



KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL

CHRONICLE

2006

The Annual Magazine of King Edward's School Birmingham

Chronicle

2006

Contents

| | |
|-------------|-----|
| Hellos | 5 |
| Goodbyes | 15 |
| Features | 24 |
| Performance | 34 |
| CCF | 45 |
| Trips | 57 |
| Pictures | 77 |
| Words | 85 |
| Houses | 93 |
| Societies | 101 |
| Sport | 107 |

Editorial Staff

| | |
|------------------------------|--|
| Hellos & Goodbyes | Ashvir Sangha |
| Features | Rousseau Dasgupta |
| CCF | Charles Douglas |
| Trips | Sajjad Hassam & Tom Davies |
| Drama & Music | Jamie Scott |
| Words | Tom Duggins |
| Houses | Jeremy Rison |
| Societies | Adhuv Prinja |
| Sport | Henry Cathcart, Pascal French, & Atharv Tillu |
| Cover Art | Tom Davies, Wood Block Print (<i>front</i>) Iain Hutchinson, Wood Block Print (<i>back</i>) |
| Staff | Tom Hosty |

Editorial

Welcome to the 2006 edition of Chronicle. It has been said to me that this magazine is the best advertisement that the school could wish for: nearly a hundred and thirty pages of sport, societies, drama, music, adventure, ingenuity, travel and achievement, without a single word about lessons or examinations. Not that the latter aren't important: but they don't by themselves explain why KES is such an exciting school to be a part of.

A propos, I guess, of the return to the school this year of two Old Edwardians, in the shapes of our new Chief Master, John Cloughton, and our new Head of Chemistry, Richard Brookes, I have been thinking about what we carry away from our school days besides an extraordinary assortment of knowledge. Few of us, I suspect, end up remembering very much of what went on in the classroom: it is all the rest of it that lives in the memory. It is the CCF Expedition Weekends, the sailing on Friday afternoons, the play rehearsals, the school trip to Paris, your favourite corner of the Library or the queue for the Tuck Shop, winning the Cock House trophy or designing the school Christmas card, singing a solo at the carol Service or reading the part of King Lear at Shakespeare Society. There is so much more to school than the classroom, vital as what goes on there is.

And it's here. At least, a good deal of it is. At least, a good deal of it for 2005-06 is. So Chronicle is more than an advertisement: it is a record of the life of the school; it becomes, the longer you hold onto it, a record of part of what made you into the man you finally become.

So, as always, I need to thank everyone who made it possible. First of all, the Section Editors, whose names are displayed on a previous page. They were a good bunch: patient, conscientious, ready to do a great deal more than the necessary minimum and committed to making a good job of the magazine. Chronicle would not exist without them, and I hope that they take pride in the results of their work.

I need to thank Sandra Burden and Fred Rogers at the Resources Centre for turning mounds of, CDs and handwritten page plans into this glossy publication; Sandra most especially for the section banners; Bradley Spencer for overseeing the cover and the colour section; Chris Boardman for valuable support with photographs; and various members of the Modern Languages Department for their invaluable assistance with the production and proofing of content not in English.

Finally special thanks to all of you who wrote for the magazine: some of you were reluctant, others very generous. Some of you were so modest that you did not even sign your handiwork: I'm sorry that in some cases it proved impossible to find out who we should credit, so there are slightly more anonymous articles in this edition than usual. I hope that you will enjoy seeing your work in print anyway. Next time, remember to put your name on it: a little advertising never hurts!

Tom Hosty



Alistair Melvill

Classics

Chronicle: *Can you tell us a little bit about your career so far?*

Mr Melvill: I went to school at Haileybury, and continued by studying Classics at Durham University. Following my degree from Durham, I completed my teacher training at Cambridge University.

We gather that you were also an enthusiastic sportsman?

I used to play for the Arsenal U16 youth team and I went on to captain the Durham University football team. I also have somewhat of a passion for cricket, and I've played for the Hertfordshire County Cricket U19 team.

What attracted you to KES?

My friend Paul Mellor used to go to school here so I knew a little about the school through him: but King Edward's has a very good reputation, so it was an attractive job to apply for.

And has it lived up to your expectations so far?

Yes. The boys are very intelligent and hard working and I am enjoying teaching here so far; especially as my Shell class won the Classical Play competition.

Outside school, how do you like to spend your time?

I like to play a lot of sport and I often go for runs around Harborne in my spare time. Watching sports would also be high on my to-do list. What else...? I quite enjoy eating out and going to the cinema.



"The boys are very intelligent and hard working and I am enjoying teaching here so far"

And what about going to Broad Street?

You are unlikely to ever find me there!

If you weren't a Classics teacher, what would you most like to be?

A personal trainer for Vardy Housemaster, Mr Milne.

To conclude, the most important question. Who would be your Pin-up of choice?

Past? Helen of Troy; Present? Angelina Jolie.

Mr Melvill, thank you very much.

Mr Melvill's Favourite...

Film:

*Lord of the Rings ;
The Godfather;
Lawrence of Arabia*

Song:

*Love will tear us apart
(Joy Division) ;
When the sun goes down
(Arctic Monkeys)*

Book:

*Birdsong
by Sebastian Faulks;
anything by Bernard
Cornwell*

Sport:

cricket ; football

Food:

*"I once went to Melton
Mowbray..."*

“Not only does a language help you get a job in a different country but, more importantly, it allows you to get to know the people of that country in their own tongue”



Jessica Amann
Modern Languages

Dr Amann's Favourite...

Film:
North by Northwest
 (a bit of escapism on a wintry evening)

Song:
There She Goes (by The La's - it has that feel-good factor)

Book:
Middlemarch

Sport:
 Swimming

Food:
 Chocolate

Chronicle: *Can you tell us a little about your time before coming to KES?*

Dr Amann: As you know, I was a pupil at KEHS: after leaving there I went to Nottingham to study French and German for four years, during which I spent a year abroad in Germany. I stayed there for a while teaching English before returning to Nottingham to do my MA and PhD. I then worked for a year as a lecturer at Liverpool University, so I've stayed in the university system for quite a while before finally escaping!

What made you come to KES; did being an old KEHS student inspire you?

It was never my intention to come back, but once I had finished training as a teacher and the job came up at KES, it seemed like too good an opportunity to miss. Obviously I had very fond memories of being here as a pupil. It was just a lucky coincidence that it came up at the right time.

What is it about the study of languages that you like?

Languages are a fantastic subject to study, both in terms of the enjoyment of learning the language itself and then of using it in the wider world. Plus, it is a great way of learning about other cultures and being able to communicate with other people from different backgrounds. Not only does a language help you get a job in a different country but, more importantly, it allows you to get to know the people of that country in their own tongue, which is great. I would encourage everyone to study languages.

You're the only Modern Languages teacher here with a PhD: what did you choose to study?

I really enjoyed studying at university and I had in mind to carry on working in the university system, so a PhD seemed the right thing to accomplish. I did a thesis on German literature of the 1990s, which involved spending time in Germany doing some research. So I have specialised more in German than in French. But one of the nice things about going into teaching has been reviving my French, because it is a language that I loved as an undergraduate. As I did my MA and PhD in German, I started to lose touch with French, although I went over to France quite a lot. It has been really nice getting back into it and I enjoy teaching the two languages equally.

What is the most adventurous thing that you have ever done?

I think the most adventurous thing has been going to work abroad: arriving in a city like Munich not knowing anybody and with nowhere to live. Then having to sort out all the practical things and getting to know people. That is always challenging, whatever age you are. I think I would still find that challenging now. But it is definitely an enjoyable thing to do as well.

Dr Amann, thank you very much.

"I chose to do this because it combined my two favourite types of Chemistry, organic and inorganic, and because this is a fairly new, cutting-edge field of research, which people have won Nobel Prizes for"



Aidan Hayes

Chemistry

Chronicle: *Mr Hayes, could you tell Chronicle a little about your time before joining KES?*

Mr Hayes: I went to school in Redditch, just down the road. After my A-Levels I spent a year working in a research lab as part of my GAP year before going to university in Warwick. I had a wonderful three years doing my BSc and then began work on my PhD, which I am still working on.

And what made you decide to go into teaching?

Although the research I was doing for my PhD was enjoyable and I had a great GAP year, I began doing more lecturing and tutorials, working part time, which I really took pleasure in. This is really what attracted me to teaching. Having done some teaching already meant that moving on to a secondary school, although a different challenge, was the natural choice and a progression from what I was already doing.

What do you like to do in your free time?

My main hobby is basketball, which I played throughout school and university as a shooting guard. Aside from my basketball I am fairly outgoing and enjoy being out and about in general.

Chemistry, as you once stated, is a very volatile subject. Have you ever been in any explosive situations?

Of course I have had my fair share of experimental blunders and mistakes, with things regularly going wrong or not as planned. The most

memorable has to be one case in my GAP year: we were working in a huge plant when one of our experiments went wrong and we accidentally blocked up the reactor, putting it out of service for two days, which was a bit of a costly error!

You are relatively new at KES, but do you have any plans for the future?

Well, I'm only a newbie here just yet: I plan to stay here for at least three or four more years. I can't say I have any major plans for the immediate future but I would love eventually to have a major influence on the Department. I really can't see myself going anywhere else to teach, so you will be seeing me around for a while!

You mentioned that you're mid-way through your doctorate. Could Chronicle hear a bit more about that?

At the risk of boring everyone, the official title, if I can remember it, is "The synthesis and evaluation of new ligands for use in the asymmetric transfer hydrogenation of ketones" [puzzled look from interviewer]. This basically means that I am looking at methodologies that could be applied by pharmaceutical companies so that their drugs could be used more efficiently. I chose to do this because it combined my two favourite types of Chemistry, organic and inorganic, and because this is a fairly new, cutting-edge field of research, which people have won Nobel Prizes for. Unfortunately not me though.

Mr Hayes, thank you very much.

Mr Hayes' Favourite...

Film:
White Men Can't Jump ;
Spanish films (especially
Pedro Almodovar's work)

Song:
anything by Jeff
Buckley or Damien
Rice ; rock music going
towards Pearl Jam and
Soundgarden

Book:
100 Years of Solitude

Sport:
Swimming

Food:
homemade Lasagne
(which I try to make
myself)

Element:
Ruthenium (as it's what
I used in my PhD)

“I like the way that all the boys just get on and help each other, and there’s a nice sense of fair play around the school. It just feels like a good community.”



Elaine Sigston
Design Technology

Chronicle: *Ms Sigston, you’ve been here for about half a year now; what did you do before KES?*

Ms Sigston: I previously taught at The John Lyon School in Harrow, which is also a boys’ independent day school: I was there for six years. It’s a day school to Harrow School; it was set up as part of the Harrow Foundation. Before that, I taught at a boarding school for six years.

What are your first impressions of KES?

I’m really impressed with King Edward’s School. The atmosphere’s great. Even though it’s a bigger school than my previous one, there’s community spirit: I like the way that all the boys just get on and help each other, and there’s a nice sense of fair play around the school. It just feels like a good community.

What do you like to do outside school?

As in hobbies, interests? I do various things: scuba diving; outdoor things; DIY, having just moved house, which is taking up far too much time; and just going out and about and discovering the new area I’ve moved into.

Why did you choose DT?

It almost chose me! Many years ago my best subjects were Art, Maths, Physics, and Applied Science, which was an unusual combination. Going along the Art & Design route, I ended up doing industrial and product design, which linked into teaching Design Technology. The reason

I went into teaching is because every day is different; it’s certainly not a 9-to-5 job, which I did do for a short period of time and hated.

Have you had any exciting DT-related accidents?

No, touch wood!

Can you tell us a little about your involvement as a second lieutenant in the CCF?

Yes. When I applied for the job at King Edward’s, my CV listed various interests and previous jobs and things I’ve done. 11 years ago I was actually an officer in the Cadets at a previous school. So, when I came to King Edward’s I was asked if I’d be willing and able to help with the Cadets. I’ve always been in the Army section. It’s the best – it’s really good for boys to be able to go on the expeditions, undertake combat training, and get the enjoyment and understanding of the weapons, as well as the parades.

Ms Sigston, thank you very much

Ms Sigston’s Favourite...

Film:
I don’t tend to watch films!

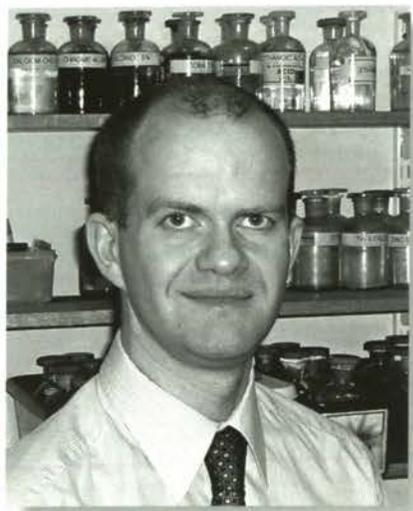
Song:
I have lots!

Book:
Wild Swans

Sport:
Rugby (I don’t go weekends without seeing a match!)

Food:
Italian

DT Machine:
The circular saw and the band saw (They save a lot of time and effort!)



Tony Dean
Chemistry

Chronicle: *Could you start by telling us a little about your background?*

Mr Dean: I studied Chemistry at Keble College, Oxford, and then spent a couple of years as a brewer at Banks's in Wolverhampton, which was an interesting experience. I did teachers' training and, following that, spent two years at a comprehensive school in Walsall. Then, I worked for two years at a school in Cairo before coming here.

How did you find working and living in Cairo?

It is a very interesting and fascinating place to live. I enjoyed seeing the historical sights as well as the experience of another culture. Another plus was that the weather was excellent!

How high is the standard of Chemistry in schools in Egypt when compared to that over here?

In the private schools, they follow an international syllabus and do GCSE's and A levels. The standard of students is comparable to the standard of the best students in this country. The standard of English was also excellent. In the state schools in Egypt, they have all the problems associated with any developing country in terms of resources. For example, the class sizes are disproportionately large and the resources to conduct practical experiments are limited.

What were your first impressions of King Edward's School?

Very good! In comparison with my previous schools, the Science Department at KES is very well equipped. There is a civilised atmosphere: the staff as well as the students are courteous and friendly.

If you were able to name an element in the periodic table, what name would you choose and why?

"I would like to name an element after Mario Malina, who worked out the science behind the hole in the Ozone Layer. I would have to call it Malinium!"

Most of the newer elements are named after nuclear physicists. I believe that it is rather unfair that people who stumbled across elements in their attempts to make nuclear bombs have had their names plastered all over the periodic table. I feel that chemists should be given more credit! I would like to name an element after Mario Malina, who worked out the science behind the hole in the Ozone Layer. I would have to call it Malinium!

In light of the fact that the number of Chemistry undergraduates has been in steady decline for a number of years, where do you see the future of the subject in this country?

I think that too many students are viewing Chemistry as a means to an end, particularly those who are wishing to pursue careers in medicine. We should try harder to advertise Chemistry as a subject in itself; it is chemists doing research who are discovering new substances that are beneficial to mankind. I feel that Chemistry is a highly rewarding and satisfying degree that challenges all your intellect.

What are your interests outside Chemistry?

I am primarily a musician and I sing in a choir. I also enjoy doing exercise; I cycle to and from school every day. Put it this way: I don't read *New Scientist* magazine outside school.

What is your opinion of life in Birmingham, compared with Oxford or Cairo?

I think that Birmingham is a great city. I have chosen to stay in the West Midlands since I graduated. Birmingham has very good recreational facilities, primarily where music, theatre and the arts are concerned. I feel that here you have the advantages of a big city but the pace of life is slightly more relaxed, giving you the best of both worlds.

Mr Dean, thank you very much

Mr Dean's Favourite...

Film:
Heat (directed by Michael Mann)

Song:
Feel Good Inc. (Gorillaz)

Book:
Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy (Douglas Adams)

Sport:
Rowing

Food:
Home-made curry

“What I value as a schoolmaster and in education is the idea of excitement, of enthusiasm and the passion of teachers. I would like to make the school as exciting a place as possible for the kids to be in.”



Before: as a KES pupil

John Cloughton
Chief Master

Chronicle: *Can you tell us something about your career to date?*

Mr Cloughton: When I left university, I played one season's cricket for Warwickshire. I might just have made it as a professional cricketer, but I had a knee which wasn't great. So I spent two years working in a merchant bank – NM Rothschild's in London – and soon realised it wasn't for me. Alexandra, who is now my wife and was my girlfriend, asked me what I enjoyed doing, since I was so miserable: I said "Latin and Greek". So she said 'Well, go and teach then'. I did two years first of all at Bradfield, a boarding school near Reading, followed by seventeen years at Eton College. I taught Latin and Greek there and was in charge of the cricket for 11 years. In my last four years at Eton, I was a House Master. At that point, one or two of my friends suggested that I ought to be applying for headships. I did, and Solihull came up. I think the fact that I was local, having been at school here, helped. And after four years at Solihull, eighteen months ago, I found myself applying for this job as Chief Master.

From first impressions, how does this school seem to differ from Solihull?

I think you're conscious of the sense of tradition and achievement in this school. I think the younger kids here are a bit quieter than at Solihull. Another main difference is the fact that at Solihull, there were sixty or seventy girls in the Sixth Form.

I believe you played a role in making Solihull co-educational?

The Sixth Form had been co-educational for thirty years. My innovation was bringing girls in at 11+,

and into the Junior School from September 2006. I felt that being mixed was right for Solihull. It meant that it had a particular thing to offer in the West Midlands. Almost the only independent schools left which haven't gone co-educational are schools like this one, which have a sister girls' school in the same town or on the same site. Solihull was a sort of hybrid: with girls in the sixth form, why not have girls all the way through? I felt that the boys and girls working together was very constructive and positive in both social and academic terms.

Do you have similar plans for this school?

No, I don't. I think there's a move towards greater integration. Clearly there's always been integration in activities like Music and Drama, and now there's also growing integration in subject terms. This might ensure that certain minority subjects survive, or enjoy larger numbers: or it might mean that the two schools could offer a wider range of subjects at A Level, which might benefit pupils in both schools.

What are your plans more generally?

This interview is taking place after a month of me being here, and I think it's presumptuous to start saying what "your plans" are. I've said to the Common Room that I think my job is to see what the school is like, see what its strengths are and identify areas where we might improve it. However, I can talk about values: what I value as a schoolmaster and in education is the idea of excitement, of enthusiasm and the passion of teachers. I would like to make the school as exciting a place as possible for the kids to be in.

Mr Cloughton's Favourite...

Film:
Toy Story 2

Song:
Tom Traubert's Blues (Tom Waits)

Book:
Proust (an extraordinary insight into human existence from the most intelligent man ever to set pen to paper); War and Peace

Sport:
Cricket

Food:
Pasta (it's what I eat most)



After: as Chief Master

How do you feel, returning as Chief Master to a school you were once a pupil at?

Returning to my old school as Head means a great deal to me. When it becomes a possibility that you could become Chief Master, that thought becomes incredibly exciting.

And in what ways do you feel the school has changed?

There is a strong sense of high activity: kids want to learn and lessons are very purposeful. The school does a lot more now in terms of activities, in terms of expeditions and in terms of sports. It is fascinating that the school feels so similar in many ways and yet there can be hardly any school in the country that has had such a massive change in the nature of its pupils, in terms of their cultural and ethnic backgrounds. There were five non-white kids in the school when I was here: now it is high on 50%. And yet, in so many ways, you would not feel it. That is an extraordinary achievement in terms of integration. One thing I would like us to think about is whether this school, having changed so massively in its cultural and ethnic background, takes that on board and celebrates that, or whether, to some degree, it still pretends it's the same school as it was in 1974. Undoubtedly it is not.

How does it feel to have been taught by some of the present KES staff?

Mr Lambie, Mr Worthington, Mr Stead and Mr Birch are all people whom I knew pretty well through sport and through Classics. I caught Mr Stead doing up his tie before speaking to me, in an ironic turnabout! Being able to see half a

dozen faces I've known for 30 years made the first Common Room meeting rather less daunting. Mr Russell is another teacher I remember. He wrote, with good cause, a rather damning report about me! I couldn't do Chemistry very well and I am not sure if I behaved very well.

Other teachers who are now here were also pupils at the school with you. Indeed, one such example is our very own Chronicle Editor in Chief, Dr Hosty.

Yes, I think Tom was a year above me. In his generation, Tom was one of the most able academics. Having a man of his ability teaching at this school is a fantastic gift to the pupils.

What are your most striking memories of KES?

I have very vivid memories of being taught Greek by Richard Smith and I can even remember the lesson that convinced me to become a classicist. I remember mainly the feeling of being involved in a world class organization. I thought that no one could be getting a better education anywhere. Nick Hornby writes in *Fever Pitch* that, when you're an Arsenal fan, at least you know that at 3 o'clock on a Saturday the only place you want to be is at Highbury. I think quite a lot of my fellow pupils felt the same way about this school: there was no place in the world we'd rather have been. I hope that's still the case.

Do you think that education should be more about exam results or producing rounded individuals?

Obviously, the latter. Your time at school is quite a large chunk of your life: it is not a *preparation* for life, it is 7 years of your life! Schools should show people all the things beyond exams. If schools can do that, I believe that kids enjoy school more, are more committed to what they are doing and actually end up doing better. The more fun a school is, the better the kids do in it. I would not want this school to be pursuing exam results as a main target. If exam results improve because the school is a lively, vibrant, exciting place, then I would be delighted.

You've started to teach Shells Latin. Is this a sign of the personal approach you will take?

I suppose so. The main reason is that I love teaching. It also means that I will meet more kids. I do think one of the great things a Head can do in a school is to be visible: being there, for a Chief Master, is very important. It lends support to what the kids and staff are doing. That, in the end, is a very important part of what you must do when being in charge of something.

Mr Cloughton, thank you very much

“Schools should show people all the things beyond exams. If schools can do that, I believe that kids enjoy school more, are more committed to what they are doing and actually end up doing better.”



Mario Franz
German Assistant

Mr Franz's Favourite...

Lieblingfilm:
Eternal Sunshine of The Spotless Mind ; High Fidelity

Lieblingslied:
With Or Without You (U2); Creep (Radiohead)

Lieblingsbuch:
Soloalbum (Benjamin von Stuckrad-Barre) ; Schlafes Bruder (Robert Schneider)

Sport:
Cricket

Lieblingsessen:
Sauerbraten mit Kartoffeln und Salat

Chronik: Kannst du uns über dein Leben bevor KES erzählen?

Mario: Ich habe vorher Englisch und Sport studiert und wenn ich zurückkomme, mache ich das auch weiter und ich hoffe natürlich, daß mir Englisch etwas leichter fällt. Ich habe früher auch ziemlich gut Tennis gespielt. Während meiner Schulzeit war ich auf vielen Turnieren und bin viel im Ausland herumgereist. Ich spiele immer noch in einem Verein und in einer Liga aber nicht ganz so viel wie früher.

Warum hast du dich entschieden, nach KES zu kommen?

Ich wollte nach England kommen, um die Sprache richtig zu lernen und außerdem müssen wir in Deutschland für das Studium ein Schulpraktikum machen, wenn wir Lehrer werden wollen, aber für die King Edward's Schule habe ich mich nicht direkt entschieden. Ich habe nur für die Midlands angegeben und der Rest war einfach Glück.

Was war dein erster Eindruck von der Schule, als du angekommen bist?

Mein erster Eindruck war direkt sehr positiv und ich war sehr beeindruckt von dem Gebäude und vor allem auch den Sportmöglichkeiten. Als ich die ganzen Rugbyfelder gesehen habe, das hat mich sehr beeindruckt.

Und was meinst du jetzt?

Mein Eindruck ist immer noch gut und ich bin sehr überrascht vom Sprachniveau, weil es doch höher ist, als ich gedacht habe. Außerdem ist die Atmosphäre sehr nett. Sowohl zwischen den Schülern aber als auch zwischen den Lehrern.

“Mein erster Eindruck war direkt sehr positiv und ich war sehr beeindruckt von dem Gebäude und vor allem auch den Sportmöglichkeiten.”

Wie findest du Birmingham?

Birmingham hat mich auch überrascht, weil es in Deutschland einen ziemlich schlechten Ruf hat. Aber ich finde es eigentlich schön. Es hat viele Parks und es gibt auch viel zu tun. Ich bin einem Tennisclub beigetreten, und die Stadt gefällt mir auch sehr gut.

Wie kann man das deutsche Schulsystem mit dem englischen Schulsystem vergleichen?

In England dauert die Schule länger als in Deutschland und fängt später an. Sie dauert bis zehn nach vier. In Deutschland fängt man teilweise um halb acht an. Dafür war ich dann um ein Uhr fertig. Das hat mir eigentlich besser gefallen, weil wir genau so viel gelernt haben. Wir haben genausoviel Stunden gehabt aber nur einen halben Tag. Das hat mir besser gefallen. Andererseits finde ich super wie hier an der Schule auch Sachen gemacht werden wie Gedichte schreiben, Musik komponieren und Theaterkurse und Filmkurse. Das das angeboten wird hätte ich mir an meiner Schule auch gewünscht. Es gefällt mir sehr gut.

Wie wichtig ist es, dass Leute beides Deutsch und Englisch sprechen sollten?

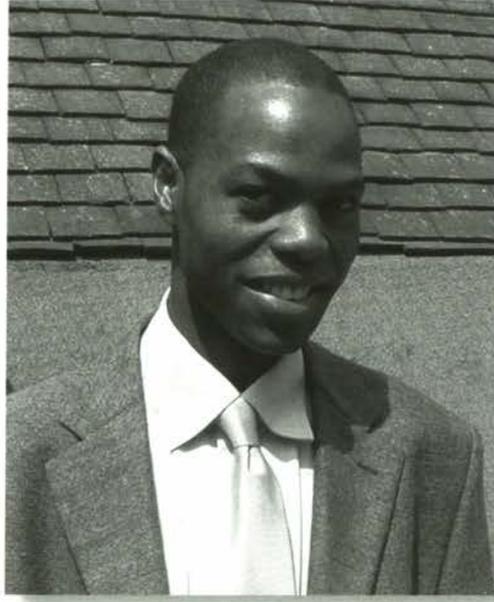
Englisch ist natürlich sehr wichtig, weil es die Weltsprache ist. Man kann sich überall auf der Welt verständigen, aber ich glaube Deutsch ist auch wichtig, weil es viele Firmen in Deutschland gibt und deswegen ist es im Businessbereich, was bestimmt hilfreich, wenn man auch Deutsch spricht. Außerdem hilft es dabei andere Sprachen schneller zu lernen, wenn man eine Sprache lernt. Und nicht zuletzt ist Deutsch mittlerweile fast eine exotische Sprache. Es gibt nicht so viele Leute, die Deutsch sprechen.

Was wirst du nach KES machen?

Nach King Edward's will ich zurück nach Deutschland gehen und werde mir anschauen, wie Deutschland Weltmeister wird und dann mache ich mein Studium fertig und später, hoffe ich, dass ich dann Englisch und Sport an einem Gymnasium unterrichten werde.

Vielen Dank für das Interview

“J’ai eu l’impression d’arriver dans une ville plutôt cosmopolite, culturellement riche, et qui n’a certainement pas grand-chose à envier à la plupart des grandes villes dans le monde.”



Manuel Magaia

French Assistant

Chronicle : Parle-moi de ce que tu as fait avant de venir à KES?

Manuel: Avant de venir à KES, je préparais une Maîtrise de Français Langue Etrangère et une Maîtrise d’Anglais. En même temps j’enseignais le Français et le Portugais dans une école privée à Montpellier.

Quelles ont été tes premières impressions de KES et de la ville de Birmingham?

J’ai eu l’impression d’arriver dans une ville plutôt cosmopolite, culturellement riche, et qui n’a certainement pas grand-chose à envier à la plupart des grandes villes dans le monde. Le temps qui passe ne fait que me confirmer cette réalité de choses.

Quant à KES, je trouve que c’est un lieu extraordinaire pour étudier et pour travailler. Toutes les conditions y sont réunies pour faire des élèves et des enseignants comblés. Par ailleurs, il m’a été réellement agréable de constater combien tous les départements dans cet établissement regorgent de gens accueillants, serviables, attentifs aux autres; d’enseignants et d’élèves aux talents multiples qui rendent possible une vie socio-culturelle et intellectuelle hors-pair. C’est fascinant et stimulant de travailler avec des élèves et des enseignants de cette qualité.

Comment as-tu trouvé l’acclimatation en Angleterre?

Je m’étais psychologiquement préparé à des conditions climatiques pires que celles que

j’ai trouvées à Birmingham. A vrai dire je suis un peu déçu de ne pas voir assez de neige et pratiquement pas de brouillard; mais tout le monde parle anglais alors je suis heureux car c’est là l’essentiel de ma quête.

Est ce qu’il y a des leçons que nous, les anglais pouvons apprendre des français?

1. Vous avez la meilleure et la plus belle langue du monde: “If the God of literature has only one divine son, it is surely Shakespeare and he wrote in English” (Godfrey Howard).
2. Vous êtes le berceau de la révolution industrielle. Vous possédez une richesse intellectuelle et culturelle hors du commun.
3. Vous avez une monnaie plus forte que l’euro et le dollar.

Que peut-on demander de plus à la vie? Ah, si: peut-être

1. Introduire en Angleterre l’idée de “journée sans ma voiture”
2. Apprendre à mieux faire la baguette.

Quels sont tes projets d’avenir?

Apprendre l’Anglais comme il faut; puis préparer un doctorat. Et, un jour, traduire l’oeuvre complète de Shakespeare dans quelques langues Bantous; et enseigner l’anglais, bien sûr.

Manuel, merci beaucoup.

Merci à vous

Mr Magaia’s Favourite...

Film:
Les 10 Commandements

Song:
Why (The King of Love is Dead) par Nina Simone

Book:
La Sainte Bible

Sport:
Le jogging



Richard Brookes
Chemistry

Chronicle: *Welcome back to KES, Dr Brookes! How has it changed since you were here?*

Dr Brookes: Not a great deal, really! A lot of the staff from when I left in 1994 are the same, as a quick glance at the Blue Book reveals. The boys are very similar: the way they behave; the long hair (I was one of those!); ties being undone, shirts being untucked; turning up late and, of course, sometimes not handing in homework!

What ignited your interest in Chemistry? Was it your lessons at KES at all?

Certainly. I was taught by Mr Benson, Mr Hancock and Mr Russell. I'd always enjoyed Chemistry, but I was more of a mathematician in my earlier years. It was only in the Sixth Form that I really decided that Chemistry was what I wanted to go into, spurred on by Mr Hancock's Oxbridge/Olympiad lessons, which really made me want to understand how the chemistry of molecules determines how the world behaves on the scale that we observe.

So what did you do after you left school?

I spent four years doing my Chemistry degree at Worcester College, Oxford. I played a lot of rugby too, but not quite at university level! I got a first, so I was invited to stay on and do my PhD there. I spent these four years investigating via computer simulation properties of the structure, on an atomic level, of glassy substances such as beryllium fluoride and silicon dioxide and the way these allow the substances to diffuse, or indeed not diffuse. I also spent time teaching

"...spurred on by Mr Hancock's Oxbridge/Olympiad lessons, which really made me want to understand how the chemistry of molecules determines how the world behaves on the scale that we observe."

mathematics to undergraduates, and a year lecturing on Physical Chemistry, Physics and Maths for chemists at Queen's College, Oxford. Since then I've been a teacher at Whitgift School in Croydon, a boys' day school quite similar to KES. I decided to move here when I heard that Mr Hancock was about to retire.

So, which areas of Chemistry, and indeed science in general, interest you the most?

At school I enjoyed learning about atomic structure, and eventually this interest developed into an interest in Quantum Mechanics and other mathematical modelling areas of Chemistry. My PhD was very heavily dependent on Quantum Mechanics and involved a lot of mathematical and computer modelling. I think that the way computers are now used to model very big molecules like DNA is really cool. These days I'm more interested in the history and philosophy of science. I'm quite intrigued by what people have thought of science through the ages: it is interesting to ponder questions such as 'why did certain ideas come to prominence when they did?' and 'what are the limitations of our knowledge and of the methodology of science?' It's the rationale behind the science, as well as the actual science, that really fascinates me now.

What are your other interests and hobbies?

I'm a massive sports fan. I love to play and watch sports, especially rugby and other team games. I love the social aspect of sports: it's good to feel like you've earned your pint on a Saturday night. And I also like to referee. If my girlfriend will forgive me for saying this, I have to say that "that kick" from Johnny Wilkinson has to be one of my most memorable moments in the last few years. I'm also a cricket fan and used to do some athletics; I like to read sports books and popular science books, as well as being a DIY enthusiast.

Dr Brookes, thank you very much

Dr. Brookes' Favourite...

Film:

Lord of the Rings Trilogy; The Shawshank Redemption; Schindler's List

Song:

anything by Iron Maiden; tracks from The Best of Tony Christie

Book:

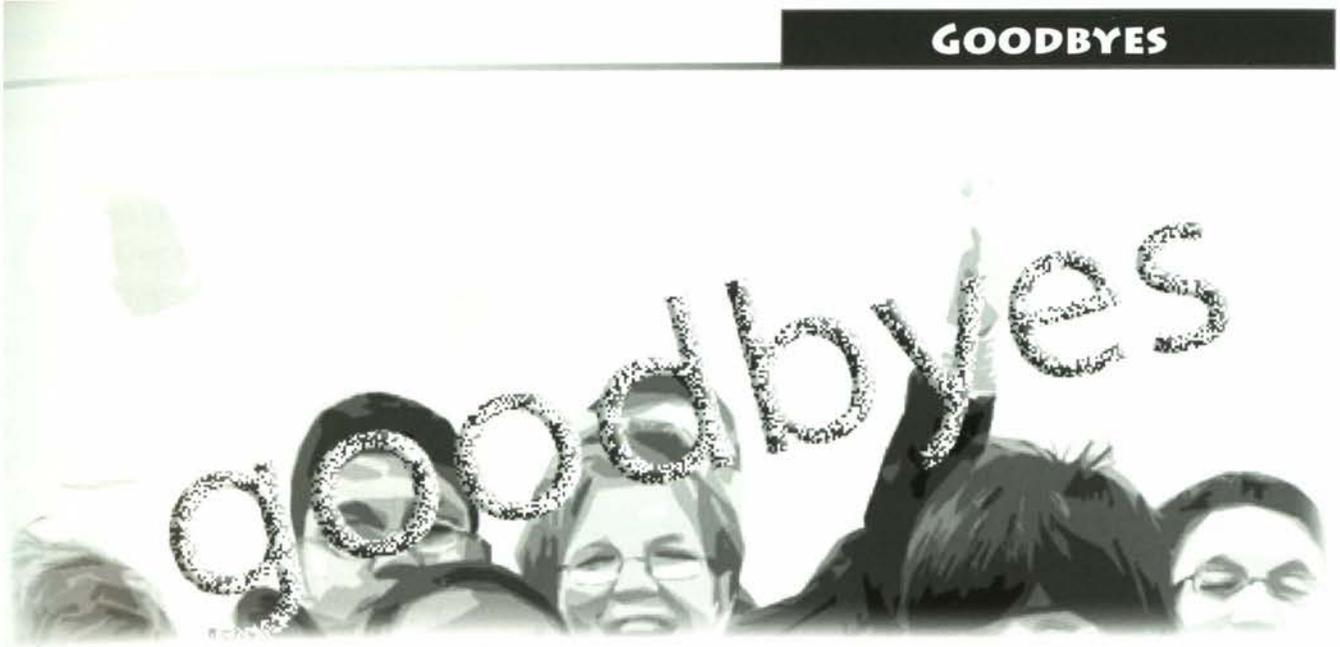
Lord of the Rings; any of P.G. Wodehouse's "Jeeves and Wooster" stories; A Short History of Nearly Everything by Bill Bryson

Sport:

Rugby (obviously!)

Food:

Sunday Roast (lamb with mint sauce and a couple of pints)



Ms Cas Britton

History

Ms Britton left KES in July 2006 after three years' part-time teaching in the History Department and one year in the R.S. Department.

Before coming to King Edward's, Ms Britton, a graduate of the London School of Economics, had previously taught in grammar and comprehensive schools, and been Head of General Studies at KEHS and Deputy Head at King Henry VIII School in Coventry. While teaching here she has also worked part-time at King Edward VI Camp Hill School for Girls, an experience she found provided "an interesting contrast."

Ms Britton brought experience and meticulous professionalism to her role, which saw her teach classes in every year from Shells to Fifths, from Medieval Castles to a GCSE specification new to her (and still fairly new to the rest of the Department) via the Renaissance and Oliver Cromwell. She approached boys, colleagues and the vagaries of school life with equanimity and, most importantly, good humour which never seemed to flag even in the direst circumstances. She could, and can, be relied upon to produce help, a solution to a pressing problem, support, sympathy and friendship at all times.

We shall miss Ms Britton and wish her every success and happiness in her new role at Camp Hill Girls, where she will be pioneering the school's new mentoring scheme.



"She approached boys, colleagues and the vagaries of school life with equanimity and, most importantly, good humour which never seemed to flag even in the direst circumstances."

CMS



Jenny Matthews

Biology

“She has a very keen sense of humour and will frequently brighten up the day with a joke or two - usually with, I have to say, biological undertones.”

Jenny joined the Biology Department at KES in 1988. Before that, she had been involved with the Home Teaching programme, following her return from Iran in 1975 with husband Ian and two small children, Owen & Kerris. Home Teaching involved not only children too ill to attend school, but also those who had no intention of attending school in the first place. Apparently, on one occasion Jenny turned up at a student's home only to be told that he was refusing to come out of his room. Jenny thought, 'Well, I'm being paid for this', and conducted the lesson by talking through the keyhole and passing sheets of paper under the door. I imagine KES must have seemed a little different!

It was clear from the outset that Jenny is extremely conscientious, with a natural talent for teaching at the highest level and for getting the best out of her pupils. Her lesson preparation is meticulous, and I have often borrowed her excellent OHP acetates - usually without her knowing it.

It also became quickly evident that she has a very keen sense of humour and will frequently brighten up the day with a joke or two - usually with, I have to say, biological undertones. But what would you expect from a Biology teacher? What is particularly great about Jenny is her upbeat attitude: she is cheerful and positive, in a way which can be infectious. She is an excellent listener and is ready to see the best in everyone.

1988 was the second year of Martin Rogers'

“Aby aided by Jeanette Durman, she has been extremely active in organising charitable events and getting guest speakers to talk about particular charities. As a result, KES boys have, in her time, raised around £100,000, which I think speaks for itself.”

school expansion programme; and so, by the end of that year, it became clear that we needed a full time Biologist. We were very disappointed when Jenny felt she couldn't take on such a position because of family commitments, and had to leave us. So when, in 1992, an expanding and successful Biology Department required further part-time teaching help, it was Jenny we first approached. She had filled the intervening years with A Level teaching at two Sixth Form colleges. And when, in 1998, George Andronov became Deputy Chief Master and I became Head of Science, there was another opportunity for her to become full time. She bit the bullet and agreed.

Jenny involved herself in a wide range of activities, including Rems' week and Shells' Camps, the Choral Society and the Common Room Committee. She has taught PSE and has been a Form Tutor of Rems, Divs and VIths. Early on, Jenny was asked by Hugh Wright to take over the running of the Cot Fund. When she asked him why he had thought of her, he replied that someone had said she was "a good egg". Aby aided by Jeanette Durman, she has been extremely active in organising charitable events and getting guest speakers to talk about particular charities. As a result, KES boys have, in her time, raised around £100,000, which I think speaks for itself.

Jenny, we would like to thank you for being such a "good egg" and we hope that you and Ian will come back to visit us often. Bath isn't that far away and surely, with all your many friends in Birmingham, you will not need an excuse to come back to see us.

DCR

On Wednesday 14th December 2005, just two days away from the end of Roger Dancey's seven year stewardship of KES, *Chronicle* caught up with the departing Chief Master to reminisce about the past, ponder the present and contemplate the future...

Chronicle: *A bit of reminiscing to start with - what attracted you to the post?*

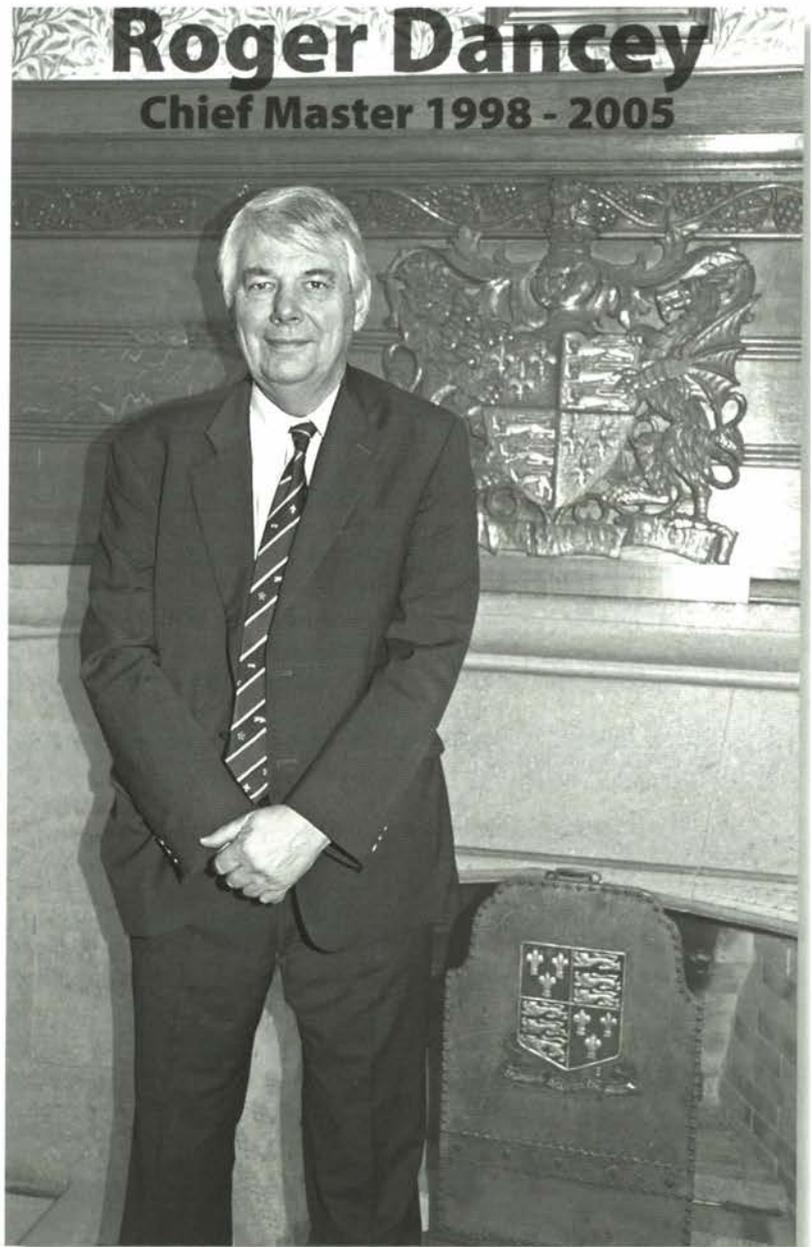
Mr Dancey: As you may know, I had already worked for the [King Edward's] Foundation for nine years as Head Master of King Edward's VI Camp Hill School for boys between 1986 and 1995. I then left for what I thought was my final job at City of London School, by the Millennium Bridge, but was lured back to King Edward's in 1998. What attracted me back to Birmingham was really two things. Firstly, I continue to have a great admiration for the King Edward's Foundation, which I think does a wonderful job for education in Birmingham with its seven schools - the five grammar schools and the two independent schools that is. But I was also attracted back even more by the fact that it was a chance to lead one of the great schools in the country. To become Chief Master of King Edwards' School is a huge honour and privilege, and I was delighted when the Governors offered me the job. I'm very pleased that I accepted it and returned from London to Birmingham like a prodigal son!

Once you'd taken up the post, what were your first impressions?

To be brutally honest, I think the thing that surprised me when I came here - and you only really see it when you're living in a building - was that I thought the facilities were not of as high a standard as I would have wished. I mean the Science Labs were the same Mr Benson [the current bursar] had operated in, both as a boy and as a Chemistry teacher, and had been there for 50 years. Also I thought the lighting was very drab and, just generally, I thought the whole place needed a spring clean.

You've no doubt built up quite a lot of memories during your time here?

Yes, and if I'm asked about my fondest memories, I'd have to say it's individual moments where you see the school at its best - that's the first sort. I speak with concerts in mind, having been last night to the Christmas concert. Indeed, musically



there have been moments where the back of your neck tingles and you think this is absolute magic - dittoes in some of the drama productions: *Sweeney Todd*, *Les Miserables*, *Westside Story*, *Guys and Dolls*... absolute magic. Great sporting moments also come to mind - I probably got more exercise in one afternoon than I usually manage in a term, pacing round the First XV rugby pitch watching them beat Bromsgrove a couple of years ago. Those are all real highlights of the year. But equally, my other very fond memories will be individual interactions with pupils: whether it's helping people with university applications, boys coming to sign the Golden Book [signed by children in the lower years for outstanding academic achievement], talking to people in the corridors - just the daily routine of life. I will have many happy memories of interacting with the normal life of the school.

"I thought the lighting was very drab and, just generally, I thought the whole place needed a spring clean."

You've undoubtedly left your mark on KES but what kind of mark do you hope KES leaves on its pupils?

In material terms, I hope that they all go on to a good university and that from university they will proceed to happy and successful careers. I really think that the diversity at King Edward's is incredibly important – the diversity that means there'll be some boys who will go on to be very successful engineers and architects, others will go on to be lawyers and accountants, others will go into the media, others will go into the arts and hopefully some will become teachers. If we turn to personal qualities, I hope that the people leaving the school are going to be responsible, loyal, honest, liberal, and actually tolerant. I think one of the huge successes of this school and the Foundation schools generally over the last twenty years has been to change themselves into multi-ethnic, multi-faith and multicultural schools. That very much reflects what has happened to Birmingham, and I think they've done it very successfully. I hope that King Edward's is producing citizens for the 21st century: and long may that be the case.

What about your personal plans for the future?

My wife and I are staying in Edgbaston. My life, ironically, will be centred around the two

institutions on either side of the school. Of course I look forward to playing a lot more golf than I've had the opportunity to do over the last few years, at Edgbaston Golf Club, and I certainly hope to bump into some of the pupils of King Edward's over at the golf course. And at the other end of the school [Birmingham University], since September 2005 I have been a deputy pro-chancellor, which is a very great honour for me, and I hope to watch some King Edward's boys graduating. I shall be either sitting on the platform as part of the Council of Birmingham University, or indeed presiding over the degree Congregation as deputy pro-chancellor.

Do you have any words of wisdom for your successor?

I think the new Chief Master is absolutely capable of doing the job without any necessity for wisdom from the previous Chief Master. I suppose what I would offer is that it is a very challenging job to take on King Edward's; but it is hugely rewarding attempting to meet that challenge.

Mr Dancey, thank you very much. We wish you all the best for the future.

Roger Dancey

After one hundred terms as a teacher, twenty years as a Head, Roger Dancey retired in December 2005, having been the twenty-ninth Chief Master of King Edward's School for 7.33 years. As a Head he could be described as 'a man on a mission'. He would be appointed to a good school and in a relatively short period of time he would elevate that school to another, much higher, plane. After practicing at two schools (King Edward's Camp Hill and the City of London School) his technique had improved so much that the Inspection Report of 2001 described King Edward's as 'an *outstanding* school', an accolade hardly ever used by the Inspectorate. However, his formula for improving a school came back to haunt him once he arrived at King Edward's: whilst he was at Camp Hill he had spent years improving that school so that one day it might rival KES. So at KES Roger had to better his achievement at Camp Hill! Happily, this was a task he was equal to.

As a boy at Lancing College, Roger was put off studying the sciences by his inept teachers. However, reading for an Economics degree at Exeter did lead to an understanding of the calculus. His first teaching appointment was at

Whitgift School where he taught Economics and Government and he soon became the Careers Master, a position he kept in all bar title for the rest of his teaching career. After four years at Whitgift he started his switchback ride between State and Independent education, rising towards headship by moving to a South London Comprehensive, Greenshaw High School. This was a *gigantic* step upwards, in that, as Head of Economics and Head of Sixth Form, he was a Senior Teacher at the school, and he did this with no formal teaching qualifications! Royal Grammar School, Worcester, as Senior Master, was his next step and it was a very significant one in that it was where he first met Liz. The point being that it was she who encouraged Roger to become a Head rather than spend his time playing cricket. She considered him to have talent as a teacher and leader and very little talent as a cricketer, even though in one staff match Roger scored a cavalier 78 not out: 'possibly one of the greatest innings ever played on this tiny ground,' as he modestly put it.

