demonstrating just how much can be done with three lines, a bag of chips and a wonderfully inexpressive face.

There were many other memorable performances. George Eleftheriou, as Steve, a cookery expert, discussing the relative merits of ruff-puff and Choux pastry with his Headmaster (Carl Robinson), was wonderful. Sarah Williams, as Susan, played her part beautifully - her Scottish accent showing not the slightest suggestion of slipping.



Simon Sadler, Sixths.

However, there are two scenes which remain vividly in memory. The first is the way in which the smooth, suave Gordon (Richard Wolffe) stole Dorothy from Gregory within ninety seconds of meeting her. Yet the most memorable scene must be Carol's swift transformation from schoolgirl to punk: Helen Baggett's costume must have raised a few eyebrows in the Common Room.

One must also mention the superb, but largely invisible Stage Crew: They build sets and light school productions with barely a hitch. The 'crew' is as responsible as any group of actors for the success of a performance. For the production of *Gregory's Girl* Dr Homer and Jon Crabtree deserve much praise.

Finally, I was pleasantly surprised by the sheer smoothness of this whole production. Perhaps the use of the new Drama Studio for rehearsals instilled a greater sense of professionalism into the actors.

After the great success of *Gregory's Girl* I hope that this turnaround in school drama can be maintained. I am sure that with the new emphasis on drama in the academic curriculum, school plays will maintain their new popularity.

Tasso Gazis, Sixths.

A review of *Gregory's Girl* was also received from Mrs Waugh.

TELL MOTHER I DIED FOR MY COUNTRY

On the afternoon of Friday, November 30th, 40 pupils waited in anticipation for the first ever production in the new Drama Studio.

Arthur Kincaid was the performer of this one-man play, and did immensely well to talk continually for one-and-a-half hours. The first half was a little repetitive, and nothing was established, apart from the fact that John Wilkes Booth (the character portrayed by Kincaid) was an actor who sympathised with the South in the Civil War. The second half was far more stimulating, dealing with the way in which Booth plotted to, and actually did, assassinate President Lincoln.

Kincaid had previously only performed in large theatres, and this showed, for he didn't exploit the potential to involve the audience in such intimate conditions. However, interesting historical facts were learned, and he should be commended for coping with an immense and unimaginative text.

Nicolas Fowler, Sixths.

LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN

The initial suggestion to put on a performance of *The Accidental Death of an Anarchist* as the Syndicate Play was, unfortunately, vetoed by a section of the drama clique at K.E.H.S., which inexplicably decided in favour of Oscar Wilde's *Lady Windermere's Fan*. The play has some weaknesses which make it unsuitable for a syndicate production: the plot is somewhat absurd, the emotions are hackneyed, and it combines two disparate elements which oppose rather than complement each other (witness the confusion caused by Lord Darlington and Mrs Erlynne, who have a foot in both the world of fashionable and witty party talk and in a setting which one might expect of a Victorian domestic drama). To the Victorians the strength of the play was that it was as good as hearing Wilde talk in real life. However, for a modern audience to appreciate this, it must be acted very well.

While most of the actors were completely at home with high-society accents (little modification being needed in some cases), Alice Wallbank, although competent as ever, failed really to convey the duality of Mrs Erlynne's nature. This should be most evident in the Fourth Act, where she abandons the heart-felt clichés used to induce Lady Windermere to return home, and resumes her role as the cynical adventuress. Cathy Swire made a brave attempt to convey the haughtiness of the old Duchess of Berwick, but ended up sounding rather silly, and was unintelligible for some of the time. Helen Gyde, as Lady Windermere, was the most convincing of the girls in the production, although she had to be prompted a couple of times.

The diction of the boys was rather better: Marcus Hughes (Lord Windermere, looking like something out of 'Planet of the Apes'), Tasso Gazis (Mr Graham), Chris Evans (Lord Darlington), Mark Cook (Lord Augustus Lorton) and Ally Morgan (a Dylanesque Mr Dumby) all spoke clearly and simulated the 'after dinner cigars and port' atmosphere well. Moreover, they ad-libbed well when lines were fluffed, managing to disguise the fact that they missed out a large section, in which Lord Darlington gives his famous definition of a cynic as 'a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing'.

Tim Franks, as Mr Hopper, an uncouth Australian, was genuinely very funny, though perhaps not in the way that Wilde intended. His flares were obscene, his lewd gestures, expressions and scratchings were hilarious, and you expected him to ask for another can of XXXX at any moment.

The numerous minor characters performed creditably, looking voluptuous in the case of the girls and suave in the case of the boys, although Jasper Kent made a rather supercilious butler.

The play was entertaining: if the actors did not entirely succeed in reproducing Wilde's wit, the audience was amused by the copious use of 'Brylcreem', blatant whispers from behind the curtain by prompters, Chris Evans' trousers and the antics of Tim Franks. It was an ambitious production for a Syndicate Play, which did not quite come off, but which was worth watching nevertheless. Mention should be made, as ever, of all those who worked behind the scenes: of the producers Ros Rossington and Tasso Gazis, of the director Sam Jones and indeed of the cast for having the enthusiasm to give up their time after 'A' levels to do something worthwhile.

Andy Todd, Sixths.

ALICE

This was, perhaps, the most ambitious dramatic project I have seen at the school and it resulted in a very entertaining evening for all present.

The production was a dramatisation, by Mrs Sims, of the two 'Alice' books by Lewis Carroll, and involved an apparently endless stream of performers. This fact, however, did not confuse the audience as the scene-changing was rapid and unobtrusive. The set was particularly imaginative, using all levels and all corners of the hall, and the slides of the shrinking and growing Alice were a great idea to overcome an obvious problem. Costumes acted as an attractive aid also - some were quite astonishing - and both the lighting effects and the music created the right dreamy atmosphere required.

Of the many good performances, those that stick out best were, perhaps, Andrew Killeen's Mock Turtle, Kirstie Balchin's sleek Cheshire cat, Andrew Darnton's crazy Mad Hatter and Helen Baggett's very unstable Humpty Dumpty with the odd accent. The bits of group acting, such as the tea party and the game of croquet, were also fun to watch.

What was most encouraging about the performance as a whole was that it was clear that all the participants were enjoying themselves. Congratulations must go to Mrs Sims for an amazing feat of organisation and to her husband for being such a good sport.

Andrew Allen, Sixths.

ANTIGONE

We did not like the idea of that Drama Studio. They were ripping out our convenient locker room to build a classroom for a few English students. We were wrong, and the production of *Antigone* did much to prove us so, by demonstrating many of the advantages of a studio performance. Above all, the intimacy allows a more natural style of acting than the exaggerated gestures and lifeless shouting needed in Big School. The cast must be congratulated for showing that extra detail. In the Studio even those of us at the back could see every facial expression and appreciate many more of the subtleties of delivery. The simplicity of the sets directed our attention to these extra details.

Perhaps as important as the benefits to the audience of a studio production is the satisfaction given to the actors. Surely it must be more rewarding to perform two or three times instead of once, and to capacity crowds instead of to an empty Big School.

The play itself was well-cast and thoughtfully interpreted. *Antigone* was a brave choice, because it is a play without props, without humour and even without much action. Consequently, it is heavily dependent on the ideas it develops and on the emotional conflicts which face its characters. To begin to understand the psychology of one's character requires tremendous skill. There was not a weak link in the cast, but this skill was of particular importance in the characters of Antigone and Creon, performed masterfully by Cathy Swire and Tasso Gazis respectively. Chris Evans as the Chorus and Mark Cook as Haemon showed the depth of their experience in bringing to life the play's most difficult pair of parts. Both Roger Rees and Rupert Martin are well established performers, and as Messenger and Guard respectively presented their cameos with style. But special congratulations must be reserved for the performers making debut appearances on stage. Ranjan Pankhania was excellent as the sensible and sensitive nurse, and Sharmila Mukerji, in her first major role, captured fully the worries and uncertainties in the mind of Ismene. Tim Franks brought relief from the tragic plot with his delightfully earthy corporal, and Andrew Allen, Guy Llewellyn and Alissa Vernon all appeared

thoroughly at ease in their parts. James Lynn's stage lighting enhanced and complemented the production.

Most worthy of praise must be the director Ally Morgan, who, with so little experience, shaped a complex and difficult play into an interesting and exciting performance. It is a great loss to K.E.S. drama that he and his new actors are to leave this year.

Marcus Hughes, Sixths.

STAGE CREW

And Dr Homer said 'Let there be women' and there were; three nubile young ladies from K.E.H.S.: Elanor Hurley, Sarah Chambers and Trisha Mulligan, who, after working in close harmony with 'The Lads' this year for the major production *Gregory's Girl*, went on to even further acclaim in helping out with K.E.H.S.'s adventurous production of *Alice*.

'The Stage Crew' are words that would strike panic into any actor's heart and send them blubbing into the Green Room. This traditional view of the hardness of the stage has now been broken with the arrival of the 'stronger sex' on stage and also the expenditure of thousands of pounds on new equipment and technology for the stage, although in the eyes of some we still remain shoddy and unprofessional. The overall performance of the Stage Crew during a production has improved, as shown in the very professional performances by members in *Antigone* and the Drama Studio opening. It has been a quiet year on stage, with only one major production in Big School for the crew, the very successful and highly acclaimed King Edward's version of the film *Gregory's Girl*. The crew has, therefore, had to diversify its talents in order to find work, and has been involved in every drama production in one way or another throughout the year.

Well done, Stage Crew, and thank you to Dr Homer.

Jonathan Crabtree, Divisions.

THE DRAMA STUDIO OPENING

The Drama Studio was officially opened by Bill Oddie on March 20th. An entertainment devised by Giles Evans, called *A Marvellous Convenient Place*, was presented by members of several drama options from K.E.S. and K.E.H.S.

The Fourth Form Drama option presented the scene from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, where the craftsmen are rehearsing a laughably amateur production in a wood. This was very well acted by all, especially Oliver Fincher as Bottom and Philip Blenkinsop as Puck.

The next scene presented, written by Giles Evans, was *Will you see the players well bestowed?*. This scene concerned a gathering in a hostelry after the building of the Globe theatre and the confrontation between the two rival dramatic groups of the Chamberlain's Men and the Admiral's Men. The script captured the atmosphere of the bitter factionalism of the time.

There then followed a series of speeches from Shakespeare which worked surprisingly well. Boys from the Divisions recited speeches concerning Shakespeare's images of the world as a stage and of human life as a player's performance. Famous speeches from *The Tempest*, *King Lear* and *As You Like It* all worked effectively,

delivered simultaneously by the actors involved.

One of the highlights of the evening was the Sixth Form Theatre Studies rendition of *The Critic*. Garon Anthony was perfectly cast as the overblown Mr Puff and acted (?) with a great deal of vigour. Chris Evans and George Eleftheriou, as Mr Sneer and Mr Dangle, the critics, both gave fine performances, but the best performances came from Cathy Swire as Tilburina and Tim Franks as Whiskerandos, whose deep-throated love moans had the audience in hysterics.

Mark Cook and Carl Robinson then presented a small piece called *Time*, from the Cambridge Footlights revue of 1981. This very funny satire showed a young 'trendy' director preparing an actor for a Shakespearean role and proved very popular indeed.

The evening was rounded off by a presentation of Ronald Harwood's play *The Dresser*, in which an ageing actor prepares for a performance of *King Lear* whilst being reassured by his dresser that he can act adequately that evening. Giles Evans and David Stoker acted very well in the main two parts and finished off the evening triumphantly, if a little hesitantly at times.

The Drama Studio is an excellent innovation and offers the chance for pupils and teachers to present intimate, provocative and challenging drama on a regular basis.

Alastair Morgan, Sixths.



Nick Varley, Sixths.

MUSIC

SYNDICATE CONCERT

After last year's under-rehearsed concert, great things were expected of this year's, but with three days to go, prospects were not too good: the Brass Sextet suddenly announced their intention of performing and one of the soloists objected to playing in the first half.

However, after all the panic (the author doing most of it), the finished product was well enjoyed, (fairly) well in tune, but most of all fun. The evening opened with the Syndicate Orchestra, conducted by Peter Bridle, accompanying Duncan McNaughton, who played *Czardas* by Monti, as arranged for solo trumpet by Nick Kaufman. The soloist was as good as ever; he still plays the trumpet extremely well, reaching the top notes with ease, whilst still managing to appear so laid back. Next on was *Alice*. This ingenious, if somewhat esoteric, music was composed by Ian Crew for a stage production at K.E.H.S.. Mr Tibbott's vocal talents were again demonstrated, as he both sang and narrated. All this was well received. The first half was brought to a close by the Brass Sextet, who played two movements of the music which heralds the arrival of the Open University at about five o'clock in the morning on BBC2.

Wine and strawberries were served in the Dining Hall during the interval, the weather preventing a repeat of last year's 'al fresco' affair. Thanks are due to Helen Livermore and Rachel Heard, who organised this most efficiently.

The opening of the second half was, for me, the highlight of the whole evening. Liz Varlow played *Kol Nidrei* by Bruch, accompanied by the orchestra. No-one can have been left unmoved by her playing; she is a truly remarkable person. Sarah Wood on the xylophone provided light relief with *Gee Whizz*, followed by the Flatulent Five, fronted by the ever laconic Tim Henry Franks. They played pieces by Handel, Leslie Fry(?) and Shostakovich, but the intonation did not quite match the humour of their introduction. The whole concert was finished by the Swing Band, now sporting silly hats and Benonesque shirts. Dan Barker stole the show with an outfit that looked as if it had been bred by Picasso.

However their usual mixture of old and new was a fitting end to an enjoyable Syndicate Concert.

Iain McNeish, Sixths.

WIND EVENING

There was a certain amount of confusion about the date of the Wind Evening. It had, by some mistake, appeared twice on the Spring term calendar, on two different dates. It happened on neither of these, but on the 5th of May.

Big School was, unfortunately, occupied by gluttonous masters having dinner, so we were left with the Concert Hall. This, I am told, produced a couple of rather deafening instances.

Under Mr Sill's baton, the Concert Band played *The Maestro* (a 'concert march') followed by a more serious *Partita* for band, and finally three movements from *A Circus Suite*, including a sensitive saxophone solo by Steve Twigg, and *Slapstick* which gave Mr Argust a chance to show everybody his talented playing of the car hooter and 'whoopie' whistle.

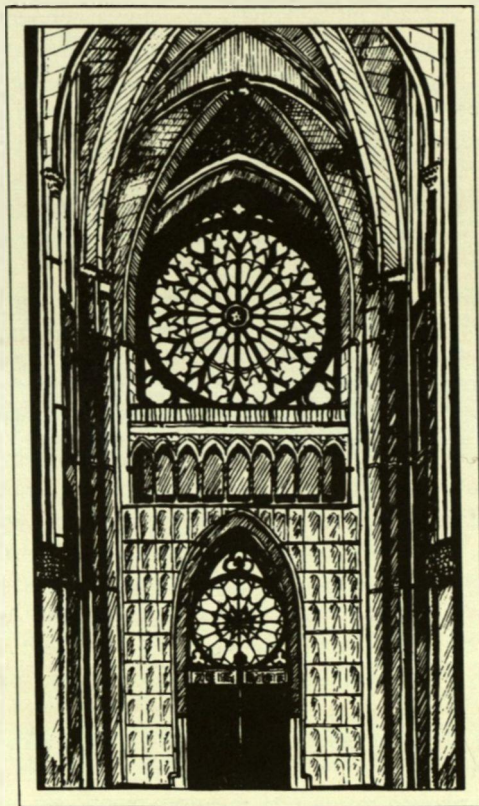
Without their director (Ted Watson) present, the Clarinet Quartet successfully rendered Gordon Jacob's *Suite* for four clarinets and a movement from James Walker's *Suite*.

The Junior Brass Group were then allowed to show how they had been practising with two well-played traditional tunes.

They were followed by Brass Group, who played *Londonderry Air*, with an excellent solo by Dave Whitehouse. This had been (so I was told) rehearsed the day before!

The second half was devoted to Swing Band, who played a number of pieces, including *Cherry Paint*, a strange piece which required the audience to sing antiphonally '*Owa Taboo Siam*'. They finished with an encore, courtesy of Bryan Allen, who announced that more applause was needed.

Matthew Hunt, Upper Middles.



Philippa Harris

CHRISTMAS CONCERT

The musical year ended, as was customary, with a pot pourri of jollity and seasonal mirth. The first half was dominated by the assured tones of the Concert Band, although they were perhaps not at their best on this occasion. The Joint Junior Choir gave a delightful performance of some of the music which they had performed at the Town Hall, and the Wind Band, under the capable baton of Nigel Argust, was surprisingly good. The second half began with a fine rendition of 'The Sorcerer's Apprentice' by the First Orchestra, who then accompanied the audience in a version of 'The Twelve Days of Christmas', with the words wittily adapted by Mr Trott. The highlight of the concert followed: a lively performance by the ever popular Swing Band, who received a near hysterical adulation from their fans. The concert concluded with the massed forces of the First and Second Orchestras in two appropriately seasonal pieces.

Andrew Killeen, Divisions.

EASTER CONCERT

The Easter concert has widely been regarded as amongst the most outstanding musical occasions given by the combined forces of the 1st and 2nd orchestras for many years. The school made its mark on the newly-opened Adrian Boult Hall, playing there for the first time, to a capacity audience that was tremendously appreciative.

We got off to a dramatic start, as our erstwhile first bassoon player and composer, Ian Crew, made his debut on the conductor's rostrum to tumultuous applause, and having thoroughly rehearsed 1st orchestra by himself, succeeded in bringing off a really exciting performance of Malcolm Arnold's 'Peterloo' - an unparalleled achievement.

Then we were offered a taste of 2nd orchestra which performed Brian Kelly's 'Sancho Panza' and three pieces from 'Swan Lake'. Here it must be said that our 2nd orchestra is badly underrated by the rather snobbishly superior musicians of the Upper School. They should take heed of our more discerning conductor's evaluation of the performance, who could only describe it as 'brilliant'.

After the interval, we saw a degree of virtuosity in solo performance unequalled by members of the school since Duncan McNaughton played his trumpet concertos; Eva Stewart was joined by Robert Johnson to perform Mozart's Flute and Harp Concerto, and was truly dazzling. Eva is evidently set on the path to distinguish herself in the future. As for Mr Johnson, harpist for the C.B.S.O., we thank him sincerely for consistently bringing a glamour and sparkle to school performances over the years which has made them really memorable.

Yet virtuosity was still not at an end after this. 1st orchestra now performed the 'Sorcerer's Apprentice' for the second time, and did complete justice to a difficult piece, something that the performance in the Central Hall the previous term had not quite achieved. The bassoon playing was excellent, and Sarah Wood turned virtuoso with a brilliant performance on the glockenspiel.

Reaching a finale with a rendition of 'Schönherr's Austrian peasant dances, this was in all respects an outstanding concert that pays tribute to our remarkable conductor, Mr Bridle, for whom we cannot be thankful enough. Celebrations, with refreshments, began directly afterwards (opposite the concert hall), and here it is reported that Ian Crew distinguished himself for the second time that memorable evening, an evening, however, which he had forgotten by the following morning.

Bruce MacInnes, Divisions.

THE ALISTAIR MacKERRAS CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

In March, the Alistair MacKerras Chamber Orchestra and Choir graced us with their exhilarating presence. After an afternoon's rehearsal which augured well for the coming performance and after rampaging 'round school eyeing up the talent that was to be seen on Winterbourne, they dispersed to their various host families. They ranged in ages from eleven to eighteen and were tremendously rich; one Christian Babet for example had a private beach which adjoined Bondi Beach. Although perhaps this school does not display as much affluence as Sydney Grammar School, it is a pity we cannot supply the first orchestra with resources to go on tour, at least in Britain, if not abroad.

Their performance was accomplished and frank, and both choir and orchestra were excellent in tone and rhythm. They played for us Vivaldi's *Gloria* and Double Violin Concerto in A Minor. When one realised that the orchestra was only their B team, it shows something of the enthusiasm that must have developed in their school for music. They then sang some extracts from *H.M.S. Pinafore* which they had put on as their annual opera. One of the funniest sights which I have ever seen was enormous tanned Australians dancing to the chorus of 'I am the captain of the Pinafore'. They finished off their concert with some traditional Australian folk-songs, adding a light-hearted touch to a most enjoyable concert.

Dominic Worsley, Divisions.

SUMMER CONCERT

Never has the Summer Concert been so good, in standard or length. The Concert Band began with two numbers that reflected the toe-tapping, finger-clicking feel which ran through much of the concert. The second piece was a 'Frolic For Trombones' that produced some slick playing from the trio of David Whitehouse, Daniel Barker and Paul Edwards. The Junior Choir followed with an operatic medley that consisted of three popular pieces from Verdi and Strauss. Under the command of Nigel Argust, the choir has certainly flourished, and this was shown in their short but stirring programme, which was accompanied on the piano by the inimitable David Homer. Mr Argust then dashed down the stairs to conduct the Wind Band, who played *Over The Rainbow* and *Ain't She Sweet* with considerable aplomb. Next, Gor-

don Sill made his customary pre-interval announcements. Having apologised for the omission of certain names from the programme, he went on to explain that the tradition of the fruitless and violent rush for interval refreshments was sadly to be no more, as no soft drinks had been laid on this year. However, Mr Sill continued, without wishing to blaspheme in a Methodist hall, it might be possible to make a fifteen-minute dash into another nearby establishment, if need be.

The second half began with an excellent rendition of Brahms' *Academic Festival Overture* by the first orchestra, conducted by their guru, Peter Bridle. This was followed by an equally impressive performance of the *Capriccio Espagnol* by Rimsky-Korsakov, in which the highlight was without doubt the amazing violin cadenza given by the orchestra's leader, Liz Varlow. Her virtuosity, control and sensitivity left one professional musician avowing that even Felix Kok couldn't play it as well. The K.E.H.S. Senior Choir then sang two famous tunes, including Irving Berlin's *There's No Business*, to leave just one awesome part of the concert left. Awesome - because it included nearly ninety string-players in an orchestra so huge that Peter Bridle was but a speck to those of us playing at the back. Nevertheless it obviously came off, because the audience ruthlessly demanded an encore. Eventually we were allowed to retire to the afore-mentioned establishment, exhausted - but contented.

Tim H. Franks, Sixths.



CAROL SERVICE at St George's Edgbaston

December 10th 1985 was the date for the Chapel Choir's first Christmas gig at St George's Edgbaston. Dr Homer drove us to the church at 4:15 and we prepared for two hours of tedious, non-stop rehearsing. After this was over, we were hustled into a room where we could wait and eat our packed lunch without getting in anyone's way. But the most important thing, Dr Homer told us, was to keep quiet, for the congregation could hear every word we said in this room. So, as the first few members of the congregation entered, we promptly had a bawling contest. But this soon stopped, for Dr Homer warned us: 'The next one to talk gets a detention'.

Ten minutes later, the church was full (well, nearly anyway) and we took our places on the choir gallery. We sang our carols between the lessons, the songs ranging from the deep, booming chords of *Personent Hodie* to the fluent lyricism of *Silent Night*. At the end of the service, Rev. Crocker gave us a sermon on the true meaning of Christmas, and how it had become too commercialised. We all went home at 9:00 with a lump in our throats.

John Rimmer, Shells

CHORAL SOCIETY CONCERT

1985 was the tercentenary of Bach's birth, a fact which seems to have passed most people by completely unnoticed. As if to remind us all, The Choral Society's Christmas Concert was a performance of the Christmas Oratoria, an extremely demanding work. It was, therefore, with some trepidation that I went to listen. However, to my surprise and delight, the performance was both confident and accomplished, as we have come to expect.

Sarah Stobert, Nigel Roberts and John Hawker were the three soloists, with Peter Bridle leading the orchestra and Nigel Argust overseeing the whole performance. Sarah Stobert, singing both soprano and alto parts, performed very well in the former, but the latter was a little below her register, and was subsequently lost beneath the orchestra. Nigel Roberts coped admirably with the high and demanding tenor part, whilst John Hawker was as good as ever in the bass. The choir, which seems to have shrunk since last year, sung with confidence and seemed to enjoy themselves, although a few too many trebles stood with their heads buried and their mouths half shut.

Mention ought to be made of Sarah Wood, who moved with grace from the ranks of the choir to join the soloists to perform the Quartet, where she more than held her own.

In the orchestra, there was an excellent solo from Eva Stewart on the flute and Duncan McNaughton was predictably good on the piccolo trumpet - but what else would we expect from him? The only thing that marred the otherwise excellent orchestra was some slightly over-zealous percussion playing, which tended to drown out the others.

Overall, Nigel Argust, who seems to have cast off the image of being cute and funny, must be congratulated for this impressive concert.

Iain McNeish, Sixths.

CHAPEL CHOIR CONCERT

Bournville Parish Church provided the venue for the Chapel Choir concert late in May. The 8pm start was in fact so prompt, that the chiming bells of the renowned Bournville Clock Tower almost clashed with the first piece. This brief, eight tone fanfare caused Mr Argust, the soloist in Handel's organ concerto in B flat, to reminisce about a previous occasion, when he had improvised a fugue on these very same notes. Moderating his inventive abilities to extended ornamentation, he played the solo part admirably, overcoming any problems caused by the awkward position of the organ console and the choice of stops, quite different from a 17th century chamber organ.

The Clarinet Quartet, comprising Steve Twigg, Matthew Hunt, Jonathon Frank and Paul Mitchell, transported us back to the 20th century with lively renditions of the Jacob and Walker suites.

The highlight of the evening, the Faure Requiem, was enthusiastically conducted by Dr Homer with the ubiquitous John Hawker providing the baritone solos. With such talent as our own James Priory, who gave a extremely moving performance of the soprano/treble solo *Pie Jesu*, there was no need to bring in a soloist.

Many thanks must go to Dr Homer for his diligence with the choir, and to all the participants for their hard practice.

Nicholas Kaufman, Sixths.

