

K.E.S. CHRONICLE ·1985·

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1985



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EDITORIAL

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

Rupert Ward:

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

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

Jonathan Hollow:

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

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

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

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

Rup---

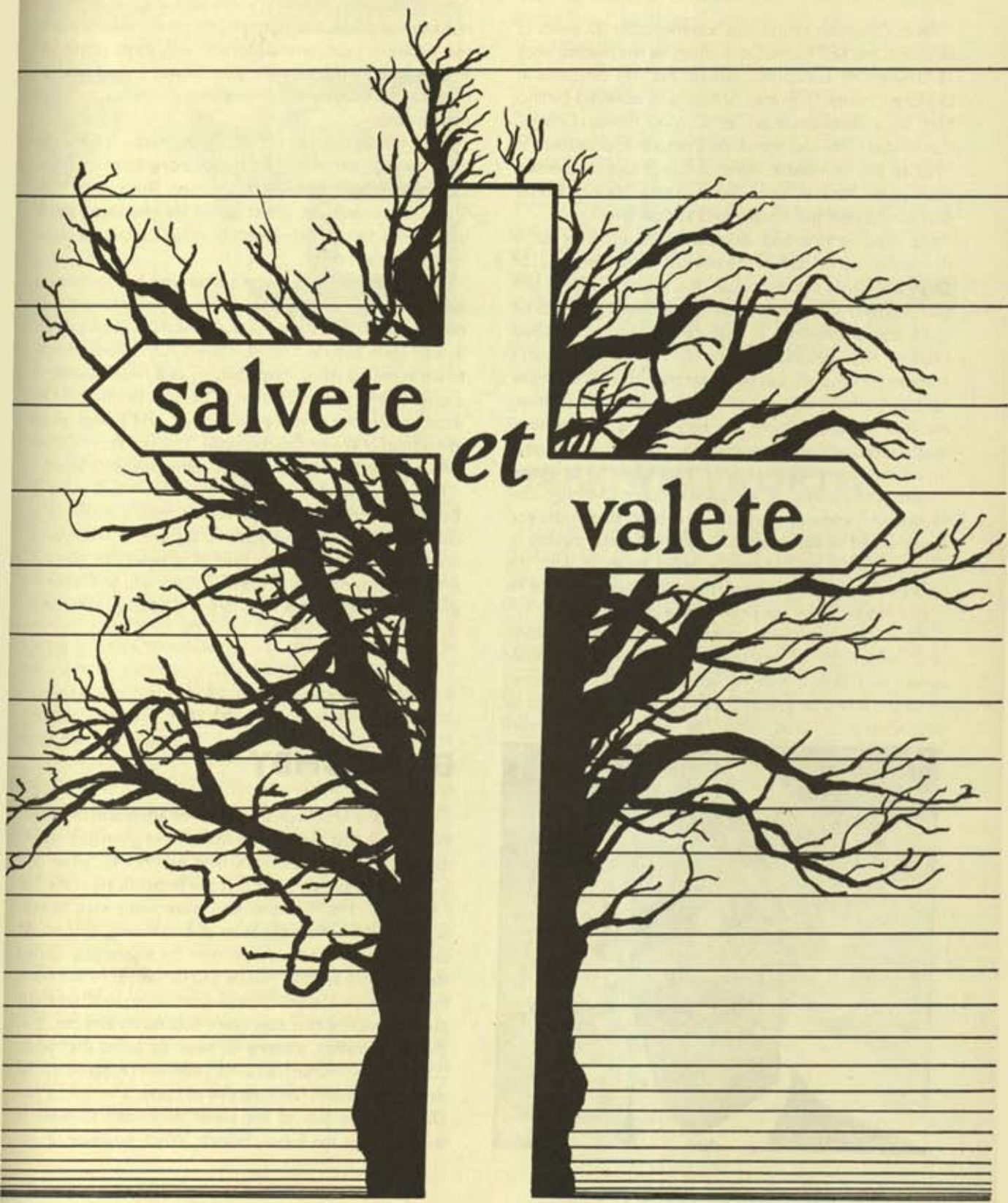
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J.P.H. and R.J.A.W.



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

K.J.B.



salvete

et

valete

PETER CHAPMAN

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

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

Peter's ambitions were cerebral: he was an avid solver and constructor of problems, and I cannot remember when he was not thinking out a problem, sometimes abstract, when his preoccupation would be betrayed by his holding a small piece of paper covered with

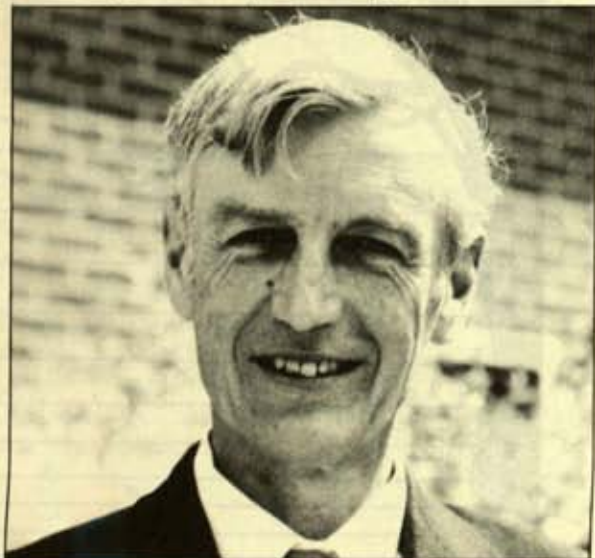
hieroglyphics, (his notations and symbols were usually his own), a far-away look in the eye and a slow, deep, irreversible draw on the cigarette. At other times it was a real problem - concerned perhaps with some obstinate wrinkle in the timetable. The school owes a great deal to his perennial tackling and solving of this increasingly complex problem.

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

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

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

R.L.S.



BOB ASHBY

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



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

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

None of this, however, gives a really adequate idea of the effect of Bob's presence in the school. In the first place he is one of the kindest and most friendly men you're ever likely to meet. He is also one of the most

civilised; his conversation is a splendidly tonic blend of robust humour and quick wit, of zest for people and sharp observation, of wide interests and considerable, fundamental seriousness. People like him are a vital counterweight to the technocratic/bureaucratic/apparatchik age we live in. And for this reason - apart from his great professional enthusiasm - his departure will leave a hole at KES that won't easily be filled. He goes to join his wife, Joy, recently appointed curator of Greys' Court, a stately home in the Thames Valley, a life which will hardly count as retirement. But it's pretty clear from the spells of duty that he's been already doing there at weekends that Bob and Joy will both love it. So we send L.S.A. Ashby to the drafting office to get his travel warrant with our very best wishes and many, many thanks for what he has given to KES and with an appropriate command ringing in his ears: 'Liberty Men fall in. Liberty Men fall in. Duty part close up to the main gate.' So chop chop Ashby or you'll miss the liberty boat.

A.J.T.

MARK WHITWORTH

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

With his background as a freelance potter/designer for



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

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

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

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

T.H.W.A.

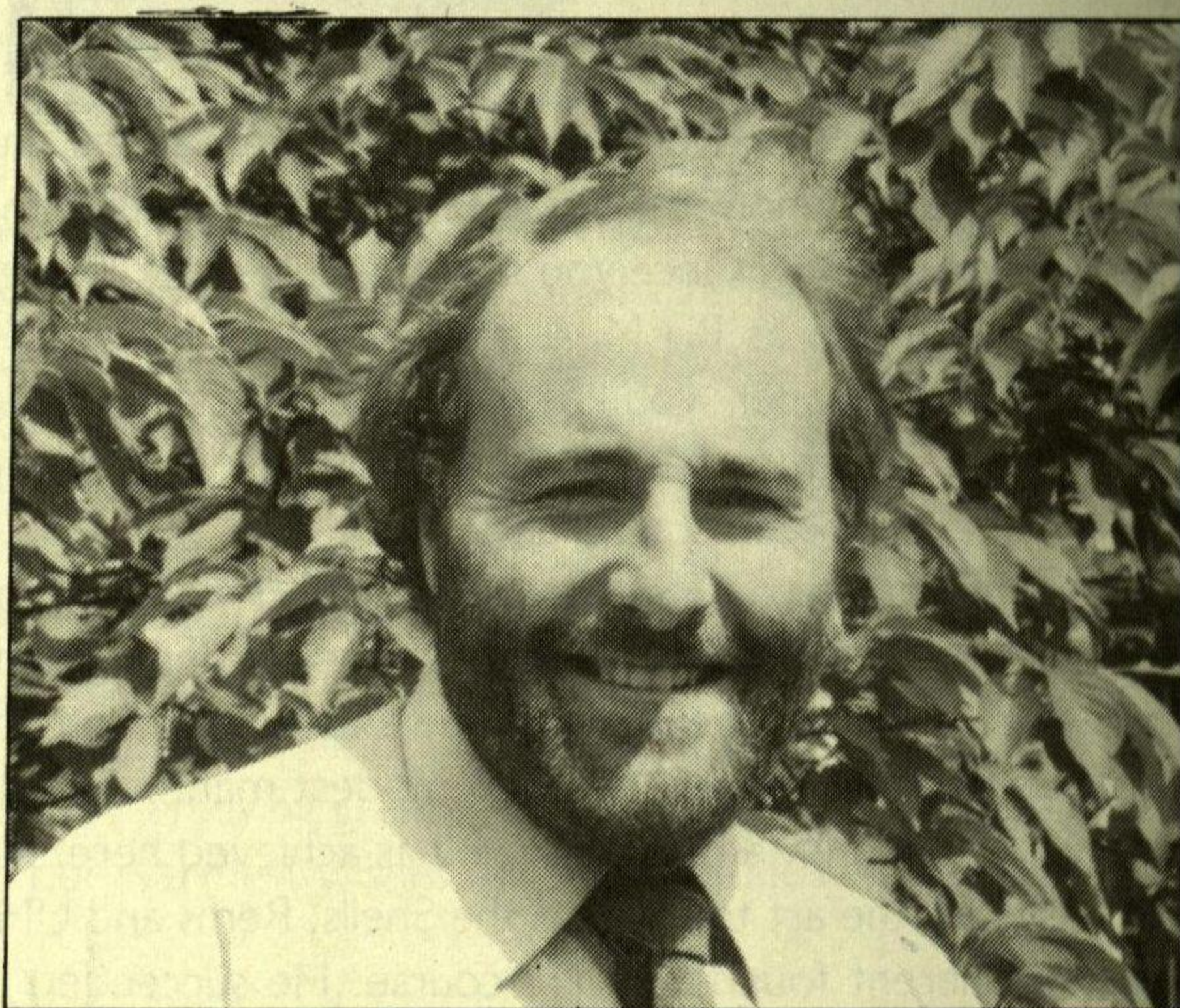
GARETH EDWARDS

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

Gareth joined us in September 1981 after a splendid academic and sporting career at Exeter College, Oxford. We were indeed lucky to acquire such a hot piece of

material: only prompt action prevented his being snatched by a school not too distant from Bolton. From our first meeting at interview, I was impressed by his likeable, yet serious, personality; from that time, Gareth has developed into a versatile and committed all-round teacher of the Classics, whose talents will enhance the reputation of any school.

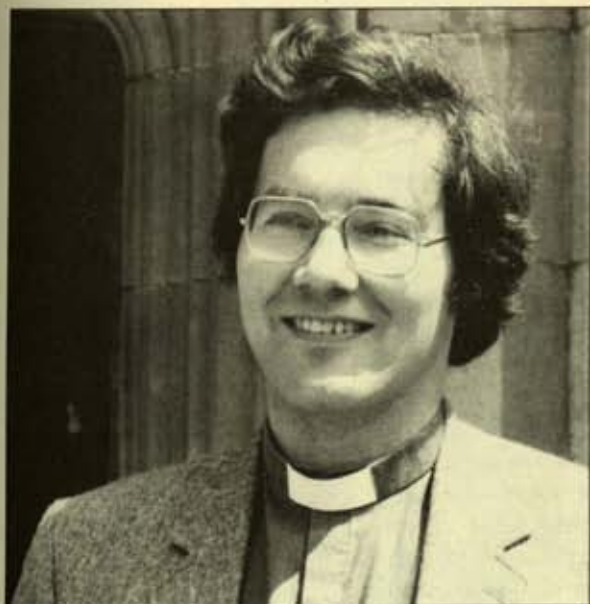
Few people will forget Gareth. To his pupils, he was a buoyant mentor who, using his own inimitable combination of persuasion and ebullience, guided his pupils along their first faltering steps to a mastery of the Classics, whether Latin, Greek, or Ancient History. To the Common Room, he was a respected schoolmaster, an approachable colleague, and an expert on the coaching of rugby and cricket, while often doubling as a Common



Room heavy, when the final contributions for some cause or another were to be extracted. To the Department, he was a true friend, ever willing to help, whether pursuing Classics in the classroom or on location, as when assisting with, or frequently organising, Classics trips to Greece or Rome. Those many pupils who have travelled abroad over the past few years will remember his services with particular gratitude, as will those boys who, nearer home, have played U15 rugby or U13 cricket. I will remember Gareth particularly for his organisation of the Junior Classical Society when, in the Ratcliff Theatre, amid four enthusiastic teams and a hundred-plus spectators, Gareth managed to keep his head when others were noisily and frequently losing theirs. Gareth may truly be called an irreplaceable Classicist of the highest quality.

With Gareth go his wife Jane and daughter Holly. With all three go our sincere good wishes for a happy life in the North. Are the men of Lancashire ready for him?

S.F.O.



RICHARD CROCKER

Could I first ask you about your background?

I grew up in Birmingham and came to a school we all know well - KES - of which I have very happy memories. Then I went straight to Nottingham University to read maths and physics, and it was there that I began to think about the Christian Ministry, so after graduating I spent a few years in apprentice-type jobs: I was a chaplain's assistant at Warwick University for one year, and then had two years as a youth worker in an inner city parish in Birmingham called Christchurch Summerfield - near Winson Green. Following that I went to Wycliffe Hall, a Theological College in Oxford, went back to Summerfield as Curate, and then eventually got the offer of a job here.

There must be a tremendous contrast between Summerfield and KES - how do you feel about this?

I think the biggest difference is in resources - both material and human. At KES, people are confident and able to do things. In an inner city parish, however, it's not that people aren't able, rather that there are very many people of intelligence whom the world just writes off, ruining their confidence. Funnily enough, this situation doesn't drive people away from God, but rather strengthens their faith. People in the multi-racial Summerfield community are much more spiritually aware than they are here.

What do you find the tone of religion to be here, then?

It's hard to tell at this early stage, but I feel I have to spend more time just talking about the existence of God - just pointing people to God. There are tremendous strengths here too, however, such as the bulk of commit-

ted believers. But there is also the pride of wealth, which tends to take people away from God - something I never had to contend with in Summerfield.

What do you think of the Christian Union? Are your religious views similar to theirs - low-church and evangelical?

Very definitely. My background by persuasion and training was within the evangelical wing of the Church of England - so I'm reasonably sympathetic to the C.U. I hope the mutual support will continue: it's encouraging to see the overlap between the Chapel and the C.U. They are not the only Christians in the school, however, and my aim is to encourage all Christians.

Are you aware that the C.U. is quite unpopular in the school, and felt by many to be a patronising group of people who need to demonstrate their faith in very obvious ways?

I can appreciate your comments about patronising, because I think that many Christian organisations have that failing - but Christians are people too, and thus can make mistakes. As for being demonstrative, I think that any Christian in the nature of his faith would have the need at some time to stand up and be counted. How that's done varies from person to person. I personally think that witnessing is important in that Christians have a message to communicate to others, but they must be careful to ensure that the methods don't obscure the message. Having said that, I think there is a loading of the school media against the Christian Union - they get quite an unfair press on the whole.

How are you going to go about heightening religious awareness in the school?

I think I've got two distinct ways of approach. One is within the classroom, where I'm bound by a teacher's ethic - to restrain my own personal opinions and present boys with a wide range of opinions. I think Religious Education is important - religion does, after all, motivate, and inflame the passions of, most people in the world. If we don't appreciate that, then we're not going to be educated properly. As for actually getting the message of Christianity across, I have of course tried to make myself as approachable as possible to boys who wish to discuss religious or other matters. Also I see my job as training those who are Christians already.

Finally, have you enjoyed yourself this year?

Very much. Of course it's very different from the parish. I have a whole succession of deadlines to meet, defined by bells. But yes, I have enjoyed myself.

Mr Crocker, thank you very much.

KEN JONES

Mr K.E. Jones was born in Birmingham and was at KES from 1967 to 1974. He then spent three years at Cambridge University reading Mathematics and Engineering. This change of subjects came about because of a lack of interest in the second year maths syllabus, which caused him to change to an engineering course involving statistics and operational research.

After spending five weeks one summer working for an actuarial firm, he decided to enter the profession. He worked for four years with a firm of consulting actuaries, followed by a further two years as an Employee Benefit Consultant, including a three month stint in Frankfurt which proved most enjoyable.

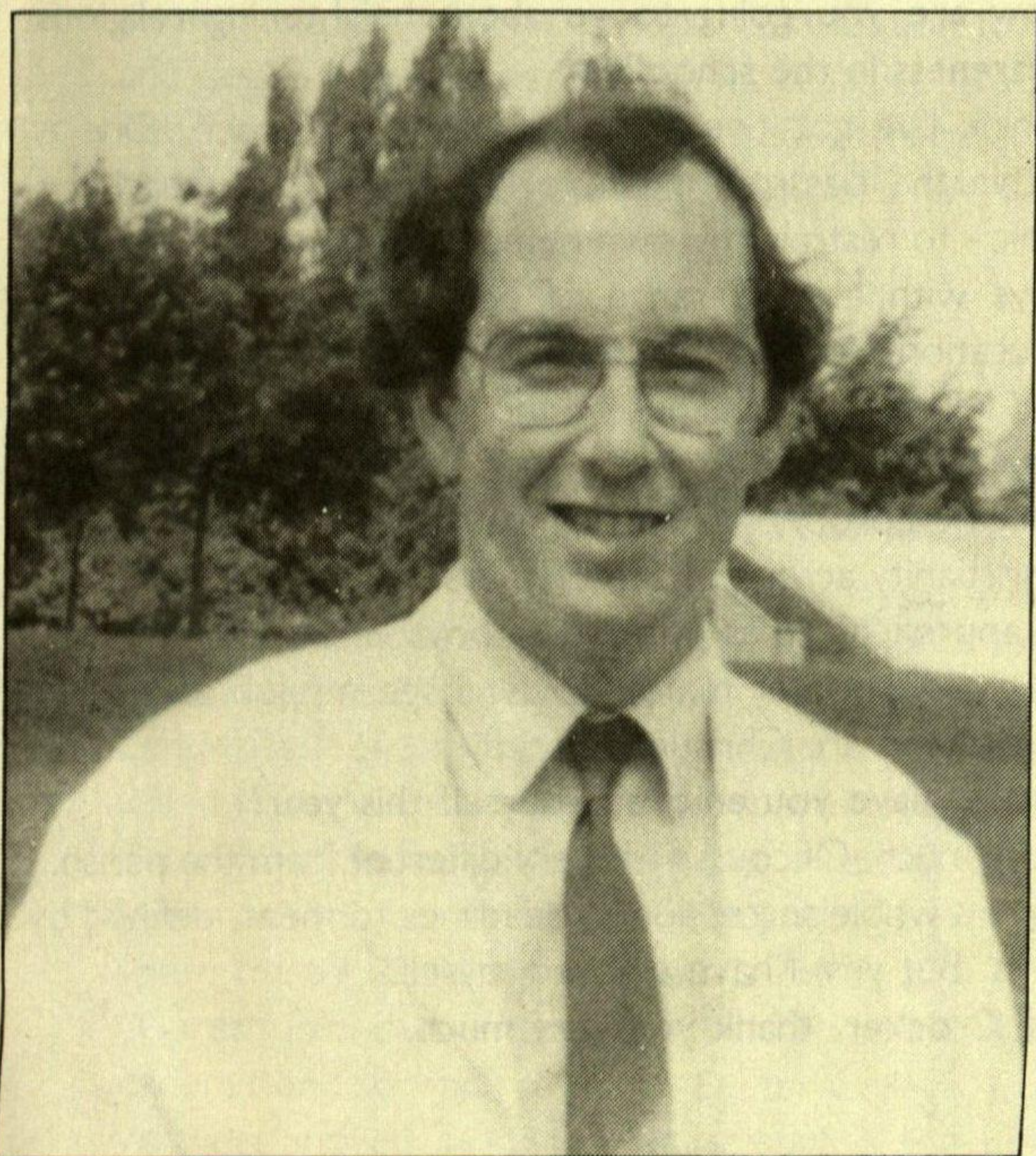
Disillusioned with the financial profession, and scared of becoming another grey man behind a desk, he began to consider the possibility of teaching as a career. It was about this time that a teaching post at KES became available.

It's eleven years since you left KES. How much do you think it has changed since then ?

I suppose the greatest change has been the loss of the Direct Grant Status. Whereas when I was at school very few boys paid large fees and over half the boys had completely free places, now most boys pay what might be considered quite high fees for a day school, and I think that the school has become, possibly, more middle class.

What sports do you play ?

I play rugby and cricket - the sport I'm actually best at is



croquet, but I've also been known to play chess, hockey, squash and so on...

But you were an international player at croquet?

I represented Wales in an International against the United States.

Not one of the most high tension sports, I should imagine...?

You'd be surprised. It's got a rather tarnished image because of the style of croquet played around certain parts of the school during the summer.

Is this SCR Croquet Renaissance due to you ?

No, no, I would like to dissociate myself entirely from this Mickey Mouse croquet if I can. In fact, the actual game of Association Croquet is a very difficult, tactical game.

Have you any criticisms of the school ?

A change I would like to see in my time here is that of KES looking more into the idea of leadership; outside the purely academic subjects and outside the official sports teams... because almost every member of KES is going to end up in some position of responsibility later on in life, and at the moment we cater for leaders who lead only in their own specialist subjects, like the kind of people who continually get Grade Ones and Distinctions.

Mr Jones, thank you very much.

JACK JENKINS

Could you tell us something about your background?

I was born in Warrington and took History, English and Economics A-levels at seventeen, gaining a place at Brasenose College, Oxford. I then spent a year doing a variety of things, including getting drunk in Spain. At Oxford I represented the university in boxing - which accounts for my misshapen nose! Then after obtaining a good degree I did a PCGE at London and was lucky enough to get a job. My drift to teaching was really an accidental thing.

How do people react to your flamboyant teaching style, and ties?

The flamboyant tie to which my interviewer refers is a red tie, given to me by my mother-in-law.

(Laughter)

When you acquire a mother-in-law you will know that it is best to accept her presents gratefully, and wear them when you possibly can.

I think it suits you... and the teaching style?

Flamboyant? Well, you've experienced it, you tell me. I think teachers have to be individual...in the sixth form, (and all my teaching is done in the sixth form), you have to get a response. Up to O-level, boys have come through a



kind of sausage machine. I've got two years to get boys to think, to understand the need to analyse, not to take down what I say without questioning it - and they come to me clean of any knowledge of Economics.

What do you think you can achieve as Industrial Fellow at KES?

Really just to improve the experience of boys at KES - to get them to accept or reject things from a position of strength not ignorance. Most seem to think that industry is not for them, purely because they've never really thought about it, or the opportunities it offers. It's sad that such bright pupils don't have this breadth of knowledge. The brief is for the whole Foundation. Several of the other schools are now involved in Industrial Evenings and work experience schemes. One success is to get people in the Common Rooms, as well as pupils, to realise that I am a teacher, not a Barclaycard.

Three years is a short time for seven schools...

Yes, but I see my role as a catalyst, to get the thing off the ground.

Surely though, it is the fact that you are employed by Barclay's that permits you to entice industry into the schools?

Certainly one tends to push the Barclay's connection, because sadly people in industry often think of people in education as unprofessional. The fact that a major international company is prepared to pay my salary does give a certain amount of influence. I hope that the work can continue if I leave.

Mr Jenkins, thank you very much.

KEITH PHILLIPS

Could you tell us a bit about your background?

I was born in Boston in Lincolnshire and lived there for the first eighteen years of my life. I went to the local grammar school, then I came to Birmingham University to do French. I did four years there, with a year in France; then I did a year's postgraduate research, before coming here.

Was Modern Languages a natural choice for you?

No, it wasn't; in the sixth form I was very keen on English and it was very much a toss-up whether to do French or English at University. But I found French easier, and there was a bit more variety to it, I thought, so I did French.

The Chief Master is very keen that boys should go on an exchange visit to France before their O-level. What do you think of that?

I fully agree with him. From my own experience, those Upper Middles who went on the visit this year benefited hugely - all of them. One does hear the occasional horror story of those who have found extremely unsuitable exchange families, but I think that the company which ran this year's exchange visits was very particular and careful about their choice of families, and it worked very well.

What are you involved with in extra-curricular terms?

I've been very involved with cricket and rugby. I ran the U12 XV for the first two terms, which was very enjoyable - particularly because many of the boys had never played rugby before and they developed very quickly. I am now running the 2nd XI, 3rd XI and 4th XI in cricket, and that's also been very enjoyable, despite the weather, which has



" PORKY "

rained off many games.

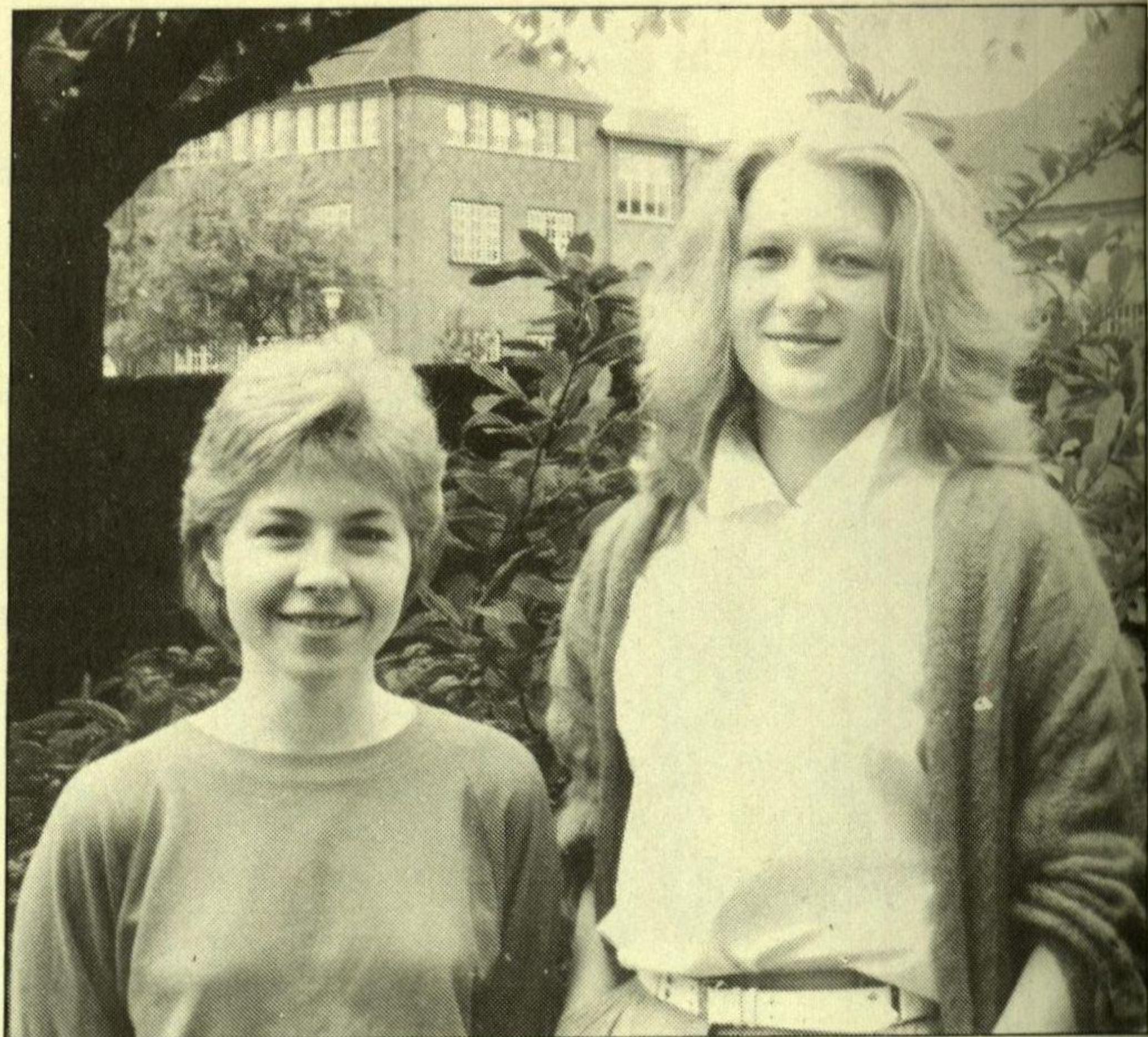
What is the value of Modern Languages in education?

It's a great asset to have Modern Languages when applying for jobs - in business, marketing and commercial careers especially. In other ways, the benefit is a broadening of outlook - we British tend to be rather insular in our outlook, and by studying a foreign language and the culture and society it belongs to, we can help to counteract this.

I suppose there's only one answer you can give to this question, but have you enjoyed your year at KES ?

Yes, very much so; I'm very sorry to be leaving - I'm going to Wolverhampton Grammar School. A one year contract is really a very unsatisfactory way of employing somebody - I feel I've only just got to learn the ropes, really, of KES, and I'm very disappointed not to be able to see the boys' progress through the school.

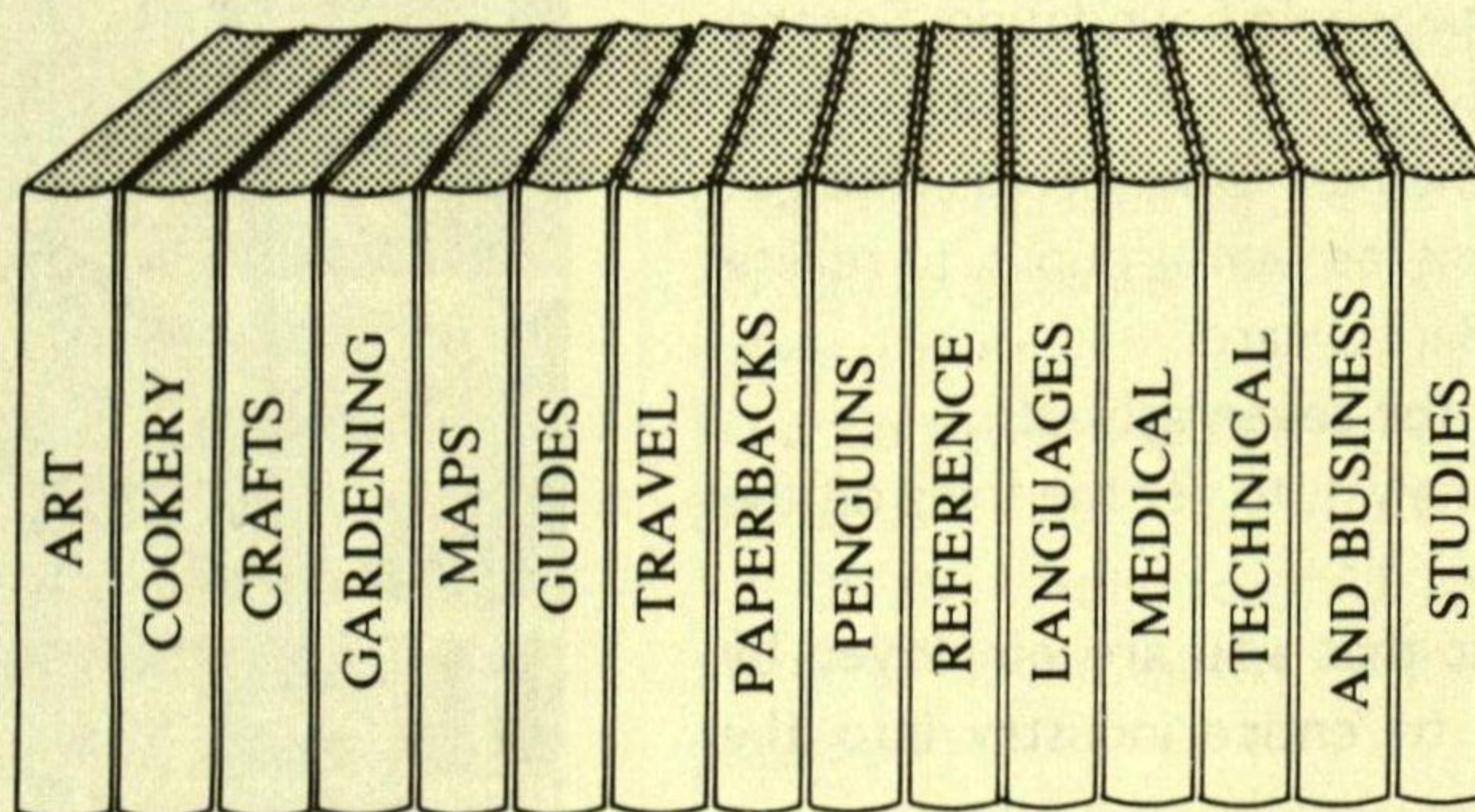
Thank you very much Mr Phillips.



Our thanks go to our two modern language assistants this year, Yvonne Wüthrich and Marie-Christine Fiévet. Marie-Christine will be with us again next year, but Yvonne leaves us now to continue her studies in Switzerland.

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R

E V I E W S

ART

ANNUAL ART EXHIBITION, October 1984

The emphasis of the 1984 Art Exhibition was, to coin a well-used phrase, on quality rather than quantity. The imaginative flair of the exhibition ensured that, despite its relative sparsity, it was more interesting than the previous larger displays.

