

December 2007



The Old Edwardians Gazette



Presidents & Vice-Presidents

The President

J.A. Claughton, M.A.

Vice-Presidents

R. Edmonds, F.R.I.B.A.

R.J. Garratt, D.F.C., LL.B.

A.C. Muffett

M.B. Lloyd

M.J.W. Rogers, M.A.

T.G. Freeman, M.A.

H.R. Wright, M.A.

B.G. Creed

D.J. Corney, F.C.A.

A.C. Williams T.D.

Former Presidents

1883-1900 The Revd Albert Richard Vardy, MA

1900-1929 R Cary Gilson, MA

1929-1942 ET England, MA

1942-1948 CR Morris, MA

1948-1952 TEB Howarth, MC, MA

1952-1974 The Revd Canon RG Lunt, MC, MA, BD

1974-1982 FGR Fisher, MA

1982-1992 MJW Rogers, OBE, MA

1992-1998 HR Wright, MA

1998-2005 Roger Dancey, MA

Former

Vice-Presidents

1883-1905 Charles Edwards Mathews, FRGS

1883-1923 Rawdon Levett, MA

1886-1896 The Most Revd Edward White Benson, DD, Archbishop of Canterbury

1886-1892 Alfred Baker, FRCS

1887-1889 The Right Revd Joseph Barber Lightfoot, DD, Bishop of Durham

1887-1891 Sir Arthur Blyth, KCMG, CB

1887-1888 Sir Francis Galton, FRS, DCL

1887-1889 George Frederick James

1889-1935 OH Caldicott

1894-1901 The Right Revd Brooke Foss Westcott, DD, Bishop of Durham

1894-1910 Sir Alfred Hickman, Bt.

1895-1912 EW Floyd, MA

1900-1902 Sir Alexander Mackenzie, KCSI

1900-1902 R Harding Milward, JP

1900-1929 Sir Francis Low, Bt.

1900-1919 Revd J Hunter Smith, MA

1902-1931 HE Herd

1902-1942 Walter R Jordan, MD

1903-1932 Sir James Smith

1903-1914 Major-General RG Kekewich, CB

1903-1920 Alderman Samuel Edwards, JP

1904-1911 Sir Nathan Bodlington, LittD

1904-1921 Sir AWW Dale, MA, LL.D

1910-1949 GA Nutt

1911-1956 JF Jordan, FRCS

1911-1958 Joseph Manton, MA

1913-1951 Revd Prof. JF Bethune-Baker, DD, FBA

1916-1926 Sir John Barnsley, VD

1920-1933 Hon. Sir HA McCardie

1920-1944 Dudley Docker, CB

1920-1943 PC DeL Adams

1920-1949 Revd CH Heath, MA

1920-1956 Prof. FW Thomas, CIE, PhD, DLitt

1921-1955 The Right Hon. Sir Richard Hopkins, PC, GCB

1925-1953 The Right Revd Ernest William Barnes, ScD, FRS, Bishop of Birmingham

1925-1939 Sir William Waters Butler, Bt.

1930-1939 R Cary Gilson, MA

1934-1940 Sir Ransford Slater, GCMG, CBE

1935-1963 Lieut.-General Sir EWC Bradfield, KCIE, OBE

1936-1976 Bertram C Ottey

1939-1959 Sir Leonard Browett, KCB

1941-1969 FH Viney, MA

1942-1964 Commander AS Langley, CMG, MA

1944-1956 Sir AW Ibbotson, CIE, MBE, MC

1945-1970 Field Marshal Viscount Slim, KG, GCB, GCMG, GCVO, GBE, DSO, MC

1950-1974 The Hon. Mr Justice Finnemore, MA

1950-1977 Air Marshal Sir Charles Guest, KBE, CB

1953-1958 ER Bickley

1954-1971 Air Marshal Sir Robert Saundby, KCB, KBE, MC, DFC, AFC

1956-1963 Captain Oliver Bird, MC

1957-1963 EW Vincent

1957-1974 Stanley Baker

1957-1973 TW Hutton, MA

1957-1966 EC Witt

1960-1984 NF Appleby

1969-1981 GF Mountford

1972-1975 HHN Davis

1969-1993 RR Harvey, OBE, Hon. MA

1975-1994 The Revd Canon RG Lunt, MC, MA, BD

1971-1994 NJF Craig, MA

1974-1997 Air Chief Marshal Sir Denis Smallwood, GBE, KCB, DSO, DFC, FRSA, FRAeS

1969-1999 John Norwood

1982-2000 FGR Fisher, MA

1995-2004 Prof. MFH Wilkins, FRS

1995-2004 Sir John Vane, FRS

2005 J.M. Coley

Officers of the O.E. Association

Chairman of General Committee

James Martin

Committee

Andrew Baxter *Hon. Treasurer*

Michael Baxter *Hon. Registrar*

Derek Benson *Hon. Secretary*

David Brewer *Edwardians Football Club*

Gerald Chadwick *Sports Club*

David Corney

Robert Edmonds

Jim Evans *Cricket Club*

Philip Gough

Stephen Talboys *Hon. Secretary*

Paul Thomson

David Ward

John Wheatley

Michael Edwards *Co-opted*

Ian Metcalfe *Co-opted*

Hon. Secretaries

Derek Benson,

King Edward's School,

Birmingham, B15 2UA.

Telephone: (0121) 472 1672

Fax: (0121) 415 4327

e-mail: dhb@kes.bham.sch.uk

Stephen Talboys,

204 Galton Road,

Smethwick,

West Midlands, B67 5JP.

(0121) 420 3313

(0121) 627 6267

Hon. Registrar

M.D. Baxter,

36 Woodglade Croft,

Kings Norton, Birmingham, B38 8TD.

e-mail: OEA.registrar@btinternet.com

Hon. Treasurer

A.G. Baxter,

Springfield,

Wesley Road,

Ironbridge,

Shropshire, TF8 7BD.

Editor: O.E. Gazette

Michael Parslew,

6 Station Close,

Windmill Hill,

Stoulton,

Worcestershire, WR7 0RX.

Telephone: 01905 840438

Auditors

Clement Keys

School Representative

Derek Benson,

King Edward's School,

Birmingham, B15 2UA.

Telephone: (0121) 472 1672

Section Secretaries

London OEs

David Edmonds,

146 Bath Road,

Longwell Green,

Bristol, BS30 9DB.

Telephone: (0117) 932 6910

e-mail: david@edmonds0.freemove.co.uk

Old Edwardians Sports Club Ltd.

Gerald Chadwick,

1 Musgrave Close,

Sutton Coldfield.

(0121) 241 2531

OE Cricket Club

Michael Hughes,

'Mead End',

Galtons Lane,

Belbroughton,

Worcestershire, DY9 9TS.

(01562) 730346

Edwardians Football Club

Ben Hewitson,

193 Streetsbrook Road,

Solihull, B90 3PG.

(0121) 745 4603

OE Golfing Society

Martin Wilkes,

Telephone: (01675) 467354

Fives

George Worthington,

King Edward's School.

Telephone: (0121) 472 1672

In this Gazette will be found a Membership Application Form which includes a Banker's Order Form together with details of Life Membership. The use of the Banker's Order spares the Association much work and expense. Life Membership, however, not only spares us even more but also offers a real bargain to those with intimations of immortality! If you do not need the form yourself, why not pass it on to a non-member?

Front cover picture shows the musicians entertaining the Old Edwardians Dinner in Big School on 10 November 2007.

Not just another law firm.

Let's face it, there are a lot of them about.

We like to think we are different. Cobbetts is a top 50, rapidly growing, full service law firm with offices in the three key commercial centres outside London - Birmingham, Leeds and Manchester.

Through our focus of delivering commercial, pragmatic and value-for-money solutions, based on astute and practical legal advice, we have become one of the fastest growing law firms outside the capital.

Why not experience for yourself why people like doing business with us.

Cobbetts - lawyers with real vision.

For more information please contact:
Old Edwardian - Martin Woodward
0845 404 2501
martin.woodward@cobbetts.co.uk

www.cobbetts.co.uk
Birmingham | Leeds | Manchester





December 2007
No. 278

The Old Edwardians Gazette

*Published by The Old Edwardians Association, King Edward's School, Birmingham, B15 2UA.
Club Founded 23rd June 1883, Association Incorporated 11th May 1891.*

Contents

<i>Official Notices</i>	page 3
<i>Editorial</i>	4
<i>Articles</i>	11
<i>Association Affairs</i>	18
<i>Old Edwardians Sport</i>	20
<i>School Affairs</i>	22
<i>Letters to the Editor</i>	25
<i>Births, Marriages, Deaths and Obituaries</i>	30
<i>Subscription Form</i>	33
<i>Notes & News Form</i>	34
<i>Bursary Appeal</i>	35

Official Notices

ADVERTISEMENTS

Members and others are invited to place their advertisements in the *Gazette*. To book space in forthcoming issues, please contact Derek Benson on (0121) 472 1672.

The rates (excluding VAT) are:

A4 Page	£100
Half Page	£70
Quarter Page	£55



Editorial

OEA — the Chairman

After seven years' hard labour and dedication to the Association's cause, **Paul Thomson** has stepped down as the Chairman.

As the 'voice' of the Association we offer thanks on behalf of all Old Edwardians for the time, effort and devotion he has given to his post and the (largely unseen) work that he has undertaken.

At the best of times it is a thankless job to try and keep such a disparate organisation functioning with any degree of success and these are not the best of times. The old order changeth; the reasons, social and political, for the Association's existence are very different from those that obtained fifty, twenty or even ten years ago; it is having to find a new *raison d'être*, a fresh identity. Of necessity its fortunes in the future must be more closely bound up with the School.

Paul has appreciated all this and has done much to clear the ground; like John the Baptist he has prepared the way for what has to be done. We are grateful to him for his acumen and hard work.

He has handed over the reins to **James Martin**. We offer him our congratulations and wish him well in the formidable tasks that lie ahead. We trust all Old Edwardians will give him full support as he takes the Association into a hopefully brave new world.



Just a few passing words

It has been my pleasure to be Chairman for the past seven years and I am delighted to hand over the reins to James Martin who has been of considerable advice and assistance to me since being elected to the General Committee.

In speaking each July with the School Leavers I have urged them to retain the friendships built up over their time at School through an active membership whether social or sporting of the Association. Happily the majority of the Leavers remain such members and their views of how the Association should move forward are actively sought.

In addition to promoting fellowship amongst former pupils and those connected with the School, the Association is striving to support

our President John Claughton in his aim of attracting talented pupils who can use the opportunity given them to achieve the success expected of them. We are therefore working together to seek funding to enable pupils whose educational costs will be met by new money from former pupils whose successes have come as a result of their time spent at School.

Finally I must thank my Committee for their advice and support over the past seven years. As the Editor so elegantly stated in the June *Gazette* the Association is and has always been run by a dedicated group of Old Edwardians. Rest assured that this will continue to be so.

Paul Thomson



Piece from James Martin, now Chairman of the OEA

Following august footsteps is never easy and Paul's (despite the risk of his blushes) have left a firm and popular tread. When I joined the OEA General Committee he was welcoming and assured, and his offer to remain beyond the normal five year term when John arrived as Chief Master was typical of his affection and sense of duty towards the school and the Association. Many thanks from me.

I admit to a slight sense of fraud insofar as my time at School was just two years, but those last two years were the best of my school career and the ones which have made the biggest impression, both in memory and impact on my life. I was therefore flattered, and surprised, when asked if I would become Chairman. Now I realize that I feel honoured, and a little daunted because our Association does matter.

What an Institution we celebrate with each Biennial Dinner, and edition of the *Gazette*! Quite simply one of the best seats of learning in the country. It so happens one of the oldest too, with traditions to be proud of, but also a competitor in a tough marketplace which requires innovation and adaptability.

King Edward's gave us all something, and the extent to which we value that something influences our interest in the OEA. The OEA has, over the coming year or so, an opportunity to give something back to the

School. The Chief Master is working on plans with the Foundation and the Governors to improve the funding of the school and thus make it more accessible to the best students - as it was in the days of many OE members. This inevitably will require fund-raising of one sort or another; this is a nettle to grasp rather than foolishly hope will go away.

The OEA itself does not have the resources to make a material difference to the capital needed for this venture, but our thousands of members could, if mobilized, help John in this quest to climb back to the top of any league table they happen to publish. I shall be pleased to give John as much air-time as he likes through the Association once those plans take shape.

We did this in a small way at the Alternative Biennial Dinner on 10 November. A buffet supper in Big School, opportunity to explore the old place, and listen to a very gifted saxophonist and friends was enjoyed by 80 or so OEs and partners, children and friends. We had a terrific evening, with much appreciated help from Martine and Roger at school, and going by the response should do it again. Hopefully next time John will have more plans to expound and progress to report.

There is another change in prospect, albeit a bit late and a change from the published programme. This is the last edition of the *Gazette* in its present form. It was supposed to be the new version but we were not ready to do it justice, hence the delay.

We have had tremendous help and support from Bernard Adams over recent years, and for this issue and the last Michael Parslew has made himself an extremely welcome 'shoe-in' as editor. I look forward with interest to the new look, and hope that Michael's observation in June that 'King Edward's was our touchstone' will touch enough nerves to fill his postbag. In the meantime, please treasure your very own collector's edition.

James Martin



Editorial

Editing the *Gazette* is very similar to painting the Forth Bridge; no sooner has one finished the job, stepped off the high girders, started to draw breath and relax than one is required to start the business all over again. Mechanistic stuff. But, in the brief pause while breath is hastily being drawn, your Editor has been brought to wonder what is and should be his role or purpose or function; wherein lies the *raison d'être*? What is it all about?

