

1998

Kes

Chronicle



CHRONICLE

The
Annual Magazine
of
King Edward's School
Birmingham

1993



EDITORIAL

The fathers of the 1993 edition of the Chronicle inherited a well established product. And so this year the Chronicle merely had to meander and amble to trundle along its well trodden tracks and produce the finished article.

The Chronicle does have a team, and what a team it has been. Everyone has worked independently under the twin reigns of our dual editorship. And we have loved it.

In a year when the school has reached maximum capacity and changed dramatically in design, we have stayed the same. The Chronicle is something you can trust, something you can rely on.

The boys have made it what it is today with substantial guidance and helpful advice from Mr Burns who basically makes it all work himself. The Resources Centre have been amazing as usual.

Now just sit back, put your feet up and enjoy this literary treat. We hope you won't be disappointed.

Matt Dolton
Ayan Banerjee
EDITORS

Each year 'Chronicle' seems to change its approach, style and format and this edition has been no exception. The one constant, however, is the effort put in by so many individuals. The following people deserve my profoundest gratitude, and some of them may even get it: Catherine Tudor for her enthusiasm, industry and willingness to laugh at my ideas; Bradley Spencer for his expert advice on the art section; Chris Boardman for the photographs which have done so much to turn this edition into a visual record of the school's activities; Matt Price for his wonderful cover and striking artwork; Hugh Houghton for actually volunteering to proof read it; the staff of the Resources Centre for laying the whole thing out and quickly making sense of the jumble of reports, vague plans and half-baked ideas that we dropped on them. They are the true stars.

I hope this year's edition is stimulating and enjoyable. There's certainly more to look at and more to read. There's a silly school song (ideas for next year please) and there's even a holiday to win.

Merry Christmas,
JCSB

CHRONICLE

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KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL SONG (1993)

Where the iron heart of England chokes on fumes and traffic cones,
 Stood a school whose architecture lingers on in sepia tones,
 Gothic arches, graceful windows, surely this was true renown,
 Old Edwardians, young Edwardians, cried as one, 'Let's knock it down!'

Chorus

Forward, where the knocks are hardest, some to failure, some to fame;
 Never mind the cheers or hooting, keep your head and play the game.

Forward where the scrimmage thickens, up, down under on a tour;
 Twickenham, a glorious moment, Under XVs, what a score!
 Forward to our new Reception, OMR sheets in our hand,
 We've a registration system none can seem to understand.

Here's no place for top or 'Idler'; so what happened to that rag?
 Hi-jacked by the lonely hearts club, now it's more a contact mag.
 Standards they are surely slipping, now there's women in the Corps,
 All the nice boys like a sailor - (wasn't that the case before?)

Oftentimes defeat is splendid, victory may still be shame:
 That's what happened with the Cock House, Vardy only won in name,
 Gifford were the rightful victors, 'Give it back, it's yours no more!'
 Not so much a Cock House Trophy, but a Cock Cup, that's for sure.

FEELINGS

CHRIS BOARDMAN



C: Could you fill us in about your past?

CB: I was a pupil at Manchester Grammar School for seven years, a school which is just like this one in many ways and one at which I was very happy. From there I went to Leeds University in Computational Science, although what I learnt in that degree has little bearing on what computers can do now.

C: So where did you head after Leeds?

CB: I did a PGCE at Leeds and then went to teach at an inner-city type comprehensive in Liverpool. There were some very difficult behaviour problems and a lot of conflict between the staff and the parents and pupils. It was the same at my next post in Stockport; for me that conflict was more trying than any National Curriculum burden.

C: Do you think we know how lucky we are at K.E?

CB: Yes, I think people here are only too aware of how lucky they are. What's good about King Edward's is the fact

that there's a common purpose about the place in stretching ourselves, and wanting to learn.

C: What do you do to unwind after a hard week in the computer lab?

CB: I do a lot of outdoor activities: fell-walking and rock-climbing in particular. I've also done caving and potholing with other schools I've worked with.

C: Any less athletic hobbies?

CB: Photography is a great interest and has been for years. I do front covers on a regular basis for Scouting Magazine. As a challenge I've also shot a couple of holiday brochures and a wedding. I also watch Star Trek avidly.

C: Mr Boardman, thank you very much.

TOM CAMPBELL

C: What did you do before you came to the school?

TC: Well I've been at the school nearly two years now; before that I was a physical training instructor with the army. I was based, in my last job, at a junior leader's training regiment, and we put junior soldiers through different testing, physical endurance, to get them to a standard when they could take an active role in the regular army.

C: Did your job involve a lot of travel?

TC: I did a fair bit of travel mainly because I am quite well experienced in Outward Bounds; I did have three occasions when I spent most of the summer over in Canada, on the Adventure Training Team, up in Banff and Jasper, the National Parks.

C: What do you think of the boys?

TC: I think there is a wide variation between the boys at school, you can't just classify them under one bracket; on the whole the lads are well-educated

and bright here and you can't pull the wool over their eyes. If they've got something to say, then they soon let you know. You have to be very sound in what you are trying to put over to them, as they read between the lines very quickly.

C: How well do you think that the school trains boys for later life?

TC: Well, it's a totally different walk of life from anything I've ever been involved in, and obviously when they leave the school, their main aims are to go on to college and further education. From the teaching point of view, they get an all-round view of what is expected of them and, before they leave here, they have already got a good idea of what they want to do.

C: What do you think of the facilities at school?

TC: Second to none. I used to think the facilities were very good in the forces, and when you think that this is a school, and that the boys are here primarily to be educated, all the facilities, not just the sporting ones, are fantastic. Obviously, a lot is down to the staff that work in a school like



this; it is great that they run the things they do, the adventure activities, the leadership and the sport, and it means that the boys get an all-round education, not just academic.

C: What are your ambitions as far as your career is concerned?

TC: I don't see myself moving from here; I'm lucky as my job is varied, teaching P.E., managing the sports centre, the input I have with the CCF. I enjoy the job very much and definitely won't be going anywhere in the near future.

C: And what is your proudest moment?

TC: It's very difficult to say, but some highlights from school would have to include the Under 15's going to Twickenham; it says a lot for a school when you see things like that happening. A side does not get to a National Final through luck, and it involved a great deal of good coaching and hard work. Similarly the World Rugby Tour involved a great deal of organisation and work and was the experience of a life-time, not just for the boys, but also for staff.

C: Mr Campbell, Thank you.

MARTIN CROPPER

C: Can you tell me something about your previous life? Your life before KES I mean - I'm not implying you've been reincarnated or anything!

MJC: I was born in Ipswich which would explain something of my strange choice of football team! I went to Tonbridge School in Kent before going to Queen's College, Oxford to read Maths. I then spent four years working in London and qualified as a chartered accountant.

C: Did you enjoy Oxford?

MJC: Yes, very much. Both the Maths course and the lifestyle were interesting. It was a good place to spend three years.

C: You seem to be yet another disaffected accountant who ended up here. Is it really that bad?

MJC: No, it just wasn't for me. I went into it thinking it was quite possible that I would end up teaching,



but I wanted to have a look at something else and four years just didn't convince me.

C: So teaching was always something you had considered?

MJC: Yes. I taught for my gap year between school and university in a prep school which I enjoyed very much. When I left university I was fairly sure I would end up teaching, but I wanted to explore other possibilities first.

C: So why did you choose KES?

MJC: Because they offered me a job! It was a school with a good reputation, both academically and otherwise. I specifically wanted to move out of the Home Counties - I'd been brought up there and then I worked in London, so I wanted a complete change of scenery.

C: What do you like about the school?

MJC: The wide range of things that are going on, many to a very high standard academically, musically, sportingly - there seems to be something going on to suit every taste.

C: What about the boys? Do you find them arrogant - the usual complaint?

MJC: They are self confident but have something to be self confident about. There is of course an element of arrogance but there will be in any group like this. Personally I find them quite friendly.

C: Any plans to move on?

MJC: Not in the immediate future. I'm only one year into the job and I

think it's too early to look any further.
C: Would you consider the state sector at all?

MJC: I wouldn't discount it. What I look for in a school is one which has plenty of extra-curricular activities like sport and music. If I could find a state school that had those then I would certainly be interested.

C: Now, when you're not teaching Maths, I hear you're quite a mean sportsman!

MJC: A keen sportsman, not necessarily a mean one! I enjoy it; I'm not particularly gifted but I enjoy many sports.

C: But you play for the Kestrels and you have to be good to play for them!

MJC: Yes, I've played a few times for the Kestrels and I'm happy to get involved in tennis, hockey and golf.

C: What's your handicap?

MJC: Not as good as Mr Tinley's!

C: Any other hobbies?

MJC: I'm a very keen musician. I play viola in a couple of orchestras in Birmingham and at school. That's my main hobby other than sport.

C: Do you have any ambitions?

MJC: Just to take each day as it comes.

C: Mr Cropper, thank you very much.

BRUCE MANNING

Over the last year Dr Ford went on a teacher exchange to Australia and thus we were honoured with the presence of Bruce Manning.

C: Can you tell us a bit about your background?

BM: I come from Southern Queensland and I have been teaching English at Brisbane Boys' College (BBC) for the past ten years.

C: How does it compare with KES?

BM: It's much the same as KE except that instead of being a Church of England school it is a Methodist Presbyterian. Like KE it is single sex, however, it is not as selective, but then a lot of British schools aren't.

C: Is teaching boys the same in both countries?

BM: Yes, they are just as exciting to

each here as they are back home. A mark against BBC is that the boys don't sport as too big a thing in their lives. I feel that at KE you have it in balance.



to feel that I can pull my weight just as much as a teacher from your country.

C: Do you feel that you have succeeded in this challenge?

BM: You people will have to be the judge of that.

C: Mr Manning, thank you very much and good luck for the future.

JENNY MATTHEWS

C: What did you do before working at KES?

JM: In fact this is my second time at KES - I taught here five years ago. But I've also worked in Colleges of Further Education in Birmingham, teaching biology on GCSE, A-level, BTEC and Access courses

C: What is your degree in and where did you train?

JM: Zoology from Queen's University, Belfast. I was following a family tradition as my mother was a science graduate from Queen's and her mother was one of the first women to graduate from there. My daughter has broken the line and is at Glasgow!

After graduating, I worked in medical research, firstly on tropical parasites, then on the circulation system.

C: Do you enjoy teaching at KES?

JM: Very much. I love the buildings; the grounds and Nature Reserve are super, the staff are great to work with, and the boys

C: What are your views on the boys? Is there anything you would change about the school?

JM: They're a well-mannered, well-motivated bunch on the whole. I wonder if they realise what a wealth of resources of all kinds they've got here. Most will never see inside other schools for comparison.

As to changes - I think I would alter the grading system. In a school of such bright boys it's a pity that there's a quota system, with so few allocated an A1.

C: What is your greatest ambition?

JM: I had an operation for cancer twelve years ago and one of the many good things to come out of that was an appreciation of the present. I don't think I have any very great ambition, although I would love to speak French more fluently.

C: Do you feel tall women have an advantage over shorter women?

JM: Is this question revealing sizist attitudes? Yes, I would rather be very tall than very short and I've certainly found it no bad thing in teaching in a boys' school. On a more mundane level, tall women do have a more restricted choice of shoes and clothes.

C: Do you feel that women are accepted in the school?

JM: Much more now than when I was here five years ago. Then the Common Room felt rather like a gentlemen's club with some of the older members secretly wishing women hadn't been admitted at all. The greater number of female members of staff now can only be an advantage as it reflects attitudes in society at large.

C: Jenny Matthews, thank you.

KATE MOULE

C: Could you tell us a little bit about your life before you came to KES?

KM: Well, I was born in Wellington, which isn't far away and is completely unexciting. Then I went to St Anne's College, Oxford to do my degree and I stayed there to work in the library for another year. After that, I went to



C: Why have you gone on the exchange?

BM: I did the exchange as it is the cheapest way of finding out about different forms of education. I suppose I want to see how the other half do it.

C: How do the other half do it?

BM: Teaching English is exactly the same on a professional level but you have a major advantage in having a public examination system. Not every state in Australia has this and I believe that when you remove the public examination then your standards will go down.

C: What have you most enjoyed about coming over to England?

BM: The way adults and students alike have made me feel so welcome. I love the Midlands people. This is the first experience I've ever had of them and I will never forget being with them.

C: Have you found this past year a challenge?

BM: Yes, you must bear in mind that I'm a foreigner and there is a real challenge in going into another country and trying to see whether you can do a job so satisfactorily that the other people around you won't feel that you've let the side down. I want them

Loughborough for a year to do my library degree.

C: Since St Anne's was the stomping ground of our illustrious editor, Mr Burns, do you have any dirt on him?

KM: Sadly, I just missed him. I'd never heard his name until I came here so I'm afraid I've got no gossip at all.

C: So why did you become a librarian?

KM: It was an idea that had been in my head for a long time. It followed the stereotypes of 'I want to be a nurse', 'I want to be a journalist', 'I want to be a lawyer'. It was the only reasonable decision of them all. Not that my heart was set on it all the way through university. It just seemed to be a job that brought together all the things I like.



C: After two terms at KES, what do you think of the school in general?

KM: I think it's a very friendly place. A lot of people told me that being school librarian could be a very lonely job because you're the only one of your sort in the whole institution, but everyone's been very friendly. The boys have certainly not lived up to any stereotypes of arrogance. You get the odd exception but you would expect that at any school.

C: How did Mr Lambie react to you usurping his kingdom?

KM: (Laughs) He hasn't been like that at all, fortunately, because that

could have been quite, um..... difficult. He has been very helpful indeed. I think he's just massively relieved that someone's come and taken over so he doesn't have to worry about it.

C: Do you think that the library is an under-used resource?

KM: I certainly do. That's one of the nice things about the job, that there are things to do, to try to get people to use it. I hope it will prove to be extremely useful.

C: Do you have any drastic plans for the library?

KM: Well.....

C: Sorry, I have noticed some of the changes, but are there any more?

KM: Oh good, I'm glad you have. We're hoping to computerize the whole system on CD ROM machines. Plans are certainly afoot.

C: Due to popular demand, what are the chances of getting 'The Sun' delivered to the library?

KM: Umm, I'm not sure about popular demand. Basically, the chances are ... remote, at best!

C: Miss Moule, thank you very much.

SIMON TINLEY

C: Could you tell us a little bit about your earlier life?

SJT: I was born in Birmingham and actually came to King Edward's in 1975 and stayed here until 1982. I then went to Birmingham University to do a Maths degree for three years and then I did teacher training for a year. After that I taught at a comprehensive in Watford and then at Worcester Sixth Form College for four years and have now come back here.

C: What is it like being on the other side of the common room divide?

SJT: A lot of people would find it very strange to be working alongside people who once taught you. But, for me, it isn't. Now they are just colleagues and you don't think of them as your teachers and they themselves treat you as a member of staff. You would not want it any other way.

C: Do you think that it is surprising

that so many OEs come back to teach?

SJT: No, I don't think that it is and this is mainly due to the quality of the school. All teachers enjoy teaching in a generally well behaved, academic school and obviously King Edward's is one of the best schools in the country. And the simple fact is people would not come back if it was not a good school.



C: What made you decide to become a teacher?

SJT: I have always enjoyed sport and also Mathematics, especially at A-level. Teaching seemed to be the best way of combining the two and it was also something I thought I could do well and enjoy.

C: How do you feel about there being such big differences between the state and independent sectors in education?

SJT: I feel that there are far too many schools where not enough money is spent on them and so some of the students at these schools do not get a fair deal. This was especially the case at the first comprehensive I taught at where there were some very bright boys and girls who could have coped very well at KES and KEHS but were held back by the less able students. But here everyone has quite a lot of ability and so can be pushed at a faster pace.

C: What activities are you involved in, both inside and outside school?

SJT: In school I help out with the hockey option and I also coach the 1st V'squash. I also help out with the Eton fives team, and also chess. Out of school I play virtually everything, but nothing to any high standard, but enjoy them all the same.

C: Have you any future plans?

SJT: I shall be getting married in August and my fiancée and I will settle in Worcester. In terms of my career, it depends upon the next couple of years. If I feel that my teaching here is going well and that I am making a good contribution, I shall stay here for some time, but if this is not the case, I shall have to review things.

C: And finally, do you really support Birmingham City?

SJT: Well, I'm afraid I do. I used to be a very committed supporter but then I discovered the game of hockey and realised that this was far more enjoyable than to stand around getting cold and wet, watching my team lose. I still support them, but I am only an armchair fan.

C: Mr Tinley, thank you very much.

SANDRINE POULALIER The French Assistant

C: What are you doing at KES?

SP: I am working as a French assistant teaching 18 periods a week of French.

C: What do you do in France?

SP: I study English at Lyon University and I start my 4th year in October; the degree course actually lasts three years but I intend to take an extra year in order to improve my English even more.

C: What subjects did you have to do for your "baccalauréat" ('A' levels)?

SP: I studied mainly philosophy and modern languages, German, English and Spanish.

C: Do you like Birmingham?

SP: Yes, I'm not disappointed; I had a very bad opinion of Britain because I came twice before and stayed with



families and they were absolutely awful, they just did it for the money. It's quite different this time, first of all because I work and because I get along well with the people I live with.

I like the English life-style but I know that I could not live here permanently; the standard of living here is lower. The quality of life is much higher in France, in all ways.

C: What do you intend to do when you return to France?

SP: I want to become an English teacher; I will have to take a national exam to become a teacher. It's quite a hard exam but I can keep on taking it until I pass.

C: What do you think of the school?

SP: I think I'm very lucky because unlike many of my friends in other schools I do not have any problems with discipline here. The atmosphere between the teachers and pupils is very good.

C: What do you think of the boys?

SP: I am pleasantly surprised.

C: Have you seen much of Britain?

SP: I have not travelled much as I do not have much money, but I have visited Oxford, Cambridge, Brighton, Wales, Stratford, Warwick and parts of Southern England.

C: Where are your family from?

SP: My family live in Burgundy but I will not be going to live there as I am not able to choose where I work as a

teacher; I will be told where I must work during the first years of teaching. I would like to teach English in a French-speaking country.

C: What three things do you think are essential for a happy life?

SP: Love, friendship and ... love again!

MAIK BRUNNER The German Assistant

C: What is your full name and what are you doing here at school?

MB: My name is Maik Brunner and I am the German Assistant at KES and KEHS.

C: What do you do in Germany?

MB: In Germany I am on a five year course in Modern Languages; English German, Philosophy and Teaching Skills.

C: And is this year at KES part of the course?

MB: No, it's just for fun (?)

C: What do you hope to carry on to do?

MB: I'm going to be a teacher; it's much better paid in Germany. For the first couple of years the authorities will post me wherever they want me to go, and after that I will have a choice as to where I want to work.

C: What do you think of England?

MB: Well, I wouldn't like to live here but it is very nice to stay here for a while; you think you know what it will be like as most European countries



appear basically the same, but after a while you find that a lot of things are different, like how people choose to look at certain issues.

C: Can you think of any big differences?

MB: No, it's more little things, and there is nothing specific. Here, the roots are much more traditional; after the war we lost some of our roots because we did not want to have anything to do with nationalism or anything like it, but here there is a strong feeling for one's country, like standing up for the National Anthem.

C: What do you think about the school?

MB: It's very nice, perfect for a languages assistant. The boys have been absolutely marvellous, especially the sixth form. I teach the boys in small groups so that makes things easier.

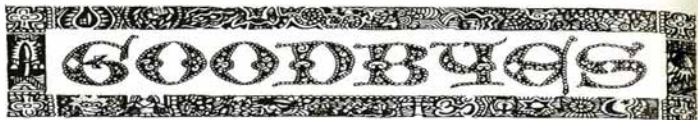
I don't really like single sex schools because they allow prejudices to develop; in both schools (girls and boys), I found that the roles of the sexes are seen from a very stereotyped point of view; for example the boys seem to think that the girls spend their

time baking cakes whilst the girls seem to think that the boys play non-stop sport. They only really mix in the sixth form and by then it's probably too late.

C: How do you feel that the year has been overall?

MB: I've really enjoyed it and my English has improved dramatically; it's really nice to be able to understand jokes and puns which I couldn't understand at first, and this has given me a lot of self-confidence.

C: Thank you.



CLELIA BOSCOLO-BEESLEY

When Clelia joined us three years ago, we were delighted. Not only did she impress us with her drive, vigour and enthusiasm, she brought down the average age of the department quite considerably at one stroke.

Teaching in the Extra Studies slot can be unrewarding at times, as clearly A-level studies take precedence.

However, Clelia has taught Italian to pupils of varying degrees of keenness with great energy, efficiency and verve. She has introduced new course books, an efficient new filing system and enthused pupils to perform well in exams and some to read Italian at university. She is always keen to remind people that she is from Turin, from the north where people know how to work.

Clelia has a post as assistant in the Italian department and she is hoping that this will soon lead to a full lectureship. She is leaving us to devote more time to her husband and two children, Edwin and Maddalena, and to her university career. It is a shame to lose such a civilised, lively and charming

colleague, but our loss is the Italian department's gain, and we wish her every success.

TIF

HOWARD BULLOCK

Howard arrived at KES in September 1990, so his time with us has been brief but happy for all concerned, mainly because he is such a happy person himself. He has been a splendid colleague in the Common

Room, excellent company at break, jovial, good-humoured, a fine raconteur and mimic; he has given us all a great deal by being himself.

But don't be fooled! Relaxed and even-tempered as he is, HJB stands no nonsense from the young gentlemen who might try him out. The reigns may be loose, but if they overstep the mark, he is down on them like a ton of bricks. On rare occasions he has seemed a worthy successor to JMH. Homeric bellows down the corridor meant that some foolhardy soul was being reduced to a quivering pulp.

Fortunately these occasions have been very few, and HJB will be remembered above all as a very popular and successful teacher. He has a good classroom style and way with the boys, who have shown their appreciation especially (and unerringly) in liquid form, and very good bottles they are too, almost more than any teacher could hope for. HJB has taken a full load of French and German GCSE forms and French A and A/S sets and contributed substantially to a fine departmental record. He has led a committee on Rem French and organised Open Days. He has also run school publicity,



produced the newsletter, 'News and Views', helped in PSG and accompanied DCD on school trips round the World War battlefields.

Most colleagues will have heard of the vicissitudes of the Bullock menagerie. Unfortunately Keith Bullock (rabbit) had to see the vet recently for diarrhoea. Happily Sylvano and Bennie Bullock (cats) are fine and Alma Bullock (dog) is thriving.

HJB has had an eventful and interesting career as a car owner. Not many would have exchanged a perfectly good Renault for (did he know something we didn't) - a Lada! After lighting a bonfire under the front axle to unfreeze the steering (memories of the Russian front in 1943 and perhaps apochryphal), HJB has left into the 1990s with a stylish Citroën AX.

Sartorially HJB has always cut a dash. With his colourful (but tasteful) ties and smart suits he has been the best dressed member of the department and clearly destined for greater things. Our very best wishes go with him as he starts his new job as Head of Modern Languages at Bromsgrove School and to Kathy and him for their future happiness.

TBT

PS There is a malicious rumour circulating that he is only leaving because everybody has heard all his stories at least twice, but I personally do not subscribe to this.

ALBERT JONES

Albert Jones joined KE not long after me, and we soon found we had quite a lot in common. He's a bit younger than me though - enough so, in fact, that soon after he joined the school he was told off by PEB for talking (enthusiastically, no doubt) in the library. I soon got to know him quite well through our common interest in maths, statistics in particular, and more recently we had the added common interest of young families. He and Louise came round



soon after our own daughter was born to see what sort of thing they were in for themselves - I think they were quite surprised!

Albert's certainly not an anonymous person about whom it would be difficult to say anything valedictory, and those who knew him had several interesting stories to tell. One of his most engaging (and sometimes frustrating) characteristics was an obliviousness to the passing of time, and a popular catch phrase of his was "I'll just be five minutes". Another characteristic that many noted was his predilection for big old cars (a sign of his farming background?), which he apparently always buys in Wales (where the best herds are?). He had a reputation for fast driving down narrow lanes, and it is probably significant that although he was lodging with JAC during his last few weeks at KE, they drove in in separate cars each day! When RH was setting the 11+ Arithmetic entrance paper mysterious characters used to appear in the problems year after year - Stubby Ken, Dr Arty Spanners, and always Alberto and his infamous car (possibly SJT is a worthy successor?).

Joking apart, I can think of few people who've put more into KE than Albert - he's been his own worst enemy in agreeing to take on so many things that made great demands on his time: Scouts, Gifford house, Rem week (he

was one of the two pioneering Jones), South African links (the pioneer again), and most recently European links using Electronic Mail. His enthusiasm and conscientiousness were boundless, and were perhaps capitalised on a bit at times.

He is one of the most truly Christian men I know. I've never heard a bad word from him about any boy, the worst offence rating a description of "a bit naughty". Wells is gaining a really good man, and I hope he's as successful there as he deserves to be. Our best wishes follow him, Louise and the three boys.

RTB

MARION MORGAN

Four Chief Masters have had the benefit of Marion Morgan's services in various ways. By the time she was appointed Chief Master's Secretary by Martin Rogers, she already knew the school well, and as a parent of a pupil at the High School, she saw it all round.

In his address to the Common Room on her retirement, David Buttress spoke for all when he said that she solved the impossible problem of maintaining absolute confidentiality in her role as well as presiding over the cross-roads of the School. Everybody knew that nothing was too much trouble, no phone enquiry was ever allowed to pass without care and attention, and her willingness to take time to see that the difficulties could be smoothed made the job of Chief Master considerably easier. Her dedication to the School was shown by her willingness to stay on an extra year to ease the transition on my taking up my post, and by her willingness to spend long hours, if necessary seven days a week, to see that everything was thought of. Because of the way in which the School is administered in partnership with the Foundation, the rôle of the Chief Master's secretary is of peculiar importance and she filled this rôle with distinction. Her husband, Graham, invariably helped and

supported her on all occasions he could. His parting gift to the School is an excellent map to help visitors find it. His expertise on roadworks throughout the Midlands is unparalleled, for which I was extremely grateful.

They both will enjoy a well-deserved retirement together, in the secure knowledge of a job well done.

HRW

PAUL SMITH

The expansion of the school which began in 1987 had by 1990 resulted in the need for an extra biology teacher. It was indeed our very good fortune that Paul Smith saw our advertisement



interest is the study of small mammals and he has encouraged many boys to take an interest in the habits of the furry creatures which lurk in the vicinity of the Nature Reserve. He has spent much time in modifying mammal traps enabling them to register the time they became occupied. During the Easter holidays of 1992 he organised a successful expedition to Lundy island in order to study the rare Black rat. Shortly before this he received the dubious honour of being interviewed by Tony Butler on Radio WM on the subject. If anyone is interested I believe we have a recording of the occasion lying about somewhere.

Paul has a quiet sense of humour and is a very good listener. His friendship within the common room in general and within the science common room in particular will be missed as will his youthful looks and slender physique, particularly by those of us who have been fighting the flab for some years.

We wish Paul every success as head of biology at Hailbury. It was perhaps inevitable that he should go back to teaching in a boarding school. We hope that his experiences at KE will stand him in good stead. Our very good wishes go to his wife, Jane, and daughter, Eleanor, both of whom are honorary members of the biology department.

RAY WILLEY

Ray joined KES in January 1986 as Smallpice Design Education Fellow, and became Director of the Design and Industry (Gatsby) Project when it was established in 1988. This was a momentous time in the life of the School. He had the enormous responsibility for setting up the Design Centre, liaising with architects, overseeing the installation of equipment, developing links with industry, curriculum planning, fund raising - the list is endless. It is in no small part due to his energy and drive that the Design Centre became a reality.



Ray is a product designer by training, having had his own business and also working in industry before a total change in career brought him into education. He taught in comprehensive schools, finally becoming a Head of Department in London. He also found time to continue his personal interest in industrial links by being an influential member of the Design and Industry Association, which aims to foster excellence between designers, educationalists and industrialists.

Ray, of course, has been a man of many talents; a keen footballer in his youth who remains a fervent supporter of Newcastle United. He is also a useful golfer with a past handicap of 8. Under his direction the Friday golf option flourished and grew in a very short time. He is also a club tennis player and occasional sailor.

When the Design and Industry Project finished, he was involved with the continuing development in all areas of the department as its Head, with a particular interest in its industrial links. This involved Sixth Form students and especially the Newey Goodman Company.

We will remember his dignity and typical northern grit. He is a man of vision with strong principles and a clear understanding of the way forward educationally for design education.

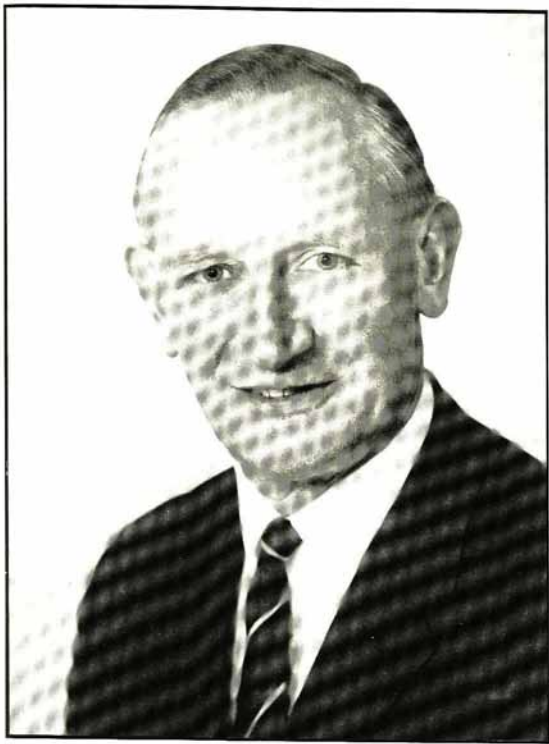
J S Lloyd

and was sufficiently attracted to the idea of making a sideways step from Rugby School to apply for the post. Paul quickly settled into the routine of KE and it soon became very clear that he was going to make a significant contribution not only to the teaching of biology but also to the life of the school in general.

Paul is naturally gifted as a teacher and is sensitive to the varying needs of his pupils. He has been a particularly effective Removes form master and has been the inspiration behind their outstanding Cot fund collections. But Paul is equally at home teaching at all other levels of the school and his experiences at Rugby have been put to good use. Paul's particular field of

MR R J GARRATT

AN APPRECIATION



Addressing the troops in 1914, Lord Kitchener's message was clear:

"You have to perform a task which will need your courage, your energy, your patience It will be your duty

not only to set an example of discipline and perfect steadiness under fire but also to maintain the most friendly relations with those whom you are helping in this struggle."

Such words could well have been addressed to Bob Garratt in May 1964 when he was first appointed a Co-Optative Governor of the King Edward Foundation. It is unlikely at

that stage that he could have anticipated nearly thirty years of service, a service, moreover, which has included membership of all the Standing Committees, all five Grammar School Governing Bodies and twenty-one years as Chairman of the Independent Schools Committee (which has recently become the Independent Schools Governing Body). In addition, from 1972-74 he served as Bailiff of the Foundation; to serve for two consecutive years is a rare distinction. He must have attended about two thousand committee meetings and a similar number of informal meetings with Governors, Heads and the staff of the Schools or Foundation Office. He will also have attended countless plays and concerts. Only recently has all this activity been in the contexts of retirement; the energy and commitment needed to combine such responsibilities with a demanding professional life are phenomenal.

To most pupils, however, Governors remain shadowy figures, rarely seen, rarely heard and often regarded as an irrelevance to the 'real' life of the school. I well remember my own introduction to Foundation governors; as a new teacher at a KEHS speech day I had to encourage a recalcitrant Upper Fifth form to disguise their sweepstakes - which concerned the length of the Bailiff's speech and the number of governors who fell asleep. A few years later I became a governor myself and began

to discover the misconceptions underlying the popular mythology. (It was, for example, refreshing to discover that Speech Day sweepstakes are not confined to pupils!) One of the people who initiated me into the mysteries of governing was Bob Garratt and it is therefore a privilege and a pleasure to be asked to write an appreciation of his contribution.

Reference has already been made to his energy. What of the patience and courage to which Lord Kitchener referred? As Chairman of the Independent Schools Committee, one of Bob's major responsibilities has been the appointment of successive Chief Masters and Headmistresses of KES and KEHS respectively. This is an awesome task; it has profound implications and consequences for the schools. During his long term of office he has worked with four Chief Masters, appointing three of them, and with two Headmistresses of whom he appointed one. As their staff and pupils know, these Heads have their own distinctive ways of achieving their objectives; Bob's gift lies in his ability to recognise and work with the differences. A man of infinite calm, he is not over-awed nor easy to provoke. A genuine interest in and respect for people together with his legal training are an invaluable combination. Heads, governors and Foundation Office staff alike know that in Bob they can find a committed listener, a conscientious chairman and a skilled negotiator. He

is, above all, a peacemaker. Balancing the conflicting interests of heads, staff, pupils, parents; (not to mention the Chairman of the Finance Committee) is no mean feat, and it is one in which he excels.

An Old Edwardian himself, Bob's loyalty to and affection for KES is unambiguous and greatly valued. Nevertheless he has been consistent in his support for the interests of KEHS. He is aware of the need to challenge the discriminatory attitudes of the past and it is with his encouragement that so many changes have been facilitated.

