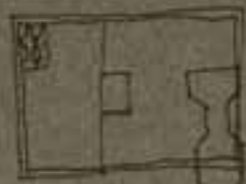
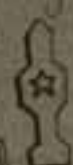
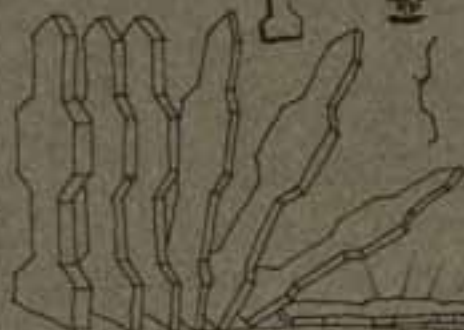


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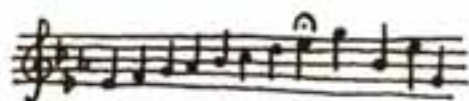












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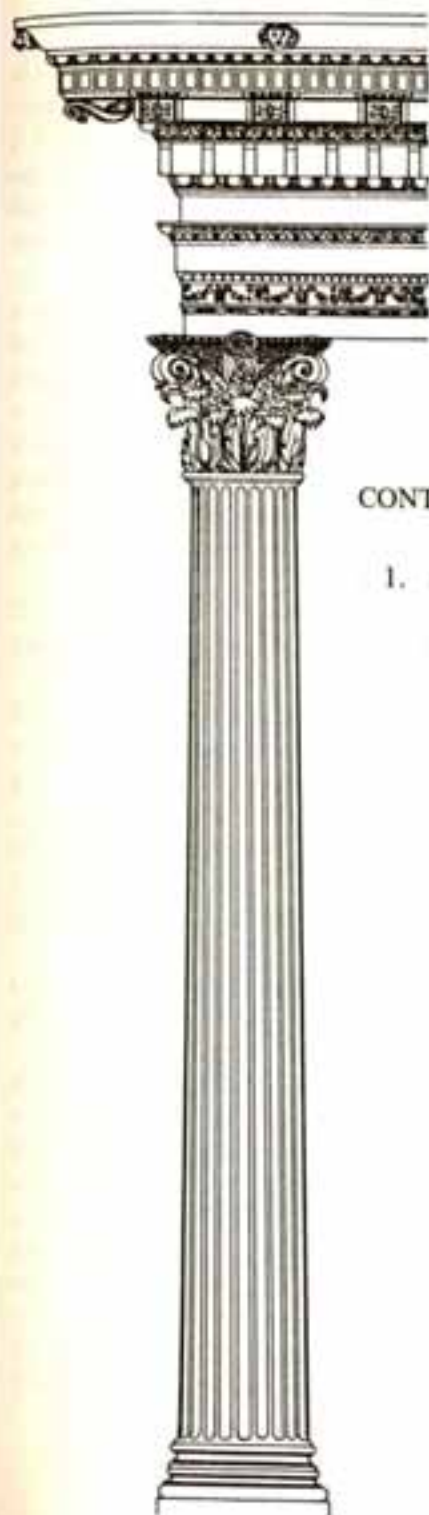
Jonathan Cox

Simon Jones

Tony Miles

G. Martin





## CONTENTS

1. Salvete atque valet
2. Reviews
3. Words and Pictures
4. Societies
5. Sport

## CHRONICLE PRIZES

Cover Design Prize — MARK KIRBY

Creative Writing Prize — JOSEPH GALLIVAN

Photography Prize — TONY MILES



## BERNARD GUY

C. Could you tell us something about your early years?

*B.G. I was born in Kent, Ramsgate, and went to Chatham House School, where my father was a teacher. I very much enjoyed my days at school. It was the whole of one's life. Thanet was a very isolated corner of the world, where the Hover-Port is now was then a derelict area of coast. We made our own enjoyment, and that consisted almost entirely of sport.*