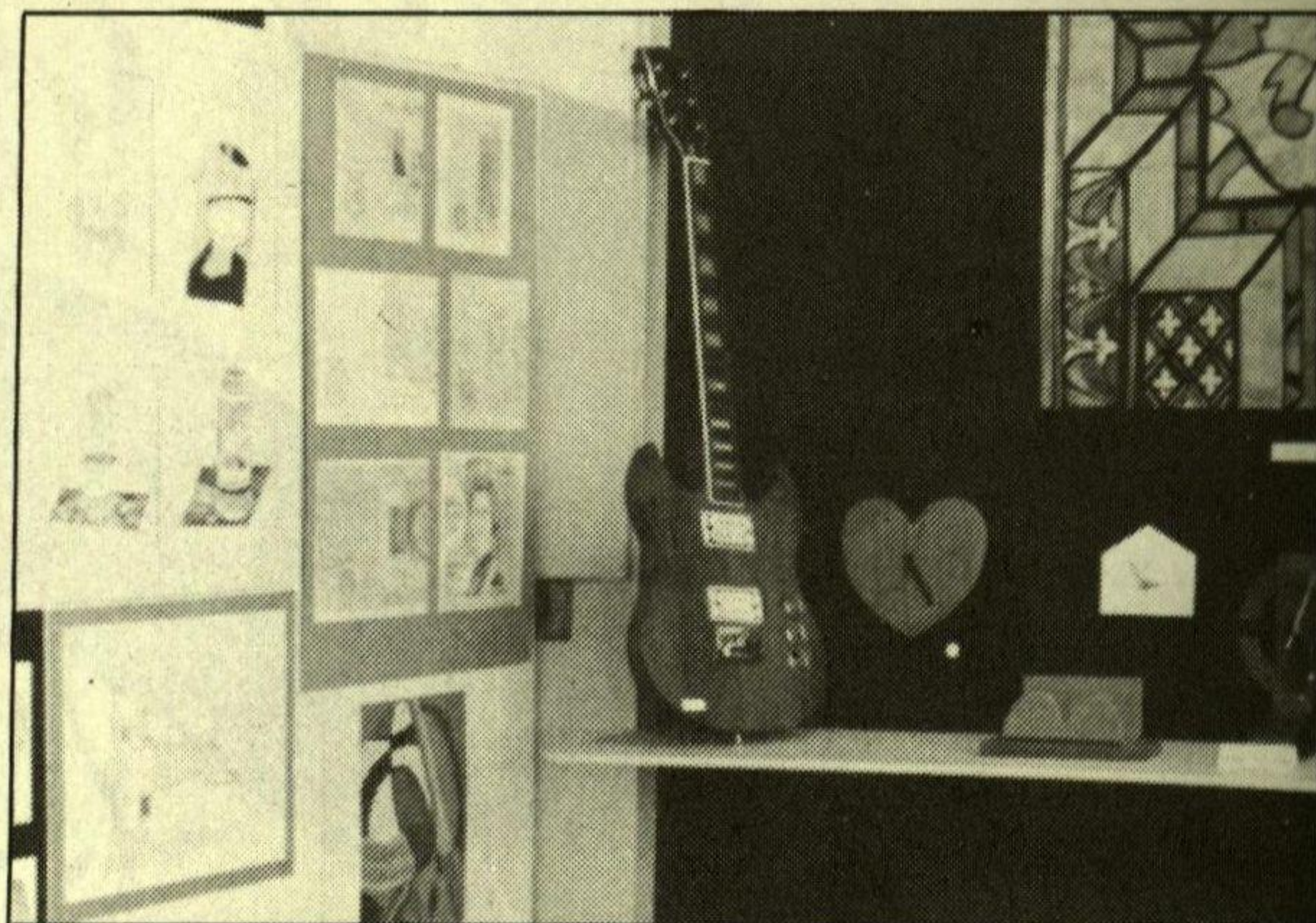
The woodwork department was, as usual, excellently represented. Its clock-making tradition shows no sign of waning, they continue to be churned out in all shapes and sizes. Indeed, perhaps it is time to consider more ways of exploring the properties of perspex. Meanwhile, the outstanding standard of carpentry at school continues. Bill Pike has been particularly prolific in this area. Although it was the smallest woodwork exhibit, a sculpture of a whale and her young by Simon Linford particularly caught my attention.

It is tragic to see the sun setting on the other side of the 3-D work at school, that of the ceramics department, especially when one considers the work which has been produced there: the china shop quality of Lee Smith's teapot, the patient workmanship of Richard McIlwraith's Viking bust, the vivid surrealism of Paul Woodhouse and Stephen Honey's Daliesque sculpture; Matthew Bartlett's highly original pot, pulling itself inwards with its own claws.

The Fine Art section of the exhibition consisted of a selection of pictures made using a wide variety of media and techniques. They included several large oil paintings, including Richard Brown's excellent Toulouse-Lautrec inspired work. Several smaller paintings were almost overshadowed by their supporting sketches. For instance Andrew Wearn's superb studies of a bird's claw were so comprehensive that they included a lino cut of the subject, fitting in well with an array of cuts which included Andrew Rimmer's interpretation of Andy Warhol's Marilyn Diptych and Stuart Plotnek's colourful headdress designs.

The excellence of the exhibition is a fitting tribute to Mr Ashby, who of course leaves us this year. Let us ensure that the declining size of the exhibition does not herald the decreasing importance of the Art Department after he has left.

Simon Sadler, Divisions.



I.S.A.D.A. 20th ANNIVERSARY ART AND CRAFT EXHIBITION, DULWICH

To celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the Independent Schools' Art and Design Association, a major exhibition of art and craft work from independent schools was centred at the Dulwich Art Gallery, London, with three prior exhibitions mounted at Dulwich College, Alleyns Boys' School and James Allen's Girls' School. Owing to the overwhelming response, all schools had to be limited to five exhibits per school, with one of these entries chosen by a selection committee to represent each school in the main exhibition at Dulwich Art Gallery. The official opening and reception was held on Thursday, 20th May, 1985.

The exhibition proved to be such an outstanding success that it is to be shown at the HMC meeting in Oxford from 24th - 26th September 1985.

Boys representing the school are: Jamie Constable, craft; Jonathan Hollow, painting; Richard McIlwraith, ceramics; Nicholas Milowych, illustration; and Andrew Rimmer, printmaking. The boys should be congratulated for being selected and for producing work of such outstanding quality. The school can be justly proud of them.

T.H.W.A.

'DEMONSTRATE'

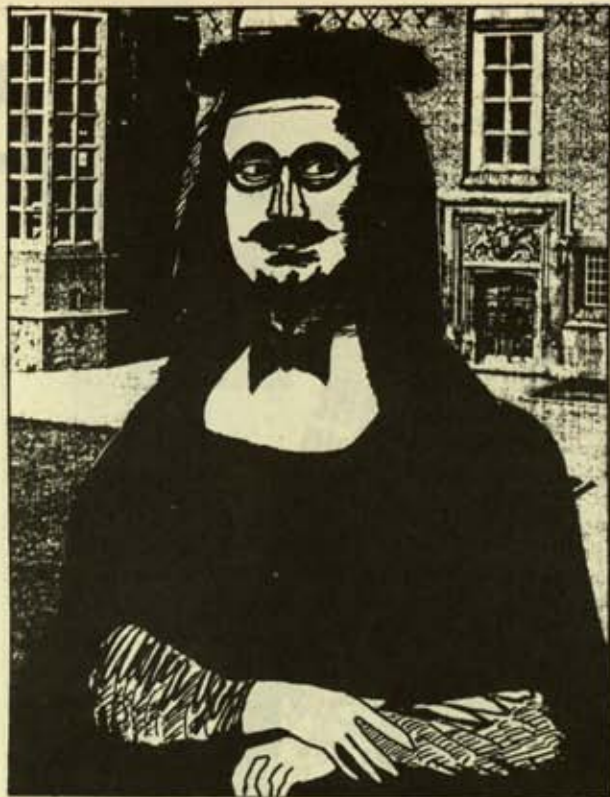
February - March 1985

'Demonstrate', a touring exhibition of black and white photographs taken by Nigel Dickinson, an Old Edwardian now working as a freelance photographer, proved to be one of the most interesting and controversial exhibitions that the school has staged for some time. It portrays a series of mass rallies and demonstrations against various aspects of government policy, mostly taken in Sheffield and London, from 1981 to 1983. Enlarged passages from socialist magazines and forthright statements of Mr Dickinson's own left-wing views backed up the powerful message of the photographs themselves.

One of the photographer's commonest techniques in this series was to catch the reflection of a group of demonstrators in populated shop or office windows, thus achieving a double image of bemused detachment and ardent campaigning. Visual imagery abounded: anti-Falklands war demonstrators were photographed next to an Army and Navy store, 'Right to Work' campaigners outside a 'Jobs Galore' agency, and a large group of protestors against Tory cuts marching in front of a 'Mr Satisfied' advertisement.

Mr Dickinson himself came to the school in March to give an illustrated talk to the Art Society entitled 'Politics, Communication and the Mass Media', intended to complement the exhibition. He talked at length of his experiences in South Africa, expressing strong anti-apartheid views both verbally and visually, and raised a few eyebrows by his less-than-complimentary references to the police. It is a shame that this extremely thought-provoking talk didn't attract more than the handful of people who turned up. Whether or not you agree with the opinions Mr Dickinson expressed in both his photography and his talk, he certainly did wonders for the 'street credibility' of the art department, at least!

Andrew Rimmer, Sixths.

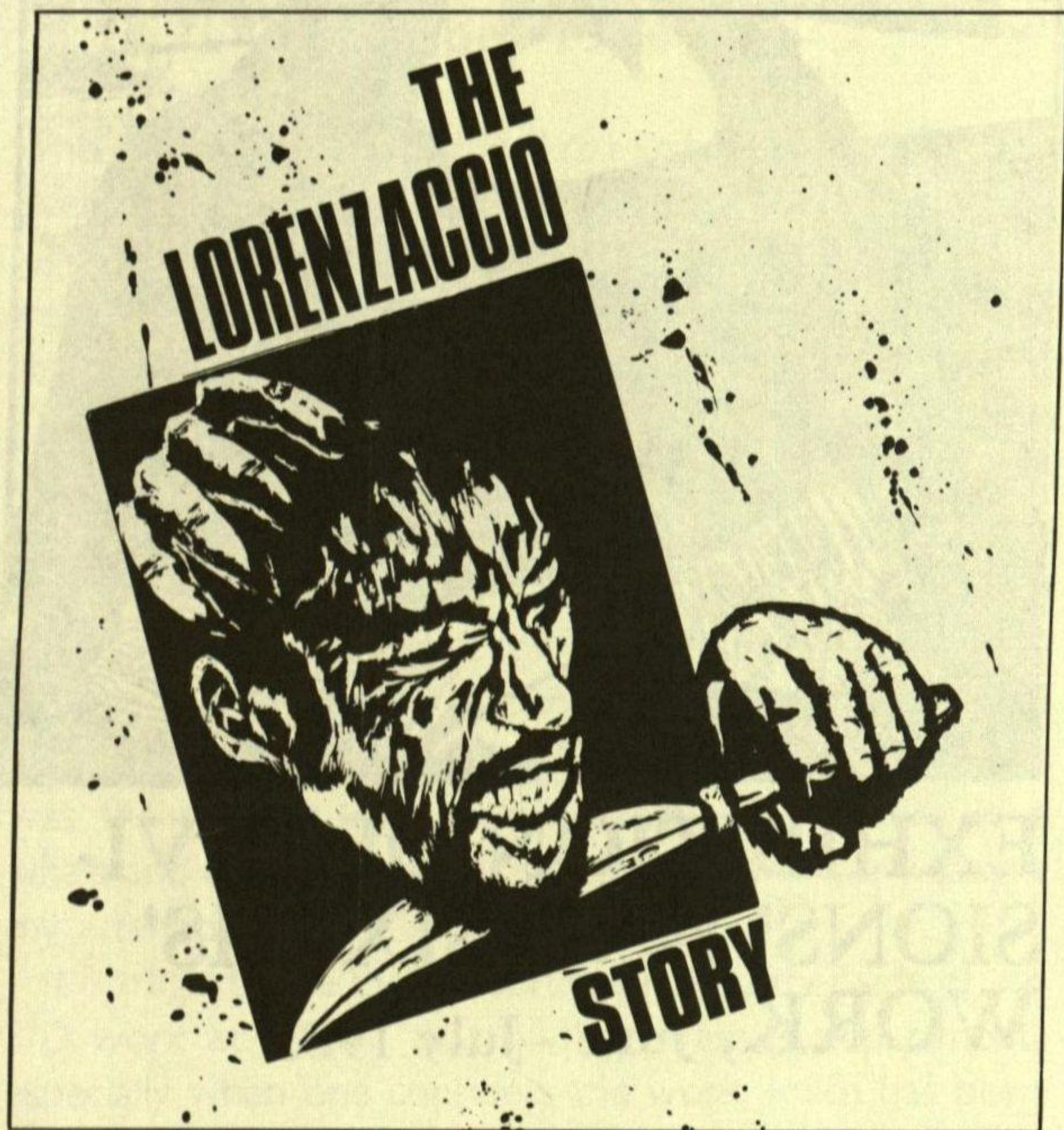


EXHIBITION OF DIVISIONS' AND SIXTHS' WORK, June - July 1985

This exhibition was dedicated solely to the senior part of the school, to A-level candidates and extra studies artists. It consisted mainly of fine art rather than ceramics or woodwork, although there was some work from these departments, notably by David Somerset, who won the 'Arthur Norton Prize' for pottery, and by Paul Woodhouse and Stephen Honey who produced a bizarre ceramic sculpture. Oil paintings were exhibited by Andrew Millicheap, Brian Ducille and Philip Silk, amongst others. The standard of these was, on the whole, very good. There was also some stimulating work by Andrew Rimmer and Nicholas Milowych, who shows a great interest in the occult. I thought that, out of the whole exhibition, Jonathan Hollow's 'Man and Machine' was particularly good, and he also displayed several other excellent paintings, which gained him the 'Reynolds Art Prize'. Simon Joseph's collection of photographs entitled 'Aspects of a City' was also noteworthy; he won the Photography Prize for them. Overall, I thought that this exhibition was very impressive.

Navin Reddy, Shells.

DRAMA



Paul Thompson's play, *The Lorenzaccio Story*, treats of the murder of the puppet Florentine duke, Alessandro, by his friend and distant relation, Lorenzo. The latter, a rather wild young exhibitionist, seems to have decided that the best road to public notice is to cast himself in the role of noble tyrannicide and, indeed, he is presented thus in Alfred de Musset's nineteenth century play on the subject. But for the conscientious, mid-twentieth century dramatist, writing post-Brecht, that really wouldn't do. Paul Thompson's play is more concerned to explore, not the characters and their feelings but the situation of potential revolution: impractical, high-minded student revolt; the agonised fence-sitting of cautious liberals; authority maintained by force and - how did you guess? - economic pressures on behaviour. Moreover, as in Brecht's plays, we are invited to sit back and analyse by the regular occurrence of songs which act as dialectical signposts. But there is a difference because, whereas we care a lot what happens to Brecht's *Mother Courage* or *Grusha*, for none of the characters in this play do we give a damn. Audience interest has to be captured in other

ways.

The best way of capturing it is to make sure that there are good individual performances, particularly in the key roles. Miss Barnett's production was strong in this respect. Paul Mason played the corrupt Duke Alessandro with authority; he communicated very successfully the sense of over-confident self-indulgence that absolute power generates. Tasso Gazis, too, in the more enigmatic part of Lorenzo commanded the stage in his scenes. Both players are old hands and have the advantage of good voices, strong physique and easy movement. It was good to see Nick Fowler back on the stage - after a period of 'resting'. He gave a nicely sincere performance as the young, idealistic Piero Strozzi. He was eminently believable, looked good and also is a good mover. As his confused, hesitant father, Filippo, Mark Cook gave a performance which started brilliantly but did not quite manage to sustain the promise of its first few scenes. This was largely because of too frequent repetition of the same gestures which led to a monotonous and restless feeling which took the edge of what was nearly a very good performance indeed. Chris Evans and George Eleftheriou produced a very successful double act, a broadly comic rendering of a couple of successful Florentine tradesmen, straight from the Whitechapel Road. I loved their clothes. They played with relish and zip and, apart from one or two uneasy mutual glances when about to sing, with confidence. As Cardinal Cibo Andrew Killeen sounded good and looked good when stationary but his timing is not instinctive nor is his movement and consequently his performance was not absolutely convincing.

The play abounds in small parts, which makes it a good choice for a school play, but one cannot mention them all. Perhaps the most baffling is that of the artist, Tebaldeo, with which Graham Doe did what he could but I can't see actors queuing up to play the role. I should like to have seen Joe Martin in a substantial part instead of four bit parts because he looks and sounds at home on a stage. There was not much in this play for the girls but we know that Cathy Swire is good - as she was to demonstrate so clearly later in the year - and here, along with Rosamund Rossington, she did what the part required with con-

fidence.

Episodic plays such as this with a great variety of scenes are difficult to devise adequate sets for. Miss Barnett's solution to this problem was eminently successful. Against a permanent structure, well designed and executed to create an evocatively Italian image, red-tiled arcaded loggia, each scene was defined by a number of large, movable cubes. This gave plenty of flexibility and visual interest, achieved with a minimum of fuss, though I'm sure that Miss Barnett would have liked the actual moving to have been accomplished a little more quickly. A bare, non-realistic set of this kind necessitates good props and costumes and this production was well served by Andrew McGeachin and by Mrs Shipway and her team. Costumes were varied and striking and in the case of the hats of Messrs Evans and Eleftheriou sublime. They almost rendered the dialogue unnecessary.

I'm bound to admit that I didn't much like the music that Stephen Oliver wrote for the play and which I thought was boring and banal. The words deserved better and so did the actors who sang them and Nick Davies who played the keyboard.

Miss Barnett's success in this production, apart from securing some excellent performances and devising an attractive set, was in making a very episodically constructed play hang together and to gather force and cohesion as it proceeded. This was a considerable achievement and I hope that she will go on to many more.

A.J.T.



STAGE CREW

Last summer saw the start of renovation in Big School in accordance with the fire safety regulations. The result of this was about eight feet off the side of the stage, and a multitude of new doors, which slam at random.

Putting aside this inconvenience we were glad to be back in Big School after two years on the KEHS stage.

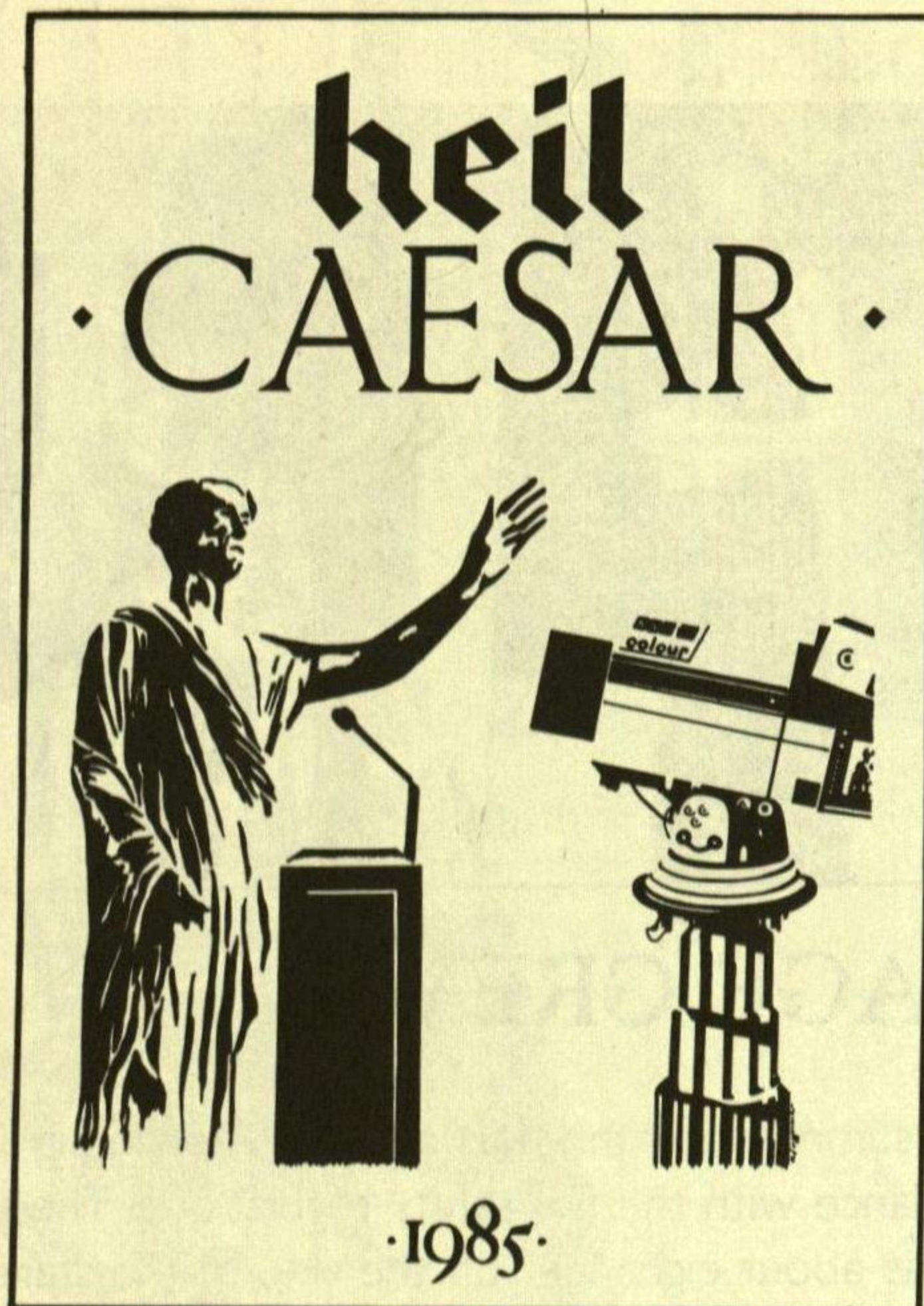
The cubist interpretation of *The Lorenzaccio Story* went down well. The cubes were in turn a stool, a chair, a table, a market stall, window and citadel. After constant failure of several channels on the lighting board half an hour before the first night, the actual performances went smoothly.

With the impending retreat of Dr Homer to the confines of Cambridge, the set for the Junior Play, *Heil Caesar*, was completed before the end of the spring term; a stage crew record. In the absence of DRH for the summer term we were blessed with the presence of the Head of Drama himself, Mr Evans. His views on the integration of performers and stage crew were widely and enthusiastically discussed, if not implemented. The whole stage crew would like to thank him for his dedicated term's work. Also for his extensive work in the planned replacement of the dangerous and outdated equipment on stage.

Finally, owing to the falling numbers in stage crew, a devious plot has been hatched. After extensive interviews, DRH has chosen four Sixth Formers from KEHS to join the crew for a year. With this in mind, anyone wishing to join ...

Next year with safe and modern equipment and the use of a workshop next to the proposed Drama Studio, and with the use of the Drama Studio itself, it is hoped to maximise the talents of the next generation of stage crew.

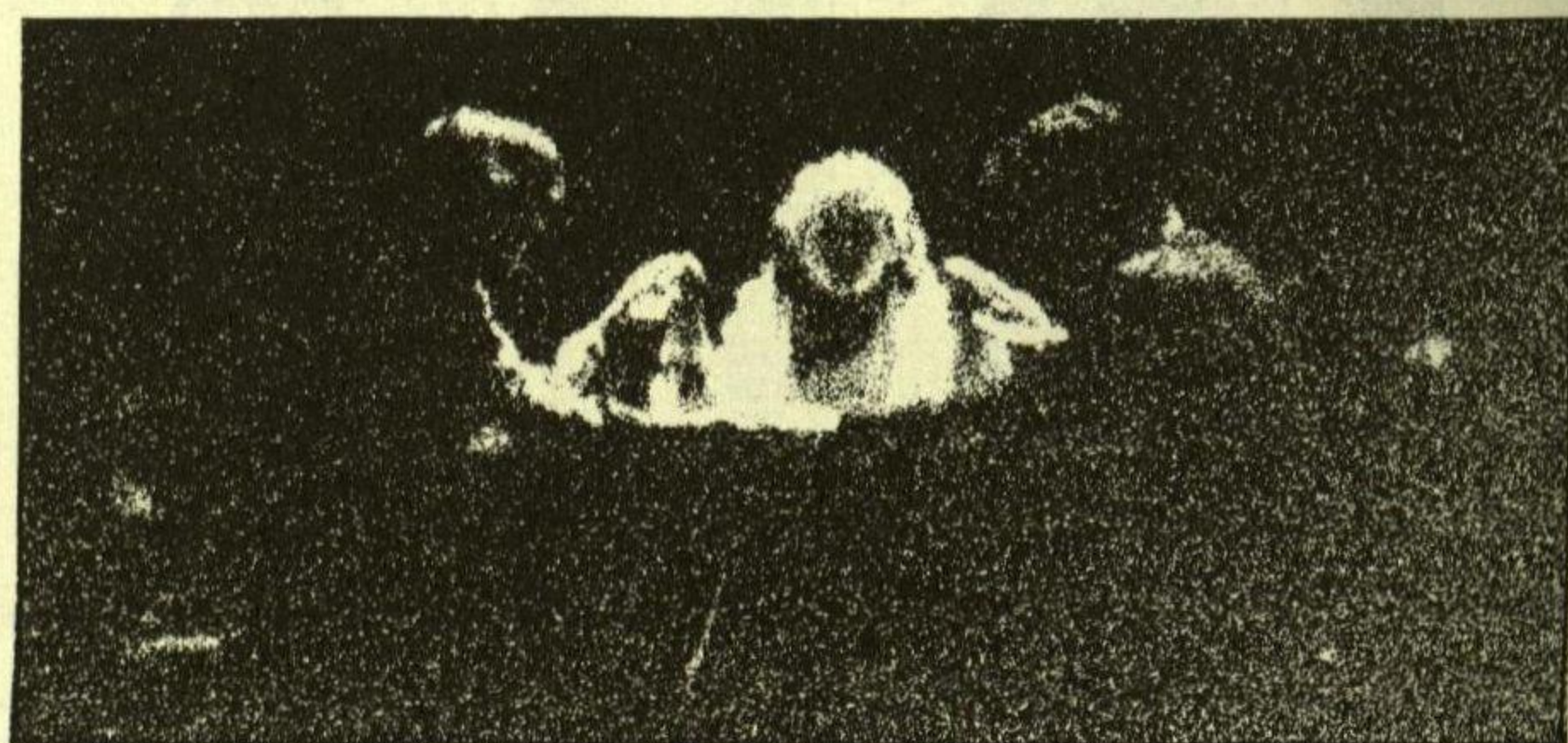
Julian Sparrey, Sixths.



no longer in control. Philip Blenkinsop's Cassius was just right in his manipulation of the various political situations and still left one with the uneasy feeling that one should not have bought that used car from him. Niels Hooper as Caesar was the soldiers' general with an excellent blend of earthy humour and common sense. As the wives of the two central characters, Portia (Clara Price) and Calpurnia (Hannah Brown) came over strongly and clearly: Calpurnia just a little out of her social depth and Portia playing second fiddle to her husband for so long but eventually proving to be the stronger of the two. To mention others would be invidious: however I must commend Aman Grewal for his sympathetic performance of Antony and Carl Röhler for his clinically - even cynically - efficient Octavius; James Bennett as Casca confirmed his reputation as a snappy dresser; and Helen Swanney was excellent as the suitably eccentric fortune teller.

An odd choice, then, for a production. Apart from the problems of translation from the small screen, it just stops at the end (the audience was grateful to those members of the cast who clapped at this point!). But it was a play well performed both artistically and technically and a production which moved well. What a pity that there were not more in the audience to see what can be done by hard work and enthusiasm.

D.H.B.



This was a bold - perhaps even foolhardy - choice for a stage production of a school play. Every producer has a problem. His choice of play is constrained by time available, actors and their ability, to say nothing of any limitations imposed by stage and auditorium. To all these, Tom Hosty added another: the fact that the play was originally written for television. John Bowen was originally commissioned to write the play as a vehicle to help students find their way into Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. In his introduction, Bowen writes: 'How can people be expected to enjoy *Julius Caesar* without a thorough grounding in Roman History...and a familiarity with the ordinary language of Shakespeare's time, which is considerably different from our own, since language is continually changing?'

A TV director has the great advantage over his stage-bound colleague that scene changes are never a problem. Tom Hosty went some way to overcoming the problems of speed and continuity by having separate pieces of action taking place alternately on the stage at the same time. Nonetheless the necessary breaks to change scenery and move actors on and off were a minor irritant. Having said that, the scene changes were crisply executed: the set delightfully simple and the lighting bold and clear. Technically this was an accomplished and smooth performance - and the same is true of the acting.

Aran Maddocks was splendid as Brutus - the politician of high principle who slowly finds, once involved in Caesar's assassination, that events overtake him and he is

DRAMA LESSON or THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS

I must go down to The Hut again, to the furry floor and the lights,
And all I ask are my leotards or a pair of slinky tights,
And my rubbery pumps and my little book with the improvisations ready,
And the loony larks and the deafening din that I find so heady.

I must go down to The Hut again, to the lure of the Open Space,
Where the floor's hard and the bum's numb as it is at The Other Place;
And the scenic cubes and the plastic chair and the dinky portable dimmer
Make the blood pulse, and the nerves thrill and the waistline slimmer.

I must go down to The Hut again in the steps of Peter Slade,
In my tight jeans and my T-shirt with its RSC displayed;
And all I ask is a Trust Game with minimum interference,
And Eye Contact and Good Vibes and a Hands-On Experience.

A.J.T.



THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST

The actors confessed to being woefully unprepared; the stage crew admitted to being behind schedule; the Producer was a mere Lower Sixth...

The play was excellent. The set was ready in time, and the cast knew their lines. The music, costumes, expres-

sions and gestures were all particularly good, without which Wilde's comedy would have been far less entertaining. The acting was refined and easy, with Cathy Swire, Marcus Hughes and Chris Evans outstanding. Rupert Martin, in his first production, was impeccable and brief, whereas Max Carlish in one of his last, was charming and notably rotund. Alice Wallbank and Sam Jones delivered their lines with much humour and confidence; Alice's slight pause before the famous line 'A handbag!' was particularly effective.

Most credit must go to Jo Bayliss, the Producer. Her ambitious project, to put on a play without assistance from staff, was a great success. Such productions should be more frequent in the future, with work on a Drama Studio about to commence.

Roger Rees, Divisions.



Joint Matriculation Board

General Certificate of Education

Looks Yalp!

1985 7.30-10.00 AM

blue programme
Wed Night
green programme - Thursday

The question paper is issued to you in advance of the examination. You may make preliminary studies in relation to any of the questions. Two sheets of preliminary studies may be brought into the examination if you wish.

Preliminary studies must be your own work and whatever material is brought into the examination must be submitted to the examiner with the finished composition. The originals or direct copies of other pictures or photographs will not be taken into your answer and will be penalised.

In the examination you may attempt one question only, from any section of the paper.

Sheets of paper will be provided if required.

You may use any material or combination of media except oil paint. Studies in charcoal, pastel, crayon or soft-graded pencil should be fixed or be protected by the insertion of covering sheets or both.

100 marks are allocated to each question.

At the end of the examination session, complete the printed label which the Supervisor will give you and fasten it securely to the short edge of the reverse side of your finished work. Put your name and centre number on each sheet used. If you have used more than one sheet, fasten the sheets together at one corner with string or by stapling, including the preliminary studies, if any, as instructed by the Supervisor.

46 Ordinary

50p

This year's Syndicate Play, *Looks Yalp*, comprised a short play, Tom Stoppard's *The Real Inspector Hound*, in the first half, and a Revue, written by pupils, in the second. Both parts provided lively entertainment and impressive drama.

The Real Inspector Hound was an enjoyable production - particularly amusing by the way in which it exposed and mocked the conventions of 'drawing-room whodunnits'. This effect was achieved in many ways, both subtle and blatant: Eleanor Draper, for example, beautifully captured the 'sinister housemaid' with her exaggerated northern accent when describing 'the mysterious fog which comes down awful quick'. Moon and Birdboot, played by Paul Woodhouse and Giles Dickson respectively, were characters behind the stage, acting as critic-in-the-audience. Moon's pretentious interpretations of the play made one feel that Stoppard was not only mocking clichéd plays, but also clichéd criticisms of those plays. Thus, I felt rather self-conscious about making any comments in the interval lest they should seem to resemble those of Birdboot! The play itself was a great success, with commendable performances all round. The directing too was impressive, with lively actions adding to the humorous dialogue - particularly effective was Jonathan Slater's backward entry through a wall, when playing Magnus, a rather reckless cripple.

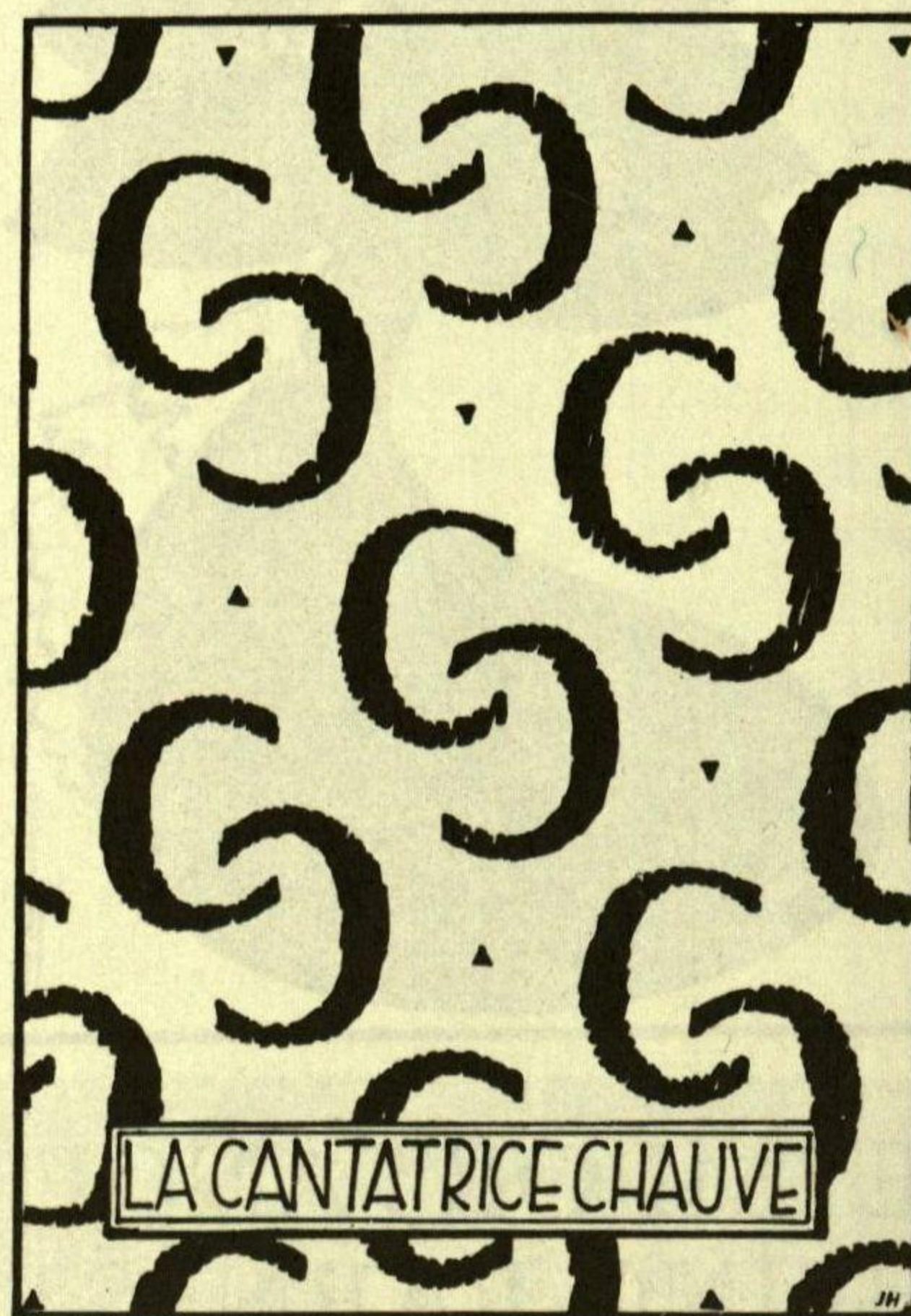
The revue was less consistent - in some places it was hilarious, in others it plainly fell flat. Unfortunately, although the sketches were often very amusing, it became clear that the writers had encountered some difficulty in

ending them - indeed, no-one seemed certain at the end that the whole revue really had finished. However, there was a lot of skilful writing too. My personal favourite was a speech made by Pliny (Rupert Ward) who had noticed that 'the fluff in your navel is always blue', thus providing Leonard Nimoy (Max Carlish) with supporting evidence in a sketch satirising 'pseudo-scientific documentaries'. The hilarity of Pliny's speech lay not in his observation, but in the way that the 'translation' into English so accurately resembled O-level Latin translations by using such awkward phrases as 'To the slaves I exclaimed, who were much wearied by the weary journey'.

