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chronicle

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Creative Writing Prizes

Senior	Thomas Pritchard
Junior	Adam Grimley
	John Sabapathy

Picture Prizes

Graphics	Simon Curry
Photography	Oliver Heslop

EDITORIAL

After last year's disappointment, wholly caused by the inadequacy of the printers, rather than fault on the part of the editors, this time all deserves to go well. Mrs. Ricks and the Editorial Team have certainly put in a great deal of work. This year, my role has been somewhat different : rather than slogging away chasing promised articles and counting words, I have been more a supervisor of operations.

Since this edition marks yet another sad departure of pupils and staff from K.E.S., I should like to take this opportunity to wish all leavers well.

A special farewell is due to Mr. Hopley, who must be one of the most consistently pleasant and unruffled members of staff.

Ivan Kissane, Sixths

The good humour and hard work of the team has certainly helped to keep me from early retirement; but the biggest vote of thanks must go to Fred Rogers and the Staff at the Resources Centre: without their good advice and patient assistance we would be lost.

K.R.



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Gordon
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Interview: Xavier Bretillon and Graham Heffernan

C: What were you both doing before you came to K.E.S.?

GH: Well, I've gone straight from school to university to college of higher education to here. I was at school all over the place. I went to school in Scotland, then in Stratford-on-Avon, then finished off in Newbury, Berks, then off to university in London.

C: How did you end up coming here?

GH: They offered me a job!

XB: I was at Burgundy University, and I had to go away for a year and be an assistant. I applied for a job (nationally) and I asked for the West Midlands and got Birmingham!



Xavier Bretillon & Graham Heffernan

C: How did you imagine teaching here would be?

GH: I thought it would actually be a lot posher than this, I thought it'd be pretentious. It isn't really. It's very much like the last school I went to, St. Bartholomew's in Newbury. The only difference was that it had been a Grammar School

and instead of going independent, it became a comprehensive. It is very much the same sort of school as K.E.S. I think the sad thing is that all schools aren't like it, with its facilities and everything.

XB: I knew I would have to wear a suit because I had been warned before I came, so I bought one. I knew it was fairly formal, a "grammar" school, and typically English. I just didn't have any idea how it would be. I had visited England before, but never a school.

C: Do you approve of private education?

XB: I have been to a comprehensive in Newcastle. It's not the same... I'm just wondering whether it's better or not. I don't really know. I certainly don't approve of single-sex education, that's stupid. I have been taught with girls and they weren't inferior to me, and I wasn't under any stress. I don't see the point of a society with two separate.....

C: As for private schools?

GH: I am totally against schools where money can buy you a place. At least this school isn't like that.

C: Have you encountered any difficulties teaching here?

GH: No real difficulties. I taught in three schools last year on teaching practice. This is easy compared to that.

XB: Maybe the role of the assistant is not easy, because some classes don't really think of the assistant as a teacher.

GH: Some classes don't think. (Laughs).

XB: You are not really considered somebody useful. The people I have worked with who wanted to work, I am really glad to teach, in particular, the older boys.

C: What aspects of life in Birmingham do you like or dislike?

XB: I like going to the pub. It's typically English, drinking as much as you can in ... er .. (sniggers) .. as few minutes as possible. What I dislike is cities. I hate big cities. I am originally from a village of about 6000 inhabitants.

GH: Big village!

XB: I'm living in Dijon now, I like it, but I hate really big cities like Birmingham.

GH: I've spent most of my life on the edge of towns in villages, and I'm getting a bit fed up with being in a city. Having come here indirectly from London, after three years there, I prefer Birmingham because it is greener. It's much smaller and a nicer city, I would say. However I miss being able to go for a walk or bike ride as I did during my year in Bognor. There you're by the sea, surrounded by countryside. That's what I dislike, but I do like the facilities Birmingham has to offer ... a good library .

C: Have you any plans for the future?

GH: Well, I'm definitely here next year because I'm going on a rugby tour. Other than that I don't know. As I said I don't want to spend too long in the city.

XB: I'm going to go back home (GH motions in the air with an imaginary gun, making machine gun noises for compulsory national service, I am not going, to do military service because I'm against it; I shall be a conscientious objector and work for two years as an assistant to a British teacher in a French university.

Miss Stephenson

C: Could you reveal a little of your earlier life?

VS: I'm a Yorkist in origin. I've been an accountant and an A-level mathematician, although I read classics at Cambridge.

C: So why become a teacher?



Miss Stephenson

VS: Well, I enjoy talking about things I like all day. Anyone who becomes a teacher nowadays must be rather mad - no money, perks or status.

C: And why King Edward's?

VS: Obvious! They gave me a job. Mind you, I thought K.E.S. was likely to be a good laugh - the old boys I met at Cambridge were all nutters, absolutely hilarious; I haven't been disappointed, although you do seem rather conventional. I happen also to think it's good for women to teach in boys' schools - for boys to have female authority figures other than their mothers.

C: Is it true that you have been a noted rugby player?

VS: It certainly is - I hooked for Cambridge.

C: Does this imply a feminist streak?

VS: I don't see the connection; although I am a feminist. More an ex-fitness freak perhaps - I regularly swim, and spent much of my time at Cambridge rowing. In all, I suppose, I'm something of a Renaissance woman!

C: You've taught at less well provided for schools, I believe. How did that compare with teaching here?

VS: Yes, I did my teaching practice in an ILEA school. It was rather tragic, starvation... sorry, cuts forced the sacking of ten per cent of the staff; the result was the annihilation of Greek, Russian and sociology. The head of special needs was sacked. The teachers generally worked in appalling conditions, which highlight the abundance of privilege here. Mind you, I think K.E.S. gives too little emphasis to pastoral activity. I disapprove of the CCF - little boys should not be taught how to kill people. PSG seems far more worthwhile. I'm not keen on Birmingham, either: it's always trying to justify itself (Thick Brummie Accent) 'Birmingham's brill' - when really it's just flat.

C. You obviously don't think classics is dying?

VS: Of course it's not : it's too useful. For example in America they have experimented in teaching Latin and so called 'language awareness' to ghetto children: those children's test results have gone through the roof in every subject. They have broken the lexical barrier which separates children from deprived backgrounds from the language developed in the eighteenth century for intellectual use - this vocabulary was Graeco - Latinate.

Secondly, classical civilization offers us an entirely different way of looking at things, especially in evaluating our own society. Finally, the decline of Latin has led to a decline in the understanding of language structure and use of language, and to a decline in English grammar. People are realising the importance of classical languages, despite their exclusion from the National Curriculum. They will soon upsurge again: Latin is already a status symbol.

C. Miss Stephenson, Thank you very much.



Haris Ali

Mr Haris Ali

C: Could you tell us about your life before you came here?

HA: I was born in Coventry and did most of my schooling there, obtaining a fairly mundane set of qualifications. I always wanted to be involved in Art and Design. After my A-levels I went to Lanchester Poly, Coventry to do a foundation course in Art and Design, then to Sheffield Poly to do a BA in industrial design, and then straight from there to Birmingham Poly.

C: How did you end up here?

HA: Whilst giving a talk at Redditch College, Mr. Willey saw me perform and suggested I contacted K.E.S. for an interview ... and I got it. I had no intention of teaching in schools, but the potential of what was available really tipped the scales for me.

C: I personally think design does not get enough emphasis in the sixth form. It has always been a second choice.

HA: That will change.

C: How do you see it changing in the future, with the new design centre?

HA: The design centre is a very nice tool to use,

but more importantly they're getting together the right philosophy in the school to teach design. It is actually going to be a GCSE subject from next year, which instantly gives it a bit of backbone. In addition, to tie in with the national curriculum, we are developing a structured curriculum, whereby certain skills must be attained to progress. The subject will be seen in a new light; not only by parents and lads, but by some members of staff, as yet unaware of design's potential.

C: Have you encountered any difficulties teaching here?

HA: You're not taken seriously by certain members of the school, only because they don't realise how hard design is. Anyone can design a coffee table, but for them to think out the problems and work out whether it looks good or bad, whether the material is appropriate, is it suitable for production? etc ... all of a sudden it becomes more than half a lesson's work. It is dismissed by some, in that way.

C: Is it a problem that many boys are ignorant of what you're doing?

HA: Yes, it's easy for people to be cynical about an expensive building for a "strange" subject they know little about. We need a higher profile showing people what design is about generally, not just for training designers. People need to be visually literate and it is arguable that there is a low standard of this in Britain.

C: What are your plans for the future?

HA: At the moment there's much to do here. I'd like to see a generation go through the new course from start to finish.

C: Have you enjoyed your time here so far?

HA: Yes, the year's gone very quickly. They've not seen much of the real me yet. (Laughs).

C: What, we still haven't seen your best?

HA: I feel very guilty in not getting involved in the school, but there's time for that. I'd be wholeheartedly behind a cycle touring club, it'd be difficult to manage.

C: Have you any other interests?

HA: I'm a fanatical football fan, but like neither cricket (yawns) nor rugby. I don't think I was taken on for my sporting prowess!

C: Mr. Ali, thank you very much.

Neil Gutteridge

C: Could you fill in a few details from your early life?

NG: Eh, I'm still in it you know! Aren't I?

C: Apologies, earlier life...



Neil Gutteridge

NG: Well, most of it was spent playing rugby. I represented England Under 23's and British Students: to tell you the truth I was only substitute for England Under 23's, but I wouldn't mention that.

C: So, why did you finish playing?

NG: Injury - I damaged a cerebral vertebra. Since then I've had to make do with coaching, firstly for five years at Aston and subsequently here.

C: What differences did you notice here when you first arrived?

NG: As a games master I was struck by the facilities; K.E.S. boys simply do not begin to understand the extent to which they are privileged to be here - that's a pity. To their credit though I was pleasantly surprised by the atmosphere here, it's a good deal more civilised than at Aston, where there was a distastefully macho attitude amongst the boys. As much as anything, I think this is due to the presence of girls on the campus, K.E.H.S. is a steadying influence.

C: Does that mean you would be in favour of a truly co-ed school?

NG: Not necessarily, there are so many good things to be said both for and against. I'll probably remain undecided though, as I can't ever imagine teaching girls - there's not much call for rugby specialists in girls' schools you see.

C: If you were able to change any one thing at K.E.S., what would you do?

NG: Simple! I'd stop Graham Heffernan from stealing all the Common Room Jaffa Cakes.

C: Mr. Gutteridge, thank you very much.

Jennifer Herbert

C: Mrs Herbert, welcome to K.E.S. Could you tell us something about your early life?

JH: I was brought up on a farm in North Devon as a typical country girl.



Jennifer Herbert

C: So how did you become involved in drama?

JH: I was in the school choir, and there was drama at the festivals we went to. However, my mother felt that acting was too precarious a profession for a young lady! They wanted me to go into teaching.

C: Where did you teach before you came to K.E.S.?

JH: I taught in a children's drama school and I went to Hong Kong and China with them.

C: What have you performed in?

JH: I mainly do adverts, and television and Radio series. I recently appears in "Yesterday's Dreams", a six part drama on ITV which has just been sold to Paraguay and Venezuela.

C: Who are your favourite playwrights?

JH: Alan Bennett because his characters are so realistic. Shakespeare because his plays are timeless. Willy Russell and Noel Coward.

C: And what actors and actresses?

JH: Out of the men, it would have to be Kenneth Branagh ("Fortunes of War") and Derek Jacobi.

Of the women, Judi Dench, Patricia Hodge and Natasha Richardson.

C: What were your first impressions of K.E.S.?

JH: The first thing that struck me was how very lucky the boys are, yet they don't realise this.

C: Do you think that mixed drama lessons would be a good idea?

JH: Maybe, because they are less formal than other lessons. But I think that they might use the lessons to make up for the lack of contact elsewhere, and not concentrate on their drama!

C: Mrs Herbert, thank you very much.

Tamara Hodgin



Tamara Hodgin

C: What's the most interesting thing that you have done before you came to K.E.S.?

TH: I spent 5 years in East Africa, 3 of those in Uganda. We were there during, before and after the coup. They were probably the most interesting years of my life. It is a wonderful country, Uganda. I learnt a lot talking to people there. On the day of the coup I went into town and actually experienced the excitement around me. It was very interesting, but not dangerous, or at least I didn't think so!

C: Do you think that there are enough women teachers at K.E.S.?

TH: Well, I'm probably the wrong person to ask; I mean it is difficult for women teachers here because it is a traditional boy's school.

C: Do you think the school breeds male chauvinist pigs?

TH: Well ... I'm not sure that it really does. I'm sure that there are some here, and perhaps if you don't have enough women and no girls, it may give boys the idea that they are superior.

C: Do you think German should get the same amount of attention as French does at KES?

TH: Well, yes. I think that it should more perhaps than French, not only because I teach German, but Germany is England's biggest trade partner, and I think that more people should learn German.

C: On a completely different note, what is your reaction to the success of the Green Party in the European elections?

TH: Wonderful, I'm very glad because I think that it will perhaps make the Government actually do something, and not just talk about having a good programme. I think that they will have to take some action.

C: Do you think that a lot of people voted for the Greens for perhaps the wrong reasons? Just because of environmental policies?

TH: Well, I think that most people realise that the Greens cannot actually get a seat in Parliament in

England as it is, but they vote to show the Government that the environment matters, and hopefully the Government will pay heed.

C: *Would you like to see proportional representation in this country then?*

TH: Oh, difficult ... well Germany has proportional representation, which was forced upon them by the Allies. Maybe they should try their own system.

C: *What are your plans for the future?*

TH: ...Er, oh goodness, plans for the future? I don't really know what I'm going to do, apart from working here.

C: *Thank you very much.*

TH: OK. That was a stinker!

Andrew Palmer

Mr Palmer came to K.E.S. in September as a Barclays Industrial Fellow to help increase links between the pupils of the Foundation and businesses. We asked him to answer the following posers.

C: *What is the role of the Barclays Industrial Fellow at K.E.S?*

AP: My role is to help to bring business organisations and the schools together. There are various activities which have instigated such as Industrial Evenings, the Fifths Industrial Conference, Work Experience and Work Shadowing. Hopefully during this coming year. I shall be working with teachers to investigate ways of developing the curriculum so that this industrial awareness can be integrated into the actual teaching of various subjects.

C: *What benefits might there be in linking schools with industry?*



Andrew Palmer

AP: The schools has already benefited from Industrial links in many ways. Without links with the Daily News the school newspaper would not exist. Many of the boys have had expert advice from people at the sharp end of the business to enable them to make knowledgeable decisions for the future. I also believe that Industry can provide invaluable resources to enhance the information which is passed to pupils during their education.

C: *What have been your best and worst moments at K.E.S.?*

AP: One of the most rewarding aspects of my work is when boys declare that they have gained a greater insight into a profession as a result of one of my initiatives. The worst moment was the afternoon prior to the Boots Industrial Evening, several boys backed out at the last moment to the point where I thought there might be more presenters than participants. This was not the case and the evening was a resounding success!!

David Dickinson

Q: *Many people still see design at the latest fashion in education. How would you justify its place in the curriculum?*

DD: The way I understand it, fashion is capricious: changing with the season and subject to taste. From the commitment of resources that the school has already made, it would appear that design at King Edward's is far from ephemeral.

As for the "latest", the design education debate

began in earnest as a result of James Callaghan's Ruskin College speech back in 1976. I have been involved with design and technology education since 1975 and have seen it rise to parity with other core subjects such as maths and science as head teachers and politicians began to realise its value. Perhaps it is significant that after mathematics and science, design and technology was the third National Curriculum to be published! At speech day recently Sir Edward Parkes, who is the current Chairman of the Committee of Vice Chancellors, indicated in no uncertain terms that design and technology was among the most important areas of study prior to a degree course. Surely he is in a position to discern between the latest fashion and necessary progress.

Q: How do K.E. boys compare with others you've taught, both academically and in design matters?

DD: K.E.S. is a delightful school in which to work,

and within my experience, the facilities for designing and making are second to none. As you would expect with a school committed to design education, the teaching team (does one speak of a Design Common Room?) is very strong. Naturally the boys are academically very able, and unfortunately just a few of them are a little too aware of that. On the whole though they are not too dissimilar from those that I have taught in the past.

One thing that has surprised me about K.E.S. pupils is that many of them, although very bright, have a limited capability for divergent thinking. One or two when faced with challenges or ways of working that have not been covered in academic lessons appear to be blinkered, which to me is evidence that K.E.S. boys need Design in order to broaden their experience.

Thank you Mr Dickinson.



David Dickinson

Mike Hopley

When I first arrived at King Edward's School for interview in May 1985, Mike took me in hand and made me feel immediately at home. The school itself was quite imposing, but not so daunting as the task ahead. Mike supported me immensely in those early days and remained loyal throughout the following three and a half years, despite considerable scepticism about the subject (C.D.T.) from most quarters. In point of fact my appointment was largely influenced by Mike in that he had recognised the need for a Product Designer, someone with a range of experience covering aesthetic as well as technological elements, to head the department. Mike had campaigned for some time for a shift of the department towards a more broadly based Design input to the curriculum; it was a great pity that he was unable to experience teaching in the new block to which he had made a significant contribution. To add insult to injury, not only did he miss out on the new centre but he was cast out of the abode where countless boys picked the finer arts of woodcraft, for his final term. It was a mark of Mike's character that he never complained but simply made the necessary arrangements and took on the role of minibus driver and guide at the Botanical Gardens. In fact some boys took to this routine, so well, they preferred to stay on at the gardens after the others had gone back to school. Mike did most things by applying the rule of thumb principle.

He left his mark on the school in many other ways. For instance, I wonder how many of the Common Room know that the top table in the dining room was made by Mike and a team of Sixth Formers. Sapiaientia and the lectern were restored recently and he was regularly approached to 'mend' things for colleagues, often at the drop of a hat. He was very generous in giving of his time and took most things in his stride. Talking about striding, one of the things we had in common was a love of golf and we found the opportunity at least six times in three and a half years for a round at Mike's club in Kidderminster. His backswing has improved quite a bit since we began and it is I who now ought to be receiving shots on handicap. I have no doubt

that the links will continue receiving a pounding and one thing we have to look forward to is the Ryder Cup for which the Art & Design Department presented Mike a season ticket, to mark his retirement (I will be joining him on the final day).

Mike's dry humour and stabilising influence will be missed in the Department but we hope that he will retain his links with the school and remember that he will always be welcome should he wish to see how we are trying to cope without him.

R.W



Mike Hopley

John Evans

John Evans joined the school four years ago as Head of General Studies, pioneer of the Gifted Children Project and, of course, as teacher of Classics.

Evans the Gift, as he was known, was a man well-suited to those very different tasks. As Head of General Studies, he was a discreet, yet efficient, operator, gently persuading often modest colleagues to offer their diverse interests to the Divs and VIth Form programmes. John himself was a fountain of enthusiasm and knowledge, and his "Introduction to Law" course was universally welcomed by K.E.S. pupils, who, more than before, were forced to consider the Law as a possible career.

He was a gentle, yet forceful, teacher of Classics. From the youngest Shells to the oldest sixth formers, those taught by him appreciated his gentle sense of humour, his profound scholarship, and his vitality which coped easily with the innovations of Classical Drama Competitions, as well as demanding pieces of Classical Greek. He had a ready smile, a twinkle in his eye and above all, a good word for everyone.

His major innovation, of course, was his promotion of the Gifted Children Project. This brought life to K.E.S. on a Saturday morning - a feature previously reserved for a chosen few. Since the project began in April 1986, it has operated 72 Saturday sessions, with the above average number of children attending each session being 62. Over 800 places have been made available on the courses for children who have gained much from the facilities and teaching at K.E.S. The scheme has been extended to children in Handsworth and Aston where much local interest has been created.

It was a great privilege that John Evans, after a distinguished career in both independent and maintained schools, came to us for the final years of his teaching career; it was no surprise that his final weeks were spent in Australia where a similar Gifted Children scheme is envisaged.

We admired his affability, his humanity and, above all, his status as a contented bachelor. Have a long and happy retirement, John! We shall miss you!

S.F.O.



Paul Sljivic

Paul Sljivic could never be described as an armchair geographer. A more apt designation would be minibus geographer since a history of his ten year teaching career at K.E.S. may be found in the annals of the minibus log books. On one side of the page you will discover his impatience with faithful and ageing vehicles that could never summon up sufficient technical performance to meet his expectations and on the other side you will find a record of the tremendous contribution that Paul made to King Edward's. In the space of one week a typical entry might read: 'Wed. Rugby team-> Loughborough, Fri. PSG Group-> Balsall Heath, Sat. Geog Field Trip to the Lake District'. It is this commitment to doing things and going places that makes Paul a schoolmaster whose services we were fortunate to have. He did not need a sense of duty: he simply enjoyed coaching rugby, developing the achievements of the boys on the athletics track, leading Evans House to numerous victories and, of course, teaching geography.

It is as a geographer that Paul will be remembered. Most importantly he showed enthusiasm and a belief in the importance of whatever he was teaching. On rain-swept hillsides in North Wales he was able to keep up the morale of his pupils, and to persuade them to ask as many questions as he asked them. Here was the key to Paul's scholarship and his style of teaching, for he got the boys to think for themselves; he was teaching about issues in the world, years before this became a feature of new GCSE course. He was also an explorer at heart, and I remember with nostalgia and astonishment some

of his legendary minibus detours to Spurn Head or his record number of attempted crossings of Hardknott Pass in a single weekend.

Paul was also remarkably well read: he scoured newspapers and journals to keep his teaching up to date. Geography for him was not an ivory tower subject, but a discipline which dealt with the things which were happening all around us. He got the boys to question their assumptions and values. He was also the firm master of several Sixth Forms and made a real impression on the boys under his care. He valued them as individuals, rejoiced in their successes and could be both tough and soft with them over their weaknesses.

In the holidays Paul travelled to places beyond even the reach of the minibus or his slightly dilapidated cars. In the last few years his travels included Iceland, Egypt, Israel and Turkey; it was appropriate that he became engaged to Suzanne, our German assistant, who as an outdoor enthusiast and cross country skier was so obviously a kindred spirit.

In January Paul left us to take up the post of Head of Geography at King Edward's School, Bath. Paul and Suzanne will celebrate their wedding this summer on the Rhine, and I suspect will travel to Africa afterwards.

The department will miss Paul for his friendship, his sense of purpose, his sense of humour and also his sense of direction in the hills of North Walesbut that is another story.

JAC

R. Dodd

Outside the Science Common Room a horde of Shells was happily pressing light switches to summon those trusty masters within. Listen! We can just discern snippets of their spoken wisdom: "That Mr. Dodd looks a bit young to retire", "teachers are looking younger and younger these days!", "bet you've not done that preparation for Stinky Dodd" Meanwhile, in that sanctum, the Staff Quiet Room, some old masters are discussing that very same R.J.: "Shame about old Doddie going before he even got the chance to have sherry in the Library at Speech Day"

(chorus of "shame! shame!"), "master i/c fencing, do you know?"; "lovely bit along south terrace now; the roses will grow over it a treat".

Many years ago, R. J. was flicking through his *Railways Only* magazine when he spotted an arresting advertisement: "Are you looking for something new? A career which gives different challenges every day. A sense of satisfaction at a job well done. And a chance to pursue your academic subject?" And before he had time to buy a stick of chalk and put patches on his jacket, he was out of his first job, and teaching Shells A for Archimedes, and the Upper Sixth Z for zinc orange acetate. But now he has been attracted by the magnetism of NMR and the bright lights of spectroscopy, into the third period of his working life. Seduced by the idea of becoming a student again and never having to put another tick into a register! Time to dream; no 40-minute bells, no common room meetings - but what about the holidays? He joined our staff in 1977 - so he has seen twelve years of change.

O.E's will not be able to get their sons into Shell R any more; malachite green will no longer energise the new Chemistry Laboratory benches after Friday afternoon science club. Who will teach the Shells how to make tadpole mobiles, or look after the tropical rain forest now growing in the Science Library?

Ten years a tutor of Cary Gilson House, long time swimming instructor, scientific society supreme; and many birds can thank him for being reared in nest boxes constructed under his instructions by Friday afternoon conservationists!

But teaching has been his speciality. Strict but amiable in the classroom, caring but not too close, he has been a much respected Sixth Form teacher - a real love for chemistry being the mark of his trade. And much respected by generations of new boys entering K.E.S. ... someone to have a joke with, but to learn from. His standards have been high and his example that for a successful and happy life.

Staff, boys, and everyone else he has known at the school wish him well for the future; and we can only hope he will remain a friend and look out for the school.

APR

Andrew Jarvis

A letter headed The Hilton, Harare, Zimbabwe was the first tangible bit of evidence I had that



Andrew Jarvis actually existed and was not just a name invented by the Chief Master to make it appear that the Science School was so famous that it could attract applicants from all over the world for a post in the Physics Department. The letter was from a man who

had considerable and successful experience of teaching in Uganda, the Gambia and Zimbabwe; he now wished to come back to England to survey the current trends in science teaching. It was fortunate for us that as a boy, Andrew had been taught Chemistry at Westminster School by the Chief Master (Andrew took double Maths and Physics as his A-level subjects), and this together with renewed acquaintance whilst Andrew was a lecturer at Worcester College of Education, enabled the Chief Master to interview and appoint Andrew with a telephone call to Zimbabwe.

We in the Science Department were, of course unsure as to his ability to survive at King Edward's. How would a man with an obvious preference for warmer climes cope with a winter in laboratories which at best were heated by a few Bunsen burners? The first lesson Andrew taught at King Edward's was to an Upper Middle form and the topic was listed in our internal syllabus as "Home Insulation". I came along at the end of the lesson to find how things had gone. "Fine", was the reply, "and I must thank Harry for arranging the full-sized demonstrations of heat loss"! Although apocryphal, the story does illustrate Andrew's gift for teaching excellent theoretical physics and then translating it into everyday experience.

For the brief time he was with us he certainly enthused boys and colleagues alike. At the same

time he spent every Friday evening running the chess team, and then in the summer, Saturday afternoons umpiring cricket matches. As with all good things, the end for us came when Andrew took up an appointment as Science Advisor to the Ghana Government. This was no real surprise in that his heart was always in Africa, and it was only a matter of time before he would return there. I thank him on your behalf for all that he did for the School during his two years here.

GA

Ian Stark

Mr Stark joined K.E. having finished a Mathematics degree at Cambridge in '88. His time



spent here was a year out teaching Maths, before returning to Cambridge in the autumn to continue his research, with the possibility of doing a PhD. He thoroughly enjoyed working at the school and is as a result, considering teaching as a career. He

is getting married soon. We wish him well in the future.

EDS

Mr A. J. Trott

When Tony Trott left King Edward's two years ago, Giles Evans wrote in his "Chronicle" farewell of his "wisdom, laughter and friendship." Before long, of course, Tony was to return, teaching during Giles' long illness. It was with cruel symmetry that he wrote Giles' poignant farewell the next year. We thank Mr. Trott for his readiness to return, and for imbuing another two generations with that "wisdom, laughter and friendship". We wish him well, and hope that he will now be able to get down in earnest to the business of retirement.

MG



C.C.F. 1989

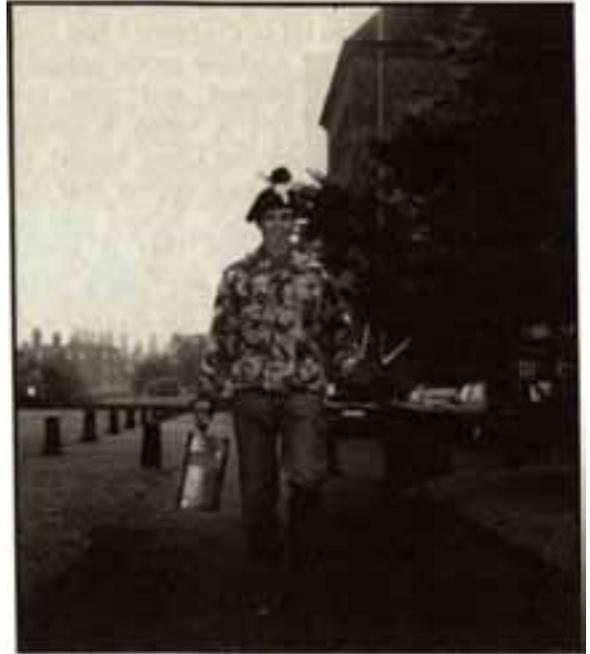
This was another very successful year for the officers and cadets of K.E.S. C.C.F. The impetus of 2 Lt Collins continues to drive Vyse, the fourth year's platoon. Conolly, the junior platoon, shows enormous promise under the command of Captain Dewar; and the fifth year who have all earned their first stripe this year worked well in an augmented platoon, as they combined with the fifth year Naval Cadets for their N.C.O. cadre course.

The expeditions weekends were, as always, great fun. There were several excursions to Swynneston training Corp., a place which holds a certain charm and compels senior boys to act in a very odd fashion (like Sgt Hill dancing round a handbag in full combat gear). Other expeditions were to the Chiltern Hills, where the fifth year completed the physical aspect of their cadre course, as well as developing leadership skills: a very successful weekend even if it did at times threaten to blow a "hooli".

There is simply not enough time to list all the courses attended by members of the cadet force at King Edward's. Walcot and Cheyne of the fourths popped over to Gibraltar, a party of fifth years went to a combat engineering course, and, passing it with flying colours, are now qualified in that field. Lance Corporal Crocker spent a few days looking around the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst, to mention but a few.

Annual inspection was a tremendous success. C/Sgt Thomson bounced down the side of the school under the watchful eye of 2 Lt Collins. Cpl Robins disarmed everyone in sight with an explosive display of flying feet, knees, elbows and fists, the finale, a vehicle ambush, in which attention to detail was a priority, worked exceptionally well and the Inspecting Officer was delighted to see such a smoothly running and productive cadet force.

Other highlights were the visits of the Army Air Corps which endeavoured to turn a few



stomachs when we were all taken for helicopter flights over Birmingham, and visits by other regiments as part of their recruiting drive within the schools.

As always thanks are due to all the officers of the force. Commander Belsor continues to work hard in maintaining the high standards required, Captain Dewar has helped considerably, not only by being in charge of the whole fifth year, but also by splendid organisation of his personal timetable he has managed to accompany the school on several expeditions and his experience has at time been priceless. Under the coaching of 2 Lt Collins, the fourth year promises to be a very good group of NCOs.

Captain Dewar is to leave after this year's summer camp. It is impossible for me to say how grateful we all are for his work with the C.C.F; he has always been an integral part of every C.C.F. activity and his polite manner means he is the first to congratulate and the last to complain. I therefore speak on behalf of cadets and NCOs past and present when I say "Thank you Sir".

Alistair Kett

Cot Fund

Once again the Cot Fund has had a very successful year with a grand total of £2,494 being raised.

British Charities supported have been the Terence Higgins Trust (for AIDS research), Imperial Cancer Research and the Save the Children Fund; in the Summer term, after the football tragedy, £148 was sent to the Hillsborough Disaster Fund.

In Birmingham we have raised money for The League of Friends of the Birmingham Children's Hospital, SENSE in the Midlands and Shelter.

Money has also been sent overseas, for the Christian Aid Sudan and Bangladesh Appeals, and for Oxfam's Kampuchea Appeal, which was launched last year.

The donations given are always highly valued by the charities and are put to useful work: to cite just one example, some of the money sent to Kampuchea will help to reconstruct Phnom Penh's waterworks, an essential task which will greatly improve the standards of health in that city.

Contributions from individual forms have been impressive, sometimes exceeding £100, but if there is to be just one suggestion regarding our commitment to the Cot Fund, it is that more senior boys should attend the meeting at the start of each term to decide which charities to support.

Thanks must surely go to the GCU for his efficient coordination of the school's fund raising efforts.

Nicholas Jacobs DIVISIONS



Scouts

This year has been marked by an expansion of the Venture Scout Unit, particularly at Fourth year level. Perhaps the main impetus for this has been the Duke of Edinburgh Scheme and the flexibility and variety of challenge that this affords, though it must be said that it is in fact very similar to the Scout scheme, and with careful planning boys are able to achieve awards in both schemes for the same activities. We are grateful to Dr. Rowson for contributing his expertise in this sphere and to Mr. Russell for his work with the Venture Unit in building an assault course at Andrew's Coppice.

Last year's Summer Camp was at the magnificent site on the banks of the River Tweed a few miles up stream from Berwick. Our autumnal expedition was centred at Ludlow in south Shropshire. In the spring we went to the Peak District and became thoroughly bogged down amongst the peat hags at the top of Kinder Scout. A large number of boys took part in the expeditions, many using the opportunity to fulfil part of their Duke of Edinburgh requirements.

Special thanks are due this year to Mark Ashby for his assistance with the training of the junior patrols, his stalwart work in preparation for the 'Summer Event' at the end of June, and, above all, for his calm, steady influence within the group.

A.G.J./K.T. (from Speech Day summary)

History Conference

The large audience of A-level students from the Foundation Schools had gathered in the pleasantly hair-spray-scented hall of K.E.H.S. to hear a series of lectures on Tudor history and the exam. At first no one was quite sure how to react to the sheepish bloke in the pink shirt and Hush Puppies. Indeed, the 'man behind it all' seemed keen to disguise his identity, his new dictionary of quotations allowing him to introduce the conference almost entirely in the words of others. But with Mr Davies' modest preamble soon over, the first lecture began, given by the Chief Examiner of the JMB for History, Tom Ridd. His advice for success was reassuringly

predictable. There followed three superb lectures from Tudor historians whose names were already so familiar to some Divisions as to merit the autographing of text books! Christopher Haigh delivered a breathless but detailed and pragmatic interpretation of the English Reformation, while Susan Doran drew useful conclusions from the apparent inconsistency of Tudor foreign policy. David Starkey's brilliant insights into the 'trade of monarchy', or what it meant to be a sixteenth century king, aroused the most interest and succeeded in enlivening our distant view of characters such as Henry VIII. Thus concluded a fascinating and extremely valuable day. Many thanks are owed to Mr Davies and the speakers for the conference's great success.

The next historical society meeting heard Mr. Heffernan's essay on 'How the Germans won the First World War'. Despite the inevitable difficulty in convincing anyone that by the armistice of 1918 the Germans had actually achieved their aims, Mr. Heffernan certainly roused 'audience participation' in an enthusiastic debate.

Next year promises another conference and several society meetings.

*Guy Derrington,
Sixths.*

P.S.G.

The children of Uffculme are very special. Aged from five to eleven, they all have some kind of communication problem: some have great difficulty learning to read and write, others will not talk. This is not a school full of disruptive children; it is quite the opposite.

I open the classroom door. Immediately, Arthur runs up and asks: "Are we going to do P.E. today?". Carl starts crying; it's his way of getting attention. Once I've walked over, he clasps my hand tight, and won't let go; the teachers joke about him being my "pet". What follows is never certain. We may indeed "do P.E.", which usually consists of a game of football. However, we may

just play in the classroom, or work on the computer. Whatever happens though, the teacher and I must keep talking to the children, as communication is vital.

PSG is more than just a Friday afternoon activity to me. It's an opportunity to give and to receive. Both are equally pleasing. Boys at King Edward's School are very lucky to have this chance, and more should take it.

Nick Phillips, Divisions.

The Idler

Looking back at last year's *Chronicle*, it's a relief to find one failed recorded intention - the abortive Russian trip - balanced by one fulfilled goal: to start a newspaper. Thanks to the histrionics and hard work of a few boys (Carlton Hood, Chris Gardner, Robert Hall, John Paul Temperle, Ayan "Bruce" Banerjea, Elliot Norton and Duncan Movassaghi), and the kind help of the *Daily News*, the first *Idler* went to bed (the printers') in January. The paper has reached its fourth issue.

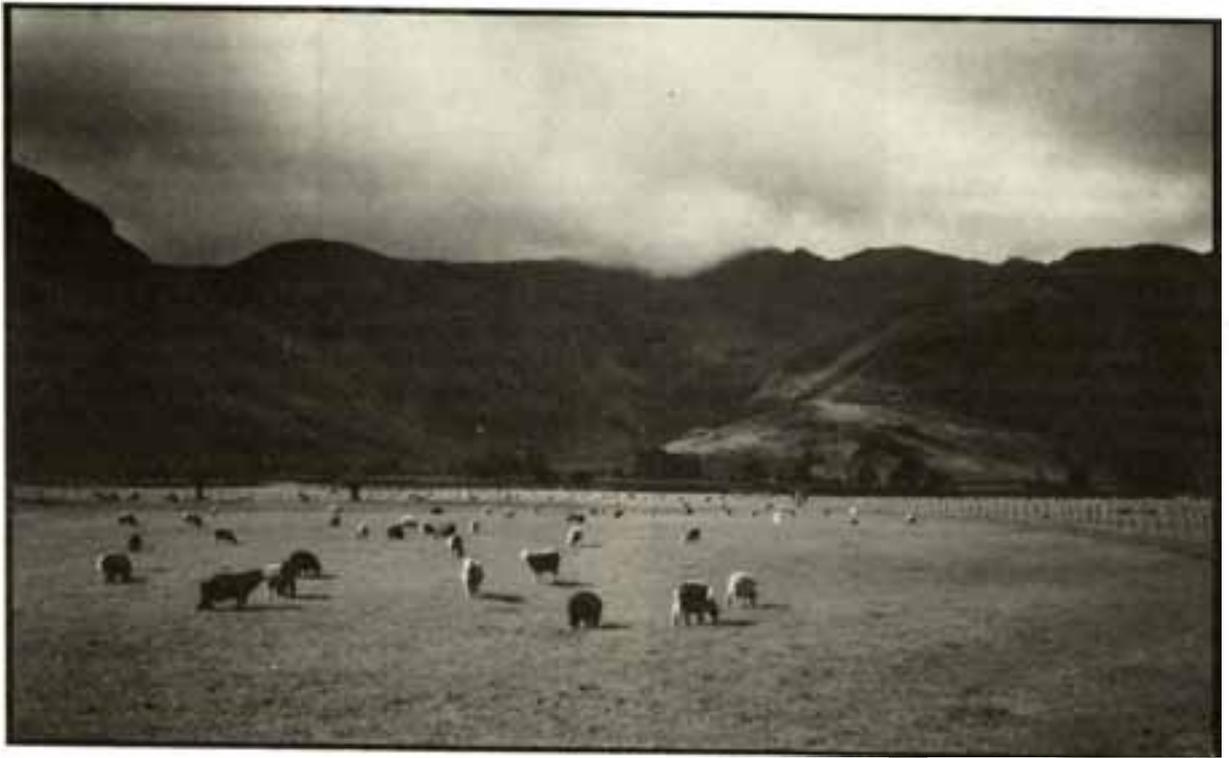
Like all newspapers, it aims to inform and to entertain; it will only continue to flourish with a perpetual stream of contributions from pupils and teachers here and at K.E.H.S: we look forward to a flood of articles from all of you out there next term.

K.R.



COMIC RELIEF





Parents' Association Travel Scholarship

From the round tower of the fourteenth century castle, the west coast of Sweden is a quite beautiful sight. The quiet expanse of forest and lake meets the sea, studded by a myriad of smooth, pale granitic islands stretching mile after mile to the horizon. We felt some sense of achievement just standing there, having at last finished the lengthy cycle and boat journey to Kungälv. We had set ourselves two tasks: to explore and photograph the area, and to examine the effects of a poison invisible from a distance - acid rain.

In preparation for the trip we had visited University College London's Palaeoecology Department, where the area's historical acidity is being researched using lake sediments. We intended to study a different aspect of the acidity of rain, soil and lake water: their geographical variation. Unfortunately, contrary to what we had been told, the area had been recently treated with lime to alleviate the acidity, thus forestalling our project. There was no shortage of rain, however! Average rainwater acidity over two weeks was pH4.0, over 40 times more acidic than unpolluted rain. The main symptoms of acidification - scrubby trees and clear, lifeless lakes, were all too apparent. Liming could do little to restore the local fishing business.

We visited a nearby hydroelectric power station and the city of Gothenburg, followed by a petrochemical plant whose emissions exacerbate the local acid rain problem. Photographed by night, its glowing, futuristic appearance lent it a paradoxical kind of beauty. After ten days based at our small cabin in the forest, we began a tour of the archipelago. This took us south through uninhabited islands and remote fishing villages to Gothenburg.

Our encounters with the Swedish were an education. We were treated to a delicacy Teggcheuse - which resembles cold pancake mixture. They never appeared to deserve their reputation for indolence, though English swear words are alarmingly trendy! Our least happy discovery was rather of the reputation of the English. England is thought almost to be synonymous with football violence. The throwing overboard of a Swedish boy by a group of drunken English Pink Floyd fans on the return boat journey seemed to justify this impression. The police were waiting for them at Harwich.

It was a trip of many experiences, and we wish to thank the Parents' Association very much for such an opportunity. We are also grateful to Dr. Higgitt for her assistance in arranging the visit to UCL.

Guy Derrington, Sussex
James Farbridge, O.E.

Leadership Weekend

Nowadays, leadership is becoming an increasingly important concern in school curricula, mirroring the growing importance of the so-called skill in industry. It is now specifically taught at K.E.S. as a Divisions General Studies option, and is becoming more evident with the popularity of initiative training and outward bound courses.

The two identical K.E.S. leadership weekends are based on such courses, but on a smaller (and cheaper) scale, they test our initiative, and leadership qualities: organisational skills, the solving of practical problems, data handling, the ability to make quick correct decisions when under pressure. The weekends also pose more down to earth problems like how to drag oneself out of bed at 6.00am on a sub-zero February morning in order to be on a bridge a mile away by 6.10am.

The first of the two weekends was for five teams of four, and the second for three teams. The teams were all made up of K.E.S. pupils and were as follows (in winning order): Week 1: The Four Bar Stewards, The Rumblefish, The Swift Halves, The Binkies, The Spartans. Week 2: The Brossettes, The Cat Lovers, The Martin Rogers All Stars.

Information prior to the weekends was deliberately vague, and we left school on the Friday afternoon basically knowing that we had paid £35 and had to bring some ten pence pieces for telephones.

We stayed at Brodwardine Lodge - a village school which had been converted to a canoeing lodge - in the village of Brodwardine, which is halfway between Hereford and Hay on Wye.

The weekend was based around the discovery of a secret formula which was located on a croquet mallet (the K.E.S. influence!) somewhere within a 100 square kilometre o.s. grid square.

The square kilometre containing the mallet was found by solving problems and finding hidden clues, which eliminated squares. Such problems included practical ones, such as putting up a tent blindfolded, and more academic ones, like solving clues and written codes. The Saturday

morning was spent wandering around the Herefordshire countryside answering questions such as: "AJW-WAR=3pm" exercise "Ground Cover". One potential leader was obviously paying so much attention to answering the question that he managed to stray off the map!

By the end of Saturday, through a combination of correct answers, wrong answers, and time penalties, we had all managed to locate the 1 grid square.

As a break, we spent the Sunday morning canoeing on the river Wye, and were then taken to the area of the final showdown. This was a timed observational clue solving exercise, which eventually lead to the discovery of the croquet mallet and formula. The winning team was the one with the best combination of showdown time and time penalties.

I think that the weekend was good in improving people's leadership skills. Operation 'Ground Cover' highlighted the importance of good initial organisation and good communication; and the practical problems helped us to consider future situations with a more broad field of thought and not with tunnel vision.

We visited the village pub each evening, taking over the pool room, and (so it seemed) doubling the population of the village. The accommodation and food at Bredwardine Lodge was adequate, and overall, the weekend was excellent value for money.

By the end of weekend, everyone was completely exhausted, but I think we all enjoyed it and would do it again next year.

Many thanks to K.E.J. for all the organisation and work put into the weekend and to J.R.A.C., A.P., H.A. and G. H. for giving up their time to make the weekends possible.

*Mark Henderson,,
Divisions*

Remove L Study Week

The buzz of excitement and enthusiasm rang around the Remove Form Rooms on the morning of 5th June. This was the morning of our departure for the Removes Study Week in North Wales.

Each form had been given the itinerary for the week, and each form was staying at a different hostel in the Snowdonia National Park.

The Hostel where Rem. L stayed was Pen-y-Pass Youth Hostel. This was a comfortable hostel with

a magnificent view of the surrounding mountains and countryside.

Each day had its highlight and Monday afternoon's event was a guided tour of Dinorwig Power Station.

On Tuesday we went to Llechwedd Slate Mine. We went in both the Deep Mine, and on the Miners' Tramway. I was shocked by the conditions in these mines and the discomfort that miners working in such conditions would experience.

Also on Tuesday we visited Harlech Castle; this ancient rampart was besieged by Rem.L for well over an hour.

On Wednesday we visited Llandudno - The Riviera Resort of North Wales, or something like that, which attracted Rem.L to their Tourism Questionnaire. The "Prom" pounded to the sound of K.E.S. boys enquiring, "Why does the tourist like Llandudno?". You'd be surprised at the replies we got!

We then experienced a very enjoyable walk to Aber Falls; this was a spectacular waterfall: a foaming torrent of water erupting down a precipice of rock.

The Menai Straits Bridge and Beaumaris Castle were on the list to be 'done' on Thursday. Beaumaris was particularly charming; whether its attraction lay in its close proximity to Cadwaladers' Ice-Cream Parlour or not, I am unsure.

We also visited Llanfair P.G. Station. Here one can make an attempt at trying to get your tongue around the longest place name in Wales; one crude



member of Rem. L suggested a mouthful of phlegm helps enormously.

Aberffraw sand dune was the chosen beach which Rem.L adopted as its Wembley Stadium and Lord's Cricket Ground. Here the cut and thrust of high class soccer: Division 21 standard football was played.

The high-level walk on Friday around the Snowdon Horseshoe was a memorable experience. The spectacular views of some interesting landscapes rounded off this enjoyable week.

We all returned to K.E.S. exhausted, footsore, and voiceless, after an exhilarating week.

Richard Adams, Rems

UMH/UMP

Geography Field Trip

After the inevitable scrummage to prime positions was subdued, we set out more or less on time, with all the usual geographical paraphernalia - Jaffa Cakes, Mars Bars, Polo mints and "Mr. Roden's smartie box", bearing the legend "Hands off Mr. Cumberland". This party was more preoccupied with displaying his encyclopaedic knowledge about the locomotives present in Bescot depot and the Crewe test train which we passed over during our travels. Almost as soon as the front tyres of the coach passed the Millstone Grit relic signposting the Peak District, it began to rain. Forewarned is forearmed, however, so pessimistically bags were opened and coats, waterproof trousers, boots, and of course Jaffa Cakes were produced to try and bribe Mr. Roden into acknowledging that the trip was an inherent bath. But with all his Yorkshire fortitude to overcome, out we went. The hand-out said that the place is called "The Roaches". Here UMH went off for a note taking half-hour at the top. Those of us, a minority I assure you, who tried to take notes risked being blown off and most were simply trying to keep dry. When we finally did try to return to civilisation we were continually brought to a stop by a zealous member of the geography department pocketing bits of Millstone Grit.

With all speed the tour departed for Castleton, moving out of the rain. Or so we thought. The first eager geographer touched the ground, and the heavens opened, as if they had been holding back for a decade or two and were making up for lost time. From a personal point of view, having visited the region before, I knew what to expect in the second major attraction of the day - Winnatt's Pass. This is a twisting gorge coming down into Castleton from Mam Tor. We turned the corner, and whoosh! A wind of at least ninety-five miles per hour hit us, forcing the smaller members of the party to hang on to the more sturdy bits of Mr. Roden, who, when spotting an ephemeral stream and rushing over to the same, was pretending not to hear some rude comments which were flying around. Then somebody opened up his clipboard and all his Geography Department hand-outs went flying out of the Pass altogether. This seemed like a good idea and so quite a few followed. Then as we rounded a corner, all of us, Yorkshiremen included, were blown clear out of the Pass. At the

bottom we found a small tourist food shop. So by now pretty mutinous, we spent half an hour in well-deserved eating.

Mr. Cumberland's group then arrived, and, despite our warnings, tried to go where no Yorkshire foot had gone before. They came out even more rapidly than we did.

There is a saying about a straw breaking a camel's back. Knowing our reputation, it was almost certainly a drinking straw. This particular event occurred when several metric tonnes of Jaffa Cakes had been consumed somebody suggested a hike up the road for several miles - in the rain - to see a landslide. We had all had enough by now, and took refuge in a cave. Being limestone, which as everybody knows is permeable to water, it was no great improvement. And the only dry bit was taken up by some strange looking women cooking something or somebody (whatever it was, it smelt rather noxious) for their lunch. Treak Cliff Caverns, home of a different kind of Blue John, boasts a small shop selling all sorts of objects made out of the mineral, and a cafe. True to form, the tour was turning into an eating spree. After a tour of some, yes as usual, wet but rather interesting caves, we spent another ten minutes of food consumption and went home.

Matthew Peacock, UMs.



Field Trip to Lancashire

A successful geography field trip has three essential elements: good weather, good company and a not excessive amount of work. Well two out of three isn't too bad.

No matter what educationalists may hope, all the outstanding memories which this provided have little to do with A-level geography. Few will forget the Head of Geography illustrating urban degeneration in Manchester oblivious to the fact that he had parked the minibus outside a Porsche salesroom. The very same gentleman, incidentally, assured the entire Geography Division that the descent into the turbulent, rampaging water of Whitray Beck was safe given sound technique, which, if his example were to be followed, involved hurtling head first downwards, using one's petite derriere as a brake.

To focus too greatly on these aspects, though, would belittle its positive achievements. The broad range of A-level was explored in what was an astoundingly diverse weekend, extending from urban deprivation in Toxteth to fluvial geomorphology on the Lancashire moors. Thanks are owed to Dr. Higgitt and Mr. Cumberland for their tolerance, enthusiasm and hard work, and to Mr. Roden and Mr. Kimpton who led a comparable group of reprobates.

*John Brennan,
Divisions*

Field Trip to North Yorkshire

A dismal first day fulfilled the stereotypical geography field trip impressively: frantically scrabbling about for plant species with a half-metre quadrant on a moor blasted by gale-force winds and snow.

Perhaps I was merely unfortunate: a day spent dumped in a torrentially wet village with sodden questionnaires and no cagoule could, it seems, have been spent lounging round village pubs chatting to village idiots. This one-with-one's-environment approach to geography seems most successful: the sample supplementing of bead profile equipment with a football brought the data rolling in.

Geography is rumoured to have 'something



for everyone' - above all, for geography teachers.

Leaving aside the hotel bar, (and few appeared willing to), any masterly train-spotting ambitions were amply catered for by converted railway carriage bedrooms and the 4.45 from Middlesborough to Southam.

Geography in the field is to classroom geography what colour television is to monochrome. Soils spring generally life in the sunshine as one hovers maternally over one's newly dug soil pit. Middlesborough, for so long a black blank on my mental map of England, flaunted her ever-changing range of qualities in fascinating technicolour.

In all, this field trip admirably acquitted the old dictum: where interest is paramount, work will inevitably follow. The exploratory instinct thus engendered was perhaps a little too spontaneous an outflow in those geographers who explored the high-life of local woods and fields, to the bewilderment (and fury) of local residents.

A platitude of thanks are due (as ever) to Mr. Cumberland and Dr. Higgitt for firing geographical fervour with enthusiasm, not with whips, and above all, for dispelling any remote sense of routine.

Robert J Hall, Divisions.

Winter Ski Trip Risoul

The 1988 K.E.S. Ski Trip to Risoul, France began at the wholly unreasonable time of 4.30. A coach journey through London took us to Gatwick and after a 3 hour wait and an argument with a receptionist about the photo booths, we loaded the Dan-Air flight to Grenoble. Following an excellent con-trick by Uncle George, Mr. Tomlinson bought drinks all round. The on-plane food, it can safely be said, was up to Dan-Air's regular standard.

On arrival at Geneva we eventually found the coach, after being completely misled by the

airport tannoy System. On the four hour coach journey to the hotel we mislaid Mr. Tomlinson at a supermarket: he was eventually recovered after several hours, holding a lollipop and shouting, "Les bonbons, les bonbons!"

Although a small resort, Risoul provided excellent snow and ski runs from only 3 lifts. The hotel itself, despite a rather weird arrangement of corridors and stairs, was ideally situated only 100 yards from the slopes. A lunch break halfway through the day allowed us to go back to the hotel for an outdoor buffet. The French food was excellent and the after dinner game of the year was, for the second year running, pass-the-pig. Mr. Worthington, after being plied with various beverages, was persuaded to slide down the roof of the hotel naked, only to land on some unsuspecting Citroën. Thanks to MR, TBT and GAW for the organisation, and for being such good sports. Our only regret was the lack of a Video Camera to record those classic moments for posterity.

Martin Williams, Fourths.



Easter Ski Trip Les Carroz

This year the school visited Les Carroz in France. Unfortunately because of the warm weather, Les Carroz was devoid of snow, and each morning we had to travel to Flaine, a top French resort. At Flaine the weather remained perfect all week, with snowy nights and sunny days providing the most excellent skiing for many years.

The beginners progressed rapidly, while the advanced group, led by Mad Man Dr. Bridges mastered manoeuvres such as the "Cartwheel Face Plant", and the infamous "Eat the Mogul". After the last night celebrations we returned home tired but contented.

Many thanks to Mr. Everest and the other staff for making this such an enjoyable, worthwhile and memorable trip.

Jeremy Everest, Divisions.

Mountaineering Trip to Snowdonia

This was billed as a winter mountaineering trip, which means ice axes, crampons and ropes. However as half-term approached, the weather remained fine and ice seemed impossible. Yet on the morning of the trip I awoke to see snow falling outside, and as we left Birmingham I pictured snowdrifts and perhaps some glaciers forming in Snowdonia. Anyway, by the time we got to Idwal Cottage the sun was shining and it was surprisingly warm.

We set off, round Llyn Idwal and took a rather 'interesting' route with an opportunity to climb part way up the Devil's Kitchen.

We stayed at Llanberis Youth Hostel which just about justified its superior rating.

The next day, in spite of weather forecasts and very ominous cloud, we climbed up the side of the pass of Llanberis onto the Glyder range, and proceeded up Y Gran. However once we got onto the Glyders the weather worsened phenomenally until there was driving rain and gale force winds, which were such that if we weren't careful we would have plunged 1000 ft down near vertical cliffs. Though the walk was shortened we managed to get completely drenched and fairly miserable. By the time we returned to Llanberis (Dr. Bridges and Sid Lucas decided to trespass all over the slate quarry). We lesser mortals proceeded to sit shivering in a cafe until we could get into the hostel.