C. Was cricket already an interest?

*B.G. A major passion. I played Minor County cricket for Kent whilst I was at school. No Sunday sport was allowed, but we often travelled to Wye near Ashford, some forty miles away for a game of cricket on a Sunday. I don't know why they were allowed to play there. It might be of interest that Ted Heath was our scorer, we were exact contemporaries then and later at Oxford.*



C. Which College did you go to at Oxford?

*B.G. Brasenose, from 1935 to '39. I read Chemistry.*

C. Did you enjoy your years there?

*B.G. Of course. It was a wonderful experience. It seemed out of this world for someone who had led such a circumscribed existence.*

C. Did you win a cricket blue?

*B.G. No. That was a big disappointment. There were a lot of chances, and I did play for and tour with the Varsity side. However, I was pleased to be chosen as one of the twelve 'Harlequins' in residence. I also played soccer for the college. Brasenose was strong at all games then. It was a very hearty place, with lots of sport, meeting friends for a drink, and in the little time left, we studied.*

C. Do you keep in touch with any of your contemporaries?

*B.G. No, not really. The war disrupted everything, many were killed.*

C. What did you do on leaving university?

*B.G. I came to King Edward's.*

C. Was teaching a natural choice?

*B.G. Yes, yes, I suppose it was. I did have an idealistic view of teaching, I thought it was a socially responsible job, and there was the baser motive that I thought I could play a lot of cricket.*

C. Was there the possibility of becoming a professional cricketer?

*B.G. My parents were very much against it. I had played for Kent in 1938, as an amateur. The professional game was totally different then, the amateur had a different social standing,*



*different changing rooms, different gates, everything was done for them, County Cricket was almost two different games.*

C. Why did you choose King Edward's?

*B.G. It was a conscious decision. Under no circumstances would I teach in a Public School. I believed very firmly then, and still do, that education shouldn't be purchasable. Certainly have a privileged education, but only for those that merit it. King Edward's supplies a superb opportunity to anyone who has the ability to pass the examination, it doesn't matter if you have any money or not. I find it virtually impossible to tell if a sixth former is from a rich or poor family. I discovered that one boy who won a scholarship to Oxford was the son of a grave-digger in Aston—one of our finest athletes had been supported throughout by a widowed mother on a pension.*

C. How do you respond to our present independence?

*B.G. I was most disappointed. I see the school as the ultimate pinnacle of the State System, a sort of super Grammar School. I hope the fee-assisted places scheme will enable us to maintain that position. I fear it will cut out the poorest. I preferred it when we simply took the top fifty boys from the 11+ examination.*

C. What was King Edward's like when you arrived?

*B.G. In 1939 the buildings weren't complete, we taught in temporary huts along the Bristol Road, the second set, the first lot had burnt down. I wasn't here for very long. The whole school was evacuated to Repton village, we took over one of the school houses and the empty village school. We filled it with 600 boys and our own furniture. I found it most enjoyable, from the school point of view it was totally chaotic. The school was there for a year and many of the*

*staff disliked leaving their homes in Birmingham. I was young, had no ties and no house in Birmingham, so I was sent back! We joined up with Five Ways and taught some 100 boys in King's Norton Grammar School buildings. I had only been there a short while when directed to an Ordnance Factory near Paisley in Scotland.*

C. What did you do there?

*B.G. Supervised the manufacture of explosives. After six months I was sent to Wrexham, doing very much the same sort of thing. It was very pleasant around Wrexham, I was there for four and a half years, so it felt permanent. I married and we had our first child. In 1945 we returned to King Edward's.*

C. How had the school weathered the war?

*B.G. With some difficulty. The standard of discipline was low. Teaching vacancies were difficult to fill; women, refugees, conscientious objectors had done what they could. The Science School had suffered less than most.*

