



KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL
BIRMINGHAM



OLD EDWARDIANS GAZETTE 2012

The Old Edwardians Association

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The cover shows a tapestry design by Sir Edward Burne-Jones:

"The Arming and Departure of the Knights of the Round Table on the Quest for the Holy Grail"

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From the President of the Association

It's like being back in the Upper Middles: Mr. Parslew wants his essay and he is brooking no excuse. So, I thought that I'd appease him by putting in a quote - always a good idea, a bit of Eliot, the bit about "the still point of the turning world."

It's true to say that the world is turning, but this school doesn't feel like a still point just at the moment. There's too much going on for that and here's the list. This is now a school that doesn't teach 'A' Levels anymore, so that every boy in the Divisions and Sixth Form is studying the International Baccalaureate Diploma. I am sure that this is the right move, but it is a brave new world and it will take some bravery in a world where everything is new. The new Paul and Jill Ruddock Performing Arts Centre has now reached its full height and found itself a roof: it will be opened in late April 2012 and there are a number of occasions in the summer when alumni from both schools will be able to come back and perform. And even before that, we have invaded the land beyond the Bristol Road and will build a new astro pitch there, all of our own, to match the growing demand for, and success of, hockey. Then there are plans for the next phase; a redevelopment of the Science Quad to provide not only better facilities for science, but also a new Modern Languages Department. And that has been funded by an anonymous donation of £2.5m. That development will be completed by September 2013, and then we'll be on to redoing the sports provision beyond the chapel; a new sports hall, a new pool, better changing and social facilities, and a better space for the war memorial. All of this will cost in excess of £25m, but we have to invest to compete.

And while we sort out what the school has to offer, we have to address who comes here in a competitive market and hard economic times. The number of applications is 60% higher than it was five years ago, and the demand for Assisted Places grows and grows. In the last 18 months, the Development Office, under the gentle expertise of Simon Lerwill, has raised nearly £2m for Assisted Places: which has meant that there were 35 such places in September 2011, 15 more than in September 2010. And our aim is to achieve the same number for September 2012. For their efforts, in November Simon and his team were awarded the prize for fund-raising at the Independent Schools Awards ceremony. These funds and these Assisted Place boys are the life-blood of this school.

And then there is the real life of the school, the boys. I am writing on a Saturday lunchtime and already today there have been 6 rugby matches, 3 hockey matches, cricket nets, a chess tournament - and Masters' Detention. This afternoon there will be 9 more rugby matches. In the last ten days we have won the Greater Birmingham Under 15 rugby tournament, the hockey team have remained unbeaten in their game of the season, the Under 13 water polo team won a national competition, one boy in the Shells became the England Under 16 rapid play chess champion, the Schools Challenge Team won the regional competition as did the RAF CCF competition team. Both go forward to national finals. The newly restored school squash team beat Warwick. We have three boys in the National Youth Orchestra, of whom one is the youngest ever leader, one boy in the national trampolining championships, and our best cross-country runner hasn't lost a school race in two years. And, in an IB Theory of Knowledge presentation last week, one boy did a piece of work that was as good as anything I have seen in 30 years as a schoolmaster.



So, there's plenty going on, this afternoon and every day. For a school like this, it cannot be any other way. And we must keep on going forward. As Giuseppe di Lampedusa wrote, "We have to change so that we can stay the same." Another quote to please Mr P. I hope.

*John Claughton
Chief Master*

From the Chairman of the Association

Little did I imagine when I read the last Gazette that I would be writing the next "From the Chairman" column.

A telephone call from James Martin, whilst I was enjoying a day at the races with my family, threw down the challenge - would I be interested in becoming Chairman of the OEA? It was difficult to refuse the persuasive James, particularly as my son, David, also an OE, overheard the conversation and egged me on.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank James for his Chairmanship of the Association over the last few years and wish him well with his new business venture.

I certainly share James's objective of fostering ever closer links with the School and I am delighted to learn that there have been further donations from OE's to support the bursary scheme. In particular I welcome the news that one OE, who wishes to remain anonymous, has very recently made a major donation which will enable a new Modern Languages facility to be built.

During my term of office I have two priorities: to encourage OE's to support the School's careers initiative which will be rolled out in the New Year, and to sort out the Streetsbrook Road situation.

Turning firstly to the careers initiative that is being developed, there is an amazing wealth of talent and experience among OE's which needs to be harnessed, to help younger OE's to fulfil their career aspirations. This can take many forms, ranging from being able to offer advice to mentoring and even offering internships. I would urge all OE's who feel they can assist, in any way, to support this initiative. I recently attended a dinner in Birmingham hosted by Lee Bushell (2000): he had brought together a group of entrepreneurial OE's all of whom echoed the message that there

is a massive untapped resource which can be made available to recent leavers and new graduates.

It is my belief that this initiative will encourage recent leavers to keep in contact with the Association right from the moment they leave school; and this should increase the relevance of the Association to younger OE's.

The Streetsbrook Road Memorial Sports Ground has been occupying much of the OEA Committee's time in the last twelve months. It is not unfair to say that the sports ground, which is leased from the Association by the Old Edwardians Sports Club Limited, has had a significant number of operational issues in the recent past, which have resulted in serious losses and an inability to carry out much needed repairs and improvements. I believe that this era is now passed and the new management team running the club is well placed to return the club to a sound financial basis.

Whilst there are many fewer OE's playing rugby and cricket at Streetsbrook Road nowadays, the Club plays an important role in developing young players for both sports and should, in my view, be assisted to resolve its past problems.

I am hopeful that there will soon be a resolution to the question of a new lease for the Sports Club, which will enable it to continue to operate the Memorial Ground on a sensible financial footing.



To conclude, I would like to congratulate John Cloughton and his team for the way in which they have been raising funds from OE's for both bursaries and capital projects. There is no doubt that donors have been persuaded to give by the inspirational approach that John displays. I would urge all OE's to consider giving to the School to support bursaries; there is no doubt that the benefits of a bursary assisted place can enable bright pupils from poorer backgrounds, who would otherwise be unable to afford the fees, to fulfil their potential and benefit from one of the finest educations that is available in England today.

John Wheatley
Chairman - OEA

From the outgoing Chairman of the Association

When Paul Thomson and David Corney asked me to be OEA Chairman I was surprised, flattered and curious about where we'd be a few years hence. There was a sea-change building in the School's interest in and attitude towards the OEA, driven by John Cloughton's ambition for greater access to the School. Who would have thought that within months there would be an expanding and thoroughly professional Development Office, and in four short years a multi-million pound Performing Arts Centre nearing completion, a new modern languages facility in prospect, and many more of the most able boys in the region given the chance, on merit only, to shine brightly because of Assisted Places.

These changes have been wrought by meaningful, purposeful engagement between School and alumni - who have seen that real change is possible, indeed taking place, and have wished to support because they had those same benefits themselves

The changes aren't all about the School, however, as evidenced by the record attendance at this year's London OEs Christmas Dinner. Thanks to the efforts of Simon, Sue and (until recently) Lucy in the Development and OEA Office we have greater contact than ever with OEs across the country and globe. Electronic communication helps in this, of course, but what has really made the difference is the time and effort invested by full time resources provided by the School. Mike Baxter used to do this alone and on a part-time basis, so I pay tribute to the platform he passed on.

And then there is the *Gazette*. It is tangible and newly stylish - respectively impossible and infrequent for E-media - and hence in my mind essential to maintain. We now have a journal to be proud of, updated from its long-standing look as the Association itself has evolved

Streetsbrook Road should soon be on a level footing, with the OE Sports Club Limited confirmed as tenant under a new lease with a supportive but business-like distance maintained to recognise the open nature of the two sports clubs.

So we've done quite a bit. Please note the 'we'. This Association is, genuinely and by definition, a team effort; the Committee give of precious time because we all value our shared heritage. And every member of this club who takes part makes it stronger just by adding to the sense of companionship. So let's try and encourage even more to join in

John Wheatley looks set to preside over even more remarkable progress, and I look forward to working alongside him to achieve just that

James Martin



From the Editor

The past five years have seen substantial changes, (hopefully improvements?), to the *O.E. Gazette*. The old, staid design has been cast aside and, with the help of a leading print firm, new ideas of presentation have been developed. In line with this, the contents have assumed a greater immediacy as more members of the O.E.A. have been willing to contribute. Now, the Association, with its new Chairman, intends a further development.

His duty all ended, the present Editor is standing down. The current Assistant Editors will stay in place to run the magazine and ensure continuity, and it is intended that Guest Editors will be invited annually to take the helm to oversee the production of the magazine and to give it their own particular colour and flavour. And their personal opinions. In this way, the *Gazette* should more fully represent the variety of views and ideas and ages contained within the membership and so be a more truly “living” reflection of the Association at large.

So - It is now up to you, the O.E. membership, to respond to the challenge this proposition offers. From here on, the *O.E. Gazette* will be very much what you choose to make it.

Michael Parslew



The Tolkien Centenary

On 5th July 2011 Tom Shippey gave a talk in Big School on Tolkien, to coincide with the exhibition KES had set up in the Chapel. Tom, who entered KES as a Foundation Scholar in 1954 and left at Christmas 1960, said he was going to try to cover the man, the books, the films and the phenomenon: quite a tall order.

He started with the phenomenon. In crudely commercial terms, no-one knows how many copies Tolkien has sold, nor how much money the whole *Lord of the Rings* phenomenon has made, but the former is in the hundred millions, and the latter well into the billions. Some years ago Tolkien was rated second in the all-time list of posthumous earners, behind Elvis Presley. But he was catching up then and has now, what with the translations, movies, and spin-off marketing, almost certainly gained the top spot.

All done, Tom pointed out, from tiny beginnings, and in spite of often active hostility from the educational establishment. Rayner Unwin wrote his first report on *The Hobbit* (his father believed children's books should be vetted by a child) for one shilling. Seventy years later, when Tolkien kept on coming top of readers' polls, critics and professors competed with each other to cry "fix!" and "but it's not literature!"

Which of course it isn't: Tolkien was a Professor of English Language (like Tom), and spent his career fighting the Professors of English Literature. The most important intellectual element in his life, and the source of his creativity, was the now almost-forgotten discipline of "comparative philology". Tolkien took to this at KES, developed it at Oxford, and went on to posts with the *Oxford English Dictionary*, at Leeds University, and then at Oxford.

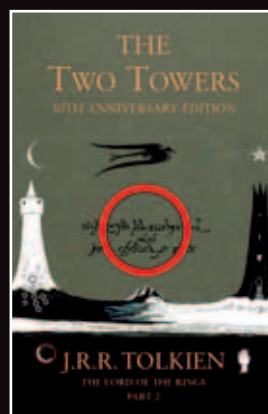
Another continuing element in his biography, though, was grief. He lost both father and mother as a child, and most of his friends at KES during World War 1. Tom commented on the deaths of Rob Gilson (son of the headmaster) and G.B. Smith, reading from the KES "Service Record" Book, and noting that Smith was on the same page as Slim (Viscount Slim of Burma, Governor-General of Australia, KG, CIGS, etc., now the most highly-regarded British general of the 20th century). "These have plucked the bays of battle, / Those have won the scholar's crown": couldn't be more right, could it? (And what has Eton done for us? Provide politicians?)

Tom went on to say that he regarded Tolkien as a "traumatised author", one of several, like Orwell, Golding, C.S. Lewis, Kurt Vonnegut. All needed to find, and to write, an explanation of what they'd seen and suffered, and they were all different. Tolkien's image, in *The Lord of the Rings*, centres on corruption. The Ring will do that to anyone, no matter how pure their hearts. That is why his work is not a quest (to find something, routine in fantasy writing), but an anti-quest, to throw it away so it can never come back.

Tom ended with discussion of the Peter Jackson movies, illustrated by clips very efficiently set up by the school's technicians. Tom looked at some of the changes Jackson had made – cutting out flashbacks, building up female characters, inserting the complex "backstory" so it didn't slow things down – and noted one or two places where Jackson had boldly stayed with Tolkien and rejected Hollywood convention.

Like, for instance, the ending. This is terribly low-key. Jack Nicholson, after seeing the third movie, came out and said "Too many endings", and he had a point. Jackson filmed the *Star Wars* ending (everyone shouts "Hurrah!" and the heroes all get medals); he filmed the "close the book" ending; he did the "sail into the sunset" ending, only it's sunrise. And then he went on and did the Tolkien ending, when Sam Gamgee (a Brummy name), turns his back on the Undying Lands, comes home, is greeted by wife and kids, and says, like a true Brummy (because it's obvious): "Well, I'm back". Goes into his hobbit-hole and shuts the front door.

Tom ended by saying what an incalculable effect Tolkien had had, and how little that could have been predicted back on 12th December 1914, when four young men just out of school – Tolkien, Wiseman, Gilson, Smith, two of them to die within two years – met and decided to reform society through poetry. Well, they didn't. But no author has had more effect on popular culture in the century following than Tolkien. And that's because he was more than a writer, he was a soothsayer.



Out of Kabul

'Smith – sound but lacking in vital parts'

The memory of the formidable Charles Blount's near-weekly attack on my masculine credentials (ostensibly my history essay) - my embattled exercise book tossed cynically to my corner desk – still chills, even 40 years on in this Kabul bunker.

Mine has been a nomadic life, promoting the potency of cultural relations in India, Burma, Bangladesh, New Zealand, Chile, Germany, Nigeria, Egypt and now Afghanistan (and that most difficult posting, London, from time to time).

I can't help wondering whether this itinerancy – earlier the thrill and now the bane of my wife and 3 children – was not propelled by the KES imperative. Was I fleeing, with guilt and obligation, that post-war but still colonial cohort of ultra-eccentric masters and their Waugh-like, warlike world? Was I the only one of my '67 – '74 student cadre compelled to escape the iron heart, determinedly to seek those hardest knocks, that thickest scrimmage – on, on around the globe? Has my whole life been formed by a determination to develop Charlie B's vital parts?

I suppose KES itself was my first outpost of progress. Edgbaston and south Birmingham were an untrammell'd world for an 11 year old Handsworth and Aston innocent who got lucky in that mystifying entrance exam. My Dad, when he reached 11 in 1921, was not allowed to take up his place at the KE grammar school he gained entrance to, as his mother needed him at home in Lozells to mind the sweetshop they lived above. So my KES place - free in '67 of course – was a milestone in the Smith genealogy.

Off I headed on the 'special' bus from Handsworth (augurs of that bus that plunges off the cliff in the 1945 Ealing

film *Dead of Night*). Then, that first morning's encounters with the baffling jargon of upper Birmingham - the 'Porters' Lodge', the 'Guild Hall', 'Big School', the 'Classical Corridor'. Even the 'Tuck Shop' was beyond me.

This was as much a cultural plummet into a foreign realm as any of my later experiences flying, for 5 year assignments, into Lagos, Dhaka, Rangoon, Cairo or Mumbai.

And I was in a house – a 'house'? – Prince Lee. And I was also in a shell – a 'shell'? Not Shell A or Shell B – no pre-assigned superior status for this northern Brummie. Just Shell G – G for Gosling, Arthur Gosling whose first prep – 'prep'? – for us was to learn Macaulay's *Lars Porsena of Clusium*. The other first night's prep was a Norman Craig chunk of algebra – "what do you mean, boy, you've never heard the word 'algebra'!" Anyway, 40 years on, I may still have a bag of nuts (though not according to C Blount) but I haven't a clue what happens when someone takes x of them away.