And so it was that in 1989, Roger became Headmaster of Camp Hill; a job at which he excelled even though it was during a period when the state education system seemed to be changing day by day. It was during this period that 'the bachelor became a husband, and latterly,

a grandfather sporting braces.' This move to Camp Hill meant that Liz, a real expert on education and with qualifications in the field, would henceforth be able to support Roger with her knowledge of the minutiae of educational theory and reforms. Never a man to avoid a challenge, Roger went to the City of London School with the knowledge that they were soon to be inspected. It was here that his response to the visit of 'the suits' was improved so that everything was in place for the Inspection well before time. Of course, the Inspection went well and in his brief time at City of London he stamped his mark and made the school a better place for work and play.

And then out of the blue the staff at King Edward's are told that they have a new Chief Master. None of the usual preliminaries: candidates meeting the Senior Management Team, the long list, the short list etc; for this appointment, Roger just arrived, though not exactly as a complete stranger. Under Roger, the School was transformed for the better and, as ever, preparation for an Inspection was one of his motivating forces. Handbooks and policy documents were scrutinised, updated and rewritten as necessary; a new prospectus was produced (this included a long discussion as to the exact shades of blue which should be used – 'the devil is in the detail'); a newsletter for parents came into being, and much more. Once again, the School was ready well before the inspectors came in 2001 and all effort was deemed to have been worth it when KES was pronounced 'outstanding' even though only one member of the Senior Management Team had a formal teaching qualification and that person was not Roger. 2002 was the 450th anniversary of the Foundation and numerous events were organised, with Roger participating fully, culminating in a Gala Ball attended by 750 people in a marquee on South Field. Major refurbishment of KES was deemed necessary by Roger, so he set about initiating the refurbishment of classrooms, science laboratories, the Dining Hall and the Eastern Road Pavilion, and the building of Dancey's Diner (perhaps to remind him of the time when, watching cricket outside a pavilion, he pulled his hamstring by leaning over from his deck-chair to pick up a gin and tonic). But he also improved the fabric of the School in less obvious ways such as the lighting and the flooring – 'attention to detail' again.

He was able to maintain KES as the academic 'flagship' of the Foundation despite strong competition from the free grammar schools, whilst at the same time being committed to widening access to the School after the withdrawal of the Government Assisted Places Scheme. He personally raised £2 million from benefactors such as the Ogden Trust, HSBC, local firms and Old Edwardians, and persuaded the Foundation Governors to find £750,000 for a *Governors' Assisted Places Scheme*, with the

result that over 100 boys in the School receive full, or virtually full, fee remission. Once here, all our boys now feel the effect that Roger had on the strengthening of the pastoral side of the school. He made appointments to senior pastoral positions, had created a formal Learning Support unit, and expanded counselling. He was also always a very strong believer in and supporter of extra-curricular activities at the School, and he made sure that sport, music, leadership, CCF, the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme, outdoor pursuits, debating etc all flourished.

But above all he knew the boys and was personally involved in the day to day life of the school. He had many national roles: member of the National DfES Consultation Group on the Reform of University Admissions and Introduction of PQA (Post Qualification Applications); opponent of Independent/State school benchmarks for university admissions (the Bristol University row); member of the HMC main committee and Chairman of HMC West; member of the joint HMC/GSA Universities Committee; member of the Council of Birmingham University; but they did not keep Roger away from School very much and he was never one to stay overnight if it meant missing the start of the next School day. His knowledge of universities and his expertise in Careers meant that his interviews, with all Fifth Formers and Sixth Formers individually, regarding A level subject choices and university choices respectively, were often a catalyst for a much more informed decision-making process. Of course, at the same time Roger got to know the boys better: one of his few failures was not to know the name of every boy in the School; however, he got jolly close to this goal. His door was always open and he was nearly always there.

On retirement Roger, being a cautious man, left Liz behind to check that the new man was going to continue the good work that he had started. Was the young Jack-in-the-box going to take full advantage of the considerable financial nest egg that Roger had so carefully accumulated for him? She could only report "Yes", so Roger allowed her to retire to their new house in Edgbaston, which is 0.6 miles from Edgbaston Golf Club. But in retirement it will not all be play: Roger is the Deputy Pro-Vice Chancellor of Birmingham University (UCAS applicants please note), and a Governor of three schools: King's Worcester, Warwick and West House. However, he will be able to make more trips to Birmingham Rep, to MAC (to expand his encyclopaedic knowledge of films), to Symphony Hall, to Edgbaston to watch Warwickshire, to Edgbaston Golf Club (to ensure that he maintains his record against the Assistant Head for Teaching and Learning); and he will have more time to spend with family and friends. We all wish him a long and enjoyable retirement.

"He personally raised £2 million from benefactors such as the Ogden Trust, HSBC, local firms and Old Edwardians, and persuaded the Foundation Governors to find £750,000 for a *Governors' Assisted Places Scheme*, with the result that over 100 boys in the School receive full, or virtually full, fee remission."



Liz Dancey
Head of Learning Support

Little did we know, when the twenty-ninth Chief Master was appointed in 1998, that the school would, a year later, be fortunate enough to acquire Liz as its first Head of Learning Support/Special Educational Needs. Liz brought with her a vast amount of professional experience in this specialised field. She had taught in three different phases of education; in primary, middle and secondary schools. Liz had worked in both the state and private sectors. Indeed she had risen through the teaching profession to be a Head of Year, Deputy Head, LEA Special Needs Adviser and also an LEA Education Officer (responsible for the governance and management of over three hundred schools and five thousand governors).

She was an accredited OfSTED Inspector, had been awarded a B.Phil.Ed and also an M.Ed. Her on-going professional development meant that KES enjoyed the services of an expert in the field. Not only this, but Liz had also previously been responsible for establishing Learning Support at St Paul's Cathedral Choir School. It was clear at the outset that she not only knew what was needed but also had a clear vision of how this might be achieved. It might have appeared to be a contentious decision for the Chief Master to appoint his wife, but Roger knew that he and the school were 'backing a winner'.

A new 'centre' for Learning Support was established in the Maurice Porter Room. This has since become one of the busiest rooms in the school: Liz has worked extremely hard over the last eight years not only to support the large number of pupils who have recognised special educational needs or learning difficulties,

"Literally hundreds of pupils have benefited significantly from her professional advice and guidance. Her heroic efforts and immense achievements have also been clearly appreciated by many concerned parents."

but also to cajole a Common Room for whom terms such as dyslexia, dyspraxia and dysphasia represented a significant gap in their professional understanding. Her work rate was impressive, especially considering that she was a part-time member of staff. It was only in her last two years that she received help in shouldering the burden of what had become by then a major feature of the pastoral structure of the school. It is testament to her diligence and commitment that we now look back, wondering how we ever managed without Learning Support in the past. Literally hundreds of pupils have benefited significantly from her professional advice and guidance. Her heroic efforts and immense achievements have also been clearly appreciated by many concerned parents.

Liz has retired but it may take some time for her to slow down. She will continue to pursue her research interests in the use of ICT software as a diagnostic screening tool. Her successor is full time and I'm sure she will wonder how Liz coped! Learning Support was a key area for school improvement in 1999, and in 2006 KES was left with an immaculately organised and professional operation able to give the wide range of support necessary to allow its pupils to flourish in a frenetic and ever changing educational world. The Maurice Porter Room became for some a 'safe haven'. I know that Liz felt immense pride in her charges' eventual academic success – she should also take great credit. Perhaps she may now have the time to invest her energy and dedication in developing her golfing skills, so that at some time in the future we will see her 'leading' a stunned husband around the open pastures of Edgbaston Golf Course.

"at some time in the future we will see her 'leading' a stunned husband around the open pastures of Edgbaston Golf Course."

“Laughter echoed down the corridor, even invading my lab opposite: lessons would pause, and we would look at each other and smile, while this exuberance washed over us.”

Sue Lowe Chemistry Technician

In the Science School, we rely heavily on the technicians. Their role is crucial; without them, the departments couldn't function. In 1999, when the senior Chemistry technician moved to a job nearer home, I was on sabbatical, so RWS was responsible for hiring a replacement: I returned to find Margaret gone and Sue in place.

And my word, what a change! For one thing, there was *laughter*. Sue gets on with everyone, responds to them, cajoles, supports, encourages them, and every day there was enthusiasm and *fun*. Laughter echoed down the corridor, even invading my lab opposite: lessons would pause, and we would look at each other and smile, while this exuberance washed over us. First with Julie, then later with Kelly, then Mark, Sue made a great team.

We rely heavily on the technicians. The stuff must be waiting at the start of the lesson: accurate, complete, laid out, often complex or in huge variety. Concentrations must be correct, electrical equipment must work, computers must be logged on and connected. And then at the end of the lesson, it must all be collected back again (and checked and stored) and the next set of stuff put out for the next lesson. A wrong concentration and the lesson is lost, a demonstration fails and maybe even an assessment is ruined. But we *could* rely on it all: we knew that for all the prep room fun, the work was accurately done: the stuff was right, the solutions were reliable: it was all carried out to the highest professional standards.

Sue didn't just live in the prep room, though; she got involved in school life. She acted as a classroom assistant (and we should have done more of this) and joined in Cot Fund activities. Students liked her; they often hovered around the prep room, wanting a chat or - on one occasion - asking for a plaster because a body piercing was sore.



But for me her greatest asset was her coolness in a crisis. “Oh God, Sue, I've forgotten to put in an order and I need it this afternoon ... in ten minutes ... now.” “No problem, Jeff”, and she would drop everything, leave her coffee break, gulp down her lunch and set to. Later there would be a gentle reminder that *perhaps* next time...

When Julie left we wanted Sue to assume the senior role, but she wouldn't contemplate full time work; her family came first. As they grew up, she began to think of other things. Work as a medical rep, the interface between manufacturers and doctors, appealed to her, though it is notoriously difficult to get into. She will be superb.

Jeff Hancock



John Lloyd
Design and Technology

It gives me great pleasure to pay tribute to John Lloyd: committed and caring teacher, expert engineer, respected friend and colleague. John actually retired back in October 2005, but has continued to attend school on Friday afternoons to run the Engineering Education Scheme: he did not feel it appropriate to have a formal sending off until he put his slide rule away for the last time. Now, with John's 13th and final EES successfully completed, it is time to say that belated goodbye.

John entered the teaching profession at the age of 33 from a career in engineering. After a spell as a Research Technician at Birmingham University's Physics Department, he became Senior Technician at Aston University, where he played an instrumental role in the pioneering development of electron-microscopes: should you have a spare hour or two he will proudly recall the stories behind the design and building of these devices.

He was eventually lured back to Birmingham to work on the design and development of Optical Cryostats. In 1978 he took the brave decision to re-enter full time education and started his PGCE at Wolverhampton University. Teaching posts at several schools, including Kings Norton, Shenley Court and Sir Wilfred Martineau, followed and John developed a reputation for caring for the less able and managing the more disruptive.

A friend and former KES teacher, Karl McIlwaine, first introduced John to KES. He invited John to come and visit this "amazing new Design Centre" that had been built, which he duly did, and as

"He has become renowned for being a stickler for ensuring everything is returned to its rightful place."

there was a vacancy Karl encouraged John to apply. On the last day before the Spring Bank Holiday John was interviewed by Martin Rogers and later, whilst painting his classroom back at Sir Wilfred's, was offered the job.

So here we are 16 years later, and although I have only known John for three of those years I have come to realise how the Department and school have benefited from his wealth of engineering knowledge and excellent classroom skills. John started the first GCSE and A Level courses in Design and Technology at KES, as well as getting the school on board the Arkwright Scholarship Scheme. He has always demanded the highest of standards from his pupils and we in the Department have always respected the quality of designing and practical work that these pupils achieve. All those years in the precision engineering field have certainly been a great advantage to the Department and the boys.

John has always been very proud of his classroom and workshop: having learned his trade in schools where tools were chained to benches, he has become renowned for being a stickler for ensuring everything is returned to its rightful place. Elaine Sigston has been privileged to take over his classroom and workshop, and has been delighted to find lots of buried treasures in those locked cupboards and drawers: all those clock mechanisms we thought we had ordered, and the OHP pens we thought we had run out of, have miraculously turned up.

Thanks for all you have done for the Department and the Engineering Education scheme, John. Don't forget to come in to see us from time to time and to check that all the steel rulers are in place! All the best with the work I know you are planning on doing for your church.

PAB

Richard Simpson

Mathematics

A fond farewell to a fantastic fellow

Last term, the School bade farewell to one of its true characters – Richard Simpson, Commander R.N. It is not easy to say just a few words about Richard, in much the same way as it was not easy for Richard to say just a few words. He is a man of such knowledge, so widely travelled, and so outstanding in so many ways, that it was hard to find something he didn't know quite a bit about.

Richard joined KES ten years ago, at pretty much the same time as I did, and – being in adjacent classrooms throughout that time – we got to know each other quite well, both mathematically and personally. Richard was not only a great asset to the School, but a true ally in the educational cause – not just for me and the Maths Department, but for everyone he encountered. He is a big man, but more particularly a big-hearted man. He always had time for anyone who needed his help or advice, and was frequently to be found giving freely of his own time to boys who required extra help.

Richard's background was in engineering – several branches thereof – and he served in the Royal Navy for nearly 30 years, working with radar, radio, mechanics, nuclear power and weaponry. At one stage of his naval service he was Senior Engineer on a nuclear submarine. During these years he travelled widely, throughout Europe, the Americas and the Far East. He went on to a role as a lecturer in reactor instrumentation, computer and data-handling systems and missile launch protocol, and wrote technical papers for the government.

Ten years before compulsory retirement from the Navy, Richard started to make plans for life after his service in the Armed Forces, and arranged to do a Maths degree with the Open University – going on to complete a Masters during his early years at KES – followed by a Post-Graduate Certificate in Education and work experience placements. He then joined the teaching staff at KES, despite a number of lucrative offers to move away from teaching and go into the world of business.

For one so clever, and with such a wealth of experience, Richard is a remarkably humble man. One would not imagine this supremo of a man, seen gently coaxing to life some Junior boy's understanding of a matter of mathematical trivia, to be the highly-qualified Chartered Engineer, Chartered Mathematician, Chartered Scientist and Fellow of the Institute of Management that he was.

During his stay at KES, Richard helped run Orienteering and after-school Squash for some

years, served as Treasurer of the Common Room, and was a regular on the Staff Salaries Committee. He also took on an administrative role, doing the data-entry and analysis for the Admissions Examinations. More particularly, he ran the School's Chess teams throughout his time here, nurturing Chess from an occasional activity for a handful of boys into a sport in which KES could compete seriously at

the national level. Departmentally, he has taught across the age and ability ranges, and was a particular asset in being able to teach all areas of the subject to every conceivable standard. It was invariably Richard who took charge of the potential Oxbridge engineers, and prepared them for interview.

I would like to leave you with one fond memory of Richard that will always stick with me. He was an immensely practical man: teaching Mechanics to Further Mathematicians was never enough for him, and he was frequently to be found undertaking some experiment or other in order to back up the theory with practice. This would often involve some fancy computer programming, but one more mundane exercise involved the well-known *leaning the ladder against a wall* situation. After the calculations relating forces, distances and coefficients of friction, Richard had his boys out in the corridor seeing what happened in real life. So, there they were in the corridor, with Andrew Huang busy climbing a ladder to see how far he would get before the state of equilibrium was broken and the ladder fell down. This exercise undertaken not once, but several times – with the ladder at different angles of inclination each time! I can just see the Health & Safety Executive boys soiling their nappies over that one.

Richard will be back on an occasional basis to help with the Chess teams, and is likely to appear as a guest speaker for the Mathematical Society from time to time. And, if we're really unlucky, he might just return and reprise his singing career as part of that infamous musical duo, *Simpson & Cross*.

For Richard: if you are reading this ... it has been a pleasure and an honour to serve with you at KES. You will be sorely missed. Please come and visit us soon. (But not to sing, obviously!)



“One would not imagine this supremo of a man, seen gently coaxing to life some Junior boy's understanding of a matter of mathematical trivia, to be the highly-qualified Chartered Engineer, Chartered Mathematician, Chartered Scientist and Fellow of the Institute of Management that he was.”



Leadership Overview

“Friday afternoon activities for all extend far beyond the constraints of the usual curriculum and are valued by parents and pupils”.

These are not my words. They are the conclusions drawn by others following the 2001 School Inspection. The inspectors’ report heaps praise on the wealth of extra-curricular activities that we possess as a school. KES Leadership is part of that wealth.

Our objective is straightforward – to teach younger students from the Fourths, Fifths and Divisions some important life skills, such as communication, teamwork and organisation, which we recognise will be immensely valuable to them in their academic and working lives. Every year, upwards of twenty Sixth Form students take on the task of delivering this very objective. This is an enormous responsibility as these Sixth Formers must plan, run and teach afternoons to younger years on a weekly basis.

But that, after all, is part of our charm as a Friday afternoon option. We are an option run by the

students for the students. What’s more, we offer our members an exciting progression. In the Fourths and Fifths, you are taught by the Sixth Form. In the Divisions, you learn how to teach. And in your final year at school, you take charge of the option, becoming a fully-fledged Sixth Form instructor.

It is more than coincidence that our Sixth Form instructors are confident, inventive and dynamic young men. They were not always this talented. Regularly speaking in front of large groups of people gives you confidence. Having to come up with creative ideas for an afternoon makes you inventive. And leading a team of instructors to ensure an afternoon runs smoothly requires you to be dynamic.

They say practice makes perfect and KES Leadership certainly provides you with countless opportunities to develop all of the above qualities and more. If you felt like sounding really cheesy, you could say that KES Leadership brings us the leaders of tomorrow, today! Long may it continue.

Ashvir Sangha

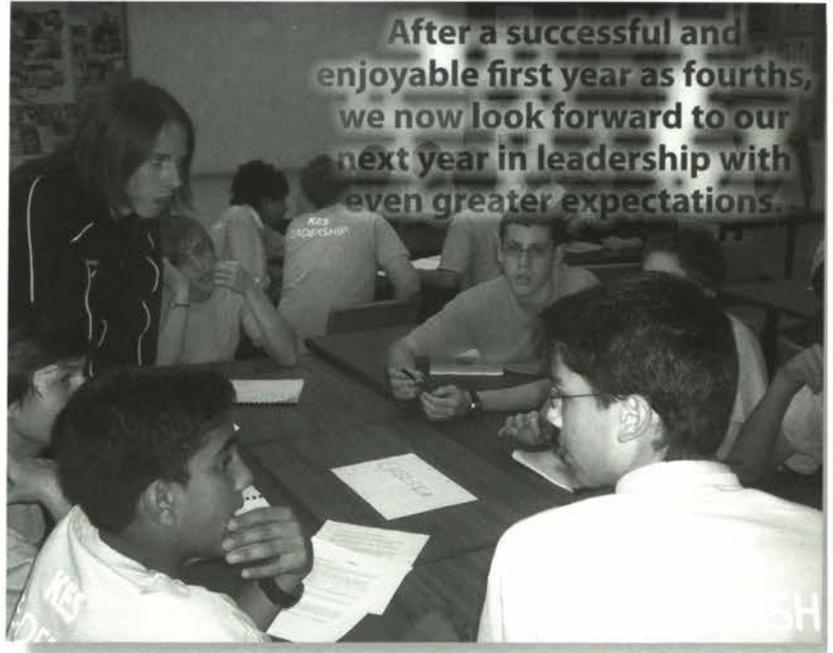


Fourth

Our first year in KES Leadership was a confirmation to the vast majority of us that we had made the right choice in signing up for the option. After a slow start to the year many of us began to have our doubts, but as the weeks went by the afternoons picked up, becoming more original, effective and enjoyable.

The skills taught in each afternoon have proved to be very useful to us in the short-term, whether speaking to an audience or working in a team. And I'm sure that these skills will continue to benefit us in the future. Many thanks must go to the teachers, who made the year a success and provided us with some memorable moments along the way. Gaz 'Gazza' Ahmed's ghetto impersonation of Santa Claus in the Christmas pantomime and Taz Madhar's weekly Martin Luther King-style review speeches are just a couple of examples of the good times we had.

But the teachers, led by the casual Joe Robinson, never lost focus and were always keen to pass down their knowledge and skills to the next generation. After a successful and enjoyable first year as fourths, we now look forward to our next year in leadership with even greater



expectations. And with talent in abundance, our year can hopefully go on to do great things in KES Leadership and beyond.

Sandip Sangha

Fifths

Having entered the Fifth Year with fond memories of the previous outrageous year led by Vidu and Co, some of us were initially struggling to cope with the increased effort we on the option had to put in. In fact it wasn't until a Bradley Spencer pep-talk that we really knuckled down and worked hard. And it wasn't coincidental that, soon afterwards, the afternoons became more enjoyable and more productive for us.

The afternoons ranged from the physical to the mental and challenged all of us along the way. Among the more memorable was an afternoon of *Family Fortunes*, hosted by Charlie Hall and Arpan Pal, one of many occasions where the thought and effort put in by the teachers was obvious and greatly appreciated by us. The afternoons planned were original and enjoyable, rather than mere re-runs of 'Capture the Flag' or 'Barrels and Planks', which by now were becoming repetitive. The teachers themselves, led by Richard Sheehan, generally knew what they were talking about and were a fantastic example for us to follow.

Everyone on the option has grown from the Fourth to the Fifth and the days when we were using "buzz words" without actually knowing what they meant are long gone – I hope. Communication and delegation now have real

meanings and the importance of leadership in the real world is becoming more apparent to us all. Our presentational and public-speaking skills have improved drastically, as has our ability to put forward an argument clearly, both skills we found very useful in GSCE English Orals.

The ultimate prize at the end of the Leadership year is the greatly-coveted MVP tanker, which this year went to Phil Neale, and although the author of this fine piece would have been a more glamorous winner, there was little complaint. The other award was the "Most Improved", or as it is more commonly known, the "You Were Rubbish At The Start But You Were Alright In The End," Award. This year, that accolade went to Tom McDonnell, an award I'm sure he'll cherish for the rest of his life.

All the teachers were fantastic and put in a lot of effort: Richard Sheehan, Arpan Pal, Kassim Khattak, Andrew Horder, Richard Roberts and Alex Blair. Finally, a thank you to Mr Spencer, whose half-term talk really spurred us on to fantastic things. Leadership sells itself, and the over-subscription of the option is the biggest praise that can be given. We should count ourselves lucky to be in such a fine option.

Mohammed Saqib

Divisions

The Divisions year is notoriously challenging: the post-GCSE come-down can be traumatic as a whole new world of responsibility is set before you. Leadership is no different. It is in the Divisions year that preparations begin for taking over the running of the option: no longer are we wide-eyed Fourths enjoying an afternoon of scheduled activity. The challenge is there to be risen to.

Under Tim Dass and Tom McLeod's tutelage we began our journey towards eventual control of the entire option. Within the opening weeks alone, the maturity of our group skyrocketed. Lively discussion and illuminating exercises expanded our understanding of what was expected of us, and within a few short months we were running our own afternoons. From start to finish the organisation and preparation fell to us, and while the prospect was initially daunting, we were fully equipped with the necessary tools to run a classroom of 15-year-olds (almost) glitch-free.

Much of this has to be attributed to the two-pronged teaching attack of Tim Dass and Tom McLeod. Their banter was endlessly camp, gently flirtatious and often cringingly "dumb", but when the time came to get down to some real teaching, by Jove we learnt a lesson. The group's rapport blossomed until we stood, at the end of the year, a fully-functional new Leadership outfit. It was a genesis through trial and error, mistakes made and lessons learned, but the result has been phenomenal.

With Ashvir Sangha at the helm, we continue to push forward this unique option into brave new territory. Leadership never sleeps: it power-naps with one finger on the pulse and another on the trigger, and while this has often been exhausting it has been hugely rewarding at the same time; it has helped to make us the upstanding young men we are today; and with any luck will continue to groom oily adolescents into respectable adults in the coming months.

Tom Duggins

Junior Challenge

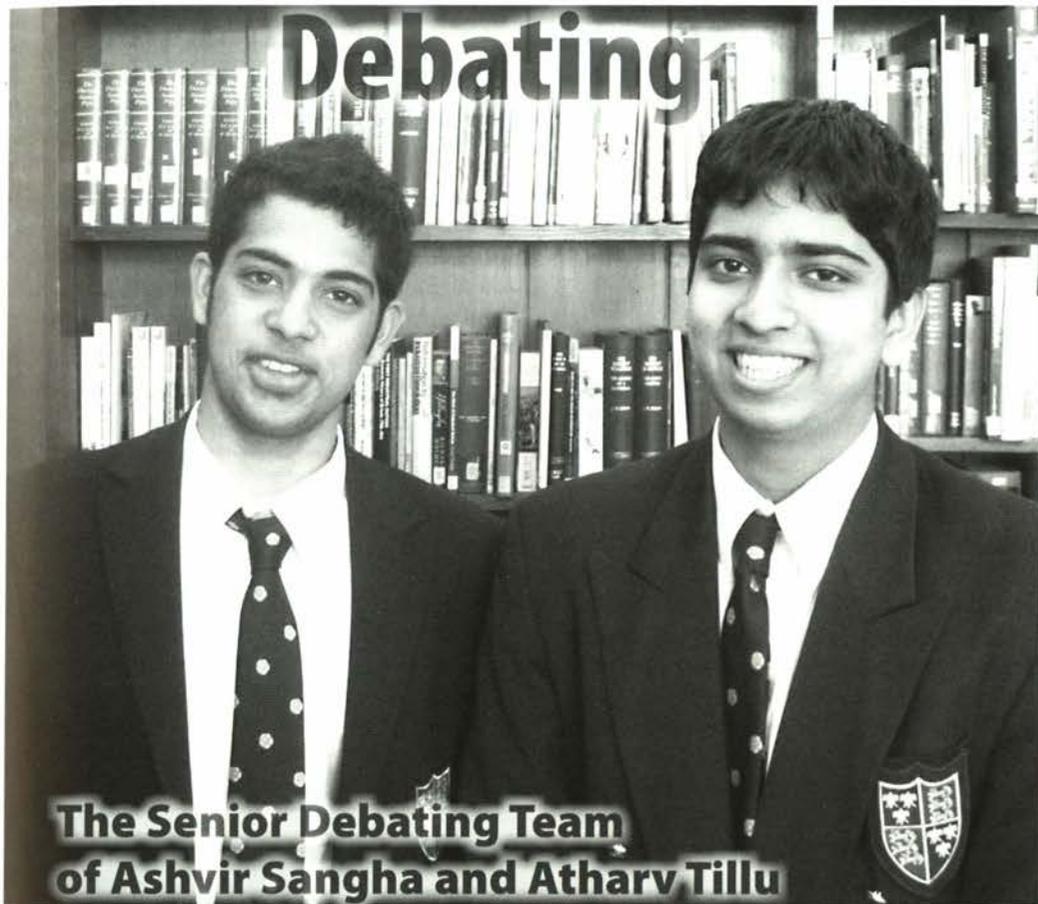
This year's Junior Challenge team consisted of Ollie Clarke and Ed Siddons as permanent fixtures and, as additional players on different occasions, Andrew MacArthur, Ed Jackson, Tom Hooke and Oscar Denihan. We were drawn in the hardest group, according to Miss Bubb. Our first match was against RGS Worcester, the hosting team, and we won rather convincingly – by roughly 700 points - and at this point the team increased in confidence. But we weren't complacent, as next we were playing a Girls' School team half of which had reached the Nationals the previous year, trouncing KES in the process. While they got off to a good start, we soon recovered and ended up beating them by a good 500-point lead.

After defeating Abberley, we met Bablake in the Regional Final. We started excellently but Bablake made a commendable comeback, startling us into action.

A controversial decision over a question about a wolf and Rome upset the audience, and us, but worked in Bablake's favour. In the end we made it through to the Inter-Regionals by a nail-biting 20 points. There we played Nottingham Junior School, securing an 850 – 320 victory; the three hours travelling seemed a little excessive for 30 minutes of play, but we were consoled by the impressive victory.

The Nationals were held at Bromsgrove School: we were drawn against Milbourne Lodge from Esher in Surrey. After the first ten minutes, Milbourne pulled away. We tried hard to catch up, but were knocked out in the first round by 200 points. As we had lost, we went into the plate draw against Sacred Heart from Belfast. We dominated throughout this match and, despite their efforts, we won by 600 points and went into the plate finals against RGS Lancaster. Lancaster started well but couldn't maintain the momentum, so that we overtook them and won by approximately 700 points. Although we hadn't won the title I was glad we *had* won the plate, which had never been won before by KES.

Ed Siddons



Senior Debating

The year began with Richard Lau and Shane Murray attempting to break into the England team, but despite intensive training from ex-KES debaters David Tite and Sameer Deger-Sen, they were not selected. Confident that this was completely meaningless, the team prepared for another season, beginning as usual with the Cambridge Union Tournament.

Owing to David Tite's organisation of the competition, the Regional rounds were streamlined. Richard and Shane reached the Finals day where, despite some excellent performances, the KES team just missed a place in the Final itself. However, the team had been able to knock out two other top teams, Latymer and St Paul's, while Shane and Richard were judged 6th and 12th best speakers respectively.

At the Oxford Union Tournament, KES stepped up a gear, disposing of Dulwich College, Haberdasher Aske's, Winchester and Dundee to come third on tab and break into the Grand Final, with the motion *This House Would Introduce Chain Gangs Into the British Penal System*. Although KES

performed very well, they were undone by an incredible speech from the 3rd Opposition speaker, Richard Trainor, who won the competition for Westminster.

Justifiably, KES entered the Durham Union competition as a team to be feared. They lived up to their reputation, winning all but one of their qualifying debates and getting revenge against Westminster by knocking them out in the final round. KES finished 2nd on tab, with Shane and Richard placing as 6th and 11th best speakers, qualifying for the semi-finals. Pleasingly, our B-Team of Ashvir Sangha and Atharv Tillu also did well, recovering from a weak start to finish 10th overall, narrowly missing qualification for the semi-finals. Unfortunately, at this point, KES A's good run of form deserted them and they were narrowly defeated on the motion *This House Would Allow Insurance Companies to Use the Results of Genetic Tests to Assess Potential Clients*.

Another excellent season, 2005-2006 would not have been possible without the continued dedication of Mr Stacey and our squad, who gracefully accept missing out on competitions, and we must offer sincere thanks to them.

Shane Murray

Junior Debating

It's been something of a year of transition for the Juniors this year. With the legendary double-act of Richard Lau and Shane Murray moving on to pastures new, those of us in the lower ranks are having to improve fast in order to assume their mantle in the years that will follow. We have concentrated on toughening up the existing but unrefined talent stewing at the bottom of the Debating ladder and, where necessary, finding new recruits. The most notable, and surprising, addition to the fold this year came in the form of Jack Ready, plucked from obscurity by Mr Stacey with, as it transpired, no prior experience of debating and, in the classic baptism-of-fire that we have all become so used to, hurled headfirst into a friendly competition at Hills Road 6th Form College, Cambridge, in partnership with Tim Kiely.

This initial foray into competitive Debating did not prove to be one of our more successful ventures, but, as we are reminded on a constant basis, it's all about the experience. We wish this rising star good luck for the future. In the same competition, however, grizzled veterans Ashvir Sangha and Atharv Tillu went on to a semi-final placing. It seems that the Lau-Murray team has found a successor!

Later in the year the experimental pairing of Tim Kiely and Greg Stacey took part in a Mace-format competition at King Edward's Stourbridge. Despite the fact that, strictly speaking, both competitors were too young to be admitted to the competition, they went on to blast past their opposition to a second place finish behind KE Stourbridge themselves.

It seems that Mr Stacey's chopping and changing of the lower pecking orders in this frequently-overlooked area of interest is paying dividends, but as ever the future remains veiled in uncertainty. Who knows what challenges await next year's aspiring giants of the debating world? We can but dream, friends...

Tim Kiely

Junior Debating Trip to Cardiff

What would you normally expect members of the Lower School to be doing in the last week of the year? Watching videos in lessons, maybe? How about travelling all the way to Cardiff to watch the quarter- and semi-finals of the World Schools Debating Championships?

That is exactly what about twelve school pupils, ably accompanied by Ms Allen and Mr Stacey, did. We arrived at the Millennium Stadium and were ushered in to watch some top quality debating. What struck us mainly was the speed at which competitors responded, and how very witty the Australians were!

With the fledgling members of the Junior Debating Squad all fired up for a year of debating, and with some good tips on how to go about it, who knows where our next venture could go? (Further than Cardiff, hopefully!)

Christopher Bland

CREST Gold Award

The CREST Gold Award scheme is essentially an opportunity for pupils to carry out a scientific research project, ideally over the summer holidays. Projects are arranged with a mentor, in fields ranging from medical research to engineering, and carried out over a four-to-six-week period.

With only the knowledge that we were to be investigating something to do with "genetics", "cancer" and "immunohistochemistry" (whatever that was!), we approached the first day hesitantly. However, the medical research lab where we were working (in the Cancer Research UK building at Birmingham University) seemed relaxed enough, with the tones of Radio 1 reaching our bench from time to time and fuelling the epic old argument over which was the better band, Muse or Orson. We were given a brief tour of the lab which was to be our workplace for the next three weeks by our mentor's aide. Once we had familiarised

ourselves with our surroundings and equipped ourselves with lab coats, we were given a heap of articles relating to our project. Put simply, we were researching whether there was a relationship between the concentration of a gene in the body which codes for a receptor, c-Met, and how developed an oral cancer was. After a long lunch we were introduced to the rest of the team and our mentor threw us straight in at the deep end by asking us to cut some frozen biopsies using a cryostat. Soon we were cutting the biopsies like pros (bar a few exceptions which went slightly wrong).

The second morning was spent making 400 slides out of paraffin-wax-embedded biopsies. We were not allowed to do the actual cutting, but helped place the cut sections on the slides. This took us one and a half weeks to complete for all of the biopsies. We also spent a considerable amount of time using techniques to improve the uptake of staining on the slides, such as incubating them in PFA and PBS, some rather pleasant solvents.

Once all of our slides were ready we started staining them, a time-consuming process because the slides had to be left to incubate for long periods. Our first set of slides, inexplicably, appeared poor so we repeated the staining process on yet more slides, this time with more success. The results were interesting; our gene was expressed more in cancerous cells, and was only found to be expressed in specific cells, those which multiply rapidly, in healthy tissue. Could this be a link between this gene and the onset of cancer?

The techniques, although time consuming, gave us an insight into areas of chemistry and biology not studied at A-level, and an incredibly detailed account of gene expression within the cells. The three weeks we spent in the lab were overall, and perhaps surprisingly, enjoyable and very interesting: the opportunity to participate in such a rewarding scheme should not be squandered.

Ben Davis & Saarth Shiralkar



Why I Had to Come Back

Richard Brookes, our new Head of Chemistry looks back.

They say “never go back”, but what do they know? As soon as I decided to become a teacher, I knew it was only a matter of time before I would head back to King Edward’s ...

My story starts in September 1987, when the fresh-faced young boy in the photograph was dropped off near the University station by his father a little before 8a.m. Coming into Room 47 I was one of the first there, and rather nervous, especially since no one in my family had ever gone to an independent school before. Even though we had met our classmates at the new boys’ Induction the previous day, it took a little time for the ice to be broken. The stern-looking but actually rather friendly Mr Underhill made Shell U a great form to start in, though, and the rest of the first few weeks at school remains something of a haze.

As we moved into the Removes, friendships began to grow beyond the boundaries of one’s

own form. Trips away provided fun and stimuli not available in the classroom. For me, the highlight of the year was the Classics trip to Pompeii and Herculaneum, via the Swiss Alps, Rome, Assisi and Hadrian’s villa near Florence. The photograph on the next page shows a select group of us standing over the crater of the volcano at Vesuvius. It was this and the smell of the sulphur at the nearby dormant volcano of Solfatara that possibly sowed the seeds for my interest in Chemistry.

Other memories spring to mind easily: the first lesson in the (now not so) new Swimming Pool; the trip to Twickenham to watch the U15 XV win the Daily Mail Cup; the opening of the USCR in time for our final year (we had no common room as Divisions); and, of course, Mr Mason’s 2nd XV. I’d come to rugby rather late: between the Shells and the Upper Middles I didn’t have much time for standing on the wing on the cold and wet South Field. Something happened in the Fourths, though. It was probably the realisation that the girls from KEHS would come to support at home games. From then on I was a regular fixture in the B team. Years spent striving to get into the A team were to be fruitless, but my fondest memory of KES rugby remains scoring my one and only try for the school in my last match – the photograph shows the team from the final 2nd XV game, and it is difficult to detect any change in Mr Mason to this day!

At some point during all of this I’d been taught Chemistry by Mr Hancock. He regaled us with tales of Kekule’s dreams about snakes swallowing their tails and monkeys holding hands – how the structure of the Benzene ring had been determined. A-level lessons with Mr Russell, further Oxbridge lessons with Mr Hancock, and my near-selection for the UK team in the International Chemistry Olympiad all confirmed my love of Chemistry, and so I was off to Oxford. But I realised, after 8 years in the Physical Chemistry Laboratory, that research and I weren’t going to get on: a career in teaching was rather more to my liking.

It wasn’t long before I learned that Mr Hancock was retiring, and fortunately I was able to take up the reins as Head of Chemistry back at KES. The few moments of quiet thought I’d had on that first day’s walk through the University as a boy



perception of Chemistry as the polluting science, or just the subject you have to do if you want to become a doctor, and then perhaps to encourage more of our pupils to become the next Sir John Vane. A broad education in science is important, even for those who don't choose any of

had helped me to prepare for the unfamiliar, but now I had to prepare for the familiar. It was a little strange, at first, to be the Head of Department managing staff who had taught me A-level chemistry! But the school really hasn't changed a bit. Many of the staff are the same: 42 of the teachers listed in my final Blue Book as a pupil were also in my first back as a teacher, and the pupils look the same too. I thought the fashion (once sported by myself) for long hair had died out, but apparently not!

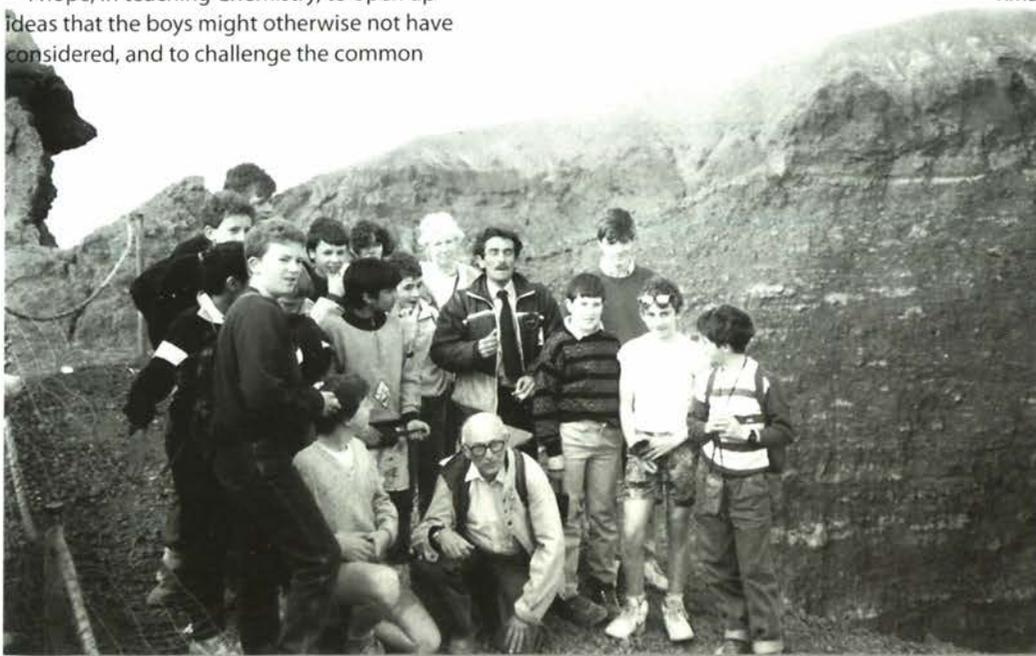
However, the current education system places such a high value on testing and module scores, with resits at AS and A2 increasingly the norm, that there seems to be little time to *think*, and I think the difference is noticeable. Pupils at KES are challenged, I hope, to think beyond the boundaries of any specification, and in the lower years many of the boys routinely do this. It is unfortunate that the burden of public examinations in the Fiftths, Divisions and Sixths can narrow the aims of some, but it is perhaps to be expected given that many medical schools are asking for a minimum of 5 A* grades at GCSE even before there is any consideration of A-level scores. It feels as though it wasn't quite like this when I was in the Sixth Form, and I only left in 1994...

I hope, in teaching Chemistry, to open up ideas that the boys might otherwise not have considered, and to challenge the common

the sciences beyond the compulsory GCSEs. It sometimes seems that some of the more creative pupils leave the sciences behind, because it is assumed that the artistic imagination is superior to the scientific. But, to my eye at least, there is as much symmetry and beauty in a molecule of buckminsterfullerene (C_{60}) as in any sculpture, poem or painting, and *Principia Mathematica* is at least the equal of *Romeo and Juliet*.

So perhaps it's not the school that has changed, but me. I must admit that I don't think I *thought* as much as I should have done at school – I was too busy with House competitions, school sport, reading textbooks and doing homeworks – but surely that should be the aim for all. And as long as every pupil here can look back on his time here, as I do, with a genuine love for the school, then we can't be doing too badly. When pupils leave the school, they are presented with a Leaver's Book by the Chief Master. In writing this article I had another look through mine, after rooting through my mother's loft. Near the back is an entry by E.W. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury, which reads: "King Edward's School is in the foreground of every vision I have. Its discipline has been my strength, and its knowledge and faith my joy and peace."

RMB



Engineering Education Scheme

Alex Skouby, Simon Clapham, Henry Cathcart and Marek Stefanowski were handpicked for a residential week at the University of Birmingham, where their task was to design, make and test to destruction a concrete beam used in the Stepsafe Modular Platform System. We had to take into account all calculations that would affect the strength of the beam. We also had to design the layout of a railway station, which was to include laying out the position of the station building, the footbridge, highway, the bus interchange, the taxi "kiss and ride" system and also the car-parking layout, including the provision of disabled parking. The University gave us a huge amount of resources in the form of both materials and consultant expertise, which was provided by the civil engineering consultancy firm Mott MacDonald.

The first term was spent understanding and using the calculations that would enable the construction of a beam that was appropriate for the job. These calculations were long and complex, but the team was required to complete

them before the project could be moved forwards onto the next stage.

The beams themselves were built during the four day residential portion of the project that occurred just before Christmas. The moulds and the concrete mix were prepared. Before testing could be carried out, the concrete had to be left for 30 days to cure. The beams were tested in the New Year and it was found that shear links would not be required.

During the second term, we visited Worcestershire County Council and Mott MacDonald offices to see how the real project would be carried out; the visits were a chance to ask any questions or discuss important points on the project, and also to become acquainted with some of the tools that would be used, such as AutoCAD.

On the presentation day, the team's hard work paid off when many visitors were impressed with our display, and questions on the details of the build were answered to the best of our knowledge. As a potential engineer, the scheme taught me a lot about the design process and gave me practical experience as well as an insight into the world of civil engineering – a very rare and valuable experience that I shall always cherish.

Marek Stefanowski



A Year in the Life of the Library

The year 2005-2006 was one of great change in KES Library. In the summer of 2005 it was closed for refurbishment, costing over £150,000. Under Ms Allen's watchful eye, all fifteen thousand books were removed and packed away for the summer.

The Library then became a building site as a new issue desk, two computer clusters and a new fiction section were built. New carpets and furniture completed the transformation.

On the first day of the Autumn Term, the Library was opened, and was greeted by pupils with comments such as "Wicked!", "Awesome!", and "It's just like an Internet café!" With all the building work finished, the new-look Library (with the same old-look librarians) became a hive of (quiet) activity.



Before and after the transformation...



The new fiction library

A Book Fair was held, and the impressive sum of £350 was raised for Cot Fund. October also saw the very first Author Visit organised by Ms Allen, for all pupils in the Shells and Removes. The "Two Steves" (Steve Barlow and Steve Skidmore) spent a day at KES talking to pupils, creating havoc, and signing their books.

2005 saw the successful re-launch of the Pupil Librarian scheme. Boys in the Removes or above are able to volunteer to work in the Library one lunchtime a week, helping Ms Allen and Mrs Sihra with lots of different jobs.

The Library also puts on a number of displays and exhibitions each year. This year saw book covers designed by pupils during Art, and an exhibition on Old Edwardian J.R.R. Tolkien and his time at King Edward's (by Mr Lambie).

JA

IDS – an Intern’s Insight

“Never underestimate the determination of a quiet man...” – Iain Duncan Smith

These were the immortal words IDS spoke before the Tory faithful at the Party Conference in 2002. The Conservative Party was still reeling from its second successive election defeat in 2001, and the demise of William Hague gave IDS a unique opportunity to step up to the mark. He had identified his own vulnerabilities, and attempted to win public support through spinning his poor performance in the unruly ambience of Prime Minister’s Questions and portraying his muted approach as a positive attribute.

My first encounter with IDS was not without problems. After being told to rendezvous with Philippa Stroud (Director of the Centre for Social Justice) in the Central Lobby of the Palace of Westminster, I had to traverse a Police security frisking at St George’s Gate and then manoeuvre my way through crowds of tourists. The Central Lobby, when I got there, seemed familiar at first – like a cathedral or a large church that I have been brought up singing in. Yet as I looked more closely I noticed that these were not saints and angels adorning the walls but Kings and Queens of England. The MPs and other regulars of the Palace walked by, not once glancing at these grandiose figures, but I was at once enthralled by the ancient masonry, and only interrupted by the arrival of my mentor for the day. We exchanged salutations and proceeded past immaculate doormen, my entry only being secured by a plastic pass brandished by Philippa. We took a lift to the second floor and Philippa guided me through a labyrinth of luxurious corridors to IDS via Olivia, his secretary.

We entered his office a little early, so I was advised to make myself comfortable and await the great man. When he arrived, he appeared unflustered at finding two people in his office: whether this was because he remembered we had a meeting or because he worked so closely with Philippa that he trusted her judgement on whom to bring into the office I know not, but I learnt an important lesson here: there is very little, if any, personal space in Westminster. Time alone, without cries for attention from phones, computers, secretaries or visitors, can only be found at home, and there is no alternative. This is the culture of the Westminster

village. Although I was shadowing Philippa for the duration of this meeting, there was a part of me that hoped for an acknowledgement of my presence. But introductions would have to be saved until later, as business began as soon as IDS entered the office. Agendas were discussed, the Labour Party was insulted, IDS talked passionately about Social Justice and then the meeting started!

IDS complained of a bout of hay fever, the first of his life apparently, which was reminiscent of *Private Eye’s* “Iain Duncan Cough”. His headache required both fans in the room to be whirring, and they continued to ruffle my hair during the meeting, resulting in my looking rather like Boris Johnson at the close.

After business the members drifted out one by one until IDS and Oliver Letwin (one of IDS’s closest associates, having been in his shadow cabinet from 2001 and having survived the reshuffles of 2002-3, retaining his position as Shadow Secretary of State for the Home Department) were left verbally sparring. Philippa and I waited silently for IDS’s attention once again. One could detect a sense of mutual respect between these two old colleagues as they patted each other on the back and parted ways, yet they have very different approaches to the murky waters of Westminster and friction can arise. Philippa and IDS discussed the success of the meeting, before Iain turned to me. Conversation rushed past Oxbridge with a “jolly good” from IDS and then on to my studies at David Willetts’ former school. IDS seemed very personable: but then, one quickly learns to be amicable at Westminster – he probably wouldn’t remember any of this encounter the next day...

