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KES CHRONICLE 1982

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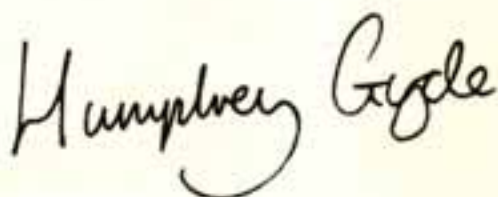
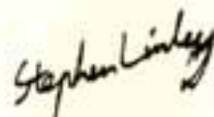
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EDITORIAL

It is regrettable but true that very few people at KES read the *Chronicle* from cover to cover. Rather they tend only to read those sections which concern themselves or their interests, be they sport, art or creative writing. This is a lamentably insular approach and threatens the validity of publishing such an expensive magazine; after all, for those narcissists who wish merely to see their names in print, the Blue Book is much cheaper and gives addresses and telephone numbers as well. The *Chronicle* is intended to reflect, and more or less succeeds in reflecting, all aspects of life at KES. I would hope that this year more people will do it justice and read it more thoroughly.

Humphrey Gyde

You will notice that the *Chronicle* is a little slimmer this year. It is not that we are short of material to publish, but rather that the magazine had to be cut for practical reasons, largely economic: the recession affects all of us, sooner or later! Apologies, therefore, to those who submitted work which will not be found between these pages; but please don't give up hope, try again next year.

Thanks are again due to all contributors: to those who produced the goods; to my editorial team, who proved faithful and hard-working to the last, a week into their holiday; to the Chief Master for his continued support; to the advertisers, the loyal and the new; and, last but by no means least, to Ray Fisher and Jenny Norman for the technical production of the magazine.

K.J.B.

Chronicle Prizes

Picture Prize:	Jonathan Hollow, IV.G.
Creative Writing Prizes — Senior:	Jon Andrews, Mod.Lang.VI.
— Junior:	Garon Anthony, U.M.D.
	Gary Thornton, U.M.D.
— Minor:	Joe Martin, Rem.D.

Cover Design

Front: Jonathan Hollow, IV.G.
Back: Andrew Rimmer, IV.W.

S A L V E T E & V A L E T E



Photograph: By courtesy of M.J.W.R.



Photograph: By courtesy of The Birmingham Post & Mail

Interview with Mr M.J.W. Rogers, July 1982

Chr: Would you care to tell us something of your background?

M.J.W.R: I went to Oundle School, where I specialised in science, and then I spent a short time at Heidelberg University, studying German language and culture: a most interesting part of my education. After this I studied Natural Sciences for Part One of my degree at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and then changed to History for Part Two.

My first job was in industry — a company based in Birmingham actually — but I eventually decided that I would really rather teach. Therefore I took a job teaching Chemistry at Westminster School, where I became Senior Chemistry Master. Following this I spent two years working with the Nuffield Foundation, but returned to Westminster as a House Master, ending up as Master of the Queen's Scholars (the Deputy Head Master's job). My last appointment was as Headmaster at Malvern.

Chr: Do you intend to teach Chemistry at KES, or do you see your rôle as purely administrative?

M.J.W.R: I do very much want to teach; I think it is very important for a Headmaster to do so, as it is his best way of getting to know the boys and of keeping in touch. However, a Headmaster's job is not primarily to teach, particularly in such a school as King Edward's, which has an outstanding teaching staff. But if he does not teach, how can the Chief Master get to know the boys; how can he know what they think? You can't find that out simply by addressing the boys in Assembly once a week. And so I do intend to teach. Not necessarily Chemistry, which unfortunately requires the constant attendance that a Headmaster cannot provide; rather, I intend to teach Religious Studies — not only because I am interested in the subject, but also because it is a good basis for discussion.

Chr: Having studied both Chemistry and History, what are your thoughts on the Arts/Science divide?

M.J.W.R: The division between the two 'cultures' is a very sad affair, but it is not easy to see, given the present nature of the sixth forms in English schools, how one could change it. It is very easy in theory to say, "Let's mix the subjects much more,

French with Maths, for example", but in practice two problems arise: the intellectual difficulty of studying a combined course; and the practical problem of University entrance. Consequently it seems that little can be done except in the area of General Studies, with which I have been very impressed at KES.

Chr: Should a school be a solely academic institution, or should it cultivate links with the professions and industry?

M.J.W.R: I think that a school is an essentially academic institution, and therefore it is right that the academic aspect should be central. A high academic tradition, such as that which this school possesses, should be prized and maintained. I see this as a primary objective.

High academic standards have a value of their own — but are not, however, sufficient in themselves. I don't think it is enough to say, "We have got the boy a Scholarship at Oxford, or, now that we have got him four 'A's at A-level, we have no further responsibility for him." I see education in a much broader context than merely academic. It is extremely important that a school education should be a genuine preparation for life. Industry is just one aspect of the broader front of education.

Chr: KES is already part way towards co-education in the sixth form — should this, in your opinion, lead to a total merger for the future?

M.J.W.R: In principle there is a lot to be said for boys and girls studying together, but when the practicalities of this change are taken into consideration I think one ought to take it slowly and steadily.

Chr: Should our sixth form follow the Sixth Form Colleges to greater freedom of timetable and uniform?

M.J.W.R: I have a fairly orthodox view of the way in which a sixth form ought to be run. I personally do not see any advantage at all in adopting the format of a Sixth Form College.

Chr: What rôle has sport to play in school life?

Should it take precedence over the arts and other extra-curricular activities?

M.J.W.R: I think that this is a potential minefield: sport has a significant part to play in education. But I am also a strong supporter of the arts. And concerning precedence, it must be possible for the school to allow both to flourish — as KES seems to manage.

Chr: What is your opinion of prefects and such allied institutions as the Cartland Club, namely the placing of some boys in positions of responsibility not enjoyed by the majority?

M.J.W.R: One of the most important things about extra-curricular education is learning to take responsibility — and leadership (a word which has perhaps gone out of fashion). That area is extremely important, and it is right that boys should be given responsible jobs within the school. This is absolutely characteristic of life. You do not, however, have to be a prefect to hold a responsible position. There is much responsibility in running a society or producing a play.

Chr: Do you think that the Independent and State schools can or should peacefully co-exist in the light of present demands from certain quarters for the eradication of the former to give the latter a chance to function properly?

M.J.W.R: I feel very strongly that maintained and Independent schools should do more than peacefully co-exist — because that implies a passive relationship. I feel that there should be a vigorous and creative co-operation between the two. The sadness of the attack on Independent schools is that it is making that co-operation more difficult. But if Independent schools do not make the effort to co-operate then perhaps they do not deserve to survive. There is great potential for bridging the gap. At Malvern we run joint courses with the two comprehensives in the town; and the King Edward's Foundation itself is a marvellous example of co-operation between the two sectors. There should be no social divide, but rather joint courses and joint use of facilities — there are plenty of opportunities for working together, but you've got to work at it.

Chr: Have you any first impressions of King Edward's which you would like to record?

M.J.W.R: I have the impression of a school with very high standards and at the same time a friendly atmosphere. I am very pleased with what I have seen so far, and am looking forward to becoming Chief Master.

Chr: Thankyou Mr Rogers.

Stan Owen



Chr: Could you tell us something of your life before you came to KES?

S.F.O: A Midlander by birth, I attended King Henry VIII School, where I specialised in Classics and won a scholarship to St. John's College, Oxford. After a year's Cert.Ed. in London, I joined Merchant Taylor's School for four years, and then moved up to Coventry, to Bablake, before receiving my present appointment.

Chr: You were described as a 'live-wire' in last year's Chronicle. Do you feel that Classics has to be hyped up in this manner if it is to survive?

S.F.O: I wouldn't have described myself as a 'live-wire', but if people get that impression, it is

probably because I enjoy what I am teaching. I hope that Classics will survive whether it is 'hyped-up' or not: Classical Studies courses are becoming increasingly popular in the comprehensives and at university as more people recognise their relevance to modern theatre and literature — thus their future looks assured. I think that in a changing world all subjects have to be marketed — presented in an attractive manner to the pupils. But you can't sell Classics to everybody: people have different tastes, and at KES, as at all good schools, these tastes are catered for.

Chr: You have organised many trips in your first year here — to the *Orestes* in London and the *Philoctetes* in Manchester, to name but two — how important a function of the teacher do you consider this?

S.F.O: I see trips as very important, for social as well as for educational reasons. It is very interesting to see how pupils react when free of the school's boundaries, for instance — generally very well — and, as the respective rôles of teacher and pupil are blurred, friendship and co-operation can develop between the two. One must always be mindful of the heavy financial burden being offloaded onto parents, however.

Chr: Your General Studies courses, 'Know thyself' and 'Punishment', have both been described as controversial; can we infer an attitude to teaching from this?

S.F.O: I like to be controversial: it's an indulgence I enjoy. With General Studies it's not so much the material which I enjoy as the pupils' reactions to it. Some have said that to be a good teacher, one must be a good actor; this, however, suggests falseness, and a teacher cannot be insincere. He must be himself, but he must present his material differently to different people — his skill lies in this. Like an actor, one has to let one's character float, and not to be too bigoted or pompous; most important of all, one must be able to laugh at oneself.

Chr: Mr Owen, thank you very much.

Tom Hosty



Chr: Mr Hosty, could you tell us something about your background?

T.F.H: I grew up in Kings Heath and was educated here at KES, and to my great surprise, after departing briefly to various places — Cambridge, Exeter, London — I ended up back at KES.

Chr: What are your feelings about your first year of teaching here?

T.F.H: I have enjoyed it very much. It was rather extraordinary at first, coming back to a building and an environment which had changed incredibly little — I wouldn't say that I was uncertain which desk to sit behind, but for the first few weeks it felt as if I'd come through a time-warped. It's rather confusing to be back here as a member of staff because there are all sorts of memories and impressions which I think interfere with the impressions one normally forms of a new job.

Chr: Have you any other ambitions outside teaching?

T.F.H: I'd like to have a crack at drama. Although I had never been involved in amateur dramatics of any kind, I was Assistant Director of *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* with Miss Barnett, which was a terribly educating experience, especially as I had no clue as to how a play was put together. It was all very exciting — and the play came off very well in the

end. However, I consider that my principle rôle here must surely lie in the teaching of literature.

Chr: You gave a series of talks to the Divisions on Science Fiction; do you feel that there is room for such tangential interests in an English department?

T.F.H: Everyone in the English department has a recognisable taste in literature, which will be reflected in class. S.F. is a personal interest, on which my doctoral thesis is based, and I chose it for the subject of my talk as an attempt to bridge the gap between the arts and sciences; after all, over half the boys at the talks were scientists.

Chr: Do you feel the arts/science divide to be strong at KES?

T.F.H: The whole business of A-level specialisation tends to be very strong, but it is good to see that effort is made to get artists and scientists to take subsidiary O-levels for variety. Universities like certain combinations of subjects and this tends to widen the gap, especially as KES views university entrance as its principle academic goal.

Chr: Do you then look unfavourably upon education with a view to a university place?

T.F.H: I wouldn't be teaching here if I did.

Chr: Do you feel then that hard, solid educational standards, such O- and A-levels, are the best ways of fulfilling education?

T.F.H: Oh dear, I'm emerging from this very badly. In some ways, the exam system is horribly limiting; certainly, as you teach higher up the school it forces you to teach a narrower range of subject-matter, and the exams themselves are a restricting and rigid set of hurdles. But it's the only system that allows you to monitor the progress of a pupil: without some kind of exam system you have to rely on very subjective methods of evaluation. There is certainly some argument, however, for a looser university entrance procedure, perhaps depending rather more on interviews than on a few nerve-ridden papers.

Chr: Thank you very much, Mr Hosty.

Gareth Edwards



Chr: Mr Edwards, could you tell us something of your early life and education?

G.H.E: I was brought up on a beautiful part of the South Wales coast. At the age of about twelve, I was brought to the great West Midlands, to that august town Solihull, and was educated at a grammar school, which is no longer a grammar school. I was then let loose in a liberated sixth-form college. From there I went to Oxford for four years, thoroughly enjoyed it, but was glad to get out at the end. I then spent a year at Bristol, training to become a teacher, where the environment is a little more normal than at Oxford: being a university town, life at Oxford is very strange, and, I imagine, similar to Boarding school.

Chr: So how do you feel, working in an all-boys' independent grammar in Birmingham?

G.H.E: I feel quite happy, coming to a good academic school, but I would like at some stage to teach girls.

Chr: Which do you think the better institution, sixth-form colleges or our sixth form?

G.H.E: I enjoyed being in a sixth-form college, but I didn't have the opportunity to develop the

skills of a prefect, seeing how a society of younger people has to be run. A school does seem to lose out without a sixth form, and I think it's nice for the younger boys to have something to aim for.

Chr: What extra-curricular activities are you involved in?

G.H.E: I was thrown in right at the deep end, looking after the 3rd XV, which involved running around begging people to play. I thoroughly enjoyed it: they were a happy bunch of players, although not always of the highest calibre. I'm involved in cricket during the summer, with the U14s, who seem to have gone downhill since I've taken over. The commitment to sport is a big one and enjoyable.

Chr: Do you think that there is too much emphasis on rugby and cricket, and not enough on other sports?

G.H.E: I feel that rugby, as it is a game which you might not otherwise have the opportunity of playing (unless you live in Wales, of course) should always be kept the primary sport in this school above soccer, which people can play in their own time; having said that, I'm a very keen supporter of soccer. I feel that the bias towards sport is a good thing, but I don't think that boys should be forced to play sport when it's clear that they are not interested.

Chr: What are your impressions of King Edward's after your first year?

G.H.E: I was pleasantly surprised to find that the ethos of the school is similar to that of my own: having looked up to King Edward's myself as a schoolboy, not knowing anything about it, I was worried that it would be too much the traditional public school, which is certainly not the case. In general, it's a well-run organisation, and a happy one, both amongst the staff, and amongst the boys, most of whom actually enjoy their schooling here, though they wouldn't admit it.

Chr: Mr Edwards, thank you very much.

David Evans



Chr: Could you tell us something about your background and education?

D.J.E: I was born near Shrewsbury and attended the local grammar school there. I later went to St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, with a scholarship to read History, and followed this by a one-year P.G.C.E. course in Cambridge. Then I came to KES, which is my first teaching post.

Chr: What do you see as the rôle of Classics in schools?

D.J.E: Educationally, Classics is certainly justifiable, and the boys who become really committed enjoy it enormously. Certainly a great deal of pleasure can be obtained from it if it is taught in an interesting manner.

Chr: What else do you enjoy at KES?

D.J.E: I'm lucky enough to be involved in two completely separate departments, and that is something which I value. The range of subjects I teach is wide — from History and Latin to Shells' Classical Studies and Divisions' General Studies — and next year I shall be doing a bit of R.E. and Greek too. So it's a very varied and wide-ranging job I've got here.

Chr: What do you see as the rôle of masters, outside teaching?

D.J.E: I think it is very healthy for masters to be involved widely in all the activities of the school. It's a good opportunity to meet the boys on friendly terms without having to teach them serious academic subjects. I've been very careful not to get too involved this year, however, because the first year of teaching requires so much preparation, but next year I shall almost certainly be joining the Scouts. This year I have, however, been involved in one or two outings, swimming, timing athletics, and various other minor things like that.

Chr: Have you been involved with the Scouts before?

D.J.E: No, but I have done quite a bit of youth hostelling and walking generally. To join the school Scouts seems to be a very good way of learning more — for instance, on a recent trip to Snowdon, I did my first abseiling; much to the mirth of the boys involved!

Chr: Have you any other interesting activities outside school?

D.J.E: Well, I'm getting married in the summer holidays, which is quite an interesting outside activity! Having just bought a house, decorating, gardening and other mundane things seem to be taking up most of my time at the moment.

Chr: Mr Evans, thank you very much.

Gerry Gunning

Chr: Could you tell us something about your background?

P.G.G: I have lived in Birmingham since the age of three: I went to Moseley Grammar School and then to Birmingham University to study Spanish and Portuguese. A year away then followed, when I did a Postgraduate Certificate in Education, in Spanish and French, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. This is my second teaching post: I worked for four years in a comprehensive school in Chelmsley Wood.

Chr: Is there a big difference between the teaching at the two schools?

P.G.G: I think when you ask that you expect the answer, "Yes, a great difference", but in the teaching of the top set children there was not that great a difference — they were of a good standard and ability. As far as discipline is concerned many people think of comprehensive schools as a bit of a nightmare, but I was very lucky as the atmosphere was very relaxed. I was responsible in my last two years for the general welfare of the entire second year — which meant a great number of disciplinary matters — and this was difficult work quite simply because of the sheer number of pupils for one tutor.



Chr: What extra-curricular activities are you involved in?

P.G.G: I was meant to be running the U14 Basketball, but after the first few practices, where the average attendance was 2.3, we scrapped it. As a newcomer, I thought at first that it was a personal thing, but it turned out that the Upper Middles have their games afternoon on a Tuesday, which was their league night. I have been involved quite a lot in Basketball at other levels, however.

Chr: And you're a house tutor too

P.G.G: Yes, although I would criticise myself

somewhat here as I've not put as much energy into the job as a tutor this year as I have before — it takes time to get used to a new system.

Chr: Did it take you a long time to get used to KES?

P.G.G: Yes, quite a while in some ways. It's a very relaxed system, but one of the problems is that Spanish is taught to a very small number and I was meeting only a small percentage of the school's population. As time went on and I became involved in other activities, and thus met a wider range of pupils, I felt more at home. Furthermore, when you teach one system for four years, you get used to the style of textbooks and the length of the lessons, and then when you change, you have problems — just little practical details: I found I was calling characters in books by names from the other course, and the boys didn't have a clue what I was talking about, for instance.

Chr: Mr Gunning, thank you.

Mr F.G.R. Fisher

In September 1974 those of us who had been in the line for some time noticed that the barrage seemed to have lifted. Cautiously we came out of our dugouts, gingerly stuck our heads over the parapet and asked each other was this a ceasefire or merely a lull before the next lot came over. No attack followed and gradually we realised that if the war wasn't entirely over the tactics were changing. In future it was to be a war of movement rather than a war of attrition. My justification for this rather irreverent military metaphor to introduce an appreciation of Mr Fisher is that, of course, there is always bound to be a tension of some kind between the man who runs anything and his immediate subordinates and that this tension can take different forms. In September 1974 we didn't know which form it was going to take.

The tall, elegant, grey-haired man, who looks and probably is tremendously fit, appears at first sight a typical mandarin figure. But closer acquaintance introduces complications. Admittedly the rapid and energetic walk has something vaguely Oxbridge donnish about it; but then one registers

the marked preference for light rather than dark suits, and you don't see many of them in Whitehall. One also finds out, in private conversation about any kind of school question or problem, that the priorities that inform Mr Fisher's observations are not by any means always those of the card-carrying administrator. If we continue to think of him in the mandarin category we shall have to alter the category. He keeps himself too near the realities of the situations which are in his ultimate control to be a simply administrative figure. He usually strives for consensus to a point which, some would say, is beyond what it should be; one would think that the thorough-going administrator would be less sensitive about riding rough-shod over other people's views and feelings than he is. He is a great 'enabler' rather than a charismatic leader figure and when one recollects the havoc that charismatic leaders have wrought in the world one is deeply grateful for the fact. He possesses what I think is a vastly valuable quality in a boss and that is the capacity for creative non-interference. He allows other people to do their jobs and thus ensures that they do them better than if he were breathing down their necks all the time. Indeed, one of Mr Fisher's main achievements has been to remove stress and tension from the atmosphere of the school. He has managed to ensure that, without any loss of excellence, KES is a much less heavy place than it was ten years ago. This change of style is as important as the more tangible evidences of change, the building of a biology block and installation of much computing kit and the complicated and delicate manoeuvrings that have accompanied the transition from direct grant to independent status.

One side of a headmaster's job is to be a front-man, to present the school to the outside world, and here Mr Fisher has been most successful. When he talked to people, groups of parents, for instance, he always got the tone right, informative, friendly, relaxed. He always seemed civilised and cultivated because he is, and he always made sure that his audience was aware that these qualities are valuable, indeed essential, in twentieth century society. It was characteristic that he formed a parents' association very soon after arrival and this, too, has done a great deal to civilise and benefit the school.

In the October of his last year at KES Mr Fisher

read a paper to the Commune — a Common Room discussion group — called, 'A Private Face in a Public Place'. The substance of the talk was autobiographical and its title expresses in a catchy phrase what he sees as the central paradox of his whole career. He made it plain that from his earliest years he had been a bit of a loner, and yet the part of his talk that was written with the most obvious gusto was his account of his years in the army between 1942 and 1945. This life was anything but solitary — and the same is true of the life of a schoolmaster. Headmasters, though lonely in the sense that it's always lonely at the top, live lives which involve public appearances, public decisions, public statements, negotiations and personal relations at every turn. He did not attempt to account for the two different sides of his own nature. Why should he have done? They are facts of character and together make him shrewd, sociable and sensitive which is a very good combination for those in power.

Mr Fisher's 'private face' takes account of his delight in nature, in the arts, in many outdoor pursuits — principally sailing — and these give a depth and reflectiveness to his activities in his public place; they add another dimension which must lead us to see that the mandarin image that we started with is superficial. Mr Fisher's private face leads him sometimes to complete conversations in a rather brisk and business-like way; it might therefore, come as a surprise to those who have not been to meetings of the Shakespeare Society to hear him sock his way into such parts as Falstaff and Shylock, both larger-than-life characters and both given splendidly larger-than-life readings by him. And perhaps, too, not everybody knows that in his time at KES he was never beaten at tennis by a school player, which for a man in his fifties is not bad. Another aspect of the central paradox in Mr Fisher's career is that he enjoyed teaching but did not like addressing boys from Sapientia in which it is practically impossible to talk like a human being. Mr Fisher felt this and did not feel easy there as he felt easy in a classroom.

We are losing a very successful and very civilised Chief Master who was frequently surprising us by being much wittier, much shrewder, much tougher and sharper than one at first thought. He was a very good listener and this made him very pleasant to work for. His personality is not the sort of which legends are made; he is not a card, nor an eccentric,

nor a whizz-kid, nor a masterful autocrat nor any of the other stereotypes of 'legendary' headmasters. Nor would he wish to be any of these. Instead he ran a complicated institution without fuss or drama, he made sure that everyone did his job properly and he was a force for the cultivation of intelligence, sensitivity and achievement in the school. Under him, the school for which he was responsible has prospered mightily and been very successful and most of its inmates have been happy for most of the time. You can't ask for much more than that.

Everybody knows that Mr Fisher will enjoy his new job (which we know he is keenly looking forward to because he has said so) and we hope that he and Mrs Fisher will enjoy themselves and thrive in their new environment. We shall miss them both and send them on their way with best wishes for success and happiness in London.

A.J.T.

William Traynor

Bill Traynor's first direct contact with KES was in the summer of 1934, when he played cricket for Bablake School on the Eastern Road Ground. Twelve years later — having acquired a Cambridge degree, a wife and an RAF commission in the meantime — he returned for good.

The story, doubtless apocryphal, goes of a young woman student of English at a certain provincial university, who regularly sat in the front row of the elderly professor's lectures with her note-book open and never writing a word. When he asked her one day why she took no notes she replied, "My mother was here thirty years ago." Now that sort of implicit criticism, although the time-scale is right, can in no way be levelled at Bill. Indeed, my son's Physics notes are very different from mine. The subject has changed very rapidly since the early 'fifties: more and more work that was once a degree course prerogative now turns up at O-Level; and the ability to calculate rapidly afforded by the silicon chip has radically affected many traditional experiments. So Physics changed and Bill changed with it — or more precisely, the material changed. Not for him the trendy classroom approach (what is an overhead projec-

tor?); he would never make it easy or trivial for the sake of attracting the customers. You came to Physics on Physics' terms and then came to love it or reject it.

Outside the classroom his considerable energies went into the CCF where for years he was in charge of the flourishing RAF Section. Suddenly pitchforked (at a month's notice) into assuming command of the contingent, he saw both numbers and enthusiasm grow and with them the state of training both military and adventurous. When he retired from the CCF in 1979 he was the last of the Old Guard in the corps who had seen war-time service.

With Bernard Guy he was for years the Kestrels — the staff cricket team. He kept wicket with an athleticism that even in his late fifties was the envy of many a younger colleague, and had the happy knack of being able to contribute quick runs more or less to order. He carries the battle-scars of all wicket-keepers — broken finger joints — but is also the proud owner of a unique artefact — the only extant Kestrels cricket cap, complete with badge. This badge was once described, as Bill just failed to take a sharp chance low down in front of first slip in vividly armorial terms as "Argent, a Kestrel dormant, on the ground, azure, all improper."

Amongst all this he managed to amass a substantial collection of butterflies. That interest gave way to one in medals and his displays of RAF medals, both singles and groups, have created much interest at successive CCF inspections. The association with militaria led again to an enthusiasm for antiques and (dare I say it?) bric-a-brac. True pragmatist that he is, you may well find Bill and Hilda at many local fairs — but on the dealer's side of the stall!

To them both we offer our thanks for a life-time of service and our best wishes for a long and (I do not doubt) prosperous retirement.

D.H.B.

David Haywood

It has been the custom for the Chief Master to invite new members of the Common Room to stand up in order to identify themselves at the first meeting of the academic year. It was in this way in September 1974 that we caught our first glimpse of

D.C. Haywood, the new Head of the Geographical Department — if not quite a Gulliver amongst Lilliputians at least testifying by his physical presence to the accuracy of the soubriquet Big Dave by which he was to be known in his time with us.

David Haywood came to KES from Brentwood School, Essex with a record of sporting achievement which seemed to be straight out of the pages of *Roy of the Rovers* or the *Boys' Own Paper*. Already an outstanding County and School Rugby player, he had captained the Nottingham High School XV from a position of wing three quarter — he had been injured in training at Cambridge and was advised to take up Soccer as a relaxation. Some relaxation! He won three Soccer Blues in succession, and went on to play Association Football at a serious level for Bishop's Stortford in later years and on a less elevated plane for Common Room teams in their occasional jousts against the Cartland Club. David's exploits in the Cricket field were no less remarkable. He was, and is, a naturally aggressive left-handed no. 5 batsman, with a marvellous eye and the straightest of bats. The greatest compliment one could pay to an up and coming batsman is that he strikes the ball like Mr Haywood.

Throughout his time at KES David has made a selfless contribution to the sporting life of the school, passing on his experiences of Rugby and Cricket to teams and individual players at all levels.

David has made an immense impression on the Geography Department as all who have experienced his drive, enthusiasm and efficiency will testify. His time at KES coincided with major changes in the O and A Level syllabus which he has seen through with great success; an early priority was the complete refurbishment of the Geography Rooms creating if not an imperium in imperio at least a well-stocked base camp for expeditions against unruly classes. In the classroom David expected high standards; he invariably got them by friendly but effective persuasion, and the remarkable number of VI Formers going forward as Scholars and Exhibitioners to Oxford and Cambridge is a tribute to his Scholarship and to his leadership of an enterprising department. It is no secret that the high spot of the Geographer's year has been the Field Course, reports of which have appeared regularly in the pages of the *Chronicle*. David is very proud of the fact that no fewer than

18 days a year — the vast majority at weekends or in school holidays — are taken up by Field Work at some stage of the School. Each will have been meticulously planned to the last detail. Equipped with iron rations, assorted geographical bric-a-brac and the obligatory 50 or so Banda sheets per person David's bionic parties have canvassed most of the uplands of Britain in the last eight years.

David Haywood is a professional schoolmaster and an outstanding sportsman, but it is as an organiser and educationalist that he really excels. His colleagues will long remember the quiet authority which he has brought to discussions on the details of school organisation and administration at Common Room and Head of Department meetings. Further responsibilities have been thrust on him as Assistant Chief Examiner (in Geography) for the Joint Matriculation Board and as Treasurer of the Birmingham branch of the Geographical Association. It was therefore no surprise that he should accept the appointment as Deputy Head of Dauntsey's School, Wiltshire where he will be able to develop his career further in the direction of school and educational administration. We wish him, his wife Meta and their little son Thomas every good fortune for the future.

D.J.B.

Steve Campbell

Steve Campbell was educated at R.G.S. Newcastle and Nottingham University. He then did his P.G.C.E. at Cambridge where he also gained a boxing blue, and moved to Oundle to learn his trade as a teacher. He joined the mathematics department at KES six years ago, and immediately made his mark in all areas of school life.

In the maths department, his work was both innovative and effective. His modern and practical approach was a most valuable influence in a rather traditional department, and the school is indebted to him for launching mathematical studies as well as for his contributions to computer studies.

The pastoral side of his work has always been one of his strong points. As a Levett house tutor, and more particularly as form-master of U.M.C., many boys have been kept on the straight and narrow as a result of Steve's quiet but authoritative counsel.

His contributions to the sporting life of the school have been immense. As a rugby coach, he was very clear in his appreciation of what was required in certain positions, always very shrewd in his deployment of the available talent — and very popular with the boys he coached. And who can forget his storming games for the Common Room, when, playing at flanker against his own 2nd XV, he plotted their downfall with skilful and powerful play. The fact that he picked both sides helped as well!

On rugby tours, as treasurer and financial adviser, he has been indispensable, and this year he proved resourceful too, when finding himself and three other players unable to get on the crowded train at New Street, he managed to get to Paris via a circuitous route, arriving within fifteen minutes of the main party.

It is a pity that a knee injury has forced his early retirement from rugby, though he still plays cricket well enough to star for the Kestrels and was looking hard at houses near Thetford Golf Course, which will be just along the road from the Grammar School where he goes as Head of Mathematics. KES will be losing a splendid schoolmaster who is full of sound advice and good humour, and always willing to help out in his quiet, calm and assured manner. It is as a valued friend, however, that those who really knew him will miss him most, and we wish him, his wife Linda and their children Ben and Nicola all good fortune in their future in Thetford.

