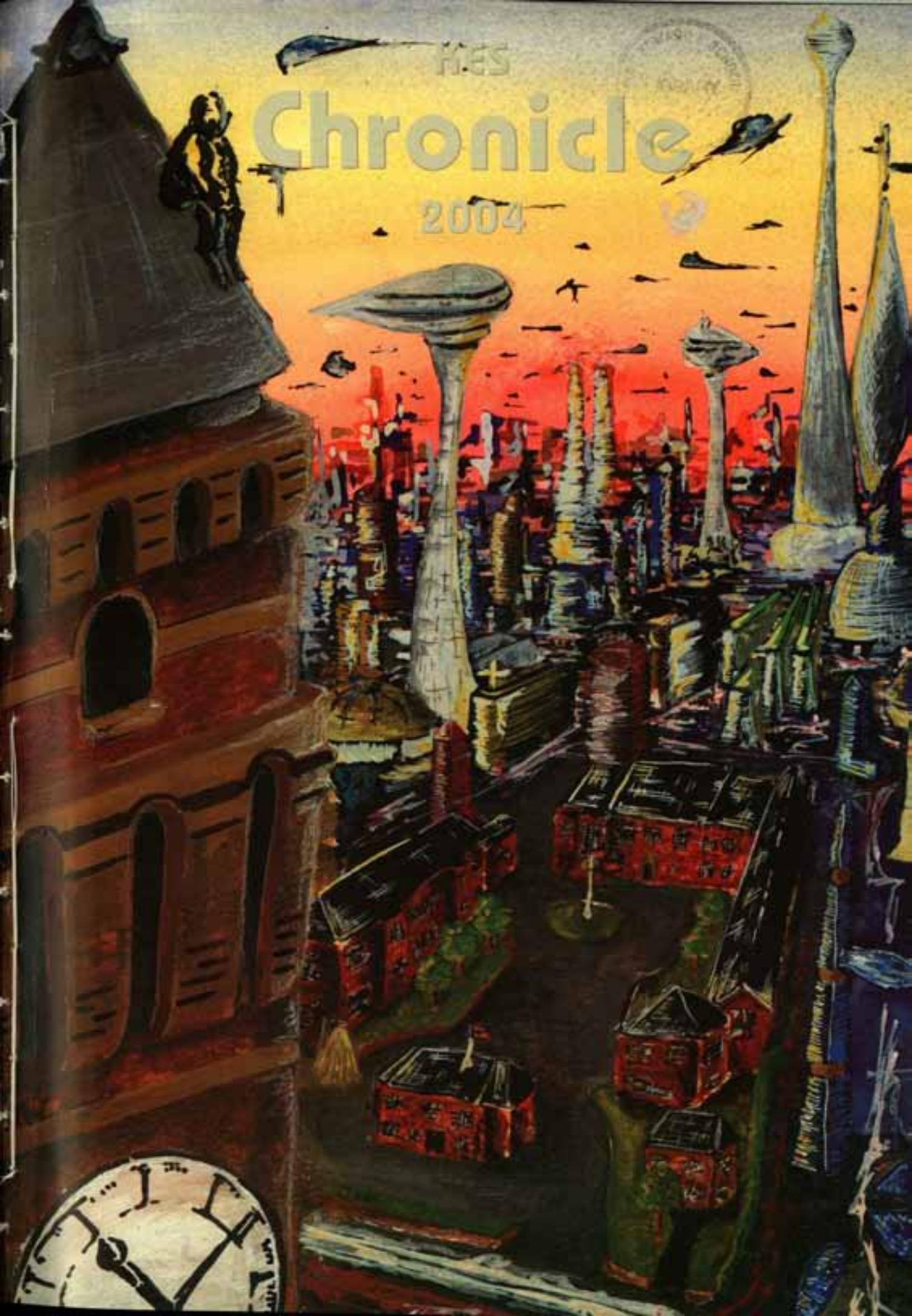


MES

Chronicle

2004



CHRONICLE

2004

CONTENTS

Hellos	5
Goodbyes	16
Features	22
Drama	38
Trips	43
Words and Pictures	62
Music	76
Houses	80
Societies	86
Sport	90

The Editorial Team

Hellos & Goodbyes	Matthew Gammie
Features	Matthew Hosty
Trips	Euan Stirling & Oliver Carter
Drama	Peter Wozniak
Music	Tom Cadigan
Words	Charles Butler
Houses	Amit Sinha
Societies	Jamie Sunderland
Sport	Philip Satterthwaite, Amer Shafi, & Vidu Shanmugarajah
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Editorial

Chronicle is the work of a large number of people. Most immediately we have to thank Sandra Burden at the Resources Centre, who assembles the pages on her computer and who is to thank for much of the fine detail of the magazine's final appearance: I am hugely indebted to her for her energy, initiative and attention to detail.

Earlier in the chain stand the section editors, whose job is to round up copy and pictures for their sections and devise the running order and general page layouts for that section. They also have to go in for a good deal of rewriting: prolixity must be trimmed, irrelevance eliminated, errors put right and facetiousness filtered out. To be a good editor requires not only a good ear for language and a high level of competence in written English: it also calls for patience and good humour in the actual pursuit of material. *Mirabile dictu*, it sometimes happens that contributors to the magazine are strong on promises but weak on performance.

This year's editors have been terrific. Their names appear on the previous page: every man jack of them has taken his responsibilities seriously and remained unflustered by the tardiness, bizarre accidents and (sometimes) outright evasion which have met their increasingly pressing calls for "that article you said you'd write". Gentlemen, you have done well, and I am most grateful.

But at the beginning of the process lie the rest of you: all those who have written about (or photographed) the astonishing diversity of activity at King Edward's School which no League Table registers but which makes this school what it is. In these pages you will find the heart and soul of the place: the teams; the plays and concerts; the expeditions at home and abroad; the CCF; the debating and the chess and the historical re-enactment; the societies and the writing and the art. Among my special favourites this year is Tom Cadigan's awe-inspiring account of Royal Marine training: the article as originally written is almost twice as long as we have had the space to print, but even what is here is one of this year's "must read" pieces. And there is so much more of similar high quality. If KES needs an advertisement, what better advertisement could there be than the contents of *Chronicle*?

Finally, the usual (but still heartfelt) thanks to Bradley Spencer for the Pictures section and for supervising the production of cover and banner art. Thanks to Chris Boardman for his photographic skills, and to the various colleagues in the Modern Language and Classics departments who were so obliging about proofreading articles in languages other than English. Thanks to David Ash and Catherine Tudor for their help in procuring specific photographs, and to Martin Stead for preparing the Cricket summary. And, again, thanks to all of you who wrote for this year's *Chronicle*.

TFPH



Jesus Marletta

ICT Technician

Chronicle: *Jesus, could you please introduce yourself and tell us a little about what you have done before coming to KES?*

Mr Marletta: Well, my name is Jesus Marletta. I've come here from Malta where I worked in an Arts, Science and Technology college. My position there was that of IT and Electronics Technician, and I also taught Computing and Electronics.

What are your first impressions of KES? How do you think the school compares to those in Malta?

I think KES is much more professional. In terms of ICT there is much more investment here, especially since the upgrades which took place during the Easter holiday. Overall there is a very good atmosphere here.

How do you find the English way of life generally compared to that of Malta?

I think life here is more often lived at a fast pace. Generally there is a much



more relaxed air to life in Malta; I think the weather has a lot to do with that, though.

Could you tell us a little about your hobbies?

I'm a big fan of movies; I try to visit the cinema as often as I can. As you might expect I like to play around with computers as well. I really like the old

Amiga and Commodore 64 computers and at the moment I am enjoying emulating and interfacing such all time classic machines with modern technology. It brings me a nice sense of nostalgia from my childhood! I also like to cook and, when the weather is good enough, I like to go for long walks.

Could you share with us a few of your long-term ambitions? Where do you see yourself in 15 years time?

I don't really know where I'll be in fifteen years time. In England or Malta? I don't know. At the moment I'm taking life year by year.

Jesus, thank you.

“Generally there is a much more relaxed air to life in Malta; I think the weather has a lot to do with that, though.”

Philip Balkham

Head of Design and
Technology



Chronicle: Could you please tell us what you did before you came to KES?

Mr Balkham: Before coming to KES I was Head of Design and Technology at Holly Lodge High School in Smethwick, which is a mixed comprehensive school for eleven to sixteen year olds. Prior to that I was at Kingswinford School for five years as a DT teacher, and before that I spent 2 years at Bournville School, just down the Bristol Road,

**"KES has
.....a fantastic
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and I'm
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which is where I started my teaching career as a newly qualified teacher. Before going into teaching I was a product designer for two years, based in Cardiff. That was my first job after university.

What do you think of KES?

KES has excellent facilities, very motivated pupils with excellent opportunities laid out for them, a fantastic working atmosphere and I'm thoroughly enjoying it.

So how do the facilities here compare with your previous schools?

The facilities are quite modern. The DT centre is relatively new so the accommodation is well up to date. There has been considerable investment in the subject before I came here, so I'm very impressed with the quality of the accommodation and the resources available.

Is teaching at KES different to teaching at comprehensive schools?

In some ways it is. At the end of the day boys will be boys: but in terms of motivation and academic ability it certainly is different to some of the comprehensive schools I've been at. It's certainly more challenging as a teacher, in terms of the knowledge and

understanding that the boys want from lessons. Also the standard of work being produced is far higher and more advanced than the work at comprehensive schools.

Does being a DT teacher mean you enjoy D.I.Y. at home?

Yes, unfortunately it does! My wife's very happy about it because about three years ago we moved into a house which was built in 1958, and was in need of total modernisation. So lots of my spare time was taken up gutting out the house, and it's still work in progress!

What are your hobbies?

I enjoy cycling. I try and get out on my bike as much as possible: but this is not as often as I'd like and, as a consequence, I'm not as fit as I'd like to be. From time to time I play squash and I try and play a little bit of golf but I'm not a very good handicap at the moment. Hopefully I can improve that with a little practice.

What would you like to do in the future?

I would like to continue teaching. I enjoy it and, as far as my career is concerned, I'm very happy being Head of DT. It's very challenging but extremely rewarding in the sense that the subject is continually moving forward so I'm learning things, picking up new skills and developing professionally.

Mr Balkham, thank you.

Duncan Witcombe

Biology

Chronicle: *Mr Witcombe, could you tell us a little about your life before coming to KES?*

Mr Witcombe: After University I went to work in the Retail Management scheme for Sainsburys. However, I soon began to question why I had spent four years at university only to end up in retailing. Teaching had crossed my mind, so I decided to get my PGCE; following which I accepted a post at Ipswich School as Head of Department, where I stayed for twelve years. I then moved to Wisbech Grammar School, where I saw the advert for KES. Knowing something of the reputation of the school I put in a speculative application and, much to my surprise, was offered the job.

What was it that drew you away from retail and into teaching?

Whilst doing my MSc at the University of Aberdeen I did a lot of voluntary conservation work, something I had always been interested in. A job in this field would have been enjoyable, though paid employment was scarce: it was therefore more out of need that I accepted the job at Sainsburys. However, it never really fulfilled my ambitions. With a history of teaching in the family it seemed like an obvious path to take and so far I have enjoyed every minute of it.

After more than a term here, what are your impressions of the school and the pupils?

The school certainly provides an excellent opportunity for a fantastic

education. There is the potential to greatly extend your academic knowledge and also to take advantage of an incredible range of extra-curricular activities. Clearly there are some very able boys at the school. However, I think that there are pupils who don't fully appreciate this environment or take full advantage of it; which in my opinion is their misfortune.

Is there anything that you would like to change about the school?

Apart from moving it to a warmer climate and increasing salaries, there is

“With a history of teaching in the family, it seemed like an obvious path to take and so far I have enjoyed every minute of it.”



nothing major! Making boys always hand in work on time, with a smile, would be nice, though that is not anything major. Having always been very keen on football, I would like to see it introduced into the school in some organised form.

What do you like doing in your spare time?

Having recently moved house, there is a lot of work to do at the moment, which takes up a fair bit of my time. I do enjoy being outdoors: at school I enjoy taking part in the hill-walking trips and hope to get involved in outdoor activities. I also coach the U12B Rugby team; I would perhaps like to participate in athletics during the summer. I also love to read, something that helps me to unwind at the end of a long day.

Mr Witcombe, thank you.

Jean Allen

School Librarian



Chronicle: *Could you tell us a little about your life before you came to KES?*

Miss Allen: I was born in Stourbridge so I can claim to be a local girl, although we moved away when I was only eighteen months old. Convent school in Bristol was followed by a degree in Classical Studies at Reading University, after which I worked in an academic library in Cambridge and then in the Nottingham University Library. Then came a postgraduate diploma in Newcastle upon Tyne, followed by several years at Durham University Library. Upon moving to Birmingham I changed direction and became a school librarian, working at K.E. Camp Hill.

“...ideas in the pipeline include book fairs and author visits.”

What are your first impressions of KES? What would you change about it if you could?

The staff and most of the boys have been friendly and welcoming. I don't know what I would change about it if I could - a wine bar in the Common Room, perhaps?

How do you aim to increase the popularity of the Library?

Plans are quite far advanced to refurbish the Library and make it more congenial to work and read in, so that will keep me busy for the next couple of years. I've had various suggestions from boys, including installing a jacuzzi in the fiction section and turning the issue counter into a coffee bar, ideas I've passed on to the senior management. Other ideas in the pipeline include book fairs and author visits. More immediately, I've bought lots of new fiction and DVDs, including a horde of Simpsons comics. That way, at least I've got something to read!

Any great ambitions in life?

Err, no, not really. Apart from becoming Librarian at KES, which I've achieved!

Are you in favour of single-sex education?

Well, I went to a single-sex school, and I've worked in two more, so I haven't actually experienced anything else. I do think single-sex education benefits girls, but I don't think I saw it that way when I was at school myself.

What are your interests outside school?

It goes without saying that I adore reading. I also go to lots of plays and concerts, and make an annual pilgrimage to the Edinburgh Festival to view the latest cultural offerings. As for sport, I swim occasionally and am fond of cricket (watching not playing). I also enjoy traveling during the lovely long school holidays.

What do you like to read?

I like to read fiction, biographies, history, literacy criticism - most things really, as long as they are well written and interesting. The authors I particularly admire are J.R.R. Tolkien, an Old Edwardian, and Terry Pratchett, whose Discworld books would have to be on my desert island.

Miss Allen, thank you.

Loreto Sousa

Spanish Assistant



Chronicle : *Díganos un poco acerca de usted misma*

Señorita Sousa: Nací en La Coruña, una ciudad pequeña de unos 300,000 habitantes en el noroeste de España cerca de la frontera de Portugal. Está en la costa pero llovió verdaderamente mucho allí así fue más fácil cuando moví aquí a ajustar al tiempo.

¿Qué hizo antes de venir a KES?

En España, hice mi grado en estudios ingleses y entonces hice una maestría antes de trabajar durante algún tiempo como empleada para ahorrar dinero para venir a Inglaterra y ahora yo hago un grado doctoral en la educación en la Universidad de Birmingham.

¿Cómo ha encontrado usted KES en su tiempo aquí?

Yo pienso que es una escuela muy agradable. Quiero a los alumnos ellos son agradables y no son muy traviesos, que es bueno para mí. La escuela es en general muy buena para ambos los estudiantes y los maestros, también está muy cerca de mi casa, así que yo lo quiero bastante.

¿Qué hace usted fuera de la escuela?

Quiero ir al cine bastante mucho tiendo a ir un par de veces una semana, si tengo el tiempo. Quiero también los teatros, las óperas, el ballet y yo nado la mayoría de los das y por supuesto voy al bar para una pinta. Adoro el baile salsa: iba una vez a la semana a la Broad Street hay un lugar donde ellos dan las lecciones, pero no tengo realmente suficiente tiempo.

¿Tiene usted planes para el futuro?

Mis planes originales siempre han sido que permanecería en Inglaterra, pero yo quizás acabe en Francia. Para ser honesta, no creo que voy a permanecer en Inglaterra hasta que termine mi grado y después trataré de ahorrar algún dinero para viajar a Francia. "¿Sabes hablar francés entonces?" Sí, pero mi nivel de francés no es exactamente hasta mi nivel de inglés. Era bastante buena en la universidad pero eso era hace 5 años, así que tratare de recogerlo otra vez.

¿Cómo ha encontrado usted vivir en Inglaterra comparado con España?

Yo siempre he adorado Inglaterra, yo venía aquí cada verano a practicar mi inglés y yo siempre dije que trabajaría aquí. Sin embargo, pienso que lo quería mucho más que ahora comienzo a echar de menos a mi familia mucho. Así que Inglaterra es agradable y hay muchas cosas yo quiero mejor que en España, pero hay algunas cosas que echo de menos, ya que la orilla de mar está demasiado fría aquí, y cuando usted sale aquí, todo cierra muy temprano. En fin de todo pienso que hay más cosas en que hacer. Ellos son países diferentes pero ellos son ambos muy agradables pero a fin de cuentas, me gusta vivir aquí.

Señorita Sousa, muchas gracias.

“Ellos son agradables y no son muy traviesos, que es bueno para mi.”

Robert Milne

English

Chronicle: *Could you tell us a little about your life before KES?*

Mr Milne: I started work as Assistant Housemaster and English teacher at Oundle School after university and I taught there for three years. After that I went to Rome for a year: I was Housemaster and taught English at the British International School. In between, I played a lot of sport during the summers, and I coached in different parts of the world.

Had you always contemplated going into teaching?

There were a number of different options that I thought about. However, as I was growing up I enjoyed studying English and also liked coaching sport and working with children. The two seemed to fall together quite well, and the move into teaching seemed to happen quite naturally.

"I would like to see the boys here continue to get as much access as possible to work, travel and culture before they leave school."

What initially attracted you to English as a subject?

The most significant factor was the teaching I had at school. I enjoyed my English lessons more than other

subjects, and I think I was very fortunate in that respect. Early experiences of a subject really shape your views for a long time.

How do you compare your experience in Oundle with teaching here?

I think the major difference between the two schools is the amount of time you spend with the children. In a

boarding school you see the pupils every day and you teach them six days a week. There is also pastoral duty within the boarding houses and that was something that I did enjoy. You simply get to know the children much more thoroughly, because you spend more time with them, in a boarding school. It is, however, nice to have a life outside work these days.

What are your first impressions of KES and its pupils?

On the whole I think the pupils at KES are very hard working. They're engaging and interesting people and I find the school a very vibrant place to be.

Have you seen anything so far at KES that you would like to see improved?

Perhaps some pay increases, and some landscaping of the playing fields to make the back 9 of a golf course would be good. I would like to see the boys here continue to get as much access as possible to work, travel and culture before they leave the school. It is really important that pupils are exposed to possible careers and lifestyles so that they can make informed decisions later on in life.

What do you like to do in your free time?

Usually I like just to spend a lot of time with my friends, play loads of sport, read and travel.

Mr Milne, thank you.



Ben Tanner

Classics

Annales: potesne nobis aliquid de natura vitae tuae dicere?

BJT: adulescebam in Whitley Bay in Northumbria, et in Scholia Regali Grammatica Novocastrici educabar. post hoc ad Cantabrigium adveni ut ibi linguas litterasque antiquas studerem. antea hic laboravi, artem magistri studui, quoque in Cantabrigio.

cur tu magister fieri eligisti?

diu magister fieri volebam, quod in communicata scientia gaudeo; docendo, oblectationem animi habeo. praeterea, feriae lucundae sunt!

ac cur in KES?

nonnullos priscos Edwardienses agnosco, qui omnes viri boni sunt, et reputatio huius scholae potens est.

quae sententiae tuae sunt de KES?

plane schola optima est. ego magni facio individuissimos esse pueros qui, cum excitentur, capaces peritque sunt. ceteri magistri comites benigneque sunt, ut sentiam me acceptum esse.

extra muros, quid facis otiosus?

ut poeta dixit, otium et reges prius et beatas perdidit urbes, sed otium meum mihi magni momenti est. itaque hieme saepe football atque hockey ludo, aestateque cricket. in academia, frequenter ultimate Frisbee ludebam, sed posthac occasionem non habui.

**“nonnullos
priscos
Edwardienses
agnosco, qui
omnes vires
bonos sunt”**

nonne aliquid minuo strenuum facis?

panis et circenses me delectant, ergo eosdem ludos quoque specto. in musica vulgata gaudeo introducebam spectaculos radiographicos; etiam nunc per occasionem in conviviis discos verso.

quid dicis ad eos qui postulant linguas Latinam Graecamque exanimatas esse?

etiamsi linguae perceptae exanimatas esse, nihilominus studiendae sunt, quod certiores in aliis artibus discendis faciunt. non modo si quis discit την γλώσσαν Ἑλληνικὴν lingua Latina adiuvat, sed etiam omnes hodiernas Europaeanas linguas, Anglicana inclusa.

Mr Tanner, gratias maximas tibi ago.

GLOSSARY

adulescere	to grow up
capax	capable
certiorem facere	to inform
exanimatus	dead
excitare	to stimulate, challenge
feria	holiday
fieri	to become
hodiernus	modern, of today
magni facere	to appreciate, regard highly
magni momenti	very important
nihilominus	nevertheless
oblectationem animi	(job) satisfaction
otiosus	at leisure
otium et reges prius et beatas perdidit urbes	idleness ere now has ruined both kings and great cities (from Catullus, Poem 51)
plane	clearly
posthac	after this
prisco Edwardienses	Old Edwardians
spectaculum radiographicum	radio show
strenuus	active, sporty
ut + subunc.	in order to (do sthg.)
versare	to spin
vulgata	popular,



Carol Britton

History



Chronicle: *Could you tell us a little about your life before coming to King Edward's?*

Mrs Britton: I've had about 36 years' worth of work in jobs such as charities and social services, mostly within teaching. I've worked abroad, on Voluntary Service Overseas in Nigeria, and in a variety of schools, including a boys' Approved School which doesn't look so different, some of the time, to here. I have had a long association with this Foundation: I've taught at KEHS, and it's quite interesting to come next door here and to see what it's like.

What are your first impressions of King Edward's?

I did spend quite a period of time as a Deputy Head at Henry VIII in Coventry, which is a co-ed school, and if I'm honest I should say that I miss teaching males and females together. My first impressions are that these young men can act and look in a very charming

manner, but not necessarily all through the day. I'm still amazed, as I walk around the school, at seeing so many 60's hairstyles, which is quite interesting and rather amusing and takes me back to my own youth decades ago!

Have you found it at all difficult to become attached to the school?

I've enjoyed my time here so far and I do feel quite an affinity to the school. It is very different to Henry VIII, and its also very different to the other Foundation school in which I also teach. I see its qualities but am still grappling with some of its characteristics. I think the students have a healthy disregard for some of the traditions of the school and value what should be valued. Although I am a 1960's liberal at heart I do have a problem with some aspects of the pupils' appearance and "cool" manners. I very much enjoyed the Leadership Weekend with a group of Sixth Formers and want to get more involved in extra-curricular activities.

What do you think of the History department here at KES?

It's interesting, dynamic and different. I think it can be difficult for historians as they often wear a number of different

hats. I would like to get to know members of the department better, but I fully appreciate that I am here only part time and all of us are very busy people.

The testosterone atmosphere of KES has not overcome you yet?

I'm not at all overcome by it. In fact there are times when I'm really rather bored by it and I wish we could get on with other things like discussing history!

Any long-standing ambitions you would like to share with us?

Well, I've done voluntary work overseas before, which was very exciting and I'd love to do it again. I want to train to become a Samaritan and I'm hoping it's not too late for me to act on the Royal Shakespeare Theatre stage!

Mrs Britton, thank you.

"...these young men can act and look in a very charming manner, but not necessarily all through the day."

Ian Connor

Physics

Chronicle: *Mr Connor, could you tell us a little about your life before coming to King Edward's again?*

Mr Connor: I came to KES originally in 1990, and taught here for seven years. In 1997 I took up the position of Head of Physics at the Royal Grammar School, Worcester and spent six years and a term there, which I really enjoyed. However, when Dr Loram left KES I was delighted to take the opportunity to come back to this school. And here I am.

What influenced your decision to return to KES?

RGS Worcester is a very fine school, and I certainly had a good time there. However, my family and I live in Harborne, and although we did think about moving to Worcester early on in my time at RGS, we decided that we liked where we are: my family is happily settled, my children are happy at school, and we have good friends and generally like the area.

Has KES changed considerably since you were last here?

To be honest, I don't think it has. A lot of the staff are the same, with only a few faces I don't remember. It has clearly been looked after very well, and from my own experience of the science

school I can see that the laboratories have been upgraded and improved since I left, which makes them even better environments to work in. And then there is the ICT, which has come on in leaps and bounds in recent years. So, all in all, I still find KES to be a pleasant school in which to teach.

When you can drag yourself away from work, what do you like to do in your free time?

I'm trying to learn to play the guitar. I first started at the age of 17, but I hadn't played for a long while since then until, around a year ago, I bought a Fender Stratocaster, which I love playing. So that is what I like to do with my free time at home. I am also a very keen walker and trekker, so I enjoy running expeditions overseas. At KES, because there is so much on offer, the issue for me will be trying to slot in with what is already going on. When I was last here Mr Collins and I ran a highly enjoyable trip to the Picos, to the west of the Pyrenees, and that is really the sort of trip I'd like to do again.

Have you personally got any future goals or challenges, in terms of walking and trekking?

I've been to a number of places on my travels, and of them I especially loved India, so I would love to go back there. I'm also interested in going to the Kazakhstan region for some trekking and climbing. From an individual point of view, I would like, some day, to climb a higher mountain than I've done so far. I've climbed a 6000m peak, and whilst



I don't suppose I'll get round to 8000m, I think that 7000m would be a good aim.

And in terms of your career?

I think I will just see what happens. I am very content with life at the moment: I enjoy working near to where I live, and it's nice when you have your family settled and your children happy at school. It all makes for a very contented life, and anything else on top of that would be a bonus.

I've heard that, when you were first at KES, you were a staff officer in the CCF. Would you be interested in becoming involved in the option again?

I was in fact Contingent Commander so I was running the whole show! I have been approached about the CCF, but have decided not to become involved. It is without doubt a fantastic organisation, for which I have the greatest admiration, but I do not want to feel that I'm returning to KES to do everything I used to do. So far as being painted green and shooting each other in the dark goes, I think I've done enough of that.

Mr Connor, thank you.

"I would like to climb a higher mountain than I've done so far."

Mike Roden

Deputy Head (Teaching and Learning)
& Geography



It's difficult, having moved away from KES as head of Rugby, housemaster and a relatively junior member of staff, to then return as a member of the Senior Management Team to work with members of staff who were Heads of Departments when I first started teaching. That for me is a challenge. I would have to say the best aspect of KES is the quality of its teaching staff and facilities, and the vast range of educational opportunities available to pupils.

Concerning the way you behave, I really can't tell yet. Overall, KES is very much as calm and caring an environment as it ever was.

That's nice to hear! What are your interests outside school?

I took up playing golf about two years ago and joined a club, playing once a week. I guess I enjoy the competition of the sport and it's a great way to escape from the working environment. I am also a member of a Health Club and try to exercise three times a week. However, the major interest has always been, and still is, Rugby. Away from a busy working week and my sporting interests, I do, of course, attempt to spend time with my family!

What are your future plans? To teach at KES or to leave us once again?

I don't know. I have always wanted to be a Head Teacher eventually. However, I remain open-minded about it at the moment. I am beginning to settle back into KES life, and look forward to the challenges involved in trying to harness the benefits of technology to contribute to providing a first class academic education.

Thank you, Mr Roden

Chronicle: You have previously taught here. What have you been doing during your time away from us?

Mr Roden: I left KES in 1990 to be Head of Geography at Bristol Grammar School, where I spent five years overseeing the development of the Geography Department. Since then, I have spent the last eight years as Deputy Head at King Edward's Camp Hill School for Boys in Birmingham.

Thirteen years is a long time away from us; have there been major changes to KES?

A lot of the systems and procedures are very similar. However, when I left, the school was in the process of expanding to five-form entry; so the buildings and facilities have developed as a result of the expansion in pupil numbers. I think the biggest change has been the unsettling impact of continual educational initiatives: most significantly, in recent years, the changes to post-16 education.

Is your return a sign of affection for KES and the way it runs? If so, what is the best aspect of this school?

Are you a fan of the Geography Department here? How does it rank with other schools you have been associated with?

As an examiner who has worked in and visited many schools, in my opinion you would be very lucky to find a better Geography Department anywhere in the country. This is based on the consistently high numbers going on to study the subject at GCSE, A Level and then degree level, which is clearly a reflection of the tremendously high standard of the geographical education that they receive. The facilities, coming back to your previous question, have also improved. When I left there was neither a resource room nor any ICT, nor indeed a Geography technician. The large number of students in the Sixth Form has also allowed me the opportunity of teaching AS Geography, something I really enjoy and haven't done in eight years.

How would you say the pupils have changed?

It's probably too early to say. I would guess that the loss of Government Assisted Places has had implications for the social composition of the school.

“you would be very lucky to find a better Geography Department anywhere in the country.”

Hannah Proops

Drama

Chronicle: *Could you tell us a little bit about your life prior to King Edward's?*

Miss Proops: Well, I left the Girls' School in 1997 and from there went to The Central School of Speech and Drama in London. I got a 1st in Practical Theatre - designing costumes, sets and puppets. A natural progression from there was television puppetry, working on programmes such as *The Saturday Show*, *Dick and Dom in da Bungalow* and *The Disney Channel*. It wasn't really what I wanted to do, so I returned to Birmingham in late 2002.

So what does your job at KES and KEHS involve?

I suppose I'm a bit like a production manager - co-ordinating the productions that run throughout the year: scheduling all the design, building, painting and planning that goes on behind the scenes and generally keeping Mrs Herbert in check!

As an ex-KEHS pupil, what do you feel has been the most obvious change about the schools' ethos?

When I was here, the Divisions year was a time to explore aspects of the non-academic element of the school,

"...Divisions year was a time to explore aspects of the non-academic element of the school."

so I immersed myself in Stage Crew and Drama, taking the lead role in *Oklahoma* (**Chronicle:** *Photos can be seen in the Drama Studio*). However, now the Divisions are dominated by the new AS exams; certainly they seem to have a lot more work than I ever did.

What is it that drew you towards teaching rather than performing?

Opportunity and timing really; life is very different in London as an artist, you really need lots of money to enjoy yourself. I thought I might have more opportunities to do what I wanted in Birmingham. Mrs Herbert just offered me a job out of the blue; I thought teaching might be something new and exciting so I took the job.

What do you think about the quality of the drama at KES and KEHS?

When I got to Drama School I was surprised how little difference there was between what I had been doing at School and what I did in the first year of University. The standard of Drama at this school is incredibly high: you only really appreciate it when you compare it to what other schools, and universities, are able to achieve.

What would you say to people who think that Drama is an easy subject?

Not a lot. They don't sound like the sort of people I'd get on with! Seriously, though, anyone who has ever got up on

stage in front of an audience can appreciate just how difficult it is. It's a very enjoyable subject, therefore it's easy to apply yourself, but if it was that easy then everyone would be an amazing actor.



Apart from drama-based pursuits what do you get up to in your spare time?

My hobbies include stamp collecting, train spotting and exotic tropical fish. I also work as a fashion designer; I've got a label selling in Covet at the Custard Factory and TopShop.

Finally, where do you want your career to go in the future?

To be honest, I don't really mind. I get bored very easily, so as long as I've got about five jobs on the go and I'm being creative, I'll be happy.

Miss Proops, thank you.



Sarah Warren

Librarian

Sarah began her career of Librarianship with a four-year stint as Assistant Librarian at Jesus College, Oxford. In 1994 she took over as Librarian at King Edward's in succession to Kate Moule, the school's first professional Librarian, appointed in 1992. Not infrequently King Edward's has proved a good launching pad for young members of staff, and so it has for Sarah: after nearly nine years here, she leaves to take up in January 2004 the post of Librarian at Eton College.

She has made many good friends at King Edward's. Although we shall miss her warmth, vivacity and sensitivity to other people, we shall also surely keep in touch. In her professional capacity she has given the Library a powerful shove into modernity. Her

"In her professional capacity, Sarah has given the library a powerful shove into modernity."

principal achievements are the rejuvenation of the book stock, which before her work contained too little of appeal to boys in the years from the Shells to the Fifties; the creation of a user friendly environment, her particular talent being in helping boys and staff to find information; the relocation of the Issues desk to its present position facing the central doors, a change long desired on both practical and aesthetic grounds; and the introduction of ICT in all its various guises, including the very popular DVD collection. Sarah also

promoted plans for the refurbishment of the Library, plans which were very much her brainchild and close to implementation at the time of her departure.

Sarah's contribution to the school extends beyond the Library: PSE, Geography Field Trips and water sports have all been the richer for her role. We give her our very best wishes for success and happiness in her new job.

PHSL



Ian Loram

Physics

I am not quite sure if I am the best person to talk about Ian, affectionately known within the physics department as "little Ian"; "big Ian" is, of course, Ian Connor. After all, I have known him for only seven years and some of our colleagues have known him for much longer. He has been more than fourteen years in the job: a quick look at his position in the 2003-2004 Blue Book order will confirm this.

Ian was a mere youngster among the rest of us in the department, yet he commanded total respect and his opinion on all aspects of the subject carried a lot of weight. He was also an excellent Form and House Tutor. Ian was always very approachable and he has been a tremendously supportive member of the department: always willing to have discussions; sharing the anxieties, the frustration and I dare say the enjoyment of teaching physics at KES. A Cambridge degree in Natural Science gave him the confidence to teach physics throughout the school, including Oxbridge lessons, and his students consistently achieved high grades in public examinations.

He taught with a calm and authoritative manner, and he could control a class without ever having to raise his voice. He enjoyed the challenge of developing new approaches to his teaching. To teach the principle of moments and do something useful with it, Ian developed an accurate way of measuring the centre of mass of a

"He taught with a typically calm and authoritative manner and he could control a class without ever having to raise his voice."

human body and tested it with volunteers from his Division Physics set. To do this, a plank two metres long and two inches thick had to be ordered, which set back David Rigby's budget by 30 pounds, no less. The boys enjoyed enormously lying flat on their backs on the plank while their peers swarmed around, taking measurements using bathroom scales and metre rules. Why, you may ask, the interest in the centre of mass of a human body? Well, it all had to do with work he was doing at that time on his PhD thesis: he was considering the inverse pendulum as a model for

analysing the stability of a human body.

Using his free time, Ian spent four years as a part-time PhD student and in the Autumn of 2003 he was successful in defending a thesis on the Human upright balance and was awarded a PhD *cum laude* from Birmingham University. His success there has been our loss. Having experienced the sweet taste of research, he found the temptation of becoming a full time researcher irresistible. We wish him luck in developing his new career and every success in his future plans in this field. He is not, however, going to abandon KES completely. He has promised to be back to give talks to the Scientific Society, and to supervise KES boys working on Gold Crest Award science projects.



M D

Duncan Chamberlain, Andy D

They say that bad things come in threes; AS Modules for instance; England rugby defeats; tired old sayings. But try as I have, and I've tried and tried from every angle, I can't find anything bad to say about this trinity of the Geography department, whom we bid a fond farewell to this year.

Duncan Chamberlain will leave a lasting and massive impression on King Edward's School, not least on his highly coveted seat in Geography Room B. As a frequent visitor to Duncan's classroom, it has been my privilege to see him in action. Sometimes I've called in just for interest and fun (seldom in short supply with Duncan)

he modestly under-rates himself, in his Form, in Careers, or Leadership. Duncan has expected and delivered excellence. He has the unerring knack of bringing the best out of the boys, and to watch those in his charge visibly grow is to witness a relationship of enormous mutual respect. But it is the longevity of this respect that is most astonishing and admirable. Duncan's pastoral net continues to reach far and wide among KES Leavers, whether they be facing the most challenging gap year or beginning to settle into the student lifestyle; they keep in touch because he still cares about them, and they care what he thinks.