LOUIS CARUS

Louis Carus has been Head of School at the Birmingham School of Music since 1975. He studied at the Brussels Conservatoire and the Tanglewood Summer School, and has since gone on to found numerous chamber music groups and to lead some celebrated orchestras (including, currently, the acclaimed Orchestra da Camera). For many years he has been a leading administrative figure in British Music, both at home and abroad.

Mr Carus, how do you see the role of classical music at schools?

One has to build bridges, by training people to appreciate music as an academic *and* a social interest, so that they feel the music of Bach and Beethoven is something that is alive and worth exploring.

Do you think that such events as the BBC's 'Young Musician Of The Year' competition help the cause of classical music?

These competitions obviously do generate very much public interest - but they're also anti-musical, because the idea of having a winner in the arts is nonsensical. You are in the arts for the sake of the arts and for creative results that can't be measured in terms of coming first and second.

Recently, there does seem to have been a great upturn in the popularity of classical music. Where do you think this comes from?

I think it's partly because the public does seem to respond to charismatic characters - such as Simon Rattle, Nigel Kennedy - who represent a new perception of what the arts have to offer. It's essential that the arts should always be looking forwards. This is something I hope the Adrian Boult Hall (where the Easter Concert was held - Ed.) will help to encourage.

Why is the new concert hall named after Sir Adrian Boult?

One of the things that concerned Boult most about the Birmingham scene, when he first came here in the 1920s, was that there was no adequate concert hall. For many years he tried to match the artistic development of his orchestra with a building programme, but there was neither the political will nor the money. Now that we've finally been able to build a new hall, it seemed right that we should salute the memory of one of our greatest musicians and his association with Birmingham by naming the hall after him.

Why did it take so long for Birmingham to get its first purpose-built concert hall?

There has been a certain amount of inertia as far as the arts have been concerned, but I think gradually the political forces that lie behind this inertia have changed their perception of what the public needs and deserves in our city centres. The building work actually started in 1973 - but in the same year it came to a halt.

Why was that?

There was a national financial crisis which meant that the building programme for the centre of Birmingham was suddenly suspended - and we were literally suspended on concrete stilts for many years. A number of schemes were put forward in an attempt to provide us with the concert hall we needed. These included a liaison with the Athletic Institute to see if we could combine a gymnasium with a concert hall: that never reached fruition. Then about four years ago a new scheme was prepared by the City Architect, to see if we could put together a package that the government might help to fund, by completing the city centre civic works with a cultural complex.

Will this new complex at last adequately cater for Birmingham music?

When the second new concert hall and convention centre on Broad Street are complete, along with the Adrian Boult Hall, Birmingham will have a cultural facility which, outside London, will be second to none.

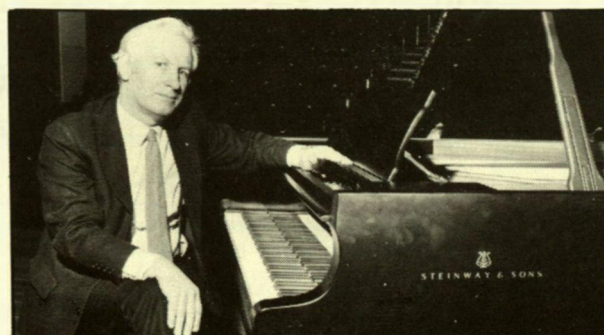
In what ways is the Adrian Boult Hall being used at the moment?

It's proved to be exceptionally versatile. It can hold a hundred-piece orchestra and a large choir - but it's also very suitable for chamber music or a solo piano recital. It's been very successful so far for recordings and broadcasts, and for music theatre. We hope that groups will present dance, jazz - there's even now a project for using it as a venue for a national snooker competition.

And there will still be a niche for amateur and school music?

I hope that that will be one of the strongest things to develop.

Mr Carus, thank you.



(Photograph courtesy of Mr Carus)



Simon Hill, Sixths.

Dear Sir,

Some months ago you took out a subscription to *The Economist* which our records indicate has not been renewed.

The Economist has a small circulation around the world and, by its very nature, it will always continue to be small. We on the publishing side of the magazine, therefore, take a more than passing interest in our subscribers. We have always enjoyed fairly high renewal rates from our subscribers and this continues; however, from time to time, we are left with no alternative but to trespass on the goodwill of those who have not renewed in order to find out what it is that has left them unsatisfied with *The Economist*.

I would be most grateful if you would take the time to write a note on the back of this letter and send it to me in the envelope provided.

You may also take this opportunity, (and I sincerely hope you do), to renew your subscription to *The Economist*, by completing and mailing the enclosed renewal form.

Yours sincerely,

Clive L. Greaves
Publishing Director.



Dear Sir,

You might presume that the only reason I have not resumed my *Economist* order is that I have received a highly patronising reminder, disguised slenderly as a concerned plea. This, however, is not so.

I would dearly like to continue having copies of your magazine, if only to leave conspicuously on tables in my residence. Unfortunately, my generous allowance has been completely cut off since I was found in a compromising position with one of your photographers (no names mentioned). This unenviable situation was about to be reviewed when Uncle Henry, my benefactor, managed to get himself run over by an out-of-control coach, whilst waiting in a queue to buy *The Economist* (since my delivery had been terminated). I might, therefore, point the finger of accusation at you and your staff, for spoiling my leisure activities. A gentleman of standing, of course does no such thing, but it goes without saying that a few 'complementary' *Economist* copies would not go amiss. My friends might be so impressed with the articles they read, 'chez moi', that they would consider their own subscription, therefore raising your profits. I do hope my lawyers will not need to get in touch.

Yours sincerely,

Rupert Martin.

All at once I heard the thunder,
Heard it rumble, long and loud,
All at once I saw my parents
Vanish in the mushroom cloud.
All at once the house I lived in
Was just sticks and bricks and stone.
All at once the population
Was just Spot and me alone.
I recall when Miss Delaney
Said, 'To progress pin your hopes'.
That was when she was my teacher.
Now, she's just some isotopes.

Spot and I are very happy,
Ever since the town went boom,
Now there is no school to go to,
I don't have to clean my room.
Things are peaceful with no problems,
No adults left to yell and shout,
Then again, today I noticed,
All Spot's fur is coming out.
And my skin is slowly turning
Green and yucky, blue and squirmy,
Since the bomb they dropped on Christmas,
Happy New Year, Dr. Fermi!!

Michael Robins. Sixths.

TO THOSE WHO KNOW ME, (PARENTS ASIDE).

There was a pall of clouds
When he left home.
And a soft chit-chitting wind
Tugging at upturned lapels.

He kissed the lip of the bottle
And felt the tongue of liquid
In his mouth
Like dregs of a lover.

He lost the bottle in a hedge
And though he'd almost climbed inside it,
He left it as a death-trap
For some smaller vertebrate.

A fly buzzed in his head
And like a strong horse startled,
He shook it free
And searched for sanctuary:
A favourite bench for a middle-class tramp,
Who had a Latin test third period
That morning.

Anonymous.



NT

Nick Tromans, Divisions.

TRIPS

Nick Varley, Sixths.

THE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION TRAVEL SCHOLARSHIP

Washington D.C. and its surrounding areas

I applied for the Travel Scholarship to go to Washington D.C. to study housing areas and to gain an insight into the American people.

When the plane took off from Heathrow airport, I thought that I was going to be fortunate in having three seats to myself. However, only ten minutes later, two enormous middle-aged American women, looking like hot air balloons with arms and legs, came to trap me in my window seat. Three hours later, whilst over the Atlantic ocean, the more perceptive of the two asked me why the view never changed. She was somewhat baffled by the unchanging field patterns below. I had to explain to her that she was staring at the aeroplane's wing, and that what she had thought to be fields and hedges were the nuts and bolts of the metal wing-plates!

On arrival in Washington I was immediately plunged into America's heat and humidity - I can only 'relate the experience' (in true American jargon) to resembling an ant inside the spout of a steaming kettle.

I stayed with a family whom I had never met before. On meeting them, I answered many questions about England, and tried - failing miserably - to explain the rules of cricket. Every family, host or hostess, required me to explain the rules of cricket and each item, just as I thought I had succeeded, they commented 'Yes, I understand. It's just like baseball really!'

Washington centre is beautiful, fit to be the capital city of the United States. In many ways it is like London, lacking the skyscrapers of most other American cities. No building is allowed to obscure the George Washington monument - a marvellous 555ft-high needle of white

stone. The effect is to create a feeling of spaciousness, and the claustrophobic feeling of New York amongst the concrete canyons is pleasantly absent. The city, in geographical terms, is wholly artificial. It was specifically built from scratch as the country's capital in a compromising position between the industrial north and the agricultural south. Consequently it lacks any industrial heritage or trading history and has very few shops, with nothing to compare with New York's Fifth Avenue or London's West End. Instead, the buildings are almost entirely administrative, with endless buildings devoted to the storage of the nation's records.

It was thus an excellent place to undertake my project on housing, for census information was relatively easy to find. Having collected a mass of information regarding house prices, percentages of people unemployed or living below the poverty line, and white inhabitants from 25 housing areas in the district of Columbia, I chose four areas for further study. These ranged from Georgetown - a highly fashionable, expensive, all-white area - to Anacostia - a deteriorated, derelict, crime-ridden, poverty-stricken all-black area - Washington's Harlem. Visiting these areas was fascinating and I was thankful not to live in either, for I couldn't tolerate the hypocritical, pretentious and trendy lifestyle of Georgetown and Arlington, nor the extreme feeling of poverty and despair which was so prominent in the neighbourhoods of Anacostia and Trinidad.

What I find so amazing is that these areas exist so closely together - within two miles of one another. To me, this fact of Washington typifies the U.S.A. It is a nation of ex-

tremes, of very rich and very poor. Intermediate areas hardly exist.

I didn't spend all of my time with my nose in census data, but spent weekends visiting nearby attractions, such as 'Ballymore' (apparently the word 'Baltimore' is unpronounceable) and the battlefields of Southern Pennsylvania. I was taken to Fort McHenry, where my host delighted in telling me that 'This is where Britain lost to the colonies.' It took great persuasion to convince him that 'This is where Britain decided that America wasn't worth fighting for!'

I visited Shenandoah National Park for a few days in search of bears - and the Waltons. I didn't see either, though others there at the time saw bears. Nevertheless, I saw skunks, chipmunks and deer. To appreciate the beauty and ecology of the Appalachians, I took advantage of the many Ranger talks, only to find that these were geared to the intelligence of the hot air balloons! The Rangers asked probing and stimulating questions such as 'Have any of y'all seen any rocks here in Shenandoah?' I seemed to be one of the few present who wasn't dumbfounded to discover that rocks are quite common in Shenandoah.

Nevertheless, the beauty of Shenandoah is indisputable, yet I despair to think that in the near future National Parks will be the only small sections of the vast country not illuminated at night by neon signs for innumerable fast-food restaurants, and the only places free from the constant humming of the 'freeways'.

My visit to the U.S.A. was highly stimulating, enabling me to meet some truly marvellous, kind and likeable people, and to see some incredible sights.

I find it utterly disappointing that so few people tried to win the Travel Scholarship, for with a well-researched entry, it is highly likely that a pupil will be able to travel where he otherwise would have no hope of going. I urge all school members to take advantage of the splendid opportunity, and thank everyone for having given me such a wonderful chance.

Nicholas Fowler, Sixths.

Owing to the fact that a nameless editor spilt his coffee, we would like to thank whoever sent in the report on the Rem S trip, but apologise for the fact that it could not be printed.

The Editors.

GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIPS

As usual, the geographers have taken their studies beyond the school gates into the geographer's 'laboratory'.

Removes and Fourths have visited North Wales, Upper Middles have been to the Peak District and 'A' level geographers have visited Derbyshire and North Yorkshire.

The following is a sample of reports received,

J.A.C.

PEAK DISTRICT (Divisions)

Early one sunny Friday morning, the party of Divisions geographers embarked on the annual introductory weekend away in the Peak District. We left school at about 9.30 and headed for Manchester.

Once on the outskirts of Manchester, we had to start 'thinking geography'. This means trying to relate all your observations to the facts and theories learnt in the classroom. If done successfully, the realisation of Manchester's urban geography became quite fascinating.

We arrived at Gradbach Mill youth hostel later on Friday evening. The hostel is an old water-mill situated near the village of Flash, which is the highest village in England - every aspect of a geography field trip is relevant!

On Saturday, we climbed Kinderscout, the main purpose of this being that we should be able to recognise the physical features of the Millstone Grit, Dark Peak and then to compare them with the features of the Limestone White Peak. This was seen in the pouring rain on Sunday, when we explored Dovedale and its caves. The torrential rain made this very difficult. Everybody's notes and clothes were soaked through. We left Dovedale and arrived back at school early on Sunday evening.

Our thanks must go to Messrs Sljivic, Roden and Cumberland for organising an enjoyable and fulfilling experience.

Dave Prasher, Divisions.

Reports were also received from Guy Derrington on the other Fourth year trip to North Wales, and from Andrew Roberts on the Divisions trip to North Yorkshire.

NORTH WALES (Fourths)

On 27th June, all but a few of 4R and 4T assembled in readiness for, and in anticipation of, the imminent field trip. All hopes of a 'doss' were rapidly eliminated, however, as work soon began, culminating in a visit to Llangollen (a town by now all too used to the ravages of school parties) and a look at the spectacular Horseshoe Pass, hidden in a thick mist.

The afternoon was spent examining treacherous scree slopes in the Llanberis Pass, after which we descended upon a national museum of Wales, stripping it of all free booklets and leaflets. We went on in growing heat to the hostel, where the food, although quite good, came in excessively small quantities.

Next morning, following a dawn run with Mr Roden and Dr Bridges around Llyn Idwal (the local lake), we departed for a tour of the Nant Ffrancon valley, where temperatures soared into the 90's, with half-naked torsos a factor which evidently shocked the local sheep population!

After a light lunch, we made our way to the Ogwen falls, where we examined river depth and then took a much needed swim.

Later in the afternoon, we climbed up to Llyn Idwal, a spectacular corrie lake, before abandoning our geography lesson in favour of a further swim.

After supper, our work finished, we were let loose upon the sleepy folk of Bangor, before returning, weary, to our beds.

The next day was given over to assaulting tourists in Llandudno, as part of a questionnaire. The responses varied from the charming to the not-so-charming; when, for example, a man was asked 'How long are you staying here?', the reply was 'All my life! I live here.' After a look at Great Orme's Head, we skipped a study of the Conwy valley in favour of the World Cup final. Our thanks to Mr Roden, Mr Sljivic and Dr Bridges for making this an unforgettable weekend in more ways than one...

Andy Kilgour and Matthew Grimley, Fourths.



Colin Hay, Divisions.

THE ALTERNATIVE

'Stop!' came a cry from the back of the minibus as Mr T. reversed into a tree. The Clent Hills were the venue of the Alternative Trip at which the presence of most of the 4th year was sadly missed owing to the unfortunate occurrence of a Geography Field Trip. The fourteen of us who got our priorities right were in for some fun as Sam Raja unveiled his views on Classics teachers, Martin Potter initially refused to take off his coat (it was about 80 degrees plus!), but later bared his...thick sweater, and Dick Osborne went topless, wearing mountaineering boots and walking a hundred yards ahead of the rest of us (occasionally waiting at benches).

Now for the *Chronicle* clichés: thanks to Mr Tibbott and the back door of the minibus for not flying open, and a good time was had by most. Tough luck geographers!

Rod Tait, Fourths.



Nick Varley, Sixths.

CCF ANNUAL CAMP Penhale 1985

The powers that be decided that it would be safest to send the CCF to some remote place well away from any population centre; it was for this reason that Cornwall, famous for its cream-teas and for having produced Mr Wills, was invaded by forty cadets between July 15th and 22nd.

The camp started on a very suspect note with the 'advance party', which was scheduled to arrive twenty-four hours before the rest of the group, eventually turning up just five minutes before the coach! Fortunately, similar problems did not intrude into the rest of the week as the contingent touched the gamut of tasks put before it. This involved adventure training (canoeing and abseiling) as well as the military activity for which the CCF is more usually famed. We were lucky in that this camp provided the chance of using equipment not usually available at school: pistols and other modern weapons were tried, N.B.C. suits (against the effects of Nuclear, Bacterial and Chemical attacks) were tried out and more radios than we imagined existed were obtained for us by Gavin 'Voice Procedure' Grant.

It was sometimes hard to maintain a sense of realism in the exercises since, after capturing an enemy position, we frequently looked over a bridge only to see families enjoying their picnics or holiday-makers lying on a beach. There was even a nudist beach nearby and, incidentally, Mr Everest announced that he had recently bought a new tele-photo lens for his camera - how convenient!

A mention must be given to the March-and-Shoot team who won this camp's competition; they plainly enjoyed charging up and down hills and they displayed remarkable skill in still being able to point a rifle at the target when, at that stage, lesser mortals would not have been able to pick one up.

As all on the camp realise, the activities simply would not have taken place without the organisation of Mr Benson, Mr Wills and Mr Everest who gave their time to run the week. Mr Dewar's preparatory work, too, is appreciated though he was unable to attend because of illness. Our thanks go to these masters and we hope they enjoyed the camp in their way as much as we did in ours.

Jonathan Slater, O.E..

CCF VISIT TO BLANDFORD CAMP, DORSET

From Friday March 15th to Sunday March 17th Slim Platoon braved the freezing conditions outside the coach at the top of the drive, and spent the weekend warm and dry at the School of Signals, Blandford Camp. The senior NCO's had been there before: they knew the merits of spending a weekend there. There was going to be no shivering in sleeping bags in a water-filled ditch near a railway siding, no smelling of woodsmoke, no mud up to our armpits, no rifle cleaning!

Led by Lieutenant Wills, Slim had a very informative few days, in which we gained a small amount of the vast knowledge needed for effective and efficient radio propagation. We also learnt of the capabilities of some of the armed forces' HF and VHF radio sets. Even our quick-witted, sure-footed, able-bodied signal man Ken learnt a few nifty tricks to add to his already extensive knowledge of signalling. His exceptional test mark at the end of the weekend showed that he always was a candidate for membership of Signals Platoon.

Thanks must go to Sergeant-Major Brown for having us in his nice clean classrooms and to Corporal Mander and Lance-Corporal O'Conner for putting up with our ignorance. Thanks and farewell also to Lieutenant Wills, who left the school at Easter to fulfil his destiny elsewhere. Thanks for his time and leadership from fellow officers, NCO's and cadets.

Corporal Mike Robins, Sixths.

SAILING TRIP TO COWES

In the Summer we took our third annual party to Cowes (the largest ever - approximately thirty boys and girls from K.E.S., K.E.H.S. and Edgbaston Church of England College). This was an excellent opportunity to learn new skills, extend and improve techniques and experience conditions rarely encountered inland. It was a very happy time for all, but unfortunately it will not be repeated this year, because a massive increase in prices at the National Sailing Centre decimated support for the venture. I hope the 1985 course was not the last - plans are already afoot for another attempt to go in 1987.

K. McL.

SCIENCE VI 1A/2A FORM TRIP TO DERBYSHIRE

The Youth Hostel was chosen with great care by Science VI 2A to be within walking distance of a watering hole. In spite of this extra facility, many of Science VI 1A were still unable to attend this weekend of athletic pursuits.

The walks were pleasant and well planned by Dr Homer. Unlike the previous year, no CCF person was allowed to map-read (perhaps with their help more taps dispensing ambrosia might have been found).

Friday night, walking through the wood on the way back from the hostelry, Garth Cox was attacked relentlessly by tree roots. Whilst walking on Saturday a halt was called for by Dr Homer so that he could use his amateur radio (CB). The walk ended on the stroke of six. Immediately, Mr Andronov developed a dry throat.

The sun of Saturday was not repeated on Sunday; it was damp, misty and cold. The walk followed a railway cutting, half full of snow in places. At one stage Paul King, Matthew Ingram and Edmund Beynon were shoulder deep in snow, after straying momentarily from the path.

Towards the end of the stroll, Richard Leung and James Reilly, walking ahead, missed the turn-off. Only Richard heard Dr Homer's shouts. James danced on, listening to Dire Straits. We played cards in the middle of a field for half an hour, Mr Russell and Mr Andronov getting carried away. After James returned, the bad news was broken: we might not finish until 2:30. At this, our older comrades took up the pace, urging us to walk faster. With their leadership our goal was reached in time.

Many thanks to Dr Homer, Mr Russell, Mr Andronov and Mr Benson for the logistics.

Mark and Simon Hill, Sixths.



Dan Barker, Sixths.

SKI TRIP TO HAUTE-NENDAZ

With post-Christmas hangovers still fresh in our bodies and heads, we clambered aboard the Magic Bus that was to take us across most of Europe to the resort of Haute-Nendaz, 'somewhere in Switzerland'. The journey was as uneventful as it was long, taking over twenty-four hours of travelling with only endless repeats of 'Batman' (the episode with the rubber shark), 'Fawlty Towers' and the apparent mal de mer of two silly Divisions aggravated by a surfeit of duty-free bonhomie. On arrival at the resort, which looked a lot like the one in the Wham! 'Last Christmas' video, the snow began to fall for the first time in weeks, which is always useful for skiing. We were also introduced to our accomodation, which was much too good for the likes of us, appearing to be more Terence Conran than the usual spartan domains of previous trips.

Six excellent days of skiing were to follow, in near perfect conditions, as Mr Roden berated us with the 'excellent case study material' of peri-glacial environments. Visits were made to the nearby Super-Nendaz resort, as well as to the 'world famous' Verbier Glacier, where the well hip and well rich ski. The night life was both dodgy and expensive, but we contented ourselves with entertainment from the strange, ritualistic game of 'bunnies', and by listening to 'interesting' Phil Clifford's wonderous tales of his capacious drinking, good looks, performances as a sexual athlete and overwhelming intelligence. Thanks, as always, must go to the masters; Messrs Worthington, Tomlinson and Roden, who encouraged restraint, resilience and good humour throughout.

Garon Anthony, Sixths.

A report was also received from Julien McGinnity on the Easter skiing trip to Pila.



(Photograph courtesy of G.A.W.)

SOCIETIES

ANAGNOSTICS



Fortunately, the previous secretary's prediction that Anagnostics meetings would 'simply degenerate into old wives' meetings', did not come true and indeed the society actually grew in popularity while other societies collapsed.

A good sign at the beginning of the year was the arrival of eight people at the first committee meeting, representing the Sixth Forms of both schools. Perhaps this was one of the reasons for the good attendances, along with the timing of the meetings, the amount of food available and, of course, the great interest in classical drama!

The three plays of the Winter term all went down well; especially the reading of Racine's *Phaedra*, which succeeded in dragging a few Modern Linguists along. In fact all eight meetings were enjoyable, and the many different people who came along all read well.

The 'Star' visitor this year was the Reverend Canon Lunt, who seemed to enjoy coming back to introduce Aeschylus's *Prometheus Bound* and 'to see how the boys were getting on'.

Other attractions of the year were the three trips organised, including one to a punk production of *Oedipus Rex*.

Thanks must go to Judy Tanner for 'arranging' finances and to Mr Owen, whose enthusiasm was of great help and whose comments and expressions were a source of great amusement.

Andrew Allen, Sixths.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

This year has been one of unprecedented inactivity for the Archaeological Society. However, Mr Lambie has asked us to reassure the school of its continued existence and he hopes that somebody will dig it up next year.

The Editors.

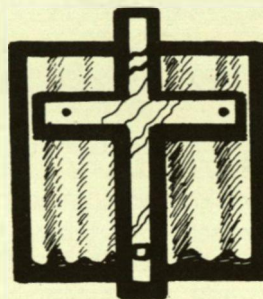
ART SOCIETY

To put it bluntly, not a lot really happened, upholding

the rather apathetic attitude towards the society. The high point of the year was a trip to London to see The Reynolds Exhibition at the Royal Academy, also including visits around The Tate and National Galleries. Apart from viewing the galleries, we also went sightseeing, enjoying irate taxi-drivers, Pizzaland and espresso coffee in Covent Garden. Therefore, the year was not a total failure and there is some hope for the future, especially considering the renewed enthusiasm in the Art department, fuelled by the arrival of David Stoker. Good luck to him and the next Art Secretary.

Andy Millicheap, Sixths.

CHRISTIAN UNION



Much confusion seems to surround the nature and the membership of the Christian Union. Because of this, I would like to put the record straight.

We are, although basically evangelical Anglican in our joint views and actions, an interdenominational group, with many members from the

Methodist, Pentecostal, Roman Catholic and other Churches. We have several main aims as a school C.U. We want to provide a way for Christians from these schools to meet together, and we want to help in the giving of Christian teaching, both of these together with the chapel. Also, perhaps our most important task is to communicate our beliefs to others who are not Christians.

This third aim is perhaps the most visible, and yet most misunderstood 'activity' of the C.U. If you want to read more about our position and intentions in doing this, I have written partly about this subject in the article about the Christian 'Mission' in March 1986.

Even apart from this week of open meetings in March (see Features), we have been very active over the past year, with two very successful weekends away in the Summer and Easter holidays, a Christmas Conference and at least six meetings of various descriptions each week.

The attendance at the main weekly meeting (on Thursdays after school) has risen from an average of about twenty five at the beginning of the year to about fif-

ty towards the end of the Spring term. Although numbers are certainly not everything, this increase has been a great encouragement, and with exams out of the way, this rise should continue. The meetings themselves have been lively and interesting, with talks on everything from escalators through ceilings (Jacob's dream about the stairway leading to heaven) to 'The Armour of God', and 'Whose Life is it Anyway?'.

Prayer meetings each morning apart from Wednesday, on which there is the chapel service, and the weekly Bible Studies have also both continued and grown in strength, with studies on II Corinthians and James.

Highlights of the year included a couple of joint meetings with the Camp Hill C.U., more of which are planned for the Christmas term.

Many thanks must go to Geoff Rimmer as he leaves K.E.S. after a very tiring, but productive, year as President, and as the new committee gets into its stride to Andy Stand (our much revered President). Thanks are also due to Mr Crocker for his continued and much valued advice and support and to the Chief Master and to other Christian teachers for their encouragement.