D.C.E. and P.B.C.

Steven Marsh

Steven Marsh came to KES in September 1978 to teach Geography and Geology. With a background that included recent geological postgraduate research work at Birmingham University and brief teaching experience in Leamington he soon fitted into the new environment. His quiet manner was backed by a good knowledge of his subjects and he taught at all levels in the school, quickly gaining the respect of his pupils. He maintained the tradition of strong emphasis in both Geography and Geology on the field work aspects, assisting with courses in various areas from the Lake District down to Dorset. The many comments about his

driving along country lanes and his navigational ability in pouring rain through waist-high salt-marshes on the Dorset coast were always taken in good humour as a sign of affection from those who survived his trips!

His interest in his pupils and outdoor activities led to further occasional weekend trips and even to a week-long expedition to the Isle of Arran where he involved many different year groups in a wide variety of activities like climbing, cycling, fishing, and riding. On many of these trips he was joined and ably assisted by his wife Sue — another geographer.

In his short stay at KES Steve was a loyal and dedicated member of the department, sharing too in the responsibilities of Form Master in the Divisions year, running the Badminton options and helping to supervise the weather station reports. He left at Easter this year to work in Somerset for firms concerned with geophysical exploration, with an eye to eventually running a business in the wine trade! Future KES field courses are planning to make use of such facilities en route to the South West. In the meantime we wish both Steve and Sue all good fortune in their new ventures.

D.C.H.

Lydia Speller

Sadly for KES, Dr Lydia Speller has left for the U.S.A., where she is to teach Religion (sic) Studies at Lehigh University, Pennsylvania. Lydia came to us in 1980, after five years' research at Oxford into the fourth-century church father Ambrosiaster. She took her D. Phil in 1981. Her work with us, teaching Latin and Religious Studies, and being a house tutor in Cary Gilson, must have contrasted greatly with her research at Oxford, but she quickly, and apparently effortlessly, became acclimatised to teaching boys to appreciate the merits of Virgil and Tacitus, and to talk sensibly about religious ideas. Though Lydia was concerned in class to convey the essential seriousness of the issues of Greek mythology, Latin literature and the world religions, yet I, for my part, remain envious that, whenever I passed her room, or interrupted her lesson, there was a clearly discernible sense of enthusiasm and enjoyment, with laughter and fun never far below

the surface.

Lydia loves and enjoys people, life and learning, and couldn't have done more to obliterate our stereotype of the brash, go-getting, throat-cutting, selfish American. In the short space of two years, she put to shame the more lazy amongst us by master both those ubiquitous machines of our day, the 'Cube' and the 'Apple', while still finding time and energy to enrich the world of patristic learning. She has challenged us from Sapientia to think afresh on the pressing social and moral issues of today, and outside school, she has been a lay reader at St Mary's Church, Selly Oak, and has taken an active part in the Birmingham Diocesan Readers' Training Course. And yet few school events have escaped her appreciative, sensitive comment. Perhaps more significantly, she has never been short of time to offer hospitality to her many friends in the Common Room. Those evenings spent at the home of Lydia and her husband John were splendid.

Lydia has left Birmingham, of which she quickly became very fond, for Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. The Doctors Speller will surely have a great future in their new home, quickly winning as many friends as they leave behind in Birmingham.

R.T.

Don Dewar

In the long history of KES there cannot have been many twin brothers on the teaching staff, but this did occur when Don Dewar joined the school for a year in September, 1981, teaming up with Duncan who has been here since 1974.

Don tackled his teaching of maths and science with enthusiasm, and was always ready to give help to those who were having problems. He was also involved with the U12 XV, helping to convert enthusiasm to skill.

We wish him well in his new job at Tudor Grange School, Solihull.

D.R.H.

Clive Jenkins

One of my first, self-appointed, Friday afternoon tasks at KES, in the Autumn Term of 1980, was to wade through the Upper Dressing Room and try to impose some order upon the heaps of costumes, props, grime and miscellaneous unmentionable items that had gathered there over the years. It was during one such dusty afternoon that I uncovered a blue School jumper, and, feeling generous, tried to trace its owner. The name tag bore the legend 'Clive Jenkins'. I learnt, however, that Clive had been gone from the School three years or more, and so left the jumper where I'd found it.

I'm glad to say that Clive and his jumper have now been reunited, since he returned to KES in the capacity of a schoolmaster in May 1982, gamely taking up all the jobs left vacant by Giles Evans's absence on study leave. And what good jobs he made of them too! He leaves us again now, and is hoping to teach abroad for a while: I am sure that his experiences at KES — as master and boy — will stand him in good stead. We wish him every success.

K.J.B.

Meta Haywood

KES at Easter acquired a duo to rival the formidable Tennicks when Meta joined the Geography Department, and her husband, at the chalk-face (video-face?), teaching Geology and Geography part-time. Undeterred by David's new official authority over her, or the daunting prospect of preparing a hundred strange, and no longer eager, faces for imminent examinations, she quickly demonstrated her firm control in quelling all latent mischief by a devastating blend of darkening brow and gentle mothering. Thomas, their young son, seemed to thrive on being temporarily orphaned and took every opportunity to add rattle noises to the slow grinding sounds of nearby pupil brains.

I am sure that Meta re-discovered the sometimes doubtful joys of direct classroom teaching after her years of supervising others as an Education lecturer, and fear that David has stoked a rather enthusiastic fire that even he as a Deputy-Head-

master will be unable to subdue. I know that all the boys benefited from their term of a new stimulation and hope that the Haywood Empire suffers little distance decay as it moves to the prehistory of Salisbury Plain.

P.M.S.

New Members of Staff

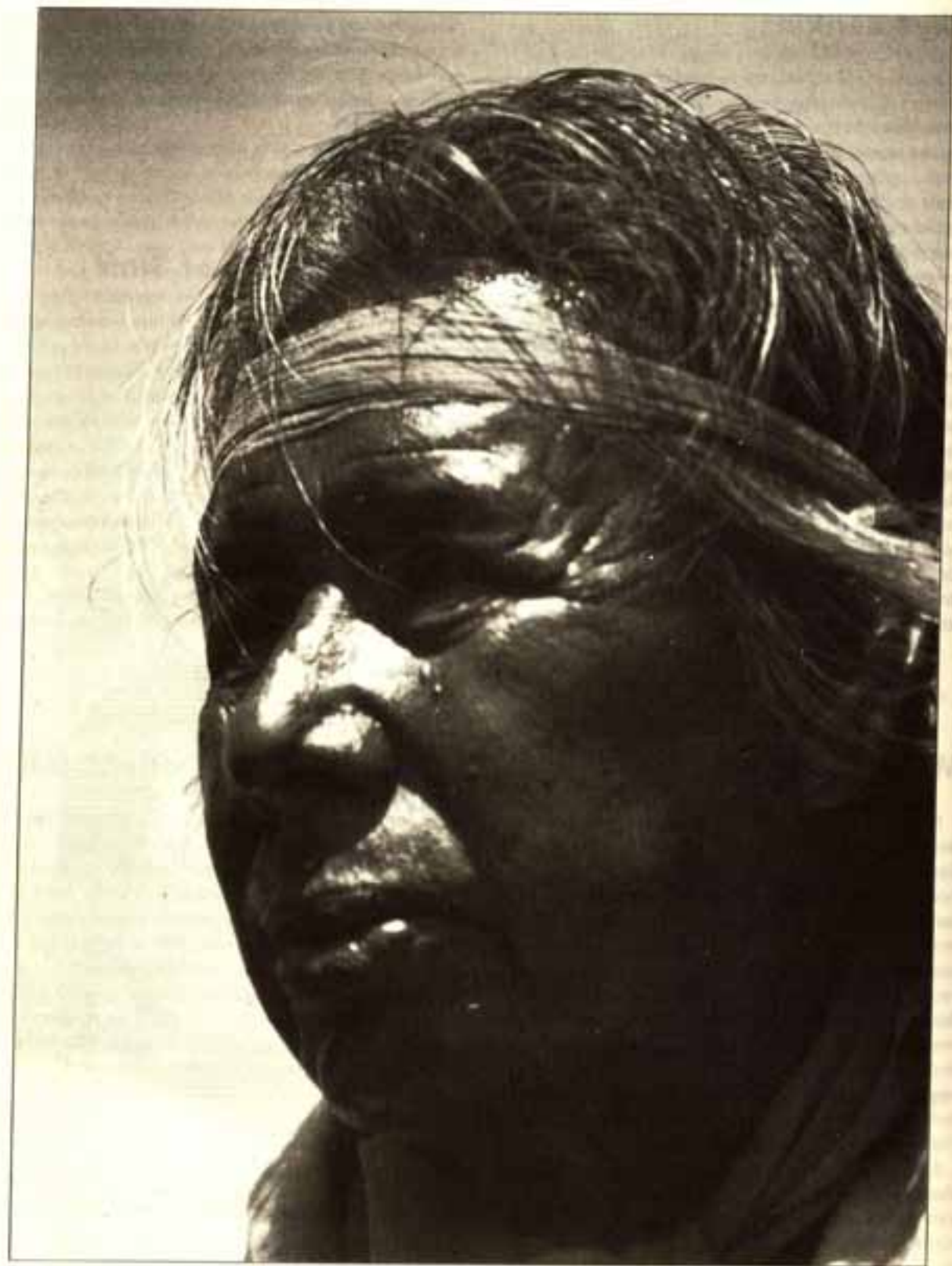
On behalf of the school, the Editors would like to welcome to the Common Room:

Dr D.M. Rowson
Dr D.A. Wilson
A.G. Jones
D.J. Burney
A. Shackleton
J.A. Cumberland
M. Roden

Physics
Physics
Maths
Economics
Classics
Head of Geography
Geography



Illustration by: Jonathan Hollow, IV G.



Photograph: Mark Embley, VW

D R A M A



THE WINTER'S TALE



The play is simple in conception, yet difficult to produce owing to the stark division of pace, tone, and setting between the court and pastoral scenes; the former being dour and melancholy, the latter, light and, on the whole, happy. How to balance these two distinct moods is the ambitious nightmare of the director and the potential graveyard of actors' performances. Add to this the perennial difficulties associated with Shakespeare of metre and rhetoric and Mr Trott's task might be seen as an unenviable one. The extent of his success must be measured against the ambition of the production and the great inherent problems.

In the court scenes, two diminutive actors excelled: Kevin Cotter, as Leontes, and Rebekah Platt as Paulina. The former raged with vehemence and mourned with feeling as his part demanded; the latter gave a most assured and poised performance as a battle-axe with a heart of gold-plated steel. Jo Woodall's Hermione was so promiscuous with Polixenes that she might count herself lucky to get a trial at all, and yet she had a pretty stage presence, and in the main, judged her tone to a nicety. Chris Weston, as Camillo, is always a pleasure to listen to, if only he could find somewhere convenient to put his body between speeches. Richard Hitchcock, as Antigonus, was

particularly effective in his sharp exchanges with Paulina, and indeed the liveliest acting occurred when these two were on stage with Leontes, arguing over the fate of the infant Perdita.

In the pastoral scenes, Matthew Banks played the clown with an unselfconscious exuberance which dispelled the bitter aftertaste of the court scenes. He was fought over, with a contrived eroticism, by Stephanie Bird and Anne Hynes, whose cavortings swamped the more relevant dialogue between Perdita and Florizel. It is upon these two that the optimism of the play rests; however, Alastair James and Christabel Dunstan were too tentative to be convincing in their rôles. For the most part they seemed content to deliver their speeches to each others' feet in an unlit corner while the peasants rampaged upstage.

Peter Fraser was a powerful Autolycus, and, although sometimes misdirecting his passion in singing and acting, he often achieved a conspiratorial relationship with the audience. Indeed, this was a production which rarely failed to keep its audience involved or at least interested. There will always be some awkward pauses, cues slowly picked up or tripped over, and yet the major actors showed remarkable flair in the deft interplay of their dialogue.

One cannot perform with assurance if one has no confidence in the set; despite the magnificent banner frontispiece and untold 'boy-hours' of frantic labour, cracks were bound to appear. Hence the difficulties on the first night, when the actors' performances suffered in clarity and quality owing to risk to life and limb. In the final analysis, perhaps a comparison between set and overall production might be made: both were highly ambitious, brilliant in places, but both were apt to fall apart at times.

Humphrey Gyde, Class. VI

The Caucasian Chalk Circle

Is Brecht too highbrow, or are juniors too lowbrow? What kept the numbers in the audience at this year's junior play so pitifully thin?

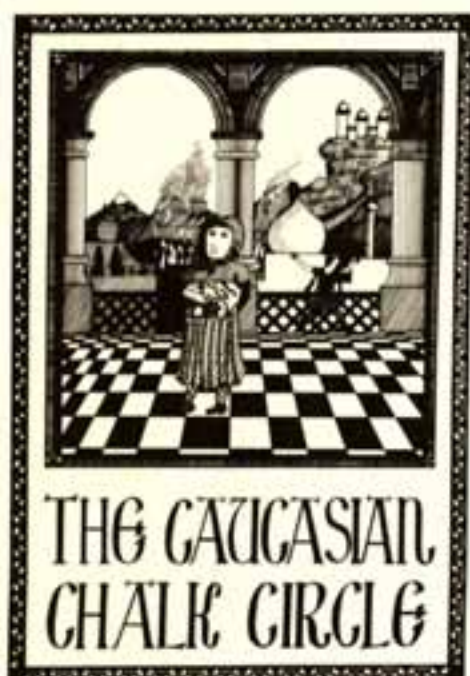
Those who did come were treated to an interesting evening. The play was ambitious, but in many ways well chosen. It is a parable, and by cutting the Prologue Miss Barnett was clearly emphas-



Photographs: Humphrey Gyde, Class VI



Photograph : Mark Embley, VW



ising the play's quality as a story in its own right rather than stressing Brecht's political allegory. A servant girl Grusha finds the Governor's son abandoned by its mother in her flight from the burning city after a revolution has executed the Governor himself. Grusha's act of compassion in taking up the child leads to her struggles in the mountains, evading the Ironshirts who want the Governor's heir dead. To protect the child she says it is hers, even marrying a malingerer supposedly on his death-bed. But he leaps into oppressive life as soon as he hears that the wars are over, and thus Grusha's own romance with the soldier Simon is threatened. Jane Jevon played Grusha with appropriate simplicity, winning sympathy with her affection for the child.

James Dunstan and Ruth Wilkinson as the Singers who tell the parable which the episodes then enact gave just the right degree of formality and lyricism to the production style. Particularly effective was the scene when Grusha and Simon meet again with a river between them and each thinks words they do not speak, but which the Singers express for them. Brecht's intention of taking us close to characters, but keeping us still at sufficient distance to be able to make judgements about them was thus most artistically fulfilled.

The episodic nature of the play gave an opportuni-

ty for many people to take part in the various groups that Grusha meets — and, later, in the court scenes. Particularly memorable was the nicely detailed and executed scene with Andrew Allen and Sarah Benn as a peasant couple unwittingly caught up in the saga. Richard Wood, his rôle as the Governor truncated early on in the proceedings, was resurrected as a monk running marriages at a cheap rate and with great relish in the scene where Grusha marries. William Downing, too, timed his literal return to health from his death-bed to excellently comic effect.

The sequence of scenes up to the interval could, however, have had greater momentum, and this would have helped to give the second half of the play more impetus. Brecht requires the audience to make a completely new start: the revolution is followed from a new angle. Azdak becomes the central character and the theme of justice comes to the forefront. In his sympathy for the oppressed, Azdak ironically assists the disguised Grand Duke to escape, but in seeking to be punished for this, finds himself elected judge of Grusinia by the people. As judge, he turns the usual way of looking at things upside down. He is comic in the drunken logic with which he finds in favour of the oppressed and against the rich. But the political message is also strongly presented in the inversion of the tyrannical values of the Grand Duke and his flunkies. Max Carlish rose to the demands of this complex rôle with considerable verve and stage presence. In many ways his performance lifted the acting onto a new level. He conveyed excellently the earthiness of Azdak, thus bringing a vital sensuality to the play. Undoubtedly this is intended by Brecht, but fleshiness was diluted elsewhere by the fact that the play had to be adapted for junior acting. Occasionally, however, Carlish's Azdak became garbled, and he must also discipline the exuberance which led him to add witticisms of his own to Brecht's considered characterisation. Azdak would not have had the intellectual sophistication to distinguish between a Circle and a Caucasian Chalk 'Ellipse'!

It is splendid to see the Junior play continuing to involve so many people on stage, behind scenes and working on costumes; and to see them working on such a worthwhile text. I am sure all involved share the audience's gratitude to Miss Barnett, Mr Hosty, Mrs Shipway and also to those boys who composed, arranged and played the music vital to the play's style.

G.E.E.



LADY AUDLEY'S
SECRET



A Melodrama
in two Acts
by C.H. Haylewood

Congratulations must first be directed towards Mrs Sims for having the courage to produce and stage a festival of glorious ham acting, as character after character overcame self-respect and sacrificed creditability in the cause of comic melodrama. The lighting and stage design were functional and unostentatious, while the choice of costumes was most felicitous: ham melodrama requires ham costume, and Robert Audley's swirling cape, Sir Michael Audley's gentry tweed and Lady Audley's black veil and scarlet coat all added immeasurably to the aura of melodrama. The musicians are to be praised too, and especially Claire Whiteside.

What, then, of the acting? Sarah James, as the femme fatale, Lady Audley, started hesitantly, but, as the play progressed, her evil evolved, and as the audience jovially hissed at her every entrance, she grew a great deal more assured. Matthew Banks, as the hero Robert Audley, was another who started slowly, but was equally impressive in the second half of the play, particularly in his comic timing of the play's glorious asides. Another experienced actor, Ken Macnab, played the aged, stupid, but well-meaning old dodderer, Sir Michael. Ken clearly relished the part, and turned in a very enjoyable performance.

Two minor criticisms of the production: The first

concerns the crowd scenes (seemingly featuring a refugee Rentamob from *The Winter's Tale*), which seemed to be somewhat confused; and the second concerns the comic timing, so important if one wishes to satirise effectively, and which was somewhat lacklustre and slow in the first half.

Overall, however, a 'good night was had by all' and where we mindless spectators hissed at Lady Audley, we cheered for Robert. Audience participation on this scale is rare in a school play, and where one watches and admires other productions from a sense of duty, here one was inspired by a simple sense of delight in the action onstage — perhaps the greatest achievement of this memorable production.

Peter Fraser, Hist.VI

At Intervals:
The Syndicate Play



This year saw the production of one of the best syndicate plays in years — as the Chief Master acknowledged. The combined directing talents of Kevin Cotter, Juliet Heacock and Peter Fraser produced a very high standard of drama from a group of non-actors, half-actors and actors, while Simon Clarke made a very good job of the production itself.

The first half of the performance was composed of six sketches involving a small number of players. Ruth Coates and Jim Horton were first on the stage as a pair of actors playing a Scottish couple. In the second sketch Christabel Dunstan acted out a monologue of a lady trying to save a seat at a theatre for a friend, and she generated both humour and pathos. The other pieces inspired impressive acting from, among others, Steph Saul and Bekah Platt, who gave a convincing performance as an understudy, enchanting in her bitchiness.

However, the high point of the first half (and arguably of the evening as a whole), was the home-produced Kevin Cotter version of the traditional Harlequin mime. Kevin was in his element as Scaramouche, the clown, here a cheerful Cockney trying to engage the participation of a somewhat reserved audience. Lesley Cotton made a stunning Columbine and Lakshmi Deshpande produced appreciative laughs as the bustling and miserly mother. Ruth Coates was a colourful, lithe and tantalising Harlequin, but it was Mike Conefry who astounded us all with an interpretation of the tragicomic figure of Pierrot, the naïve lover, that was by turns funny, sad and moving. (He played the "guitar-shaped lute" nicely too!)

In the second half, we saw a one-act play by Terence Rattigan, *Harlequinade*, a farce on theatrical life. David Williams played the central part of Arthur Gosport with masterly assurance. He demonstrated a good understanding of an actor too involved in his own world to realise that he has committed bigamy. Libby Armstrong complemented David with a stylish piece of acting. Michael Isaacs, as his namesake Jock, the stage manager, injected local colour (with his authentic accent) and welcome pace into the performance — and these more than made up for his stage fright when confronted with his fiancée, played very nicely by Hilary Birks. Other good performances came from Mandy Thomas as Gosport's daughter, and Tom Downing, as her husband. Jim Horton pranced effectively as an effete actor, and Pete Coombs was amusing as the naïve young actor trying out his first ever line.

Altogether the company produced an evening of drama that was enterprising, entertaining and polished, even if the fragmentation of a common theme was a little lost on those of us in the audience.

Jon Andrews, Mod.Lang.VI



Photographs: Humphrey Gyde, Class.VI

K. E. S. Orchestra

at King Edward's School,
Edgbaston

by **BARRIE GRAYSON**
Birmingham Post Music
Critic

These days, I never cease to be delighted by the standards attained by young musicians. When I heard that the joint first orchestra of King Edward's School and King Edward's High School, conducted by Peter Bridle, were presenting Shostakovich's Symphony No. 12 in D minor (*The Year 1917*) I admit that I thought it would be impossible to meet such a challenge.

How wrong can one be? In the event, the confident, convincingly musical playing by these talented young musicians gave the performance stature and exciting dramatic impact. The music is fiercely difficult but, in addition to technical problems, Shostakovich's overtly propagandist symphony, an evocation of the Revolution of October 1917,

can easily go over the top into bombast and banality. This performance did neither, for Peter Bridle kept tight emotional control to which the orchestra responded with intelligent enthusiasm.

The four movements, played without a break require wide ranging changes of mood, and if the second section, *Razliv*, something of a portrait of Lenin did not quite gel, the fault lay with the incredibly dull music at that point. Otherwise, this was an outstanding performance and one of three.

Bizet's *Carmen Suites* No. 1 and 2, sparkling and noticeable for some excellent solo playing established the character of the pieces with freshness and estimable orchestral polish. To accompany a top flight soloist offers another testing challenge. Tchaikovsky's *Variations on a Rococo Theme*, with Naomi Butterworth as soloist, became a virtuosic tour-de-force for her, and as she received a wholly sensitive response, a further triumph for the orchestra who had provided a most rewarding programme.

KES/KEHS JOINT FIRST ORCHESTRA CONCERT

FEB 26TH AT 7.30 PM

IN BIG SCHOOL



FEATURING
SHOSTAKOVICH'S SYMPHONY
OF THE OCTOBER REVOLUTION
tickets £1.50 (TSP DAPS and students)

M U S I C

DREAM of GERONTIUS



SUNDAY, MARCH 1960
7.45 pm
at
BIRMINGHAM TOWN HALL

CHORAL CONCERT TO MARK THE
RETIREMENT OF THE CHIEF
MASTER

Dream of Gerontius

...at Birmingham Town Hall

It seems incredible now that in 1900, Elgar's choral masterpiece *The Dream of Gerontius* should have been a fiasco at its premiere in Birmingham. But it was, through a variety of circumstances, not least that the choir, unsympathetic to Newman's theology and Elgar, patently refused to rehearse properly.

Indeed the basses were reported as guilty of buffoonery. For two years, Elgar was convinced that *Gerontius* was too difficult to perform.

Without decrying its difficulties, *The Elgar Idium*, as his choral style in the work described, our modern large choirs can sing the piece as a matter of course. But this performance was different, excitingly fresh and very moving as it was sung by a chorus of young people drawn from the six schools of the

King Edward's Foundation, directed by Gordon Sill, a musician who has the gift of producing magnificent performance standards from young people.

On this occasion, the combined singers rose to the occasion with aplomb and they were admirably supported by a professional orchestra full of familiar faces.

Richard Morton is a new *Gerontius*, commanding all the necessary dramatic power and fluent ease that the part demands. And Brian Rayner Cook and Catherine Denley are tried and true soloists in the work. So we had strength built on strength and I can be excused for saying that this performance was, in the end, a personal triumph for the splendid chorus work, where sensitivity and reserves of tonal power gave this *Gerontius* a thrilling emotional impact. Well done indeed.

BARRIE GRAYSON

Fine Arts Brass Ensemble Concert

Consisting of Andy Culshaw and Bryan Allen on trumpet, Stephen Roberts on French Horn, Simon Hogg on trombone and Owen Slade on tuba, the Ensemble gave us a refreshingly different repertoire. This Birmingham-based group has many concert engagements up and down the country; the Music Society was very lucky to bring their exciting vitality to King Edward's School. The five are all outstanding in their own right, and together they blended impeccably for most of the evening.

Hamish Nuttall, Class.VI

Advent Carol Service Chapel Choir — December 1981

The Chapel Choir is an organisation which is not given much recognition by the rest of the school, I sometimes feel. Whereas plays and concerts are usually fully booked, a chapel choir service remains half full. This is a pity since, in a religious setting or not, it is always a fruitful musical experience.

This was the case with the Advent Carol Service. Dr Homer and the choir again produced a performance seemingly well beyond the potential of the individuals involved. With contrasting carols such as *All This Time* by William Walton and the *Sans Day Carol* arranged by Willcocks, the choir exploited to the full the range of music available.

This year, as an innovation, Dr Homer produced his own very successful arrangement of *I*

sing of a Maiden.

The congregation, mainly consisting of masters and parents, joined in lustily in the singing of the hymns, while the readings, very professionally performed, rounded off the evening. Finally thanks are due to David Bruce-Payne who was his usual professional self in the accompaniment on the organ.

So when you hear of a performance by the Chapel Choir, do give it a try.

Hamish Nuttall, Class.VI

Christmas Concert



Once again the crowds rolled up to the Christmas Concert in their droves, so the step of performing two nights had to be repeated. Tickets still proved as elusive as those to the Last Night of the Proms and the enthusiasm generated was equally electric.

Following a lusty singing of *Hark the Herald Angels Sing* all of the school's many musical groups except First Orchestra and Choral Society appeared

with suitably popular and harmless music. The Second Orchestra under Mr Bridle bashed their way gleefully through three pieces, including a Christmas medley by that well-known composer, Steve Applebaum. Miss Douglas's Madrigal Group followed, whose treble-like tone represented the best music of the evening in four Morley *Canzonets*.

To close the first half the massed forces of the Junior Wind Band stormed Big School and played with a competence which thrilled the audience and scared their elders. Having played *Jingle Bells* to Rock 'n Roll rhythm, they were joined by eight members of staff playing typewriters. There were some virtuoso performances — D.J.B. proved a second Ashkenazy and G.E.E. hammered the keys unmercifully, yet R.T. found the going too tough and had to be replaced for the second night.

Suitably plied with coffee, the audience filed back to hear the Chapel Choir and the Brass Ensemble co-operate in a hearty mixture of the famous *Away In a Manger* and the obscure Walton's *All This Time*. The boys' enthusiasm was obvious, even if the pitch occasionally wandered.

Finally, the Concert Band rolled on and played loudly and quickly enough to thrill all, especially themselves, and the sparkling trumpeting of Mark Whiteway, Jon Ager and Duncan McNaughton in *Trumpets Wild* was truly breathtaking. Having sung *O Come all ye Faithful* everyone returned home overwhelmed by Christmas spirit and the sheer depth of talent with which we are blessed.

Ken Macnab, Hist.Div.

Recital by Peter Donohoe
Monday 7th June 1982

".... With his superlative technique, encore after encore flowed from his magisterial fingers and mind."

This enthusiastic review from the normally staid *Daily Telegraph* greeted Peter Donohoe's victory in the Seventh International Tchaikovsky Competition. We at King Edward's were privileged to hear part of his Moscow programme only two days before he flew out to Russia to begin the preliminary rounds of the competition. And what a programme! The music ranged from Bach to Stravinsky and Tippett, for which he reserved the comment which he usually makes after 'difficult' modern works. Responding to a smattering of polite applause — "There, I knew you'd like it!"

In the end, following monumental performances of Prokofiev's *Sonata No 6* and Three Movements from *Petrushka* by Stravinsky, we did like it. We did not shower him with flowers or chant his name in the streets at four in the morning as they were to in Moscow a month later, but we did leap to our feet to acknowledge what we knew would become a memorable occasion for us all.

G.R.S.

KES Jazz Duo

At 1.30 pm on the 21st May members of KES and KEHS packed out a small music room in the girls' school to hear a recital given by Joe Thompson and Ginny Barber on piano and sax-

ophone respectively. Introduced by Helen Divett as the 'KES Jazz Duo', they gave a performance which both displayed great technical skill and spread an infectious enjoyment of the music to the audience. The pieces played ranged from songs by Gershwin and Irving Berlin to famous rock pieces and the Pink Panther and Muppett themes. Both members of the Duo were rather taken aback by the rapturous applause at the end and were forced to give in to vociferous demands for an encore, the audience not allowing them to escape until they had played one. Altogether a very well-spent lunch-hour.

Jon Andrews, Mod.Lang.VI

Music for Choir and Brass at St Paul's, Hockley

Dr Homer had chosen a technically ambitious programme for this concert, including Vaughan Williams's *O Clap your Hands* and Stravinsky's *Ave Maria*, and he succeeded, despite variations in pitch and aberrations in enunciation from the trebles, in extracting performances that were both sensitive and ebullient. This latter characteristic was exemplified by a 'stout' rendition of Quilter's *Non Nobis Domine*. Jeremy Davies sang Mendelssahn's *Lord God of Abraham* and Bach's *Quia Fecit* with perfect style and expression.

Bryan Allen also chose an adventurous programme, which consisted notably of Hazell's *Three Brass Cats*. Mr Allen himself played in Gabrieli's *Canzon Cornetto*, a piece that

exploited the church's spectacular acoustics, as well as capitalising on KES's superb brass section. Despite a lack of concentration in the middle section of the piece (redeemed heroically by Jon Ager), I was impressed by the great clarity of tone, and for the most part, faultless co-ordination. The whole evening was greatly enjoyed by both audience and performers, and I should like to thank Dr Homer, Mr Allen, Owen Slade and Canon Stevens for making the whole event possible.

