

King Edward's School Chronicle
2000

The Annual Magazine of
King Edward's School
Birmingham

CHRONICLE



2000

EDITORIAL

Chronicle means so much to so many. Only as *Chronicle* Editor, do you realise the multitude of reactions people have on receiving the magazine. Perhaps the most interesting admission came from one member of the current Sixth Form. He looked forward to *Chronicle*'s publication because it made excellent reading in the lavatory – he reassured me that this was a genuinely positive remark and that he wasn't commenting on the quality of paper the book was printed on! However, for the majority the magazine is a high class production preserving memories for a lifetime.

You, of course, provide the memories, by taking part in an event, whether it be a game, a play, an expedition or a concert. It is the range of activities that go on in the school that make *Chronicle* such an interesting read. It is at this point I must thank the teaching staff at KES – the members of the school who are too rarely, in my opinion, recognised formally. This year, I have realised how incredibly hard working and willing members of staff are. Every event featured in *Chronicle* has been organised and supervised by teachers, usually in their own time. But of course fellow pupils write down the memories for you; almost every article in the magazine is written by a boy at the school. Fundamentally, without you, *Chronicle* would not be what it is.

However, there is another set of people who are responsible for the publication. They are the section editors. When I was appointed, I didn't know any of the twelve boys assigned to work on *Chronicle 2000*. However, through their hard work and dedication over the last six months, I know now what a great bunch they are and how lucky I was to be working with them.

Without making this editorial into something of an Oscar-winning speech, there is one more thank you. Those at the Resources Centre who do all the computer crunching in producing a layout for the printers deserve huge credit. They work tirelessly to make *Chronicle* look as it does – professional and impressive.

Chronicle is one of the few certainties in the school year. Everybody looks forward to its delivery so that they can spot their article, or their face. It is an institution at KES. May it long remain so.

Ben Speight

In 1973, I was the Editor of *Chronicle*, during my last year as a pupil at KES. At that stage in its history, the publication was probably at its lowest ebb: financial constraints and the pursuit of topicality had led to its conversion from an annual magazine to a foolscap flysheet of some four pages, published several times during the year. Taking over responsibility for the current high-gloss turbo-charged incarnation of the magazine is rather like chaining up one's bike and climbing into the driving seat of a space shuttle.

Yet in the end *Chronicle* depends, as it always has done, on the energy and interest of the boys of King Edward's School: not only the section editors, who have shown admirable discipline and enthusiasm; not only Ben Speight, who has been a cheerful and resourceful Editor; but all of you who write for the magazine, and all of you who do such a remarkable variety of things to be written about. There have been a few instances this year of activities and expeditions which have clearly been much enjoyed by all who took part, but which it has proved surprisingly difficult to persuade anyone to write about. This magazine can only be a true record of the unfolding history of the School if the boys of the School are prepared to exert themselves to make it so. I hope that you enjoy this *Chronicle*, and I hope that you go on contributing to the next one, and the next.

My special thanks must go, finally, to the Resources Centre staff for their unfailing good humour and expertise, and to Bradley Spencer for overseeing the visual arts content of the magazine. Without them, this would still be the ephemeral news-sheet I used to know.

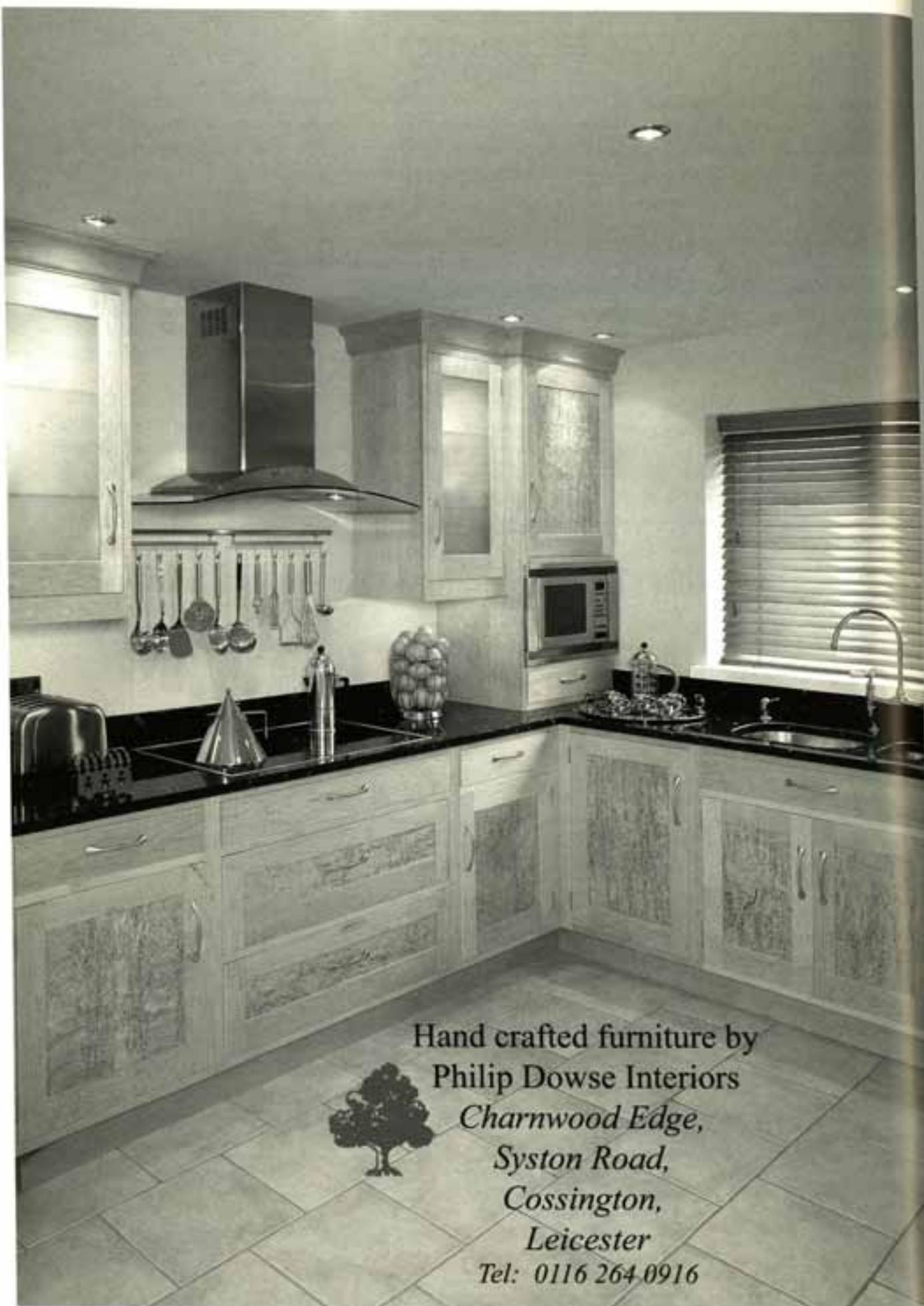
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Howard Smith Chemistry

Chronicle: Mr. Smith, you've been here for about half a year now; what do you think of the school?

Mr. Smith: Well, being Birmingham born and bred and going to a state school just up the road I always thought that this place was way up in the clouds. Whether it's changed since then, I don't know, but the standard is not as high as I thought it would be (Take note Mr. Smith's Division set).

Did this surprise you?

Mildly, yes. But I think that it's a change that's affecting the country as a whole. Many teachers complain that standards are slipping, but it's the same at all levels of education.

So what did you do after school?

I wangled a place at Oxford, got in through the back door. But work hard enough and you'll get what you want.

And then?

I took a year out between that and my Ph.D. at Manchester because I was fed up. So I spent a year on building sites, building and renovating houses.

It's a bit of a leap to becoming a teacher then...

Well, I always thought that teaching was something that I could do. Whether or not anyone else agrees with that is another matter...

What do you do in your spare time?

Spare time?... Relax, play sports, particularly squash. But I haven't had much time for it...

And what would you take to a desert island?

No kids... Peace and quiet... and a pet dog, if I had one. A Springer Spaniel.

Thank you, Mr. Smith.



Richard Aydon

Art

Chronicle: What can you tell us about your life to date?

Mr. Aydon: I moved around a lot as I grew up. I went to school at King's School Worcester, which has done no visible harm yet. I took Art, Art History and English for A-Level and so the natural progression seemed for me to go to Art College. Unfortunately I had an accident which meant I had to drop out for a year, and when I reapplied they had already filled the places for next year, so I applied to the University of Sussex. I took a "Gap Year" and went around the world, meeting my, now, wife half way round.

Where did you go?

Mexico. Australia and the Pacific. Africa.

Why did you choose these places?

These are places of great cultural and artistic interest.

Something tells me that wasn't the only reason...

No, they're also great places for surfing.

So why did you come to KES after all that?

Well, first of all I taught in a school in Northampton, but my wife didn't like being away from the big city and so we moved here.

What do you think of KES?

It's much more relaxed than I thought it would be. The relationship between the teacher and pupils is really quite informal, but that comes from there being less need for discipline.

How is KES artistically?

It's let me work across a large field, which I've never been able to do before. But I was very impressed with West Side Story. It's great to be in a school with such a broad spectrum of art.

Is there anything that you would like to change?

Nothing springs to mind.

What would you like to do with your future?

I suppose that eventually I'd like to be a Head of Department somewhere in deepest darkest Cornwall... or Switzerland.

Why Switzerland?

Well my wife is Swiss. I suppose I'd just have to cut back on the surfing.

If you were stranded on a desert island what would you want most?

My surfboard... and music.

What if you were stranded in the middle of a desert?

A wavepool... and my surfboard... and music.

Mr. Aydon, thank you for talking to us.



John Herbert English

Chronicle: Can you tell us about your life?

Mr. Herbert: Well I'm originally from Essex... and no, I do not wear white socks nor do I drive an Escort.

And what did you study?

For A Level I took English, French and Geography, then I came to Birmingham to read English. I got a "first". Then I took a year out to play rugby semi-professionally and to work for the Department of Education.

Why did you decide to start teaching?

I became bored, and I wanted the money, so I taught at King Edward's School, Southampton for two and a half years.

What brought you to KES?

I was surprised to find that I loved teaching, and I wanted to do a Ph.D., which I'm doing at Birmingham University, so here seemed an obvious place to come to.

What are you doing your Ph.D. in?

Twentieth Century English Literature and Philosophy.

Why did you choose this?

I'm interested in meaning, points of view and forms of argument.

So do you have some firmly held opinions?

Don't we all?

I suppose we do... So what do you intend to do in the future?

I don't know for sure... Ultimately I'd like to lecture or have books that I wrote published.

What do you think of KES?

I was... am.... very impressed, and I'm not just saying that. I came

from a very good school and still the jump in standard is extremely impressive. Not that I'm saying anything against KES, Southampton.

What do you like to do in your spare time?

I don't get a lot of it, I have a life without a life: but when I can, I play rugby and do weight training.

Those are unusual pastimes for an English teacher.

I don't really think so... but I can't stand the theatre. There's nothing wrong with it, I just don't like it.

Any other activities?

How loosely are you using the word?

As loose as you feel you need...

Well, extreme drunkenness... but that's a long way away from school and very rare...

What are your plans for the future?

For the near future? Finishing my conference paper on Liberalism and Modernism in the works of E.M. Forster.

Are there any changes that you would make to KES?

I'd put my house on Prior's Field and I'd ban the rugby teams from losing.



What do you think about the range of sports at KES?

It's very good. There's something for everyone... those who don't want to be sporty don't need to be and that's a good thing. People shouldn't be forced to do things that they don't want to do.

What would you miss most if you were stranded on a desert island?

Until about three months ago, cigarettes... now, whiskey or women, I can't decide between the two.

Mr Herbert, thank you.

Gudrun Schoberzberger **German Assistant**

Chronicle: Können Sie uns ein bißchen über Ihr Leben bis jetzt erzählen?

Gudrun: Ich bin in Österreich geboren, in Salzburg. Ich bin achtundzwanzig Jahre alt, und ich habe in Österreich das Gymnasium besucht. Nach dem Gymnasium bin ich auf die Universität gegangen, wo ich Englisch und Geographie studiert habe. Nach meinem Abschluß habe ich mich entschlossen, nach England zu kommen, um etwas mehr Erfahrung zu gewinnen, und um ein anderes Schulsystem kennenzulernen. Ich interessiere mich auch sehr für Musik.

Sie haben schon in Österreich unterrichtet. Was würden Sie sagen, sind die Unterschiede zwischen den Schulen in den zwei Ländern?

Ich habe in Österreich auch während meiner Ausbildung unterrichten müssen, und danach in einer Nachhilfschule. Die Unterschiede zwischen Österreich und England sind vor allem, daß man in Österreich sehr viel mehr Fächer machen muß, und seinen Abschluß dann mit achtzehn Jahren macht. Man muß bis zu vierzehn Fächer belegen und kann aus denen dann die schriftlichen Fächer für die Matura oder das Abitur in Deutschland wählen. Der Unterschied ist vielleicht, daß wir etwas mehr Allgemeinbildung haben, während man sich in England schon früher spezialisiert. Ich glaube, beide Systeme sind relativ gut, auch wenn sie anders sind.

Wir wissen, daß Sie beide hier und in der Mädchenschule arbeiten. Was sind die größten Unterschiede zwischen den zwei Schulen?

Offensichtlich ist die Unterschied, daß man in der "sixth form" in der Mädchenschule keine Uniform tragen muß. Ich finde, daß es sehr gut ist, wenn man sogar bis zum A-level eine Uniform hat, weil dadurch die Unterschiede, auch so kleine Unterschiede, nicht so groß sind. Sonst finde ich, daß beide Schulen eigentlich nicht so sehr getrennt sein sollten, sondern mehr zusammen arbeiten sollten, und vielleicht nicht nur auf dem Stundenplan, sondern auch die "keine Uniform" Tagen abstimmen sollten. Man sollte vielleicht etwas mehr miteinander kommunizieren.

Wenn Sie auf einer einsamen Insel leben müßten, was würden Sie mitnehmen?

Nachdem ich ja leidenschaftliche Musikerin bin, und sehr gern Flöte spiele, würde ich sofort meine Flöte mitnehmen, um mich selbst etwas zu unterhalten, damit es nicht langweilig wird. Ich spiele in einem Orchestra in Österreich mit, und das würde mir sehr fehlen. Dann würde ich noch mein Taschenmesser mitnehmen, weil man ja nie wissen kann, was passieren wird. Vielleicht muß man sich ein Floß bauen. Ich bin eine sehr praktische Denkerin. Vielleicht muß ich auch nach Nahrung suchen. Damit ich überleben kann, nehme ich mein Taschenmesser mit.

Gudrun, vielen Dank!



Celine Bauzac

French Assistant

Chronicle: Pouvez-vous me faire un résumé de ce que vous avez fait dans la vie jusqu'à présent?

Céline: Alors, je suis née à Cannes, la ville du Festival de Films. Ensuite, j'ai vécu huit ans en Provence où mes parents étaient tous les deux professeurs d'anglais. Ils ont décidé d'aller à la Réunion, qui est à côté de l'île Maurice, près de Madagascar.

Donc vous suivez la tradition de la famille, c'est à dire vous suivez une formation d'enseignante.

Mes parents sont professeurs. C'est vrai que ma grand-mère était institutrice et mon grand-père maternel était prof de technologie. C'est vrai que moi aussi, je vais être prof. Alors oui. C'est important, la tradition de la famille.

Vous avez d'autres intérêts?

Oui, je suis très intéressée par la musique. Donc, j'étais assez contente de venir en Angleterre pour découvrir la musique ici. Je suis allée à Symphony Hall une fois pour écouter un concert de musique classique. J'aime les musées aussi.

Je pense que vous avez apprécié la comédie musicale "Westside Story", interprétée par les élèves du lycée. Quelles sont vos impressions de l'éducation musicale que

reçoivent les élèves de cet établissement par rapport à ce qui se passe en France?

"Westside Story", j'ai adoré ça! J'ai vu le film il y a sept ans. Je n'avais pas aimé le film mais j'ai adoré la comédie musicale faite par l'école. Je me suis beaucoup amusée. Alors, dans cette école il y a une école de musique, ce qui est très rare en France. En France, à l'école, on a une heure de musique par semaine, et des fois on a le choix entre le dessin et la musique. Mais des fois il n'y a même pas des ateliers de musique. Je crois qu'en Angleterre l'éducation musicale est bien meilleure qu'en France.

Vous n'êtes ici que pour une année, donc j'imagine que vous essayez d'en profiter au maximum. Que retiendrez-vous de votre passage en Angleterre quand il sera temps de partir?

J'ai l'intention de visiter des régions comme l'Ecosse. Dans deux semaines je vais trois jours à Edimbourg et, en avril, je vais passer une semaine en Irlande. De mon séjour en Angleterre je retiendrai les mois formidables que j'ai passés ici, aussi bien que les soirées entre copains et les journées à l'école avec mes élèves, que j'adore! Voilà!



Gail Walster English

Chronicle: Can you tell us a little bit about yourself?

Mrs. Walster: How far back do you want me to go?

As far back as you feel safe in telling us.

Well, I am the eldest of four children. I studied English, History and French at A-Level and then went to study English at Birmingham University. I then took a two year "Gap Year" in which I went to work for an international aid organisation in South-East Rumania.

What led you to take such an unusual course of action?

The Rumanian Revolution started in 1989, and I graduated in 1992. I was profoundly affected by what I heard of the effects of the Communist regime in Rumania, so I went to help some of those who were amongst the most greatly affected, the orphans and street children.

It must have been very difficult adapting to life over there.

I took a three months language course, and I lived with a Rumanian family, so it was not as hard as it could have been. But the work that was, and is, being carried out over there has had so many good effects that it was all worth it. I was involved with a hostel and recreational programmes for the children who are kicked out of orphanages. This routinely happens once they reach sixteen.

So what made you come to KES?

I had always wanted to teach, and had had experience of it in Rumania, so I went to Kings Norton Boys School when I came back to Birmingham. After a couple of years there, I wanted new challenges and opportunities, and I'm very content with how KES has delivered these.

So you'll be staying for quite a while then?

Yes.

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

No, not really. I'd like to set up a creative writing society.

Do you have any other interests?

I'm a sports enthusiast, especially tennis. I've coached rugby as well. However I've retired from that.

So where do you stand on the "Sixth Form wearing their own clothes" debate?

I was proud to bring my parents to an Open Day at our school, where the Sixth Form were polite, well-dressed and generally good ambassadors for KES. There needs to be some form of uniformity to which the younger boys can look up. Standards are set from the top. It also removes any fashion consciousness and competition, which was rife in my college.

Finally, what luxury would you take to a desert island?

Classic FM. Actually that's a bit unimaginative. I suppose I ought to say some poetry, or my mum... or my husband. Actually, he's better than Classic FM, I'll take him.

Mrs. Walster, thank you for your time.



Louise Allbusen

Geography

Chronicle: Miss Allbusen, could you please tell us a little of your life thus far?

Miss Allbusen: I was brought up in Dorset and went to Bryanston School there. After a Gap Year and some travelling I did my P.G.C.E. teacher training at Leeds University. Now I'm here!

What impressions have you formed of K.E.S. since your arrival?

I think it's a great school and am very pleased to be here. I especially enjoy the extra curricular activities, being able to participate in outdoor activities trips and organise the Duke of Edinburgh award scheme. Next year I will be joining the army section of the C.C.F., as I enjoyed being part of the Officer Training Corps for four years at University.

I take it you've settled well into the Geography Department here. Do you agree that this is one of the most popular subjects in the curriculum, despite our image as a scientists' school?

Geography achieves some of the best results in the school and has high numbers choosing to study it both at G.C.S.E. and A-level. I think Geography is regarded very highly. I assume that's not due entirely to the subject itself, but to the whole ethos of the department.

What do you think of the new system of A/S-levels, and our dropping to ten G.C.S.E.s?

I think that doing ten G.C.S.E.s is an excellent idea in terms of looking for quality not quantity. I was in one of the first years to adopt the system of G.C.S.E.s and when they came in they were called 'G.C.So.Easies'. The notion that anyone could do them and get ten As led to the idea that to appear intelligent you had to do more. As a result the quality went down. It would be much better to get eight A*s than to get ten As, for instance. The new A/S system is nationally imposed so it's not a choice within the school. I see that it's a good idea to get a broader spectrum of knowledge at that age and not to channel your ideas into three particular subjects, unless you are one of the few people who know exactly what you want to do with your life. Many people don't at that age, or even at my age. Even twenty years on they may have no idea!

Do you have any plans for the future? Are you likely, for example, to stay in teaching?

No great aspirations. I will do whatever I enjoy for as long as I enjoy it. If in ten years time I find I'm bored of teaching, then I will go off and do something else. If I am still enjoying it, and happily settled somewhere, then

I'll continue. So I'm not a career woman, I suppose. One day I might have a family and settle down and be, you know, boring!

What you say sounds like good advice for anyone's life. Have you any other advice that you'd like to extend to the school?

That's the best I can give! Do whatever you enjoy until you stop enjoying it. Then do something else!

Finally then, if there were one item that you were allowed to take with you to a life on a desert island, what would it be?

It would have to be my mobile phone. I'm just that sort of person! Of course, it would need a permanent signal and inexhaustible batteries as well!

Miss Allbusen, thank you very much.



Isabella Perkins **Biology Technician**

Chronicle: Could you tell us about your life to date?

Mrs Perkins: Well I was born in Poland. I did a degree in microbiology.

How did you come to work at KES?

I never intended to change my nationality, but I met a handsome English man and so moved here. I was really very lucky to find a school that suited me, and so here I am.

Was it difficult adjusting to living in a new country, what with the language gap and so on?

I had been here before. I first came when I was eighteen and I spent a month working in a strawberry field...

A little unconventional...

Yes, but I really enjoyed it. Then I spent three weeks in London, then hitchhiked to Inverness. Back then I didn't really know much of the language, so it was a problem. In Poland you were taught German and Russian just in case either one invaded, but my German teacher and I didn't really get on, so I decided to learn English just to get on her nerves... Well, not *just* to get on her nerves. A lot of the songs that are released over there are in English and I wanted to know what they were saying.

Are Polish schools very different from English ones?

The biggest difference is that there are no single sex schools in Poland, but they are too different to explain in detail.

What do you think of KES?

I love the school. I am so impressed with both the boys and the teaching.

What other differences are there between England and Poland?

The weather. You have no idea how lucky you are. I don't know how you grumble so much about it. It's so much better than the rest of Europe, especially in the winter. And the country is so green, it's lovely. Everywhere else is grey and muggy.

This is from personal experience?

Yes, I love to travel, especially to hot places. I spent three weeks on a Greek Island working in an American Bar. That really helped me with the language.

What else do you like to do with your time?

I play volleyball, I enjoy going to the cinema, eating too much chocolate... that's another thing that is so much better over here... and going out into the countryside. I don't really like big cities, and so I love being able to escape to the school grounds for half an hour.

Is there anything that you'd like to change?

Apart from not being a jackpot winner? No, I'm a happy person.

I'm sorry, but I have to ask this. What's your favourite drink?

Vodka, naturally. Straight. Never spoil the drink by putting anything in it.

Thank you for your time.



goodbyes

Laurence Kimpton
GEOGRAPHY



Laurence made his retirement speech at the end of summer term ... for the third time. He retired from state education twelve years ago, and had three short periods of teaching Geography at KES before taking up a full-time post at Manchester Grammar School. Three years ago, he retired from full-time teaching at Manchester and we were delighted to welcome him back for a part-time post.

My description of Laurence in the 1990 *Chronicle* is still true: "Laurence brought enthusiasm and professionalism to the classroom of KES, which boys quickly recognised and responded to. His breadth of knowledge is impressive, and he could teach any part of the courses with expertise. On the field trips he made a delightful companion and seems to have something to say on any odd corner of the country

in which he is put, since he has always been there before."

Although 'retired', Laurence remains a full-time geographer. In the last few years he has completed a textbook for the new A/S courses, and has continued to travel. We have enjoyed his slides of recent travels to New Zealand at our annual Geographical Society Magic Lantern Show, and as always I have appreciated his advice as an A-Level coursework examiner.

Laurence has been a good friend to the Department, and we may yet see him back with us in the future. He plans to travel again in the winter. There can be few geographers with his breadth and depth of experience.

JAC

John Barry Clark **MATHEMATICS**

It is difficult to say just a few words about John, as it would be about any colleague who had been at KES for the length of time John has. He is not only a pillar of the School's life, but almost a part of its history. He has outstayed four Chief Masters and four Maths heads of department; he can tell stories of former masters that no-one else in the School can even recall. For instance, to me Maurice Porter is just a room, but to John he was a colleague and friend.

John arrived at KES in 1964. He had both a Bachelor's and Master's degree in Mathematics from Leicester, and had followed these up with a PGCE from King's, London. These qualifications mark him out as a highly intelligent man, which makes it particularly difficult to understand why he supports Birmingham City and Torquay United.

When John took up his appointment here, there were no departmental policies, schemes of work, mission statements, teaching strategies, aims and objectives, resourcing directives, etc., etc., and no departmental meetings. John's first head of department, one B. V. Smith, simply placed a pile of textbooks in his hands, adding instructions along the lines of, "Here you go. Get on with it!" In John's own words, the past 36 years have seen him quietly getting on with it.

And "quietly" pretty much sums John up. He teaches in the same calm manner as is to be seen in him when he takes his break in the Common Room. He is not easily flustered, and doesn't rush about; yet he achieves much in and around the School: the Latin phrase *'festina lente'* might almost have been devised especially for him. He would usually be found before School, and for some time in the lunch hour, at his desk in his teaching room; and boys would frequently search him out there for help, which was always given freely. This encouragement and support extended to helping his mathematical colleagues also when problems arose that proved less than straightforward.

Over the years, he has contributed a great deal to the life and running of the School. He runs, or has run, many accounts: for societies in the School, the Tuck Shop accounts, the Field Studies and Textbook accounts, to name but a few. He was formerly a Vardy house tutor, and has been a form tutor for Maths students in the upper school for many years. In his speech at this year's Speech Day, the Chief Master paid tribute to John by indicating how surprised he was to find out just how many little jobs John was responsible for, especially as it would inevitably mean finding a replacement when John retired.

John tells me that, some years ago now, he used to run a Stamp Collecting Society. On several occasions he would take a party of boys up to London on a Saturday (when lessons still ran then) to a Stamp Fair. He recalls that such an outing would incur the wrath of the Head of Geography, whose lessons some of the boys would be



missing. The Geography department has been getting its own back over the years by organising field trips during term time. I presume he gave this up when he discovered that philately will get you nowhere. It might also explain, with a slight misunderstanding on someone's part, how John came to be in charge of the School's book stamp.

In saying their own goodbye to John, shortly before the end of the summer term 2000, the Maths Department held a small cheese-'n'-wine do in his honour. Despite contributing to the global staff farewell gift for John, the Maths staff raised over £100 for its own leaving presents. This is a testimony in itself of the warmth of feeling

towards John from his subject colleagues, and the height of the esteem in which he is held by them. One of the gifts presented to him on this occasion was a specially-commissioned Klein Bottle. For those who've never heard of such a creature, it is a four-dimensional single-surface vessel whose entrance is also its exit. Our gift was, of course, merely a three-dimensional representation hand-blown in glass. The disadvantage, in practical terms, of the 3-D model is that any attempt to fill it with wine (for instance) would necessarily be unsuccessful due to the trapped air hubble at its closed end. Moreover, should you succeed in replacing the air bubble with some wine, it would then be impossible to get this wine out again. However, this is as nothing compared to the practical disadvantages associated with the genuine 4-D object. Since the way in for the wine is also the way out, whatever wine you poured in would simply pour back out onto your shoes a moment later; or, more disconcertingly, if you consider time to be the fourth dimension, then part of your wine supply would only exist tomorrow. Mathematics is full of such little jollities. We hope John enjoys this gift, and all the others presented to him at the end of term.

Perhaps the most fitting tribute is to say that John has helped to shape the lives and careers of many boys over the years, and that the classes he taught always received a good deal from him. Departmentally, his help and experience have been an invaluable resource, and his friendship and support have helped make life at KES that little bit richer and more comfortable for his colleagues. A more thoroughly decent and dependable chap it is harder to imagine. We wish him, and Lesley, a long and happy retirement.

In conclusion, I would like to leave you with one short and fitting anecdote regarding John's many years of service at KES. One week before the end of his final term here, John was taking the usual route home by train when, quite by accident, he failed to notice his station and was forced to continue to the next one before alighting. Since no suitable return train was available for a while, John took the 'bus back and was surprised to find that it stopped right outside his front door. So, after 36 years, and with just five days in which to benefit from the knowledge, John finally found the optimal route home from School.

Gordon Sill

MUSIC



Several years ago, the then music critic of the Birmingham Post observed, "this performance was different, excitingly fresh and very moving as it was sung by a chorus of young people drawn from the six schools of the King Edward's Foundation, directed by Gordon Sill, a musician who has the gift of producing magnificent performance standards for young people". What an accolade, and well deserved; yet it only skims the surface.

Gordon Sill came to KES as Director of Music in 1976; exchanged roles with his assistant, Peter Bridle, in 1995; and then, two years later, with Martin Monks in charge, opted for a part-time status as the Department expanded.

His nineteen years at the helm mark one of the longer episodes in Music department history, a period in which the focus and direction of the school's music making was quietly, but radically, altered. His pioneering laid successful foundations for what is now the norm.

From King Edward's Camp Hill, he brought a wealth of experience to the parent school. A remarkably successful performance of Walton's 'Belshazzar's Feast' in his former post was followed by a succession of prestigious works in his new surroundings. They included Bach's Christmas Oratorio, 'Carmina Burana' - well before it was done to death by television advertising and Classic FM - the richly sombre 'German Requiem' of Brahms and, as somewhat of a contrast, Bizet's 'Carmen' in a concert performance.

Big School was now not big enough. With Verdi's 'Requiem' he sallied forth to the *really big* Town Hall (this was pre-Symphony Hall days). Elgar's 'Dream of Gerontius', another Town Hall performance, was what the late Barrie Grayson of the Birmingham Post found so moving.

Gordon likes to point out that not being an organist ensured his move to KES. Clearly, this is not the whole story, though the context is that at least three or four of his immediate predecessors combined the job with that of Organist and Master of the Choristers at Birmingham Cathedral. We can only conjecture what might have followed had Gordon continued the tradition. Given that a cathedral organ is not that easily mislaid, it might have suited him well...

Is that a hint that Gordon might be forgetful? Well, I can disloyally reveal that he has been known to lose, if only temporarily, batons, music scores and sets of parts, chequebooks, the department keys and even a motor vehicle! The smaller items went missing almost on a daily basis over the nineteen years. The car, it turned out, had been parked in a different street from that advised when Gordon reported its theft to the police! Whether he ever remembered to inform the police of the car's recovery is not recorded.

For all his success with the baton (when he could find it), one sensed that Gordon was never seriously afflicted by what orchestral players disparagingly call 'stick-itis'.

In preference to the power invested by baton wielding, he enjoys the involvement of playing. The double bass has long superceded the cello in his affections, while the trombone still holds sway over the tuba. With typical modesty he deprecates his keyboard skills, yet there is evidence that he has not abandoned hope. His copy of Hanaon's 'The Virtuoso Pianist' (60 technical exercises) has sometimes been found in the practice-rooms... opened! His sweat, or maybe a tear, has lingered on the keys.

Then we have Gordon the Gadget-man. From the device that would whistle if he mislaid his keys (he eventually lost that too), he graduated to computers and setting up the Music Technology Laboratory. In his sixth decade, when he could have been hanging up his clogs - he's a northern lad, remember - he kept abreast of the new technology.

Those who have attended the KES Christmas Spectaculars will have heard many of Gordon's arrangements. Nor is he lacking flashes of original inspiration! Several years ago he was responsible for the music at a Foundation Ceremony in the Town Hall. That keen showjumper, H.R.H. The Princess Royal, was the distinguished guest and Gordon composed a ceremonial fanfare. A keen ear might have spotted that this piece of pomp and circumstance quoted the 'Horse of the Year Show' signature tune as a deft counterpoint in the second trumpet part! The typical Gordon wit may have cost him a knighthood, but doubtless his chuckles made up for that!

So what of the future? Difficult as it is to imagine KES without him, it would be easy to believe that someone capable of promoting himself from boss to part-time assistant has guile enough to reinvent himself once more. We can but hope!

David Sadler

Michelle Neville

ECONOMICS

In March 1998 the then Fifth Form made their A-level choices. Unusually, about half chose Economics and about half chose Business Studies. Although the total numbers choosing the subjects were not greater than usual, the distribution meant that there would have to be two sets for each subject. It was not possible to cover this amount of teaching within the department so we duly advertised for an additional teacher.

And so it came about that Michele Neville came to teach at King Edward's School. The problem was that she was also teaching in Solihull and had to work out her notice. For the first term, she commuted from her home in Harborne to Solihull and back to Edgbaston. This commitment was typical of her. She showed herself to be totally committed to her job and to the pupils that she was teaching. She genuinely cared about them and was always prepared to help any boy in difficulty with the subjects she taught.

She came to us with a wide range of experience in different schools, teaching both Economics and Business Studies. She had worked in banking and, as such, was well qualified to take on the teaching of the Accounts and Finance module of the Business Studies course. She also proved herself a more than capable teacher of Economics. When I asked a few boys what I should say about her at the Common Room farewell to her, they simply replied "brilliant teacher".

Soon after Michele joined us, her husband, who works for the BBC, was moved to Cardiff, so Michele carried on as a virtual single Mum during the week to her twin daughters. David was more recently moved to Glasgow, and this time the family have upped and moved to Scotland. We wish them all every success in their new home.

TM



James Stone

CLASSICS

James Stone joined the Classics Department in 1990 straight after completing his PGCE at Cambridge, where he had read Classics at Pembroke College. He was a pupil at Merchant Taylors' School in Northwood, Middlesex – a factor that gave us much in common. My first teaching post was at his school, his elder brother had been in my first form and we shared many memories of the teaching staff. I was particularly pleased to have secured James, as his intentions were to teach abroad – but I felt sure that he would enjoy life in the Midlands at our oasis of scholarship and good learning! I was also keen that the Classics Department should benefit from an infusion of new blood and James has never failed to maintain its vitality with excellent ideas.

It was not long before James found a well-defined niche within the school, maintaining high standards of teaching and making valuable contributions to many extra-curricular activities. He has supported school drama, both classical and modern, at all levels, from Junior plays to Senior productions. He has been a ready and enthusiastic companion on many school visits abroad. His willing presence on Classical trips to Italy and Greece, in particular, has been greatly valued and his help with the skiing trips has always been welcome. James has enhanced the presence of drama within the Classics Department. He has often played host to touring classical drama groups and has arranged numerous visits to theatres, near and far. His help with school tennis has been another string and his contribution to Junior games has been invaluable.

To his colleagues, James has shown the highest level of loyalty and support and has played a large and popular part in the life of a vigorous Common Room. For the pupils of KES, James has been the gentle giant, tall, impressive, imposing and a ready source of friendly advice and firm encouragement. He has followed the open door tradition of the Classics Department – and I have enjoyed catching snatches of his lessons, carefully noting thoughts of wisdom or examples of sound teaching practice. He has proved totally dedicated, professional, wholly dependable and well suited to teaching in a highly academic environment – an excellent classroom technician, his ideas have enabled me, for one, to tune up classroom performance, and hundreds of pupils have benefited from his careful and scholarly approach to Classics. I was pleased when he gained the position of the Head of Gifford, carrying on an established custom among members of the Classics Department.

I am delighted that James has been appointed to develop and renew the tradition of Classics at Trinity School, Croydon – though I am very sorry that he is leaving us. His ten years at school have seen important developments in Classics, both at KES and on a national level, and I know that he is ready to head south and develop his own department in his own way. We wish you the best of luck, James, and we shall miss you. You have earned your promotion! Remember us sometimes – and *Thank you for the Music!*

SFO



Karl McIlwaine

PHYSICS

After teaching at King Edward's for a period of time which is over twice the age of the majority of his pupils, Karl McIlwaine retired in August 2000. 35+ years is a very long time to commit oneself to one institution and King Edward's has been well served by Karl who, as well as teaching Physics, has contributed mightily to the life of the School. But Karl would be the first to admit that the School has also contributed to his education.

When he first came here in 1964, it was to do some teaching practice as a PGCE student. He obviously did very well, as he passed his teacher training course, gaining a distinction in the process. The then Head of Science, Harold Mayor, wrote "he has taken a lot of trouble both with theoretical work and practical demonstrations". Throughout his time at King Edward's this was always true.

It was during his teaching practice that Karl was given a permanent appointment at the School. At the interview for the post the then Chief Master (Canon Lunt), having assessed that Karl would be a very satisfactory teacher of Physics, asked him what other contributions he could make to the School. Whilst Karl was thinking of an answer Canon Lunt asked: "What about helping with the Scouts?". The immediate riposte by Canon Lunt to Karl's answer of "No!" was "Well, what about the Sea Scouts?".

Even though he had hardly ever sailed, Karl accepted. At the time, the Sea Scouts were run by "Nobby" Clark, an Old Edwardian in excess of 70 years old, and the School did not own any boats. So for the last 35 years Karl has been Master in charge of Sailing, going first to Barnet Green and then to Bartley to sail on Wednesday and Friday afternoons. Many generations of boys (both Scouts and non-Scouts) have enjoyed themselves learning to sail with Karl, who qualified as a RYA instructor, another part of his education at King Edward's. During each winter, the boats were repaired and painted in

preparation for the new season of sailing. And for more competitive Edwardians, matches against other schools were frequently arranged by Karl. The School now has ten sailing dinghies and a number of sail boards, which, in his new position as the very first King Edward's School Bosun, Karl will help to maintain, and sail, with the boys.

On the academic side Karl has always maintained the very highest expectations of Edwardians, and his charges obtained exam results which were often the envy of other departments in the School and even of his colleagues in the Physics Department. In the early days he

helped make a lot of physics apparatus, and introduced Electronics into the curriculum. As always when a new challenge came along, he contributed significantly to the use of I.C.T. teaching.

Karl considers himself to have kept a 'low profile' in the running of the school, but this cannot be true of a man who has always been a form tutor, was Head of Levett House for ten years and then became the first Head of Middle School. In this latter post he has overseen the welfare of a large number of boys, and played a large part in helping them through the trials and tribulations of their adolescent years.

So why did he stay at King Edward's for so long? It was not because of lack of other opportunities. He could have been a Head of Department, but he refused the offers. It boils down to his thinking that, of all the schools he visited, King Edward's was a 'better and nicer school'. One hopes that it stays the same once he has left. We all wish

Karl, his wife Gill, and his two sons Andrew (O.E.) and Nigel best wishes in his retirement from full-time teaching and his continued involvement with the School as Bosun.





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features

CCF

CCF 1999 – 2000

The CCF continues to flourish, with over half the Fourth Year enrolling in September 1999. Each new year heralds changes and, as I write, two new officers have just joined the contingent: Miss Allhusen in the Army and Dr Smith in the RAE, and I am delighted to welcome them aboard. Leaving us is Capt. Dewar, whom I should like to thank for his invaluable help with the range during the year. A further change to the CCF is the option for Divisions NCOs to pursue the Duke of Edinburgh Gold Award, an exciting and significant initiative. 2nd Lt. Allhusen will co-ordinate the administration and assist Capt. Collins, who runs the Duke of Edinburgh trips.

In May, the Contingent was inspected by Commodore Muriel Hocking RD, RNR, an old girl of KEHS and a good friend of Mr Simpson. Despite inclement weather, the cadets put on a fine array of activities and displays, drawing much praise from parents and officers alike for their enthusiasm and effort.

The CCF prides itself on providing its cadets with a wealth of opportunities and activities, including flying, gliding, sailing, shooting, white-water rafting, orienteering, minesweeping, gunnery, range-firing and abseiling. Visits, trips (some abroad), camps and adventurous training form the backbone of the Contingent's agenda, in which boys are constantly tested, physically, socially and mentally, and encouraged to learn more about themselves and others. Senior boys frequently take advantage of the scholarships and courses offered by the armed services, and a small but significant number leaves school intending to pursue careers professionally in the forces. The following reports reflect the rich and stimulating experiences offered to young people by the CCF.

Sqn Ldr JCS Burns RAFVR(T)



The entire contingent on parade at Annual General Inspection

Cadre Course 1999-2000

Once again, at the beginning of the Autumn Term, Division cadets from all three sections were assigned to the Cadre platoon, all hoping to leave at Christmas as NCOs. The course, we were told, would provide all Division cadets with the skills needed to return to their sections in the Spring, confident and fully prepared to instruct even the least ambitious fourth or fifth year cadets.

Over the course of the term we were instructed in a number of areas. The most important area was the practise of standing up in front of other cadets and giving a lesson. After a demonstration by Captain Collins, each of us had to plan and conduct a ten-minute presentation on a subject chosen from a selection of unlikely topics, among them such beauties as 'the paperclip' and 'the drawing pin'. These generally proved either

interesting, the lesson being well conducted and informative, or amusing as the instructor attempted to hide his obvious lack of preparation or knowledge in the face of ruthless and unrelenting questioning designed to test and undermine him.

In addition to these lessons, the course also allowed cadets to increase their knowledge in a number of specialist fields via a series of lectures, each given by its respective crack, Army Section expert. Cpl Clarke, L/Cpl Hill and L/Cpl Harris taught navigation, target recognition and field signals respectively, skills essential for any highly trained NCO on an Expeditions Weekend or the Dartmoor navigation exercise that completed the course.

Throughout the course we received many gems of information and additional strategic insights from Capt Collins. We also had an

afternoon of first aid instruction, provided by the British Red Cross, and enjoyed an excellent presentation from an officer in the Royal Engineers.

The course was successfully completed by all and, now that we have returned to our sections, we are eagerly awaiting the weekend on Dartmoor. We are also looking forward to the challenges that await us when the Senior NCOs leave this summer. Thanks must go to Capt Collins for organising the course so successfully.

Finally, who can tell me what Murphy's Law number five is?

Cpl M. Clarke

Dartmoor 2000 The Millenium Walk

Fourteen Cadre cadets from all three sections left school on Friday February 18th for a three day trek across the famous moor. Walking started that night, the group arriving at ten o'clock to torrential rain. Characters were built and valuable experience acquired as a number of tents previously unseen by their owners fell to the ground, or broke, in a pantomime that lasted for twenty minutes before Sgt Howe divided the tentless between the remaining standing tents. Cries of 'We're all going to die!' and 'Where is the second enemy position?' filled the air before we finally got our heads down.

Saturday was the map reading phase of the trip. Luke Jones and I led the group around many checkpoints with technically flawless map-reading skills. We arrived at Princetown

at 5 o'clock that afternoon, getting some warm food inside us at the 'Plume of Feathers'. While the bulk of the party proceeded to get into their pits, two cadets embarked on an epic search for the mysterious and elusive 'Dave', who evidently had hired a sprightly Sub-Lieutenant with a whistle to guard his flanks. Eventually the cadets had to retire, unsuccessful but unbowed.

From Princetown we travelled the final leg to Ivybridge with some admirable map reading from Matthew Clarke and Charlie Brown. Finally Charlie, Luke and I ran the last eight kilometres of the route, having found the rest of the trip comparatively tame. Sgt Howe decided to make a race out of it and, when thoroughly beaten, exclaimed "Anyone can run with a daypack and some nutty bars!"

The rest of the group arrived mentally and physically broken two hours later, ready for the trip home.

Many thanks go to Captain Collins for his organising of the trip and his flawless knowledge of the moor. If the truth be told, I got us out of many situations where the map reading had been somewhat below par. Thanks also go to Sgt Howe for his help with the trip, in particular his daring rescue of the stricken, tentless cadets on the first night.

Cpl D. Lee

This year, Chronicle decided to ask the heads of the two most popular Friday Afternoon Activities, the CCF and Leadership, for their perspectives on their respective options. The views of the Heads of the Naval Section, RAF Section and Conolly (IV year) platoon, Army Section, are recorded here. The Head of Leadership's ideas appear later on. The views expressed by these individuals in no way represent those held by the School or the Chronicle team.

A Word from the Head of the Naval Section

As the indefatigable historian Geoffrey Callender wrote of the Royal Navy in 1924, it is neglected and ignored to the nation's loss. The same could well be said for the Royal Naval Section of the GCF which, although typically a select band of individuals, on a regular basis produces an output of activity utterly disproportionate to its meager size. As I look back upon the past year, I find it incredible how much we have actually done. It is this level of activity that I would hold to be, far and away, the main attraction for any UM wondering what to do with his Friday Afternoons.