The next and final day we decided to climb up and along the notorious Crib Goch, and hence climb Snowdon. We couldn't of course take a normal route up Crib Goch, since this would be boring, so we ascended from the North. In spite of very strong winds and hail blowing into our faces, the climb was good fun. We descended by the Pyg track and drove away towards Birmingham.

Thanks must go to Mr. Tomlinson and Dr. Bridges for making the trip possible, and I would assure all boys that the levels of fitness and strength required for the trips are fairly low - as I know well.

A. J. Copas, Divisions.

Mountaineering North Wales

By half past eleven one October Friday morning an eager band of Edwardians had set off up the steep North Ridge of Tryfan. We stopped on the summit for lunch and, as rashly as all those before us, we attempted the famous leap between Adam and Eve, the two rock-pillars.

Having descended the easier south ridge of Tryfan we then climbed the end of Bristly Ridge and climbed the smaller Glyder before descending the Cribin Ridge.

The next day we walked the round of the Snowdon Horseshoe, started at Crib Coch and encountering but little difficulty, though the ridge is in places very exposed indeed. We had lunch on Crib-y-dygl and then went to Snowdon Summit from which we had spectacular views, if just a little hazy in the far distance. The next peak climbed was quite exposed and rocky and it was not without being a little tired that we arrived back at Pen-y-pass Youth Hostel.

Sunday (our last day) was quite exhausting; we walked round the Carneddau from Bethesda, going up a very long whale back initially, and walking along the high (over 3000 ft) ridge. We enjoyed the descent for we were able safely to run down the mountain side for most of the way.

Sunday was characterised by terrific scenery especially seen from Carnedd Dafydd from which we had an excellent view of Pen-yr-Oleu-Wen, also with Tryfan, the Glyders, Snowdon, Y Carn and an end-on pyramid shaped Eidir Fawr, all with the sun behind giving them a black profile in the hazy atmosphere. Altogether the views during the weekend were absolutely splendid, better than anything I've ever seen before in Wales, with the haze throwing the mountain into a deep relief which was exceptionally photogenic.

Nicholas Jacobs, Divisions.

The Italy Trip

Day One

It is 2 am and we are halfway across France. The Removes and their constant chatter are keeping us awake and to make matters worse, Mr. Russell has decided to organise a tea making session, and has woken everyone up with his enthusiastic tones.

Day Two

We have arrived in Lavorgna in Switzerland. There is absolutely nothing or no one here. We think Payton has left his luggage in Birmingham.

Our hotel is quite comfortable. At least we won't be woken up by Mr. Russell's tea making antics, but it is only 50 yards from the main Zürich-Milan railway, and 300 yards from the motorway.

We retired to the bar to find Mr. Russell drinking grappa. This stuff is like paraffin. We are being pestered by the village idiot. He is drunk and is singing "Deutschland, Deutschland Über Alles" as he thinks we are German. Mr. Russell, to cap it all, is also singing. His tune is the "Neighbours" theme in Italian.

Day Three

We are now in Italy. We crossed the River Po, bought some wine for lunch, drank it - and lunched in a delightful car park on the edge of the motorway in the Apennine Mountains - the back bone of Italy.

This afternoon we were pulled over for speeding by the Polizia Stradale. We were doing 63 mph when we were supposed to be doing 60 mph. The policemen look very smart in their blue uniforms with gold labels, white belts, red channel seams and jackboots.

We called in at Assisi and stayed the night in Trevi, where Mr. Russell was concerned in case we got mugged by gypsies.

Day Four

Last night we found that Mr. Russell's snoring was so loud that one could predict the weather by it.

We called in at Rome where the driving is crazy. We have just seen a BMW driver phone someone with one hand and smoke a cigarette with the other. Absolutely no hands whatsoever on the steering wheel.

Day Five

We visited Pompeii and climbed Vesuvius today. Our guide's accent was a mixture of Italian, Chinese and English. He ease erizee, he calls us "Chi" or "Sirri" and looks like Captain Bertorelli in *Allo Allo*.

Day 6

We went to the Naples Museum today. On the way back, the coach encountered an arch which it couldn't get through, so we had to turn round and go back another way. Some Italians were really kind and held up the traffic to let us turn.

We discovered a colony of ants crawling across our bathroom wall. We put a shaving cream wall in front of them but now they have spread out all over the place.

We went to Amalfi today, which is not easy to get to as the road is only 3 yards wide and as straight as spaghetti. We saw the start of a wedding in the cathedral with a red carpet up the steps and a bride with a train about a mile long. It was a romantic sight until Mr. Russell ruined it by saying that the place to get married was on the canal in Birmingham.

Day Eight

We went to Solfatara, a semi active volcano, and had a groovy experience standing in a jet of steam. Then we went to Averno to enjoy the hot waters of a volcanic pool. Jumped in and got scalded.

In the afternoon we visited Cumae where we were having a mellow time in the sun, until some Ken fell off a wall and banged his head. He was all right though; Mr. Lambie said that he wished that it had happened to some of the others.

Day Nine

Today we went to Paestum to see the old Greek city and museum. We bumped into Mr. Edwards, which led to Richard Fowler complaining that he cannot go abroad without bumping into him.

We went into Sorrento for the last time tonight. Whilst we were there, the Carabinieri (Government Police) drove slowly past. Suddenly they reversed, did a handbrake turn in the main road and sped off, having gone the wrong way round a roundabout.

Day Ten

PHSL woke us up this morning by knocking loudly on our door. Tim asked who it was. "Who do you think?" said PHSL. "The Green Zombie Wumble Man" said Tim.

Alex surfaced half an hour later, threw all his clothes except those he was wearing, in a big heap in his suitcase. He tried to close the lid, failed, sat on it, succeeded in shutting it, came downstairs and poured vinegar in his coffee. I can't possibly think why they call him Wumble.

Hadrian's Villa was a washout. We got completely soaked and annoyed.

After dinner tonight we made the presentations to the staff who have been great. Brandy for Mr.

Whitehead (our courier) a toy police car for the drivers, and a bottle of Lambrusco for PHSL. He said this was quite appropriate as it was a bottle of fizz.

Day Eleven

We stopped for lunch in the Restaurant Bruciata in Modena, a transport café where the service was excellent as well as the food.

Italy is behind us now and we have arrived for our final overnight hotel stop in Huelan, Switzerland.

Day Twelve

We are halfway across France now and Mr. Lambie has just realised that he has still got his hotel key from Switzerland. Nice one sir!

Day Thirteen

We arrived back in England, having had an unforgettable holiday.

Thanks go to all the staff: Dr. Ford, Miss Stevenson, Mrs Lambie, Mr. Whitehead, Ken and Paul of Majestic Coaches, Tergenmouth and, of course Mr. Lambie, without who help this trip would have been a complete catastrophe.

*Richard Needham, Richard Fowler,
Tim Collinson and Alex Borlenghi, Sixths.*

Marine Biology Trip to Millport

After the obligatory delay at Crewe we arrived in a city that was much more interested in the movement of a certain Mo Johnston than a bunch of Sassenachs, and, after commandeering a fleet of luggage trolleys, we were greeted with the spectacle of Mr. Rigby in full flight, hurtling across Glasgow Central shouting something about being on the wrong platform. Finally we arrived at the surprisingly habitable biology station in which even the rooms were big enough to swing a cat in (if it was a particularly small cat that didn't mind a few nasty blows about the head).

We were immediately thrown in at the deep end with a lecture on Benthos, which we were assured referred to bottom dwelling creatures and not a well known manufacturer of corned beef. It was at this time that we discovered the soporific nature of the lecture theatre. After a bleary eyed start the next morning we all trekked down to the rocky beach looking like a bunch of rejects from "Snow White", complete with a fascinating array of mechanical wonders with which we could have set up a space station, let alone a beach transect. Even with all of this technical wizardry we still got a tan and the three wise men had a good laugh at us all while trying desperately not to be swept into the Firth of Clyde.

Another day of arduous labour dawned as we headed out into the Firth to capture Benthos, which involved sifting through several tons of mud, and trying not to soak Mr. Russell (well, not too much anyway!). This was followed by another beach transect and lugworm hunt, which attracted some strange looks from the locals, and left the beach resembling a World War I battlefield. So with the completion of our projects, the reports and the Rolf Harris impressions, we were rearing the end of an enjoyable and highly educational week.

Guy Cooper, Divisions

The Walking Option

This was a glorious year for the Walking Option. While the winter was mild and the weather sunny from Lent onwards, a well timed shower in early November allowed us to get that caked mud effect on our green wellies which proclaimed to one and all, "We are walkers!" The more conscientious of our number nursed this cherished footwear fashion well into the spring and through idyllic Wednesday afternoons since.

Such perfect weather did not induce idleness, but quite the reverse. Burgeoning with near professional fell-walkers, we marched relentlessly through the wilds of Harborne and the pathways of Warwickshire. Yet the option was not a presence of hearty beefcakes; our physical stamina was matched by our intellectual vigour. This year we boasted the manstays of the Debating, Literary, Parliamentary and Shakespeare Societies, and the founders of Agora amongst our elite ranks. Discussion ranged from the capabilities of the human eye to perceive reflected light, to the future of the Democrats, peppered with occasional advice from Mr. Cumberland on university choice. Despite his exhortations to consider the newer and municipal institutions, the Option remains firmly Oxbridge bound.

It is difficult to typify the activities of the Option, ranging as it does between self-guided walks and grandiose, if unfulfilled, plans to walk large sections of our National Paths; I think our second sally down the M5 comes closest. We walked the tail end of the Malvern Dragon's Back, over Hereford Beacon, through a Roman camp past a reservoir, around banks of heather, pausing briefly to admire these wonders, snatch another lungful of air, and then press on towards the steepest slopes and high points in view. (The objective of any walk, wherever it may be, is to reach the nearest summit as anaerobic and euphoric as possible.) Yet we still had time to spawn a geographical project on soil erosion and hatch a plan to use the beacon as an open air classroom, while eating famous Walking Option cakes and drinking Malvern water. All this, and back to K.E. for five o'clock.

Combining hodge integration with gut realism and firm thighs and calves, we believe the Walking Option provides the most holistic approach to physical fitness at K.E., but please don't all rush to join: there isn't all that much space on the bus.

Thomas Pritchard, Divisions



In addition to the main plays this year, other happenings could be glimpsed in the drama studio. Under the direction of Mrs. Herbert, the two Extra Studies Groups of Sixths and Divisions put on two separate revues including sketches from *Gregory's Girl*, *Fawlty Towers* and others which were often amusing, rarely boring and filled with energy (especially Damien Field as Basil Fawlty).

A group of subversive Divisions put on a low key, low budget, almost minimalist play, *Attitudes*. This was heard described by Mr. Buttress as a cross between Pinter and Brecht. Messrs Wraight, Miller, Ratnam and Mulligan received a very encouraging report from a representative of the National Theatre, and under the guise of The Experimental Drama Group, were going to follow it up before apathy set in.

Apart from this one exception, however, little that was innovative, challenging or realistic was produced. The comic sketches were all very well and good, but the Drama Studio is still not being used to anywhere like its potential and productions are very rare (one or two a term). Other non-dramatic events took place: the Sugar Sharks' concert in July and various Classical Society bashes, and these made use of the Studio despite the school's determination to cast disapproving stares on such activities.

Permission to use the Studio is difficult to obtain because no-one knows who to get permission from, rehearsals suffer similarly and the actual events are hampered by official school organisations such as the Stage Crew insisting on their divine right to certain technical areas. A few of us remember the locker rooms knocked down for the Studio - the locker rooms were dear to us all, but as they have been knocked down, we might as well make best use of what has been put in its place.

Niru Ratnam, Divisions.

Syndicate Play

This year's Syndicate play, *Noises Off* by Michael Frayn, came dangerously close to self-parody: Pete Robins' manic depiction of a hassled director fighting against a disgruntled alcoholic cast must have provoked a wry smile from members of former productions. Yet despite the horrendous problems of putting on a play in two weeks from scratch, Phil Blenkinsop's production continued the upward trend of K.E. Drama established by the sparkling success of *Guys and Dolls* (mutual appreciation society strikes again - Ed)

The cast coped well with the technical difficulties of farce: the timing was superb and the outrageous incidents of trouser-dropping and semi-nudity were thankfully performed unselfconsciously and even with aplomb. Nicky Palfrey deserves a particular mention in this regard for being game enough to spend most of the second and third acts in French knickers. Though on later reflection I suppose Mike McMaster's performance was equally laudable - simply for not letting this extreme provocation put him off, but then he is president of the Christian Union. Whether or not Rebecca Elliot had spent long hours in the company of nymphomaniacs can only be guessed at, but she,

for whatever reason, was entirely convincing. Frequent practice was evident in Donovan's portrayal of a drunk.

The best element of this production was its teamwork: Matthew Grimley and Olivia Bateman's husband and wife double act had the audience rolling in the aisles; the set, at the shoestring price of £8 was an economic and artistic miracle; and the technical crew contributed professionalism. The minor parts were beautifully detailed, and Niels Hooper's self-written, silent, romantic Electrician deserves special mention.



Guys & Dolls Review

Forget the presidential inauguration (if it was ever in your mind!): the event of January 1989 was *Guys & Dolls*. The cast appeared to be rehearsing continuously, consumer testing revealed that public opinion was very favourable, and tickets were bought up as if they were shares soaring in price. All four nights (not the customary three) were sold out, Saturday within one lunchtime of dealing. Even scientists jumped onto this theatrical bandwagon. One almost expected ticket touts to be loitering about the Gild Hall on nights of performances. As it was, the only small-time criminals were those on stage and the only profit-makers were the coffers of the Drama Society (I assume that was where the money went).



Guys and Dolls is a natural winner: it cannot fail to entertain audiences, with its popular songs and hoodlum scenario. But this production was not content with passively allowing the words and music to do all the work. The script was merely a tool: the true craftsmen (or craftspeople) were the Guys and Dolls themselves, the cast and stage crew; the chief architect, Mrs Herbert, whose production it was. That scenes such as the Cuban evening, the crap game and the Hot Box Club had so much life breathed into them was to her credit. The players were at times heard to bemoan the hard schedule of work, but the impression on stage was not of actors worn down by rehearsals but of a cast hitting its peak. Indeed one of the play's greatest attributes was that everyone on stage from major to walk-on part was acting with enjoyment and enthusiasm. Not for *Guys and Dolls* an elite of actors and strategically-placed human stage props. Crowd scenes were well-organised to produce bustling street settings for the main action. Dance routines were also well choreographed (especially the up-down and wave-like motions of 'Sit Down You're Rocking the Boat'). The Hot Box girls looked a little cramped, but were a natural success both as twee farming lasses and as scantily-clad dolls. The crapshooters weren't! They all held their New York accents and cool personae - a truly motley bunch.

Teamwork it may have been, but certain individuals shone in performance. John Brennan flung both himself and frequently his hat into the part of Nathan Detroit, morally weak but strong on charm. Nicely-nicely Johnson and Benny Southstreet (Andrew Mulligan & Barney Miller) were a fine double act, one the archetypal, overweight American, the other a crapshooter with a squeaking, eunuch's voice and a penchant for lollipops. Three major parts were shared, which must have almost doubled rehearsal time. Comparison, however, would be unfair. Both Adelaides, Sonia Kundu, Amy Marston) were excellent as Nathan's moll, the lead Hot Box dancer/singer: lively and with strong New York accents which even showed through in their singing. Rebecca James & Rhonwen Bramley coped well with the innocent Salvation Army missionary, Sarah. Both had strong singing voices, although the latter had perhaps the more aggressive right hook. And last (but not least) were the two Skys (Nick Harris, Mark Williams), suave and obsessed with gambling, but clearly gentlemen at heart.

Lighting and scene changes proceeded smoothly and the musicians blew, bowed and struck their instruments excellently, ably led by Nigel Argust (Mr. Musical himself). And the set, including skyscraper-skyline, produced a fine New York atmosphere.

Mrs Herbert, Mr. Argust, the cast, stage crew and all those involved should be congratulated and also thanked for this theatrical extravaganza. It was ebullient and professional and kept the audience entertained throughout.

Phil Blenkinsop, Sixths.

A Midsummer's Night's Dream

Following last year's highly successful *Under Milk Wood* the Ford and Ricks production team moved into Shakespeare with one of the Bard's more apparently light and fluffy plays, *A Midsummer's Night's Dream* played to a packed Drama Studio, the play opened with excellent music from Paul Mitchell and from the first the acting could not be faulted. Fred Durman was perfectly cast as Bottom and his rustic implorings to the Wall were one of the highlights of the evening. Special mentions have to go to Simon Jones as a mischievous Puck; two aptly wet lovers from Stephen Ling and Matthew Dolton; Debbie Harvey's portrait of a sexually repressed martyr; and an extremely dextrous Titania from Sarah Waith.



There were remarkably few moments when I found my mind wandering. The production was filled with clever little touches: punk fairies (created by Thomas Pritchard, resident hairstylist and style guru). The mechanicals' play was wonderfully inept; the boys' school had already enjoyed seeing Fred Durman and Michael Burcher (Flute) use Sapientia and Mr. Buttress as Wall, in the trailer for the production in Big School. The argument scene also stood out with Kate Hobbs (Hermia) and Debbie Harvey at each others' throats convincingly.

It was a pity that such a fine piece of acting was marred by the complete ineptitude of the Stage Crew, at least on the night that I attended. Resting on their laurels, they managed to do atrocious things with the most simple light changes; and their sound track surpassed the light changes (the whole studio heard the tape being ejected and flipped over). In addition, the set design and overall design meant that no-one in the first two rows could actually see. The one strength was Paul Mitchell, who really deserves another mention for his fine music, which added plenty of atmosphere.



So, an enormous pat on the back for the cast and directors in producing some of the finest acting I have seen in any KES production, and a big no-no for the Stage Crew, who vividly demonstrated how Amateur Dramatics has got its reputation as, well, amateurish.

Niru Ratnam, Divisions.

How to Become a Greek Hero (A Farce in One Act)

The Classical Society celebrated the Roman theatrical month of March with its own production of a modern farce which had something to do with classics (well, it was set in Greece, wasn't it?) *How to Become a Greek Hero (A farce in one act)*, played to a packed house in the Drama Studio. Among the corny jokes, cock-ups and jesting, there was a type of story. Theseus (admirably played by Benjamin Griffin) wants to become a Greek hero and so is sent on a mission by the King of Marathon (Adam Micklethwaite, who put his all into the production). He is aided and abetted (?) by Ned (marvellously over-acted by Amit Nayyer) and undoubtedly hindered by the Minotaur (splendidly portrayed by James Picardo) and the court advisor Femur (played by the tremendously enthusiastic Gareth Weetman). The story was narrated superbly by Paul Miller. While I'm thanking people for their help, I am especially indebted to Mr. Owen, Adam Crawley (stage-manager) and Paul Mitchell (music), among so many others. The highlight of the production was undoubtedly the appearance of Messrs. Roden, Evans, Heffernan and Russell as fair maidens (and not one of those has spoken to me since.). Mark Lewis, dressed as an angel, encouraged audience participation and also injured several by colliding with them while on a skateboard at the end of Scene One. Yours truly forgot his one part in the production, delaying the continuation of the performance by several minutes. Half of the first year took part in the production, which was almost two months in the making. It was very successful, resulting in coverage in the *Birmingham Post* for the six major actors on the day after what the paper rather worryingly termed 'the first performance'. A raffle paid for all production costs and a trip down The Barrels for the producer. Will there be a sequel? Why not?

David Stevens, Classics Division.



Bye, Bye Mike - a bastion of school drama ...



Summer Concert - July 11th 1989

The Summer Concert this year was once again staged in the Town Hall, and was a very enjoyable occasion, both for those performing and for those people in the audience. The first half was provided by Wind Band, Concert Band, Swing Band and the Junior Choir. The concert opened with "Marche Russe" played by Wind Band and Concert Band, and conducted by Peter Bridle. Both bands competently played a selection of other pieces, including Le Gray Anderson's "Horse and Buggy", played by Wind Band. Junior Choir sang three folksongs, directed by Nigel Argust and accompanied by Jonathan Frank. They produced a very good sound indeed, especially considering the number of them singing and the size of the Town Hall. Swing Band were a late addition to the programme, playing "Cole" by Neal Hefti - a number chosen to show off Guy Derrington's exceptional drumming ability in his last school concert. "A Tribute to Glenn Miller" was played by Concert Band, Wind Band and Swing Band (who played "Moonlight Serenade" in the middle of it), and the first half was finished off by Swing Band playing Woody Herman's "Woodchopper's Ball", which featured solos from Matthew Hunt, Jonathan Frank, Dave Whitehouse (who returned as a guest) and Bryan Allen.

The second half consisted of the two orchestras and Choral Society, and opened with First Orchestra playing the first and third movements of Sibelius' "Karelia Suite". The Choral Society sang various opera excerpts, including "Speed your journey" from Verdi's *Nabucco* and the "Soldiers' Chorus" from *Faust* by Coumrod. Joy Naylor sang soprano solo with the Choral Society, and she made a beautiful sound.

Eva Stewart played Mozart's Flute Concerto no. 1 with a reduced First Orchestra and must have left the audience wondering why she was eliminated in the woodwind finals of Young Musician of the Year 1989. Her sound and technical accuracy were superb, and brilliantly shown off in her cadenza. The orchestra supported her well. The concert finished with two light-hearted Strauss pieces: "Leichtest Blut" and "Champagne Polka", and Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance" March No. 2, all played by the combined First and Second Orchestras. Ed Le Feuvre featured particularly, playing the Champagne gun, and Peter Bridle held the Town Hall audience and the Orchestra together very well in the patriotic rendition of "Land of Hope and Glory". It was a good way to finish a school year and start a long holiday.

Jonathan Frank, Divisions.

The Music Dossers - 1988/89

The Dossers have thrived this year under the joint Chief Dossership of Matthew Hunt and Jonathan Frank, with Richard Ashmore as Deputy Chief Doss-er. Recent acquisitions have included a carpet for the foyer, and a second coffee table, as well as water from Ern (the Music Department's urn) at break for coffee and tea making. The second coffee table had disappeared on our return from the Easter break; it was tracked down to the back shop, and a coup was staged to recover it, which was entirely successful. The annual events have not died - the Christmas decorations were switched on by the Head of Music, and the first lunchtime sitting on the terrace in the sun has come around again. A new tradition has been that of Dossers bringing cakes in on their birthdays - special mention must be made of Andrew Salmon's cake, which had been superbly baked by his mother, who owns a cake shop in Halesowen. And then there is the circumnavigation of the doormat on the metal wasteban. Jonathan Frank suggested this after reading about it in the Music Dossers archives, but nobody believed that it was possible. But seeing is believing ... and Ed Le Feuvre currently holds the Foyer record with 18 seconds.

A major constitutional change this year has been the election of the Assistant Director of Music Mr. Peter Bridle as President. The formalities of address such as "Mr President" and "Dossier XXXX" only lasted for a couple of weeks, though. The Music School retains its friendly, welcoming atmosphere.

The Dossers have continued to help at many Music School events. We form the stage crew at the Town Hall at Christmas and Summer Concerts, steward at other concerts, accompany Associated Board exam candidates, take rehearsals, act as porters (carrying percussion, music stands and the digital piano),

typeset concert programmes, and advise the Music Staff on domestic matters. And still, in all this, we find time to Doss.

What is Dossing? This is a question which many ask, and yet few find the answer to it. The by now infamous quote, in answer to the question "How do I become a Doss?" : "You don't, matey boy", from Peter Nagle, is again appropriate, in answer to the question "How do I Doss?". In short, Dossing is indefinable. To Doss, you have to be a Doss - but not a dosser.

One excellent example of the Dossing community was the occasion on which the phone bill for the coin box arrived from the Foundation Office. "So what?" you may ask. It was for £6381.47. Did the Dossers sit back and laugh? No. Did they cry? No. They set to work immediately, and worked out how many hours a day someone would have had to have been on the phone to Morocco for to build up a bill like that. Many more calculations were carried out, and letters drafted to B.T., until it was discovered that the Head of Music had already written one. We're still waiting for a conclusion to the situation - watch this space.

In short, it's been a good year for the Dossers - our tenth anniversary, we think by all reports. Here's to many more.

The Dossers





Christmas Concert - December 7th 1988

With the Town Hall venue now established, and becoming almost as traditional as the Central Hall had become, the programme followed its usual course, with a mixture of the bands and choirs filling the first half along with audience carols, and the second half dominated by First Orchestra. The programme was surprisingly accurate; there were, however, a couple of surprises.

Gordon Sill conducted the Concert Band, who performed well, playing, among other things, "A Concert Prelude" by Philip Sparke, and Sergei Prokofiev's "Troika": the Russian equivalent of Leroy Anderson's "Sleigh Ride". (Anderson's appeared too - after all, it wouldn't be a Christmas concert without it, would it? This, by the way, was one of the surprise items!) Immediately following "Troika" was Holst's "Personent Hodie". Unfortunately, Nigel Argust was not at the organ when this number was announced; there were an anxious few seconds for the school organist when he thought he'd have to stand .. Mr Argust appeared eventually, apologising profusely. Also in the first half, the K.E.H.S. Junior Choir sang Rutter's "Jesus Child" and a Burgundian tune called "Patapan", accompanied by the Music Department's latest acquisition - a Roland digital piano. This saved the stage crew lifting the Town Hall upright piano up to the back of the stage, which was a great relief for all concerned. It produced a very realistic sound.

First Orchestra were on top form after the interval under Peter Bridle's baton, playing *Danse Macabre* by Saint-Saëns, with Helen Feltrup playing solo violin. She overcame her naturally beautiful sound well to produce the menacing sound and tension required of her. The Orchestra also accompanied the choirs singing the "Sans Day Carol" and "Jingle Bells", and played six movements from Tchaikovsky's Nutcracker Suite.

The other surprise item, apart from "Sleigh Ride", was an arrangement by Ted Watson of the "Twelve Days of Christmas". Ted plays clarinet in the Royal Shakespeare Company Orchestra at Stratford, and teaches at King Edward's. He had arranged the piece for small orchestra and choir, with dialogues in between verses written by a well known poet (whose name escapes me). The dialogues were read by Miss Evans, Headmistress of K.E.H.S., and the Chief Master, and the wonderfully imaginative arrangement (which among other things included the French National Anthem for "three French hens") was greatly enjoyed by the audience.

The concert finished with choirs, orchestra, organ and audience united in "O come all ye faithful". Then came the long Town Hall clear-up - only to come back and set up again in the summer.

Jonathan Frank, Divisions.

Fine Arts Brass Ensemble

February 1st 1989

The Fine Arts Brass Ensemble is a brass quintet consisting of Bryan Allen (of Wind Band fame) and Andy Culshaw (trumpet), Richard Sandland (tuba), Stephen Roberts (horn) and Simon Hogg (trombone). The group is internationally celebrated: this concert preceded one in Frankfurt and Main.

It started with a performance of "Pastime in Good Company" reputedly written by King Henry VIII. John Joubert was present for a performance of his own Quintet for brass, which was followed by two more humorous pieces : Sousa's "Liberty Bell" March, and a modern arrangement of Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite*. The latter involved Richard Sandland attempting to make his tuba sound like a bass clarinet and failing dismally - but he succeeded in making the Assistant Director of Music laugh until he cried. Richard and his tuba were then demoted to the audience to play the repeated bass line of Pachelbel's Canon twenty-eight times.

The closing items was the incredibly silly "Doin' the Raccoon". This piece especially showed off the ensemble's brilliance. It's much harder to play well when you're fooling around at the same time, but FABE did it marvellously. Maybe the best thing about the evening was that they all looked as though they were enjoying what they were playing. Get to hear them if you can!

Andrew Salmon, Sixths.

Chapel Choir Concert

May 17th 1989

The Chapel Choir Concert took place for the second year running in the church of St. Faith and St. Lawrence, Harborne. It started with a number of solo and ensemble items. Jonathan Frank opened the concert with J.S. Bach's "St. Anne" fugue on the organ, followed by the Brass Group directed by Bryan Allen. It was suggested that since the first of the three movements played was called "The Hungarians declare war on the Austrians", they ought to play a fourth, called "The Austrians get their own back on the Hungarians by putting anti-freeze in their wine exports". The Brass Group, like the Swing Band, has revived considerably over the last two years, and made a very pleasing sound to listen to. Mark Pursey sang an alto solo, and Sandra Jones played a cello sonata. Ashley Goodall finished the first half of the concert with a Bach prelude on the chorale "Nun komm der Heilig Heiland".

The unofficial 5-minute interval provided time to set up for the orchestra, then the Chapel Choir performed the main part of the programme Antonio Vivaldi's "Gloria". David Sadler, a piano teacher at K.E. and director of Sutton Coldfield Choral Society, conducted, with Peter Bridle leading the orchestra. The choir sang very well, if

a little behind the beat at times and blended nicely with the small orchestra.

A varied programme led to an enjoyable evening with many different styles of music.

Jonathan Frank, Divisions.



Other Music Activities

The Music School has been very active this year, so much so that it is impossible to mention everything that has been going on. All year there have been lunchtime recitals, at the rate of about two per term, with some of the best musicians from the schools providing a 25 minute programme. These have generally been well supported, but it would be nice to see some non-musicians in evidence in the future. These concerts give a good opportunity to listen to good music even if you have never before set foot inside the Concert Hall.

The Carol Service this year took place in Big School: a rather erratic choice, many thought, compared with a local church such as St. George's, Edgbaston. The seating arrangement was certainly different from anything else Big School has ever seen, and it did cause a few problems having the organ so far away from the choir. I hope this will not be a regular choice for future carol services.

Choral Society performed Mendelssohn's *Eljah* in February, once again in Big School. This presented few problems in terms of venue - they were accompanied by an orchestra, and sang very well, with some excellent part-singing in places. The main talking-point afterwards in the local hosteleries was the soprano who threw up on the last note of the first half. Fortunately, she was standing in the front row!

The penultimate concert of the year was the Syndicate Concert, organised by the Sixth Formers in general, and Guy Derrington in particular. The highlight of this must have been Malcolm Arnold's *Tay Symphony*, which featured (amongst others) Peter Bridle on the melodica, and Eva Stewart on the cuckoo whistle. Also in evidence were various other bird whistles (provided by Annie Oakley) and four people playing three glockenspiels. Other leavers performed some silly and some not so silly items, and Swing Band finished the evening off with a set of five or six pieces, proving that they are not lost without Bryan Allen, their director. It has been a good year for music on the whole: there has been a lot going on, for which Peter Bridle, Gordon Sill and Nigel Argus must be congratulated.

The Music Dossers.

Les Petits Chanteurs de Lyon

During May 1989, members of the orchestras and choirs acted as hosts to a choir of 55 boys and girls from St. Mark's School in Lyon. Les Petits Chanteurs de Lyon were around at King Edward's for three days, and gave a concert in Big School on the Friday evening. The seating for the concert was rather unorthodox, since the choir was positioned as close as possible to the organ without actually being in the gallery. This necessitated the Music Dossers setting up a video camera and monitor so that the organist could see the conductor.

The choir have recently released a compact disc in France, and while their style may not be everyone's cup of tea, they are certainly proficient singers.

A good link has been formed between the two schools. We are hoping to take the choir and maybe First Orchestra on a return visit next Easter.

Jonathan Frank, Divisions.

The Chronicle Interviews

Michael Checkland

Could you start by telling us something about the responsibilities of the Director General?

Well, the Director General is responsible for the running of an organisation which spends twelve hundred million pounds every year, which employs up to thirty thousand staff, which produces two hundred thousand hours of radio every year and fifteen thousand hours of television and broadcasts around the world in thirty-seven languages to one hundred and twenty million people, so the real responsibility is making sure that organisation is well run, and that the programmes we produce are of high quality and cover the whole range of human interests.

Does the sheer enormity of the organisation sometimes daunt you?

No, I think it's like Dad's Army - "Don't panic!"

Do you consider then that the licence fee will continue to be BBC's only source of income in the future?

Not the only source, no - I think the BBC has to develop new sources of income. In our response to the government's white paper, we've been saying that the BBC needs to make money to help the licence fee, by selling videos, books, films, and by developing subscription services through the night using our archives. Obviously we have many, many archives - about five hundred thousand hours of film and a hundred and fifty two thousand hours of video tape so it's a most enormous archive. Then looking forward to the mid nineties, we might provide a high definition television service on a subscription basis.

But if you begin subscription television, and it does prove to be viable, won't you then be giving the government more grounds to reduce the licence fee, which it wants to do anyway?

Yes, I think there could be a situation where, if we made a lot of money from subscription, it could be argued that some of that money should go towards decreasing or stabilising the level of the licence fee, or some of it towards making better programmes; I don't think that would be a bad idea at all. However, that doesn't mean that the licence will be replaced. We've got to remember that the licence fee provides the BBC with this enormous income of twelve hundred million pounds. What we're talking about is nothing on that scale. To change the licence fee by one pound, you have to earn twenty million pounds.

You've spoken today about how the BBC must be answerable to its public. How far are you prepared to jander to the majority public opinion which demands more game shows and soap operas?

There's a very narrow balance. I think we've got to know what the public feels, but I think we've also got to have the courage to make our own decisions. There are some members of the public who would not like to make challenging drama. For example, there were large numbers of people, who would not have liked us to have produced "Tumbledown". We thought that we were absolutely justified in showing it. In the event it was well-reviewed and well-thought of. There are times when you have to listen to the public, but you have to have the courage of your own convictions as well. But we are ensuring that we have better avenues for hearing what people think. That's part of our accountability, because of the way we're paid. If we've got every home in the land actually paying for us, then we have a responsibility to all these people. But the unique position of the BBC is that we are serving everybody in all their interests, wherever they live, and however much they earn.

In your speech today you used the term 'dison-market' in connection with some television programmes. This is a phrase which Mr Rupert Murdoch recently described as an example of English snobbery ..

And I agree with his response to the question put to him. I think that it's very easy for everybody to say of all the new entrants that they are going to drive us all down market, and that they are going to produce rather poor programmes, which will be scrappily produced, or that we are going to have cheap repeats or game shows, and that "Sale of the Century" is going to be there, as it is indeed! I don't take that view, I take the view that there will be some good channels. I think that Murdoch's news and sports channels will actually be rather good services. It's too easy to say that we'll be driven down market. However I think that broadcasting may be subject to the trends we have witnessed in the newspaper industry: as the market developed, some newspapers developed that were not of high standard. Nevertheless, the BBC is not going to change its general approach of providing programmes of quality which meet the various interests of our viewers.

Will the BBC be made to concentrate on its educational and informative role?

No, we're very, very pleased that the white paper is saying to us, you're not only in the business of minority programmes, you're also in the business of popular programmes. I have as much pleasure, and we have as much purpose in producing "Bread" or all the comedies, and doing decent sport, or popular drama, as we do in producing "Horizon" or any other educational programme. That unique thing about the BBC is the very wide range of programmes that it produces. A lot of people say we shouldn't be doing Radio One for example, that we should concentrate on Radio Four and Radio Three. I don't agree with that at all. I think the BBC should be in Radio One. It appeals to a different audience, and we should be there to serve that audience.

Could you just elucidate your plans for the National Radio network?

We really see no change in Radios One, Two, Three or Four, except at the point where we lose our Radio One and Radio Three medium wave lengths, and at that point what we shall then introduce is a Radio Five, which will be a medium wave frequency, and will have to take programmes which we have been transmitting on the split frequencies of the other networks. We will develop Radio Five as a sports and education network and I hope it will include elements of the World Service as well.

Has the BBC suffered irreparable damage as a result of government interference?

What we are asking the Home Secretary to do is to review the Sinn Fein ban regularly. We said that on the first day that it was announced, and we will continue to ask for review. As I said, this is one of the most difficult public issues, because a lot of the public think it is right. We don't think it's irreparable, because we are still able to carry on our broadcasting and reporting within the restrictions which we have had to absorb. It's in no way the proper way to do reporting, and we believe that people properly interviewed show strain and stress and weakness in a way that you don't see by simply reporting their words. We think it's part of the democratic process to interview, as no doubt you do, interviewing me.

It's nice to be able to detect traces of your Birmingham accent. Do you not feel that as a London executive, and head of the BBC you should have cultivated a BBC accent?

(laughter)

No, I have to be myself.

Interviewers: Matthew Grimley & Carlton Hood, Sixths.

Mark Steyn

It may, or may not, be something to do with the rather cynical, questioning attitude of most of us here that King Edward's has produced two distinguished critics since the war. Both have been world experts in their fields. Both have made their name and their money in the U.S.A. Both have worked extensively in broadcasting as well as newspapers. The first was Kenneth Tynan, who, since his death in 1980, has become acclaimed as perhaps the greatest critic ever. The second is Mark Steyn, a corpulent red-bearded 29 year old, once a D.J. on Beacon Radio, but now an acknowledged authority on the musical. Steyn is the musical theatre correspondent for *The Independent* as well as a presenter on Radio 4's *Kaleidoscope* and BBC 2's *The Late Show*.

But whereas Tynan shone at school, Mark was "a great flop" by K.E. standards. "I did very few essays in my "A" level year. I wasn't very reliable. Eventually my English masters got fed up with the excuses, so they didn't even bother to ask for them." In "a fit of pique" at being told he was not good enough to read Classics at Oxford, he refused to apply to any university and instead left England for Canada, where he was born. The then Chief Master, Robson Fisher, was not pleased. "I went along to my leaver's interview and he regarded the whole thing as a waste of time. He thought I was chucking it all away.... I did leave the school feeling that in their terms I had failed."

It was this sense of failure, he says, which provided him with "an impetus to wipe out what I thought was a stain on my record." Arriving in Canada, he lied his way into a series of jobs "I told them I was a big star in England". Having begun as gag-writer for a neurotic, driven lunatic comedian in Montreal he appeared as second banana in a state lottery show on T.V. before becoming a jock on a series of smalltown radio stations. It was an insalubrious, hand-to-mouth existence.

"I was in awful dingy rooming houses in ghastly North American cities, at a time when my friends had gone straight to Oxbridge. You're sitting in a cockroach infested squalor, with syphilitic Turks banging on the door, and you think, my God, I could have gone to university and had that cushion."

But university, he says, might have sapped his creative energy. A repeated grievance of his is that his "brilliantly gifted" K.E.S. contemporaries have had the creative "fire-in-their-belly" doused by the university system and, instead of realizing their potential, they have become Sales Directors with multinationals. He denounces the "Oxbridge or broke ethos." "What I thought was wrong with the school," he says, "was the feeling that there was only one channel you should go through and that you were mad if you tried to buck the system."

But Mark Steyn has less tainted memories of K.E.S. "It was", he says, "the only formal organisation to which I ever really belonged. That sense of camaraderie has survived." He speaks fondly of Mr. Trott's encyclopaedic knowledge of Noel Coward songs, and of Mr. Sill, who, he explains, helped land him his first job. "When I first went into radio, I applied for a job on a film programme. When I arrived for the TV interview, somehow there had been some misunderstanding, and it turned out they wanted someone to do a Classical music programme. Truth to tell, I know hardly anything about classical music. All I did was to remember the spirit of Mr. Sill's music classes. He said, "In music criticism all you have to do is say that its "evocative" and "typical of the genre". If you look at musical criticism today, even in the *Independent*, that's all it boils down to."

By his own admission, Mark Steyn was at the time "a cocky young guy" and was "quite keen on a brutal sort of way, to start making money." On recording an interview for the local station he was working on in England, he would flug it to stations all over North America. Soon he turned from classical music to "rock radio".

"I enjoyed being a D.J.," he admits "You come in, and you don't care two hoots about lots of records. You talk all over them, and in between you play singles which say 'Mark Steyn: The World's Most Fabulous Human Being.' Eventually, however, he became bored and disenchanted. He was worried by

the internal politics of local radio, lest the turntables be turned, and he be thrown out of his job. Searching for a more secure "power base", he began to write for *The Times* and *The Daily Telegraph*, before joining *The Independent* on its inception.

But Mark Steyn's style, be it on *Kaleidoscope* or in *The Independent* still has something of the D.J.'s patter about it. His tone is affable, full of Broadway slang and measured digression. He himself divides critics into two castes, "elegant essayists" and "nuts and bolts foaming evangelicals." He is, he says, one of the latter. Well aware that his streetwise chit-chat does not naturally fit into the austere columns of *The Independent*, he is something of a Cavalier among Roundheads.

Steyn is known at *The Independent* as an assiduous name-dropper. His editor, attempting to parody his style, once began a piece, "As Lisa Minelli was saying to me in bed this morning...." In the space of two hours he casually flung down the names of Lauren Bacall, Whitney Houston and Frank Sinatra, each of whom he had met in recent weeks. But there is method in this man's hob-knobbing. Steyn has built his reputation on a technical expertise which derives from his countless contacts "in the biz."

"Insofar as I know anything about musicals, I learnt it all from Alan J. Lerner, who wrote "My Fair Lady", from Julie Styne, who wrote "Crazy", from the folk who wrote "Singin' in the Rain" and "Cabaret". That's why I think it's important to go to the horse's mouth."

But Steyn's pride at being a market leader in musical criticism is tempered somewhat by the awareness that he has no competition whatsoever. "It wouldn't be very hard for that chair over there to be the foremost musical theatre critic in London", he says, with a rather expansive gesture. Indeed, his middle-class, Solihull upbringing seems to have imbued him with a sort of Protestant Work Ethic, a sense that being a critic is not, in fact, a "proper" job at all. "I do think there's something rather pathetic about being a full time drama critic," he grouses. Just as his K.E.S. contemporaries have wasted their creative potential, so, he says, have many of his fellow critics, and in order to prevent the same fate from attending himself, he is currently writing two shows, one for London, one for Broadway. He likes to quote Sibelius' dictum that "In all the world there is nowhere a statue erected to a critic." (Though, as he has observed in the past, there aren't all that many be erected to artists either.)

It is the smug destruction wrought by critics like Clive James that Mark Steyn particularly abhors. Such work, he suggests, is merely a vehicle for the quickfire wit of the critic: it tells one nothing about the work under consideration. "All the criticism that people remember is destructive" he complains. "How many times do you read criticism which sheds any light on a work of art?" But if the critics' destructive power frustrates him, then so does the critic's impotence. Although a writer on the theatre is more able than a film or T.V. pundit to persuade a director to improve a certain show, this rarely happens. "That", says Steyn, "is why criticism is ultimately of such little value."

But if Steyn's craft is an ignoble one, then what of his subject? Musical theatre is, after all, an art form dictated more than any other by commercial expediency. Does it now suffer for this? "Yes, it suffers to the extent that it is probably true that very few musicals are great art...almost all of them are imperfect. Even *Porgy and Bess* is a very flawed work. But what they are done is to reach out and touch millions of people in the English speaking world. They endure because there is great merit and truth in them. Although it sounds as if they are done for commercial considerations, most great musicals are happy accidents.

"When you have theatre like the R.S.C. and the National, which is completely cut off from the commercial impetus - from the need to put your show over that night so that these people will tell their friends that you must see *that* show - when you don't get that impetus you are completely cut off from what I think is the lifeblood of theatre, which is the inter-relationship between what's on stage and the audience."

Steyn also refutes the charge that the musical lacks any dramatic virtues - that it is merely a collection of rather disparate ditties. He cites moments of immense dramatic intensity in "My Fair Lady" where a

single, repeated lyric can accomplish concisely and clearly what it takes Shaw pages to do in "Pygmalion." Nevertheless, he concedes that "it doesn't often reach these heights" We asked whether, the average Lloyd-Webber blockbuster reaches those heights: "Andrew doesn't. Andrew thinks he does, but he doesn't."

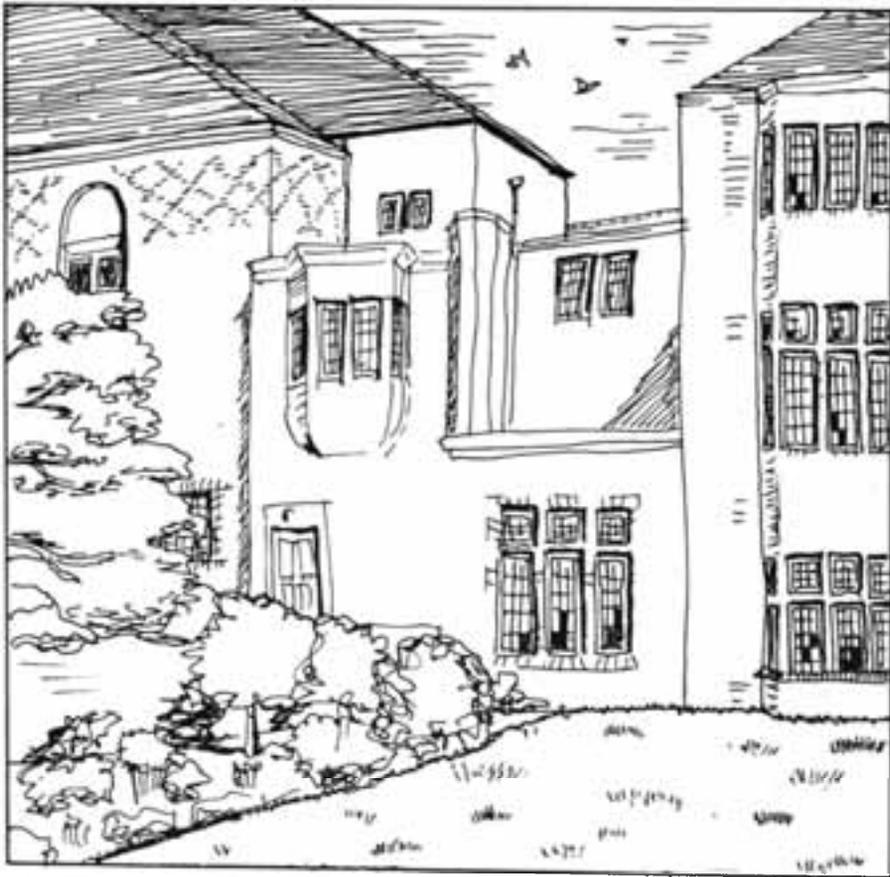
Indeed, the great musical is dead. Mark Steyn is tending a geriatric genre in its last years of life, and he knows it: "One of the sad things about the musical is that basically to a lot people it is now a very square medium, and it is true that a lot of its practitioners are very elderly. People get excited about Stephen Sondheim, the great *enfant terrible*, but he's sixty. There aren't that many youngsters coming along."

Steyn spends much of his time writing obituaries for great musical writers, who have "lived to see it all fritter away". But he cannot abide nostalgia, detesting Radio 2, a radio station which is based on the premise that everything was wonderful once, because you could buy a suit for 2/6. Steyn wants to seek out new talent, not glut his sorrow on old time all time greats. He feels disadvantaged by his middle-class upbringing: "Most of the people I work with now have either been to Eton or one of the great public schools, or else they are real "salt-of-the-earth-Northerners". I think if you are from Yorkshire, you have a lot of dog-cred, and if you are from that public school background you have a kind of natural superiority, which will see you through. But there's no great shakes in crawling your way up from the middle classes ... It counts for absolutely nothing.

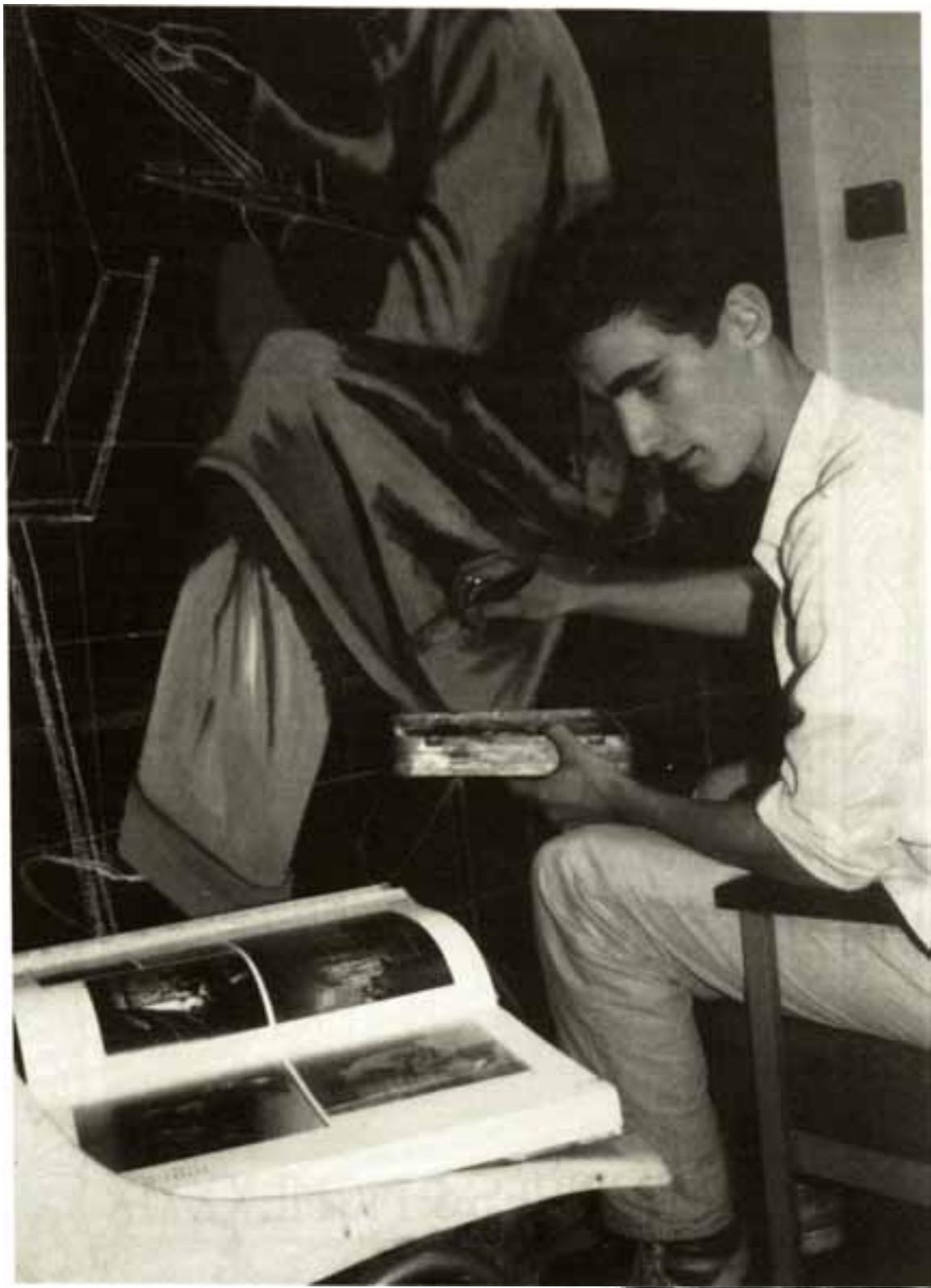
Mark Steyn still says, "My only regret is that in King Edward's terms, I failed." But he is convinced that before long he will have caught up with his more diligent contemporaries: "I'll get a degree eventually. Some farm college in Ohio will give me an honorary doctorate in something or other, and I will go along very happily and accept. It'll just have taken me a bit longer than everyone else."

Adam and Matthew Grimley.





THIS IS THE PICTURE OF THE OLD SCHOOL BY THE BOURN~ BROOK TO WHICH THE PEOPLE OF THIS STORY WENT. HERE ~ AFTER FOLLOWS THE WORDS AND PICTURES. ✿ MCMLXXXIX





Epic - Norseman

Rain, rain hailed down, pebbles from the heavens,
Hard past into the blackened sea, the cold, black cat,
Deep, dark hole, sea. Cruel whips of electric night,
Thrown from sooty clouds,
Frightening young children while elders pray
For forgiveness from their angry and unseen deities,
Outside their trembling huts, elements gave all in an attempt to blow
And wash away this part of the world
Through the wet dust-mist and the gobstopper raindrops a shape,
Its face bent around like black, treachery liquorice.
More rain and the shape fades.

High tide, the pinkish water slopped greedily over the bodies
As silhouette plus dance in the twilight world,
Carefully chasing their next course,
the blood red sun sinks into the sea.
The light filtering through the dilute sky threw long
Shafts of light down into the cool, misty grey morning;
Like beams from the Gods booms wrenching apart
The blubbering whitewashed candyfloss,
Clouds: the Gods soft moss lawns,
It filtered down illuminating spots in the dew;
Drenched deep marshes of the slime, while druids,
Hungry for a chance to worship their crazed deities, stumble to the light source.

The calm sea was torn asunder as the pillagers cutting their
War-torn path wherever they sent.
Green, sticky, algae covered trees, their huge, burnt by poker,
Scarred sides.
Begging arms bend down, perhaps at in pleading but pity.
Whispering worried trees talk of the child,
Seeking refuge in this natural haven.
Listen: sobs; listen to the child;
The forest feels his alchemy of emotions, his maelström of soul-stirring feelings,
All discerned from his cries.
Wilderness in his heart, turmoil in his mind, flames in his eyes,
An innocent casualty torn by an almost casual war.
Simple men slaughtered, potters, weavers, cooks, hunters,
fishermen, farmers, travellers, all gone.
The forest cries out for justice, justice for the boy, moist red face, stained with tears,
Pounding head, feel the pistons and hammers,
Cog wheels all trembling, crumbling, falling.
See the salt disappear into his tunic.
Red circles under around his eyes, rivers tumbling,
His eyes drown in the whirling spinning waterfalls of his tears.
Turmoil in his mind, thoughts racing, crashing,
On the barriers of his mind.
Thoughts, thoughts of his parents, as a child playing with them,
He had learned all he knew by watching them and copying them.
He had helped them, they him, in times of bad harvest,
Had given their food to him, now all wiped away,
An ornate sandcastle washed away by a relentless sea.
Jigsaw pieces, Siamese children, related by the heart.

John Sabapathy, Upper Middles.



Ivan KISSANE, Sixths

Bush Babies

Their black-rimmed eyes
Glancing inquisitively,
The bush-babies huddle on a branch,
Reaching hands with long pink
Fingers grasp flies,
Which they eat with mock delicacy.

They pause to wait in a melancholy fashion,
As if blaming each other for some crime.
Then proceed to groom and
smooth themselves,
And stroke their rich fur coats.

Their heavily decorated faces
glaring suspiciously,
The gossiping women poise around the table.
Reaching gloved hands raise cups of Earl Grey
Which they slowly sip in false postures.

Cruel talk dismembers reputations,
The incessant whining exposes acquaintances,
As they tilt their froil bedecked hats
And adjust their rich fur coats.

James Picardo, Shells

Golden Plovers

Wisps of golden black and green
Skim over a field of thinning dune;
Reminiscing warm times of assured
Humbleness,
They fly away amidst a struggle of Imperial
bloom.