He will be greatly missed by all with whom he has worked and his influence will be important to sustain. Those who knew him least well - the pupils - are those for whom he has worked the hardest. The task he has performed - with "courage, energy and patience" - has consistently been directed at ensuring that the schools should continue to offer the best possible education to academically able pupils on the basis of their ability to benefit from it and not on the financial ability of their parents to pay for it. This has been a task which has frequently brought him 'under fire'. We are all enormously indebted to him for the 'perfect steadiness' with which he has responded, and for the generosity of spirit which has made him such a well-respected and well-loved figure on the Governing Body. We wish him a well-deserved and very fulfilling retirement.

Janet Mayer



FEATURES



ARMY SECTION CCF



The Autumn term saw the usual mixed intake of young hopefuls all vying for the chance of eventually emulating "Bernie" Pugh and one day reaching the illustrious ranks of the NCOs. This year's Connolly platoon was commanded by Colour Sgt "Interesting" Lee and was complete with such figures of popular culture and literary worthies as Dave Clark (unfortunately lacking his "five"), Alistair "Macaulay" Malins and Tom "Frodo" Herriots (an image Cdt Herriots cultivated with natural hobbit stature, the purchase of a black woollen hat, a liberal application of cam-cream and the construction of a hobbit hole from sticks and moss while in the field). This band of ill disciplined individuals in an ill fitting approximation to the uniform of the Queen's forces was soon converted by the crack Connolly training team into a collection of ill disciplined individuals in an ill fitting approximation to the uniform of the Queen's forces who could execute a creditable right turn at the halt providing sufficient warning was given, the direction of "right" clearly indicated and weather conditions were favourable.

Expeditions Weekends saw the contingent visiting both Bramcote and Swynerton where basic training continued for Connolly. Vyse platoon, under the able guidance of Colour Sgt Asif Malik, enjoyed pleasant weekends which by the close had seen most cadets thoroughly wet both inside and out. While inclement weather might send the boys scurrying for shelter, the men of the Cadre

continued unperturbed; if they were out there alone that was OK, they worked better that way. This shadowy bunch (only paralleled for shadowiness by Cpl Neville) of the highly trained elite, lead by Sgt Lawrence "Loz" Dean, feared no hardship being well furnished with skill, experience, kit that can only be described with reference to canine anatomy and ample mellowing requisites.

Following these expeditions and the weekly training the whole corps progressed in both military and leadership skills. Soon Connolly were able to squeak "BANG" with a devastating cyclic rate that could be kept up for considerable time providing overheating did not occur (a problem that could be to some extent overcome by adjustment of the gas regulator). Vyse began to look more like a unit that would next year be in a position to embark upon the Cadre course and this year's Cadre completed their training to join the ranks of the NCOs. By Summer the contingent was in a position to lay on a creditable display at Annual Inspection, the Cadre receiving their stripes and the whole event culminating in a staged ambush on the parade ground. The day was rounded off with a pleasant dinner, to which the sixth formers were invited, a pleasure that was greatly enhanced by the "as much as you can drink" wine service, which some employed freely and to their detriment!

As can be seen another active year has been enjoyed by all in the CCF and thanks as ever have to go to Cmdr. Benson and Capt. Collins as well as Sgt Campbell (whose afternoon stroll around Cannock Chase, fuelled by nothing stronger than orange juice, helped raise money for a minibus), Lt Connor, Lt Chamberlain, Mr Holliday and the C.T.T. instructors. I know I write for all those leaving this year in wishing special thanks to the above for a challenging and rewarding time in the corps.

Sgt Ruairidh Sawers

ROYAL NAVAL SECTION CCF



September 1992 saw the Naval Section of the CCF off to a promising start with a good number of new recruits and a core of new NCOs. The Autumn Term was devoted to some basic training for the recruits interspersed with sessions of sailing and shooting whenever opportunity allowed. At half-term the section visited our parent establishment - the submarine base HMS Dolphin at Portsmouth. The cadets were given a tour of the weapons training complex and nearly sank the submarine simulator before spending a day at sea as the crew of one of the training craft from the base. During this the author had the good fortune narrowly to avoid colliding with the Royal Yacht upon the return to harbour.

By the Spring Term the bulk of training had been completed and the section was free to devote itself to more adventurous and enjoyable activities. The high point of the term was the expedition to Dartmoor which was hosted by the Royal Navy. The first four weeks of the Summer Term proved extremely strenuous for the whole section as the entire CCF prepared for Annual Inspection with a great deal of parading and rushing about. As usual it proved "alright on the night" and the Inspection passed smoothly with praise all round. Following this hive of activity the rest of the term passed in a more leisurely fashion with much sailing and windsurfing in the summer sun as the term neared its end.

Grateful thanks for a successful and enjoyable year must go to our Area Instruction Chief, Petty Officer Iche

and our Schools Liaison Officer, Lt Lang, both of whom have often allowed the impossible to become possible and a great time to be had by all. Thanks must also go to our resident CCF officers Lieutenants Stead and Everest and to Commander Benson for their continued support and supervision. The Royal Naval Section is also happy to welcome Miss Catherine Tudor to add a more feminine touch to our officer corps. With recruiting again successful the Royal Naval Section looks forward to an enjoyable and prosperous year with a still wider variety of activities on the drawing board.

Andrew Bucklitch

ROYAL AIR FORCE SECTION



September 1992 marked the re-birth of the R.A.F. Section under the combined leadership of Fg. Off. Burns and Plt. Off. Davies. Full credit has to go to Mark Palmer who pressed for the Section to be started up and who, with the assistance of Andrew Cartwright, managed it for most of the year with great enthusiasm and success. We totalled 18 cadets for our first year, although some left and some joined as the Section settled down. Everyone went flying at R.A.F. Shawbury, courtesy of 8 A.E.F., and most have been gliding too. Orienteering, shooting, initiative exercises and learning about the R.A.F. have all been tackled. Ian Masefield was fortunate enough to be awarded a place on a gliding course, and Mark Palmer was awarded an R.A.F. Flying Scholarship. Expeditions Weekend saw ten cadets at R.A.F. Cosford, where shooting, gliding, orienteering



Cadets at
RAF
Benson

and ten pin bowling was thoroughly enjoyed. Having produced a fine static display of model aircraft and projects, the cadets proudly took their place with the Army and Navy for Inspection Day. Their physical display, getting themselves and equipment over a wall to rescue an injured colleague, was carried out with knee-grazing determination. Chris Downham received a well-deserved trophy for R.A.F. Cadet of the year.

The summer saw ten cadets at R.A.F. Benson for a week, where more flying, including windscreen-smearing aerobatics, shooting, night exercises and playing the intruder before R.A.F. Police dogs kept everyone happy.

Fg. Off. Burns' highly-polished presentation to the Rems, which spuriously promised all new cadets that they would fly Jaguar aircraft by Christmas, ensured a healthy crop of recruits, 32 in all, which even beat the Army. The section is thriving, and as we build up our numbers of experienced N.C.O.s so the future of the R.A.F. at King Edward's seems assured. Thanks must go to Flt. Lt. Martin Wood and Flt. Sgt. Mal Myers from R.A.F. Cosford who have looked after us and tended to our every need.

JCSB

PERSONAL SERVICE GROUP

The Personal Service Group is different from all other Friday afternoon options at KES. For a start its members feel that they have done something - helped an elderly person,

cared for the sick or taught the young or disabled. Their efforts require no aggression and they seldom need training to accomplish a great deal. Most would say it is the most worthwhile option on Friday afternoons and few can argue that theirs comes anywhere near it in terms of responsibility or commitment involved. No afternoon is ever wasted and can never be so at the various placements at which KES boys find themselves, all need an extra pair of hands or more to relieve a little the burden of work on their staff. It is difficult to imagine the day when the PSG ceases to exist at KES, and that will certainly be a sad day if it ever arrives.

Thanks as always must go to the masters who ferry boys to their placements each week, often visiting them there on Fridays once or twice a term. The master behind PSG is JRRE, who has ensured the smooth running of the option for many years now, and whose work may sometimes go unnoticed in the school's often sports orientated climate.

Ben Banyard

COT FUND

It has been another excellent year for fund-raising at King Edward's. Representatives from each form were invited to a committee meeting at the start of each term. At these meetings various nominations were submitted by pupils from which three charities or ventures were selected. A wide range of charities was chosen over the

year, including Amnesty International, Bosnia, Somalia, Cancer Research and Sense (the Deaf-Blind & Rubella Association in the Midlands).

In addition to the weekly collections, three badge appeals added significantly to the Cotfund totals. For example, we joined the national 'Children in Cities' appeal and the 'Crab' appeal for Imperial Cancer Research. It is not just large campaigns, however, which Cotfund supports; we also elected to act upon several requests for small amounts of money for most specific projects.

Mrs Southworth was so well-prepared and organised that several speakers addressed senior assemblies in order to promote their appeals and give pupils deeper insight into the function of the particular charities. A mention must be given to Sunwinder Mann for all of his efforts, especially for the 'Somalia Day', held in the spring term. Over two thousand pounds was raised for this one appeal alone. It is apparent that boys at King Edward's are becoming more aware of their fortunate circumstances and are giving more generously or working harder to raise money than ever before.

M G Price

SENIOR SCHOOLS CHALLENGE

The Senior Schools Challenge team contained three new faces this year:

Adam Johnson and Kieron Quirke, (Juniors) and David Wake (Sixth form) who all joined Stephen Boyd, the captain.

The first round of the regional contest was quickly over and done with. The team beat Handsworth with ease, obtaining over one thousand points.

The second round, against King Henry's, Coventry, was not as easy. The team fought back from being one hundred points behind and won by forty points, despite blaming "crude, home-made buzzers" for their early failures.

The semi-final saw a resounding victory for the team against KEHS. This was a satisfying victory as they have dashed our hopes on many occasions in the past.

Then came the final against Bablake. David tore into the questions never taking the risk of hearing the full question. Once we had the chances Stephen, calm in his role of captain, claimed the bonus points easily. The team won by 910 points to 790.

The Inter-Regional rounds were next. The team, playing at home, were given no problems by Monmouth but were then pushed to their very limits by St Ambrose, Altrincham, although the team won by 850 points to 770.

The weekend before the start of the summer term saw the team at Wellington for the national finals

of SSC. The quarter-final against Bedford was very tense, KES winning by 10 points on the very last question.

In the semi-final the team finally succumbed. Despite a good performance from all team members the luck seemed to be on the side of the opposition, Maidstone GS, as easy bonuses and judge's decisions regularly fell their way. When the final round of bonuses fell the team's way and the topic was flowers it seemed to sum up the entire match. The score was close but for the first time in the opposition's favour 670 points to 740. Maidstone incidentally went on to win the tournament, softening the blow a little.

The team was strong in many areas of questioning. History, Geography, Science, Current Affairs and Classics posed no real problems. However, the area which the team completely dominated was Classical Music. During the entire competition not one point was dropped in this category. Unfortunately this was easily made up for once the questions turned to more modern music (amongst our various attempts at this subject was a claim that Queen wrote "Let it Be"). Sport and Horticulture were also areas of shaky ground. (Ha! Ha! Horticulture! Shaky ground! Get it? Oh, never mind BB)

Thanks must go to Mr Milton who has, as ever, been tireless in his organisation and encouragement. His infectious enthusiasm has driven the team on and he is always there to lend a helping hand whether it is driving us to the venues or filling in the scores on the end of year report. (And correcting spelling and grammar. BB)

Kieron Quirke

JUNIOR SCHOOLS' CHALLENGE

Our campaign to go one better on last year's effort began back in Autumn 1992, when our formidable team of Patrick Finglass Luke Halliwell, Ravi Thukral and Luke McLeod-Roberts played our first match against Holy





Child School. Or at least we should have, as they, seeing our might, withdrew from the tournament, giving us free passage to a home match versus Bablake. Bablake has always had a strong team, but we brushed them aside effortlessly 620-420. Thence followed a trip to KES Handsworth or Girls who proved to be more worthy opponents. In a tense match in which Colin Ball deputised for Luke Halliwell, we won 620-560.

After some lunchtime buzzer practices, we jetted off to RGS Worcester for the Regional Final. When we finally arrived (after some 'roadwork problems') we were ushered in and began to play. We took an early lead, which was soon eroded away. With a mere ten minutes to go, they were well ahead, constantly beating us to that buzzer. It took several timely interventions from the veteran Patrick to beat RGS into submission. A huge lead of theirs metamorphosed into a KES 200 point victory.

The Regional trophy was retained; now the National was tangibly within our grasp. For the Inter-Regional road, we were paired home vs Monmouth. You know, we were almost sorry for Monmouth. Having travelled all the way from the wilds of Wales to Birmingham, they were annihilated by us 780-490. We were on our way to Worktop, hosts of this years finals.

June 20th pushed itself, gasping, into sight. And not at a better time. We arrived at Worktop, Derbyshire, checked in and had some tea and biscuits. Mr and Mrs National Organiser had kindly given us a very easy first round - Stafford Grammar, whom we obliterated 640-440.

After a costly lunch (£6 for supporters) consisting of roast potatoes and beef with vegetables, then a choice of either yoghurt or cake for dessert, came our semi-final, against Manchester Grammar. This was another tense match, with us taking an early lead, and keeping it throughout the game, but constantly looking over our metaphorical shoulder at the enemy a few points behind. A good all-round performance gave us a solid win. And now - the final, against Dulwich School.

We settled down to play: Luke McLeod - Roberts, who delights in Capital Cities and entertainment; Luke Halliwell, the 'bonus man' of the team, whose store of knowledge is so great that it has difficulty not spilling out of his ears, then Ravi Thukral, the shell of last year's team, whose undisputed territory consists of Hinduism and Sport; finally, Patrick Finglass, in his third and final year of JSC. His domain of wisdom encompasses Shakespeare, mythology, current affairs and, of

course, History. With this formidable team, we began to play.

And it began badly. An early lead had emerged for them, which despite Herculean efforts from Ravi and Patrick, remained until the end. The unthinkable had happened. We were left runners-up once more, acutely disappointed.

A final word of thanks must go to Mr Milton. His enthusiasm and determination for Schools' Challenge at all levels is to be commended. He has been the one always behind us, urging us on to greater glories. Our disappointment at not winning has only been increased because we have not been able to bring him home the trophy which he, more than any of us, so richly deserves.

Patrick Finglass and Ravi Thukral

COMIC RELIEF

BOOM!!! Comic Relief hit KES seemingly overnight (as days usually do), and when it arrived, with its events spread thankfully over a week and a bit, KES lads pitched in with their traditional generosity and sense of fun to make this year's a truly



charridee-tastic, 'black eyes on the bouncy castle'-tations, 'little boys (and Adam Searle) playing computer games'-mungous time.

There was Nigel Williams' sponsored ... erm ... chocolate bar eat, the game of footy on the south field played between Divs and Sixths (cheers to Nick Bovaird and his posse



'NO PLACE FOR FOP OR IDLER'

- Tony Trott

In the introduction to his history of the school, Tony Trott pays a respectful tribute to the previous history by T W Hutton, and credits him with having done much of the historical spade-work. This may be so, yet Hutton's work has one significant flaw; the dryness of its scholarship stifles any hint of the character and humanity of the school, and the people in it. This history avoids that trap. Where Hutton's was a Boycott-like effort - solid, methodical and devoid of flair - Tony Trott, coming in further down the innings, has produced a Gower-like performance: graceful and entertaining without being insubstantial.

The book traces the progress of the school from its roots in the foundation of the Gild of the Holy Cross in 1392, right through to the Rogers revolution of the late eighties. Throughout it avoids becoming bogged down in archive material, yet never loses the thread. This is particularly so in the early chapters, which details the legal battle between Crown and Governors in the seventeenth century. Even here, the author brings touches of levity and wit which illumine a potentially dull subject: comparing Elizabethan Warwickshire with the Wild West, for example. Yet one feels that the book's greatest strengths - its ability to create vivid character sketches of important figures, and its profusion of human touches and anecdotes - are more evident in the later chapters. The Head-Masters up until the nineteenth century are hazy figures, and the portrayals of them are inevitably rather broad brush. From Prince Lee onwards, however, there is a much greater clarity and depth, and we find some delightful touches: Vardy discovering a master nipping off to Wolverhampton Races, or Cary Gilson striding out to dine in Marshall and Snellgrove. Not only that, but the assessments of Chief Masters are marvellously perceptive, from the easy

for friendly abuse and generous contributions), James "Hong-Kong Phooey" Tracy's clever sales pitch on Red Noses ("Buy one or I'll break yours"), the Bouncy Castle (massive casualty list), the remarkably poor Great Vegetable Plot play (and sponsored swear, some may say), the Comedy Hour (in fact 45 minutes of in-jokes, back patting and serious fifth year abuse) and the chance to see Shub Banerjee in his weekend clothes ("what a gay day!", "get her", "shut that door" etc).

In fact, Comic Relief was a tremendous way for the History Div to indulge in immense backpatting and self-congratulation and raise vast

sums of cash (over £1500). Thanks must of course go to all of the masters who participated (and got soaked by wet sponges), and the Chief Master, who was approachable, good humoured and cooperative throughout. Shub deserves a massive pat on the back and a "you really are great, you are" from everyone who enjoyed Comic Relief this year (hopefully everyone), as he organised everything virtually alone in two weeks flat. Shame he's not a prefect (oohh controversy)

One thing remains to be said - "CAWAYZEE" (in joke).

Ben Banyard





SCOUTS

This year marks the end of Scouting at KES, at least for the foreseeable future. Numbers have been somewhat lower than previous years, but there has been the customary wide range of activities and venues and the enthusiasm and commitment of pupils has remained unabated.

The Venture Sea Scouts have had another highly enjoyable year with Mr McIlwaine with their sailing activities now based at Bartley Green Reservoir. In fact there will still be a sailing group operational on a Friday afternoon next year.

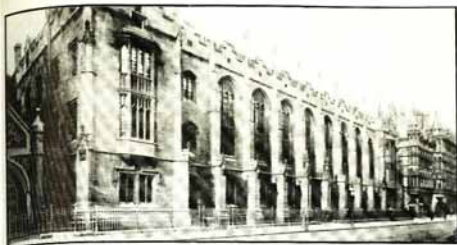
Those Ventures focussing on the Duke of Edinburgh Award scheme have had another very successful year, the highest honour going to Julian Roberts with his completion of the Gold Award having just turned seventeen. Richard Pearson, Alasdair Prett and Thomas Addison all deserve our special thanks for their work with younger boys in the Scout patrols.

The junior Scouts under the direction of Mr Taggart have pursued his adapted training programme and have had numerous opportunities for walks, camps and expeditions, the most memorable of which is no doubt the weekend based at Ingleton Youth Hostel, which featured some excellent walking and caving.

The year was rounded off with a weekend at Borth in mid Wales at the beginning of July which encompassed many of our traditional activities entered into with great gusto by boys, parents and staff alike.

Our thanks are due to all who have contributed to the 70th Birmingham Scout Groups over the years.

AGJ/KT



Barry's Building in New Street

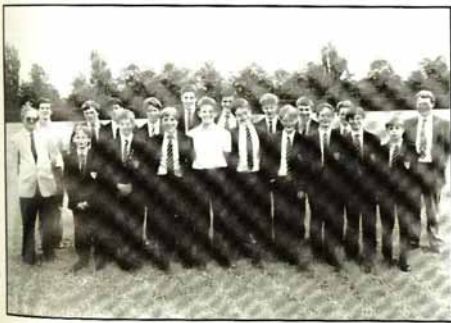
authority of Cary Gilson to the poignant diffidence of E T England.

More arresting and illuminating still are the chapters which deal with the years within the living memory of more than a handful of people. In another author's hand these could have been excruciating: a roll-call of Old Common Room buffers. With Tony Trott they are superb. The human touches are still there - stories of phantom pupils and exploding bookcases - but there are also some splendid character sketches of some of the more memorable masters and characters from the last fifty years. Nor does the author get too

sentimental, but is admirably frank about some of the more difficult characters.

There are, of course, some weaknesses: some pictures whose relevance might be questioned, and a list of alumni with some surprising exclusions and omissions. These are however, nothing more than quibbles. In his introduction, Tony Trott credits the Hutton books as having been written 'con amore'. This history is written with more than just love; it is written with panache. This author combines fluent narrative with details, and honesty with affection in a way Hutton never quite managed.

Adam Grimley





UNDER 15 RUGBY

**King Edwards 11
St Benedict's, Ealing 10**
April 3rd, 1993 proved to be a tremendous climax for the Under 15

rugby team. Moulded over a four year span through which an already formidable force became even more irresistible, exciting and devastating

to watch, this team deservedly became National Champions.

They had cruised into the final on the back of a crushing 41-5 victory

UNDER 15 DAILY MAIL CUP FINAL TWICKENHAM APRIL 13 1993

The Teams

King Edwards		St Benedicts Ealing
I Cole	15	C Gordon
A Caldicott	14	T Stephen
A Owen	13	M Lewis
D Montague	12	P MacAdam
T Tipper	11	A Warne
B Dunnnett (c)	10	R Minor (c)
A Blaikley	9	S Flynn
J Aning	1	T Hunter
O Addison	2	M Beltrami
J Allen	3	G Taber
A Purdon	4	A Polydorov
A Hiscock	5	D Kornicki
I Shaikh	6	J Duggen
A Lee	7	J Andall
L Francis	8	A McGarry

Scorers

Try: Caldicott
Pens: Dunnnett x 2

Try: McGarry
Con: Flynn
Pen: Flynn

just to the right of the posts. The try converted, things looked bleak. King Edward's were 10-6 down and nothing the backs had tried had yet resulted in a scoring opportunity.

The hundreds of loyal fans who had travelled to see their young idols and heart-throbs and who had been singing fervently throughout the match were not silenced though. This knowledgeable lot knew that it only takes a second to score a try. When repeated King Edward's pressure resulted in a second successive five-metre scrum the confident melody of "we're gonna score in a minute" rang out far and wide. The move itself was clinical. Dunnnett using the blind side received the ball from Blaikley on the run, drew his man and despatched the ball to Caldicott on the wing. The work was not all done. Only with a full-length dive was the winger able to touch it down in the corner evading a desperate cover tackle. The crowd were delirious, for in that split second the possibility of having to contemplate defeat had turned into the realisation that victory was but minutes away. We were now 11-10 up.

The singing and dancing continued until the final whistle and Keith Phillips became the first King Edward's coach to lead a winning team successfully at Twickenham.

It was perhaps fitting that the hero of the hour was not a Dunnnett, a Francis or a Tipper because the whole team are great rugby players. The whole team tackled and tackled and did their own job excellently from Cole at full-back to Owen and Montague in the centres, Aning and Allen at prop and Addison who won so much quick ball as hooker. The amount of ground which the flankers of Lee and Shaikh covered was also phenomenal.

So a great day for rugby at King Edward's was capped when Dunnnett raised the shining trophy high and proud above his head, for his team were National Champions.

Matt Dolton

over Eastbourne College in the semi-final and a record breaking year where five points had been conceded on average for every one hundred points scored. And they had scored hundreds of points this season.

Yet the game itself did not see the unrelenting display of running rugby and the scoring of countless tries by Messrs Tipper, Francis and Dunnnett which have been the hallmark of the season. This is no criticism. The opposition themselves were outstanding on the day, proving to be very tough up front and excellent in defence. It is testimony to them that they were only penetrated once by the King Edwards' team and that was by a last gasp try in the corner by Caldicott when time was ticking away and the match seemed to be slipping from our grasp.

The King Edward's game plan was one which had beaten other teams so comprehensively all year. The forwards themselves are so quick, agile, fit and at ease in possession of the ball that sometimes it seems that there are fifteen backs on the field.

Having secured a quick scrummage or line-out ball - usually through the effortless leaps of Andy Purdon or Adam Hiscock the ball is despatched with robotic ease by Blaikley to Dunnnett, captain and outside-half. Dunnnett is the play maker. On this day he graced the expansive Twickenham turf with some outstanding positional kicking. Of course we would have loved to see a non-stop carnival of running rugby, but the Ealing defence was up so fast that Tipper had very little room for manoeuvre out on the wing from where he has scored so many tries.

The match therefore developed into a tactical battle with both defences standing firm. First blood was drawn by an early Ealing penalty kicked from in front of the posts by their elusive scrum half Flynn. But King Edward's responded with two Dunnnett penalties to go in leading 6-3 at half time.

After the interval Ealing had a very good spell and finally broke through the King Edward's defence when a charging battering run by the number eight McGarry resulted in him scoring

THE WORLD RUGBY TOUR

Two years of planning, fund-raising and lunchtime meetings in room 146 were richly rewarded in July and August when thirty-four senior rugby players and Messrs Gutteridge, Everest, Phillips and Campbell toured the world in what must have been the most ambitious of all KESS School trips.

The first of the nine flights of the tour landed the party in Singapore. The twelve and a half hour flight passed remarkably quickly, enlivened only by TC throwing his early morning gin and tonic (with ice and lemon) over NAG during a brief spell of turbulence over Iran. Readers should be reassured that the Warden of the Sports Hall had no trouble holding his drink for the rest of the tour. Singapore proved a delightful stopover. The former head of Economics at KES, Jack Cook, who now teaches in Singapore, showed us the pre- and post-colonial sides of life in the city, a vibrant if regimented society in which our 24 hours were insufficient. All too soon we were back at the airport, our luggage weighed down by newly-purchased electronic goods which we convinced each other, were bargains.

The rugby tour proper began at Cairns in Northern Queensland,

Australia. Our accommodation was ideal, as it was to be throughout the tour, the Colonial Club Resort providing all a rugby team could want - marvellous food, numerous swimming pools and a girls' netball team from Bournemouth. The first training session and match were played here in scarcely tolerable heat but with a very pleasing degree of success. Having changed under a tree - the opposition, a Peninsular Select XV, had changed under a slightly larger tree - we conceded two early tries to not the last enormous inside centre we were to meet on tour. Most encouragingly, however, we came back to win 39-22, our forwards being rather more of a unit though considerably smaller than the Peninsular side. Richard Stockton scored a try, 3 conversions and a penalty while the other tries came from Simon Harris (2), Ross Yallup, Eliot Simons and Andrew Blake.

So it was in good heart that the party sailed out the next day to one of the highlights of the tour - the Great Barrier Reef. While the more adventurous tried scuba diving, most of us were content to snorkel on the reef, cut our legs on the coral and

pigout on the lavish buffet provided. It was an unforgettable experience, one which made worthwhile all the fund-raising which paid for it.

Next stop was Sydney where we were hosted (and thrashed!) by the High School whom we had hosted during the fortunately very frosty December of 1992. Their first XV were by far the best team we were to encounter on tour, their back division, packed with schoolboy internationals, showed us the dazzling handling and straight running we had seen from Lynagh, Moran and company on many occasions. Their second XV were less skilful and we were pleased that, given that we were out of season, we ran them close. The city of Sydney is a hugely impressive place, its vigour, bays and wonderful seafood more than compensating for what passes as beer.

Somewhat reluctantly, we moved 90 minutes down the road to Wollongong, a town resembling Nuneaton but with the saving grace of a beach. Here we played two thrilling games of rugby under floodlights borrowed from the local coalmine. The 2nd XV lost 22-26 despite a hat-trick from Ghosh and the 1st XV drew a very tough game 14-14. The feature of this particular evening was the arrival on the touchline, to the disbelief of everyone but the staff, of the Chief Master and Mrs Wright. Having family in Sydney he had decided to take this opportunity to visit Australia for the first time and his presence was genuinely appreciated by the whole tour party.

New Zealand was next, and 16 days of total immersion in rugby. Our first step was at wet and windy Ngata where most of the boys stayed, as on several occasions during the following fortnight, on remote but prosperous farms. The shock was replicated on the rugby field where we encountered the ferocious rucking which characterises the country and the precocious physical maturity of the



The 1st XV's first match - in Northern Queensland



The 2nd XV scrumdown against Sydney High School

Maoris which seems to dominate schoolboy rugby in New Zealand. Our 47-5 defeat was the curtain-raiser for the All Blacks U21 XV versus a District XV, so by the end of the day we had learned a lot about the game.

We then travelled south to Hastings in Hawke's Bay where we were hosted by Lindisfarne College, who will come to KES in January 1994. The school is, like many in New Zealand, rather formal and perhaps old-fashioned but the warmth of the hospitality was unmistakable. The 2nd XV lost another close game before the 1st XV were soundly beaten. It was at our next stop at Scots College in Wellington, that both XV's put into practice what they had learned so far on tour, the 2nd XV winning 39-5 and the 1st XV 28-13. Being piped onto the pitch by a senior boy wearing a kilt, as opposed to the usual short trousers, was a novel experience for us as it

must have been for the Fijian boys who attend Scots on sports scholarships.

After such a tough week of rugby, the tourist delights of Queenstown in the south island were very welcome. Bungee jumping, skiing and white water rafting tested everyone's nerves on the first day, a comfortable win for the 1st XV 43-12 confirmed the players' progress on day 2 before we were all frozen, soaked and thrilled by the jet boating in the Shotover Gorge on our last day in the mountains. Once again, these activities were largely paid for by the fund-raising activities and we all felt grateful to all those who had supported us in the previous two years.

Our next stop was at Gore, a small farming town well off the usual route of rugby tours in whose central square there stands a statue of its most famous inhabitant, a sheep. Here the

hospitality was second to none, beginning with the traditional Maori welcome in the school hall. The tension between the Maoris and those of European origin is quite evident in New Zealand and it was clear that our arrival in Gore had been pounced upon by the local Maori cultural group as an opportunity to make a political point. However, their singing was marvellous even if their requests for us to reply elicited only the school song and "Molly Malone"; the rugby resulted in a win for the 2nd XV and a loss for the 1st XV.

Finally in New Zealand, we were hosted by Christchurch High School whose 1st XV play in a students' league, being too strong for the schools' competition. Fortunately we played their 2nd XV, winning 13-8 with the "champagne moment" of the tour - Nick Hockley's match-winning try two minutes from the end. Somewhat



The last game of the tour v Nadi College in Fiji

foolishly, perhaps, TC turned out for the High School Old Boys' 4th XV. His talents were plain for all to see, though four weeks of Antipodean hospitality had taken their toll in terms of his fitness. He can, therefore, be excused that with only a quivering full-back to beat after a rumbling burst from the half-way line, he should attempt to kick ahead only to see the ball roll harmlessly over the dead-ball line. From the coarsest to the finest levels, rugby was being played on this Saturday on every patch of grass in Christchurch, no further explanation being needed for the strength of New Zealand rugby.

From here we flew to Fiji and the Regent Hotel, an incredibly luxurious establishment peopled by the international jet set and possessing its own private beach, stretch of ocean, island, free watersports facilities - all the ingredients of paradise. Jet skiing, water skiing, windsurfing, sailing, beach volleyball, eating, drinking and sun bathing were all performed to

excess until we were rudely interrupted and herded onto a coach in order to go to play a game of rugby. The culture shock was disturbing. The luxury of our hotel contrasted starkly with the poverty of the nearby villages and the facilities of the school. We summoned together what we could in the way of gifts to offer to our opponents - pairs of boots, shirts, T-shirts and, of course, the game itself. Fiji was unreal.

The next day was literally the longest day of our lives, as we left Fiji at 5pm to arrive in Los Angeles at 1pm having flown for 15 hours! Everything we did in LA followed the same pattern - you queue up for 90 minutes for a 90 second thrill. So it was at Disneyland, Universal Studios and Immigration at the airport. The day at Disneyland - full of fun and devoid of humour - and the visit to the studios were thrilling experiences if somehow irrelevant to all that had gone before.

Then home, after the quickest, most varied and enjoyable five weeks in our

lives. From a rugby point of view, the tour had been a great success. In all aspects it had gone remarkably well, a tribute to the tour company, Rugby Travel, to the maturity and sociability of the 34 boys and, most of all, to NAG's hard work and meticulous planning.

KDP

Tour Statistics

1st XV -	P10 W4 D1 L5
	Points for: 142
	Against: 281
2nd XV	P6 W2 L4
	Points for: 120
	Against: 121

Leading Scorers

46	Stockton (IT, 10C, 7P)
45	Ghosh (9T)
27	Price (5T, 1C)
25	Blake (5T)

BRITISH PHYSICS OLYMPIAD

Thomas Dent recounts his adventures as a member of the Team.

Diary

After 1st round theory exam
(taken at school):

- 5/3/93 Invitation to take part
in next round of BPhO
18/3/93 2nd round at Harrow
School, Middx.
15 top scorers in
1st round
1hr theory

3 hours) to choose team of 5
experimental) to represent
Britain in IPhO

30/4/93 Presentation Ceremony
at the Royal Society in
London
3/7/93 - Training Weekend at
6/7/93 Kent University near
Canterbury for the 5
members of IPhO team.



theory problems and advice on
experimental techniques.

- 9/7/93 - Trip to America to take
18/7/93 part in International
Physics Olympiad. With
the team of 5 (all boys by
chance) went.

Cyril Isenberg, Kent University, Secretary
of BPhO and organiser of the team.

Teachers

- Guy Bagnall of Harrow School
Bill Best of Durham
John Lloyd of Solihull
Conrad McDonnell Former winner of IPhO

Between the Ceremony and the training
weekend I had been doing a
correspondence course; I was sent
information and problems every few weeks,
and I sent back solutions. At Kent
University we had lectures and tuition in

The team was lodged in the College
of William and Mary at Williamsburg,
Virginia. This is one of very few
institutions in the USA that were
founded before 1700 - in fact it
celebrates its 300th anniversary this
year. Williamsburg is a British colonial
town some miles south of Washington
D.C., which was restored at the
expense of one Mr Rockefeller to its
18th century condition. It is now a
major tourist attraction, but no less
pleasant for all that.