But receiving boys into your class the year after they've been taught by Andy is to know that they have been schooled by far more than just a safe pair of hands. He is skilled at instilling enthusiasm and inquisitiveness across the ability range and this is due in no small part to his role as an innovator within the Department. Given Andy's love of cheesy geographical punnery and parallel, I can't resist using an analogy from biogeography here. He is very much a pioneer in the harsh environmental conditions of IT experimentation, laying down nutrients to allow more reluctant late colonisers to take root. Although with his



because my pile of marking had become too dull. At others, it's been for a rant, to vent my frustrations with the world; Duncan has been my sounding board and my confidante and a more patient and wise listener I could not have hoped for. And sometimes, when I know that I'm falling short, I've simply dropped by to remind myself of the quality of those with whom I work, to force myself to raise the bar, to aim higher.

If teaching is a game, then I've seen few more natural players than Duncan. Whether it's been in Geography, where

The term "all-rounder" in teaching, in these days of more resolute focus on academic results, can have a bit of a bad press. But being an all-rounder doesn't preclude all round excellence, and *Andy Duncombe* has this in spades. Andy's "work hard, play hard" attitude has made him one of the most respected teachers in the School, both inside and outside the classroom. Overhear some boys talking about Andy and it's never too long before you hear the wonderfully understated high praise of "He's sound" or, more flatteringly, "He's well safe."

départure the succession has moved on, he never has been and never will be shaded-out. Of course, like any good Geographer, Andy has got around a bit in his time. From the ski slopes of the Alps to the Rugby Pitches of the Southern Hemisphere, he has offered himself freely and enthusiastically. Few have taken as much advantage of, or contributed as much to, the opportunities outside the classroom at KES. Cheltenham College, I know, are getting an excellent Head of Geography. I hope they treasure him.

combe and Matthew Albrighton

For sadly too brief a time, *Matthew Albrighton* has shone brightly in our midst as the Billy Whizz of the Geography Department. His infectious energy and boundless zest for Geography have lifted us all; there's nothing like a younger Turk at the door to make you raise your game. My favourite moment in the classroom this year came when teaching my 4th Form about industrial decline. One of the pupils made a beautiful and quirky link to something I'd said, along the lines of, "Wouldn't Bruce Springsteen be good to listen to on this, 'cos he's written loads of dark stuff about unemployment and despair in America?"

In the midst of praising him

fulsomely for this Hallelujah insight, I asked the lad whether he'd like some of those very lyrics and pulled, to the sound of jaws hitting the floor, a copy of Springsteen's *Youngstown* from my filing cabinet. Of course, none of this serendipity would have been possible without Matt, who had made the same link weeks beforehand and supplied me with the lyrics.

This is typical of Matt: he is hugely inventive, restless, even obsessive (a trait that many of us as teachers probably secretly share) always zapping-in and zapping-out. His lessons are peppery, percussive but never at the expense of giving the lads time to reflect and consider; he knows that you often see more from a slow-moving boat. Matt will know that I can give him no higher complement, because he knows that it is something that I hold dear, when I say that

intellectually, he is the most stimulating colleague that I have had the pleasure to teach with. He has strong views on education and isn't afraid to express them, and the boys love him. One to watch I think.

If you'll forgive me one more slightly pompous, preachy and sentimental indulgence, I'd like to end with some words by EM Forster from *What I Believe*:

"The people I most admire are those who are sensitive and want to create something, and do not see life in terms of power. They produce literature and art, or they do interested scientific research or they may be what is called ordinary people, who are creative with



their private lives, bring up their children decently, or help their neighbours. They represent the true human condition. They are sensitive to others, as well as to themselves, they are considerate without being fussy, their pluck is not swankiness but the power to endure, and they can take a joke."

I admire all three of you hugely: Duncan, Andy, Matt. It's been a blast, and you have all our good wishes for everything that you do in the future.

JPS

"If teaching is a game, then I've seen few more natural players than Duncan."

"Andy's 'work hard, play hard' attitude has made him one of the most respected teachers in the School."

"Matthew's infectious energy and boundless zest for Geography have lifted us all."

In Memoriam Graham Ball

In January of this year we were all saddened to learn of the death, aged 58, of Graham Ball, who had been the Senior Assistant Porter at KES from 1974 until his retirement owing to ill health in 2003.

He actually started work at the school in October 1971, and both Duncan Raynor and I remember him from early on as "the nice porter"; at a time when porters were rather inclined to see the boys as a nuisance complicating their working lives unnecessarily, Graham immediately impressed himself upon us as friendly, relaxed, good-humoured and helpful. He never lost that gift for winning people's regard and affection. I have been very struck, while researching this piece, by the way that everyone I've spoken to about him has been keen to pay tribute to his gentleness, affability and easy-going sweetness of nature. Head Porter Trevor Collins remembers meeting Graham for the first time in 1987: "He shook my hand, welcomed me to KES and warned me not to take on anything I had not signed up for, like the CCF. Advice maybe I should have taken heed of. Graham was a tower of strength, especially in those early days when civilian life and the job were alien to me. Knowing that I was by myself when I first started, he would knock at my door and offer to take me to his local Club for a drink. He would volunteer to work the weekends so I could go home to Ripon to see the family."

Graham took life at his own pace and enjoyed his work: when his final illness presented itself, he met it with the same patience and good humour. He endured a great deal of pain, caused both by the cancer and by its treatment, without complaint or self-pity. He remained as active as possible at home, and was always interested in the life of the school, listening sympathetically to the difficulties and frustrations of the staff while saying very little about his own.

During 32 years of working at KES, Graham undertook a wide range of duties. One of his own favourites, in the old days, was the delivery of Canon Lunt's daily sherry supply. His special preserve in more recent years has been maintenance of the Swimming Pool: Stuart Birch points out that, under Graham's supervision, the Pool was never closed and no technical problem remained unsolved. His knowledge of the fabric of the buildings was extraordinarily minute: he knew where all of the little passages and stairways led to, he understood the increasingly erratic ways of the old boilers, and our recent difficulties with the heating system would surely have benefited from his expertise. As well as overseeing the hiring out of the Pool, he also assisted Development with organising wedding receptions in Big School. He and Roger Wootton formed a very effective team, and the school has received many letters from

newly-weds singling out the duo of Graham and Roger for special thanks. He was a spirited and affable barman at formal CCF events. A complete list of his contributions to KES would be a very long one.

Yet at the core of his life was his family. He was a devoted husband to Linda and a very proud father to Debbie, especially supportive of their work with children. Graham and Linda fostered children for the city for many years and, even when they stopped doing that, Linda became a registered childminder. Graham's kindness to, and patience with, the boys at KES had their roots in a real sympathy for the young: indeed, one of his relaxations was the writing of stories and poems for children. It must have been a real consolation that he was able to see his daughter married a week before he died: Trevor Collins has described Graham's organization of that event and his walking the bride down the aisle as "unquestionably the bravest deed I have ever seen."

On February 6th, Graham's funeral cortege paused briefly at the top of the drive before proceeding to the cemetery: to say goodbye to the house next to the Foundation Office, where he had lived since 1972, and to the school he had served so well for more than three decades.

TFPH





Combined Cadet Force

CCF - Contingent Commander's Overview

Adopting last year's successful format once again, I propose to give a brief run-down of selected highlights from 2003/4 to show the broad range of our activities, and rely on the specific reports to give a sense of the flavour of CCF life in more detail.

Inspection

A high point of the year was the Annual General Inspection. The Reviewing Officer was Brigadier Chris Murray, commander of 143 (WM) Brigade and responsible for all Army presence and operations throughout our area. Despite this awesome power and responsibility, he proved to have the human touch, and was very positive in his encouragement of cadets and his appreciation of the displays he saw. The report contained such encouraging phrases as "an extremely well run, highly motivated and efficient Contingent," "impressive standard of drill and turnout," and "imaginative, exciting and enjoyable training programme". It was also good to have recent Old Boys like Midshipman Oliver Scanlan and O/Cdt Matthew Clarke among the team of Inspecting Officers.

Team Achievements

For the first time we have entered every Brigade competition on offer, gradually climbing the CCF league table as we moved from Military Skills through Orienteering to March & Shoot and the Brigade Skill at Arms, where only a narrow defeat by Malvern College denied us the Falling Plate trophy. Victory was finally achieved with a joint first place in the Summer Camp competition at Warcop. The RAF Section once again secured Regional shields in First Aid and Physical Challenge, and this time earned a place in the National finals, where they won First Aid and Shooting outright and secured overall fourth place nationally.

Selected Individual Achievements

WO2 Mike Gardiner	HRH Duke of Edinburgh's Gold Award Winter Mountain Experience Course
WO2 Emir Battaloglu	HRH Duke of Edinburgh's Gold Award Winter Mountain Experience Course
PO Ollie Carter	CTC Frimley Cadet Leadership Course
PO David Woods	CTC Frimley Cadet Leadership Course
Cpl Anand Pandit	CTC Frimley Cadet Leadership Course
Cpl Tom Devias	RAF Stafford Air Cadet Leadership Course
Cpl Tom Cadigan	Top Cadet, Royal Marines Arduous Training Course
Cpl Joe Perini	RAF Gliding Scholarship
Cpl Vivek Balschander	RAF Gliding Scholarship
Cpl Ed Cousins	RAF Gliding Scholarship
Cpl Matt Riddell	RAF Flying Scholarship
PO David Wheatley	RN Diesel Engines course
L/S Yassar Mustifa	RN Advanced First Aid course
	RN Advanced Kayak course
Cdts Audley & Pritchett	RN Range Firing Course
	RN Adventurous Training Course
Cdts Davis & Heap	RN Power Boat Coxswain Course
Cdt McKenzie-Ward	RN Naval Warfare Course

Training Opportunities

As well as individual courses, it is worth listing the numbers involved in CCF activities outside school since the last *Chronicle* went to press, to show there is CCF life above and beyond KES on a Friday afternoon. This year:

- 70 cadets have attended two training weekends with the Army Section;
- 60 have attended two training weekends with the RAF Section;
- 31 RN Cadets have attended an Adventurous Training weekend at Capel Curig;
- 19 RN cadets have attended a Naval training weekend at HMS Bristol, Portsmouth;
- 54 RAF cadets have flown the Grob Tutor aircraft at RAF Cosford;
- 25 RAF Cadets have flown Vigilant gliders at RAF Cosford;
- 19 Army cadets have attended Brigade Summer Camp at Warcop;
- 21 RAF Cadets have attended RAF Summer Camp at RAF Valley;
- 7 RAF Cadets have attended RAF Easter Camp at RAF Cosford;
- 36 cadets have gained First Aid training awards;
- 14 cadets have been introduced to Adventurous Training at Fremington;
- 8 cadets have been kayaking in Scotland;
- 6 have qualified fully as PADI Open Water SCUBA Divers;
- 4 cadets have competed in the Portsmouth Regatta;
- several Senior NCOs are close to gaining their Duke of Edinburgh's Gold Award.

Staff News

In July we said a fond farewell to Flying Officer Howard Smith, RAFVR(T), only to be greeted in September by Lieutenant Howard Smith (CCF), resplendent in the familiar DPM uniform but with a change of beret and capbadge and the fetching addition of the Fusilier hackle; we are grateful for his willingness to help rationalise our staffing by moving over to the Army Section. A warm welcome too to Pilot Officer Colin Howard, a real qualified pilot, who joins the RAF Section from September 2004.

Thank You to all the Officers, Instructors, and Senior NCOs for their time, care, and dedication; and to all members of the CCF for their enthusiasm and good humour.

DHR

Army Section Overview

After another successful recruiting drive by the newly appointed non-commissioned officers, September 2003 saw 15 fresh-faced 4th formers being welcomed into the ranks of the Army section of the Combined Cadet Force.

As members of Connolly Platoon, these innocent young recruits were soon developing their soldiering abilities under the command of the aforementioned NCOs (Slim, collectively) as well as finding the camaraderie that can only come from spending cold nights together in the field, or endless hours on the Parade Ground being screamed at by the most fearsome drill sergeants the CCF could produce (well, Sgt Sebastian gave it his best shot...). By the time the first Expeditions Weekend of the school year came around, the new boys were beginning to fit into the Army's rigorously demanding schedule, whilst the members of Vyse Platoon (5th formers) were acting like true old soldiers of the Contingent; the only problem was, they were still a bunch of arrogant arty types with long hair.

It was left to the members of the Cadre (Divisions) to demonstrate real class, both on the drill square and on exercise. They played enemy on Expeditions Weekend with cunning brutality, teaching the NCOs a thing or two about effective fieldcraft, and decimating the friendly forces in the dawn raid early on Sunday morning. As Capt. Collins commented, many valuable lessons were learnt, including when not to launch a full frontal attack on a well defended enemy position! After this rude awakening, the NCOs got



Charlie refused to be fooled by Cadre's "hey, look over there!" routine

down to business. Michael Gardiner, with the gargantuan task of trying to mould Vyse into something resembling a proper platoon of cadets, stood out amongst the sixth formers, his particular strength being getting the most out of all of his men. Michael's efforts rightly earned him rapid promotion to Warrant Officer 2nd Class, a turn of events that incited Emir Battaloglu, his long-time rival for supreme command of the Army section, to bash Connolly into soldiering shape; Emir too earned promotion to WO2.

By the end of the Autumn Term, the Army section had two fine Warrant Officers as well as a host of (mostly) able senior NCOs, and thus had little to fear from the other services in the annual tri-service competition, where it cleared both the RAF and RN out to retain the trophy for another year. The Christmas dinner was therefore a celebratory occasion for

the Army, even more so for the members of the Cadre, as they discovered that they had all passed Capt. Collins' merciless leadership course, and had thus all gained promotion to the rank of Lance Corporal. Cdts Butler & Cadigan were jointly named as top cadets on the course, and special mention must also be made of Cdt Bilal Hassam, who, in the face of a not insignificant number of doubters, stoically soldiered on and was there to receive promotion at the dinner, by which time many of those doubters had long since fallen by the wayside.

The new year saw the beginning of training for a number of competitions, including the Area March & Shoot Competition and the Tremlett Trophy Artillery Competition. In both of these, our boys performed admirably, particularly the Tremlett Trophy team, which progressed to the national finals of the competition under the capable leadership of C/Sgt Wakil. Meanwhile, thoughts began to turn towards the definite highlight of the CCF year, the second Expeditions Weekend, at Swynnerton Training Area. When it finally came around, towards the end of the Spring Term, the Army Section had certainly evolved: Connolly were looking stern, and some members of Vyse had actually sorted their fashionable hairstyles out. Expeds 2 was thus a useful and, on the whole, successful affair, with a gripping narrative (involving obscure Far Eastern border patrols) being played out in style by all involved. Again, the dawn raid saw an annihilation of the friendly forces by the enemy, as LCpls Butler & Cadigan popped up from a hidden trench just as the main assault force was going in.

Now the final big event of the CCF year, the Annual Inspection, loomed large on the horizon. Brigadier Murray, the inspecting officer, would have the cheque book in his pocket from which KES's MoD budget would emanate. It was thus supremely important that we impress him, and accordingly the entire contingent put in a lot of hard work. It was with great pride that we eventually marched on to the Parade Ground at 1800 prompt on a pleasant evening in May, with WO2 Gardiner having just beaten WO2 Battaloglu in the race to be Parade Commander, the highest honour for a member of the sixth form. The Army Cadre, having carved a place for itself in the KES CCF Hall of Fame thanks to its fearless leadership, stringent discipline and undoubted class, was inspected by the Brigadier himself and led the contingent on the march past. As the parade itself, the formal part of the evening, came to an end, the CCF moved on to the various static displays and other events: the Army, as ever, put on a number of fine shows, with Connolly demonstrating their weapon handling skills in a tense and exciting competition, Vyse looking tough and soldierly in a mock patrol harbour, and Cadre taking first place in the Gun Run Challenge.

Rounding the evening off with a demonstration attack on South Field, the Army again showed that it was still the most able, ruthless and disciplined section of the CCF (C/Sgt Wakil's entanglement in a large hessian sheet excepted), after which the Brigadier presented a number of awards to particularly talented individuals of the contingent. Many congratulations, therefore, to WO2 Gardiner, who received

the coveted Knight Memorial Medal; to WO2 Battaloglu, who gained the 2nd place award for Slim; to LCpls Cadigan & Butler, nominated best & 2nd best Cadre cadets respectively; to Cdt Harborne-Jinks, best Vyse cadet; and to Cdt Bowater, best Connolly recruit. At this point it also seems fitting to thank both Capt. Collins and WO1 Storey for all that they have done this year. Without their assistance, particularly in the area of administration, the Army section at KES simply could not exist. Thanks also to Squadron Leader Raynor for his leadership and organisation of the entire contingent during what has definitely been one of the best years for KES CCF's Army Section in recent times. Here's to more of the same in the future.

Charlie Butler

Royal Marine Commandos Arduous Training Course

Have your ID ready! he barked. Name? *Cadigan, Corporal*. Remember where you are, Ginger. There's no walking in Commando Training Centre Lympstone, you're either marching or doubling (running). Better blokes than you have ***** died trying to pass the ***** Commando Course, so if a bloke with a green lid tells ye to ***** do something, ye ***** do it.

This was my welcome to the Royal Marine Commando Training Centre! Situated between Exmouth and Exeter, this is where all of Britain's elite Commandos are trained. CCF legend hails the Arduous Training Course as the most challenging course cadets can do, and so it was with some trepidation that I got off the train, before having my worst fears confirmed by the introduction from the machine-gun-wielding Green Beret at the gate. There were twenty cadets in total on the course; most were about my age but all of higher rank. A number were Marine Cadets, who went to an out-of-school cadet group run by ex-Marine Commandos and so were determined to demonstrate how bad the CCF were and how Commando-worthy they themselves were. Neither of these things turned out to be completely true.

The next day, having collected our kit for the week, we were taken on a Lympstone acquaintance tour combined with a bit of physical training. We were led off at a fearsome pace by Cpl Hogan, who talked non-stop about the history of Lympstone while we tried to keep up and fought to get enough oxygen into our lungs. We were then taken for what he described as a Quick Dip. This involved standing in the freezing estuary as the tide came up slowly from our knees to our necks, with weapons raised above our heads. After about forty-five minutes one of the lads collapsed and so we were, somewhat grudgingly, allowed to return to dry land and to proceed at the double to the firing range. Here, I fired a lot of very powerful and destructive firearms, including a Browning .50 Machine Gun with explosive-tipped rounds and, my personal favourite, the LAW 94 Anti-Tank Rocket.

Tuesday was the Physical day. The morning was devoted to the Royal Marines Fitness Assessment in the Gym, followed by Unarmed Combat (taught by undoubtedly the hardest man in the world, who took great delight in demonstrating his stuff on me) and then Swimming. We all thought this would be a nice chance to relax: however, we were given a circuit instead. One length, get out, fifteen press-ups, get back in, one length, get out, fifteen press-ups and so on. Fifteen repetitions later, and with the group now down to 12 through injury and exhaustion, we were all just about ready for lunch, but the PTI thought it would be a good idea for us to do fifty more repetitions until we all started to drown as our arms had lost any capability of movement.

Then, after lunch, we were driven to Woodbury Common, the venue of the legendary Royal Marine Commandos Endurance Course, as seen in the cinema advert with the underwater tunnel. Having passed out on my last attempt at this eight-mile course, I was determined not only to complete it but to do so with a touch of class. I knew that if I made the effort to be at the front I would get a longer break when we arrived at the obstacles. After two miles of tunnels I'd gained a comfortable lead, and was enjoying the lead instructor's stories of blood, sweat and tears from the Course when we came to the clay pit. This is fifty metres of glutinous knee-deep mud. Without too much trouble initially I bounded through the obstacles and leapt up the six foot mud wall at the end. "OK, Ginger, while you're waiting for your oppos to catch up, you can do it a few more times," he said with a sadistic smile.

By the fifth time my legs had no bound left in them and as the pack approached I prepared to give them all a leg up out of the pit. They came tearing through and I flung them out one by one, becoming more and more embedded in the clay myself. As the last man came past, I thrust my hand up to be dragged out, only to see the group disappearing off into the distance. Left with only Cpl Hogan for company, I dragged myself out of the mud, using my rifle butt and the last bit of energy I had, and set off to catch up with the group. I persuaded my legs to get a move on and slowly retook my place at the front of the pack. The last four miles were conducted as a squaddened run, jogging in step at a hellish pace, only relenting to put another one of the Marine Cadets into the Land Rover every mile or so.

Wednesday to Friday was to be our field phase. We would live out in the field honing our military and survival skills. This phase of the course began with fifteen miles or so of one of the most stereotypical Marine activities: yomping! This is load carrying over distances, as fast as possible, while maintaining field discipline and being ready to react to enemy contact. At the first sign of the enemy we would all dive to the floor and be suffocated by the mountain of kit we were carrying (around 80lbs of it). At one point during the Survival Training section, we were left to our own devices to make a fire and build a shelter for two men. Using nothing but a fallen tree and a blue plastic tarpaulin borrowed from the nearest farm, I created a warm home for me and my oppo. We feasted like

kings and enjoyed hot wet (cup of tea) after hot wet while we listened to the groans of the others, stuck in their half-built wigwams and lean-tos, getting drenched by the torrential downpour.

Next morning, after yomping back to Lymington, all that was left was the final de-brief and the presentations. We all received pass certificates despite the numerous drop-outs. I was fortunate enough to receive Top Cadet Award and fought hopelessly to hide my elation as I marched up to the Captain to receive my cup. For those of you who fancy going on this course, I would advise you not to take it lightly. It is hard, but extremely enjoyable and a great achievement. If you think you're good enough, give it a try!

Tom Cadigan

RN Section Overview

Are you sure that's right? Yep. You're positive? *Absolutely.* Wow, who would have thought it possible? All three CCF sections have the same number of recruits. Perhaps the alarm bells should have started ringing after that conversation, but we dimwitted NCOs weren't perceptive enough to realise that change was in the air. Not since the prodigal year of 2000 had recruit numbers in that most famed of Friday afternoon options, the Royal Navy CCF, hit such an airy high. Could the tiny section deal with the pressure? Of course we could.

Following the departure of two long-serving officers, Sub-Lt Tudor and Lt Everest, we welcomed into our midst a newly promoted Lt Leaver, and her faithful deputy Sub-Lt Ash. Any doubt about the abilities of these rookies to organise the section was quickly quashed by an excellent first term. Highlights included several new cadets gaining kayaking or sailing qualifications, the first Expeditions Weekend, and, of course, an unashamed budget-spending spree on the fantastic scuba diving course for the NCOs (and Jack). The opening of the January transfer window saw a shock managerial decision, in which PO Gogna departed to an excellent Cadre squad and PO Mackay transferred back to work with the other NCOs.

The Spring Term came and, with the cadets threatening to descend into anarchy, it was time to bring out the big guns: the NCOs really got down to business, not least PO Patel, who could regularly be seen breaking out into motivational speeches: "What part of NO do you not understand?!" March brought with it the most eventful Expeditions Weekend of recent memory, certainly one for the history books that one, after which the section was faced with the AGI. This year we were lucky enough to be inspected by two serving officers, Lt Mark Harrison (Submarine School, HMS Raleigh) and Lt Matthew Moules (Birmingham University Royal Naval Unit). The presence of real Naval Officers had the desired effect on turnout, and after frantic applications of gel, bobby clips and hair bands we managed to look quite smart! Even more amazingly, the march past was a complete success:



The Underwater YMCA routine still wasn't quite working particular mention must go to Cadre, who did themselves proud, parading as a separate unit for the first time in CCF history.

It's a shame, then, that the Gun Run did not continue the successes of the evening. Despite excelling in this event all year, we fell to pieces on the night, leaving us an embarrassed third of three! Our *piece de resistance* came later, in the Pool: it is by now traditional for the RN cadets to put together some kind of bizarre terrorism or first aid scenario, but this year we positively overflowed with creativity, managing to combine the two and include displays of kayaking, snorkelling and scuba diving to boot. Many thanks to all the officers: a great deal of hard work was put into the preparation of the Pool display, and into teaching Calum to march straight. It was all much appreciated!

Thanks must go to the NCOs for a job well done, and congratulations to Lt Leaver and Sub-Lt Ash on an outstanding first year in charge. Join up, people, the revolution has only just begun.

PO Ravi Gogna and Lt Leaver

Royal Navy September Expeditions Weekend

We arrived at the barbed wire fences of Capel Curig army base late on Friday. We unpacked, and checked out our relatively comfy barracks: not quite up to the standards one would hope to find in a Navy Mess, but then, what can one expect from an inferior service? Later that evening, after our first meal in the mess hall (the motto of which seemed to be "if it ain't greasy, it ain't wholesome!"), we headed over to a climbing wall at another nearby army base. We all had a chance to be-lay and to rock climb, which turned out to be good practice

for the activities later in the weekend.

On Saturday we had an early wake-up call for Physical Training. Sit-ups and chin-ups in the wet and the dark really put us in the mood for a cooked breakfast, with grease. Later that day we split up to perform three different activities: outdoor rock climbing with Sgt Graham, who had been borrowed from CTT and was particularly popular among the staff for bringing a big screen TV and a preview copy of *2 Fast 2 Furious* with him; kayaking with Sgt Bakewell, also from CTT and memorable for his particularly enthusiastic warm-up exercises (immortalised on camera by Miss While, whom we still need to bribe for the negatives); and hill-walking with Mr Rees. The groups split the activities up over three sessions, two on Saturday and the third on Sunday.

On Saturday evening we split up again into different



Frankly, the nightlife was pretty lacklustre

groups to take part in some Leadership tasks: having begun the day running round in the dark, we finished it the same way! Luckily, however, none of us got eaten by the crocodiles. On Sunday we all did the last of the three main activities and waited for the bus to pick us up and return us to school. The last thirty minutes of our time in Capel was spent in a café that bizarrely doubled as an outdoor clothing store, and it says much that most of us were too tired even to shop! We had a really tiring but hugely enjoyable weekend, and thanks must go to all the training staff, Miss While, Mr Rees, Sub-Lt Ash, Sub-Lt Crocker (Clifton College) and Lt Leaver for making it all happen - and for the PT, of course.

Laurence Vickers and Mark Woodward

Royal Navy Spring Expeditions Weekend

After the long journey down to Portsmouth, the new IVth form cadets were finally able to see HMS *Bristol* - a decommissioned destroyer moored at Whale Island Naval Base - for themselves, and the older cadets returned to a place of very fond memories. Friday evening was spent listening to talks on sea sailing, presented by cadre members, followed by a PLT.

Following a mess inspection, we eventually got to sleep, a unique and interesting experience on a warship.



'If not duffers, won't drown'

Up bright and early on Saturday morning, we undertook the first of a series of long marches to the dining hall, which served to improve the section's drill markedly. The dire weather conditions meant sailing to the Isle of Wight was out of the question. The strong winds and waves did, however, provide excitement, as it was necessary to dash as fast as possible across the pontoon connecting ship to land, LS Yeomans and Cdt Thomas being the unlucky souls half-drowned by spray on one occasion.

The morning was spent attempting a challenging and very long orienteering course, which was won by Team Fearless, who proceeded to double-time in formation back to the coach. The section visited the highly informative Royal Marines museum in the afternoon, an insight into one of the many aspects of the Navy. Following a rotation of PLTs and PT, it was a tired group that returned in the evening for the traditional football tournament, a highly competitive affair, with Team Endurance triumphing in a tight final.

Sunday's visit to HMS Victory, Nelson's flagship, proved a pleasant excursion, mainly due to the very interesting tour guide, who thankfully decided to abandon the usual script in favour of a more lively tour. Unfortunately a photo in front of the aircraft carrier HMS Ark Royal was foiled by a Marine on the gangway and a patrolling police boat, although seeing the ship was thrilling in itself.

The improvement in our drill was evident when we turned heads marching laterally along three steps before acknowledging a Union Flag, though the timing meant the second squad thought we were saluting the shop in front of it. The expedition culminated in a visit to the interactive Action Stations, which provided more physical games, shooting and flight simulators.

The section returned home, having had a thoroughly good time, better at drill, better informed and completely exhausted, as was apparent from the many sleeping heads on the journey. A successful expedition was ensured by the tireless effort of the NCOs and of course the commitment of the Officers.

Many thanks, therefore, to Lt Leaver, Sub-Lt Ash, Squadron Leader Raynor and Ms While for their time and organisation.

P. O. Ravi Gogna

RAF Section Overview

The RAF section has gone from strength to strength this year under the watchful eyes of F/S Gopal Rao, CWO Vikram Balachandar and CWO James Waddell, achieving greatness both in and out of school.

This year, for the first time ever, the RAF section reached



The National Competition Team at RAF Uxbridge



The RAF peacekeeping force in action

the national finals of the Ground Training competition, which culminated in a meeting of the elite schools at RAF Uxbridge in March. In this competition, schools compete against each other in Shooting, Drill, Leadership, First Aid, Physical Training and, everyone's favourite, Aircraft Recognition. Having come second in the regional competition, we were expecting to come away empty handed. However, this proved not to be the case when we

gained first places in Shooting (against teams who possess their own 100m ranges) and First Aid (which also qualified the team for the National First Aid competition at the Royal Military Training Academy at Sandhurst in October). At the end of the day we achieved 4th place overall, only 5 points off 1st place, having beaten the team that had beaten us at the regional stage.

Within KES, the RAF section had a similarly good year, with two successful Expeditions Weekends to Swynnerton and Nesscliff Army Training Areas, Easter Camp at RAF Cosford and Summer Camp at RAF Valley. At Cosford cadets had the opportunity to experience the thrill of flying in a Grob Tutor, including the chance to attempt aerobatics such as the Loop-the-Loop, Cuban Eight and Barrel Roll. At the end of the week, cadets were treated to a flight in a Griffin helicopter, which proved to be truly exhilarating and gave great views of the area. At Valley all enjoyed the usual activities, plus the bonus of every cadet receiving an individual half-hour slot on the high-tech Hawk flight simulator.

This year also saw a massive rise in the number of cadets earning shooting badges: five Marksman, eight First Class and nine Second Class awards were presented. Sixty-five cadets had the opportunity to go flying at Cosford, plus the flying opportunities afforded at camp. Sixteen cadets went gliding, with an additional five being awarded week-long residential Gliding Scholarships, and Cpl Matthew Riddell won a prestigious two-week RAF Flying Scholarship, completed in August 2004 despite the foul weather. Cpl Tom Devas was successful in his bid for a place on the RAF Air Cadet Leadership Course, held at RAF Stafford during July 2004. In addition, the RAF Section received a superb report following the Biennial Inspection. RAF displays on the evening included an excellent Drill demonstration by the National Competition team, flight simulators, a display of aerobatics on a remote control glider and a First Aid display in which the entire team survived (always a good thing).

Next year the RAF section looks to become even stronger with the impressive intake of 25 new cadets. However, a new crack team of Sixth Formers has been assembled, newly emerged from Flying Officer Smith's gruelling Cadre course. Unfortunately, it seems to have proved a bit too gruelling for Dr Smith, as he has chosen to leave the section to join the Army. I am sure that he will be missed. We also look forward to welcoming Pilot Officer Howard to the RAF Section in September. Thanks must go to Squadron Leaders McMullan and Raynor and Flying Officer Evans for a year both smoothly-run and littered with successes.

Sgt Tom Bradish

Easter Camp at DCAE Cosford

On 14th April 2004, four cadets were driven by Sqn Ldr Raynor to DCAE Cosford (formerly RAF Cosford) for this year's Easter Camp. There were 40 cadets in total, from six schools including KES. We were split up into

four flights and briefed on camp procedures. For the duration of camp, the three Divisions from KES were promoted to Corporal, allowing us to take on a greater role in the running of our flights.



Cadets disembarking after a flight on a Griffin helicopter at RAF Cosford

The week was packed full of activities, not necessarily RAF-related. The first night, for instance, we spent bowling, the first game of which contributed toward the inter-flight competition. Over the course of the week, a range of tasks was set to test our intelligence, involving giant Meccano sets and even Lego. The latter gave us the chance to meet an obscure character known only as Mo. We spent the greater part of a day with Mo, who forced us to think for ourselves and managed to make each group gel and work together with an uncommon level of efficiency.

Friday gave us the chance to visit various sections of the base. DCAE stands for Defence College of Aeronautical Engineering, as the majority of the sections are devoted to the teaching of engineering. We were guided round various hangars, where technicians were being trained on ex-service aircraft. Major high points included sitting in a Jaguar and a Tornado, both of which still bore the names of their previous pilots. We also got the chance to take a tour of the bomb and missile museum, and contemplate a picture of the damage an exploding aircraft tyre can do to a soft, fleshy, and careless technician.

Our final section visit was to RAF Regiment Flight, the closest thing you'll get to the Army in the Air Force. Here we were given the opportunity to use a small arms training range, using laser equipped automatic rifles to fire at a simulated target. This is the most high tech piece of kit used by the RAF Regiment, whose job is to protect ground installations, airfields and access points, such as base entry checkpoints and VCPs (Vehicle Checkpoints). This latter provided the main subject of the night exercise, the object of which was to assess and deal with a simulated scenario relating to a VCP. Scenarios ranged from terrorist attack to drunken airmen driving recklessly. Each flight ran two scenarios. My flight dealt badly with a terrorist hostage situation on our first run. For our second we were determined to succeed: unfortunately for the airmen, their attempt to

kidnap me was met with more force than was strictly necessary, resulting in one airman ending up with the corner of a Land Rover tailgate in his back, and a corporal, merely a spectator, receiving a fat lip from one of the more enthusiastic members of my flight.

On Sunday there came a chance for us to indulge in the staple activities of every RAF camp, flying and shooting. We were on the range first, but not with the usual No.8 rifles used in school. We fired the L98A1 Cadet GP rifle, a single-shot version of the weapon used by the Army in Afghanistan and Iraq. Our scores contributed to the inter-flight competition. Toward the end of camp, there was a drill competition and the inter-flight quiz. We were also treated to a flight in a Griffin helicopter, thanks to the extensive contacts of one of the attending officers.

The climax of the week was the award ceremony, which saw my flight win the inter-flight competition by a tense margin, partly helped by our impeccable room inspection scores, which once saw us score straight 10s. We were each awarded a certificate and a component part from a jet turbine!

Finally, to round off the camp, each flight had been given the task of creating an amusing skit lasting several minutes. The result was two renditions of *Blackadder*, one *Fable* and an episode of *Big Brother*. The officers also put on a skit for us, which ended with the burnt-out Riddell Engine having to be doused with a cup of water. All this and more can be seen on a videodisk, shortly to be arriving with Sqn Ldr McMullan, who deserves many thanks and much gratitude for his work organising and supervising this year's Easter Camp.

Cpl Jason Jibrail

RAF Summer Camp

My first visit to a fully functional RAF base would be to RAF Valley in Anglesey, home to 22 and 208 Squadrons (advanced jet training), SARTU (Search and Rescue Training Unit) and the Hawk Synthetic Training Facility, one of the most advanced flight simulators in the world.

The twenty-one KE boys involved faced a week of sleeping from twelve to six, shooting, completing command tasks, swimming, going out on night exercises and thinking hard. We were accompanied by two other schools, Kimbolton and Bridlington. After dumping our bags in our rooms, we met some of our fellow cadets. Following tea, we rushed to change into our DPMs (combats) for the night exercise. These are the most looked-forward-to exercises of all for cadets, as they involve creeping around at night trying to fulfil objectives. It may sound pointless but it is intricate and fun.

For the night ex we competed in school teams, but next day we were split into four flights. Getting to know your fellow flight members and working as a team would be the key to success throughout the week, and inter-flight competitions

would feature heavily in the programme. Contests would be held in everything from sports to drill, testing our abilities to gel as a team. The camp was made even more exciting by this slight sense of rivalry.



Tom Bradish: undeterred by the limitations of dining "al fresco"

However, not everything was competitive. Work experience gave us all opportunities to pursue our interests. Options included everything that RAF Valley could offer. As I have mentioned before, Valley is home to the Hawk Synthetic Training Facility, which includes a fully functional model of a Hawk fighter cockpit. It allows you to experience a flight in a Hawk, and is normally used for training jet pilots when the weather is too bad for a real flight. Each cadet was given a twenty-minute spin.

Our stay ended with a disco til midnight, so it was not surprising that many of us woke up bleary-eyed at six the following morning. Rooms were tidied ready for the next camp and good byes were exchanged between friends. Leaving for home I felt tired, but content that I had learnt a thing or two to show people back at school. Many thanks go to Sqn Ldr McMullan for organising such a good first camp, to Sqn Ldr Raynor for practicing his first aid on my swollen and rather ugly looking bruised ankle (sustained purely from football), and to Fig Off. Evans for his good company.