Bernard Adams, now safely ensconced in Eastern Europe, just before he left (or do I mean 'fled'?) the Editorship in which role he had done such valiant work, had the temerity to describe the job as "Fun". That, of course, was his spring to catch a woodcock, his lure for the unwary. Being now on my second edition, (or do I mean 'effort'?) I find there are many adjectives I could raise to describe the experience but "Fun" does not appear among them. According to the O.E.D., "Fun" is "an amusing or exciting happening" and looking after the *Gazette* certainly ain't that. Harassing — yes; worrying — yes; nerve-racking, yes; capable of generating insomnia, neurosis, psychosis, alcoholism — yes, yes, yes and yes: "Fun?" — a definite No!

It is not the task itself that breeds this reaction. After all, there are some good and sterling members of the Association committee who are prepared to act as "whippers-in", who will badger sports secretaries for reports until they are produced. The weary amateurishness of the old and rickety typewriter has given way to the effortless streamlining of the modern word-processor. The Internet and e-mail rool OK — though this editor still prefers to keep a full bottle of Parker's best ink at his elbow and cherishes his fountain pen, notepaper and the good offices of the Post Office. And, at long-stop, we have the printers who are used to our lateness and eccentricities and can turn the sows' ears that we toss them into a purse of, at the worst, best artificial silk, and sometimes even — the Real Thing.

No, the task itself is no more demanding, in intellectual terms, than painting the aforementioned Forth Bridge. It is the Uncertainty that causes the *angst*. Will the various sports produce 'the goods'? Shall we get any interesting articles or letters? Where will the photographs come from? How on earth can we rustle up a proper "hatches,

matches and dispatches" section without the team of dogged sleuths who can sift the pages of the world's press?

Oddly enough, it is this last topic that causes your present editor the greatest concern. Any Old Boys' Association must be, by definition, a loose-knit affair. At the end of one's time at School 'friends' depart and go their separate ways. They may meet again in after-life; they may meet regularly, or bump into each other accidentally, or make the deliberate effort to come together again after many years. Or not. But, as the letter from Stuart Atkin later in this edition indicates, the School, friends and acquaintances, shared experiences, linger in the mind. It is human nature to like or want to know "what happened to old so-and-so"; it is part of the human experience to need to know when someone from one's past — friend, acquaintance, old enemy, member of staff, whoever — has married, has had yet another child or, most poignantly, has died. If any part of the *Gazette* serves a proper purpose, it is this section. But the unfortunate irony about it is that it is also the section over which the Editor has least control and which depends almost entirely upon 'word passed back' and the willingness of friends, relatives, other Old Edwardians to give details, provide information, submit a note or a recollection or an obituary.

In part, as your Editor, I blame myself for not pursuing matters like that with all due resolution. But it is hard to do so at long distance; the School is the proper focal point, the poste restante for messages and missives, the place to which all Edwardians present and past can turn to 'find out'. It is surely there the Editor should lurk like a nursery rhyme spider, waiting and watching and garnering. Hopefully things will improve, will be better in the future; there are Plans Afoot to bring School and Association closer and to give the alliance a tighter focus, a more identifiable purpose. A recognisable, even familiar location, known of old, such as the School, must surely draw a better response than an anonymous house number in the wilds of wherever. At least I hope so: I hope soon to be lurking.

But to revert: the role, purpose, function of the Editor. Should he simply be the chronicle clerk, sitting on his high stool, correcting untidy grammar, putting material in proper

order and seeing that the printers produce the magazine on time? Or should he be the catalyst for the ideas, thoughts, experiences of all sorts and conditions of Old Edwardians that dwell upon the face of the earth? Or should he actually and actively set the pace, create the image, project his own concept of what School and Association should be about into the pages of the *Gazette*? Should he be secretary, coach or manager? In the words of the prophet: “You tell me, buddie”.

Meanwhile, as this make-weight magazine slips into history, the steering committee goes about its appointed task, its brief to revitalise the *Gazette*. The phoenix stirs uneasily inside its golden egg. And hopefully, all over the world, Edwardian fingers are flexing and reaching for their lap-tops, their morse-tappers, their bottles of Quink; cleft sticks are being polished and e-mails are being assembled. All they perhaps await is ‘The Call’. Well, this is IT. The secretary-coach-manager hopes; the clock ticks; the blank pages wait . . .



And a personal note (for which I apologise)

The Editor of any publication should be discreet and self-effacing — of that I am well aware. However, this addendum is by way of explanation and appeal. While doing the editing of this edition of the *Gazette* I am in the throes of packing up and moving from a corner of a Suffolk field to near Worcester so that I can be on hand to get to Birmingham and the School easily and thus do the job properly. In the interim, I shall be grateful if OEs who feel moved to write to the *Gazette* with an article, a letter, a brickbat, news, views, information — especially about births, marriages or deaths, will send copy to Derek Benson at the School and he will pass it on to me. Once I am *in situ* I will organise and publish a regularised system whereby OEs can either reach me or send in material. Many thanks.

Michael Parslew.



Guided Tours

Derek Benson is able and willing to show OEs round the School during term. He recommends midweek for this, as the place is more lively than at weekends, and will be happy to make mutually satisfactory arrangements. Contact him at the School.



Monthly Lunches . . .

. . . will continue to take place on the second Wednesday of each month in the Buttery Bar at the Clarendon Suite. Your frequent attendance is cordially invited! Contact either Brian Creed (0121 705 5564) or Alan Blower (0121 354 2541).



***School/OE addresses/
web sites:***

www.kes.bham.sch.uk
(School ONLY)

www.olders.org.uk
(OE Association)

OEA.registrar@btinternet.com
(Hon. Registrar)

dhb@kes.bham.sch.uk
(Hon. Secretary OEA at School)

dave.edmonds@virgin.net
(London OEs)

www.olderscricket.com
(OE Cricket Club)

www.edsrugby.com
(Edwardians Football Club)

There's no substitute for a winning team

Let Keystone tackle your moving problems

- Largest stocks of wheels and castors in the UK
- Established over 70 years
- Specialist technical advice freely available
- Competitive prices
- 24 hour service
- Trade counter
- Comprehensive colour catalogue free on request
- BS EN ISO 9002: 1994 (Formerly BS5750 Part 2)



KEYSTONE

The Castor Specialists

Contact: Ian Partridge

KEYSTONE CASTOR COMPANY

50 Green Street, Birmingham B12 0NB.

Tel: 0121-772 1010. Fax: 0121-773 1103.

www.keystonecastors.co.uk



Chief Master's Report

From my past reading of the Old Edwardian *Gazette*, I would suggest that few of the writers have thought much about the rules of rhetoric discussed by Cicero in the first century BC. However, I do feel that any Parslew Publication needs to consider such matters. Cicero discusses the power, and the limitations, of the florid, or Asian style, and, if you want to know what the florid or Asian style is actually like, all you have to do is read a Parslew piece. However, Cicero also emphasises the need for *variatio*, so that an excess of the florid, or Asian, style does not sicken the appetite. It is my job, therefore, to show some classical, Roman, restraint and describe, in artless simplicity, the life of the school over the last year.

The most obvious, and artless, place to start is with the school's academic performance. Now, Head Masters (and Chief Masters) may rail at league tables with their variety of ways of counting points and subjects, and discounting some points and some subjects. However, I know and you know and I know that you know that this school has throughout its history been valued for its outstanding academic achievements. And, if we are honest, it is an absolutely necessary condition for the school's continued future success: parents will only take the trouble — and face the cost — of sending their children here if they think they are getting the best. Is that what we are achieving at the moment? Well, yes and no. No, because our A level performance, with less than 90% A and B grades at A level, does not allow us to compete with our ancient, national rivals. Such a figure was competitive ten years ago, but, sadly, it isn't now. Yes, because our GCSE results were the best ever, by a distance: our percentage of A* grades was 55.7%; our percentage of A* and A grades was 89.2%; 21 boys scored 10 straight A*s and another 15 got 9 A*s: most wondrously of all, the school won 28 top candidates awards in individual subjects, a figure double our previous best, and the crowning glory was that 12 of those awards were in English Literature (Head of Department, Tom Hosty (OE)). And yet even these outstanding results, achieved with very bright boys and real commitment from the teaching staff, will still only place us in the top 25 of the schools of this country. It's a hard world and a tough

game and we have to compete in it. And to compete, we have to attract the best boys and the best teachers and provide them with an environment where they can pull each other along, hopefully to greatness.

One part of that environment is the exams that the boys face. Since the introduction of AS exams, the world has become a colder, darker and less interesting place. The boys sit exams in each of the last three years. They have modules and retakes, even retakes of retakes, and, in some subjects, really fatuous coursework. We have done something about that in the GCSE years, by moving in Maths and three sciences to International GCSE. These exams are undoubtedly a more rewarding contest and a better preparation for higher study, even if they score zero in the government's league tables. At A level it is harder to know what to do. Nothing that the government does to A levels cheers me up and other alternatives, Cambridge pre-U and the International Baccalaureate, do warrant serious consideration. Indeed, it may just be that the second of these alternatives might be a way to restore the intellectual life and excitement that many of you will remember most fondly. We may just need to dare to be wise.

As you can see, I am sticking to my brief of earnest, classical restraint in style and, indeed, content. I actually think that it is important for you all to understand the educational environment in which we live. One part of that environment, the teaching staff, changed more than somewhat this year when three members of staff retired and took with them 111 years service. Those men will be known to many of you, Peter Russell (Chemistry), David Rigby (Biology) and Maurice Workman (Modern Languages), and their contribution to the life of the school and to thousands of pupils is incalculable.

Of course, the school environment is more than exam results and one of the reasons is the contribution in an infinite variety of ways of men like Workman and Russell and Rigby. If the educational part is darker, then I can say that everything else has never, but never, been lighter or richer. In every area of school life boys are doing things which you or I would never have contemplated: for me, a weekend rugby tour to two pubs in a village

outside Tiverton or a CCF camp in a hut in Leek were high drama. In music, this may just have been an annus mirabilis. The orchestra played Tchaikovsky's violin concerto, with John Garner as an outstanding soloist. They then went one step further and played that piece and Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* in Symphony Hall whilst the dancers of the Elmhurst School for Dance danced their dancing. The Choral Society sang David Fanshawe's *African Sanctus* in St Martin's in the shiny Bullring, the school play was *The Hired Man*, the Junior School play was *Peter Pan*, rewritten to find a new darkness by two senior boys. But sometimes it isn't the grand events that matter most. A fortnight ago, there was an informal concert in which the three Shell music scholars played. The music authorities think that they are the best three they have had in thirty years and those, genuinely moved, even on a Thursday lunchtime, would not want to disagree.

All other activities proceed at a similar pace with equal variety: a group of young mathematicians came second in a national competition; 6 boys in the Fifth Form first won the First Lego League Table Robotics National Final and then went to Atlanta to compete in the world championships; we have started to teach Chinese before school; a group of boys went to Namibia this summer and next summer others are going to Madagascar; Lambie Tours will positively be making its final expedition to Pompeii next summer; the rugby team went to Singapore, Australia and Dubai; the CCF don't go quite that far but, under the command of Duncan Raynor (OE) it has never been stronger or more successful in winning major competitions; basketball prospers under Stuart Birch, not quite 40 years on, but nearly; only Manchester GS — damn their eyes — are better than we are, under the guidance of Jonathan Pitt (OE); every holiday and almost every weekend a boy can go off walking or cycling or climbing or, as I write, caving; the Living History Group now owns a trebuchet, a spinning wheel, lots of furs and an axe entirely suitable for executing a Tudor monarch; we have growing links with local junior schools and with Small Heath Community School and Sixth Form College; 4 artificial cricket nets have been laid at Eastern Road; there is now an Under 12 F XV and, with James Claughton

at full-back for the Under 14 Bs and Tom Claughton at scrum-half for the Under 12 As, rugby is in safe hands. Or is it?

In May an Inspector called and tried to encompass the above in three days. The Inspectors slice our lives into pieces and then rate them, 'outstanding', 'good' or 'satisfactory' in relation, not to all schools, but to independent schools. They decreed that the quality of the educational experience was 'outstanding', the quality of pupils' learning, skills and attitudes to work and study was 'outstanding', the spiritual, moral, social and cultural development of the pupils was 'outstanding', the quality of the teaching was 'often outstanding', the quality of pastoral care was 'outstanding', the quality of links with parents and the local community was 'outstanding', the quality of leadership and management in the school was 'outstanding'. I haven't missed out any categories. Perhaps the most important thing for all of us was the emphasis on the warmth of relations between staff and pupils and between the pupils themselves.

So, that's all right then. All will be well and all manner of thing will be well. Well, not exactly. The inspection concluded: 'the school is direct in its aim and in its aspiration to be a school of the highest academic quality and the richest personal experience for as wide a community around Birmingham as possible. This it achieves to an outstanding degree and it seeks to do even better.' These comments are meant to point us forward. We are seeking to do even better. That will entail the pursuit of the highest academic standards set alongside another, active life that is full of variety and opportunity and enjoyment. We, and the Foundation, also need to improve our facilities to support and enhance all that goes on. And, we must strive to reach out to that wider community. We are making progress: the change in the Assisted Places scheme to extend eligibility doubled the number of applicants for such support for 2007. It is likely to double again for 2008. Increasing demand is one thing. Increasing the supply of funds to pay for such boys is another. Last year John Osborn, Graham Kinsman and Paul Ruddock sponsored individual boys as they started school. I believe that this is the way forward for our long-term success. I can tell you, that it does make a difference. Of the

three Music Scholars on that grey October day, two would not have been there without Assisted Place funding. That concert alone made it worthwhile, and we have six more years of great moments from them. I'd better stop before I go Asiatic, if not florid.

John Claughton
November 2007



A Birmingham independent school has stopped teaching GCSE maths and science because it believes they have been "dumbed down too far". Instead, King Edward's School for boys has adopted a 22-year old curriculum in the subjects that harks back to the old O-level exam.