We took two five-hour exams, one
theoretical and one experimental,
which started at the un-earthly hour

of 8.00 am and included a light snack
in the middle.

Our schedule for the week included
a day at Virginia Beach, excursions to
CEBAF (Combined Electron-Beam
Accelerator Facility) and to a Nasa
Centre; also to Water Country (an
open-air Center Parcs) and to Busch
Gardens (a sort of American Alton
Towers). At the College we were
entertained with lectures and
demonstrations, an "Egg-Race" - type
competition, parties and what was
the climax of the event: a banquet
on the last day with entertainment
from several teams. The British

contribution, on which we had
worked at least as hard as on
the physics, was unique: a sketch
based on Faraday's discovery of
electromagnetic induction, in which I
played the galvanometer, in imitation
of the tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe
in A Midsummer Night's Dream.
Sounds bizarre? It was, but it got more
laughs than the Swedes singing "John
Brown's Body". Finally the stage was
packed with teams from every country
joining in the chorus of "We are the
World", and you would hardly know
they were physicists.



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 Army Careers Information Office
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Telephone: 0743 352905

or make an appointment, through your Careers Master, to see him on one of his termly visits.

TRIPS



St Mark's, Dallas Exchange 1993

This year the King Edward's exchange trip to Dallas went ahead for the third time under the guiding hand of Mr Benson. The trip consisted of Charles McLachlan, Philip Bennett-Britton, Sean Tighe, Rory Natkiel, Rhana Mitra and James 'Des' Walker. For the first time this year the trip has been co-ed with 12 girls going as well as 6 boys. The girls' exchange partners went to a palatial school in the centre of Dallas called Hockaday, while the boys exchanged with St. Mark's.

The trip was organised so that we should have 3 days in school and 2 outings during the week. We were all assigned classes that were frequently attended.

On the first day we were given a briefing by Mrs Lawrence of what was to come. Organisation was rife, with named folders and printed schedules provided. American school life differs from ours in many ways, one of which was the school day. An American pupil has the same timetable for each day, cutting down on confusion between days, but restricting variety.

Despite the simple one-timetable system some of the English boys became confused about times, lessons and rooms. One or two managed to confuse classrooms with the basketball court on a regular basis.

Lunch was provided free but was not of a very high standard so the local McDonald's came to be a popular spot. The staff there were impressed by our accents. One cashier made Sean read notices before she would give him his food and most could not understand me at all.

The first outing was to Fort Worth, a town near to Dallas. We were shown around some very smelly stock yards and met some more Americans who could not understand us. ("Where are you from?" "Birmingham." "Where?" "Birmingham." "Can you say that again?" etc.)

We watched an interesting film on the Amazonian Rain Forests in a large, technologically advanced cinema, which was capable of showing wonderfully realistic views and scenes. We felt all this tremendous technology was wasted showing some wet trees.

The day after, we went to the Mesquite Rodeo where lots of funnily dressed men were cruel to poor defenceless animals. Rory liked it.

The first weekend at the ranch was the highlight of the exchange. We all met at the school and packed our bags into Mr Benson's borrowed Honda car. Sean reveals he thinks he has left his sleeping bag at home. One of the parents offers to return home to get another one, a 20 minute trip. So we sit in the Honda to wait. After about 5 minutes of staring at a pile of bags further up the car park Sean says "That's my stuff". This starts a trend over the holiday: Sean managed to lose his stuff on a regular basis.

I had heard we were staying in a ranch and was imagining a large South Forkesque house, cattle in their thousands and sunny weather. The truth was somewhat different. The

'ranch' was two small wood huts at the end of a long winding dirt track. The explanation for this is that Mr Seay (the owner) did not want people to know he was there. Quite why it is so secretive I do not know. The hut that we (the boys) stayed in had hot running water which surprised me after seeing the outside, but there was no electricity. When we arrived it was threatening to rain and later went through with the threat.

Mr Seay had a very rickety observation tower which we gingerly climbed up. From the top, all the land we could see was owned by him, which was quite impressive.

He did own some cattle but due to the size of the property we saw them only infrequently.

In our hut we found two air rifles which Mr Seay showed us how to use.

"You can shoot some frogs if you can," he said in his Texas drawl. He did not expect us to hit any, but he was wrong. With two shots Sean killed two frogs. After that frogs were out of bounds. Instead we shot at an old shotgun cartridge case we found near a beaver dam. The reason for the case Mr Seay had been trying to shoot



Fish bites finger

beavers. This was not an animal lover's weekend.

After decimating the local small animal population we decided to turn our blood lust to aquatic animals, so we went fishing on the substantial lake there. Mr Seay was amazed we wanted to go fishing in the rain, and we soon found out why. Texan rain is usually accompanied by Texan lightning. As dusk was falling there were four of us in a small aluminium (or aluminium as the Texans call it) boat, in the pouring rain, in the middle of a lake, with lightning and thunder crashing overhead. And very frightening it was too.

We eventually returned to the hut having caught many fish. The only humane event of the weekend was that we threw them back. We asked Mr Seay what would have happened to us if we had been struck by lightning. "You would all have been fried," he replied.

We did not go fishing in the rain again.

We went to sleep perfectly happily in the hut. When we woke up I noticed four or five dead wasp things on the window sill. They were bigger than wasps and had large pointed ends. I looked down and saw the floor was covered in these (lucky for us) dead insects. Then one took off and started flying around the room. We tried to open the windows but they had insect mesh covering them to stop the damn things getting in. We tried to kill it with one of my shoes, which made it even more angry. In the end we ran out of the hut and waited for it to come out of its own accord. When Mr Seay saw the corpses he said:

"They're homets. Their sting is very painful."

I am very glad I did not know that when I went to bed.

The next day we had the unenviable job of hauling a rotting cow out of another lake at the other end of his property. It just looked like it was lying down in the water, but when we got nearer we could smell that it had been dead for some time. Usually when

one of his cows dies the coyotes and vultures dispose of it. This one was in the lake so the coyotes could not get at it. Sean wasted in to tie a chain to it while the rest of us tried not to be sick with the smell. As Mr Seay dragged the cow onto the bank with his car the smell got worse. The bits of the cow that had been underwater had rotted. Half the face had been rotted in this

hours trying to find the wretched place and when we did we found that it was \$5 for a 45 minute tour. We had 30 minutes. The best we could do was take pictures of the legendary place from moving cars (they will not allow you to stop to take pictures).

The next Sunday was Easter Sunday. My host family were Catholic and assumed I was too. So off I went



Englishmen Abroad

way making the cow even more ugly than cows usually are. When it was fully out we could see the reason it had died. It had been giving birth and the calf had been a breech delivery which had become stuck. An event worthy of a Stephen King book, and all true.

Afterwards we went to look for firewood. This time Mr Seay gave us the warning of potential death before hand:

"Watch out for scorpions and snakes," he advised.

The only animal we saw was a wild mouse.

We left the ranch after first returning for Sean's bag, and went back to Dallas past Waco. We did not see anything.

The next trip was to South Fork. We left in a convoy of a blue bus-like conveyance and two cars. Such a convoy is alright when the lead car is sure of the route. This was not the case. We were driving around for

and spent a long 2 1/2 hour service mumbling the responses and hoping that it would end soon.

The next trip of the holiday was to down town Dallas. We went to the Kennedy Museum and had dinner in the Spaghetti Warehouse.

On the last day we went bowling. There were seven of us and one small car. Mr Benson had to call out what gear he wanted and the person sitting in the middle in the front had to change gears. We spent a fraught journey trying to avoid police cars.

The trip lasted 18 days and was very good. I would like to thank all the 4th years for all the assistance they gave me in writing this report, and Mr Benson for organising it all.

I would urge everyone to go on this trip if they can. You do not have to go to school very often and it is very sunny.

Charles McLachlan

KES ITALY TRIP

Day 1

Gameboys bleeping, the coachload of 42 boys and assorted members of staff pulled away from the Foundation Office at about 11 am. After an uneventful journey we arrived at Dover and, having collected Tony and Paul, the drivers, and Mr Jones, the Schools' Journey Association guide, we boarded the ferry.

We travelled throughout the night, and it soon became tomorrow without anyone really noticing.

Day 2

After a sleepless night, we arrived at a spotless, marble-floored Swiss service station which put our 'Happy Eaters' to shame. I wandered around looking for somewhere to eat my packed breakfast, but ended up back on the coach as food was not allowed inside.

After more journeying, during which Mr Jones told us the history of the areas that we were passing through, we reached Lavorgo in the Italian speaking part of Switzerland. We then walked up a hill, but it started to rain, so we came down again.

Day 3

Roll and jam for breakfast. More travelling, this time via Milan to Bologna where our packed lunch featured bizarrely coloured yoghurt and 'Ciao Amore' (loosely translated by everyone as 'Hello Deary') lemonade. Thence to Assisi via the Po valley. In Assisi it was raining very heavily so we hurried to the basilica of St Francis to admire the frescoes of Giotto. Sadly, the friars of the basilica ceased friaring at 5.00 pm (shortly after we arrived), so we were unable to participate in a guided tour.

We arrived at Torgiano at about six, ate the ubiquitous veal dinner, and went to bed.

Day 4

Roll and jam for breakfast, and then Torgiano to Rome. At the numerous service station stops, some of the Rems demonstrated their uncanny ability to spend large amounts of money and yet fail to purchase anything remotely useful.

In Rome we drove past the Vatican, the Tiber and the Castel San Angelo before arriving at the Forum Romanum. Armed with cameras and guide books we tackled the fantastic array of monuments before moving on to the Colosseum (which was shut). A strange man brandishing postcards leapt out at us from behind a pillar and followed us round the amphitheatre repeating "2000 lira - very cheap", until Mr Russell scared him off.

Vico Equense, our main base for the trip, was just outside Naples. We stayed in a rather bizarre hotel - they burnt incense in the lobby, and at dinner set fire to a birthday cake before carrying it into the restaurant to the accompaniment of the Radetzky march.

Day 5

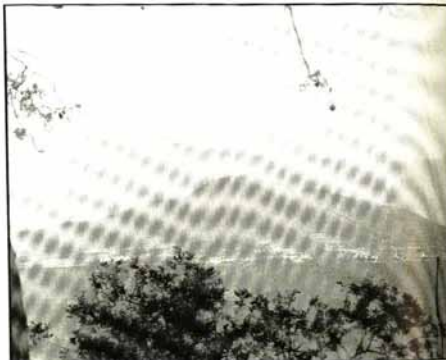
Roll and jam for breakfast. In the morning we climbed up Vesuvius, well worth the walk for the splendid views of Naples and the dramatic crater (where, the guide cheerfully informed us, an American was boiled to death seven years ago). Superb examples of volcanic rock littered the slopes. I picked up a piece and took it home, but the Rems, determined to rid themselves of their lira, bought gift wrapped samples from the shop at exorbitant prices.

In Pompeii we spent a splendid afternoon looking round the ruins which have to be seen to be believed.

Day 6

The usual roll-based breakfast, then a visit to the dramatic crater at Solfatara. The bubbling mud pool and sulphur fumes were very impressive, if a little overpowering. After an hour or so we went to a nearby hotel complex to use its geothermal pool.

After an enjoyable swim and lunch



Vesuvius from Vico Equense



The Amphitheatre at Pompeii

we drove to Cumae where we visited the Sibyl's cave and ruined temples. We then made our way back to Vico for another dose of veal and the Radetzky march.

Day 7

Roll and jam for breakfast. The morning brought a visit to Paestum to see the superb Graeco-Roman temples. The ingenious architectural techniques of the Greeks were clearly visible. After a brief visit to the shop where most people bought guide books but the Rems bought model cars (no, really) we went to a beautiful beach where a lovely afternoon was had by all.

Day 8

After a hopelessly predictable breakfast of roll and jam, a drive through Naples (a city full of contrasts between grandeur and poverty) brought us to the Museo Nazionale where the most impressive frescoes, mosaics and statues from Pompeii and Herculaneum are displayed along with other artefacts.

In the afternoon the party visited Herculaneum, a town buried by boiling mud when Vesuvius erupted in A.D. 79. The buildings were, if anything, even more impressive than

those in Pompeii, owing to their superior state of preservation. A little carbonised furniture remained as well. As ever, Mr Jones was able to tell us lots of interesting facts about the site.

Day 9

Breakfast was, funnily enough, roll and jam. Having left Vico Equense we

visited Hadrian's palace which was, as Mr Lambie put it, an opulent tribute to one man's greed. Some of the buildings, especially the baths and mosaics were indeed very imposing. After a final raid on the shop, we piled onto the coach and set off for Acquasparta.

Although we had presumed that what we had eaten for tea was beef, we were told later that it had been buffalo.

Some senior boys invaded our bedroom to watch television, so we did not get to bed until quite late.

Day 10

Hopes that a change in hotel would bring a change in breakfast were unfounded; it was, unfortunately, roll and jam (although at least a different flavour of jam).

We spent all day on the coach; the people on the back seat borrowed my CD player to listen to the Beach Boys, so I played poker with one of the Rems.

Having crossed the border in the afternoon, we arrived at Lavorgo *encore une fois* at about 7. Some people went off to play football, but I played poker with some of the Rems instead.



Herculaneum

Day 11

Up and off for an Alpine walk after the best breakfast of the trip so far: a roll with an impressive selection of jams (be thankful for small mercies!) and hot chocolate. Sceptics who referred to the other rather damp Alpine walk were reminded that this was an altogether different hill; indeed it was, and the walk turned out to be delightful. At the top Mr Russell auctioned a carton of fruit juice. The bidding reached £15 before he decided to raffle it instead.

After lunch, Gameboys and Walkmans were dug out as we settled into the coach for the long journey home. Eventually the Alps were left behind as we entered France.

We watched Robin Hood on the coach video (and a rather strange 'Meat Loaf' tape provided by CMLT*) and eventually arrived at Calais the next morning.

Day 12

Rather bizarrely, the itinerary for today said that we were due to board the ferry at 5.15 am, but to leave at 5.00. Those of us sufficiently awake at this point realised that this had something to do with time zones; the rest of us slept on.

Whilst on board the strangely empty ferry, we had a roll and jam for breakfast (accompanied, however, by bacon, sausage, egg, fried bread and mushrooms, and thus worthy of the KES three star seal of approval for good breakfasts).

Back to the land of drizzle and G.C.S.E.s; Mr Jones said he wanted to catch a bus to Reading so we dropped him at Heathrow airport and then went home.

Many thanks for a great trip are due to PHSL, GAW, JES, CMLT, SRH and APR, to Tom Bond for the dog impressions, to Matthew Grady for his Atari Lynx and to the Rems for the poker.

* This was NOT mine - it is a vicious rumour spread by JES.

Matthew Nicholls

FOURTH YEAR GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP

At 8.15 on Thursday 24th June, Mr Cumberland entered Geography Room A with a cheery "Good morning". Today was the beginning of our field trip to North Wales and as the band of keen, intrepid geographers awaited the departure they discussed where they were going to work and the data they were to collect. Finally, armed with our surveying poles and clinometers we boarded the coach and bid farewell to King Edward's.

The groups in our set would be carrying out their enquiries in Bangor, Caernarvon, Bethesda and the Nant Ffrancon valley. On the way to these distant places we stopped at a rather dodgy café where a number of boys generously shared their Monster Munch with two rather large and sleepy dogs. After three and a half hours spent playing cards and listening to music (whilst according to Mr Cumberland, we should have been planning our enquiries), we arrived in Caernarvon where the first groups were to be dropped off. Having done this, the coach drove on to where the other groups were to work.

After a hard day's work we were picked up by the faithful Clynog and

Trefor coach and we went to our Youth Hostel at Capel Curig. The Youth Hostel was very good although the food was very oily. Having had our meal and settled into our rooms we made rotas on the work we had done that day and planned our work for the next day.

All of Friday was spent working in our areas of study and as the weather was hot and sunny we had a very enjoyable day, despite the fact that spent most of it knee deep in a very cold river. When we returned to the Youth Hostel that night we had collected a great deal of information.

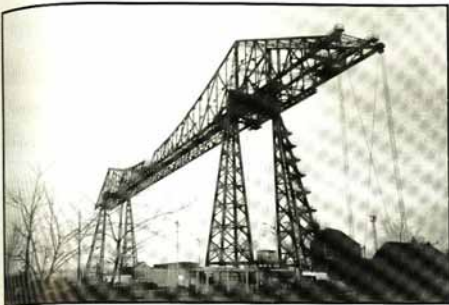
Saturday was to be our final day in Wales and so the first thing we did was to check that we had all the information we required. Having done this we spent most of the afternoon outside the local Spar discussing the England cricket team for the forthcoming Test. We returned home on Saturday evening, a very tired but happy bunch of geographers. Thank must go to Mr Cumberland, Dr Higgitt, Miss Moule and Mr Wright for thoroughly interesting and enjoyable trip, and to staff who led the other trips to Llanbedr and Lledr valley.

Robin Marslan



Barmouth

GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP TO SANDSEND

*Middlesbrough Transport Bridge*

After a long spring term, there could be no thought more welcome than five invigorating days in North Yorkshire, although during the four hour journey some dissenters could be heard moaning. The first day was very enjoyable, consisting of a leisurely visit to Ripon, a pleasant town, even if certain members were crippled by the cramped minibus.

On Thursday, we travelled to Middlesbrough to breathe in its toxic air. As we walked around doing a

residential survey, it became clear that the description 'hideous eyesore' was simply too generous for this interesting town. Amazingly, the minibus was not stolen by joyriders. Earlier that day, we travelled to Skinningrove, where we did a questionnaire, despite the hostility of some of the villagers. Andrew Hawson, seeing a three year old boy in his garden, was promptly told by the boy to "go away" in that unique friendly Yorkshire way. The next day, Mr Chamberlain took us on

a tour of rural settlements.

On Saturday, we walked onto the Moors to cause some serious damage to a National Park i.e. dig some soil pits. A tour of the coast filled the last day and this was very enjoyable. The hotel in which we stayed, in the village of Sandsend, was friendly, its best feature being the bar. People were very at ease in the hotel, particularly Andrew Hawson, who was very relaxed. However, many people, notably Chris Fellows and myself, were struck down by a mystery illness.

Needless to say, everyone had a good time, even if, as our minibus took us back on the Sunday, it broke down in the middle of Smallbrook Queensway, requiring Mr Holliday to leap to our rescue.

Edward Metzger

DIVISIONS
GEOGRAPHY
FIELD TRIP TO
ARNSIDE

As we boarded the minibus on a wet Thursday morning, we were determined that the bad weather was not going to spoil our geography field trip. The visit was for two and a half days and our destination was Arnside Youth hostel on Morecambe Bay. Our place of residence was an unusual base for a field trip, as the village itself actually had some life in it. The hostel facilities were basic but adequate, however the food was a mustn't, so after our evening classes the local chippy was a must. Few people were brave enough to eat fish, considering the proximity of Sellafield; most were content with just chips.

*Hostile villager makes off*



Contrary to popular belief, A-level geography field trips do actually involve work, and one of the things we had to do was study some of the limestone scenery in the Yorkshire Dales. For example, Janet's Foss is a waterfall with a splendid tufa screen. Gordale Scar is a narrow steep sided gorge, and probably the most impressive sight of all, Malham Cove, was a limestone cliff face. Here, the rain was lashing down, and Mr Cumberland's ability to park the minibus in places where it is easier to park a mini saved a lot of unnecessary walking in the wet.

The trip also saw visits to places such as Tebay, a completely lifeless place just to the south of the Lake District and the remains of the submerged village of Mardale (even more lifeless). On our last day we studied salt marshes, caves and cliffs on Morecambe Bay. Here it had

surprisingly stopped raining, and so our journey back to Birmingham was made all the more pleasant.

It was a tired group of geographers who got out of the minibus at KES on Sunday evening, but except for one pupil's "bad back", most others were, on the whole, none the worse for the "ordeal", except of course, for the follow-up work.

Thanks must go then, to Mr Cumberland, whose expert tuition kept us firmly on track, and indeed, to the other members of the Geography department for making the trip possible for other forms. We must not, of course, forget the staff of Arnside Youth Hostel, for both putting us up and putting up with us, and the residents of the village itself, for letting us "terrorise" their neighbourhood. On the whole, an enjoyable trip, which left most of us looking forward to our next trip to the North Yorkshire Moors.

Richard Hall

WALKING OPTION 1993

During a particularly muddy perambulation to find the school minibus before 4:10pm I proposed that our beloved Option should be renamed the "Keep Wednesday Special Campaign". For the Option, platonically educating mind and body in the pursuit of the fundamental truths that underpin the fabric of the universe, has remained the balmy island of the midweek afternoon. Whilst each of us has been selected for his physical prowess and proven potency in athletic sports, we do not consign our souls to Mammon like bleating sacrifices. No! Rather we forensically probe what is, what will be, and what we can get away with, knowing that Man does not live by tea and sticky-buns alone, but to escape the wailing and the crashing of gears (and the grotesquely bastardised quotation, of course). Who, then, is not moved as he beholds this army of Teutonic heroes, embarking upon another, seemingly hopeless quest? We few, we happy few, we band of brothers.

What then, have we to add to our list of gallant victories, for future bards to set down in their epic verse? Alas, though we have bested the elements, conquered and conquered, yet we feel ashamed. It is not, as many suspect, due to the amount of blatant "Prisoner" imagery, but to the far more divisive serpent of Unmutuality. In short, there are those who have resigned, each claiming that "My life is my own". We do not dwell upon their fate, blocking up our ears and keyholes as the sound of screaming and bubbling is heard in the distance, whilst our reply to those still expecting bathos is "you won't get it".

As the old sea-dogs make way for the new blood, we as one acknowledge the contribution made to Walking by our great-hearted general, and beseech the new order to "Keep Wednesday Special".

Matthew Peacock (et cetera)



KES SKI TRIP TO ST. ANTON CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR 1992

Boxing Day - laden with gifts and game bags from Santa, the party met at the Foundation Office. Mario and Sonic kept running all the way to Dover where we boarded the ferry. David Broomhead and Nasir Kahn took to the arcades at once while Mr Tomlinson sneaked around inside the Duty Free Shop looking for people to catch buying 'illegal' beverages. (In the end he proved unsuccessful so started accusing people anyway.) We arrived in Calais to the sound of Mario Land 3 as we drifted off to the Land of Nodd.

After stops in France and Germany (for which no-one had any money) we arrived in St. Anton in time for lunch. The fifts chose a little traditional restaurant for lunch and ordered a traditional dish - pizza! After enjoying the meal (and the waitress) we travelled twenty minutes up the road to the hotel in Flisch, a one-bar village with a beautiful spired church and plenty to do (not).

The third day, which was the first day of skiing, started with the issue of lift passes, with 'Techno' Stone issuing the ever important threads of elastic. Travelling up from the centre of St. Anton by mountain railway, we emerged from the valley to find ourselves lost somewhere in the fog. The posing started and all eyes turned towards Iain Sawers and Robert Broomhead who sailed straight into the advanced group along with Richard Hockley and James Sherwood, all with a certain 'je ne sais quoi'. Towards lunchtime the fog cleared to reveal a beautiful range of mountains, snow covered and capped by the world famous Valluga.

For the first day, activities were centred on the easier runs which were near the beginners' slopes, but on the second, the groups split up onto the more demanding pistes. The beginners

by the end of the second day had discovered and mastered the basics with their teacher, Katja, and for them things started to get moving.

Then along came Chris, the half-American marine, bouncer, Gulf War pilot and husband of a Greek goddess (well, so he claimed, anyway). He was the poser, the all-in-one guy, so of course he was popular with most (particularly the sycophantic fifth years).

The third day of skiing, the fifth day of the trip, started well, the snow remaining powdery and all groups setting off on time. However, things started to go a bit out of order when Joseph Penna decided to lose himself on a piste miles from anywhere, and in turn causing a large scale search. But alas! Before time he turned up with the beginners without a care in the world and not realising what all the fuss was about.

The packed lunches were generally O.K. yet for some reason we were given oranges which proved a bit tricky to eat once they had frozen.

That night we all went down to the skittle alley for a game which was won by John the driver.

By the fourth day of skiing, the sixth day of the trip, the beginners were attempting some of the more demanding pistes, such as those which the top group had mastered with ease earlier on in the week. At the same time, all groups were growing in confidence and ability, including a few promotions and the odd demotion. But the sixth day was New Year's Eve and it was almost everyone's intention to celebrate in style. There were firecrackers in the streets and a traditional British midnight celebration with a Leeds school, followed by dancing in the neighbouring disco. Overall it was a great night, with great spirit and it provided most with an excuse to let themselves go a bit.

New Year's day was competition day. This was to separate the men from the boys, the pros from the amateurs, and the competition in all

groups was immensely fierce. The slalom course, criticised by some as being "tooicy" and "tooslow", proved to be extremely easy for many with the exception of some beginners who forgot to avoid the nicely coloured flags. In the afternoon we met back at the coach (which was in a totally different place to the previous days) all blistered and tired and simply dying to hear the results of the competition. On our return to the hotel, we prepared ourselves for the prize giving and a fancy dress party for which nobody could be bothered to dress up. For this we were led into the party grotto, the hotel's party room. The prizes were awarded and as a token of everyone's immense gratitude, the masters were awarded with gifts of liquor.

The eighth and final day of skiing was similar to most previous days, leaving early, meeting for lunch and meeting back at the coach after half an hour of cross-country skiing. That evening, packed and ready to leave, we sent postcards to relatives, returned equipment and said our goodbyes.

We left Flisch, Austria's most happening town (!) after dark and sadly made our way back to the glitz and glamour of Brum. Stopping in Germany and France again (still having no German marks or French francs) the journey went quickly, with 'Faith No More', the 'Old Gits' and Mr W's "downhill only" Ski Club video keeping us well amused. We returned to KES on 3rd January 1993, tired, yet fulfilled and extremely thankful to two groups of people.

Firstly to Simon Cliff, Rob Langrick and Tim Robinson of the Divisions whose relentless practical jokes added spice and wicked humour. The highlight was surely the outstanding impersonations of a group of Yorkshire girls which lured the love-lorn fifth years to a midnight rendezvous.

Secondly but most importantly, thanks must go to Mr Worthington, Mr Tomlinson and Mr Stone for organising such a memorable holiday.

Richard Powell

NORTHUMBRIAN FIELD TRIP

For all the boys of Rem 5 who could not wait to begin their Field Trip to Northumbria the half hour delay at school was almost too much to bear. Eventually the coach's engine started and off we went.

were brought to life by full scale models of people and buildings and made even more authentic by the appropriate sounds and smells of the time.

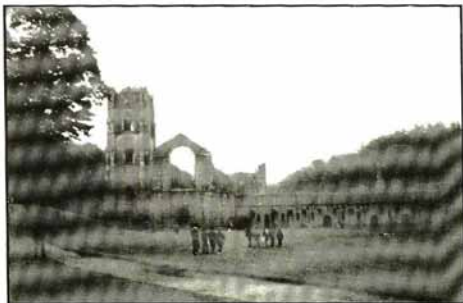
The remainder of our journey to the



Our first destination in the late morning was York with its Minster and the imaginative Jorvik Museum depicting life in Viking times. Here we were transported through the time barrier in small cars and taken back through the centuries to the bustling city of Jorvik. Aspects of Viking York

Youth Hostel at Alston, Northumbria was particularly enjoyable thanks to Richard's computer console and the latest episode of Neighbours which we were able to view on it.

The second day began at the Roman Army Museum where Richard and Luke dressed up as Roman soldiers.



This was followed by a hike along part of Hadrian's Wall named Walltown Crag, and later a visit to the ruins of Housesteads Roman Fort concluded our Roman experience.

Back at base, that evening, a more exciting event was in store for us - abseiling down a forty foot cliff face in gathering gloom.

Wednesday was spent on survival and initiative training. As a group we were taken into a lead mine and then asked to find another way out without breaking a leg or drowning. This was followed by a session in a canoe and macho activities such as jumping off rocky crags into pools below, climbing under waterfalls and then sliding down them.

Thursday was a more leisurely day for those not prone to seasickness. A two hour coach journey took us to Bamburgh where we climbed over the dunes and looked at the castle. We then took a boat from Seahouses to the Farne Islands of Grace Darling fame. It was on 7th September 1838 that Grace and her father rowed, in high seas, from the Longstone Lighthouse to rescue five mariners shipwrecked off the west coast of Big Harcar, one of the smaller Farne Islands.

After cruising around the islands we landed on Inner Farne where much of our time was spent bird watching.

Among the species we saw were puffins, kittiwakes, auks and terns. The limited range of plant life was also inspected. On our return journey a family of seals swimming in the sea captivated everyone's heart.

The final day arrived. Our return journey took us via Fountains Abbey for an American style whistle stop tour of this Cistercian monastery. I just had enough time to take a dozen or so photographs before collapsing into the comfortable seat back on the coach and reflecting on the events of the previous few days.

It had been an unforgettable experience thanks to the excellent organisation of Mr Stone, Mr Holliday and Mr Roll who planned the five fun-filled days.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA EXCHANGE

After winning a Travel Scholarship, I had the opportunity to go to Australia on an exchange. Here is a report of my visit:

After a lengthy yet enjoyable flight of 25 hours on Qantas, including a

similar resemblance to the school bus on the 'Simpsons'. I found the style of the bus very amusing and totally different to that of the special buses of KES 885 and 886.

The school I attended was called

football (especially Spurs). I was also given a guide tour of Adelaide and its wild night life.

The school was very strong in the music and drama department, forever entering competitions and winning them. While I was there the games played were basketball and Australian rules. However due to the influence of the Italians and myself, soccer was played very competitively at lunchtimes on the oval.

Apart from going to school and attending the lessons, I was also taken on excursions by the parents to different places in Australia.

We drove to Sydney from Adelaide which was a total of around 1,800 km in distance. This enabled me to witness the beautiful rugged outback of Australia where wild kangaroos, emus and wallabies roam freely. In sunny Sydney I visited the famous sites of the Opera House, the Sydney harbour bridge, Kings Cross, the very large Sydney tower and the beautiful coastal beaches.

We also stayed in the capital, Canberra, where I saw the Parliament house and even the Prime Minister Paul Keating in action. On the return journey home to Adelaide I was able to witness the longest bar in the southern hemisphere and possibly in the world. It is in Mildura and the bar is 298 ft in length containing 39 beer pumps. The bar was built to accommodate the working men's club of Mildura.

The highlight of my trip was when we spent 4 days on Kangaroo island. Kangaroo island is first a boat-ride from Adelaide and is one of the world's few truly unspoilt and picturesque places. It was there that I experienced living in the wild as well as swimming in the southern ocean.

I wish to thank the Earl family and the school Governors for making this experience possible for me. I enjoyed myself very much and hope to return to Australia in the very near future.

Peter Jones



Sydney Harbour Bridge

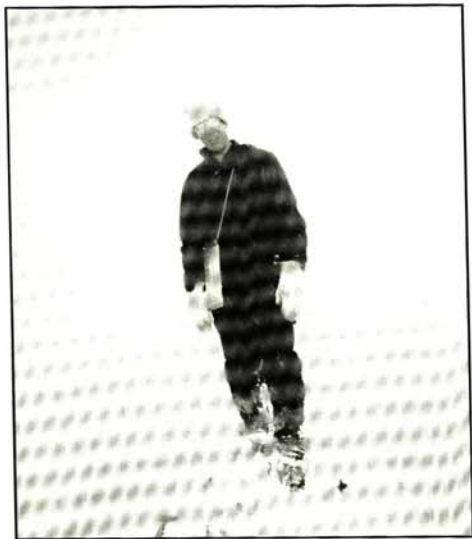
short stop at Singapore Airport (largest in the world) I finally arrived at 6am in the capital of the South Australian territory, Adelaide. I was met at the airport by Josua Earl (my exchange friend) his father Bronte and the Principal of his school Mr P Lang.

Even though I was suffering from jet-lag, I still had the energy to attend the school Joshua goes to, three hours after my arrival into the country. In order to get to school, I had to catch the single decker school bus which was yellow in colour and had a very

Morialta High School. The school was very small, having only around 250 pupils in total. The majority of these pupils were Italian and Greek and even some of the school signs like office and sports centre were written in Italian. I found this very peculiar.

The pupils in my year (Year 12) were all very friendly and helpful and I often went out with them in the evenings to various attractions and events. I was taken to an Aussie rules footy match which I found very interesting but not as good as English

WINTER MOUNTAINEERING TRIP TO GLENCOE



A great man

As a great man once said, mountaineering is good for the soul because it humbles us. Well, so does five days of merciless derision, but fortunately, (unlike the lands where the Jumbies live), our targets were near and many. I am telling you this, because in all honesty, after nearly a year, the hokes come quicker to mind than the mountains. I won't embarrass

the individuals concerned, except Andy 'Serious Kit' West, whose nonchalant attempt to put the rest of us in our place by disposing of a barbed wire fence in a single effortless bound, resulted in one written-off pair of Rokas trousers and some quite frighteningly violent fits of laughter. Happily, Andy was able to see the funny side of it - ten months later.