September '68. Further on through the looking glass we trembled, with the enshrouding miasma of Ronald Lunt, traversing the Oxbridge scholarship boards in gown and mortar board (this is 19- not 18- 68 I promise), ascendant to *Sapientia*, with Roy Massey's over-excited organ wafting him and a row of knave-of-tarts protecting-prefects fronting him. Lunt, surely to every one of us, master and boy, who cowered in his Victorian clerical shadow, the most forbidding, formidable and surreal person we have ever encountered – and I've seen a few of them, from Leavis to Dacre, from Ne Win to Mubarak.

The eccentricities of Cambridge donnelly – though I was the first member of my family to go to university – proved a doddle after the Gormenghast of KES. I literally – and I

mean it – thought I would not be able to comprehend the language of the young aesthetes and high-brained academics around me as I shuffled in my anorak to my undergrad room that first Michaelmas day at Queens'. Even the previous 6 years spending every lesson with my old mate (that phrase doesn't quite seem to work any more) David Willetts had not given me the intellectual confidence to feel I might coast Cambridge English.

What, of course (and all alumni of these two will echo that 'of course') what, of course, did make it a doddle was the transformative influence of the great Michael Parslew and the greater (Mike will be the first to acknowledge) Tony Trott.

Michael's - jacket off, sleeves rolled up – deconstruction of Donne's 'Nocturnal' on a chalk blackboard in Room 159 remains to this day the consummate moment when I felt my life change and the liberation of creative knowledge fill my spirit. And Tony is still the most humanely knowing reader of words and people I have met. He is the master of the divine comedy. He is God.

I owe it all to them, and 40 years of wandering and wondering is but the ever-self-propelling momentum they gave me. The love of Shakespeare they instilled keeps me working on my Renaissance PhD (*Towards an Ontology of Form* – how's about that then?) 31 years after I started the blighter at Queens' with Frank Kermode and Lisa Jardine. And that same passion, plus Michael's sacral love of drama, prompted me finally to direct Shakespeare plays in India and Bangladesh. (Even last week we commissioned an all-Afghan *Comedy of Errors* which will be rehearsed in our British Council Kabul compound and appear at the Globe in London next May).



I love the Robert Donat '30's *'Mr Chips'*. The O'Toole '68 version is absurdly mawkish but that concluding drivel *'At the evening of my life I'll remember the sunset'* does raise elegiac musings. Till recently I'd forgotten KES for decades. Only John C's sudden transmogrification into Chief Master (*'Chief'* Master? there's another one – they're all Lunt-isms of course, about as historically authentic as my Blount-neutered essays). 'As you were' (Bill Buttle 1975)... Only John C's sudden transmogrification into Chief Master brought back that trajectory of wasted time. (The last school memory I have of John is bowling him out one sports afternoon in 1974 – a rolling underarm, and he was in such hysterics he fell on his wicket). Enough of these stuttering parentheses...but that's what happens when you try to drag the past out of its infinite regress of brackets. Suddenly KES had loomed back into the future of my past (something a bit Eliotic for the Editor).

So what sort of itinerant, vocational comedy of errors did KES project me into? What has my particular 35 years of battle-bay-plucking been about? Here you'll realise that the Ed has tossed back my first draft with the demand for a CV tour d'horizon as well as nostalgic Edwardian ramblings – it's still happening, the rejected essay lacking those vital parts.

It's clear that the multicultural immersion of my north Brummie youth so led me to assume ethnic diversity as life's default – Asian, Caribbean, West African up my end of the Soho Road – that it led to the necessity of nomadism to keep my kaleidoscope of life flourishing. So when, in May Week '78 at a boozy Trinity party, honest-to-God John Robinson and a young theology don Rowan Williams, who had just supervised my Part Two English dissertation, enticed me to take up a literature lectureship at Delhi University – a post which for some arcane reason they had in their gift – it seemed a natural step to take.

I found myself north of Old Delhi's Red Fort teaching Homer, Spenser, Pope, Beckett and assorted Addisons and Steeles. Enjoying the camaraderie of the high table at St Stephen's College which Foss Westcott, CF Andrews, even Tagore had graced before me, I finally got parental revenge as my fellow Indian dons eyed their high-table leftovers – "you're not leaving till you've eaten it all; there are people starving in Birmingham".

This gave me the lust for a life challenged by unknown cultural contexts and it gave me, as friends for life, the creative makers of the phenomenon that has become modern India. Eventually it gave me my Rajmata, my real newfoundland, Viveka and my greater teacher- brats Mrinal, Nikhil and Radheka who have trailed their educational career with me through international schools in Dhaka, Wellington, Mumbai and Cairo to end up in lovely English Bedales with the elder brother now victim of the consumptive world of London advertising.

Three more Cantab doctoral years later, I was invited into the peculiar embrace of the British Council or, as Tony T put it in the fabulous *Fop or Idler*, I became “Smith of the coast, spending several uncomfortable years spreading the British way of life in West Africa”.

I was indeed our man in Kano Northern Nigeria – a son of the desert with no outside communication except a walkie talkie natter to Lagos twice a week. Here I was delivering projects in agricultural extension, TVET, industrial training, local government reform, and other such sectors in which my expertise was world-renowned, and I was identifying and placing at UK universities 750 young Nigerians from the Sultanate of Sokoto to the shores of Lake Chad.

It was the vivid start to 28 years in 5 continents involving anything from running a national library system in India to helping establish a British University in Cairo, from touring the National Theatre’s *Lear/Richard 3* (Eyre/Warner/McKellen) to 10 countries to running a year-long festival across New Zealand to reinvent the bilateral relationship, from supplying videos to house-detained Aung San Suu Kyi in Rangoon (do you have any *Life on Earth* – Suu?) to co-ordinating the revision of the state English curriculum and textbooks in Bangladesh.

It’s all to do with trust – a recognition that trusting and secure cultural relations between the world’s peoples are critical for global stability and capacity to collaborate on issues of world import. Post 9/11 that need for cultural understanding has become paramount. Geopolitics may create the surface movements of the world’s oceanic swirls but it is cultural meaning, identity and motivation which cause the deeper determining undertows and swells. And it’s not just expressed and developed through better international conversation and debate; it’s made

practically manifest through the cultivating of international partnerships in education, social reform, youth empowerment, human rights, global citizenship, sport, science, languages and the arts.

Post 9/11 found me directing British Council operations for 5 years in Egypt and managing our directors across the Maghreb from Libya to Morocco. Cultural fractures with the Islamic world demanded new rapprochements. I reckon a career peak for me had to be securing new relations with the Al Azhar, the world’s most prominent centre for Sunni Islamic promotion, learning, fatwa and the education of imams and preachers for international mission. We even managed to fulfil the Grand Imam’s desire to establish a British Council centre at the heart of the Al Azhar campus to teach English to faculty and students of the departments of theology and preaching, thus enabling this institution, 1,000 years old at the heart of medieval Cairo, to enter more fully into the world debate about frictions, fractures and futures.

And now Kabul, trying to help the next generation of young Afghan professionals take command of their own future without the systemic intervention of foreign vested interests – encouraging enterprise of leadership, professional development, the reclamation of cultural legacy and the forging of a cultural federalism in this most tribal and disparate nation embracing the Hindu Kush. A solo posting this – Viveka and the kids for once are in the UK and I’m bunkered in a Kabul compound with 15 Ghurkha guards and a close protection bodyguard for company – my only reprieve *Total Wipeout* on British Forces Broadcasting and back copies of the *OE Gazette* for stimulation.

Perhaps there comes a point when a career is so extensively past, passed and, for good or ill, accomplished that the motivating clichés that initiated it, aeons back, inherit a newly unhackneyed iconic resonance. *Some to failure, some to fame* – I claim a tad of both. *Smiled at death* – suddenly real here in 2011 Kabul. And *conquered fate* – well, there was probably a pattern somewhere.

Anyway here I am – for HMG and *Elissam* – trying not to rust...*sacred trust*...we’re getting there, if still lacking some of those vital parts.

Paul Smith (1974)

Soon after Paul sent us this article, as people will recall, the British Council compound was fiercely attacked by Taliban insurgents. Fourteen people died and many buildings, including Paul’s own living quarters and possessions, were left almost entirely in ruins. A few days ago, (early December), Paul sent us an e-mail, reporting that he is well, in good heart and determined to get the Council and its work fully up and running again as soon as possible. We send him all our best wishes and hope that, very soon, in the words of T.S. Eliot, “All shall be well, and all manner of thing shall be well”.

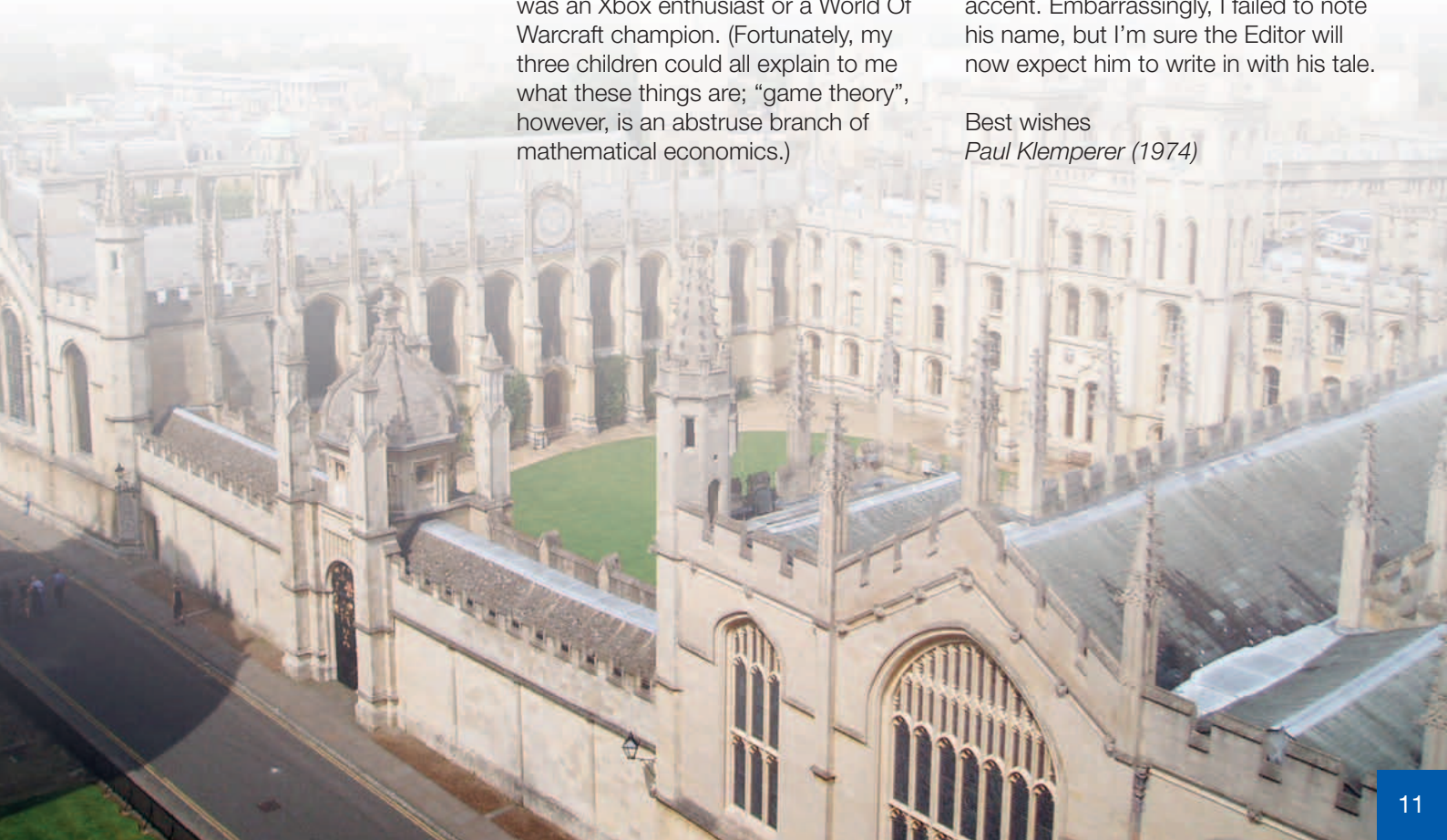
Dear Editor

I'm submitting this letter at your express command, since you wrote that you thought you remembered teaching me English. I'm sure you are mistaken, because if you did remember, you would certainly have been too polite to say so, and would probably not have asked me to write anyway--I remember getting a "7" in my first end-of-year English exam (roughly "F" in modern GCSE terms). Perhaps you remember my younger brother, Simon (1976), who made a rather better start. However, I was always in awe of you and did as you told me, so I am obeying you again and writing this now.

Fortunately, my maths was better than my English and I ended up an economics professor at Oxford. One of the advantages of the job is that one is often asked to comment on public policy issues, which is both interesting and entertaining. Earlier this year, the U.S. Department of Justice spent several months investigating whether it violated the Constitution for the U.S. government to take my (pro bono) advice, because U.K. government departments were simultaneously talking to me. Luckily it was determined that, since my advice to the U.K. was also free, I was not construed to be "an agent of a foreign power", so no one had to go to jail. Meanwhile, the Morning Star (organ of the Communist Party of Britain, for those too young to remember its glory days) published an attack on the U.K. government for having anything to do with me--though the newspaper did profess itself uncertain whether the fact that I am sometimes described as a "game theory expert" meant that I was an Xbox enthusiast or a World Of Warcraft champion. (Fortunately, my three children could all explain to me what these things are; "game theory", however, is an abstruse branch of mathematical economics.)

My work also leads to a surprising number of interactions with Old Edwardians, such as David Willetts (1974--government minister--I have advised the "other side" too, but no other ministerial OEs I am aware of), Stefan Wagstyl (1975--senior writer for the Financial Times newspaper, for which I have occasionally written opinion pieces), Simon Szreter (1975--distinguished Cambridge Professor of History and Public Policy), to name just some from my year or the adjacent one. And I imagine I might one day discuss Oxford admissions with a certain John Claughton (1974). But perhaps the most surprising meeting with an Old Edwardian was when I struck up a conversation with a couple from Australia, whilst travelling through the one point in the world where four countries meet. (I'm sure all OEs know the location of the "quadripoint", but if you need a clue it's in the middle of a river in central Africa.) Unfortunately, only as we parted did I ask why the man seemed to have a Birmingham accent. Embarrassingly, I failed to note his name, but I'm sure the Editor will now expect him to write in with his tale.

Best wishes
Paul Klempner (1974)



Thoughts from Stanford, USA

From outwardly self-confident Shell to outwardly self-confident professor of geophysics at Stanford University ... for whom do I write? Advice to young Edwardians, unknown? or a missive to my entering class of 1969, barely remembered? Mostly, a paean to my teachers – to Benson and Homer and Buttle and Ganderton and Guy and Trott - the list should be longer – whose presence is undimmed by the passing years.