Andrew Browning





Carol Service 2005

As is KES custom, Thursday 8th December witnessed the school Carol Service in St Philip's Cathedral in the centre of Birmingham. With the success of the Foundation Service at St Andrew's in their wake, the KES Choir and Orchestra worked hard to maintain their high standards of musicianship, while the equally traditional practice of turning up fashionably late went virtually unobserved, eroded by unprecedented levels of organisation (honed, no doubt, by the lack of transport to the St Andrew's rehearsals).

The natural echo of St Philip's provided a euphonic reverb which enhanced the volume and depth of the sound without causing undue delays for either the choir or the orchestra, a testament to the many hours of practice put in by both. The rich acoustics and impressive interior

of the cathedral made for an appealing service, aesthetically pleasing in many ways; however, the emphasis was clearly, and appropriately, on Christian worship, with many fine readings from both pupils and staff.

All in all, the evening was enjoyable and drew fine performances from the various musicians. An engaging mixture of compositions was played, from the obscure (Benjamin Britten's *Hymn to the Virgin*) to the well-known (a rousing rendition of *Ding Dong Merrily On High*), thereby adhering to Carol Service traditions whilst also challenging the growing technical skills of its performers and (hopefully) satisfying the expectations of the congregation.

Many thanks to Messrs Evans, Monks, Bridle and Argust for their tireless efforts and patience with the KES Choir and Orchestra.

Dominic Hyde



Harmonious: Hymn sheets open, the choir warm up.

Shells' Classical Play Competition

We *Chronicle* editors are fickle, cynical beings and it takes something truly wonderful to get our shrivelled hearts beating. The beloved annual Shells Classical Play is an event to do the trick. This year's performers had taken the innovative step of advertising their productions on posters plastered around the school. All proclaimed the theme of the 2006 competition: *Harry Potter Goes To Pompeii*.

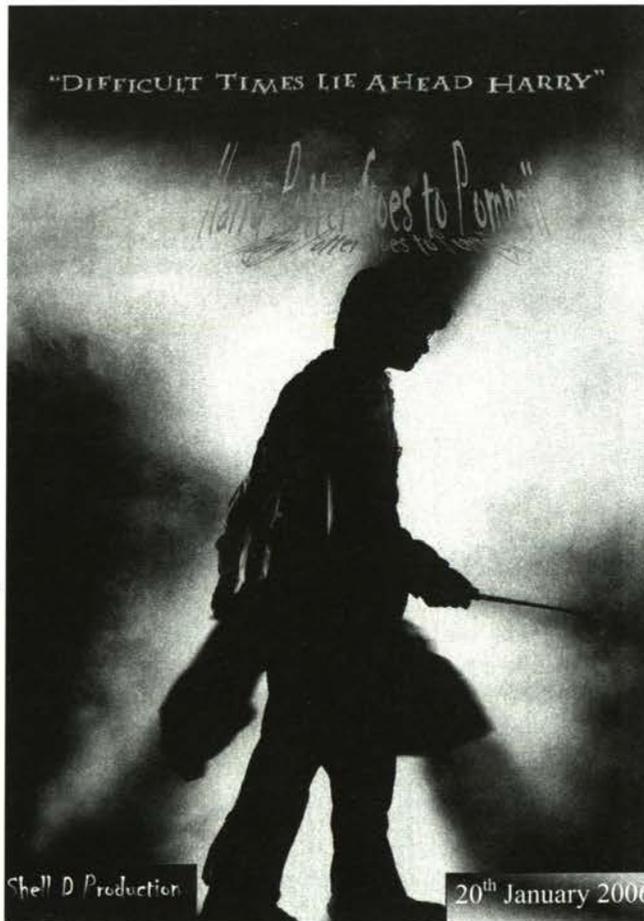
Shell B had the difficult task of opening the proceedings and setting the atmosphere for the rest of the Friday afternoon. It certainly started promisingly, with their live band striking up John Williams' now-iconic signature tune. The play was all vaguely psychedelic, and completely incoherent. The plot involved Peter Hodgkinson's Harry and his two best friends, Hermione and Ron, preparing to take on their enemy Malfoy in a game of Quidditch. For reasons that are completely opaque, they wind

up being transported to first-century Pompeii, where they meet Caecilius (from the *Cambridge Latin Course*), who invites them to the 'Show of Blood and Gore'. The play then unexpectedly tried its hand at postmodernism (or is that post-ancientism?) with a series of *Lord of The Rings* in-jokes and frustrated movie directors running around the stage. Caecilius revealed himself to be Harry's arch-nemesis, Lord Voldemort, plotting to blow up Mt Vesuvius, before unveiling his true identity as Sauron. The audience was confused, the judges baffled, and the competition in full swing.

Shell C was next onto the stage, accompanied by an oboe and clarinet duet. Here, Harry and his pals decide to take a magical trip to Italy, only to find themselves transported back in time. Trapped in ancient Pompeii, the Roman wizard, Grumio,

forces them to come along to the 'Destruction Derby'. Hermione then leads the audience in a unique rendition of Queen's *We Will Rock You* as the gladiatorial combat begins. The show ended with Grumio killed by a flying wand and a cursed Ron nearly falling into Mt Vesuvius. The lack of props hurt the class's chances with the judges. They were obviously huge fans of the minimalist 'Dogma' filmmaking technique pioneered by the director Lars von Trier. Oh yes, obviously.

Shell D's play began at Heathrow Airport with Harry and co. intending a holiday to Italy: without any tickets, they're forced to use their magic,

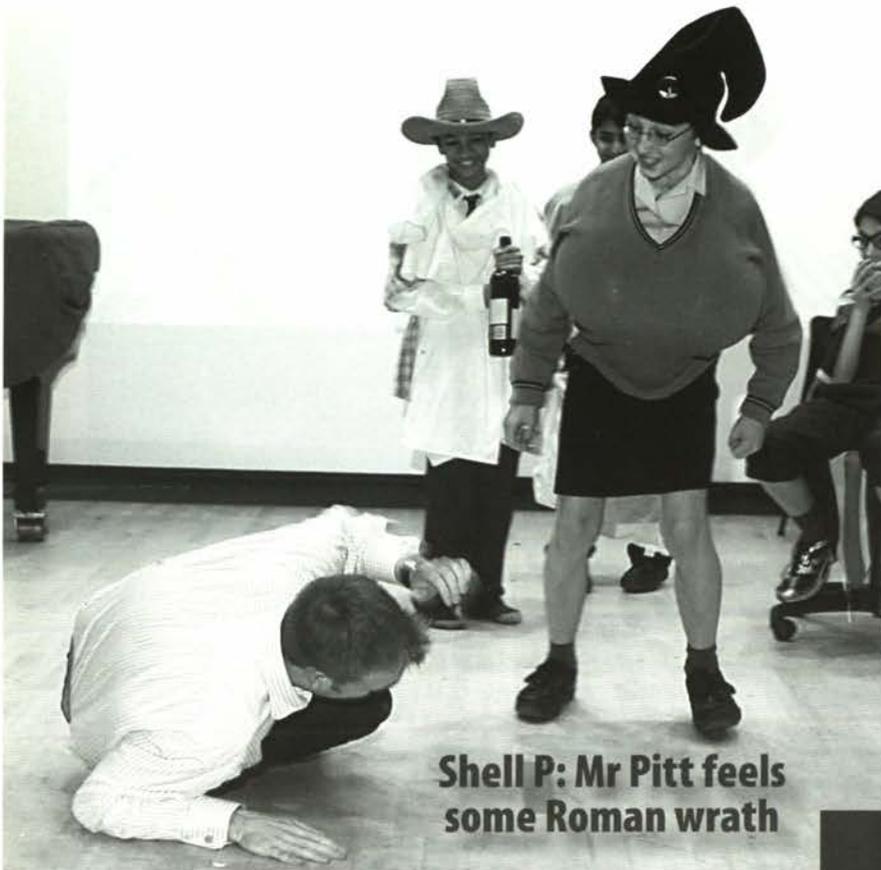


leading to an inspired time travel scene. The rest of the plot followed a madcap romp around Pompeii, replete with *Little Britain* references, songs about KFC and shotgun-toting Romans. If the Marx Brothers had ever made a Shells Classical Play, it might have looked something like this. The result was simply awesome, showcasing great performances from the young cast and a script brimming with a wonderful, energetic wit

- ranging from the cultured to the slapstick - that moved at a lightening pace. It was a show almost flawless in every aspect. My insider powwowing with the judges revealed the winner to me long before the results were officially announced.

But before the dust had even settled, Shell P were on with another terrific play. Harry's Italy-bound friends included the most, ur, physically developed Hermione of the day - or indeed, ever. The highlight of the afternoon was unquestionably Mr Pitt's cameo as a dog ferociously beaten-up by Hermione. There was a lot of anger in that child. Nobody acts that well. The rest of the show was filled with one-liners ("Why do people keep attacking me? I'm not George Bush!"), and the entire production proved to be very funny - non-sensical, but funny none the less. A kind of plot emerged, about

"If the Marx Brothers had ever made a Shells Classical Play, it might have looked something like this."



Shell P: Mr Pitt feels some Roman wrath

“Hairy was an afro-haired slob who bore so little resemblance to J.K. Rowling’s protagonist I began to wonder if Shell S’s children were the only 12-year-olds not to have read the books.”

a cross-dressing megalomaniac bent on world domination, but the story’s inconsequential when it’s all done with such passion and humour as were on display here. The finale found Harry and Caecilius caught in Mt Vesuvius’ eruption, before we were treated to a saxophone-guitar rendition of the *Mission:Impossible* theme.

The fifth and final contender of the afternoon was Shell S with *Hairy Rotter Goes 2 Pompeii*. Hairy was an afro-haired slob who bore so little resemblance to J.K. Rowling’s protagonist I began to wonder if Shell S’s children were the only 12-year-olds not to have read the books. When Hairy’s pizza guy is kidnapped by origami master Lord Foldemort, he must rescue him from Caecilius’ villa in the year 78 A.D. I credited Shell P for being the only production to have Romans speak in Italian accents; Shell S’s horse-rider from Pompeii was unmistakably cockney. The participants possessed an undeniable verve for performing, but were let down by a strange and rather feeble script that consisted of little more than a series of bad puns. Concluding with a *Chariots of Fire* sequence and Hairy and Foldemort dying on Vesuvius, it was an enthusiastic but flawed play that failed to convince most of the judges.

The adjudicators were left to add up their scorecards and proclaim a winner. The tension was tangible as the results were announced in reverse order: Shells S, B and C took fifth, fourth and third places, respectively. Shell P was a worthy contender for the top prize - and in any other year might have won it - but Shell D were the popular and critical choice to take the Best Production accolade.

Two of the afternoon’s leading judges, Pascal French and Richard Edwards, were able to offer their thoughts on the day. When asked how the plays of 2006 contrasted with theirs of 2001, Mr French mused: “It’s a vast improvement on the old days.” Mr Edwards continued that “there was an excellent use of introductory music - we never used to have that”. Mr French’s sole criticism was that “some of the performers played the women far too well”. Gender confusion aside, the praise for these young Shells was tremendous and deservedly so, confirming the Classical Play competition as one of the school’s most competent, and down-right fun, events.

Jamie Scott



Toga parties: not always fun.

Christmas Concert 2005

This year's Christmas Concert went spectacularly well, and showed off the best efforts of the school's musical groups. The Christmas Concert has always been performed over two nights: this year, the first night allowed most of the bands, and three choirs, to display their talents.

Concert Band, playing skilfully two movements of a Gordon Jacob *Suite*, opened the first concert. A Christmas Concert, unsurprisingly, tends to have a Yuletide theme, so the Wind Band's excellent performance of Andrew Lloyd Webber's *Phantom of the Opera* was a pleasant diversion, the dark, tense music played with great expression and professionalism. KEHS Chamber Choir, conducted by Mr Argust, performed three wonderful Christmas songs. The old favourite *The Holly and the Ivy* charmed the audience, especially thanks to soloists Jenni Payne, Vicki Waller, Stephanie Bubb and Elly Porter. Mrs Timms' choice of songs was appreciated by the listeners, the performers sang in perfect harmony and this performance was described by many in the audience as the highlight of the evening. Everyone appreciated Choral Society's tuneful and complicated performance of *Coventry Carol* and *Jingle Bells*, after which the Senior Swing Band's spot had the entire audience tapping their feet in time. It was an exciting and fun performance, conducted by Mr Monks. Two carols got the audience involved and singing along with the choirs. One of them, *While Shepherds Watched*, was a special arrangement by Mr Evans involving numerous brief quotations from other pieces of music. This enabled a competition to be run for the audience: they had to recognise all of the "cameo" tunes in the piece, such as Brahms' *Lullaby*. The winner, Edward Kings, received two tickets for *The Little Shop of Horrors* in February.

The second night of the programme was, if anything, even more of a success, and has been described by some of the performers

and audience as the best school concert they had been to. Concert Orchestra and Brass Band opened the concert with *Stars and Stripes Forever* and the *Thunderbirds* theme tune. Junior Swing Band, conducted by Mr Evans, followed before KES Chamber Choir performed three beautiful and difficult works sung without fault. Conducted by Mr Monks, and with Tim Lawrence and Matthew Raynor singing solos during *In the Bleak Midwinter*, these pieces, along with the Symphony Orchestra's performance, may well have been the acme of the 2005 Christmas Concert. KES Choir and Concert Orchestra also produced excellent performances, though. The evening concluded with the Symphony Orchestra, very much the elite group among the school's ensembles and certainly one of the best school-age musical units in the country. *Swan Lake* was played with grace and beauty, and the opening solo by Sophie Allan on the oboe was breathtakingly lovely. A magnificent trumpet solo by Henry Arnold was perfect, and John Garner and Jonathan Pether's violin and cello duet was a virtuoso performance. Indeed, this was perhaps the best performance by a school orchestra ever heard by many of the audience. The rendition of *Decorations*, a series of letters read by Jack Jefferies to comical accompaniment by Symphony Orchestra, added an amusing touch to the evening.

This was Mr Roger Dancey's last concert as Chief Master. So, nearing the end of the concert, Mr Bridle pointed out to the audience that Mr Dancey had never once participated in a school concert. To laughter from the crowds, Mr Bridle produced two sticks and instructed the Chief to join the percussion section for the traditional closing rendition of *Sleigh Ride*. While Symphony Orchestra played impeccably, Mr Dancey's "whip-crack" effect was usually late, much to the amusement of the audience. Happily, he got it right by the end. This delightful touch added a warm glow to the evening, as the Christmas Concert of 2005 ended, another resounding success.

"A magnificent trumpet solo by Henry Arnold was perfect, and John Garner and Jonathan Pether's violin and cello duet was a virtuoso performance. Indeed, this was perhaps the best performance by a school orchestra ever heard by many of the audience."

Sam Westrop



El Maestro: Mr. Monks conducts Wind Band to success.

KES Factor 2006



**KES gave rock 'n' roll to you, gave rock 'n' roll to you:
Kiss take the spotlight.**

After the high-quality musical extravaganza of this year's excellent House Music competition came the second grand hootenanny of the term: *KES Factor*, hosted by our very own Ant & Dec, Tom McCloud and 'P-Unit' Singh. Although the acts were sadly rather thin on the ground, the entertainment was certainly laid on thicker than the Dining Hall's custard. From the overblown leather-clad psychedelic rock of Kiss to the only slightly less boisterous fluorescent-blue-tracksuit-clad Infidel, each group demonstrated a passion for music, if not always a technical proficiency. The judges this year were Mr Milton, Miss McMillan and Mr Milne, who provided generous praise along with equally generous helpings of Cowell-esque, confidence-shattering criticisms, or just plain abuse. Mr Milne and Tom McCloud also entertained the audience with a show-long rally of verbal insults (all in good taste, of course). The event, it seemed, failed to produce a winner – not through any lack of talent but because of the show's main flaw, the fact that there was no comprehensible points system. This was, of course, but a minor technicality since, in the true spirit of KES, they were all winners.

Simon Bhana

Syndicate Concert

Exams had finished for another year. House Competitions were in full flow. Everyone was enjoying a relaxing last week of term. But in the depths of the Music School, Sixth Formers were trying desperately to stick to an insane rehearsal schedule for that wonderful end-of-term event that is the Syndicate Concert. Tempers were tested, but it was all worth the effort when one of the best Syndicate Concerts in recent memory was successfully performed on a rainy Saturday night last July. Highlights included a full orchestral performance of an extract from *Fingal's Cave* conducted by Rich Williams and led by Sheila Lumley, a wonderful rendition of *Carnival of the Animals*, which included some staggering piano work from David Hann, and a breathtaking clarinet duet. It was an evening that confirmed the astonishing musical ability of the Class of '06: their talents will be missed by all.

Joe Russell

**Titus Andronicus –
“the biggest bloodbath in Shakespeare’s canon”**

Described as “Shakespeare’s earliest – and goriest – tragedy”, *Titus Andronicus* was one of the first student-directed productions at KES (other than the Syndicate Plays) that I can remember. This epic task was undertaken by Charles Morton, whose inspired idea was that after the gruelling work of the AS exams, a select few of the Divisions and KEHS Lower Sixth should have something to look forward to...some more gruelling work! Armed with only a pad and pen, he persuaded members of both schools to take part in a truly blood-curdling tale of rape, murder, mutilation and wife stealing.

Rehearsals started almost immediately after the end of the exams. When we were handed the scripts we realised that this was no *Romeo and Juliet*, but ahead we went: roles were quickly assigned, with Dominic Hyde as Lucius, Adelaide Pope as Bassianus, Helen Kennedy as Tamora, Chris Adamson as Marcus Andronicus, Charlie Morton as Titus Andronicus, and myself as the Emperor Saturninus.

Although the audience seemed to lapse into a comatose state during some of the long speeches from Marcus or Titus, they seemed to wake up whenever another death scene presented itself, or when the lovely but unfortunate Lavinia was dragged away and raped – such sustained violence is the reason behind Dr Hosty’s sound bite, “*Titus Andronicus* is Shakespeare’s *Evil Dead*.” Though the viewers may not have devoted their full attention to every scene, it is fair to call the performance a success, and one that ably demonstrated KES’s theatrical aspirations to the prospective parents and children during the Opening Evening at which it was performed. It’s good to see that the spirit of the Bard still roams our halls.

Jack Ramplin

Junior Production: Vanity Fair

If you had asked anyone involved with this production, up to about a week before the First Night or maybe even the Sunday before, whether they thought it was going to work, I doubt that you would have got a positive response. What a great surprise it was then when it all came together on that Wednesday to produce the best Junior Production I have seen or been involved with. The company – myself included as one of the three Stage Managers – was there rehearsing every Monday and Wednesday, working under the command of Director Mrs Herbert, who normally does Senior Production but chose the Junior Production this year, and Assistant-Director Mr Hope from the Girls' School. The scale of the production was unheard of for a Junior production. Lots of pressure was put on everyone involved to get it perfect by giving up almost all his or her free time, including weekends. In the final two weeks, the performance was rehearsed time and time again until we could rehearse no more. It was a tough few weeks for all involved, but boy did it pay dividends in the end! Many thanks must also go to Miss Proops for her fantastic set design and the efforts of the Stage Crew who built it.

The audience followed Becky, Amelia, Jos, Dobbin, George and Rawdon through their traumatic lives via Suffolk, London, Ostend, Waterloo and Bundlegunge in India, over an epic two and a half hour adaptation of William Makepeace Thackeray's novel. Two marriages, two affairs, hundreds of deaths, social climbing and falling (poor old Raggles), gambling, dancing (thanks to the legend that is Mr Barrie), wife-beating – if you can think of it, it was there. The battle of Waterloo was stunningly recreated in the Drama Studio, with guns and cannons blasting (thanks to Mr Davies) and myriad men, leaving the audience in a stupor at the interval. The collapse of Becky and Rawdon's marriage led to the most spellbinding acting moment, with Christopher Bland losing control when he discovers his wife's adultery. The hours of work spent on the company acting sequences paid off handsomely. The string quartet had a fantastic impact on the show: they were just mesmerising.

Special mentions cannot go to all of the unusually numerous cast, but Ed Siddons performed the kind-hearted William Dobbin with the utmost calm, consideration and a touching poignancy unbelievable to those who know Ed offstage. He got the laughs, only second to Henry Tonks as Amelia's older brother Joseph Sedley. Memorable lines such as "No! It's the dinner bell!" and "the MAHOUT of the elephant" always raised a smile among cast and crew alike. Oscar Denihan as Mr Osborne kept the audience captivated, as did Ted Smith as the sympathetic and courteous young man falling for the one girl he can't have. Madhav Bakshi's George Osborne and Gregory Stacey's Rawdon Crawley also deserve credit. John Tsopanis grew up greatly over the course of the production, stopped his incessant talking and put down the biscuits long enough to deliver a convincing performance as the sleazy Lord Steyne. Special mentions must go to Adam Forrest as the Prince Regent and James Travers, who made both the coach driver and Pitt Crawley, ("she is a Godless woman of the world, she lives with atheists and Frenchmen") funny and memorable.

I feel honoured to have been involved with mahouting this elephant of a production to its final state. I thoroughly enjoyed watching the play; I hope that all involved had as much fun contributing to it, as I did stage managing it. The best Junior Production since *The Roman Invasion of Ramsbottom*; and we all know that that cast went on to achieve great things in *Les Misérables*. I predict great things for this fantastic company of actors.

Charles Morton



Small actors, big ambition: Junior School pulls off a mean feat.



Syndicate Play 2006: Much Ado About Nothing

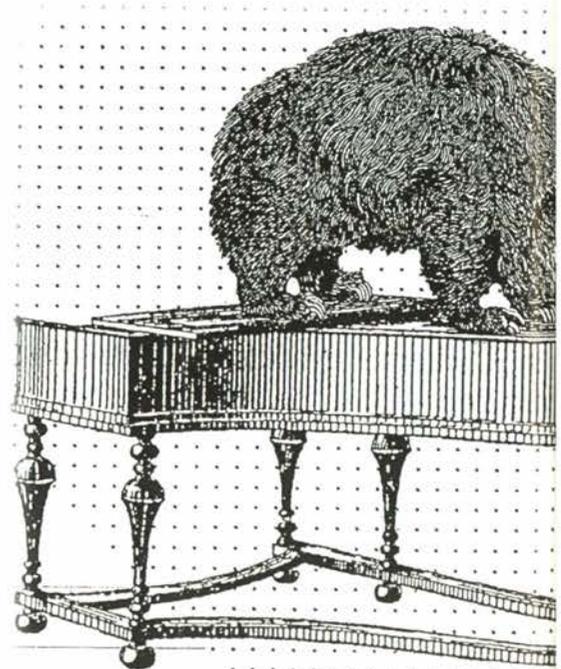
This year's Syndicate Play was a resounding success. In a departure from convention, this year's Sixth Form decided to perform a non-musical production – none other than Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*. To undertake Shakespeare under normal circumstances is hard; to cast, rehearse and put on a production in a little over two weeks was a Herculean effort. We would eventually be vindicated by that old maxim: the end justifies the means. With excellent performances all round, the entire cast should be applauded: however, special praise should go to Ben Anderson and Miriam Elgon for playing Benedick and Beatrice, and to Aliyah Abidi and David Arnold, two relative newcomers to the stage, who played the young lovers Hero and Claudio. Ben and Miriam brought the war of wit between their two characters to life, while Aliyah and David were the perfect image of a young woman scorned and a jealous, angry Count. These performances in the beautiful outside performance venue of Chantry Court, supported by an enthusiastic cast, made the evening enjoyable for all who turned out to watch. Special thanks to the directors and all those off-stage that made our Syndicate Play possible.

Jack Jeffries

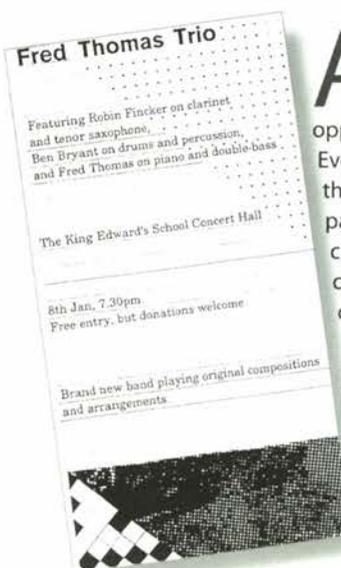
Instrumental Evenings

As well as the many prestigious concerts that the Music Department offers throughout the year, pupils have the opportunity to perform at its Instrumental Evenings. These events act as a showcase for the musical talent of the School whilst giving parents the chance to see the fruits of their children's practice. These events are excellently organized by the Music staff, who are always on hand to offer encouragement and even friendly banter! I was lucky enough to perform in four such evenings, alongside guitarists, singers and other drummers in a relaxed, stress-free atmosphere. For many pupils, including myself, these concerts are a great, informal introduction to the otherwise daunting world of live performance. One Sunday in January, Old Edwardian Fred Thomas returned with his Jazz trio to prove that pupils keep up their music beyond their KES career. I would recommend that anybody taking instrumental lessons participate in one of these evenings, as they are a fantastic experience.

Jack Winks



One last time: Fred Thomas mal



Lunchtime Recitals

If a pupil wandered into the Concert Hall on a Thursday afternoon this year, he may well have walked in on musical brilliance. The lunchtime recital is an old staple of the KES-KEHS calendar, regularly occurring in each term, but it is perhaps taken for granted by too many people. These recitals really do demonstrate the School's solo musical talents when individuals can take centre stage in the Concert Hall, away from the anonymous instrumental sections of Concert Band and Symphony Orchestra. There is no limit to what may be performed – violins, trumpets, double basses, oboes, cellos, clarinets, percussion and vocals were all in evidence in this year's programme. The only thing that connects the performances is invariably the school's Piano Man, Mr Bridle, who accompanies the soloists. These recitals are a quieter, more intimate affair than the fireworks of the major school concerts; sometimes, they can be more rewarding too.

William Joel

Cleobury Mortimer Orchestral Weekend 2006

This year's residential weekend for the school Symphony Orchestra conformed with its traditions, which have been observed as part of every weekend I can remember. We had the scenic coach ride from school to the recently

expanded Pioneer Centre, the barn dance and, of course, the Sunday morning practical joke. There was a new addition to the proceedings this time, in the form of the highly entertaining bouncy assault course. Hopefully this will become another tradition in the years to come. But the main focus of the weekend was, obviously, the music; most of our time was spent rehearsing for the concert that would take place the following week. The programme was planned to climax with *Scheherazade*, and many hours were spent applying the countless finishing touches to Rimsky-Korsakov's symphonic tribute to the "Arabian Nights" stories.

Various staff accompanied us: Mr Bridle rehearsed us tirelessly all weekend; Mr Monks coached the woodwind section and Mr McNaughton did a great job of helping the brass; Dr Galloway and Mrs Gardiner also joined us – both of them regular participants in the

weekend. All the staff were terrific in helping the weekend run smoothly.

Cleobury Mortimer is never complete without the Barn Dance. Taking Mr Bridle's advice to "smother yourselves in deodorant," ("I don't want to dance with any smelly people.") we all took part enthusiastically and, as usual, any Cleobury 'newbies' ended up having a surprisingly good time. We had a number of people in costumes – sumo wrestlers, pirates and cowboys among them. As usual, the band did a fine job of helping us know when to "swing your partner" and when to "do-see-do."

Sunday brought news of the bouncy castle and assault course. Needless to say, tremendous fun was had in our lunch break down in the gym. Even the Chief Master and his family popped down to Cleobury for lunch and a bounce!

But amidst the fun and games there was a musical agenda to be accounted for, and I believe the weekend was an essential ingredient of what turned out to be a great performance in the Adrian Boult Hall the following Sunday. I would like to thank all the music staff for their melodic wisdom and for making the weekend a huge success and definitely one to remember.

Jonathan Pether

Summer Concert 2006

In the grand tradition of KES/KEHS Summer Concerts, all of our bands, orchestras and choirs performed in the impressive atmosphere and acoustics of Symphony Hall: a fitting stage for the massed musical talent of both schools.

The daunting task of opening the show fell to Concert Band, who with their energetic rendition of the appropriately titled *Strike up the Band* easily met the expectations of the audience. This was followed by an able arrangement of A Leroy Anderson's *Portrait*, leaving the audience eager for more.

The Junior Choir provided a change in tone with *Feelin' Good*, followed by perhaps the most unusual performance of the night: *Howling at the Moon*, complete with scarily realistic lupine impressions. *Wonderful Dream* rounded off their section nicely, beautifully sung as ever.

Junior Swing Band were next with spirited versions of *Caravan* and *Fly Me To The Moon*, which showcased the impressive ability of musicians from the lower years in the school, before KEHS Chamber Choir's *Oh Soldier, Soldier...*, sung with admirable purity of tone and including a particularly good solo by Jenni Payne, proved that the girls possess their own musical personality, distinctly different from the Junior Choir.

Wind Band's *Instant Concert* was followed by the Choral Society, who put aside their usual classical repertoire to entertain us with three lighter works:

"Sunday brought news of the bouncy castle and assault course. Needless to say, tremendous fun was had in our lunch break down in the gym. Even the Chief Master and his family popped down to Cleobury for lunch and a bounce!"



encore.



Heads down, high notes: The Choir sings true.

Every Time We Say Goodbye, The Way You Look Tonight and Don't It Make My Brown Eyes Blue. Brass Band supplied a suitable finale to the first half with powerful performances of *Trumpets Wild* and *76 Trombones*.

After the intermission, Symphony Orchestra struck up the overture to *Die Fledermaus*, which contrasted nicely with Senior Swing Band's *Chatanooga Choo-Choo* and *Salute to Glen Miller*.

The trebles from KES Choir – refusing to let the evening slacken – sang two movements from Britten's *Rossini Suite*. The String Sinfonia played the tricky third movement of Vivaldi's *L'Estate*; then

Threnody, a new composition by KEHS's Alison Timms; and *Let It Be*. The former was a strange, avant-garde piece that seemed to wrong-foot the audience, but the latter instantly rekindled their enthusiasm. Hearing the harmonious chords to McCartney's emotive masterpiece brought a warm, nostalgic glow to the Hall. It seemed as though everyone was silently mouthing, "When I find myself in times of trouble/ Mother Mary comes to me..." After two other old favourites – *Ave Verum Corpus* and *Oh When The Saints* – from KES Choir, the stage was given over to the combined forces of Symphony Orchestra, Concert Orchestra and String Sinfonia for a powerful *Thunder and Lightning Polka*.

After the customary audience participation number, the *Radetsky March*, the Barbershop Group made a return to this year's lineup, and gained what was probably the evening's greatest applause for their three short songs. This provided a build-up to the fitting finale, Saint-Saens' *Organ Symphony*. Symphony Orchestra, Concert Orchestra and String Sinfonia accompanied Dan Mort's accomplished organ playing. The sheer skill, bravura and gusto with which it was performed meant it was certainly the most impressive piece of the concert.

Thanks go to the Music Staff: Mr Bridle, Mr Monks, Mr Evans, Mr Argust and Miss Timms for providing yet another wonderful concert.

Thomas Davies



Senior Production: The Little Shop of Horrors

The Drama Department has tackled a number of ambitious productions over recent years. Following up acclaimed performances of *Les Misérables* and *Sweeney Todd* is no mean feat, especially since both shows offered exemplary acting and truly remarkable musicianship. But King Edward's Drama team has never been one for shying away from a challenge.

The decision to opt for *Little Shop of Horrors* may have come as a surprise, given KES's recent repertoire; the play has a more light-hearted mood than the likes of *Sweeney Todd*. In fact, *Little Shop of Horrors* provided a welcome injection of frivolity that was much enjoyed by all involved. Audiences here have come to expect high standards from our shows, and this year's production carried on the tradition in an altered key.

The story follows Seymour (played by Jack Jeffries), an apparent no-hoper working in a run-down florist. A meek individual, he is tormented both by his boss, Mr Mushnik, and by the fact that his sweetheart co-worker, Audrey, is dating local bad-boy biker and maniacal dentist, Orin. Then he discovers a unique species of plant, which he affectionately names "Audrey II". The plant brings local renown and success to Seymour and the

business, but, unbeknownst to the characters, it has its own agenda and rapidly begins to govern Seymour's actions. Upon discovery that Audrey II possesses a gruesome and insatiable thirst for human flesh, not to mention an uncanny ability to speak, Seymour finds life becoming more complicated. To the plant's booming chant of "Feed me", he establishes a "kill-two-birds" plan to feed Audrey II's hunger by killing the oppressive and violent Orin. Luckily for the young botanist, the dentist overdoses on laughing gas and dies, making murder unnecessary. After devouring the body, the plant grows in stature and confidence.

Meanwhile, Seymour must lead his new life of success and fame, and enjoy his newfound relationships with Audrey and Mr Mushnik – girlfriend and surrogate father, respectively – whilst concealing the grisly truth about his plant. As his reputation grows, Seymour receives more and more contracts and business offers. Overwhelmed by the attention, Seymour blindly continues to feed the plant, unable to see a way out. Inevitably this leads to more deaths: Mr Mushnik's, Audrey's, and finally Seymour's, in his self-sacrificial attempt to thwart Audrey II's plans for world domination.

Seymour is an audience's protagonist – the hapless, sympathetic hero who unintentionally stumbles into trouble. Yet there is an undeniably sadistic and ruthless streak in him. The ease with which Seymour directs his boss into the plant,



where he supposedly has "stored the business's money" is both darkly comic and unexpectedly cold-blooded.

Jack Jeffries was perfect as this bumbling and genial hero (and merciless killer). Despite the carnage he remains likeable, perhaps because the only killing he personally carries out is his own. His soliloquies reveal a distinctly human inner turmoil between selflessness and selfishness. His weaknesses were presented flawlessly by Jack onstage, right down to the drooping head and melancholy intonation.

A strong supporting cast is vital to complement the lead, and it was pleasingly evident in *Little Shop of Horrors*. Ben Anderson as Orin gave a hilarious and instantly memorable performance, all camp laugh and cocky swagger. The fragile nature of Audrey afforded Sophie Graham ample chance to evoke sympathy, which she did admirably, playing a perfect partner to Jack's sympathetic Seymour. The mannerisms of individuals are key to developing a role and keeping it convincing. Perhaps the most demanding in this sense is Mr Mushnik, with his penchant for ranting, nods of the head and wild gesticulations to express his feelings. Phil Khalil-Marzouk was ideal as Mr Mushnik; the shop owner is a humorous character, and Phil's rapid delivery and mastery of the accent provided some of the play's best moments. All three sang superbly. Ditto Lydia Parnell, Miriam Elgon and Nadine Johnson, playing the story's three narrators. Seb Heaven's performance as Audrey II was hilarious, covering

a dazzling vocal range both in prose and verse. Indeed, his booming voice complemented Jack's well, and it is fair to say he stole the show.

To identify set and props as some of the finest performers is admittedly not traditional, but *Little Shop of Horrors*' success depended on them so heavily. Here, the Stage Crew must be congratulated on the fruits of their labour. The squalid Skid Row was ably realised, with dustbins, decayed walls and a back-alley staircase. The "star" prop, inevitably, was the life-size version of Audrey II, complete with moving mouthparts: the plant was a triumph of design. Rich Sheehan deserves to be singled out for his graffiti work on the set, which provided the finishing touch to a meticulous set.

Of course, a musical is nothing without its orchestra. A band featuring some of the school's cream tackled a very varied score incorporating a Floyd-esque intro, rock and blues, as well as orchestral sections. Right up to the explosive end song, the band succeeded in keeping the play tightly together, aiding its pace and atmosphere, especially when Seymour butchers the corpse of Orin to a particularly dramatic score.

To congratulate all involved individually wouldn't be possible, but I must sincerely applaud them collectively for, I venture to say, KES's best yet. To Ms Proops and Mrs Herbert: genuine thanks for continuing their flawless run of productions; we wait with bated breath for next year – make a date in your diary.

Francis Gardener-Trejo





CCF – The Hundredth Year!

What a year! Some rare opportunities and achievements came the way of the CCF in its Centenary Year. Soon after the Autumn Expeditions Weekend, the tone was set by our best ever competition achievement: the winning run in First Aid Competitions was finished triumphantly by outright victory in the CCF National Competition at Frimley Park, compounded by national Bronze for our 'B' team! So, for the first time in a hundred years, we are County, Brigade, CCF(RAF) and CCF National champions at First Aid! More to the point, the training pays off: our cadets have assisted in several actual incidents, and one has taken life-saving action to maintain the airway of a casualty having a fit on a bus. That is the real benefit.

The lucky run continued: our contacts with the family of Pilot Officer Dennis Knight OE and with the Imperial War Museum's 'Their Past, Your Future' project resulted in the offer of a commemorative visit to Malta for sixteen boys and two staff in November. There was no shortage of volunteers! More of that elsewhere – suffice to say that it was an unforgettable, once-in-a-lifetime experience, and led to two of the cadets later giving a presentation to an audience of guests including Tessa Jowell and Gordon Brown at the Imperial War Museum.

Success continued into the Summer Term: a week before the Centenary Inspection, the KES Skill at Arms team won the CCF strand of the Brigade Skill at Arms Meet with a dazzling display of marksmanship, coming a very close second to the top ACF team. Not for many years have KES marksmen returned from a competition with so much silverware and so many medals!

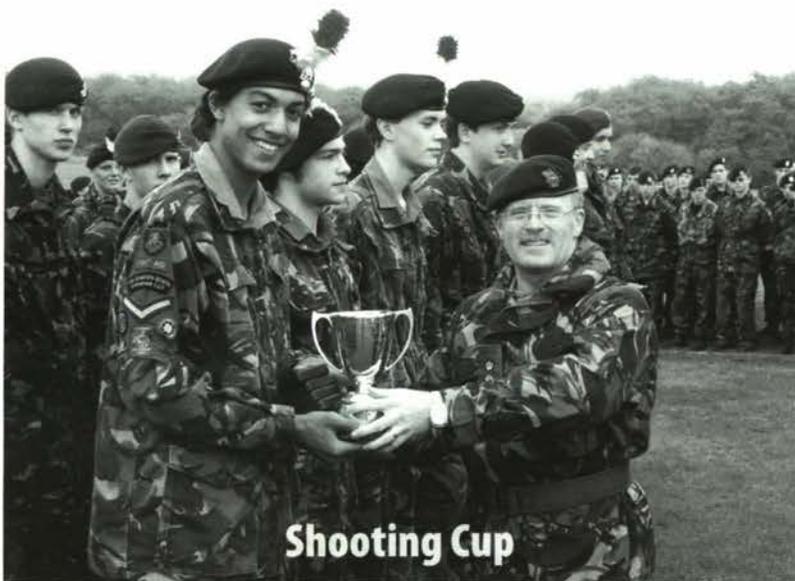
We felt we were on the crest of a wave as the Centenary Inspection approached – riding high but in a risky position! It is somewhat intimidating hosting the Second Sea Lord, and knowing that one is on show, not only to parents, Old Boys, and

friends of the school, but also to the C-in-C Naval Home Command, complete with Flag Lieutenant, Fleet Senior Warrant Officer, and much gold braid and ceremony. He turned out, however, to be thoroughly interested in all the achievements of the cadets, and fortunately all went well in the various displays of training activities. Even the drill was competent, if not entirely flawless!

Old Boys returned en masse for Saturday's CCF Reunion, School Tour, Shooting Competition, and Centenary Dinner. A good afternoon of reminiscence, poring over memorabilia and photographs, was followed by a Dinner for which Mr Webber and his staff in the Dining Hall put on all the style of the Officers' Mess. Every guest was invited to share a brief reminiscence, and many did, so that we heard many stories of ribald and untoward incidents which do not bear repetition here! We did learn, however, that it was probably the senior NCOs of 1987 who were responsible for the exasperating increase in Health and Safety legislation for cadets, if some of their exploits ever gained the attention of the authorities!

Despite the excitement of the high points, the bedrock of the CCF is the regular cycle of training and the wide range of experiences on offer. During the year cadets in all sections have attended two Expeditions Weekends: the Royal Naval Section has experienced a range of adventurous training at Capel Curig and training afloat at Portsmouth, while military training and fieldcraft have been the focus for both the Army at Thetford and Swynnerton, and the RAF at Swynnerton and Nesscliff. Flying in the Grob Tutor, and gliding in the Grob Vigilant, have been regular opportunities for the RAF, and expedition opportunities have been frequent in the forms of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme and the Cadre Dartmoor Trek. Add to this the Friday training, with Service proficiency syllabuses, first aid, orienteering, shooting, and more, and it is easy to understand why over half this year's Upper Middles chose to join the CCF.

“ – suffice to say that it was an unforgettable, once-in-a-lifetime experience, and led to two of the cadets later giving a presentation to an audience of guests including Tessa Jowell and Gordon Brown at the Imperial War Museum.”



Shooting Cup



National Winners



Dignitaries

Cadets have not been slow to take advantage of the various Service courses and experiences on offer: eight have completed Leadership courses, seven Gliding Scholarships and three Flying Scholarships; others have maintained the flying theme with the RAF Overseas Flight Scheme, the RN Pilot/Observer Course, and the RN Fleet Air Arm Acquaint. Parachutists have learned to come down to earth safely with the Royal Artillery, and on the ground cadets have been on Arduous Training with the Royal Marines, gaining winter mountain experience with the Army, and trying out a range of Royal Naval courses including Sail Training, Powerboat Coxswain, and activities from Military Training through Range Firing to the challenging Sports Course. There are plenty of challenges on offer to those willing to go for the opportunity. And that is without even mentioning Summer Camps – at Wathgill Camp for the Army, RAF Honington for the RAF, and Dartmouth for the Royal Naval Section.

None of this could happen without the staff who do the admin, spot the opportunities, arrange the training, lead many of the activities, and encourage and support the cadet NCOs. In September 2005 we were fortunate to gain 2/Lt Elaine Sigston when she joined the DT Department; though she is an Army Section officer she is also a qualified SCUBA Divemaster, and has been able to build up our involvement in the world of SCUBA, so that once again several senior cadets have qualified as PADI Open Water Divers. In 2006 she will be joined by new RE teacher Miss Kate Balnaves, who was a CCF cadet herself at school and is keen to put something back into the system as an adult. We are fortunate that teachers are still willing to come forward and put time and effort into the CCF: to see boys growing in confidence and in leadership through their CCF experiences is a good reward. I would like to record my personal thanks to all the CCF adult staff, and to other school staff who support us – particularly Mr Cumberland, who has stepped in to take the sailing groups out during Miss Leaver's maternity leave.

Finally, we start the next school year with 66 new recruits, spread more evenly than ever before over the three sections, and with a committed and enthusiastic body of NCOs and officers: not a bad start to the second century!

Sqn Ldr Raynor

Malta: Their Past, Your Future

It began with a telephone call, out of the blue, from the Imperial War Museum; it finished with a 4-day visit to Malta by sixteen KES cadets, Sqn Ldr Raynor and Capt. Collins. The visit had particular value for Capt. Collins, as he served on Malta as a young Sapper, and was full of tales from his past!

The original call was to the Contingent Commander, asking for information about Pilot Officer Dennis Knight, RAFVR, an Old Boy of the School who flew Hurricanes in World War II and was sadly killed in action during the defence of Malta in 1941. It sparked off a chain of events which included a visit to the School by Dennis Knight's sister, who presented to the Library a book based on her schoolgirl diaries of the war years – the diaries contain many details of Dennis's RAF service, and moving details of the family's response to the news of his death. The contact led, ultimately, to the commemorative visit, which was accompanied by specialist staff from the Museum and sponsored by the 'Their Past, Your Future' project. This educational project encourages young people to investigate themes of commemoration and the long-term effects of conflict. Dennis Knight's name has certainly not been forgotten, as we still award the Knight Memorial Medal annually to the cadet who has shown 'best love of country and of school', but this visit helped us to understand more than the bare facts.

There can be nothing better in the middle of a dreary British winter than four days in the Mediterranean sun, but there was far more to the visit than this. Guided by a survivor of the siege of Malta, and prepared by a day spent with veterans of the conflict at Duxford, cadets learned

a great deal about the stark realities of war. We visited historical sites associated with the defence of Malta and the career of Plt Off Knight, and got close enough to a Spitfire and a Hurricane to touch them. We visited the underground War Rooms at Lascaris, where the RAF controllers organised the defence of the islands and the blackboards still record the victories – but not the losses. We took a cruise round Grand Harbour, visited military cemeteries, and learned about the work of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission. In Dennis's memory, we laid a wreath at the RAF Malta Memorial. We were entertained by the Malta branch of the Royal British Legion, and spent time there chatting to veterans of the siege. In among all this, we spent time on board HMS Illustrious, luckily berthed in Grand Harbour at the time, and at an interactive museum saw an 8-ton cannon fired.

The most important thing we learned, though, concerned the effect of war on people's lives. We saw the damage the bombs did, still visible after 60 years, and we learned about the Victory Kitchens, and the way people would nail a piece of bread to the wall so that when it went hard and stale they could chew it for longer. Our guide was the son of a surgeon at Valletta's main hospital, who lived through the thick of the siege and told us what life had been like for him – this made a real impact on us.

The emotional highlight was undoubtedly the laying of a wreath at the Memorial, under the panel commemorating Dennis Knight, in a simple ceremony which we devised ourselves. This memorable if sobering visit left us full of admiration for the people and the island of Malta, and for the bravery of the pilots who defended them. Certainly the Knight Memorial Medal will have a much more profound status for our generation of the CCF.

Robin Joseph, Paul Pritchett, DHR



Malta

ARMY



Assault Course



Captain Collins with Recruits

Army Expeditions Weekend: Thetford

Less than a month into the Autumn Term, Expeditions Weekend provided the SNCO's with their first real opportunity to lead in the field. For Cadre and the Naval cadets with them, it was a chance to operate under their own steam; for Connolly recruits, still wide-eyed and dazzled by the sight of so many weapons and rounds, it was a real trial by fire which they would come away from far better cadets than they could imagine; for Vyse, it was a chance to consolidate skills and burn off some of the excess weight gained over the summer!

After the three platoons had settled into their respective harbours for the night, the first exercise commenced, which saw the Army Cadre split into two sections as a hunter force, searching for and 'capturing' the rest of the boys. The exercise was, however, mortally wounded by an unfortunate lack of radio capabilities, and everyone was slightly confused.

The next day went on exercises in camouflage and concealment, weapon skills and the assault course, which this year everyone managed to complete (a nice change).

As dusk drew in, the main night exercise commenced, with the Army & Navy Cadres taking on the rest of the section. While Connolly boys could not fire any weapons, not having passed their weapon handling tests, (and so were reduced to shouting 'bang') the friendly forces still put down a formidable amount of fire on the stalwart Cadre. We settled down for the night, knowing a fierce battle would await us upon awakening.

Launching a dawn raid, the friendly forces were outmanoeuvred by the ever-cunning Cadre; expecting Cadre to be in their sanctuary, the friendly attack was focussed on this building. What a surprise then, that small Cadre fire teams were found all around the surrounding area! However, some quick thinking from HQ came up with a successful counter-attack, and the friendly forces of Vyse and Connolly joyfully bounded through the smoke and fog to rout the foe. Then it was a quick cleaning operation and a not-quite-tearful goodbye to Thetford from the top two years, before mounting the coach and going home to tea and medals. As always, thanks to all staff for a very enjoyable weekend. In addition, well done to the Naval cadets who, with the noted (and somewhat expected) exceptions, fitted in and admirably tackled all the weekend threw at them.

Sgt Charles Douglas

Army Section at Swynnerton

In March, the battle-hardened Vyse platoon and the still (somewhat) fresh-faced Connolly were once again thrown into action against the vicious Cadre, this time in the heart of darkness that is Swynnerton training area. Accompanying the Cadre, as is by now customary, were a handful of the Navy's junior NCOs, all eager to see what life was like in the Army section.

The weekend started with the accidental ambush of some regular Army recruits, an embarrassing incident for the member of Cadre who ordered the attack, before the traditional "Escape and Evasion" exercise on Friday night. This involves small groups of cadets attempting to evade Cadre and reach their objective (a glow stick) safely.

On Saturday the military skills & knowledge of all the boys were tested and improved through a series of activities, including observation skills practice, section battle drills and ambushes (which led to Cadre's Naval detachment being wiped

out by friendly fire), as well as live firing with the 5.56mm L98 rifles. As night approached, everyone ate and prepared for the long night of hardcore combat which lay ahead of them. Feel pity, then, for Cadre, who had to carry their full rucksacks as well as fighting equipment!