Cdt Kevin Ling

RAF Flying Scholarship

The train journey into Dundee Station was pleasant until it started to rain: a great welcome to Scotland, and its weather. I was soon to find out that this weather had been consistent in Dundee for the previous two weeks. This meant that there were two people on the course who had been there for three weeks prior to my arrival. Those on the previous course had, on average, managed two hours of flying each - quite poor if you consider the fact that the group had been at the flying school for seven days already.

During the first week the weather improved remarkably, and many of the cadets from the previous courses did a lot of flying, with even those from our course getting a little. We did get a scare on the second day, with reports in the newspaper of hurricane warnings for Scotland, but thankfully these proved to be wrong, and the course continued as normal.

On this course, we had the opportunity of choosing which aircraft we wanted to fly. The two options were a Cessna 152 and a Katana DA20. Both are two seater aircraft with instructor seated on the right and student on the left. However, the Katana is slightly more up to date, with considerable similarities to the Grob Tutor and the Grob Vigilant Glider. Given my ambition to be a pilot, I was urged to carry out my flying scholarship in the Cessna, as most flying schools use this aircraft and very few use the Katana. This meant it would be far easier to find a school at which I could gain my Private Pilot's Licence.

On about the fourth day of the course, we had an interesting encounter. A man paid for one of the school's five-hour starter packs, which cost £500. Nothing wrong with that, you may think. However, he not only paid in cash, but asked if he could learn in the largest aircraft the school owned and have all the lessons as soon as possible because he was desperate to learn. Suspicion filled the mind of the Managing Director, who promptly telephoned the police. The man was arrested and questioned on suspicion of terrorism, although he was later released without charge.

During the second week of the scholarship, about six people flew solo, one of whom was me. The weather deteriorated again after that, so I had to halt my progress in the solo circuits because of excessively strong winds. To put the strength of these into proportion, we let go for a few seconds while manoeuvring one of the Katanas and the plane found itself half-way down the taxiway. Orders were given to tie all aircraft down to avoid injury or damage.

The most rewarding aspect of the flying scholarship is your first ever solo flight. However, there is one other extremely rewarding part; the Solo Sector Recce (SSR). This is when your instructor sends you out on an hour-long flight, by yourself. I had the privilege of flying along the River Tay to

Carnoustie and watching people play golf at Carnoustie Golf Club (home to the Open Golf Championship two years ago), before flying along to Arbroath to view the Abbey and Cathedral. I then flew back along the sides of the hills towards Dundee Airport to complete the flight. All of this at 2,500ft above the Earth's surface.

The total cost of the flying aspect of the course comes to £1,500, so it is well worth getting your full twelve hours of flying in. However, it is not just the flying that is paid for; accommodation and food is also included. This brings the total value of the Flying Scholarship to £2,500, all paid for by the RAF. Unlike the week-long camps on RAF bases that occur in the Easter and Summer holidays, there is a lot of free time during the evenings, and in Dundee there is plenty of entertainment to occupy all. Cinemas are within a short taxi ride of the hotel, and the main road, which is crammed full with bars, is at the end of the street. The accommodation, I am pleased to say, is far superior to that which you are given on camps; a good quality hotel with an Italian restaurant located directly underneath. What more could one ask for?

Cpl Matt Riddell

Gliding Scholarship

At Easter I was fortunate enough to go on a gliding scholarship to RAF Sealand, where, having first been misdirected around the now part-civilianised base, I was joined by the other nine students on the course. After a friendly briefing by Sqdn Ldr Eddie Chalenor, the rest of the first evening was spent relaxing in the cadet block. Although we were not aware of it at the time, it would be the last evening we had to relax completely for a while. It was also a good opportunity to get to know the others on the course.

Reveille was at 0730, followed by a typical RAF cooked breakfast (a very important meal) in the combined mess. The group then took the minibus across to the other side of the

base, where the airfield was located. We were led into an AEF-style Portakabin building, and introduced to the gliding instructors. After the weather briefing, the significance of which we would later come to understand, we were given a lecture on the basics of flying the Viking winch glider. A first winch launch is quite an experience: one is accelerated from 0-60mph in less than three seconds, before adopting a steep rate of climb up to around 1000 feet. The pilot then releases the winch cable, pitches downwards and commences gliding. At this stage the instructor controlled the launch, but it would soon be down to us.

Each day we were faced with new challenges, progressing through basic control of the aircraft to more advanced manoeuvres, actual launching, and what to do in an emergency. The latter meant the pilot releasing the winch soon after take off, first demonstrating normal procedures, and expecting



Matthew Riddell getting into a glider at RAF Cosford earlier in the year

us to use our initiative and complete an emergency landing. Landing in general required a particular degree of sensitivity in the use of the controls, but was very satisfying when done well. When not in the aircraft, we were all asked to help keep the other GS students flying. Whether that meant being a wingman, i.e. keeping the wings steady immediately before launch and giving the commands to pull in the cable, or helping retrieve the gliders once they had landed, there was plenty to get on with.

In the latter stages of the week, we began to do the majority of the flying ourselves, and were taught the complexities of circuit flying. It became immediately apparent how important it was to have a firm grasp on the basics when one also had to think about launch failures, altitudes, wind conditions, distances and airspeed, to name but a few. Toward the end of the week I was fortunate enough to be considered capable of flying a solo circuit, and with the adrenaline pumping I gave the order to the wingman and was soon on my way. It was with some relief that I landed the glider gently on the airfield at the end of the flight: as the saying goes, take-offs are optional but landings are compulsory.

All students present on the course received their silver wings, to be worn proudly on their uniform, and after a tiring but highly enjoyable week, we all went away with a few friends we hadn't known a little while ago. We were all very grateful to the flight staff instructors and other personnel involved, for their input into such a brilliant experience.

Cpl Joe Perini

Air Cadet Leadership Course, July 2004

Subtle hints as to the content of the Air Cadet Leadership Course, based at RAF Stafford, were given in the initial paperwork: the provision of several sheets of different knots and the all-too-infamous tripod building techniques were the main preparation for the course. The connection between tripods and the ability to be a good leader isn't always obvious but, as I saw first hand, it is certainly there.

The course is very well designed, and incorporates not only the theory and practice of leadership, but encourages the development of self-confidence and the ability to work productively and effectively in team units. Although it may not be recognised at the time, early morning PT, regular drill practices and meticulous room inspections all help in self-organisation, and promote the mindset that everyone is responsible for everyone else in the team, regardless of who is Flight Leader.

The rest of the course is based on improving leadership skills and developing them to a high level. There are three stages of command tasks, each harder than the previous. Each member of the Flight takes command for a task in each stage and is then fully debriefed by the Flight Commanders, one of whom has normally just finished his officer training at

RAF Cranwell and the other of whom is a CCF or ATC officer. The debriefs after each command task were the main area for learning, both from one's own actions and the actions of the others in the flight, whether leading or participating. The third stage was based at Swynnerton, where everyone lived out in the field, completing the command task along with a log run, orienteering and a night exercise.

Although the course was gruelling, this was for the sake of observing participants' ability to lead whilst under both physical and mental strain, produced by everything from putting up 10ft pine poles to simple lack of sleep. One particular Flight was slightly unfortunate in having all but two members injured by the end, although none very seriously! Nonetheless, the course was very successful in improving everyone's leadership technique and ability.

Cpl Tom Devas

Friday Leadership

After another year of unbounded success for the Leadership option, from the infectious (if a little chaotic) ebullience of the IVths to the tongue-in-cheek diligence of the Divisions (under the, er, unique teaching style of Oli Fawcett), it's probably time to reflect.

As a Sixth Form teacher this year, being harassed week after week by pretentious fourths and the even more terrible retributions of Vidu Shanmugarajah for failing to supply him with a satisfactory number of doughnuts from the Dining Hall (specifically for teaching use, you understand), I have nothing but respect for last year's hierarchy: headed up by the indomitable Ed Sandison and Joe Speight, and ably assisted by a crack team of enthusiastic teachers. I struggle to think where they got the willpower to put up with the likes of us every Friday afternoon (though evidence does point to a number of disreputable Broad Street establishments).

From the first tentative games of Barrels and Planks, through to the many, many, many code games, and the inevitable annual Miss Leadership contest (last year won emphatically by Vidu), the year was a hard struggle for many of the Sixth Form teachers and their supervisors, but their determination made it thoroughly enjoyable and rewarding for me and my fellow students. Who can forget the impressive displays of the joint IVth/Vth form afternoons, led by Harry Hecht and Rob Hollyhead, or the utterly awe-inspiring David Meisel OHP lectures?

The current hierarchy has already got off to a flying start under the brilliant leadership of Charlie "Beefcake" Rees and the year group leaders Vidu "Beefcake" Shan and Rob Beefcake Hill (notice a pattern emerging?), and even though we have the lowest teacher:student ratio in recent memory (because of the heavily over-subscribed nature of the option) we hope to emulate last year's resounding success story.

Of course, none of this would be possible without the support, dedication and general all-round patience of the teaching staff involved, who aid, control and encourage this

essentially student-run option, which could easily degenerate into a seething mass of water-gun fuelled mayhem but turns out to be one of the most rewarding and enriching experiences that the school has to offer. Many thanks go to BMS, DEM, JPS, and LMR. However, the special mentions must really go first to AED, who leaves us this year, having participated in the option almost since its inception, but even more so to DNDC, for whom also this was the last year of Friday Leadership. Without him, there would be no Leadership option on a Friday afternoon, no memorable games of Barrels and Planks, and, perhaps most importantly, many hundreds of students would be without the wonderful memories that will remain with them throughout their lives. For so many years he worked tirelessly (albeit under the influence of many a can of John Smith's smooth northern bitter) to make Leadership the vast and exciting option it is today, and he will be sorely missed. Despite this loss, he leaves it in the capable hands of LMR, to whom we are very grateful. We, the new leaders of the option, can only hope to achieve the success of last year's teachers. But we'll give it a whirl, innit.

Peter Wozniak

Living History

2003 - 4.....should go down on record as the year that The Living History Society, still a relatively young institution, was suddenly forced to grow up.

Admittedly, we always increase in collective stature with each event we attend, as we are constantly facing fresh challenges: however, an extra spanner was thrown into the Angel Delight by Mr Davies' extended absence during the Summer Term. Despite our increasing membership, we are still essentially governed by a single member of staff (although Mr Burns continues to prove himself invaluable in our Friday afternoon sessions), and said member of staff's illness left us in a distinctly precarious position.

The first half of the season was not afflicted by any such problem. After a return visit to Cosmeston Mediaeval Village, the highlight of which was undoubtedly this writer's daring retrieval of a coloured rubber ball from the sty of an extremely large pig, we plunged fearlessly back into the murky waters of TV filming, appearing in one programme of a History Channel series called *The Map Makers*. Our residual bitterness towards the production company, the suspiciously-named Wild Dream Films, over a piffling question of pay (ours, which they halved) was largely soothed when we saw the

finished product, a frankly damn classy little show which has apparently since aired in the USA and Japan. In fact Dr Hosty, who starred as a sly Scottish spy, got more screen time than the entire group put together, but we still enjoy spotting our little cameos as Minion and Other Minion.

By Easter, however, we were facing up to the perturbing prospect of a Parents' Association evening, which we had undertaken to host shortly before being deprived of our pious founder. Thankfully, we only panicked a tiny bit, and ended up putting on a show which seemingly delighted everyone who attended. This was actually one of our biggest achievements in the whole year, and we venture to suggest that other societies might like to try staging a public event without teacher support: we can vouch for the beneficial effects on Leadership and Teamwork and Similarly Useful Skills. In all seriousness, this episode forced the entire group to work very hard for several weeks, and the evening itself was exhausting to the point of actual bodily collapse, but its success conclusively proved the ability and determination of everyone involved. Our only regret was that JPD couldn't be there on the night to witness the results of his own hard work in training us all.

The highest-profile gig of the year took place at Warwick Castle, the UK's premier Mediaeval tourist attraction, and as such a rather prestigious venue with little tolerance for amateurish cock-ups. Realising this, we sensibly didn't make any. The crowds were larger than anything we had encountered before, with even the journey to the nearest facilities tending to entail one getting stopped en route and photographed with random tourists; the heat was unforgiving, especially in woolly clothes; and the travel arrangements were complicated by the unavailability of both minibuses (minibi?), a situation only resolved with the generous



A minor disagreement at the Parents' Association Evening

assistance of Mr Mertling-Blake and his car. Nevertheless, we not only coped, we coped with a certain degree of style, and the organisers professed themselves very pleased with us. Barely had our trousers cooled when we were off again to Berkeley Castle, the masochistic annual event which involves us actually getting shot at: you'd be surprised how much a rubber-tipped arrow hurts when launched from a 30lb longbow on the other side of a moat, and having to spend the night afterwards in a primitive canvas tent doesn't exactly soothe one's aches and pains. Alcohol, as we can attest a mile too cheerfully, is a great help for both these hardships.

It would be not only unfair but plain stupid to close without mentioning our heroic Juniors. This stalwart band, picked from the first three years of both schools, has begun to play a more active part in the life of the Society; as well as attending Friday lunchtime meetings, they have turned up for archery training, begun the long and finger-bruising process of learning swordsmanship, and even proved themselves very capable at out-of-school showings, especially at Selly Manor, the start of what will hopefully become a series of Junior Events. Our team of first year girls, who are small, unpredictable and terrifying, ran rings, and a KEHS Open Day display, around the feet of the bewildered Head of Living History, whose timid queries about whether they needed any help were met with gazes of ageless, scorching female contempt. A special "hail, fellow" goes to Rob Cheel, who could only be prised off the Warwick trip with the aid of pliers (and a great pity it was that we had to prise him off at all, but we were already facing far too much paperwork without taking Juniors as well. Sorry, Rob).

Enormous thanks, as ever, to Mr Davies, temporarily down but never out. Thanks also to various other officers and gentlemen: Mr Burns, who is simply indispensable; Dr Hosty, who provided transport, legal responsibility and a digital camera for the mammoth undertaking that was Warwick, as well as assuming the television role of John Elder, the Shiftiest Man in Europe; Bill Ruston, who very kindly agreed to give up a whole evening to act as our archery supervisor; and Mr Andronov, who has been unbelievably supportive throughout, not only finding the time to take a personal interest in the fortunes of the society but also giving us a really useful tip on sweeping out our armoury. It's thanks to



An archery display at Warwick Castle

them all that Living History can now stride out at the forefront of KES extra-curricular life, bigger and more confident than ever before, and beat its chest in an off-puttingly masculine fashion. Plus we have a really cool website. Raaah!

Matthew Hosty



Who's the fat bloke in the middle?

Senior Competitive Debating

Debating has long been a KES tradition: names like Lavery, Goodman and Deger-Sen have gone down in the annals of history as those who have brought glory upon themselves and upon the School. Could Siddons, Tite and Waddell be added to this great pantheon in their final year? Maybe. Perhaps not Waddell.

The season began with the Mace, never KES's strongest competition, but the less experienced team of James Waddell and Richard Lau broke with tradition by reaching the second round. Having achieved this milestone, they were clearly exhausted by their success, and duly exited at the following stage. Matt Siddons, the new addition to the First Team, burst onto the scene in the opening round of the Cambridge Union tournament. In a lacklustre home debate KES managed to propel two teams to the second round of the competition. Another One-Two here put Matt and David Tite through to the finals in Cambridge, ensuring KES were represented for an unprecedented sixth year running. However, an underwhelming start in debates on agricultural subsidies and prisoners rights put paid to hopes of emulating past triumphs, and even a runaway victory in the third round could only secure ninth place overall.

Although KES have traditionally enjoyed more success at Cambridge than the Other Place, last year's second place nationally at Oxford gave confidence for the regional round. An unofficial first place finish from among over twenty teams meant David and Matt qualified for another Finals Day. Despite this strong performance, obstacles remained on the path to glory. A planned minibus excursion to Oxford for Matt, David and their entourage of adoring fans was scuppered when, while checking the vehicle's oil level, Mr Stacey removed not only the dipstick but also the oil tank! [Well, not quite - SLS] Fortunately, helpful parents were on hand to shuttle the group down the M40, arriving just in time for the first round. Here, the favourites Dulwich were dispatched in a debate on a King Edward's speciality, nuclear power, earning KES a semi-final place. A reasonable performance against unfancied Farnborough and strong opposition from Aberdeen Grammar led to an anxious wait for the final draw, and a confused reaction when neither KES nor Aberdeen qualified. However, a debating competition would not be complete without questionable judging and a healthy feeling of righteous indignation, and the KES party left feeling satisfied with fifth position on the tab and Second Best Speaker (out of 144) for David.

Because of CCF commitments, Matt was unable to compete in the final competition of the year, at the Durham Union, and his place was taken by Vth former Richard Lau. This injection of youthful vitality marked a turn in KES's fortunes, and an impressive winning streak in the preliminary rounds meant the team qualified second on the tab, with a good showing from the B-team of Shane Murray and

Lawrence Hunt. An easy semi-final win, on the intriguing motion *This House would imprison beggars*, booked a Grand Final place. However, having not expected to reach this stage when the tournament started, David and Richard entered the final under-prepared for the pre-released motion. Nevertheless they acquitted themselves well and were rewarded with a national third place.

Although the official Schools season was now over, an interesting coda was provided by the summer Opens. Last year's A-team of David Tite and Samir Deger-Sen (now an Oxford University debater) was resurrected for the City and LSE Open competitions, with opposition from schools, universities and the occasional barrister. A disappointing fifth place at LSE was followed by a great run at City, and a KES team finished top of a debating tab for the first time since 2001, albeit from beyond the grave.

In all, then, a pretty good season, with its share of surprise victories and disappointing defeats; it is fair to say that no KES team entered a competition expecting the result it achieved. Although the Old Guard of Tite, Siddons and Waddell depart for ignominy on a University level, they leave debating in the safe hands of Richard Lau et al., and under the ever-watchful eye of Mr Stacey.

David Tite and Matthew Siddons

Junior Competitive Debating

On Sunday 25th April, overcoming sweaty palms, shaky voices and some 50 teams from all over Britain, the Junior Debating First Team of Rousseau Dasgupta and Ashvir Sangha finished 5th in the National Competition for Young Debaters held at Oxford University.

Success indeed! And a success that has crowned this year's Junior Debating season. After the team had finished 8th out of the eight qualifiers in the Midlands Qualification Round for the NCYD, scraping through by the skin of our teeth, it was something of a surprise when, at Oxford, we marched on to finish the tournament placed higher than all seven of the teams that had finished above us during the Midlands section (which, incidentally, took place across the road from KES, at Birmingham University). Understandably, Rousseau and I were over the moon at coming 4th on the Team-Tab and 5th overall. Many thanks to our Fourth Year fan club, who came down to support.

Elsewhere, in the English Speaking Union's Public Speaking Competition, Lawrence Hunt, Seb Heaven, Richard Lau (who filled in admirably for Seb in the final) and Ashvir Sangha fared well, reaching the Brum Final. This brought the added bonus of speaking in the Birmingham City Council Chamber, the prestigious venue for an event which, although we didn't win (congratulations to an awesome Warwick team), we nonetheless learnt a lot from. As for the Midlands Schools Debating Competition (KES represented on this

occasion by Shane Murray and Ashvir Sangha), success as a team was limited, but Shane received a well-deserved accolade as Best Speaker in the tournament.

It seems to me that debating is an activity over which people's opinions are often quite divided. I urge you all to keep an open mind and, just like Lipton's Ice Tea, "Don't Knock It Until You've Tried It". Suffice to say that, judging by the progress of those lower down the school who have so far had a go (the future beckons for the likes of Michael Scoins, Adam Townsend and Greg Divall, for instance), the foundations are firm for what I predict will be successful times ahead for Junior School Debating.

Ashvir Sangha

Senior Schools' Challenge

Your starter for ten: what connects 1998, 1999, 2003 and 2004? Correct. The answer is that these were years in which KES were National Champions in the Schools Challenge competition.

Now, for a bonus: can you tell me which player featured in all of those victorious teams?

The answer is the phenomenal David Tite, who first took us to the top in the Junior part of the competition in the late 1990s, and then repeated that success at Senior level in the new century. It has been a privilege watching David over the last seven years. His knowledge is awesome, but it is his sheer speed of response, coupled with a remarkable ability to anticipate the question, which have led our good friend "Mrs National Organiser" to describe him as the best competitor she has ever seen. In 2004, his final year, he surpassed even his own lofty standards.

It is, of course, important to acknowledge the contributions of the rest of the team, all brand new competitors, who provided sterling support. Tom Grant had emerged during the House Challenge season as one to watch: his particular strengths were his literary knowledge and his morale-boosting sense of humour. Ashvir Sangha, Alisdair Morgan and Tim Kovoov all performed very well.

Securing the Regional competition with little fuss, we were drawn against Woodbridge School, from Suffolk, in the Inter-regional round. Woodbridge are old and worthy adversaries: we only narrowly beat them in last year's National Quarter-finals. This time our victory was less close, and so we proceeded to the National Finals in the grand setting of Westminster School. I love the National Finals, where eight schools meet to battle it out. It is always a special occasion, masterminded by the marvellously dedicated and efficient Sue and Paul Sims.

Both the Quarter and the Semi rounds yielded routine victories, delivering the real challenge of a Final against the formidable Westminster side. This was something of an epic contest, requiring nerves of steel all round. Westminster achieved an early lead but KES clawed back brilliantly to emerge triumphant after a thrilling climax.

My special thanks go to David Tite, who saved his very

best performance for his very last match, but also to everyone else who took part. We still possess a wealth of talent, and I am sure that we will continue our proud tradition in Schools' Challenge. But David's departure does mark the end of an era, and it has been an honour to have been part of it.

EJM

Junior Schools' Challenge

We had a good season this year, with some great wins, although an unlucky loss prevented us from reaching the National Finals. The A-team, decided after weeks of practice, consisted of James Reilly, Ronan Murray and Ashik Gandhi, all Removes, and Sam Hobbs from the Shells; the B-team was Adam Miam, Sandip Sangha and David Lester (Rems), with another Shell, Harry Bhalla. On a Wednesday afternoon in the Summer Term, the matches began. The B-team won two matches but was knocked out in the third. The A-team, however, was more successful, winning all three of its matches (against RGS Worcester, Bablake and KE Stratford), the last one of which finished with a nail-biting difference of only 20 points or so. This established us as Regional Champions yet again. After a couple of weeks we played Loughborough Grammar School, who were the better team: they played well and took an early lead. We congratulated them, remembering that there is always next year! Thanks to everyone who gave up their time to attend both practices and matches, especially our coach, the tireless Miss Bubb.

Ashik Gandhi

Engineering Education Scheme

"You should all be warned this is going to devour your life. You will not have time for friends, only for engineering."

Matthew Davis' prophetic words fell upon deaf ears, as Mr Lloyd's four fresh-faced engineering recruits gazed at the old sage in mocking disbelief. Having joined the Friday afternoon Engineering Education Scheme (EES) option, we felt sure that we would make light work of our task. This was a mistake of monumental proportions.

Every year the school sends a team to participate in the EES, an entirely non-profit scheme run by the Royal Academy of Engineering, intended to kindle engineering interest in the youth of today. Each school's team is assigned a company, which sets the team a fully-specified project. Assigned to the team is one of the company's engineers, to lend a guiding hand. The hope is that once the project is completed, the company will use it and make stacks of cash from it (leaving the team with a warm, satisfied glow).

Understandably, it was with considerable excitement that this year's team - Ollie Grauers, Ajay Prasher, Ibrahim



The EES team, shortly after being told to 'look intelligent'

Natalwala and myself - awaited our assignment. We were to be working with the UBRacing Formula Student division of Birmingham University's Mech. Eng. Department. This department sends a scratch-built racing car to an annual international competition, but had hitherto been unable to test which steering geometry would give the optimum performance. This had to change.

We had to build them a jig which could measure the angle at which each wheel turned (to within 1°), as well as the angle at which the wheels cambered, the toe-angle and the ride-height; it had to adjust to every car they had, be easily transportable and be made from materials they had in the workshop (so it would only cost them for labour). Bewildered? So were we. Without knowing where to start, and with our guru Mr Lloyd as much in the dark as we were, we began researching the principles and sketching out rough ideas. We thought we had a working plan that would more than suffice, but when we went into the four-day residential with our hopes pinned on this design, it turned out to be prohibitively expensive. Our attempts to salvage our idea with pulley systems that put Heath Robinson to shame met with the classic disgust of the engineer, and we were left with very little time to create a new idea from scratch.

Relations within the group were getting strained. Only Mr Lloyd stood calm and resolute as we frantically tried to come up with a solution. Nonetheless, by the end of the week, we had pulled through with a design that kept to specification, except that through a natty piece of mathematics it could potentially measure the angle turned to around $\frac{1}{4}$ °. Oh, and it would only cost the University around £40 to make, despite being worth thousands commercially.

Gruelling months of refining our idea passed, and we didn't actually have the prototype made when the (dissertation-length) reports were due in. Undeterred, we stayed after school to finish the project, but to no avail. A lesson to the next generation - give everything three times as long as it should take, and don't rely on computers: we lost all of our technical drawings. With an Easter holiday effort we got the project in, fashionably late, and had to turn our attentions to the climax of the EES, the NEC day. At this point disaster struck. Mr Lloyd, our mentor, sensei and agony aunt,

had to abandon us to have an operation. Fortunately, Mr Balcombe gallantly stepped into the breach, and it is only thanks to his determination and leadership from the front that we managed to complete a nice looking display stand in the space of a few days.

The big event arrived. We were to give a short presentation to our assessors, which we practised in the minibus on the way, and we had to display our work in a hall, explaining it to any teachers, engineers or students who passed by. All went well; enough visitors came to our stand, obviously preferring our free Mech. Eng. pens to the Girls' School's free chocolate from Cadbury. We had just given our presentation ("You must have spent a very long time practicing that") when disaster reared her ugly, warty head once more. Our resident fiddler, Ollie, broke our device just before the assessors were due to assess it. Despite the kind loan of a soldering iron from another team, we were unable to salvage our work. Fortunately, the assessors believed our hasty excuse that our school couldn't afford decent components, and one of them had seen it working earlier anyway. The day ended with Dr Wheele telling us that the University was planning to build our jig, and even hoped to sell it to other Formula Student teams.

Overall, this is undoubtedly one of the best experiences I've had at school, and I would recommend it to anyone who thinks he wants to be an engineer and is willing to put the work in. Thanks must go to Messrs Balcombe and Lloyd - we could not have hoped for better mentors - and to Dr Wheele and Carl Hingley at UBRacing. Gentlemen, the team salutes you.

Thomas Johnson

Cot Fund

Yet again, the final total raised for the Cot Fund in one year was well over £10,000! This was achieved by excellent fund-raising in the Shells and Rems in particular, and by enterprises such as the Tuck Shop Tombola and the memorably luscious Sixth Form calendar. A gallant band of staff even lost flab for a good cause.

Our 2003-4 money has been used on other continents, for Amnesty International, the Red Crescent working in Iraq, and aid after the Bam earthquake, and across the UK, for the Parkinson's Disease Society, MacMillan Cancer Relief and the Downs Syndrome Association, as well as just down the road (we were able to help a local club of the NASS, for people with ankylosing spondylitis, continue with its activities). Some of these organisations were chosen because of their connections with Edwardians past and present: Senthil Selvam, an OE at Edinburgh Medical School, has taken a donation from us to Uganda to help work with AIDS patients, and we have funded further building at our link school in the Gambia. Mrs Durman writes:

When I visited the Gambia, a country whose main industries are peanuts and tourism, several years ago, I

found it a very poor but exceptionally friendly place. What impressed me was the thirst for learning which the children showed. They crowded round, asking not for money or sweets but for books, pencils and paper. Many teenagers would approach one and ask to be sponsored through school. It's the only chance they have to break out of their extreme poverty.

I arranged to visit Bakau Lower Basic school for 5-16 year olds and was both horrified and encouraged by what I saw. The staff are dedicated but the facilities were appalling. There were eight virtually unusable toilets between 1700 children, classrooms had soil floors and leaky tin roofs, and everything needed repair and paint. Children sat four or five to a desk or on the floor; there were few books and no blackboards.

King Edward's now has a close relationship with the school. Last year we raised £2000 to refurbish one block of

four classrooms. The money is channelled through FROGS (Friends Of Gambian Schools) who oversee and check the spending. The floors are now stone, cracks in walls have been filled, blackboards are in place and classrooms have been painted. Children sit two to a desk and outside the block there's a small garden.

This year we hope to send a further £2000 for another block there are eight in all. We also hope to send, via FROGS, books, clothes, writing and drawing materials, and gardening tools so that the pupils can grow food to supplement the porridge-type gruel they have for lunch. The headmaster keeps in contact with us and FROGS brings back photographs and videos of the improvements. The newly refurbished classroom block will have the King Edward's crest painted on the wall alongside their school badge.

JAM / JED / HJM



Pupils and staff in one of the new classrooms.



Shells' Classical Play Competition

To this sixth former, who has spent much of the last six years trying to avoid both Shells and the Classics department, the Shells' Classical Play competition provided a not entirely unwelcome reminder of just how weird both are. For those unfamiliar with this annual ritual, each Shell form, under the stewardship of its Latin teacher, writes and performs a humorous play on a classical theme. Marks are awarded for acting, props, music, script and overall impression, as well as for relevance to classical topics, and prizes are presented to the best forms and actors. This promise of material recompense lends a rather unhealthy competitive air to proceedings, and it is often difficult to discern where the obligatory on-stage brawl ends and a genuine off-stage riot begins.

Shell B open proceedings with a biting modern political

satire, *When the Gods Met Blair*, ostensibly set on Mt Olympus. A Health and Safety Inspector wreaks havoc at the home of the Gods, forcing Medusa to cut her hair and compelling Achilles to wear orthopaedic shoes: "I've had bad heels since birth," runs the inevitable joke. An excellent, if bizarre, musical interlude ensues, as the cast members circle the stage in pursuit of a large, luridly coloured amphibian. The song, needless to say, is called *Follow the Yellow Big Toad*. A clear reference to Aristophanes. Obviously. The play is set apart by the fine performances of many cast members, particularly the wonderfully camp Medusa and the hideously true-to-life President Bush.

Shell D also employ this juxtaposition of ancient and modern themes with their offering, *The Three Labours of Beckules*. The tragic hero Beckules accidentally kills his family unnecessarily violently while dreaming, and is punished for his deeds by a football-boot-throwing Zeus bearing a striking resemblance to Sir Alex Ferguson. Beckules must clean the school toilets by diverting a river





[note the classical parallels], defeat a hideous ogre known as Mr Stacey and vanquish the three-headed dog Cerberus which guards the entrance to Old Trafford. Entertaining from start to finish, though the suspiciously fluent script suggests more than a hint of teacher participation in the creative process. However, the Shells more than compensate with some fine comic acting.

By far the most eclectic effort comes from Shell M, who eschew plot in favour of some well-choreographed fight scenes worthy of Russell Crowe in *Gladiator*. A rather fearsome referee stirs the bewildered audience into a seething mob baying for blood, and the Shells seem reluctant to disappoint. Highlights include the startlingly graphic murder of a sheep, and several Irish accents, rather incongruous given the supposed Greek setting.

Shell S present *A Different Ancient Greece*, with a remarkable cast including Theseus, King Minos, Bearded Old Man, and Three Screaming Women. Not to mention Three Crazy Indians and a break-dancing Minotaur. Best not to ask. This motley band is explained away by a Tardis-like device which can transport its occupants at will through space and time. Naturally a clash of cultures results, but the cast reject Shell M's battle-themed approach to resolve their differences in a musical contest involving some stunning break-dancing. The play also features the highest number of fake balloon breasts, always a staple of the competition: there were seven, following an unfortunate incident involving Second Screaming Woman and a sharpened gladius.



The competition is brought to a fitting climax by Shell T. A deeply self-referential script evokes a Sixth Form review rather than a Shell play, and shows an acute awareness of the judging criteria: I know, let's go and find some randomly placed mythological characters. Full marks here: they will clearly go far when confronted with A-level syllabuses. Memorable performances come from another Bush-Blair duo, Saddam Hussein and a strange fundamentalist character called Asthmatic Bin-Liner [think about it]. Edward Hobbes thoroughly deserves his best-actor prize [shared with Shell B's Medusa] for a memorable performance as Tony Blair, and his acceptance speech brings the house down. Pseudo-Latin quips are liberally sprinkled through the dialogue: in a nod to the Cambridge Latin Course beloved of all Shells, a cry of *Caecilius est in cavi* reduces cast, audience and judges to fits of giggles. Fully in line with the tradition of classical tragedy, the use of music effectively mirrors the on-stage proceedings, to great effect; a well-rehearsed band of minstrels show that Shell T also have an eye on the "musical accompaniment" marks.

After a sequence of fine performances, it was no surprise that the judges awarded high marks to all participants, and that competition for first place was tough. In the event, just six marks from a possible 600 separated Shell T and Shell B, with the result that a tie was declared. All involved should be proud of a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon's entertainment.

Yuddi Gershon, David Tite

Senior Play 2004:

Les Misérables

After the final, Saturday evening showing of *Les Misérables*, I headed backstage for the ensuing euphoric bout of huggage and congratulations. During my rounds, moving from star to star in an attempt to catch a glimmer of reflected limelight, I told just about everybody I could find that they had put in a terrific, life-affirming performance ("Your cameo as 3rd Singing Prostitute really made the show, in my opinion"). So far, so traditional, and with this latest extravaganza, I really meant it for every single person. They had all been terrific.

The central conflict of the play is between Jean Valjean, a reformed thief, and Inspector Javert, the policeman obsessed with tracking him down, and the two actors in these roles have to carry much of the dramatic weight. Giles Urwin put his extraordinary vocal range to good use as Valjean, and very successfully charted the character's progress from a hunted outcast, caring only for himself, to a kindly patriarch willing to risk everything to ensure the happiness of his adopted daughter Cosette. Alex Martin, meanwhile, imbued Javert with a magnetic presence, effortlessly controlling the stage at every appearance and bringing out the real pathos of the Inspector's struggle to uphold his beloved law.

The other main story is that of Cosette herself, played mainly by Mel Phillips, although by Susie Quirke in the earlier part of the play. Both were excellent, and Mel brought great dignity and sensitivity to what can be a rather bland part. Cosette's mother, Fantine, falls ill after being forced into prostitution to pay for her daughter's upkeep: Danni Haig's portrayal of this difficult role was mature and deeply moving, never more so than in her deathbed scene where she entrusts Cosette to Valjean. The girl has been staying with a local innkeeper, Monsieur Thénardier, and his wife: Tom Johnson and Felicity Murphy came dangerously close to stealing the show as this unscrupulous, drunken pair, bickering constantly and yet somehow managing to ruthlessly fleece their customers. Thénardier is very important to the plot in the latter half of the play, and Tom skillfully combined the comic aspects of the character with its more dangerous undertones: the innkeeper behaves as a pantomime lecherous rogue, but he is a brutal thug at heart.

The grown-up Cosette falls in love with Marius (Michael Gardiner), a student at the University of Paris and the play's other real hero, who is equally smitten with her. Again, Michael took a part verging on the two-dimensional and gave it complexity and depth, playing Marius as an introspective, slightly melancholy young man, although still a brave and compassionate one. The storybook romance is slightly marred by Thénardier's own daughter, Eponine (Cat Price), who loves Marius herself and is driven to despair by his refusal to see her as anything other than a friend.

Nevertheless, she faithfully supports him, only expressing her true feelings in a wistful musical soliloquy as she walks through the city at night. She is eventually shot by accident when the revolution begins, and dies in Marius' arms. The emotional power of the latter scene is demonstrated by the fact that it managed to be heartbreakingly sad, despite containing what is possibly the worst line in the show (Marius, realising Eponine is bleeding: "Oh God, it's everywhere!").

The students are the driving force behind the revolution, especially Enjolras (Kabir Sondhi), who at first seems to be the only one with any political conviction: Kabir performed some of his earlier numbers as a lone, earnest figure among a crowd of high-spirited comrades drinking and flirting with the barmaids. Despite this, the whole group goes on to die on the barricades, leaving only Marius to mourn his friends in one of the evening's most powerful moments. Similarly, the cheeky urchin Gavroche (Luke Murphy/Dileepa Nathavitharana) starts off hanging around the students for a bit of fun, but ends up giving his life for the cause. This transition from excitement to tragedy paints a rather bleak view of revolution, particularly when followed by a song in which the working-women of Paris express the weary opinion that nothing ever really changes, although the performance oddly concludes with a final rousing chorus of *Do You Hear The People Sing?*, leaving the audience slightly unsure as to the overall message.