Other sketches satirised current affairs programmes such as *Question Time* - where Jane Jevons, an SDP MP, brilliantly avoided the probing question, 'What time is it please?' - and social problem programmes: we saw a moving presentation of the growing problem of sweet addiction, where Ed Shedd convincingly played the junkie whose life had been wrecked by sherbert sniffing.

Looks Yalp therefore provided a very good evening's entertainment - and, though it is said every year, it is particularly refreshing to see new faces alongside familiar ones on Big School stage, especially when the results are so impressive.

Nicolas Fowler, Divisions.



This was an idea that just grew and grew, ending up by providing one of the most enjoyable and entertaining performances that I can remember for a long time. Originally conceived as an over-grown Eurodrama play-reading

where the readers concerned did a bit of acting and, above all, actually read their scripts before the meeting, it developed at first into a studio production (with texts) of impressive quality and lucidity. So successful was this venture that those concerned decided to 'go public', learn their parts and put it on in the Concert Hall. Tickets were sold out by the evening of the performance, but the expectant audience (drawn from all the schools of the Foundation) certainly got more than they could possibly even have hoped for.

First, the play is good, and one of its greatest merits is its relative linguistic simplicity. Even if, like me, you have never got much further in French than *Les Bertillons I*, the play was readily comprehensible and very amusing. This belies the difficulty in understanding what the play is about. 'A play about plastic emotions,' said the posters. Yes, it is. It is a play that takes the formalities of our existence - language, social etiquette, logic - and turns them on their head. In the process, the formalities are fragmented - the language becomes a meaningless jumble of phrase-book French, for example - revealing the nothingness below the surface of our existence.

Second, the actors were good. Giles Dickson and Deborah Dolce deserve especial commendation for their portrayals of M. and Mme Smith, and James Dunstan was particularly good as an ingenuous chief fireman; particularly his impromptu (and unrehearsed) battering of Giles, Debbie and Jonathan during his very long and boring story.

All in all, this production represented a supreme triumph of enthusiasm and skill, both of which abounded. Taken together with *The Importance of Being Earnest*, this production should surely demonstrate to future school generations that it is really very worthwhile, and very possible, to put on productions of their own.

Rupert Ward, Sixths.

FRIDAY DRAMA

The option has had three activities this year: a dramatised reading of Julian Mitchell's *Another Country*, featuring a finely played duologue between Paul Mason and Andrew Killeen; a term working with the lower sixth option at KEHS on one-act plays ranging from *Elegant Edward* to Pinter; this term the boys have been preparing a mime show to take out to local special schools. A group also attended a voice workshop led by Cicely Berry at Stratford.

G.E.E. (from the Speech Day Summary)

The Lorenzaccio Story



Heil Caesar



The Importance of Being Earnest



La Cantatrice Chauve



MUSIC



Christmas Concert

December again, and as the first mince pies loomed menacingly on the horizon, out from among the usual morass of Oxbridge results and end of term hysteria emerged Xmas Concert 84 - and a suitably lively occasion it was too.

In the now-traditional setting of the Central Hall, we enjoyed a pleasantly balanced mixture of the familiar and the less well-known, the light and the serious, with a variety of conductors at the helm. Concert Band, under Mr Sill, gave highly accomplished renditions of old favourites *Christmas Festival* (a sort of 'Carols on 45'), *Hootenanny* and a blistering *Trumpets Wild*, while the Wind Band presented more rousing seasonal stuff with Mr Argust, in his first term, on the rostrum. Indeed, he was perhaps the star of this concert, for he also conducted the KEHS Junior and Senior Choirs, whose revitalised enthusiasm was a revelation.

Of course, at Christmas, every musical ensemble in the school takes a turn in the limelight, and so we also heard the Brass Group giving a polished *Londonderry Air* - with a sensitive trombone solo by Dave Whitehouse - and the Chapel Choir, conducted by Dr Homer, the highlight of whose performance was *The Holly and the Ivy*, which was more reminiscent of the Wild West than anything else.

Musically, however, the concert was dominated by the First Orchestra. Their *Strike up the Band* - rehearsed with no less a luminary than Simon Rattle - and *Nutcracker Suite* were entertaining, accurate and eminently enjoyable, and special mention could be made of celeste soloist Nick Davies, however unlikely a Sugar Plum Fairy he may seem.

But most important was the audience singing, for this concert is, above all, about fun. And if the lusty renderings of everything from *White Christmas* to *The Fairy on the Christmas Tree* are anything to go by, everyone certainly had that.

Graham Doe, Sixths.



Advent Carol Service

December 12th 1985

The Chapel Choir Advent Carol Service passed this year in its usual blaze of obscurity, with the same familiar faces sitting in the pews. This was particularly sad this year as it was the Rev. Crocker's first Carol Service as School Chaplain and the Rev. Grimley's first as vicar of St George's Church. The choir rose to the occasion, even if the congregation did not, and performed more new carols than they have for many years - including a jovial arrangement of *The Holly and the Ivy* - surprising even themselves with their ability. These, together with some old favourites and a pleasant solo from Andrew McGeachin in *The Three Kings* by Peter Cornelius, added up to a very enjoyable evening. Thanks are due to the Rev. Grimley for the use of his church, to Nigel Argust for accompanying us, and above all to Dr Homer for his hard work and skilful direction of the choir.

Andrew Killeen, Fifths.

Choral Concert

December 10th 1985

At Christmas, the Choral Society gave an excellent performance of four differing and difficult works. Playing to a capacity audience at KEHS, the first work was a setting by Parry of one of Milton's odes: *Blest Pair of Sirens*. Set for eight part choir and orchestra, this is probably Parry's most popular work excluding the church music. Next the girls gave a seasonal performance of Britten's *Ceremony of Carols*, which is an arrangement of early English carols for treble voices and harp - and the latter was played beautifully by Robert Johnston. Moving solos were sung by Debbie Dolce, Helga Mosey and Sarah Wood.

After a lengthy interval, the whole choir took the stage under the inimitable Mr Nigel Argust's baton for his debut concert. They sang Elgar's *Give unto the Lord*, a setting in English of Psalm 29. The final item was an arrangement of parts of Psalms 100, 23, 131 and 133 by Leonard Bernstein - sung this time in Hebrew. (And if you think singing Hebrew is easy, try saying 'Ul'umimye'h'gurik' several times over, very quickly!) Here, mention must be made of James Priory in the Shells, who gave a brilliant performance of the treble solo. *The Chichester Psalms*, to give the work its proper name, was performed to a high standard, and any slight uncertainty about the pronunciation of words went unnoticed by the audience. Thanks

are also due to Sarah Stobart and Paul Farrington (who now teaches singing at KES) for the soprano and tenor/bass solos during this piece.

Finally, many thanks should be given to Messrs Sill and Argust for conducting the evening, to the orchestra, which was led by Mr Bridle and included several CBSO members, and to all the members of staff in the Society who helped to make it a great evening.

Paul Hodgetts, Fourths.

Big School Revisited

March 6th 1985

Quite apart from being an enjoyable musical experience in its own right, this concert also provided an enticing taste of things to come, featuring extracts from Bruch's *Violin Concerto* and Arnold's *Scottish Dances*, to be played in their entirety at the Orchestral Concert later in March.

The great highlight was Thomas Trotter, the dynamic young city organist. Despite his choice of programme, that some regarded as a trifle esoteric (including some of Louis Vierne's *Organ Symphony No. 6* and the *Scherzo* by E. Gigout) his stunning playing was a delight to hear, particularly the organ arrangements of the more familiar *March* from *The Love of Three Oranges* and the *Toccata* by Prokofiev. He certainly managed to demonstrate that, despite the ravages that the Big School organ has suffered, it is still in fairly good shape.

Equally enjoyable were the orchestral items in the concert: Wagner's *Rienzi Overture* and the *Allegretto* and *Con Brio* from Arnold's *Scottish Dances* were performed with verve, accuracy and excitement under the baton of Peter Bridle; while Gerald Lowe's brilliant solo playing in the *Adagio* from the *Violin Concerto* of Max Bruch left us all wanting more.

Finally, this report would not be complete without mention of the splendid visuals provided afterwards by the Dining Hall staff, along with copious quantities of wine. Now that's the way to end a concert!

Rupert Ward, Sixths.



Orchestral Concert

18th and 20th 1985

Peter Bridle and his stamina must surely be praised for the tremendous amount of hard work he put into the orchestral concerts in March. As they drew near, rehearsals were frantically packed into Sundays and in the face of House Competitions. That doesn't mean to say that the concerts were under-rehearsed. After a term's solid preparation - and indeed, some music had been issued to players the previous September - he was justified in his beaming optimism. Most of the programme had been performed a few days earlier, to the Chief Master and his guests on the occasion of the re-opening of Big School, but this did not detract from the excitement of the 18th and 20th March.

The programme opened with Wagner's *Rienzi Overture* which played rousing. The piece has a beautiful opening but is a little tedious and loudly insistent towards the end. Nevertheless, the power of the brass did it full justice. Gerald Lowe, hanging around after his successful seventh term application to Cambridge, showed the extent of his excellence for the first time: a fitting farewell for him to KES music. His hard work as leader of the First Orchestra, and his self-effacing reliability over many years, made me applaud his astounding performance of the Bruch *Violin Concerto no. 1* with rare sincerity. The technical and musical control of his rendition seemed perfect.

The Second Orchestra were not to be outdone, playing Waldteufel's *España*, Weinberger's *Polka* from *Schumann's Bagpiper* and an arrangement of the Finale from Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*. They matched, or even bettered the *Rienzi Overture* with this last: loud, fast and melodious. Does the school really have so many good musicians or do we owe all this to Mr Bridle for coaxing the best out of us and hiding our mistakes? It doesn't really matter, of course, given the results.

Finally, the too technically demanding *Scottish Dances* were played excellently, but perhaps with a slight lack of control in the final movement *Con Brio*. The misty atmosphere-weaving of the third movement, however, more than made up for the untimely appearance of a kilted drunkard pretending to be Scottish badly, pretending to be drunk worse, and playing the bassoon worst of all.

James Dunstan, Sixths.

Carmina Burana

May 16th 1985

Not untypically, the major problem in this concert for the music staff involved such factors as the finishing time, packing up music stands and last orders. Indeed it was with this in mind that Mr Sill began the concert by wondering aloud to the audience what purpose the fifth valve on his tuba had. 'I'm hoping it will dispense real ale,' he mused. Amidst appreciative cackling he eventually joined the Joint Brass Ensemble for three pieces which included an impressive trombone solo from David Whitehouse in an arrangement of *Londonderry Air*. The Joint Ensemble followed, whose oboist (David's brother) will be known

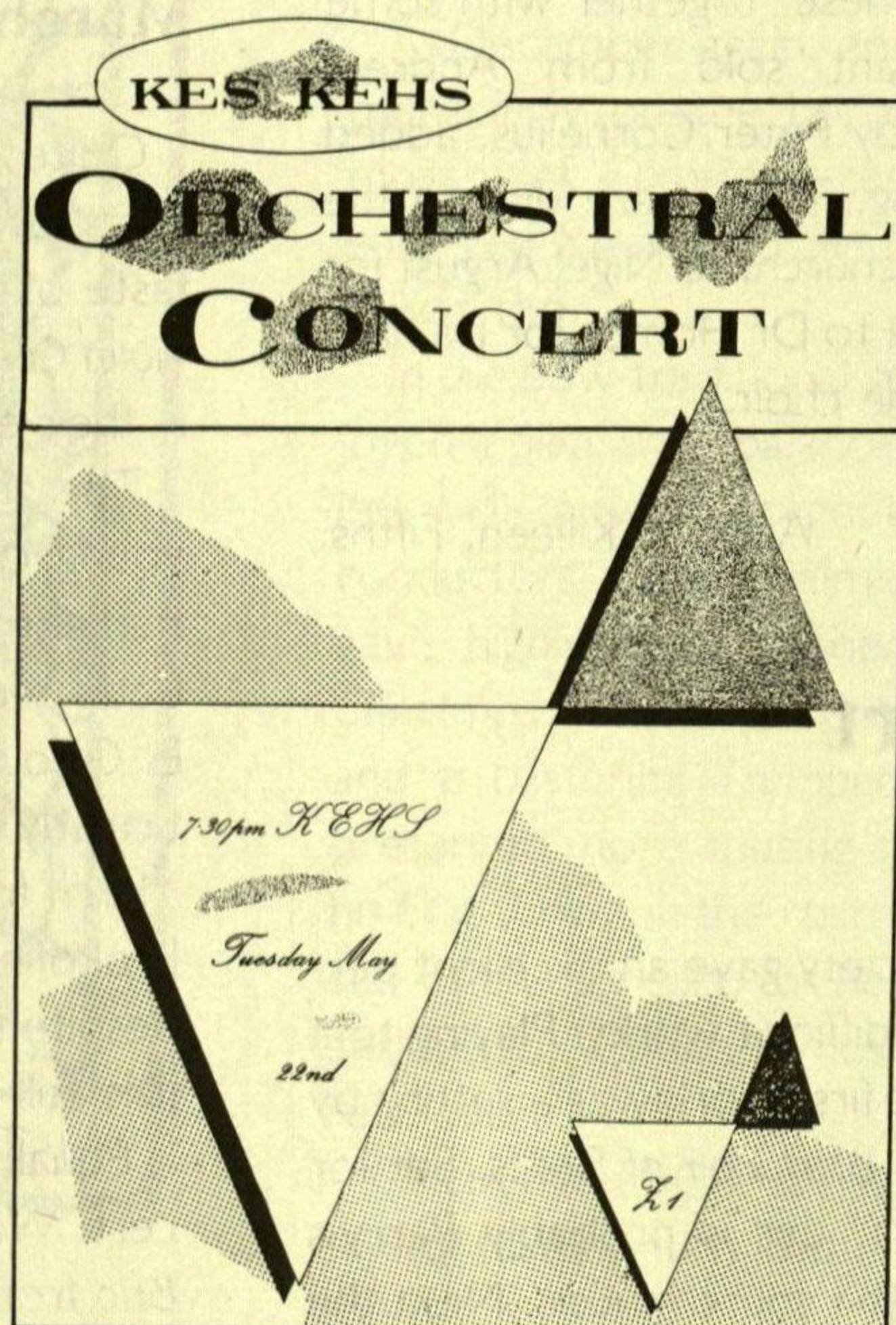
for evermore (thanks to Mr Sill's typing) as that hip, cool swinger 'Tone' Whitehouse. The quintet's final piece was a very clever arrangement by the bassoonist Ian Crew of *The Teddy Bears' Picnic*, affectionately dedicated to a member of the music department. The first half finished with two further, contrasting pieces from the Brass Ensemble under the direction of the laconic Bryan Allen.

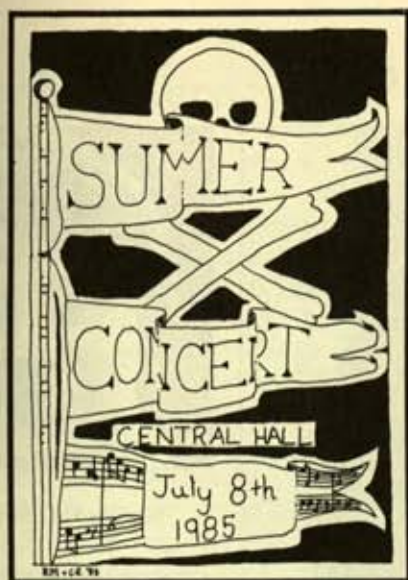
The second half was devoted to the popular choral work *Carmina Burana*. Unfortunately, as a person whose Music O-level sight-singing caused the Head of Music to

crease up double in tearful mirth, I feel ill-placed to pass profound judgement on the performance. All I shall say is that both audience and performers appeared to enjoy it immensely with generally confident massed singing, enthusiastic piano and percussion playing and very fine solo singing from Malcolm Singer (aptly named baritone), Joy Naylor (soprano) and John Smith (alto).

Overall, the concert was thoroughly enjoyable. It was especially good to see a balance between the big scale of *Carmina Burana* with the chamber music of the first half. Let's hope that the latter genre, previously somewhat neglected, will continue to be encouraged.

Tim Franks, Divisions.





Summer Concert

The Central Hall once again provided the venue for an enjoyable demonstration of the enormous musical talent in our two schools.

Unfortunately, however, the first half did not quite fulfil its potential, with neither the Concert nor the Wind Band demonstrating adequately the fruits of all their hard work put in during the term. The Chapel Choir handled Britten's *Golden Vanity* thoroughly competently, even if not without undue excitement, though the Choir-Master Mr Farrington must have been delighted with the adept singing of the soloists. Matthew Killeen especially displayed confidence and maturity in what is a very difficult piece to sing.

After the interval, the quality improved dramatically. There was no longer any need for the wry humour of Mr Sill to keep the audience on their toes. The First Orchestra gave a stunning rendition of Britten's *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra*, where each section was in turn thrown into the limelight, and where each performed admirably. The Choral Society, with a sadly shortened version of *The Merry Widow* by Franz Lehar, again delighted the audience, and this was followed by the large joint Orchestra to round off the evening with some Strauss waltzes.

Finally, Rupert Ward paid a characteristically diplomatic but well-deserved tribute to Messrs Sill, Bridle and Argust, for their skilled leadership and enormous effort throughout the year and I can but echo his thanks here.

Stephen Tuck, Fourths.



Syndicate Concert

This year's Syndicate Concert proved as enjoyable as ever, with a wide variety of ensembles playing to a just-less-than-capacity audience on a fine summer's evening in early July.

The concert was, as always, hampered by lack of rehearsal time, but the problem was made more acute this year by the curtailing of term by almost a week. This was particularly obvious with the Syndicate Choir: Tony Whitehouse in fact did a marvellous job in getting Nick Davies's *Eine Kleine Todmusik* and two choruses from Vivaldi's *Gloria* to sound as good as they did. The Wind Commune, playing the last movement of Mozart's *Piano Quintet K452*, and Steve Twigg and Duncan McNaughton, playing a movement from Gordon Jacob's *Concerto for Clarinet and Trumpet* were particularly good - they had all been rehearsing for longer - and James Dunstan and Dominic Worsley demonstrated their talents once again in *Aus der Heimat No. 2* by Smetana and Aaron Copland's *Hoe-Down* from *Rodeo*. We were all charmed and delighted by the performance of Britten's *Golden Vanity* by the boys of KES Chapel Choir - they displayed enormous competence in the face of a very difficult score. Mention should also be made of a presentation made to Nick Davies before the interval by the Chief Master - a well-deserved tribute to his enormous dedication, skill and enthusiasm, put at the service of School Music for eight years. My personal highlight of the concert, however, would be the interval: wine and strawberries in Chantry Court, with a resident string quartet (organised by Lana Wood) playing arrangements by Nick Davies in the background.

Rupert Ward, Sixths.

THREE MUSICIANS



SIMON RATTLE

This year has seen three leading musicians, each based in Birmingham, visiting the school.

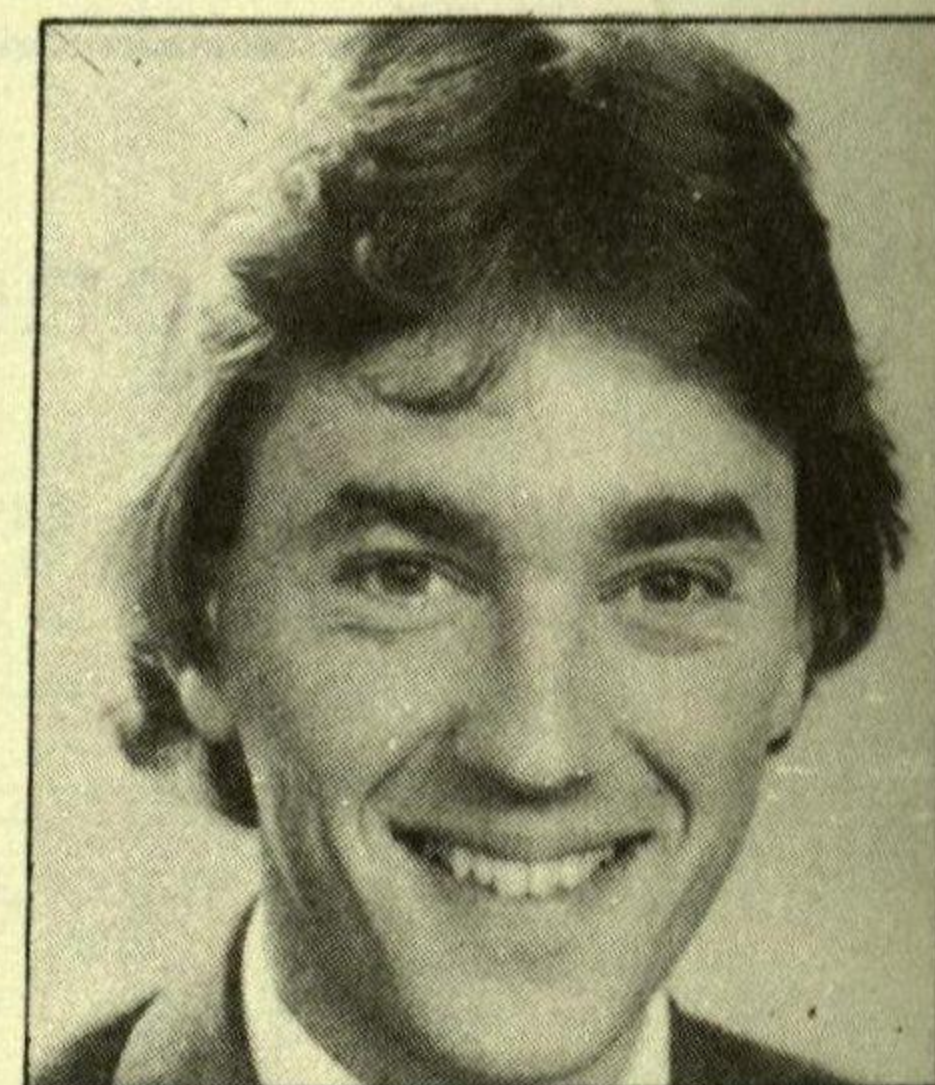
Thomas Trotter was formerly a pupil at the Chief Master's old school before winning an Organ Scholarship to King's College Cambridge, and he is now the city organist. He came in March to reopen officially the Organ in Big School.

Simon Rattle, who won the First Prize in the John Player International Conductors' Competition at the age of nineteen, and who made his North American debut with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra when he was still only twenty-one, is now of course the internationally respected conductor of the CBSO. He accepted an invitation to conduct the First Orchestra for a morning's rehearsal in the autumn term.

Simon Halsey, a Choral Scholar at King's College Cambridge and currently Director of Music at Warwick



SIMON HALSEY



THOMAS TROTTER

University as well as chorus master for the CBSO Chorus, trained the Chapel Choir for an evening in the autumn term too.

In the inaugural concert, Thomas Trotter played a delightfully varied and virtuosic range of pieces, showing his skill - and the organ's revamped state. Simon Halsey's training was thorough and exhausting: we got through the whole of the first section of Haydn's *Creation* in an hour, each part thoroughly tackled. Simon Rattle, asserting his extraordinary clothes sense, showed the training skills which have taken him to where he is today. Both the First Orchestra and the Chapel Choir gained enormously from the experience and good humour of both Simons and the school was lucky to be able to attract such eminent musicians to it. For this, thanks are due to Messrs Sill and Bridle and to Dr Homer.

Andrew McGeachin, Sixths.

Absolute Zero

What more could we ask from a concert? Emotion, humanitarianism, loud guitars, a moody bass-player and...Martin Crowley's amazing performing plertrum. All this and much more was supplied by Absolute Zero's debut concert, part of the KEHS Lower Sixth's 'Charity Week'. Absolute Zero comprises Martin Crowley on guitar and vocals, and Nick Varley on bass guitar, who together play a peculiar kind of music, full of clichéd teenage rebellion and angst as well as a certain degree of originality and vitality.

I suspected that this concert was going to be either spectacularly successful or embarrassingly awful (the latter being the likelier of the two). My initial fears were confirmed by the second song, *Desperate Times* (the first having been an enigmatically untitled instrumental), in which the ridiculously loud guitar totally obscured Martin's vocals - which might on reflection have been a good thing. However, by the fourth song, *Matter to You*, things had changed. Martin introduced it bitterly with a reference to the previous day's eviction of starving Ethiopians from their refugee camp, and then produced a song whose lyrics were at the same time bitter and perceptive:

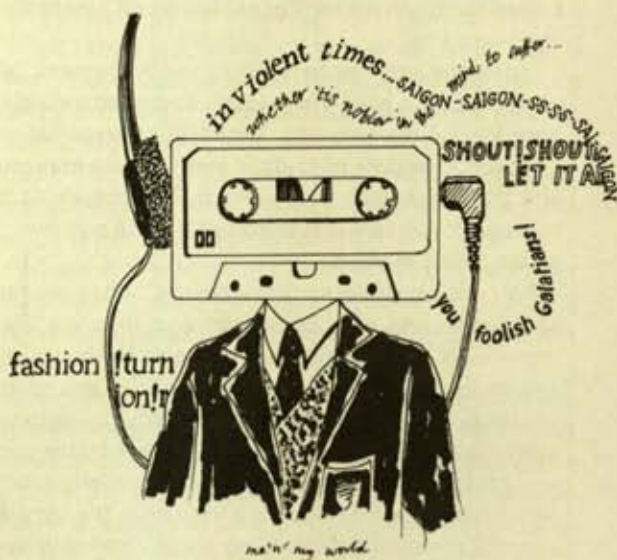
*even now I can see people who sit at home
and just think 'How nice it would be
if this unpleasant reminder were gone.'*

In the Valley of the Blind, Dream and For You were all products of Absolute Zero's teenage sensitivity and emotion. Although some of the audience squirmed at the dedication of *For You*, it is refreshing to hear music which can express emotions so frankly.

For encores, Martin and Nick played the cleverly titled *Really Shouldn't But* and *For You* (again), which prompted the angelic choir of the back-row hards to go into action.

And then...it was all over. Absolute Zero left one person extremely moved, many amused and others adoring (the lads were mobbed the next day by hysterical KEHS teenyboppers). They left me relieved that a concert which started so inauspiciously and promised so much embarrassment had actually provided some decent songs, which frankly expressed emotions and opinions close to my own.

Toby Carpenter, Divisions.



trips...

HAYWOOD TRAVEL SCHOLARSHIP A Trip to Hamburg Railway Station (and the Viking Sites in Denmark)

It is a little known fact that most of the railways in northern Europe go through Hamburg, and stop there. This allows travellers to Denmark to disembark and wait for their connection. All reasonably clear so far, except that the train I was on got in at about midnight, and the train to Denmark left at about five the next morning. Hamburg station is not heated at night, and the benches are not very comfortable.

Eventually, though, our travel-weary hero arrived at his chosen youth hostel only to find that his booking had either been ignored or lost. I ended up sleeping on the floor again. The next morning I negotiated the hire of a bike (no mean feat - in Danish!), and set off on my first site visit. After this excursion I went north (by train - cycling looked too much like hard work) and found a youth hostel that wasn't full.

I spent the next few days visiting various farmers' fields, which had once been Viking forts - and I paid through the nose for the privilege too. The state of preservation of what are essentially mounds of earth is quite impressive, and the Danes have a very responsible attitude to their heritage. It was rare indeed to see any site built over and all are clearly marked.

My cycling began in earnest after this, and I soon ran into what was to be a major source of irritation: Danish motorways. Denmark did not prove to be the haven for cyclists that I had been led to expect. On at least three occasions I was cycling steadily towards my destination when I was diverted completely off course by the start of an unmarked motorway. This was particularly worrying when it happened just before a ferry port, the ferry being my only means of continuing my route. I ended up cycling across a golf course, climbing over a fence - discovering that Danish bikes are very heavy - and just catching the ferry.

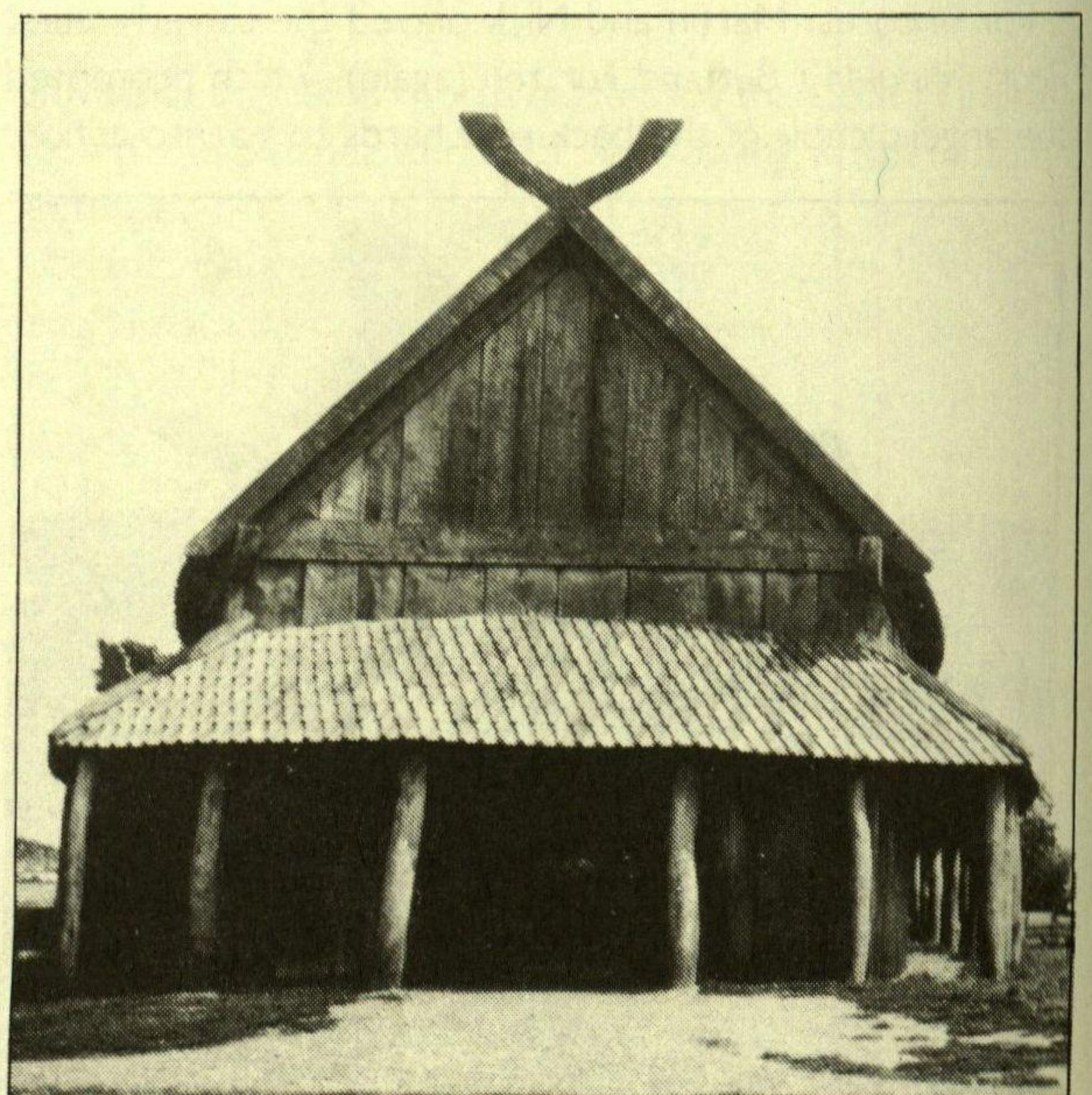
I managed to avoid some of the less salubrious delights

of Copenhagen on my visit, though a friendly Swede told me where some of them were to be found. Copenhagen itself was quite pleasant, but the National Museum was inevitably reorganising some of its Viking artefacts. The high point of this part of the trip was the brewery: I think the elephant gates were part of the architecture...

Diversions apart, I managed to visit all the sites I had planned to, and some I found out about on the way. Much fitter and very tired, I left Denmark at about ten one morning, getting home thirty-six hours later.

I would like to thank the school for giving me the chance and the means to make this trip: and I hope that everyone who can will take the opportunity to win one of these two scholarships, which are valuable in more ways than one.

Edward Simnett, Sixths.



PARENTS' ASSOCIATION TRAVEL SCHOLARSHIP

Battlefields of Normandy

In late August 1984, Robert Wheatley and I drove down to Portsmouth and embarked on the ferry to France, tracing the footsteps of thousands of allied soldiers forty years earlier.

On the way out of Portsmouth, we passed the remnants of Britain's last invasion fleet, *Hermes* and escorts, back from the Falklands. Arrival in Cherbourg was more peaceful and the occupants less hostile than those greeting visitors in 1944, but it was not without trepidation that I faced driving on the wrong side of the road.

Our first camp was at the aptly named seaside village of L'Anse au Brick, in the bottom of a wartime quarry. From here we explored the Cotentin Peninsula with its heavy defensive zone and strongly fortified port area in Cherbourg itself. The city was defended by four heavy batteries to seaward and only fell on June 27th after five days of ground assault supported by naval and aerial bombardment, by which time the port facilities had been thoroughly wrecked by the garrison. The occupation museum in the Fort du Roule is well worth a visit with its superb collection of uniforms, documents, weaponry and equipment, although it is small in comparison with the collections in Bayeux and Ste Mère Eglise.

Our main study site in this area was the naval artillery battery at Néville. The open gun emplacements had been bombed/shelled and wrecked, but the crew and ancillary bunkers, deeply buried and protected by two-metre thick concrete roof slats, remained untouched. The battery observation tower, three stories high, and originally disguised as a house, took over an hour to reach through a sea of bracken. Standing on the roof, however, gave such a commanding view out to sea that it was well worth the effort! The tower clearly showed signs of being involved in an infantry fire-fight. Defensive embrasures covering the door were pock-marked by small-arms fire, a metre-thick wall had been drilled through by a bazooka shot or an armour-piercing shell and the roof of an adjacent generator bunker cracked by a hollow charge grenade.

Further down the coast we studied two positions covering the US 'Utah' landing zone: Les Dunes de Varreville, an infantry strongpoint dug into the dunes overlooking the landing beaches, and a naval artillery battery at St Marcouf. The battery's four 210mm guns were

protected by concrete casemates three metres thick, and had resisted attacks by US paratroops for several days. However, the archaeological value of the site was reduced as the US Engineer Corps had used the area as a playground to practise with explosives. Far from removing the bunkers from the landscape as intended, they created new architectural forms with huge roof slats tilting skywards!

