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MICHAEL HYTCH

His many friends amongst both past and present members of the School were deeply saddened to hear of the death of Michael Hytch as a result of a road accident in September. He had left the School in the summer to take up a university place to read Psychology.

Michael was a boy of great natural ability who made a powerful contribution to the academic life of K.E.S., particularly in his last two years with us. His 'A' Level results had been quite outstanding, and there was every reason to believe that he would have enjoyed even greater success in his later career. Though, as he would have freely admitted, far from being conformist in his attitudes, sometimes to the consternation of those who taught him. Michael was always capable of disarming criticism with wit and courtesy. He was held in high regard by his friends and colleagues, and his determination to succeed earned him the respect of all members of the Common Room who worked with him in his last two years at the School.

Michael's interests were varied, and always pursued with unflagging enthusiasm. He fought a lively battle to get pop music accepted as 'respectable' in the School. He was frequently to be seen with his bass guitar in the Music School and was involved in organising an ambitious lunch-time concert which played to a packed house. He found time, amongst his increasingly strenuous academic commitments, to play a major part in the production of Zigger Zagger for which he helped to provide the musical accompaniment. Michael's work with the Personal Service Group was largely unsung but it was pursued with equal commitment. Here he immersed himself in the totally different environment of the David Gretton nursery on Pershore Road. He was especially concerned to understand the particular problems of the children and their outlook on life, and the staff were consistently impressed by his readiness to help, and by his natural sympathy for, and understanding of, young children. For Michael this was to be far more than a Friday afternoon activity. He put a great deal of his own time into this work during School holidays, and he was held in high esteem by all associated with the Nursery.

Michael was a convinced Unitarian, and would always enjoy defending his beliefs over against those of Christian orthodoxy. In his death we have lost a lively and sensitive personality and a genuinely critical mind nearing the height of its power. Our deepest sympathy goes out to his parents and to his family.

> R.W.G. D.J.B.

EDITORIAL

In what has undoubtedly been another successful year for King Edward's, we are proud to present this Chronicle as a record of that year, a record which covers not only the sporting triumphs (and defeats) of the past twelve months but also the school's other activities (societies, music, drama, etc.). We are also pleased that the standard of creative writing is so high, and that art and especially photography are flourishing in the school. The poetry and prose published represent only a small proportion of the contributions which we received. Regrettably it is also impossible to do full justice to the activities of the school, without at least doubling the number of pages. However among the events which space has prevented us from recording, we were pleased to see an upsurge in House activity: several Houses held their own parties, and there was an unusual variety of entries in the House Music competition. There has been a greater degree of communication between the boys' and girls' schools: this year has seen the first joint Junior Play (an innovation which we trust will be continued) and also a greater number of joint societies. In this respect, we are especially pleased to announce the introduction of a joint newspaper which will appear regularly in the coming year. Finally we would like to extend belated farewells to all those who left at the end of the summer term and a warm welcome to this year's Shells, trusting that they will go "Forward where the knocks are hardest".

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CHRONICLE PRIZES

Cover Design Prize -F. A. MULLER Creative Writing Prize -G. A. D. MILES Photography Prize -A. MILES

J. R. R. Emery

J. R. Emery leaves K.E.S. to become Head of History at Queen Mary's Grammar School, Walsall. To say that he will be missed is a sore understatement, for, in his six years with us, John has been totally involved in all aspects of school life, a shrewd and imperturbable teacher and counsellor in the classroom and an enthusiastic participant in a wide range of extra-curricular activities.

Mr. Emery's History groups, particularly those which he has prepared for public examinations, will remember him as a thorough and dedicated professional equally at home when explaining the weaknesses of the Weimar Republic as when steering Division forms through the mind-boggling complexities of the Italian Wars. His work with Oxbridge candidates has been particularly rewarding, and many recent Old Edwardians owe much to his experienced tuition and advice. One feels that his selection as a Remove form master was an especially happy choice. His instinctive sympathy for the problems of younger boys and his constant encouragement of their many abilities have had a powerful influence at this level of the School.

Like all successful generals, Mr. Emery has believed strongly in leading by example. The Common Room has long been aware of his sporting prowess. His dashing forward play for Common Room XVs and pyrotechnic bowling for the Kestrels will be much missed. Similar skills have been infused into the Junior Rugby and Cricket teams which Mr. Emery has successfully coached. In the process, these teams have acquired a little of that North Staffordshire grit and heroic stoicism which are such marked features of John's character, as indeed they have to be of most afficionados of Stoke City F.C.

As Housemaster of Levett for the last two years, Mr. Emery has devoted his energies to revitalising a House System which to some had appeared jaded, and to others a mere convenience for the occasional physical joust at Eastern Road or on the South Field. Through House Parties, theatre visits, and vertical groups, he has sought to encourage a greater involvement in House affairs.



With Mr. Emery's departure, the School loses a tireless and enterprising leader, and the Common Room a highly valued colleague and friend. We wish him and his family the best of good fortune for the future.

D.J.B.

R. D. Smith

Picture a group of youthful K.E.S. boys settling down for the night in cold and creepy Ludlow Castle. Richard Smith belongs to that very select band of teachers who have accompanied their pupils on an all-night ghost hunt. Such commitment is entirely characteristic of a man who has rightly been liked and respected at all levels of the school. He has proved himself both scholar and schoolmaster, teaching with imagination, efficiency and undoubted scholarship. yet always shrewdly aware of the strengths and problems of his flock. Successive generations of U.M.s have been a pleasure for others to teach because of the quiet but pervasive civilising influence of R.D.S. Classical sixth formers have regularly been stimulated by his own special brand of learned but provocative teaching; and it is again characteristic that he has arranged publication of some of his senior pupils' work. He has taught Classics at all levels, as well and English and Philosophy. He has also arranged and participated in frequent trips, and has displayed great energy skiing, site-bashing or (most recently, in Greece) forcing down the price of night club drinks and chasing wild flowers. The Common Room will miss his logical mind and a sharp but rarely malicious sense of humour: he is a master of the bon mot and the swift riposte. We shall also be losing perhaps the only man whose concentration runs to marking piles of books in break. He is currently working for an M.Ed. in the field of the philosophy of education, has been instrumental in gingering up the periodical Latin Teaching, has helped run classical summer schools, and is a strong supporter of Arsenal. He has also given a lot of time to organising school squash and running the Junior Debating Society. Richard came to us from social work in Corby, and after six years at K.E.S. moves on to a Lectureship in Education at Durham University School of Education. He goes with best wishes for himself and his wife and new baby. R.D.S. has now fallen for television and fatherhood, and some confidently expect that he may even soon be travelling down from Durham to visit us by car. (Incidentally, no ghosts put in an appearance at Ludlow.)





M. H. Maddocks

It is sad to have to say goodbye to Mike Maddocks after so short an acquaintance. He was a distinctly novel type of character in the K.E. Common Room, someone who had spent several years very successfully in industrial management and had decided to take an Open University course and come into teaching. He thus brought to the job experience of a kind that most teachers don't have-which can only be a good thingand he brought also a very marked capacity for meticulousness and hard work, plus an equally marked degree of friendliness to the boys whom he taught so thoroughly. In addition to teaching English and History very effectively he was active in the coaching of rugger and badminton and had just assumed responsibility for the activities of the K.E. Schools' Challenge team. But he found it hard to settle in Birmingham. The umbilical cord to Manchester, whence he came, proved too strong to break and it is there that he returns, to a job with the Open University. We hope that all will go well for him there and he takes our best wishes with him.

A.J.T.

D. M. Perry

We congratulate David Perry on his appointment as Assistant Secretary to the Governors. David came to the Mathematics Department here from King Edward's Aston and must by now have a usefully many-sided view of the Foundation. In his brief membership of the Common Room at K.E.S. he made his mark in a number of ways: not only as a mathematician but as a Shell formmaster, a serious musician (organist and singer), a skilled Xerox copyist, and as a colleague of conscientious but unobtrusive efficiency. His departure was shrouded in temporary mystery but the meaning of his cryptic farewell ("You haven't seen the last of me") soon became apparent: we are glad to see him still around the place and wish him well.

P.B.C.

E. M. Worthington

Eileen Worthington came to K.E.S. from a Cambridge Girls' Grammar School in September 1976 to teach Geography and Geology. She rose to the challenge of being the only full-time female member of the Common Room, only rarely being mistaken for a "mother substitute" by the boys. Within the Department she has continued the traditions of first class geology teaching, widening the horizons in various fieldwork areas. Her meticulously prepared Geography teaching greatly improved presentation and detail. The standards of work have particularly benefited from the introduction of Fourth Form Field courses, her artistic expertise and her concern for all of her pupils. Outside the classroom she has also helped to establish weekly tennis coaching for the Shells and displayed great flair in the Pottery workshop for the Friday afternoon sessions. All colleagues and pupils join in wishing her well for the future.

R. Dodd

After hours of searching, I finally enlisted the help of Mr. Snape to drag an elusive Mr. Dodd out of the Science Common Room. "I don't think he's looking forward to it," said the Lab. assistant, who left us after offering a few words of encouragement to Mr. Dodd.



CHR Can you tell us a little about your background, sir?

RD I was at school in Birmingham and then I went to Nottingham University to read Chemistry. Afterwards I worked for a certain well-known nationalised transport industry. I was on a Government Management training scheme. It lasted a year. I left because it was intensely boring. Then I went to West Midlands Teachers Training College and got a job here.

CHR Are you involved in any extra curricular activities at school?

RD Yes, I've run the school fencing club this year, which I inherited from Dr, Kershaw, though this will be Mr. Lillywhite's responsibility next year. I shall be taking over the Transport Society from Mr. Skinner, since I have considerable interest in this area. Obviously however, it is difficult to take a large part in out of school activities since a large amount of pre-lesson organisation is required in one's first year of teaching and this must necessarily take priority.

CHR Any outside hobbies?

RD I take an interest in trains, buses, aircraft, not private cars, they're an environmental hazard. That's why I worked for this well known nationalised transport industry. I'm a Catholic and I'm involved in my Church at Stechford. I help to organise large services, read lessons. I play the piano, not in concerts, just for my own pleasure.

CHR Thank you Mr. Dodd.

S. Lampard

CHR First of all, Mr. Lampard, could you tell us a little about your background?

SL 1 went to Hayes Grammar School in Middlesex and then straight to the University of Kent in Canterbury. It's an unknown



university to most people, and it had a lot of initial troubles on the campus but it's settled down now. I read Biochemistry, which is one of the big growth areas of science. I then went to Teacher Training College for a year, and then came here to teach Biology. I think Biology now presents much more of a challenge to a boy and is a more rewarding subject than in the past. Unfortunately I don't teach Rems. or Shells, as a result of the demand for biology in the school.

CHR Do you have time for any other school activities?

SL I'm a scout assistant-I did some rugby until an unfortunate incident concerning two front teeth. Sport's a secondary interest; I wouldn't like to teach it, but I enjoyed the masters-boys matches. I played at school because I was big for my age, but everyone grew up around me, and the game's overtaken me. I consider myself reasonably fit and I played briefly at University.

CHR You're new to Birmingham. What's it like compared to the South-East?

SL Well I was born in Somerset and then we moved to London. I didn't enjoy that at allit's a very stifling city and it costs the earth to go anywhere, so you're restricted in what you can do. Canterbury was a nice town but it was overrun by tourists. In the Midlands you're central. I consider it ideal for following up my interests-I like walking in National Parks.

CHR Is walking your major interest?

SL Well my wife's also a teacher and she helps run the Duke of Edinburgh scheme at her school, so I help with the training expeditions, taking out children from her school, some of whom have never been out into the country. When I came here, I was asked what my interests were walking, map-reading,—so they said: "Ah, the perfect scout." I'm also in charge of the Field Studies Societies. I'm very pleased that they have the facilities on the doorstep, but I wish more boys would bother to find out about what's going on over there. I'm a member of Prince Lee, but my contribution to activities doesn't go much further than tutor groups. I feel reluctant to put more time in because many of the boys are so apathetic. It has some use in generating a competitive attitude between boys of all abilities for sports and so on, but as a pastoral system I'm not sure that it succeeds.

CHR And how about the future?

SL I'm very happy here but as I have a young Head of Department my career prospects are limited.

J. R. A. Cook

CHR First of all, which university did you go to?

JRAC Nottingham, the same time as Mr. Campbell, I read Pure Economics but it got a bit claustrophobic in the third year because it's a campus university away from the town. At first, having a ready made social life was quite pleasant, but that kind of feeling rapidly disappears and you are left feeling that university life is a bit too much on top of you. After that I went to London to do my postgraduate year at Brunel, which everyone seems to think is in Bristol-in fact it's in Uxbridge. I stayed on in London as a result of that and started teaching in 1972 at the City of London School. After I'd been there two years I took over tennis, and, later, soccer. I think football is one of the sports that can be most easily catered for outside school, but that is sometimes over-used as an excuse by people who would like to see football kept out of school at all costs. I played hockey at school but gave up at university mainly because the people who played hockey there were amongst the economics students I knew and least liked. There was no hockey at C.L.S., despite a common room with ten players in it.

CHR Have you any other outside interests, apart from sport?

JRAC Well, I suppose if I was writing an UCCA form at the moment, I'd probably put classical concerts, rock concerts (I don't feel I'm too old for that yet). I've started going to opera now that we've moved up here, really because opera was so expensive in London-it wasn't really worth the effort of trying to get to somewhere like Covent Garden, whereas here, seeing the Welsh National Opera makes a pleasant change. The number of pop and rock concerts I've seen really has fallen off quite considerably since I left London. Certainly at university there was lots of pop music on which was quite cheap, and then it was a case of going to places like the Albert Hall once in a blue moon, and occasionally other odd concert venues. While I've been here, I've been to the Rep once: while I was in London I would go to the theatre no more than about three times a year.

CHR You've said that it's easier to go and see opera in Birmingham; anything else that you like about the city?



JRAC I must admit that it's physically more attractive than I thought it would be. In many ways I feel quite at home here having been at school in Sheffield. The pubs however are dreadful, great barn-like buildings.

CHR What's it like following in the footsteps of a dynamo like Mr. Deelman?

JRAC Well, quite taxing really, to be frank. When I first started teaching I picked up a variety of odd jobs of one sort or another, bits and pieces, at my own pace, whereas coming here, I've been handed a portfolio of various tasks which have come in one fell swoop, and it's been a matter of adjusting to running the Economics department and the Hockey, from the word go.

CHR Do you think it would be a good idea for Economics to filter its way down the school? Particularly since people are starting to take English and other 'O' levels a year early.

JRAC There might be room in the fifth form to introduce Economics but on the other hand the main changes that have taken place over the years, for example in Maths and English, have been mainly with a view to being able to accommodate more Maths and English in the fifths, Additional Maths, for example, after the fourth form Maths, and English Literature after English Language; so it doesn't really open up much space. On the other hand, I think that to suggest that Economics is the kind of subject that requires so much experience of life that some people suggest that it should not be taught in schools at all, and it should be left to the universities entirely, is rather an English way of looking at it. For example in France a rudimentary type of Economics is taught in primary schools and again in the first two or three years of secondary schools. For me personally, putting Economics into the fifths is not a top priority. What has given me most satisfaction this year is the development of links with the girls' school, and the prospect of girls studying the subject in the Divisions next year.

CHR Thank you very much.

J. C. Lillywhite

CHR I wonder, could you tell us a little about your background?

JCL After studying history at Newcastle, I spent a year in Canada and then returned to England for two years work on European History at Oxford. After a year training as a teacher I began teaching at K.E.S. last September. I had never visited Birmingham before, and I have been very pleasantly surprised with many things about the city.



CHR Turning to K.E.S., what activities are you involved in?

JCL Since last September I have been chairman of the Junior Historical Society, Mr. Tennick gave up his chair at the Film Society this year, after a long spell of hard work for the society, and I was very happy to accept the chair for the coming year. We have a very good programme of films for next year, and we aim to show popular and entertaining films without making any concessions to the very high standards which the society has set. I am hoping that people will go to see films which they are not familiar with, and not only the films which they know about or have seen, as only in this way will they be able to widen their experience of films and so derive full benefit from membership of the society.

CHR You teach history at K.E.S. What is your reaction to the view that, for boys wishing to go to University or leaving school, history offers only limited career possibilities?

JCL This is a myth which can easily be dispelled. There can be few more useful or versatile qualifications than a degree in history. The legal profession, industrial management, accountancy firms, the civil service (both at executive and administrative levels) and a host of other employers welcome applicants with a background in history. And I believe at a more exalted level, history, especially in combination with languages, provides a very high proportion of the successful applicants for foreign office and diplomatic work. All of these things are in addition to the obvious career choices such as teaching. I feel that any boy who really likes history and wants to continue with it after 'O' level should be strongly and positively encouraged to do so.

CHR Mr. Lillywhite, thank you.

INTERVIEW WITH W.C.R.

Jock Oh it's you two horrors. Whatever it is you want, you can't have it. Now take it from there.

CHR We want to interview you for the Chronicle.

Jock Do you want to get slain?

CHR We interview all new masters.

Jock (Laughter) There was that piece about me two years ago.

CHR You'd add some colour to the Chronicle.

Jock Look. Just tell them "W.C.R. hates everybody",

CHR (Laughter)

(Exit W.C.R. in the direction of the Common Room.)

NEW MEMBERS OF STAFF

On behalf of the school, the editors would like to welcome to the Common Room,

Mrs. Tennick (who comes to teach English), Mr. Bentley-Taylor (History), Mr. Bridges (Maths), Mr. Marsh (Geography and Geology), Mr. Mitra (Classics and History), and Mr. Sliivic (Geography and Economics).

We hope that they will like it here.

HEADMASTER H. J. DEELMAN M. A. TEL. 253-5001 CABLES: DRAGON, GUILMES



ST. GEORGE'S COLLEGE CASILLA DE CORREO Nº 3 1878 GUILMES, F.C.N.O.R. ARGENTINA

5th. June 1978.

Dear Chronicle,

The combination of discovering the edition of Chronicle containing my K.E.S. obituary, and being invited to a dinner at the British Embassy last week in honour of Birmingham's very own Denis Howell, has sparked off a little wave of nostalgia and prompted me to write to you. Actually, home is K.E.S.-dominated too, with Tom Bradbury, Simon Driver, George Stiff and Mike Cross all staying with us.

Denis, Tom and Mike are all here mainly for the World Dup, which started a few days ago. Many months ago I bought a pair of tickets for every game in Buenos Aires, so while Mr. Howell is flown off to Scotland's games in Córdoba and Mendoza (grandstand seats, no doubt) we plebs will be squeezing into the standing sections behind the goal to watch Argentina and a mixture of European countries.

Looking at the rude remarks in the Chronicle about the frequency of telephone calls to the Common Room for me, I cannot resist telling you about Argentina's telephone system. On average, you can expect to take half-an-hour to achieve any one phone call. In this time you may obtain, some fifty times, the engages tone after dialling just the first number; half-a-dozen assorted crossed lines; several variations on messages from outer space instead of the normal ringing tone; and if you are very lucky, one or two irate voices telling you that you have the wrong number.

Life becomes one long game, trying to beat the phone system, or waiting with bated breath and shivering goose-pimples to see whether hot water will actually emerge from the shower today, or joining the wildly inter-weaving mass motor-race which passes for traffic on the main access roads around Buenos Aires. It is often frustrating, but never dull here.

No doubt the newspapers are entertaining you with sensational snippets about Argentina right now. I wonder if any of them will give any more accurate impression than my comments have so far. One thing in a hundred - telephones, water, traffic, terrorist incidents - makes news because it is surprising in some way. The other ninety-nine make up a HEADMASTER H. J. DEELMAN M. A. TEL. 253-5081

CABLES: DRAGON, GUILMES



ST. GEORGE'S COLLEGE CASILLA DE CORREO Nº 2 1878 QUILMES, F.C.N.G.R. ARGENTINA

perfectly normal hard-working, cultured and pleasant country, where the tremendous warmth of both the climate and the people stand out in any comparison with England.

For myself, I miss my hockey squad and some of the other small groups I worked closely with at K.E.S. This job forces one to paint on a broader canvas, with less depth of interest possible in any one area. When thinking of a school as a whole, rather than one's own particular corner of it, it is also much more difficult to measure success, and any satisfaction I feel from the success of specific sections of the school is almost vicarious. The work is certainly varied and interesting, however, like the country.

Many boys here have fond memories of excellent hospitality in Birmingham, during the St. George's rugby tour of Britain lest January-February, and if the editor feels able to publish this letter, one of its main objects is to thank very much indeed all those who helped the tour. We are very grateful. Like the K.E.S. hockey side after their long-distance tour, the St. George's lads have come back in an unbeatable mood, and are currently piling up a string of victories as we move into our winter season.

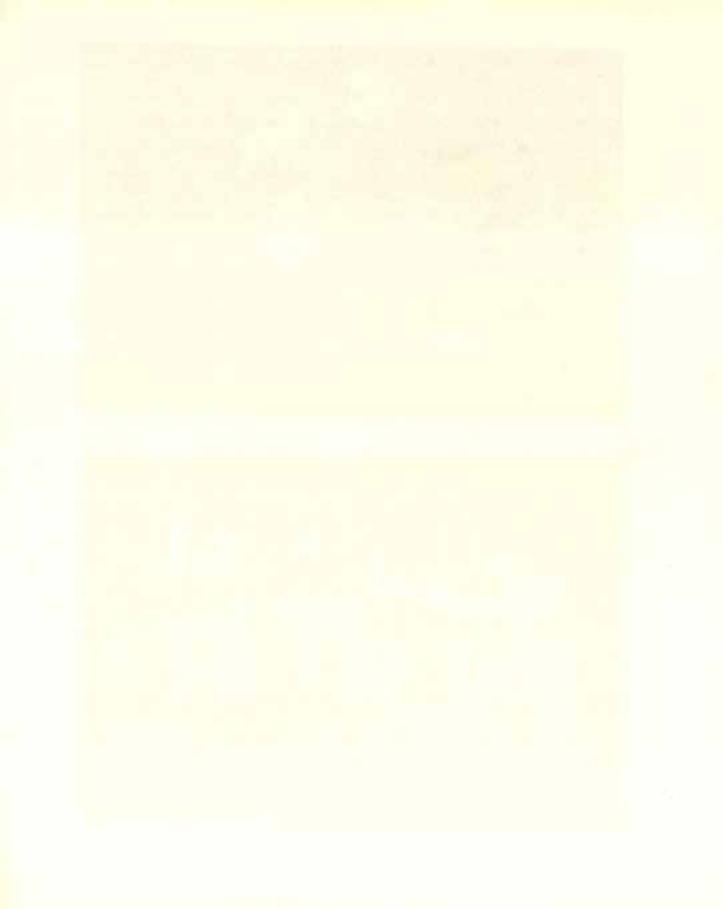
I would like to close with an open invitation to all friends at K.E.S., boys and staff, to visit us if the travel bug ever bites you and the bank balence looks healthy enough. I have been able to find shortterm teaching jobs in other local schools for Simon Driver, George Stiff, and Mike Cross (Tom Bradbury had his own contacts) and by staying with us you need have almost no expenses in Buenos Aires, saving funds for the remarkably economical overland journey back to Trinidad, the nearest point for cheep charter flights.

Best wishes to you all.

Harry Dul

Harry Deelman

HJD/sj





THE PILLARS OF THE COMMUNITY BY HENRIK IBSEN

Purged of a whole generation of actors, nurtured over a variety of productions and with the experience of three main school plays, the Dramatic Society was left after the triumph of "The Duchess of Malfi" looking painfully short of talent. It is a credit to the producer Mr. Evans, and to his young cast, that such a well-bodied performance could be put together in the short months available.

Mr. Evans adopted two solutions to his shortage: the first was to employ a high proportion of Fifth formers, fresh from their miracles, in last year's Junior Play; and the second was to choose a play of considerably less emotional urgency, demanding a far narrower range of expression and feeling than Webster's tragedy.

Its obsessively public concern (emphasised almost ludicrously by the incantational reiteration of the play's over-worked title), its rigidly symbolic approach, and an economy of characterisation which among the smaller figures borders on the plastic, all give it a simplicity which is at once direct and limiting.

This crudity occurs in its most concentrated form in a rather amorphous first act. Ibsen's worst faults, his strained symbolism and the awkward mechanics of his plot's revelation abound here. The three women (Mrs. Rummel, Holt, and Lynge) made a good attempt at mollifying this clumsiness (making several judicious cuts to soften their raucousness); but a large oppressive table obstructed movements and cut the drama down to its raw dialogue. This was not helped by a translation whose only merit was that it was useful for an inexperienced cast.

Deprived of the offending table the action moved with considerably greater force and speed throughout the remaining two acts, which were far more successful. In this the leading girls excelled. Roxane Spencer, in one of those parts which give a minimum of help (common among protagonists' wives), used an economy of movement and tone as Mrs. Bernick which was both expressive and impressive; she was overshadowed only by the remarkable succes of Kathryn Behean as Lona Hessel: overcoming the problems of accent and of a highly representational role, dominated and enthused magnificently: more than any other actor she knew how to move in the right way. And she showed a pleasing, ironical contempt for Ibsen's symbolism by ripping the curtain off its rail in Act One.

Among the male parts, the smaller roles showed impressive talent belying their inexperience. Jonathan Barnett, as Hilmar, could perhaps have been a little more disgusting and a little less amusing, but created an easy rapport with the audience. Nicholas Marston, as Johann, unfortunately spoke his American a little too quickly, but this Satchmo touch in no way destroyed his performance. Once more, considering the sparsity of their lines. Karsten's three partners created effective and distinct presences: Martin Brooke, using his experience to express the sloppy repulsiveness of Sanstadt; James Newell, with an unfortunate if uncanny resemblance to Fred Astaire, partially dampened his imitation of the avenging Angel.

Peter Jeavons gave his customary effective performance; Timothy Curtis made a fine debut. Paul Bridge, as Krap, had the miserable task of informing Bernick that his boat was about to sink almost as many times as everybody had to avouch for the state's portico. Last, but not least, Gareth Williams showed great force and perseverance in the highly demanding role of Bernick. If his approach seemed rather too tragic, and too little doubtful, this succeeded in changing the final resolution of the play from the self-interested ambiguity some have found in his final action, to a pitch of self-delusion unmatched in his earlier self-analysis. Such an interpretation was made to be entirely convincing: and the sun creeping in through the window was given an added and ruthless irony.