A rendezvous with amiable intentions
Could scarcely postpone their flamboyant bond.
In the strife of those tailored rules of schoolboys,
Shrilled a warrior's departing song.

Contrasting his once lively naivety,
He toiled in climates of heat and irony:
Not perturbed, he thought of tranquility
Far from there.

A holy opportunity ruffled his plumage,
The homeward sense of fulfilment overcame,
Then the joyous sight of wisps of thrice
Golden black and green,
Rising up for the right of the nests
Of the named

Releasing the chains of common familiarity,
Diminutive flocks leave their fold;
Their ideals of passive equilibrium
Are fulfilled, at last,
In a twilight of plovers.

J. P. Temperley, Fourth.

Gladys of Washerama

Gladys works in Washerama,
She is a short, rotund lady,
She wears a shocking pink blouse,
A bilious green skirt and orange limous socks.

Fascinating parrot earrings swing like a
Pendulum of a clock from her crinkled lobes.
Glad's voice is high pitched and squawky.
She always calls me 'Chick'.
I like Gladys.

She is always happy and cheerful,
A cackling laugh whistles out through a
Toothless gap when she smiles.
She always has time for me,
She never rushes,
She is always the same.
The Washerama would not be the same
without our Glad.

Richard Adams, Removes.

The Neighbours' Rap

Hello there, my name is Mabel,
What nice flowers on the table!
Pardon, but I know you're new,
The number of good neighbours these
days is few.

Well, hi there Mabel, my name is Sharon,
I've got a husband, his name is Darren.
We've got two boys, Kev and Gary:
One of them's gay and his boyfriend's Larry.

I hate all men, my one's called Paul:
All he ever does is shout and bawl.
If there's no red sauce left in the pot,
It was that fat git who ate the lot.

I know what you mean, men are the pits,
They're just a load of sexist gits
When they come home, drunk from the pub,
They expect a plate of lovely grub.

Mabel, you and me are gonna be mates,
So long as I can borrow eight party plates.
I'm having a great housewarming dinner,
You'll eat so much, you won't get thinner.

Well, thank you Sharon, I accept,
But the plates were smashed when my cat left.
You think we're having a gossip and some fun,
But I'm really a journalist from 'The Sun'.

Well, just as true as football's played
on a pitch,
You really are a stupid bitch.
So get out now, you've seen the gates,
And you know where you can shove your
party plates

Will Butcher, Rous



A Death in the Family

I'd watched her only the night before,
In a well lit hospital ward.
Now a new old person marks the spot.
She should have gone three years ago,
The doctors seemed agreed.

Entering the house that evening,
Old uncles had emerged to sit and drink fresh tea.
Sips broken only by barren glances.
Brave face, they said,
Still numb from the shock.
Never mind, she had a good run.
Seems incredible to think, well.
Each dipped a paw in the icy lake
But refused to say the word.

Whilst away in Witton cemetery a body lay forgot,
Abandoned to forgetfulness, in a grassed two metre plot.



Knowing the Dancer from the Dance

'Take me back to dear old Blighty,
Drop me on the table and the town.
Take me anywhere,
Drop me anywhere,
Liverpool, Leeds or Birmingham
Cos I don't care!

For the girls, high-kicking across
The creaking stage,
This is just their job.
Each night they are paid to slip on
Scanty costumes, to paint themselves
Up as decadent clowns.
But for me those words
Are the sum of my ambition.
Within that crude rendition
Burns my sole desire.
These fishnet filips
Are the pinnacle of my dream.
Two months on the front,
The sound of shrapnel tearing into flesh
Destroys all other hopes.
She is all I was warned against:
Now she is all I want.

Adam Grimley, Upper Middles.

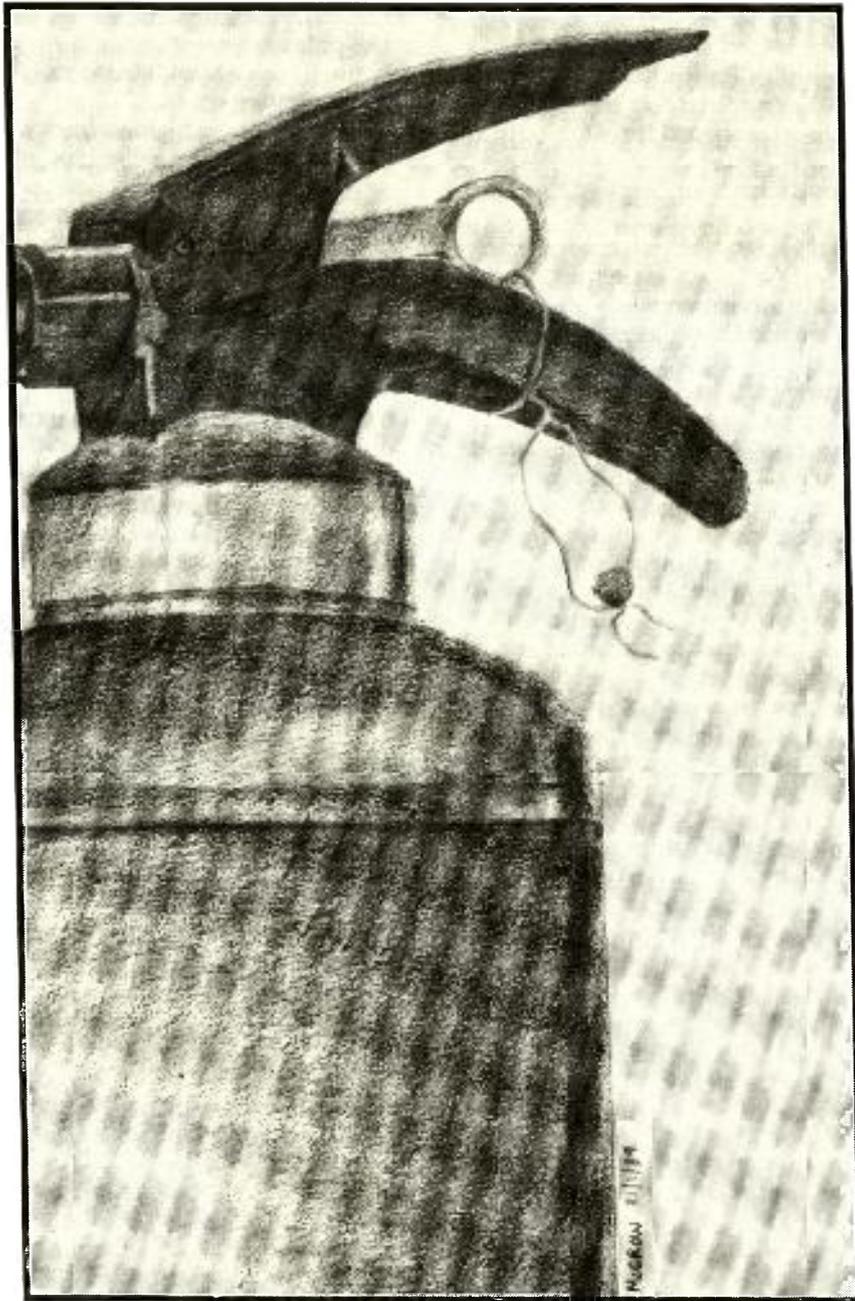
Trying to Awake

Looking from the train, roaring
Surreptitiously home
I could see, running across the mustard
A familiar figure, only not as I'd known him.
No, here he was lean and gaunt;
Coming towards us, not with a steady stride,
But stumbling, throwing himself to the soil
Now and then to avoid imaginary shells.
Cutting his ankles to shreds
On hidden barbed wire.
Nearer he came, running beside the train;
Now I could see that his eyes
Were ablaze with fear,
That his greycoat was spattered with
The blood of his friends
And his mouth dribbled wildly.
Turning away, I tried to lose them,
But still I could hear him shrill
'Your Country needs You', demented.

Looking around, I saw that
The privates now laughed at me;
They too were shouting,
Shrieking in chorus the phrase from the poster.
And the Kings and Queens on
Their dog-eared cards,
Even my father, wheezing from the pit,
Told of their disapproval.
Friends that I'd left behind,
Names soon to be chiselled on marble boards,
The sons of this parish
Were calling me back.
Abbott, Allen, Arkwright, Ashby,
Barford, Bridlington, Catten, Cull.
AETERNA ERIT MEMORIA.

Adam Grimley, Upper Middles.





Art Stop Press

An added bonus to our changing from JMB to "The Welsh Board" (WJEC) at 'A' Level in Art & Design, is that Dugal McCrow has been chosen to have his work in Graphics (Printmaking) exhibited at the National Eisteddfod of Wales at Llanrwst between the 5th and 12th August this year.

Being a true Celt, Dugal is hoping to cling to the fastnesses of Edinburgh for four years taking his MA in Fine Art at the University, after his year's sojourn in the opposing climes of Port Said, teaching English (as she is spoke furr the las' time, Jummy!).

DCS

Will of all the People

"Is this the residence of Bantu Male and Bantu Female Kumalo?" enquired a burly white policeman, truncheon strapped threateningly at his waist.

"Yes, my wife and I live here," replied Kumalo, smiling calmly.

"I have a search warrant here, empowering me to investigate all parts of the premises. I am sure I do not need to advise you, as a lawyer, of your legal rights," replied the policeman, allowing himself a small smile.

"That is correct, even if I had to travel overseas to study." Kumalo spat back.

"But surely you could conduct a more efficient search during the day."

"It may be more convenient for you," the second policeman remarked, with the arrogance of petty authority. "But this is not for your benefit. We have reason to believe that you have banned materials inside your house." He paused and whistled, an obvious signal to the four more white policemen who stepped out of the shadows, where they had been invisible.

Kumalo stepped aside, leaving the doorway half-open, but the sneering Afrikaners pushed him aside, and split up in a well-rehearsed operation, each man heading for a predetermined area. They acted like bulldozers, pulling out drawers, emptying their contents over the floor, kicking pieces of furniture out of their way, deliberately ransacking and smashing the well ordered rooms. The two senior men ruthlessly pulled the books from the shelves, one by one, examining their titles, occasionally retaining one for closer examination, and tossing the others over their shoulders into the growing pile of chairs, blankets and clothes which littered the centre of the room. At least, after a quarter of an hour, when all the shelves were bare, every drawer empty and every room chaotic, the men relented, as if by a pre-arranged signal.

The two leaders strode purposefully to Kumalo, carrying a pile of six books. "Bantu Male Kumalo!" one demanded, confronting him. "Mr. Kumalo, if you please", fought back their victim, but his defiance was dented by incredulity. "These books are banned, and you have flagrantly flouted the law by retaining them".

"But I need them for my legal practice; those transcripts of recent trials contain many important judgements".

"At the Rivonia Trial, included here, the terrorist leader Mandela was imprisoned, so this book

naturally contains quotations from him", replied the policeman unhesitatingly," and is therefore banned, since Mandela is a banned person. I will be in further contact." The six Afrikaners filed out with a word, anonymous to all but each other, shrouded in a cloak of inhumanity.

"Lieutenant Kruger?" demanded Kumalo, and he saw one of the policeman freeze. "Merry Christmas! Shall I send you a card at home or via your superiors?"

Oliver Johnson, Fifths.

Rebellion

The bell rang; tolling of freedom it echoed around the school. For Crispin, the sound had a very different meaning: it marked the beginning of a world of isolation, expectation and misery, a world where all the doors are locked.

Crispin left the classroom some time after his classmates and yet still failed to avoid being carried along towards the exit by the vast tide of blue-robed flesh. As always, his mother was waiting for him in her nice, shiny Mercedes, simpering at other mothers. Crispin hustled into the back-seat of the car as inconspicuously as he could, like a disgraced politician anxious to avoid the media. He was greeted by his mother's rouged face.

"Hello dear! Have a nice day?" she beamed.

"Yes," Crispin replied, a little dismissively.

"Any more exam results?"

"Er....yes, three."

The car eased down the drive, ploughing the field of blue, as cold, envious eyes regarded Crispin and his steel cosmos.

"Well?" Crispin's mother persisted.

"Pardon?" Crispin was wrenched from his thoughts.

"Your results!"

"Oh....I got distinctions in maths and chemistry...?"

"Oh that's super! Of course you worked jolly hard."

".....and I got a grade one in French."

"Ah well, never mind. Still, that's good too."

Crispin's mother ceased her interrogation, and the poor boy was left in peace for the rest of the journey. She had acquired the desired information; she had obtained more ammunition to use in her conversations at canasta evenings, and she would be able to pursue her attempt to obtain an early Oxbridge place for Crispin. That was her dream: the newspaper and television coverage, the guest appearances at school meetings, and so on. Wouldn't that be something to talk about at the

ladies' club!

At home, Crispin took a book from the library and went down the long oak staircase into the lounge, where his father was reading the Law Society journal. Crispin's father was a clever man, a magistrate respected throughout the town. Sometimes he preferred to let his wife govern in social matters, but domestically, he regarded himself as 'the boss'. He was firm with Crispin, believing that academic prowess ranked far above sport, travel and material pleasures, which Crispin's classmates appeared to enjoy.

Crispin's father looked over his glasses at Crispin, now engrossed in *Pride and Prejudice*.

"Have you any homework to do, Crispin?"

"Yes dad, but I thought I'd....."

"Well get on and do it, old man! Time for that later.!"

"Yes dad."

Geography. Crispin reached for his books and began to write. His thoughts soon strayed however. He wondered who would not be handing in his geography homework, and what the wrongdoers would say. Perhaps "I forgot it, Sir," or maybe, "I handed it in; it must be here somewhere." Crispin smiled to himself. What would happen if he did that? Would he be given lines or a detention like the other boys? Probably not.

The idea intrigued Crispin. He replaced his geography books in his case, with the work unfinished, and made his way down the staircase, with a little more verve and gaiety than usual. He entered the lounge, where his father was still buried in his journal.

"Finished work Crispin?" he said incredulously.

"Yes dad."

"Already?"

"Yes. The teachers were kind to us." Crispin chuckled non-infectiously.

"Well if you say so."

Crispin's father's attention reverted to his journal. Crispin sat back on the sofa and picked up *Pride and Prejudice*. He smiled.

How he longed for the next day.

J. C. Rimmer, Fourths.



Fin de Siècle

He stared and stared, but he just could not see. The virgin paper remained in the typewriter, leering at him, laughing at his inability to harm it.

Think, damn it. Think clearly.

His creative mind had lain dormant too long and could formulate no words, no sentences to express the emotions he held inside him. He could write, he knew it - But this was different; much different.

I can't do it. I can't. They're just images, feelings, flickering in my mind. How can I, how can anyone lay them down in a static form? I'm using the wrong medium to try and express a concept in; how can I show an undefined idea in words?

Find a title. A start. Break the emptiness and maybe then more will follow. A few words to sum up the inner anguish, the desperation. Nothing big, just a start.

He thought. He thought clearly. The hands which had created so much over the years were employed once more. The typewriter keys were punched and two words formed: 'The End'. That was what it was.

This is what it is, what I'm experiencing. An ending. The last dying breaths. But of what? Something powerful? Society? Britain? The World?

Things are looking up now that the recession has past, but I can sense something going, rotting slowly away around me and still I cannot see. The way I perceive things has changed; my environment is different. The message is there but I cannot latch onto it.

It's far too complex for me to slide into a framework; the feelings are too many and too vague. Nothing but memories. Glimpses into how it used to be and how it is. What differences are there? None? Then why have things altered? Why do I feel so alone, so abandoned? Can no-one else perceive the undertones of destitution all around? Am I the only one? The only thinker?

I must do something. I have to tell others the situation. Maybe then it will change. Listen? They have to. How do I do it? Words. Have to be words to express myself. I'm the expert.

But how can I tell others about something I cannot fully comprehend?

Still he stared and stared, but he could not see. Thoughts. Emotions. Desperation. Voices. A voice. Reality.

"John?" Damn reality.

"John!"

"What?"

"John, come down. Please?"

He moved slowly, reluctantly leaving his niche, his attic studio, to transgress into the real world.

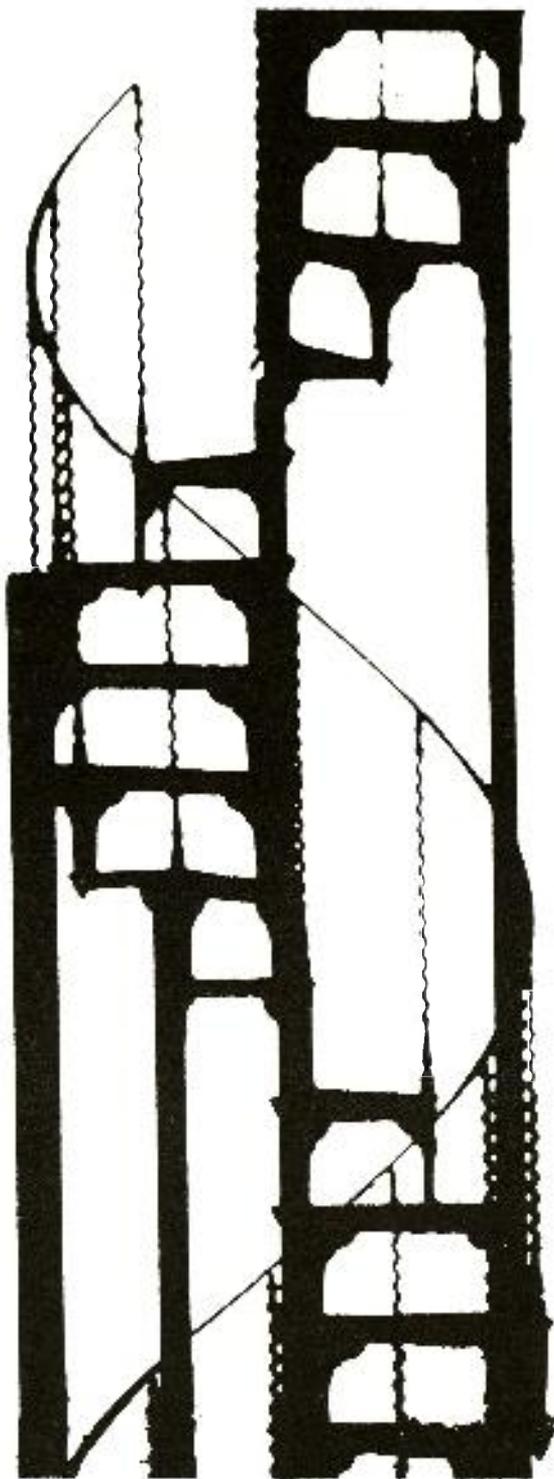
Back to the typewriter. Back to the empty pages of unsaid ideas. Three hours. Two words; 'The End' - a haunting beginning to a work that could never be.

The world has changed in my lifetime. Changed for the better, with no-one in poverty, no-one unhappy. But still I yearn for something. There's something empty around me, something missing. In the past they would have looked to religion, but I cannot search for something so remote, so unfulfilling.

Maybe I belong in the past. In the days of my father, my grandfather. In the days of foolish idealism, of ridiculous devotion to causes that lead to nothing. The days when people acted instead of sitting ... sitting and thinking with empty minds.

He stared. He stared and he saw. The destitution, the dying breaths were not outside, but internal. He finally saw. And the tears poured down his cheeks.

Joe Winkley, Fifths.



Vicious Spirals

When young-just old enough to go out at nights-coming back late from friends, he would edge up warily: right hip, thigh and arm pressed against the outside rail, eyes darting so as to see above, behind, into the recesses of each landing, all at once; often stumbling, occasionally falling to remove neat strips of flesh from his shins; always scared that the biters would catch him up, lest they lurked in some doorway.

When adolescent, in rarified stupors, he would stomp up resolvedly; the odd furtive glance to the rear followed by a nonchalant throw-away fringe flick; one hand to the rail, the other to the central support, stopping every second spiral to let the world catch up or start spinning back into focus; unless in childlike paranoia, convinced he should be bitten, he would charge the whole eight twisted flights, to scrape both hands and shins, to lean recklessly against the fatigued metal; at the top, contemplative of a vomit revenge on the biter nightmares which terrorised his ascent.

Then, only once or twice, with lust-lover in tow, leading masterfully, suggestively up the stairway: too fast, too much on the balls of his feet, too much! Bottom wiggling: "Biters come and get me!" Then, shrewdly outpacing his mate, the one he amorously carried, gallant, knight-errant; the other, in exhaustion and ecstatic dementia, with a second sexual wind, consumed

him on the sixth: Boston Girder Company imprinted for their pains in painful flesh: a bottom bitten.

Then not at all, until fortune turned again, and in a twist he reverted the same spiral stairtop home: its tenants overtaxed, would pass on, out, and away with such frequency that his luck was not quite so heartfelt.

The last time he mounted, in the light; no rained-on shoeslip steps on which to falter, no idle climbers there to delay him, no night dash to fright, no beery haze to retch him, no "Who's home late?" unwelcoming call: there was a biter, broad daylight between the sixth and seventh, flashing metal neatly inserted betwixt floors, betwixt ribs.

His dizzy flight up the spiral stair halted, fallen hard to the rusting ribs of the railing, winded from repeated impaling: he turned to see the biter, the bugbear of those nights of caution, betrayer of his confidence in daylight, and turned again: hip and thigh, hand and forearm pressed up to the outer rail; firm in the hope of salvation, tender despite the frustration, sober despite the intoxication, present despite promotion, turned and returned, yet spiralling on, yet reaching little, but exhaustion and dizziness at the repetition of monotony: his last seconds blamed, wholeheartedly, on the Boston Girder Company.

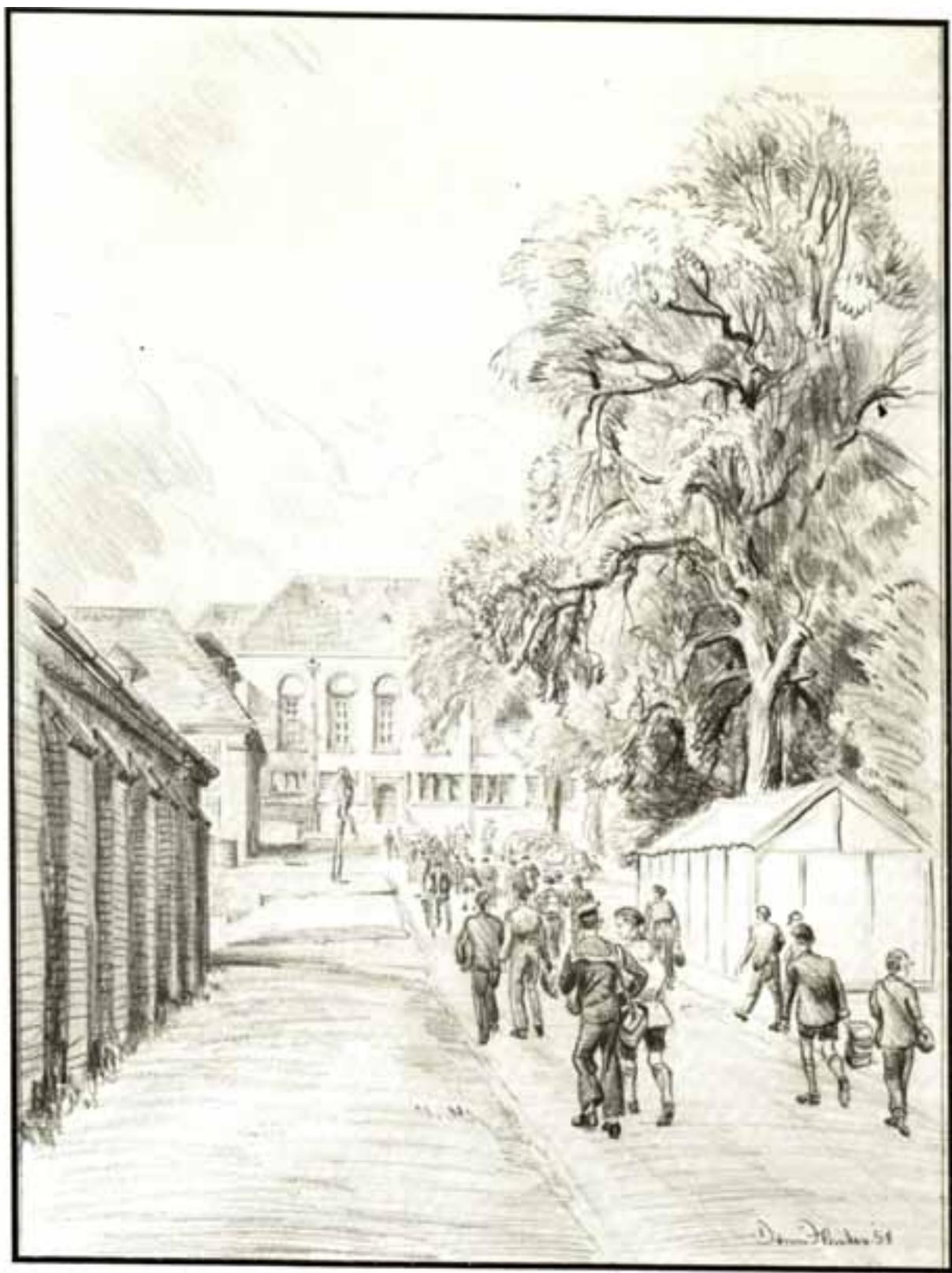
Thomas Pritchard, Divisions.

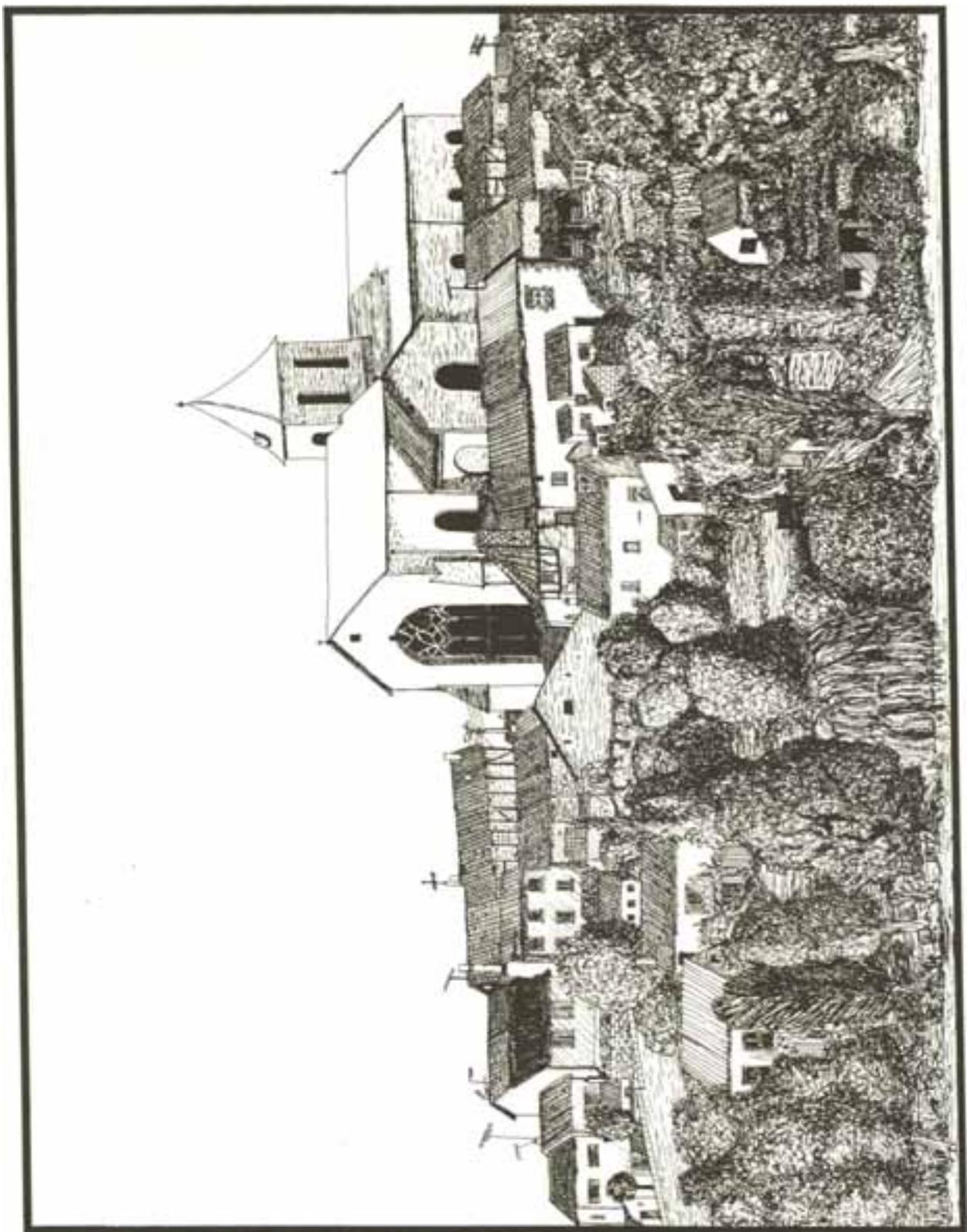


KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL



SPEECH DAY
8th July, 1989







AGORA

This society, newly set up this year, has attracted considerable attention and is, I am happy to say, now flourishing.

The name, Agora, means (approximately) the same as the Latin "forum" - a forum in which we discuss topics of a broadly philosophical, psychological, or cultural nature.

We have had eight meetings this year with titles ranging from "The True Morality" and "Beauty" to "Diffused Responsibility and Crowd Psychology"; next year we hope to have at least as many and we hope also to attract some of the Divisions.

We would also like to thank the Dining Hall staff who have always prepared refreshments for us, and particularly to the Chief Master who was very encouraging during the rather uncertain first couple of months of the society.

Nicholas Jacobs, Divisions.



ARES

As is now customary, the society made its annual pilgrimage to Brown Clee Hill to take part in the RSGB, VHF contest. Although conditions were far from ideal, we have contacts with over 400 stations in the British Isles and around Europe. The weekend would have been perfect had it not been for the incompetence of David Smith, who added cold water to the instant potato and then proceeded to eat most of the bread.

In November we purchased a secondhand VHF Multimode base station (these things don't come cheap). It was put through its paces in the December VHF contest and came through with flying 'contacts'.

Although much of our time is involved with talking to radio amateurs throughout the world, we have tried to widen our interests by, for example,

setting up demonstrations of packet (not pocket) radio. This fascinating communication mode transmits error-free data, and should interest the computer buffs. We also took part in several foxhunts, which involve finding a hidden radio operator with the use of receivers with directional aerials.

The last activity of the year was a visit to Telephone House in the city centre. Here we were shown the three types of exchange currently in operation. Much of the equipment we were shown was of mind-boggling complexity, but, ever eager for more punishment, we are arranging to be shown up Telephone Tower next term.

I would like to remind boys that demonstrations of the fascinating world of amateur radio can be seen most Thursday lunchtimes in the "shack" which is located near the Gild Hall.

Paul Ashby, Fifths.



ART SOCIETY

Exhibitions visited by Art specialists in the Sixths and Divisions ('A' and 'A/S' Level) along with K.E.H.S. VI and Lower VI - included in London: "Toulouse Lautrec": The Graphic Works and "Henry Moore", R.A.; The Clore Gallery, Autumn term 1938; "Leonardo da Vinci- artist, scientist, inventor", Hayward Gallery; Joan Miro, Whitechapel; "Italian Art in the Twentieth Century" R.A., Lent term 1989. In Birmingham, various exhibitions were visited by Divisions and Sixths Extra Studies on some occasions, including: "Art at the Edge", "Contemporary Art" from Poland; "The Presence of Painting-Aspects of British Abstraction, 1957-1988"; and "Searchlight", - all at the Ikon Gallery; "C.R.W. Nevinson - A Retrospective"; Pre-Raphaelite Drawings; "William Morris - Pattern Designer"; and Old Edwardian Burne-Jones's "The Holy Grail Tapestries" - all at the City Art Gallery; "Hard Travelling - Peter Mackarell" Birmingham Polytechnic, School of Art Education; "Paint the City", R.B.S.A. Centenary Exhibition; "Fine Art" - Staff of the School of Fine Art, Department of Art, B.P.I.A.D., Birmingham Polytechnic; and NSEAD/Society of Art Masters

Centenary Exhibition, plus Midlands Potters - all at R.B.S.A. Galleries, New Street.

Exhibitions within the department included O.E. Guy Martyr's paintings, drawings and "criteria charts", and two travelling exhibitions from the Ikon Gallery: "Mystery and Metaphor", (drawings by Andrew Holmes and Houria Niati); and "Objects: Beyond Their Function" (Creativity in Product Design).

In Summer term 1988 some sets of Removes visited the City Art Gallery as part of their teaching programme and used two exhibitions as a resource: Eduardo Paolozzi's "Lost Magic Kingdoms", and "Masks" (West Coast North American Indians), both derived from the collections of the Museum of Mankind, London. The Deputy Curator of Fine Art, Jane Farrington, also gave talks to A-level Art specialists. Several GCSE candidates used the Barber Institute and the City Art Gallery in their Critical Studies investigation. Several groups of Upper Middles visited Bournville College of Art (now part of the Birmingham Polytechnic) to view the '88-'89 end of year display of students' work.

An Autumn term "field trip" was made by A-level Art specialists jointly with K.E.H.S. to Upton House, near Banbury, which is being visited again this year.

In Summer term 1989 A/S candidates journeyed to Liverpool in the company of K.E.H.S. girls and staff, visiting "The Tate of the North", the Roman Catholic Cathedral, the Albert Dock, The Cavern, and other cultural attractions.

Our two A-level Art and Design candidates, Guy Maughan (going to Bourneville) and Dugal McCrow, worked with the Birmingham University Archaeology Field Unit on a project to re-design two educational cartoons introducing archaeology to primary and secondary pupils. The first of

these will be published shortly, in colour; it is reproduced in back and white elsewhere in this issue.

DCS and G.N. Maughan, & I.D. McCrow, Sixths.



CLASSICAL SOCIETY

Collegii prisci litterarum humaniorum duces discipulos ad nonnullas contiones per hunc annum convocaverunt. Hieme enim discipuli quidam, inter quos Dugal McCrow notissimus fuit, contionem habuerunt et de itinere in Graeciam facto locuti sunt. Eo tempore certamen ludorum scaenicorum ad morem spectaculi Atheniensis auctore David Stevens inter iuniores factum est. Spero spectaculum huiusmodi rursus factum iri. Sub idem tempus ad symposium conventum est, ubi omnes epulabantur vinumque comparabant, Graeca quidem facilitate. Tum de Petronii Cena Trimalchionis et de Iuvenalis Saturis et de Platonis Symposio, praesente magistro clarissimo Robert Tibbott, lectum est.

Ante diem quintum Idus Februarias, C.S. Lightfoot, professor doctissimus, nostraeque scholae alumnus, contionem habuit, in qua locutus est de Romanis in Asia regentibus, multasque picturas pulcherrimas ostendit. Huic et magistro Lambie, qui eum invitaverat, gratias plurimas ago. Ea tempestate David Stevens choragus electus cum Niru Ratnam comoediam, a iunioribus actam, fecit ediditque. Magistro Owen et David Stevens discipulo gratias plurimas ago: spero equidem res futuras omnes prospere eventuras esse, Vale.

Richard Fowler, Classical VIth





JUNIOR CLASSICAL SOCIETY

Once again, four teams of top quality (in most cases at least) junior classicists were selected by their four respective teachers and greeted by the usual rowdy support. The questions ranged from a simple warm-up round to those which were as obscure as the text-books would stretch and test the teams on everything from vocabulary to Greek myth and Tartarus. Lippy's Lads at last beat off intense competition from George's Jockstraps, Stephenson's Suckers and the Fat Stan Band to gain prestigious honour of victory. The occasion was thoroughly enjoyed by all participants and the spectators, who seemed to know absolutely every single answer as they drowned the quizmaster's voice in boos and cheers, according to the tradition of the event.

I am delighted to declare that the society's number of meetings was doubled this year by the reintroduction of the Shell Classical Play competition from several years ago. A large audience packed into the drama studio to see Heracles, Perseus and other characters from Greek myth. Mr. Evans's Classics set, Shell U, gave a splendid performance of "The Labours of Heracles" to win, and a special mention must be made of the excellent performances of Nayyar as Heracles and Yallup as the King of Hades.

Thanks go to Mr. Owen for his revival of the event, as well as his administration of the quiz, and David Stevens must be congratulated for his excellent organisation which made the event so successful. Finally, the society thanks the actors for their great efforts and hopefully the competition will also become a tradition like the quiz.

S. Thomas, Fifths.



DEBATING SOCIETY

The Debating Society without Carl Rohsler was always going to be a bit like Iran without the Ayatollah; no-one had the skill or charisma to

take up where our spiritual leader had left off. Over the past year, however, several militant clerics have come to the fore, among them Sean Smith, Tom Pritchard and the ubiquitous Nick Jacobs. These are the men to watch. The power struggle is just beginning.

In the first debate, "This House believes that terrorists have no right to a free trial," Sean, along with the ever-vehement Meg Tait, convincingly defeated the motion. Even wider was the 33-0 defeat for "This House believes that the Sunday Sport is a harmless bit of fun", in which Guy Derrington, methodical as ever, carefully attacked Tom Pritchard's jesuitical argument that the *Sunday Sport* was less smutty than *The Independent*. The Ayatollah himself loomed large in "This House believes that organised religion is inherently intolerant" in which Tamsin Shaw, eager to test out the motion, blasphemed against all the world's great faiths. Last of all came a rather meagrely attended debate (more of a colloquy, really) on "This House would ban the CCF".

School pairs have done well in external competitions - Nick Jacobs and Niru Ratnam came fourth in the Birmingham Post Competition, whilst Philip Blenkinsop's cocky wit earned him a special commendation in the Observer Mace.

I do not yet know who will emerge from all the intriguing to lead the Debating Society into the next decade, but I wish him well, and would like to thank Mr. L. Evans for putting up with my rather chaotic caretaker administration.

Matthew Grimley, Sixths.



JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

The Junior Debating Society was restarted by Miss Stephenson in January of this year, the last debate having been held in 1986. The debating opened with a balloon debate, followed two weeks later by "This house would exploit animals". The motion was passed.

From now on, a successful link was made the girl's school, thereby ensuring packed houses in room 160. The subsequent debates were as follows: "This house thinks that a woman's place is in the home" (defeated only by sympathy), "This house would publish and be damned" (a topical debate

over freedom of speech), "All's fair in love and war" and "This house would join KES with KEHS passed by thirty-seven votes for, to thirty-two against, by the floor.

Hugh Houghton, Removes.



FELL WALKING

The Fell Walking Society first met in December, having had a break for the first few months of the autumn term. This was the occasion of the traditional winter walk to relieve the strain after the Christmas exams: to the Cotswolds on a crisp and sunny Saturday. We walked from Chipping Campden to Broadway and back. Following the Cotswold Way there we had excellent views, especially during lunch at Broadway Tower. The return walk took a less well known lowland route, to arrive back in Chipping Campden in time for a cream tea.

This walk was dominated by Senior boys, and so it was decided to organize a walk for the Junior boys who had expressed an interest during a recruitment campaign. This took place in January to the Malvern Hills, a location chosen to be more environmentally tame than most, but which proved to be anything but this. The walk began in fine weather at the southern end of the range. However, an hour or so into the walk, when approaching Herefordshire Beacon, otherwise known as British Camp, a name alluding to its ancient defensive earthworks, the rain began. After another sunny period, during our lunch stop in Wyche Cutting, it started to hail. Undeterred, we continued to the last summit of Worcester Beacon, where the strong wind driving hail at us encouraged a rapid descent.

This walk served as preparation for the most severe walk of the year, to the Berwyn Mountains in February. Meeting snow half way into Wales, we still did not expect snow several feet deep over the peak which we were planning to climb. Various methods such as crawling were attempted, but no individual successfully avoided encountering the muddy and icy water which lay below the snow in places. Abandoning reaching the summit itself, we returned to the relative

civilization of the Pistyll Rhaeadr waterfall, the highest in England and Wales, where we spent an hour or so.

Fortunately three walks with snow or hail rarely occur successively: the first walk of the summer term to the Stiperstones gave us beautiful weather. Other than walking, the main activities here were scrambling and sliding over some lead



mining spoil heaps, rock climbing at the Devil's Chair near the top of the Stiperstones, and crossing several barbed wire fences when we decided to include an additional hill in the walk.

The final walk this year was to Kinder Scout in the Peak District, after the summer exams in June. We could not have hoped for better weather to enhance the beautiful scenery. We ascended by the direct and steeper route, and reached the cliff named The Edge which gave excellent views across the famous Snake Pass. On this occasion tea was in the nearby village of Hayfield.

Finally Messrs. Cumberland, Lambie, Stark, Taggart and Workman must be thanked for enabling such memorable and enjoyable trips to take place.

Russell Osborn, Divisions.



FIELD STUDIES

Members of this Friday afternoon option have been energetically involved in various worthwhile activities centred around Edgbaston Park Nature Reserve, which has now been designated as a Site of Special Scientific Interest (or SSSI) by the Nature Conservancy Council.

The construction and maintenance of over sixty nest boxes, the collection of nesting records and the analysis of this data by a group of fifth

formers have ensured the continuation of the nest box scheme for over fifteen years now. They have also been able to submit their work for the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme at Silver level. A group of third form boys have begun to extend this project by constructing 'bat boxes'.

The battle to remove alien species of plant from the Nature Reserve has also continued with the emphasis now on the removal of sycamore and skunk cabbage since we have successfully brought the rhododendrons under control. The spread of sycamore is unlikely to be entirely prevented, as the annual production of seed and seedlings is enormous. However, by concentrating on the removal of larger saplings, they are being eradicated before their competition with native tree species becomes too great. Meanwhile the timber generated has been used to redefine the path edges, and so prevent the excessive trampling of bluebells in the woods. Skunk cabbage, whilst being an attractive and interesting bog plant, introduced from Canada by the Botanical Gardens, has reached a population size estimated in tens of thousands in the South Marsh. It is a large plant that is greedy for both light and nutrients, and has proved very difficult to remove manually. This year it has swamped all other native marsh plants and unless removed from sensitive areas by the use of selective herbicides, it will soon be the only species growing there! Two small botanical surveys of orchid and wood anemone populations have revealed encouraging increases in the population sizes of these locally important species.

It has been a successful year and I thank those who have helped to 'green up' KES.

S.E.L.



GEOGRAPHICAL
SOCIETY

This year saw the Geographical Society present a balanced series of talks, given by members of the school and outsiders. These began with a potentially contentious talk by Dr. John Mohan of Queen Mary College, London, on the 'Political Geography of Healthcare in Britain'. Last year Oliver Home spoke of the Higgitt clan, and once again nepotism was ripe as David Higgitt (O.E.) returned to KES to talk about 'The Disappearing

Lands of Northern China'. In the spring term our very own Guy Derrington teamed up with fellow travel scholarship winner, James Harbridge, to inform us about Sweden and acid rain. Niels Hooper, another travel scholarship winner, completed the series of talks when he treated us to the delights of Israel.

In addition to the talks, the society was active in other areas. Last year saw precedents: namely the 'Call My Bluff' competition for Shell and Rem forms, and the Christmas slide show (together with mince pies and tea). Both exercises were repeated this year. Jeremy Clifford provided the definitions for the 'Call My Bluff' competition, which Shell U won, and each member of the victorious was presented with a 'Geography is Going Places' mug. The slide show was held on



the last day of the Autumn Term, and saw many teachers, Old Edwardians and Sixth Formers attend. Perhaps the highlight was Mr. Lambie's slide of a note left by his son after an argument some years ago, which simply read '***** Daddy, FOREVER'. The evening closed with a presentation to Mr. Sljivic who departed to Bath to head a department.

Further precedents were to be made under the regime of Dr. Higgitt. A programme of the year's events was printed; three people were involved in the running of the Society (Andrew Harrop, Jeremy Clifford and Alex Borlenghi); and the Junior school was targeted as an untapped market, for which a talk on the Shropshire Mammoth was specially arranged, given by Julie Hendon. No doubt there are future ventures being planned for next year, perhaps including a trip (to Blackpool?). There is also room for greater co-operation between KES and KEHS Geographical Societies.

Thanks must go to the staff of the Geography Department, and in particular to Dr. Higgitt whose enthusiasm has helped the Society expand over the last two years. I wish all the best to the new chairman .

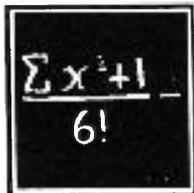
Andrew Harrop, Sixths

LITERARY SOCIETY

The Literary Society enjoyed another successful year. Meetings were frequent, if not well advertised. The season opened with a meeting of Light Verse, which was a period of embarrassing silence, interrupted by the occasional poem, all of which were read delightfully. Liz Wilson's fascinating talk on Hesse, which must get the prize for the most erudite talk of the year, severely dented the intellectual complacency of the group. However it was soon restored by a forage into the world of children's verse; a meeting to which some members bravely brought their own childhood poems. One of the great successes of the year must have been the series of meetings on the theme of "Words and Music", on which Robert Hall gave an excellent, forty minute 'off the cuff' lecture. The change of venue (to Mr. Argust's music room) and the musical accompaniment gave a much needed breath of new life to the Society's activities. The inevitable skirmish with Larkin was accompanied this year by some discussion and reading of Yeats' work in commemoration of his death, fifty years ago.

The Society enjoys consistent and stalwart support from members of the society, though too often attendance seems to be viewed rather as a duty than a pleasure. This year has produced some interesting and enjoyable lectures by members of the society, which ought to be encouraged. I was only sorry that we did not seriously entertain the idea of inviting a guest speaker, as has been the custom in past years. I bid the Lit. Soc. a fond farewell and hope it continues with its popularity and success at KES and KEHS.

C. J. Hood, Sixth.



MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY

The first talk this year was by Tony Gardiner on the subject of symmetry groups. This was an advanced talk, illustrated by some dangerously arty designs.

The second talk was given by Chris Nash, our in-house genius, who baffled us with problems from the 1988 International Mathematics Olympiad in Australia, in which he had competed. He then solved a few, putting us all to shame.

Dr. G.P. McCauley of Birmingham University gave the third lecture, which was on continued fractions. In a successful attempt to increase the size of the audience, the fourth dragged in some more culture, and Dr. C. Gough of Birmingham University lectured on waves, maths and music. A computer was also used, which after several attempts solved 500 simultaneous equations to produce the waveform of the sound made by a violin.

Finally, Mr. Stark (who really isn't a sixth former) gave a fascinating talk on trendy pentagonal tiling for bathrooms. Many thanks to all the speakers, and in particular to Mr. Stark who is leaving at the end of the year to return to Cambridge University.

Andrew Copas, Divisions.



THE METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY

The fact that very little is ever heard of the business of the Meteorological Society or of the existence of its members, means that most people would be quick to suggest that it was one of the traditional "all-name, no-work" groups. Contrary to this popular belief, however, it is actually one of the most active Societies in the school, since, unlike others, it runs seven days a week, every week. The main duty of the society is to provide accurate daily 9.00 am weather readings, using the School's Stevenson screen, which is positioned on the South Terrace.

This year has been a revelation for the Society, and the number of people actively taking part increased from the customary one or two to twenty-three, which included three members from KEHS (another precedent for the society). A further three members and Dr. Higgitt's Extra Studies group helped to install the newly acquired satellite dish, so that detailed weather pictures

could be received from around the world as they were transmitted from the satellite NOAA. Again, this is a new branch of the Society and I hope that this facility will be used next year by members in predicting future weather conditions, rather than just recording the weather as it happens.

Next year should see the introduction of a notice board which will report the previous week's weather conditions, as well as other interesting meteorological features, and with luck a visit to the Meteorological Office of Birmingham University will be arranged.

Finally, I'd like to thank everyone who has helped in making the past year such a success, especially Stephen Felderhof (who came into school every Sunday to take a weather reading) and Dr. Higgitt for her support throughout the year. I wish the Society continued success in the future.

Darren Scott, Sixths.



MODERN LANGUAGES SOCIETY

Although it might, at first, appear that this society has been keeping a remarkably low profile this year (after a tumultuous 1987-88), its activities might be compared to an iceberg, in that the visible part (that is, the advertised meetings) constitute only a small fraction of the whole.

Such advertised meetings as took place, however, provided a varied programme which should have included material of interest to all potential members, presupposing a working knowledge of either French or German. The first, and probably most successful of these talks was that given, in virtually fluent French, by Paul Edwards on his year spent in Vouvray. Subsequently, there followed the customary discourse on the relevance of modern languages in marketing, given this year by a Mr. Frank Wood, who implied that the importance of modern languages in industry was overstressed - hardly the most inspiring message for a gathering of linguists!

There then followed my own illustrated talk on the north German city of Bremen, an event which could have benefitted from more effective

advertising and a less temperamental slide projector, which lived up to its name in 'projecting' a magazine filled with at least fifty slides onto the floor, bringing the talk to a temporary halt, whilst the remaining slides were fed into the machine manually. The final event of the year was a talk by the French assistant, M. Xavier Bretillon, on the subject of Birmingham, as seen by a Bourguignon.

Besides these meetings a number of plays and films were seen, at venues varying in distance from Birmingham University to Salford. The performances attended included a brilliant rendition of Racine's *Phedre*, a rather less brilliant performance of Brecht's *Leben des Galilei* at Keele, and a spiritual interpretation of Wedekind's *Frühlings Erwachen* by the Birmingham Students Union. Additionally we saw two films: a rather freely interpreted account of Moliere's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* (an A-level set text), and *Rouges Baisers* about the French communist movement in the immediate post-war period.

Finally, the surviving remains of the now amalgamated *Eurodrama* read Racine's *Phedre*, which only just proved possible, on account of the abysmal turnout from K.E.S.

On the whole, then, this last year has proved reasonably fruitful albeit in a fairly inconspicuous way.

C. J. Gardner, Sixths.



PARLIAMENTARY SOCIETY

"'Will the Conservatives rule forever?' was the first topic of discussion, thrown, along with the secretaryship, upon me. The floor preferred to discuss the nature of Socialism as a failed or never implemented historical concept. This willfulness shown by those attending the society is the key to its liveliness. With the exception of an ill-advised discussion on censorship, no one idea ever dominated a meeting.

Having spotted that strength lay in variety, we pursued more obscure topics: the U.S. Presidential election system, Charter 88 and even democracy, sadly lacking as it is.

Once girls were invited to the meetings, boys fled the society, leaving a regular group of girls to dominate. Despite this, I failed to secure a female speaker. However, Joint Status looks possible, and if turnout remains high, a landslide success next year is not out of the question.

Thomas Pritchard, Divisions.



Oliver Heslop, Divisions.



SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY

In the last but one *Chronicle*, Mr. Trott was forced to announce that the Shakespeare Society had ceased to exist in all but name. After strenuous efforts by successive Sixth forms it is possible to report that the Shakespeare Society has risen again.

The season this year extended over all three terms, six plays being read in all, and the average attendance of a dozen in the reupholstered Cartland Room becomes more impressive when one notes that few individuals were present at every meeting. The fact that attendance was fairly evenly spread over Divisions and Sixths, Girls'

School and Boys', leads me to believe that the Society will continue to thrive next year.

The opening meeting of the season, to read *Twelfth Nights*, also acted as an A.G.M. where the Society decided the form of the rest of the season. Of the plays proposed, only *The Merchant of Venice* was rejected. Besides *Twelfth Night*, the Christmas Term saw readings of *The Winter's Tale* and *Othello*. *Troilus and Cressida*, postponed several times, was finally read late in the Easter Term, and was quickly followed by *Much Ado About Nothing*. *Henry IV Part I* was reserved for the Summer Term. The standard of reading was fairly high, particularly in the Christmas Term, when parts were cast well in advance of the meetings. Michael McMaster's unique interpretations were much acclaimed.

I would like to thank Mrs. Trott and Dr. Hosty, without whom the Society would even now not exist, and the Dining Hall staff, for keeping us all supplied with lots of interesting things to eat and drink.

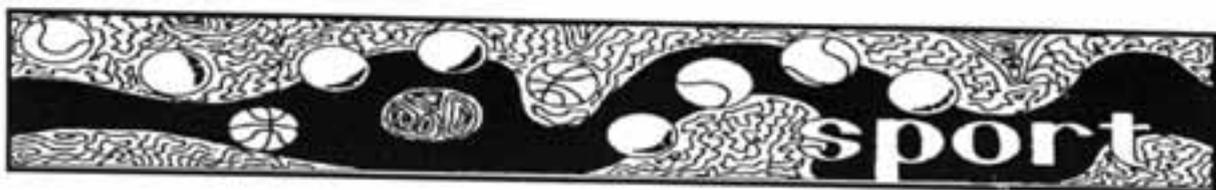
R. Fowler, Sixths.

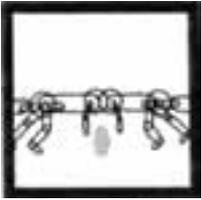


WARGAMES

The year started with no knowledge of War Games and even less equipment but under the paternal tuition of Mr. Davies there are people in this option who play with tanks, ships, Napoleonic and Vietnamese soldiers competently.

We started the option with forty people but Messrs Davies and Heffernan soon eliminated the people who wanted to play cards and leave early. After the initial troubles, War Games has developed into a thoroughly enjoyable option. This was a year of building (and a lot of painting); next year will be a year of great renown.





RUGBY

1st XV RESULTS

P20 W9 D2 L9

Summarising an entire year's rugby is always difficult, but on this occasion it is almost impossible because the XV played, in effect, two separate seasons. The results reflect this: only one match was won until early November, after which only two more were lost until March.

The remarkable transformation in the XV's success was brought about by the efforts of the squad and coaches during gruelling training sessions. This dedication paid great dividends. By the end of the season the forwards had developed into an effective unit capable of asserting themselves in the tight, where Michael was immovable in the scrum, and the quartet of Dean, Knowles, Upton and Williams acquitted themselves well in the lineout. Their great strength was in the loose, where the athleticism and mobility of the back five, in particular, regularly outmatched the opposition.

Unfortunately the platform created by the pack was never made full advantage of in the backs. The three-quarters never developed a pattern, though they were deprived of many meaningful opportunities due to a slow service from half-back. Despite instances of sparkling individual play, notably Pritchard's placekicking under pressure, back play was frequently characterised by predictability, or worse indecision. A reticence to tackle and poor positioning was the cause of defensive frailty, which the work of the ubiquitous Upton could never hope to bridge. These failings were acutely disappointing as they shackled Hill (the XV and County Captain) into a primarily defensive role and consequently the team's try scoring potential was never fully exploited.