The most spectacular site by far was Pointe du Hoc where US Rangers scaled cliffs under fire to find that their objective, an artillery battery, had already been moved inland. The preliminary aerial and naval bombardment has left a spectacular moonscape, preserved as a memorial to the Rangers' bravery.

Our study continued along the coast, through Bayeux, Avranches with the remains of the British Mulberry Harbour, Riva Bella and the famous Pegasus Bridge, ending in Caen, a beautiful town, reconstructed after being completely destroyed during the breakout, and now a symbol of the reconstruction achieved over the last forty years.

Andrew Fry, OE.

CLASSICAL SOCIETY TRIP TO GREECE AND CRETE

In the care of Mr Edwards, Mrs Edwards and Mr Tibbott, the much publicised élite crack force 'The G Team' found itself on New Street Station early in the evening one April day. By the following morning we were standing, bleary-eyed, somewhere in the grey stillness of Athens. The capital showed us its rather faded true colours; but soon we were off and away on the Greeks' efficient, if rather decrepit, bus service.

Perhaps it is wise at this point to inform the reader about Greek transport in general. If, however, you are of a nervous disposition, it may be wise to skip the next few paragraphs.

One of the first features that you note on the bus service is that reserved seats count for nothing unless you are a sheep or a chicken. Next, there is the manic wailing issuing from the speakers along the roof of the bus. The Greeks have only one piece of music, which was composed in 1703. Every work since then is merely a reshuffling of the bars, making the end product rather more the musical equivalent of a zip-code than a tune: this, of course, was all to Mr Tibbott's liking, who seemed in a state of

tuneless bliss throughout the trip. A note of praise must also be made for the agility of the conductors - who seemed to be both in a state of total panic as to whether sheep were at half fare or not, and, at the same time, to be in complete and friendly control of the affair.

Enough, however, on our adventures with transport - back instead to where we left 'The G Team': on a bus, and just arriving at the historic sanctuary at Delphi. Here, we had our first taste of the Ancient Greek culture: a mixture of secluded temples and huge, glorious, awesome views. Delphi is situated halfway up a mountainside, and to climb the mountain adjacent to it, as we did on two occasions, affords a splendid view of the site, down further to the gorge, to the olive plains and finally to the sea.

After two days around Delphi, we made the great leap south to the more classical Olympia. Then, further on and across the Gulf of Corinth to the much more ancient sites around Nauplia: Tiryns and Golden Mycenae, famed for their Cyclopean walls - and more for their prominence in the much-lauded Michael Wood series, *In Search of the Trojan War*. A short walk leads past the beehive tomb that Schliemann called the treasury of Atreus. Turning the corner, you see the Lion Gate - not huge but nonetheless impressive: powerful and stark, high in the mountains. It is ruined, but is somehow more impressive in its desolation.

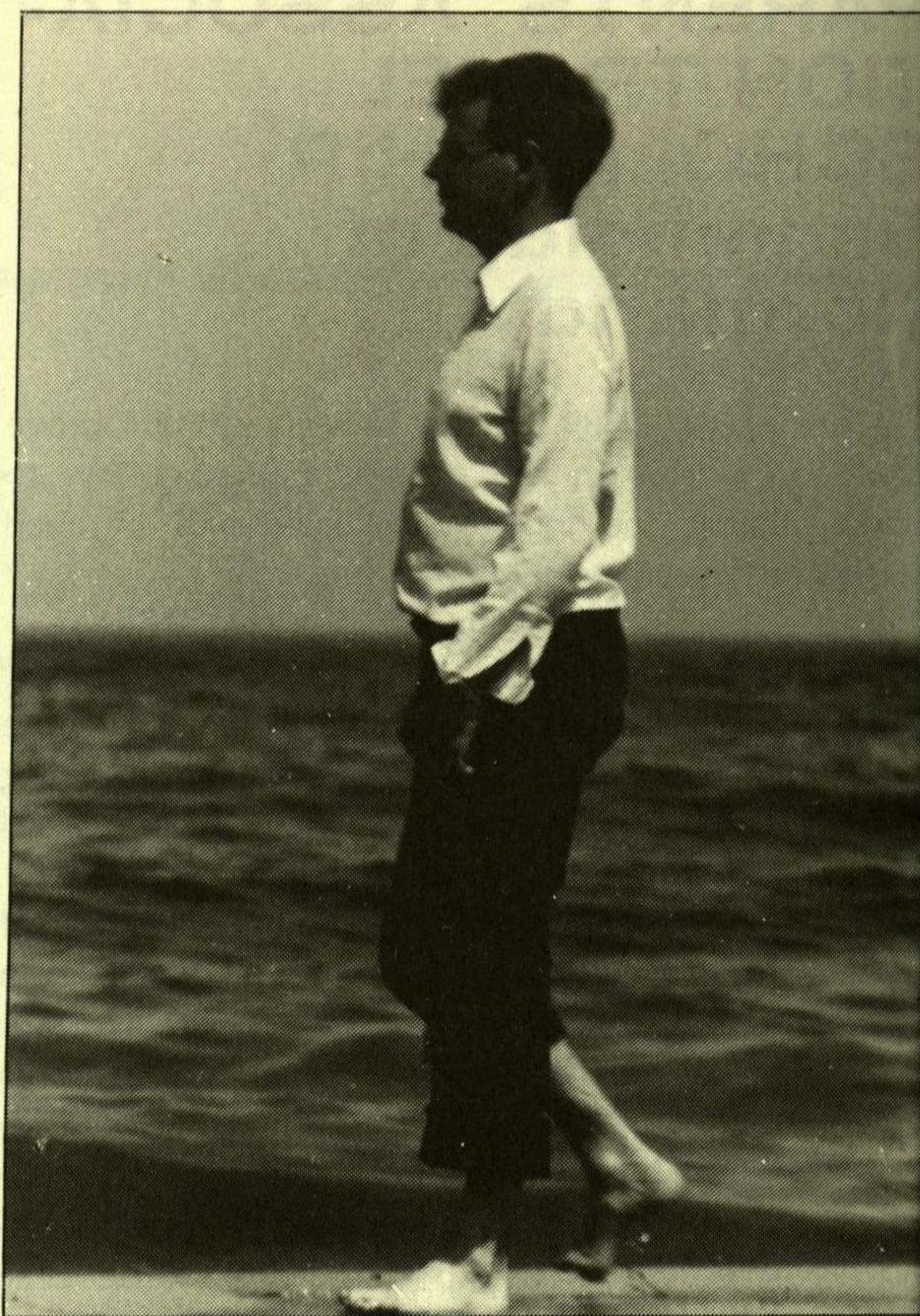
From there, with glorious weather which stayed throughout the trip, we went back to Athens, to catch the 'boat' to Crete. ('Why,' you ask, 'the inverted commas?') The boat, it is true, was much more comfortable than the buses - once you had killed the cockroaches in your immediate vicinity - and you could even sit back and watch MGM's classic version of the classic tale of *Samson and Delilah* - with Greek subtitles, of course.

'When rosy-fingered dawn had touched the sky's edge', we saw the isle of Crete finally coming into sight. Crete allowed relaxation and also a chance to view the great sites at Knossos and Gournia, but all too quickly came the boat to Athens and the plane, and finally home.

The people of Greece are the most friendly I have met - they are perhaps too kind a tribute to their troubled country, and more than any other people, they allow you, for a few short days, to leave your tourist's garb aside and become part of their community; it would be a terrible fate if, by their passivity, they lost their culture by dilution.

Grateful thanks, of course, to those who made this trip not only possible, but a great success: it is a holiday which I shall never forget.

Carl Röhler, Fourths.



Tuneless bliss throughout the trip

NATIONAL SAILING CENTRE, COWES

25th Aug - 1st Sept 1984

On Saturday August 25th, a party of thirty odd seadogs assembled at Southampton docks. The by now customary wait at Southampton was this year enjoyed only by the minibus party, while those who had travelled in the relative comfort of train and taxi stepped virtually straight on to the ferry.

The courses began on the Saturday evening with an introductory lecture and the same film as last year. The KES/KEHS party was spread out among three of the courses on offer: Elementary Sailing, Seamanship and a racing course, which had considerably more subscribers than last year. The legendary 'keep-fit' sessions at the crack of dawn, intended for but not exclusive to the racing course, did not, to our glee, appear on the agenda until the Wednesday, when we were placed under the direc-



tion of a certain 'stupid Dutch git', the wonderfully named Aryan Stoof.

The sailing during the week was good, with the wind varying between a nondescript force nil and an exhausting but exciting force four, and all the time under expert tuition. The evenings were occupied by lectures for the respective courses, watching a fellow resident sailor on *Blockbusters* (five gold runs!) and seeing the sights of the town. On the last night a barbecue was arranged with the help of the Centre staff.

Thanks for arranging a very enjoyable week are due to Miss Barnett and to Mr McIlwaine, whose presence in moments of crisis and inertia was invaluable.

James Pickworth, Sixths.



SKI TRIP TO SAAS FEE

December 1984

In the early hours of December 20th, the KES ski party gathered at the Foundation Office about to embark on a trip to Saas Fee, Switzerland, a trip which proved to be full of memorable events and scenery.

Having had seemingly strict hostel laws laid down by our supervisors, we were a little apprehensive as to how far how joviality would - or could - be extended. Knowing that a tiring twenty-six hours of travelling lay ahead of us, everyone soon discovered the advantages of a Sony



Walkman. Even the ever-merry James Peel was able to relax in the peacefulness of a Sony, along with his passport - which he had neglected to bring with him and which had to be delivered by Red Star! In our sleeping compartments we were joined surprisingly by a hairy and drunken Scot from London. He and his fellow Ford car workers were to spend the rest of the holiday with us, and proved to be excellent fun both on and off piste.

Everyone was immediately enormously impressed with the beauty of the snow-covered village. The accommodation was spotlessly clean and very suitable. But it was from then that the real festive enjoyment began. Everyone was to be without family over Christmas, but was going to make the most out of being on holiday in such a beautiful place. Simon Handley was never short of a stare of utter amazement as the peace-loving Swiss locals simply could not believe his soft-core punk look. Every night members of the party would 'hit the town' to soak themselves richly in Christmas cheer and excellent German Pils. Yet despite all this, all were up again next morning as the sun broke breath-takingly onto the snow-capped Alps, ready for the skiing action.

Spurred on by excellent instructors Paul, Steve and

Keith, everyone relished the most perfect conditions possible for skiing. The pistes were conquered with lightning speed, although the more advanced attempted the deep off-piste virgin snow with a little less success. Yes, Warren Cowell and Dave Somerset were thrilling to watch, but Dave had 'done harder runs when he was five!' In the Beginners, Michael Cheung, and, to a lesser extent, Simon Handley, stole the limelight - and made sure they told everyone about it!

Finally, a great many thanks to Mr Worthington, Mr Tomlinson and Mr Wills who were great company, game for a laugh and also somewhat lenient with our joviality - and also to Ski Gower and its friendly instructors who helped make everything so worthwhile.

Simon Ellis, Divisions.

Report also received from Keith Belson and Guy Evans, Fourths, on the Easter skiing trip.

TRIP TO GLENCOE

25th-30th October 1984

The journey up to Glencoe, Scotland, on the Friday was long and uneventful, and we were glad to arrive in the glen itself, where we stopped to inspect the silhouettes of the mountains we would climb the next day. We soon got into the rhythm of the expedition with a relatively early rise (made even earlier since we ignored the transition from BST to GMT), followed by the conquest of that day's mountain, despite the range of weather from driving rain and biting cold to gale force winds.

I'm sure that every member of the small, brave group has his own memories of the expedition: perhaps they are of following a track of blue spots on the snow of Ben Nevis as Elliott Harbottle squeezed out of his soaking gloves? or of Mark and Simon Hill's collapsing tent? or of Peter Bream's unusual diet? I am however certain that no-one will forget Dr Bridges proving that a minibus will act just like a plane when he's the pilot!

I would like to thank Dr Bridges for putting up with us for six days and for being such an excellent guide on the tiring but enjoyable Scottish mountains.

Iain Tebbutt, Sixths.



MARINE BIOLOGY

April 1985

The mood for the week seemed to have been set. We had been warned of a Latin catalogue of organisms to be learned. The video made by the 1980 expedition forecast rain and gloom. The five hour train journey to Aberystwyth seemed quite in place. But on that day, mid-Wales was being graced by glorious sunshine. Things didn't look so bad after all, and when Mr Rigby suggested a trip to the beach we became really quite excited. However, the wellies prevailed over the shorts and we then realised our condemnation to a week of wading in rock pools, counting seaweeds and performing sinister experiments on rocky shore organisms. Our practical work was supplemented by several lectures, and, although a video was available, it suffered from over-exposure, so it could not be shown.

The week in Wales provided time for several excursions, most of which were wholly unconnected with Marine Biology. We visited the Ystwyth forest, where we were privileged to see the lakeside combat of two rather primitive organisms, and we went to the wobbly peat-bog where we observed the attempts at swimming of an unbelievably advanced creature.

As usual, the trip was both enjoyable and worthwhile; sincere thanks are due to Messrs Rigby, Lampard, Russell and Roden, who helped to make it so.

Marcus Hughes, Divisions.

GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIPS

Geography is concerned with the world around us and therefore field trips are an essential part of the geographer's training. This year Shells have completed local project work. Removes have visited Snowdonia on an integrated study week, all the UMs have spent a long weekend in North Wales and A-level geographers have visited North Lancashire and South Devon. Space does not enable each excursion to be chronicled but the selected reports give an indication of the work done and convey impressions of some of the other experiences which make trips memorable for those who take part.

J.A.C.

Morecambe Bay (Divisions)

'The sole motivation for the weary geography student in the long, bleak winter months is the thought of the Easter field trip. A phantasmagoria of social science sweeps like a veritable breath of fresh air through the scholar's overburdened mind.'

Thus the famous words of the great geographic intellectual, John Keats, describe his experiences on the quintessential field trip. Their inspiration echoed in our ears as we clambered aboard our trusty steed, the 'Geog-Mobile', and headed for the wilderness of North Lancashire. The first day was spent gleaning valuable information about rural settlements in and around the Lancaster area, by fair means or foul (usually foul!) and furthering the ancient tradition, dating back to the golden days of the stage-coach, of counting vehicular transport on the M6.

An excellent example of monsoon conditions was pro-

vided on Day 2 as the brave 13 and their (fool-) hardy leaders ventured to the infamous Silverdale Salt Marsh, an area which has claimed the life of many a fine geographer. The afternoon was equally memorable when the intense rainfall combined with gale force winds to provide conditions that would petrify timorous men - but not the renowned Geog Div; we clambered to the limestone crags at Hutton Roof and did what had to be done. Day 3 was spent performing strange rituals of slope measurement and river work at Lythe Fell and environs. The fourth day was optional, so I can only describe the sobering experience of Barrow-in-Furness on a Sunday morning. Kendal was the next stop, on the all-singing, all-dancing Geog Div World Tour. We discovered that Kendal is not just where the mint-cake is made. The last day was spent analysing the evolution and decline of Morecambe as a seaside resort. And it was with damp eyes that we sadly began the long journey home. However, the memories are eternal: the good times, the bad ones, the laughs, the tears, the smiles, the headaches: they will last forever.

As ever, thanks to our mentors, Messrs Roden, Cumberland and Slijvic, who all contrived with boundless enthusiasm to formulate a thoroughly educational and, above all, enjoyable trip.

Garon Anthony, Divisions.

Devon (Divisions)

If any readers are planning a trip to Devon in the future, be sure to consult a member of the Geog Div before setting off. For we have all been well informed of the hidden delights of granite intrusions and rural settlements of which most mortals are probably unaware.

Having arrived safely at our guest-house, we were immediately forced to watch a video which tackled the subjects of Tors, China Clay and Tin-Mining - joys of the next day. Indeed, this video left us all so excited and raring to get out into the field that it was difficult to get to sleep that night.

Excitement had wavered somewhat by the next morning. However, the invigorating sight of Haytor is enough to wake up any Rip Van Winkle. Having foraged around in plastic bags, violently making notes from Mr Roden's prolific words of wisdom, we were released from our mobile Turkish Bath, alias the minibus, and instinctively scrambled up to the top of Haytor. Having reached the very top, and satisfied that the wind was strong enough, Kieran Neville chose to disperse his notes all over Dartmoor. Unfortunately they descended into a crevice where



Mr Roden was giving an alfresco seminar, and they were collected and returned to the owner.

It was after an investigation of some of Britain's oldest deciduous woodlands that Garon Anthony astounded us all. For in the minibus, on the way to a China Clay factory, he felt sick. We stopped the bus, and he was. We regarded it as inevitable, and were satisfied by Garon's claim, 'I feel much better now'. However, he was sick again, and again, and again, and yes, again. Six times he was sick, and after each time he uttered the immortal words, 'It's OK - I feel much better now'. In fact, he used up all our plastic bags: we were grateful that it didn't rain, for we had nothing with which to cover our precious notes.

The next day was less eventful: in pairs we were dropped off round Dartmoor to analyse a small village and a small town nearby. In the evening we collected and exchanged our findings, before 'hitting' that well-known sophisticated night-club town of Paignton, which kept us happy for a good half-hour.

Thanks to Mr Roden and Mr Cumberland for a trip which was enjoyed by all - including Garon Anthony.

Nicolas Fowler, Divisions.

Bangor (Fourth)

Sixty O-level geographers visited North Wales. One group, led by Mr Slijvic and Mr Roden, stayed at Llanberis Youth Hostel. The remainder, led by Mr Cumberland, Mr Everest and Dr Bridges, stayed at Bangor Youth Hostel. The following is an account of the Bangor group.

A pleasant coach journey through sunny Shropshire soon gave way to work, starting with a short stop for a breath of fresh air down by the river in Llangollen - then the real work: a study of the river Conwy from start to finish, making notes on everything from the sewage discharge in a medieval wool-making hamlet to tourists enjoying the black stinking mud in Conwy town itself. A short journey via Llandudno saw us installed in the ill-fated hostel, and after eating, we had our first follow-up session.

Saturday dawned dull and somewhat hazy, just like us. But by 9.30 we were all set for the ascent of Y-Garn, described by some as a very exciting mountain - but not by most. We spent some time in Cwm Ydwal, making reams of notes, drawing strange pictures and admiring female climbers - and then struck out for the summit. The view was fantastic, especially for those who like the lighter

shades of grey. During the rapid and painful descent, we stopped to admire the hallowed Nant Ffrancon valley, commonly thought to be the mythical resting place of fanatical geography masters. Llanberis was the last victim of the day, and, after stripping the leaflet racks and scaring the receptionist in the Information Office, we returned to yet another follow-up session.

Sunday was the last day, but the work was not yet finished. We counted closed shops in Bethesda, terrorised tourists in Conwy and revisited Llandudno, Great Orme et al. And from there, home, feeling happy, refreshed and simply raring to get going on our gigantic projects.

Thanks should go to Mr Cumberland, Mr Everest, Dr Bridges and Ralph the coach driver, who all made the trip possible.

Paul Whatley, Fourths.

VISIT TO THE BATTLEFIELDS OF EUROPE

Undaunted by the 3 am start, a party of 34 boys from KES set off for the Front one dark April morning. At Dover we picked up our guide, Captain Jeff Rumbold, who instantly set about trying to convince us that our Intasun coach was really a time machine!

Over the next six days he led us relentlessly around a variety of military sites. These included the Trenches of Death at Diksmuide and the Ypres salient. From the Second World War we visited the Dunkirk beaches and the city of Bastogne with its fascinating museum. Visits were also made to various cemeteries, including Tyne Cot (the



largest British war cemetery in the world) and to Waterloo.

Many memorable highlights remain. The Act of Remembrance was movingly read by Simon Rhodes at the sounding of the Last Post at the Menin Gate. Paul Whatley impressed us all with his knowledge of the Panther tank at Houffalize. On the final evening poems and thoughts of the trip were presented in a convivial atmosphere on the balcony of the Hotel Wilgenhof at Valkenburg, featuring the golden voice of James Priory. We do not, of course, mention the cruise down the Rhine, the I-I soccer draw with the Netherlands, or the quantity of local beer enjoyed by all.

Thanks go to Mr Buttress for his vigilance, Mr Evans for co-ordinating the planning and Mr Phillips for his goal-keeping. We are also indebted to the sophisticated Miss Jackson and her three girls from KEHS who bravely decided to risk all with our fourth formers at the Front.

David Milne, Divisions.

EXPEDITION TO HADRIAN'S WALL

On the afternoon of Friday 3rd May, three of the more adventurous members of the fourth form Greek set boarded a train for Newcastle upon Tyne for a Walk along the Great Wall of Hadrian. At Newcastle, having been impressed by the new metro system, we could not pretend to be equally ecstatic about our first contact with the Wall at Wallsend. The fort, though recently excavated, was mostly obscured by a council estate, and the dull weather matched the surroundings of this depressed area. After a fruitless search for refreshments in Newcastle (Mr Owen backing down to the bouncer of a floating night club), we arrived at Bardon Mill, our base for the next three days. When our meal was finished, the first of the Dominoes Tournaments began, during which Mr Owen displayed a consistent lack of form, which clearly upset him.

After a good night's sleep, we set off at 10 o'clock on Saturday morning for Chesters Fort. This turned out to be a well-preserved fort and worth the lengthy journey. The outline of the fort, pleasantly situated by the River North Tyne, is clear, together with its barrack-blocks, administrative buildings and gateways, and, above all, its excellently preserved bath-house. As Mr Owen surged ahead to catch the bus back to Hexham, thence west to Thirlwall, where our 'Walk along the Wall' was to begin in earnest, we realised the significance of previous warnings about 'stout hearts and sensible shoes'. After an invigorating walk of five miles from Thirlwall to Cawfields, where we met Mr Tibbott and the school minibus, and where



Jonathan Kail found a hat which he insisted upon wearing, we walked to Haltwhistle, declining offers of a lift, and caught the train back to Bardon Mill. Jason Hill again won the Dominoes; Mr Owen became disgruntled and went down to see some friends in the bar.

Sunday turned out to be the day of reckoning; weather and walk both promised to be daunting. We took in the forts of Vindolanda and Housesteads, covering some sixteen miles amid the cold and drizzly weather, though these conditions stopped none of Mr Owen's famous scenic detours. The Roman soldiers, who patrolled the Wall, had a tough existence, even when sheltered behind the solid walls of Housesteads Fort, but our walk eastwards towards Sewingshields Crags and along the wastes to the north of the Wall showed us how bleak life on the Wall really could be. When we arrived back at Bardon Mill, Mr Owen decided to have a three hour bath and Jonathan Kail washed his feet in the sink. The bath did not help Mr Owen to improve his form at Dominoes: he again became disgruntled.

On Monday, despite tired limbs and aching feet, the final section of the Wall, from Cawfields to Vindolanda, via Milking Gap, was completed, and the sun came out as if to smile upon our expedition. Late in the afternoon, we caught the train from Bardon Mill to Carlisle, and thence we quickly reached Birmingham, tired, as they say, but happy.

Our thanks go to Mrs Kail, who took us to New Street, to George and Tony of the Bowes Hotel, and to Mr Owen who organised a strenuous but enjoyable expedition.

Geoffrey Lunt, Jason Hill, Jonathan Kail, Fourths.

Mr Tibbott also took a party of UMs to Hadrian's Wall, as the accompanying photograph of the boys in the latrine shows! A report on this trip by Timothy Collinson was received.

REMOVE STUDY WEEKS

This year, two of the four Remove forms have been away from school for a week, staying and studying in North Wales, either shortly before (Rem J) or shortly after (Rem E) Whitsun. One of the objects of these study weeks has been to break down the traditional barriers between subjects, and boys have thus pursued historical, cultural and scientific interests as well as geographical. Reports on the individual trips follow.

REM J

Accompanied by Mr Jones and Mr Cumberland, we left school early on the Monday morning. On the coach, there was a rush for the seats around the tables and a call for cards. The journey gave us a taste of the breathtaking scenery and acquainted us with the only black spot of the trip, the constant Welsh rain.

We stopped on the way at Llangollen and then at Bangor, where, due to his poor cardmanship, John Brennan had to propose to the first three women he met. At Bangor University, we listened to a talk on 'Wales and the Welsh' by another Mr Jones.

Later, the party had to rush to catch the evening meal at Llanberis Youth Hostel. We soon discovered the pool table which was in constant use until our money ran out. Mr Jones and Mr Cumberland narrowly lost to Adam Colledge and John Brennan, who can break better than he can propose.

Tuesday morning was spent investigating the old-established industry of slate mining at Llechwedd. In the afternoon we visited the Ffestiniog Hydro-Electric Power Station.

Wednesday was spent in Anglesey. Mr Everest joined us early at breakfast and the speed that he must have driven at from Birmingham can only be guessed at. We crossed into Anglesey via the Menai Suspension Bridge, then we fought 'bent double like sacks... we cursed through slime' to Bryn Celli Ddu, a celtic burial mound, the entrance of which forced even the smallest members of our class to stoop, prompting speculation that the original inhabitants of the island were pygmies. The whole class was terrified of a massive black 'bull' until Mr Everest told us it was carrying bagpipes.

Later we saw the amazing and horribly beautiful sight of Parys copper mine. After attempts at a sketch the whole class, including Mr Cumberland, who proved to be a

reasonable shot, threw stones at the cars and rubbish in the bottom. We also stopped at Llanfair PG where Mr Jones read out the whole name very successfully and the class, with an amazing variety of accuracy, tried to imitate him. Then we went to the highspot of the day, the only place where we did not take our clipboards, Aberffraw sand dunes, where most of the form went paddling or swimming in the freezing sea, with the teachers snapping photos from a safe distance.

On Thursday morning we followed a nature trail near Aber Falls discovering the delights of the shrubs and lichens of North Wales. The afternoon was filled with a visit to Conwy Castle, built by Edward I to suppress the Welsh.

Friday provided perhaps the most memorable experience of the trip, a walk along the Miners' trail on the Snowdon Horseshoe. The miners must have been very



courageous to trek the path in Winter. The weather was appalling, the wind and rain beating at our faces and almost blowing us off the path. The rain turned to hail while we were sheltering behind some old miners' huts at Llyn Llydaw. We completed a full song of seventy green bottles while struggling down the path to some welcome hot drinks by the coach.

When we finally returned to school there was a brief competition on the Welsh pronunciation of Llanfairpwllgwyngyll...gogogoch. The trip was by all accounts a resounding success: we worked hard, learnt a great deal and enjoyed ourselves immensely. Many thanks to all the staff involved with this worthwhile venture. Can this trip be extended to all forms soon?

Henryk Santocki and Sean Smith, Removes.

REM E

On Monday 3rd June, Rem E left KES in two minibuses bound for North Wales. Our brief was to investigate the history, geography and industry of the area. Our base was the youth hostel at Idwal Cottage, where we took up our accommodation in a redundant chapel. On the first evening we were all set for a hard time of relaxation, but this never came since the results of our study of Welsh culture during the afternoon in Bangor had to be discussed and our information sheets filed away.

The following days saw us on a lightning tour of North Wales, marvelling at the cantilever bridges, rocks left by the Ice Ages, and I dare not mention the phallic symbol. Edward I's castles at Beaumaris and Conwy did not fail to impress. However, for many, the most enjoyable visit was to the pump water storage power station at Ffestiniog, where the noise of modern industry came as a shock after



the tranquil 19th century atmosphere of the nearby Llechwedd slate caverns. The week ended with a hike around the Snowdon horseshoe to get everyone well and truly soaked!

In spite of all this, it was not just work, work and more work. There were many laughs too. The youth hostel facilities were excellent. The pool table and space invaders were appreciated, especially when it was discovered that they took 2p pieces as well as 10ps! The dune-jumping on Aberffraw beach was another highlight. The trip would not, of course, have been complete without the school minibus breaking down on the return journey. The AA man, who was some obscure relation to Mr Evans, soon had us on our way, by-passing the ballast resistor, but also turning the bus into a moving time-bomb without any indicators!

Great thanks must go to the three teachers who ac-

companied us and planned the activities - to Mr D.J. Evans (for his entertaining sleep-talking), Mr Everest (for allowing himself to be beaten at pool) and Mr K. Jones (for his completely illegal hand-signals on the M54). The trip was a great success.

Tim Harrold, Removes.

A.R.E.S. EXPEDITION TO CLEE HILL

On the afternoon of 5th September 1984, the date of a VHF and HF Field Day, a group of keen members of the Amateur Radio and Electronics Society left KES for Clee Hill in Shropshire. The Field Day, organised by the Radio Society of Great Britain, consisted of a competition which involved gaining points by contacting as many other radio stations as possible.

After the minibus had shown that it was only just capable of stuttering to the top of Clee Hill, everybody began to wonder what they had let themselves in for. The gale force winds at first proved difficult to master, but after a few attempts the tents were pitched - although some insisted on removing themselves from the ground and blowing away. Surprisingly, even with the aerials swaying quite dramatically, all of the equipment worked first time. The overnight amateur radio contest began furiously at four o'clock the following afternoon, with the VHF station and Mr Andronov in a rather cold, draughty tent and the HF station and Mr Rigby in the minibus, still warm after its hill-climb. Sleeping throughout the weekend was impossible as the two generators chugged in unison with the continuous wailing of the wind. The contest itself ran for twenty-four hours, by the end of which time many of us were having difficulty remaining awake - and the awesome task of clearing up and packing still awaited us. Overall, the event was a great success, with both stations performing well. The VHF station made exceptional contacts with people in Northern Italy and Germany, and the HF operators reached amateurs all over the world.

Extra special thanks must go to Mr Rigby G4KXV, and Mr Andronov G6IRJ for the loan of their precious equipment, for organising the whole expedition and for agreeing to repeat the enjoyable pilgrimage next year.

Paul Westbury G1JAL, Fourths.

CCF TRIP TO ROBIN HOOD'S BAY

Whitsun 1985

For another week, a party of six cadets and two masters set off for West Yorkshire. On arrival at the campsite, much to the joy of the cadets (except Peter Robins, who wanted curry and chips), twenty-four hour ration packs were issued and promptly cooked. The six cadets then attacked Robin Hood's Bay, where Dave Edmonds displayed his talent for being unable to chat up girls, much to the disgust of Elliott Harbottle, who then hit a wall, realising that a night's entertainment had just been wrecked.

The first walk was to Hayburn's Wyke, and to the surprise of all concerned, it didn't rain all day. The following day's walk was to Whitby, and we arrived thirty minutes late thanks to Robert Farwell's admiration of a young girl. In Whitby, Peter Robins showed skill in the arcades. Monday was spent in marching across the moors, with the navigators under constant threat from a Russian who didn't want to get his feet wet. The final day consisted of another walk across the moors.

Other events which have to be mentioned are: Farwell's inability to stop talking when in the presence of young ladies, Lucas's new sport of heading the rock, Harbottle's inability to tell the difference between mint cake and solid fuel blocks, Parnaik's astounding knowledge of everything from Greek to Karate, and the locals who, in their search for a fight, chased four cadets up a cliff and along lanes for more than a mile, only to be confronted by farmer Ken and his vice-like grip.

Thanks must go to Mr Dewar and to Captain Andronov, pilot of the Aeroflot minibus, for a memorable trip.

Elliott Harbottle, Fourths.



HMS BIRMINGHAM

On 23rd November 1984, six cadets from three schools - Marlborough College, Bradfield School and KES - were flown out from RAF Brize Norton to join a task unit of four ships on the way back from a Falklands patrol. Callum Nuttall and I were lucky enough to represent KES.

The people who organised the trip unfortunately forgot to tell any of us that we would be going through the United States, so we had no visas - and consequently the MOD had to pay \$1000 for each of us!

In Barbados we were met by officers from RFA Olwen, an auxiliary ship, and taken back by taxi. Five days later, the frigate HMS Broadsword arrived at the island and we were transferred to the more rigid Royal Naval lifestyle. While we were in Barbados, we spent a little time being shown how naval vessels operate in harbour - and at one stage we were scheduled to meet Eddy Grant! But most of the time we had the freedom of the island, and we even managed to get a tour around a very up-market cruise liner - the Sun Princess - sister ship to the much publicised Royal Princess.

On 4th December we set sail from Barbados on board HMS Broadsword, in tandem with RFA Olwen. The following morning we rendezvoused with the two other ships in the task unit, and the six of us were split up, being transferred from ship to ship by helicopter. The two cadets from Bradfield School were airlifted to HMS Ajax, the cadets from Marlborough College remained on board HMS Broadsword, and Callum and I made the short journey to the school's sister ship HMS Birmingham.

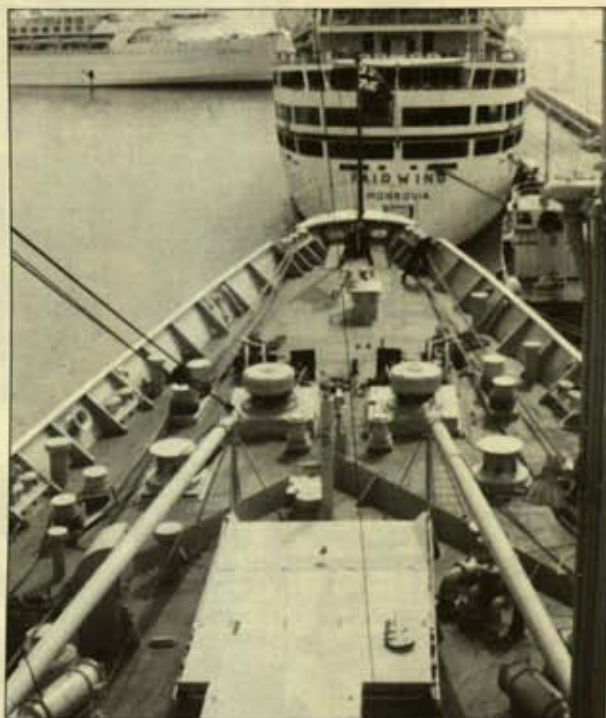
We spent the remaining ten days on board HMS Birmingham until we reached Portsmouth. During these ten days we saw how the various departments of the ship operate at sea. The one time we left the ship was for a thirty-minute flight in the Lynx helicopter. On the 13th December the task unit split up to return to the separate naval bases at Portland, Plymouth and Portsmouth. We



were back in Birmingham the following evening, after a round trip of over 10,000 miles.

I would like to express our thanks to Captain Bird, Commander Benson, all the members of the Task Unit and Mr and Mrs Nuttall for driving to Peterborough to get our passports in just two days. I hope that the NMJCE will consider offering future naval cadets a similar marvellous opportunity.