After a rather confusing and irritating first act (hardly a fault in production), the performance progressed with a good deal of vigour and vitality to its conclusion. The great promise shown in the younger parts will no doubt be put to good use in the future: and the only worry is that a repeat will be made of the mistakes of a few years ago: an overconcentration of actors in one year. Our thanks must go to Mr. Evans for his enterprising and enthusiastic direction.

B. A. Cummings

ZIGGER ZAGGER BY PETER TERSON

One of my fondest memories of K.E.S. is that of playing Mother in "Ernie's Incredible Illucinations" about five or six years ago, a role for which I had the pleasure of dressing up in a dress and high heels and stockings and even a padded bra. This year however the school, clearly aware of the strange effects which that experience has had on me, wisely decided to make this year's Junior Play a joint production with the girls' school, and for the first time Junior Play audiences saw a production in which the girls' roles were actually played by girls.

It's very difficult to say anything about the performance which isn't about the effects (of one sort or another) which the young ladies had on both the audience and the production. Throughout the play they communicated a sense of energy, freshness and enjoyment in what they were doing which is almost totally absent from senior productions. The school's more aged Thespians could have learnt a lot from, for example, Sally Thompson's and Debbie Woodward's performances as Sandra and Glenice. The chorus too, although their performance was marked by a strange determination to completely ignore the musicians both in tempo and key, seemed to be having so much fun that it was impossible not to enjoy it.

The only major fault in the production seemed to be the play itself. The alternating of choral sections with long scenes of dialogue seemed deliberately designed to slow down the pace of the play. The more vocal members of the audience, enjoying the general pantomime quality of the choral sections, became progressively more frustrated during the long scenes of dialogue. The cat-calls, cheers and roars of laughter which greeted Vincent (Neil Bullock), the Vicar (Andrew Mawnd) and the Youth Club Leader (Rahul Pillai) withered to a barely audible titter during domestic scenes which had almost no visual interest at all. It is a credit to Mrs. Croft and Mr. Martin that, despite this fault in the play's structure, they were still able to put on such a good production.

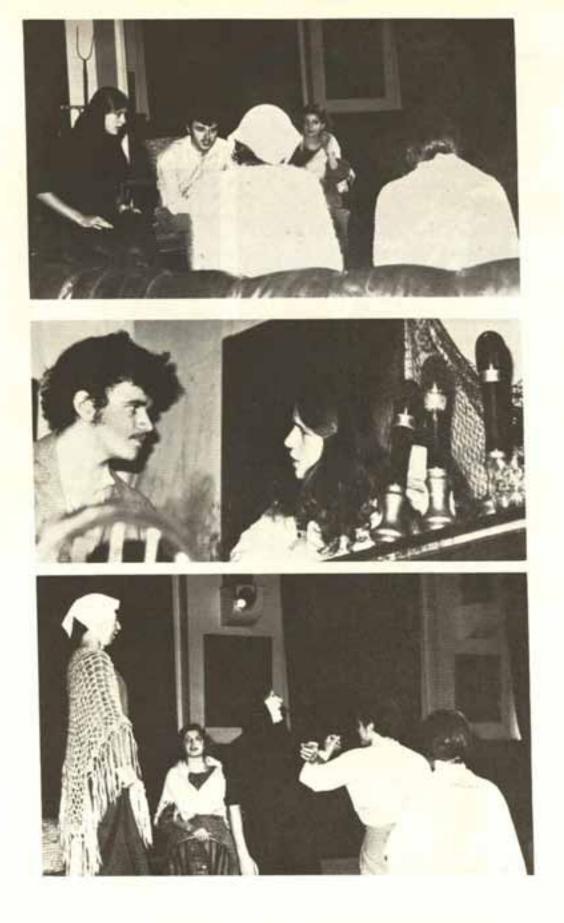
It was refreshing also to see a Junior Play for which one did not have to make excuses about the performers' inexperience. In this respect, the Chief Master's criticism (made in Big School the following week) of the cast's acting talents is absolutely ludicrous. For example, the Letter Readers (Sara Eveleigh, Helen Moody, Francis Hopkins and Vicky Bancroft) managed to exploit all the dramatic possibilities of their albeit small parts. The climax of Phil Marris' performance even moved me. Generally, the players more than made up for any inexperience by the verve and energy in their performance. And although I suspect that at least some of the play's success was due to some judicious typecasting by Mrs. Croft and Mr. Martin, the future looks healthy for school drama.

In seven years at K.E.S. it was the most enjoyable school production I have ever seen. If you didn't bother going, you must be pretty stupid.

Mark Steyn







ZIGGER ZAGGER (REVIEW NUMBER TWO)

I must admit I viewed the approach of this year's Junior Play with some apprehension. Its successful predecessor, an excellently enthusiastic production of a much neglected aspect of drama, had been an almost perfect choice; for it had scope for the more talented, and yet had no overdemanding parts but plenty of attractive walkon roles.

"Zigger Zagger" had those same qualities, but as a rather ragged play, it seemed likely to degenerate into a raucous farce. That it did not, and yet still proved genuinely enjoyable, was a great credit to its producers Mr. Martin and Mrs. Croft and their sizeable and happy cast.

The central parts, played by Chris Rawlins and Phil Marris, proved more a matter for perseverance than enjoyment, although they themselves managed to extract a good deal of humour from them. More attractive were the smaller parts, played with considerable vigour and distinction: the four letter readers, the employment clerk, Philton's mum and sister, the vicar, and the youth leader. Such parts offered shorter tasks, but were far more conducive to amusement.

The chorus, though out of time and tune, demonstrated a ready enthusiasm which was soon transmitted to a responsive audience. If the disjointed combination of these elements of dialogue and song seemed burdensome, the vitality of the production as a whole, and in particular two buxom, zestful and unique girls, Sally Thompson and Debbie Woodward, more than compensated for this.

To produce such excitement and commotion among the audience (signs of a type of enjoyment rarely found in K.E. drama) was an achievement for which Mr. Martin, Mrs. Croft and all can be proud; if for nothing else, the production will always be remembered by the Cartland Club for the stunning entry of Katie Iles on stage.

Brian Cummings

'ENDGAME' ETC.

The production of 'Endgame' was preceded by three rather lighter items, of which the highlight was the 'close harmony', directed by David Dunnett. The technical skill involved in this item was complemented by the verve and energy in their performance, from their opening number, 'Seventy-Six Trombones', they never lost the audience's attention.

The close harmony was followed by an extract from Noel Coward's 'Blithe Spirit', acted by Roxane Spencer and Kathryn Behean. Roxane Spencer's part, Mrs. Condomine, did not offer so much potential as that of Kathryn Behean, but she fulfilled her role with enthusiastic vigour, and proved an excellent foil for Kathryn Behean's ebullient performance as a rather Margaret Rutherfordesque Madame Arcati.

The third item of the evening was entitled 'Various Readings'. Peter Jeavons read an amusing extract about olives, Chris Armstrong, armed with a superfluous cigarette, read some Dylan Thomas, and Paul Bridge recited an intensely boring poem about ostriches. These readings were the least successful part of the evening, and should perhaps have been replaced by a longer extract from 'Blithe Spirit', which suffered from its being so short.

The second part of the programme was the production of 'Endgame' proper. There is always a danger in such productions that the actors will enjoy themselves more than their audience: if that was the case in this performance, it made little difference to the enjoyment derived from the play by the audience. Paul Bridge (Clov), with his high-pitched, blank voice communicated especially well the 'suspended, detached state' of the world of the play. One feels, however, that Peter Jeavons (Nagg) and Alison Murray (Nell), never really achieved the correct tone of voice, and placed too little emphasis on the possibilities of pathos in their scenes together. However, Jeavons' lively rendering of the 'trousers' story was impressive, as was Alison Murray's frustration at not being able to kiss him. James Newell's performance as Hamm was excellent. He summed up the Beckettian attitude to life, insisting with relish that the front of the stage is the end of the world, and in his total pre-occupation with the legless dog. However, both he and Paul Bridge would have done better to have learned their lines. Although their ad. libs, were convincing and often amusing, they did not always keep to the tone of the play. For example, Hamm's insistence that the excitement of one of the scenes was too much for his sphincter, or his comment 'I've forgotten my lines', did not ring true. Nevertheless, the performance was never disjointed, and was, on the whole, successful. The evening as a whole was jam-packed with fun; a real jolly jape.

M. R. Anderson

"THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD"

The producer of a syndicate play is restricted in his choice of actors, since the syndicate is only open to post 'A' level sixth-formers. This year's cast was a mixture of experienced and novice actors; the discrepancy was not apparent, for although the more experienced members of the cast acted with their customary efficiency, the inexperienced actors were also very impressive. Nicola Tuxworth, for example, put up an accomplished performance as the widow Quinn. Colin Ross, with little previous experience, and Brian Cummings with a little more, acted their "drunk scene" as if it were just another Saturday night. Both brought out the obvious potential humour of their parts to the full, and both had well-cultivated Irish accents. Mark Roberts played his part (an Irish landlord) with total self-confidence, and although he was not always convincing, his accent becoming somewhat dubious in his more enthusiastic moments, his general appearance and strength of personality, necessary for his part, overcame his faults. He pushed Hugh Barton-Smith around the stage with remarkable relish, the latter shedding his jacket with great aplomb. Hugh Barton-Smith was well cast, as Sean Keogh, and his performance was earnest, if a little wooden. The other inexperienced member of the cast, Jonathan Roberts, fulfilled his role with the necessary efficiency, flashing his eyes if he found the audience's reaction a little dull, or if he forgot his lines; his role was not the most demanding, but he played it adequately. Hilary Cooper, Anne Slater and Becky Collis (as village girls), proved the fact that Mr. Trott will always insist on surrounding himself with pretty faces. They had minor roles, and were not the most proficient actors, but their awesome appearance held the audience's attention.

The whole was held together by the principal actors, Gareth Williams, as Christy, and Anna Guggenheim, as Pegeen Mike. Gareth Williams introduced into his part the required spinelessness, if a little early on in the play, and portrayed with excellence the myopic self-delusion of his character. However, the other actors responded principally to Anna Guggenheim; her authentic Irish accent inspired the rest of the cast and one felt a greater sense of unity in the scenes when she was present on stage. Certainly, her performance was the most rounded, for she never lost sight of the characteristics of Pegeen Mike. Even when she was not speaking, her gestures and expressions were always apt.

The standard of the production as a whole in no way reflected the fact that rehearsals began only two weeks before the first performance. Congratulations to Mr. Trott and his cast.

Mark Anderson

K.E.S. SEA-SCOUTS: SUMMER CAMP 1977

The preparation for Summer Camp began a long way back in February when Mr. McIlwaine made some tentative estimates at the camp's budget; from the very beginning he predicted, with characteristic pessimism, that if prices continued to rise as they had been doing the camp would inevitably make a loss. Indeed we were prewarned that such luxuries as coffee and lime marmalade were definitely out. (In fact the camp broke even-and even made a little profit!)

Nevertheless the unit, consisting of eight raw recruits from the Fifths, plus Chris Bayliss, Tony Webb, 'Mac' and the amiable Nobby, assembled, as arranged, at the boat-house on a damp August morning, Dr. J. Pickworth departed first with 'Lady Jane' and the minibus followed some half an hour later, all the gear having been stowed with unusual efficiency. We arrived at Hordle, a small village five miles inland from Lymington, on a still damp and now depressing afternoon. The hut in which we stayed was a little Spartan but adequate; indeed, though the cooker possessed only one true hot plate our hosts had had the foresight to provide such intellectually edifying reading matter as 'Spidy', 'Batman' and 'Dracula' comics. The evening meal was plain.

The immediate task was to put both boats afloat and this was duly accomplished on the first morning. The lunch which followed set the pattern for the rest of the camp: three sandwiches ('sarnies'), cheese, an apple and chocolate biscuits (two). It was however our good fortune to meet Ray Miller, the captain of the Isle of Wight ferry. During the ten days of the camp he promised to take the 'shore party', those unfortunates who were entrusted with 'le ménage', across and back from the Isle of Wight on the bridge of the ship. Thus whilst the two boats enjoyed the first sail of the camp Chris Bench and Nick Edwards went on the ferry. This was a very interesting experience to see the astonishing manoeuvrability which the ferry displayed in docking and the equipment of the bridge.

The camp now settled down to a comfortable and relaxed routine. The food improved steadily; among the highlights were Tony Webb's Mum's mince meat and blackberry pies and Mac's pancakes. The standard of hygiene was very high and was largely due to the efficient organisation of duties by 'Mac'. Nonetheless, the camp did suffer from unusually bad weather; it poured with rain while we were out on the water and cleared up after we had returned, in a thoroughly miserable state, and put the boats away. There were therefore several days lost either on account of too much wind or, equally damaging, no wind at all. Two of these occasions were spent at a local leisure centre where Steve Swani entertained the unit with his prowess at swimming.

The rain had threatened to ruin Lymington Sea Scout's fete but in the end all turned out for the best and we spent the evening being entertained by 'Denim' (they tried hard) and Steve Swani's prowess at something else.

Despite the weather it was undoubtedly a very enjoyable holiday. Even if the weather had been perfect the unit, as yet inexperienced, would not have been able to exploit it to the full; as it was we all learned much about the handling of a boat. Thanks are overdue to 'Mac' for his efficient organisation and handling of the camp, to Tony Webb for his performance as quartermaster and to Nobby who worked out the times for each day's tides and was, nearly always, near at hand in the rescue boat.

P. N. Edwards

U.M.S. TRIP TO CLUN

Trouble started two weeks before the trip when it was realised that not enough people in U.M.S. wanted to go to this desolate place with an antarctic climate, so the word was spread to Rem.G. that this, the only place in Britain with a Mediterranean climate was populated solely by buxom girls. The remaining four places were immediately filled.

Eventually, Messrs. Smith, Evans, and Workman in their incompetence got the battered mini-van on the road after only two hours delay.

When we arrived in Clun, we were confronted by two feet of snow (far less than expected), a Youth Hostel, which I doubt could even be described as primitive, temperatures of -10°C, and only one vandalised public lavatory, with a permanent queue outside.

After only five minutes of warmth we were ordered to put on our snow shoes. It was at this point that Mike Drew realised that he had left his hiking boots at home and that he would have to face the cruel white world with a pair of battered school shoes with no grip. He was all right for the first five miles, but unfortunately they let him down just as he was about to reach the summit of a massive hill. He slowly began to slip, but gradually picked up speed on the way down. In the hope of slowing down he landed on his posterior, but it was no good. As he approached thirty miles per hour he knocked down Mr. Workman and three other boys standing behind him. Approaching 50 m.p.h. he reached the rearguard, Mr. Evans, but Mr. Evans would have nothing to do with it, so he just casually opened his legs and let Drew go sailing underneath him. Eventually, there was a horrifying scream as a rather prickly thorn bush managed to stop him.

With the aid of two sticks, twelve boys, and three masters he reached the top of the hill after only one hour. Luckily it was a lot easier to get him down the other side-all it took was one gentle push.

Later one member of our party-who shall remain nameless-demonstrated in one easy lesson how to become a very unsociable person as he wandered slightly too close to what some people would call a cess-pit. The ice underneath him cracked, and down he went. After about two minutes of swimming about in the stuff he emerged covered in cow manure. Everybody from then on kept their distance from him, and anyone caught down wind of him was very unhappy. But I suppose there was one advantage in it for him in that it was a good insulator against the cold.

That night was spent sleepless because one of the smaller boys of our group insisted on squeaking in a very high-pitched voice: "Newell!"

We were woken up the next morning at the unearthly hour of six o'clock, only to find that it had snowed another foot, the windows had frosted over, the water in the lavatory had turned into ice, the stove (the only thing that heated the whole building) that for some reason was called 'Little Cherub', could no longer stand the strain, had cracked and was now inoperative, and that breakfast would not be ready for at least another three hours.

Eventually, four hours later, breakfast arrived, consisting of one piece of charred toast, one raw sausage, one black, shrivelled piece of bacon, and what optimistic people might call an egg. We then spent the rest of the day clearing up.

Finally, at three o'clock, we all piled into the minibus and made our way home, putting our lives in the hands of Mr. Workman, who was at the wheel. Having just escaped death several times we arrived home at six o'clock. The next week we all avoided school with heavy colds or flu, or both.

M. P. Drew

TRIP TO GREECE - EASTER 1978

By 3.45 on Saturday, 8th April, most of us had conglomerated around the Foundation Office. The coach arrived and departed dead on timesurely a record for school trips.

The drive to Gatwick airport was very long-and the issue was confused by our passing very close to Heathrow. This baffled everyone-even Mr. Smith.

After a non-eventful flight we were set down at Athens airport. The first impression of this gem of ancient world cities was that it smelt like a fish market at the end of a hot day. Nevertheless we crawled into bed at 6 a.m., and half the hotel was woken up one hour later by a Greek hitting a shower with a hammer—which we learned had been broken by a certain female member of the party.

The rest of the day was spent finding our way around Athens in blazing sunshine. We climbed the Acropolis and admired the Parthenon--a truly magnificent piece of architecture which sadly is being rapidly corroded by all the filth which Athens' new industry is pumping into the atmosphere. In the evening we found a bar which was staffed by two young ladies in hotpants who invited us to "come upstairs". Upstairs was behind a bamboo curtain and bathed in red light.

The next morning we left at the unearthly hour of 8 a.m. on the around-Greece classical tour. We passed over the impressive Corinth canal, and visited the old town of Corinth-incorporating a "sanctuary of Aphrodite" on a nearby rock.

We stopped next at Mycenae, and some found the famous Lion gate rather disappointing-but not so the Beehive tomb, whose effect was only slightly dissipated by the helpful comment from an American tourist of "Gee, there are a lot of bees in here!" Sad, isn't it? The next stop was Epidaurus where we visited the most perfect example of a Greek theatre, with such good acoustics that you could hear a coin drop at 100 yards.

On arrival at Tolon where we were to stay the night, we went swimming in the sea which was very salty, very cold and very dirty. This did not deter Mr. Smith from temporarily abdicating all responsibilities and joining in the fun of splashing other people. Mr. Tennick was more sane-he said "good god-no" to any tentative suggestions that he join his zany colleague.

In the coach on the next day we were treated to first hand experience of Greek driving, when our driver drove us across the mountains to Olympia –where at times the nearside wheel of the coach was within a few inches of a huge precipice. It was also on this day that Mr. Smith made an incredible broadcast on the coach P.A. system, where he demonstrated his understandable unfamiliarity with Greek volume controls-the noise level seemed to reach 100 dB at times. Also, in the evening we got to know better the party from Ardingly College, Sussex.

Most of Wednesday was taken up with driving 250 kms to Delphi. By this time Mr. Smith had tired of the broken English and lack of much basic knowledge of the tour guide, and took us round the ruins himself. This proved far more satisfactory. Delphi incorporates a very good theatre, and the acoustic properties of this one were fully exploited by the prize-winning Greek verse-reading team of Rory McKinley, Ian Bond, Martin Brooke, Brian Cummings and Adam Shuttleworth who filled the theatre with beautifully inflected (inflicted?) Greek verse. Also at Delphi we admired the "navel" stone, which marked the centre of the ancient world. Roderick Beards stood on it and watched the whole world revolve around him. He found this phenomenon easier to achieve with three large brandy-andoranges.

At dinner Mr. Smith came as close to death as anyone else on the trip. In the middle of the spaghetti course a bottle of sparkling wine in a rack near to him exploded. He spent the rest of the meal shaking visibly.

Virtually all of Thursday was taken up with driving back to Athens. When we arrived, we discovered that the hotel had been flooded by some British anarchists (horror) sabotaging the plumbing system with subversive orange peel (the mind boggles). In the evening we found a disco where the gin-and-tonics fluoresced a beautiful blue under ultra-violet light, and where we discovered the Greek "taste" in popular music-Boney M, Baccara, and the Pleasers. We returned to the hotel at 1.50 a.m.

It rained on Friday-to everyone's disappointment but especially to those who had spurned the opportunity of taking photographs of the Acropolis the previous Sunday in glorious sunshine-and tried to take them in the pouring rain-against all odds. We had a new tour guide who was much superior to the previous one and nearly stood up to stiff questioning by Mr. Smith to test her competence.

Saturday we went to Aegina, an island half an hour away from Athens' port-Piraeus. Once on the island, some of us sunbathed and others went by bus to the other side of the island to visit a temple to Athene Aphaia. It was here that Mr. Smith condemned the phrase "authentic reproductions" as "not an oxymoron, not a contradiction-merely bloody silly".

The next day was a free day where we trucked around Athens, and climbed the highest hill in Athens, which afforded us a great view of this dirty and developing town. The day was only marred by our travel company's very distasteful choice of a night-club to give us our final meal in Greece. You would have thought the name—"Athens by night"—would have scared anyone off—but apparently not in this case. This was the only really unsatisfactory part of the trip. We were all very sad on the plane coming home and this depression was heightened by our learning that the temperature was 3 degrees Centigrade at Gatwick airport.

We all enjoyed it thoroughly-many thanks to Messrs. Smith and Tennick, and to Mrs. Nicol. All three organised the trip very efficiently and added to our enjoyment in this way.

Jeremy Platt, Roderick Beards

THE SKIING TRIP TO PIANCAVALLO, CHRISTMAS 1977

K.E.S., Moseley School, and Lordswood Girls School combined together to form the party of skiers, some good, some bad.

We travelled by plane and coach via Venice to the village of Piancavallo in northern Italy. The hotel turned out predictably less luxurious than the brochures promised.

The first happening of the holiday occurred when it was discovered that the hotel did not have enough room for the whole party. Consequently Mr. Tomlinson, as crafty as ever, departed with a few other boys for a hotel which proved infinitely more luxurious than ours. (It must be said that we all missed Mr. Tomlinson's jovial face in the evenings!).

The holiday itself had many outstanding features. One of the most memorable for certain of us was the humour that was evoked at meal-times by a particular table in the diners' room. Those who sat at this table dubbed themselves with the well-worn cliché of 'The Lads', and succeeded during the course of the holiday either in amusing or annoying nearly every member of the party.

Nicknames became the 'in' thing on the holiday, and the unfortunate Chris 'Mental' Williams suffered greatly because of this. His famous, or infamous, fits of anger at being called by his nickname became the high-point of the holiday, and his battle with Moseley's answer to Bruce Lee (believed also to be a member of the Mafia) was reminiscent of Ali-Frazier.

Mastery of the language was also a problem despite Mr. Tomlinson's sheet of useful phrases. 'Grazie', the Italian for 'thank-you', was mastered by most people, but only 'Loz' was able to converse further. Steve Campbell decided that all male Italians were called 'Luigi', and was unmoved by the discovery of their real names.

The local disco was a hangout for many at nights and the owner became a great friend (probably because we consumed vast quantities of his cheap wine).

Many romances also developed on the holiday. Paul Campbell was involved with a Lordswood girl whose surname was originally thought to be rather nice, mistaking 'Ballett' for a part of the male anatomy. One must also not forget 'Casanova' Tomlinson's tendency to spend his evenings with an attractive Australian lady.

Mr. Worthington must be thanked for his strict discipline (?!), whereas Mrs. Bealt of Lordswood must be cursed for forcing her girls to be in by a very early hour.

Best skier was Bill Curry, but Mr. Worthington and Carl Freeman must be congratulated on their tireless efforts.

C. Horn

EASTER SKIING TRIP TO APRICA, ITALY 1978

We left the school from the Foundation Office at midnight on Tuesday, 21st March. We arrived at Gatwick at 2.15 a.m., six hours before the plane was due to leave, so that we could 'settle in and get ourselves organised', as Mr. Tomlinson put it.

By 2.45 a.m. we had 'settled in and got ourselves organised', still with five and a half hours left. Mr. Stead and Mr. Tomlinson gave us a valuable lesson on how to have a waiting-room to yourself as they took off their shoes and sprawled themselves out on the benches. The only one of us daring enough to go near them was Charlie 'Orange' Davidson who was so engrossed with eating one of his lovable fruits that he did not notice the distinctly musty atmosphere. An Old Edwardian, he was a welcome addition to the party as he was a very experienced skier.

After an uneventful but picturesque journey we arrived at our hotel in Aprica. We settled into the hotel and began acquainting ourselves with the town. The Pizza Bar became a great favourite, not only because of the proprietor's excellent pizzas, but also because of his more than friendly wife.

We began skiing on the second day when everyone's colourful regalia was displayed for the first time. The by now famous Tomlinson bobblehat appeared again. The Davis twins wore exactly the same outfits and were only distinguishable by the different colours of their hats. Mr. Tomlinson remarked on how effeminate he thought salopettes were (chest-high skiing trousers), a point of view which was soon withdrawn when he realised our Italian instructor wore them.

The beginners progressed very quickly, but were put to shame by displays of technical brilliance by Mr. Stead, achieved after a year's hard practice. An added bonus on the trip was the fire-drill with fancy-dress promised, but which was later taken off the bill. The courier, however, seemed to have forgotten and appeared in boots covered with large amounts of grey fur. Everyone forgot about the fire-drill and were captivated by his strange taste in footwear.

By the end of the holiday we had all become 'Franz Klammers' and everyone had won a medal which the Italians had forgotten to make. The Italians have a lovely farewell saying: 'Break a leg, break a neck', and so we promptly broke one of their skis and left.

We arrived back at Gatwick at about 7.30 p.m. on Tuesday, 28th March. One of the party left a camera on the plane and so we waited another two hours at the airport while it wasn't found. We were getting to know Gatwick quite well by now and were beginning to feel quite at home in the place until Mr. Tomlinson spoiled it all, He broke a bottle of Charlie Davidson's noxious liquid and was immediately set upon by the owner and the janitor, who complained, 'I'd had a quiet day until you arrived!' he pointed a finger at Mr. Tomlinson 'And now you have to do this. This is the first bit of work I've had to do all day'.

We arrived safe and sound back at New Street at 11.30 much to the delight, or otherwise, of our awaiting parents.