C. So your career here properly began in 1945?

*B.G. Yes. I became Head of Chemistry in 1951 and Head of Science in 1975.*

C. Did you consciously decide to spend your whole teaching life here?

*B.G. In many ways yes. In the early years I was busy raising a family, and I had a great commitment to cricket. Men like Bob Parry and John Cotter with Rugby and Swimming also found great satisfaction in bringing on talented youngsters. The fifties and early sixties were very exciting years, with many talented young cricketers. I was playing for Harborne Cricket Club and in the early days for Warwickshire. I became very attached to a place that seemed to embody and fulfil my own principles of education.*



C. Have they been happy years?

*B.G. Oh yes, and I hope productive years. One desires to do one's best, to at least leave the place as well as one found it. The changing nature of Science itself has been a challenge, and I rely on the youngsters to keep me in touch with what is happening. The age gap between us is stimulating, not problematical.*

C. How do you view the possibility of retirement?

*B.G. Now it's a certainty, with a lot of mis-giving. I have an old house, a large garden, but after such a cloistered existence I don't know how I will react, released from nearly sixty years of school discipline. In so many respects my career will be water under the bridge. The school goes on, and so it should. I will be remembered in the minds of those I have taught, I hope, I look forward, but there are many things I will miss. I have stayed all these years because I believe that King Edward's has fulfilled a valuable function in offering a super education to any boy capable of profiting from it, and I have been a teacher because I believe in it and hoped I was doing some good.*

C. Mr. Guy, thank you very much. We wish you a happy and long retirement.

#### **J. B. GUY, CRICKETER: A Personal Memory**

Those who played cricket with Bernard Guy are never likely to forget the experience. In the first place, he was simply the best club cricketer in the West Midlands for a period not far short of twenty years, and so there was always something to enjoy watching and to learn from. In the second place, he played hard and he played to win so you had to be on your toes. In the third place, the evenings that developed after matches, devoted to those interminable

analyses, post-mortems and cricketing reminiscences that always succeed a game, were made fascinating by the distinctive eloquence which this normally reserved and taciturn character brought to them. On such occasions he normally stuck to mild and its benign persuasions opened the sluice gates on a steady flood of trenchant observations on cricket, cricketers and (as the evening wore on) life.

As a club batsman Bernard was really in a class of his own. To great natural gifts of eye, athleticism and ball sense he added a fine technique and, something rare in club cricket, the killer instinct. Once settled in he was a real destroyer of bowling. He always started carefully, even against weak bowling, but there were a few attacks, however hostile and accurate, that he did not master and finish by murdering. The main impression which his batting gave was of sheer destructive power. He hit the ball tremendously hard and he usually hit it in front of the wicket in the segment between cover and mid-wicket. When he cut, which he did with elegance, one felt it was for a purely private, aesthetic satisfaction. On the off side he drove and hit off the back foot with cracking force and on the leg side pulled anything fractionally short with naked violence. He did not lean into his shots with the casual nonchalance of some fine players but hit the ball with great fierceness plus a lot of wrist. It was this combination of wrist and energy that gave his style its distinctively tigerish quality. His appetite for runs was literally insatiable.

Batting with Bernard wasn't always the easiest thing in the world because it was so obviously the right policy to let him have most of the bowling. You knew that he could score very much faster and more certainly than you could, and so it was clearly in the general interest to fade into the background. This made it difficult to settle in oneself and build up confidence. I once had the unusual experience of going in first with him against Ashfield C.C. and not facing a ball for the first six overs of the game. But by then he was about 35 not out



which was a lot better than I (or anyone else) could have done. The best innings I personally saw him play was on a Kestrels tour against Finchley C.C. who had the Middlesex leg-spinner, Ian Bedford, as captain. Bernard scored, if my memory is right, 78 not out, out of a total of about 110. The tiger wasn't evident that day but the master was.