It claims a raft of reforms has left GCSEs in maths and science lacking enough content and depth to stretch its pupils. The Edgbaston-based fee-paying school yesterday saw the first wave of 16-year-olds pass the International GCSE exam in maths.

Next year will see the first results for pupils taking IGCSEs in science.

George Andronov, deputy Chief Master and head of science at King Edward's School, said: "It is very sad that the kids are being sold short. We have switched because we think the content has been dumbed down so much it is not going to do our kids justice."

One of key elements of the IGCSE is that it does not rely so heavily on coursework.

King Edward's School — in common with an increasing number of independent schools including its neighbouring King Edward VI High School for Girls — believes the focus on coursework fails to properly test pupils.

"The first time they reformed the GCSEs, they took out about a third of the content to make way for coursework," said Mr Andronov.

"I could take the first set of dumbing down which was about ten years ago, but the second last year was just too far."

He said the reforms meant that pupils did not get a good understanding of the subjects, which meant they were not adequately prepared for A-levels.

"What I felt was wrong was that a pupil would be asked questions about nuclear power, for example — whether it is good or bad — without knowing the physics of the generation of nuclear power.

"It became something that was relevant to the modern world but the science was gone. It was more opinions about things. But if you don't know much about what goes on with the science it is difficult to form an opinion."

All 130 GCSE candidates at King Edward School taking the IGCSE passed the exam. Results show 58 per cent of grades in the subject were A* and 95 per cent were A* or A.

King Edward's stance comes at a time of increased concern over a lack of youngsters studying science and maths subjects at A-level and beyond. Schools are also finding it hard to recruit teachers in the subjects who have sufficient levels of qualifications.

John Cloughton, head of King Edward's, claimed the school had rejected GCSE maths because the exam appeared to be more geared towards boosting exam results. "You are trying to produce an examination which will challenge the most able and be accessible to a wide range of people which is most not necessarily compatible.

"In A-levels, that is what is driving people to the International Baccalaureate because the exam exists to get people through the exam and go to university.

"With the IGCSE our boys do sums and therefore they are given a better chance to show their ability.

"We feel that it is better for our pupils going forward."

IGCSE was originally designed as a secondary school qualification for pupils overseas.

Many independent schools believe it is a more rigorous preparation for A-levels. They also adopt it to stand out from the state sector.

Currently about 100 schools in the UK use the Cambridge International GCSE.

Results achieved in IGCSE subjects, however, appear as a zero in school league tables because the Government refuses to recognise the qualification.

A spokeswoman for the Department for Children, Schools and Families said: "We have conducted a review and we are not going to adopt it. It is not compatible with GCSEs."



Twins lead year of exceptional results for King Edward's School

Identical twins with ten A* each led an exceptional year of attainment at Birmingham's King Edward's School this year. Tom and Alex Dawes were on a family holiday in Majorca when they learned the good news yesterday.

Their father Edward — a partner at Birmingham law firm Wragge & Co — put down their success to having to commute to the city each day from their home in Shropshire. "I think the secret is the long journey in. They sit in the car and read and revise."

Out of a total of 130 GCSE students at King Edward's, 19 boys gained ten A* grades. It meant more than half the grades awarded — 53.5 per cent — were A*, representing a leap of more than ten per cent on the previous year.

The proportion of A* and A grades awarded was 88.7 per cent. The fee-paying selective school also notched up a total of 27 "top candidate awards", meaning their results were among the best five grades awarded in the country.

Chief Master John Cloughton said: "These are wonderful results across the whole year-group, a real thrill for the boys and for their teachers and, I expect, their parents. The big increase in A* grades over our previous best is particularly pleasing. Over a quarter of the boys now have either 10 or 9 A* grades.



Tom, right, and Alex Dawes led the list at King Edward's School

"That really does matter because the number of A* grades is increasingly significant for entry to the best universities."

The 27 top candidates awards were achieved by 17 pupils. Nearly half — 12 in total — went to pupils doing GCSE English literature at the school. One youngster — Ismail Akram — notching up four alone in Spanish, English literature, French and Physics. Mr Cloughton added: "This is three times more than usual — it is an extraordinary year."



Not so clever Willetts has trouble recalling his independent schooling

David Willetts, hammer of the grammars, is renowned as the cleverest man in the Tory party. Odd then that he seems to be having so much trouble recalling what type of school he attended.

Amid the mob of Tory Old Etonians, it is the shadow education secretary's proud boast that he was an 'umble boy from a direct grant grammar school. But the head of that school, King Edward's in Birmingham, insists it's a fee-paying independent and always has been.

He should know — he was in the same class as Willetts in the 1970s. Both benefited from the generous scholarship system at the time.

"This school was certainly a direct grant school, but it was never a direct grant grammar school," says John Cloughton. "Grammar school means a selective school inside the state system, whereas direct grant schools were independent in which the state bought places."

Willetts caused uproar in Tory circles last week by reversing the party's long-held support for grammars. So did he show political promise in the classroom?

"Actually, David was quite radical and left-wing," recalls Cloughton. "But this was the days of long hair, greatcoats and Yes albums."



Articles

Life and times of Jonathan Coe

By **Jon Perks**. Words courtesy of Birmingham Post and Mail

When you're scheduled to appear at a book festival, it's perhaps not the wisest admission to make. "The actual writing is the nice part of the job, really," says author Jonathan Coe. "The part of the job that I find more difficult is going on the road talking about the book."

"It's part of the job description these days, increasingly I think, to meet the public and answer their curiosity, and these events can be great fun, and it's nice to meet the readers, but I think for me when I write the last sentence of a book, I've kind of said my last word on that particular subject."

"When someone starts saying 'what did you mean by that', part of me wants to say 'the book is there, that's all there is, my knowledge of those people and that world stops just when yours does really'."

While *The Rotters' Club* and its sequel *The Closed Circle* took their inspiration and setting from Coe's schooldays in Birmingham, his latest novel *The Rain Before It Falls* focuses on Shropshire, where the writer spent many a happy weekend at his grandparents' home.

The story centres on the tapes of a dead woman, who, through a series of photographs, reminisces on her life and family in the county Coe knows so well:

"[The book] has got ideas that I've had for many years ever since I was a child," he says. "I grew up just outside Birmingham as you know, on the Lickey Hills, but we used to spend most weekends over in Shropshire where my grandparents lived — and I've always loved that county and wanted to write about it which I've only ever done in a little short story before, so it's been great to revisit those places by writing this book."

"Nearly all the locations mentioned in the early parts [of the book] are all real places I remember from my childhood."

A former pupil of King Edward's School, Edgbaston, Jonathan doesn't allow himself to become a stranger, regularly visiting his parents — who still live in the house where he grew up — every six weeks or so.

He's happy to remark that Birmingham has changed massively since his days at KES — not least for the latest generation of teenagers looking for love:

"What I remember most about Birmingham in the 1970s was I could never find anywhere to eat out or take anyone for a drink," he recalls. "Part of the reason that my dating career as an adolescent was so disastrous was that there just weren't the places in Birmingham — now it seems to be wall to wall bars and restaurants — that's my impression whenever I wander round the city centre."

"We used to buy fish and chips from that chip shop on Navigation Street by the bus stops, and take them to eat on the concourse of New Street Station — that was about as exciting as my dates used to get!"

Now based in London, Jonathan works not from home, as many authors do, but from a flat belonging to his sister-in-law, who is away much of the time working in Guinea Bissau for the mine clearing charity she set up — and for which her brother-in-law is a patron.

"That's rather heroic of her I think," says Jonathan. "She worked in the City for 20 years, decided that life had more to offer, so she upped and set up a mine clearing charity."

"It enables me to treat writing more like a nine to five or ten to four as it tends to work out," he explains. "Even previously when I've had a nice big study and no kids around, I've always found it hard to write in a domestic space; I also like writing in public spaces just for a change of scene — I still write in pubs and cafés."

Coe adds: "I cringe a little bit sometimes when I see writers saying how hard writing is, because there are things that are a lot harder — like clearing mines in Guinea Bissau for instance; writing is kind of boring and frustrating sometimes when it's not going well, but I still think it's the best job in the world — to be a writer, sitting at a desk in a warm room, making things up."

The Rain Before It Falls, Coe's eighth novel (he has also written biographies on Humphrey Bogart, James Stewart and the writer BS Johnson), is, as well as being a little shorter than previous outings, a further progression for a writer who admits he has readers nostalgic for his 'earlier, funnier' material — a little like a certain famous New York film-maker:

"I think I'm writing more emotionally now, kind of digging a bit deeper into myself than I did in my early books which were a bit more superficial I think," he says.

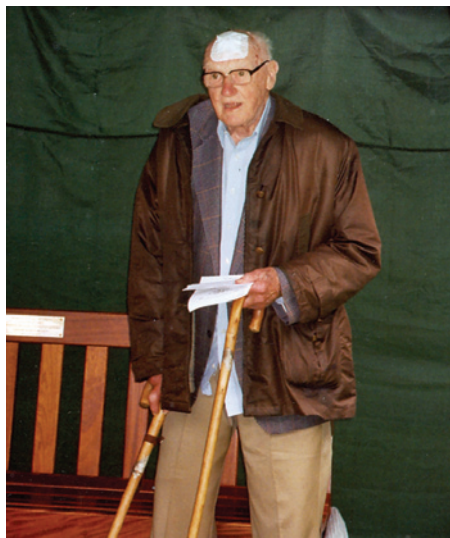
"I don't know exactly what the next one's going to be like, each one is a new adventure.

"Some people have remarked on the lack of humour in this book — me being like Woody Allen, who periodically gives up making funny films that everyone likes and does a deadly serious one that everyone kind of ignores. Maybe it's time for me to do another one that has more humour . . ."



ARTHUR MUFFETT (1907–)

It is with great pleasure that we salute our oldest Association member, who reached his full Century this year. We offer him our greetings and congratulations.



And to prove that there is abundant life in the supposedly "Aged Ones" we here include some memorabilia of his life and living. A celebration from the 'Hereford Times', photographs — one of which suggest he can still 'mix it' with the best of them, and an article in his own still easily legible fist sent to your editor in the hope that it might "do". It certainly will.



'Eheu fugaces habuntur Aveni' — The fleeting years slip away

Some memories of an Edwardian Centenarian

Before the (Second World) War. English rugby football at club level was largely influenced in its upper reaches by Oxford and Cambridge and the Old Boys Clubs. International teams always included many 'Blues' and Old Boys plus members of the Services and players from prominent Northern and Western clubs. The leading Old Boys Clubs of the time included Old Blues, Old Alleynians, Old Paulines in London and the Old Edwardians, described in H.P. Marshall's book on Rugby Football as "the oldest Old Boys Club outside London, founded in 1882".

It was my good fortune to play in the OEs First XV fairly regularly from 1935 onwards up to the War, a circumstance that proved the death-knell of first-class status for most Old Boys Clubs — a decline that accelerated from 1946 onwards, and has latterly also embraced the University sides. In those days OE fixtures included not only very enjoyable games with other O.B. sides but with some of the prestigious club sides — Cardiff, Coventry, Sale, Bath and Gloucester. Such famous clubs welcomed fixtures with the Edwardians and were even prepared to offer a guarantee to help with travelling expenses. I am proud to remember having played against some of the teams mentioned above and above all in the three annual matches against Moseley — home, away and on Boxing Day morning. [!! — Ed.] I still retain happy memories of scoring a try against Gloucester in 1934. The Gloucester full-back was an international player but, incredibly, "bought a dummy" from Bob Pringle-Brown and I was alongside him to take the final pass.

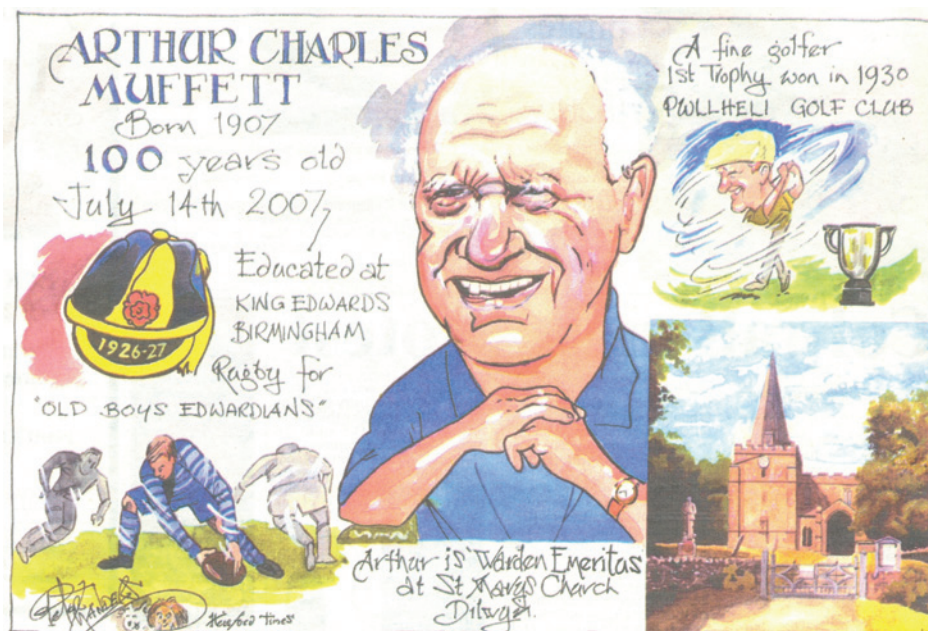
I suppose I am very fortunate to have seen two particular sporting occasions, one involving rugby, the other cricket. In 1924 the first 'All Blacks' to visit England since 1905 came over here. They won every match against the best England could put together — be they full international sides or selected 'regional' teams. I was then making my way up the rugger ladder at KES and, like a great many other schools, we were given an *exeat* on 18th October 1924 to watch North Midlands play the New Zealanders at Villa Park. Needless to say, the 'All Blacks' won easily.