For an Autumn half term, this trip was blessed (beatification is subjective with a large amount of snow. Although we made very little use of our doggedly carried crampons, we had a few good snowball fights, and a liberal covering made things a lot easier when one was occasionally flattened by Geraint 'Well I didn't mean to gouge his eye out with my ice-axe' Lee. (Apologies to more discerning readers, but this really wouldn't be a bona fide Chronicle report without inserting ludicrously long statements in quotation marks into participants' names.) The weather was mixed, but never dull, and some of the views were worth the 8-hour minibus journey alone.

To flog a dead cliché, a good time was had by all; the only dampener on proceedings was Dr Bridges' dubious taste in music and his tyrannical control of the minibus' cassette player. Nevertheless, after the best part of a week, even Ben Dunnett could no longer take the devilishly spicy and exotic food being cooked up by Alex Makepeace, and the prospect of dry socks was too compelling to resist. Our spirits soothed and our ouchesayed, we returned.

Thanks to Nick Holliday and Richard Bridges for once again organising an intensely enjoyable mountaineering trip.

Special congratulations go to Dr Bridges who climbed his 100th Munro on this trip. A feat made all the more spectacular by the fact that this man was extra burdened with a small parasitic stuffed toy that had fiendishly burrowed into his rucksack.

Stephen Ling and Geraint Lee

14 PEAKS

As much as I'd like to fill this report with clever witticisms and amusing quips, frankly, climbing eleven 3000ft mountains and covering more than 20 miles in one day is just not funny.

Did I say eleven? Sadly, yes. This was another failure in the continuing saga of the 14 Peaks. It was a select bunch that made the attempt, although the selection process depended on who wasn't already on holiday as much as fitness. The four of us, Nick Holliday, Lawson Roll, Mark Nightingale and myself, got a very early start, after a night under canvass, but not early enough. Eventually we ran out of time, arriving at Pany Pass at 19.00 with mountains still unconquered.

Pride dictates there must be a scapegoat, and the weather fits the rôle adequately: visibility on the summits was always poor and persistent wind and drizzle made progress slow and cautious. The spring soon left our steps (not to mention our knees), and we resigned ourselves to a long, hard trudge, with only a packet of plain chocolate Hob Nobs to breathe fresh life into our morale. Ultimately, not even the extra thick chocolate or crunchy home-baked tart could do the trick, however, and we returned dejected.

Additional thanks must go to Mr Nightingale who was our ground support; the prospect of a round walk would have been about as welcome as having to negotiate the north face at Tryfan on a pogo stick.

Will there be another attempt? Maybe. A better question is simply, why?

Stephen Ling



MOUNTAINEERING TRIP TORRIDON

On the first day of the Easter holidays a select band of mountaineers set off from KES at 8 am lead by Richard Bridges and Nick Holliday. (Apologies for the corny beginning). The party consisted of Stephen Ling, Ross Dinnis, Tom Armitage, myself and a yellow cuddly toy carried at all times, in case of emergency, by Dr Bridges. The epic proportions of the mountains we were to climb were matched only by the duration of the journey to Torridon. We stayed on a small campsite just outside Kinlochewe.

Our first day's walk was along the exposed ridge of Liathach, the descent from which encapsulated the exhilaration of free fall with the insanity required of a kamikaze pilot. The route referred to involved a steep descent on unforgiving scree.

The second day's walk took in the fortress like summit of Slioch. It was

Stephen's great idea to take a scenic detour on the return to the minibus. We ended up in a 2 mile bog-trot followed by a 4 mile slog along a very straight road. (Great route Steve!)

On the final day the walk commenced in weather that can only be described as abominable. We were informed we were trudging up Beinn Alìgen, but as we reached the summit, the weather began to clear. There was the added entertainment of watching Mr Holliday pummel Stephen into the snow after Mr Holliday, in Steven's words "needlessly escalated a localised conflict" during a snow ball fight. The descent was completed in bright sunlight ensuring the ascent was put into perspective.

We returned to KES, driving throughout the night. Thanks to Dr Bridges and Mr Holliday for their time and enthusiasm.

Andrew West



ROCK CLIMBING SNOWDONIA

With the promise of climbing 'some harder stuff' Steve Ling and myself left for Snowdonia with Nick Holliday on the second Saturday of the half-term. After a brief stop at Joe Brown's climbing shop we arrived at the Lanberis Pass.

As we walked up the steep scree covered hillside we caught our first glimpse of climbers who seemed to be attempting to climb a 40 metre high rock face which was furnished with the same number of hand holds one would find on a pane of glass. We were informed by Mr Holliday that some of the climbs were not so tricky, but with names like 'Lord of the Flies' and 'Crucifixion' I was not so sure.

Our first climb was 'Flying Buttress' on Dinas Cromlech, grade VD. A fairly straight forward affair with the added bonus of being able to watch two climbers make a complete meal of the second pitch.

We climbed 'Crackstone Rib' on Carreg Wasted (S) in the afternoon only pausing half way up for Mr Holliday who felt sick (something was mentioned about dodgy spaghetti Bolognaise). On the Saturday evening we climbed on a top rope at the Bus Stop quarry. Surrounded by big Welsh climbers who seemed intent on falling off and swearing loudly at regular intervals, we climbed Equinox (VS) and Solstice (HVS).

On Sunday, after surviving a full scale midge attack the previous night, we walked up to Cy Las on the eastern slopes of the Snowdon horseshoe. It was early, the sun was shining, the dew soaked the grass and all was still, except for the six or so pairs of climbers attempting the same climb as us, 'Main Wall' (HS). The belay sites were transformed into a cross between a huge spider's web and the floor of a spaghetti factory.

An enjoyable, exposed climb was rounded off with a short walk to the top of Snowdon. Thanks to Mr Holliday for a great weekend rock climbing.

Andrew W...

BIOLOGY FIELD TRIP TO ABERGAVENNY

It was nearing the end of the Summer Term. For some this meant looking forward to long, mouth-watering weeks of idleness and the cessation of all cerebral activity. For others it meant a tour of remote and wonderful vistas of splendour on the other side of the world. For the Geologists it meant a week extolling the delights of lichen-counting in some remote corner of South Wales. It looked as if we had drawn the short straw.

Our arrival in Hereford was greeted by two burly army-type Welshmen who drove us to the centre in imitable silence. This was well equipped and furnished. The rooms afforded enough room to swing the proverbial cat and a bit more. Within five minutes of arriving, the games room has been

discovered, complete with pool table. Things were looking up.

One major flaw was the food - or lack of it. A meal of tomato plums served neat did not promote much enthusiasm. Nor did the prospect of a tiny bowl of muesli served at eight am. Hunger drove a motley band of renegades out of the camp and into town to raid the local Kwiksave, fish bar and curry house. Our inevitable post-curfew returns were met with stern disciplining and were a great opportunity for Mr Lampard to practise his remorseless interrogation techniques.

This was the first time that our school had come to this centre, and perhaps for this reason we had more than our fair share of mishaps. Unforgettable moments included a

peevish OAP threatening to take legal action after being 'assaulted' by an apple core; Rumant 'Mad Rave' Grewal's midnight parties; a sad grope of Londoners with unfortunate bladder problems; Tarique Hussain's affinity for midges; and Jeremy Davis "Now cast your minds back!" when our minds were too numb to do anything.

Thanks must go to Messrs Rigby and Lampard for their organisation and Mr Smith for rewarding his magnificent send-off by masquerading at Stan Laurel.

(I don't mean to give the impression that the week was all fun and games, we also did some fieldwork.)

Hesham Abdalla

Houses

THE COCK-HOUSE

In the last edition of The Chronicle we documented how Vardy had won the Cock House just beating Gifford into second place by $1\frac{1}{2}$ points.

But this was not so. The school recorder had made a mistake, and so it came to pass that the Vardy House captain handed over the trophy to Nick Hockley the Gifford premier in Big School. It was Gifford, not Vardy who had won the Cock-House.

This year Gifford recaptured their crown by over twenty parts and again Vardy were runners up. Now the Houses sum up the highs and lows of their year.

Matt Dolton



House Swimming Gala Summer 1993

	Gifford	Vardy	Heath	Cary Gilson	Evans	Jeune	Levett	Prince Lee
	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
Bridge	8	6	4	1	7	5	3	2
Table Tennis	7	8	5	6	3	4	2	1
Chess	6	10	16	8	14	0	0	12
Hockey	14	4	16	8	10	12	2	6
Gym	2	3	5	4	6	7	8	1
Badminton	16	13	8	5	2	5	10	13
Squash	14	16	6	8	2	4	12	10
Basketball	21	3	15	6	18	10.5	24	10.5
Fives	8	14	2	6	10	12	4	16
Music	12	7.5	15	18	7.4	3	21	24
Rugby	48	36	18	24	30	42	12	6
Cross Country	18	21	24	15	6	12	3	9
Athletics	12	48	30	42	18	24	36	6
Tennis	11	16	5	5	14	8	2	11
Cricket	48	6	39	30	39	18	18	18
Swimming	20	32	24	28	4	8	12	16
Total	265	243.5	232	214	190.5	174.5	169	161.5

GIFFORD HOUSE

This was truly a great year in the history of Gifford House. After a barren nine years in the wilderness, we were rightfully restored to our place at the top of the Cock-House table. Moreover, we were awarded the cup twice. Half way through the Spring Term, a mathematical error was revealed in last year's records. The implication was that Gifford actually finished 1 1/2 points in front of their arch-rivals Vardy. In the spirit of the Cock-House, Vardy graciously accepted defeat, and the trophy was passed over in Big School for all to see.

The backbone of our '92-'93 challenge came in the major sports. Rugby is very strong at all levels in the House. In the juniors and minors, gutsy team performances (and the odd star player) led us to two first places. The senior team made light work of reaching their final. Here they relished the chore of confronting 'THE ENEMY' - Vardy. Unfortunately it was one of those frustrating days where the final pass does not stick, the bounce was not with us, and the decision against us. We went down fighting to lose 23-10 and finish in 2nd place. Adam Grimley must be congratulated on his versatility as a player, appearing on both wings, and in the second row.

Thankfully this match did not matter in terms of points, as we had done enough in the lower years to retain the Rugby cup.

The House has a particularly strong contingent of basketball players (including U19 star and captain Andy Blake, and England U15/U16 player Jason Edwards). This deadly duo practically assured us of first place in this competition, however there were steady performances from the likes of Joe Cheshire and James Mason, (and everybody had a laugh at Geraint Lee's ball handling skills).

Interspersed amongst these big pickings were a number of triumphs in the more minor sports. Ayan Banerjee skilfully led his bridge team to 1st place. Badminton and squash

were again strong, with a couple of 1st places at junior and minor level. Cross-country was surprisingly good. Julian Morgan's forceful leadership at least ensured that we had the right number of people. Everybody slogged their guts out for overall 3rd place, and as AGJ said "were better men for it!"

In this year of glittering performances there were however, a number of less distinguished efforts, not least in music. The first round was at best promising, with John Fulljames and his crew edging into 5th position. But a rather dreary rendition of E Captain's 'White Room' meant that we ended up in bottom spot. To this day, the 'band' (led by Loz Dean and Andrew Hockley) still claim that back stage technical problems led to their downfall. Gym too was less than inspiring. However, our placing did not do justice to those who turned out and tried their best; rather it shames the odd one or two who failed to turn up.

Going into the summer term with a 33 point lead, outside cynics predicted that we would become nonchalant in first place. However, the Gifford hunger for victory could never be stronger. Cricket protege Mark Wagh led us to the final with some commanding batting performances, and was ably supported by James Mason and Mark Lewis. Much to our disbelief in Gifford, Mark Wagh chose to play in a Warwickshire Schools match which clashed with our final. In the match itself, the inevitable batting collapse followed as we settled for 2nd place. Junior and minor cricket was also successful, with the Juniors being placed 1st.

And so to the final table. All of the results and performances mentioned above, as well as numerous others meant that we reaffirmed our place as champions. For this many congratulations to every member of the House, who all did their little bit, whilst maintaining that light-hearted, friendly approach. Something we call in the House 'Gifford Spirit'.

Finally, many thanks and congratulations to Mr Jones who leaves

after four very successful years at the helm. Also thanks to the House tutors for their tireless efforts on behalf of the house, and for those mornings of entertainment in the corridor.

Lads - a great and good luck for the future.

Nick Hockley

VARDY - runners up

The Vardy man has come of age. We again came second this year despite the trauma of having to yield last year's top spot to Gifford at Christmas. In winning five out of the sixteen events there were inevitably many highs which ensured that the laws in cricket and basketball were easily brushed under the carpet.

Perhaps for the seniors, victory over our closest rivals throughout the year, Gifford, in both the fifteen and seven-a-side finals was the sweetest. We were led all the way by Dom Lee with stunning performances coming in from Rigby, Fellows and many more.

Again we stormed athletics amassing thousands of standards points as well as winning sports day. We have many stars in all years - Lees both, Rigby, Hobbs, Sawers and many more who all gained hundreds of standards points each.

The thing about Vardy is that it isn't just about the stars, of which there are many. No, the Vardy spirit ensures that everyone chips in; ours is a collective effort.

Matt Dolton

HEATH HOUSE

This, as it transpired, was to be Mr Gunning's final year in the chair, having led the House to fame and fortune for six years; the lack of his sharp wit in House meetings will be sorely missed as will his inspirational leadership qualities. Mr Milton, the highly acclaimed, utterly enthusiastic history teacher with the fuzz, takes over the helm of a successful house (in the last six years we dropped below third place in the Cock House).

The minors performed well in House competitions, winning cricket and squash, and doing admirably in badminton, and table-tennis, with the star performer being Jonathan Davies in Athletics. The Juniors too had their fair share of supermen; comprising Richard Field and Tom Armitage in cross-country, Charlie Chambers in cricket, and John Aning in the discus. Moving on to the most important section of the House, the seniors dominating House cross-country (coming first in both seniors and overall) with Mark Nightingale triumphant yet again. In hockey, the seniors won, A Hawson participating well. Success was also achieved in chess and table-tennis, with commendable performances from Mark Robins and Richard Adams in their respective teams.

Mr Gunning's lectures about the importance of standards finally paid off after six years with Heath coming first in swimming standards.

Finally, congratulations go to Adam McArthur from being honoured with the post of House Captain, and to the senior rugby team's spectacular failure in coming 8th.

Paul Wilson and Richard Adams

CARY GILSON

Good news this year! We're on the up - from 6th last year to 4th this year in the Cock-House Competition. Doing well at athletics and swimming standards has been the main reason for this success - we always do well in these two competitions, but usually are let down by our standards.

This year we have a super set of Shells and their enthusiasm is boundless - the Cary Gilson Cup goes to Andrew Owen who is an all rounder and a great enthusiast. Last year's winner, Christian Podmore, has continued to live up to his promise in the Removes. Thanks are due to all the team captains; this year we have had few problems with turning out teams and this shows how well so many can handle leadership skills! This House depends on its members to keep it

running, but a vote of thanks must also go to the tutors who support and cajole as necessary. Mr P Smith leaves after four years to take up a new post and the House hopes all goes well - congratulations on being awarded House colours! Our Captain, Justin Smith, has led by fine example. There are few competitions he has not had a try at, and his strengths lie in swimming and tennis - any 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th or Division with his record and sporting approach must be a candidate for future Captain. Cary Gilson is still a fun house and let's hope next year you get on.

APR

EVANS

Indeed, since 1988 Evan's house performances in the Cock-House competition have been less than impressive, and unfortunately 1993's followed in the same vein.

Even with the return of Mr Simon "Have you heard my Anne Diamond jokes?" Tinley, once an accomplished Evans sportsman, the autumn term's events still started badly. Our tactics of having a Chinese table-tennis captain didn't quite succeed, as we were overpowered into 7th place in the seniors. The juniors, however, captured 4th place, but the minors failed to impress as they came in 7th. In contrast, both the bridge and chess teams cruised into 2nd place, with Luke Halliwell notably drawing with the school's two best chessmen. With spirits still high, Stephen "Male Model" Felderhof announced the senior fives results in two simple words: "We won!", causing Lecture Room 1 (or the "Black hole of Calcutta" as we know it) to erupt in cheering. The minors, likewise, did well, but a poor junior effort brought an overall position of 3rd. Unbelievably, Evans held 2nd place in the Cock-House at Christmas, giving some reason to celebrate, other than some man's birthday on the 25th of December.

The Spring term didn't quite carry on from the autumn term, as overall squash and badminton results

amounted to either 7th or 8th in all age groups. Luckily, minors' basketball clinched 1st place, though mediocre junior and senior results did little to help the overall position. Once again it was up to Stephen Felderhof to lift spirits, as news of a miraculous 3rd place in house gym surprised all: after all 8th is usually reserved for Evans in this event. It was no doubt due to Ishtiaq "I'm a hockey hard-man" Rahman's years of devotion to the sport.) Moving on to House music, a 5th place in the classical round put all the pressure on Dominic Kelly and his guest backing vocals (consisting of volunteers from the crowd) to do well. Unfortunately, due to a slight technical hitch on the lines of a lack of practice, we ended up 6th. Rugby meanwhile, saw the seniors seeded in the lower half, yet losing to first seeds Vardy by the smallest margin of all their opponents. With fire in our eyes and the skill of Saman Khan, Andrew Parsons and of course, Rajeev "Speed Demon" Paranandi, the Evans machine duly trounced Heath and Cary Gilson to finish 5th. The juniors fared moderately to finish 5th also, but the minors stormed through only to be beaten in the final.

The sevens contest saw a predominantly divisions filled side massacred at the hands of Vardy and Levett; and so pride was salvaged by the slaughter of Prince Lee. The hockey also saw a lack of success with the team coming 4th. As always, cross-country showed no success, as all years finished sixth. In just one term, we had dropped from 2nd to 5th place with a term, in recent years known to favour Evans, around the corner.

One Evans strength in the summer, however, was senior cricket. With only ten men in most matches, we had both success and failure, as Nick Linehan scored centuries in every round, yet his absence during fielding greatly altered the bowling figures and caused us to fall to 4th place.

As per usual, swimming was a very low 8th place with only Richard Rowberry reaching any finals for seniors. The tennis results were mixed,

and Athletics also saw a rather lowly overall position of 6th, though without Blake Dimsdale it was hardly unexpected.

And so the school year ended with Evans positioned 5th in the Cock House competition. However before leaving to start the summer holiday, we had to say a farewell to Mr Hancock as he departed from his position of a house tutor. Many thanks for his years of help.

Kenny Yap

JEUNE

This was a year of mixed fortunes for Jeune House which marked the end of a King Edward's Era with the departure of Ken Jones, former pupil and Housemaster of Jeune, to pastures new but saw also the entrance of Lawrence Evans, destined, we hope, to restore Jeune House to its rightful (?) status as Cock House Champions.

The annual curtain-raiser of the Cock House saw Jeune placed 3rd in Bridge - perhaps a good omen? It was at least until Christmas, after good performances in Hockey, Gym and Table Tennis saw us placed 4th overall.

The Spring Term started with House Senior Rugby in which Alex Lowe marshalled his warriors to 2nd place overall, with the like of Shubby, Webby and Lexy performing miracles on the South field. The Juniors won their Rugby convincingly whilst missing Tipper and Francis who were away on Daily Mail Cup duty, and the minors did well too. Second in Rugby for Jeune House has not been heard of since the days when Matt Hill and Ed Cox trod the turf.

From here it was all downhill to the finish-line at Sports Day, supposedly. But in good English tradition we made it look like climbing Mt. Everest. 7th in Basketball and swimming and a string of other miserable performances saw Jeune sink to a lowly 6th position after promises of a revival.

A few notable performances notably in Senior Cricket, which we won, and Junior Athletics which Leon Francis

won - virtually single-handedly with five individual titles, attempted to raise the Jeune phoenix from the flames but unfortunately this was not enough. So, sixth it was overall.

Things look better for next year, though, with the stronger years of the Shells and Um's soon to be the senior members of their Minor and Junior competitions. And so, under the continuing watchful gaze of Mr Evans and the marvellous new House Captain Tim Robinson, perhaps Jeune House can be great again!

Tim Robinson

LEVETT

Having been placed fourth in the Cock-House at the end of the summer term 1992, Levett were expecting great things of the coming year. With renewed vigour we plunged head first into the 92-93 year.

It was becoming an established tradition for Levett to win the House chess competition, and we were seeded first accordingly. We lost the first match, versus Jeune, but pointed out that Jeune had fixed the board order, and they were promptly disqualified. Ironically, in the second match it was pointed out that we had fixed the board order and were thereby disqualified ourselves. However there were commendable performances from both G Finglass and Y Logan.

The hope of a flying start for Levett in the Cock-House being somewhat dampened by scoring no points, we began the basketball competition. The Senior team was seeded 3rd, but Vinod Namisan led the team to the top of our league, with a heavy victory of 50-19, Vinod scoring 20 points. We then came up against Gifford (first seeds) in the final. Gifford, who had 3 members of the school U19 1st five, narrowly beat us 38-29, and we were placed second. The Juniors were placed fourth and the minors third after an "extravagant" win over Prince Lee. Overall we were placed first.

Next came the familiar autumn term trio of fives, badminton and squash.

In fives, the Seniors missed their seeded position of 4 by two places, in the wrong direction, despite the valiant captaining of Nigel Williams. Owing to the performances of other years, we were given a final position of seventh. In Senior badminton, we were seeded 4th, and came 2nd. Cary Gilson (Messrs R Stockton and N Jones) admitted that Edward Pugh and Vinod Namisan were better at badminton, after defeat, but claimed a moral victory, on the grounds that they had better looking legs! Having censored the explicit aspects of Jas Bains' squash report, there is little left to say, save that we were seeded 6th and came 5th. Overall we came 4th and 3rd in badminton and squash respectively.

Once again the House gymnastics competition came up. Even without the inspiration of Bob "double-somersault" Jarvis, Levett House tightened their belts, and rose to the challenge. It is now becoming apparent that gymnastics is Levett's forte. With our unrivalled commitment and vibrant enthusiasm, none could stop us. With a good floor routine from Farmer, and superb vaulting from Brooker and Shaikh, we were set for victory. Our final score was 368 points, and we were placed first, 36 points clear of runners-up Jeune. Adam Hasan was second, on individual scores, with 84, 6 points behind the winner.

In cross-country, we did not live up to anyone's expectations, after year's fifth position. Overall, we were placed eighth. Unfortunately, in hockey too, we were given a placement of eighth.

In bridge we were seeded 5th and placed 6th, after Levett House bridge history was made, in that 5 players actually turned up.

The Levett House Music Tradition of 'The Timewarp', 'All Right Now' and 'We will Rock you' is commonly associated with coming in seventh or eighth place. This year however, we were back with a vengeance!

After part 1 we were in joint second place, credited to Russell Hargreave and Oliver Nicolson on oboe and piano.

respectively. For this year's house about virtually the whole house performed "Bohemian Rhapsody" by Queen. This was without doubt the peak of Levett's achievements in the spring term. A great deal of commitment was given from Edward Pugh and Tom Derry, who spent countless hours organising music, instrument and people. The House's collective practices paid off and we were placed deservedly second.

In Senior rugby, although we were seeded third, the Levett team could only manage a respectable 4th place, winning just 1 out of 3 matches. The favourable seeding set up a first round match with Heath who were duly seen off 72-34. However in the second round we met a strong Vardy team who went on to win the competition. In the 3rd/4th Playoff, continual pressure failed to breakdown an inspired Jeune team, who defeated us 12-10. In the rugby sevens tournament we played far better Rugby, coming third overall. The Levett Junior team came seventh, and the minors were fifth giving us an overall position of seventh place, and twelve points, which is incidentally four more points than we collected for winning the gymnastics competition. It was this weighting of competition that let Levett down. We seemed to do well in competition with little weighting for the Cock-House, and perform badly in these competitions where many points were at stake. Nevertheless it was still hard to believe that we were lying in eighth place at the end of the Spring term, trailing Gary Gilson by eight points. After our first place in gymnastics and basketball, second in music, and other successes in squash and badminton we asked for a recount. This move, though justifiable, was unfortunately in vain, and surely enough, we were in the least enviable position of the Cock-House, with 102 points. However we knew that the Summer term held many golden opportunities for us.

In the first round of Senior House cricket Anurag Singh scored 120 runs but we still somehow managed to lose. Our star cricketer was away for the

other rounds and we ended with a less than mediocre final position. We were 6th in Junior cricket despite the team fighting it out to the bitter end. Of Senior swimming, Spencer Ashley announced in the final House meeting that the team had not performed as well as expected due to "the water being of the wrong kind". When greeted by rather confused looks from other members of the house he explained that the water in the school swimming pool had a very low alcohol content, to which he was somewhat unaccustomed. We were placed seventh. The Rems' swimming team fared rather better, with some notable successes, including Chapman winning the plunge "spectacularly".

We had a good athletic team in every year, with very strong Senior and Rems. We competed very well picking up many first place certificates, including 2 for Ross Yallup in the discus and hammer and 3 for Adam Hasan in 110 metre hurdles, 400 metre hurdles and high jump. We were second in standards to Vardy by a margin of a mere 4,600 points. The junior relay team were somewhat ironically disqualified by our own Housemaster, Mr Phillips, for dropping the baton. Our final placing in the Cock-House was seventh.

At the end of term there was the traditional awarding of the Levett Cup. (It has often been pointed out that this is the only cup that Levett manage to win every year). This was awarded to Imran Shaikh, for services to the House beyond the call of duty.

I now take the opportunity to thank on behalf of Levett House the masters who make all things possible. Mr Phillips for his leadership, (and rhetoric - especially at the time when standards cards are issued); Mr Roll for his undying commitment to the Levett cause and Mr Hatton for his invigorating enthusiasm. Last and surely not least Mr Mason, for his entertainment value, when he reliably never fails to laugh at one of his own jokes! Next term (Autumn 1993) the House welcomes Mr Cropper.

Adam Hasan

PRINCE LEE

The year started with Mr Workman welcoming new members of the House, hoping that they would all soon "find their feet and their way around". This seemed a vastly optimistic statement to much of the House, since in the past, even the senior members of the house found it hard to find their way around; especially if it involved turning up to House squash on a Thursday lunchtime.

With a string of poor Cock-House results behind us, and the final humiliation of eighth place the year before, Mr Workman pleaded for a mighty effort throughout the year. This positive statement was immediately followed by "the reason for House competitions was not victory, but to extend your experience in school beyond the academic". Maybe true, but if we had achieved first place the year before, would this comment ever have been made?

In reality, Prince Lee succeeded in extending their experience in school, yet victory eluded the House on many occasions. Success, however, wasn't as totally absent as the Senior House tennis team.

Several members of the house succeeded in dragging themselves away from the sixth form common room's drinks machine, to announce success for Prince Lee. Three performances stood out, with James Wood leading the minor cross country team to first place, Tom Manners yet again excelling in several athletic disciplines and Ben Darbyshire furthering his reputation as one of the school's best swimmers with an outstanding contribution.

With true tradition, the best is saved for last. House music has always had a special place in Prince Lee hearts, generating a commitment and spirit which sadly is never transmitted to other House events. With several questions being raised about the moral religious validity of the previous year's act and even the word "blasphemous" being muttered by a few, the song "T'm

REVIEWS

ANIMAL FARM

Every year the Junior Play seems to create a problem for itself. Due to the high standards of performance to which we have become accustomed, we sit down annually in the cosy environs of the Drama Studio and expect the best. We then leave the play at the end with all our expectations fulfilled and this year was no exception. To use that well-oiled advertising slogan; if only everything was as reliable as a Junior Play.



The success stemmed from the top and leaped out into all of the budding young actors who combined to create some chilling theatre. It was perhaps appropriate that Miss Bond (with her literary background) and Mr Milton (with his historical brain) should direct this play. This created the ideal fusion of understanding the many macabre implications drawn out by Orwell and the ability to portray them effectively.



Narrated by Luke McLeod-Roberts and Katie Davies, 'Animal Farm' took us into a cruel world where the tyranny of Mr Jones (Anuay Sharma) was replaced by the dictatorship of Napoleon (Ben McIl Dowie). Ben played out the part of a merciless, ruthless tyrant dead-set on maintaining his power with accomplished ease. And Adam Johnson who in the part of Squealer had to justify the actions of Napoleon to the other animals displayed an endearing charm coupled with a malicious tone whenever his word was questioned. Together they proved an unmovable face against the far more idealistic and powerless animals.

Lucie Johnson was superb as Snowball and was backed up admirably by the monotone, hard working Boxer (Nathaniel Coleman) and the cynical Benjamin (John Grainger).

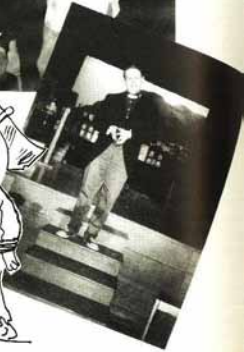
Light relief was offered by Stacy Bold as the tarty, vain Mollie and a devious Moses (Jennie Fellows).

An excellent production ably helped by the 4th year stage hands and Kate Hickson and Marion Patterson who made the excellent masks for the farmers.

Can they better it next year? We shall see.

Matt Dolton





UNDER MILK WOOD

When this year's Senior Play was announced, old King Edward's drama hands shook their heads, and predicted that this production would forever be in the shadow of the legendary 1988 Junior Production in which Fred Durman blazed his way to stardom. In the end, our doubts were allayed. This was, as one would expect from Mrs Herbert, a polished and professional performance. Unfortunately, it never really caught light.

The cast, culled almost entirely from the Divisions year, did not really produce an individual star, although several actors stood out as particularly accomplished. Ben Banyard as the Rev'd. Eli Jenkins was suitably wistful, and drew many of the laughs for the evening and Simon Cliff as the henpecked hypochondriac Mr Pritchard worked particularly well in some of the best comic scenes in the play. Elsewhere, Lydia Lee turned in a sleeky performance as Mrs Dai Bread Two, and Liz Dicker impressed as Mrs Pugh.

Yet however good the performances mentioned above were, the structure of 'Under Milk Wood' allows us only fleeting, rather superficial glimpses of them. The play's radio origins mean that much of the humour is verbal, and the dramatic burden is born by the narrators. It was here that the production fell somewhat flat. The narrators' parts were delivered clearly and competently enough, but all too often flat delivery and incorrect timing failed to realise the comic potential of crucial lines. A little more variety and the irascibility of a Fred Durman or Richard Burton would have made a very good production into a really memorable one.

Adam Grimley

UNDER MILK WOOD THE INSIDE STORY

After lengthy deliberation, Dylan Thomas' alcohol-induced masterpiece, 'Under Milk Wood' was chosen as the 1993 Senior Production. Wise critics describe Thomas' style as "prose with blood pressure" although more choice words were often uttered by bemused actors and actresses. Lack of any character development, tangible plot or plain logic confused many would-be thespians, who were already worried by a distinct lack of rehearsal time. Cries of "told you we should've done 'Pirates of Penzance'" echoed around Big School, troubled by a worrying number of vacant seats on the first two nights.

Yet all credit must go to the director, Mrs Herbert, who remained cool throughout. She, with the benefit of foresight, insight and hindsight, showed unfaltering faith in both the play and players alike. She stuck to her guns, held her head high, fought them on the beaches and kept a motley cast in line. The original sceptics who had Llareggub interest (think about it) in portraying Welsh people were thankfully proved wrong. They were eventually, unsurprisingly, proud of a professional, entertaining production that just got better and better (even though I do say so myself).

It is customary to mention the alternative drama that the audience did not see. However, once you have seen about twenty young men sheepishly standing around in fetching pairs of blue long-johns, everything else seems to pale into insignificance; even the 300 decibel laugh of narrator Helen Williams. Besides, any mention of Geraint Lee's jelly-filled boots, an inflatable doll, a Chippendales calendar or a blown-up contraceptive could risk portraying Stage Crew as malicious, scheming pranksters, which is obviously untrue.

Will Batchelor

SENIOR DRAMATICS SOCIETY

THE CRUCIBLE

Arthur Miller's play is a skilful blend of fact and fiction, concerning the supposed outbreak of witchcraft and its subsequent investigation in the town of Salem, Massachusetts in 1692. The play portrays the resulting superstition and fear, feeding on petty rivalries and mistrust. The action took place in the girls' drama studio on Thursday 1st July under the accomplished direction of Emma Westwood.

The temporal constraints of Thursday lunchtime meant the spectacle began with a lengthy introductory speech, which conveniently explained away most of the story so that the actors could concentrate on the courtroom scenes, which comprise the real meat of the play.

flowing black robe, he looked every inch the menacing prosecutor. He was supported by very strong performances from Loz Dean as the bewildered visiting minister, the Reverend Hale, Subhankar Banerjee as Samuel Parris, André Sheppard as Judge Hawthorne, Danforth's dutiful assistant, the ever fruity Helen Williams as Mary Warren, and by a rather affected and deep-throated Stephen Lingas as John Proctor. His wife, Elizabeth, was played by Liz Dicker who showed real emotion and feeling in the play; Liz's commitment to her rôle was outstanding.

The show was, admittedly, a little rough around the edges: several actors read their lines from poorly disguised copies of the text and one scene had to be started again. Yet when one



Ben Banyard held the proceedings together with his excellent portrayal of Deputy-Governor Danforth, the duty-bound legal official who presides over the witchcraft court. Ben was perfectly cast in this rôle; with his sturdy frame, serious demeanor and

considers the short time that both director and actors had for preparation, the result was a credit to all involved.