With a staggering recruitment of seven new cadets to our ranks, things boded well. The two Expeditions Weekends went excellently, with numerous star performances from the likes of A/B Jones and his footballing genius; A/B Bathia who, time and time again, to everyone's disbelief, achieved feats we would have never believed possible in a go-cart; and Cadet Bintley with his ferocious bike-carrying skills. These Expeditions Weekends exemplify the high standard of activities the Naval Section offers to recruits.

A/B Jones led a bold venture by the section to sail around the Isle of Anglesey. This coastal sailing was enjoyed by all and we owe a supreme debt of thanks to Mr Cumberland for allowing us this superb opportunity. The advantage for cadets Jones, Frey and Ward was tremendous, the trip allowing them to hone their navigation and map-reading skills to a high standard.

Other skills were honed by the numerous courses available to the Navy. Cadet Grey returned to the section from his summer range-firing course able to put eight consecutive rounds through a penny thrown into the air in ten seconds. Well, so he tells us. He also comes back qualified to pilot a powerboat. Cadet Ward came back from the Naval General Summer Camp, one of the many Naval courses open to both male and female cadets, having, as he put it, distinguished himself in action. This I took to be a reference to his excellent tactical grasp of naval warfare.

One of the proudest moments for me, however, was Annual General Inspection where we were able to maintain a static display in the G corridor, a jack stay on the steps leading down to the Parade Ground, all on top of the no-holds barred, high-octane, roller coaster ride of an extravaganza that was our pool display. The excellent efforts of L/S Williams must not go unmentioned, as the lynchpin in the delicate plot involving a submarine rescue operation. A/B Ward's canoeing also deserves a special mention as the definitive crowd pleaser.

This, then, is what we get up to and why, in my opinion, the Naval section offers some of the best opportunities to be found in the

Ward's canoeing deserves a special mention as the definitive crowd pleaser'

school, anywhere. Our cadets frequently impress officers, parents and other cadets alike with their energy and commitment. Our courses are some of the most rapid accelerators of leadership and communication skills available. Having to get on with twenty strangers (or one hundred and twenty on the summer camp!) is a social skill that our cadets soon develop and this makes them better rounded as people as well as increasing their communication skills, initiative etc. This tremendous energy and enthusiasm is what has made the Naval section a pleasure and a privilege to be a member of; stout work lads, well done!

PO Oliver Scanlan

A Word from the Head of Conolly (fourth year) Platoon, Army Section

I am currently serving my fourth and final year as a cadet in the CCF Army section and being asked to write this article got me thinking about all the benefits I have received in these four years. As a UM being asked to choose my Friday afternoon option, I had little to base my decision upon: a quick briefing from each of the officers in the Music School about what their respective sections had to offer, followed by an earful from a Divisions NCO anxious to make the very most of his single stripe. The situation today is much improved, with introductions from many of the other options available, with a balanced afternoon with the CCF included. However, for the purposes of increasing the insight of anyone interested in what the Army gets up to, particularly in regard to cadets in their first year, this article should provide a bit more information.

My worries and apprehensions, standing there on the Parade ground on the first Friday afternoon of term, were soon to prove unfounded. From the beginning, as an Army Section cadet, you feel part of a close-knit group. You, as an individual, are important. As a team member, be it on the Drill Square or on a Night Exercise, you strive to improve yourself and to support those around you. This camaraderie, especially combined with the many amusing personalities that inevitably emerge throughout the section, ensures that there is never a dull moment.

There is, to slip into the realms of cliché, never a 'typical' Friday afternoon. Activities include map reading, orienteering, instruction in the use of weapons, formations, signals for 'in the field', camouflage and concealment, and command tasks. Contrary to popular belief, we do not spend all afternoon, every afternoon, running around with logs and practising drill. Some of the latter is, of course, necessary to promote self-discipline and a high standard, and thereby pride, in one's uniform and appearance.

'Contrary to popular belief, we do not spend all afternoon running around with logs over our shoulders'

A Word from the Head of Conolly Platoon

continued

We also have two Expeditions Weekends a year that are always of an excellent standard and are for many, including myself, the highlight of the year. These Expeditions Weekends act to put the knowledge gained during Friday Afternoons into use, including team-work, communication, initiative and, of course, how to garrotte a sentry using your boot-laces.

Supplementing these, there is also an annual Summer Camp which, this year, will be held in Bavaria for two weeks. There are also numerous "military skills", "march and shoot", and "skill at arms" weekend competitions held annually, as well as orienteering and artillery-firing exercises.

Therefore, my conclusion is that everyone should join the CCF at KES; but if you have the slightest interest in things outdoors, or an inexplicable liking for the colour green and the activities outlined above, then the Army Section is for you. My soldier's English cannot explain exactly how much the current Sixths have learnt during our time in the CCF; I can only hope that this article leads you to discover the innumerable benefits of the Army Section for yourself.

C/Sgt M. Clarke



And as I was saying to the Major-General just the other day ...

A Word from the Section Head (R.A.F.)

Why join the R.A.F.? Isn't it obvious? Well, it often isn't, and so here is my personal view drawn from my experiences in the section to date. My personal view may well differ from many others you might hear, but it will certainly contain what most people would concede are the main advantages of the R.A.F. as distinct from the other sections of the C.C.F. or, indeed, the other Friday Afternoon options.

One of the main reasons I joined the R.A.F. section, and one that will figure in almost everyone else's logic, is the chance to go flying. This is, in my opinion, the best opportunity that the C.C.F. has to offer and it is almost totally exclusive to the R.A.F. This is a once in a lifetime experience and it is paid for totally by the R.A.F. This alone should be grounds enough for any Upper Middle to sign himself up enthusiastically for the section. But it is by no means the only opportunity we offer: there is a plethora of additional activities for our cadets to take part in.

There is, of course, the opportunity to go gliding. In the Easter and Summer vacations, you get the chance to go on R.A.F. camps.

These camps plunge you right into the heart of R.A.F. life: sent to an active R.A.F. base, you get a real insight into what life in the R.A.F. is like. This year alone, our section visited R.A.F. bases at Stafford, Wittering, Uxbridge, Weybourne, Cosford and Benson.

Another activity that the R.A.F. excels in is First Aid. We won the First Aid Trophy at an inter-section competition at R.A.F. Stafford, when schools around the Midlands competed against each other, and every year we put on a First Aid display at Annual General Inspection.

The R.A.F. section also offers its cadets a multitude of courses and scholarships. There is a gliding scholarship, on which two of our cadets won places this year; a flying scholarship which one cadet won this year; leadership courses etc etc. There are also trips abroad to see how R.A.F. bases are run overseas. Three cadets were able to visit Germany this year, just the latest in a long tradition of cadets visiting bases abroad. And, finally, there are the leadership and communication courses run by the R.A.F.

Therefore I would wholeheartedly advise any boy in the Upper Middles wondering what he should put down on his Friday Afternoon slip, to choose the R.A.F. and 'Rise Above the Rest'.

E.S. Dawinder Dosanjh

Army Section Roundup

Fourteen newly promoted NCOs from Cadre took part in the Dartmoor 2000 Millennium Walk, run by Capt Collins and Sgt Howe, which tested boys' camping skills, map-reading and endurance in the face of torrential rain and gales. A Duke of Edinburgh trip to Wales was successfully completed by Divisions and Sixth Form boys, and nine cadets from the Army section did spectacularly well at this year's March and Shoot Competition at Swynnerton. This comprised a full kit inspection (in which full marks were awarded), an assault course, a four mile run with kit, a command



Cadets Law and Jones are presented with their Royal Marine "daggers", at AGI

Army Section Summer Camp 2000

It was with smiles on our faces, and more olive coloured kit than you could shake a baton at, that 30 cadets found themselves motoring through the green and pleasant countryside of Cornwall. Each passing minute brought us a little closer to the place of fable and legend that is Penhale Cadet Training Camp. As the sun shone down onto rolling hills we caught our first glimpse of the place that would be our home for the coming week. The hardened veterans of the '98 campaign smiled knowingly, whilst the younger cadets looked on, safe in the knowledge that if they survived this week they would be a little closer to donning their rose-tinted spectacles, passing around the Werthers Originals and reminiscing fondly of their times on the dunes at Ligger Point.

During the week a plethora of activities ensured that we returned to our billets each night wanting only to vegetate in the NAAFI, and without the energy to complain about our packed lunches (of which, I am reliably informed, Mr Howe now has enough stockpiled to weather even the most

protracted strategic nuclear strike). The canoeing – in waters which had managed to scupper the attempts of all previous cadets – climbing and abseiling (followed by an unexpected swim for a lucky few) were just a few of the many treats which the week held. In addition there were a number of command tasks quite staggering in their originality, far detached from your usual 'planks and barrels', alright lads, this is a minefield/gaping chasm/piranha infested river... fare.

Probably the lowest point of the week was our orienteering afternoon. The only good thing that emerged from that shockingly rainy afternoon was a set of orienteering results better than any school had achieved before us. Major Manley inspired an Olympian spirit in our team. When he began to run the course behind us nothing could stop even the least motivated among us from reaching the finish as quickly as possible. Those who eventually lagged, or were

task (which KES completed in the quickest time) and, finally, a 30m shoot. The team came 3rd out of 35 teams, testimony to the calibre of cadets in the army and the expert teaching which they receive. Ten cadets competed in the Brigade Skill at Arms event, coming fourth. Duncan Law and Luke Jones successfully completed a Royal Marines Arduous Training Course, and congratulations go to Richard Hanson, who greatly impressed his instructors during his six week Army Adventurous Training Course in Canada. At the end of the Easter Term, Capt Collins led a mountaineering trip to Glen Coe and a large proportion of the Army Section enjoyed a hugely successful camp at Penhale.

Sqn Ldr J.C.S. Burns RAFVR(T)

confused by the seemingly endless, identical stretches of dunes, will have the image of the Major, sporting 'those' gaiters, burned into their retinas for the rest of their days.

We were privileged to be visited by a Brigadier and a Major General who flew in to the base during the week. These high-ranking officers wanted to see the cadets at Penhale enjoying the camp and we certainly were. The Senior and Junior March and Shoot teams are to be congratulated on excellent performances in heat which would have had the entire cast of Lawrence of Arabia scattering in search of shade. The members of my fire picket on the night that everything hit the fan also deserve a mention, having been called "the best that I have ever seen" by the Major in command of the training teams.

Our week was rounded up by a well planned, aptly named Night Exercise that contained a few unexpected twists (a sign of things to come perhaps...) and at one point had even Captain Collins' steely, intuitive grasp of events thoroughly confused. The penultimate day's treasure hunt, ending on the beach at a nearby town, allowed two stereotypes to be vindicated. Firstly, we discovered that it was, in fact,



*Yes, I want artillery support,
air support, two diet
cokes and a deep pan pizza*

true that "Charlie (or any other NCO for that matter) don't surf" or, indeed, set foot on a beach if an alternative can be found; and secondly, that, no matter how many times you tell them, certain cadets will never learn.

Many thanks must go to Messrs Collins and Howe for the effort that they once again put into making the camp a thoroughly enjoyable and memorable one.

Finally let me remind everyone on the camp that the RSPCA are still on the lookout for any suspicious gull deaths and that they will prosecute to the fullest extent of the law.

C/Sgt Matthew Clarke



*Casualty
evacuation while
under heavy fire*



*Cadets being taught
marksmanship
at Penbale*



*The Army at
Penbale, with a
visiting Major
General sitting
Front Centre*

Cadet Hanson's Canadian Adventure



Between the 5th of July and the 22nd of August 2000, I took part in an Army Cadet Exchange to Canada. I was selected as one of twelve cadets throughout Britain who would spend seven weeks in the Rocky Mountains doing adventurous training. The camp was made up of twelve Brits, eight Germans and one hundred and sixty Canadian cadets. The first few days in Canada were spent getting to know my

fellow British troops. In short, we consisted of one Brummy (me), two Welsh girls, one Channel Islander (Guernsey), six Cockneys, one Scot and, last but not least, one Scouser. So how would such a diverse group of people cope with what we expected to be the hardest challenge of our lives?

We had spent two days on the camp by ourselves before the Canadians arrived. I really liked it because the camp was newly

built and had excellent facilities including a gym and an indoor climbing wall. When the Canadians arrived, the camp was split into six platoons, each one named after a well known Canadian mountain – my platoon was called Rundle. A routine day would begin with physical training at 6:00 am, with breakfast at 7:30 am followed by activities for the rest of the day until 6:30 pm. The physical training session was a 2km run every morning for the first week,

*'I settled
in
to walking
and
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a good tan.'*

increasing to 5 km after that. The activities were organised on a rota basis and comprised glacier trekking, kayaking or canoeing, hiking and rock climbing. Each of these activities was done over the course of five days. My first activity was rock climbing. Although it was good fun, my instructor was French and so I did not understand a word he said (not at the speed he talked, anyway) and the first five days went very slowly. To be honest, I was glad to see my first week over with.

Surprisingly, the Canadian cadet movement has no links to the actual army. They do no shooting and are not even supposed to run around the base in case they trip and hurt themselves. However, I soon found out that this did not stop us having to follow very strict rules, and law-breakers were punished severely. For example, by the halfway stage of the camp, 32 of the original 180 cadets had been sent home. Most of these cases were because of fitness reasons, although the minimum requirement was

only 5 press ups, 10 sit ups and level 2 on the bleep test. After the fitness test at the end of the first week, the platoon was split into four fitness groups that decided the difficulty of the hike, glacier trek and canoeing/kayaking route. I was in the top group so I got the chance to climb the highest mountains and get the best views.

My second activity was the hike. I did the route called 'Cougar Creek' and as part of my leadership assessment for the course I had to lead the group on the second day. This went very well and I settled in to walking and getting a good tan. This was interrupted on the third day when one of my group hurt his ankle and had to be airlifted off the mountain. I am sure it must have been very painful to him but seeing him lifted by rope into the helicopter is definitely one of my best (and funniest) memories.

My third and fourth weeks on camp were spent doing leadership tasks. We were all marked on everything we did throughout the whole camp, so there was always pressure to do things well. Whilst the Canadians were not always top in the "Challenge" part of the course they were very good at the "Leadership" component. For example, we had various rest days during the course of the camp and one person in my platoon

organised for all twenty six of us to go to the Rodeo and theme park at Calgary stampede. Such events were not the only fun part of the course. We had a themed "super heroes" sports day and we also went to the Calgary mall. The fourth week was not as focused on leadership as the third, and during that week we were trained in First Aid procedure, Search and Rescue and went on a two-day bike trip,

'Even Barney the grumpy chef was allowing us to have more than one slice of toast for breakfast.'

This was a disaster, resulting in two broken wrists and a broken ankle suffered by various members of the platoon.

Before I knew it, I was into my last two weeks in Canada. The Glacier trek was by far the best bit of the trip. On top of Des Pelous Glacier (which I am told translates as 'Mount Hairless') I could see for 65 miles around,

which was very impressive. The last activity was kayaking, during which I sadly managed to dislocate my shoulder at the end of the third day. It was frustrating to have to stay behind at camp while the rest of the platoon were having such a good time. Before I knew it, though, they were all back and camp was almost over.

All that was left to do was hand kit back, start getting people's addresses and prepare for the final parade. As the final day approached, everyone was in high spirits. Even Barney the grumpy chef was allowing us to have more than one piece of toast for breakfast. The day of final parade soon came. I was made Platoon Warrant Officer and so was in charge of Rundle platoon for the parade. I was awarded the 'Best Leadership Award' and 'Best Cadet on Hiking'. After final parade the Brits had two days left. We went paintballing and into Banff – the local town, which helped to pass the time.

During the course I had the opportunity to live and work beside many different people from a wide variety of nations and backgrounds. I knew that I had been given a once in a lifetime opportunity, even if it had not been too physically challenging! As the Canadians say, my summer was 'Pretty Awesome!!!'

Cadet Richard Hanson



Aquatica Diving

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R.A.F. Roundup

This year has been a record year for the R.A.F. in terms of the number of new recruits. Thirty-three cadets joined, boosting the total strength of the section to a colossal forty-one cadets and twelve N.C.O.s. It has also been an amazing year for the R.A.F. in terms of the activities offered for its cadets. The whole section was taken to R.A.F. Gosford for Expeditions Weekend, with the best Night Exercise most of us had ever experienced, and the infamous 'roadblock' negotiating exercise, which we barely survived!

Once again the section took part in the annual regional competition held at R.A.F. Stafford. We competed against R.A.F. sections from schools across the Midlands, and although we did not do as well as we have done in years gone by, we managed to win the First Aid Trophy, thanks to a sterling effort by C.W.O. Miller. We travelled to R.A.F. Weybourne for a Spring Expeditions Weekend that turned out to be very eventful indeed. For the Easter Camp, twelve cadets travelled to R.A.F. Uxbridge and experienced a week of flying, leadership training and, of course, the dreaded drill, the bane of every cadet's life! Finally, for a lucky few, the year ended in style with a visit to R.A.F. Wittering.

At Annual General Inspection C.W.O. Miller made history by being the first R.A.F. N.C.O. in living memory to command the parade. The R.A.F. displayed a number of activities, which were a mixture of the traditional and new, recently acquired ideas. Of course there was the First Aid demonstration that the R.A.F. does so well, and the usual static display, but this year, in addition, there was the masterpiece that was the roadblock scenario, and an exceptional drill display given by the cadets who had gone to R.A.F. Uxbridge.

Two members of the section, Sgts Edward Orchard and Tom Prew, won and successfully completed gliding scholarships. C.W.O. Ian Miller must also be congratulated for winning an R.A.F. flying scholarship. In the Easter holidays C.W.O. Miller, Sgt Hussain and Sgt Jon Chapman visited R.A.F. Germany, experiencing R.A.F. life abroad, and F.S. Davinder Dosanjh attended the Air Cadet Leadership Course at R.A.F. Stafford in the summer and passed with merit. Cadet Rich Thompson also deserves congratulations for being decorated with the R.A.F. Marksmanship Award during summer camp at R.A.F. Wittering.

Once more, the section strove to send as many cadets as possible on as many Air Experience Flights as it could. Inevitably, some flights were rained off, but we still achieved an excellent record of getting cadets up and flying. The section would not have these opportunities if it were not for the close links that are maintained with No. 8 A.E.F. and 633 V.G.S.

Best wishes must be extended to Flt Sgt M. Arnott from R.A.F. Gosford who retired last Christmas. The section thanks him for all that he has done to help the R.A.F. at KES. We also welcome Sgt Stephenson from R.A.F. Gosford, who will be taking over from Flt Sgt Arnott. The section also extends a warm greeting to the two additional members of staff who are with us now: Plt Off. Raynor joined us in September, 1999, while Plt Off Smith joined in September 2000.

The R.A.F. section has had a great year and we look forward with warm anticipation to the next, which should see the R.A.F. bigger and better than ever.

F.S. Davinder Dosanjh



Spring Expeditions Weekend to RAF Weybourne - at the Muckleborough Collection

RAF Expeditions Weekend to RAF Weybourne

The time for the RAF Expeditions Weekend had come and we pondered upon what the weekend would hold for us while on the coach heading towards the Norfolk Coast. As we arrived late at night, in the pouring rain, the sight of the unmanned RAF base, with its impenetrable barbed wire fences, was, to say the least, slightly daunting.

As the sun rose, we were most rudely awakened, having embarked on a late night march across what felt like the whole of the Norfolk coast the night before, to be told that our bed-making skills were going to be placed under close scrutiny. Apparently, many of the younger cadets did not seem to have many bed-making skills to be scrutinised! After a hearty soldier's breakfast, the games began. The pre-determined flights of cadets were to do battle, to prove themselves the *crème de la crème* of the RAE. This hard-fought struggle between white, red and blue flights was to go on throughout the weekend, with the climax lying in the Night Exercise, to take place on the final night.

Blood, sweat and tears were clearly in evidence as the cadets were put through their paces. The fitness regime was designed to test the brawn and determination shown by all good RAF cadets.

The afternoon turned out to be less stressful, as we were rewarded with a visit to the renowned Muckleburgh Museum. Cadets were able to view a grand military vehicle collection and experience the sheer

joy of being carted around in the back of an APC (Armoured Personnel Carrier, for the uninitiated) across the rugged terrain that surrounds the Museum.

As darkness fell, the highlight of the weekend arrived: it was time for the Night Exercise. Here, the true leaders would be revealed, as the flights were sent out into the dark, desolate woods with nothing but their eyes to guide them. The objectives were to protect our VIPs (which happened to resemble the cuddly toys from the Generation Game) and to infiltrate the opposing flights' bases. Under the supervision of our leaders, any fears of the Blair Witch of Weybourne had been eradicated, and we were goaded on to stalk through the woods in search of the enemy. However, even under direct orders, many of the cadets failed to locate the enemy, but instead found themselves wandering into bushes which looked remarkably like members of staff! After three hours of manoeuvres and nervous waiting, the Night Exercise was concluded with the homing beacon being set off. That, unfortunately, signalled the end to another great RAF Expeditions Weekend.

Thanks must go to Flt Lt McMullan, Plt Off Raynor, Plt Off Smith and all the NCOs for making the weekend a success. Thanks must go especially to Flt Sgt Sajid for keeping all the cadets warm at night with his singing.

Senthil Selvam



Spring Expeditions Weekend, RAF Weybourne, Muckleborough Collection

R.A.F. Easter Camp

The R.A.F. Easter Camp 2000 was held at R.A.F. Uxbridge. As this was my first R.A.F. camp, I was somewhat apprehensive and wondered whether I shouldn't, after all, be accompanying my parents on a visit to Paris instead of 'roughing it' for a week. About forty cadets altogether, from KES, Shiplake College and Loughborough with a lone representative from Haberdashers, quickly settled in and established a primitive kind of pecking order. Shiplake called us 'posh'. Our reply was something less complimentary.

Despite my misgivings, the accommodation turned out to be more than adequate. We were housed in two adjoining rooms that gave much scope for night raids and boisterous pillow fights. However, by the last night, I was so tired that I apparently slept through a pillow fight, despite desperate attempts to wake me up by smearing toothpaste all over my face and hair! The food was good - tasty and copious. The one drawback was that, for breakfast, we were expected to cook our own eggs, which resulted in one or two interesting culinary disasters. And if the food of the mess was not sufficient, we always had the chance in the evenings to go to the burger bar to gorge ourselves on junk food!

*'The Tornados
were so
close we
could
wave to
their pilots'*



photograph of tanker refuelling flight

The camp was a wonderful chance for all of us to meet people of similar ages but from different backgrounds. We worked well together and got on socially with no problems. The activities came thick and fast with no time for boredom or even much rest. The forty of us were split into four flights that had to compete against each other. The infamous Drill Competition took place on the last day of the camp, as did shooting with G.P.s

although we also had the honour of using the base's S.A.T. range. One day, each flight had to build a raft from barrels and wooden poles and see who could make it across a (freezing) lake first. Some of us got rather wet, but we all enjoyed it. In addition, there was the fearsome Night Exercise that few managed to complete unscathed.

Another day we went to R.A.F. Benson and took it in turns to perform aerobatics in the new, two-seater Grob. It was reassuring to be told that, in an emergency, we had to climb out on to the wing and jump off before releasing the parachute. Fortunately, no one had to put this to the test. I was also able to take part in an enthralling visit to an air-traffic control tower.

Even these experiences were



The aftersbock of the 'Nite Line' exercise

overshadowed by the sortie from R.A.F. Brize Norton in V.C. 10's. We flew over the North Sea for several hours, refuelling four Tornados in total. The Tornados were so close that we could wave to their pilots. We were instructed not to use the toilet while refuelling was taking place: unfortunately, one

in our group forgot in his excitement – and we all saw the reason for the regulation, as the Tornado pilot's vision was totally obscured by bodily fluids.

I would certainly recommend any new recruits to take up any opportunity to go on an R.A.F. camp. Although the emphasis is on

learning about R.A.F. life, with its demands on teamwork and personal leadership, there is a lot of great fun to be had along the way. The exciting moments are better than any ride at Alton Towers!

Cadet David Hughes

R.A.F. Cosford

Friday 24th September

When we arrived at R.A.F. Cosford, I was surprised by its size and wondered how we would find our dormitory amongst all of the apparently identical, dull grey buildings. Somehow, our teachers knew which dormitory we were in and we were soon busy unloading the coach. We didn't have time to 'check out' the area before we were off to the Cosford museum. The museum was huge and, once inside, we were given a sheet of questions to answer and dispersed throughout the building.

Back at the dormitory, we were told that we were going to eat. Tea was in a separate building and we quickly memorised the route. Surprisingly, there was a large choice of meals. An orienteering exercise designed to acquaint us with the base followed, and we set off enthusiastically to find a shop.

After spending a lot of our time at the shop, we had to return to go to the bowling alley. Sadly most of our skill had, apparently, been left back at our dorms. All of us played dreadfully and it was only later, when it was far too late to make a difference, that some of

us got into the swing of things (no pun intended!).

It was an excellent evening and I think it helped us all to settle down. I soon nodded off but some people had other things in mind as the group next door continued chattering well into the night. They would regret it tomorrow.

Saturday 25th September

Breakfast was served at seven, and we all grumpily got up and made our beds! It was a chilly morning and none of us was in the

mood for talking. We walked in silence to the dining hall but as we began eating, our vigour returned, as did our expectations. After eating, we went back for a room inspection. This did not take long, as C.W.O. Miller only needed to find a speck of dust to come to the conclusion that the room was dirty. After all the rooms had been inspected, we were told to go outside for some drill. Drill, at eight o'clock in the morning! After an hour of marching in groups, we had to solve leadership problems such as getting from one side of a gaping 'chasm' to the other using nothing but a few planks and barrels.

We were all highly relieved when it was lunchtime, as we were all starving. Lunch comprised chips and beans for the majority of us and we discussed earnestly the forthcoming Night Exercise, before which we had an afternoon of First Aid.

We changed into combats and met in the hall for the briefing. Our mission, should we choose to accept it, was to rescue downed pilots. After a short drive to the exercise area, we put on some camouflage and waited for the gun to signal the exercise's beginning.

***'Our mission,
should we choose
to accept it,
was to rescue
downed pilots'***

As soon as the shot was heard, we scattered into the woods and nimbly dodged our way to the area where one pilot was supposed to be, all the way avoiding enemy fire and an insidious green gas, clearly chlorine or some other chemical agent.

The 'pilot' turned out to be none other than Rev Raynor, who gave us a drunken rendition of 'Yellow Submarine'. We had to carry him back into the woods and shelter him. The sergeants suddenly came out charging, firing rifles at us. We thought the night exercise was finally over, but having spent hours walking through dark woods, crawling across open land and carrying Rev. Raynor was not enough: we had to march back to our dorms.

We all groaned as we marched through the middle of the night for two hours and were relieved as we came to the bright lights of the base. A shower and sleep were on everybody's mind.

Sunday 26th September

Unfortunately I woke up at six, but stayed in bed. The only noise was that of C.W.O. Miller pleading with everyone to get up. In the end, we agreed and went for breakfast with bruises and aching limbs. We were shocked to hear that we would be going swimming (AND it was only 9 o'clock!) We had to do six lengths without stopping but I at least felt refreshed afterwards. We boarded the coach once more and thought our weekend would soon be over. There was only a few hours of walking on the Wrekin in a light drizzle! Our group got lost in the woods but somehow we managed to find the coach again and so, finally, home.

Cadet Imran Karjekar



RAF Weybourne Expeditions Weekend

R.A.F. Summer Camp

This year's Summer Camp, at R.A.F. Wittering, provided many opportunities for cadets and proved to be a great success. Highlights of the week included a disaster handling exercise in the run up to the Royal Air Tattoo at R.A.F. Cottesmore, flying, and the infamous Night Exercise. At R.A.F. Cottesmore, the plan was to test the ability of the emergency services on base to cope with an emergency. This involved simulating an accident (in this case an air collision entailing two planes crashing into the spectators) and creating a lot of artificial casualties. Categories ranged from 'walking wounded' to the distinctly more ominous sounding 'dead'. The casualties were made to look realistic through the use of theatrical wound kits and copious amounts of stage blood. The emergency services then triaged all the casualties, taking the walking wounded to a place where they could be supervised, disposing of the dead, and taking those deemed treatable to makeshift treatment centres. Worthy of particular mention are the theatrical talents of Sgt Abu Hussain, who performed superbly as a man 'badly burned'. The camp also gave everyone the opportunity

'Categories ranged from "walking wounded" to the distinctly ominous sounding "dead"'

to try his hand at flying. Flying was undertaken at the nearby R.A.F. Newton. Each cadet was taken up for either one or two 20 minute sessions in which, depending on his previous experience in the cockpit, he would learn more about the technical control of the aircraft or, in the cases of the grizzled veterans, have the chance to try aerobatic manoeuvres such as the loop-the-loop, the barrel roll and the Cuban 8.

Cadets were also versed in the art of 'field craft', which seems to involve getting very wet and muddy for no reason. Cadets learned how to creep through a forest silently and how to

employ hand signals as a means of stealthy communication. We were taught how to put on cam cream, how to search people wanting to enter an R.A.F. base, how to apply simple First Aid and how to construct a well-camouflaged shelter.

At the end of the camp, the senior N.C.O.s decided to award various prizes. These ranged from the sensible, such as 'best cadet', to the (allegedly) humorous, such as 'most random comment', awarded to Sgt Martin Hudcock, to the mildly offensive 'campest on camp', awarded to Sgt Edward Orchard.

The camp was a great success, and a pleasure to have been involved in. I think that a major part of this success was due to how well administered the camp was by Flt Lt McMullan. He did an outstanding job as Camp Commander and thanks must go to him in particular for putting on such a great week. Thanks should also go to Plt Off Smith who aided in the organisation and running of many of the activities, and to C.W.O. Ian Miller, the Section Head.

Cadet Richard Bradish



Royal Navy Section – Roundup

The RN section of the CCF has really gone from strength to strength over the last year and the rising number of cadets are enjoying a wider range of activities than ever before. This year, a record number of seven joined the ranks of the traditionally select band that comprise the naval complement of the contingent and the good news is that an even greater number are expected next year.

Two extremely successful Expeditions Weekends have seen the cadets on team-building and leadership exercises at Blackwell Court, Bromsgrove, where a great time was had by all. The go-karting proved to be a highly competitive event that inspired many a highly amused spectator to comment on its suitability as a future Cot Fund event. Similarly, the mountain biking relay race proved to be an experience, although certain cadets did not seem to quite get the idea, apparently finding it easier to run around the course carrying their bikes on their shoulders than to actually ride them.

In March, the whole section visited Portsmouth, spending two nights on HMS Bristol, a destroyer moored at the shore base HMS Excellent. The visits to the Royal Armouries Museum, the Royal Submarine Museum and HMS Victory were informative and the harbour tour doubly so. The traditional Expeditions Weekend football match was entered into with much gusto by all, A/B Jones startling everyone with his astounding skills. He was to be denied final success however, by A/B Ablett's stunning defending, which promptly earned him the nick-name "Iron Curtain".

***'The whole section
visited Portsmouth,
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a destroyer moored
at the shore base
HMS Excellent.'***

Individual cadets have taken part in a variety of camps and courses, from sailing to power boating to naval gunnery. The Summer Camp proved to be a real favourite because of the depth and breadth of naval topics taught, the intensity of the sailing training and the overall sense of fitting into a forces orientated environment. Plus there were a number of female cadets present in what A/B Ward was heard to refer to as a 'target rich environment' – almost certainly a reference to a recent lecture on US Naval Carrier Operations.

Other highlights have included a Minesweeper Sea Day and the Coastal Sailing organised so kindly by Mr Cumberland. This provided a unique experience for cadets to navigate and sail a yacht off the coast of Anglesey.

We continue to maintain our links with Bartley Green Sea Cadets at HMS Sirius and have also introduced the new and very popular option of sailing, canoeing and wind surfing on a Friday afternoon. Finally, I am delighted that PO Oliver Scanlan passed his Admiralty Interview Board to gain a reserved place at Britannia Naval College. He should be justly proud of his achievement.

Most importantly, the RN section remains a dedicated and enthusiastic group of cadets who put in a great deal of hard work but always with a sense of humour. My thanks go to them and my (very reliable) NGOs, for making my Friday afternoons so enjoyable and worthwhile.

CMLT



The Section down in Portsmouth

Royal Naval Coastal Sailing 2000, or 'The Whale'

I awoke to the unsettling sensation of movement and, to my considerable unease, discovered that my bedroom was swinging sickeningly from side to side. A coffee and ten minutes of hazy recollection later, I had myself placed somewhere in Conwy Bay, with the world's leading expert on Little Chefs, Mr Cumberland, and two of my fellow naval cadets, James Ward and Tom Frey.

The arrival of our captain and subsequent donning of some very fetching red and yellow water-proof-cum-life-jacket ensembles signified the beginning of our treacherous journey. I pulled on my wellingtons as Tom slipped into his 'proper' sailing boots. To my mind there was no distinction to be drawn between the two but Tom assured us that his boots were infinitely more useful.

Our journey began with the cardinal sin of using the engine to power us into the deep blue yonder. Seagulls continued to cackle above our heads. Having taken note of 'some' exciting rock formations demonstrating the awesome destructive power of the ocean we turned and headed for Puffin Island. Puffin Island is so named due to the colony of seals that inhabit it, which James very thoughtfully gave us a close look at with his unorthodox rudder control.

We moored that night in a charming town on the Island of Anglesey, one of the last outposts of the Welsh language. Much merriment was had in the fish and chip shop while attempting to order 'ghkyhgcf' and 'hngyhhly', which we assumed to be fish and chips (NB translation not precise). On return to our boat, we were challenged to many different card games by Mr Cumberland, to which only he ever knew the full rules. One



Our fearless band of intrepid explorers

***To this day, the
"give all your aces
to the most senior
player" rule remains
a source
of considerable
consternation'***

rule seemed to recur regardless of the particular game being played at the time, however, and to this day the 'give all your aces to the most senior player' rule remains a source of considerable consternation to myself, Tom and James.

Bright and early the next morning, we set off on the homeward leg of our journey. Despite the bright sunshine, it was soon realised by all why Cup-a-Soup is valued above any other currency on the high seas. On our way back past the Isle of Misnomair, Tom and James were excited by the apparent arrival of a school of dolphins off our port bow. I, being older and wiser, knew that dolphins only lived in such exotic places as Sea World and that this approaching disturbance in the water must be some dark creature of the deep, hell sent to smash our boat to pieces and drag us down to his pitch black, oily lair. My fears were to prove unfounded, however, as, with harpoon in hand, I saw that there really was only a school of dolphins off our port bow.

We drifted into Conwy bay and, following a trip to Conwy Castle, found ourselves driving back to Birmingham. I thoroughly enjoyed this trip.

Not only did it teach me navigation, seamanship and the art of making a good Cup-a-Soup while wet and windswept, but I also learned, via experience, some of sailing's less tangible qualities. Colossal thanks must go to Mr Cumberland for making this all possible.

*Acting Morale Officer,
A/B Richard Jones*

Royal Naval Courses – A Personal Odyssey

The Royal Naval Section of the CCF offers a wide range of courses that a cadet may embark upon, mostly free of charge. The only price that is paid on all courses is the messing fee (board and food) that amounts to just over one pound sterling. The atmosphere on most courses is friendly and everybody gets along quite well although some people do have their differences. Two courses I went on during the summer of last year were on Naval Gunnery and Missile and Power Boating.

The Gunnery and Missile Course takes place at HMS Cambridge, in Cornwall, and is a very informative and fun course to go on. The use of the SA 80 is taught, both in terms of safety procedures and the actual firing of the weapon. Larger weapons, such as the 20mm cannon found on most surface ships, are also fired. The simulator used to instruct ratings was available, so that we too could be treated to shooting down a virtual MiG 29 flying at super-sonic speeds. The firing of the actual gun beat this experience by quite a way, however. The feeling of pumping sixty high explosive, crush tip fuse rounds (okay, they were blank rounds, but you get the idea) into the air in a matter of seconds is awesome.

HMS Cambridge, as well as being the Navy's gunnery school, is also the Royal Marines' school for counter terrorist board and search operations, which we also saw as well as being treated to a lecture on drug seizures, illegal weapons dealing and Improvised Explosive Devices. Such lectures were complemented by trips to other naval

shore bases, the Naval Museum and various sporting activities for a 'Skylark' or, without the Naval parlance, rest and relaxation.

Another of the courses available is the power boating course, which, at the end of it, gives you a qualification to drive power boats, providing you pass. This course is exceptional because it is an RYA course that, if done privately, would cost about £100. With the Navy, it is done for free.

Throughout the course, there is a good mixture of practical lessons and theoretical tuition. Everyday you go out in the boats and learn new things. It moves pretty quickly and you have to work hard to keep up and pass the test at the end. There are also two expeditions, one accomplished during the day, the other carried out during the night.

The course instructors plan the Night Exercise and you follow the route they set. However, cadets plan the Day Exercise and the instructors are there purely to stop things going wrong. You drive a variety of boats: some small displacement boats, some small planning boats and, for the expeditions, some large fast motor launches (FMLs).

The lectures take place in the morning before going out and in the evening after returning to base. As with the Gunnery Course, there are sports activities planned in the evenings. As this course takes place at HMS Raleigh, the powers that be tend to be a lot stricter about the quality of uniform and marching. Daily inspections take place, which can get annoying but the course is well worth it.

A/B J Gray



LEADERSHIP

A Word from the Head of the Leadership Option

Friday afternoon Leadership is one of the most popular Friday options run within the school. The option is very well known and has attracted interest from a variety of areas including schools in New Zealand and the USA, and also from PriceWaterhouseCoopers, a multinational corporation.

The option provides education in leadership, teamwork, initiative and problem solving skills for pupils in the UMs, Fourth, Fifth, Divisions and Sixth Form, so that younger pupils may learn about the skills required to be a good leader, in order that they may eventually graduate to take on the role of senior instructors in the future.

As Sixth Formers, we lead every Friday afternoon – planning, administering and instructing a younger age group. This is a task requiring considerable responsibility but it is highly enjoyable.

I have been part of the option for three years and have gradually acquired the skills to teach other pupils; my role now involves the co-ordination and smooth running of the option. In addition, the experience of running the option has taught me many key skills including organising other people and myself, taking responsibility for dynamic events, and the ability to get the best out of different people in different ways.

In conclusion, I have found Leadership to be very worthwhile as it has given me the ability to be more confident, to act as an individual both as to my ideas and the way I put them into action, while, all the time, enhancing my personal transferable skills.

Garry Brandrick

Friday Leadership Option 1999-2000

The KES Friday Leadership option has enjoyed a truly vintage year in terms of expansion, popularity and quality. Under the direction of Alex Francis and his deputy Jon Roberts, the option has undergone many positive changes, including a comprehensive revamping of the year group syllabuses, the introduction of the now (in)famous Friday Leadership option attire, and a more up-to-date range of equipment.

The major purpose of the Friday Leadership option is to give pupils as much responsibility as possible. As such, it is an option run for the pupils, by the pupils, which, it seems, adds to its overall attraction, a fact displayed by the option's ever increasing popularity which now rivals that of traditionally more dominant alternatives. We also aim to develop the individual's potential for initiative, creativity and problem-solving while operating as part of a larger group. Communication and team building skills are paramount. The attributes that pupils are encouraged to exhibit and hone are those same personal transferrable skills that are an invaluable addition to any work place.

The actual Friday afternoons in the last years have been of the highest quality, in terms of presentation, preparation and execution. With

events ranging from Balloon Debates, Barrels and Planks and Organisational Games to the occasional 'Super Soaker Challenge', pupils experienced an extremely diverse syllabus all year round. A well delivered review afterwards ensured that something was learnt from each activity.

The new 2000-01 Leadership pairing, Garry Brandrick and Padman Vamedevan, together with year group leaders James Grigg, Dave Wood, Richard Rees and their teams of instructors, are already showing that they are ready and able to take the option on to the next level, building upon the solid foundations of previous years. I wish them every success in the forthcoming year.

Finally, many thanks must go to Mr Chamberlain, Mr Roll, Mr Duncombe and Miss While, without whose support, trust and enthusiasm this option would not be the success that it undoubtedly has proven itself to be.

Alex Francis



Garry Brandrick, Head of Leadership

K.E.S. Leadership, a Fourth Former's Eye View

Friday Leadership was a gradual learning curve for all the fourth years in 1999-2000. We were excited, willing to learn and wearing bright yellow T-shirts. On arrival for our first ever Friday Leadership session, we were greeted by the "exuberant forces" of Chris Pheasey and his group of Sixth Form instructors. Although we were all unsure of exactly what Friday Leadership involved, it turned out to be an exciting experience. This was due to the well planned games such as "The Matrix", "Escape and Evasion" and "Cat and Mouse", together with many other activities that were designed to test our intelligence, aptitude, wit, courage, problem-solving and communication skills. We were taught how to organise our teams in "barrel and plank" games and how to speak confidently and fluently in front of a class about absolutely nothing in one minute talks. The games were well varied and often difficult to complete successfully, but we all benefited from every one of them in one way or another.

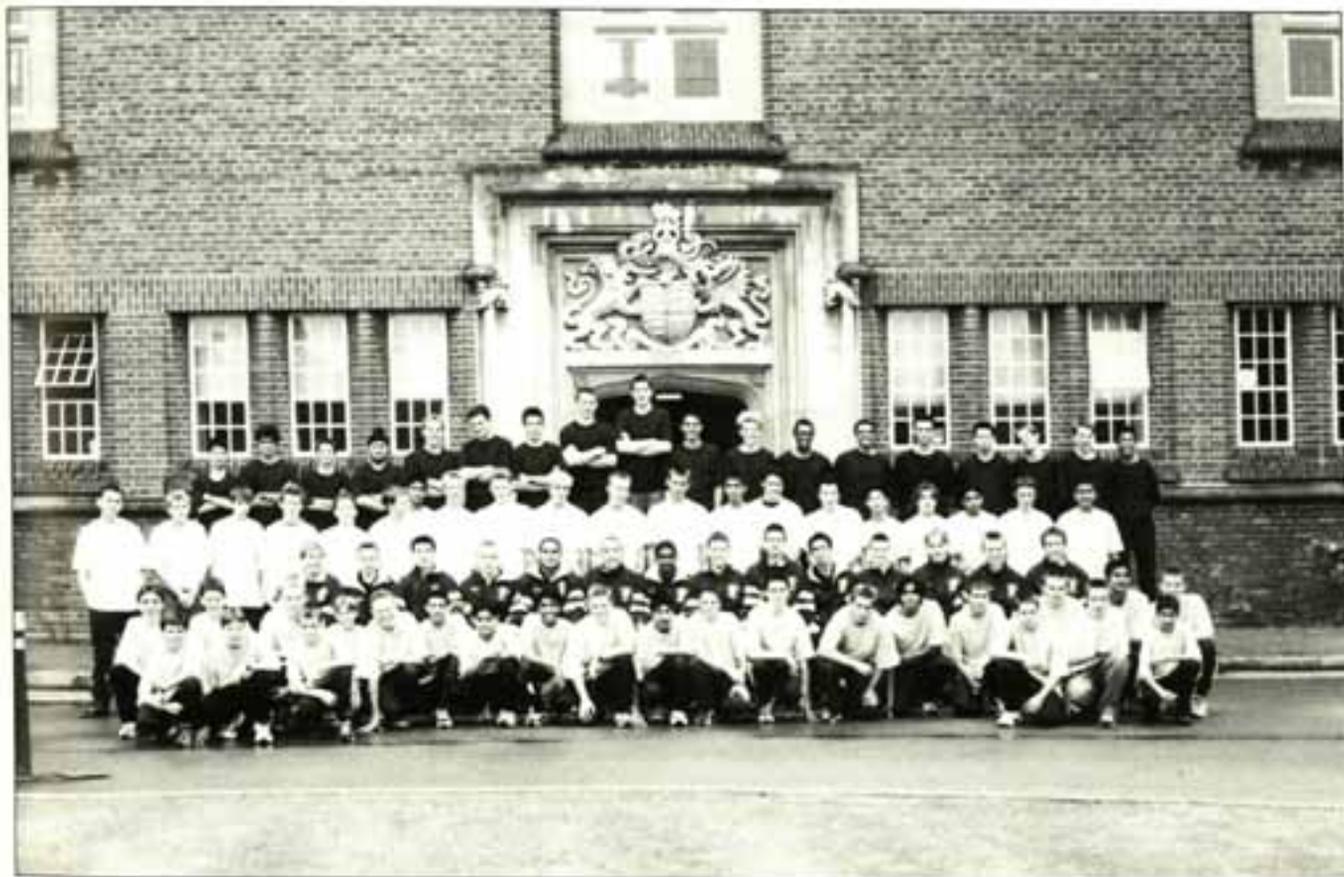
*'We were taught
how to speak
confidently and
fluently in front
of a class,
about absolutely
nothing'*

The presence of our instructors, at all times, was often extremely helpful. They watched, advised, laughed and generally kept us heading in the direction of completing our tasks. After we had learnt a number of key skills from the instructors, we joined in, together with the rest of the Leadership Option, on the yearly outing to the National Paintball Finals. It was here that we were first able to apply the skills and

techniques we had learnt to a practical situation, but in the end we gave up hope as it turned into a frenzy of people and paintballs, with everyone trying desperately not to get hit. This was an extremely interesting experience overall for all of us, but we did not always use the valuable skills we had been learning over the course of the term!