The other historic match I saw as a schoolboy was cricket at Edgbaston between Warwickshire and Hampshire on June 1922. I was there when Hampshire were dismissed for 15, including four byes, in their first innings. The Great Philip Mead made 6 not out and there were six "ducks". Howell, the Warwickshire fast bowler, took 6 wickets for 7 runs and the Hon. F.S.G. Calthorpe, the captain, took 4 for 4. The match is now famous because Hampshire were made to follow on, made a second innings total of 521 and then bowled Warwickshire out for 140 to win the match.

Cricket at King Edward's in the 'Twenties' was not taken seriously for the very good

reason that facilities for the game were ludicrously inadequate. The only available suitable area was the main field at Eastern Road and it was quite customary to find four house matches being played at the same time on the inadequate space provided. Junior games were played on the adjacent rugby pitches which had been badly cut up during the preceding rugby season; batting at best was hazardous and usually well nigh impossible. The School XI was coached by 'Walter' Baines who was one of the masters in the science department; he was a well-known cricketer in the Birmingham League. As a result of his coaching and some natural talent the School in my time carried all before it, with victories over their hereditary opponents, Denstone and Bromsgrove. Most of those leaving school in the late 'twenties' joined Moseley Ashfield, then a leading non-league club.

Among my happiest memories are the Easter tours the Old Edwardians Rugby Club made. In the 'thirties' we went to Cheshire and the Manchester area, playing against New Brighton, Old Birkenians and Waterloo, and also to the West Country. The photograph



IN 1916, Arthur Muffett, aged eight, lived adjacent to the university buildings in Birmingham, which had been converted into a military hospital.

Following the evacuation from ANZAC Cove in 1915, a large number of wounded ANZACs, patients at the hospital, were visited by Arthur's mother, and several of them went to their home for a little home comfort and particularly the billiard table.

Never to forget these heroes of Gallipoli, military history became Arthur's chief interest in life.

Arthur married the accomplished woman cricketer, Joan Edwards, in Birmingham in 1943. Living in Herefordshire since 1972, Arthur moved from Kingsland to Dilwyn in 1983.

He modestly claims to have had no academic distinction at King Edward's School, Birmingham, where he

stayed until he was 18 in order to win his school rugby cap, citing only rugby, matriculation and golf as his successes; school listings in his final year show Arthur to have been top of his class in Latin and English and a revue in the School Chronicle of March, 1927, refers to this captain of Hammonds as "an enthusiastic forward and steady worker who did much to improve the play of the pack. Pushes hard in the scrum and is prominent in the loose. A good tackler".

Arthur started work as a junior clerk in the Royal Insurance Co for £40 per year and worked for a number of other companies prior to retirement in 1973. A keen golfer for 80 years, he played his first round at Gay Hill, Worcester, in 1925, finally retiring his clubs while a member of Ludlow Golf Club in

2005. He is particularly proud of winning his first trophy in 1930 at the Pwllheli Golf Club. Arthur was also a member of Leominster Probus Club, an honorary member of Woolley History Society, a member of Dilwyn Royal British Legion, and is St Mary's Church warden emeritus.

Dilwyn Parish Council dedicated a bench, in Arthur's honour on the village green, presented prior to a service and village celebration at St Mary's Church last Sunday, where he was joined by his son Duncan, from California, and his daughter, Sarah.

A popular and familiar figure in the community, Arthur is "rather surprised" at reaching 100, putting his health and happiness down to "being very lucky and to living in such a fantastic place as Dilwyn, it is a perfectly marvellous spot."



The group shown includes, standing L to R:

BA Thomas, AC Muffett, ER Bickley, F Sustar, CP English, ES Baxter, J Norwood, GF Mountford

At the rear:

GKF Holden, J Evans, RJ Garratt, J Beale, RJ Mountford, EH Elgood, AE Boyse, J Tracey, WR Adams, DK Alabaster. Seated is J Downes

shows the party that went to the West country in 1938:

As far as I can remember, we won our first two matches but were severely beaten by Exeter. In that match I was playing hooker and I was opposed by H Rew who was the current England hooker — sadly, he was later killed in the War. Sunday was the day for golf and we played on the beautiful seaside course at Budleigh Salterton.

One other memory of that 1938 tour comes to mind. We all travelled in our own cars and, on the way home, I drove some of us home via Worcester where we stopped for a drink at a hotel. It so happened that the Australian Touring Cricket Team had newly arrived there for the opening match of their tour against Worcestershire and were being entertained at a banquet to celebrate their arrival. Seated at the bar in a dinner jacket was Fleetwood Smith, the leading Australian bowler, and he was knocking back whisky and soda. Suddenly the door opened and Don Bradman stormed in; he was visibly very angry and had come in search of the absent Fleetwood Smith who had chosen to absent himself from the reception. He was

hauled away to play his proper part in the occasion. Sadly the end of his career was ruined by his drink problem.

My other love was golf. With my father and brother, **Maurice** (OE), we founded Gay Hill G.C. at Wythall in 1926 where I learned to play the game with some success. Later, striving to reach even higher standards, we all three joined Harborne G.C. and I was a member there until I retired and came to live in Herefordshire. Happy days, great friends and some memorable occasions. Harborne always had a goodly number of OE members and our own Sunday partnerships included NL Blakstad, Stanley Frayley, Rex Joseph and Trevor Solomon. We all had single figure handicaps and many half-crowns were won and lost. I was also a member of Pwllhelli Golf Club for many years and in 1936 I gained my most notable success, winning the Town Bowl, competed for by the club's best golfers.

So now here I am in Herefordshire, aged 100 and dreaming of former happy days and lasting friendships.

From the Hereford Times

Arthur Muffett celebrated his 100th birthday on 14th July in the village of Dilwyn in Herefordshire, where he now lives, with a party in the Village Hall for his family and friends. On the following day a special service in his honour was held in his local church, attended by a packed congregation, preceded by the presentation of a bench in his name on the village green. Despite heavy rain this was attended by a large number of Dilwyn villagers kitted out in typical British fashion with umbrellas, waterproofs and wellingtons.

Arthur spoke at all these functions with characteristic articulateness, belying his 100 years, quoting at length from Shakespeare and reading a narrative poem spanning the English monarchs of the five reigns he has lived through — Edward VII, George V, Edward VIII, George VI and Elizabeth II. After his quotation from Julius Caesar he was asked when he would be appearing at Stratford-upon-Avon! Arthur was able to say that he had already done so back in the 1930s when along with some members of Moseley Rugby Club he had been recruited as a crowd extra in the Forum scene with a speaking line — ‘The will, the will — we will have the will.’

Arthur was at King Edward's from 1922 to 1926 in Barry's fine Victorian building in New Street. His recollections of the School at that time were printed in the *Gazette* in December 2006. Arthur was himself Editor of the *Gazette* for 10 years. He was a great sportsman. He played regularly for the Old Edwardians Rugby Club in the 1930s at the time when their fixture list included several of the leading clubs in the country. A very good golfer, he won many trophies in the OE Golf Society competitions and was a member of Gay Hill, Harborne and finally Ludlow Golf Clubs where he was still an active player well into his nineties.

Arthur has the distinction of being the oldest living Old Edwardian and long may he hold that honour.



Reginald Edmonds at 98

Senior Vice-President Reg Edmonds, one-time Architect of the OE Sports Club and President of the OEFC, has now been enjoying semi-retirement in a village beyond Truro for some four years. Now in his 99th year, he still uses the drawing board, has taken up the computer and e-mail, but no longer drives a car or lawn mower. With daughter



Elizabeth living nearby, he enjoys the frequent company of children, grandchildren and four (soon to be five) great grandchildren.

Whilst he expects to make his second visit to Birmingham this year during the next month, he is sorry that it is not always possible to co-ordinate these visits with OE events. However, Old Eds visiting Cornwall are always welcome at his home.

He can be contacted by e-mail at Reginald.Edmonds@btinternet.com



‘Memories; ah, memories...’

During a period of doing some research for this edition of the Gazette [yes, really; the magazine is not simply thrown together, though it may give that impression], your Editor came upon the following article, published in the old School Chronicle of exactly 40 years ago. Some of you might remember it. Now, “forty years on”, readers, both Old and Young Edwardians, might be interested in the views expressed and might even like to consider how nearly, or not, they coincide with the present circumstance — of the School, the OEA and themselves.

Sheraton-Blackstone Hotel, Chicago, Illinois

Sir,

The Travel page of the *New York Times* today depicts the uncomfortable grin of the Lord Mayor of Birmingham, England. He is inviting me to spend my British vacation in his Progressive City. Visions of the pageantry of youthful Speech Days pass before me, the Mayor portentous in his robes, the visiting dignitaries, the shuffling Governors, all that glorying in the game, the resolute quest for the thickened scrimmage.

I believed in it all then. I gave humble and hearty thanks with the best of them. Then three years of Oxbridge woke me sharply from a dream of triumphant bourgeois virtue. The awakening was painful, not only in the adjustment to a new *weltanschauung* but also in a grievous sense of having been deceived. The world is run on a complex reciprocal system of sycophancy and patronage for which my education had totally failed to prepare me. A crash programme of corruption



has enabled me to win a little in the game; but my main grief, one that grows keener with the years, was the realisation that I could no longer hope for contentment in a land that was inseparably associated with a discarded vision of the beautiful. A sophisticated friend who knows about such things, remarked sympathetically that it would be like continually bumping into an ex-mistress.

So I left England and shrugged off the husks of old ideals. England was cant and ill-judged expediency, a land of old men and lackeys. I did not expect to find America pleasant and it is not. The essential brutishness of the prevailing ethic here, the cynical pseudo-democracy of government, the shallow sentimentality of self-awareness give this nation the dangerous inconsequence of the schizophrenic. It will continue to attract your scientists and destroy your artists because scientists need money and artists enjoy money; but the only moral of America for the poor and huddled masses of the world is that mere forms of democracy will not guarantee a virtuous government.

One personal benefit of my being here is that I can take a more tranquil view of the faults and uncertainties of my native land. The English have yet to come to terms with their history and accept it with magnanimity. Imperial yearnings and post-colonial self-abasement are both ridiculous and egalitarian moralising ill becomes you. You gave up the Empire because you no longer had resources or courage to maintain it, not because you had suddenly realised that wogs are human. The important thing about history, as Santayana said, is that people who do not understand it are compelled to repeat it. The incomparable gift of having lived and reflected on a full national life could fit Britain to make a useful eirenic contribution to a world dominated by anomic post-revolutionary peoples such as Americans and Chinese. This will only be if you can be seen to have profited from your Insight. If you value history merely for bogus traditions to foist on to schoolboys or as a means to maintain a tourist trade you will have made your last noteworthy failure.

Here, Sir, lies the substance of my tale. My education at King Edward's, though technically superb, was ideologically unrealistic. The values we were taught related to a world which

does not, and perhaps never did, exist. Granted, we were the spawn of a mercenary and Philistine City, we were in danger of becoming ingenious but narrow-minded technicians. In spite of this we deserved, I think, something better in the way of worldly instruction than the Boys' Own Paper Public School ethics that were handed out to us. We were not all the sons of shrewd Brummie business, schooled at our mothers' knees in the world's deceits. Some of us sprang from long lines of failures, the well-meaning dupes of a capitalist society. Many of my generation left school blazing briefly as academic meteorites, with potential and aspiration that they lacked the wit and the ruthlessness to fulfil.

Was all this simply a thing of one generation straddled uneasily between the pre- and post-war worlds?

Where could my son find an education informed by a practical idealism which deals neither with the shibboleths of my youth nor the superficiality of the Colour Supplement Culture? At King Edward's, would you think Sir? I would value your opinion. After all, it did not matter very much ten years ago, but nowadays a man cannot afford the luxury of changing his philosophy at the age of twenty.

Yours faithfully
Old Edwardian

[This article was written by someone who was at the School in the 1950s. It would be interesting if OEs from other decades would be prepared to put down on paper and share with everyone their thoughts and reactions at going out into the wide world after their years at School and how they felt the School prepared them — or not.]



**Old Edwardians Claret &
Burgundian Style Dry White
Delivered To Your Door . . .**



**By Underwood's
Wine Merchants & Brokers**

Please contact us for more information

Tel: 01926 484386

Fax 01926 484678

e-mail: nicolas.underwood@btopenworld.com

Web Site: www.wine-choice.com

We buy Old and Rare Bottles!

Basketball Tournament

at

King Edward's School

.....

on

Saturday 15th March 2008

Open to anyone who has played
basketball for KES in the
last 38 years!

Please respond to either Stuart Birch
(his last season) on 0121 415 6048 or
Martine O'Neill on 0121 415 6031, or e-
mail sb@kes.bham.sch.uk

.....

ASSOCIATION AFFAIRS

KES Reunion of the “Class of ‘47”

On 21st September, 60 years after they had been initiated into the mysteries of Shell A or Shell B, 15 Old Edwardians met again at the School for the last of four reunions which had begun in 1997 at the initiative of Gordon Woods, whom we would all like to thank for his research and organisation. We still do not know why he was called “Pongo” and now perhaps never shall. It had been decided that this should be the last, as inevitably numbers are dwindling. This year we had not only 8 wives (in total, that is, not each), but also five “Joiners and Overlappers” (which sounds a bit like a London Livery Company). They were brothers or friends from other years.

We met first in the Chapel, where there was a short service with an address based on the 21st chapter of St. John’s Gospel, which also tells of a reunion in a familiar place, a shared meal and a last meeting. Then we moved to the Staff Common Room, where the Chief Master (who, we noted, was neither tall nor ex-army nor a cleric) welcomed us and told us of some of the differences both in pupils and methods of education we would find at KES today — and how, nevertheless, the spirit of KES is the same.