Max Carlish, IV.N.

Summer Concert 1982

This year's Summer Concert took place on the fine evening of July 2nd. The weather seemed to improve the mood of the audience and to prepare them for the pot-pourri of music they were to receive.

The Joint Second Orchestra began the concert, and the piece that really sticks in my mind was Chabrier's *Espana*. The KEHS Junior Choir, directed by Christine Douglas, then performed four folk-songs in a most stylish manner. The 'lollipop' of the four *The Wee Cooper of Fife* probably gained the best audience reaction due to its humorous nature and was as noteworthy for Peter Bridle's virtuoso piano-playing as for the accurate singing of the choir. The Joint Wind Band conducted by Peter Bridle ended the first half with a selection of pieces of which the most interesting was an arrangement of Brahms's *Hungarian Dance No 1*.

The second half began with the Joint Concert Band directed by Gordon Sill. They performed a new version of the now famous *Buglers' Holiday* with six trumpets — Mark Whiteway, Jonathan Ager, Duncan McNaughton, Jonathan Hyett, Mark Cooper and David Derry. Their playing was received with rapturous applause which led the Concert Band into their last official item, *Fantasy on British Sea Songs* by Gordon Langford. This brought to mind the Last Night of the Proms, a feeling which was to return later in the programme.

After an encore, the Joint First Orchestra took the platform. They began with a selection of Strauss waltzes and ended the evening with what should have been an audience participation piece, Elgar's *Pomp and Circumstance March No. 1, Land of Hope and Glory*. However, Peter Bridle informed the audience that since one member of the Common Room had threatened to walk out if this was sung and that he did not know the words anyway, the performance would be unsung. There was no escaping the demanded encore, however, and the audience, proving that they at least knew the words, raised the roof of Big School. The occasion for me was made by Martin Cooper waving a Union Jack from the gallery — indeed a true KES last night.

Jeremy Davies, O.E.

Syndicate Concert

Many talented musicians got together this year to produce

an original and varied concert. The evening began with Vivaldi's *Concerto in A Minor* for



Two Violins, arranged by Peter Bridle and Gerald Lowe. The soloists, William Newell and Gerald Lowe, played with admirable confidence and polish. This was followed by 'The Optional Wind Group', who played four little pieces by Ludwig Mautner to demonstrate that the rumour that nothing happens on Friday afternoons in the Music School was untrue. This was the first appearance of a 'learner-director', Stephen Twigg.

I felt that Lakshmi Deshpande did very well to stay in control amidst the flurry of flying sticks, when she played a short, vivacious xylophone piece called *Sparks*. She attacked the recurring theme of the piece with fresh style each time, and seemed at the end both surprised and relieved as she received some very enthusiastic applause. Jeremy Davies then conducted a competent choir which sang *Brightly dawns our Wedding Day* from *The Mikado*, and the audience was invited to join in with the English version of *I am et Semper Bullas Spiro*.

The concert closed with some jazz numbers, featuring 'The Big Band', which started off with Ginny Barber playing the saxophone, ably accompanied by Joe Thompson on piano and Peter Ardiffe on drums, and ended up with four trumpets, four trombones, four saxophones, a piano, double bass and drums. This was the main event of the concert and proved to be very popular with the audience, who were further refreshed after the concert by the wine served outside. A very enjoyable evening altogether.

James Dunstan, IV.W.



Matthew Kempshall, Class. VI

BOND PRIZE FOR ILLUSTRATION

ART EXHIBITION 1982

This year's exhibition showed a greater emphasis on the work of the upper part of the school, partly because of the relatively large size of the A-level Art group, and partly because of the size and quantity of the work they produced. This was certainly due to the teach of Art History instead of Architecture as the theoretical third of their Art A-Level — for the first, and possibly last, time for some years. The greater knowledge of the theory of painting made the group bolder in approach, more sure of themselves and generally more eager to 'paint'.

As usual there was little work representing the first year A-Level group, as this is a year when a lot is learnt but little 'finished' work produced. What was shown, however, was very promising. Paul Edgington displayed his competent handling of pastels in a traditional landscape (perhaps he'll use a different medium one day), and Andrew Downes showed enterprising use of material in a study of swimming pool water: paint was built up with a palette knife and then glazed over with inks, creating a rich, deep texture representing the water, contrasted by the flat rectangle of a diving board.

Those Divisions and Sixths not taking A-Level Art were well represented. Technical skill was displayed by Anderson's illuminated poem and Kempshall's illustrated book jacket. Some of the most enjoyable work was produced by those seniors who had approached the subject from an artistic rather than a technical angle: Simon Prosser had some of his lively abstracts on display, together with a lovely series of pastels by William Newell. In the Divisions, Jeremy Southall showed himself to be unpretentious and sensitive, with a series of studies of swimming pool water. Joe Gallivan's objects accompanied by personal manifestoes on art brought the exhibition down to earth and showed that intellect doesn't die in the Art Department.

A development in the Ceramics section was the display of work by the newly created fourth year O-Level group. They covered a table with creatively well-made pieces. We should see new heights reached in pottery at King Edward's as this group moves up the School.

The Photography section displayed the usual range of holiday snaps through to the most self-

conscious Fine Art Photography, many people managing to combine the two. A few individual photographs stood out above the others including a close-up of an Indian's face by Mark Embley, and the front of a train by Humphrey Gyde.

Finally, many thanks to Mr Ashby for giving us this opportunity to view each other's work, after what has been for him a very hectic year, and also to Mr Whitworth and Mr Hopley for their work and help during the year.

Andrew Swanl, Art VI.

ISLE OF MAN

An exhibition about the Manx by Chris Killip
(toured by the Arts Council)

In the first half of the Autumn Term the school was privileged to have on show in the top corridor an exhibition of photographs of the people of the Isle of Man and their land. Simon Prosser reviewed the exhibition:

Chris Killip's photographs are a ray of light through the keyhole, a glimpse of the truth, a narrow insight into the spirit of the place. There is no warmth in the pictures, nothing enticing or welcoming; perhaps this is the distancing effect of the photograph, perhaps it arises from the hermetic nature of the subject itself. The landscape is bleak and uninviting, empty and grey, bare hills and scratched trees. All the pictures are taken in winter: they give a frisson of chill which complements the mystery of the island.

The people appear no more penetrable than the landscape: simple faces, rubbed smooth as pebbles, cross-hatched about the eyes, betraying nothing. The faces seem raw with impressionability, like the hill-slopes, and ingrained with the slow processes of time: people who have the trick of endurance. There is a measured intelligence behind the blank suspicion, and coolness behind smile.

The effect of the photographs is quiet and almost understated: there is nothing here to shock. The aesthetic appeal is obvious, but the exhibition may also be didactic — an insight into a community.

Simon Prosser, Geog.VI
Jon Andrews, Mod.Lang.VI

REPORTS TRIPS & FEATURES



Photograph: Humphrey Gyde, Class.VI



Montage: Nicholas Milowych, IV.W

Thoughts on Speech Day

We prefects were briefed to arrive at a quarter past ten and various pairs were assigned various pre-speech day duties. By five to eleven all was ready for lift-off. All? Well, nearly: one minor hiccup was that the guest speaker, Lord Goodman, did not appear to have arrived. However, at the appointed time, the show went on the road, guest speaker or no.

Programme:

National Anthem (no Lord Goodman)

Quatercentenary Song (no Lord Goodman)

Chief Master's Address (no Lord Goodman)

Finally, however, and with impeccable timing, the guest speaker made his entrance, much to the relief of the Bailiff, who had been metaphorically left with the baby. After distributing the prizes, Lord Goodman gave a refreshingly candid talk in which he admitted to having had no particular previous knowledge of King Edward's. He mitigated this near blasphemy, however, by recognizing at a glance the qualities of the Chief Master. He spoke with gusto and without notes and stressed the importance of maintaining a wide range of interests, and promised, perhaps ominously a 'special welcome' at University College for all boys from KES.

Then came Jon Ingham's speech thanking Lord Goodman, during which all the prefects could be seen, head in hands, praying that he would remember all his words; that the frequent pauses between words, and often within them, were in fact, deliberate.

The dignitaries then left, and we all breathed a sigh of relief that, despite one minor hiccup, the event had gone as planned.

Paul Goodson, Sci.VI.1A

The Geography/Geology Field Trip to Pembrokeshire

23rd — 24th October

After arriving at KES last September, I had no idea what to expect from my first Geography field course. I had heard that the Department's organisation was of the highest quality, and we were on our way exactly on time as half-term began. The journey to South Wales was broken by a

short stop at Builth Wells. The day's only casualties were a leaking fuel pipe and David Higgitt, who, ill with the destination in sight, made a valiant dive for the window, which everyone appreciated, especially those in the firing line. The hotel provided us with luxury accommodation and food, and the first evening was typical, with a study session followed by watching TV in the bedroom or challenging the staff to pool and space invaders.

The following morning began with a scintillating sandwich-making session and a large breakfast. Work began on the Cam Llidi Peninsular, where we saw fine examples of dolerite sills — and got soaked in the process. After lunch we were persuaded (with some difficulty) that we were looking at a glacial outwash channel at Porthclais inlet. Further stops to study the magnificent coast at Solva and the storm beach at Newgale were punctuated by rain. The long walk back along the cliffs revealed a good view of the Sleek Stone, a plunging anticline on the foreshore better known as the 'Swiss Roll' by those on the course. Russell Finch made this his Mecca each morning, whetting his appetite for a mixed grill.

On Sunday, Mr Benett's experience brought us to Flimston Cliffs. The Green Bridge of Wales impressed everybody, even Mr Haywood as he exhorted his nine-month-old son to "do a field sketch". Thomas managed a little chuckle which Russell understood if no-one else did. At exactly midnight, four of the party claimed a sighting of a UFO, but it failed to re-appear, though the flaring-off of the Milford Haven oil refineries often lit the night sky.

Monday saw a major breakdown in organisation when Messrs Benett and Russell got separated from the rest of the party for the whole day, which turned out to be most relaxing with the geological experts abandoned and an examination of the gradient of Tenby Beach completed with the aid of an 8-a-side soccer match.

The last morning dawned with the grim prospect of returning to Birmingham. Following the brief ritual stop at the Brecon Beacons, where we failed to lose anyone, we finally set off up the M50 to arrive back exactly on time again! Our thanks are due to Mr, Mrs and Thomas Haywood, Mr Slijvic and Helen, and Mr Benett.

Peter Nienow, Geog.Div.

V Form Field Trip to North Wales

October 1981

Remember that fearsome storm in October, when trees were blown down, roof tiles were removed, and the C.C.F. found themselves swimming out of their tents? Do you know where Paul Sljivic, nine other V form geographers, and two O.E.s were at the time? Stuck up a Welsh mountain, that's where!

Saturday morning was innocent enough, spent studying glacial features in the Nant Ffrancon valley. Then the party set off towards the Devil's Kitchen, and split into two groups: the men/fools, led by P.M.S.; and the boys, with D.C.H. and F.G.R.F. The men were to go to the Glyders, the others retreated to the minibus. The former group started up a steep, rocky slope. Within five minutes the winds had become gale-force. Undeterred, our still-dry group made their way across the moon-like landscape. The cantilever we had been making for had disappeared, or had P.M.S. led us to the wrong place? P.M.S. consulted his compass, but believed it to be wrong. His enquiries as to the way down were greeted by the reply "I think it's down there."

We were by now saturated, freezing jeans clinging to cold legs, faces in the driving rain. P.M.S. decided to follow his compass's advice, and tried to get us back. After believing that we were going down, because we encountered vegetation after over an hour of trudging through soggy heather, we seemed to be going up. P.M.S. boosted morale by declaring "Only about an hour and a quarter to go", when he really meant four hours. The weather deteriorated even further, if that were possible, with high winds blowing icy rain into the face of anyone stupid enough to walk in that direction.

Our valiant leader continually encouraged us by saying that civilization was just over the next ridge; we lost count of the number of 'next ridges'.

The rain mercifully stopped, but we were faced with exhaustion and the oncoming twilight. Suddenly the clouds parted to reveal a huge mountain looming on our right. This was the mighty Tryfan, the mountain we had set out to climb in the first place; we were, however, too tired to go gallivanting up some huge Welsh pyramid.

We clambered over the final 'next ridge', from which we could see cars' headlights on the A5. The snag was that the water was also making its way down the valley, turning footpaths into raging

torrents, and causing our leader to sink as he lost his footing.

Upon reaching the mountain-rescue post at Ogwen Cottage, we 'phoned for Mr Haywood's minibus (P.M.S. had lost ours), and we returned to the hostel only to find that the other party had got back four hours before us, and was now exploring the night-life of Bangor.

After all is said and done, we are all thankful to Mr Sljivic for getting us back in one piece, though he has sworn never to go up the Glyders again.

A report was also received from Rupert Ward on the IV form field trip to the same part of North Wales, which was less eventful.

Divisions Geography Field Trip to Cumbria

As I clambered into the minibus one sunny Wednesday morning, I anticipated five days of leisure and luxury in the Lake District in fact, work began as soon as we hit the road with traffic surveys, where, every ten minutes, everything else is forgotten to allow a frantic counting of cars, lorries and vans in order to prove the distance decay concept. This activity certainly does make the journey whizz by and so, before we expected, we were dumped into alien Lake District villages and hamlets. The reason for this was to allow us to conduct a 'Rural Settlement Study', which mainly involves wandering around in pairs asking locals about their shopping habits.

The minibus meanwhile was suffering its usual annual problems in Geography Department hands — luckily close to the only Ford dealer in the North-West where a disintegrating water pump was repaired. We finally arrived at our hotel base in Keswick, where hospitality proved to be more than adequate, despite the Keswick nightlife strongly resembling that of Port Stanley.

Day Two meant walking up great heights in the Borrowdale area, culminating in sitting on top of the snowfield of Great End. Despite passing through Seathwaite (the wettest place in England) our cagoules were not needed — nor (miraculously) were they required for the entire trip.

Day Three we left for the Pennines to discover that High Cup Nick wasn't a high-level police station but the beginning of a glaciated valley. On the ascent we performed the customary measuring of



Photograph: Humphrey Gyde, Class.VI



Illustration: Warren Cowell, U.M.S.

shake-holes, and on the descent we surveyed the river that winds its way down the valley, supposedly learning vital methods of obtaining geographical statistics and getting wet.

Day Four we performed a large-scale urban survey of Kendal. This was potentially dangerous, what with all that standing on street corners and asking complete strangers about their personal habits, but no injuries were received.

The final day held the daunting prospect of hauling our weary bodies up snow-capped Helvellyn. Despite its awesome-sounding name, Helvellyn proved to be quite a friendly mountain that most of us climbed without too much difficulty. Despite Peter Nienow's desperate attempts to remain on Helvellyn for the rest of his life, Mr Marsh gallantly offered to retrieve him as we were beginning to wonder how we would explain his disappearance to his parents.

And so the Field Course came to an end, the last to be organised by Messrs Haywood and Marsh; they leave behind them a tradition of smooth-running expeditions that their successors will find hard to equal. Thanks also to Mr Slijivic, Mr Benett and Mrs Haywood, and to Thomas Haywood for putting up with us and entertaining Russell.

Steve Bywater, Geog.Div.

Marine Biology Course 1982

This year there were two travelling parties; one on the train under the guidance of Arthur Hickman and another in the minibuses. As we arrived in Aberystwyth we did not know whether it would be a holiday or not — but we soon found out. After a strenuous walk up a Welsh mountain to reach the distant university campus, we were soon down on college rocks to experience the coldest, windiest, most horrendous day I can remember, followed by some intense work in the labs late into the night. This was clearly no holiday — and I wistfully contemplated catching the return train in the morning.

The high points of the week were visits to the peat bog, a rare example of its kind and an area of unspoiled, wild beauty; to the Dovey Estuary and to the Ynyslas sand dunes. The lectures given by all the members of staff were highly interesting and all concerned learned more than they expected to. Owing to the shortage of time, the work was

always very intense, but always enjoyable.

The last night: this was what everyone had been waiting for all week (including Mr Russell). There are many rumours concerning what went on, but those about James Mather, Trevor Johnson and Tim Wood are all untrue, although they all had severe colds the next morning.

In conclusion, I would like to thank all four members of staff — Messrs Rigby, Russell and Lampard and Dr Homer — for giving up their spare time to take a bunch of 'unruly louts' on a field trip. I know that all the 'unruly louts' have fond memories of this enjoyable, working holiday.

James Mather, Sci.Div.2B

Canoeing Trip

Summer 1981

Cramped, crooked, and sore, the ungainly crew hobbled off the minibus into the evening air of Falmouth, Cornwall. Much cursing, grunting, and wrestling with cunningly-warped tent pegs followed.

Refusing any refreshment, the party careered down to the beach and sampled the Cornish sea for the first time, apparently undaunted by the fact that all the other bathers were wearing wet-suits.

Canoeing began in earnest the following day. The party practised its capsize drills, although some members had to be encouraged to upturn their boats; Matt Hanson needed no prompting, as he seized his chance ostentatiously in a backwards-paddling race.

After a hard day's canoeing, the party was sent into uproar over the loss of the C.J.W. wallet — was this to be the end of free Cornish Pasties as we knew them? But NO!!! The wallet, containing all the money for the trip, was returned by the local police.

On Sunday, disaster! After a successful morning's river-canoeing, the weather had steadily worsened. The party retreated to Swanpool beach to canoe offshore. The plan was abandoned in mid-transit as "a bit too much of a challenge."

It was all the four adventurers could do to keep their nine-foot canoes facing the oncoming surf, but they coped well, and could well have reached France had it not been necessary to return, turning side-on to the huge waves. The resulting losses

were heavy: Matt Hanson received the full broadside of a vicious breaker, and Paul Whiteside also fell victim. The sea then dealt its cruellest blow: the master himself was felled! Matt Wilson, however, the lone hero, reached the shore, afloat and buoyant in every way.

The would-be helpers then hurtled along the cliff path, passing Paul and Matt Hanson on the way. The absence of C.J.W. somewhat perturbed them, but their glorious leader was soon found, along with his vessel, which he had managed to tow ashore.

Later that evening, one of the abandoned canoes was plucked to safety from the rocks at the expense of a crushed toe. The other was not so fortunate, found the next day scattered liberally about the coast.

These events led to the unanimous vote in favour of the absence of canoeing from the next day's revels; instead we sampled the uncomfortable yet enjoyable sport of 'Gravel Beach Football'.

Our thanks go to Mr Wills for his impeccable organisation and 'interesting' sense of humour, to Mr Jayne for his 'patient martyrdom with the driving', and to Cornwall for sun, surf and ice-cream.

Matt Wilson, V.W.

Christmas Ski-ing Trip to Morgins

17th — 24th December 1981

The group assembled on a frosty December morning, a small party of schoolboys, bolstered by five Old Edwardians — Simon Martin, James Dalton, Alan Miller, Tim Ireland and Robin Jackson. Travel arrangements ran quite smoothly and we arrived at the Morgins approximately to schedule. The accommodation was, to say the least, basic. Mr Wills was among the first to begin regular trips to the local patisserie, to supplement his diet.

Ski-ing facilities were very good; the ski-lift passes covered an extensive network of lifts, and 400 kilometers of ski-runs. The snow was several feet deep when we arrived, and it seemed, whilst we were there, to snow every other day. By the end of our stay even the novices had reached some degree of competence. Several members of the party certainly made their mark on Morgins: there was Robin Jackson with his numerous anecdotes; Tim Ireland, the 'Schnaps Kiddy'; and Rupert

Martin, who found himself slightly the poorer after a brush with a shower door.

The weeks passed so quickly that it did not seem long between arrival and departure. The return journey also ran smoothly, despite David Somerset losing his Boarding Pass, and some re-arrangement of seating to account for certain acquaintances made during the week. So it was that the party returned to the Foundation Office with the time approaching midnight on a crisp Christmas Eve.

Finally a word of thanks to the staff, who sacrificed some of their hard-earned holidays to take us: Mr Worthington for his efficient co-ordination of the whole affair, Mr Wills, and last but not least Mr Tomlinson, for his sobering influence on the party.

Ashley Greenbank, Sci.VI.1A

Cold Comfort Camp

Last January a small but hardy group of senior boys went on a little-publicised camping and walking trip to Langdale in the Lake District. People who want to camp at that time of year are generally considered a little odd, but everybody who went to Snowdonia would disagree; in good weather the mountains are very beautiful, and much more lonely than on Bank Holidays in the summer. However, this year's rain was enough to send us scurrying back in dishevelled disarray to dry homes in Birmingham.

It wasn't too bad at first — a short walk in snow and ice and not-too-heavy rain was pleasant enough, and we were able to pitch our tents and amuse ourselves with inane party games; then the weather betrayed us; a heavy rainfall melted the snow and created an icy torrent, and we were forced to wade through this to rescue our tents. Some spent a cold, clammy night in survival bags, others had an equally uncomfortable night in the minibus, disturbed constantly by the grating of icebergs.

In the morning, we re-pitched our tents and, naïvely assuming that things could only get better, we explored a nondescript valley full of rain and floods. As nobody could muster the energy to trek the hundred yards to the pub, we turned in at eight o'clock. The driving rain and wind caused much discomfort, especially for Kevin Handley, who had his tent blown down, and had to re-peg mine at 3.00 am in the darkness and pouring rain.

Twice bitten, thrice shy; next morning we left. When the trip is offered again next year, think twice before signing-up; I don't mind if you don't want to come, I shall be going anyway.

R.T.B.

KES Greek Trip

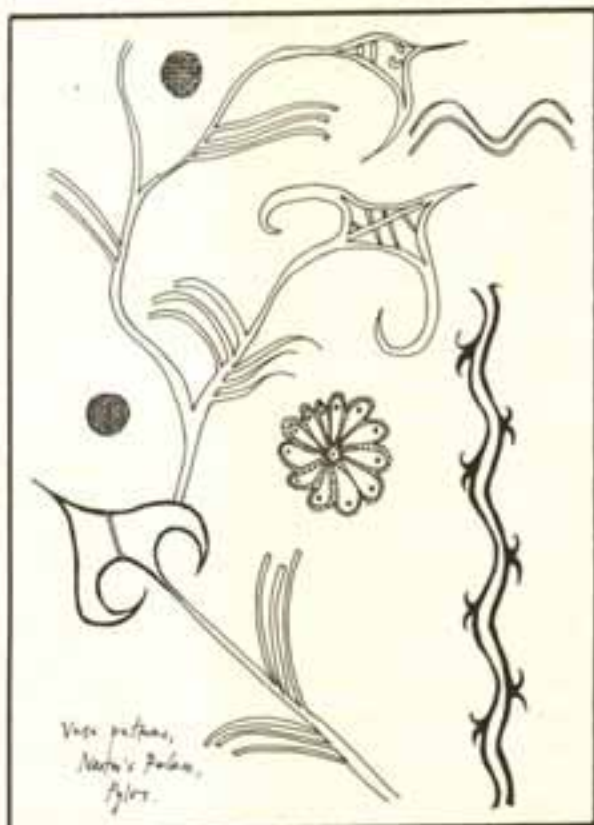
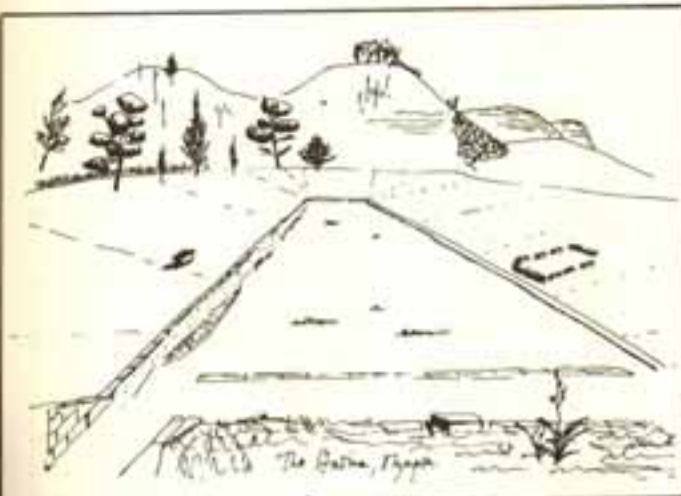
This marvellous trip defies description in words. Better to let the drawings and the photographs con-

vey something of the splendour of the sights. It was not only a most ambitious and valuable educational tour, but also a tremendously enjoyable holiday. I think the whole party would agree that it was Mr Tibbott and Mr Edwards' organizational capacity, flexibility, and sense of fun in the face of Greek buses and youth hostels which kept us all afloat. A great debt of thanks is owed to them and I would recommend that future years try and persuade, cajole or trick them into taking just such another trip.

Humphrey Gyde. Class.VI



Photograph: Humphrey Gyde, Class.VI



Sketches: William Newell, Sci. VI. 18



Photograph: Humphrey Gyde, Class. VI

The Rem W Trip to Hadrian's Wall and the Bleak North

At 2.30 pm on 30th April, we, that is, half of Rem. W, Mr Wills, Mr Owen and M. Le Roy, set off northwards, beginning as we meant to continue, by nearly running over a member of the CCF. The capable hands of Mr Wills safely drove the minibus to and from Greenhead Youth Hostel, which, as well as being the closest to Hadrian's Wall, was also opposite the village local which was owned by Mr Owen's aunt.

On Saturday the weather was kind to us — we saw the sun. Under the guidance of Mr Owen we walked the ten miles from the hostel to Housesteads Fort, where, after almost 2,000 years, such refinements as the hypocaust system and the only existing Roman hospital in England still remain in good condition. Hadrian's Wall is a very imposing structure. Roman workmen and masons brought and dressed over a million cubic yards of stone to make the wall fifteen feet high. Now much of their work cannot be seen but the sheer power of it remains. At some points the snaking wall is the only construction to be seen for miles.

On Sunday we were met by more typical weather. So under the rain clouds we visited Kielder Dam and its Forest — the largest plantation in Europe. The extremities of the dam were shrouded by the driving rain.

All too soon Monday arrived and, after a brief snowballing session, we returned home to civilisation.

Our thanks to Mr Wills who organised this most enjoyable trip; also to Mr Owen for his knowledge and for his local contacts.

David Derry, Rem.W.

UMD Form Trip to Wales

May 1st — 3rd 1982

The weather on Saturday was classic: grey, overcast and wet. However, UMD's spirits were not to be dampened, a fact which contributed to the trip's success. Dr Homer in the driving seat had soon disappeared behind an enormous mountain of luggage. Indeed, it was a miracle that we managed to get sixteen boys in on top of the luggage (literally). Even Dr Homer was forced to admit that he could have made a miscalculation.

Our first walk was at Glasaum, which was windy. We then sped on to Builth Wells; for most of us, a quick walk round was enough; the town is exceptionally dull. Progress to Hafod-y-Pamb Youth Hostel was slow, being stuck behind a cycle race. Having finally passed it, Damien Grosvenor tried to convince the leader, who was some way in front, that the rest had turned back — but without success.

The Hostel is one of the simplest in Britain, and one of the remotest — even the warden's farm was three-quarters of a mile away. Gas came in cylinders, water from outside and there was no electricity, which, coupled with the minute windows, meant that most of the hostel was in permanent darkness.

The food was not bad at all, however, and Dr Homer's bread mountain enabled us to have a toast feast on Sunday night.

Sunday's excursion was to the dam at Llyn Brianne, which was spectacular and on the last day we visited the Elan system.

The trip was enjoyable for all, and special thanks must go to Dr Homer, Chris Leng, and David Ward.

Simon Sadler, U.M.D.



WORDS & PICTURES



Sketches: Andrew Swani, Art VI



Sketch: Andrew Swanl, Art VI

BURNING

*I see the trees, I see my world.
I see the fields, I see the girls.
I see the mountain, I see the plain.
I see the sunshine, I see the rain.*

*I see the soldiers come, they burn the trees.
I see the soldiers come, they take the girls.*

*I see the cities, I see the towns.
I see the pity, I see the frowns.
I see the factories, I see the men.
I see the long queues, I see the pen.*

*I see the soldiers come, they burn the towns.
I see the soldiers come, they take the men.*

*I see the nations, I see the world.
I see the leaders, I hear their words.
I see the unjust, I see the lies.
I see the mistrust, I see who dies.*

I see the soldiers come.

Graham Bayliss, Econ.Div.

BEND THE BAR

*Bend the bar;
Place your weight of stress,
Your crates of ambition, upon us.
Let your black boot
Rubber Stamp in my face.
Let your BLOCK CAPITALS
Précis my individuality
In impersonal fact,
Cover the truth with lies
You call tact.
Make me personable, respectable,
Manageable:
"We have our ways and means,
And our ways are yours
(so please, no jeans);
For the wombs are empty,
Already the babies cry
As we clamp the plastic
Name-tag
About their struggling wrists
And place them in sterilised,
Sanitised, uniform peace."*

*Bend the bar, bend it;
But beware lest you break it;
For the splinters shall bleed in your face.*

Peter Fraser, Hist.VI

OKAY, OKAY

"Okay, okay breakfast's up, c'mon, move it you scum, to your work, move it, MOVE IT YOU FILTHY ANIMALS!!!" bel-lowed Chief-Warden McKenock, or just Jock the Screw to the selected inmates of this establishment of justice. One of the reluctant majority at the eating hall was Prisoner 006715: Jack Forsyth or just "Mad Jack". He was known as "Mad Jack" not through any violent crime he had committed but through his habits of waking up in the middle of the night, screaming about walls closing in. Many of the inmates secretly sympathised with Jack behind their false curtain of ridicule and mockery. They too felt trapped in their dank cells, where the sun never touched.