Later in the year, we were subject to being taught by those who would be instructors next year and as the weeks passed by, both the instructors and ourselves improved greatly. As the year drew to a close, more was expected from us and in the last week three members of our year group were chosen to run a complete afternoon for their peers without any external input, apart from advice. That was extremely difficult, but a worthwhile and interesting experience to say the least! But for all those people out there who have yet to choose their Friday afternoon activity, Leadership is definitely the option to do!

Chris Hedges



Leadership Weekends 2000

If stepping into the unknown and being faced with hideous, yet mostly pointless, problems to solve with a bunch of strangers as your team mates doesn't appeal to you, then maybe Mr Roll's Leadership Weekends aren't really the thing for you. However, if you're a person with a sense of adventure, looking to stretch yourself to your physical and mental limits, then the Foundation Leadership Weekends are as close to perfection as you're going to encounter.

This year, 24 Divisions chose to boldly go where very few had gone before them, into a weekend filled with activities galore. These cannot be divulged, as the entire point of the Weekend, what makes it so enjoyable, is its

unpredictability. The combination of four schools on every weekend, with six teams made up of one participant from each school, added to the overall intensity of the Weekend and tested, not only physical and mental skills, but also, and in my view more importantly, social skills. In order for a team to be successful on a Leadership Weekend, the important part is not the skills of the individual, but the overall teamwork and co-ordination of the group. This is where social skills play such a vital role, and why a weekend will serve to tell you more about yourself than most other activities in life ever could.

I have not found anyone who did not really enjoy the experience and find it rewarding. Immense credit must be given to Mr Roll, the (slightly disturbed) Einstein behind the whole event, and also to the staff from all the Foundation schools.

For those considering going on a Leadership Weekend in future years, perhaps the best way to describe them without giving anything away is that the weekend is like the Krypton Factor with a twist! You're never going to find out what exactly that twist is unless you go on one, though; I can promise you won't regret it!

Padman Vameswaran

Aeronautical Schools Challenge

The brief was to submit a new design for the Hawk fighter jet: the incentive was a prize of £5000. Four KES boys – myself, Matthew Block, Leo Park and Riaz Govalia – together with Helen Gardiner from KEHS got to work on the brief last May. Our proposed designs, concerned with the optimum shape for the aircraft and the specification for the gadgets it should include, qualified us to go and spend a week at Cranfield University for the final round of the competition.

Previously unknown to us, Cranfield turned out to be the UK's premier aeronautics research facility. Its assets were proudly shown off during our stay: the university's own airship, guided tours of the huge research hangars and fantastic accommodation to boot. We were even taught the basics of flying a light helicopter and a single prop aircraft while the instructor watched nervously behind us.

The residential week involved a series of assessed practical team exercises: we had to devise a way of dropping an egg from a height

of five metres without breaking it, support a brick 10 metres off the ground using only straws and pins; and so on. Having done well in these various exercises, we felt that we were in contention for the title of "School's Aerospace Challenge Team 2000": the prize beckoned! Alas, to our dismay...I cannot continue. We did not win, but the week at Cranfield was an exciting and memorable experience: better luck to next year's team.

Gurpreet Chhela



Crest Gold Award 2000

When they asked me to write an article about my time on this project during the summer, particular events sprang to mind. One was where my partner, Andrew Robinson, exploded a gram of ether crown worth £50. Another was where I flooded the laboratory area with water when my condenser collapsed. Apart from that it was really a regular sort of chemistry practical... nothing went to plan.

Supramolecular chemistry is a fairly new research area of Chemistry. It involves the association of more than one molecule to make a supramolecule. A common example of this is DNA. The aim of our project was to get as close as we could to making a rotaxane. This consists of three main components; a thread, a ring and blocking groups. The thread consisted of two main components. This was the first thing we had to make. Just for the chemists out there, the thread was made by reacting a benzene molecule containing two amine groups (found in protein) with two long hydrocarbon chains (like those in margarine). Each chain had an amine group which were essentially atoms around which the ring would sit. This is known as a complexation centre. So, as you may have guessed, it was possible to put two rings on each thread. However, as we soon realised, this was far harder than the pretty diagrams make it look. Our main problems related to finding the conditions which were suitable for this first reaction to occur (making the thread). It took about three weeks for me to do this. Andrew was luckier and he made his chain much more quickly; this was probably due to the acid groups on his long hydrocarbon chains, which helped to form the thread.

The problems that I had when making the thread were caused by the fact that the

*'This was
before
we had the
minor
explosion'*

hydrocarbon chains kept reacting with themselves and not the benzene molecule. Once they had reacted with themselves, if they then reacted with the benzene, it would be a problem because the ring would not be able to fix on. So the first three weeks were spent 'fishing' for the right conditions, setting up trial experiments and carrying out numerous mass spectroscopy and NMR analysis to see if the thread had actually formed. One thing we did learn is that very few reactions in chemistry are simply direct addition and that reactions took more than a triple period to complete; some lasted for several days. I was on my eighth experiment, with patience running low, when I finally pieced together enough evidence via the above analysis methods to suggest that my thread had finally formed. This was supposed to be the easy part.

Meanwhile, with a wide grin on his face, Andrew was steaming ahead (that is, before he had the minor explosion). In the last week, I added some SodiumBorohydride to my precious thread. It is a reducing

agent, which adds Hydrogen across carbon-carbon double bonds (this process is similar to when oil is made into more solid butter-like compounds). Although the agent is highly explosive and very sensitive to water, the reaction proceeded quickly without alarm. Next came the addition of another toxic acid. Its purpose was to make the amines (complexation centres) more receptive to the ring which we were hoping to add, and hopefully increase our chances of producing a rotaxane of some form. After a few simple steps, lasting a few days, and endless hours of washing up and using interesting but pointless apparatus, I was ready to add my ether crown (ring). This was where things got interesting. It was a fairly successful step but that is where the project ended for me. Some complexation had occurred. That is, some amount of my thread had actually accepted the ring. However, I never got round to making a full rotaxane with stoppers. A rotaxane without stoppers is called a pseudorotaxane. This was as far as I got. Despite how long eight hours a day for four weeks sounds, the time went very quickly.

The project was quite different from practicals in the school. The hazards were very evident throughout. Chemicals we used were very expensive and hence we carried out reactions on a small scale. Also, we found that organisation and accuracy were very important factors in the success, or lack of, in our projects.

The project was a great experience for both of us. It was particularly useful to me as I am considering taking a degree in Chemistry at university. I would advise anyone in a similar situation to participate. Our thanks must go to Mr Hancock and all the people who organised it.

Omar Salar

Those Halcyon Days of Yore

Well, the Millennium came and went but time still marches on. In the contemplative stillness and serenity that followed the Millennium Bug-ridden storm that never quite materialised, *Chronicle* decided to ask some of the grizzled veterans of the Common Room about how the school has changed.

Mr Gunning

Chronicle: Mr. Gunning, how long have you been teaching at King Edward's?

PGG: I arrived at KES in 1981 so that makes it nearly twenty years.

Chronicle: What are the principal changes you've seen here during that time?

PGG: I suppose the biggest practical change I can think of is purely the number of students we have. When I joined, we had a four form intake. Now it's five. That's an extra one hundred and seventy five pupils and, although the school has got bigger, which is also another big change, corridors and dining hall haven't. So I think it does seem a lot busier than it used to be in the corridors and around the school generally. On top of this, many of the rooms look a lot smarter than they did twenty years ago. The Upper School Common Room would

be a prime example. Before it was the USCR, the room was a horrible area to go into. I think it was a storage area of some kind. There are also far more women here than there used to be. When I joined the school I think that there was only one female teacher working in the department and now there are three.

C: As a Modern Languages teacher, what changes have there been in the way you teach your subject?

PGG: There haven't been that many. In my own school days, spoken work and listening work were not that well developed but, certainly when I was doing my teacher training, things like oral tests were very much part of the set up nationally. They have been modified and changed, but the basic elements of speaking, reading, listening and writing were there twenty years ago as much as they are today. The course books are a lot better than they were and the listening material is now on audio cassettes. Everyone takes these for granted, but they weren't always around. When I first joined the school the listening material was on reel-to-reel tape, which I absolutely hated. Asking boys to record things was very difficult whereas nowadays it's comparatively a lot easier.

C: What has been your experience of changes within extra curricular activities?

PGG: One of the main things that impresses me personally, and other people who come to the school when I show them our calendar, is the *number* of activities that we have going on at the school. It is quite remarkable. It shows a tremendous energy from the staff and



'It shows a tremendous energy from the staff and pupils to carry out so many activities'

the pupils to carry out so many activities in what is, for most people, a pretty hectic day anyway. Particularly in view of the amount of administration there is for teachers to do now, something that has grown markedly over the past five years, I think that the presence of such an active extra-curricular side to the school is to the considerable credit of many colleagues.

C: Finally, what are your expectations or hopes for the future?

PGG: Goodness me, what a difficult question! I'm disappointed, as a language teacher, that the government's attempts to broaden the curriculum has resulted, here, in the reduction from six languages down to three. We are unlikely to be able to offer Italian, Japanese or Russian at 16 + in addition to the three main languages. I'd like to see more Modern Languages, perhaps bringing German and Spanish in earlier to the boys' education. I wish the authors of the course work would develop integrated software. That would be a great help. I'd like to see more languages, more boys willing to give them a go...

C: And as Head of Upper School?

PGG: Well, I have sometimes thought that a separate Sixth Form centre might be useful, but I do have mixed feelings about it. You might not, you're a sixth former. But in many ways it is better to have the Sixth Form based in the school proper.

C: What about a Sixth Form Common Room as distinct from the Divisions?

PGG: I think it's very useful to have both year groups mix. Even if it's just general chit chat, filling in a UCAS form etc I think the Divisions learn a lot from mixing with the Sixth Form.

C: Mr Gunning, thank you very much.

Reverend Raynor

Chronicle: Rev. Raynor, you were a student at KES from when?

DHR: I was a student from 1971 to '76, having joined as an Upper Middle.

C: When did you start to teach here?

DHR: I joined the school in my current capacity in September 1994.

C: What are the main changes you have witnessed during your time at KES?

DHR: Well, when I joined in the UMs it was a Direct Grant school so there was a much wider range of students in some senses, but less diversity ethnically. There was one Asian pupil in my class, two in my year group. So a lot has changed since then. It was a rather less luxurious place to work in back then: low living and high thinking you might say...that's quotable, isn't it? We were taught a much narrower range of subjects, perhaps being a bit stronger on the Arts side of things, but a lot less strong technologically speaking.

C: Do you think that the education you received was inferior to the one you would receive now because of the lack of exposure to different cultures and traditions?

DHR: That particular aspect has improved markedly. Exposure to different faiths and cultural backgrounds tends to encourage us to respect people who are not like ourselves. On the other hand, if you take away such things as cultural background, your typical

Edwardian pupil hasn't changed that much. You can still see the same types of characters emerging as I could in my own school days.

C: Would you say, then, that there is such a thing as a typical Edwardian pupil?

DHR: That's a very good question. There's a sense in which most intelligent young people are relatively similar in the way that they think. They have the same aspirations and the same educational pattern behind and in front of

'...that's quotable, isn't it?'

them. I think we may have had the luxury of learning for its own sake. I don't think that we were as driven, twenty years ago, to get the grades for university, to build the C.V., to do all the things that will impress future employers. In the 70's, we very much assumed that we would go to university and, as graduates, get jobs for life. You, today, do not have that security. I think that it perhaps made us a tad complacent but also freed us to pursue our own pet enthusiasms a bit



more, rather than just be driven along the tramlines of the system.
 C: Rev. Raynor, what are your hopes / expectations for the future?
 DHR: (after thirty seconds of remarkably well-sustained laughter)
 Errm, that's just a bit of an open ended question isn't it? I like to think that we, as teachers, as a department and as a school will continue to

emphasise breadth of education and on turning out individuals who are decent and well rounded as well as being eminently employable.
 C: Rev. Raynor, thank you very much.

Mr Lambie

Chronicle: Mr. Lambie, when did you join the school?

PHSL: I joined the school as a teacher in the Classics department in September '68.

C: What changes have you seen here during your time as a teacher?
 PHSL: Well, the most marked, everyday difference I can think of is that the student-teacher relationship has improved hugely. It is far more relaxed and informal; for example, when I started teaching here teachers always wore their gowns to teach, pupils were addressed by their surnames and junior members of staff were addressed by their surnames by senior members of staff. That changed fairly early on in my time. In lessons, the whole atmosphere is more relaxed. That doesn't mean that the teaching is any less intense or expert but I don't think boys are in fear of their teachers as they used to be.

***'I, personally,
 don't think
 fear is a
 good
 motivator'***

C: Would you say that that is both a blessing and a curse?

PHSL: No, just a blessing because it makes teaching far more natural. I personally do not think that fear is a good motivator.

C: So, you think that generally the school has become more pupil-friendly?

PHSL: I think that all of us teachers take far more care than we used to. Pastoral care is vastly improved from what it once was.

C: Mr Gunning said that teaching Modern Languages has not changed significantly since he started teaching here in 1981. In Classics, though, haven't we seen quite a shift from rote-learning to a more interactive approach?

PHSL: Well, yes and no; the course books have certainly improved

and some of the methods have changed but there is still a substantial corpus of knowledge to be memorised and that's true of any language, modern or classical. If you can't do the work from memory then, ultimately, you can't do the work. The Cambridge Latin Course is something of which I am a big fan; it gives pupils who don't take Latin to G.C.S.E. or beyond what, in insurance parlance, is called 'surrender value'. Even though they don't get a qualification out of it, pupils gain a knowledge of the Roman World and its language which, for its own sake, is a thing of real value.

C: And what, Mr Lambie are your hopes and expectations for the future?

PHSL: Well, I would like to see two things. The first, and this is a vain hope, I'm sure, would be to change the way that the school is funded. If I could, I would recreate the agreement the school had for thirty years, between 1944 and '74, with the City Council whereby they funded 50% of our intake, with another 25% being paid for by the Direct

Grant and the final 25% fee paying. If I could bring back the Direct Grant and the arrangement with the City Council, I would.

The second point concerns a building project, centred on a new, multi-purpose Big School which could seat the whole community so we could finish split school assemblies. It would have specialist facilities of a theatre, concert hall, examination room as well as a meeting hall. I would make the current Big School into a new library and convert the current library into five or six small, new class-rooms.

C: Mr Lambie, thank you very much.

The Arkwright Scholarship

It all started in the February of 1999.

That was when the examination took place and it could not have come at a worse time, it being the day before my birthday. I had to answer two difficult questions in three hours. "Easy," you might say but you would be wrong. I had to devise a way of separating 3kg of coins into piles of a single value and then design a device able to wake up a visually impaired person in an emergency.

After I had overcome this obstacle, my name was placed on the shortlist. I subsequently found out that I had been lucky enough to be called for an interview and an activity that went by the highly sinister sounding name of 'business games'. The interview arrived in April and I was briefed thoroughly on what was expected. I would have a key role in the 'games' and would have to be confident and assured in the interview.

When I went to the interview, I was given a head start by the fact that I had taken my project with me. The interviewers said that they were happy to see something concrete, even if it did not, in

the end, work. I found out later that this was because the battery had run down, probably due to the fact, I concluded, that I had been demonstrating the device, an automatic table football scoreboard, to all who would spare me the time. However, it was enough that they could see how it was designed and the rest of the interview went well.

I was extremely happy and relieved to receive a letter of congratulations from Tony Pickering, the Director of Scholarships, two weeks after the interview. The letter stated that I was to attend a formal presentation of my scholarship in the October of that year, at the Royal Engineering Institute in London.

At the award ceremony, some projects were displayed and a total of 82 budding young engineers were awarded an Arkwright Scholarship. This was the largest number of scholarships awarded in a single year to date. The scholarship itself is worth £500 over two years to the candidate, and £500 to the Design and Technology

Department of the institution where the candidate is educated.

***'I had to
 devise a way
 of separating
 3kg of coins
 into piles of a
 single value'***

Introduction to KES Chapel

As I paused at my station in an otherwise empty computer room, the lights suddenly faded to total darkness. The only sound that could be heard was the faint whistling of the night breeze outside. Then, suddenly, there was a flash of motion, a sinister bespectacled shadow, chilling laughter and then silence again. When the lights were restored, the following, anonymous report lay next to the keyboard I had been using.

KES Chapel – the Shadowy Truth (and associated topics)

Parade Ground Football, despite (or perhaps because of) its vicious nature, is a long-established KES institution. So why does it not happen on Wednesdays from a quarter to nine? Answer: Wednesday is Chapel morning. And the young ladies do not like to run the gauntlet of the flying balls, nor do the thuds against the Chapel wall do much for the prayerful atmosphere; so the football stops for one morning. (The thuds don't do much for the Chapel walls themselves, actually, but that is another story...)

What do we do? A weekly service, alternating between a simple Holy Communion service, and a service of Morning Prayer. Occasionally there are variations, special services, even baptisms and marriages, but that is the basic weekly pattern. How many people come? Six years ago the answer was 'three or four' - now twenty-five is a fair average, and attendances in the forties are not unknown on a Wednesday morning. Something must be going right.

What makes them come? Some people say it is the Chaplain's personal charisma, and that should not of course be ruled out. Other theories include the attraction of the pretty girls from KEHS (or of the pretty boys from KES if you happen to be one of the KEHS contingent); or the inexplicable attraction of ringing the bell; or even the growing

interest among young people in spiritual matters and peaceful prayer. Probably it is a mixture of all these things and more. It may have helped that the atmosphere is informal, and that we have re-arranged the Chapel to give a more friendly feel of sitting 'in the round'; it certainly helps that the Christian Union is ably led and stimulates interest.

Whatever the motives and contributory factors, it is the case that every week a couple of dozen or more people are meeting together for a peaceful time of focused prayer in the Chapel. And that's not all. Many may be unaware that a group of Christian parents and friends of the schools meet twice a term to pray for the schools as well; and of course on Wednesday mornings there is more than this going on. The Roman Catholics meet with Father Gregory, and the Jewish Assembly meets by Mr Mason's courtesy in the Economics room (that's when they are not meeting in the Lubavitch mobile tabernacle on the parade ground, as they did for the feast of Sukkoth this year). Muslims too meet on a regular basis for prayer at the appropriate times, especially Friday lunchtime in the Sports Hall. In fact, when you put your ear to the ground, there is a lot of praying going on here; and that has to be good for the School.



STARS IN THEIR EYES

The new look "Stars in Their Eyes" was unveiled before an excited and well-nigh hysterical audience. The host radiated charm and wit: a natural talent and consummate showman. Surely this man is the new Noel Edmunds.

Winning act ABBA stormed the stage in a pop tour-de-force and sent the audience wild. The boys were muscular in their dance style and took a chance with scintillating backing vocals. There were gasps of astonishment at the sheer beauty of the girls who amazed us all in a lithe and often daring dance routine. This was a dazzling, spectacular performance; a masterpiece of Abbatastic genius.

*Surely this
bilarious
pair have
the world
of mirth at
their mercy'*

Elvis Presley displayed absolutely elastic legs, and exuded sheer rock'n'roll energy. The Beastie Boys were truly nasty, but the younger members of the audience greatly enjoyed the free sweets. Kylie and Jason sang



STARS IN THEIR EYES

ever so sweetly together, despite Kylie's falling stockings. The wacky comedy duo of Simpson and Cross provided much light relief. How we enjoyed the amusing Christmas carols, whilst the 'Stripping Lady' and 'Ugliest Man' sketches dissolved the audience into shrieks of convulsive laughter. Surely this hilarious pair have the world of mirth at their mercy.

The Village People were uncannily real. Expert choreography, bristling moustaches, inch perfect timing, exotic costumes and a sizzling dance technique all combined to create a stunning visual treat to the accompaniment of a pulsating disco beat.

Tom Jones was, as ever, an unforgettable sight. His bulging trousers exuded raw sex-appeal, whilst his powerful voice hit the heights. His virtuoso band played on with rich musical talent. The appearance of Delilah

*His bulging
trousers
exuded raw
sex appeal'*

herself was an unexpected bonus, with her breathtakingly short skirt and provocative gestures. The performance was sealed with a kiss that brought the house down.

This was a show never to be forgotten; a pure classic in the pantheon of light entertainment. Producer and fledgling impresario Ben Speight deserves enormous praise in devising and staging such a wonderful show.

EJM

Abbatastic (left)

*Jones sings the
house down
(far left)*

*Jason and Kylie
(right)*



Junior Schools Challenge 2000

Having kept hold of our National shield for 1999, we came into this year's Challenge hoping to cling on for another year. Unfortunately, we said goodbye to David Tite, Simon Ferrie and Matthew Siddons, as they went into the UMs – leaving Jamie Sunderland and I as the only people in the whole of the Minors who had ever played in a match. Despite this worrying obstacle, we had various other Rems looking for a chance for glory (Tom Johnson, David Woods, Ian Ingram and Michael Quirke), and the 'auditions' turned up three hopeful Shells (David Bleetman, Richard Lau and Tom Boden). Spoilt for choice, we decided not to pick a definite team until we had a definite match and opponent.

Both came (rather later than we had been expecting, as we had been excused the first round on account of our National Champion status) in the form of Warwick School. As Rems usually get first chance, our four gallant warriors would be Jamie, Ian, Michael and myself, for this match at least. At Warwick (we never had a home match! Ever! Why not?), fortified by endless renditions of the 'Buffy the Vampire Slayer' soundtrack on Mr Milton's car stereo, we scored a 'crushing' victory – including a state of first-match euphoria that in turn led to us getting lost on the way home ('Oh God, now we're in Stratford').

Rather annoyingly, we had to wait until May for our next battle, and when notice finally came of a date we also received the unpleasant news that we would be playing our next three matches in one day. Tom's comment was 'oh dear' – mine, I am afraid, was a lot less genteel. Mr Milton expressed helplessness in the face of such overwhelming sadism on the part of Mrs National Organiser, and our fate was sealed. I treat the proverbial glass as being half empty, so I was sure that we were as good as dead. Jamie was more cheerful.

All three matches were set at the Royal Grammar School in Worcester, but our first match was against Stratford Grammar. We were neck and neck all the way, but in the last couple of rounds we pulled ahead just enough to win. Wiping our palms, we went straight up against the home team and (not to put too fine a point on it) beat them into the ground. As our buzzers cooled, we twigged that this meant that we were Regional Champions for the fifth year running – the eighth time in nine years!

Finally, Tockington Manor faced us across the narrow patch of floor that separated the buzzer banks. I had taken on these hombres before, but we did not have the Tite/Ferrie/Siddons magic, and we were exhausted, it being the third match in as many hours. I was seeing little buzzer lights in front of my eyes. We went down in glorious defeat, having made a good impression and fighting tooth and claw for every single point. The trophy was torn from our numb fingers and we were booted unceremoniously out into the freezing rain.

However, I must congratulate Jamie, Ian and Michael effusively. I could not have wished for a better and more co-operative team. Also thanks must go to both Toms, both Davids and Richard for turning up for practise and support. I am sorry that now next year's team will have no match experience, but I am sure they will do brilliantly anyway. And thanks, too, to Mr M – without you (and your Buffy poster), we wouldn't have had any hope at all.

Matthew Hosty

***'We (not to put too fine a point on it)
beat them into the ground'***

Borneo Buildup

The Borneo 2000 expedition was not just a thirty-one day trip. During the eighteen months previous to the departure date, the 'Borneo Boys', two groups of ten pupils, had worked hard, unnoticed by most of the school. They were preparing for the trip of a lifetime to one of the most amazing places on the planet.

The expedition was run by a company called 'World Challenge' whose aim is to provide leadership-style challenges to people between the ages of 16-18. The first task that World Challenge gives to a challenger is that he must raise the money himself to pay for the trip. This means that many of the group's members had to find a part-time job to cover the cost of the expedition. But as well as the individual fundraising, there was group-money making as well. Most notable, money was raised through a Quiz Night in May '99, a Christmas raffle boasting a £1,800 cash prize and, of course, the merry band of team members who became infamous as the 'Borneo Bout Boys'. Never have the shoes of so many KES boys looked so clean.

Team training came in three parts. Firstly, in September 1999, there was a barbecue at Andrew's Coppice, which provided the climax to a

***'Never have the shoes of so many
KES boys looked so clean'***

car treasure hunt round the south west of Birmingham. The team spent the night in hammocks – exactly what we would be sleeping in in Borneo. Following that, in the October half term, we travelled north to a small town called Sedbergh – the site of World Challenge's training centre. Cold and wet, yet still fun packed, the skills learnt on this weekend would stand us in good stead for the expedition itself. Finally, we convened in Andrew's Coppice again, in May this year, mainly for a team bonding session.

One of the key aspects of a World Challenge Expedition is that everything is organised solely by the boys; everything from organising a fundraising activity to actually planning the expedition's itinerary. Plus, when the team is in-country, team members will be responsible for arranging accommodation, food and transport. Supervising teachers are strictly only allowed to advise. Messrs Boardman, Porter, Rees and especially Mr Lampard must be thanked for their pearls of wisdom.

It is only a reflection of the team's hard work and commitment over the last year and a half that the expeditions were both successes, as reported in the 'Trips' section of this magazine.

Ben Spaight

drama

*"The stage but echoes
back the public voice"*

Samuel Johnson

THE SYNDICATE PLAY: CRAZY FOR YOU

The Girls' School Hall fell to a moment of silence after the echoes of the words "What more could you want?" and the final notes of the Sixth Formers' last performance died away. An instant of silent contemplation, as usually follows the best musical experiences, gave way to rapturous applause. It was with the appropriate sentiment then, of those last words, that an excellent night was ended and we as an audience were invited to consider just how successful the play had been...

You might imagine that a musical thrown together in the space of two weeks must be at least a little rough around the edges. Yet all evidence of the hasty conception of "Crazy for You" was hidden by an all-star cast and crew. The great **Kate Merriam** was the driving force behind the show. Anyone who has encountered her will tell of directorial skills - unmatched in the collective memory of the school - that have earned her both the love and respect of her peers (and incidentally, a place in the National Youth Theatre). **Simon Meredith** is, as those of you who attended Speech Day will know, a musical mastermind. He backed Kate admirably as 'Musical Director' and helped guide the cast in its race to achieve musical excellence.

The cast itself was filled with natural performers, but even amongst this star-studded cast a few shone brilliantly to the fore. **Becci Cadigan**'s performance was a delight. As in her previous appearance on the school stage in 'Guys and Dolls', she played the lead lady. But this time hers was a romantic lead with attitude. I only wish microphones had been available to ensure that none of the singing was lost. Beside Becci was **David Earl** in the guise of Bobby Child

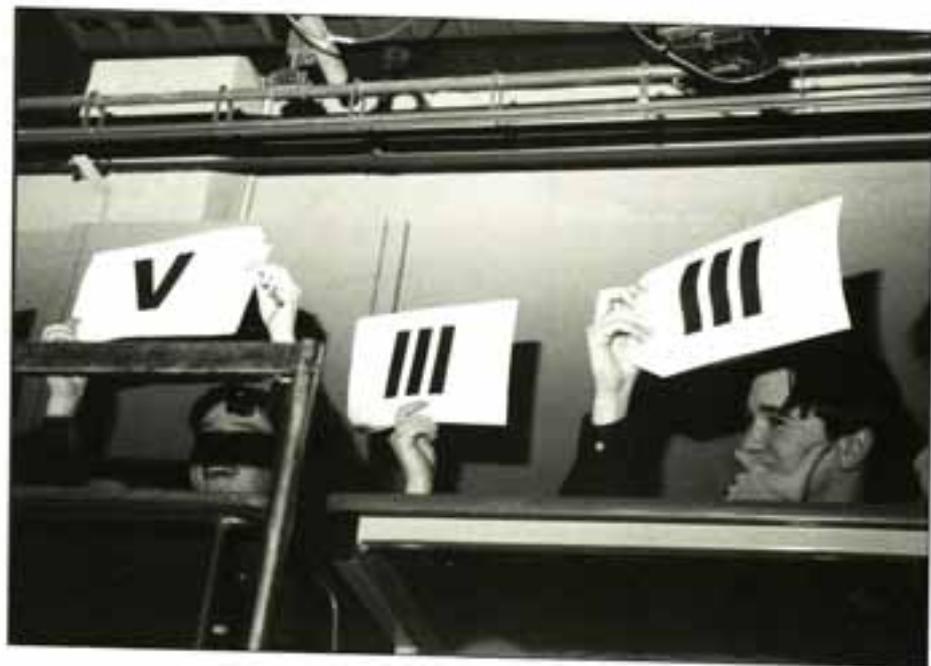


who was, confusingly, later seen in the guise of Bela Zangler. David too was brilliant, though I must admit finding his portrayals of Bela his best of the night. **Ed Treacy** acted the real version of the zany director convincingly and comically, probably earning (true to form) the most laughs of the performance. The double act between the two Zanglers was a masterpiece.

Other past masters rendered their characters in style. **Faye Parker** held the stage throughout, as always exuding a presence through her bearing alone, despite not having that many lines. **Sophie Wardell** impressed hugely alongside **Chris Pheasey**. The trio of **Bill Grant**, **Simon Plant** and **Matthew Benjamin** was executed just as well - the list is long and all of the cast really deserve a mention. The crew too must be praised. Painting a stage set is a difficult task, with an artist facing a flawed canvas many times the size he is used to. **Dan Andrews** and his team proved their talents by providing a convincing backdrop in so short a time, and the crew worked slickly on the night. Finally, the band played with all the skill expected of KES, keeping the audience entertained even during the 'slightly less swift' scene changes!

The Syndicate Play is intended as a last chance for the actors amongst us to prove their skills in a farewell to the school. Everyone involved did this, and gave the audience a very entertaining evening. All that is left is to say well done to them all and wish them good luck in the future!

Richard Benwell



SHELLS' CLASSICAL PLAY COMPETITION

Being a patron of the annual extravaganza which is the Shells' Classical play, I have learnt that when you give a group of about twenty-five eleven and twelve-year old boys the creative freedom to produce a mildly classical play, what you inevitably get is a tour de force of hilarity, violence and transvestism. This year was certainly not a disappointment in this respect. We also see the strong influence of popular culture on the impressionable young minds of Shells, with four out of the five plays being based on TV shows.

The first play was Shell B's violent but immensely entertaining tale of a Roman family "airing its dirty laundry in public" on "Roman Jerry Springer". The family involved was based, surprisingly enough, on the very same family encountered by every Shell boy in his Cambridge Latin Course Book One, but a timeless tale such as that of *Caecilius* stands forever as one of the greatest ever told. The idea of "Roman Jerry Springer" was also adopted by Shell D, with slightly more gratuitous violence, but was nevertheless enjoyable.

"GMTV" or "Greek Morning Television" was the offering of Shell C to the altar of the Hellenistic Gods. The setting was that of the Roman Empire at times, but anachronisms are not only expected but also

enjoyed in plays such as these. A lively format of studio to live broadcast morning show allowed us to view all the ancient news, from heroic quests to minor disputes.

Shell T tried a hitherto untested approach to the contest, something that I had thought quite impossible, and tried to create a serious account of the tale of Medusa. This play caused controversy amidst the Judges, who had previously made bets on the number of boys who would appear as women. This play, although radical and refreshingly different, was not enough to win the competition.

The crown of Greatest Classical Play eventually went to Shell S and their Roman version of "Blind Date". This play was a bawdy comedy with many nubile young boys sporting gigantic balloon bosoms (the highlight of the play came when one of these was burst). This play's charm could come from the pre-pubescent attitude to romance portrayed, or from the fact that exactly the same attitude features in the actual programme.

This year joins the vast continuum of virtually identical plays that preceded it. This of course does not mean that it was not an enjoyable experience. As they say – true classics never go out of style.

Jamie Plotnek



WEST SIDE STORY 2000

Saturday 29th Feb, 2000: [about 7.00am] I leap out of bed as quickly as is humanly possible at this time on a Saturday. My libretto's packed and I've half an hour to make the train if I'm to be at the "West Side Story" rehearsal promptly.

It's only a swift shower, a pair of socks and a shirt sleeve later that I realise rehearsals finished a fortnight ago. Yes, the show that had been a way of life for 60 KES and KEHS pupils for so long a period was at last over. Sinking back into bed (more through the stubborn refusal of my exhausted legs to support a stance than for any other reason) I contemplate the fruits of our labours...

'It seems an age since auditions for the big production of 2000 began. We had to sing something I recall - 'Tonight', that was it! I auditioned on the same night as Geoffrey Piddock. He certainly came a long way from those nervous beginnings...'

Of course, that got me thinking about the play itself.

'Geoff's performance: WOW! Already people are saying how great it was and Johnny Cockerton's was just as good. I'll certainly never know how they reached some of those high notes...'

'All of the other guys were great too, whether or not they'd appeared on Big School stage before. There was a precision of voice and movement in the Jets and Sharks alike. There were some less polished parts of course (that Baby John character was frankly annoying) but these were covered by the perfect veneer achieved in the rest of the show. We even got through the dance at the gym without too many tumbles and lost cummerbunds. That was more through the sheer energy and enthusiasm of such a lively cast than any brilliant dance skill...'

'There was, though, some pretty nifty footwork. Some of the girls really knew what they were doing and were able to pummel

even the most wooden of the guys' movements into something resembling grace! The girls' part wasn't huge, but all of them made an impact. Maya Sondhi, though, amidst the whole cast really shone. A veteran of the NYT stage and a true natural, it is easy to see why she was our leading lady...'

'It's weird now that I'm not seeing much of the cast anymore, having met them almost daily for so long a time. The stage crew too...and boy did they work hard!

The team, headed as always by the untiring Messrs Stone, Sendor (Gaffer and source of all human knowledge), and Miss 'SuperKate' Merriam. The crewmen were as good as ever I have seen them. Not only were things run faultlessly each night, but I also bear that they leapt to the aid of, and were of infinite help to, a certain beleaguered set designer whose name escapes me now...'

Inevitably I was drawn to thinking of the stars of the piece.

'And all of that was down to the heroic efforts of Mrs Herbert and Mr Bridle. This was Mrs Herbert's 10th anniversary performance but her enthusiasm and ability to motivate her cast wouldn't betray the years. Regrettably this was Mr Bridle's last school show as Musical Director but I think the musical achievements both of cast and orchestra pay full testimony to his skill as a teacher and a conductor. I'm of the firm opinion that his pre-show dance (done under the entirely transparent pretence of 'conducting' - bah!) was the best in the show!'

With that there was only one subject left for consideration.

'Now, I just wonder what next year's show will be...'

Richard Benwell

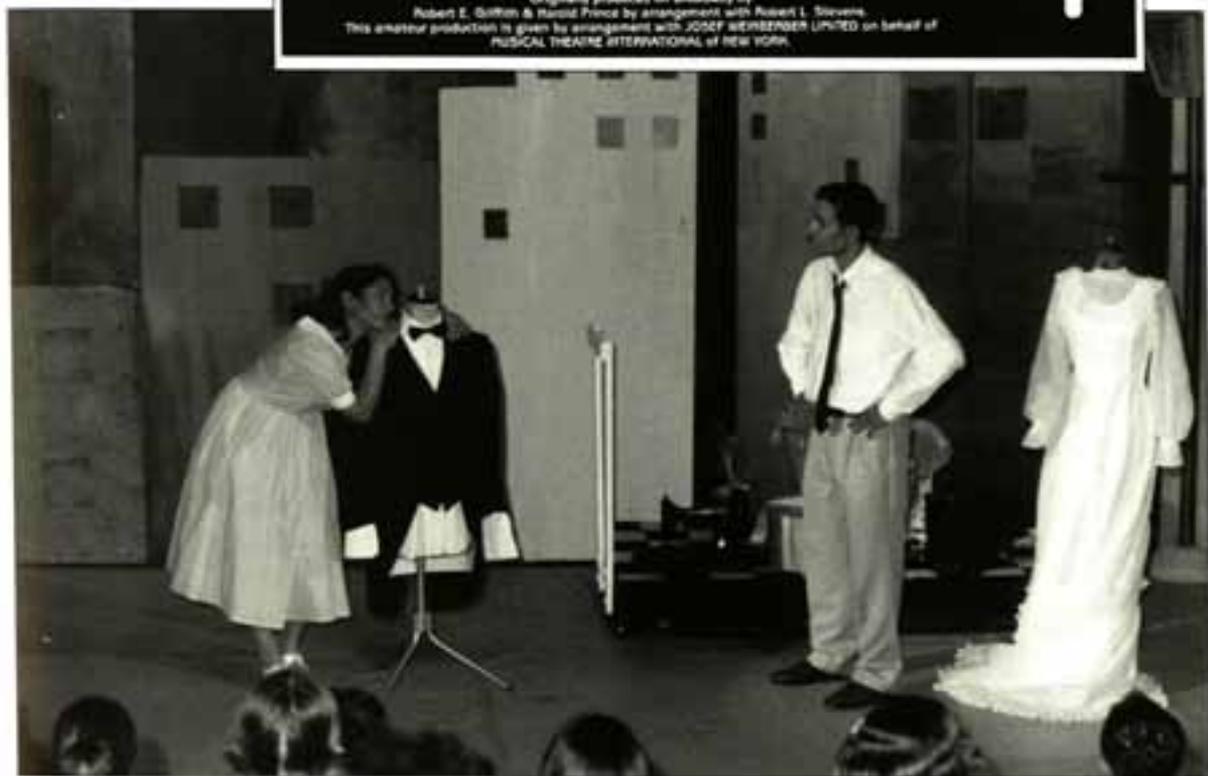




WEST-SIDE-STORY

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THE SENIOR PLAY: LAST NIGHT

'There will always be prophets as we approach the next Millennium'

Sir Marcus Wilson

Rarely has a truer word been said (if we forgive the temporal incongruities) and now KES can boast its own Millennial Prophet. Disguised as a meek, mild-mannered history teacher, one Mr Milton once again burst onto the forefront of school drama with his latest opus, *Last Night*.

Last Night told the story of the Apocalypse. Or rather, an Apocalypse, in another world with an alternative past, trying to decide its future. We learned of a nuclear holocaust pioneered by the most powerful men in the land. The Prime Minister, portrayed by Simon Purkis, was a twisted husk of a man, bent on achieving

power and infamy. The General (Andrew Perryer) was plagued by a guilty conscience for war crimes committed in the Middle East. The Business Tycoon (Aly Kassam), blighted by greed, gave in at last to more deeply felt sentiments. The 'Millennium Messiah', portrayed superbly by Himanshu Ojha, was a quietly mad false prophet with disturbingly real power. Watching over this grisly parade was The Historian (Duncan Morriss), the "anthropomorphic realisation of the Host's omniscience".

The plot centred on the New Year's Eve celebrations of the year 1999, at a party thrown for these men by a peculiar Host, played by Jamie Frew, in trousers that can only be described in print as "slightly Village

People". Upon the stroke of midnight the 'Millennium Bug' struck an unprepared world, and Britain, thankfully immune to the disease, struck out for a new empire. The Four Horsemen rode. But a virus,

planted by the guilt-stricken businessman, attacked the British Computer Networks. Failing weapons systems halted the conquest of the Four. Revolution broke out and the Host had to sacrifice his life in order to save them from destruction and to change what had passed before...

The piece was a testament not only to the talent of its author and the skill of those who performed it, but also to all those

people who put such effort in behind the stage in the form of sound, lighting, set design, costume, props etc. I should also like to thank William Tattersdill, Maia Walsh, Tom Grant and Helen Peat for saving the production when my lines went awry, and for brandishing their fake guns so convincingly.

We now know that the prophecy of doom in the production was erroneous. But the cast would like to point out that, technically, the new Millennium does not begin until 2001...

James Frew



HE LIES.

HE CHEATS.

HE KILLS.

HE DECEIVES.

HE SAVES.



LAST NIGHT

KES Drama Studio

JUNIOR PLAY: THE ROMAN INVASION OF RAMSBOTTOM



It was with considerable surprise that I received the news that Mr Milton, bastion of the Junior Play for so many years, would not be directing the Millennium offering. However, my fears were assuaged when I discovered that stepping in to the breach would be none other than our beloved Mrs Herbert. Of course, with most of the other school productions under her command, taking on another endeavour of the kind seemed a touch masochistic to me, but I was relieved to know the play was in good hands.

Various associates of mine succeeded in the auditions, and it was at this stage I realised that this year's play was a *musical*. Curiouser and curiouser! I ruthlessly interrogated anyone I could find who was remotely involved with the thing, but they either didn't know or weren't telling. My frustration gradually increased, until I was seriously considering sneaking into the Drama Studio and pilfering a copy of the script.

On the night, with my criminal intentions unfulfilled, I was treated to something quite unlike anything I had seen the school produce before. The play was an outside script, but Mrs Herbert had rewritten various sections so seamlessly that I couldn't spot the inserted bits until I checked with the cast afterwards. And what a cast! Giles Urwin was superb as

Agricola, a high-up Roman Brit-sympathiser and the hero of the tale. His band of Northerners - just as well this was an outside script, as whoever came up with the name 'Accrington Stanley' might have been put to fire and the sword - had to contend against Conkus Maximus (an outrageously camp Tom Johnson, complete with humorous stick-on plastic nose), a high-up Roman Brit-despiser and obvious villain of the piece. Baloni, the greedy Mafia boss brilliantly portrayed by Paul Freeman Powell, completed the 'Good, Bad and Ugly' triumvirate.

The leading characters were given the perfect support: Parsimonius and Acrimonius, Conkus' henchmen, rather reminiscent of Baldrick and Percy in *Blackadder* (Gopal Rao's Brummie accent should win some kind of award); a host of Roman upper-class twits in immaculate togas (Mark Griffiths as Pompus Monotonus was a particular

highlight); various lovable Northern types with accents that would do an episode of *The Champions* proud; Maureen Finglass playing Gracie Trotter, Agricola's leading lady; Momma and Virginia, Baloni's unwilling partners-in-crime; the list goes on and on. Clearly, dance routines were a must, and these were supplied by the Majorettes (think pom-poms) and the Cloggers (think... tripe?), both skillfully choreographed and beautifully performed.

So, my curiosity was finally sated. *Gratias maximas* must go to all the actors, to the Stage Crew and the costume designers, to Mr. Argust for the music, to Mr. Sendor for the incredible Taurus Soporens (think about it) which could actually be driven, and to everyone else who contributed to this glorious piece of theatre. And thanks of course to Mrs. Herbert: long may she reign.

Matthew Hosty



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words

Tiger!

By Viduran Shanmugarajah, Rem R

Through the jungle prowling with stealth,
Eyes like radar beams, a coat of wealth.
Master of the universe, a burning desire to kill,
As powerful as a bulldozer with predetermined will.

The ultimate predator searching for his food,
Fire in his eyes, murder in his mood,
Crouches low, belly skimming the ground,
Ears of sonar, straining for a sound.

His patience is unending, his appetite pure greed,
He pounces like an orange flash, no doubt he will succeed.
The poor gazelle out grazing, unaware he is the prey;
The tiger, devil that he is, won't let him get away.

A shot fills the jungle, a messenger at dawn.
Off the gazelle goes bounding, the tiger lies forlorn.
This magnificent machine, his body warm but dead,
Another sacrifice of his species upon the altar of lead.

This poem was this year's winner of the Julian Parkes Memorial Prize for Poetry.

Lola Rennt

By Peter Mitchell, Modern Languages Division

Letzen Freitag habe ich einen Film gesehen, der 'Lola rennt' heißt. Es geht in diesem Film um ein Mädchen, Lola und ihren Partner, Manni. Manni jobbt als Geldkurier für einen Drogendealer. Lola sollte Manni und das Geld mit ihrem Mofa abholen aber es wurde gestohlen und sie konnte es nicht machen. Verzweifelt ruft Manni Lola an, weil in 20 Minuten sein Boss das Geld abholen will. Es gibt ein großes Problem- er hat das Geld in der U-bahn verloren. Ein Obdachloser hat das Geld gefunden und hat es genommen. Er hofft, daß Lola weiß, was er machen muß. Lola liebt Manni und sie läuft zu ihm, um ihm zu helfen. Sie weiß immer Rat aber es gibt einen Zeitdruck. Sie hilft ihm, aber die Polizei erschießt Lola. Dann sieht man Lola und Manni in einem Bett. Sie sagen, wieviel sie sich lieben.