From there, we moved to Lucas House in the University for an excellent dinner. As on previous occasions, Gordon suggested that we moved seats halfway through, but this time more of us proved either unwilling or unable to move. Gordon informed us of others from ’47 who could not be there, several of whom had sent us friendly greetings. We were grateful to Sir John Grimley-Evans, professor of gerontology, for informing us that healthy men of 70 had a life-expectancy of 13 years. Alan Donaldson, a retired judge, gave a characteristically sparkling speech before proposing the health of the School, we sang the English and Latin School Songs (and mostly got both the words and the music right), we exchanged anecdotes and looked at

memorabilia, and were finally ejected about 11.30 pm.

“We’ll meet again, don’t know where. Don’t know when, But I know we’ll meet again some sunny day.”

Brian Coleman.



‘If I shut my eyes and pray very hard — you see, I can levitate



Come on, altogether — say ‘Ah’



And when I looked in his hutch, the rabbit had gone paws up



Don’t move — there’s a spider in your ear



You two smile; I’ll nip round and punch his head in



EFC 125 Season Grand Ball

A long while ago, around the summer of 1882, old boys of King Edward's School decided to found the Old Edwardian's Rugby Club. In 1982 we celebrated the centenary of the club and now some 25 years later the club finds itself in its 125th season. I can't believe how quickly the time has gone between these two events which obviously means that I'm getting old! Rumours that I was a founder member are untrue.

The club decided to start the season in style and kick off with a Grand Ball. This was held at the school on Saturday 1st September by kind permission of new Chief Master, John Claughton who attended the ball. We are pleased to report the renewal of closer links with the school and hope to build on this in the future. Further assistance was given by Stuart Birch and his very able staff for which we were most grateful. The event was painstakingly organized by Ian Landreth, current club president, and his wife, Maureen with help from the usual club stalwarts.

Some guests went direct but a considerable number of us assembled at the clubhouse in Streetsbrook Road to have a pre-event pint, or two! After a "team" photograph outside the clubhouse some 150 guests boarded three coaches for the trip over to Edgbaston. Most people seemed to be somewhat reluctant to drive for some reason? On arrival at the school a total of 220 guests got stuck into a champagne reception or indulged in rather large glasses of Pimms in the Guild Hall. Good to see Vardy still have a full trophy cabinet!

As usual we sat down 20 minutes later than planned but this was not bad considering the initial amount of bubbly that had been consumed. We all enjoyed an excellent 5 course meal with quality wines on the table. The latter of course did not last very long and were replenished at ever decreasing intervals. During the meal a quintet of talented youngsters entertained us with a polished recital of classical music. *Well done yer* as somebody would have said?

So far so good. Both beer and wine bars were in full swing, the casino was doing a roaring trade and the entertainment was ready to commence. Let the good times roll and at 10pm that's what they did! Sapientia had to give way to an ABBA tribute band which had

the dance floor full for an hour without a break. What a great show and everybody made the most of it. After a hour of solid "bopping" we slowed down, but only a bit, and continued enjoying ourselves urged on by the disco DJ. All too soon the 12pm deadline arrived and it was time for the return journey to the club. The return coach trip turned out to be a great way of avoiding the irritating wait for a taxi. Well, all good things have to come to an end and we arrived back at the club around 12.30–01.00.

But wait! The lights shone from behind the club curtains and a rumour spread that the bar was open. This turned out to be true and the rest as they say is history. We reluctantly ordered some more drinks, the music started and we had to do it all over again for several hours. Bacon "butties" at 02.30 just to keep us going courtesy of our steward, Tony. He tells me that the club did close eventually but I can't honestly say that I remember.

P.S. The 125 Players Dinner will also take place at the school on Friday 16th May when the speaker will be Brian Moore, Harlequins, England and British Lions. Those interested in attending, or organizing a table, should contact any club official asap.

Mike Allport, 1963

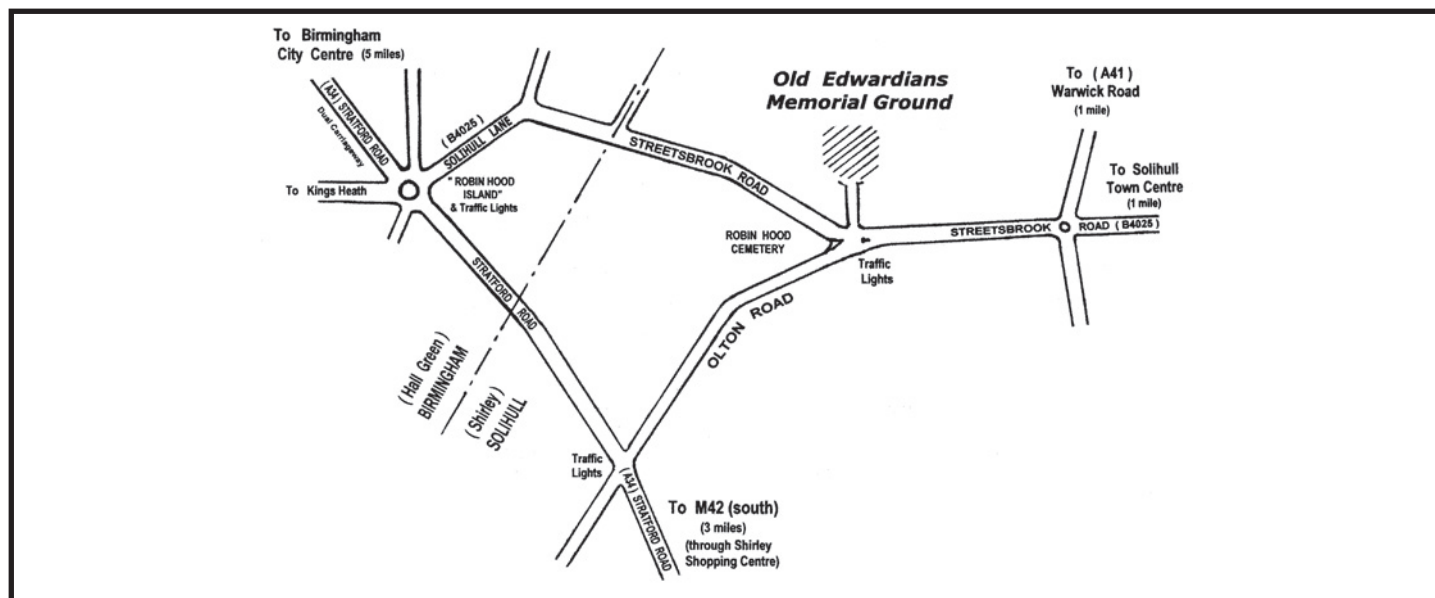


OLD EDWARDIANS SPORT

Where to find us!

We are indebted to Richard Stubbs (1963) for the map showing the location of the Memorial Ground.

The Memorial Ground



Cricket

From the high hopes of a new summer the season spluttered through one of the wettest spells on record. This created frustration for everyone as the preparations for games continued but, for what seemed like an eternity, no matches were played.

When play eventually commenced the cricket was competitive and the results overall were a slight improvement on last year. The team reports can be summarised as follows:-

1st XI

Five matches were lost to the weather. These seemed to follow winning weekends and thus prevented the side building momentum. We finished eighth in the Warwickshire Cricket League Premier Division after winning 7 and losing 8 games with 2 drawn. The team showed good spirit in winning some tight matches by as little as 5 runs, 7 runs and 9

runs. Captain Phil Clarke smiles broadly when speaking about winning these games. Who said every run counts?

Mike Hughes was again our leading run-maker finishing the season with another important half century. John Nicholls continues to break club records for the number of wickets taken and he is now assures us he is in sight of 2000 wickets for the Club.

Two new faces from KES made their debut during the season providing some welcome younger blood.

2nd XI

The second team had a new look this season with Mike Thornton as Captain. Overall the season was frustrating with the generally good bowling hindered by inconsistent batting.

We finished 9th in the League which is just enough to remain in this league next year.

Again there were some new faces playing

from KES including Hussnan Hussain who took 8 for 17 against Bronze and Matt Richardson who also played for the Old Eds Under 15's.

3rd XI

After winning promotion last year this was always going to be a difficult season - and so it proved. A good late surge was not enough to avoid relegation.

On the plus side we saw many ex youth team players in the side. All of these played with great credit to themselves and the school. The support of many of the parents is also magnificent and very helpful. Hopefully this will lead to progress next year.

Special mention must be made of Sam Hobbs who played also played for our Under 15's this year. He took 8 for 23 in 21 overs in one match and his final tally for the season was 15 wickets costing 9.53 runs each. Of the other school boys, Dan Christopher, Rohin Maini and Joe Harrison all made valuable contributions.

Warwickshire Solihull District 20/20 Wednesday League

Following the success of 20/20 cricket in other areas the Warwickshire Solihull District set up a league for 20/20/ cricket between sides in the Solihull locality. The Old Eds side won the inaugural competition which was completed among the showers of the early season. The side was always a mixture of club players and seemed to be enjoyed by all who took part.

Youth Cricket

Again the season was dominated by poor weather. Our under 15 side only played five games and won three, with nine being rained off. Several of the players will be available for the same team next year which is encouraging. Stuart Hardie again provided a major input to the organisation of this side.

The Under 13's team fared even worse playing only a handful of games. They did however manage several practice sessions at Streetsbrook Road thanks to the hard work put in by Mike Thornton and Phil Clarke.

During the season, we saw twelve players who started in the youth teams playing in the club's senior sides and we believe that more will be making their debuts next season.

The Ground

Despite the maintenance done over the years, the drainage at Streetsbrook Road has become steadily worse. The very poor weather this year merely exposed latent problems. A study is being carried out to see what improvements can be made. Needless to say drainage technology has improved since our drains were laid in the late 1960's. We watch this space with interest.

Attached is a photograph of Streetsbrook Road after one of the wet days in July. No-one



expects a drainage system to cope with the deluges we had then but it does show where some of our problems are.

Under 9's Tournament

In August Streetsbrook Road hosted an under 9's tournament run by the Solihull District of the Warwickshire Cricket Board. Again for obvious reasons the original date in July was cancelled and we were finally treated to a glorious warm day when parents could sit on the grass and enjoy the barbeque provided. The organisers seemed well pleased with the arrangements made and we have another date for 2008.

Jim Evans



Rugby Football — Winter 2007

In the Spring 2007 *Gazette* we reported having retained our position in Midlands 3 West (South) and would anticipate a very hard season 2007–2008.

Such predictions were unfortunately grossly understated. In our forecasts we had not foreseen an exodus of so many players through retirements (some sadly extremely prematurely), relocations and prolonged vacations. Add to this an unprecedented number of injuries, especially amongst the few remaining key players, and we are already looking down the barrel of the relegation gun.

The net result is that we have not yet achieved a victory in the eight games so far played. Our cause has not been enhanced by the league rules which require all players to be registered. We have suffered a deduction of six points for fielding ex third team players who have been with the Club for as many years as anyone can remember, but were unregistered since it was not felt they would be required for First XV duties.

Despite the difficulties in the league we are still fielding three sides virtually every week. This is a testament to the tireless work, both on and off the field, by Dave 'Tinker' Townsend, the third XV captain and mentor.

One would feel that the lack of results would cause a downturn in the atmosphere of any organisation; however this is not the case. The spirit within the Club is good and socially

events are popular and extremely well attended.

The opening 'Year 125 Gala Ball', held in Big School was a sell out and a huge success. John Cloughton's support in allowing the event to be held at KES was pivotal and our thanks are again passed to him.

We look forward to May 16th 2008 when Big School will again play host to the Club for the 'Year 125 Annual Dinner'. Brian Moore has been booked as the guest speaker which we envisage will generate some fireworks.

On the subject of fireworks the 'Bonfire Night' was in fact the best attended since it was started some 35 years ago. Sufficient funds were raised to allow the finalisation of the floodlighting on the first team pitch. We are all hopeful that by having the facilities to play evening matches will, in the very near future, encourage new members to join and improve our playing performances.

The veterans' tournament, in tribute to the late Malcolm Weller, is to take place on March 15th 2008. Our Spanish Tour has been re-organised to the week surrounding 3rd May 2008.

The Junior/Youth section, which operates on Sunday mornings, expands every year and hopefully we will see some of the more senior of the juniors joining the Club's Saturday sides in the coming years. Thanks again to Paul Price and his band of assistant coaches.

Joan Glover continues to organise highly successful and entertaining lunches prior to selected league matches. Six are scheduled for the season and all members old and new are always welcomed.

How sad it was to hear of the untimely death of Richard Preece. An Old Boy of the School, a dentist to many members of the Club and a dear friend to many more. The older members remember well his cheerfulness and good humour when he ran the touchline for the First XV in the 1970s. Richard will be missed, especially by that generation.

As ever all members, vice presidents, old and new, are always welcome to join us at the Memorial Ground in Streetsbrook Road, Solihull whenever they are in the locality. Perhaps a VP lunch or two?

John L Forster (1963)

SCHOOL AFFAIRS

The conclusion of the academic year in July saw the retirement of three members of staff whom many Old Edwardians will remember — David Rigby, Maurice Workman and Peter Russell. Between them they had clocked up one hundred and eleven years teaching at KES.



The external examination results were bewilderingly contradictory. At 'A' level the School did distressingly badly and slumped to 67th in the all-schools 'League Table' — the worst that anyone can recall. However, honour was sweetly restored when the GCSE results came out. 27 Top Candidate Awards were achieved by 17 boys and these results were the best ever for the School and were also believed to be a national 'best'. Pride of place went to Dr. Tom Hosty and his English Department with its haul of 12 TCAs.



The notoriously evil weather of this past summer affected much of the School's life.