Toward midnight, Cadre made camp in a small, abandoned building which provided some shelter from the elements (but not much). At dawn, they were rudely awoken by the rest of the Army section mounting a platoon level attack. Although they put up a good resistance, they were outnumbered and once again the forces of good triumphed. After this there was simply a small amount of consolidation of kit and weapons to be done, before we were on the coach heading home. Most people spent the journey back sleeping peacefully after a weekend battling tiredness, the cold (sometimes even snow) and the dreaded Cadre. Thanks to Mr Collins, Mr Storey and Ms Sigston for making the weekend one we all thoroughly enjoyed.

Sgt Charles Douglas

Land Leadership Course

When I arrived at Nescliffe for a week of leadership training, I expected a relaxed greeting and a lazy afternoon, such as I was used to from previous Summer camps. What I did not anticipate was being immediately shepherded into a gym. My initial fears of PT were soon dispelled, however: instead, I was soon being barked at by various soldiers asking my name, section, platoon etc. – and giving me stern words about my hair, which I had had cut especially, being too long. I was shown to the Platoon 3, Section 1 billet, where I met the rest of the section I was to spend the week with. After brief introductions to each other, to our section and platoon commanders, and to the course in general, we tucked into a gourmet meal in the mess, before climbing into our antique mahogany four poster beds.

We spent the first morning doing command tasks, before gearing up for a log run in the afternoon. The two girls in our section unashamedly dropped out of the two mile course, citing bad knees and susceptibility to nose bleeds as 'valid' reasons not to compete. Having already established a strong team spirit, we did not blame them for this and ran the race anyway, coming somewhere in the middle of the table.

The next day I was appointed platoon commander. While this was at first daunting, I soon found my feet and was in any case helped by my platoon sergeant, a boy called Maxwell, who informed us that seven cadets in history have died from getting their compasses caught on assault courses – useful information, as I'm sure you can

appreciate. The morning was spent, again, doing command tasks and the afternoon orienteering, after which everyone prepared for the exercise which was going to take up the rest of the course. We got into combat dress, cammed up, and I, as platoon commander, did a quick check round the area before a Bedford truck shuttled the three sections out to a large ex-ammo-dump which was to be our home. We drew up a STAG (sentry duty) roster, and then went to sleep. We were attacked in the night, but due to our lack of ammo and the fact that no one had any idea what was going on, we didn't do anything.

The next two days (Tuesday and Wednesday) brought more command tasks but now transposed to a military environment, and built around modern situations – dealing with roadside bombings, casualty evacuation under fire, negotiation, minefield clearance, crowd-control and so on. This made for a very interesting 48 hours. I received some LSW training (as reward for lugging the thing round for the whole exercise) before we practiced ambushes. On Wednesday afternoon, we were all set to go back to camp as soon as our weapons and packs had been loaded onto the Bedford, when the latter mysteriously exploded. Coming under 'mortar fire', we ran for cover and the RSM, using the lights of a handily parked Land Rover, pulled out a handily laminated sheet with the current situation on it. Apparently, the Bosnians had crossed the border of Kosnia and we were now trapped behind enemy lines. That night we had to meet resistance agents stealthily, to recover supplies of soup, bread and cake they had brought for the platoon, which was nice of them. We bedded down again, this time in

an unfamiliar bunker, for our last night in the field.

On Thursday, we woke early and finished our soup, bread and cake before heading out for a morning of survival training, involving how to: catch, kill, prepare and cook small game such as rabbits, pigeons and chickens; make fire; navigate using the sky and ground; find water; and what to expect from capture and interrogation. After this, we had to get back to base while being hunted by men, trackers, dogs, heavy vehicles and helicopters. Only when we got back did we find out that none of these had actually been there: the helicopters which we'd crouched chest deep in a sewage-filled ditch to avoid were training

from the nearby RAF base! The early evening was spent cleaning weapons after their considerable use, before a regimental dinner: finally we were tucked into bed by our Sgt Mjr.

I greatly enjoyed this course, which tested every single member of the section, allowing them to develop skills across the board. I strongly recommend it to any Cadre members (it is aimed at 'high-calibre junior NCOs') who have a spare week at Easter and feel like spending it learning about the Army, themselves, and how far they can push (and be pushed)!

Sgt Charles Douglas

Army Summer Camp: Catterick

Fresh out of school and eagerly awaiting their hard earned summer holidays, a group of intrepid army cadets made their way to the CCF hut. Their mission? To spend the first week of the summer at Wathgill base, Catterick, on the annual summer camp. But first things first.

Before the camp, we were hill walking in the Lake District for two days. And before the hill walking, we had to pick up WO1 Storey's son and his friend from his home, so there was a quick detour for the minibus containing the younger cadets. On the first day of hill walking we scaled Scafell Pike, the highest mountain in England, and then continued walking for some hours in the surrounding mountains, which all felt equally big and difficult. On the second, we struck camp and set out for a short walk before setting out for Wathgill.

An early start on the Monday ushered in a day of Section Attacks and Patrols under the leadership of L/Cpl Douglas and the blistering heat of a Saharan heat wave. Needless to say, everyone was absolutely exhausted by the end of the work, apart perhaps from L/Cpl Douglas, who hadn't needed to run as much as everyone else and so had not worked up quite so much of a sweat! On Tuesday, we moved on to the Ranges nearby, under L/Cpl Bowater: again we were subjected to sweltering heat (which was to last all week). Again, showers were most welcome upon our return, to cleanse ourselves of the dirt and the sweat which had caked us during the day.

Another dusty day, Wednesday, conducted under the leadership of L/Cpl Mason, was split between Leadership tasks and training with the OTC in the morning, and a more relaxed, shady afternoon of Signals training, where we learned about the different types of radio - platoon level transmitters, company level transmitters etc - and the basics of the protocols required to use them effectively in the field.

Thursday was finally a respite from the horrible weather, but sadly a brief one. L/Cpl Gardner-Trejo took command for the day, and the group was split into two for adventurous training - some doing kayaking and others doing climbing/ abseiling on climbing walls and then later in a nearby quarry. The physical nature of this day was nicely offset by the cooler temperatures - but the rain made things slightly difficult for the rock climbers, as they soon found the handholds too slippery to grip! In the evening, we participated in a rather large orienteering task near where we'd covered leadership the previous day.

Our last full day was led by L/Cpls Joseph and Douglas: we embarked on Section battle drills and ambushes. The former were definitely more interesting, as the latter simply involved lying in a forest and firing as many times as our trigger fingers would allow. At lunch time, we bade farewell to the cadets of Worksop College, who had accompanied us through the week but were now leaving. We finished the day early, giving us time to return to the barracks and get our kit in perfect order for our drill competition entry. Although we didn't do too badly, we were let down somewhat by our turnout (it appeared that some groups had actually brought *two* pairs of clothing - one for the competition and one for day-to-day wear!); but we came an admirable seventh out of many teams. After this, we had a final meeting in which awards were presented to L/Cpls Douglas and Joseph and Cdts Gohel and Bhalerao for achievement, although all were congratulated for their efforts. Then, it was a relaxing night in the NAAFI, before packing for our departure in the morning.

Everyone was disappointed at how quickly the week had gone. It would not have been possible without the time and effort of Squadron Leader Raynor, his son Ben, Captain Collins, and Warrant Officer First Class Storey. It is these people who really made the week, and I strongly recommend anyone who enjoys the CCF to go along next summer to learn more and experience a great sense of 'team'.

Sgt Douglas



RAF

The RAF Section: an Overview

The RAF Section continues to go from strength to strength. Under the diligent leadership of Elliot Weaver and ably supported by three thoroughly dedicated staff (Messrs McMullan, Howard and Evans), the Section has provided cadets with a wide range of enjoyable activity.

This Centenary year for the CCF saw a tri-service trip to Malta made up entirely of Cadre cadets, as well as "Wacky Races", a plethora of stealth exercises, a couple of afternoons on the Range and a myriad of leadership and team-working tasks. The newly inducted Fourths enjoyed some of the more original and fun ideas, whilst the

Fifths studied First Aid and Cadre worked on their Communication and NCO training.

The Area Competition team (led, again, by Elliot Weaver) produced a valiant performance at the competition which drew on the large amount of practise which had gone on after CCF on a Friday evening - talk about dedication! In the end, the team came an honourable third; a few points short of the second place which would have taken us to the Nationals.

Alas, each AGI sees the parting of another year of NCOs; they hand over to the next generation. For the intense commitment, Stakhanovite effort and endless imagination of this year's NCOs, all the cadets of the RAF section are sincerely grateful.

Thanks also to Sqn Ldr Valentine and Sgt Axel Foley from RAF Cosford, for their unstinting support and assistance.

Cpl Sajjad Hassam

Flying Scholarship

Asked by 10AEF at RAF Woodvale as to when I would like to undertake the course, I chose the last week of July. Fortunately this choice paid off, as I had a week of blue skies although it was somewhat windy. Arriving at RAF Woodvale, I was greeted by two RAF security guards who promptly handed me an envelope of the standard military type with 'On Her Majesty's Service' on it. 'Unfortunately your pilot is unable to meet you...' I expected it to explain that he had been shot down behind enemy lines and I was required to rescue him using stealth and applying first aid. No such luck: it continued along the lines of 'You will be residing in the Officers' Mess... best behaviour... no jeans, smart casual attire at all times unless in flying suit...' For anyone who has stayed in a Junior Ranks Mess, the step up is enormous! You have a sink, toilet, shower - with warm water! And a kettle! With tea, coffee, hot choc etc! Your bed is made for you once a day and cleaned once a week, and there are free pool table, playstation, TV and bar a step away. Beer is incredibly cheap, subsidised by the MOD.

Next day I attended the morning OPS & Met briefs before meeting my pilot (who hadn't been shot down). He was an amazing instructor, and we rapidly flew through the basics and onto more advanced manoeuvres, including an aerobatic sequence

which included Cubans, barrel rolls, loops, Prince of Wales feathers, flick manoeuvres and much more sickeningly cool things. I learnt how to fly at low level, practicing over some Welsh Lakes and also over Hoylake (where the British Open was played this year). I was taught how to plan bombing runs.

Other lessons included long distance visual Navigation: planning routes out on the map often took a few hours but was well worth it. I had a choice of wherever I wanted to fly, so naturally I took in Blackpool Tower, the Reebok and Anfield Stadiums and other sights. The best route I planned involved flying from Liverpool to Carlisle via a low level leg over Lake Windermere and

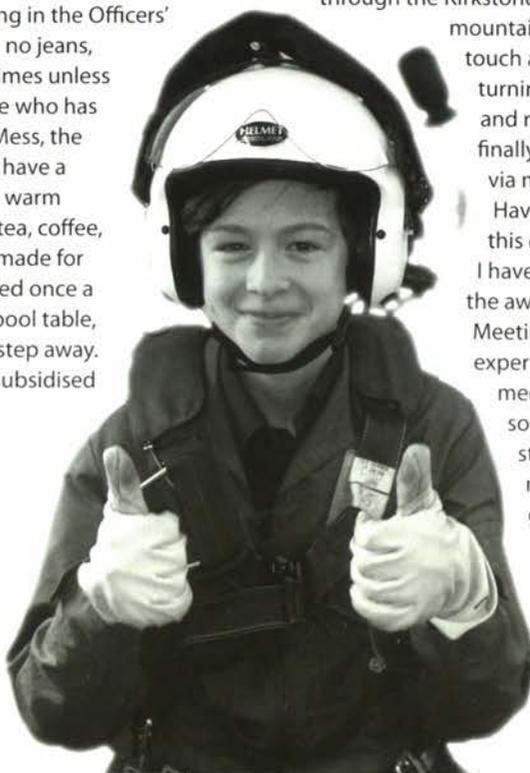
through the Kirkstone pass; weaving between mountains to Ullswater; doing a touch and go at Carlisle before turning down to DCAE Cosford and refuelling there; and finally flying back to Liverpool via mountainous Wales.

Having flown and navigated this on the final day I was told I have been recommended for the award.

Meeting and training with experienced pilots and meeting and socialising with some very funny University students was the perfect mix for me. It would be a gross understatement to say I had a good time: I could not recommend doing anything else more worthwhile as a RAF cadet.

Cpl Vishnu Aggarwal

"The best route I planned involved flying from Liverpool to Carlisle via a low level leg over Lake Windermere and through the Kirkstone pass"



Xander Weaver

Air Experience at RAF Cosford

On Friday 2nd June, 2006, eleven Cadets from the RAF, Army and Navy sections were offered the chance of an Air Experience Flight at RAF Cosford. There are three opportunities each year to fly the Grob Tutor, but all are weather-dependent and we have been disappointed in the past. But this time conditions were perfect and the flying programme was under way by 0930. All the cadets seemed to enjoy their time in the air, but rather than try to describe their feelings I felt it best to tell you about what I did.

Where else could you get free access to £250K worth of aircraft to throw around the sky with a true professional sitting beside you? The volunteer pilots are all serving or retired aircrew: the man I flew with was a bespectacled, balding sixty-something with a pronounced limp, but once in the cockpit he was a master of the air and capable of performing a whole range of aerobatic manoeuvres.

As we started to taxi out to the runway the pilot asked me about my previous flying experience and whether there was anything in particular I would like to try. I had flown a Grob Tutor once before, when the cloud base was too low for anything other than general handling and a bit of low level stuff, so I took the chance of asking for some basic aerobatic instruction. At this point the old man beside me showed his true colours. He was a retired fighter pilot and was more than willing to show me what the aircraft could do.

He taught me how to fly a loop, a barrel roll and a stall turn before demonstrating inverted flight.

I won't bore you with them all but the loop was first: he demonstrated as I followed him through on the controls. Entry position was a dive, engine at 2400rpm and 139 knots on the air speed indicator. He really did mean 139 as well: my suggestion that 140 would be OK was met with "No, 139!" A good pull on the stick increases the G considerably and then you look up over your head for the horizon to come round. When you are heading for the ground a second good pull increases the G force again and you pull out of the dive and return to level flight. We even felt a big bump through the air frame as we passed through the slipstream we had created on our entry to the loop. I couldn't believe he had been so accurate.

Now it was my turn: I got the entry position right and then pulled back. Unfortunately when I looked up at the horizon above my head, somebody had messed with it so that it was no longer horizontal but at least 30 degrees out. I had to put on a lot of bank to straighten things out again. He explained where I had gone wrong and my second attempt was much better, but still nothing like as good as his. My first attempt at a stall turn left the aircraft falling over backwards rather than neatly turning from a vertical climb to a vertical dive, but he sorted me out on the second go and I managed a good barrel roll first time. We finished with a demonstration of inverted flight: my main feeling of achievement was that throughout it all I had managed to retain not only my sense of orientation but my mid morning snack as well.

I can highly recommend this course to anyone who may be considering a career in aviation: but book early when the notification of the dates goes out!

Flg Off J C Howard



NAVY

Royal Naval Section – an unusual year!

Adventure, challenge, and enjoyment – plenty of these on offer this year. With only three senior NCOs at the start of the year, the management structure was stretched to the limit, and a bit of original thinking had to take place. The minimum necessary was four seniors: the solution, to promote one of the Divisions to acting senior rank. After a hard-fought competition, Paul Pritchett was duly selected and sent off on a Royal Navy Leadership Course, instead of Capt. Collins' Cadre course: the strategy was successful and the Section's leadership was strengthened.

On adult staffing too, the year was not without incident. Lt Leaver was away for most of the Summer term on her second maternity leave, and we were thrilled to hear in June of the safe birth of the gorgeous Evie. This did however leave the Section with no CCF(RNR) officers on tap, as Sub-Lieutenant Ash resigned part-way through the year, deciding that in view of the other calls upon his time, the Naval Section was not for him. We thank him for his various services to the Section. The good news? Other staff rallied round with a will, and the NCOs carried the day-to-day responsibility brilliantly, showing the kind of resourcefulness that the CCF is really all about. Thanks are due to Lt Smith, who took on responsibility for the Expeditions Weekend in March; to Mr Boardman, who supported him; to Mr Cumberland, who has faithfully driven sailing groups to the reservoir every Friday; and to 2/Lt Sigston who has rediscovered her enthusiasm

for diving and placed it at the disposal of the RN Section.

As a result of all this, there has been as much going on as ever. For September Expeditions, we went off to Capel Curig for mountain walking, climbing, kayaking, and the infamous night exercise – a good team-building experience for the new recruits, and a new challenge for all. Sailing went on till well after Half Term, alongside instruction in various naval matters. Trafalgar Day provided a sense of belonging to the real Navy and its heritage, complete with rum though stopping short of sodomy and the lash!

March Expeditions Weekend provided a stay on HMS Bristol in Portsmouth Harbour and a day on the water in rigid inflatables and other small wet craft; Easter Courses followed, and a number are reported in this *Chronicle*. In May came the Centenary Inspection and the visit of the Second Sea Lord, who entered in with a will and ended up quite wet himself after his visit to the Swimming Pool training! The summer sailing programme started up at that point, and then the highlight of the year for the Divisions – PADI Open Water Dive training, successfully completed by all candidates. Cadets then went off in the summer to various courses as well as to the camp at Britannia Royal Naval College in Dartmouth: from range firing to the Fleet Air Arm and from First Aid to Ocean Diving, the range of opportunity is as wide as ever. The crowning achievement of the year was to be over-subscribed at recruitment: with sixteen new fourth years joining in September, the RN Section is in good shape indeed.

Royal Navy Sports Course

This summer I went down to Portsmouth for a week of sports-filled fun. We were staying on HMS Bristol, but the recreational action took place at HMS Temeraire, the Royal Naval Sports Centre. We undertook many activities during the week, including a 2.4 kilometre run which makes up part of the RN fitness test. Next on the agenda was a morning with the Naval boxing team's coach in the RN Boxing School. This was so much fun, mainly because the coach really knew how to get the best out of us, and everyone agreed that that morning was one of the highlights of the course. Other activities included learning

how to organise competitions, then playing in a group-organised tennis tournament, as well as playing football and partaking in traditional Naval pastimes such as rope-climbing, club-swinging and hornpipe-dancing!

The main reason I enjoyed this course as much as I did was that the cadets taking part in it, and the leaders who oversaw our activities, were so much fun to be around. I had a really good time, partly because the boys were outnumbered 16:5 by girls! It was also enjoyable due to the amount of sport we played. If you like sport and chilling with some seriously cool people, then choose this course: I'm glad I did.

Calum McKenzie-Ward

Royal Navy Military Training Course

The course, at HMS Raleigh in Plymouth, began on Monday morning, so the Sunday evening was spent settling in and meeting the other members of the course. There were several KES boys attending other courses at Raleigh at the same time as the four of us, so nobody felt isolated.

On the Monday, we were introduced to the two Royal Marine Commandos who were to be running our course. Over the next three days we looked at a diverse array of military subjects. These included section attacks, camouflage and concealment, and how to survive on army ration packs. We were also treated to talks about the areas of speciality of the course leaders. One gave us an extremely interesting talk about explosives. He talked about both the highly organised sort used by the British Army, and the hastily put together improvised explosive devices (IEDs) that the British Armed Forces have been involved in combating in recent times in Ireland and Iraq.

The second talk was about the Board and Search personnel of the Navy. This was followed by a mock up of a climb to the top of a container ship using a rope ladder and a safety harness. After that was completed, cadets were allowed to take the test that determines whether you are allowed to "fast rope." This involved being able to hang from a rope supporting your own bodyweight for 30 seconds. Those who passed this test were then allowed to try fast roping from some of the lower heights that are attempted during training for a career in Board and Search.

Probably my favourite part of the course was when we were allowed to practise our marksmanship on the electronic SAT Range, but overall this was a great course that gave Navy Section cadets a chance to get to grips with a wide range of Army-style training and skills.

Richard Johnstone

Range Firing Course: Tregantle Range

This course is one of the most enjoyable open to cadets. 3 Naval cadets went to HMS Raleigh for a 5-day course. We all messed at HMS Raleigh and the firing was at the Tregantle Range, down on the coast. The range has a spectacular setting: it is the site of an old fort and borders the sea.

The course is taken by cadets from many different schools, and is a way of meeting cadets from other areas. On the first day, we travelled out to Tregantle Range for an afternoon of gun safety.

The rest of the day was taken up with firing our weapons and becoming reacquainted with the procedures. The dogwatch games activities were taken with all the other cadets from the other courses and were very enjoyable.

We fired the L98 Cadet GP rifle: each cadet fired up to 600 rounds of ammunition over the length of the course, which amounts to double the annual allocation of rounds for a Royal Naval Vessel in wartime. The course officers generate an excellent atmosphere and almost all cadets achieve a qualification in marksmanship. The course gives cadets a chance to earn a shooting qualification whilst meeting a lot of interesting people and making friends.

Mark Woodward

HMS Ocean

During the Autumn Half Term, simply by being a bit cheeky and writing a carefully composed letter to the Captain of HMS Ocean, I got myself invited to stay on board the ship during Operation Neptune Warrior in order to experience naval life and look at all the different careers available to me in the Royal Navy.

I joined HMS Ocean at Greenock Docks, near Glasgow. Next day, as soon as she had left port, the warship went straight onto action stations, meaning that every member of the ship's crew was up and working and wearing anti-flash hoods and gloves. Even though this was a simulated attack, everyone took it seriously and worked quickly to neutralise the threat. Looking silly, I sat on the bridge watching as the vessel came under attack from fast attack craft, which were jumping from wave to wave in the strong winds, attacking ships within our large task group. After what can only be described as stuff on a plate for lunch (as it was action messing), I spent the rest of the day looking around the ship and getting hopelessly lost.

On Monday night I was scheduled to do a watch on the bridge from 20:00 to 23:59. I saw first hand what watch duty involved, and what all the different machines did, such as the two radars: to my surprise the main radar they use is from the 1950s! I spent Tuesday with the Officer Commanding Landing Craft (OCLC) and a sergeant major. In the morning I observed the attachment of a pontoon to the back of HMS Ocean. This was a difficult process, as the pontoon had to be pulled over by a landing craft from RFA Bedevere, which in rough seas is not very easy. In all, it took about 2 hours to get everything in place.

After lunch I flew to shore in a Chinook to practice helicopter-unloading drills with the marines. As it turned out, I loved flying in helicopters. Unfortunately the Chinook broke



HMS Ocean

down and both I and the disgruntled marines (they moan *all* the time) had to wait for some Sea King helicopters to come and pick us up. The Sea Kings being smaller and very busy, it took a long time to get us all back on board HMS Ocean.

Wednesday morning I spent having a tour of the weapons engineering department, which include the ammunition store, which was filled with rocket systems and boxes full of rounds. This took some 2 hours, as crates of ammunition were being brought onto the ship and the weapons engineering department was very busy. After lunch I spent time with the marine engineering department. As I found out, they effectively run the ship in many respects. They are responsible for everything from the engines to making sure that the ship has enough water on board. The tour was led by a very enthusiastic lieutenant commander, who emphasised how big a role they play and how very few marine engineers they had, for a ship of HMS Ocean's size: only 81.

While I had been on board we had travelled to Loch Ewe, where we anchored on Tuesday, and it was here that I left the vessel, flown by Sea King helicopter to shore, where a minibus was waiting to take me to Inverness railway station. If anyone is thinking of a career in the military, visits like this are an excellent way to find out what the job would be like and whether you would like it or not.

Andrew Audley



HMS Invincible



Namibia, Botswana & Zimbabwe

This may have been the first time KES had visited this part of the world, but the two-and-a-half week trip showed little signs of debutancy. Thanks to the masterful planning of Mr Witcombe and Ms McMillan, the preparation was completed in less than a year: all the details were secured and the activities organized. All that was left was for the sixteen eager pupils to assemble on the Parade Ground in late July (passports and malaria tablets in hand) to start on what was to become a wonderful experience.

After the relative comfort of twenty hours of travel by coach and plane we were thrown in at the deep end with a truck journey overland, arriving at the massive rock formation of Spitzkoppe four hours later. This rude (but breathtaking) protrusion of rock served as our home; a place not only for taking in some magnificent views, but also for working at the local Katura Primary School. We built a netball court and repaired pot-holed floors under the guidance of Vic Ireland of African Impact.

We must have been an impressive (if rather worrying) sight to the local people: a strangely-spoken, oddly-dressed rabble trying to remain cool in the prickly Namibian heat while fumbling with our equipment in an attempt to build a netball court. Despite being totally inexperienced at the task, we were able to build the court and repair some of the floors, as

well as meeting the friendly locals, who clearly understood the unofficial global language that is football and challenged us to a game. We left Spitzkoppe rewarded by the firm knowledge that we had helped the primary school and left them with much better facilities than when we had arrived.

After visiting the seal-colony at Cape Cross, our next destination was Swakopmund, where we donated a large number of books and a consignment of sports equipment. We appreciated the German colonial legacy of European buildings and a large population of German descent. We inhabited the Dunes Hostel (palatial compared to the previous nights of bush-camping) and planned some high adrenaline activities for the following days. The majority of the group did Quad-biking and Sand-boarding while others appreciated the sea-life during a

“We left Spitzkoppe rewarded by the firm knowledge that we had helped the primary school and left them with much better facilities than when we had arrived.”



“We experienced a meal at the ‘Boma Place of Eating’ where warthog and other unusual meats were served up, as well as much drumming and dancing.”

Deep Sea Fishing afternoon: these activities were thoroughly enjoyed.

The next few days brought Safari and Game-drives through the Etosha National Parks of Rundu: the group saw an impressive collection of wildebeest, ostriches, zebras, elephants, lions and more. Travelling north to the Angolan border, we stopped off once again at Rundu, where once again we provided light entertainment in the shape of a game of football with the local school: thoroughly outplayed, our group crumpled to a 4-1 defeat. Once again the English blame the heat!

We crossed the border into Botswana and returned to bush-camping. We carried all our possessions, food and shelter on boats (driven by highly skilled locals) to our camp site – it looked as if they had just picked the first remotely habitable island. Robinson Crusoe aside, we thoroughly enjoyed swimming in the crystal clear waters and canoeing in the Okovango River. A few brave souls (Joe Jackson, Baneet Kanna and the author) slept outside near the fire for one night, and lived to tell their tale.

After a surreal few days in the Okovango Delta we travelled by road back to Namibia, where we endured the double drama of a cheese party (which gave some of us food poisoning) and the fiasco of one of our members not having the correct visa and so being unable to re-enter Namibia. After some silky smooth-talking by the highly persuasive Mr Witcombe, the culprit was let back into Namibia: our plans were back on track.

After a night’s stopover we travelled through the Caprivi Strip and on to the Choki Game Reserve in Botswana. A sunset cruise and early morning game drive were followed by the drive to the Victoria Falls in Zimbabwe.

The Victoria Falls are so immense that one cannot feel anything other than incredibly small.



The sight of the crashing waters slamming down on the sharp rocks is awe-inspiring, and the incessant, deafening collision of water and rock produces a sound that is overwhelming and unforgettable. At the Falls we enjoyed white-water rafting of the Zambezi’s finest rapids and some also enjoyed a lion-walk.

However, some of our party were determined to jump off cliffs, suspended on thin cords, in preference to walking with big cats: words cannot begin to relate the feeling you experience free-falling over 85 metres during a gorge swing, but I can tell you it is fantastic and awful at the same time. We experienced a meal at the ‘Boma Place of Eating’ where warthog and other unusual meats were served up, as well as much drumming and dancing (to the enjoyment of the whole team).

Overall, this trip was completely different from what I had expected. I had expected a nice break with some ‘cool’ activities slotted in. The trip was, however, an incredible passage through Africa with a plethora of amazing activities. Although it would be a bit overblown to say it was life-changing, it has certainly broadened our horizons (as well as teaching us how to pronounce African village names).

I would like to thank the crew, Lucy Spicer, Gerry, Vic, Imran and Jairus, for sharing with us their enthusiasm, knowledge and experience. I would also like to thank Mr Witcombe and Ms McMillan on behalf of the whole team, for taking us on such an incredible trip.



AUSTRIA SKI TRIP 2006

Shortly after we had finished leaving the school and waving goodbye to our parents, a wave of excitement passed through the bus: we all knew this was going to be no ordinary ski trip. It was going to be a Carlsberg ski trip - probably the best ski trip in the world. Pumped mentally and physically for the week ahead by watching two excellent audio-visual presentations from Elliander Productions (Elliot and Zander Weaver) we settled into a pleasant sleep and were whisked deep into the mountains.

Waking up with snow in every direction was a luxury we didn't enjoy this time around: the coach had a fuel tank problem, so we spent more time filling up than driving! But we eventually made it to our destination, Serfaus Ski resort. As we pulled up, we felt relieved that we had finally reached our warm and very very yellow hotel, aptly named 'Hotel Sonne' ('The Sun Hotel' in German). The ground rules were laid down by Mr Howard: to nobody's amazement, these rules had already been broken several times, and a Cheshire-cat-style grin appeared on all the teachers' faces as the first of the fines were paid.

The following morning, anticipation and excitement ran through the group as we collected our ski gear - the pressure was on to perform and earn a much sought-after place in the best skiers' group. Although the views enjoyed by the beginner groups were much more appealing, we all felt the need to back up the (mostly false) claims we had made throughout the morning ascent to the slopes. Whichever group we ended up in, we all stopped to admire the natural beauty surrounding us. The sun was high and shining proudly onto all that we could see, delivering views that can only truly be described by superlatives - "breathtaking", "superb" and "magnificent".

The week's skiing progressed safely, thanks to Mr Aydon's insistence that we all wear helmets. I personally feel I owe my helmet my life, as I had some major wipe-outs (a technical term for falling flat on your face and rolling down the slope looking like a fool). Without the helmet, I think I would have seriously hurt myself: I apologise to all those that I *did* hurt in the process of sliding down the slope head-first. The weather varied considerably but gave all of us a chance to experience skiing in more interesting conditions.

Everyone found something to tickle his taste buds at the end of each day, most commonly a hot and sticky Nutella-filled crêpe. The evening activities provided chances for the group to bond. Activities included Austrian bowling, which saw a team spearheaded by Elliot Weaver win, and swimming in a freezing cold pool, which yielded us the small consolation prize of seeing Mr Aydon's wimpy tattoo. The fantastic quiz put

together by Mr Balkham had questions that pushed our brains to near exploding point, but the clear winners were crowned; much to the dismay of the drivers, who thought they had a full set of correct answers, including 'Brummies' as the answer to "Who started the Peasants' Revolt?"

The final night saw a special Presentation Evening showcasing the comedy skills and various other talents of the group. The overenthusiastic M.C. (the author of this article) had the whole group clap over twenty times as presents showing every student's appreciation were given to instructors, teachers and the drivers. Many thanks go to everyone on the trip, students and teachers alike, for making the Austria Ski Trip 2006 the best ski trip in the world!

"The sun was high and shining proudly onto all that we could see, delivering views that can only truly be described by superlatives - "breathtaking", "superb" and "magnificent"."

Tarsem Madhar



Duke of Edinburgh's Award

Most of our entries have been at Bronze and Silver levels: 54 out of 89 Bronze boys have completed the award within a year of enrolment, as have 13 out of 21 Silvers. All of the rest have completed expeditions and at least one other section. Gold is much harder to attain. The minimum period for the Service section is twelve months; between six and eighteen months go on the Skills & Physical Activity sections; and a five day assessed Expedition is rounded off with a week-long residential course! With impressive determination and commitment, three Sixth Formers have managed to complete all this alongside their academic studies this year.

For many the expeditions are the real highlight, as illustrated by the following accounts:



Duke of Edinburgh Bronze Expedition, 2006

After an overnight camp in Andrew's Coppice, to practice tent-pitching and cooking, we went on a practice expedition in Wales. Arriving in Llangollen by coach, we met our mountain leader and supervisor, Sam, whom we walked with for the whole first day. Despite one problem, caused by a farmer who had put up a fence, with no stile, across a public right of way, we were the first group to complete our route. But six inches of snow were forecast to fall that night, so we would not be allowed to camp out in the hills overnight. Instead Mr Lampard told us to load our bags onto the coach, as we were going to camp on Prior's Field, which he declared

as an annexe of Wales for just one night! This disappointed everybody to start with, but one boy was exhausted, shivering and quite confused, even after resting on the journey; he was diagnosed with possible hypothermia, wrapped up warm, and given hot drinks and chocolate; he would have had real difficulties if we had stayed on the hills. The rest of us had to cook our food in the dark outside the hut and then put up our tents at approximately 11:00p.m. Sadly, less than an inch of snow fell in Birmingham, whereas parts of Wales got cut off by drifts!

When, weeks later, we arrived in Church Stretton for our Assessed Expedition on the Long Mynd, there was a sudden downpour of rain which didn't stop for the whole weekend: how could we have such bad luck a second time?

We met our assessor, Malcolm, who checked through the route we were to take, high-lighted check points, and pointed out one or two places where the map was incorrect. We tackled the weather bravely but managed to get lost in driving rain and mist on the top of the Long Mynd. We could just see a man in a black anorak in the distance, taking photos. We decided that that this could only be Mr Lampard, which, of course, it was! He gave us a few tips to find the way to the minibus at the car park which was our next checkpoint. However, we immediately got lost again due to our not listening properly and to the footpath being closed because of erosion... We could see Mr Lampard in a different place, walking backwards and forwards as if he were giving us a hint. However, we ignored him and carried on. We finally found our way, and when the mist lifted nobody could be so happy at seeing a minibus as we were then. We ate lunch in comfort, then carried on.

On arrival at the campsite in good time we immediately set up our tent; easy after so much practice. We played with a tennis ball and a broken Frisbee left at the campsite by a previous group. Due to our boots being wet, Nick took his off by the tent and continued to play – about as sensible as standing in a clump of nettles,

which he did next! We made our dinner, whilst the teachers and assessors took turns to visit the nearby pub for a well earned meal and a glass of lemonade.

The next day, after having breakfast early as it was to be a long journey, we left. We decided that, as I was the slowest in the group, I should lead; in fact, we all walked fast and overtook a number of other groups. We even walked through a cloud, which was a memorable experience. Mr Cloughton and his family met us there, but only after also managing to get lost, causing Mr Lampard to look for him, while searching for a group that had nearly walked off the map! From the top we took a path, down into Carding Mill Valley. We decided to take the

lower footpath, which followed the river but repeatedly meandered from the left to the right bank, causing us to continually cross the stream. In the end, we decided it would be easier to walk straight down the middle. Our reward after successfully completing the expedition was going to a local chippy, and having a nice hot portion of chips. Overall, it was a good weekend despite the very bad weather.

I have enjoyed completing the Duke of Edinburgh's Award and fully recommend it to others. I would also like to take this opportunity to thank Mr Lampard and the other teachers involved in making such a great time for us!

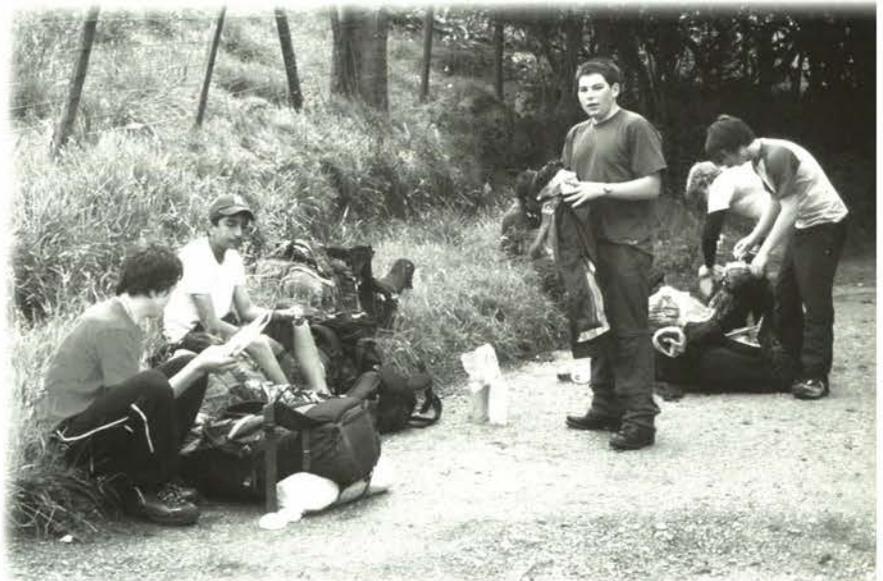
Ranvir Cheema

D of E Silver Expedition 2006

Most of the boys at KES who find themselves submitting something for the *Chronicle* have a pretty dull job, to be frank. Faced with the Herculean task of searching for something vaguely exciting to say about the inter-House basket-weaving finals, or the roaring success of the new club for those who enjoy playing snap with Ryvita biscuits, the chances of a Pulitzer prize are sadly quite slim, even for the best writers among them. Fortunately for me as a writer and you as a reader, D of E is positively extracurriculariffic by comparison. So please brace yourself for a tale with all the blood, sweat and tears of a Medieval Joust, but a marginally smaller chance of Bubonic Plague.

The expedition began at some absurd hour one bright Sunday morning. With the glowing sun still low in the sky and a lump in the throat of many a proud parent, we boarded our coach into deepest, darkest Wales. After an hour or two of planning and packing during the journey, we pulled into a grassy lane beside a small paddock of young horses. We trooped off, and the coach doors hissed shut with terrible finality. This was it. As our last glimpse of civilisation rolled away on its huge wheels, teeth were gritted and ten-tonne rucksacks were heaved onto tender shoulders.

Too soon, the long walk began. It was a daunting prospect – we were faced with many miles of trekking to get to our first campsite. And again for Monday, and again for Tuesday. It was beginning to sink in. Nevertheless every journey, as they say, begins with a single step, so I promptly placed one foot in front of another. Centuries later, we allowed ourselves a food break. It was the usual nourishment for D of E trips; mostly cereal bars and little cakes. Soon I was holding several empty wrappers and it was time to go. I was still starving. We began plodding



along again. Fortunately water was no problem as many of us, including me, carried water in a rubber sac in our bags, with a tube hanging down for whenever we fancied a drink: this is actually much nicer than it sounds.

After many miles and several food breaks, including lunch, when I enjoyed the luxury of my sandwiches, we started to get into the groove of things, trotting along to the accompaniment of pleasant chatting and the sounds of sheep (this is Wales, remember). The scenery started to get really nice. We took to the mountains. A white haze of mist enveloped us. A lazy wind blew the clouds around us, and visibility was reduced to only a few metres. Climbing higher still, we saw no one else on the mountain. And then we caught sight of the summit. Even though we were cold and absolutely shattered, everyone ran for the top. Olly, as I recall, was the first. Bags were thrown down, and the title of "Most Epic Tea Break Ever" was duly awarded. I climbed the concrete pillar marking the highest point. The view was a wall of white mist.

"As our last glimpse of civilisation rolled away on its huge wheels, teeth were gritted and ten-tonne rucksacks were heaved onto tender shoulders."



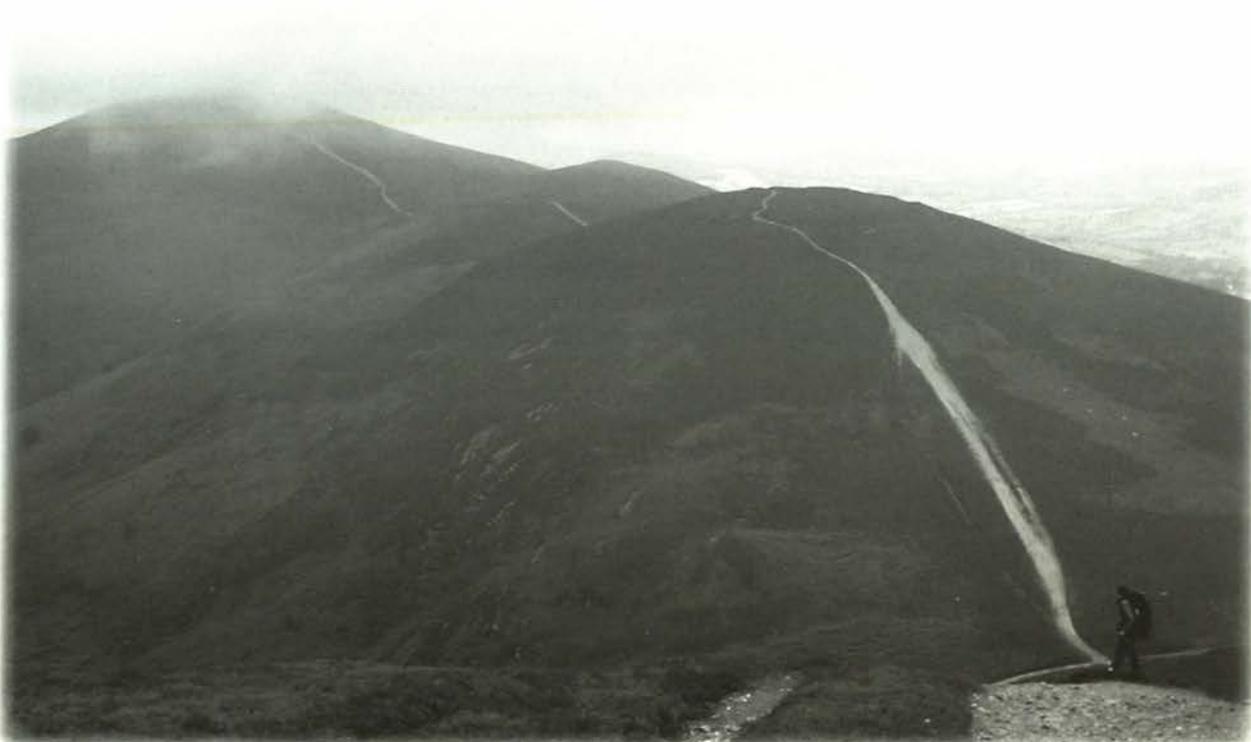
Soon we left to escape the cold and wind, and walked over undulating ridges to reach the flat ground. When the end arrived, we dashed down the steep slope. Gravity, for once, was on our side. The gorse bushes, as ever, were not. We tripped and tumbled and laughed, made ungainly by our huge bags. At the bottom of the slope, we were greeted by a bikers' café. Piping hot chips were consumed with glee. We enjoyed what is called a "leisurely lunch". An afternoon later, we arrived at the campsite. We were informed of Zidane's head butt by Olly's little radio. After a hasty and welcome tea of noodles, a D of E favourite, I hit the hay. Or rather, the polystyrene mat.

Morning was too soon in arriving. Nevertheless,

we cooked a hearty breakfast, packed up and were walking again. The day held no nasty surprises; the weather was good and the terrain just as amazing as yesterday's. We came to more mountains. There was less mist than yesterday, so as we climbed we could properly enjoy the view. We reached a point even higher than the previous summit, and, unhampered by mist, the view was stunning. We walked through miles of remote hillside populated only by sheep and were pretty proud of how well we were doing. The evening's campsite duly appeared. It was a great place, I thought. After tea, we unwound by the stream. Thanks to a dare from some of the others, Olly ended up jumping over the stream in nought but his boxers. The comedy over, it was time for bed.

We awoke on the last morning, and set off for the last day. It was sunny. By this time, my back and my feet were complaining at every turn, but it was the last day, so I ignored the aches and pressed on, knowing it would be all the more achievement in the end. By the time the afternoon arrived, we had decided to get to the coach first, thus beating the other group. To that end, we crossed some barbed wire, hurling our bags over. We were in the lead! We arrived at the correct town, and began our search for the coach. Lo and behold, it appeared round the corner and pulled up beside us. I did a victory dance, which involved collapsing to the floor and panting for air. Soon we were on board, and on our way back to civilisation. There was no conversation. I stretched out in my seat smiling, and for the first time in three days, I had a nice long sleep.

Tom Gammage



Duke of Edinburgh Gold Award 2006

For the callow, the uninitiated or the merely lazy, allow me to quote what the Duke of Edinburgh Scheme authorities consider the aim of an expedition to be: "To develop a spirit of adventure and discovery by preparing for and carrying out an adventurous journey as part of a team".

This is undoubtedly encouraging, but it fails to do justice to the 5-day, 4-night trek; it makes no mention of the driving rain, the bulky rucksacks, the wet sleeping bags, the meandering valleys, the steep hillsides, nor the majestic scenery.

The Departure

We left KES on the last day of the Spring Term, each of us raring to delve into the heart of North Wales. We stepped off the mini-bus just in time to pitch our tents before the rain started. During

the next few days, we were to navigate the countryside in groups, mainly exploring the quite stunning Ogwen Valley and surrounding area.

Those of us who were less certain of how to take a bearing using a compass, or how to read a map, were given demonstrations by members of staff. As we went, we were each given the chance to present our summaries of the Country Code, of how to treat various ailments whilst walking, and of camp craft.

Day Two – Still raining!

After an uneasy first night (Mr Storey's overnight advice: "If the field floods, run into the barn."), we woke up for our first full day in Wales. The day was devoted to the training part of the expedition, with each group going on a supervised walk with a member of staff. For the brave lads of Group One, this meant climbing a peak with Capt. Collins.

The climb was challenging, owing to the steep slope and torrential rain. The strong wind and the multitude of demoralizing false summits also took their toll, one less eager member of the party

concluding that the peak was "too high", as opposed to reading the number of feet above sea-level from the map. The descent was easier, and allowed us time to practice navigation and hear Capt. Collins' many tales on the subject of hiking.

Day Three – Still raining!

Having woken up and packed away our tents in preparation for walking up the Devil's Kitchen, we eager hill-walkers steadied ourselves for the start of our practice expedition. Today we were meant to navigate using only our own resources.

However, the Welsh weather prevailed over the good intentions of the teachers, and after we reached our first checkpoint, the teachers followed us as we made our way into what could be described as a gigantic cyclonic washing machine. Even when we made it to the top, we were met, not by a magnificent view, but by thick cloud. So we

"the Duke of Edinburgh Scheme authorities consider the aim of an expedition to be: "To develop a spirit of adventure and discovery by preparing for and carrying out an adventurous journey as part of a team"."

"after we reached our first checkpoint, the teachers followed us as we made our way into what could be described as a gigantic cyclonic washing machine."



quickly made our descent, with a great number of harmless slips and slides. At the bottom, Mr Storey greeted us with a much appreciated piece of information: we could sleep in bunk beds indoors. This announcement was met with spontaneous applause.

Day Four – The weather improves.

When the sun came out on Monday, people began to realise there was more to the Duke of Edinburgh Expedition than the ordeal of the day before. The day was a success: one by one, groups emerged onto the wooded hilltop where they would set up camp for the night.

As I lay amidst the bracken in the heat of the afternoon sun, I had the strange feeling that I was actually enjoying myself. The liberation of the outdoors and the simple yet ineffable beauty of nature had finally revealed itself to us in the sparkle of the freshwater stream and the mellowing panorama of mountainside.

Day Five – The weather is good.

I awoke on the last day to the sound of Jamie Scott singing *My Way* at six in the morning. We had the nicest weather, so we could all walk without the fear of being forced to stop and throw on waterproof jackets and trousers. Tuesday's main leg involved the huge hill called Cnicht, known as "the Welsh Matterhorn" to the locals. Ice coating its side made the challenge tough but immensely invigorating. The journey down the ridge proved chaotic with every group turning the wrong way. But after some forceful redirection by our instructors, we eventually found our route. When we got off the mountain we were all relieved to be picked up by the KES mini-bus and

taken home, not without a quick stop at Burger King along the M6.

Back at KES – Reflecting on the "Long Weekend"

An intrepid band of KES students has scrambled up the suitably named Devil's Kitchen in Snowdonia, battling against all sorts of inclement weather whilst attempting to haul great rucksacks up with them. Such is the nature of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Expedition.

The stale smell of Pot Noodle remains intrinsic to the memory of the event for all 20-odd of us. Yet our community developed an inescapable sense of joy and an appreciation, not just of the Award scheme, but also of the landscape it led us into. It was in this way that the Duke of Edinburgh Gold became more than just a footnote on our UCAS forms.

I want to thank all our teachers, whose vast knowledge and positive nature pulled all of us through this training expedition: Tom Cadigan, Mr Lampard, Mr Collins, Miss Sigston, Mr Witcombe and Dr Cheel. I reserve one name for particular attention. It is without the slightest hint of sycophancy that I say that Mr Storey is a remarkable individual. It is he who operates this award at KES and he who justly deserves the most praise. For those not involved in CCF he is an unfamiliar name, but after these five days no one could deny his outstanding physical fortitude and unceasing patience, no matter how many boys failed to bring the correct kit or decided to take bearings more from their imagination than their compass.