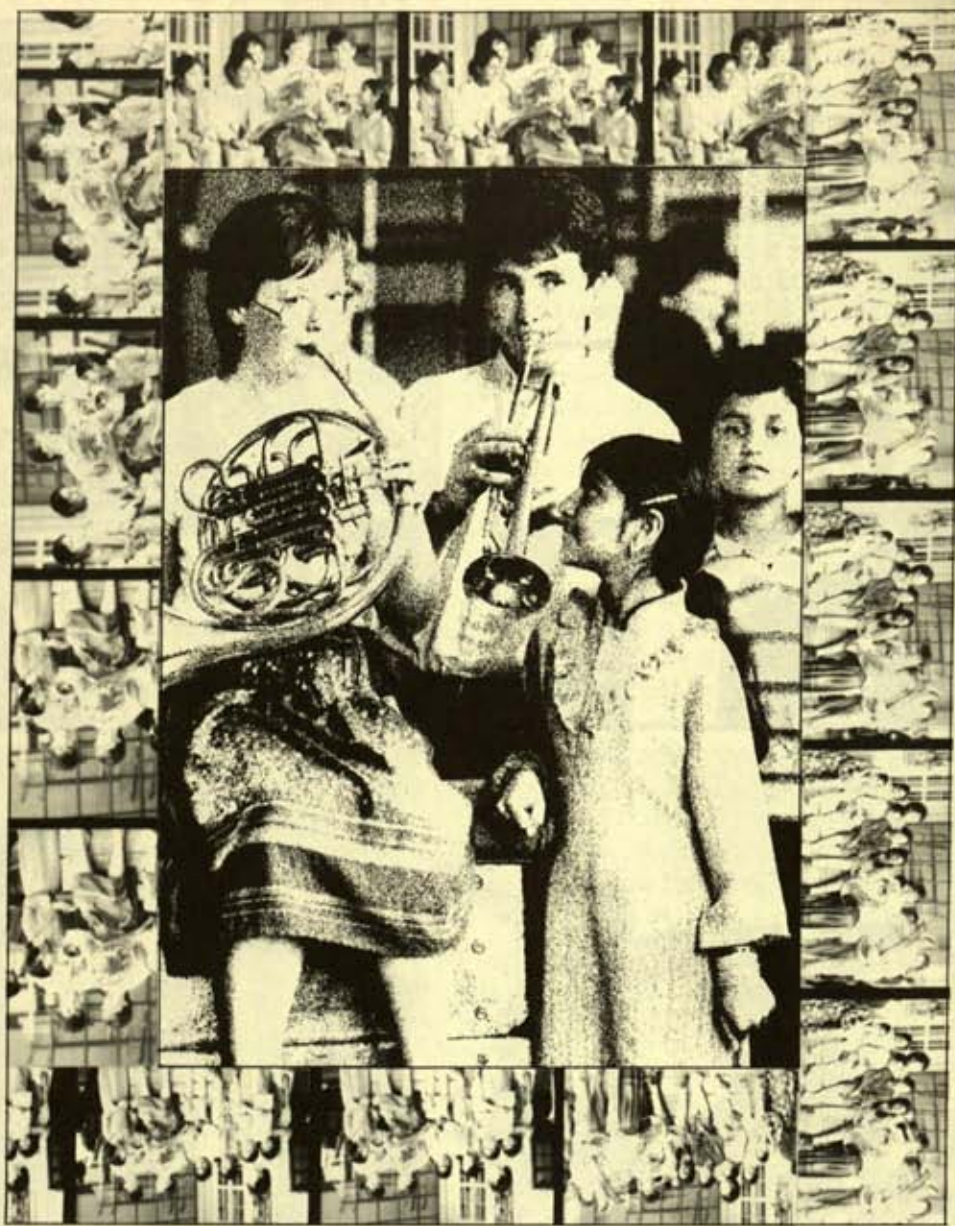
Robert Dudley, Fifths.



Commander Martin Ladd at the presentation of a framed photo of HMS Birmingham to the School in February 1985.

Brass Group Concert

tour of Junior Schools

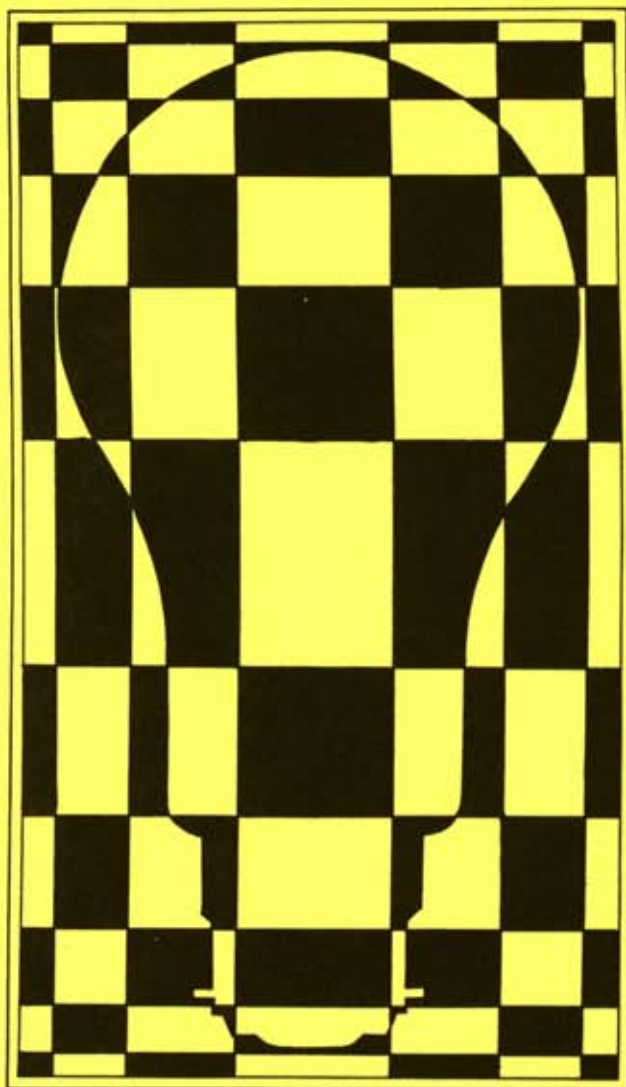


Freed from the pressures of O-levels and end of term exams, the KES Brass Group set off on the first leg of its world tour - first stop: Harborne Junior and Infants' School. The idea was to convince the youngsters of the many pleasures of playing a brass instrument, and also to tell them of the origins of brass instruments - and both these aims were successfully achieved, largely by deception. And so, after many references to that celebrated and virtuosic horn soloist, Count von Schperck, and after more than one attempt to play a hose pipe duet, the group set off for its next sun-kissed destination: Tiverton Road Junior School. Here the group played to a much smaller audience; and hence played for a shorter time, as doubtless our new-found genius, Mr Sill, who had supposedly recently entered the *Guinness Book of Records* for completing *The Flight of the Bumble Bee* in 8.6 seconds, had some lucrative recording contract to fulfil. The audience, stunned at the brilliance of Mr Sill's technical ability, were left bewildered and shocked, asking questions such as 'Did Count von Schperck's horse hurt itself when he and his horn fell off?'

The next destination wasn't reached until the following morning, and here we were greeted by 400 ecstatic infants from the Nansen Junior and Infants' School. The group played its usual selection of pieces, and once again, hose pipes and cow horns came into operation.

Thanks must go to our leader and mentor, 'Uncle' Bryan Allen, whose quickfire wit and humour had the audience and group in fits of hysterics (although we were laughing at him and not at his jokes!) and also to Messrs Sill, Argust and Davies for transport and refreshments.

Duncan McNaughton, Fifts.



WORDS
and
PICTURES

FACE

First
A face
Framed by throngs
A target for the eye
A face
From here
An abstract concept
An expected pattern
Nearer
A part of a whole
Nearer
And suddenly life
A skin
A breath
Then later
Again a shape
A memory
A face

Andrew Killeen, *Fifths*.



LOVE WITHOUT WORDS

'A poem can have music without meaning,' she said,
And though I disagreed, drunkenly, boyishly, how I despaired.
'A sound can sing without words,' she said, and I bled.
For I wanted to say, I wanted to shout
Amidst the discord of words, where syllables ruled, and music fled.
Myself - the prince of pontificating puppeteers.
Do I dare to bleat and preach, like J. Alfred P.,
Of literature, life and limp poets.
When there are questions
That must be answered?

'Can a look have meaning without love?' I say,
And though your eyes defy analysis, criticism, how they are loved.
'Can a face speak without voice?' I say, and the verse
Of your beauty needs no meaning, no message.
And the poetry of your slender poise needs no sense, no noise
To make it convincing, effective, aesthetically, acceptably
...Beautiful.

You are a song without words,
A poem without meaning,
Not long known, but oh-so-near.
And if one day I should dare to ask,
Would you (like those mermaids of J. Alfred P.)
Care to sing to me?

Max Carlsh, *Sixths*.



Love
Mariel

'Vous avez disputé avec votre copine; imaginez ce qui se passe ensuite.'

ESSAY: 'CLICHÉ, CLICHÉ, CLICHÉ'

Je me réveillai tard le matin, vers onze heures. Je me sentais assez mal, et voulais m'endormir de nouveau, mais je savais que je ne pouvais pas: il y avait quelque chose à faire, quelque chose de très important. Mais quoi?

Ah, oui, justement. Mais je ne me sens pas capable... Enfin, elle ne s'est peut-être pas encore levée, ou peut-être qu'il est possible qu'elle soit allée en ville... Non. Il ne faut pas hésiter; il faut agir d'une manière décisive, et surtout il faut agir...

Je me levai, lentement, et trouvai la salle de bains je ne sais comment. Après m'être lavé, rasé et habillé, je descendis, et entrai dans la cuisine, où se trouvait ma mère, malheureusement.

- Mais, qu'est-ce qu'il y a? Tu as l'air vraiment terrible! Qu'est-ce que tu as fait hier soir, alors? Dis donc, je voudrais bien savoir ce qui se passe à ces boums...

Je ressortis. Enfin, je ne voulais pas de petit-déjeuner. J'allai dans le salon et décrochai le téléphone. Le numéro de Barbara, qu'est-ce que c'est? Ah, oui, le voici. Ça sonna, et puis:

- Allô? Ici Barbara.

- Ah, bon, Barbara, c'est toi. Bien. Ça va?

- Oui, tant bien que mal. Qu'est-ce que tu veux?

- Eh, je veux m'excuser, eh, je veux dire, ce qui est arrivé hier soir, eh...

- Oui, ce que tu as fait hier soir. Comment est-ce que tu as pu faire de telles niaiseries? Ce n'était vraiment pas comme toi, eh? Je suis bien déçue, moi.

- Oui, moi aussi. Alors, tu veux sortir ce soir? On pourrait aller voir un film, ou boire un pot - à toi de choisir. Ça m'est égal, tu sais.

- Quoi? Tu crois que... vraiment, je ne te croyais pas si stupide...

Elle raccrocha. Que faire? Je montai dans ma chambre et pris ses lettres dans un tiroir. Je le jetai tristement dans la corbeille, et je passai un disque, notre chanson. Eh bien, pensai-je, regarde ce que tu as fait maintenant, hein?

Martin Crowley, Divisions





CRICKET

Thirteen little priests stand on a field. However, this is no church. Some look as though they are pure and sacred, wearing white from head to toe. Others look ready for war, with fabric shields attached to their legs and gloves on their hands. They carry a club made of willow, which they wield at the passing ball.

One man is like a hurricane, and he throws a leather ball, which moves and rises like a stick on the sea. It goes up and up, and the batsman, a defenceless fly to a swatter, swings his club in defence of himself, and hits the ball so hard that it rolls over the white boundary.

The fielders, slaves to the bowler, stand, waiting anxiously for the ball to come to them. They crouch, waiting, and the ball flashes past them. They turn, and begin to kick at the ground, as useful an act as a baby throwing its toy out of the cot, useless and pointless.

The bowler comes in again, and the ball, as if his own puppet controlled by strings, sways majestically, dips and raps the batsman on his pads. The bowler turns, raises his hand and screams, and this action throws the fielders into fits of joy. They jump and run, children in a playground happy that they actually have some free time. The umpire, a solitary, unyielding man, just moves his head from side to side; no other motion at all.

The effect of this simple action could be compared to sentencing a group of people to death. There is immediate silence, then, slowly, they begin to complain, urging and begging the stubborn umpire to change his decision for just this once.

The bowler now gives up. It is clear to him that nothing will change the umpire's mind. He walks back to his mark and rushes in again, while the fielders crouch, waiting for the ball, which performs its normal, elusive action, in managing to evade the fielders totally. The game falls back into its slow, boring action and no one knows when it will end.

Andrew Darnton, Shells.

LONELY DOG

Again the heavenly odour
Wafts through the gaping chasm.
And again the little quadruped.
Peeps into the vast hole.
Its pitiful whine is silenced
By a passing juggernaut.
A deafening roar.
And the shadows cold
Shoot past the tiny form.
A cloud of dust.
A freezing wind.
Follow in its wake.
And the end of a howl is lost by the echo of the lorry.
A meaty, juicy, sweet smell.
The instrument of his torture.
And singing voices far away
Reminded him of days gone by.
A warm fire.
A cosy basket.
A bone to gnaw.
A plate of meat every day.
Playful children.
And long runs.
Then the sack.
The bricks for company.
And cold water seeping through the seams.
He remembered after.
A human say -
For he understood it -
'You're lucky to be alive';
Sometimes he wished he wasn't.
He took his nose
From the torture strong.
And sniffed at the blackboard on the wall.
White sticks were on it.
At odd angles and intervals.
As if performing an obscene dance.
The smell came again.
This time clearly meat.
With meat came bones.
He knew that now.
He could take a run.
He might get some meat.
He might get what he got before.
He thought, as he scratched a scar.
A further odour came from the chasm.
The small dog's hunger
Overcame his sense.
And he pelted through the door.
A man with a tall white head
Screamed and shouted.
When he saw the mutt.
The dog changed direction mid-run.
And headed for the door.
He passed through the frame.
Into the street.
Just as a stick
Crashed to the floor.

Like a kestrel missing quick prey.
Another night.
The dog thought.
Another night of hunger.
Another night of melancholy.
Another night in the bins.
Where the cats howl all night.

Matthew Killeen, Shells.



AS NORMAL, BUT...

They came again this morning.
As normal, with lead and bone.
Everything was as routine -
But there was something different.

I was put inside a plastic kennel.
Just as I always was.
Then I was placed in a metal room.
As routine dictated.

But there was something different.
Wrong.
Strange.
An air of excitement.
An atmosphere of tension.

The noise began as usual.
But tremors, I could feel.
The pressure began on time.
But there was something...

I looked out of my little window,
And saw a sight I had never before seen.
I searched my mind.

Puppy...
Puppy...long ago.
Cliff-top.
A sight like...

I was on a cliff-top!
No...
I was...in the air.
In the clouds.
High up.

The halo of void appeared.
Black in contrast to the bright world.
The noise and pressure ceased.
And, as if a great weight was taken from my back,
I drifted to the roof of my kennel.

I panicked.
I howled.
I scratched at the door.
I bit the plastic.
But all to no avail.

Exhausted I lay back in mid-air.
Watching the shining globe of the earth.
Spinning on its endless journey...

Matthew Killeen, Shells.

The Druidic Circle

The plain beneath rests, serene as evening approaches.
Below, down the long, shallow slope, the farmer,
Harvest-toil over,
Lays aside his tractor for his house.
Up above, the cows descend and leave the field,
Glad to put their backs towards the stones.

Seventeen great hunks, hollowed and roughened by weather,
Encircling and protecting the One, a
Sinister limestone slab.
Honeycombed and twisted and greened with lichen,
But showing dark stains spread here and there of blood.
Here then were sacrifices,
Among the stones.

The autumn geese honk by, reassuring as night approaches.
Below, the altar-stone is lit by the dying sun
Of the Autumn Equinox.
On this night the druidic cult
Performed their ghastly rites, Initiation into
The mysteries once took place
Around the stones.

The night deepens, the moon spilling a silver glow among the stones.
Below, the stones' eerie shadows fall, the precinct
Of dark sorcery.
A procession of druids march up, torches
Held aloft, bodies clothed in shadow, and dance
And chant their incantations
Around the stones.

Richard Fowler, UMs.

HARVEST DRAGON-FIRE

The bright flame
In the night
Came,
To burn our fields of stubble.

Rising high,
The smoke,
Like a black Chinese dragon,
Ever swirling,
Grotesque in its power,
Entered the sky,
Making the moon seem a black coal.

The flames,
Yellow demons of destruction,
Leapt high in praise of this dragon,
Stubble beneath died,
Glowing like torches,
Deadly as they fed the demons,
Seeds of their own destruction.

Farmers came and lit more fires,
Up rose the stubble's funeral pyre.
The farmers cried,
'More kerosene!'
Next morning the fields were bare to be seen,
In blackness: as if some Giant Hand
Had scattered the ashes of the now dead land.

Sean Smith, Removes.





'Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover and the poet

Are of imagination all compact.
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold.
That is the madman.'

Vince, Bill and John.

TRAMP

*Cold stone cradled, curled
In foetal comfort, he drinks
From the hard glass teat.*

Andrew Killeen, Fifths.

TWO SEASONS

*Autumn bitter as
coffee leaves the earth and ground
the dust into ice*

*Winter silent as
silver whines high up to
empty space and cried March.*

Andrew Killeen, Fifths.



JUST REWARDS?

We used to play Giant-Steps - me standing on his feet, stretching high to clasp onto his reassuring hands. He amazed me. I thought I could never equal his size, strength, wisdom...

Together we watched sport on the television. He knew the names of all the players, and was even able to explain spinbowling. I couldn't do it, though.

He told me his memories, and I was taken back, to the cold runways in Czechoslovakia, I was swimming in the Severn, I was running from the boatmaster. He was my time machine.

But now he gets old, and his gargantuan body has started to fail.

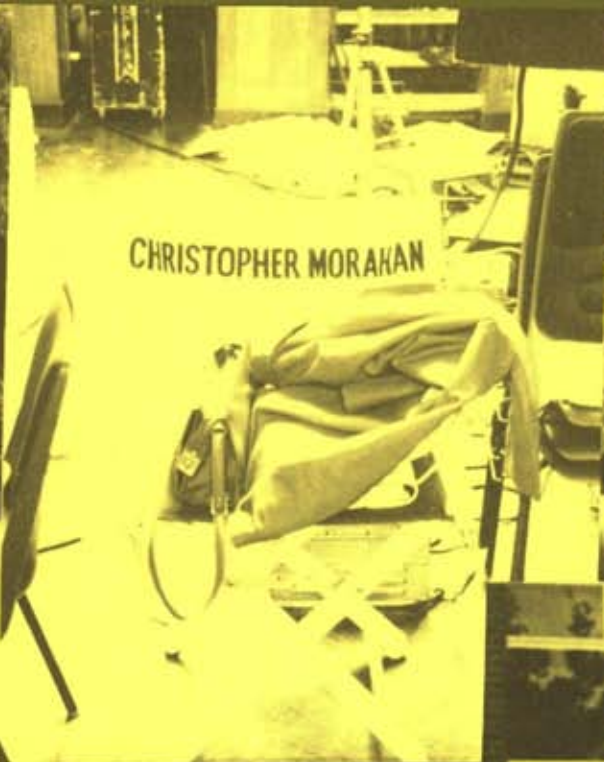
He can no longer dig the garden in a single afternoon. He can no longer climb the tall ladder to pick apples from the tree, and struggles even to pick the bruised windfalls, breathing out sharply, and shutting his eyes as he straightens.

His mind that once could wrestle with the tougher crosswords wanders now, and he slips from you while he talks, leaving you to finish the sentences.

He refuses to accept the atrophy that a full life brings, and he struggles with his pride.

He gets so tired...

Vince.



SPARE TIME

It was early in the morning of Thursday 20th June that *Moment Films* arrived at school to film *Clockwise*. For the next week they were to take over Big School, the main entrance and the Gild Hall. Furthermore, one gymnasium was temporarily converted into the actors' dining hall, and the classical corridor was used by the costumes and props departments.

The main star, John Cleese, didn't arrive until the Saturday, as he was filming in West Bromwich, but other famous faces that could be seen included



Geoffrey Palmer, Geoffrey Hutchings, Stephen Moore, Pat Keen, Joan Hickson and Ann Way. The film is directed by Christopher Morahan, who directed most of the *Jewel in the Crown* series on TV.

The film is based around the character played by John Cleese - Brian Stimpson - who is the headmaster of a comprehensive school who finds himself chairman of the Headmasters' Conference (HMC). The first part of the film is devoted to the chaos caused by his pupils, and to his obsession with punctuality (hence the title of the film), and then later he attends the Annual Headmasters' Conference at Norwich University - which is where KES comes in. The film depicts the problems he has getting to





Norwich and then his speech at the meeting. During this inaugural address he is "continuously interrupted by latecomers and flapping doors." Mr. Stimpson subsequently goes mad, turns the conference into a school assembly and his suit falls apart.

Then he leaves in disgust, but is promptly arrested by Norwich CID's Detective Sergeant (alias Nick Stringer) on charges of burglary and kidnapping. The film is drawing to its end, but John Cleese manages to cause further havoc on the way out. He is talking to himself in the police car, but the driver follows the mutterings of the babbling fool and swerves in



front of an apple cart which spills its load across the road (Edgbaston Park Road).

Don't miss it in the cinemas next year!

Robert Farwell, Fourths.



A CALL TO ARMS

The blood surges in our veins,
again,
The beckoning hand of war says come,
We strong of limb,
We brave of heart,
Go to meet our destiny.

We falter not before our fate,
The foe are flesh and blood,
yet weak.
We march on, to our chosen goal,
The time has come,
our call to go.
The foe shall fall beneath our feet

and be trampled.
Yet,
men shall die,
gloriously,
in braveries uncounted,
And the last cry on their lips shall be:
'Forward, England, in Majesty.'

And when we return,
Victors,
Heroes all,
To England's golden fields,
We'll be proud that we did heed the call,
And our courage did not yield.

Sean Smith, Removes.



Red carnations - that was what she had always liked; so, finally, she was going to get some. I wandered up the gravelled path to the Church. The sunlight was just high enough to have begun warming the dew. The trees on either side of the path shook the dawn from their dappled leaves, and began the soft moaning whisper, which they spoke all the day. The graves were not in any order. They poked like teeth from an ancient jaw, twisted, angular, and yellowing with decay. I understood why my mother had picked this Church: it was such a quiet place in the morning. I walked about. I did not know the location of the tomb, nor what kind of headstone to look for. I didn't really mind. I just walked about the stones, glancing at each name when I came to it. Finally, however, a breeze hurried me on, and I decided I'd better ask someone where I could find it.

'You lookin' for something?' The voice was shrill, quavering and unsure. I turned round.

The man was bent, collapsed and hunched; withered like some forgotten potato. He was wearing a flat cap from under which peered two ratty eyes. His nose twitched, and he wiped it on his sleeve, before questioning me again.

'Who are you looking for?'

'My mother's grave, Mrs Emile Hamford.'

He sniffed again, and looked down at the handle of his spade, thinking. 'Sure you've got the right church? I've buried almost everyone hereabouts...', he indicated with an exaggerated gesture encompassing the churchyard. 'I don't remember a Hamford. Could it be Hamburg? I did one of those only the other week.'

'No. And this is the right churchyard.'

'Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. It's about time I knocked off for my tea-break. We could go up to my hut and check the lists - and have a cup while we're about it...eh?'

'Thank you.'

I was not sure what I should do. He seemed a pleasant sort of person, but there was something about his nature, some ferrety quality, that you could see in his eyes when he smiled. Something. But I couldn't pinpoint it.

We arrived at his hut, which was little more than a potting-shed, and he fished a small brass key out of his pocket. The door swung open. It was musty, old, and frighteningly small. He stepped aside, and pulling off his cap to reveal his wispy grey hair, he showed me in.

The tea was strong, chokingly so, and it was only with

liberal amounts of sugar that I could drink it. The old man drew up two boxes, and indicated that I should sit down. He sucked at his tea through his gums, before leaning back for a moment, to snatch a book from the window-ledge behind him.

'When did she pass on?'

'Oh...almost ten years ago.'

The question surprised me. The old man chuckled. 'A bit late for the funeral!' He showed off his few remaining teeth. After thumbing through the pages for a few minutes he stopped.

'Eighth June?'

'Yes.'

'Here we are then. Plot 236.'

'Thank you very -'

'It's a funny business being a grave digger. You get to meet all kinds of interesting people. And it's a skilled job, not one that everyone could do.'

He leaned forward until he was about six inches from me.

'A very skilled job. I have buried eight hundred and seventy-two people in this one graveyard. A mighty feat, don't you think?'

'Yes', I stammered.

'How do you think I get eight hundred and seventy-two graves in a yard this size? I'll tell you. The graves fall into disrepair after a few years. With some, you persevere; with others, you leave them until they can't be seen. Then you call them...empty, like. The number of bones I've found whilst digging new

plots!' He chuckled again. I was beginning to wish I'd seen the Vicar instead.

'Tell you what - I like you, and by the looks of you I've kept you long enough. Give me your flowers, and I'll see they get on her grave - promise.' He paused. His ratty, piercing eyes darted about under his cap, and he drained his mug before continuing. 'I like you so much, I've got you a present; hold on a tick while I get it.' He stood, opened the door and went out. In a few minutes he was back, holding a crumpled brown paper bag.

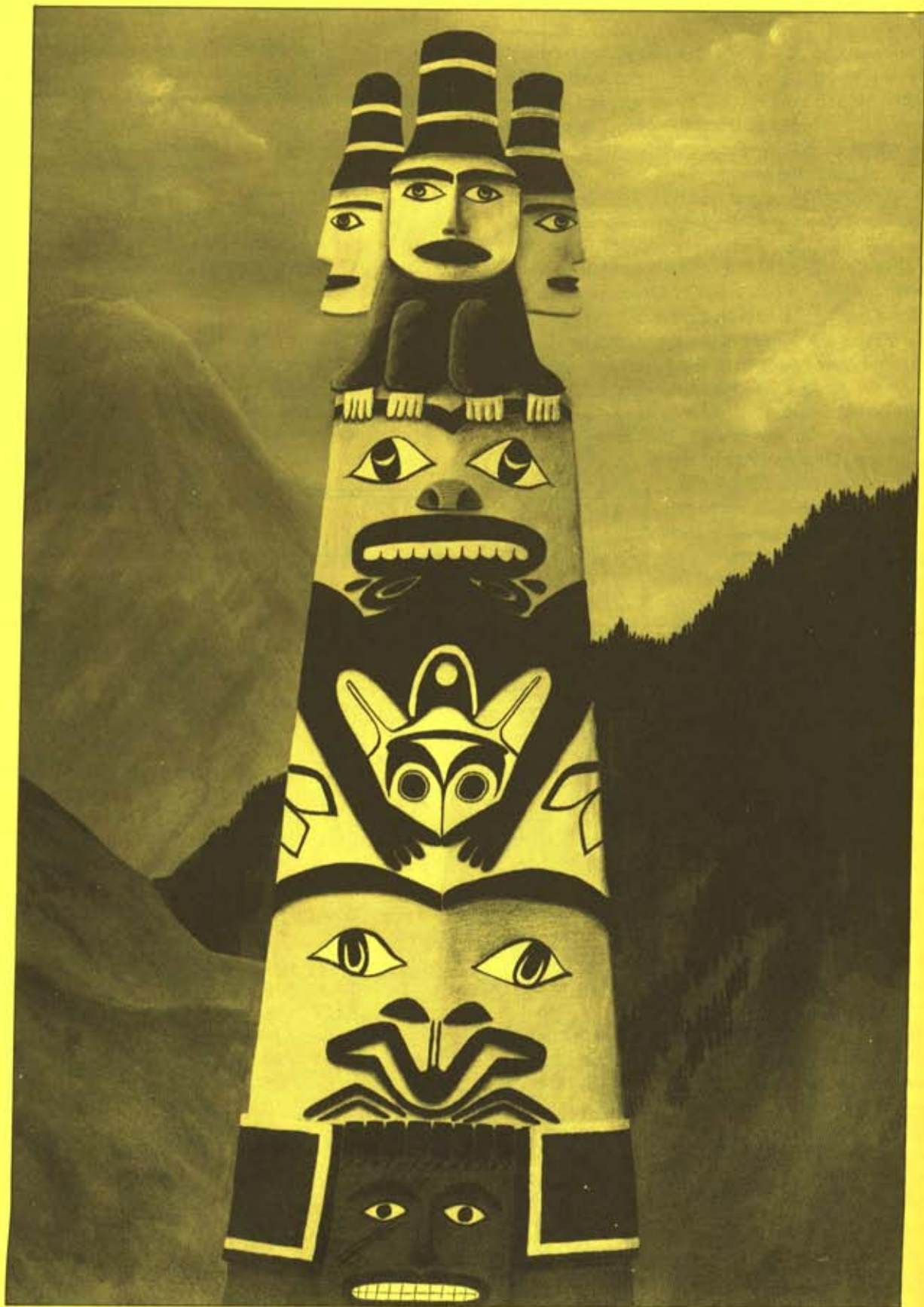
'Here, take it,' he said, offering me the bag. It was heavy, and like a ball. The whole thing smelt of old leaves.

'What is it?' I asked.

But the little ferrety man only smiled.

Carl Röhler, Fourths.





THOUGHT FOR TODAY - AND EVERY DAY

*They worked so hard
And expected so little for themselves,
Our parents,
In the days of Henry Hall and Arthur Askey,
Of Odeons, Gaumonts and Dominions,
Of Bastin, Perry, Hammond
And the R.101.*

*They were (and we must admit it) rather remiss
In not knowing who James Joyce was,
And thinking perhaps - had you mentioned his name -
That T.S. Eliot was The Chocolate-Coloured Coon.*

*But their children can put them straight,
Their whizz-kid daughters and smartarse sons.
There's not much you can tell us
About the novels of Henry James or - come to think of it -
About most intellectual topics and even less
About responsible citizenship and intelligent living.
It's just that
When it comes to 'the less common acquirements
(As Jane Austen put it)
Of self-knowledge, generosity and humility'
They are breasting the tape before we
Are settled on the starting blocks.
As human beings they take some beating.*

Anthony Trott

THE ELDERS

*The Elders, the older ones,
Respected, revered, worshipped,
Bowed yet brilliant by the candle
Of my precocious innocence.*

*They were my Gods then
And they in turn versed me, the novice,
In the ways of their faith:*

*The hushed intoning of brilliant party banter,
The palms pressed together round sacred glasses of wine,
The devoted droning of the priests of praise at play
(Or at work to impress?),
All this, and more
I learnt from the elders.*

*Their faith, though, was brutal
And their hearts were fickle
And though I strove for their cynicism
And prayed for the immaculate conception
Of conceit and intelligent (yet changeable) conviction,
The candle guttered and the wine-glass was empty.*

*Yet, oh, miraculous! Though they were older,
I was wiser and 'in the twinkling of an eye'
My youth could see their carelessness with people,
Their unknowing hypocrisy, their youthful mediocrity.
These dead shall never more be raised.*

*Now I am elder, too,
Respected, revered and perhaps worshipped.
But to all those who would do to me
What I did to them,
I say disrespect, distrust perhaps dislike
And you may gain
The true grace,
The True Faith.*

Max Carlsh, Sixths.





COIN AND LOIN

Men made out of monkeys,
Men made into mice,
By worship of a paper god
And lust for sugar spice.

A girl that plays a trick
And a bowler comes to call,
Both trying to make a living
Out of young Adam's fall.

Girls now tear the rose
Leave the penetrating thorn,
Eden's serpents eat away,
Abort when love is born.

From birth to death it's drummed
That coin and loin are you,
Live with pocket full and peroxide hair,
Think reflections are really you.

WORDS

The ring-necked dove of peace
Offers comfort
In his master's arms.
Words,
By a hole in the ground.
The prayer is lifted by
Some celestial breeze,
Along with dying leaves,
To fall against a marble memory.
This man never knew her.
What right has he
To say these final
Words?
Stone cannot show what was.
The dove doesn't know
What will be,
He cannot see
My love, now or then.
How can I truly express
That which I feel?
Not enough are these
Words.
I am that leaf which
Strikes against her name,
And falls; broken.

Paul Mason, Sixths.



HALTED

Our noble school, our other mother, this seat of learning,
What has it given us, what has it taught us?
It has taught us ambition, cynicism, sarcasm;
It has given us pride, purpose, and university places.

For we who today sit and learn
Will one day stand and lead
Those money machines that school calls life:
We're all human capital now; stocks and shares in a competitive market.

We take our capital punishment like men;
Our heads clipped tightly, deftly, even lovingly from our shoulders
And in their places high rising heads of school - sharpened heroes
Are fitted for life, that are O-10-neat
For that well-turned out, well clipped, Oxbridge elite.

For the school has truly taught us lessons for life,
Though not in the classroom,
But on the scholarship boards
That proclaim in letters of gold
"Some are better than others, not because they are,
But because they win."
And on the playing-fields, where the hearty din
Announces that future profits have been won.

And all to the accompaniment of the sweet school song
Rising stoumchly from the gallant throng,
"Victory is always splendid, defeat is always shame,
We may be smug and arrogant,
But life's just one long winning-game."

Maxe Carlisch, Sixth
one third of the boys in their final year
pass the entrance examination for
Oxford or Cambridge.

University Entrance:

Nearly all boys go on to university.
Places at universities other than Oxford
and Cambridge are normally awarded
on the basis of 'A' level results. About
one third of the boys in their final year
pass the entrance examination for
Oxford or Cambridge.

Hurdling on the 400 metre cinder

Projects on conservation are carried

Great Expectations

Great things were expected of Tristan. He was a bright child, his father a writer, his mother a don. But many things - too many things - were expected of him, and pressures bore down on him, controlling and confining him on all sides. His teachers expected him to make Oxbridge, his school friends encouraged him to make merry, and his elderly relatives expected him to make money. Even his parents, exponents of a 'liberal upbringing', inwardly wanted great things: they looked for a 'socially aware', uninhibited adolescent. His life had become some sort of role-play - he acted his parts, yet were one to strip him of his mask, one would find an exposed, confused and abused youngster turned near schizophrenic by his portrayal of differing characters. He needed time - time to retreat and to refresh his arid, free-wheeling mind.

The train drew up at Paddington, and Tristan prised himself from the sticky seat, and walked onto the platform. It was the beginning of the Easter holidays and he had come home from school. Detaching himself from the horde of other schoolboys - the future Cabinet ministers, judges, peers and industrialists, as if to say 'I'm not one of them', - he gathered up his cases, climbing onto an escalator. As he passed the gaudy advertisements which lined the pipe-like corridors and stairways, he gazed at their subliminal messages, poised ready to grab the susceptible minds of the weary passers-by, who scampered or sauntered through the rabbit warren. Tristan watched the faces of those around him: the harassed housewives, the jovial Jamaicans, the ashen-faced lawyers, the ruddy-cheeked alcoholics, the rich and the poor, the young and the old, the illiterate and the literati, life after life, personality after personality passing by him. He was, it seemed, an island, free of the tides of concerned adults. But would he not soon be an adult himself? Soon there would be O-levels, then A-levels, then university, then...then what? He could think no further; for the next few years he would be little more than a sponge, soaking up ideas, concepts, words and figures in the way that an illiterate man can form letters without knowing what they are. Of course, there would be some thought involved, yet Tristan felt that, with the onset of exams, his capacity for developing ideas would be confined to the mental mothballs, whilst his brain would be left 'ticking over'. It was yet another of his many worries, and Tristan was indeed worried; he was as concerned about famine as he was about his family, as busy with Brecht as he was with his brother, and, perhaps because of his isolation at school, more interested in Golding than girlfriends. He was a 'mixed-up kid'.

Tristan reached the end of the corridor, climbed the steps and emerged. Outside, his father stood waiting for the melancholy youth weighed down by cares and cases. Soon, thought Tristan, I'll be home...but home to what?...

Matthew Grimley, UMs.

All over - bar the waiting...