KES fostered academic exceptionalism, surely as much now as 40 years ago, and sent me well-prepared to Cambridge, and thence to a PhD at Cornell, upstate New York. KES may only have smoothed that pre-destined path for a child with two parents who were university teachers, but the excellence developed by competition with other excellent students presented me with a “silver spoon”, and initiated the pedigree of high grades that carried my career forward, as a research fellow in Cambridge University for five years, then to my present job at Stanford in California. But KES did so too much (for me at least) by inculcating as the measure of success those very grades, or one’s rank in one’s class, at the expense of celebrating learning for learning’s sake. Some creativity may have been stifled or risk-taking discouraged by the fear of (relative) failure. I was always in the top science stream though never at the head of my class, and now I can only imagine that friends in the lower streams were as discouraged academically - despite presumably above-average talents compared to the general population - as I found myself discouraged in sporting activities by perceived failure compared to the rugby and cricket heroes selected as prefects and heads of houses. It took me too long after leaving KES to learn I enjoyed, and was not hopeless at, all forms of physical activity. But again, hard to separate the influence of KES from the influence of

parents who valued intellectual pursuits above most others ...

Where I think KES succeeds best is in the extraordinary range of extra-curricular activities - now more than ever - that provide boys selected at entry for academic excellence with their opportunity to find space to grow outside academic competition. For me that place was in the CCF. My experiences in the Royal Navy section were arguably the most important, certainly the most memorable, of my time at KES. When trying to manage students on a field trip I think of the “Power of Command” certificate we took, and the important lessons, barely realized then, that have grown on me since. Nothing academically at KES presaged my interest in geology, into which I was lured by the opportunity of a field trip to Scotland; yet I have been able to make use of my CCF nautical training on the marine geophysical cruises I have led as chief scientist, most memorably in the Bering and Chukchi seas, and around the Mariana island volcanoes. Most important were the adventures the CCF provided, that pulled me from my books, built self-confidence, and perhaps somehow prepared me to lead my geophysical expeditions whether in civilized California or in remote interior Tibet.

Having turned 50, one looks back over the arc of a career. Physically past the prime; some professional promotion may still await, but one’s most enduring academic discoveries may have already been made. Old enough to look back fondly on the “best years of one’s life” while too aware that “youth is wasted on the young”. Very certain that KES helped set the initial upward trajectory of my professional arc, and conscious as a professional educator of the heroic efforts made by my teachers to mentor brashly arrogant youth. Still trying to win the scholar’s crown; still hoping to live my hardest, to die of service, not of rust.

Simon Klemperer (1976)



Travels in America

Not long ago I was at a party in Manhattan. It was held in the main hall of the Metropolitan Museum, and Bill Clinton was there, and like all Bill Clinton parties it was packed with a slanted selection of New York City's *haute monde*. I was at the bar (I'm a writer, remember) and I was mostly surrounded by women (I'm not dumb, either) and within an hour the place was so jammed that I was pressed thigh-to-thigh and front-to-back with some of the world's most famous and beautiful models and actresses and icons and superstars. I'm not going to name names – although I know the editor of the *Gazette* would like me to – because people like that don't want the world to know they spend time pressed against an ink-stained wretch like me, but I promise you you'd have traded places with me in a heartbeat.

Then about a week later I was driving through west Texas. I stopped at the first man-made structure I had seen in more than eighty miles, which was a country store, containing a clerk behind the register and a single customer, a lady of about fifty – she was a leathery, sun-baked lizard of a person – who told me that if she wants to eat something she hasn't grown or killed herself, she has to drive two hundred and fifty miles to that store; five hours there and five hours back, like driving from London to Newcastle, for a pint of milk.

Now I know you could find me an old crofter lady in the Outer Hebrides who has never seen an iPhone, but that kind of isolation is rare in Britain, and it isn't rare in the United States. It's very common. Vast areas of the U.S. are uninhabited – literally. The Census Bureau has a cut-off point – five people per square mile, or six or seven, it changes from time to time – and below that point it lists the territory as "Empty". And there's a lot of empty territory – thousands and thousands of square miles of it, mostly in the west. So, another time I was

driving in Montana, through the eastern slopes of the Rockies, on a big wide highway – think the M6, say, north of Preston – and I didn't see another vehicle on either side of the central barrier for more than four hours. Easy to say, but hard to experience – it was plain weird and pretty unsettling. Then I got to Seattle and flew home to New York and slept the night in my own bed, which is nine feet from downstairs neighbor's bed, and nine feet from my upstairs neighbor's bed. In my building we sleep stacked thirty-two storeys high, like people on shelves; and next to us is a sixty-storey building, and there's a ninety-storey building close by, with a million and a half people in Manhattan alone – 67,200 of us to the square mile.

Population density is just one of the crazy contrasts that make America so hard to describe. There are many more. People ask me, "What is it like, living in America?" That's like me asking you, "What's it like, living in Europe?" You can't really come up with an answer because you're thinking about Norwegians up near the Arctic

Circle, and fishermen off the south coast of Spain, and Greek bartenders, and sad left-behind hipsters in Prague, and you can't really find anything in common between them, even though you're dealing with smaller distances – both physical and cultural – than you'll find in America. Bangor in Maine is further from San Diego, California than Murmansk is from Marrakech.

And the attitude diversity in America is crazy, too. Britain is a mature, settled, grown-up country, and most people are part of a "consensus" – that's how it seems to me, anyway. In America, there's no agreement on anything. The U.S. is home to some of the world's most eminent scientists who have done their research and proved that the world is almost four billion years old. Other people say no, it's only 6,422 years old – exactly, because they've worked through the Bible and added it all up. And both sides are utterly, implacably, immovably serious. And neither side is hidden away on the fringes; both are well represented in Congress.



There are parts of Wyoming where you can get beaten to death for *looking* gay. There are parts of San Francisco where my wife and I can dine out and be the only straight couple in the restaurant. I have eaten in places where nothing – even a drink – costs less than three figures. In West Virginia, people eat squirrels they just shot with their grandfather's varmint gun. There are Americans who know more about Britain than you or I do, and there are Americans who couldn't find Britain on a map. There are Americans who couldn't even find America on the map, either, because educational achievement is wildly diverse too. The nation is a mosaic, a crazy patchwork quilt, insanely scaled from end to end, in every dimension, both physical and intellectual.

There are certain visual constants that fool you for a while – dollar bills look the same coast to coast and top to bottom, for instance, and the road signs on federal highways are all the same shade of green; and a certain tiny amount of homogeneity is imposed because the population is fairly mobile. A flinty guy from Maine who joins the navy might retire in San Diego, perhaps, because San Diego is a major naval base. People sick of shoveling snow off their driveways for five months of the year might quit New Hampshire for Arizona, and anti-government types from Arizona might in turn head for New Hampshire, where there is no state income tax or sales tax, and where the state motto, printed on their car license plates, is the terribly dramatic *Live Free Or Die*. (By way of contrast – as if America needed more – Idaho's state motto is the terribly prosaic *Famous Potatoes*.)

Maybe temperature is a good metaphor for America's diversity. In Chicago in January, your face is numb and dead within seconds of stepping out the door; in Phoenix in August, climbing into a car parked in the open

is literally life-threatening. You say "OK, I get it; some parts are cold and some parts are hot", but the extremes have to be experienced to be truly understood, just like you have to dine with a Nobel Laureate and then get driven home by a man who can't name the President to fully understand the distance between the America A and the American Z.

So what is it like, living in America? Am I American yet? Do I blend in? I have lived in New York for twelve years, which is longer than about half my neighbours, so I'm already more American than them. I speak the language, more or less. I blend in just fine. And I blend in just fine outside of New York too – or, to put it another way, I don't stand out any more than any actual on-the-road American does. To that leathery lizard-lady in West Texas, for instance, I'm sure I came across as a funny-looking guy with a strange accent, strange clothes, and strange attitudes – but no more so than anybody else except her immediate West Texas neighbourhood, and she doesn't have more than a handful of those anyway, living as she does in an officially uninhabited region the size of Ireland. To her, a guy from Oregon or Ohio, or even Oklahoma, would seem just as foreign. That's the upside of a country with amazing diversity – if everyone is strange, then ultimately no-one is strange. So, overall, yes, I blend in very well – but then, so would you, five minutes after you got off the plane.

And what about researching America for my novels? Is it easy? It's about as easy as getting a suntan in southern California. Ideas and facts and stories just rain down on you. Sometimes you have to crouch and cradle your head just to fend them off. There are 500 24/7 cable channels, a million websites, a million magazines; everyone has a story, everyone knows a guy who knows a guy. Americans are friendly and unguarded and talkative. Plus – and here's the thing – every crazy thing happens here. A plane lands on the Hudson River? Done that. A church minister and scout leader spends seventeen years secretly torturing people to death? Done that, too. If everything is strange, then nothing is strange. I don't really need to do research. I could just make everything up, and inevitably it would be true, in some far corner of America

Lee Child (1973)

(Lee Child's sixteenth Jack Reacher novel, 'The Affair', was published in September and immediately went to No. 1 in the Best Sellers charts globally.)

£2.5 million gift from Old Edwardian for Modern Languages

An Old Edwardian has made an extremely generous donation of £2.5m towards a new Modern Languages Department at the school. The donor, who wishes to remain anonymous, said, "I am delighted to be able to make this gift to my old school to ensure that the school stays amongst the very best in the teaching of languages. Languages were important to me when I studied at the school and have remained important to me throughout my career."

The gift will be a very substantial contribution to a major development of the teaching facilities in the school. The £5m project, which will start in the summer of 2012, comprises not only a new Modern Languages Department, but also the extension and renewal of the science laboratories and a new Sixth Form Centre.

A full article about this gift will appear in the next Trust Report.

An aerial view.



An artist's impression of the new modern languages department.



The Summer Telephone Campaign - A Caller's Perspective...

This summer I was part of the school's second telephone calling campaign to raise money in support of the Assisted Places scheme. After having a thoroughly fantastic time at the school over the last five years, I thought the campaign was an excellent idea, giving boys the opportunity to come to KES who could not do so otherwise. Moreover, the campaign was an excellent way of bringing as many Old Edwardians back into the school community as possible.

Although excited as we approached the first day of calling, I must admit that I was also very nervous. Despite two days of rigorous training beforehand, nothing can prepare you for that first call and the prospect of phoning a complete stranger to ask for money! But my nerves were quickly put at ease, thanks to the generosity and the willingness of the Old Edwardians to donate. I had a fantastic time talking to them, comparing their experiences of KES with mine, and asking them where they had got to in life. I found myself speaking to a truly fascinating, yet diverse group of OEs: from interpreters working for the EU in Brussels to those who played cricket with John Cloughton all those years ago, every OE had his own remarkable story.



The Call Room.

The campaign was highly successful, and I would like to warmly thank all the Old Edwardians for making this happen. Over 300 OEs donated to the scheme, raising just over £130,000 and guaranteeing 4 Assisted Places for the next year. Thanks must also go to Simon Lerwill and Lucy Parrott for organizing the telethon so effectively, and for keeping the team's morale high at all points with motivational talks and chocolate! I had a great time working on the calling campaign, and hope that its success will encourage more OEs to donate in the future to such a great cause.

Monish Kulkani (2011)

Development Director's Report

I have always rather liked the fact that the first donation I received soon after I joined King Edward's was given to me by the tea lady. Two weeks after I started Trudy, who for many years served the staff their tea and coffee in the Common Room, came up to me and put two pound coins in my hand. She told me that these were for the Assisted Places fundraising she had heard I was doing.

Almost three years later, as I write this article, we have just received our latest gift. This time the gift is worth £2.5 million and it is for a new modern languages department. This, by any school's or charity's standards, is an extremely generous gift that will make an enormous difference to the school's teaching facilities for years to come.

However although these gifts may differ both in value and in purpose, they both share a common aim – giving transformational opportunities to future pupils: whether this be by increasing the accessibility of the school so that more bright boys can come here or by increasing the excellence of our teaching facilities for when they get here.

In total we have now raised over £4.5 million for these causes in three years, a sum that is probably unparalleled by any other school starting up a Development Office and I am immensely grateful to the 600 donors who have supported us and made this possible.

Fundraisers often like to talk about fundraising pyramids with lots of smaller gifts at the bottom working up to fewer large gifts at the top. The truth is that, whether the gift is £2 or £2 million, successful fundraising only works when you have both. And whether the gift is increasing accessibility to the school through Assisted Places or increasing excellence within the school through a new building, all philanthropy, however large and small, makes a lasting difference and gives amazing opportunities to boys which they would not have had without it.

Simon Lerwill



Miscellany - Town & Country

From the Town:

2011 has seen the publication of perhaps the definitive biography of Sir Edward Burne-Jones (O.E.): 'The Last Pre-Raphaelite' by Fiona MacCarthy*. It contains an excellent chapter on "Ned" Jones's life in Birmingham and at King Edward's (1844-52). Two extracts will suffice to give a flavour of both the book and of life at the School in the nineteenth century;

"Before and after school hours the surging crowds of boys erupted through the corridors. The general hubbub, fighting, shouting reached a pitch that would remind one former pupil of a certain scene in Dante's 'Inferno'. Even in class, order was only kept by 'lavish use of corporal punishment, consisting of three or four hard strokes of the cane on the palm of the hand'."

Bullying was rife. Burne-Jones was evidently bullyable. 'I was the kind of little boy you kick if you are a bigger boy,' he later said; 'only once I remember a fattish boy fell when I hit him – but I think he did it out of kindness.'

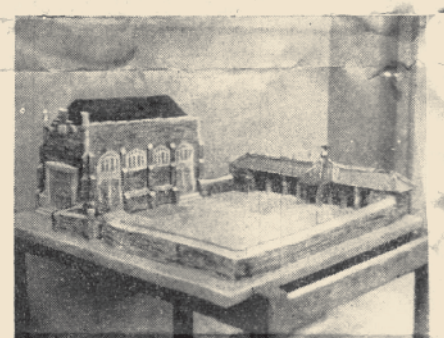
"Once he had entered the Classical department... Burne-Jones began to make important friendships, some of which lasted all his life. His close circle in Birmingham included Richard Watson Dixon who became a Pre-Raphaelite poet and a clergyman, correspondent with and mentor of Gerard Manley Hopkins. Edward Hatch became a classics professor and vice-principal of St. Mary Hall at Oxford. Cormell ("Crom") Price was the first headmaster of United Services College at Westwood Ho, model for Headmaster Bates in Rudyard Kipling's *Stalky & Co*. All in all it was a remarkable group to emerge at one time from a provincial grammar school. Looking back on those early days, a contemporary wrote: 'the vision of high-souled ardent youth is indeed a radiant one. It was a time of quick springing life and abundant blossoming of great admirations, of devotion to high ideals, and boundless enjoyment of poetry and art.' The language is that of the chivalric novels of Charlotte B. Yonge."

*'The Last Pre-Raphaelite: Edward Burne-Jones & the Victorian Imagination' – Fiona MacCarthy
Faber & Faber £25*



ROITHWICH & REDDITCH WEEKLY MESSENGER, SATU

SCHOOL CHAPEL MODELLED IN CAKE.



IT WAS VERY GOOD EATING !

This model of the Chapel, Swimming bath and Memorial Cloister of King Edward's School, Birmingham, was made by the School Caterer, Miss M. H. R. Chaffer, of Cofton Hackett, as a cake for the School Speech Day celebrations to commemorate the gift of the Cloister to the School by Old Edwardians.

The model, which measured 32 inches square and weighed some 30 pounds, was made in marzipan over a foundation of rich fruit cake. The chapel windows were carved out in a method similar to that used by stonemasons, and such details as the linen-fold carving of the East and West doors were faithfully copied. A glistening blue swimming pool was surrounded by stone paths and green lawns.