Yet Jack was going to break out. He had had five years of bullying by some jumped-up Hitler in a blue uniform. Five years of bowing and scraping to the screws "Yes Mr McKenock", or "No Mr McKenock." Stupid bloody Scot, Lord, how Jack hated this dump, stuck in the middle of nowhere in a great rolling wilderness of hellish moorland. And the walls of granite, the walls. Jack knew they were closing in. The doctor said no, and that it was claustrophobia, but Jack knew they were after him, punishing him for his crimes. He often woke covered in sweat after nightmares of towering, endless, grey walls of granite, closing in, pulverising him. No. No!

"Forsyth, what the hell are you doing? Get to that farm NOW!"

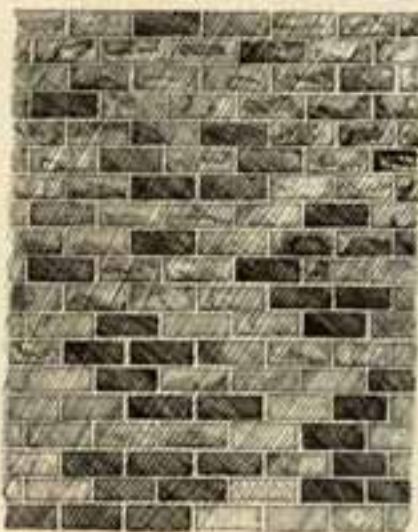
"Sorry, sir, yes Mr McKenock, sorry."

"F*** off screw," cursed For-

syth.

Quickly he made his way to the farm, through gates of iron and past the forty foot high wall of granite. They called this place impregnable but Jack knew different. He must escape from the walls to freedom which lay beyond the outer boundary of metal fence. Forsyth had got this "cushy number" on the farm as he was trusted, but his case had never been reviewed by the Parole Board. That hurt Jack.

Quickly Jack darted into the farm shed supposedly to change



and mix the pig's swill. These fifteen minutes were his only solitude all day; he used the time well. He checked for screws — gone. He removed a filing cabinet and several floorboards. There it was; his escape route to the outside world. For six months he had worked at this route, smuggling various digging implements out of the prison each day. Two more feet and freedom would be his. He detested the enclosed space of the tunnel but it was necessary if he were to be free. Finally after

all his work he could see glints of light and the sweet smell of fresh air. He replaced the floor-boards and changed. Tomorrow he would be free.

He awoke to the sound of rain falling from the steely sky. He could hardly contain himself as he gathered his breakfast food in a bundle and made his way to the farm. He slipped into the shed, removed the cabinet and lifted the boards. He lowered himself into the tunnel and replaced the boards from inside. By the time they investigated the shed Jack would be miles away. Yet once more he began to sweat. He hated the dark and the clammy air and those walls so close. He stopped to gather nerve and scrambled on. He didn't notice the first fall of earth. The tunnel had been weakened by continual rainfall. More earth fell and this time Jack noticed it. More and more soil engulfing him, the walls closed in. "No, the walls!" He was being crushed, "No! Suffocation!" he screamed

"And now," said the governor of the parole board, "we arrive at case number 23, that of Prisoner 006715, Forsyth. Glancing at his records I see he has been a model prisoner and suffers from claustrophobia. On both medical and social grounds I feel a release should be granted. Any questions? No, good. Then parole granted. Next case is"

"No! help!" cried Forsyth. "They're after me, punishing me, punishing me." Forsyth breathed his last. The walls he had feared had claimed him.

Garon Anthony, U.M.H.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A COUNTRY FOX

At dawn the prowler awakes with the sound of a nearby cockerel but merely recedes further into its earth. The sun rises and with it comes the rest of countryside. Farmers and their animals, birds who start to chirp, rabbits, mice and other small rodents all start to awake, and with them come the fox's greatest enemies, dogs and men.

Today is hunt day.

In the distance the far off but clear sound comes drifting over the sky. The high, then low notes of the hunting horns, the baying of the dogs and the horses, faint at first but gradually rising to a thundering crescendo before coming to a sudden halt. Suddenly the fox senses his danger. The strange tenseness in the air, the strong smell carried down to him on the wind telling him of his danger. As the dogs come closer the fox sinks further into the recesses of his earth. Suddenly he feels the heavy pounding of the ground and smells the dogs coming for him. Now he knows he must run. He shoots up one of the holes nearer and nearer to the surface. As his head appears above ground he hears sudden shouts and the horns blowing so he runs. The dogs are after him, the horses with their great thundering hoofs are after him, the men with their shouts and horns are after him. The dogs are near him and now they are not, they are near his tail and now they are not. When at last he seems to be getting away they seem to be at his shoulder. The chase seems endless. Suddenly his heart leaps within him, for just over the ridge behind a hedge is a wood and a river. Could this be his place of sanctuary? Suddenly it's upon him: he darts through a gap in the hedge and leaps the river. Into the wood he goes but he hears no sound of pursuit.

He is safe.

Dominic Price, Shell K.

A Vulture

Shrouded by his black wings, the vulture crouched on the cliff, regally casting a baleful eye over the panorama spread below him. His crooked beak, bent into a cruel hook at the end, opened as if to let out a cry, but no sound came from this silent, brooding phantom save the faint rustle of sombre feathers in the night wind. But though the beak was mute, the eyes were eloquent, and they told of death, carrion, and the crack of bones echoing in the moonlight. Suddenly it leapt and was gone, raising itself back into sight with its unfurled wings beating powerfully into the air as if striking down an unseen competitor. Pausing for an instant, it turned and swept towards the ground, remarkably graceful for a creature so ungainly in appearance. It accelerated, and soon was hurtling downwards, momentarily at one with the screaming air and onrushing ground. But then the wings came back, the ground ceased its charge, wavered, and staggered back. The spell was broken, and the vulture drifted the last few feet to the ground.

Andrew Killeen, Rem.S

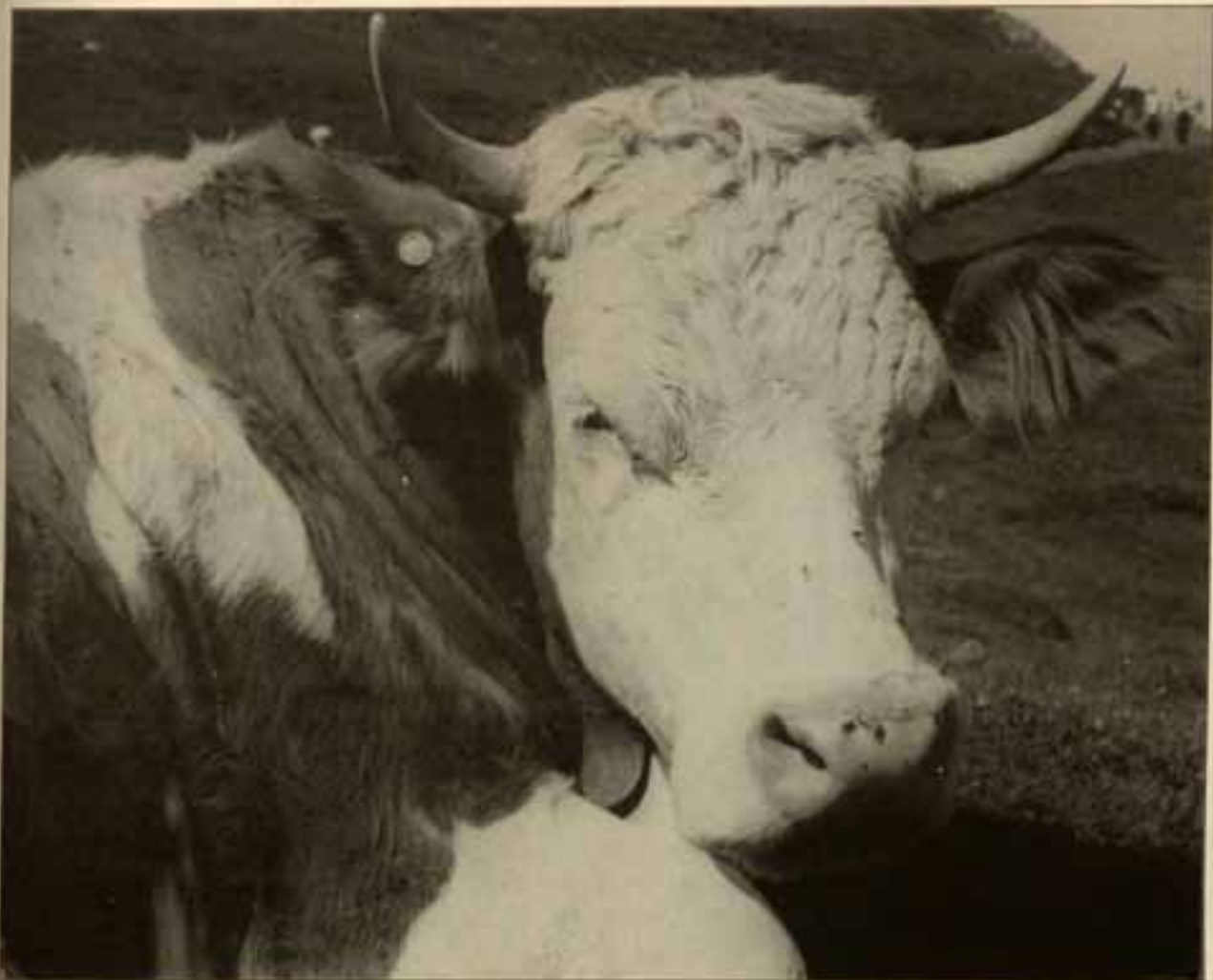
The Last of the Dinosaurs

The last of the dinosaurs plodded clumsily across its cage, rattling the bars disconsolately. From time to time it let out a mournful cry, and for a moment it seemed from the look in its eyes that its primitive brain was capable of loneliness. It gazed longingly out of its cage, from where shrill voices came, laughing and shouting. Fingers were jabbed at the air. "Look at that one! Isn't it funny!"

The guide smiled patronisingly and explained.

"Homo sapiens — once the dominant species on this planet, but now, regrettably almost extinct."

Andrew Killeen, Rem.S



Photograph: Humphrey Gyde, Class.VI

HAIKU FROM SHELL K

*The tree creaked,
The child wept to see its fallen branches;
But who was he to care?*

Paul Mustow

*It's summer-time,
The long rush-hour
Of people going to their dreamworld.*

Keith Belson

*The evil dalek
Came round the corner.
"Exterminate!"*

Peter Nagle

*The great steel bird
Cuts clean through the sky,
Leaving a feather white tail.*

Andrew Cook

*The snow
falls softly
like an old man laying down his cloak.*

Julian Murray

*Rain.
It taps on windows
like a cat stranded in a storm.*

Julian Murray

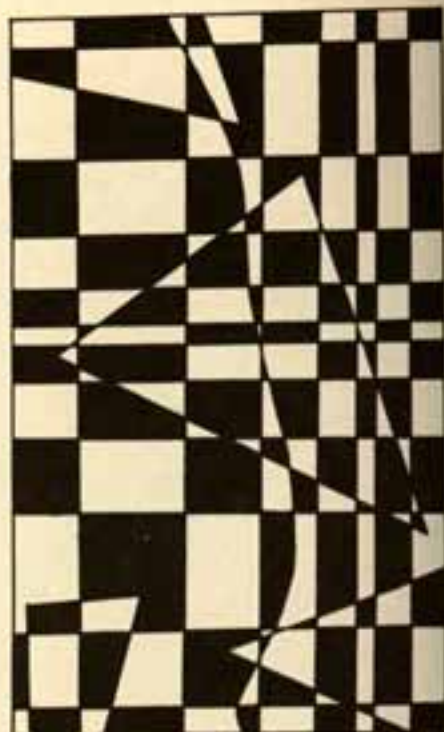
Timelines

*To return in some timeline far forgotten
Where the bright memories sheer so sharp
But hang unhinged,
And laughing jaws eat the darknesses
Where everyday breaths have died.
To breathe there again and feel full days.*

*Then in some cosmic madness universal
To be pulsed there ghostlike in the parallels
Of the Time Dweller.
To swell the white infinities and fall there,
Sweet smell the nameless days
And hours that passed untimed.*

*Early in some backward recesses barren
Where heroes lie in dreams,
The Chronarch calls,
To fly swift into future profiles and still now,
To forget again the far forgotten,
Resign the bleeding heart and choke in tomorrow.*

Lasantha Wijesinghe, Sci.Div.1B



Andrew Rimmer, IV.W

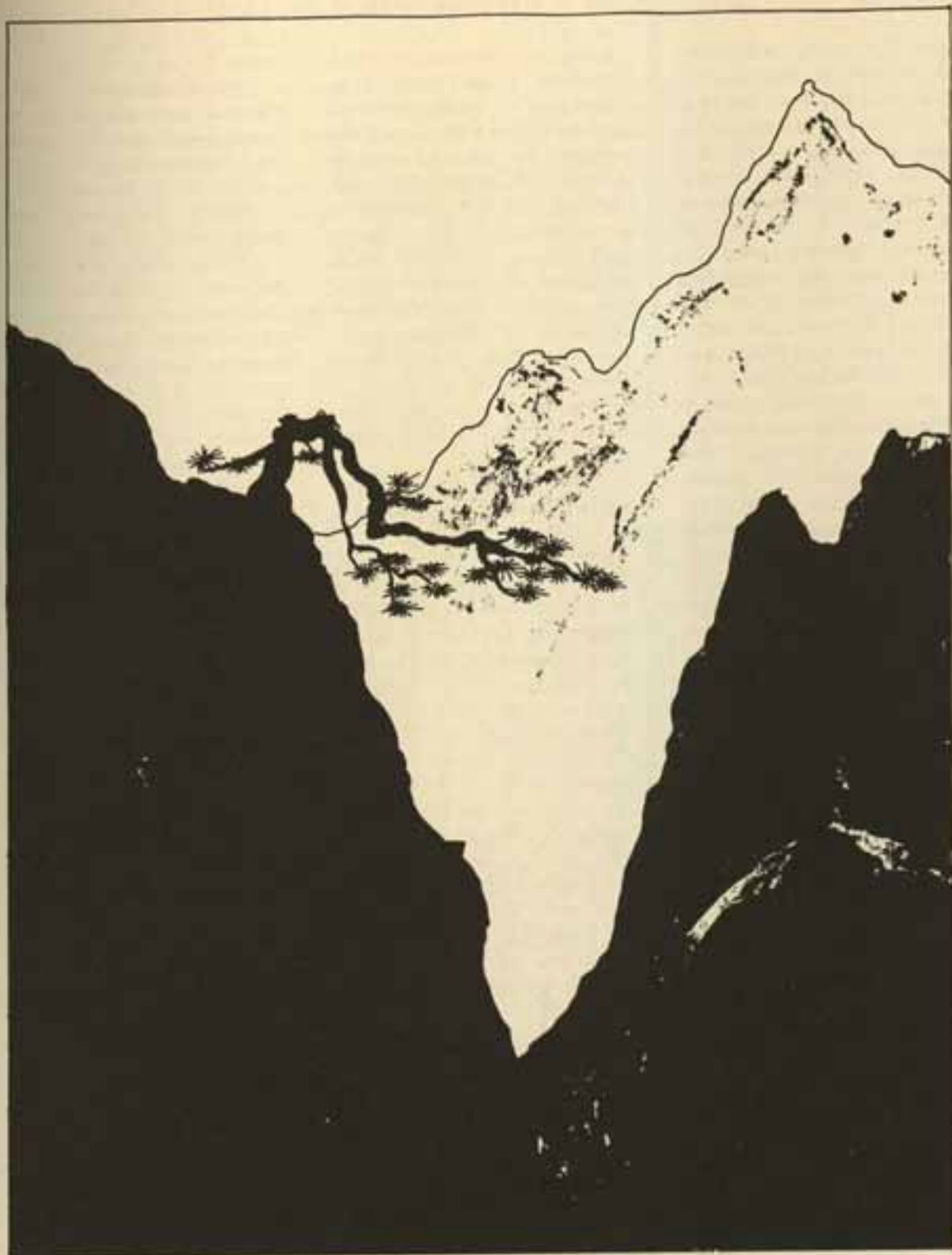
Life Breaths In The Void

*You who are so great and yet so humble,
So pure and yet unkind,
Who pick the dust of the earth
And eat the fruit of the trees,
Bring me a piece untouched and unblemished
To hold to the stars and say,
All the world was made for you
But life is cut,
For the best of all.
Don't smile or cry
Or laugh,
But run for a clear breath
Through the barbed voices
And crashing hammers
To rest, at the thought of death.*

*Find something concrete, dear
Now the winds of summer are gone.
We've all been touched,
I can feel it in my bones.*

Michael Conefry, Geog. VI

Lasantha Wijesinghe, Sci.Div.1B



Steve Chapple, Art VI

From Our Correspondent in Hell

The lift came to a sudden halt with a hum of almost silent mechanism. The door slid open and Mulligan stepped out into the bright red corridor. He looked around cautiously before deciding on a small door marked "D1-Degirth". As his pale hand touched the sensitivity panel, the door slid open to reveal a winding passageway, painted in the same shade of red. There were further doors at intervals of thirty yards, which were marked with a symbol from the Greek alphabet. Delving into his pocket, Mulligan found his identification card bearing the mark " ". Holding the card, Mulligan walked slowly down the passageway, checking the doors to find the one which bore his symbol. It was a lonely walk; all the residents of Degirth were at work behind the intriguing and inaccessible doors.

The door marked " " was hidden in a small annexe branching away from the main corridor which Mulligan only checked as an afterthought. He approached the door slowly and fumbled for his card which he had unknowingly replaced in his breast pocket only seconds earlier. He pushed the white object into a slit by the door and observed the screen above it. The screen printed out various details about himself — his height, age, date and place of birth, parents' names and other aspects of his personal life. Turning to the keyboard set in the wall, Mulligan filled in the missing information. The computer knew the correct replies — this was just a procedure to ascertain that the man outside was Mulligan and not an imposter. This was the part Mulligan feared

— one slip, one mistake and a trap-door would swing open below him — hurling him into oblivion. After what seemed like eternity, the computer acknowledged "AFFIRMATIVE" and the door marked " " opened.

"Andrew!"

Mulligan immediately recognised the face that greeted him — that of Chief McKellock of Rock Enterprises Incorporating Beaglebrook News Bulletins Limited.

"I trust you know your assignment," began the chief impatiently.

"Not really," replied the puzzled younger man, taking a seat.

The ageing chief continued, "Two light months ago, one of the blast furnaces in Asgirth exploded. Ten stewards and stokers were prematurely committed to the great sacrifice."

"You mean copped it?" interrupted Mulligan.

"Er — yes. I suppose I do," answered the Chief. "Anyway, as far as we know, the causes of the accident have not yet been investigated but we would like you to be there when they are."

"How?"

"There are two possibilities. Either you turn extremely nasty and get transferred through the three stages below us to Hell or you get down there on the quiet and find out what you can before you're found out."

"But it means certain death," protested Mulligan.

"Exactly. You've been going on for Devil knows how long that you're sick of everything and can't wait to be thrown into the great furnace in the centre of the

Earth."

"But intruders don't make the furnace. They only use the very worst people for stoking their fires. Obedient people like us are merely shot on discovery."

"You're still dying, aren't you?"

"It's not glorious to be blown to pieces by a six-foot guy in three-inch thick armour. Besides, they use your remains as a last meal for those about to face the fire."

"Well, you're still making the furnace, aren't you?"

"Only indirectly — through someone's intestines."

"Will you do the job?"

"Depends on the cash."

"Two hundred."

"Better leave it to my wife."

Mulligan left the office and joined the crowd in the relegation lift. The underworld operated a healthy promotion/relegation system. The 'Godlier' people went up until they reached the surface of the inner earth and rose to Heaven. The others dropped lower into the Earth until they reached Asgirth — or Hell — and were burnt in one of the furnaces — the quicker they dropped, the stronger the furnace. It was everyone's ambition to die in one of the hugest fires — either Richard III or Ghengis Khan.

The lift jerked to a halt and Mulligan stepped out.

Twenty-eight light years old and he was going to die dishonourably despite the fact that he was about to have been relegated to Hell officially. Mulligan turned into a quiet passageway and inspected the small radio handset he had been given. It was a stand-

ard-make — two function (transmit and receive) and capable of sending messages on its own undetectable frequency. He began his report:

"09:02 H.M.T. On my way to Chamber Three for Morrison Furnace which I am about to investigate. It's not safe down here without a pass and I haven't got one. I'm just passing the doors to Genghis Khan and Richard III. If I look away, the guards probably won't challenge me. Entering Chamber Three now. Ending communication until investigation commences."

Back in the room marked " ", Chief McKellock sat tensely by the radio with a cassette recorder to tape the details of the investigation ready for the following day's paper — if Mulligan survived long enough to describe them.

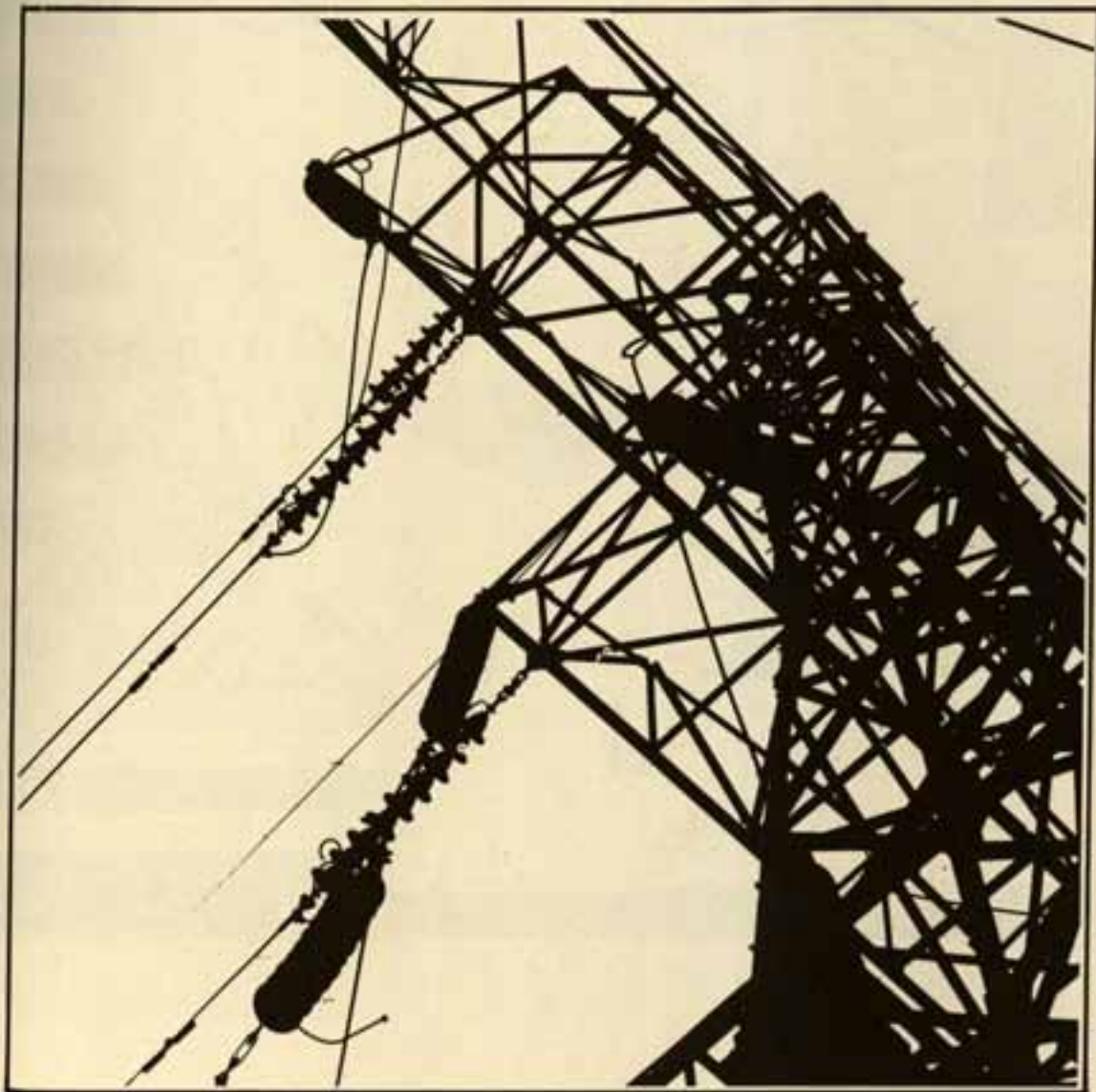
Some time later, Mulligan's voice re-appeared over the intercom:

"Here come the jury and the magistrate in charge. I hope you're taping this, Mac. Right, here we go."

McKellock listened to the proceedings which were soon interrupted by Mulligan:

"I hope you've got it all down, Mac. It seems one of the stokers tried feeding his wife to the Morrison Furnace. As she was due to leave Earth for Heaven, she was not inferior enough and the furnace couldn't cope. Her husband — oh no! Guards! This is Andrew Mulligan in Chamber Three, your er-correspondent from—."

Gary Thornton, U.M.D.



Photograph: Malcolm Blythe, Econ.Div.



DIFFERENT

*Spin through the doorway
In your indigo dress
Waltz down the stairs
In your dandy pink shoes
Reject all the dailies
Forget about news
All that matter are your dandy pink shoes.*

*Individuals are few; a dying breed,
Brownèd petals from a rose-garden England,
Yet all we can do is feed
On our knees, the glutton for taste, Blandness.*

*Blandness in disguise
As the apple of your eye
As a sparkling new car
Or a snappy rayon tie.*

*"But it's oh so nouveau."
Mm, but I'm sure you know
That Cubism is passé
And Perrier is gassy.*

*Buy next year's fashion.
That's fashion? Not at all,
Nothing "in", nothing "out"
It's for you to decide, but you haven't the gall.*

*Copy thy neighbours,
We all do the same.
"Ooh look, he's DIFFERENT."
But he isn't. That's the shame.*

*You try to break out
But you dare not shout
From the crowd, "I'm me,
But you won't leave me be."*

Jeremy Butler, Mod.Lang.VI

STUDY

He turned. Behind him stood his master, caught between the vague arches flanking the windows; the sun glinted behind his gaunt, erect figure. His chest was thrust out before him, and behind the dense brown suit he always wore, the bulge of his corpulent stomach described a none-too-graceful curve.

He was standing squarely on both feet, his hands placed defiantly in his pockets, his little finger protruding through a hole in his tweed trousers. The narrow end of his tie was longer than the fat end, and after tracing the undulating curve of his body, it disappeared into the dark recesses of those tweeds. A bloated green shirt appeared to support his head, a fishlike entity protruding from between his wide shoulders. At the moment it carried a benign, if slightly irascible expression. A plump and shapeless nose crowned his colourless lips, which parted occasionally to reveal a set of square tar-stained teeth. His eyes, set behind thick, grey spectacles, betrayed no signs of the activities of the brain behind them, but remained abstracted, gazing into the middle distance

Suddenly his expression changed; "Get on with your work!"

Rupert Ward, IV.W

à la recherche du temps perdu



— Religion and Politics —

" religion, and politics,
are not discrete entities.
although they have
different ontological
status, internal
and external
must interact.

Yeah! "

Art by Simon / Words by Boaz

Le Ray Art Moderne.

said Walter Gropius Comburier too
High tech perspective just for you
Rodchenko's fine Dali had the line
Design a chair, paint a square
Dali had the longest hair
Smash it up and call it sculpture
This is what we call our culture

I said red, blue, black and green
This is the rap that's got to be seen
so you throw your Man Ray in the air
and your Max Ernst down like you don't care
Look at the line feel the form
This must be Bonnard before he's formed
Tutty and El Greco
Both these guys are worth a deco
I said Rodin, Gauguin
Don't you forget Cezanne.

Words by Boaz

It was a novel morning. Petcha looked out of the window on to the quad below. One unanimous noise rose up like fumes from the level earth, a harmony.

Petcha walked down the sunny stone steps and began to weave his way through the humans on the grass.

"Morning Sally-Anne, morning Pete, hi Warren, hello Amanda, Dave, Steve, Shirl, Red, Jackie, Anastasia, Dick, Ricci, Plo, Agatha, Thomas, D.H., Peter, Paul, Liz" By now it was 11.30 am, and most people were on their second chapter. Petcha at last found an albeit irregular patch of ground and settled down apologetically. It was about this time that the scores of macaws became restless under the warm, life-giving sun, and the flutter of wings would start to compete with the over-buzz of CLACK-CLACK-PAUSE-CLACK typing.

After a minute's pause he tried to type his prize thoughts on to the pure, white rectangle on his toolbox, but no amount of force could nail them down for public spectacle: the words shuffled uneasily in awkward rows with their heads down. Just then a pair of turquoise wings beat across his face, leaving him in a veritable panic and a cloud of luminous dust.

"Hmm," mused Martin from Hampshire, leaning over his shoulder, "Zeugma, and so early in the morning too." Petcha though for a moment, staring with moist-eyed dignity over the undergraduates, the buildings, the spires, and into the solid blue of the sky.

"F*** this," he thought "I'm off to America."

Joe Gallivan, Geog.Div.