Lola wird eine andere Chance gegeben. Alles passiert wie vorher aber jetzt raubt Lola die Bank von ihrem Vater aus, um 100.000 Mark zu bekommen. Mit viel Glück kommt Lola Manni an aber ein Krankenwagen überfährt Manni.

Im letzten Teil geht Lola ins Kasino um, Geld zu verdienen. Mit fast zu viel Glück gewinnt Lola hundert-tausend Mark aber Manni findet den Obdachlosen, der das Geld gefunden hat. Er nimmt das Geld und geht zu seinem Boss. Die Geschichte endet mit viel Glück für alle. Lola und Manni gehen wegzusammen.

Der Film ist über Beziehungen und Wahlen, die wir in unserem Leben treffen müssen. Jeder ist seines Glückes Schmied und Lola, ein Monstrum, ein zwanzigjähriges Mädchen findet, daß eine Wahl viele verschiedene Folgen mit sich bringen kann. Nur eine Sekunde Aufschuß kann viele Dinge veruraschen.

Der Film ist sehr interessant und hat mir viel zu denken gegeben. Die Musik hat viel zu der Spannung beigetragen. Ich empfehle den Film.

Glossar

verzweifelt	-	desperate
der Obdachlose	-	homeless
Monstrum	-	freak
Aufschuß	-	delay
Spannung	-	excitement

The Race

By Oliver Scanlan, Classics Div

Hyperion turns to me:
 'Good climb?' the question glances
 And moments close on sight before us, but
 First things first.

Thick mud clutches between my fingers,
 As twilight darkens and narrow paths tear
 Through steep sloped sides of mighty Fuji.
 The mountain roars overhead, a quiet reproach,
 'Easy?', he says, 'Don't believe everything you read.'

Thick mud clutches between my fingers and,
 Eyes askance at a distant figure, wrought by aspect,
 Time unfinished, I pull myself up.
 The figure turns and, smiling, beckons in short respect
 To disappear, on forever; running, running on the mountainside.

The figure's feet are cloven hooves,
 Horns aloof stand on a swelling sea of hair
 And face, although of manly semblance,
 Is cursed and blessed with childlike leer.
 His eyes, ethereal whispers, shimmer
 Past the trees, on forever;
 Running, running on the mountainside.

I am racing Pan, and though such idea
 Was thought to me fantastic but hours ago,
 Those hours were long, as the climb
 Paced its minutes slowly, slowly.
 He is unfeeling, a dancer proof 'gainst mortal time:
 Against him I stagger, a shadow lowly.
 Eagerly he speeds away, past the grasses, on forever
 Running, running on the mountainside.

I am racing Pan, who laughs aloud,
 A jester lost in an empty crowd,
 I who follow, sobbing deeply,
 Mourning, clothed in darkness tender
 Comes the laughter, waves of anguish
 Splinter calm and seated splendour;
 The stars at once see, and know
 Cold and distant, mist obscured
 That deftly lifts as on we go
 Past the shoulders of mighty Fuji,
 Running, running on the mountainside.

The Race

continued

The summit sits, unmoved by tears
Or any art or blood of man.
I slump sickly in bleak recline;
Behind me, aloof, stands laughing Pan.
And lying mist at last has cleared
To make a dome of vaulted sky
And childkin stars of ardoured fury
Around their mother, a silver eye,
Bead the arch of night with tears.

I turn my head, and there before
My welling eyes more figures stand.
Still, shadowed Hermes, Imperial Zeus
And maudlin Hades of long repent.
For old Gods have returned and are at hand
To Old Haunts grown crooked with age;
Titanic force, for centuries spent.
The sunrise looms over a waiting page.

Hyperion turns, his face etched white
Inferno burns in eye and hair,
"Good climb?" he asks, and moments,
Moments great and etched and longing
Close quick upon the sight before us.
And weeping sun, the thousand thousandth time
Lights a blaze of memorial rhyme
And the writing burns anew before us
And Fuji springs to waking shine.
I am alone, but smile slightly.

Safe in quiet, whispered glee
That, night by night, they're there to see.
Past the trees, on forever,
Running, running, running,....

Snail

By Andrew Constantine, Rem M

A soft jelly substance
In the framework of a shell.

A slippery, slimy, moving mollusc
Living in his prehistoric crust.

Slithering slowly in a world of his own,
While carrying his short life span
On the weakness of his back.

His sensitive antennae
Like moving tentacles of a minute octopus.

Nightingale

By Oliver Scanlan, Classics Div

Lost time breaks,
Nightingale song, the sea of the distant
Who weeps for her?

Reading At Night

By Michael Quirke, Rem M

Reading at night, when all the house is silent
And the radiator taps, on the bedroom wall,
A staccato beat like the metallic repetition
Of a cow-bell.

Reading at night, when all the house is silent
Save the ticking of my watch and the murmur
Of a television downstairs. A thumping of feet,
So I snuggle down in bed and pretend to go to sleep.

Reading at night, when all the house is dark
Yet the light coming from my lamp stays stubbornly
By my side. The glow guides me as I read of monsters
Magic lands and tales of the future.

Exam Poem

By Michael Quirke, Rem M

The rapid zip of pencil cases fills the air
As the teacher bellows the rules of silence.
In every pounding heart there is a straining plea
To trample out into the sunny playground.

Trees breeze outside the window as the feared exam begins:
A swashing of pages in perfect harmony;
Scratching of pens as prisoners set to paper
And the clock ticks the distorted time away.

Bells ring, a chorus of bells, deafening the ear,
Halting the scratching and rubbing;
And a great boom of joyful freedmen
As they stamp their victory march into the day.

Mein Allererstes Interview

By Peter Walker

Ich habe mit Kirsten Staudt gesprochen. Sie arbeitet für Deutsche Telekom. Ich war vor dem Interview ein bißchen nervös. Glücklicherweise ist sie sehr freundlich und leicht ansprechbar. Ich wollte über ihre Arbeit und ihre Person herausfinden.

Ihre Arbeit schließt viele andere Aufgaben ein. Sie arbeitet in der Personal-Abteilung. Sie hilft das Personal zu organisieren, zum Beispiel wieviel Urlaub die Arbeiter haben, oder wieviel Geld sie bekommen. Sie organisiert die Seminare. Sie hilft, daß alles glatt fließt.

Jetzt macht sie gern ihre Aufgabe, weil sie früher in der Auskunft gearbeitet hat. Sie war eine Bedienungsperson. Das war das schlechteste Erlebnis in ihrem Beruf. Die beste Erfahrung in ihrem Beruf ist jetzt. Das ist sehr gut zu hören. Ich denke, es ist sehr langweilig, in Auskunft zu arbeiten.

Sie wohnt nicht in Darmstadt, sondern in Dieburg, und ich habe gedacht, daß sie in Darmstadt wohnt. Darmstadt ist eine gute Stadt, weil es nicht groß ist, unähnlich meiner Stadt, Birmingham. Da gibt es ungefähr eine Million Einwohner und keine Straßenbahn oder U-Bahn.

Sie macht viel in ihrer Freizeit in Dieburg, wo sie wohnt. Sie reitet gern Pferd. Auch fährt sie gern Motorrad. Sie mag Segelsport und sie hat ein Foto von einem Segelboot, von ihren Ferien.

(Peter did his work experience in Darmstadt, Germany in July 2000.)

Glossar:

ansprechbar	-	approachable
das Erlebnis	-	experience
unähnlich	-	unlike
sondern	-	on the contrary

Metaphorical Writing

By Michael Quirke, Rem M

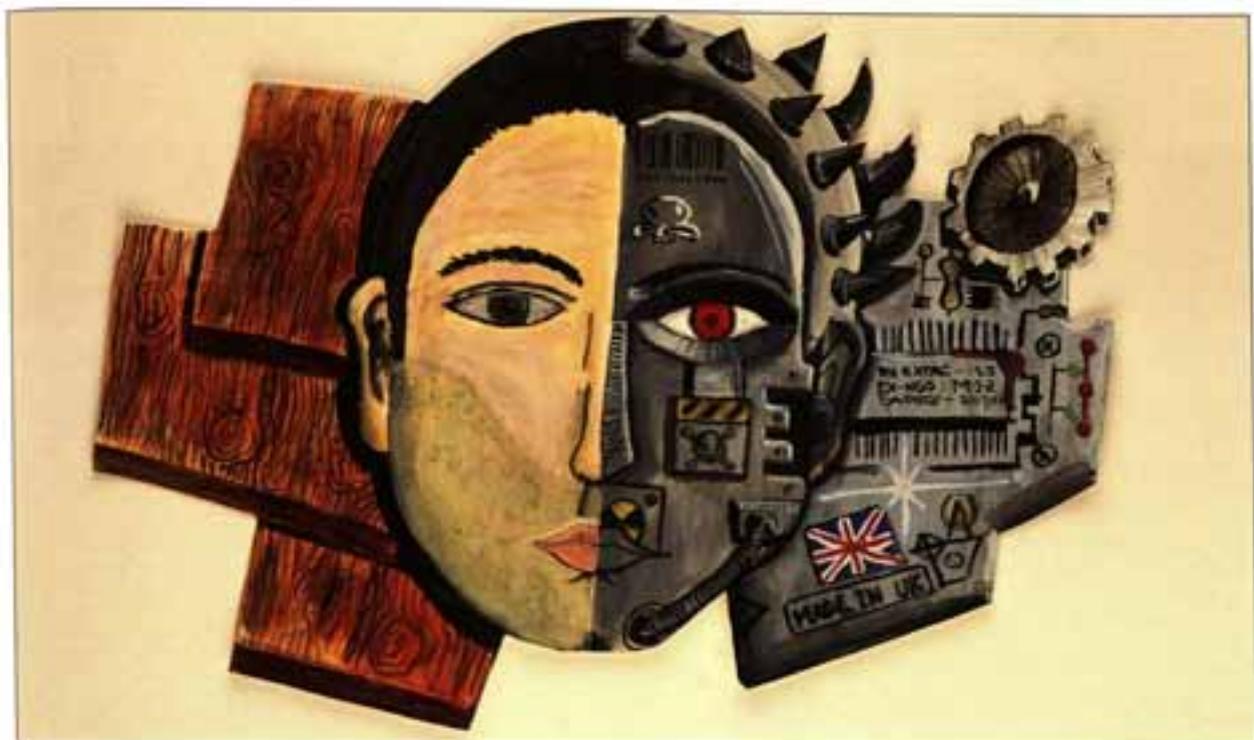
A thin, tubular rocket,
A squid emitting ink,
The syringe presses into my hand
Drawing blue blood.

The earthworm seems
To have swallowed a bird;
Its beak is pointing out,
The pen writes.

Desert Springtime

By Oliver Scanlan, Classics Division

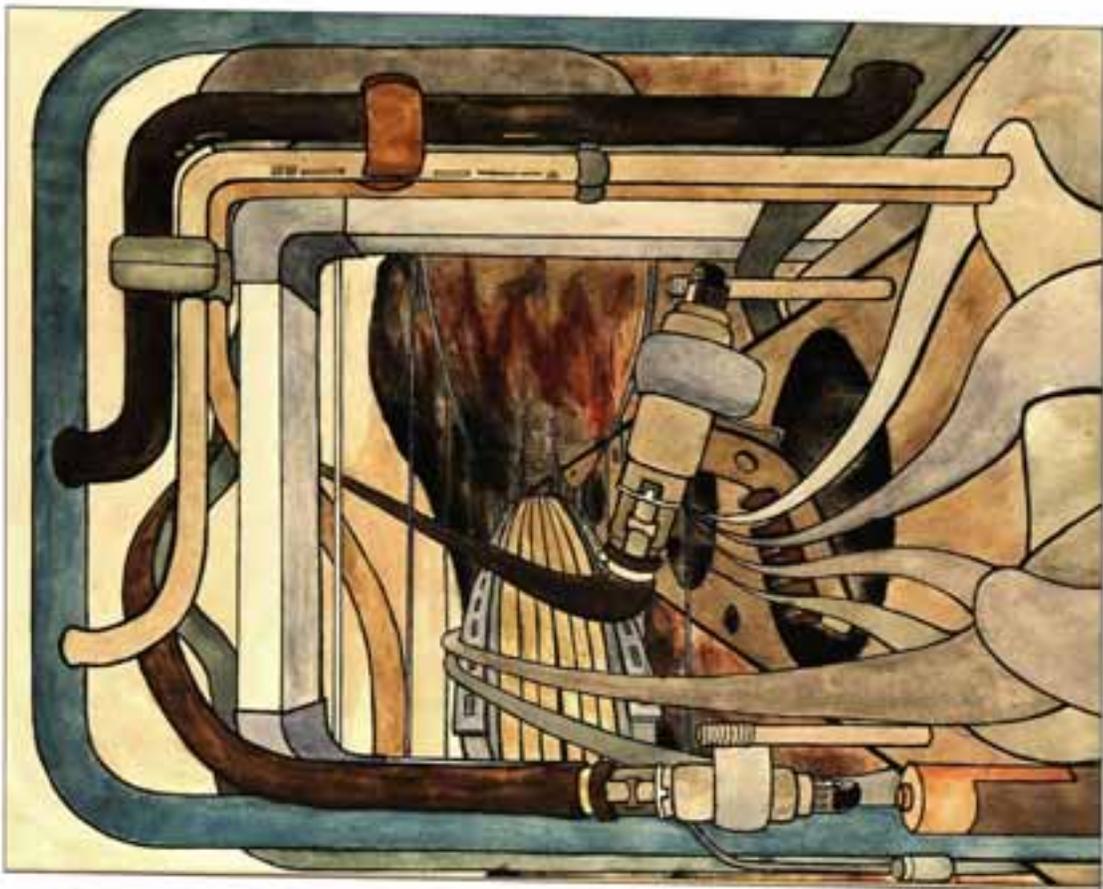
Quiet moon shivers,
Desert springtime wakes softly
And with it, my heart.



Saman Ziaie
'SELF PORTRAIT'
(Tempera Paint)



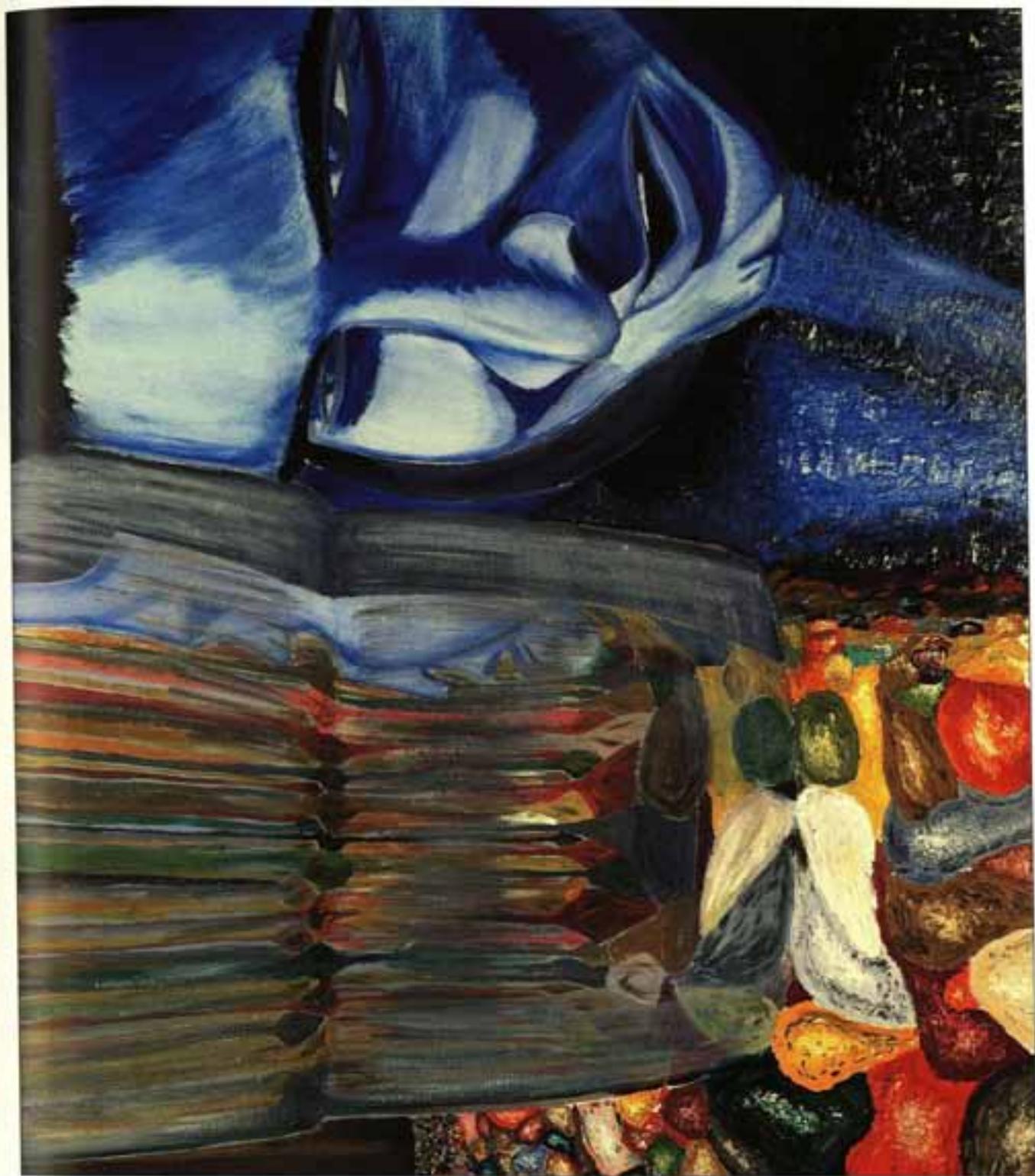
Richard Moynihan
'IN THE ROOF'
(Etching and Aquatint)



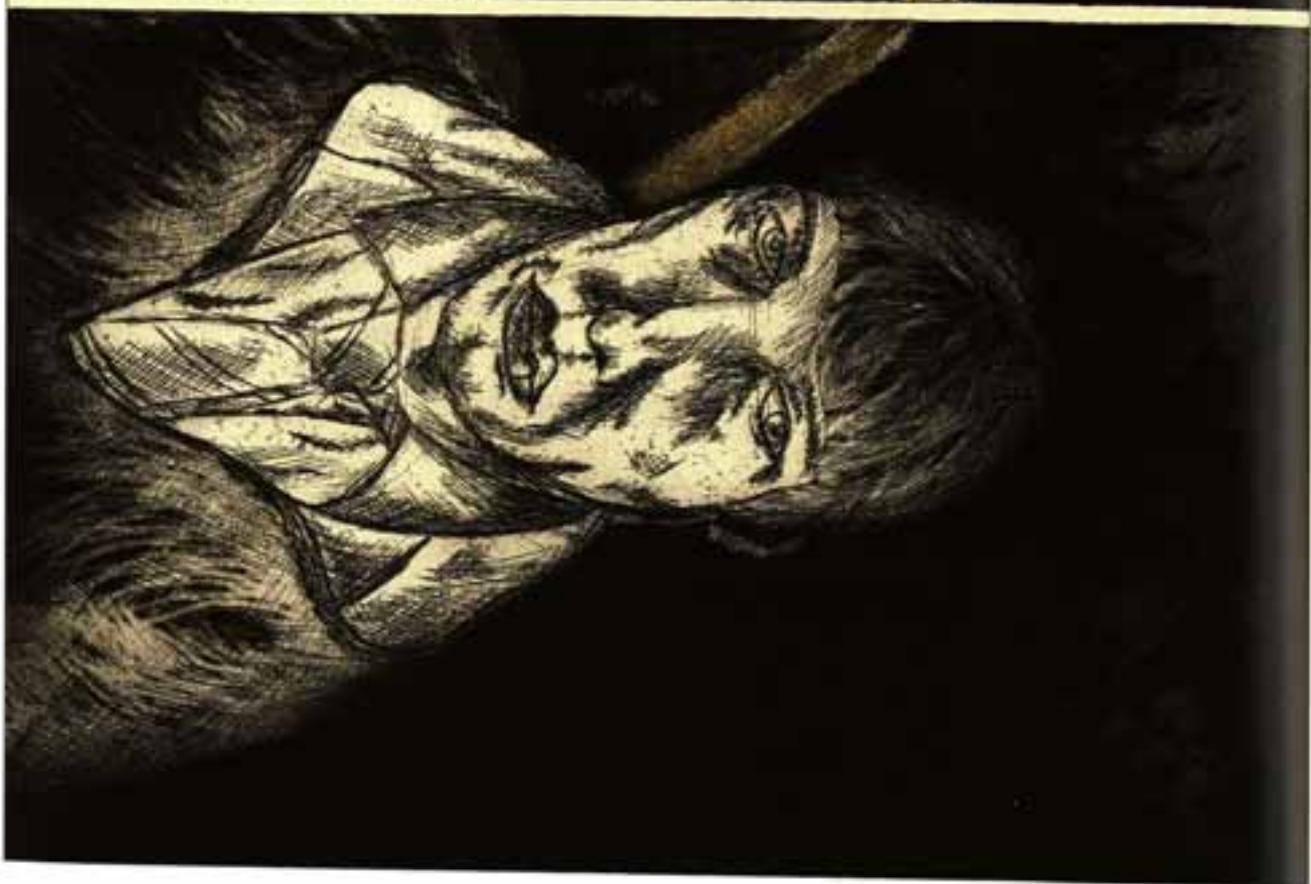
Chris Ruston
'MACHINERY AND TECHNOLOGY'
(Water colour)



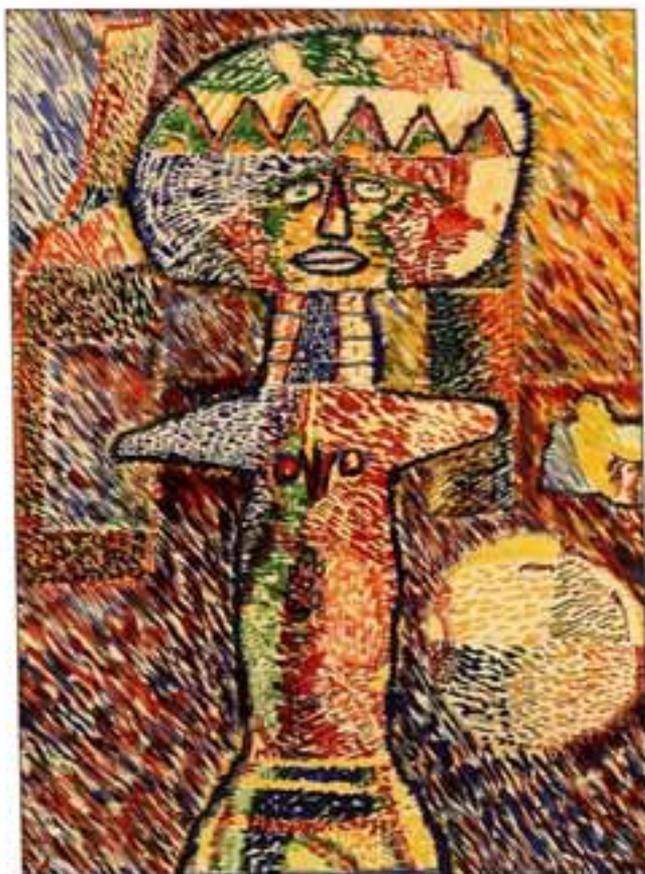
Zeke Ward
'MACHINERY'
(Mixed Media)



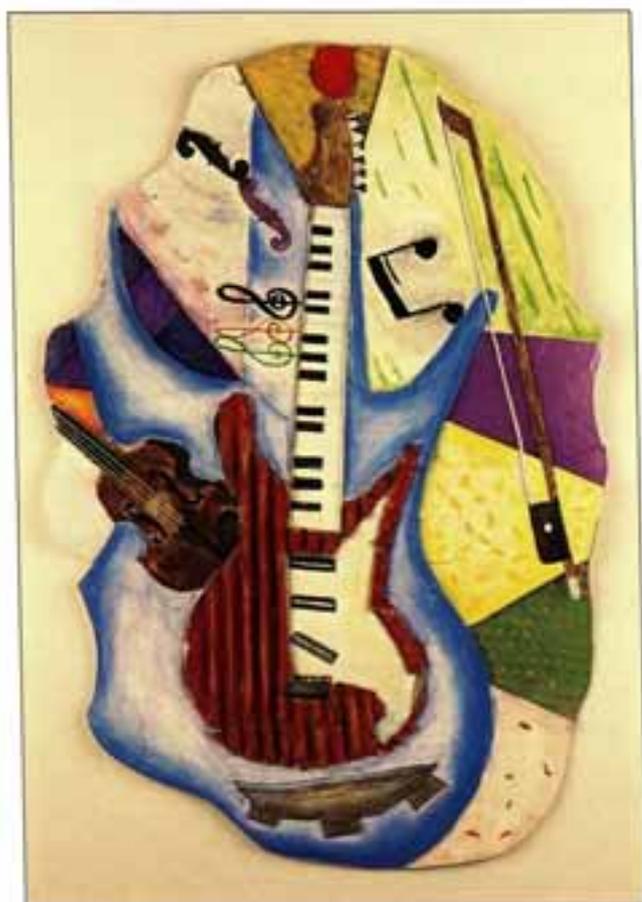
Daniel Andrews
'MO'
(Oil on canvas)



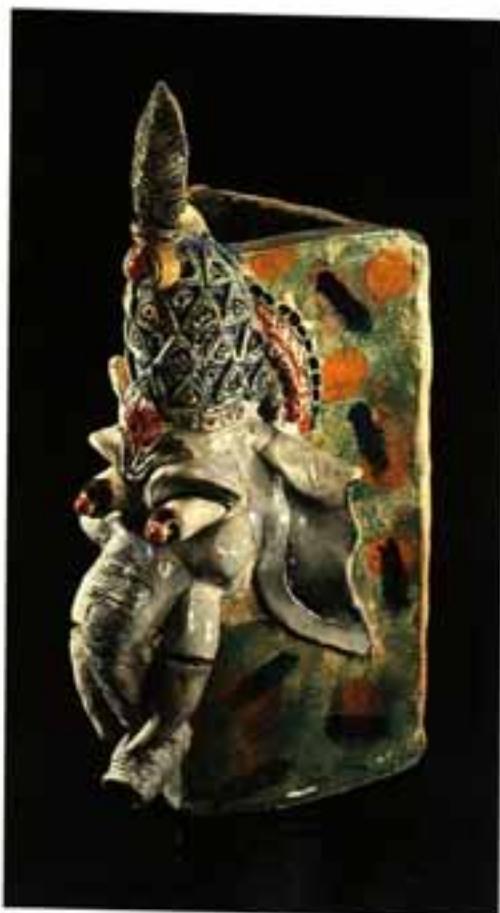
Adam Goulding
'SELF PORTRAIT'
(Etching and Aquatint)



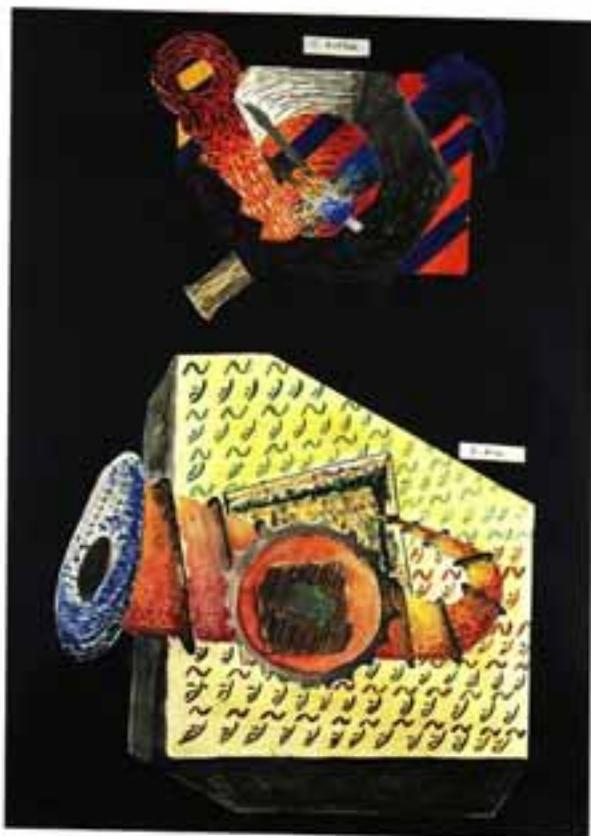
Richard Harborne-Jinks
'STILL LIFE'
(Tempra Paint)



Adam Park
**'MUSICAL
 INSTRUMENTS'**
(Mixed Media)

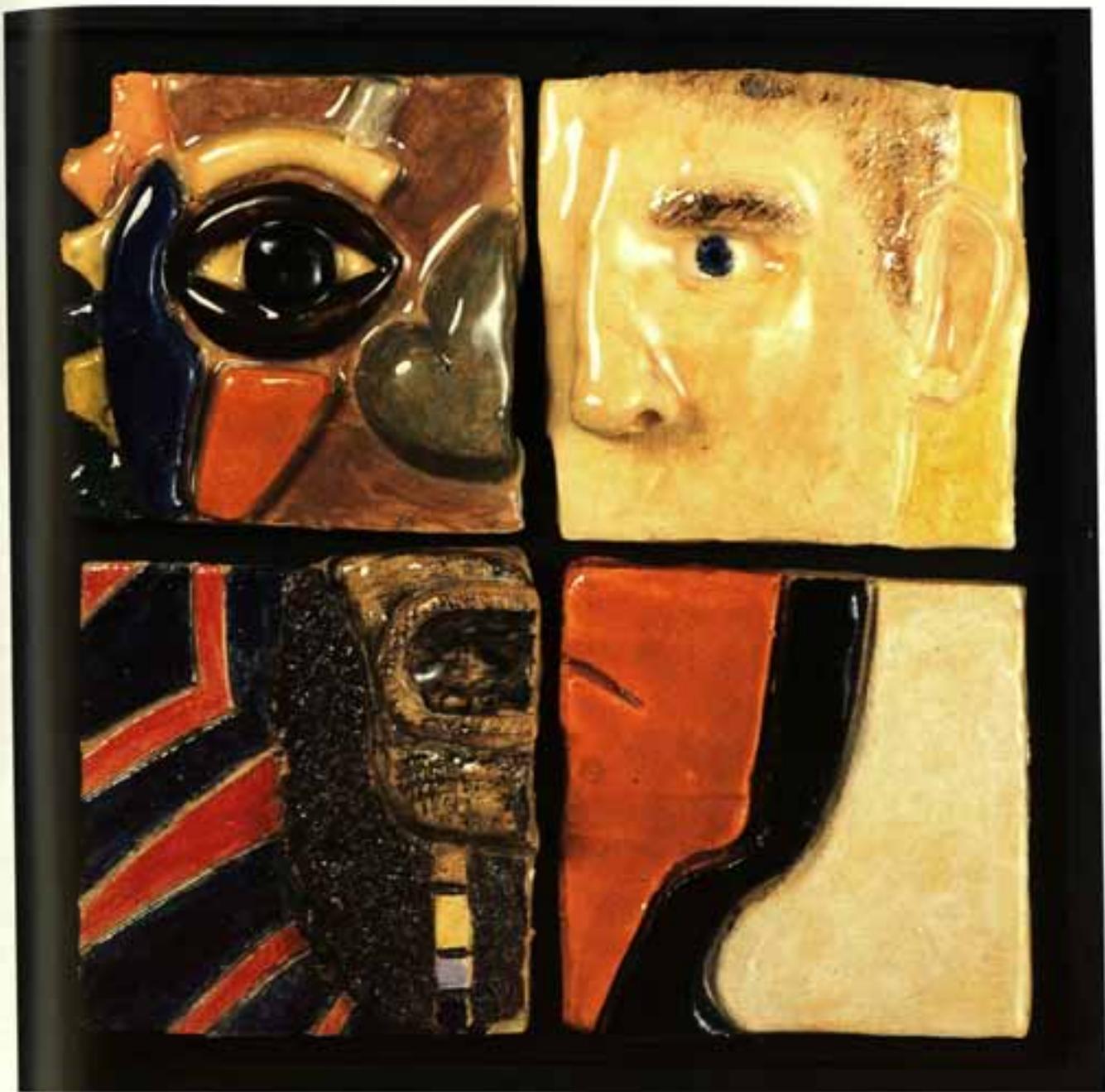


Saman Ziaie
(Ceramic Vessel)

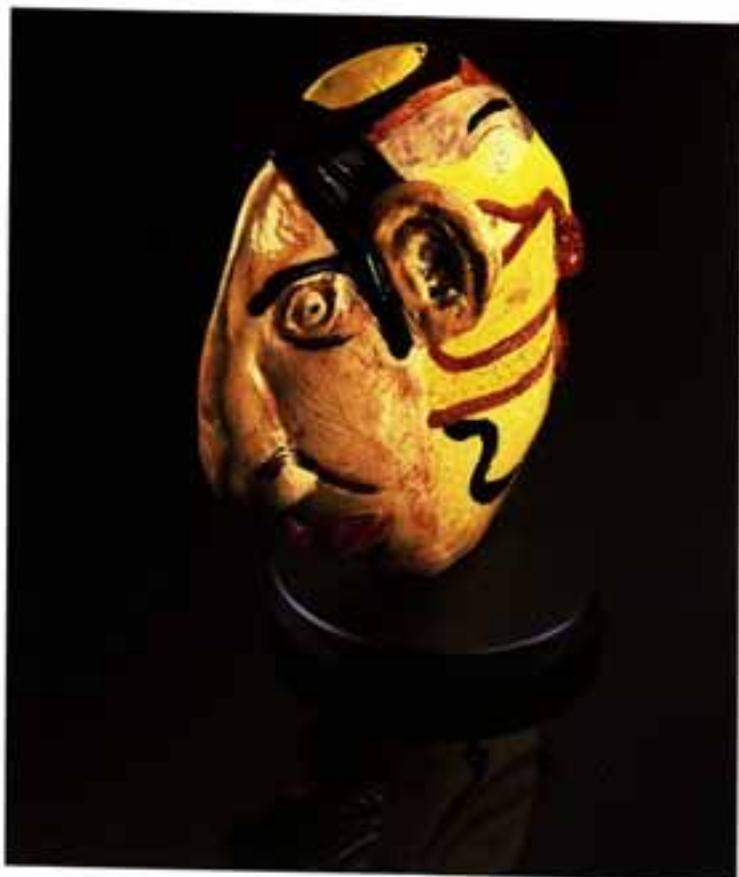


Tom Rutter
'MACHINERY'
(Mixed Media)

Robert Hill
'MACHINERY'
(Mixed Media)



Jack Johnson
'SELF PORTRAIT'
(Ceramic Tile)



Anthony Wong
**'PORTRAIT
AND MASK'**
(Ceramic Sculpture)



Matt Alcock
'SELF PORTRAIT'
(Mixed Media)



trips

Divisions Geography Field Trip, April 2000

Whitby is nice. In fact it is a very nice place indeed. The people are nice, the architecture is nice, even the weather seemed to be nice: however, forty ranging-pole-wielding, information-thirsty Geography students embarking on Mr Cumberland's infamous "Whitby Challenge" are not nearly so nice. I am not quite sure that the residents knew what had hit them.

Once our challenging of Whitby was complete, the group travelled the short distance out of town to the "Bungalow Hotel", which was to be our base during our ventures into surrounding areas of intense geographical interest. Although very comfortable, and providing good food, the hotel bore no resemblance at all to a bungalow or to any other similar single-storey residence. It was in fact more like a collection of railway cabins.

The group was split into three sets, X, Y and Z, and as part of Y, I was lucky enough to be the first to enjoy the delights of Middlesbrough and its surroundings. Our first port of call was Skinningrove, which unlike Whitby, is not very nice. Alarmed by the number of people we met cradling newborn babies or pigeons, we found our questionnaires on the industrial structure of Skinningrove turning to frightened mumblings of "Why are you staring at me like that?" and "Is that your real height?"

After the delights of Skinningrove, we also visited ICI Billingham (interesting but ugly) and St Hilda's Wood (interesting but dangerous).

During the following days, we were treated to a visit to Flamborough Head, during which everyone's knowledge (including Mr Kimpton's) was augmented by Russell Anderton's detailed knowledge of such geographical features as Nocker's Pass and Bail of Plenty, and, courtesy of Mr Everest, an expedition on to the North York Moors. Here we dug soil pits and created vegetation transects, which was surprisingly good fun, though very cold and very wet. Our final day was filled with a trip to Staithes and other rural settlements in the area, enlivened by Paul Tutt's impression of a seagull.

Other highlights of the trip included John Chapman putting his feet through the floor, Ed Nicholas and his fragrant Eau d'Ed, and Mr Lambie vandalising a road barrier. Thanks must go to Messrs Cumberland, Chamberlain, Duncombe, Kimpton, Everest and Lambie, as well as to Miss Allhusen and Miss Jones, for allowing us to widen our horizons in the landscape and showing us where *Heartbeat* is filmed.

Peter Pears

Art Trip to Paris

In Britain we don't celebrate Halloween much. To arrive in the cultural centre of Europe, only to find every shop kitted out with pumpkins, rubber skeletons and assorted fake cobwebs was something of a shock.

Getting to Paris was a picnic compared to last year. No four hour coach delays, no huge queues at Dover being buffeted by coastal winds and rain. This time we made the crossing in style, and what could be more stylish than the Channel Tunnel? At times it was hard to believe that we were actually moving.

However, we were in Paris to work. The Rodin, Louvre, D'Orsay and Cartier had their fair share of classical and contemporary art to help broaden our cultural boundaries, if you count a lot of tin robots trundling round a looped track, as art.

The Rodin was crammed with bronze, marble and plaster figures, including the famous 'Thinker' and the 'Burgers of Calais'. In contrast the Musée d'Orsay was huge! An enormous number of diverse works range from classical sculpture to photography to architecture, not to forget the hundreds of paintings and drawings that are on show. At this stage I feel that I must clarify the above mentioned robots. The Cartier Foundation is a small museum which regularly displays works by contemporary artists: the robots were one person's statement on the repression of modern society, hence the perpetually looped track and the 'big brother' aspect of seeing inside the robots by use of an X Ray machine, almost as if we can discover their innermost thoughts.

Bright and early the next morning we were to be seen in the Musée De l'Homme, which contained a wonderful selection of ethnic art ranging from African tribal masks to Thai puppets, woven rugs to scarily realistic Voodoo Dolls covered in pins

and blood, and a lot more. The Picasso museum had an equally bizarre selection of work. Picasso was influenced by ethnic art so the morning visit suddenly became extra relevant. The Musée Picasso has a large collection, not only of Picasso's work but also of artists who inspired him. The group enjoyed seeing the range of Picasso's work, and our already well-used sketchbooks became even fatter with the sketches that we made. I even had a Japanese tourist photographing my sketchbook at one stage. One of the fifth year claimed to have had a tourist videoing him drawing. Next on the list for this particular day was the Atelier Brancusi. When he died, an exact replica of his studio was recreated in its own museum and then sealed behind bulletproof glass an inch thick. We gazed through the glass at a scene of indescribable weirdness: huge cylinders painted white, giant Alien foetuses captured in plaster.

On the last day of museum visits only two were left to see. The Orangerie contains Monet's famous Waterlily paintings. Huge canvases depict a pond with water lilies splashed with

Impressionist colour. Sadly the other works of art in the place had been shipped halfway across the world to Japan for a 'surprise' exhibition, a surprise to us also. Our final museum was the Louvre, packed with Renaissance and classical paintings and sculptures. A few of us fought our way through huge crowds to see the

famous 'Mona Lisa', which was also covering behind inches of bullet proof glass.

Thanks go out to the staff who accompanied the trip and made it so enjoyable, Mr Stone, Mr Aydon and Mrs Durman. Particular thanks to Mr Spencer for organising it. And of course thank you to Derek 'don't fall in the river or you'd be In Seine', our coach driver and resident comedian.

Martin Bradley



Physics Trip to Geneva

On a cold Wednesday afternoon in January, six brave Sixth Formers prepared themselves to spend nineteen hours aboard a coach with 24 girls from KEHS. Our destination was Geneva, a town famous not only for "Toblerone" and cuckoo clocks, but for its particle accelerator. CERN (Le Centre Europeen pour Research Nucleaire) is home to the world's largest.

We crossed over to France by "Le Shuttle," whilst several members of our group engaged in a game of cards, trying to persuade French lorry drivers to join in. Regrettably, they all declined our offer. As Thursday morning dawned, we were all amazed by the Swiss scenery, and equally so by the fact that we had actually been to sleep. We arrived at the CERN hostel slightly behind schedule, and after a swift breakfast, headed into Geneva on a bus.



After being thoroughly searched, we began a fascinating tour of the United Nations Building. Unfortunately all those comfortable conference chairs proved too much for some of us. A stroll by the beautiful lake ensued, and we set off at a steady pace, only to stumble upon not only a giant chair, but also a giant molehill soon afterwards.

The prospect of the visit to the particle accelerator, the

pinnacle of our travels, caused many excited people to get up as early as six o'clock on Friday morning. We weren't disappointed. The accelerator is situated one hundred metres under-ground, and is of truly epic proportions. It was a humbling thought that we were walking the hallowed corridors where our very own Dr Daniel had worked.

The ever-cunning Dr Tedd organised ice-skating for our second evening activity. I use the term "ice-skating" in its most loose form, as I for one spent more time on my backside, crashing into angry locals, than actually skating. The evening was rounded off with a night-time snowball fight and snowman sculpturing.

Saturday brought a visit to the "Microcosm" museum, which concerned itself with the workings of particle accelerators and particle physics. This was very helpful for everyone studying A-level physics, and not quite so helpful for those who weren't. It didn't seem like five minutes before we boarded the coach again, bound for England. The journey passed relatively uneventfully. Even Ben Davies was woefully quiet. Snoozing still, we arrived back at KEHS on Sunday, tired but infinitely wiser in the field of particle physics.

Tom Bishop

Shells Hillwalking Trip

Having arrived in Edale, Yorkshire on a Saturday in October, we changed into our walking gear. We set off through the village, and then followed the Pennine Way across a field and through a forest. We waded through a river, getting very wet and climbing over the rocks and waterfalls. There was an alternative route over the waterfall and onto a path, but not many took it, because it was too easy! Eventually the river turned into a stream, and the stream into a trickle, and then the trickle dried up. After this, we climbed up onto the path and had a quick lunch. Eventually, after a lot of walking, we reached the top.

We found a path, that was fortunately dry and smooth, leading along the hilltop. Climbing carefully over the rocks, we made our way to the bottom of the hill. We found the path through the forest and then back across the field to the village. We got changed, and then climbed onto the coach ready to leave for school. It was a great day out and I would like to thank Mr Boardman and Mr Rees for organising it.

Andrew Horder

Tour of Greece and Crete

Despite the hideously early starting time, the mixed bag of GK2K participants convened around the Foundation Office with remarkable punctuality. This was almost certainly due to the air of expectation and impatience that had preceded the trip (a good example of this was the Classics Division's 'eighty-day countdown!').

The desire to get to sunny Greece seemed to overcome all the odds and, believe me, there were plenty of these to contend with. They ranged from snow the day before, to the mistaken belief of one student, who shall remain nameless, that a passport was not needed to get into a foreign country!

However, the intrepid explorers triumphed and, later that evening, felt for the first time the warming climate of Athens. After a brief and not entirely pleasant stop at the soul-destroying place that is Athens airport, we caught our connection to Heraklion. From here it was straight to 'Hotel Apollon', Agios Nikolaos, and finally sleep around 2a.m. Mr Worthington had promised us accommodation in hotels better than those sampled two years before. He did the trick. We were very impressed with our rooms, and the fact that breakfast was not merely a piece of 'bread' and some unknown fruit crushed into what might loosely be called 'juice'. After breakfast we were off for our first excursion around Crete. Any tiredness soon wore off as the clear blue skies allowed temperatures to soar and we gazed upon the sites of Gortyn, Agia Triada and Phaestos. After several hours, a few amusing photos (courtesy of Ben Felderhof and a tree...), and a much improved education, we returned to our hotel, ready for the first night out. The teachers, UMs and Fourths progressed to the harbour, leaving instructions to the rest of us to meet 'around the harbour'. Chaos ensued, as it will when a group of 17-year-olds are given vague instructions, but it all turned out fine, and the night's exploits were recalled the following day on the bus to Knossos.

Every schoolboy has studied the palace of Knossos and its myths, and all the trippers agreed it was incredible to see it 'in the flesh', despite various disparaging comments from the Classics Divisions about how Sir Arthur Evans - the main excavator and

re-creator - "had made it all up". We then moved on to the Heraklion museum, home of the Phaestos Disc and the Snake Goddess, and other fruits of Evans' excavation.