Bernard used to wear a very faded Harlequin cap and then, as he got older, no cap at all. The greying hair and the baleful glare at the approaching bowler glinted equally. He ran between the wickets and in the field with enormously energetic, angular violence, his old stretched voluminous sweater flapping in all directions. Captaining a side in the field he loomed rather menacingly at mid-off or at first slip and nothing escaped his notice—absolutely nothing. The frailties of the opposing batsmen and of his own fieldsmen were impassively registered. He never really smiled on the field but occasionally whinnied with triumphant satisfaction as another batsman bit the dust. Dropping a catch under these circumstances was a more than usually uncomfortable experience as one felt enveloped in a force-field of disapproval emanating from mid-off. Cricket with Bernard was nervously exhausting—particularly if you were having an off day in the field—but very stimulating. This was because he played with passion and it gave an unusual intensity to the game. He described this degree of passionate involvement when he said one evening, as the mild worked its relaxing magic, "When I'm bowling fast I want to bang it down as fast as I can all the time, and when I'm bowling slow I want to spin my fingers off". This remark points another fact, that Bernard was a cracking good bowler as well and, like the great Sir Garfield himself, bowled either fast or slow left arm, as the situation required.

What I saw of Bernard's cricket was a fragment of the whole, confined as it was largely to Kestrels matches. His feats for Harborne Cricket Club are absolutely legendary and, of course, he was a regular minor county player

and made appearances in the first class game as well. During the long period in which he was in charge of School cricket, he produced many very good sides, including two cricketers who became highly successful first-class players, O. S. Wheatley and A. C. Smith, and finally handed the job over to another excellent player of the same vintage, D. H. Benson. If I say that he was the best player I have seen outside county cricket I'm only saying what I'd bet all those other club cricketers who have played with and against him would endorse, while regarding it as a judgement too obvious and too generally accepted to be worth mentioning. On the cricket field he was a prince.

*A. J. Trott*

## JOHN COTTER

C. This is your last year at King Edward's School. When was your first?

*J.C. 1948. I've been here 31 years.*

C. Was this your first teaching job?

*J.C. No. I started at Morpeth Grammar School, in Northumberland just after the war.*

C. You were in the army?

*J.C. Yes, I was a P.T.I. I did my training at the Army School of Physical Training, Aldershot, and later at Loughborough College.*

C. What made you choose K.E.S.?

*J.C. The school had a fine reputation, and even though I had already accepted a job in Brighton I was keen to work here.*

C. What was the school like then?

*J.C. Boaters and rolled umbrellas were compulsory, discipline strict. There was no detention;*

*just drill. Boys had to report to the gymnasium and had to exercise and run till they dropped. As a result the P.E. teachers became unpopular. It was a cruel system, and was soon changed. Sergeant Major Moore, a man with an artificial hand, was in charge of P.E. But we had few facilities. The swimming pool was concrete, with no heating, surrounded by chestnut palings, and you changed in the chapel.*

C. When did you first become involved with school swimming?

*J.C. Twenty-seven years ago. We've always had good teams and some notable successes. Andrew Freeman held the British Record for 100 yards, (51.9s), and even that has been broken since by Mark Wooton. We have a very strong fixture list, and at one time were unbeaten for five years.*

C. Was swimming one of your sports?

*J.C. Yes. I played water polo for the Combined Services. But, I did run fencing for twenty years, and the golf.*

C. I understand you were a professional soccer player at one time.

*J.C. Well, I don't know about "professional". I had a brief career as centre-forward for Stoke City and Swindon for just two seasons.*

C. Did you find it difficult losing your sporting prowess as you grew older?

*J.C. Not really. The injuries took longer to heal, but then I moved more into coaching. I was on the North Midlands Rugby sub-coaching committee and had the pleasure of training and coaching the Old Boys Rugby team for fifteen years. One of the joys of coming to K.E. has been the many close friends I have made amongst the old boys.*

C. What are you going to do now?

*J.C. For the next few years I shall be Warden of the Sports Centre. I shall enjoy that, I'll not lose contact with the school, and I think the Centre is a superb showpiece. I sometimes wonder if the boys fully appreciate it.*