I would like to thank, on behalf of all of us on the trip, Mr. Tomlinson and Mr. Stead for all their hard work before and during the trip, and for their excellent skiing tips; Charlie Davidson for looking after all of our money (?); the Chief Master for his co-operation; the people back in Italy; and the countless others who all helped to make the holiday such a great success.

M. Cooper

MARINE BIOLOGY COURSE, BORTH '78

We all met on the Thursday in high spirits anticipating the fun (?) ahead. After having survived the subtle and interesting handling of the minibus by Mr. Rigby, we arrived in Aberystwyth in one piece. The afternoon was spent collecting specimens from the rocky shore and getting to know the various species. Having had a chicken dinner and endured the lab work we went off to sample the local night-life. The second day involved mainly work, i.e. in the lab and taking a transect of the shore at Borth; the previous day's chicken re-appeared at lunch. But after this, things livened up a bit with the arrival of Dr. Homer that night.

On the Saturday it was proved conclusively that greasy breakfasts and bumpy boat trips don't go together. A certain bearded member of the party also discovered that he didn't get on well with boats either!

The afternoon involved a long trek around the sand-dunes and later a study of the salt-marsh estuary. This also led to several desperate attempts to obtain gapers by Messrs. Russell and Rigby. That evening, Dr. Homer again demonstrated his theory that size is inversely proportional to appetite by voraciously demolishing a huge meal as usual.

Sunday meant more lab work and in the afternoon the rock pool project, which gave wide scope to the ace photographer, D.R.H.,-snapping photos here, there, and everywhere.

The penultimate day saw the departure of the above with Mrs. Lampard back to Birmingham: leaving the rest of us to an exciting (?) nature ramble seeing totally unremarkable objects, and a tour of a hydro-electric power station. The raising of young trout was also seen with interest, followed by the long walk back to the minibus. That last night, certain members of the party ended up rather the worse for wear-Ragwort, Ruswick and Lampoon, but Lord Bench again excelled himself with tales of the estate.

On the Tuesday came the packing-up ritual and the hated job of cleaning the minibus. The journey home was driven recklessly as usual, but we all arrived back having enjoyed an interesting and jovial trip. All thanks to the members of staff for making it so.

G. J. Sutton and others

FOURTH FORM GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP TO NORTH WALES

At about 9.30 a.m. on the morning of Wednesday 31st May, the Fourth form field trip to Penmaenmawr set forth. After a brief stop for lunch at Llangollen we soon found ourselves examining pot-holes in the upper reaches of the River Conway, meanders further down, and finally an elusive ox-bow lake on the flood-plain.

Arriving at Penmaenmawr Youth Hostel we found many delights to indulge in-a snooker-table, and a 'football-pitch' (if you didn't mind kicking the ball under an express train or over a cliff.) Needless to say, no follow-up work was done that evening.

Thursday was the 'big day' of the trip: studying glacial landforms in the Nant Ffrancon valley. After drawing cross-sections etc., we progressed to Cwm Idwal where we had lunch. Here Lewis demonstrated his strange relationship with sheep, which was to last for the rest of the trip.

After lunch Mr. Haywood gave his bionics a test by leading us up an almost-vertical cliff to a cool-looking lake. Simon Medcalf eagerly dived in, only to find that water temperature was around zero! Having recovered from our swim we began the ascent of Tryfan, a fearsome-looking mountain jutting into the Ogwen valley. Somehow we all reached the summit, (even Mr. Martin), save one member of the group who stayed by the lake to sunbathe.

On the descent Mr. Martin showed us how to run down a scree, and Mr. Haywood acrobatically showed us how to stop. That evening, follow-up work consisted of a trip to sample the 'night-life' of Conway, and more snooker, (and someone was even caught train-spotting!).

Friday was the last day of the trip, but before we left for Birmingham we studied the coastal features of the area (i.e. a game of football on Llandudno beach.)

The return journey went smoothly except for one very strange incident. Mr. Haywood suddenly covered himself with petrol, to the astonishment of the party, and then he took off his trousers and hung them from the minibus window. The general opinion was that his bionics had a short circuit.

We reached Birmingham safe and sound due to Mr. Martin's excellent driving (even under the influence of Dubonnet) and all having learnt something from Mr. Haywood's eloquent teaching, and our thanks are due to them for a most enjoyable visit.

M. Hetherington

TRIP TO WILTSHIRE AND WALES, SUMMER 1977

At cock-crow on July 9th, 1977, ten boys, Mr. Lambie, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Tibbott were to be found outside K.E.S. awaiting the arrival of that most appropriate mode of transport for a group going to see ancient monuments, the ancient school minibus. Mr. Lambie handed out sealed orders, (57 pages of detailed information on every site we might visit), and the trip was under way.

The first port of call was Avebury, reached by a route quite remarkable for its circuitous nature, where the tone of the event was set by the rapid disappearance of several members of the party in the direction of the local hostelry. Others, however, partook of those facilities for which Avebury is more famous, namely its stone circle and museum. A little before lunch we set out to walk to Silbury Hill, and from there to West Kennet Long Barrow, a notable megalithic tomb. We then walked on to the Sanctuary, the wooden partner of Avebury, now marked by concrete stumps. A short walk along the prehistoric ridgeway brought us back to the minibus. The weather was now getting slightly better, and we were subjected to a whirlwind drive across the Severn Bridge and northwards to the Youth Hostel at Tyn Y Caeau. Here it was that the singing of a certain master claiming to have been educated for a spell in the land of song prompted the warden to shout from his kitchen: "Turn that radio off!" A bracing stroll to the nearby inn to forget the cares of the morrow encouraged the party on its return to fall into bed at something approaching the prescribed hour.

The following morning brought us shiningfaced to the minibus to embark upon an exercise quite remarkable for its dedicated masochism. Indeed, some seemed unwilling to cope, and



vanished temporarily in Brecon. Eventually they were recaptured, and together we reached our target, Pen Y Fan, the summit of the Brecon Beacons. Beyond Pen Y Fan lies Cribin, and beyond that lies a Roman road (now traced by a modern path) to which the more enterprising members of the party walked, and beside which they ate their lunch. This night too was spent at Tyn Y Caeau.

The following day took us to the Roman fort at Brecon Gaer, a well-preserved sight, with much visible stonework, and to another Roman road a few miles away, which we were completely unable to find, and to the mountain centre at Libanius where we ate our lunch. On our way back to the minibus we contrived to 'lose' about a half of the party, but, aided by some very dubious navigation on behalf of the 'official' party, they were discovered seated round the minibus when we arrived.

The night was spent at Bryn Poeth Uchaf Hostel, a remarkable place distinguished by the red worms in its tap-water, and its lack of lights. A walk of a little over one mile brought us to the local inn which provided us with food and drink. That this journey, trackless and steep, could be a hazardous one we were informed by the only other inmate of the hermitage, an alcoholic Welshman from London, who had ended up on the previous night in a field of sheep, long after closing time, with no idea of his whereabouts.

The following day took us, in theory, on foot to Dolaucothi Roman Gold Mines. Unfortunately, the vagaries of Forestry Commission planning left us in a large forest, cut by an apparently interminable road, which led to various wanderings, during which Mr. Lambie was heard to remark, somewhat melodramatically. 'To turn back would be suicide.' We therefore pressed on, and then, having emerged from the wood, turned round and walked back to the minibus, which took us to the mines.

The trip was rounded off by a visit to Castell Collen Roman fort, near Llandridnod Wells, and to Offa's Dyke, above Knighton. Thanks are due to Mr. Lambie, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Tibbott for organising this excellent trip.

I. A. M. Bond

GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP TO DEVON: APRIL 11TH - 16TH

The Geography Department's annual crusade commenced promptly on a warm Tuesday morning when Mr. Haywood appeared brandishing a set of soil augers. The intrepid party of explorers then ventured forth into the depths of rural England and moved steadily south in a convoy consisting of Mr. Workman's green mini, Mr. Benett's white caravanette, and the battered blue minibus. We arrived at Woolacoombe the same evening, having stopped en route to climb a hill somewhere in Somerset and to wrap up samples of soil, mud and dung in lengths of silver cooking foil.

There then followed four days of extensive hypothesis-testing, interspersed with work, and four evenings of protracted post-mortems which continued far into the night. A typical day on a field trip-so that you can recognise it if you ever encounter one-involves leaving the hotel at about 9 a.m., bouncing around the countryside in the minibus, struggling with piles of banda-sheets as you scribble down information, eating the two sandwiches provided by the hotel under the title of 'lunch', further struggling in the afternoon followed by bouncing back to the hotel, and a follow-up session in the evening when you fix the results for all the experiments which you are told you have done during the day. (If you ever meet such a phenomenon it should be treated with care).

Wednesday was spent studying drainage on Exmoor and measuring a set of mysterious hillocks which were equally mysteriously positioned in the centre of a valley. The party was dazed by the geomorphological implications of these features until Mr. Benett, speaking from a position of strength as the Ecology Party's candidate in the coming Selly Oak by-election, revealed all by disclosing that the hillocks were not really remnant interfluves caused by rivercapture, but had been formed as a result of the industrious activities of the local earthworm population. On Thursday, the features of seven miles of Devon coastline, of macro-, meso-, and microscales, were examined and spirited efforts were made to procure refreshments at a hotel which had not yet been fully built. A helicopter was seen performing a cliff-rescue, and amazingly it wasn't one of us who was being rescued. (Attempts are still being made to formulate a hypothesis on this). The following day features of urban settlement were studied in Barnstaple and attempts were made to get people to answer our questionnaires on shopping habits, though some of them were students who insisted that we answered their questionnaires first. Meanwhile Mr. Haywood was content to count the cows in the local cattle-market.

On the Saturday we studied rural settlement patterns: this being some sort of euphemism for a twelve-mile walk across North Devon. Demoralisation was soon rife when the first potential metropolis turned out to consist of a church, two houses and a post-box. Nevertheless, Peter Knight and David Lewis cornered the vicar in a country lane where he was changing his trousers (is this statistically significant?), and information was extracted. Another man estimated that it took him an hour to drive the three miles to Barnstaple, as opposed to the ten minutes it took everybody else, while a third man bought groceries and furniture in Barnstaple and shoes in London.

The survivors would sincerely like to thank the staff for the time and effort which they put into organising the trip. Mr. Haywood had returned from South America only two days before we went away: the fact that he uttered his immortal "and there is the basis of a practical project" only twice during the entire week was diagnosed as jet-lag. However, this perennial phrase was replaced by "who's coming for a walk to Morte Point?" which was produced daily at about 5 p.m. in an attempt to revive the corpses and carcasses strewn around the hotel lounge: and he managed to defeat Mrs. Worthington in the "Battle of the Bureaucrats" by twenty-one premeditated banda-sheets to seventeen. (As well as going on to banda a lot of our results). We would also like to thank Mrs. Worthington, who combined with Mr. Haywood to produce a subtle blend of coaxing and coercion which actually induced us to work, and without whom Dan Keeling would never have met a Dartmoor Tor. Thanks are also due to Mr. Workman for providing transport and for frequently instilling humour into the proceedings, and to Mr. Benett for letting us benefit from his seemingly inexhaustible fund of knowledge and for providing the instant cure for all blisters, both real and potential, by making known his talent as an amateur surgeon.

Some thoughts should also be spared for those who sacrificed their sanity in adding to the happy atmosphere of the trip: to Steve Swani, who, impervious to both pain and reason, extended the North-West Passage through the ice-flows of Woolacoombe bay; to James Martin, who in a sudden fit of enthusiasm was captivated by the sand dunes and constantly worked overtime studing their morphology; to Pete Saunders for his musical accompaniments; to Graham Fisher, who, in between discussing the political, social and economic implications of the hotel management's inability to serve afternoon tea at 4.30 p.m., managed to get lost on Woolacoombe beach; to Alan Horswill, who having got stuck inside an airing cupboard is trying to forget the last night; and to Steve Watson who is still trying to remember it. The minibus also deserves some praise for its unfailing service: indeed, the whole party suffered only one puncture during the entire week. And so it came to pass that, on April 16th, our happy explorers trundled back up the M5 to Birmingham, like some modern ancient mariners condemned to live out their destiny as dictated by the higher authority of the banda-machine.....

David Lewis

ADVENTUROUS TRAINING IN THE CCF

One of the aspects of the CCF not seen, or at least ignored by its critics, is Adventurous Training. On odd occasions throughout the year, parties of cadets discard their uniforms and rifles in favour of a variety of multi-coloured clothing and compasses and go off for a longweekend of hill-walking. And, as members of the CCF, the cost for food, travel, etc. is minimal: the two trips described below, of four and five days duration, cost only £5 per cadet.

The first trip this year was over half-term in the Spring Term, when Mr. Andronov led a group of eight cadets, Nick Keen (a very recent OE), and "James and Jimmy" (Mr. Andronov's son and friend). Our base was a Youth Hostel just outside Chepstow, from where we ventured out on three mornings to walk the surrounding area.

On previous weekends, Mr. Andronov has formed the habit of bringing with him every conceivable type of weather: sun, rain, and snow all crammed into four days. However this time he let us down-he only provided a constant barrage of snow. On a weekend when hundreds of people were lost when walking, or trapped in cars, and animals by the thousand were dying in snowdrifts, we merrily trudged our way around the freezing countryside.

With the aid of a snowball and one of Newton's better-known theories, Mr. Andronov, always one for scientific experiments no matter how banal, and despite weather conditions, calculated the height of the mid-point of the Severn Bridge, while most of us were more concerned with avoiding being blown off it by the howling wind.

Another such treat we would have missed had it not been for the snow, was Mr. Andronov's natty, if tasteless, choice of headgear. It may not have been the latest Paris fashion, but there was no better way of warming the heart and cheering the soul after miles of walking, than to see a neo-neanderthal figure stomping out in the lead, topped by a bright red, woollen pixie hat, complete with bobble.

The village of Caerwent, the site of a Roman town, was the scene for the only piece of "military" training: while our leader disappeared to investigate the cultural side of the place, "the men" engaged in a snowball version of the battle of Arnhem, yet again proving that you don't have to be young to be juvenile.

Sport, in a way, also fitted into our schedule. After walking through Saturday morning and afternoon, we arrived back in Chepstow in time to watch the second half of the Scotland-Wales Rugby International, standing outside a "Rediffusion" shop, fighting off the cold.

This was a very enjoyable weekend, full of lighthearted incidents, yet also with some serious walking in what were, at times, harsh and difficult conditions.

The last trip this year was over the Summer half-term, when the "Chiefs" of the group were Mr. Andronov, Mr. Dewar, Nick Keen (who is obviously trying to get rid of the "Old" part of "Old Edwardian" by coming back all the time), David Lewis, and myself. Along with the five Conolly (U.M.s) cadets and six Vyse (4ths) cadets, we went camping in Edale, at the foot of the Pennine Way. Yet again there were adverse weather conditions, this time blazing heat, which made walking very tiring. And again, Mr. Andronov won the fashion award, wearing a pair of very brief white shorts, that turned grubbier day by day, walking boots, red socks, and nothing else, although another member of the party challenged him with some silken, "wet-look" shorts with fish-net inners.

Mr. Dewar was overjoyed with the camp-site -only four hundred yards from a railway line. Indeed, he proved quite a conversation-stopper as he leapt to his feet and shouted ecstatically "It's a 48!" when some nondescript locomotive thundered past, looking, to the uninitiated, just like the last one, which was apparently a 47A. One day, we walked to nearby Castleton, to see one of the "Blue John" mines. The cold of the mines compared to the warmth outside was at first pleasant, then uncomfortable to all except Mr. Andronov, who, inexplicably, seemed very much at home in the caves.

The walking was fairly hard, mainly because of the heat, and we covered many of the wellknown routes in the area; for example, going up Kinder Scout, along to Kinder Downfall, and down Jacob's Ladder.

To exemplify the ruggedness of the party, on the last night, one of our senior members was disappointed with the traditional festivities, which seemed to consist of only a game of football, and so, undaunted by fatigue after three and a half days of walking, went AWOL, disappearing on his own late in the night to run five and a half miles to Edale and back to refresh his parts that a game of football stood no chance of reaching, as well as helping a stranded motorist push his car up a hill, and also trying to thumb a lift off a police car at midnight.

Thanks must go to Mr. Andronov and Mr. Dewar for leading the trip-we were going to buy Mr. Andronov a silver gorilla, but we couldn't afford it, and Mr. Dewar a "Hornby" train, but we couldn't find one. They took our jokes very well, especially as Mr. Dewar never actually saw that elusive breed of train, the "Deltic". I'd also like to thank all the party, especially Robin Baker for introducing the conversation on Rastafarians-at least it stopped Mr. Dewar talking about trains or singing old Donovan hits; Martin Cooper for appearing to take everything so seriously; and Andy Swani, for showing us all how to make a fire, even in the rain.

Finally, I must again thank Mr. Andronov, who, by his hard work, has revitalised adventurous training in the CCF, making the CCF even more enjoyable for those already in it, and making it a more attractive prospect for those in the Removes and Shells.

Robin Jackson

PARIS - EASTER 1978

—Ce que nous célébrons dans cette Semaine Sainte, c'est le mystere de Jésus, étendu à notre propre vie.

It was with this predominant aim in mind that the School Chaplain, Mr. Grimley, took a party of boys from the sixth form to the parish of St. Séverin in Paris. The life we were to examine and share was amongst the parishioners, with whom we stayed, and the worship we were to join was their special and intense programme of services, culminating in the Easter celebrations over Saturday night and Easter morning.

Also, as a group separate from the parish we organised a series of sight-seeing trips around the city, and consultations with various representatives of the Catholic Church and of the Police, to obtain a clear picture of the influence of the Church in French society, gaining in a few short days a clearer insight into Parisian life than many an experienced visitor to the city.

With the essentially serious approach, the stay was not without its lighter moments, particularly those involving Mr. Hatton, who in appearance and manner is almost the caricature of a typical Frenchman. In one unforgettable moment on the Metro he changed from a polite Englishman chatting demurely into a demonstrative, unhesitant Frenchman when he suddenly discovered that his wallet had been stolen. The tall, young voleur à tire and his accomplice, who had been quietly slinking away, responded to the situation with expressions of utter disbelief, and fled like a pair of naughty schoolboys at the next station, leaving the wallet.

The success and enjoyment of the trip, however, did not lie in such moments. The fascination and the fullness of the life we shared, the completely natural approach to the intense Christian involvement, represented the most satisfying element. The services we attended, along with a packed congregation, presented a unique opportunity, as yet unachieved by the Church in this country, of simple but marvellously apt worship. Perhaps the most impressive scene was Notre Dame on Easter Day, where thousands upon thousands of people were packed together, shoulder to shoulder, to celebrate Mass. But the most moving scenes were always reserved for the smaller church of St. Séverin, where one felt very close to 'les moments majeurs de la vie du Christ: son dernier Repas, sa douleureuse Passion, sa mort abandonée, sa merveilleuse Resurrection ...'

Thanks go to Mr. Grimley and Mr. Hatton for making it all possible.

Tim Arnold

MUSIC FOR CHRISTMAS

The first remarkable fact about this concert, held on Monday 12th December, was the size of the audience, which, much to the embarrassment of the stupefied prefects, not only filled Big School, but even occupied the Organ Gallery. While explanations for the unprecedented display of parental enthusiasm might be sought in the constantly improving standard of school music, or the spirit of the season, less charitable observers did not hesitate to attribute it to the fact that, contrary to usual practice, admission was free. Nevertheless, those who came were rewarded by an evening of musical accomplishment, informality and general enjoyment. The evening opened with the Wind Band, who played with tremendous zest, setting the tone for the whole concert, and this was followed by the first congregational carol 'O Come, All Ye Faithful'. Although some might have been apprehensive at the thought of involving the usually sober citizens of Birmingham in anything so informal and spontaneous as community singing, the results of Mr. Sill's initiative fully justified the innovation, for the audience played their part, while the orchestra produced some well-performed accompaniments. After this, David Dunnett played three works for solo organ, which were remarkable in their variety, but performed with uniform expertise: the suitably lightweight Scherzo by Gigout contrasted with Brahms' 'Es ist ein nur entsprungen', played with considerable sensitivity; while the unusual 'Carillon' by Murrill was a suitable vehicle for a display of virtuosity. Two offerings from the Chapel Choir, conducted by Dr. Homer, 'Adam lay Ybounden' and 'Sans Day Carol', were followed by another congregational carol 'Unto us a child is born'. The last item in the first part of the concert was a performance by the first orchestra of 'The Nutcracker Suite', before which Mr. Sill, making one of his occasional announcements, helpfully translated the titles printed in the programme from the French, thereby enlightening and edifying the audience. Attempting such a well-known work, it is pleasing to note that the orchestra were on excellent form, with all sections, most notably a hearty brass contingent, and assorted percussionists, playing reliably and zestfully. The last movement, the 'Valse des Fleurs', provided a suitable end to the first half of the evening: the second was to prove even more enjoyable.

Two pieces performed by the Chapel Choir, 'In the bleak midwinter' and William Mathias' 'St. Christemas', which were handled with skill, the choir coping particularly well with change of tempo and difficult harmonies in the latter, and the second contribution of the Wind Band were all overshadowed by what, for many, proved the highlight of the evening: Mr. Sill's own arrangement of 'Good King Wenceslas'. He himself introduced the oeuvre, and the star soloist, Mr. Buttress, who had specially been delegated to perform on the wind machine, an instrument all too rarely used in orchestral compositions, proved an unusually skilled practitioner. After several practices, to ensure even the audience were up to standard, the premiere of the work went ahead, and proved hugely popular. This set the seal on the evening as one of high spirits and great enjoyment for

both audience and musicians, as well as of musical accomplishment, fully justifying the unusual and innovatory approach adopted for the concert.

G. S. Williams

THE SCHOOL CONCERT - 24TH MARCH 1978

This year's School Concert was essentially modern in its tone with two choral works of the twentieth century and the first Horn Concerto by Strauss, a work written in the second half of the last century. The concert opened with Vaughan Williams' "Serenade to Music" a lyrical setting of the speech from the Merchant of Venice "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank". Although originally written for a number of soloists and only later arranged for choir and three soloists, the choral adaptation proved peculiarly suitable for the mellifluous sound of the first section of the setting. The soloists, Rosalind Bradley (Soprano), David Johnston (Tenor), John Hawker (Bass) sang with great clarity and thus ensured an enjoyable performance.

The second item on the programme was Strauss' Horn Concerto in E Flat, a work which, written early in his career, is perhaps more accessible than some of the composer's later works. As was to be expected, Michael Nagle performed with his usual virtuosity, displaying a rare skill on one of the technically most difficult orchestral instruments. Playing from memory, he produced both a well studied and also a sensitive interpretation, particularly in the slow movement. The First Orchestra performed well, and were responsive to Mr. Bridle's firm direction.

The second part of the concert was perhaps more challenging to the audience than to the performers. Benjamin Britten's "Saint Nicholas", while not a recondite work, is nevertheless highly impressionistic and unusual. The School was lucky in having the services of the wellknown tenor soloist David Johnston, who sang the demanding role of Saint Nicholas with great aplomb and was particularly outstanding in his solo item "Nicholas in Prison". The Choral Society, if not always performing with equal vocal brilliance nevertheless showed considerable gusto, especially in the sections "The Storm" and "The Pickled Boys" (!), which demanded not only musical but also dramatic talent, in which Mr. Buttress and Mr. Evans clearly excelled. The orchestra was, as in last year's "Carmina Burana", a mixture of members of the School and invited musicians, and these played with effortless skill. David Dunnett (as always) and Jenny Bradshaw deserved to be mentioned for their piano duet, occasionally making themselves heard above the tempestuous noises of orchestra and choir.

As "Carmina Burana", "Saint Nicholas" does have a directness of impact which is lacking in many of the more experimental works of recent composers, although as in all Britten's works, it is well structured with interesting development of themes. Altogether, the work's refreshing originality seemed to prove a success with the audience, and thus concluded an enjoyable concert of music which is not usually heard.

G. S. Williams

THE SHELTER CONCERT

The Shelter Concert, which took place on Saturday 8th July provided evidence, if it was needed, of the continuing enthusiasm for making music amongst some members of the school, an enthusiasm fostered by the new spirit brought to the Music School by Messrs. Sill and Bridle. The programme was one of unusual scope and variety, giving ample opportunity for those involved to display their talents. Particularly notable were Margaret Faultless, who in addition to the more usual role of violinist was to be seen (or rather heard) singing soprano and playing treble recorder, and Helen Skerratt, not only a flautist but also a skilled keyboard and recorder player. The concert opened with a canon by Pachelbel for three violins (played by Margaret Faultless, Bethan Jones and Mr. Bridle) and continuo, which was executed with a considerable deftness and skill, while Jo Shapland on 'cello performed the unenviable though necessary task of playing a repeated two bar phrase which formed the bass line. After two short Elizabethan madrigals, "Sacerdotes Domini" by Byrd and Dowland's "Shall I strive with words to move?", there followed two movements of Schubert's Octet in F. If this was not always completely secure in tempo and tuning, the performance was nevertheless confident and lively. Jeremy Davies' clarinet was particularly prominent. The concert then moved rapidly from the sublime to what might have been seen as the ridiculous: the Close Harmony of Freddie Dunstan, Michael Strange, David Dunnett, Bill Curry, Jeremy Davies and Michael Nagle. In fact, this proved one of the most popular and enjoyable parts of the programme, due to the ability of the singers to combine humour with musical skill, and indeed the group were, perhaps not too reluctantly, persuaded to perform an encore after their brilliant rendering of Noel Coward's "There Are Bad Times Just Around The Corner".

In the second half of the concert the standard of musicianship was, if anything, still higher. A rather twee arrangement by Gordon Jacob of some well-known tunes entitled "Old Wine In New Bottles" was nevertheless performed with both energy and accuracy by a group of woodwind and brass players, while a haunting Chaconne by Purcell for two recorders and continuo created a lasting impression upon many of the audience. Rightly however the climax of the concert was Mozart's "Missa Brevis" written at an age (twelve) when most of us are still playing football on the parade ground. The performance proved how much a talented group of musicians can do with limited rehearsal time but boundless enthusiasm. Conducted by Michael Strange its principal quality was its vivacity, which was most definitely in harmony with the spirit of this joyful work. Especially notable were Susan Hall, the soprano soloist who did not attempt to conceal her enjoyment of the piece, although all the soloists, Melanie Franks and Messrs. Tibbott and Perry deserve praise for their accomplished singing.