The programme for the Annual CCF Inspection, carried out by Colonel David Paterson (RRF), had to be "improvised, and adapted" but nevertheless impressed the Inspecting Officer.

The Cricket XI faced the frustration of seemingly endless rain and results suffered accordingly. They beat the Old Edwardians, [*Disgraceful — Ed.*] but thereafter weather and results went downhill. At other levels there was much to be positive about.

Athletics also suffered and several matches for the younger age groups had to be cancelled. However the Senior team splashed merrily on its way and achieved the splendid result of an unbeaten season, defeating 27 schools in 7 matches.



It is reported, via the School's *News & Views*, that members of the Removes, in the course of the Summer Term, "invaded" **Lunt Fort** in Baginton! Your Editor could find no evidence that this took place on 1st April and is still perplexed as to why the fort was so named. Many of us knew Ronald Lunt as a distinguished classicist but had not appreciated that the Romans had dedicated a fort to his name. [Apparently it has a gyrus which is "a feature almost unique to Lunt"!]



Music continues to flourish. The Summer Concert was its usual triumphant self and, only two days before this, in Symphony Hall there was a sumptuous collaboration between the combined orchestra of KES and KEHS, the Elmhurst School for Dance, Hallfield School and CBS Youth Chorus. N&Y described it as "memorable madness". Putting the two so close together and succeeding with both, we are inclined to agree.



Seemingly on the same lines, the Birmingham Post at the beginning of July produced the headline: 'Polished performance by one of city's top schools'. [*"One of" — for very shame!*] However this did not refer to music or drama but to the Inspection by the ISI. The Inspectors were impressed by everything they saw and said that the School is providing an "outstanding educational experience". We offer our heartiest congratulations to the Chief Master, his staff and the "litle clergeouns" on their achievements.

And the headline? That referred to the highly polished floors which we all remember. They still gleam and glitter under the lights — but are they still as 'slideable'?



King Edward's School, Birmingham, Speech Day Saturday 7th July 2007

Simon Szreter M.A. , Ph.D. (KES 1968–75)
Reader in History, University of Cambridge,
Fellow and Director of Studies in History, St
John's College, Cambridge Founder Editor,
www.historyandpolicy.org

Chief Master, Governors and Staff, Parents
and Boys, its a great honour to be here.

My theme this morning is education, school
and surprises.

Life is full of surprises. As John Lennon put it,
'Life is what happens to you while you are
busy making other plans.'

Now, in general, adults — parents, school
teachers, Chief Masters, me — we are full of
plans and we don't like surprises. But younger
people, oh yes, they really do like surprises —
children, school pupils, even my students at
university still quite like surprises.

So, good schools — great schools — have to
make their peace with the element of surprise
in life. If they are wisely run, they have to
include places and spaces in their buildings,
their timetables and their master-plans for
surprise to flourish and prosper among the
young in their charge. A school that is so
well-run and orderly that it functions like
well-oiled clockwork — Clockwise one might
say — or at least John Cleese might say —
robs its pupils of spontaneity and deprives
them of the exercise of their own initiative.

Monty Python was exploding into our popular
culture as my year entered the Removes in
1969; and it was known that Bill Oddie, one of
the only slightly less zany Goodies — a series
which ran on TV from the following year —
had been head boy at KE. I was at KE until the
mid-1970s, and this was the time so well-
evoked in Jonathan Cole's novel and recent
TV screenplay, *Rotters' Club*, although at
times in the Sixth Form, I seem to recall that
the plot of Alan Bennett's *History Boys* was a
closer guide to what went on.

I entered the school a keen chess player and one of my achievements while here was to last a whole 19 moves in a house-match against the late, great Tony Miles, two years my senior. Miles was to become Britain's first ever international grand-master and his phenomenal status was already recognised within the school. While boys' surnames were generally used by Masters, one noticed that they respectfully referred to Miles as just 'Tony', a trick the Labour Prime Minister picked up on a couple of decades later.

Most of my time here coincided with the final years of the 22 year reign of the Reverend Canon R.G. Lunt as Chief Master. Like the present custodian of Sapientia, he was a classics scholar. This may have had something to do with the fact that he was universally known throughout the school, behind his back of course, as 'Cac'. You'll have to ask the present Chief Master for a translation of this obscure Greek term — classics was never my forte.

Cac was an almost impossibly perfect paragon — indeed a parody — of the Victorian virtues of muscular Christianity. He appeared to have travelled in a time machine from the playing fields of Eton c.1852 to land in the headmaster's study here in 1952. Any lingering doubts about his time-lord nature were dispelled on hearing his bizarre diction, 'Errr splendid' being his catchphrase. A tall ramrod-straight SAS veteran paratrooper and armed services chaplain with staring pale blue eyes, this was Daniel Craid with a dog-collar. However, I can attest to the fact that in his final years at least, by accident or design, Canon Lunt presided over a school that was well-disposed towards the element of surprise.

As a sherring I can certainly tell you that one of most memorable surprises at KE was the day when you forgot your swimming trunks. Typically this happened sometime towards the end of the autumn term or beginning of the spring term — December or January perhaps. The unheated outdoor swimming pool was

bracing — especially with no trunks on. Boys being made to dive nude off the top platform would of course be illegal today — for several reasons. But, funnily enough, you never needed a second reminder to bring your trunks.

However, as I learned a few months later, this was not in fact viewed as a punishment, you see. Imagine my surprise to discover at my first summer camp with the school scouts in the Yorkshire dales, that the Chief Master, who was a great patron of the school scout troop, liked nothing better than to encourage all and sundry to join him in a swim in the local lake — and he never forgot his trunks, for the simple reason that he didn't believe in them. Swimming as nature intended us all to be was 'Errr quite splendid.'

The School scouts were an excellent institution, providing a little anarchy in our lives for those who needed it. And I am a little concerned to hear they are now defunct. While the CCF was busy drilling and disciplining itself every Friday afternoon, the boys who'd opted for the scouts met in the enormous loft voids above the gym — a wonderfully clandestine, half-lit, subversive space. The great thing about the scouts was its very informal ethos and the maximum scope it offered for lots of social contact between boys across the different years of the school every Friday and on the numerous out-of-school activities — wide games, night-ops, youth-hostelling weekends, and the two-week summer camps with plenty of opportunity for getting lost on mountain walks (I particularly remember growing up a couple of years in one afternoon when I was a 6th Form Troop Leader accompanying a young Duncan Dewar when the mist suddenly came down on a craggy top in Snowdonia and we had dozens of boisterous junior scouts to control). The school scouts provided places and spaces in abundancies for improvisation, surprise, adventure . . . and the odd tipple or two. The lads I shared these adventures with have remained lifelong friends, such as Simon

Hopkins, Matthew Driver, Nigel Hamshire, Martin Fletcher and Dave Cummings.

If I think back hard and try to recall what struck me most as being different, new and also positive and exciting about King Edward's when I arrived as an 11 year old, a key word comes to me. This is the word 'initiative'. On entering KE I found older boys and boys in my own class after a while, and even teachers, too, commanding me to 'use your own initiative' or even more insistently to 'take the initiative', or to 'show some initiative'. This was something quite different from primary school. I am sure that this word was truly the Leiftmotif of life at KE in the late 60s and the 70s. In fact it was not a command or an order. It was a licence — and a very liberal one, too. What it meant was 'Surprise me, . . . surprise yourself'. 'Think for yourself', 'Show me that you can do'. It encapsulated a sense of freedom and opportunities, of being trusted by others to take responsibility for yourself.

For instance, in my own year at KE, there were a number of us who very keen on soccer and who did not want to be confined to the school's exclusive preference for rugby, especially given the class connotations of the game's exclusivity. The school had been Direct Grant since 1945, meaning all places were free, and the school's intake was socially diverse. So a group of us took the initiative and formed our own Sunday League team, the school's only soccer team in its modern history. Wallace Wanderers was named after one of the boys for no particularly good reason. One of the Scout Masters, Pedro Russell, must have been a saint — he agreed to be our Manager and accompanied us every weekend, rain or shine, putting in as many extra weekend hours as the PE teachers. Many of the boys were regularly winning rugby games for the school on Saturday and losing soccer matches on Sunday. I think Pedro only saw Wallace Wanderers win one match in its two seasons, but it was so satisfying to have

our own football team, and thank you, Pedro, for supporting our initiative.

Above all being encouraged by the older boys and by some masters to take the initiative also meant ‘be creative!’ And here I think, we come to the heart of the matter of what education is — or should be — all about in a good school. We humans are intensely creative beings. But creativity can be stifled or stimulated. Schools and teachers have a difficult path to tread to ensure their school stimulates and does not stifle the creativity of its students. Of course schools have to school their students — to train them in the disciplines they study to pass their exams. But school mustn’t be simply about schooling. Young people must be given the freedom, and entrusted with the responsibilities to be creative; and this undoubtedly generates surprises — not all of them entirely welcome, of course . . . like the moment the Chief Master discovered an impaled Mini on his flagstaff the other morning.

In universities, the part of the education system where I work, we place a particularly high value on the kind of creativity that can be both intellectually critical and constructively original. We’ve heard some excellent examples of this in the prize essay extracts this morning, ranging from moral philosophy through mathematics and information technology to history and geography. At university we believe that encouraging students to develop their own intellectual initiative and curiosity is key to this and we also find that social and cultural diversity is extremely valuable. At the graduate level Cambridge University’s diversity of intake is deliberately as international and global as possible. At undergraduate level we also want to reach out to all schools around the country and to all social and ethnic groups in Britain to find creative young men and women, regardless of their social background, to bring them together to create the kind of fertile mix which we know results in intellectual dynamism and vigour. I would hope that this school, KES, its governors and parents would aspire to do their utmost to achieve the same here in Birmingham, to use the Foundation’s resources to draw on the rich social and ethnic diversity of this great city to boost the creativity of this great school.

So education and school should be about creativity and surprises. KE certainly was for me and it continues to be. I don’t think I have ever seen myself as a stuffed shirt on a podium . . . not even when I was — rather briefly — a prefect . . . and yet here I am today! I am utterly surprised; and I’m most grateful to John for having invited me here to speak to you on this occasion, which has been, ‘Errr, quite splendid.’



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Frank Scouse

Dear Editor,

In your last edition of the *Gazette*, you bemoaned the lack of readers' letters and news from members of the Association. I am afraid that this is a symptom of our affluent society with its abundance of holidays and competing demands for our attention.

The Old Edwardians Golfing Society is no exception to the above trend. Meetings in the 1960s and 70s would be attended by 30+ people but sadly this is no longer the case.

This letter is to alert everyone to what they are missing. The OEGS has Spring and Autumn meetings, matches against the School and other old boys, all played on excellent Midlands golf courses. There is also the opportunity to represent the Society in various competitions against other schools. This year we enjoyed an unprecedented success when our team won the prestigious M K Foster event at Little Aston.

Golf days are normally mid-week. They are at moderate cost, very relaxed occasions and much enjoyed by those attending. Anyone interested in more details should contact either Martin Wilkes, our Secretary, (phone: work 0121 666 6228, home 01675 467354) or myself (phone: 01295 780529)

Yours sincerely,
Frank Scouse



From Andy Packham

Dear Editor,

It was not long after receipt of the last *Gazette* and its appeal for more material and news to be sent in that 5 Old Edwardians from the 1961/2 leaving era found themselves together at the Oval for the test match between England and India. They are from left to right, Ian Plenderleith, Andy Packham, Tim Austin, Chris Jordan and Jim Evans. I left school in 1962 and the others left in 1961. I hope that

political correctness has not yet found its way to the *Gazette* and if you decide to use the photo you will not be airbrushing out the 5 pints.

In order that the readership can see just how badly the drink has aged us all I also enclose two team photos from schooldays to show how we have changed. The 1st XI cricket



photo from 1961 includes Jordan, Evans and Packham and the 1st XV rugby photo from 1960/1 includes Evans, Packham and Austin. Sadly I don't have an old shot of Ian Plenderleith from schooldays but he went on to be a "big shot" in the world of Banking with the Bank of England. Three of the group, Austin, Plenderleith and Packham have actually spoken at the Old Eds bi-annual dinner in Big School over the last dozen years or so, so maybe its about time Jim Evans and Chris Jordan stepped up but maybe they feel that having both served as Presidents of the Old Edwardian Cricket Club they have done their bit.

Anyway I have done my bit by sending up some potential material for the *Gazette* and if it is of any interest I have quite a few more photos of school terms, houses and prefects from the 1954–62 era should the editor wish to receive them for use or for the archives.

My daughter, Kim, took the photo at the Oval, as she was over from her home in North Queensland for a visit this summer and we leave for Australia this Friday to visit her and her family and take in a bit of test cricket at Kandy in Sri Lanka on our way back, arriving with two days to spare before attending the London Old Eds diner on 10th December. Retirement is a tough life but somebody has to do it.

Yours faithfully,
Andy Packham



From Bernard Adams

Dear Editor,

I was sorry to see that my letter to the *Gazette* failed to appear in the June issue, so I hope that you will permit me a second chance to express my thanks to the many who made my term as editor a very pleasant one. I was as surprised and dismayed as any to witness the sudden collapse of the *Gazette*, and only hope both that it wasn't my fault, and that whatever replacement appears will prosper,

Here in Hungary we are wondering when to start picking our grapes — any day now, I think, but I've never had a vineyard before and shall bow to expert advice! All in all, after some nine months here I can heartily recommend expatriation to these parts, especially to those of riper years who might

like to see their pensions go distinctly further; the average salary here is about £500 per month. In this region (the north side of Lake Balaton) there are very few of our fellow citizens — I know of five more, and I'm the only one here in Zánka — but while the degree of anglicisation is nil we are in no way excluded; Hungary has a long tradition of welcoming foreigners. English is taught in a lot of schools but spoken none too readily by many because — especially outside Budapest — the paucity of anglophone visitors gives them little opportunity for practice, though one finds a surprising number of signs, menus and goods labelled in English. Hungarian is not as hard as many allege, however, and provides an excellent opportunity for motivation to triumph over reluctance!