Richard Frank, Fifths.

CLASSICAL SOCIETY



Last year's *Chronicle* report concluded with a plea for more meetings and the hope that the secretary would attend them. There were, in fact, fewer meetings than last year, but they were more wide-ranging. Moreover, the secretary attended every one.

Roger Rees enlightened us with his views on Roman abortion, though he assured the society that he was no expert on the subject. Nick Kaufman dealt with the most fascinating topic of the relationship between the Roman Emperors and their Jewish subjects with a somewhat bizarre concentration on the Emperor Titus, whose brain was gradually eaten away by a gnat. Paul Kramer gave us a well researched insight into the life of the Ancient Celts, which I found particularly engrossing.

There is much scope for an expansion in the treatment of classical subjects next year, and perhaps there will be more meetings in 1986/7. The Classical Symposium concept, used briefly this year, might be exploited further with the opportunity for open discussion. Classical

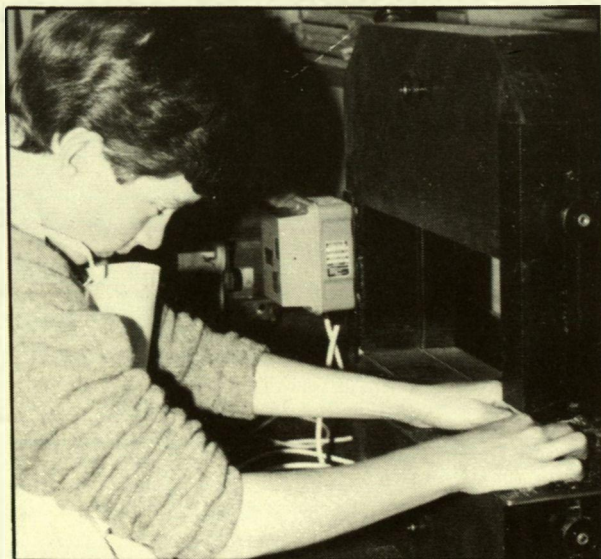
authorities from outside K.E.S., or even O.E.'s, might be willing to speak; and Mr Owen might be induced to astound the society once again with his crowd-pulling slides of Roman graffiti on Hadrian's Wall. All this would be 'quite nice'.

Andy Todd, Sixths.

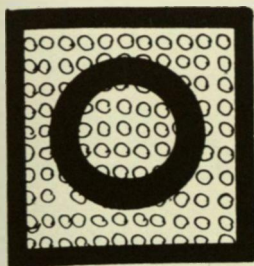
JUNIOR CLASSICAL SOCIETY

As usual, the Ratcliffe Theatre was bursting at the seams with people who had come to see the top classicists from the first four years, who were competing in a classical quiz. Mr Worthington, Mr Tibbott, Mr Evans, Mr Lambie and Mr Owen supplied the boys who made up the four teams, a representative from each year group in each team. The questions varied from easy to impossible, gods to declensions, and were answered amid cheers and boos from the typically rowdy audience, the obligatory Fourth years in the back rows supplying most of the noise. Mr D.J. Evans asked the questions as the scores rose steadily. It was a close match as the lead changed hands continually. The Wimpo Wonders edged ahead towards the end and their lead was sustained until the end ahead of the Worthington Wallies, the Owen Hopefuls and the Tibbott Tornadoes. The contest ended cheerfully amid rumours that Mr Evans had supplied the answers to his team beforehand. It was an event enjoyed by all participants and spectators, and will undoubtedly be repeated next year.

Dugal McCrow, Fourths.



CLOSED CIRCLE



Well, what can I say? The Closed Circle? It seemed this year that it had finally closed down. The initial verbal interest of quite a number of people never really materialised, and the subsequent two or three meetings of six or seven stalwart sages degenerated into activities which instigated the renaming of our little gatherings

as The Tea-Eating Society. Fine performances in digestion must be attributed to Toby Carpenter, who seemed quite happy at the new purpose of our meetings. Nevertheless, a brave face was kept by all as we engaged in debate over Toby's 95 Theses on the Public Transport System. The following disputation was in fact thought-provoking and developed into a good conversation piece. However, this was sadly a one-off event, never to be followed up.

Is the lack of success of the Closed Circle due to the decrepit state of intelligence in this year's Sixth Form? Perhaps not; once a society for those attempting 7th term Oxbridge, it provided an ideal pastime between school and 'The Gun Barrels' public house. The intensity of 4th term Oxbridge, now that 7th term no longer exists, means that from September to Christmas few people have the time to spend after school in such genteel pursuits as light conversation. After a weak start, restoking interest in societies is hard and in this year's case impossible. Also in a time when such great institutions as the Cartland Club and its trappings, which include the Closed Circle, are in their dying hour, due to a tide of modernisation and benevolent liberalism from those above us, the drive and purpose of activities such as the Closed Circle are strained. Once a closed society for a selected and invited few, cries of 'unfair' and 'elitism' were frequently heard, so we opened the society up; and nobody could be bothered to come!

Michael Robins, Sixths.

DEBATING SOCIETY



Once again the Debating Society scoured the social consciences of King Edward's aware adolescents. Although there was at times a dearth of posters, girls, Divisions and last year's right-wingers, the debates were of a high standard throughout their wide range. It is indicative of the quality of the speeches and the

floor's appreciation of them that the motions 'This House believes that the Iron Lady has gone rusty' and 'This House believes that feminism is a disservice to women' were respectively defeated and carried. Also, despite the profusion of Sixth Form speakers, the penultimate debate, 'This House believes that censorship is wrong', did in fact see the auspicious inception of Joe Martin and Andrew Killeen as speakers. The same was true at the other end of the age range, as Mr Hatton, Mr Lambie and Mr Hancock took part in perhaps the most enjoyable event of the year - a balloon debate of famous men and women. Mr Hatton as Le Général spoke entirely in French, and having thus alienated half the floor, endeavoured to distance the rest with some rather virulent chauvinism (he got no votes). Mr Lambie took the role of Julius Caesar and had great pleasure in recounting the details of his lurid life. Mr Hancock, though, as Mozart, victoriously dazzled the floor with song, jokes and the occasional perfect German. The final debate was memorable as well, having the voluminous title 'This House believes that our two schools are bastions of pretentiousness'. Kate Spiller's debut (and farewell) speech was hilarious, and, combined with the Chief Master's recent decision to install the new marble floor, bingo hall and jacuzzi in the Gild Hall, the motion was easily carried.

Lastly my thanks must go to Iain McNeish and Martin Crowley for their speeches, to the committee for their support and help, and, of course, to the irrepressible Mr Hatton for his memos.

Tim Franks, Sixths.

We feel that a special mention must be made of Tim Henry Franks's services to school debating over several years. Last year Tim was the best speaker in the 'Birmingham Post' Debating Competition, and this year he has won both the Hammond Debating Trophy and the Malcolm Locker Prize.

The Editors.

JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY



The opening debate, 'This House believes that both boys and girls would benefit from mixed schools', saw most, if not in fact all, of the 4th year boys turn up to jeer from the back seats. Consequently, the debate lacked balance, with all the 4th years voting on the same side, making

the result 87-4 (for the motion, of course).

In ensuing debates, no 4th years were allowed in, so the attendance dropped dramatically. In the third debate the committee saw the return of Matthew Killeen, anxious to gain his first victory in the JDS. Unfortunately, joy did not come his way, but in the fourth and final debate of the year he was back again ... with a vengeance. His speech lasted the best part of fifteen minutes and when the votes came in, even he was surprised by the majority he gained.

Thanks must go to Dr Hosty for pressganging and bribing people into speaking (once again).

Christopher Hitchins, Removes.

EURODRAMA



Ah! The laughter, the tears, the incomparable excitement of frenzied readings of masterpieces of European literature ... Actually, Eurodrama has kept a rather low profile this year, a sad fact largely due to the somewhat happy-go-lucky (lazy?) attitude of the secretary (sorry!). On the bright

side, we did manage to avoid reading any Molière...

Plays read were *Les Mains Sales* by Jean-Paul Sartre - always good for a laugh - which was introduced with great aplomb by our own Mr Workman, but which proved too long to hold the interest of most of those present, and *Der Besuch der alten Dame* by well-known Swiss cyclist Friedrich Dürrenmatt. Sadly, this play was also over-long - not for the enthusiastic readers, but for the K.E.H.S. porters, who decreed that we should be out of the building by six o'clock. However, we did have the great pleasure of Helen Fairlamb's *booby* (say no more).

Thanks to all members of staff from both schools who helped out during the year, and especially to the long-

suffering Mr Tomlinson, who is fab.

Martin Crowley, Sixths.

FELLWALKING SOCIETY



The society organised four trips this year, with greater emphasis being placed on overnight outings involving a night's stay at a Youth Hostel. Although slightly more expensive, these had the supreme advantage of allowing us to visit upland areas further afield.

The year got off to a flying start with the Autumn trip to Helvellyn. We were blessed with good weather throughout, and as a result there were some fine views of the nearby lakeland mountains and Ullswater stretching out into the distance.

There were two easier walks in the Spring term, one to the Derbyshire Hills and one to Clee Hill. The Clee Hill trip was in January, but the weather, although cold, was good for walking, and it remained dry throughout. Again there were some fine views and we also visited an old earthen fort. There was a slight covering of snow and the inevitable snowball fight saw the senior members overwhelmed by the juniors, whilst Mr Cumberland seemed bemused by the cowardice of some of the former.

In the Summer term there was another overnight trip, this time to Pen Y Fan in the Brecon Beacons. The walk started in driving rain, which became hail as the ascent began and the wind got up steadily. Mr Lambie responded to the adverse conditions with a stirring hymn and Pen Y Fan was conquered, though the walk had to be partly curtailed. Back in the minibus for lunch we found a change of clothes was essential.

The fell walks were interesting and an enjoyable time was had by all. The new minibus was a distinct improvement on the old one (which rattled and had a back door which would fly open at unexpected moments) and gave an element of safety and comfort to the journeys. Thanks must go to Mr Cumberland and Mr Lambie, who accompanied us, were generous in giving up their time and made it possible for us to see some of the fine and varied scenery that Britain has to offer.

Robert Thorpe, Divisions.

FILM SOCIETY

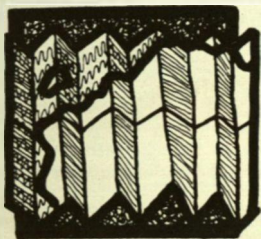
One Friday break sometime in Summer '85, a group of Young Idealists met in Geography Room B. They had volunteered to become members of the Film Society Committee. What trial and tribulation was to face them ... Together with their earnest colleagues from K.E.H.S. they hammered out a programme unparalleled in balance and artistry, which was only to be thwarted by a series of unforeseen problems. These ranged from films which did not fit the projector to films which did not even arrive! Who could they rely upon to get what they had asked for? An irate Mr Sljivic, who ensured that eventually all went well.

Not all of their problems could be solved in this manner: a rise in film prices (now over £60 for a new release) combined with a drop in membership imposed financial restrictions which not even a 'pay-as-you-enter' system could lift.

Thanks to Mr Sljivic, who kept their enthusiasm within the limits of sanity, while simultaneously preventing it from waning. Brief thanks must also go to those members of the committee who, disillusioned, abandoned ship, leaving a mere third of the 'brave volunteers' to run the society.

Edward Andrew and Mark Hill, Sixths.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY



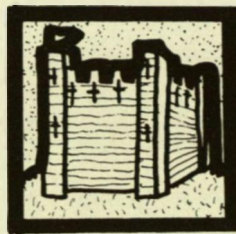
The 1985/6 academic year was most successful with four talks on varied topics. First of all Dr Burt from Oxford University came along to give a talk entitled 'Fieldwork in Geography'. This talk was attended by many, including some members of K.E.H.S. Next came Mr Taylor with his talk 'Development in

Ethiopia', telling us about the problems there and arguing the case for more aid. Our third speaker was an Old Edwardian, Steve Mustow, who had taken a year off before university to work abroad in Kenya with Project Trust. Our final speaker this year was Nicolas Fowler, who had won the Travel Scholarship. His talk was about his experiences around Washington and North-East America.

A visit to the Remote Sensing Department of Aston University was also undertaken by the Geography Division. Thanks must go to the 'President', Mr Cumberland, for encouraging these talks and good luck to the new secretary.

Lewis Hands, Sixths.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY



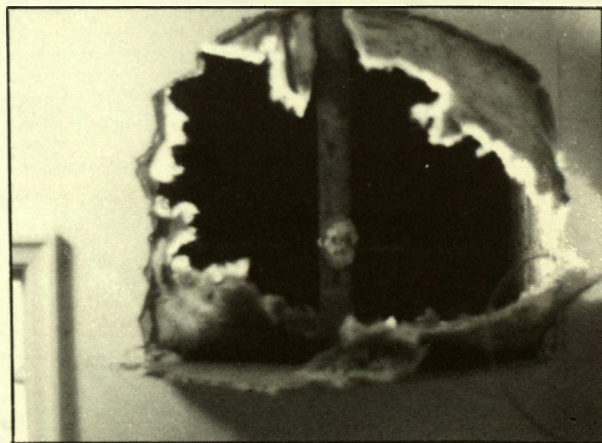
It has always been an important aim of the Historical Society, unlike other societies, to provide more than just a series of talks on subjects associated with 'A' level. Ironically, the most directly relevant, on 'The Russian Revolutions of 1905 and 1917' proved to be the least well attended by boys from K.E.S.

An increasing problem has emerged concerning the inability of visiting speakers from afar to reach K.E.S. by lunchtime. However, this did not prevent the successful delivery of several varied speeches, including 'Neville Chamberlain and the Policy of Appeasement' by Dr Dutton O.E. and 'Martin Luther and the Peasants' by Dr Brooks O.E. All of these were well attended, but in terms of numbers and partisan spirit were rivalled by the 'Historical Challenge' between the K.E.S. Superstars (Martin Palmer, Andy Todd and Garon Anthony) and the K.E.H.S. Allcomers. The Superstars rapidly showed their true skill and never renounced their lead.

The annual and celebrated Historical Society Trip was this year organised to the Domesday Exhibition and Gray's Inn, another visit to London after the successful Hampton Court visit of last year, which proved anything but dry and serious.

As always, thanks must go to Mr Buttress for his admirable and tireless organisation and his energy in arranging talks in the midst of a variety of commitments, and to Miss Jackson at K.E.H.S. for co-ordinating the Society's business there.

Martin Palmer, Sixths.



Edward Andrew, Sixths.

JUNIOR HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The society's renaissance has continued this year, largely due to the presence of a new and enthusiastic generation of minors, who have succeeded in packing to capacity almost every one of the meetings held.

Videos shown have included *Before the Romans*, a look at Iron Age civilisation, and a film on the Acropolis, both of which proved popular. The high point of the year was the highly oversubscribed computer program session, when history and technology teamed up to make use of an adventure game in which the player assumed the role of a Viking raider. As such he was expected to plan a voyage to Britain, taking with him the necessary supplies and weapons, and then to plunder a suitable settlement, returning laden with loot. Although evidently something of a novelty, the session also proved informative, and such was the degree of interest that a further session is currently being planned, as are a number of different meetings. Thanks must go to Dr Bridges for the use of the Computer Labs and to Mr Lillywhite for his support and organisation over the year.

Matthew Grimley, Fourths.

JEWISH SOCIETY

Jewish Society, although only officially recognised this year, has been running on an independent basis within the school for the last sixteen years. Unlike the old Closed Circle, the Masons or the Science Common Room, there are no funny handshakes, no ritual sacrifices, in fact no secrecy about our meetings. They are open to all, every Wednesday morning at K.E.H.S., although the topics discussed, argued about, fought over and ignored are generally of Zionist/Jewish interest.

I would like to thank Tim Franks, Sam Leek and Andrea Melnick, without whom my task would have been easier but less enjoyable and I wish Richard Wolffe and Michael Prais good luck for next year.

Ben Franks, Sixths.

LITERARY SOCIETY

Attendance at the Literary Society this year was somewhat diminished by the inability of most male 'A' level students to leave their perennial home of 'The Barrels'.

The first meeting, a reading on the theme of travel was

quite well attended, and was a fairly enjoyable lunch-hour.

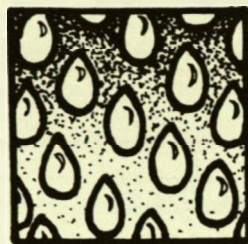
Further highlights of the year were a talk from Dr Richards (O.E.) from Brasenose College Oxford on the title 'Is Shakespeare Dead?', a reading of *The Sea* by Edward Bond by a select band of faithfuls, and a presentation of Sixties poetry, by Joe Martin, Andrew Killeen and friends.

Enthusiasm from the Divisions of both schools augers well for next year, and let's hope that the traditional Sixth-Form apathy does not arise again next year.

Many thanks to Kate Barnett for all her help before her surprise departure at Christmas, and thanks also to Mr and Mrs Trott.

Alistair Morgan, Sixths.

METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY



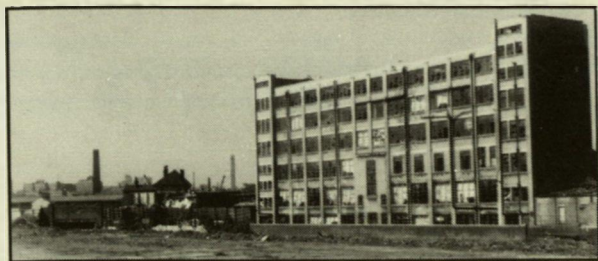
There is never much to report in the way of activities for this society, even though it is the most active in the school. We operate every day, rain or shine, at 9:00 GMT, including holidays and weekends. Not surprisingly, considering the level of commitment required, only seven members (about 1% of the school) are allowed to join. Qualifications are not exceptional, just a superb knowledge and understanding of the processes and effects of the weather in Britain, a well developed sense of responsibility and the sort of bone-headed intelligence that gets one the job of ploughing through the snowdrifts to school to take the weather reading on Christmas morning! The highlight of the year was our triennial inspection. We had a new inspector this year - free, keen, eager and much too efficient. Our old inspector did not mind the fact that our Stevenson's Screen is twenty centimetres too low, the rain gauge is imitating the Leaning Tower of Pisa and the wind vane... So a considerable rebuilding will have to take place. Fortunately, higher powers even than Mr Cumberland have decided to build all over our lovely weather station. The new station is going to be constructed on the South Field in the South-West corner by the cricket nets. Steven Tuck will most likely be supervising this as he will now assume the role of Head Observer. Many thanks to Jeremy Thornton, who is leaving the society, for his sterling service, especially for the Sunday readings.

Callum Nuttall, Sixths.

MODEL RAILWAY SOCIETY

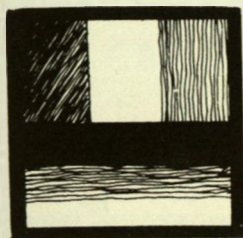
This society, under its former title of 'The Railway and Model Engineering Society', has lain dormant for some time, but has recently been brought back to life by a generous grant from the Chief Master. This will enable the society to construct a new baseboard in its room hidden away in the depths of the Physics Department. Tracklaying is projected to start next year.

R.J.D. (From the Speech Day summary)



Nick Varley, Sixths.

MODERN LANGUAGES SOCIETY



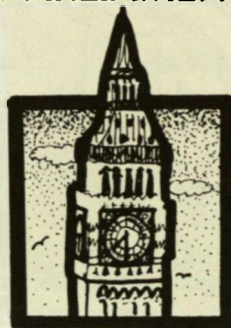
This year proved beyond doubt what a cultured society this has become. The year began with a talk with slides by Mrs Crossley on *Le Douanier Rousseau*. Before this talk my knowledge of French art had been very limited, but this was one talk which was informative, colourful and above all interesting.

even though I was personally rebuked for choosing one of the more irrelevant details for the poster. The second talk, given by the German Assistant, was on Vienna. This too was most interesting and well prepared. We were even given vocabulary sheets! The final talk was by the French Assistant on Matisse. This again matched the high standard of the other talks.

Attendances could have been better had the Sixth Form bothered to turn up, but it was suggested that the introduction of talks in English on foreign subjects would bring in more support, as would more diversity in subject matter. Finally, I would like to thank Mr Tomlinson for mustering up support from the Girls' School and also Gary Thornton for helping with the posters.

James Haddleton, Sixths.

PARLIAMENTARY SOCIETY



Owing to the scarcity of such major political storms as a national strike or an election until too late, there were no meaty political developments for the society to sink its teeth into this year. However, a number of factors conspired to produce a mildly interesting year, and heated discussions were par for the course in most of the meetings. Mention should be made of a particularly lively contingent of left-wing Shells and Removes, who frequently warmed things up to a level bordering on fever pitch.

The society trundled along with an air of benign indifference, until it came to pass that an SDP Parliamentary candidate came to speak about 'The Aims and Policies of the SDP'. Of these, however, he spoke little. Perhaps we can learn something from this.

As I write a potential cabinet reshuffle, further rates rebellions in Liverpool, Lambeth and similar councils and even the sensual and political delights of the forthcoming General Election bode well for the future, and the prospects for the year ahead are good.

Edward Andrew, Sixths.

RAILWAY SOCIETY



On Sunday 29th September 1985 we visited the centre of the Great Western Society at Didcot. Built on the site of the old engine shed, the Society could boast an impressive display of locomotives, both diesel and steam, which ran on the G.W.R. On that day most of the locomotives were in steam,

allowing numerous trips along the short railway lines and inspection of the cabs. The inside of a signal box and a short section of broad-gauge track being laid added interest to the sights on view.

Unfortunately, we came too early for the opening of the broad-gauge section, which now offers rides behind one of the Great Western's locomotives, 'Iron Duke'

R.J.D. (From the Speech Day summary).

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

Undoubtedly the main event this year was the lecture and demonstration given by the crew of the Royal Bank of Scotland's airship. The craft visited Birmingham during May, the talk being given on 15th May, unfortunately a day on which the weather was too poor to enable the airship to take to the sky. Wing Commanders Gerry Turnbull and Ian McDonnell gave an interesting and entertaining lecture, which was concerned with the development of flight generally, but with reference to lighter-than-air craft in particular.

By a happy coincidence a take-off was possible in fine weather at the CCF Annual Inspection on the following day. Thanks are due to the Bank for arranging the display and for organising a competition in which members of the school were given the opportunity to produce a design for an airship or balloon. The winners received their prizes at the end of June and all entries were displayed in the Royal Bank's St Philip's Place branch in Birmingham.

R.J.D.

SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY



The bright-eyed enthusiasm of previous years was sadly not present this year. Average sized audiences attended the readings during the Autumn term, such as *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, but numbers dropped steadily thereafter to become the lowest in the society's 33 years of existence. Some meetings were abandoned. At others plays were read purely to pass the time until 'The Barrels' opened. No valiant attempts were made to save the society and the highlight of the year was not the trip to Stratford, because one didn't take place.

Simon Spencer, Sixths.





SUE -- THIS IS YOUR BIGGEST!

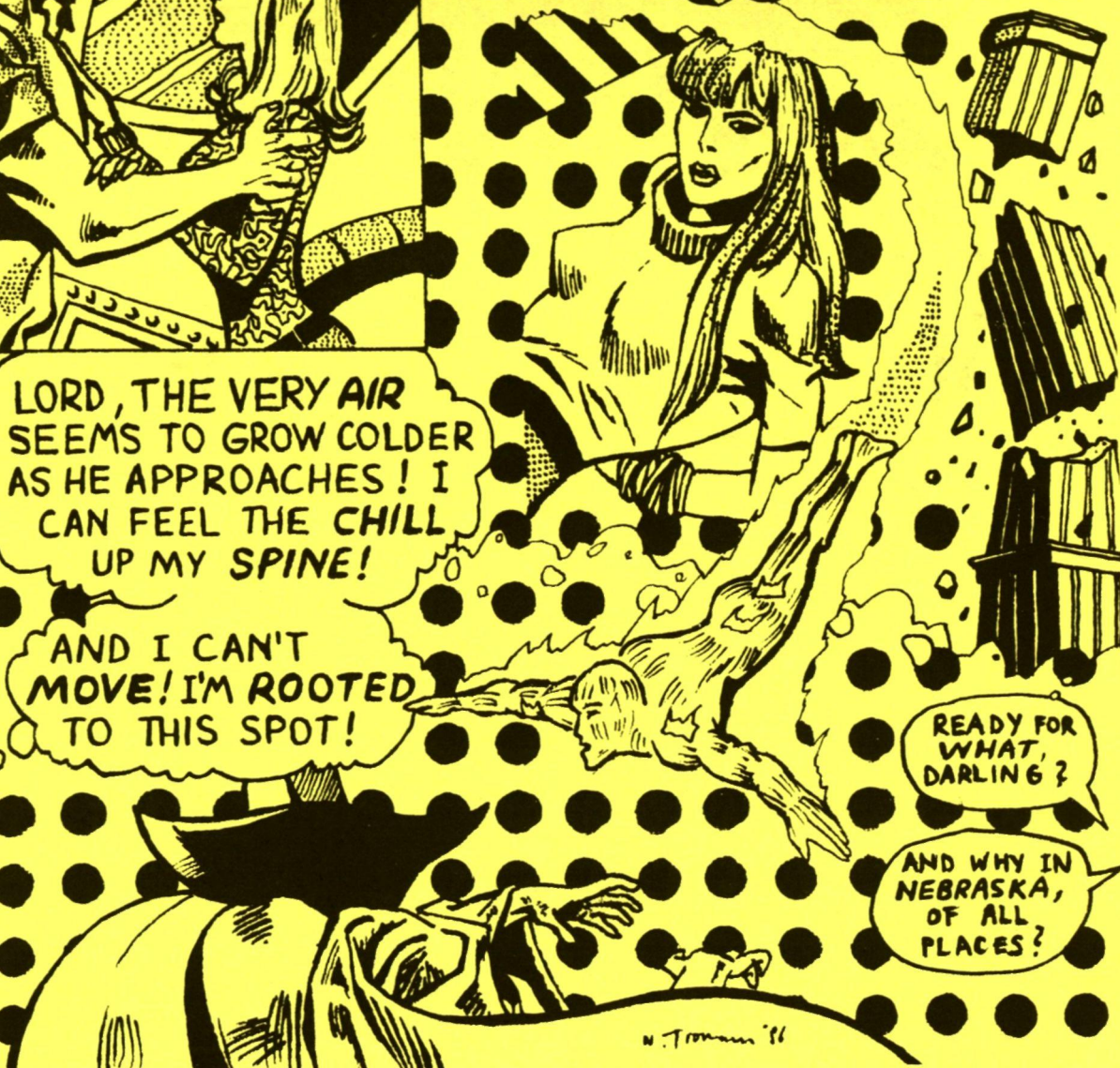
THINK YOU'RE
UP TO IT?