It is again traditional to congratulate the other groups involved in staging a school play, but again, all richly deserve it. The orchestra, unsung (and unsinging) heroes, had to work phenomenally hard, playing for three hours continuously every evening. The set was of professional standard, and even the scene in which Javert commits suicide by drowning, horribly difficult to achieve on stage, was very convincingly managed. The costumes were excellent, with the possible exception of the crinolines in the wedding scene, which were beautiful but slightly impractical. The lighting, sound, back-projection, choreography and props were all fantastic, despite dire warnings I had heard in advance of the moment known only as "Look out, it's a runaway cart!". Every single person involved helped to make *Les Misérables* the *tour de force* that it was, but the highest praise must be reserved for Mrs Herbert, Mr Evans, Miss Proops and Miss Seamark. Their skill in co-ordinating all aspects of the production gave the evening a pace and excitement any professional company would have been proud of. When the beating of your heart/Echoes the beating of the drums, you know it's been a damn good show.

Matthew Hosty



Junior Play: *The Witches*

When I first auditioned for the Junior Play I didn't imagine myself six months later wearing a red dress, a black curly wig and rather nice white shoes. In fact, when I got the part as a witch, I thought I would be wearing a black cape with a pointy hat and riding a broomstick/vacuum cleaner.

But no, those witches are for fairy tales. I'm talking of real witches. Real witches are completely bald, wear wigs, have long curvy claws and have blue spit. They are fixated on removing all the children of the world because, apparently, we all smell like dog's droppings. Boy (David Lester) gave a very fine performance, even though he was reluctant to hug his Grandma during rehearsals. Bruno (Iain Evans) was pleased with his part as it required him to eat a Creme Egg, some bread and a doughnut every night of the performance. However, "I expected the food to be of a much higher quality," complains Iain.

Behind the scenes, Richard the Stage Manager (that's Senior Stage Manager to you!) was hard at work keeping everyone silent, stopping David Lester playing with kitchen utensils, and being protective of his treasured smoke machine.

The production was revolutionary as the audience had to change auditorium twice during the performance. The play moved up to Big School, following the story, for the Witches' Annual Meeting. Afterwards, everyone moved back down to the Drama Studio for the rest of the play. In between, the witches mingled with the audience, swapping wigs and telling stories to their hearts' content. A piece of directing excellence.

I think we all agreed that, had the play been recognised professionally, it would have been an Oscar-worthy performance. And so, on behalf of everyone involved in the Junior Play experience, from actor to audience, I would like to take the opportunity to thank all those who helped to build the scenes, get together the props and edit the vibrant sounds: in particular Paul Freeman-Powell for his mastery at the lighting board, Mr Evans for his skills with the sound effects, and Miss Bubb and Miss Proops for being efficient, tolerant and enthusiastic directors to the final curtain call and beyond.

Simon Worthington





Art Trip: The Weather Project, Tate Modern, London

Do you think the idea of the weather in our society is based on nature or culture?

This was just one of the many questions Olafur Eliasson asked the staff at the Tate Modern in preparation for his huge installation based on weather. Upon our arrival at the gallery, the mood within our group changed from eager anticipation to complete amazement. At the far end of the hall was a huge circular Sun, while a fine mist interspersed itself between a mass of black silhouettes. The huge space of the Turbine Hall only accentuated the mystique of the installation.

The circular Sun is in fact made from a semi-circle, behind which hundreds of mono-frequency lamps emit low frequency light, making only yellow and black visible. The other half of the circle is the reflection of this in the mirrored ceiling which stretches across the whole hall! All around us people stared, gazed and photographed whilst sitting, standing and walking around the spectacle.

As for the rest of the Tate Modern, it was filled with typically controversial Modern Art, thematically arranged.

Works by Warhol and Richter were featured, as was work by Beuys and Twombly on landscape and the environment. There were the usual reactions from people when they stared at one of

Yves Klein's all blue paintings or at Lucio Fontana's ripped canvas, but it was hard to avoid being overwhelmed by the beauty of Mark Rothko's *Seagram Murals*. Entering another room, one found the most bizarre collection of everyday objects: Duchamps' *Urinal*, Jeff Koon's *Basketballs*, and Julien Opie's *Wall Heater*.

The rest of the trip involved a brief look around the National Portrait Gallery, which was showing the BP Portrait Award exhibition, featuring works by less well-known artists, some of which proved absurdly scary. Thanks to all the Art teachers who came along with us on what was a hugely enjoyable trip.

David Reece



Coast and Castles: A Cycling Tour of Northumbria



Bright pink candyfloss and Red Bull at the motorway services en-route to Newcastle: an uncommon combination and an eye-opening introduction to our cycle tour. We set off aiming to cover approximately 275 miles in a roughly triangular route following the coast north to Berwick-on-Tweed, then heading south and inland to Once Brewed Youth Hostel by Hadrian's Wall, finishing by returning to the outskirts of Newcastle.

We ate dinner each night at a youth hostel or hotel. These varied, not least in their ability to cope with our large touring party of 18 boys and 8 adults: for example, the absence of hot water on Lindisfarne for all but first comers was balanced (according to the younger generation) by the provision of Sky Television. Wherever we went we were accommodated with a grace and humour of which the North East can be rightly proud. This was particularly true of our lunchtime raiding parties. In order to procure sufficient bread, fillings and snacks, we would normally descend on a small village shop in a manner reminiscent of pillaging Viking hordes, though perhaps with better manners, less bloodshed and more black lycra.

Whilst lunching by Bellingham harbour after one such raid, we were spotted by a BBC Radio North East outside broadcasting unit. The presenter first tried riding Mr Boardman's recumbent bike and then interviewed him live for their programme. The broadcasters seemed almost as glad to see our unusual party as the Sustrans census station that we encountered on the coast path a couple of days later. A

party of 26 cyclists in two groups certainly livened up their day and improved their figures. (Complimentary bells much appreciated!)

Puffins, seals, jellyfish, fantastic coastal views and the famous Longstone lighthouse combined to make our trip to the Farne Islands one of the most memorable stages of the tour. Visits to Hadrian's Wall, the Roman site at Vindolanda, twilight frisbee games, a (brief) hypothermic sea swimming session at Embleton and a wild time in a maize maze over the Scottish border left us with some rich out-of-the-saddle memories.

These are only a few of the many impressions of a highly enjoyable tour. Our thanks must go to those who organised and made this tour possible.

The Madden Family

Cycling Shorts Memory Bites

Best promise: Group leader: "The hotel's just around the corner" (i.e. 3 miles away and over a great big hill).

Best puncture: An explosive blowout causing all heads to turn when the bike in question was parked on the coach.

Best new idea for sandwich filling: Otterbourne Hall peacocks (following an outrageous dawn chorus).

Best route deviation: A path through a field marked Beware of the Bull, leading to sheep tracks, leading to barbed wire.

Best guest appearance: Mr Owen (Northumbria expert) on a motorbike at Once Brewed Youth Hostel.

Best incentives for teenagers: "It would be embarrassing to crash into a hedge this close to the hotel and it's quite a shallow ford but we don't want to get wet."

Divisions Geography Field Course: North Yorkshire



Every year seven foolish yet brave Geography teachers take those boys in the Divisions studying AS level Geography to the North Yorkshire coastal resort known as Ravenscar, in order to gain practical experience to supplement classroom work. There were no initial misgivings about the accommodation, as we were told it was a four star hotel.

Our first morning was spent walking through selected areas of Birmingham, accounting for the variations in residential quality. The group could barely contain their excitement at the prospect of Digbeth, Lee Bank, Sparkhill, Balsall Heath, Acocks Green and, unforgettably, Monkspath. As we approached the Raven Hall Hotel later in the afternoon, everyone was amazed by the picturesque setting of what was to be our home for the next four days.

The dawn of the second day brought with it the thrill of exploring a deciduous woodland and watching Mr Roden in his element, surrounded by his beloved soil. Risk assessment, a vital part of any A-level investigation, and the exploration of a sand dune succession followed. The evening consisted of the ever-popular follow-up session.

After another greasy fry-up and four cups of coffee, the next day was spent investigating industry in Middlesbrough, analysing housing types and explaining varying residential quality. Much of the town appeared shockingly deprived; far worse than any pockets of relative poverty we had witnessed in Birmingham just two days before. After the evening's regular follow-up session; we all settled down for the traditional pub quiz, hosted as was to be expected by Mr Chamberlain. However, the evening ended on a somewhat sad note as it was to be Mr Chamberlain's and Mr Duncombe's last field trip, although the latter suggested that this was the best field trip he had been on.

The last day was an emotional one for Mr Roden, as the

prospect of visiting his favourite rural village, Haxby in North Yorkshire, loomed. We visited various other rural settlements in an attempt to identify those which were prospering and those in a state of decline.

It really was a labour of love (definitely labour, possibly love) to organise such a diverse range of activities for the large number of people. So, thank you to all the staff involved.

Mohammed Tayeeb

Divisions Geography Field Course: Morecambe

Morecambe, Honoured with the dubious accolade of 3rd place in Britain's Crappiest Towns, its famous sons include Eric Morecambe, of much repeated "Christmas entertainment for granny" notoriety, and Mr

Cumberland. It was with these facts in mind that Geography Division D filled the ageing Minibus.

The anxiety in the air was tangible, everyone pondering the experiences we would have. Taz was convinced that he (for one) wouldn't make it home, at least with all his limbs intact. This summed up the reports we had received from the knowledgeable Elders in the Sixth Form, with many harrowing tales of unfriendly locals interrogating the rich boys with clipboards. As is so often the case however, the reality was not as bad as the fiction.

Morecambe proved a completely safe environment in which we could study how residential quality increased with distance from the town centre, though one notable incident involved Vidu and I passing through an area he classified as a ghetto. He suggested we increase the speed of our studying. Also, there were no giant rats in the rooms of the B&B, which were functional and pleasant; despite the fact that mine and Jason's room faced away from the coast and towards the 19th century terraced housing.

However, our Geographical hunger was not sated by the tasty morsel of Morecambe alone. We also studied the quiet village of Overton under the expert guidance of Mr Roden, our rural connoisseur. Overton is located behind a drumlin to protect it from the strong sea winds, and is a perfect example of the site, situation and evolution of a rural settlement. Also, a day was spent gazing wondrously at the karst scenery of the Yorkshire Dales. This included stop offs at Watlows Dry Valley, Water Sinks (full marks for accuracy to whoever named this one!), a limestone pavement and an impressive waterfall and gorge.

The final geographical feature mentioned inspired a fierce debate as to its formation, with Mr Cumberland's GCSE optimates against Mr Duncombe's publicani. The unquestioning devotion of the former's GCSE set allowed a

numerical victory, but enter our Form Room and the debate still rages. Is it the product of erosion by the waterfall or a cave that has collapsed? It is questions such as these which make Geography so enjoyable, and thanks must be given to Mr Duncombe, Mr Roden and local hero Mr Cumberland for catalysing this enjoyment during our Geographical weekend.

Dan Yeomans

Fourths Geography Field Trip: Aberystwyth

As rain lashed his cabin windows during our soggy interview, Aberystwyth's Harbour Master summed up his Welsh home-town quite nicely: "You either love it or you hate it!" Indeed, we did come across a fair number of both pessimists and enthusiasts as we went about trying to answer our geographical question, "How has the physical geography of the coast influenced the growth of Aberystwyth?"

For hours that first day we trotted up and down the Promenade, questioning hotel receptionists about the tides, hiding out in tourist traps to question visiting Americans and arguing over just how fine the sand was - over an ice cream or two! We wrapped things up late that afternoon and went back to the University campus for an affable dinner before an hour-long follow-up session. That evening, however, was that of England versus Portugal in the Euro 2004 football Quarter-Finals. The next two hours were a very strange experience; one moment, everybody was giddy with excitement as England scored a goal; the next, nothing could be seen but rows of expressionless faces as Portugal clambered back into the game. Needless to say, everybody went to bed that night pretty sombre!

Friday was much better on all fronts. We struck gold, with sunny skies and the beaches crammed with prospective interviewees. Again we walked up and down the coast, from the expensive housing in North Beach to the windy heights of Constitution Hill. We even saw a seal nod its head to us from the harbour!

On our final day, lonely shopkeepers were the targets of our questioning. We also managed to find the aforementioned Harbour Master, who happily answered our questions. That afternoon we left Aberystwyth very well set-up to write our GCSE coursework projects. I would like to thank all the staff involved with this trip for making it such an enjoyable experience.

Jamie Scott

Kayaking In Scotland

Our teachers told us that Sixth Form life at KES would be hard work: "you'll have to hit the ground running" was a favourite motivational phrase, and to an extent this was true. So, naturally I was going to jump at any opportunity to get away from it all after just half a term back. That is how I found myself in a school minibus en route to the RAF Mountain Training Centre at Feshie Bridge, near Aviemore, Scotland. I was joined by Richard Thebridge, Charlie Cruickshanks, Miss While and Mr Storey for a week's worth of kayaking on "some of the finest rivers in the country," according to the original letter. Two sergeants from the Cadet Training Team, Mark and Anthony (nicknamed Waccy) also came along, to offer their kayaking expertise and provide us with lots of shiny new kayaking kit.



Why there were only three KES boys on the trip baffles

me; the rest of the school missed out on a simply fantastic week! It turned out to be a mixture of adrenaline-filled rapid runs, cold dips in the Scottish rivers when it all went pear-shaped and we found ourselves taking a swim, and relaxing evenings back home at the centre, watching a collection of kayaking videos brought along by Mark and Waccy. Inspired by these, we set out every morning, usually terrifyingly early, to do battle with whatever the Scottish waterways



could throw at us, and, most of the time, we came out on top.

The first morning actually saw us on flat water, as we got to grips with our boats and tried to learn a few techniques that would help us during the week. Later on that day we encountered a bit of the white stuff, providing a tantalising taste of what we could expect as the trip progressed. One particular section of the river we were paddling also provided the first dunking of the week, as Charlie C got it all wrong leaving the main current and ended up with his head buried in the silt of the river bed while his boat floated merrily off downstream. This swim was the first of many on the trip, Richard eventually emerging as the master-capsizer with 11 immersions in total!

The following days saw us progressing up the grade system of river rapids, from grade 1 (flat water) to, eventually, a bit of grade 4 (water that scares you beyond belief), and by the end of the trip we were not only taking fewer swims, we were also attempting harder challenges with some confidence. When you got past the iciness of the water the

fear of capsizing disappeared, and anyway it was well worth it for some of the things you could get up to in the rapids.

The week thus passed surprisingly quickly, with the kayaking taking up the majority of the day and the evenings spent watching those videos. However, those of us with enough energy to move took it in turns to cook dinner, where again the male competitive instinct took over and we each tried to impress Miss While with our culinary talents. On the last night, however, we decided to desert the centre's kitchen, and all headed down to Aviemore for dinner and a night on the town, a fine way to end a successful and very enjoyable trip, even if obscure Scottish villages aren't the centre of Scotland's social universe.

Thanks must go to all of the adults who gave up their time to come on the trip: Miss While for keeping the male egos in check, Mark and Waccy for providing us with all of the kit and keeping us entertained with their amusing stories about the Army (most of which are of course unsuitable for these pages), and Mr Storey for organising the whole event.

Charlie Butler

Gold Duke of Edinburgh Expedition

One bright spring morning of the Easter holiday, bags packed ready to go, we turned up for a five-day venture in sunny Wales. The assessed expedition of Sixths and 2 practice expeditions of Divisions met their instructors, Craig Storey and Andy. After a brief hold up caused by ventures to Tesco for Swiss rolls (used in the production of the now infamous Duke of Edinburgh trifle, surprisingly not as disgusting as you would think), we set off to our first campsite.

Our arrival in Wales was greeted by rain; hardly the best weather to put up tents. This done, we started a warm-up walk. Unfortunately, due to the conditions, it proved to be more of a cool down and we returned to our campsite for the night. On day two the groups split up. The assessed group started their expedition. Over the next two days the two practice groups met up to compare suntans (in Wales!), and stories. Our group had enjoyed reaching the summit of a mountain so much that we took the shortest possible route down, the fun one with very little walking and lots of bouncing.

Both practise groups set off on day four on the expedition part of the trip, having survived the torrential rain of the night before. Group one's day began with the mild annoyance of discovering the bridge over the river only after getting soaked slogging across it. Group two had similar luck after their mapped path seemingly evaporated from the surface of the earth. Later, after the pleasure of revisiting the Rems Week quarries, albeit in a somewhat illegal fashion (as we discovered upon reaching the exit and a sign forbidding any unauthorised access; there had been no such indication at the entrance), we met Andy and Craig for a lunch break.

Nonchalantly trekking the final few metres to a checkpoint, we suddenly froze as the air was pierced by an inhuman scream, much like those of the bees chasing Winnie the Pooh in my childhood nightmares. Actually, once Harry had stopped jumping around in panic, we realised he had just been shocked by an electric gate. Gate? Who electrifies a gate? There were no sheep! (Boys 0 Welsh Farmers 1)

Merrily continuing on, we reached a second obstacle. After some map reading, Tom Rutter and Dave Woods had an experience common to Duke of Edinburgh: jogging to catch up, they suddenly found themselves waist deep in bog, immediately realising the difficulty of escaping. However, after fast action with some walking poles calm was restored and we reached the campsite unharmed.

The final day was simply a walk to the minibus, and the glorious sunshine made a fitting end to the trip. All that remained was to eat, and thank Craig and Andy for a thoroughly enjoyable week, which we all hope to repeat sometime soon.

Peter Wood

SHELLS'



CAMP



Ski Trip to Austria

Another year, another Spring half term; and another ski trip to Austria. A group of forty or so budding KES skiers set off for the week-long trip to Fiss-ladis, commencing with the customary day-long coach journey: sleep, sleep, and the mild whining of Rems staving off the onset of Deep Vein Thrombosis, thankfully broken up by re-fuelling stops and some more sleep.

For those old enough to remember, KES Ski Club has visited Fiss-ladis in the not too distant past. Four years on, the management may have changed hands (we have to wear helmets now!), but the skiing was as exhilarating and enjoyable as ever. Everyone benefited from the support of instructors of notable character, such as Roddy, Al Pacino and Evo. The conditions were perfect all week bar one day and the resort itself was impressive and extensive, living up to everyone's expectations.



After each day's skiing we would come back to our surprisingly comfortable hotel a bit the worse for wear, but after dinner activities ranged from alpine bowling to ice-skating, which kept most of us sufficiently exhausted not to stay up till the early hours causing havoc. The week's highlight was the thoroughly entertaining talent evening, even if I do still have nightmares about Mr Duncombe's display that night.

However, no ski trip could be complete without an accident to worry the staff. Rich Thomas waited until the last afternoon for his crash, but we have all been really pleased to see him make a full recovery. Rich does now agree that crash helmets are a good idea.

All in all, the hard work and organisation of the teachers once again provided us with a great ski trip: many thanks go to them on behalf of all who were fortunate to go on KES Ski Trip 2004.

Dhruv Parikh

Hill Walking Trip

This trip took place in November 2003. We stayed at Ambleside Youth Hostel, on the edge of the biggest lake in England, Windermere. The food was good: sandwiches by day and hot meals by night, with a variety of food to choose from. We arrived by minibus at about seven o'clock, and did as much of our homework as we could (or in some cases couldn't) do. Little did we know that we needed to get as much sleep as possible, for the next day we were to face the toughest challenge on this trip: the freezing cold top of Helvellyn.

As we laced up our walking boots and picked up our sandwiches, we were blissfully unaware of the oncoming challenge. Helvellyn is the biggest hill that I have ever climbed, and it took us all day to get to the top and back down again. We ate our sandwiches at the summit in a somewhat beleaguered fashion, as it was very, very cold and we were tired after our long climb. That evening we went to the cinema in Ambleside and watched a film, *S.W.A.T.*

The next morning was more of the same, but this time we climbed one small hill, Helmsclag, and then several others. At one point we left the path, and went down a bracken dominated slope: great fun! I thoroughly enjoyed this trip and would recommend it to anyone who likes the great outdoors!

Gregory Stacey and Edwin Kay

Classics Trip to Italy

When it was announced that there would be a trip to the bay of Naples, I was the first to sign up. This was the excursion that I had been waiting for. Traipsing through the Welsh countryside or the peaks of the Lake District is all well and good, but, speaking as someone with a fondness for a warmer climate, the prospect of Italy was too tempting to pass up! Added to this there would also be the bonus of some fascinating visits to Pompeii, Herculaneum and Vesuvius.

Come the day of the excursion, I didn't even protest at being woken at four in the morning. But groggy as we were, the party's energy levels soon picked up as the plane began its descent into Naples. We were given a taste of what was to come courtesy of our coach driver and Mr Lambie. Of course, quick to arrest the eye was the famed mountain of fire itself, Vesuvius. There was even lasting evidence of fire in the form of the now solidified lava from the eruption of 1944, through which a path had been cut in order to lay the road on which we were driving!

Quickly making our way to the first of our attractions, the Villa Of Poppaea, we readied our cameras for our first taste of classical architecture. Considering that, contemporarily in England we were still making do with thatched-roofs and wattle and daub, the builders seemed to me centuries ahead of their time. Moving on to the Antiquarium Of Boscoreale, we were able to gaze upon some further relics of pre-AD 79 Pompeii. Among the carbonized remains on display in the cases were a whole pig, loafs of bread and, highlight of the exhibition, the famous Pompeiian dog.

Come day two, the ruins of Pompeii beckoned: the archaeological highlight of the visit, and the scene for one of the most monumental natural disasters in history. It is, however, only when you are actually there that you begin to comprehend the sheer scale of the eruption of AD 79. I could almost imagine myself on the crest of the deadly pyroclastic

surge as it bore down viciously on the city. We soon began our guided tour of the city. The sights, numerous as they were, are experiences I shall never forget. The plaster casts in the Garden Of The Fugitives, the mammoth amphitheatre, the forum, the bath houses, the basilica and the Pompeiian temples of Apollo and Isis; this was a true jewel of the ancient world.

The next day held some more fascinating facts for us as we took a trip to the Naples Museum. The imposing majesty of the building's exterior gives some hint as to what you can expect inside. The wealth of artists work adorning the walls and halls is enough to steal your breath away. We began our tour of the cavernous maze of corridors, getting lost on several occasions, each room holding fresh wonders for the onlooker: the immaculate marble statue of Atlas, the enormous portrait of Darius and the Persian Army, the famed skeleton mosaic from our Latin textbooks, piles of ancient coins. We ended the day with a brief visit to the second victim of Vesuvius' AD 79 fury, the buried ruins of Herculaneum. Experiencing much the same degree of fascination as in Pompeii, we ambled around the historic town; taking in once more just how advanced the Romans were for their time.

Day 4, and it was time for a more in-depth visit: the amphitheatre at Pozzuoli. This time we could actually take time to tour the whole place and, more importantly, take a look at the rubble-ridden catacombs beneath the arena, where the gladiators and wild beasts were kept prior to their battles to the death. After a brief visit to the ruined Greek colony of Cumae for a look at the Sybil's cave and the giant Roman reservoir, we headed on for a relaxing break at the final call for that day, the geothermal pools. Warmed by the volcanic power under the ground, it was a pleasant diversion from tramping around dusty ruins.

The fifth day of the trip presented my personal highlight of the holiday; climbing Mount Vesuvius, challenging though it was having been blighted with a fear of heights all my life.

The first 900 metres were ascended by coach, from where we could clearly see the solidified remains of the 1944 lava flow snaking down the mountainside. From there on it was a tiring but comparatively short trudge to the summit. Not only were the views of the bay spectacular, but the steaming crater oozed a feeling of dread and menace, so you were half expecting it to explode under your feet at any second!

A quick hotel change later, on the morning of the sixth day, and we were ready for the temple ruins of Paestum. Despite one sandal mysteriously breaking on the way, I managed to drag myself into the Paestum museum to glimpse the carvings and relics stored within. This would be our final insight into the ancient world, so the cameras kept on flashing as I tried to take it all in. One pair of



suspiciously flowery sandals later, I was ready to go once more.

For the concluding day, there was one last trick up the staff's collective sleeves to round things off. A quick reprise visit to Pompeii was as welcome as ever, but as our final farewell party, we took a visit to the semi-active volcanic crater at Solfatara. The ground was so hot from the magma bubbling below, that you couldn't even stand barefoot on it for more than a few seconds! This was, however, forgotten once Mr. Lambie mentioned that the ground seemed to reverberate if you stamped on it, causing everyone to bounce up and down and listen for the resulting noises! Sadly, this was our final trip of the holiday and we were soon homeward bound.

As memorable and enjoyable as this holiday was, it would not have been possible without the good grace and kindness of the staff involved. So, on behalf of all those who went, I would like to express my most heartfelt thanks for giving us all such a splendid time in the Bay Of Naples! Grazie!

Timothy Kiely



Removes Activity Week

Day 1 - Monday

Ah, the start of a new week at school. What's this? Rems' week? Today? After the laborious task of dragging our bags down to the coach, we embarked on the 5-hour journey that lay ahead of us. Mr Albrighton's jokes lulled us to sleep and, almost before we knew it, we had arrived at what was to be our home for the next week. A long walk (which resulted in muddy shoes and wet socks) led us up to the Youth Hostel. Playing, eating and sleeping followed.



Particular moments of humour included Pranav putting his wellies on the wrong way round, and each of us getting showered from above. During Kayaking we raced, we splashed, we froze and we crashed, all in a period of two hours. Baz capsized in the early stages, and was transferred to a canoe, just so that he had a boat to crush the rest of us with. After the Kayaking we all did a pier jump, which was even more cold and terrifying than the name suggests. Everyone in the group did this and thoroughly enjoyed the experience. Back at the Youth Hostel, we performed plays, in groups, on set topics. The winning play was a summary of our week, for which a box of chocolates was awarded. Everyone in the form was given a prize for one thing or another, and we were all very grateful.

Day 5 - Friday

The last day. We had to leave even earlier today, to visit a car museum, in which we saw a number of famous cars: that used by Mr Bean, Batman's cars, Chitty Chitty Bang Bang, the legendary A-team van, and many more. On returning to Birmingham, we said our goodbyes and everyone made his way to home. Many thanks to all the teachers who accompanied us and ensured that this was a very enjoyable week.

Matt Howes

Living History Society Trip to Tilbury Fort

Day 2 - Tuesday

With our eyes still closed, we began with a tasty breakfast and a well-ignored briefing. The High Ropes course filled us with fear, excitement and vertigo. It was split into five different sections, involving a number of bridges and nets. Having all finished the course, we were informed of our next task: Orienteering. In the course of this activity, Pranav and Dat-Kan got lost, while Baz hurt his leg and got lost in the forest after being deserted by his teammates, but good fun was had by all.

Day 3 - Wednesday

Some of us thought it best to have a shower this morning; others decided they'd rather smell bad than use showers with suspiciously coloured floors and huge gaps under the doors. The day's Hill Walking involved much climbing, talking, singing and crying, but our spirits were lifted by the instructor's lively dog, Tess. On returning to the Youth Hostel (thankfully by minibus), the whole group joined together in games of football and frisbee.

Day 4 - Thursday

This was our last full day, so we decided to make the most of it. The day comprised two different activities: Kayaking and Gorge Walking. The latter involved negotiating many slippery rocks, although the only person to fall over was Pranav.

The Lady Rosalinde took another bite of her prime steak baguette and gave us a thoughtful stare.

"So, you lot are our only defence against the Spaniards?"

We nodded proudly, our company flag billowing in the wind.

"We're ****ed," she said, succinctly.

Woe for England! For indeed, seven plucky fellows of the Living History Society (one of them admittedly female) were its last line of defence in the face of the approaching Spanish Armada. In July 1588, Queen Elizabeth I paraded in front of the troops garrisoned at Tilbury Fort, an imposing bastion overlooking the Thames. Her rousing speech there, "I may have the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king," is still well known today. So successful a PR stunt was it that English Heritage, the current owners of the fort, decided to restage it, but with the addition of jousting, dancing and general Tudor merriment. The KES Living History Society, with its reputation as a body of inexpensive but disciplined mercenaries, was to provide assorted costumed flunkies to ensure that proceedings ran smoothly.

As it turned out, keeping ourselves running smoothly was difficult enough. We were accommodated in the officers' quarters of the old Victorian barracks, which had sounded



tolerably glitzy on paper, but turned out to mean two smallish rooms, dust-thick and entirely devoid of furniture (or indeed, carpeting). We had access to a kitchen, although the cold tap was connected by hose to a nearby Portaloo, meaning that every time we ran cold water the Portaloo stopped working, with hilarious consequences. There were no showers: on the Friday night we sneaked into a local leisure centre, and ended up with six of us crammed into a communal shower apparently designed for five people who knew each other very well. This was manageable until Ian quite genuinely dropped the soap. By Sunday evening, we were reduced to standing in the yard pouring a cooking pot full of warm water over our pallid, shivering bodies. In addition, our attempts at cheap 'n' tasty evening meals were not what one might call an unqualified success, with our vegetarian jelly (three flavours: soap, agar and yellow) turning out so interesting that we ended up throwing it at each other in a desperate attempt to avoid eating it. On mature reflection, piercing the film on the oven-ready macaroni cheese with a rusty halberd probably wasn't so smart, either.

The actual re-enactment went rather better, although all three days were very hard work because of English

Heritage's tight scheduling. We stopped visitors at the main gate and interrogated them at spear-point with searching questions such as "Be there any Spanish blood in you?", which worked well with everyone except the Spanish lady. We helped instruct groups of children in pike drill, and Jamie and I improvised an unexpectedly successful Spanish cavalryman routine (*Ay ay ay, non es bueno!*) which will be appearing next year at the Edinburgh Fringe. We acted as pages to the jousting knights, a new departure for the group and a rather scary one at that: maintaining one's sang froid in close proximity to a skittish warhorse is made all the harder when the bloke on its back is trying to chuck you a heavy metal pole. Most impressively, however, we acted as guards and crowd-control for the Queen's parades, which involved a very great deal of bowing, cheering and saluting. "God bless your Majesty!" roared Mr Davies, waving his hat in the air as we knelt on the unforgiving cobbles of the parade square. "My hose have split," whimpered Jamie.

The appeal of the Living History overnight event is rather different to that of some other trips which the school offers. There is no detailed itinerary, no prescriptive list of activities, in fact no guarantees of anything at all. Eating, washing and even sleeping all become flexible concepts, taken advantage of if on offer and otherwise managed without. For a single night away, this is perfectly bearable, but for how many more? The seven of us who set off from school on Friday morning had no idea what we were getting ourselves into: we were embarking on the longest event the group had ever attempted, and while we thought our actual bodily survival was probably a reasonable expectation, everything else was subject to the will of Heaven. And indeed, we did end up suffering from sleep deprivation, midge bites and sore feet. But, in the end, all of it was a small price to pay for parading with a flaming torch in front of a cheering crowd, or for exploring underground magazines at the dead of night. It was great. We'd do it again. Although next time we might not buy the jelly.

Matthew Hosty



Berlin 2004

The name of Berlin conjures up ideas of the Wall and the last bastion of capitalism before the communist bloc. Our first sight of Berlin was a capitalist institution: an American Express stand in the airport, which the Frau made a beeline for, because she thought the lady looked a bit lonely, and signed up for a card. Good start then.

We found the Youth Hostel easily, although it did seem to be masquerading as a Ukrainian orphanage with worse furniture. Here we met our first example of the environmentally friendly attitude Germans take to cleaning (they use less bleach, so the bathroom smelt interesting, and at one point the toilet and shower blew up).

Our first excursion was a late night sojourn at the world famous Brecht

Theatre for a play called *Die Juden*. It was a little bemusing to be thrown straight into German culture. Most of the jokes were difficult to understand, but we were the only group in the audience to find the section of English profanities hilarious, much to the bemusement of the Germans around us. A little easier to understand, and slightly more shocking, was the temper tantrum by one actress that led to her inadvertently flashing us.

The next day kicked off a hectic week of visiting most of the museums around Berlin, particularly focussing on the Wall as that forms a major part of the A2 syllabus. We visited the famous Alexanderplatz, with its world clock and phallic television tower, and indulged in a snowball fight. Our first experience of the Berlin Wall was the Wall Museum, where a section has been reconstructed, complete with searchlights and electric fence. We also visited Checkpoint Charlie, the site of so many spy exchanges throughout the Cold War. A former East German guard told us of his experience in, and subsequent escape from, the East and we marvelled at the ingenious methods of escape. The Story of Berlin Museum, unsurprisingly, told the story of Berlin from the Dark Ages to the present day and came with an attached nuclear bunker, which scared us all stiff, particularly when the lights went out.

Our trip to the Museums Insel (the Museum Island) was a fascinating day, beginning with the Pergamon Museum,

where the authorities have managed to shoehorn an entire Greek temple into the building, along with the processional way and a gate from Babylon with vivid tiles depicting all sorts of wild animals. The flea market provided an opportunity to cash in our Euros for about 12 billion marks from the hyperinflation era.

We took a trip to the Reichstag on the Sunday, but our journey was lengthened slightly by the train's taking a bizarre route that involved us going in the wrong direction and then having to sprint to adjacent platforms about seven times to get anywhere near where we started; so much for German efficiency. When we finally arrived at the enormous edifice we panted through the Brandenburg Gate and up the steps into an enormous atrium, where we were whisked up to the roof and Norman Foster's famous dome, which afforded

spectacular views of the city below us. We were then lucky enough to sit in the chamber and hear a talk from a guide about the Bundestag today, including the reason why the seats are such a strange shade of purple. Apparently purple is about the only colour in Germany not associated with



a political party, and they chose it so as not to be biased.

It wasn't all work and no play however, as we found when we ventured into KaDeWe, an enormous Art Deco department store containing a profusion of leopard skin shoes and mannequins that throttle people, or Seb at least. We crashed the Film Festival by wandering up and down the red carpet and spent a fascinating morning at the film museum. Potsdamer Platz, the symbol of Germany's economic re-growth, was very impressive, filled with gleaming skyscrapers and the largest see-saws we have ever seen.

Our sincerest thanks must go to Mrs Hodgkin for organising the whole trip and leading us all around Berlin while on the verge of an asthma attack, and also to Miss Bubbs who, despite speaking no German, accompanied us tirelessly and even ventured into coffee shops, fooled by us into "ordering" obscenities. Miss Bubbs did, however learn the most important word for any trip to Berlin: Kuchen.

Jamie Sunderland



Snow Shoeing
to the Pyrenees

French Exchange

After their week long visit to us in February, we looked forward to meeting our French exchange partners and friends on the other side of the Channel. Our group of 10 AS French Students, accompanied by Mr Parker, had much to look forward to: the French beaches and those who frequent them; cheap wine; and the chance to learn grammar to a level worthy of Mr Ash. We looked forward to a week of uninterrupted native French, to the Mediterranean sun and to French food.

We were paired with pupils from the Institut de Fénélon in Grasse, a small town a short distance from Nice and the Bay of Cannes, and, as we would soon find out, a place famous for its perfumes. The programme planned for us took off as soon as we landed. Within a day of introduction to our respective families, we had a more formal meeting with the German, American and Spanish Exchange delegations in front of the Mayor of Grasse and other dignitaries. We sang the National Anthem before an international audience, poetry

was read, and our very own Ed Clarke entertained the crowd with his infamous (French) public speaking talents.

The programme continued throughout the rest of the week with a range of activities to suit our tastes - from England vs. France Rugby on the Cannes Beach to visits to several beautiful monastic islands. Trips to the world-famous perfumeries were organised and many house parties also. However, a highlight for many of us was the opportunity to experience teaching at a French school. History and Geography in French proved to be difficult, although our group always seemed to be top of the class in English lessons!

Put simply, the trip was outstanding. Without a shadow of doubt, all members of the trip felt as if their French had improved beyond measure. Long-lasting friendships were made and a substantial amount of French alcohol and cheese imported. Every moment was worthwhile.

Anand Pandit

Art Trip to Scotland

After such exotic destinations as Paris and Madrid for Art trips, Glasgow could have been a bit of a disappointment. However, despite the sub-zero temperatures and arctic winds, the city was very impressive. The streets are lined with elegant Victorian architecture, much of it designed by the Scottish architect Charles Rennie Mackintosh.