The eventual result of the Bromsgrove match, a 15 - 15 draw, was symptomatic of the season: neither obviously good or bad; but to call it indifferent would belittle the efforts of so many throughout the season, especially that of Mr. Roden.

Next season promises much. On the field a particularly experienced and mature pack should cornerstone a successful team, which will be

captained by Brennan. Off the field K.E. rugby grows in strength; plans to tour Canada in 1990 are evolving and, incidentally, this season saw the largest ever senior rugby option.

These developments would never be possible without the sterling support of so many. Firstly, the common-room, especially those masochists who voluntarily give so much time to coach and support. Also the parents whose enthusiastic and sportsmanlike encouragement never strays into bigotry, which unfortunately is now becoming commonplace. Last but not least, the ground staff and cooks who contribute so much in making the South Field and Eastern Road such excellent venues to enjoy playing rugby.

John Brennan, Divisions.

2nd XV

P20 W17 D0 L3

Every so often there comes a team whose grace, skill and effort is indescribable; such was the the 2nd XV. It had everything: experience, weight, height and skill. Eleven players appeared for the 1st XV, and this experience helped destroy several teams. The three Foundation schools could not manage a single point against us, while we piled on 165 points. We had notable victories over Bromsgrove (27-6), Newcastle (27-6), Solihull (14-4), Bishop Vesey's (7-6), Loughborough (20-12) and Warwick (12-0).

The team was based on a very strong pack, who outscrummaged every team with elastic legs: Parnaik and Kanagaratnam outstanding. Phil Blenkinsop out-hooked his opposite number in every other team. Niels Hooper and Ian 'butterfingers' Lennon dominated many line-outs. There were several enforced changes to the back-row; even so Daniel Aston (72 points), Tom 'Sherman Tank' Woolgrove, Kushwaha Jr., and the white equivalent of Mike Tyson - Michael Francis - always made it a formidable presence. Michael Follett at fly-half has undoubtable talent, if he would only just shut up! Jeremy 'Nice Shorts' Clifford and Conrad 'Don Goodman' Beighton added hard tackling, superb kicking and wit to the team, while winger Chris Atkin chipped in with 18 tries. Finally, Adam Colledge played in every match adding both speed and stability to defence and counter - attack at full-back.

However, the biggest 'thankyou' of all is reserved for Mr. Phillips. His relaxed approach made the 2nd XV fun to play in, and this was the

secret of our success. Without Mr. Phillips, we would not have won several games, (especially the Loughborough match, after being 12-3 down at half-time). Mr. Phillips' enthusiasm and 'words of wisdom' spurred us on to win 21-12. On behalf of the 2nd XV, thank you very much.

Jeremy Clifford, Sixths

Footnote:
May I add that the second XV were fun to watch as well. Seldom did they play anything but 15-man rugby and although there were many outstanding individual performances they always played as a team. I would like to thank all who played for the excellent entertainment they provided.

K.D.P.

3rd XV

P17 W10 D1 L6

After an inauspicious start, the 3rd XV matured into a competent and successful team. This transition was not easy, as the gruesome twosome of Kevin Booth and Keith Cunnane could testify after they had been mangled in the first fixture against RCS Worcester.

But after the sun-tans had faded and the waistlines had shrunk we returned to the winning ways to which old boys of the 3rd XV had become accustomed. Andy Thomson perfected the gentle art of flattening opposition wingers - even if he didn't manage to score after thirteen matches. The commitment he showed was matched by 'Mad' Rick Lunson and Richard 'Lighthouse' Jackson. This complemented the guile of Harris Irfan, Arudi Chai, Zahed Hussain, Narain Mourjani and Darren Sharma who were so started, that they reverted, on occasion, to diving through defenders' legs.

The Bromsgrove match heralded a new epoch in Rugby Football. The athleticism, power and craft with which we flattened the mild enemy has been reported to Twickenham officials, so as to enter the annals of the game. The spring term was equally memorable; in amassing 156 points we gave away a mere 16.

Thanks are owed to Mr. Evans, who took so much time out with us to practise and referee, and to all those loyal stalwarts who willingly volunteered to play.

Brendan Ho, Sixths.

Under 15 XV

P11 W4 D0 L7

This was a slightly disappointing season overall. The playing record could have been considerably

better in that at least two of the defeats (Nottingham and K.E.S. Aston) and both of the draws (Bromsgrove and K.E. Camp Hill) could and should have been victories if we had translated our territorial supremacy into points. It was also disappointing in that we lost an outstanding scrum-half (Charles Fischer) to Wrekin College after half-a dozen games and only at the tail-end of the season did we even begin to replace him adequately, despite the sterling efforts of Charles Cutler (normally a Number Eight) so to do.

The forwards proved capable ball-winners against all our opponents - if somewhat pedestrian from time to time, - but they proved their mettle particularly after Christmas and especially in a lurid confrontation with Bablake when we won a famous victory over a side which had swept all before it for several months.

The three-quarters lacked pace and penetration apart from Philip Atkin and Blake Damsdale (both of whom missed parts of the season with injury) but played steadily throughout. Many of our opponents however had several boys quicker than ours, and we were thus exposed around the fringes of the field, especially by Loughborough G.S. and Warwick.

In the Grt. Birmingham Cup Competition we contrived to draw in the semi-final with Camp Hill (whom we had already defeated in a 'friendly') at home and thus were deemed to have lost on the 'away team' rule.

There are however many encouraging signs for the future the strength of the B XV which provided several very competent players to the 'A' XV during the year being perhaps the most significant.

Finally I would like to thank the captains - (Peter Williams for the A XV; John Rimmer and Richard Reed for the B XV, - and especially the replacements and touch judges for their various and outstanding contributions to team spirit and organization.

J.R.R.E.

Under 14 XV

P15 W7 D0 L8

The Under 14 XV this season had a very mixed year, despite a very promising start with wins over Denstone College and K.E. Camp Hill. The team has great potential, with some very talented players, but during this season the team failed to put together an outstanding performance when everyone played to his full capacity. This was typically illustrated in the Bromsgrove game where

the team just lost, having been camped on the Bromsgrove 22 yard line for 80% of the game.

The team also suffered because of its lack of any large physically strong players: the pack was frequently of lower weight, and had to rely on its rucking, rolling mauls and mobility to overcome the opposition.

However, the team had its moments and played extremely well against Nottingham, winning 34-0; beat Ellesmere, 36-4; and managed a good performance against an excellent Warwick team. Every player in the team contributed to the season's efforts: the mauling of Mason, the lay-abouting of Lanehan, the harrassing of Hockley, the pushing of Patel, the fierce aggression of Farag, the tap-tackle of Taylor, the lunging of Lowe, the cunning of Cheshire, the youthfulness of Yallup, the speed of Stockton, the hap-hazardness of Horley, the majesty of Menzies, the kamikaze kick of Kumar and daintiness of Dolton.

Progress in the cup was cut short when we played the winner-to-be Aston in the first round, but individual progress in the Greater Birmingham Team continued, with three players making the squad.

Neil Jones, UMs

Under 13 XV

P13 W7 D1 L5

We didn't win many games in the first part of the season mainly because Simon Harris was put in the centre and so our pack severely lacked size and weight. When Harris was put back to no. 8 we began to win a few games. One of the new players to the side: Hesham Abdulla added a lot of much needed pushing power at prop. We had two large backs in Lee and Butcher and a very quick and mobile back row.

Our backs were our strong point, with James Webb at stand off for the season, but the wings and centres swapped about. Michael Ellis was the full back until he decided to try and tackle the Aston team's secret weapon: Curtis. The injury he sustained from this was quite serious.

In the Birmingham Schools Cup we played Fairfax School in the quarter finals and beat them 44-0. We then drew Camp Hill school in the semi-final and lost by 2 points. We were all very disappointed by this, but all in all it was quite a good season.

Eliot Simons, Rimmers.

Under 12 XV

P9 W7 D0 L2

All in all it was a very successful season for the Under 12 rugby team. Thanks to coaching from Mr. Cutteridge and Mr. Everest, the team managed to mould together. The team's record for the season was particularly good, with only 2 defeats out of our 9 matches and an average score of around 22-4. The team's forwards, led by Ross Yallup, won a high percentage of their scrums and were always ready to support the backs.

The team also had an extremely good crop of backs who could move the ball along the line well and often beat the opposition with sheer speed. All of them were good deceptive runners and quite a few of the tries we scored were from individual runs from a long way out.

The team's best results this season were 42-0 against Aston, and 44-0 against King's Worcester in the last match of the season, where the team's second half performance was undoubtedly the best of the season after being only 8 points up at half-time.

Edward Rigby, Shells.



CRICKET

1st XI RESULTS

P 23 W 6 L 6 D 11

A season of 'might have beens' finally bore fruit during the last three days of Cricket Week. We began with an impressive performance against Denstone and a victory over Stourbridge, but the two games which followed seemed to leave our batsmen with a problem of confidence which persisted until almost the end of the season. Almost certainly the lack of self belief stemmed from our defeat at the hands of Wrokin after we had bowled them out for a very modest total and our failure to score enough runs against the Gentlemen of Staffordshire after we decided to bat first in response to their poor declarations in previous seasons. It became almost normal for KFS to lose two or three early wickets and therefore our batsmen were always having to bat under pressure. The promotion of Matthew Goodall to open with Paul Huxley was important in steadying our batting, since he continued to hit

bad bowling, but also displayed qualities of application that had eluded him in the middle order.

Only two teams outplayed us. Shrewsbury deservedly, achieved their victory to the strains of the Hallé Orchestra, but Solihull were unable to separate our last pair. We had winning draws against Wolverhampton, Camp Hill, Bradford GS, Bahlake, Warwick and St. Peter's College from Adelaide. The match with St. Peter's was one of the highlights of the season. Not only were they a pleasure to host but, courtesy of the sponsorship of Wragge's, we had a magnificent and extended lunch and an exciting match with KES making 237 for 7 and St. Peter's finishing on 198 for 9.

The first defeat at the hands of the Common Room for 17 years left the Common Room captain with very mixed feelings, but perhaps it will teach future XI's to treat the fixture like all their other matches. It was also disappointing not to beat the M.C.C. after outplaying them for three-quarters of the game and creating some panic in their dressing room when the score was 55 for 5. However, we can take consolation from the fact that they were only saved by our own old boys. Cricket Week closed with victories over the Gentlemen of Worcestershire, Hereford Cathedral School and the XI. Club. On each occasion we successfully chased large totals on plumb wickets and at last looked like the batsmen who had played in the first match.

The leading run scorers were Matthew Goodall (627) Michael Dean (559), Jonathan Pritchard (546) and Carl Meyer (481) although Nick Linchan finished top of the averages with an average of 85. Centuries were scored by Jonathan Pritchard and Michael Dean and it was disappointing that they were not joined by Matthew Goodall, who made 90 in the last match of the season. Both Matthew Goodall (53) and Michael Dean (52) came within ten wickets of Stephen Hlyth's record haul and they were well supported by Jim Harms whose steady accuracy brought him 27 wickets. Throughout the season the side has looked most impressive in the field. Credit for this should go to the captain Jonathan Pritchard and I would like to thank him for his help throughout the season.

M.D.S.

2nd XI

P13 W4 D5 L4

The 2nd XI could have gone through the season

unbeaten. We met only one superior side, Shrewsbury, with whom we drew. Our promise was never fully realised because of the team's woeful inconsistency. Early in the season unbeaten, with four wins from five games, and bowling averages under ten, the side looked forward to a summer engaged in King Edward's favourite pastime, humiliating other Midland schools. But our form nosedived as the bowling line strayed - gifts were sent down to eager opposition batsmen, and our own batting fed fielders with catches. In fact, one bowler (call him Duncan) managed to destroy Denstone in two overs, the first match and then, against Warwick, bowl an off-target delivery that leapt over batsmen and wicketkeeper, returning to earth just short of the boundary.

On a more positive note, however, Tony Evans' century at RCS Worcester was the season's most impressive batting performance; Pete Benson's fielding (and his batting earlier on) was excellent; Feraiz Irfan proved reliable at batting when moved up the order; Andy Pyle was quite entertaining when he stayed in; and Patrick Tomlinson often bowled very well.

With only three players leaving the team and a strong Fifth Year contingent, prospects do look quite promising for next year.

On the whole I must commend the players for their eagerness and good spirit, and I would like to thank Mr. Jayne for the time and effort he put in (and apologise for the frustration no doubt caused) and Mr. Troitt, who umpired many matches.

N.B. I realise how upset those regular team members not mentioned above will become. I hope that the following awkward sentence solves this problem:

The harassed batsman anchored west of Harborne..

Phil Blenkinsop, Sixths.

3rd XI

P6 W2 D1 L3

Throughout the season the glorious corinthian gentles of the 3rd XI swept all before them. The wickets tumbled and the wickets flew nearly as quickly as the flying pigs.

It has to be said that we weren't very good. On the occasion against King's Worcester they got 226: we didn't. In our defence, though, it must be said that our opening bat did throw away his wicket so as to catch the last train to meet a girl, and the opposition team did include the younger brothers of Malcolm Marshall, Viv Richards,

Graham Gooch and Imran Kahn. We got 22.

This was a season of ifs: if only Daniel's 50 n.o. and Cunningham's 5 wickets, which promised so much in the first match of the season, could have been repeated; if only the other teams didn't take it so seriously; if only they weren't so bloody good; IF ONLY WE COULD PLAY CRICKET.

Incredibly, though, we won two matches; for this Dan Hills should be given the freedom of the South Field. An honour which he would share with Mr. Lawrence Evans who was the only reason why K.E. actually turned up with eleven men at all - even if two thirds had invariably not played since the Rems.

It's the taking part that counts.

John Brennan, Divisions.

U15 XI

P 12 W 4 D 6 L 2

The season started promisingly with a 10 wicket trouncing of Denstone, whom we bowled out for 39, and a 20 overs victory by 14 runs against Camp Hill.

Two draws followed, Rugby's late arrival denied us a possible victory against them; and we gained a winning draw against Wrekin, where Toby Arrowsmith took advantage of good batting conditions to score 101, but only 7 Wrekin wickets were taken.

But after these promising performances, we faltered slightly. A dreadful batting performance against Wolverhampton saw us bowled out for 83; this was nearly compensated for by very accurate bowling but Wolverhampton just ran out the winners by 2 wickets. The next match against Solihull saw us declare at 133-7 but loose bowling meant a narrow defeat. The next two weeks saw failures in run chases against Shrewsbury and RCS Worcester: two draws resulting.

The half term break, however, seemed to instil new confidence into the side. We bowled a poor King Henry VIII side out for 58, and won by 10 wickets, and bowled a useful Bablake side out for 80, again winning by 10 wickets.

Against Warwick short boundaries and a good pitch saw a feast of runs; Warwick batting first and scoring 263-4, we replied confidently and finished on 201-6, with Toby Arrowsmith scoring 62 and Deepak Bhadri 60.

Our final match against Bishop Vesey's saw an exciting finish chasing 149-5 we began to look like reaching the total, but a steady fall of wickets

occurred as we tried to force the pace and we drew, finishing on 140-9.

The year has been one with some notable performances but one when more might have been achieved. Thanks to Mr. Phillips for umpiring and to the parents for giving valuable support.

Matti Watton, Fourth's.

U15 B XI

P 5 W 2 D 1 L 2

The story of this year was unpredictability in all the aspects of our cricket.

In the first match of the season, against Rugby, unsteady batting led to a minor panic and the team was dismissed for 94.

Accurate bowling, however, paid dividends, as Rugby snatched defeat from the jaws of victory, collapsing from 83-6 to 90 a/o. Against Wolverhampton some inimitable lower order "stroke play" rescued the team from 24/5 to 117 a/o. Excellent fielding and accurate bowling proved too much for Wolverhampton who crumbled to 70 a/o. Against Shrewsbury we could only muster 27 a/o and Shrewsbury won by 10 wickets. Some good bowling on a very good batting pitch restricted Worcester to 228/6 dec. The game, however, soon fizzled out into a draw. After scoring 90-6 against Bishop Vesey poor fielding let the game slip away and we lost by 4 wickets.

Notable performances included Jon Field's batting, the bowling of Anil Budh-Raja, a swashbuckling innings of 69 by Nick Beech and a devastating 14 ball spell of 4 for 3 by Sandeep Kaul.

Thanks go to Mr. Phillips for organising the matches and to Mr. Heffernan and Mr. Newman, who umpired the matches and coached the players. The season would not have been possible without them.

Chris Goodlad, Fourth's

U14

P 12 W 6 L 3 D 3

The Under 14s this year have had a very successful season, suffering only three defeats, two of which were incurred (against Shrewsbury and RCS Worcester) with weakened sides.

The season started with a poor batting and bowling performance against Denstone, leading to a defeat by 6 wickets. The side then had a very

good spell, beating a strong K.E. Camp Hill side by 10 wickets; drawing with Wrekin in a match which was almost won, their last pair batting out for 20 overs; and comfortably overcoming Solihull and Handsworth in the Lords Taverners limited overs competition.

Consecutive defeats followed against Shrewsbury and RGS Worcester but the team bounced back with a victory over King Henry's, skittling out the opposition. We then progressed to the final of the Lords Taverners by defeating Bishop Vesey's and crushing a very good Bablake side by 200 runs, in which we are due to play Camp Hill. The season ended with two very close draws against Warwick and King's Worcester, when we were left with a handful of runs needed for victory at the end.

Throughout the season, Nick Linhan has batted consistently well, his top score being 94 against Wrekin, and with him Neal Jones has formed a solid opening partnership and proved himself a reliable opener. Anurag Singh has scored runs consistently, hitting 50s on several occasions, and towards the end of the season Cris Taylor has also batted well.

Moore and Taylor have been the leading wicket takers with around 10 each, and Anurag Singh and Sam Ahmed have also bowled very well.

Our thanks must go to Mr. Crocker for organising the team, umpiring and organising practices and net sessions and to Mr. Newman who has given up his spare time to coach us and also to umpire, and to the dining hall staff and the groundsman's wife for providing teas.

Ian Moore, Upper Middles.

U13 XI

P 10 W 5 D 2 L 3 A 2

Our first two games of the season against Camp Hill and RGS Wolverhampton were rained off. So a slightly later than scheduled start to the season against Blue Coat resulted in a twenty overs victory. Singh top scoring with forty-two. We then played King's Worcester and pulled off a remarkable victory, thanks to a quick thirteen by Simon Harris.

We had a strong enough bowling attack with the pace of Park and Harris, and the swing of Arewal and the "left arm around" Nightingale's spin. We lacked dominant batting, though, with only a fifty from Park, the main score. There was promise in the field with Robert Horton's long throwing arm and Simon Greenwood's agility at square-leg.

There were some good innings from Royle, Horton and Webb during the season. Webb's especially, gave us a faint glimmer of winning against Solihull.

Martin Park, REMS.

U12

P10 W7 D3 L0

The U12 Cricket team had a very successful season, winning 7 and drawing 3 out of 10 games. James Marchant bowled very well throughout the season, ending up with 17 wickets at an average of 5.24. In a match against RGS he got 4 for 7 and also 6 for 24 against Warwick. Other bowling performances came from J. Sherwood, N. O'Connor and S. Mallela.

Our batting was average. There were 5 different opening partnerships. A 93 run partnership between Bebbie-Cleuch and Wagh (captain) helped K.E. through a sticky patch at Solihull. Some good batting performances by M. Lewis and J. Porter helped K.E. beat Warwick in a tight game (37 and 24 respectively).

Our fielding was very poor and only thanks to some excellent fielding by S. Mallela and M. Lewis and N. O'Connor did K.E. finish with good results. The team would like to thank Mr. Lye for his team selections and management.

M. Wagh, Shells.

COMMON ROOM XI VICTORIOUS

Stung by England's failure to play a decent standard of cricket against Australia, the eleven good men and true of the Common Room defeated the XI by 4 wickets.

Was there ever such joy? Such athleticism? Such guile? Who had seen as sweet a shot as RNI's winning boundary on the last over? Who had witnessed such power as that with which RIN dispatched two consecutive deliveries from the XI's captain to the gardens? Few sporting days can have contained such quality. The slow pitch blunted the pace of the Common Room's opening attack of GH and JRRE, but the former removed the XI's opener Harris. Hockley and Cutler consolidated only to be slowed by SB's adherence to the principles of line and length. Hockley was caught and bowled by SB, who had earlier run out Cutler. The CR's shrewd captain then introduced his wily spin-twins TPJ and KDP. First Pritchard was taken by DCE at square

leg, then Dean, bamboozled by the guile of KDP, was snapped up by RNL. Finally Hitchins fell first ball. At this stage, the Common Room captain, his interests clearly divided as he also bears the title Master in Charge of Cricket, brought himself on to bowl, and runs began to flow freely. Goodall mixed the cultured with the agricultural to finish on 47 not out and Coates complete a patient fifty before the declaration came at 177-7.

After RJN and RCC opened the innings, the Chaplain was bowled by Harms, his gate clearly in need of a St. Peter to guard it! The partnership of the match ensued, RJN and DCE playing with grace and power. DCE fell short of his fifty, but the momentum was maintained as KDP joined RJN. A comfortable victory for the more experienced side looked likely, but with only thirty runs needed in about 15 overs both batsmen were dismissed and an attack of jitters struck the Common Room XI. The return of Harms was very significant as the flow of runs dried up and the main batsmen were all out. Amid increasing tension MDS and GH edged their way nearer to the target only for MDS to be caught. With all the confidence of a man walking out to bat for the first time in over a year, RNL came to the wicket. One over to go, three runs to win, Dean to bowl, RNL to face.

The sureness of RNL's extra-cover drive for four from the first ball was something to behold. For the first time in 17 years the Common Room had defeated the XI. Gracious in defeat, the XI had put up a good fight but had to bow to the rampant form of the senior team.

K.D.P.



BASKETBALL

	P	W	L
U19	22	17	5
U16	8	5	3
U15	15	9	6
U13	11	11	0

U19 RESULTS

The season started well for us, with a good result in the traditional Old Boys' match. Despite the presence of such legends as Jez Tozer, Chris

Roberts and Sudhir Misra in the Old Boys side, we only lost by a few points. In the Birmingham League, the team managed easily to overcome much of the lowly opposition, but we knew that Park Hall could be the thorn in our side this season. They had a strong and quick side, with some height as well. In the encounters between the two teams, victories were only gained by a few points each time, but K.E.S. managed to win the "series" by 2 games to 1 in the regular season.

In the National Cup, we cruised through the early rounds with considerable ease. This could have been one of the reasons for our downfall in the last sixteen, as up till then, we had not yet played a quality side. We faced an awesome Greenshaw team (thirsting for revenge after a 2 point loss to us in the semi-finals 3 years ago.) Supporters were out in force, vibrant music was blasting out, and the Captain had tripped over a basketball 35 minutes before the start of the game and broke his ankle. Without his dominance and offensive skills, the team crashed to a 49 point defeat. However, we know that Greenshaw's top scorer (and captain) was 20 years old and therefore ineligible to play.

If Duncan Macrae had been fit to play, who knows how different the result might have been?

We still remained in the West Midlands Cup and the Birmingham League, and waltzed through preliminary matches, eventually meeting Park Hall, our arch-rivals, in the League final. After a very exciting match, we hung on to win by 1 point.

We won our West Midlands Cup Semi-Final by 30 points, against Princethorpe College, Rugby. The match was played viciously by Princethorpe, 9 players were fouled out, and death threats were issued against Deepak Nambisan and Mike Follett! Unfortunately, due to the procrastination of Duddleston Manor, the final has not yet been played, and at the time of going to press, does not look as if it ever will be contested.

Highlights of the season included Narain Moorjani's effective - if unorthodox - defensive method of going up to the opposition and yelling loudly in their face; Michael Follett scoring 50 points in one half against Bournville; and Peter Tomkins' cheerful banter with S.B. about lengths of hair. We are all very sorry to see the departure of the three 'old men'. Our Captain, Duncan Macrae, was a shining example of leadership, Andrew Pyle the team's muscle, and Narain was Narain. We wish them all well in the future, and hope to see (and beat) them at future Old Boys' matches.

All that remains is for me to thank Messrs. Birch and Gunning for their (as ever) undying support, advice and coaching. Not many people seem to realise that without their constant efforts, there simply would be no school basketball.

Deepak Nambisan, Fifths.

U16

The U16 team had a successful season this year despite the fact that we were at a considerable height disadvantage against most of our opponents. With the new format of the National Cup, we were in a mini-league with Deer Park School, Princethorpe College and Wilfield High School. We defeated all 3 teams, including a memorable 45 point victory at Wilfield, in Stoke. So, having won our league, we faced St. Peter's High School in front of a season high of 7 spectators. Unfortunately, we lost to a very talented, and tall, team by 97-53. However, as we had won our league, we had a second chance of glory against Menzies of West Bromwich. We won a thrilling game by two points, with the gallant captain scoring the final basket with the speed of a lame Shetland pony," according to a stationary observer. We had reached the last 16, playing Rainford at Liverpool. We lost by 50 points because we could not get the journey out of our legs until 5 minutes from the end of the game, and because they had two England guards (U17 and U15). This was a disappointing performance, as the team could have played much better. We lost in the quarter-finals of the West Midlands Cup to Menzies by 10 points, despite recovering from a disastrous 0-18 start. So, our illustrious season had come to an end, with nothing to show for it except memories! Once again, Deepak Nambisan, Patrick Tomlinson and Oliver Bishop provided 90% of the team's offence, but this season also saw the emergence of the stupendous duo of Oliver "Shotblucker" Sharp and David "Quicksilver" Jones, who played some quite awe-inspiring defence, which got the team out of many a sticky situation. As ever, thanks must go to Messrs. Birch and Gunning for taking us in the months to such exotic places as Liverpool, for their excellent coaching jokes, and another thoroughly enjoyable season.

D. Nambisan, Fifths.

strongly, progressing to the next round to the West Midlands Cup and easily defeating most of our opponents including a 90 point victory over Bournville.

Then we lost our centre, which severely weakened the team. However, we reached the West Midlands semi-final with an overtime victory over Handsworth Grammar. We also got to the semi-final of the Birmingham League but were beaten narrowly by Handsworth Wood.

The highlight of the season was a tour to Churston Grammar in Devon. Here we finished second to the home team in a mini-tournament, failing to gain revenge for our defeat when we had hosted them earlier in the season.

Although the scoring was dominated mostly by the fourth years, the UMs emerged very well towards the end of the season. It was a very entertaining season although we would have fared much better without injuries.

Thanks must go to Mr. Birch and Mr. Gunning for giving up their valuable time to provide us with transport and fixtures and of course for training us.

Nick Crossley, Fourths.

U 13

This year the U 13 Basketball was completely made up of people who had never played before, but were prepared to learn. We started the season by thrashing Dingleside 88-26 and confidence was high. We carried on winning with only one team coming within 40 points of us. We played 11 and won 11. The whole team from the first five, to the people who played just one match contributed to a great season in which we won the King's Norton League. Thanks go to Mr. Stead for transport, arranging fixtures and coaching. Also thanks to Mr. Gunning for coaching us on Thursdays.

S. Harris, Rems.

U 15

Despite a disappointing exit from the National Cup in our first game we started the season



ATHLETICS

	P	1st	2nd	3rd	5th
Senior	7	1	2	4	-
Inter	8	2	3	3	-
Under 16	2	1	0	1	-
Junior	5	2	1	2	-
Under 15	4	0	1	2	1
Under 14	5	2	2	1	0
Under 13	3	1	1	1	0
Minor	1	0	1	0	-

The summer of '89 brought with it not only the new Athletics season, but fond memories of last year's almost invincible Senior athletes whose presence was to be sorely missed in the matches that were to come.

As always, the match against R.G.S.Worcester and Repton heralded the season's fixtures. The results - well, it was our first match and we were rusty: Seniors were third, Inters were a close second and the Juniors were a promising first. The following match against K.E. Camp Hill and K.E. Aston was a real ego boost for the team - the Seniors at least. Out of a total of thirteen events, the Senior Team plucked nine first places, two of which were firsts and seconds. The Camp Hill Inters team proved to be surprisingly strong, pushing us to second position in that age group. King Edward's won overall.

The next three matches enjoyed cracking summer weather, as well as cracking defeats. Our first away match was against the evergreen Loughborough, and unfortunately Matthew Hill became injured and (opportunely) missed this chance to go all the way to Loughborough for the school. He did accompany us to Shrewsbury, however, where the team competed on a track akin to the Rockies in its craggy, uneven surface. This was of course why we came third in all the age groups.

Having borne the fierce might of four very strong teams, the Inters and Juniors put on a commendable performance in the Junior Foundation Match, with K.E. Aston, Camp Hill and Five Ways taking part. The Intermediate team managed to shake off opposition from Aston to be placed first; the Juniors had a tougher time and were beaten by Aston. The Minor Athletics Team made their debut in this fixture promising

some strong talent for the future. Dhana, Pearce, Quarrell and Yallup were all placed first in their events, however, even they couldn't carry their team to victory over Aston and ended up second, giving K.E. an overall second position.

The Inters were visibly getting tired now, having played three matches in six days. It showed on the seventh day, which was far from the day of rest for them. Led by their able captain, Scott Button, they donned their K.E. vests yet again to come third against Bromsgrove and Warwick. The Senior and Junior teams fared no better giving K.E. an overall position of third.

With a series of tough matches and defeats behind them, the team at last overcame any dependency it may have began to feel and valiantly rode to victory in the last match before GCSE and 'A' Level leave against Ellesmere and King's Worcester. Here were performances to be proud of. The Junior team won nine out of the thirteen events, with Kumar and Stockton proving themselves very competent sprinters and 400m runners. The sprinting prowess of Atkin and Jackman brought us 1st and 2nd positions in the 100m and 200m; Taylor and Cook performed equally well in the Triple Jump, helping their Intermediate Team to victory. The Senior Team competed admirably considering they were missing some of their regular athletes. Tom Woolgrove won the shot putt and Niels Hooper, finally persuaded, made his debut in a School High Jump competition, coming 2nd and jumping higher than anyone else had so far. Thus the first half of the season ended on a high note: the Juniors and Inters were 1st and Seniors 2nd to give K.E. an overall position of 1st.

With Fifths and Sixths out of the way, there was room for the younger teams to compete. Against Solihull and King Henry VIII the U13 team fared well, Yallup again showing promise in shot and discus. Not even Kumar's blistering pace, however, could lead the U15s away from third position. Forebodingly, Solihull dominated at all the age groups. Against Handsworth Grammar we fared much better. The U 13s achieved 1st and 2nd places in 7 events and the U16s won 12 out of the 13 events. Despite a defeat for the U15's, the team achieved a clear victory.

RGS Worcester and Warwick had proved themselves strong at Senior level. They were no different at Junior level. Finally, the Loughborough Invitation Match between seven schools proved to be a surprisingly good performance from U14s, who were placed 1st. A third position at U13 level and 5th at U15 steered the team to a

commendable 3rd overall position, which was the highest K.E. had achieved in this fixture so far.

1989 was a tough season at all levels, especially for the Senior teams. The absence of last year's able athletes was keenly felt this year. The schools we play have very strong teams. King Edward's is a school whose intake is entirely dependent on academic merit, and it is perhaps surprising that we perform as well as we do against other schools. The team never despaired (well not openly anyway) and continued to compete to display impressive performances towards the end of the season. The younger teams, especially the Minors showed great promise for the future. In a few years time, if the wealth of talent lower down the school is allowed to grow and develop then King Edward's athletics will have become a force to be reckoned with. As with all things, this is dependent on enthusiasm and motivation, of which I found no want or lack in the younger athletes.

No Athletics report would be complete without thanks to the staff at Eastern Road who make it all possible: the groundsman and the catering staff. Thanks go to Scott Button for captaining the linters. Immense gratitude is owed to Messrs. Buttress, Dewar, Hill, Workman, Cumming, Bridges and anyone else I've missed out. And then of course there is that efficient and well organised head of P.E. who, no matter how busy he is, whether you pass him on the Ash Path or in one of the corridors or on the way to the Dining Hall, always manages to greet you with a smile, even if it is followed by requests to do some laborious job for him. No - that's completely untrue. The master in charge of Athletics at King Henry VIII Coventry school, whilst talking to me about Mr. Birch mentioned one attribute of his: "He keeps the Athletics still going ever-strong at King Edwards year in, year out." He's been praised in many ways in previous school Chronicles. This too ever is the accolade that I'll give him for the Chronicle of 1989. Long may he continue to do so.

Syed M. Ahmed, Sixths.



HOCKEY

	P	W	D	L	F	A
1st XI	31	17	6	8	64	48
2nd XI	17	3	4	10	22	36
U16 XI	10	4	3	3	14	17
U15 XI	16	7	3	6	24	23

1st XI Hockey

This season has been a very successful one on the whole. Following a defeat in the annual match versus the Old Edwardians (2-4), the team went on an eight match unbeaten run, the best win being against King's Worcester 5-2. Also during this period the 1st XI retained the Buttle Tournament, defeating Five Ways in the final.

It was very pleasing for everyone, especially our coach, to beat our old rivals in hockey, Bishop Vesey G.S., twice in the season (2-1 at home, 2-0 away). The other result worthy of mention was the draw against Queen Mary's G.S. (1-1), following a 6-2 defeat by them earlier in the season. This improvement was undoubtedly partly due to the weekly training sessions after school at Olton Astroturf. The use of this facility will help future 1st XI's compete much better with other schools, away from home, on artificial surfaces.

The leading scorers this season were J. Harms and A. Milne but altogether seven players weighed in with five goals or more. The future of the side looks good, since by the end of the season there were only four Upper Sixth formers in the side of the younger players. C. Hatchins had the best season and if the XI next year all have his attitude they should do very well indeed. Toby Arrowsmith also deserves a mention for promotion, by the end of the season, to the 1st XI whilst still in the fourth year. Two years ago as U16s we were continually being beaten. Now we are the 1st XI, however, there has been a complete reversal. Undoubtedly, this is largely thanks to the immense efforts of Mr. Lye, and I would like to thank him both personally and on the team's behalf for all his help.

Jason Coates, Sixths.

County Honours

Warwick U21 : J. Coates

Warwickshire U18 : J. Coates, J. Harms, A. Milne

Full colours : J. Coates, J. Harms.

2nd XI Hockey

The 2nd XI season started with a remarkable lack of success as we came a close last in the Battle tournament, losing all of our matches to Five Ways First XI, Camp Hill and Solihull Sixth Form College without scoring a goal. This unsuccessful streak continued for another six matches, during which time we managed three draws: 1-1 against Lawrence Sheriff, 0-0 against Five Ways and 1-1 against Queen Mary's.

We lost heavily 0-4 to Loughborough, and 1-5 to Solihull, when the best goal of the season was scored; Andrew Kilgour hooking the ball very skilfully into the net. Unfortunately however, he was at the wrong end and it was an own goal.

The first win of the season came in the next match against Camp Hill, who were to turn out to be our favourite opponents of the year. We won this match 7-0 with a hat trick from Feraz Irfan, who consistently held the midfield together throughout the season.

The next four matches provided another hard-earned draw, this time 1-1 against Bablake, but also three more defeats: 1-5 to Queen Mary's, 0-2 to Bishop Vesey and 0-5 to Wrekin. The season ended on a much better note with a 7-1 win over Camp Hill, this time with a hat trick from Karl Daniels, who was our top scorer during the season with 7 goals. The final match was the best of the season: a 2-1 win over King's, Worcester, with the captain finally having the chance to take the penalty flick that he had wanted all year and putting it away easily. All round, the year provided 3 wins, 4 draws and 10 defeats. The team was not the most skilful of recent years, but everyone played to the best of his ability.

Dan Hills, Sixths.

U16 Hockey

As the results show, the season was a hard fought battle not only against other teams but against losing players to the 1st and 2nd XIs.

On the first Tuesday of the Autumn Term the U16s met a Malvern team, on home ground, in a closely contested match which ended in a 1-1 draw. The next match, a week later, against Evesham, was one of the best matches of the season, with the forwards playing well in a 4-1 win.

The U16s were not to meet again until after half term in the first round of the county tournament, where we played a Bishop Vesey

side and unfortunately lost on penalties. A fortnight later, however, we were to have our revenge, after a draw against Loughborough and a defeat against Solihull. The team went out determined against the same Vesey side, and with special thanks to Mr. Priory who was behind us and the referee all the way, we trounced the Veseyans underfoot in a relentless onslaught.

The first match after the Christmas break brought a clash with a fixture for the 1st XI, leaving the U16s lacking some key players and, greatly weakened, we not surprisingly lost. The season ended on a happier note with the two final matches both being 2-1 victories over King's Worcester and Lordswood for a much changed and improved side compared to that which went out at the start of the season.

Thanks must also be given to Mr. Lye and the other teachers who have coached us and refereed all of our matches.

Nick Howells, Fiftths.

U15 Hockey

The season got off to a surprising start. Beating Camp Hill 3-1, we went into the next game on a high, but Lawrence Sheriff brought us down to earth with a 2-0 win. In this game and the next, when Warwick beat us 5-1 our inexperience really showed.

We beat Price Thorpe easily (3-0), and then lost 2-0 in a hard fought game against Solihull. We put up a good fight against Malvern U16, losing 4-2. The next match against Five Ways ended in a 2-2 draw. The match against Bishop Vesey's was our first on astroturf, and in a disastrous last five minutes we let in 2 goals to lose 2-0. We drew 0-0 at Loughborough, then beat King's, Worcester 2-1 in an excellent month. We took revenge on Lawrence Sheriff, winning 2-0. We then beat Five Ways 1-0 and Lordswood 2-0. A superb game against Solihull ended in a 2-2 draw, but the last game was disappointing: we lost 2-1 to Camp Hill.

The team played well as a whole, but two players must be mentioned - Michael Reilly and Toby Arrowsmith. Both players established places in the county U15 side. Arrowsmith scored 9 goals and was easily our best player, his forward and midfield work tireless.

Many thanks must go to Mr. Lye and Mr. Cook, whose superb work coaching in and out of school helped us no end.

Robert Harborne, Fourth's.



SWIMMING

This was yet another excellent year for KE swimming. We remained unbeaten.

After a number of pre-season friendlies (which are now possible after the completion of the indoor swimming pool) we faced a very competitive triangular match, in which the KE "mixed" team faced opposition from Repton and Wrekin. Mainly due to outstanding performances from the Inters and KEHS especially we won with room to spare. Victory followed on from victory: during the season scalps included strong teams from Rugby and Denstone.

Prospects for the coming season look very good. There is a crop of very fast swimmers lower down the school, including the Reed brothers, Hirst, Holloway, Lloyd, Smith and Broomhead (a Shell capable of representing the Upper Middles?)

Finally I would like to thank Mr. Everest and Mr. Owen for their hard work, advice and organisation throughout the year. With their assistance the team will doubtless continue their winning ways.

Guy Maughan, Sixths.



CROSS COUNTRY

Thanks to the enthusiasm of Mr. Sljivic, the cross country team was resurrected for a full season this year. After several weeks of hard training in Cannon Hill Park we had rid the option of the walkers and those who lurk in the allotments for most of the afternoon and put together a team to compete in the Birmingham League. By Christmas we were 6th out of 13 in both A and B team league tables, with victories over Coventry and other Foundation schools.

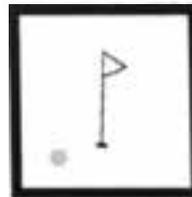
Mr. Kimpton took over for the Spring term, full of tales of past exploits over courses several feet deep in mud. This proved suitable preparation

for the annual Ernest Nunn Championships, held on an extremely gruelling course at Rugeley. The seniors came a respectable 9th and the Juniors excelled themselves by improving 5 places from last year to 4th. We also entered teams in 3 West Midlands Championship races where competition was very fierce. There were notable individual performances by Daniel Quarrell and Mark Nightingale.



In our first season, a position about half way down the league table is a considerable achievement. Team effort rather than individual stars was the cause, although Scott Button, Mark Terry, Dave McMullan and Paul Greening ran consistently well. With Mr. Nightingale as overall X-country supremo, Monday training and the poaching of disgruntled Rugby and Hockey players, the team could do very well next year. We might just witness the return to the glorious years of consistently dedicated, respected and triumphant K.E.S. X-country teams.

Paddy Howarth, Sixths.

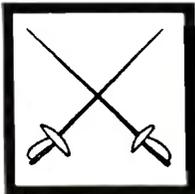


GOLF

This year's team was a worthy successor to last year's who reached the National Championship Finals. The nucleus of the squad remained and the inclusion of Cutler and Harborne was successful. At the time of writing we have won through to the National Finals and are expecting to do well.

Golf at KE has increased in popularity thanks to one man - Mr. Hopley. On behalf of the golf, I would like to thank "H" or "Hoppers" for his tips, his generosity (particularly at the bar) and the hard work he has put in over the last 25 years.

Jeremy Clifford, Sixths.



FENCING

This year saw an increase in the fixtures fought by the fencing team. These consisted of two matches against Wolverhampton Grammar, both of which we lost, one against Cheltenham Ladies, which we won, and an unconcluded friendly against KEHS - but we were winning!

It was a shame to see dwindling numbers in the older parts of the school, especially as we have excellent fencing equipment which should be taken advantage of, but pleasing to see the enthusiasm that exists in the lower years, along with the skill.

This is most notable in Phuc Huynh (Rems) who with Elliot Brooks (Divs) fought in the Country Finals. Elliot, who came 4th in the Country, went on to fight in the Nationals.

Finally, we would like to thank Pete, the coach, for his effort and guidance throughout the year. Hopefully the Fencing Club will flourish in years to come: good luck!

Guy Maughan, Sixths.



FIVES

All in all, it was a rather forgettable season, the only bright spots being some promising performances from the younger pairs, and the unflinching enthusiasm of the captain Michael Francis, and his long-suffering partner, who deserves a Nobel Peace Prize, John Pritchard.

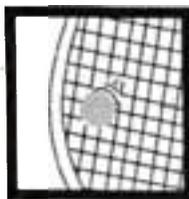
Congratulations are due to Conrad Beighton, who managed to get an injury on every Saturday the Albion were at home. He also represented Worcestershire along with the secretary (on a Sunday). The shorts worn by the captain were somewhat Caribbean, and at times Michael Dean looked in danger of breaking the decibel record for a fives court.

The results, on the whole, flattered the opposition. We won a fine victory against a powerful Stowe side, and the first pair went

unbeaten for eight days after this victory. The Schools' Fives Championships though, were, rather a disappointment. The younger pairs did not fulfil their promise, and the senior pairs failed to go out in a blaze of glory.

Many thanks must go to Mr. Worthington for all his time, effort, and patience, given that some of the players were more than trying.

Michael Francis, John Pritchard, Sixths.



SQUASH

KES has a squash team. They probably won a few matches and no doubt lost a few too. I would imagine that there is some talent in the school, but the squad lacks dedication, enthusiasm and application. That is why they didn't submit a Chronicle Report.

John Brennan, Divisions.



SAILING

This year has seen a resurgence of interest in competitive sailing at the school. After several years of dismal performances a new, younger, high spirited team has emerged to produce more dismal performances. However, things are looking

up, as, after three successive defeats at the hands of Repton, Cheltenham and Solihull, the team gave a creditable display at the Midland Area Schools' Championship, and actually won a couple of races in the process. Next year should see an upturn in our fortunes, as the team now includes people who have raced before, and we have, in Paul Garrett, somebody who has actually won trophies! Thus the school should not be surprised if the team's first victory in a match for four years is forthcoming.

Many thanks to Mr. McIlwaine for relinquishing his Saturday sailing to transport the team from defeat to defeat; it must have been galling for him to watch but he rarely let this show. Thanks also to Neil Johnson, the department sailing captain for his many years of faithful service to the team.

Sailing continues twice weekly on Wednesdays and Fridays, and Mr. McIlwaine or the teams would dearly love to hear from any accomplished dinghy racers wishing to try for the team.

Tom Loosemore, Divs.

second by reaching the finals in both the Birmingham Schools' Table Tennis Association and the West Midlands Schools Table Tennis Association.

Overall this was a very encouraging season with adequate results from our team, and we're definitely looking forward to the future season. I would like to thank Mr. Russell for putting up with us we weren't always most cooperative; and for his 'on the spot' organisation. Also thank you to the various members of staff who provided us with lifts. I hope Mr. Russell will continue to guide the team in the future.

Anish Aggarwal, Fourths.



CHESS

	P	W	d	L	Position
1st team	5	1	2	2	3rd
2nd team	5	3	0	2	1st
3rd team	6	4	1	1	1st
4th team	6	6	0	0	1st
Shell team	4	0	0	4	5th

'Quickplay' Team Tournaments

U14	:	2nd (out of ten)
U18	:	1st (out of ten)

Two years ago Paul Trafford began his end of season report with the optimistic sentence "prospects for the future are bright". This season has seen the school chess teams reach new heights, seizing three divisional titles, winning a tournament, and becoming the regional winners in a knockout competition. The one regret is that Mr. Skinner, to whom so much of the credit is due, was not in charge at the time of these results. The first team had a mixed season, finishing a disappointing third in the League (although all losses were narrow losses). When the pressure was on, however, the team responded, and this resulted in the first team becoming zonal champions in the Times National Competition, only to be knocked out by Camp Hill in the second round of the interzonal stages of the competition. Sumeet Singhal played the winning chess that has come to be expected from him for

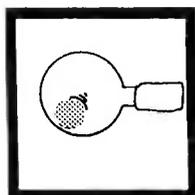


TABLE TENNIS

U15

P 14 W 4 D 2 L 8

This season has been quite successful and most enjoyable. The U15 team suffered quite badly because our team consisted of myself and three second years. It's a shame we didn't have any volunteers from the junior part of the school who were either able to play or up to the K.E.S. table tennis team standard. All the other school teams consisted of mainly fourth years and sometimes a third year.

Our second year players still did considerably better than expected, and I'm sure they will become an extremely strong team. All three played with great determination despite their results.

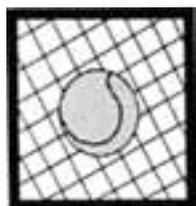
Sometimes we had some incredible turnarounds, where one of our second years would beat the other team's first seed. We also had two tournaments during the season in which our second years didn't do quite so well in one and came third in the other, somehow I managed

the last five years, and Neil Booth and Alastair Kent both showed flair. Christian Goodlad and Matti Watton played the steady chess required from the lower boards, and all looks well for the next season.

The second team, led by Richard Jackson, and the third team, captained by Narain Moorjani, both won their leagues by defeating Solihull in a play off match for each division. Raj Dutta added stability to the seconds, and he and Richard made up for the loss of senior players last year. For the fourth year in succession the fourth team also won their divisional title, trouncing all opposition and twice completing a whitewash.

Pleasure was also obtained from the victory in the U18 Quickplay which saw the trophy coming to Birmingham for the first time. The whole team performed to their utmost (for the only time in the season?), and special thanks must go to Mark Stretch and Michael Borcherds who were enlisted at very short notice to be treated to the delights of a whole Saturday playing chess, and who achieved vital results.

Thanks go to Mr. Jarvis for organising the fixtures over the last season, a tough job following Mr. Skinner's recent monopoly of chess. Heartfelt thanks must also be given to Mr. Skinner.



TENNIS

½	P	W	D	L		
1st VI		7	6	1	0	
2nd VI		10	10	0	0	
U16 VI		4	3	1	0	
U15 VI		3	2	0	1	
U13 VI		3	1	0	0	

The growth of tennis at King Edward's has reflected the success of K.E. teams over the past few years. This year has seen the emergence of a 2nd VI and also various junior teams, apart from the usual 1st and U16 VIs.

As the results show, these teams have all been extremely successful in inter-school matches, only 1 match having been lost. This indicates the depth of strength of tennis at King Edward's.

In the Glanvill Cup, the 1st IV, at the time of writing, have qualified for the semi-finals of this national competition. To win their group, they

beat Dame Allan's Boys School, Newcastle (6-0), Highgate School, London (6-0) and St. Bede's School, Sussex (4-2). This ensures a national placing of at least 4th. In the senior students competition, the King Edward's team only just lost to Millfield School (2-4) in the regional final. (Millfield were the eventual runners-up in the National Finals.) Lower down, the U13 team became the National winners of the 1988 Schools Championships and the U15 team were runners-up in the Birmingham area league of the 1988 Schools Competition.

M. Upton, O. Backhouse, R. Kushwaha (Sixths) and R. Kushwaha (Divs.) played extremely well as 1st and 2nd pairs, losing none of their matches. M. Follet, N. Moorjani, J. Booth and other contributed admirably towards the 3rd pair of the 1st VI. The 2nd VI, led by A. Colledge, was a strong squad, taking and defeating a few 1st VI sides as well as 2nd VI teams.

These successes would not have been possible but for the superb organisation of school tennis by Dr. Higgett. She has worked extremely hard to keep school tennis running smoothly. This is no easy feat, for school tennis is rapidly expanding and the fact that the organisation of all aspects of tennis has been impeccable is a reflection of her own enthusiasm and dedication to school tennis. Thanks must also go to Mr. Lambie, Mr. Tomlinson, Mrs. Temperley, Mr. Heffernan, and also M. Upton and A. Colledge for their help with transport and organisation.

Rajeev Kushwaha, Sixths

Colours

Full	Half
Rajeev Kushwaha	Oliver Backhouse
Rohit Kushwaha	Adam Colledge
Matthew Upton	Simon Smart
Michael Follett	Peter Taylor
	James Booth

Glanvill Cup 1989

In the semi-finals K.E.S. lost 1-5 to the eventual National winners, Repton School, Derbyshire. Matthew Upton played some magnificent tennis to beat Repton's national U16 singles champion Livermore in a match that lasted 2¾ hours (7-6, 4-6, 9-7). This individual triumph was duly acknowledged in the national press. K.E.S. went on to beat the much-fancied St. Paul's School, London in the 3rd/4th place play-off (4-2). The national placing of 3rd ranks the K.E.S. senior squad amongst the top tennis schools in the country is a tremendous achievement.

The players were R. Kushwaha (Capt., Sixths) M. Upton (Divs), O. Backhouse (5 Rems), R. Kushwaha (Divs) and M. Follett (Divs).

S.R.H.

2nd VI

The first match of the season was against K.E. Five Ways which we won 8-1. This was the story for the rest of the season. Indeed, in ten matches, may of which were against other schools' 1st VIs, the team remained unbeaten. This was owing to the strength in depth of K.E.S. tennis; all 2nd VI players could hold their own in the 1st VI. With no 2nd VI players leaving this year, I believe this excellent standard can be maintained next year.

A. Colledge, Divisions.

U 16

An unbeaten season was achieved despite the fact that not once were we able to put out a full strength team. We recorded easy wins against Warwick (7-2) and King's Worcester (7-2) and then an excellent draw against Repton, probably the best tennis school in Britain, and finished the season by thrashing Wrekin 9-0.

Five of the players who played were in the third year or below, so all bodes well for the future.

P. D. Taylor, Fifths.

U 15

Of the three matches we played, we had good wins over Malvern (5-4) and King Henry VIII, Coventry (8 ½ - ½), but also a narrow defeat by a powerful Loughborough side (3½ 5½). Our team, however, does not have much strength in depth, leading to the call up of some very strong Shells and Rems.

M. Dalton (UMs) / J. Smith (UMs)

In the Midland Bank Competition we have won all 3 local league matches and so qualify for the regional knock-out competition next term.

N. Goldsby (UMs)

In the Thomas Bowl competition of the Public Schools L.T.A. Championships held at Eton College, the K.E.S. 1st pair of Neil Goldsby (UMs) and Richard Parton (Shells) lost in the semi-finals of the plate competition to the eventual winners King's College School, London. The K.E.S. 2nd pair of Edward Slater (Rems) and Simon Mason (Rems) lost in the third round of the plate competition. Many thanks to Mr. Heffernan who acted as our supervisor / mentor.

R. Parton Shells, S. Mason, Rems.

There was only one U13 fixture this term which was played against Warwick. We won the match 5½-3½ with outstanding debuts by Birch (Rems) and Easthope (Rems). In the Midland Bank competition this year we have now all 3 local league matches to have qualified for the regional knock-out competition next term.

E. Slater, Rems.

1988 Midland Bank Schools Tennis Championships 13 & Under boys competition.

In the local league the U13 team had comfortable wins over Arthur Terry School, K.E. Five Ways and K.E. Aston and so qualified for the regional knock-out competition. Our first opponents were Eversfield School, Solihull, whom we beat 6-0. Next we had to play Bromsgrove. Even though we won 4-2 it was a tight match (24 games to 21), all decided on the doubles. In the regional semi-final our opponents were Bishop's Cleeve whom we beat 4-2. In the final against Warwick, at Coventry Racquet Centre, nerves didn't get the better of us and we eventually won 4-2. This triumph placed us in the national quarter-final versus Westbourne House from S. Wales, whom we beat 4-2 to qualify for the National Finals at Telford Racquet Centre. In the semi-final of the National Finals we played Aylesbury Grammar School. The score line of 4-2 did not reflect how close the match was (29 games to 27). In the final we beat Leeds Grammar School 5-1. The U13 team had won the Midland Bank National Schools Tennis Championships!

Many thanks must go to Mr. Lambie who took us to our first match, to all the players who took part and, of course, to our manager Dr. Higgitt.

N. Goldsby Ums.

The team was N. Goldsby (Capt, UMs), E. Slater (Rems), S. Mason (Rems) and R. Parton (Shells), with valuable contributions at different stages of the competition by R. Adams (Rems), D. Easthope (Rems) and J. Procter (now Wolverhampton C.S.)