I AM,
REED. I'VE
GOT TO BE!

LORD, THE VERY AIR
SEEMS TO GROW COLDER
AS HE APPROACHES! I
CAN FEEL THE CHILL
UP MY SPINE!

AND I CAN'T
MOVE! I'M ROOTED
TO THIS SPOT!

THWOOOM!



READY FOR
WHAT,
DARLING?

AND WHY IN
NEBRASKA,
OF ALL
PLACES?

N. Tromans '86

Nick Tromans, Divisions.

"FRUSTRATION:



WHEN YOU WANT TO GIVE SOMEBODY A
BIG HUG, BUT YOU CAN'T.

AIN'T LIFE A BITCH?"

-martin[★]x

A WELL-ROUNDED LOVELY HEART

I thought you probably wouldn't come:
Yet still I came -
And will again,
On the slimmest of chances you might be there;

I don't know what you'd do if you knew about me:
Would you burst into song,
Or tell me it's wrong
That someone in my position should care?

For all of my books, and all my good looks,
I can't think what to do -
See, I really like you,
But I really don't think that I dare.

Purely platonic relationships are as hard as hell sometimes.

Martin Crowley, *Sixths*.

HAGGLE, HAGGLE, HAGGLE

My business back then wasn't really doing too well. I'd made a substantial loss three years in succession. Looking back on it now, I realise that it was only the goodwill of my fellow traders that kept me in the business. If they had wanted me penniless, they could have had just that.

I went to the bank to get a loan - of course. Standard procedure. The bank manager looked up at me as I walked into his office.

'I've been looking at your statements, Mr Ardrey.' He paused for effect. 'You seem to be in a spot of bother. Anything you can do about it - other than getting a loan?'

I muttered something about 'Short of robbing a bank, no.'

He grunted, 'Judging by the size of your overdraft, you seem to have done so already!'

I had asked for it, I suppose. But the interview went downhill from then on, and it became abundantly clear to me that I would never get a loan from this place.

I was right.

As I walked home dejected, I thought about the future of the shop — 'What future?' was the gist of my one-sided mental conversation.

I kicked at a white calling-card, lying in a puddle. It turned over and I read it. Normal thing to do.

In a tight spot?
See M. Calloweigh
43, Scala Avenue

Rates Reasonable!

What the hell. I haven't got any better ideas.

Scala Avenue is in the most disreputable part of town. Though it was broad daylight, I came across half-a-dozen drug-pushers, hookers, winos, junkies, granny-muggers every ten minutes or so.

Eventually I came to the address that was on the card. I knocked.

A woman and a man were standing not ten yards from where I was, talking so loud that I couldn't help overhearing.

'But I've only got ten dollars!' he cried.

'For that price I might smile at you.'

The man walked off, clearly disgruntled.

At that moment, the door opened and an old woman poked her head around the side of the door.

'Yes?'

'Can I see Mr Calloweigh?'

'No.'

'Why not?'

'He's dead.'

'Oh. I saw your card...'

'Oh. You'd better come in.' I did. She led me to a room, which was small, over-furnished and smelly.

'What's your problem?' I told her, in as few words as I possibly could. She listened, humming and hahing at appropriate moments. Presently, she turned her back on me and began to rummage through the contents of a small tea-chest. After a while, she came up with a small golden coin.

'Put this in your pocket.'

'What, now?' She nodded, and I did so.

'How much do I owe you?'

'Nothing.' Seeing my look of surprise, she added, 'I like your face.' As I was leaving, she grabbed me by my sleeve. 'One thing, for this to work, you MUST believe.'

I didn't really know what to say, so I didn't bother.

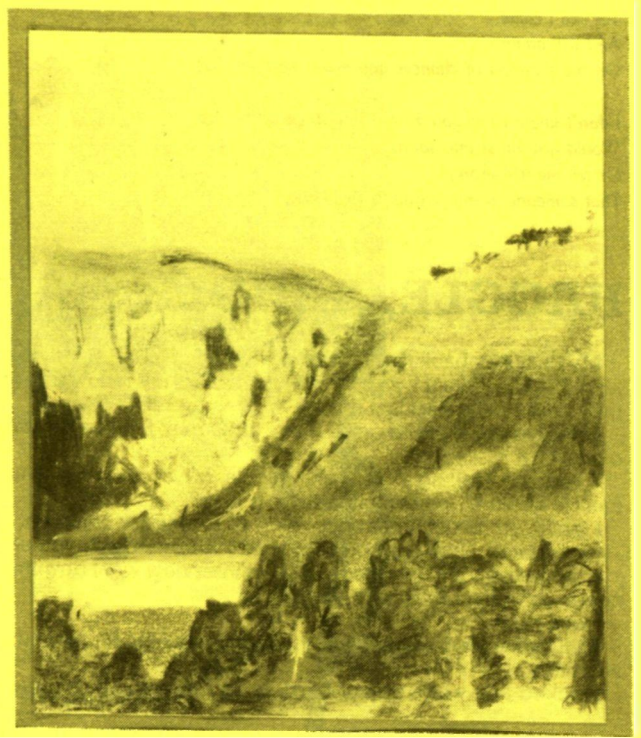
I tried to believe, though.

Indraneel Datta, *Fifths*.

from 'The Song of



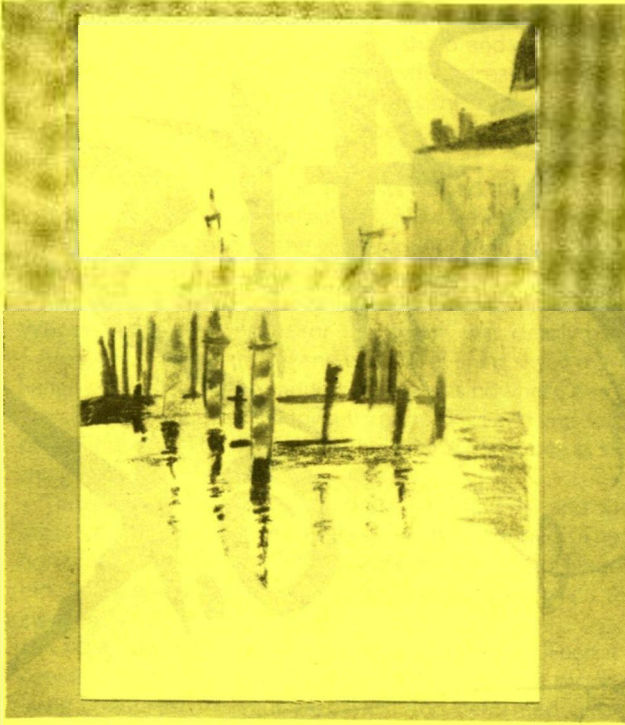
Though I am old with wandering
Through hollow lands and hilly lands,



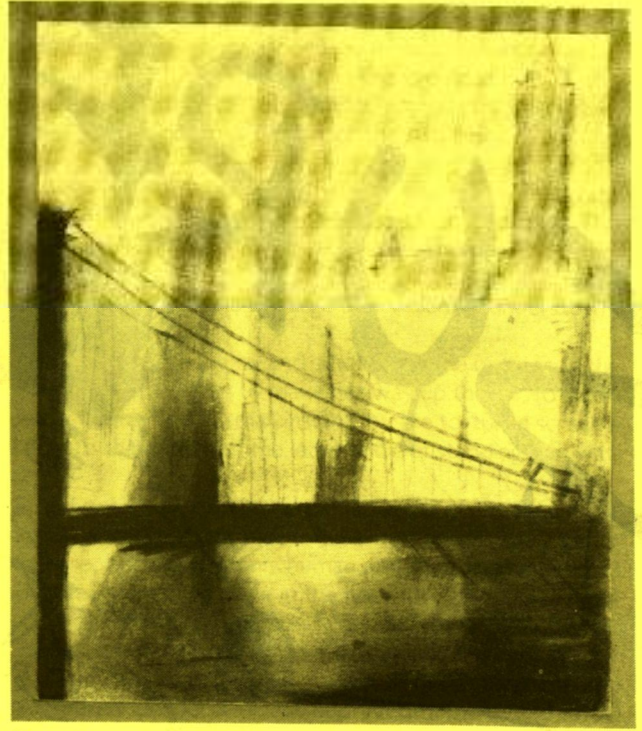
I will find out where she has gone,
And kiss her lips and take her hands;



Wandering Aengus'



And walk among long dappled grass,
And pluck till times and times are done



The silver apples of the moon,
The golden apples of the sun.

W.B. Yeats.



Simon Hill, Sixths.



Michael Robins, *Sixths*.

GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

Government health warning, gently smouldering,
Clouds of dense, choking, lung-deflating, heart-destroying smoke, rising from a fag end,
Reprocessed, repulsive, repellant, yet certified, endorsed, encouraged,
Shredded leaves of a murderous, murdering plant, smouldering for posterity's sake
Youth's euthanasia, gentry's genocide.

Colin Hay, *Divisions*.

THE TOR

Foot off accelerator: brake: clutch - neutral: handbrake: release footbrake: remove ignition key. The motions were automatic - they seemed to me almost robotic through many repetitions and countless hours of practice. As the girl left the car she gave the door handle a sharp and quick tug, doubtless to make sure the door was locked. It was.

It was I who had summoned her - with a dream. It was all my own work, and very vivid. When she eventually woke, she remembered every detail perfectly. As the shadows had played their nightly game of catch-as-catch-can on the ceiling and walls of her bedroom she had made up her mind - she would come. She would obey the order she had been given. She had little choice.

So she was here now. The ancients named this place Torhenge. A tor is a gate: a gate to whatever you may wish: a gate to eternal heaven - or eternal hell. What the gate would lead to from here was, as yet, undecided - or unknown. The garden gate may lead to the garden path - then again it may lead to a gaping, clawing abyss. You never know until it is too late.

Her journey here had been made unnecessarily unpleasant and dramatic for her by a large and violent thunderstorm. Whoever was responsible for the omens was clearly having a field day.

Now the sun was shining and it lit the evening sky in myriad shades of orange and lake, and silhouetted the outlines of the henge on the top of the mound. There was nowhere else for her to go. As she began to make her way up the hill, towards the circle, a skewer of lightning tore the skies and was followed, after a tangible yet small instant, by the tortured screams of the thunder. The mud sucked up round her shoes as she walked into the middle of the large circle of standing and watching stones.

Time in the arena of the henge slowed quickly, and soon time did not exist, except as the flickering of the fluid black digits on her watch face. Then even that stopped. The setting sun and the rising moon hung motionless upon either horizon - glaring at each other across the hill. The pressure was intense, but she was only human and she cracked before I did. It is in human nature that when one is scared one is tempted to say something inane in the hope that it will raise flagging spirit.

'Okay,' she said, 'I'm here, come and get me.' Then it went dark - impossibly dark. The sky was cloudless yet no star could be seen. The moon had the sky to itself: the moon was red. The stones of the henge began to metamorphose into living creatures - hideous gargoyles, and deformed creatures. All merely products of the depraved human mind in the arena. They began a hideously intricate and detailed dance, and the earth shook with every step. Clearly, though, she wasn't impressed:

'You don't scare me with your party tricks,' she said defiantly.

Suddenly the henge was left behind. We were floating in space and the earth was a million miles beneath us. The moon, still red, was to our left. Another transition and we were in a totally dark alien universe. It was not just the moon that was red here - the whole of space itself was red, and the stars were blue, blazing and fiery yet blue - the cold, impassive blue of ice and the night.

Then we were back again and the Earth was shrinking, visibly so. It shrank to a pinpoint then vanished, leaving no trace. The sun exploded in a fury of yellow, swallowing up all the planets; and us with them.

The cavern was hot, very hot indeed; there was a red luminousness covering every rock, every grain of sand, every muscle in the girl's distraught face. She was threatening to scream. I could sense it. Quickly I took us back to the henge. I could almost feel her heave a sigh of relief.

She collapsed on the ground and buried her head in her hands. For a moment she looked to be beyond reach, yet I brought her back somehow.

'Alright,' she stammered breathlessly, 'so you do scare me. Now leave me alone will you?'

Then I was no longer with her - I could see her but I could not reach her. She seemed alright. Humans often scare me with their resilience. Come the day of reckoning, real soon now, there will be a human at the front of the queue; claiming dissatisfaction and demanding a refund, just as loudly as ever.

'It has been decided,' said the voice in my head suddenly. 'she will answer for humanity. For your kind, you shall speak.'

'Er, thanks,' I replied. It was a lie. The responsibility was enormous. Why me? Why?

'I'll do it,' I said, not that I had much choice. It is decided now. The countdown to the last trump has begun; and I will soon answer for the universe.

Indraneel Datta, Fifths.

CAPUS ULULARE COEPI (an epigram from the L.C.B.)

LEAVERS' INTERVIEW

- ... and what will *you* remember most about this great institution?
- The coloured tiles in the Gild Hall, Sir.
- What about those great days in the record breaking U14 XV? Those glorious Summer days when you played tennis for this most noble of noble institutions?
- Yes, I'll remember them fondly, sir.
- Going to Leeds to study Law, I see? Not quite Oxbridge, but commendable nonetheless. Played tennis, rugby, fives, table tennis and even athletics for the school. You must have been keen. You're even a Christian. Have you been to chapel?
- Used to with Marcus Hughes, sir.
- Mark my words, a good dose of religion and science and you'll go a long way. Aren't you going to miss the 'Nay monumental *but*', the head slapping, General de Gaulle, the smiles from 148?
- Yes, sir.
- What about the japings, being thrown out of windows, pulling away chairs from the weaklings of this world, the finesse and eloquence of the 'Latin Coarse Boys', the broken chair syndrome of the Cartland Club, smokers' chimney, shoddy Greek goods, Honest Jon photos?
- Of course, sir.
- Yes, we're one big happy family here, aren't we? You know I take a large interest in my boys. Intimacy is the name of the game, you know. I always listen to problems, never like to be intimidating. I just listen, nothing else. Anyway, very nice of you to have come to me with all your ideas and thanks. Good luck in the future. By the way, who are you?

James Haddleton, Sixths.

TO SHOOT AN ARROW

To shoot an arrow that self-same way,
Take a small boat and a huddle of men,
And cutting rocks all spewed with spray,
And a howling storm force ten.

Take a hull all jagged-split and maimed
And a rescue bid in a brimstone squall,
How many lives so quickly claimed
By Viking, Malin and Rockall?

For Cromarty sings with dead lost sails,
And Portland Bill and Hebrides,
The coasts tonight are wreathed with gales
Which tear apart exhausted seas.

With crystal tuned, I am at peace,
I hear the voice which soft intones,
'The weather's backing from the east'
But with it come so many moans
Of brave young men with hearts
Now ceased.

Carl Röhslar, Fifths.

MR WATSON'S ALBUM

On Aging creamy sour-milk pages
Ash-soft memories still lingered,
Some had fluttered loose with time
Their ordered corner hinges.
He knew each side,
Saw every page before he leafed it,
But still he did each justice,
Glancing down to read the words beneath it.
Saw Surrey's innings, 1910,
And whilst he batted it again
Was run out.
Of breaths.

Carl Röhslar, Fifths.

FEATURES



AN INTERVIEW WITH BILL ODDIE, O.E.

What were your general impressions of K.E.S.?

I don't know how much it's changed. I haven't seen it a lot. It's 25 years since I was here - it's up on the boards, 'Thank God He's Gone: 1960.' I don't actually believe it's changed that much. I've driven past a couple of times and wanted to come in. The basic facade doesn't look any different at all. I don't think the Games hall was there, and at that stage, Eastern Road hadn't got a proper athletics track, which you now have - we used to use the University cinder track.

I can say what it was like from my point of view, which was actually that I enjoyed it enormously. It's in a way been an extreme social embarrassment because when you leave school (as you'll no doubt discover, sounding terribly avuncular) **(laughter)**, people talk about school, and the hip thing is always to say how much you didn't enjoy it. It's like that Python sketch 'You were lucky,' with everyone vying with one another as to how dreadful it was at school.

I enjoyed being here enormously. It was partially because my home life was incredibly boring. I lived out in Quinton, brought up by my Dad and my Granny, who tended to dominate at home. I never took friends back there and consequently all the social life and the excitement I got was from school. There's no question that what was really exciting was that if you had any enthusiasms, and I had quite a lot, there was always a society or club to cater for it. What impressed me, looking back on it, was that they weren't run by the masters, but by the boys. I don't think that is that common in schools. The focal point of the week used to be the societies noticeboard. There was a great kudos in designing the posters. There were about half a dozen people who got hired. If you were one of those, and I was, you could say 'No, I'm terribly sorry, I'm doing the Jazz Society this week, I can't do the Shakespeare Society.' It was a real art form with classy, silly and cartoon-style posters, which is inevitably what I would do.

And so it was never a matter of going home at the end of the day. By my last years, I was Secretary of the Natural History Society, the Debating Society, the Jazz Society, the Shakespeare Society (God help me!) and editor of the magazine. So I've been here!

Talking of extra-curricular activities, is the legend which everyone learns in their first six months here about you diverting the traffic from the

Bristol Road through the school true?

No, it isn't true. I know the one you mean, but I've no idea where it came from. I'm terribly sorry. My theory is that once you leave somewhere and you get known for doing something wacky on, say, TV, people think there must have been some good stories and they delve back into history and discover that there were no good stories about me whatsoever. So somebody must have very kindly invented this legend. I've got to the stage where I've begun to wonder whether it's true. I've heard it so often quoted in newspapers, etc.. Unless I was under the influence of something which has blocked out my total memory of it, it's not true.

If it's not true, it's a fantastically good idea.

Rest assured it hasn't been done and obviously it should be **(laughter)**. I wish I had done it. I wish I had the nerve to just shut up, own up and say: 'Yes, I did!'

What position did you play in rugby?

I was fly-half. I was rugby captain, you know.

Yes, we all know that. It's all up on the boards.

Still? I was a megalomaniac sports player. Games was actually my main thing at school - all sports. Rugby was my main one. I actually stayed on my last year just to play rugby, because I had already got my place at Cambridge. The Chief Master heartily loathed me for that and had to make me a prefect, which he had never wanted to do, and I was allowed into that bloody room at last. They really didn't want that. There was no love lost between me and the then Chief Master at all.

In cricket, I never played for the 1st XI because I found their approach incredibly boring. In the 2nd XI, which was unbeaten, we had a great time. In the 1st XI, if you had got 0 in half an hour, but had played gracefully, that was more preferable than scoring 20 off 4 balls.

Do you have children now?

Yes, three girls.

If they were boys, would you send them to K.E.S.?

Yes, I would actually. My two girls from my first marriage, who are 14 and 18, go to schools not dissimilar to this - single sex schools with, by London standards, pretty good facilities. Every time I come back here or go to similar schools, what always strikes me is how amazing the facilities are. I don't think people really realise that. Just to have the playing field next to the school, for instance. In the middle of London, you have to get on a bus, drive for an hour, play for ten minutes, then get on the bus and

come home again. The Comprehensive theory I'm all for, but unless any government puts enough money into it to make it work properly, it is a washout, and unfortunately that is the case. I am not even sure a government can put enough money into it, not even a Labour government, in which case one is faced with a slightly elitist choice, in that if you can afford to or you are intelligent enough, you can direct your kids to somewhere like this. I can only go by my own experience: I loved it and really enjoyed it. I'm always saying that to my own kids, who get bored of it. I've now got a four month old baby, we'll see how she does.

How do you feel your time at K.E.S. influenced your comedy?

Enormously. I've been lucky at a couple of stages in my life to be somewhere where somebody else has already started a tradition into which I could fit. That has been very important, especially for the group of people I've always worked with: the so-called 'Oxbridge Mafia'. We at Cambridge, in particular, were able to go into the Footlights Club, which already had a very good tradition for doing comedy shows and had people like David Frost and Peter Cook. You would encourage one another. That's very important, because if you're trying to do something new, especially in comedy, where you've got an audience reacting to you, you want an encouraging audience. So when you've got a club like Footlights, you'd be up on the stage and your audience would be those who are going to come up next. So they'd say 'I'll laugh at you if you'll laugh at me.'

To go back to K.E.S., there was a guy called Nick Joseph, who later founded Transatlantic Records, a sort of trendy record label. He started the tradition of doing a revue. It was a tradition of two by the time I left, that's all. We did one which he wrote and which I was in when I was 14 or 15. All I remember doing is playing the harmonica. Two years later, because he had already started that tradition, I and a couple of others said 'O.K., let's do another one.' Do they still do revues at all?

Sometimes the Syndicate Play takes the form of a revue, but not very often. They tend to be a bit dire if they are revues.

Yes, one of the dangers now is that because TV has exposed that form much more, the comparisons are dangerously odious, whereas in our day we were a bit lucky because there wasn't so much of that around and it was a relatively new form. It was before 'That Was The Week That Was' and 'Beyond the Fringe'. The first show that I wrote was the first time I had done anything of that



Nick Varley, Sixths.

sort, and so in that sense it was absolutely crucial in what I ended up doing. It had music in it. I think it was quite good **(laughter)**. We thought we weren't going to do a 'Workers' Playtime' with funny jokes about the Chief Master. The way I actually started was writing new words to the rugby songs on the back of the coach because I got so bored with the old ones.

John Cleese said recently on the 'South Bank Show' that there was a sort of conveyor belt which carried you through public school and then into Oxbridge. What do you think about that?

Yes, I saw that interview and I thought it was conspicuously humourless, considering what a funny man John is. I don't think it's true. In fact, I think quite the opposite: individuality was encouraged here and you were encouraged, if you had some interest, to go ahead and do it. I don't call that a conveyor belt. It's certainly not true about the Footlights Club either.

He gets ever so serious, John does, and I think it may have been that Melvyn Bragg tended to push him in certain directions and be too serious about everything.

How do you feel when old editions of 'The Goodies' are repeated on TV?

They're not! I feel 'Why aren't they being repeated?' **(laughter)**. I'm very proud of some of them. We did a hell of a lot shows, ten years' worth. So even people of your age won't remember the early ones, or they'll be a very dim memory - they're a very dim memory to me! I've got

quite a lot of them on tape. I'd love to see some re-runs, some 'Best Of's'. There are some I can't stand, they were just a mess, but the best ones I'm very proud of.

What are your favourite ones?

They tend to be the ones most people say: 'The Giant Cat', 'The Movies', 'Ecky Thump', 'The Beanstalk'. I've got one or two peculiar favourites as well, which people don't remember, where we were just in the studio. There was one with the end of the world and the three of us were concreted in somewhere.

What I find strangely satisfying is when I see, for example, 'The Young Ones'. Somebody once told Rik Mayall that he's very Pythonesque, but he said 'No, not really. If we based it on anything it was on 'The Goodies' - i.e. a small number of people living in a flat in claustrophobic conditions.'

Do you like that sort of 'Alternative' comedy?

Yes, I do. Inevitably, there's going to be dross within it. One can't help that. But I always watch 'Saturday Live' at the moment, which is getting a right hammering. It has solved my problems. I don't watch anything else now. I'm interested in the whole thing: some acts are good, some are bad, some are somewhere in the middle. But I'm all for the basic idea of comedy which avoids clichés and isn't another sitcom or a guy in a DJ telling Irish jokes. I'm glad that exists.

Thank you very much.

MISSION WEEK

During the week of 10th-14th March 1986, Christians in both schools, led by the Christian Union and Mr Crocker, organised a week of open meetings, assemblies and special R.E. lessons, based on the title 'Is anyone there?'

The aim was to present the Christian message to as many people as possible in a straightforward and thought-provoking way. It was also our intention to encourage as much discussion on these issues as possible.

The reason for holding such an event was not to try to force ourselves upon people, but to show that our beliefs are supported by strong evidence, not merely by blind faith. It was not a membership drive for the C.U., but a

response to the command of Jesus to proclaim the Christian Gospel. Our main speaker this year was Dave Richards. He works full time amongst students for a Christian organisation, linking university C.U.'s together. He spoke each lunchtime in K.E.H.S. Lecture Theatre. Dave also took a couple of assemblies and several R.E. lessons in K.E.S.

K.E.H.S. assemblies were taken by a number of different groups and speakers. On the Friday before the main week Lucy Edwards and Paula Robinson talked about why they were Christians. The Monday, Wednesday and Friday assemblies were taken by first a drama group from our C.U. and then by the 'Travelling Players' from Birmingham University. Both groups performed mostly lighthearted material, including a rendition of the parable of the 'prodigal son'. Canon Tom Walker from St John's Harborne spoke on the Tuesday and Thursday mornings.

The main lunchtime meetings were very well attended, rising from 120 on the Monday lunchtime ('Is anyone there?') to somewhere between 180 and 200 on the Thursday. Dave, having spoken about the existence of God on the Monday, went on to explain the life of Jesus, his death and the evidence for his resurrection from the dead. The Friday lunchtime was given over to questions from the audience. These centred around the 'fate' of members of other religions and of those who had never heard of Christianity.