Our first morning, however, was not spent in the wonderful city of Glasgow, but in the equally-impressive capital, Edinburgh. After a short journey we arrived at our first gallery,

raring to go, only to be denied admission owing to a power cut! Nevertheless, we headed for the memorably strange Cindy Sherman exhibition at the Scottish National Gallery of Modern Art. The exhibition included a number of photographs, by the artist, of various figures often dressed in provocative and sometimes creepy attire. These left many

blank faces and some apprehensive expressions!

The rest of the gallery contained a modest collection of 20th Century art, including Picasso, Delaunay, Hodgkin and the impressive video art of Bill Viola. Perhaps the other most interesting aspect of the gallery was *Landform* by Charles Jencks, which occupied the majority of the exterior. *Landform*, composed of a serpentine mound with three

lakes, is influenced by Chaos theory and the science of weather systems, but unfortunately we were not allowed to walk on it.

Later that day, we travelled across the road to the Dean Gallery, to be greeted by a series of Eduardo Paolozzi

sculptures of various figures and a huge, metallic, robotic sculpture in the gallery's atrium. The rest of the collection comprised Surrealist paintings and sculptures. Finally, we visited the Degas exhibition at the Royal Scottish Academy, which exhibited various pieces of his work from different eras, as well as the work of other Impressionists.



The final day was spent in Glasgow, starting with the Gallery of Modern Art. This featured a varied collection of post-war art, ranging from colourful Pop art to bizarre Postmodernism. After lunch, we headed to the Glasgow Print studio. Confined in its intimate space was a collection of various prints by living Scottish artists, available to purchase for a few hundred pounds each! A quick stop at the MacLellan Galleries, for some Medieval through to Impressionist art, marked the end of the trip. Many thanks to both our accompanying teachers, Mr Spencer and Mrs Durman, for making the trip so enjoyable.

David Reece

Hill Walking and Caving Expedition

On Friday 5th March at 2pm, six Shells, two Rems, Mr Boardman, Mr Reece, Mr Whitcombe, Mrs Cheel and Mrs Pointecker set off for Yorkshire on the hill walking and caving trip. It was meant to be a two to three hour journey but we got to the Youth Hostel at about 6.45pm because of the traffic. After we had arrived at Ingleton Youth Hostel we went up to our rooms and finished homework. At 7pm we had our dinner, followed by a talk on the caving the next day, and at 8pm we put on a film and ended in bed at 11.30pm.

The next day, after being woken up at 7am, we had breakfast and gathered our caving gear. We were each given a woolly thermal bodysuit; over this, we put on a waterproof bodysuit (which we found out later to work very well), Wellington boots, wetsuit socks (to keep our feet dry), kneepads (to crawl on) and of course a helmet with a light on the top. After we had all struggled to get the kit on we drove to the hills and walked to the cave.

We were split up into two groups and went opposite ways to two different entries. Mr Boardman's group scrambled into the cave and off they went. Rory, being the smallest, found some of the ledges and holes quite hard, unlike Christopher, Tim and Michael who, by the look of it, found it easier. As we got deeper into the cave it got wetter and wetter and wetter until we gave up trying to keep dry and Tim even went for a swim. We got to one bit called the Cheese Press which was a bit of a squeeze for some of us. Once we had all wriggled through we climbed down a vertical drop of about three metres or so. It was easier for the people with longer legs as they could reach the gaps more easily. After that, at the bottom, Tim and Michael found a small opening in the ceiling of the cave and decided to climb up into it. We then made our way round to a deep pool with a small waterfall along the wall which we had to climb up. Some of us put our hands into holes where the water was coming down and got the water all down our arms but it was good once we reached the top. We all made our way back by crawling through a very low opening and on the way Mr. Boardman was telling us about a place that we would crawl through later, where we

would get pretty much baptised. So we all started to think of names for ourselves on the way to the little pool. Tim called himself Timm with a double m, Christopher called himself Tallulah but then changed it to the Boff Mister and Rory called himself Miniman. Mr Boardman didn't change his name, and neither did the other teachers. So after getting drenched we crawled to a large opening, going past the other group. Here we could actually walk! We walked through a stream that was flowing down, and Tim and Michael tried to climb through a lot of other little holes on the way up. Then we got to a bit called Dr Bannister's Hand Basin, where a bigger waterfall was. But obviously we didn't climb up this. This is where Tim kind of went swimming in order to get into another chamber and was drenched by the time he got out. But still we made our way down the stream and out of the cave.

The caving was brilliant. Afterwards we made our way back to the minibus and waited for the other group to come. When we got back to the classroom where we had got the gear on, we got changed and had our lunch. While we were having lunch, Ben jumped up to a little block over the door with loads of holes in it, and while he was hanging on to this he tried to touch the ceiling but fell and wrecked his knee, and couldn't do any of the other walks. Poor Ben!

After lunch we thanked Jess, the instructor, and drove back to the Youth Hostel to get our walking boots. Some of us went into the village and had a drink and snack before we walked to the Ingleton waterfalls (apart from Ben who had to stay behind with Mr Boardman). It was only two minutes stroll away from the Youth Hostel so it was nice and close. On the walk we found a tree with loads of coins hammered into it, so some of us added our own contributions. On we went, walking towards the waterfalls, and stood on a platform over them which was quite wobbly. We walked past all the stunning waterfalls and all the way to the largest one at the top. We then had a drink and took loads of photos. We carried on up the hill to the top, where we were banned from throwing stones into the river. We came down the hill back on the walk of the waterfalls, went all the way back to the entrance and ended back at the Youth Hostel at about 6.30pm.



We started our second day in the usual way with breakfast. Then we packed our bags and headed to the minibus, ready to drive off to the hill-walking part of the expedition. When we got there we put on our walking boots and set off. Unfortunately, Ben couldn't join us owing to his injured ankle. So we set off without him. Soon enough we came up to a load of rivers which we started jumping over! Shells and Rems are easily amused. Almost inevitably, nearly everyone got water in at least one boot, after which we squealed for most of the rest of the walk. At length we came up to a cliff called Goredale Scar that was a short climb. Well, it wasn't so much of a climb as a mad scramble! We eventually got to the top, at which point Mr Boardman introduced us to a game called Chicken. The basic rules are, don't step on the grass, but try to keep to the rocks. This was quite fun, and gave rise to some spectacular leaps over large areas of grass.

After that we came up to a limestone pavement with lots of holes to hide in. So, as you do, we decided to play hide and seek. Micheal was the definite winner as, long after everyone else had been found, we were still shouting after him, trying to tell him that he had won. The rest of the walk was pretty uneventful, apart from a couple of people slipping over on steps and sheep droppings.

We then got back and had a cup of hot chocolate in the local café, before climbing back on the minibus and driving home, playing cards all the way.

Christopher Bland and Rory Allen

Honduras Expedition

This summer seventeen KES students and three staff traveled to Honduras in Central America to participate with Operation Wallacea in a two-week scientific research expedition. We worked with a team of dedicated and enthusiastic scientists based at two different locations, spending the first week deep within the tropical rainforest and the second week on an exotic coral island in the Caribbean Sea.

In the forest everyone rapidly became engrossed in exciting biodiversity assessment projects, catching a wide range of animals, then identifying and studying them in a variety of different ways. Each day began before dawn, with our students setting up mist-nets to capture tropical birds, including beautiful hummingbirds, which were then ringed and released. After breakfast teams left to track iridescent giant blue Morpho butterflies along a transect and to identify

those enticed into temporary cages with a cocktail of fermented banana. Others used line traps to ensnare poisonous coral snakes to be pickled in the cause of science, or netted water-mites from jungle waterfalls to be bottled in a project to research the details of continental drift. Finally, late into the night, the same boys eagerly helped man mist nets to capture bats, including vampires, taking DNA samples from them in the process!

Collecting this data not only helps to fuel university student dissertation projects and to fire up university Doctors and Professors before another year of Academia, but more importantly it helps the Hondurans, who are only now beginning to realize the amazing potential and incredible diversity of their rainforests. Our efforts have assisted in securing publicity, protection and much needed financial support from all quarters, including local politicians, employment and tourist agencies, and external Non-Governmental Organisations.

We were able to combine this unparalleled opportunity for field research with the cultural experience of being made guests of the locals, living in a village with no electricity, running water or proper sanitation; or, for the brave-hearted, plunging into the claustrophobic heart of the jungle to attempt sleeping through tropical storms in a hammock.

After this relatively primitive lifestyle we were rewarded by spending the second week on Paradise Island - otherwise known as Cayos Cochinos Minor, a small protected coral island in the Caribbean. In return for all the hard work of the first week, we were treated to an intensive SCUBA diving course, conducted amongst the exotic coral reefs, alongside another group of scientists busily conducting surveys. While swimming over sharks, turtles and moray eels, the majority of the group was able to qualify as PADI Open Water Divers after a final dive to a depth of 18 metres. The reef scenery was truly spectacular, with such an abundance of animals



and plants that it felt as if we were living in a wildlife documentary!

As a result of this two-week expedition everyone felt their lives had been enriched and enhanced: a number of our students were rethinking Gap years and university courses, and the staff were keen to explore further areas in search of similar opportunities in the future. The whole experience exceeded all expectations, as summed up in the words of Charlie Cruickshanks at the end of the expedition: "I woke up

every morning with the certainty of seeing something new, something rare or something beautiful, and I really don't want to be leaving Honduras!"

Thanks to all the staff at Operation Wallacea, to Stan Lampard, who master-minded Honduras 2004 at KES, to Matt Albrighton, and to our tremendous team of students for playing such an active part in making the expedition so enjoyable.

Jill Galloway



RAF Museum, Hendon

One cold November morning, Mr Dewar took a group of the Lower School by coach to the outskirts of London. I didn't know much about aeroplanes, and neither did many of the others who went on this trip, but we were nevertheless amazed by the range and variety of the displays at RAF Hendon.

As we walked through the doors, we were greeted by row upon row of aeroplanes. Aeroplanes of all shapes and sizes, of all periods and of all nationalities. There were even a few helicopters, and a car from a zeppelin. I was particularly interested by the World War II planes, especially the Spitfires and Messerschmidts.

This was, however, only the tip of the iceberg, as I discovered when I found the Bomber Command section. In this section of the museum there were some giant planes, including a Lancaster, a Flying Fortress and, biggest of all, a Vulcan. I had never previously imagined that planes could be so magnificent! Indeed, the Vulcan's wingspan is so large that the tips of its wings almost touch the walls of the huge space.

Next door was the Battle of Britain Museum, where there were planes actually used in the battle alongside some interesting exhibits (medals and uniforms in particular) from World Wars I and II. Amongst the aeroplanes there was one of which there is no other of its kind remaining in the world: the Defiance.

I thoroughly enjoyed my visit to RAF Hendon, and I would advise anyone with the slightest interest in aeroplanes to see it for themselves. I would also like to thank Mr. Dewar for organising a great day out.

Greg Stacey

Divisions Biology Field Trip

Any hopes we might have cherished of a trip involving numerous amusing situations and a distinct lack of actual work were soon banished by Mr Witcombe's words, "You're here to work." Then there was the timetable! A powerful omen, paining our hearts with its mass of to-dos and absence of white space. Things did not bode well for the hapless group of KES medic... sorry, biologists. Upon our arrival at Aberystwyth University, however, the pessimism began to lift.

Next day on the rocky shores, the sound of the sea and the cry of the gulls encased us, shocking a few of those less familiar with the coastal world. In no time at all we were engrossed in the work at hand, fascinated by the sheer variety of sea-creatures found on the rocks. Prize crabs were sought avidly; others scavenged for luminous shrimps, until a dramatically rapid tide shift forced us inshore and back to the lab for some number crunching and crab fighting.

Back on the shore at low tide, we thrilled to Mr Porter's screams of "Aaah, get it off" during his encounter with one of the largest crabs anyone ever found. The skyline turned to a beautiful pastel pink glow, its water colour shades seemingly running straight into the sea; while the low tide revealed a rocky foreground, silhouetted on the glass-perfect sunset. After lectures from Mr Lampard and Mr Porter on the following day's activities, including Mr Porter's highly comical impression of a barnacle feeding, we gratefully accepted sleep.

We awoke to the prospect of a trip to the Sand Dunes and a slip (more literally for some than others) at the Salt Marsh. The sand dunes, and the dry activities they involved, were a welcome break from the wet crags of the rocky shore. At the end of the dunes, the teachers revealed to us beguiling treasures of the natural world, including a stunning tiger moth and details of how plants are able to shoot out pollen from behind hidden flaps. The scallywags.

The salt marsh provided prime wrestling ground, as proved by Hassan Bhatti and one Omar Hafeez. It was here that Mr Porter revealed to us that the call of the Curlew is (wait for it) "Curlew". Mr Rigby, meanwhile, could be seen jumping around screaming, "Aha! A worm!" On return, after showers, football and dinner, more lab work was carried out and all was well in the world of biology.

The final morning was spent completing experiments and writing up results. Unfortunately, no doubt due to the sheer magnitude of our ambition, we failed to finish. However those eternally benevolent teachers, obviously understanding how much we missed school already, let us finish the work in the holidays. Great thanks must go to them for this deed of goodwill.

We were all left grudgingly admitting that the trip had been both interesting and enjoyable. Thanks go to Mr Rigby, Mr Lampard, Mr Porter and Mr Witcombe, while particular appreciation goes to Dr Galloway and Mrs Matthews, who provided a female sensibility to the trip. Steve is also thanked, though we apologise for the football-style chants of "STEVIE STEVIE". Overall it was a thoroughly enjoyable and surprisingly educational trip.

Omar Hafeez





Deutscher Expressionismus....

Der Expressionismus begann im ersten Viertel des 20. Jahrhunderts in Deutschland, wo es zwei mangelnde Gruppen gab. Die erste war die Brücke geheit und die zweite, die blauen Reiter.

Die Brücke wurde im Jahre 1905 in Dresden gegrndet. Sie war die wichtigste Reprsentation des deutschen Expressionismus. Diese Gruppe war eine Verbindung zwischen den verschiedenen Stilen und wurde von Ruttloff eine Brcke von einem Ufer zum anderen genannt. Sie wurden im Mai 1913 aufgelst. Zum grten Teil war ihr Stil aggressiv, spontan und oft gewaltttig.

Im Jahre 1911 wurde die blauen Reiter in Mnchen gegrndet und sie hatte eine Vorliebe fr das dmonische und elementare Sinnlichkeit. Die Gruppe wurde so genannt, weil ihr Symbol auf ihrem Almanach eine Malerei von Kandinsky war, in der ein romantischer Held auf einem weien Ro reitet. Die Gruppe war eine Antwort auf das Nationalgefhl.

Der Expressionismus wird hufig mit dem Impressionismus verglichen. Jedoch gibt es bestimmte Unterschiede. Die Impressionisten errichten die Grenze der objektiven Realitt whrend der Expressionismus versuchte die irrealen, phantastischen Welt des Unterbewuten und den Traum darzustellen.

Die Vertreter des Expressionismus suchten nach verdrngten Gedanken und unterbewuten Gefhlen, um sie zu malen.

"Die Kunst gibt nicht das Sichtbare wieder, sonst macht sich bar"

Paul Klee deutscher Expressionist

Eine Tendenz vom Expressionismus wird in den starken Farben gezeigt. Der Expressionismus wollte die sozialen Ungerechtigkeiten verdeutlichen. Ihre Kunst stellt ihre Abscheu vor dem Krieg und dessen Folgen dar.

Der Expressionismus im Kino:

Deutscher Film erlebte seiner Glanzzeit in den 20iger Jahren, aber die Filmmacher hatten relativ wenig Geld nach dem ersten Weltkrieg, um kostbare Filme zu produzieren, die mit Hollywood konkurrieren konnten. Dank dem Expressionismus gab es eine Lsung: der Kammerspielfilm erlaubte den Regisseuren billigeren und effektiven Szenenaufbau zu erschaffen, der Licht, Schatten und Gegenstnde darstellte. Damit waren andere Plots mglich, zum Beispiel behandeln sie sich hufig mit der Verrcktheit und anderen intellektuellen Themen. Ein solcher Film war *Das Kabinett des Doktor Caligari* (1919 Robert Wiene).

Ein paar deutschen Regisseure sind aus Deutschland nach America geflohen, als die Nazi Partei an die Macht kam. Sie wurden von Hollywood begrt, weil der Stil des Expressionismus bewundert wurde. Beispielsweise hat Fritz Lang den Film *Fury* produziert, der viele expressionistische Elemente benutzte.

Deutscher Expressionismus hat viele berhmte Maler hervorgebracht. Es ist nicht leicht, ein typisches expressionistisches Bild zu beschreiben, weil es mehrere Variationsmglichkeiten der Grundidee gibt, die alle etwas gemein haben: die Emotionen und Gefhle der Maler auszudrcken. Leider wurde der Kunstwert des Expressionismus bis vor kurzem nicht anerkannt. Hitlers Versuch Expressionismus als entartete Kunst zu verbieten, war nicht erfolgreich aber trug bestimmt dazu bei, da Expressionismus lange Zeit nicht wirklich die Anerkennung erhielt, der er verdient.

Berhmte Expressionisten:

- Emil Nolde (1867 - 1956)
- Karl Schmidt-Rottluff (1884 - 1976)
- Otto Mller (1874 - 1930)
- Max Pechstein (1881 - 1955)

Zusammenfassung von David Wheatley, Mod Lang VI H

Clouds

If I were any happier,
I couldn't do it here:
I'd have to be a cloud so high,
Looking down on you.

But then I couldn't hear you,
Or touch your pearly skin;
Without you I'd get sad again,
And have to make a storm.

If I were any happier,
I couldn't do it here,
I'd have to be a tiny bug,
So carefree and so gay.

But then I couldn't reach you,
My voice you wouldn't hear,
And I'd be lost without you,
And mourn my wounded soul.

And so I think I'll sit right here,
Even if the ocean parts us.
Of course it's hard, but all things are.
That is, the ones worth doing.

Tim Gadd, Maths VI

Purple Mountain

Spiky tree-trunks clasp their leaves
Against the hoarse wind-whispers.
The purple moss softens the crisp
And jagged sheep-chewed hillside.

Dripping down, it seeks the damp;
It lines the stone scar walls,
It tints the green and fills the cracks,
And searches for the falls.

Stone on stone fence in the heather,
Wood and stone are their ways.
But gentle is the purple moss,
Which in the breeze doth sway.

They build their walls of concrete blocks,
Man's false liquid rock,
But purple's in the ice-laced lake
As I seize the hill again.

Tim Gadd, Maths VI

How shall I say...?

A poem, a requirement. A
Mind unwilling; instead, a drop of
emotion,
A pin-prick.

Thinking; no passion. A word
Runs down my cheek and onto
paper,
Immortal memory.

A gift; inspiration, a
Gift, not mine. In my eye
A prophecy, on my paper
A memory.

A sentiment, immortalised.
A sentiment gone, my
Sentiment: a
Future.

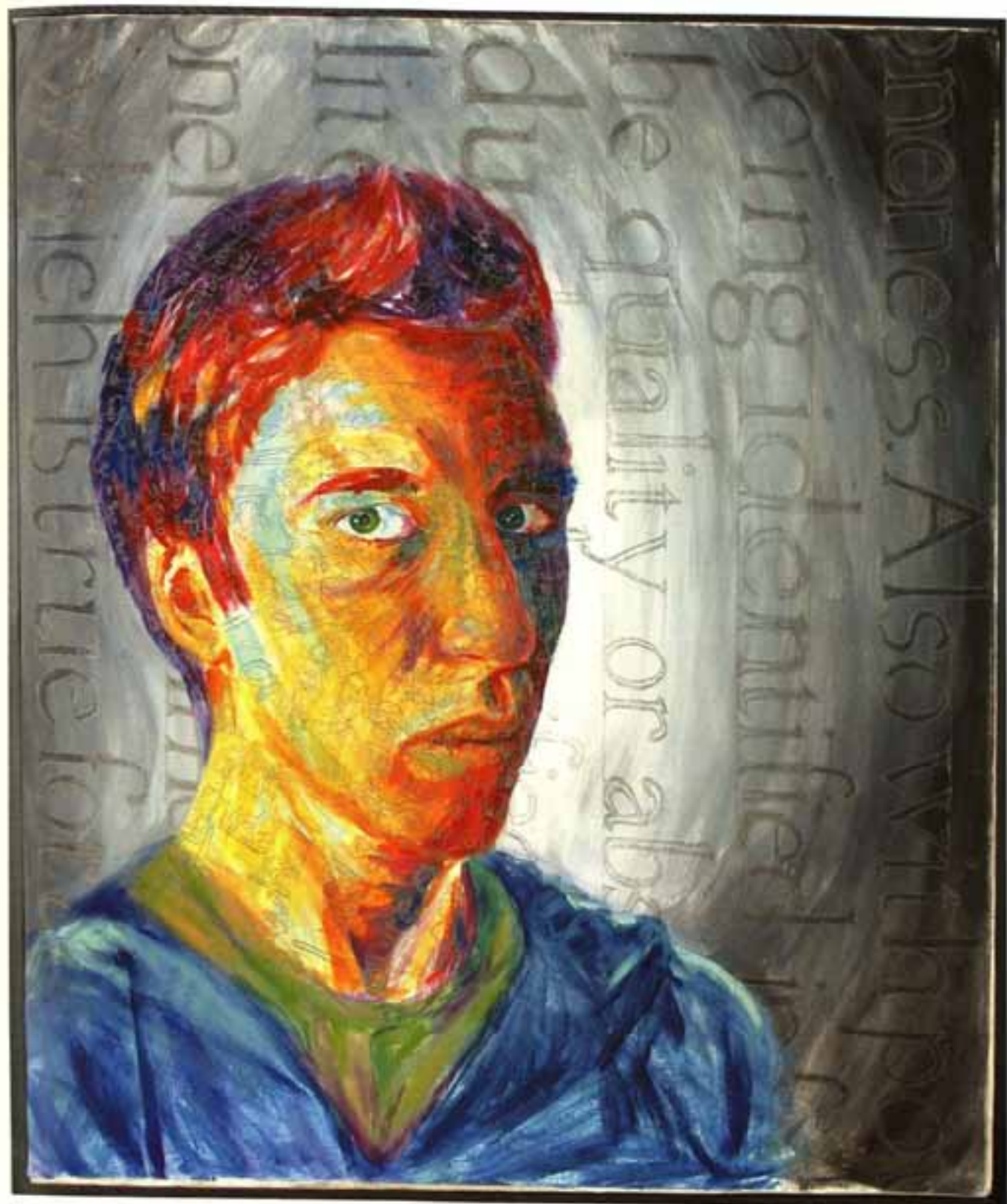
John Garner, UM B

Mein bester Tag

An meinem besten Tag bin ich nach Deutschland mit meinen Freunden für die Fußball-Weltmeisterschaft gefahren. Ich habe die Mannschaften von Deutschland und England in einem Fußballspiel gesehen, weil ich beide Mannschaften liebe. Ich hoffte, daß England 5-1 gewinnen würde, und glücklicherweise ist das passiert. Danach habe ich Paul Scholes, einen berühmten Fußballspieler, getroffen.

Dann sind wir nach Paris gegangen, weil ich in einem guten Restaurant essen wollte. Nachher haben wir Drogen geraucht. Später bin ich nach Milan geflogen und ich habe mich mit Heidi Klum, einem hübschen Mannequin, getroffen, um Klamotten zu kaufen, die modisch waren. Dann mußte ich um 10 Uhr nach Hause fahren, weil meine Mutti sehr launisch ist. Am Montagmorgen bin ich aufgewacht alles war nur ein Traum! Ich mußte in die Schule gehen.

Davinder Jakhu, 4th



"Ritual - Recording" - Oil
David Hingley (6th)



"Ritual - Mourning" - Oil
Nick Orme (6th)



"Ritual - Identity" - Oil
Jonathan Chan (6th)



"Conflict" - Etching
Saman Ziaie (6th)



Diptych "Ritual - Commuters" - Oil
David Reece (6th)



"Safely Contained" - Mixed Media
Joe Robinson (5th)



"Contrasts" - Acrylic
Henry Jones (5th)



"Landscape" - Mixed Media
Joseph Kiff (Upper Middle)



"Still-life" - Tempera
Zach Royce (Shell)



"Birmingham" - Lino
Zander Weaver (Remove)



"Birmingham" - Lino
Than Le (Remove)

A GREEK LYRIC FRAGMENT

This short passage is thought to be the work of Olophakelos of Samos, an obscure lyric poet of the 7th century BC. It is notable principally for its innovative use of onomatopoeia in the first line, the neo-Homeric absence of the definite article in the second, and its unusual overall theme, perhaps part of a myth or folktale now lost to us.

ει διδλα διδλα
 αιλυρος και λυρα,
 ο βους υπερ την σεληνην υπερηλατο.

το κυνιδιον, ιδον την τερψιν τοιαυτην, εγελα
 η δε λεκανη μετα της τορυνης απεδραμε.

αιλυρος, ο	-	cat
λεκανη, η	-	dish
λυρα, ο	-	lyre, fiddle
τερψις, η	-	delight, enjoyment
τορυνη, η	-	spoon
υπεραλλομαι	-	I jump over

Matthew Hooty, Classical VI

Autumn

The leaves are falling,
 Rustling softly.
 The leaves change colour,
 From green to brown.
 The trees are bare,
 Stretching out their arms.
 Their long, thin, brown arms.
 I walk out the door:
 What I see fills me with joy.
 The leaves are in a heap.
 I run and start kicking them.
 They fly into the air;
 Once again they fall rustling softly.
 They look as if they are floating.
 Once again they lie in a heap!

Gaurav Kumar, Shell B

Water, Water Everywhere, Nor Any Drop to Drink....

The Ocean. On its vast, trackless expanses of azure desert, not one feature catches the roving eye as it sweeps over the scene. There is nothing in these sterile waters save the blazing sun above, and the blackened abyss below.

Not the best place, I think you'll agree, to be marooned in your little lifeboat, miles from any help.

It was immeasurable hours since I had seen my ship, with the crew still howling to the heavens for aid that would not come, vanish under the hungry waves. Now, as the blistering heat pounded down from above, my starved cadaverous form lay sprawled across the inside of the orange dinghy. My eyes rolled in their sockets, my swollen tongue lolled out over my bottom lip. The blazing iris overhead leered down at me, pouring on all the heat that it could muster. It was working. The hair on my crown was wilting like baked grass. Soon, I felt, it would dry to a crisp and crumble to ash. So dry. So hot. The strain was unbearable. I needed moisture, some cool liquid refreshment. I chuckled bitterly at the irony. The said resource surrounded my boat. I needed water.

I turned my head to gaze over the rim of the boat. Then I let one hand dangle idly in the brine. The sun glimmered off the glassy surface, which broke into a thousand glittering shards as ripples danced along the water. Water. Tons of it. Stretching away beyond my vision like a carpet to join the horizon. In my thirst, I felt, I could have drained the lot of it. And yet I dared not. The old saying rang in my skull: Water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink.

I tried to turn my eyes from the painful sight, and gazed down instead. Hell lay above me now, that merciless, cloudless waste filled with the glare of that infernal body. And there, Heaven lay below. Deep, cool, hungry. The inky water far below, fleeing from the shafts of light, beckoned me to a welcoming infinity. My mind wandered, drawn to that inviting, wondrous darkness. With a jolt, I realised that my hand had sunk wrist deep. I pulled it out, ignoring the turtle gliding underneath me, and collapsed back into my boat. I would, then, have given myself up to the sea, had not my salvation at last picked up the pace.

The blast of a foghorn. The roar of an engine.

"Ahoy there! Is there anyone alive?"

My head jerked up.

There was a boat there. By all that was merciful, there was a boat! Its white hull gleamed in the light like a seaborne angel, its serpentine prow scythed through the still waters as it came towards me. The voice had come from a captain on the prow with a megaphone. I forgot my tiredness, scrambled to my knees, waved my arms like a madman in the air.

"Over here! I'm alive! I'm alive!"

And yes, by some miracle, I was. I was alive.

Tim Kiely, Remove R (writing in the Remove English Exam)

El Mundo de la Violencia

Las ganas de encontrarse con los demás, de estar juntos, es algo muy importante en el desarrollo de las personas. Pertenecer a un grupo nos ayuda a conocernos mejor: comparándonos con los otros descubrimos nuestra propia forma de ser, nuestras virtudes y nuestros límites. La música, el deporte, el voluntariado, incluso un rato de charla, son formas normales de pasar el tiempo con los amigos.

El problema es cuando las ganas de estar juntos, de pertenecer a un grupo, lleva a los jóvenes a la provocación, a la violencia. Entonces el grupo se convierte en banda. Bandas callejeras que se enfrentan unas contra otras sin razón aparente crean situaciones de extrema violencia. En EEUU, y cada vez más en Gran Bretaña, los chicos con menos de 17 años tienen que volver a casa antes de las once de la noche porque, con frecuencia son ellos las víctimas de esa violencia.

De dónde viene toda esta violencia?
Probablemente del aburrimiento, de la soledad, de

la propia inutilidad o quizás de la sensación de no tener un papel en la sociedad. El problema de las bandas callejeras existe en todos los países occidentales. Chavales se han convertido en delincuentes y usan la violencia como único medio de comunicación.

Dar una respuesta no es nada fácil. Leyendo los periódicos o viendo la televisión podemos encontrar muchas explicaciones posibles a este grave problema, la crisis de la estructura familiar, la falta de modelos a imitar, el miedo al futuro, la pobreza en el casco urbano, los vicios que puede generar la excesiva riqueza.

Sería una buena idea aumentar el número de efectivos en las calles. Hay que contrar a más policías que deberían patrullar las calles. Eso no va a solucionar el problema, pero podría reducir los numerosos incidentes violentos en nuestras calles. Pero más fundamentalmente se trata de mejorar la relación entre padres y chicos.

Seb Heaven, VT

This poem is the winner of the Julian Parkes Memorial Prize for Poetry, 2004:

TIGER

Striding the savannah in my striped pyjamas
I impinge on the impala and bully the buffalo.
All men run from me, but take pride in my hide.
They fear my frost, unforgiving face,
Terrifying and topaz-eyed.
Though they call me a cat,
Only in death will I lie languid on the hearthrug.
But for all that, I am a caring parent:
I cradle my young, egg-shell gentle in fearsome fangs,
And I love the luxury of freedom
When I consider my caged counterparts
Switching and swishing or sleeping sadly,
Bored behind bars and caught in captivity.

Roly Grant, Rem R



The Christmas Concerts

Even though it was still only December, the I-can't-believe-I'm-leaving-KES nostalgia had already started. For me and the other Sixth Form musicians, this was to be our last ever Christmas Concert, so we were determined to make it a memorable one.

The first halves provided commendable performances from a selection of the schools' musical groups under the trusted batons of Messrs Argust, Evans and Monks. Highlights included Brass Band's performance of The Bangles' *Eternal Flame* and the KES Choir's beautiful rendition of *Silent Night*.

Rather than a case of *deja vu*, it was more of a case of *deja écoute* in the second half, as we in Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mr Peter Bridle MBE, hoped that no-one would notice us playing the same piece of music two years in a row: Shostakovich's *Galop*. The audience didn't mind though, and they were delighted to be invited to punch the air and shout HOY! on the final note. All the parents who had been previously lamenting never having taken up a musical instrument could now rush home to amend their CVs.

Other highlights included Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite*, in which I got to prove that playing the tambourine isn't always as simple as you might be led to believe. Returning OE and harpist Samir Farouqi slipped a sneaky rendition of *White Christmas*, along with a succession of colourful arpeggios, into his harp cadenza, which was met with great amusement not only by the audience, but by a grinning Mr Bridle. You're not meant to applaud even *between* movements, let alone *during* them, but I think all

"You're not meant to applaud even *between* movements, let alone *during* them, but I think all agreed that on this occasion the rules deserved to be broken."

agreed that on this occasion the rules deserved to be broken.

A piece which will certainly go down in history was the notoriously hard-to-follow yet strangely entertaining *Tubby the Tuba*, with Joshua Fisher as soloist and Monsieur Thénardier (aka Tom Johnson) providing the narration in what had become one of the more talked-about pieces of the term. More eagerly anticipated than *Big Brother* (but then that's not exactly hard), this piece told the story of a poor little Tuba who was tired of being belittled by other, more popular, instruments and of playing uninteresting melodies. The story ended happily with Joshua taking a well-earned bow.

As is customary on these occasions, the evening was rounded off with a Christmassy encore comprising *Sleigh Ride* and *Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas*, for which

members of the Orchestra dressed up in the traditional Santa Claus hats. The LEDs in my novelty bow tie were flashing - yep, you've guessed it - slightly out of time, and, just like a true percussionist, they had packed up altogether by the end of the piece (probably lost their place after a few bars): but the general aura put everyone present firmly into the Christmas spirit.

For the last 10 years or so, these concerts have signalled the arrival of Christmas for me. This year's provided

another delightful end to an Autumn term, in which the Music Departments demonstrated superbly the extent of talent which exists at our two schools. The second concert evening was rounded off perfectly as the Music staff joined us for a congratulatory meal, at the Briar Rose: a fitting way to celebrate two extremely successful concerts.

I would like to say an absolutely huge "thank you" to all the Music staff at both schools. Despite contradictory outward impressions, they work extremely hard to provide us all with the fantastic opportunities which we have come almost to take for granted. I shall definitely miss being an active part of music making at King Edward's, but I look forward to being an enthusiastic audience member. See you next year!

Paul Freeman-Powell

Evensong Carol Service

The service was held in the Cathedral, late in December. It consisted of a number of readings by KES staff and members of the clergy, with various traditional carols and hymns in between. During the initial practices, it had been feared that the choir would not produce enough noise to compete with the orchestra, but that worry was dispelled on the night, thanks in part to audience participation. The performance went well, the high stone ceiling of the cathedral creating an impressive reverberation effect, and there was an obvious synchronicity between the choir and the orchestra. To begin the service, two standard carols were sung. The poignancy of *Silent Night* was palpable in the soft vocal melodies and the general pianissimo of the instruments, and the alto solo was outstanding. The *Sans Day Carol* was pleasantly lively, and contrasted neatly with *Silent Night*.

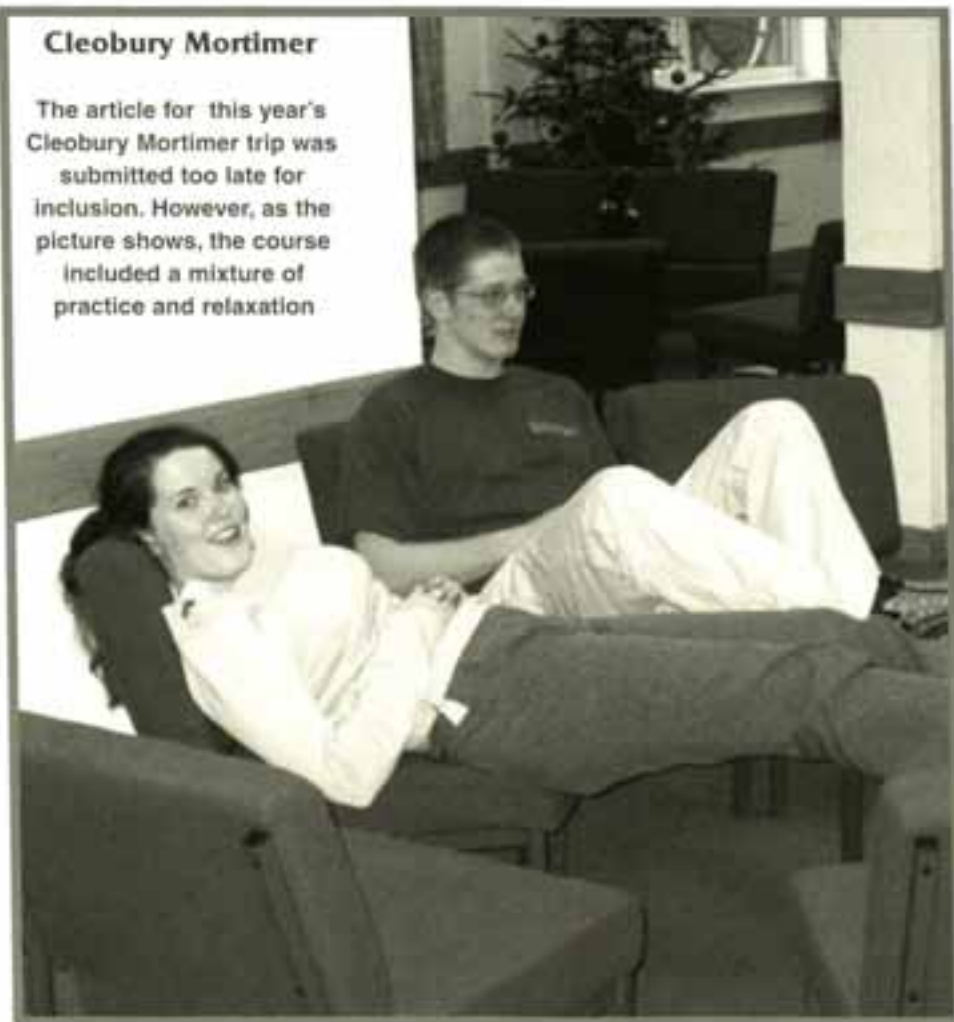
Other numbers, such as a skillfully adapted folk song (*Myn Lyking*) in which the orchestra really stood out thanks to the new arrangement's textural complexity, were played equally well. Arguably, the highlight of the evening was the outstanding rendition of the excellent *Jesus Child* (written by John Rutter, whose arrangements were also used for *Silent Night* and the final hymn). This carol broke effortlessly with the traditional format in its smooth, punchy arrangements, contrasted perfectly by more conventional choral bridges. The choir and the orchestra were never more in harmony than here; the string section, if any distinction is to be made, was especially impressive. The service ended with a rousing *Joy to the World*, in which the congregation sang along and Mr Evans came close to spontaneous combustion due to his efforts in conducting. The cathedral echoed with the powerful hymn for minutes before the service came to an end.