Robbie Johnston

SHELLS' CLASSICAL PLAY COMPETITION

On Thursday the 3rd of December, the drama studio was filled to bursting point with hordes of people who had come to see the highpoint of the Junior Classical Society's year, the annual Shells' play competition.

Under the scrutiny of the panel of judges, which included representatives of the Junior and Senior Classical societies and several apparently innocent bystanders who had been roped in at the last minute, the five Shell forms competed to see who would take away the widely publicised and much coveted "Food prizes". The standard of the plays was the highest seen so far in the history of the event, and a lot of time and effort had obviously been into the productions by staff and pupils alike producing some very enjoyable results (and it certainly wasn't a case of "unus visio, omnia visa sunt" - all the plays were very original ideas, and were well executed too). The Shells are to be much lauded for their efforts, especially since they had been together as forms for only a few weeks, and yet had clearly grown accustomed to working as groups.

Luke Houghton made an admirable job of acting as compere for the occasion, and kept the whole event running very smoothly indeed (as spared us his Frankie Howard impression - well, almost!), and the team of judges, after some deliberation, were able to announce the results:

- 1st place: Shell B, with "Theseus and the Minotaur"
- 2nd place: Shell S, with "Odysseus and the Cyclops"
- 3rd place: Shell H, with "Odysseus and the Sirens"
- 4th place: Shell D, with "Who framed Lucius Caecilius?"
- 5th place: Shell E, with "The Trojan Horse."

SHELLS' CLASSICAL PLAY COMPETITION

Question: What do you get if you fill the K.E.S. drama studio with as many frustrated, hyperactive and exhibitionist shells as possible?

Answer: The Shells' Classical Play Competition.

Playing to a packed house on a dreary Thursday lunchtime in December, the competition produced an extremely entertaining combination of tension, romance, action and of course, drag. I believe classics was also involved somewhere.

The five offerings were 'Theseus and the Minotaur', 'Who Framed Lucius Caecilius?', 'The Wooden Horse of Troy', 'Odysseus and the Sirens' and 'Odysseus and the Cyclops' by Shells B, D, E, H and S respectively. The whole show was superbly compered by Luke Houghton, whose excellent Frankie Howard impression was wasted on the bemused Shells; philistines! However, even I am not going to pretend that I understood Luke's jokes about avant-garde French cinema.

Noteworthy performances came from the three gorgeous Sirens; realism obviously played a great part in their production since their voices were slightly more terrifying than the real thing. Another of 'Odysseus' arch-enemies, the Cyclops, was also portrayed brilliantly. Indeed, that play as a whole must be congratulated since it bore a sparse resemblance to the original story, despite bizarre 'Tango advert' interjections. However, it has to be said that Desert Orchid (who was undergoing a gruesome hernia operation at the time) was probably in better shape than The Wooden Horse of Troy.

The well-deserved winners of the

competition were Shell B with their version of 'Theseus and the Minotaur'. The bizarre set and complicated plot were easily compensated for by marvellous acting. The show was stolen by Theseus himself, played by James McCrory, who is obviously a born actor as well as a keen exhibitionist! I have no doubt that his name will crop up time and time again in The Chronicle's reviews section; watch this space

Will Batchelor

THE SYNDICATE PLAY HAY FEVER

Weather permitting, Chantry Court was to be the sparkingly original venue for this year's Syndicate Play, 'Hay Fever' by Noël Coward. Unfortunately, the weather had absolutely no intention of relenting and K.E.H.S Drama Studio turned out to be a rather more mundane and problematic location. The proceedings got off to a bad start because the house lights were turned down for over two minutes whilst members of the audience scrambled clumsily for chairs. In fact, the seating arrangements were so bad that I did not actually realise the two actors were speaking onstage for a good five minutes until Stu Thompson had the good sense (or luck) to stand up.

But enough complaint; the play was performed with all the vigour, skill and timing that one might expect from such an array of thespians. The script, concerning a weekend in the life of the highly Bohemian and melodramatic Bliss family, was excellently chosen. The often farcical action gave the cast a chance to throw subtlety to the wind and simply enjoy their O.T.T. rôles. The play and audience alike took some warming-up, yet the furnace was well and truly stoked by Caroline Piggott's portrayal of washed-out actress, Judith Bliss. Caroline remained suitably

arrogant, animated, affected and resonant throughout; her spontaneous bursts of theatrical behaviour breathed permanent life into a slightly comatose audience.

I will not go into a lengthy synopsis of the plot, since the true entertainment lay in the cast's obvious understanding of the characters. On this point, special mention must go to Adam Grimley, who played the "terribly nice, yet frightfully dim" Sandy Tyrell. Too stupid to be pretentious, Sandy's character was encapsulated by Adam's vacant looks, awkward stance and perfect timing of banal comments. John Sabapathy revelled in his character's nervous, apologetic inconsequentiality and he has fully mastered the art of the awkward smile. Indeed, if I was forced to pick out the golden moment of the play, the embarrassed silences between John's Richard Greatham and Jackie Coryton (played by Nicola Cook) would certainly come close.

The character of Simon Bliss was in danger of becoming very similar to that of all the other Blisses. However, all credit must go to Stu Thompson, who transformed Simon's frustration into almost psychotic behaviour with worrying realism. Other memorable points include Mark Pursey's perfection of the perverted eyebrow-lift and gravely seductive voice, and Claire Jenkins' portrayal of the menacingly abrupt northern maid, Clara.

With only twelve days' preparation time, the sixth formers produced a slick, professional performance with very few rough edges. All credit must go to the directors, Stuart Estell and Kara Manley, and the ever-productive stage crew, who created a realistic and atmospheric set on a rather tight budget. So, a loving embrace for the cast, a sloppy kiss for the crew, and a slap round the face with a wet haddock for the seating planner; oh well, I think it was well worth straining my neck to see

Will Batchelor



C. R. A. P. GALA EVENING

The 'Common Room Amateur Productions', or C. R. A. P. for short threw credibility, professional distance and any form of shame to the wind for a night of musical frolics. Gordon Sill compered proceedings with his usual brand of wry humour and the evening was given a refined beginning from old K.E.H.S. girl, Clare Costa. She sang a number of French and Spanish songs, accompanied by professional pianist, Malcolm Wilson, who seemed to be a chirpy leprechaun of a man. Although Clare claimed that the French songs were on the summery, light, fluffy theme of love, they did not quite hit the spot. The Spanish songs, however, were far more lusty; the extra gusto and vigour really breathed life into a packed concert hall. The themes of the songs were thinly disguised allusions to the importance of purity before marriage and a fervent onslaught against promiscuity; it is nice to see the influence of the open-minded '90s coming through!

The second performance was a

splendid rendition of 'Young Lochinvar' by Hamish McGordon (and a fictional composer), the story of a young Scottish knight and his love life, accompanied by violins, clarinet, cello, piano and percussion. The emotional narration came from Jenny Herbert, along with perfectly timed reactions from the 'augmented Common Room Chorale'. The highlight of the performance was the animated face of Alastair Prett, one of the 'augmenters' in the Chorale. Obviously Alistair did not realise that it was a fictional story and he appeared to be on the brink of tears at several moments during the performance. Clare Costa then brought us up to the interval with a series of English songs, including 'A Green Lowland of Pianos', which she described as a "short, quirky poem"; a generous description to say the least. Nonetheless, she proved herself to be an excellent, entertaining singer, although the choice of songs was perhaps inappropriate.

The veritable gem of the evening was 'Trial by Jury', a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta concerning a ladies' man, Edwin, being sued by Angelina for his breach of promise to her.

A flimsy tale, with rather tenuous lines ("Gentle Usher, go to Russia") and an unlikely plot. But who cares about the script? It was a truly dazzling, sparkling, magnificent performance from all involved. It is difficult to single out any particular star, so I will single out the whole lot!

The dishy Loz Dean played the smoothy defendant, Edwin, and he mastered the art of the smarmy, arrogant look. Derek Benson was excellent in his rôle as the leering foreman and Mr Milton must surely win the prize for the most animated juror. Mark Pursey, who played the usher, sang his part with vigour, gusto and a worryingly shrill voice. As for the jilted bride, Liz Dicker, her face may have portrayed nerves but her singing was unfaltering as she delivered a startlingly good performance.

'Trial by Jury' was cobbled together in a matter of days, yet it was a stirring success. All credit must go to the musicians, the scowling and swooning singers and the blushing director, Miss Bond.

Will Batchelor

MUSIC



CHRISTMAS CONCERT

It was 'The Guardian' which said in a recent schools' survey that "in an ideal school, the only possible cause of worry would be whether the school orchestra was quite as good as last year". With almost sickening predictability, there was no cause for concern. The Christmas Concert was played with all the excitement and skill which we have come to expect from the various ensembles. The dedicated Bridle, Sill

and Argust team were joined by school brass teacher, Brian Hurdley, who conducted the Brass Band in a fine performance of Malcolm Arnold's 'Little Suite', which was then repeated on numerous occasions throughout the year!

The Concert and Wind Bands were most invigorating with a lively performance of 'Festivo' by Edward Gregson and Eric Coates' 'Covent

Garden'. As usual, they shared the first half with the Choral Society, who were in fine voice with Mathias' 'Sir Christmas' although the sopranos lacked a few notes in 'O Holy Night'. They were accompanied by Rosemary Field at the organ, whose ginger hair reminded us of that wig which Mr Argust had worn a few years ago.

The Symphony Orchestra in the second half were nothing short of

magnificent. Kodaly's demanding 'Dances of Galanta' was performed to a very high standard with brilliant solo clarinet playing from Justin Smith. Yet the highlight of the evening was an unbelievable display of virtuoso violin playing from Helen Feltrup in Sarasate's 'Zigeunerweisen'. (Try saying that after ten pints of Stella - more to the point, try playing it! - Ed.). Just as the audience were recovering, they were confronted with an encore, an even more spectacular performance. Mr Sill had been at the computer again, and the finale brought orchestra and choir together in four tuneful Christmas melodies. The encore? It was just some unheard-of tune - 'Sleigh Chimes'? 'Sledge Bells'? No, it's gone.

Will Batchelor



SUMMER CONCERT

Restored to its traditional place at the end of the summer term, this concert attracted a disappointingly small audience. This cannot have been entirely due to the fact that Junior Choir was not performing! Instead, we welcomed the K.E.H.S. Senior Choir with two folksongs, including a solo by Ann Stammers. The Concert, Wind and Brass Bands also performed in the first half, conducted by Gordon Sill, Sharon Wall and Duncan McNaughton respectively. Naturally, the bands played in an erratic, indiscriminate order, entirely the opposite of the printed programme. Nevertheless, they did provide the customary rhythmic frolics. Matthew Perry said farewell with a tricky xylophone solo, including 'On the Track' by J Simpson, performed with much aplomb. The Bands then united for Coates' 'Dambusters March' with Nigel Argus on the organ.

The Symphony Orchestra began the second half with Rimsky Korsakov's 'Capriccio Espagnol'. The most

exciting performances came with the solos in the 'Scene e Canto Gitano' from Helen Feltrup, Justin Smith, Katharine Evans and Catherine Hall on violin, clarinet, flute and oboe respectively. The Choral Society took the stage with 'Rhythm of Life' followed by Strauss' Annen and Czech Polkas from both orchestras. The finale was a mammoth performance of the 1812 Overture including the Symphony Orchestra, Wind Band and Concert Band, all conducted superbly by Peter Bridle. The occasion was augmented with an amplified bass drum and Mr Argus on the organ. The audience rose to its feet and demanded more; the foundations of the Town Hall rocked once more before the concert drew to a close.

As always, thanks and praise must go to all the conductors, the old boys who returned to help, the staff of the Town Hall and Resources Centre, Stage Crew and all those for whom this was their last Summer Concert. They will remember the experience for some time!

Hugh Houghton



SYNDICATE CONCERT

With such a talented Sixth Form, the Syndicate Concert was bound to be an occasion this year, so a packed Concert Hall was pleasantly unsurprised to witness a highly enjoyable and varied programme. The Brass Group returned to its original instruments for its authentic performance of 'What Shall We Do With the Drunken Sailor?' To the untrained eye, these 'original instruments' appeared to be a section of hosepipe. John Fulljames, whose choral contribution to the school has been of the highest standard, directed the choir in two sacred pieces and 'Follow the Yellow Brick Road' with

solos from Julia Robinson and Mark Pursey. Justin Smith (clarinet) and Katharine Evans (flute) performed Tartini's Concertino and Bach's Second Suite respectively.

Matthew Perry and Andrew Ker's contribution was a dialogue for side drum and timpani. Then the String Quartet played 'Cock Linnet' before the audience repaired to the Music Studio in order to regale themselves with strawberries, cream and wine. This was accompanied by piano duets from the percussionists and David Wake. Matthew Perry then conducted the Orchestra in Grieg's 'Morning' and 'Dance in the Hall of the Mountain King' from the Peer Gynt Suite - a most exciting reading.

It was then John Fulljames' opportunity to present the staff with gifts after insulting them in a genteel way. Finally, David Wake took the stage for his individual reading of the first movement of Schubert's 8th Symphony. Remarkable orchestral playing bore witness to the many careful hours of rehearsal he had taken. So, we must thank the leavers for such a fine concert and send our best wishes for the future, as we will certainly miss their talent. Extra thanks must surely go to all those on the organisational side of the event, especially Emma Southworth and the Concert Committee, whose painstaking effort was the driving force behind the concert.

Hugh Houghton



LUNCHTIME RECITALS

As ever, the season of lunchtime recitals has flourished; with a greater number of performances than ever before, there is no slackening either in attendance levels or the standard of the concerts themselves, a remarkable testimonial to the talent present in both schools.

Debut performances from the Oursisters and Abigail Parker stood

alongside more familiar names on the concert hall platform, many of whom have made their final appearance there, at least for the time being. They were, in order of appearance, Katharine Evans, myself, Justin Smith, Heather McNaughton, David Wake and Helen Feltrup.

I would like to take this chance to place on record the debt that I and my colleagues owe to the Music Department for all the opportunities they have given us throughout our school careers, of gaining invaluable concert experience. Without wishing to sound conceited, none of us would be the musician he or she is without the help and encouragement of Messrs Bridle, Sill and Argust over the years.

Stuart Estell

SHINY BISCUITS - A TRIBUTE

Formed in December 1991, the Shiny Biscuits underwent three line-up changes before reaching their final personnel in April 1992 of Stuart Estell, voice and lead guitar, J P Westwood, rhythm guitar, Andrew Twiss, bass, and Matt Perry, drums.

Early session tapes and demos were at best chaotic, and at worst, completely inaudible beneath the layers of noise and feedback which the band so enthusiastically employed. It was this sound that was faithfully

reproduced on stage at their first live show - at which some classic cover versions of songs like 'Heroin' by the 'Velvet Underground' and the Stooges' 'I Wanna Be Your Dog' were played, each song virtually indistinguishable from the rest. Mr Buttress holds the 'staff endurance record', having lasted a whole song, whereas the Chief Master fled after barely more than a few seconds.

Problems began when the band tried to clean up their act - when the distortion was cleared away, at the second gig, neither the production job, nor communication between various members of the group were good enough to carry off the sometimes ambitious nature of the material - hampered additionally by a power failure and badly out-of-tune guitars. They struggled valiantly to the end of their set, by which time half of the audience had already left.

A tape of six original songs and a brave attempt at an outdoors 'MTV unplugged' style acoustic concert failed to save the band; at the time of writing, J P Westwood quit due to "artistic differences", leaving the three remaining members wondering why he was ever in the band in the first place. The split meant that the school has been deprived of a planned full hour-long performance of the 'Velvet Underground' song 'Sister Ray'.

Paul Gambaccini, 1FM

JUNIOR CONCERT

The annual chance for the up-and-coming musicians of the two schools to display their talents was held on the 25th January in the KEHS Hall. The performance opened with the Wind Band, in their first performance under Sharon Wall (who had recently replaced Mr Sill at the head of this band). A rhythmically precise and powerfully syncopated performance got everyone in the mood for the rest of the evening.

This was followed by the first solo - accompanied by Mr Bridle. The sound was clearly defined and, although shaky at times, the piece was admirably played. Wind Band then returned with a selection from the German Masters Suite (arr. P Gordon), yet another example of how the band can enliven music with enthusiasm and accuracy. Next was the Junior Brass Group, directed by Luke Houghton, with 'The Mysterious March of a Marionette' (Gounod) and 'Entry of the Peers' from Iolanthe (Sullivan). Both were played to a high standard and provided an illustration of the wealth of good brass players the school currently possesses.

Eleanor Searley's performance of Mitchell Peters' Scherzo for Timpani followed, a powerful and virtuosic account of a work for an instrument which is not often heard on its own. Wind Band rounded off the first half in style with the march 'Flickertail' by James D Ployhar.

After the interval there was inspired playing and conducting from the Concert Orchestra and Peter Bridle, who gave an exciting and rhythmic performance of Brian Kelly's 'Sancho panza Overture'. Then came the Junior Strings, directed and led by Emma Southworth, with two folk songs, 'Streets of London' and 'Old Man River', both arranged by C Bull and



Shiny Biscuits - not even inspired seating arrangements could save them

played lustily. Concert Orchestra made their second appearance with the Mexican Hat Dance (clap, clap ... Olé!), which was followed by a cello quartet playing the Eton Boating Song with great aplomb. The Concert ended with Concert Orchestra and excerpts from "The King and I" (Rogers and Hammerstein), which made most people want to "whistle a happy tune". The playing was stylish and provided a suitable conclusion to an evening which, as always, showed that the junior musicians of the school have a lot to offer.

Luke Houghton

Peter Donohoe

CELEBRITY RECITAL 29th September 1992

The Music Department's links with Peter Donohoe stretch back a long way, and it was with pleasure that we welcomed him again for a programme of events. During the afternoon he gave a "lecture-recital" on the A level set work, Liszt's Sonata in B minor, to music students from schools in the Midlands area, who were assembled in the Concert Hall. People were little nonplussed when he told us that he hadn't prepared a lecture, but simply wanted to receive questions which he hoped would stimulate him. He would illustrate his answers by performing excerpts on the piano ("Nice piano, Peter!") before he played the whole work to a spellbound audience. In the evening he performed an informal concert, including sonatas by Beethoven and Shostakovich, Brahms' Four Ballades and Liszt's Six Transcendental Studies, to a packed Concert Hall. This was to inaugurate the new Yamaha Concert Grand piano, purchased with kind assistance from the Chief Master, Miss Evans and the board of governors. Peter Donohoe introduced each item before he performed it in a manner both magical and full of humour. The audience went home full of this evening to remember. Many thanks must go to Peter Donohoe above all, Robert Johnston

for agreeing to turn his pages at short notice, Fred Rogers at the Resources Centre for producing a fine programme and the various porters and Music Dossers for managing to cram 230 seats into the Concert Hall.

Hugh Houghton

CHORAL SOCIETY CONCERTS

This year's Choral Society was honoured by Mr. Argust with the epithet "best-ever", although this can only be a tribute to his skill in fashioning its various elements into a musical whole. Carmina Burana, in the KEHS Hall on November 23rd, was a boisterous, colourful affair and a compelling second half to a programme which included Stanford's Songs of the Sea and Sullivan's Overture to Iolanthe. The soloists Julia Thornton and Mark Pursey were very good, with Alan Ward a superb baritone both in the demanding part in Carmina Burana as well as in the Stanford.

This cathartic success was followed by Haydn's Nelson Mass in St. George's Church on 14th May. This too was a memorable performance, with three of the soloists former King Edward's pupils; Clare Costa, Adrian Salmon and Jeremy Davies were joined by Margaret Wilson. The Mass was preceded by some Gabrielli and Handel from the Brass Group. The orchestral playing was impeccable as always and recognition is due to the pupils, old boys and staff who give up their time to perform. Both concerts were attended by a reasonable audience and Mr. Argust plans to capitalise on this success with an ambitious programme for next year. In his own words, "Come on - excite me!"

Hugh Houghton



Orchestral Concert

Like several other concerts this year the performance given in the Town Hall on Monday 30th March has been recorded for posterity by "Freemantle Powell Productions" (K.E. VITV).



the accuracy of this review can be checked against the video. Nonetheless, the concert was once again a marvellous musical experience and it was a pity that, despite the prospect of a wider audience, more people did not attend the performance.

The Concert Orchestra opened the proceedings with a Suite from Tchaikovsky's Nutcracker, Selections from "The King and I" and the Mexican Hat Dance (with a suitably attired conductor.) Symphony Orchestra then took the stage for Helen Feltrup's final school performance, a sweet-toned rendering of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, with appropriate panache in the finale. It says much for Mr. Bridle's control of the orchestra that he managed to avoid reducing the string section for this concerto. The soloist was presented with an enormous teddy bear. Tchaikovsky's gloom-laden Fifth Symphony constituted the second half of the

concert and the dark orchestral hues were suitably conveyed. Heather McNaughton's horn solo at the beginning of the second movement should also be mentioned. The credit for the high standard of this concert must go to Mr. Bridle, whose tireless dedication to the orchestra secures

such astonishing results. The members of the orchestra (and their parents!) also deserve recognition for their commitment, particularly to the Sunday rehearsals. Many thanks are due as ever to the other invaluable people for their constant help: Brian Wood and his assistant at KEHS, the

staff of Birmingham Town Hall, the Resources Centre, the 'associate members' of the orchestra, the Stage Crew and everyone else who contributed to the success of this concert.

Hugh Houghton

Symphony Orchestra Trip to Lyon

It is a well known fact that orchestral players perform best at night and the bleary-eyed gathering on the Main Drive bore witness to this. Having boarded the appropriate coach (weeks of preparation had been spent finalising the coach lists) little more need be said about the journeys, despite the disproportionate amount of time devoted to them. Books, playing cards, conversation and "love children" occupied the seniors, whilst the junior members of the orchestra formed relationships with each other, some of which even lasted until our return to school three days later. The noticeable absence of electronic games and personal stereos made a welcome change.

The Hotel Liberte in Reims was our first overnight stop, with its garish blue statue outside. After supper (when the traditional continental lack of comprehension about vegetarianism asserted itself), we repaired to the hosteliery of the town (via the floodlit cathedral, of course.) Despite socialising continuing into the bedrooms, it is claimed that this was not the reason for two members of the party still being asleep in their room as the coaches prepared to drive off.

Once in Lyon, where the town services were clearing up after a demonstration (not held in our honour) we arrived at the Collège St. Marc by a rather dubious backstreet route, known only to Mr. Argust. After spending the night with our host families, we reassembled at the college in the morning, delighted to note the safe arrival of the van. The note attached to the windscreen by a French



Symphony Orchestra in Lyon 1993

pupil, apologising for having punctured a tyre, had something of the seasonal fishy flavour about it. Having visited the Basilique de Fourvière, we went down into the centre of Lyon and, meeting GRS in the Place Bellecour, the Music Librarian (organised as ever) took him to the tourist office to procure a town plan. The orchestra met again at the coaches, where we watched man in a light blue Lycra garment performing some ritual exercises. Lunch, taken in the dining hall of the college, was not a tremendous experience. We then went to the newly-built Salle des Fêtes et des Familles to rehearse for the concert that evening. The acoustic was by no means ideal, but the orchestra managed to adapt well.

There was half-an-hour left in which to return to the college for the informal concert in the Petit Theatre, and the rush-hour traffic, despite Mr. Argust's local knowledge, did not make this

easy. The pupils of the college were enchanted by solos from Heather McNaughton, Helen Feltrup and the Brass Group, and were carried away by the "Rhythm of Life". After returning to our families for meals and trying to explain (or not) to over-enthusiastic Frenchmen that the conductor had forbidden drinking wine before the concert, we returned with them to the Salle des Fêtes and performed, in conjunction with the Petits Chanteurs, to an invited audience, with whom we shared 'the communal glass of friendship' afterwards, as the mayor so euphemistically put it.

Meeting at the College again on Friday morning, we were taken down to the Chapelle St. Marc in the centre of Lyon. Once the Stage Crew had transferred all the equipment down a long, narrow street, we began to rehearse in the cavernous acoustic hall, Paul Brown taking the baton whilst

Mr. Bridle assessed the echo. When all four pieces (encore included) had been rehearsed, we went to find our own lunch in the city centre. The members of the Sixth form came into their own when an emergency trip to hospital was necessary and negotiated the Lyon metro most successfully. The same could not, however, be said of the trip on the ficelle, when the person going down to see if the other group was at the bottom was passed by the people going up to see if the other group was at the top. The actual concert went very well and was recorded for broadcasting by Radio Fourvière. Mrs. Southworth and Mrs. Flynn sold an unprecedented number of school CDs during the interval. After speeches and presentations, the encore was given and we returned to our families after midnight once the van had been loaded by Stage Crew.

We left the College slightly later than usual and were soon on the autoroute to Lille, stopping at a supermarket to provision ourselves for lunch and the journey home, and to play the age-old game of "How-many-bottles-can-you-fit-under-your-seat-without-the-teachers-noticing." We arrived at the Novotel, miles from anywhere, and went down for dinner, which was accompanied by presentations to the teachers and celebrations for David Stevens' and Karthi's 18th birthdays, continuing on into the bar. Comatose once more (the next day, that is), the musicians arrived back at school, having been blessed with a perfect crossing over the Channel.

Thanks go to the members of staff who accompanied us on this trip: Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Flynn, Mr. Sill and Mr. Workman, with particular thanks to Mr. Bridle and Mr. Argus, without whom this trip would never have happened. Thanks to the coach drivers, the members of Stage Crew, the Old Boys and to the orchestra itself for these enjoyable few days, and also to M. Porte, the Petits Chanteurs and the members of the College St. Marc for their accueil chaleureux.

Hugh Houghton

Music Dossers

In conjunction with the large number of musicians in the Sixth Form, dossing thrived this year, although the most permanent fixture in the foyer (apart from the telephone, which doesn't really work) was strictly a non-musician. He made many attempts, but never managed to get off and do some piano practice. His silent disappearing technique had to be unseen to be believed. One member, however, always seen best from behind, was a positive asset to the foyer, whose quiet manner and calm determination always inspired us when things were at rock bottom. Gossip was rife, David Stevens setting an example which will be difficult to match, although Andrew "Guess what I know and you don't" Bennett came close, when not practising his violin or

in a practice room. The dirty old man who was always in the foyer (and frequently hidden by the Assistant Head of Music) was just another facet of David Wake's personality; he always reappeared, a bit like the Rachmaninov which formed a constant backdrop to events in the foyer. As for John Fulljames, well, there was also a number of associate dossers, whose presence was not officially tolerated but still accompanied the Brindley Ensemble for their Saturday evening rehearsals. These performances were true to the spirit of the dossers: effervescent, intoxicating, with a specific gravity, but always to the highest standard of musical excellence. The handful who remain this year have a hard act to follow.

So: CD Missions





ALISON

We met in a hotel,
It was summer's peak,
She did not look unwell;
Heaven sparing a week.
Into the gang I went,
Continually smiling, having fun,
O! the hours chatting we spent,
Under the stars, and in the sun.

Left unwilling - swimming friend,
Desperate scribblings exchanged,
Called in, months later, near the
end;
Only a scrap left, all had
changed.

Met another mourner at the station,
Packed out hall, understanding smiles,
Returned to the unifier of every nation,
Eternal peace after ascending miles.

Heaven knows the answers to my queries,
Ever so young, kind, pleasant and promising,
No one deserves no chances - it defies all theories:
Death concludes living, but cancer defeats living.

Matthew Price

A MARRIAGE

Not Miss Hunt. Not Florence Hunt.

Let others jerk awake to an alarm, scramble from bed, scrub away the clinging patina of sleep with a face flannel, hunt out the day's clothes, watch the percolator impatiently, urge the toast to pop up more quickly. Let them chew briskly, swallow gulpily, and hurry, arms and legs reciprocating, briskly on their ways. Let these automata with their batteries regenerated, respond with spry efficiency to the insistent eyes of the new day's sun, and let them greet the morning with resolution in heel and toe, a high-tensile gleam in their eye, and set off to make their new deals, new conquests

But not Florence Hunt.

For today is part of yesterday. And yesterday and today are parts of being alive. And being alive is not just an affair of the days going clonk-clonk-clonk like the pendulum of a grandfather clock: being alive is something continuous that does not repeat; something to be cherished; something that one should be aware of all the time, sleeping and waking

It may not last much longer.

There is no savour in hurry; so Miss Hunt did not hurry. She did not jerk or bounce into the beginning of her day. About dawn she started to drift from dream through half-dream to day-dream, and lay unmoving, listening to the birds, watching the sky lighten, becoming aware of the day as it became aware of itself.

For more than an hour she lay hovering this and that side of the misty edge of sleep. Sometimes the sounds in her ears were real birds singing, sometimes they were remembered voices speaking. She enjoyed both, smiling in her half sleep.

By the time the day began to win her certainly from the night the birds were almost silent. They were done with greeting and started on the business of looking for food. She was quite abruptly aware that the world was almost noiseless. The voices

changed. No longer pleasant, they turned into the hollow echoes of a time almost forgotten. Writhing in mental agony she was chased, breathless, out of her nocturnal retreat by a tormenting voice. A voice she had hoped was trapped in the gloomy confines of her memory.

There was an alarming feeling of unreality. She held her breath to listen for some reassuring sound. Supposing it had all stopped now? As it would do some day when she would be led to suffer the punishment decreed for her sin. Then guilt, her lifelong torment, would win. It was the crystalline formation on the harsh naked rock of her brain, mindless, insensitive, barren, yet actively a threat, an alien threat that she feared as uncomprehendingly as an animal fears fire.

So Florence listened unhappily.

A dog barked and was answered. That was not enough.

She went on listening for more reassurance.

A few houses away a child cried, stuttered and wailed again, unconsolated.

She relaxed, relieved to be sure that the world was still alive. Then she faintly frowned her ungrateful contempt for the child and further painful memories pushed it out of her consciousness.

It, too, resurrected memories of accusations, beatings and failures of her former marriage.

The cries coalesced and diminished to a sob, placated by a voice unheard by Florence.

There was plenty of time. Enough to take the field pathway to the school where she taught and not to hurry over it.

The sun was climbing, a medallion pinned on a deepening blue cloak. Later on the day would be hot, but now it was fresh, with a touch like a cool white-fingered hand. Refractile gems still trembled on the leaves and stalks. Beads from the shaken grass

ran down her legs, showered on the white canvas shoes, fell like kisses on her feet.

"For God's sake, woman! Hurry up with that damned bag!" He surged past her as she stumbled under the weight of his criticism. "You're quite useless, you know," he laughed over his shoulder. "You're so pathetically weak!" The words drove her to further endeavours. Keeping her eyes trained on the snow on her boots, Florence tried to ignore the gnawing cold and the numbness where the bag straps had worn through to her skin. Suddenly she slipped on a patch of ice. Her head struck the pavement and her blood flowed scarlet with shame.

Cows coming out from the shed with their udders relieved, but still slow and patient, stared at her with incurious curiosity, and then turned away to tear the grass, and munch a thoughtless rumination.

A lark, high up, trilled to mislead her from its nest.

A young blackbird, looking puff and overfed, eyed her cautiously from a hedge.

A light draught of summer wind blew through her cotton frock caressing her with cobweb fingers.

Drink meshed his speech and disrupted his movements as he swaggered into the house. Florence had come to dread this nightly debauch. He called her once, twice, but she lay petrified in bed, sheets pulled over her head, and legs drawn up to her foetal terror. The sheet was suddenly ripped back and his distended face leered down at her. The first blow caught her, full in the face, and a faint cry escaped her lips. She managed to stay silent when the second struck however.

Florence put her hands to her ears and rocked her head. The outrage hurried through her brain, clashing, buffeting and reeling back from her sanity.

It passed, and she uncovered her ears again. With tears in her eyes she shook her fist at the laughing spectre of her late husband as she trembled in the wind.

The cows continued to graze. How comfortable to be a cow. Neither expecting nor regretting; having no sense of guilt, nor need for it. Making no distinctions between the desirable and the undesirable facets of mankind; unable to flick them, like the flies, aside with the swish of a tow-ended tail.

The shrieks died within her and the shattered scene around her began to reintegrate itself, still for a while blown-brushed and bruised, but slowly healing.

One day there would be too much bruising. Too much to recover from.

"Imperfections in the ineffability of nature," said Miss Hunt to herself. "Holes in a collage of infinite variety. How silly I am to suffer. Why should I feel these pangs of guilt for others. I am not responsible for this. Why do I have to fear for all and everything?" And the pain hurt deeper.

This time she would be ready. This time he would suffer all the pains he had inflicted on her. At last, revenge!

As he burst into the bedroom she pointed the gun. Its black lustre shone macabrely.

And then he laughed. An incredulous and mocking laugh. Even as the bullet pierced his skull. Even as he was driven back lifeless and sober against the door.

A thrush sang in the spinney
beyond the hedge.
Florence paused to listen.
Urgent sweet notes.

She walked on, becoming aware of the silk-fringed zephyrs on her cheeks, the sun on her arms, the dew on her feet.

Hesham Abdalla



THE BLUE LAGOON

The blue lagoon,
With water so slow, so quiet,
All you can hear is relaxing sounds.
The waves lap against the golden beach,
The rounded rocks bask happily in the sun,
As a parrot flies over the blue blanket of water.