Although all contributed to making the evening so enjoyable, particular praise is due to both Michael Strange and David Dunnett who did much to organise the concert.

Gareth Williams

CRITICISM OF THE ART EXHIBITION 1978

Just as the Royal Academy has its summer exhibition to display new artistic ideas, our own Art Department displays its wares in its annual exhibition. It was interesting and diverse, worthy of much comment.

The photography section of the exhibition was particularly striking, not only because it was the first section to appear as one walked down the corridor, but also because of the extremely high quality of the work on show. The photographs were produced by the likes of Abrams, Chance, Cooper, Miles, Osborne and Taylor. The subject matter ranged from a picture of Mr. Hatton at work, to sultry pictures of a member of the Girls' School. The work of Tony Miles was especially exciting. He managed from perfectly ordinary situations to create expressive pictures. To be honest I find it a bit of a mystery. If I, or any other ordinary mortal were to be given a camera in similar situations, the pictures which would be produced would not be as good. The eye of the photographer is as important as the eye of the camera.

The painting section was somehow not quite as exciting. Certainly from the point of view of technical expertise, nothing was lacking. However I cannot help feeling that it is a little disappointing that more ambition was not shown. For example, some Shells produced a series of pictures of sky-scrapers at night. Grover of the Sixth Form produced a very similar picture. The major difference was that his picture was of a higher technical standard. However the basic effect which all these pictures were trying to create was the same. Kirby produced a picture of a woman's face in Conté with a great deal of proficiency. The visual effect produced was in some ways very similar to that of cosmetic advertising. Dunstan produced a picture of "Golden Mask", which again showed great technical proficiency, but it does seem to be a product of an almost clinical process of distortion of a photograph from "The Chronicle". What is interesting is that all these pictures demonstrate an extremely high level of technique and facility with media. Technique is an essential weapon for producing exciting and expressive pictures and not an end in itself. When there is this marvellous level of technical expertise, it seems sad that people do not try to do more with it.

From where does this reticence arise? Possibly the 'O' level examinations have some effect. The 'O' level does not seem to encourage expressive work, but more to make people proficient with different media and visual effects. To a certain extent it encourages a sort of visual juggling. Painting is more than this. The visual arts are in many ways the most potent mode of expression. One is not playing somebody else's notes or saying somebody else's words. The entire work comes from the artist himself or herself. Moreover the work as a whole strikes the viewer immediately. He or she does not have to wade through each chapter. Painting is not a form of mental marijuana. It is an art form as valid and expressive as any other. However it is not often regarded as such.

There were of course exceptions to the criticisms I have made. Kirby's effective picture of a typewriter was a distinctly individual interpretation. Harvey's abstracts were extremely expressive.

The artists of King Edwards have great technical proficiency. However one suspects that a great deal more could be done with this enviable skill.

T. Canel

PERSONAL SERVICE GROUP

At the start of my service in a Balsall Heath school I was wary of the obvious culture gap, fearing that talking of, say, television programmes in a largely Asian class would probably amount to a solecism. However, it soon became obvious that Spiderman and the Bionic Woman were of interest to all, including the Asian children.

Although most Friday afternoons melt into a happy background of noise and colour there are highlights such as "our trip to the park" or "painting the frieze". One of the main pleasures must be the indoor firework display. In front of a hushed and expectant audience the fireworks were lit: "Arctic blizzard", "shooting star", "exploding rainbow". The only unqualified success is the "smoking Indian chief", who puffs reflectively at his pipe of peace for five minutes. Meanwhile, you have to prowl disconcertedly along the back row, giving lectures on the hazards of smoking.

In the same category of social events comes the Christmas party. Everyone bounds off to the main hall to meet Father Christmas. However, it turns out that the jolly old man is Mr. R., a language teacher, and to prove his true identity a group of children crowd round him trying to lift up his beard and cloak. The age of innocence is dead. The best thing about spending Friday afternoon at the school is that you learn so much: agility, as you stoop among the strings of paper flowers at shoulder height, striding over the remains of sticky wax crayons and the backs of chairs, which can be difficult; ambidexterity, as six children clamour to hold your hand, three demanding to be carried piggy back to the classroom, and four trying to overwind your watch: advanced reading skills, reading a page which is turned away to show everyone the pictures. while trying to put some expression into the story of "David's Trip to the Shops". Above all you learn just how difficult the teachers' job is: the perfect teacher should have ten eyes, four hands, and a steel nerve if he wants to get out alive.

Overall there is an enjoyable sense of welcome felt on visiting a school, as children I have never seen before greet me with "Hello, Mr. Williams", mistaking me for my Welsh colleague whose paternal approach they find irresistible. Finally I would like to thank the staff of Tindal Street School for putting up with me for two years.

Nigel Proctor

"SCHOOLS' CHALLENGE"

This is the title of a quiz contested by schools from all over the U.K. The whole competition gives the impression of being a sort of secondrate "University Challenge" (no Bamber Gascoigne), yet far superior to "Top of the Form" et al.

Selection of the school team predictably caused confusion, but after several indecisive questionnaires and quizzes a team of Nick Brown and Andrew Chapple (seniors) and Alan Hall and John MacIntyre (juniors) emerged from intellectual obscurity to the dizzy heights of having our names read out in Big School.

The first contest was against Kenilworth School, in the concert hall, and in the only match to pass without some form of equipment breakdown or inadequacy, we won by 830 - 380a convincing margin, despite the captain's apparent ignorance of Boyle's Law. The semipalindromic nature of the score was not lost on the Chief Master, who might have been even more delighted by our performance if he had come to watch it. This was followed by a narrow win, 520 - 490, over Oakham School, during which the captain displayed an ignorance of the whereabouts of H.M.S. Victory. This was our last home match, and from now on we had to endure obviously biased question-masters instead of the scrupulously honest Mr. Buttress.

After a small disaster against the Common Room (we were hammered by Messrs, Trott, Smith, Dewar and Grounds) during which the captain revealed a remarkable lack of knowledge, general or otherwise, we moved on to Longslade School, a comprehensive near Leicester. Here the captain tried to upset the opposition's concentration by falling off his chair, but in spite of this we were only able to win by 540 - 410. This was followed by a win (340 - 310) over Berkhansted, with the captain (and everyone else) completely baffled by the questions, which were from Bamber Gascoigne's Quiz Book in the absence of official questions from the competition organisers.

At this point the rumours began to circulate about television cameras turning up for the next round, which was to be held in Belfast, and a trip to Canada for the winning team. As it was, the cameras never appeared and the next round was in Berkshire; so Mr. Maddocks put his gasmask away and we crammed into his Renault. We beat Wellington College by 650 - 460, the captain having an interesting discussion with the question master about chess, and this result qualified us to put on our school uniform on Sunday, 21st May, and travel to Mariborough College in Wiltshire for the national finals. Here the captain displayed his true ability to remember the destinations of motorways and other facts no schoolboy should be without; so we beat Malvern College by 660 - 420 and Trinity School Croydon (last year's winners) in the final by 530 - 440. This entitled the captain to receive a nice shield, which he avoided dropping, and after spending some pleasurable hours hurling assorted foodstuffs at the local populace we trundled back to Brummagem, entertained by tape recordings of the team's errors.

The trip to Canada appears to be something of a lottery, and the less said the better, but it appears that one or two members of the K.E.S. team may be getting a free holiday next Easter.

Thanks are due to Messrs. Perry, Buttress and Maddocks for efficient administration, interrogation and chauffeuring; to Messrs. Dames and Burdon for their lousy equipment which nearly cost us the game against Oakham; to Messrs. Fisher and Tomlinson for their unstinting interest in the team's fortunes; to anyone who came to watch us perform; and finally to Howard San, our long-suffering reserve, who stood in for Alan Hall at Longslade and thought he wasn't going to get a mention.

Nick Brown



THE SHADOW

Mid-day, and clouds like puffs of wind-whipped cream Are scudding playfully across the sky. Their shadows racing, chasing over green And sun-drenched playing-fields. Hedges sigh, Their leaves washed into motion by the breeze: A whispering, now silent, then once more, A fresh, unsteady breath that stirs the trees As sunlight flickers patterned on the floor.

The wind subsides, and voices can be heard: A shriek, a carefree laugh that sings delight Wafts gently, like the singing of a bird. A gay, barefooted girl runs close: not quite A rounder as she tumbles on the grass, The bat flung wide. She lies there on her side Just looking at the clouds which scurry past, A swallow with its quiet, streamlined glide That skims above the treetops 'til it's gone. She stands, her golden hair cascading down, A flowing stream that splashes clear upon Her shoulders; and her twinkling eyes, so brown, Like two deep amber pools, that hold the world Within their colour, yet unknowing shine, Her feet, stained greenish by the grass, toes curled, Her beauty like a glass of sparkling wine.

He doesn't know her name: to him she is "The Girl', the one he loves. From here, behind A rhododendron, he can dream she's his, And reaching out can touch her with his mind. And so, if only for a lunchtime, there, Hidden, unseen, his nurtured dream is real: A living love, an outlet for his care That needs her badly. Silent his appeal As secretly he crouches, watching, tight Inside ideas. There his thoughts alive Come dancing softly: thought and life unite And form a girl from which all things derive.

He doesn't eat, but misses lunch for fear Of missing her; yet twenty-three long hours Stretch endless, waiting for her to appear-This is the hunger, time, that overpowers His captive mind. He needs the golden girl, To catch the lively glimmer in her eye, And run his fingers through her hair: this pearl, So beautiful, a living, breathing sigh Of radiant emotion, cannot stay Uncalled for by the ache inside his heart, With everything around him dulling grey As shattered meanings split his life apart. His life revolves around that little time. An island in a frigid sea of lies, A moment when he breaks away from mime To watch her: like the breaking dawn that cries Out from the darkness through the dewy veil Of tears, and gasps for breath at glittering flowers, So, wearily, he struggles to inhale A wisp of light, refresh the life that cowers Behind a lonely barrier of regret-A wall within himself that shuts him out From others, though his painful tears run wet And sticky down a pallid face of doubt.

"Just adolescence", smile the nodding heads That swim around him mockingly, "We know". He cannot understand. His eyes burn red, Uncaring, throbbing, forcing him to go-Yet still he stays; but now he isn't there: Instead, a youth drained black, an empty husk Lit only by the brightness of her hair That filters twilight through, offsetting dusk. Without the glow of love she gives, he's blind; Without her light, that lively can diffuse Within the darkest hole, he cannot find That essence, lost: and hardens to refuse Another chance to breathe the world again. She is the only one to whom he talks-Though silent. He's just crying in the rain-Without a heart, without a hope-and walks An endless road, beginning buried in the past, An undecided Destination Nil Through which he wanders, aimless, trailing last Behind a vacuum no-one wants to fill. But she can open up his eyes through love And make him see. A clear unguarded chink Shines, through a doorway somewhere high above, Rays streaming past the corner. He must think, He must because he loves her, she's that chance, That now-or-never breakaway from hell; His partner has been chosen, by a glance, But more than that would serve to keep the spell.

He looked up; she was lying with her hair Flowing around her head: the perfect frame, A halo round the warmth he yearned to share. Just for a moment, resting from the game. Her tender cheeks flushed, slightly parted lips As if to kiss the freshness of the day. Her cotton dress, clean, swirling from her hips, And cool green blouse transparent where she lay. So helpless: like a fallen autumn leaf. Its colours pale, translucent vet still warm Although this little time of death is brief: So beautiful: her shade another dawn, Another shadow. Yet her breath, so rare Lived naked to be bruised; a silken hue, But sadly unprotected arms stayed bare. A season old, and yet her all so new. So delicate: a petal in the rain, A silver mist that shimmered slowly down Inhaling perfume, Innocent of pain, Her undefended youth would surely drown.

He had no chance to hold that gentle light. Glowing so perfect. It was far too bright And burnt the hands that reached out in caress, A frigid smile within a cotton dress. His life was even bleaker than before: A pretty girl had slammed that open door, And what was black was nothing, hollow space As laughter echoed torture from her face-And what was he? A stranger with a dream Of love, that walked across the sunny green And muttered something softly at the ground, Then looked into her eyes as though he'd found The answer that he'd walked to find. She wondered what had passed within that mind To make that journey; and why did he stare-As if his life was woven in her hair.

TOO YOUNG FOR LOVE

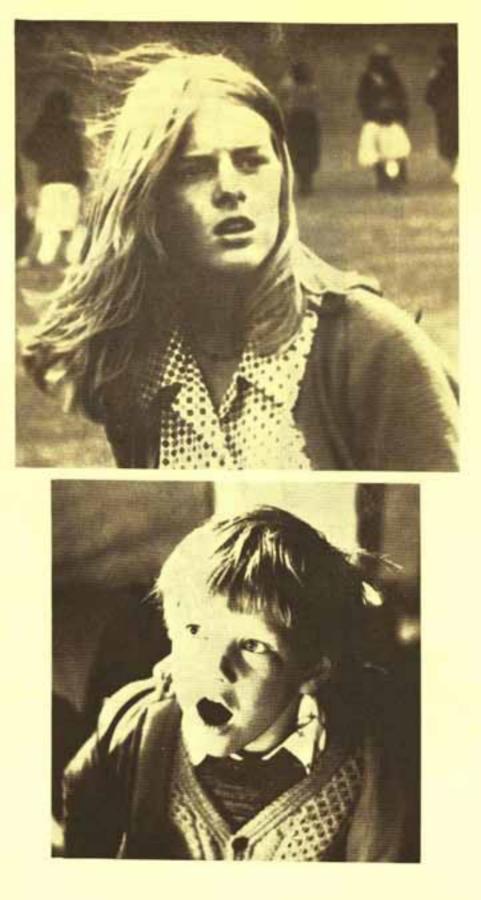
Sunlight comes slowly, creeping through the glass, A new day, casting shadows of the grass Upon the sill: shafts beam across the room, Marching, relentless marching-all too soon As other people's joy burns up the tears, Scorching the red-rimmed eyes. Uneven smears Distort the lifeless features of her face; Another time, a more secluded place Is captured, vivid, played upon the wall By deep embittered memories, Shrivelled small Beneath the leaden air, so cold she lies. The dew forms, washing everything: she cries, A thousand spheres on gilded cheeks reflect The dawn, a silver whisper of "forget" Silent and still, the only sound the light Encroaching softly to disturb the night. A fly runs quick across her open palm, Her frozen fingers stiffened in the calm Like blackened twigs, dipped in an ice-filled lake: So thin and brittle, bent as if to break-Just like her heart. And all holds still to stare Through unredeeming eyes; her cobwebbed hair Strewn black across her pillow, faintly green, A teenage girl caught in a nightmare dream Of love, as day walks stealthy up the wall-This morning, sunlight shouldn't shine at all.

Anonymous

DREAM GIRL

She turned: she shone out brightly from the rest, Her face a mirror of their minds; a glass Reflecting every smile, yet self-confessed A mirage of emotion that would pass. There, painted by the life-blood of despair Flowing interminably from his heart, She waned away; with sunlight-melted hair And faded lips she washed her weak depart. The sun dawns sad upon a lover's grief— Just shadows. But above him in the mist White cotton flutters, tugs the tears beneath: An echo of the crying that he kissed ''Goodbye''. A silent gull, hung by the breeze That wafts unanswered questions through the trees.

Phil Westwood





FRAGMENT

being walked in by a man. High street carrying a grey slush trod on by size nines. Perhaps he's a sales executive for a firm which sells.

The man stops. Nice cut of cloth, though-he could be a junior rat sitting at the end of the director's table eyeing the secretary and fondling the tumbler of Red Label. Neat. No dandruff on his collar which his perfectly groomed hair just touches. Slightly receding hairline, eyes of no particular colour which sink into the skull, the vent for emotions. The muscles of his mouth are taut over annually inspected enamel and there is a bump on the bridge of his nose.

He kneels down onto the pavement slowly and deliberately as two women pass. One of the women steps onto the man's hand crushing the little finger with a marching high-heel. His mouth contorts in a gorgeous grimace but no sound comes from the open cavern. The women walk on.

He now stretches out into the air. Six feet of arm. His fingers slowly push out, leaving the palms open to the sky. The acolyte's little finger with the blood oozing out of the gash over a small golden signet ring with no initials. Guttural gurgles and then a scream as if his voice-box has suddenly been split in half by a perfectly sharpened axe.

And now the hands close, Tower Bridge style, and massage gently into his face like those of a potter shaping his clay. His lids close as the rhythm of his fingers increases. And the crumbs drop in a fleshy shower onto the slush. His nose is being planed away and there is an abyss developing between the forehead and the browness where his eyes used to be. The plasma is now even and no fault is to be seen on the smooth surface. But slowly there are black marks erupting on the centre of his face. The zig-zag of stitching forms a line from the arch created by his brow, to the jaw-bone. Stitching is normally to bring together two sides of scarred flesh but these stitches had actually created the split. Yielding the thumb-nail of his right hand as a drawn knife he gradually slits the stitching. The probing blade reaches the top, stops. A split second and then the black string drops out, the flaps swing open and objects flow out in a cavalcade. On the ground lies a heap, mindless and with a volume greater than that of the original cerebral receptacle.

I look at the objects, deadly still, and see it. I can barely see my hand crashing through the objects as I pick it up.

The man's carcass falls headlong amid the slush, sprawling the objects.

Paul Bridge

PRAYER

They walked among the willen-leaves and touched their lives away-

a prayer

that the world be kept out of life, this top-heavy, crazy-paved superstructure, upside-down pagoda, tottering on the edge of the earth deceive not living things

are we justified, burning life in a dead body? bed-burying a bladder of drugs a permanent porcupine of tubes?

do they fool themselves, these green-belt-strapping cities making gestures to nature rude signs in the pale unhealthy greens of the strips of shorn park, squat shrubs and regimented flowers?

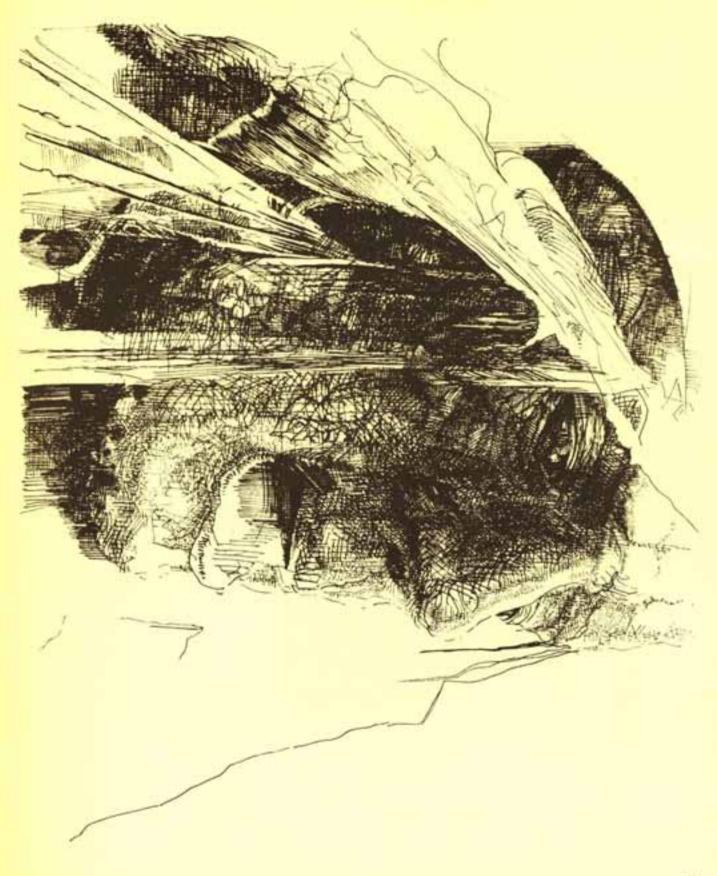
A couple,

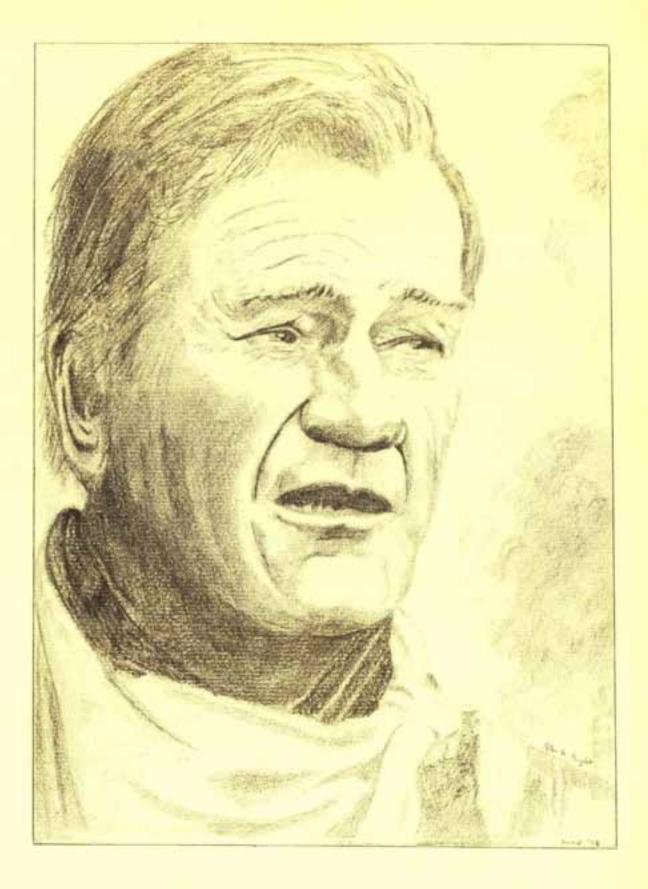
people,

gazing down on the great sphere-hall ringed by the corridor of world. The tramping line goes ever round and out. Few press the hall's swing-doors yet therein beauty lies on a crystal couch.

They walked among the willen leaves, under the broad dome of the great hall.

A. J. Sinclair





A SILLY POEM!

(It's so silly, it's half poem and half prose)

Monday Morning Comma Seven o'clock Comma Alarm Clock Comma Ringing Comma Get up Exclamation Mark

School Comma Groan Full Stop English Comma Good Question Mark G.J.M. Question Mark

So far my poem's gone like this, Colon Dash

Repeat first two verses fully

My Poem has also gone like this Colon Dash

Line (horizontal) gradually progressing down Full Stop Sharp angle up to the point of starting the curling down in a spiral Comma then repeating itself Full Stop

> Art Comma Paint Comma = Comma & Exclamation Mark Nothing Full Stop

Sorry but I've forgotten this verse, I suggest you start again from the beginning and by that time I might have remembered it Full Stop

P.D.T.O.Y. (Please don't turn over yet)

Y.M.T.O.N. (You May Turn Over Now)

You didn't re-read it, now go back and read it, go on! G B T R I O I W W T N V (Go Back To Read It Or I Won't Write The Next Verse) G O Y H R I H Y (Go On You Haven't Read It Have You)

This is verse Seven Comma

You missed it (tch tch) Comma try and read it again Full Stop The wonderful poetry must have been too good for your eyes Full Stop For a change Comma I'll write the next verse in French

> Bongjuer Monshuer Bongjuer Bongjuer Monshuer BONGJUER PWAN

Set un bong pu du frankaise comma nest pas.

(Sorry Mr. Hatton but you tried)

(I Y D U T H I I I A D L) If You Didn't Understand That Here It Is In a Different Language Colon Dash

(P.D.T.O.Y.)

(Y.M.T.O.N.)

XYZ PQR SAQ POF WAP SAQ XYZ PQR SAQ XYZ PQR SAQ POF WAP SAQ XYZ PQR SAQ ADL

Here is the last verse

ZOPEN QUONE

F an

END

Full Stop Pwan ADL

(NGBARIP) Now Go Back And Read It Properly.

FIRST LOVE

Miss Angela Hacket, Miss Angela Hacket, Furnished and burnished in black leather jacket, After tea we played pinball, you smashed the machine And I was transferred to the land of my dream.

You strode out of the caff straight into the street And the pavement resounded with the beat of your feet, And as you walked up everyone disappeared, Such are the bounds to which you are feared.

With a fag in your mouth you turned round to me, I saw your face and my heart filled with glee, It was fat and dirty, all covered in spots, Ne'er have I seen such a glorious pox.

As we caressed, as I cuddled my queen, I perceived the clear odour of sweet nicotine As it sprang to the air from your bounteous body, The smell that told me it was not anybody.

We reached your house, and we stepped in, For liquid refreshment, no limejuice, just gin, And then having finished and lying right back You flobbed at the wall,

-Lucky the Wall.

N. J. Perry

A CLOSER VIEW

If I compared thee to a summer's day No life's repentance would June's temper sate Rough skin and warts the darling buds dismay As does your face, the sight of which they hate. Sometimes too bright your other eyeball shines Yet never is it bloodshot, sore or dimmed. And every hair from scalp sometime descends Enhanced by collars always snowflake rimm'd. E'en the 'Eternal Summer' sun-cream made Great mottled blotches on that hide thou own'st; Nor would Death brag if thou walked in his shade But in eternal pain he'd flee and groan'st: So long as men can smell and eyes can see, You'll live alone—and keep away from me.