The KES Choir and Orchestra truly excelled themselves throughout the proceedings, thanks to the conducting of Mr Evans, and the support of Mr Monks and Mr Bridle. Additional thanks should go to the guest speakers from KES, Mr Milton and Mr Dancey.

Dominic Hyde

Cleobury Mortimer

The article for this year's Cleobury Mortimer trip was submitted too late for inclusion. However, as the picture shows, the course included a mixture of practice and relaxation



Summer Concert

Celebrating Englishness in true KES style, the audience was on its feet with Union Jacks in the air.

As the Summer Concert 2004 drew to a fiery, enthusiastic and thoroughly English finale, I, but a lowly member of the cello section of the KES/KEHS Symphony Orchestra, took a momentary glance up from my music (which happened to be Elgar's *Pomp & Circumstance March*) and away from the baton of Peter Bridle, and beheld a wondrous sight that must have caused me to miss a few notes. Virtually the entire audience amassed in Birmingham's Symphony Hall was on its feet, Union Jacks in the air, booming out with great zest the melody of *Land of Hope & Glory*. After a troubled few years for this country, during which patriotism and national pride have been tarnished by English football hooligans, BNP party members and, of course, the Iraq War, at last it seemed that being English was something to be celebrated. An inspired choice by the Music Department, the *Last Night of the Proms* theme to the second half of this year's Summer Concert was a resounding success amongst participants and listeners alike. It certainly did a fine job of convincing my girlfriend, previously a staunch Irish Republican, that actually England is where it's at.

Of course, there were many other fine acts in the concert, the traditional culmination and celebration of another year of fine music at the King Edward's schools. With a varied line-up, featuring amongst others a Swing Band in undeniably full swing, a girls' choir in blissfully angelic form, and a plethora

of brass instruments releasing delightful noises, it was indeed a concert to be proud of. One of the most striking, and pleasing, features of the evening was the wide span of ages whose talents were on show. It was by no means a concert just for the older years, but truly a time when representatives from the entirety of two schools could come together and demonstrate to all and sundry the fruits of many long hours of practice and rehearsals.

But, as ever, the Symphony Orchestra managed to steal the show. Highlights of King Edward's own *Last Night* included the *Fantasia on British Sea Songs*, with the Hornpipe, featuring Maureen Finglass and Stuart Izon, being a firm crowd favourite. Following this, Michael Gardiner's beautiful cello solo proved to be a worthy farewell item for a young man who has given so much to KES music through his magnificent leadership of the cello section of the orchestra, as well as through his astonishing virtuoso performances. A touch of humour was added during Tom Johnson's clarinet cadenza, as a gentleman looking suspiciously similar to a certain Mr Evans appeared on stage with champagne for the conductor and the leader of the orchestra. And then the piece finished in rousing style with a superb rendition of *Rule Britannia* by Felicity Murphy. My God, that girl has powerful lungs!

Moving into the other traditional numbers from the *Last Night*, the atmosphere went from patriotic to nationalistic; the

crowd became passionate and excited, and, of course, the flags came out. Mr Bridle added to the patriotism by whipping off his conductor's jacket to reveal a stunning Union Jack waistcoat. I can confirm that there was a veritable gasp of appreciation as the audience saw the style emanating from this man's body! What a way for the leavers of 2004 to bow out, and what a way for the rest of us to end the year. I myself was finding it difficult to hold back the tears of emotion as I took that glance up from the music. At last, I realised, it's OK to be English again.

Many thanks to all who took part in this most glorious of evenings, and especially to the conductors and teachers of the Music departments of the two schools, Mr Argust, Mr Evans, Mr Monks and, of course, Mr Bridle MBE. Long may his benevolent reign over the Symphony Orchestra continue.

Charlie Butler

Choral and Instrumental Concert- Adrian Boult Hall

Oscar Wilde said that "If one hears bad music it is one's duty to drown it by one's own conversation." This statement was clearly in the mind of the crowd of rowdy parents as they sat ready to criticize, condemn and pass judgment on another King Edward's School Concert, branding it Not as Good as Last Year. Indeed, last year's Choral and Orchestral Concert was a hard act to follow, containing, as it did, Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana*.

Fortunately the combined creative brilliance of the Music School produced yet another stimulating, moving, stunning, gripping, stylish and at times shocking concert that saved the onstage performers from a certain lynching.

The concert's entire first half consisted of a passionate rendition of *Fauré's Requiem*, given by the Choral Society and accompanied by a select orchestra of students. The graceful conducting style of Mr Monks gently nurtured the mystery of the opening Kyrie and provided a powerful and sensational contrast with the engrossing and gutsy *Libera Me* later on in the *Requiem*. The singing standard was superb, with the choir providing a sensitive performance to add to the professional singing of Natalie Clifton-Griffiths and Mark Horner. Furthermore I would like to congratulate the tenor section of the choir on yet another perfect rendition of seemingly impossible music.

As the masses settled back into their seats, quite content now after a mug of coffee and a chat about the sheer brilliance of the choral-dominated first half, they could not have envisioned the surpassing of general school standards that they were about to witness. To begin the second half, Mr Bridle, dressed in pristine tails and wearing a knowing grin, began the vivacious yet dissonant Shostakovich *Cello Concerto*. The brilliance of soloist Michael Gardiner was unstoppable as this three movement concerto made the heart jar the rib cage of each and every member of the audience. The first movement was darkly humorous and the

caustic mood of this first section contrasted beautifully with the more melancholy *Moderato* movement and again with the satiric, virtuosic *Finale*. Of course, in this account of the concert I have airbrushed out Michael Gardiner's cadenza. If you witnessed the concert you will know that I cannot put words to the brilliance that he exhibited. If, dear reader, you were not at this concert, then all I can say is that you missed a performance that is unlikely to be equalled during your time at KES.

As if these two gargantuan musical mountains were not enough, the Choral and Orchestral concert 2004 rounded off with a light hearted and racy rendition of Rimsky-Korsakov's *Capriccio Espagnol*, a piece that Rimsky-Korsakov himself described as being, "undoubtedly a purely superficial piece", but vividly brilliant for all that. With the charismatic conducting of Mr Bridle and an excellent horn solo by James Ellis, this piece provided a beautiful and fun end to another outstanding concert.

Only one question remains of course: where can the Music department go from here?

Andrew Caddy





House Chess

The competition proved the best for some years. Top seeds Vardy were expected to dominate; Jeune were expected to be second, with Prince Lee and Evans fighting it out for the minor honours.

Jeune however suffered some organisational difficulties and went down in Round One to Heath; spirited play from Wajee Khan and Adam Townsend proving pivotal.

In the other pool the Malik brothers, Dani and Kaiser, and Andrew Cowan saw Vardy very easily through. Subsequent rounds proceeded tightly but Jeune were unable to overcome Heath's first round triumph, finishing one half point behind in Pool A. Pool B was as expected, with Vardy and Prince Lee heading the results.

The 'finals' round was again very tight. Vardy duly beat Heath for the honours position. Jeune and Prince Lee drew their match in games, but the result went to Jeune on Board Count. Evans just beat Levett and Gifford managed a win off Cary Gilson. Special mention must go to the teams of the latter two Houses, who played every week with good spirit despite knowing that they were most unlikely to beat their opposition. Well done to all!

RHCS

House Shout

The very name of this much-loved annual event suggests enthusiastic, nay riotous, behaviour, and conveniently glosses over the amount of actual musical skill involved. This year, however, the audience were unusually well-behaved, despite the vast numbers of people crammed into Big School, and this seemed to lead to a corresponding increase in the quality of the acts.

Space does not permit an exhaustive account of the proceedings, but a few highlights must be recorded. Prince Lee won, with Tom Grant fronting their performance of *Come On Eileen* (originally a hit for Dexy's Midnight Runners) in his inimitably dynamic fashion, although victory must also have been partly due to the superb dancing displayed by two Shells, Zachary Royce and Pavan Deu. Vardy lost: despite their use of semi-nudity and their hyperactive backing dancers, their rendition of the Beach Boys' *I Get Around* sounded a little under-rehearsed. Everyone else came somewhere in between. There was no official system for the bestowal of bonus points, but they were surely deserved by the elaborate and hilarious Evans mime pageant (starring Mr Manish George, last seen on Big School stage as Borat, the Man from Kazakhstan), Alex Brooke's innovative

instrumental improvisation (the cowbell and hacksaw, specifically), and Liam Mackay's controversial acknowledgement to a heckler. Congratulations must go to all the performers, to Mr Evans for being such an unflappable MC, and to the Powers That Be for allowing this unpredictable and highly entertaining school institution to continue.

Matthew Hosty

Heath

In the 1999 Chronicle, following Heath's first Cock House Championship, Chris Pheasey reported, "Heath have always threatened to do well, and this year, under the captaincy of Sid Hawkins, was perhaps our best ever." In 2003-04, while the captaincy had passed to Chris Bennett-Britton and Johnny Qureshi, the sentiment was much the same, as it had been all four years in between. Each successive year Heath, seemingly challenged by no other KES House, has found the motivation to better its own high standards, until this year, in which we secured a remarkable sixth Cock House win in a row, this time by an equally remarkable margin of 55 points!

All this was achieved after our now traditional start, which saw us lying in a dismal fifth position at the end of the Autumn Term. As Miss Tudor said, we discovered we really aren't Debaters or

House Challengers. However, we still managed to achieve a number of good results in senior Table Tennis, Chess and Shooting. The Senior Fives team, ably led by Harjit Bhogal, was scuppered by some questionable competition rules, eventually finishing 3rd. The highlight of the term was Hockey, in which we fielded six 1st/2nd XI players and won in convincing style, with Rich Roberts scoring 22 goals!

The under-par performance in the first term inspired a comeback of such gargantuan proportions in the Spring Term that Miss Tudor began her half of the year by reminding the House of the dangers of complacency. Sam Scott captained the Removes Rugby team to first place, a feat repeated by the Junior Basketball team. Neither quite managed to outstrip Senior Cross-Country for the accolade of best team performance. In securing victory David Woods, Rich Roberts and Vikram Balachandrar achieved a 1,2,3 in both individual rounds, Andrew Holmes finished consistently in the top ten and we won the relay, lapping Gifford in the process. This more than made up for a narrow loss to Vardy the previous year. Unfortunately the Shells were unable to follow suit, but they promise to get in training for future years. To add to this, Junior Squash, Minor Badminton, Minor Basketball and Senior Rugby all finished second, with Chris Bennett-Britton instrumental in the latter. Kabir Sondhi and Liam Mackay masterminded a valiant effort in House Shout.

The Summer Term proved yet again to be Heath's strength, with Water Polo, Swimming, Cricket and Athletics teams vying to provide the year's crowning glory. Even Tennis managed to drag itself up to a respectable position this year. However, glory threatened to be marred by the return of something that has not plagued Heath House in recent times: if our indomitableness is to continue, the dreaded 'No Show' must be suppressed.

A clean sweep in Water Polo was all but achieved when the Seniors were destroyed in the final by a strong Levett side. Our obvious ability in the pool carried over into Swimming, in which

we scored two firsts and a fourth, both performances helped by a crop of talented swimmers, namely King, Kerr, Hancock, O'Neill, Hall, Sheldrake, Wall and particularly captain Richard Pilsbury. Cricket possibly bettered expectations with three thirds, and Tennis gained credit with a third, a fourth and a fifth. The Athletics Standards competition was rather more disappointing on the whole, but a handful of strong individual performances across the House ensured second place.

Athletics provided a fitting conclusion to the year. Heath claimed overall first place and a number of year group wins. In listing the outstanding performances, the usual names crop up: Hawrylak, Scott, Mitchell, Hughes, Haig, Grewal, Tipper, Roberts, both Balachandars, Flaherty, Cadigan, Woods, Pilsbury, Bennett-Britton and Qureshi. But none surpassed the almost legendary Miles Benjamin, scoring 28 points on his own and capturing a Sports Day Record in the 100m in the process. The awarding of "Housemen of the Year" was inevitably a tough one, with many deserving contributors leaving empty handed. But in the end the winners, after a year of effort and hard work for the House, were Michael Hawrylak in the Shells, Richard Sham in the Removes, George Hancock in the UMs and Amreet Kang in the Fourths.

The smooth running, and ultimately the success, of Heath House was ensured by House Masters Miss Tudor and Mr Stead, all the Tutors, the man himself, Mr Milton, and the Captains Chris Bennett-Britton and Jonny Qureshi. Our thanks go, of course, to all of them. Best wishes also to the departing Sixths, a year of stalwarts who will be sorely missed. So now, we look to what lies ahead. Miss Tudor warns of a little band of men in pink, but the Golden Army will be back this year hungry for victory. A different victory, however, as the House stands on the verge of invincibility: a record seven in a row! The irony is that the year that could taste this supreme sweetness is not necessarily the strongest year in recent history. But

what it lacks in raw skill, as made evident in many other years, it makes up for in organisation, effort and determination; qualities which exemplify the Heath House spirit, and qualities which will be needed if the Seventh is to be achieved. For the moment though, before we get carried away, here's to a Sensational Sixth!

David Woods

Prince Lee

Second place, what a massive achievement! It's wonderful finally to see our very own Prince Lee near the top of the Cock House Table. It shows a massive improvement in our overall performance in the last year and can only be due to the time and effort put in by the House tutors and students alike.

On the subject of our House tutors: they deserve our appreciation for their efforts, and none more than Mr Albrighton, who has left the House after two years of being a very supportive, interested and motivating tutor. He has helped with the running of the House and, with all his sports expertise, will be missed. On a brighter note, let's see how we improved so much in such a short span.

Starting at the bottom of the House, the Minors had a very promising year, winning House table tennis, fives and tennis and coming third in squash. Special mentions in the Shells go to Matt Poole, who won the award for best contributor, as well as James Shirley and Chris Lewis, who also played a major part in the competitions. In the Rems, Chris Duncan won the Remove Javelin and Discus, with Rory Leadbetter winning the award for an outstanding year of sport.

Moving further up the House, the Juniors performed excellently, winning the rugby, fives and cricket competitions, coming second in basketball and third in squash. Karan Modi and Charles Morton both excelled in their respective year groups. Having said this, everyone did particularly well

and hence the good result.

And what can I say about the Seniors? We won the table tennis, fives, and tennis, while coming second in cricket and Senior Athletics, and third in squash, 5th year Athletics and badminton. We even broke a school record (well, Seb did anyway!) with a massive throw in the Shot-put event of the Athletics. He also came first in the Hammer. The Divisions, who have always been a strong year group, performed to their usual standards with Jacob Barbasch taking charge of the Fives event and guiding his team to victory. Will Keogh and Rob Hill were natural leaders in every event and Oliver Cooper, or The Cooperman as Mr Porter likes to call him, gained the award for his consistently good performance. All these guys need to step up next year; they have some big shoes to fill. The Sixths were legendary. David Reece won the Senior 200m, 400m and 110m hurdles. Tom Grant and Jonathan Hick were helped by an enthusiastic bunch to perform the song *Come On Eileen* in House Music. The song in question was much debated between the high ranking members of the House, with Chris Keogh and Joe Speight not too keen on Tom's choice. However, the final decision was made by Mr Porter, who was obviously reminiscing about good times. Jonathan Hick will be leaving the House undefeated at Table Tennis in seven years at school. James Neale was awarded the Benson Cup for gaining the most House points. Finally, Chris Keogh, our beloved captain, wore the pink tie proudly and steered the little dinghy that is Prince Lee to success.

Thanks to a successful Sixth Form, we have enjoyed a place in the top half of the table for the first time in thirty years. Let's go one better next year; this year we've shown that anything is possible!

Andrew Constantine

Cary Gilson

Cary Gilson is good! Thus runs the slogan of the most underachieving of all the houses.

Each year, the great orator Mr Russell tries to inspire his charges to victory, and each year has to end with the traditional cry of "Stop talking and ruddy listen!" Despite the indomitable spirit of House Captain Shalin Punn, we questioned whether this year was going to be any different. The last time we won the Cock House has long faded from memory, so surely now is the time to begin the climb back up the table?

The strong acid of apathy has always undermined the spirit of Cary Gilson, corroding the house from within. Shalin felt that his main task would be to combat this problem wherever it might start. This involved quarantining the Shells for the first few weeks of term. After this got a bit stupid, they returned to us and, with the fire to achieve lit at the bottom, the whole house was soon aflame with the desire to win. This was combined with a new era of attendance: team after team achieved non-disqualification. Unfortunately, still no wins.

But of what importance are group results? Every so often a result shines out like a diamond from a lump of coal. Alex Martin, singing two octaves above his range as the original, white Michael Jackson, earned 3rd place in House Shout. Combine that with good results in Hockey and Rugby and the outlook was not so bleak as one might imagine. Minor sports did well again, badminton and squash being major achievers thanks to Dan Loyo Mayo and James Waddell.

Alas, 2004 finishes with another 8th place notched up, but hopefully we need not affirm our ownership of this much sought after position. Next year

will see the second coming of Cary Gilson, as we rise through the ranks to new and dizzying heights, shouting our motto from the rooftops: Cary Gilson is good!

Pete Wood & Jason Jibrail

Gifford

What do a Great Britain athlete, a future Nobel Science Prize winner, the future Prime Minister and a Calvin Klein model all have in common? You guessed it: they are all Gifford House members.

Despite this dazzling array of talent, and much more, Gifford has had yet another year of mixed fortunes. Bizarrely, we have ranked highly in some of the tougher competitions. For example, we won Minor Cricket, UM Athletics and came second in House Basketball. Yet we gave away points in other competitions, such as House Standards, where we placed 7th.

Despite this oddity there have been many successes in Gifford this year, some spectacular and others brilliant. As surely as night turns to day, Mr Lye coached our Shell gymnastics team to yet another victorious year, for which he and the boys deserve a special mention alongside Giles Urwin and the other band members who earned joint 1st place in House Shout. Other highlights included winning 4th year Cross Country and coming 2nd in Shells rugby, Senior tennis, Minor fives and Minor squash (amongst others). More importantly, we can be satisfied in the knowledge that we only came eighth in



two competitions, one of which was captained by Vidu and so does not really count, and that we improved our overall Cock House ranking from a mediocre 7th place to a hopeful 6th.

In a last ditch attempt to make this report slightly original I'd like to thank Mr McMullan for his running and constant support of the House, and also House Captain Alex Boyle for not swearing or blubbering in his last speech of term, despite having had half a glass of shandy earlier that morning. Not to leave anyone out, all the staff and sixth form pupils are also greatly appreciated for monitoring the progress of the individual year groups. I have high hopes for Gifford next year: indeed, I'd like to wish all the others the best of luck in competing against us, because I fear they may need it.

Charlie Rees

Sports Day

Sports Day was the usual mix of excitement, endeavour and fun. As always, the weather played its part. There was a strong, gusting wind, but it managed to stay dry and despite all forecasts the sun shone brightly for much of the afternoon.

The windy conditions were particularly advantageous to the sprinters. Miles Benjamin equalled the school record in the Fifts 100 metres. In addition, James Allsopp uniquely equalled the Sports Day Upper Middle records in both the 100 and 200 metres, while Liam O'Brien broke the Upper Middle 800 metres record.

The final event of the day was the 8 by 200 metres relay, where each year competed against the others on a handicap basis. In traditional manner, the Senior team provided the farcical element, with each member representing an individual sport. So we had a golfer, a cricketer and even a swimmer careering around the track.

The race was four minutes of complete mayhem. There were athletes everywhere on the track. No one knew who was even leading until the final 100 metres, when the handicaps finally

unwind. This year, the Shells hung on to win valiantly. The Senior team finished last and the final leg was run by the swimmer, Rob Hollyhead, who didn't even have the decency to keep his towel on!

And so Sports Day was over, heralding the end of another school year. Parents, boys and teachers made their way home, grateful that it had not rained and looking forward to their long summer break.

Liam O'Brien

Levett

If Houses were animals, what would they be?

This endlessly fascinating question has undoubtedly occupied the minds of most KES boys at some stage or other during their academic career. Only last year, Ravi Gogna likened the sacred institution of Levett to a Great White Shark, a comparison sadly based more on our colour than on our relentless savagery. Now, with the arrival of Zoomorphic Result Analysis™ technology, Houses can for the first time be accurately and scientifically linked to a corresponding member of the animal - or, in some cases, vegetable - kingdom. Before your astonished eyes, ladies and gentlemen, I will build for you a composite picture of the Levett, with its noble Head (LMR), its flexible Shell (Gareth Davies), and its Richard Thebridge.

Let us first process the data relating to the Levett's evolutionary advantages. It is extremely agile, both on land (2nd in Gymnastics) and in water (2nd in Swimming), and a fearsome aquatic predator as well (1st in Senior Water Polo). It is also an excellent communicator, as 1st and 2nd places in Junior and Senior Debating demonstrate, with a melodious song which enabled it to triumph in Classical Music. Its young can jump powerfully (Minor Basketball, 1st), although this ability is lost with the onset of maturity (Senior Basketball, erm, 8th); thankfully, the older animals do at least gain some proficiency in the use of simple tools,

the Seniors coming 3rd in Tennis and 1st in Cricket.

But the poor Levett has a few problem areas as well. Despite its amphibious nature, its ferocity entirely deserts it once out of the water, as shown by its 7th place in Senior Rugby. Nor is it especially athletic, its satisfactory results in Cross Country being somewhat overshadowed by its weak performance in, well, Athletics: apart from the Rems, who rebelliously insisted on being 2nd, every other age group came 6th or below. However, it struggles proudly on, managing a 3rd in Standards this year through sheer effort of will. And this, some would say, is the finest quality of the Levett: even when being trampled, kicked and generally abused by larger and faster animals, such as the fanged, domineering monstrosity that is Heath, it lumbers patiently onwards, its small piggy eyes fixed intently on the prize it knows it will someday seize. Occasionally, when no-one's looking, it licks its lips.

So, with the data collated, it will be self-evident to any reader with a rudimentary grasp of the biological sciences that the Levett's closest relative in the outside world is - and who could have doubted it? - some kind of screwed-up turtle/frog/chimpanzee hybrid, the sort of thing Mendel used to doodle after especially late nights. The House will therefore be adopting one of these as a mascot in the near future. Any geneticist with questionable ethics and low rates is invited to contact Mr Roll on the usual number.

Matthew Hosty

Jeune

Third! Well, it's *almost* first. This is the unfortunate legacy attached to Jeune House through generations past. We know we're good; we've been in the top half of the Cock House table for years, yet pole position somehow manages to escape the Red Army's grip (Jeune, not Communist China). We have got a plethora of silverware; notably, Junior Cross Country, overall Cross

Country and Athletics Standards. We have even got an international chess Grand Master (almost). Which other House can boast this kind of triumph? Okay, so we don't have any England rugby players, or for that matter many real rugby players at all, and it seems likely to remain that way. But Jeune has always been the House to be in (if that's the House you were designated when you entered the school).

How about we briefly travel back to about a decade and a half ago, to the time of Gulf Wars, *Goodfellas* and Jeune victories? I'm talking about '91, the last time Jeune brought the Cock House home. One Patrick Tomlinson was House Captain (now a published author, of *Therapeutic Approaches in Work with Traumatized Children and Young People*), leading Jeune to victory under the watchful eye of House Master Mr K.E. Jones. In looking at the results from then, it seems that we performed remarkably similarly just last year, the only difference being that Heath have gained a few superstars, who, may we remind them, are soon to be Old Edwardians. Furthermore, we seem to have the upper hand, as the light in the lower years of Jeune House seems to be shining brightly; namely Liam O'Brien and Dan Sutton, who hopefully, in the not-too-distant future, will be aiding the House in making that all-important stride for the top spot.

It's been a pretty gainful year for Jeune as far as House antics go. The infamous Levett House Spy was made a fool of by us Jeune-ians, as his seemingly cunning plan to steal our latest book of House Minutes was brought to an end with a grizzly showdown in the shower (as chronicled in the last *Chronicle*). Moreover, the quintessential internal Jeune silverware-The Lambert Cup- was safely returned to the House, albeit with a few more dents than it had had when we last laid our eyes on it. House Music could've been special, but we were let down by faulty microphones (and no, this isn't a case of the workman blaming his tools). Anyway, let's put an end to the whining, and finish with a quotation: "You only get far in these

games if you play dirty!"

Simon Friend

Vardy

The 2003-2004 season was a challenge which Vardy House Captain Edward Sandison took on with pride and honour. As he sat at the front of Big School in the first full House meeting of the year, it was clear that the electricity of the legendary Vardy spirit ran through every member of the House. After so many years of decent top four finishes in the Cock House competition without ever reaching the top of the mountain, was this season going to have a different outcome?

The Autumn Term saw Vardy reign supreme in a fantastic four disciplines. The stars of Senior House Debating were undoubtedly Matthew Siddons and David Tite, who brought home the cup with little difficulty. This memorable performance was little surprise, as Vardy's strength in this event had been well known by all. In addition to this, the superstar duo led our House by example, and went on to win Senior House Challenge too. Inspired by these wins, Vardy also won House Shooting and Chess, which were accompanied by 2nd place finishes in Senior Fives and House Hockey, led by Neil Curtis.

The Spring Term has always been tough for Vardy, and it was evident this year too. We managed to finish 1st in UM's House Rugby, Rems' House Cross Country, Minor Badminton and Senior House Basketball. The performance in Senior House Basketball was a memorable one, as we took out all opposition with skill and a never-say-die attitude. The team fell behind at the beginning of most games. However, led by Ed Sandison, we continued to produce strong second half finishes to score important points when it mattered. Notable performances by Jason Tan and Richard Sheehan showed great

potential for future Senior Vardy Basketball Teams.

2nd places in both Senior and Shells' House Cross Country competitions were not enough to maintain pole position, so Vardy slipped to 4th by the end of the Spring Term. Heading into the Summer Term, the House had lost some confidence, which resulted in a win in only one competition: Junior House Swimming. This was a valiant effort, but poor finishes in House Athletics and Cricket in all age groups led to an overall 5th place finish in the Cock House Competition.

One of the highlights of the year came in House Shout, with our butchering of The Beach Boys' classic, *I Get Around*. Andrew Caddy played guitar and sang, Kiran Sodha played drums, Phil Satterthwaite and Jason Tan both played guitars, yet nothing could compare to the performance by the one and only Usman Mir. His topless belly dancing eclipsed the Shells dancing around him, blinded the audience, and mesmerized the judges! Due to his supreme gyrating and talented "dancing", the judges were so transfixed that they forgot to score the actual musical performance... which was blatantly the reason why we finished in 8th position... Ahem.

Special thanks go to Ed Sandison and GAW for leading the house with true Vardy spirit and pride, and to all the House Tutors who helped guide Vardy members throughout the year. I look forward to the challenges of the 2004-2005 campaign as the new Vardy House Captain, and hope to bring fame and fortune to the House, this time next year.

Jason Tan

Evans

Having reversed the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th slide of recent years, this year Evans meant business, and the other Houses looked along the start line knowing that. However, as the gun went off, Evans fell off the

starting blocks and gazed in disbelief as the other seven Houses disappeared from view. The first term was littered with 7th and 8th places, our only saving grace a fine 2nd position in Junior Debating thanks to Dominic Hyde & Rousseau Dasgupta. We left for Christmas in a challenging 8th position.

The second term promised much and the warriors in green, knowing their work was cut out for them, duly delivered. Manish George and Huan Dong restored Evans' dignity by annihilating all opposition in House badminton: we can thank Manish and Kurtshinder Lalli for confusing the other favourites, Cary Gilson, into disqualification by absence. Senior

Basketball resulted in only 3rd position, with new Welsh international Javvad Haider not in his full flare. Senior rugby was no doubt the highlight, but it would have been a disgrace if a team consisting of a third of the First XV and a (chubby) U16 England fly-half did not trash the other Houses. This, however, did not overshadow the promising Shells' performance of 1st in rugby and cross-country.

House Music was successful, with Mike Gardiner's 3rd place and a fine joint 2nd in House Shout. The two current House Captains deserve a mention for bringing *Blind Willy McTell* to life, but the special praise goes to Dominic Hyde for overseeing and solo-singing the rendition. Despite having

the self-proclaimed hockey champion of the world as a House Master and hockey mentor, results were disappointing at the Senior level. So it was not completely smooth sailing in the 2nd term. Nevertheless, Evans cruised to an overall Spring Term win, strengthening what was left of our dignity.

Summer was mediocre, as always, but we did better in swimming than usual, which doesn't really mean much as we came an overall 4th. What a pity; well I suppose there is always next year. . . blah di blah di blah.

SJT & Manish George

Cock House 2003 ~ 2004

Place	House	Points
1	Heath	522.5
2	Prince Lee	467.5
3	Jeune	450
4	Evans	448
5	Vardy	434
6	Gifford	426
7	Levett	423
8	Cary Gilson	305



Agora

"When I was seventeen it was a very good year. It was a very good year for small town girls and soft summer nights." And when I was eighteen it was a very good year for Agora.

Administered by myself, Andrew Atkinson and Kabir Sondhi, under the watchful eye of Mrs Ostrowicz, we managed to organize two intense afternoons of philosophical musing and chocolate cake (a third being called off because of the snow).

Whilst it is reassuring to see an increase in attendance this year, I still think people fail to realise how great the opportunities provided by Agora are. People say that subjects like politics and philosophy are enormously important, as they are so relevant to all aspects of the experience we refer to as life. Throughout your time spent on this planet, you will all have countless opportunities to chew the fat on such matters with perfect strangers, neither of you having the faintest idea what is being discussed. Agora, by contrast, invites expert speakers to its meetings, some of whom are world renowned in their field. It was a curious experience to be excused from one of Reverend Raynor's lessons on John Hick's additions to the Irenaean theodicy so as to go and meet the man himself.

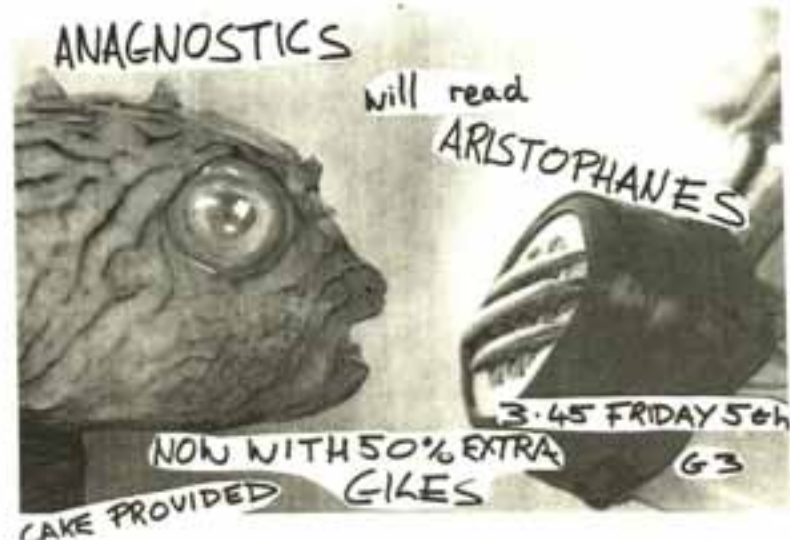
Professor Hick provided the group with a number of deep insights into ideas on the nature and image of God across a number of cultures,

highlighting points of comparison and contrast between different religions as well as posing questions for consideration. Later in the term we were fortunate enough to bring in a guest speaker from the Moseley Buddhist Centre, Anne Ashley or Vara Sahaya. The group learned about the origins of Buddhism, and the way in which it has grown and developed as a global religion, as well as the fundamental principles concerning the interconnectedness of all things in existence. Both speakers addressed the group with great articulacy and enthusiasm, eager to enlighten younger minds with ideas which intrigue and influence their lives. I say that Agora is a privilege provided by the school because it can spark real interest and give students something they can keep forever: wisdom. It's been a very good year, a very good year indeed.

Tom Grant

Anagnostics

For what it is worth, this society of the literate, urbane and scholarly maintains a unique spot in the hearts of those who have ever attended its meetings. Who will ever forget our authentic recitation of Aristophanes (complete with choral dances) on the concrete stage provided by the cricket scoreboard on the South Front? Or Seb Atay's unusual interpretation of a scene in Plautus by placing a cardboard box over his head? Needless to say, numbers declined dramatically after the latter incident. But what is it that we actually get up to once we have closed the door to G3 late of a Friday afternoon? Officially, those present read plays from the Classical period, with comedies the usual order of the day. However, as often as not, we descend



into arguments over who can put on the better accent, kidding ourselves that perhaps we are actually simulating competition games from ancient Symposia; or disagreeing how best the cake should be shared out. The pursuit of enlightenment becomes but a distant hope once the sandwiches have arrived.

However, this combination of nourishment and nuggets of knowledge has ensured that Anagnostics has a dedicated few who turn up come what may. Anagnostics will never be a society that will pull in huge numbers, but it will always be there, providing a service that the Classics elite of KES and KEHS demand: good fun with perhaps a little learning. The undoubted success of these meetings is due in no small part to the collaborating teachers. Thanks must go to Mr Owen for providing both the venue and the corkscrew, and to all the Classics teachers for their advice on what to read next - their despair almost palpable as they marvel at our ignorance. Long may it continue.

Yuddi Gershon

Ares

In the Aldis Lab, beneath the Physics department, lay a secret society, its membership elite, keen and dedicated. Here the Cold War lived on, listening in hope for sounds of comrades in need. Then we were shut down by the powers that be. Some blame lack of funds or high-level conspiracy; personally I think it is the Internet. Why bother with Morse when MSN Messenger allows you to do it with smiley faces? However, whilst technology moves on we should not forget the past. The CCF, who so proudly boast of guns and flying, may well forget that radio and radar are amongst the facilities that Amateur Radio and Electronics has historically provided. To this end I believe the loss of ARES from KES is considerable: in a world driven by extra-curricular activities and personal transferable

skills it seems ludicrous that ARES has no place. However, to dwell on the end is to ignore past successes. This year saw a number of achievements for ARES. Firstly, members Thomas Cartwright, Joshua Fisher and Oliver Mitchell obtained licences, thereby becoming certified Morse code experts and, at last, able to use the rigs single-handedly. A second major achievement was the establishment of a new breed of amateur radio enthusiasts in the form of our popular Thursday lunchtime sessions. In between trawling the bands and attempting to 're-invent' the society, a good time was had by all.

Thanks must go to Mr Rigby, now retired from his role as leader of the yardang massive. Many years of "CQ, CQ, CQ" brought communications ranging from allotment shed bantering in Wolverhampton to conversations about the weather with Japanese fishermen, German retirees and any number of shortwave radio listeners. The society would like to thank all of you who have contributed over the years.