On Thursday after school, with about eighty people present, Dave spoke about the difficulties of life as a Christian. Having spoken about this for about twenty minutes, he then proceeded to spend only ten minutes on the reasons for making the decision. This was, in fact, the only time in the whole week when a specific appeal was made. In spite of, or maybe because of this, twenty people took the first step to become Christians.

In the R.E. lessons Dave sought to challenge people with such questions as 'Why bother with Jesus?'. He attempted to provoke thoughtful discussion on these issues. In most cases at least some members of the class responded well, although many seemed prepared to waste this opportunity. Although we experienced the customary opposition from certain quarters, the overall reaction seemed quite positive.

We would like to thank Mr Crocker and the Chief Master for their help and support.

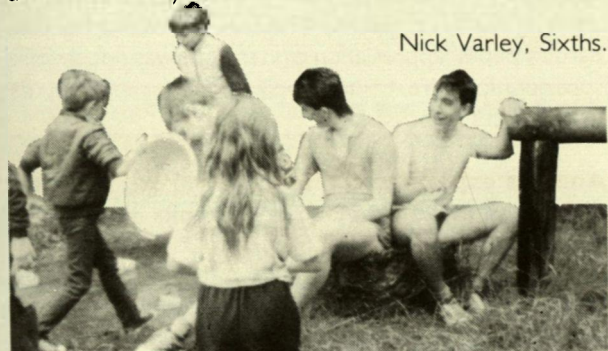
Richard Frank and Tim Walker, Fifths.

SUMMER CAMP

The camp occurred from the 19th to the 23rd of August 1985 near the Earlswood Lakes. It was as usual organised by K.E.H.S. and paid for by their Summer fete.

The idea of the camp is to provide a week-long holiday for about fifteen children from the Birmingham area. During the week, a varied programme of events was implemented, activities including a trip to the Cotswold Wildlife Park, a walk round Earlswood Lakes to sail boats that the children had previously built, and a 'pig hunt' that culminated in the attempted murder of Tim Franks and myself (see photo).

The weather was not very nice for the week, but although some people only realised it afterwards, a good time was had by all.



Nick Varley, Sixths.

Lewis Hands, Sixths.

DIVISIONS GENERAL STUDIES TALKS

1985 and 1986 were years which, whether or not we care to admit it, seemed to confirm a general downward trend in events both on a domestic and an international scale. This may seem oversimplified and pessimistic, but undeniably they saw happenings which struck discordant notes with large numbers of the population - take rioting in Handsworth and the Libyan Incident as examples. They were also years which saw the arrival at King Edward's of various people who in differing capacities have to deal with these complexities: Geoffrey Dear, Chief Constable of West Midlands Police; Derek Thomas, Undersecretary of State for the Foreign Office; and John Osman, who as BBC Diplomatic Correspondent, is required to relay international events to a wide public. Of the three, Geoffrey Dear and John Osman emerged triumphant, whilst Derek Thomas ranked somewhere below *Albion Market* for entertainment value.

Geoffrey Dear, faced with a potentially hostile audience, was as impressive in conversation as he was physically. He outlined eloquently what he saw as the role of the police in our society and rapidly seemed to gain control over his audience. He is well-known for his uncompromising view on the use of plastic bullets, but justified his case with customary ease. This was an issue which predictably drew several well-aimed baton rounds from the token socialists of the Divisions, but Geoffrey Dear parried them more successfully than they were aimed. As a man hot from Lozells Road and with wide experience of the Metropolitan Police Force, he had much that was interesting to say and ultimately, in what was undeniably a well-practised sequence, he emerged appealing and did much to counterbalance a currently popular anti-police tendency.

Unfortunately, Derek Thomas failed to meet the high standards set by Geoffrey Dear. His failure lay largely in his unshakeable determination to concentrate on East-West relations and superpower developments. As such he provided an altogether less satisfying eighty minutes. As a speaker he was methodical and just a little tedious, which was not aided by the fact that he was evidently ill-at-ease with his audience.

John Osman picked up where Geoffrey Dear left off, continuing his high standard of speaking and interest. He is a man who has mixed with the powerful, the famous and the notorious. He has crossed paths with insane dictators, been imprisoned in Africa and has survived interviews with Idi Amin. His anecdotal style was humorous and vivid. He gave a convincing account of the media's slot in the life of the nation and was interesting in the area of censorship. In question time he handled questions adroitly, but only narrowly avoided humiliation at the hands of Mr Lillywhite, who with characteristic eloquence repeatedly lunged for the jugular on the pretext that the BBC's presentation of royalty, and Sarah Ferguson in particular, was stomach-churning, fawning and sycophantic, and that this warped the outlook of the country. Osman avoided this by claiming that he confined himself to radio and by adopting the tune that Sarah Ferguson's role as a pre-race stimulant for Paddy McNally was the realm of television reporters, and that they're a bunch of no-hopers anyway.

Mr Evans is to be congratulated for bringing in these people, who have a great deal to contribute in terms of broadening our horizons, and it seems to me to be a successful initiative. The occasional Derek Thomas is only to be expected.

Joe Martin, Divisions.

THE BOOKSHOP

(An interview with Dr Hosty)

What was the idea behind the creation of a school bookshop?

I can probably start off by saying a little about what wasn't the general idea behind it, because I've met several times a deeply entrenched suspicion that this is the 'thin end of the wedge', that there is somewhere behind it the intention to encourage, or even to oblige, boys at the school to buy their own books. I suspect - I don't know whether this ought to go into an interview in *Chronicle* - that the economies of book production and book buying are such that eventually the school will oblige boys to buy their own books, because the cost will become so astronomically great that the school won't be able to afford it. The bookshop has no connection with any such development. We are careful not to stock text books, or anything that could be mistaken for a text book; I suppose the general idea is simply to encourage people to read. I think the Chief Master felt that it was an educational facility that a school of this standing and this quality ought to offer. Mr Trott and I, coming from the slightly different angle of English teachers, just think it's a good idea for people to read a lot and anything that makes reading easier, or encourages people to read, is a good thing.

Does that mean that the sort of books you choose are mainly of the 'English reading list' type? If not, how do you choose which books go into the shop?

Well, before we got around to stocking the shop, I went and visited a couple of school bookshops at other independent schools, including the one at Manchester Grammar, and had some very interesting conversations with the chaps who ran them, and what I had half-way suspected and feared was largely verified, in that the books that tend to sell extremely well are not books that, as an English teacher concerned with quality literature, I would necessarily rate very highly, whereas perhaps books that, as an English teacher I might want to encourage people to read, actually didn't sell very well. So right from the beginning we had a bit of a problem in that there were, broadly speaking, two alternative policies: either to stock only books of which we are absolutely confident and books that we can unashamedly and in any

company pronounce to have definite cultural, artistic, or educational values (if that doesn't sound too pompous), but probably have nobody buy them - we could find ourselves, for example, in the position of Manchester Grammar, where they have a full stock of the Penguin English library, which they dust off religiously each term - or, at the other extreme, to stock books chosen purely with an eye to selling them, to say that the only thing that matters is that the boys go and buy the books and to not bother stocking anything that doesn't stand a pretty good chance of selling. What we tried to do at the beginning was to cover both bases to some extent: to maintain stocks of books which we didn't feel confident would sell in large numbers, as well as devoting part of the shop's space to books of whose educational and cultural value we were less sure, but that we thought boys would read with enjoyment and interest. We draw the line at stocking anything we feel is genuinely rubbish, but raising the standard of pupils' appreciation of literature was not the only consideration. We try to supply books for as many different tastes as possible.

And has experience pointed you in any different directions as to what sort of books you should stock?

We sell a large number of 'Letts Revise' this that and the other; we sell, almost exclusively to the Shells, a lot of the 'Choose your own adventure', 'fighting fantasy' type books, in which my confidence is exceedingly low; we sell a lot of science fiction - I should say that of our stock, the science fiction section is the one that does the most business by quite a large degree; we have sold quite a large number of science fact books. I think probably the areas that I regret most, in that I wish they would sell better than they actually do, are current affairs, which just do not shift at all - which seems to me to be an indictment of the degree of apathy felt by a lot of boys in the school. There is a small, but very various, selection on issues of the day - the distribution of wealth, hunger, disease, the arms race, nuclear power, the IRA, the Cold War, political theory - none of which attracts any interest at all. And I'm disappointed by that. Serious fiction doesn't sell very well, but I'm less disappointed by that in that I didn't actually have very high expectations in the first place. I think part of the problem is that the shop is much more popular with the Fourth Year and below than with the

Fifth Year and above, partly, I suppose, because Sixth Formers are much more free to go to other bookshops. On optimistic days, I believe that the fact that few Sixth Formers ever come into the bookshop, and that those who do seldom want to buy anything, reflects the fact that they actually go into other bookshops which can necessarily offer much wider stock, and therefore are buying books elsewhere; on pessimistic days I believe that they don't read at all.

Do you think it has anything to do with the profile of the bookshop within the school? Were you satisfied with the way in which the bookshop was publicised?

I think publicity in terms of disseminating information about the shop was fairly efficient; publicity in terms of the 'hard sell', of encouraging people to come in, was fairly scarce, and I'm not sure that it would have worked.

Do you think that the boys in the Lower School who are the bookshop's most consistent customers at the moment will continue to use it regularly throughout their school career?

I haven't a clue! I would like to believe that that will be true. Statistics about young people's reading habits suggest that the reading habit on the whole does die off, or does decrease considerably, around the age of thirteen or fourteen, such that one reason why Shells come into the bookshop more often is that they actually read more than Sixth Formers do.

If you are at liberty to say, could you reveal where you got the money from?

A loan from the governors.

And is this the sort of money that would be spent on text books, rough pads etc.?

No, it's a completely different fund. The school finances are tremendously complicated, and something you keep coming up against is that a lot of the monies that are involved in the school in one way or another are non-convertable: you can only use money from a certain source for a certain purpose. The money that set up the bookshop is a loan from the governors out of a separate fund set up specifically for that purpose, which we will pay back over the next ten years or so out of whatever profit

the bookshop makes.

Are you making a profit?

We were doing alright last term! We have to make a certain degree of profit to cover inflation in book costs, and whatever is left over goes into a bank account, and will be paid back to the governors in yearly instalments, or however they want us to pay, for as long as it takes.

How would you rate the shop's success so far?

I think the Lower School have used it a lot, have got a lot out of it, have responded with a lot of very helpful suggestions, not all of which I have been able to make real - but I'm working on it! I'm disappointed by the apathy of the Sixth Form, but I'm not surprised or disappointed by the apathy in the Fifth Form, because it seems to me that lads in the Fifth Form have a lot to worry about. If I could change one thing about the current pattern of usage, I would like to see more Sixth Formers use the shop, finding things they like and actually benefiting from it.

Dr Hosty, thank you very much.

THE LADS 1984-1986

Once upon a time, way back in the long, hot Summer of '84, a movement began that can never be forgotten in the long and glorious history of the school, a movement whose very name will forever be uttered whenever men join together to indulge in capacious exhibitions of drinking and wherever purveyors of style are spoken of: 'The Lads'. The group are eternally seven in number: Chrissy the Bitch, Dave the Mad, Rich the not quite so Mad but equally as Violent, Matt the Cool (joined '85), Garon the Nancy, Guy the Leader and Rupert the Rat. For two years they have graced this fair school with their own distinctive brand of style, street-cred and devotion to hedonism. Their haunts are the places you'd like to be allowed into but are always turned away from. Their style they make. They live fast, drive fast and die young (hope so — Ed.). Let us not forget them and hope their children return to form the second generation of 'Lad-dom', for their example can never be forgotten; for they are time itself.

The Lads.

THE FUTURE OF KING EDWARD'S

by Martin Rogers

Early this year a decision was taken by the governors to expand the school as part of a medium term development programme. An additional Shell form will be taken on in September 1987, changing the school from a four to a five stream entry. Over the subsequent six years the school will gradually increase from a little under seven hundred to about eight hundred and fifty boys. King Edward's will still be small compared with the large city day schools such as Manchester Grammar School, where there are fourteen hundred boys. We have no intention of expanding any further, as that would risk altering the character of the school.

There are several reasons for expanding the school. One is that many more boys who could gain from being at King Edward's apply to the school than there are places available. It seems wrong to keep them out. We are, and have always been, in the business of serving the local Birmingham and West Midlands community. It does us no good to be too exclusive.

There are educational advantages to a larger school. The number of options can be increased, especially in the Sixth Form. A larger staff means that a wider range of interests will be found among the Common Room. A larger school will be a livelier school.

Finally there are financial advantages. Good schools are expensive places to run. An ever higher quality of buildings and equipment is demanded. These needs can be met through economies of scale. This will make it possible in the long run, although not in the short run, to keep the fees down.

What are the disadvantages? It will be up to us to see that the special character and qualities of the school do not change. The standard of entry will remain high, although we can never predict how it will vary from year to year. The standard of teaching will certainly not decline and we are committed to hold, as far as possible, to the present favourable staff/pupil ratio. We shall look very carefully at the way in which we supervise individual boys, especially in the lower school. Schools are essentially about people and people need to be cared for. A larger school could easily be a less friendly and caring place. It could more readily become a school in which the individual becomes submerged. We shall need to develop new systems and review existing ones to determine that we become a more and not a less caring community. With additional staff this should be possible.

An ambitious building plan is now underway. The swimming pool, which is a joy to use at the end of the summer term, is virtually useless for the rest of the year. It will be covered and additional 'wet' and 'dry' changing rooms will be built. This will enable the existing changing rooms on the South Terrace to be converted into classrooms. Plans for both the new building and conversion are already in hand. It is intended to start at least the first phase of the swimming pool this year and the classroom conversions next year.

Perhaps the most dramatic plan is for the new Design Centre. This is intended to add a new and fundamental activity to the core curriculum. It is sometimes said that schools are out of touch with the real world and that our curriculum is too heavily weighted towards the theoretical and the academic. Although such criticism is often misplaced, it has some merit. The intention of introducing Design into the core curriculum is partly to counter this claim. No existing course meets our needs and so an entirely new course will be developed for the Design Centre. This is not the place to describe it in detail, but in outline it will contain both technological and aesthetic elements and will concern the solving of real problems. We shall be in close touch with Midlands industry in this project.

King Edward's faces a demanding and challenging future. It is our intention that it will both develop and also remain essentially the same school that it has always been.

THE GIFTED CHILDREN PROJECT

(an extract from an interview with John Evans)

The Gifted Children Project is attempting to meet the special needs of children with lively and able minds, for whom public resources are not always available. Children with special interests in, say, music or football, enjoy meeting with others of similar interests and talents on Saturday mornings to develop their skills in a way which is not possible in a varied group. Over the past twenty years the development of specialist groups of young musicians has created a vast resource of highly competent players, unthought of in earlier days. So why not try to tap the source of children interested in writing, or design, or maths, or science? Response to our advertisement (about five hundred replies) shows that there is demand for such a scheme. I must admit that I am not happy about the word 'gifted' - to many people it has the connotation of elitism, and I understand their misgivings. The word is often associated with an IQ 'bar'. Short of having an entrance examination for a four- or six-session course, there is no way of ensuring that the classes are totally composed of future Einsteins - even if I wanted that. No, what I am interested in is providing some facility for children who have a special interest, who wish to meet other children with similar interests and who are willing to face some serious intellectual challenge on a Saturday morning. If I can provide some of this 'enrichment', then I am happy. I see it as an 'outreach' of the educational aims of the King Edward's Foundation beyond the walls of the school itself - its 'extramural function', if you like. Extramural classes for the young - why not? So there can be no rigid form of selection in the narrowest IQ sense - I'm looking for interest, commitment, enthusiasm. I hope that all the children will get something out of the courses appropriate to their own individual level of ability. Some, I hope, will be encouraged to develop their talents to a very high degree, with great benefit to themselves and the community in the distant future. Will the children go on to take the entrance examination? Some may; but the project is for the benefit of all interested children, irrespective of what secondary school they attend.

I also hope to make these courses more easily available to children from the less privileged areas - that must be the prime aim of the project, though there may be many difficulties, both of administration and communication. With regard to cost, the project is funded by the King Edward's Foundation and by very generous help from

charitable trusts such as the Grantham Yorke Trust and the Dulverton Trust.

ART & DESIGN 1985/6

This year has seen many exhibitions and visits. 'When Will It Fall Off the Wall' was an exhibition on mural techniques, originated by Mark Renn and Steve Field of the Ikon Gallery. In January and February, a touring show from Ikon, 'Choosing Colour', came to K.E.S. This was an exhibition looking at designers' and makers' use of colour in furniture and textiles. July saw the annual exhibition of art, craft and design. In addition, boys' work was displayed throughout the year at open days and to coincide with K.E.H.S. playing host to the AGM of the Independent Schools Art & Design Association in March.

Visits were made to three exhibitions in London: 'German Art in the 20th Century'; an exhibition of the work of Sir Joshua Reynolds (both at the Royal Academy); and a display of 'Forty years of modern art 1945-1985' at the Tate. In May came the annual visit to the National Gallery, and a visit to the Courtauld Institute Galleries to see an exhibition entitled 'Monet's sources'. Visits were also made to local exhibitions on the work of artists in Newlyn, Paul Shelring and Tessa Beaver.

D.C.S.



THE NATIONAL SCHOOLS BASKETBALL FINAL (‘CHAMPIONS AT LAST’)

As a change from the previous two finals, in which K.E.S. had also appeared, this year's was held in a leisure complex in the town of St Alban's. Ironically, this was also the home town of our opponents, St Columba's College. The two teams had met twice before in the previous term, and each time the match had resulted in a win for the opposition, though K.E.S. had been forced to field a below-strength side.

We were introduced to the crowd along with St Columba's, and the two teams then exchanged souvenirs of the occasion. Then the warm up began to the beat of music somewhat tamer than that to which we were accustomed - Aled Jones could not really be expected to get us going as easily as the Pointer Sisters.

At last the moment had arrived and the first fives took to the court to the accompaniment of their respective supporters. Although heavily outnumbered by the home

fans, the lads and lasses from K.E., as well as the many parents and teachers who turned up to support, made themselves easily heard and without them the occasion would not really have been the same.

It was soon clear that K.E. was not to play at its best, as numerous shots refused to go into the basket, whose rings seemed to hold a personal grudge against both teams. The team played to its usual strengths, with Jeremy Tozer twisting and turning his way through the opposition defence, while Neil Martin preferred the direct route. Unfortunately, the unhelpful rings were not designed for the outside shot, and as a result both Ben Everson and Warren Cowell were not as effective in attack as they had been in earlier rounds, though the whole team played its part in defence, enabling K.E. to lead by seven points at half-time.

It was in the second half that the real drama was to come, including Ben losing his shorts. The game was as tight as we hoped it wouldn't be, with the lead changing frequently. Gradually the team got into foul trouble and by the end of the game both Neil Martin and Chris Roberts found themselves on the bench, next to Tony



Edward Andrew, Sixths.

King, who, unfortunately, could not take part in the final due to an ankle injury. With ten seconds to go Columba's went one up, and had a free throw to come. K.E.S. called their last time-out and organised what we hoped was our final offence. Amidst unbearable tension Columba's missed the free throw and Ben Everson took the rebound. He dribbled up court and drove to the basket, though he was pushed wider by the St Columba's defence. Undeterred, our captain continued his quest for glory and guided a lay-up into the basket. The cheers of players and supporters drowned the sound of the whistle, signifying an extra shot, which Ben duly sank with the utmost ease. This left us up by two points, but with Columba's still having enough time to mount an assault. However, they contrived to throw the ball out of play and we survived their climbing all over us as we got the ball in court and played out the last four seconds.

The final hooter brought the court invasion by our fans from high up in the stands, who dutifully mobbed their heroes, who did their best not look too smug when it was time to shake hands and commiserate with the losers.

The Admiral's Trophy, which, I think, was probably an old barometer that nobody wanted any more, was collected by our captain.

As the team sat on the bench, medals in hand, Mr Birch gave a short speech, vainly trying to wipe away the tears of joy from his eye. The Chief Master came over to give his congratulations and I think that even he would agree that on this occasion it was the winning, and not the taking part, which counted.

This was surely one of our illustrious school's proudest moments, and I am sure that the team will not rest on its laurels. I am equally certain that St Columba's will not permit this either.

Richard Jones, Fifths.

SOLENT U17 INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL

The team, fresh from its victory in the national final, was full of enthusiasm and raring to go on Thursday morning. The long journey was made more interesting by the producing of a portable stereo, which gave out very loud music, much to the annoyance of Mr Workman.

We had thought the first two matches against

Heidelberg and Geneva were going to be the hardest of the competition. However, this was not the case, and in thirty minutes of quickfire, skilful basketball, we thrashed Heidelberg 83-51 with Neil Martin and Chris Roberts dunking the ball at every chance. After a short rest we then overcame Geneva 97-87.

The team, full of joy, decided to celebrate ...

The next morning was a nightmare and the team was incapable of walking, let alone playing a game of basketball. After thirty minutes of suffering we walked, or crawled, off the court, having lost 75-45 to Framwellgate Moor School from Durham.

However, three hours of sleep later, we were better prepared to play Solent. Both teams needed to win to come second in the group and thus qualify for the cross-over matches. In an exciting match a flash of inspiration from Neil Martin brought on a press, causing great commotion to the Solent team and bringing us the necessary victory 65-61.

The next day we faced our great rivals St Columba's College, a repeat of the national final. This was one game that we wanted to win, and the team retired to bed at a respectable hour. The game the next day was almost as good as the national final and the result was the same, a K.E. victory 88-85. We had reached the final.

We had to play the reigning champions T.S.V. Speyer in the final. It was going to be a great final, and after seeing Miss Echo, who was going to award the trophy, no one wanted to lose.

The first half was a great success, K.E. coming out on top by 36-29. However, with five very hard games behind us, the legs were not moving so quickly and despite every effort by the players we eventually lost 78-65. A week later Speyer went on to win the German national club tournament, so we were by no means disgraced.

This was the highest the team had ever come and was a tremendous achievement for a school side. The festival ended as it started in good spirits, with an exhibition match between an England All-Stars team (in which I and Chris Roberts were selected to play) and a European select team. Congratulations must go to Neil Martin, who was the overall tournament top-scorer with 192 points in six matches.

Our thanks go to Mr Workman and Mr Birch, without whom we could not have attended the tournament.

Jeremy Tozer, Divisions.

SCOUTS

We named 1984/85 'The Year of the Water' — water arrived by pipe to the group's campsite at Alvechurch after thirty years without. This last year must become 'The Year of the Tree'. We have taken out ageing conifers and replanted with broadleaves to give more varied wildlife habitats and to improve the site for future camping for the group and district.

Last Summer the group had its usual camp in the Yorkshire Dales National Park. There have been expeditions, climbing-wall visits, orienteering, badge work, camping at Alvechurch, a canal trip, railway visits and sponsored events.

1986/87 is our 50th anniversary, and it looks like being a fun-packed set of events. If any Old Edwardian is reading this with fond memories of the group, look out for more information in the O.E. Magazine and please send in any memorabilia we could use for a static display at one of the events we are organising.

Let's hope for another fifty years of scouting fun and challenge. Shells are most welcome to join, as are boys anywhere in the school. Our Ventures section has a sea-scout unit and works on Duke of Edinburgh Awards.

A.P.R. (From the Speech Day summary).

PARTING SHOTS

For several years now, through Government Assisted Places and governors' schemes, my education at K.E.S. has been free. I have also received other benefits, such as free dinners and grants for travel and uniform. I am extremely grateful for this, and hope that my K.E.S. education will be a help in my future. Yet I do not feel that my debt of gratitude should in any way blind me to the faults of our school.

Some faults lie in the curriculum. History and classics, of course, have extremely little bearing on the outside world, yet even certain science subjects have very little relevance. In 'O' level physics, for example, for all my electromotive forces, Newton's Laws and latent heat capacities, I learnt very little about the operation and repair of everyday appliances, such as a car engine or a washing machine. I did, however, learn to change a plug. These are perhaps not the fault of the school, but of the 'A' level syllabuses. What is more lacking at K.E.S. is facilities for practical work. In the Summer of 1985 I spent

a very enjoyable term of Friday afternoons doing a cookery course at K.E.H.S. Although we were heavily patronised ('This is how you turn an oven on, Toby' said one of the teachers on the first day), I enjoyed myself immensely, learning the basics of a very handy practical skill. I hope that in the future the new design centre will go some way to rectifying the lack of teaching of practical skills (though not cookery) here.

However, the main faults of our school lie in the attitude of the boys and the masters. There tends to be a large degree of ignorance here, both of those less privileged than ourselves and of those different from ourselves. Ignorance is not strength: it breeds misconceptions and prejudices. With very few women teachers, there is a very worrying tendency towards male chauvinism, and with few non-whites, racism tends to arise from the children of cosy middle-class Solihull and Sutton Coldfield suburbia. The example of Miss Barnett and Mrs Shipway, both of whom have been very active outside the classroom, gives the lie to the claim that women teachers are not very useful in a boys' school because they cannot be so involved in sports etc. The P.S.G. also goes some way to opening boys' eyes to the poverty and misery of inner city areas. Yet it is still true that it has only been since I have come to King Edward's that I have been exposed to chauvinism and racism.

What I find most worrying is the noxious arrogance with which K.E.S. boys are imbued. Without wanting to sound too pompous, the dominating spirit in 1980's Britain is one of entrepreneurial self-advancement. Indeed, Mrs Thatcher provides us with a prime example - the poor girl made good, having dragged herself up from the poverty of her Grantham grocery. 'Self-made men' invariably fail to see that for every one single success story, there are countless more cases of people slipping down through society in a never-ending spiral of debts, financial difficulties and increasing poverty. This is the attitude of many a parent. Inevitably it rubs off on many a K.E.S. boy.

I have enjoyed my time at King Edward's enormously, but I do feel that there are certain aspects of our most noble institution that are not as praiseworthy as academic brilliance or sporting successes. Perhaps it has only been that I have been a pupil here during a time of developing self-awareness brought on by adolescence, and so I have increasingly tended to recognise problems, but I believe that we could do a lot to ensure that boys do not leave here with offensive prejudices and arrogant self-delusions.