G. A. D. Miles

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LIFE-LIE

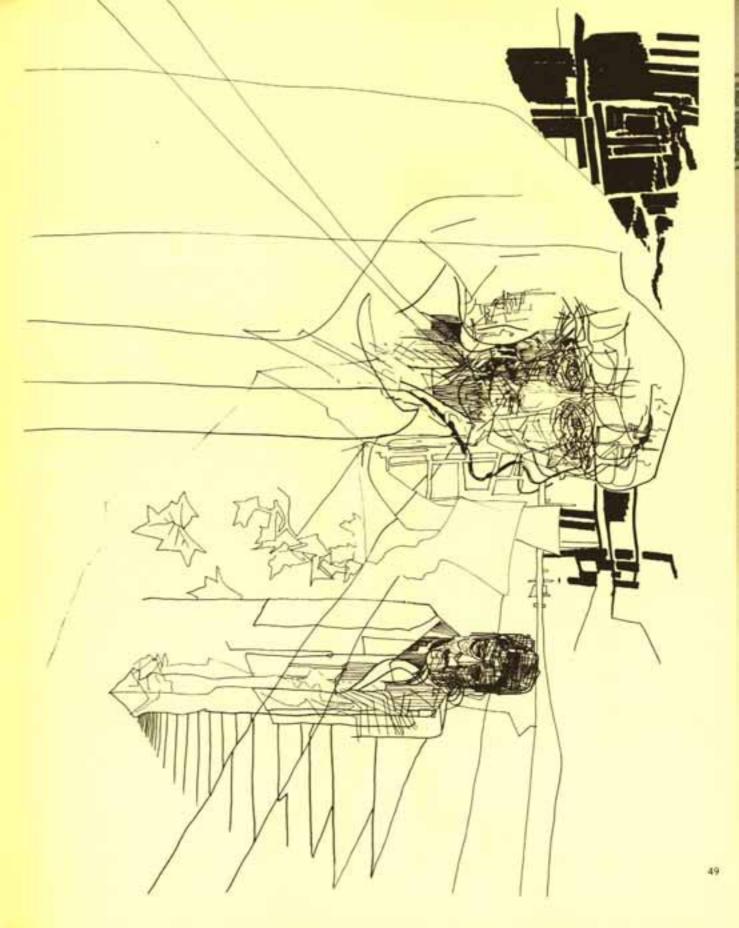
Take a little time out From seeing life Through half-moon spectacles; Stop studying "Disturbing significance", The "relevance" Of war, aggression, In "Civilised Society", The "far-reaching aspects Of Human reaction". Drop the pretence, Or ill-placed sincerity-The middle-aged father Passing British Rail Time With an apple and Theology; The teenage poet Trying his hand At some "unique" unoriginality. Let's call a day, a day, And try, for once, To read what it says.

Robin Jackson

KIRSTY KILLING

Gasping for life and flapping, Slapped in your bloodstained scale-lined hand, For the freedom of the water. Those eyes must watch Your clumsy fingers fumble At the hook, And see your pretty face Wrinkling at the strain Of pulling back a head To snap a spine.

G. A. D. Miles





PROSE

At the edge of the marshes was a bald, sterile hill, cold and leathery beneath the moon. On its black tonsure of earth, the scythe's sweep of the night wind from the fens cut maliciously. It was an unnatural barreness among rich, watery fields, they said a devil raised it. And entrenched in the soil, as if it grew there, a scorched carcass of flint and charcoal, defied the dead earth and sharp air. On that peak, bleached bare, they believed, by God's curse, this oratory remained, bones and ashes, still on its knees in supplication.

In the acid moonlight, the ruin looked natural, the blackness etched by centuries. That was not so. The night before, with the moon hidden, villagers, the ordinary humanity below that hill, welled up its sides, and burnt that burden of stone. They did not destroy recklessly, terrified of punishment; it was done in fury cooled by the winds and sepulchral earth, vengeance with placid, peasant thoroughness.

They had blinded it, plucking out the effigies, rattling poles down the windows. They had flayed away its cloth and plaster skin, and torn out the innards of gilt and polished pine. They broke its wooden back, dragged down the roofbeams and cracked and scorched its flint bones with hot irons. They maimed without the mercy of quick, noble death and burial, with demonic reason, and returned, down to a morning of raking and livestock.

Beneath the ashen sky of that daybreak, a fat bonfire steamed peacefully on the high altar, and spilled over the tiles, and towered up to the smashed teeth of the traceries. It was made of all the fittings they had gathered that night. The black crucks of beams and upended pews, sweating sap beneath their holy grime, supported a tabernacle of wasting brass and wood. Below those, the emerald fields of the blessed and the florid beards of patriarchs, the jewelled passions on panels of gesso, lithe statues, coloured like dolls, the unread missal and smiling brass; blistered, charred and corroded by a slow, devouring fire. All that was cold and venerated lay dying in the heat.

In the jagged walls left purposely so they would scratch God's side, they gave him a burnt offering of his own temple, and lived on brazenly. They turned back to the soil, and to its old deities of the cycle of redeeming spring, and ignored the God of the hill of winds and lifeless soil. Their pyre burnt through the day like a sleeping, filthy animal, scorching the tip of his great finger.

And this night came, and within the hilltop church the fire rusted the roofless walls with a fever-ridden glow of slow burning. Burning without flames, it defiled the cold stones, now exuding red sweat in the damp wind through the ruin. The statues thrown into the heat were limbless and ragged in black petals of burnt paint, and the flowing silks of a blessed martyr rotted between the charred branches of heat. Black-lettered "thou shalt nots" were themselves denied as the parchment book was eaten by darkness. The leprous thighs of crucks had fallen like the beams of a twisted, blasted cross.

With the voluptuary, fecund light of an overripe fruit, the heat was a mortal sun against the spotless moon, an outrage, a defiance. And one idol witnessed it. Between two lancets behind the altar, swallowed in a niche they forgot to thrust their poles down, a wax creator of all men. Clothed in the robes of a peasant, with heavy, earthy limbs and a round, fertile smile, this was a redeemer they never prayed to. The wheatsheaf and sickle he carried were melted, and the hot, red tears of wax dribbled down his robes, but the broad smile seemed to strengthen in this light.

Here was the seed-god from another religion, taken from the chalk circle, placed above the altar of Christ, that a pagan congregation would show respect. They built the church with foreign flint, on his sacred ring on the hilltop, and dug salt in the soil about it, and laid it waste for a thousand years. He alone survived, and was forgotten. Now, when the mortified, gracefully emaciated saints were consumed, and the cross had collapsed, he smiled and offered himself to the heat.

For a millenium the black church on the bald hill that showed God's wrath had bent towards its scrap of flesh transcended. They shrank its tolling surface back to the fields with a hatred of the flesh and nature that they tilled and slaughtered for the other six days. And then, incensed and aroused by the diatribes against temptation, they had done this. The arms and hands of the god were yielding to the heat, his robes were sinking, but the smile was more redolent.

They had gathered all that was rotten with sepulchral damp, the chill martyrdom and stiff homage, and made with it a slow, charcoalburner's oven, so that the gilt and flowery colour would peel off in the heat, and reveal oak and beech suffused with sap, still growing beneath their sacred skins. They would see the holy veil burst away, and show wood as it grew, and iron as it was in the earth.

And as the night passed again, that statue lost all form, except a trace of its smile, and like folded hands, relapsed and dropped liquid and burning, down the wall. As it dripped into the heat, flames burst out. The savage wind dropped suddenly, and beneath the barren hill there was a faint sighing. The God has passed from his high shelf into the earth and was alive again.

N. M. Harvey

CALM

A desert of calm, that is the sea today. As far as the eye can see, a never-ending, motionless desert of calm. The sun, beating down from above, sometimes catch a glittering ripple in the desert, exposing it in glinting-glory. It is as if one could leave the ship to walk over the ocean's vastness. The serene beauty of the scene brings drowsiness into the air, mingled with the tranquil composure of the boundless ocean.

M. J. Brooke

SUNSET OVER SUMMER ISLES

An archipelago of rocks, Basking in the fading light, Pulls round itself a slimy coat Of seaweed, to prepare for night.

From glittering primeval seas, The jagged rock horizon juts Into the peaceful golden void, Where lazy purple fleece, it cuts.

Now seeing that the scene is calm, The haloed sphere descends to rest, And hauling in its yellow arms, It sinks below the distant west.

THE DAY I BECAME A STAR

I heard their engines through morning mist, Spitfire, Hurricane, Hawker Tempest. Ripping airstrip apart, Our hangers ablaze, airspirit shed on the ground, A pavement of fire for my feet.

Fleeing men swamped by fire. Untouched alone under the trees the last 109. Once in I started my suicide story, blades Whizzed in front of my face.

I rise through the cloud of smoke and death, Starting the chase of my foes, Climbing eagle-like to the contest. Fearless, senseless, idiotically brave, Today I will be a star.

> A dead star, A living star, A "morning star", A star in the sky, Today I become a star.

> > Edmund Tann

TELEVISION

All the Jones watched the programme, Except of course for Mr. Jones, He said, "These old films are ghastly, Let's all watch the news," Said a fly, "And hear depressing views!"

Donald Wilson

HOLIDAYS

Summer days in the sun, Away to strange places, New things to see, And new people to meet, (Wait for the rain).

Days on the beach, With bucket and spade, Digging a hole, To see what is there, (It's raining again).

Days in the sea, With boat and paddle, Swimming and splashing "Watch out for that wave!" (We'll get wet once again).

The sun slowly sets, And we must return, Home to our friends To remember the fun (And of course the rain!).

Jonathan Hyett

WINTER LONELINESS

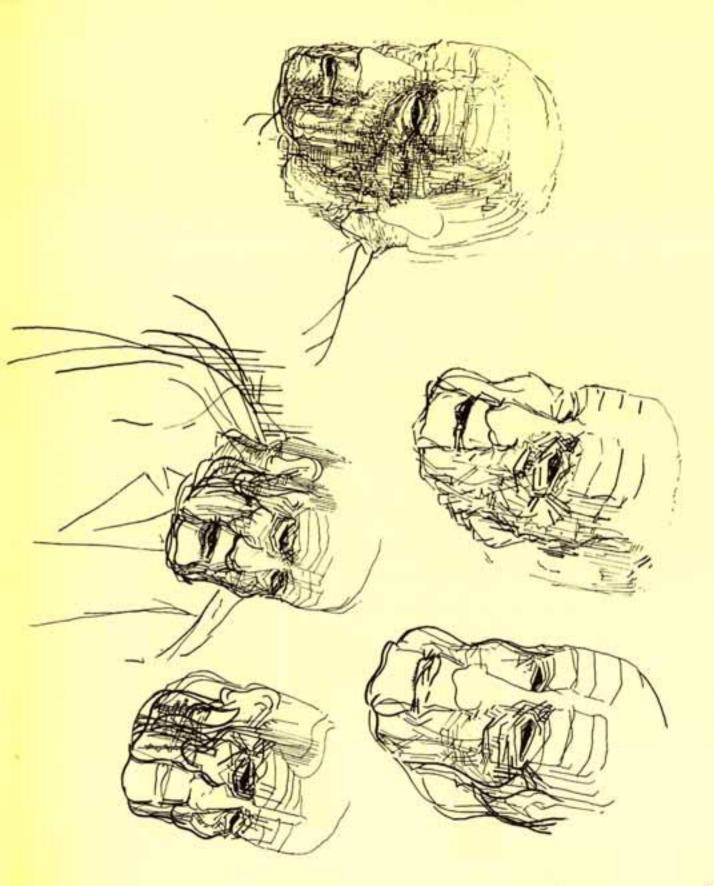
Walking alone among a winter wood Smothered in snow, encrusted in ice. The tall trees stretch out with tapering twigs. As if to beckon me. The jagged bark has submerged under a heavy, fleecy ivory coat. My strong footsteps crunch crushingly into the crisp blanket of white, Enshrouding the frozen earth. No sound is to be heard apart from that of the weird whistling of the icy wind, between those high, frosty monoliths. The sky lingers high, without a cloud, Without a sun: Bare and naked like the leafless pines before the snow. There is no odour in the windy air, for the frost and snow deadens it. The fresh, cool breeze whispers slightly over my face far below the howling of the whirlings above. The sleeve of my coat touches a snow-laden branch-small, delicate flakes explode off, then drift slowly to the ground. It is a wintry - lonely - wood.

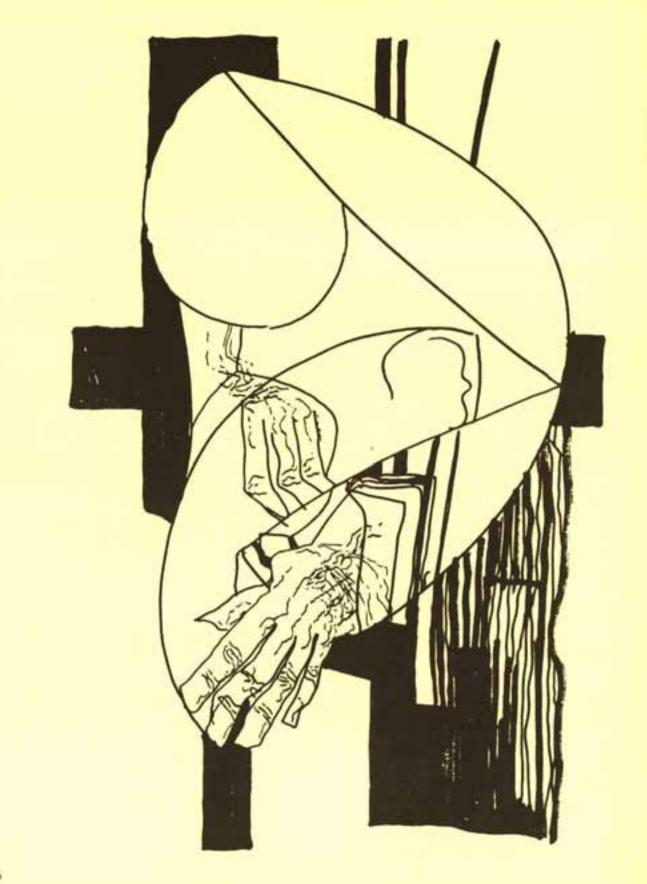
Andrew MacNaughton

WORDS THEMSELVES

No captive words shall tell your life In marching metre, feeling free, And anguished strains, immortal strife Shall fall to death in poetry. So even movement fettered still, In pretty chains of gold, Is languishing devoid of will Now art has bought its hold.

G. A. D. Miles





THE BUTTERFLY

The butterfly slipped under the barely open sash window, its flickering wings disturbing the particles of dust which hung suspended in the warm, sunlit air. It settled on the desk under the window and rested, opening and closing its wings, slowly. The dark, wooden desk-top was almost too warm for its delicate feet, but it stayed, resting.

After some time, it fluttered to the inkwell, and cautiously unrolled its long proboscis towards the drying sediment, touched it, and drew back quickly from the bitter, black liquid.

Again it flew, landing on a vase of flowers. They had once been fresh and colourful, but now were grotesquely artificial, their petals bleached almost white by seasons of dry sunlight. They showered choking dust and pollen as the butterfly touched them.

But the butterfly could not find that gap under the sash window. Its weak wings, pitifully fragile, pattered against the panes in a futile effort to escape. Outside, the calm sound of bees and hover-flies in the honeysuckle, and the distant buzz of flies round the sun-dazed cattle; but inside, just the frantic battering of the butterfly's frail wings against the glass, and a steady, rhythmic sound of breathing.

The butterfly fell away from the window, exhausted, and rested on a shelf under the wallmirror, a shelf that was unnaturally bare, occupied by no more than a postcard, a framed photograph of a smiling boy in a new school uniform; the same boy, perhaps, as lay in the bed, and a child's clock with a sleeping Noddy's head which rocked backward and forward at a steady, rhythmic, mechanical rate. And still the steady, rhythmic, mechanical sound of breathing quietly dominated the room.

With renewed energy, the butterfly explored the bedroom. It fluttered along the wall, its pattering echoing, amplified by the side of the empty wardrobe, till it reached the door. Here it hesitated, beside a dusty pile of boxes stacked behind the bookcase, each carefully tied with string and labelled "Model Railway", "School Books", "Clothes", and "Shoes": but they showed little hope for the butterfly.

Inquisitively, the butterfly ventured into the cavernously cool shade in the centre of the room. It danced round the lampshade, sending spirals of dust down onto the crisp, red blankets of the bed below, yet the boy was unaware.

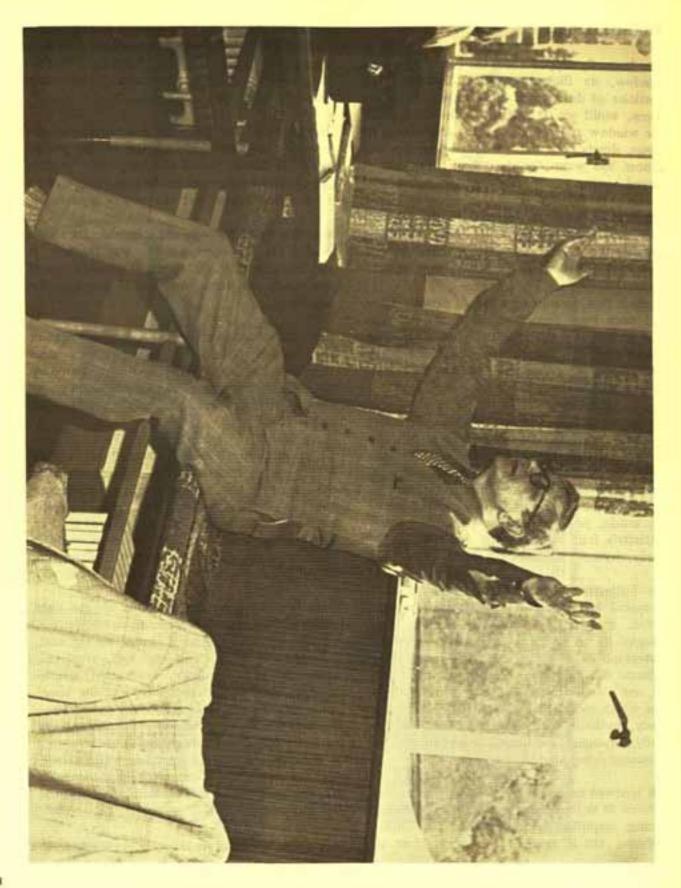
But the butterfly was still trapped. Its feeble search for the open window was fruitless. It was unaware of the situation. It was unaware of the steady, rhythmic, mechanical sound of the breathing.

Cautiously, it alighted on the neck of a bottle on the bedside table. The amber bottles were stoppered but the butterfly was overpowered by the strong scent of the drips seeping from under the cap. It rested, drinking the sweet syrup, and was satisfied.

At last, drowsily, it fluttered away from the tray of bottles. It flickered almost stationary over the side of the bed, mesmerized by the pendulum swing of the needle behind the glass, in silent unison with the regular rush and suck of air. For just two seconds at the end of each swing it hung motionless, and the room was silent. But always it returned with unerring predictability.

Uncertainly the butterfly landed on the cold stainless steel, on clear glass, on warm blanket, on heaving rubber. And it landed on the soft, concertina'd nylon; and the soft, sterilized, white concertina'd nylon contracted, gently crushing the drugged butterfly, and the sweet syrup dribbled down the soft, white nylon. Then the soft white nylon bellows expanded and the butterfly fell, silently, its crumpled body turning as it tumbled slowly to the thick, warm carpet. And the steady, rhythmic, mechanical breathing was the only sound in the room. And still the boy was unaware.

Duncan Curr



THE ART SOCIETY

During the last year the Art Society, in the person of Mr. Ashby, has organised trips to London, has invited several speakers to give talks on a wide variety of subjects, and has superintended the ebb and flow of the various Art Council exhibitions along the top corridor.

The visits to London art Galleries, which, though doubtless invaluable, the secretary was unable to attend, in February and March offered a choice of many exhibitions, including Dada and Surrealism at the Hayward and Gustave Courbet at the Royal Academy. Titles of lectures by visiting speakers have included "Idealism and Naturalism in Greek Art", in conjunction with the Classical Society, "Car Design and Styling" which traced the history of the production of the Rover 3500 and which attracted a large attendance, and the "Work of Frank Meadow Sutcliffe" which also attracted a large audience seeking helpful exposition of the contemporary Arts Council exhibition under the same title. The other exhibitions this year, though surely indelibly imprinted on the K.E.S. consciousness and thus unnecessary to name, were (January) "Cottages and Farmhouses"; (May) "Traditional Farm Buildings"; and (November) the work of Friends of the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists. All of them, as I remember, were very good and provided a useful source of interest as one gazed out through the glass panels of the corridor form rooms during Period Eight.

F. J. Dunstan

THE CLASSICAL SOCIETY

The Classical Society can boast a remarkable record of success since its foundation last year. Meetings, generally informal in nature, have been well attended, and three talks of outstanding quality have been delivered: Mr. Howcroft has spoken on 'Plato: Philosophy and Politics', Mr. Smith on 'Sensuality in Catullus', and our first outside speaker, a scholar of international repute. Professor John Barron of King's College, London, presented a paper entitled 'Naturalism and Idealism in Greek Art'. Each of these dispelled any doubts about the need for, and functions of, the Society, and yet each in its own way was different. The prime virtue of the first was skilful selection and presentation of complex and largely unfamiliar material in a readily palatable form, while Mr. Smith, concentrating mainly on two or three of the more famous poems of Catullus, offered a series of entirely original interpretations, which revealed a most challenging and stimulating insight. Professor Barron, on the other hand, exploited the obviously visual appeal of his subject to the full, working two slide projectors simultaneously, while delivering a talk which was both informative and entertaining. The quality of his slides, however, was enough to ensure the success of the meeting.

This, however, has not been the sole extent of our activities: a compilation of Catullus' poems has been read and discussed, another occasion featured the presentation of short talks, readings and slides on the subject of Delphi, while perhaps more successful was the visit to Stratford to see the R.S.C.'s production of Shakespeare's 'Coriolanus'. My thanks to all who have contributed in any way to meetings during the year: especially to Mr. Tennick for chairing the proceedings. Finally, in July we said goodbye to two of our staunches supporters, Mr. Smith, and Mark Steyn, whose paper on 'The Greek Theatre', a hardy perennial which began life as an Upper Middle's project, has had to be scratched, albeit regretfully, from next term's programme.

Martin Brooke

THE CLOSED CIRCLE

To say that the Closed Circle did not play a leading role in the life of the School would be something of an understatement. Indeed, a report on the organisation last appeared in the Chronicle over three years ago. The Circle has, however, met since then, and the present article can perhaps further be justified by the fact that the reaction of most new members, on being informed of their election, is no gratifying blend of interest and enthusiasm, but rather consists of bewilderment.

Briefly, the Circle is a self-elective body restricted in number to sixteen members, usually from the Sixth form; and meets once, twice or three times a term to hear a member present a paper on some extra-curricular topic in which he is interested. The general aim, as far as we have one, is to provide some sort of intellectual stimulus outside of school-work. Meetings are chaired by Mr. Trott or Mr. Smith. The last two terms have witnessed Alan Bailey's consideration of philosophical theories of individuality, my own "The rise of the motet in France: 1000-1378", and Phil Middleton's excellent "The Nature of Literary Creativity". This last demonstrated three qualities ideal in any talk: concision and mastery of subject, individual commitment, and material presented in a way which made it conducive to discussion.

The exclusive nature of the Circle has, in the past, occasioned torrents of abuse, denouncing intellectual cliquism: to avert these, and to provide articles of general interest for the rest of the School, reports and abridged versions of outstanding talks will in future be published in the Chronicle, or in the projected broadsheet. Still more of our cloak of mystery will have to be drawn back in that meetings will in future be advertised more widely; otherwise, members tend to forget to come to them.

Martin Brooke

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

Fun, fun, fun! Surely this is the one major purpose of a society? Gone are the days when only the boring, dull and repetitive were considered of any value. This new concept (fun) has been applied constantly this year in the Debating Society. There have been many different effects of this.

First and probably most important is the dramatic increase in the number attending. At times the whole Geography Room has been packed out. If once people come to the society meetings it is possible that they will continue attending and even speak themselves. If they are frightened by a false aura of cliquey intellectualism they will never come at all.

Second, more people have shown willingness to speak. This is because the society is a friendly place where poorer speakers are given a chance and encouraged, and competent speakers are viewed with a healthy criticism.

Third, the largely receptive audiences have generated a better standard of speaking. They have also focused attention on the basic debating principle that the Speaker must communicate with the audience and cannot sit reciting a thesis. The critic nostrils of such a diverse audience also quickly weed out any misconceptions or weaknesses of logic.

Fourth, the relative anonymity of any speaker in a large gathering has encouraged the more bashful members to speak up and add their views. Unfortunately, despite the fact that meetings are held regularly at K.E.H.S. with a predominance there of girls, the society still considers itself privileged to hear even one little whimper from them during a meeting.

That is the general picture. Debates have been held three times a term as usual and have considered a wide variety of motions, ranging from "This House Would March With The National Front" to "Gay's OK".

The speakers have been drawn from all sections of the school. It is a little surprising for some cocky 6th former when he is verbally gobbled up and spat out by a 5th former. The society is open to the whole school and there have been comments from 2nd formers as witty and perceptive as anybody's.

We have two claims to fame. These have been the distinguished speakers who have come along. Ian Keeling (School Captain 1977-8) pleaded valiantly that intelligence was an overrated commodity, he himself having remained at school years after others had left. Christopher John (Vice Captain 1978) mounted the platform with another friendly prefect to propose that Gay was OK.

Mr. Martin, voluble as ever, gave an informative talk to the Society during the debate "This House Would Ban The Pill". He intimated that of all the contraceptives available he had found the Pill the most effective and from his (?) experience it was the easiest to use. This view of course roused great support, so much so that many of the less-informed 6th formers left immediately to follow his advice. Mr. Hatton, not to be outdone, explained a complex and somewhat equivocal tale of two bishops, friends of his. The point was obscure and as Mr. Hatton was out of order he was told to leave the room. On putting this to the vote, the chairman's proposal to expel Mr. Hatton was supported by the society. Unfortunately the two girls' school mistresses were not quite so helpful on the subject, perhaps being not so knowledgeable as Mr. Martin.

The Society doesn't always remain at home. We have strayed all over. A debate was held at Camp Hill Girls' School and it is a regular fixture to hold a debate with the Convent of the Holy Child. This latter one is especially always lively and stimulating. It is a healthy thing to participate externally since it prevents the society becoming self-centred and narrow-minded. These girls' schools often show us how not to debate, but equally often they give us a welldeserved kick in the pants. After these debates, coffee and biscuits are essential accompaniments to the après-match discussions.

Chris Williams and Mark Steyn won the debate at the Midland Institute earlier in the year and received a nice trophy for their efforts. Perhaps the greatest achievement was John Corbett and Mark Steyn winning the Observer competition at K.E.S. and going on to speak well at Bridport. Undeservedly they did not reach the final.