With the practice expedition over, it is with zest that I say: bring on the real one in the summer!

from the reports of Jeremy Rison, Henry Cathcart and Jamie Scott.

Gold Duke of Edinburgh Cycling Trip

"After a brief hospital visit, Ali rejoined us that night at Llangollen, where the strong winds did us a favour by drying out our wet kit on a makeshift washing line."

A few days before the start of term six plucky cyclists embarked on a gruelling 5-day expedition into the heart of Snowdonia. The trip began with a day of necessary preparation, which involved a run-through of the 154-mile journey and shopping for vital foods, such as pitta breads and golden syrup. The group then travelled to Shrewsbury for an unscheduled 20-mile cycle to the first campsite. After a good night's sleep and a pub meal, the cyclists embarked on the first official full day's cycling through the driving rain of North Wales. Only two hours of had elapsed before we hit upon our first emergency: Ali Mason fell off, sustaining a nasty looking knee injury. This couldn't have been less welcome, as the winds picked up and the rain

grew in intensity: but the group pulled together admirably, waiting for the assistance of Mr Storey in the outer section of a tent erected on the roadside. After a brief hospital visit, Ali rejoined us that night at Llangollen, where the strong winds did us a favour by drying out our wet kit on a makeshift washing line.

The next day began slightly later than planned, as Max's bike had to be taken for some running repairs, and he was forced to use Mr Storey's £75 affair. Cycling on narrow country lanes and wide roads alike, the day ended with a steep ascent to reach the campsite. Unfortunately the next day wasn't without its glitches either: one puncture at the campsite and two more within the first few miles, not to mention a broken brake handle! This was undoubtedly our toughest day: we tackled long arduous gradients stretching for many miles, though this afforded us an easier descent through the forests and winding roads of the Snowdonia

area. One of the highlights of the trip was the long, picturesque forest road away from the mountains, along a stream and through the lush valleys surrounding Dolgellau.

A fervent desire within the group to complete the final day in good time resulted in a departure from camp at 0600 hours; an even earlier departure was only prevented by the fact that night was still upon us. Descending into Dolgellau in the early morning was a great experience, with the twinkling night-lights still shining in the streets, and enticing smells wafting from the local bakery as we passed. A relatively flat road was made incredibly challenging by the strong headwinds coming down the valley to meet us. When we finally got out of the wind's path we hit a steep, rocky mountain dirt path, equally hard to overcome, though worth it for the commanding view of the sea and quiet beach that lay about ten miles to the West. The drop into the next valley came as great relief for the intrepid six, and a long ride through the valley, past lakes, farms and forests, followed. The final downhill stretch into Machynlleth was a fitting reward for the team, who had displayed excellent teamwork, commitment and endurance throughout what proved to be both a physically and mentally taxing expedition.



Francis Gardener-Trejo & Alistair Mason



Honduras Expedition 2006

A teacher's perspective

“The results so far are quite stunning: the herpetofauna team have added thirty-one new species of reptiles and amphibians to the park, including at least three species new to science, and one previously thought extinct!”

This year's expedition to Honduras was in many ways more adventurous and challenging than our previous visit in 2004. This was achieved without losing sight of the main objective, which was to assist our host scientists from Operation Wallacea in a two week Biodiversity Research Project by helping to gather data which will be used to establish and reinforce the conservation value of two major yet threatened ecosystems: rainforests and coral reefs.

Our first destination, in the previously unstudied and remote western section of Cusuco National Park, required a demanding full day's trek to reach. Here we were based in tents pitched on a slope awash with mud after recent torrential rains, while those who sought greater adventure struck out on a foray deep into the virgin forest to live in hammocks in much more basic satellite camps. Our task was to carry out

a survey of forest structure and to assess habitat composition on an expanding network of transect plots, so as to provide a 'baseline' of data to relate with the research being carried out into various taxonomic groups. The results so far are quite stunning: the herpetofauna team have added thirty-one new species of reptiles and amphibians to the park, including at least three species new to science, and one previously thought extinct! The number of birds now recorded in the park has tripled since 2003 and the mammal monitoring team estimates for howler monkeys and Baird's Tapirs indicates healthy populations of each. The tapir is an endangered species, once considered a delicacy and, as a result, so exceedingly shy that no sightings have been made in five years: the evidence for population size is based on DNA analysis of faecal samples. Basic jungle training, intermixed with an arduous routine of work

and rather-too-close encounters with wildlife such as Honduran Palm Vipers and whip scorpions, ensured that adrenalin-fuelled excitement and the thrill of discovery, even if only of tapir turds, were richly infused with near exhaustion.

After three days we had to trek back to Santa Tomas to begin the Canopy Access training course. This proved to be the real highlight for many, including 'no fear' Dr Jill, who in spite of hauling herself and the full harness way up into the canopy during the practice, then repeated the whole feat a few hours later, reaching the tree tops forty metres above ground as dusk fell. A descent in pitch darkness, when birds have turned into bats and skulking snakes emerge to snatch tree frogs, can be quite un-nerving!

The hospitality we received in this rural village had to be repaid in some way, so Jill and the team devised an Activities Day at the local school.



It was great to see even our more self-conscious students lose their inhibitions in a rendition of *Heads, Shoulders, Knees and Toes*, then become engrossed making posters with the children on an ecological theme, before ending the day with an attempt at playing baseball. It was at this point that our students began to realise that happiness is not about what you own, but what you are prepared to give.

The next day was spent travelling from dawn to dusk to reach the Caribbean coastal village of Nuevo Armenia, where we were made welcome in the homes of local fishermen, briefly becoming part of their extended family. That evening we were treated to a tasty spiced fish supper followed by a cultural evening of dancing and singing. Thunderous humidity and the night-long partying made it almost impossible to sleep that night. Awake before dawn, we travelled by timber fishing boat through mangroves and across a thankfully calm Caribbean blue, to step onto the sun-bleached coral sands of Cayos Cochinos Menor. Here, we made home for a week in tents nestled beneath the coconut palms. Not so idyllic as it might sound: at night we shared 'our' beach with a multitude of land crabs, each with a single large blue menacing pincer; by day

plagues of biting sand flies necessitated using more insect repellent here in one day than in a week in the jungle! However, the rewards were great: after an intensive week-long ritual of dive-breakfast-lecture-lunch-dive-lecture-dinner-sleep, everyone trained for and succeeded in gaining a PADI Open Water Dive SCUBA qualification. Conducted against a backdrop of truly spectacular reef scenery, rich with fish of every size, colour and form, spiced with chance encounters with sharks, turtles and moray eels, it was unforgettable for all.

We left the islands completely refreshed and made our way to the town of Copan, near the now collapsed regional Mayan capital, Ruinas de Copan. Magnificent even in decay, this archaeological site has been sensitively reclaimed from the jungle, and served to inspire a reflective atmosphere in which we were encouraged to contemplate ancient perspectives on the place we humans occupy here on Earth and in the Universe.

The whole experience exceeded all expectations, thanks to all the staff at Operation Wallacea; to Jill Galloway, who helped to create Honduras 2006 at KES; and to our tremendous team of students for playing such an active part in making the expedition so enjoyable.

"Awake before dawn, we travelled by timber fishing boat through mangroves and across a thankfully calm Caribbean blue, to step onto the sun-bleached, coral sands of Cayos Cochinos Menor."

SEL



Honduras 2006

As seen through the eyes of Bob Dylan Impersonator, Tom Duggins

“Such was the passion of our scientific expedition: we awoke before dawn each day to hunt for invertebrates and were often found still up after dark, scouring the jungle for bats.”

We reached San Pedro Sula on the 17th of August. We picked up our bags, then we rode straight away into the heart of a jungle; a high place of darkness and light, mystical and terrifying.

That said, Santa Tomas (our village camp site) was more like a 1960s hippie farm than anything, albeit one positioned in the middle of some seriously wild foothills. It was something straight out of *Easy Rider* (which thankfully I'd studied in preparation before our voyage). The small, humble and nearly self-sufficient community all worked together to prepare wholesome meals for our gang of fierce eco-tourist-warriors; and by Jove did we relish them. Such was the passion of our scientific expedition: we awoke before dawn each day to hunt for invertebrates and were often found still up after dark, scouring the jungle for bats.

After only a few busy days our group was sent in different directions to other camps. We performed a six hour trek whilst rucksack-laden, with 'Heart of Darkness' banter flowing as freely as the sweat upon our foreheads. It was worth it though to reach the hidden paradise of El Corte Sito. It was here that we slept in hammocks, dined with primates and played Coconut SNES until the wee hours. All was well until the second day, when an infant eyelash viper took residence upon a leaf near our camp; our instinctive reaction was to scare it off by taking photos and gawping at it moronically. Advised to leave it alone lest it bite and kill us, we did so; but alas my question 'will we ever know a time when man and snake live in harmony?' went unanswered by Drew, our brief-spoken and dead-pan camp leader.

After subsisting on a diet of maize tortilla and industrial strength peanut butter for over a week, it was incumbent that all of the group grapple with the lavatory situation. Not wishing to dwell on the least glamorous aspect of our voyage (though no-doubt an intriguing one for readers) let me put it to rest by saying the facilities were odorous but sufficient, and that a crude attempt to fashion a toilet frame from bamboo resulted in catastrophe most foul that must never be spoke of.

After a week we said goodbye to our jungle home and our hosts, who had been so accommodating and especially sensitive to our Westernised faux-civility when faced with the reality of existing in a place so seemingly inhospitable.

Our next destination was the secluded island getaway of Cayos Cochinos. This sun-drenched retreat gave us so very much and yet more. Every student acquired a PADI Open Water Diver qualification, enabling us to scuba-dive to a depth of 12m unaided. Through countless limbo competitions and volleyball tournaments we discovered the painstaking art of what the Jamaicans refer to as 'Chillin' to the Core'. Through all this, however, we still found time to attend the odd marine lecture ('twas an exclusive research island, lest we forget!) and on the final night enjoyed tear-filled merriment with our new friends so soon parted with.

All in all, we accomplished far too much to resumé into a brief article. I didn't even mention the canopy access, the mystic lagoon, the local village, or the odd young lad we discovered weeping for the loss of innocence at one point. To truly experience life is to leap, arms-flailing, into its many murky adventures and emerge sodden but grateful, as we all were by the end of 17 Hondudays. Huge thanks go to Mr S. E. Lampard and Dr G. Galloway for giving so much time and effort in arranging such an experience.



KES Waveriders 2006 – Woolacombe Bay

This year KES Waveriders decided to visit Woolacombe Bay, renowned for its surf! Mr Aydon and Ms While ran the trip. In total 10 boys from the UMs and Fourths were accepted for the surf fest. Due to the narrow age range of the participants there was a friendly atmosphere throughout the trip. We were all fairly tired when we arrived at the campsite so it was a blessing that for the first time in KES history we weren't camping! We were accommodated in small huts called surf cabins, which consisted of a few beds, a TV and a fridge. For the evening meal that night the majority of the boys ate take-away pizzas on the beach, watching the ice cold sea and anticipating tomorrow.

With the next morning came the pleasant surprise of sunshine. As we drove down to the surf hire shop after breakfast nervousness was in the air, but when we arrived at the beach the surf was the perfect height for beginners. The first

instructor that we had was a local surfer called Tom. He was very friendly and a great teacher so we all progressed fairly quickly.

On the first day we all relaxed and had fun. The second day was more serious, as Mr Aydon had just announced that there was to be a prize for the most stylish and consistent surfer, and the waves were much bigger and had more force behind them. People who deserved special mentions would be: Matt Poole and Gareth for their progress and determination throughout the weekend; Rory Leadbetter and Joe Bunce for making the weekend one with many laughs; Ian Malhotra for his outstanding backflip dismount from his surfboard; Alex Dawes, Tom Dawes and Moshe Kinshuck for harnessing the technique shown to us by our instructor. Thanks go to Tim Nordan for entertaining the group by consistently getting lost and arriving late. Congratulations go to Daniel King for winning the skillfully crafted trophy, hand made by Mr Aydon, whom I would like to thank, as well as Ms While, for organizing the trip.

“Mr Aydon had just announced that there was to be a prize for the most stylish and consistent surfer, and the waves were much bigger and had more force behind them.”

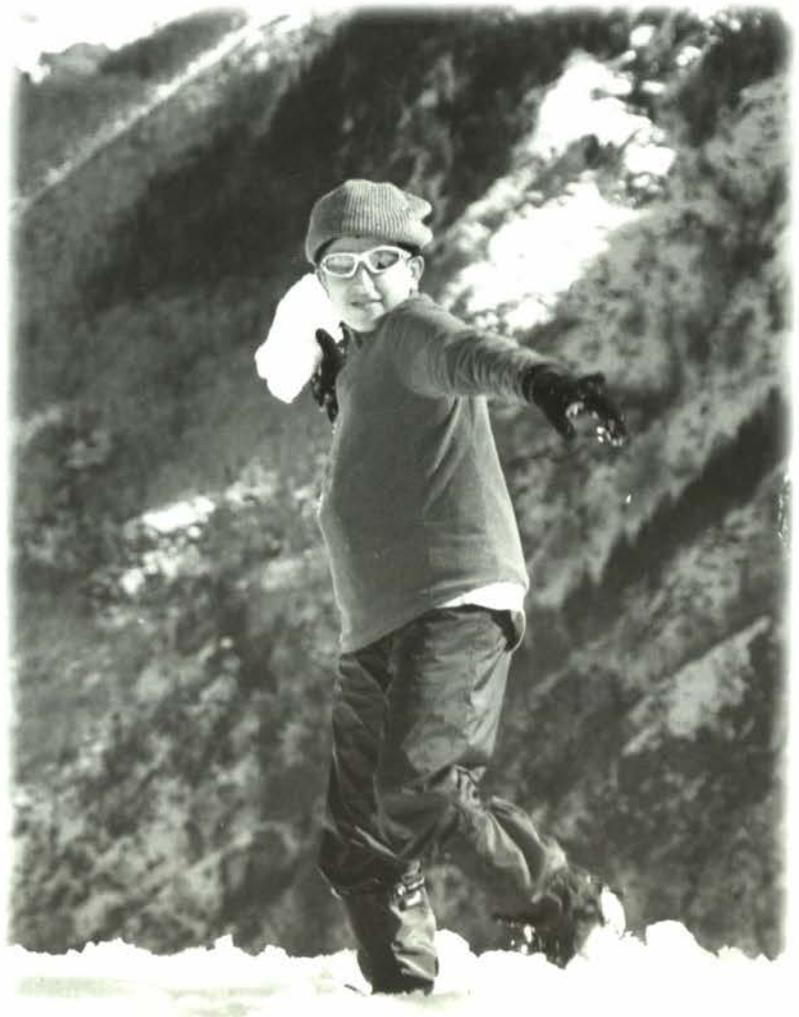
Daniel King

Snowshoeing 2006

As we piled out of the coach into the pitch black, we scanned our surroundings. We could certainly feel the snow crunching satisfyingly under our feet and, as our eyes grew accustomed to the dark, we realised that we were surrounded by the colossal, imposing peaks of the Pyrenees. As we gazed upwards, we realised with certainty that the week ahead would hold some of the most challenging experiences we had ever faced.

All awoke the first morning full of eager anticipation, despite some slight apprehension as to our ability to walk in snowshoes. Certainly, it was challenging but exhilarating to trek up impossibly steep mountains, sinking waist-deep in snow whilst snowballs skimmed past, narrowly missing their targets. We were thankful to Mr Boardman for all the planning that had gone into the week, as we suited up in our protective gear, complete with poles, snowshoes and sun protection, before facing the elements. We were well rewarded for all our efforts, despite nearing exhaustion from sinking in the snow and having to keep a firm grip on the poles when the hazardous ice slid from beneath our feet. The prize on reaching a summit was awesome, as we drank in the stunning scenery.

The highlight of the week was an expedition to a remote mountain refuge, where we were to spend the night in self-built ice caves, surrounded by spectacular snowy peaks. We all pitched in to dig out the icy chambers that were to be our sleeping quarters. Exhausted after the strenuous



activities of the day, some wisely decided on laying down their weary heads in the refuge, whilst the more foolhardy amongst us were not going to pass up this long-awaited opportunity to sleep in the ice.

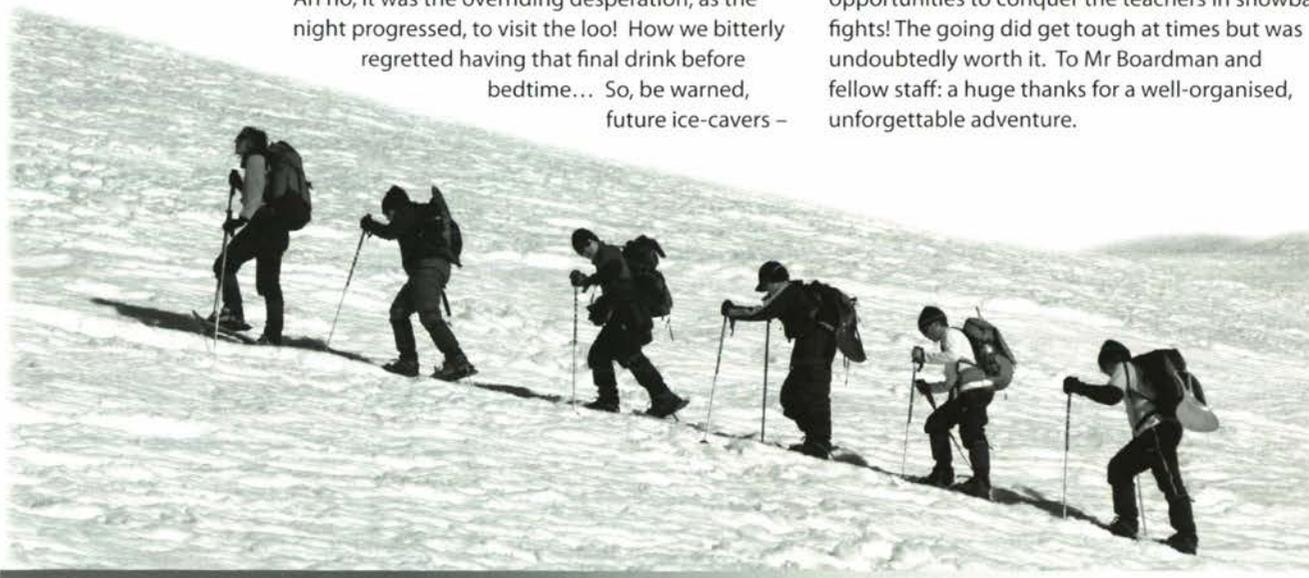
I would like to claim that the entire night passed without a single moan being uttered from our lips – but sadly, not so! It wasn't the sub-zero temperatures of our compact bedchambers that did for us, nor the close proximity of our fellow snowshoers, nor indeed the dripping water as the snow ceiling melted in the heat of our exhalations. Ah no, it was the overriding desperation, as the night progressed, to visit the loo! How we bitterly

regretted having that final drink before bedtime... So, be warned, future ice-cavers –

either deprive yourself of fluids before retiring for the night, or else be prepared to venture out into the snow!

The village of Luz St Sauveur was extraordinarily picturesque, housing a dubious bowling alley, as well as bakeries and restaurants which we had the good fortune to sample on a couple of occasions. On other evenings we had the opportunity to demonstrate our cooking skills – some, I have to say, were more successful than others.

This is definitely a trip packed with excitement: fun, strenuous exercise and, of course, opportunities to conquer the teachers in snowball fights! The going did get tough at times but was undoubtedly worth it. To Mr Boardman and fellow staff: a huge thanks for a well-organised, unforgettable adventure.



The Madrid Art Trip

“The occasional “Spanish Inquisition” we underwent when entering many of the galleries provided light entertainment for the group: it was the same culprit (Arvin) who was caught out each time by the metal detectors and numerous over-zealous security personnel.”

Having spent much of the first two Division terms researching and studying art through books and the occasional internet printout, the Madrid trip allowed us for the first time to experience many fantastic pieces first hand. It's quite true what they say about “the real thing” being nothing like what you see on TV or in books. I guess the same can be said about much of what we saw in the galleries and museums of Madrid. It's a fact that many of the paintings seen on this trip, we will probably never again have the fortune to see in our lifetimes.

It has to be said though; I have never known Art to be so physically taxing before. Whoever said that a trip to Madrid would be “just a doss” obviously got their wires crossed. The trip lasted about 4 days and 3 nights and seemed mostly to involve travelling to and from galleries and exhibitions. The best times were spent inside a gallery; in some cases, we spent much of the day drawing and taking notes about paintings, drawings, prints, sculptures, and installations. We travelled to the Renia Sofia, the Municipal Museum of Contemporary Art, the Thyssen Bornemisza, the Prado, and even managed to squeeze in the Telephone Museum. I may well have missed a gallery or two out, there were so many.

The occasional “Spanish Inquisition” we underwent when entering many of the galleries provided light entertainment for the group: it was the same culprit (Arvin) who was caught out each time by the metal detectors and numerous over-zealous security personnel. Once we'd got our belts, wallets, cameras and those dangerous pencils they loved to inspect through Security, we were usually able to move round the galleries freely in our own groups. However, although I say “freely”, it was still a hectic and somewhat serious experience, as there was so much to see in what was, simply put, insufficient time.

Now, let's not get too carried away with the art, important as it was to the trip. Madrid offered much in terms of food, architecture, culture, shops, and, for those studying the language, a chance to practise their Spanish.

Of course, a great thank you should go to the staff involved, without whom there wouldn't have been a trip at all. Mr Turner, not known for his artistic talent, filled in as a flawless translator in many sticky situations and at times acted as an obvious Spanish landmark where we were certainly safe to meet. Mrs Durman – not known for her Spanish – helped as part of the Art Department to guide and teach whilst on the trip. Finally, and probably most essentially, thanks to “Our Brad”, Mr Spencer, without whom there probably would be no Madrid trip.

Senior Cycle Tour of Wales

200 miles in 4 days, diagonally across Wales from Chepstow to Bangor: this was going to be one of the hardest cycle tours in recent years. Although only 11 boys participated in the trip, it was also one of the best. We had been forewarned that the cycling would not be easy, containing some very challenging hills and mountains: however, I am glad to report that all of the boys took it in their stride, and finished the tour feeling much fitter though extremely tired.

The first leg from Chepstow started with one of the largest hills we were to face, a road called Mountain Road, peaking at nearly 300 metres above sea level within a mile or so of the start. However, the rewards of this climb were great as the descent into Usk consisted of wide, sweeping roads where pedalling and brakes were not required because the roads were so smooth and empty. This hill set our first speed record of 40+ mph, which would take some beating. After lunch by the river Usk, we set off for Abergavenny with a hard cycle in the rain to the youth hostel ahead of us: 250m of constant ascent before our warm beds could greet us. As we arrived at Capel-y-Ffin Youth Hostel dread struck us all: we could see what looked like a vertical wall of tarmac - the hill which we would be climbing the next, cold morning.

Gospel Pass, in fact, stood proud at 540m, although we had already climbed 300 on the previous day. This was the worst kind of hill: very long and steep. Only when the majority of the troop had made it to the summit of the beast did we realise that Dr Gammage was absent. Mr Phillips heroically volunteered to cycle all the way down and all the way back up! The problem with Dr Gammage's bike was that the chain had snapped, which proved to be quite mechanically challenging to fix. When the troop regrouped we set off down rolling countryside lanes. Although there were no visible turnings off the road, Keir Stewart managed to lose his group, necessitating a further rescue operation. That night was the most luxurious of the trip: we were staying in the Elan Valley Hotel near Rhayader. The meal was of an extremely high standard and everybody felt replenished afterwards. Having woken to a nice shower and breakfast we were raring to go, on to what turned out to be the hardest day.

All day the teachers were forewarning us of the BIG hill at the end of this day's ride. At one point in the day we were climbing a hill in such

a strong headwind that it felt as if it went for miles. But all hills have their advantages; in this case an 8 mile descent into Machynlleth! Having gone down about half a mile of descent we all stopped to regroup, and then the fun began. We set off with the intention of beating our 40mph record. Whilst going down the hill, the aerodynamic, friction free racing bikes had the obvious advantage. The speed record was not only beaten but smashed by Daniel King and Adam Yule, who both reached 48 mph + ! And then we arrived at the start of the huge ascent. It began with a very shallow gradient but appeared to be never ending. When we finally reached a plateau only half way up we were all ready to throw in the towel and walk, but some persevered to the top, including Mr Lumley, who had assured us that he'd be walking! As a fitting end to the day, the road to our final destination, King's Youth Hostel near Dolgellau, started at a gradient of 1 in 4 and had just been resurfaced with 50 tons of loose gravel, making it very difficult to climb.

The next morning, the last day, was to be the second longest day of the tour but also the flattest. The flat cycle path around the estuary was one of the easiest and most scenic routes of the tour. It resulted in our crossing of the railway bridge into Barmouth, where we all stopped for that well-known healthy athlete's snack - ice cream and chips. We then carried on along the

“Only when the majority of the troop had made it to the summit of the beast did we realise that Dr Gammage was absent.”



main road parallel to the coastline for a few miles until we turned off and hit the hilly region of Snowdonia. We ate lunch overlooking Harlech and, beyond Porthmadog, faced a fierce headwind climb in the realisation that we were running out of water. As we joined the cycle path which led to the town of Caernarfon, Mr Phillips allowed the boys to go ahead in groups in search of water. With all of the boys pushing together as a group, the 12 miles flew past. When we finally found a

small corner shop it received more business in ten minutes than it would normally receive in a week!

And so we came to Bangor, and the coach home. Our arrival at KES was a relief for all the boys who were getting lifts home, and a disappointment for the boys who had to cycle. Thank yous go to all of the staff and parents who participated in the trip, and also to the boys who made the trip so memorable.

Daniel King



Birmingham-Lampertheim Exchange

"**B**erlin! Berlin! Wir fahren nach Berlin!" came the chant roaring through the crowded, sunlit streets of Germany last June. With the World Cup Finals and a newfound patriotism being carried on the Teutonic summer breeze, these calls were entirely appropriate (though not, it appears, in hindsight – thanks a lot, Fabio Grosso) and anyone shouting, "Lampertheim! Lampertheim! Wir fahren nach Lampertheim!" would've met with a few raised eyebrows. But for the four KES/KEHS pupils touching down in Germany that month - Alastair Mason, Catie Wood, Emily Chester and myself - the statement fitted perfectly. For the next ten days we would escape

the post-AS exams tedium and the English rain in favour of the glorious *deutsche Erfahrung, Kultur und, natürlich, Sprache*.

There couldn't have been a more auspicious time to visit *der Vaterland*: the weather was terrific, with rarely a cloud in the sky; one of Germany's own sons was sitting on St Peter's throne; the country was settling down comfortably after Angela Merkel's election victory with a renewed faith in the political system; and, most obviously, the trip coincided neatly with the first week of the World Cup Finals. The black, red and yellow colours were unfurled at every window and hoisted up every flagpole, with Lucas Podolski envisioned as the new Patron Saint of Germany.

Awaiting us at Frankfurt airport that first Friday afternoon were our counterparts, Alastair's being Patrick Karb, Catie's Verena Brechel, Emily's Svenja

Seelinger, and mine Nicolas Ziegler. All lived either in Lampertheim (a town about 30 minutes' drive from Frankfurt) or the nearby suburb of Bürstadt, and each had established a workplace for us in the area for the coming week. Thus, we went our separate ways with our partners, fully to embrace the German nation and hopefully assimilate seamlessly into its *Gesellschaft*, whereupon we could tighten our grasp on the language.

Nicolas welcomed me warmly into his home, as did his family. After a welcome party that night with his friends, we visited the city of Mannheim the following day. It was a Saturday bristling with anticipation as Michael Ballack and his team prepared to play against Sweden – a game we watched on the big screen by the River Rhein. The reaction to Germany's 2-0 victory was ecstatic: a symphony of car horns blaring from racing BMWs, huge cheers in every corner of the town, packs of flag-clad fans shaking the trams and pouring through the streets.

The remainder of my weekend was on twilight beaches in Worms and by swimming pools in Bürstadt. My work experience placement was in the St Marie Lampertheim hospital: shadowing nurses and helping the mostly elderly *Patienten* was an immensely rewarding experience, as I not only practiced my German, but did so in a bustling, interesting environment surrounded by very sympathetic colleagues and the humbling cases of the more sick patients. In a country where no National Health Service exists, I found the comparison between our own NHS and the German system of health insurance thought-provoking. In fact, I feel that their program, whereby all school-leavers must spend a year either in the armed services or working charitably, such as in a hospital, should be introduced in Britain. My finest hour must have been when I acted as translator between a nurse and her newly arrived American patient. The other exchange students seemed to enjoy their placements too: Catie working at the Alstrom company, fulfilling her lifelong interest in agricultural engineering machinery, while Alastair reprised his role at

the *Lampertheim Zeitung*, where he had worked during the previous year's exchange, and was joined this year by Emily. They had several articles published in the local paper, including an interview with me.

Nicolas kept me entertained throughout the week with visits to Worms and Heppenheim, and a meal with the other exchange students midweek. From this, we could see how everyone else was enjoying their stay, while finally speaking some English. That evening we also met the four German students who would be staying in the UK during the return exchange.

Two days before we left was the Germany-Argentina quarterfinal, which Alastair, Emily and I watched on the Bürstadt big screen. The reaction after that penalty shootout was even more euphoric than the Swedish victory. The next day saw England crash out of the tournament, an event that didn't faze the majority of the population. We left Germany that Sunday as the country continued to revel in its glory (but how the mood would change in *that* semi-final), with all of us agreed: this was an awesome country with great people, and of course, a superb language, in which we had all improved considerably. In an England where fewer people seem to be taking up the subject, I was resolute that all those who didn't speak German were missing out considerably – not least in enjoying the country to its full extent.

Our exchange partners would rejoin us in Birmingham a few days later and I'm sure they had as good a time as we all had in Germany. Of course, such pleasure was impossible without the outstanding efforts of two individuals: Lampertheim School's *Englisch* teacher, Herr Brost, and KES's own Dr Amann. I thank both of them, particularly the latter, for organising such a superb trip. With the A2 course about to begin, and with many enthusiastic memories of Germany, I think we all now hope we might be able finally to chant, "*Berlin! Berlin! Wir fahren nach Berlin!*"

Jamie Scott

The Pompeii Trip

On the 14th July, a party of boys, girls and strangely clad teachers set off in a coach for Heathrow airport, ready for fun and Italian food in the Bay of Naples. In front of KES to see us off were a sortie of parents (mine especially grouchy at being woken at 4:00 am) and Mr Philips, resplendent in cycling helmet and shorts.

Our first sight in Italy was the Villa of Poppaea, a Roman mansion supposedly owned by Emperor Nero's wife Poppaea. It was as Kit and Matt drew out immaculate digital cameras from sleek black cases that I realised my error in buying two disposables at Tesco. By the end of my stay, there

were probably no throwaway cameras left in Campania.

After we reached the hotel in the Moon Valley, a relaxing swim was taken and we settled down to an 'authentic' Italian meal of chicken and chips. The next day was dominated by a trip to Pompeii itself, where we were delighted to see the House of Caecilius, focus of the Cambridge Latin Course Book I. We strolled along paved Roman streets, reclined in the Triangular Forum for lunch and enjoyed the refreshing sights of semi-mummified corpses – although the most noticeable and unique sights were undoubtedly the horrifyingly short shorts sported flamboyantly by Mr Lambie. A thoroughly fun Day Two was in store.

The next day, we moved into Naples to marvel

at the sight of its Archaeological Museum – and laugh uproariously when a member of the trip (who shall remain nameless) mistook Ferdinand I of Bourbon for the goddess Athena.

The rest of the week in Italy was equally enjoyable, highlights being the magnificent shopping quarter in Sorrento (where I spent 112 euros on souvenirs) and the pleasant domesticity of Herculaneum. Another stunning snapshot of ancient life was in Paestum, where I bought my eighth disposable camera in order to photograph the three breathtaking temples, dedicated to Hera, Apollo and Athena.

We also had some tranquil (and some less tranquil!) swimming periods, characterised by idyllic front crawls and fierce head dunking – especially worthy of note was the Geothermal pool. It was here that we ate our only dinner outside the hotel – the few vegetarians had a

shock in store for them when a huge, glistening bleached-bone-coloured ball of mozzarella arrived on their plate, straddling a portion of chips like an overweight Colossus of Rhodes. It wasn't surprising that Alex went hungry.

On our penultimate night, however, the traumatic Cheese Experience was abruptly dispelled when the hotel treated us to mouth-watering pizza and juicy Rum Babas. On our last full day in Italy, we visited a brace of sulphurous lava pits that provided a pleasant air of rancid stench-laden nostalgia. The cappuccino was still good, though.

The Pompeii Trip was a thoroughly enjoyable excursion, and the sites that we visited were incomparably magnificent (but I still don't like the short shorts).

Henry Tonks

“We were all captivated by the colour and action that, even after all these years is still present in the scenes. It seemed nearly impossible that it (*Bayeux tapestry*) is nearly a thousand years old.”

Normandy

At 3am on Friday 31st March 2006, while most of the West Midlands were, very sensibly, asleep, six teachers and forty-two King Edward's pupils and their parents dragged themselves out of bed. What could possess this group of people to take such strange and unnatural action? There is only one possible explanation: “The History Trip to Normandy!”

All arrived at the school car park at 3:30, and within twenty minutes our goodbyes had been said and we were on our way. We endured an uneventful crossing from Dover to Calais on the 7:00 ferry and, after a stop for lunch, continued towards our destination. After a whole day of travelling, we arrived at L'Hotel de Normandie in St-Aubin-Sur-Mer and, following a bit of obligatory exploration and dinner, went to bed

On Saturday morning we set off for the town of Bayeux, arriving a little later than expected due to a technical hitch in the form of the coach getting stuck whilst trying to turn a corner, but, thanks to the excellent navigational skills of the teachers, we were able to escape. The tapestry was, obviously, the highlight of our visit. We were all captivated by the colour and action that, even after all these years is still present in the scenes. It seemed nearly impossible that it is nearly a thousand years old. It also seemed strange that Bayeux, the town that houses it, is so quiet and is not filled with signs saying “Welcome to Bayeux, Home of the Tapestry”.

Next stop was Bayeux Cathedral, where William the Conqueror's brother Odo was once Bishop. Mr Simpson gave us a talk about the architectural features of the cathedral and after lunch we were let loose on the streets. This was when we really had to use our French. Many of us encountered interesting situations, such as trying to find the only public toilet in Bayeux or setting off an alarm

in a shop and trying to prove that you haven't stolen anything, all of which had to be conducted in French. Once back at the hotel Mr Davies and Miss Asher took us for a walk on the beach and explained to us the significance of the area in the Second World War, particularly on D-Day.

The next day saw us go to the Caen War and Peace Museum, where we were given an insight into the thinking behind both the Second World War and the Cold War. The highlight of the museum was, for many, the amazing video, created by the museum, about D-Day, which left several of us in tears.

The only weak point of the trip was Falaise Castle, home of the Dukes of Normandy: full of atmospheric music, projectors and chess. Many of us felt that the castle would have been much more interesting had it been left in its natural state.

The visit to the Canadian War Cemetery was by far the most emotional part of our trip to Normandy. The feeling is unexplainable: you can only really understand it when you have seen for yourself the hundreds of gravestones, stretching away as far as the eye can see. It was quite a painful experience and many tears were shed; but most people were glad that they had been there. One of the scariest elements was when you began to realise that, if one shell had fallen a few centimetres away from where it did in fact fall, and had killed one of your relatives instead of the man in the cemetery, then you might not be here. It made you so thankful to every single man buried there.

The next day we packed our bags, said “Au revoir” to St-Aubin-Sur-Mer and set off towards home. From everyone who went on the trip to Miss Jackson, Mrs Burnett, Mr Davies, Mr and Mrs Simpson and Miss Asher: *Nous vous remercions pour une voyage geniale!*

Catharine Hodge (KEHS)

TRIPS



Divisions Geography Field Trip - Middlesbrough

“Unfortunately for one of the participants (Calum McKenzie-Ward), his zeal for the task led him to suffer a momentary lapse of sense, and he threw his mobile phone into the waiting river, never to be seen again.”

When venturing north to the far reaches of the civilised world, you can study many socio-geographical phenomena, such as the heightened economic activity of “Chavs” in the wonderful residential area of St. Hilda’s, recycling the lead from the house roofs.

The trip started early one March day, and our first stop was the commuter town of Haxby. This once sleepy village has grown recently to be a very good AS-Level case study of how a settlement has changed socially and economically over the past 40 years. The rest of the day was spent in the rural villages of the Vale of Pickering and Upper Weardale, to prepare for those AS questions which were in the event removed from the paper because the insert was not included. However, the work conducted in these settlements was of use, as it proved useful to the many statistical geographers who craved some data to conduct a Mann Whitney U- Test upon.

The second day was for the physical enthusiasts who were excited by the prospect of stream measurements and the study of various different types of woodland, near Robin Hood’s Bay. Mr Cumberland dove into the stream work with great tenacity, ably assisted by Mr Roden. Unfortunately for one of the participants (Calum McKenzie-Ward), his zeal for the task led him to suffer a momentary lapse of sense, and he threw

his mobile phone into the waiting river, never to be seen again. The woodland study was based around the ideas of managed woodland and natural woodland and the way that humans can affect the local environment. Included in the way that humans can affect the environment are scaling cliff faces and hunting adders: just ask Mr Pitt.

The highlight of the trip for many was the full day study of the wonders of Middlesbrough. From the industrial powerhouse of Redcar and Wilton to the run-down residential areas of St. Hilda’s, we were given a full run-through of the town of Middlesbrough. The day was rounded off with a demonstration of our geographical knowledge in constructing PowerPoint presentations. Included in these efforts was a song by the virtuoso Jamie Scott, and the definitive A-Z of Middlesbrough.

Our final day meant that it was time to pass from the county of the white rose, to the dominion of the red rose. On our way back to the Midlands we stopped off in the burgeoning (though still only 3rd) city of Manchester. As well as looking at the old factories and the impressive architecture of the old warehouses, the teachers seemed keen to take the pupils on an extensive tour of the Canal Street area. Overall the trip was a resounding success and a very good geographical time was had by everybody. I’m sure that the staff will be very happy to return to Middlesbrough next year.

Richard Johnstone

Divisions Geography Field Trip – Morecambe

One early October evening, the three Divisions Geography sets set off for Morecambe for geographical enrichment, to answer our AS coursework question; Is there a relationship between residential quality and distance from the centre of Morecambe?

Arriving early at our sea front hotels, which were to become base camp for the next couple of days, we de-bused, ate, and then, whilst we were attempting to understand some of the history of Morecambe, the lights went out. If it had only happened once it would have been novel: but after the lights came back on, then went off again, it became a little tedious. In the end, under the leadership of Messrs Cumberland and Davies, we settled down to read maps by torchlight - just a little different to the conventional methods learned in the classroom!

The Friday morning consisted of visiting Overton, a small village just outside Morecambe, which we studied under the guidance of Mr Cumberland and Mr Roden. The afternoon was spent in Morecambe itself, an old Victorian

seaside resort that has lost its way over the last few decades. It is an intriguing place, and we were lucky that it failed to rain, which made things as pleasant as possible. The evening allowed data to be compiled and offered last glimpses of Morecambe.

We awoke on the Saturday to the promise of going to Malham before the drive home to Birmingham. Whilst we were in the minibus, it rained. When I say rain, I mean the unrelenting rain which is only experienced in the North. This continued as we disembarked from the bus at Malham, accompanied by some high winds, which made conditions difficult and caused us to produce a parade of umbrellas and hats. The geographical features aptly named “dry valleys” were just a little wet.

After the day at Malham, we drove home, moving from the wet Yorkshire Dales to the familiar sights of home. Thanks must go to the teachers who accompanied us on the trip; Mr Davis, Mr Roden, Mr Pitt, Miss Jones, Mr Lambie and local boy Mr Cumberland, all of whom made it as enjoyable as it was geographical.