The ferry to Athens was an interesting and enjoyable crossing involving a cheap meal, some UMs and Fourths playing on the arcades (and yes, the older boys more so), and a sleepless night. We



Athens: The Parthenon

arrived early the next morning at Piraeus harbour, Athens, in time to see the sun rise, and to be informed that our coach was hideously late. This lack of punctuality was apparently due to there being an accident on the M25 - ah, Greek logic! However, this delay did not put off the unshakeable Mr Worthington, who marched us to the Athens Center Hotel for breakfast and then on to the Keramikos for our first proper sight of Athens. I was glad to see that the city had retained its polluted, claustrophobic charm from two years before. The rest of the day was spent at the Agora and the Theatre of Dionysus; sites rich in charm and historical feel. The evening meal was spent being tortured by the resident pianist with his Greek tunes (but more on him later).

The next day saw us on the Acropolis, and at the National Archaeological Museum, the first of which was the place for the trippers to have their group photo with tour T-shirts (thanks to Richard Benwell for his design). Lunch was, as is the tradition, eaten in McDonald's, wondering why the food is not as good in England, even in a fast food chain, and why the women serving in Greece are, generally, supermodels. Such intellectual conversations were resumed at dinner, whilst we waited for Angelo (the pianist) to begin. However, for this night (and according to him, thanks to his 'pills'), he turned into an 'any

requests' maestro. The scheduled trip to the 'Son et Lumiere' in Athens was cancelled as the group sat back, sang, and enjoyed Mr Lambie's Louis Armstrong impressions.

From Athens we progressed to Delphi; a truly awe-inspiring site in the middle of some quite sensational scenery. This paradise of a place was only partially spoilt by the resident security force on the site, who were determined to get us out not one second after it closed, using a whistle as their method of persuasion. The evening was incongruously spent at an Australian bar.



Athens – The Theatre of Dionysus

The next day was partly spent travelling to Tolon, the now famed (for all of us veterans) beach town. The slightly more overcast weather didn't interfere with our beach antics; ranging from football with dogs to volleyball in a cold sea. The evening was spent, amongst the lower years, watching the football, but the older boys had a more important engagement - the 'Gorilla Bar'!

The following day saw us racing around the Greek countryside visiting Mycenae, Nemea and Epidaurus. The last of these places has a theatre with the most incredible acoustics, as was proven by Oliver Scanlan, who had the courage (and some might say, lack of sanity) to sing to the gathered masses.

The trip ended with a subdued and depressed group leaving for lunch in Nauplion before heading off to Athens airport. Final thanks must be given to Mr Lambie, for managing the incredible task of waking up a group of nineteen adolescents at unheard-of times in the morning. Also to Mr Evans, who constituted the 'open almost all hours' bank for the trip,

and finally to Mr Worthington, who kept us all in order with a very smoothly organised trip, and the locals in order with his fluent Greek. Thank you all again for a highly successful and enjoyable trip.

Paul Meller

Shells Outdoor Activities Weekend

We left school at 2:15 hoping to be in Much Wenlock within the hour. We were accompanied by James Broughton-Taylor, Richard Whittingham, Mr Boardman, Miss Bubb (our form teacher) and Mr Rees, who made the weekend fun and exciting. When we arrived we put up the tents, some of us with great difficulty. We cooked our evening meal and set off for a walk in the neighbouring woods. On this particular walk, some of us decided to go for a bath in a horse trough, which was highly amusing although very daft. After this muddy walk we fell asleep quite easily.

In the morning, after breakfast, we did orienteering (a couple of us were chased by a horse) and played initiative games before eating lunch. After this we walked into town and some of us

bought Mother's Day presents from the nearby Post Office. We then walked back to the campsite and prepared our meal, which we ate quickly so we had enough time to make a fire. We roasted marshmallows, ate chocolate and celebrated a birthday.

After a well-deserved night's rest, we awoke and made lunch for our walk. Everyone packed their things, tidied up the site and got onto the coach, which headed for a hill called "The Wrekin". We completed our walk fairly quickly, climbing trees on the way. At last, the time had come when we could go home and sleep in our own beds, which was a relief! But we all had a great time and wish we could go again.

*Richard Williams
Shell C*

Ardeche 2000

At about 6:30pm on Wednesday 12th July 2000, 52 boys and 6 teachers set off from the Parade Ground, destined to find 'Camping La Savane', a large camping village no more than 15 kilometres away from the Ardeche River. Having travelled for 13 hours or more, the savage crew left their exhausted vehicle in Paris, to seek shelter from the rain under the Arc de Triomphe. As the thunderous storm continued, the starved creatures endeavoured to find food. Travelling down the river Seine and completing a painful trek up and down the Eiffel Tower finally brought them to the Latin Quarter, a deserted corner of town, shadowed by the frightening Notre Dame Cathedral. In this desolate place they scraped together as much food as they could and roamed the streets looking for any merchandise that took their fancy. They sought cover for the night in a decrepit old house, abandoned and empty.

Next morning, with the searing heat on their backs, the motley crew carried on their way down south until they finally laid eyes on the place that they were destined to reach, Camping La Savane. Having finally reached their destination they went out and partied all night, telling many stories of their travel to many people.

The following day they were set many dangerous tasks to perform, which meant putting their lives at risk. They had to defuse bombs through force fields and rivers of piranhas; they had to make it through a laser-guarded room like a thief in the night; they had to cross shark infested waters; all of these took skill and bravery, together with a big spider's web.

After this day's horrors, the group had next to brave the perilous waters of the Ardeche. The river, which was flush with

white water rapids, was nicknamed 'certain death' by the locals. This was the next task that the team took on. They fought the rapids and trampled them as if they were only leaves on a smooth, clear road to success.

By evening they had managed to row half the river in only a little canoe, fighting the awful wind that whistled through the canyons. The shattered sailors rested on a hidden beach up in the hills, though they couldn't sleep as they had to keep watch, for fear of attack from scorpions.

At dawn the weary bunch continued down the river until they finally reached home. They slept until evening, whereupon they competed in a Crème-Caramel-downing contest, which Simon Harding duly won. The group then settled down for a well-deserved sleep.

During the following three days the group had to do things which few had done before. They had to kayak a stretch of the river Beame; they had to cave into and through 'Crock Rock'; they had to climb a towering mountain; they had to snorkel through rapids. Yet they still fought on.

This report has been subject to meddling and is a twisted version of the truth; do not let this dampen your spirits or your ambition to join next year's party, as it is the trip of a lifetime. Thanks are due to Mr Boardman for all the work he put into organising it, and to all the staff who were involved: Miss Allhusen, Miss Bubb, Mr Duncombe, Mr Howard and Miss While.

Richard Thomas



Climbing Trip to Scotland



On a cloudy Friday afternoon in late October, nine KES boys, some regulars of the October walking scene and some new faces as well, headed up the M6 in the bright new "Venga Bus". On arrival at Glencoe Youth Hostel, all members of the party were delighted to meet Mr Tomlinson and Gudrun, the German assistant.

Next day, after a two hour drive north to Glen Shiel, we ascended Ciste Dubh in surprisingly good weather, which allowed the more eccentric among us to take a cool swim in the loch at the foot of the Munro. Undoubtedly the highlight of the day was the arrival at the scenic lochside Ratagan Youth Hostel - a chance to take photos of the setting sun behind the Five Sisters of Glen Shiel, the golden colours of autumn illuminating the valley.

The second day involved a scrambly ascent of The Saddle, one of Scotland's finest Munros, which yielded exceptional views, especially for those committed mountaineers who headed up Sgurr na Sgine towards the end of the day. Tired but exhilarated, we returned to Ratagan for an evening of culinary delights, involving leeks and Marmite on the part of a tweed-jacket-clad Ed Nicholas. The next day, the party split, with the "Munro baggers" heading up Beinn Fhada and some less fussed and more blistered individuals going up to the falls of Glomach with

Miss Allhusen as their guide. As we arrived back at Ratagan, people were surprised at how friendly a couple seemed to be who had parked their camper van outside the hostel; they turned out to be none other than Mr and Mrs Rees, the elders.

Climbing the Saddle

On the final day, the warden's assurance of the weather forecasts' "emphasising the bad bits" didn't seem to hold water (excuse the pun): the rain beat down on our aching calves as we ascended Beinn Sgritheall, on the west coast. The climb was rewarded by a clearing of the cloud revealing beautiful views of the Isles of Rhum, Eigg and Skye, and a very quiet summit lunch due to the loudest members of the group, Messrs Nicholas and Cox, having been injured. After a rewarding descent and a drive back to Ratagan to reclaim our blistered friends, we began the three-hour drive down to Crianlarich.

After more gourmet cooking on the part of Ed Nicholas, involving fried banana, peanut butter and crisps(!), we set off the next day back to Birmingham, stopping at Moffat to buy some toffees. Arrival at KES meant the end of a fabulous and exhilarating trip - thanks to Doc Bridges, Mr Rees, and Miss Allhusen, for their smooth driving and witty banter.

Joel Clark



Divisions' Marine Biology Field Trip

Birmingham is quite a landlocked place, there's no denying that. So for a marine biology course, a coastal venue is the order of the day. Enter that wonderful Welsh destination, Aberystwyth. Aberystwyth was pretty much the holiday hell I was expecting: narrow streets of crowded boarding houses overlooking the distant sea, a sea which we were assured was full of life.

For many, the highlight of the trip was a visit to the mud flats near the dunes of Ynoylas, including some patches of mud with a consistency like quicksand. Despite warnings from an experienced Mr Porter, and several miles of high tensile safety rope, there's still always one who gets stuck. On this occasion it was James Broughton-Taylor, who was so dazzled by how apparently firm the ground was that he decided to stand in the deepest patch he could find and count to thirty. Thirty seconds later he realised, to his horror, that he was well and truly stuck.

On the same day some of the less sane members of the group attempted to swim in the treacherous waters of the estuary. Then there was the day on the rocky shore - a gale force wind blowing inland with an icy spray of water to accompany it, whilst we precariously leapt from rock to rock carrying surveying poles and quadrats and searching in vain for rare species of shellfish and molluscs beneath the carpet of chip papers, coke cans and

other detritus which littered the rocks beneath the promenade. Interestingly, after nearly an hour's ceaseless searching we had discovered more than ten new species of seaweed which did not bear any resemblance to the pictures in our "beginners guide" to spotting coastal animals and plants.

The final day involved a survey of biodiversity on the sand dunes, which in real terms meant leaning into a 70mph sandstorm while trying hard not to step on wild and endangered orchids. The main highlight of that day was during the follow-up work that evening, when Mr Rigby discovered the sophisticated microphone and camera arrangement in the university biology labs we were working in. Owing to a peculiarity in the configuration of these extremely versatile pieces of equipment, all three labs were able to tap into each other's cameras and microphones, allowing us to see what the other schools working in the adjacent labs were up to. In exchange Peter Pears did his velociraptor impression for them to sample.

Thanks must of course go to all the staff accompanying the trip, especially Mr Rigby for his meticulous organisational skills.

Martin Bradley



"You must be at least this tall to go on this ride"

Divisions Geography Field Trip, October 1999



This year's Autumn Field Trip was much like those of previous years, with the Divisions visiting the Yorkshire Dales to investigate Limestone scenery. Two groups were accommodated within the Yorkshire Dales National Park, while the less fortunate were - for our sins - sent over to the seaside resort of Morecambe. This grey settlement is now famous only for its statue of the great Eric Morecambe, who was born in the town but moved on rapidly, setting the trend for more recent inhabitants and visitors. We stayed in a cosy hotel on the sea front where we were served breakfast and dinner with a smile by the owners, who were excited and perhaps a little bemused by around a dozen students visiting their town. Everything became much clearer, however, when it was explained that Morecambe was a "secondary target" of study, cunningly included in our tour of the North by a former Geography teacher.

Our tour of the town, ably conducted by Mr Everest, showed in graphic detail how the rise in popularity of package holidays abroad has adversely affected many coastal British resorts. Only Blackpool still prospers as of old while others, Morecambe in particular, have fallen by the wayside of the tourist trail. Without wishing to offend Mr Cumberland, who has his roots in Morecambe, the A-Level geographers agreed it was "a bit of a dump".

The brighter part of our trip should have been the two days in the Dales. The 3-hour "round trip" from Morecambe and the worst rain "for years" ruined this. Even Mr Chamberlain, usually so chirpy, was disillusioned. After the drive back to Morecambe it was plain that he was looking forward to Sunday about as much as a turkey looks forward to Christmas.

The weather was so abysmal that 'dry valleys' were wet, and lakes existed that even the veterans of Geography field trips had never before encountered. Class morale in our Physical Geography lessons was so low upon our return to Birmingham that even Mr Cumberland's stories of catching trout in dry valleys could barely revive it. As a last resort, slides of the stranded fish were employed. This fortunately brought some success.

What *did* impress the assembled geographers were the visits to the White Scar Caves and Malham Cove. The Caves stretch back hundreds of metres into the limestone of the Dales and are truly magnificent. This was only the second cave system I've ever entered and I found it fascinating. Unfortunately, only two of the three groups saw the full extent of the caves once it became apparent that they were flooding even as we explored them.

Malham Cove is a huge cliff or scar created thousands of years ago by large earth movements resulting in the "Craven Faults" which determine much of the geography of the Dales. At the top is Britain's best limestone pavement - a feature consisting of huge blocks of limestone (clints) separated into regular patterns by cracks up to three metres deep (grykes).

In spite of the weather, we did learn a considerable amount of physical Geography. Hopefully, this can be put to good use in the future. We also improved our techniques of gleaning as much information from a trip as possible, finding out for instance that biro's will not work in wet weather, and that sometimes even NASA accredited pens will fail. Many thanks to Messrs Cumberland, Chamberlain and Everest for all their hard work and support.

Tom Prew



Leslie H Pountney Bursary Fund

This summer, thanks to the Leslie H. Pountney Award, I travelled to the French Alps and stayed in a small village called Argentire where most of the poor British students congregate. The Chamonix valley is a climbing playground, with hard ice routes and also gentle scrambling for a more relaxing day. Everywhere one goes, they are geared up for climbing. Even the avalanche protection walls had bolts on with hard grades.

The local pub landlord was someone who liked his drink, so every night we told him that it was someone's last night. "Free drinks," he would cry. "C'est un cadeau". He never seemed to notice that the same person's last night occurred at least twice in a week. The easiest way to travel was by hitching a lift from some mad Frenchman who would try to introduce us to techno music while not holding the wheel. The friendly campsite

atmosphere paid off, as there were random group expeditions to the local crags of Chamonix and to supermarkets and pubs.

Chamonix also holds some good routes for beginners on the alpine stage. I myself had some adventures. One rock route, supposed to take 3-4 hours, turned into a dangerous epic: I was trying to descend a steep crag at 8 p.m. with one torch and then run down scree slopes. The next morning, going back to retrieve our ropes, we climbed for 3 hours on a route that had taken us 45 mins to descend the day before. Anyway, it was all fun and games and I recommend anyone to go there and climb vertical ice faces. I am indebted to the school for helping me to fund what was a truly amazing adventure.

Ed Nicoblas

Removes Study Week 2000

When all the Removes set off from school at half past nine, there was very little blue evident in the sky. But the weather was considerably better by the time Rem R reached their first ports of call, Conwy and Harlech castles. At the end of an afternoon of answering questions on worksheets, we appreciated our filling dinner at the youth hostel. On the following day, we visited nearby slate caverns before going on to the beach later in the afternoon. The water was freezing, but we crashed happily among the refreshing waves.

The walking on Wednesday was tiring but enjoyable, especially for the higher group. They walked and scrambled for miles before finally conquering Mount Snowdon. Back at the youth hostel that evening, a pool competition was organised

by the teachers. The highlight of the week came on Thursday, when the Water Sports day saw us sailing, canoeing and raft-building. Thursday's toughest challenge, however, was getting the wet suits on and off: they were very tight!

The warm and sunny weather lasted for the whole week, but our return to Birmingham brought showers. Many thanks to all the teachers involved in a very enjoyable trip.

Yassar Mustifa

(Not all the Remove forms went to the same part of the country for Removes Week. We would like to thank Matthew Gammie of Remove D for also submitting a report, on his form's week.)



Ski Trip to Austria

The enthusiastic, even daring, members of the KES Ski Trip 2000 congregated on the Parade Ground during the Friday lunchtime before February Half Term. A whole 24 hours of travelling time faced them. However, the knowledge that the Alps had both plenty of snow and a good collection of Hollywood films was enough to reduce this concern.

We were fortunate to be staying in the "Schwarzer Adler" hotel, which featured satellite TV and staff who always smiled. Having explored the charming resort of Landeck and discovered an English pub, we had our first Austrian supper before bravely trying to reach the ski hire shop in a coach without snow-chains.

The next day we finally enjoyed the most magical sport known to man. Ski Sunday more than lived up to its name. All four groups saw plenty of action on the slopes. The necessary teaching was provided when appropriate. The advanced group witnessed some exciting gambols, performed off-piste by instructor Erich as an extra. The following five days proved exciting, and thankfully we were able to visit different ski resorts - all with their own particular attractions

Evening activities varied, but all provided some degree of entertainment. There was a "World Wide Quiz", complete with

Mr Duncombe's dubious taste in music; an evening of flood-lit skiing on the day that the lifts happened to be dormant; a competition in 9-pin bowling; and a tobogganing evening which proved to be rougher than most people anticipated.

The penultimate day was perhaps the most special. In the afternoon, the members of each group faced off amongst themselves in a truly gritty slalom race. The pressure was fierce indeed, but all rose to the challenge commendably - even if a couple had a fall whilst doing so. Towards the evening we walked up a steep path to a charming hut which provided the very best drinks and pretzels - surviving a barrage of snowballs and a couple of frisky dogs en route. Logs were produced for a fire, with the help of a bizarre-looking but useful saw, and the results of the slalom were revealed at last. The ski instructors were on hand to honour each participant with a certificate, a photo, and a medal - except in the cases of the group winners who had the privilege of a beer cup instead.

The final day arrived very quickly. "Action Packed" is not even close to describing the atmosphere of the week. Many thanks must go to the instructors as well as all the teachers - especially Mr Roll for organising a trip that everyone so thoroughly enjoyed.

Martin Hudecek

UMs Geography Field Trip

It took about half an hour to reach our first destination, Bridgnorth. After a five-minute walk, we found ourselves standing on the flood plain of the biggest river in Britain, the River Severn. After taking notes we strolled back to the coach and were soon on our way to the small village of Church Stretton.

The previous week, we had been split into five different groups and a leader for each had been chosen by Mr Chamberlain. So on this next journey, the assigned group leaders sat at the front of the coach and prepared their plans for the given task. We arrived in Church Stretton and stood outside the coach in our groups, deciding how we were going to investigate the topics that lay before us. Ten minutes later we were off - five enthusiastic groups going around Church Stretton hoping to complete the assignment within the hour. Luckily for Mr Chamberlain, every group completed its task and even found time to stop for lunch at the local chip shop.

Back on the coach again, we made our way to Cardingmill Valley, where we took some more notes about the course of the river. From there it took five minutes to walk up to a point where we could take some extra photos of waterfalls, tributaries and rapids. Then, in our groups, we measured the cross section of the river valley. Most groups found this quite difficult, as a measurement of every angle change was required. Using a clinometer and three ranging poles, we eventually, after an hour, completed our forty measurements. Only when all the measuring was done were we able to relax and let the river flow naturally by.

Overall, the field trip was very enjoyable and educational. Thanks to pleasant weather we were able to do everything that was intended. We arrived back at the Foundation Office by 5:30pm, having thoroughly enjoyed the trip.

Anish Patel & Jonathan Qureshi

Borneo 2000 Group 1

The Borneo expedition had been eighteen months in preparation. The year and a half had flown by and, before the group knew where we were, the departure date had arrived, almost unnoticed amidst the end of term euphoria.

The expedition proper began with a build-up session in the Outdoor Pursuits Centre where kit was sorted out and we met our World Expedition leader, Jock Stewart, for only the third time. Despite being only five feet tall, this wee Scotsman was not to be messed around! His muscular build was intimidating and his daunting attitude was compounded by his threats of "ripping out your spleen" or "chewing on your windpipe" at the slightest hint of trouble. Later we were to find that this was all just a façade!

The team's first port of call in Borneo was Kota Kinabalu, the capital city of the state of Sabah, in the north of the island. Here, we realised how different Borneo is to one's ideas. Images of

shantytowns and people dressed in exotic clothing were soon shattered; instead, amongst buildings familiar from European countries, there were branches of Burger King and Pizza Hut feeding men in jeans and, wait for it, Manchester United shirts! It was just a small glimpse of how Borneo, along with the rest of the Pacific Rim, is developing.

The first phase of the expedition was based around Mount Kinabalu. On our arrival in the Kinabalu National Park, the mountaintop was out of sight behind cloud. Only on the day of the ascent did we see its jagged summit and comprehend what an awesome feat it would be to climb all 4,095m of the thing. It took most of the day just to reach the halfway house at Laban Rata; it was gruelling and unkind to the legs, perhaps due to the fact that we were each carrying the weight of a small Malaysian in our rucksacks.

The following day's climb to the summit was relatively straightforward and we basked in the sun on the summit, taking

in the views. We had the entire mountain to ourselves. To have reached the peak was an amazing achievement. However, our reward the next day was a trying and tiring walk down to Mesilau that took an inordinate amount of time and sapped our energy. But our reward came later, as we spent a night in Poring Hot Springs relaxing our aching muscles. Fully recovered, we spent the next two nights at Sepilok on the East Coast, to allow a visit to an Orang-utan rehabilitation sanctuary.

Come the second week, we travelled the width of the island and moved slightly inland to the heart of rural Borneo; the part of Borneo we had all imagined. For the first time, the group

split up into pairs, each to spend a week living with a Bornean family. The wooden houses were on stilts and were basic but homely. Bathroom facilities came in the form of a muddy pond, which we used to wash in, and a hut over a stream with a hole in the floor.

The highlight of the week was on

the final night, when the group gathered in my house and joined in a very cultural and musical evening. Yours truly provided amusement, sporting a traditional skintight orange pyjama suit which the Tango man would have been proud to wear.

Following our stay in the village, we moved back to Kota Kinabalu and, after a day of white water rafting and an evening performing in a karaoke bar, moved south. All too soon the third week came around, and with it, copious diarrhoea! These seven days would be as physically challenging as the first seven. We were based in Gunung Mulu National Park in Sarawak (the southern part of the island), a much more humid affair. Here we trekked through jungle and attempted to view the Pinnacles - a spectacular set of limestone outcrops situated high above the canopy. However, our efforts were in vain as adverse weather set in and we were forced to turn back. Wet weather didn't put the leeches off though. Several members of the group fell victim to nasty bites!



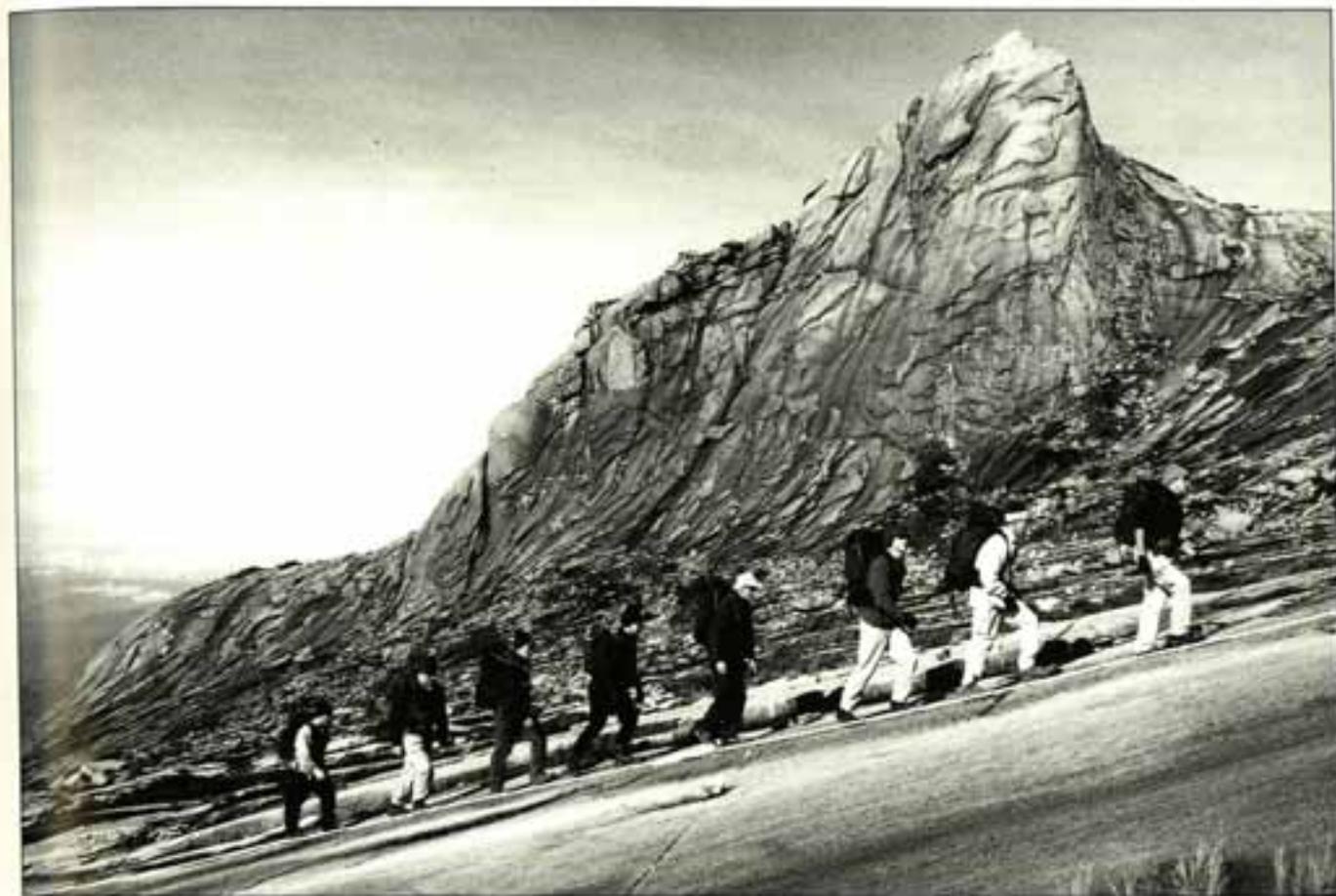
Our final week in Borneo had been set aside for rest and relaxation. Staying in a hotel in Kuching, we sampled more of developed Borneo. By contrast, away from the skyscrapers of the city, was Bako National Park, a haven of tranquillity and unspoilt beaches, only inhabited by mischievous macaques - two of whom were responsible for stealing our lunch! A day excursion there left two days to explore and rest in Kuching; most of this was done in McDonald's and at the cinema. But the resting stopped when dusk fell and the local entertainment began.

The expedition achieved a great deal in terms of teaching us important leadership skills and, thanks to the ability of the team,

our aims for the trip were achieved with success. Supported and encouraged by Jock, the team knitted well together to ensure that everyone had a great time. Although Mr Rees assumed only an advisory, back-seat role on the trip, it wouldn't have been the same without him. Thanks must go to both our leaders.

Borneo 2000 was an experience of a lifetime and one which will certainly last in my mind forever. It would be sad, and an injustice to boys at KES, if such a trip were not to be repeated in the future.

Ben Speight



Borneo 2000 Group 2

The first two weeks of our trip were in the northern state of Sabah, and a remarkably varied experience. We gazed down from the highest mountain in South East Asia (having unfortunately missed sunrise); we watched in amazement as the orang-utans came out to feed; and we cursed uproariously as we traipsed around a nature reserve in the middle of a tropical storm. However, this was not without relief, and indeed it did not bother us greatly, especially during those long, blissful hours in the sulphur baths at Poring Hot Springs. Thanks must really

go to the receptionist who made a mistake over our booking and was forced to book us into the four star chalets for no extra charge.

The latter half of our stay took us to Sarawak, which is much like Sabah, but hotter. A week was spent in the natural splendour of Gunung Mulu National Park enjoying the incredible hospitality of "Little John", now famous for saying "Yes, we even have T-shirts in Mr Richard's size". The death-defying chasms of the

Pinnacles were conquered; the forest animals were hunted with an improvised blowpipe by Mutang, our Penan guide. We were treated to the first of our two cultural evenings, essentially dancing and drinking in ritual dress with large swords. We even succeeded in introducing Musical Chairs and the Conga to Malaysia.

Our community project was a remarkable success - we flattened a field with unbelievable efficiency. Mr. Lampard unfortunately suffered a terrible injury at the hands of a bamboo shoot and had to be airlifted out. Finally our voyage was at an end. We had performed unbelievable feats of endurance, strength, and mental stamina and had succeeded in consuming two pounds of barbecued wild boar each in one sitting. All in all, it was a very successful trip. Great thanks must go to Mr Boardman and Mr Lampard for all their hard work.

Richard Whittingham & James Frew



Fourths Geography Field Trip

After a slightly late departure from KES, those of us studying Barmouth (other groups were studying Llandudno and Aberystwyth) were dropped off at the railway station there at 11.30 in the morning. The various groups spent the afternoon exploring the town, getting a feel for our area of study and in some cases already beginning the collection of data.

We returned to the Youth Hostel at about five o'clock. After follow-up work, which consisted of planning the next two days' activities and data collection, most of us played football until about 11 o'clock. Our dorm slept soundly, except for snoring from unidentifiable sources.



The next day saw each group collecting the majority of its field data. My own group, which included Alex Barnfield and Phil Purser, spent the day investigating the spit outside Barmouth. We looked at sand particle size, noted irregular shaped sea defences, and took cross-sectional measurements. Meanwhile, other groups were doing traffic surveys, administering

questionnaires and investigating pollution measures in nearby towns and villages. The evening consisted of a meal prepared by the YHA staff followed by a session of planning the Saturday morning activities and discussing how the project data would be laid out. After this came another game of football.

Most groups spent Saturday morning finishing off questionnaires and acquiring pictures and postcards for their projects. Our group found a panoramic view point from which to take photos of both town and spit. Just before our departure, the Three Peaks Race was setting off from the harbour: this race involves sailing around the country, with stops to climb Ben

Nevis, Scafell Pike and Snowdon. Luckily for them, the weather was turning warm and pleasant. We arrived back at KES at 5pm on Saturday, having enjoyed the trip and collected a lot of valuable data. Our thanks go to Mr Cumberland and all the other teachers involved, for giving up their time.

Jack Butler

The Chief Master's Discretionary Fund

This summer I took part in a two-week sailing holiday with the Sail Training Association on the *Sir Winston Churchill*, during which I sailed from Flensburg in Germany to Leith in Scotland.

After arriving at the port and boarding the ship, we were informed that we had arrived on the last day of the Cutty Sark Tall Ships Race, and were therefore invited to a party to celebrate the end of the race. The number of people at the party was incredible. There were Russians, Americans, Spaniards, French, Mexican and Chinese crews. They were all there to socialise and have a good time with the other crews.

Two days later, after some safety training, we set sail for Copenhagen. It took about 18 hours to sail there, learning many important techniques such as tacking. After four hours of

being cold and wet, the bench-like beds that we were to call home for the next two weeks felt incredibly comfy.

After spending a day sightseeing in Copenhagen, we were all ready to start sailing again and get out on the open sea. When we got into Fredrickshavn in Denmark, we were greeted by a whole army of battle recreationists. We had managed to arrive on the 200th anniversary of a battle between Sweden and Denmark, which had altered the shape of the two nations to this day.

The next three days were spent sunbathing and playing basketball before sailing back to Leith, which took four days. The STA had booked a conference hall for us to have a party in before we all went our separate ways the following day. It was a great experience and I must thank the school for helping me to fund it.

Jobb Mounce

Climbing Weekend

In Hathersage, we met up with our climbing instructor. Next we drove off to Stannage Edge, where Mr Boardman and another instructor spent about an hour setting up the ropes for some routes. Even early in the day, there were many climbers out. Rock climbing in the Peak District is very popular, especially when the weather is sunny! At last, it was time to face the future: we slowly started to climb. I found it challenging and exciting and very different from the school climbing wall. Once each person had climbed up, Mr Boardman set up some more routes. We continued climbing until about 6 o'clock in the afternoon, after which we collected our rucksacks and were landed with a heavy load to carry back to the minibus. There, we dumped our bags and climbed wearily back into our seats.

Later, we decided to go for a swim. The pool was refreshing after a hot day's climbing. Instead of eating at the youth hostel, we ate at a pub as we were too late getting out of the pool. The food was enjoyed by all and whilst we were waiting for our food, we played cards.

Next morning, the big and varied breakfast was tasty and afterwards we drove to a new crag called Burbage. We climbed some good routes and later on, we tried some abseiling. Our instructor knew an excellent bridge for abseiling off, so we drove there next. The braver members of our group volunteered to abseil off and get drenched in the river below. The more cautious among us managed to pull themselves to the safety of the riverbank. At the end of the day, we walked back to the minibus and changed into dry clothes. It was a thoroughly enjoyed weekend, with lots of good climbs. Many thanks to all of the staff involved.

Joe Perini and Luke Bridge



Caving Trip to Ingleton

We arrived at Ingleton Youth Hostel in Yorkshire, eager and excited. After being instructed by Messrs Lampard, Rees and Boardman to unpack, we all met back in the lounge to discuss our plans for the weekend. After dinner, time was ours to spend. We could go into the lounge to watch TV or play games, or we could go into town to buy some souvenirs, as long as we were back at the hostel by nine o'clock.

The next day, we were woken at seven in the morning, when we packed our rucksacks for the day, ate breakfast and set off for the caving centre. At the centre we were introduced to our two instructors. We drove to the actual caves, passing the "three peaks of Yorkshire" on the way. When we arrived, we had to walk up to the entrance to the caves, which took about twenty minutes, and when we reached the first of the three entrances, we were split into two groups. I was in a group of five with Mr Boardman and Mr Rees.

We entered the cave through the first main entrance, and turned on our headlamps. There was a wide opening, which

gradually grew narrower, and darker as the light of day disappeared. We could hear the sounds of a waterfall nearby, and a few minutes later, we passed it. We caved on, and there were some small areas where we had to climb down into big pools of water. After about half an hour, we came to a spacious cavern, where we could all sit down on some large, smooth boulders. We all turned off our headlamps to experience what dark really was. Everything was pitch-black. We couldn't see a single thing!

When we reached the end of the cave we looked around at the view, before driving back to the caving centre where we were hosed down, and changed into our spare clothes. We ate our packed lunches, and, after about fifty minutes, got back into the minibus, ready to go on the Ingleton Waterfalls Walk. The first part of the walk followed a river up-stream for about half an hour until we got to a bridge. We kept going, up and up, until we found a waterfall. We went over the rocks, and sat down behind it where we had our picture taken. We were told that this was the only waterfall in England that you could come and sit behind.

The next morning, we ate breakfast, collected our packed lunches, and boarded the bus. After a short drive, we walked through a forest to a waterfall in a little bay. We stopped here too, and went for a swim. The water was very cold. If you went across a few rocks, you could end up just beneath the waterfall, and jump in.

After we had finished swimming, we went on up a slope and followed the path. The weather was hot, and the scenery was excellent. At the top, which was extremely high, we sat down and ate our lunch.

We had reached the summit of the hill, so the rest of the path spiralled slowly down. We crossed more grassy meadows and a limestone pavement, descended another steep flight of steps, and came to rest in a little bay at the bottom of all the hills, full of streams and ducks. We rested here for about twenty minutes, then got up and followed what was left of the path.

It was a great weekend, with plenty of action and adventure, and I enjoyed it greatly. Many thanks to all of the staff involved.

Sanjoy Bhattacharyya



Hayward Travel Scholarship

On the 23rd August 2000, I said goodbye to my parents and boarded a Boeing 737 for Frankfurt, where I was to board a connecting flight to Tokyo Narita Airport. I was going to Japan, land of the rising sun, the way of the warrior and, to my shock and amazement, palatable McDonald's food. While the sixteen-hour flight was exhausting, it still could not take anything away from the awesome sight that was the greater Tokyo conurbation, home to a quarter of the Japanese population and comprising more souls than the entirety of Australia. Then I landed and the slightly less awesome, but still very big, sight of Narita airport greeted me with a noncommittal hiss as the doors to the skyline inter-airport train opened to allow me and the other new arrivals in.

For the majority of my two-week trip to Japan, I stayed in Kyoto, the old capital, which is a three-hour train ride from Tokyo station. My quarters were in a Shukubo, an old Japanese temple, that, in this case, had been completely converted to a hotel. My room, which I had all to myself, was furnished in the traditional Japanese style, with tatami matting on the floor, a futon to sleep on and an electric fan in the corner. Seeing this room for the first time, I was thrilled at this early immersion in Japanese culture. That was before one of the least publicised things in travel brochures manifested itself: tatami

bugs. Almost certainly a distant relative of the bed bug, tatami bugs are a vicious, feral breed, as my legs could testify by the end of the trip, covered as they were in bites.



Oliver Scanlan extends cultural relations

Kyoto is probably the single greatest repository of ancient Japanese culture in the entirety of Japan. It was the seat of the Emperor of Japan for 1000 years and the de facto capital for four hundred. The end of Imperial rule in the late 12th century came as a result of the empowerment of an increasingly autonomous military aristocracy. A succession of military dictators, known as shoguns, took power and paid lip service to the supposedly supreme will of the detached Imperial court in Kyoto.

One of the most interesting historical structures I saw in Kyoto was Nijo castle, built at the command of

Ieyasu Tokugawa, founder of the third, final and most successful shogunate, in 1601. The structure of the central palace contains some of the only wall hangings left to us from the Edo period, the period of the Tokugawa rule. It also, even today, shows clearly what its purpose was. The castle was built to be the residence of the shogun whilst in Kyoto, the capital having been moved to the Tokugawa power base at Edo, which is modern day Tokyo.

It was also built as a propaganda weapon against all that might challenge his rule. A succession of chambers denoted the rank of those feudal lords who were granted an audience with the Shogun. Feudal lords who joined the Tokugawa force only after its decisive victory at Sekigahara in 1600 were admitted to the third chamber, while those who had sided with Ieyasu before this battle were admitted to the inner audience chamber. In both chambers, wall hangings depict maple trees and hawks, the symbols of martial greatness, the key to the Tokugawa triumph. It was a way of telling any feudal lord that the Tokugawa were not complacent and never would be complacent, and that those who had only sided with them after it became clear what the outcome of the feudal struggles was going to be, were marked and noted.

'Nightingale Flooring', a system of planks and nails that emit the sound of a nightingale when trodden on, extends throughout the palace, except in the Shogun's living quarters, the innermost room where only the Shogun and his women were allowed. Such a structure, surviving in its entirety from the period, is an essay in feudal Japanese politics and intrigue.

Other prominent features of Kyoto included the Imperial Palace, where the various structures that served the Emperor on public occasions were on display. There was also Toji temple, where the five-storied pagoda that is for many the symbol of Kyoto, still stands as it did after the temple's restoration in the Edo period. Particularly impressive was Kinkakuji, the Temple of the Golden Pavilion, built by the Ashikaga Shogun Yoshimitsu, with the Golden Pavilion itself having its top two stories leafed completely in gold. Slightly less dazzling, but still beautiful, was Ginkakuji, the Temple of the Silver Pavilion. This was built by Yoshimitsu's grandson to surpass the Golden Pavilion's splendour, but he died before its completion. As a result, there is not a speck of silver to be seen on it.

Aside from Kyoto, I went on a brief excursion to the Kanto plain to climb Fuji. Fortunately this was on the penultimate day of the climbing season, so there were not nearly as many people as usual on the climb. Having said this, there were still dozens. I climbed Fuji during the night and was thus able to view sunrise wash over a distant Tokyo and Yokohama from the summit. After going back to Kyoto, I embarked on a series of day trips to outlying cities and towns. Foremost among these was Nara, capital of Japan before Kyoto and home to the Daibutsen (literally 'Big Buddha'), a colossal bronze statue cast in the 8th

century and housed in the world's largest wooden structure, Todaiji temple. There were also amusing antics when walking through the deer-park where most of Nara's temples are located, as the deer in question started trying to eat my map. This was amusing until one of them succeeded and suddenly I was relying on helpful passers-by to provide directions.

Otsu was yet another capital of Japan, albeit only for a brief time in the 7th century. With a beautiful view over Biwa Lake, the largest lake in Japan, the central attraction for me was Onjoji temple, one of the four largest in Japan. Finally, moving to Osaka for the last two days of the trip, I visited Osaka castle and Mt. Koya to the south. Osaka castle, which was built by the warlord Hideoshi Toyotomi, contrasts massively with Nijo. Osaka is a working fortress, designed to withstand the worst rigours of war and siege. Its walls are vast and its moats are huge. Nijo is a status symbol and a weapon of propaganda: its moat is nominal and its walls are mainly for show.

Koyasan proved to be the source of some of my most vivid memories of Japan, the approach by train along winding mountain tracks contrasting so totally with the cityscapes that I had been predominantly immersed in until then. The mausoleum of Kobo-daishi, the founder of the temple at Koya's summit and indeed, of the entire Shingon sect of Esoteric Buddhism in Japan, was one of the holiest places I visited during my trip. The calm and serenity of the entire site, clothed in a forest of bamboo and pine and comprising structures that were hundreds of years old, was extremely moving.

The magnificence of the Japanese landscape, the very different feel to the ancient wooden structures that comprise and contain its heritage, the people I met and the small, simple feats of getting myself around unaided, made for a life-changing experience. I would like to express a huge debt of thanks to the school for making it possible for me to undertake the trip, and would encourage anyone with a particular place they would love to visit to apply for the Travel Scholarship. The worst thing that can happen is that you don't get it. The best thing that can happen ... well, that's up to you to find out.

Oliver Scanlan

Duke of Edinburgh Bronze Award

After a break of several years the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme is back and running at King Edward's. 24 pioneering UMs signed up for the Bronze Award and duly engrossed themselves in a range of activities in pursuit of the important signatures in their record books.

To succeed, boys have to complete the four sections of the award: Skills, Service, Physical Recreation and Expedition. They choose what they would like to do themselves, and then organise how, when and where they will do it. With a bit of initiative, effort and perseverance any boy should be able to gain the award, learning a lot and having fun.



This year boys got involved in all manner of activities. Many took up new sports or got credit for those they were already involved in. Music was a popular choice of skill but several took the opportunity to enrol in IT courses. The Service section is often the hardest to arrange, but boys were to be found working in charity shops, old people's homes or doing first aid and life-saving courses.

The expedition is an eagerly awaited component of the award and, after training in the harsh countryside south of Birmingham, four teams of six set forth for the Welsh hills brimming with enthusiasm and expertise. Loaded with stoves, tents, sleeping bags, maps, food (and a colour TV for the Football match against Germany), they headed off from the starting point on the hottest weekend of the year.

Boys were required to follow a route of about 27km through the Berwyn and Clwydian hills of mid Wales and camp overnight. These hills provided the chance to get lost - at one checkpoint,

a group waited for over an hour wondering why the assessors hadn't turned up. The assessors sat at the correct checkpoint with similar thoughts! Other groups decided to explore the countryside more fully and made some considerable detours from the prescribed route. One infamous group set off enthusiastically but soon disappeared, not to be seen or heard from until dusk. Failure to distinguish between a river and a

large hill was the source of their problems. Nevertheless in all cases the teams used their ingenuity to extricate themselves and get back on track, and all managed to reach their campsites successfully. Much gourmet food was in evidence that evening, with Trangia stoves being pushed to the limit.

The second day dawned even hotter than the first and after the dreaded camp inspection, the teams set off to complete the route. Rivers were walked through, hillsides were rolled down and many of the mysteries of the countryside were investigated. An upside-down sheep was rescued, a man was spotted mowing the lawn in his underpants and some boys were shocked to find that electric fences do actually work. After much sweating, a few blisters and plenty of sunburn everybody eventually made it to the final checkpoint. Most were totally exhausted and there is no doubting that it was a considerable achievement by all concerned. The coach was unusually quiet on the return journey.

PAR

Cycling Trip to Wiltshire

The "Wiltshire Cycleway" covers approximately 170 miles of country lanes in rural England. Wiltshire is an area of outstanding natural beauty with rolling hills, spectacular views and peaceful wooded valleys. The county has several prehistoric sites of international importance and we were able to visit one of these, at Avebury.

A considerable amount of practical preparation was undertaken in the months leading up to the trip. This included a maintenance day at school one Sunday in March, when we learned about our bikes; how to prepare them and maintain them during the trip. We also had a day's practice ride from

Barn Green Station out into the Worcestershire country lanes to improve our cycling skills and learn the rules of the road. We covered 39 miles and were extremely tired by the end. This gave us an idea of what we had let ourselves in for!