Hungary prides itself on being a thoroughly modern country. It abounds in computers, trains, planes, motorways and the like — including drains and potable tap water — but at the same time there are aspects of life that strike one as distinctly and pleasantly old-fashioned. Children are well behaved, for instance; if one goes into a shop one will be warmly greeted by the staff; plumbers and electricians tend to call exactly when they say they will; banks are open on Saturday mornings — the list could grow. Craftsmanship is not a thing of the past here; the watch that I was told in Brecon could not be mended was fixed here without a moment's hesitation.

Hungary is in the EU now, so public transport is free to those aged 70. If you consult the doctor, however, it will cost you — all of 300 forints, about 75p. Hungarian dentistry is justly famous, and costs compare with UK ones. The well-known advertisement in the British press telling of 'decent restaurant meals for two, with wine, costing £5' is now sadly out of date, but such a thing will still cost you much less than in UK. The price of real estate is rising, but — especially outside Budapest — is still well below that in UK. And being relatively small and economically/militarily unimportant, Hungary is not plagued by some of the problems that afflict the more mighty — which is not to say, of course, that it is quite Utopia!

So I would advise anyone to come and visit this comfortable country. There's a lot to see

and do, eat and drink, you are sure of a warm welcome — and who knows, you too might find the plunge worth taking. *Audentes fortuna adjuvat!*

Minden jót kívánok
Bernard Adams



From Stuart Atkin (1968)

Tokyo, Japan

Dear Editor,

It seems wrong addressing you like that. Over here in Japan, where I've already spent 33 years, anyone of authority, [*?I — Ed.*], is granted the honourable suffix of *-sensei*, which can even be used on its own as a form of address when you can't remember the authoritative person's name! So perhaps I should start again in the Japanese style . . .

Dear Editor-sensei

I'm sure you will be surprised to receive a letter from this voice from the past, but reading the OE *Gazette* not so long ago and the publication of my own latest prose version of Shakespeare inspired me to write. I decided it was about time to express my gratitude for the considerable influence KES had on my life in the 40 years or so since all that drama, magazine editing, etc, etc.

I've been involved in so many things in that time — mostly in Japan, with a brief sojourn in Saudi Arabia for variety; the significant cohering 'glue' to them all is that most of my projects have involved skills first acquired at school; acting, reciting, narrating, writing, editing, lecturing, presenting workshops, and even teaching English! The only thing I wasn't helped with in any way was learning Japanese, although watching Japanese films at KES helped to develop my interest in Japanese culture — and I even ended up working with one of my favourite directors, Masaaki Kobaysahi, on the English version of his documentary magnum opus, *The Tokyo Trial*. However, it was the geography department, (Bennet-sensei or Whalley-sensei), who taught me my first Japanese word, now familiar world-wide — *tsunami*, correctly pronounced with a short 'a'.

Thanks to my life at School I was able to form

a professional reciting/theatre group that lasted for more than ten years, including an appearance at the Japanese Festival in London. As for my list of skills, well, I still use all of them on a regular basis in work ranging from English sumo commentary to recital workshops and art magazine editing. You can even hear my voice on the Internet. For example, I do several narrations on the Japanese government Internet English section. You would find me talking about Nikko, Wajima Lacquerware, Endoscopy; you name it, I do it.

For Kodansha International Publishers I have produced a series entitled 'Atkin's Tales of Shakespeare' for the Enlightenment of the Japanese Nation. Following *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Twelfth Night* and *Hamlet*, my latest effort, *King Lear* is published this month; I have dedicated it to Tony Trott in appreciation of the influence he had on me all those years ago.

For the past 15 years I've been running a translation, narration and interpreting agency with the Japanese woman who was previously our production manager, and we are proud to be able to deal with just about any language required — or rather, we know people who can. The company's name, which nobody here understands is 'Birmingham Brains Trust'. We originally tried using 'B'ham' but discovered Americans are not familiar with that and thought we were some kind of obscure religious group.

33 years in Japan . . . and counting? It's a funny world, isn't it? I never imagined that that would happen, or that I would end up eventually, when I was 46, marrying a (somewhat younger) Japanese woman called Tomoko, or now having an 11 year old son called Hugh, nearly the age I was when I started at KES. I even changed my name to Stuart Varnam-Atkin to perpetuate my mother's maiden name; but for some projects and people I am still just 'Stuart Atkin'.

I'm sorry to have been totally out of touch for so long, but KES is often on my mind. I'm also sadly out of touch with my contemporaries, apart from Roger Barlow, the advertising maestro, who appeared with his family in Tokyo for a while, some years ago.

Recently, when I was filling the gap in some university students' knowledge of Roman

numerals, (thanks, Sacret-sensie), and informing them that 'A.M./P.M.' convenience stores have a Latin name, I found a heavily thumbled copy of *The Conquest of Gaul* inscribed 'Atkinus MDCCCCLXIV' — obviously I was trying to be a smart-arse, even though, on due reflection, I think MCMLXIV would have been somewhat more economical. Perhaps because of this I decided to use Gaul rather than France in *King Lear*.

I still collect stamps, (thanks, Porter-sensei), but like most people I find the effort of using snail-mail far too strenuous. If anyone wants to contact me I can be reached via e-mail on: bbsu@s2.ocv.ne.jp

With very best wishes to you, the *Gazette*, the Association and any old friends who remember me and the happy days at School in the sixties.

Yours sincerely
Stuart Atkin

[Ed's note: This came to hand 'out of the blue' in mid-October. We were delighted to receive it and hope that other OEs, wherever they are, will be encouraged to write to the Gazette to let us know what has happened to them and what they are doing.]

I remember Stuart Atkin in my first Dramatic Society production, 'A Penny for a Song'. Also among the cast were Michael Cooper (now sadly deceased), Kevin Lee (now Kevin Elyot, playwright and television adapter), Roger Barlow, Paul Gompertz and Alan Drury. It was the first D.S. production to include girls from the High School.



From Stuart Palmer (1975)

Dear Editor,

Thirty years on . . .

Well, thirty-one years actually, but finally I am sufficiently motivated to take up the challenge of writing to the *Gazette*. Although some of the thoughts which follow have been fermenting privately in my brain for a year or so, it was Chief Master John Cloughton's article in the December 2006 edition which at last prompted me to attempt to distil out something that might be of wider interest. (Use of the whisky metaphor is inevitable

once you have been living in my part of the world for any length of time).

The style and directness of John's article conveyed, to me, a sense of purpose and determination, of drive and of initiative, which has been sadly lacking in the public utterances of other holders of his office ever since the close of Canon Lunt's era. Such an interpretation would appear to sit comfortably alongside the Editor's assurance that John intends to use the columns of the *Gazette* more frequently and "views his function more proactively (one might have "provocatively", but I am leaping ahead of myself) than did his immediate predecessors". Perhaps it is no coincidence that John and I are both products of the Lunt regime (I use the word without intending unkind connotations) and that we missed being contemporaries by (I think) just a year.

Over the years I have read with increasing dismay about some of the cosmetic "improvements" the school has undergone (carpets in the library indeed!) but now it feels as if the tide may be on the turn: I am beginning to sense that, under John's leadership, the school might once again direct its attention to more important issues. Here is someone who knows what KES can be: he has seen it — at its best — with his own eyes.

My enthusiasm is not without its bounds, however. John warns us with commendable candour that he will be on the lookout for money: nothing wrong with this per se, but has the school put itself in a position to tempt my cheque book out of the desk drawer? Not yet: there is some hard work ahead.

Last summer I met up with another almost-contemporary OE whom I had not seen for a least twenty of our thirty-odd years since leaving KES. He told me that he had now severed links with his Cambridge college for the simple reason that they kept asking him for money. A sad ending to what might have been a lifetime relationship. By contrast, I keep in regular touch with my own (Oxford) college and feel as much a member now as I did when I was an undergraduate. I still occasionally exercise my right to dine and to stay in the college when I find myself in the city and have attended all of the reunion "gaudies" to date. Yes, they occasionally ask for money and I occasionally contribute, but

communications from the college always send out the signal that they care about me first and foremost as an individual, not merely because of the (imagined) size of my bank balance. The college refers to its alumni by the curious term “old members”: as explained by one of the senior fellows in his speech at the most recent gaudy I attended, “you may be old, but you are still members”.

Do I feel that I am still a member of KES? No.

I left in December 1975 and since then cannot recall one single communication from the school itself. I have been offloaded onto the OEA, which may be associated with the school, but it is not “The School” and it only encompasses those who choose to join. Through the pages of the *Gazette* I have been fed some third-hand news about the school activities (why not simply send me a copy of *The Chronicle* — if it still exists?), I have been subjected to the ramblings of other OEs (often equally as boring as my own) and I have desponded over pictures of sporting events and dinners because once again they are about the OEA and not about the school. Where in all of this is the photograph of last year’s school play, first XV victory, science project or French trip? The OEA may serve a valuable function of its own, but it is no substitute for direct contact with KES.

My last visit to the school was at the end of the summer term in 1976: I had been working in a temporary job before going to Oxford and I returned to see the Sixth Form Drama Syndicate production of “Forty Years On” (a school play in both senses of the adjective). As a former Technical Director of the Dramatic Society I went up on stage after the performance to meet erstwhile colleagues in the cast and crew. On inspecting more closely the scenic backdrop which formed the school’s war memorial, I was amused to find my name inscribed as being among the glorious fallen from the 1914–18 war. It meant at least as much to me that the stage crew had chosen to remember my past contribution in this light-hearted and irreverent way as it means to have my name recorded on the school’s honours boards as an Oxford scholarship winner. The stage crew had kept in touch with me; the school hadn’t, and it seemed to me then (as still it seems) that from the school’s perspective I might just as well have been among the fallen.

To pick up a thread from correspondences which featured in the *Gazette* a year or so ago (and which started me thinking about my relationship with the school), why do I not (geographical constraints apart) take more interest in the school today? Simply because the school has shown no interest in me since the day I left. (Isn’t it significant that I say have “left” KES, while my colleague assures me I am “still a member”?)

Some might choose to abandon the school altogether once the promised requests for financial support materialize: I hope not to, but neither shall I be the first to reach for my wallet. Before that can happen, there is a gulf, a distance of thirty years, to be bridged. I believe there is a way back for KES, although it will be long and difficult road and the role (if any) to be played by the OEA needs careful consideration. Charting the best course is where the challenge lies for John Claughton and his team: I hope, for all our sakes as well as for the good of the school, that he will succeed.

Yours sincerely

Stuart R Palmer (1975)



NOTES & NEWS

OA Lee, now a major with the Royal Marines, was awarded an MBE for his work on operations in Afghanistan. [Announced in the *London Gazette* 19th July.]

MS Green (1959), after spending part of his professional life as architect and teacher, is now a full-time painter and print-maker. For anyone wishing to contact him, his address is: Corrack, Lochcarron, Strathcarron, Ross-shire IV54 8YB; Tel: 01520 722797; e-mail: michaelstuartgreen@hotmail.com. His work can be viewed on: www.michaelstuartgreen.com

As one of our furthest flung members within the British Isles, he should contact **Stuart R Palmer (1975)** who has inched his way further and further north through time and now lives in Carrbridge, Inverness-shire, though he does commute on a regular basis(!) to London in the behalf of his work as an actuary. He has informed us that he and his wife are hoping to run a 'holiday cottage' for the worn-out folks from the crowded south of England.

On his sojourns in the Great Wen he has oft-times dined with **John Gibbs (1975)** who continues to do invaluable service keeping the BBC on the straight and narrow and making the music sweetly sound.

JD Grant [aka Lee Child] **(1972)** published his twelfth novel, *Bad Luck and Trouble*, earlier this year. It had the distinction of simultaneously being No. 1 on the 'Best Sellers' lists in the United States and this country. For one remarkable week too it was No. 1 throughout the known world.

KR Lee (1969) continues his successful career as dramatic writer. Under his 'pen name' of Kevin Eylot he has been responsible for the highly successful adaptation of several Agatha Christie/*Miss Marple* stories for ITV.

[The Editor cannot help but note that, if we include Jonathan Coe of roughly the same vintage, the decade from 1967 to 1977 at the School really did produce an extraordinary 'crop' of talented workers in the Arts.

Furthermore, Stuart Palmer may have gone into the financial world but, in his salad days, he was a fine Technical Director for the Joint Dramatic Society (see his letter)].

Simon Stacey (Staff — English Dept.) is currently writing a biography of Robert Carey Gilson. He wants to enlist the help of OEs. Could anyone with any factual or anecdotal material please contact Simon at the School.

Mike Baxter (1970 & our Registrar) also has an urgent request. He writes: 'Do you have a PC and scanner? We have a few school photos published on the website but we would like to build up a library of many more. Please can you help? We are interested in school year, house, form, prefects, CCF, etc. plus any interesting informal ones. Lending originals would perhaps be risky and also costly in terms of postage, but if you can scan in what you have and e-mail them to the Registrar at: osa.registrar@btinternet.com then we can load them up to the library for everyone to see. Many thanks.

[If anyone is willing to send photos in the old fashioned steam-post way, Mike's address is: 36 Woodglade Croft, Kings Norton, Birmingham B38 8TD — Ed.]





Births, Marriages, Deaths and Obituaries

Births

None have been reported.

Engagements

None have been reported.

Marriages

None have been reported.