SRH

Under 13





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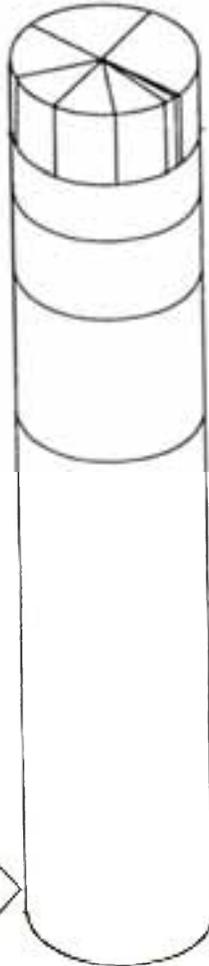
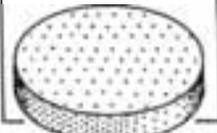
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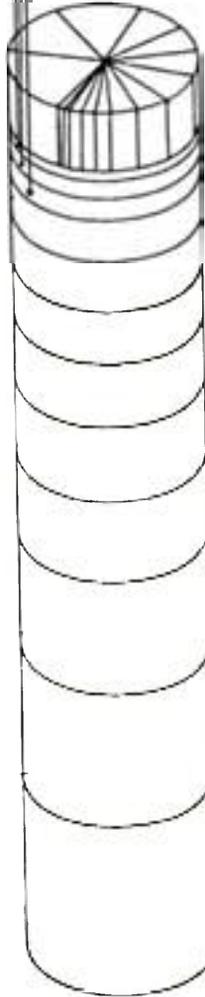
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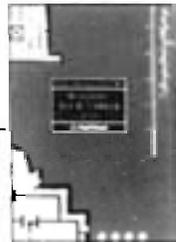
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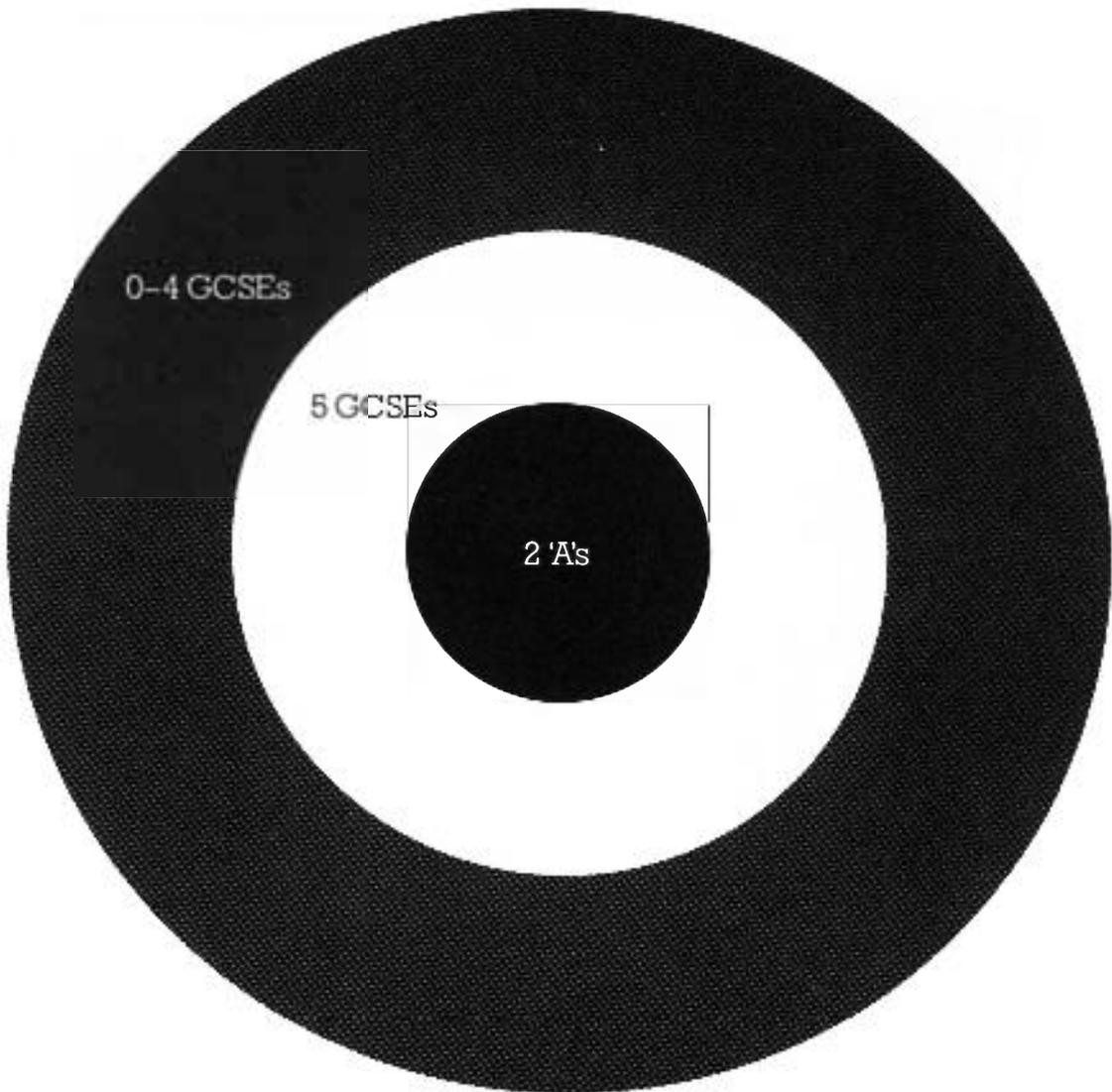


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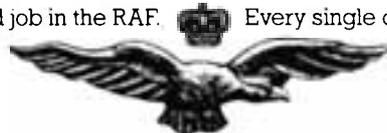
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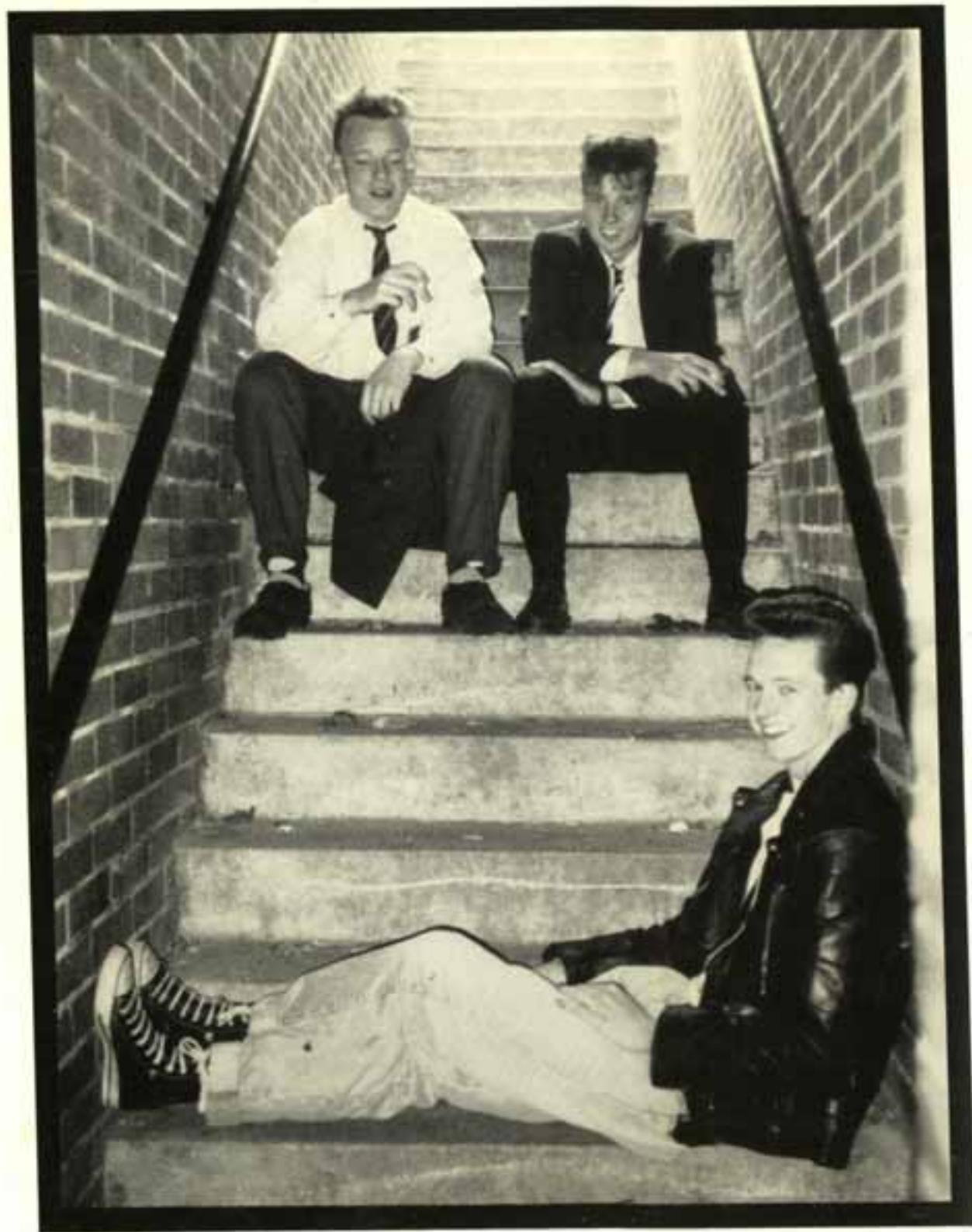
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K.E.S.

CHRONICLE

1990



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Creative Writing Prize

Stephen Ling

Picture Prizes

Artwork
Photography

Scott Button
John-Paul Temperley

Cover Design

Matthew Killeen

EDITORIAL

Until mid-June I did no work at all as Editor, after which I worked solidly. At Easter John Brennan, could evoke a laugh with his third inquiry, "so who is the Editor?" Now, he is probably tired of me haranguing him about the Sports section.

If you like hard work, counting words, correcting bad English and running up a large 'phone bill, then you'll enjoy being an editor. As none of us do we have the chronicle meal instead, where we order the most expensive food in the most expensive restaurant we can find, which just about makes up for the work we do, unless no-one tells you when it is until it's too late. As all editors get to go to the meal, and only the Sixth Formers do any real work, I suggest joining the team in the Fourth's or Fifth's to get three meals for one year's worth of work.

There have been two great events in this school year I must mention. The most important is the completion and opening of the Design Centre, a valuable addition to the school. The other is the long awaited closure of the invidious Cartland Club, to which no more than half the Sixth Form may belong, nor any boy below the Sixth Form though he may qualify for membership by the duties system. This will be replaced by a centre open for all upper Sixth Formers. At present there is a projected charge for membership. This must, of course, be dropped. A Sixth Form Common Room, both for Sixths and Divisions is a right and not a privilege, which should be covered by the standard school fees.

What I have seen of the Chronicle is superlative, as were the promises of articles and layouts I received at the end of term. If these came true (Steve? John-Paul?) then the chronicle you're holding will be the best ever.

It remains for me to thank all those who have helped and participated: Mrs Ricks for performing the air of the Four Citizens Room; Oliver Heslop and Damien Field for being the only editors to complete their sections on time; the other editors for all the work I'm sure they did this summer; all contributors, and especially those I caped and ragged at the end of term; Simon Curry for his superb societies heading graphics, and his overall artistic direction of the Chronicle; Duncan Collinson for being brave enough to take over; and lastly but not most of all, thanks to all the staff at the Resources Centre without whom the Chronicle would not exist.

Thomas Prichard, Sixths



EDITORS

Robert Bassett

John Brennan

Duncan Collinson

Simon Curry

Damien Field

Steve Goldsby

Bob Hall

Oliver Heslop

Andrew Mulligan

Thomas Pritchard

Katy Ricks

John-Paul Temperley



Interview: Jason Crampton

C: I see Mark E. Smith is your hero, and The Fall one of your favourite bands. Why, when they vary so widely?

JC; That's part of the attraction, because they never do the same thing on two albums. It's the man in particular that's my hero. He pleases himself and doesn't pander to popular taste. He writes different things.

C: Do you understand his lyrics?

JC; No (chuckles). Well, sometimes. Living in Manchester for three years makes a difference. It's a very personal viewpoint that people in Manchester have, which tends to be negative. Mark E. Smith reflects that a lot and I can appreciate this more than a Londoner, for example. They're not very popular in London at all. He's a pretty unpleasant character really. He doesn't make a conscious effort to be different, he just is. His perspective in his songs is certainly different.

C: What do you think about the present popularity of Manchester music?

JC; I'm against all that because it has been generated by the media. It's the chicken and egg: which came first, the scene or the publicity? I listen to the Happy Mondays. I don't like them, but I quite like their music.

C: What are your views on the racist attitudes of Public Enemy, particularly anti-white?

JC; They're notoriously anti-semitic, but this is not expressed in their music. What is expressed is an insistence that they be treated equally, if not more equally than whites. I suppose they have a case.

C: Would you say they were anti-white, or just pro-black?

JC; Just very pro-black. A white band I know that they were going to tour with had to pull out, because of abuse from the fans. In spite of Public Enemy's approval, it was the fans that couldn't accept that they were white. I was going to go on that tour actually and I was disappointed when it was called off.

C: Don't you feel you're missing out a bit by teaching?

JC; I do regret it. It is nice in some ways. But a lot of the time it's very boring.

Last year my friends in the band (Pop Will Eat Itself) went to Australia and America while I was stuck in school. It seems like completely different worlds. But it does have its drawbacks. Rob Jones of the Wonderstuff left because of all the publicity, the constant pressure of interviews. When you're on tour you have no time at all, spending most of his time feeling terrible because you're hungover etc. They're always sleeping on hotel floors. It looks good but in reality behind the scenes it's a really long day.

C: Were you really a piano player?

JC; Yes, even if it looks like a joke.

C: Moving on to films, what did you like about "Birdy"?

JC; The ending. When he jumped off the roof... because he still believed he could fly and you wrongly thought he was dead ... it was so optimistic and far fetched. I like happy endings. To be honest, the only things I usually remember about films are the endings. The film itself was probably not that great but it was funny, and sad. I tend to like films which are not so mainstream. "Last Exit to Brooklyn" made a very good job of a very difficult book. Things like "Black Rain" or Arnold Schwarzenegger films are ridiculous - the glorification of violence.

C: What are your plans for the future?

JC; I'd like to travel, anywhere - I've never been anywhere. I'm not ready to work. I'm too young to work.

Mr. Crampton, thank you very much.

Oliver Heslop, Sixths.

Julian Burns

C: Where were you educated?

JB; Nottingham High School and Oxford University.

C: Did you go straight into teaching?

JB; Indeed not! I spent three months in London working for a Computer Magazine but loathed it, so gave it up. As I rather liked the idea of going back to University and having time to think I took a P.G.C.E. Teaching was not that unfamiliar to me: my parents are in Education

so you could say that it runs in the family, a form of congenital madness if you like.

C: *Have you taught anywhere else?*

JB; Yes, I taught for three years at Hampton school in Middlesex. It's very well known for its rowing, which was my main extra-curricular activity.

C: *Do you have any interests or hobbies?*

JB; Yes, I'm very interested in history - Alexander the Great has always been a hero of mine. I like medieval history, too. I'm a keen but rather talentless drummer in my spare time. At my last school I was a member of a band called 'Dodgy Boiler'. We were awful. Our debut/farewell appearance was in a school talent contest in which we stumbled through 'House of the Rising Sun'. Drums and piano tried to play a solo at the same time. Mercifully, we were never heard of again.

C: *As an English Teacher, you must read a lot. Tell us about the books you have read lately.*

JB: Well, it has always struck me as cruelly ironic that those people who are interested in reading literature should have to read schoolboys' essays for a living. However, at the moment I am reading "Chatterton" by Peter Ackroyd; I found his previous novel, 'Hawksmoor' macabrely fascinating. I'll shortly start another John Fowles novel; although his books seem rather similar they never fail to baffle and intrigue. Recently I finished David Lodge's 'Nice Work' - his comic observations of human behaviour are a delight.

C: *Julian Burns, thank you very much.
Stephen Goldsby, Sixths*

Carol Southworth

C: *Have you ever worked outside teaching?*

CS: Not for any length of time. The occasional catering at Wimbledon.

CS: (Mirth) Because I love you all, David.

C: *Where have you taught before King Edwards?*

CS: A wide variety of places. KEHS for one, plus the usual inner city comps.

C: *Do you teach because you need the money, or what?*

(Extended laughter) A mixture of both. Great enjoyment, but for cash as well, (obviously).

C: *Do you find working here more pleasing than teaching for the government?*

CS: I should say so. The resources are more plentiful, the calibre of pupils is higher, as is the standard of behaviour.

C: *If your son was old enough would you prefer to send him to KES, than to let's say Tudor Grange (a Solihull comprehensive)?*

CS: I think yes, to KES, if he passes. The education

is rounded, the pupils having far more advantages. More importantly there is a wide cross section of people, from diverse backgrounds.

C: *Having adolescent daughters does it frighten you seeing the "rampant" male produced here?*

CS: (CS laughter) Sometimes Yes. Er... (pause) Oh I suppose one must have faith. Hopefully much will have been taken in, despite the bravado. Maybe a co-educational sixth form would help. At that age boys need that feminine influence. In the younger years though, it is less wise. In the 13-15 age group lots of little boys are very little boyish where lots of little girls would be grown ups.

C: *Do you feel you can adequately combine teaching and housewifery?*

CS; Yes, though not being full time helps. It's not housework but motherly duties that take time. Bringing up children becomes more demanding as they grow up. You need more time in the evening.

C: *What are your most enjoyable past-times? Please not gardening.*

CS: Oh, singing.

C: *In the bath?*

CS: No, in a choir. Though I do like gardening, despite a lack of time. I work with the church too, teaching Sunday School, aiding the vicar etc.

C: *What's your favourite beverage?*

CS: What do I drink? Sherry, I suppose.

C: *And to accompany it, whose music would be most enjoyed?*

CS: While swigging a bottle of sherry there's little better than Bach's Mass in B Minor.

C: *Is the common room atmosphere more relaxed/ bitchy/competitive than elsewhere?*

CS: Actually it's very pleasant, cheerful and agreeable. What else? Oh yes, its a damn sight more relaxed than KEHS.

C: *Sounds idyllic, but how does it feel being in a female minority amongst all those blokes?*

CS: They certainly aren't all blokes, some are gentlemen. It can be quite strange when in a minority of one seeing how certain men behave. 'Gallant' is the most appropriate adjective for their behaviour I suppose. Especially as I didn't expect a woman to be over welcome - not able to referee rugby matches you know.

C: *Anything else you'd like to tell me? Perhaps about the boys - arrogant is the most common critical cliché.*

CS: Not really. Some boys assume good results without working for them. Others think they're so terribly grown up but are actually still little children. (mirth).

C: *Finally your cardigans, where do you buy them, or are they donated?*

CS: (Excessive laughter) I'm not admitting to any Oxfam accusations. This came from "Mackays", a popular high street shop in Solihull. Carol Southworth, thank you very much. David Cunnington, Divisions.

Lawson Roll

C: *Could you tell us about your life before you came here?*

LR: I was born and educated in Bristol. I went to Birmingham University and did a degree in Physical Education. Sport has always played a prominent part in my life, spending a short time with Gloucestershire County Cricket Club and playing National League hockey with Bournville Hockey Club. This is my first teaching post.

C: *What are your first impressions of KES?*

LR: How lucky the boys are, with the excellent facilities available in all areas, especially sports (where I'm involved). I've come across a vast majority of likeable, level-headed people, but like every group there are a few idiots amongst them (as well as the arrogant).

C: *You have taken an active role in the Divisions leadership option for General Studies, which has proved very popular. Tell us about it.*

LR: Half of my timetable is spent on the Leadership Project, which is independently funded by the Rank Foundation. The Project is aimed to give the boys a balance to the academic subjects, and experience at leading a small group through practical exercises. The General Studies course is only part of the Project.

C: *Is there enough emphasis on sports at KES?*

LR: I feel that sport does not have as high a profile as it ought to within the school. Obviously, academic success is a priority, and the reason for the school's excellent reputation and status, but sports (especially the major ones) need to improve, and this can only happen with lots of extra work from the pupils throughout the school. All team members need to train/work harder - there is no doubt they would receive support from members of staff.

C: *Lawson Roll, thank you very much
Deepak Nambisan, Divs.*

Duncan Chamberlain

C: *What were you doing before you came to KES?*

DC: I went to a comprehensive school in Gloucestershire and then between 1984 and 1987, was at Birmingham University reading Geography and Political Science. After University I worked for Whitbread, the Brewers in Durham for 8 months. I then toured England doing odd jobs for three months. In the year 1988-89 I returned to university to do my teacher training year and I taught in Quinton, at Four Dwellings School. Finally I came to KES last September.

C: *Why did you decide to teach after having worked in Industry?*

DC: I wanted to do something useful and wanted to use whatever skills I have in a way which was going to help create the future of the country

rather than devising ways of selling cans of Heineken (grins!) It was very boring; a monkey could have done it. Overall, I didn't like the commercialism of industry.

C: You've often spoken of the disapproval some of your friends showed when you went to teach in the private sector: what do you feel about that?

DC: At first I didn't like the idea of it. I wasn't sure if it was morally right and I didn't like the idea of teaching in a "Birmingham Eton". The teaching staff at Quinton however told me to go for the job. The people who criticised me were still training and therefore knew little of the lack of money and facilities in the state sector nor the realities of teaching in an independent school. I spent a weekend deciding and decided that it was the right thing to do. I still get hassle about it from some friends but I don't regret it at all. The fact is that KES is not a West Midlands Eton - the boys here are really very normal and are here on ability; they need educating as much as anyone else.

C: What do you think of KES compared to the state at Quinton?

DC: The facilities here are obviously far better. There is less unionisation at KES which is not necessarily a good thing. Overall however, KES is a pleasure to work in: as the boys are so motivated it's easy for me to be.

C: What activities are you involved in at KES?

D.C.: Under 14 hockey
Second XI hockey
Geography Society
Debating Society
The "Open to Question" Survey
Clifford House
Tennis
Friday afternoon hockey for shells

C: How did you feel about being a form master so soon after coming here?

DC: I didn't know what was meant to do so I had to muddle through as best I could. I am indebted to my colleagues for all their help and to my form for being so co-operative. It takes a lot of time but is very rewarding and a good laugh!

C: What are your future plans?

D.C.: To stay at KES for 5-6 years at least and then

look for promotion. If not, I'd like to go into politics.

Mr Chamberlain, thank you very much.
Oliver Lee, Divisions.

Robin Smith

C: Can you tell us something about your life before KES?

RS: From Oxford University, I went to teach at Solihull school, after doing my PGCE at Nottingham University. I spent about ten weeks during a University vacation in the US of A, working as an ice-cream salesman for a company in Omaha. My favourite flavour was tutti-frutti! I spent 60% of the time earning some money, 35% sight-seeing, and the other 15% travelling! But it gave me an insight into the very different lifestyle which they have there.

C: What were your first impressions of KES? Is it different from the other schools which you have experience of?

RS: The buildings are very grand! I'm somewhat disappointed with the internal facilities, and I think that these could be developed, to come into line with the other standards here.

C: When you were at school, what were your ambitions for your future life?

RS: I've never wanted to take myself on to a particular career. It was at University that I first began to realise that I was going to be a teacher for the rest of my life. But I do enjoy Chemistry, even though it can be sometimes a bit stinky.

C: What did you have for breakfast?

RS: Eh? Oat Crunchies! I always have Oat Crunchies and coffee, shared with my 3½ year old son. We have great conversations over Crunchies.

C: Do you play a musical instrument?

RS: Yes, I play the violin: I started aged eleven, when I was bought one. I used to go off for lessons on a Saturday morning, it cost me 2/6. I've enjoyed playing for my own satisfaction and expression. I have taken part in orchestras at school and university.

C: What do you think of the Birmingham pubs?

RS: Well, I don't go into them very much ... except for one occasion after a party once

... but we won't go into that! (burst into fits of laughter).

C: *What would you do if you were Chief Master?*

RS: Well for a start I'd give myself a huge pay rise! then rebuild the Chemistry labs.

C: *And the very last question ... What's the meaning of life?*

RS: Well I'd like to think that we are here to create a better world for each other, and to have a better respect for each other. And to laugh at Fiat 126s! But beyond that, I really wouldn't like to try to explain.

Robin Smith, thanks very much.

Marian Williams, Fifth's

Ian Loram

C: *Could you tell me something about your background?*

IL: Well, I was born in London and brought up in Sussex. After my comprehensive I went to Selwyn College, Cambridge where I studied Physics.

C: *Have you had any previous jobs?*

IL: Yes, I have taught at Cadbury VI Form College and I worked at Logica as a computer systems analyst, which I hated. I felt the company was geared up to defence projects which exploited people's fears.

C: *What's good about teaching?*

IL: It stops me being my usual shy self. I reckon being a good teacher is one of the most difficult jobs in the world. Yes, I am very interested in Philosophy and Religion. I prefer it to Physics, which I see more as a trade, though don't get me wrong, I do enjoy Physics. I'm fascinated by human nature and I love discussing things such as "Fundamental Questions".

C: *What other interests do you have?*

IL: I like music, I play the piano and I enjoy making music with my wife.

C: *Do you have any plans or dreams for the future?*

IL: Yes, definitely, but that's a secret (laughter). I intend to stay at KES for a while, but I see my job here more as a stop-over rather than a permanent post.

C: *Would you like to comment on your ZCV?*

IL: I don't like people taking the mickey out of it! It's cheap, reliable and gets you there. I've got better things to spend my money on than cars. I'm not a ZCV eccentric.

Mr. Loram, Thank you very much.

Dominique Moore, Divisions.

Paul Smith

C: *Can you tell us about your earlier career?*

PAS: I did a degree in Zoology at Manchester University, and after that research for three years at King's College London. I also spent some time on the island of Lundy.

C: *What was that for?*

PAS: I did an unusual project on black rats which involved faecal analysis; much time was spent dissecting rat pellets.

C: *Wasn't it lonely on Lundy?*

PAS: Well no, not really. If I remember rightly there was a pub; I enjoyed it there.

C: *Do you frequent pubs often?*

PAS: I used to spend time in them at Manchester. There were lots of small pubs there which had quite a lot of character, whereas I suppose the pubs here are much bigger and more modern, probably because of the bombing during the war. I would go more if there was a nice pub around, but to find them you have to go further afield.

C: *As a relative newcomer, do you like Birmingham?*

PAS: The city centre seems to be a bit of a disaster in terms of planning; they don't seem to have done anything with it, whereas in Manchester they kept it in order more. When we took a look around we seemed to have to wade through building sites to reach the different places. But it's a happy city with good spirit.

What interests do you have outside school?

PAS: Well, I'm married so I have my wife to think about ... I used to run the Biological Society in Manchester and organise all these various social events. (I've done quite a lot of that sort of thing at the past.) and we used to go to these nightclubs. I'd get everything set up and the whole group of us went in. But they took one look at me and said,

"You can all go in, but he can't." I don't know why. I could never work it out.

C: Why did you go into teaching after university?

PAS: I wanted to get some sort of professional qualification under my belt; I mean if I say to you my work was on small mammals it's not actually the sort of thing that gets you very far in life. When I had done my teaching course, I decided that I didn't want to teach, but go back into research. However, I found both this and my former job at Rugby enabled me to do both.

C: What are your plans for the future?

PAS: Well I'm hoping to stay here for a few years; it depends on whether I decide to stay in teaching; I may go back into research. My wife has a job at the university and I'll see how things work out.

C: Mr Smith, Thank you very much.

Andrew Beale, Fifths

Sabine Guillemot

C: What were you doing at the Ottawa School of Art?

SG: I went there in '87, not really knowing what to do, I took the subject watercolour. I wasn't too sure what it was going to be like as I'd drawn before but imagined watercolour to be pale, boring landscapes. I met a teacher who kept on trying to speak French although he couldn't speak a word and he had totally different approach to watercolour... he made me use my fingers and toes. It turned out great and I took some more courses. The best qualification I now have is that I can take a brush and enjoy myself.

C: Do you still paint now?

SG: I don't like landscapes, because I've lived in Paris for 22 years. I do prefer live subjects.

C: Do you prefer Paris to London?

SG: I got lost in London, because Birmingham's so much smaller, but I found there's less happening in London. The cultural life is much more hidden, whereas in Paris there is cultural pressure to see things; I like capital atmospheres because I grew up in them.

London has an atmosphere like Paris, of the overwhelming feel of the crowd around you.

C: Music tastes: why have you chosen 3 English artists?

SG: It's my 4th year at University studying English, so I'm pretty much involved in the culture. I've had to give the French side a rest for a few years. That was also my reason for choosing Golding's novel.

C: What did the Brazilian trip consist of?

SG: Last July I took some children over to Rio, Brazil where I was on the staff of an international summer village. We ran a programme for groups of children from 15 different nations. At 11 years of age they're without prejudice and hopefully they build up relationships which they'll remember in the future. The idea was that if they have this in their memories they'll be more tolerant of other cultures.

C: What did you think of Brazil?

SG: It was the first time I'd been to a Third World country and I really had to lower my standards. The starvation and disease which I saw I've kept in my mind. The Brazilians I met seemed to be aware of the economic problems but they said there was little they could do. Inflation is so high, everybody's buying everyone else. If you get a speeding fine you can bribe the police. The whole country is corrupt.

*C: Why is *Molière* one of your heroes?*

SG: When I was at school we studied it because that's what you do. It was just hilarious, a lot of fun. I was involved in a drama group so we didn't just read it.

C: What parts would you play?

SG: Doctors, often male roles, except in "Les Précieuses Radicales". I find a good way to criticise is to make people laugh about things. It's softer and you don't need to be very dark and sombre to describe something.

C: Any comments you wish to make about KES?

SG: I saw the Oxbridge entrants in the paper the other day and I felt there was too much pressure. Those who fail must feel second rate and you shouldn't feel bad if you don't go. The most important thing school should give you is an appetite for knowledge in general. I am also a bit bitter about money being the main aim in life here. A passion for something, sport, music whatever

will make you more happy than if you can buy anything in the world. I believe in variety, it's what makes you more than a number. KES is such an old institution that you have to be more than this.

Mlle Guillemot, thank you very much.
Oliver Heslop, Sixths

Monique Kröpfl

C: Can you tell us about your early life?

MK: I was born in Basel, in Switzerland, and brought up in a suburb, where I am still living.

C: What sort of things have you done, for example, jobs?

MK: After my 'A' Levels I was a skiing instructor for the winter and then I went for 6 months to Ireland to work on a farm.

C: Have you got any favourite memories?

MK: I was quite proud every time somebody found out that I was a girl, because most people thought I was a boy. So, at the age of 12 I got my ears pierced and then people didn't take me for a boy anymore. At least I hoped that.

C: What are your impressions of Birmingham as a city?

MK: The first time I went into the city centre, I just couldn't believe it because it is so big. It was a Saturday afternoon, and I was really frightened by all the people. In the mean time I've got quite used to it. Sometimes if there is a lot of traffic, I'm still a little scared.

C: Do you actually like the city?

MK: Yes, I do, even though I think it's not very pretty. There is a lot to do.

C: Do you prefer teaching in the boy's school or the girl's school?

MK: I like both, I'm glad that I can do both.

C: Which your group do you like to teach?

MK: I think all of them, but of course, sixths are the most interesting because of the discussions we have.

C: How do members of the common room treat you, as you're very young and tend to stand out a bit?

MK: It's different. At the girls' school there are several young teachers and that's O.K. But here, I only teach four lessons, I'm not very often in the common room, I don't really feel a member of the common room.

C: What do you do in your spare time?

MK: Nearly every day I go dancing; contemporary, afro-caribbean, jazz and I play volleyball.

C: What about in the evening, do you go to clubs, pubs?

MK: Most of the time I do these activities in the evening and afterwards we go and have a drink.

C: What are your plans for the future?

MK: going back to Switzerland some time in August, (I heard something about getting a job starting in mid August, teaching sport), and finishing my English studies. Sometime I am going to teach sport and also English to 6th formers.

C: Good luck

MK: O.K. Thank you.

Andrew Slazarszak, Sixths

Brian Flint

C: Can you tell us about your life before you entered teaching?

BF: I started off working as an apprentice draughtsman in the coal industry at the age of fifteen. I studied part time working eventually to the LNC in Mechanical engineering. The college I was at asked me if I would like to go back and do some teaching part time. Later I did a full time postgraduate course at Loughborough in Engineering Design. After a further two years I started applying for jobs overseas.

C: What made you decide to go overseas?

BF: Whilst teaching in this country, with a wife and two children, we were barely surviving. I was offered jobs in Hong Kong and Saudi Arabia. I suppose I was a bit mercenary and chose Saudi Arabia. I went out to teach in the university for 11 years altogether. (My son is now in Hong Kong!) I was then approached by the headmaster of the new school in Dubai, who asked me if I would set up technology. This was a private school for the Royal Family. I stayed there for three years but didn't enjoy the teaching at all. I was under the impression that it would be academically selective

and found out it was only for boys whose parents were friendly with the Royal Family.

C; What attracted you to KES?

BF; I had a friend who recommended it. I had never been to Birmingham and I initially expected a black, industrial, murky area. I wanted to be able to teach good sixth form boys who were keen and eager to do engineering.

C; Did the new facilities attract you?

BF; Oh yes! Previously I suppose you had the facilities to meet the university requirements. I think this will now train them much better. The learning process is greatly different from academic subjects. It's not a case of being spoon fed. You have to think for yourself and make decisions on this kind of course. I have found that the present sixth form boys don't like it.

C; I feel that many boys are frightened of the design centre.

BF; Now we have the first year boys coming in, I think you'll see a difference. Being in teaching and industry I know there's considerable potential in that area.

C; Have you had any great travel experiences?

BF; We drove to Saudi Arabia one time. I bought a Land Rover here and we caught the ferry from Hull and went across Europe. A couple of years later, we decided to come back; we were going to come through Turkey but we met some British truck drivers who told us that a family had been ambushed and killed. We ended up on a trucker's ferry, mostly with Germans who were glad of the opportunity to get drunk.

C: Mr Flint, Thank you very much.

Simon Curry, Sixths

GOODBYES

JMHatton

Who said that the age of the great eccentrics was over? We have living proof, here in Edgbaston, that this is not true.

It would be no exaggeration to say that JMH has always regarded himself as the last bastion of discipline, control, good manners and good behaviour. He is holding the ring against the advance and onslaught of barbarism, vandalism, in short a formidable but invincible army of Visigoths, Ostrogoths and generally non-French speaking baddies. When he is patrolling the corridors on duty it is "High Noon".

When he loses his temper, this is the time when the cognoscenti know full well that there is but one course open: that is run for cover. The face, already a healthy, ruddy hue, takes an unexpected and alarming tinge of purple and black. The blood pressure goes off the scale. The voice, in normal times a very healthy and well developed organ, goes beyond any known decibal count. The earth quakes, and any poor pupil on the receiving end wishes that the earth would quake a little wider and swallow him up. He is living proof that small people are unquestioningly the most ferocious. The French students in '68 would not have been worth more than even money if the 'general' had sent John in to quell the riots.

But another way, John has had few, if any, problems with discipline. Generations of pupils have rather quickly realised that it was going to be easier and less painful to go 15 rounds with Mike Tyson or lie down in front of a roller rather than risk taking him on. It generally made better sense to play it his way, to utter these strange sounds or do one's best to. In fact, it was generally fun, and, if you could do it well, it was great fun. On several occasions I have been in Room 45 and it was quite obvious that the boys were having a whale of a time, and in French too. One of the unforgettable sights is John issuing forth from Room 45 on the stroke of 1.05, striding purposefully but never running, never daring to overtake, not even on the crucial and decisive stretch between main door and dining hall.

On Friday afternoons he can be a formidable figure, haranguing little old ladies, who, as we all

know, are the world's worst queue-jumpers, and who are sufficiently ill-advised to try to board the bus in front of JMH's shell boys. But his greatest coup was the gargantuan tongue lashing he gave the youth who had the temerity to cycle on the pavement past the bus stop, where JMH's charges were waiting. He was so taken aback by the ferocity of the onslaught that he promptly dismounted and walked on as meekly as a lamb.

JMH and the opposite sex is another interesting field. One colleague from the same department as himself, had been happily chatting away with him for several minutes when he suddenly exclaimed, "Oh! I thought you were the drama lady. There have been so many changes here in the last 20 years. It is so hard to keep track of who's who." Women are rather strange, almost extra terrestrial beings that occasionally swim into his ken and then out of it, with whom he is extremely charming, so long as they do not wish to be ordained as priests.

Which brings me to his nickname of Bro Jo, short for Brother John, which was his name when he joined the school, at the same time as Graham Underhill and myself in September 1965. John has always been different; not many have embarked on their career at K.E.S. looking as though they had stepped out of a Franciscan monastery at Assisi, brown habit, sandals, but I seem to remember that the tonsure was not de rigueur at the time and has been a recent addition. It was typical of him that he had committed himself utterly, and that includes financially, to the Anglican order, the Community of the Glorious Ascension. It was a testing time for him when the community was later dissolved, and he had to start again from scratch, but with typical courage he came through. He has been a lay preacher for many years, and I have seen him give a good account of himself at an ecumenical service held when "Les petits Chanteurs de St. Marc" came over from Lyons to visit us. His opposite number was a most distinguished Jesuit priest and ex-headmaster but John was in no way over awed. Needless to say John has been a mainstay of the chapel throughout his time here.

We shall miss John's outspokenness and frankness. It was he who christened the new building the Nelson Mandela CND centre. We shall miss his infectious enthusiasm for and encyclopaedic knowledge of all things French as well as his wit and erudition; not many people can knock off the Times crossword as quickly as he. We shall miss the celebration of the General's birthday. John will be able to maintain the proud record of not missing an episode of Coronation Street or Dallas since time immemorial. We shall miss him as a loyal colleague who was never away unless he was absolutely "loss de combat". We shall miss him as a colleague who had the welfare of his pupils very much at heart, both in the classroom and outside. I recently overheard a boy saying "He must be one of the most conscientious teachers in the school; he really cares about his pupils". Perhaps this explains the almost incredible succession of ultimate school captains who passed through JMH.

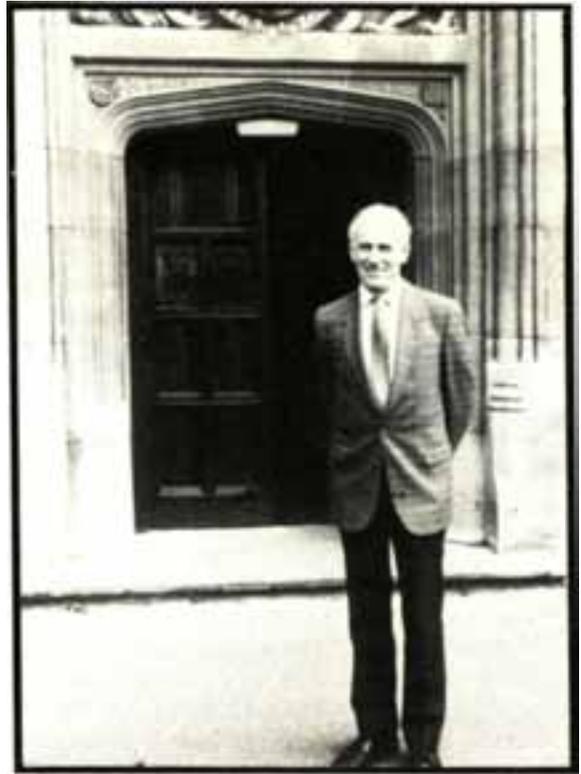
"Remember Quazi!" was what John often said to potential troublemakers. John had several years ago broken all school records in having Quazi expelled in 30 minutes flat. However, Quazi it was who remembered and recently wrote to John, in French moreover, wishing him a happy retirement. So the story had a happy ending, as happy as we all hope John's retirement will be, both not too far away in Selly Park or later in Winchester.

T.B.T.

Graham Underhill

At the end of the summer term Graham Underhill will have completed 25 years service at King Edward's. When somebody has been at a place for that length of time it is easy to come to expect that they will be there next year and the year after, that they are part of that place. So it is hard to believe that GCU will not be in Room 149 (for years in Room 47) in September 1990 with Shell U.

Graham is the sort of schoolmaster who has made the school what it is. In an age of the "career teacher", with carefully mapped out career plan, not stopping in any school for more than 2 or 3 years, ruthlessly pushing on to the next stage and not letting anybody stand in the way, Graham makes a refreshing change. He is a stayer, very much in the mould of Geoff Sacret, Bill Buttle or Norman Craig, and Heaven knows, schools need stayers to provide continuity, to maintain values and standards. By his careful and thorough teaching



of French, German and latterly more and more Spanish, a very rare combination in itself, (no small testimony to Graham's flexibility and adaptability as a linguist), by his insistence on industry and application from his pupils, by his demands for neat, careful and thorough work, by requiring courtesy and good manners, Graham has inculcated in generations of Shell U and other forms and sets, the values which people have come to expect from KES pupils. Although he has had a good share of VI form teaching, especially through Spanish, he has done a great deal of lower and middle school teaching, not beloved of the whizz-kid career teacher as kudos is not high, but which lays down the basis for future success. And Graham's pupils have always been thoroughly taught and well prepared, so that they have done well at GCSE and A level.

Graham's work rate must be one of the highest in the school. Generally carrying not one, but two briefcases full of books to mark, Graham always seems to be in a hurry to get to class in good time or to make the most of a free period and knock off a set of books.

We will never forget his careful interpretation of the often runic JHB regulations, the provision of

string cut to precise lengths so that supplementary sheets could be attached with a loop of no more and no less than 3 centimetres.

We even suspected that he used to polish the drawing pins, so immaculate was everything. Graham made the conduct of examinations into an art form, and the invigilators had to toe the line and get it right, or there was a proper tongue lashing.

Canon Lunt, on appointing Graham in 1965, said that he should go on a language course. Graham has been going on courses and travelling ever since, including taking 12 school parties to France.

He has just been to Moscow and Leningrad, and he has been almost everywhere in Europe and especially Spain. He is an inveterate gallery-goer, very knowledgeable about engravings and prints of all kinds, lending items from his collection to the school on occasions.

Graham has made a major contribution to the architecture of the school. He saw the possibilities of using what were rather underused Scoutrooms over the gym as Audio-Visual Rooms and was involved in overseeing their conversion. He supervised the construction of the Maurice Porter Room and the conversion of the old changing rooms into 5 new classrooms

I have recently been most grateful for Graham's invaluable advice and help in moving the language lab to its new home in AV2. He was made churchwarden of St Anne's before he was 30, a rare honour, and has recently become one again.

We shall miss Graham as a colleague. Loyal, dependable, methodical, patient, courteous, urbane and extremely civilised, in short a real gentleman who never wishes to upset or offend and yet who has a malicious sense of humour which few are privileged to share. Fortunately however we shall continue to see him regularly in his new part-time post as Registrar for Admissions. We can rest assured that papers will not go astray and the lists will be accurate. Graham has our very best wishes in his semi-retirement.

TBT

Dr David Rowson

David Rowson went to the University of Bradford, graduating with honours in Applied Physics. Sponsorship from Ferodo financed his Ph.D.

By 1977 Dr Rowson was a lecturer in Physics in

the University of Aston. "Ill-advised and misguided" cuts in university finances closed the Physics department down in 1981.

He joined KES in September 1982. His wealth of experience in industry and in higher education has broadened the teaching of Physics and his commitment to service and the environment. He is big in Scouting (Assistant District Commissioner for South East Birmingham), and has run courses for staff and pupils at KES on Drug Awareness.



He is a Counsellor for drug abusers and has set up a counselling service for scouts with a family problem.

Concerning the environment he was one of the first to avoid CFC's before it became trendy, also practising organic gardening in Acocks Green. He proposed to use unleaded petrol in a car until he discovered it would cost more to convert than it was worth.

After eight years, David Rowson moves on again, to Solihull School tempted by opportunities for developing drug awareness courses and plenty of sixth form teaching.

Best wishes to David and Margaret— His ties, those eminently environment-unfriendly ties brightened up many a wet Wednesday afternoon!
DHS

Mike Roden

Rhyolite is a tough dark volcanic rock. It is also the nickname given to Mike on his very first field course in Snowdonia in September 1982. Not for any superficial similarity but simply because it was one of the enthusiasms he brought with him fresh from Manchester University. It was also one of the few words which most of his students could distinguish in his as yet undiluted South Yorkshire accent.

Rhyolite might describe Mike in some ways but you would need to look beyond the hard exterior as most of his pupils did to discover a kind, sensitive and very warm-hearted individual.



Mike taught Physical Geography and Geology with enthusiasm and vigour taking his pupils well beyond the boundaries of public examinations. For some boys PhD level work began with their A-level geography project and they responded to the challenge with enthusiasm. He expected high standards and that is what several generations of boys achieved. In Mike his pupils recognised a teacher who enjoyed his work. His commitment to good results was impressive. Everybody enjoyed his sense of fun and spontaneous humour and the exceptionally able found a subject and a teacher that could stretch them to their limits.

Mike very effectively led and planned much of our physical geography teaching and his efforts

helped many boys to gain first class degrees and university prizes. He enjoyed lots of things but soils were his speciality and he introduced the art of digging soil pits (something which it is believed he does on all his holidays). Fieldwork was memorable with Mike, no amount of wind could drown out his impromptu lectures, and there must be many bemused sheep spread over the fells of northern England who will know more than most humans about the peaty podsol.

He had several weeks of coastal fieldwork which brought with it lots of temptations. With a profound sense of pastoral duty he would pause in any convenient seaside resort to give the boys the opportunity 'to let off steam' and he would disappear to the nearest amusement arcade where we would compete in electronic duck shooting.

Mike's other interests went even further than this - his other passion was rugby and in this he was accomplished. He rose to the position of 'Head of Rugby' and to get some geography in, organised a tour to Canada. He was in fact an all round sportsman - he enjoyed the fun of social cricket, but at heart he was a true competitor in everything he undertook.

He was a popular Form Master, he enjoyed the company of his pupils and they responded to his informal and natural manner. As far as I am aware he is the only person to ever use three report slips for one boy. He must have been a natural choice to take over the Housemastership of Levett.

We shall miss Mike a lot as he heads south to become Head of Geography at Bristol Grammar School. There were lots of jokes and memories - The Duke of Somerset, Sheila's shop and of course Skinningrove, but when there is a wind blowing from the Bristol Channel we might faintly hear the unmistakable sound of Mike in full flow.

JAC

Jack Cook

In September 1977 a tall character with a rather less fearsome beard and a fuller head of hair arrived at KES as Head of Economics from City of London School. Jack's arrival was not announced with fanfares of trumpets; that is not his style. He was more the willing workhorse who gradually took on more and more responsibility in day-to-day administration in some of the less dramatic and less high-profile areas of School life, often spending longer than necessary on a particular job

to ensure that he covered all eventualities and that his colleagues were not imposed upon. He always took on far more than his fair share and realised at a late stage that quarts do fit into pint pots, but only at the cost of burning the midnight oil for



days at a time and hitting some very tight time deadlines.

Jack's style was not that of a crammer. His pupils took on the subject at the start of the Divisions' year, after no more than a cursory introduction, if any at all, at the end of the Fifth form. The good ones soon realised that his advice and guidance was designed to prepare them adequately for studying at university and beyond rather than to get the highest possible 'A' level grades, and they worked under their own steam from an early stage. The "bad ones" (a relative term academically at KES, referring to those who were not strongly encouraged to pursue their top-grade GCE subjects) sometimes took the easy option in the first year of the course, came crashing down at the end of it, realized that Jack was not going to spoonfeed them and, in most cases, left KES with a better idea of how to stand on their own feet.

Jack ran hockey for five years and set much of the groundwork for its current upsurge. He was a House Tutor in Jeune for all his 13 years, providing careful guidance and counselling for the potentially errant middle school in recent years. His comments about "interesting liaisons" whilst also teaching Economics at KEHS until 1987 might bear further investigation by those considering joint teaching between the two schools! He claims a record for running three Friday afternoon activities simultaneously on more than one occasion. His occasional appearance as a Choral Society tenor gave only a hint of the powerful voice to be heard in the St. Chad's Church Choir in Rubery for many

years and his life as a committed Christian was never rammed down people's throats, although it shone out to those who knew him well.

Jack's position on various Economics committees are too numerous to mention, as were his other administrative capacities at KES. It would be inappropriate not to mention his final "millstone" as Clerk of Works during the recent building work where it appeared that he spent every waking hour sorting out the minutiae of financial, architectural and logistic detail - the ultimate task to wear anyone down.

Jack leaves us to be an Economics Tutor at "an unspecified Junior College" in Singapore. Their gain is our loss of a valued and trusted friend and colleague, and we wish him, Sue and Ellen all the best for the future.

KEJ

Katy Ricks

In her three years at King Edward's Mrs Ricks has managed to create a strong impression of being everywhere at once in the life of the school. She has co-produced two Junior Plays, including this year's, and been involved in other dramatic ventures in various capacities; she has run the KES end of the Literary Society, presided over the Bulletin Board and taken charge of "Chronicle", as well as being a popular Form Teacher and a House Tutor in Jeune. Probably her single most visible contribution outside the classroom has been her



foundation and early editing of "The Idler", which she has seen through from its earliest stirrings to the increasingly interesting and professional publication which it is now in the process of becoming.

She should, however, chiefly be remembered not for any of these things, but as a very good teacher of English. Her approach to the classroom is ebullient, witty and often light-hearted, but unflinchingly serious in its concern for quality and details. She has deployed cheerful mockery to devastating effect, refusing to settle for the half-baked conclusion, the irrelevancy or the easy generalisation, and has made it her business, as it is the business of all good teachers, to challenge limiting assumptions, sloppy reading and intellectual sloth whenever they get in the way of clear thinking, clear perception and clear expression. She has, I believe, been widely liked and admired by her pupils at all levels of the school - and part of what they have liked has been her impatience with the mediocre.

Her colleagues, also, will say goodbye with reluctance. She has brought to the Common Room a vivacity and an occasional irreverence which have won her many friends, and life will be duller without her. I am sure that I speak for us all in wishing her well in her new appointment at Latymer Upper School in London.

TFPH

Virginia Stephenson



After two years in Britain's second city, the temptations of the first city have become too great and Virginia Stephenson, a self-confessed lover of Big City life, has taken the opportunity to join the staff of James Allen's school in Dulwich.

Virginia has done a remarkable amount for both Department and School in a comparatively short time. An efficient and enthusiastic teacher of Latin and Greek to all years of the school (together with Rowing and Accountancy, given half the

chance), she has been valued for her modern, business-like approach to the Classics, where Classical ideas and Classical perspectives are important for modern society. The "quid Romae faciam" of Juvenal, who cannot live with, yet cannot live without, the demands of city life, will not be lost upon her!

Virginia has made numerous contributions to the musical life of the school, both as a violinist of repute, whether playing in the 1st orchestra, or at a charity concert, or carefully auditing the accounts of the Music Society: her accountancy qualifications have not been wasted! Whether at home or abroad, her assistance with the smooth running of school expeditions has been much appreciated: she has brought a breath of vivacity to the Common Room. I have been particularly grateful for her help in teaching Latin to pupils from a local comprehensive school, where the study of the subject is seen as a rare privilege. Independent schools should play a part in the community at large.

We wish Virginia every success for her new career in London. We shall miss her but, as they might say in accountancy, what one loses, another gains. Vale!

SFO

Graham Heffernan

"Young and enthusiastic". These are the words that immediately come to mind when thinking about Graham. His enthusiasm is boundless, and is not simply a consequence of his youth, but is central to his personality. To whatever he attempts he brings his enthusiasm, tempered by common sense, kindness and humour. He was recommended to me before he came as someone who had great natural gifts as a teacher, and commitment to his pupils. The genuine affection of his pupils to him on his departure shows that attitude is reciprocated, if displayed in somewhat bizarre ways on occasion.

His contributions as a form master and as a house tutor have been considerable. Here again the keynote has been of vigorous commitment and practical concern for his boys and their wellbeing. On the sports field he has coached rugby and cricket ably and humorously, and even had time to bowl for the Kestrels.

When the dreaded Comic Relief Day approached, the natural choice for "coordinator" of the event fell on Graham. To him must go the



credit for the good humoured success of the event which responded to his sensitive guiding hand. His own contribution to the event was as lead singer for that magical number "Louie! Louie!". For those who were there, and even for those who were not, the moment was unforgettable.

The natural affection that Graham has elicited from both boys and masters in the last few days of term has been the greatest testimonial any teacher could have. We wish Rebecca and Graham all the best in their future lives together, and hope that they will remember us with the affection we have for them.

J.P.D.

Laurence Kimpton

Experienced and talented geographers are not easy to find at short notice. With several textbooks to his name, experience of running a successful geography department and a reputation as a world traveller, Laurence was an answer to a prayer. Dissatisfied with the state system, Laurence brought enthusiasm and professionalism to the classroom of KES, which boys quickly recognised and responded to. His breadth of knowledge is impressive and he could teach any part of the courses with expertise. On field trips he makes a delightful companion and seems to have something to say on any odd corner of the country in which he was put, since he had always been there before.

Laurence has stepped in on three occasions

during the last two years and I owe him an enormous debt for the ease with which he adapted and for his thoughtful advice on several occasions. In his time with us he has won the respect and confidence of colleagues and amongst the boys has affectionately risen to cult status. He now leaves us to take up a permanent post at Manchester Grammar School and is poised to embark upon a career in the Independent sector. It is marvellous to know that his talents are going to be fully used and we hope our paths will cross again.

JAC

Andrew Palmer

Andrew joined KES in September 1988 as a Barclays Industrial fellow. He has arranged interviews for interested sixth form students with an accountancy firm, Peat Marwick McIntock. He also arranged a series of industrial evenings giving students the opportunity to meet representatives from a variety of local companies with the view of gaining information regarding future possible employment.

Although the majority of Andrew's time was devoted to students' careers he still assisted in the teaching of Religious Education and Design. His teaching in the Design Centre was not his only commitment: he spent many hours after school and at weekends helping to set up the workshops. He was also an active member of the "Leadership Project". His interest in cricket also got him involved in umpiring school matches for the under 13 team.

I do not think I am alone in saying Andrew will be missed not only as a friend but also for the dedicated manner in which he committed himself to all aspects of his work. We wish him and his family the best of luck in his new post at Solihull School.

BF

David Hill

With the retirement of David Hill as Mathematics teacher, Careers Master and colleague ends a connection with the school which has lasted for over forty years. In the late 1940's and early 1950's David was one of the titans of his school generation at King Edward's: a 'golden boy' who made his mark in the classroom and on the sports field. By the time he left the school in 1952 to study Natural Sciences and Theoretical Physics at Cambridge University he had served as Prefect, school athletics captain and for 2½ seasons he had been a key

member of the 1st XV. As centre three quarter in a strong team he combined speed and balance with aggressive tackling skills, attributes which he was still able to demonstrate over twenty years later in the, then, annual match between the Fifteen and the Common Room, but which ultimately were to take a heavy toll of his slender physique.