PLANETFALL

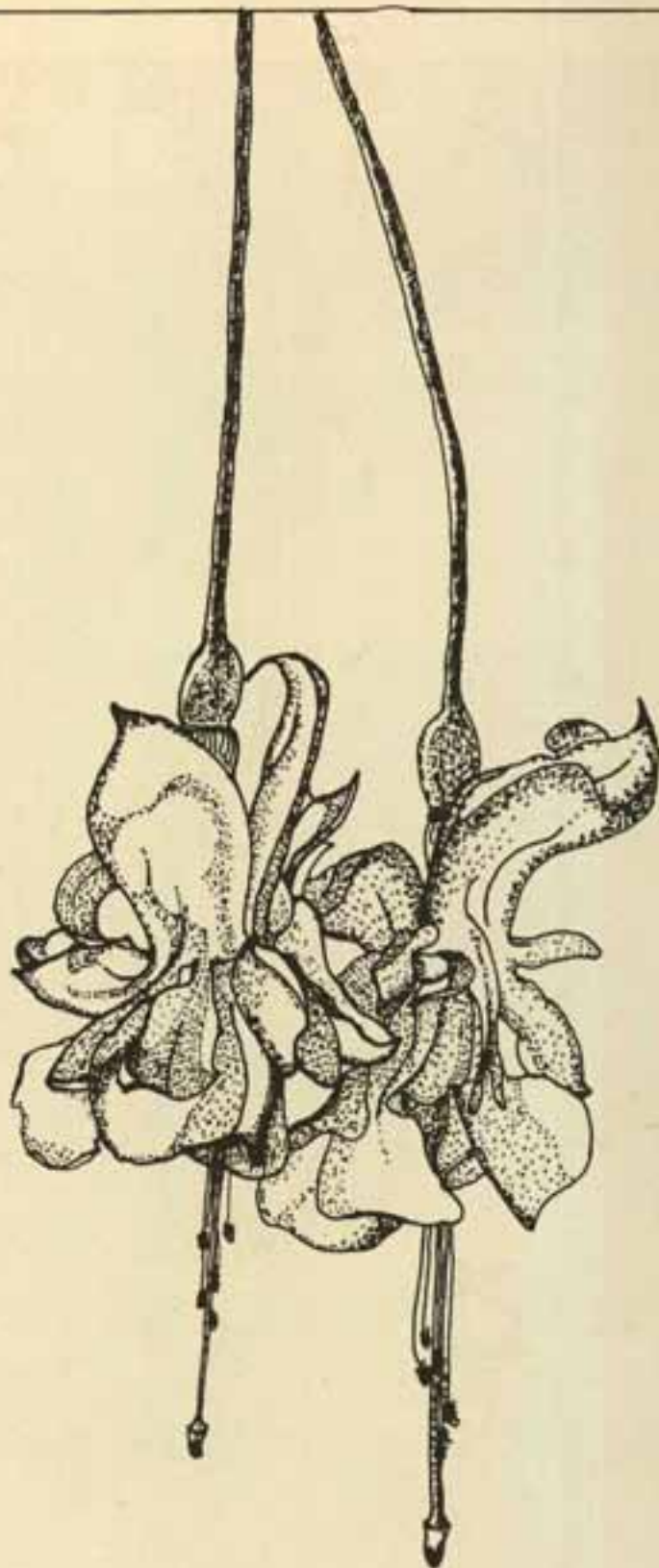
A black dawn. One moment I was looking at a void, a nothingness, a cold dead black which stifles the imagination, and then the searing pinpoint of the sun tore my retina, screaming attention on the deadly canvas of the sky. My eyes stinging with bitter after-images, I turned away, groping feebly for the shutter key. The realignment had occurred; we were on our way to the Red Planet. I rose and picked my way through the minutely organised clutter of the living space to the other porthole. Nothing. Squint. Some thing? Yes, a shape appears in the far corner of the tiny bubble of glass. Now in full view: Jupiter, a miniature fruit hanging in space, bruised. It was utterly beautiful; exquisite, a dead, cold world filled with life by the mind's eye through its pastel shades of red and orange. Such colours! The sun demanded the eye by its blatant, arrogant, raw light, but Jupiter was like an innocent child, cooing softly to one's aesthetic sense with melting, rippling reds. How could such a planet harbour raging storms of acrid, cruel gases? My mind's eye teemed the world with Hesperidean cities, dazzling palaces of sparkling crystal, delightful civilisations, dragged from the idealistic pinnacles of pulp fiction

.....and yet it was a lie.

As the planet moved closer, the slow, cruel storms became more apparent, the great gas giant took up its name, rumbling and growling in that uncontrollably imaginative backroom of my mind. Even as I worked on routine observations, visions of storms of ferocious intensity superimposed themselves on the screens, the readouts, and I could see icy winds of red and grey battering Jupiter's slushy wastes. Io. Impossibly beautiful, and now I could see the Volcano Prometheus spewing and puking billions of tons of raw sulphur into an empty sky. The sheer scale of the Jupiter system fascinated me. To be there, to see the millions of huge ochre meteorites thundering soundlessly, that would be ecstasy, just to witness the power.

Dodging the debris of volcanoes and millenia, I deposited the gossamer spaceship into the field of Io. I was locked in harmony with the ship's computer web, with a million dollars of artificial thinking power supplementing my own, but for all the precautions a delicate lace of sweat seeped onto the sensors touching my head. A thud, a gossamer sigh, and I was there the crackling electricity of imagination shivered through my mind. Seething gases bubbled and rocked the frail ship gently, like the cradle of a new born child.

Jonathon Hollow, IV.G



GA



THE FIRE BOX: An Adventure in Words

The man smiled. He watched the slowly coalescing matter and brought his hands together. They knitted and slumped into his lap. He sighed, sat back, and polished his spectacles. The end was nigh. He waited in infinite patience for the end of the beginning. Somewhere, someone was doing just what he wanted them to do. He smiled a wrinkled smile at their feeble energy, understandable but futile. His grey hair had not changed for many millenia. He changed his form. His wrinkles ceased. It seemed fitting this way.

The foetus raised his hands and the end dawned. There was an infinite, incomprehensible silence. The colours spanned time. The unopened eyes of the foetus blinked.

The Gordian knots of the space-time continuum were spliced by the megatons of swirling matter. Infinity minus one collapsed upon themselves, funnelled into oblivion.

The whole of the incomprehensibility amassed into nothingness. Yahweh and Mohammed, Zeus and the Virgin Mary were taken upon themselves and disappeared.

The eye of the gargantuan storm imploded. The foetus died, changed to a phoenix and was reborn in the flames of the infinitely small universe. The phoenix stood up, walked over to the small lump of matter that was the universe and picked it up. The fires of Hell ranted as it came to a close. The driver shut the fire box, checked the steam gauge and set off along the iron bars of progress. As the small locomotive set off, the boy controlling his new train set changed into a wrinkled old man who sat back in his chair and polished his spectacles. Out of the primeval muds of Earth, a small single-celled object moved. It evolved.

Carl Röhsler, Shell B

The Day the System Went Wrong

"Scent Department to control. Apparent blockage in the scent detector pipes. Top priority. An overflow of dust collection."

"RECEIVED your message loud and clear. We have it on scan. Hold on a second."

The phone rings.

"Control."

"Hello Control? Surplus flooding of the major scanner is occurring."

"Big 10."

"Control, the balance in the sound wave pick up is affected. Immediate action is required."

"Got it."

"Fuel pipe inflamed, control."

John couldn't cope with anymore. He called Will.

"Hi John. Long time no see, eh? What seems to be the trouble?"

"General breakdown."

The alert sounds.

"Yes defence?"

"Bacteria invasion," he says, out of breath "can't hold out much longer."

"O.K."

Will is worried.

"What shall we do now?"

"We'll have to call inctus A Bioticus flood. Flood gates? Yes. Hello? Has the flood utensil arrived? Yes? Good. What about the A.B.F? It's arrived? Right, activate.

The flood arrives and goes down the Sanguian pipes where it meets the invaders.

"I've got the position on scan, John. I think we'll need a backup supply."

"No, wait. The new disintegrator guns are having an effect on the bacteria."

The 'phone rings yet again as it has done for ages.

"Yes, control here. Wait a tick. John?"

"Yeah?"

"Scent departments needs a dust net. The overflow has loosened."

"O.K."

After a while

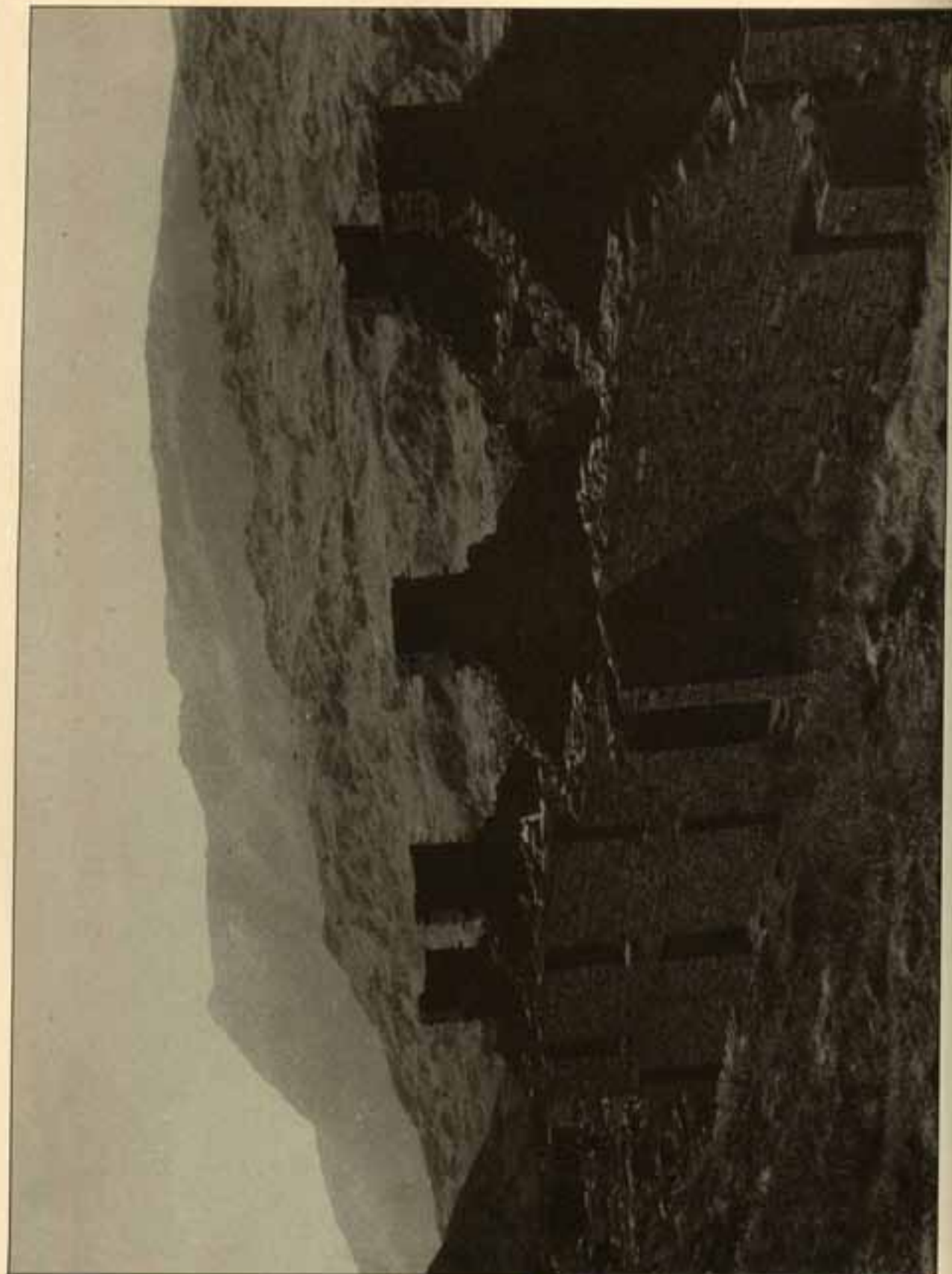
"Will, I think the balance has been re-established."

"What about the fuel pipe?"

"Needs more attention."

I recovered from the bronchitis, thanks to the chemist. I wonder what really goes on in there?

Ian Crew, Rem.S.



DERELICT MINERS' COTTAGE: Blaenau Ffestiniog, North Wales

D. Bowes, V.W.

Dawn brushes the hills with
 A hallucinatory after-image of
 Cold light.
 Venus gazes: the silent symmetry of the grey city
 Chessboards a scar on such
 A lonely landscape.
 How green is my valley?
 Greener than green, but
 Morning's mists
 Cast a cold haze
 On that rich apple grass.
 Did they light fires at dawn?
 Or was it berries they searched for
 On a primeval carpet?
 Did they admire the colour
 Of a stalk of a briar
 As they walked in fear of the shadows of clouds?
 Did pagan man
 Did pagan man.
 My longing to know
 Consumes fires inside me: did pagan man.
 Roaming through forests dank and eternal
 Did his mind dwell on the music of rain?
 I looked down the valley:
 This choking enigma
 Sifts my new mind like a midsummer wind.
 Did their blind
 Finger flowers
 While the women sang songs?

 Morning is gone
 But the mystery
 Remains.

Jonathan Hollow, IV.G.

Fell Songs

The sun shines in a watery sky
 And melts into the harried tarn,
 Reviving it with burnished gold
 To await a cloudless heaven.

Again the streams run sparkling in the dawn
 And the gentle mist breathes peace upon the earth,
 For the day is warm when the sun ascends
 Once more, and joyous strength empowers the fells.

Jon Andrews, Mod.Lang.VI

The sun sets, red, on the horizon,
 The stars shine, the moon
 Beams down in the darkness.
 I sit on the grassy hill
 Alone,
 And a single sad tear
 Rolls slowly down my cheek.

Stephen Linley, Class.Div.



Tough Rejection

*The hard gritty paving stones,
the crumbling brick wall,
where no small boy moans
when soaked by a squall.*

*The hand-fashioned cricket bat,
the filthy old tennis ball.
For umpire a cat,
as wickets a wall.*

*The attire of the players
is totally unorthodox.
The grey flannel in layers
and the holes in their socks.*

*The dark twisted hate
when one is clean bowled,
the victor's your mate
but now your friendship is sold.*

*Your arch enemies of course win
and their pleasure is plain.
But to you it's a sin,
Oh! The repulsion and pain!*

*The dour yard's vacated
now home to your hole.
Where your family is hated
and you've run out of coal.*

*No supper or heat
so you climb into bed.
Your face is like raw meat
and your stomach's unfed.*

*Next day bunk off school
and off to the yard,
but you're unwanted and fool,
an outcast; life's hard.*

*The hard gritty paving stones,
the crumbling brick wall,
when no small boy moans,
when rejected by all.*

Joe Martin, Rem.D.

Those Few

*A gaggle of voices break out,
A cry, a whisper, a shout,
Liberty of spirit curtailed.*

"Don't stare, Tommy, they're poorly, not jailed."

*Open day at the asylum.
Well-meaning visitors stream in
Prattling on to unhearing ears,*

"Not in front of them, please, no tears"

*Rocking to and fro, hands clasped round knees,
He needs attention, but no one sees
The cavern where emotion once lay.*

"Hey, I did my bit, I went for the day."

*Nature's throwbacks? Rejected by us
For they don't slot into pigeonholes of life,
Can't booze with the boys", "chat up the girls",*

Thank God for small mercies.

Relish those sunny days.

Jeremy Butler, Mod.Lang.VI

NELSON'S LAST BOW

A feeling of pride and honour for my country surged through me as I heard the familiar roar of acclamation from my fellow seamen, greeting our leader's signal to begin. A swarthy man beside me, of a weasel-like appearance and with an unshaven chin, spat on the weathered deck-boards and swore he would never look another woman in the face again if he failed to do his duty. I did likewise and we shook on it. I then knelt on the swaying deck by the awesome unflinching bulk of the cannon and awaited my orders. My comrade took up his heavy mop ready to clean out the barrel of the mighty gun ready for another shot. I took a sideways glance at Lord Nelson, a steely, resolute man of medium build. His eyes had a firm dead-set look in them, and his legs stood stockily apart. He was clad in his frock-coat, bearing the four controversial stars on his chest. So, picture us now, a light south-westerly ruffling the sails and whipping up a few creamy waves on the majestic expanse of the Bay of Cadiz; all is set and we begin to advance.

The prows of the fleet of ships sliced through the curling waves. The standards of the various crews were stoutly erect, flapping in the wind. I could pick out groups from Portsmouth, Rye and Hythe. Ahead of us, stretching majestically from left to right were the French Navy, boasting riflemen of much renown. Slowly the two enormous fleets drew mechanically closer. Who would draw first blood? The question would soon be answered.

I could discern the name of our nearest opponent from the deck of the "Victory", it was the "Redoubtable". She soon imprinted herself more firmly in my mind, for a stinging musket ball, like an evil wasp, zinged past me and "thucked" into the nut-brown wood. Things were heating up now: the screams of musket shots, the fruity boom of cannons, mingled with the noise of the sucking waves. The odd pungent whiff of gunpowder reached me. Then our particular deckmaster ordered cannons one and two to be fired, and that was me.

The weasel-faced man and myself heaved the great iron ball from the stores and wedged it down the cannon's almighty barrel with the mop. One of the powder monkeys gave me a bag of shrapnel and gunpowder. I poured the mixture into the igniting box and lit the taper. Slowly the flame moved up the taper and then with a thunder clap and a shot of smoke and flame, the ball soared through the air. It

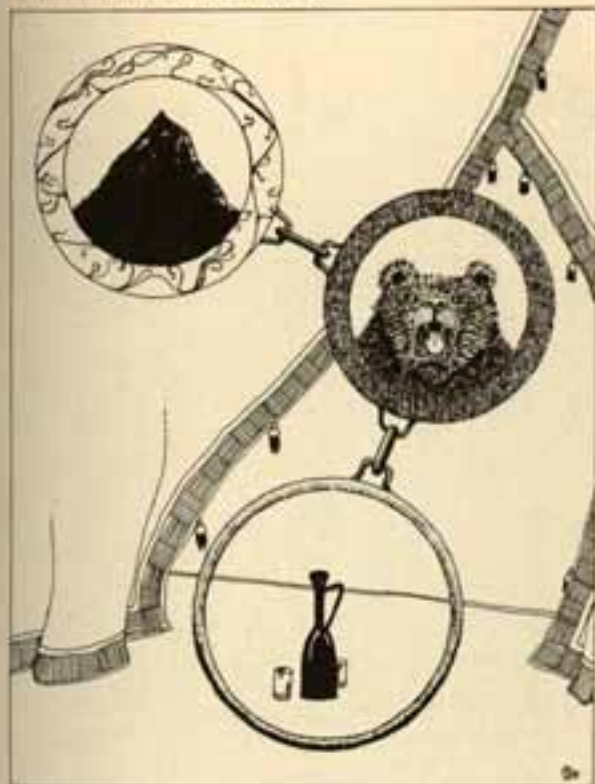
dug deep in the base of our opponent's baleen mast. Like a mighty tree the mast quivered and then crashed onto the deck, crushing several of her crew. It was a good shot, but before I had time to rejoice, I saw my friend leap in the air like a startled cat. He fell shuddering to the deck, dark foamy blood spurting from a musket wound in his neck. He shuddered no more, and another valiant seaman was laid down to rest.

There was no time to mourn however, for our vessel, being one of the foremost, was under heavy attack. The mizzen mast was down and the main mast's sail was torn and tattered. We fired again; this time the ball rent the opposing boat's side just at sea level. The water poured in and slowly the great hulk went down. The men, like little mosquitoes, swarmed up the rigging and then, realising it was in vain, threw themselves helplessly into the flotsam-strewn sea.

Then a great mishap fell upon our ship. Our steely leader Lord Nelson stood out a mile in his frock coat with his silver stars. He was, therefore, extremely vulnerable. He met his end however as he would have wished, in the heat of action at sea. The "Redoubtable's" crew boasted great marksmen, and it was one of these men who picked off Nelson. Standing at the top of the mizzen mast, he fired down on Nelson. The shot lodged in his back, and ended the life of a great man. Nelson placed his handkerchief over his face and stars so as not to disturb his men, and with that he was carried below.

Joe Martin, Rem.D.





In the sylvan valley the lone adventurer rides on,
The branches, grasping, soiling his white flowing mantle.
His leather crest
His grip tightens around his trusty axe, he closes
His targe, sable save for a rising sun, to his breast.

A brave knight, chosen as champion to liberate the village
From the black unholy shackles of their lord the Wizard;
What evil opponents are set against him? What fell demons?
What shadowy, unknown, unearthly things?
What fate?

His long, dark locks are disturbed by a sudden gust
As some black, unseen phantom brushes past
In the misty unlight of the dark forest.
His mount starts, he is panic-stricken, his wide eyes
Darting, his crest twitching, as he looks
For something he hopes not to see.

A shrill, piercing shriek ahead,
A terrifying, terrified scream.
He clutches his holy talisman to his breast
And is given new heart.

The lone adventurer rides on,
Into the darkness, the blackness,
To the evil power that lies in wait,
Aware of his presence, his approach,
His purpose —

Stephen Linley, Class Div.

From "Tolstoy" — a fragment of a play

Prologue: Set in the Russian town of Azamars, where the writer Leo Tolstoy had an experience one night which was to change the course of his life.

Tolstoy: Out there the night hangs like a blackened shroud
Tight and cold, choking the world in its deadly
Embrace.
Even here, inside, there is something wrong.
There is a fear, a freezing in the air!
Who is it there?
Who is it shuffling in the darkness?

The Figure of death, in black cloak, enters.

Tolstoy: Who are you, are you death come to take me?
Figure: What are you doing with your life, Tolstoy? I merely
come to ask where you are going:

To illuminate, and not cast gloom upon your soul.
Tolstoy: I have no need of you to guide me.

Figure: But do you not remember me?
I was with you once on such a night,
When depravity and death stared at you, as one.

Tolstoy: Far deep in the past and no business of yours!
Figure: For then you had the peasant's wife, to comfort you
With her kisses. Now you are alone.

Your wife and children are many miles from here,
Your friends in their rooms, asleep.

Now the sun is down look deep into yourself;
Does a light shine there? I think not,
For within your soul reigns black emptiness,
A void of chaos and shivering despair.

Tolstoy: Have you come to take me then?

Figure: I have not come to take you but to warn.
You burn the candles of your own imperfect thoughts
To guide you, but they are guttering fast and will soon
Die. You must seek the God whose blazing sunlight
Blinds the shadows in a new, a second dawn of life,
And who, outside, is waking earth from fettered sleep.
For only in His light are you set free;
Only then is night turned into day.

Jon Andrews,
Mod. Lang. VI



SHELL L RIDDLES

1. Bought by the yard,
Worn by the foot,
All over the room
This thing can be put.

R.W. Batsford

5. I can bite,
Yet have no teeth.
I move very fast,
Yet have no legs.
I am conducted,
But I am no piece of music.
I am shocking,
But not very naughty.
I could save your life,
But I could kill you.
What am I?

C. Sitch

6. Without a voice it cries.
Without wings it flies.
Without teeth it bites.
Without a mouth it moans.

P. Westbury

3. Hot and cold are my arms,
My mouth is underneath them.
I get very wet, but dry very fast
And my gullet has a trapdoor:
It goes down my one leg.
I also drink a lot; the solid cake
On my shoulder is liquid when I eat it.

P. Hodgetts

4. At the beginning of my life I have no dress at all.
As I grow older my white dress becomes bigger,
And at the end of my life all you can see of me is my dress.
What am I?

R. Gray

7. In two parts,
And so on the things they touch.
Big and small,
Sharp and blunt.
They always get to the point.
They are dangerous and useful.
What are they?

D. Thompson

2. You hold me in your hand,
Yet while you look and stare,
You forget I was once just blank and
Yet I can hold you till the end of time
Never moving, never changing,
Still, for ever there.

D.R. Batchelor

Removes Trip to Gloucester

17th & 24th May

On the 17th May the yelling hordes that constitute Rem.S. and Rem.W. descended on the city of Gloucester. Although our appetite for carnage had been whetted by the prospect of a day off school, our effect upon the citizens of that unfortunate town were diluted by our division into three groups. One went on a lightning tour of the city conducted by Mr Evans, a second were led to the Cathedral exhibition by Dr Speller, leaving the remainder under the auspices of Mr Ashby who showed us the points of architectural interest in the Cathedral. We then attempted to draw these but the results, though interesting, mostly bore little resemblance to the subject or in fact to anything at all. Our travels recommenced, this time with a circumambulation of Gloucester accompanied by Mr Evans, including a brief visit to the museum. Most interest, however, was attracted by the Golden Goose amusement arcade, a 'place of great historic interest'. At last the time came to depart, leaving the people of Gloucester with a week to recover before Rem.D. and Rem.L. arrived.

Andrew Killeen, Rem.S.

Royal Naval Section Trip to H.M.S. Raleigh

October 1981

A score of Royal Naval 'worthies' and several army cadets gathered on the concourse of New Street Station at noon on Tuesday the 28th, fifteen minutes early so as to give Commander Benson no excuse for a breakdown. Thus we had time to admire Nigel Chandler's choice of clashing colours and to observe Mr Stead bidding his family farewell. Soon Sub-Lieutenant Stead had successfully marshalled his group of 28 (or was it 29?) cadets onto the correct train for Plymouth. On arrival at Plymouth station, Simon Bunegar won his bet that transport to H.M.S. Raleigh would be delayed. After twenty minutes spent wrestling with a public telephone and his small change Sub-Lieutenant Stead succeeded in organising some transport.

On the Wednesday morning we went on a harbour cruise, which enabled us to see the ships in Plymouth Harbour such as H.M.S. Brilliant, the

navy's newest frigate, and several submarines. Each of the new recruits had the opportunity of taking a turn on the helm. In the afternoon we were given a lecture at the Fire-Fighting School on Damage Control, and afterwards we participated in a Damage Control exercise. The next morning we did some sailing and power-boating and in the afternoon we were given an informative lecture on dockyard safety. Then we were shown how to use winches properly; later we gave a demonstration to Commander Benson, which went so well that the instructor even risked one of his cigarettes by placing it under the weights. Unfortunately, someone dropped the weight and crushed it. On the last morning we were shown around H.M.S. Dido, a Leander Class frigate.

After the customary de-brief, we were taken back to Plymouth Station and soon we returned to Birmingham. Everyone had enjoyed themselves and the food was generally good. I would like to thank Commander Benson and Sub-Lieutenant Stead for organizing the trip and for their invaluable aid.

Richard Tyler (Cadet A.B.)V.W

The XV Rugby Tour to Lourdes

October 1981

The tour began with frantic cries of "Get on! Get on!" echoing round New Street Station as a long red arm dangled out of the Euston train beckoning three bemused Edwardians, laden with suitcases and rugby kit, to board. Nineteen were on their way to Argeles-Gazost in the picturesque Pyrenees, whilst three remained on Platform 2 arguing with station officials.

The party was reunited on the following day in Paris. The tour manager was relieved by the return of his three prodigal players before the journey southwards, complete with baguettes and red wine, commenced. On arrival 1st XV traditions were neglected in favour of a good night's sleep, in preparation for our first match against Argeles Juniors. A 28-4 victory, highlighted by several excellent tries, made this match an easy opener.

Sunday night was to prove to be an unforgettable occasion, though many would rather it were forgotten. The few who can recollect the full night's events are *still* surprising the rest of us! After a

reception at the match with several undesirable locals, and the customary wine at supper, we hit the town — and then it hit us. The next morning fifteen or so weak and frail rugby players visited the Grotto at Lourdes as penance.

Thursday saw a more refreshing atmosphere in the Pyrenees, with a visit to the Cirques de Gavarnie, boasting Europe's largest waterfall. The generous layer of snow allowed vigorous fights and by evening many were soaked, although in high spirits. On Wednesday the sun at last broke through and sunbathing was possible after a morning's training session. After lunch we played the second match, against an under-20 years old Lourdes side, which finished second in the French 1980 Championships and came complete with 19/20 year-old internationals. The game contrasted immensely with the first, and indeed with anything we had ever experienced in England. We were run off our feet by skill of such a high standard that it dazed many of us. The score was 40—0 by half-time, and it was only a gallant effort in the second half which kept the final score to 52—4.

Our final game on Thursday provided us with another First Division Club's Junior side, with no less than 5 internationals. Stubborn resistance and excellent determination left us with a very creditable 34—6 defeat. This may not sound particularly impressive, but the quality of the opposition had to be seen to be believed.

Shaving-cream aerosols empty and suitcases full of duty-free, the XV returned to Birmingham on Friday evening. I would like to thank Messrs Everest and Campbell for excellent control and supervision of the whole tour, and for their acceptance of many classic 1st XV rituals. Thanks must also go to Jean-Christophe Thomas who sorted out the problems of transport and accommodation in Lourdes.

Jo Sheehy, Geog.VI

U16 Hockey Tour of London

13th — 15th February, 1982

Having arrived at 'Gardenview Hotel', we made our way to Highgate School for a quick lunch before the match. Despite our two goals the opposition captain and bearded (U16?) centre forward held us to a draw, and we then had to face a barrage of

criticism from Mr Cook. Following tea, Mr Wills set off minus half the team and the shirts.

That night Mr Mitra turned up at the hotel and thankfully relieved us of Messrs Cook and Wills. The next morning at breakfast Mr Wills was even paler than Ben Rees, and we made a note to keep an eye on him that night.

We spent the next morning in Westminster before the day's match against Old Cholmondlians — a rag-bag of O.A.P.s and Celia. It was a fiercely contested struggle and we eventually lost 1—0. On the way back we suggested to C.J.W. that as we neared Soho a red light probably meant stop.

The following morning was spent in Oxford Street where Dean Johnson discovered some 'ace' cheap records, and then left them on a bus. The day's match was against Merchant Taylor's School, and we got the better end of a 1—1 draw. The *opposition* took tea, and then after a long wait for J.R.A.C. and C.J.W. we set off for home.

The tour had done wonders for team spirits and spirits had done wonders for the team.

Donald Wilson and Alain Wolffe, V.D.

Classical Greek Drama in 1982

The first half of 1982 was kind to lovers of Greek drama in providing, apart from the spirited readings given at meetings of the Anagnostics, no fewer than three opportunities to see ancient drama produced on the modern stage.