Joshua Fisher

Frontiers

During the past year, the Frontiers committee has been striving to give all KES pupils the best possible information about Higher Education and Gap Years. Now in the fourth year of its existence, Frontiers is becoming an integral part of life at KES. The concept of allowing pupils to decide what information and services would be useful for them has made the society very popular, and this is reflected in the large number of applications to join the society each year. Comprising eleven Divisions, led by Ollie Carter and Manish George, the team has ensured the Careers Resources Room is staffed at lunchtimes and kept tidy and updated. A wide range of new, lively posters has been produced by Frontiers members in an attempt to make careers advice more attractive. Much behind-the-scenes administrative work has been done to ensure the most

relevant and up-to-date information is available to boys.

Several successful Frontiers events have taken place this year, including the annual University and Gap Year Fair (the largest of its kind in the country) and the Divisions visit to Birmingham Crown Court. A trip to the offices of PriceWaterhouseCoopers is planned for next year and many speakers from academia, the professions and sport have also been arranged. The Careers Resources Room is far more easy to use now than ever before and the Frontiers intranet site has been vastly improved, with much new information on a number of degree courses available.

The emergence of Frontiers and its continued success would not have been possible without the inspirational leadership and guidance of Mr Chamberlain. He has become synonymous with Careers at KES, with an answer to everyone's questions, and his advice will be sorely missed in the future. Many thanks also to this year's team of Lewis Chatterley, Manjit Dhillon, James Metcalfe, Jack Johnson, Will Keogh, Phil Satterthwaite, Vidu Shanmugurajah, David Wheatley and Peter Wozniak for all their help. Mr Connor will take over Frontiers next year and I am sure he will help the society become even more influential in years to come.

Ollie Carter and Manish George

Geography

A lot of Rugby players feasting on cake and beer whilst somebody talks about something vaguely related to 'Geoggers'; this is the misconception of the Geography Society commonly held by those who have never experienced its wonders. In fact 'Geog Soc' has proven to be an opportunity for intelligent discussion and a chance to learn about things beyond the A-level syllabus, although admittedly a lot of cake has been consumed, mainly by Vidu Shanmugurajah. The Geography Society season began with the widely

renowned Magic Lantern Show, led and timed by The Godfather, Mr Smith, and featuring welcome guest appearances from Mr Simpson, Mr Lampard and Nicole Pointdecker, amongst others.

Attention then turned to more serious matters with a presentation by Dr Dan Brockington (OE), who questioned whether or not the highly controversial process of desertification actually exists: a pertinent subject for those studying A2 Geography. The highlight of the year's talks came after Christmas as Richard Green presented the plans for the Eastside regeneration of Birmingham, an especially interesting topic as it concerned something much closer to home. He posed questions about land use in British city centres, explaining his belief that they should be places to live and not just to work and shop. This approach to redevelopment should lead to a more interesting and multifunctional Birmingham city centre over the next decade.

Harry Hecht

German Film Society

The German Film Society is dedicated to showing films from Mrs Hodgkin's vast collection of German cinema which are interesting and different from Hollywood-produced films. This year we succeeded, with a combination of old Classics and entirely new films. Films varied from the sad story of *Eine Liebe in Deutschland*, the story of a German woman who fell in love with a Polish worker in Nazi Germany, to the classic *Metropolis* by Fritz Lang, a seminal film about a fantasy future where workers are rebelling against their leaders. All in all there was something shown to interest everybody and we even managed to attract a few non-German speakers. The films were definitely not something you would see normally, and very few of the films could claim to be well known in England. To break the trend however, we showed the highly

successful *Goodbye Lenin*. It is a film about an unusual family from East Berlin after the fall of the Berlin wall, and it shows how quickly everything changed for the East Germans.



We ended a very successful year on a high by showing the Oscar nominated *Nirgendwo in Afrika* (*Nowhere in Africa*), an excellent film about the problems a German family had when they fled Nazi Germany to Africa.

Overall it has been a successful year, with strong support from the Divisions. Hopefully it will carry on strongly (fuelled by cake) for years to come.

Daniel Martin

Islamic Society

The Islamic Society quietly went about its business for another year, barely troubling the rest of the school with cryptic and frankly misleading announcements in Big School, which usually promise good food and drink in return for attending some nefarious gathering or another. A dearth of actual events organised in the calendar would imply that no progress was made last year, but this is not so. The life blood of the KES ISOC is the regular attendance of prayers, and this has

shown a promising 50% increase on average: i.e. more than one hand is required to count those present. Unsurprisingly, when food and drink was made available at the yearly *Iftar* (breaking of fast) gathering, attendance rose by a shocking 500%; and fell by about as much the following day. However, there is a small band of dedicated followers among the KES ranks, two of whom have been chosen to lead the next year. Already they have distinguished themselves from the majority of previous Heads by actually organising numerous events and talks; clearly a new age has begun.

Ozair Ismail

Junior Debating Society

Some regular and certainly lively Debating was served up during the year by Gopal Rao (as Sixth In-charge) and Senior ace-debater David Tite (just for once, here, No. 2). Even, that is, when the motion was that *This House Should be Vegetarian*.

Amongst several other propositions, sports boycotts were boycotted, I think, and there was a madly enthusiastic, if largely unskilful, "Just a Minute" session to close the year: to be honest, the splendid buzzers kindly provided by Mr Milton starred. Nevertheless, we'll try again soon, and much promising Debating skill was on show at various times. Removes like Simon Worthington, Shivam Bajaj and Tom Gammage caught the eye, as did a whole battery of promising new Shells: Christopher Bland, Greg Stacey, Grant McWalter, Edwin Kaye, and, continuing the family tradition, Venkat Rao.

A lot of fun, and hope for future competitive success, then. I wish to thank Gopal and David for all their work with the younger debaters: always inspiring, witty and kind, they move on to new Debating challenges at university after many years in the activity at KES, but they leave JDS in well-fed trim.

SLS

Shakespeare Society

"O spite! O Hell! I see you all are bent"

The school's most venerable society has experienced a rejuvenation this year, with the arrival of a new group of reliable and talented readers from the Divs/L6th. Our first meeting was massively more popular than any of the subsequent ones: we had more than thirty people for *The Taming of the Shrew* in October. By January, this had dropped to fourteen (for *Titus Andronicus*) and we can only apologise for whatever it was that put everyone else off. Nonetheless, being reduced to a central core did not prevent us from turning out a series of terrific meetings, in which we attempted a wide variety of plays. We took advantage of a lunchtime finish at the end of the Spring Term to devote an entire afternoon to *Richard III*, a long and difficult play which required, and received, a considerable commitment by the readers. However, we balanced this with more relaxed occasions, such as the Christmas reading of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, an evening lubricated by copious quantities of *vin ordinaire*, and the final meeting of the year, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, at which some of our more adventurous chaps even tried out a little comic improvisation.

It would be both difficult and tedious to mention every single noteworthy performance, but a few highlights must go on record. For sheer emotional force, Seb Atay's *King Lear* undoubtedly takes the palm: his lament over Cordelia's body came close to reducing the whole group to tears. On the comic front, Jamie Sunderland's *Falstaff* was a masterpiece, and Tom Johnson's *Bottom* must also be mentioned, if only to enable the writing of that very clause. Michael Quirke distinguished himself with readings of such consistently high quality that he can only be given a blanket commendation for the whole year, and

the writer ventures to hope that declaiming the lines of Master Ford's alter-ego Brooke in the dulcet tones of Russell Crowe will go on to become theatrical orthodoxy. Our delightful young ladies turned in superb performances of their own, with Heather May carrying off the prize for *Most Apparently Besotted with Fake Donkey* and Alice Naylor calmly trouncing the competition to stride away with the *Funniest Accent* award (by Gar!).

What has really distinguished the year's meetings, though, has been the constantly wonderful atmosphere. The purpose of the Society is not to worship at Shakespeare's altar, but to enjoy his plays, and everyone involved seems to have been doing exactly that. *King Lear* was greeted with complete hush, *Dream* with roars of laughter, but whatever the text, the readers have had a good time. Thanks to the Committee for being so interested, to Dr Hosty for playing host, to Miss Warne for sorting out provender, to Miss Leaver for coming to see us sometimes, and to the porters for obligingly not just locking us in the building and going home.

Matthew Hosty

Graphic Universe

"Yeah, Buffy. What are we going to do now?"

Buffy smiles. Nerf Herder's ubiquitous theme tune plays; then silence.

What ARE we going to do now? Ladies and Gentlemen, Buffy has finished, leaving Mr Milton and the poor, loyal occupants of Room 161 sitting in the dark, sobbing quietly. GU has had to move on this year, and by God have we found some good stuff!

Top of the list has been *Alias*, ever entertaining in its own, special, tight-leather-clad spy-games way. Angel has provided us with good old-fashioned monster bashing, along with a few surprises (Angel as a *Sesame Street* puppet), and a paddle in the acidic

pools of the *Alien* trilogy proved highly absorbing.

Comic-wise, two new series in particular have burst forth as the new rising stars - *Empire*, depicting the world run by a Darth Vader-esque supervillain; and *Global Frequency* by Warren Ellis (of *Preacher* fame), a spectacularly surreal series about a precog crime-fighting network, with a tendency towards exploding limbs.

The future looks bright. With comic-book films appearing regularly in cinemas now (*Spiderman*, *Daredevil*, *Catwoman*), GU is becoming steadily more mainstream, and shaking off the ridiculous cultish reputation. Next year we've got Joss Whedon's *Firefly*, *Alias*, and even the odd film to look forward to. We welcome anybody who likes sci-fi and fancies a break from work stresses.

Michael Quirke



Cricket



The XI and the Kestrels

CRICKET XI 2003 / 2004

KES v KE VI COLLEGE, STOURBRIDGE

Wednesday 21 April 2004
At Stourbridge (35 overs)
Cancelled

KES v OLD SWINFORD HOSPITAL SCHOOL

Saturday 24 April 2004
At Eastern Road (50 overs)
OLD SWINFORD 148 for 7
V Katyal 2-28
J Neale 2-15
KES 152 for 4
S Chase 96*
A Holmes 25
Won by 6 wickets

KES v OLD EDWARDIAN CRICKET CLUB

Wednesday 28 April 2004
At Eastern Road
Cancelled

KES v SHREWSBURY SCHOOL

Saturday 1 May 2004
At Eastern Road (50 overs)
KES 129 for 7
J Botha 30*
J Metcalfe 20*
SHREWSBURY 130 for 4
V Katyal 2-25
J Neale 2-9
Lost by 6 wickets

KES v HEREFORD CATHEDRAL SCHOOL

Wednesday 5 May 2004
At Eastern Road
Cancelled

KES v ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, WORCESTER

Saturday 8 May 2004
At Eastern Road (60/52 overs)
Cancelled

KES v MALVERN COLLEGE

Wednesday 12 May 2004
At Eastern Road (35 overs)
KES 143 for 6
J Neale 35
S Chase 23
V Katyal 33
J Metcalfe 21
MALVERN 121 all out
A Holmes 2-28
J Neale 3-14
Won by 22 runs

KES v SOLIHULL SCHOOL

Saturday 15 May 2004
At Solihull (60/52 overs)
KES 196 all out
J Neale 39
V Katyal 27
A Vakil 23*
SOLIHULL 79 all out
J Metcalfe 3-14
J Neale 3-15
Won by 117 runs

KES v WARWICK SCHOOL

Saturday 22 May 2004
At Warwick (60/52 overs)
KES 162 all out
N Curtis 26
H Hussain 29
A Vakil 23*
WARWICK 146 all out
H Hussain 2-16
J Neale 2-25
N Chase 3-15
V Katyal 2-21
Won by 16 runs

KES v WOLVERHAMPTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Saturday 12 June 2004
At Wolverhampton (40 overs)
WOLVERHAMPTON 135 all out
H Hussain 2-30
J Neale 7-18
KES 139 for 8
V Katyal 32
S Chase 23
J Metcalfe 27
Won by 2 wickets

KES v KING'S SCHOOL, WORCESTER

Saturday 19 June 2004
At Eastern Road (60/52 overs)
KING'S 163 all out
J Metcalfe 4-26
V Katyal 4-20
KES 126 all out
A Holmes 44
Lost by 37 runs

KES v TRENT COLLEGE

Saturday 26 June 2004
At Eastern Road (50 overs)
Cancelled

KES v MCC

Wednesday 30 June 2004
At Eastern Road (Declaration)
MCC 193 for 6
N Chase 2-44
D Neale 2-22
KES 194 for 4
S Chase 111*
N Curtis 42
Won by 6 wickets

KES v ST PETER'S COLLEGE, ADELAIDE

Thursday 1 July 2004
At Eastern Road (55 Overs)
KES 173 for 8
V Katyal 43
S Chase 26
A Holmes 36*
J Metcalfe 29
ST PETER'S 109 all out
J Botha 3-22
N Chase 2-26
V Katyal 2-12
Won by 64 runs

KES v MANCHESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Friday 2 July 2004
At Eastern Road (Declaration)
MANCHESTER 139 all out
J Neale 5-42
V Katyal 2-10
KES 116 for 9
A Holmes 32
N Chase 23
J Botha 22*
Match Drawn

KES v THE OLD EDWARDIAN ASSOCIATION

Saturday 3 July 2004
At Eastern Road (40 overs)
KES 194 for 8
J Neale 78*
J Metcalfe 46
S Chase 39
R Newman 4-43
N Brandrick 2-48
OEA 158 for 9
I Metcalfe 21
A Blackley 26
A Natkiel 36
R Newman 40
J Botha 2-41
J Neale 3-32
N Chase 2-31
Won by 36 runs

KES v KESTRELS CC

Sunday 4 July 2004
At Eastern Road (40 overs)
KES 237 for 5
V Katyal 57
J Neale 49
J Metcalfe 65
S Chase 26*
K Phillips 2-82
A Radford 2-55
KESTRELS 124 for 7
V Katyal 2-5
T Mason 21
A Duncombe 38
Won by 113 runs

KES v XL CLUB

Tuesday 6 July 2004
At Eastern Road (45 overs)
KES 243 all out
V Katyal 36
J Neale 53
S Chase 84
XL CLUB 119 all out
J Neale 2-10
J Paterson 2-27
D Neale 2-8
V Katyal 3-4
Won by 124 runs

KES v BRADFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Wednesday 7 July 2004
At Eastern Road (50 overs)
BRADFORD 181 for 9
J Metcalfe 3-17
N Chase 2-36
J Neale 2-26
KES 182 for 4
V Katyal 24
J Neale 27
A Holmes 42
N Chase 42*
Won by 6 wickets

KES v NOTTINGHAM HIGH SCHOOL

Thursday 8 July 2004
At Eastern Road
Match Cancelled

The XI

The XI began this season with high hopes, after the previous year's near record-breaking run. We finished with 10 wins and just 3 losses; a great season, but there was a hint of disappointment, as it was felt that none of the teams who beat KES was genuinely a better side. The season also began with a first in KES 1st XI history: two captains. This uncertainty was cleared up by Mr Stead when he explained that Andrew Holmes and Simon Chase would alternate captaincy, 4 games on, 4 games off.

Our first match was a win against Old Swinford, largely due to an outstanding 96* from Simon Chase, who showed no weakness. With each shot, the bowler was told "don't bowl there"; in fact, there was no ball Simon could not reach that day. Adam Gatrad's two month absence owing to illness made way for James Metcalfe, who was battling his way into the 1st XI after a year of absence. James turned out to be one of the players of the season: he very quickly became known as the Flintoff of KES, thanks both to his ability to hit the ball on to the Bristol Road and to the pace and aggression with which he headed the bowling attack.

Following a dismal loss to Shrewbury, an easy victory against Malvern and a genuine thrashing of Solihull, up came the old rivals, Warwick. This turned out to be the game of the season. KES opened the batting with an average display; we reached 162 all out, 31 of which were obtained via extras. The game looked lost after Warwick made a strong opening partnership, but KES bounced back to an emphatic victory, mainly owing to Nick Chase, on the ball as ever, spinning a web around the Warwick batsmen. He was strongly supported by the pace and accuracy of young addition Hussnan Hussain. A win against Wolverhampton Grammar followed in which James Neale took seven wickets, the highest number in a match by any bowler throughout the



The XI

season. An under-performing KES side then lost to King's Worcester. With the ball only Metcalfe and Vikas Katyal could perform, both taking 4 wickets; and Andy Holmes managed to get the highest score of the innings with 44. This game provided the platform for Katyal to excel, as hereafter he bowled tremendously for the remainder of the season.

The ten days all the cricketers had been waiting for, Cricket Week, followed shortly after the loss to King's. Adam Gatrad returned to the side and made his mark on the season with an emphatic slip catching display, securing him the first slip position for next season. The Week began on a massively high note when we beat the MCC, the first KES team ever to do so. Again, credit must go to captain Simon Chase, who displayed a great balance of power and finesse as he knocked up an extraordinary 111*, ably supported at the end by Neil Curtis. Next up, The Aussies. We all knew that this would be a great game to watch as well as play in, and so it proved, with solid batting from Katyal securing the victory. The low point of the season followed, an ignominious defeat by Manchester Grammar School. Our team was full of fatigue and hangovers after celebrating the end of A-levels. The Kestrels came next and were rolled over as their two best players, Mr Milne and Mr Roll, were both unavailable. This match saw

one of the greatest batting displays of the season from James Metcalfe, a display of pure power and arrogance which scored 65 runs off a mere 32 balls. The final game of the season, against Bradford Grammar School, allowed the XI to finish on a high note as we beat them in style.

I would like to say a massive thanks to all the essential members of the KES 1st XI community, whether at the forefront or behind the scenes. Firstly, Brian Goodhall and Bernard Brampton, umpire and scorer respectively, who gave up endless hours of their time: KES cricket is indebted to these men. Also Mavis, whose top work in the kitchen over the season gained her a place on the KES 1st XI T-shirt. Mr Stead: what can one say? A legend! He works hard to sort out winter training, the fixtures, the coaches and even the occasional inspirational team talk everything to make the season run like clockwork. Finally Dave Collins, the coach. He is a true friend to the players whilst also being a great coach, helping us both individually and as a team to play to our full potential. He gives up endless time throughout summer and winter; KES cricket would not be the same without him! All that is left to do now is to look forward to next season.

Adam Gatrad

2nd XI

"Unlucky, Vish," muttered the second XI as Vishal Banerjee made his way back from the crease after only two balls of the season, marking the beginning of an under-par innings against Old Swinford. KES had a massive task ahead of them if they were to save this match. Little did we know that this game would be the only true reflection of the capability of the second team throughout the season. We managed to hold Old Swinford to 93 for 7, winning in style in a tense final over where they only needed 5 to win: superb bowling under pressure from co-captain Vidu Shanmugarajah prevented them from doing that. Tom Burn contributed a solid 26 and James Mann's presence alone struck fear into the hearts of the opposition, who dreaded a repeat performance of last year's fixture in which James took 5 wickets in 3 overs. However, this victory was largely due to the return to cricket of James Metcalfe, performing both with bat, bludgeoning the Old Swinford bowlers for a quick 30, and with ball, where he bowled with pace and aggression to gain awesome figures of 3-3 off 7 overs.

The Seconds followed the trend of KES Senior cricket sides by appointing two captains: Harjit Bhogal and Vidu Shanmugarajah. Unlike the XI, and in true second team spirit, it was decided that the captains would work together in all games. However, this soon became confusing and it was decided that captaining alternate games was the better route to follow. Shrewsbury was our next game: we were arguably outclassed, as they amassed a huge 206 despite an agile display in the field from Vishal, and bowled us out for 60. Malvern followed, where opening batsmen Harjit and Vishal got us off to a steady start, with Vishal scoring an entertaining 23 with Qasim Khattak and Dan Loyo Mayo coming in later with contributions of 18 and 37 respectively. Despite excellent bowling from our

spinners, Sameer Patel (who bowled 4 maidens on the trot) and Vishal Banerjee (conceding only 24 runs off 7 overs), we were not able to defend our total. Following this, we played Solihull: another disappointing batting performance, with only Vishal scoring any significant runs (34). We ended with 116, a total we could not defend against a strong Solihull batting line up. This match was followed by losses against Warwick and Wolverhampton Grammar. The undefeated King's Worcester lay in our path next and with true second team determination we managed to hold them to a draw, thanks to gritty batting from Vidu, Charlie and Jack Jeffries.

Although no formal awards were given at the end of the season, I feel that some players deserve credit for their work throughout the year, most notably Robert Condle. Rob was clearly a unique individual right from our very first practice, where he demonstrated his uncanny ability to injure himself during catching practice. However, Rob soon became the most valued all rounder in the team with his nippy, varied bowling and aggressive batting (shown against Wolverhampton Grammar, where he pulled us to within a run of victory from a seemingly forlorn position, scoring a rapid fire 32*). There were consistent performances with bat and ball from Jack Jeffries and Vidu, with our main run scorers being Dan, Vishal, Sameer, Qasim and Tom. Our main wicket takers were Harjit, Sameer, Vishal and Rob, not to forget Charlie Hall, who did a fantastic job behind the stumps as well as keeping the morale of the team up with his enthusiasm. Many thanks must go to Mr Phillips, our legendary coach, and Mr Cross, who umpired many of our games. We played some good cricket this season but, more importantly, we had great fun doing it. Thanks to all who played.

Nick Chan

Under 15s

This year the team really came together: a lot of members matured and contributed to their full abilities. After a great start against Old Swinford, much assisted by Daniel Wolfe and James Bowden, the two Australians on a cricket exchange to KES, our next two games were lost through rain. From here a strong win against Solihull led on to the hardest game of the season, against Warwick.

Letting Warwick bat first proved to be a good decision, as we picked up early wickets and bowled them out for only 119. Robert Hall, Daniel Lavender and Zaahid Khan picked up a couple of wickets each and Daniel Neale took 3. After an excellent start by Zaahid Khan (21) and Daniel Neale (71*), we won the game easily, Will Arnold seeing us home with a steady 12*.

At home to Wolverhampton School, Adhuv Prinja and Daniel Lavender bowled well but we ended up chasing a daunting 191. We lost our top five batsmen early, and, despite promising batting from Robert Hall (24) and Adhuv Prinja (29*), we lost. Our batting was again poor against King's Worcester but through excellent performances from all bowlers, we managed to restrict them to 73 from 35 overs. Among bowlers, David Canner and Daniel Lavender deserve special congratulations.

In our last game of the season Malvern College scored 135 off their 25 overs, with tight bowling from Hussnan Hussain and two wickets from Daniel Neale and Adhuv Prinja. Hussnan finished off an all round performance with an unbeaten 72, ably supported by Daniel Neale and Zaahid Khan. As a team, we all performed extremely well this season, losing one game and winning six. We ended the season with great hopes for next year.

Daniel Neale

Under 14s

We began the year playing against an unbeaten Solihull side in the final of the Leslie Fellows Cup. We bowled them all out for a low score thanks to tight and accurate bowling and an impressive fielding display, with Phil Neale taking four stumpings.

Our first game of this season proper was against Old Swinford: tight bowling restricted them to 90 runs, and we had 35 overs to match this total, but lack of concentration meant that we were all out for 54. This unpromising start was followed by defeat against a very strong Shrewsbury side.

RGS Worcester provided a much-needed first win of the new season, followed by a further victory over Solihull. The team's morale was improving rapidly, ready for our great rivals, Warwick. Haidar Lone (3 wickets for 13 runs), Mohamed Saqib and Nitin Saul (both collecting 2 wickets) held Warwick to 125-9. Kieran Iyer (46) went in at number 3 and built a partnership with Karan Modi (15) which, backed up by an impressive innings by Matt Sedgwick (37), meant we sailed to victory by 5 wickets.

We beat King's Worcester and KE Aston, putting us into the quarter final of the cup, where we beat Tudor Grange comfortably. The semi-final was against Rugby, and top class bowling allowed us to bowl them all out for a mere 81. Due to attacking strokes by Nitin Saul (49*) we walked through to the final full of confidence. This proved a close match: we let our position slip and found ourselves panicking, but Haidar Lone handled the pressure, picking up 4 wickets, and we were named winners of the Lords Taverners Cup. Nitin Saul won the Man of the Match Award.

So we started with a trophy and ended with a trophy, and with a bit more consistency have the makings of a great side. We look forward to a busy but exciting next year.

Phil Neale

Under 14Bs

A first glance at the bald statistics (played 5, won 4, lost 1) will tell you that the Under 14 B XI had a good season. Further study of the detail - beating RGS Worcester by 8 wickets, Warwick by 9 wickets and Malvern by 10 wickets - will suggest that the team played some tremendous cricket, bowling aggressively and batting positively, with some good fielding to back this up. Perhaps most revealing of all, no fewer than twenty-five players represented the team during the season.

Among bowlers, Anil and Amaad Choudhry formed a superb opening pair, Anil terrorizing the opposition with his pace and Ammaad with his accuracy. Reddy supported them with some good steady spells, while De Silva and Kent mesmerized batsmen with their legspin and picked up wickets regularly and cheaply.

The batting was occasionally inconsistent but always positive. Fox and McDonnell forged an impressive opening partnership, McDonnell excellent at punishing poor bowling and Fox sound and correct in defence and quick between the wickets. Their opening stand of 128 against Warwick must surely be a B team record. The

wicket keeping of Arnold and Anfilogoff was tidy and competent, while De Silva's captaincy was astute and thoughtful; he was efficient at checking availability of players and showed increasing awareness of the complexities of setting fields for his bowlers.

Overall, then, a fine season. The biggest compliment I can pay the team is to say that for much of the season, they played like an A XI.

GAV

Under 13s

The main aim for the season was to win the national David English/Banbury Cup. Sadly we lost in the regional final, but it was a good performance to reach the last 8 nationally.

A Cup match against Thomas Telford School started the season: even though we did not play well, we managed to scrape a victory. This winning start was soon ended by a strong Solihull side, despite some good bowling from Amar Shanghavi (3-11). The next match was away in the Cup competition to Limehurst High School, Loughborough. After a shaky start, KES fielded and bowled well: the four spinners (Ed Botha, Amar Shanghavi,



Under 13A XI

Faisal Karim and Hari Sharma) bowled 24 overs for 36 runs and we were able to win in brilliant style by nine wickets. The following day we played Warwick, which saw a first fifty by Faisal Karim enabling KES to record a second successive win by nine wickets.

The third round of the cup yielded a KES victory by 30 runs over a strong Nottingham High School side, and the match against Wolverhampton Grammar School saw KES score the highest total of the season (198 in 35 overs). The day of the regional final arrived and everybody was very tense. KES traveled to Stone, Staffordshire, to play Christ Church Middle School. KES batted first and high scores were achieved by Roly Grant (59 not out) and Simon Gateley (35) enabling the team to reach a respectable score of 144-6 from 35 overs despite a slow start to our innings. In reply, Christ Church batted well and won by 6 wickets. It was some consolation that we lost to a team that reached the final, only to lose to Millfield at Headingly.

On balance, it was a successful season for a nice bunch of lads who worked hard at their cricket and made some good progress. The bowling was generally tight and was backed up by good fielding so that most sides found it difficult to score quickly against us; this pressure brought wickets. The failing in the matches we lost was that we did not score enough runs. Faisal Karim, Simon Gateley, Ed Botha and particularly Roly Grant batted well at times but consistency proved to be a problem.

TM & Simon Gateley

Under 13Bs

This was only an average season for the U13 B team, as we won only half of our 8 games, and two were abandoned. However, 18 boys were able to enjoy representing the school and all gave their best and improved their cricket.

After early defeats by Solihull and

Warwick, we managed our first win of the season in a midweek league match against Holy Trinity. Put in to bat, we made a considerable total of 73 with a good contribution from Dani Malik (23). Our bowling was tight and the fielding immaculate. A Saturday afternoon fixture against King's School, Worcester

but batting was not as easy as we had expected. Only one batsman scored over 5 runs, although we won 30-4: not the best performance of the season.

The quarter final of the Calypso Cup turned out to be a close game. We batted well and started the bowling well, taking early wickets. However,



Under 12A XI

saw an excellent opening partnership between Richard Sham (77) and James Riley (19) and some excellent hitting from Hassan Yaqoob (35 off 20 balls) at the end of the innings. We eventually finished on 199-4 after 30 overs. Thanks to Vivek Shah (2-2) and Gautham Sriram (4-5) we bowled them out for 111, a terrific result!

Overall we had a lot of fun this season. I would like to thank, on behalf of the team, Mr Jim Evans (O.E.) and Mr Mason for all the hard work they put in during the season.

Tudor Grange's number 5 batsman gave them hope, hitting the first ball he faced for four and continuing in this fashion. However, we eventually halted their comeback, and won through to a semi-final against Bishop Vesey. As reigning champions of the Calypso Cup, we went into this game favourites. However, we did not get the start we wanted, and this game saw our worst bowling of the season: it was a game we lost, rather than the other team winning.

At the end of the season, our record was: Played 8, Won 6, Lost 2: a good season but with room for improvement next year. I would like to thank the whole team, and Mr Lye for coaching us.

Haris Ismail

Under 12s

Our first match was against Old Swinford. They got off to a bad start, losing a wicket off the first ball due to some excellent fielding by Henry O'Brien. However, we couldn't keep up the pace and eventually slumped to 50 all out. Exciting wins over Warwick, Wolverhampton and King's Worcester led us to our first Cup match, against Baverstock. Baverstock failed to score many runs, getting bowled out for 29,

Under 12Bs

The U12B cricketers were an enthusiastic bunch, attending as many practices as possible and maintaining an unwavering dedication to the cause. It is a shame that so few schools deigned to play us. This, combined with



Under 12B XI

the inclement weather, left us with only two fixtures: against Yardley School in the South Birmingham Schools League and a friendly fixture against Solihull.

The game against the Yardley A team was played in blazing sunshine at Eastern Road. All the bowlers performed well, especially James Shirley, Mohsin Shafi and Anuj Wali. We fell only a little short of winning, thanks to some good aggressive batting from Seb Hall: greater pressure is need in building and chasing a target.

The friendly against Solihull was a one-sided affair. We dominated from the outset; Gaurav Kumar clubbed 23 quick runs, ably supported by captain Mason, Matt Chatwin and Pavin Deu. Our total of 120 for 4 looked insurmountable, and so it proved. Solihull collapsed to 45 all out. My thanks go to my fellow coach Mr Milne, to our able captain Alex Mason, and most of all to the players.

B/J

Hockey

The Hockey Season

2003-4 was a difficult season, with some teams struggling to put together a decent run of results, although after Christmas there was greater consistency. The 1st XI beat the teams they were expected to beat, but struggled against teams with key club players in their line-ups. The success of the season, which may prove valuable for the next two years, was the Cup run of the U16 XI. Progressing to the Warwickshire final, they were unlucky to lose in the closing minutes to a talented Solihull side, with whom they have had excellent encounters since the Upper Middles. The three midfield players from the U16s, namely Will Murphey, Sameer Patel and Richard Roberts, have been the main driving force in the midfield for the 1st XI this year. Set this beside excellent performances in the latter part of the season from Vivek Balachandar and Richard McDonnell, and the nucleus of next year's team seems to be taking shape.

Team Statistics

Team	P	W	D	L	GF	GA
1st XI	17	8	2	7	43	48
2nd XI	12	5	1	6	25	23
3rd XI	12	8	2	2	28	9
4th XI	8	4	0	4	21	16
5th XI	1	1	0	0	4	1
6th XI	1	1	0	0	7	0
U16 XI	5	3	1	1	20	9
U15A XI	14	1	0	13	10	45
U15B XI	8	2	3	3	9	17
U14A XI	10	4	1	5	12	16
U14B XI	4	1	0	3	5	8
TOTALS	92	38	10	44	184	192

Representative Honours

Warwickshire U.18 XI - Kabir Sondhi

Blazer Badge

Kabir Sondhi

Full Colours

Kabir Sondhi
Andrew Holmes
Neil Curtis

Half Colours

Neil Curtis
Sean Farouqi
Sanjeev Panesar
Will Murphey (from Sept 04)
Satheesh Jegannathan

Alex Boyle
Gorav Wali
John Ashton
Harjit Bhogal
Adam Gatrad

RNL Easter 2004

1st XI

At the risk of sounding disparaging, this was a season of mediocrity intertwined with the odd glimpse of skill. We did win 8 and draw 2 of our 17 games, but it was the 7 losses that really hurt. To say we began badly is an understatement. Conceding 5 to an Old Eds team full of portly older gentlemen could be said to be careless, but slipping from 4-4 to 4-8 against a below-par Warwick was simply embarrassing, especially as our fall

The team finally began firing when we rolled over Camp Hill 5-0 and produced a particularly slick performance to beat Loughborough 4-1 on a freezing night at the University astros. This was followed by a 3-0 win over Bishop Vesey, a decent 1-1 draw at Wrekin, a 2-4 loss to Newcastle and a 2-0 win over Bablake. The only major blemish over this time was a harrowing 0-8 loss against Solihull in the Cup, in which Harjit Bhogal managed to gift the opposition 2 goals out of the kindness of his heart. The season ended on a high with a satisfying 4-2 victory against an abrasive and physical team from King Henry's Coventry.



1st XI

from grace happened in the last five minutes of the game and Adam Gatrad almost beheaded one of their strikers. The next game, a 7-0 drubbing of Evesham on their own turf, aroused some hope: the 5th formers who made up a large portion of the team were growing accustomed to life in the 1sts, although it helped that Evesham didn't know which end of the stick to use. A win against Lawrence Sheriff was followed by a lacklustre 1-6 loss to Newcastle-under-Lyme, a fair 4-4 draw with Five Ways and another well fought 1-0 victory against Sheriff, this time in the Cup. A 0-5 loss to a talented young Solihull side was compounded by a bad-tempered 1-2 loss to QMGs, which almost ended in fisticuffs owing to some contested umpiring decisions (I'm not bitter).

Credit must go to Andrew Holmes and Neil Curtis, who both added good final seasons to their good KES careers, and to the defence as a whole for having Kabir Sondhi shouting at them all the time. Jon Ashton had a prolific season up front, Will Murphey showed his skills in the midfield and Richard Roberts was an excellent team clown. Captain Kabir Sondhi was called up to the Warwickshire U18 team, mainly on the strength of plenty of practice. Thanks to Mr Lye and Mr Roll for coaching the team and for their advice over injuries: "Get up, you great big girl."

Kabir Sondhi

2nd XI

"Double figures, lads," shouted Jay Ghosh from the goal, "double figures!" It was a triumphant end to a relatively successful season when Muhammad Murhaba slotted in the tenth goal of the final match against King Henry's Coventry.

Warwick had started off our season in a less successful manner: we went down 3-1. However, that was a newly-formed team, with players being tried out in different positions, and the opposition were very good. We learned from our shortcomings, and narrowly beat Aston in the following match; however, in our next encounter they demolished us 6-1.

The season continued and, as players settled into positions, we began to gel: soon the results were more promising. Good wins against Queen Mary's Walsall and Camp Hill gave us confidence but defeats by Loughborough and Wrekin cruelly took it away. Then towards the rear end of the season we rose from the depths of three consecutive defeats to crush Bablake and King Henry's, to finish on a high.

Special mentions must go to Muhammad Murhaba, who scored with great regularity; to Tom Bradish and Alex Brooke, who were solid in defence; and to Oliver Adams, who mesmerised even himself with his dribble. Finally, thank you from the whole team to Mr Roll and Mr Lye for giving up their time to coach, support and lead us.

Jay Ghosh

3rd XI

Yet again, Tiger Tinley's merry band proved themselves the cream of KES Hockey. A combination of raw skill, blistering pace, teamwork and determination displayed by a team of eager but relaxed players made for some hockey reminiscent of Italian football at its best. We won eight games out of twelve and scored 28 goals, only tasting defeat in two games and conceding a mere 9 goals.

We had a reliable sweeper in Matt Cassano, even if he had a fixation with the right side of the field, and a bored goalkeeper in Alex Boyle, only rarely called upon to make a save. Our attack was led by the infamous Dave Meisel, who could always be called upon to rally the midfield in times of need, while banging in a number of goals from his favourite position at the top of the D. The role of centre mid was filled by Obaid Choudry, dazzling many an opponent with his stick-work and linking up with Ashwin Parikh on the occasions that he had remembered his kit. On the right side of midfield, Omar Farouqi scored some audacious goals, breaking through the defence from the halfway line. Finally, the left side of the pitch was ruled by the combination of Sanjoy Bhattacharya and Dave Woods, dizzying opponents with overlaps.