Circumstances seemed to suggest that David's post University career would be in industry. On leaving Cambridge he entered the family engineering business rising to the Director's Board and gaining an experience of the world of manufacturing which has been of great value to him in that of education. However, exposure to the trials and tribulations of metal fabrication in the Harold Wilson years was enough to convince David that he would never make an entrepreneur. Arriving at King Edward's in 1968 to seek the advice of the then Chief Master as to how he might best change direction and embark



on a teaching career he was promptly appointed to teach Mathematics - an essay in ecclesiastical patronage which was inspired even by the Canon's idiosyncratic standard. David Hill has often remarked wryly that he is somewhat unusual in having reached the end of a long professional career without once having been required to apply for a job!

In the event there began for David a further 22 years service to the school for which generations of boys have reason to be grateful. As Mathematics teacher, form master of UMB, Housemaster of Evans House for sixteen years (during which he

was for many years Senior Housemaster), and master in charge of the Under 16 Rugby Team until obliged to give up coaching on medical grounds, David Hill was a caring and respected figure on school affairs. In 1974 he began his long stint as Master in Charge of Careers, bringing to this position a valuable appreciation of life beyond the walls of the school and growing expertise in matters of Higher Education. I know that David felt that pressures of the timetable and of specialised teaching prevented him from developing the Careers Department of the School in the way in which he would have ideally liked but 6th formers have reason to be grateful to him for advice on matters of careers and University choice; and it was on David's initiative that the Careers Room was significantly upgraded in the late seventies. The school is also grateful to David for having acted over many years as its link with the Old Edwardian Association, and for seeing that school leavers are initiated into the mysteries of Streetsbrook Road and beyond.

By nature a shy and unobtrusive man David was disinclined to push himself forward to address Big School assemblies, but in recent years perhaps nothing has given him greater satisfaction than the opportunity to share his deep Christian belief and his experience of life with a new generation of Edwardians. In this area of school life as well David's contribution will be missed.

In recent years David has not enjoyed the best of health. Arthritis, probably arising from the bone-crunching tackles which he handed out and endured as a Rugby player, has taken its toll. More recently he has suffered from a serious eye condition which is now happily mended. For a man who enjoys travelling and the security and support of family life the decision to retire at this juncture was perhaps not a difficult one to make. The school will sorely miss David's benign presence. We wish him and his wife a long and happy retirement.

DTB



C.C.F.

A C.C.F. without Pete Robins was always going to be quiet. Perhaps word got out that it was now safe to join since the C.C.F. received a higher intake at the beginning of the third year than in the previous three years. The navy and army third year cadets joined together to become "Basic Wing."

Camps this year have been to Bramcote, the South Downs and Canterbury. The South Downs expedition was the finale for the N.C.O. Cadre Course, and consisted of having to walk 30 miles in about a day and a half, carrying a poorly weighted rucksack. This year's arrival camp took place at Easter, at Howe Barracks in Canterbury. We were privileged enough to witness their St George's Day Parade.

However, for an army unit, the C.C.F. still lacks realism. On the 36 hour exercise, nobody was taking the situation seriously enough. Consequently, there were still questions such as "Are we meant to be firing yet?" and, "What time are we going to be attacked?" Fortunately, owing to a superb ruse by daddy-long legs Hooper, who covered the ground quickly, the dawn attack was quite successful.

On a lighter note, it must be said that however long you have spent in the C.C.F., you can still learn. Never before have I seen a pair of Newcastle Brown Ale boxer shorts such as those worn by Stephen Huey, and wasn't it a surprise to find a Sergeant with very short brown hair, a moustache, with a Geordie accent, wearing a tracksuit, and in a bad mood?

Despite the apparent naivety in the lower years concerning "things of an army nature" (!) we have talent in our ranks. Tim Crocker had an interview concerning an Army Scholarship at the beginning of this year, OA Lee, Chris Ashton and Eirik Hooper, attended a Royal Marines' Potential Officers' Course and then OA and Ash went on to their AIB where OA was one of 8 out of 300 to receive a 6th form scholarship (Eirik, meanwhile had fallen by the wayside, on the grounds that he wasn't fit enough).

It was these Marines who led C.C.F. teams in this year's competitions. Oliver Lee led the march and shoot team to second place C.C.F. in the Western District Competition. However, why Eirik stayed up for 48 hours with 2 others to compete in a Signals Competition, whilst three other people stayed up to watch, I'll never know. (Well, in fact I do, but I'm not going to tell you).

Next year's Sixth form is prepared for the future. We have 3 Royal Marines, one army officer, Eirik, but unfortunately Steve Lindley's 100% camp success (!) is gone, and Beeth left.

Thanks (and undying gratitude) to Derek Benson for his unerring dedication to the C.C.F. At times, even Job would have shouted, but Mr Benson never faltered. Mr Collins must be congratulated, amongst other things, for masterminding a highly successful Annual Inspection. Thanks also to Captain London for his time, considering that he has many other outside commitments.

Christopher Hitchins, Divisions.

Cot Fund

Cot Fund this year has supported a range of charities. The final total raised was £2,914.

In the Autumn term, £1,012 was raised and divided between four charities. These were: the West Midlands Autistic Society, supporting autistic people and their families; SHARE, providing a training scheme for Multiple Sclerosis sufferers; the Busoga Trust, for water supply programmes in Uganda; and the Save the Children Fund for Ethiopia.

In the Spring term a total of £1,272 was raised. This was split equally divided between the Save the Children Fund for Ethiopia, the Imperial Cancer Research Fund and St Mary's Hospice.

The Summer term's total of £630 was divided equally divided between three charities: CARE is a charity which amongst other programmes, carries out Oral Rehydration therapy, which prevents five million deaths a year by providing a simple, cheap course of sugar and salt solution; Age Concern, a charity working with the elderly, and the Cystic Fibrosis Research Trust.

Thank you for your generous contributions, especially LMS who raised £232 in the Spring term, and Mr Underhill for administering the Cot Fund.

Russell Osburn, Sixths

The Idler

"Reports of its death have been greatly exaggerated", as Mark Twain said, more or less. The Idler has struggled through financial and other hardships to reach its tenth issue. It won a place in the top twenty-five in the Daily Telegraph School Newspaper competition, which attracted 450 entries.

It will no doubt go on blooming under the green fingers of Mr. Davies.

Rob Hall, Sixths

Open to Question

OTQ90 was an opinion poll carried out within KES and aimed at every pupil. It involved 30 questions: 20 opinion based questions, and 10 general knowledge. The general knowledge questions were taken from "The Times General Knowledge Survey" which had been aimed at

Sixth formers. We were therefore able to compare the School's results with those of the national survey. The other 20 questions concerned such topics as current affairs (political affiliation etc.), travel to school, football, and social welfare. Through the agency of the school secretaries, 750 photocopies were made of the opinion poll and distributed to each boy in the school, during form meetings.

The idea was Mr Chamberlain's. In October (1989), he approached both myself and Nick Harris with this idea, and together we set about choosing some help from the lower years. Mr Chamberlain informed us that the fourth years were an industrious group, and that our selection thoughts should tend that way. Henceforth, Stephen Felderhof, Nick Hockley, Alex Lowe, Angus Menzies, and last, but nonetheless no less lively than the others, Chris Taylor. It was from these five that the ideas, and eventually the questions, sprang, although many an insane proposal was rejected in the meantime. However, they must be congratulated on so few complaints, and for giving up what I'm sure is their valuable time. We lost Angus Menzies to another school half way through the opinion poll but he was more than adequately replaced by Andrew Blake. Over the Christmas holidays, the core of four, plus 'Blakey' went through 100 opinion polls each, and collected the results in a table. If I may not have appeared sincere up 'till now, I must re-iterate my congratulations to these indefatigable young men.

The results were published in "The Idler", the school newspaper, in February 1990 under the quasi-editorial eye of Nick Harris. Nick displayed an obvious talent in the field of journalism, and an enthusiasm which was no less abundant, which led him to the rash, if not understandable action of running some distance in order that the article would be printed in time. The results proved interesting: the school's results were slightly higher than those of the national survey (which was sixth formers only), the proportion of left:right handed people in the school (1:7) is higher than the national average (1:11), maybe a reflection on left-handed "creativity", and on the issue of a combined KES/KEHS, the school was well-balanced with 37 percent feeling that KES should have a mixed Sixth form, 31 percent a mixed whole school, and 32 percent feeling that KES should stay as it is.

I think that although OTQ 90 met with the inevitable opposition who labelled it "trivial" or "pointless", it was in fact a success, with only a minor percentage of the school, as they say in the

House of Commons "spoiling their ballot papers".

Thanks once again to the 4th year helpers and to Nick Harris (especially for the OTQ 90, which we thought was quite good really) and congratulations to Mr Chamberlain for the idea, and good luck next year with OTQ 91.

Christopher Hitchins, Divisions.

P.S.G.

For the first time this year the Personal Service Group was open to boys as young as the Upper Middles.

Many of these boys have been working with pre-school children and the experiment must be judged as a success. Around 90 boys are involved in a variety of placements, mainly in schools, where they engage in a wide variety of useful activities helping with swimming, art & craft, music and the more usual classroom activities. The Old People's Club in Balsall Heath is also served by P.S.G and the annual Christmas Party there was a great success. A number of boys have helped with school trips and indeed annual camps, involving a substantial commitment of their own time in some cases. As the school expands it is to be expected that so too will the P.S.G. - the need is certainly there, and a great deal of satisfaction can be gained from involvement.

JRRE

P.S.G. Ludlow Trip

Little did we know that, when we opted to do P.S.G. at Cherry Oak School for children with learning difficulties, we would be cooking toast under a primus in place of a Chemistry Test! The reason for this venture was that the class with which we helped were going on a trip to Ludlow to gain more experience of the 'outside world' and we had been asked to accompany them. From cooking breakfast to buying bus tickets and collecting fossils, we assisted in furthering our education as well as theirs. We went to the two contrasting castles of Ludlow and Stokesay, several churches and on a full day walk in the Forestry Commission Wood, not to mention the local chip shop and Gateway supermarket! The trip was done solely on Public Transport and we stayed at the Youth Hostel by the bridge over the river Teme, where we cooked our own meals.

It was interesting to note the attitude of the general public to our party, as this is one of the

major hurdles for disabled people, but, on the whole, everyone we met was very kind and understanding. Indeed, a teashop that we had patronized on Monday showed great delight at having us back again on Tuesday, although a lady at an antique-shop showed an all too evident disapproval of our entry into her shop. We were surprised at what the children could actually do, and learnt a lot about their interests outside school, such as football and car number-plate spotting. Everyone helped preparing the meals and washing up afterwards, and our sandwich lunches, prepared the previous night, were some of the best ever tasted. This trip showed us what life was like for them and it was a pleasure, as well as hard work, to accompany them and help on this trip.

*Matthew Reeves and Hugh Houghton,
Upper Middles*

Scouts

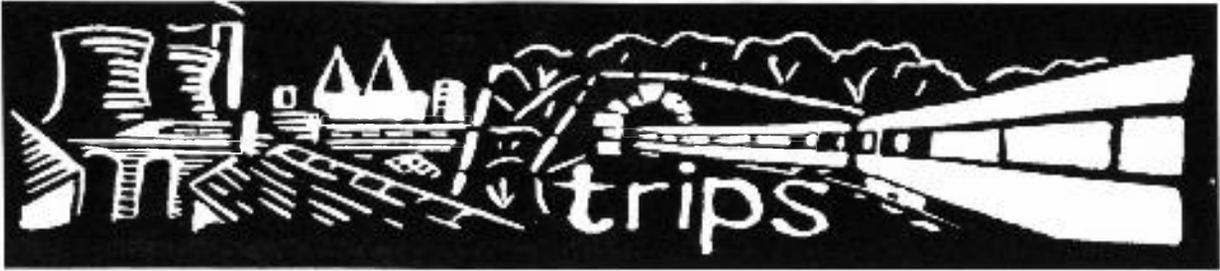
This year has seen a further expansion of the Venture Unit. The main focus of attention is still the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme with activities as diverse as community service, a fire service course, horse-riding and snooker. Expeditions have taken them to Devon, Mid-Wales and the Peak District.

The younger Scouts have had a very full programme, each boy attending two camps at Andrew's Coppice, going off for several walks with Mr Cumberland to explore the local countryside and to practise their navigation skills, helping with the gardening project in the vicinity of the Balsall Health Church Centre as well as doing the more routine aspects of Scouting on their various badge schemes. Perhaps one of the most memorable events of the year was breaking camp one dark night in late Autumn when strong winds threatened to bring down branches at Andrew's Coppice.

In stark contrast at Summer camp last year we basked in the most glorious sunshine amidst the spectacular scenery of Mid-Wales, camping on a farm in the Dovey valley, but making several trips to the coast. This year we go to the Lake District.

Our thanks are due to Dr Rowson for the contribution of his expertise to scouting activities over the years and in particular this year for his assistance on the expedition week-end at Dovedale in the Peak District. We wish him well for the future.

AG//KT



Walking Trip to Glen Nevis

Nine intrepid walkers, world-renowned for their daring and courage set out for Glen Nevis one Friday in October under those famous maniacs, Captain Bridges, Lieutenant Tomlinson and Obergruppenführer Kropeli to sample Scotland's malt whiskies and to climb its mountains.

Our intentions were almost thwarted when Dr Bridges insisted on trying to drive to Glasgow on one tank of petrol: he succeeded (just) before finally coming to a halt in one of the city's more affluent suburbs.

Nevertheless, the Youth Hostel was finally reached, and four superb days of walking ensued. Ten Munroes were bagged, bringing TBT's count to 126 (a list which began with Ben Nevis in 1954!)

Highlights of the trip were numerous, and included a method of ascending "The Ben" which would have astounded the Marquis de Sade. Monday was particularly impressive: a day during which most of the party (those hard-men who had not joined the "Social Walking Option") ascended four Munroes, and proceeded to run two miles: even Dr B admitted being "gruelled"! Horizontal hail on the Aonachs was another memorable experience.

The nightlife of Fort William was enjoyed by all; we also ran into Rod Tait, a Glaswegian Old Edwardian whose sole claim to fame appeared to be his willingness to buy drinks!

The trip was enjoyed by all (we get kicks from doing weird things) and we would like to thank Dr Bridges, Mr Tomlinson and Fraülein Kropeli for enduring our company for six days.

Simon Johnson

Mountaineering Trip to Lake District

This was one of Dr Bridges' (in)famous trips to wild inhospitable country in search of the most demanding walking conditions possible, and this time he hit the jackpot: snow. Lots of it. The look of joyous anticipation as we drove through the first snow flurry whilst still on the motorway had to be seen to be believed. The group consisted of Dr B, Mr Tomlinson, Mr Nightingale & son, Moni (the German Assistant) and half a dozen sixth formers who'd done a bit of walking in their time, but not with "Mad" Dr Bridges.

After a pleasant night in Helvellyn Youth Hostel the happy band set off to climb Helvellyn via Striding Edge. This is a very narrow exposed ridge: no joke in normal conditions, but a warped one in winter.

Fortunately the sky was blue, the snow firm and the views awe inspiring. We made excellent progress and had time to practise ice axe braking just in case we did fall. Crampons were donned for the final steep icy section and on clambering through the cornice at the top we were afforded a panoramic view of the Lakes which will take some beating. The descent was a much more relaxed affair despite three of us doing our level best to injure ourselves whilst poly-bogganing on our survival bags. I must admit my whole life flashed by as we careered at about 30 towards some cunningly placed fence posts. In the evening we drove to Wastwater Youth hostel. That short sentence contains many a tale of fear and panic but that's Dr Bridges' driving for you.

On arrival at the superb hostel we indulged in a sumptuous and gratuitous feast (we cooked dinner) and generally put the world's problems to rights.

Saturday dawned slaty grey and with low cloud obscuring our target for the day: the twin

peaks of Scafell and Scafell Pike. We approached Scafell by a little used back route that "The Mad Doctor" had read in Wainwright's guide. Driving rain accompanied the party for much of the morning; bad news for those of weak minds and bodies, but were the fearless explorers going to be put off by gale force winds and the odd speck or thousand of rain? Well yes, actually. Half the group returned to the minibus after a less than enjoyable lunch whilst the hardy survivors led by the mad Doc struggled gamely to the top of Scafell Pike. The views were great if you dig clouds. We crossed the saddle between the Scafell Pike and Scafell itself only to be confronted with what an easily identifiable member of the party described as "a short easy climb". We were having none of this however as not one of us fancied any climbing on cold wet rock with primaevial protection in a seriously exposed position. In the face of widespread mutiny our adrenalin-crazed leader relented and we retreated. Mr Tomlinson wore a large relieved grin for the whole of the very pleasant walk/jog down to the waiting minibus.

A truly memorable evening ensued. After lots more food we went on a special extra trip to study the interior decoration of a certain well-lit, well-signposted building nearby. I was pleasantly surprised to discover that they sold pork scratchings and I was much impressed with the local practice of decorating walls with glass bottles suspended upside down. Some members of the party felt possessed to say some very strange things and luckily we happened to have a portable tape recorder handy so that none of the forthcoming wisdom could be lost.

Sunday morning dawned with yet more foul weather in prospect, but the ascent of Pillar was most pleasurable as the rains held off and much mirth abounded concerning the previous evening's study trip. Two members of the party did not share this mirth for some unfathomable reason. On the descent Dr B decided to do some skung and was not even put off when we pointed out that we hadn't got skis and that the intended slip was covered not with snow but loose scree. By this time several of us were suspecting that our erstwhile leader was only a couple of sandwiches short of picnic, but we all survived more or less unscathed and enjoyed much eloquent debate on the journey back to school.

All in all this was a highly enjoyable trip and in spite of what I have insinuated above our safety

was never in doubt. I would unhesitatingly recommend such a trip to all.

Tom Lasemore, *Media 66*

Leadership Weekend 1

February brings the first leadership weekend when six teams are thrust into the wild with only a pair of bicycle clips to protect them. The minibuses left Birmingham on a fine evening but the second had not even crossed the Wye when its windscreen broke, scattering glass and leaving a windy journey through the dark. Later we were introduced to indoor exercises, jumping benches, dramas about the swimming pool and the mythical octons.

Just as we were starting to enjoy some sleep, a message was deposited on our floor, urging us to go immediately (run) to a distant road junction where a man in a white Golf was handing out sheets of irrelevant information. The rest of the night was either spent laughing or running to bridges if you inexplicably received an unofficial message.

The next day brought operation 'Beeching' which introduced the concept of bike maintenance, an idea not readily taken up. After periods of walking, cycling or running, we were confronted by exercises including following string blindfolded, and moving a bike up a hill, without the two touching.

The rain had intensified for Sunday, spent running around again, but team spirit kept up, especially on the slippery downhill sections. We have to thank Mr K Jones, Mr Palmer, Mr Roll, Mr Cook and Dr Rowson for a weekend which seemed to exhaust them rather than us, as our peaceful Saturday night showed.

Divisions Biology Field Course Millport 1990

For the fourth time in the history of KES, Divisions Biologists set off for the distant shores of Cumbrae, a little known island in the Firth of Clyde. Here, near the delightful Edwardian seaside town of Millport, is to be found the world famous marine biology station.

It was seven thirty in the morning of Monday, the 9th of July when twenty four bleary eyed but expectant biologists assembled at New Street Station. Many hours of train journey lay ahead but most people finished off their lunch before Crewe. We arrived at Glasgow an hour late due to the train ahead of us running into a herd of cows



which had wandered onto the line. It appears that farmers are not the only people to have problems with Bovine Spongiform Encephalopathy!

After yet another train journey from Glasgow to Largs, we boarded the rather archaic ferry (it would not have been out of place at Dunkirk) and battered our way through stormy seas to our island. A short bus ride later we were deposited at what turned out to be a very comfortable and well equipped Biology Station.

Those of us who thought we might have been allowed sometime to recover from the rather arduous journey were in for a bit of a shock as literally minutes after being shown our rooms we found ourselves in a lecture theatre being taught the dubious delights of plankton and benthos (animals living on the sea bed.)

The first twenty four hours were spent in drawing and observing specimens which we collected from the local rocky shore or had been dredged up from the sea bottom from a research vessel. We had an opportunity of going out in this vessel for several hours to see how it was done. The boat to my mind had an uncanny resemblance to the one featured in *Jaws 1*. After we had collected a number of beasties, endless fun was had in testing the aerodynamic properties of starfish (*Asterias rubens*) and the diving exploits of hungry seagulls.

Much of Wednesday was spent making a transect (tedious statistical exercise) of Farland

point, a rocky shore near the station. As we struggled to keep our footing on the slippery seaweed against gale force winds, Carl Meyer demonstrated his mastery of scientific names with his somewhat dubious pronunciation of the brown seaweed *Pelvetia canaliculata*. Following a rock pool survey in the evening, the appointment of Deepak Nambisan as School Captain was celebrated in the customary manner.

The last two fun days included more 'exciting' transects. The first was carried out in driving rain on the sandy shore of Kames bay. This one ended in a massive sand fight which did much to revive our flagging spirits.

Another was carried out in White bay which is on the northern side of the island. The rocky shore here is less exposed and revealed many interesting specimens especially at low tide. After an exhausting but thoroughly absorbing morning we had a picnic lunch by the sea after which several of the odder members of the group chose to sunbathe in the middle of the road much to the amazement of the passers-by.

The last morning was taken up by us giving short reports, ostensibly on a selection of marine organisms but somehow seeming to touch upon such obscure subjects as Saudi Arabian sheep and unbelievable uses of lichens. Graphic references to the mating habits of the barnacle proved to be a high spot on the proceedings.

Of course the week wasn't all work. 'Lively spirits' in the hostel at night came in the shape of a Zen Shin dummy, a water fight and Saptak (Tank-ard) Santra finding a piece of thong weed (*Himathalia sp.*) down his bed.

All in all, although hard work, it was a pretty enjoyable and rewarding week and thanks must go to Danish (Wot) Alam for supplying, albeit unwittingly, pearls of humour and Messrs Smith, Lampard and Rigby for the organisation.
Sanjay Verma

**Haywood Travel Scholarship
Architecture in Italy, 1922-43
Summer 1989**

Our first taste of Italy came in Chambéry when a group of Italian scouts, fresh from Tézé and complete with guitars boarded the train. The ensuing two weeks were to be a tiring pursuit of peace and cheap coke. We had left Newhaven the previous evening, sailed through the night, passed through France on the TGV and were now passing through the Alps to our first rest stop in Turin. We spent an hour trying to find the Youth Hostel, a task made easier by the locals even though they had no idea where it was either. Finally we had some sleep.

After another day's travelling, this time with some fare-dodging nuns, we made it to Rome. Apart from the usual tourist sites, we sought out the Architecture sponsored by Mussolini. This is easily found by watching the Americans and going the other way (a delightful prospect at the Colosseum). The Italians are not proud of the fascist period and consequently do not list this architecture as a tourist attraction. It would be easy to believe that a nuclear war had taken place, especially since all the buildings in Rome are covered in a thick layer of dust. The architecture is stark and neo-classical and would look at home in Nuremburg or Berlin. To the South lies the EUR suburb, laid out in the 1930's for the exposition to celebrate 20 years of Fascist Rule. Its great unfinished avenues are now filled with head offices, expensive shops and one of the two Macdonald's in Italy.

One of Mussolini's great achievements was to get Italian trains running on time. It is therefore fitting that some of the greatest buildings should be stations. In Florence a beautiful modernist marble construction replaces the usual unpleasant types that frequent such places.

Our last five days were spent with true Italians, friends of Alex's family. They felt that our last week's diet of pizza had to be compensated with masses of beautiful fresh food. Their watermelons are about twice as large as ours, and the Italians believe that it not only feeds you, but it quenches your thirst and washes your face. It was refreshing to see an Italy around Milan that was not tourist based, but clean and industrial.

The Como region was the home of Italian Futurist and Rationalism, the only modernist art movements of the right, and because of this link we saw buildings not of our grey concrete but of shining white marble proclaiming a new dynamic

and sensitive state.

Eventually we had to leave Italy for the rain of the Alps and Northern Europe. Our final achievement was to cross two borders whilst asleep without surrendering our passports to the guard. Luckily his views on the matter were only expressed in German.

Simon Curry, Alex Wraight, Sixths

Divisions Field Trip to Lancashire

After a short delay owing to lack of space in the minibus, we set off up the M6 in rather cramped conditions. Our first stop was for a couple of hours at Lancaster to obtain information about its history and growth. We then drove on after lunch to examine the small villages of Overton and Sunderland Point. The latter of these is only accessible by a causeway across the Lune estuary, and immaculate timing allowed us to avoid any problems with the tide. From here we travelled on to Arnside Youth Hostel, taking in views of Morecombe's Butlins holiday camp and nuclear plant on the way. The healthy food served up at the hostel was much appreciated by all, before we indulged in a little follow up work on the day's activities. Unfortunately, the fact that the games room was being refurbished whilst we were there meant that the tried and tested field trip entertainments were unavailable. This led to most of us taking a walk into Arnside village, followed by a game of cards.

On the following day, Saturday, we rose early in time for a substantial breakfast. Our day's excursion will be most remembered for the driving rain that accompanied our walk along the Pennine Way from Malham Tarn to Malham Cove, taking in the spectacular Limestone Pavement. Following lunch in Malham, we drove on to the waterfall-eroded Gordale Scar, and nearby Jawet's Foss waterfall and pool into which Matt Gomez unfortunately fell! After walking up Norber to see the many erratic rocks there, we drove back to Arnside where we were allowed fifteen minutes on the sands for a game of football, before returning to the hostel.

Sunday, our final day, brought a marked improvement in weather as we set off for home. Our first stop, Silverdale Marsh on Morecombe Bay, was home for many mysterious "salt-panns" and also plenty of quicksand! Unfortunately for the less artistic among us, Dr Higgitt required us to draw a field sketch of the marsh. The result of

mine is not really worth recreating here, (or anywhere else for that matter!). The journey home also included a brief stop in Manchester, and a drive round the city, before returning to Birmingham, tired, but more geographically aware!

Thanks must go to Mr Cumberland and Dr Higgitt who supervised our trip, and also the staff of Arnside Youth Hostel.

Alex Rennie, Divisions

Divisions Field Trip to North Yorkshire

On the 19th March, feeling somewhat akin to a can of sardines, we set off on a magical journey of excitement and discovery. The idea was that over the six days we would develop an impressive repertoire of case study material, and our first day was to be devoted to the study of the general geomorphology (features) of the area. Thus, with laughing and joking strictly forbidden, we set out to explore the wonders of Kirkham Abbey Gorge, a glacial overflow channel which looked suspiciously like a river valley. Unfortunately, the rest of the day degenerated into an attempt to avoid cramp before the next stop with the only memorable highlights being a huge hole in the ground (Hole of Hurcum) and Mr Chamberlain's rallying skills over Forestry "roads".

Upon arrival at the Bungalow Hotel, requests for a room with a view were greeted with smiles of amusement and the result was a view of a mud bank. After a tiring day, the last thing I wanted was an in-depth argument as to the extension of glacial ice on the moors, but it was provided courtesy of my room-mates.

With the arrival of Mr Kimpton the previous evening (fresh from a successful interview with Manchester Grammar - we congratulate him and wish him all the best in his new job), the work began in earnest on day two. Over the following four days we explored many aspects of the subject to a great extent. Initiative exercises in Middlesborough in the name of surveying housing quality across the city was coupled with a day studying the location, past and present, of industry in the Teeside area. The size and character of rural pubs (sorry, settlements) in two contrasting areas provided a mountain of information, as did a wet and windy day spent studying coastal landforms on Flamborough Head (as well as dodging large waves, and, on one beach mysteriously flying crabs). Finally, the highlight of the trip had to be the soil pit prize giving ceremony. Having spent

hours digging a hole (soil pit) to examine soil characteristics the idea was to put all the soil back and leave no trace. Despite our pit site moving some twenty feet to a mass of healthy heather, we unfortunately failed to win the coveted trophy.

But, as they say all work and no play makes Geography a dull subject. The might of Messrs Cumberland and Kimpton at table football was narrowly defeated by the student champions of Tom Britton and Steve Lindley. But the fearsome reputation of the Winkley-Robertson table tennis duo led to the proposed showdown against the staff being hastily forgotten.

Thanks must go to the Bungalow Hotel staff for putting as with us, to Mr Chamberlain for buying us all a drink and to the whole staff for an enjoyable (if tiring and overworked) week.

Iain Robertson, Divisions

A Day in the Peaks UMB and UMC

It was 9.00 am on Thursday 21st September when 50 boys scrambled onto the coach and fought for the best seats.

About 10 minutes after we had hit the road Mr Cumberland finally managed to get the loud speaker working and announced how lucky we were to have such wonderful weather for the trip. He then briefly explained the route we were to take.

Our journey was to take us through Stoke-on-Trent (a town well known for its pottery e.g. Wedgwood and Royal Doulton), and then on to Castleton.

As we passed through the outskirts of Stoke we saw many different Industries including a large Michelin factory spread on both sides of the main dual carriageway. But by far the most frequent of these industries was pottery.

The coach then changed direction and headed for Castleton. After about half an hour of travelling we made our first stop at the desolate Ramshaw Rocks on the border of the Peak District National Park. Here Mr Cumberland informed us about the various landforms and soils in the area. During this discussion an argument developed between Mr Cumberland and a former sixth form boy currently studying Geography at Cambridge as to who knew the most about Geography in the area. I'm not sure who won the argument, but I am sure that Mr Cumberland was pleased that the individual was going back to Cambridge to continue his education!

When we had all eventually boarded the coach after the stop we again set off for Castleton. On the way we passed through Flash the highest village in England, and then on to Buxton.

It was early afternoon when at last we arrived at Castleton. Here one group took a walk up to Winnats Pass while the group was taken further up the road by coach to begin their walk. After we had made many notes on Winnats Pass we had our lunch on the hillside.

We then moved on to study Mam-tor and finally Treak-Cliff cavern where we met up with the other group again. The tour of the caverns lasted just under half an hour and was very interesting and enjoyable.

On leaving the caverns we walked down the A652, a main road which has been destroyed over the years by continuous landslides and movements. Nowadays no cars are allowed on the road.

Then at last we made it back to the coach and sped off back to Birmingham, and we arrived on schedule!

Many thanks to Mr Cumberland and Mr Roden for making the trip a thoroughly enjoyable one.
Simon Mason, Upper Middles

Remove L Study Week

On the morning of Monday the 21st of May it would seem to an outsider that a strange new breed of animal had been born. Named the Rem L, it proceeded to board a coach, occasionally cramming one of its many mouths full of sweets, crisps and other delicacies. Yes, this time it was the big one. This time there would be no turning back.

"What can we do?" cried our brave hero, Mr Lye.

"H2SO4, professor!" replied his dastardly opponent, Mr Roll.

"No, wait, I have it!" screeched Doc Ford, Mr Lye's friendly sidekick. "We ship them off for a week in Wales!"

"Brilliant idea Doc!" said Mr Lye. "We'll do it at once. You'll get a medal for this!"

So off we went. No one asked us if we wanted to go, or if we'd prefer a day at Allon Towers, but actually we quite enjoyed it.

After a three hour journey we met Mr Lye's father-in-law, Merv, and went on to see various places, the most interesting being Dinorwig Power Station. The week was made up of a number of

visits, with at least one or two major ones each day. Our base was Pen y Pass, near the foot of Snowdon, the others doing a low level walk to the foot of Snowdon.

Tuesday's trips included Llochwydd Slate Mine and Harlech Castle, which was great.

Wednesday morning was spent grilling old ladies on Llandudno prom. "Vee hafe vays of making you talk!" we cried interrupting their morning stroll. Everyone was very exasperative, apart from one man told Goode to 'go forth'.

Then onto Conwy Castle, lunch and Aber Falls, a spectacular waterfall. Butler fell in the stream.

Thursday was spent on Anglesey, first at Beaumaris Castle, then relaxing and looking coal on the beach.

Last, but most certainly not least of all on Friday we were split into two groups, some us "scaling" Snowdon, the others doing a low level walk to the foot of Snowdon. Going up the mountain our group was lead by a dog called Toby and his pet Roland the Mountain Rescue Man, who reminded me of David Hasselhoff in Baywatch for some obscure reason.

We had a good time and (possibly) learnt a lot. Thanks must go to Mr Lye, for his helpful hints about showers, Mr Roll, for displaying his trendy (?) shades, and Doc Ford for letting anyone call him anything without showing the slightest bit of notice.

Matthew Lloyd, Remotus.

Sailing Trip to Bordeaux 1989

An indication of the great success of this trip is the number of people who have chosen to return again this year. This includes both KES and Edgbaston Church of England College Students.

The success must be attributed not only to the sailing but also to the friendly atmosphere created by the Sail France staff and also our staff, along with the off the water activities.

An entertainment was found every evening, the most popular of which was undoubtedly the bivouacking evening. On this evening, motivated by some insane urge, we left the comfortable and warm surroundings of our tents and carrying a minimum of bedding travelled across the lake. There we spent the night sleeping in what can best be described as large folded over plastic sheets.

The sailing on the whole was excellent, with an added bonus of good weather and warm water to

fall into. The boats were in excellent condition, though perhaps we can look forward to a few more lasers and catamarans next year which were in great demand. Frequently around midday the wind dropped but we entertained ourselves by attempting to swim to the top of our laser masts before hitting the water, to claim our instructor's £100 reward should we succeed.

The sailboarding was, I'm told, of an equally high standard, though the only time I came into contact with the sailboarder's was when one hijacked a boat in my fleet.

Notable incidents include a Capsud dinghy nearly being sunk without trace, Mr Heffernan and Stephen Mosley in drag and a talent contest. In this we were treated to a performance of "Summer Nights" and a second appearance of Mr Heffernan in drag in a parody of blind date (amongst other entertainments).

Thanks for this enormously successful trip go to Richard Proctor controller of Sail France, the leaders Mr Heffernan, Mrs Barton, Dr Rowse, Mrs Rowse and particularly to Mr and Mrs McIlwaine.

Angus Jackson, Division

FIRST ORCHESTRA LYON TRIP 1990

From 20th-25th April, 1990 First Orchestra travelled to Lyon to play Gershwin's 'Strike Up the Band', Weber's Clarinet Concerto (soloist M. Hunt) and Dvorak's 9th Symphony.

Getting up at four o'clock in the morning to be reminded that my case still needed packing and I had to be at school at six was not the ideal way to start a holiday of any sort, let alone an orchestral tour. Still despite this major minuspoint, I arrived at school to be greeted with a mixture of free-faced anticipation and bleary-eyed resignation, dependant largely on the age of the person concerned. After the standard complaints about time, weather, weight of trombones, punctuality of coach drivers and life in general the yawning mob stumbled on board two coaches bound for Lyon and fell into some surprisingly comfortable seats.

Two hours and a couple of albums later a slightly cheerier bunch of people invaded Toddington service station, leaving it devoid of vast amounts of chocolate, most of its stock of 'The Sun' and one copy of 'The Independent'. This was soon purloined by Mr Argust in his bid to prove that 'crosswords are easy'. Ten minutes and no answers later he admitted defeat and returned to his seat at the front mumbling something along

the lines of 'don't make them like they used to', his reputation (such as it was) in total disarray. The recently formed crossword solving option also soon gave up on the puzzle, on the grounds of gross stupidity.

Upon arrival in Folkstone, the merry party was split into two coaches. Coach 1 (i.e. us) spent over an hour sitting in the bus in Folkestone waiting for someone's passport to be renewed whilst Coach 2 (i.e. the other lot) went to the fair. Still, such is life.

The crossing passed quickly and uneventfully, with the exception of Mr Bridle's refusal to leave the top deck in case the boat sank, to enable him to swim for it. Once on French soil, both coaches got down to the serious business of socialising for the journey. Coach 2 was split into three-at the front was the 'guess the conductor' competition, the back was taken over by walkmen and shades, and the middle tried studiously to ignore a certain couple. This contrasted with our coach, where a game of 'Just a Minute' which lasted over two hours had us an audience of much of the bus. Desperate to restore some self-respect, Mr Argust claimed to be good at the game, but backed out of a direct confrontation with yours truly (possibly because he knew very little about Eric the Norwegian Gnome).

Arriving in Paris, we then proceeded to take the most indirect route possible to our hotel for the evening, where we finally arrived at 10 o'clock. By this point everyone was too tired to do much other than eat and sleep; except nobody seemed to do much of the latter, talking being the order of the day (or night). If the 'Hotel Balladins' has bugged rooms, any halfway competent blackmailer probably has a secure income for life.

Leaving behind the scene of sordid gossip we continued on our travels heading south, until our arrival at the Hypermarket at Baune. Here Mr Argust abjectly failed to impress with his wine choice. I've had better vinegar from Sarson's. Still, at least it wasn't poisoned and we got to Lyon in time to meet our hosts as arranged. After incomprehensible speeches from the school's head master and music teacher, Anne Drakeford was called forth to meet her hosts, to the accompaniment of a rousing cheer, which died down as everyone realised that cheering each person would take for ever and a day.

Arriving at our host's for the evening, all I wanted to do was rest and sleep. But no, there was, especially for our benefit, a musical being performed in the city centre. This can't be too bad,

I thought, and at least it will be over by 10. How wrong can you get? It wouldn't have been so bad had the piano been in tune, had the composer written more than two tunes, had vital props not been thrown on stage at strategic moments, but most of all had it not gone on for over three and a half hours! I've been to worse performances, but at least I understood them.

The following morning, we were invited to go to a 'short service' at the church. This then turned out to be nearly two hours of sitting, kneeling, standing, strange latin chants and speeches by decidedly elderly nuns (in whose honour this special service was being held). Having escaped from the church we returned home for lunch and a couple of free hours during which table-tennis appeared to be the main recreation no matter where you were. We were then sent to an afternoon rehearsal before the concert at half past six.

At about six o'clock everyone was more nervous than I've known before a school concert. This was it. We'd travelled for two days on the basis of our ability (or otherwise) to play, and now we actually had to do it. Everybody wanted to give a really good concert, despite the two second echoes in the Chapelle du Lycée, Saint-Marc. We wanted to deliver the goods. Unfortunately, the result of nerves was a less than perfect concert. Fortunately, the French loved it. The applause rang around the chapel for far longer than we thought it merited, and praise was lavished upon us despite our protests and excuses. At least the good report we got persuaded people to turn up the next day to hear what we hoped would be a better concert.

Monday morning started early with an 'Aubade' at the College Saint-Marc. This was basically a chance to show off to each other, which Josh Hunt, Helen Feltrup and the Senior Brass did admirably for us, and the choir of the College did equally well for the French. This was followed by a trip to the Town Hall in order to meet the Mayor. Surprisingly, the mayor didn't turn up, but some minor official did instead, and our promised 'lunch' turned out to be highly unappetising nibbles, and so, McDonalds received yet another visit.

A trip on the river followed, which gave us all a chance to catch up on some sleep. Then we actually got some free time to go shopping or wander round the town. We finished up in a bar at the end of the first street we walked down, and as a result our purchases were rather limited and not a patch on the Georgian chanting album (confirmed or the Greek translation of the New Testament

(only rumored). It was back to our 'homes' for a couple of hours before rehearsal, including a sound test for the local radio station. This time we were determined to get it right.

This time we did get it right. Matthew played the whole concerto very well, the Symphony went as well as it ever did, and the three soloists (Clare Lindly, Josh Hunt and Guy Woodward) played Carmen without a hitch, as an encore. This time the house very nearly did come down, and everyone (including the performers) went home happy.

The next day we had to say goodbye to our hosts. This time Mr Argust really did play 'Just a Minute', and managed to amass a massive total of one point. Not even his tales of walking the Three Peaks could begin to resurrect his standing. Another stop at the Hypermarket at Baune led to a surprisingly large amount of wine being bought, and very little food. A further stop on the way gave us two hours at Fontainebleu, at which we invented the now legendary mafiaso sketch to the horror of our company and the bemusement of some sunglassed Italians ten paces in front.

A small shop in the town was then invaded and Joe Winkley's amazing French speaking enabled him to order us lunch ("Garçon - over 'ere mate"). In Paris the hotel was once again invaded, and a 'who can be rudest to the waiter without him knowing' competition ensued, as did yet more talking throughout the night (tongues further loosened by wine this time).

When the time came to leave the following day, two prominent string players were noticeably absent - it's not Olly and Ashley's faults they didn't know the difference between 'load' and 'leave'. Once on our way, a 'who can guess the plot best' exercise was performed on Karate Kid II. A visit to the Calaise 'hypermarket' was no more than a trip to an off license, and so we trooped merrily once more across the channel. Having spun Vera Lynn in her grave we once more started on the long haul home, even our legendary repertoire of silly games exhausted. Upon arrival, we donated booze to the teachers and went home to collapse, only to be forced into school the next day in a state of exhaustion. Still, it was worth it.

Thanks to Messrs Argust, Bridle, Sill and Workman, Miss Stephenson, Mrs Southworth, M J L Murmond, M N Porte and all the French families who put up with us. Rumours abound of a return in 1992 - good luck to all concerned. I only wish I could go too!

Iain Robertson



LA MALADE IMAGINAIRE

Splendid. Molière's brilliant study of human frailty, mocking quack doctors and their credulous victims delivered in a translation and production of such dazzling freshness and wit that it might have been written yesterday, presented in an ambience of involvement and intimacy that only the drama studio can offer. Above all acting of astonishing panache. John Brennan offering a superb character sketch of the hypochondriacal and cantankerous Argan; Andrew Mulligan caricaturing his crafty quack with magnificent exaggeration; the latter's brainless hopeless but not loveless son given idiosyncratic but wholly apt treatment by Barney Miller with real performing flair. That Damien Field could take on the role of a pompous but opportunistic other-man with consummate aplomb came as no surprise, and Tom Pritchard was a meltingly gallant lover. Even the presence of that limelight-loving poseur, Niru Ratnam, as la malade's brother, was a more than welcome, distraction of inspired prancing.

Judith Hayes, as Argan's faithless wife, Béline, was suitably sickly-sweet with her husband, vicious behind his back. Their two daughters receive fine convincing performances from Helen Cash and Elizabeth Burns. Jo Depledge, as the family maid, turned in a similarly excellent performance, subtle and sympathetic. Matthew Hunt has become to the school drama production what William Watton was to the Shakespeare film: his pragmatic talent was most welcome, as was the lyrical warmth, tenderness and wit of a duet performance by Mr Davies (bass) and Matthew Hunt (contralto, disconcertingly).

Mr Davies has here demonstrated evident interest in, hard work towards and genuine talent

for directorship, a handsome complement to the 'official' productions of the drama and English departments. Anyone who missed 'la Malade' deserves sympathy; any who absent themselves from future Davies productions merits only pity.
Bob Hall, Sixths

MACBETH - LIVESPACE THEATRE COMPANY

In the Autumn term Mrs Herbert invited a small theatre company to put on their production of Macbeth with a series of workshops. Amidst some confusion, the workshop sessions did not really work, as nobody from the company seemed to know what to do, beyond a question and answer session.

The performance followed on the same evening in Big School, with a set that looked like a red playground frame. The production had some very good ideas, attempting to suggest the drama was essentially in the mind of Macbeth. It tried to convey a dream or nightmare-effect by clever use of multi-casting (the cast apart from Macbeth and Lady Macbeth became a shadowy, nameless group of figures) and other touches (such as the sword fight having no words but being perfectly executed). Macbeth was portrayed as a neurotic murderer, who was on the stage when Lady Macduff was murdered; a far cry from Mike McMaster's performance a couple of years ago. In the event it was one of the rare productions of Shakespeare that actually kept my attention because of its unusual interpretation which the director managed to sustain throughout.

However, the general consensus among the audience was disapproving. This seemed predictable enough when the hall full of adolescent schoolboys cheered and liberally touched each other's knees as soon as the lights went down. The audience seemed to expect a very straightforward interpretation of the play which they could happily fall asleep to and seemed to be disturbed by the notion of having not only to listen but to watch as well. As was sadly predictable, the idea was bound

to fail, considering the level of arrogance and unwillingness actually to watch that always seems to be present in a group consisting of anything more than twenty King Edward's school-boys.

The whole episode was a very laudable one; the production was free and definitely worth watching. Any future touring companies, however, would be wiser not to visit the school as their time would be better spent with virtually any other audience.

Niru Ratnam, Sixths

ADULT CHILD, DEAD CHILD AND LOOK BACK IN ANGER.

On Monday 12th February, after school, the Sixth Form drama class of KES and KEHS gave two performances to a small audience consisting mostly of relatives and other drama students. Both pieces seemed to have been chosen by Mrs. Herbert please that latter half of the audience - very anguished, very socially aware, very "Drama Student". (Nice to see you can laugh at yourself 'Bob' - Ed)

First came **Adult Child, Dead Child**. This was a dramatic monologue about a girl with a split personality, told on this occasion by four people. The four all spoke well and as performers were fine, but unfortunately, they suffered from the lack of direction inherent in the script. The largest problem, not normally encountered in the production of monologues, was what the three should do whilst the other one read. This was particularly difficult because the speaker was reading from a script. Any movement easily distracted attention away from the inanimate reader. This fact was ignored and each actress was unapacified, and to a certain extent convulsive, providing the element of humour which was otherwise notably absent in the production.

Next came (John Osborne's) **Look Back in Anger**. This was very different from **Adult Child, Dead Child**. The set was more complex, there were costumes and, most significantly, there was some direction. The play was split into three sections with the remaining action shown on video in between the acts. Each scene brought a new set of actors and actresses. Barney Miller showed the angry side of his normally placid character and Matthew Hunt showed off his fine figure. Charles Cutler managed to create a blaring trumpet that succeeded in annoying everyone. In short, the production managed to recreate the atmosphere of this original "kitchen sink" drama. The only fault was that some of the cast (mainly the boys who were lumbered with the large parts) had not

fully learned their lines, which tended to spoil the flow of the drama. Apart from this though, the scenes were very well done, with especially good performances from Jessica Watson and Susi Roberts.

This all goes to show that you can have a varied and entertaining evening of drama without singing and dancing. It's only a pity that the teachers and pupils of our two schools don't make more of an effort to turn up.

Robert Bassett, Divisions

'THE ODYSSEY'

Throughout the Spring term something odd kept taking place in the Lower School during Friday afternoons, as boys mysteriously went missing, sometimes for a single lesson, often for many lessons. It was rumoured that a prefect, who had strong links with the library had something to do with it - for it was he who kept leaving cryptic notices for boys in their form rooms.

Finally all was revealed in early March - when after long hours of rehearsal (those missing Friday afternoons were only part of the story!) 'The Odyssey' was presented in the Giles Evans Drama Studio by a group of Shell and Remove boys under the direction of David Stevens. Those lucky enough to get tickets (all three nights were sold out) were treated to a humorous, entertaining, and highly original adaptation of Homer's epic, which was played with tremendous enthusiasm by all involved.

The part of Odysseus was taken by James Picardo and his performance was full of dry humour. He was ably supported by Benjamin Griffin, Guy Manners, Adam Micklethwaite and Paul Miller, but it is hard to single out players from a cast of nearly 75. Remove and Shell boys entered into the thing with such gusto - particularly the violent scenes!!

Mention must also be made of the sterling work done by Adam Crowley, Paul Mitchell and Tom Pritchard to keep this huge band in order so that it was, indeed 'all right on the night'. Most of all though, to extend the Classical theme, the Herculean task done by David Stevens in writing, directing and producing the whole event, and arranging that the play was partly filmed for 'Telethon '90 (it raised over £400 in total) must be singled out for praise.

D.C.D.



WEST SIDE STORY

Following the success of last year, the dramatists opted for another musical and provided an even more impressive show than *Guys and Dolls*. The show displayed music, dancing and acting of a very high quality.

The principals all did well to rise above the set pieces and sing. Barney Miller was outstanding as Bernardo, the Puerto Rican stud, oozing violent sexuality. Peter Williams also realistically portrayed the brutish Riff, not being drowned out by Barney. Amy Marston complemented Barney as Anita, and was especially impressive in 'America'. The two lovers, Nick Harris and Katy Price, were naively optimistic against the brooding presence of the gangs.

Despite the principals' fine performances however, much credit should go to the rest of the cast (despite some comical accents) who made the play the success that it was. The two dances 'America' and 'Cool' were brilliantly choreographed and executed with an almost surprising flair. In 'Cool' the Americans came over as being very tense whilst trying to stay calm. Matthew Killeen and Peter Williams made excellent partners to Misses Evans, Mythen and Harvey in making the dance one of the highlights of the evening. The Puerto Ricans were much more proud - although the audience expected them to be less settled than the Americans, the direction successfully produced the opposite effect: the Americans were much more violent and unstable, adding much more

depth than the usual musical.

The minor speaking roles were also tackled with great flair. Bob Jarvis produced an unnerving portrayal of Tony's Puerto Rican murderer, his killing of the lover was timed to perfection and utilised the long stage to the full. Ollie Parr was unstoppable as the gruff Doc whose scene with Tony, was one of the most moving in the play. The part of Anybodys, although small, was adequately filled by Clair Jones, who bubbled over with youthful enthusiasm. Angus Jackson and John Brennan were excellent as the policemen struggling to control the two gangs.

The final scenes of the play were excellent, all moving towards the tremendous ending, which brought many of the audience to tears as Tony's death was mourned. The whole production was exceptional with the solid backbone of the orchestra playing music of the highest standard, the stage crew providing an excellent set and the direction and choreography bringing the whole play together perfectly under the guidance of Mrs Herbert.

The only criticism was that the production perhaps under used the large pool of actors at the schools, with many talented people left with non-speaking parts. This however is only a minor criticism of *West Side Story*, which overall was very impressive. Mike Dean thought it was ace as well.

Niru Ratnam, Sixths

Robert Bassett, Divisions



LOWER SIXTH DRAMA

On Monday 14th May in the Drama Studio the L6 Theatre Studies option presented two short contemporary plays on the theme of **missed opportunities**. The first was **Daughters of Albion** and the second was **Silent Night**.

Daughters of Albion was about three biscuit factory workers who found themselves at an after-finals University party. Oliver Backhouse portrayed an (unnaturally natural) exam depressive. Nick Harris managed by means of drama alone to find himself in bed, semi-naked, with yet another member of L6 KEHS. The 'biscuit girls' were very convincing in their Liverpoolian roles as Kathleen, Sharon and Tracy, despite temporary lapses in accent from Scouse to mid-Welsh. All in all the acting abilities revealed were impressive and the characters were well portrayed.

The staying difficulties presented by the play were intriguingly tackled using stage rostra to provide split level action, and the simple lighting worked efficiently to focus attention. However the audience was somewhat distracted by a small green two man tent, pitched rather precariously among the seating to be used later for amorous purposes.

However the stage difficulties of **Daughters of Albion** were nothing in comparison to **Silent Night** whose action shifted from a department store on Christmas eve into the various homes of its employees, to a bus and nightclub. The inevitable confusion was not helped by unfortunate lighting mistakes. Generally the final scenes appeared less well rehearsed than the earlier ones. However, enough of that, in this show the costumes were definitely the dominating feature: the sight of David Nicholson in a pink silk shirt and medallion is not easily forgotten, and a discreet question mark still remains as to who actually owns the 'Def Leppard' tee shirt.

After an entertaining, if somewhat cryptic, introduction, which I am assured was less than totally unrehearsed, Amanda Levermore opened the action with a moving soliloquy. To begin with all the acting was of a high standard, with characterisation to the extent that mannerisms were incorporated convincingly making most of the characters believable. Furthermore the play's humour and drama, which were strongly dependent on the inter-personal (N.B. not a misspelling) relationships were sympathetically brought out.

So soon after 'West Side Story' it is perhaps no surprise, that enthusiasm for rehearsals was sorely lacking, that the audience was sufficiently gorged on drama to stay away in droves. What can be said is that the L6 Theatre Studies option have the potential for providing the school with much lively entertainment over the coming months.

Catherine Tillotson, L6s

TWELFTH NIGHT



Once again the Junior Play was a Shakespeare, this time in the paternal and maternal hands respectively of Dr Ford and Mrs Ricks. The two directed the play both humorously and successfully.

The Wednesday audience was massively depleted by the England-West Germany world cup semi final and consisted mainly of those who wisely preferred the 'fertile tears' of Duke Orsino to those of Stuart Pearce. However, the next two nights were packed out.

The cast was excellent, with wonderfully melodramatic performances by Sophie Blakemore and Stephen Ling, who played Olivia and Orsino.





the twins Viola and Sebastian.

The real success of the performance was in the great humour brought out of the text. Simon Jones as Sir Andrew, and James Picardo as Feste proved the most overt of the comedians. Malvolio also was hilariously portrayed by Fred Durman, pompous at first, ridiculous later. Olivia and Orsino provided the subtle humour for the more literary members of the audience and, on the night that I went, Matthew Dolton and Bryony Darbyshire as Sir Toby and Maria proved to be almost too funny for the more bawdy audience members from the Divisions, who were nearly falling over with laughter.

The set was well designed, not swamping the actors in the tiny drama studio. The use of moveable trees was highly inventive in the comic scenes, although these trees had a tendency to fall if knocked during the action.

All in all this was a fine performance, and a fitting farewell to Mrs Ricks, who now leaves on a dramatic high. Both herself and Dr Ford worked long and hard on the production, aided by a small army of 'assistants' and their efforts paid off in the



end. The performance was easily better than a lot of the school's senior drama this year, rivaling the excellent *Malade Imaginaire* for the most entertaining evening at school in ages.

Robert Bassett, Divisions

SYNDICATE PLAY, 9th July

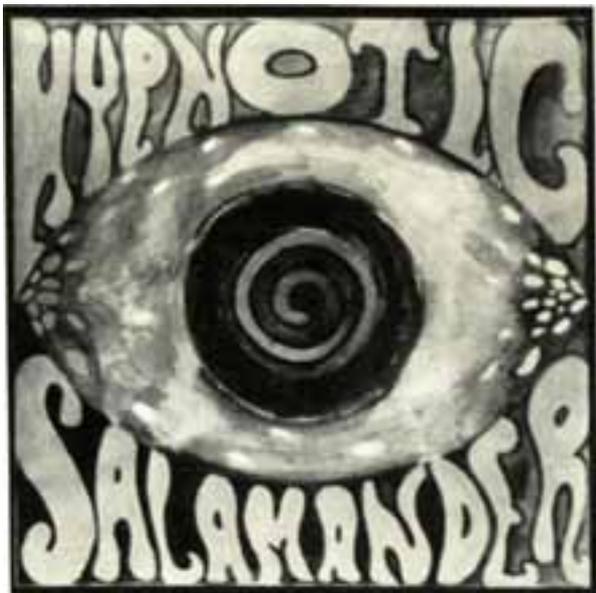
On a hot Monday evening in July we all filed in to Big School to watch the most hyped performance since *Dick Tracey*. The tone was set by a notice purporting to tell the story of the newly-formed Syndicate Company, ending in a huge word - FAILURE. Well the notice was anyway. A brief look at the cast list appeared to reveal a severe lack of acting talent, which coupled with an almost total absence of rehearsal time promised an inept performance with absolutely no lines learnt and little, or any, set.