Adam Richardson



Richard Ruston (6th Year)
Oil on Canvas

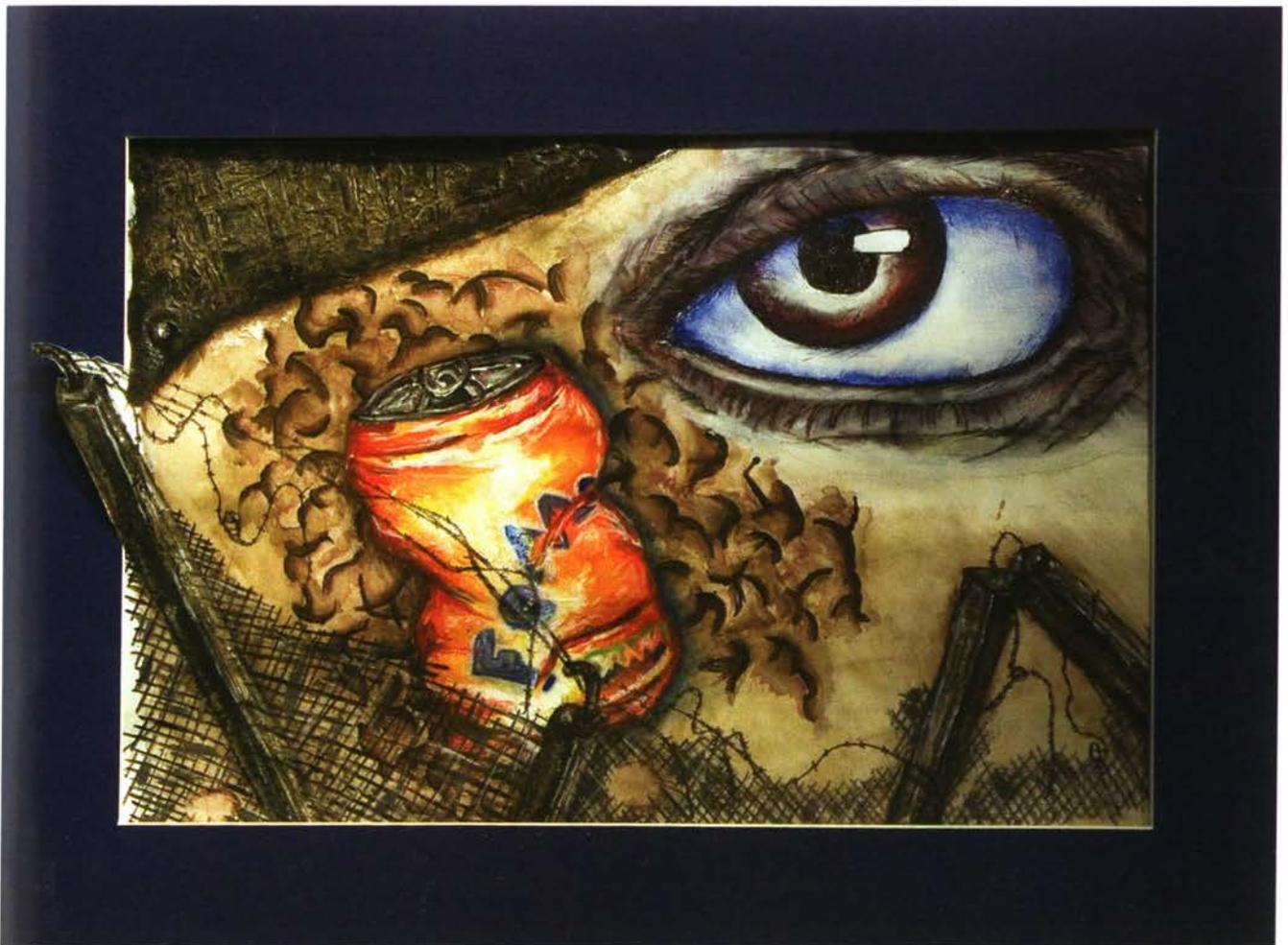




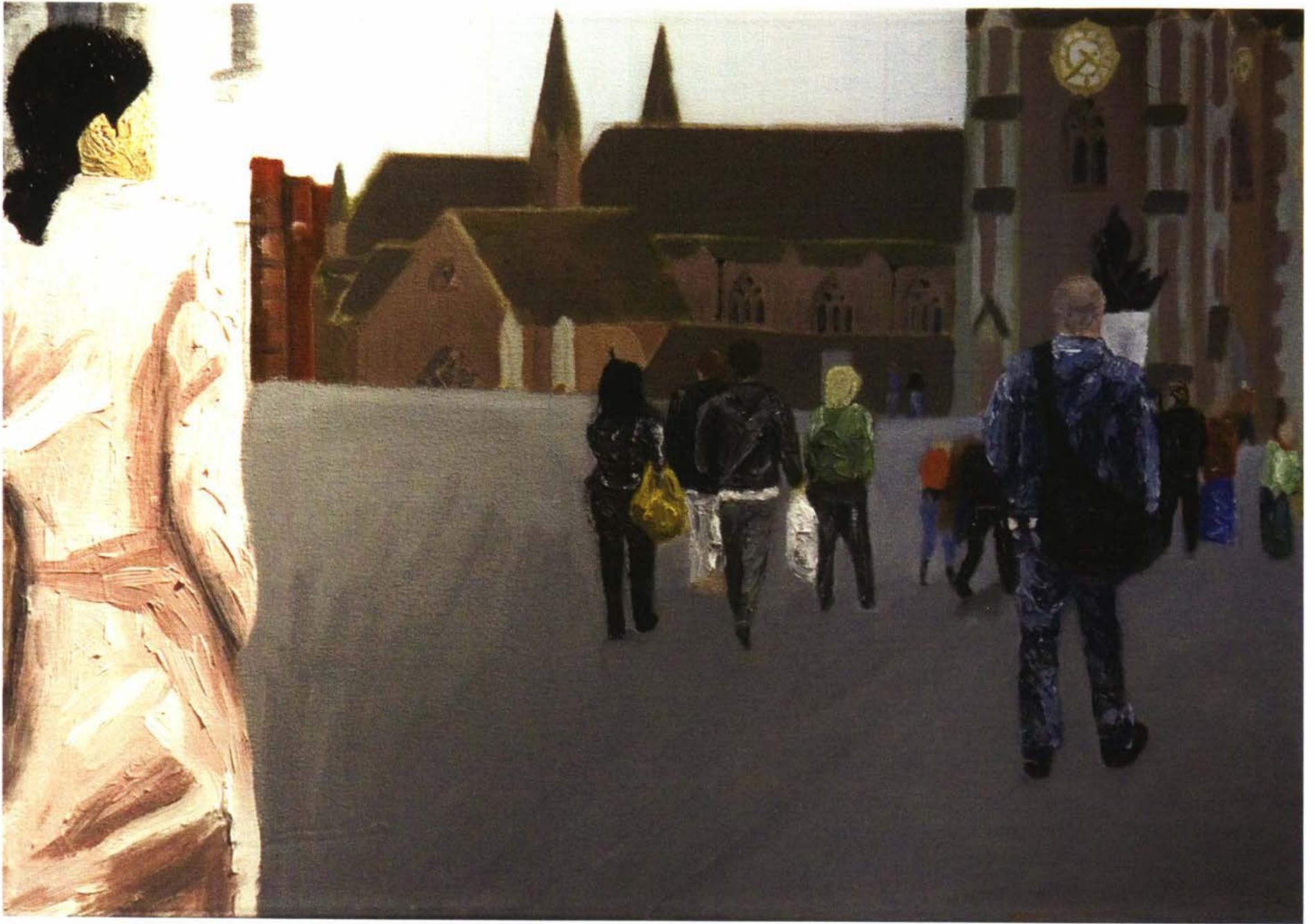
Tom Duggins (6th Year)
Mixed Media



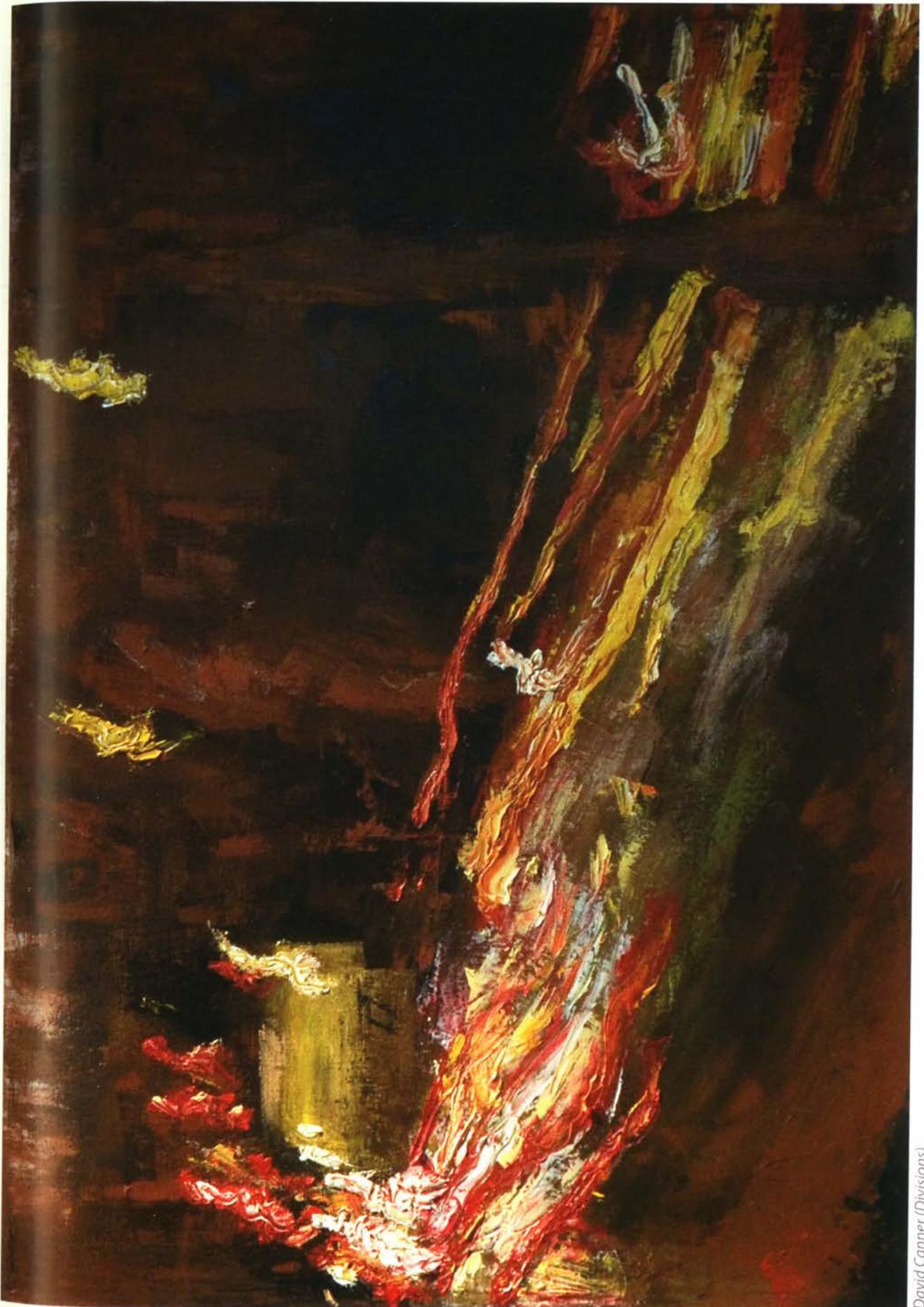
Richard Williams (6th Year)
Ceramics



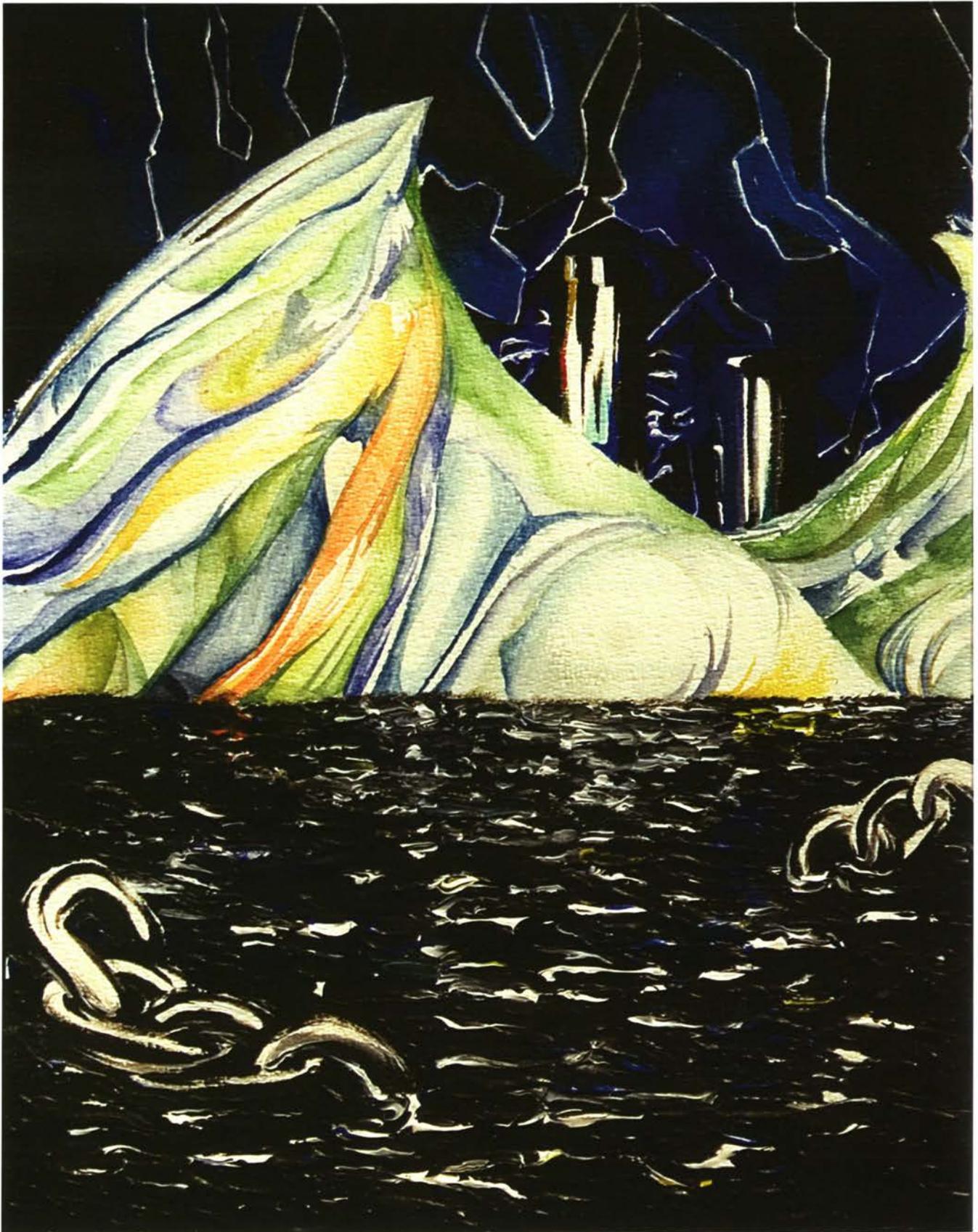
Will Murcott (5th Year)
Mixed Media



Shrawen Patel (Divisions)
Oil on Canvas



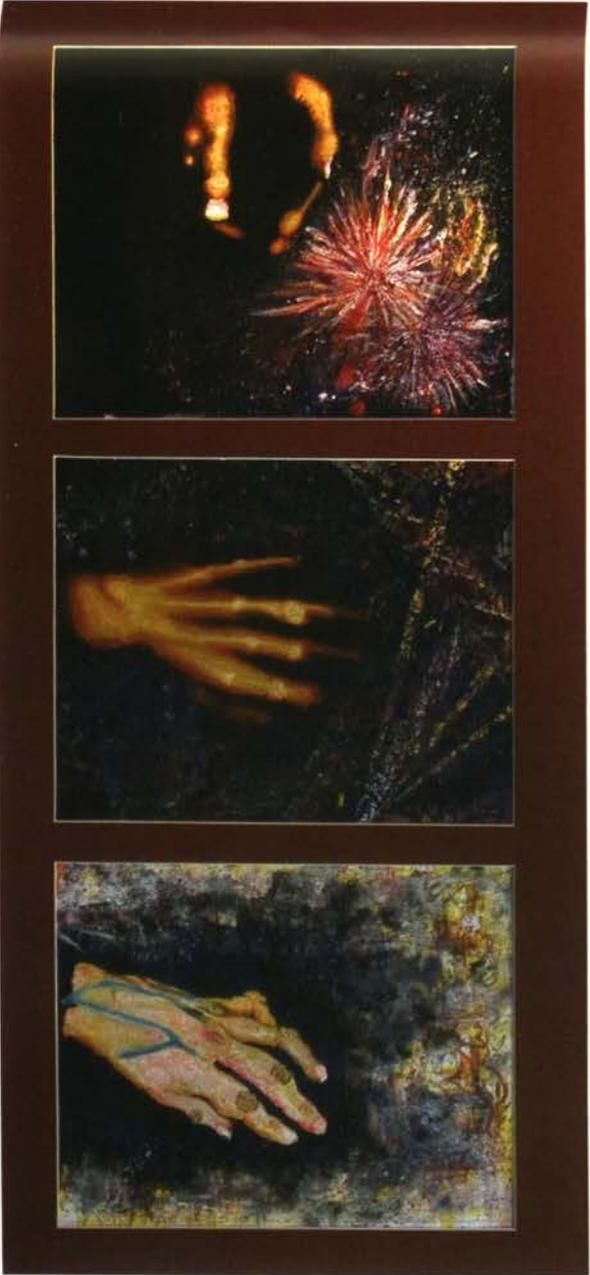
David Canner (Divisions)
Oil on Canvas



Ryota Nishikawa (5th Year GCSE)
Mixed Media



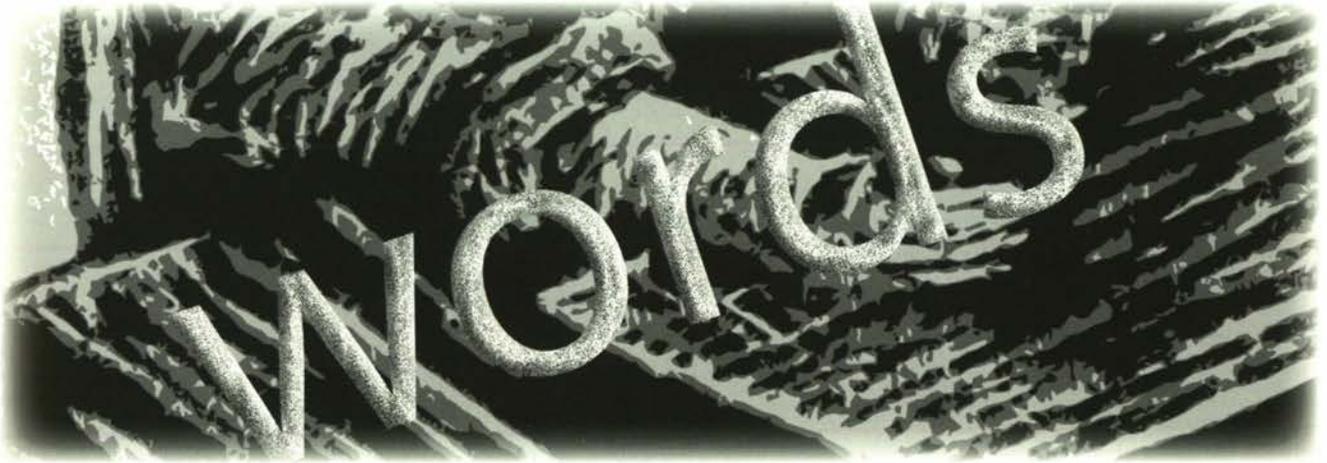
Ryota Nishikawa (5th Year GCSE)
Acrylic



Joe Kiff (5th Year GCSE)
Acrylic



Max Dowd (*Divisions*)
Oil on Canvas



The Letters of a Dead Man

A friend of mine informs me
That beyond the shell of light,
In a passage 'neath her bedroom,
Wrapped safe in friendly night,

There do lie, lost from the living,
In a box upon the floor
The final letters of a man
Who died while at her door.

The letters of a dead man
Have never been disturbed,
For the fear of angry dead
Will fright the living of this world.

The letters of a dead man
Are veiled behind that wall,
And scream in silence ever
For some fool to read them all.

And the letters of a dead man
Bear not the lips of flesh,
Nor a finger that will trace them,
Breathe the life in them afresh.

The letters of a dead man
Her telling tongue will spite,
Send the words to choke inside her throat
Lest she bear the dead some slight.

The letters of a dead man
Turn anxious eyes to milk,
As he moves, a blackened presence,
Into that sweet mind of silk.

The letters of a dead man
Set the blue dread in her face;
Do drain gold hair to whitened wisps
When she thinks of that place.

But the letters of a dead man,
Though they reside in ice,
Do hold my maddened psyche
Like the grip of phantom vice.

For the letters of a dead man
To the maverick in me
Will beckon from the black
And tempt my vessel to the sea.

But the letters of a dead man,
When for their words I ask,
Light the fresh fright in a friendly face,
As her mind turns to the task.

"You want the letters of a dead man?"
She says in tones of awe,
While in her mind there shatters
Every solar serving law.

The letters of a dead man:
Why should I ask for they?
To bring them from convenient dark
Into blasphemous day?

Because the letters of a dead man
Are by those on earth
To stay beyond our sight or sound,
Be robbed of their rebirth.

The letters of a dead man
Do hold more fear than life,
As in dreams we see the drawing
Of a non-existent knife.

So the letters of a dead man
Do rot beyond the world,
While in the patient dark the man,
And death, and peace, lie curled.

Tim Kiely - IV D

Life of Fear

I walk down the long, dark oak staircase,
 A faint creak heard a few flights back.
 Oil lamp, flame flicker.
 Shadows dancing on the gloomy bricked wall.
 Wind whispering through black-eyed keyholes,
 Figures staring stony-faced from the ceiling.
 Feet touch stone,
 Bare feet, toes cold.
 Tears drop, mark-making.
 Hands grasp, fingers clasp
 Brass door handle,
 All those years ago.

Mansoor Clarke- 4H

The Eclipse of the Northern Sun

The Sun rises over the Canadian land,
 The birds awake in the large trees.
 A hedgehog runs out of his hidden borough
 And grabs a nut dropped by a squirrel.
 The squirrel climbs up a tree, and breaks off a maple leaf,
 Which falls onto a plain white canopy.

Under the canopy is a crowd of families and friends,
 All dressed in elegant black funeral attire
 And most hold moistened handkerchiefs.
 That is why they have come, to commemorate a loved one.
 A tear rolls down a young girl's face,
 And a mother faints at the sight of her son's dead body.
 Is this the eclipse of the Northern Sun?

Madhav Bakshi – Rem R

Entwined

Living where we did, we were thrown together in the heart of our youth. Living in the same block, with parents who were friendly, created the opportunities for us to play together. Of course we grew and we saw each other differently, as young men and women. Eventually, instead of playing we held each other's hands.

It was nice to have someone to rely on, to be there for you. This was especially true in the difficult times that the late teens put on you; rivals from school and disputes with parents. We were never lonely and we learnt to appreciate each other's bizarre and quirky habits, like trying to cure a restless night with toast and jam.

Of course by this time we'd moved into our own place. It was nothing much, but we drew together the money from both our jobs and rented a flat. The proposal was almost as inevitable as the "Yes", and a marvellous wedding ensured. Our parents helped us to foot the bill for that beautiful day. It was a modest day, but one that neither of us could ever forget. A day when we truly knew we'd be together for better or worse.

The worse came abruptly: we couldn't have children. We took turns to cry and to

comfort, both devastated by the news. Not having children led to an easier life, with promotions in uninterrupted jobs. There followed a larger flat and then a small house. We looked after nieces and nephews and spoiled them terribly: not that they minded, of course.

Time wore away at us and we dodged illness and injury. The older we grew the more we seemed to love, appreciate and understand one another. We had found that love wasn't enough in the hard years, and we had developed something far greater than just love. We used to watch all the young couples, drawing happiness from the first burst of love. If only they knew how much happiness you receive from years of it.

We slowed to a snail's pace and were unable to dodge illness any more. Slowly the winters felt colder and illnesses we used to shake off became a worrying sign of old age. We both cried awfully at the funerals, on earth and in heaven.

But as we joined hands in eternity we smiled loving smiles at each other and knew, in this place, we would never cry again.

Jamie Baxter – Sci Div D

The House

Some faithless generation not unlike the last,
 Wealthy in desire and distrustful of the past,
 Erected a conduit, a house by all counts,
 To distract from remembrance of life in full swing.

This desire to establish a thing piecemeal worthwhile
 Sheltered from the onslaught of other human bile.
 Items piled high, not entirely disastrous,
 Across a home for a family now inhabited by wanderers
 Of the soul, of the mind, this thought-stricken youth,
 They did all they could to keep fiction from truth.

Ash splattered grey over nicotine tables, nicotine walls
 Brown with self-loathing, coloured in not hoping
 To rectify or salvage each blossoming day;
 Prayers went unanswered to take matters away
 (Likely half-mumbled and so doubtless unheard)
 'The shepherd has left us to fend for the herd,
 Oh fie, that no ministering angels have come,
 To shoot us with salvation from their smoking guns.'

Each morning the sickness came entirely upon
 Those soon for rejuvenation at the hands of fresh-wrong,
 Untiring in pomp and splendour and magic,
 False like all ceremony, much the worse for denial.
 Like children well pleased at their inefficient method.

Unanimous in hopelessness, over a youth ill spent
 In glorious trips and agonising comedowns,
 Or well spent by degrees of self-deception.

Tom Duggins- Eng VI

**The winner of the Julian Parkes Memorial
Prize for poetry, 2005-2006**

Factory of Dreams

It's a great shame
That the iron mountain looms
Over weary emerald fields
And lonely hump-backed bridges;
But there's a silver lining even to its toxic cloud
(Of CO2)

And as the serpent-like plume
Of our dreams goes up in smoke
To mingle with the straight white lines
On a darkening blackboard of a sky,
(A lesson from carrion we'll never forget)
It might be nice to save the coating
Of swaying pines for another day

And in years to come,
When the green is gone,
What will they say?

Travesty!
Outrage!
Disaster!

But I fought it!
Me too!

Or did I?

Because for every poor heart willing,
There is a rich one that is not.

Gregory Stacey – UMJ

'On The Creation'

(Based on the account of creation in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*)

The burning Sun from vaulted heaven born
Broke forth, and seeking some short rest stopped still,
And took a home from which height He could fill
The earth with light, which floods from where the sky is torn.

That light, unleashed, revealed a world below,
Not yet with seas to fish, just land to sow,
Until, at last, the waves flowed all around,
Clouds burst; they seized and then subdued the solid ground.

Thus rising up, the seas o'ertook the land:
The shore, the valleys, and each mountainside.
Then earth returned to one of sea and sand,
When these tall waters drained through rivers deep and wide.

The craftsman of Earth's perfect manufacture
Regard with no less than pure praising rapture.

Chris Adamson – Classics VI

The Rise and Fall of Hair Metal

(excerpt from the Bulletin Board series)

Part One: Introduction

At such a dark time as this, when the Billboard music charts are persistently populated by so many non-descript, uncharismatic and undisputedly poor 'rock bands' whose names begin with "the", days of musical antiquity when rock stars were electrifying showmen and virtuoso musicians seem sadly resigned to history. The closest we have to a truly successful hair metal band in the 21st century is The Darkness, and it is nigh on impossible to ignore the rancid stench of record company contrivance that exudes from their clichéd brand of watered down stadium rock.

I for one wait in joyful hope for a day when I can turn on the radio and not be subject to an immediate and unrelenting bombardment of audible slurry. I long for the days when guitar solos constituted more than three notes and the favoured hairstyles involved the use of several cans of hairspray: the days when hair metal ruled the world. It must be conceded that those days of sleazy riffs and leather pants were all but over long before I can remember, and if you are reading this there is every chance that you are in the same unenviable situation, or worse; you may have no idea what I am talking about. If this is the case then fear not, for over the course of this article, and the ensuing editions that you will find posted here in weeks to come, I will take you on a nostalgic journey of discovery, to a time before the lacklustre simplicity of Britpop, before even the benevolent misery of Grunge, to a time when hair metal bands walked the Earth.

Whilst it is true that the ambitions of most hair metal bands did not extend much further than alcohol, drugs, groupies, and overuse of the word 'dude', it is beyond contest that this most controversial of music genres has spawned some unforgettable bands and truly incredible songs. As such, I invite you to join me in this celebration of its superficial charms, and more importantly, its musical legacy. I will start next week by discussing the origins of the genre, and the earlier musical styles that influenced it, as well as introducing you to its most important protagonists: such as Alice Cooper, KISS, Scorpions, AC/DC, Twisted Sister, Van Halen, Venom, Hanoi Rocks, Motley Crue, WASP, and, of course, Guns'n'Roses.

Over the coming weeks, I will do my best to bring to life a musical era that is so often overlooked. The media likes to pretend it never happened, moralists look at it as nothing short of blasphemy, classical musicians sneer at the very thought of it, and the vast majority of today's music fans turn their noses up at it, or are simply none the wiser. But in a strange way, hair metal is somewhat like a car crash; it may be shocking, bloody, downright terrifying to witness, but, it's simply impossible to look away. How can you possibly disregard the warp speed guitar trickery of Eddie Van Halen, the ridiculously over the top make-up of KISS, or the horrifically macabre theatrics that comprised Alice Cooper's live shows? From the outlandish escapades of Motley Crue, AC/DC's school-uniform-clad lead guitarist, or Slash's majestic *Sweet Child o' Mine* riff, to Alice Cooper's unfortunate incident involving a chicken and a festival crowd, the genre of hair metal encompasses everything from the thrilling and beautiful to the absolutely disgusting, creating genuinely magical music, and even more genuine outrage. If you cannot wait until next week to embark on this heavy metal crusade, my advice is to find some music by the above mentioned bands, in shops, on the net, or possibly at the back of your dad's CD collection. Put it in your player, and crank the volume up to eleven!

Arvin Mahanta, Art VI

Ydeo Sea

Not many people know about the Ydeo Sea.
But I suppose that's because if you did know,
You'd never think of going there.

Its exact location
Remains an eternal source of confusion.
By the time you've tried to pin it down,
Scoured every map and chart,
Dredged up the known Universe
Just to try and label its whereabouts,
You find you're usually sitting in the middle of it.

Look down for a second.
You're waist deep.
And the water's rising.

It's water like no other.
Thicker than ignorance,
Deeper than fear,
Darker than sin,
Colder than Hell.
It's the kind of water where,
In the slow tumult of a bad dream
From which you can never wake,
You can get sucked in with a force
Stronger than some diabolic vice.

The light fades.
The cold surrounds you,
Soaks into the muscles,
The nerves;
Numbs your being to pain or joy.
Floods your lungs.
Before you know it,
You're staring your grave in the face.

I've fought my way out before.
Clawed back past the yawning dark,
The senseless cold,
The fists of water that ball themselves
Against the wreckage of my being.

The Ydeo Sea will never claim me.
Sole island, last haven, the beacon against the gloom.

You might not know much about the Ydeo Sea.
But are you sure you haven't already drowned in it?

Tim Kiely IV D



Senior House Cross-Country

One cold, wet March afternoon, around 100 boys from the top three years of the school prepared to run through Cannon Hill Park for their Houses: many of us did not know what we were in for! The course is about 3 miles long, each House volunteering, or in some cases forcing, at least 8 runners to take part in the gruelling race. There are three rounds to the competition: two three-mile runs in which everyone takes part, followed by a relay event in which the top runners from all eight Houses battle it out for a mile.

Levett was eventually the triumphant House, finishing with a comfortable gap between them and the runners up. Greg Divall won the individual competition. A mention should also go to the markers, who stood out in the cold along the course to guide the runners, so ensuring that their Houses did not receive any penalties. Special thanks must also go to Dr Bridges, the organiser, as well as to the other members of staff who helped out.

Adam Richardson

Senior House Swimming

On a bright July morning, Senior House Swimming kicked off its annual quest to find the school's best swimmers. The Monday morning saw the qualifying rounds take place: each House not only hoped to qualify swimmers for the final on the Friday evening, but also to gain extra points through the quick times of less accomplished swimmers. As usual, the qualifying rounds demonstrated that Vardy, Heath and Levett had the strongest swimmers, with people from each of these Houses through to the final in almost every event. In the relay races, the above Houses each qualified, as well as Cary Gilson in the medley relay and Gifford in the freestyle relay. On that Monday morning, special thanks must be given to Mr Turner, who recorded

the times and names of the swimmers.

That Friday evening, the fastest four of each House competed in the finals. In a change to the normal schedule, the first event was the medley relay, won by Vardy, which was closely followed by Heath and Cary Gilson. The first individual race was the 50m butterfly, which was won by Alex Skouby of Vardy, who also took 1st place in the 100m freestyle. Next was the 100m backstroke, won by Adam Richardson of Cary Gilson, followed by the 100m breaststroke where Richard Ruston of Levett took 1st place. The last event was the freestyle relay, which Vardy won, Heath close behind.

The overall winner of the competition was Heath, by the narrowest of margins. As always, thanks must go to Hayley Bettinson, Mr Pitt and Mr Owen, as well as to Mr Birch, the announcer, and to Mr Boardman, who tallied the scores.

Adam Richardson

House Shout

The last Thursday in March saw the most excited crowd in Edgbaston since the previous summer's Ashes heroics: well over six hundred people crammed themselves like the proverbial sardines into Big School for House Music 2006.

Gifford kicked off the show, with an energy-filled but feedback-ridden rendition of the Beatles' classic, *Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, which condemned them to 8th place. Following this were Vardy, the deserved winners, who surprised everybody by producing an excellent, musically tight performance of *Ghostbusters*, which combined ghosts and busters in an immensely funny chase scene.

Next on stage were Heath, with a musically superb rendition of *Whatever*, by Oasis, propelled by some very Gallagher-esque vocals by Ian Sheldrake. Their 3rd place proved that a House Music song has to include a great performance to succeed. Next came Prince Lee, with Bon Jovi's

"The Emerator" steps on stage to complete Swerve's line-up

"Freddie Mercury" or alternatively, Mr Smith, unleashes Green Day's American Idiot on Big School's audience

Jeune perform the extra camp version of YMCA

classic *Live On A Prayer*. However, the challenging vocals were a stumbling block for the usually utopian Seb Heaven. Cary Gilson included a *Lord of the Rings*-style introduction, proclaiming that Cary Gilson was the "One House To Rule Them All!" They followed this with Van Morrison's *Brown Eyed Girl*. Evans took to the stage to perform the Madness classics *It Must Be Love* and *One Step Beyond*, complete with green balloons, a giant cardboard heart and a superb saxophone. They achieved an unlucky 4th place.

YMCA, performed by Jeune, retained more than a touch of the Village People's camp charm: distractions included a semi-naked vocalist (Charles Douglas) and banner-waving shells in P.E. kit. Closing the competition was Levett, who "sang" *I Will Survive*, which was saved by the entry of Richard "Snoop Doggy Dogg" Lau, to rap out "Drop It Like It's Hot". This was a crowd favourite: however, perhaps rightly, the judges disagreed.

Swerve are "Keith Moon" (Mr Ostrowicz), "Jimmy Page" (Mr Connor), "Freddie Mercury" (Mr Smith) and guest bassist "The Emerator" (Mr Emery), and they took the roof off Big School with their unique take on *American Idiot* by Green Day before the unveiling of the judges' scores. After the applause for *Swerve* had died down, the judges confirmed Vardy as the winners.

Thanks must go, of course, to all the performers who provided us with some wonderful entertainment. Thanks also to the Music Department, whose time and effort ensured excellent sound quality throughout, and especially to Mr Balkham, who designed the spectacular new House Shout Trophy that now sits grandly in the Vardy trophy cabinet. The anticipation is already growing for next year's competition!

Calum McKenzie-Ward

Evans

Relection: so often the bitter sister to time and mediocrity. So often is it a hopeless invocation of glory days, some titanic shadow-shield against the ravages of incompetence and fading powers. Happily, however, this is not the case for Evans, as we begin the Autumn Term of 2006 with a hard-earned Cock House victory under our belt.

As per usual, the corresponding term of 2005 brought little hope for Evans, with its myriad of minor events descending upon the Jolly Green Giant like some badminton-heeled, ping-pong-playing tiger of insidious intent; only our youthful Shell teams brought any solace, with second positions in Gymnastics and Table Tennis (the latter of which can be attributed to those righteous men, Zaeed Rahim and Wes Payne).

Basketball, like some shaft of hoop-shaped light through the nightmarish blizzard of Autumn Term activities, brought us a slightly specious optimism: that veritable child of steel Ammar Haider, so respected for his fiendish prowess, was unable to make the final game, leaving Tom McLeod, Tom Weaver, Hyun Muk Kang and the rest of the Senior team at second place, though positions of second and fourth in Junior and Minor 'ball, respectively, marked a commendable effort.

Despite the unfortunate position of those mud-stained pugilists the Senior Rugby team, the tide was beginning to turn: Ryan Miller won both of the Shells' Cross Country races, so the Shells, Rems (whose upholders of endurance, Adam Forrest and Tom Hubscher, alternated between third and fourth position overall) and UMs ultimately won the House two first positions and a second place.

Who could deny such a promising start? These brave boys helped to get the Evans campaign back on track.

In the classical Music competition, that seven-octave stunner Tim Lawrence harmonised us into first place, while the less formal "House Shout" earned us smaller favour, belying the immense effort put in by the likes of Tom McLeod, David Arnold and, indeed, Mr Lawrence, who seemed to play almost every instrument better than the musicians who used them on the day.

However, the sweet-fanged Mastiff of triumph began to paw at Evans' door in the Junior and Minor indoor competitions. The Juniors came no worse than third, while the Minors, with those Lacedaemonians of dexterity Bruno Richards, Chris Lawrence and Harry Goldenfeld, won Minor Squash, thereby leaving Evans a mere three points ahead of Vardy, in the twisted pilgrimage that is the Cock House.

Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee with wins in the Minor and Junior Tennis; Joe Tankaria and Wes Payne in the Minors, Nick Watson and Andrew Halton in the Juniors were our cousins as they led us down the icy bob sled run of rackets and hazards, winning every match and defeating the forgetful snows of winter; however, Senior Tennis, mixing memory with desire, brought "only" a second place in the face of harsh Cary Gilson opposition. The tension mounted with Vardy, ape-like and wrathful, clinging to its snake-vine lead like some gibbering chimp that senses the forest fire below but is unable to climb higher. The Junior swimmers seized the Swimming Pool, thrashing it like Achilles at the Xanthus, with a second in Swimming Standards and Water Polo leaving the Seniors high and dry with eighth and fifth positions respectively. Athletics saw excellence only in the Shells (third place) and UMs (second), despite strong performances from Ryan Miller (who won two events), Simon Gateley, Alex Winyard, Richard Lenton and that Ayatollah of Cross-Country Adam Nooney, who grew a beard to celebrate his successes.

All this, however, was relatively extraneous to the near-cosmic showdown that was Senior cricket. While those budding behemoths of batting and bowling Hari Sharma and Simon Gateley helped secure a victory in the Junior Cricket, the Evans Senior team played against the only beings who could defeat them in this competition, Vardy. For seventh or eighth position. That's right: the battle was ultimately won by a single run from the second worst cricket team on the field, a run which gave Evans the 497/494 win over Vardy. Thanks go to Mr Tinley, Doctor Galloway, Doctor Evans, Mr Spencer, Tom McLeod and David Arnold for their patience, constant enthusiasm, rapid organisation and excellent choice in House Captains.

Dominic Hyde

Levett

What do Levett and the Rocky film saga have in common? Based on our performance this last year, I would have to say they have a lot of similarities. In the same way that Rocky was once at the top of his game, Levett was the victorious House last year. But then all champions must fall at some stage, just like Rocky, and this is exactly what happened to Levett: firmly knocked out to finish in a disappointing 8th place. It is certainly not all doom and gloom though.

This year has been one of highs and lows for Levett. The Minors have demonstrated their cricketing potential, achieving a very respectable 2nd place, as well as gaining victory at the Table Tennis table. Unfortunately, the House as a whole did not perform well in the rest of the racket sports: we were appalling. But the Fourths



Levett is seriously chilled out in the MPL

certainly did their part this year. They won the Athletics competition, thanks to Jack Ready who won the 100m and 200m races, and to Edward Botha for his efforts in the High Jump and Hammer. If there was one, perhaps our greatest moment of glory this year has been when the Fourths and Seniors won Cross-Country, with the Shells coming a close 2nd. Or maybe the glory was a 2nd place in Athletics Standards: an excellent indicator of the dedication of a House's members, given that everyone takes part voluntarily. To finish off with the sporting successes and disappointments, the Juniors managed to win Basketball, whilst on the Rugby pitch, Levett suffered a very mixed bag of results, with the Upper Middles and Fourths coming 3rd, the Seniors and Shells coming 5th and 6th respectively, and the Removes unfortunately coming 8th.

In the non-sporting events, where in recent years Levett has excelled, we managed to uphold what honour we had with a victory in Senior Debating thanks to Ashvir Sangha and Richard Lau, who have proved themselves very capable of concocting an array of arguments, or indeed counter-arguments, out of thin air. A 3rd place in the House Challenge further shows our intellectual ability. John Garner, who has single-handedly made Levett somewhat of a stronghold when it comes to House Music, was denied a podium finish, coming 4th. And then there was the House Shout, where the unforgettable Richard Lau made his debut appearance as the first intellectual rap artist performing "Drop It Like It's Hot" within Levett's actual House Shout song, *I Will Survive*.

Levett has had a bad year, coming last in the Cock House. But, as Sam Brooke passes down the captaincy to Hugh Davenport, we proud people of Levett know that this next year will be different: we know we can win, just as we did in 2004-2005. I think the fact that we managed to come 1st one year and 8th the next, should not be an indicator of our inability, but of how a House filled with loyal members can become intoxicated by such a victory. However, Levett has now sobered up and learnt from its mistakes. In the same way that Rocky always manages to fight his way back into the ring, planting a knockout punch on any opponent, Levett is set to emulate its success of 2005, having taken a year's leave of absence.

Jeremy Rison



The legend that is Richard Lau

Heath

There are many great questions in life: Is there a God? What is the meaning of life? Is there life after death? But more importantly: why has Heath *not* been at the top of the Cock House ranking, for the *second* year in a row?

The year began somewhat slowly for the House; a melange of lower and middle order results had given us a rather weak footing for the term, with Senior Table Tennis bringing us our first victory. However, the following months brought more promising results, with wins in Senior Hockey and Shell and 4th year rugby. Possibly the most disappointing set of results for the winter months was for Cross-Country; three seventh places and one fifth showed us that the fearsome trek around Cannon Hill Park really is as formidable as we believed, although Mr Stead argues that it may not actually be that difficult, and that in fact the participation of the 'sick notes' may have improved our placing this year. We were then forced to accept that Miss Tudor cannot run the House and have a baby simultaneously, so we bade her good luck, and continued with the campaign.

Jack Flaherty and Daniel Mort led the musical extravaganza in House Music, which brought us second and third places in the Classical and Shout competitions respectively. The Spring Term continued with a potentially winning set of results, despite a couple of eighth positions in Senior Tennis and Minor Basketball. The Summer Term started brilliantly with two first places in Water Polo followed swiftly by three first positions in Swimming. It is clear that the House is superior in the pool, but back on terra firma, we are not too bad either: blistering speed from Miles Benjamin and Richard Roberts left our opponents in our dust on the track, and inspiring performances from Jeremy Gadd, Jack

Flaherty and Estathios Sgorous in the throwing events concluded a Senior victory in House Athletics. In the younger years, a consistent set of results shows that Heath's future is most definitely in good hands.

In the final meeting of the year, Mr Simpson announced that he was to step down from his position within the House. We can only praise him for the great work he has done: all the boys will agree that he brought with him many important skills, in particular his squash and chess coaching. The meeting continued, and for most tension still hung in the air, but many knew that in reality we were still some distance from winning. However, the third place we achieved is most respectable and the majority felt that this was probably a fair outcome for the year's work. In answering one of my opening questions, the reason Heath has not been at the top for the past two years is:

...that it wouldn't really be a competition if we won every year, so as a House, the unanimous decision to take it easy and thus open up the competition for future years was taken. But be warned: the sleeping giant has now arisen and Heath is back, bigger and better than ever, ready to regain OUR trophy!

Alistair Mason

Gifford

A cold September morning arrives and the rain pounds, hissing a taunting whisper from outside; a subtle reminder that our opponents are snapping at our heels. But inside, an iridescent glow fills me with warmth, and I can taste the electricity in the air. In the fiery cauldrons of Mordor (AKA the Concert Hall), a formidable storm is brewing, a storm that is geographically unreasonable perhaps, but in the House of Harry Potter, anything is possible, even a Gryffindor victory.

This year started with a bang: Mr McMullan's purple army climbed rapidly to the heights of 1st Place by mid February, following sensational performances in the winter competitions. Wizardry was evident in the House Challenge, most Senior racket sports and Rems Rugby, not to mention Mr Lye's formidable Shell Gymnastics team (which was reminiscent of Tolkien's hobbit creations).

Despite these moments of magic, there were events where the House underperformed.

Vertigo spread like a plague through the House and our eagerness to succeed plummeted along with our position in the Cock House. Sadly, we found out that a waterborne team that *looked* like fish did not necessarily *behave* like fish, given their respective 7th and 8th positions in Water Polo and Swimming. Later inspections demonstrated that Nick Browning was the only Senior who could actually swim. Unlike many other Houses, Gifford members have sought comfort in the relaxed style and laissez-faire leadership of the management, and have been able to laugh about our lack of talent in some aspects of competition. There is, however, a distinct difference between a lack of talent and a lack of effort, and I believe it is this difference that earned us a mediocre 5th place this year.

My aspiration is to rekindle a little of the inter-House competitiveness in school life that has been somewhat absent in recent years. In the past, our ambitions have been thwarted by the complacency and disinterest of the upper years: but next year, a dedicated unit of Sixths can hopefully transform the House into the thriving, tightly knit community that is needed to succeed.

A new year will hopefully bring some fresh talent onboard the Hogwarts Express, or even the magical Cross-city Line, to ensure this bright future. The election of Jamie Scott and Francis Gardener as House Vice-Captains, along with the continued support of Gifford veteran Nick Bradish, will bring with it an injection of creativity into the House. Gifford (or Gryffindor) has simmered far too long in the frustrating basin of mediocrity: with a makeover, an 80s soundtrack, and a revamped hierarchy, it is Gifford's time to shine. Mr Gifford will be proud once more.

Max Dowd

Prince Lee

Frankly, it was a disappointing year for the Lee. Having reached the dizzying heights of 2nd for the past two years, a fourth place finish was demoralising. Despite sitting at pretty much the top of the table at Christmas, we let ourselves down in the following terms. Standards, as in the past, were our big downfall.

Yet again, we did well in the sports that matter, finishing second in Rugby and Cricket and yet again sweeping the board in Fives. House Shout was rather disastrous: sound problems and a sense of uncertainty about the song made it one of the weaker performances.

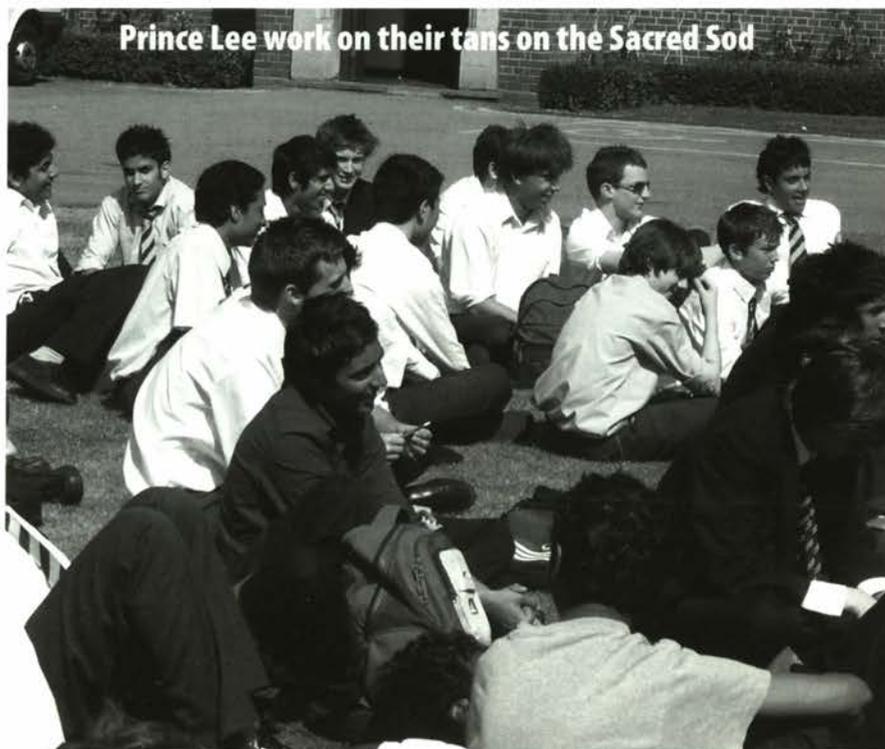
Mr Porter yet again showed inspirational leadership: few will soon forget how well he related the lyrics from Bon Jovi's *Living on a Prayer* to our status at Easter. As ever, we are grateful for JP's dedication to the House, which has improved immeasurably during his time as leader. He has taken us from being rivals to the joke of a House that is Cary Gilson for the bottom of the table, to title contenders in such a short space of time. The easy part was getting near the top: the next challenge is staying there.

The year finished on a high as Seb Heaven smashed the School record for the Shot Put on Sports Day. Thanks must go to Mr Turner, who coached him to Shot Putting glory. The poem from Seb that finished the year showed what was good about Prince Lee: in some competitions, we

don't have the best competitors, but we have the most loyalty within the House: full-hearted commitment represented in the class of 2006 by Jonny Dawkins and, from what we have seen last year, by many more in the younger years. The Lee have the potential to win next year: the Faustian energy shown by Vardy is what we need to show. If we do, there is no House that can separate us from the golden time we look for.

Come on the Lee! For Symonds!

Charles Morton



Jeune

Having competed for the Cock House trophy with customary spirit and gusto in the 54th year since its inception, Jeune is able to report on a year of peculiar performance. The House is fabled for intellectual sharpness (topping the table in previous years in Challenge and Debating) balanced by a distinct lack of talent in the more athletic events. This usually results in a table-topping position at the end of the calendar year, with a slow slide toward the bottom during the remaining two terms leaving us near the bottom of the league by the summer.

This year proved an exception: we began with performances in Challenge, Debating and the indoor competitions that were not up to the usual standard, so the House found itself eighth at Christmas. But the cold months of January and February saw the lumbering machine of Jeune House heating up. Fired by that poor performance in the Autumn term, the membership was looking for successes in certain "triple-weighted" competitions in order to lever ourselves out of last position. As the weeks drew on, teams were selected for Fives, Basketball and other competitions, but when they returned empty handed thoughts turned to the inevitable mashing that the Jeune soldiers would get during House Rugby.

The selection for the House Rugby team was made in hope rather than in anticipation, and with fingers firmly crossed; the Red Army strode onto the South Field looking to earn a few points with which to push us up the table. This annual ritual is a somewhat violent affair – the dreams of many a naïve Fifth are shattered by the harsh reality that is failure. This year, however, there was to be a change from usual proceedings: Jeune started to win rugby matches. The team began to realise the talent that was there to be found: Jack Jeffries, Dan Lavander, Arpan Pal, Jim Holyhead, Tom Jackson, and Phil Khalil-Marzouk all provided impressive contributions. Spurred on by Mr James' touchline tactics and motivation, Jeune House marched on to the final where Prince Lee was soundly defeated.

As spring gave way to summer, the Athletics and Cricket dons began to rub their hands in anticipation. The issue of Athletics Standards cards aroused the usual intense scrutiny of how many centimetres one must jump or throw, or how quickly one must run, in order to garner as many points as possible. Alongside the issue of the Athletics cards comes the issue of the blue

Swimming Standards cards, dished out to all members of Jeune House, although the majority do not return with more than a handful of points. Swimming has not been a forte of this House, with many deciding to obtain more points on the track and field of Eastern Road. When the tallying of points for Swimming had been completed, it became apparent that the Minors and Juniors had come 8th, with the Seniors managing to produce a marginally better performance (7th), leaving Mr James to harangue us over the lack of returned cards. Doc Evans has offered to take up the encouragement (or should I say harassment?) of the membership for their forms, which should hopefully improve things in the future. Athletics Standards provided a slightly better picture, an overall position of 5th.

The last triple-weighted activity of this year was Cricket – in which the Seniors were seeded first. After the action on the South Field and on Eastern Road, Jeune House was able to show an intense variety in performance – the Minors came 5th, the Juniors (led by Nomaan Tahir) came 8th; and the Seniors, led to the final by Hussnan Hussain, decided to trounce Prince Lee yet again to match their seeding and come 1st.

On the last day of term, the final results were announced, just after the Jeune Army had been informed of the appointment of Arpan Pal's successor, in the shape of Chris Adamson (who rashly promised in an impromptu speech that we would win the trophy). After a monumental effort to extricate ourselves from the tricky situation that is coming 8th at Christmas, Jeune ended the 2005/06 academic year a mere two points about Levett, in 7th place.

Chris Adamson



Vardy

Last year marked the dawn of a new era for the mighty Vardy. Mr Worthington had stepped aside to allow the young, excitable, and ambitious Mr Milne to try his hand at leading the Vardy Army. Over forty years had passed since Vardy's last triumph in the Cock House Competition, so there was one question on everybody's minds: could the new boy raise the sleeping giant to trample over the rest of the opposition? Well, not quite, but very nearly!

In our most successful campaign for decades, we showed we were once again a force to be reckoned with, losing the Cock House because of a one-run defeat by Evans in Senior House Cricket. There were some memorable moments along the way: Ben Anderson's rousing (and sometimes explicit) team talks for House Rugby, one of which was followed by Martin Jarvis heroically sacrificing his leg for the Vardy cause; House Music, in which victory was snatched from the jaws of defeat after a gruelling rehearsal the night before not only prevented an upcoming disaster, but also led to a performance of *Ghostbusters* that will live long in the memory; and the remarkable victory in Athletics Standards, following a recruitment campaign on a scale never before seen in the Vardy ranks.

With true Vardy spirit burning as strongly as ever throughout the House, and a determination to wipe the smile off Mr Tinley's face, the future looks good for those in the Blue House.

Joe Russell

Cary Gilson

The Times They Are a Changin' in Cary Gilson, for more than one reason! As the Autumn Term began, it seemed that the leadership team of joint House Captains Joe Robinson and Sameer Patel, along with the ever charismatic and hugely energetic Mr Russell, was at last thwarting the apathy that had previously undermined the spirit of Cary Gilson.

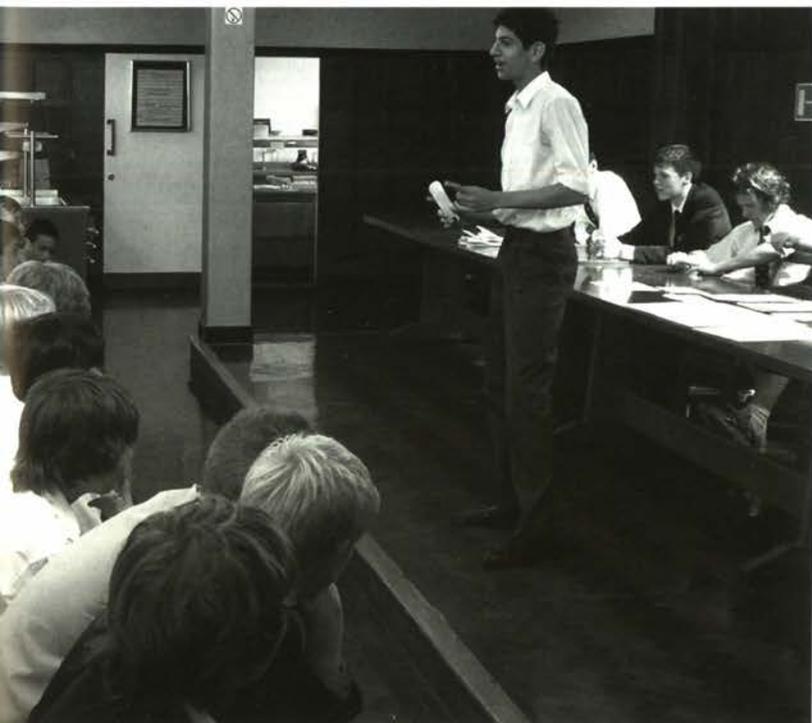
The term began with solid performances in House Chess and Challenge, combined with excellent positions at all levels of the Debating competition, for which Lawrence Hunt deserves a special mention for his excellent coaching of the Minors. This left us in a strong position as we drew towards Christmas in 6th place. 2006 began with House Rugby and Cross Country: impressive performances from all the Minor and Junior teams, especially the 4th Form. Some lacklustre Senior performances were offset by the tremendous effort and organisation that Cary Gilson put into House Music, where Jonathan Pether guided us into 3rd place in the Classical section, and Chris Morton took the lead role in the House Shout. An outstanding performance in Senior Basketball secured a 1st place, though going into the Summer Term, Cary Gilson was still in 6th place overall.