C. Do you think that with your retirement, and Mr. Guy's, that this is the end of a generation?

*J.C. Yes, in many ways. There seem to be fewer of the old "characters". Life was so much more formal, no Christian names, each with his own chair. Men like Bob Parry, -Copeland, who used to switch off his deaf-aid in Common Room meetings and shout at the top of his voice; they're not being replaced.*

C. You yourself have a reputation for strictness.

*J.C. I think discipline is important, especially in P.E. It's part of my army training, I suppose. Respect is important, but I always try to be fair, and will apologise if I'm wrong. I hope the boys realise my bark is worse than my bite.*

C. Have you enjoyed your life here?

*J.C. Oh yes, without a doubt. There have been opportunities to change, but I wouldn't have moved on. Right through the generations the changing Common Rooms have always been kind to me, and even though you're bound to have difficult boys the school has produced, and always will, some very fine young men. If I had my chance again, I would still do the same.*

C. Mr. Cotter, thank you very much. We wish you a happy and fulfilled retirement.



## JOHN COTTER

John Cotter came to K.E.S. from King Edward's Grammar School, Morpeth, thirty-one years ago. In his time here he has seen enormous changes in his area of work. Originally P.T. exercises were instructed with boys in lines, but it says much of his adaptability that John was able to change and modify his teaching and approach as the demands of the subject grew to encompass the variety of activities which now come under the umbrella of the P.E. department.

His all round knowledge and ability in many sports and games activities obviously helped this process, but his greatest asset has been his firm but good humoured teaching manner. The vast majority of his classes leave the gym tired, but having enjoyed the lesson. Hundreds, possibly thousands of Old Boys will admit that they were at their fittest and strongest when J.C. took their P.E. lessons at school.



Many may also admit that their extra height and stronger shoulders which they gained in the last few years at school could have been caused by J.C.'s method of instant discipline—although few people manage to hang on the wall bars for longer than three minutes at a time.

As an Army P.T.I., J.C. had plenty of opportunity to develop his sporting talents. An outstanding water-polo player and swimmer—he represented the Combined Services at both—he has also participated to a high level in boxing, fencing and in particular soccer. John's Army background was also a great bonus to the School's C.C.F. where John has been a leading figure throughout his thirty-one years here.

John's most notable success of course has been with swimming, and the school is justifiably regarded as the strongest swimming school in the Midlands. To have nearly twenty unbeaten seasons out of thirty, against such schools as Rugby, Shrewsbury, Repton, Harrow, etc., and to produce countless county swimmers and the occasional international swimmer is a record to be proud of, and one that will be almost impossible to follow! Like most great coaches in any sport, however, John has never broadcast his achievements, preferring always to give all the credit to the boys.

As a joke teller and practical joker, J.C. has no equal in the Common Room. Always able to bring a smile to the most sombre countenance, he has also the happy knack of bringing down to earth, with a quick retort, any master guilty of arrogance or pomposity within his hearing. Few escaped his practical jokes, indeed I nearly signed Rugby League papers until I found out that "t'watcher from t'North" who had persuaded me over the phone had been J.C.

To John and his wife, Dorothy, who fortunately is blessed with a good sense of humour and endless patience, we wish all prosperity in the future. Happily we shall not be losing John completely; as warden of the South Building may he long continue to make us laugh and keep us in order.

*D.C.E.*

## MICHAEL GOODCHILD

After five years as Head of Modern Languages, Michael Goodchild left the School in July to take up a post at Ardingly College, a move which will have considerable advantages from a family point of view.