The sea is angry,
Because the rain tickles it.
The sounds of terrible clashes are heard,
As the sea throws his deadly arm at the shore,
The jagged rocks shout for help as they drown,
When the seagull cries.

Night falls,
The sea calms down,
The waves die.
Another day is over.

Adam Johnson

SNAIL

Today I made myself a snail
I slid under the papery canvas
Of my outer fabric decoration
And it feels good.
These horns melt nicely and easily
Into the holes where my eyes were.
This shell fits a treat
But could do with a coat of paint.

I have no further need
Of people, jealousies, love, socks.
Once the servant of a buzzing hoverfly
Schoolteacher. instead am I become
The night-thrush's slave, who in the black yew
With burning blue stare, sits and waits.

Stuart Estell

THE CLOUD

Floating, dreaming, up so high,
I move as does the wind,
Silent, gliding, skimming free,
With a care I live,
I torment the tourists,
But sometimes pleasure give.

The people on the beach look up
with every move I make,
For when I hide the Sun away
Their frozen bodies shake,
And if I open up the heavens
they're bound to run away.

But what a starving child would give
to see me for a while,
He'd clap his hands and sing a song
And wear his broadest smile,
The word would spread like wildfire
around for miles and miles.

So when a cloud looms high above,
please do not complain,
For many people far away,
Are dying for some rain.

Stephen Ball

AUTUMN

Autumn! whispers the cold wind.
Autumn! hisses the rain.
And the rusty leaves, which have
served their purpose,
are coaxed from the tree and made
to dance.

The wind dances with them, but
soon loses
interest in its new toys, to dance
with yet more.

And the cold, the great cold, wakes
from her summer sleep, to walk
once more on the territory she
knows so well;

and all the animals feel it.

The hedgehog feels it, his spines
prickle like a stickleback as he
gathers twigs for his insulating
nest which will service him so
well.

The immature squirrel feels it, as he
chews thoughtfully on a fallen
acorn, little knowing what lies in
the path ahead.

And the birds feel her presence too
but are not disturbed, for they
have never experienced the great
cold.

They instinctively fly south, to the
warm climate where cold's icy
fingers cannot reach.

As if from another place in time the
winter animals start to appear. As
nature's pages turn they feel the
changes all around them and are
part of her never ending story.

So leaves keep on dancing, the
twisting, twirling, pirouetting
dance of death until the lady cold
falls asleep, and the world begins
anew.

Alex Massey



Photograph Alex Crowe

CAIRO

As we approach Cairo, the flat, wet land gives way to the sprawling shanty towns, and the cotton mills strung along the Nile, like beads, are replaced by factories excreting fumes into the dusk's stillness.

As the plane begins her descent the atmosphere inside changes from one of a resignation to monotony, to one of muted anticipation. Falling to earth, the sense of speed increases as tower blocks, gardens and the maelstrom of traffic are left behind in a discoloured blur. Touchdown is accompanied by a sickening jolt that sends the acrid taste of digestion to the back of my throat.

Sudden movement startles me out of my relieved musings. Struggling to my feet, I hastily retrieve my case and manoeuvre myself towards the nearest escape hatch. First comes the taste of grime in my mouth, then the heat, hot enough to fire bricks, the stench, the roar of humanity.

The air conditioning in the airport, nauseatingly cold after the humidity outside, combines with the blinding whiteness momentarily to disorientate me. Pressure from behind soon drives me forward, however, towards the passport control officers guarding the escapes. A gruff, bearded officer snatches the papers from the outstretched hands and proceeds to read them in agonising detail, occasionally tapping on the keys of a keyboard in front of him.

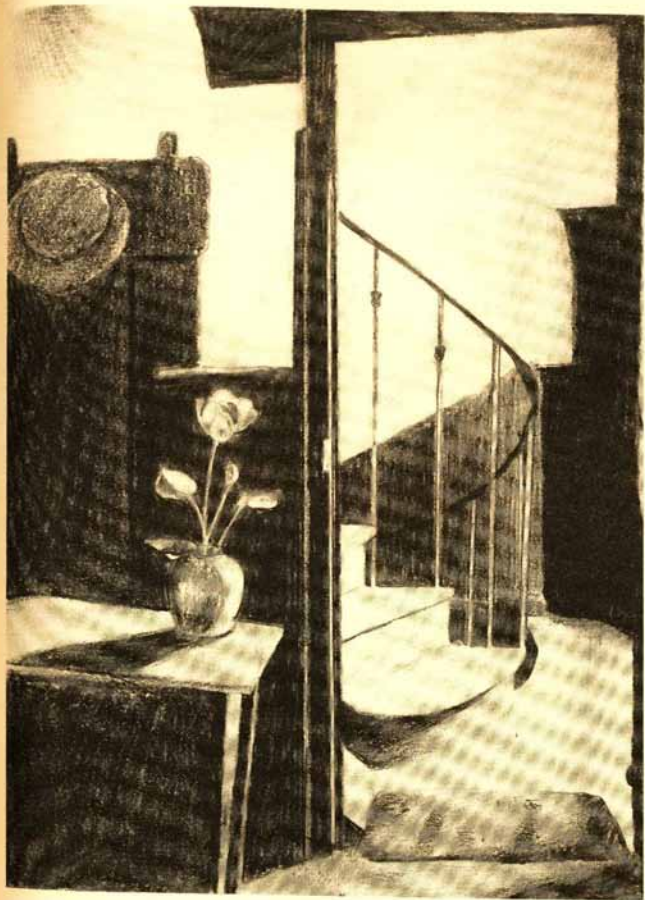
A fly lands on the desk and advances innocently towards my papers. It jumps on and is immediately brushed away by a large hairy hand. Buzzing wrathfully, it lands again, this time on the monitor screen, before being caught by an expert swing that launches it across the hall. He grunts, signals me to remove the documents, and I trundle forwards dejectedly.

"No I don't want to buy them," I repeat insistently and the puzzled salesman moves away, his strings of beads and rosaries flashing noisily around his neck. My anxiety increases as minutes flee past without my luggage appearing on the moving platform. I observe a lone tourist, struggling under a rucksack that dwarfs her tiny frame. Out of her element, and as vulnerable as a fish on land, she has become flaccid and subdued after an initial energetic yearning for survival. The fellowship felt among travellers, however, finally draws her to another group of similarly attired women and they begin a torrent of conversation in seeming gratitude for her return to the familiar. My mood is one of detachment, more tired than amused.

A statue of Osiris, the Egyptian God of Death stands, observant in a shadowy corner, ignored by the rush of people pacing past him. At last, having collected my luggage, I leave the great hall. I am consumed by feelings of vulnerability, in total contrast to the superiority felt when thirty thousand feet up, looking down on once great civilisations now in disarray.

My grandmother sees me first. With a speed that surprises me she flies forwards, throws her long arms around my neck and we embrace. When my uncle finally draws her away from me, unbarred tears are streaming down her cheeks. Words are unnecessary to convey such affection. My uncle clasps my hands and starts welcoming me in Arabic. My initial awkwardness is gone and the language of my forefathers flows free off my tongue as I begin to tell of my long journey. An unprecedented warmth surges through me; I am home.

Ilesham Abdalla



Pencil drawing Jeremy Davies

DARK ANGEL

The sun vanishes
banishes itself from the night
and the King looks from his leafless
tree-top, surveying all.
As he drops,
 stops,
inches from the cold earth,
gliding on the golden orb of the moon.
Piercing, wise,
 eyes.
Stab at all who dare stare
at his smooth complexion.
A small rustle,
 bustle,
suggests a chance to dine
and as he screeches,
preaches his dark sermon of death,
he loop,
 swoops,
down on his prey
which turns,
 squirms,
looking for sanity
but none is to be found in the grip
of the tightening talons,
crushing its frail body
like steel jaws compressing scrap.
Another life finished,
 diminished,
without compassion
the owl returns satisfied
to his haven;
 a loner.

Alex Massey

SNOW - GLO

Sno - Glo
Spray of the Gods
To abolish creases, stains
 concealing the pains
In a man-made world
A crystalline glaze
On a universal maze
 of corruption.

Snow - Glo
Bright, white light
A mesmerizing sight
On high-rise upholstery
A glistening veneer
Cloaking the fear
 of a bleak earth.

Make a decision
Obscure your vision
Turn from their ignorance
Leave them to choke
Let them drown in their cruelty
Misconduct and smoke.

or

Watch over and guide them
Stand up beside them
Generate love
From a power above
And at the end of your struggle
The end of your strife
Witness the unflawed beauty of new
life.

Alex Massey

COMPUTER

Clever thing, that
Which can wrap words, byte
Words, with only a mouse, cat-
Ching what you type in.

Hypnotising each hand
That touches it. Games
With hedgehogs, on water, on land.
Saving the beautiful Princess.

Sixteen million colours,
Many sounds; a complex
Array of beepwhirrirs,
Locked up in eternal memory.

Drawing pictures, few skills
Needed to send worldwide
Down the telephone lines. Long bills
Build up. Windows on the world?

Francis Fisher

BARGAINS

The second hand book shop
 Is crammed with tottering towers
 of classics that no-one wants to read,
 The unwanted presents from
 well- intentioned God-Parents
 Hoping to impress and inspire
 the minds
 To giddy heights of academia,
 But now the books are discarded
 to relieve
 The heaving shelves in teenager
 bedrooms.

The shop bustles with bargain
 hunters,
 Bespectacled elderly people peer
 over half glasses
 Squinting to read the faded yellow
 print.
 Students attempting to conceal the
 rubbish literature just discovered
 Cover it over with Sophocles or
 Shakespeare;
 They sidle and slink with furtive
 sideways movements
 Up to the till to pay discretely for
 their escapism literature.

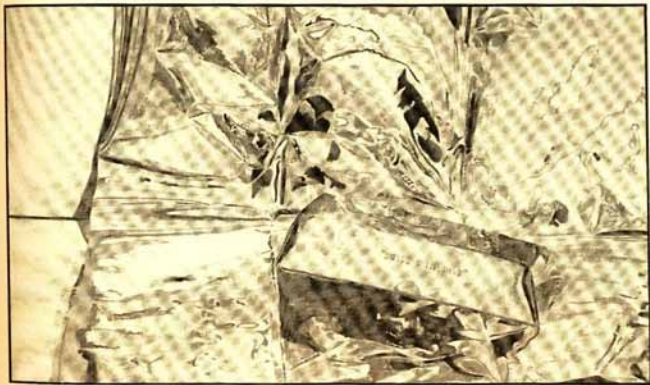
Richard Adams

CHRISTMAS CARD CASCADE

Each morning they arrive
 Flopping through the letter box,
 Pretentious embossed envelopes
 Jostling with the re-cycled and
 Grimy grey of last year's cut price bargains -
 Each card speaking volumes about their senders.

Ornate glitzy and garish from the glamorous,
 The artistic cultural ones from academics
 Who prefer 'The Virgin and Child',
 'King's College Chapel'
 or 'St Paul's in the Snow'.
 Humorous ones that no-one finds amusing
 except the sender,
 The charity box scorers who must support the
 'cause' and 'do good'.
 Nostalgic notions of 'White Christmas' mingle
 with
 "Will write in the New Year" and
 "You must come and stay",
 Tinged with the bragging, boasting exploits
 of amazing dynamic children.
 The empty hollow ring of the
 Christmas card cascade.

Richard Adams



Squis Pralines Chetan Patel

THE TIN RATTLER

The enthusiastic collector positions himself with an optimistic step,
His smiling stares, hopefully enticing the would-be donators.
Echoes of the hollow can, empty,
Rattling famine like the stomachs that it promises to feed.
Vacant looks glare as shoppers pass by,
Moving about - a matter of life, not death.
Essex to Ethiopia, a million light years removed.

Caring concern neatly camouflaged and served up on flat days
Not to interrupt the luxurious lavish lifestyles of the stock broker belt,
Conveniently compartmented not to be too intrusive.

Hurrying and worrying about self,
The bill dictating the amount left to give,
Spaghetti and suffering forgotten.

Richard Adams



Clarinet - after Picasso Tim Hallam

THE LIFE QUARTET

I

The Earth is bounteously full of life,
Of beasts, of birds, flying above the sky,
And yet, for man, this thing pertains to strife,
As all men must, one day, prepare to die.
As a man comes upon his final years,
The spectre of death cometh to haunt him,
So all the joys of life do turn to tears,
The lights of Earth grow blacker and grow dim.
Yet on the other side he now appears,
An angel at his right to light his path,
If he was good, he has no need to fear,
And Paradise shall be life's aftermath.
There is no need to tremble at the end,
For to Heaven our God the good will send.

II

A baby in his mothers womb has life,
For he can move himself from head to toe,
But yet, he may still be put to the knife,
Because the mother wants it to be so.
The voiceless baby has no say at all,
For 'tis the mother who has all the right,
The killing of the child has had no call,
Except a black law, blacker than the night.
I may not go to kill a human being,
Without a prison sentence long and hard,
But babies, in their mothers womb sleeping,
From murd'rous parents have, by law, no guard.
The foetus in the womb has still a soul,
So who are we to take this vicious toll?

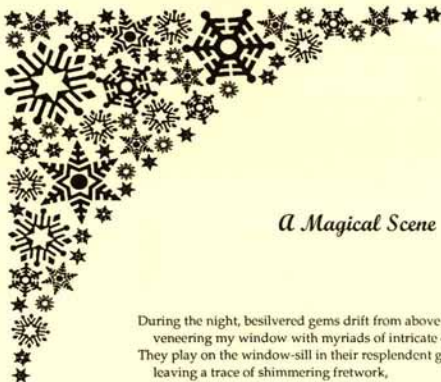
III

It seems to doctors that a sick old man,
Who is so ill that he might not survive,
May be, when they have done all that they can,
Humanely put to sleep to end his life.
The cost of keeping men on life machines,
They say, is far too great, and should be cut,
the budget the Health Service has is lean,
And so the term'nly ill in graveyards put.
Yet more costly than all of the great Earth,
Is the simple life of a single man,
God gave us life, beginning at our birth,
To put a price on it is past our span.
Jesus told us to love the sick and lame,
How can we by killing them do the same?

IV

There are those on the Earth who like to say,
That human life is but a passing thing,
That to buy life, death is the price to pay,
Which ceases all, for beggar and for king.
Because of this, they tremble at the end,
To them, might seems a bringer of decay,
And so, from happiness to fear they tend,
Since death could come for them on any day.
Yet Death has no power over the wise,
Because his weapons are terror and fear,
The frightened and the worried are his prize,
But when He comes, the happy shed no tears.
If one fears death, one also fears one's life,
So why do that, for misery and strife?

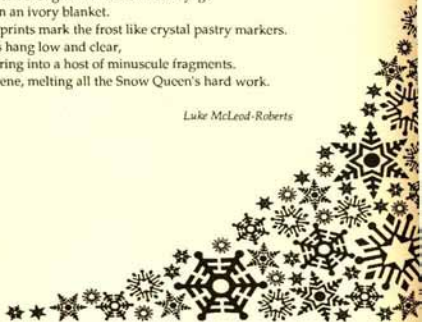
Patrick Finglass



A Magical Scene

During the night, besilvered gems drift from above in harmony,
veneering my window with myriads of intricate diamonds.
They play on the window-sill in their resplendent gowns,
leaving a trace of shimmering fretwork,
to powder the window with a glazed enamel.
The morning after, the snow still falls,
silently, softly, creating a tranquil coverlet that muffles all sounds.
Dense and flawless, it glides to the ground,
dusting tree trunks and dappling the rooftiles.
Colourless and soft, crisp underfoot,
transforming the world with a scintillating tapestry
encrusted with a variety of minute jewels which lies on the ground.
Trees hold latticed garlands in silver finery which cling on,
creating an embroidered blanket,
bound with patterned snowflakes.
The pond, which was once a bowl of shimmering water,
has been altered into a frosted mirror and remains still and hushed.
The stinging wind resembles the arctic,
which the Snow Queen brought with her on her voyage
to cloak the world in an ivory blanket.
Traces of nature's footprints mark the frost like crystal pastry markers.
Ornamental stalactites hang low and clear,
then they drop, shattering into a host of minuscule fragments.
The sun revives the scene, melting all the Snow Queen's hard work.

Luke McLeod-Roberts





Stair, Entrances, Hallways Martin Poyner

Garden Shed Matthew Price



Woman - after Salvador Dali Dmitri Wychrij





Still Life Daniel Pearce



Torment - after William Blake Alex Kakoullis

Still Life with Boris Mudassar Kazi

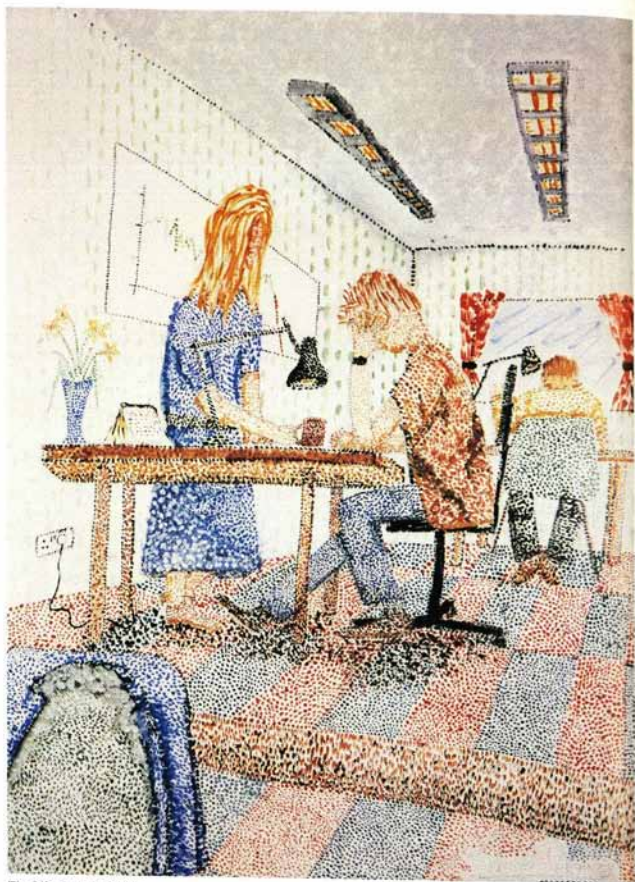


Swimming Pool Alastair Treharne





Waterfall Mark Coleman



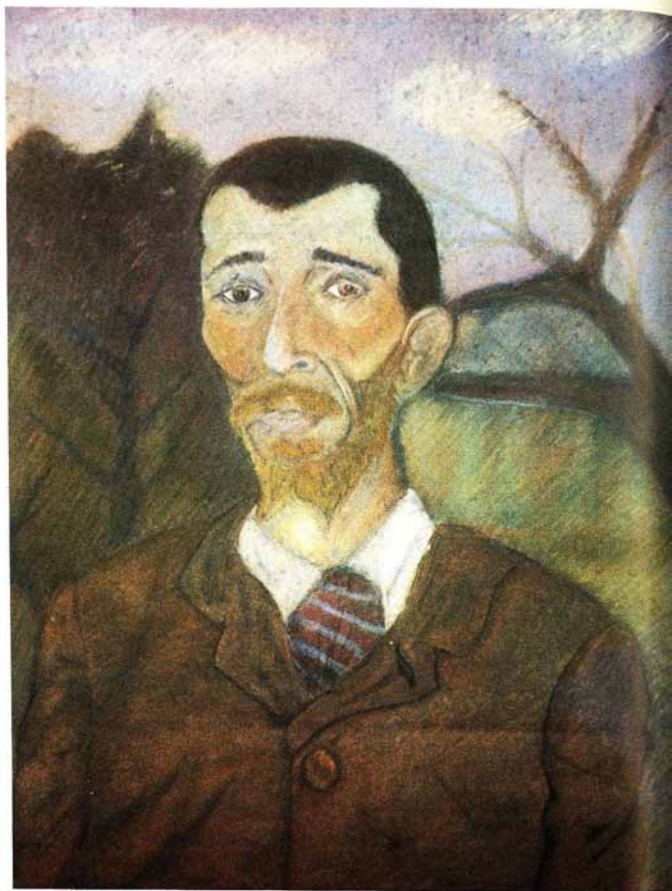
The Office James Thomas



University Bridge Rasheed Rahman



Old Man Dmitri Wychrij



Man - after Van Gogh David Moynihan

SOCIETIES



ACORA

Agora was founded in 1988 by the unique Nick Jacobs. He intended agora to be 'a forum for intellectual discussion'. Each meeting consists of a

short talk followed by wide ranging discussion. The topics covered this year included ethics, reality and the scope of philosophy.

Agora is open to all members of the Divisions and Sixths, but despite strenuous efforts no Divisions ever turned up. This is a pity since they missed some interesting talks and lively debate.

In past years a new band of people

interested in philosophy, possibly as a university subject, has appeared in September unexpectedly and hopefully this will happen again.

Thanks to Mr Burns our 'President' for his encouragement and occasional attendance, and to Pat and the other dining room staff for the vital coffee and cakes that kept us going after school.

Stephen Boyd & Andrew Parsons.



ANAGNOSTICS

There is a little bit in all of us that is rooted forever, like an ancient, red-faced colonel in a leather armchair, in the Anagnostics. Not for us the Machiavellian intrigues and large-scale tax evasions that the Model railway people spin: our equivalent, the philosophical conundra of Sophocles and Aeschylus, sail blissfully overhead like wisps of summer cloud. Such great tragedies -

including Plautus' *Pot of Gold*, incidentally - are not such stuff as our dreams are made on. Only around Aristophanes, stalwart top-of-the-bill down the ages, can we construct our complex argot of cheeky grins, nudges and winks.

Certain unmutuals have remarked that the Society has claim to another, seedier image. I will not refer to the mistaken assumption that we are a pressure-ground of red-hot atheists. This error, after all, can be rectified with a reference to a Liddell & Scott which our members should normally have about their person. Our main concern is that some vengeful Apollo has spread a plague-like reputation

for our Society's colossal hedonism through the school. The problem has reached such an extent that *scientists* began turning up to the annual dinner at the Acropolis restaurant, probably the only institution more vital to the life blood of the society than Aristophanes.

Thanks must of course go to Mr Owen for arranging our supplies of little chocolate cakes, to Mr Lambie and Mr Stone for their respective contributions, and to all those people from both schools who have contributed to the unique atmosphere and high spirits (sorry, in-joke) of the Anagnostics.

Matthew Peacock.



ARES

Another year sees the ranks of ARES swelling again with another 11 boys attaining their novice licensee's meaning that we now have a contingent of 25 boys qualified,

possibly the highest in the country. The novice licence was first instigated 2 years ago to allow younger people easy access to amateur radio and includes material concerning Radio Theory and Electronic construction. The licence allows the holder to transmit to people all over the world and gives him a grounding in the knowledge that is needed for a full class A Radio Amateur's Examination (RAE). The novice course was run on Friday afternoons and may also be

run next year if the demand is great enough.

As well as the novice licence classes, there will soon be Full licence classes open to anyone who wishes to take part. The test does involve a 12 word per minute Morse code test, but this mild discomfort is outweighed by the advantage of being able to speak to hundreds of thousands of like minded people all over the globe.

With the dramatic increase in the membership of ARES it has been

required to look for another room in which to house all the enthusiastic young boys itching to engage in world wide communication. So we put forward a suggestion that we should have the use of one of the little used rooms at the back of Big School, it was in an ideal position and was exactly the right size. But no. Perturbed by rumours of an ARES expansionism policy and the possibility of a domino effect, the thespian element of the school tried to block us. The only claim to the room was that it was sometimes used as a dressing room. Satisfied that the thespian excuses were asinine, ARES started the move again, only to be thwarted at the last turn.

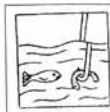
The evil actor-types had submitted another excuse that the Chief Master deliberated over (for many weeks) before seeing the sense in the situation and handing the room over to the victors, us.

So thanks to the generous attitude of the Chief Master there will be a new site for midday knob turning. It is at the top of the Oriel staircase. That's the one to the left of the main door.

Another generous act of our illustrious Chief is to subsidise the purchase of new radio equipment that means we are one of the best equipped radio societies in Great Britain.

One mild hiccup in the otherwise smooth running of this exclusive (and sometimes hard to find) society concerns the legendary Brown Clee Hill Expedition. It has long been a tradition that on a cold September evening a group of eager radio amateurs armed only with grappling hooks and ice axes would conquer the great Brown Clee hill and set up a radio mast on the top in order to take part in a national radio competition. But this year disaster struck. Both Mr Rigby and Mr Andronov had existing commitments on competition day. So for the first time in the history of ARES we will not be fielding a team.

So, quickly, join ARES before the tremendous public demand for the famous green membership cards swells the society to bursting point.



DEBATING SOCIETY

A quick flick through backdated Chronicles has had the result of confirming a belief which I held throughout the last debating season: that KES debating just ain't what it used to be. Adam Grimley, the father of the society and King Edward's answer to Betty Boothroyd, tried in vain to take the society to the heights of erudition which it had scaled so easily under the guidance of his brother, a mere four years previously. To his credit, he may well have succeeded had it not been for the motley bunch of populists who collectively called themselves the committee!

As a result of their 'more bums on seats' approach to the society, the school's senior intellectuals were entertained by such original, mind-taxing motions as 'This house believes that a woman's place is in the home', a debate I can well remember chairing in the second year. This event, which saw the Cartland Room being turned into an area for the venting of sexual frustrations, was graced by mud-slinging and tongue-in-cheek sarcasm scarcely worthy of the title debate. For the record, the motion was defeated almost unanimously by the sixty-strong audience.

During the course of the year, the society saw its now customary, crowd-pulling extravaganza, the 'balloon debate' pass quite successfully. Seasoned debater Ian Moore, as Harold Wilson, justly secured his right to stay in the rapidly sinking hot-air balloon in the face of stiff opposition from H.M. The Queen, Jon Bon Jovi, Madonna and pillow-biting Liberal Jeremy Thorpe, played (no surprises here) by Mark Pursey.

There were also debates on the monarchy, which saw the popularity

of the greatest of British institutions being called into question, and on the greatness of Britain itself, which saw this country's recent record coming under heavy criticism.

There were odd moments of sparkling oratory amidst the raging torrent of redvinity, most notably from Ian Moore, Mark Pursey, Subhankar Banerjee. Undoubtedly the prize for the most entertaining speech of the year should go jointly to Subhankar Banerjee, ardent critic of the Royal Family and to Matt Dolton whose rogue speech proposing the motion 'This house needs love not money' was well received.

In the external interschool debating competitions, neither the pair of Mark Pursey and Adam Grimley in the Observer Mace Competition, nor that of Subhankar Banerjee and Andrew Hockley, in the Midland Schools Competition managed to secure a place in the third round of their respective contests. The disappointment of these results emphasises the need for a more formal, well-run, debating society. Next year the organisational skills of debating heavyweight Dr Hosty should take the society somewhere closer to the goal. Hopes, if not expectations, are high.

Subhankar Banerjee



ECONOMIC SOCIETY

Yet again the Economics Society has struggled against adversity in an attempt to bring economics to life outside of lessons, and at lunchtime. The task has not been an easy one, nor shall it be for my successors whoever that will be. Two very successful meetings were held, though with speakers of some importance in their respective fields; Mrs Rosemar

Clarke of Birmingham University spoke on the subject of coal and energy markets, which at the time was very topical, and Mr Richard Jefferies of Charterhouse-Tilney, an extremely eminent economic commentator, gave a most interesting talk on the state of the economy.

Those meetings have proved how beneficial and productive the society can be; and I hope that renewed optimism amongst the economists of King Edward's for whom the society is run, will allow it to justify its existence into the next year, and for many years to come.

Richard Stockton



**FELL
WALKING
SOCIETY**

Fellwalking this year produced two overnight trips (as well as several day trips). The first big trip was in early December, the challenge was to climb Coniston Old Man in Cumbria. We arrived at the youth hostel just in time for our evening meal.

The next morning we all piled into the minibus and set off for the mountain. When we arrived we were split into two groups, the first was to climb straight to the summit while the second took a more roundabout route.

We climbed and climbed for what seemed like days and finally reached the summit in a snowstorm at about midday. We then descended at a more leisurely pace, looking at old mine buildings and shafts. Then it was a quick dash across Levers water (a large tarn) by means of the dam and we walked down the valley to Coniston where a tea-shop was beckoning.

1993 saw us off again, this time to Great Whernside in the Yorkshire

Dales. We arrived at midday this time and set off on the first of two walks in the area. We climbed a dried up waterfall and explored the limestone pavements at Malham Cove.

The youth hostel cooking was "down" to its usual standard and none of us went for second helpings.

The next day we climbed Great Whernside. When we had walked across the fells for hours we stopped and looked around. To our left there was evidence of Roman remains, while to our right we could see the valley where they made 'All Creatures Great and Small', and the tops of some radio masts could just be made out.

Wild rabbits were everywhere and we spent ages looking at them.

Then it was off in the minibus to Grassington where yet another tea-shop was opening its doors to us.

With thanks to all the staff who have led trips.

Matthew Wheeldon Shell B





GRAPHIC UNIVERSE

This year has been a success for the Graphic Universe. It is hard to believe that the society began a few years back with a handful of enthusiasts already familiar with comics. Now the Graphic Universe has nearly thirty members in the Friday afternoon option, and a waiting list!

The most pleasing factor and the key to the success of the 'Universe' is the new interest it has generated amongst readers lower down the school. A lot of the younger members joined with a lack of knowledge of comics. However, the youngsters have been 'converted' by Mr Milton and have decided to stay with us. This indicates that comic-reading is an



excellent hobby (a way of life for some of us) and a stimulating one.

We have been frequented again this year by Mr Davies looking for the latest 'Aliens' comics, and Miss Bond expressed how greatly impressed she was with 'The Nazz'. For me, the

highlight of this year was the Christmas party, which approximately twenty people attended after school. There will be a talk soon on Japanese Animation by Shazad Khan, which promises to be a real winner! So, I'll see you soon,

Shazad Khan



INTER- FAITH SOCIETY

The Interfaith Society is the most recent addition to the School Club. The society has been meeting every week since September 1992 after the success of the Birmingham Interfaith Council's Youth Day, which was attended by several pupils from our school.

There were several reasons for starting the Interfaith Society, the central idea being to bring together people of different religions and cultures to look at a wide range of topics from various perspectives. We have already had three external speakers visit, with many more anticipated for next year. Pupils too have played a large role in the meetings; for example, we have had a

video presentation on the situation in Bosnia, a series of talks by Hindu, Muslim and Christian pupils, a presentation about Amnesty International and many other structured, yet informal events.

We believe that the society has already been constructive and successful, improving interfaith relations in the schools; pupils now know a lot more about each others' faiths and their own religions too. We also believe that our meetings have filled an important gap in the overall place of religion at King Edward's and numbers between 15 and 30 attending each meeting support this.

Bhargavi Rao and myself are very grateful to Miss Evans and Mr Wright for their support, Reverend Weaver for all of his endeavours and Mrs Young for the interest she has shown. The Interfaith Society is now securely established at King Edward's reflecting the school's sensitivity to social change.

Matthew Price



JUNIOR CHRISTIAN UNION

JCU has had a busy and constructive year, meeting every Friday lunchtime in the chapel. We have had to say a fond farewell to Andrew Bennett and Graeme Anderson, who have successfully led JCU for the last two years and wish them every success at university. The format of the meetings has been diverse, to incorporate as many enjoyable and educational activities as possible. This includes hymns, prayers, games, communion, art, poetry and services devised and led by members.

We believe that being a Christian involves forming good relations with one another as well as a personal relationship with God, so a large emphasis is placed on participation

and social events. The end of year party is an obvious favourite, where everyone shares food, drink and conversation, whilst watching videos! The annual bowling trip too, encourages Christian friendship. JCU would not be the same without

any one of its regular attenders, but a special thanks must go to Peter and Russell for their two well-researched services and Peter's guitar-playing. Richard Rowberry and I agree that JCU is not exclusively for committed Christians, but is also for anybody

who is interested in Christianity. We are sure that JCU will continue to prosper, being a pleasurable and sociable continuation of King Edward's long religious tradition.

Matthew Price



JUNIOR CLASSICAL SOCIETY

This has been a reasonably successful year for the Junior Classical Society. Most prominent have been the big events, attracting large numbers of people, a phenomenon infrequent in this society. To balance these have been a series of highly informative lunchtime talks by speakers from inside the society (mostly P Finglass), some of which were poorly attended (my talk received a crowd of three, not including teachers).

After a few introductory meetings, the teachers began to find bits of word-processed paper on their desks instructing them on the running of the Shells' Classical Play Competition, which has become a school institution. This year was a particularly fine offering from all the Shell forms involved, with Shell B the eventual victors.

The January quiz almost fell apart, but the later talks seem to have compensated for this. The year was rounded off with an exciting "Balloon Debate", which saw the Classics masters pitting against each other in an epic bid for survival. Interesting performances from Mr Lambie as

Caecilius, hero of Stage One of the Cambridge Latin Course, Mr Worthington as rapping, streetwise Leonidas of the Spartans and Hugh Houghton (Classics Div.) as his form master and Head of Department, Mr Owen.

Thanks must go to all the Classics teachers, for making my term of office so much easier than it should have been, to Matthew Nicholls, who certainly showed his worth as vice-secretary when the secretary was otherwise engaged, and to all the U.M.s who helped in the running of the society, and in whose capable hands I leave it next year.