From the Country:

Mike Barnsley has sent in the above item which reveals unexpected talent on the part of the legendary Miss Chaffer who was the Catering and Kitchen Manager during the 1950s and 1960s. There are surely some now- antique O.Es who were in History VI studying Milton's *Comus* for 'A' level with Tony Trott in 1954 who will remember the classic aside perpetrated by David Veitch when Tony read out the line, "Hail Goddess of Nocturnal Sport".

From the 'Droithwich & Redditch Weekly Magazine':

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As was once written: 'Earth hath not anything to show more fair'

The Class of '51 - Diamond Jubilee: "Sixty Years On"

... back to bell and rule and smell of school ..."

(John Betjeman: *Summoned by Bells*)

For an ageing group of Old Edwardians, 2011 was a year to take a moment to pause, to look back sixty years to 1951. That was the year when Clement Atlee lost the October election to Winston Churchill and it was the last year of the short reign of King George VI. Life was then a struggle with continuing post-war austerity and gloom. Think of a weekly meat ration of just five ounces per person, of the Korean War dragging on and of the defection to Moscow of spies Burgess and Maclean. Remember Oxford sinking in the boat race and Leamington Spa's Randolph Turpin briefly becoming world middle-weight boxing champion before losing the title to Sugar Ray Robinson. Recall too the brighter aspects of life in 1951: the Festival of Britain adding some fun and colour to a grey, bomb-damaged world, Len Hutton scoring his hundredth hundred, and the first A30 motor car emerging from the then-thriving Austin works at Longbridge.

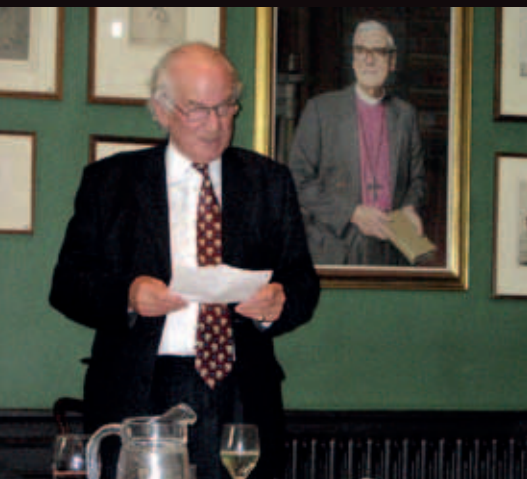
Against that background, on September 13th 1951, sixty-nine eleven-year old boys, suitably becaped and wearing the customary short trousers of the day, walked nervously down the Main Drive for the first time. Most of them illegally if innocently entered school through the Main Door, a privilege then granted only to Sixth Formers. Sixty years later, many of those former pupils, now clad more exotically in 21st century style and accompanied by wives, repeated that experience as they gathered to celebrate the Diamond Anniversary of their entry to KES.



In the years that had passed by, the Class of '51 had followed the example of Old Edwardians down the generations and had dispersed throughout the kingdom and to countries across Europe, Asia, Africa and America, filling leading roles in education, manufacture, the armed services, medicine, the law and finance. But those years are now behind us and in the last decade our group has come back together to enjoy several reunions. We had determined that 2011 should be our Jubilee year of particular celebration.

Like Caesar's Gaul our anniversary commemoration was divided into three parts. The first event was a luncheon at the Athenaeum Club in Pall Mall in June, by kind invitation of Peter Lee, a member of the Club. Our group, with wives, enjoyed a splendid meal in the club's Picture Room where our lunch was overseen by a striking portrait of John Hapgood, Archbishop of York from 1983-95. His earnest episcopal image strongly brought to mind the likeness of that Chief Master who still dominates our memories of the 1950s. After lunch we were taken on a tour of the elegant neoclassical building which had been designed by Decimus Burton in 1824. Richard Mayou, also a member of the Club, gave us the benefit of his knowledge of the art works on display.





As a contrast to the splendidly rarefied atmosphere of the Athenaeum, several of our group met again early in August attending our traditional lunch for gentlemen at a pub in London's Wigmore Street. But the usual hostelry proved to be undergoing refurbishment and the pungent smell of paint did not augur well for a relaxed meal. With the speed of thought for which our generation of Edwardians is renowned when events conspire to impede valuable drinking time, we quickly transferred our patronage a couple of hundred yards to another pub before moving at Richard Birch's suggestion to a Turkish restaurant where we broadened our gastronomic experience as the conversation flowed.

Enjoyable though those lunches were, they were but curtain-raisers for the main event of our Diamond Anniversary year. Twenty-two of our group, plus wives, gathered at school in September for a celebratory tour just sixty years (plus fifteen days) after our arrival as sherrings. Additional treats laid on by the school included a reception in the Common Room, an excellent lunch in the Dining Hall, an illustrated lecture by the school's archivist and tea with the Chief Master. A couple of members of the group also had the opportunity to play the Big School organ. As a splendid bonus, the day was one of unbroken warm sunshine helping to create a memorable, near-Arcadian idyll with the school seemingly surrounded by sunlit autumn foliage.

Some of our group had already revisited school during the last decade, but for others it was their first chance to look round since leaving in the 1950s. There are many innovations to amaze the returning Edwardian: the soft tread of the carpeted Library and form rooms, the wealth of computer equipment, the expanded science and art departments. In our time the school had a monastic quality, but now the fair sex can be seen in charge of forms once led by masters for whom a tired sports jacket with leather-patched elbows was the height of fashion. KEHS had once seemed isolated as by an invisible Berlin wall, but nowadays girls wander casually homeward down Park Vale Drive.

We watched as young ladies teamed up with KES boys for mixed archery, a prospect which would have been the stuff of fantasy sixty years ago. But there are many unchanged sights and sounds to remind us of times past. Is there any more evocative sound than that of the school bell, imparting a quiver of urgency even to the most laid-back of individuals?

Our group spent a fascinating hour in Chapel where Alison Wheatley, the school's archivist, gave an interesting insight into aspects of the school's history. Names of famous old boys from Tolkien to Lee Child and from Viscount Slim to Enoch Powell were mentioned. She also showed reproductions of old maps and documents as well as some revealing correspondence conducted by past Chief Masters. One such, the Revd John Cooke, nicknamed "Butcher" whose term of office ran from 1797-1834, was criticised by parents for excessive use of corporal punishment. Alison showed us Cooke's hand-written reply to one complaint beginning "The purport of your letter to me is as frivolous as it is impertinent." It was tempting to speculate on how Chief Masters in our own times would have responded to criticism of their methods.

As our party left the Chapel we paused to inspect the building site that will soon resolve into the Ruddock Performing Arts Centre. This promises to be a splendid facility for the school and one which we all look forward to visiting.





Those who attended our events during 2011 were:

Mike Barnsley, John Beard, Max Bean, Richard Berry, Roger Bickerton, Ralph Birch, Richard Birch, Rodney Cartwright, Clive Cooper, Alan Cowlie, Robert Darlaston, Dick Green, Andrew Hornig, Roger Hughes, Ian Knowles, Peter Lee, Roger Marks, Nick, McCarty, Richard Mayou, David Millard, Philip Pardoe, John Patrick, Brian Patterson, Geoff Purkis, Peter Tyrer, Pat Walker, Roger Wilkins, Colin Wood.

Any Old Edwardians who joined the Shells in 1951/52 are welcome to join our occasional lunches. For details please contact Robert Darlaston at: robertdarlaston@btopenworld.com



The Class of '51 is grateful to John Claughton, Chief Master, Alison Wheatley (Archivist); Simon Lerwill (Development Director), Sue Dickens (Administrator), Peter Webber (Catering Manager) and members of the school staff for ensuring our day at school was so interesting and enjoyable. Thanks are also due to our 'veteran' guides, Derek Benson and Stuart Birch.

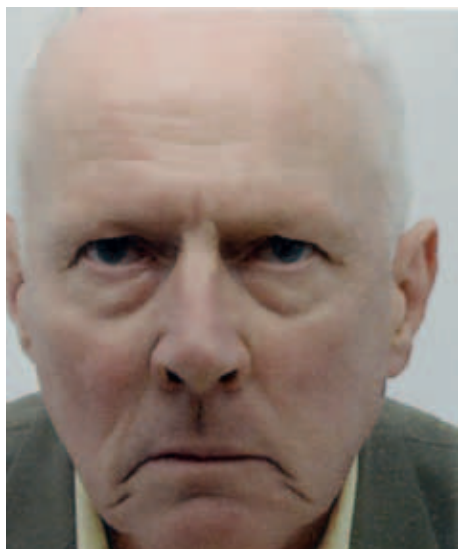
Robert Darlaston

Our afternoon ended with tea with the Chief Master. Some of the group arrived at his study a few minutes early. Loitering momentarily outside his door brought to mind other occasions, long ago, when the wait before entering was somewhat more nerve-wracking. But John Claughton gave us an elegant and entertaining overview of the school's role today. He spoke at some length on the expansion of the Assisted Places Scheme and of the benefits it brings to boys who would otherwise be quite unable to attend KES. He read out a touching letter recently received from a former pupil who had benefitted from the scheme, thus emphasising to us all the merit of contributing to the education of the rising generation.

As we emerged from school into the Edgbaston sunshine at the end of our sixtieth anniversary visit, we looked back in gratitude for own school careers so long ago. It is pleasing to know that the traditional ethos of the place continues, enabling boys to take their place as valued members of contemporary society.



“Catch a Falling Star and put it in your pocket”



Reminiscences of an Assistant Master during the decade 1964-74

In recalling aspects of the life of the school and the personalities in the Common Room those now-many years ago, my memories are of course susceptible to amnesia and selectivity; and are tempered by the experiences of teaching in five other schools or colleges in which I worked after leaving KES.

As a new and callow History Master in 1964, (and on a salary of £875 per annum), I was struck by the diversity and richness of the extra-curricular life of the school, to which members of the staff, and their wives in the case of the production of Moliere's *Tartuffe*, played a pivotal role; and the like of which I never experienced again, especially after the national dispute about teachers' working hours!

Buoyed by the energy and enthusiasm of some members of the Common Room and their wives, I agreed to take the part of “The Angry Young Man” in *Tartuffe*, though I had never acted before. This was a minor role, against which I could only admire the gusto of Alan Morris (Chemistry) and Ted Leeds (Modern Languages), who played the leading parts. The production drew full and appreciative houses on three successive nights.

I also sang in the choir which rehearsed Mendelssohn's Oratorio *Elijah* in the lunch hours, which were then much longer and more relaxed.

The tradition of staff involvement in drama and music, separate from the strong tradition of school drama & music, became an integral part of the life of the school, highlighted in well-received productions such as Tom Stoppard's *Rosencrantz & Guildenstern are Dead* and Benjamin Britten's *Noye's Fludde*. Then, and no doubt today, it was the staff who made possible the flourishing extra-curricular life of the school, aesthetic, social and sporting.

As a newcomer to the staff room I unwittingly committed a social solecism on my very first day. At break-time, I noticed that one staff room was smaller and more inviting than the larger one and I decided to avail myself of its intimacy. I was rapidly escorted out by Frank Kay who explained the strict sense of hierarchy within the Common Room/Staff as exemplified in the annual “Blue Book”. Ten years later I was still nowhere near gaining admission to that sacred room which Victor Biggs amusingly described as “the staff's one-way departure lounge.”

‘Management’ was an alien concept within the staff, associated with all that was then going wrong with British Leyland. The leadership of the school was in the hands of the Chief Master, supported by the Second Master (as he was then called), successively E.V. Smith and Dr. Harold Mayor, each of whom generated natural authority and respect. At first I found the personality of Ronald Lunt intimidating but later came to appreciate qualities that may have eluded others. When I was the subject of a parental (and justified) complaint, he was unwaveringly supportive. One of the Governors, himself an Old Edwardian, told me that in governors' meetings Ronald was always a staunch defender of his staff members, whom he viewed as his colleagues.. It may well be true that he was unpopular but that is irrelevant and unimportant. As I learnt upon becoming a head, one of the essential, albeit negative, functions of the head teacher is to be a dartboard into which the staff and students alike can lob their metaphorical arrows.

One of Ronald's innovations that particularly appealed to me was the creation of the ‘Personal Service Group’, resourced with a minibus, which enabled the school to demonstrate its social concerns and conscience, especially towards the elderly in the local community. This seemed to me to be a more worthwhile use of Friday afternoons than playing soldiers.

His zeal for knowledge for its own sake resonated with me, and his regularly repeated advice at staff meetings that “teaching is a learned and a learning profession” (quoting Dr. Thomas Arnold) proved invaluable not only in subjects like mine where revisionism and the increasing availability of documentary sources were transforming its teaching, but more widely as the computer revolution began to impinge on the school.

He deserves credit for abolishing Saturday morning school. I was not alone in dreading the last lesson of the day and the week. More wily and experienced teachers paced themselves by invariably setting tests which lasted the whole of the last lesson time. I, overly conscientious as a “new boy”, went back to my rooms in 68 Oakfield Road, (aka ‘The Luntery’), drained and exhausted.

There were aspects of the school which perturbed me, especially with the abolition of Direct Grant status. The number of pupil addresses in the famous Blue Book began to be dominated more than ever by those from Sutton Coldfield, Solihull and Edgbaston; and the opportunity to become, for example, a mixed sixth form college or a mixed 14-19 institution, serving the whole city, was rejected. I also could never understand the institutionalised prejudice against soccer – which did not exist at Eton, (Ronald’s *alma mater*) or Manchester Grammar School (then our deadly academic rivals in the Oxbridge stakes).

This said, there was much about the school which made it a tremendously stimulating place to be an assistant master. Above all, of course, it was the boys. Colin Dexter, the author of the ‘Inspector Morse’ stories, taught Classics before he became a prolific (and wealthy) writer. When interviewed, he said that his literary success gave him far less satisfaction than a successful lesson in which young minds were being stretched and stimulated. The pupils I encountered at KES certainly stretched mine; I can only hope I may have for them in return.

David Ganderton

Association Events & News



Old Edwardians watching the 3D film at the New Street Remembered Exhibition.

The Development & OEA Office ran a range of events for Old Edwardians in 2011.

During the Winter Term over 1000 Old Edwardians, current pupils, former teachers, parents and residents of Birmingham revisited the school to see a special exhibition dedicated to New Street. The *New Street Remembered* Exhibition, which ran from January to March, was constructed in the chapel to commemorate 75 years since King Edward's left the old Sir Charles Barry building on New Street. The occasion gave the school a rare opportunity to open up its archive to the public and display a selection of materials from its New Street days, including original architectural drawings by Charles Barry, newspaper articles and school magazines.

In March the Development Office held a lecture at Oxford University, which was given by John Hawthorne (1983), Waynflete Professor of Metaphysical Philosophy at Merton College. Over 40 Old Edwardians turned up to listen to Professor Hawthorne speak engagingly for half an hour on the subject of religious knowledge before enjoying a catch up with old friends over wine and canapes. The event was such a success that the school is hoping to make this an annual event, taking place in Oxford and Cambridge on an alternating basis each year.



Owen Wheatley (1950) and Alan Richards (1953) with their partners at the Donor Reception.

To celebrate the success of the Assisted Places Campaign during the 2010/11 academic year, a drinks reception was held in May for all donors who supported the scheme during this period. The reception took place on the top floor of Symphony Hall in Birmingham before the school's annual Summer Concert.