He has always been a rather elusive character at King Edward's, working long hours in his eyrie behind the audio-visual rooms rather than sitting around chatting. When he does stop for a conversation, he is always gentle and courteous in the extreme, though he has a fierce integrity which makes him willing to stand out strongly against what he considers to be shoddy or wrong. His most distinctive contribution to the School, however, has been his love for language, which he has communicated both to his colleagues and to his pupils. In his principal languages he is a craftsman with exacting standards—not only about grammatical rightness and wrongness, but also about shades of meaning and the nuances of feeling conveyed by different ways of expressing a thought. On one occasion I asked him to read through the draft

of a letter which I had written to a German educationalist who had visited the school: what I expected was a quick check through for obvious errors, but what I got was almost an education in itself; he took the letter away and brought it back a day later covered with numerous notes and alternatives. His meticulous discussion of them and of related points of German usage was both fascinating and profoundly illuminating. How I envy those senior boys who have done advanced work under such sensitive and exact guidance! I have never discovered how many languages M.S.A.G. has either mastered, or is sufficiently acquainted with to be able to work in them—and his humility would probably make his answer misleading if he were asked outright. Certainly his interests embrace most European languages, and he has developed an interest in Oriental languages too, as a result of which he has recently taken up Chinese.

We are fortunate to have enjoyed his friendship and to have had the advantage of his careful scholarship, and we wish him and his family well at Ardingly.

*R.W.G.*

## GÉRY BERTAUX

After his varied experience as lorry driver, building labourer and N.C.O. in the Regiment Parachutiste de l'Infanterie Marine, we should scarcely be surprised at the willingness of Géry Bertaux to turn his hand to any job—even that of French assistant at K.E.S. But what has made such an impression in his time with us has been not only the range of his interests, but also that essentially French quality of *élan* that he has shown. An excellent cook and possessing a wide knowledge of wine he has also developed a fine appreciation of English beer and has even indulged in the pleasures of home brewing. But above all he has impressed by the sheer pleasure in language and the magic of words



## RUPERT BENTLEY-TAYLOR

C. Why did you decide to come to K.E.?

*R.B-T. I had finished my Cert. Ed. at Cambridge and was looking for a job. I applied late for the post and couldn't manage the first interview: in fact, I didn't really want a job in Birmingham, but liked the school. So I was fortunate in getting here and actually Birmingham has got a lot more going for it than I expected. Still I can think of many cities that I prefer, probably because I know them better and, living near Droitwich I see more of Worcester than Birmingham.*

C. Is this your first teaching appointment?

*R.B-T. No, in fact I taught at Kings College School, Wimbledon before going to Cambridge. It was similar to K.E., though less full of itself. Then for teacher training practice I taught at a Comprehensive on a new estate. It was pretty rough and an uphill struggle against an anti-educational background: after all, homes mould the children and so the standard of schools is determined more by environment than anything else. It's easy for selective schools to think how good they are, but they jolly well ought to be.*

C. So it made different demands on you as a teacher?

*R.B-T. Rather, there's no substitute for experience and it certainly opened my eyes to the problems of less gifted children. Here the challenge is largely to keep up with the preparation, an academic challenge—the first term here was a real killer—whereas in Cambridge the main challenge was in the classroom. Not that there was physical violence, and no bright children, but discipline was a problem in many forms. For some children, particularly the least able, the school seemed to fail: a number were still illiterate at the age of 14. Though the Common Room was friendly, I would find it intellectually unsatisfying after some time in a school with*



which he has communicated to everyone he has taught from the beginners in the Shells to the Sixth Former wrestling with a literary text. His enthusiasm for the lyric poetry of Victor Hugo and the philosophical proclivities of Sartre have been equally infectious, and the production of 'Les Mouches' was a witness to his ability to communicate his pleasure and insight to a group of young actors and also to the many hours of careful, detailed work on perfecting pronunciation and intonation.

In Gery Bertaux K.E.S. found not only a teacher and colleague but also a friend, and in the knowledge that he will be returning to Birmingham again next year, we look forward to his continuing interest in the school.

M.W.