The whole House rose to the challenge of bettering our position, with excellent performances in Senior Tennis, captained by Chris Morton, ably supported by Nick Waddell. A Senior Cricket team, captained by Sameer Patel, reached 3rd place, whilst Adam Richardson won the Senior 100m backstroke in the Swimming. Special mention must go to the Minor Swimming team, who performed well above their expectations, achieving a 2nd place finish in both the Swimming and Water Polo events. There was also a strong showing in the Athletics, with Joe Robinson (as ever) performing strongly in several Senior events, and Farooq Khan and Luke Dyson of the Juniors each displaying encouraging performances. The dreaded Standards competition showed improvement this year, resulting in a fine overall position. Special congratulations should be given to Michael Kent, who scored the highest number of Athletics points, and to Alex Dawes for doing the same in the Swimming Standards. Andrew McArthur of the Shells was presented with the Cary Gilson Cup for several outstanding performances this year.

Overall, Cary Gilson finished in 6th position, a truly tremendous and momentous achievement for all concerned! Whilst we have lost the experience and sporting prowess of the departing Sixths, including Joe Robinson, Sameer Patel, Nick Waddell and Lawrence Hunt, the lower years are starting to come into their own, with the likes of Andrew McArthur, Will Garrett, Will Watkinson and Nick Copello already starting to shine; the future is in safe hands. The experiment with a joint captaincy has proved a success, and the honour has been passed down to Adam Richardson and Nick Frost.

Finally, this report could not be ended without saying a big "thank you" to Mr Russell, who has stepped down from his position of House Master. He has been in the House for 25 years, and his enthusiasm, effort and encouragement will be sorely missed. Nonetheless, his departure has led to the emergence of our two new leaders, Mr Pitt and Miss Bubb, whom we wish the best of luck as Heads of the "sleeping giant". The future's bright; the future's Cary Gilson.

Adam Richardson and Nick Frost



Mr Peter Russell

At the end of the school year, Mr Russell stepped down as House Master of Cary Gilson, having held the post for many years. He's seen the ups and down of the House's performance in the Cock House, from the dizzying heights of first place in 1993-94, to the lows of 8th place more recently.

Despite this, his enthusiasm has been unremitting and infectious: leading from the front with the motto "Cary Gilson is good", he has always offered help when it was needed, especially amongst the older years of the House. I truly believe that one does not understand the amount of effort that Mr Russell has put into the House until one becomes a Senior, when it becomes apparent that it is the light blue blood of Cary Gilson that runs through his veins. Although competition was important to Mr Russell, he also believed in the idea that the House should be a place where people wished to be and had fun, as is shown by his organisation of balloon debates at the ends of terms and the mass singings of *The Twelve Days of Christmas*, in which he would even participate, airing his formidable vocal range!

It was said of Robert Cary Gilson, that people who had him as a Chief Master never forgot him. This can be said of Mr Russell. Hundreds of boys have passed through Cary Gilson during his tenure and will never forget his unique way of running things: unlike most of the Houses, Cary Gilson is one which allows boys to develop to become more independent, as Mr Russell believed in the House being the boys' House. His departure will leave a big hole in the structure of the House: indeed, it is a testament to his hard work and continuous effort that there will be two people taking over the job of House Master next year.

Thank you, Mr Russell, for leading Cary Gilson with such energy and devotion, whilst always impressing on people the ideas of teamwork and organisation. As a House, we wish you all the best for the future.

Adam Richardson

Cock House 2005-2006

| Place | House | Points |
|-------|-------------|--------|
| 1 | Evans | 497 |
| 2 | Vardy | 494 |
| 3 | Heath | 469.5 |
| 4 | Prince Lee | 453 |
| 5 | Gifford | 430.5 |
| 6 | Cary Gilson | 406 |
| 7 | Jeune | 383 |
| 8 | Levett | 381 |



Senior Drama Club was unfortunately unable to put on any performances this year, but our readings of plays included *Pygmalion* and sketches from *Acorn Antiques* and *Pete & Dud*, which audiences and readers alike found very amusing. Next year I intend to mount at least one performance.

The Wednesday group, of Shells and Rems, after a lot of spurious excuses and unexplained absences, eventually got their act together and put on three very good performances at the end-of-year show.

The Thursday group was even more stop-start, despite yielding a performance of some strange

plays involving books in various ways. The group rather fell apart when Charles Douglas managed to offend nearly everyone in it to such a point that they never returned. However the group did see some curious warm-up games, including Jack Ramplin's idea of knee-wrestling.

We should and could improve next year. In the words of the Record Breakers' theme-tune "dedication, that's what you need..." and with a little application from those involved the Drama Clubs could offer the school a lot more.

Charles Morton

Drama
Clubs

Most people do not know that the KES Mathematical Society exists. And to be honest, neither did I until I was told, on the eve of an excursion, that I had automatically been made one of its 50 members - the KES Maths Society works on the premise that everyone loves a surprise!

Yet, despite these minor administrative hiccoughs, and the infighting resulting from Richard Lau's failure to make the final cut during the indisputable, democratic process that is the Presidential selection, the KES Mathematical Society enjoyed yet another successful and fulfilling academic year.

The highlight of the year, in my opinion, was an entertaining afternoon of lectures and seminars, conducted by such distinguished speakers as Simon Singh, author of *The Code Book* and *Fermat's Last Theorem*, at Symphony Hall. The lectures were on a range of different topics, ranging from probability to Mathematical logic, from statistics to, believe it or not, 'The Maths of Juggling'. More than 40 KES students, right up from the Fourths to the Sixths, participated, as did a number of staff from the Maths department, to whom we are grateful for their time and enthusiasm. And to

round off an enjoyable afternoon, we were given, by the organisers, trendy KPMG bags, clearly the height of modern fashion.

Mathematicians have ingenious, logical and modest intellects, so it does not really come as a surprise when we use chocolate cake and drinks to tempt unsuspecting Historians and Linguists into attending our meetings. However, it is a pleasant surprise when they return, even after the bribe has long since passed. I am pleased to say that this was the case last year, as we listened to many stimulating and informative talks, ranging from *infinitely* complex topics such as Fractals to more relaxed and light-hearted topics, such as Sudoku, which perhaps appealed more to the general non-Mathematical community.

In concluding this report, I would like to thank the members of staff who worked tirelessly all year to make it all happen, and in particular, Mr Cross. I hope that next year, the Maths Society can grow and develop even further, and continue to offer a rewarding and enjoyable experience to all who face its wrath.

Atharv Tillu

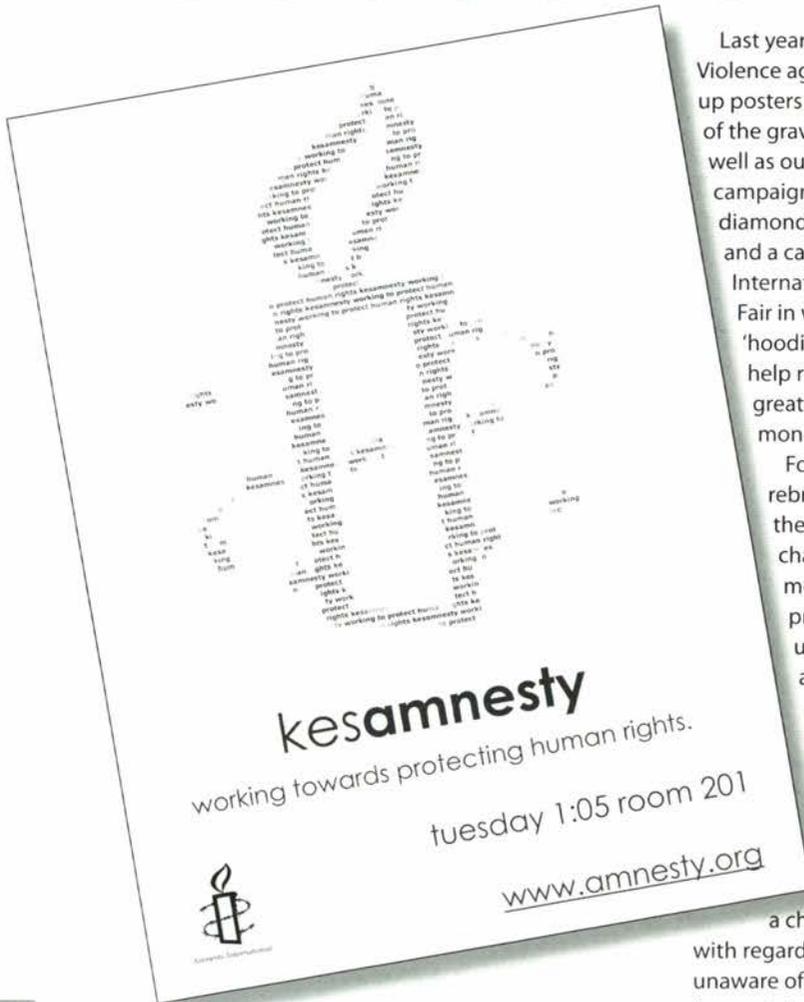
Maths
Society

Joint Debating Society

Joint Debating Society achieved unparalleled success this year, as we actually held some debates *and* attracted an audience. Led by Nick Waddell and Shane Murray, we were able tentatively to organise a time when the girls would be willing to debate with us, and in our first debate, on global warming, KES thoroughly trounced the girls. From then on, the disagreements started. We saw this as an opportunity to have a bit of a laugh while debating, while the girls took it deadly seriously.

This meant they got upset by our tendencies to make up motions with film quotes in them ("This House Loves the Smell of Napalm in the Morning") and to slot as many jokes in as possible. All the same, we had no shortage of either girls or boys who wanted to debate or simply come along to watch, so we had great success in holding many debates over the year, leaving the society in good health in Ashvir Sangha's capable hands.

Shane Murray



Last year the main campaign was the "Stop Violence against Women" movement and we put up posters around the school to inform people of the gravity and enormity of this problem, as well as our usual strategy of writing letters. Other campaigns involved responses to the illegal diamond trade and the various abuses involved, and a campaign to reduce gun-crime. Amnesty International also had a stall at the Christmas Fair in which t-shirts, badges, postcards, 'hoodies' and much more were raffled off to help raise money for Cot Fund. This was a great success and the team raised a lot of money for charity.

For 2006/2007, the society has been rebranded "KESamnesty" (no longer the "Amnesty International Society") a change which is the first part of an image modification. We aim to become more prominent as a society: we plan to use posters to advertise our activities and also to have a notice board for announcements and advertising purposes. In addition we hope to bring in external figures to talk in assemblies and other meetings to help spread the word about Amnesty International's ideas and noble motives. We felt that

a change in approach was required with regards to the advertising as many remain unaware of KESamnesty as a society. Moreover Amnesty International Society has often been unfairly dismissed as an inactive society, much to the annoyance of those involved for whom much time and effort is spent writing letters and campaigning.

As such, the 2006/2007 year is a bit of a landmark year for KESamnesty and we are hoping for it to be a successful one, in order that more people can be helped through our work and also that the society can achieve stability and re-establishment before the other Sixths and I leave at the end of the year.

Adhuv Prinja

Amnesty International Society

In the last few years the Amnesty International Society has managed to slip quietly through the net and go about its business with minimal fuss. Traditionally people have joined Amnesty International because they are genuinely interested and enthusiastic about the cause.

Amnesty International is a non-governmental organisation which campaigns for internationally recognised human rights and works to uphold the UN Declaration of Human Rights. As a society at school we aim to help achieve this through campaigns to raise awareness of global issues and also through writing letters to prominent figures.

KES Agora



Adhuv Prinja and Joe Jackson will be presenting a talk on their experience of Africa

Thursday Lunchtime Room 181

Agora had a very quiet 2005/2006: at the only meeting in the year, Dan Jackson OE gave a talk, "Men and Angels" about his conversion to Islam. Many people including myself were present to hear a truly interesting and well-delivered talk on the philosophical side to Islam.

The 2006/2007 year is anticipated to be much more active. Under the leadership of myself and Charles Douglas, Agora will definitely be hosting a talk by Joe Jackson and me on our experiences of Africa and a presentation on Contemporary Buddhism by Jann Lovelock. We are very lucky to have secured Mr Lovelock for the presentation, as he is a prominent representative of Buddhism in Birmingham and at the Home Office. In addition, the society is working on bringing in Benjamin Zephaniah, poet and author, who was born and raised in Handsworth; a representative from Huntingdon Life Sciences to talk about issues involved in animal experimentation; and a Professor from Birmingham University who will speak on 'Black Theology'.

We hope for at least four Agora meetings in 2006/2007. We hope that Agora will ensure that pupils of KES and KEHS have the opportunity to benefit from the talent and experience of interesting and prominent outside speakers.

Adhuv Prinja

Agora Society

From the ashes of the dear departed Hulk Hogan Society, the KES Breakfast Club rose like a glorious 1980s power-phoenix. Taking our inspiration from the solitary but awesome-to-the-max meeting of the HHS, we too tried our hands at carving a name for ourselves in the vicious world of KES societies.

We were a few simple GoGo-80s-Reaganouts with one grand idea: to create something *ex nihilo*, beautiful and a daring alternative to the conventional. Needless to say, we went about it with bravado. The school was littered with our advertising, in the sharp, dazzling veneer that was to become our house-style. Several glorious meetings occurred. *Ferris Bueller*, *Pretty in Pink*, *Transformers* (Robots in Disguise) and *Captain Planet* all became victims of our blast-fact 80s powerhouse meetings.

Alas, like the decade itself, the BC had to come to a close. The power-lunches, champagne breakfasts and senselessly decadent parties took their toll. A sabbatical turned permanent as our precious crew was torn in twain by the reckless hedonism we are heir to. Post-rehab, everyone's feeling fine, and contemplating just how successful our dear experiment was. The cynics will tell you it was a callous bid to get our hands on Head of Society ties; these people know nothing of John Hughes, waking up at the wheel of your Sinclair C5 in the shallow end of Jason Donovan's pool, or beating your best friend with a pool cue over a football bet. The swaggering, irrationally violent and misunderstood mole of Ivan Boesky lives on in every one of us.

Tom Duggins

KES Breakfast Club

Classic
Film
Society

Classic Film Society had for long been a pipedream. I'd watched movie clubs come and go over the years at KES, none ever lasting more than a few months. It was in September 2005 that I decided the school was finally ready for my own celebration of cinema. I was in no doubt what the inaugural movie had to be: surely it was *Chinatown* – Polanski's intricate and indisputably seductive *noir* starring Jack Nicholson at his best as the gumshoe unravelling a conspiracy of greed, incest and water amidst the backdrop of a sepia-toned 1930s L.A. October saw *Chinatown's* illegitimate, semi-animated sequel, *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*, take to the screen in Room 161. Even though the majority of the audience had seen it dozens of times, the sheer brilliance of the special effects, the hilarity of the dialogue, the ingenuity of the plot and the subtle adult humour meant it was as loved as ever.

As December rolled in, a lazier society might have opted for the obvious 'Christmas' movie to cash in on the Yuletide spirit. We at Classic Film Society, however, enjoy a bit of unorthodox multi-cultural cinema. It was with this in mind we played – no, not a 'Winterfest' movie – but a Thanksgiving one. The film was, of course, John Hughes' *Planes, Trains And Automobiles*. A product of the late '80s, this buddy movie is one of Steve Martin's sweetest and funniest works.

CFS's highest attendance record was achieved in January with the genre-bending 2002 time-travelling, high school comedy psychological drama, *Donnie Darko*. In February there was screened another of my all-time favourites, *Platoon*. A lot of comedies fail to live up to the brilliance of their first viewing; *Annie Hall* (March) is almost unique in that it gets funnier each time you see it. The next month CFS screened the quirky, funny 1998 Coen Brothers cult classic, *The Big Lebowski* – a kind of stoned version of a Raymond Chandler novel. How Jeff Bridges and John Goodman were denied Oscar nominations for their acting in this is beyond me.

It was not until May that I revealed the ace up my sleeve. *Forrest Gump* may not be the greatest film ever made (that's *The Godfather: Part 2*), but it is without question my favourite. Some

people scoff at the saccharine storyline, but it's a hollow criticism. The entire movie resonates with death, doom and the failure of the American Dream – whether it's the Vietnam War, the civil rights movement, Lennon's murder or the AIDS crisis, *Forrest Gump* is rooted in pain. One could quite easily call it a subtle satire on the USA. The humour is also terrific, from Gump foiling Watergate to his friendship with Bubba in the marines. And when you couple all of that with the movie's soundtrack (everyone from Dylan to Hendrix to Aretha Franklin to Jackson Browne), how could you not love it?

June was the month in which we saw fit to unveil the first ever Classic Film Society Awards. With categories like Scene Of The Year and Best Cameo Appearance, it was a time to reflect on the year's successes and reward the more faithful members of our institution. Among the winners were Adhuv Prinja, James Burt, and Alex Skouby, who took the illustrious CFS Disciple Of The Year Award. Lifetime Achievement accolades went to John Heard (the great but underrated star of *Home Alone* and *After Hours*) and *Forrest Gump* and *Who Framed Roger Rabbit* director, Robert Zemeckis.

Unable to resist a cheap gimmick, CFS returned on the 4th July to play – you guessed it – *Born On The Fourth Of July*. With *Platoon* but a few months before, viewers could compare these works, both parts in Oliver Stone's Vietnam Trilogy. The crucial difference is that while the previous film dealt with the conflict itself, ...*July* examines the situation for the returning crippled and betrayed veterans.

And so the dream was achieved – a proper KES film society had been established at long last. Though this is far from the end of the story, merely the first reel in a saga longer than *Star Wars*. By the time you read this, we'll have returned with the likes of *Back To The Future* and *Blade Runner*. Next year I hope also to show more amateur productions and establish the CFS Film Festival where pupils from the school can express themselves through the magisterial power of movies and have their results screened to others. But these are early days yet, so in the mean time may I just urge all of you, especially younger kids, to come whenever you can. Don't let complacency impede your cinematic education. Be prepared to expand your mind, for film truly knows no boundaries.

Jamie Scott

"I fought for my country!
I am a Vietnam veteran!
I fought for my country!"



'Born On The Fourth Of July'

Classic Film Society

ROOM 161
Tuesday Lunchtime

In September of 2005, as the winds of Autumn robbed the trees of their leaves, whispers of a new film society created mass hysteria amongst the pupils of KES. Two sixteen year-olds, frustrated by the sub-standard films they were being ruthlessly subjected to, shared with the world their brainchild: the Cult Comedy Club.

Under the astute leadership of Richard Edwards and Arvin Mahanta, and the tutelage of Mr Ostrowicz, enthusiastic audiences were quickly turned into fanatical members attracted by such offerings as *Dogma*, *Mallrats* and other Kevin Smith masterpieces. With an obdurate manifesto of fun it was not long before the leaders of the

Dodgy hair, a questionable fashion sense, excessive alcohol consumption. And that's just Mr Smith! 2005 saw the inception of the society, an excuse to sit round at lunch times in the shade of Room 48 and take in awesome sounds from the golden age of popular music (the 70's and 80's, that is.)

The year kicked off with everyone's favourite 70's behemoths Led Zeppelin rocking with their folk-inspired madness. Since then we've gone from strength to strength, with impressive attendances for such a new society; over 20 people have turned up for every meeting, with a peak of 28 for AC/DC. A particular highlight this year was Mr Connor's Deep Purple talk, including a slide presentation, DVD and good old CD's. Boys of all ages have been encouraged to participate by bringing in their own concert DVD's and doing

Well, what a year this has been for *The Graphic Universe*! The year started off with the biggest cinema event of the year, and has ended with us hooked on the television show of the year. Can you guess what they are?

The latter is obviously *Lost*. In recent years, no show has been able to grip the public consciousness like *Lost*. It's frustrating, it's slow, yet you always want to find out more, and once you're in its grip, it doesn't let you go. Given reports that enough material exists for eight years, it may be another six years before we really know what is happening on the island. The film was *Serenity*, a motion picture that should never have been made. Offspring of the hastily cancelled TV show *Firefly*, *Serenity* is set 500 years in the future, and follows the adventures of Captain Malcolm Reynolds and his crew on their space ship *Serenity*. Although not a box office smash and with no big name stars, *Serenity* received bucketfuls of critical admiration and we wait to see if a sequel will ever be commissioned. Upon its release on DVD, *The Graphic Universe* premiered *Serenity*, and attracted the biggest audience for any event all year.

Apart from *Serenity*, *The Graphic Universe* has

more mainstream and established societies were forced to raise their game as the Cult Comedy Club, a massive hit with students young and old, began to threaten their audience numbers.

As the two leaders of this society are now in their final year, the continuation of its success is questionable. The torch must be passed on to the younger members. Nevertheless, such is their unwavering commitment that I have every faith that the Cult Comedy Club will continue to entertain and enthrall comedy fans for years to come.

Arvin Mahanta

short talks on their favourite classic rock bands.

This has seen an awesome array of presentations, taking in the likes of Queen, Jimi Hendrix and The Who. The society meets on Wednesdays every 2-3 weeks under the watchful eye of Queen fanatic Mr Smith, who has been instrumental in the setting up and running of the society.

Next year, expect presentations on Pink Floyd, The Rolling Stones, KISS and Eric Clapton, as well as the long anticipated (by me, anyway) Metal Season, taking in everything from Black Sabbath to Iron Maiden. With such high attendances the future looks bright for the CRS as it struggles to become established as an official school society so that it can continue when we leave. See you next year.

David Thomas

zoomed through the second season of *Angel*, and its dark material, whilst watching the movie adaptations of *Daredevil* and *Elektra*. We then moved on to the second series of *Alias*, a show from the creator of *Lost*, J. J. Abrams, and some of us argued that it's better. Starring Jennifer Garner as spy Sydney Bristow with an ensemble cast, along with guest stars such as Sir Roger Moore and Ricky Gervais, *Alias* is a dazzling show, which proves how good writing can make cryptic story lines digestible. At the same time Thursday lunchtime gatherings have involved watching classic *Buffy* episodes, showing *Serenity* and bits of films.

With hit shows such as *Lost* and *Dr Who* on television every week, coupled with comic book adaptations such as *V for Vendetta* and *X-men* gracing cinemas every year, it is now quite apparent that *The Graphic Universe* is more in the mainstream of what the public watches than ever. It has been a strong year for *The Graphic Universe*, and next year I can only see the society expanding, not only as a Friday afternoon activity, but also as a society on Thursday lunchtimes.

Adam Richardson

Cult
Comedy
Club

Classic
Rock
Society

Graphic
Universe

Jewish Society

After an absence of roughly three years the Jewish Society met on several occasions this year: hopefully there won't be another three year wait. Each meeting seemed to be a greater success than the last and, considering there are no more than ten Jewish boys in the entire school, with only one in the upper three years, I have been particularly pleased with the commitment the members have shown.

We have discussed various topics relative to Jews in the modern world; everything from the

legality of Israeli actions to the role of the Football World Cup in promoting racial harmony. In each case I have been impressed by the breadth and intelligence with which everyone has responded. Although finding a time that everyone could manage was difficult, now that we have a regular meeting slot I hope to see the Society continue while we have a number of Jews at King Edward's Birmingham.

Robin Joseph

Islamic Society

The Islamic Society (or iSoc) predominantly functions to allow Muslim pupils to complete their prayers, but also serves as a ready resource for any pupils with queries regarding this major religion of the world. Islam has recently been suffering from severe misconceptions which the events occurring in the world today, together with the media, are partly responsible for. The Society attempts to identify and correct these misunderstandings through discussion among the members and then through the organizing of lunchtime events for everyone. For example, this year we had the good fortune to hear Dan Jackson, an Old Edwardian and a man well-known for his prowess at basketball, speak of his life after school and the factors leading to his 'reversion' to Islam. The talk proved very popular with a sizeable audience from all quarters of the school.

The other annual event, the 'Iftaar' party was well organized. For those who don't know of the term 'iftaar', it is the term used for the breaking of

the fast at dusk during the month of Ramadan. Funnily enough, the advent of Ramadan each year, and hence the aforementioned party, brings record attendances to the prayer facilities, something which would do well to be replicated at other times of the year. The party itself brings together a phenomenal mix of OE's and current members of the society, with even the Chief Master (Mr Dancey at the time) paying a visit, sampling some of the delicacies on offer and reminiscing with his former protégés. The event also raised a considerable sum of money, all of which was donated to charitable causes.

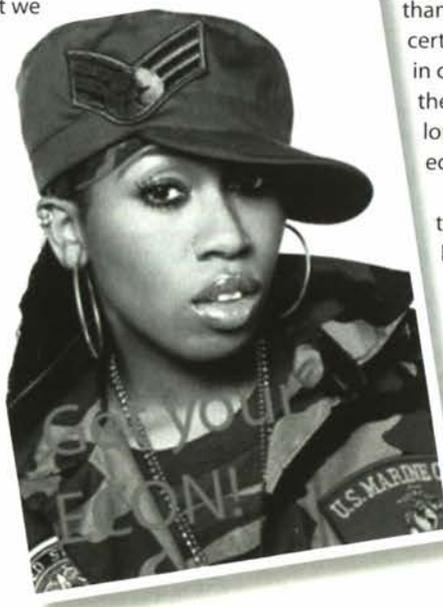
The rest of the year provided for us more food for thought. To start with, there was the outcry following publication of the now-infamous cartoons of the Prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him), which was discussed at the society. However, all in all, iSoc has had a strong and successful year and should continue to prosper at King Edward's School.

Zubair Rahim

Economics Society

As Missy Elliot once said, "Get your econ!": that is exactly what we have been doing over this year in Economics Society. There was extremely high demand for the society, which has led to larger numbers than normal but also massive successes.

There have been numerous talks given by guests from outside the school: an insightful talk on Road Taxes; a slightly conceited dismissal of the value of joining Europe; and a thoroughly enveloping talk on gas/utility prices. All of these talks were well attended and enjoyed



by pupils and staff. Once again, we thank our guest speakers. These talks certainly have positive externalities in consumption and we thank all the speakers for investing in our long-term future by increasing our economic awareness.

Four Sixth Form students are taking part in a competition run by the Bank of England, which involves teams from across the country attempting to do the same job as Mervyn King and his advisors: to decide what interest rates should be, and why. A new addition to the Economics arsenal is the *KES Economist*, edited by the writer of this report, for which articles are written by Economics students.

Nimesh Sodha



TENNIS

1st Team

Played 4 Won 3 Lost 1

The Seniors enjoyed a successful season captained by Rohan Chopra. Our only loss was against Repton School and we secured comfortable wins against RGS Worcester and Nottingham School and a narrow 5-4 victory against Malvern College.

Chris Morton was our best player and he and Ben Spannuth formed a strong first pair. Nick Waddell played consistently well, ably supported by Rohan Chopra as second pair. David and Henry Arnold won a high proportion of their matches as third pair. Ravi Soni, James Warnaby and David Thomas all performed well when called upon.

The Simon Booth Cup was won by

outsider Henry Arnold who enjoyed a hard fought three set victory in the final against Chris Morton.

SJT

2nd Team

Played 2 Won 0 Lost 2

Whilst both matches were lost against Repton and Malvern College, I was particularly encouraged by the performances of George Anfilogoff, David Thomas and Viraj Patel.

U13

Played 5 Won 4 Lost 1

After a weakened team was thrashed by Nottingham School, we comfortably won all of our matches in the Nestlé U13 Schools Championship

Birmingham Area League.

The team of Will Chesner, Will Watkinson, Mikey East and Joe Tankaria should go from strength to strength.

SJT

U15

Played 5 Won 4 Lost 1

After losing to Nottingham School we won our group in the Nestlé U15 Schools Championship with wins against KE Aston, Arthur Terry and a comfortable win against King's Norton. The team also achieved a narrow 3-3 win against Camp Hill to win the group.

The team of Roly Grant, Chris Duncan, Nick Watson and James Wilkie all show plenty of promise – Andrew Halton deputised very completely.

SJT

GOLF

The annual match between KES and the Old Edwardians happened on a warm spring afternoon at Harborne Golf Club. There were five pairs from each team, and we played four-ball matchplay.

The first pair to tee off were Mr Roll and Tom Burn, playing against the Old Edwardians' two lowest handicappers. After a fast start by the KES pair, the Old Edwardians fought back to halve the game.

The second pairing, of the Chief Master and Michael Skerritt, brought home an emphatic win. The Chief's etiquette was

tested, as he answered numerous phone calls on the course and then left Michael to seal the 5 & 4 win on his own as he had to rush to a meeting. Michael played some outstanding golf, with 5 birdies and an eagle to his name!

The third pairing was Mr Dancey and Vishnu Aggarwal. Mr Dancey tested out his leaving present, and it helped the pair to a win, which meant that after three matches, KES were leading 2 ½ to a ½. The match could not be lost.

In the fourth pairing, Mr Tinley was on tip top form and, with help from Lionel

Virdee, secured another win over the Old Edwardians, leaving the final pair of Mr Roden and debutant Ali Mason to bring home the final win, and secure a 4 ½ - ½ victory. They did just that, with Mr Roden sinking a long putt on the par three eighteenth.

We all enjoyed a lovely meal afterwards, and thanks must go to Harborne Golf Club for hosting the match, to Mr Roden for organising the day and to everyone who took part. Good luck for next year!

Tom Burn

HOCKEY

1st XI

After a lacklustre two years, the KES first team had something to prove. It was time for the veterans, together since the U14's, to show that they had a great season in them.

Starting with an emphatic 7-0 drubbing of the Old Boys, which saw the return of old favourites John Ashton and Adam Gatrad, the team was in good spirits. The Buttle Tournament, next on the fixture list, gave us our first opportunity to add silverware to the conspicuously empty trophy cabinet. Comfortable wins against Camp Hill and Five Ways and a nail-biting penalty shootout with King Henry's saw us through to the finals, locking antlers with Solihull. Despite maintaining the upper hand through most of the match, our legs finally gave way, and the Solihull boys were victorious. After a 3-1 defeat a month later by the same team, we were raring for a third bite at the cherry. Was the old aphorism "Third Time Lucky" to hold true? Only time would tell...

Mr Lye's motley crew went from strength to strength, securing impressive victories over strong sides; few can forget the 11-0 routing of Evesham, the decisive 8-0 demolition of Camp Hill, a 6-0 dismissal of Loughborough..... In short, the team was firing on all cylinders. David Arnold played in defence with gusto and his ambitious distribution attempts were often the solid foundations of a well-worked goal. Together with our player of the season, Richard McDonnell, who genuinely never ceased to amaze me with his stoic tackling and his deft marking ability (keeping the lid on a barrel of England and County players we encountered along the way), he gave us a

partnership that would see us keep eight clean sheets all season.

In attack Richard Roberts, our captain, hero and mentor, ran riot on the right wing with pace, skill and steely determination, earning the nickname "Billy Whiz" from Mr Lye. Sam Patel provided sensational strikes on short corners, and assisted the front two of James Harper and Ollie Adams with cracking service. Which brings us to the most explosive goal-scoring partnership

ability and good humour.

At the crux of the team, the glue that held it together, the go-to guy who ensured a smooth transition from defence to quick counter and who was the first back to defend, was Simon Clapham. He truly justified his place in the team and will be captain next season, earning the award for "Most Improved Player" of the season. Emerging youngsters Dave Benhamou and Matt Sedgwick added a certain spice to proceedings. Most notable for me was the intensity, the drive

and the desire to win that was the characteristic trait of the season: every player put in phenomenal effort. Oh, and I almost forgot Vivek Balachander, who played with panache and versatility, perfecting the art of "Total Hockey". He has made the season for me with his jokes and mishaps on the field.

The season ended with the cup final. On a frosty morning in January, we stiffened our resolve for the big day. After a solid start we began to make silly errors, conceding two goals before half-time, despite keeper Manish Jogia's best efforts. Roused by the half-time team talk, the boys scraped a goal back, only to run into a five minute spell of madness in which we conceded three goals and saw all our hard work undone. Despite a consolation goal, we tramped back to the minibus with runners-up medals and sad hearts. Our last chance for vengeance faded into the

mist with our hopes and dreams..."There is special providence in the fall of a sparrow," said a man much greater than myself, and we found consolation in the cosmic powers of determinism. So, that caps off an eventful season for all: good luck next season, and a special thanks to Mr Lye for his time and his patience.

Will Murphey



ever witnessed on a King Edward's hockey pitch: although proverbial chalk and cheese off the pitch, give them a stick and a goal to score in, and these boys would always deliver. Although Ollie Adams still surprises me with his uncanny ability to miss open goals and then net top corner finishes, he deserves props for many a match winning performance, as does James Harper for his turns, goal scoring

2nd XI

This season the 2nd XI was a young and inexperienced side, made up predominantly of boys from the 5th year. However, despite this disadvantage, we managed to enjoy a very successful season, securing 9 wins from 13 games, drawing once and losing just 3 times.

The season began in a daunting fashion as we took on Warwick in our first game: a hard-fought 1-1 draw was the prelude to an impressive 7-1 victory over Bishop Vesey. The team's early success may, however, have instilled a degree of complacency in the side as we succumbed to Aston 1st XI 6-0, with only a brilliant performance from our goalkeeper Matt Sherlock preventing further goals. This defeat, combined with some very honest and much-needed words from Mr Roll, acted as the catalyst which got our season back on track and led to a series of highly encouraging displays, including memorable victories against King Henry's (4-0) and Nottingham (9-0), as our strikers Dan Neale and Nick Bradish found their goal-scoring form, greatly aided by the



creativity of Jangir Sidhu.

This resurgence continued until the end of the season, culminating in three comfortable wins in which the team scored 13 goals. Over the course of the season the 2nd XI developed into a strong side as its new members formed

an effective partnership with the older players. This bodes well for next season, when we all look forward to more success for the team and for the school.

Andrew Psyllides

3rd XI

**Played 17 Won 10 Lost 7 Scored 46
Conceded 26**

The season turned out to be a success on balance, the team winning more games than they lost: however, the margin by which this was achieved was extremely narrow.

Results such as the 9-0 demolition of Queen Mary's Grammar School and 6-0 defeat of King Edward's Aston demonstrated the potential class of the 3rd XI. However, the team never managed to settle down, owing to a constant movement of players up and down teams. Promising seasons among the young blood included James Callaghan, Ben Spannuth and Max Haywood, which should allow for King Edward's hockey to remain strong for years to come. At the more experienced end of the spectrum, dogged performances from Elliot Weaver, Madoo Jayatunga and Wickum Jayatunga set excellent examples to the younger members of the squad of how King



Edward's boys are expected to perform.

Jack Davenport, Pascal French and Hugh Davenport also played well before departing for 2nd XI hockey, which showed the coaching class of Mr Tinley, whom the

3rd XI would like to thank for all his hard work and organisational skills this year.

Pascal French

4th XI

The term 'Total Hockey' has been banded around for many years without any real authority. However, the fourth eleven's stylistic verve has given a whole new meaning to the phrase 'Total Hockey'. The team itself was seasoned by some impeccably talented players both young and old, who moulded into one of the great super powers of the hockey world. The team's inexhaustible creativity, dynamism and passion led to an undefeated season, one which saw the 6-0 demolishing of Warwick in addition to six other wins and three controversial draws.

Every area of the team was rich in flair and skill, but every team is only as good as the leader, and Vishal Banarjee's reign at the helm was the inspiration behind this team's unbeaten run. His 'tough love' approach encapsulated the passion which was evident in every game. Other highlights of the fourth eleven included



the delightful individual runs of Matt King, who ripped through every defence with considerable ease. The Italian like skill of Tissione Parmar shone through.

Although I have highlighted only a few names, it must be said that the whole team deserve a mention.

Jamie Cottam-Allen

U15 A

The U15As had a moderately successful season, beginning with strong performances against both arch rivals, Solihull and Nunnery Wood. As a result of some debatable refereeing against Loughborough, we suffered our first defeat of the season, and went on to lose four of the next five games, including a disappointing defeat against a skilful Uppingham side. Nonetheless we gained invaluable experience from these games and fought with dignity and tenacity. We did manage to finish the season on a high, winning two of our last three games, including a 9-0 victory over Bablake. Despite dominating the last game of the season, we lost to the ever-efficient Warwick.

It was enjoyable to watch the development of talent over the season and the way in which we conducted ourselves with flair, spirit and character when faced with difficult situations. Strong progress was made in our striking force: Greg Jones linked well with Rowan Khanna: both scored more than ten goals in the season. The play was supported by



the hardworking midfield, with a superb balance of offence and defence lead by Vivek Shah and Ben Freer. Yet again, we found strong sporting aggression and decisive tackling skills in Faisal Karim at the back who was assisted by the increasingly dependable Hari Sharma.

Overall, there was a sound improvement throughout the team,

showing greater maturity and much promise for next year. Thanks must go to Mr Lye for his patience and for instilling a strong team spirit in a side that was devoid of high skill levels but yet managed to play good hockey.

Faisal Karim & Ben Freer

5th XI

The 5th XI may sometimes be found wanting in finer skill and natural talent; however, as a team they have the greatest spirit and will fight to the last. When we do have the fortune to play other schools, it is never against another fifth team: we play seconds or thirds. Therefore for us there is no "easy" game. This is not disheartening to us; it is just one of life's challenges.

We played the Camp Hill 2nd XI twice this season, in our two competitive

matches. The first match ended in a 2-2 draw, thanks to a good equaliser from Dan Christopher and a decent defensive display keeping the game close. Unfortunately in the second match of the season we did not perform as well, losing to the same team 3-0. We seemed unable to hold the ball and build any meaningful attacks. However, our most important games of the season were against the KES 4th XI. In a series of matches throughout the year, we held our own very reasonably and managed to win a couple, losing only once.

The problem for lower teams in the school is the rapid turnover of players from lower to higher teams; therefore, it can be hard to field the best players, as they have left for another team. The most consistent players in the team were the defenders, Richard Johnstone, Ashvir Sangha and Karim Kassam, and in midfield the free-moving Jamie Cottam-Allen.

Richard Johnstone

**U15 B**

This season was one of frustration for the U15B XI. We played against teams who were more talented than us in most of the key areas and more experienced in match play. This showed in our scoring only 3 goals in our 5 matches, whilst conceding 12.

Our first result was an unexpected 1-1 draw against Nunnery Wood, in which the whole team excelled themselves. However

we were soon brought down to earth by a 5-0 drubbing by Bishop Vesey, in which our defence leaked simple goals and our attack faltered at crucial moments. We regained our pride despite an unlucky 3-1 loss to Loughborough, a match which we deserved the win, and a 2-1 defeat by Bishop Vesey on our return trip.

We were often on course for a good result with 5 minutes remaining: but owing to poor fitness and sometimes lack of concentration in the final minutes,

avoidable goals were conceded and we ended up with a loss. This occurred in our 1-0 loss to Solihull, and the 3-1 defeat by Loughborough.

We played 5, lost 4, drew 1: but the team prided itself on its team spirit. On our transition to U16 Hockey, what the team and I hope for is more goals scored, fewer conceded and, most importantly, more wins!

John Lumley



improve. All our hard work and practising was rewarded with our first win of the season, when we won 3-2 against Bablake School.

As the season progressed, we became more experienced and confident. This culminated in a very closely fought and impressive 1-0 victory over King Edward's Camp Hill in our final game of the season. We all feel that this is a powerful omen for a much improved performance next season.

On behalf of the team, I would like to thank Mr Roll for his commitment, help and encouragement. As this was our first season together, I can confidently predict that the only way is up for this dedicated group of players.

Gareth Davies

U14

As many of us had never picked up a hockey stick before, we were a team that had to learn quickly. Our first match, against a strong Warwick School side, was a closely fought contest which we lost 2-1.

In this early part of the season, we were developing our skills, tactics and teamwork. We lost several games due to inexperience: many opponents had been playing hockey for at least three years. However, competing against a number of skilful teams gave us the impetus to

U14 B

We started off the year training as a team in basic skills: passing, tackling and shooting. Our skills kept improving but, most of all, we had a good team spirit.

Our first match was against Nunnery Wood School. Their team had been playing for three years and were far more experienced than us. After they scored their first goal our team began to tire and this affected our play. The match ended 0-4.

Our second match was cancelled due to a frozen pitch, but our third and final match, against Newcastle School, was our best. We had improved our skills and were lucky to be playing a team of less experience than our previous opponents. We started off well, scoring two well-deserved goals, but towards the end of the match the



opposition got 'fired up' just as we were tiring, and the final score was a 2-2 draw. This match saw a great effort from every player in our team, including a 'guest' player, James Claughton, who scored one of our goals.

Overall, we played fairly well. We have set ourselves a strong base upon which we can improve next year.

William Jagessar

WATER POLO

Seniors

The Senior teams have not had quite the same success as the younger sides but are developing well for what should be a good year next time around. Captained by Charlie Hall in the Under 19 team and Gunraj Pall in the Under 18 Warwickshire Cup, both teams performed well all year despite having very young sides. Only two of the squad were from

the Upper Sixths and at times Upper Middle boys have represented the team, with Will Divall always acquitting himself well for the Senior side. Many others stood out over the course of the season, with Gunraj Pall always performing heroics in goal to keep us in matches and George Hancock, Kieran Iyer, Charlie Hall, Simon Gateley and Dan King scoring the majority of our goals.

Boys from the Senior school are also one of the reasons for the younger teams' successes: George Hancock, Alex Skouby and Charlie Hall all helped to coach the younger sides. Most of this side will still be with us next year and under the captaincy of Mark Woodward, the future looks good for the Senior side.

JMP

U16

The year for the U16 Water Polo squad started with the National championships in Manchester. Our confidence, based on the successes of talented sides in recent years, was high, and indeed we cruised through the first round, beating 3-2 very strong opposition in the form of Manchester Grammar School, the U14 national champions. We also drew with Bolton School, the reigning U16 champions. We came out of the first round as top seeds in the Northern section of the competition.

The second round, held at KES, was a return engagement with the Northern section teams. We played well but lost (2-3) to Manchester Grammar School. We did, however, draw again with Bolton School,

which meant we finished the second round still as first seeds.

The final stage of the competition pitted the three best teams from the Northern section against the three best teams from the Southern section. After a shaky start against Torquay we made it through to the last four, setting up a semi-final against Trinity College, Croydon. Even though it was a hard tie against the top seeds from the south, we had high hopes of progressing to the Final.

But we started the semi-final poorly, conceding three goals within two minutes. We re-grouped somewhat after this blow but the slow start had left too much of a deficit for us to make up and we eventually lost (3-8). This defeat crushed our hopes of winning the tournament, but we couldn't feel sorry for ourselves as we

had a bronze medal to play for.

The third place play-off, against a City of London School team which had beaten us in the regional competitions in the previous year, showed the spirit of our team, as only a couple of hours after the demoralising defeat in the semi-finals we came back to win the third place play-off (11-5). In the final, Manchester Grammar School beat Trinity College (14-9) to secure the title. To add to our bronze medal, Simon Gateley became joint top scorer with 10 goals in the competition.

During the year, Dan King and Simon Gateley were invited to the National Academy and Jack Donelan joined the City of Birmingham Squad.

George Hancock

U14

This season was all about preparing for the English Schools championships in the Spring and Summer terms. Few of us had trained over the Summer holidays so we were all a bit rusty in early games against Monmouth and Boldmere. We did however improve steadily and achieved narrow wins over a good Manchester Grammar School team and the King Edward's U15 team before the first round of the English Schools championships.

In the first match of the championships, despite having to play in an extremely long, narrow pool, we beat the home side convincingly without conceding a goal. We also beat King's Grantham to qualify top of our group and progress to the semi-finals.

We played in the South of England draw and had a long bus journey to Croydon to play against Trinity College, City of London, Allens and Torquay School. We got off to a winning start against City of London but drew against Trinity College. Although we didn't lose a game, we only managed to draw the group, along with Trinity and Allens. This meant that all three of us qualified for the finals after the Easter Holidays. During the Easter holidays Mr Colin Povey, a former Great Britain player and coach, came to give us a few training sessions. He was very actively involved and I'd like to thank him for his contribution to the team.

The finals were held at Walsall swimming baths. In our first game we played Grantham again, but lost (3-2) due to some sloppy defending in

the last minute. We suffered further disappointment in our second game, when we drew with Trinity (3-3). In reply, we beat Allens with goals from Will Divall, who finished the tournament with eight goals. Finally we drew with Manchester Grammar School (4-4) again.

Special mentions must go to James Shirley, who kept us in quite a few matches with good saves, and to James Cull and Morgan Hirsch who often made the starting seven despite being in a younger year. We played very well as a team and finished third in the country. Special thanks must go to Mr Pitt and Hayley for giving up their time to coach us throughout the year.

Alex Bion

U13

The new U13 squad was given a chance to be tested when they travelled to Bolton for the Presidents Trophy, a competition to which only the best teams are invited. Good teamwork enabled us to beat Bedford Modern School (5-1), and we outclassed King's School Grantham in all areas to complete a convincing (3-0) victory. Our other match in the tournament was a loss to Bolton School. In the final, a rematch with Bolton School, an

early goal gave KES a boost but the match then remained an even contest until Bolton controversially scored in the dying seconds of the match. Unfortunately our penalties were not up to scratch and we lost by one goal, leaving us in second place.

Even after this disappointment the team's morale was not diminished and we completed an astonishing season with victories over Boldmere, South Birmingham Sharks, Monmouth and our local rivals Warwick. In this series

of triumphs, the team, which includes Morgan Hirsch, Matthew Richardson, Stanley Cousins, John Tsopanis, William Watkinson, William Garrett, Joban Tankaria, Gurpreet Kainth, Tim Barnes, Ryan Hughes, Ben Harkom and James Cull, improved a great deal. We are looking forward to the challenge of being the U14 team and aiming for a place in the ESSA National Finals.

James Cull

U12

The U12 team experienced a steep learning curve this year. Mr Pitt and Hayley had the challenge of teaching us how to play before the year was out, which they achieved with great success.

By the spring, we had already secured a nail-biting victory, beating the South Birmingham Sharks. The season continued with the team doing well, as we faced increasingly better opposition in the pool. We all improved our individual ability, teamwork and overall game.

Over the course of the year we have all gained a love of the game and hope to progress even further next year. We are fortunate at KES to be able to play at the U12 level, as many schools do not. We look forward to more school matches and hopefully more victories in the future.

RUGBY



following round of the Cup we were only too pleased with sweet revenge over RGS Worcester, before being knocked out by eventual quarter finalists Old Swinford.

As our injury list for the season grew longer, emerging talents in the school were allowed opportunities to display their flair. Max Haig, in particular, must be credited for consistently putting in good performances on the wing, despite only being in the 5th year. The real test for KES came against a strong Bromsgrove outfit. Hailed as one of the top Rugby schools in the country, Bromsgrove, unlike KES, feels the need to recruit international players. However, far from being outplayed, we put in a brave, determined and spirited performance, Jonny Dawkins' attempt to continue playing with a broken nose epitomising the ethos of "taking one for the team" which was so prevalent this season.

Special mention must go to Tom Weaver and Owen Chan, who deservedly won Player of the Season and Most Improved Player respectively. Finally, I would like to thank all the players and our coaches, Mr James and Mr Roden, whose tireless efforts all season helped to make this such an enjoyable experience for all.