On a rainy evening in June a group of Old Edwardians visited the school to play three hockey matches against current students of the school. The OEs split into two teams – younger and older OEs - and the results of the matches were as follows: Older Old Edwardians 0-2 Current students, Younger Old Edwardians 1-1 Current students and Older Old Edwardians 0-1 Younger Old Edwardians. After battling it out on the hockey field, the OEs made their way over to the school's dining hall to enjoy a three course dinner and plenty of wine.





A group of OEs enjoying festive drinks at the German Market last year.

A special lecture dedicated to J. R. R. Tolkien was also held at the school in July. 2011 marked 100 years since Tolkien left King Edward's. To commemorate the occasion, over 200 Old Edwardians, parents and pupils attended the lecture, which was given by Old Edwardian Tom Shippey (1961), who is perhaps the world's foremost literary critic of Tolkien's works. The lecture, entitled 'Tolkien: The Books, the Films, the Phenomenon', was followed by a chance for guests to visit a small Tolkien exhibition in the chapel.

To end the year, in December over 50 Old Edwardians, former staff and current staff crammed into one of the stalls at the German Market for the school's annual OE festive drinks. As the temperature dropped to minus figures, everyone enjoyed catching up with old friends and former teachers over a free glass of gluvine. Despite the weather, a good time was had by all!

A number of reunions were also held at the school during the year.

1981 year group.





The Class of 1961 (Jim Evans is in the front row, fourth from the left).

Golden Anniversary Reunion

The Golden Anniversary Reunion for those who left the school in 1961 took place on Wednesday 23rd March. On arriving, we parked our cars on the old parade ground. Once the site of break time football this is now a temporary car park and, of course, part of the building site for the new Performing Arts Centre. That however was only the first change we met.

As we stared at each other, one or two faces were instantly recognised and what started as a few polite exchanges soon became a flow of reminiscences. The group that gathered was a mixture of very familiar faces and some, who had not been seen for the whole fifty years since "walking up the drive for the last time".

The school was seen during a normal working day. Comparisons with "our day" were inevitable, but everyone agreed that most changes were for the better. The "atmosphere" seemed vibrant and orderly. The master's corridor is now a thoroughfare for all and pupils seemed to see visitors as normal, which was most refreshing.

Every room has, of course, been upgraded since "our time" and indeed many new class rooms have been created to teach the larger numbers who now attend KES. Naturally there are an abundance of computers around, which were unheard of in 1961. The Library particularly seemed much more available and relevant to today's needs.

Among other items we visited the J.R.R. Tolkien exhibition in the chapel. (Yes we had a chapel in those bygone days.) On returning to the main school there was an opportunity to look more closely at the Performing Arts Centre which is already impressive.

In his own inimitable way John Cloughton told us about KES today. It is a story of drive and ambition to make a difference for the pupils and their community - and it is working.

We left with a feeling that KES has not stood still during the intervening years. The best part however was the confirmation that friendships made during our school days still endure.

Jim Evans (1961)

Reflections on a Reunion at KES on 8th October 2011

When it was suggested that I attend this reunion for members of the School who had left in 1971, I naturally hesitated. I do not want to live in the past. I am suspicious of sentiment. Any nostalgia about golden ages that were not really so is the indulgence of the self-deceived and in any case the effort to drive from North Kent to Birmingham on a Friday night even for a convivial evening, whilst having to drive straight back home thereafter to teach at 8.50 on the Saturday morning gave me pause for thought. I would not even be able to indulge my bibulous instincts. Naturally "they" would be after my money, paltry as it might cumulatively be in comparison with assets of the plutocrats and magnates of my era at KES who would not even consider showing up without the incentive of some gong, or other. Was it worth the bother? Am I really that sad?

It took about four seconds after arrival at the front doors of the School, so reassuringly familiar in their solidity, to realise that I had been right to travel up. Two courteous Prefects were there to greet me and I immediately fell into the shameful trap of senile reminiscence. "You know, young man, I taught the present Chief Master everything he knows about cricket. I was undoubtedly responsible for his four Blues. And what's more I am almost certainly his inspiration for the brilliant Double First that he gained in Classics at Merton all those years ago. That Claughton fellow certainly owes me. Oh yes. Not that he would ever own the truth of this of course. Ah, the ingratitude of the young, alas." And so I gabbled relentlessly on, while the tall and gracious Prefect on my right smiled sweetly, evoking faint memories of some visage from a dimly remembered past.



John Bilton (1971) Alan Homer (1971) George Worthington and Steve Hippiisley-Cox (1981).

As I was about to enter the hallowed portals after this pleasant interlude, I asked the charming youth who he was, for he had been most attentive. "Oh, my name is Claughton," he said. "I am the son of the present Chief Master and will be happy to remember you to him, if you will kindly tell me your name, Sir." There was no trace of irony in his voice, no hint of cruel amusement at my humiliation – just the kind of patient benevolence that gives time to the aged and the foolish to recover some semblance of dignity and self-possession.

From the urbane company of a seventeen year old at the front doors I walked inside to encounter face after face that remained recognizable even after forty years unseen. I could not recall whether they had liked me as a youth, or not, but I was pleased that they all greeted me with kindness and affection. There was nothing tawdry or insincere about our shared sense that all of us had something in common that had been of value, when we were children, an education that had helped to mould us and fit us for the different worlds into which we found ourselves migrating in adulthood. It seemed to make little difference what social or economic status we each enjoyed in middle age, for tonight we were meeting as equals once more, just as we had been in 1963, or 1964, when first we joined KES as Shells. It was pure joy to speak with people who had done such diverse things in their careers. It was good to learn that so many had enjoyed productive

lives and fulfilling careers. It was good to be reminded by the Chief Master in his brief address to the assembled company that there remains at School a vestige of that egalitarian ideal which sought to make an academic education available to boys and girls from a wide social background, without wishing to inculcate arrogance, superciliousness, or a sense of entitlement. I continue to hope that some at least of the Edwardians of today will seek to use their knowledge and their skills, carefully nurtured in their seven years at KES, in the service of others rather than in their own interests alone. If that happens, then my minuscule monthly contribution to the perpetuation of that ancient ideal will have been useful and my return to School for this reunion very worthwhile from every point of view.

Munna Mitra (1971)



Keith Phillips with Richard Thomson (2001) and Jamie Plotnek (2001).

London Old Edwardians dinner

For alumni who have never attempted to list the names of every student in their year group, I cannot recommend it highly enough. Frustrating at times, granted, but the sense of achievement when triple figures are reached is hard to surpass. Failing an outstanding memory – or, with a failing memory, as the case may be – it is an endeavour best undertaken in numbers. The record attendance at the London Old Edwardians Dinner in November, therefore, provided the perfect occasion to attempt the feat.



2002 group.



1961 group - Andy Packham, Jim Evans, Tim Austin, Ian Plenderleith, Roger Pritchett and John Osborne.

At the dinner, the Chief Master and current School Captain, Andrew Macarthur, both provided thoughtful speeches. Typically they were united in their denial that standards were slipping – despite evidence to the contrary with the water polo team coming only second in the National Championships. The speaker was Tim Franks (1986), the BBC's Sports News Correspondent and former Middle East Correspondent. His presence may have deprived BBC News at 10 viewers of his thoughts on Mike Tindall's reinstatement to the national squad, but his fascinating anecdotes at least provided reassurance that truth and integrity continue to be upheld by some parts of the British media.



2004 group.



The formalities were concluded with a rousing rendition of the school song – to the obvious and entirely understandable amusement of the on-listening catering staff at the RAF Club! Most then retired to the bar where a moment of inspiration meant that the 2002 year group could leave content: pupil number 126 had been identified - Dazan Alyanai, of course.

Simon Purkis (2002)

Tim Franks (1982) speaking to the dinner.

Old Edwardians Golf Society

The present year has sadly seen the passing of Chris Lockett, Ian Clemson and Peter Targett. Chris Lockett had been captain of our Cyril Gray team since its first entry to that competition with considerable personal success. Ian Clemson had been Treasurer of the Society for many years.

There are no great successes on the playing front to report. Our Halford Hewitt team faced very strong opponents in the first round. Hopes were high for our Cyril Gray team in the first round but were dashed. A disappointing feature of the year has been the struggle Martin Wilkes, our Secretary, has had to raise teams for some of the matches. Contrast this with the Autumn meeting held at Blackwell when a record 35 members and guests enjoyed a sunny day on a beautiful course.

There are opportunities to represent the Society in tournaments and matches and there is always space for more at the Spring meeting. For further information contact;
Frank Scouse, President
01295 780529
jscouse@onetel.net
or Martin Wilkes, Secretary
0121 666 6228 (work)
MartinWilkes@Christine-Lee.co.uk



Results

April 7 – 8 Halford Hewitt, Royal St Georges (Scratch Foursomes Match Play)
Round 1: Lost 5 – 0 v Watsons
Plate round 1: Lost 2 – 1 v Mill Hill

April 29 Match v School, Edgbaston
Won 4 – 2

May 6 Spring Meeting, Harborne
Old Edwardians Trophy (best net)
James Sherwood 88 – 17 = 71
The Golfer (best gross) Gary Meads 78
Best Stableford Tim Ireland 35 points

May 14 Grafton Morrish, Olton (Scratch Foursomes Stableford)
OE team unplaced

June 23 – 24 Cyril Gray, Worplesdon
(Over 50s Foursomes Match Play)
Round 1: Lost 3 – 0 v Liverpool
Plate round 1: Lost 2 ½ – ½ v Rossall

June 29 MK Foster, Little Aston
(Handicap Foursomes Stableford)
OE team unplaced

August 2 Match v Old Silhillians, Olton
Lost 3 – 2

August 15 Match v Old Veseyans,
Moseley
Lost 4 – 2

October 28 Autumn meeting, Blackwell
Buckley Salver (best net) Roy Stevens
86 – 15 = 71
Best stableford Iain Sawers 35 points
Best guest Roger Peek 31 points

Frank Scouse



The Three Musketeers at the BOEL Anniversary Celebration Dinner: Barrie Cooper (1948) Donald Beere (1945) Gerald Grant (1947) reminiscing about Tries not scored, Wickets thrown away and Mishaps in the CCF in days long ago but remembered with affection.

The Birmingham OE Masonic Lodge

On Thursday November 28th The BOEL 7115 celebrated its 60th Anniversary with a Diamond Jubilee Dinner at the Masonic Temple, Stirling Road, Edgbaston.

V. Wor. Bro. Alan Wellan welcomed present Members and Partners, Guests and Widows of past members to what proved to be the planned for splendid evening.

High quality food and wine was enjoyed by all. Wor. Bro. Paul Cumberlidge proposed the Toast to the Ladies which was most amusingly replied to by Joy Wellan. Wor.Bro. Bob James (1957) sang the Ladies song.

V.W. Bro. Richard Price (1953) will be Installed as Master on Thursday February 23rd at Stirling Road, Edgbaston and all Old Ed Masons will be most cordially welcomed and should contact Alan Wellan at wellan@cherry-cottage.co.uk Any non Mason interested in finding out more about Freemasonry and the BOEL please also contact Alan, or Michael Spencer at mikeoptom55@yahoo.co.uk or check the O.E. website.

School News



Round-up from the School Captain

If this short summary can do any sort of justice to the number of things that have been going on at King Edward's in 2011, I worry that it's going to end up reading like the football scores at the end of the news. I don't think there's really any way around that, though, so here goes!

With International Baccalaureate Diploma examinations being sat for the first time at the school in the coming summer, the first item to report is the last set of A-Level results. With 26% of entries awarded an A* grade and 68% either an A* or an A, the results saw boys succeed in securing places at their chosen universities, including 16 places won at Oxford and Cambridge.

The team for School Challenge (a "University Challenge"-style competition) was crowned national champions and while not doing school work or absorbing facts for the general knowledge competition, there has been no let up in activities on the stage or sports pitches either.

The 1st XV reached the final of the regional vase of the Daily Mail rugby competition and the 1st XI hockey team had a hugely successful season, achieving 2nd place in the Warwickshire Championships, qualifying for the Midlands cup and progressing to the semi-final stage. The water polo teams continued to record national success, being placed 2nd and 3rd nationally in the Under 18 and Under 16 competitions respectively.

The Senior Production (*Les Misérables*) contrasted strongly in atmosphere with the previous year's *Hairspray*, but was similarly a great success. So too were the Junior Production (*Skellig*) and the Syndicate Play (*Grease*).

Finally, after a busy-as-ever year, the music department bid farewell to the Symphony Hall in its last summer concert there (which including a very large scale rendition of Parry's "I was glad"). Future concerts will be held at the new Performing Arts Centre, which will open in 2012.

As this and previous overviews show, every year at King Edward's is filled with a huge number of events and the biggest challenge for every pupil is just trying to take as many of them as possible.

Andrew MacArthur



The Performing Arts Centre

The school's new £10 million performing arts centre is on schedule to be completed in April 2012. The building is now fully watertight and all internal plastering and underfloor heating have been completed. Over the next few months, the stage lighting and engineering will be installed and the external landscaping will begin. In April and May, once all the building work is complete, the music and drama departments will begin to move all their furniture in.

A festival to celebrate the opening of the new Paul and Jill Ruddock Performing Arts Centre will be spread over the Summer Term of 2012 and Old Edwardians of all generations are welcome to attend. There will be a music weekend from 16th-17th June which will include both an orchestral and choral concert and an opportunity to meet up with old friends. A theatre weekend, which will function as the main opening of the drama studio, will also take place from 29th June-1st July.

Further details on both weekends can be found on the Old Edwardians website at www.oldereds.kes.org.uk/pac-opening.

You can view a live webcam of the building work as it progresses on the Old Edwardians website at www.oldereds.kes.org.uk/pac.

It was announced in the New Year's Honours List that Paul Ruddock, whose generosity has made the building of the Centre possible, has been given a knighthood for his services to the Arts. We offer him our sincere congratulations - and, of course, our heartfelt thanks for his gift to the School.



Letters to the Editor

The speech by Lee Child (Jim Grant 1973) at Speech Day in July 2010 provoked a great deal of interest We print here two quite lengthy letters which take up some of the points he made.

From: Andrew Frost (1960)

Dear Editor,

Many thanks for the latest edition of the *Gazette* (Jan, 2011). It's a highly professional publication of which all those involved should be justly proud.

Aside from that, what has prompted me to write is the transcript of Lee Child's notable address at Speech Day last in July (2010). I know it was well received but I would take issue, on behalf of today's boys as well as my own generation of Edwardians, with parts of his message.

Only those present will have been able to gauge the tone of his delivery, though I imagine it was relaxed and, up to a point, quite light-hearted. However, to the extent that he was in earnest, I think he was mistaken on two counts.

Those of us lucky enough to benefit from an excellent free education at KES in the 50s and 60s were not, as he seemed to believe, brighter than similar boys today; no more able, energetic or ambitious. Of that I am sure; and would offer that assurance to any boy who on Speech Day may have felt in any way daunted by the comparison.

On the other hand, I don't believe my generation of Edwardians 'blew it', as Lee Child claimed, if by that he meant we squandered the advantages KES undoubtedly gave us.