Friday 19th February saw our long-awaited visit to the National Theatre, London, to see the *Oresteia Trilogy* of Aeschylus, a series of three plays, first produced in Athens in 458 B.C., dealing with the legend of Orestes, who killed his mother Clytemnestra because she had killed his father Agamemnon. The fact that the three plays lasted over five hours, including two intervals for the purchase of drinks and light refreshments, filled the organiser with some trepidation: some senior members of the Anagnostics had sometimes been unable to cope with one play. Such fears, however, proved groundless, as the packed house remained spellbound by the performance: its music used basic rhythms to produce an almost hypnotic effect, while the masks used by the actors and the simple stage, devoid of distracting scenery, produced an amazing degree of classical involvement.

Wednesday 24th March produced a contrast with our visit to the Royal Exchange Theatre, Manchester, to see the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles. Philoctetes was a Greek hero, who, after being abandoned by his fellow Greeks, was finally 'persuaded' to sail to Troy, which his archery skills alone could capture. The play evoked a strong contemporary feeling: scenery and stage effects were modern, while the wheedling Neoptolemus, who persuaded Philoctetes, was played by Robert Lindsay, more widely known for his portrayal of Woffie in *Citizen Smith*.

Friday 28th May saw our visit to Bradfield College, near Reading, to enjoy the *Persae* of Aeschylus: this play, first performed in 472 B.C., is our earliest extant Greek play and so forms the source of European drama. The play was performed in the open-air theatre at Bradfield and in the original Greek, a factor that did not impede our understanding of the plot, which tells of Persian reaction to their defeat by the Greeks at Salamis. The performance was brilliant and the packed house sat through 90 minutes of music and drama with no fidgeting — despite the stone seats and the physical discomfort that they can produce. The evening performance of this ancient drama was enhanced by a modest display of modern technology when, as the natural light faded, stage lights created a shimmering effect off the white stone stage.

S.F.O.

Classics Conference, Leeds 15th January 1982

Cast your minds back, if you dare, to the arctic conditions of January 1982. You can imagine the effort required to get out of a nice warm bed before 6.00 am (we classicists are made of tough stuff). Nevertheless, this was what was necessary, if we were to get to Leeds University by 10.00 am, when the first lecture was due to start. All but two of the party appeared at school at around 7.00 am, the missing ones intending to be collected in town. Forty minutes later, a minibus finally decided to start. The aforementioned 'other two', namely Stephen Linley and Humphrey Gyde, now feeling akin to snowmen after standing in the snow for over half-an-hour, were at last rescued. The expedition

had begun.

The eleven lectures were so arranged that the most any one person could attend was four. The first batch of lectures presented a choice between Cicero and Sophocles; all but one chose Cicero; the one got it right. Following coffee and biscuits came the next batch, more interesting than the first (though Mr T. was overcome with a desire to watch the pretty lights on the inside of his eyelids!). After lunch we returned to face the next session. By this time some of the party were swayed more by the confines of the lecture-theatre than the subject of the lecture; this led them to a lecture on the Romanization of Britain, which was, apparently, a good remedy for insomnia. The final round presented, for the lazier majority, a talk and a slide show on Mycenae, and for the more intellectual (Mr T. and Stephen Linley) a talk, given by a quaint German gentleman, complete with horn-rimmed spectacles, on Plato's *Gorgias*.

You would have thought that, following this great influx of brain-fodder, there would be much discussion of the various topics covered. Wrong: the atmosphere was more akin to a rugby coach, with rather sick jokes thriving like yeast in a brewery.

In conclusion, despite some of the lectures being less exciting than 'Top of the Pops', the overall quality was well worth the 300-mile round trip. On behalf of all the boys, we would like to thank our two chauffeurs, Mr Edwards and Mr Tibbott, and Mr Owen, for organising the trip and getting us a day off school.

Stephen Linley and Nigel Reynolds, Class.Div.

Scouts' Duke of Edinburgh Awards

This year the (unfairly) much-maligned Scout group thrust forwards into the unknown; in an attempt to silence the unworthy multitude that criticizes the scouts, the V Form Venture unit has embarked upon a mission combining dedication, determination, and daring with enthusiasm, enterprise and enjoyment: the Duke of Edinburgh Silver Award Scheme.

The award comprises four sections, service, interest, skill and expedition, designed to provide participants with both the opportunity and the skills necessary to participate more fully in activities

A Long Last Lap

I didn't need a bell to tell me that I had only one more lap to run; however, since it was another thirteen miles to the finish and the leader was some four miles ahead, I was not exactly poised to snatch victory with a sprint finish. A similar situation to this was faced by at least ten people from KES who were among the thousands of participants in the Birmingham marathons this year. To these Spartans mysterious terms such as 'carbo-loading' and 'hitting the wall' are common topics of conversation. You would also be unable to tell that they had suffered with frozen fingers, noses and other parts due to their efforts during the bitter winter. Perhaps they even sustained the dreaded stress fractures. Yet all this was done in a good cause — to be able to run the marathon.

It is worth it. The marathon is the only race which is run at a reasonable pace, during which you can enjoy the scenery (though this is somewhat limited on the M6 collector road) and at which you can chat

to other runners. It is a marvellous experience to run to the finish amid the cheering crowds and earn the virtually priceless finishers' medal — though once you have finished you need to be supported just to walk! The fact that most of those people who have run one marathon want to run another surely proves that marathons really are fun (nearly all the time).

Niall Tebbutt, Sci.Div.1A

P.S.G.

We continued as ever this year; the need is always there, and the old people especially enjoyed the Christmas Party.

Thanks are due to R.W.G., Miss Turnbull, and Miss Jones at the Old Peoples' Club.

Jon Andrews, Mod.Lang.VI

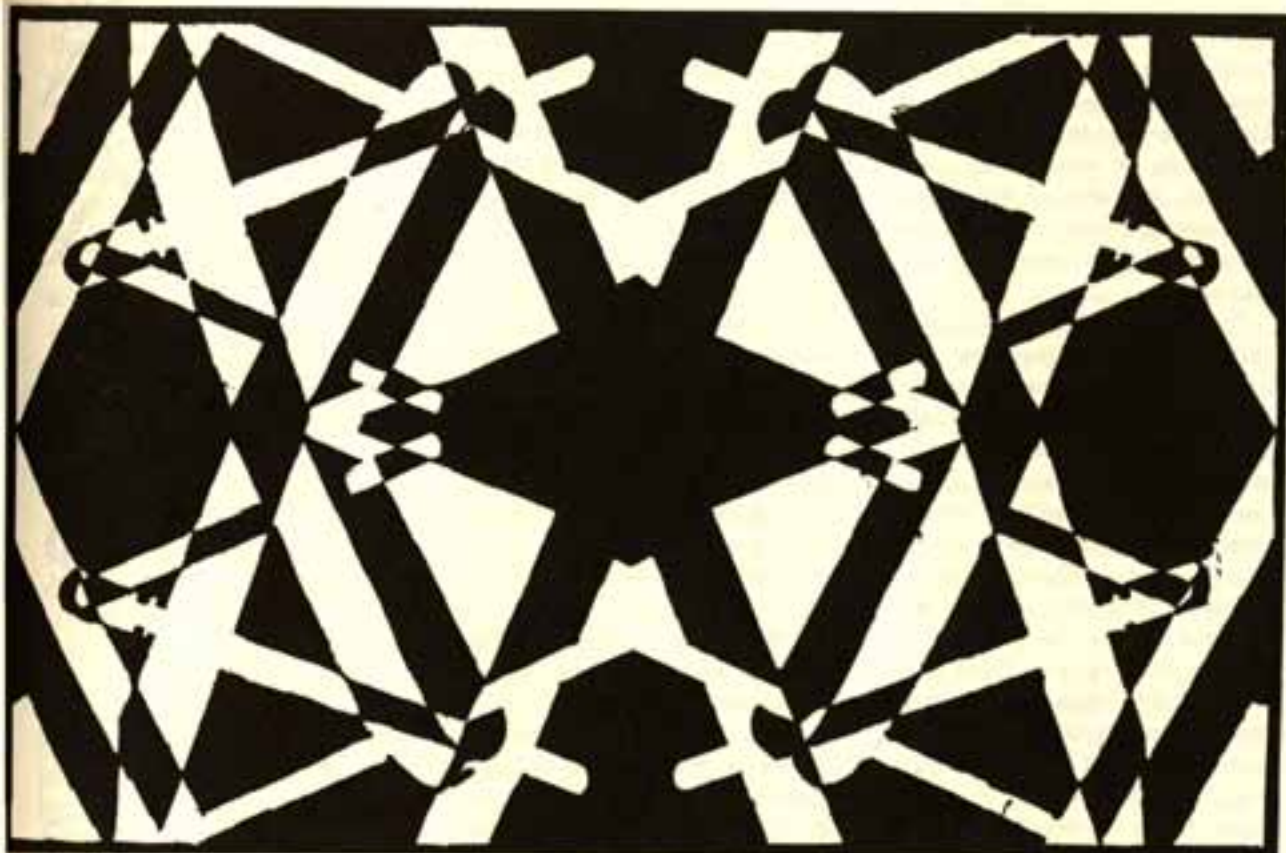


Illustration: Tasso Gazis U.M.S.

The First Century of School Music 1881 — 1981

Whilst the massed forces of K.E. parents bellowed the 'traditional' strains of *O Come All Ye Faithful* at this year's Christmas Concert, few, if any, realised the real significance of the evening. A century previous almost to the day, the musical Pilgrim Fathers of K.E. revelled the season for the first time.

Although a musical item was usual at Speech Day in 1875, there was no other organised music, and it was not until the spring of 1877 that an enlightened Maths master by the name of Rickard founded the Musical Society. Sadly our debt to him has gone unrecognised until now.

By November 1881 the Society had nearly fifty members and felt strong enough to hold its first rehearsal. As a result, the Inaugural Concert took place on 29th December to rapturous applause. By an astonishing coincidence, the star of the show was one J. Davis — is this the final proof that Jeremy is immortal?

The pattern of Christmas Concert and Speech Day item was preserved into the new century, although the quality, especially at Speech Day, was frequently slated by a succession of vehement *Chronicle* editors. Music was rarely ambitious, relying mostly on individual talent — pianists, baritones, and the occasional number for choir.

After the first war there was considerable interest taken, and the beginnings of an orchestra, which played at the first school play, *Twelfth Night*, in 1924. Later it was fostered by a semi-professional called Wolsten

holm who even started lecturing on the music. How far this orchestra has come was evident in the Shostakovich symphony this year — surely beyond the wildest dreams of that tiny band. Concerts also took place in lunch-hours, but fun and games largely dominated the serious music.

By 1935 music was going through a weak patch, but during the war years F.L. Kay heroically maintained an orchestra and choir and even started class-room teaching of music. It was not until 1946 that K.E. appointed its first professional, Philip Cranmer, now secretary of the Associated Board. After two years here he was succeeded by Dr Willis Grant, a man of immense energy and the greatest force behind school music. Choir-training was his greatest forte: Choral Society mounted mammoth productions, whilst Chapel Choir reached a standard that would have shamed many a cathedral. Yet his teaching was highly effective: in ten years seven boys won Oxbridge music scholarships.

T.N. Tunnard followed in 1958 and saw the completion of the new music school in 1966. Under his aegis the school staged Gluck's opera *Alceste* — which few other schools can have equalled. The current organist of Hereford Cathedral, Roy Massey, was appointed in 1968, and David Bruce-Payne in 1974.

Over the century K.E. has produced a number of eminent musicians, of whom the late David Munrow, broadcaster and pioneer of renaissance music, is

the most famous. Harrison Oxley, organist of St. Edmundsbury Cathedral, was another pupil of Grant, and in recent years David Dunnett and Laurence Martin have both distinguished themselves.

School music has a fine and noble pedigree — its strength has varied yet it now stands on a firm platform, well equipped to plunge into its second century, under the batons of Gordon Sill and Peter Bridle.

Ken Macnab, Hist.Div.



A Half-Century of K.E.S.

To call it a half-century is really overstating it a little. Thirty-seven years and two terms is the real length of my full-time occupation of the school, as boy, student teacher and master, and the lapse of time from my entry as a 'sherring' to my retirement was actually one fewer than fifty years.

I entered the glowering portals of New Street in September 1932. First left inside those portals was the porter's lodge, presided over by an imposing figure with a waxed moustache, who was, I seem to recall, always correctly dressed in uniform, and who was named Ford; or to a sherring, Sir, for he seemed to be second in importance only to the headmaster. Opposite him was the masters' staircase, and at the far end of the corridor was the boys' staircase, which went down to the quadrangle and up to the upper corridor (now the chapel) and to Big School.

Big School was long and high and seemed rather narrow, since it was cluttered with peninsulae of furniture which I believe, in bygone days, had housed classes. Sapientia stood at one end, with the organ loft above. The quadrangle was a claustrophobic affair hemmed in by the main school and the high, narrow building of the girls' school, amongst other buildings. I have it on the best possible authority that members of the girls' school were wont to project paper darts from their windows into the quad., and that some of these bore written messages. I remember nothing of this, since cricket was my

hobby in those days, but it was an appalling risk for a girl to take, since even distant communication was taboo then.

The headmaster was Edwin Thirlwall England, tall, lean, austere, remote and unfortunate enough to take me for Latin in my first year. Those who know what my subsequent career was, may be interested to know that my initial performance in Latin was abysmal.

At the bottom of the masters' staircase a small corridor led to the classroom of the Reverend William Sneath. Disregard his limbs and head, and the rest of him was more nearly globular than I have ever known in anyone else. His subject was maths; I purposely hesitate to say that he taught maths, for I had him for a year and descended from competence to rabbitry in that time. Stories of the Bishop are legion. I once saw him put on two pairs of spectacles and then look at his book through a magnifying glass. I once heard him crunch, crunch from desk to door across a carpet of rice (which it was then the custom to blow through glass tubes) without his realising that the lino was lined.

New Street was old, dark, cramped and noisy. There were no school dinners; lunch-hour was from 12.30 to 2.45 to allow boys to go home. The playing fields were even then at Eastern Road; and there were also two rugby pitches on the land now occupied by the B.B.C. at Pebble Mill. It was a tedious business getting to Eastern Road from school, or from home after dinner, although there was some-

*T.G. Freeman, O.E. 1939 (boy),
1981 (master)*

thing to be said for going to school by train. There was on the Northfield line a club, which met on the train, whose members were KES boys, and which was called 'The Travelers' Club'. Its behaviour on the train was, perhaps, not always of the most seemly, and in due course E.T.E. ordained that it be disbanded. Noisy we might be, but one did not disobey E.T.E. We were disbanded forthwith, but next day another club came into existence, called 'Les Voyageurs'.

New Street became unsuitable as a school building, and the move to temporary buildings came at the beginning of 1936. These wooden buildings occupied the Bristol Road frontage of the present South Field, with the boys' and girls' schools side by side, and the new permanent building being constructed behind. At the beginning of the summer term, 1936, as I came to school on the tram, the conductor told me that there was no point in my going, as the school had burned down in the night. This jolly quip turned out to be true; there it was, gone. The girls' part was not totally destroyed by fire, but was unusable; on the boys' side, little stood except, here and there, some white porcelain structures looking like sets of giant false teeth — none of these on the girls' side. The cause of the fire was said to be an electrical fault, but we had a sneaky feeling that it was really the act of some public-spirited boy; and had we been able to identify him, no doubt there would have been a collection for

him. From this disaster we got precisely one week's holiday. I spent the rest of my School Certificate term (predecessor of O Level) in nooks and crannies of the university, wherever there was enough room for a class to be held.

I could fill this *Chronicle* with stories of New Street and its characters, of the move to Edgbaston and the period up to the beginning of the war. One character of this later period, for instance, was Max Reese, a historian who took the Classical Sixth for German. He spent most of the periods reading, with his feet on his desk, and allowing us to do what we liked so long as we didn't interrupt him; but he was a wicket-keeper who could have found a place in many a county side, and was therefore worthy of respect. I revert to E.T. England. Taking the Classical Sixth one day he suddenly broke off his discourse, gazed at one member of the form, and said, "Atkinson do you smoke?" Atkinson, feeling as a mere ten-a-day man that he was justified in denying it, did so. "Oh, then do you photograph?" "No, sir, I don't photograph either." "Then what's the brown stain on your fingers?" Atkinson inspected his inoffensive digits and gave it as his opinion that they were free of brown stains. Whereupon E.T. took off his glasses, gazed at them and terminated the interview with, "Oh, great heavens, no, it's something on my spectacles".

E.T.E. generally has a poorish press from people like me, but we should remember that he coped with two great upheavals in his dozen or so years at KES.

The first was the move from New Street, the second the evacuation to Repton in the first year of the war. I was at Repton for only one term. It was full of sandbagging Repton School and digging trenches in which to shelter from the blitz which was confidently expected to pound the villages of Derbyshire; full of very little school work for several weeks. E.T.E. called his prefects together one day to instruct them how to behave in these unfamiliar conditions, and (eminently imitable head that he was) ended with the immortal words, "When in doubt, imitate me".

My next full-time occupation at the school was in the spring term of 1946, when I came to look at life from the other side of the desk as a student teacher; and then, after shearing off several of my rough edges on a school in London, I returned to KES in 1951.

Common Room meetings, called in some schools staff meetings, are a fruitful source of anecdote. On one occasion, at the beginning of the meeting, in came Rev. R. Lunt, followed by Rev. F. Williams and Rev. A. Jackson. "At this rate," said one, "we're going to need a rev counter". When Norman Craig was asked to chair a sub-committee to explore the possibility of providing better toilet facilities for ladies, he replied, "Very well, Chief Master, I will set up a privy council". Ah, the merry quips that you boys never heard! In 1952 we celebrated the quatercentenary of the school's foundation. At a tea-party in Big School for the teaching staff of KES and KEHS and their wives or

husbands, if any, one young colleague was heard conscientiously going about his duty of breaking the ice with "Hallo, I'm R.W. I'm sorry I don't know you. Are you a wife or a mistress?"

Some strange people have become teachers. We had one who, when some of our boys were caught stealing books from Hudson's, openly expressed his approval; boys should be allowed to steal books if they needed them and could not afford to buy them. But I think that KES has fewer than the national average of oddballs nowadays. The Common Room generally houses a remarkably likeable bunch of men, and lately, women.

A word about the school song. When we left New Street for the greenery of Edgbaston, one of the verses became irrelevant. I have found many people interested to hear the words of that verse, so here they are:

*Here no classic grove secludes us,
here abides no cloistered calm/
Not the titled, nor the stranger,
wrestles here to gain the palm/
Round our smoke-encrusted precincts labour's
turbid river runs/
Builders of this burly city temper
here their strenuous sons. Forward, etc.*

There is certainly a grove now. It's called the Prefects' Grove, and if that isn't exactly classic, the trees beyond Winterbourne certainly are. Cloistered calm may be found at the swimming pool. I can't remember a title, but strangers there certainly are, if by stranger is meant one not of English origins. Bristol Road carries a fair amount of labour's river, but turbid hardly seems to fit it. Strenuous sons? Well, yes, most of them. I do not think the boys have changed much in half a century.



S P O R T & S O C I E T I E S

The Highly Successful U14 XV



Photograph: Ian Lewis, Geog.VI

A.R.E.S.

It has been a year of great expansion for this as yet young society. To most people at K.E. the society puts up posters twice a term, advertising sales of surplus equipment (junk) or cakes — but it does meet (usually) three times a week, which shows considerable enthusiasm.

Successful events during the year have included the sending of T.V. pictures across the school, and the construction of the RX80 amateur band communication receiver; it is good to hear people from across the world on this radio built in its entirety at KES.

The society possesses its own V.H.F. transceiver, but members frequently bring in their own equipment which gives plenty of scope for licensed members to talk with their counterparts from all over the world (or perhaps just across the school). Non-licensed members enjoy the opportunity of listening for distant stations looking forward to the day when they can take the microphone. Thanks to a grant made by the Parents' Association, the group has recently been able to purchase a sophisticated antenna system.

Thanks to Dr Westbury (G30XL), and Messrs Coleville and Andronov, and to our Chairman, Mr Rigby, for their invaluable assistance.

Gerald Lowe, V.W.

ANAGNOSTICS

The 'winds of change' noted by the previous secretary blew on into 1982. The society came under completely new management with Stan Owen assuming the whip-hand. Under his dynamic leadership the society was not content with being the première play-reading society at KES, but rather, hit the road in search of professional renditions of classical masterpieces: these they found in London (*The Orestes*), Manchester (*Philoctetes*), and Bradford (*The Persae* — see *Features*).

On the home front, despite a shameful outburst of crowd trouble at one meeting, in the main the society read its plays in a convivial and informal atmosphere.

Many thanks must be extended to Mr Owen who has set about ensuring the healthy future of the

society with such verve that he leaves the secretary with little to do but watch and wonder.

Humphrey Gyde, Class VI

Anagnostics Society Treasurer's Report

Total subscriptions levied	£21.45
Expenditure — strawberries	£ 6.00
— cream	£ 5.60*
— 'other refreshments'	£ 7.40
Total expenditure	£19.00
Balance	+£ 2.45

*Lakshmi Deshpande ripped us off for the 40p change from buying the cream, but promises to give it back.

The remaining balance (ie £2.05) has been handed over to the Chairman, Mr S.F. Owen.

Mark Hughes, Class VI

ART SOCIETY

This year the society has joined with KEHS in organising a series of lectures about the history of art and the rôle of the artist in society. The mainstay of these lectures has been Dr Colin Bailey of the Barber Institute, who has lectured on Picasso, Hockney and German Expressionism. Other lectures have included Peter Wooley on twentieth century art.

The guests who have spoken on art as a career or in education have been Tom Davies, Joy Ashby, David Miles and Mr Pugh, the principal of Bournville School of Art.

Thanks are due to Mr Ashby and Miss Hillier for organising these lectures, and also for taking the visits to London Galleries throughout the year.

Steve Chapple, Art.VI

CLASSICAL SOCIETY

This year's meetings have reflected the boom in classical trips, and the talks have ranged as widely. Mr Owen, for example, delivered a very entertaining talk on Hadrian's Wall, flavouring his slides with the now customary sheaves of typed notes which illustrate his awesome enthusiasm. The theatre trips (see *Features*) were anticipated by well-attended talks delivered by various members of the staff; and the final meeting was a slide-show of the trip to Greece at Easter (see *Features* again). An interesting and lively year.

Andrew Mendoza, Class.VI

JUNIOR CLASSICAL SOCIETY

Under the administration of Dr Speller, there have been two meetings a term this year. An attempt to make the society joint with KEHS met with little success through a lack of enthusiasm from the girls. However, overall the year was interesting and enjoyable. The two highlights were a talk on Hadrian's Wall by Mr S.F. Owen and an account by A. Lynn and R. Herrod on the recent trip to Greece.

I would like to thank Dr Speller on behalf of the Society and to wish her good fortune in America.

Paul Mason, IV.N.

DEBATING SOCIETY

The Society had a very enjoyable and worthwhile year, with a contrasting and controversial programme encouraging good contributions from the floor. The motions debated over the year included such topics as 'This House would abolish Democracy' and 'This House believes History is Bunk' (Christmas Term), 'This House believes America should take its Thumb out of the European Pie' (Spring Term), and a rather topical 'This House would play Sport with South Africa' (Summer Term).

The end of Christmas Term bonanza was a balloon debate in the Cartland Club featuring characters from children's fiction, which the

'Swedish Chef' from the Muppets, David Wolffe, won convincingly, if incomprehensibly. The Spring Term saw the introduction of some new blood from the Divisions, and meetings became even more enthusiastic as attendances rose to as high as sixty. The motion 'This House believes Men need to be Liberated' provoked some feminist sentiment from a devious, KEHS coterie in the House — but was carried. The debate on the motion 'This House believes in Human Sacrifice' proved to be the most amusing — and coherently logical (!) of the year, but Nigel Reynolds's gleeful proposition was disturbing. In external competitions we again spoke well without winning anything.

The Summer Term was quieter, despite the highlight of the Parents' Association Debate, 'This House has no confidence in the Older Generation.' (See *Features*.)

Hearty thanks are expressed to Martin Cooper, who won the Malcolm Locker Debating prize, and to Ian Lewis; and finally, congratulations must go to the President, Mr Hatton, for being the most colourful feature of the year: long may he continue his flamboyant and witty contributions to the life of the Society.

Matthew Banks, Mod.Lang.Div.

JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

This society has always walked in the shadow of its great senior counterpart, the Debating Society, and this year proved to be no exception. The best debate was undoubtedly that bearing the title 'This House would abolish Prefects'. The motion was defeated by a very narrow margin, mostly due to the presence of thirteen prefects (granted honorary membership by Dr Speller).

Apart from this, there were only four debates this year, and their appeal was minimal. On a brighter note, however, the advertising, provided by Jonathan Hollow, has been excellent, and there is much hope for the future, with several promising minors.

Lastly, thanks are due to Dr Speller for organising the meetings, and we look forward to Mr Hosty taking over as leader.

Rupert Ward, IV.W.

DRAMA SOCIETY REPORT

The gentle reader might be forgiven for seeing the D.S. work as being limited solely to the three school productions of Junior, Senior and Syndicate Plays (this year *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *At Intervals* respectively); however, the work of the Society continues throughout the year, during Friday options: in the depths of Big School where the stage crew to and fro constructing and demolishing sets and mobilising the formidable battery of lights, under the benign guidance of the good Dr Homer; in the gym where Mr Trott demonstrates the rudiments of dramatic art to the Shells; in Room 176 where Mr Evans guides the middle years through vocal gymnastics and dramatic exercises; and finally in the form of the Senior Option which leads a nomadic existence through the corridors of KES. This illustrious and industrious group of individuals has produced two plays for public consumption this year. The first was a poetic play by the Birmingham poet John Drinkwater, *The God of Quiet*, which received acclaim at the Festival for Religious Drama in the Cathedral. The second, a traditional Mummers' play, was performed first to the folk of Balsall Heath who received it with cheers, boos and applause, and then to the Arctic Wastes of Chamberlain Square where the Christmas shoppers were reluctant to dally overlong in the sub-zero conditions; nevertheless, the sum of £30 was raised for St Mary's Hospice.

Kevin Coffey, Geog.VI

EURODRAMA

C'était une année assez tranquille pour la société. D'abord nous avons fait un petit reading jovial du *The Cherry Orchard*, dans translation bien sure. Puis on a attaqué *L'avare* de Molière: très bien, très bon background reading. Finalement, on a lu un play Allemand, par je ne sais qui — mais cela est une langue dont je ne suis pas blessée.

Mais, sérieusement, folks: the society must change if it is to avoid the death it so richly deserved this year. Meetings should take place on Fridays as they do in all the other more-than-semi-literate societies. There is an abundance of splendid Euro-

pean plays waiting to be read, either 'raw' or in translation, and many plays and films appearing every month; it would be tragic if apathy were to pull the modern languages' coffin lid closed behind it. Even the classicists look on contemptuously at our worm-eaten state. Despite Mr Tomlinson's efforts, the embers glow no longer — are the ashes of Eurodrama to settle for ever, or will it rise like a multi-lingual and highly-coloured phoenix from Euro-oblivion?

Ça dépend. C'est à nous: moi, je suis game. Et vous?

Matthew Banks, Mod.Lang.Div.

FILM SOCIETY

There is a wide range in cinematic taste between the sixth-forms of KES and KEHS, for which one must cater. The Committee thus strove to balance films of some substance with those required by popular demand, and thereby to satisfy most of the audience most of the time. The resulting season could best be described as a delicate balance between success and disaster.

One problem which plagued the Society was the remarkable knack the T.V. companies had of showing a film just before us (*2001* and *The Sting*), although we counter-attacked by anticipating *Charley Varrick* and *Assault on Precinct 13*, both excellent films. *The Big Bus* (last-minute replacement for *The Sting*), was a disaster; while the next offering, the sensitive and beautiful German film *Die Marquise von O*, found little favour with much of the audience — the culture shock was obviously too much for them. Other highlights were Woody Allen's satirical comedy *Love and Death* and *Monty Python's Life of Brian*; but then the year finished with a resounding whimper.

Better luck next year!

Arthur Hickman, Sci.VI.2
and Matthew Kempshall, Class.VI

MIDDLE SCHOOL FILM SOCIETY

The Society managed to show some very good films this year, despite lacking resources somewhat as the result of a sad lack of members. The Society became joint with KEHS this year, too, in attempt to increase the membership.

The 'high spots' of the year came in the summer term when we saw such films as *The Graduate* and *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*, which went down very well with the members (and with visitors from higher up the school). Younger members were also catered for with films like *Smokey and the Bandit* and *Please Sir*. Thanks to the committees of the two schools, and also to Miss Barnett and Mrs Ewin for their invaluable help.

Niels de Vos, IV.T. and Simon Smallman, IV.N.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

The society was proud to present yet another series of excellent speakers, this year, with such topics as 'Land-use conflicts in the Lake District', by Dr Prosser; 'The Canadian Maritimes', a Travel Scholarship report by Jon Ingham; and 'Iceland settlement studies', by John Gerrard of Birmingham University.

Our sincere thanks must go to David Haywood for his supreme contribution to the Society during his years at KES, and we welcome the new head of Geography to the school.

Jon Ingham, Geog.VI

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Historical Society enjoyed as flourishing a year as ever. The Autumn Term kicked off with a film on the Gunpowder Conspiracy, purporting to be an investigation and 'last word' by Magnus Magnusson. Later, C.C.S. Newton, an O.E. from Birmingham University, gave a highly interesting talk on 'The Political Effects of the Korean War', and as a coup de grâce for Christmas, the Society met

the Debating Society for a memorable discussion of 'Is History Bunk?' (a motion which, unfortunately, was carried!).

On October 22nd, under the aegis of Messrs Buttress, Trott and Workman, a group of 'A' Level Historians and 'Englishmen' travelled down to Montacute House in Somerset. The purpose of this venture (which involved an unearthly start at 5.30 am) was an open day staged at this stately home by the National Trust in co-operation with a group of young actors. The day entailed participation in a dramatic historical re-enactment of the recorded visit there in 1613 of King James I. The morning was spent revising (or even learning!) the political situation surrounding this date, whilst at the same time being taught Bowls and Archery (gardeners were fair game for Simon Clarke!). The afternoon constituted the actual 'drama', as the five actors led a group of about thirty students in a number of scenes prepared in the morning. The day proved immensely enjoyable.