Toby Carpenter, Sixths.

COT FUND

This has been yet another highly successful year for the Cot Fund, donations this year being to Action Aid, £150; the NSPCC, £425; Save The Children Fund, £186. Donations from the Summer term's collection will be made to Help the Aged, Mencap and Friedrichs Ataxia Group, though the amount of money involved is not known at the time of writing.

Thanks must go to all those who have contributed to this major feature of our school's image.

Edward Andrew, Sixths.

P.S.G.

There are three of us who visit Heath Mount Infants School each week. The school is situated in Mary Street in the heart of Balsall Heath, where the proportion of children from families of other than British origin is very high.

Our tasks are fairly menial - consisting largely of walking around the classroom and helping the children in their various activities, which, with five-year-olds on Friday afternoon, are usually limited to plasticine or building-bricks. It is not particularly responsible work, but this is not a consideration we usually take into account. We find a certain empathy with the children, and we often find it stimulating and enjoyable to talk and play with them. There is a great sense of satisfaction when a jigsaw is completed or when a computer game is successfully tackled.

But why do it? I don't think there is one reason which stands out alone. There is, perhaps, the simple pleasure of spending a weekday out of school uniform, but there's definitely more to it than that. Perhaps there is a sense of usefulness - a teacher attempting to control twenty-five small children is often grateful for an extra pair of hands, or feet, or whatever is necessary, but whether one hour a week is really noticeable is hard to say. There is also a feeling of personal satisfaction in seeing a child's face light up as you come through the door. When a child recognises you in the street outside school, then you know that your presence is felt, and usually welcomed, by the children at least. Coming from a school where most things are taken for granted - good sporting and other facilities, and a surfeit of books and computers - it is important to be in contact with a situation where a limited amount of books must be supplemented by bulk loans from the public library; where there are only two computers to serve 400 children; where the present climate in terms of demands made on teachers with limited

resources is having an inevitable effect.

Here, we feel we must emphasise the poverty that the majority of these children face. A look at the number of children who receive free school meals is enough to show the financial hardships of most of them. And yet this is never allowed to intrude on their youthful happiness. It is a sheer delight to feel that you may have helped a child to overcome an obstacle and to hear the child, eyes sparkling, say proudly: 'I can do it.' It is an achievement shared by us. They are living examples to show that wealth need not be a precondition for happiness and contentment.

We remember once hearing Mr Tibbott deliver an introductory speech for those joining the P.S.G., when he described the option as the one with the greatest 'raison d'être'. These words are certainly true, for the P.S.G. provides a valuable insight into other aspects of society, the poverty and decay of an urban area within a stone's throw from the city centre. Friday afternoon is an opportunity to forget the wealthy Utopia and the 'rich kid' ideals of a privileged school, and experience (although only mildly) some facet of the less privileged, less fortunate areas of the inner city community.

Richard Wolffe, James Preston and Gary Thornton.



Nick Varley, Sixths.

AN UNSOLICITED REACTION FROM HEATH MOUNT SCHOOL

Children enjoy Friday afternoons, and the fact that they miss the three boys is an indication of their impact. The extra hands for the teachers are especially welcome, because they are six very reliable hands. Thank you, lads. Long may the system continue.

A. Brettell (Head Teacher).

THE DRAMA STUDIO

How relieved the theatrical profession must have been when the Elizabethan playhouse first gave actors a base of their own. Hardly vagabond, and rarely rogues, thespians at K.E.S. have had Court appearances for major productions in Big School; but Experiment has had to travel the upper corridor for a spare classroom, or beat its tabor at the doors of the Music School, or off-cap to the scout troop for room in the huts. Even Big School has only been usable by squeezing in between its many varied functions.

Now that we have a professionally equipped home of our own in the converted locker room, I would like to record my thanks to those who've hosted non-showpiece productions. Mr Sill has often loaned the Concert Room as a venue and its practice rooms as tiring houses. There I saw the Tibbott-Buttress double bill of *Incident at Canterbury* and Aristophanes's *Peace*. There lunchtimes have resounded to the enthusiasm of a Fiona Tennick form play or Dr Hosty's *Bolligrew*. There, post-Oxbridge, *Ghosts* were raised, and there I enjoyed open-staging for my production of *Murder in the Cathedral* prior to its ecclesiastical tour of Birmingham! But it has never been possible to light scenes properly in the Music School, and there is a shortage of plays in which piano, timpani and organ can be integrated into the set.

To the cleaners of room 136 and Mr Trott we owe thanks for admitting the Friday Drama option, and rehearsals; here, in the early 1970's, Mike Hames first introduced Educational Drama to the Shells and Removes. Then, for a time, Mr Everest let us use a gym. More recently Mr Russell's loan of a scout hut has been acknowledged in *Chronicle* and eulogised in verse, capturing Mr Trott's nostalgia for its furry floor. There the dinky dimmer-board lit that inspired week's work - the Dunstan/Hallow *La Cantatrice Chauve*.

There is then nothing new about class drama, form plays, small-scale or off-the-cuff production at K.E.S. What the studio gives us is a focus for continuing and increasing this kind of work. Those of us who have used the studio in class, for rehearsal or for lighting, are thrilled with the facility: reviews elsewhere show what a lot has taken place in the studio's first six months.

I hope to see three things happen. For students staging their own plays the way is already paved by Anouilh's *Antigone*. It is no easy task; the application form which I give to any boys contemplating a show of their own is designed to confront them with the realities - daunting, but if successful the experience is invaluable for organisational skill in later life. My role here is to guide producers

in facing the artistic, financial and administrative problems of getting a play on, and to advise on the studio's possibilities - not least for in-the-round performance. I hope lunchtime Pinter may be on the menu alongside junior form plays (the precedent here already set in French by Mlle Fiévet). There is no reason why anyone's good idea should now go untried for lack of a location.

Secondly, I see the studio as a balance to Big School: a place for high quality productions of plays with casts too small for the School Play, and more limited in their appeal, but which warrant an airing. Big School suits the larger scale, including musicals perhaps. Thirdly, we can welcome outside actors and groups properly for the first time. Since the studio opened, we have had a professional one-man show, and more visits of this kind should be possible.

On Open Days, prospective parents say how lucky we are to have this facility. Indeed we are, as will their sons be if they come here, and as are other schools where Theatre is taken seriously enough by those who govern to have appropriate facilities built. It is important that we all make fruitful use of our privilege - and enjoy it!

G.E.E.

BULLETIN BOARD

This year over 90% of K.E.S. wrote articles for the Board and what little graffiti there was was extremely constructive and eloquent. These are, of course, total fabrications, but they sound so much better than the endless lamentations about indifference, apathy and graffiti which have made up the reports of previous years and which would be equally applicable this year. What is most irritating about the general attitude of the school is that those who complain about the low standards of the Bulletin Board are invariably those who cannot summon up the immense amounts of energy actually to write an article. Even the two groups of 2nd and 5th years who emerged in 1985 displayed an alarming tendency towards cliquish and increasingly alienating articles. The only bright spot of the year was Guy Evans, who combined sickening proficiency on typewriters and word processors with a prolific output of amusing articles.

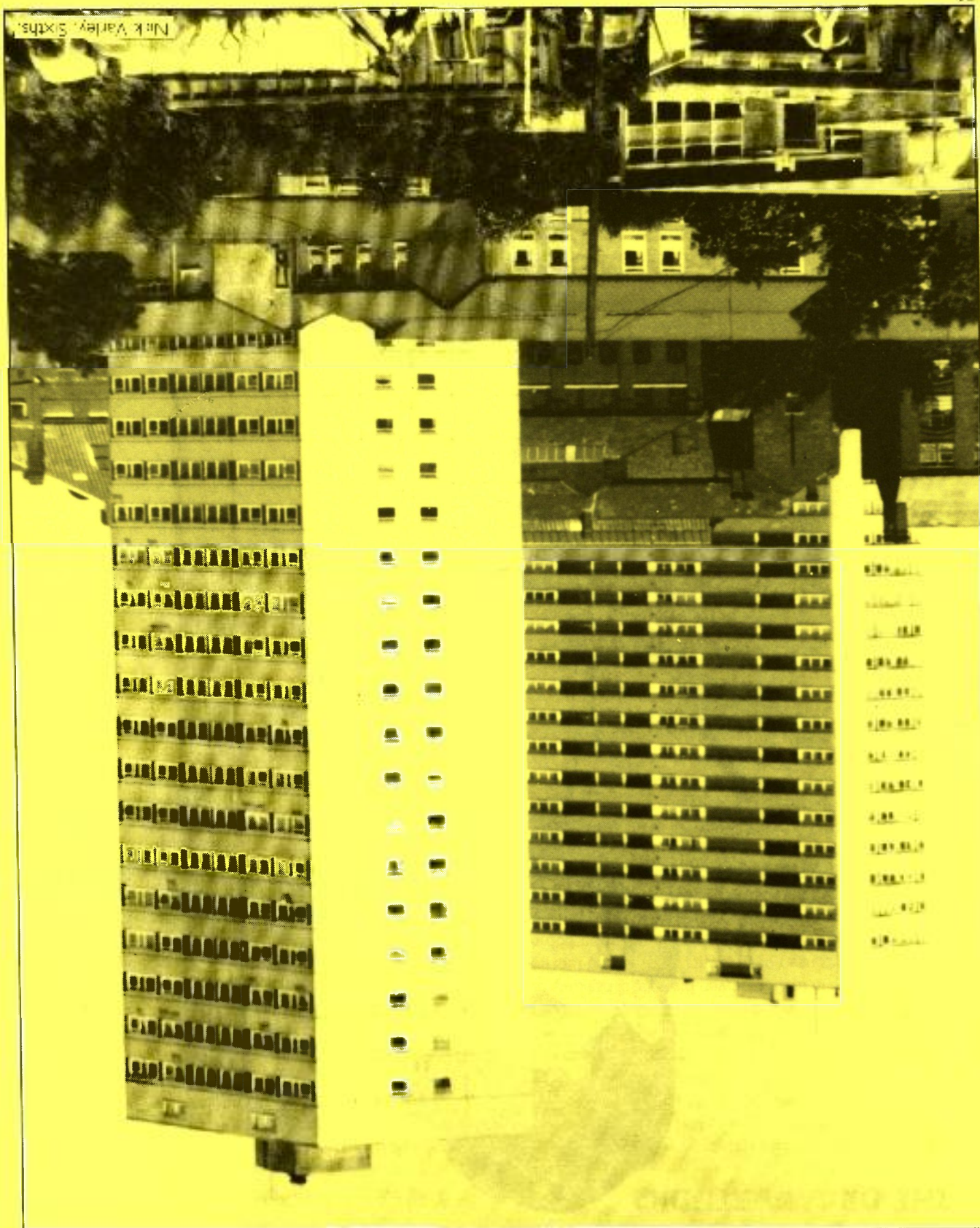
On behalf of the Board, I thank Kate Barnett for her years of hard work and beauty, and Mr Higson for his help since Christmas. I wish whoever is in charge next year a lot of luck - it will, unfortunately, be needed.

Toby Carpenter, Sixths.



Dugal McCrow, Fourths.

Milk Warley, Sixths.



FIREBIRD SYMPHONY

1. ADAGIO

Give me eyes; that I may
hear thee.

Give me love; that I may
learn to hate.

Give me life:
that I may with better grace die.
Give me strength,
that I may falter.

Give me water;
that I may kindle the flame,
in which the pheonix burns.

2. VIVACE QUASI PRESTO

'Perfect' is my middle name,
'Useless' is my by-line.
I miss the game by feigning lame.
I do it almost every time.

And still he burns:
on wings of very flame.

3. HARGHETTO

The armies pit their wits against
themselves.
And wreckage strews the wrecked field
of battle.

The pheonix rises from the ashes
of broken-down
men: and dead
machines.
And, seeing that his world is changed, he
discorporates in disgust.

Indraneel Datta, Fifths.

THE DEFINITION OF LOVE

My love is of a birth as rare
As never seen before,
She was begotten in despair
To 'come a graceless whore.

In spite of face as fair as Eve
The serpent coiled beneath:
Disguised eyes and venomous tongue
Behind pearl-plated teeth,

In goodness poor, in falsehoods rich,
As traitor never bettered;
In nature, sweet and many-faced
As Cerberus iron-fettered.

A roll of honour harsh indeed
Yet penned with great restraint;
As Ovid 'peritus' in love
So I in such complaint.

Long time ago I strangely wished
A second might there be,
As one may spurn my lovingnesse
Meanwhiles her twin loves me.

Now God be praised! my childhood wish
Indeed was granted true -
My love was not a single whore
But numbered even two.

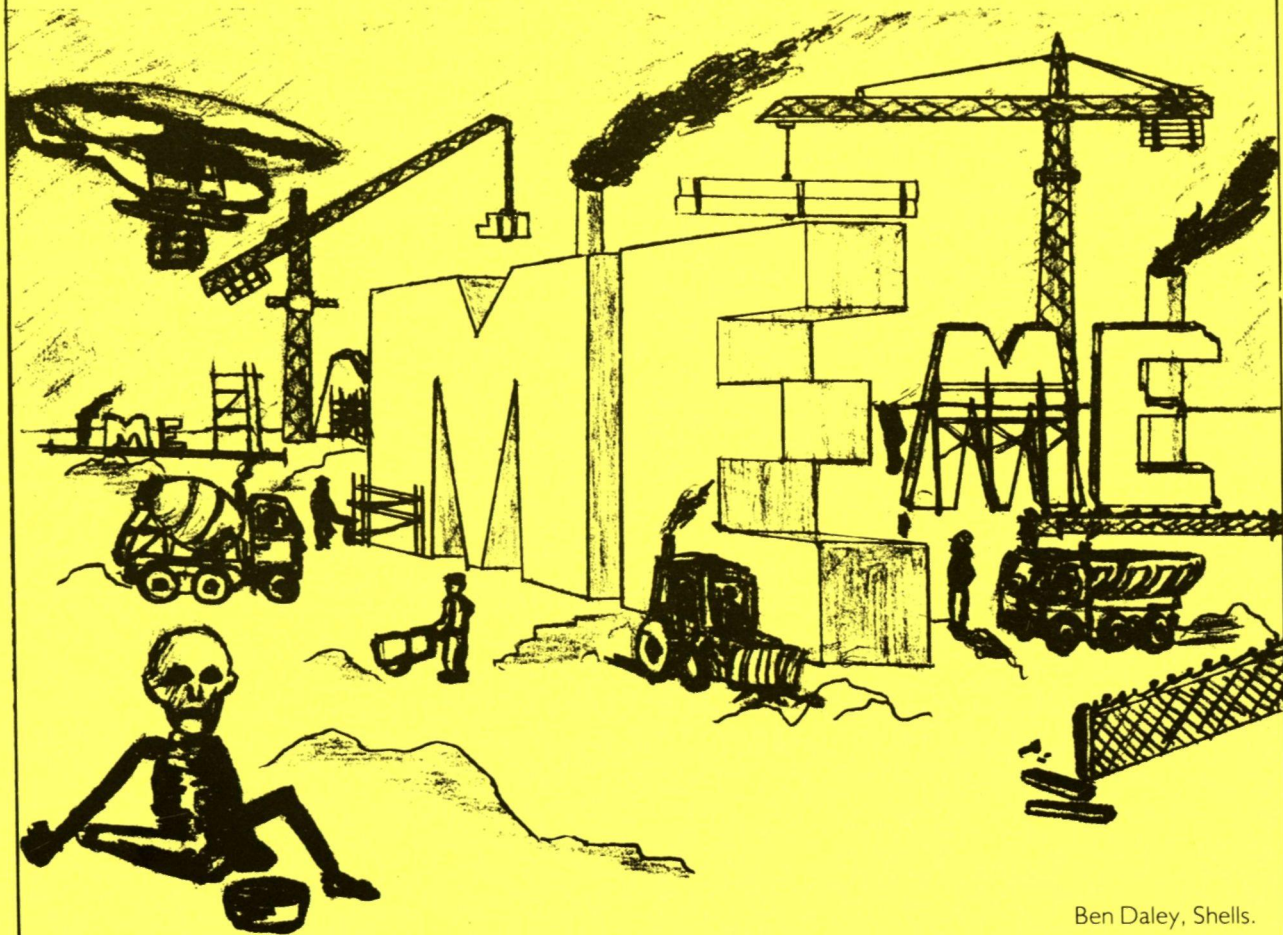
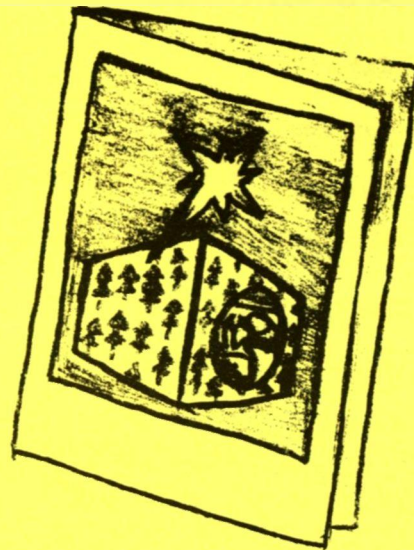
The first, i'faith, did spurn my vows,
My friends, my entourage;
The first was trilled and pedestalled -
A treacherous mirage.

The twin, however, dormant lay
Till I was blind no more;
The second showed no camouflage,
A harlot from the core.

'Tis strange that time should separate
The bad and worse within:
For now the two are unified -
'Tis all the harlot twin.

Andrew Waldron, Divisions.

SWEET & SOUR

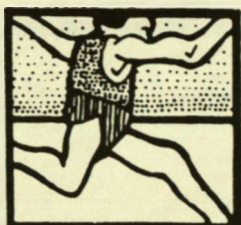


Ben Daley, Shells.

—SPORT—



Edward Andrew, Sixths.



Athletics

	P	1st	2nd	3rd	4th
Senior	9	3	5	0	1
Inter	9	4	0	5	0
U16	3	0	2	1	0
Junior	3	0	3	0	0
U15	4	0	1	3	0
U14	4	0	2	2	0
U13	3	1	1	0	1

This was to be the best Senior athletics team ever, but despite the monumental efforts and enthusiasm of the old faithfuls, the second string athletes were not so keen to compete. During the customary and now famous 'Basher preamble', we were told that the forthcoming fixtures would be tough and, by Jove, they were! If we were to produce any victories, they were to be well-deserved.

On a bright and breezy Wednesday afternoon, after the cobwebs had been brushed from the running shoes, the eager King Edward's teams took to the windswept battlefield at Eastern Road. The sight of the Warwick team sent blood surging through our veins. YES! The athletics season was here again! After a poor start in the sprints, spirits were rekindled as the field eventers delivered the goods. Telepathy and team spirit now took over and the rest of the team was spurred on to a memorable victory.

As had been the way of things for several years, the Senior Foundation match was an easy victory for the seasoned K.E. athletes. The match was used profitably as a sharpener for meetings to come.

The following day, the K.E. teams took on R.G.S.Worcester and Repton at home. After a gruelling afternoon's athletics, the score sheet showed a remarkable victory for K.E., but it was not to be - there was a mistake, and after a complete recount, we lost by 2 points.

The other matches would, I am sure, rather be forgotten by the valiant K.E. athletes, for, apart from a decisive victory against Shrewsbury and Wrekin, the team only managed second.

For the first time, a team was sent to Illey Road, Oxford for an invitation meeting against Oxford university second team and a selection of other top quality school

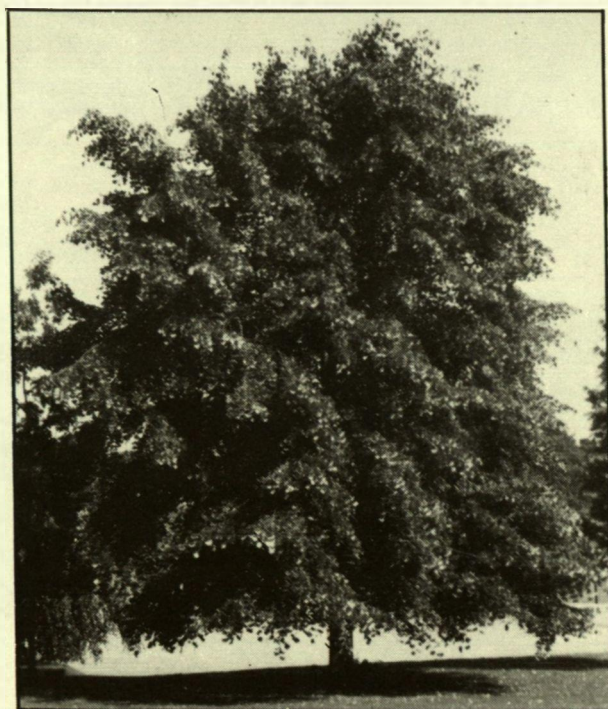
teams. I am told that a good time was had by all, and that Richard Jones ran away from the opposition, many of whom were several years older than him.

In the lower part of the school, the teams battled bravely against finely tuned opposition. A lack of strength in depth seems to have been the downfall of K.E. athletics this year, but there is plenty of talent in the lower school which in due course will develop to keep up the strong tradition of athletics at the school. Steven Walcot, Peter Taylor, Mark Williams, Sid Ahmed and Elliott Harbottle must be thanked for captaining the lower school teams.

This year saw a remarkable 21 athletes competing in the West Midlands schools championships. Notable performances came from Taylor (5th in the Junior 1500m.), Meyer (3rd in the Minor 75m. hurdles), Haywood (3rd in the Junior hurdles), Jones (4th in Inter 200m. and high jump), Constable (4th in the Senior 110m. hurdles) and Cowell (1st in the Senior javelin).

Once again, we are indebted to the organisational skill of Mr Birch and his enthusiastic team of officials. Mr and Mrs White deserve special thanks for maintaining the track at Eastern Road in excellent condition and for providing tasty teas.

Robert Temple, Sixths.



Colin Hay, Divisions.



Basketball

U19 A

P26 W22 L4 F2230 A1686

The season tipped off with an eventful match against the old Boys, who consisted of most of last year's losing national finalists. We lost not only the match, but also our centre, who was banned for a term for insulting behaviour. At first this loss proved too much for the team as we lost a few matches, but then we pulled ourselves together. One good thing coming from the ban was the development of Chris Roberts as a centre, and so when Neil did return the two were a fearsome pair in the same mould as Grimley and Chrimes. Another good feature was the emergence of Jeremy Tozer, who consistently showed that the England selectors had made a bad

mistake, and who, along with Neil, spearheaded our attack.

The Birmingham League was depleted because of the teachers' strike, and so the matches we did have were easy. We won the League, beating West Park in the final. Then in the West Midlands cup we also beat West Park in the final, the second leg being a Tony King vendetta match against their Number Five, who laughed at him in the first leg.

The highlight of the season was the national competition. The first legs were dispensed with, owing to the teachers' strike. Then we defeated Raines School, London. The next round was against Hartlepool School and the semi-final was against Greenshaw School, the red-hot favourites, whom we beat by three points. The final is being written about separately (**see Features**), so all that is left to be said is a very big thank you to Mr Birch and Mr Gunning. Without their dedication we would never have reached the heights we have achieved and King Edward's basketball would not be the force it is today.

Ben Everson, Sixths.



Photograph courtesy of S. B.

U19 B

P8 W1 L7 F471 A558

Vicious rumours that the team's motto is 'Who cares who wins?' might hint that apathy is rife amongst the 'B' team regulars. However, this would be an unfair criticism because, although we did not win that often, we do enjoy our basketball, and attempt to play as well as our numbers allow. Indeed, the few matches we played were rarely disappointing, and we even notched up an excellent and hard-earned victory against Shenley Court in our penultimate game.

Throughout the season, Leon Rowley displayed some dazzling outside shooting, Jon Mole caused trouble under the basket, and Robin Mason excelled in making 'friends' with the opposition. Martin Crowley's running commentary on the game was truly invaluable, while John Greatwood thankfully swelled our numbers to five a number of times, and Ashley Hoare was dependable for his sharp wit in encouraging his team mates.

Finally, Mr Everest must be thanked by all who played, for his patience, constant commitment and for actually admitting to being associated with us.

Richard Wolffe, Divisions.

U16

P7 W6 L1 F533 A408

One could not have called the season unsuccessful, but a little disappointing. Our first match was a 'friendly' against our arch rivals St Columba's College, and following a magnificent all-round performance, we ran out worthy winners 81-68.

The season then continued with us making steady progress in the West Midlands Cup. We then faced what we thought would be our first stern test as we met St John Wall school in the third round of the national knock-out competition. However we disposed of them with surprising comfort, which meant that we advanced into the fourth round. There our opponents were to be John Bentley school, a youthful side which should have posed no problem. But alas the contrary was true, and following a dismal first half performance, we were grateful to be leading by three points at half-time. Then enter Messrs Birch and Gunning: with a combination of cunning psychology and a few well-chosen, blunt and indeed frank words, they breathed fire into weary hearts. This did the

trick and we responded, booking a place in the quarter-finals against Lancaster school.

This was our chance to gain revenge against the side which had ousted us from the competition the year before. This we did, gaining victory by eighteen points. Thus just as the U19 team had done, we reached the semi-finals, where we were confronted by Raines Foundation school. It was nothing short of a disaster, since we were unable to recover the twenty point lead which we had presented to our opponents in the first ten minutes. We were well beaten by a far more athletic and agile side.

However, there was to be a little glory for us in our misery when we retained our West Midlands crown after beating St John Wall with fine performances from Richard Jones, who also represented the West Midlands, and in particular Chris Roberts, who capped a wonderful season for both the U16 and U19 teams by being selected to play for England U17 cadets.

Thus all looks well for the future, and this optimism is well-founded, considering the talent and strength in depth of this high-spirited, fourteen-man squad.

To end with the team would like to thank both Mr Birch and Mr Gunning, to whom we are indebted for unselfishly devoting so much of their free time for the sake of school basketball.