The opening sketch set the tone for the entire evening - Andrew Mulligan stole the show with his performance of a short sighted doctor with no trousers. A set did miraculously appear, as did most of the scenery and costumes from the previous production of *'Twelfth Night'*. Ed Le Feuvre, who alone could be expected to have a convincing French accent didn't, but was considerably impressive nonetheless. John Brennan found his perfect role as an air force officer imprisoned in a wartime Germany - loud, upper class and over the top, and despite the appalling script, none of the actors became madly embarrassed - even those 'backstage'.

The best moment of the evening however, did predictably come from the Mulligan department - a re-enactment of the England-Germany penalty shoot out. Other highlights included a guest appearance by some Union Jack boxer shorts and some convincing jester portrayals by the star of the final play John Parr.

The whole cast must be commended on an excellent performance (despite a slightly dull second half) and all credit to the directors who did so much with so little. The challenge has been thrown down for next year.

I J Robertson, Divisions



HYPNOTIC SALAMANDERS

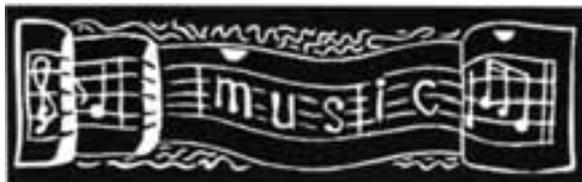
Hypnotic Salamanders stepped onto the drama studio stage at 1.15, on the 10th July 1990, to the delight of the assembled throng. They were: Matthew Page on the Drums, James Clothier on bass, John Rimmer and Soheil Minaee on guitars and Adam Blissett singing.

They began their eight songs, set to chants of Hypnotic Salamander la-la-la-la'. "Joe" by the Inspirial Carpets opened, followed by 2 high quality songs by the band; "Joe Bones the Human Fly" and "Clog in a Box", two Jimi Hendrix songs (with Saul handling the vocals on "Hey Joe"), and The Doors "love me two times". They finished with the Old Warhorses "Johnny B Goode" and "Wild Thing".

The sound was fairly clear (a miracle!) The songs were executed far more carefully than in their previous gigs, and it was the penultimate day of term. These factors made the mood in the audience one of near ecstasy: from start to finish they 'mashed', climbed on each others shoulders, and even indulged in a little stage diving. After three encores they emerged sweat drenched and happy.

The mood was dampened by a few who refused to dance. Either they didn't see the fun in sustaining severe bruises, or they were in awe of Adam's gaily festooned shorts (which made the day for me).

Paul Nicol, Fifths



ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

First Orchestra always seem to be inspired by the comfortable and acoustically superior surroundings of the Adrian Boult Hall, and this concert was no exception. The programme consisted of Gershwin's "Strike up the Band" overture, Dvôrák's Symphony No.9 "From the New World" and Weber's Clarinet Concerto No. 2.

"Strike up the Band" provided an exciting start to the evening, and was followed by the Weber. The soloist was Matthew Hunt, whose sound and technique showed exactly why he has won a place to study at Guildhall School of Music next year. The fast clarinet passages in particular flowed beautifully, and the slow movement gave Matthew the opportunity to produce a sublime sound. Some of the string parts are quite tricky in this concerto, but the orchestra coped with them well.

Dvôrák's Ninth provided a very enjoyable second half to the concert, both with its well-known tunes, and the slightly less familiar passages. It was an accomplished performance from an orchestra which owes a great deal to Peter Bridle's rehearsal and conducting.

A recording of this programme has been made, and is available on CD and cassette. Details from the Music Department.

Jonathan Frank, Sixths

CHAPEL CHOIR CONCERT

Mozart's Requiem Mass was the main item of the Chapel Choir concert, supported by a number of soloists who performed during the first half. These included Richard Ashmore on bass trombone, Adam Micklethwaite on trumpet, Joshua Hunt on Cor Anglais, Dominic Hamilton on viola, Mark Pursey singing and Geoffery Etherton and Jonathan Frank beginning and ending the half on the organ. They provided a well balanced selection of music, ranging from Purcell to Mendelssohn and Karg-Elert.

After a short break, Chapel Choir performed the Requiem Mass, Gordon Sill conducting. The Orchestra was made up on the whole of pupils,

with a few outside players, but the soloists were all professionals or in training, although two of them had connections with King Edward's. Clare Costa, an old girl of KEHS, sang soprano; Jo Dwyer, alto; Paul Farrington, who teaches singing at KES, sang tenor, and Leon Storey, bass. A good sound emerged from the choir, although a few of their leads were a bit weak, and the orchestra blended in nicely to fill the church, rounding off another successful concert. It was only a shame that so few sixth-formers were singing, owing to the close proximity of A-levels. Maybe this concert should be moved to the end of the spring term?

CHRISTMAS CONCERT 1989

The Christmas Concert in Birmingham Town Hall was, once again, the festival of jollity and Christmas spirit which we have all come to know and love, and was a highly enjoyable occasion for performers and audience alike.

The first half was, as dictated by tradition, the Concert Band's domain. They were joined at intervals by the Junior Choir and Choral Society, one memorable movement being when the organist's music was blown off the stand, and nobody bothered to pick it up for him. Hence the third verse of "Quelle est cete odeur" (known to the dossers as the "smelly song") had an improvised organ accompaniment.

After a veritable cocktail of wind (and voice), First Orchestra took over for the second half, playing "Strike up the Band" Overture by Gershwin, and excerpts from Bizet's Carmen Suite.

The concert finished in the customary manner, with "Sleigh Ride" and "We wish you a merry Christmas".

Thanks must go to the Music Dossers for their stage management, without which etc. etc.

Jonathan Frank, Sixths

Carol Service 1989

As last year the Carol Service was held in Big School. However, the visit of "Les Petits Chanteurs" from Lyons (see last year's Chronicle) had inspired the Head of Music in the area of staging arrangements, and the result was the need for a video camera trained on the conductor so that the organist could see him.

The service followed the usual format, led by the Chaplain, Rev Richard Crocker. The choir sang a number of well known carols, and also a

composition by Paul Mitchell, "I sing of a maiden".

Considering the limitations of the venue, namely the organ, acoustics and seating arrangements, the service went smoothly and the choir made a very pleasant sound to listen to.

Jonathan Frank, Sixths

LUNCHTIME RECITALS

The King Edward's School Music Society organises about three or four lunchtime recitals each term, which take place on Friday in the Concert Hall. This year we have been encouraged by many parents and friends coming in for these events.

Performers over the last 12 months have included Matthew Hunt, Jonathan Frank, Richard Ashmore, Paul Mitchell, and Ashley Goodall. They have been very enjoyable lunchtimes, and have given pupils a valuable chance to produce a recital repertoire in a fairly relaxed atmosphere, and we hope some of them will be the prelude to higher things.

Richard Ashmore, Sixths

SYNDICATE CONCERT

With the sole exception of Gordon Sill's music lessons, the syndicate concert proved to be the most amusing musical event of the year. Some debate had been held over the actual arrival of an audience, since Jo Franks advertising, though amusing, was illegible. Nevertheless, the concert was to signify the peak of Jonathan's musical career. He played the organ skilfully in the rendition of Albinoni's Adagio for organ and strings; not quite so skilfully did he play the timpani in Peter and the Wolf by Prokofiev, but no he said 'I wasn't trained as a percussionist' (!) Another man saying his farewells to the music department was Matthew Hunt, playfully indulging himself in a spot of conducting - alas - his beat can never match those wonderful woolly jumpers.

The odd musician turned up in a silly costume, although most believed that the suggestion had been a joke; nevertheless several people claimed to see even Mr Buttress's mask of doom and tragedy crease a tiny bit. A few other people deserving a mention are Amy Marston for some wonderful ad-lib narrating in 'Peter and the Wolf', the music staff, musicians, Barney Miller, and of course myself.

Oliver Parr, Divisions

DAVID HOME RECITAL

When David Home was awarded second place in the 1988 BBC Young Musician of the Year competition, many people felt that he should have won. And his recital at King Edward's certainly would have done nothing to alter their opinions. David, at just 19 years of age, produced a wonderful performance, marred only by the occasional slip of his memory, but even these were brilliantly covered.

The programme began with Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E flat minor (Book 1), which was played with astonishing accuracy. Yet the music itself did not suffer at the hands of this precision, and left the listener in no doubt as to the skill of David Home.

This was followed by Beethoven's sonata in E flat major Op.31 No.3, and then Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue. This contraction of the version for full orchestra leaves very little out from the orchestration, meaning that the pianist's hands are constantly moving across the whole range of the keyboard. At times it was hard to believe that you were listening to a single piano.

The concert concluded with the huge Liszt B minor sonata. This one-movement work is about 30 minutes long, and is full of rapid double-octave cascades and other technically difficult passages, all of which were managed superbly.

David produced a fabulous evening's playing, and certainly possesses the potential to become a truly great pianist. He already has a large concerto repertoire, and in 1990 makes his BBC Promenade debut with the BBC Scottish, playing Prokofiev's 3rd piano concerto. Watch out for great things to come!

Jonathan Frank, Sixties

MUSIC DOSSERS

It has been another year for the dossers. To say it has been another good year would be overstatement, whilst to say it has been a bad year would be a little harsh. The dossers have once again performed their jerk-and-carry, telephone-answering, programme-not-writing, organising-syndicate-concert-at-the-last-moment function, but it is noticeable that dossing begins to take on a different hue. In the days of our noble predecessors Messrs Crew and Nagle, the dossers and the

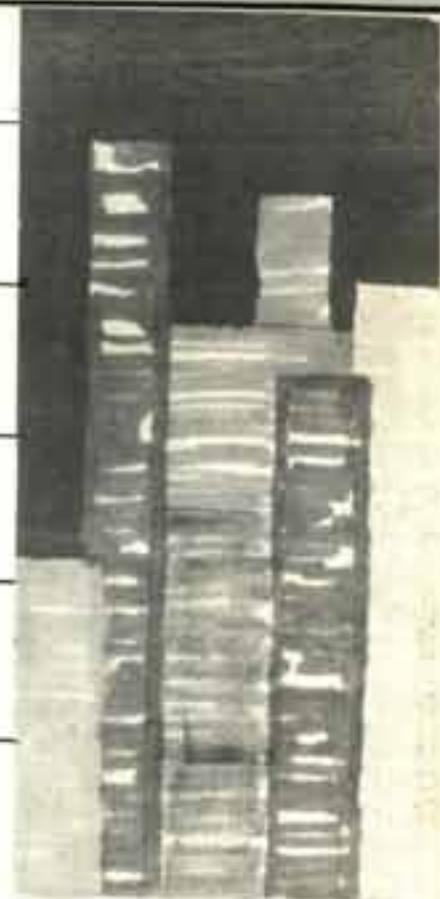
music department did not always see eye to eye. We were in their foyer, disrupting their lunchtime, and they knew it. Recently, the relationship between the dossers and the dynamic duo of KES music has become more of a symbiotic one. It all started when we were allowed to use Urn to make coffee at breaks. At first we had to bring our own coffee. Then we could borrow theirs. Then Matt Hust was taken on by the department to give the odd clarinet lesson, and he was allowed department coffee whenever he wanted! The die was cast. Since then the dossers have been helpful and the music department tolerant, save the odd firm closing of the office door by P.E.B. The upshot of the New Relationship is that, what with one chief dosser as School Vice Captain, the other as an ad hoc clarinet teacher, and with lesser dossers rushing round being helpful left right and centre, there hasn't been an awful lot of old style dossing going on this year. Breaks and lunchtimes which were once spent in earnest discussion of moral and philosophical issues are no more. The dossers, paradoxically, are just too busy. This represents something of a triumph for the music department. But whether the same standards of ruthless efficiency will be maintained next year is another question. With Ashley Goodall and Oliver Parr, who was acknowledged in his end of term report as 'fundamentally lazy', as principal members, the dossers look forward to a year of unprecedented sloth and idleness. The beer-drinking, lazing-about-in-pubs attitude of our forebears will be revived, and we will avoid any unnecessary exertion of body and mind. Olly and I are in practice for next year, but what the music department will think of the Renaissance of Old Dossing remains to be seen.

Ashley Goodall, Divisions

WEST SIDE



T O R Y



words + pictures



DESERT (an extract)

A T.W. Hutton Literature Prize entry by Gavin Kerr, Classics Division

Two men came at dawn across the yellowdried land to the tree where I crawled in the heat. Like angels they floated in the wavering air, then stop sweat spit and on again. The sunbeams which flowed ceaselessly from beyond lent them haloes, lent without demands of good deeds in return. But these men had none to offer anyway, for as they came closer I saw their heads adorned with flies, not light, and I heard them coughing as if they wandered in a smokey underworld.

Their tongues were salty, hung out to dry, as they crushed crowds of thorns, shook blister beetles from their toes, and stumbled over desert rat burrows concealed by the grains of flung dunes and bits of brittle stuff, maybe some sort of grass some time ... Once upon a time this land had stolen rain, glutted itself with it. Now, finding itself thrust into purgatory, the land begged, please just a little to ease and smoothe wrinkles.

But the lines on the face of the land grew into gapes, down which O so many things could fall. e.g. a body, a dead body, falling from a tree.

One man looked at it, the other untied the rope from around its neck. A red halo remained. The man tied the rope round the ankle, bloodless but beautiful, its shapeliness accentuated by cold-white flesh, a white that had been there always, a colour, not merely a residue left by the draining of colour. In one film that I will see, the body will be black, Negroid, not ash-smothered; but I know that the man who made this of himself, this thing, a weight, a piece of matter, nothing more, was clothed in white skin, as white as his corpse, treacherous and white as an expanse of untrodden snow. And I know with the certainty of a true believer, that when this body was alive, when, full of life, it bestowed upon its teacher a kiss, when it recoiled in terror from the forces that possessed it, its lips became

White are the robes of the wilted men who drag the body over the stony ground. They were once named "Men of Thunder." Now they are the two stooges. They feign strength by wielding knives, by belching the vinegar odours of cheap

wine, and by dragging through their farts a large cadaverous dog. I followed them from my tree, hanging myself in air stained with the smell of chewed leaves till we reached the city.

The men made no triumphal entry. They stood irresolutely at the main gate, as if they might survey the streets beyond. No shouts of "Hosanna!" echoed in the alleys between whitewashed houses, nor did palm fronds flash green through the cracks in the walls. The shadows of humble homes and the great temple blanketed circles and squares, nooks and crannies, and in that darkness the innocent slept.

But guilt drove the men from the gate; guilt made them hug the walls as they half-ran with their silent companion to the eye of the needle; guilt made them enter the kingdom of Heaven on their knees. But I was above them, or so I thought. Pride forbade me to take the way of the Boanerges, so I whirred over the walls.

Inside the men hurried, heartened by the cooling shadows. A few beggars crawled sandeyed from the outhouses of the rich, for once not pretending to be sightless. Some were still blinking and rubbing

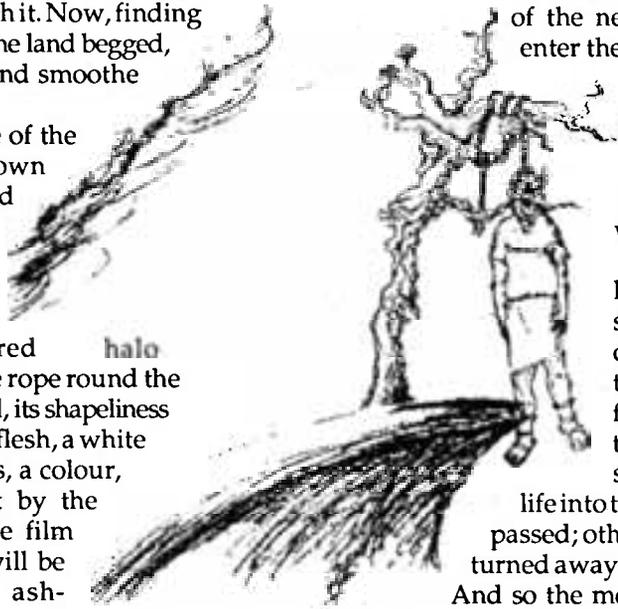
life into themselves when the men passed; others eyed the corpse, then turned away: No gold on it, they said.

And so the men were ignored as they followed the water carrier, as they lugged their load along a trail of splashed footprints. Grimacing, eyes swivelling as their gaze followed the bobbing earthenware jar, they struggled up a light of steps to themselves with what came to be known as the Last Breakfast.

John panted then spoke.

"We have him."

The man at the head of the table seemed uninterested. His left eye twitched as it looked at a slice of bread. The man scratched his head, rustling out a few bits of dandruff, then shouted in a pissed voice, "Geddim out. I don't want him lying around, fouling the air of this holy room."



The Buzzard

Arrow of Invulnerability,
Tipped with a powerful beak.
An airborne pillar of power
Carried aloft by mighty wings,
Scything the air with these terrible knives,
Blazed with streaks of golden brown,
Edged with crystalline white.
You sit atop your mighty perch,
And observe the scene below you.
Until someone catches your sharp eye.
And you dive to greet them to your lair,
Acquaint them to your ways.
They try to run, they try to hide,
But they cannot evade you.
You fear no man, you fear no beast,
Except the loaded gun.
Your hands are nimble and strong,
Able to grip the most sippy of customers.
Their talons sharp, their skin is tough.
The blood does not deter you.
You fly so high, circle and weave,
You stand above the clouds,
Wrapped in a royal cloak.
Flecked with black, on white and brown,
A beautiful and majestic KILLER.

Stephen Ling



The Mississippi

Always silent, never ending,
Slowly moving, never rushing.
Stately flows the Mississippi.
Brown and murky.
Dark and ancient.

Snakily slithering,
Silkily shimmering,
Slinkily sliding flows the Mississippi.
Weaving, wondering, waving,
Yet never waiting.
The water onwards meanders.

A view of a city

To look from the cosy confines,
The encased, the self-concerned,
Comfortable, middle class car
Into the heart of a city,
Is to recoil, sigh, and move on,
Retreat into suburbia.
A crude attempt to deny
Darwinian civilisation.

On the pavement perspectives alter;
The littered streets, the concrete walls,
The monotony and deprivation
Echoed on wary faces,
Are not so painlessly forgotten.

On the pavement is among the stifling fumes,
The dogged arteries of a city in spate.

Stephen Ling UML

Merchant of Venice

A single albatross drifts over a relentless sea
of death and drowning, harvest and profit.

Sun's rays filter through coloured panes,
Strike down a shaft of sparkling motes,
Throw the stained image over warped, grey boards
in multifarious tones of brilliance.
Introduce reverence into a cold room:
Worn and enveloped in a film of dust:

A tall figure sits alone, but not proud,
Introspective, dwelling in himself,
Wandering in an insular world,
of nondescript melancholia.

He is not enmeshed by the broken spear of light:
Shadow is the custodian of his privacy

Pale, grey eyes search without the lofted window,
And come to rest upon the Merchant's curse.
The crest of a wave in the curve of its neck,
The full sail in the line of its wing.

It disappears into the sun
The grey eyes watch on;
Attempt to capture its fire within the faded irises.

Stephen Ling, UML



Self-portrait of Mr Jones

How pleasant to know Mr Jones,
Who has written such volumes of stuff,
Some say he has a big nose,
But some think him pleasant enough.

He reads but cannot speak German,
And he comes to school on the bus,
He is a mean musician,
And has a pet spider called Gus.

He has ears, two eyes and ten fingers,
Leastways if you reckon two thumbs;
He is a pathetic writer,
And can't get anything to rhyme at all.

His bedroom is always a muddle
But he knows where everything is;
He sits with his peers in a huddle,
And gets wild on bottles of fizz!

by Nick Jones

Calico Poem

Calico Poem.

The authors, you know 'em,
They live in room forty-four.
They devour Do-dos for tea,
They all sing badly to me,
They're hid 'neath a tree.
But they'll never come back to me!
They'll never come back,
They'll never come back,
But they'll never come back to me!

Calico Doodles.

The rat ate Pot Noodles
On top of the 'Taj Mahal'.
The rate he fell in
To the 'Taj Mahal' bin
And fractured his shin.
So he never came back to me!
He never came back,
He never came back,
So he never came back to me!

Calico Chair,

It sprouted black hair
And grew small calico feet.
Its arms were red,
With a rest for the head,
It ran away, I dread,
And it never came back to me!
It never came back,
It never came back,
And it never came back to me!

Calico Wine.

Away ran the swine
To be out of the calico sty.
He went out to play
On a beautiful day
And out they did stay.
And they never came back to me!
They never came back,
They never came back,
And they never came back to me!

Calico Nerds.

I've run out of words
For everyone's used them already.
I once copied Lear,
He stormed off with a sneer.
So while I remain here,
Then he'll never come back to me!
He'll never come back
He'll never come back
Then he'll never come back to me!

*Written by Rem.L. Compiled and edited by B.
Alpar*

Self Portrait of an Annoying Person

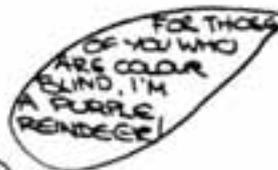
Introduction

This poem is based on Edward Lear's, "A Self portrait Of A Laureate of Nonsense", and in both poems truth and nonsense are combined together. An example of truth in this poem is, "He's crazy on rice and Pot Noodles", nonsense like "He wanteth to eat Taj Mahal". I think it is important to know what people really think of you and what you think of yourself.

How unfortunate to know Master Rahman,
Who has written such volumes of stuff.
Some think that he used a 'Carmen'
Hairdryer, but that's just a bluff.

His head is small; it contains nowt.
His mouth is as big as a bin,
He opens it, rubbish comes out,
And he makes a tremendously loud din.

He's crazy on rice and Pot Noodles,
He would vote S.L.D. if he could.
He loves purple reindeers and poodles
And despises his mum's Christmas pud.



He leans on a sky-blue first-aid kit,
While doing his Biology work
He is not ashamed to admit
That he is a total, utter jerk.

He admires Noel Edmonds' hairdresser
He wanteth to eat Taj Mahal
When you're with him he's an embarrasser
He feeds his dogs "Marrowbone with Pal".

He doesn't want to become a doctor,
An air-hostess, model or barman.
He would rather become a singer,
But that's impossible for Master Rahman.

Rasheed Rahman

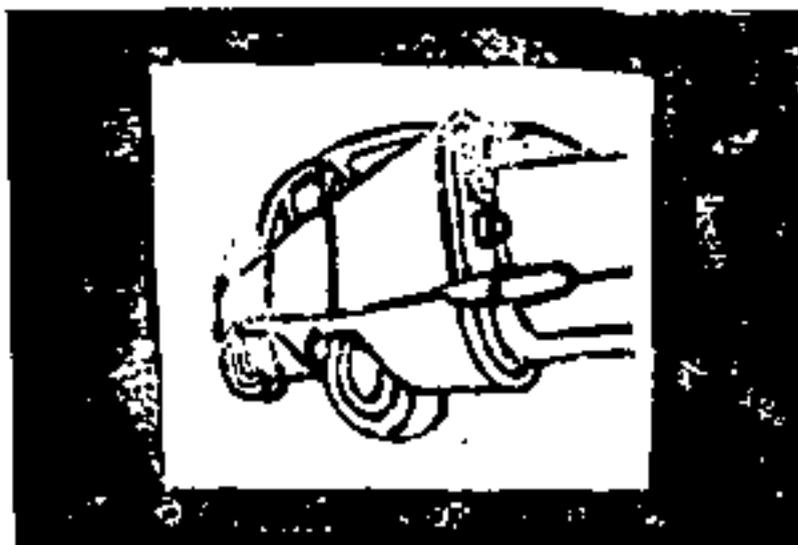
The Owl and the Pussycat Revisited

The owl and the pussycat went to the city
In a beautiful bright-red Porsche
They took some honey and loadsa money
Wrapped up in a water prospectus.
The owl looked up to the stars above
And sang to a small guitar.

"O yah pussy! O look at my Porsche!
My Porsche is a lovely car
A car!
A car!
My Porsche is a lovely car!"

The owl and pussycat went into HARRODS
To buy several diamond rings.
They took cards made of plastic wrapped up
in elastic
Owl took out his cell-nat phone.
"Buy water, sewage and Saatchi and Saatchi
Please pass the caviar."

"O yah pussy! O look at my Porsche!
My Porsche is a lovely car
A car!
A car!
My Porsche is a lovely car!"



The owl and the pussycat went on holiday
In a beautiful pea green yacht.
They took kiwi-fruit, honey and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a fax-fax
The owl took a swig of Perrier
And sang to a small guitar.

"O yah pussy! O look at my Porsche!
My Porsche is a lovely car
A car!
A car!
My Porsche is a lovely car!"

B. Griffin Rem L

With apologies to EDWARD LEAR.

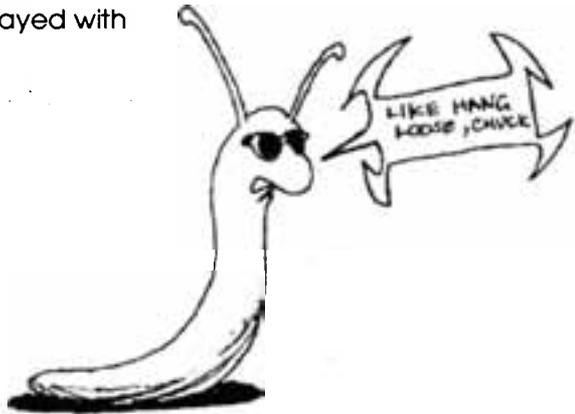
The slug

You are just an evicted snail,
With your worthless silver trail.
Who lives in high rise blocks of flats?
And who in mud and sand and shale.

You're nothing but a garden pest,
My lawnmower blades will never jest.
You love to eat my cabbage, and carrots on the side,
But little do you know that they've been sprayed with
pesticide.

You're big and black and slimey,
Your home abode is grimey.
You cannot hear or see or smell,
You haven't even got a pretty snail shell.

You slither on your belly,
You slide and writhe and crawl.
In fact you're so disgusting,
Why do you live at all?



William Batchelor, Upper Middles

Epilogue

There was a young man from Hong Kong,
Whose poems were never too long,
And.



AGORA

After two sterling years of forthright leadership from Nicholas Jacobs, Agora, bereft of any following apart from the School Captain and a Daschund called Colin, will now be disbanded. Hopefully it will be resurrected when egomania returns to the Sixth Form. Vivat Edwarde Sexte!

Nicholas Jacobs, Sixths



AMATEUR RADIO & ELECTRONICS

The year started, as is now customary with our visit to Brown Clee Hill for the VHF contest. This was enjoyed by all, and went well, even though the contest did not seem to be some people's top priority. Not only did we take part in the contests but we also operated on HF bands and communicated using TV pictures on a UHF band.

In December we took part in another contest, but this time operated from our school location, which despite being not ideal, gave us some surprisingly good results.

Apart from the two contests, the rest of the year has been fairly quiet for A.R.E.S. apart from the last month of the Summer Term when, with the support of a Parents Association Grant, we bought a Packet radio TNC. To those not 'in the know' this is a very advanced Data Communications controller, that opens several new avenues of adventure for the Society.

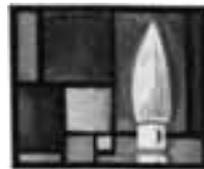
Paul Ashby, Divisions



ANAGNOSTICS

The society met five times this year, reading three comedies and two tragedies. We started the year with "The Birds" by Aristophanes and had an excellent turn-out of forty. Second came "Philoctetes" by Sophocles, followed by "The Knights", also by Aristophanes. The final two plays were "Helen" by Euripides, and "Thesmophoriarusae" by our old favourite Aristophanes. The general standard of reading was very high with notable performances from Julian Watson, Amanda Lloyd, David Jones, and Caroline Snell. The food was varying in quality and on a couple of occasions was raided by the C.C.F and others. A wonderful time was had by all.

Simon Harvey, Sixths



ART & ART HISTORY

We've been incredibly busy over the past year, positively bubbling with things to do. We never stop, indeed. The start of the year brought a video based on the life of the 17th century Dutch painter Gottfried Schalcken heavily spiced with sex and violence, followed by a visit to Birmingham's own treasure trove, the Barber Institute where the temptation to slip the small Van Gogh inside our coats (and take the next flight to Santiago - or Spike Island) was nearly too much for us. Birmingham's other galleries were also well attended. Trips were made to the Ikon Gallery for

the exhibition of gleeful sculptures by Miro, and later to see **Transcontinental** - work by some of the foremost contemporary Latin American revolutionary artists (one of whom scattered a lot of potatoes all over the floor... his chips were down?) and to the Museum and Art Gallery to see **Images of a Golden Age**, a large and critically acclaimed exhibition of Dutch 17th Century painting, and also **Folly & Vice: The Art of Satire & Social Criticism**, an extremely enjoyable 'South Bank' touring exhibition worth catching elsewhere if you missed it.

Busy we may be, but well-attended we are not - our greatest attendance amounted to less than half-a-dozen despite adequate advertising. That is of course excepting the jewel in our crown, the London trips made jointly with KEHS. We squeezed in two this year, in the Autumn seeing **The Art of Photography and Gauguin** and the **Pont Aven Group** at the Royal Academy, and in the spring the huge and world-famous **Frans Hals** exhibition. The weather was horrid both times. Pizza, rain and true art, who could offer you more?

Matthew Killeen and Philip Tavis, Divisions

ART. EXHIBITIONS VISITED, AND OTHER EVENTS.

The gentlemen making the above reports have surely not forgotten visiting the **Meret Oppenheim** (at ICA) and **Ivon Hitchens** (Serpentine Gallery) exhibitions after **The Art of Photography**, nor the **Arkshile Gorky** (Whitechapel) and **Joseph Wright of Derby** (Tate Gallery) exhibitions after **Frans Hals**; nor the fact that the weather was actually quite good on the Autumn visit, occasioning an over-long trek through cascading leaves in Hyde Park from the Mall to the Serpentine. The feet of those who opted to visit **Andy Warhol** at the Hayward Gallery had an easier time of it; their eyes and minds also, probably.

Other exhibitions visited locally included, with AS level candidates - ex-Director of Art & Design at KES **Boby Ashby's** exhibition at Helios Gallery, King's Heath, shared with his wife Joy and daughter Johanna - oils, pastels and gouaches, mainly of landscapes of great charm and accomplishment; with Removes - the **Folly & Vice** exhibition mentioned above (the cross-curricular dimension with history evident in the questionnaire), and with 4th year candidates for CCSE Art & Design - **Suzanne Treister** at the Ikon Gallery, a visit that formed the basis for a Critical Studies project.

The 5th Critical Studies portraits/self portraits

each took as their starting-point a painting in either the City Art Gallery or the Barber Institute; notable among the successes were, from the former, the **Stanley Spencer** and **Holman Hunt** (circular portrait of Rossetti), and from the latter, the **Rossetti** and **Toulouse-Lautrec**.

Whilst on the subject of 'the Barber', we extend a warm welcome to the incoming Director, Professor **Richard Verdi**. The Chief Master helped to facilitate contact between us and Professor Verdi warmly responded by offering the services of some of his and Professor Miles' postgraduate students as guides round the collection for small groups of interested boys. This was a very successful operation and it is hoped, on both sides, that more such visits can be arranged. Professor Verdi is the organizer of this year's major Edinburgh Festival exhibition, **Cézanne and Poussin: The Classical Vision of Landscape**, and his two lectures (the first of which was televised) relating to this in late June provided an opportunity for the Art History Society and Art Society to convene a final meeting this year following a lunchtime visit to the Barber Collection.

The Chief Master's interest in the enterprising activities of Birmingham's leading commercial contemporary Fine Art gallery, Midlands Contemporary Art, led to the involvement of two Divisions boys (who shall be nameless) as receptionists and bar-tenders at **Private Views** in the George Street gallery. Their punch mixing was quite innovative.

Exhibitions within the Design Centre have been restricted this last year to internally-originated ones, testing the variety of display options available to us; but '90-'91 will bring outside exhibitions - one is already booked.

Life is definitely hotting up in the new centre. **ARS LONGA VITA BREVIS** - as we can no longer be reminded by the engraved skylight we've left behind in the old department's corridor (though the other Latin saw - see below - strikes a more ironic valedictory note)

A not insignificant event was the decree of February 13th that 'Art' should be removed from the title of the department; The Design department is now the officially preferred term.

ARS EST CELAKE ARTEM?

DCS

THE SCHOOL BANK

January 1990 saw the start of the School Bank. With the help of Mr. Palmer, a group of four Upper Middle pupils, namely Lawrence Dean (manager), Mark Cuthbert, Andrew Hockley and Geraint Lee set up the bank in conjunction with Barclays, in order to provide a service normally inaccessible to KES pupils owing to the closing times of High Street banks. The first few weeks were hectic by any standards with numerous account openings and some large cash deposits, but for these first few sessions two Barclays representatives were there to lend a hand.

Although this facility cannot compete with its High Street competitors and the services they provide, the easy access to our in-school bank makes up for this. New members of our bank receive:-

(i) For under fourteens, a sturdy, smart folder containing stationery and filing facilities for bank books and statements..

(ii) For over fourteens, a handy organiser and the option of a cashcard that can be used at all Barclays cashpoints.

The School Bank also offers a special high-interest deposit account for form Cot Funds. This offer has been taken up by a number of forms interested in increasing their donation.

Another advantage of the bank is that for every new account opened, Barclays gives one pound to the school funds.

The School Bank is still expanding even now, and currently operating on Tuesdays and Thursdays. The number of bankers has doubled from four to eight and the bank is looking forward to even more accounts with the new intake of Shells in September.

Lawrence Dean, Upper Middles



THE SCHOOL BOOKSHOP

This has been rather a stagnant year for the Bookshop, despite a concerted advertising campaign in the Autumn Term. Trade in stationery has continued to be reliably brisk, and there have been unpredictable bursts of book-buying, but in general it is difficult to avoid the conclusions,

first, that most of the boys in the school have little interest in buying books, and second, that the books which sell best are not those which one would most like to see doing so.

Adventure game-books, although not as horrifyingly popular as they once were, remain in considerable demand, as do sub-Tolkienian fantasy, Asterix, Asimov, Christie, Gerald Durrell, Tom Sharpe and, latterly, Terry Pratchett. A couple of market research exercises conducted during the year to find out "what we should be stocking" indicate that we are, in fact, stocking the right sort of mixture, at least so far as market research can determine. Why, then, don't we sell more?

Our most recent development is the introduction of a second-hand section, through which boys can attempt to sell their unwanted books, for prices which they themselves determine. Early indications are that this will prove a popular and successful service, although that rather depends on there being a steady flow of sellers to match the evident interest from potential buyers.

T.F.P.H.



CHRISTIAN UNION

The Christian Union continues to meet every Thursday after school, for about one hour, followed by coffee. Many of the speakers are local clergy or youth workers, but a good number of the talks have been given by members of the C.U. We are always open to anyone coming to our meetings, and it has been good to see some visitors over the past couple of terms.

This was no doubt in part prompted by the "Fool on the Hill?" week - a week when a speaker called J. John brought a team of 4 or 5 people in to give 5 lunchtime addresses and to take R.E. lessons. Between 100 and 150 people came each lunchtime, and many people seemed very interested. General reaction from the school has been good, and we would like to thank all those who supported the week, which was organised and run by a committee comprised of people from the C.U., Chapel and other Christians in the two schools.

After using three venues at various times during this year, we have now settled in the new R.E. room, where the ceramics workshop used to be.

This will hopefully be more convenient than the KEHS U6th Common Room, and it also means that we don't get chased out of KEHS at 5.30 by Mr James!

Please remember that the C.U. is open to visitors, and we hope that you would feel most welcome to come and dispel (or confirm) any rumours or opinions you may have about us.

Jonathan Frank, Sixths



CLASSICAL SOCIETY

The good ship Classical Society has always struggled to steer a course between the Scylla of Anagnostics and the Charybdis of the Archaeological Society. Anagnostics provides superb coverage of the Greek and Roman classics of Aristophanes, Sophocles and the like. The Archaeological Society tends to cover all the evidence that historians have accumulated about the rest. Therefore, the Classical Society has tended to be covering the same ground again and again.

This year, however, the Society turned its attention to the recreation of what it was like to be Greek in an examination of the bases of their moral and ethical understanding. However, on both occasions, the Society updated its subjects in order to popularise the classics and make them more accessible to the lower years.

The now annual Christmas Play Competition was enormously successful this year, attracting members of all school years. The competing plays were acted and written by the five Shell forms. The event was very well organised by Marc Terry.

The second event of the year was a major performance of Homer's 'Odyssey', reviewed elsewhere in this issue. However, I must thank Mrs Herbert for her efficient organisation of the production rehearsals and her helpful advice, and most especially to Mr Owen whose boundless enthusiasm and energy opened the door on an encouraging new direction for future meetings.

David Stevens, Sixths



DEBATING SOCIETY

This year has seen a pleasing increase in debating activity with well attended debates throughout the three terms. Our first debate, 'This house would never again vote for a Thatcher government', attracted nearly sixty people. Motions such as 'This house believes that rugby is a mindless and violent game performed by macho clones' continued to pull large audiences, and led to more closely contested debates.

The year's piece de resistance was the motion 'This house would lower the age of homosexual consent to sixteen'. There was a suggestion that this debate would be banned because of official scruples. The added publicity resulted in an audience of over eighty people.

Debaters can, I believe, look forward to the future with optimism. The intricacies of co-operation with the girls have been worked through, and there seems to be a growing interest on which to build at KEHS.

The pilot scheme of the House Debating Competition was successful enough to indicate that the full scale competition can work in the future. Many thanks for all the help in organising this, particularly to Mr. Buttress and the House Debating Committee.

Thanks to the Society's Committee - Robert Hall, Sean Smith and Tom Pritchard - for all their help, and also to Mr. Evans who has remained the relaxed and helpful President throughout the year. I wish the very best to my successor and hope that the debating tradition at KES may continue to grow and flourish.

Nicholas Jacobs. Sixths



DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The Dramatic Society this year has experienced many ups and downs. The junior production of "Ernie's Incredible Hallucinations" had to be aborted for this year, but hopefully next year the play will be performed. However, the society had close

involvement with the School production of "West Side Story" and funded David Stevens' "Odyssey"..

These successes along with the provision of information as to what was happening "dramatically" in Birmingham, means that the society has had a useful, if not entirely productive, year.

Julian Watson, Sixths.



ECONOMICS SOCIETY

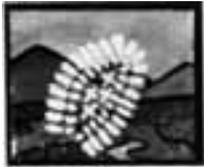
1989/90 was the first year that the faceless school club bureaucrats recognised the Economics Society. Starting as we meant to carry on, the first meeting was the 'Lloyds Bank economy prediction game'.

The next meeting heard a talk by JRAC (in track-suit) on the very topical EMS. His delivery of the 'snake in the tunnel' gag was impeccable.

The high point involved a talk by Dave Fothergill, Services Manager of Ansell's. This sleazy, corporate cowboy, transformed Ansell's into the vibrant, throbbing company it is today.

Thanks must go to Mr Cook for starting the society and then leaving for Singapore and Mrs Temperley for filling up the space.

Darren Sharma, Sixths



FELL WALKING

This year has been an exceptionally busy one for the Fell Walking Society. Our programme has included five walks and the first recorded "in-school," meeting of the Society.

The first trip was to Radnor, located near the Welsh border: this was a walk characterised by very wet windy conditions, but nonetheless enjoyable.

The second trip in the spring, took the form of an introductory walk for the Shells and Rems, and was to Caer Caradoc in Shropshire.

The following trip, to Exmoor, was undoubtedly the highlight of the year. We stayed at Crowcombe Heathfield Y.H. overnight and spent the following day on Exmoor, returning to Birmingham in the

evening. It was very pleasant and we enjoyed near perfect weather.

Overall, this year has been very successful. An important drive to recruit members from the Lower School has worked well, largely owing to Dr Higgitt, to whom we are very grateful.

Much of the Society's success must be thanks to Russell Osborn, the retiring secretary who has done for school fell-walking what worms do for soil. Many thanks to him and to Messrs. Cumberland, Lambie, Taggart and Workman, who have ensured the smooth running of our trips.

Russell leaves his post in the capable hands of Andrew Bennett who I am sure will prove himself to be an excellent secretary.

Giles Keen, Sixths



FIELD STUDIES

The members of this environmentally friendly Friday afternoon option, led by captain Stan, have once again been getting their hands dirty for the cause of conservation. Edgbaston Park Nature Reserve (designated as a Site of Special Scientific Interest or SSSI) has been providing us with plenty of scope for conservation activities and research projects alike.

The battle against the skunk cabbage was a continuing saga of strength and determination and these aliens are now successfully under control. Many of the too competitive sycamore seedlings have been wrenched out to prevent their rapid spreading.

The nest box scheme continued throughout the year with much hard work and enthusiasm from workers. A ladder was borrowed from the school groundsmen and used to climb up to the thirty-five bird boxes. Detailed records were kept of the nesting birds and their nesting materials. Maintenance of the boxes was required occasionally owing to marauding squirrels!

The nature reserve is a haven for birdlife and a number of exciting species were spotted this year. These include Sparrowhawks, Kingfishers, Great Spotted Woodpeckers and the little duck of the Midlands - the Ruddy Duck.

This year saw a new teacher enter the thrills and spills of the Field Studies Society. Mr Paul Smith, zoologist extraordinaire, has helped

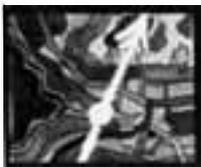
considerably with the nest box scheme and introduced many fresh ideas for wildlife research in the reserve. Due to his interest in small mammals, he has begun a thorough survey of these. The Royal Society and the Chief Master have agreed jointly to fund the cost of the live mammal traps required. This small mammal survey will begin properly in the new school year.

The last twelve months have been marred slightly by the churning up of three fields directly next to the nature reserve: a misunderstanding on the contractors' behalf which caused much environmental damage to plants and animals. The Field Studies Society hopes that the smallest Priors Field can be spared in the few years to come from transformation into a hockey pitch.*

It has been a very successful year for all concerned and I'd like to thank Messrs. Lampard and Smith for providing the school with such an invaluable, worthwhile and satisfying Friday afternoon option. Here's to more 'green' years ahead!

Ben Goodger, Divisions

* An open area of natural grassland is invaluable for providing the habitat for small mammals and birds of prey.



GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

Having taken over the helm of the Geographical Society from the laudable Andrew Harrop, I, with my trusty side-kick, Adam Kendall, negotiated the year's activities with the now characteristic method of 'don't worry things will get done'.

Our first talk of the year was given by Dr Prosser from Newman College. He lectured on his 'pet' subject, 'The Geography of Leisure into the 21st century', with slide show, overhead projections, ice-creams and a Kiara orange fruit drink.

Late in the Autumn term the Geography Department Day was organised. At lunchtime a talk was given by Steven Tuck concerning his travels in south Africa. After school the festivities continued with a slide show from the pupils and masters followed by mince pies and sherry, skillfully procured by Dr Higgitt after many hours of mediation with Mr Buttress.

The purpose of the meeting was twofold. Firstly to have a party (no excuses really needed) and to say farewell to Mike Roden, famed Physical

Geography teacher. This gives me an opportunity to thank Mr Roden for the enjoyment he has brought to the subject that was badly needing it. He was one of the school's greatest assets and will be greatly missed.

The spring term saw yet another change in the Geography Department. Mr D Chamberlain was given the helm of the Geography Society as Dr Higgitt retired to the less turbulent scene of tennis. With the help of Mr J Cumberland, he set about streamlining the society. More meetings, more people, and more advertising. Understudies were soon brought in from the Divisions to learn the 'tricks of the trade' from Andrew Mulligan and Adam Kendall, weatherbeaten old timers that we were. We wish them all the best for next year.

Our last two talks were given by Jacob Low-Ber and Mr John Nicholls from the Black Country Development Corporation. Jacob's talk consisted of an extensive slide show and a display on how to cope with a stomach disorder while in a canoe.

On a higher level John Nicholls explained the complicated workings of the corporation and gave the A-level candidates a useful case study for their exams ahead.

At the end of the year I passed on the helm of the Geography Society after an exciting year of talks. My thanks go to Dr Higgitt and Mr Cumberland for their constant support and I wish Mr Chamberlain and his team a successful and less turbulent year next year. Thanks must also go to Adam Kendall and Gary Pearce who gave me considerable moral, if not physical support in the running of this society.

Andrew Mulligan, Sixth



HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Getting bored? Who wouldn't be, struggling through the masses of prententious, conceited, egotistical society reports for this year? Well, here's another.

The first History Society meeting of the Autumn Term saw Mr Heffernan give a talk on the German victories of 1939 and 1940. With an interesting use of chalk, both for illustrating the enemy lines and throwing at members of the audience, he succeeded to simplify a complex topic without the aid of any video machinery. Thomas Pritchard's extensive

publicity of this talk within KEHS resulted in an audience 100% male.

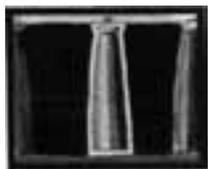
The second talk of the term came from the Chairman, Mr Davies, on the psychology of rioting. This was an extensive examination from a man whose name is world-famous for his four-page pamphlet on the Bristol Riots.

The talk for the Spring Term came from Mrs Southworth who gave an engaging talk on one of the earliest antecedents of Reformation, the Lollards. This aroused some significant demand for a direct talk on the Reformation from those slightly concerned about the impending A-levels.

Following my talk on the Reformation, Doctor Richard Cust from the University of Birmingham gave a fascinating lecture on the similarities and differences between Charles I and Elizabeth I.

Finally, a word for the future following the strong attendance of members from KEHS at most of the meetings this year, would it not be a good idea to form a joint society next year? No? Oh well, it seemed like a good idea at the time. Hitler probably felt the same when he sent his stormtroopers into Poland.

David Stevens, Sixths



JUNIOR CLASSICAL SOCIETY

I started the year full of hope and eager that my first year as society secretary should be a success. I realised that the 'Golden Age' of Shell Mars Bars feasts, Uncle Chunky and J J Evans was over, but I hoped that with a radical new approach people would once again flock to Geography Room B.

My plan was to capture the imagination of the plebeians through a performance of 'The Lysistrata', and then, having won them over, to school them in the more acceptable areas of Graeco-Roman life. This performance was enjoyed immensely by the organisers, but somehow failed to impress the targetted Shells and Removes.

The society had suffered a set back, but we were confident that the annual Classical Quiz would bring the numbers in. Mr Owen provided the Mars Bars, and as if by magic, scores of boys appeared. The questions had been set by Stephen Boyd and Fred Durman, two outstanding (and modest!) Classics scholars from the Fourths. Unfortunately none of the competitors was able to

match their amazing combined intellect and the quiz ended with the plunder of the prizes.

Thanks must go to Mr Owen for his help and provisions of confectionary throughout the year. We hope for better fortunes next year.

Fred Durman, Fourths



JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

The Junior Debating Society met again at the start of the academic year, still run by Miss Stephenson who brought about its rebirth so successfully in January 1989. The same people were still in charge with the exception of Richard Hall, replacing Hugh Houghton as secretary. These people were promising a new format, designed to make the whole operation run more smoothly and two new figures, Catherine Tillotson and Helen Stubbs, both of the KEHS 6th form were brought in to strengthen the liaison between KES and the girls' school

This new format was put to its first test in the first debate of the year, a balloon debate featuring G Heffernan making a special guest appearance as Mussolini. He, naturally polled lowest with 6 votes, the eventual winner being Mother Theresa with 17 votes. The debate 'Should Rapists Be Executed' was the first to be held in the girls' school for several years. The motion was, to my surprise, not carried.

The rest of the year saw debates equally as well-fought but not always with as close a result. However, what did remain consistent throughout the whole year was the high level of attendance which Miss Stephenson and I, as chairman, were pleased with. None of the remaining debates had motions that really stood out as being original: debates such as 'Should Abortion Be Banned' and 'Will Women Ever Be Equal to Men' have been debated before. However, the debate on whether the British Singles Chart was a fair representation of British taste, had an original motion and inspired varied arguments from the assorted types of music fan present. It even attracted the attention of Mr Buttress who sat through that debate and was impressed with the standard of debating and level of organisation. In his words 'Excellent'.

Subhanker Banerjee, Upper Middles.



JUNIOR HISTORICAL SOCIETY

With rabid enthusiasm and a fervour rarely seen within the Junior Historical Society's ranks, Mr Davies resurrected the society in September. Meetings were arranged, commitments made and plans drawn up. The future looked positively rosy, but, as the term wore on, that all-enveloping apathy familiar to all societies took hold. Mr Davies battled on, giving a fascinating talk on 'Great Military Disasters', but those around him did little else.

This has been a year of turmoil for the society - even the traditional video on ancient East Anglian burial sites was done away with, but Mr Davies need not despair. Tentative negotiations are continuing with KEHS over a merger with their 'Junior History Club, and other meetings are taking shape. This society is on the move.

Andrew Grimley, Fourth



THE LIBRARY

This is, paradoxically, the first time a report for the Library has appeared in the 'Chronicle'. It is surprising when one considers the consistent and prominent service that it provides to the whole of the school. It remains a place to sit in companionable silence, drinking in the atmosphere of peace and tranquility in reassuring calm.

This year has seen the Library maintain its excellent provision of all the major newspapers and periodicals. This coverage will be extended to 'The European' in the new school year, so long as Robert Maxwell's new paper does not fold before then. Similarly new periodicals such as Greenpeace News, have been purchased to reflect new public concerns.

Of course, the Library has extended its superb collection of books, concentrating on up-dating and expanding the English section with the new Oxford English Dictionary and the History section with a series of new encyclopaedia on the First World War. Classics and Science are already well

catered for and the Encyclopaedia of Popular Music is soon to complete an authoritative music section.

The Librarians themselves have remained, as usual, efficient, very chatty and conversational, packed with information and totally big-headed but at the same time rather witty and self-effacing. Still, never mind. They are indispensable and should be thanked for doing a thankless job.

The new Head Librarian is Richard Lang. I wish him well. Last but by no means least, it remains for me to thank Mr Lambie who is truly indispensable. He effectively is the Library. Without him, it would not provide the excellent service that it does.

David Stevens, Sixth



LITERARY SOCIETY

This year has seen the continued decline of the society to the point at which it now barely functions. The year began with the usual quoty optimism - the expectations of an interesting quota of outside speakers, inside debates of literary themes, a creative writing publication. None was wholly forthcoming.

Of the meetings which did actually occur, highlights included a fascinating, ever passionate, discussion of the poetry of Edward Lear, led by Joe Winkley and Iain Robertson, an erudite and informative lecture on past productions of 'Hamlet' by the regional Chief Examiner for Theatre Studies, and a characteristically idiosyncratic view of Shakespeare's comedies from the greatly missed Tony Trott.

Literary Society is dormant, but not dead. It retains a select and loyal, if limited following. Outside speakers, for whom this year provided no suitable space, are willing to lecture in the future. In particular, the present Divisions appear to have shown a greater enthusiasm than has emerged from the present Sixth Form. Given greater support and a secretary with sufficient time, energy and enthusiasm, the society could prosper.

Thanks are due to Mrs Trott and Miss Warne of KEHS and to Paul Ford and Katy Ricks for their consistent efforts and energy devoted to the society.

Bob Hall, Sixth



MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY

There were five meetings of the society this year. The group was described as being 'dead boring', but proved its critics wrong once again with a variety of talks ranging from Mr Higson on the "Pigeonhole Principle" to "Chaos", by Dr Bridges. KEHS hosted talks on "The Survival of Euclid" and "Printing in Mathematics." David Hasnip hosted the meetings as the dignified heavy man : a role we look forward to Michael Borcherds enjoying.
Andrew Copas, Sixths



PARLIAMENTARY SOCIETY

The meetings of the society have reflected the upheavals of the last year. They have encompassed German Unification, South Africa and the apparent Tory rout.

Speakers have included the Chief Master and Mrs Hoddin. An attempt at a proportional representation style election proved a disaster, which ended any residual beliefs in electoral reform.

As A levels pressed, I handed over to Oliver Johnson, on merit of his radical politics. His erudite and entertaining meeting about Machiavelli augurs well for the future vitality of this society.

Thomas Pritchard, Sixths



MODEL RAILWAY & RAILWAY SOCIETY

This year was another year in the Renaissance of the Model Railway Society. We invested in a Hornby 00 model of an Intercity 125 and this proved a wise investment as we recreated the New Street to Euston journey many a wet Thursday lunchtime whilst eating interesting salads prepared by Russell Osborn.

Unlike many other societies we also ventured outdoors and took a weekend out to visit Five Ways Station in an attempt to build a model of it. We enjoyed an interesting tea at "Sid's café, Five Ways," before doing a spot of partial integration of car number plates on the way back.

This society continues to thrive, and plans are being laid to purchase a carriage to go with the Intercity 125.

Christopher Ball, Sixths



SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

"I hope you don't think I'm a weirdo," said Mr Armitage of the BAAS. The lecture room creased up in laughter.

The Society had been listening to a superbly delivered talk on 'The Search for Life in Space' and had heard some pretty bizarre theories. Warwick University's Dr Howarth gave an interesting and controversial talk on 'The Creation : From Big Bang to Modern Man', comparing modern theories with the Bible's Genesis. One of Birmingham University's "Cold Fusion" research team also talked to a packed theatre.

One of our aims has been to present science as relevant and interesting to *anyone*, not to build a ghetto for "weirdo" scientists! It's so sad that an arts/science split tends to develop further up the school, and I'd like it to go for lots of reasons. Come and see; science is about more than plotting graphs, learning formulae and making funny smells in test tubes. Above all, science is too important to be left with the scientists.

Most of the organising work was done by Jonathan Lewis, under the experienced guidance of Mr Smith. Thanks to everyone who has helped.

Bernard Leckie, Sixths



SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY

It was a triumphant year for this elite intellectual society dedicated to the Bard and tea-cakes. Attendances were up on previous years, unlike its sister society, the Literary Society which (quite unsurprisingly) under the leadership of Robert Hall and Mrs Ricks (of 'The Idler' editorial fame) slid into gradual oblivion.