There was not really much point in staying there. I hadn't got the job, I knew that for certain. I had messed up the interview totally. I really had: it had gone absolutely disastrously from beginning to end. Literally, that is. The first thing I did wrong was the first thing I did. I just sauntered in without knocking, nonchalant as hell and with my hands in my goddam pockets and I said, 'Hi!' And the old guy behind the desk wasn't too pleased, by the look of it. He sort of looked at me with his cold blue eyes over the tops of his steel-rimmed glasses. Honest he did. I know it sounds as corny as anything but that was really the way he looked. And he said, coolly as you like, 'Please take a seat, Mr Smith.' Not, 'Sit down', or, 'Hello, why don't you take a seat?' It really felt as if I was in on Saturday morning to see the Head after detention.

From there it went from bad to worse. I got tongue-tied, I mumbled, I didn't laugh at the old guy's jokes, I laughed when he was being deadly serious. I almost expected him to put on a black wig and sentence me to death.

So now it was all over, bar the shouting, when the old man would walk out of his office and spell out for me just why he couldn't give me the job, much as he would like to.

I had already read all the old colour supplements that were lying around during my three hour wait to be interviewed. The secretary across the room was drafting some letters for old steel-rimmed glasses in there. For want of anything better to do I started to look at the secretary's legs. They were quite nice legs too. Not too thin but not fat either, just slim and elegant; the way the light was shining on them gave them a very nice sheen. My mouth must have been hanging open or something because all of a sudden I felt her rather acute gaze burning into my forehead. I immediately began to give a show of studying my fingernails with great intensity.

I didn't want their blasted job anyway: the pay was lousy, the promotion prospects poor, and the top brass had all the best secretaries.

I stood up as the old man entered the lobby, prepared to tell him all this and more. I was really roused now. He wouldn't get a word of his lies in edgeways.

To my surprise he took my hand and shook it warmly, 'Congratulations, Mr Smith. You've got the job.'

Indraneel Datta, Fourths.

EXTRACT FROM 'Q'

1984 A.W. Adams' Memorial Prize Essay.



....Quickly, before he could take the idea of it in entirely, Keith was proposing that as it was a little after seven, they had more than enough time in which to begin an evening out doing something interesting. He didn't specify what. Michael had no evening duties on a Saturday, no need even to consider giving an excuse. He would not have wanted to, yet it was a shock to his system that somebody he hardly knew could propose an unplanned, spontaneous journey like that. He was virtually grabbed by the collar and propelled through dim streets to the tube. Therewith the tube obligingly grasped them both between its sliding doors as they got on and ultimately dumped them not far from Leicester Square. Michael had never found films extraordinary; but Keith took him to a most moving, evocative piece whose magnification onto the vast screen threatened to engulf them both in a wave

of pathos. This having overcome them, they sheltered huddling in a MacDonald's, eating unnecessary but delicious hamburgers one after another. And in the tube and the alcove of the synthetic food-palace Keith was talking all the time, his grainy brown eyes twitching expectantly at Michael, clearly eager for some kind of response. He never questioned whether Michael was enjoying it, and indeed, Michael had the suspicion that he knew it was all utterly new to him. Having paused briefly to extract money from a cashpoint, Keith pulled him into an extravagant bar, full of smoke and self-conscious people. He tried several liqueurs, found Drambuie to his liking, and began to relax as one in the morning was fast approaching. Keith's voice began to drone, not that he was boring, simply that even as he darted and poked and twitched responses out of Michael, the time began to take the edge off his expression. The drone was still a pleasure, if a remote one at that.

'We reckon, you see, that, that's us in the block, you see, that you need shaking up a little.'

This made him sit up. 'Who's we?'

'Oh, you know, the gang. Whatever,' Keith yawned. Up until now he had been rollercoasting over his life history, and trying to evoke from Michael similar comparisons at various stages.

'Shaking up!'

'Get you out of your seat. You know, lively.'

'Anyway, who's interested in me?'

'Well, you're seen. Emptying dustbins, standing behind the bar, the office door ajar when we want something at the desk. And it just seems as if, well, you're a recluse.'

The thought that other people, people he did not know, had been thinking about him, was extremely odd, like a sort of inverted perversion that reflected back on him. He stared heavily at the mess of light and glass and mirrors behind the bar, with half-reflections pulsing to the music.

'Don't look so worried!'

'It's a bit manipulative.'

'Maybe it's what you should expect, behaving like you do.'

This sent him into a light sulk that took him back to his usual, curt self. On the rocking tube back they sat in silence. Yet riding above his annoyance was a sort of empathy that he had never felt for anyone before. Was it because Keith was so gratingly frank with him, he wondered. In all his other, half-friendships the conversations had been like games of hide-and-seek.....

Jonathan Hollow, Sixths.

FEATURES

WHAT'S THIS PSG ABOUT THEN?

Only after I arrived at St George's School did I realise how nervous I was. I was hungry, as I had left school without lunch, I wasn't sure what to expect or what I actually had to do, and I felt, even though the children were only five, that they would be unreceptive.

Confidently, the headmistress strode into the classroom and I followed her, trying to return her polite conversation. She introduced me to the teacher of Class I, Mrs Saunders. Awkwardly, I returned the greeting and glanced around to see about thirty faces of mixed colour staring at me.

Mrs Saunders announced, 'This is Nick. He's going to help me this afternoon.'

Immediately a swarm of five year olds gathered around my legs and suddenly I was part of Class I. They accepted my presence as if I'd been there for years.

Every so often I read to a group of the worst behaved children, but usually I just wander freely around the classroom helping with craft work, supervising the playing outside and sorting our arguments. Although PSG can leave me drained at the end of the day, the effort is worthwhile: I'm sure the children don't know why, how or even when I come, but when I open the classroom door and see faces

grinning broadly at me, I know I'm welcome!

Nick Varley, Divisions.

PSG SUMMER CAMP, 1984

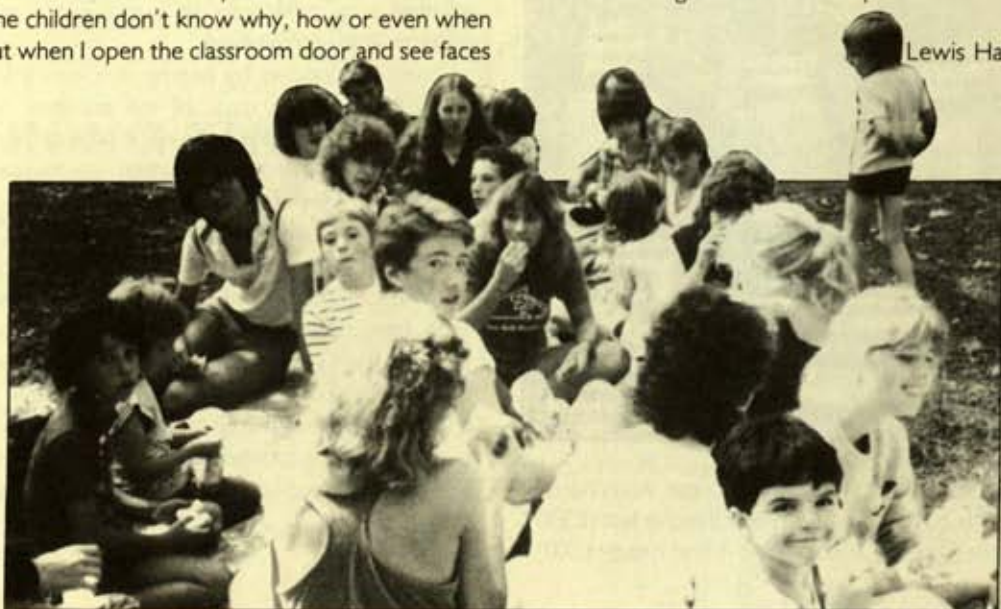
20th - 24th August

The idea of the camp at Earlswood, Solihull (financed by KEHS's Summer Fete), was to give fifteen or so under-privileged children five days' holiday.

During those five days there were such events as long walks, boat-making and mask-making competitions, and trips to the Cotswold Wildlife Park and Solihull swimming baths. Then of course there was the Teddy Bears' Picnic with Mandy Tozer, Pip and myself as the Bears (see picture) and the Pig Hunt with guest stars Mark Thomas Pig and Albert Hsu Pig! On the last night there was a party for the children, during which they showed us their break-dancing skills. After the kids had gone to bed, the helpers had their own party.

Thanks go to Mr Hopkinson and Miss Jackson of KEHS for their organisation and help.

Lewis Hands, Divisions.

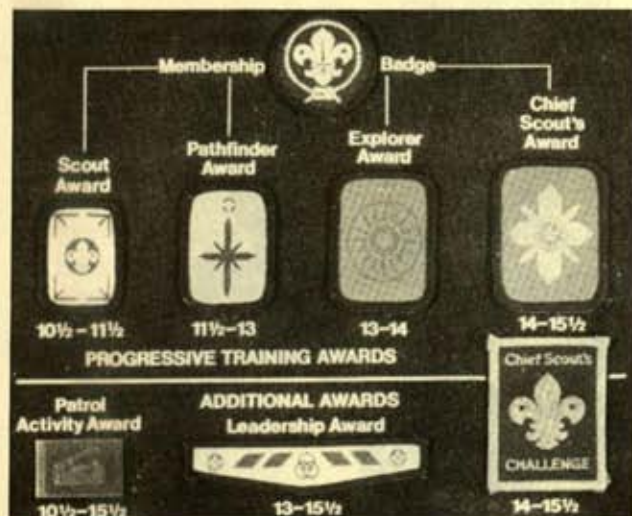


THE SCOUTING YEAR

This year has seen many new developments which make the Group a lively part of the Friday afternoon scene. Mr McIlwaine, Venture Sea Scout Leader, has started a Junior Sea Scout Section, which runs in the summer and early autumn terms and which offers plenty of opportunities for sailing both dinghies and sailboards. We hope that this will attract UMs and IVs to join the Group, who will thus spend part of the year in the Troops and part on the water. A brand new Seamanship Proficiency Badge Scheme has been introduced this year, and Sea Scouts can work towards the standards set.

The Venture Unit is small but active and we are crying out for new recruits from the Vs and Divs years. Duke of Edinburgh Silver and Gold Schemes are part of the attraction as well as the Group having the resources to run challenging expeditions and other activities: climbing, canoeing, mountain walking and so on. The more boys there are, the better the programme can be. And, of course, social activities are included: the Unit Executive chooses the programmes and sets the standards.

The best thing to happen for years is the new Scout Section Training Programme. This new scheme at last relates to a Scout's age and gives challenge, social awareness and skills development to match his capabilities; but the basic Patrol Unit is still there. Scouts is more than any ordinary activities club - when working well it stresses leadership skills by the sharing of responsibility among Scouts of differing ages.



Our camp site at Andrews Coppice near Alvechurch has had a facelift: running water has arrived at last (£300 was given by the Parents' Association; it cost nearly £500)

and all the old conifers have been removed, while the planting of broadleaves has begun. Our Plant-a-Tree Scheme has raised about £80 and there will be a lot of work for the next few years making sure the saplings do well. The camp site has been used more than ever this year and the Group is pleased to be able to help others by allowing outside Scout groups to use the Coppice too.

Scouting in this country gets excellent local press (despite a few accidents, which are almost inevitable when over 3/4 million young people are involved) and, when asked, the person in the street usually says that 'the good fun' is the best thing about us Scouts. KES Scout Group maintains a tradition of helping others - by helping the old with gardening, raising money to make holidays possible for the handicapped, carol singing, having disadvantaged kids to our camp site for some fun - and everyone in the Group is encouraged to be proud of the Scout Movement and to try to do a good turn every day. This year's Musical Extravaganza, AGM, Barn Dance and Summer Event have all raised money, some of which goes to the charitable work mentioned.

The Group's Travel Scholarship (worth up to £100 for a camping expedition in Britain) this year involved Jolyon Constable and David Foxall walking the Cleveland Way: a challenge in terms of miles to be covered, and packed with historical interest. Of course, the year has been filled with activities too numerous to detail. Highlights might include: last summer's smashing summer camp at Bedgellert in North Wales, barge trips, YHA-based expeditions, stave-fighting, adventure weekends, Patrol Camps at Andrews Coppice, video-making, canoeing and a wide range of games. Our Patrols, through the Patrol Leaders' Councils, decide on a term's events and so the range of activities is a reflection of our Scouts' interests, enthusiasm and commitment.

I finish this review by hoping that every Scout in the Group has enjoyed most of the activities, by thanking them for their good humour in the face of the short supply of Scout Leaders (a situation which we hope will change) and by sincerely thanking all the Scout and Venture Scout Leaders for their enthusiasm and dedication. And finally, a big thank you to all the other staff and members of the school who have helped with expeditions, been on camps and played or sung in our concerts - and to the Chief Master, who is our President.

1987 is our 50th Anniversary, and if anyone reading this article remembers the Group with fondness and can send in memories or mementoes, the Group Scout Leader would be pleased to hear from you via School.

A.P.R., Group Scout Leader.

SCHOOLS' CHALLENGE

With the dynamic line-up of myself, Graham Doe, Chris Nash and Matthew Grimley, the School's prospects in this annual school equivalent to University Challenge seemed good. Mr Tibbott, with able assistance from Mr Lillywhite, harsh task-masters that they are, were able to hone down the team's raw skill to the professionalism of a well-oiled machine. In our first match against the Holy Child of Jesus Convent School, this training paid its dividends. Graham Doe's lightning-like speed on the buzzer would have been enough to win him several sets of driving lessons on *Blockbusters*, while Chris Nash's mathematical wizardry and scientific knowhow stunned us all. Few fourteen-year-olds are as well-versed in ecclesiastical architecture as Matthew Grimley is, I'll wager. From here on in, though, the going got tough. We managed to pull off a slender ten-point victory against Mrs Sims's girls' school team of intimidating viragos and harpies. This too was the margin of victory over Warwick School, despite Graham Doe's irresponsible tactic of answering questions to which he didn't know the answer with the responses 'Bruce Springsteen' or 'Robert Maxwell'. With victory over Warwick, we became the recipients of that highly-cherished accolade, the Regional Schools' Challenge Cup. This, however, was to be the summit of our achievement. The combined intellects of the Norwich School's team proved too much for us, and though we acquitted ourselves respectably, we were not to go further than the national quarter-final. Thanks are due to Mr Tibbott, Mr Lillywhite and Mr David 'Bamber' Buttress for dealing so admirably with the onslaught of the harpies.

Max Carlish, Sixths.

'RUNNING THE BRITISH ECONOMY' GAME

Just after the spring half term this year, some nine teams from the sixth forms of the two schools participated in a computer-based economics competition at Birmingham Polytechnic. The time pressures of the game, requiring speedy decisions on management of the economy, created an exciting atmosphere to which our teams responded better than most. A team from the Econ VI took an early lead, despite the handicap of some com-

puter 'hiccups'. They were eventually overtaken by a team comprising Iain Crawford, Chris Bennett, Rob Allred, William Guest and David Conder. In the Birmingham heat, the school teams filled the first three places, and six of the first eight places. As a 'reward', the winning team were invited for a day's visit to the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce, where they were able to see the Economics Committee in session. Later on in the day, they were photographed by the *Birmingham Post*. There, unfortunately, our interest in the national competition ended, as we were beaten in the region by an extremely well organised team from Lytham St Anne's. Our taste of success will, however, only serve to encourage us the more next year.

J.R.A.C.

THE DOMESDAY PROJECT

Nine hundred years have passed since the compilation of the great census, *The Domesday Book*, by William I and his scribes. 1985 has seen the launch of The Domesday Project, which aims to provide a complete and comprehensive guide to every square kilometre of the country.

With the aid of computers, pupils from schools everywhere in the UK are collecting, sorting and recording information from every corner of the country. No aspect of Britain is being left untouched. Its people, languages, science and technology are all being covered and recorded on libraries of video discs, together with a complete map survey of the country.

The group from KES, headed by Mr Cumberland, started work in the summer term on its allocated section of Birmingham. Groups of Shells and Removes, under the supervision of Divisions, have made studies of the area around the school under the headings of industry, language, media and land-cover. Many trips have been organised, including visits to factories, schools, Pebble Mill and other places of interest. All the groups have compiled a series of short essays, stored on the school computers, which it is hoped will give a fair impression of a wide cross-section of our area.

Thanks must go to Mr Cumberland for leading our survey and to Mr Cook for his help in handling the computer. Next year, it is hoped that the project will continue, and it should provide an interesting Friday afternoon activity with a potentially very useful end product.

Michael Eyles, Divisions.

VISIT OF SIR KEITH JOSEPH

25th January, 1985

With discontented students beating on the gates and unprecedented security within the walls themselves, Sir Keith Joseph's visit to KES at the invitation of the Parents' Association seemed to present a microcosm of beleaguered Britain in the mid 1980s. Nothing that the Secretary of State said during an absorbing hour of question and answer was calculated to relieve the gloom. What seemed remarkable was that a man who had been at the centre of political power for so long should have been so unreservedly critical of past performance and so pessimistic about future prospects. Other countries had been better governed, better managed and better unioned than Britain. In terms of services, wages and pensions the peoples of North Western Europe were better provided for than those of the UK. A return to high living standards and full employment could be achieved only by increases in productivity and output. Meanwhile Britain was over-taxed, uncompetitive and complacent. Research had shown that even Headmasters were normally appointed by amateurs, although as the Chief Master later remarked, he at least took some comfort from the thought that professionals had designed the Titanic.

In truth Sir Keith posed more questions than he was able to answer. Why did at least 40% of our children get nothing out of their eleven years of compulsory education? Why were children underachieving at all levels? Why was there such a prejudice against business and trade within the British middle class? Why did the overwhelming majority of secondary school age children in West Germany reach the equivalent of O-level standard in Mathematics, behave more responsibly, argue more cogently and so on? In addressing himself to these weighty questions the Minister drew aside the veil to reveal a little of the Establishment's thinking on the matter. The education service was betrayed by unsupportive parents, by a narrowly academic curriculum which was unsuited to the needs of a majority of children, and by a national culture which was not sympathetic to good educational practice. The government could do little about the first or last of these but it could use its limited power and influence to promote reforms in the curriculum and examination system, and to encourage a more rigorous selection and training of teachers. In the meantime, parents should be alerted to the inherited snobbery which regarded a safe career in the professions as somehow more dignified and

valuable than one in trade and business, for it was only via the latter route that national salvation could be achieved.

Neither the evident conviction with which these nostrums have been argued in recent years in the corridors of power nor the courteous if rather world-weary in which they were debated on this occasion with a mainly professional audience could obscure the powerful ironies lurking behind the Secretary of State's message. Did not Joseph Chamberlain, a reforming Lord Mayor of Birmingham and a member of one of the greatest entrepreneurial families of the nineteenth century, pioneer the movement for universal free education one hundred years ago precisely so that Britain would be able to compete with Germany and the United States in trade, business and industry? Could we have got it so wrong? Again, how was it that a member of a government which espouses an essentially nineteenth century view of political economy and *laissez-faire* should be found presiding over an interventionist policy in the education service at all levels more wide-ranging than at any time in the post war years? Here too was to be found a liberal, humane and sensitive man praising the excellence of teachers and extolling the virtues of a value added education yet insisting that salaries should be determined by market forces alone, and being applauded for it by sections of his audience.

Sir Keith talked of Utopias but in truth the message which came across was one of realism, if not resignation. He is sufficiently experienced to know that his bold initiatives might yet founder on the deep-seated inertia of the present system, or die the death of a thousand economic cuts or perhaps be cut short by his sudden translation to another place. One suspects that the brave new world envisaged by our masters will be more of the same: steady, remorseless decline, and grade-related criteria.

D.J.B.

VISIT OF COLONEL JIM IRWIN

23rd October, 1984

Colonel Jim Irwin gave two talks - one to the Fourths and one to the UMs - about his exploits on the Apollo XV landing and his subsequent theological conversion to the Christian faith. It is to his credit as a speaker that he balanced his talk in such a way as to give greater emphasis to the scientific side of the matter, and, by doing so, he gained a much more attentive audience. His allusions to religious belief were at all times pointed and fair, crushing the rumours that he was a 'flying Billy Graham'.

He entered, carrying a suspicious silver suitcase and wearing an official Houston Space team baseball cap. Having introduced himself, he showed a film on the landing before talking about the effects the mission had had on him. Finally, there was some time for questions. His rhetoric was interesting and informative. My only criticism was that his talk seemed a little too rehearsed. During the film, he timed his commentary perfectly, but never once looked at the screen, keeping his eyes on the audience.

At the end of his talk he presented the school with a signed picture of the landing, which now hangs in one of the Geography rooms, and for which we are very grateful.

Thanks are due to him and also to the Reverend Grimley - who has left us now (and was last seen training at Cape Canaveral for the next shuttle mission, despite press reports to the contrary) - for organising a most interesting lecture.

Carl Röhler, Fourths.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF KES

After completing my O-level studies at a comprehensive school, Perry Common, I entered the Divisions at KES in 1983. The following are my first impressions of KES, as compared to PCCS.

There seemed a lot of arrogance at KES. 'Good Heavens!' I thought, 'they know about everything!'

House meetings and the House system seemed to form the backbone of school life here. PCCS consists of 1500 pupils and only has four Houses, so each had about 390 members - and since they met only about once a term, it was all very impersonal. There was little of the enthusiasm, attachment and commitment toward the House that I have seen at KES.

PCCS is a coeducational school and it is with particular nostalgia that I look back to the mixed PE sessions I attended. Activities included: basketball, swimming and volleyball - and I particularly enjoyed the latter!

I found the architecture at KES initially quite awesome, being particularly impressed by Big School and the Library. And the playing fields seemed immense. The place and everything about it oozed tradition.

When studying for my O-levels, groups comprised a mixture of O-level and CSE candidates, the proportion being about 21 of the former to 9 of the latter. Lessons were often very interesting and stimulating, particularly in the sciences, since there was a lot more 'two-way' communication than I have seen at KES.

At PCCS I had few contacts with people in the years above or below me. At KES the greater interaction between school years, in House competitions and in school teams, has ensured that I now have many friends, not only in my own year, but also in the present Divisions and in the year which left in 1984.

Other impressions include the following: the need to excel in everything; the awe and respect attached to the 'bigger boys' by the lower years; and the formidable teachers!

To the uninitiated, KES often has a mythical aura associated with it. Few people outside the school know what it is about or what sort of people attend it. My first impressions were often inaccurate or too severe. And it took me a long time to overcome them and to appreciate fully both the place and the people. Once I had overcome that barrier, however, KES became just a normal school, but one with a tradition - and one which is so successful because all of the teachers and most of the pupils are not only intelligent, but also prepared to work hard!

Brian Ducille, Sixths.



SOUTHAMPTON U17 BASKETBALL TOUR

After a very long journey down to Southampton in a very old and clapped-out minibus, the whole team was not only tired but also poorer (thanks to our kindly fine-collector Neil Martin). We arrived around mid-day and had about an hour to recover before our first game, against Framwell Gate Moor. This team were U16 national champions and, although we were level at half time, we soon became tired and lost by ten points. In this game we were on the receiving end of the best dunk of the tournament, where their big centre banged his head on the ring while dunking the ball viciously into the basket. Our next match was against the eventual winners, Spyer, and we lost by five points. We were a little dispirited when we returned to our hotel.

The next day we were struck by illness. Mr Birch's son was ill and he had to leave. This left the team to play two matches without his coaching. Yet, despite this handicap, we won both matches comfortably - against BMS of Holland and Derba - by about thirty points. That night the older members of the team celebrated, and by about 11 o'clock had succeeded in keeping the landlord in business for at least another year.

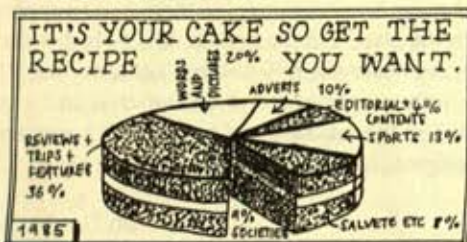
Early the next morning we defeated our arch rivals, St Columba, by thirty points again, and so had earned a play-off against BMS. We started badly and at one stage were twenty points down. At half time we had drawn level, however, and, despite various members of the first five being in foul trouble, we won - to achieve a position of 5th overall.

The highest scorer in our team, Neil Martin, was second top scorer of the tournament, averaging around thirty-five points a game. At the end, Neil and I played in an England All Stars game against the Foreign All Stars - and the English team were easy victors.

Thanks must go again to Mr Birch and Mr Workman for taking us down there - and also to the team, as we have been invited down again next year.

Ben Everson, Divisions.

Chronicle Cake



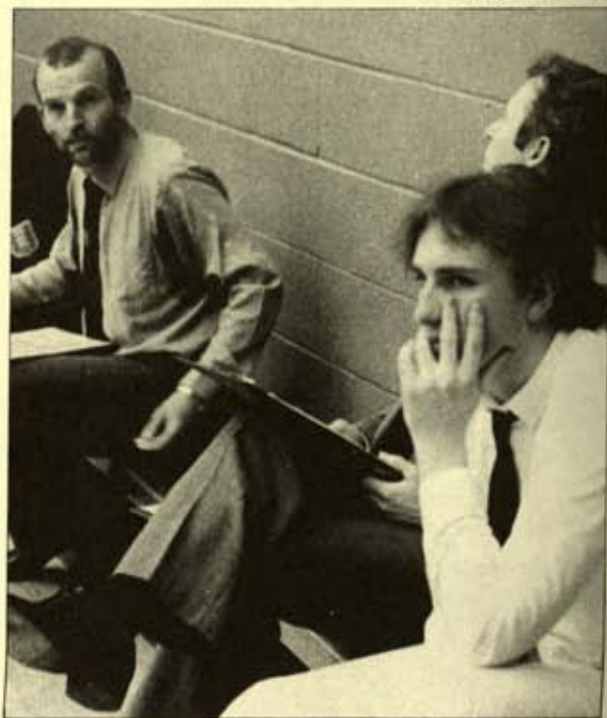
NATIONAL SCHOOLS' BASKETBALL FINAL

The venue was again the Birmingham Athletics Institute, Highgate, as the previous year. The opposition was also unchanged: Eastfields High School, London. Our preparations for the game went smoothly despite the late arrival of Warren Cowell thanks to a breakdown. Then, after the team photograph, we took to the court, and after the warm up, the game began.

After the early exchanges, the score stood at 18-18, but then, slowly and surely, Eastfields pulled away to lead at half time 47-39. At the start of the second half a determined effort was made to pull back the deficit; however, no impression could be made on Eastfields' lead. With three minutes remaining, the score stood at 78-69 in their favour and, despite an all or nothing final effort, the London team ran out 88-75 winners.

Although the result was very disappointing, losing by the same margin as in the previous year, the team put up a creditable performance (without Nick Willetts, injured during the previous week); and indeed, this year's final was regarded by many as the most entertaining yet to take place. Thanks must also be given to those who came to support, sticking with the team even when defeat was imminent.

The U19 Team.





BULLETIN BOARD

The promising influx of fifth-formers into the BB editorial body which started last year continued apace in 1984/5: joining the old hands such as Neil Wallace and the newer hands such as the UMs (Carlton Hood, Salim Nasser, Nick Bacchus and Neil Toulouse) we had not only the trendy lefties, but also the talents of Dave Stapleton, who contributed *Mad/Gentle* (delete as appropriate) *Dave Investigates*, Rupert Martin, who founded the sadly short-lived *Cupid's Corner*, Ben Franks, Jamie Murray and Simon Spencer (or should that be Vince?), who continued to produce his own enigmatic style of 'poems'. At one stage, it seemed that the Division influence might be a little excessive, as the Board began to turn into a slanging match between the Divisions' BB contingent and the CCF. However, this was remedied by two things: first, members of the team other than the Divisions began to write; second, Miss Barnett instigated a new 'populist' policy to appeal to a wider audience (supposedly). This was occasionally nullified by mysterious censorship, sadly affecting the most original and witty 'article' of the year: a mildly satirical Monopoly take-off called *Monotony*. With the end of the BB Musos' *History of Rock'n'Roll*, the Board reached Christmas, and since then has plodded steadily on, with articles from the regular contributors. However, this may be just as much of a handicap as a bonus - next year, will someone else please write an article?

Martin Crowley and Toby Carpenter, Divisions.

VIDEO FILM OPTION

On Friday afternoons, when many of our colleagues were marching up and down the parade ground in the gnawing cold or the searing heat - or standing knee deep in mud pulling sycamore saplings out of the ground; or desperately trying to explain to five year olds that, 'Just because David killed Goliath, it doesn't mean that you have to try and kill Johnny' - a select band of Fourths, Fifths, and Sixths, especially chosen for their skill, patience and resilience under strain, were making video films under the watchful eye of a certain member of staff.

Despite the rampant inefficiency of the option, the seeming inability to do anything more than one week out of four, and the unmitigated hostility of certain elements within the CCF and, dare I say it, even the Common Room, a lot of interesting, if not useful, work has been accomplished. Impervious to the jibes of 'dossers!', we carried on our work with assistance from any members of

the art and music options who had nothing better to do. With Dr Hosty to watch over us, we have all obtained skills in areas in which we never knew we had any talent: filming, editing - even acting. In short, most of us were a trifle sorry to see the death of the video option in our lifetime.

Indraneel Datta, Fourths.



COT FUND

This year, the Cot Fund (so named because initially the money raised went towards providing cots for the Birmingham Children's Hospital), has raised large amounts for charities ranging from the Queen Elizabeth Hospital Renal Unit to the Leprosy Mission.

In the autumn term, £910 was sent to the Save the Children Fund for Famine Relief in Ethiopia (not quite 'Live Aid', but then Mr Underhill is not quite Bob Geldoff!) and £460 was raised for the Skin Appeal Fund at the Birmingham Accident Hospital. Meanwhile, the Music Dossers raised £182 for the National Children's Home by carol singing in New Street Station and around the pubs in Harborne.

The spring term saw £386 going to the Voluntary Care of the Elderly in Balsall Heath (more than half raised by Sci Div IA), £175 to the Leprosy Mission and another £175 to the Queen Elizabeth Hospital Renal Unit.

The summer term's collection was sent to the laboratories of the Royal Victoria Hospital, Banjul (in Gambia), to buy basic items of equipment such as scalpel blades and needles.

Thanks are due to everyone for their contributions, but especially Geog Div (£169), UMB (£120) and UMH (£136).

Rupert Ward, Sixths.

SPORT
AND
SOCIETY
REPORTS

Anagnostics



Things looked bad for the Anagnostics after the riotous Christmas reading as attendances threatened to plummet to even greater depths. However, thanks to a new influx of Divisions and even one Fifth, Andrew Killeen, the society found enough members to carry on and indeed the two readings of the spring

term - Seneca's *Oedipus* and even Terence's boring farce *The Eunuch* - were successful.

But the Summer term foundered. First, the replaced reading of Sophocles' *O.T.* from the term before, had to be cancelled. Then when the society did next meet to read Aristophanes' *Knights*, the meeting nearly ended half way through, as the society was to a large degree unable to stomach the long speeches, even though supposedly funny. Indeed even two committee members eschewed the reading, to chatter instead about Arabic.

The final disaster was the reading of two of the plays from Aeschylus's *Oresteia*. The meeting was beset by problems, as the texts ordered by Mr Owen had been stuck in the post for two weeks, so that the society had to return to the poor Penguin translations. But still the secretary had hopes that the reading might come alive, in vain; the play reading again lost out to the delights of chatter. Indeed only the actual readers seemed at all interested but their attempts to create a suitable atmosphere were destroyed by the non-readers.

In fact the meeting appeared to be, rather than a meeting, only a stop for some to pass the time before the pubs opened. Unless somehow more genuine interest in reading is created, the society, which in its past has been the leading literary society, will simply degenerate into old wives' meetings.

Andrew McGeachin, Sixths.

Archaeological Society



The two meetings of the year showed the great diversity of archaeology and also the knowledge of both boys and masters at the school. In the spring term Edward Simnett gave a talk on Viking remains, a subject he has studied in great depth, as witnessed by his travel scholarship visit to Denmark. In the summer term Mr Lambie gave us a fascinating insight into white horses - those on pub signs as well as those carved into hillsides. Both of these talks were admirably illustrated by slides.

Thanks must go to those who supported the society, and in particular to the two speakers. For those who blindly consider that archaeology is boring, may I appeal to you just to go to one meeting next year. After all, what is one lunchtime if you discover a lifelong interest?

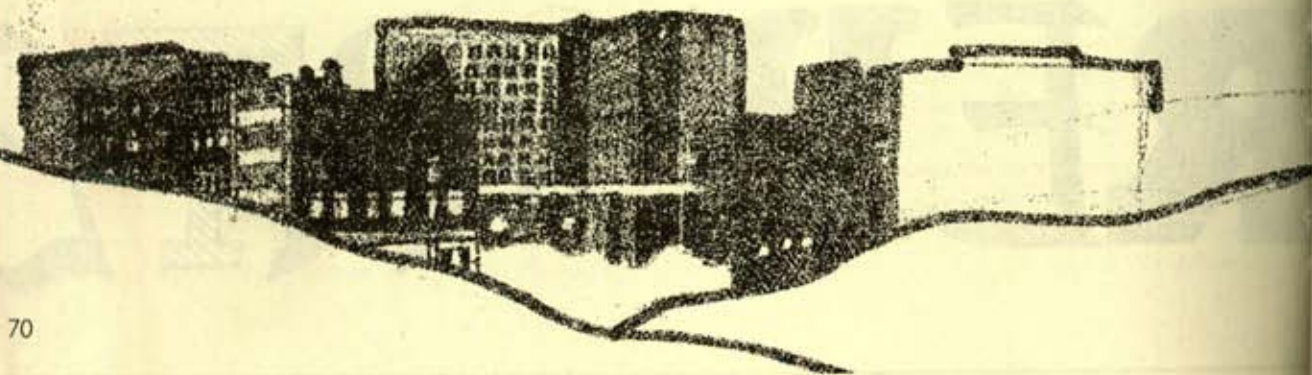
Martin Bourne, Sixths.

Art Society



The Art Society, together with its cousin the Joint Art History Society (increasingly a KEHS phenomenon alone), has enjoyed a busy year. Meetings have included a slideshow by Nigel Dickinson OE - described elsewhere - and a very useful talk by Mr Arthur Hughes, the chief Art Examiner for the JMB, who

talked at length about the mysteriously unpredictable methods of marking used by his team which have delighted and annoyed O- and A-level candidates for so long. He then went on to pass judgment on various mock

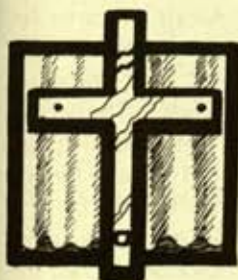


examination pieces.

Our jaunts down to the London Art Galleries have continued, with two very successful trips to see *The Age of Vermeer and de Hooch* at the RA in November and to the Hayward Gallery's *Renoir* exhibition in March, as well as the usual working trip for the A-level candidates to the National Gallery. Exhibitions in the Art Department this year have been of a particularly controversial nature (is Mr Ashby attempting to go out with a bang?), including Nigel Dickinson's *Demonstrate* and another photographic exhibition bluntly titled *No Nuclear Weapons*. We thank Mr Ashby for this, his final year of organisation and enthusiasm at KES; also indeed for supervising the ever-increasing display of prints around the school.