Deaths

We announce with regret the deaths of the following Old Edwardians:

KJ Abbot (1936)
MB Lloyd (1934)
AL Robotham (1925)
AGP Smith (1934)
JKW Steer (1935)
ES Needham (1946)
RE Preece (1950)

Obituaries

BILL WHALLEY (1911–2007)

Bob Whalley (1965) writes:

Bill Whalley died peacefully on 15th September 2007 at Walberton Place nursing home, near Arundel in West Sussex, after a short illness. Family and friends said farewell at a short service at Chichester crematorium and we were very pleased that Roger Wilson OE (1956) was able to join us.

Bill came to KES as Senior Geography Master in 1947 and presided over Geography Room “A” until he retired in 1974. He was one of that golden age of schoolmasters who started their careers in the 1930s, in his case after winning a scholarship to Fitzwilliam House, Cambridge, on the understanding that he would take up schoolmastering on going down. So in 1934 he arrived as a geography master at Queen Elizabeth’s Grammar School, Wakefield, teaching boys only a few years younger than himself. Several of them, whose names he recalled with great clarity until only a few months ago, were killed in the war, a shadow which haunted and pained him for the rest of his life. In 1940 he moved to Hertford Grammar School, but his service there was interrupted by the war, when his geographer’s skills were put to service training the RAF navigators who flew Bomber Command’s missions over Germany. In 1947 he moved to Birmingham.

As well as leading the Geography Department for 27 years, he played an active part in school rugby football and in the RAF Section of the Combined Cadet Force with Bill Traynor and Tom Freeman. The field trips and expeditions to Snowdon and the Lake District were a feature of the holidays. But every day in the year someone had to take the readings from the school weather station, and he was very pleased to receive a letter from the Met Office when he retired commending him for his unbroken service, now almost extinct among schools.

For his final three years he was Housemaster of Cary Gilson, finding, to his chagrin, that there was little he could do to stop them coming bottom of the Cock House competition

in each of those years. What was lesser known was his role as the school’s timetable arranger, and the family recall the annual ritual in the Christmas holidays of the dining room table covered in thick sheets of card, pencils, rulers and erasers, as he wrestled with the demand that every boy must do Maths every day, but only for one period a day, or that sherrings should not do PE first thing on a Monday morning in case they got cold.

Outside school he was an active member of the examinations community, becoming Senior Examiner for the University of Cambridge Overseas Examinations Syndicate. He took great pride in leading teams to Uganda, Nigeria and Jamaica to help those newly independent countries develop their own exam systems.

Bill said that, when he himself was at school, his favourite subject was geography “because it took me far away to distant lands”. It was that sense which he tried to convey to all those whom he taught, seeking to encourage his pupils with his deep knowledge of his subject and his concern for boys as individuals.

He moved to the South Coast a few years after retiring, supporting his beloved Edith in her active life running a flower arrangement club. Sadly, that pleasure was cut short when she died in 1988, and for 19 years he lived on without her, his loneliness only partly assuaged by proximity to his five grandchildren. After he stopped driving at age 91, we moved him into a retirement home, where he stayed until a few weeks before his death.



FRANK HEARNE (1921–2007)

Tom Freeman writes:

Frank was one of that declining number of Edwardians who started at KES in New Street, moved to the temporary building on what is now South Field, saw off the fire that destroyed that building, endured for a term in odd corners of the University, and spent the early months of war working in an obsolete, rickety building belonging to Repton School.

He and I were exact contemporaries. We went up the School together from Shell A to Classical V, after which he seceded to maths, a

wise move because he was very good at it. We evacuated together to Repton for one term, and went together to Cambridge in January 1940 via a wartime arrangement, he with a scholarship to King's College while I went 'next door' to Gonville and Caius.

Frank was scion of the line of cricketing Hearnies who were prominent in the early 1900s. His father could still bowl a mean spinner during his years as head groundsman at KES. Unfortunately for School cricket the necessary gene did not live strongly in Frank, but he made up for it with one stroke of Rugby genius, that I had the pleasure of watching, against Denstone, on their ground. Probably the tricks of age-related retro-memory are deceiving me when I seem to recall that he ran through the entire Denstone team to score between the posts, but he certainly zig-zagged clean through their lines of defence, selling multiple dummies on the way, for a try that was indisputably the highlight of a season, if not or a decade. Strange that my most vivid memory of many memories of him in over fifty years of friendship should centre upon about fifteen seconds of his life.

His undergraduate life was interrupted when he joined the RNVR and he ended his naval career commanding a Torpedo Recovery Vessel. Straight after the war he joined a company which was part of the Rank organisation, on what was optimistically called an 'Executive Trainee Programme'. During this time he realised that a maths degree needed a bit of back-up in the business world and he consequently studied for the Chartered Institute of Secretaries exams. This study included accountancy and company law and led in due course to his joining Electrolux in Luton, where he was successively internal auditor, assistant company secretary and then company secretary and director.

Privately a regular supporter of OE dinners in both Birmingham and London, Frank was much troubled in later years by severe deafness, and most recently by mobility problems. A friendly, generous, modest and talented man, he died in hospital after a short illness. He leaves his wife, Jean, three daughters and eight grandchildren.

Yours sincerely,
Tom Freeman



RICHARD EDWARD PREECE (1939–2007)

Russell Holloway writes:

Born in Selly Oak, Richard left School in 1957 having read Classics until the sixth form when he switched to Science to follow a career in dentistry. He graduated from Birmingham in 1961 and worked in Cheltenham and Birmingham before taking over rooms in Edgbaston where he sympathetically administered to many O.E.s. He lived in Crowle in Worcestershire and established a practice there where he worked one day a week and attended out of hours emergencies. He took an active interest in village life, having been Parish Council Chairman, trod the boards with the Crowle Players and captained quiz and crib teams to county finals. He represented Worcestershire at bridge and qualified as a Master of Wine. Always keen on sport, he played for the School at cricket, rugby, fives and tennis and when a member of the O.E.s, he had a distinction of playing scrum half and prop for the Extras XV in successive seasons. He only gave up playing cricket at the age of 52 when he qualified as a league umpire and was still a competitive golfer.

Richard died suddenly on 15 October and, as was said at his funeral, "he enhanced the lives of all those around him". Happily married to Anne for 42 years, he leaves three children and two grandchildren.



MICHAEL BLADON LLOYD (1923–2007)

Michael was born on 5 February 1923, second son of Lewis and Mirie Lloyd and brother of John. He went to school at Fairdays Nursery, West House School and then King Edwards School, Birmingham. He joined the RAF and saw service in Canada and South Africa.

Michael married Jean Sanders on 30 June 1951 at St Peter's Church, Harborne.

He became a chartered accountant and worked for Herbert Pepper and Rudland, Squires &

Co., Impey Garland and finally Robson Rhodes.

Michael and Jean had three children: Andrew, Nicholas and Gillian. Sadly, Jean died on 20 August 1976.

On 8 April 1981 he married Kay Johnson at Dolgellau Registry Office. He was a proud grandfather to Nicola, Laura, Josie, Rosie and Isadora.

As well as enjoying playing golf, Michael was Chairman and Honorary Member of Edgbaston Golf Club.

He was Bailiff and on the Board of Governors at King Edwards Foundation Schools.

Michael died peacefully on Sunday 10 June 2007 at the age of 84 at Uplands Nursing Home.





COUNT ON

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL FOR PROFESSIONAL EDUCATION

COUNT ON

LANGARD LIFFORD HALL

ACCOUNTANTS • REGISTERED AUDITORS

LIFFORD HALL
LIFFORD LANE, KINGS NORTON
BIRMINGHAM B30 3JN

FOR PROFESSIONAL ACCOUNTANCY SERVICES

Accounts Preparation, Audit, Taxation,
including Inheritance Tax Planning, VAT, Bookkeeping,
Corporate Recovery and Insolvency Advice

Contact Old Edwardian Keith Chambers FCCA

One of a Team of Qualified Players

Tel: (0121) 459 1222

Fax: (0121) 433 5268

E-mail: info@liffordhall.co.uk

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

The Old Edwardians Association

A Company Limited by Guarantee, Registered in England No. 33983.

Registered Office: King Edward's School, Edgbaston Park Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham B15 2UA, England.

To the Honorary Registrar:

Sir, I desire to become a member of the Old Edwardians Association and Old Edwardians Sports Club Ltd., and I hereby agree to submit to, and be bound by, the Rules and Regulations, and Memoranda and Articles of Association of the Association and the Sports Club, and I authorise you to place my name on the Register of members of the Association and the Sports Club.

Name: Year of leaving School:

Degree/Title (if any):

Address:

.....

Postcode:

Occupation: E-mail:

I wish to join the Association on a Life Membership/Annual Subscription* basis and include my Banker's Order/Cheque* for £
(*delete as applicable)

Signature:

Date:

Proposed by:

Seconded by:

(Signatures of two Members)

Subscription Rates

Annual Subscription £7 or Life Membership
based on number of years since leaving School:

Up to 5 years ago £220

Over 5 years ago £185

Over 10 years ago £150

Over 20 years ago £122

Over 30 years ago £94

Over 40 years ago £73

Over 50 years ago £52

Over 60 years ago £31

Please send this **complete** form to the Registrar: MD Baxter, 36 Woodglade Croft, Kings Norton, Birmingham B38 8TD, who will arrange to forward a completed Banker's Order below to your bank.

To the Manager,(Bank name) Date:

.....(Branch)

Please debit my Account No. to pay to Barclays Bank PLC, Wolverhampton Business Centre, Wolverhampton WV1 1DS (Sort Code 20-97-78), for the Account of THE OLD EDWARDIANS ASSOCIATION (A/c No. 40720119), the sum of £ now and £ on the first day of January in each year.

Signed: Name:

Address:

.....

NOTES & NEWS

Name: Year of leaving:

Current Address:

..... Phone:

Spouse and family (with ages): E-mail

.....

Higher Education — where? what? when?

.....

.....

Publications:

.....

Profession(s) — what? for whom? when?

.....

.....

.....

Civil, volunteer or sport achievements:

.....

.....

.....

Academic honours:

.....

.....

Membership of societies or clubs:

.....

.....

Professional awards or honours:

.....

.....

Hobbies or interests:

.....

.....

Please send this form to the 'Editor of the *Gazette*'
BS Adams, Dolgarreg, Orchard Street, Brecon, Powys, LD3 8AN.

**Overleaf is a Banker's Order Form
for contributions to the
Association Bursary Appeal.**

**Any that are not yet contributors
are cordially invited to use it.**

Old Edwardians Bursary

King Edward's School, Edgbaston Park Road, Birmingham B15 2UA

Gift Aid Declaration

Name (in capitals)

Address

.....

.....

Postcode

☐ I would like to make a one-off payment of: £ Cheques payable to "KES — OEA Bursary Fund"

☐ I would like to make regular contributions of: £ Monthly, Quarterly, Annually for a period of
Years

I wish all donations I make from 6 April 2000 onwards to be treated as **gift aid** donations unless I notify you otherwise.

I am a UK taxpayer and pay an amount of income tax and/or capital gains tax equal to the tax that is reclaimed on my donation (currently 28p from every £1 given).

Signature Date

To sign this form you must be paying income tax and/or capital gains tax at least equal to the tax that the charity reclaims on your donations (currently 28p for each £1 that you give).

If you stop paying income tax or capital gains tax, please cancel this declaration.

If you pay tax at a higher rate you can claim tax relief for yourself on your self-assessment return.

Please return the whole form including the banker's order to Derek Benson, OEA, address above.

Banker's Order

Please pay to:

Lloyds TSB University of Birmingham

Sort Code 30-19-14

Account no. 07282668

KES OEA Bursary Fund

The sum of £ * Annually for Years

* Quarterly for Years

* Monthly for Years

*delete as appropriate

Starting on the day of

Name and address of donor's bank (in capitals)

To

of

.....

.....

.....

Postcode

Signed Date

Initials and name (in capitals) Dr/Mr/Title

Sort Code A/C. No.

Glaisyers

SOLICITORS

- Criminal Defence
- Motoring Offences
- Tax/VAT Offences
- House Sale/Purchase
- Wills/Probate/Trusts
- Domestic Violence
- Family Matters
- Welfare Benefits
- Care Proceedings
- Divorce
- Fraud
- Personal Injury

For all your legal requirements call...

Stephen Cole (1963) or any of his partners...

Charles Royle
David Simon
Julia Powell
John Loveday

Antonia Smith
Neil Davis
Steve Masih
Ewen Smith

Stewart Dunigan
Kevin Good
Claire Burns

Members of the Law Society's Children, Family, Personal Injury & Probate Panels



Community
Legal Service



Family
LAWYERS



A QUALITY SERVICE
Approved by The Legal Aid Board

Criminal
Defence Service



10 Rowchester Court and at . . .
Printing House Street
Birmingham B4 6DZ
Fax: 0121 236 1534

Web: www.glaisyers.co.uk

11 Waterloo Road
Wolverhampton WV1 4DJ
DX: 10455 WOLVERHAMPTON
Fax: 01902 710909

E-mail: advice@glaisyers.co.uk

FOR IMMEDIATE HELP AND ADVICE CALL...

0121 233 2971 or 01902 719800

OE Ties and 450th Commemorative Gift Collection



Heraldic Shield
£20.00



'Standard' tie
Polyester – £7.00



450th Anniversary ties
Limited Edition of 450
Polyester only £8.00



'Alternative' tie
Polyester – £8.00
Silk – £15.00

Bow ties
'Standard' only
Ready tied or
Self tie – £8.00



Cufflinks
'Quick Action' – £15.00

A Volume in the Archive Photograph series
Reproductions of paintings, prints and photos to cover 450 years selected by A J Trott – £11.00

Please add post and packing.
Shield £2.00; Pictorial History £1.50. All else £0.50. For more than one item include just one p+p at the higher value. Alternatively place your order and collect from Reception.

Cheques to 'OEA'. Enquiries and orders to Derek Benson at the school.
(See page 1 for the contact details.)