Not so the Shakespeare Society - there were inspired readings to rival any of those by Larry or even Johnny. Duncan Collinson gave the performance of a lifetime as a Coriolanus who grew more camp and loud as he went on, until by Act III all acting had disappeared in place of very loud shouting in an effeminate voice.

Other plays we read included "The Merchant of Venice", "King Lear" and "Titus Andronicus"

Special mention goes to Petra Hughes who displayed remarkable stamina in attending everything whilst not saying a word. Great thanks must go to Dr Hosty for attending every meeting and reading in many uncast parts such as Captain, Boatswain and sailors (all in the same scene).

Niru Ratnam, Sixths

STAGE CREW

This year has been the most successful in the recent history of the Stage Crew. Thanks to the foresight of Mrs Herbert, we have been fortunate to secure the talents of Jan Sendor, one of the most respected and popular people in local theatre circles, to advise us on Friday afternoons. I can honestly say that Jan has always been a pleasure to work with and his ideas and enthusiasm touched up the technical side of West Story to make it the rip-roaring success that it was.

The staging of West Side Story not on the stage but along the length of Big School presented us with problems greater than usual. The construction of a large number of scenery flats to form a backdrop for the action proved time consuming (and expensive) and thanks must go to Andrew Milligan and Mark Williams for their hours of extra time

put in to building this wonderful set. The stage lighting system in Big School is restricted to the stage and so extra lengths of (expensive) cabling had to be hired to provide power for all the lighting equipment. However the added scope for the excellent dancing made all the effort thoroughly worthwhile, together with the knowledge that all the audience could see the action from the (expensive) tiered banked seating.

The crew has also been involved with "The Odyssey", "Twelfth Night" and many smaller events where lighting and sound equipment is needed.

It is hoped in future to involve boys lower down the school in this popular option as "top heaviness" has resulted in over half of the male crew leaving this summer. Thanks as ever, to the Music Department, Resources Centre and Design Centre and especially to Mr Argust who once again has looked after us so adequately.

Tim Handel, Sixths



WAR GAMES

Membership dwindled as Mr Davies relentlessly weeded out the deadwood. However, as he did so, the quality of gaming rose, and the option has gone from strength to strength. It still remains a matter of some amusement and, indeed, mystery that a man in his thirties can find such fascination in little men cast in lead. Nevertheless Mr Davies has been a veritable stalwart, showing great expertise and knowledge of military tactics.

THE BULLETIN BOARD

As a thoroughly democratic society, the Bulletin Board could not decide who was to write the report for the Chronicle. So each person contributed one word:

Totem-pole, spasm, pints, subtlety, fnarr, no, aardvark, vanilla, zither, fumbled.

Finally, thanks to our readers who are allowed the right to reply, also with one word each:

deck-chair, ingrowing

Stuart Thompson, Fifths





RUGBY

	P	W	L	D
1st XV	22	13	9	0
2nd XV	21	9	12	0
3rd XV	13	4	9	0
U16 XV	10	2	7	1
U15 XV	10	2	7	1
U15XV	15	10	5	0
U14XV	17	12	4	1
U13XV	14	9	5	0
U12XV	9	8	1	0

1st XV

The 1st XV were described in *The Daily Telegraph* as "brilliant but inconsistent." The playing record, however, would suggest that more of the season was spent being inconsistent than brilliant. Overall, the year was a grey muddle of indifferent results glimmering with brilliant successes against teams of the highest quality.

The strength of the team lay in the forwards. In the tight, Michael Michael developed a notoriety for his disruptive scrummaging - though he will never be forgiven for careering into Mark Williams and injuring the school's most reliable line-out jumper for many matches before Christmas. In the loose Pete Williams and John Brennan were able to secure a steady source of possession.

Behind the pack, Pete Benson led the backs in the sort of dogged play often absent in the forwards. At their best, Olly Sharp's ghosting breaks, allied to Lee Bartlett's tearing acceleration was able to cut open even the best organised defences.

On occasions, the team was capable of playing superb rugby. Solihull, unquestionably the best team on the circuit, were denied an unbeaten record when, on a bitterly cold winter afternoon, they fell 13-9 to the KE pack. Similarly, against Nottingham, at Nottingham, the XV beat the High School 19-24 for the first time at 1st XV level. This performance culminated in a stunning try by Carl Meyer from a move begun on the '22 with back linking with forward irresistibly as play swept outrageously to left and right.

Sadly, this sort of form was never found consistently enough, especially against poorer sides. Often play seemed confused and lacklustre.

Although this can be explained to some extent as the result of play for much of the season without a dependable fly-half, the blame must fall heavily on the general tactical ignorance and widespread apathy. More than anything else, these two factors were responsible for the 13-3 loss against a competent Bromsgrove side. Particularly up front, where seven of the pack were playing in their final year, either the frantic blurr of Oxbridge or *The Gun Barrels* exacted their toll on the team effort. In short, the 1st XV were exactly that : fifteen talented individuals who never became a team.

It was only in the very special environment fostered during the Canadian Tour that the team were able to pull together and play to its true potential. In four unbeaten matches far heavier and more powerful sides were convincingly beaten, including the champions of British Columbia. This augurs well for next season's squad which will be led by Tom Britton and coached by Mr Gutteridge in his first full season in charge.

This tour would not have been possible without the tireless efforts of Mr. Roden, who left at Christmas to take up the post of Head of Geography at Bristol Grammar School. His contribution to KE rugby over recent years has been equalled by none. We owe him many thanks.

Members of staff come and go, but despite this KE rugby has managed to retain its unique character. The support from the common room never seems to wane. The masochistic element of volunteers willing to devote so much of its time to coach and support remains as strong as ever. Parents remain enthusiastic and the grounds department and cooks continue to make the South Field and Eastern Road enjoyable places to play rugby.

John Brennan, Sixths.

2nd XV

Endeavouring to repeat last year's 2nd XV record season, we made a good start by winning our first match against Denstone. After that, the rest of the winter term was a struggle, during which we won four games. The highlight of the term was a great 10-6 victory over the very strong Nottingham H.S. team, yet ironically, the following Saturday we were defeated by inferior Bromsgrove. The Spring term proved a complete turn around in our fortunes. We won all five games fairly easily and ended up almost levelling our for/against record.

Our strengths were Jamie Hope's skill at fly half, Philip Yau's strength in the back row, David

Jones' line out jumping, while the backs had considerable strength in depth. Rohit Kushawaha was a tower of strength whether in the back row or the backs, running and tackling solidly. Our most common fault was to start playing Rugby 20 minutes after the whistle had gone.

I would like to thank Mr Emery for his efforts in coaching the team.

A J Colledge Sixths

3rd XV

This year's rugby season was, for the 3rd XV, basically split into two parts. The first was a rather depressing and long sequence of defeats that no matter how hard we tried we seemed unable to stop. This culminated in an embarrassing defeat at the hands of Camp Hill despite two good tries from Tim Crocker.

Our change in fortune began against Newcastle-under-Lyme before Christmas with Stephen Lindley scoring three tries (and only being denied a fourth by tripping over his own legs!). Our victorious streak continued and after Christmas, with the addition of the U16 players, and some players with 1st XV and 2nd XV experience we recorded several handsome victories.

On a more serious note I should like to take this opportunity to commend certain people: Stephen Lindley for perfecting the art of the jumped tackle, and Mark Waring for his unceasing line of excuses to avoid him having to play or practise ending in his infamous "footballer's" groin-strain. Darren Sharma must be commended too for his tremendous "never say die spirit" and Alistair Kent for his uncanny ability never to agree with the referee.

Finally, and in all sincerity, Mr L Evans should be thanked for his unbounded enthusiasm and drive even amidst rocky times. Perhaps his contribution may be rewarded with better overall results next year.

Oliver Lee, Divisions

U16 XV

Because of the loss of certain players through injury and promotion to the 1st XV, this was a slightly disappointing season, when judged by the high standards which we had set ourselves over the past few years.

The team was based on what was once described as a "fearful" pack, with several outstanding individual performers in the backs. However this good quick ball was often wasted, which, at the

end of the day, led to a low points scoring record throughout the season.

Yet, putting results aside, it was an enjoyable season. Morale was always high with a multitude of notable characters whose delightful idiosyncrasies helped while away the many tedious coaching sessions.

Sadly, one feature of the season this year was the small rugby option in our year group; the lack of competition for places on the team, at times being a contributing factor to the team's attitude in certain quarters.

Having still never lost to Bromsgrove as yet, and winning the Greater Birmingham Cup for the second time, there were certain encouraging points to be seen this season and with more infamous fitness sessions and seemingly ridiculous exercises in ballhandling skills, I think the team will do well in seasons to come.

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

Peter Williams, Fifthis

U15 XV

The U15XV had a successful season this year. The team managed some very good performances and beat some strong sides. However, when the side came up against superior opposition heads tended to drop and the side lost spirit. This was highlighted in the match against Warwick where the U15's fought hard to stay within 6 points at the end of the first half. However at the beginning of the second half the opposition scored and were then allowed to run freely through our defence.

Being a lightweight pack the forwards had some trouble scrummaging but this was often compensated for by their mobility. The back row regularly managed to win good ball in the loose due to good rucking performances. Occasionally, when all the forwards played well, the opposition's forwards were kept out of the game. This was shown in the match against Bromsgrove where the forwards led the side to a 14-0 victory.

The backs continually showed that when given good ball they are able to penetrate with their strength and pace. This was demonstrated to great effect in the first match against Denstone when we scored 5 tries, Harley scoring 2 of his total of 14. At full-back Dolton looked very solid throughout the season, particularly in defence. Congratulations are due to Neal Jones and Nick

Hockley for their inclusion in the Greater Birmingham U15 XV.

Thanks are due to Mr Phillips whose continual commitment and dedication were a major factor in the teams success.

Sayed Patel, Fourths

U14 XV

After a promising start to the season when we beat Denstone 46-0, Solihull 8-6, KE Camp Hill 30-6 and Ellesmere 20-6 we lost away to KE Aston 20-0.

We beat Nottingham before Christmas before losing to Warwick, Bromsgrove and King's Worcester away from home. After the Christmas break we played another three games all of which we won fairly comprehensively. We beat: King Henry VIII Coventry away from home, Bishop Vesey's, and Bablake at home.

In the Greater Birmingham Cup we beat Bournville in the quarter finals, Great Barr in the semi-final and drew 12-12 with KE Camp Hill in the final which was played on Tuesday 6 March at the Reddings.

All the team played well with outstanding performances from Simon Harris, Matthew Price and James Webb. Three of the team made the county side, namely: Simon Harris (who was picked as captain), Eliot Simons and Geraint Lee.

Our thanks go to Mr Gutteridge for coaching us through the year and Mr Birch for taking over when Mr Gutteridge went to coach the 1st XV
Eliot Simons, Upper Middles.

U13 XV

After a shaky start to the season with defeats by Solihull, Camp Hill and Aston, the U13's soon found their true form with a nine match undefeated run, including wins against Stockport and Loughborough. The pack played consistently throughout the season and contained a number of ball winning forwards. Memorable performances came from David Goode, Alistair French and James Brough. The backs after much reshuffling eventually came together and produced some strong tackling and deceptive running. Paul Giles was a consistent goal kicker helped by some excellent running on the wing from Ben Tier.

In the Greater Birmingham Cup we beat Five Ways in the first round and Camp Hill in the semi-final. The final was played at the Reddings against Aston who ran out eventual winners 12-0. This

was a great disappointment at the end of a successful season but the improving trend in our performances promises well for next season. Our thanks go to Mr Stead, Mr Gutteridge and Mr Roden for their guidance and encouragement.

J Marchant, Removes

U12XV

The U12XV showed great promise in their first season. Their playing record was the best of any KE team this season, losing only once in nine games, 20-0 to an unbeaten Warwick School side. The team, including some excellent natural ball winners, was ably led by Ben Dunnett.

Duncan Collinson, Divisions.



CRICKET

	P	W	D	L
1st XI	20	6	9	5
2nd XI	14	5	7	1
3rd XI	7	3	1	3
Under 15	10	1	8	1
Under 14	9	1	6	4
Under 13	8	2	3	3
Under 12	9	4	3	2

1st XI

1990 has been a mixed season and only at times did the XI show the true ability in the side. There were poor performances at Denstone, RGS Worcester, and Bablake to balance against our showing in the matches with Shrewsbury, Warwick and MCC. One of the more pleasing aspects was the way that we were able to defeat comprehensively the weaker sides on the fixture list.

In view of the weakness of our bowling attack it was good to finish with more wins than losses, especially as five of the draws were heavily in our favour. Michael Deam again took 50 wickets, and Chris Atkin was a bonus, but the lack of a spinner cost us dearly at times. The batting was disappointingly inconsistent and it was when our batting failed that we had problems. Our batting had great depth, eight boys made fifties and it is comforting to think that six of them will be back next year. The depth of the batting was shown at

Solihull when Deepak Bhadri, batting at number 11, made 50 not out with Nick Lineham's 81 not out in an unbroken 10th wicket partnership of 112. It was also nice to see the way that the side handled an MCC side who had three bowlers with first class experience. N Radford of Worcestershire and England was the change bowler and at one point had figures of 5-0-33-0. No doubt Michael Dean will long treasure the memory of some of the shots that he played.

It was disappointing that our match against Caulfield G.S. from Melbourne should be one of the few that was hit by rain but it was nice to get some cricket even if it was only a limited overs match on the artificial pitch. They looked a good side although the level of noise meant that no-one was able to nod off when they were fielding!

Michael Dean's captaincy improved dramatically over the season and it was nice that he achieved his 50th wicket and 500th run of the season in his last match for the XI. I would like to thank him for his support during the season. Alex Rennie, surely the outstanding scorer on the circuit and now computerized must also be mentioned and thanked on behalf of the team as should our umpires Brian Goudall, Eric Lewis and Howard Clay, our one-man supporters club Tony Hood O.E. and Roger Newman our coach.

MDS

The following appeared in Wisden:

BATTING:	Inn	N/O	Runs	H.S.	Av.
C F R Meyer	14	4	493	117*	49.30
N M Lineham	12	4	321	81*	40.13
M. M. Dean *	17	1	509	79*	31.81
N S Ratnam	18	1	462	110	27.17
C N Ashton	17	1	398	80	24.57
C E Hitchins	16	3	261	70	20.07
D A Bhadri	10	4	114	30*	19.00
J D T West	8	0	150	42	18.75
M R Dunbar	14	3	193	62	17.55

BOWLING:	Over	M	Runs	Wt	Av.
H D Irfan	39.0	4	143	10	14.30
M M Dean	287.2	78	799	30	15.98
C D Atkin	214.2	42	816	36	22.66
O J Sharp	78	8	334	10	33.40

2nd XI

Fine weather and good wickets, especially at Eastern Road, have favoured the batsmen this year. They have responded magnificently, amassing

runs, and rapidly; the highest aggregate for twenty years. The team has been dismissed only once, for 162. 150 has been passed eight times and 200 three times. In the only match lost we cored 219 for 2. When Bablake scored 142 in 51 overs, leaving us 25 overs, the runs were knocked off in 21.

The top batsmen have been remarkably prolific. The opening pair, Alistair Harborne and James West were solid, confident and always alert to scoring opportunities. Harborne's 85 against Strewbury was a fine innings, and West's tremendous consistency (69 not out, 74, 42, 64, 85 not out) ensured overdue promotion to the 1st XI. Nick Crossley passed 40 four times in six knocks with aggressive strokeplay. Chris Atkin's 117 against Stourbridge was the most explosive innings of the season, Chris Hitchins' 103 against Warwick the most elegant. Yet topping the averages is Feraz Irfan with 158 for twice out! Peter Benson and Patrick Tomlinson have crashed the ball around when quick runs were required.

The bowling honours have been shared. Harris Irfan and David Anchor took most wickets and were frequently fast and dangerous. Chris Atkin looked the 1st XI opener he soon became, Duncan Collinson recovered his form, and he and Peter Button show great promise. The spinners have had a hard time this summer. Feraz Irfan has taken wickets but Matti Watton has lacked opportunities to develop confidence.

Robert Harborne has been a perky keeper, stopping the ball with all parts of his anatomy as well as the gloves. Fielding has been keen although a lot of catches went down. Success earned by the quality of the batting and bowling has produced a good deal of assurance and the team has played in a keen, positive and good-natured spirit which has brought credit to the school. Alistair Harborne has been a cautious, sensible captain and has achieved an excellent record. My thanks and best wishes to him and the other seniors who are leaving. They will be missed, but there is great promise in the Divisions and Fifts. Thanks too to Patrick Tomlinson for his impressive statistics.

T P Jaye

3rd XI

Despite the example of previous 3rd XIs the 1990 team displayed neither apathy nor incompetence. The bowling improved with every match but the batting gradually fell apart.

The batting, except against RGS Worcester, was generally disappointing. Only twice did a

batsman manage to play a lengthy innings. Jeremy Bishop, who opened the batting with Matthew Holmes, scored a quick 60 against RGS Worcester. Pinal Nicum scored 49 to complete an easy win over KE Stourbridge.

However, the bowling was much better. Dan Robertson, who bowled away swingers, repeatedly outclassed opposition batsmen. He took 4 wickets against Solihull and 5-34 at Shrewsbury. At Warwick in the final match of the season, Dan took 7-23 in 14 overs including a hat-trick. He was admirably supported by Robert Jarvis, David Cunnington and the spin of David Gwynne.

Everyone fielded enthusiastically, notably John Rimmer, Laurence Taylor and Nick Phipps. The wicketkeeping duties were shared by John Evans and JP Temperley.

The team was captained efficiently by Pinal Nicum, whose efforts were rewarded with an exciting one wicket victory in the last match of the season at Warwick.

Thanks must go to Mr. L. Evans, who organised the team and umpired throughout the season.
John Evans, Divisions.

Under 15 XI

This season has been a frustrating one for a side, which although it contained talented individual players was unable to gain more than a single victory. Our victory was gained against KE Camp Hill, the side taking revenge for our controversial defeat in last season's Lord's Taverners regional final and the defeat incurred against RGS Worcester who beat our weakened side by 80 runs. Our cause was not helped in the RGS Worcester match when our opening bowler turned up an hour and a half after the start of Worcester's innings, having missed the coach, taking the bus from Birmingham.

Cris Taylor ended the season as the leading run scorer with Neal Jones, Nick Huckleby, Anurag Singh, Mark Wagh and Nick Linchan (when not playing for the first XI) making valuable runs. At times our bowlers bowled well, but on the whole our bowling side was inconsistent, lacking the sufficient penetration to bowl sides out. However Mark Wagh showed promise, and along with him, Anurag Singh and Cris Taylor did the majority of the bowling.

These factors meant that sides often set us unobtainable targets having batted for too long and we ourselves were unable to declare with any certainty because of the inconsistency of our

bowling. In his three games Nick Linchan illustrated what might have been if we had had an extra bowler all season, with the team just failing to bowl out Camp Hill, Wrekin and Wolverhampton C.S. Our fielding was poor on occasions with the best fielding performance coming in the last match against a touring side from Grenville College, Bidford when we again just failed to bowl out the opposition.

Thanks must go to Mr Phillips for giving up a lot of time to coach and umpire and to the groundsman's wife for providing teas.
Ian Moore, Fourth.

Under 14 XI

It was a disappointing season, due to no luck at all. We won only one match, but we managed to fight our way to a few honourable draws.

Our run in the Lord's Taverners Cup lasted one match, we were beaten in the second round by Solihull, who have 3 county players. We also lost to Solihull in a declaration match.

We could have made it two wins in the season if the weather had been on our side against Camp Hill. In a rain interrupted first innings we restricted them to 150 runs off 28 overs; and we were well placed on 89 for 0 of 18 overs, before the weather won, with Matthew Royle 31 n/o and Anurag Singh 39 n/o, on one of the latter's few appearances for the U14's.

Although, there were no 50's hit with the bat and no 5 wicket bowling performances, there were notable innings from Chris Klatt, 39, in his first season with King Edward's, Martin Park, 39, and Matthew Royle, 49. Also bowling Saman Khan took 4 wickets against Denstone and Matthew Royle took 3 wickets against Camp Hill.

To conclude I must thank Robert Horton and Michael Ellis who turned up week after week and stayed alert in the field, and batted very well, lower down the order.

Matthew Royle, Upper Middles

Under 13 XI

We had a poor start to the season but improved as it progressed. We drew our first match. We lost our second, against RGS Worcester, by two runs, but out of a disappointing team total of 93, 77 runs were scored by Mark Wagh. In our third match, against Kings Worcester, the top order batting failed, with five of the first six batsmen making

ducks. In that match James Porter and James Marchant scored 19 and 12 respectively. Kings Worcester cruised past our 59 all out for the loss of only 4 wickets. Against Solihull School Amol Chitre scored a creditable 34 not out to stop Solihull bowling us out after they had declared at 135 for 6. Against Bromsgrove Alistair French and Neal O'Connor played out the last few overs to earn us a draw.

Our first win of the season came in mid-June against Bablake with Nicke Honess, opening for the first time, scoring 20. Nick Bovaird (our new-found fast bowler) joined Ben Tier to take us to a six-wicket win. When we played Warwick the opposition scored a massive total and beat us convincingly, despite Neal O'Connor taking 7 for 57 and Nick Bovaird batting well. In our last match we turned the tables against King Worcester. We bowled them out for 72, Mark Wagh taking 5 for 28. Mark then scored 35 not out to take us to a six wicket win.

The best performances overall were 15 wickets for Neal O'Connor and 112 runs (in two matches) for Mark Wagh, who was only out once. Thanks to RCC for team selection and umpiring; and also to AP and JRRE for umpiring.

John Owens, Removes



BASKETBALL

	P	W	D	L
U19	26	20	1	5
U17	5	2	0	3
U16	3	2	0	1
U15	14	9	0	5
U14	6	3	0	3
U13A	8	6	0	2
U13B	6	4	0	2

Under 19

This year's team reached the top of KE's wide world of basketball with a rich tradition in the sport. Yet again, however, our Achilles' Heel could have proved to have been our (lack of) height, but we easily compensated for this with a fit, fast and determined team.

Our first match gave us a rather unusual result vs. the Old Edwardians, 89-89! After this extremely encouraging result, expectations were high and were subsequently justified as we rampaged through the Birmingham League, humbling opponents left, right and centre, till that dark, fateful November night

Whilst playing a friendly against the Birmingham Bullets Cadets (whom we beat), our captain, Mike Follett let his temper and a few bad calls get the better of him. After a rather heated and public exchange, Mike marched off court, out of the game, and out of the team. Simon Smart duly assumed the captaincy, intent on leading the team back to glory.

In the National Cup, we cruised through early matches till a 1 point loss to Menzies meant a last 16 appearance at Millfield. Still, their nice, friendly pupils made our visit worthwhile. The sportsmanship their school is renowned for was evident in their spectators' court-reception committee (complete with tennis balls). Despite what could only be termed as adverse playing conditions, we lost to a strong, talented and well-drilled team by 30 points

Having taken apart the likes of Arthur Terry, Shelfield and Park Hall, we won the Birmingham league, and reached the Cup Final, playing Park Hall. We lost narrowly, thus relinquishing a 7 year stronghold on the Cup. Despite this, it was still a successful season, as we lost to only 3 school teams, other defeats inflicted by England Cadets and Club sides.

The departure of senior players is always a sad occasion, this year being no exception. Simon Smart led the team by example, both on and off the court, with his silky skills. Richard Warwick, Mark Williams and Jeremy Everest battled under the boards (where grown men fear to tread), while Peter Tomkins was the inspirational playmaker (à la Magic Johnson). We wish them all well in the future. As ever, thanks go to Messrs. Birch and Gunning. The effort these two fine gentlemen put into school basketball and the way they triumph over adversity often goes unnoticed, a veritable injustice.

Deepak Nambisan, Divisions.

Under 17

The eleven men good and true of KES arrived in Southampton only an hour before the start of our first match, but a pep-talk from the Captain

(which involved giving us directions to Circle K) soon put the team in a positive frame of mind. Nor was our confidence misplaced, for after recovering from a dreadful start we triumphed over KES Southampton by 7 points.

However, with our second match, against the eventual runners-up, Massagno of Italy, only a couple of hours away there was no time for limbs to stiffen or egos to inflate. This time it was KES who made the better start, but fatigue finally took its toll and Massagno ran us off the court to win by 50 points.

Friday's match saw us do battle with the defending champions Carabanchel of Madrid.

The team kept their cool surprisingly well in a highly hostile atmosphere and despite a superb performance we lost by 2 points.

This defeat left us with Friday afternoon free and after a quick tour of Southampton's high-spots (conducted less than ably by Deepak "I know it like the back of my hand" Nambisan). It was not long before the team en masse took advantage of the excellent health club facilities not a bounce pass from our hotel.

One jacuzzi, seven hours sleep and a meagre breakfast later we found ourselves on court against arch-rivals St.Columbus. With the scores level at half-time we summoned up an almighty effort, and with a level of intensity and enthusiasm not seen since we passed some rather attractive hitch-hikers on the journey down, we reeled off 24 consecutive points to make the match safe.

This left us in a play-off for 9th/10th against Team Solent. In an exciting match we contrived to lose a 20 point lead during the final six minutes and ultimately lose by 2 points (again!) courtesy of a rather dubious refereeing decision. Mr 'Surely not referee' Birch did well to conceal his disgust and his philosophical attitude was a lesson to us all.

A disappointing end to the competition 'tis true, but everyone can take pride in some fine team performances. The festival was also the swansong for three of the team's 'old men'; Simon 'Hampster' Smart, Richard 'Watch out Granny, here comes a Flymo' Warwick and Mark Williams, newly crowned recipient of the Pat Tomlinson hair gel award and possibly the loudest snorer in the western world.

Highlights of the tour were Dave 'Beer & Curry' Jones introducing younger tour members to the delights of a Donner Kebab and Deepak's collection of ties, which can only be described as 'varied'.

Thanks of course must go to Mr Birch for his undying enthusiasm, improved driving and incredible patience.

David Jones, Divisions

Under 16

The U16's had a fairly strong team and as a result were beaten only once during the season. With only four fifth-formers available for our first game we took on Twycross School in the 1st round of the National Cup. Due to the lack of training together, support and the basic skill of putting the ball in the basket we severely underplayed ourselves for long periods of the game. However in the true spirit of King Edward's basketball, with the journey (down to the sports hall) out of our legs, we fought to the bitter end and thanks to a last-second shot we won by the slender margin of one point.

In the 2nd round the team was forced to play without the captain and several other important players. Playing against a very strong team we did well to lose by only 17 points. Our season was over, so we thought. However several weeks later an 'U16 select' team featuring special guest stars Deepak Nambisan and Dave 'Jumpshot' Jones took on the now famous U14 side. Despite our reluctance to play defensively and several key injuries, our vast experience on court overcame the opposition comfortably to boost our egos and end the season on a high note.

Finally, I would like to thank Mr Birch for his time and effort which have kept King Edward's Basketball going at such a high level for such a long time.

Nick Crossley, Fifths

Under 15

The start of the season showed lots of promise several players having played U15 basketball the previous year and with a valuable addition to the team from abroad, all was set for a successful season. Following an early dismissal from the national knock-out competition by a strong Duddleston side we made rapid progress in the league, and in doing so made our way into the play-offs.

However in the semi-finals against Sheldon, a poor KE performance and a bit of luck for their England centre meant that we finished the season without any honours.

A highlight of the season was the comfortable

victory over the amiable pupils of Churston Grammer School, Devon. Unfortunately we were unable to organise a return visit to Devon.

The UM's played a large part in the success of the team and have many skilful and very keen players.

Thanks, of course, to Mr Birch and especially Mr Gunning for their continuous sense of humour (if that's what they call it?) and for another enjoyable season.

Nick Hockley, Fourths.

Under 14

For the first time in many years an U14 basketball team was formed after Mr Birch had said there was great raw talent in the year. Thus Messrs Birch and Gunning decided to take it upon themselves to coach this crack squad of individuals.

A brave choice was made when they entered the team for the prestigious National Championships and the Birmingham Cup. After a strong and spirited battle in the first round which was played on a round-robin basis, the team went out on points difference.

After this great disappointment, the team was revitalized for the Birmingham Cup, but all was in vain... The team didn't play a great deal of matches because half of it was always called upon for the U15 team, although, the team was still a success, winning more matches than it lost. Thanks go to Mr Birch and Mr Gunning for transport, arranging fixtures, coaching and witty comments to go with them.

Simon Harris, Upper Middles

Under 13

The under 13 basketball team was a strong team last season. There was a great sense of spirit in all of the players, and they seemed to enjoy playing every match. Every player had a degree of skill and each player used it to help benefit the team. The team played 9 matches winning 6 and losing 3. We lost all three matches at the beginning of the season. The team's greatest victory was against Woodrush High School the score being 28-87. I would like to thank all the players for turning up to each match, Mr Stead and Mr Birch for transport and teaching us the skills of Basketball. Finally I would like to thank Simon Middleton for his help during the season.

Dimitri Wychrij, Removes



HOCKEY

	P	W	D	L	F	A
1st XI	19	11	3	5	42	21
2nd XI	17	6	2	9	25	23
U16 XI	12	4	3	5	18	18
U15 XI	17	4	5	8	14	22

The season began well with six wins from the first six matches against other schools. This record was, marred by a 2-1 loss at the hands of the Old Edwardians in the most closely fought game for a long time and the loss of the Buttle Tournament in the final, where having beaten the 2nd XI in the semi-finals, the 1st XI came up against a fresh Five Ways side who were able to score the only goals past Rob King in the whole tournament.

The highlight of the season was the 2-1 win against Warwick in a hard fought match. The XI took the lead through a penalty flick and short corner goal, both scored by Bishop, before having to withstand a late onslaught by the Warwick team. Luckily the score remained in our favour by a mixture of good defending and good luck (one shot a couple of minutes from time passed just over the bar). Needless to say there was great jubilation when the final whistle went.

Revenge was gained when Five Ways were beaten later in the season but then the side had a poor run and in three matches were only able to draw once, losing to Bishop Vesey at home and Solihull on AstroTurf in the first round of the Nationwide Anglia U.18 Cup. From then on the season was a mixture of fortunes - a draw against Vesey away when the umpire unfortunately did not give a penalty stroke when the Vesey 'keeper took out Toby Arrowsmith in the dying seconds of the game; good - an 8-1 trouncing of local rivals Camp Hill; and bad - a 5-2 loss to King's Macclesfield after travelling for two hours!

The season ended on a somewhat mediocre note with a depleted side beating a weakened Prince Henry's Evesham by a goal to nil, the scoreline failing to reflect the consummate ease with which this was achieved.

The goal scoring ability of Toby Arrowsmith was again in evidence this season with two hat tricks (against King's Worcester and Camp Hill) and a total of eleven goals; he did however score four more in the Buttle Tournament. Jeremy Bishop

also scored eleven goals and Chris Hitchins nine. Nick Phipps was a fiery captain and the highlight of the season was his claiming of a dubious goal against Queen Mary's, Walsall in a well fought 3-3 draw. Prospects look good next year with Toby Arrowsmith spearheading the attack ably supported by Chris Hitchins. In defence the calming nature of Deepak Bhadri and athleticism of Nick 'can I play left half' Howells should stand the team in good stead and then the engine room of the side could fall to 'fat man' Feraz Irfan, depending on how many singles he is prepared to take during the cricket season.

Thanks must go to Mr Roll and Mr Lye who have encouraged, helped and sbouted at us throughout the season.

Jeremy Bishop, Sixths

2nd XI

After a bright start to the season, reaching the semi-finals of the Buttle Tournament and losing to the 1st XI, the team's performance went downhill fast, we lost five out of the next six games. Congratulations must be given to Karl Daniels and Pinal Nicum whose goals (including a hat-trick each) during these games, and throughout the rest of the season, gave us hope.

With the encouraging remark of "this is the best 2nd XI I've seen at this school" from Mr Lye, our confidence was boosted and enabled us to win the next four games on the trot; all with clean sheets, including a 5-0 victory over Bablake.

After that good run, unfortunately, there came a couple more defeats. But, overall, the season must be regarded as a very good performance and as a vast improvement on last years record.

I would like to thank the whole team for their efforts and offer my congratulations to Robert Harborne(3) and myself(2) who (just) managed to score before the end of the season in the 6-0 victory over Camp Hill. I must also thank Michael Reilly and Dave Webb for marshalling the defence.

Last, but not least, I would like to say that without the considerable help of Duncan Chamberlain and Lawson Roll, and with fixtures arranged by Mr Lye, this season's success would not have been possible.

Andrew Brown, Sixths

U16 XI

There was an indifferent start to the season with poor results against Malvern College, Lordswood and Solihull. Our season was centred around the Nationwide Anglia Cup. In the first

round we played Bishop Vesey who we had found difficult to overcome earlier in the season. However, after drawing 1-1 at the end of full-time we went through on penalties. In the semi-final we played Solihull, to whom we had lost 3-0 earlier in the season, but rising to the occasion we played our best hockey of the season to win 4-0, Arrowsmith scoring an emphatic hat-trick. This put us into the final against favourites Warwick. A competitive game ended in a 1-1 draw, but unlike the Vesey game we lost on penalties.

We ended the season with a resounding win against Prince Henry's Evesham and two players deserve special mention. Arrowsmith for scoring 90% of the goals, when not on 1st XI duty, and Bhadri for commanding the defence.

However the team played very well together and thanks must go to Mr Lye and Mr Roll for their constant encouragement and coaching.
Robert Harbone, Fifts

U15 XI

It was clear from the beginning of the season that hard work and patience were going to be necessary to mould the team into a respectable outfit. The first match was the annual beating at the hands of Warwick; 3-0 was flattering! Nevertheless there was some potential. The early season results of note were a scrappy 1-0 win over Camp Hill and an excellent draw against Solihull 0-0. These were isolated incidents in a rather mediocre first half to the season where the link between defence, midfield and attack were often non-existent.

Four games in one week saw a regression, from a good 4-1 win against Queen Mary's, Walsall to an appalling defeat at the hands of Five Ways, a team we had previously beaten 3-0. Eventually things improved. The return fixture with Warwick ended in a 4-1 loss; but this time it was them, not us, who were flattered! Everything clicked in the second match against Solihull; it was a milestone in our season as we totally outplayed the opposition in a style we had rarely managed to achieve. The 0-0 draw was unlucky; the win we deserved was just beyond our grasp.

A gutsy performance against Ratcliffe College achieved a 0-0 draw and the Camp Hill match ended similarly.

Thanks must go to Mr Lye, Mr Cook, Mr Roll and Mr Lambie for refereeing and coaching and many thanks to the mysterious person who kept providing the oranges!

Nicholas Lunhan, Fourths

Often the thanks for the efforts of masters-in-charge are glibly dispatched at the rear end of chronicle articles. Never would this be more inappropriate. Mr Chamberlain is the under 14 hockey team. Single handedly, he is responsible for the formation and development of this squad. Thanks!

After a poor inaugural match our second match was against Five Ways, quite a while later. We were more experienced but found it hard to win 1-0. Inspired by this result we won our next two matches convincingly, murdering Lawrence Sheriff and Five Ways 4-0 and 3-0 respectively.

Then disaster struck. We lost to Ratcliffe 3-1 due to the lack of available players, and thus much confidence.

Determined not to lose again we next faced Camp Hill. We were in the Camp Hill goal area for 95% of the time, but unbelievably we couldn't score. Camp Hill broke away only a couple of times, which accounted for the other 2% of the game. They scored both times, and we lost 2-0 a disappointing result.

Our final match was against Solihull having been unable to win our last two matches, we were even more determined to put up a good fight, to an obviously very experienced Solihull side. We played a good match, the defence playing very well and individual glimmers of brilliance were often seen. Our goalkeeper, Andrew Nicholls, put up an especially fearless and skilful performance. Nevertheless we were closely beaten.

Once again thanks to Mr Chamberlain. Nevertheless, even he needed the help of Simon Mason, our player of the year. He earned this very desirable title by being our solid man at the back. When Simon goes to hit the ball people run!

After an uncompromising beginning we have now developed into a keen side. All in all, a very encouraging year which promises greater things to come.

James Goulding, Upper Middles.



ATHLETICS

	P	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	6th
Senior	7	1	2	2	2	-
Inter	8	2	6	0	0	-
Under 16	3	0	1	2	0	-
Junior	5	5	0	0	0	-
Under 15	4	3	1	0	0	0
Under 14	5	0	1	3	0	1
Under 13	3	0	2	1	0	0
Minor	2	2	0	0	0	-

Summarising the Athletics season has traditionally been the job of KE athletics captains. Striking the balance between honesty and tact for hearty sportsmen more used to hurling either themselves or lumps of metal around Eastern Road is a tricky business. Last year, Syed Ahmed did better than most:

"In a few years time KE Athletics will be a force to be reckoned with once again"

This season, the prodigious talent in the junior and lower school has continued to soar in strength. Meantimes, the seniors made a creditable attempt at bridging the considerable gap between their ability and talent of the opposition.

The very presence of a senior team at all was due in no small measure to the efforts of Richard Warwick. When other teams failed to fulfill their obligations, King Edwards were represented in every event in every match.

Through a combination of masochism and grit, allied to the motivational ability of John Brunnan and Jacob Low-Beer- "The Dangerous Brothers" - they performed above all (albeit low) expectations.

The Inter's ably led by Stephen Walcott, have consistently performed well. They have some superb athletes in Daley, Villyanurbs, Cook and 'cycling shorts' Atkin. Blake Dunsdale won the discus at the West Midlands Championships with a 38m throw, a superb achievement.

There is a wealth of talent in the juniors and minors. Both remained unbeaten against high calibre opposition all season. With such stars as Goulding, Yap, Lee (double minor), Francis, Tipper, Durnell and Hains the athletics team should continue to improve. If everyone ran with the determination of Ben Durnett the school would be invincible.

The strength of the KE athletics circuit is

daunting; the fact that the school maintains its reputation is due to the continual zeal of Mr Birch and his irrepressible zest for athletics. He is assisted ably by Mr Gutteridge and Mr Emery. Finally, thanks are due to Messrs Hill, Gunning, Dewar, Buttress, Bridges, Jones, Kimpton and Ford who are ever ready to check stop-watches and tape measure. Without their support, athletics at King Edward's would be much the poorer.

Oliver Lee, Divisions



SWIMMING

Unlike the 1st XV, the swimming team had an outstanding season. With so much talent in every age-group, it is not surprising that the team won all of its four galas this year.

While Chris Reed, Simon Weller and Christian Holloway went about their tasks in a professional manner, the spirit (or perhaps the Ale?) of the team was provided by Chris "Tony Daley" Ward and Daniel "Bully" Willetts. Needless to say, this senior team, like many of its predecessors, won its age-group in every gala.

The intermediate team of Justin Smith, Richard Reed, Mark Hirst, Kevin Wedrychowski and Kai Keen Shiu, met with outstanding success. In fact, Justin Smith won all of his individual races even against older opposition!

The members of the junior team - James Smith, Andrew West, Adrian Lee, James Aspinall, Robert Broomhead and the ever-enthusiastic James Thompson - swam competently and they will continue to do so in the future.

Finally, I must thank all the parents and teachers who gave up their time to help out; in particular, Mr Owen and Mr Hirst.

Chris Reed, Sixths



GOLF

The fixture list this year consisted of the usual entry into the Hill Samuel competition and the annual match against the Old Edwardians.

The first match of the year in November, was

the first round of the Hill Samuel competition. This match saw the arrival of Max Gower and Robert Harborne into the team who joined the old hands of Alistair Harborne, Chris Atkin, Tom Cutler and Chris Ward. Unlike last year's team who managed to reach the final of the competition, this year's contingent was knocked down at the first hurdle by Bromsgrove School who beat us 2/1.

The next and last match was played in the summer term against the Old Edwardians. Once again the school failed to notch up a victory, losing once more 2/1 - at least we were consistent.

The beginning of the year saw the beginning of a new era, that being the time when David Stoker took over as Master in Charge of Golf. Having informed me that he had not played for close on five years, the full impact of this statement did not hit home until he hooked his opening drive across the first fairway and onto the ninth. His "form of old" seems to be returning gradually and things bode slightly better for next season!

Many thanks to Alistair Harbourne for captaining the team and to David Stoker for organising the matches.

Max Gower, Divisions



FENCING

This has been a quiet year for the KE fencing squad; indeed the small number of friendly games which were played were organised primarily to provide practice for those competing in individual championships.

The school's solid reputation in fencing was reinforced by the participation of no less than five school fencers in the West Midland's Centre of Excellence. Moreover, Elliot Brooks and Gavin Twigg won qualification for the National Group Competitions.

This would not have been possible without the help and advice of Professor Pete Northam, who, incidentally, will be fencing in the World Fencing Masters' Championship in Holland.

Elliott Brooks, Sixths.



FIVES

Fives is flourishing at King Edwards as was evident from the season's very full and tough fixture list. However, despite great enthusiasm there is a lack of consistency in performances. The Senior team beat St Olave's and Stowe and gained excellent draws with Highgate and Cambridge University's 2nd team, while the juniors played well to draw with Shrewsbury.

The school lacks any outstanding players, but Rimmer and Temperley only lost 2 out of 12 matches last year and won the plate event at the national championships. The opportunities for improvement are there mainly thanks to Mr Worthington's efforts, but the practice must be put in.

Peter Taylor, Divisions.



SQUASH

The squash team is not, unfortunately, in a league. What is more, Chris Dean, the captain, was injured for most of the season and so only two matches were played.

In the first match against Solihull the team won largely thanks to an outstanding performance by Chris Dean. Unfortunately, he was injured for the match against Warwick, and so we lost.

Jacob Low-Beer, Sixths.



SAILING

My report in last years chronicle predicted a much more successful season than in previous years and thanks to the combined efforts of the team and Mr McIlwaine this has indeed proved to be the case. The team has become settled, growing markedly in confidence and tactical awareness over the season.

The seasons successes included victories over Magdalen College School, Repton and Cheltenham but undoubtedly the most important fixture of the year was British Schools Midlands-Area Team-Racing Championships held at Oxford SC in May. A total of 15 schools entered and we were unfortunate to be placed in the same league as three of last years semi-finalists. Despite the quality opposition the team sailed superbly to qualify for the second stage and after a storming victory over Shiplake were beaten by Reading Blue Coat School. Thanks go to Mr McIlwaine, for whom the teams success is reward for the many hours he puts into the sailing option.

Tom Loosemore, Sixths.



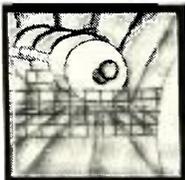


TABLE TENNIS

	P	W	D	L
Under 19				
U19 'A'	14	14	0	0
U19 'B'	14	8	0	0

Under 19

The past few years have been outstanding

- 1986: U15 side of Fy Saigol (c), F.A. Irfan and J. Bishop won the league.
 1987: U19 side of F.Y. Saigol (c), R. King and H. Irfan was unbeaten.
 1988: A very strong U19 side only came 3rd due to Rob and I being distracted by the Divisions' social life.

This year's side was brilliant. Faisal J Saigol was the Birmingham and District U19 champion of 1989 and Anish Aggarwal was a semi-finalist in the U16 tournament. The third (and equally good) player was Feraz Irfan.

The team fulfilled its potential and cruised from victory to victory, winning all of its matches 8-2 or better in an exceptionally good unbeaten season. This year's opponents included Solihull, KE Five Ways, Kings Heath and Wheeler's Lane to name a few.

The players play reflected their personalities. Anish's was fiery (and irritating occasionally), Feraz's was cool and calculating and Faisal's was carefree (and perhaps too show-offy). Despite these personality differences the team gelled together well. This along with our tremendous playing capabilities and our ability to have great fun (usually, possibly by coincidence, when Anish was not there) meant that this team was feared by all others. The past few years have assured that KE is now mentioned in the same hushed tones that the Kings Heath sides of the early 80's and the Handsworth Grammar sides of the mid 80's enjoyed. Everybody expected us to win and we obliged.

This year's side was the best side I have had the pleasure of captaining or even watching in action.

Unfortunately no perfect team lasts forever and next year only Feraz and Anish return, whereas I shall be busy enjoying the pleasures of a year out.

Mention must be made of the B-team of R.

King, H Irfan and a third player who was usually a last-minute find. This team finished 4th in the league and without the 3rd table handicap may well have come 2nd, led by Rob, a fine player who any other year would certainly have been in the 'A' team.

Thanks to Mr Russell for not giving one day's notice before a match and now accepting the blame when the captain drives the team to the wrong address he's been given!

Cheers Pedro and Good Luck next year.

Faisal Saigol (Sixths)

P.S. Faisal would like it to be known that he does not have a large ego.

Under 15

P	W	D	L
10	8	2	0

This season has been quite successful due to hardwork from all the players. I hope this result encourages the school to take the sport more seriously.

The results outside school have also been most promising, with Ashish 'bumfluff' Aggarwal coming 20th in the Birmingham schools tournament and Waqas Saigol of the U.M.'s coming 3rd. I feel that with a bit more support from the school we could eventually win the league. Thanks to Mr Russell who's put so much effort into arranging transport for the matches, and most of all organising them.
Waqas Saigol, Upper Middles.



CHESS

	P	W	D	L
Division 1	6	6	0	1
Division 2	3	1	0	2
Division 3	7	5	0	2
Division 4	7	3	2	2
Shells	3	1	0	2

This was a disappointing and yet memorable year for the five school chess teams. We were under new management for the second time in successive years, Mr Crampton taking over from

where Mr Jarvis left off.

The first team was the best we'd had in years and consistent performances all round ensured that we easily won our division (for the first time since the seventies).

Unfortunately, no other team could do as well. Through a series of unforeseeable mishaps, involving one team's minibus breaking down, a clash of bridge and chess matches and badwill on the part of Five Ways, the second and fourth teams hardly played any matches and had to default one.

The relatively poor performances of the Third and Shell teams leave a worrying prospect for the coming years, and if an actual chess option, as opposed to a *board games* option, isn't restored soon, the school may need someone with real ability to act as a coach.

With both myself and Neil Booth leaving, the first team could be in *dire straits*, but *why worry?* Alistair Kent takes over as board 1 and captain and with a bit of luck, may surprise himself with really good results. Good play has come to be expected from Chris Goodlad, Matti Watton and Andrew Mayer. The problem will be filling boards 5 and 6.

Thanks must go to JAVC for taking on more than he probably bargained for. However, it was through his dedication that we got anywhere at all and besides, this must be the first time we've had a chessmaster who could merit the title of a *lad*. Sumeet Singhal, Sixths

CROQUET

This year the team started the season with high hopes of actually winning more than one match and, maybe, even progressing past the habitual stumbling block, the West Midlands final. Unfortunately, the source of inspiration for us, the Friday afternoons being coached by KEJ were unexpectedly unavailable thanks to pressure from the leadership front. An ambitious plan to build a croquet lawn at school was not favoured by the governors, and so little came of the fabled KES croquet team.

Until, that is, we realised that we were still entered in the National Schools competition, and, thanks to our "experience", were direct entrants to

the West Midlands final. This one plus point was offset by two major disadvantages: first due to a general sense of apathy the total hours of team practice amounted to three; and second, in a very cunning psychological intimidation tactic, Mr Jones lowered our handicaps because we hadn't played for a year. Thus, with confidence at an all-time high, we started.

The shock of playing people with handicaps higher than theirs so disconcerted two members of the team that they forgot how to win, and didn't. The second match was lost to two U18 internationals, and a third player who had a competition with Giles Hawker to see who could play worst (Giles won). Finally with only pride at stake, we played the worst team in our group, only for the captain to go eight hoops down before winning narrowly for a 3-0 victory.

Thanks go to Mr Jones for artificecally lowering our handicaps and abandoning us in the middle of nowhere, to the groundstaff at Himley Hall for maintaining lawns almost as flat as the Pennines, and to Colonel Frank Seely school for being even worse than we were.

Iain Robertson, Divisions.



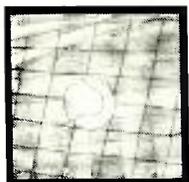
WALKING

'Over Borderland we run' sayeth the great sage Bon Vax, and that rallying cry describes a great deal of what The Walking Option is about - wide hillsides, horizons visible on all side, beautiful views of the countryside near Halesowen and Woodgate Valley, not, forgetting the trees which remind us first how close out of town one can get close to nature and escape its smokey atmosphere.

Through sun, rain and rainbows we tread-up to our ankles in much hard and thirsty work - confronting the built up areas of the University campus and the old wharfs of Gas Street basin, where an appreciation of the architecture, ruined, improved or unspoilt by progress, was necessary to maintain the high level of intellectual debate. By canals and brooks we walk setting the world we see around us to rights, led by the omniscient Mr Cumberland who knows the path to take at every junction.

The walking option is a barrel of fun, but the

hard work it takes to plan our routes and the physical exertion required to keep going round is enormous. But we, the happy-if not tired and fulfilled members of probably the best option in the school regard the foil as a joy. Off into the countryside we go. 'A sort of homecoming'.



TENNIS

	P	W	D	L
1st VI	5	4	0	1
2nd VI	6	4	0	1
U15 VI	5	2	1	2
U13 VI	1	1	0	0

Glanvill Cup:

At the time of publication the 1st VI had qualified for the National Schools Tennis Championship

Finals for the Glanvill Cup (final 16 schools nationally). KE were placed third in 1989.

KE's Under 15A and B teams were placed first and second in the 1990 Birmingham area league Schools Tennis Competition.

Full colours were awarded to Oliver Backhouse, James Booth and Simon Smart and re-awarded to Rohit Kushwaha, Matthew Upton and Michael Follett.

Half Colours were awarded to Robert King and re-awarded to Adam College and Peter Taylor. *Duncan Collinson, Division.*

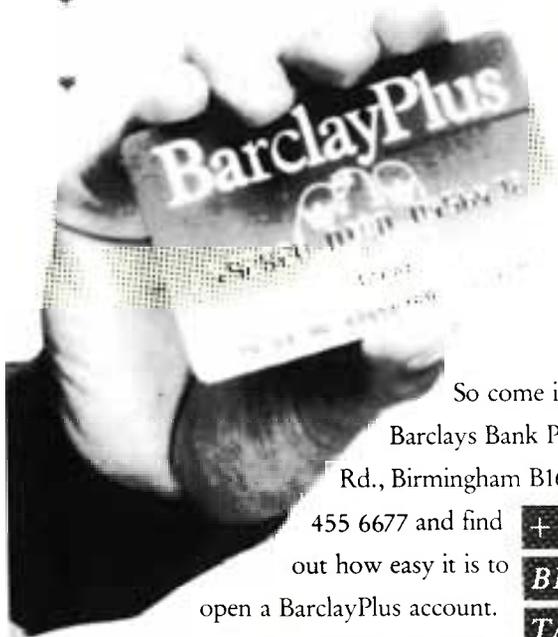


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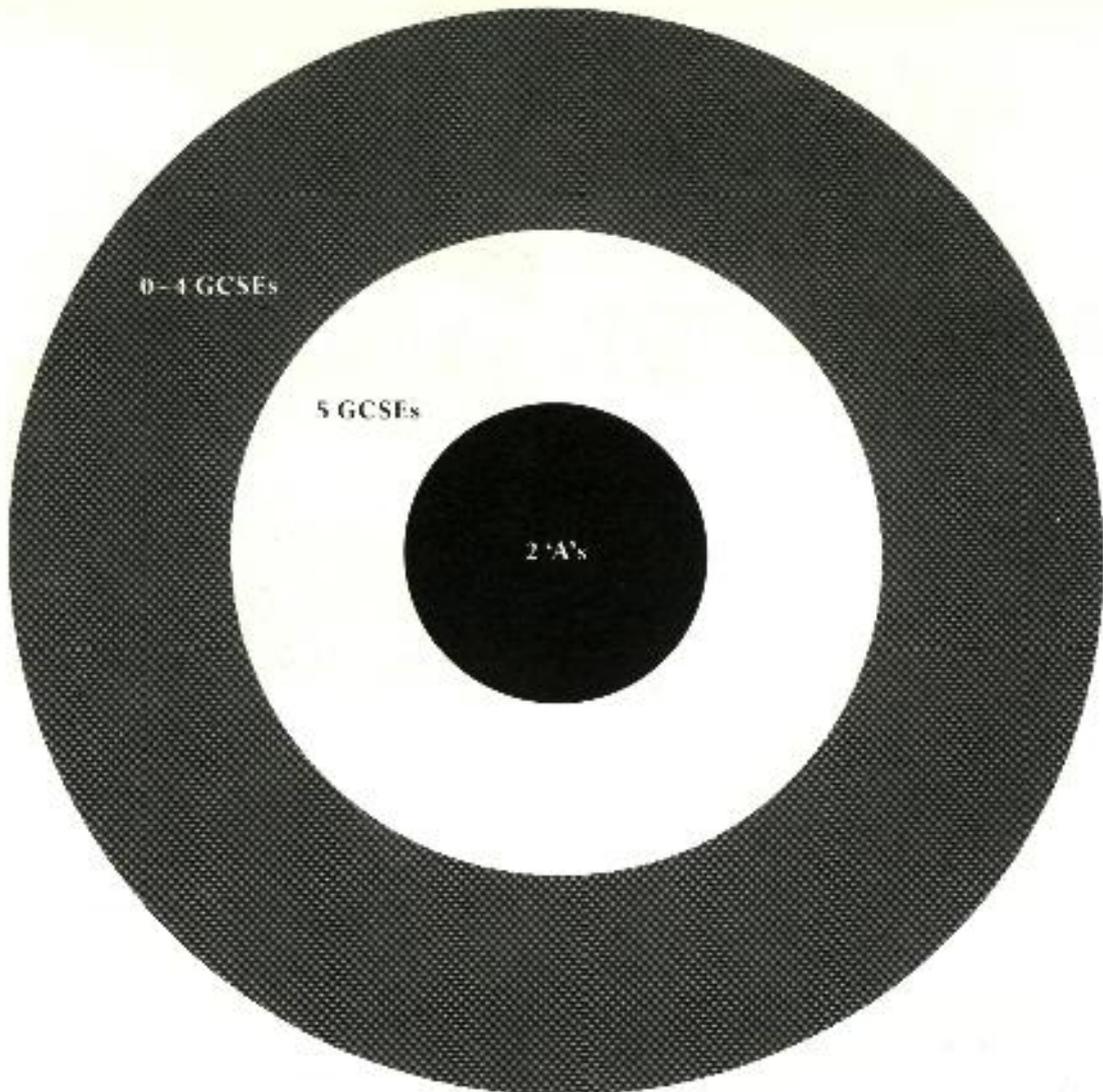
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