Andrew Rimmer, Sixths.

Christian Union



In my four years of attending the CU, surely this one has been vintage. Perhaps the most exciting aspect has been the amount of activity during the holidays which got people together: a weekend away or a conference every major school holiday. As a result, most people, from Shells to Sixths, know each

other pretty well, and the CU has been a particularly welcome place after the barren wastes of a Thursday afternoon. But what was done, as well as the people, counted very much indeed. Memorable meetings included Mrs Sims on 'Judaism', Mark Hatto on 'Let's annoy the Debating Society by singing too loud' - the main subject of his talk escapes me - and an unforgettable but thoroughly worthwhile loss to the Debating Society with the motion 'This House believes that Christianity has done more harm than good'. The Tuesday Bible Studies seemed to take a new importance within the life of CU and a Monday lunchtime praise meeting has been inaugurated. Moreover we bade farewell to Mr Grimley and welcomed the new chaplain - such an event is always sure to shake things up a little - who startled us into realising we ought to be praying more. One rather exciting tangible result of Richard's new ideas is the arrival of service in chapel weekly, albeit not a Communion service; something I

hope CU will support fully. Many thanks must be expressed to Sarah Edmonds for her steely presidency, and I urge all Christians in the School to pray for Geoff Rimmer, the new president, and his committee of the year to come.

Jonathan Hollow, Sixths.

Classical Society



Not one of the society's most packed years, with a total of two meetings all in all. The Secretary, Paul Mason, was absent from both of these. Nevertheless these two ventures into Classical activity - a talk by the eminent Martin Bourne on Alexander's Army, and a strange balloon

debate featuring Rupert Ward, Martin Bourne again, and Andrew McGeachin about the perversions of Roman Emperors - were reasonably attended and enjoyed, especially the debate - a clue into the motivations of Classical scholars.

It is hoped that next year there will be more meetings, greater interest, and perhaps even the Secretary will turn up.

Andrew McGeachin, Sixths.

Junior Classical Society

The Society has survived a fairly dormant year, although a few of the more cultural members of the fourth year enjoyed a fortnight visiting the ancient sites of Greece, although the site staff were on strike for much of our visit. The traditional Christmas quiz was the only in-school event because of the late and unfortunate cancellation of the other planned meeting, which would have educated many on the Olympic Games.

Finally, but most importantly, many thanks to the buoyant Mr Edwards who gave his all in his final year with us.

Timothy Walker, Fourths.

Closed Circle



The Closed Circle always used to be a formal discussion group which met once or twice a term to discuss 'papers' prepared by a member of the group. New members were elected by outgoing members - and this struck me as prejudicial to the Circle's declared aim of promoting a high standard of discussion for a

number of reasons. First the system of election meant that new members were chosen on the basis of whom they knew in the year above. Then a considerable proportion of the members also contributed little to discussion, preferring to revel in the exclusive atmosphere that they imagined to permeate each meeting. This elitism seemed to me unfortunate - especially when it hindered good discussion. After all, if people attended Closed Circle meetings merely as an ego-trip, then surely the Circle had little purpose. It was for these reasons that I sought to open the Circle to the whole year. After the departure of the previous secretary, Richard Hitchcock, and the 'Old Guard', there were fortunately a majority of members who agreed with the idea, and so we went ahead. The anticipated problem of over-attendance in the next two terms did not materialise - the highest attendance was fourteen.

The meetings that did go ahead were, on the whole, successful. Conversations ranged from the media's role in promoting professionalism and violence in sport, to the merits of comprehensive schooling. The range of opinions expressed was wider than any under the old régime. The level of participation, too, was considerably higher - members of the year who would not even have been considered for membership of the old Closed Circle were foremost in provoking intelligent if sometimes 'undisciplined' (Mr Cook's word) controversy, while those who had at first refused to be members of an organisation so exclusive played their part too. I hope that next year's Sixths will use the newly liberated Circle to the full, as an opportunity for frank and free exchange of opinion.

Max Carlish, Sixths.



Debating Society



...Oratoris autem omnis actio opinionibus, non scientia, continetur; nam et apud eos dicimus qui nesciunt, et ea dicimus quae nescimus ipsi... (but the whole sphere of an orator is in opinion, not in knowledge; for we both speak in the presence of those who know not, and speak of that which we ourselves know not...).

Well, be that as it may, we have certainly run the gamut of metaphysics, politics and psychology this year in Debating Society, with debates ranging from 'This House believes that a Classless Society would be undesirable' - spiritedly defeated by the indefatigable Max Carlish, through 'This House would vote for Reagan', to 'This House believes that Russia poses no more a threat to world peace than America'. One debate in particular deserves mention, if only because it meant that we came into open conflict with Christian Union, with whom we have shared adjacent rooms for several years. The debate in question was 'This House believes that Christianity has done more harm than good', and though modesty forbids me to mention which side won, it wasn't them.

As usual the society enjoyed some success in external competitions. Max Carlish and Giles Dickson reached the regional finals of the *Observer* Debating Competition, and acquitted themselves admirably. Tim Franks and Robin Mason, having battled through numerous rounds, reached the finals of the *Birmingham Post* competition, where they were narrowly defeated. Our thanks must of course go to the ubiquitous Mr Hatton for telling us all about his holidays; to the committee, and finally to my successors, Tim Franks and Mandy Harrison - yes, sexual equality has even reached the Debating Society - for all the hard work they will undoubtedly put into the society.

Rupert Ward, Sixths.



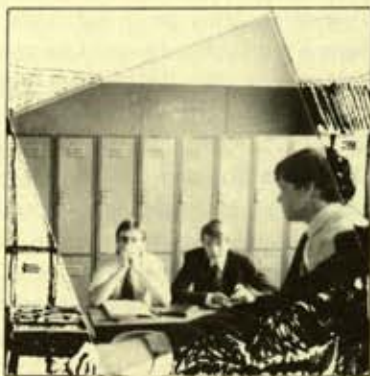
Junior Debating Society



A new era had dawned. The standard of debate was definitely due to rise. Gone were the days of rowdy misbehaviour, catcalls and booing. This year it was going to be different...Surprisingly, it was. The audience was quiet and attentive and the speeches were of a higher standard than those of any year I can remember. Dif-

ficulty in procuring speakers led to the re-introduction of the entry-card system (see *Chronicles* passim). This improvement in both discipline and the quality of the speakers meant that more serious subjects could be discussed. The debate on Disarmament was hotly contested, and the one on surrogate motherhood drew a tie for the first time. There were more humorous verbal skirmishes over such topics as the Royal Family and Sport. The year finished with an excellent debate on the motion that 'A Woman's Place is in the Home' which was (unfortunately) defeated by a large majority. Thanks are due to Dr Hosty for bribery, bullying and blackmail to ensure that debates ran smoothly.

Carl Röhler, Fourths.



Eurodrama

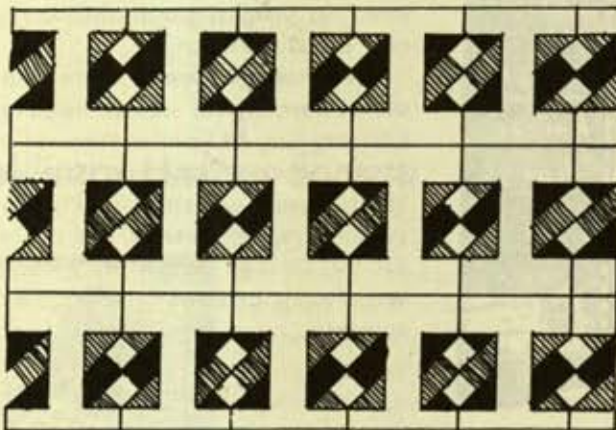


This has been a varied and successful year for Eurodrama, including theatre visits, opera, and even performance. The plays read included Ibsen's *The Doll's House*; Dürrenmatt's *Der Besuch der alten Dame*; Sartre's *Huis Clos*; and the statutory Moliere, in this case *L'Avare*. Of these four readings, the highlight was

perhaps Mr Hatton's volatile rendering of Harpagon, comic, and even slightly poignant. Additionally, at the end of the spring term, a performance with texts of Ionesco's *La Cantatrice Chauve* was given in the drama studio, and was highly acclaimed by its small audience, including the head of KES Drama, Mr Evans. The performers were spurred on to a repeat performance, given in the Concert Hall and, this time, open to the public (See *Drama* section).

There were two theatre visits, to *Le Tartuffe* at Sheffield, and a double bill of *Huis Clos* and *Jacques ou la Soumission* (Ionesco). Thanks to Giles Dickson, we saw an interesting production of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* at the Hippodrome, preceded by an excellent talk given by Mr Trott, a great opera enthusiast. Thanks are also due to Mr Tomlinson and Mrs Lora for support and organisation.

James Dunstan, Sixths.



Fellwalking Society



The fellwalking excursions this year have attracted the regular support of a group of boys stretching in seniority from the Shells to the Divisions. With the partial co-operation of the school minibus we have spent a night at Corris Youth Hostel, climbed Cader Idris, and explored the Shropshire Hills, the Roaches and the Black Mountains. The trips this year were memorable for the pleasant company and the usually successful search for tea. Thanks go to Mr Cumberland, Mr Lambie and Mr K. Jones for their expertise in planning these ventures.

Edward Andrew, Divisions.



Film Society

Problems seemed to beset the Film Society this year almost from the outset. Selling enough tickets to hire the required number of films was the one which immediately confronted the committee. This feat was achieved only by selling tickets to the Fifth form, whose bestial instincts seemed to be aroused by the fact that we planned to show *The Exorcist*. Other difficulties included a rapidly falling attendance, and several members of the committee were at fault here too (the final film, *Under Fire*, was seen by seven people), and the severe decline of the seating arrangements in the Ratcliff Theatre. More importantly, however, it would seem that the advent of the home video has signalled the demise of this once proud institution.

Having said this, several of the films shown were a great success, including *Educating Rita*, *An American Werewolf in London*, *Airplane II* and *Animal House*, all of which were well-attended. Mystery still surrounds the eventual fate of *The Exorcist*, although rumour has it that it was savagely censored by some higher authority.

Stephen Honey, Sixths.

cumulation of snow and ice around Birmingham in January! Two Old Edwardians reading geography at Oxford managed to get through to KES that winter, however, and led a discussion on Oxbridge geography. Our final speaker was Mr Thornton, who gave a first hand account of the famine in Eritrea and the problems of the war between Eritrea and the Ethiopian government. Visits were also made to Birmingham University's meteorological department and to Aston University's remote sensing department.

Thanks must go to Mr Cumberland, Mr Sljivic and Mr Roden for arranging the programme.

Chris Bennett, Sixths and Lewis Hands, Divisions.

Historical Society

The meetings of the Society this year have ranged from a keenly fought historical contest to biographies of great generals, and it was pleasing to note the participation of younger members of the school too.

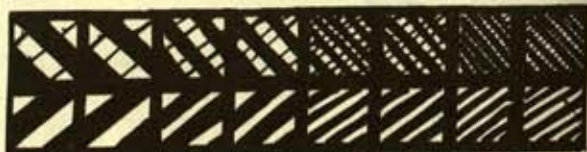


The year began well with a varied programme of videos and lectures, including one of special interest to A-level students on the French Wars of Religion. Perhaps a regular fixture could be made of the 'needle match' that took place this year between the KES 'Superstars' (James Pickworth, Shaun Austin, Graham Doe and the ubiquitous Max Carlsh) and the KEHS 'Allcomers'. Thanks to Max and co. They stamped their authority on the match and the girls never stood a chance.

Other highlights of the year included the return visit after some forty years of Mr Rowland Ryder OE to lecture on General Sir Oliver Lees, an event which merited a mention in the *Birmingham Post*; while the final meeting of the year was held in conjunction with the Military History Society, the subject being General Paton.

Thanks must go to Mr Buttress and the history departments of both schools for ensuring that everything ran smoothly during the year, and for organising the visits of such interesting outside speakers.

Chris Bennett, Sixths.



Geographical Society



The Society's programme began well with a talk by Dr Eccleston from the Met. Office Radar Research Laboratory on the subject of short term weather forecasting. The weather obliged us by raining all morning, enabling us to trace the passage of rainstorms across the UK on the computer. Our second visiting speaker was Mr Johnson, chief planning officer of Dudley, who was able to describe to us some of the planning problems of the Black Country.

The Society then hit a lean patch with two outside speakers being forced to cancel their talks. One of these, on the Ice Age, had to be abandoned owing to the ac-

cumulation of snow and ice around Birmingham in January! Two Old Edwardians reading geography at Oxford managed to get through to KES that winter, however, and led a discussion on Oxbridge geography. Our final speaker was Mr Thornton, who gave a first hand account of the famine in Eritrea and the problems of the war between Eritrea and the Ethiopian government. Visits were also made to Birmingham University's meteorological department and to Aston University's remote sensing department.

Literary Society



The Friday meetings have proved to be the most popular this year: attendances at the Thursday lunchtime sessions have often been a little disappointing. Nevertheless, the happy band of old faithfuls has enjoyed some six lunchtime sessions over the year, including a couple of home-grown poetry readings and - a new venture this year - a prose reading. We chose the theme of decadence for the latter, and with some interesting results!

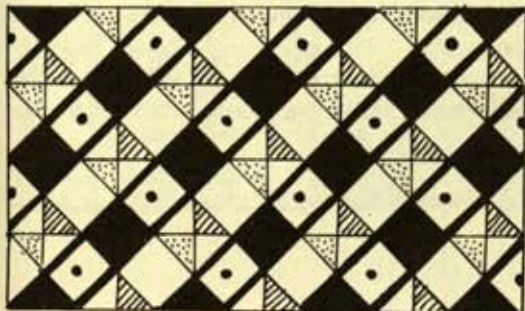
Poetry held an important place in our excursions this year: poetry-addicts visited not only Ted Hughes at Cannon Hill, but also the Poetry Olympics, a marathon at the Young Vic in London, where we heard poets ranging from Michael Horovitz and Gill Neville to John Cooper Clarke and Attila the Stockbroker. A very good time was had by all.

The three play-readings after school on Fridays were well-supported, as always: Priestley's *Time and the Conways* was chosen to commemorate the author's death, while both Ibsen's *A Doll's House* and Brecht's *Mother Courage* were not only well read but also very moving.

But, as usual, it was the outside speakers who drew the crowds. I should like to take this opportunity to thank Professor Joan Rees for her illuminating talk on *Othello* and its sources; Dr Bob Wilcher for his most informative talk on the endings of *King Lear*, *Hamlet* and *Othello*; and, lastly, Jonathan Coe, OE, for his amusing and thought-provoking 'Samuel Beckett and the Future of the Novel'. Perhaps we shall see a *Chronicle* with strange typographic patterns or holes in the middles of pages next year....

Finally, I should like to thank the outgoing committee - and of course Mrs Trott - for all their help; and I look forward to 1985-86 with the new committee.

K.J.B.



Meteorological Society



With a hand-picked membership of five, this elite society differs from most other societies in that it has...a day to day function. At 9.00 am GMT every day - even in the holidays - a furtive-looking figure can be seen near that white box at the top of the drive. What is he doing? Nobody is quite sure.

But it must be of some national importance, as each month the results are sent 'On Her Majesty's Service' to the Met. Office in London. Recently the society has supplied information to University Students as well. Idle requests for snippets of information have led to surprising conclusions; one geography class who asked for the lowest temperature ever recorded received a pile of over a dozen graphs and charts! Our records will soon be much more flexibly stored on computer. Prospective applicants are welcomed to this elite; ask Mr Roden for details.

Callum Nuttall, Divisions.

Military History Society



Under a new leadership, the Military History Society, reorganised, re-equipped and refreshed, has mounted a *blitzkrieg* on the KES lunchtime scene. For a society always struggling for independent recognition from the more generalised Historical Society, our record over the term threatens to reduce our

rivals to a supporting role. The four meetings have ranged from First World War Battlefields to what Napoleon was doing on the night of the 17th June 1815. The personal history of General Paton was also revealed and general Oliver Lees given a generous eulogy. As for Napoleon and Hitler, most military dictators tend to be small and therefore it should be no surprise to anyone that the C in C of this society Mr D.J. Evans - many thanks to him for his many excellent 'suggestions' and tireless support. The committee would also like to thank Roger Rees for his poetic contribution and Andrew Millicheap for his cartoons.

Callum Nuttall, Divisions.

Model Railway Society



Being a model railway enthusiast at KES is as rare and risky as being a member of the permissive society. As soon as one demonstrates even the slightest spark of creativity, one is assumed an outcast. This year at least the society has taken a step towards normality by keeping a low profile. There is sufficient interest in the middle of the school to produce tangible results next year. I do hope that it happens and I wish them luck.

Robert Barker, Sixths.

Modern Language Society



This year has been unfortunately typified by a pronounced shortage of enthusiasm for the society. In spite of a variety of speakers and subjects at meetings, other lunchtime commitments (most noticeably the ubiquitous squash practices) or indeed sheer apathy seem to have prevailed. True, the planned

visit of guest speakers from Wolverhampton Polytechnic did not emerge - but nevertheless our travels took us (via the slide projector) as far afield as Morocco, Nîmes (with its Roman remains), the Nord region of France, and Switzerland. All the meetings have been both entertaining and informative, and even at times amusing; Martin Crowley's unforgettable question about yodelling springs to mind.....

But seriously, unless people - and that means you - start going to the meetings, this society will die out and that would be a great shame. If you are studying a language, go along - not just to keep Mr Tomlinson off your back (although that is a perfectly justifiable reason), but because it will help your language and it will also be interesting. A lot of effort goes into organising and preparing these talks, for which I would like to express the society's gratitude to TBT and all who spoke - but the best way to do that would be for more people to come to the meetings.

Graham Doe, Sixths.

Parliamentary Society



The year was dominated, not surprisingly, by the miners' strike and Arthur Scargill. Although the society attempted to approach the subject from different angles, the discussions were inevitably affected by the polarity of people's views.

A few other issues did manage to get a look in, including Trident, the privatisation of British Telecom and Thatcherism as a political force. Attendances varied, with a very large turnout for a talk by Mr Jenkins on 'The Sterling Crisis'. One of the most interesting developments within the society this year has been the number of boys from the lower years who have participated in discussions. This has led to far more lively debates and the most pleasing moment of the whole year was when a left wing member of the Shells told Rupert Ward to shut up! There would appear to be a few lively and very interesting years in store for Parliamentary Society. Thanks must go to Mr Buttress for the time, effort and knowledge he has put into the running of the society.

Justin Gray, Sixths.

Scientific Society



This year the society has further diversified into areas previously unexplored - such as lubricants and the history of science - while still presenting updates of work being done by the Nobel prize winning CERN team.

It has been many years since the society truly deserved the reputation of being a joke society attended by a few introverted scientists. Under the dynamic guidance of Mr Dodd it has developed into a often well-attended society - though its old reputation still lingers on.

I would like to thank Mr Dodd for his steadfast control, which has helped to bring the society back from the lean years.

Iain Tebbutt, Sixths.

Shakespeare Society



The Society's year did not get off to too good a start, with readings being less enthusiastically attended than before. However, such a drop in numbers was not accompanied by a corresponding decrease in the quality of the readings, as seen particularly in the annual non-Shakespeare play, *Volpone*, and in *Antony and*

Cleopatra with Paul Mason and Cathy Swire.

Once the Oxbridge people had left, and the ageing Richard Hitchcock had 'retired' as 'Scrivener', attendances picked up somewhat, and once more, in the spring and summer terms the Cartland Room throbbed with the vitality and enthusiasm to which the society had been accustomed, as an average of thirty people broke all engagements to attend. With such rabid enthusiasm came a few notable characters: the stalwart 'Ancient', Mr Trott, always ready to provide an introduction to a play and capable of reading well any part given to him; Giles Dickson - 'Winston' to those of us who know his marvellously Churchillian readings; and Chris Evans, the society's minority representative, who will always be remembered for the first camp reading of *Julius Caesar*.

The girls' school must also be mentioned, because I would never be forgiven if they weren't, and because they produced some good performances despite the reluctance of Shakespeare himself to include many substantial female roles. Elizabeth Jones and 'The Augurer', Alice Wallbank, were regular and competent readers, as was Cathy Mackay, 'The Strumpet', whose position on the committee bears no relation to her character, as I found out when she poured water over me for suggesting that it did.

My thanks to all those who attended this year, and I urge all those of you in the upper school to give the Society a try - it's good fun. Long may the Bard be appreciated.

Paul Woodhouse, Sixths.

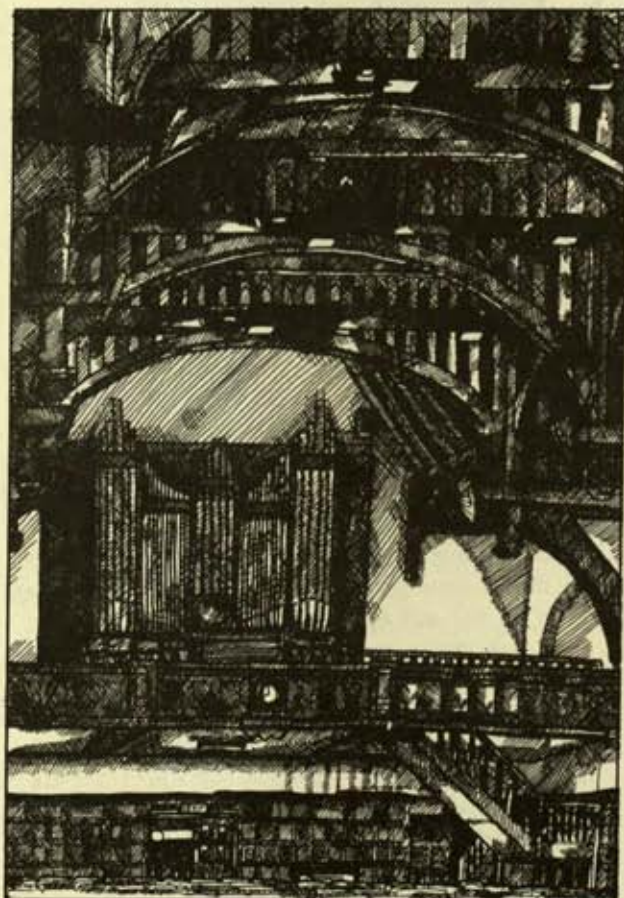


Video Club



After the demise of the Middle School Film Society and much badgering from the Shells ('all our friends at Bishop Vesey's go to their Video Club'), I was prevailed upon to start up the club, with help from Mrs Ewin from KEHS. Initial support has been high, each film being shown on two nights to accommodate all members, and the programme appears to have catered for most tastes. Humour was provided in the form of *Police Academy* and *Life of Brian*, whilst *War Games* and *Firefox* set the adrenalin flowing, and *Star Trek III* was faintly boring!

D.C.D.



Athletics

	Played	1st	2nd	3rd	4th
Senior	13	9	4	0	0
Inter	14	11	2	0	0
U16	7	6	1	0	0
Junior	8	1	1	6	0
U15	10	0	0	6	4
U14	9	0	2	1	6
Minor	9	5	1	1	2



The season got off to a successful start in the first week of the summer term with victory in the Foundation Cup, now something of a traditional early season confidence booster. Eastern Road, indeed, proved to be the scene of several victories, including a notable success over the old enemy, Rugby School.

Away from Birmingham, however, the team developed the irritating habit of losing matches by just a few points, especially in the Senior group, such as the defeats at Repton and Loughborough.

Individually too, there were some excellent performances with Warren Cowell (Javelin) and Robert Temple (Steeplechase) both being selected for the West Midlands Schools' Team, and many more from all age groups being selected for the King's Norton district side.

In the West Midlands Super Schools we finished fourth and in the King's Norton League first (Inter 1st, Juniors 2nd, Minors 1st). The Taylor Kenrick Championships were a shade disappointing with a final position of fourth again. The Minors have proved a very competent team, and should do well as they move up the school.

My expectations for next season are high, with only four of the senior team leaving the school. KES has an excellent crop of Fifth form athletes in all disciplines who will move up to the Senior age group next year giving us a formidable squad at senior level.

This is, of course, the only way it should be. We are blessed with the best facilities in the Midlands which are the envy of all. It is with great pride that, as visiting Captain to other schools, I have heard the masters in charge make a point of saying how much they are looking forward to coming to KES next year. May they keep coming, and keep going back, beaten but happy.



On behalf of the team as a whole, the respective age groups ably led by Jeremy Tozer, 'Sid' Ahmed and Oliver Bishop, I would like to extend a warm thank you to all connected with KE Athletics this season, to those members of staff who selflessly gave up their free time to come and officiate, to the groundstaff at Eastern Road, and finally to the ever present Mr Birch, the motivating force behind the whole team during my entire seven year spell here. He has done a phenomenal job with his own brand of good humoured determination, and I am sure he will continue to be successful in years to come. Thanks, of course, to all those who pulled on the KE vest this summer, and who combined to ensure a very enjoyable season.

Niels de Vos, Sixths.

Basketball

	P	W	L	F	A
U19A	28	25	3	3124	1825
U19B	10	2	0		
U16	10	9	1	926	603
U15	23	22	1	2037	851
U13	8	7	1	436	307

U19



This season's team was undoubtedly one of the strongest the school has ever produced, equalling the achievements made by the previous year's team. It should be noted that two of the three losses were to National Junior League teams.

As now seems customary, the

team dominated the Birmingham League, scoring over 100 points in six out of the eight games played. In the final against West Park College, a comfortable victory was obtained (105-74), despite the fact that the game was played during the summer term, after serious training had stopped. The West Midlands trophy was also comfortably retained, by eventually beating Churchdown over two legs 281-182.

The national competition was again, after a disappointing performance in last season's final, the main objective of the season. The first three rounds were won with little difficulty, and our first potential threat was posed by St Columba's College in the quarter-final. The game turned out to be something of an anti-climax, however, with KES running out victors by 95-56 over disappointing opposition. The semi-final brought Sir George Monoux School to KES. Again, with good home support, KES defeated the London school by 82-69, to progress into the National Final for the second year running. The opposition, as in the previous year's final, was Eastfields School, London. Although the team put up a creditable performance, the National Cup was retained by Eastfields, defeating KES by 88-75, thus inflicting upon us our first - and only - defeat by another school team in the season.

In spite of the defeat by Eastfields, the season was an extremely successful one. Thanks must go to everyone who helped with the running of the team, especially to Mr Birch, for the long hours given to training and coaching the team, and to Mr Gunning, who more than adequately supported him.

Chris Grimley, Sixths.

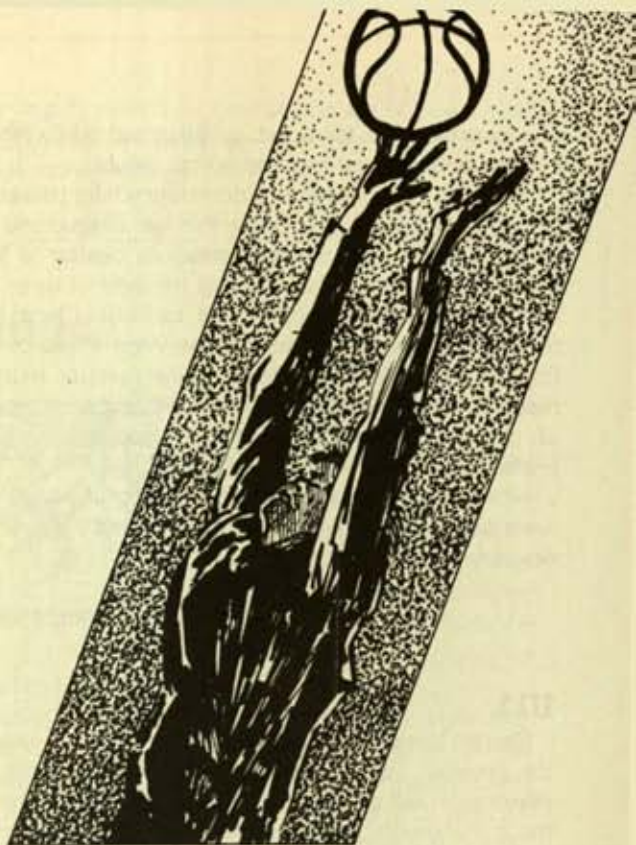
U19B

As is generally said in this sort of report, 'the statistics speak for themselves.' In our case, they show that taking part is really more important than winning. The team exists to provide an opportunity for senior boys, who lack either the ability or the commitment (or both) to play for the U19A team, to play basketball regularly. Thus the emphasis is very definitely on 'fun' basketball.

That being said, we aren't necessarily disgusted by the idea of winning, and when victories do come along, they are welcomed with open arms. The two victories, both against Solihull Sixth Form College, formed the highlights of our season. At the other end of the scale, our most enjoyable defeats were both suffered at the hands of the mighty Broadway, who took us apart with such glee that it was impossible not to share their enthusiasm.

We thank Mr Everest for entering into the spirit of things, and look forward to an equally enjoyable time next season.

Martin Crowley, Divisions.



U16

This was a very successful season for the U16 side, suffering only one defeat, at the hands of the future national finalists, Aston Manor, in the quarter-finals of the national KO competition. However, the defeat was soon put to rights with a splendid victory over Aston Manor 99-84 in the process of winning the West Midlands final.

The team's success was mainly due to the skilful and very aggressive performances of Neil Martin, who managed to amass nearly half of the team's points, scoring a total of 422. Other high scores were provided by Jeremy Tozer, Chris Roberts and Sudhir Misra. There were also good performances throughout the season by Richards Wolfe, Jones and McIlwraith and Neil Shah.

The team wishes to thank Mr Birch for the time he spent coaching the side.

Jeremy Tozer, Fifths.

U15

The season started with relatively easy matches in the Birmingham League and the team regularly scoring over 100 points. Our first real test came up when facing St John Wall away in the National U15 KO competition. Thanks largely to Chris Roberts, who led the defence with a painful back injury, we won a tight match by 8 points. This brought us into the quarter-finals where we were to meet Lancaster School. Playing at the BAI and with a multitude

of supporters, the team put up a spirited performance but lost by one point because of foul trouble.

However, we continued to dominate school basketball and were victorious in both the Premier League and the West Midlands Cup, on both occasions beating St John Wall, who must have been sick of the sight of us by the end of the season. Honours went to Richard Jones and Sudhir Misra, who represented the West Midlands and England respectively. However, special mention must be made of Chris Roberts, who, after only eighteen months of playing basketball, won international honours with England and top scored for the school.

All in all, it was a successful season, during which we were once again in debt to Mr Gunning and Mr Birch for devoting their time to basketball.

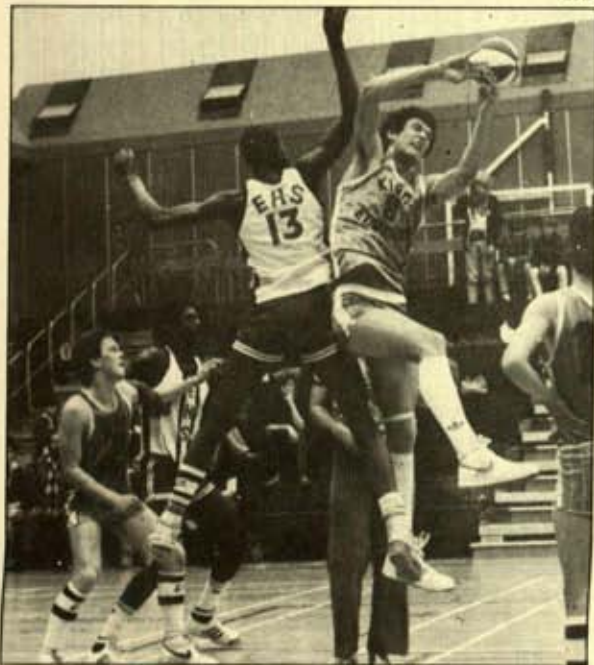
Sudhir Misra, Fourths.

U13

Despite losing Mr Stead's prized unbeaten run covering the previous five U13 teams, this minor team did play reasonably well on most occasions and certainly showed much enthusiasm for the game. Messrs Cutler, Everest, Follett, Tomkins (captain) and Warwick achieved a good standard, and Mittra and Chris Dean showed promise towards the end of the season.

Judging by the large number of Rems practising at lunch-times there is no lack of interest, and plenty of potential is available for Mr Gunning's junior squad next season.

S.B.



Christopher Grimley

Each year a minute trickle of young potential basketball players is going from Britain to the game's spiritual home in the USA, and in August 1985 a very recent KES leaver will be one such. Even though seventeen-year-olds win Wimbledon and set world swimming records, Chris Grimley's progress in basketball is quite impressive.

Whilst one accepts that he is physically well-suited to English basketball, being an athletic six feet five inches, it is his sheer determination and desire to succeed that have given him his chance. He has worked on some aspect of the game virtually every day for the last two years, on top of his academic commitment, and played and trained for three separate teams at the same time!

Like so many good games players at KES, he began in Martin Stead's U13 basketball team, but he began to show real potential when an aggressive Fourth-former in the U15 school team. Along with Andrew Crossley and Nick Willetts he represented Midlands Schools in the National U15 Tournament (held at KES) and although none were selected for the England U15 team for the home internationals, Chris was an eleventh hour replacement for England's traditional Easter tour to the continent. The England Junior Men's coach then selected Chris as a sixteen-year-old, and he subsequently played for two years and gained invaluable international experience. He has played all over Europe and also against Poland, Italy and China in the prestigious Mannheim tournament.

At home, Chris played three seasons for Birmingham in the National Junior League, this year as captain, winning the Junior Club Cup Competition. Birmingham Bullets also selected him early in the 1984-85 season to play in the National League Division 1. Once again, basketball at this level provided him with the opportunity to learn, playing with and against lightning-quick guards and huge American 'gorillas'.

In between all this, he played three full seasons for KES U19s, the last as captain, gaining three Birmingham Championship, three West Midland Championship and two National Final medals. Not a bad record, particularly when one considers the demands placed upon him by three separate coaches and an A-level programme. In this season for KES he played twenty-six matches, scoring an average of thirty points and taking twelve rebounds on each occasion.

If ever there was an immediate and first-hand testament to what can be achieved by genuine hard work and determination, this is it! Well done indeed, good luck in Florida for the forthcoming season, and perhaps a full international cap is not too far away.

S.B.

Chess

IX 608

	P	W	L	D	Placed
KES 1	6	3	3	0	3rd
KES 2	6	0	6	0	1st
KES 3	7	1	6	0	7th
KES 4	5	4	0	1	1st
Shell	5	2	3	0	4th



With the loss of four top players at the end of last season KES chess was unlikely to rise to great heights this year, and unlikely to threaten seriously the dominance of Queen Mary's. However, there were many sources of encouragement during the season, and, after a poor start, the 1st VI finished with

three straight wins, whilst the 4th VI, ably led by Dipak Roy, retained their division title. In the quickplay tournament at the end of the season a weakened team did well to finish equal third out of sixteen against a strong opposition.

A few individuals distinguished themselves during the season: Jon Turnbull, Paul Trafford and Shaun Austin played for the Warwickshire County side at U18 level, whilst Sumeet Singhal and Andrew Harrap represented the U14 side. Sumeet Singhal and Jon Turnbull improved significantly in a strongly competitive first division, whilst Peter Ashton and Andrew Harrap performed with increasing confidence for the 2nd VI. David Yau merits a special mention for an unbeaten season in the 4th VI, whilst Andrew Lynn must have produced the most entertaining performance of the season when drafted into the 3rd VI at short notice to play the second game of chess of his life.