Gratias maximas ago.

Luke Houghton



JOINT SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

This year saw the inauguration of the joint Scientific Society, as KEHS joined the ranks of the committee. This transition has proved to be very successful.

In an attempt to start the year with a crowd-puller, our first lecture was 'The chemistry of sexual attraction' given by Dr Kelly from Cardiff University. As we predicted this lecture drew a large crowd (mainly from the lower school, perhaps on the lookout for tips).

Professor Harold Baum was our

next speaker from King's College, London. This was his second visit, as his first was interrupted by a hoax bomb scare. Fortunately this time he was undisturbed. His lecture covered in detail and with great expertise the biochemical effects and consequences of smoke on our lungs.

An Old Edwardian, Mr Gordon Woods (who in fact was in the same year as Mr Buttress), kindly volunteered to give us a talk on Periodic Tables. He presented us with a wonderful and diverse array of periodic tables, which he had collected from all over the world and some of which he had designed himself.

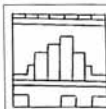
'The Physics of the Aurora' was the only lecture this year to be held at KEHS. Professor Tudor Jones from Leicester University described the scientific effects which cause the

Aurora (Northern Lights) with the aid of, as, he so simply and effectively put 'pretty pictures'.

Our final lecture of the year was a collaboration with the Mathematical Society. Dr Patel delivered a talk entitled 'Chaos in the Eye', which described how, by monitoring the blood circulation in eyes, one could detect the onset of diseases early on.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone on the committee, especially Vicki (the society secretary), Jackie (alias Rembrandt) and of course Mr Smith, as without his guidance and support, the Scientific Society would not have the stature and recognition it enjoys. I am sure our successors will continue the trend next year.

Becrom Basu



LITERARY SOCIETY

With Miss Bond behind the wheel, Literary Society has gradually become one of King Edward's most popular societies. It would seem that her balanced programme of discussions and presentations over the last year has hit the proverbial nail on the metaphorical head, figuratively speaking. Topics have varied from Stuart Estell's personal (and quite

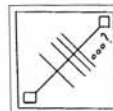
frankly, bizarre,) choice of poetry to Dr Hosty's enthusiastic and frighteningly professional presentation of American detective novels.

A wide range of opinions surfaced after John Sabapathy's talk about Bram Stoker's 'Dracula' where the conversation led to a discussion of aesthetic principles and fundamental taste! Yet this appeared as orderly and polite as a Victorian dinner party in comparison to the heated debate which was cunningly provoked by Miss Bond the following meeting: the boys poised to kill on one side, the girls better poised on the other, ready to do battle as to whether respectable

men's magazines are the equivalent of pornography to the sophisticated chauvinist. Shrewd perceptions enshrouded the Cartland room, complicated analogies and damning examples sent the male contingent reeling, but the mature and articulate ripostes of Subhanker Banerjee and William Batchelor proved worthy of the challenge.

Hence, a commendable plateau has been reached; the social atmosphere is good, whilst maintaining high intellectual standards. Literary society is a thriving and valuable asset to extra curricular activities at King Edward's.

Matthew Price



MATHS SOCIETY

Maths Soc met four times this year, twice at KES and twice at KEHS. At our first meeting we watched a video on the history of maths, illustrated

with stamps by Dr R J Wilson, son of Harold. Dr Martin Powell of St Peter's, Oxford showed us in his talk on Farey Series how much more there is to simple fractions than what we learnt at junior school. The next talk surveyed the whole of maths for curious details. Our visiting speakers were all of a high calibre and managed well to interest the sixth formers while not baffling the fifth formers (or even fourths).

Our last meeting was held jointly with the Scientific Society. The subject was diabetic diseases of the retina and the mathematics was the use of fractal ideas to describe and quantify the branching of the arteries.

The subject sounds esoteric but the speakers, Dr Vinod Patel, was excellent and it was quite fascinating.

Thanks to Dr Tyrer and Mrs Flynn for their organisation.

Stephen Boyd



MUSIC SOCIETY

This year has seen the biggest music calendar ever, with no less than eleven lunchtime recitals, all of the customarily outstanding standard. We have welcomed not only the sixth formers, for their final recitals, but have also drawn on a wealth of talent in the Lower School.

Abigail Parker and Katharine Evans demonstrated this in the first recital

and the age gap was even larger between Andrew Towers and Jennifer Graham. Between them, Abigail and Andrew gave us a complete performance of the Brahms E minor sonata, spread over a few weeks! Adam Mickelthwaite dazzled us as ever with his brilliant trumpet playing and the Otto sisters, both better known in school for their participation in the Symphony Orchestra, gave piano recitals of considerable skill. The Spring Term consisted of solo recitals, mostly from the Sixth Form, which culminated in the only recital of the summer term, a performance of the Brahms Moon Trio, featuring Helen Feltrup and Heather McNaughton.

Both girls had performance earlier in the year in recitals which included Helen's thoughtful interpretation of the Elgar Violin Sonata and Dukas' sparkling Villanelle. The triumvirate of pianists, Stuart Estell, David Wake and Kieron Quirke gave performances of the stature which we have come to associate with them over recent years. After a fiery rendition of Rachmaninov's Prelude in C minor, David went on to perform the second concert with BSSO in the Town Hall. For many, however, the most memorable recital was the percussion recital, featuring the school's percussion section. This marvellous display of technique included a

performance of Stuart Estell's Prelude and Scherzo commissioned for the concert, with the composer at the piano.

Finally it remains to thank all those who performed and gave so much time in preparation for such superb

concerts and Alex Makepeace and Peter Bridle for standing in at short notice. Mr Bridle deserves especial recognition for his committed accompaniment and all the organisation, copying of programmes and publicity which he does for the

recitals. Thanks too, to all who attended, with several full halls, and to Matt Perry for turning pages on the occasion I was unable.

Hugh Houghton

SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY

Were the Chief Master to write this report, his main comment would doubtless be 'making good progress' or something to that effect. Indeed, as all those culture-lovers with a healthy interest in the works of the great Bard will be pleased to hear, the Shakespeare Society is going from strength to strength.

Now it would be fanciful to suggest that this most intellectual and elite of societies enjoyed massive audiences last year, but a solid core of fifteen or so players present at most if not all meetings, ensured its success proving the old adages 'quality not quantity' and 'it's not the size that counts, but what you do with it'.

Plays read ranged from the light-hearted 'Much Ado About Nothing', 'Taming of the Shrew' and Kiddies favourite 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' to the altogether more complex and thought-provoking 'Othello' and 'Richard III'.

The readings are of a pleasingly high quality despite the odd bout of raucous, puerile laughter from the History Div contingent with captivating, nay spell-binding performances from Matthew Peacock, Stephen Ling, Lawrence Dean, Emma Westwood and many others. However, after much contemplation and careful consideration, I have decided to award the prestigious accolades of best actress and best actor

to Caroline Piggott and Will Batchelor (respectively).

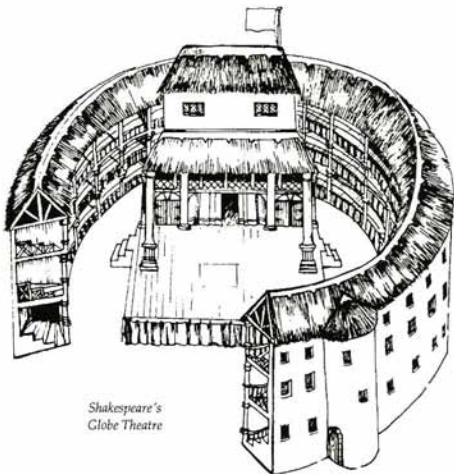
The society has a bright future with a more artistically-inclined Divisions year replacing the numerous dandruff-stricken scientists of my own year. This should result in swelling numbers and an increased frequency of meetings, both of which can only be welcomed.

It remains for me and fellow committee members Peacock, Kitson, Westwood and Piggott to thank Dr

Hosty and at KEHS, Mrs Trott, for their boundless enthusiasm and practical application in organising meetings, ensuring their smooth running and for playing the third spear-carrier when no other could be found.

Let it also be noted that the society is indebted to the dining-hall staff who, at no extra cost to the players, kept us thoroughly nourished throughout the year.

Subhankar Banerjee



Shakespeare's
Globe Theatre

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SPORT

Athletics

How often is it that a sport's report ends with a mere foot-note of thanks to those masters who have striven to perfect the team throughout the season; a paragraph which appears regardless of the writer's intent, as little more than a courteous obligation? And yet how many teams would be able to compete without the support of the common-room, a particularly salient point in the sphere of track and field athletics, surely (despite the inevitable competition from those games born the other side of the Atlantic) the sport requiring the greatest number of officials.

For this reason I will begin this record by expressing heartfelt thanks to Mr Birch and all of those who assisted him at Eastern Road last summer, not forgetting the faithful Upper Middle scoring duo, Stretton and Cook. Furthermore, many thanks must be given and much of the season's success attributed, to Mr Knight for providing a track of such unprecedented quality within school circles that of all the matches played by King Edward's only a handful were away.

Competition commenced with one of those rare away fixtures in the traditional opening to the season, a rectangular match versus Repton, RGS and Loughborough. The Seniors were hopeful that the welcome return of James Goulding after a year's sabbatical would strengthen a solid, if not brilliant, team, whilst the inters

and juniorse pitomised the confidence of today's youth in the belief that they were unbeatable. And so the afternoon progressed, with one after another of the King Edward's athletes discovering whether the months(?) of training to which he had disciplined himself were worth it. For some, the smile of victory proved they were (a classic example being Mark Nightingale in the 1500), whilst for others (such as the Captain who led by example with a throw of 3.17 metres in the javelin) the loud, clear voice that announced the results over the loudspeaker rapidly became a target of hatred. A win for the juniors, second place for the inters and third for the seniors ensured second place overall, a satisfactory first performance.

Though the first match may have come and gone all too quickly for some, the next three weeks surely contained sufficient meetings to satisfy even the inexhaustible cravings of athletes of the calibre of Manners in the Upper Middles and Tipper and Francis in the Fourths. For the senior team in particular there were, as always, an enormous number of matches before the demands of public examinations could no longer be postponed. During this time, the overall star could only be the vice-captain, Mark Harrison, who ran both the 400 metres and the 800 metres less than an hour apart every match and would, I am sure, have broken the magical sub 50 second mark for the 400 had the order of the two races been more favourable. It was in the last match before A level leave that the senior team, no doubt inspired by the forthcoming break from physical activity, enabled the Captain the stand on Big School stage with extra pride the following Monday, by registering their best win of the season, versus

Rugby, Oakham and Trent, the quality of which is obviously demonstrated by the fact that neither the inters nor junior team won.

Once the Fifts and Sixths had departed, it was to the first four years that the honour of flying the King Edward's athletics banner was given; and admirably well they did so. Excellent placings were ensured by athletes such as Gwyther in the Shells and Robertson and Vickers in the Removes. But it is never the stars alone who win athletics matches. For athletics, in contrast to cricket or rugby, is a sport where every person plays his part, something which is explicitly emphasised in school matches where no pupil can compete in more than three events. Hence, it is as important to applaud those who do not often win races as those who do, maybe even more so since the former do not regularly receive the encouragement that the latter do.

The West Midland Champion-ships passed by with further notable performances, the upper years returned and in the blink of the proverbial eye-lid the last Saturday of



term, the last ever day of school sports for all of the Upper Sixth but the cricketing fraction was upon us. Not for the first time, the weather gods did not see fit to bless the event with sunshine, and yet when the boys were dropped off, or wandered down from school, elated after singing the Quatercentenary Song, their spirits were impervious. Race after race was won and lost and mother after mother greeted son with rapturous pride or sorrowful reassurance until all that remained was for the 8 x 200 metres handicapped relay. How fitting it was that after their rise to power throughout the season it was the senior team that won the glory. Let us also hope that the second place deservedly earned by the rugby team will carry the touring party forward into Antipodean success this summer.

Dominic Lee



Basketball

BASKETBALL RESULTS 1992 - 1993

	P	W	L
U13	8	5	3
U14	6	3	3
U15	25	21	4
U16	9	6	3
U19	28	26	2

U19

The Senior basketball team of 1992 - 1993 should go down in the annals of school history. This is not only due to the fact that they are the second most successful basketball team (in terms of results) that the school has ever produced but also because of the players' attitude and pride in wearing

the infamous K.E.S. dark blue vest. The tenacity and sportsmanship of the team led to a mercurial 26 - 2 record and victory in the Birmingham League, Birmingham Cup and West Midlands Cup, as well as a place in the 'last 16' of the National Cup for an outstanding 13th year in a row. This spirit is best epitomised by the captain, Andrew Blake. Personally I have never played under a better captain of any team or seen such pugnacity and fiery spirit as he exhibited throughout the season. By no means however was this team a 'one-man band'. 'Captain Marvel' was ably supported by the coolness of Satyan Patel, the vice captain, and the aggressiveness of Nick Hockley, who often found it difficult to remember he was no longer on the rugby field.

The skill and maverick attitude of the Divisions - Jaswinder Bains, Nick Thomas, Simon Nevitt, Simon Harris and myself - was a good foil to the consistent play of the sixth formers, while Jason Edwards had an outstanding season as the team's 'big' man. Jason's efforts deservedly led to selection in the England U16 squad. Throughout such a successful season there were many memorable and notable games; these included a rare victory over the Old Edwardians, who fielded a very strong team of past stars, which included several former

England players. There was also a crushing victory over local rivals, The Fencers, in the National Cup, which set up a 'last 16' encounter with South East Essex Sixth Form College. After a long journey south, and an appalling start, the team began to play to its ability, with Jason Edwards scoring a game-high 28 points and Andrew Blake chipping in with several pointers. Unfortunately our surge came too late and we were narrowly defeated by 2 points.

However if any game signified the ethos and charisma of the team best it was the Birmingham Cup Final against Solihull Sixth Form College at the Aston Villa Leisure Centre. Against a team which previously in the season we had narrowly beaten, we recorded an astounding 102 - 50 victory; a performance accorded by the Solihull coach, and which provided the Birmingham Cup to accompany the League Championship.

The team's success must be mainly attributed to our coach, Mr Birch. His effort, knowledge and enthusiasm enabled the team to reach such a standard and the team thanks him for this and the time he spent throughout the season both at practices and matches. The team would also like to thank the scorers and supporters who turned out at the games.

Simon Jones

ANDREW BLAKE

It is rare to acknowledge in this manner the impact that a player has made on K.E.S. basketball. The last occasion was in 1985 when Chris Grimley (Birmingham Bullets, whilst still at School, England Schools and England Students) left to pursue a basketball career in the U.S.A., but Andrew Blake's departure cannot be allowed to go unheralded.

His influence has been huge, both as Captain and player, and it is no co-incidence that the U19 team has recorded its second best results ever this season. He never accepted defeat until the final whistle blew (he rarely had to this year!), and displayed the type of controlled aggression and true grit that Hollywood reserves for its most treasured heroes. Forget that you might have heard someone say basketball is only for tall players. Guards, particularly at 5' 10" like Andrew, are supposed to dribble

and pass, and take some outside shots, but they are not expected to out-rebound players a foot taller, especially on the offensive! Likewise, they are supposed to defend, but not flat out at the front of a full-court press for forty minutes, whilst gradually reducing the confidence and effectiveness of their opposite number to absolute zero.

An average of 28 points per match (he played in all 28) at a success rate of 60%, along with four rebounds, three assists and eight steals, is rather a good record, which tells only half the story. The other half is of fine leadership, good humour, outstanding anticipation and the setting of an excellent example to those around him.

I am delighted that he played for King Edward's School and not the opposition.

S. B.

U16

P:9 W:6 L:3

Although a glance at the statistics might not suggest it, this was a highly successful season for the U16s. We started off with a very convincing win over River School, and continued in

this form to beat both Cradley Heath School and Handsworth Wood School.

These victories secured us a place in the regional finals against our old rivals, Duddleston Manor, for a place in the last sixteen of the Nationals. The first was played over two legs; despite a good performance in the first leg we

lost away 77 - 60. The team's standard of play in the second leg was greatly improved, and at half-time we had a lead of seven points. We managed to retain this lead in the second half, in a close fought affair, and won 61 - 57. This well-earned win though was not enough to obtain overall victory and we lost narrowly 134-121 on aggregate.

In the West Midlands Cup Final we again faced Duddleston Manor over a two-leg final. The team put in a strong performance but lost by quite a margin, 154 - 95. This was due to the absence of several key players.

Overall, it was a very enjoyable season, with the victory over Duddleston Manor (who went on to win the National Finals) to our credit. A special mention must go to Dimitri Wychrij who is leaving us this year, and who has played an influential rôle in the team over the past years.

The only thing left to mention is our thanks and gratitude to Mr Birch, whose hard work and effort has once again produced another successful season for the U16s.

Jason Edwards

U15

P:25 W:21 L:4

Considering their distinct lack of height and flair, the U15s had a remarkable season. The team that was disposed of in the preliminary rounds of the National competition as U14s managed to record a position of sixth this year. They beat Trinity School in a thrilling showdown by two points to clinch a place in the last eight at Barrow-in-Furness (see article elsewhere). In preparation for the hard fixtures to come, the team comfortably won the Birmingham League.

The U15s thrived on intelligence, team-work and encouragement from each other. The players on the bench were (most of the time) patient and understanding if they did not get time on court for strategic reasons. The our coach very rarely heard groans of complaint from his team.



Having returned from the finals, their quest was not quite completed. There were still the West Midlands 2nd Birmingham Trophies to be won. Again we established our supremacy over rivals Trinity School in the West Midlands final and came through on top in a tricky Birmingham Cup Final against Great Barr with Alex Blackley being man of the match.

The team must be commended for their enthusiasm, character and dedication throughout the season. Inspirational performances from Bennett-Britton, the magical hands of Blackley and sure shooting from Purdon should be acknowledged. It was a fine season with which to leave coach, Mr Gunning.

Leon Francis



Under 15

U15 BOYS' BASKETBALL FINALS 1993

After winning pool C in the West Midlands we played Ercall Wood and then Trinity School in the last sixteen, thus becoming the representative school of the West Midlands. Since there are nine regions in total, of which the West Midlands is one, we had to play Salesions and Millfield in a three-way tournament. Here we came second and so qualified for a place in the U15 National Finals.

We left school on Friday, 12th February with Mr Gunning and travelled to Barrow-in-Furness. We arrived at our hotel and unpacked, then changed into our team tracksuits and were given a guided tour of the sights of Barrow. However, there were no sights other than the petrol station.

The next day we had to play in the first match of the tournament which was against last year's runners-up, Abbeydale Grange (Sheffield). This was the most closely fought match of the tournament. We lost by only one point. This was very annoying as we had one basket disallowed at the end of the first half because, supposedly, there was no time left on the clock, even though the official had not signalled the end of half. The next

half an hour was spent in the changing room contemplating what might have been.

The next match was against Brentwood School (Essex) who had been annihilated by Thorncliffe (the home team) in the first round. We beat them convincingly and were in the play off for fifth and sixth place.

Our final match was against Lancaster Boys School. We held them for the first half, but in the second they ran away with the match. Too many bad mistakes were made and, as the pressure mounted, the inexperience of the side showed.

The eventual winners were Millfield School, to whom we had lost by only twenty points earlier in the season.

Congratulations must go to Andy Purdon who was the third highest points scorer in the tournament. Special mention must also go to Mike Sheldon who, as an U14 player, did very well. Thanks must also go to the Tipper family and Mr Lee, our loyal fans.

This is the most successful U15 basketball team the school has ever had; we look forward to next season.

Philip Bennett-Britton

U14

P:6 W:3 L:3

I feel the season's results fail to reflect the team's creditable performances. Two of our three defeats have been as close as 49-51 against Shire Oak in the first round of the West Midlands Cup, and we had a demoralising first match defeat by one point against DeFerrais, mostly because of inexperience rather than lack of ability.

The team's best victory came against K.E.S. Lichfield with a comfortable win, 64-36, with Allen scoring 16 baskets, Sheldon 11 and Trehan 5, although all the team chipped in to overcome the well drilled Lichfield side. A blow came to the team when we lost Stinton, one of our more competitive players, although we still had Razzaq whose height was a great asset to the side.

After an enjoyable season, all the team wait eagerly for the next season to begin and to improve on the year's record of played six games, won three and lost three.

Finally, I must thank Mr Gunning and Mr Birch on behalf of the team for their efforts and all their help throughout the year.

Jonathan Allen



Under 14

U13

P:8 W:5 L:3

Mr Stead and S Nevitt were greeted at the first training session of the year by no less than thirty-seven people. By the third session only twenty-two remained and a team was shaped. Due to the number of players a fixed team was impossible. Instead a set first five for each game was chosen and the rest were given their chance.

The first match against Camp Hill was a close affair. Nobody performed to their expectations and the match ended 36 - 34 in Camp Hill's favour. Perhaps a match before this one would have made the difference.

The next match versus Bournville was very much different. K.E.S. sailed to their first victory by a huge margin in which T Hodson and M Purdon scored the majority of the points thanks to excellent build up by D Clark, R Hockley, D Broomhead, R Thukral and C Padmore. Similar victories over Turves Green and King's Norton

followed with outstanding performances coming from R Flynn, N Khan, H Kuraishi, J Walton, R Vickers, A Jubb, B Muralidhar and L Halliwell.

St Thomas Aquinas was the most satisfactory win as it was a very close and aggressive match. An incident between the two captains almost boiling over epitomised the attitude of both teams.

Losses to Baverstock and Alvechurch were not contests despite excellent second half performances where the other team only won by one point in both.

Winning five and losing three does not show the true potential of this team and hopefully next year will be more successful.

I would like to thank Mr Birch, Mr Stead and S Nevitt for running the team.

Michael Purdon



Bridge

A reasonable year for Bridge. A good performance by the A, B and C teams in the regional tournament was delivered. It seems evident that the team, led next year by Mark Robinson, will continue to flourish. His rather impulsive yet extremely successful methods, partnered by Matthew Broomhall, a player of immense potential, will provide a strong core. This will be reinforced by the more orthodox play of the younger pair of Amol Chitre and Mark Lewis who will continue to carry on the School's strong Bridge tradition.

Special thanks go to the following players who performed extremely well:

Richard Brooks, Peter Duggan, Robert Horton, James Young, Andrew Somers and Mark Nightingale. Also, thanks to Mr Nightingale for his organisation.

B Kamalarajan



Chess

Another great season for school chess. The 1st team were runners up in their division as were the 2nds, led by Mark Robinson, returning to chess after a three year absence. The 3rds and 4ths were less successful but the large squad of 4th team players means that chess is still very strong.

In the Times National Cup the 'B' team suffered an early exit whereas the 'A' team performed magnificently

in reaching the National stages.

Successful teams always have successful 'Board Ones'. Andrew Mayer led the school admirably as he had done through his years. The 1st team was very strong, but the loss of Joe Cheshire, Chris Harris and Andrew Mayer is most unfortunate. In the Lightning tournament an excellent performance by the 'B' team meant that they finished third.

The Shells were managed by Mark Robinson and Surojit Pal. The Shells won the U12 Quickplay Trophy for Birmingham.

So to the future. The future of school chess will have a lot to do with the strong chess playing family of Patrick and Gearoid Finglass. Gearoid is an exciting player and will improve a lot with more experience. Hopefully, next year will be very successful.

There are many people to be thanked, especially Mr Buttress for his help in booking the fixtures, and Mrs Wright.

Andrew Mayer



Cricket

1st XI

Wins against: Warwickshire Cricket Association XI, Shrewsbury School, Warwick School, Repton School, Pocklington School, Old Edwardians Association, KEGS Aston, Hereford Cathedral School.

This has been a successful season with 8 wins, the most for several years, including defeating Shrewsbury and Repton for the first time.

With such a very young side (9 are due to return next year) it was perhaps inevitable that there was a heavy reliance on the three experienced players, all of whom made major contributions with both the bat and the ball. Anurag Singh and Mark Wagh

each made 3 centuries and Anurag's 153 against Denstone was the highest post-war individual score. Nick Linchan, who proved a most able and cheerful captain, nearly joined them when he made 96 against the XI Club in his last match for the XI. Many of the rest of the players took a while to find their feet, but all made important contributions at various stages of the season and the fielding (apart from the catching) was often excellent. In particular, Mudassar Kazi, who became the regular opening batsman, and Nick Bovaird, who began to take wickets regularly in the second half of the season, made great progress. Chris Taylor became an expert short leg fielder and batted well, especially against a hostile MCC attack.

The team played its best against the

strongest opposition. The performance against the MCC was outstanding - it was the victory over a very strong OEA side (many of whom had played in the 1991 XI). Our first visit to Malvern was also satisfying with the Malvern last pair hanging on for the last fifteen minutes, and Nick Linchan's recall of one of the Malvern batsmen, who had been mistakenly given out, bringing a round of applause from the spectators.

Representative calls and the Rugby Tour meant that several players were missing for the last few games, but their replacements acquitted themselves very well and the future looks very promising. Twenty boys who have 1st XI experience return next year and fourteen will be available for two or more years.



BATTING FIGURES (Qualification 100 runs)

Initials/Surname	Innings	Not Outs	Runs	Highest Innings	100s	Average
M A Wagh	19	5	794	114	3	56.71
A Singh	17	3	787	153	3	56.21
N M Linchan*	20	6	692	96	0	49.42
B S Dunnett	10	1	132	38	0	14.66
C D J Taylor	19	1	260	44	0	14.44
N E T Jones	11	1	102	23	0	10.20
M S Kazi	20	2	183	25	0	10.16
T Robinson	18	2	152	27	0	9.50

* Captain

BOWLING FIGURES (Qualification 10 wickets)

Initials/Surname	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Best	Average
A Singh	226.5	50	709	47	7-42	15.08
N M Linehan*	265.5	60	694	34	6-47	20.41
M A Wagh	258.3	70	739	33	5-21	22.39
S Y Khan	101	28	271	10	4-36	27.10
N A Bovaird	148	21	558	20	5-46	27.90

* Captain

Also played: B J Tier, A P Blaikley, J E Porter, S K Mallela, A R Chitre,
C W G Manley, R J McGuire, A J Martin, S A Tighe, S A McCrory

RESULTS

Saturday 24 April	(Away)	Lost by
KES	86 all out	7 wickets
Rugby	87 - 3	
Wednesday 28 April	(Away)	Match
KES	182 - 3 dec	drawn
	Singh 48	
	Wagh 47 not out	
	Taylor 44	
King Edward VI College, Stourbridge	108 - 9	
Saturday 1 May	(Eastern Road)	Match
KES	223 - 7 dec	drawn
Denstone College	180 - 5	
Wednesday 4 May	(Away)	Match
King Henry VIII, Coventry	155 all out	drawn
KES	125 - 7	
Saturday 8 May	(Eastern Road)	Match
KES	230 - 8 dec	drawn
	Wagh 112	
	Singh 52	
Solihull School	202 - 5	
Wednesday 12 May	(Eastern Road) (40 overs)	Won by
KES	165 - 5	4 runs
Warwickshire Cricket Association XI	161 - 7	
Saturday 15 May	(Away)	Won by
Shrewsbury School	114 all out	6 wickets
KES	116 - 4	Linehan 62 not out
Wednesday 19 May	(Eastern Road)	Match
Brooms Grove School	191 - 3 dec	drawn
KES	125 - 6	Linehan 64
Saturday 22 May	(Eastern Road)	Lost by
KES	200 - 8 dec	2 wickets
	Linehan 57	
Bablake School	202 - 8	
Saturday 29 May	(Eastern Road)	Lost by
Royal Grammar School, Worcester	226 - 3 dec	31 runs
KES	195 all out	Wagh 90
	Linehan 44	
Saturday 12 June v Wrekin College	(Away)	Abandoned

2nd XI

This year's success is not shown in the final tally of results. The team was very young and lacked players with proven qualities. However, a great desire to improve was clearly evident in all players and by the end of the season some notable personal performances had been achieved. Half centuries were reached with style and a show of confidence by Amol Chitre and Sasi Mallela. Mallela's innings backed up by sterling performances by Nick Hockley and Nick Thomas led us to our great eight wicket victory over King's Worcester. This was a great performance with a great effort put in by all members of the team in all aspects. This is a sign of what could be next year.

Our bowling attack lacked real depth but its highlights were surely Broomhead, Grewal and Manley, the latter's fielding impressing us all. All these were able to display their talents at points throughout the season.

Thanks go to Mr Worthington for not getting too disheartened and the many other masters who sacrificed their Saturday's for us.

JM

Third XI

P:8 W:2 D:3 L:3

The Third XI played with a great deal of enthusiasm and was ably captained by John Fulljames. The bowling attack was constantly deprived of its strongest members by the highest teams, but there was an admirable willingness on the part of boys to turn out at short notice. The high point of the season, a victory at Shrewsbury School made everything worthwhile!

LWE

U15

P:7 W:1 D:3 L:3

For the previous three seasons this team relied heavily upon one player, namely Ben Dunnett. However, having moved up to the 1st XI, the team began the season in a very negative manner, thinking that without him we were useless. This frame of mind was reflected in the

Saturday 19 June Warwick	(Eastern Road) 97 all out	Khan 4 - 36	Won by 9 wickets
KES	99 - 1	Singh 48 not out Wagh 47 not out	
Saturday 26 June King's School, Worcester	(Away) 217 - 8 dec	Linehan 4 - 58	Match drawn
KES	191 - 8	Singh 121 not out	
Wednesday 30 June KES	(Eastern Road) 196 - 8 dec	(40 overs) Wagh 104	Won by 34 runs
Repton School	162 - 8		
Friday 2 July KES	(Eastern Road) 135 - 8 dec	(40 overs)	Lost by 6 wickets
Loughborough Grammar School	139 - 4	Singh 4 - 51	
Saturday 3 July KES	(Away) 194 - 5 dec	Wagh 114	Match drawn
Malvern College	100 - 9	Singh 4 - 32	
Sunday 4 July Pocklington School	(Eastern Road) 170 - 7 dec	(40 overs)	Won by 8 wickets
KES	171 - 2	Singh 103 not out	
Thursday 8 July The MCC	(Eastern Road) 253 - 9 dec	Singh 5 - 79 Wagh 4 - 101	Match drawn
KES	202 - 4	Singh 68 Wagh 57 Taylor 41	
Friday 9 July Wolverhampton	(Eastern Road) 117 - 2 dec	(35 overs)	Lost by 4 runs
KES	113 - 9	Linehan 52	
Saturday 10 July Old Edwardians Association	(Eastern Road) 79 all out	Bovaird 5 - 46	Won by 9 wickets
KES	80 - 1	Linehan 4 - 13	
Sunday 11 July KES	(Eastern Road) 145 - 8 dec	Linehan 67	Match drawn
Common Room	100 - 7		
Monday 12 July King Edward VI Aston School	(Eastern Road) 92 all out	Wagh 5 - 21	Won by 8 wickets
KES	95 - 2	Wagh 47 not out	
Tuesday 13 July Gentleman of Worcestershire	(Eastern Road) 192 - 4		Match drawn (rain)
Wednesday 14 July KES	(Eastern Road) 151 all out		Won by 25 runs
Hereford Cathedral School	126 all out	Linehan 6 - 47	
Thursday 15 July The XL Club	(Eastern Road) 212 - 5 dec		Match drawn
KES	153 - 6	Linehan 96	

first match where Rugby School knocked up 144-1 declared - and we narrowly avoided defeat on 58-8. As the season progressed though, a great team spirit was formed and the team started believing in itself. The first evidence was this was when we almost managed to beat a strong Denstone side. They eventually declared on 107-8, with both Purdon and Allen taking 4 wickets. We finished on 97-2, just 1 runs short of a win.

The bowling set us up on several occasions for what looked like comfortable wins; however, the batting usually let us down. An example of this was against Warwick where we bowled them out for 123 (McCrory taking 5 wickets and Akram 3), but then we proceeded to be dismissed by a very moderate attack for 119. This match was still a personal triumph for Chambers who scored his maiden half-century (62).

The best example of good bowling but bad batting was in our lost match against Malvern. They were put into bat, and tremendous team spirit, superb catching and bowling removed them for 79. Tighe took 4 wickets as did McCrory, and 3 brilliant slip catches were held by Robertson, Bennett-Britton, and Purdon. With the score to beat, and ample time to spare, even our batting side was confident. However, it wasn't to be, as we were dismissed by Malvern's spinners for 56; only Chambers with 28 made any real contribution. A disastrous batting effort, but it was worth it for the fielding performance.

The absence of our "star" did cost us dearly, but it also gave the rest of our team a chance to perform. Chambers managed to take this opportunity, and as the season wore on he asserted himself as an opening batsman. His innings of 62 was the highlight of his (and our) batting season. McCrory was the star with the ball, taking 19 wickets in seven games - being unlucky not to get more. Hewwa, well supported by Allen, Tighe, Akram, and Purdon. Watts kept brilliantly behind the stumps, with

the first bye being conceded in the fourth game.

Although the results are not too impressive, they do not fairly reflect the end of season attitude and bowling ability of the team; unfortunately, however, it does reflect the batting!