Thus it has been a successful year with a high standard of debating most of the time and with irrepressible wit and jocularity all the time. So if you spout clods of bundle-bound bombast and want to witness the bolt-fastened phrases flying come along to the debating society and you too can experience the agonies of tortured language and the ecstasy of verbal frolics. :?&/?*

Mark Roberts

THE OBSERVER MACE SCHOOLS DEBATING COMPETITION

At about 10 o'clock on Wednesday 1st March, the Chief Master, Mrs. Fisher, Mr. Hatton, John Corbett and I (myself, me?) set off for the Western Area Final (the National Semi-Final) of this year's competition, which was to be held at the Town Hall in Bridport (a small community nestling seductively in the bowels of the South Coast). The Chief Master endeared himself to John and me almost immediately by threatening to make Mr. Hatton get out and walk after only five minutes of the journey. His generosity at local hostelries on both the outward and return journeys further convinced us that he wasn't such a bad bloke after all. As to the debates, those who have seen John Corbett in action only at school meetings (where he does nothing but hurl the most unfounded personal abuse at me and some quite well deserved personal abuse at Mr. Hatton) would have been quite impressed by the standard of his opening speech for the debate (that the virtues of lovalty are greater than its dangers). Unfortunately King's Worcester opposing chose to ignore this excellent speech and instead rambled on at length about some incident during the Second World War. As I had no points of my own to make and had been intending to pick up on the opposition's points, it came as a bit of a shock to find that the opposition had only made one point. Thus the debate eventually floundered. It was some consolation to John and myself to know the we enjoyed the greatest popular support of the day. However it was the hosts, Colfox, who eventually and deservedly won. Their hospitality and general friendliness (plus of course the free-flowing wine at the buffet supper) made the long journey worthwhile.

Our thanks must go especially to everyone at Bryanston School who put us up for the night, to our drivers, Mrs. Fisher (the outward journey) and the Chief Master (the return journey) and even to Mr. Hatton who gave John and me a quotation from Bob Hope and Bing Crosby which proved totally useless in the debate.

Mark Steyn

FILM SOCIETY

Last year, the Film Society disappeared without trace at about Christmas-time after an indifferent term in which the highlight had been Jean-Luc Godard's French classic 'Alphaville'. This work met with much hilarity from a cynical audience who seemed to derive considerable amusement from its hero's tendency either to shoot or to photograph almost anyone with whom he came into contact. The plot was difficult to follow to the extent that it was often completely unnoticeable, while the printing of white subtitles against a background of glaring white light caused particular confusion.

The silence which had prevailed throughout the Easter term was broken only when in May the generosity of the English department provided the opportunity to see films of Harold Pinter's 'The Caretaker' and James Vance Marshall's 'Walkabout'. The former provoked much thoughtful examination of Pinter's characteristically meticulous conversational dialogue, while the latter, in turn, provoked much thoughtful examination of Jenny Agutter's thighs.

Exactly a week later the Film Society was officially dug up, given a new committee and a new chairman. We are hoping fervently that by the time you read this, enough money will have been collected to finance the showing of nine films, including such cinematic masterpieces as 'Un Homme et Une Femme', 'Les Parapluies de Cherbourg' and 'Diamonds are Forever' (we have to persuade the uncultured masses to come somehow). The society's future lies in the hands of such dynamic leaders as Nick Stiff and Mr. Lillywhite, and there will be no failure this time.

J. R. Coe

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

If the Historical Society suggests to many of those who do not come, a small group of intellectual sixth-formers listening earnestly to learned lecturers on abstruse subjects, this picture is, in general, false. Although it is true that the majority of the Society's meetings take the form of a talk, either by outside speakers or by members of the school, they are generally readily accessible to anyone who cares to come, regardless of historical erudition. The subjects are not restricted to those studied at school. Indeed, perhaps the most fascinating talk of the year, to which many were drawn, if only from a sense of duty, was that given by Canon Lunt on 'New Rome and the Fourth Crusade'. which traced the rise and fall of Byzantium with remarkable clarity and freshness. Another lecture on a topic about which few, except for an apparently well-informed body of Rems, and U.M.s. were knowledgeable was given by Mr. Ian Campbell, a research student, on 'Radar in the Battle of Britain'. This excellent and informal talk demonstrated clearly that academics can communicate, despite a complete dedication to their subject. Other live performances included a visit from Mr. Humphrey Carpenter, the biographer of Tolkien, who addressed not only the Society, but also the Literary and Newman Societies, and amazingly managed to include some information of interest to all three, and Stephen Berridge, perhaps a less well known academic, who provided the Society with an account of his travel scholarship to follow Napoleon's journey from Elba to Waterloo, a meeting enlivened by the breakdown of the slide projector. However, the Society's gatherings are not limited to such events: one of the most enjoyable meetings of 1977-8 was the symposium on the Spanish Civil War, held in K.E.H.S., which consisted of a selection of readings from the work of great writers who lived through the war. Although only attended by a small number, this in fact proved an advantage, allowing a more informal and intimate atmosphere than usual. On the other hand, when the Society lacks inspiration to fill its dates on the calendar, there is always the video recorder, used in September to show a television programme on Jacobean architecture from the 'Spirit of the Age' series, or the large stock of films available from the Resources Centre, which provided two films for one of this year's meetings: 'From Back-to-Back to Bournville', and 'The Unemployed', evidence of the Society's continuing interest in local history. Finally, of course, there is the now-established annual outing, always an enjoyable occasion. It is to be hoped that this year's trip to Harwicke Hall will be blessed with the same good weather as last year's, which visited Chatsworth in Derbyshire. (n.b. It was, Ed.)

In general the Society is well established from both sides of the great divide and it is pleasant that there seems to be considerable support among the lower years of both schools. That the Society continues its varied programme is due largely to the tireless enthusiasm of Mr. Buttress, and of Miss Diggory at the Girls' School to whom many thanks are due.

G. S. Williams

THE MODERN LANGUAGE SOCIETY AND EURODRAMA

Though the great majority of the small audience of a talk on those links with France to be found in the West Midlands either dozed or considered the possibility of leaving, the attention of those who attended a talk on "Samuel Beckett: the Art of the Impossible" by Dr. G. V. Banks was both full and also well-rewarded.

In this, the only literary meeting of the year, the quite sizeable audience were treated to the peculiarly entertaining style of this most accomplished speaker, who managed to convey the essence of Beckett's art, indeed to make the impossible seem quite within the range of possibility, without going over the audience's heads. Excerpts from various plays and prose texts sprang to life and though more often than not provided great amusement, serious aspects of Beckett's unique viewpoint were also emphasised-notably how he portrays human existence as nasty, brutish and long.

On two occasions the society changed its centre of operations, firstly to the Middle-East when an Old Edwardian spoke about his travels in the Yemen, and secondly to the Far East when another OE introduced his listeners to some elements of the Japanese language and methods of communication.

Though these two meetings seemed steeped in the tradition of the society of presenting talks which can be interesting if one is prepared to be interested, the two talks in French this year due to the characteristics of the speakers were most successful: Gery Bertaux, the school's dynamic French assistant, gave a colourful exposition of his diverse experience as a parachutist; Mlle Marie-Christine Edouard, a lectrice at Birmingham University, enhanced the attraction of her talk on how the French amuse themselves with her strikingly good looks.

Eurodrama, a playreading institution affiliated to the society, has unfortunately not suffered under the weight of much enthusiasm this year, though after most readings, either of translations or of originals in French, the participants have taken a short trip to the local public house to round off the evening.

This very strongly "joint" society will be run next year by a secretary from across the drive. It is hoped that Modern Linguists and others from both schools will support her in realising more of the potential of this institution.

Hugh Barton-Smith

THE PARLIAMENTARY SOCIETY

Alas, the Society has never been well attended, although I have noticed an increase in numbers, certainly in the last two terms. Audience size reflects not at all the quality of speaking (since the Society, like politics, relies on hot air); as well as our 'resident' speaker, Tom Canel, a variety of guest speakers have given very interesting and informative talks, and the discussion upon which the Society relies is often very lively, although they sometimes have some trouble in getting started.

The Society has changed its name this year, since the main body of its members were now in the Divisions, and is no longer a Junior society. Although attendances have not been high, this has been a good year for the Society, as it slowly finds its direction and begins to settle down after its recent formation.

A. R. Chapple

THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY

Despite the disadvantage of meeting on a Friday evening, the Shakespeare Society is always able to attract a large company for its meetings. It would be pleasant to suppose that this is due to the Society's uniquely friendly and jovial atmosphere, although in fact the sizeable attendance may not be unrelated to the considerable provisions furnished by the ever compliant Miss Chaffer for the delectation of the members' palates. Although the aim of reading Shakespeare might seem a little too earnest to many, the society usually contrives to enjoy itself even occasionally transforming the noblest of tragedies to an engaging romp.

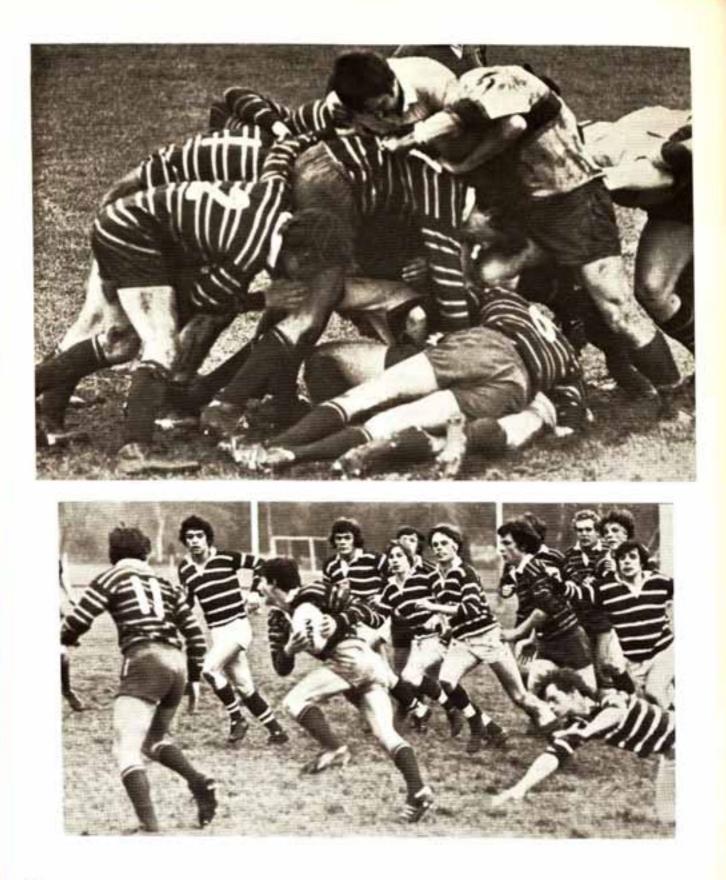
During the year, the readings have been of a generally high standard with many outstanding performances particularly from K.E.H.S., stalwart supporters of the society despite the severe shortage of women in Shakespeare. We are also blessed with the presence of the Ancient (or to the rest of the world Mr. Trott), the Master of the Revels (the Chief Master) who has weathered with incredible patience the elder Dukes, Kings and Counts with which he has been afflicted, and Mr. Evans who earlier in the year was granted his very own title of the Welsh Captain, an honour not unconnected with the fact that he at least can be relied on to find the minutes of the Scrivener (that is, Me) amusing.

The society has had many successes this year: especially remarkable was the reading of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" which included a masterly presentation of a yokel (in whose accents the members loved to indulge), acting a tragic heroine, by the ebullient Robin Jackson, one of our more flamboyant personalities and the greatest loss from the society this summer. It was this performance which reduced the most senior member of the society to paroxysms of uncontrollable laughter, bemusing all those present.

On the other hand, it is not to be denied that infrequently a meeting is not deemed a great success. "All's Well That Ends Well", thoughtfully suggested by the Ancient and the Sewer (Martin Brooke) who equally thoughtfully avoided the consequences of their choice, was one of those, while an agonised "Much Ado About Nothing" in November was mercifully finished by the unexpected intervention of the power-workers, plunging the society into darkness, although this was perhaps a manifestation of divine disapproval. Nevertheless such readings are rare, and there is always the solace of the nearby hostelry, to which a majority of the members retire afterwards.

Special thanks this year go to Becky Collis, known endearingly as the Strumpet, the one retiring member of the committee, to Martin Brooke, who has added to his duties as Sewer by gracing the society with a number of masterful performances, Mark Anderson (The Sutler) responsible for preserving our food from the hands of unscrupulous chess players and Cartland Club members, and Brian Cummings (The Augurer) who has not only been effective as Treasurer but has also been ready to assume a multiplicity of roles whenever the situation demanded, or indeed whenever it did not. The society will continue to flourish especially if given support by the new Divisions, now eligible to join our sporadic revels.

Gareth Williams



RUGBY

Again Rugby has enjoyed an energetic and enthusiastic participation by members from all parts of the school. The interest and high standard of play encouraged by the example of Ian Metcalfe last year has been continued, and Rugby thrives as the major winter sport at K.E.S.

The XV

The following have represented the XV during the season 1977-8:

Ian Keeling[†]*(Captain), Mark Good*(Secretary), Neil Stobart*, Steve Campbell*, Hugh McIntyre, Simon Driver*, Mike Cross*, Mark Roberts*, Chris Roberts, Chris John, Ian Herrod, Ron Hsu, Simon Jones, Trevor Mitchell, Paul Daniell, Nick Merriman*, Clive Bridges*, Matthew Allchurch*, Paul Campbell, Russell Harkin, Alastair Fisken†*, Julian Entwistle, Peter Brennan*, Tim Curtis, Bill Curry, Tim Arnold, Jack London, Robin Jackson, Simon Fowler

† Blazer Badge * 1st XV Colours

Prospects were uncertain at the beginning of the season, for most of the backs from the previous season had left, but many of the forwards remained. In the end, however, 1977-8 proved to be a below average season with seven wins and ten losses. The reasons are not too hard to find, for, apart from losing international class players like I. R. Metcalfe and M. N. Fisken, injuries to key players-sometimes up to as many as five at a time-meant that the XV was never at full strength.

The pattern of injuries for the remainder of the season was established with our first match, against Warwick, which we won 16-6. After only forty minutes of his 1st XV debut, the unfortunate Ian Herrod had to leave the field with a serious head injury and did not play again during the season. On the few occasions when a nearly full-strength side was fielded, the XV showed many encouraging signs and had the team been able to settle for a longer period, then perhaps this potential would have been more fully realised.

There was a good team spirit throughout and this enthusiasm, despite intermittent heavy defeats, was shown no more than in the person of Clive Bridges who, when asked to play in almost every back position during some part of the season, did so without complaint and with credit.

One of the highlights of the season was the centenary game versus Denstone College. The match was watched by a large crowd including several ex-Denstonian internationals and highranking RFU officials. The result was an 8-8 draw in which the experienced pack distinguished itself by its determination to win the ball and to drive back a heavier opposition in the tight. The game was followed by an extremely pleasant dinner with our hosts, and was especially significant for the fact that the only time Ian Keeling has been prepared to make a speech which he could not copy from his predecessor, he was not called upon to do so!

A further highpoint of the season was the visit of the Argentine tourists from St. George's College, Buenos Aires. For a time it seemed as though play would be impossible owing to a heavily frosted pitch, however, having jumped up and down on the Eastern Road turf for half an hour to soften up the surface, it was adjudged to be unplayable and both teams moved in a convoy of cars to a marginally less frozen municipal pitch, albeit on a twenty degree slope. The shortened game was more a chapter of errors than a display of open rugby, and the tourists ran out winners by sixteen points to six despite a memorable try by T. J. M. Curtis on the wing.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank on behalf of the XV all those parents who gave lodgings to the tourists during their seven day stay. I would also like to extend the team's gratitude to Mr. D. C. Haywood who devoted much energy to organising and coordinating the Argentines' visit from our end, culminating in the most enjoyable social evening on the last night of their stay.

The poor weather after Christmas led to many other fixtures being cancelled, the most unfortunate of which was the XV's annual tour of Devon over half-term.

This season's Bromsgrove Match was even more tense than usual. Urged on by a good crowd, we achieved victory by a first-half drop-goal from Matthew Allchurch, thus retaining the Simiter-Smith Trophy for the fifth year.

Though teamwork and collective spirit were the keynote of our play, several players performed particularly well throughout the season. These included Alastair Fisken in the backs, while the front three of Ian Keeling, Neil Stobart, and Steve Campbell proved to be a match for most opposition. The back row also functioned well and showed good mobility throughout the season, despite the loss of Ian Herrod so early on and the departure of Mike Cross after Christmas. Also of note, was the strange brand of wing play introduced by Pete Brennan. Based on the Irish philosophy of putting the fear of God into as many people as possible, he perfected the technique of sidestepping into people rather than away from them, and then chasing them as far as possible while he still had the ball. Strangely enough, it worked!

During the season, Ian Keeling, Steve Campbell, Alastair Fisken, and Mike Cross were chosen to represent the Greater Birmingham Under 19 side, and Alastair Fisken went on to represent the Midlands side, and was selected for an England trial.

I would like to thank all those parents who came and supported the XV during the season, many travelling hundreds of miles to stand and watch dutifully on cold November afternoons. I would especially like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Keeling neither of whom missed a match and who provided unending supplies of coffee and biscuits throughout the season.

Finally, I would like to thank Mr. Everest, and Messrs. Birch, Campbell and Benson for all the work they have put in, both in training us, providing transport when necessary, and making preparations for the tour that never materialised due to snow drifts. Despite setbacks, it was a most enjoyable season for all concerned and this must reflect to a great extent upon the attitude and efforts of the masters in charge of senior teams.

> M. A. Good Rugby Secretary

2nd XV

Possibly the best way of assessing the success of the team is to compare the pre-season prospects with the final achievements. In the case of the 2nd XV the prospects were fairly good-there was a good supply of Under 16s who were free to play for us every week, and a sufficient vein of experienced players to ensure continuity with the ideology of previous years.

Indeed, the season began successfully, with impressive victories over Warwick and Denstone, the latter being all the more stirring coming as it did in the centenary match. At this point the team was playing well, and in a manner that promised well for the future. But the loss of captain C. John and R. Harkin to the firsts, and the lack of a specialist scrum half which had been denied to us by the lack of cover in the firsts at certain positions, contributed to a lack of cohesion in the team, and several subsequent defeats. Only on one occasion was the team vastly inferior to the opposition, against Solihull. More often than not it was a case of us not playing to potential. The team emerged from this dark period to win the most important game against Bromsgrove, in which our performance was only marginally above the mediocrity of the opposition.

The most unusual game of the season was that against St. George's College from Argentina. On a virtually unplayable pitch that was frozen solid we pitted our tactical superiority against the enthusiastic and athletic Argentines. To our dismay, however, Robin Jackson, playing against the School to make up their numbers, chose this occasion to play like he never subsequently did for us, and won more of the ball off us than perhaps the rest of his team put together. This was made possible by a certain determination in our ranks to show our displeasure with the effectiveness of his play, and the exasperation aroused by his try, which proved the winning score.

The final match of the season, against the Masters, saw us playing with a determination that had been lacking in most quarters. Against what I shall call euphemistically "browbeating" tactics from the masters, our more purist approach provided a contest that was both absorbing and keenly contested, and our late amusement at the deterioration of the opposition produced by tiredness, prevented us from gaining the few points to register a win.

In what must be considered a disappointing season, although we had more wins than losses, thanks must go to Messrs. Campbell and Benson for their efficient leadership. With many experienced players returning next season, their coaching should lead to even better results.

T. J. Arnold

Official 3rd XV Report

The 3rd XV had an outstandingly successful season, surpassing all previous achievements by breaking one opponent's collar bone and by having one opponent sent off. The credit for the former incident went to Neil Kendell, who was thereby appointed player of the year by popular consent. The team is also indebted to its chief mentor and witch-doctor, Robin Jackson, who is seemingly still alive after pioneering a kamikaze style of play, and who has been described by one authority as "extremely brave, but with no class".

During the season, the 3rd XV won three matches and lost twelve. These defeats occurred not as a result of apathy or any lack of ability, but due to a subtle combination of the two. The team's usefulness as a testing round for future talent is shown by the fact that no fewer than six of those who played in the opening match went on to represent the 1st XV at some time during the season. Our thanks to Messrs. Buttress and Martin for their support (we shall always wear it), and for their unfailing optimism in the face of oblivion.

David Lewis

3rd XV

Longer serving members of the Rugby option will remember the days when the 3rd XV was little more than a breeding ground for psychopaths, a team filled with men to whom the sound of stud upon skull was music, men who with one flick of the wrist could shatter an entire pelvis, with one quiver of their elephantine thighs could strain the groins of any other team in the country. Alas, this Golden Age of 3rd XV Rugby is no more. This once glorious team is now a pathetic sight, reduced to a meeting place for all the wierdoes and misfits in the School, a sort of Lonely Hearts Club for Masochists. The anguish in Mr. Buttress' eyes as



he watches us mince around the field, artfully avoiding the ball, is only too clear.

But, you exclaim in disbelief, how can this be? The team which appears on the Gild Hall noticeboard could surely defeat any other 3rd XV. It certainly could if it ever got the chance to play. But by the time the 1st XV prima donnas have decided which illness they are going to contract this week and have been replaced by members of the 2nd XV, and by the time members of the 2nd XV who have been promoted to the 1st, and those who haven't been promoted and so have walked out in protest, have been replaced by members of the 3rd XV, and by the time N. C. Z. London has refused to play just for the hell of it, by the time all this has happened we are lucky if there are any of the original names left on the notice.

However, the four or five who still remain bravely turn up at Eastern Road. The team is supplemented by members of Mr. Martin's English classes who arrive asking "Could you tell me the way to the poetry recital?" and members of Mr. Buttress' History classes who want to know in which room the seminar on the merits of the Schlieffen plan is taking place. Team regulars, on hearing this, give maniacal laughs and roll their eyeballs, taking a great delight in telling the suckers how they have been duped. When the poor unfortunates realise the truth, they try to escape, but they are quickly caught and bundled into tramline shirts, tennis socks, hockey boots, gymslips and any other vaguely sporting article of clothing which is lying around in the changing rooms. This brings the team's strength up to about ten.

The opposition then arrive. We try to scare them off by talking in deep voices and trying to touch our toes, but they howl derisively at our effeminate posturings and boast about how many eyeballs they poked out in their last match. Reeking of "Old Rats" after-shave, and opening beercans with their toenails, they strike terror into the breast of every one of us. At 2.26, with the effects of Friday night wearing off, the team regulars begin to sober up and look for means of escape, talking excitedly about the possibility of a storm or an earthquake or anything which would stop the match. At 2.27, Mr. Buttress produces an addition to the team, usually a reserve from the Under 12 B team who has made the mistake of lingering in the changing room for too long. His ability to play rugby causes much resentment among the rest of the team. At 2.28, we elect a captain; we try to appoint someone who shows some knowledge of the game, but when Neil Kendell is absent, we have to make do with someone else as captain. This exciting election ceremony is designed to encourage team-members to turn up before the match starts. At 2.29, we perform the traditional 3rd XV warm-up. This vigorous exercise involves running (with both legs) across the Bristol Road to the pitch where the match is to be played. The backs find that the skill involved in dodging buses is particularly useful in missing passes.

The game itself is a true test of courage and strength, whose purpose is to separate the men from the boys. Unfortunately, the opposition always seems to have all the men, and this makes the task of separating them from the boys (us) very difficult, especially when they have their boots embedded in our chests (the traditional position for a 3rd XV ruck). However, despite problems such as these, the team nevertheless attempts to put its tactics into operation. The essence of these tactics can be summed up by the 3rd XV motto: "Avoid physical contact with the opposition at all costs, unless there is the prospect of an injury which will put you out of action for the rest of the season". With this in mind, we put Plan A into operation. Plan A is used when it is our turn to kick off and can be summed up thus: 1) Ball is kicked into opposition's half of the field: 2) Ball is caught by member of opposition who runs forward with it; 3) 3rd XV members avoid having to tackle opposition member, by faking triple hernias, etc; 4) Opposition member scores. Although this plan is by far the most successful, the team also has Plan B, which is used when the opposition kicks off. This is as follows: 1) Opposition member kicks ball into our half of field; 2) Entire 3rd XV pack simultaneously shouts "Mine!" and misses the ball; 3) Opposition member runs through, picks up ball and scores. This plan is not as effective as Plan A, because newer members of the team often insist on catching the ball and running forward. This selfishness never pays off, and these self-centred players are justly punished by a bone-crunching tackle from the opposition. Often the referee will attempt to jolly up the pace of the game by awarding us penalties, thinking that the exercise involved in making us move ten yards forward will be good practice for the return journey to the changing-room. Sadly, even this does not help. By now the game is only of value to the mathematicians in the team, who practise for their 'A' levels by trying to keep track of the score. Our saving grace is the point in the game when the team, seeing the clouds of depression on the faces of Mr. Buttress and Mr. Martin as they stand on the touchline, feel guilty and for a brief moment put aside their fear of the ball, hurling themselves into rucks and scrums with the vigour and desperation of a nymphomaniac rabbit. It does not help the score, but it makes us feel better.

However I trust that this account will not dissuade boys from volunteering to play for the 3rds. Ability to play rugby is not necessary and in fact can even be a disadvantage, earning you the hatred of your team-mates. When a certain 6th former, making his debut for the 3rds, produced both a gumshield and a jockstrap, mistrust and suspicion ran through the changingroom like a rabid whippet. But these initial fears were soon allayed when he proved to be as totally inept as the rest of the team.

But lest you think that the 3rds are the fops and idlers so (deservedly) chastised in the School Song, it must be said that our spirit is willing even though our bodies are weak. Finally our thanks go to Messrs. Buttress and Martin, whose half-time encouragement is the only thing which keeps us going till the final whistle.

Mark Steyn

3rd XV Regulars

Anderson, Bennett, Benyon, Fowler, Gregory, Harrison R.F., Haslam, Jackson, Kendell, Lewis, Martin, Mazurkiewicz, Miles, Ogden, Parlour, Steyn, Whitehouse J.G., Worsey

Under 15 XV

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Despite the demoralising aspects of the early season, the team in the second half of the Autumn term was undefeated, notable victories being secured over Solihull School, and away at Belmont Abbey. The very small number of boys in the rugby option meant that it was impossible for many boys to play in their team position during games periods, and this must explain at least some of the failings on Saturdays. The regrettable tendency for boys to opt out of rugby in favour of less savoury activities on Saturdays meant that some of the hitherto "regular" school players were able to withdraw their services. Consequently, the team began by not believing itself capable of defeating anyone, and sure enough, initially, this looked like being the case. To make matters worse, the few committed boys were the types who were also involved in scouting, youth leading, and other worthwhile activities out of School and were sometimes unavailable. Injuries too deprived the team of key players at certain times.