Miles Benjamin

1st XV

As the final whistle blew on the last match of the season, a huge cheer went up from the KES players. The old rivals, KE Aston, had been beaten 15-5 thanks to a tenacious effort from a KES side determined to finish the season on their terms.

When the season began on the 10th September, there was an aura of hope and quiet optimism, following a promising tour of South Africa. Unfortunately, these hopes were not realised in the first match, as we were

narrowly beaten by RGS Worcester 15-13, a match in which Clubman of the Year Ali Sharaki seemed to forget that swearing at the referee is not the best way to get him on our side!

Despite this early setback, we went on to claim our first victory of the season against King's Worcester, before getting our Daily Mail Cup campaign off to an emphatic start with a 40-7 victory over KE Camp Hill. This was a great performance which demonstrated the attacking potential of the side; the likes of Seb Heaven, Ali and Tom Weaver putting in formidable performances. In the

2nd XV

2nd XV schoolboy Rugby teams are often perceived as relatively unimportant: we receive hand-me-down shirts and fewer supporters. However, these are hindrances which simply contribute to my feeling of pride and satisfaction as I boast about our impressive season.

I am sad to be leaving the 2nd XV captaincy, as this has been a great honour and a tremendous experience, made complete by the spirit and drive of my team mates. This year, Alec Siddons received the 2nd team 'Player of the Year' award for what was an outstanding season. Mike Jones, as ever, showed great courage and devotion to the cause, not only during 2nd XV fixtures, but also for his club side, Subway City RFC. The whole team performed consistently well, but special mentions go to Luke Blackburn,

Will Arnold, Will Bridges, Stuart Flaherty, Amreet Kang and Peter Delamere, who received the 'Most Improved Player' award. However, above all, I would like to thank and congratulate my friend and vice-captain Rob Shipley for his formidable performances at 2nd row and for his help in my decision-making and as pack leader.

This season, the 2nd team won an impressive 8 out of their 15 matches, most

crucially recording a better win-to-loss ratio than our 1st team counterparts. The biggest test of the season was against an intimidating Bromsgrove side, who were very much the favourites during our encounter. Although we didn't win, we certainly gave them a run for their money – well, Arpan Pal did anyway – and we were unlucky not to capitalise on our comeback in the second half, in which we conceded no points.

I would like to thank our coach, Mr Phillips, for his enthusiasm and efforts throughout this season. It was a pleasure to work with him. The performance of the whole team, and in particular some of the younger players, bodes well for years to come.

Perhaps next year's team can build on our success and record a 47-0 victory on our coach's 29th birthday! Good luck, guys.

Tom Jackson



3rd XV

The first Saturday of term brought the first game, and the first loss, of the season. Our rusty hands and unfit legs were no match for the clinical efficiency of RGS Worcester. However, our fortunes changed after some heavy fitness training and a great deal of ball-handling practice. The next Saturday, it was the turn of King's Worcester. We came onto the field a new team: the same players running and passing and kicking, but there was an elegant finesse to the team that delighted Mr Evans and surprised even ourselves. We claimed our first victory with a superb try from Francis Gardiner-Trejo, who was able to catch an opposition kick-off and run straight through the opposition defence to score.

The matches in ensuing weeks were a mixed bag, with both losses and victories, perhaps most notably a hard-fought defeat by Nottingham High School. So amused were we by the declaration from the opposition that they were 'a T.E.A.M. in which Together Everybody Achieves More' that at first it was difficult to take them seriously. These games, though great

individual battles, in fact served a higher purpose. Perhaps it was destiny, perhaps coincidence, that we should come to the last game of the season facing none other than bitter rivals Solihull School. All of our matches, all our hard work and training, was nothing but a mere warm-up for the final showdown with the Silhillians.

As the boys in blue assembled outside the Swimming Pool, it emerged that many, perhaps even all, of our team had been at a party the night before, and had dragged themselves, bleary-eyed, out of bed for the match – hardly the best preparation for the big game! It was decided that something must be done to wake everyone up and rouse that fighting spirit for which the Thirds are renowned. The plan was to venture quickly into Selly Oak for a kebab and chips, the theory being that a sharp dose of carbohydrates and grease would help allay the effects of the night before. Alas, it can only be said that it made the situation worse: many a full stomach objected to the warm-up run with a painful stitch. The first half got under way: a quick try from Solihull put them ahead. Within five minutes the score was doubled. Then tripled. At half time, 0-

15, we thought it was over, and we started to say so.

But Jack Flaherty used Half Time to take the team by the scruff of the neck and raise their heads. Soon enough the whole team was back on its feet, deciding a plan of action. The Solihull wingers were slow and weak tacklers. Perhaps we could take advantage of that? The desire to win, and, more importantly to win against Solihull, was back.

The whistle blew for the second half and blew again within a mere two minutes. A try had been scored. The kick was converted: 7-15. The battle had now begun. Like a dormant volcano the team awoke – we could actually win...another try and we would be so close. Within minutes another try was scored and another kick converted: 14-15. We were only a point away, but try as we might we could not get those final points. The forwards put in a performance such as had never been seen in this team before, fighting inch by inch for victory. At last, the deadlock was broken and the decisive points were scored.

The Solihull scrum-half passed quickly back to the fly-half, who cleared the ball

up-field. It fell into the hands of the KES winger, Lachlan Mukherjee. Using his immense speed and agility, he sprinted down the line, eluding the opposition winger and placing the ball for a try. There was a moment's stunned silence as the reality of what had just occurred dawned on the KES players. A second later, Lachlan was crushed under a pile of dark blue as every player ran to celebrate with him. We

had come from behind to take the lead. The kick was missed but it did not matter in the least now – it was time to defend.

The remaining twenty minutes of the match were spent under great pressure. The forwards continued their superb display and did not allow Solihull to break through: eventually, after what seemed like an age of defending, the whistle blew and the game was over. Somehow, we

had drawn ourselves back from the brink of defeat to conquer an old enemy. With the Firsts and Seconds losing, we were the heroes of the day, and, though that day may be forgotten by Solihull, by the First and Second teams, and by the rest of KES, it will live forever in our memory as a reminder that when we refuse to accept defeat, come hell or high water, we will win!

U15 B XV

This was a particularly good season for the U15 B's. Out of our 11 matches we won 8, the most prominent of which was the 56-17 demolition of Adams Grammar. This victory, achieved despite the fact that, through illness and injury, we were down to 12 men, featured a great performance by scrum-half Rory Leadbetter, who kicked with a 100% success rate.

This outstanding performance was emulated in a number of other matches, so that the number of points we scored was triple the number of points we conceded. Among the games that we did not win was a close encounter with a very strong Bromsgrove side, whose last-minute try earned them a draw, whilst we were narrowly defeated by Old Swinford (5-0) and the ever-strong Warwick School.

Overall, the whole team played well and we look forward to similar successes next season.

Alex Dawes

U13 A XV

Our season kicked off shakily, as we were defeated by RGS Worcester. However, after a few inspiring words from our coach, Mr Chopra, we began to play better as a unit, recording our first victory away at King's Worcester. Following this, the team went from strength to strength, and a number of key players put in consistently solid performances. These included Morgan Hirsch in the lineout and Oliver Dixon at No.8, as well as some outstanding performances from our backs, Jack Cornick and Will Chesner. However, the most memorable try, for me, was scored by Joban Tankaria, as he capitalised on an excellent cross-field kick to confirm a 54-0 victory over Fairfax.

We finished off the season in style, winning the Greater Birmingham tournament with crucial wins over KE Five Ways (the favourites) and KE Camp Hill, whom we beat convincingly. I would like to thank all members of the team for their efforts all season, as well as our coaches, Mr Stead and Mr Chopra.

U13 B XV

With a number of our strongest players being moved up to the A team, this season began with limited expectations and rather mixed results. We had only won a couple of games when, at the start of December, we came face to face with Fairfax. However, that did not stop us from recording an important, morale-boosting victory. On the back of this success, we went from strength to strength. John Tsopanis, my player of the season, scored an amazing number of tries, which meant that we just couldn't stop winning!

Unfortunately, our season ended with two defeats, against Warwick and Bishop of Hereford; however, these losses can be put down to injuries and a shortage of players, especially against Bishop of Hereford, where we could only field 12 players! Nevertheless, our season overall was much better than we'd expected in September.

Joe Hobbs

U12 A XV

Unfortunately the U12 A team did not get off to the best of starts, losing to Warwick School, Adams Grammar School and Solihull School. Although this dented our confidence, we were anxious to prove we could win games. Once the deadlock was broken, we went on to record 6 victories in the course of the season, which was capped off with a 3rd place finish in the Greater Birmingham tournament. Special mentions go to Bradley Garmston and Ryan Millar, who were the top try scorers this season, whilst Ben Watson tackled bravely right through till the end.

Eddy Matthews



KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL RUGBY CLUB 2005 - 2006 SEASON

| | Played | Won | Lost | Drawn | For | Against |
|--------------------------|--------|-----|------|-------|------|---------|
| 1st XV | 21 | 10 | 11 | 0 | 284 | 286 |
| 2nd XV | 15 | 8 | 7 | 0 | 324 | 232 |
| 3rd XV | 9 | 2 | 7 | 0 | 81 | 267 |
| U16 A XV | 14 | 5 | 8 | 1 | 245 | 371 |
| U15 A XV | 17 | 7 | 10 | 0 | 330 | 328 |
| U15 B XV | 11 | 8 | 2 | 1 | 285 | 106 |
| U14 A XV | 15 | 5 | 10 | 0 | 141 | 325 |
| U14 B XV | 15 | 12 | 3 | 0 | 436 | 174 |
| U13 A XV | 17 | 10 | 7 | 0 | 396 | 248 |
| U13 B XV | 15 | 8 | 7 | 0 | 326 | 250 |
| U13 C XV | 6 | 0 | 5 | 1 | 48 | 226 |
| U13 D XV | 6 | 3 | 3 | 0 | 85 | 151 |
| U12 A XV | 13 | 6 | 7 | 0 | 197 | 200 |
| U12 B XV | 13 | 8 | 5 | 0 | 270 | 125 |
| U12 C XV | 11 | 8 | 2 | 1 | 257 | 77 |
| U12 D XV | 9 | 6 | 2 | 1 | 270 | 66 |
| U12 E XV | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 74 | 0 |
| TOTAL | 209 | 108 | 96 | 5 | 4049 | 3432 |

Individual Representative Honours

Under 18

Greater Birmingham Selection

A Nadimi-Sharaki, J Robinson, T Weaver

North Midlands selection

M Benjamin

Midlands Trial

M Benjamin

England

18 Group - M Benjamin; Home unions team

Under 16

Greater Birmingham selection

E Battaloglu, M Haig, A Browning

North Midlands selection

E Battaloglu

Team Honours

- 1st XV** Round 4 of Daily Mail Cup
- U16 XV** North Midlands Cup Semi-Finalists
- U15A XV** Reached Round 4 of Daily Mail Vase;
Joint Winners Greater Birmingham Cup
- U14A XV** Runners up Greater Birmingham Cup
- U13A XV** Winners Greater Birmingham Cup

CRICKET

KES v Old Edwardian CC

Wednesday 26 April 2006

At Eastern Road (40 Overs)

| | |
|----------|------------|
| OECC | 75 all out |
| Hall | 3-13 |
| Hussain | 2-3 |
| Patel | 2-20 |
| KES | 76 for 4 |
| Neale, D | 23* |

KES Won by 6 wickets

KES v Shrewsbury School

Saturday 29 April 2006

At Eastern Road (50 Overs)

| | |
|------------|------------|
| KES | 98 all out |
| SHREWSBURY | 99 for 1 |

KES Lost by 9 wickets

KES v Old Swinford Hospital

Wednesday 3 May 2006

At Eastern Road (40 Overs)

| | |
|--------------|-------------|
| OLD SWINFORD | 152 all out |
| Lone | 3-31 |
| Saul | 3-17 |
| Neale | 2-24 |
| KES | 153 for 8 |
| Virdee | 24 |
| Arnold | 23* |
| Neale, P | 21* |

KES Won by 2 wickets

KES v RGS Worcester

Saturday 6 May 2006

At Eastern Road (60/52 Overs)

| | |
|------------|-------------|
| KES | 179 all out |
| Banerjee | 46 |
| Virdee | 44 |
| Neale, P | 30 |
| RGS WORC'S | 180 for 5 |
| Lone | 2-28 |

KES Lost by 5 wickets

KES v Malvern College

Wednesday 10 May 2006

At Eastern Road (35 Overs)

| | |
|----------|-------------|
| MALVERN | 150 for 6 |
| Patel | 4-21 |
| KES | 139 all out |
| Neale, D | 41 |
| Khan | 28 |

KES Lost by 11 runs

KES v Solihull School

Saturday 13 May 2006

At Solihull (60/52 Overs)

| | |
|-------------|------------|
| KES | 97 all out |
| Christopher | 35 |
| SOLIHULL | 100 for 1 |

KES Lost by 9 wickets

KES v Shrewsbury School

Sunday 14 May 2006

At Eastern Road (20/20 Comp)

| | |
|-------------|-----------|
| KES | 141 for 8 |
| Neale, D | 39 |
| Christopher | 26 |
| Iyer | 22 |
| SHREWSBURY | 143 for 4 |
| Patel | 2-33 |

KES Lost by 6 wickets

KES v Wolverhampton GS

Sunday 14 May 2006

At Eastern Road (20/20 Comp)

| | |
|---------------|-----------|
| WOLVERHAMPTON | 105 for 6 |
| Saul | 2-16 |
| Neale, D | 2-23 |
| KES | 108 for 3 |
| Virdee | 42* |
| Hussain | 31 |

KES Won by 7 wickets

KES v Solihull School

Sunday 14 May 2006

At Eastern Road (20/20 Comp)

| | |
|----------|------------|
| SOLIHULL | 154 for 6 |
| Patel | 2-32 |
| KES | 83 all out |
| Patel | 25 |
| Iyer | 23 |

KES Lost by 71 runs

KES v XL Club

Wednesday 17 May 2006

At Eastern Road

Cancelled (rain)

KES v Warwick School

Saturday 20 May 2006

At Warwick (60/52 Overs)

Cancelled (rain)

KES v Wolverhampton GS

Saturday 10 June 2006

At Wolverhampton (50 Overs)

| | |
|---------------|------------|
| WOLVERHAMPTON | 206 for 7 |
| Patel | 3-13 |
| Hussain | 2-21 |
| KES | 96 all out |
| Neale, D | 37 |

KES Lost by 110 runs

KES v King's School Worcester

Saturday 17 June 2006

At Eastern Road (60/52 Overs)

| | |
|------------------|-------------|
| KES | 189 all out |
| Iyer | 48 |
| Banerjee | 34 |
| Neale, D | 28 |
| Patel | 21* |
| KING'S WORCESTER | 190 for 2 |

KES Lost by 8 wickets

KES v Trent College

Saturday 24 June 2006

At Eastern Road (50 Overs)

| | |
|----------|-----------|
| KES | 164 for 9 |
| Burn | 31 |
| Patel | 29 |
| Banerjee | 22 |
| Iyer | 20 |
| TRENT | 166 for 4 |
| Patel | 2-29 |
| Banerjee | 2-50 |

KES Lost 6 wickets

KES v Repton School

Wednesday 28 June 2006

At Repton School (40 Overs)

| | |
|-------------|-----------|
| KES | 168 for 8 |
| Hussain63* | |
| Christopher | 32 |
| Botha | 20 |
| REPTON | 169 for 4 |
| Neale, D | 3-18 |

KES Lost by 6 wickets

KES v Hereford Cathedral School

Saturday 1 July 2006

At Eastern Road (50 Overs)

| | |
|-------------|-----------|
| HEREFORD | 214 for 6 |
| Hussain | 3-37 |
| Neale, D | 3-40 |
| KES | 220 for 5 |
| Iyer | 53 |
| Hussain | 51 |
| Christopher | 30 |
| Neale, D | 26 |
| Khan | 23 |

KES Won by 5 wickets

KES v Wellington College

Tuesday 4 July 2006

At Eastern Road (35 Overs)

| | |
|------------|-------------|
| WELLINGTON | 181 for 8 |
| Patel | 4-45 |
| Hussain | 2-47 |
| KES | 170 all out |
| Burn | 88 |

KES Lost by 11 runs

KES v MCC

Wednesday 5 July 2006

At Eastern Road (Declaration)

| | |
|-------------|-------------|
| MCC | 200 for 6 |
| Hussain | 2-47 |
| Patel | 2-58 |
| KES | 199 all out |
| Gateley | 41 |
| Hussain | 30 |
| Iyer | 29 |
| Christopher | 21 |

KES Lost by 1 run

KES v Westminster School, Adelaide

Thursday 6 July 2006

At Eastern Road (Declaration)

| | |
|-------------|-------------|
| KES | 135 all out |
| Virdee | 28 |
| Arnold | 23 |
| Banerjee | 22 |
| WESTMINSTER | 66 for 2 |

Abandoned (Rain)

KES v Old Edwardian Association

Saturday 8 July 2006

At Eastern Road (40 Overs)

| | |
|----------|------------|
| OEA | 160 for 10 |
| Neale, D | 5-18 |
| Iyer | 2-23 |
| KES | 163 for 2 |
| Neale, D | 57* |
| Neale, P | 57* |
| Burn | 23 |

KES Won by 8 wickets

KES v Kestrels CC

Sunday 9 July 2006

At Eastern Road (40 Overs)

| | |
|-------------|-----------|
| KES | 220 for 8 |
| Christopher | 71 |
| Burn | 62 |
| Patel | 20 |
| KESTRELS | 216 for 7 |
| Neale, D | 3-29 |
| Iyer | 2-28 |
| Patel | 2-49 |

KES Won by 4 runs

KES v Loughborough GS

Tuesday 11 July 2006

At Loughborough (50 Overs)

| | |
|-------------|-------------|
| LOUGHBORO'H | 156 all out |
| Lone | 4-29 |
| Neale, D | 2-12 |
| KES | 101 all out |
| Hussain44 | |

KES Lost by 55 runs

KES v Chief Master's XI

Wednesday 12 July 2006

At Eastern Road (Declaration)

| | |
|-----------------|-----------|
| CHIEF MSTR'S XI | 258 for 4 |
| Patel | 2-58 |
| KES | 255 for 8 |
| Neale, D | 95 |
| Botha | 60 |
| Iyer | 34 |

March Drawn

The 1st XI

KES cricket has entered a stage of transition. For the last two seasons, we have failed to dominate the fixture list— we have been, as we acknowledged in our pre-season meetings, a team without any superstars, so our success would largely depend on spirit and teamwork.

As ever, our aim was to be the best fielding team on the circuit; with twelve dropped catches in the first four matches of the season, however, this target seemed somewhat distant and unachievable. In spite of this, good bowling from Rob Hall and Samir Patel enabled us to claim a slim victory over the Old Edwardians CC in our first match. Tougher tests, however, were yet to come.

Shrewsbury was the first school team to visit Eastern Road. A team boasting the best lunch and tea on the circuit, as Messrs Metcalfe and Botha would both agree, they presented a stern test, and despite dogged and honourable resistance from the KES team, they left with a nine-wicket win. In our next match, against Old Swinford, we showed the same spirit and dogged determination, which this time resulted in a narrow victory of which Haider Lone (3-31) and Nitin Saul (3-17) were the stars.

In the first league match of the season, against RGS, a good middle order performance allowed a score of 179 all out, with Vishal Banerjee (46), Lionel Virdee (44) and Phil Neale (30) contributing. However, RGS were chasing a below-par victory target and we missed chances at crucial periods, so a mature innings of 73 n.o. from an RGS 'England' player helped them towards a five wicket triumph. A similarly frustrating defeat was to follow against Malvern College, where Sammy Patel, overcoming his disappointment at having to play rather than "watching" from the benches on the hill at Malvern, spun his way to 5-21, leaving Malvern on 150-6 after their 35 allotted overs. All was in vain, however, as we fell 11 runs short.

As we entered our first 20Twenty competition, sporting our brand new pyjama-kit, we made a solid start: a good all-round batting performance from Dan Neale (39) and Dan Christopher (26) laid

a platform to attack, which Kieran Iyer (22) obliged by building on. However, a quality performance from the Shrewsbury opener (93), dispelled any hopes we had of changing fortunes. Despite a win in the second game, with Lionel Virdee demonstrating his Tiger Woods-esque golfing skills, we were unable to reach the latter stages of the competition and had to settle for another defeat by Solihull.

Further agonising defeats followed against Wolverhampton Grammar School, King's Worcester and Trent College, leaving the team anxious and eager to make our mark. As we travelled to Repton School, we were reminded that we had nothing to lose. A talented Repton team, having won their previous ten matches, provided a tough challenge for our young players, winning fourth formers Greg Jones and Ed Botha their first and second caps respectively. However, despite spirited resilience from Ed Botha and Dan Christopher alongside a stunning half century from Hussnan Hussain, we were unable to make our good performance count, again falling victim to fortune.

Hussnan Hussain's decisive 3 – 37 enabled us to restrict Hereford Cathedral to just 215 from 50 overs. He then emulated his superb bowling performance with the bat and, with support from Kieran Iyer, guided us home with his second fifty in as many games. Against Wellington College, however, we were left to rue our poor fielding as a magnificent 88 from Tom Burn went in vain.

The very next day, the giants of the MCC graced us with their annual visit to Eastern Road. Bowling first, KES performed well against a team packed with experienced players, but this time fell just two runs short of the target. The MCC can argue that they "staged" the game very well, always giving us a sniff of victory, but always in control of the game: but this cannot offset the pleasure of our improved performances in the last few legs of the season.

Another win followed against the Old Ed's for 160, Dan Neale collecting superb figures of 5 – 18, and then adding to this with an unbeaten 57 n.o., a performance matched only by another Neale, Phil, whose unbeaten half century prevented his brother from 'stealing the show. On-

lookers could only describe the scene before them as "the Neale show".

KES versus Kestrels is a mammoth fixture, and in an attempt to elevate the tension even further, Mr Tinley decided to tell anyone who would listen that this was finally the Kestrels' year. Batting first, KES posted 220 off 40 overs, with Dan Christopher acting as anchor with a patient 71 n.o, using his multi-coloured helmet to good effect. Tom Burn also scored 62 runs, 61 of which were cover drives. With Adam Gatrad scoring an explosive 61 and Mr Roll showing his quality with an electrifying 38, Mr Tinley could barely contain himself: victory appeared so close, thanks in part to a partnership of 64 between Messrs Cloughton and Milne. However, Sammy Patel came to the rescue with tight bowling at the death, to restrict the Kestrels to 216.

Our final match of the season saw us play the Chief Master's XI. Not holding back on selection, the Chief collected what appeared to be more than 20 players, all of whom could play "just a bit". Amassing 258 in just 43 overs, various semi-professional players cashed in, leaving us with an enormous victory target. Following his display in last year's final match, Dan Neale once again scored a nice little total to inflate his average, tragically falling just five short of his second school century. Ed Botha also gave us a sign of what is to come, effortlessly striking 60. But in the end, it was not enough. Not even Kieran Iyer's "superhuman" levels of strength could force a win!

As ever, the whole squad offer their thanks to Mr Stead, Dave Collins, the scorer Adam Townsend, Brian, with his youthful chuckle and valuable umpiring – and finally to Mavis, for providing all the lunches and teas throughout the season, and especially the tea and biscuits on those early Saturday mornings.

With another young team looking to impress next year, we will be looking to learn from our previous mistakes, and build upon the experience that the team has gained over the last few seasons. Hopefully we will complete another enjoyable and successful season of KES 1st XI cricket

Will Arnold

2nd XI

With only a few battle-weary veterans, a new-look 2nd XI turned out this year for our opening game against Shrewsbury. In the batting department the familiar faces of Richard McDonnell, Qasim Khattak and Jack Hambleton were supported by fresh-faced youngsters Pav Grewal and Dan Christopher, while in the bowling department, the team boasted Robert Hall, Robert Condie, Adhuv Prinja, Waqas Ali and Mohamed Saqib.

We trudged over to Shrewsbury confident in our ability to put up a good fight. It wasn't to be. After electing to field, Shrewsbury racked up 176 in their 35 overs, which proved too much for us. However this poor performance was quickly forgotten once we had demolished Old Swinford, with a brilliant batting display from Dan Christopher (61) and Vishal Banerjee (33). Then followed a clinical victory over RGS Worcester, Saqib's bowling figures of 4-26 and Richard McDonnell's majestic 93* the highlights. Confidence and morale sky-rocketed in the 2nd XI Camp, and again we believed we were the best team in the world since the Ashes-winning England side. This self-belief was facilitated by the emphatic words of our two captains and Robert Condie. Words were not enough, however, against a strong Malvern side, and the

only thing we were to enjoy that day was the majestic setting in which we were playing. On a higher note we did enjoy Jack Hambleton's 54 (helping us to a total of 183) and a wicket on the second ball of the innings, so things weren't too bad. Unfortunately what followed was, and Malvern won by four wickets.

Against Wolverhampton Grammar School in our first game at Eastern Road we finished the batting on 152, with a glamorous Ben Heap half-century, which proved too much for Wolverhampton, who crumbled under the pressure of our bowling attack. Mohammed Saqib bowled 2-36 and Adhuv Prinja 4-22, with three of these wickets in one over. When the season was rudely interrupted by various exams, the absence of Senior members meant that Richard McDonnell captained the side against RGS Worcester, where the mysterious absence of KDP meant that the Chief Master was drafted in to umpire. The same game allowed debutant Omar Shaikh the opportunity to play 2nd XI cricket, a chance which he relished, yielding figures of 4-29, while in the batting department Rob Hall's run-a-ball 31 and smaller cameo roles helped us comfortably reach the set total with five wickets remaining. Needless to say, the Chief Master was pleased. Our next game, at Trent, was a disappointment, as we were unable to defend our total of

157, featuring Pav Grewal (54) and Zaahid Khan's (61) 134 run partnership. Led by our fourth captain of the season, Adhuv Prinja, and with three 2nd XI debutants, our inexperience showed as we were easily overcome, although Amar Shanghavi showed some promise for the future.

Our final game of the season was against Hereford Cathedral School. Bowling first, we kept them to 127, which we successfully chased down with five wickets remaining. Our second century partnership of the season, between Jack Hambleton (78) and Adhuv Prinja, in which there were no fewer than four glove and bat changes for the pair (coincidentally following major events in the match) meant that we reached our target. It was fitting for co-captain Qasim Khattak to hit the winning runs with the last shot of his school cricket career.

Upon reflection on the season, all those involved would testify that we fought hard and did reasonably well as a consequence. Thanks go out to leavers Qasim Khattak, Waqas Ali, Richard McDonnell and Jack Hambleton for three years of committed service to the 2nd XI; to KDP, the Chief Master and TFC for their time and effort; and also to all the other players and staff involved.

Adhuv Prinja

U13

Played 13 Won 9 Lost 2 Drawn 1 Tied 1

As the playing record indicates, this was a successful season for the Under 13 team. Unfortunately, the season ended in September with a defeat in the final of the county cup. However, the only other defeat was against King's Worcester in what was a close match. The tie was against Wolverhampton, a game which we probably should have won. We drew against Solihull, after the match was called off due to rain.

The team had all-round strength. Jack Cornick led, both as captain and as the best player. A batting average of over 100 indicates his ability and talent; he also bowled well (being the leading wicket-taker) and set an excellent example in the field.

However, this was by no means a one-man team. Several batsmen scored big

innings during the season. Aaron George frequently got the innings off to a good start; Hugo Clay, Will Watkinson and Matt Richardson all batted well. Will Chesner showed that he could score quickly when he was required to do so and Gaurav Budhwar was a steadying influence at times.

The bowling was spearheaded by Oli Dixon and Will Chesner. Although they were expensive at times, especially in conceding extras, both could bowl fast and with conviction so that the opposition were left on the back foot. Aaron George and, towards the end of the season, Kieran O'Brien, provided some support to the seam bowlers but it was often spin bowling which caused the downfall of opposition batsmen. In addition to Jack Cornick's off-spin, Wrik Ghosh enticed many batsmen to give their wicket away with well-flighted leg spinners – perhaps too much flight at times.

The season started well with a

convincing 7 wicket win over the Worcestershire County under 12 side, a feat which was emulated in the Leslie Fellows Cup game (Warwickshire County Cup) against Queensbridge. RGS Worcester provided some tougher opposition, but were unable to overcome the might of our team, as we recorded another victory.

Our second match in the cup was against Washwood Heath; after bowling them out for 54, Aaron George and Hugo Clay wrapped up the win quickly. With such a great start to the season, confidence and expectations were high, so a three-run loss to King's Worcester was a little disappointing.

Our third cup match against Small Heath was another tight affair. Small Heath managed 106 off 16 overs for the loss of just 2 wickets before Jack Cornick and Will Chesner played well to help get us through to the next round. A match against a strong Trent College side

followed; Will Chesner again performed well, taking 3 wickets, whilst Jack Cornick (83 not out) and Matt Richardson (47) also contributed valiantly to get us through a close contest.

Our last friendly of the season was against Hereford Cathedral School. Matt Richardson scored a superb 82, including 6 sixes and 3 fours; he was ably supported by Danny Garnett, who scored a quick-fire 51, in what was to be one of his last matches for the school. Two cup victories followed, a 48 run win against Broadway and then an eight wicket win over Bishop Vesey's, a victory that took us to the final.

The final was played at Harborne CC in September. KES chose to field first; we did not expect to be chasing over 200 runs in a 30 over match! This proved to be too much, especially once Moseley's captain and opening bowler took 7 wickets in just over 4 overs!

Although this was a disappointment, overall the season was highly successful.



Thanks must go to Mr Mason for all his hard work throughout the season, and of course, to the team for all their

commitment and enthusiasm.

Jack Cornick, TM

U14 A

This was a reasonably successful year for the Under-14 A Team: we recorded six wins and four losses, with the victories against RGS and Kings Worcester the highlights of the season.

Against RGS, we put in a solid batting performance, with Rohan Prakash getting the innings off to a good start, as he frequently did this season. The match was a real contest, but tight fielding, astute captaincy by Harris Ismail and an excellent last over from Rohin Maini ensured the win.

Rohin stood out as the player of the

season. His batting matured wonderfully and he demonstrated a real knack of scoring runs when it mattered, and at the rate required. His batting helped us to victories against Malvern College and Hereford Cathedral School, the latter of which proved to be a real test of concentration, clashing as it did with England's quarter final match against Portugal.

The best performance this season came against King's Worcester, the batsmen scoring freely and allowing us to reach a competitive total of 185. Anish Mehay and Sam Hobbs bowled aggressively, which, combined with some beautiful spin

bowling by Julian Khanna, knocked over the opposition for 120.

Special mention should also go to Pavan Deu and Olly Moreton, both of whom developed their batting considerably over the course of the season and proved to be two of the best fielders in the side. Gaurav Kumar, Siddanth Hegde and Safran Mahmood also proved to be useful bowlers, picking up some key wickets. The team wishes to thank Adam Lax, the scorer, who also acted as 'super sub' on a number of occasions.

All in all, another profitable season for the Under-14 A Team.

Under 14 B

This season the team surpassed themselves by winning all eight matches. In the early part of the season, when the weather was cool, the margin of victory was small – sometimes too close for comfort. However, as the weather got warmer, so the results got better and the side achieved some crushing victories.

Joe Harrison made a personal best of 68 against Trent College and then bettered this against Malvern: he scored 101 not out in an unbroken partnership of 180 in 18 overs with Alex Mason. Alex was also part of a partnership of 98 with Prithpal Sohal, in our victory against RGS Worcester.

The batting was strong in depth and both Akash Patel and Faisal Ahmed scored important fifties in various matches, with Faisal's innings against Kings Worcester including arguably the best shots of the summer.

The bowling was shared around, eight bowlers being used on some occasions. Indeed at Shrewsbury we used seven bowlers, all of whom took at least one wicket. Safran Mahmood led the attack well with steady support from Faz Haq, Edward Blight and Haroon Harmid. Kaisar Malik was our best spinner and most accurate bowler, finishing as leading wicket taker.

Wicket keeper Seb Hall took almost every chance offered to him, including

three sharp stumpings. In addition, he never conceded as many byes as the opposition. The fielding was frequently excellent, the efforts of Edward Blight and Anuj Wali particularly commendable.

The side knitted together to play well as a team, which was a major factor in our successful season. I would like to thank our coach, Mr Jim Evans, for all of his time and support, and Miss Sigston for the organisation of the team. Congratulations to all boys who played in the U14 B team, for what was a truly outstanding season.

Alex McPherson

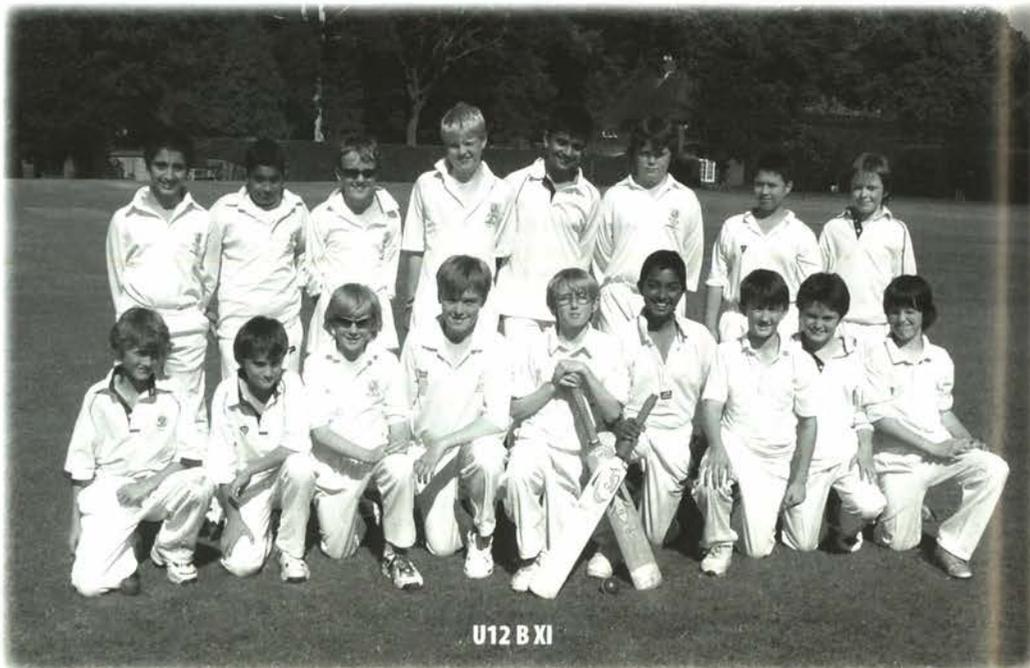
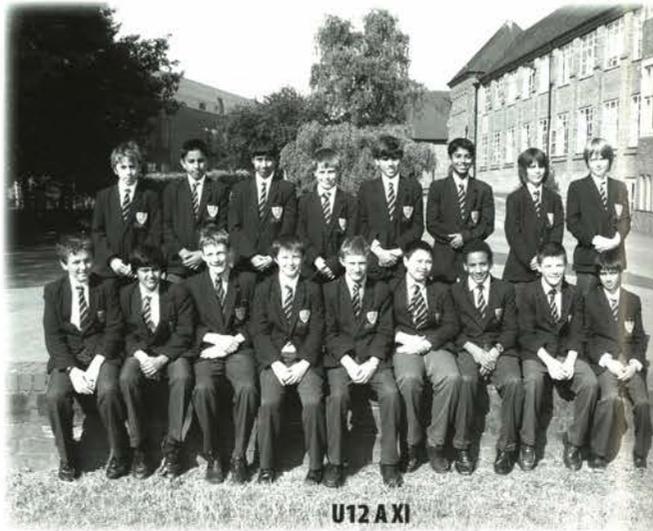
U12 AXI

This year has gone really well. We played 11 matches and won 9 of them, with one being called off due to rain. Some of the victories were very close, whilst others were particularly convincing. One of the most convincing was against Solihull School in the quarter-final of the cup, in which we scored 130-4 in 20 overs and then bowled them out for only 24 runs.

The match against Trent College was one of the closest matches of the season. We batted first and scored a total of 240-8 in 35 overs. We felt comfortable and reassured; however, a strong batting performance from Trent meant that they needed 22 runs off the last over to win. White bowled and saved the team from what would have been their first loss.

Some of the best performances of the year came from the likes of Murali, White and Wigley for their bowling performances, and from Roberts, Richards and Ward for their batting performances. The whole team played well and deserves to be congratulated.

Same White and Nathan Roberts



ATHLETICS

Seniors

I have always found Athletics to be an odd sport, in that it requires both an individual frame of mind and a team-based one. Athletes must be disciplined enough to train and push themselves as far as they can go in their chosen events, whilst always remembering that everything the individual achieves goes towards the team goal. The thing I have most enjoyed about KES Athletics is that it enjoys a very strong team ethic. The team will always want to know how you've performed in your event, and will be genuinely pleased for you when you achieve a personal goal. KES Athletics has enjoyed a period of great success over the last few years and, having only lost a few athletes from the previous year's dominant team, looked set for another excellent season in 2006.

However, our prospects for the Senior season took a heavy blow early on when we lost one of our strongest athletes, Joe Robinson, to an ankle injury. KES Athletics owes a lot of its recent success to Joe, and it was a big blow to the team to lose him. However, enormous praise must be given to the athletes who stepped into his events so ably and performed so well. Richard Sheehan, Owen Chan, John Tipper, Andrew Miller and Jonny Dawkins all competed superbly in the events Joe vacated, and the team owes them all a great deal: particularly Jonny, who has

performed as a utility athlete throughout his KES Athletics career, and has earned the accolade for being the KES athlete to have competed in the largest number of events in total.

The team soldiered on through the season, despite several other injury setbacks, and even with a depleted squad we managed to continue our domination of the West Midlands, with notable victories over RGS Worcester, Loughborough, Bromsgrove, Nottingham High, Solihull, Camp Hill, Aston, Oakham and Warwick. We were also one of the only schools to return to the Harrow Invitational match, and competing against some of the top Athletics schools in the country brought out the best in our athletes: we showcased some superb Relay running in both the 4x100m and 4x400m, with excellent legs being run by Andrew Browning and Charlie Hall in the Seniors.

Of course, each team has its stars, and although so many athletes deserve special mention for their commitment and achievements, I only have space to list a few. The West Midlands Schools Athletics Championships saw Dan Sutton, unbeaten in school running, place 5th in the Junior 800m; Ci Yao got on the podium with 3rd place in the Inter 100 hurdles; Liam O'Brien placed 2nd in the Inter 800m with an astonishing time of 1 minutes 58.7 seconds; and Greg Divald won not only the Inter 3000m, but the Inter 1500m in

a separate meet competing for the West Midlands. Also worthy of mention is Chris Duncan, who is an extremely promising Javelin thrower, having beaten all of our Senior competitors despite being an Inter!

The KES record books were heavily altered this year, giving a true indication of the talent of some of our top athletes. Liam O'Brien set a new Inter 800m record with the aforementioned 1m58.7s time, Greg Divald set a new Inter (and Senior) 1500m record with a run of 4 minutes 03 seconds, and Seb Heaven extended his Senior Shot-put record by over a metre with a throw of 15 metres and 2 centimetres.

KES Athletics really does go from strength to strength, and given growing potential in the Lower and Middle Schools, I can leave the team safe in the knowledge that KES will enjoy athletic success for many years to come. It has been an honour to captain such a dedicated team of athletes. Of course we all owe many thanks to all the Athletics staff, and in particular Mr Birch, who dedicates so much of his time and effort to maintaining the success of the entire team. Without him, we would have no fixtures in which to compete, let alone the prestigious ones: suffice it to say that he is the driving force behind KES Athletics. Good Luck to all the athletes next season!

Seb Heaven



Fourth Year Team

With only four matches scheduled, one of which was cancelled, the Fourth year Athletics team did not get the chance to show its sparkling potential this year. Despite this, we won comfortably in all three matches that we played, proving our talent. The two most important matches were the Foundation Match and the Holden Trophy Match; the former a one-contestant-per-event match, not particularly suited to the traditional KES approach of "strength in depth". Nevertheless, we won in our age group, although KES lost overall by one point.

This near miss was soon to be made up for in the Holden Trophy Match; our last, yet most important, match of the season. There were many excellent performances on the day: Jack Ready storming down the track in the 100m with a time of 11.4 seconds (despite his unorthodox style); Chris Duncan throwing the javelin past the "barrier" (certainly hazardous); and Ismail Akram nearly jumping over the pit in the Triple Jump with a distance of 11.98m. However, KES's victory was not down solely to the performances of individuals, but to the team's depth: we obtained many one-two finishes, which helped us to win by a very comfortable 60

points.

Thus the Holden Trophy is now back in the KES trophy cabinet where it belongs, to the delight of Mr Birch, who deserves recognition for all the effort he has put into organizing the matches. Without him, Athletics would be just another sport in the school, not one of the school's most successful and highest profile sports. Hence I thank him for his enthusiasm. Finally, a word to the Fourths: let's try to maintain this level of success into next year.

Nyma Sharif

Upper Middles

Following a successful season in 2005, expectations were high for 2006: and indeed, the team went on to defeat 35 out of the 39 schools it played.

Star performer Jack Manners achieved a personal best of 11.56 seconds in the 100m and was only beaten once in the Javelin, with throws consistently passing the 40m mark. He was joined in the 100m and 200m by Michael Hawrylak, who managed a personal best of 24.6

seconds in the latter event. Elsewhere on the track Anthony Ojukwu and Rory Singh both enjoyed high positions in the 80m Hurdles. Ameer Allybocus and Mike Hoffman both triumphed in the 400m, whilst Michael Kent excelled in the 800m, along with Alex Bion (who is a great all rounder and always willing to fill in for absentees). Daniel Sutton was unbeaten in the 1500m, where Matt Poole and Rory Singh both competed strongly as well.

Gareth Davies, James Griffith and David Browning dominated the Long and Triple

Jumps, and Gareth and Daniel Sutton both gained personal bests in the High Jump. Alex Winyard and Alex Cattaneo frequently finished as the top two in the Shot and Discus, whilst Will Divall supported Jack Manners in the Javelin.

Overall, it was an extremely successful season with many outstanding individual performances.

Daniel Sutton

WALKING

Walking

This year has seen a marked improvement in the calibre of walking undertaken by the option. The old guard has improved steadily, and several of the new arrivals show great promise.

For the uninitiated, there are two forms of walking undertaken by the option, the first being the classic speed walking. As an Olympic event, this takes precedence, and organised trips to Birmingham University's own speed walking circuit (set idyllically

beside the University Lake) occur regularly throughout the year. A competition consists of two competitors walking round the lake, one clockwise, one counter-clockwise, and the victor is the walker that first returns to his starting position.

The second form of walking is more of an art: the endlessly adaptable formation walking. This is less supported in school time, yet has been practiced extensively in their free time by King Edward's walkers. Unfortunately, as this sport is pretty much unique to King Edward's School, no

official matches have been undertaken at the time of writing. However, this may improve in future years, as other schools and colleges start to take up this lively sport. To conclude, I believe that nothing displays the development of walking in the School better than the ever-increasing demand for places on the option, despite which the sport has retained its exclusivity and integrity.

Henry Cathcart

BASKETBALL

U19 Basketball

This season has been a resounding success, with one of the strongest, and youngest, Senior squads ever to represent the school. Captained by Tom McLeod, this year's U19 team has managed to battle through many tough games and given a good account of itself in all tournaments. We had matured into a disciplined and highly motivated team by the end of the season.

Firstly, I should sum up our achievements this year. We reached the last 16 in the Nationals Playoff and were only beaten by an Academy team from London. That's quite a feat for any school basketball team, let alone one whose training is fully extra-curricular. In addition we were runners-up in the Birmingham Schools competition and lost only in the Finals to an admittedly superior college team.

The U19's this year were a strange amalgamation of year groups, experience

and skill. There was the veteran core of Tom McLeod, Rich Sheehan, Amandeep Khaira, Joe Robinson and Jonathan Tipper, who've been playing together since nursery, supported by newcomer Hyun Kang and the experienced Ammar Haider. Other regulars, such as Amreet Kang, will be essential next year when we lose our veteran Senior players. But much should also be said about the "babies" of the team, who have filled in for the U19 when needed. Eren Battaloglu and Ben Howell have both put in their fair share of court time over the season, whilst also managing to start for the U16 team.

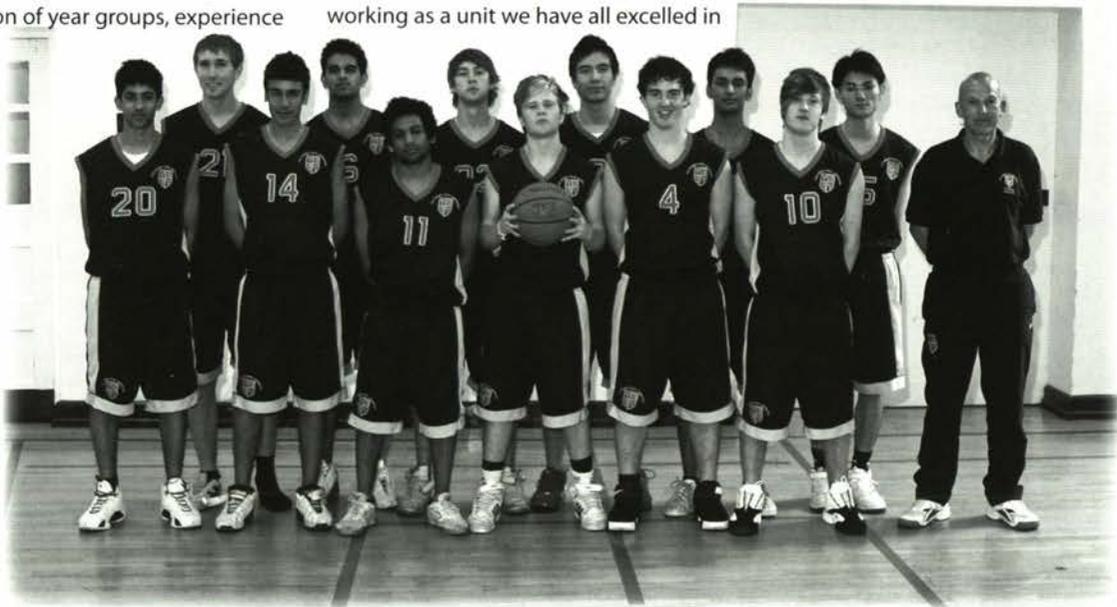
Basketball is a voluntary sport: practices are always after school during the week. In this respect, the commitment shown by this team has been the best I've seen in my time. It's hard to fault some of the new kids on the block, with their trademark Basketball hoodies: the present U16 team, soon to become the new U19 team, is full of enthusiasm. Training together and working as a unit we have all excelled in

some way, shape or form over the past year.

Looking forward to next year, I see a large number of up-and-coming Basketball stars, and plenty of enthusiasm for the sport, in the lower years. This year's success has put Basketball securely on the map of school sports.

It's only fair to finish with a mention to our coach, Mr Birch, who's given up numerous hours to keep the team active. With the addition of two old boys returning to coach this year, a lot of the strain has obviously been taken off the regular P.E. staff, and I'm guessing that next year these handy additions will boost our prospects. Who knows, this article next year might well have trophies to talk about!

Jonathan Tipper



CROSS COUNTRY

The Senior team was captained by Richard Ruston this year. Again they were not particularly strong as a team, though some individual runners performed well. Adam Nooney started his season with a race win, but young pretender Liam O'Brien was hot on his heels, and their rivalry was a continuing theme. Eventually Liam came out on top, and was our best individual runner, coming 12th overall in the League.

Greg Divall spent most of the year playing hockey, but put in two telling performances to log fastest laps in both the Pairs Race and the Worcester Spring Relay.

In the Schools' Cup competition the Inter team, captained by Simon Gateley, came third in the first round at Woodlands School Coventry. This qualified them for the Regional Round at Kenilworth, where Dan Sutton had a good run, but despite

a determined team effort they did not qualify for the final.

Right at the end of the season the Under 12's and Under 14's were successful in winning their age groups at the Greater Birmingham Championships at King Edward's Camp Hill. Ryan Millar and Dan Sutton both won their races outright.

RTB