Alex Blaikley

U14

P:9 W:3 D:3 L:3

The season turned out to be a fairly disappointing one, due to the high standards expected of this team. All too often, the batting failed to show enough back-bone and responsibility to assist the high quality of bowling that was evident throughout the season. The frailty of the batting was highlighted by defeats against our three strongest opponents Rugby, Shrewsbury and Malvern. Yet fine bowling ensured successes against Solihull, Bablake and Aston. At the



time of writing the team are still in the semi-final of the Warwickshire section of the Lord Taverners Competition.

Finally, representative honours were gained for Warwickshire Schools

U14 team by Richard McGuire, who captained the side well all year and Andrew Martin, who had an exceptional year "behind the timbers".

LMR

U12

P:8 W:4 D:2 L:2

After a slow start the team picked up winning four games on the trot towards the end of the season. In nearly every game we bowled very well but only managed to score over 100 against Loughborough.

The most exciting games of the season were against Warwick and Kings, Worcester. At Warwick we won on the last ball of the game. Against Kings we bowled them out for 59 which included an excellent caught and bowled by William Webb to get their "dangerman" out.

Jonathan Pollock scored important runs in a number of matches. Alistair Natkiel kept wicket well and also had a good knock against King Henry's. Other members of the team who



should also be mentioned are Matthew Button and Vivek Katyal, the latter who won us the game against Loughborough taking four wickets.

The team would like to thank Mr

Lye who coached us throughout the season and helped us improve as indicated by the last four results of the season.

Robbie Newman



Cross
Country

A combination of a general lack of ambition and also poor leadership from the captain led the senior team to finish in a disappointing sixth position in the league. Perhaps this reflects the general attitude of the school towards cross country.

There were, however, some highlights in the season. Our

performance in the prestigious Coventry Relay and my third position overall in the league as an individual, were improvements on recent years. All those who marked for us should be thanked as without their help, hosting home matches would be impossible.

Mark Nightingale



Hockey

This has been a season of rebuilding for the 1st XI who lost nine players last year. Many of the younger players who have achieved senior honours will have benefited a great deal from their experiences this year and should enable them to start next season full of confidence. Although the team has been reasonably settled, nineteen players have played 1st XI hockey this season showing the strength in depth throughout the senior option. Perhaps the most promising team has been the U14 XI which has quickly developed into the most successful side this season, often playing outside their age

range against U15 opposition, and this after only one year's hockey coaching.

Finally, I would like to congratulate the U16 XI on reaching the Warwickshire final of the Nationwide Anglia Cup but alas coming second to a very talented and determined Rugby School team. Many of these players I hope to see making a determined effort to gain senior honours next year in the 1st and 2nd XIs.

Statistics 1992/93

	P	W	D	L	F	A
1st XI	21	12	3	6	34	17
2nd XI	13	6	1	6	25	18
3rd XI	5	1	2	2	5	8
U16 XI	15	8	3	4	26	19
U15 XI	15	4	5	6	20	24
U14 XI	9	8	0	1	45	6
Totals	78	39	14	25	155	92

County Honours

Warwickshire U 18 XI

Nick Thomas

Warwickshire U 16 XI

John Owens

James Sherwood

Nick Jones

Guy Manners

Staffordshire U 14 XI

Daniel De Costa

1st XI

P21 W12 L6 D3

The opening paragraph has highlighted that this was always going to be a somewhat difficult year with only two members of last season's team remaining. However the season could not have started in a better way when Lawrence Sherwood were convincingly beaten by 9-0 with



Nick Thomas picking up a useful 6 goals. This was followed by a very creditable performance against the Old Boys who were perhaps rather lucky to pull a goal back from being 1-0 down early in the first half. It was always going to be a hard game with many of last year's successful side playing for the opposition. It was left to last year's captain Toby Arrowsmith to earn them a 1-1 draw on what was a very warm September morning. The season then went a little flat and individuals did not progress at the rate I would have liked. Nevertheless

victories against Prince Henry's Evesham, Five Ways and Bishop Vesey coupled with gritty performances against Warwick and Solihull which ended in 2-0 defeats showed inexperienced players were learning to cope with the rigours of senior level hockey. Regular training sessions at Olton on Tuesday evening paid dividends with the development and implementation of a slick corner routine possessing several options. Unfortunately these were not always executed in a manner likely to bring success, either due to rather erratic

service from the baseline or confusion amongst those involved. Perhaps the main bonus during the season was that 90% of 1st XI matches were played on Astroturf which undoubtedly benefited all who took part to develop their individual skills. Players worthy of mention are Simon Feely for his tireless effort, Chris Taylor for his unorthodox approach to the game and his ability to score goals when desperately needed and lastly the midfield trio of Dominic Kelly, Nick Linehan and Mark Wagh.

RNL

2nd XI

P13 W6 L6 D1

It has been a season of mixed fortunes, with some refreshingly high

which the hockey matches could be enjoyed. We were a versatile team, with stunning victories over Five Ways (5-1) and Bishop Vesey (4-1), but also determined as accentuated in the

unsuspecting rival teams. The Golden Stick goes to Simon Mason who cracked about ten goals past a variety of keepers whilst the stalwart attacker Simon Storey was always a threat to them.

With a final total of six wins, one draw and six losses we were not blessed with an outstanding set of results yet it is also nothing to be ashamed of. This future looks promising with many up and coming fifth years and a number of experienced divisions gracing the squad. Many thanks must go to Mr Roll and Mr Lye for travelling home and away with the team and providing their experienced coaching. Good luck next year.

Dan Marks

3rd XI

P5 W1 D2 L2

Under the watchful leadership of Mr Simon Tinley the 3rd XI played five matches and, although they only managed one win, gained valuable experience of playing competitively and developing their skills in a match situation. It is hoped to increase the number of fixtures at this level to cater for the growing number of boys wishing to play hockey within the school. Giving the maximum number of boys the chance to play can only be good for the option as a whole.

RNL



scoring victories juxtaposed with some agonizingly narrow defeats. The most noticeable aspect of the season was the continual reshuffling of the players, with many boys hopping in and out of the 1st XI. This resulted in a 2nd XI that was brimming with talent, as some of the lads used our matches as a platform for displaying their skills in order to merit a first team place. Although competitive, there was always an underlying current of cheeriness which made for a relaxed environment by

Wrekin match, when we were 2-0 down halfway through the second half and swung the game around to finish 3-2 up.

There were commendable performances during the course of the season, with John Owens parading his youth and energy in goal and John Fulljames as a rock on which the rest of the defence rested. The midfield was overflowing with pace and strength, with Mason, Birch, Singh and Hawson unleashing their fury on



U16 XI

P15 W8 D3 L4

A fairly successful season was capped by the team reaching the final of the Nationwide Anglia Cup, only to lose out to an extremely talented Rugby side, who, for the second year running fielded two current internationals and a handful of Midland players.

The rest of the results speak for themselves, although they do not show

our highest win of the season, 6-0 against Blossomfield in the 2nd round of the cup.

The find of the season had to be Elia Tziambazis, centre forward turned goalkeeper, who made a great save in the final match against Evesham to keep a clean sheet for his first match in goal.

Thanks to Mr Chamberlain for his coaching throughout the season.

Nick Jones

County Honours at U16

N Jones

J Sherwood

J Owens

G Manners

U15 XI

P15 W4 D5 L6

We started the season knowing that we would have to work hard to attain a reasonable standard of results. The team was very similar to that of the previous year, in which we had struggled. After a short time of preparation, we went into the first few matches, and managed to gain one or two wins, and quite a few draws. Although the results were average, we played some good hockey, and many of the matches were very tight.

In the middle of the season, we began to lack commitment, and started to lose more games. But by the end of the year, with some very good performances from Robin Marsland

and Aminur Rahman, we succeeded in achieving some creditable results, notably winning 3-2 over Warwick. I

am hopeful that we can carry on where we left off at the end of last season.

Michael Bywater





U14 XI

P9 W8 D1 L0

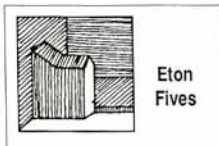
After just a couple of practices we played our first match against Warwick, away. We won 6-0. This was a great performance considering only about half of our team had played hockey. Our second match was against a weak Five Ways team. We thrashed them 12-0. A third match of the season was against Queen Mary's Grammar school at the Alexandra Stadium. We won 6-0, but it could have been more.

These were the only games we played in the Winter Term, because the other schools had called them off. In the first match of the Spring Term we played an Under 15 Lawrence Sheriff side. We played very well and beat them 5-1. We played Warwick again but this time at home. We improved slightly and won 7-0. Unfortunately the Camp Hill match was cancelled due to their being on Half Term.

After Half Term we played Evesham at Olton. This was not a very convincing performance by the team even though we won 2-1. Another game at Olton was against Princethorpe. We lost this game 3-2 and it was our only loss of the season. We battled hard through to the end, but we just couldn't get that elusive equaliser.

To finish the season we won our last two matches 3-0 and 3-1 against Solihull and QMGS respectively. The whole team played well all season. Tom Manners and Adrian Brindley were our two main goal scorers scoring about 20 goals each. Charles Webb at sweeper and Chris Thomas in goal played excellently in defence, and all the midfield played well.

Richard McGuire

Eton
Fives

P15 W3 D1 L11

Once again the statistics make sombre reading, and again it is true to say that at the top level we struggled to come to terms with the opposition, particularly Wolverhampton Grammar School and Shrewsbury School. Genuine excuses at senior level were the move to another school of one of the first pair and the absence (through injury, for the whole season) of one of the third pair.

But again there were enough rays of light to enable the Master in charge to postpone contemplation of suicide. The Captain, Michael Levy, was as skilful (if not as fit) as any player in the country; there was an unprecedented seven pairs of extremely enthusiastic and fast-developing U13 players, and Simon Tinley O.E., who joined the school in September 1992, has done wonders in encouraging this talent.

There are also a considerable number of highlights to recall - the match against Cambridge University Penguins, in which the first pair's contest lasted over three hours, only for the fifth set to go 15-12 against them; even more remarkable, the U13 pair of Sunkaraneni and Muralidhar played a 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ hour match against Harrow School, winning 12-9 in the fifth set; (you have to be tough to be a Fives player!)

In the Schools' Championships at the end of the Spring Term, KES pairs played a total of 53 matches (many of them, admittedly, one set), of which we won 15, drew 1, lost 37. One U13 player played 22 sets over the two days. (You have to be really tough to be a Fives player!) and we did win something at these Championships. The U14's Plate Competition (for first round losers) was won by the U13 pair of James Birch and Jonathan Goldman. Trophies on the mantelpiece - it's a start.

Finally, my thanks must go to the Captain, Michael Levy, whose gloves and headband astonished an opposition pair; to the U13 pair of Paul Atkinson and Matthew Dodd, whose skill at winning cuddly toys from a machine at Toddington Services (M1) during a four hour wait for a replacement coach was truly remarkable; and to Mr Simon Tinley, who talked me through many a moment of despair with his unquenchable optimism. I can't wait for next season.

GAW



Rugby

1st XV

P19 W9 L10 D0 Points for: 294
Against: 280

Although the season's statistics may look indifferent, they do not truly reflect the skill and commitment of a side who lacked experience and physical presence. Indeed, rarely has a team learnt or improved so much over the course of a season.

Following a hard fought win at RGS Worcester, a series of tough fixtures were lost by only narrow margins. Our lack of a specialist goal kicker often proved decisive in close matches. Having dominated Uppingham and King's Worcester for long periods of the game, it was frustrating not to be able to convert relatively easy penalties and go down 15-0 and 21-10 respectively. Once again we outclassed Manchester Grammar and the Foundation Schools, but unfortunately, due to a below full strength side we were unable to progress past the first round of the Daily Mail Cup losing to a very hard and aggressive Solihull 6th Form College side.

The Bromsgrove match was a severe, closely contested. The midfield tackled relentlessly, but Bromsgrove went over to win by one try to nil.

After Christmas, the XV secured some very strong performances, and would have surely gone unbeaten, but for a slow start against Bablake, a match which we lost 18-17. Two particularly pleasing wins were against Old Swinford and Bishop's Vesey, where backs and forwards linked beautifully to play the kind of rugby which we had strived for all season.

The pack, although suffering through lack of size, more than



compensated through speed around the pitch, and sheer effort. The front row were never seriously challenged in the scrum and appeared to good effect (sometimes) in the loose. Lee and Bains, probably the smallest touch forwards on the circuit, whilst suffering in the line-out, made up for it through hard rucking and the ability to disrupt. Our back row of Royle, Jones and Harris were ever aggressive, instilling fear in their team mates, as well as the opposition. Simon Harris, next season's skipper, was injured for our unbeaten run after Christmas, but was ably replaced by Michael Ellis.

The half-back duo of Simons and Slater were nippy, elusive and small. Blake and Yallup in the centre performed with true Aussie (and Solihull) grit by unceremoniously dumping their opposite numbers in the tackle. Our wingers, Khan and Rigby, more famed for their cycling shorts than their tally of points, when given the ball, always threatened the opposition's defence. A number of players were given the honour (?) of wearing the No. 15 shirt. Matt Dolton occupied this much envied position for over half the season, and proved a favourite with the girls on the touchline.

Many thanks must go to Mr Gutteridge who gives up many hours beyond the call of duty for King Edward's Rugby. Thanks also to the ground staff at Eastern Road who managed to make the 1st XV pitch playable for the Bromsgrove match after 3 days of non-stop rain. This

season, although not the most successful one, has been thoroughly enjoyed by all who took part, and hopefully a stepping stone to greater things with only four of the XV leaving next year. Well done all!

Nick Hockley

Individual Honours

N C Hockley

D J Lee

S Harris

S Khan

2nd XV

P18 W10 L7 D1 Points for: 312
Against: 236

Although the playing record may not indicate it, this was a disappointing season in many respects. Until Christmas only four games were won but several others should have been. However, after Christmas, when the side was reinforced by several of the under sixteen side and some 'old lag' rested from the 1st XV, all six games were won in style and great spirit. The final match against Wolverhampton GS 1st XV played by a side containing no members of the sixth form was particularly notable triumph and suggested that we can be optimistic about next season.

The problem for the side before Christmas was the lack of a good scrum half with a quick long pass. The arrival of Ben Tier in January was one of the



2nd XV

main reasons for the change in fortunes. A set of unfortunate circumstances led to this unexpected situation. First, before term started, Jonathan Tilley broke his leg. Then, in the first match, Sameh Ahmed injured his ankle. Joe Cheshire and then James Mason filled in admirably and deserve no criticism for their efforts, but they will not mind my saying that they lacked the skill of the two injured players.

The early part of the season was disappointing in that good situations were not turned into points and pressure was not manifested as victories. Against RGS Worcester the side promised much; they recovered from a 14-0 deficit in the first ten minutes to lose 24-27. The fact that RGS had played one match was probably crucial. The match with Solihull was the most disappointing of the season. At half-time there was no score but we had dominated the half; in the second half they scored a break-away try and eventually won 16-0 as heads went down. By half-term only The King's School Worcester had outplayed us but only two victories had been gained from seven games. Manchester GS and Loughborough GS were beaten in the pre-Christmas period, but generally the performances were disappointing. After Christmas, our fortunes were transformed.

The pack were capable of winning good ball from all situations. The formidable front row of Martyn Lodge,

Hesham Abdalla and one of Ed Grew, Stephen Felderhof or Tony Down hooking were never outplayed. Jas Bains, Paul Wilson and, after deserved promotion from the 3rd XV, Matthew Cousins, ensured that we had good line-out ball most of the time. The last three plus the variety of players who helped make up the back row also helped secure a lot of second phase possession. I cannot leave the pack without mentioning Michael Burcher who played in all but one match in the second row; never a star but solid and dependable.

In the latter part of the season the backs showed that they were capable of creating attacking situations and of scoring tries, something one despaired of during October, November and December. Elliot Norton played intelligently at fly-half but lacked the speed to make up for the slow feed he received for much of the time. James Donovan and James Webb formed a good partnership in the centre and there was real pace on the wing in the form of Matthew Price and Adam Hasan, although unfortunately, they received the ball too rarely and too slowly. Price was the leading try scorer with six. This honour was held by Vinden Kumar for much of the season after his hat-trick as a replacement in the first match against RGS Worcester. Injury led to his withdrawal from the rugby squad soon afterwards. James Mason was fullback for much of the season; an excellent tackler, he lacks the pace and kicking ability to be a

complete fullback but his commitment could never be doubted. Richard Stockton also successfully filled the fullback position later in the season; this could turn out to be his best position in the future.

Apart from Ben Tier, Simon Wong and Ross Yallup played regularly after Christmas and showed great promise for next season.

A total of forty-three players represented the 2nd XV during the season, something else that did not help to achieve consistency. I cannot mention all of them but it must be recorded that their efforts were appreciated and that, without exception, they played to the best of their ability and contributed to the spirit which prevailed throughout the season even when the next victory seemed elusive. With most of the side likely to be available for 2nd XV selection next year, we can hope for greater success throughout the season - injuries permitting.

TM

3rd XV

P12 W7 D0 L5 Points for: 186

Against: 140

The 92-93 season was a very enjoyable one with the team being unbeaten after Christmas. This was due to the U16's strengthening the team with R Butler and D Goode showing real promise.

As is usually seen with the 3rd XV the team was often made up of last minute replacements. The problem was that the 2nd XV often took players who were in key positions. But, even so, the team showed real character by being able to compete with depleted resources. This disruption is displayed by the fact that only two players competed in every match; one being myself, the other Richard Adams.

Richard had, in my opinion, the best season of his career. Apart from a slow start to the season he soon found form and began kicking points from practically everywhere except in front of the posts. His tackles often saved certain tries and, after much debate,

finally managed to score a try himself. Another valuable player was Phuc Huynh whose aggressive and exciting play enabled him to score a hat-trick against Bishop Vesey's in one of our biggest victories of the season. But there were some very close victories, for example, KE Aston whom we beat 7-5 and Loughborough, 7-0.

All in all it was a very good season and many thanks must go to Mr Evans who coached us throughout and also to Mr Phillips who helped to fine-tune our open play.

Peter Duggan

U16 XV

P12 W7 D0 L5 Points for: 184

Against: 117

Under the guidance of Mr Birch and ably assisted by Mr Campbell, the U16's had a mixed but overall positive last season together. The season included many excellent performances, the best being the spirited and determined win over a strong Loughborough side. This determination to win had not surfaced as forcefully before this match; had it done so I'm sure our playing record would be noticeably different. Having said that the team played very well considering some major changes in the pack and the constant rearranging

of the backs due to the loaning of Ed Rigby to the 1st XV and the emergence of some new talented players.

The front row functioned as an excellent unit all season with creditable hooking and propping from A French at hooker and J Porter and S Wong at prop.

The second row of R Yallup and D Goode played well together early on during the season. A Kakoullis emerged from the depths of the 'B' squad to replace D Goode for the latter part of the season and played very well. The back row and scrum half worked well together with B Tier causing many problems with his ferocious hand-off and aggressive running. The rest of the backs despite

some positional unrest linked well together with some excellent kicking from P Giles and strong, elusively running from the centres, wings and fullback.

Final thanks must go to S Birch for his encouragement and commitment throughout the season.

J Marchant

Representative Honours/ County

J Marchant
P Ghosh
E Rigby

U15 XV

P20 W20 Points for: 839

Against: 39

This season was described as Mr Phillips as being "The Perfect Season". It has certainly been a most enjoyable and successful one. All friendly played this season were comfortable wins. Leon Francis the unstoppable No. 8 dominated from the start, with surging runs lasting the whole length of the pitch. He scored 5 tries against Loughborough and ended the season with 32 tries.

Andy Owen had a brilliant season at outside centre, making lots of runs and setting up many of Tom Tipper's 35 tries.



3rd XV



U16XV

Jon Aning moved back to prop for this season and had a great season, as did Jim Allen and Owen Addison, the other members of the front row.

Adam Hiscock and Andy Purdon secured superb line-out ball which meant that we dominated this area of the field.

The flankers Imran Shaikh and Adrian Lee also played well throughout the season.

Ian Cole at fullback played a vital role in many of the games including a match winning performance against Camp Hill.

Alex Blaikley provided very good service for the backline and Dan Montague and Ali Caldicott had a good season.

Other members of the squad were Phil Bennett-Britton, Stuart Watts and Rob Taylor.

The main part of the season was devoted to the "road to Twickenham." This started with an 8-0 victory against Camp Hill on a very wet evening at Sutton Rugby Club. We then went on to play Aylestone School, Hereford and won comfortably 76-0.

Three weeks later we played King Henry VIII school at Coventry and won 22-6. Andy Owen played extremely well, scoring two tries despite a broken nose.

It was almost a month before we played our next opponents, King's Ely and lack of match practice and a very big no. 8 caused the coach to write an information file concerning the team. As it happened we won 29-10 with Tom Tipper scoring three superb tries which earned him a Daily Mail ball.

The quarter-final was won comfortably 51-3 despite an early penalty from Hymers, Hull. All of the backs claimed a try apiece, Leon Francis scored two and Andy Purdon darted over to score to great cheers and comments about his new haircut!

Against a formidably heavy Eastbourne pack, our forwards played outstandingly well to win the majority of possession in all phases of the game.

Tom Tipper chipped in with two more tries, Adam Hiscock also scored two good tries. We eventually won 41-

5 and sealed our place at Twickenham.

The final is described in another article, but it was a very close, tense, but enjoyable day.

Our thanks must go to Mr Phillips for his complete devotion and commitment to the team. Also to Mr Campbell for his warm-ups and to Messrs Gutteridge and Everest for their helpful advice.

It has been, as Mr Phillips said "The Perfect Season." The team spirit has been great and it has been a lot of fun. The playing record, I think says it all.

Ben Dunnett

Representative Honours/ County

I Cole	T Tipper
A Owen	B Dunnett
A Blaikley	J Aning
A Purdon	K Shergold

Daily Mail Cup U 15 National Winners

U14 XV

P13 W12 L0 D1 Points for 283

Against 25

Our season opened with great expectations, but these were tinged with a little apprehension. That we had a talented side there was no doubt, but inevitably our opposition would continue to improve - could we sustain our unbeaten record for a third season?

We began well with comfortable wins over Worcester Royal Grammar School and Solihull, but as we neared Christmas the team came up against tougher opposition. Two of our hardest matches were undoubtedly against Warwick and Loughborough. Both of these were won 5-0 and each match was extremely tense right until the final whistle. In both these matches one member of the team featured strongly - John Allen. In the Warwick game his strong kicking out of defence enabled us to prevent Warwick from scoring and in the Loughborough match he scored the only try. He also made vital scores against Manchester Grammar and Old Swinford Hospital. He was a vital asset to the team throughout the whole season. Just before Christmas the team played their best match against Ellsmere which they won convincingly 46-3. The forwards dominated throughout the game and crossed the line on several occasions.

The front row played outstandingly throughout the season, with excellent hooking from S Howard and good propping from J Hynes and J Parker. After the loss of A Henderson, midway through the season, J Thomas took the adjacent place to D Brunt in the second row and both played superbly in every match winning many line-out balls. Once again, our back row of B Stinton, A Shepherd and M Sheldon played with a tremendous amount of aggression and each person never missed a tackle. A Shepherd who led



the pack played very well, and was always the most dynamic person on the pitch.

Behind the pack the half backs, J Child and J Allen linked well and both moved the ball well down the back line. All the backs played well and executed many moves. A Trehame at full back slotted many conversions.

Towards the end of the season county trials took place, and the following boys got through:

J Parker, S Howard, D Brunt, J Thomas, A Shepherd, J Child, J Allen, T Marchant. Unfortunately, J Hynes who had had an outstanding season, broke his wrist in the final trial and did not go through, though if he was fit he would have been selected.

Many thanks go to Messrs. Milton, Gutteridge and Campbell for coaching us and making us a better team as the season progressed.

Tom Marchant

Tom has modestly overlooked his own contribution to the team's success. A sensible and level-headed captain, and a good steadying influence at all times, his tackling was an essential feature of the unbeaten season. I think that he also plays down the immense achievement of the U14 XV in

remaining unbeaten for a third successive season.

The match against Nottingham High School typified their performance: playing determined opposition, we came from behind to win 13-6 in an exciting, absorbing game. Throughout the season Alistair Shepherd was awesome and John Allen ever growing in stature. The National Cup now beckons - and it will take a very tough side to stop them!

EJM

Representative Honours/ County

J Parker D Brunt
J Thomas A Shepherd
J Child J Allen
T Marchant
S Howard

U13 XV

P13 W7 L6 D0 Points for 180
Against 126

We started the season off badly losing our first three matches. These losses were due to the fact that a number of players had been moved away from their previous positions

and therefore did not know what they were to do. After these people had settled down in their new positions we started to win some games. In fact we won several games in a row, and in this winning streak we played against sides like Nottingham and Loughborough who had played several more games than we had. Our 10th game was against Bablake, whom we should have beaten convincingly but lost to due to a number of key players being unable to play.

Throughout the season I think the whole team played as well as possible and tried in all the matches. I believe Chris Padmore played well at fullback considering it was a new position for him. Tony Hodson scored tries consistently at centre, much the same as last season and David Broomhead kicked well in most matches. The scrum played particularly well in the lineouts and off the ball. Both Michael Purdon and Dominic Cauldwell played a key part in the lineouts.

Robin Vickers

U12 XV

P9 W3 L5 D1 Points for 121
Against 176

The rugby team started off the season with a team who hardly knew



U12 XV

each other although we had trained well for the first match. This was away against Loughborough Grammar School. We were very confident when we got there. We started the match disorganised so the score at half-time was 12-0 to them. In the second half we played better as a team but lost the game 20-0. Following this match was again an away game against Manchester. It was a wet and muddy day but we played well, constantly pressuring them to force a 5-5 draw. The third match was against Nottingham High School. This was a tough match but in the last few minutes their forward scored an excellent try to make the score 14-7 to them.

The first match in the spring term was a home fixture against King Henry VIII School, Coventry. They were tough opposition and at half time we were narrowly losing. In the second

half the backs played very well with excellent tackles from Richard Thomas and good tries from both wingers eventually winning us the game. A home fixture was beginning to look like a lucky one so we became quite confident when the next match was at home. With good possession from the backs we easily beat the Old Swinford team 28-0. This was mainly because of good team work. Now there were only four matches left and we were confident that we could do well in them. On 6th February we played Bablake School. They were a very strong and organised side. We were convincingly beaten although we did not play to our full potential.

The next match was against Warwick. In this we became overconfident after scoring the first try. After this they scored a handful of

tries because of bad defence. This boosted their morale and we never recovered from their lead.

After half term we played against King's School, Worcester. This was probably the best match we played all season. We tackled and passed well leading to a 59-5 victory. We only had one match left to play. This was against King Edwards' Camp Hill. We played well at the start, but we could not match the strength of their forwards. They scored all of the teams five tries. The final score was 25-5. I think the team had an encouraging first season. L. Hawkins, J. Feetam, A. Williams, S. Gwyther, R. Newman, and R. Taylor all played with great commitment in every game. The team have learned a great deal and would like to thank Mr Everest and Mr Gutteridge, for their time and efforts this year.

Andrew Williams



Swimming

School swimming started its second season under Mr Hatton in much the same fashion as it finished the previous term. We achieved notable victories against Camp Hill and Solihull, who were both much improved since our last encounters with them. These victories were to be the key to our sustained success throughout the rest of the year. Coming up against such strong opposition early on made us all enthusiastic to carry on the winning tradition, which has been established for many seasons.

The spring term featured fixtures against Warwick and Loughborough, both of which were of an extremely high standard. Swimming away to both these schools made the task even harder, but competing in these high

standard fixtures was the best way for the whole team to improve. After a tense encounter we just managed to hold on against Warwick. We were not so successful against Loughborough: below par performances from the juniors along with key absentees meant we were edged out, but only just. A changing room team talk after the match put the defeat into context: more training was required!

Easy victories over Repton and Shrewsbury early on in the summer term boosted confidence which had waned a little in the spring. After this came the Worcester Invitation, the most difficult Gala of the year, featuring twelve teams from around the Midlands. Key absentees from the intermediates meant a high placing would, so we thought, be unattainable. However, inspired performances from the both senior and junior teams were to prove us wrong. Overall victory for the senior team by a huge margin left us with an overall position of second - a thoroughly satisfying result.

The next fixture of the year against

Wrekin was, for Mr Hatton at least, a rather amusing affair. Competition took place in the icy waters of their outdoor pool on a freezing cold May afternoon. Nevertheless despite these "minor" problems we won emphatically. After this came the qualifying event for the England schools championships. Both senior and junior teams have qualified for the finals, which take place in October in Leicester.

Notable performers throughout the year included: Penna, Kahn, Emery and Atefi from the juniors; Lee and Aspinall from the intermediates and James Smith, Shepperd, Darbyshire and a certain red-headed member of the divisions by the name of Brian, from the seniors.

Finally I must thank Mr Hatton and Mr Owen for spending so much of their time training and organising the team. I am also grateful to all the parents who assisted in the running of home galas. Without them swimming would undoubtedly not have been so successful this year.

Justin Smith



Tennis

SUMMARY
TABLE OF FIXTURES
FROM JULY 93
SPEECH DAY PROGRAMME

SCHOOL MATCHES

	P	W	D	L
1st VI	5	3	0	2
2nd VI	5	2	1	2
U15 VI	5	5	0	0
U13 VI	2	2	0	0

King Edward's has enjoyed one of its most successful tennis seasons to date. The U13's and U15's have developed into formidable sides, and both have now qualified for the regional knockout stage of the Midland Bank Schools Tennis Competition, after winning all of their matches in the Birmingham area. The U18's crowned a magnificent season by once again finishing third in the National Finals of the Midland Bank Senior Student Competition, a tremendous achievement. Thanks must go to Dr Higgitt for her superb organisation and dedication to tennis at the school, and to Mr Cropper and Mr Stone for their all-round commitment and enthusiasm.

Edward Slater

U15

The U15A team enjoyed an unbeaten season, playing with good spirit and rising to the occasion when matches became close. The highlights of the season were hard-fought victories over Repton and Malvern,



*William Cutler
shows what he thinks
of the opposition*

together with an overwhelming 13-0 victory over Nottingham H.S. in the first fixture of term. The other successes came against Bishop Vesey and Warwick, the latter a 9-0 clean sweep.

The 'A' team also won three matches to progress through the local



Over 18's

qualifying stages of the Midland Bank tournament which will be continued in the Autumn term. Ian Cole, the captain, and William Cutler have proved to be a dominant first pair, and both performed extremely well when they had the opportunity to play in the senior 1st VI. Adam Hiscock and Adrian Lee were the second pair, playing steadily throughout the term.

We also entered a 'B' side, consisting mainly of Under 14's in the Midland Bank tournament. Although they lost both matches they played well and showed that next year's Under 15's will again be strong.

MJC



U13

This year for the first time the school coach, Adrian Coles, has led a weekly training session for this age group. This has been highly successful. The squad of a dozen boys has displayed both talent and enthusiasm. The A team has won the Midland Bank Competition for the Birmingham Area and now goes

through to the regional level. The B team has also put up a good fight against opposition which has mainly been A teams. Some of the players in this team have improved tremendously over the term. Many of the squad are first years, so this bodes well for next year.

JES



U15

Runners-Up in the West Midlands Regional Final

In last year's competition King Edward's U13 team reached the West Midlands Regional Final, held in November at Coventry Racquet Centre. Here they met a strong team from Eversfield School, Solihull which included as their number one player William Cutler (UMB) who was by this stage a new pupil at King Edward's! Our team of Bali Muralidhar, David Clark, Richard Stuckey and Alastair Treharne finished as runners-up.

SRH



WIN A WEEKEND AWAY

A 3 NIGHT MINI-BREAK FOR 2 IN THE ROMANTIC HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND

3 Nights Dinner Bed and Breakfast in
one of Scotland's best small hotels worth
over £250 to be won



THE PRINCE'S HOUSE, GLENFINNAN, INVERNESS-SHIRE

THE PRINCE'S HOUSE is owned and run by Old Edwardians Carole and Robert Hawkes. Set on "The Road To The Isles" in Glenfinnan, immortalised in Scottish history as the place where Bonnie Prince Charlie raised his standard to gather the clans at the start of the doomed 1745 rising. Now modernised to provide a perfect location to get away from all the stresses and strains of city life, Carole has built up a reputation for running one of the best restaurants in the area based on extensive use of local produce, while Robert can offer you the chance to unwind while working through his wine list and malt selection!

TO ENTER simply answer the following questions about the 1745 Rising:

- ☐ Where was the Standard raised ?
- ☐ What was the name of the woman who helped The Prince "Over The Sea To Skye" ?
- ☐ Which famous battle ended the rising ?

and send your answers on a postcard to the address below. The winner will be the first correct entry drawn on 31st January 1994 and will be notified by post.

RULES

The competition is open only to pupils and teachers of the school and their relatives. Only one entry per household will be accepted. No cash alternatives are available. The prize is subject to availability and is not available at Bank Holidays, New Year or during July and August. The Promoter's decision is final and no correspondence can be entered into. Please state on your entry if you do not wish to be placed on our mailing list for future marketing literature. Entrants are deemed to have accepted the rules and must agree to be bound by them. Accommodation is based on two people sharing a twin or double room with an entitlement of £18.95 each per night off the a la carte restaurant menu

THE PRINCE'S HOUSE, GLENFINNAN, INVERNESS-SHIRE, SCOTLAND, PH37 4LT
"The Stage House on The Road To The Isles"

TEL 0397 722 246





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