On the field, the team looked good going forward, particularly in the pack, though the three-quarters were pedestrian and disorganised, largely because most of them were converted forwards. What let them down very badly was poor tackling and defensive positional play.

Simon Lambert at fly half was the dominant personality in the team who kicked particularly well, while Peter Gawthorpe improved, playing out of position at scrum half, throughout the season. In the pack, the team hypochondriac Steve Hippisley-Cox was particularly impressive when not nursing his chipped fingernail; and Andrew Brenner showed promise as a purely destructive wing-forward (giving him the ball served only to confuse him). Chris Hamley was a superbly efficient and reliable captain, and I am much indebted to him for all his work. I would also like to express my appreciation of Andrew Farrow's willingness to turn up week after week as touch judge.

J.R.R.E.

Under 14 XV

P 16 W 15 L 1 Points for 544 Points Against 111

The team started off the new season as it had finished the old, with confident wins over Warwick (56-10), Denstone (34-10), Ellesmere (32-0), and Worksop (66-4). A broken arm kept A. Webb out for the rest of the term but wins were still recorded against King's Worcester (28-0), Wrekin (62-0), Ratcliffe (60-0), and Belmont Abbey (34-0). The only blemish on the record was the defeat by Solihull (0-44) who were probably the best U14 side in the country and had not been defeated in over sixty games. The highlight of the first term was the team's defeat of the Greater Birmingham Schools XV (12-10). Five of the team later went on to play for the County (M. Gibbs, R. Hayward, J. Sheehy, S. Johnson, and S. Prosser)-the greatest number from any one school.

After Christmas, encouraged by wins over King Henry's, Coventry (14-4), and Bishop Vesey's (20-0) and King Edward's Five Ways (56-3), the team won the Birmingham Schools' Knockout Competition with wins over King Edward's Aston (12-8), Bournville (42-12), and, in the final, King Edward's Camp Hill (16-6).

J. Sheehy

Under 13 XV

As the playing record shows this was a most successful season and indeed, although we were well beaten by a good Warwick side (0-18), the other defeats by Bishop Vesey (12-14) and by Camp Hill (8-18) at the Reddings in the Final of the Birmingham Schools Cup, might easily have gone either way. The team scored over 40 points on six occasions, including an 80-0 victory over Park Grove in the Cup Semi-Final. It is indeed a pity that Hames was unable to commit himself to the School team because of his Camp Hill Old Edwardians' swimming interests and therefore was not selected for several important games after Christmas. His presence in the Final would have resulted in vital possession for a pack who were struggling against much larger opposition.

The team deserved their success because they put in a tremendous amount of hard work on Tuesday evenings and Wednesday lunchtimes and I am very grateful for the help of Mr. Maddocks and Mr. Robbins at several of these sessions. However I hope that next year they will work even harder on the quality of their passing, which rarely achieved fluency, and on tackling. Our defence often tended to rely heavily on the efforts of Ellison, Lavery and the back row. It is fair to say that all of the team improved their game during the season, but I think that the back row of Chrimes, Adderley and O'Toole deserve a special mention, particularly O'Toole who developed from a reserve into one of the most effective players in the side.

The season finished on a very high note with the Yorkshire Tour when, for the first time we managed to return with a 100% record. To defeat Bradford Grammar School 23-8, St. Wilfrid's School, Featherstone 16-14 (neither of whom had lost more than a couple of games before) and the Roundhay Club's Under 13 side by 20-14 (our first victory in three visits) was a performance in which the lads can take great pride.

The following boys played for the team during the season:

D. F. W. Chrimes (Capt.), M. D. Adderley,
M. Bevan, A. J. Downes, P. R. Edgington,
T. D. J. Ellison, L. J. Goodwin, D. K. Hames,
R. A. Herd, C. Ibbetson, J. L. Lavery,
G. O. Lewis, I. E. Mackenzie, I. R. A. Mailes,
J. M. Mather, L. O'Toole, R. Prvulovich,
M. R. Pugh, C. J. C. Remfry, R. P. J. Robbins,
A. R. F. Rodaway, A. J. Sambrook,
J. L. Southall, P. M. Taylor

M.D.S.

HOCKEY

The 1977-78 hockey season was one of curiously mixed fortunes for the 1st XI. The best performances were reminiscent of the all-conquering team of two years ago, but all too often concentration and confidence seemed to desert the players at vital moments. This tendency, coupled with a frustrating inability to convert superiority on the field into goals, meant that the record for the season was rather less impressive than it might have been. In the Spring Term in particular, the rhythm of the team was disturbed by the postponement and cancellation of many important matches owing to bad weather (only 25 out of a total of 37 scheduled full-length 1st XI matches were actually played). After a series of convincing victories, the XI surprisingly lost its unbeaten record in the Birmingham Schools U19 League, a run which began in January 1974, in a 3-1 defeat at the hands of Bishop Walsh, and, despite dropping only one more point in the League, we finished second behind Walsh at the end of the season. Perhaps the most disappointing event of last year was the defeat by Sheldon Heath in the semi-final of the W. R. Buttle Memorial Tournament; Sheldon equalized with a penalty flick in the last minute, having been completely outplayed, and were then very fortunate to proceed to the final (which they eventually won) on penalty flicks. After disappointing displays in the Sutton and Highfields Tournaments (in both cases with a severely weakened squad), the XI dominated the Pickwick Tournament semi-final against K.E. Five Ways, only to lose once again on penalty flicks. Throughout the season, Dick Young, Nick Kimberley (both of whom were awarded emblazoned blazer badges) and Pat Nagle produced outstanding performances, and their absence will be sorely felt next season. The two youngest players in the 1st XI, Andrew Dickens and Steve Fletcher, both played extremely well and, with many other good prospects in the U15 and U16 teams, the future looks quite healthy.

Beyond the realms of school hockey, things were much brighter last season. No fewer than six 1st XI players were chosen for the Birmingham U19 County Squad which, under the captaincy of Dick Young, won the Midlands U19 Hockey Tournament (involving teams from all the counties in the Midlands) for the first time. In addition, four players were chosen for the Birmingham U16 County Squad. To return to school matters, Alistair Sinclair was voted winner of the Buttle Cup "for the greatest contribution, through enthusiasm and sportsmanship, to school hockey this season".

The 2nd XI once again suffered severely at the hands of the weather, and was never really able to establish a regular team. The U16 XI began the season with six consecutive victories, and qualified for the B.S.H.A. League semi-final for the fourth year running, only to be defeated by Sheldon Heath.

The U15 XI, after a poor start, had a string of good results, but they too lost in their B.S.H.A. League semi-final.

Statistics:

	Р	w	D	L	F	Α
All 1st Team Matches	34	20	4	10	84	49
Full-length 1st XI Matches	25	17	3	5	79	37
2nd XI Matches	8	2	3	3	20	22
U16 XI Matches	8	6	0	2	21	19
U15 XI Matches	9	5	0	4	16	19

Total 1st Team Matches and goals to date for leading players:

	Played	Goals
* R. G. Young	107	34
* N. J. Kimberley	82	30
* T. P. Brown	62	7
* P. S. Nagle	55	2
* A. J. Sinclair	51	10
R. G. Evans	46	1
T. H. Oxenham	44	0
* S. Bradley	34	9

* denotes School Colours

Finally, I am sure that I can speak for the entire squad in thanking Mr. Cook for his eminently successful attempt to follow in the illustrious footsteps of Harry Deelman, and also Jeremy Buttle, whose assistance and support, particularly at the junior levels, has been invaluable.

A. J. Sinclair

U15 XI

The U15 Hockey team walked out to play a Malvern team with high hopes, and the score, 0-1, was not what we deserved, especially as it was the U14 team we played!

The season progressed with its ups and downs, including a 8-0 thrashing by Bablake. Three players were selected to go on a course sponsored by Tarmac under the supervision of the West Midlands Sports Council. Because of the weather, very few matches were played in the Lent term, but we still managed to win our league. However, we lost the semi-final due to several defensive errors and our chances of beating Handsworth in the final were dashed.

In the Easter break the three of us, A. G. Miller, T. P. Ireland, and R. Das Gupta, went back to the course and successfully completed it.

The team, noted for its brilliance (hem, hem) would like to thank the combined efforts of Messrs. Cook, Lambie and Buttle.

Notable goalscorers were A. Miller, T. P. Ireland, R. Das Gupta, and F. K. Panthaki.

Tim Ireland

CROSS-COUNTRY

At the end of last year, the cross-country team lost four of its best runners, and this consequently meant that this year's team could hardly repeat the successes of the previous year. As the "old brigade" had left, we had to find new talent in the School, especially from the Divisions and the Fifths. Naturally, this new talent, in the form of D. R. P. Brown, M. N. Sawyer, and D. W. Stephens, could not hope to fill the gap left by their predecessors, but thanks to their supporting role during the season, the School 1st Team fared quite well against stiff opposition. In the Birmingham District Schools' League, the 1st Team came third, running a total of ten races, six of which we won. Both P. N. Edwards and G. S. Dunn consistently put in good performances and they provided the mainstay of the team. J. G. A. Roberts from time to time put in a good race if the course was to his liking, although later on in the season, his performance started gradually to decline as he turned his attentions to school activities: "wine, women and song" were to prove his downfall. S. H. Parkinson also ran for the 1st Team, but unfortunately, even eating four school puddings before each race did not improve his performance.

In the West Midlands' Championship, the 1st Team ran exceptionally well and came fourth, the same as last year. The course suited us far better: the weather was good, and the ground was firm and flat.

During the season, we did actually win something: for the third year running, we regained the shield for the King's Norton District Relay, and the 2nd Team won the Division Two trophy under the leadership of N. C. Kendrick.

For their efforts in cross-country, N. C. Kendrick, D. R. P. Brown, and M. N. Sawyer were awarded half-colours, while G. S. Dunn was awarded his well-earned full colours.

I would like to end by thanking all those who ran for either the 1st or 2nd Teams and Mr. Workman, who gave up so much of his time in transporting the cross-country teams to various matches. The prospects for next year are encouraging as the 1st Team will remain largely unchanged. I wish P. N. Edwards, the next cross-country captain, all the best for the coming year and hope that his conscientious training and dedication will reap its just rewards.

J. W. J. Wagstyl

FIVES

The Fives team has had a moderately successful year. The record of played 19, won 9, drawn 1, lost 9, shows a considerable improvement over last year, and one hopes this will be bettered next year.

Against schools, the record is played 15, won 9, drawn 1, lost 5, but against Old Boys' sides, it is played 4, lost 4. The latter results do not reflect the ability of the side, as most of the matches have been close. The team's greatest disadvantage at the moment is that it is very young, but, in two year's time, we ought to have an experienced side capable of beating the best.

There were three main events in the Fives calendar during the year: the London tour, the Midland Competition, and the Public Schools' Competition. At Christmas, two pairs were taken to London: the first pair of N. A. Robinson and P. J. Campbell, and the second pair of R. J. Lambert and A. J. Yardley. Three matches were played in the space of two days. Against City of London School, both pairs won 3-0. This was not the distinguished victory it seems, due to the fact that they had their best pairs touring in Birmingham! Against the Old Citizens, both pairs lost 3-1, each doing well to take a set off a strong side; and against Westminster School, both pairs won 3-0. This was the first time the school had played Westminster, and it is hoped that this fix ture will be continued.

The Midland tournament, held at the school in early January, provided experience for the team, but little else. Not unexpectedly, no school side reached the second round of either the main competition or the plate.

The Public Schools' Eton Fives Competition, held in Highgate, was a disappointment. It was hoped that N. A. Robinson and P. J. Campbell would go a long way in the senior competition, but they failed to get beyond the first round. R. J. Lambert and A. J. Yardley went out in the second round to Berkhampstead I, the first seeds. In the under sixteen competition, O. J. Zacharewicz and T. G. Haslam reached the Quarter-Finals before losing in straight sets to Highgate I. Our greatest success came in the under fourteen age group where S. N. Lund and C. K. Friend reached the final, losing 3-12, 14-11, 12-5 to the favourites, Wolverhampton I, despite reaching match-point at one stage in the second set. On the way to the final, they beat Aldenham I, Lancing I, Eton I, and Wolverhampton III without dropping a set, or ever looking in danger of doing so. Next year ought to be more successful, and hopefully the experience gained this year will prove useful.

On the domestic front, the Handicap Fives competition were again run. The minor competition was won by S. N. Lund and D. L. J. Wilson. They beat R. C. Tyler and J. C. Ager 14-13, 12-7, 2-12, 14-11. It is interesting to note that all the finalists were first years which reflects the increasing popularity of, and ability in, the sport in the lower school.

The Derek Hill Challenge cup for Senior Fives was won by R. J. Lambert and R. S. Jackson who beat P. J. Campbell and C. N. Newsome in a very close and exciting final 15-13, 9-12, 9-12, 13-10, 12-10.

Two important members of the fives team have left during the year, N. A. Robinson and S. N. Lund. N. A. Robinson has been a regular member of the first pair for three years (except when Blues were at home) and reached the quarter-final of the Open Public Schools' Competition while in his fourth year. Lund was at school for six months, and in that time won the minor handicap competition, and reached the final of the Public Schools Under 14 while still only eleven, a remarkable feat.

During the course of the year, N. A. Robinson, P. J. Campbell, and R. J. Lambert were awarded their full school colours and A. J. Yardley his half-colours.

Finally, thanks must go to the Master in-charge, Mr. Worthington, for giving the captain a free hand in picking the side.

BASKETBALL

In September 1977, the U19 team found itself suddenly vulnerable-being without any of the experienced players it had boasted of in previous years. The era of Shuttleworth, Betteridge, Watson and Jackson had passed. During the Winter term, only four regular players were above the fifth form. Results reflected the obvious lack of experience, and it took six attempts to record a victory, which was a timely one against Aldridge School (N. Birmingham) in the English School's Plate Competition. But this was a just reward for eager perseverance well directed by the coach, Mr. S. Birch. In the final of the same competition, we were defeated by President Kennedy School, Coventry, With newly instilled belief in our ability, four of the next seven games were won, and team spirit soared.

After Christmas, the squad lost its two most senior members as Hugh Blythe left school only to return twice, and the captain failed to play again as a result of, firstly illness, and then, appendicitis. However, although there was only one more victory, extremely solid foundations were laid for the next two seasons.

At the end of the season, the results were:

P 24	W 6	L 18
Points for	1092	Points against 1541

The top scorers were Tobias 208, Curry 190, Ashton 147, Bull 100, Daniell 99, Jenkins 88.

By contrast, the junior team was very successful. Prior to Christmas, it was unlucky not to do better than it did, and just after, it narrowly failed to qualify for the West Midlands Knockout Competition.

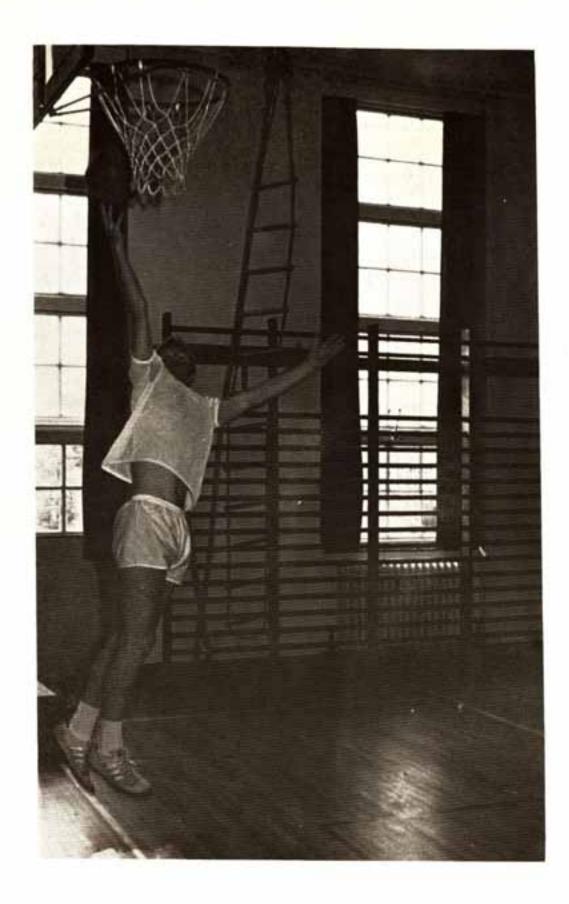
Retrospectively, it is now clear that a deficiency of players with height played a damning role in its fortunes. It would also be useful for basketball to be taught seriously at an earlier age, and it is pleasing to learn that steps have already been made in that direction. The end of season statistics were:

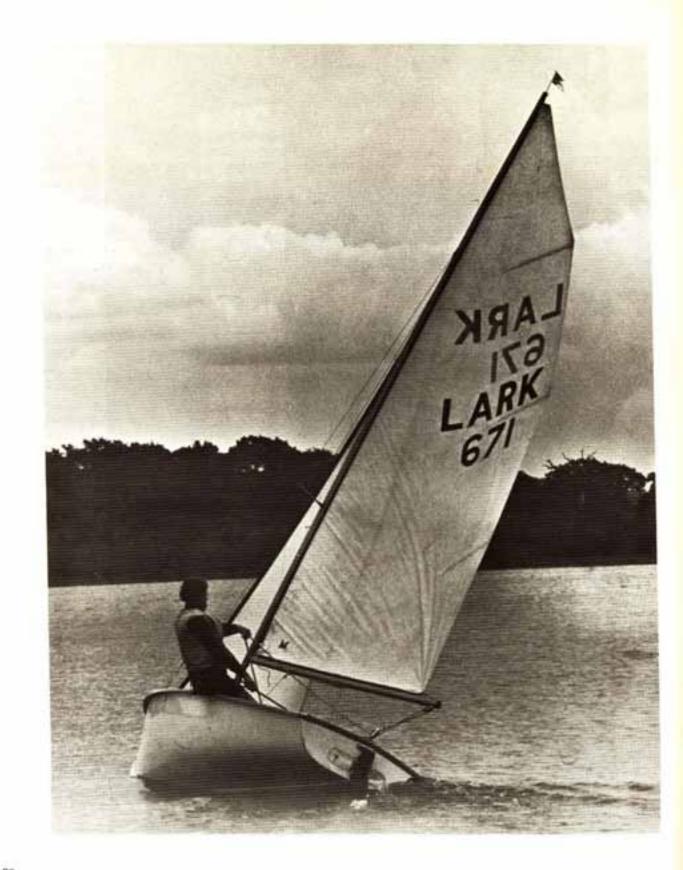
P 10	W 5	L 5
Points fo	or 435	Points against 435

The highest scorers were Farrow 118, Bradbury 110, Gibbs 75.

All the signs are clearly visible for another era of strength in school basketball which may well become legendary, for although the results in the senior league seem pretty depressing, it must be realised that the same team core will play for the next two years, and has already shown itself to be very solid. Roger Ashton, Peter Bull, Bill Curry, Paul Daniell, Chris Jenkins and the others will certainly aim to ape the age of Watson in those two years. I firmly believe that they will succeed in doing so and may even exceed that very high standard. Finally, thanks are due to Messrs. Birch and Stead who guided all efforts in the right directions and will continue to build what will become a very favourable reputation in the Birmingham School's basketball.

Andrew M. Tobias





SAILING

The Sailing Team was supposed to have sailed two matches this year, against Malvern and the Old Edwardians. Instead, only one was sailed: when we arrived at Barnt Green Sailing Club, there was a Force 6 wind blowing, and the Old Eds were a little doubtful about letting us loose in their boats; they surprisingly believed we might have ended up getting them smashed to pieces on the dam(n) wall, towards which the wind was inconveniently blowing. The optimists among us suggested that if we waited a bit the wind would calm down. We rang Elmdon: they told us it would be gusting up to Force 8 later on. After a short discussion, and after watching Bromsgrove School, who were due to be playing their Old Boys, capsize all over the place, we decided the meeting would be declared a draw. Unfortunately, there was no table tennis table at the Club so we couldn't even play them at that instead: but the tea was nice, anyway.

A week earlier we had sailed against Malvern School in their brand new fleet of six Fireflies. There was no Force 6 wind blowing this time. Malvern sail on a rather narrow stretch of water on the River Avon, and it is surrounded by trees. This makes sailing there decidedly difficult, because the wind manages to blow in every direction it can think of, and when it hits a tree or other obstruction, it goes somewhere else. If anyone at this point thinks I'm making excuses, then they're right, because we lost. The match was sailed on the best of three races, and in the first race our three boats came 4th, 5th, and 6th, against their 1st, 2nd, and 3rd. Hardly an inspiring start, and at this stage we certainly were not mastering the conditions. In the second race, we improved slightly to finish 2nd, 4th and 6th, but this was still not good enough to beat their 1st, 3rd, and 5th. So, having lost the first two races, we had already lost the event, but we did save some face by reversing the second race score in the third race, finishing 1st, 3rd, and 5th ourselves.

Our thanks are due to Mr. McIlwaine for supplying transport for the matches. This was the man who was so nearly given the chance to show off all his infinite skills when he was invited to sail for the Old Edwardians, before that match was called off. We are also indebted to Mr. Lampard, who also supplied transport for the Malvern match, and who so generously allowed us to listen to one or two of his infamous witticisms.

M. J. W. Pickworth

SQUASH

This was another successful season, the team winning ten out of fourteen matches played. Prospects for next year are very good, with the team remaining virtually unaltered; indeed, it will be strengthened with the return to the team of Ian Herrod after an absence of a year owing to a cracked skull inflicted whilst playing rugby.

One of the more interesting matches was against Solihull Sixth Form College. On this occasion, the captain was a little dismayed to find that he was to play a very competent female. Watched by an unusually large audience, he managed to concentrate sufficiently to win.

I would like to thank Mr. Smith for his continuing hard work in the interests of School squash.

Ben Carter

SWIMMING

	Played	Won	Lost
Under 14	8	7	1
Under 16	8	4	4
Open	9	9	0

The School team had a very enjoyable and successful season, led by their Captain Steve Swani, who at the end of the season remained undefeated at freestyle and unrivalled in physique.

The juniors won the majority of their matches, showing a lot of ability and great enthusiasm.

The U16 team was constantly changing because of exams, but they performed well and won half of their matches.

The senior team had an excellent season, winning an exciting final match against Warwick to remain undefeated at the end of the season.

Special mentions must go to Paul Denny, Paul Edgington, Karl Hames, Adrian Mackay, and Steve Swani.

Many thanks to Mr. Cotter and Mr. Perry, and the parents who helped every week with transport and timekeeping.

P. I. Cartwright

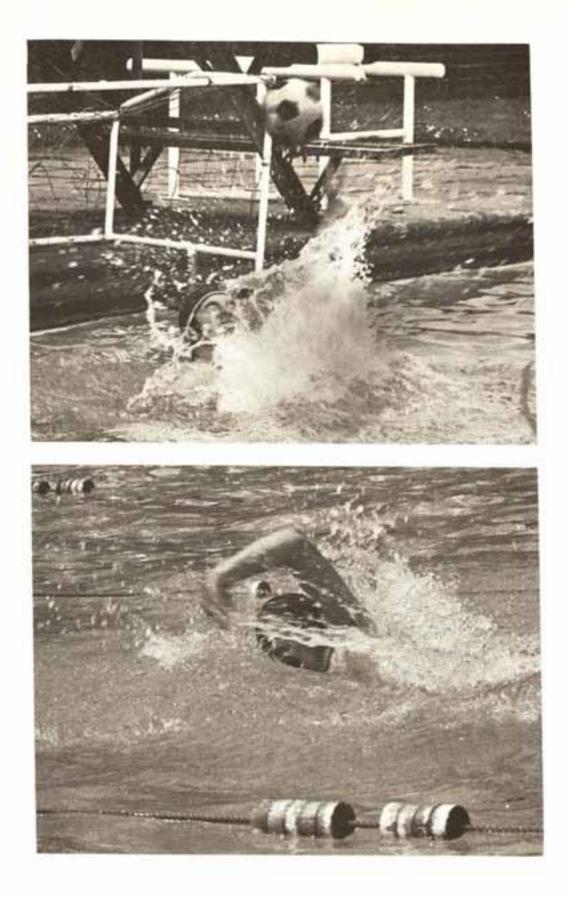
ATHLETICS

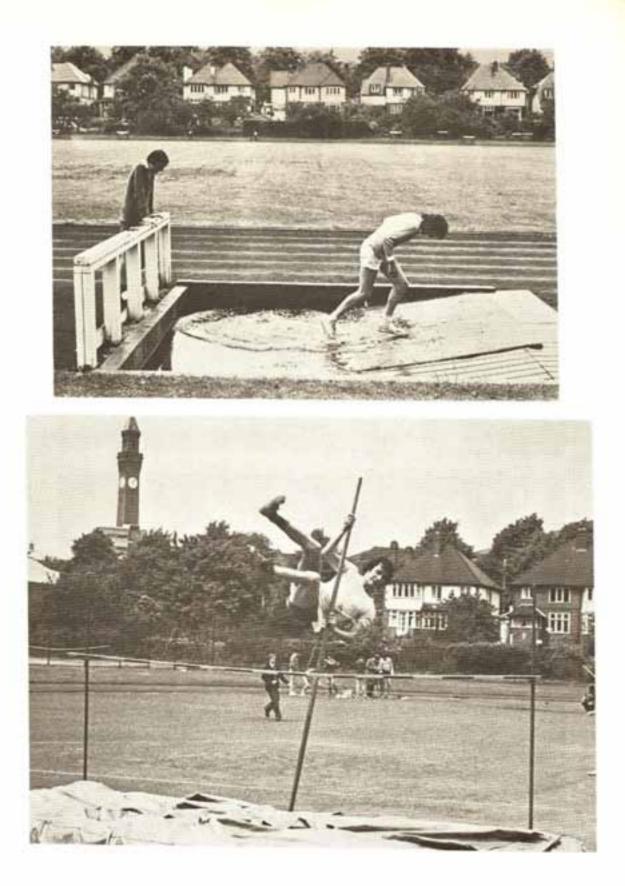
King Edward's Athletics has seen a dramatic upsurge during 1978. Ability and enthusiasm have increased throughout the School, as reflected by victory in the Grant Willis Shield as the best School overall in the Kings Norton area. Prospects for future success are outstanding and selection, especially of minor and junior teams, has been made difficult because of a large number of athletes of a similarly good standard. The excellent facilities at Eastern Road are not only enjoyed by School athletes, however, but also by scores of keen people from all walks of school life in search of standards.