The trip started from school on Tuesday 29th August. We travelled down to Horningsham by minibus and our bikes were taken in a separate van. Our first day took us to Salisbury. A few punctures and a broken chain slowed us down but proved the value of our maintenance course. After arriving at the Youth Hostel, we were able to have a swim and after dinner we went to the cinema.

On Wednesday, we went from Salisbury to Ogbourne St George - a scheduled distance of 46 miles. A swim at Marlborough Leisure Centre refreshed us all after a long day. The hotel, which was to be our base for the next two days, was very comfortable and the food was good.

Thursday was our off-road day of 21 miles around the Marlborough Downs. It was hard work over rough terrain and a few people fell, ending up with bruises and cuts. Our route took us past the Avebury Circle; a collection of huge stones spread over a very large area. After another swim we were pleased to return to the hotel for a shower and a tasty meal.

On Friday we cycled from Ogbourne St George to Malmesbury. This was a hard day because of very heavy rain and steep hills. En route to our overnight stop at Marsh Farmhouse we stopped at a nearby pub for dinner. The farmhouse was very comfortable and gave us a cooked breakfast the next morning before we set off for Bath.

Saturday's route took us as far as Bradford-on-Avon before reaching Bath, via a canal towpath. We stayed at Bath Youth Hostel that night. On Sunday morning, we visited the Roman Baths and a very nice fudge shop! Our route back to Horningsham to complete the circular trip used the canal towpath on which we had cycled the day before. We met the minibus and cycle van outside a pub where we began our journey back to King Edward's. We arrived back just after seven, to be greeted by our parents. Everyone said how well we looked, but we were just glad to be off our bikes.



I am glad I went on this cycle trip, which enabled me to make new friends and to get fit for the rugby season! It was also great to be able to ride a total of 216 miles in such beautiful countryside and in mostly good weather. Many thanks to all of the staff involved in the trip.

Charlie Hall



Cycling in Lon Las Cymru

Welsh-speakers among you will not need me to explain that this article is about a route across Wales, diagonally from the Southeast (Chepstow) to the Northwest (Bangor). Moreover, those of you who know their geography will realise that there are plenty of hills and mountains between these two points, so it was with some trepidation that six boys plus KDP and LWE set off to cycle these 200 miles in four days.

With two linguists as accompanying teachers, learning Welsh as we went along was *de rigueur*, and within one mile of

After refreshment, we tackled the climb out of the town, but the main challenge of the day was to come – the first half of Gospel Pass. If you could see over the high hedges and through the sweat that dripped into your eyes, the Black Mountains rose spectacularly on either side of us as we ground our way upwards. Day Two began with the second half of the climb of Gospel Pass. The steep half, as it turned out. With clouds in the valley below us, drizzle in the air above us and the road glistening like the side of a house in front of us, we inched our way through what may have been mud but probably wasn't. The next eight miles



At the top of Gospel Pass

our departure "rhiw serth" (steep hill) and "araf" (slow) were part of our vocabulary. The tough climb out of Chepstow was followed by a steady ascent to 300m above sea level in the first 3 miles. There were spectacular views over the mouth of the Severn until we entered the narrow lanes of the Coed Gwent (Went Wood). All of a sudden the scenery became a lush blur as we hurtled downhill to Usk, and made our way through pleasant countryside to Abergavenny.

were to be one of the highlights of the tour as we swept down to the Wye Valley. Just as our hands began to tire of braking, signs appeared warning cyclists of the steep descent to come. Overheated brake blocks make a funny noise and don't work too well, especially when the bike is laden with luggage and the roads are slimy with drizzle and, er, mud.

After a shop stop in Glasbury we took the thankfully flattish road alongside the Wye to Builth Wells where we lunched (some on doner kebabs, not to be recommended!). Unsurprisingly, there was a steep climb out of Builth followed by some short but ferociously steep ups and downs that tested our quick gear-changing skills. Once again there were magnificent mountains either side of us and we were on the least hilly route possible. Although only 43 miles, this second day had had some tough climbs, a few falls and a puncture (Chris Woo, natch), so we were ready for the hot showers, hearty food, and comfy beds.

The third day, from Rhayader to Dolgellau, was always going to be the tough one and we were not disappointed. Having depleted the local Spar of its stock of Lucozade and mineral water, we climbed steeply out of Rhayader, before taking the narrowest of lanes, which followed the Wye as far as Llangurig. Here we left the Wye for good. Whereas previously the mountains had been either side of us, now they were in front of us. Having climbed impossibly steeply out of Llangurig and hurtled down towards Llanidloes, we began to climb steadily into the Hafren Forest, pausing only to let the occasional lorry-load of logs pass us on its way down. As sunshine alternated with showers and dense forest didn't alternate with anything in particular, we reached Bryn Mawr summit at 454m. Afterwards a fast descent, and then the big climb. In lovely sunshine we made our way up the mountain road to Machynlleth, past old lead mines and fast-running mountain streams. We then careered down to Machynlleth, buffeted by side winds but covering the 8 miles in less than 15 minutes.

We'd been advised by the cyclists we'd met on Day One not to take the shorter but very rough off-road route here, so we took the incredibly steep lane up through Corris. This was classic Wales. A village of slate-grey houses, with forest on one side and slate-mines on the other, a huge cemetery and tiny, almost vertical streets, led us only to the main road. Eventually we arrived in Dolgellau, wet, very tired and slightly downhearted. Then began the hunt for the youth hostel. We had covered 62 miles.

The last day would not be quite as long as the previous one (just 60 miles), but we had the pressure of a train to catch, the 5.23, so we could not afford to hang around. As the wind

whistled in off the Irish Sea and the holidaymakers strolled along the promenade in fleeces and waterproofs, we resisted the seaside charms of Barmouth and headed North along the coast road, before climbing steeply inland into the narrow, winding lanes to the east of Harlech. The views of mountains to our right and the sea to our left were spectacular indeed, but the hills, a flock of sheep and then a dramatic tyre and tube blow-out by Tom Prew all threatened our chances of catching the train. IWE took the main party ahead while I effected a distinctly hopeful repair to Tom's tyre. We raced over two more toll bridges, one running alongside the Ffestiniog Railway across the Cob, hoping against hope that insulating tape would hold Tom's tyre together, before finally tracking down a bike shop in Portmadog where we bought a new tyre. The chances of our arriving in Bangor in time for the train seemed slim, given the amount of time we'd lost so far, but as IWE and the others forged ahead, Tom and I sprinted along the A487 until at last we caught sight of Tim Allen in the distance.

Once we were together on the Lôn Eifion (a cycle path built on the old railway line covering the last 22 miles of our route), we realised that we ought to be able to maintain sufficient speed to enable us to catch the train, and so it proved. With Snowdonia to our right and the Menai Strait to our left, we pounded along, hindered only by the many gates designed to stop motorcyclists getting onto the path. IWE and Mark Colman (accidentally) and Chris Woo and Ben Oldham (deliberately) took a brief excursion into a building site. We overtook a steam train running alongside us on the Welsh Highland Railway and circumnavigated Caernarfon Castle before swooping through the streets of Bangor to arrive with over half an hour to spare at the station.

This route is the toughest of all the Sustrans routes, as the C2C veterans agreed. 200 miles in four days is a very respectable distance. There is a lot of climbing, both of the long and steady variety and the short, sharp stuff. In the Northern half of the route there are many lengthy off-road alternatives to the route we took. There is scope here for a re-run of this trip for hard-core mountain bikers, with reduced daily mileages, perhaps. All those who took part in this trip can be proud of completing the route! Land's End to John O'Groats looks to be on the cards for 2002, so pump up those tyres and hit the road!

KDP

War Re-enactment at Warwick Castle

Q: "So, how was your weekend, Richard?" asks one of the girls on the train.

A: "Fine thanks, I only died four times."

Apart from an undeniably quirky line of conversation, reconstructing medieval warfare holds other charms for your average K.E.S. madman. It's an excuse, for example, to dress up fancily; to say "gadzooks" while munching mouthfuls of pork pie; to show off in front of thousands of people; but not least, to shoot our bows and arrows. It was with this in mind that the elite band of King Edward's archers- James Frew, Richard Hanke, Martin Bradley, and myself, led by Mr Davies- set off to the "Battle of the Bowmen" at Warwick Castle as part of the Dudley Archers, The Guild of St. Edmond. Over the course of the weekend we took particular delight in shooting in front of large audiences

and demonstrating our ability to give dying screams with gusto. Mr Davies represented us in the "popinjay" competition, shooting at a wand of wood from thirty yards. True to form, he missed with most of his arrows before saying, "Oh, now I see!" and striking the target, bringing glory to the school.

The rest of us enjoyed posing all weekend for foreign girls' photos, which were taken with an eagerness wholly surprising to so unphotogenic a band. Martin Bradley, it seemed, was especially popular amongst the Americans. Richard Hanke shot with customary proficiency, while James Frew wielded his sword and buckler with frightening skill. My only claim to fame was wearing some particularly embarrassing hose.

The weekend was a great success, loved by all (even in sweltering heat, which none of us enjoyed by lying in the sun, not even for a minute) and serving to establish us among the Midlands archers as a force to be remembered!

Richard Bennett



Escaped KES boys are found at Warwick Castle with their teacher

We would like to thank the following boys for submitting articles to this section:

- Matthew Gammie on Removes Study Week
- Simon Borg-Bartolo on the Darmstadt Work Experience
- Peter Mitchell on "Jugendtreffen 2000" Course in Germany.

Sadly, the articles were not submitted in time to be included in full.



music

McNaughton Masterclass 2000

Another year, another world famous musician. This time, it was the turn of Peter Donohoe, pianist extraordinaire, to critically appreciate and attempt to improve the playing of five budding KES and KEHS musicians. An afternoon masterclass was followed by an evening concert, in which even the excellent efforts of the King Edward's pianists paled into insignificance beside Mr Donohoe's fantastic display.

As expected, Adele Williams and Sheena Patel both featured in the masterclass, but unusually, they performed as soloists rather than in their customary duet. Adele began the whole nerve-racking business with Schumann's *Auscbung*, and this piece, being well received by the audience and Peter Donohoe alike, set the high standard for the day's performances.

Following this was Samir Faroqui with the first movement of Beethoven's *Sonata in E major*, which he performed solidly. After some astute advice concerning hand position from Mr Donohoe, Samir was followed by the mercurial Freddy Thomas. He rendered Chopin's *Berceuse* excellently, expressing well its calming qualities, and soothing the ears of the audience present in the full Concert Hall.

After the interval, it was the turn of Michael Quirke, tender in years but a mature musician and surely an excellent prospect for the future, to impress Mr Donohoe. He performed another Chopin work, the *Waltz in A minor* with a musical understanding beyond his years. The final piece of the afternoon was played by Sheena Patel, an execution of *Six Dances in Bulgarian Rhythm* by Bela Bartok. This was the most contemporary piece of the afternoon, which Sheena performed superbly. After Peter Donohoe had given some expert advice on the performance of such a relatively unconventional piece, the highly successful masterclass drew to a close.

The evening concert, however, was the real highlight of the day and surpassed all expectations. The format of the concert allowed the students who had appeared in the masterclass in the afternoon to



*Mr Bridle rallies the troops in Monday lunchtime
Symphony Orchestra Rehearsal*

play their respective pieces in the first half, after which Mr Donohoe would entertain the audience in the second half. The performances in the first half were impressive, and played to an even higher standard than those of the masterclass. The performance after the interval, by Peter Donohoe, was truly breathtaking, with contrasting examples from his huge repertoire, including Ravel and Liszt.

Gratitude must be expressed to Liz and John McNaughton, who have provided support for these excellent events since the first masterclass in 1995. Long may this fantastic tradition continue.

Samir Faroqui

The Summer Concert

Some things have not changed in KES and KEHS school music over the past twenty years, and the Summer Concert is one of them. The Summer Concert began when Peter Bridle and I arrived at school in 1977. That is not to say that there were not concerts before that. There were, and very good ones at that I am sure. But the idea of a concert which was literally a platform for cramming on as much of our two schools' musical talent as was humanly possible was born at that time. The concerts began in Big School, moved on to the Methodist Central Hall for a few years, and came to the Symphony Hall via Birmingham Town Hall and the Adrian Boult Hall.

In terms of numbers of performers, this summer's concert ranked with the best. Similarly, of course, with the standard of performance. The concert followed the traditional course with the Concert Band and Wind Band providing the bulk of the first half and the Symphony Orchestra and Concert Orchestra the second.

Martin Monks steered his bands through a complicated programme including the evergreen *English Folk Song Suite* by Vaughan Williams played by the Concert Band, and the *Jamaican Rumba*, expertly performed by the juniors in the Wind Band. The Senior and Junior Swing Bands played with the usual aplomb, the former directed by Simon Meredith, who has done more than any other musician over the past few years to help and encourage others.



'Giving it some swing!' - Swing Band rehearsal



The Brass Band upstaged everyone with their fancy waistcoats. The choral items were more varied than I can ever remember them. Martin Monks directed a beautifully-sung performance of Monteverdi's *Beatus Vir* and, in complete contrast, the KEHS choirs, encouraged as ever by Nigel Argust, sang folk melodies and showed their vocal and verbal dexterity in the popular *Rhythm of Life*. A welcome innovation this year was the Barbershop Choir, heavily disguised by bowler hats and moustaches, giving slick performances of some of the favourites of the genre.

In the second half of the concert the Symphony Orchestra, conducted as ever by Peter Bridle, took centre stage, beginning with a fine performance of *Die Fledermans* overture by Johann Strauss. The concert concluded with more Strauss; his *Champagne Polka*, in which multiple corks popped all over the orchestra and a certain ageing trombonist was presented with a glass by his favourite KEHS girl! Finally, as has become the custom, Concert Orchestra joined the Symphony Orchestra for a very grand finale. The chosen music this year was the overture to *Orpheus in the Underworld*. This featured the skills of soloists in the orchestra who are leaving us: Kwesi Edman (cello), Amy Matthews (oboe), Simon Meredith (clarinet) and Faye Parker, the leader of the orchestra this year.

The famous *Gan-Gan* brought the concert to a suitably festive finish; the only sadness for the aforementioned trombonist being that there were no dancing girls!

GRS

KES Christmas Carol Service

As a departure from the tradition set in previous years, the Carol Service was held in Birmingham Cathedral instead of St George's Church, Edgbaston. The service was also divided into two 'halves', with the usual service in the first and Ralph Vaughan-Williams' *Christmas Fantasia* in the second.

The day started with a rehearsal at 9:30 am. There were two problems with this; firstly it was very early, and secondly the weather was extremely cold. Nevertheless, both the choir and the string ensemble (which accompanied the Vaughan-Williams wonderfully) recorded full attendance.

The evening concert started with the traditional *Once in Royal David's City*, with not only the commonplace treble solo first verse (sung exquisitely by alto Alex Barnfield), but with a semi-chorus verse three. The other choir carol featured David Squires (treble) and Greg Nixon

(tenor). There were various scripture readings depicting the Christmas story, and popular congregational carols.

Yet the choir's greatest addition to the evening's festivities was still to come. They excelled themselves and surpassed all expectations with a most commendable performance of the *Christmas Fantasia*. The piece is written for baritone solo (sung superbly by the reliable Matthew Smith) with choir and string accompaniment.

Congratulations must go to all involved with the service, and especially to all the soloists. Yet none of the evening would have been possible without the continued leadership and encouragement of Messrs Monks and Bridle, who donate so much of their valuable time to the cause.

Gareth Price



Butter wouldn't melt - Cherubic faces in Junior Choir rehearsal many moons ago.



The Christmas Concert

The editors of Chronicle deeply regret the loss of Kwesi Edman's review of this year's Christmas Concert, which was e-mailed to us but disappeared into a cybernetic black hole. We hope that these photographs may act as a memento of what was, for all performers and audience alike, a splendid and memorable evening.



Lunchtime recitals 1999-2000



A relieved look: Tom Prew and Gemma Murray after yet another successful Lunchtime Recital

If someone involved in the musical creativity of the school were to reminisce over last year's musical highlights, the usual events would be at the forefront of their minds. The seasonal concerts, Cleobury Mortimer and Peter Donohoe's piano masterclass would be mentioned in high esteem, and rightly so, as they are meant to be the highlights of the year's music. Yet every month, the Concert Hall stages a concert of equal quality and virtuosity, but with one difference – it is free! Each recital usually comprises five pieces played by two performers, expertly accompanied by Peter Bridle on the piano.

All were hopeful of a wonderful year of recitals; new designs for the advertisement posters and recital program were warmly greeted, as a format that was in danger of becoming a tradition was despatched in favour of a new, modern style of production.

The year's recitals started in early October, with two in quick succession. The first was a lively string extravaganza from Greg Nixon (viola) and Gemma Murray (double bass). Secondly, there was Philip Canner (flute and piccolo) performing in his last recital, and Michael Gardner ('cello), in what will hopefully be the first of many, and showing that Kwesi Edman may not be missed as much as previously thought!

Mid-December hosted the third recital of the year, featuring two performers who will be remembered with much affection for their extraordinary contributions to school music. Sheena Patel (piano) once again left the audience wondering how she manages to play such fast yet intricate music without the benefit of a third hand. Simon Meredith (saxophone) bettered even his usual brilliant standard,

playing awe inspiring jazz improvisations, whilst amusing himself at the atrociously difficult piano accompaniments, which Mr Bridle played enviably well.

After the Millennium celebrations, Faye Parker (violin) and Matthew Smith (baritone) filled the concert hall with a combination of elegant, flowing melodies. For the first time in my time at King Edward's, the following recital was devoted to chamber music, a form of music emphasised last year, and rightly so, as it had been somewhat sadly ignored previously. To mark this resurgence of interest, a Lunchtime Recital of refined, baroque chamber music entertained the audience as much as any of the preceding, or succeeding recitals did.

The stunning duo of Samir Faroqui (harp) and Adele Williams (piano) performed penultimately. Both played fantastically well, despite some uncharacteristically poor page turning during Adele's performance by 'yours truly' (that'll teach her to photocopy music!).

A crowded Concert Hall sat in anticipation of the last, and probably best, recital of the year, featuring Freddy Thomas (piano) and Kwesi Edman (cello). No-one was disappointed. All who saw this performance were left speechless by the flamboyance of Thomas, juxtaposed with the meticulous technique and accuracy of Edman. Both played to a high standard which it was, without doubt, a privilege to witness.

Next year will see a whole crop of new talent, and, I hope, another season of a quite unique, informal and free musical experience.

Gareth Price

The "Other" Concert

On Friday 21st January 2000, the King Edward's Musical Society invaded the new CBSO Centre on Berkley Street to present a concert which, quite unusually, did not feature Peter Bridle's famous Symphony Orchestra. In fact, this concert had a calmer mood, with the experimental Chamber Choir and Chamber Orchestra taking to the stage. The influence of Nigel Argust was evident as the KEHS Junior and Senior Choirs also performed.

The concert was opened with a stunning performance of Schubert's *Fantasia in F minor*, performed by pianists Adele Williams and Sheena Patel. Some people struggle to get two hands to work together, some people two hands and two feet: but when four hands controlled by two brains are put together, the result must be due to hours of tedious practice and trust, for each player to know exactly what the other person is going to do. Furthermore, they also closed the first half with a vibrant performance of York Bowen's *Prelude for Piano Duet*.

The Chamber Choir, performing either side of the interval, was one of two mixed ensembles, and consisted of the elite of the Choral Society. Despite there being more girls than boys, what the boys lacked in numbers, they tried to make up in volume. They performed two sacred pieces, *Ave Verum* by William Byrd and *Locus Iste* by Anton Bruckner, in the first half, and two recent pieces, *As Torrents in Summer* by Edward Elgar and *Little David* arranged by Malcolm Sargent, in the second half. Little more need be said except that this choir was disbanded after only one performance.

The KEHS Junior choir continued the initial theme with Schumann's *Lied Schneeglöckchen*, and then changed the mood with a traditional Irish song, *The Lark in the Clear Air*, arranged by Phyllis Tate. Later in the concert, the Senior Choir performed two traditional folk-songs which were originally arranged for the well-known Cantamus Girls' Choir from Mansfield, a choir which has appeared in the Sainsbury's Choir of the Year competition. Becky Cadigan and Alex Dicker performed solos in these pieces.

To end the concert, Faye Parker and Amy Matthews were accompanied by the Chamber Orchestra as they performed three movements from JS Bach's *Concerto for Oboe and Violin*. In Bach's later life, he is believed

to have written most of his concertos for harpsichords and orchestra, but despite this piece surviving as the *Concerto in C minor for Two Harpsichords*, it is believed to have been originally written for oboe and violin.

It would be fair to say that this concert was female-biased, but nevertheless it was good. It shows up the difference in attitudes towards music between boys and girls, and hopefully in the future, more boys will want to participate in concerts like this. Hop on the KEHS bandwagon, it's going farther than the KES one!

Matthew Reeve





societies

Agora

Agora, a society run by a highly trained, no-nonsense team dedicated to striving, night and day, to providing the most stimulating, interesting and philosophy-packed discussions known to KES pupils, met twice last year to everyone's great excitement and, dare we say, amusement. The two topics for discussion were: in the Christmas term, political philosophy, introduced by a guest speaker from the University of Birmingham; and Buddhist philosophy, introduced by Joshua Goodman's uncle. The former aroused much pyrotechnic debate about the nature of the citizen's duty to the state and the latter had all of us utilising crow bars in a desperate bid to get our heads around the concepts being expounded by the speaker.

Both were attended by an elite few hand-picked from the simple crowds in order to prevent the masses infiltrating and bringing down the high-brow tone of the discussion. This very Platonic view point, held by Agora Supremos Josh Goodman and James Rose, to whom all thanks are due, will apparently be replaced by a grass roots, populist, demotic policy under next year's management. Only time will tell. Thanks must also go to Mrs Ostrowicz, whose long-standing efforts not only provided us with cake and coffee every session, but also lent a much needed focus to the discussion work.

Oliver Scanlan

A.R.E.S.

Apologies to the avid readers of our annual contribution to this most prestigious magazine, but extensive and unfortunate power wrangles in the upper echelons of the society caused a temporary yet fatal miscommunication of the role of external affairs liaison officer. Thus last year's report was never filed. Now that our infamous oboe

playing leader has departed, we feel free to dispel the malicious rumours that we are in fact the Association of Russian Ex-Spies. Our extensive radio communications with Moscow are merely of a recreational nature. Honest!

Our elite core of members have also contacted amateurs in such exotic places as Kent and Scunthorpe as well as more mundane locations such as the USA and Borneo.

We would also like to use this column to remind readers that we are, allegedly, the most powerful society in the school. Our claim is not unsubstantiated – if we so desire, we can jeopardise any exam in Big School through remote transmission of answers through the speakers, climb all over the roof of the aforementioned building (for instance, to replace 20-foot-high long range aerials), or use our re-assembled microwave transmitter to scare both members of the Senior Management Committee and Shells alike.

STOP PRESS: recent departures now present a limited number of vacancies. See DCR for further details.

Name of reporter withheld

Best of British Comedy (BOBC) Society

To say that this year has been an eventful one would be an overstatement. Our Friday Afternoon option, although one of the smallest, has now developed a solid core of members who honestly care about their chosen activity and who are too lazy to do anything else (following the plot lines of those 'graphic novels' can be too much for some, come Friday afternoon). However, the cost of running the option has been great and as a result we have had to terminate the fortnightly lunchtime meetings, although tremendous rumblings from the bottom of the Society have led to a general agreement to resurrect them in the coming year.

Led by the fearless Mr Ostrowicz, aided by myself and, in particular, supported by Scott Handcock and David Andrews, the year's activities have been enjoyed by all, even though the same Rowan Atkinson sketch was shown three times on the insistence of Mr O. Special apologies have to be made for the following: the showing of *Yellow Submarine*; Scott's weekly bid to show *Gimme, Gimme, Gimme*; and the state of comedy on television today. Having said that, the final problem is on the way to being remedied, following the surprise results of the BBC Talent Scheme. David Ault (who we have sadly now lost to Cambridge University) and I are two of twenty finalists in the Sitcom category. "A very well done to you." And now, after this flagrant exercise in egotism, I leave you for another year.

"Whatever you do, don't mention the war"

Jamie Frew

Christian Union

The KES/KEHS CU met on Friday lunchtimes in the Chapel this year, for discussion, debate and talks on various aspects and issues of the Bible. The general ethos of the CU - a light-hearted look at Christianity - was summed up in the first term by a Richard Wilkes talk, memorable both for its somewhat unconventional use of chopsticks and the help it gave in applying Jesus's teaching on 'grace' to everyday life. The highlight of the year, though, must surely have been the series of assemblies and talks by Martin Riddall and his 'Discovery' team, on Jesus's life, death and resurrection. Messrs Ash and Ostrowicz also provided excellent talks in the Summer Term.

The new faces in CU in the summer term promised an equally good year to come. Helen Anderson and Chris Howles were brilliant in organising and leading meetings throughout the year and we wish them every success in their Gap years in Africa, and beyond. Vital to the CU have been

Rev. Raynor, who let us (mis-) use the Chapel, and the parents' prayer meetings, which provide much-needed support.

Special thanks go to Mr McIlwaine, who has provided years of support and was instrumental in the organisation of the 'Discovery' team visit. We wish him a long and happy retirement.

Tom Mart

Debating Society

As usual, this year's JDS offered a heady mixture of the profound, the less-than-profound and the plainly ridiculous. Under the inconsistent leadership of Helen Brown, Joshua Goodman, James Rose and Kara Walton, the society saw a frisson of debating in the Autumn term. Arguments were explored on the issues of recreational drugs and underage pregnancies, clearly illustrating the heightened social conscience of the committee (responsible for creating motions for debate). Sixth Form attendance depended, as ever, on the pulling power of the four speakers and the floor's contribution was, as ever, steadfastly minimal.

The Christmas Balloon Debate fitted defiantly into the 'plainly ridiculous' bracket. Alexi Duggins provided rare moments of genuine wit as the manipulative warmonger Margaret Thatcher, but the other participants, representing such key historical figures as John Lennon, Adolf Hitler and Walt Disney, were often too bizarre to be appreciated.

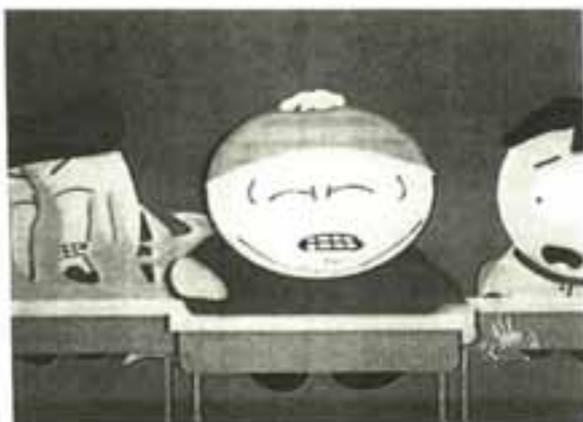
In particular, George Simms' cross-dressing portrayal of Emmeline Pankhurst was stomach-turning to witness, an experience which disturbed even the most hardened of JDS veterans.

Indeed, as we moved into Y2K with the memory of Pankhurst still vivid, the Society became superfluous even to itself. The Upper Sixth found out about "A Levels" and became concerned, whilst the hard core of the Lower Sixth began to strive for the greater glory of 'The Shakespeare Society'. Nonetheless, the JDS's early activities had provided a valuable source of low-brow lunchtime entertainment (with the exception, of course, of the high quality floor speeches of the indefatigable Mr Stacey). Its very existence owed much to the commitment and patience of Dr Hosty. Our thanks go to all members of staff who voluntarily involved themselves with the JDS, and to those few Sixth Formers (those happy few) who

voluntarily offered an opinion from the floor.

James Rose

EXPLOSION? WHAT EXPLOSION?!



KES/KEHS JOINT SCIENTIFIC
SOCIETY PRESENT...

"*Sea et Lumiere*" by Dr J.A. Salthouse

BIG SCHOOL
THURSDAY 30th MARCH 2000
13:00 HRS

Warning: The excessively flatulent need not attend

Junior Drama Club

The group of boys who assembled as the new-look Junior Drama Club was small but elite. Upon Mrs Herbert's suggestion, we began work on a short comedy called *Ernie's Incredible Illusions* since its zany style and compact nature would allow us to perform the whole play in a single lunchtime. Roles were shared as evenly as possible among the cast (the club is about developing potential, not trying to pick out stars), with the title role being shared between Mark Griffiths and Michael Quirke, in the first and second Acts respectively. Each made the part his own, with Mark's 'I'm just your average day-to-day school boy with supernatural powers' manner and Michael's sheer energy and technical proficiency making both boys smash hits.

The first obstacle to be overcome was the ever-elusive 'convincing northern accent'. Fastest and most proficient at this was Jack Jeffries, whose performance of the completely gormless Dad was difficult to fault. His cries of "I don't rightly nooo" and "up-mill" in an accent that would have fooled a Yorkshireman, soon established him as guru in that particular field. Yet Jack was not the only one to excel in funny voices. Bilal Hassam struggled at first with the difficult German pronunciation, but his enthusiasm and skill ensured that in the end he achieved a convincing and truly comical performance.

Other comical roles were performed admirably by Tom Johnson, who played the mother as well as a boxer, and Matthew Hosty, another boxer. Their stage fight was a joy to watch, as screams filled the Studio convincing enough to call in Mr Phillips, detention cards at the ready. After Tom, the next contender to face the victorious Matthew in the guise of the mighty 'Kid Saracen', was an old woman. Not really, of course, but Ollie Adam's handbag-swinging performance of the ol' crone was just as amusing as the real article might have been. The mock violence was so energetic that all would probably have descended into anarchy were it not for the presence of Robert Condie to maintain some semblance of order as referee. Rob's cheeky ref was akin to the one he had played in the Junior Classical Play and proved as popular with the audience. Equally popular was the acting of Richard Marshal, who filled the play, final moments especially, with zest. Richard Marshal (brother of stage crew

king, now departed, Chris) performed the role of Ernie's disbelieving doctor with excellence.

Thanks to the dedicated and ever-jolly boys involved, the term was most successful. Well done, guys!

Richard Benwell

Senior Dramatic Society

Senior Dramatic Society was, this year, a triumph of sheer bloody minded determination over the trials and tribulations of a very packed

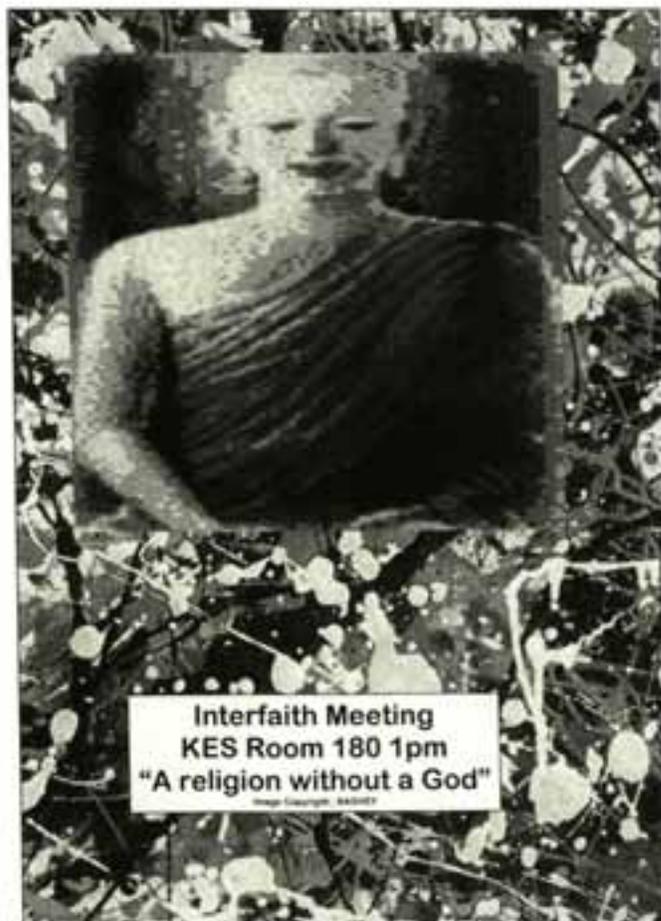
two terms. While all started out well, with an excellent number of attendants, things started to decline, with other extra-curricular activities taking precedence and snatching many of these budding performers away. Seasoned actor and Society leader Will Grant, much vexed by the fluctuating attendance, put it very well when he imparted his sincere wish that "all these 'social' dramatists would just b*gger off." Thus the Christmas performances of extracts from the plays of Noel Coward were not what they could have been. Several were not performed at all and the overall feeling was one of disappointment and dejection. However, the Easter Term would reach a very different conclusion.

Emerging from the first meeting of the Easter Term with a well worked-out plan of performing different extracts, all around the central theme of tragedy, we set to work making as good an effort as possible. Despite the fact that many of us were also involved in the

Senior Production, the results were excellent.

Neil Austin's *Othello* was a great success, with all of us shocked by how easily a man that we all thought we knew became a wife strangling maniac. Will Grant was the very height of sartorial elegance as a diseased artist in Ibsen's grim play *Ghosts*. Sadly we must look to the new year without any of this race of bronze men. There are no giants left to the Dramatic Society. We will have to wait to see who will present themselves as potential successors. Thanks must go to the efforts of these senior boys as well as to Mrs Herbert who, in what was not the most work-free year of her life, was still able to provide an excellent degree of support and advice.

Oliver Scanlan



Interfaith Meeting
KES Room 180 1pm
"A religion without a God"

Economics Society

This year the Economics Society was one of the most intellectually high-powered societies at KES, with Mr Mason and Amarik Ubhi in charge. This meant we had a wealth of academic visitors who came on Thursday afternoons and talked to us about topics such as the use of OCR theory in the analysis of whether Britain should join the Euro. Amarik also gave a talk to Fifth Form pupils on the benefits of doing A-level Economics. To conclude, the Economics Society had another strong but quiet year, giving Sixth Formers the chance to improve their Economics. By the way, no one understood what OCR actually meant (apart from the Birmingham University Professor who gave the talk), but you must admit, the initials do sound impressive.

Abu Hussain

French Cinematic Society

Pending a School Club AGM, the French Cinematic Society (FCS) will soon become the newest affiliated arm of the King Edward's extra-curricular conglomerate. Created and run by Richard "Gus" Rees and "Doctor" David Little, and under the supervision of Mr Ash, FCS shows a French film over two weeks, followed by an informal discussion. The society has been well supported by Divisions French students of both schools, showing films such as *Delicatessen* and *La Femme Nikita*. However, the jewel in the FCS crown was the Founders' Belated Birthday Party Special, where the French-inspired *The Amateur* was supplemented by copious amounts of red and orange jelly.

The French language is renowned for its elegance and FCS prides itself on being the most photogenic society in the school; apart from the collective brawn of the hardcore fanatics, the likes of Dyer, Feetam and Tador-Jones have all attended and enjoyed over the course of the year. Now Richard and I reluctantly leave our pet project at the mercy of the new Divisions. *Bonne chance*, take good care of our *enfant*, and not one iota of stickiness on the desks, please.

David Little

Geographical Society

Another hugely successful year for the Society had many highlights as lectures at school were supplemented with others given at the

University for the Birmingham Geographical Association. The high point here came when Stuart Lane, an Old Edwardian and the youngest Professor of Geography in the UK, returned to Birmingham to talk on *The Causes And Impacts Of Flooding In The West Midlands*, which was especially engaging owing to its local relevance. There were good turnouts for all the talks, but the largest audience of the year (approximately fifty) attended to witness the return of Jeremy Everest, who talked to us about the research he has undertaken in Iceland, concerned with global warming. All the talks were enthralling but my personal favourite was the excellent Dr Linda MacDowell from Cambridge University, whose talk on *The New Geography Of Work* tackled the issue of globalisation, offering us insights into a relatively new and

exciting field of Geography.

As is traditional at Christmas, the Society gathered for the Magic Lantern Show, where festive refreshments were enjoyed. While we enjoyed selected slides from many of the staff, nothing could top the unveiling of the Geography Department Christmas lights, a great way to round off the first term. Possibly our best year so far sees the Society set up for further expansion in the new millennium.

Thomas Furber

SHE'S TWICE AS BAD!



The Graphic Universe is showing "The Wish" an absolute classic Season Three (not yet seen on BB2!) episode of Buffy the Vampire Slayer this Thursday (10th Feb). So come - it's a devil of an episode ...

GRAPHIC UNIVERSE

Every other Thursday - 1pm - room 160

Graphic Universe

This year we celebrated the tenth anniversary of the creation of the Universe, when the Bearded One first parted the dull waters of KES Society mediocrity. Our solemn duty, as the bearers of the Sci-Fi / Comics / Gratuitous Flesh Society, was to have a party. Due to our skill at hermeneutics, we have called 1999-2000 the year of Bs; the Bs in question being Birthday, Buffy, Barry, Bond, Best and Bother.

In some ways, Graphic Universe has become the *Buffy* Society this year, watching Season Four before our terrestrial friends thanks to the diligence of Messrs Milton and Huxley. We dabbled in *Angel*, and it's dark, dark stuff. We read the comics, which weren't great but had nice photo covers. James Benwell actually *became* a vampire. And Parjit went home and thought very hard about it all.

Who have we got four autographs off? Only Barry Kitson!

The World is Not Enough, to my mind at least, was not enough, but Mr M Bond aficionado and tuxedo-clad suaver, developed an unhealthy fascination with Elektra King, eventually leading to an abundance of photographs in Room 160 and the inevitable intervention of the Vice Squad.

This small setback did not detract from the Society's greatest achievement to date: being voted *Best Comic Society* at this year's international Eagle Awards. Thanks to all those who voted. You may have been the one that pushed us above the Shanghai Riddling Society or the West Ruislip Ale Group.

Tom Huxley's badger-like snout spotted Alyson Hannigan leaving a Marks & Sparks and invited her out with the group. We were, unsurprisingly, happy that she came for a pizza and chips with us (she had Hawaiian with extra sweetcorn) and now e-mails both Mr Milton and my good self. This *bothers* us.

Jos Lavery

Interfaith Society

Interfaith Society, in a manner most suited to its name, rose Messiah-like from the tomb of inactivity this past year. It started with a debate on religion being "the opium of the masses," which was not in the finest traditions of King Edward's debating as the motion was defined in such a way as to leave the Opposition with an impossible mission. What the Interfaith Society did manage, however, was a spirit of good humour which saw name-calling, mockery and downright cheek captivate its crowd of forty.

When the Committee's suggestions looked like turning us into the Interfaith Debating Society, we returned to our task of illustrating the ways of other religions to our own community by inviting Mr Vijay Gupta to speak on Buddhism. The discussion that followed was enjoyed by all and generally revealed the faith to be one which accepted the questions rather than trying to find the answers.

I hope my leadership may have inspired the Lower Sixths, to whom my thanks go now. I wish Jamie, Helen, Shaitali and Rajiv the best of luck in continuing with the progress we have made this year.

Richard Wilkes

Senior Historical Society

For the crowning glory of the School's august History department, a department replete with honey monsters, bluff Oxford rugger-

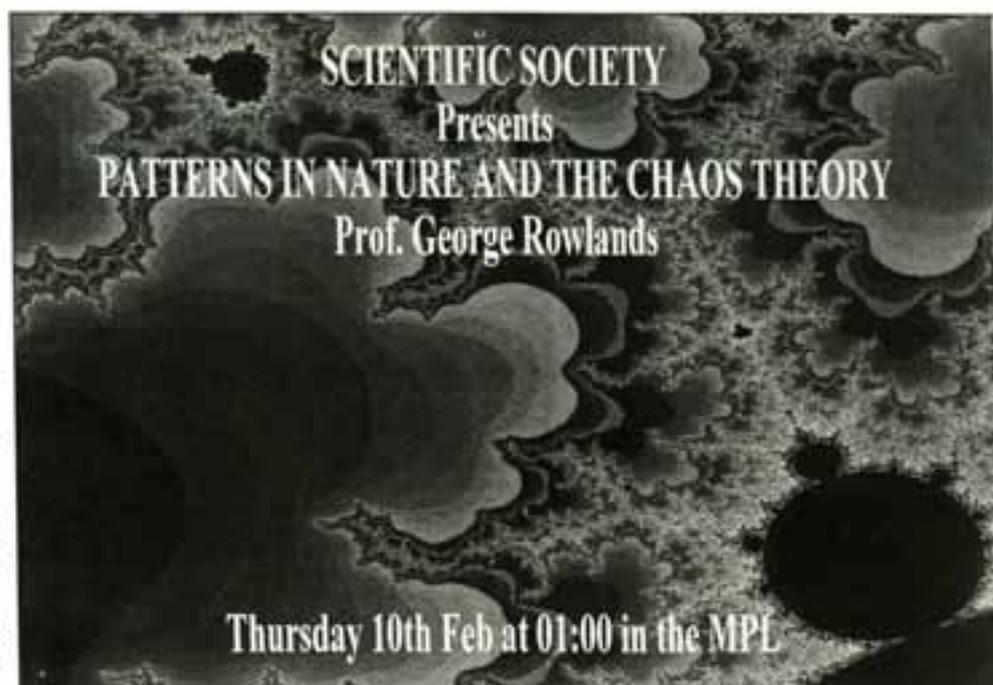
buggers (who knew Bill Clinton, you know) and the ever-adorable Mrs Southworth, 1999-2000 was perhaps a slow year. There were only two meetings. During the first we watched a video about Charles Manson, which was very interesting, if a little under-attended. The charm of the meeting was in James Frew's relentless enthusiasm for the

Historical Channel. The Society proudly states that we knew the channel before it was popular.

The second meeting was far better advertised, far better attended and, to be quite honest, far better. Mr Milton gave a talk entitled "What Was The Twentieth Century?" to open a discussion. The sardonic pedants who wanted the assurance that the millennium wasn't over were to be disappointed. The answer, according to Mr Milton's tightly-woven argument, was Communism: the great events of the century being characterised either by communistic movements (Russia) or reactions against communism (Germany). When the debate was opened to the throng, they seized the issue, turning it into the ever-popular question as to whether the world is genuinely getting better, or, in fact, getting worse. The boy Lavery's argument was that we are learning to create structures to contain the worst excesses of humanity, such as the UN, while Richie Benwell retorted that such structures were simply a way of legitimising cultural colonisation. It all went well and we had cake.

Now the Society is in the hands of the far-more-efficient-than-me David Little and Joel Clark. I'm sure it'll all go swimmingly and I wish him the best of British.

Jos Lavery



Meteorological Society

It has been a good year for the Society. We are not the most highly publicised of societies, but this year has seen us in our ascendancy. Our annual Weather Forecasting Competition for the Rems saw Team X from Rem D take the hallowed trophy, an impressive picture of lightning, back to Room 57. The budding meteorologists concerned were S. Visnam, P. Gholibaikí, A. Sajan, F. Mughal and O. Cooper. We also had the good fortune of a guest speaker, Mr J. Kings from the University Meteorological Office.

And the Society's future? Bright and sunny. However, Mr Kimpton, who has given the Society welcome leadership, is to be replaced by Mr Jonathan Smith, who is also enthusiastic about the weather. I wish the Society great success in future under its new committee.

David Ault

Scientific Society

1999/2000 was another successful year for the Joint KES / KEHS Scientific Society, under the management of Mr Porter, aided by the captains Amresh Singh, Raihan Akhtar and Rahul Sahal. We were treated to a host of stimulating lectures by visiting speakers, ranging from 'Chaos and Fractals' to 'Son et Lumiere', a memorable exhibition of how chemistry can turn a promising scientist into a pyromaniac.

Special congratulations go to John Hingley, who gave a talk on his investigations into aerofoils, with a superb wind tunnel demonstration.

Let's hope the 2000/2001 team, captained by Padman Vamadevan and I, under the supervision of Dr Daniel, can provide an equally entertaining and varied year.

Gurpreet Chaula

Shakespeare Society

This year is the centenary of the Shakespeare Society, making it probably the oldest society in the school. The Society meets on the occasional Wednesday afternoon after school in the Cartland Room, to read a Shakespeare play, drink coffee, and eat sandwiches and chocolate cake in a pleasant, relaxed atmosphere. The society this year has been run by Jos Lavery and I, with the assistance of Dr Hossy and Miss Warne, without whom the society could not function.

We began the year, as they did 100 years ago, by reading *Julius Caesar*, which was followed by *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *King Lear*, and *Pericles*. Notable readings included Sophie Wardell's portrayal of Cassius, David Little's Valentine, Oliver Scanlan's superb *Lear* and Tom Prew's interpretation of *Pericles*. Unfortunately I cannot name all worthy of praise as we have many excellent regular readers. Needless to say, the year has been a resounding success with a strong attendance.