Richard Jones, Fifths.

U15

P9 W6 L3 F490 A470

At the start of the season, little was expected of the U15 side. In our first match, a below strength team lost to Aston Manor in the National Cup. In our first league game, we pulled back a half-time deficit of 21 points to beat Lordswood by one point. A string of Birmingham league victories was ended again by Aston Manor in the semi-finals. We then beat Perry Beeches to come third in the league. Meanwhile, we reached the semi-finals of the West Midlands Cup.

The captain, Duncan Grzesiak, regularly scored over half our points, and represented the Midlands. The Upper Middles were invaluable, and Michael Follett developed into a useful guard.

Thanks must go to Mr Birch for his refereeing, and to Mr Gunning for his commitment to us and for his 'We can only get better' attitude.

Duncan Grzesiak, Fourths.

P7 W5 L2 F397 A315

At the beginning of the season we had quite a few members in the squad, and all were capable players. The season was let down by the teachers' strike, and the league was not finished. Nevertheless our attitude on court was good, and the games that we lost, were only lost by four or six points.

Thanks are due to Mr Stead, who gave up his time after school to coach us and to guide us through our matches, and also to Mr Birch, for his occasional help.



Patrick Tomlinson, Removes.

Bridge

In accordance with last year, this was a particularly brief season with the team turning out on only three occasions to compete in the Daily Mail schools' bridge tournament. The success of these outings, however, was very encouraging and a shock to ourselves.

The first reason to reach desperately for the bridge books came with the zonal heat of the competition. Although the team - myself, J. Whittall, D. Derry and M. Law - had never played together before, we approached this event with relative confidence, which proved justified as we came second out of six teams, so gaining entry to the area finals. We rather felt that this was our limit, but to our surprise, we came third out of fifteen teams, so qualifying with style for the national finals, to be over a weekend at an Oxford hotel.

With six weeks to go before the finals, the preparation began - regular practices became the norm, bridge books were always in evidence, and by the end of the build-up, we were beginning to get to grips with the complexities of bidding strong twos, pre-emptive threes, weak fours, and, perhaps more generally, whatever we felt like! However, when the big day actually came, the occasion proved a bit too much for us - we spent most of the Saturday propping up the competition in last position. Sunday was more fruitful though, and with the team playing some good bridge, we came a creditable thirteenth out of sixteen; in the process we even managed to crush Manchester Grammar School 16-4, the eventual third-placed team. More to the point, a good time was had by all, and though we may not have been the most proficient

performers on the green baize of the bridge tables, we did show our mettle on the baize of the hotel's full-size snooker tables!

Thanks to those who played and to Mr Nightingale for arranging things. I hope that the future will verify that this was not a fleeting success for K.E. bridge.

Chris Baker, Divisions.



Chess

This season has been one of the most disastrous of recent years. It must have been many years since none of our teams won a trophy. There seemed to be a general lack of talent and enthusiasm, particularly when Mr Skinner was not at school during the second term.

Paul Trafford ably captained the Firsts as well as distinguishing himself for school and country. Although the Firsts had a disappointing season, they will be unchanged for next year, so the future looks bright. Sumeet Sunghai, who is still in the lower part of the school, again showed that he has the potential to become one of the best players in the league, with consistent performances throughout the season. Johnny Turnbull, renowned for his killer instinct during matches, was, at times, brilliant. He too had a very good season, winning most of his matches.

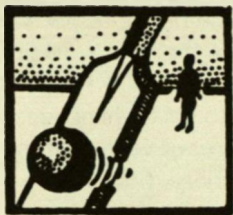
The Seconds, as expected, suffered heavy defeats. However, they did achieve one notable victory against Solihull (Martin Higgitt winning on board one, a feat not achieved by the First team board one!) However, again the future looks rosy, with many youngsters on the lower boards. The most notable of these was Christian Goodlad, who, although only a Shell, was beating people six years his senior.

The Thirds, captained by Chris Brown, suffered badly, due to lack of enthusiasm, and so had a disappointing season.

The Fourth's were captained by Richard Wood and seemed to have the best record of all the teams, drawing one match and winning the other.

My thanks go to Mr Skinner, who was missed during the Easter term, and to Dr Rowson, who took over, doing a fine job. Best wishes go to Paul Trafford, next year's captain, and I hope he will give Mr Skinner something to smile about.

Dipak Roy, Sixths.



Cricket

1st XI

P18 W4 D10 L4

Following on from the Heath-Willetts era was never going to be easy, and before half-term we didn't win a match, losing to R.G.S.Worcester and Wolverhampton thanks to dramatic batting collapses (four wickets in six balls). Only Andy Hitchins scored runs consistently during this period, perfecting the art of getting out in the forties.

In the two matches immediately after half-term, we beat Bablake and King Henry VIII convincingly, Paul Inglis scoring an unbeaten hundred and Bill Pike taking six wickets. We remained unbeaten till the end of Cricket Week, winning three more matches, but unfortunately often unable to convert good positions into actual wins. Neil Martin found his form and finished with four tons (including three in a week), with a top score of 154 against Bromsgrove.

We reached the final of the Warwickshire U19 Knock-Out competition, played at Edgbaston, which we lost disappointingly, both our batting and our bowling letting us down.

During the season, Chris Plant and Jon Pritchard performed well, both scoring fifties and taking several wickets, and later on Phil Henrick also batted well.

Many thanks to Paul Knowles for coaching and running the team in Mr Benson's enforced absence, and to the groundsman and his wife for preparing pitches, lunches and teas.

Matthew Hills, Divisions.

2nd XI

P10 W3 D5 L2

This year's 2nd XI was markedly different from that of last year, recruiting as many as eight Fifth years, who later proved to be just as capable as old hands such as myself. For this reason, prospects look excellent for the team next year.

The well-balanced nature of the team was reflected by the well-balanced record sheet at the end of the season: three wins, two losses and five draws. Occasionally, we were graced by the presence of star players who were ordinarily unavailable, such as Robert Wem, who scored a century against Wolverhampton, and who overall scored 173 runs in his three matches, being out only once (and even then he was run out). Mention must also be made of Robert Ewin, who bowled with great accuracy for long periods, Chris Roberts, for his flamboyant batting, Steven Tuck, who gains in strength and co-ordination where he loses in style, Chris Mitchell, for consistent middle-order batting, Jez Thornton, for his steady batting as an opener, and Dominic Price, for his consistently good bowling and fielding. Leon Rowley should not be forgotten either: the player whose bowling was as entertaining and flamboyant as the clothes he wore to go out in after the matches had finished.

Many thanks to those involved in umpiring and organising throughout the season - Mr Jayne, Mr Goodlad, Mr Creasy and Mr Everest. Thanks also to Dave Thompson for his neat and competent scoring. I wish next year's team every success, and I hope all the players enjoy the season as much as I did this year's.

Nicolas Fowler, Sixths.



Nick Willetts receiving the 1985 Warwickshire U19 Cup.

Photo: Edward Andrew, Sixths.

3rd XI

P5 W3 D0 L2

The 3rd XI had an excellent season. Despite our two defeats towards the end, the team's indefatigable spirit never faltered. In contrast to our big brothers in the 1st and 2nd XI's (who tended to take the game far too seriously), our enjoyment of the matches was always apparent, even when, against Warwick, five out of the first seven batsmen got ducks. Indeed, our enthusiasm only suffered the odd blemish of individual talent (Wilford and Creasy, notably), and so when we did win, it was almost entirely due to a good team performance. This was particularly the case in our second match against Solihull, when intelligent bowling and exceptional fielding crushed the opposition. Special thanks should go to Mr Goodall for umpiring three of our matches, to Dave Milne for captaining in my absence and to the whole team - for making the cricket so enjoyable.

Tim Franks, Sixths.

U15 XI

P5 W0 D1 L4

The season began ominously when the team managed to avoid beating Wrekin in the first match. Things did not improve, as of the remaining five games, four were lost and one cancelled. Johnathan Pritchard, the captain, deserted the sinking ship for the calmer waters of the 1st XI, and Joe Moxley took over the captaincy to do a good job in difficult conditions.

There is no lack of talent in the side, as shown by the fact that three members - Pritchard, Goodall and Coates - have represented, and played well for, the school 1st XI. Hockley and Coates have batted consistently well all season, Goodall only so in all-too-brief flashes. The pick of the bowlers has been Harms, the ground fielding has been good, but too many match-winning catches were dropped. Clearly, a disappointing season, but with improved discipline in the field, things could get much better.

G.A.W.

U14 XI

P8 W3 D2 L3

The season began with a disappointing defeat against Wrekin, where both batting and bowling let us down.

However, it soon picked up with an exciting draw against Solihull, where we ran out of time to make the extra twenty or so runs to beat them with six wickets standing.

There were convincing victories over King Henry VIII, Bablake and Warwick, but a very disappointing loss against Bishop Vesey's despite a fine knock of 68 by M. Dean.

There have been notable achievements: M. Dean's batting excelled once again; there were good batting performances from N. Ratnam, C. Atkin and A. Harborne in a good middle to lower order; and C. Atkin, M. Dean, N. Ratnam and S. Smart bowled tightly and, if we were lucky, accurately. A. Hurley deserves a mention for some delightful, if not original, spin bowling, and T. Cutler for some good wicket-keeping.

Thanks go to Rev. Crocker and Mr Andronov for standing in, to the groundsmen and to A. Hurley for endeavoring to get off the mark for the season - and failing!

Niruban Ratnam and Alaister Harborne, Upper Middles.

U13 XI

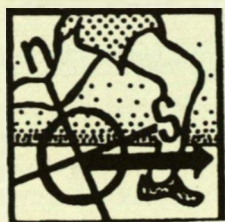
P8 W6 D1 L1

It has been a successful season with only one match lost and one drawn. The season started well with a convincing win against Solihull. The team played quite well in the J.E.T. knock-out competition, reaching the semi-final of our region, where we lost to Yarlet Hall. The side is strong at both bowling and batting and has played well throughout the season. Only two matches were lost to the weather. These were against West House and Blue Coat. Thanks must go to Mr James, and also to Mr Meyer and Mr West who umpired for us.

Carl Meyer, Removes.

The season began eventfully with a tie against Solihull, when sharp fielding and accurate bowling restricted them to a total of 53, but disappointing batting left the scores level. Wolverhampton reached only 47 after some good bowling, and their score was passed with two wickets down. An abandonment against Blue Coat was the only game of the season that was affected by the weather. Two draws against Royal Grammar School Worcester and Bablake followed. A loss looked certain against Warwick, but our tenth wicket pair saved us by playing out the last ten overs on a rather dubious wicket. The season ended with a victory over King's Worcester. This left us undefeated. Robert Harborne had a good all-round season with eighteen wickets and 81 runs. Thanks must go to Mr Stead for umpiring and to the parents for loyal support.

Matti Watson and Robert Harborne, Shells.



Cross-Country

1st VI: 10th out of 13
2nd VI: 9th out of 10

Cross-country reports in previous years have dwelt for some time on the aesthetic pleasures of cross-country running. However, the more one says on the topic, the less one is believed, so I shall not mention it further. It suffices to say that cross-country is one of those activities which is more enjoyable after it has finished than whilst it is still in progress.

Good runners seem to pass through the team in batches every two or three years, rather than in a continuous stream. The loss of our old regulars last year left the team with a serious shortfall of experienced runners this season, although this was offset by the determined efforts of several rapidly improving runners in the Divisions. Robert Temple was unable to run for much of the season due to injury. He nevertheless made a major contribution to the team's performance, which was greatly appreciated, as was the quiet durability of Robert Jones, whose efforts were recognised with the award of half-

colours at the end of this season, along with Messrs Winterborn, Patel and Murray.

On behalf of the team, I would like to thank Mr Workman and Mr Hill for all their help in making this another satisfying and enjoyable season.

Gregory Lampert, Sixths.

PLOD PLOD PLOD

(The alternative Cross-Country report)

And they're off. And I'm at the back again. The front runners begin to pick up speed, kicking up a filthy mixture of mud and slush into my already cold face. Ouch! That was a very silly thing to do! I remove my foot from the ankle-deep puddle of icy water and shudder in pain.

We hit the tarmac and it sends a juddering twinge of pain through my knees. My feet are already numb - the numbness in my fingers is beginning to work its way up.

I'd better start *running*, or I'll never catch up. On second thoughts, perhaps I'll just keep jogging along.

I don't need this hassle at all. I mention this to a passing dog.

'I don't need this, do you?'

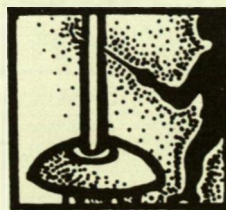
'Woof,' is usually the most coherent reply I get.

Ah, well. We won't come last in the league. We'll beat Handsworth Grammar. That's one consolation. Mind you, if it weren't for Shirley, we wouldn't even manage that.

As we turn up into Russell Road, I console myself with the thought of the tea and biscuit at the end.

At least it's better than rugby. Isn't it?

Indraneel Datta, Fifths.



Fencing

This year has been a successful one for the Fencing Option. On an individual level the successes have been quite frequent with a special mention to Elliott Brooks, who reached the national final of the U14 foil competition, as did Brian Parkes at the U18 level. Also Steven Mucklow has made a good showing at a local level, winning the

Birmingham Schools' Trophy.

Sadly, from September 1986, Fencing ceases to be a Wednesday games option, which will lead to a reduction in the numbers. But hopefully many will stay and the next year will lead to better things.

Brian Parkes, Divisions.



At first, the season looked like getting off to a slow start - the traditional fixtures against K.E. Camp Hill and Five Ways were no longer available, meaning that matches had to be looked for outside of Birmingham. This did not quench the team's enthusiasm, however, and, overall, great progress was made this year.

The senior team had a quiet year, dotted here and there with some good and not-so-good victories. Perhaps the most notable performance was the 2-1 victory over Highgate School, playing with a weakened first pair. From such heady heights, we plummeted to lose once again to the Shrewsbury 1st VI 1-2, although it must be admitted that two of our players were suffering from quite bad bruising.

The junior team showed plenty of talent and enthusiasm, both of which bode well for the future. At U16 level, we lacked a bit in experience, but lower down, the team becomes very strong, although, again, a little inexperienced in match play. Notable victories include a 7-0 win against Stowe - remarkable, considering we only have six courts.

In February, the first VI went on its annual London fives tour. Skilfully managing to leave all the sinks intact, we beat Harrow School 3-0 in a very close and enjoyable game for all. On the Sunday morning, we played the Village Fives Club, losing 1-2, and the 2nd and 3rd pairs went on to play St Olaves in the afternoon, while the first pair of Jonathan Mole and Robin Mason played for Warwickshire county. All in all, the week-end was very enjoyable, and well worth the effort that Mr Worthington so kindly makes each year.

The climax of the season was the Schools' Championships at the end of March. Unfortunately, for most of the team, it was a little disappointing. The second senior pair

of Turnbull and Courier finished a promising season by losing in the first round to Shrewsbury 4; out of the rest of the team, only the U14 1st pair managed to get through the first round, apart from the senior first pair. This was not too important, however, since everybody - especially the juniors - enjoyed themselves immensely, and there were promising performances from the U15 pair of Francis and Pritchard, and the U14 pairs of Butlin and Dean, Benson and Beighton, Sharp and Taylor, and Dean and Thomas.

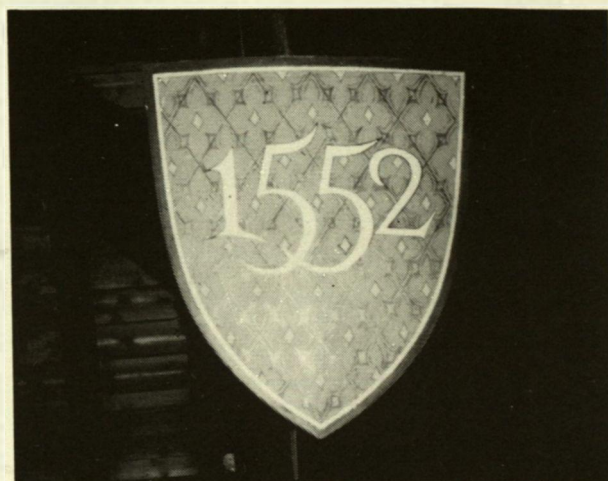
The school first pair finally managed to win the Open final, where we met half of the pair from Wolverhampton G.S. that beat us last year, so, in a real revenge match, we rapidly hit them off court in just over an hour, eventually winning 12-3, 12-3, 12-9.

Finally, thanks must go to Mr Worthington for co-ordinating efforts once again this year, and also to Jonathan Mole for encouraging and coaching the crack team of juniors.

Robin Mason, Sixths.

I ought to add one or two details about the school's first pair of Robin Mason and Jonathan Mole. They went through the season unbeaten against schoolboy pairs; they are the first schoolboy pair to appear in each of the three age-group finals - U14 losing finalists, U16 and Senior winning finalists; they are the first schoolboy pair to reach the final of an Open-age Competition (The Midland Championships in January 1986); and, more than all this, they played with real sportmanship and were an immense credit to the school.

G.A.W.



Colin Hay, Divisions.

Golf

P2 W1 L1

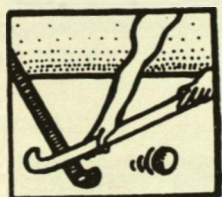
This year saw an upsurge in the popularity of golf. Maybe one day golf at K.E.S. will cast off its image of being a doss option, running alongside the walking option as the least energetic games activity.

At the beginning of September the Old Edwardians' Golfing Society organised a meeting for anyone in the school at Edgbaston Golf Club. About forty people, ranging from the Upper Middles to the Upper Sixths, turned up for an 18 hole stroke-play competition. Despite some allegations of cheating, the scores turned in were excellent. The best net score was 63 and the best gross 78. Over tea and some scintillating speeches from the officers of the O.E.G.S., cups were presented.

Two matches, versus King Henry VIII and Bablake, were played. The former was narrowly lost 2-1, whilst the latter convincingly won 3½-½. Richard Godfrey and Duncan Wynn played particularly well.

Thanks are due to Mr Hopley, who organised everything, and to Andy Bownes at Edgbaston, who ran coaching sessions on Wednesday afternoons for anyone in the option.

Iain McNeish, Sixths.



Hockey

1st XI

P17 W10 D3 L4 F43 A26

Overall, this was one of the most successful seasons for many years. Although the second half was disrupted by the 'big freeze', it has been a season to remember.

We started with a 2-1 victory over a very strong Old Edwardians side, a feat not achieved for seven years. This excellent start was maintained for the first nine matches: eight were won and one drawn. This included winning the Buttle Tournament and reaching the semi-finals of the Warwickshire U19 outdoor competition. This was a thrilling match against Lawrence Sheriff, which, after full-time,

was 1-1. So there followed a penalty-flick shoot-out, which we unfortunately lost on the thirteenth sudden-death flick. The latter part of the season was less successful, but, having suffered two crushing defeats at the hands of our great rivals Bishop Vesey's, we returned to our winning form, ending the season with a 5-0 victory over Q.M.G.S. Walsall.

Unlike last season, we were able to field a fairly consistent team, which helped greatly in our success, as did the aggressive centre-forward play of William Pike. Dave Milne, as expected from a seasoned campaigner, put in many fine and skilful performances on the right wing, as did Chris Baker and Phil Henrick in the midfield. They will undoubtedly be key players for next season. In defence, although there were some problems, we were held together by the experienced Gary Thornton, playing in his third season, and by the hard-tackling Matt Hills and Leon Rowley, ably assisted by Matt Jones. Ed Cox formed the final line of defence in goal; since he is a Fifth former, all looks well for the future in this department. Other players were Steve Twigg, Jeff Whittall and Martin Higgitt.

Finally, our thanks must go to Mr Wills, who left at the end of the season to teach at Wallop School, for all the hard work he has put in, not only this season, but for many years. We wish him well. I can assure whoever is lucky enough to take on the hockey option next year that they are in for a good season.

Jeremy Thornton, Sixths.

2nd XI

P9 W2 D2 L5

This year's team was very unlucky not to win more of its matches, but the customary brain-drain of talent to the 1st XI tended to disrupt our play over the season. However, on the whole we played well - the highlights of the season being a resounding win over Ratcliffe and two very hard-fought draws against Solihull and Queen Mary's. Indeed, we even managed to make the final of the Buttle Tournament - surely an excellent measure of the time and sweat put in by all involved this season.

Unfortunately, the statistics do not show just how close-run our defeats were, and that the team included some excellent players who will no doubt become first team regulars. Acknowledgement of the team's talent was finally given from above, in the generous lashings of half colours given at the season's end.

Thanks must go to Mr Lambie for the times he umpired us, and especially to Mr Jones for all his commitment, guidance and constant encouragement.

Richard Wolffe, Divisions.

U16 XI

P5 W2 D1 L2

This year's U16 hockey team did not see much action this season, due to bad weather and a lack of fixtures. However, despite the loss of players to higher ranks and to other game options, we fought hard throughout with good performances from Martin Higgitt, the Gary Lineker of the side, and Jeff Whittall's skilful dribbling on the wings. The team has seen some exciting new players whose hockey has bloomed, giving the team great enthusiasm and one memorable victory with only ten men.

Thanks to all who took part and to Mr Jones for his hard work in coaching the team despite missing one game for his birthday celebrations.

Edward Cox, Fifths.

U15 XI

P7 W0 D2 L5 F3 A25

The U15 hockey started fairly hopefully with a good performance against Warwick, losing 0-4 against a strong side. The next match, however, seemed to summarise what was to come - a 1-12 defeat against Malvern.

The best match that we played was against Five Ways, a 2-7 defeat. Although the score looks bad, the team played well, with only momentary lapses of concentration leading to the goals.

The final matches of the season were in the form of a hockey festival. In the festival we played well. However, the matches were only fifteen minutes each way and it is possible that the results show this. The first match we drew 0-0 with some excellent goalkeeping by McGinnity. The second match was a 1-1 draw, with good play by the whole team. The third match was a hard-fought game and we lost 0-1.

Throughout the season the team played with high spirits, taking the defeats in their stride. The results are probably bad because of the inexperience of the team and the strength of the opposition.

Matthew Goodall, Fourths.



Colin Hay, Divisions.



Rugby

1st XV

P19 W16 D2 L1 F536 A94

A most successful season, the team recording only one, undeserved defeat, and two draws, one of which was due to only 90 seconds of indiscipline.

The XV was based on a very strong pack which proved more than a match for every team it faced, although it did meet unexpected resistance from a surprisingly strong and well-motivated Bishop Vesey's pack.

The front row of Tasso Gazis, Lee Bacchus and Michael Cheung, already with one season's playing experience together in the XV, did not meet a more technically capable or more effective front row opposition. When Toby Carpenter and Alun Thomas decided to put in real pushing power, the K.E. front five often took the opposition formation to pieces. A fast, mobile and big back row of Simon Hill, Dave Stapleton and Neil Martin at No. 8 served exceptionally well as ball-winners and linked with the three-quarters and the rest of the pack to score some superb tries.

The new partnership of Roger Rees and Duncan Wynn was shaky at first, but matured throughout the season to provide well-timed and fast ball to Jonas Hankin, who often resorted to brute force to power through the opposition midfield. However, despite his weight, Jonas was known to sidestep - occasionally. The return of Matthew Dolman did mean that at first he lacked confidence, though once this problem was overcome, he did prove an excellent runner, and provided us with some amusement as he crushed unsuspecting opposition wingers. When Kieran Neville overcame his numerous injury problems, he and Phil Clifford completed the three-quarter line. Finally, mention must be made of Paul Hill. Moving to full-back to make way for Duncan Wynn, he added speed, agility and stability to defence and counter-attack.

However, our one defeat of the season, against Nottingham, was due to Paul turning up ten minutes after kick-off.

The team produced some excellent fifteen-man rugby with wins over Loughborough (34-0), Bablake (31-6), Uppingham (15-12) and Bishop Vesey's (19-3), as well as somewhat gentler wins over Denstone, Worksop, K.E.

Aston, Wrekin, Bromsgrove and Solihull.

The sheer strength of the team can be seen in the fact that it provided eleven members of a Greater Birmingham team which was only beaten once, by Warwickshire.

Once again, our thanks must go to Mr Everest for coaching, training and encouraging us. Also, thanks to the ground-staff and supporters for making Eastern Road such a welcome place at which to play rugby.

Tasso Gazis, Sixths.



Edward Andrew, Sixths.

The Sutton Coldfield RUFC Invitation School Sevens

The 1st VII was expected to perform well in this tournament, having won it in 1984 and 1985.

Accordingly, Aston 'B' were mauled 42-0, with Phil Clifford dominating play and racing away to score try after try - or at least, that's what he told me to say.

Phil's victory ensured our passage to the semi-final without having to beat Chasetown. Alun Thomas left the field after 14 seconds, complaining that his knee-bandage was dirty; the fuming Dave Stapleton coughed his way on to replace him. This upset the balance of the team, and coupled with the fact that the Chasetown VII included Naas Botha, Terry Holmes, Serge Blanco, Danie Gerber, Phil Clifford, Murray Mexted and David Campese, the team did well to lose only 4-0.

The semi-final against Aston 'A' was a hard fought tussle which we won 14-4, with Lee Bacchus contributing two tries.

The final against Bishop Vesey's was even harder. Vesey's fielded a huge team with an enormous weight advantage which only the unhealthy Jonas Hankin could hope

to counter. Vesey's scored first but Dave Prasher kept us in the game with a well taken try. Roger Rees put us in the lead only to see Vesey's equalize late in the game. The game went into sudden death, and with Kieran Neville and Billy Wynn cheering from the bar and Alun Thomas from the St John's ambulance, where his bandage was undergoing treatment, Phil Clifford scored the winning try. Thus the cup was retained, but prospects are bleak with Phil Clifford leaving to bless Oxford with his many gifts.

Roger Rees, Sixths.