O.K., we didn't all get to Oxford and Cambridge or go on to become Nobel Prize winners or laureates in our field or, for that matter, successful authors. What we did all gain from the

school was wider intellectual horizons and the abilities to think more fully, question more profoundly, express ourselves more clearly, and make better decisions. KES also fostered our respect for honesty, personal integrity and service to others. These things are no doubt as valued today as they were then.

I don't seek to detract from Lee Child's challenge to today's boys. But if any of them do end up as managers in the NHS or solicitors in Erdington, I hope they will appreciate that such is not the full measure of their achievements as men.

Yours sincerely,
Andrew Frost

From: Andy Stoker (1970)

Dear Editor

The speech by Jim Grant (the author Lee Child) at the 2010 Speech Day was both entertaining and thought-provoking, and I thank you for printing it in full. Jim makes several interesting points to which I would like to respond.

Jim suggests those born in the early 1950s "were probably the luckiest humans ever born." Assuming he means those born in Western Europe, he may have the makings of a valid argument. On the narrow point of access to excellent education, I was fortunate enough to be given free entry to King Edward's in the same year as Jim; a generation earlier, my mother, with a similar family background, also won a free place, which was reluctantly turned down when the costs of uniform and books were assessed in those straitened times. However, not all our generation was so fortunate.

In the late 1960s, three miles away from KES, my mother was secretary at a Primary School in Bordesley, which had installed several baths for pupils whose houses had none and which ran a daily jumble sale for the parents who had genuine difficulty clothing their children. At the same time, the population of KES was very different to the demographics of the city in which it stood. The 100 boys who entered in 1965 were indeed lucky – beaten though we were by the Robbins' *Excalibur*, Mr Guy's bunsen tubing, and the flat hand of one teacher, who used the other to grasp a forelock.

Jim asserts that some 50 boys of his year won Oxbridge scholarships or exhibitions and that we would have "eaten [the] lunch" of the current generation. I think the true number was probably about one third of that, helped no doubt, by the luxury of a third year in the Sixth Form to focus on the Oxbridge examinations. I see absolutely no evidence that the current generation need fear for its lunch, not least because we would be too polite to take it.

Jim did not raise this next point, but it interests me. How could the school measure the excellence of each year (or does it do so already?). Examinations would be one measure and here we would have to use something like the Contextual Value Added (CVA) measure, applied to state schools, which uses both the difference in academic attainment from entry to leaving and the home backgrounds from which the pupils come. As well as this, I would suggest a dashboard reflecting breadth and depth of academic study, extra-curricular activity, some (impossible) measure of the personal qualities of the pupils and a reflection of their lives after KES. I'd give up a lunch to see that – and I'd be very interested to see it compared to the same measurements applied to some Birmingham state schools.

And then, apparently, the golden boys who entered school in the mid-60s "...chickened out and settled for mediocrity. We all got nothing jobs, boring and safe, of no account whatsoever." Well, hardly. Not all of us. Rather more than the "three or four" that Jim allows. Our contemporaries seem to include – for example - a fair proportion of top ranking academics, high quality writers of various forms, those recognised by the honours systems, leading politicians and one who is re-designing the European system of civil law. Jim may be looking for world beaters and there have been only a few of that mid-60s cadre who could claim that: perhaps Tony Miles, Richard Borchers, Lee Child ... But most of us tried.

We overheard the good Canon advising the almighty that "much is expected from those to whom much is given" and we have done our best. Despite my efforts, I remain the engineering equivalent of Jim's Erdington divorce solicitor, a middle manager with only a few academic papers and a published limerick to my name. My mediocrity isn't for want of trying and I can only conclude that the best efforts of the school rescued me from worse.

Yours sincerely,
Andy Stoker

And now for something completely different:

From: Ian Harvey (1974)

Dear Editor

I received my copy of the Old Eds *Gazette* today and offer congratulations on a very professional production.

I feel I ought to start with the "I don't suppose you will remember me" line, but you taught me English for at least two years around 1967-70 and I was involved on the technical side in a number of the drama productions including a tour of the west country. I was also involved in stirring up some dissent in the last days of Lunt's regime at the school. I think the last time we will have seen each other was at a party that Paul Smith and I organised in Cambridge in about 1977 for a range of ex pupils and teachers. I learnt from the *Gazette* that Paul has ended up as Director of the British Council in Kabul of all places. He developed a taste for the exotic while we were at Cambridge, so it is not altogether surprising.

I was very drawn to English Literature, but was advised to go towards the sciences and it has proved the right choice. I ended up studying medicine and then moved into universities, first at Cardiff, then Bristol and for the last twelve years at UEA in Norwich, where I am Professor of Public Health and Dean of the Medical Faculty, which is one of four in the university. I am still, however, a pretty committed reader of fiction - which provides most of my pleasure after a long week's slog through the politics of academia and the NHS.

I remain in contact with a few old school friends, especially Scott Newton (a historian at Cardiff University), Dilwyn Griffiths (now working at the Financial Services Authority in London) and most recently Tim Craddock who has moved, coincidentally, to Norwich after retiring from the Foreign Office.

I rarely return to Birmingham, so have no sense of the way in which KES fits into the life of the city, but John Claughton conveys a clear bushy-tailed enthusiasm for the place. And as one reaches a certain age nostalgia becomes a sensation to be embraced rather than rejected. So, glad to see you are fighting fit and I look forward to the next edition

Best wishes
Ian Harvey

From: Christopher Price
(1954)

Dear Editor,

For more than 40 years I have ignored appeals for copy from *Gazette* editors. Partly this was because I didn't feel that I had done very much that would be interesting to others, but also my deep rooted natural indolence imposed its usual restraint. I am therefore slightly puzzled that your recent e-mail has prodded me into action; I think it may be because it was the first serious unsolicited communication to arrive in/at/on? my new iPad. Probably that which follows is not really what you wanted in which case you may of course exercise your editorial right and cut it, chop it, or indeed, simply bin it.

I came to KES in 1951 from York House in Hall Green. That was the year in which that extraordinary little school pushed, I think, 7 boys including 1 Foundation Scholar, through the entrance exam. I would be surprised if that achievement has ever been equalled. Names such as Wilson, Rothwell, Dowler and Wilkins come to mind ; Anthony Dowler was my closest friend, was my Best Man when I was first married and tragically died at the age of 42. With some sadness on my part I left the School in 1954, when my family moved to West Gloucestershire. I completed my education at Monmouth School, which was strikingly different to KES; at least they had a very good rugby team.

On leaving school I joined the Merchant Navy as a Deckboy. This mainly involved carrying food from the ship's galley to the crew's mess and then clearing up after each meal. On my first ship almost the entire crew were Geordies and it took me nearly 2 months to begin to have an intelligible conversation. After 3 months they were completely replaced by a crew of Glaswegians and I was back to square one. During the next 5 years I visited more than 20 different countries on 7 different ships and in the process clawed my way out of the mess-room to become a Navigating Officer on very large oil tankers. I then fell in love and realised that long absences at sea would be incompatible with married life, so resigned and sought employment ashore.

After a relatively brief interlude working in a platinum refinery I joined a large engineering company in London. Their enlightened personnel director took the view that, in spite of my obvious lack of a degree I was suitable to join their graduate management training scheme, so I moved into the world of computer programming and systems analysis. I worked on one of the first ICL 1900 computers, cutting edge technology in 1965, but I have been told it is now in the Science Museum! Further experience included production control, carbon brush and starter motor manufacture for the Lucas Group before I was persuaded that true riches were to be found in selling life insurance, so off I went.

Although this move was not, in itself, hugely successful it opened the door for me to join a leading firm of Lloyds brokers in the City. At 32 I had entered a world that I was to inhabit until I retired. The Lloyds connection took me to Bristol and in time I joined a firm of stockbrokers based in Bath. My role was to do all those investment, financial and tax planning things that stock-brokers don't do. However, Big Bang in 1986 led to a parting of the ways and my wife and I left and formed our own company. We ran this until 1996 when we sold it and retired.

Fourteen years ago we took delivery of a 50ft sailing catamaran which is now our home for 9 months each year. Having sailed extensively in the Mediterranean we crossed the Atlantic 10 years ago and apart from forays to the US and to Cuba we have spent our time cruising the islands of the Eastern Caribbean from the Virgin Islands to Tobago.

A year or so ago the Chief Master wrote in the *Gazette* of a school party which he had taken to Venice. He ended by noting that "it is a dark and lonely place, but someone has to do it". I am writing this at 0300hrs while we are sailing north, on passage from Bequia in the Grenadines to Guadeloupe, a trip of 175 miles. At present we are 25 miles west of Martinique, we have 20 knots of wind on the starboard beam and we are making 9-10 knots. The visibility is about 20 miles and we haven't seen another vessel for 16 hours. It really is a dark and lonely place out here right now, but we plan to go on soaking up the pressure as best we can.

Yours sincerely
Christopher Price

From: Andrew Turner (1960)

Dear Editor,

If the note about Andrew J. Turner (1960) in the 2011 issue of the *Gazette* refers to me, please issue a correction. The name is Andrew A. Turner, and since we three contemporaneous Turners (G.J., the late E.K. and myself) were usually known by our initials, the form you have given could be confusing to anyone who knew us.

Incidentally, the references to “outside activities” would be more accurate as “many railway and transport societies, including the Severn Valley Railway”.

Yours sincerely,
Andrew Turner

P.S. I apologise if this sounds too “Pooterish”

Ed: Not at all, it is our job to be as accurate as possible and we are grateful when mistakes are pointed out, especially when it is done as urbanely as your correction was.



From: A.R. ‘Tony’ Corley (1946)

Dear Editor,

Whilst browsing serenely through my collection of O.E. *Gazettes*, I was amused to discover that I was a Private G. S. C. (in issue n°164 of Dec. 1945) and that I had died on active service. Rather rum as I did not leave School until Easter 1946.

Fortunately nobody told me of my fate and, although somewhat dilapidated, I am still extant.

Is it too late for an apology/correction to be made or would that be tempting fate?

Hoping that you are still with us, I am yours thankfully.
Tony Corley

P.S. Incidentally, Peter Kendrick was also reported as having the same fate!

It is never too late, Tony. On behalf of the editor of “Issue 164” we apologise unreservedly for the gross misinformation put out in that edition. We are delighted to show that, as the accompanying photograph demonstrates, you are still alive and kicking in your Parisian pied a terre – Ed.

And finally...

From: Ian Hunt (1951)

Dear Editor,

Re. Ian Downing’s letter on page 29 of the January 2011 *Gazette*, together with his photograph, please let him know that I am the question mark in the photograph sitting next to Mr Craig on his left!

Regards
Ian Hunt

So, that’s one problem solved!! – Ed.

Notes & News

We are grateful to all the OEs who have sent in their news to the Office. Lack of space prevents our publishing all the one hundred-plus items, so we have had to select those which might have the widest interest. We hope those omitted will not feel spurned and will continue to "keep us posted" - Ed.

Robert Anchor (1943) has spent a week in Sicily

Alan Young (1945) has cruised the Three Gorges of the Yangtse River, still speaks Mandarin but has to confess that he has never actually lived in China. His home base is Malaya.

A.R., 'Tony' Corley (1946) is still going strong (see letters).

John Kaighin (1951) is a retired avionics engineer and has retreated to Banchory; (which, for those unfamiliar with Scottish geography, is seventeen miles west-south-west of Aberdeen and less than a day's march from **Stuart Palmer (1975)** at Tigh na Beithe Duthil, By Carrbridge.)

William Hetherington (1952) writes: "As honorary Archivist of the Peace Pledge Union, I have published a brief history, *Swimming Against the Tide - The Peace Pledge Union Story 1934-2009* (London, PPU). Another major activity has been compiling a database of every British conscientious objector of whom I have any trace - 8900 names so far. These include John Ounsted, who taught me maths in the Remove (we exchanged letters shortly before he died a couple of years ago) and my KES contemporary John Gunnell, sometime MP. I would be glad to hear from any other former CO or relative of a CO: I can be reached at: archives@ppu.org.uk

Bernard S. Adams (1954) reports from deepest, rural Hungary that life on the north shore of Lake Balaton trundles on its peaceful way. He has spent another busy year translating various novels and story collections into English from the Hungarian and has also presented papers to the Hungarian Academy of Sciences about Countess Katalin Bethlan and Prince Ferenc II of Transylvania. He strongly commends to all O.E.s his latest enterprise - *Letters from Turkey* by Keleman Mikes, a fascinating account of his exile in that country with the aforementioned Prince Ferenc II. So get out there buying, everyone! Don't get left behind.

Arthur Stockwin (1954) though officially retired from his professorship, continues to commute between Australia and Japan giving lectures at various universities. Recently he met the very-long-lost **John McCracken (1955)**, whom many of that vintage will remember as a most accomplished artist. The exact circumstances of their meeting remained shrouded in mystery. [Could this be another 'Tinker, Taylor, Soldier, Spy'?]

Roderick Whitfield (1955) is another long-time Sinophile; and one of our most eminent linguists. He has held a number of distinguished appointments in both this country and China and is presently Research Fellow at the Palace Museum in Beijing.

Harry Hibberd (1955) retired fifteen years ago after a successful career in engineering and mining. During his working life he spent time in southern Africa and south America, the Far East and the United States, building power stations and digging holes. He now spends his time travelling, visiting his daughters and grand-children and doing voluntary work at what used to be the Bristol Industrial Museum and is now called 'MShed'!

He warns "younger readers" to plan for retirement while still at work if they want to make the most "of this most rewarding period of life devoid of status-seeking or career development clashes." And so say all of us?

Roger Marks (1958) has "returned to the fold" after an over forty years absence. He was in time to join the Diamond Jubilee celebrations of the "Class of '51", (see the article in 'Miscellany') which he much enjoyed. Having taken the plunge he hopes to be more actively engaged with the OEA in the future.

Keith Bradshaw (1961) has reappeared just in time to celebrate the 50th anniversary of his leaving school. To make up for lost time, he revisited old haunts, attending Tom Shippey's lecture on Tolkien (see above) and having tea and biscuits bestowed upon him by the Chief Master. To his surprise much of the School was as it had been, though the ever-growing P.A.C. was a bit daunting. During his day-long visit he met contemporaries, Jim Evans and Maurice Haseler. It was, he told us, "a strangely emotional; experience.

Ian Plenderleith (1961) has been appointed to the London Board of Morgan Stanley as a non-executive director.

Sergio Carlo Maresca (1964) –

[formerly known as Sergio Carlo Tew] writes: “After having been out of touch with KES for almost 46 years, late one afternoon in May 2011, I popped into the old school for a “secret” visit, and a trip down memory lane. In an empty Big School, (empty except for empty desks – exam time!), I relived the glorious memory of being a younger member of the 1963 1st XV, scoring the three tries that defeated Denstone for the first time in many years and being asked to lead the team out of assembly on the following Monday morning

“I now travel the world giving keynote presentations, seminars and workshops in Italian, Spanish, French and English from my home base in Brisbane.”

Harry Irrgang (1969) reports that he has been talking in Polish, in Warsaw, to **Richard Felski, same vintage.** About what he did not disclose. (Yet more T.T.S.S.?).

Brian May (1969) has climbed Kilimanjaro.

Andy Downton (1971) has been appointed Pro-Vice Chancellor at the De Montfort University, Leicester.

Stephen Badsey (1973) after several distinguished appointments teaching military history at places like Sandhurst, has recently been appointed Professor of Conflict Studies at the University of Wolverhampton. He continues to write books.