The Spring Term saw a stimulating illustrated talk by Professor H.H.H. Bryer on 'Byzantium and its History' and there followed a special bonus for 'O' Level Historians with a film on 'The Diplomatic Prelude to the Second World War.' The highlight of the Summer Term was a co-operative venture with the Newman Society for a dissertation upon Sir Thomas More.

Gratitude and appreciation must as ever be extended towards Mr Buttress for his tireless and imaginative enthusiasm, and to Miss Diggory and Miss Dovey for co-ordinating efforts with the Girls' School.

Matthew Kempshall, Hist.VI

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

The Society has been lying low for a few years, but has now been revitalised and revamped — and reunited with KEHS. Its (re-)inaugural meeting took place at the end of the summer term, when a panel of invited speakers gave their views on whether literary criticism can — or should — be objective. We have a variety of items planned for next year, from talks by visiting university lecturers through poetry readings to theatre visits. Hope to see you there!

K.J.B.

MODEL RAILWAY SOCIETY

The secluded and somewhat claustrophobic siting of the headquarters of the Model Railway Society has tended to make the Society seem less attractive to potential members. However, the Society has a hardened core of dedicated (or stupid?) UMs who attend at lunchtimes, and who seem eternally enthusiastic.

Over the last two years, we have been slowly constructing a model of a Scottish terminus — slowly, because the rate of progress has depended on the changes in finance over the year. The majority of work is undertaken by the Friday afternoon option under the charge of R.J. Hall, following in the footsteps of his illustrious brother Alan. We believe in scratchbuilding all buildings and scenery, based on prototypical locations in Scotland. Consequently progress is slow and any other enthusiastic members of any age would be welcome.

Brian Lynn, Geog.VI

MODERN LANGUAGES SOCIETY

The society had a number of interesting speakers this year, though meetings were not always as well attended as they could have been. Serge Le Roy, our 'assistant', gave an intelligent account of the superstitions of his native region of Bordeaux, Mark Cooper's father told us about his job as 'A Modern Linguist in Industry' and Mr Barrett of KEHS showed us some slides of Moscow.

So come along next year and broaden your mind at one of our meetings.

Jon Andrews, Mod.Lang.VI

NEWMAN SOCIETY

Typically, nothing happened to mark the visit of the Holy Father this year, for the Newman Society's regular, earnest attendance is but small and lacks the deadly sins of vigour and imagination.

However, judging from John-Paul II's words at Coventry, there could 'soon' be cause for excitement should the society's patron be canonised.

Meetings this year included a talk by Father Mitchell on the work of St. Mary's Hospice — inspiring words on care for the dying; Father Sale on missionary work in Peru — an impressive and moving reminder of our own good fortune; Father Crawford, addressing the Historical Society as well, on Thomas More; and Father Reid on abortion — the rights of the unborn child. His approach to this controversial subject was essentially, or at least ostensibly, not a religious one, but convincing for its frankness.

Excepting the latter, Thursday lunch-time attendances were small, but the meetings were most interesting and certainly worthwhile. Many thanks to Father Gregory for trying to save our souls, and to Mr Hopley who will at least have tried to educate them should they plummet anyway.

Matthew Banks, Mod.Lang.Div.

THE ORIENTEERING CLUB

The club has made the most of the year by travelling to many of the finest forests in the Midlands. We finished the season with an excellent second place in the West Midlands Schools' Championships. I expect that the club will grow considerably next year since there will be a Friday afternoon orienteering option in the summer — so we may do even better. I would like to conclude by inviting all those who have not yet been tempted by orienteering (the only sport which relies more on intelligence than physical ability) to come and try it.

Niall Tebbutt, Sci.Div.IA

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

It has been a successful year for the Society since, although we are far from filling the Ratcliff Theatre, we have at least attracted a 'respectable' audience to each meeting. This is probably due to the fact that the topics are now of interest to a

much wider age range than was previously the case.

We spent most of the year developing our theme of energy, particularly nuclear energy, with a series of talks and films which included a speaker from the 'Friends of the Earth' and one from the C.E.G.B. Our final meeting of the year concluded the theme of energy with a talk on the possibility of using hydrogen as a source of energy. No theme has been chosen for next year, but one of the meetings will be a talk entitled 'Inside the Proton' by a speaker from CERN which I hope will prove to be popular.

Finally, I would like to thank Mr Dodd for all the work he has done for the Society, and in particular for his endless patience with speakers who are late and even the one who never arrived.

Niall Tebbutt, Sci.Div.1A

SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY

Yet again the Shakespeare Society enjoyed a popular and successful season, playing the Cartland Club ten times during the three terms.

It is with much regret that the Society bids farewell to 'The Master of the Revels' (The Chief Master) — he was ever willing to lend us his support and guidance and to entertain all and sundry, especially this year with his Shylock and Prospero. Mr Trott too shone brightly from the Common Room, always prepared to give a lucid introduction to the play in question and always able to produce an excellent reading, as he did so dominantly as Face in *The Alchemist*.

Thanks must go to 'The Sutler', alias David Williams, whose help was invaluable not only with the quality of his reading but also with his willingness to wash up after the meeting and to do battle with the Dining Hall staff!

Others who made a notable mark on the Society during the year included Kevin Cotter as Richard III, Chris Weston as Richard II, Matthew Banks with his beautiful Ian Paisley concoction in *The Alchemist*, Peter Fraser for his bludgeon and aggression, and Simon Clarke who expertly played all the silent parts and showed a healthy appetite for unwanted Society sandwiches! From the Girls' School Juliet Heacock and Christobel Dunstan must be congratu-

lated on the quality of reading which was much appreciated.

Finally, to conclude a stimulating and often humorous year the Society travelled to Stratford to see a stimulating and often humorous *King Lear*.

'The Scriviner' (Matthew Kempshall), Hist.VI



Illustrations: Nicholas Milowych, IV.W

RUGBY

1st XV

The prospects in September were extremely bright, since most of the players in last year's XV were returning. After a win in the traditional match against D.C.E.'s XV, the team went down 13—10 at Warwick under most unfortunate circumstances. Following this initial setback the XV, travelling away to most fixtures, confidently beat Denstone, Ellesmere, Aston, Worksop, R.G.S. Worcester and Ratcliffe before half-term. The mid-term holiday was spent touring Southern France around Lourdes (see *Features*).

Back from France the XV suffered its second Christmas term defeat, by Solihull School 7—3.

From then to Christmas a number of good wins were recorded, particularly against Wrekin College and a very strong Uppingham side, a welcome addition to our fixture list. The bad weather meant that the Bromsgrove match was sadly cancelled, as the chances of retaining the cup for the third year seemed very high.

Several injuries after Christmas and loss of Oxbridge candidates weakened the XV, but the good results continued: good wins over King Henry's and Camp Hill, an excellent performance in winning the West Bromwich Building Society 15-a-side competition and a further win in the Birmingham Schools' Sevens Competition capped another excellent season at 1st XV level.

During the season P.M. Griesbach, P.W. Smith, J.W. Graham, M.W. Cooper, R.J. Hayward, S.C. Johnson and J.D. Sheehy represented the County, with the latter four receiving School Blazer badges. Andrew Webb again proved to everyone his substantial rugby ability and once again contributed more points than the rest of us put together.

Special thanks must go to John Graham who efficiently carried out the duties of Rugby Secretary, and to Messrs Everest and Campbell for organising an enjoyable tour and maintaining their high standards of training, encouragement and guidance throughout the year. Final thanks for the support of the XV from parents, the Chief Master and staff should be mentioned and it is hoped that this will continue next year.

Jo Sheehy, Geog.VI

2nd XV

P 18 W 17 D 1 L 0 F 371 A 68

The 2nd XV surprised everyone this year, especially themselves, by finishing the year unbeaten. The usual problems of apathy, alcohol, lung cancer, unfitness and the borrowing of players by the 1st XV were, although still present, less disruptive than usual.

The Wednesday before the first game, the ritual thrashing from Warwick, Mr Campbell recycled his 'this-is-the-best-team-we've-had-for-years' speech. This did not instil confidence and the more experienced players shook their heads mournfully and lamented the passing of Baker, Medcalf and Heng. In fact, Warwick were defeated 25—18. This game set the pattern for things to come, and the next four matches were easily won. The match against R.G.S. Worcester was the only hiccup of the year when a large determined opposition pack overwhelmed the boys in blue for much of the game. Only a fine try by Tony Walk salvaged a draw out of the game.

The autumn term came to a premature end when we played Uppingham for the first time. Their 2nd XV was full of 6'4" Peruvians who barely understood their own line-out signals, already deciphered by M.E.N.S.A. candidate Mark Adderley. Since the tide was in on the day of the Bromsgrove match and the south field submerged in slush THE MATCH was cancelled.

The spring term programme was also ravaged by the weather with only three matches played; we won them all. Peter 'Silver Machine' Fraser, Paul Edgington and Matthew Pike deserve a special mention for playing superb games every time they took the field. Unfortunately this meant they were dropped along with Jim Mather to the prestigious serious XV, although the latter soon returned to his real place.

Thanks must go to Mr Campbell for all his loving care and to the masters for calling off the 2nd XV v Masters match. Also we would like to thank Mr and Mrs Scott for the teas and the groundsmen for keeping the south field playable.

Richard Robbins, Mod.Lang.Div.

3rd XV

P 16 W 8 D 1 L 7

This season represented a new era of 3rd XV rugby, with more matches, more volunteers, more conscripts, more beer, and even greater apathy than ever before!

Highlights of the season included a 3rd XIV (fourteen — due to an 'administrative error') losing narrowly at Worksop to a poor side and some bad refereeing (honestly!) We lost too at Ratcliffe — 0—4 to some Jesuit fanatics with God and the referee on their side.

For the pressure match against Solihull we were loaned Richard 'My Dad played for England' Robbins and Tony Walk, stalwarts of the 2nd XV. We managed to contain, and finally beat the KES bogey team 7—4. The match against Queen Mary Walsall was a close affair too. We conceded a try straight from the kick-off, and we were trailing 0—6 at half-time. After a team-talk we 'got it together', hoever, and attacked relentlessly, making the final score 10—6.

Many thanks to all those players — regulars, volunteers and 'press-gangers' — who gave up their Saturday afternoons to play for the 3rds, and also to Mr Edwards for not minding too much when we lost.

Andrew Walton, Sci.VI.1B

U16 XV

The U16 XV were confident of starting the season where they had left off the previous year. Unfortunately it was not to be.

At the beginning of the season we lost Jonathan Ager to the 1st XV and throughout the rest of the season we missed the familiar Ager style. The first match against Warwick produced a changed side which played untidily and sluggishly, and our course was set for the rest of the season. We were defeated at the hands of Ellesmere, Uppingham, Denstone, Worksop and King's Worcester. We actually did win one match when we met a very weak team, Five Ways, the 3rd XV drop-outs, against whom, with the aid of Jonathan Ager, we showed our true skills winning 44—4.

Throughout, the team suffered from injury pro-

blems and availability clashes, but remained, in spite of everything, incredibly good-humoured.

Finally I would like to thank Mr Haywood for his perseverance (sorry we did not give you a glorious season to end with). Also thanks to Mr Birch for refereeing our home matches and to all the loyal support from the parents.

Jonathan Cooper, V.D.

U15 XV

P 17 W 13 L 4 F 404 A 63

The season was quite successful, though disappointing in some respects since the potential existed for the team to develop even further. In fact, towards the end of the Autumn term, and before illness and adverse weather affected them, they began to function quite efficiently and the last game of the term saw an impressive victory over Uppingham.

In general the forwards were effective in winning set-piece balls. Stephen Honey deserves particular praise for outhooking every opponent both legally and illegally. Line-out specialists were Richard Evans and Chris Grimley. Edward Shedd was discovered as a dynamic pack-leader. Unfortunately the loose-play never really equalled the set-piece work. The backs tended to look a little pedestrian. However, they were physically quite impressive, all fairly large, and 'Rocco' Maini's beard was worth four points a match against nervous opponents. Jonathan Crawford made some useful breaks in the centre and was the leading try-scorer.

Finally a word of thanks to the two boys who more than anyone else were swapped round from position to position, Paul Woodhouse and Paul Sankson. Neither complained and both gave of their best.

J.R.R.E

U14 XV

A	P 25	W 25	F 1038	A 43
B	P 10	W 10	F 414	A 0

This proved to be a team deserving of the super-

latives that are heaped upon successful sides. The boys combined magnificently to produce a virtually unbeatable XV, tremendously gifted in basic skills and well-endowed in muscle. Indeed nine boys played County Rugby and helped Birmingham to remain unbeaten in its games. They became the first King Edward's side ever to achieve 1,000 points in a season, easily retained the County Cup for their age group and, in winning the North Warwickshire Invitation Sevens, they defeated sides from many parts of England and Wales.

The team's success was founded on a superb pack. Gazis at prop and Everson at No. 8 were fearsome at close quarters and would probably have charged with the Light Brigade if there had been an oval ball to be seen! Our backs too, fed by a conveyor belt of possession, played excellent football. Paul Hill at fly-half recovered from liking soccer to be a fine tactician. Dolman at centre improved continuously and will certainly prove an exciting prospect in a few years. However, these were merely four outstanding players in an astonishingly accomplished side.

The best performances were produced against the strongest teams — a good Worksoop team losing 54—0 and Loughborough G.S. beaten 35—10 (their only defeat). Indeed I feel that, despite these and other results, including a hard tour to Kent, they were never really extended. I am sure however, that the happy spirit permeating through the team and a readiness to take advice will ensure a continuation of its excellence, and I hope that the petit general Rees maintains his quiet leadership over the Titans around him.

P.M.S.

U13 XV

P 21 W 17 D 1 L 3 F 550 120

This was a team, seriously deficient in certain areas, which still managed to achieve excellent results by playing to its strengths. Our forwards were able to outscrummage most opponents and so to deny them the possession to exploit our lack of speed, and Wolffe, the captain, became an excellent scrummager. All eight forwards were prepared to push, while Withers, Lock and especially Tozer, as the back row, helped maintain

pressure on opposition sides. Wynn, at fly-half, kept cool and saved the team on a number of occasions when things got difficult. All the team were prepared to tackle, but perhaps Fox deserves a special mention here, showing his great potential as a centre.

Our lack of speed meant that we had to rely on big players, like Martin (21 tries) and Lock (27 tries), going over from close in.

Good victories were achieved over R.G.S. Worcester, King Henry VIII Coventry, King's Worcester, Loughborough G.S. and Silcoates School, and the Greater Birmingham Schools' Cup was retained.

M.D.S.

U12 XV

P. 5

W 3

12

Due to the savage effects of the winter, only five matches were played. However, there was enough evidence to hope that this age group might produce consistently good form in the future. The forwards were strong and determined and the backs provided some fast and elusive runners. Weaknesses were the lack of mobility in the forwards and the inability shown by the backs to pass the ball fluently. Good wins were recorded over Solihull, King Henry VIII and Woodlands School, which, combined with the large number of enthusiastic players who are of school team standard promises a successful future.

D.C.E.

HOCKEY

1ST XI

P 22

W 14

D 4

14

This year's 1st XI proved to be one of the most successful sides the school has fielded for many years.

The season started excellently and the team remained undefeated for thirteen matches, winning

the W. Buttle and Kings Heath tournaments. Five members of the side were selected for the Birmingham U19 representative side, and Jon Ingham and Peter Nienow were later also selected for the Midland Counties U19 squad. Although the team never quite managed to recapture its previous dazzling form, the latter part of the season produced many memorable matches on its way to victory in the Birmingham Schools' Hockey League. The side also reached the semi-finals of the Midland Schools' knockout competition.

Thanks as ever go to Mr Cook for his umpiring and constant support and encouragement. Thanks must also go to David Baker's contact lenses; to Tom Downing for occasionally stopping the ball and, together with Jon Ingham, producing some wonderful penalty flicks; to our dynamic right winger, David Wolfe; to Arthur Hickman's masterly use of the obstruction rule; to Julian Mobsby's skilful use of unadulterated brawn; and to Peter Nienow for some beautiful wobbling in our D.

Jon Ingham, Geog.VI

2nd XI

P 14

W 5

D 2

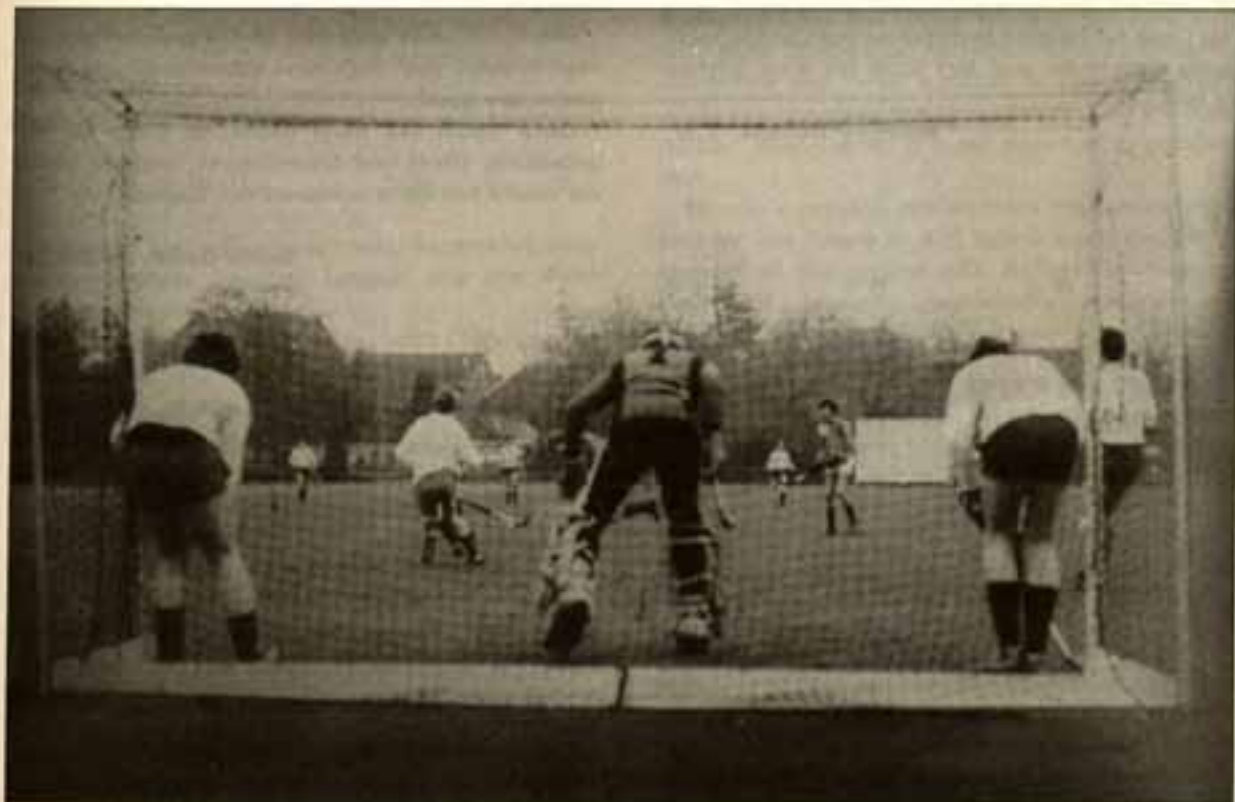
L 7

The 2nd XI has found it very difficult to keep a secure and regular team. Consequently consistency and results have suffered.

For the first term our forward line was bolstered by Andrew Jones and David Golding who between them scored many important goals. The Easter Term saw the departure of this venerable duo, and a third player had to be donated to the 1st XI, leaving us with a weakened and depleted side. The season was a blend of fine performances — including a good 3—0 victory over Sheldon Heath 1st XI and a 7—0 victory over Camp Hill 2nd XI — and crushing defeats — 2—8 by the 1st XI and 3—6 by Bromsgrove 2nd XI.

The team exhibits exciting prospects for the next season, with a number of older players staying on to be supplemented by promising players from the lower years.

Andrew Mendoza, Class.VI



Photograph: Ian Lewis, Geog.VI

U16 XI

P 18 W 10 D 5 L 3

This has been an excellent season. We had high hopes of winning the Birmingham U16 League after several convincing victories of 5-0, 5-1, 6-2 and 11-0! However, first place eluded us by one point even though we remained unbeaten in the League.

Our first defeat came in February on our London tour when we lost 1-0 in the last minute of a match against the formidable Old Chalmers 1st XI. Saintsbridge and Warwick also defeated us whilst we were experiencing injury problems.

The whole team showed great promise and was backed up by the safe goal keeping of P.J. Davies. The attack was spearheaded by an unstoppable Papu De and more often than not by the possibly over enthusiastic presence of our left back Dean Johnson! However, there were many other extremely competent players. Five players represented the county and the future must be bright.

Finally, thanks must go to Mr. Wills for running and coaching the team with great enthusiasm, and to Mr Cook for helping to organise our London tour. Thanks also to Mr and Mrs Scott for their pitches and teas.

Matthew Hanson, V.W.

U15 XI

P 7 W 1 D 1 L 5

Not a very successful season, the side being inexperienced and playing against sides which had already been playing for some years.

In the first match, against Malvern, we were heavily defeated 6-0, but at the beginning of the Spring Term we managed to take the lead, but ended up drawing 1-1. Our only win of the season came in the return match against Malvern (3-1), which at least shows that we had progressed!

We would like to thank Mr Wills and Mr Lambie for coaching us throughout the season.

*Ian Crawford,
and Simon Gall, IV.W.*

BASKETBALL

Under 19

P 19 W 14 D 1 L 4

At the beginning of the season the irreplaceable Chris Jenkins had not been replaced. The team's future did not look bright. However, in an attempt to prove that basketball is a 'thinking man's game', Oxbridge candidate Dave Wolffe was made captain.

The team was knocked out in the first round of the National Plate. However, we were very successful in the West Midlands' Knockout and the Birmingham League. Half-way through the season Dave Wolffe moved on to other things and, rejecting the 'thinking man's' idea, the captaincy was handed jointly to Gavin Grant and Matthew Pike. The team reached the semi-final of the W. Midlands' K.O. and the semi-final of the Birmingham Premier League. Top scorers were R. Chrimes and G. Grant, whilst as a team we won regularly.

The team loses only one of the present players next season, and with new talent available, prospects are good.

Once again we must thank Mr Birch for his unceasing effort and commitment, without which we would not have achieved our success.

Gavin Grant, Sci.Div.2B.

Under 16

It was felt at the start of the season that U16 Basketball could go far in both the West Midlands' and the National K.O. competitions. We did go far. The early rounds passed, with some fast and furious matches, setting a few new school records, including reaching the National semi-finals.

Light relief was brought to the team with a thoroughly enjoyable tour to Devon. The three matches against Exeter, Plympton and Churchston (our hosts) were all won. More importantly, firm and friendly links were made there and team spirit was appreciably strengthened.

We returned to play our semi-final

against Ellesmere Port in front of a packed Sports Hall. The game was fiercely contested, but there could only be one winner and with sixty seconds to go, the lead and the game were lost. Nevertheless, there was no disgrace in defeat; the achievement in reaching the semi-final was great and the experience of the game at such a high level was invaluable.

In the finals of the West Midlands' K.O. we again met our arch-rivals, Churchdown, whom we had defeated in the early rounds of the National K.O. Loins were well and truly girded and in a barn somewhere in Gloucester we won 86—69. In the return leg before the home crowd, we won 90—78, thus retaining the Championship.

There was good support from the boys, parents and the Common Room throughout, which was greatly appreciated. Mr Birch (later with Mr Gunning) deserved special praise for all his work yielding such success — and running two other teams at the same time. The last word, though, to the players. R. Chrimes was selected to play for the England U17 team, and all the members of the team contributed equally to our success.

Alain Wolfe, V.D.

Under 15

P 23 W 21 D 0 L 2

The team had a most successful season winning the Birmingham Premier League and the West Midlands' Knockout Cup.

Top scorers were Grimley with 708 points, Willetts with 423 points and Crossley with 212 points. The team dominated local schoolboy basketball and Crossley, Grimley and Willetts were selected to represent Birmingham at U15 level. The highest honour was achieved when Grimley was selected to represent England.

Under 13

P 13 W 13

The team was unbeaten throughout the season winning all of their thirteen games. Tait and Tozer battled well against much taller opposition, whilst

Withers and Martin rebounded well. Top scorers were Withers, Martin and Tozer.

Mr Stead has once again produced a highly successful side, which should do well in future years, and we must thank and congratulate him on his success.

Gavin Grant, Sci.Div.2B

TENNIS

It really was a marvellous season for the 1st VI who remained unbeaten in league and friendly matches and only met with defeat at Wrekin, in the Area Final of the Glanvill Cup. The iron men of the 1st VI crushed anyone who was courageous — or perhaps foolish? — enough to stand on the other side of the net armed only with a tennis racket, an inadequate weapon in the circumstances. To draw a contemporary analogy, our strategy seemed rather like hurling Exocet missiles at an enemy armed with a toy cap gun.

The first 'couple' of Richard Stokes and Aimon Billington were the corner-stone of the side. What with their big-headed rackets, Richard's delightful arrogance and Simon's ability to knock his floppy white sun-hat on to the ground during all the major rallies, they proved a most dominating combination.

Equally successful and perhaps even more important for the future of KES tennis were the performances of the second pair, Robert Grierson and Paul Hill. Showing remarkable maturity well beyond their years, they gave some dazzling displays which left T.B.T. — not the easiest man to please when he is around tennis courts — applauding generously and beaming proudly.

The third pair, although not reaching the heights set above, started the season well and despite erratic displays from "double fault, ace, double fault, ace" Browne and the aged "double fault, double fault" captain were competently impressive.

I should like to mention the rôle played by women in this triumphant season and the adverse affect this species has on all but the dashing Stokes. Performances slump drastically, imminent victory turns to imminent disaster, all concentration is lost and Simon's hat turns inside out. Wrekin is surely the most difficult place to play tennis on a

hot day, because the tennis courts become the centre for mini-skirted blondes — a fact that did not go unnoticed by that charmer of all lady-killers, one Mr T.B. Tomlinson, who, if truth be told, was probably the reason for the gathering.

The highlight of the season was the Common Room match when the 1st VI totally demoralized the Masters' team even though they were bolstered with the appearance of a member of Tally-ho! — a last minute replacement for the Chief Master. Such secretive and unsporting behaviour must be outlawed while the CM's decision to consider his pride before his sporting prowess must be congratulated.

At the end of term a match against the girls' school was arranged. This was totally one-sided and somewhat farcical, but a remedy has been suggested for next year, by T.B.T. (who else is qualified to speak on such matters?) and it is hoped that a mixed doubles match will become an annual feature.

I should like to thank Mr Tomlinson for his continual support when he must have yearned so often to have replaced me with one of the brilliant youngsters. Duncan Grierson, Chris Baker and Simon Booth are marvellous prospects — their time will undoubtedly come and I think that it is important that they should not be pushed into Senior tennis too early.

Thanks are also due to Mr Cook for his support on Wednesday afternoons, his doubtful line calls and his constructive suggestion that I should be a non-playing captain!! I should also like to thank Jonathan Ingham, John Ager, Stuart Duggan, David Higgitt, Chris Remfry and James Horton (senior team) and James Haddleton, Ralph Herrod and Paul Mukerji (U16 team), who have also played with a great deal of merit.

Simon Clarke, Mod.Lang.VI

SQUASH

Senior Team

P 17 W 14 L 3

This has been a most memorable season, the highlight being the team's achievement in reaching the regional final of the Premier National Inter-

Schools' Tournament, losing to the multi-talented Plymouth College with 4 out of 5 County players. The team also reached the semi-final of the Birmingham Area 3-man Tournament.

The team has produced inspired performances under the captaincy of Paul Denny, leading the team to emphatic victories throughout the season, despite the fact that the conditions were often far from ideal — the perilously slippery floor at Solihull VI Form college posed problems for Georgevic who protested that his unhealthy financial position prevented him from purchasing a decent pair of pumps.

Special thanks must go to our coach, Mr Tomlinson, whose advice and organisation have been so vital to our success. We look forward to seeing him on the Squash courts next season when hopefully he will have made a complete recovery from last summer's serious illness.

The team will experience a further injection of new talent next season as Mark Adderley has decided to terminate his rugby career at KES, to replace Paul Denny who is leaving.

Michael Browne, Econ.Div.

Junior Team

The team did well to reach the final of the Sportsco U15 Tournament, where they lost to a Bishop Vesey's side studded with County players.

There are a number of promising players including Ralph Herrod, Ben Everson, Paul Hill, Ian Rice and Robert Grierson, and so prospects are bright.

T.B.T.

FIVES

P10 W 3 L 4 D 3

Although this appears to be an undistinguished record, School Fives has enjoyed a successful season in many ways and many boys have had the opportunity to play Fives for the school.

In the Schools' Championships, held at Eton College at the end of March, Buxton and Tyler, seeded first, were beaten in the U16 final by

Wolverhampton. In the U14 Competition, Mole and Mason reached the final, again to be beaten by Wolverhampton.

The senior team toured London in the Autumn Term, losing to Mill Hill Fives Club and then entering the Saab Grand-Masters Tournament held in Harrow. This saw one Mr Worthington taking to the court with Simon Clarke. Buxton and Tyler succeeded in reaching the last six of this competition and winning the 'A' plate in the Midlands' Tournament in January.

On the domestic front the Handicap Fives Competition was restarted. Buxton and Clarke won the Senior Trophy, Mole and Baker the Junior Competition. A new cup was created for Shells Fives and was won by Tuck and Price.

Finally thanks to Mr Worthington, and to everyone who has made this season successful and enjoyable.