My thanks to all the team captains for their work, and to RLS, whose devotion and attention to chess convinced many players that the second master's job is not all that

demanding! Prospects for next season are not excessively bright, but the current fifth formers may provide a 1st VI able to challenge Queen Mary's in two years time.

Shaun Austin, Sixths.

Bridge



This was another comparatively uneventful year as we competed in only four matches.

The first two were friendly matches between a total of five schools, with Sutton Coldfield Girls' School as the venue. None of the teams really dominated either event - except perhaps the Sutton Girls, who proved

themselves to be inveterate losers.

The third event was the zonal heat of the *Daily Mail* National Schools' Bridge Knockout Competition. In this match we came an ignominious fourth out of seven teams, behind Blue Coat School, Queen Mary's GS (who went on to win the competition eventually) and, amazingly, Sutton Girls' School.

The high point of the year was in July when we, along with four other schools, were invited as guests of the Warwickshire Bridge group to a charity match against club players from all over the West Midlands, held in the Banqueting Suite in Birmingham Town Hall. Despite the disruption to preparation for the match caused by O- and A-levels, we came a creditable 33rd out of 59 teams and managed to sweep aside two of the other school teams by Victory Point margins of 19 to 1 against Sutton Girls' School (again!) and 20 to nil against Codsall School.

As three of the regular players - Eddie Simnett, Jon Slater and I - are leaving, Chris Baker is left to find three accomplices for next year's campaign. I wish him luck in his attempt to gain some more distinguished results.

Robert Hall, Sixths.



Cricket

	P	W	D	L	Abandoned
1st XI	20	10	7	2	1
2nd XI	8	5	1	1	1
U15 XI	4	1	1	2	—
U14 XI	8	3	3	2	—
U13 XI	6	4	0	1	1

1st XI



The XI had another successful season. The results do not give the whole picture of a season - more important is the manner of doing things. Runs were scored quickly - almost 70 an hour over the season - and the outcricket was generally purposeful. Much credit goes to three players: Nick

Willetts, captaining the side for the second year and in his sixth season, compiled several large scores and brought his total in school cricket to around 3000. His left arm slow bowling was equally successful. Stephen Heath in his fifth season took fifty wickets again - his final haul of 63 equals that of D.A. Shuttleworth in 1977 and is the biggest this century. His batting prospered, and the opening pair of Willetts and Heath was highly successful. And when eventually one got out, Neil Martin came in a no. 3 with a fine display of hard hitting. Later batsmen had little practice but Andrew Crossley, who also kept wicket, Matthew Hills, Philip Silk and Jeremy Sharratt made useful contributions. The opening attack of Jon Crawford (brisk and sometimes erratic) and Edward Shedd (slower but generally straighter) were effective and backed up by keen ground fielding. Alas, the catching, especially in the slips, was a weak area. Indeed the system of fines for dropped catches was so well subscribed that at one stage it was thought that the dinner would be at the Albany, rather than the usual venue, the Selly Oak Fish Bar.

Prospects for 1986 without Willetts and Heath (who are both appearing in the final U19 England trial) must be less rosy but at least we shall all have the highly original (and somewhat non-mathematical) approach to scoring of Edward Andrew to look forward to in the long dark winter months.

D.H.B.

2nd XI

Irrespective of the result of our final match of the summer against Bromsgrove, this has been a good season by 2nd XI standards. It began with two convincing victories over Bishop Vesey's and Stourbridge, by eight wickets and 98 runs respectively. However, in true 2nd XI style, we were soundly beaten by Wrekin, due to poor fielding and worse batting. The side returned to winning ways against Wolverhampton, and a draw was achieved against a strong Solihull side. Rain played a major part in this season, causing several matches to be called off in advance, and in the match against Denstone, it put an end to a game which was finely balanced. After further cancellations, the side gained another two comfortable victories against Camp Hill by 79 runs, and King Henry VIII by 7 wickets.

My thanks go to David Conder for batting consistently well, and to Ian McNeish, Nicolas Fowler and William Pike for their accurate and effective bowling. My thanks also to Chris Plant for captaining the side in my absence, and especially to Mr Phillips for his help both off and on the field: we wish him well as he leaves us this year.

Finally my thanks to all those who helped, in any way, to make this a most enjoyable season.

Jeremy Sharratt, Sixths.

U15 XI

Never before has a season's cricket been as ruined by rain as this one. Of the fixtures on the school calendar only four were played. Of these we won one, lost one and drew two. At the time of going to press we have played two games in the Birmingham Schools League, of which one has been lost and the other won. There are still two to play. On such meagre evidence it is impossible to say much about the team except that it looks as if it might shake down into a useful side if it had the chance. Paul Inglis, the captain, is in considerable demand at the county ground and Chris Roberts and Sudhir Misra have been invited there, too. All members of the side have produced useful performances on occasions. The B team won very decisively the only fixture it managed to play, the one against Denstone. Altogether, a very frustrating season, entirely owing to the weather.

A.J.T.

U14 XI

This has not been a good season for the U14 XI. Nevertheless, there were many moments to savour and a good time was had by all.

Our season started with draws against Bishop Vesey's, when we were saved by snow (!) and Wrekin, when they just held on, 110 runs behind with two wickets standing. The highlight of the season was undoubtedly the convincing win against the old enemy, Solihull, in the Lord's Taverner's Trophy, although in the next round of the trophy, we were unfortunately beaten by Holte. In the Birmingham League, we had two easy wins against Kings Heath and Lordswood, but were defeated in successive games by Handsworth and Holte, owing to poor batting performances.

Thanks must go to Mr Crocker, for his fine coaching and umpiring; Mr Goodall, for umpiring when Mrs Crocker was expecting a baby; and Mark Ashby, for consistently scoring well.

Jonathan Pritchard, UMs.



U13 XI

The season started badly with the first match, against Bishop Vesey's, being abandoned. After this, the weather improved and we met West House. 107 all out was a poor total to defend, but we dismissed them for 30. The next matches were against Solihull and Blue Coat and we won both comfortably. After a long wet period without a match, we defeated Bromsgrove and drew with King Henry VIII, and then the rain set in again.

Overall it was a good season - although the weather could have been kinder! I would like to thank Mr K. Jones and Mr Symonds for umpiring and organising everything, and thanks also to the team.

Chris Atkin, Removes.

Cross-Country



oooooooooooooooooooooooo
1st Team: 5th out of 13.
2nd Team: 4th out of 11.

This year's team, not as strong on paper as in past years, ended the season in a very satisfactory position in the exceptionally strong Birmingham League.

All twelve runners who made up the A and B teams gave their all, and met with some degree of collective success. Especially pleasing with a view to the future, was the emergence of Neil Moxley and Neil Bates as excellent team runners, to add to the gutsy running of proven old stagers like Jason Bayliss, James Dunstan, Giles Dickson, Iain Tebbutt and Robert Barker. The influence of Robert Temple joining half way through the season from rugby would be hard to overstate.

For many of the first team, this was to be the final season, and it was decreed that we should exit in a blaze of glory. The 1st VI were not to let us down and walked away from the final race with the Foundation Cup!

On behalf of the whole option, I would like to thank Mr Workman and Mr Hill who tirelessly ferried our motley crew all over the Midlands and organised us into something like the team unit we finally proved ourselves to be.

Niels de Vos, Sixths.



Fencing



Played	16
Won	8
Drawn	5
Lost	3

This was a very successful year for fencing: the club played more matches and were rewarded by some good performances throughout. Public schools again proved tough opposition but a draw with Denstone was well-earned as was the victory in the Birmingham Schools' Team Foil Championship, although losing to Wolverhampton at the beginning of the season was unlucky.

The club received twenty new masks this year and will be branching out into the realms of sabre and épée next year, thanks to some very generous allowances, as well as maintaining - and improving on - the present equipment.

Thanks must go to Alex Jones and Brian Parkes, who came second and first respectively in the Birmingham Schools' Individual Competition, for their help during the year in fixing up matches; also to Messrs Lillywhite and Dodd for their work behind the scenes, and to Prof. P. Northam for his coaching, time and encouragement both in club sessions and at matches.

Simon Rhodes, Sixths.

Fives



Played	21
Won	11
Lost	8
Drawn	2

The 1984-5 season was a mixed one. Excellent results were achieved early on, most notably a victory against the 1984 University Champions: Loughborough University. However, the departure of Andrew Mole after Oxbridge meant the top VI lost both an experienced player as well as some much needed leeway for injuries or illness within

the team. This combination of injury and illness led to some rather disappointing results in the latter part of the season.

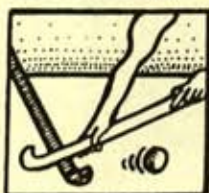
Encouraging signs for the future were the improvements shown by many players, particularly Robin Mason, James Courier and, lower down the school, Michael Francis and Christopher Dean. The side should continue to improve and mature over the next few seasons. The senior side especially will be expected to do well under the influences of Robin Mason and Jonathan Mole, who should be looking to win the Schools Open Championship in 1986.

Congratulations are to be given to Robin Mason and Jonathan Mole for receiving School Colours, and to Jonathan Turnbull, James Courier and Richard Smith for receiving Half Colours. Congratulations should also be given to Mike MacGeoch and Chris Jones for representing Scotland and Robin Mason the Rest of the World side.

Thanks must go to Mr Worthington for his continued support and encouragement, especially for the big effort put in to pass his driving test, enabling him to provide transport for the team.

Michael MacGeoch, Sixths.

Hockey



1st XI -
Played 11, Won 4,
Drawn 3, Lost 4.

1st XI

The 1984-85 season started well for the 1st XI: following victories over Lordswood and KES 2nd XI, and a draw against Sheldon Heath, the team reached the final of the Buttle tournament. Handsworth Grammar were the opposition - the scores were level at full time, but we lost the match on penalties. Things were looking good with successive 2-1 victories over Five Ways and Warwick. However the team was then struck by a series of injuries, the most notable being to Lee Smith, a member of the 1st XI for three years, who suffered a badly bruised side and then torn ligaments in his wrist. Heavy defeats followed the Warwick match at the hands of Bishop Vesey's and Malvern. A 2-2 draw was a commendable result against an unbeaten Solihull team, but then we lost heavily to Bishop Vesey's a second time, and finished the season with a high-scoring draw at Warwick.

Some seventeen players represented the school, indicating a far from settled team. Top goal scorers were Chris Plant and Neil Anderson, each with five goals. Jeremy Thornton turned in numerous good performances (when he wasn't playing squash) and Tony Whitehouse usually did well in goal. The three younger players, Chris Baker, Matthew Hills and Phil Henrick, did well, and the 1st XI should have a more impressive record next year.

Thanks must be given to Mr Wills for his coaching and to Mr Cook for his umpiring. The groundsmen should also be congratulated for preparing the pitches so well, considering the weather conditions.

Simon Smallman, Sixths.



2nd XI

The hockey season for the 2nd XI was very much a non-event. Following the departure of Mr Burney, we had nobody to run the team, although Mr Lambie and Mr Cook both endeavoured to do so, given the limited amount of time they had available. The team played around five or six games, losing them all and only managing to score a couple of goals. The highlights of the season were Stuart Maslen's goal against Bishop Vesey's in which he ran the whole length of the field - and the oranges we had at half time against KE Five Ways. Despite the fact that team performances left a lot to be desired, the season was enjoyable and 'good for a laugh', if nothing else. Thanks must go to Mr Lambie and Mr Cook for attempting to impose some order amidst the chaos.

David Milne, Divisions.



Rugby

	P	W	D	L	F	A
XV	20	16	0	4	496	149
2nd XV	19	14	0	5	435	135
3rd XV	15	14	0	1	442	26
1st XV	1	5	*	3	190	67
1st XVa	18	12	1	5	395	209
1st XVb	5	5	0	0	118	28
1st XVc	16	8	0	8	214	272
1st XVd	4	3	0	1	82	56
1st XVe	10	10	0	0	272	46
1st XVf	5	3	1	1	58	28

1st XV

This year's 1st XV hinted at its possibilities with the swift despatch of DCE's XV and then the production of 116 points in the first two matches of the season. Success followed success with victories away at Loughborough, then at home against a most successful Nottingham High School - a new



fixture.

However, there then came the suggestion of complacency with losses against King's School Worcester and Uppingham. But the team then produced its best performance of the season: a dominant, eager pack provided plentiful possession to three-quarters showing pace and, for once, an ability to pass and hence score points - 31 in all. This overwhelmed one of the most successful Bromsgrove teams since the war.

The season continued - matches against King Henry VIII Coventry, Bablake and Belmont Abbey all falling victim to the weather. The team was defeated only once more - by Bishop Vesey's. This was the only defeat of the second half of the season: the XV beat Solihull, Camp Hill, Lawrence Sheriff and QM Walsall among others.

Twelve of the Greater Birmingham Schools' squad were provided by the XV, Phil Silk and Andrew Crossley also being awarded blazer badges for their notable contributions to KES rugby. The Sevens Squad retained the Sutton Coldfield RFC trophy and achieved semi- and quarter-final placings in other tournaments.

Overall, it was a successful season, thanks predominantly to the continued and continual effort of Mr Everest and

our regular parent supporters. Our thanks are also due to the rugby secretary, Simon Hill, for confirming both fixtures and referee for every match of the season.

Next year promises to be good: ten of us will return.

Tasso Gazis, Divisions.



2nd XV

The season's results have been most encouraging with few defeats to record - including Wolverhampton RGS 1st XV - and a general high level of spirit and skill to review. The side integrated well, despite the inevitable turnovers necessitated by illness, experimental changes (demotion to the 1st XV or promotion to the storming 3rd XV) or sheer old age: Hitchcock, Austin and Mason clearly succumbed!

The pack applied their craft well, and combined general mobility with real technique at scrum, line-out and often ruck. On some occasions the backs failed to use the ball to maximum effect - though their general lot cannot be happy when given a surfeit of possession and told to attack from any position at any time! It was good to see real speed and co-ordination on the wings by younger players, supported by ambitious full-back incursions. Thus the side generally played well, even managing to overcome their aversion to mud! Highlights include a heroic rearguard action to beat Loughborough (10-0), destruction of King's Worcester on a balmy day on the Severn meadows below the Cathedral, defeat by a fine Nottingham HS side (18-12) and a comfortable win against Bromsgrove. Most important, however, was the pleasant demeanour of a side based increasingly on Divisions, who at all times represented the school with quiet distinction.

My thanks to the stalwarts who leave - although there are some twenty or so (!) 2nd XV players returning next season, so prospects look rosy. Get training!

P.M.S.

3rd XV

This was the best ever season for a school 3rd XV to date. The statistics do not quite reveal the scale of success. The 3rd XV scored almost a hundred tries and conceded only four. The one defeat - against Uppingham away - saw three tries conceded by a much weakened side (most of the 'regulars' were in the 2nd XV) in rather curious circumstances to a very strong side. Otherwise, the season was a glorious one with notable victories secured at Warwick, RGS Worcester and Solihull.

The strength in depth of rugby at the top of the school meant that many boys who most years would have been 2nd XV players have spent most of the time in the 3rds and, as virtually all the side will be back next year, the prospects for an even better season are bright. I would like to thank the six boys who captained the side during the year and single out for special mention Jamie Constable, Martin Crowley and Marcus Hughes.

As a sign of how far things have changed from the days of the 'old style' 3rd XV (see various old *Chronicles* for details) boys were even asking for team practices. The pressure was resisted in case the spell was broken. England have squad sessions: who wants to play like them?

J.R.E.

U16 XV

Rugby should be played in a physically controlled manner, with all efforts channelled towards team cohesion and the scoring of tries, but unfortunately most members of the U16 team had great difficulty in appreciating this. Individuals preferred to establish themselves by means of excessive physical presence, retaliation, argument and general dissent. Consequently the quality of rugby was poor and seven of the matches were unpleasant and worthless affairs. One produced a very easy win, and the other showed a brief glimmer of hope when the previous season's heavy home defeat by Warwick was adequately reversed.

I trust that eventually the players realise that rugby, like all other sports, must be played as a socially acceptable game and not all-out war.

S.B.

U15 XV

This was a good season with the team playing skilfully and competently on most occasions. The season began with a series of five wins in which the side played very well, especially against Loughborough and RGS Worcester, when we fought back to gain victories after being behind at half-time. However, there then followed a series of three losses and innumerable permutations of the back row and it became evident a new scrum half was needed. Eventually Ashley Hoare returned to the team in this position and Paul Inglis, at fly half, finally received the ball in front of him.

The rest of the season proceeded with the victories as the norm, except for a hard game against Solihull School where a 4-4 draw was recorded.

Unfortunately, the season ended at a low ebb as the team was defeated by Solihull School in the final of the Birmingham Schools Cup. In this match the team were well placed at 3-0 following a penalty by Chris Roberts, but disaster struck in the fact that Paul Inglis, who has been playing very well, had to leave the field with a suspected broken nose.

The last games of the season took the form of a sevens competition in which the team played progressively better to end up winners at the end of the day and the season.

Thanks must go to the members of staff concerned with coaching us - notably Mr Edwards - and prospects appear good for next season.

Michael Cooper, Fourths.



U14 XV

A disappointing start to the season occurred when heavy defeats against Loughborough GS, Rugby and RGS Worcester reflected a poor attitude in training and a lack of team spirit. However, the team did respond to the pleas of the coach for a more determined and consistent effort both in practice and on the field of play: and victories were achieved against Warwick, Belmont Abbey,

King's Worcester and Bromsgrove.

With a '15 man approach', the team began to play with confidence and indeed produced a number of memorable passages of play. Although the strength of the team was in its teamwork, a number of individuals deserve a special mention: Blenkinsop was a captain who led by example; Aston proved to be a strong running, huge and intimidating scrum-half; Hill and Clifford in the centre positions tackled awesomely at times and distributed the ball well; Hockley was an elusive, quick and skilful winger who scored many impressive tries; and Pritchard - 'the find of the season' - as full-back produced a number of scores by his frequent entries into the line.

It finished a creditable season, and the team has the ability to succeed, although to do so it must train hard and compete consistently!

M.R.

U13 XV

This season has been a very successful one and we have remained unbeaten, defeating four of the five teams who beat us last year. The one that got away was Warwick, and the match against them was cancelled owing to bad weather. We also won the Greater Birmingham Cup, beating Great Barr in the final.

Our success came from disciplined approaches on the field, and mistakes were kept to a minimum. Our backs were lacking in speed but since we were able to deny the opposition much ball there is the basis for developing a wider game.

I should like to thank Mr Stead for his advice and encouragement throughout the season.

Michael Follett, Removes.

U12 XV

This was a most encouraging season. Having lost all the early matches to the weather, a draw against Loughborough and conceding only two tries against Solihull were promising performances. Thereafter, the tackling and ball-winning ensured three convincing victories over more experienced sides. The half-backs were most impressive, and the forwards finished the season playing as an aggressive unit.

Thanks are due to Mr Phillips, Mr Roden and Mr K. Jones for their coaching and refereeing, both of which were crucial to the team's success!

Oliver Bishop, Shells.

Sailing



Played 7	Won 2	Lost 5
Races for : 5		
Races against : 11		

This was no *annus mirabilis* for the sailing team. Out of seven matches sailed, there were only two victories, and one of these was against the vastly inexperienced (bar one 'mystery guest') KEHS. The only other school to fall at our hands was Repton.

Twice we sailed against Solihull, and twice we lost. The first time, handicapped by the loss of certain navy men to expeditions weekend, we managed to escape with a thrashing, but back on home territory, we at least gave them a run for their money. For our two trips to Cheltenham College, we were provided with all the traditional ingredients of the fixture: the tide, the narrowness of their river (to be seen to be believed), plenty of wind and multiple protesting, demonstrated not least by the captain's valiant effort to salvage the fixture in the protest room. Tim Panter, who earned himself the title of the least lucky crew ever to represent the school, discovered an additional hazard: the supposed river-banks turned out to be composed of something akin to quicksand.

We at least sampled success again when Repton visited us at Bittell. The wind speed was an enthralling nil, and, having discarded all water-proof equipment, the heavens promptly opened. We gave them a lesson in handling such conditions - in fact two of their boats didn't even make the first mark in the last race.

We rounded off the fullest fixture list for some years with a defeat at the hands of Bromsgrove, but they did after all have a national champion in their team! We made it a close thing, despite a tiny slip-up from the captain in the first race, moving from first place to last in a matter of minutes. Dave Derry moved into the entertainment business in the second race, giving us two capsizes and falling out at various stages.

Thanks are due to Ms Barnett, our new Team Manager (but reluctant tactician), and Mr McIlwaine, our bo's'un, for between them sharing the duties of Race Officer, chauffeur, rescue facilities etc...

James Pickworth, Sixths.

Squash



Played 12	Won 12
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This has been a highly successful season for the squash team, which remained virtually unchanged from last year. Under the guidance of TBT, the team pulverised all local opposition and remained unbeaten in 'friendly matches'. We also reached the final of the Sportsco Warwickshire tournament - where we were convincingly beaten by the mighty Solihull Sixth Form College - and the fourth round of the nationals, losing in an exciting match to Oakham School. Apart from this, there was only one defeat in the season: to the Old Eds by a narrow margin.

For the second season running the team has been under the captaincy of Pete Branson, whose professional approach has helped to establish him beyond any reasonable doubt the school's top player. As last year, there has been some healthy competition below him, but Jeremy Thornton, James Pickworth and Robert Grierson have been unable to make any impression on the number 1 spot. Strength in depth has, however, made the team particularly strong in the middle order where only a handful of individual matches were lost. The team was completed by Paul Mukerji, Crispin Hills and, when available, James Jefferson.

Our junior team, led by the same James Jefferson, did not have such a successful time. They only came together for the Sportsco tournament and were beaten in the second round by Arden School. There are a number of promising youngsters in the lower half of the school, however, and although the team for next year will be a comparatively young one, the future prospects for KES squash look very good.

Thanks are due to Mr Tomlinson for his effective organisation and invaluable coaching hints. It would be nice to think that our heaviest defeat of the year, a 5-0 defeat in the Sportsco final, was not due to a lack of talent, but rather to the fact that he wasn't there...

James Pickworth, Sixths.

Swimming

	Played	Won	Lost
U12	5	5	0
U13	6	6	0
U14	8	7	1
U15	1	1	0
U16	9	8	1
Overall	14	14	0!
Water-Polo	6	5	1

The results speak for themselves. This year's swimming team was completely unrivalled by any school on our fixtures list. No one came close to beating us. For the first time in recent years, the team swept the board at the Kings Norton Schools' Championships, winning all three age groups. The performance of the senior team in the Championships was particularly impressive, the individual swimmers and relay teams winning every race.



Full of confidence, the team launched itself into the summer season. Success came easily, and on the rare occasion when the opposition was going to win a race, KES seemed to cheer on the opposition swimmer even more loudly than their own team.

Only two results need further explanation. The junior age group, defeated at Warwick, was badly under strength, missing four of its best swimmers, whose excuses ranged from an athletics match to a torn hamstring. Similarly, the inter team defeated by Bromsgrove had been stripped of the entire fourth year contingent owing to a geography field trip. I should like to extend my thanks to all those swimmers who covered for absent colleagues at these fixtures.

I must point out that the team's success this summer is undoubtedly the result of regular training sessions, both with clubs and in the revamped KEHS pool throughout the autumn and spring terms. Success has been the just reward for a lot of hard work.

In the junior age group, Darren Haywood and Miles Parker excelled, usually beating swimmers a year older than themselves. Similarly, Des Burley and Mike Cooper

of the inter team regularly outswam opposition older than themselves. The unbeaten senior team consisted of John Hatton (the seniors' only club swimmer, who broke the 100 yard Fly record by an incredible ten seconds); James Morris, our fly swimmer; Paul Weston, who seemed to come second to John in all the breaststroke races; and Rhid Bramley and I: we left backstrokers across the Midlands in our wake, finishing the season without having lost a race between us. Mat Dolman and Rich Hoskison filled in the gaps.

I would like to thank all the team members for faithfully turning up to matches, even during exam leave, and Paul Weston in particular, who has done a tremendous job as secretary. I should also like to thank the recorders and time-keepers, especially the regulars, including Richard Fowler (recorder) and Mr Dodd, Mr Hatton, Mr Perry, Mr Straker and Mr Weston; those parents who helped with transport; and the dining hall staff for their nutritional support. Finally, Mr Owen with his unmistakeable starting technique must be thanked, together with Mr Wills, without whom the swimming team would not exist.



Water Polo

As the results show, this was a very successful season for a keen team who found the opposition a little less eager. Only four matches were played (until the *Swimming Sports, Ed.*) after our opponents offered such feeble excuses as 'The water's too cold' or 'We're too tired'. Team performance was good all round, although special mention should be made of David Somerset in attack and Mike Cooper in defence. There are many promising youngsters coming up through the ranks, so the team should continue its success. Many thanks to Mr Wills for his help and enthusiasm for the sport.

Dave Somerset, Sixths.

Table Tennis



After the departure of its force and guiding light (Mark Embley), the U19 team was not set for the most successful of seasons. Our apprehension proved well-founded. All matches were keenly contested, however, and the results hide the credibility of some of our performances.

Chris Plant and 'Duane' Conder were regulars throughout the season, with the third slot causing a dilemma. Would it be the smooth, elegant style of Mark Chivers, or the direct, crushing blows delivered from the bat of Sean Connolly? Whatever the choice, the team was always full of wit and good humour, even in defeat.

The U15s had a mixed season, also losing a number of close games, but they did manage to defeat the eventual champions in their section. The team was ably captained by Edward Foster, who will be welcomed with open arms by the U19s next season.

Thanks are due to APR for his encouragement and his willingness to pick up a bat to show young players what happens if they never practise!

Chris Plant, Divisions.

Tennis

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
1st VI	8	7	1	0
U16 VI	3	2	0	1

1st VI



The 1st VI once again had a successful season, with a team unchanged from last year. Robert Grierson (captain) and Paul Hill were superseded as first pair by Simon Booth and Duncan Grierson, whilst the third pair, Chris Baker and Matthew Upton, brought up the rear in admirable

style. I would also like to thank James Haddleton for his contribution to the fortunes of the third pair.

The 1st VI was able to win the majority of its matches with relative ease, beating Wrekin, Repton, Bishop Vesey's (twice), Camp Hill and Five Ways, amongst

others. We did, however, meet with tougher opposition in the form of Solihull 1st VI, who forced us to a draw. In the U19 BSLTA tournament at Tally Ho! the second pair reached the final. The first pair won the equivalent U16 event, and the third pair reached the semi-finals. In the U14 event Oliver Backhouse and Peter Taylor also lost in the semi-finals. For the third consecutive year the 1st VI reached the area final of the Glanvill Cup. We came in third position behind the winners Millfield and runners-up Eton College, forcing Bristol Grammar into last place.

Particularly worthy of mention is Simon Booth, who has continued to distinguish himself this year by representing Great Britain in the U16 team. Simon's talents will be sorely missed when he leaves us for High Wycombe School in September, where he will be able to take full advantage of the National Tennis facilities at Bisham Abbey. I wish him all the best in the future and hope he goes far in tennis.

Thanks must go to Mr Tomlinson for his tireless efforts for the tennis teams this year, and I wish him the very best of seasons in the future.

Robert Grierson, Sixths.

Simon Booth

Simon's sporting background is very impressive - his father won an Oxford Blue for tennis, captained the Oxford team and also played in a joint Oxford/Cambridge team which played Harvard/Yale, and was for many years a Cheshire county player. Simon's mother is considered by some to be the finest amateur lady golfer never to have played for England, and was a Staffordshire county player for a number of years.

Simon's debut on the national tennis scene was in 1980 when he played in the national U12 tournament at Eastbourne, though with little success. However, in September 1982 he won the West Midlands regional, beating Duncan Grierson, also at KES. Then, due to several good performances against national squad players in the L.T.A. Saab Winter Series, he was invited to play in the following year and beat the No.1 national U14 player. Simon qualified for the grand final of the Saab Series and did well despite a fresh rugby injury. He was invited to join the national U14 squad training at Bisham Abbey.

In Easter 1983 Simon won both the U14 and the U16 Tournaments at Oxford, and represented Great Britain during the summer in the Corpe del Sol, the European U14 Championship. He won the Warwickshire U16 tournament, but because of mumps, was not at his best at the

national U16 tournament at Eastbourne.

In the 1983/4 Saab Winter Series, Simon again performed well and was invited to join the national U16 squad, being reserve for the Great Britain team in the Jean Borotra European U16 Team Championship, playing in one match. That summer he won the Warwickshire U18 tournament, and was ranked No.5 in Great Britain. Simon also represented his country against Germany, Sweden and Holland. His best achievement to date came in March 1985 when he won the Saab Grand Final, which is, in effect, the national covered court championships. He has been invited to join the national squad at Bisham Abbey, and will be allowed to train there while doing his A-levels at Royal Grammar School, High Wycombe. These are really tremendous achievements, but Simon has always remained modest and unassuming, and he should be congratulated for that too. He will certainly be missed at KES, and we wish him luck with both his tennis and his academic career.

T.B.T.



U16 VI and U15 VI

The U16 team had a relatively successful season in their smaller number of fixtures, beating Solihull and Wrekin conclusively. The team suffered defeat at the hands of Warwick, yet it is worth remembering that four of the regular 1st VI players still qualify for the U16 age group, on whose talent the U16 team is thus unable to draw. Nevertheless, the members of the U16 team show promise, most notably Matthew Upton and Oliver Backhouse. I would also like to thank Nicholas Jowett, Gavin Nicol, James Booth, Michael Follett and Peter Taylor for their efforts this season, which are most appreciated.

The U15 team are still competing in the Midland Bank

tournament, in which they have as yet unfortunately been unable to play a match, owing to the teachers' industrial action. Prospects look good for future rounds!

Robert Grierson, Sixths.

Walking Option



The Walking Team has proved outstandingly successful this season in both regional and national competitions. We scooped the Junior, Intermediate and Senior prizes in the Birmingham finals early in the summer term, and a particularly fine performance by R. Tibbott in the Geriatrics class led to our overall position of third in the national league tables.

This is, of course, complete and utter rubbish. If the self-styled 'Walking Team' gets further than the bottom of the drive, it is considered quite an achievement - and a quite sufficient excuse for wandering off home with a feeling of an afternoon well spent. Nevertheless, this limited exercise has proved too much for our august leader, Mr Tibbott, who had to drop out at the beginning of the summer term, excuses such as 'too much work' dropping from his lips as the more accurate 'couldn't stand the pace' formed itself on ours. However, even limited experience of his successor - Mr Cumberland - suggests one immeasurable advantage, for he seems actually able to read - and understand - a map, whereas Mr Tibbott would stare vainly at it, then lead us straight into the bog he was trying to avoid.

So onwards with the Option, and as the invective falls upon it from more physically able members of the upper school, recall that 'oftentimes defeat is splendid.'

Rupert Ward, Sixths.



SUMMARY OF SCHOOL CLUB INCOME & EXPENDITURE APRIL 1984 — MARCH 1985

AX73 329895

INCOME

Subscriptions	£4258.00
School Club no.1 a/c	£4500.00
Governors' Grant	£1140.00
Governors' Trust Funds	£206.95
ISG Grant	£370.00
Hon. Members	£7.50
Interest	£113.41
Parents' Association	£346.58
Basketball Tours	£613.00
- repayable	£806.00
Fencing fees	£10.00
OE Grant	£25.00
GBSRU	
	<u>£12,396.54</u>

EXPENDITURE

Rugby	£270.00
Cricket	£169.00
Hockey	£64.00
Athletics	£653.00
Fencing	£675.00
Basketball	£425.00
Swimming	£406.00
Fives	£347.60
Chess	£240.30
Sailing	£152.46
Tennis	£127.36
Squash	£109.64
Basketball Tours	£553.00
Cross - Country	£77.21
Walking	£38.04
Table - Tennis	£30.46
Bridge	£20.85
Golf	£3.36
Orienteering	£2.70
Badminton	£1.75
PSG	£384.93
School Club - Calendars	
- Rules	£937.30
Chronicle	£1400.00

Excess of Income over Expenditure
£12,396.54 -
£11,956.16
£ 440.38

Closed Circle	£58.30
Geographical	£36.40
Field Studies	£20.00
Literary	£33.00
Debating	£27.18
Amateur Radio	£53.46
Historical	£17.18
Film	£8.00
Eurodrama	£5.50
Schools Challenge	£34.32
	<u>£11,956.16</u>

B.J. Nightingale, Treasurer.

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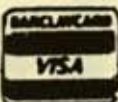
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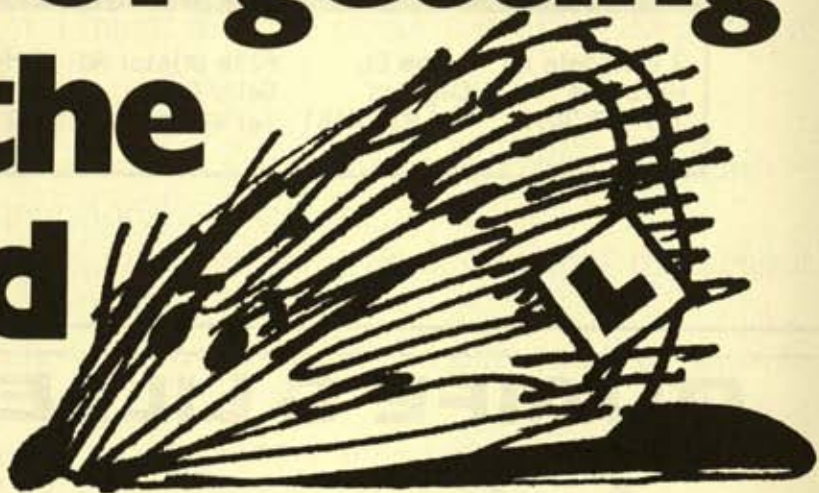
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■ Only once has a Porsche claimed a Formula 1 victory. Which year was it?

1955 ☐ 1971 ☐ 1962 ☐

■ Apart from the new 944 Turbo, how many other road-going Porsches have been turbocharged?

6 ☐ 3 ☐ 2 ☐

■ How many times has Jacky Ickx won Le Mans for Porsche?

5 ☐ 4 ☐ 6 ☐

■ The Porsche 917-30, produced in 1972, was probably

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the fastest racing car in the world. Fitted with a 5.4 litre, flat-12 cylinder, twin-turbo-charged engine, it was capable of accelerating from 0-125 mph in 5.3 seconds. What brake horsepower did the engine have?

600 ☐ bhp 750 ☐ bhp 1100 ☐ bhp

■ In which year was the 928 voted Car of the Year?

1978 ☐ 1979 ☐ 1980 ☐

■ The Porsche 911 was originally intended to have another numerical designation, but Peugeot had already registered it. What was that number?

901 ☐ 904 ☐ 909 ☐

■ How many victories did the Porsche developed TAG Turbo powered Marlboro McLaren cars achieve in the 1984 Formula One World Championship for Constructors?

12 ☐ 9 ☐ 6 ☐

■ Total: 5960

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