To mark the centenary, a Senior Big School Assembly was organised with teachers reading their favourite passages from Shakespeare, all of whom deserve great thanks for their support. Hopefully the success of the Society will continue for another 100 years!

Jamie Plotnek

houses

EVANS EVANS EVANS

As the school term was coming towards its finale all eyes were fixed on Evans House. Was it going to be another triumphant year for Mr. Tinley and his little green army? Or would the infernal Heath House embezzle the crown yet again?

Although it was the latter, all was not lost – a decorous bronze medal will grace the Evans cabinet. So far and yet so close! Again it was the dreaded Summer Term which stripped us of our consistent 1st place at Christmas and Easter. Why aren't there just two terms in the year?

Evans was flourishing in the Christmas term, with another consecutive win in Junior and Senior badminton thanks to Ravi Panesar. We also did well in Table Tennis and Fives, but again were let down in Rugby. Our seniors had spirit, but the audacity of Paul Tutt was not enough to steer us to victory.

Playing Basketball without Dan Jackson was like reading with your eyes closed. Even the efforts of Dominic Mahoney did not suffice, and we came last.

Well done to the Juniors and Minors for doing so well in Cricket. Seniors, well, I applaud you all at least for turning up. Tennis and Standards were much more successful, with notable performances from Harry Hecht, Rob Arnett, and the fastest man with two legs – Michael Farer. Dan Drew deserves a mention for actually handing in his Standards card – third time lucky perhaps.

Thanks must go to the ardent Mr Tinley and his merry crew. Also I wish the best of luck to M. Davies who goes on to bigger and better things. Evans may have lost, but we are by no means defeated.

N. Jain



GIFFORD GIFFORD GIFFORD

Success, triumph, victory (well nearly)! This year has seen a dramatic rise in Gifford's fortunes from a terrible 7th place last year to an exultant 2nd place, a result of many factors, not least a much tightened organization. Preparations for the new term began in the secret underground House bunker that no one knows about, where Mr Stone summoned the closest of his lieutenants to discuss the cause of the previous year's failure.

Vice House Captain Chris Howles leaned back in his chair and, in his finest East European drawl, announced that Gifford's foe was nosferatu, the dark hunter of the night, the blood drinking beast that preys at will on the human herd – that, or general complacency.

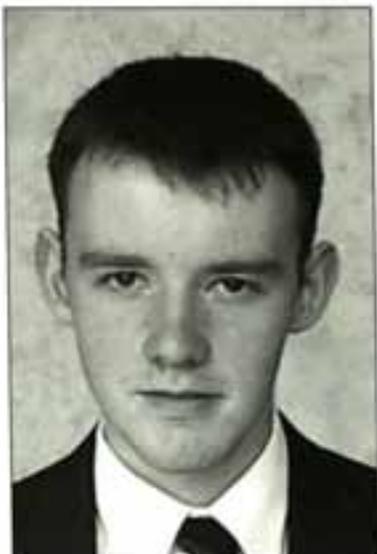
Deciding that general complacency was the more likely, Mr. Stone dispatched his orders and the Gifford Cock House winning machine went into high gear.

With newly appointed year group captains, a revamped team system and enough grim determination to sink a battleship, things looked good. That is, until the Christmas term. After early, albeit traditional, losses in Chess and Challenge, morale began to crack. The amazing combination of Jon Roberts and James Skidmore, comedy duo extraordinaire, was called in to resolve matters. Their entertaining introductions to a variety of excellent House meetings and their Christmas balloon debate were a great success and raised everyone's spirits no end.

Sun Tzu, the fifth century Chinese military philosopher, advised "when strong, feign weakness; when about to move, feign inactivity". Evidently, the highest echelons of Gifford High Command had taken this dictum to heart, because the Easter term was a crash of thunder that sent fear into the enemies of Gifford... probably. Coming second in Rugby, winning basketball, and doing well in a huge variety of events from badminton to House Music, the Easter term left us with a perfect base from which to launch our final bid for Cock House supremacy.

Gifford cont

The Summer Term yielded mixed success but, overall, we did well. Alas, it was not enough to prevent Heath's stealthy acquisition of the Cock House trophy via the Standards back door. This came as a double shock, as this was the same back door that we thought we had our foot safely wedged inside. However dependency was not the predominant mood in that last House Meeting. Mr Stone had said at the beginning of the year that "I want to see us leap from Second Division to Premier League." This we achieved, in no uncertain terms, and we owe him a huge debt of thanks for his efforts. He will be sorely missed.



Thanks must go to the excellent House Tutors, especially Mr. Iye, whose efforts were one of the main reasons for our victory in House Gym. The Sixth Form needs to be thanked for their superb organization, as must all those who took any hand in the functioning of Gifford's teams. It was a rare thing for us to be caught out by insufficient team members. Finally, thanks must go to everyone who participated, which, I am glad to say, includes most people. Ours is not a House of a few stars carrying the rest, but rather a House of general and extensive participation.

I would like to finish the article by wishing Mr. Stone well in his new job. If he brings to it half the energy he put into the House, he should be really successful.

O. Scanlan

Mr. Milton's glorious seven year reign as Heath House Master has finally come to an end, and what better way to round off his final year in charge than by winning the Cock House trophy for the 2nd consecutive year? The capture of the Cock House trophy has rounded off a truly amazing year for the house, which saw us placed 5th at the start of the Summer Term. As far as House competitions are concerned I will focus on the events of the Summer Term without which we could not have repeated last year's feat. Results worthy of mention before the commencement of the final term were the overall victories achieved in Cross Country and Rugby (which saw the senior team, under the inspiration of Matt Benjamin, trounce Gifford 8 tries to 1!). Heath had a spectacular summer term, whereby we have been able to reduce 20+ points difference between themselves and the then leaders, Evans, to a 9 points win over the nearest House, Gifford. The main reason for this emphatic comeback was wonderful results in several, major, heavily weighted competitions.

As well as winning the overall Standards competition, Heath also managed to win the "sport" event - Athletics. Special mention must be given to the Shell and Fifth years who easily won their respective age groups with outstanding performances. Heath also excelled in the pool. Without the excellent performances that were given here, Heath probably wouldn't have retained their crown. In Swimming, in all areas (including year groups) Heath finished 4th or above. Tennis provided us with one of Heath's worst performances of the year, finishing last, but the Cricket competition saw us return to winning ways, securing a commanding victory over nearest rivals Evans.

Of only four real events in the Summer Term, Heath shone in all but one. Heath recorded full points in Athletics and had convincing victories in both Swimming and Cricket. From these three events alone, Heath managed to record over 120 points. This total seems even more extraordinary when we compare it to the 130 points total that Heath had when coming into the Summer Term.

We cannot thank Mr Milton enough for his enthusiasm and sheer effort in driving the House, or for his commitment to it. The impact he has had on the House over the past seven years becomes apparent in the announcement that *two* people have been chosen to fill his shoes, namely Mr Stead and Miss Tudor. It is quite right to say that because *he* cared so much, we *all* cared.

J. Moss



HEATH HEATH HEATH



CH HOUSE CHESS

The last House Chess extravaganza of the millennium could have been expected to stir up more than the usual controversy, and this is exactly what happened.

The early rounds were notable for a number of the top Houses fielding teams several players short. Jeune brought along two players too many, and, with a truly miserable attitude, refused to share! Otherwise, the teams progressed through to the finals according to the seedings. The one potential exception to this was the Round 3 match between Prince Lee and Evans. While Evans technically won the match on the much debated "board count" after drawing three-all, Prince Lee vigorously pointed out their superior record throughout the competition. Eventually, the powers that be upheld Evans' point of view and Prince Lee players slunk off to plan their revenge.

The final results probably did reflect the abilities of the teams, with Jeune pipping Evans for first place, and Prince Lee beating Levett for third. The rest? They simply played for the joy of it, never mind the placings, and that's how things should be.

Thanks should be given to W-SL and RHCS for their tireless efforts in organization, and all that remains is to look forward to next year, and potential rule changes!

JcS

RUC HOUSE RUGBY

House Senior Rugby

The first Senior House Rugby competition of the millennium produced no real surprises as every team finished in their seeded position, except for Levett and Jeune, who were seeded 5th and 6th respectively but finished the other way round. The final, played on a warm spring afternoon, saw the top two seeds, Heath and Gifford, battle it out for the top position. Not surprisingly, Heath, blessed with the likes of Benjamin and Haig, ran out comfortable winners, scoring 8 tries to Gifford's rather dubious 1. I am reliably informed that a gallant battle for the lowly positions of 7th and 8th took place between Cary Gilson and Prince Lee, which saw Alex Nock (that most famous of place kickers) push a last minute, potentially match-winning penalty kick inches wide of the posts, therefore relinquishing any moment of glory that Cary Gilson might have savoured at having finished above their seeded position.

I. Moss

HOCKEY HOUSE HOCKEY 2000

(The Heath perspective)

After Heath House's immensely successful assault on the House Rugby competition, the House's performance in the slightly lower profile House Hockey competition was something of a let down. From the first minute of the first match played, it seemed obvious that this competition was going to be extremely hard fought, with several Houses in the running to win it. However, the overall standard of hockey was poor, and the competition was not helped by the decision to bar any decent sportsmen (i.e. the rugby players!) from competing for their Houses. There were few highlights or comic moments in the competition, apart from the ineptitude of a certain Lee Busbell of

Gifford, who served as a splendid example of why exactly Rugby players had been banned from playing at all! Nevertheless, the decision to increase the points weighting of the House Hockey competition made sure that competition for every place was intense, and at the end, it was the mighty Cary Gilson who triumphed. For the men of Heath House, last place was deeply disappointing, especially for me since I played so appallingly. But we walked back to the changing rooms and instead of hanging our heads in shame we held them high, hoping, (although perhaps unrealistically) that come the summer, it would be us with our greasy fingers on that oh so treasured Cock House trophy.

Padman Vamadevan

HOUSE EVENT OF THE NEW MILLENNIUM

There's no argument about it. Debating is one potential House event that has every reason to be a reality, not an idea. It is an activity where individuals can be as fiercely competitive as is humanly possible; but it has its own unique criteria. It really involves making an *impression*: one that combines confidence, charisma and originality.

Debating is today one of the school's major sources of pride in the extracurricular sphere. We have had notable success in the Midlands Schools, Cambridge Union and Oxford Union events. This year KES triumphed in the European Youth Parliament regional competition – just edging out KEHS. The exciting consequence was that we would compete at the UK National Finals in York, early next academic year.

It does not take a virtuoso in imagination to see that talented people would have a new chance to compete, and into the bargain help spice up the House Competition. Rugby, Cricket and Athletics – those indisputable giants of sport – will no doubt continue to be crucial in deciding who wield that legendary trophy. But it is high time that the non-sporting minority had its own chance to make people sit up and take notice.



M Hudecek

JEUNE JEUNE JEUNE JEUNE JEUNE JEUNE JEUNE

"The times they are a-changin' "
(Bob Dylan)

And the last blood-red petal of a dying English rose falls; meandering its way down through the peaks and troughs of the stagnant heat's eddying currents, before gently touching down on the arid, cracked and barren earth.

But wait. Can't you feel the prickling just beneath your skin? Can't you taste the electricity in the air? The static is lying heavily above us, and...hush...is that not the thunderous cough of the tempest I hear, calling in the inevitable? And isn't he speaking with a Welsh accent?... You bet your shiniest pair of sheep-shearers he is, Boyos!

For there's a storm a-brewin' in the red corner and the elixir that descends from these clouds, Honey, is gonna revitalise that wilting rose better than a hog'shead of Baby Bio.

I'm talking about the Rains of Change, Sugar.

Nine long years Jeune has stood, rooted in the desert, without a drop of water. Nine long and painful years Jeune has been in exile from the heady heights of the Cock House. And it is from these years that Jeune will emerge as a graceful, scarlet-winged butterfly. 1999/2000 has proved the dormant stage in Jeune's life cycle, throwing up an ambivalence of results.

In the grating tradition of our beloved House, the year began promisingly as Michaelmas came bearing gifts of success in academia (that's the first left after Acapulco, for you Heath lads). James "not the metaphorical one" Rose, Ruari Kerr and an unexplained phenomenon describable only as Unkie Walds attained second place for Jeune in House Challenge, with the present House Captain's expletives clearly audible in the Chief Master's office after losing on the very last question. Jeune's bulging brain was then wheeled on to take victories in both Chess and Bridge. Unfortunately, before the rapturous cries of jubilation had faded, Jeune was showing the

strain of facing the gruellingly physical challenge of Table Tennis. We came sixth. From this lowly stance and with hockey coming up, Jeune's only comfort was that the only way was up. We came seventh.

The time of a new world? A time for nations and races to put down their weapons and peel their fingers from their triggers? The new millennium crashed against the shores bringing a sense of equality among men. And riding the crest of this new wave came Jeune's assault on House Music. Y'know, it's good to see that even in this age of enlightenment, victory can still be obtained by Black-and-White-Minstrel-esque humour in the guise of the Aryan Joe Tipper. Sooting hissself up good'n'propper, our valiant leader proved his musicianship affable, and his racial-chameleon skills dumbfounding. First place was snatched out of the salivating mouths of Gifford.

Hilary was the brutal Yang of Michaelmas' intellectual Yin. The blood-soaked, crimson earth of the House Rugby field provided the arena for the second most violent foray into the sporting world as Jeune's Neolithic team came grunting and scratching onto the pitch, dragging their collective knuckles behind them. Captained by Russ Benson, who, alongside a duplicity of Waldses, made up the heaviest and biggest brow'd back row...ever!...weighing in at precisely Large, we fought on warrior-like to fifth. The surprising backdrop of the hitherto pacifistic Basketball court proved host for the first most violent foray into the sporting world. Due to a disturbingly small gene pool, when attention turned to drawing-up the Basketball team list, the only thing that could be done was to send out the same team as for Rugby. Surely we couldn't but win? But Jeune's tactile approach was not appreciated in this "non-contact" sport. The confrontational seventh-eighth place playoff versus Cary Gilson was abandoned due to on-court fighting and Jeune took victorious seventh on the basis of who hit whom first. The Spring term continued with predictably varied results, which were, in alphabetical



order: fifth in Squash, eighth in Badminton, and fourth in Cross-country.

Whitsun gazed up into the stratosphere to be struck by the image of a fiery red object timidly burning up in the irrelevant, astral distance. In its wake other Houses scurried along, gathering up the best of the crop of positions in the Summer term's events to bear them through to Cock House. Unfortunately, Jeune's sluggish attempts culminated in the scrapings of the proverbial barrel. And so we came to take eighth place in Athletics and sixth in Athletics Standards, eighth in Swimming and seventh in Swimming Standards, and sixth in Water Polo. An enterprising fifth in Tennis was achieved thanks to the novel approach of senior B pairing Pony and Dan, who managed to barter for scores instead of actually playing a single game. As the year drew to an end, and the final scores were tallied, Jeune boys revelled as they heard the Cock House positions. We attained the official position of "not last". This dirtied and icy diminuendo, signalling the outgoing of an ethereal body, was but the remnants of the past glories of our leaving leader as we bid him a fond farewell. Our undying affections go out to Mr Evans, who will always be revered as the personification of the Jeune spirit. His departure has left Jeune in an eternal shadow. Can Mr James light up the darkened soul of Jeune with his helmet-lamp lit brightly?

On the positive side however, 1999/2000 was the year where a huge upsurge took place in the numbers of House colours awarded to Jeune boys.

Maximum respect goes out to the prodigious Rob Hollyhead who can only feel

alienated in the company of his fellow men in red. His unwilting effort and fantastical natural ability in seemingly every sporting event have been the purveyor of more than half of Jeune's total Cock House score.

We take a look back on the past year with a mixture of emotions, and forward to the year to come, brimming with hope.

Huzzah!

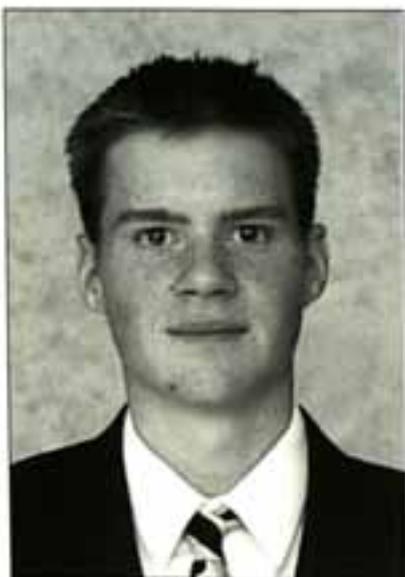
D. Watkins

LEVETT LEVETT LEVETT LEVETT LEVETT LEVETT

Whatever people tell you about Levett, and its apparent lack of ability, one thing that can be said is, we are consistent. Consistently brilliant in some sports and consistently bad at others. This has in the past led to Levett ending up in mid-table mediocrity, with an occasional shock entry further up the table. This year proved not to be a shock year, and we came an all-too-traditional fifth place.

The year was not utterly mundane. Indeed, the winter term cruelly led us Levettians into a false sense of security. We found ourselves in the giddy heights of 2nd position after several inspired victories - coming second both in Hockey and Gymnastics, and fourth both in House Challenge and Chess. We were off to a flier, and after Mr Roll's exhortation to "More of the same", Levett strode into the Spring Term.

However, fate (or alternatively bad results) was about to pull the house back down to Earth. The Spring Term very nearly did pull us right to the ground, with a final placing of 7th, one sixth of a point above 8th! Levett simply could not keep its momentum from the previous term, leading to the terrible insult of 8th in Rugby. Even some superb results in both Badminton and Squash, where we finished second, could not make up for the deficit in Rugby (8th), Fives (6th),



and House Music (7th). Even the Senior Basketball dream team could not salvage House Basketball, leaving Levett in fifth position. However for fear of being overly deprecating of my own House, I will say that after sterling words of encouragement (otherwise known as veiled threats) from our valiant leaders Mr Roll and Barry Bahar, most Levett members marched into the Summer Term with high hopes.

I am sure every Housemaster has his own plan as to how to win, and his own lecture to accompany the plan. Every member of

Levett will verify that Mr Roll's emphasis is on Standards Cards and actually doing, well, anything on them. Despite Mr Roll imploring and encouraging more effort, success has been somewhat scarce in the past. However, at last the message reached at least the lower years, who were instrumental in gaining a first ever 1st in House Swimming Standards, and fourth in House Athletics Standards. This is far from bad for a House that does not use the threat of detentions to encourage handing in cards...

Thanks to this and some reasonable performances in House Tennis (4th), Cricket (4th), and Athletics (4th), Levett finished a creditable 4th in the Summer Term. Too many successes had been cancelled out by poor results elsewhere, and chances of a high placing had vanished during the Spring Term.

If we Levettians have learnt anything over the years it is perseverance (and lots of it). There has been much done this year to encourage us all, and with the undeterred leadership of Mr Roll accompanied by brilliant new sixth form guidance (!), who knows what will happen next year?

P. Meller

VARDY VARDY VARDY VARDY VARDY VARDY VARDY

Forever the princess, never quite the Queen. Would this last competition of the millennium finally be Vardy's year? Well, as the great Oscar Wilde once said, "no". What had caused the SS Great Vardy to do a Titanic? Will this great House ever again bag the Cock House Trophy, that only truly belongs with the dark blue colours hanging from its elegant handles? Is it only the Vardy faithful who can see that the putrid yellow of Heath,

the over-rated purple of Gifford and the frankly bland white of Levett just look silly?

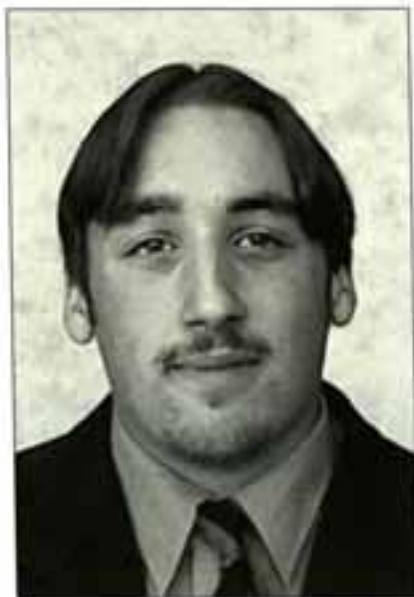
The Michealmas Term, always Vardy's best stronghold, was yet again filled with stories of magnificent Vardy triumphs. House Challenge was barely a competition: Vardy=1st. There are rumours afoot that House Fives will be abolished, there's just no point in the other Houses turning up: Vardy=1st. There were some other

competitions, but the results of them are not important. What matters was that Vardy were placed highly going into the Spring Term.

The Term saw the dark blue rocket fly a further place up the rankings. Every single competition saw various levels of Vardy success. Obviously, the Blue Army had decided to make the millennium their own, for all the reports of the term's activities were packed with stories of great bravery in the

face of great adversity. We were well placed for the Summer Term's advent and we were confident of success.

Our hopes did not materialize. Athletics, Tennis and Swimming all produced huge numbers of success stories. James Bucknall won too many events to list, in both House Swimming and Athletics. The House Water Polo team had offers of a Speedo contract, and were trying to organise a friendly against a Rest of the World team, but nobody was willing to take them on. The term was ruined by a ridiculous activity known as Standards. When will the School realise that Standards is nothing but a reward for people who have nothing better to do on Thursday lunchtime? While many of Vardy's members were spending time more efficiently on tasks such as homework, eating, and fraternising with the Girls' School, losers from the other Houses were spending hours attempting various events for Standards points. I think



it is time that Vardy be no longer punished for having members who enjoy more productive past times. I'm not going to

bother talking about the farce known as "House Cricket". Anyway, we ended up in the astonishing position of fourth.

I must admit that I and the other senior House members still look back at the occasion with confusion. There seemed to be no rational explanation of Vardy's failure to reach the top. However, looking back at the situation, all can be explained. One of the Vardy ranks was not fully committed to the Blue Cause. In fact, the traitor made himself known by openly admitting his allegiances to the Red "Juggernaut" that is Jeune. Could it be that the reason for all of Vardy's failures in recent years can be blamed on the actions of the shoulders of "the Welsh Janus"? I feel I must warn said Welshman that any dubious successes by Jeune in Rugby, Basketball, or Athletics will be met by the introduction of Vardy House lynching.

D. Wood

HOUSE MUSIC IN THE NEW MILLENNIUM

Times are changing. Some years ago it was often said that the sole criterion of secondary education was academic. Today this conception is seen as almost Stone Age. In today's student society extracurricular activities are important. This is especially true of KES, an institution which mounts an extensive extracurricular timetable alongside its academic regime. Participation in such activities is eased by the 'House' system, which allows people of almost any ability to take place in a competitive event. However, House competitions do not only involve sports. For those of us who are not blessed with a certain 'sporting prowess,' the House system provides the 'House Music' option. This is an option which always produces an extremely large audience, phenomenally more than any sport, and is enjoyed by both performers and onlookers. Nevertheless, there are still restrictions placed upon the participants in the 'House Music' competition stating that they are not permitted to use any electronic instruments whatsoever.

Pardon the expression, but we have just entered the new millennium. Musical tastes are astoundingly diverse in the present day and can no longer be expressed exclusively by traditional musical instruments. It is absurd to assume that students can adequately express themselves without even the most basic of electronic instruments. The music charts are exploding with bands that rely entirely on electronic amplifiers and



guitars, at one end of the spectrum, and artists and disc jockeys who perform almost entirely synthesised music through their 'deck skills' at the other. How can the student population of KES be expected to perform at their best level without the electronic instruments which they so admire? The students' views were made unequivocally clear at the last 'House Music' competition, where a number of the previous 6th form took part in an active protest demonstration in which they performed songs using electronic instruments.

Obliterating these restrictions on the 'House Music' competition will open it to more diverse types of music. It will allow the performance of all forms of music, even ethnic styles, from 'Rock 'n Roll' to 'Reggae' and from 'Breakbeat' to 'Bhangra'. Change is not an exception but a rule of life. Anyone who doesn't accept change will remain living in the past. Move with the times. Turn up da bass.

DJB aka Jai Bir Singh Arbi

PRINCE LEE LEE

Last year, despite some excellent individual efforts in many of the House competitions, we finished a slightly disappointing 6th in the Cock House table. Among the star performers were Joe Speight and James Hartill in Athletics, and David Conway and Ben Lister in Swimming.

In team games, our highlight was joint 1st in Basketball, with a 2nd place in Fives, Tennis and, to prove Prince Lee has its cultural moments, 2nd in House Music. However, disappointing results in Hockey, Cricket, and Rugby, as well as an apparent apathy towards the gaining of crucial Athletics Standards points, pulled us down from our Christmas high.

However, thanks to the efforts of last year's House Captain, Amarik Ubhi, we did move up the Cock House table slightly.

This year, with Miss Allheusen replacing "the defector," Mr McMullan, and a firm size 12 boot (mine) to remove apathy, a top 3 place is within our sights.

On behalf of the House I would like to thank last year's sixth form for their dedication and effort in helping to run the House. Special thanks must go to Ben Speight for his work with the Shells and Rems, turning out two very enthusiastic year groups.

R. Whittingham

**CARY GILSON LEE**

Last year, the main aim of Cary Gilson was to construct a base on which future years could build until we were up there with the big boys again. Ending up in 8th place is therefore rather a disappointment, one compounded by the loss of our inspirational leader and sportsman, Jon Pitt.

At least the House Captain's efforts gave us one thing we could cheer about: that and our victory in Senior Hockey. Pitt won the individual Swimming trophy and was impressive in Athletics competitions. It was not enough to lift the fortunes of the House as a whole. Our only other causes for celebration came in the shape of victories in Minor Table Tennis (Captain Daniel Loyo Mayo) and Inter Squash (Captain William Taylor). We should have wrapped up the Senior Basketball, but in the event did not.

Strong individual performances came from Jon Robinson (winner of the infamous Cary Gilson Cup), who won the 400 metres, hurdles, and high jump in Minor Athletics, and Richard Fawcett, the winner of House Cross Country. We would again like to thank Mr Boardman, Miss Bubb, Mrs Southworth, Mr Law, and Mr Russell for their efforts and inspiration as we end another desperate year. Overall, I believe that it is safe to say that there is outstanding potential in the lower years of the House but that it badly needs to be exploited. Cary Gilson always looks to the future: under the leadership of Hill and Fawcett (Captain and Vice) we hope for better times ahead.

R Fawcett



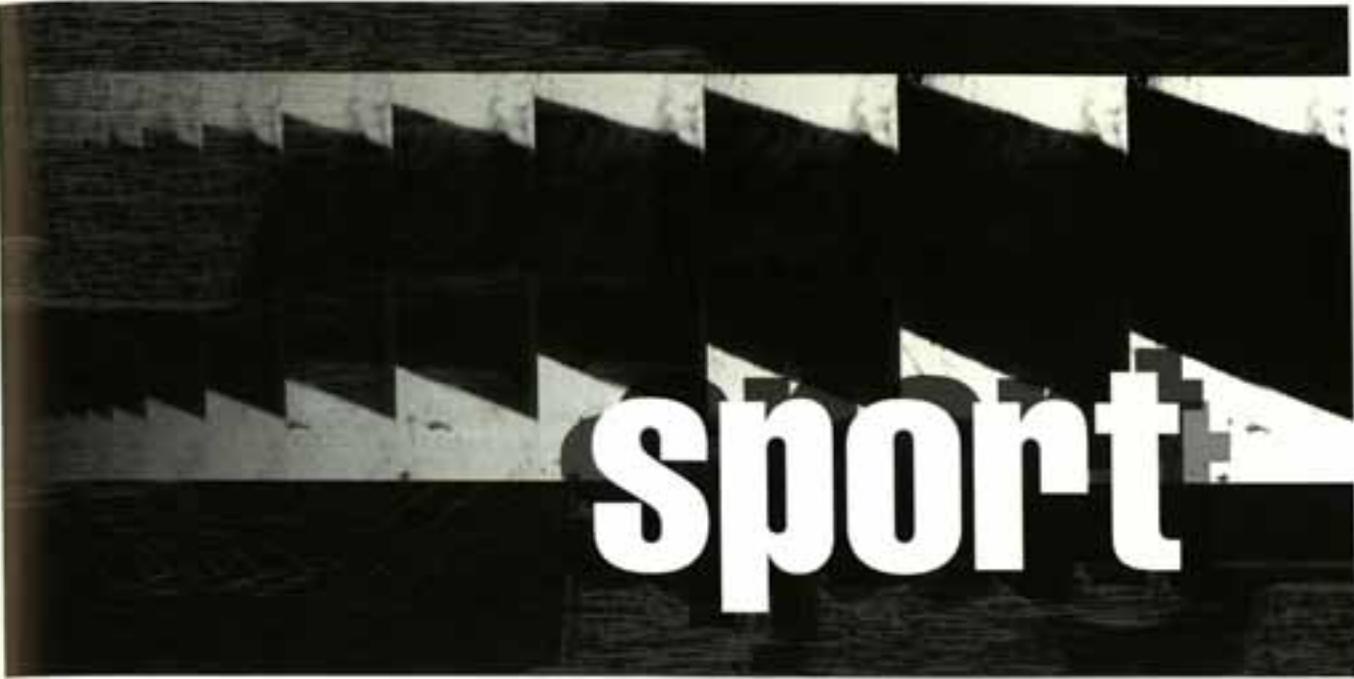
ATHLETICS ATHLE**ATHLETICS** ETICS ATHLETICS



This year has been the most successful Athletics season in KES history: our teams won every single match in which they competed, at all age levels.

Here are the victorious team captains, loaded with trophies :

(from left to right) Manish George (U14 Capt);
 Adrian Tipper (U17 Capt);
 Chris Hedges (U16 Capt);
 Peter Pears (Senior Capt);
 Edward Sandison (U15 Capt).



sport

ATHLETICS

The sport of Athletics does not possess a great wealth of humorous sayings or clichés with which to describe the 2000 season. Unfortunately, describing it as "bish - bosh large" or using some cricketering nonsense term does not have quite the ring to it that it might of a rugby or cricket season. To put it plainly, this year's School Athletics Team has been more successful than any previous team in the school's history. Of 16 fixtures played, 16 were won, many by a resounding margin. Both the Junior and Senior Foundation Cups, The Holden Trophy (vs RGS Worcester and Warwick) and all three Loughborough Invitation Match trophies were emphatically clinched. In addition all separate age groups (Senior, Inter and Junior) recorded simultaneous victories in two of our strongest fixtures; against RGS Worcester, Loughborough and Repton, and against Trent College, Uppingham, Bromsgrove, Repton and Oakham.

Such a successful season is a tribute to the depth and quality of talent among the runners, jumpers and the throwers of the school. Notable performances from the Senior team came from the likes of Dave "The Eagle" Earl in the high jump and James "The Beefcake" Bucknall in the sprints. Lee Bushell dominated the throws, as did Pitt and Davies in the longer events, while Jonny Cockerton and Richard Fawcett were as successful as ever and can also look forward to another season of competition next year. Perhaps the most interesting addition to the squad was Bayo Biobaku who, seemingly without effort, broke the school triple jump record. Adrian Tipper was again very successful in the sprints for the Inters, as were Ben Robinson, Michael Fanner and James Hartill for the Fourths.

Arguably the strongest section of the whole squad is the Junior team, which competed against and defeated 38 teams through the season. The likes of Rob Hollyhead, Chris Bennett-Britton, Ed Sanderson and Harry Hecht all performed excellently and their achievements should be especially commended. In the lower years, the "little" Reeses, Robinsons and Benjamins of the team are developing into fine athletes, (perhaps better than their siblings?) along with athletes such as Weaver and Flaherty, who are also doing well.

Winning all of our fixtures is something that has never been done before at KES. We have certainly become the strongest Athletics school in the Midlands and perhaps a force to be reckoned with nationally. An indication of our athletic prowess throughout the country is that Great Barr school, a team we defeated by 82 points at Junior level, have themselves been able to reach the last 6 of the English Schools Championships.

The captaincy of Jon Pitt has been exemplary. His contribution in organising the "less energetic" Senior team must be noted. Similarly, the groundsmen and all the staff officials who helped ensure the smooth running of each Athletics event, home and away, must be thanked, as must all the teachers involved in running and marshalling the events. Special thanks, of course, must go to Messrs Birch, James and Howe, without whose coaching, selection and organisation such a successful season would not be possible.

Peter Pears

BASKETBALL

U19

This was always going to be a rebuilding year, after losing 4 of last year's starting 5. However, despite a shaky first term, the millennium provided an unbeaten (almost) Spring Term. Overall, not including friendlies (of which we lost most), we played 15 games, winning 9. That meant we lost 6 games, 4 of which were to eventual

many younger players, who have informed me that they only came to witness Bayo's outstanding athleticism.

Despite all this, the highlight of the season was the (unofficial) King Edward's Basketball Awards 2K. Here Captain Warwick Chan picked up the award for best captain; Gene won the award for longest time period with untied shoelaces (a figure of 4 years was rumoured).

The team's "Favourite Game" was not basketball, but snake, while



U19

national champions Solihull Sixth Form College. In most respects, therefore, the season was a surprising success, with the team progressing to the finals of the West Midlands and the Birmingham Schools cups. There was also a rumour of our being Birmingham League champions, but there was confusion due to our having lost various games in the league before Christmas.

The most valuable player was surely Bayo Biobaku, who averaged over 17 points but couldn't pass further than 5 metres. Gene Aw and John Aboaja both provided excellent back-up scoring, each averaging over 10 points a game. The surprise was Warwick Chan, who rose from obscurity to average over 8 points and lead the team with integrity and skill throughout the season. Assad Kayani, Rob Brooke, Alex Francis and Matt Alcock made notable performances.

There were various other valued team members, but too many to mention. Thanks guys, you know who you are. Practices were always well attended both by senior players (Warwick and David), and by

the "Favourite Pastime" proved to be "making Mr. Birch angry by not trying in the first half of games". Andrew Gillespie won the award for "Best Comic Hero Impression" (the Incredible Hulk) and "Best Nickname" went to John "potassium" Aboaja (because he's volatile in water). However, the highest profile award, for "Best Beard", went to next year's captain David Wood.

The end of this season again sees a considerable loss of talent, with most of the team leaving. A rump of Sixth Form players (three), will hopefully be supported by a strong group of youngsters, who should help make next season very exciting. The team would like to thank Mr Birch for giving up valuable time to coach us and transport us to away games. Finally I would like to send a plea out to anyone reading this: please can we get some support? It is embarrassing to have our supporters fewer in number than the visiting team.

David Wood

BASKETBALL

U16

We arrived for our first training session of the season with a definite sense of optimism. We were under the guidance of the sage Mr Wilson, and the team spirit looked to be in good shape.

Our first match was away, at Tudor Grange. We won quite easily, with notable performances from Matthew Alcock, Bob Conwell and Ranjan Chopra. Our next match was at home to Trinity College: the first half was tight but by the end of the match we had won comfortably.

In the regional final of the Birmingham League we were up against our arch rivals, Baverstock, whom we had not previously beaten. The team believed that this was their best chance to beat them as we were at full strength. Unfortunately we lost in a close-fought game, and were not able to progress to the national stage of the competition.

Our next fixture was against Great Barr School, probably the strongest side in Birmingham, and one of the top teams in the country. This match was the semi-final of the West Midlands Cup and, although we put up a very strong fight in the first half, we tired towards the end and Great Barr cruised to victory.

Unfortunately this was to be our last game of a short season, but Matthew Alcock, Andrew Gillespie, Bob Conwell, Richard Morgan



The Birch Washing Line

and Ranjan Chopra all gained call-ups to the U19 side.

Finally, on behalf of the team, I would like to thank Mr Wilson for coaching us throughout the season, and also to thank Mr. Birch for his support during the year and for driving us to the away games.

Ranjan Chopra

U15

Our first match of the season was against Cockshut Hill School, in the Birmingham League. Our depleted team faced a strong opposition and, unsurprisingly, lost. This defeat, though, only inspired us to win

our next series of games, culminating in a defeat of Cockshut Hill in a return match to make it through to the Nationals.

We made it through the group stages of the Nationals to reach the last 16. There we came up against, and lost to, a very strong Blue Coat Liverpool side, the eventual National Champions. As well as qualifying for the Nationals, we also qualified for the West Midlands Cup and the Birmingham League Cup.

In the West Midlands Cup we faced K.E. Lichfield in the semi-finals and after a very close match we were knocked out. Unfortunately we also drew K.E. Lichfield in the semi-finals of the Birmingham League Cup and were again defeated.

Special commendations go to: Jamie Vatish for his excellent ball handling; Shalin Punn for his 3 point shooting; Robert Arnott, who improved commendably over the season; and Ben Robinson for his skill under the boards.

Special thanks must also go to Mr. Birch for a great season.

Simon Laight



U15

BASKETBALL

U14



The U 14 basketball season was eagerly anticipated. This was the team's first exposure to any serious tournament, and we did not know what to expect.

In the national tournament, we managed to make it to the regional finals, showing a lot of promise in the first few rounds. In the finals we met two tough opponents: K.E Lichfield and Baverstock. Both games we lost disappointingly and we dropped out of the Nationals. On the plus side, against Baverstock we showed great spirit by coming back from 30 points down, to lose by only 6 points.

The West Midlands tournament went a lot better. We played some

electrifying basketball throughout the first few rounds, as well as beating K.E Lichfield in the semi-finals. In the finals we once again faced Baverstock. This time they had improved a great deal, and deservedly beat us. We therefore ended up as runners-up. Considering this was our first season in any tournament, I would say it was a reasonable success and has prepared us for next year.

On behalf of the whole team I would like to thank Mr Mintoff for his excellent coaching, which without a doubt made us all better players, and also Mr Birch for arranging it all

Shalin Punn

U13

At the beginning of the year Trials were held for the U13 basketball team. 40 people attended, 23 getting places in the squad.

Our first match was against Alvechurch at home. Unfortunately we lost this game 29-35 due to lack of experience. The rest of the season went to plan, scoring good wins over Catshill, Camp Hill, St Thomas Aquinas and Turves Green. There was only one other defeat, in our second game against Camp Hill, where we lost 31-39.

There were good performances from Charlie Rees, James Metcalfe, Ross Chinn, Manish George and Jason Tan. After the last game of the season, Mr James awarded trophies for Most Valuable Player, Most Improved Player and Clubman of the Year. I would like to thank Mr James for coaching.

CRICKET

The XI

P: 23 W: 2 L: 8 D: 4 A: 9

In a season shortened by another typical British summer, the XI has had a disappointing time. This year was always going to be one of rebuilding, owing to the loss of seven regulars from last year's side. The side was young - only 2 players were in the upper 6th, and much of the side comprised players from the 5th year, with one 4th year and two Upper Middles amongst the regulars. However, that is no excuse, as players simply did not perform to their capabilities consistently enough, and this was the main reason why results did not go our way. There were numerous good performances throughout the season, and it is obvious that there is a lot in the side, but a lack of good team performance meant we lost or drew games against, at times, weaker opposition.

After two games abandoned due to weather, the real campaign started against Shrewsbury, one of the stronger sides that we play during the course of the season. King Edward's has a strong cricketing reputation to uphold following the successes of previous seasons, as shown by the fixture list that Mr Stead put together. The season didn't get off to the best start, with losses against Shrewsbury and Malvern, although both games could have been won, as at times we had the upper hand. The next few weeks resulted in a drawn game against a weak Bablake side, who had lost their star players of the previous year, and then some more games abandoned. After this we did show our true capabilities with a solid win over Warwick. This was one of the two games where we managed a win, the other being against Pocklington. The team will all feel frustrated at the fact that we only ended up with two wins, as in many games we got ourselves into winning positions only to throw away the chance of victory at crucial times. A lot of this has to do with inexperience, and with time, as the players mature, wins will indeed come more easily. The rest of the season was much the same -

losses to sides whom we could have beaten had we been at our best. In many games, we were playing against bigger and stronger opposition who could hit over the top when batting and were more physical in the field.

But the season was not a total waste! Many players did perform well at times and these positive are what we can build on for next year. Daniel Shilcock established himself as the number three batsman and scored a plethora of runs. Dan will probably feel that his bowling was not as good as it could have been for the school, although he did bowl some good spells, and as the season progressed, his bowling improved. Rudi Singh also had a good season with the bat, but like Patel, Caldwell, and many others, will be disappointed not to have scored more runs. Neil Brandrick - the team's genuine all-rounder - scored over 250 runs and also picked up some wickets when he was required to bowl instead of keep wicket. It has to be said that we were without the help of Garry Brandrick's bowling expertise throughout the season, but Garry did make up for it by hitting over 200 runs, and hopefully will be fully fit to bowl next year. As this summer's captain, he will, like all of us, be hoping for a drier summer in 2001 where the XI gains a lot more wins! In the bowling department, the left arm medium pace of Vikram Banerjee was the main success, taking over 15 wickets during the season. Arshi Thind has come a long way in the season but he was very unlucky in a lot of his spells where his efforts were often in vain. The younger players, Holmes,



1st XI

CRICKET

The XI *continued*

Chase and Tiwari, will have learnt a lot in the season, and they did all have their moments of glory.

So all that is left to say is thank you to: Roger Newman; Dave Collins; Mr Stead; Mavis our wonderful tea/lunch lady (and her team of assistants); Brian Goodhall our umpire; and all of the supporters

who came to cheer and boo us at both home and away games - especially Mr Tinley who did come to the O.E. Association game in the most outrageous T-shirt ever seen by man! We all hope for a better season next time round, and needless to say, the team will be working hard in the winter to try and do all they can to ensure this occurs.

Bharesh Patel

2nd XI

In keeping with KES Second XI tradition, a strong group of players was available for selection and the season promised great success. Following the customary two cancellations, the first match at Shrewsbury saw a narrow defeat, which put the dampers on hopes of an unbeaten season. But promise was there, with three wickets for Nimit Jain.

An exciting limited-overs match against Malvern followed, in which Chopra shone like a beacon in a low scoring affair with an unbeaten 57. A comfortable one-ball win ensued. A stroll in the Coventry park that is Bablake School playing fields saw season's bests from Yamadevan (79) who was comfortably the season's best batsman, and a handy 57* from Grigg. A bowling display of true pace also enabled a season's best from newcomer Omar Salar, of 5 for 16, to round off a 132 run victory.

Second team stalwart Matthew Smith bowled as accurately as ever against K.E. Stourbridge, picking up 3-13. This, along with the worst ball ever bowled to pick up a wicket, by Yamadevan, allowed the total

of 90 to be despatched with the loss of just two wickets. Following a cancellation at RGS, and an abandoned match against Solihull, another comfortable victory followed at Warwick.

The most convincing batting performance of the season came against Wolverhampton where, in sweltering heat, Panesar scored an unbeaten 71 and Gupta was also unbeaten on 56 in a colossal total of 195 for two. Disappointingly the Eastern Road pitch offers little to a bowling attack, and a draw resulted.

Against Kings, a technically proficient 36* from A. Tonks spearheaded the KES victory, following the tightest bowling display of the season from McGuire, of 5-15. Jain fought hard in a rain drenched match to reaffirm his position as our premier fast bowler, taking three wickets for 29 runs. Rain stopped play in the final match of the season, leaving us with a draw, a disappointing end to a season in which all, including Sharpe and Ghoris, contributed, if not with bat or ball then with zealous fielding and team spirit. I would like to thank all the team and umpires for a thoroughly enjoyable season's cricket.

James Grigg

U 14 A

The team played eight matches, with wins and losses evenly balanced at two each, and the statistics tell the truth - it was indeed an unexceptional season.

The bowling was always steady and occasionally penetrative, with several players (Hecht, Katal, Mann, Neale and Patterson - who had two four wicket hauls) chipping in with useful performances. The fielding was something of a problem early on, but with hard work at practices and the encouragement of coach Roger Newman, the team improved substantially, becoming much more positive and sharp, with Neale and Curtis consistently setting high standards.

Batting was where the team struggled most, and only Hecht showed consistent ability to dominate the bowling, though Curtis, Katal,

Keogh, Meanwell, Neale, Panesar and Vakil (who also kept wicket very solidly) all showed glimpses of class. Runs were rarely made quickly - partly due to a lack of practice in the early stages of the season (only two matches took place before June), partly because the top batsmen in the year group tended to play for older school teams, and partly because the weather early in the season was quite wet and this produced slow pitches on which it was difficult to score at a fast rate.

Finally, my thanks to captain Vikas Katal, who led the team shrewdly and considerately, and to my colleague Mr Jayne, who shared the umpiring duties and was unfailingly positive about the team's performances.