The Senior and Inter teams displayed a reasonably high success rate despite severe losses of athletes during 'A' and 'O' level examinations and while at full strength were only squeezed into second place by Handsworth Grammar School. Both Seniors and Inters won their respective Kings Norton championship matches. Perhaps the highlight of the season, however, was the close and keenly fought battle for the Holden Trophy against Warwick and R.G.S. Worcester in which King Edward's were victorious.

The Minor and Junior teams as usual tended to meet with tougher opposition from other schools than at the later age groups. They lost only two matches and their glory reached its pinnacle when they received the shield as Champions of the King's Norton Division One. Of this outstanding section, the most successful team was the U14s who won the Taylor Kenrick Invitation match, an unofficial championship between sixteen schools for supremacy of Birmingham, edging out even the illustrious Handsworth team.

Success has been found even in events traditionally poorly contested at King Edward's. Throwing events used to be such. However Ian Herrod continues to flex his muscles and is rarely beaten. From the younger ranks lessons of Shot and Hammer were frequently given by Mike Gibbs and Andrew Hamer. Fourteen year old junior Gibbs usually steps up to put the shot among the Inters, two years older than him, compensating for his lack of height by proudly holding back his shoulders to expose a hairy barrel of a chest. Andrew Hamer is perhaps the most outstanding prospect of the season. While throwing the hammer against boys a year older than himself, he was second only once, at the West Midland Championship, and even then his best





throwing form would have ensured a comfortable victory. His own keenness has generated a similar enthusiasm throughout the school. S. C. Johnson also showed particular talent with the hammer.

Despite the lack of regional representation in the jumping events, enthusiasm particularly for high jump was reflected by the fracture of many metal bars and one of the unbreakable fibre glass sort.

Track events continued to be the most successful section of King Edward's Athletics. The name of Fisken again stands out. Alistair Fisken won the 400 metre Hurdles at the West Midland Championship in an excellent personal season even for him and I. A. Lewis, our only other West Midland champion, won the 2,000 metre walk. Tim Curtis worked hard during the Summer on his sprinting style and showed himself to be the best sprinter in Birmingham in perhaps the most competitive of school athletic events. In the senior team consistently distinguished performances were made in the Hurdles, 400 metres and 1500 metres by Martin Sawyer's determination. David Stephens' ruthless efficiency and Nick Edwards' sheer hard work.

The credit for this increase in interest and enthusiasm for the sports throughout the school is largely due to Mr. Birch who has instilled a new desire to take part in Athletics into most of the Junior boys, regardless of their ability. He works extremely hard and with great efficiency to organise the thousands of details that concern Athletics. I would like to thank him and all other masters who have measured or timed Athletics matches and on Thursday lunchtimes: Mr. Everest, Mr. Skinner, Mr. Hill, Mr. Nightingale, Mr. Workman, Mr. Tibbott, Mr. Buttress, Mr. Dewar, Mr. Martin, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Cook. I also thank Steve Bradley not only for his good performances as Inter captain but also for his ungrudging efforts as scorer and Roderick Beards for scoring only once but more than making up for his mathematical errors by his prowess on the track. Mr. Scott must be congratulated on his careful tending of the track at Eastern Road despite the difficult weather conditions to ensure that it remains one of the best in Birmingham and provide the practice facilities for growing numbers of athletes in this, the best season of overall Athletics for many years.

Steve Campbell

BIRMINGHAM SCHOOLS ATHLETICS CHAMPIONSHIPS

Under 14	I. E. Mackenzie	6th	Triple Jump
	D. J. W. Barrell	2nd	Long Jump
Under 15	A. R. Webb	3rd	Long Jump
	M. R. Gibbs		Shot
	S. C. Johnson	4th	Hammer
Under 17	T. J. M. Curtis	lst	100m
	S. Bradley	3rd	100m Hurdles
	A. J. Hamer	1st	Hammer

WEST MIDLANDS SCHOOLS UNDER 14 ATHLETICS CHAMPIONSHIPS

R. Prvulovich	7th	800m
L. O'Toole	2nd	80m Hurdles
I. E. Mackenzie	3rd	400m
P. R. Edgington	7th	Javelin



WEST MIDLANDS METROPOLITAN CHAMPIONSHIPS

Junior

M. R. Gibbs	4th	Shot
S. C. Johnson	3rd	Hammer
1. A. Lewis	1 st	2,000m Walk

00m

Inter

T. J. M. Curtis	6th	100m
A. J. Hamer	2nd	Hammer

Senior

D. W. Stephens	6th	400m
P. N. Edwards	4th	1500m
M. N. Sawyer	4th	100m Hurdles
A. G. Fisken	1 st	400m Hurdles
P. I. Herrod	5th	Javelin
	4th	Discus

THE WEST MIDLANDS "SUPER SCHOOLS" COMPETITION

1 st	K.E.S. (146 points)
2nd	Great Barr (130 points)
3rd	John Willmott (125 points)

WEST MIDLANDS HONOURS

P. N. Edwards (Senior 1500m), A. G. Fisken (Senior 100m and 400m Hurdles) and A. J. Hamer (Inter Hammer) represented West Midlands Schools in the Mason Trophy intercounty match.

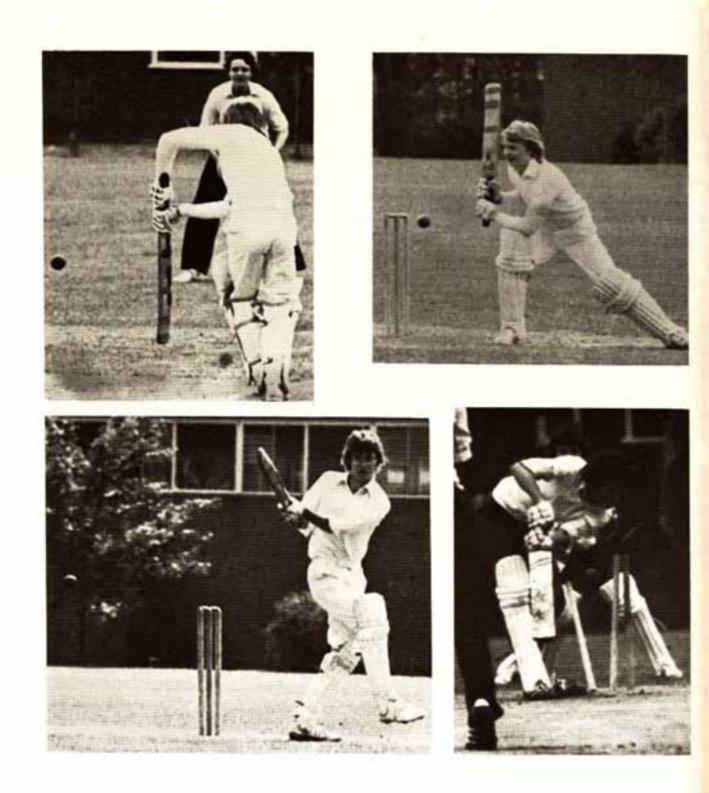
I. A. Lewis represented West Midlands in the English Schools Race Walking Championships and was placed second in the 3,000m event.

T. J. M. Curtis (Inter 100m), A. J. Hamer (Inter Hammer) and M. R. Gibbs (Junior Shot) have achieved national standards in their events,

Stephen Campbell has been an excellent and efficient captain on and off the track, and much of this season's success is due to his example and enthusiasm.

S. Birch





TENNIS

Despite the loss of all but two of last year's 1st team, this has been a successful season, the 1st team losing only two matches, one of these a very close match against King's Worcester.

For most of the season, inconsistency was the problem, with the standard of tennis varying widely. This explains why we had no overwhelming victories, as in each match at least one pair was not playing up to normal standards.

The highlight of the season was a very entertaining match against the Common Room VI. The result was a draw, and this prompted many challenges, especially from Mr. Birch, on how to resolve this situation. After much barracking and argument (and a little alcohol), challenges were issued on the spot by the Masters for a race around the Athletics track, and the 1st VI were convincing victors. The match ended with the promise of a squash match between the School 1st V and the Common Room V at a later date, although Mr. Birch was very keen to play that same day.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all team players, especially those who play for the 1st VI.

I must also especially thank Mr. Tomlinson for all the help he has given and all the work he has done. He often livens up very dull journeys to distant places with his interesting and often bewildering driving tactics!

Finally, I would like to thank Mrs. Worthington, Mr. Lillywhite, and Mr. Cook for coaching future tennis team players.

Results:

In the British Schools L.T.A. tournament, U19, U16, and U14 teams all reached the quarterfinals.

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
1st VI	8	5	1	2
2nd VI	2	2	_	_
U15 VI	4	4		-
			Strain Coll Huger	ional winners npetition).

Ben Carter

CRICKET

1st XI

With two matches left to play in Cricket Week, the XI stands little chance of redeeming itself after a disappointing season. A team which lacked a consistent run-scorer and a consistent wicket-taker never got to grips with both school and club sides who seemed to have an abundance of both. Moreover the side rarely fulfilled its potential and thus the statistics of won two, drawn seven, lost ten, were not surprising.

The most crushing defeats came at the hands of an average Solihull side, where it seemed that the team was determined to lose, against the Old Edwardians' Association team which fielded Claughton (102) and A. C. Smith (7 for 19) and against a strong side from Warwick School.

Other defeats included the destruction of a weakened side during exams by King Henry VIII School on an "underprepared" pitch, the standard of which was nearly matched by that at RGS Worcester, where an uneven, not to say lethal, bounce caused the inexperienced batsmen problems. There were excellent performances, against a formidable Bishop Vesey's side, which was dismissed for sixty-five runs, against Denstone, the most amicable team the XI played, if not the most intellectually enlightening, and against the Gentlemen of Worcester, where the side played out a draw against a strong and relatively athletic side, and after a gruelling and harrowing night at WIMP's, at which the staircase proved more hazardous than usual.

Individual achievements included N. C. Hatton's fielding, which surpassed all previous barriers, turning threes into fives and catches into sixes, Simon Fowler's dismissal on ninety-nine (!) and N. C. Z. London's generally outstanding (?) exploits on the field.

Memorable moments included Russell Harkin's attempted suicide at Bablake, the baptism of T. D. H. Thomas, behind the sight screen at the Old Edwardian's ground, N. C. Z. London's consistently witty, subtle and drôle japes (one of which involved replacing R. G. Young's appendix) and the aforementioned night at WIMP's.

My thanks go to P. D. Middleton for bleeding on the score-book and generally giving us something to laugh at (Sorry, Phil), Mr. Benson for all he has done, Mr. and Mrs. Scott and Mr. Lewis for their work with the teas, the rollers and the index finger, all those masters who have helped throughout the school and all those who played at any stage.

Christopher John

2nd XI or 'How to enjoy Cricket'

P10 W3 D5 L2

This was a season when results were of secondary importance. The atmosphere and team spirit were superb and will never be bettered. All players contributed in some way, whether on or off the field, and opposing players and some umpires also unintentionally helped. Those who played will never forget the journey back from King's Worcester, Tom Wynne-Willson's eleven ball maiden, the complaints from the RGS Worcester captain or the umpire who appeared from nowhere to give questionable decisions and guards to batsmen from a mid-off position. All regular members have to be thanked and mentioned for at least one contribution to the successful, if short, season:

'F.A.T.' Jones for his continual attempts at 'the teatime eating record', which he finally broke against Bromsgrove, Mark Smith for his superb bowling performances, notably the delivery that hit the stumps on the third bounce. 'Hank' Yardley for actually wearing school uniform, of a sort, for the first time in the last match of the season. 'Worker' Dent for continually finding fault with every other member of the side, Paul Cartwright for starting 'the incident after the Worcester game' by accidentally showering an innocent victim of circumstances with beer and then hiding behind the nearest tree. 'Twilley' Brown for ineffectively hitting the victim's hand with his chin and then showering him with tears. Gaz Holloway for finishing off the dispute, by firstly showering the victim with more beer and then with a glass. "Thommo' Perry for finally realising by the end of the season the importance of the three wooden sticks hiding behind the batsman at the other end of the pitch. P. G. Knight for bringing his mother to matches and Chris Jenkins for the loan of his little brother, 'Gwyneth', who acted a scorer and treasurer. Geoff Purchase for buying a new Duncan Fearnley bat and fooling many an opposition into thinking he could score runs, and for walking in with the bowler from silly mid-off. Tim Hamer for his surprising batting abilities and his performances at mid-on when really selected as a bowler. Chris Bench who defected half way through the season to play for a lesser team, namely the 1st XI.

On a more serious note, all members of the 2nd XI would like to express their sincere appreciation to Wally Scott and his wife in preparing Eastern Road for all home matches and making it the envy of all opposing teams. Last, but not least, we would like to thank Mr. Jayne, without whom the season could not have been such a success, for all he has done. He has provided coaching and encouragement, made phonecalls at all hours of the evening, when examinations or the 1st XI have depleted the team, taken the team to away matches in the minibus, and umpired, always being fair and consistent unlike so many masters from other schools. We would all like to wish him the best of luck with future 2nd XIs and hope that they are as enjoyable from everyone's point of view as this one has been.

The 2nd XI

Under 15 XI

The U15s had a very mixed season although they easily won the final of the Birmingham League. The semi-final was a tense exciting game against Handsworth which K.E.S. won by virtue of having scored more runs from the bat.

Other results were disappointing. This may be put down to the fact that many 'star' players missed games, some preferring Bob Dylan and scouts, others football and outings. Adam Bradbury was also absent due to his appearance for the 1st XI.

The batting was held together frequently by Richard Benson (377 runs), while Simon Lambert and Adrian Donne were also consistent batsmen. Peter Gawthorpe showed early promise, scoring 48 against Warwick, but failed to continue this in the latter part of the season.

The bowling was spearheaded by Tim Haslam and Simon Lambert who took 28 and 27 wickets respectively. Haslam took 8 - 20 v. Bromsgrove, 6 - 10 v. Bishop Vesey. Greshame Carr, Stephen Bellenger and Firdauz Panthaki were also notable for their bowling.

Adam Bradbury kept wicket impressively (7 caught, 8 stumped) but his new bat was not forthcoming with runs. Throughout the season, the fielding was of a very high standard with Benson (10 caught), Lambert (8 caught) and Alastair Lumb (8 caught) most successful.

The results of the team were:

P15 W8 L5 D2

From myself as Captain and from all of the team thanks are due to Mr. Trott for his umpiring, coaching and general advice.

Richard Benson

Under 12 XI

P 22 W 18 D 3 L 1

This has been a most successful season which culminated in a victory over George Dixon's School in the Final of the Birmingham Schools Cricket League. The team achieved totals in three figures on thirteen of the eighteen occasions on which they batted first, the highest scores being 202 for 3 against Broadway School and 180 for 2 (made in 25 overs) against Sir Wilfred Martineau School.

There have been several very fine individual performances. Fifties have been made by Bishop (3), Crawford (2) and Chrimes, whilst five boys, De, Payne, Pearson, Tyler and Wolffe have taken over 20 wickets. Special mention should be made of Tyler, whose well flighted leg-breaks brought him a total of 53 wickets. All of the bowlers have had cause to be grateful for the efforts of Crawford (22 catches) and the wicketkeeper, Mather, (9 catches and 29 stumpingsincluding 6 in one match). The Captain, Bishop, played in the final Warwickshire Under 13 trial at the Edgbaston Colts Ground. The side had not been selected at the time of writing, but we wish him well.

On several occasions the team bowled too short and with too low a percentage of straight ones, and there is a need for a much more positive approach to running and calling. However they are young yet and I am sure that they will get these aspects of the game sorted out very quickly. Certainly they are a talented team and it has been a real pleasure to be associated with them.

The following boys have played for the team:

J. R. Bishop (Capt.), J. C. Ager, J. M. Candy, R. J. Chrimes, A. H. Coveney, J. S. Crawford, P. P. De, S. J. H. Duggan, M. G. Hanson, R. G. Hitchcock, D. J. Izon, T. J. Lynn, G. A. Mather, M. J. Payne, R. J. Pearson, B. K. Rees, E. J. Tann, R. C. Tyler, D. L. J. Wilson, A. N. Wolffe

M.D.S.

U12 B XI

P7 W3 D0 L4

Since all of our matches have been against the A XIs of other schools, the boys who have played can be well pleased with this record. They have been keen to play and willing to learn, and I hope that they will continue to enjoy their cricket in the seasons to come.

I would like to thank Mr. Maddocks for arranging the fixtures, and Mr. Evans and Mr. Howcroft for helping with the umpiring duties.

The following boys have played for the team:

A. H. Coveney (Captain), D. L. J. Wilson (Vice-Captain), J. C. Ager, A. P. Buxton, J. M. Candy,
P. P. De, H. A. Deshpande, S. I. H. Duggan,
M. G. Hanson, R. G. Hitchcock, D. J. Izan,
D. Johnson, T. J. Lynn, A. G. McCubbin,
G. A. Mather, M. Neaves, R. W. Parkes,
M. J. Payne, R. J. Pearson, S. G. Plotnek,
B. K. Rees, P. A. Spibey, E. J. Tann

M.D.S.

U15 TABLE TENNIS

Our record of:-P 14 W 6 D 2 L 6

is quite notable considering that this is only the second time that the school has participated in the Winter League. However the teams who finished above us were of a very much higher standard and a lot of practice and coaching is needed for us to attain that level of play. A special mention should go to Tim Haslam who notched up some very good wins and thanks to Adrian Donne and Simon Lambert who played consistently well though at times erratically, and Adam Bradbury who played well when called upon to do so.

School half-colours were awarded to:-F. Panthaki

F. Panthaki

CHESS

This year's performances have nearly reached the same dizzy heights of success as last year's, the major difference being the failure of the first team to get even a half share in their divisional trophy. In spite of this, however, they were undoubtedly the real superstars of school chess, Ignoring the departure of Richard Borcherds to become a computer, the team of Roger Millington, Nick Brown, Tim Haynes, Ionathan Patrick. Francis Sicilian-Dutch Hawthorne (or "Chimp" for short), Charlie Fuller and resident apathete Chris "draw agreed" Jillings won all their matches (thus proving that crime does pay) until we were soundly destroyed by Bishop Vesey while trying to fend off hundreds of coffee-guzzling concert-goers. The final record of P7, W6, L1 left a very young team a creditable second in Division 1.

The second team (P6, W6) came top of Division 2 with Tim Ireland, Phil Middleton and David Brown all turning in consistent performances (football cliché there). An unsatisfactory point was the decision of two matches by (fortunately favourable) adjudications.

Obergruppenführer Michael Baliman's third team overcame the usual problem encountered at that level, of apathy, and only used seven different players throughout the season, including "Grandmaster" Das-Gupta who had the best individual record of any school player, with 7/7. I expect to see his grade up in the 200's before he leaves K.E.S. They came second (P7, W5, L2) in Division 3 after losing the play-off.

Meanwhile the fourth team, composed mainly of Rems, carried on last year's glorious tradition (modest writer) by winning Division 4 with a record of P7, W6, D1. The stars here were Boaz Moselle and Chris Ibbetson (who could become a very good player if he found the time to play for a club). Unfortunately, both the A and B teams were knocked out of the Sunday Times competition at an early stage by Waseley Hills, but next year we hope that Nicky Arkell and Co. will have left school and we could well reach the National stages.

The Shells' team, ably chauffeured by Mr. Skinner, showed promise and there were one or two useful players. Their record was P4, W2, D1, L1.

Thanks are due to Dr. Grounds for the effort he has put into making the season go smoothly, e.g. ferrying people about the city, making phone calls and carrying out the awesome task of asking Miss Chaffer to provide us with tea. His last-minute notices on Friday afternoons have added a new meaning to the word "panic".

Finally (oh good, he's nearly finished) all that remains is to tell all the lazy deleteds that you won't learn by sitting on your fat alsodeleteds. Join a chess club today!

Nick Brown

THE BUSINESS GAME 1977-8

Far be it from me to attempt to emulate John Hayes' literary masterpiece that graced the pages last year. Suffice it to say that the result of the efforts of the Business Game board was an honourable defeat in the second round, which is the furthest the School has yet progressed in this competition.

Perhaps I should explain, for the benefit of the layman, roughly what the Business Game is. It is a competition run by International Computers Ltd., in which several hundred schools from all over the country participate each year. The schools are divided into small groups of three, four or five, each of which plays one game. Each team in a group owns a company manufacturing the same hypothetical items for the same market, and each 'period' must set its prices and allocate its cash to production, investment, marketing, research and development, transport and so on. The success of a team in the game depends on the accuracy with which it can predict the general market trends and the strategies of its competitors, and on the quality of the judgement used in making policy decisions. I.C.L. process the decisions for each period, and then indicate the new position to each team in the group. The winning team in each group is that which has made the largest net profit (or in some cases the smallest net loss!) after an agreed number of periods, (usually five or seven), and that team passes into the next round.

In the first round, our net profit was nearly three times as large as that of the secondplaced team, and the report on our performance, (written by a professional accountant) began with the words: 'The company has led from start to finish and won the game in a most deserving fashion.'

At this point we bade a fond farewell to John Hayes, who left after his successful Oxbridge exams, and welcomed a new recruit from the Divisions, Graham Fisher. His advent was (of course) in no way connected with our disastrous start to the second round, in which we repeatedly failed to predict correctly the market trends. However, with a little thought and a lot of luck, we finished with a net profit of only half a million pounds less than that of the heat winners, though this meant that we were placed fourth. The final profits in this heat of four were, as the I.C.L. administrator remarked, closer than in any heat for several years, and commiserations were sent to the three schools who failed to qualify.

This is the third consecutive year in which we have been eliminated in the second round (which is not quite as bad as it sounds as there are only four rounds in all), but I think the final comment of our accountant must give some cause for optimism: 'Although placed fourth, I do not think this truly reflects your acumen'.

I would like to express my thanks to all the members of the team, (particularly Peter Hore for making the effort to turn up on no fewer than three occasions out of twelve, thus beating last year's record by one), and wish next year's chairman, Roger Millington, and his board every success.

> A. J. Sinclair Chairman

BRIDGE

1977-78 was the most successful season for both the 1st and 2nd Teams for five years.

The 1st team won all its matches in the Birmingham Schools Bridge League:

P6 W6 D0 L0 F544 A219

The League consisted of 1st and 2nd teams from Bishop Vesey's, Queen Mary's in Walsall, as well as ourselves and one team from Menzies of West Bromwich. Since all the matches took place in the Autumn Term, when the team consisted of Simon Driver and Alan Bailey from the Upper Sixth, and Ben Carter and myself from the Sixth, our success could be attributed to the fact that we were usually two years older than the opposition. However, in the Daily Mail Schools Cup competition, Peter David and Matthew Duggan from the Fifths replaced the Upper Sixth pair, and driven by their egoism, we won both our qualifying round and our semifinal to come third in the National Final in London.

I would like to thank my partner, Ben Carter,

for (according to him) not making a single mistake in the Daily Mail Final, and Peter David and Matthew Duggan for their unique bidding system aimed at confusing all concerned.

The second team, in the same league, won four matches and lost two: against our 1st team (which they couldn't help doing!) and against the Bishop Vesey 1st team. The team consisted solely of Fifth formers: David Brown, Jeremy Platt, Peter David, and Matthew Duggan, who look set to maintain a high standard of Bridge as the future 1st team.

In the two "social" matches, the teams combined to form a team of eight against the Birmingham Business Houses Association (we won by 125 - 117), and against Handsworth Grammar Old Boys (we lost by 37 - 42).

I would like to thank all those who played for the School-the keenness was quite extraordinary considering the usual apathy in other sports towards school matches. Credit must be given to Simon Driver and Alan Bailey, who picked the teams and showed us how to play with flair and brilliance (!). Lastly, there is Mr. Chapman, who organised the matches and sat through them, which requires a lot of stamina-would you be able to watch twenty four Bridge games for three hours on end without yawning?

Ronald Hsu

Editorial Note: The editors wish to stress that any opinion expressed in any article or report is purely a personal opinion, and in no way reflects any general editorial policy. With reference to this particular article, the editors feel that the remark about apathy in school sports is, in their experience, entirely unjustified.

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL CLUB

Statement of income and expenditure for the year 1 April 1977 to 31 March 1978

INCOME	£	EXPENDITURE	£
Various refunds	22.80	Cricket	880.24
PSLTA coaching grant	7.50	Tennis	236.58
Bank interest	89.88	Golf	34.87
Minibus	725.31	Fives	142.60
Governors' grant	950.00	Athletics	130.81
Discount, school photograph	127.23	Rugby	992.91
Fencing coaching fees	141.50	School Club	1001.53
Boys' subscriptions	2242.75	Cross-country	49.28
From no. 1 A/C	1000.00	Chess	55.16
Bequests	91.74	Modern Language Society	4.85
Honorary members	14.50	Scientific Society	19.64
		Sailing	26.45
TOTAL	5413.21	Hockey	160.45
		Swimming	107.85
		Table-tennis	13.64
		Junior Classical Society	11.96
		International Society	8.07
		Basketball	63.85
		Squash	25.66
Excess of income over		Debating Society	4.42
expenditure - £211.40		Walking	6.57
		Bridge	15.91
Signed: T. G. Freeman		Transport Society	2.00
Honorary Treasure	r	Catering	198.88
		Fencing	7.25
		Geographical Society	1.75
		Field Studies	6.00
		Newman Society	13,29
		Unclassified	157.50
		Minibus	821.84
		TOTAL	5201.81

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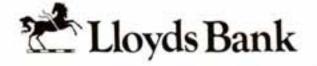
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