Martin Dudley (1971) is now a distinguished and distinctive Cof E cleric and has recently been acting as one of the wise men in the St. Paul's fracas. He often wears a most comely cummerbund.



Mike Dilkes in Timbuktu.

Simon Inglis (1973) started his offering with the statement: “What a rotten lot we were – the famous 4C”. Despite this seemingly disadvantaged start, he has made a distinctive career in ‘Grub Street’ (his phrase again). He was recently in Birmingham and was “thrilled to return and walk round the old place”, though he added that he does not consider himself “Old Boy material – too much of a rebel.” He still supports Aston Villa.

David Lowe (1975) has now completed four years as Master of the Music at Norwich Cathedral. He is shortly to take up a six months Commoner Fellowship at St. John's College, Cambridge.

Paul Ruddock (1976) was knighted for his services to the Arts in the New Year's Honours List. In a phrase which he and many other O.Es will recall: “Well done, He!”

John Hemming (1978) recently hit the tabloid headlines when he became involved in a tug-of-love over a favourite moggie. He continues to do his duty as an independent-minded

Member of Parliament, for which we must be grateful.

Mike Dilkes (1980) has driven to Timbuktu in an old, battered Range Rover that cost him less than A£100. (He doesn't say where he drove *from!*) Faced with the imminent birth of his fourth daughter he has “sold his Ferrari, Lotus Evera and G-wagen.” Greater love hath no man than this!

Brendan Mulligan (1981) is “still alive”. [Good man, keep on truckin']

Will Downing (1986) decided to escape from the rat-race and opted to skipper his brother's ‘Bavaria 42’, (we assume that is a rather big boat?), from Gosport to Barcelona. Among the hazards en route was an encounter with a fleet of portuguese men o'war. The boat is now moored up down there while he has been inspired to study to become a commercial yachtmaster and teacher..

Andrew (Andy) Thomson (1989) has been selected to command the 5th Regiment, Royal Artillery, an appointment that he takes up very shortly.

Oliver Heslop (1990) writes: “With **Rowit Kushwaha & Miles Parker (also 1990)** have performed the fastest-ever tricycle expedition across the Atacama Desert.” They now intend to row a 6ft dinghy from Sri Lanka to East Timor – *blindfold!* Some people will do anything for a laugh.

Tom Armitage (1996) has just completed eight months in Kabul, working for the Influence & Outreach Department Of I.S.A.F, Afghanistan. We wonder if, at any time, he bumped into **Paul Smith (1974)** who, despite the bombing of the British Council Offices (and his own apartment), is continuing his sterling work as the British Council Representative in Kabul.

Richard Head (2000) reports that he has become an Accelerated Freefall Basic Instructor, though only in a probationary role at present! He is based in Lincolnshire.

Richard Harris (2001) has been appointed to a Fellowship in Head & Neck Surgery at the Royal Melbourne Hospital..



Charles Singleton by Ernest Shackleton's grave in South Georgia.



Charles Singleton (2006) is now an officer with the 2nd Battalion, the Princess of Wales Royal Regiment. He has taken part in the Ceremony of the Keys and the Changing of the Guard and has carried the Regimental Standard. He was also part of the Guard of Honour that lined the route on the occasion of *That Wedding* in April of last year. Perhaps one of his most interesting experiences has been entertaining to lunch three penguin chicks during an expedition to South Georgia.

Richard Head skydiving (Richard is in the white helmet).

The O.E. Register - Births, Marriages & Deaths

Births:

Mike Dilkes (1980) – apparently a birth was pending on 9th December 2011!
Andrew Stand (1987) – First son, James Andrew Stand, born on 2nd August 2011
Etienne Moore (1989) - Second son, Benjamin Luke Moore, born on 26th July 2011. Brother to Thomas (1).
Simon Thomas (1991) – Daughter, Ilona Thomas, born on 23 April 2011. Sister to Zachary (6) and Adrien (3).
Hugh Houghton (1994) – Daughter, Polly Margaret Mayer Houghton, born on 1st January 2011
Ishtiaq Rahman (1994) – Second daughter, Romaisa, born on 22nd August 2011. Sister to Tamara (2).
William Cadbury (1995) – Second son, Oliver Joshua James Cadbury, born on 11th December 2010
Rishi Das-Gupta (1995) – was also expecting his first child before the end of 2011.
Richard Head (2000) – Son, James Michael Head, born in 2011.

Marriages:

Carl Robinson (1987) – Married Kelly Jennings (from Ohio, USA) on 13th August 2011 in Oxford Register Office.
Rishi Das-Gupta (1995) - Married Zofia (nee Prokopowicz) in 2011 in the United States.
James Barraclough (1996) – Married Danielle Shennan in 2011.
Milan Thomas (1997) – Married Rebecca Morgan on 18th March 2011.
Vikram Banerjee (2002) – Married Lydia Carter (who he met at Cambridge) on 29th October 2011 in Poole.
Nirad Solanki (2007) – Married Payal (who he met in Prague) on 29th January 2011.

Deaths:

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

J.M. Day (1930)
William R. Adams (1931)
Peter Naish (1932)
Cedric K. Roberts, Rear Admiral, DSO (1936)
William R.G. James (1937)
Paul A. Kavanagh (1941)
Anthony Williams (1941)
Wilfred George Lambert, Professor Emeritus (1943)
James H. Haywood (1945)
Jon Callomon, Professor (1946)
A.J. Ireland (1949)
Peter Targett (1951)
Christopher H Luckett (1952)
Stephen J. Dunn (1960)
Robert A. Watt (1961)
Christopher D. Tyler (1963)
Ian P. Grainger Clemson (1965)
Anthony J. Hopkins (1967)
Simon M.J. Arrowsmith (1971)
Richard J. Berry (1972)
Jeremy B. Higgs (1975)

Obituaries

William R. Adams (1931): 1913-2011

Bill was born in Kings Heath and lived all his life around Birmingham and Stratford upon Avon.

He spent all of his KES time at New St and was very sad that due to ill health he could not attend the exhibition in 2011, but was delighted to receive a copy of the DVD and the 3D glasses. He remembered all of the site and many of the names of pupils and teachers.

His schooldays were not very auspicious, especially being overshadowed by the likes of Enoch Powell; however he did win the school mile and was the oldest survivor at the dinner held a few years ago. He represented the school at rugby and we still have his 1929/30 rugby cap.

After leaving he worked with his father at the Post Office in Bristol Street and played rugby for the Old Edwardians. Last year's picture of the 1932/3 team showed Bill on the far right back row. He was a scrum half and remembered fine games against Moseley and other senior teams.

At the outbreak of WWII many of the team, led by George Mountford joined the Auxiliary Fire Service and Bill served in Birmingham throughout the Blitz. He was then seconded to the RAF and sent to the Middle East, serving as Fire Prevention Officer throughout the region. He toured all across the Eastern Mediterranean and through Italy in this role.

On his return he married Betty, his wife for over 63 years and had 2 children David (who sadly died in 1994) and Stephen. He ran a highly successful wholesale stationery business based in Digbeth and Wolverhampton and enjoyed watching his sons play cricket,

rugby and hockey and was a member of Moseley Ashfield cricket club with several OEs, including Michael Edwards. He was chairman of the PCC at St. Martins in the Bull Ring and when they moved to Henley in Arden and then Wilmcote he was active in the church at Preston Bagot. He was fit and active up to the early part of 2011 and always retained a cheerful and charming disposition, even after Betty's death in 2009. He will be sadly missed by his family and many friends.

Stephen Adams

Peter Naish (1932): 1913-2011

Peter died on 6th September 2011, a few days short of his 98th birthday. At King Edward's School he won prizes for debating and the Chance Divinity Prize. From King Edward's he went on to Birmingham University where he studied English, French and Geography. Whilst at Birmingham he was very involved in the Christian Union and that association continued well beyond his time as a student.

After University he also completed a Certificate in Religious Knowledge at London University, before teaching at a succession of small prep schools. He continued teaching throughout the war as his strong Christian convictions led him to be a conscientious objector. Indeed, he was asked to leave one school as the headmaster, an ex-military man couldn't square it with his conscience to employ a conscientious objector.

In about 1942 he joined the staff of King Edward School Five Ways as a divinity teacher and enjoyed about 18 years there. In 1955 he married Scilla Jack, a former KEHS girl. They had 3 children who all attended KES or KEHS: Christopher (1975), Alison

and Rachel. In about 1960 Peter left teaching and started a second career as a Careers Advisor in Birmingham eventually running a small District Careers Office in Stetchford.

Peter's Christian faith was central to his life. As a young man he ran Scripture Union beach missions for children in North Wales. Later he was involved in leadership as an elder at Hope Chapel, Kings Heath and after he retired, at Bearwood Chapel. He also preached regularly at a number of small Baptist and Quaker meeting places.

A thanksgiving service for his life was held at Bearwood Chapel on 1st October and was attended by about 100 people including members of the Five Ways Old Boys Association.

Christopher Naish (1975)

Rear Admiral Cedric “Chico” Roberts, DSO (1935): 1924-2011

Rear-Admiral “Chico” Roberts, who has died aged 93, was born on April 19 1918 and educated at King Edward’s School, Birmingham. He volunteered for the Fleet Air Arm, learned to fly and in 1940 was commissioned into the RNVR, where he was always known as “Chico”. He was one of the Royal Navy’s most experienced aviators and saw action in two of the last century’s major conflicts

On August 12 1942 Roberts was flight commander of the two Walrus seaplanes carried by the light cruiser *Manchester* on Operation Pedestal, a convoy to supply the besieged island of Malta, when the ship was torpedoed by Italian motorboats off Cap Bon. Roberts, who was standing immediately above the area where *Manchester* was hit, saw the torpedo tracks approaching the ship. He remembered a great flash but nothing of the hours that followed; the next thing he knew, he was carrying ammunition to the vessel’s pom-pom guns, *Manchester* was drifting without power and listing heavily. The order was given to abandon ship, and she was scuttled. Of *Manchester*’s crew, 312 were picked up by the destroyer *Pathfinder*, but Roberts was in a group surrounding a raft which was being paddled and pushed towards the North African coast. At dawn the next day an Italian motorboat swept up and fired its guns over their heads. Demands for the name of the British ship, punctuated by bursts of machine-gun fire, were greeted by dead silence until a sailor stood up in the raft, shook his fist, and in colourful Anglo-Saxon told the “macaroni eaters” to go away. Roberts, expecting a burst of gunfire in response, tried to lower himself deeper into the water, but to his amazement the Italian boat turned away. When they

reached the shore, Roberts and his fellow survivors were interned by the Vichy French at Laghouat in southern Algeria. Conditions were appalling and several prisoners, weakened by starvation, died of disease. Roberts was rescued by the advancing US Army in November 1942.

After being released from internment in Algeria, Roberts was appointed personal pilot to Vice-Admiral Sir Lumley Lyster, the Flag Officer Carrier Training. In 1944 he qualified as a batsman with responsibility for signalling aircraft in to land on the moving deck of an aircraft carrier, and joined the escort carrier *Trumpeter* on Arctic convoys and mine laying duties off Norway.

A decade later he was involved in the Korean War. By now one of the Fleet Air Arm’s most experienced pilots, Roberts commanded 825 Naval Air Squadron in intense operations from May to October 1952, leading rocket and bombing raids on road and rail bridges, railway turntables, gun positions and warehouses. Things started badly. On the morning of May 16, after an unsuccessful attack on a radio station, Roberts made a second pass to photograph the target and was hit by small arms fire. Oil covered the windscreen and fire licked round him as he gained a little height and then dived out to sea. The flames went out as he switched off the fuel, but his engine died and his Fairey Firefly dropped quickly. Roberts managed to ditch five miles off the coast, and 25 minutes later was picked up by an American amphibious aircraft. He was back on the light carrier *Ocean* by tea-time. He was forced to make two other emergency landings: one in Seoul, when his tail hook refused to lower; another on *Ocean* after he was hit by flak and his engine malfunctioned. For his service off Korea he was promoted commander and awarded a DSO.



At the end of the war Roberts chose to remain in the Royal Navy and gained his bridge watchkeeping certificate in the replenishment carrier *Vindex*. By 1946 he was an acting lieutenant-commander in the light fleet carrier *Glory*. He was later senior pilot of 815 Naval Air Squadron, and commanding officer of 813 and 767 NAS, after which he was lent to the Royal Australian Navy as Deputy Director Naval Air Warfare, to help build up the Australian Fleet Air Arm. He then returned to Britain, where he commanded the naval stations at Portland (1962-64) and Culdrose (1964-65); he was Flag Officer Naval Air Command from 1968 to 1971 and appointed CB in 1970.

In retirement “Chico” Roberts farmed in Somerset before emigrating to New South Wales in 1979. He died on July 29. He married, in 1940, Audrey Elias, with whom he had four sons.

Obituary by the ‘Daily Telegraph’

William R.G. James (1937): 1921-2011

William James started at King Edward's when it was still based in New Street and had fond memories of his time at the old school. Among his most enduring memories were the fire at the "temporary buildings" and the time at the University afterwards.

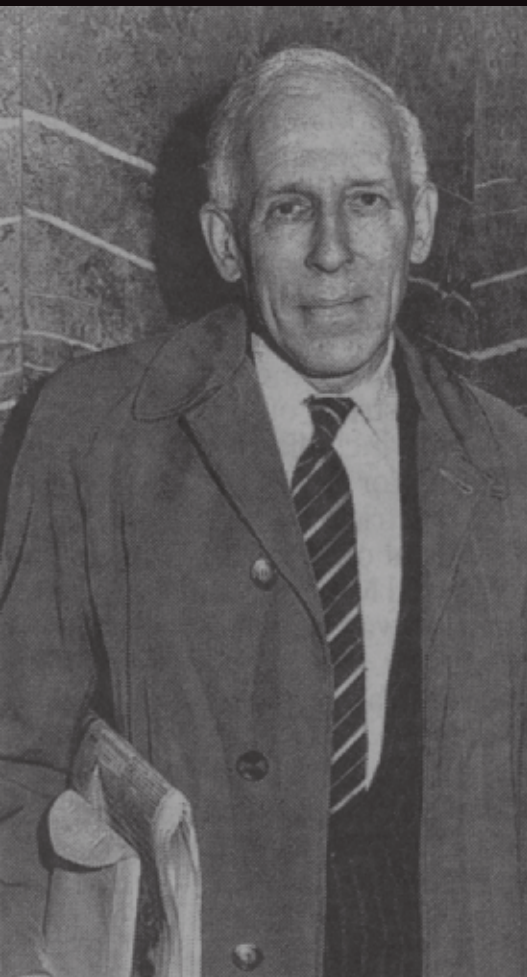
On leaving school he joined the Fire Service, then run by the City of Birmingham. He was employed by the City as a Local Government Officer for the remainder of his working life, a total of 43 years, finishing as a Principal Planning Officer.

Having joined the Territorial Army shortly after his eighteenth birthday he was called up on 1st September 1939; he was not finally discharged until the spring of 1946. Being too young to be sent to France he was taught to drive by the Army, a skill he put to good use the following summer when he was employed in collecting evacuees from Dunkirk from various ports around the coast of Kent. He remained in Kent throughout the Battle of Britain, supplying ammunition to gun batteries around the county. Then in March 1943 he was sent out to India, where he worked with the Indian Army. After the Japanese surrender he was moved to Singapore where he saw some of the survivors of the PoW camps – an experience that haunted him for the rest of his life.