GAW

U13 A XI

In late January a group of keen young cricketers met in the school's indoor cricket school to start training for the season. As well as the usual fixtures, this group also had the incentive of the Calypso Cup competition in which their two predecessors had reached the national semi-final. Success in this competition was not to come their way but

it must be said that they went out in almost the most cruel of ways. Heavy rain on the Friday before half-term meant that there was no chance of playing a full game, or even a ten over slog. Rather than toss a coin, it was decided to have a bowl-out. King Edward's lost by 6-5, the margin being a ball which clipped the stumps without dislodging a ball.

The rest of the season was fairly successful. King Henry's and

CRICKET

Bablake were both beaten, Bablake with a slightly weaker team. Thomas Telford School, in the first round of the Calypso Cup, were beaten by eight wickets but they fought hard and the win was by no means a walk-over. The Wolverhampton match looked to be heading for a draw when Charlie Rees made a nonsense of such thoughts with 61 from 39 balls. Finally, Trent College were beaten in a match limited to 20 overs a side by poor weather.

The most disappointing result was against Warwick. They were determined to gain revenge for being beaten in the county final of the Calypso Cup last year; the KES team were suffering from an exhausting Outdoor Activities week. King's Worcester should have been beaten but we under-estimated their batting ability and did not allow ourselves enough time to bowl them out. The match against Solihull was interestingly poised when rain brought a conclusion to proceedings.

The team was well led by Daniel Loyo Mayo. He handled the bowlers well and set sensible fields. He was the leading run scorer and his occasional off-breaks produced some cheap wickets. Other runs came from Harjit Bhogal, Philip Satterthwaite, James Metcalfe, Adam Gatrad, Charlie Rees and Charlie Butler. Metcalfe particularly showed that he could be a good batsman if he can learn to curb his attacking instincts and select the balls to hit. Bhogal and Satterthwaite usually gave the innings a good start; their running of singles was particularly good.

Gatrad was usually steady in the middle order, Rees could be explosive and Butler often played a sensible innings in support.

The wickets were shared among a wide range of bowlers; often there were more bowlers in the side than were needed. Charlie Rees was the leading wicket-taker, bowling with great pace and accuracy. Philip Satterthwaite and James Metcalfe gave him good support; Satterthwaite was steady, Metcalfe quick but not always accurate enough. Other medium pace bowlers to take wickets were Alex Brooke, Vidu Shanmugarajah and Matthew Riddell, who all bowled usefully. The main spin came from Ed Clarke's leg breaks, which he gave a lot of air. Harjit Bhogal and Amit Sinha also chipped in with their finger spin. The bowlers were well supported in the field with some good catches being taken and many runs prevented with attacking fielding.

Overall, the success of the side came from their teamwork; no player dominated and many contributed at various stages in the season. They all practised hard, and deserved their successes and better luck with the weather. Finally, coach and team would like to thank Matthew Hosty for taking on the scoring duties. He had never done it before but proved a quick learner and quickly became part of the team.

T. Mason and Daniel Loyo Mayo

U12



After pre-season training in the Sports Hall with Mr Newman and Mr Goodall, we were keen to practise on a grass wicket, but we had to wait until after Easter to do this. Our first game, against King Henry VIII Coventry on May 6th, clashed with Shell D's camping trip, from which two players had to be fetched back. King Henry batted first and scored a reasonable 92: it looked as if our first game was going to be a defeat when our first few batsmen were out cheaply, but Vishal Banerjee, with the help of Robert Condie, saved the day. It was a good win and everyone went home happy.

After a heavy defeat at Eversfield, we won an away match at Solihull School largely on the strength of excellent bowling from Miles Benjamin, Jack Hambleton, Tom Burn and Tom Jackson: Solihull were all out for 66. We played Warwick School next, a tough game against a good side. They made 141 for seven declared off 38 overs. Tom Jackson showed

his fielding skills with some excellent stops on the leg-side boundary. In return, KES made 98 for six off 37 overs: the result was a draw, although we have Martin Jarvis to thank that it was not a defeat.

Just as England were losing the Test Match at Edgbaston, we went off to play Wolverhampton Grammar School. They batted first and were 93 for three when their last real batsman was out. Then they slumped to 113 all out. This was due to Wikum Jayatunga's excellent bowling, which included a hat-trick. However, despite good batting from Madu Jayatunga and Miles Benjamin, we could not equal their total but lost by 14 runs.

Games against King's Worcester, Trent College and Wheeler's Lane were badly hampered by rain: the latter two had to be abandoned. Play resumed properly in the third round of the Calypso Cup, in which we played against Baverstock, winning comfortably. We played Lordswood School in the quarter-final and won with four wickets to spare. Now we only had to beat Solihull to go through to the final. But they scored 93 from their 20 overs and we could only manage 80. After playing three games in a row, the team was exhausted: we failed to equal Solihull's batting performance, but we put up a good fight. Sameer Patel tried his best to score four sixes off the last over, but it was not to be and we ended up 14 runs short.

Overall, the team performed well. There has been great determination, which hasn't always paid off. Everyone has enjoyed playing, and they all know what they need to work on for next year. For most people, that is making at least 10 runs per game. Finally, I should like to thank Mr Iye for all his efforts, and our conscientious scorer, Richard Lau, for his exemplary attention to detail.

Tom Burn

CRICKET RESULTS

BATTING (Qualification - 100 runs)

	M	I	N.O.	H. Score	Runs	Average
D. J. E. Shilvock	19	18	3	72	420	28.00
A. Singh	18	17	0	92	433	25.47
R. D. Tiwari	11	8	3	32*	122	24.40
B. N. Patel	16	12	2	32*	225	22.50
S. P. G. Chase	11	8	3	33*	110	22.00
N. C. Brandrick	18	15	3	74	251	20.91
G. J. E. Brandrick	17	17	5	57*	242	20.16
V. Banerjee	18	14	3	21	109	9.90

Also Played

A. P. S. Thind	13	6	3	32	85	28.33
P. Vamadevan	4	3	1	16	24	12.00
A. P. S. Holmes	10	4	1	22*	34	11.33
R. P. Cauldwell	16	10	2	22	67	8.37
I. E. Moss	10	6	3	8*	25	8.33
G. S. Bhogal	18	9	0	15	41	4.55
R. Panesar	3	3	0	9	12	4.00
N. A. McGuire	3	1	0	0	0	0.00
O. T. Salar	3	1	0	0	0	0.00
A. S. Tonks	2	0	0	0	0	-

BOWLING (Qualification - 10 wickets)

	O	M	Runs	W	Best	Average
V. Banerjee	115	18	347	18	4 for 47	19.27
G. S. Bhogal	167	34	454	12	4 for 51	37.83
D. J. E. Shilvock	111.5	12	489	11	4 for 59	44.45

Also Bowled

R. P. Cauldwell	69	12	228	9	4 for 19	25.33
N. C. Brandrick	39	9	136	8	2 for 14	17.00
A. P. S. Holmes	57	7	201	7	2 for 28	28.71
A. P. S. Thind	72	17	196	6	3 for 17	32.66
O. T. Salar	16	1	70	3	2 for 37	23.33
B. N. Patel	30.1	5	97	3	2 for 22	32.33
R. D. Tiwari	55	8	212	3	2 for 25	70.66
N. A. McGuire	5.5	0	30	0	-	-
A. Singh	3	1	8	0	-	-
S. P. G. Chase	2	0	3	0	-	-

KES v DENSTONE COLLEGE

Saturday 29th April 2000

At Denstone

Cancelled - Rain

KES v RE VI ASTON SCHOOL

Wednesday 3rd May 2000

At Eastern Road

Cancelled - by Aston (Inset Day)

KES v SHREWSBURY SCHOOL

Saturday 6th May 2000

At Eastern Road

SHREWSBURY

Bhogal 181 for 6

4-51

KES 134 all out

Shilvock 33

G Brandrick 29

Lost by 45 runs

KES v MAIVERN COLLEGE

Wednesday 10th May 2000

At Eastern Road

MAIVERN

Thind 131 for 5

3-17

Patel 2-22

KES 117 for 7

Patel 32*

Lost by 14 runs

KES v BABLAKE SCHOOL

Saturday 13th May 2000

At Eastern Road

KES

176 all out

Singh 39

Shilvock 21

Tiwari 32

Thind 52

BABLAKE 119 for 4

3-18

Match Drawn

KES v BROMSGROVE SCHOOL

Wednesday 17th May 2000

At Bromsgrove

Cancelled - by Bromsgrove (CCF)

KES v SOLIHULL SCHOOL

Saturday 20th May 2000

At Solihull

SOLIHULL

Cauldwell 211 for 8

2-41

Shilvock 3-55

KES 77 for 2

Banerjee 21

Chase 33*

Match Abandoned - Rain

KES v ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL

WORCESTER

Saturday 27th May 2000

At Eastern Road

RGS

16 for 1

Match Abandoned - Rain

KES v WARWICK SCHOOL

Saturday 10th June 2000

At Warwick

(50 overs)

KES 192 for 3

Singh 92

Shilvock 72*

WARWICK 178 all out

2-37

Holmes 2-28

Banerjee 3-31

Won by 14 runs

KES v ETON COLLEGE

Saturday 17th June 2000

At Eton

KES

166 for 9

Shilvock 47

G Brandrick 34

ETON 167 for 1

Lost by 9 wickets

KES v WOODRHAMPTON

GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Wednesday 21st June 2000

At Wolverhampton

(40 overs)

KES 118 all out

26*

WGS 120 for 4

2-37

N Brandrick

Lost by 6 wickets

KES v KING'S SCHOOL,

WORCESTER

Saturday 24th June 2000

At Eastern Road

KES

101 all out

27

Patel 24

KING'S 102 for 5

2-21

N Brandrick

Lost by 5 wickets

KES v POCKLINGTON SCHOOL

Sunday 25th June 2000

At Pocklington

POCKLINGTON

114 all out

4-19

Cauldwell 2-14

N Brandrick 4-23

Banerjee 115 for 2

40*

N Brandrick 37*

Won by 8 wickets

KES v REPTON SCHOOL

Wednesday 28th June 2000

At Repton

(40 overs)

REPTON 221 for 2

112 for 7

KES

Patel 54

Tiwari 32*

Lost by 109 runs

KES v WESTMINSTER SCHOOL, ADELAIDE

Friday 30th June 2000

At Eastern Road

WESTMINSTER

220 for 9

4-59

Banerjee 3-42

KES 84 for 4

Shilvock 21

Match Drawn

KES v TRENT COLLEGE

Saturday 1st July 2000

At Eastern Road

(45 overs)

KES 112 for 7

22

Shilvock

Match Abandoned - Rain

KES v HEREFORD CATHEDRAL SCHOOL

Wednesday 5th July 2000

At Hereford

KES

112 for 7

Singh 22

Shilvock 41

Banerjee 24

Cauldwell 22

HEREFORD 105 for 6

4-47

Match Abandoned - Rain

KES v MCC

Thursday 6th July 2000

At Eastern Road

MCC

222 for 3

154 for 7

KES

Singh 37

Patel 25

Match Drawn

KES v OLD EDWARDIAN ASSOCIATION

Saturday 8th July 2000

At Eastern Road

(40 Overs)

OEA 205 for 8

R J Newman 58

C. Hutchins 31

A.E. Duncombe 25*

MJ Goodall 36

Tiwari 2-25

Salar 2-37

Bhogal 2-31

KES 197 for 7

Singh 34

Tiwari 21

G Brandrick 57*

S McCrory 2-53

D Payne 2-27

Lost by 32 runs

KES v THE KESTRELS

Sunday 9th July 2000

At Eastern Road

(35 overs)

KES 197 for 7

Singh 26

Shilvock 37

Patel 37

N Brandrick 23*

K Phillips 5-51

KESTRELS 88 for 0

25*

Match Abandoned - Rain

KES v BRADFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Monday 10th July 2000

At Eastern Road

Cancelled - Rain

KES v XI CLUB

Tuesday 11th July 2000

At Eastern Road

KES

227 for 6

Singh 65

Chase 25

Shilvock 25

N Brandrick 74

XI CLUB 110 for 6

2-13

Shilvock 2-21

Match Drawn

KES v OLD EDWARDIAN CRICKET CLUB

Wednesday 12th July 2000

At Eastern Road

HOCKEY

1st XI

A new season began under the leadership of Jon Roberts, perhaps one of the most unlucky players in recent times. In the previous season he had suffered a serious hand injury, and this season was to see him break his leg, so unfortunately a great deal of his captaincy was done from the side lines. Perhaps he decided to get out before the ship sank without trace, because a heavy defeat at the hands of the Old Boys did not inspire confidence in the side from the start. However, the annual Buttle tournaments allowed the side to bounce back, although unable to secure

a place in the Final, unfortunately losing to Camp Hill on penalty strokes in the Semi-Final.

The first full match of the season was against a determined Warwick side who, despite sustained pressure, ended up on the losing side following an opportunist strike by Garry Brandrick after a wild clearance from their goalkeeper. A draw against a creditable Evesham team and a good win against Solihull 6th Form College saw the XI gain confidence. The next game, against Newcastle-under-Lyme, saw the team take a 3-0 lead early in the first half, only to surrender to the might of the flicked penalty corner to run out 5-3 losers. Flicking corners at this level is a match winner, and until individuals can gain the expertise and power to master this skill the team will undoubtedly suffer at the hands of teams who employ this tactic.

Good wins against Five Ways (5-1) and a return fixture with Evesham (4-1) saw the team on a high. This was short lived with a convincing 2-7 drubbing at the hands of a Solihull team who could do nothing wrong on the day: every shot they had seemed to find the back of the net. University interviews saw a depleted team take on Queen Mary's Walsall and hang on for a spirited draw. New players were blooded, notably John Dorman, who showed pace, and skill on the right side of mid-field. The return fixture at home was more one-sided, with a full quota of players available, although Q.M. were lacklustre and the result (5-1) speaks for itself.



Above: 1st XI

Below: Short Corner Routine

The results show that scoring was not a problem for our players but too often Sam Sharpe was left exposed and silly goals were given away at crucial times.

The BAF Youth Cup saw the XI playing Warwick for the second time. They were out to avenge the 1-0 defeat earlier in the season and it did not take them long to show their ascendancy with a goal after 35 seconds. However an equaliser was forthcoming before the winner was scored by Padman Vamadevan. Latching onto a right wing cross, he fired the ball into the far corner of the net from the edge of the

HOCKEY

circle. This put the team into the final against Rugby school. In a tight contest against bigger and technically stronger opposition the XI went a goal ahead. This was short lived as Rugby took a 3-1 lead in the second half. Despite a spirited onslaught the equaliser was not to be and the game finished 2-3.

The final few months of the Spring Term saw losses to Macclesfield (1-5) Camp Hill (1-2) and Newcastle (1-3). This signalled a re-think in the side and it was decided to blood a few younger players in readiness for next year. Good wins over King Henry's Coventry twice (7-0 and 4-0) and Old Swinford (2-0) finished off a hectic but satisfying season on a positive note.

Achievements

Semi-Finalists Battle Tournament
Warwickshire U.18 Finalists RAF Youth Cup

Divisional Honours

Sam Sharpe Midlands U.17 Squad

County Honours

Paul Rai Warwickshire U.16 Squad
John Ashton Warwickshire U.14 Squad

Results 1999-2000

1st XI

Opponents	Score	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals For	Goals Against
Warwick	1-0	1	1	0	0	1	0
Evesham	1-1	2	1	1	0	2	1
Solihull 6th	3-1	3	2	1	0	5	2
Newcastle	3-5	4	2	1	1	8	7
Five Ways	5-1	5	3	1	1	13	8
Evesham	4-1	6	4	1	1	17	10
Solihull	2-7	7	4	1	2	19	17
Q.M.G.S.	1-1	8	4	2	2	20	18
Camp Hill	2-5	9	4	2	3	22	23
Warwick	2-1	10	5	2	3	24	24
Q.M.G.S.	5-1	11	6	2	3	29	25
L.Borough	4-2	12	7	2	3	33	27
Rugby	2-3	13	7	2	4	35	30
B.Vesey	2-1	14	8	2	4	37	31
Wrekin	5-0	15	9	2	4	42	31
Macclesfield	1-5	16	9	2	5	43	36
Camp Hill	1-2	17	9	2	6	44	38
Newcastle	1-3	18	9	2	7	45	41
K.Henry's Cov	7-0	19	10	2	7	52	41
K.Henry's Cov	4-0	20	11	2	7	56	41

U 14

On the first Thursday of term, a large collection of Upper Middles went to the Under 14 Hockey trials. From them, a squad of twenty five was picked for the season.



After a few practices, our first game was against a more experienced Nunery Wood team, and we played well to draw 1-1. In a tough game with Warwick, we put in an impressive performance, and were unlucky to draw. From there we gradually improved and put in some excellent performances, the best against Solihull School in a 6-1 demolition. One of the team's strong areas was having a good defence led by sweeper Luke Bell. Our two goalkeepers, Matthew Cassano and Kabir Sondhi, also showed a lot of promise and made some crucial saves. Leading scorer Sean Faroqui led the attack, while the team was captained by Andrew Holmes in midfield.

This year was the first year in which the U14s have entered the BAF Youth Cup. By beating Blossomfield 5-0, we progressed to the final, where we played a very strong Rugby team. Despite losing, we showed a lot of determination and we were only beaten by a last minute goal. At the end of the season, in the Bishop Walsh tournament, we deservedly won. This capped a relatively successful season. We all enjoyed ourselves and are looking forward to playing next year.

RUGBY

It has been another excellent season for KES Rugby across all age groups. The 1st and 2nd XV's have had one of the best seasons in recent years. The 1st XV, under the excellent captaincy of Russell Benson, finished with a record of played 24, won 18, lost 6: points for, 668; points against, 355. This is an outstanding achievement the strength of our fixture list, especially when three of the losses were by only 1 point.



Typical Rugged Buggers!!

The 1st XV lost to Oakham 25 to 5 in the 5th round of the Daily Mail Cup. Oakham fielded a very strong side, which amazingly enough contained Leicester Rugby Club scholarship players. The

1st XV again, as in the last few seasons, showed they were the best team in Birmingham by beating Solihull and all the Foundation schools. However, the achievement of the season for me was beating the big five: Loughborough 39 - 15; Warwick 32 - 15; Nottingham 26 - 19; Denstone 44 - 10; and, of course, the recruited Bromsgrove team, to capture the Siviter Smith Cup in a nail biting match of which we were the deserved winners, thrashing them 12 - 9, and, more importantly, 2 tries to nil.

The excellent season for the 1st team was rewarded with a write up in *Rugby World*. Over the year, 29 players represented the 1st XV, which shows how many players you require to have a good season, as well as the strength in depth of our Seniors. This was highlighted by the 2nd XV, who had one of their best seasons ever, finishing with a playing record of played 20, won 19, lost 1: points for, 808; against, 83. The only loss was to Bromsgrove (7 - 5) in a game they should have won. A special mention should go to Alex Nock for playing 34 of the 36 2nd XV games in the last two seasons.

Among the junior teams, the U15A XV finished, played 24, won 19, lost 4, drawn 1: points for, 617, points against 205.

They lost in horrendous conditions to Bishop of Hereford 9 - 3 in the Daily Mail Cup 2nd round, only to beat them 25 - 0 later on in the season. Even worse, they lost 12-10 to KE Camp Hill, whom they have never beaten but get closer to each year, in the final of the Greater Birmingham Cup. KES had led throughout the match but Camp Hill scored the winning try in the sixth minute of injury time. These two results show how you must take your chances in Cup Rugby and how cruel it can be. The Under 14As continued their winning ways: played 17; won 16; draw 1: points for, 640; points against, 94. Ten KES U14 players were selected for the Greater Birmingham team. Definitely the most improved side is the Under 13A team which finished the season: played 16, won 13, lost 2, drawn 1: points for 484, points against, 147.

At the time of writing, out of 33 games played by the Under 12 XV's (A-D) only 7 games have been lost.

Only one Under 12 A-D XV fixture, some of the House rugby, and the hugely enjoyable Senior players' end of season Awards Dinner remain. But, as you can see, the future looks bright.

RWJ
Master i/c Rugby

RUGBY



1st XV 1999/2000



*Oliver Newcombe
"Top Player"*



Lineout

RUGBY



*KES 1st XV v KE Aston
in the last match
of the season.
KES won 20-10*

*The Joint 1st XV
"Players of the Year":
James Skidmore passes to James
Bucknall in the 39-15 win over
Loughborough GS*



RUGBY



2nd XV

P:20 W:19 L:1 D:0

Points for: 808 Points against: 83

The winter's most heartening result for world rugby was not France's World Cup Semi Final defeat of the All Blacks, but the KES 2nd XV's classic 19-17 victory over Uppingham 2nds (believed to be the only blemish on their Senior record since the start of the "professional era" ...). The high point of a rather good season, the above result had seemed improbable for much of a match dominated by the Uppingham pack and played at a furious tempo. With five minutes remaining, Uppingham were five points ahead, encamped on our line and being shouted on by their already victorious 1st XV, (internationals all). Suddenly, the prop-cum-winger A. Nock, who has been at the heart of everything illogical and illegal that we've got away with this season, took a never-say-die tapped penalty on his own line. One glorious, unstoppable, length-of-the-pitch move later, J. Cockerton was touching down under the posts, S. Samrai was sinking the essential conversion and the 2nd XV were going out of their tiny minds with ill-concealed joy (KDP chortling happily to himself on the sideline).

Sadly, little in this life is perfect (only L. Oscar Bushell, in fact). On a wintry day at Bromsgrove, illness and 1st team injuries finally caught up with our bid for an undefeated season. A make-shift pack, comprising 6 props, one second row and a one legged P. Wilson, could not overcome the opposition's more conventional line-up, and

the 5-7 result reflected this narrow supremacy. It says much for the sheer manliness of the 2nd XV that some of our finest champagne rugby, (and we had quite a range in the cellar), was produced after this great disappointment. A very good Old Swinford side were unfortunate to be the first quality team to meet us after the Bromsgrove game. They were despatched 27-5 with some devastatingly focused passages of play from a team hell-bent on exorcising the demons. Towards the end of the season, KE Stratford also provided tough opposition and the game was still in the balance at half time. The 2nds stirred themselves one last time and scored 45 points to settle the matter 58-3.

2nd XV

As is traditional, this year's 2nd XV operated on a principle of strict equality, having none of the prima donnas one finds in the 1sts. But, to misquote George Orwell, "some were more equal than others". In the back row, player of the season P. Wilson selflessly tackled, lineout-jumped, goal-kicked and ran himself into the ground whenever he played. Before I. Moss's inevitable mid-season relegation to the ranks of the prima donnas, he terrorised all opponents with his relentless and swashbuckling brand of scrum-half play. Surely the finest player ever to have contented himself with 2nd team rugby (not a quirk of fate believed to have cost KDP any sleep), full back S. Samrai was the spark which constantly ignited our menacingly potent back division. In the backs, G. Tudor-Jones, J. Martin and N. Jain made particularly impressive use of the somewhat inconsistent service they received from fly half, and J. Ferdinand selfishly scored 17 tries.

As the saying goes, behind every great KES 2nd XV is a portly cycling enthusiast. Mr Phillips embodies the essence of the team. Less physically imposing and less celebrated than his more senior colleagues he may be, but he surmounts such trifling shortfalls with the directness of his communication and his appreciation of the simple pleasures in life. We hope he has enjoyed running this season as much as we have all enjoyed playing in it. To quote my predecessor in 2nd team captaincy, R. Thomas, (whose panache in the No. 10 shirt I strive in vain to emulate), "thanks go to the other teams for making us look so good". Indeed.

James Ross

RUGBY



3rd XV

On a sunny Wednesday afternoon in September, the 3rd XV met for their first training session. Unlike previous seasons, when the biggest question was whether our fitness level was high enough to withstand the one-hour walk around a pitch, several members of the squad had just come back from a three week holiday in South America and so confidence was running high. An outsider might have thought that this confidence was misplaced, especially after watching our first skills session.

Under-16 rugby

Given that it was a season that saw as many captains as victories, the U16 XV 99/00 season could never be classed as a classic. The team however remained high-spirited, a commendable achievement (given the dire lack of success) largely owing to the hard work of our coach, Mr Birch, but also the tremendous team-morale.

Having won only two games this season (yes, two), I have been encouraged by many not to mention a single result in this report. I should describe the flowing rugby adopted from the start; our three-quarter line which overwhelmed the opposition with crafted runs from deep; and the ever present pack, thought of as more mobile than many phones. That would, however, be lying, so I won't.

The team had improved towards the end of the 98/99 season, and hopes were high for the start of this one, especially with the return of Oliver Goodwin and Yassir Sultan. So we began pre-season training with the entire team eager to get going. The team bonded quickly, with excellent commitment on Wednesday afternoons as well as outstanding turnouts on Monday evenings. These Monday evening fitness sessions, run by Mr Birch, were gruelling to say the least. However, renditions of "It's Raining Men" by RMH and CIM kept us all amused. We therefore began the season in high spirits, confident in our fitness.

This was unfortunately ephemeral, as the season began with losses at the hands of sides which we outplayed. The main flaw in our performance was the simple fact that we could not score. As stupid as

The season began, in what was billed as a tough game against Solihull, with a resounding 71-0 victory. This great start was short lived as we lost the next three games on the trot (RGS 57-15; King's Worcester 17-5; and Uppingham 65-3). However the unquestionable 3rd XV pride and commitment was restored with a hard fought 8-0 victory over Loughborough. The away game against Warwick was the following week, and with one of our strongest back lines of the season (Jonny Cockerton was playing) we ran out comfortable winners by 49-12. Defeats against Nottingham and Bromsgrove followed, but the season was finished off in style with a 26-22 victory over Old Swinford and a 51-0 annihilation of Wolverhampton Grammar. Overall we played 10, winning 5 and losing 5, and finishing with a points difference of

+2.

Credit must go to a strong pack, in particular Matthew Tozer, Richard Thomson, Kumaran Shanmugarajah and Richard Harris. In the backs, William Wood and Russell Anderton ran the show. We would like to thank the dynamic Mr Evans for his strict fitness sessions, lenient refereeing and relentless encouragement. Maybe next year will prove to be more successful, but I doubt that it will be as much fun.

Matthew Smith

it may sound, the attacking play just lacked the final edge needed to score tries. Often we found ourselves attacking for 10 to 15 minutes, only for the opposition to work their way back up the field. The defensive play, on the other hand, was predominantly excellent. Many times we played top class opposition such as Uppingham and King's Worcester, who, despite being superior to us, found themselves unable to score for half hour spells.

Without a doubt the most memorable victory of the season was away against Nottingham High School. This 17-5 victory saw impressive tries from both Goodwin and Jones, the latter chasing his own kick to score a try. Matt Alcock also scored a crafty try from a planned penalty move, which allowed him to walk it in from 5 metres.

This season, despite not being the most triumphant to date, has entertained us all. Several players also played representative rugby, namely Maskell, Hanson, Folsom and Mulira for Greater Birmingham selection. Hanson was subsequently chosen for North Midlands Trials. As the U16 XV season drew to a close, many players were also chosen for the 1st, 2nd and 3rd XV rugby teams. Hopefully this will be a good omen.

Thanks must go to Mr Mason and Mr Birch for their encouragement throughout the season and for putting up with our (necessarily rare) chants on the coach coming back from Away victories. Finally I would like to thank all the members of the team, and all their parents, who have given us so much support over the five seasons that we have been together as a year group.

Richard Folsom

RUGBY

U 15A XV

The under 15's had a good season, with a notable victory against Uppingham, who were demolished 82-5 in the best performance the side has ever produced. This was followed by two hard fought victories in very intense clashes with KES Aston: 5-0, and again 17-12 (with a significantly weakened side). The first victory was in the Greater Birmingham Cup semi-final; this meant that the side qualified for the final against Camp Hill. We were winning 10-0 at Half Time after dominating the game, Mike Fanner scoring both tries. Early in the second half Camp Hill fought back and scored a penalty try to bring the score to 10-7. After a heroic defensive effort, the KES try line was once again breached by Camp Hill with the final play of the game. This brought the score to 10-12.

We did not progress far in the Daily Mail cup, losing 5-9 to Bishop of Hereford in a brutal match. However a certain degree of revenge was exacted in the return fixture at home, when we won 22-0. Our only other defeats came at the start of the season, to Solihull school, who have the strongest team on our circuit, and to a team from Australia who beat us 41-0. Their star player (a Tongan number 8 called Pato), was rumoured to eat children, weighed, at a conservative estimate, about 30 stone, and could run faster than anyone in our team.

Other than that, we won all our matches,

except the one we drew against King's Worcester. J Evans captained the side well in my injury-enforced absence, and, along with Ben Wright, Simon Laight, Butler and James Hartill gained a place in the Greater Birmingham squad. Don Le and Jamie Vatish played very well all season as well, and even Tom Pile looked as though he cared in some matches. Special thanks should go to Mr Porter, who coached us well throughout the season, and to Mr Herbert who helped out with the forward poaching.

S. Postle



U15B

U14A XV

It has been another outstanding year for the Under 14's, unbeaten now since September 1997.

Our first match was against Solihull, who had supposedly improved. The inevitable 50 points was our reply. We had a couple of hiccups on the way, with only narrow victories over K.E. Aston & Bablake: however, this was mainly to do with injuries and some players having to play out of position. We also ended up playing the second half against Hereford with 13 men.

Our biggest scare of the season was against a good King's Worcester side, whom we were beating 17-3 with 10 minutes to go. We sat back, and they snatched 2 late tries to level the score. We did, however, have many high points to the season, beating Loughborough, RGS, the Foundation schools and especially Bromsgrove.

We also brought home the Birmingham Cup for the second year running, beating K.E Aston in a spirited performance by an injury riddled team.

Throughout the season our forwards were supreme, with Abbass Shah, Harry Hecht, Rikhi Ubhi and Michael Gardiner showing their worth in a series of sparkling performances. The backs were outstanding, with our main points scorers Rob Hollyhead (37 tries) and Chris Bennett-Britton (25 tries) combining pace with strength to score 310 points between them. Dan Drew and James Dawkins also proved to be a successful back partnership, providing accurate service for the centres.

Our season was rounded off with 10 players being selected for Greater Birmingham, 9 of which made the team. I would like to thank the squad for putting in 110% when it mattered and primarily Mr Everest and Mr James for coaching us all year and providing the encouragement and support we needed to remain successful throughout.

Rob Hollyhead

RUGBY

U14 B XV

After a disappointing defeat by Solihull School, the U14 B's recorded a narrow defeat, by two points, against RGS Worcester. Then the team began to gel and started working together. This was shown with an impressive home victory, against King's Worcester, of 17-10. In the next match, against Five Ways, three tries from Ibrar Sultan and two from second row Richard Pilsbury sealed a very impressive 42-12 victory.

Next, the team then made the two-hour journey to Loughborough Grammar School, to play a well-trained, well-drilled opposition. Unfortunately, our winning run came to an end with a heavy defeat by 50 points. In the next match, we kept Warwick School's team at bay throughout, having been in their half for most of the game. However, in the final few minutes, a late try by Warwick's inside centre gave them the lead. Unfortunately there wasn't enough time to run in a try of our own, and KES went down by 7-0. Later JH described our performance as the best all season and expressed confidence that we would win our next match. He was right! The U14 B's fought back in style and recorded our greatest victory of the season by beating Nottingham High School by 51-0.

We were on a winning streak. We defeated Denstone College by 55-0, and the week after, the team played Bromsgrove School,

renowned for their sporting excellence. However, they were no match for the U14 B's, who recorded their third successive victory before the Christmas holidays.

Three weeks and several Christmas puddings later, we travelled to Coventry, to play King Henry's School's U14 A team. Having seven of our key players unavailable for selection, the team lost by 30-0. However, the score could have been a lot worse if it had not been for excellent tackling by our half-backs and centres. With this defeat firmly wiped from our memories, the team made the short trip to K.E. Camp Hill to field a full strength team in what would be our penultimate fixture. The final score was 41-21 to Camp Hill, but a few late tries from Camp Hill made the score seem worse than it really was. In our last match of the season, the U14 B's took on Bishop of Hereford School, and finished on a high, beating them by 26-12.

The U14 B's had won 6 of their matches and lost 6. It was a successful season for us, including some very impressive team and individual performances.

The U14 B's would like to thank all the staff for the time they have put into the team and for all the practice and games sessions they have coached us in. Hopefully, with a bit more work, the U14 B's players will continue to improve, and play better rugby in the U15 teams next year.

Alex Vakil

U13A XV

After a very disappointing season last year, the U13As set out to prove that we were capable of playing winning rugby. We began by wiping the slate clean and choosing a brand new team to face Solihull School. We started well, and a final score of 44-10 was a promising omen for the season. After the Solihull match we had more trials for the team and three vital players joined: Amer Shafi, Hassan Bhatti and Manish George. These players played outstandingly throughout the season; Amer saved many matches through his tackling and try scoring. Hassan was our best tackler throughout the season, and Manish winded many a tackling opponent through his hard impacts and powerful running.

We then went on to beat a rather feisty RGS Worcester team

17-15, special mention going to Robert Hill who won the match for us with a try saving tackle. However our winning run was brought to an end against K.E. Five Ways where we lost 15-0



RUGBY

U13A XV *continued*

Our next important match was against Warwick. Last year we had lost to them quite heavily, but had beaten them in the Calypso Cup Cricket final, so they were still anxious to beat us. When we arrived, the tension was high but Mr Stead's inspiring team talks turned the tension into positive energy. We went out pumping adrenaline, made the big hits early and played our hearts out. The final score, 17-0, reflected our superiority. We went on to a streak of wins against teams such as Great Barr, Old Swinford and Fairfax.

Our last match of the season was against K.E. Aston in the semi-final of the Greater Birmingham Cup. They had two big players on whom they relied and whom we failed to tackle, which meant that

they worked up an early lead which put us out of the game. However the last play of the season was the best of all. After several phases of forward play we spun the ball out to the backs where Hassan Bhatti finally touched down.

Special mention should go to Charlie Butler, Tom Cadigan, Phillip Satterthwaite and Jack Williams who played consistently well throughout the season. The whole team would like to thank Mr James, for training us on Thursdays and losing so many bets while Wales were playing in the Five Nations, and Mr Stead, for his dedication and inspirational effect on the lads.

Charles Rees

U13B XV

We started off the 1999 season by playing a very good Solihull team and beating them 10-5. We played quite well, but we improved in the next match, beating RGS Worcester 25-5. This dramatically raised our hopes for the following game, in which we continued our winning streak by beating one of our closest rivals, K.E. Five Ways, 10-0. This was a hard match and the opposition almost scored several times. The next match, against Loughborough, was quite easy as we were very confident, and managed to beat them 36-7.

Against our main rivals, Warwick, we lost 7-5 in a tight game. However we regained confidence for the next two games and beat Nottingham High School 31-0, and K.E. Camp Hill 24-7. Then we lost badly to King Henry's 'A' team 20-12. We returned to winning form in the next match with our highest score so far, 48-5 against Bishop of Hereford School. We completely slaughtered K.E. Aston, beating them 56-0, our highest score of the year.

Overall this was a good season for us: we lost only 2 out of 10 matches in the season.

J. Nye

U12B XV

For our first season as a team (and for some, the first time playing rugby) we were surprisingly good.

Our first game, against our rivals K E Five Ways, was very successful, and we won 49-0 with notable performances from Martin Jarvis and David Bleetman.

Even though we played well in the first game, the next three games were not as positive, and we lost to Eversfield and Warwick, and drew with Loughborough 5-5. The rest of our games were much better and

it was obvious that we had improved as a team. I personally would like to say a special "thank you" to Arpan Pal, our top try-scorer, and to David Bleetman, Elliot Weaver and Martin Jarvis for their outstanding performances this season.

In total we played 15 matches. We won 8, lost 3 and drew 2. Throughout these matches we scored a total of 237 points.

Our coach, Mr Herbert, was an asset to the team, and without him we would not have done as well as we did.

Thomas Jackson

ORIENTEERING

KESO changed this year, with the founder of the club, Mr Barrable, leaving in order to pursue a career in orienteering in Scandinavia. It was left to Mr Simpson to fill the large boots of the departing Geography teacher. This he has done with some success, keeping the school club participating in events around the West Midlands.

KESO attended the British Schools Championships in Watford where, along with the Girls' School, we brought home several medals. Both Nick and Richard Pilsbury came second and were subsequently selected to go to the World Schools Championships in Israel. Shafiq

Rasheed also finished well, coming 12th. As a team, Richard Pilsbury, Rhodri Morgan and Matthew Siddons achieved 10th place in the year 9 competition; Nick Pilsbury, Oliver Freeman and Peter Surtees claimed 2nd in the year 11 competition.

Away from school, Richard Pilsbury represented the West Midlands at the National Coaching Course at Lagganlia in Scotland, for 14 year olds. We now look forward to another successful year of competition under the guidance of this year's captain, Ed Nicholas.

Nick Pilsbury

FIVES

FIVES

KES Fives is in a very healthy state, and the 1999 - 2000 season was notable for a number of "firsts".

For the first time, the School sent a team to take part in the International Handball Tournament at Rossall School in Lancashire, and despite being a year young and quite new to this brand of Fives, the school 1st pair of Briscoe and Charnley reached the final of the Plate, only to lose narrowly to Whitgift school.

For the first time, the School played a Winchester Fives match - against Malvern College - in which we emerged victorious in a very good - natured encounter.

For the first time, a school pair (Simon Purkis and Chris Mellor) won the Festival section - competing against adult pairs - of the Northern Championship in February.

For the first time, the School, Fives team entered the Three Pair challenge at Eton College, a day-long event in which the senior pairs from eight schools competed against each other. Considering that the KES team were all Under 16, to finish in sixth place overall (which included beating Eton) was immensely pleasing.

A School pair reached the semi-finals of the National Under 16's Championships for the first time since the mid-1980's: Simon Purkis and Chris Mellor beat arch-rivals Shrewsbury School at the quarter final stage (having lost to them a fortnight previously) by three sets to two, but were then well beaten by a highly impressive pair from Highgate School, who went on to win the competition. Also in the National Championships, the Under 16 second pair (Briscoe and Charnley) won the Plate B final against Eton 4, while in the Beginners' section all three Plate finals were contested by KES pairs - Ali and Bhogal lost Plate A, Woods and Iqbal lost Plate B, but Mustifa and Bhatti triumphed in Plate C.

On the University Fives scene, there is another first: for the season 2000/1, the captains of Eton Fives and Rugby Fives are both Old Edwardians - Paul Thompson and James Birch respectively. Finally, there were five Old Edwardians involved in the University Fives match between Oxford and Cambridge last March - the above two gentlemen, plus Jon Goldman, Stephen Block and Ethan Sen.

All in all, a first class season.

GM

SAILING

You haven't heard much about sailing in recent *Chronicles* - that's because there haven't been any school matches for two or three years now, due to a severe and continuing lack of experienced helms!

Until about 1997 we had always had, in the school, a number of very good, experienced helms who had learned to sail in their clubs and engaged in serious, weekly club racing. These guys provided us with a nucleus of talent and experience and, with a number of other keen members of the sailing option, they enabled us to field a half-decent team. We never enjoyed the strength in depth of Solihull, Radley or any of the other top sailing schools against whom we competed. We occasionally managed to beat Cheltenham, Uppingham and Bromsgrove, but we were always limited by lack of experience and skill. However, we were able to get involved in the regional circuit and it was fun. With the passage of time and the changing population of the school, the present situation is bleak. We are still members of Bartley Sailing Club and groups of KES boys go there regularly on Wednesdays and Fridays, but often we are teaching boys who have no experience at all and are going out for the first time. By all appearances, they have a good time but it takes about three years of frequent sailing to get up to club racing standard and they don't seem to be able to find that amount of time or interest.

Sadly, by the time you read this, I shall have departed from KES, although I still retain my connection with school sailing since I shall continue to look after the boats for you. I may meet some of you from time to time, since I am one of the sailing instructors at the club, because the future arrangements for sailing at KES include buying into the instruction offered by Bartley Sailing School. The scheme is that, on Wednesdays and Fridays, the school will be paying for sailing courses for about ten or twelve boys on each day. These will last the standard six weeks and lead, in many cases, to RYA level 2 certificates. This means that successful students will be qualified to take out a sailing dinghy on sheltered water, with someone of a similar level of experience to themselves, and expect to handle it safely and competently at an elementary level. It should also be possible for qualified helms to tag along and sail one of the ten school sailing dinghies on the same days.

The rest is down to experience and enthusiasm. Sailing is a great sport in which everybody sails the boat of their choice and teenagers compete with pensioners on equal terms. If you want to get into a highly competitive, non-contact, skilful sport, I strongly recommend dinghy racing to you.

See you on the water?!

KMcI

TENNIS

Senior Tennis

When I took over the post of School Tennis Captain, I knew that it would not be an easy task to continue the immense success that KES has had in previous years. Not only did the team have to cope with the loss of an extremely talented set of players in the departing year group, but also during the Easter term the sad news concerning Mr Booth, who is in charge of school tennis, was received. Since he rejoined the school as part of the teaching staff in 1993, Mr Booth has contributed a great deal to tennis at KES and his presence was sadly missed this season. I would like to take this opportunity to thank him for all the time, hard work and effort he has put in over the past seven years. It has been very much appreciated during my time at the school by all who have participated in school tennis. We all wish him a speedy recovery.

Thanks must go to Mr Birch for stepping in at the last minute to ensure that some Saturday 'friendly' fixtures went ahead as usual, although unfortunately we were unable to enter teams in the two national competitions - the Independent Schools' Youll Cup and the Glanvill Cup. I would also like to thank, on the team's behalf, Mr Stone and Miss Mercer, for giving up their time to supervise our matches, and especially Mr Tomlinson, who was persuaded to come back out of retirement for the same purpose. A final 'thank you' must go to Les Swaby for his expert coaching, support and encouragement.

As far as this year's results go, they read: Played 4, Won 2, Lost 2. Under the circumstances this is a reasonable achievement. The season started with an away trip to Repton School, known to be among the tennis elite. We battled our way bravely to a 7-2 defeat. The following week saw us on the road again, to Nottingham High School, where we suffered a disappointing 6-3 loss. However, the season took a turn for the better when we returned to home territory on the familiar South Terrace Courts. Here we remained unbeaten, enjoying back-to-back victories over Bromsgrove (6-3) and Shrewsbury (5-4). A special mention for James Forrest and Peter Walker, who were probably the most consistent pair of the season, and for Oliver Ladbroke for steering the first pair, along with myself, to victory over all three Shrewsbury pairs despite facing a match point in the first rubber. Others who participated this year were Philip Martin, Leo Park, Gavin Lawson, Andy Robinson, Ben Felderhof and Edward Hebblethwaite.

Considering the fact that I am the only member of the team from the present Sixth Form, the nucleus of the team will still be present and hopefully able to progress to greater heights next year. I wish Oliver success in taking over the captaincy.

Anthony Plotnek

WATER POLO

Senior Water Polo

This year, Senior Water Polo spent a lot of time on the back burner, bubbling away quietly, while for most of the team A-levels were a more prominent concern. After early retirement from the ESSA Championship, in the second round, the season looked bleak and the trophy cabinet was empty. But soon we were back in action in the Warwickshire Under 18 league, in which we comfortably reached the Final: like last year's Final, this pitted us against local rivals Solihull. Last year we lost narrowly, but this year the victory was ours to savour.

The climax of the year, in terms of widespread interest, came in the very last week with a match between the leavers and a challenging "best of the rest" team. The usual suspects, as well as some faces less familiar around the swimming pool, turned out for the leavers team. James Skidmore and Chris Howles made a long awaited comeback from retirement, and we had recruited Gemma Hindson from KEHS to add strength to the already rock solid backbone of our team. Charlie Hutchings managed to tear himself away from his packed social calendar for half a game, while James Bucknall made his Water Polo debut for the School. Despite such stars we were beaten by a far

more organised team, as their smug captain, Oliver Goodwin, has several times pointed out to me. However, I could not have faulted the leavers team for their commitment and camaraderie. As the losing captain I must emphasise the irrelevance of the result and insist that the real winner that night was the School Water Polo system. The high standard of play was a tribute to our coaches, Andrea Norris and Mr Hatton. For the effort they have put in over the years, they deserve hearty thanks. A special mention should go at this point to others who have made the team a success over the years, most particularly Jon Pitt, Tom Goodwin, Alex Nock and Mark Davis.

For me, the best memories of my time playing Water Polo for KES will not be memories of our many victories, but of the time we shared as a team. The School may produce better teams in the future, and I wish Mr Hatton every success in doing so, but he will be hard pressed to find a better group of lads with a stronger esprit de corps. That is what is special about any team, and what should be nurtured. All that remains is to wish everyone well in the future.

Oliver Newcombe