Charles Dalton, V.W.

TABLE TENNIS

Under 19

P 12 W 3 D 3 L 6

We played a few, lost quite a few and visited some exotic inner city locations.

Throughout the season the team struggled (and just failed) to attain mediocrity in a league where most of the other schools consider table-tennis as their major sport. Until rugby moves aside to allow table-tennis in its rightful place in sporting life at KES, results will not significantly improve.

There were, however, sporadically good performances from the captain and Rich Hitchcock. Mark Embley, already our best player, could become an excellent one if he did not play rugby.

Thanks to Jon Masters and Ian Hodges for 'solid' performances throughout the season.

Humphrey Gyde, Class.VI

Under 15

P 9 W 4 D 0 L 5

The team had a pretty fair season despite losing its captain, Tozer, to the rapacious toils of basketball. Plant and Mason both showed great promise and played fairly consistently.

Thanks are also due to de Vos, Pike and Roy for playing.

Humphrey Gyde, Class.VI

FENCING

The Fencing Club is adopting a more outward-looking approach: several matches have been arranged for the coming year. Members of the first and second teams now attend Under 20s specialist training sessions on Wednesday evenings, and as a result, we have entered and had reasonable successes in the West Midlands Schoolboys', the West Midlands Novices' and the W.F.U. Boys' Junior Foil Fencing Competitions. All these have provided our teams with valuable competition experience — in addition to the usual informal matches against KEHS.

All the Fencers are progressing well with the Amateur Fencing Association's Proficiency Scheme and the British Academy of Fencing's Five Star award system for foil. Some have also gained proficiency awards for sabre fencing. Prospects are good and the Club can look forward to further successes next year.

Finally, I should like to thank our coach, Prof. Peter Northam of the British Academy of Fencing, and Mr Lillywhite, for their efforts throughout the year.

Nicholas Lee, Sci.Div.1A

CROSS COUNTRY

Although the season began with great hopes for success for the senior team, it was dogged by injuries to key runners, notably Matthew Banks, but also Martin Pugh and Adam Lawson. However,

these did allow others to exhibit their talents; 'Percy' Stallard, Iain Tebbutt and David Lyne improved steadily, whilst the Lewis 'comeback' gathered momentum. Attendance at team practices was yet again poor, but apparently several members of the senior team were holding clandestine, individual practices, and with some bitten by marathon mania, overall team fitness did start to improve.

The Senior Team finished seventh in the re-organised Birmingham League, but were only a couple of points adrift of strong teams such as Newcastle and Queen Mary's Walsall. They appeared to be doing well in the early stages of the West Midlands Championships, too, until four of the team collectively mutinied, leaving the other three to struggle on, totally unaware that their exertions were in vain. Several senior runners again represented the Kings Norton District in the West Midlands Inter-Area Finals, helping the team to two good results of 2nd and 3rd.

U13 and U15 performances showed good prospects for the future, and Robert Temple once again had a brilliant season.

Despite its lack of success the team did enjoy the season (honestly!), and thanks once again must go to Mr Workman who soldiered up and down muddy fields, smiling as always, encouraging and organising teams.

David Taylor

DIVS CLUB FOOTBALL TEAM

If one were to amble down to the parade ground during any lunch-hour, one would find almost a hundred boys kicking and chasing after sometimes a crisp packet, often a tennis ball, occasionally a real football. It is hard to believe that footballing talent could emerge in this atmosphere, but it has.

1981/82 has seen a marked increase in the number of 'organised' football matches, and the emergence of a team set to challenge the likes of Italy, Brazil, and Aston Villa — the Divs. Club.

This overwhelmingly talented squad is the only team to finish the year with a 100% record in their five games. We toyed with the sixth-form club, conquered the mighty Cartland Club twice, and coasted to a 3—0 victory over the fifth year team.

The final match was against 'an England XI', which we won despite distinctly continental tactics from the opposition. Our athletic goalkeeper Andrew Downes, and our top scorers Chris Remfry and Jim Lavery deserve special mention.

Thanks are due to the Art Option, who provided the posters; Mr Laffey, who provided the pitches; Steve Linley, our sole and constant supporter; and to all those who provided their balls.

It is regretted that the Divs. Club didn't play the Common Room, but just wait till next year!

Nigel Reynolds, Class.Div.

CHESS

The First Team usually had six players and these players were usually successful. As a result the team easily won the First Division title, the most difficult match being a lucky 4—2 win against the Second Team. John Hawthorne, undefeated since December 1978, was defeated by Solihull. Other fine contributors include D. Higgitt, D.C. O'Connell, A. Hsu and A.K. Gregory.

The Second Team did remarkably well, considering it comprised largely younger members of the school. The team eventually shared the Second Team trophy with Solihull School after an exciting play-off. Thanks to B. Moselle, occasionally brilliant, normally not, and to J. Turnbull, M. Higgitt and P. Trafford who are very promising players.

A.J.E. Williams led the Third Team competently and they attained a high position in their division. J.A.T. West displayed commendable courage in accepting the 4th Team job, and his main success was in finding a full side every match. The Shell Team walked the First Form League, despite never fielding their star, M. Higgitt, who was snapped up by the Second Team.

Our thanks are due to Mr Skinner for his invaluable assistance.

Simon Tinley, Maths VI

BRIDGE

The team suffered greatly from a lack of both talent and enthusiasm, and so managed only a single victory in four matches in the Autumn term.

The situation deteriorated still further at Christmas with the departure of Mike Wilkinson and David Golding, who later reached the finals of the National Pairs Competition.

I would like to thank my partner, Nick Pulsford, who has finally mastered our bidding system after four years; Mr Chapman, who organised the matches and provided transport; and the other boys who played through the year.

Graham Walker, Sci.VI.1A

SWIMMING

	P	W	L
Open	9	5	4
U16	9	7	2
U14	11	10	1
U13	4	3	1
U12	4	3	1
Water Polo	5	4	1

This season saw a large increase in the number of young school swimmers and there were more matches for them than before. The senior team suffered deplorably from lack of numbers, and as a result members were forced to swim a maximum number of events in most matches. Andy 'Wallis' Downes, Joe Thompson, and the captain Paul Denny deserve a special mention.

The intermediate age groups were the most successful, despite the threat of losing some team members to other sports. Those who were outstanding in their respective age groups were Damian Orton, Rhidian Bramley, Matthew Dolman, Michael Robins and Simon Straker. Of the large number of Shells who swam, Desmond Burley, Mark Kendall and Paul Whatley were often in front of the opposition.

The Great Water Polo Revival, started last year, continued under the influence of Steve Swani, who coached the team. A major disappointment was the cancellation of a tournament at Rugby, although the ensuing frustration was unleashed against the Masters and O.E.s towards the end of term.

Training during the winter in the steamy confines of the girls' pool proved useful and has helped to counteract the school team's dependence upon club swimmers in the past. Signs for the future can only be good. Most swimmers enjoyed the season, which ended on fête day at Bromsgrove School with a memorable victory.

Finally, thanks must go to Mr Wills and Mr Owen for organising the teams, and also to the other masters, parents, and general helpers who ran the matches.

Anon

SAILING

P 2 W 1 L 1 D 0

The sailing season this year was somewhat uneventful, due in part to the apparent unwillingness of other school teams to face us.

The two matches we did sail, however, provided quite a test for the new team, now lacking the considerable talents of Tony Pickworth. The first, against Solihull School, was on their own water, in their own boats, and there was no wind, which handicapped our heavier team from the start; this match accounts for the L 1 above.

The second match, against Bromsgrove, was more evenly matched, the absence of Richard Gedge reducing our overall weight. The inclusion of a female in the Bromsgrove team also spurred our team on to greater effort, as much to show off as to avoid losing to a girl! We won this match, the team consisting of Simon Chance, Joe Williams, Mike Easton, and Jonathan Pickworth, interestingly all from Jeune house!

Our thanks must go to Mr McIlwaine and Miss Barnett for devoting their time and effort to the team, and for their continuing efforts to establish sailing as a sport equal to rugby or cricket in the school.

Simon Chance, Sci.V.2

ATHLETICS 1982

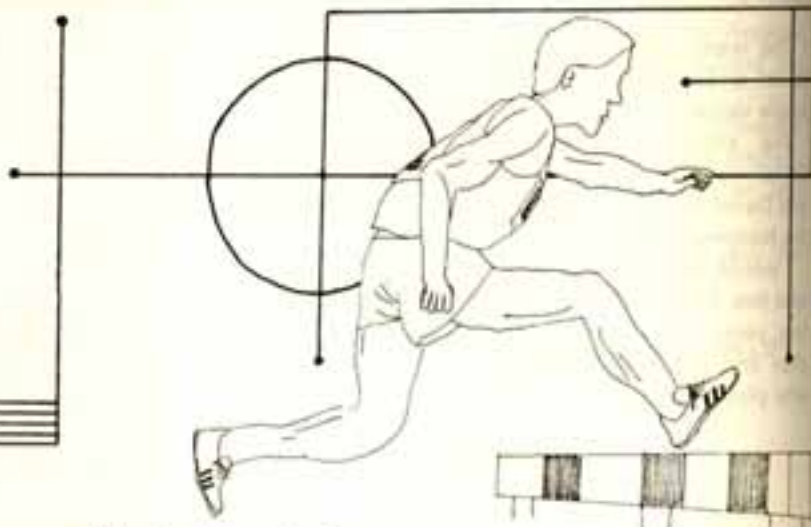
Because of a characteristically warm-hearted gesture from Mr Birch to 'The International Year of the Disabled', I find myself captain; one able to look back with pride over another fine season of athletics at KE. It is a sport which depends on the individual, but nevertheless an outstanding feature of the year has been the fine team spirit. This was evident on the first Saturday of the season on the icy, windswept track at Repton where team members of all ages cheered and cajoled each other on to splendid victory — in attitude and performance it typified things to come. Senior and intermediate teams, points combined, proceeded to annihilate all the foundation schools, Handsworth, Bromsgrove, Warwick, RGS Worcester, Shrewsbury, Wrekin, Loughborough, Solihull, and even the mighty King Henry VIII Coventry — losing only to Rugby School (although, thanks to a convincing junior victory, we still managed to inflict a rare, overall defeat upon them). For this excellent record, congratulations are due to all the brave chaps, especially the inter. captain, George Fraser, who led by phenomenal track-blistering example. The U16 team, under the impressive captaincy of Jason Bayliss, also performed well, and filled several important inter. gaps especially during 'O' Level leave.

The junior team, ably and enthusiastically captained by Martin Crowley, was also very

successful, losing only four times, and shows much promise for the future. It is perhaps the minors, however, who have great potential: they, like the juniors, were not unbeaten, but the standard of competition in the younger age-groups is very high. The courageous running of minor captain, Michael Johnston, and the speed and strength of Richard Jones were an inspiration to a team bursting with ability. It is the performance of the U14 team, despite the example set by captain Jolyon Constable, that was most disappointing this season. With a few notable exceptions the team lacked strength, depth and on occasions commitment. The relatively poor results in the Taylor Kenrick Championships (3rd), The Birmingham Super Schools (4th) may be seen as some reflection of our weakness at this level; the team's nucleus had to involve several inexperienced minors. Evidently, there are no unassailable problems here, for against all local opposition, King Edward's, including the U14s, dominated

convincingly. In Kings Norton League Division 1 (6 schools) inters, juniors and U14s finished first and the minors second: a fine overall win. Overall victory in the Kings Norton Championships (19 schools) was an equally good result, with seniors, inters and juniors first and minors again second.

The season's pleasing results stemmed from a generally high level of individual performance. A remarkable twenty KE athletes represented Kings Norton in the West Midland Championships, and I. Lewis, P. Edgington, D. Chrimes, L. O'Toole, R. Herd, G. Fraser, J. Grenfell, W. Cowell and R. Temple all competed in inter-county matches for the West Midlands team (reputedly the strongest in Western Europe). Three school athletes were selected to compete in the All England Schools' National Championships where the standard of competition is breath-taking (14 year-old boys running 1500 metres in just a little more than 4 minutes for example). Here, Laurence O'Toole



unfortunately did not reach the 110 metres hurdles final; Warren Cowell finished an excellent 5th in the junior javelin with a throw of 48.2 metres; and Paul Edgington — after a sleepless night of sickness — by his standards finished disappointingly 5th (only $\frac{1}{2}$ metre behind second place) in the senior javelin, with a throw well below his personal best of 63.68 metres. Paul is the first KES athlete ever to represent England, which he did in triumphant style. Both he and

Laurence O'Toole have been awarded fully-deserved blazer badges for athletics.

Success in athletics, more than any other school sport, depends upon not only the boys, but other factors: facilities made available; the support — mental, physical, vocal and financial — from staff, parents and School Club; and the help in organising everyone and everything involved — transporting, judging, recording, scoring, feeding. At King Edward's the quality of all these factors is second to none

and also greatly appreciated.

It is evident that athletics is flourishing at KE: not only the teams, but everybody — regardless of age, shape or size — is becoming involved in the house competition. There is a spirit of encouragement, enthusiasm and enjoyment which is created by Mr Birch, and while 'Basher' keeps bashing, athletics will continue to thrive: our success this season, as in the past, is essentially due to him.

Matthew Banks, Mod.Lang.Div.



Photograph: Jan Andrews, Mod.Lang.VI

CRICKET

1st XI

P 14 W 6 D 5 L 1....and 2 Abandoned

This season has proved to be most successful for the XI. The season started with a string of Saturday wins over Wrekin, Solihull and Denstone. The match against Solihull was especially enjoyable for those members of last year's scarred side, as the opposition was quickly reduced to 12 for 5. Victory was assured by an attractive fifty from Nick Willetts, who also scored a century against Bablake.

However, Michael Hughes played the rôle of master batsman for most of the season. As splinters flew from his weary bat he repeatedly deposited balls on the pavilion steps and into the brook. "Organise a search party", became a familiar cry.

On the catching side the ball began to rest firmly in the fingers. Nimish Subhedar's antics behind the stumps were most worthwhile. Meanwhile in some far-flung corner of the field the contenders for the fielding prize seemingly made the most valiant of efforts to locate and then avoid that red missile.

On paper the bowling looked stereotyped, but there was certainly no variety in where the ball landed. Jonathan Masters' ability to persuade batsmen to miss is still perplexing, whilst "caught and bowled Hughes" became a familiar scorebook entry.

Our thanks go to Mr Scott for yet more Eastern Road wickets to please batsmen everywhere and for his umpiring; to Mrs Scott for the lunches and teas; and to Mr Benson for his untiring organisation, umpiring and encouragement. Thanks also to Simon Laugharne for consistently winning the toss and helping us to establish so many good positions from which a record, unprecedented in recent years, has emerged.

Andrew Marshall, Geog.Div.

2nd XI

This year, the 2nd XI did not even approach the heights achieved by last year's side, although playing with customary spirit and enthusiasm.

Many of our countless draws should have been converted into victories; for instance against Bishop Vesey's we amassed 181 for 3 in less than two hours and still failed to bowl out the opposition. In search of better results we resorted to batting second, and promptly came off second best in a run chase against Solihull. Two memorable victories were achieved; against Wolverhampton with Julian Crawford taking 6 for 47 and scoring 56 not out; and against Denstone with Alain Wolffe hitting the winning run off the last ball.

The team was a subtle blend of youth and experience, with batting the side's real strength. As last year the bowlers toiled away with, almost invariably, little reward for their efforts. As usual fielding was ragged with a few notable exceptions. Phil Griesbach again proved to be a superb ground fielder, while Trevor Johnson yet again became 'fielder of the year' by turning the simplest of stops into opportunities to hurl himself through the air.

Finally thanks must go to Mr Jayne, for umpiring when fit to do so and tireless effort in organising the team; to all those masters unfortunate enough to be dragged into umpiring in Mr Jayne's absence; to Mr Scott for preparing such superb wickets at Eastern Road; and of course to all those who represented the 2nd XI.

Ashley Greenbank, Sci.VI.IA

3rd XI

P 4 W 1 D 2 L 1

The Third XI achieved a subtle blend of old hand-overs from last year with a flood of so-called talent from the fifth-form. Both Graham Walker and Jonathan West scored relatively quick fifties, compared with a masterly captain's innings of one run in eighty minutes to secure a draw against Denstone. The best bowling performance was a six wicket spell by Stuart Plotnek to help beat Solihull. The prize for the most economical bowling performance is awarded equally to Graham Bayliss and Paul Goodson who bowled high enough and wide enough against Wrekin to make their balls unhit-able. Richard Lockwood at last took his first wicket for the school, and allowed Guy Mather to show a rare moment of wicket-keeping skill. In the three

in which he played, Guy dropped more catches than he scored runs and finally cracked his head open on a paving stone in utter despair.

Thanks are due to Mr Haywood for organising the team. The enthusiasm shown this season should continue in the future, and perhaps next season we will not be defeated by Warwick before tea again.

Nicholas Pulsford, Sci.VI.1A

U15 XI

Quite a successful season, starting off with two very impressive victories against Bishop Vesey's and Wrekin. There were also wins over Wolverhampton GS, Sheldon Heath, Five Ways and — probably the most exciting of the season — the Kestrels (the Common Room). Bad fielding and failure to contain the batsmen going for runs resulted in the two last matches against Bablake and Denstone.

The main contributors with the bat were: Heath (two fifties), Gray and Sandercock (both scoring fifties), Sharratt (the Captain) and J. Crawford (quick if not elegant), although it would be true to say that everyone in the side could bat effectively. On more than one occasion the tail-enders held the batting together when the front-line batsmen had failed.

The bowlers were: I. Crawford, Shedd (who softened up the batsmen with much pace), Maini and Silk (who both troubled the opposition with effective swing), and the spinners Heath and (occasionally) Sharratt. A special mention must go to Heath who got a considerable amount of spin from any wicket and very few batsmen could play him with much success.

The fielding was by far the worst part of the side's performances. More catches were dropped than held, although Shedd often pulled off the almost impossible. Crossley kept wicket effectively — when not injured. We'd like to thank Mr Trott and Mr Smith (from Warwicks) for all the time and effort they put into coaching us.

Iain Crawford, IV.W.

U14 XI

P 12

W 2

D 2

L 4

Last season's *Chronicle* report claimed a "lot of promise for the future," but sadly expectations have not been realised. This was mainly owing to the absence of Ben Everson and Ian McNeish. However, their absence allowed others to show their skills; Bacchus and Gadd both came from the 'B' team and played well. Rees and Wemm batted well, both getting scores of over fifty, and Plant and Pike bowled with consistency, taking a number of wickets. The season began with draws against Bishop Vesey's and Wrekin, both of which should have been won except for our inability to get the opposition's tailenders out, something which nagged us throughout the season. Having lost to Bablake in the Lord's Taverners on the number of wickets lost, there were two more draws against Solihull and Denstone. After these two results we lost to RGS Worcester and to Warwick, embarrassing results. Since then, however, the team has only lost once — against Queensbridge by nine wickets!

U12 XI

In terms of results it has been the poorest season for some time. We have yet to win a Saturday match and probably our best performance of the season was in stopping Warwick from beating us after they had asked us to score 157 in 85 minutes! However, we have reached the semi-finals of the King's Norton and Birmingham Leagues — yet to play at the time of writing.

The batting has varied greatly. Misra has a sound technique and should become a good player; Ewin has the ability too, but will fall by the wayside if he does not apply himself.

We have struggled to bowl sides out all season, although Nicol has come on as a slow bowler, and Ewin has improved greatly and could be very useful if he would bowl from 21 instead of 22 yards.

In the field Backhouse and Nichol have been very good, but a number of matches have been lost through dropped catches.

Team spirit has remained high, and of late they have begun to look more like a cricket team. With more confidence and plenty of practice they will do quite well because a number of them have talent.

M.D.S.

Summary of School Club Income and Expenditure April 1981 — March 1982

Income £12,209

Expenditure £11,856

Made up of:

Made up of:

Subscriptions	4,681
Governors grant	1,080
Governors grant to PSG	300
From No. 1 Acc.	1,500
School Photograph	3,643
Fencing Fees	333
Bank interest	299
Funds/Bequests	159
Squash Fees	56
Miscellaneous Items	158
	<hr/>
	£12,209

School Club	1,150
School Photograph	3,251
Rugby	2,370
Cricket	1,602
Hockey	672
Athletics	574
Fencing	435
Swimming	409
Chess	222
Basketball	191
Fives	104
Walking	84
Golf	83
Tennis	80
PSG	193
Squash	128
Other Games/Societies	308
	<hr/>
	£11,856

Excess of Income over
expenditure £353

£11,856

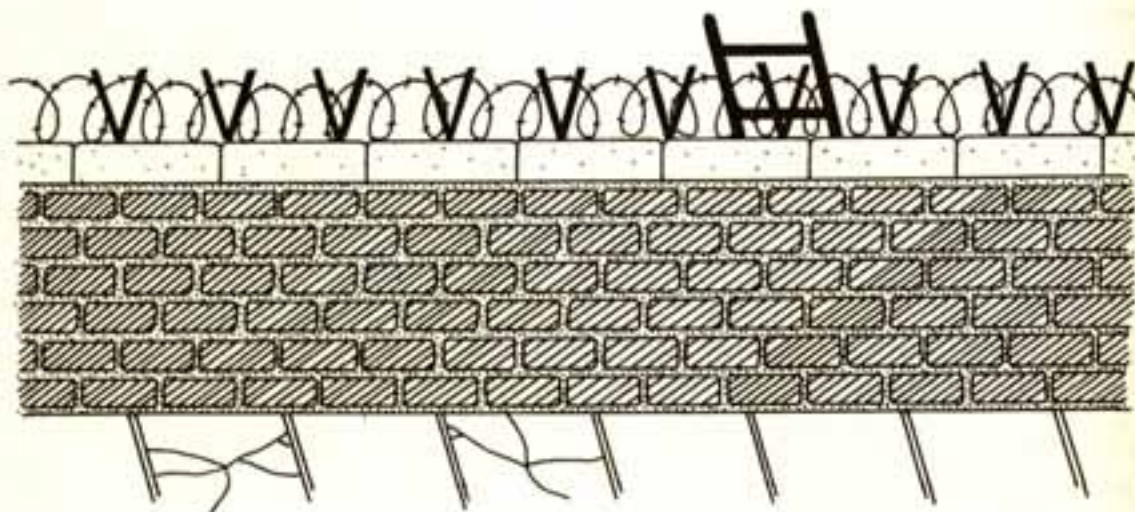
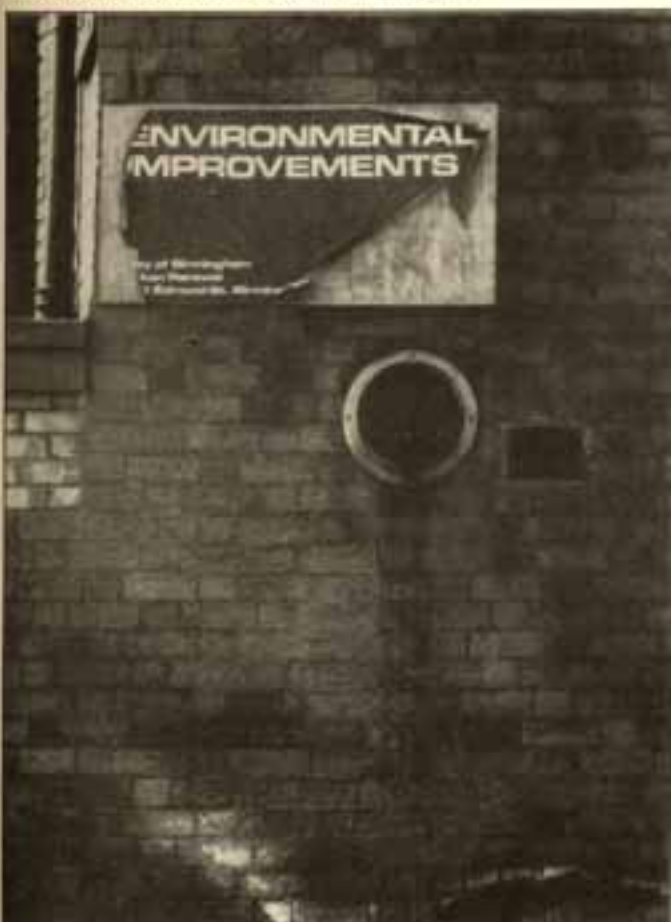


Illustration: Andrew Rimmer, IV.W

Answers:

1. Carpet
2. A photograph
3. A sink
4. Candle
5. Electricity
6. Wind
7. Scissors

Photograph: Michael Conefrey, Geog.VI



Photograph: Boaz Moselle, Maths Div.



KES EXHIBITION — ART/DESIGN DEPARTMENT 1982 — 1983

Original Works by Friends of the R.B.S.A.

November 29 — December 13

Selection from Exhibition '82 KES

February 7 — February 28

* Giacometti Lithographs

May 14 — June 5

* Raymond Moor — Photographs

September 12 — September 30

Centenary Art Exhibition:

Work from all Schools of the Foundation

October 1 — October 20

KES Annual Photography Competition

October 31 — November 18

Original Works by Friends of the R.B.S.A.

November 21 — December 9

** Denotes Arts Council Exhibition*

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OXFORD

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D. C. O'CONNELL	Scholarship in Natural Science, St. John's
N. J. PULSFORD	Scholarship in Natural Science, University
G. R. WALKER	Scholarship in Natural Science, St. John's
G. A. HASLAM	Exhibition in Classics, Braenose
T. W. LEWIS	Exhibition in Geography, Jesus
A. J. STREET	Exhibition in Modern Studies (Economics and History), Keble
A. J. WILLETTS	Exhibition in History, Keble

CAMBRIDGE

A. P. BALMFORD	Scholarship in Natural Sciences, Clare
T. C. BODEN	Scholarship in Natural Sciences, Selwyn
J. P. DAVIES	Scholarship in Music, King's
A. J. MAUND	Scholarship in English, Queens'
M. J. WILKINSON	Scholarship in Natural Sciences, Robinson
C. J. HAMLEY	Exhibition in History, Sidney Sussex
R. R. PILLAI	Exhibition in Modern Languages, Trinity Hall

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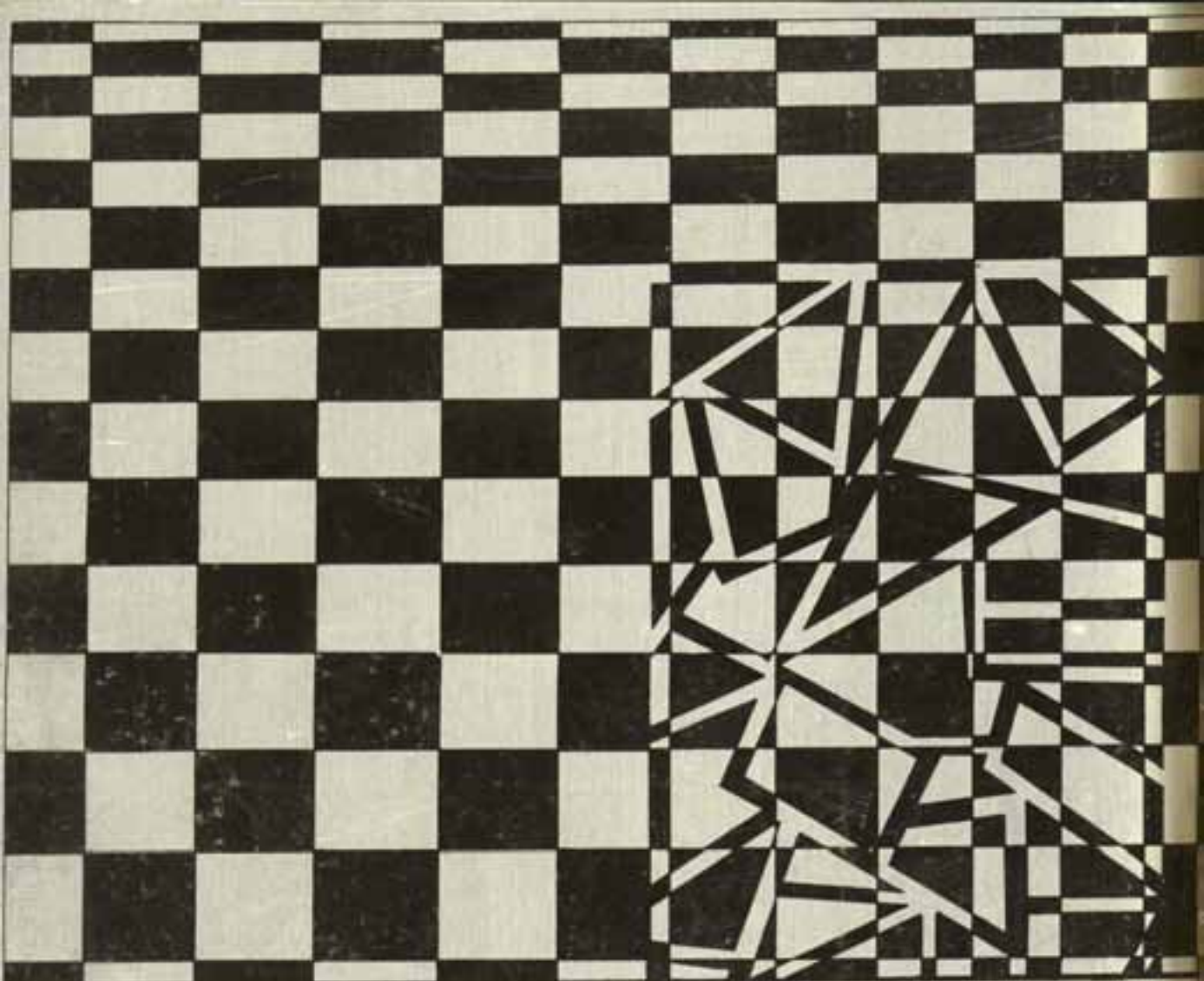
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