In 1946 he returned to Britain, working his passage as a steward on the SS 'New Amsterdam'. Back in civilian life he returned to work for the City Council. He married his wife, Betty, in 1950 and they had two sons, Richard and David. He was always proud of the fact that he was an Old Edwardian and it was a particular source of pride to him in later life when his grandson, Stuart James (1999) also became a pupil at King Edward's.

After a long and active retirement, during which he and his wife travelled extensively, sadly he developed dementia which meant his going into residential care in May 2010. His condition steadily worsened, he was admitted to hospital in January 2011 where he died at the end of February, a week short of his 90th birthday.

David James



Wilfred George Lambert (1943): 1926-2011

Wilfred Lambert was born in Birmingham in 1926 and came to King Edward's in 1937. From school he went on to Christ's College, Cambridge where he took a degree in Classics & Oriental Languages (Hebrew & Akkadian). He gained his BA in 1946 and his MA in 1950

In the same year he joined the University of Toronto as a lecturer in the Department of Near Eastern Studies. From there he moved on to the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, USA to be Associate Professor and Chairman of the Oriental Seminary. He remained in the United States until 1964 when he returned to Birmingham to become first lecturer, then Senior Lecturer and finally Professor of Assyriology at Birmingham University. He retired from this post in 1993, when he was elected Professor Emeritus of Assyriology.

Among his many other honours he was a Fellow of the British Academy from 1971 until his death, Honorary Professor at the Collège de France in Paris in 1978 and an Honorary Fellow at the School of Oriental & African Studies in London from 1985.

He made numerous lecture trips abroad and produced many publications in Assyriology, especially concerning its literature. Among his works were: *Babylonian Wisdom Literature* (1960 and reprints); *Atra-Hasis: The Babylonian Story of the Flood* (1969 and reprints); (with Ira Spar), *Cuneiform Texts in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, II*, 2005; *Babylonian Oracle Questions* (2007)

An academic dedicated to his subject, his only pastime was playing the piano, which he did expertly. He never married.

(from information supplied by Alasdair Livingstone)



Professor John Callomon (1946): 1928-2010

Leading authority on Jurassic ammonites whose landmark discovery of their sexual dimorphism was dismissed by learned journals.

John Callomon was one of the world's leading authorities on Jurassic ammonites, those time-specific fossils so vital in dating rocks. One of the most significant developments in their study in the past 50 years was the recognition of sexual dimorphism within them, with females normally many times larger than the puny males. This was the independent work of two men: one the Polish geologist Henryk Makowski (1900-1997); the other Callomon.

John Callomon was born in Berlin in 1928, the only child of Hans Callomon and Gertrude, nee Steigmann. His father was an engineer with Allgemeine Electricitäts Gesellschaft AEG). Having seen what Hitler was creating, the family moved as refugees to England in 1937 when John was 9. AEG had connections with GEC in Birmingham, where the family settled and were approached by locals befriending those fleeing persecution. Among them were Horace and Julie Sanders of Erdington. Horace, a metallurgical engineer, was an equally enthusiastic geologist. According to Sanders, "John soaked up knowledge like a sponge" and, through Sanders, now 100 years old, Callomon started his lifelong fascinations with both engineering and geology.

Callomon went to King Edward's School in Birmingham (1940-46), where his interests in science were awakened

amid the wonderful stocks of the local library. He won an open scholarship to St John's College, Oxford, to study natural sciences, graduating with a first in chemistry in 1950. Then followed doctoral studies under Dr Harold Warriss Thompson in infrared spectroscopy at Oxford. Next came post-doctoral research in Ottawa under the Canadian spectroscopist Gerhard Herzberg, another refugee from Nazism, who won the Nobel Prize for Chemistry in 1971. This was one of the world's great laboratories in the field of molecular physics, where Callomon recorded how "he felt at ease in a world in which distances were a million times smaller, and events a thousand million times shorter than those within any direct human experience". In 1957, after another post-doctoral fellowship at University College London, Callomon was appointed to a lectureship there, rising through the hierarchy until he was awarded a chair in chemistry in 1981, retiring in 1993.

Before his arrival at Oxford, Callomon's taste for geology was whetted by Horace Sanders on West Midlands tandem excursions. This was extended at Oxford, where Callomon undertook detailed investigations of local Jurassic rocks, under the influence of the doyen of the study of Jurassic rocks, William Joscelyn Arkell, whose book *The Geology of Oxford* appeared in 1947. In the decades since, Callomon has been an equal leader in geology, across a number of different fields, as in chemistry. He pioneered the recognition of sexual dimorphism in ammonites and revised the *Treatise in Invertebrate Paleontology* on them. He made major contributions to stratigraphic knowledge of (mainly) Middle and Upper Jurassic rocks all round the world, but particularly in their boreal (northern) realm. His Greenland work, with Tove Birkelund, was rewarded with the Steno Medal by the Danish Geological Society in 1993, its centenary year.

Callomon brought his sanity and clarity of expression to 'the complex world of stratigraphic precision in geology (in the process reminding us how incomplete the geological record can be) and to the vexed questions of stratigraphic and zoological nomenclature'. Callomon was no amateur. He is better regarded as a vital "outsider" to geology, which has been enormously improved by his many contributions. His paper to the Royal Institution in 1984 on "The Measurement of Geological Time", stemming from his earlier training in exact science, deserves to be a classic.

As for his revolutionary work on sexual dimorphism in ammonites, this became a victim of peer review, when all his supposed peers proved unequal to the task. Callomon certainly has priority of discovery. He had already named, and separated, macroconchs from microconchs (the large and small sexes noted above) in a paper communicated to the Royal Society in 1955, and outlined his mature ideas in 1957 to the Geologists' Association. He was ready to publish his major paper in 1958 (while Makowski's similar work was submitted for editing only in December 1961, and published in July 1963). But Callomon's mould-breaking paper had finally to be published in the *Transactions of the Leicester Literary and Philosophical Society*, late in 1963 (by early September), after rejection by *Biological Reviews*, *Journal of Zoology*, *Palaeontology* and *Journal of Paleontology*; all four of which claimed, anonymously, that "it was not worth publishing". Callomon became a magnificent reviewer himself and rejected the whole idea of anonymity.

He is survived by his wife of 56 years, Esther, and their three sons.

John Callomon, chemist and geologist, was born on April 7, 1928. He died on April 1, 2010, aged 81+.

(obituary from *The Times*)

Alec John Ireland (1949): 1930-2011

John Ireland won the Knight Memorial Medal while in the CCF. From school he went on to Birmingham University where he gained a B.Sc. in Chemistry. After National Service and a spell as a research chemist in industry, in 1959 he joined the staff of Bromsgrove School. During his time there he was Head of Chemistry and a housemaster before retiring in 1990.

On the occasion of the annual Siviter –Smith rugby matches, he would wear his Old Edwardians tie – and shout for Bromsgrove. He was very proud of belonging to both schools.

Pat Ireland

Peter Targett (1951): 1934-2011

Peter Targett died on June 23rd 2011 after a short illness. Born in Birmingham, he spent his early school days at Handsworth Primary School, before being granted a scholarship to King Edward's School, where appropriately for his name he gained his colours for shooting.

After school he served his two years National Service in the REME in Nigeria, but came back to England at the earliest opportunity to be reunited with his bride-to-be, Jennifer Rudd, whom he had met whilst ice-skating when she was only 14 years old. They had started courting when she was 15 and enjoyed 52 years of marriage.

On demobilization Peter joined his wife's family business, E. Rudd & Co. Ltd., the nameplate manufacturers in Handsworth, founded by Jenny's grandfather, Ernest Rudd. Qualifying as a Chartered Mechanical Engineer, Peter took over the manufacturing side of the business as Managing Director, demonstrating considerable skills with his practical and innovative solutions to problems.

At the age of 40 he took up golf and joined Harborne Golf Club, where he made some close friends and became a valued member of the 'B' and Veterans teams. He was also a stalwart member of the Old Edwardians Golf Society and took much pride in representing his old school. He was a very steady proficient golfer and won many competition prizes. On one occasion, when aged 76, he shot an impressive 74 gross! Extremely fit and active, he was still playing golf five times a week and going for regular walks until shortly before he died.

Peter was a dedicated family man and extremely proud of his two sons, one of whom is the Medical Director to the New Zealand Rugby Union & All Blacks and the other a veterinary surgeon. He was always keen to help others with strong moral values. He was a very patient man who never lost his temper or became flustered and he had a lovely sense of humour.



Richard “Bez” Berry (1972): 1954-2011

On 1st February Richard Berry died at home in Abergavenny following a long period of illness. Bez, as he was known to many, made a significant contribution to the sporting and social life for the school and the Old Edwardian Association from his arrival at KES in 1965 to his untimely death in February this year.

At school Bez was a talented natural ball player with a casual style and maverick skills. The social side of sport was as important to him as winning cups or medals. His presence on school rugby tours was as essential for morale and entertainment as for the contribution he made with his eccentric full back play.

At a time when rules regarding hair and uniform were not rigorously enforced Bez made the most of the freedom this offered. He could often be seen cruising “Easy Rider” style down the Bristol Road past the school on a powerful “chopper” motorbike. After leaving school in 1972 he went on to graduate from Manchester University with a degree in mechanical engineering, which led to a long career in the motor components industry

In 1977 he had an accident which had a profound impact on the rest of his life. On Christmas Eve after an evening at the old Gun Barrels with school friends, he was knocked over by a car. The serious injuries he suffered resulted in the loss of his left leg. While this meant the end of his sporting career and the curtailment of many of his hobbies, he remained extraordinarily positive and determined to minimise the impact of this traumatic event.

Bez maintained an active interest in Rugby through the Old Eds, where he was treasurer of the rugby club for some years. He was an enthusiastic and opinionated spectator at Streetsbrook Road and maintained his contact with the club and members long after his career took him away from Birmingham first to Telford, then to Abergavenny.

Kidney failure, another result of the accident in 1977, led to a transplant in 1993. When this failed, his brother Mike offered Bez one of his own kidneys, and the subsequent transplant in 1997 (which was filmed by BBC Wales) gave him many more years of healthy life than he could have hoped for.

The numbers attending his funeral and their range of backgrounds – his large extended family, school friends, colleagues, rugby players, church members, locals – provided a testament to the impact this generous and extrovert character had on many lives.

He is survived by his wife Jane, and two children, George and Alexandra.

Paul Glover

C.D “Chris” Tyler (1963): 1952-2010

Chris Tyler was at KES from 1955 to 1963. He was a very popular figure in the School and, in his final year, became Head of Levett House and vice-captain of school rugby (to Russell Abrahams as captain).

After leaving Leeds University, where he read English, he went to work in Canada. He became a leading figure in Arts Administration in the Province of Nova Scotia and lived for many years in Halifax, the capital.

Contemporaries of Chris will remember him as a lively young man, with a great deal of sporting ability; they will therefore perhaps be surprised to learn that, in later years, he had a number of health problems which finally led to his death in December 2010.

He leaves a widow, Lynda, and two children, Simon and Jessie, by a first marriage.

Christopher Allen

Forthcoming OE Events

How to book

Old Edwardians will be invited to most events by either mail or email. If you would like to book a place or find out more about any of the events listed here please contact Sue Dickens, OEA Administrator, at oldeds@kes.org.uk or on 0121 415 6050. Further information and online booking can be found on our website at www.oldeds.kes.org.uk/ events.

KES in the City

A drinks reception and networking opportunity for Old Edwardians, current parents and former parents working in and around Birmingham. The guest speaker will be Andy Street, Managing Director of John Lewis.

Date: Thursday 23rd February

Location: Wragge & Co, Birmingham

Cost: £10

Diamond Anniversary Reunion

A reunion lunch for Old Edwardians who left in 1952. The day will also include a talk by the archivist, tour of the school and tea.

Date: Wednesday 14th March

Location: King Edward's School

Cost: Free

Golden Anniversary Reunion

A reunion lunch for Old Edwardians who left in 1962. The day will also include a talk by the archivist, tour of the school and tea.

Date: Wednesday 21st March

Location: King Edward's School

Cost: Free



Cambridge Lecture and Drinks

A lecture followed by a drinks reception. The lecture will be given by Professor Simon Szreter, Professor of History at St John's College, Cambridge.

Date: Thursday 15th March

Location: Cambridge University

Cost: £12 (£6 for OEs who are still in full-time education)

PAC Opening – Music Weekend

A celebratory weekend for all Old Edwardians, from KES and KEHS, who participated in music. The weekend will include performances by a scratch orchestra and choir, made up of OEs. There will also be a dinner on the Saturday night.

Date: Saturday 16th –
Sunday 17th June

Location: King Edward's School

Cost: £20 (£10 for OEs who are still in full-time education) for the weekend. The dinner is an additional £30 (or £15).

PAC Opening – Theatre Weekend

A celebratory weekend for all Old Edwardians, from KES and KEHS, who participated in drama. The weekend will include a 'play in a day' and an exhibition of past drama productions. There will also be food and drink available on the Saturday night.

Date: Saturday 29th June –
Sunday 1st July

Location: King Edward's School

Cost: £20 (£10 for OEs who are still in full-time education) for the weekend.

Donor Reception

A special drinks reception and concert in the new Performing Arts Centre for donors who supported the Assisted Places Fund in 2011.

Date: Friday 11th May

Location: Performing Arts Centre,
King Edward's School

Cost: Free

London Pub Night

An informal event for Old Edwardians living in London to catch up over a pint.

Date: Thursday 7th June

Location: The George Pub,
The Strand

Cost: Free – includes complimentary drink!

Year Group Reunions - 1972, 1982, 1992 and 2002

An opportunity to revisit the school and catch up with old friends from your year group over an informal dinner.

Date: Saturday 23rd June

Location: King Edward's School

Cost: £30

OEA AGM

All Old Edwardians are welcome to attend the AGM and enjoy a buffet lunch.

Date: Thursday 28th June

Location: King Edward's School

Cost: Free

OE Merchandise

A variety of new OEA merchandise is available to Old Edwardians.

Please order your item(s) by visiting the Old Edwardians website at www.oldeds.kes.org.uk/oe-shop or sending a cheque (payable to the "Old Edwardians Association") to Sue Dickens, OEA Administrator, Development & OEA Office, King Edward's School, Edgbaston Park Road, Birmingham, B15 2UA.



Bow tie (ready-tied) £10

A standard design ready-tied silk bow tie.



Cufflinks £10

A pair of enamelled cufflinks featuring the school crest in a smart presentation box.



Postcards £4

A selection of eight archive and current images of school life.



Bow tie (self-tied) £10

A standard design self-tied silk bow tie.



Ties £25 each

Alternative silk tie (left) and standard silk tie (right).



Golf umbrella £25

An eight panelled golf umbrella featuring the school crest on alternate panels.



Pin badge £3

An enamelled pin badge featuring the school crest.



Pen set £15

One ballpoint pen and one fibre tip pen in a presentation box.



Whisky tumbler £10

A glass whisky tumbler featuring the school crest in a presentation box.

Please note all prices include postage except for umbrellas and tumblers being sent to a non-UK address. Please add the £5 postage charge to any order which includes these items when placing your order

DEVELOPMENT & OEA OFFICE - Contact Details

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Stuart Birch

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