Our finest hour was against Five Ways. Having taken a two goal advantage into Half Time, we crumbled under immense pressure in the last ten minutes, but still managed to secure an admirable 2-2 draw. The day we would all like to forget was when we played QMGS away. Leaving for the match, SJT took out a bollard with the minibus; which was the main topic of conversation until we returned to the minibus after an easy victory, to find it empty of our belongings, with the window smashed in. What ensued has become the subject of legend, but what is definitely fact is that SJT became the

first teacher ever to pull over on the way back to school to negotiate with the thieves via mobile phone.

All in all, it was an enjoyable season with some promising results. Many thanks to the team for their effort and to SJT for his management, coaching and motivation.

Dave Woods

4th XI

Generally, the fourth team play very few matches; this season, thanks to the hockey staff, we were able to play eight. For a team that was rich in spirit but average in talent, we played a relatively

satisfactory season, winning four and losing four.

Our most memorable win was the last match against Newcastle, where we won 5-1. This match was played with enough passion and vigour to send off the boys in the Sixths with a memorable farewell. Throughout the season we managed to concede only 16 goals, thanks to Anand Pandit and Matthew Southern, who were solid in defence. We managed to score 21 goals in total, thanks to our prolific forwards, Wakas Iqbal and Anish Patel.

Overall, it was a team effort that resulted in a decent year. Hopefully we can produce the same next season when some of us may be in the 3rds or even the 2nds.

Gaurav Rajpuri



3rd XI



4th XI

U16 XI

As the highly successful U15 team graduated into the senior hockey program, the unit which had gelled so well over the years was broken up into the 1st and 2nd XIs. However, there was still a chance for us to show off our skill and flair in the Warwickshire Youth Cup. To warm us up for the challenge, the team started with a friendly against Loughborough.

After imposing our will upon an inferior side and establishing an early 3-1 lead, our lack of pace and fitness in defence allowed the opposition to penetrate our lines, meaning the score line finished 3-3. Our cup run began when we came up against Lawrence Sheriff, whom we promptly dismissed 5-1, which was followed by a demolition of King Henry's in the semi-finals. The team was on top form; Sameer Patel



U16 XI

shone with a high work rate and impressive strength on the ball. Oliver Adams tried his best up front, boasting many goals and a plethora of tricks, ably assisting James Harper's laudable link-up play and passing, and Richard Roberts' athleticism. Our skills were to be put to the test in a gruelling encounter against our archrivals, Solihull, in the final. Jon Botha put in an early goal after a blistering run by James Harper. As the match progressed, I cannot put into words how hard the team fought; such passion and determination are rarely

seen on a hockey pitch, we trailed 1-3 in the dying minutes of the game, only for Olly Adams to slot home a break-away goal from a tight angle, and then coolly convert an opportunity at the penalty spot. At three-all, the team prepared for extra time, and watched the ball roll out of play for a KES 16-yard hit. To everyone's surprise, a referee from the other side of the pitch overruled the relevant referee's decision, awarding our opponents a penalty flick to make the final score 4-3 in their favour.

Thanks must go for his stoical defending to Richard McDonnell who has improved his tackling and discipline exponentially since the fourth year. Thanks also to Mr Lye, who proved to be a cool head in times of adversity and a second to none coach and mentor to the team.

Will Murphey

U15B XI



U15B XI

The season was a turbulent one for the U15B XI. We played against more skilful teams, as evidenced by our total of 17 goals conceded but only 9 goals scored in 8 matches.

Despite the goals conceded, the B team continued to pride itself on its defence, charisma and inimitable spirit. We did, after all, lose only three games of 8 played. Like the number of goals we conceded, our charm and determination were ever increasing and our reward was a 2-2 draw in the very last fixture of the season, against a superior Bishop Vesey side who had beaten us earlier in the term. It was hardly the explosive finale that we had all hoped for, but we defended bravely, took our chances when they came and ended the season more of a team than we had started.

My hopes for the mighty B team as we move from U15 to U16 hockey? More wins and longer unbeaten runs. And my challenge to next year's U15 B team? Try, if you can, to match our awesome team spirit!

Ashvir Sangha

U15A XI

Despite achieving poor results this season, the team tried hard. There have been some promising improvements in our game by comparison with last season, but we are still learning.

Simon Clapham



U15A XI

U14 XI



The team members have made a good start to their career, having come together for the first time this season against often experienced opposition. The results for the season are well balanced: won 4, drew 1, and lost 5. We were unluckily knocked out of the Cup 1-0 by Rugby, after a penalty flick goal was disallowed. Everybody contributed to the overall performance: flamboyant saves by Luke Tisdale, tackles by the defence, and goals by Will Allen, our top scorer with 5 goals. We faced the more experienced KES U15 A team and had the audacity to overcome them by a single goal, although both sides had numerous chances to score. I am sure the team will go on to greater heights next year.

Matthew Sedgwick

Tennis

Senior

1st VI Played 5: Won 1: Lost 4
2nd VI Played 2: Won 0: Lost 2

This season, our young First team started off on a high note, playing RGS Worcester at home. After winning seven of the nine doubles matches, four of the six players also beat their opposite numbers at singles. After this resounding early win, we were unlucky not to win our second match, especially after the first pair won all of their three sets. Unfortunately, we narrowly lost 5 - 4 after losing two sets on tie breaks.

We continued to lose, at home to Nottingham, in a fairly close 3 - 5 score line, before being beaten heavily 2 - 6 by a Repton team including German junior internationals. Our last match, which was also our only away match, was a loss, 3 - 5, against Malvern, who played a strong team, especially in their first pair. The second team played only two matches this year, losing 1-8 to both Shrewsbury and Malvern.

Although the results tended not to go our way, the team played well and morale was high. We look forward to next season with high hopes for our relatively unchanged team with a few young additions.

U15

The U15 team started with a 3-1 defeat against a strong Repton side. This was followed by a 5-4 win against Nottingham, which was particularly impressive as we fielded a weakened side.

In the local Nestlé tennis league we beat Camp Hill 5 - 1, Arthur Terry 6 - 0 but unfortunately lost 4 - 2 to a strong KE Aston side, which meant that we were eliminated after having finished second in the group.

Ben Brown played consistently well at number 1. He was ably supported by Pavan Grewel, Ben Spannuth and Ravi Soni. Amongst others, Henry Arnold and Karan Modi showed particular promise. Many thanks to all those who participated, particularly those who stepped in at short notice.

U13

Played 5: Won 3: Lost 2

The season started with a 7 - 2 defeat by Nottingham School due to the fact that we fielded an entirely Shell Team in order to give new players some experience. In the local Nestlé league, the team of Roly Grant, Chris Duncan, Nick Watson and Aiden Wilkinson beat Camp Hill 4 - 2, KE Aston 5 - 1 and Arthur Terry 6 - 0.

Our performances in the league led us to win it and qualified us for the regional knockout tournament. In this we were drawn against Windsor High. We lost 5 - 1, Chris Duncan securing our only win with a fine performance in his singles match. There are many promising players in the lower part of the school and the future of school tennis looks bright.

SJT

SJT

Cross Country

With only one runner from last year's A-team carrying on into this year, expectations were never very high for this season. These initial instincts were confirmed in our earlier races - despite a few outright wins from captain Vikram Balachandar (not to mention victory for Vikram and David Woods in the Pairs Race) the team had to settle for the wooden spoon on every occasion.

Things looked better in the second half of the Autumn Term. At the Queen Mary's League Relay, both A- and B-teams succeeded in not coming last in their respective races. However, with injury ruling the captain out for almost the rest of the term, and our

other sixth-formers (Daniel Martin and Lihan Shao) taking it in turns to go off on university interviews, the team never really capitalised on this potential. That said, David Woods, in another of his cameo roles, did avenge his defeat last year in the League Individual Race.

The beginning of the Spring Term saw a couple of new arrivals. As well as raising spirits, this had the side-effect of boosting the B-team, which consequently enjoyed some success. Meanwhile, an A-team bolstered by the presence of both David Woods and Upper Middle Greg Divall managed to earn one of KES's highest ever placings in the ultra-competitive King Henry VIII Relay, which operates at a national level. However, credit must also go to the other runners, including up-and-coming Richard Ruston, who, in treacherous conditions (hail, then snow), posted a leg time worthy of last year's invincible A-team.

They say good things come to those who wait, and some of the team's most

notable accomplishments occurred towards the end of the season. The A-team, lacking both their captain and Daniel Martin, still managed to come fourth in the final League race at Sutton Park - an event into which all other teams usually throw everything they have. In the Shrewsbury Relay, thanks



Under 14 Cross Country Team

in part to a brilliant fifth leg by late bloomer Kosta Kustas, the A-team beat Old Swinford and past rivals Newcastle. Saving the best till last: though decimated by the Divisions' Geography field trip, we triumphed again over Newcastle in the King Edward's School Relay, helping ourselves to second place by a considerable margin. I like to think that we would still have beaten them even if their best runner hadn't been wearing a bear suit!

So what next? If you take Dr Bridges' intra-school rankings seriously, the team will lose its best three runners after this year. However, this year's Divs (in particular Tom Devas, Simon Friend and Joe Perini) have shown promise, and, with the right approach towards training, the team could still make a return to those halcyon days that I can just about remember. The lower years are also seemingly bubbling with talent: at the Greater Birmingham Schools race at the end of the season, KES came away with a clean sweep of all the age groups. Richard Roberts, Kosta and Adam Nooney had a one, two, three finish in the U16 age group; in the 'U14s Greg and Liam O'Brien came first and third; Daniel Sutton and Isaac Humphries gained the top two spots at U12 level. As many of you will know, Greg, having won the title of National Junior Cross Country Champion, affirmed his status as No.1 in the UK by winning outright the Home Countries International at Ayr in April, helping the England team to an overall victory.

Finally, on behalf of the whole team, I would like to thank the staff (and not just for getting us to our fixtures). Mr Albrighton aided the team's turnaround with his training sessions, and Dr Bridges has been extremely supportive of the team throughout the season(s). Without them, none of this would have been possible.

Vikram Balachandar



Senior Cross Country Team

Rugby

King Edward's School Rugby Club Season 2003-4

Team Honours

	Played	Won	Lost	Draw	For	Against
1st XV	20	15	5	0	517	238
2nd XV	13	12	1	0	405	89
3rd XV	8	7	1	0	248	69
U16A XV	11	2	9	0	120	218
U15A XV	18	5	13	0	217	363
U15B XV	12	3	8	0	208	243
U14A XV	15	11	3	1	319	98
U14B XV	14	8	4	1	225	192
U13A XV	13	8	4	1	225	192
U13B XV	12	6	5	1	215	226
U13C XV	2	1	0	1	20	10
U13D XV	2	0	2	0	30	38
U12A XV	10	2	8	0	106	224
U12B XV	11	8	3	0	215	87
U12C XV	5	3	2	0	172	32
U12D XV	4	2	2	0	76	66
TOTAL	169	93	71	5	3198	2340

1st XV

Quarter Finalists in the Daily Mail Cup

Winners of the Greater Birmingham Sevens

U16 XV

North Midlands Cup Quarter Finalists

U15A XV

Reached Round 4 of the Daily Mail Vase

Winners of the Greater Birmingham Cup

U14A XV

Winners of the Greater Birmingham Cup

U13A XV

Runners up in the Birmingham Cup

Individual Players Awards

1st XV

Player of the Year Charles Rees

Most Improved Player Rob Hill

2nd XV

Player of the Year Dan Drew

Most Improved Player Lee Raji

3rd XV

Player of the Year Usman Mir

Most Improved Player V Shanmugarajah

Clubman of the Year Rob Hollyhead

Blazer Badges R Hollyhead, H Hecht

Colours

H Hecht, J Metcalfe, A Titiloye,
R Hollyhead, C Bennett-Britton

Half Colours

M George, O Fawcett, C Butler,
P Satterthwaite, M Gardiner, I Sultan,
C Rees, D Drew, D Loyo-Mayo,
J Dawkins, M Benjamin, R Hill,
J Speight, D Reece, E Battaloglu,
E Sandison, C Keogh, R Pilsbury,
T Meanwell, A Vakil, S Punn,
R Ubhi, T Sebastian, J Paterson,
S Ahmed, U Mir

Individual Representative Honours

Under 18's

Greater Birmingham Schools

R Hollyhead C Keogh D Loyo-Mayo C Rees
J Metcalfe H Hecht

North Midlands Selection

C Rees J Metcalfe R Hollyhead H Hecht

Midlands England

J Metcalfe J Metcalfe

Under 16's

Greater Birmingham Schools

S Heaven I Sheldrake M Benjamin B Elms
J Jeffries O Chan A Pal

North Midlands Selection

J Jeffries M Benjamin A Pal

Midlands Trial

M Benjamin

Under 15's

Greater Birmingham Schools

C Jackson D Kennea S Flaherty D Lavender
J Hollyhead

Under 14's

Greater Birmingham Schools

O Lidgbird A Browning E Battaloglu D Elphinstone
M Haig G Hancock P Campbell W Murcott

1st XV

The season began on August 7th 2003 in Auckland, New Zealand. A group of players was assembled, many of whom hadn't played together before; yet from that moment the team just seemed to click. The tour uncovered some good finds such as Rob Hill at full back and Charlie Butler at lock, and the end result was that we won our last two games, setting us on course for a successful season.

Arriving home with a full week to recover before training commenced, everyone felt optimistic about our chances of winning the first game, against RGS. However, we played poorly and lost narrowly in the last minute, bringing us back down to earth. This defeat made us even more determined to succeed, and we quickly found our form with a nine-match unbeaten run against teams such as Warwick, Nottingham, Leicester G.S. and Denstone. This winning streak included reaching the last 16 of the Daily Mail Cup, which boosted confidence before the crunch match of the season against Bromsgrove.

Traditionally this fixture is a tight game between two top Rugby schools in the area. However, over recent years Bromsgrove have felt the need to

recruit England Schools players, thus excluding themselves from the Daily Mail Cup. Against KES, six of their eight forwards and two of their backs were internationals, which makes a mockery of Rugby at this level. Far from being outplayed, we stuck to our task and took the game to them, ultimately losing but gaining a moral victory.

Our Cup adventure continued after Christmas against Mount Saint Mary's in Sheffield. A sodden pitch made it hard for us; however, in a very close game, we were victors by one point. It was a remarkable achievement by the whole squad, putting us in the top eight teams in the country. In this post Christmas period we only lost one game, the Quarter Finals of the Cup against Barnard's Castle School, the eventual finalists.

Our achievements as a squad highlight the strength in depth of KES: over 30 players played in the 1st XV. Certain individuals particularly deserve a mention for their parts in our successes. Miles Benjamin must be credited for scoring 14 tries while only

in the 5th year. Charlie Rees (Player of the Season) was awesome all season, whilst James Metcalfe was the linchpin of the team. Ade Titloye was also outstanding, scoring an amazing 25 tries in 16 games, whilst Mike Gardiner was an inspirational pack leader. My congratulations to the whole squad, and good luck to those in the Divisions for next season. Finally, huge thanks



1st XV

must go to Mr James, who worked tirelessly all season, and to Mr Duncombe, who is leaving us this year. He has been the forwards' coach for seven years and his boots will be very hard to fill!

Rob Hollyhead



2nd XV

Our tour of New Zealand and Fiji, despite having been an amazing experience, had left the 2nd XV with a tally of no victories at all out of five matches. As a consequence we were

injury. Undaunted by this defeat, we were immediately back to our normal selves, thrashing an unusually weak Solihull side - a good warm up for the big Bromsgrove match. Victories in the past two years put us under pressure not to lose the winning run. A bullocking run by Richard Pilsbury left the opposition dumbfounded by the mass of orange, and this brought us back

celebrations after the last match of their school careers, we did not play to our full potential but were still able to come out with a 23-19 win.

With that the season came to end, except for the end of season dinner. An "A-Z of 2nd XV Rugby," presented by Alex Vakil and Shalin Punn (as the captain was unavailable), capped off an exceptional season. All that remains is to thank Taylor Meanwell for his inspirational team talks, and Mr Phillips for his coaching/refereeing expertise. His mantra of playing in the opponents' half and making first up tackles provided the basis for our success.

Euan Stirling



all keen to get back to winning ways. The season that followed was one of the most successful of recent years. We scored over 400 points and conceded only 89, proving that the lessons learnt in the Southern Hemisphere had been more valuable than was initially apparent.

An impressive victory over RGS Worcester (running in six tries) began the season, more than demonstrating our obvious ability all over the pitch. Good ball service was provided to an incredibly quick back line, which enabled a brilliant display of running rugby. It was, however, the half back combination of Dan Drew and Chris Keogh that was the heart of the team. Dan Drew, probably the best KES player never to play a full season for the 1st XV, made some incredible tackles, whilst Chris Keogh's accurate kicking rarely left us in our own half for long. As a result we got off to a brilliant start, with wins against Denstone, Camp Hill and Warwick (where Will Keogh was sin-binned for some over zealous rucking.)

Coming back from half term, however, we faced Nottingham High School, a game in which we had lost a number of players to the 1st XV and

level after going behind early in the first half. A brilliant kick and chase from Joe Speight (the season's top scorer) put us ahead, and we came away with a 17-8 victory after some dedicated defence on our own line. A 20-14 win over Adams Grammar finished off the first half of the season.

After Christmas, everyone returned ready to get back on the pitch. Despite the lack of activity over the three week break, a good performance resulted in a 38-5 victory over Old Swinford. This set us off to some exceptional displays of rugby, outclassing Loughborough and Bablake without conceding a point in the process. The final match of the year came against Aston. With the Sixths looking forward to the

Onto the modern field of battle the gladiators of the new generation, the 3rd XV, went out to fight for their school, without water, oranges, or first aid. Leaving behind rumours that we were a talentless, over-weight group, we emerged a new team; leaner, fitter and, more importantly, damn sexier.

The season began with a leisurely warm up against RGS Worcester, which we comfortably won. Our second game against King's Worcester, was cancelled, allegedly due to pitch condition: we recognised this as fear of our new reputation. It was some time before our next match, against our first Foundation school, Camp Hill. It was here that the team really showed what they were made of. Awesome kicking from Lewis Chatterley and runs from a possessed Shiraz Ahmed helped

3rd XV



3rd XV

secure a comfortable win. Against Warwick, however, the gladiators fell. We went back to the training field.

Our next game, a victory against Nottingham, featured excellent play, a sending off, and one of the best hat-tricks ever scored by Vidu Shanmugarajah among its highlights. The next fixture, against Solihull, was a good opportunity to celebrate England's 20-17 win over Australia. The game was easy enough, with one standing order: "NO DROP GOALS." Bromsgrove came next. We arrived with some trepidation, knowing very well the ability of the opposition. We played hard, every man pouring every ounce of passion and strength into the game. After going down, the sheer grit and determination of a fight back resulted in another win, despite our losing two players en route. This was one of the hardest fought games of the season.

In the new year a new set of challenges waited. An easy victory over Loughborough continued our winning streak, and the next game, against QMGS, was cancelled due to "inclement weather". Once again we knew that our reputation had preceded us. On the 11th February, the Thirds faced their final match, against Wolverhampton GS 1st XV. For many of us, it would be our last ever game for the School. A whole year of struggle, pain and glory led up to this game. Could we finish the way we had started? Before the game, Tony Sebastian gave the inspiring "inches" speech in the style of the true father of the 3rds, Nabil Shah. We huddled together with fire in our hearts, and for the final time on King Edward's soil, the "Boyatay" battle cry rang out over the pitch. In front of our biggest crowd of the season we played hard and, thanks to mighty charges from Mohammed Usman and runs from Matthew Riddell, we went on to win. There could not have been a better end to a most successful 3rd XV season. Thanks must go to Mr Evans, who always had faith in us, and most importantly, a big thank you and well done to the gladiators of the Thirds.

Tony Sebastian

U16

This season was not an outstanding success. Having lost some players to injury and Miles Benjamin to the 1st XV, the U16s struggled to field a full strength side all season. The team lacked cohesion and, although everyone gave one hundred percent in every game, it was this lack of unanimity that led to most of our losses. We showed defiance, however, in every game, never giving up until the final whistle. This spirit imbued all members of the team and will, I hope, serve them well in the teams they play for next year. Arpan Pal should be congratulated on being selected to play for the North Midlands and Miles Benjamin on making it to the Midlands trials.

Jack Jeffries



U16

U15A

As usual, the opening games to the season were against the strongest teams. Due to lack of organisation, we suffered a humiliating Cup defeat against Tudor Grange. This result acted as a pivotal point in the season, leading to radical position changes. Phil Marzouk moved to the flank and Greg Jackson to full back, adding stability and force to the team. The result was a string of victories, along with a close game against a strong Bromsgrove

team. Important victories included those against KE Aston, KE Camp Hill, and Lichfield, and later in the season we won the Greater Birmingham Cup quite convincingly. Mike Jones, Dan Lavender, Amreet Kang, Will Bridges and Max Dowd made special contributions to these victories.

David Kennea

U14A

The season got off to a flying start under team coach Mr Roden. The first match, a 17-0 victory against RGS Worcester, was followed by six further consecutive wins. Following this great run came the fixture against Solihull, which saw KES score what should have been the winning try. Instead, the referee added a further five unexplained minutes of extra time, during which Solihull came back to equalise. Three more wins followed, including against Bromsgrove, Adams Grammar and a 50-0 defeat of Five Ways.

The next game, against Old Swinford, was always going to be tough, but when KES went 12 points down in the first half it looked tougher still. Adding to this, a man was lost through injury and we were forced to play the second half with just 14. KES however came back to score three unconverted tries and looked set to pull off a great win, until Old Swinford were awarded a penalty and, with the last kick of the match, were able to make it a 15 - all draw.

The season ended on a slight low with the team losing two out of the last three games, though we managed a



U14A

victory against rivals KE Aston (42-0). We were also the convincing winners of The Greater Birmingham Cup. This year saw a great leap in skill from many of the U14 players, with several of them selected for the County Squad. Roll on next season!

Max Haig

U14B

We started off well, winning our first four matches with heavy scores, especially against KE Camp Hill (59-5). But we soon discovered that tackling was our weak point, and this became apparent against the more challenging sides, such as Bromsgrove and Warwick. We had a frustrating loss to Rugby School in a match ending 17-14, due to a last minute try. After the dry patch we improved our teamwork. As the season drew to a close we won four out of the last five matches, our most impressive victory being over Bishop of Hereford School. Overall, we won 8 of our 14 matches, losing 5 and drawing 1. I think we did very well, thanks to the team members putting in their best efforts throughout the season.

Satnam Reehal

U13A

The season started with a confidence-boosting win over RGS Worcester (24-7), an excellent performance from the whole team. Lunchtime practices had just started and we thought we had found our rhythm. We were proven wrong by a 49-5 defeat against King Henry VIII Coventry. Two wins into the season, we were confident on our journey to Warwick, only to be beaten again, this time in a tight game. Some positives from the defeat included two excellent tries from An Te.

After a draw against Nottingham, our next fixture was against Solihull. Because many of us knew members of the Solihull team, the rivalry in this

game was immense, so our victory was an important one, boosting the team's morale. We went on to beat Fairfax, KE Five Ways, Old Swinford and Adams GS, before a demoralising defeat by Bishop of Hereford. However, this was compensated for by victories against KE Aston and Loughborough.

Eventually the last match of the season arrived, against a strong Warwick side. Since we had lost to them before, we were in no mood to go down. We fought hard throughout the match, but unfortunately lost narrowly. To round off, we took part in the Greater Birmingham Cup. Winning our first two games, against KE Aston and KE Five Ways, put us first overall. In our third and final game we played Fairfax, but were beaten in the last play of the game by a touchline decision many of us felt to be questionable. It was hard to act graciously and hand over the trophy.

In conclusion, the season has been an excellent one: we won 8 of our 12 matches. Mentions must go to Ed Botha for his outstanding kicking, and to Nathan Kerr for excellent tackling. Special thanks go to Mr Stead for being an excellent coach throughout the season, and to the parents for their constant support from the touchline.

Sam Scott

U13B

This season was one of two halves. In the first, we struggled as players were shuffled around and tried out new positions. We were playing teams that



U14B



U13A



U13B

had been back at school for a few weeks and had had time to gel. During this half we only managed to secure one win: but success was just around the corner. In the second half of the season we came together as a team and played well. In this period we had run of five wins. The two matches that stand out were against Adams Grammar, where we came back from 15-0 to win 15-17 in the second half, and against Bishop of Hereford where again, we were behind at half time. In this match, we used the forwards to full effect with brilliant blind side moves. We finished the season having won half of our matches.

Andrew Hall

U12A

The first game of the season was against Worcester. This came just a few weeks after the start of our first term at KES. Never having played rugby together, it was a shock coming up against a team who had played together in junior school, and we lost heavily. By the time of our next match, the local derby against Camp Hill, the training had begun to take effect and we came out as eventual winners. "Swing low, sweet chariot" bellowed out of the changing rooms! Although our rugby continued to improve throughout the season, we narrowly lost games to more experienced sides. The improvement in the team, however, bodes well for the forthcoming season. We would like to thank our coaches, Mr Emery and Mr Albrighton, the latter of whom left KES at the end of the season: we wish him well.

Hamish Robertson

U12B

The team had a successful season, only losing to Nottingham and Warwick. When we did win, however, we won by large margins, and as the season progressed we began to gel as a team. Effective moves came into play against the opposition, usually ending in a barrage of tries. Thanks go for their commitment to both the squad and our support.

Will Dival

U12C

The under-12 C team had a difficult first game against Warwick, in which we battled hard but lost 17-5. We beat KE Camp Hill easily (47-0), Old Swinford B team (20-0), KE Aston (36-5), and King's Worcester. However, in the return match against Warwick we lost again, despite scoring first. Unfortunately two games were called off, against KE Stratford and Solihull, but our first

season was an encouraging start to our school Rugby. We are looking forward to our next season.

David Browning

Golf

As usual, our only match of the year was against the Old Boys at Edgbaston Golf Club. The fact that we had lost the title the previous year spurred the team on to hopes of victory, and the fact that we had regained Mr "Tiger" Tinley, who last year played for the Old Eds, mightily reinforced those hopes! Given the strength of our side we expected, and indeed richly deserved, to win.

Excellent golf was played by both teams, especially by James Mann (Handicap 10), who won his match almost single-handedly. James Neale and "Tiger" Tinley's amazing comeback from four down after 10 holes to emerge victorious on the 18th just summed up the day's play. It was a fine result for KES, who won three and a half points to the opposition's one and a half. I would like to thank all those who participated, whether KES boys and staff or Old Eds, who made it a great occasion.

James Neale

Fives

The season started brightly, with team spirit and individual charisma as high as ever. In the pre-tournament matches we played nine games, of which we won five, including a rare victory (3-2) against Shrewsbury in the U17s. This paved the way for the highlight of the season, the Schools Championships in Highgate. However, owing to difficult group matches, only three pairs got through to the last 32 and none any further. The three included the unlikely 7th pair of Sumit Dheir and Manjit Dhillon (who in fairness was playing with a fractured finger!). Special performances came from Rohan Chopra and Richard McDonnell, who played some great

fives against 6th form pairs. In addition to this, Neil Curtis was part of the Warwickshire team, which won the Adult Country Fives Competition. Finally, special thanks must go to Mr Worthington for his great enthusiasm, which has remained undimmed throughout the year.

Hassan Bhatti

Water Polo

Water Polo has been a great success story of late: KES were National Champions in 2002 and National Runners Up in 2003. This year's leavers, James Paterson, Richard Pilsbury, Alex Boyle and Gorav Wali, were all veterans of those sides, but I must not forget also to credit comrades who, after varying periods of involvement, decided that Water Polo was not for them. These include Alex Vakil, talented in goal, Tom Grant, David Meisel, Joshua Fisher, whose skin tight Speedos will haunt our dreams for years to come, and finally Chris Keogh, whose 5-week commitment to the cause will never be forgotten.

We have had a successful season, reaching the National Quarter Finals of the English Schools Competition and the Final of the Warwickshire Cup. We were also Runners-up in our own tournament, losing 7 - 4 in a thrilling final against the South African School's Champions, Grey's School. Thanks must go to the parents of all boys who hosted one or more of our South African visitors, and of course to our enthusiastic coach Hayley Bettinson, who has done so much for us over the last two years. Now that our era has come to an end, although the pool will never quite be the same again, we have the confidence that, in the capable hands of Dopey, the legend will live on.

James Paterson

Athletics

Junior

The Junior Athletics team had a very successful season, remaining unbeaten despite competing against some tough opposition, including Eton and Bromsgrove. Appalling weather failed to prevent good turnouts. The efforts of Daniel Sutton and Isaac Humphries, who provided valuable points on successive Saturdays, must be commended, as must Danny Elphinston, who broke the school High Jump record with an astonishing jump of 1.75m. Three athletes represented South Birmingham in the West Midlands trials: Greg Divall in the 1500m, Patrick Campbell in the discus and Liam O'Brien in the 800m. Despite a valiant effort, Liam just missed out on a place in the English Schools by coming 3rd with a time of 2min 12sec, and Greg narrowly missed a place to run for the West Midlands. The overall success of the team was down to team commitment: all the athletes gave their best, week in and week out.

Greg Divall

Intermediate

Captained by Miles Benjamin and Arpan Pal, the Intermediate team had a successful season. Highlights of the year include victories at the Rugby School Invitation (against Solihull, Bromsgrove, Rugby, Gresham's, Repton, Bedford and Trent) and at our own meeting at Eastern Road (against Bromsgrove, Oakham, Eton, Repton and Uppingham). In the second of these meetings, the Inters led a KES whitewash of the opposition, winning by a massive 47 points ahead of 2nd place Eton.

Amongst the team, individual mentions need to be made for special contributions. Jonathan Dawkins represented the effort and spirit of the

team, competing in just about every type of event, not just his favourites.

Richard Roberts, Alex Skouby, Jonathan Tipper, Greg Jackson, Jack Flaherty, Ajay Mohite and Chris Adamson all had solid seasons, whilst congratulations must go to Seb Heaven, Owen Chan, Miles Benjamin and Joe Robinson for reaching the Finals of the West Midlands Schools Athletics Championships. Out of these, Richard, Joe, Owen and Miles have been selected to compete for West Midlands Schools in the Mason Trophy inter-county match.

Phil Satterthwaite

Senior

Yet again, this year proved a successful Athletics season for the Seniors, this time under the captaincy of Chris Bennett-Britton. Strong performances included the meeting against Hereford, Nottingham High School and Trent College, in which KES achieved a victory, with a 35-point gap between them and second place Nottingham. Narrow losses were unfortunately present amongst our wins, notably a second place finish at the RGS Worcester Invitation, losing to RGS Worcester by 4 points. Strong performances, however, can be praised, such as the 1st and 2nd place finishes to the 400m (Reece 1st, Rees 2nd), and the Hurdles (Reece 1st, Grauers 2nd).

The congratulation of individuals should not divert attention from the fact that Athletics is a team performance, but some efforts demand recognition. David Reece won every Senior 400m



race in the season, whilst David Woods has won all of his Senior 1500 races. Outstanding individual races included the 400m at the Rugby Invitation, where Jonny Qureshi ran his heart out to come second with a time of 55.5 sec. Among the throwers, I am keen to praise Richard Pilsbury, Luke Bell, Harry Hecht, Dan Drew, Emir Battaloglu and Phil Satterthwaite for a solid season. I am thankful that Athletics is a sport that also caters for those who can't run! Other strong performances came from Shafi and Rees in the sprints and jumps, providing regular points throughout the season.

Overall, well done to the athletes taking part this season: their effort has been tremendous, and has secured an unbeaten record for Saturday meetings. From the athletes, however, thanks must go to the staff who gave up time to help with the smooth running of events, both on games afternoons and at meetings. Des Knight kept the track in good condition, whilst Mavis Knight catered wonderfully - our success this year was made possible by all these people.

Phil Satterthwaite

Basketball

U19

After a relatively successful year under the captaincy of Jamie Vatis, the team was handed over to the only KES basketball player to have played at U19 level for the majority of his school career, Shalin Punn. Although we had lost some of our insanity, namely David Brown, the team contained all but two members of last year's squad. What we lacked in height, jumping ability or speed was made up in experience, calmness under pressure and team cohesion.

As expected, Mr Birch was very optimistic about the year's chances. He quickly knocked us into shape with his formidable lay-up drills and master plan

of MOTION (the KES secret offensive weapon). Our first game went as planned, losing to a much larger JMC team; however, we did notice that one of our newcomers, Javvad Haider, was a fairly useful player. We soon got into winning ways, beating teams that had recruited basketball players and had average team heights of 6' 5", such as Solihull Sixth Form College and Royal Wolverhampton. James Dawkins quickly established himself as the formidable athlete that he is; Shalin Punn and Javvad Haider racked up hundreds of points; whilst Ed Sandison and Charlie Rees managed to halt any opposition momentum. Undoubtedly our favourite waterboy was David Meisel, who earned the title "Milkman" because he always delivers, and rumour has it that Alex Vakili earned the award for

lifetime contribution to scoring.

Although this team will be remembered as the best KES basketball team to never win an award, there were many outstanding achievements throughout the year. We made it to the quarter finals of the National Competition (playing in the top league), where we lost to the eventual winners, who also happened to be a National Junior League team. We made great progress in the Birmingham League and the West Midlands Cup respectively, losing in the finals of both competitions to colleges that had recruited sportsmen.

I will sorely miss the departing players and their lively but serious approach to school basketball. I am confident that Mr Birch is also thankful to the players for their unfaltering



contribution to the sport over their school careers. The team would like to thank Mr Birch for his constant support, and apologise for almost giving him a heart attack (when playing below standard). I must also give a "shout out" to all the people who turned up to support the team, especially the Chief Master, who made appearances at every National League game.

Charlie Rees

U15

The season started off well with a lot of enthusiasm and commitment from many boys in the year. With that and the coaching experience of Ori Horesh from Birmingham University we had all the essentials for a good season. Although our first games were unsuccessful, the team stayed on task, underpinned by a few key players. As the season progressed, so did our

confidence, and the under 15s began winning games as a team. In the end, the lunchtime and after-school practices had all paid off as we concluded a successful season with a few big wins. This has been our most successful season yet, and proves that with the right combination of coaching and teamwork, almost anything is possible. Although this is by no means the strongest team to go through KES, it has all the makings of champions and will no doubt progress in the final three year. Also special thanks must go to Mr Birch for organising our fixtures and providing great coaching.

Jonathan Tipper

U14

The under 14s played very well throughout the year, only losing narrowly to three schools in the season but winning 8 matches out of 11. One

of the most memorable games played was that against Dame Elizabeth Cadbury, composed of many England Schools Champions. As a team we played extremely well, putting into practice our skills learned in training, but we lost by 15 points. Outstanding performances came from everyone who played but special thanks go to Danny Elphinstone; Eren Battaloglu and Max Haig for their good attacking play; Joe Kiff; Ben Howell for his dedication and determination. Top point scorers were Danny Elphinstone and Eren Battaloglu. However this does not take away the fact that a team effort won us our games and that the team played extremely well together. Thanks must go to Mr Birch and Mr Mintoff for coaching us throughout the season, and to the team for such good teamwork and team spirit.

Eren Battaloglu

Chess

Last year was always intended as a team building exercise for the future and this year we hoped to reap some benefits as well as continuing our progress. Under Alex Pavlaki's continued capable leadership, the School First team made excellent progress in the British Chess Federation Knock Out Cup, winning through to the National Stages and losing in the quarter final to the eventual winners, Monmouth School. This event provided not only some memorable chess but also some memorable logistics. Few will forget the return from Nottingham on the night of the ice storm! As ever, Ameet Ghazi's stunning play has been pivotal for many of our successful results. We were delighted when Ameet became one of the first recipients of the new "super colours" tie.

Again we have been blessed with good young players entering the school and we are at last building some strength in depth. Kaiser Malik (Shell D) in particular has played some outstanding games in the First team. It is also very pleasing to see a resurgence of interest and thus success amongst the Divisions. The school entered the usual six teams in the local Birmingham League, now sadly becoming rather depleted of schools. Although not winning any division outright, KES were runners up in three of them and were well up in all the others. This is the best overall result for some years and, given a similar entry of good players in September, the auguries for 2004/5 are excellent. Indeed this is the year when we could at last win the Schools Cup. So there's everything to play for!

RHCS

11



THE EDWARDS SCHOOL
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