2nd XV

P18 W17 D0 L1 F434 A88

Once in a lifetime there comes a team whose performances defy simile, metaphor or adjective, even of this eloquent and verbose pen; that team will always be the 2nd XV of 1985/6. Words cannot describe the poise, grace, skill and effort of this mighty band. The results speak for themselves. The defeat at the hands of a very average King Henry VIII side can be attributed as much to complacency, borne out of repeated victory, as to controversial selections. But let us not dwell on defeat, for the performances of this 'well oiled machine' of devastation will always remain the epitome of how entertaining, attacking and skilful rugby can be successfully married to genuine enjoyment and enterprise. Wit, eloquence and even intelligence were always present in a team that was above all else *fun* to play in, and with. The highlights of the season included defeats of very strong Loughborough, Nottingham and Uppingham teams. Throughout the season the forwards, despite a brain, weight and height deficiency, injected the elements of speed, mobility and skill into their game, winning surplus ball from every position for the backs to use, demonstrating their ability to attack with precision and penetration from anywhere on the field. Our thanks must go to Mr Slijivic, who coached throughout with resilience and enthusiasm, and also to Mr Andronov and his wolfskin coat for a much deserved 'kick up the backside' against Bishop Vesey.

Garon Anthony, Sixths.

3rd XV

P14 W12 D0 L2 F289 A62

3rd XV rugby is about fun, and this season's team embodied this principle perfectly. Hard but fair, enthusiastic

but sporting, we played our hearts out, but above all we enjoyed it. Initially, tactics were to pulverise the opposition for ten minutes, then to hang on for the rest of the game. When the opposition refused to be pulverised, however, (R.G.S.Worcester, Uppingham) the bankruptcy of this policy soon became apparent.

So we developed a more fluent style, featuring the passing of Simon Ellis, the kicking of Iain Crawford, the hooking of Hugh Creasy, the wheezing of Richard Craggs and the support play of Martin Pratt, as well as countless others, too numerous to mention. It was a fab season. Thank you lads: you were great!

However, the biggest 'Thank You' of all must be reserved for Mr Emery, whose relaxed but firm approach makes the 3rd XV so enjoyable to play in, and without whom our 'strength through joy' style would not be possible.

Martin Crowley, Sixths.

U16 XV

P9 W4 L4 D1

As the results show, the team had a mixed season. At times, such as against Bromsgrove, the side played as a unit, showing commitment, potential and skill. However, such performances were rare; the norm being disorganised play and a reliance on a few key players to secure victory.

The pack was weakened at the start of the season by the loss of important players and positional shuffling. Hence, it took two matches until any understanding and unity developed within the forwards. However, the line-out was seriously lacking in height and consequently the backs were starved of good attacking possession. This, coupled with a seeming lack of motivation, was the downfall of the team.

The backs fluctuated in their performance too. In some games they showed flair and skill, attacking fluently and passing quickly, but in most games the ball never reached the wingers, was dropped more times than caught and was rarely passed in such a manner to the fly-half as to allow him to attack.

In the backs, Richard Jones, until he had to retire because of illness, proved to be a fast and exciting winger. George Panyioutou at centre proved to be the most probing player, who breached defences with great determination when given the chance.

In the pack, Andrew Cook, along with the whole back

row, played especially well. In all a reasonable season, and thanks go to Mr Birch for all his time and coaching.

Michael Cooper, Fifths.

U15 XV

P15 W5 D0 L10 F157 A293

The season started promisingly with the forwards providing good ball and the backs using it well, with Aston passing with two hands in the air and to the man! Then, unfortunately, the team came up against a series of very strong teams, and this seemed to cause them to lose confidence. The team recovered well though, with good wins against Wrekin, Belmont Abbey and Bromsgrove.

Clifford played well in the centres, until he decided that he had better things to do. Kett was brought into outside centre and the new partnership showed promise. Pritchard played well at full-back, often coming into the line to feed the wingers, Ahmed and Hockley.

The forwards played well throughout the season, especially Kanagaratnam, Hooper and Francis, who led the pack well and scored his first try for the school. Another memorable moment was Coates' first tackle in a school match.

Thanks must go to Mr K.E.Jones for coaching us well and putting up with us.

Matthew Hill, Fourths.

U14 XV

P15 W11 D1 L3 F381 A145

We had a very successful start to the season, remaining unbeaten until half-term. Strong and powerful forward play and solid defence allowed us to create openings and keep up a high standard of play. We lost to our arch rivals Warwick in an exciting game (26-22). We also lost to Rugby and to King Henry VIII Coventry. All these games were away and next year we hope to play them at home and beat them! We had a disappointing end to the season with our tour to Bath having to be cancelled owing to terrible weather.

I should like to thank Mr Roden and all the other coaches who helped us for their advice and encouragement throughout the season.

Michael Follett, Upper Middles.

P.S. FROM THE COACH

This is a very strong year group with several excellent players. They trained well and I was delighted with their team spirit. The forwards particularly deserve praise: they were huge, mobile and tremendous in the tight -often dominating the scrums and line-outs. Prospects look good for the senior teams with such talent in the middle school.

M.R.

U13 XV

P11 W9 D0 L2 F202 A53

We lost only two matches in the season. One, against Bablake, was very close, with a conversion in the last minute winning the game for the opposition. The other match that we lost was against a side who were only better than us on the day.

To start the season off, we had a very close and tough match against Loughborough, winning 8-6, where we had drawn 8-8 the year before.

The forwards mostly dominated play because of their size and determination, but at times, the backs also played some very fluent rugby.

Oliver Bishop, Removes.

U12 XV

P4 W1 D0 L3

This has been an fairly eventful season and all four matches have been close, except for the first one which we won 22-0.

Only two players in the team had ever played rugby before, but soon everybody was playing like an expert. The main reason that they picked up the game so quickly was the assortment of masters who all coached us.

The trainers were Mr Paddock (a student teacher), Mr Roden and Mr Everest, all three of whom had a major part in our coaching - especially Mr Paddock.

We had very strong forwards except for the hooker, as our best hooker was out of action with a hernia. This made us push even harder. Harborne, meanwhile, kicked every conversion possible. Our backs were very fast and often used their speed to their advantage, rarely missing a chance to pass the ball down to Abbott or Daley on the wings.

All in all, it has been a fairly good season, and I have no complaints.

Charles Cutler, Shells.



Edward Andrew, Sixths.



Sailing

P4 W1 D1 L2

The sailing team started the season as it might have

hoped to continue, by winning its first match. This, however, was not to be, as in freezing November conditions we managed only a draw in the second. In the Summer term this downward trend continued. Speculation abounded as to the cause of our defeats - was it due to the departure of our coach, Miss Barnett, or was it our failure to notice the back eddies on unfamiliar waters? Two thirds of the school fleet was renewed in an attempt to improve our racing record, but to no effect. This only leaves one to conclude that the sailing results were due to the team's ability, or lack of it.

The team will remain essentially the same next year, though it is hoped that it will fare better with all members present.

David Derry, Divisions.



Squash

P2 W1 L1

This season may be best described as quiet. The team, which consisted of Jeremy Thornton, James Jefferson, Gavin Nicol, Chris Baker and Ben Everson, although potentially a very good one, was unable to play more matches owing to other sporting commitments. The two matches played were both in the National Schools Championship, the first against Trent College, which we won 3-2, the second against Repton, which we lost 2-3 in a very exciting match.

It only remains for me to wish next year's team well. If they concentrate on playing squash and not other Winter games, they will, I am sure, be very successful. I would also like to thank Mr Tomlinson for his advice and guidance.

Jeremy Thornton, Sixths.



Swimming

	P	W	D	L
Open	7	3	0	4
U16	7	6	0	1
U14	7	4	1	2
U13	1	1	0	0
U12	1	1	0	0
OVERALL	7	4	0	3

Following a sluggish start to the season at Shrewsbury, this year's swimming team recovered dramatically, after an intensive course of training, to win the next few swimming galas. However, the team was unable to sustain these sterling qualities, losing a close-fought triangular gala against Bromsgrove and Warwick.

The senior team suffered from the lack of senior members, and as a result, swimmers often found themselves swimming the maximum number of events in all galas. Our thanks go to Desmond Burley and Richard Straker, the two intermediate swimmers who regularly won events for the senior team. Richard Hoskison deserves a special mention as he will be leaving the school after seven years' participation in the swimming team.

The intermediates were the most successful of the age groups, winning six out of seven galas. This team had the potential to win all its matches, but the use of intermediate swimmers in the senior events meant that they were always below full strength. The outstanding swimmers of this age group were Michael Cooper, Mark Kendall and Ian Rose.

In the lower part of the school, keen swimmers in the Shells are developing and entering the team. The strength in depth in the first two years was indicated in the convincing victory over Blue Coat School. Miles Parker, Richard Warwick and Christopher Ward deserve particular mention as the outstanding swimmers of the group.

Looking to the future, the team's performance will continue to improve as the developing swimmers in the Shells and Removes advance through the school. This year saw the departure of Mr Wills from the school. The team would like to wish him all the best for the future and thank him for his several years' work in charge of the swimming team. Our thanks go to Mr Everest for continuing with the excellent training, and thanks to Mr Dodd and Mr

Owen for their support and help. We are similarly indebted to the parents of the swimmers, who carried out the vital role of time-keeping and the transporting of swimmers to away galas.

I am delighted to report from the Chief Master that the plan for covering the swimming-pool will commence this Autumn term ready for all-year round swimming.

I thank all members of the team for their support and congratulate them for their excellent keen spirit throughout the season.

Simon Straker, Divisions.



Colin Hay, Divisions.



Table Tennis

	P	W	D	L
Senior	6	1	0	5
Junior	11	4	1	6

Owing to industrial action in most of the schools we were due to play, the senior team played only six matches. Five of these resulted in defeat, following a series of injuries to the captain and other first team players.

The junior team managed to win four games out of the eleven which they played, drawing one and losing six. This is as good a performance as has been produced by the

team in recent years, and most of the same players will be eligible next year. Perhaps this will lead to even better results in the future.

The present senior team of myself, Mark Chivers and Sidney Haddleton will all be leaving at the end of this year, and out of the ashes a new squad will arise, with as much enthusiasm (if not skill) as the present stalwarts. I would hope to see the Seniors improve the image of table tennis in the school and help to bring it out of its status as a minority sport.

Mr Russell will, no doubt, remain as mentor and guiding light to the teams in the school: I wish him good luck for the future, and pray that he can alert team members that a match is taking place a little earlier than ten minutes from the start!

Chris Plant, Sixths.



Tennis

1st VI

P13 W10 L3

Even though K.E.S. lost the services last year of S. Booth and R. Grierson to semi-professional tennis and Cambridge University respectively, the First VI, as its record suggests, still managed to produce a high standard of tennis.

The success of the team stemmed from a powerful first pair of P.Hill and D.Grierson, who lost only three matches all season. D.Grierson's penetrating topspin returns and aggressive serve were complemented well by P.Hill's solid serve and volley game. The second couple of C.Baker and J.Haddleton (Lofty to his friends) performed resolutely, but never quite played as a partnership, and as a result were separated for the last five matches. Likewise, M.Upton and O.Backhouse, the third pair, seemed unable to knit together their respective talents as singles players, but did show occasional flashes of flair and skill.

The highlight of the season came in the area final of the Glanville Cup, in which the First VI just failed, needing only a single game against Eton, to reach the illustrious British

finals at Queen's Club, London. Other memorable performances included defeating Wrekin 9-0, Bishop Vesey's 6-3 and King's Worcester 9-0.

Finally, many thanks must be bestowed on Mr Tomlinson for organising K.E.S. tennis and for providing the First VI with invaluable knowledge concerning volleying.

Paul Hill, Sixths.

PAUL HILL

I would not like Paul to depart without recording my deep gratitude to him for all he has done for school tennis.

When Paul first played in the school First VI, he was in the Shells and school tennis was in a fairly parlous state. Any doubts that he would be apprehensive of any giants in the opposing teams were soon dispelled. Paul knew how to look after himself, was naturally aggressive and an instinctive doubles player. He is a naturally talented player, who could have played Junior County tennis if he had trained regularly throughout the winter, but winter was for rugby; and Paul is a talented rugby player. This year as captain he has set a very high standard of fitness and consistency in his play. Highlights have been his play against a very strong Repton side and taking a set off Millfield.

During Paul's time the school team has become a force to be reckoned with both locally and nationally, and this has been due in no small measure to his skill as a player, his total reliability, uncompromising honesty, determination and sound advice. I hope he plays plenty of tennis at university and thereafter.

T.B.T.

U16 VI

P4 W4 L0

The U16 team, ably captained by Nick Jowett, has had a very successful season, including two convincing 9-0 victories over Wrekin and King Henry VIII Coventry. Nick, Gavin Nicol and Martin Higgitt have already played in the senior team, showing great promise.

T.B.T.

U13 IV: The Midland Bank Competition

Matthew Upton, Oliver Backhouse, James Booth, Peter Taylor and reserve Michael Follett made up the team.

On our way to the final we beat: Stratford School; Eversfield School, Solihull; Norwich School; and Conyers School, Cleveland.

Only a side from Duffryn School, Newport, Wales, stood in our way. This time, unlike two years ago with the U15 team, there were no crucial tie-breaks or games. The team became national champions by not losing another set.

Matthew Upton, Upper Middles.

The Walking Option

There are rumours that this is becoming an option for those wanting to walk, rather than refugees from the Wednesday afternoon games programme. Nevertheless, it was a group of very mixed ability which ventured out by bus and train into the Warwickshire countryside, along Black Country canals and to Cannon Hill Park to count the ducks.

Walking ability improved considerably during the year it was our boast that we successfully walked in all conditions, whilst rugby teams cowered indoors during the more hostile weather. If you are superbly fit, dedicated and unable to find sufficient challenge in the team games, why not join us?

J.A.C.



Photograph courtesy of T.B.T.

HEART TRANSPLANT

‘Where the iron heart of England throbs beneath its sombre robe’

(K.E.S. School Song)

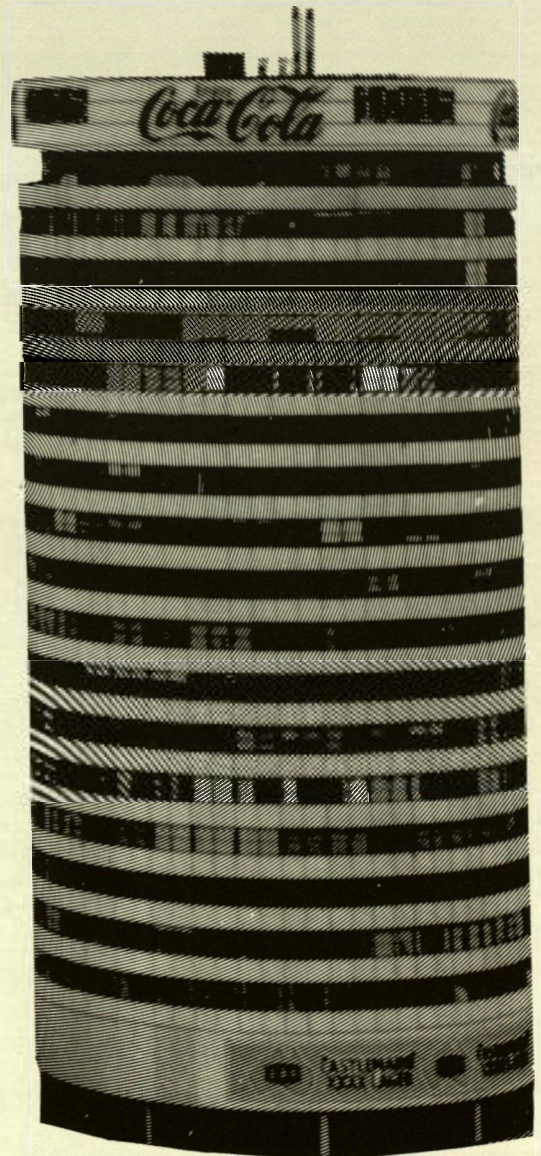
Driving into the city, you can see
The operation actually going on.
The object of the none-too-delicate surgery
(The surgeons stripped to the waist) is to prize the clotted
Old, iron heart of England right
Out of the politic body, and graft a new one
That will pump a stronger circulation
With hard, pre-stressed infallibility.

By way of underpass and flyover
I was propelled one evening by the urgent drive
Of the new heart's pulse to its concrete core. In the clover-
Leaf ventricles at the convolved geometrical centre
Its holiest mysteries materialise; cylinder and rectangle,
Rotunda and tower-block functionally contrive
A temple; movement and organisation strive
To be top God; men have been taken over.

And, along with pavements, purged from the street. This sound
Precaution (we must keep the theatre sterilised!) dissolves
Nostalgia, scours humanity and all that will confound
Mobility out of the system, all inefficient
Emotion, all sense that lives have been lived here,
That their pulses still vibrate, that from them evolves
A concorporate heart, a city's heart, that involves
Us all in a common life upon common ground.

Musing as I drove upon this confidant, depressing
Social surgery, I noticed a fragile, young
And flummoxed girl in a summery dress, wanting
To cross the road; this was against the rules.
And as she stood distressed amongst her luggage
I knew from the sudden dryness on the tongue,
The beating blood, the pressure in the lung,
That there's one heart at least that doesn't need transplanting.

Anthony Trott.



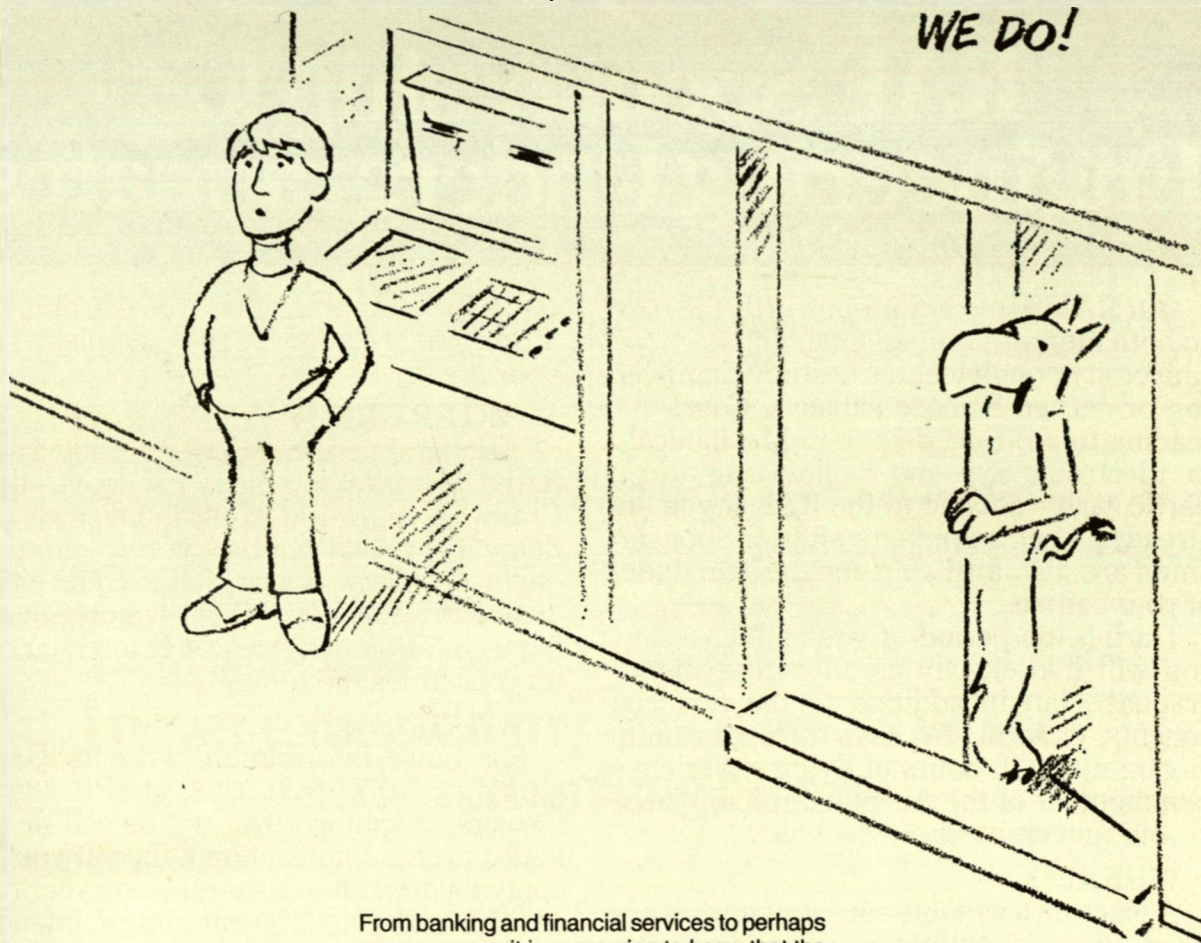
Nick Varley, Sixths.



AUTOMATIC BANKING...
COMPUTERISED STATEMENTS...
ELECTRONIC CASHPOINTS...

— WHO NEEDS PEOPLE?

WE DO!



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WHAT NOW?

For more information, write to Group Captain Paul Terrett, OBE, at (PJ) Officer Careers, Stanmore HA7 4PZ or call at any RAF Careers Information Office. If you are applying in writing, please include your date of birth and your present and/or intended qualifications.

*1986/87 pay scales.

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Colin Moss, Recruitment Manager, National Westminster Bank PLC, Recruitment Department, National House, 14 Moorgate, London EC2R 6BS.



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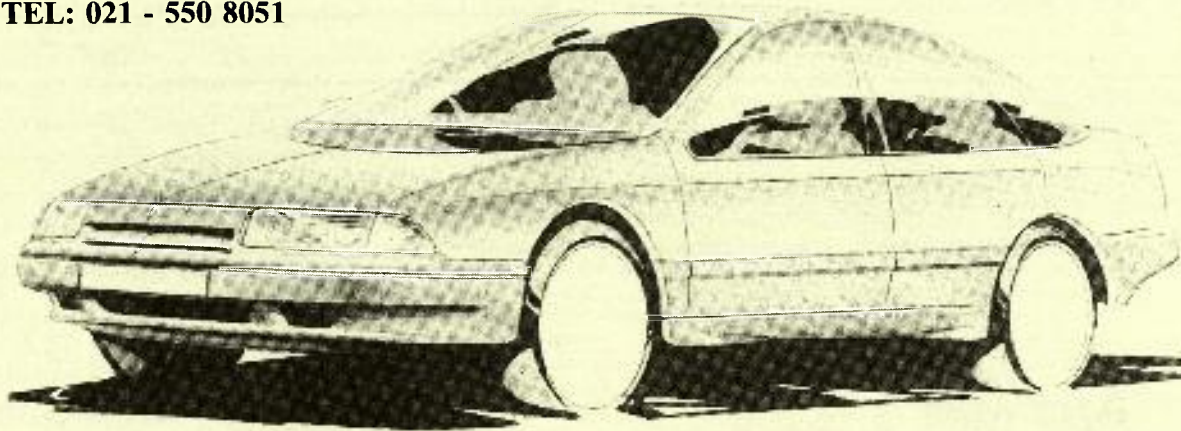
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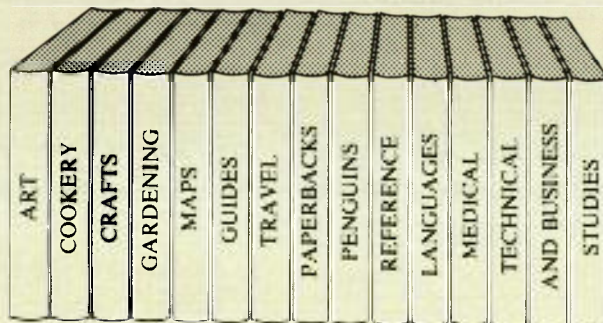
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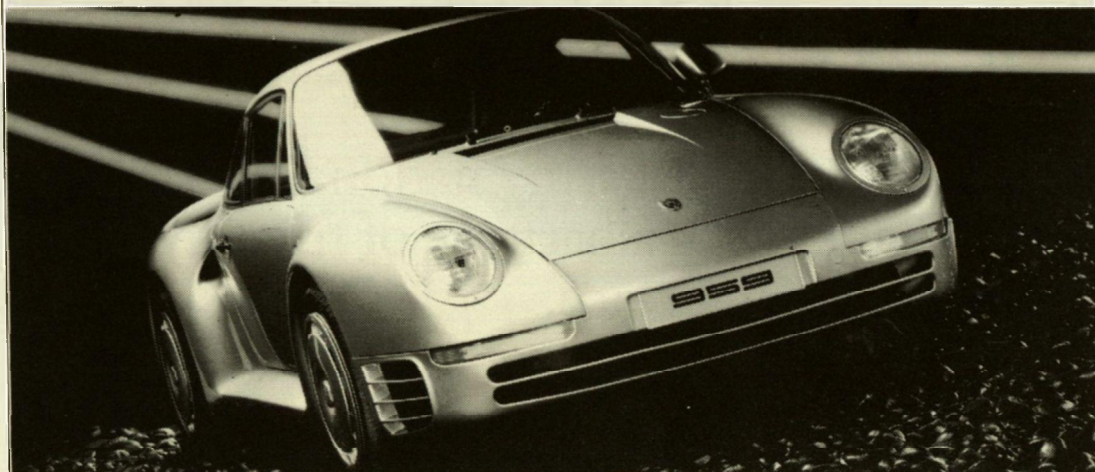
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 **Geography:** Which performance car manufacturer builds its cars in Stuttgart – Zuffenhausen and has its Research and Development Centre at Weissach?

 **History:** What was the surname of the man who designed the Volkswagen 'Beetle'?

 **Entertainment:** What did Steven Spielberg buy four of for his wife because he already had four of his own?

 **Sports & Leisure:** What is the name of the manufacturer who has won Le Mans more times than any other and who in 1986 took the first seven places?

 **Science & Nature:** Which car manufacturer built the first turbo-charged production sports car?

 **Art & Literature:** In the Merchant of Venice one of the female characters appears disguised as a man. What's her name?

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