*no Sixth Form. I admire those who do press on, but I don't think I have the same sort of crusading zeal and I think my gifts lie elsewhere. I prefer the academic stimulation of teaching bright children, particularly at higher levels.*

C. What was your own educational background?

*R.B-T. I was born in Kuala Lumpur and my early education took place at a mission school. I came back to England at the age of about 8 or 9 and went to a public school near Bath, Monkton Combe, and then went to a "red-brick" university, Southampton, to read History.*

C. Did you take Oxbridge exams?

*R.B-T. Yes, and failed them. I'm glad in retrospect that I didn't go to Oxford or Cambridge, life there is so removed from normal life in Britain. At Southampton there was a healthier social mix. I worked very hard, especially in my last year, got the right questions in my exams and eventually came away with a First.*

C. What other activities did you enjoy there?

*R.B-T. I played a lot of Squash as my main recreation, though never particularly excelled. But I was most involved with the Christian Union. Towards the end of my time there I was president of the C.U. and on the national executive of the Universities and Colleges Christian Fellowship.*

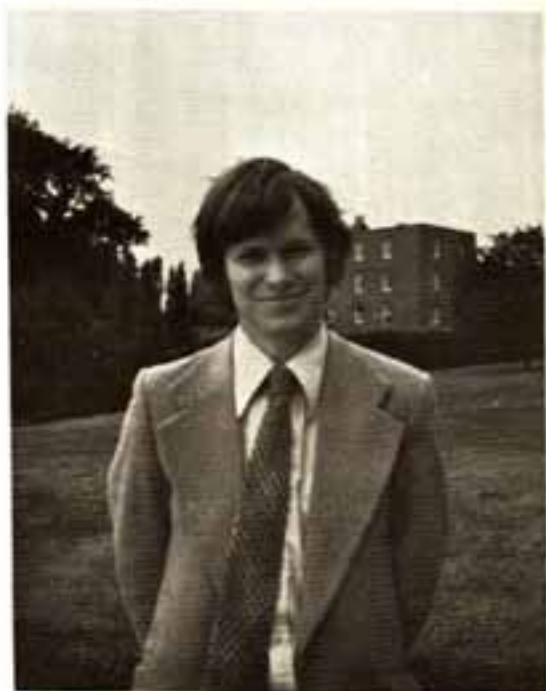
C. What possible careers did you consider after university?

*R.B-T. I could have done further research, or postgraduate Cert. Ed., as a last resort. I contemplated Theological College and considered joining the Civil Service, even taking their exams, but I was hopeless at Maths. In the end I went to Cambridge to do research under a great scholar and Church historian, Basil Hall. It was a bit of a disaster though: I worked very hard,*

*but was bored out of my mind—fatal in research—and took the difficult decision to abandon it. Its limitations, uncertainties and lack of definition didn't suit my temperament and didn't fit in with getting married.*

C. When were you married?

*R.B-T. In 1976 to Margie. We now have a son, born in January.*



C. We gather you enjoy travelling?

*R.B-T. Rather! I have a travel bug. I'm fascinated by other cultures. For example, I took ten months off after leaving school and was luckily able to travel throughout the Middle East using my father's extensive contacts there. He himself, as an evangelical missionary, has travelled considerably. I'd recommend taking a year off to anyone going to university, if the time is spent well. Some people get jobs, but they're going to do that anyway in later life, so it's only worth it, usually, for the money. I myself spent three months in an electrical store in Cambridge after my research. That was mentally stultifying, as you didn't have to think about*



what you were doing. Against this teaching offers a varied outlook with preparing, devising improved methods and suitable materials, dealing with people and, I hope, changing them for the better: it can be very rewarding or drive you round the bend.

C. Thank you, Mr. Bentley-Taylor.

## RICHARD BRIDGES



C. Were you originally from the Midlands?

R.B. Yes, Kingswinford, near Dudley. I went to Brierley Hill Grammar School, then on to St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, to read mathematics.

C. Did you enjoy University?

R.B. They were three of the happiest years of my life, because of the people, the activities, clubs, societies and sports, there was so much to do.

C. And afterwards?

R.B. I went into industrial research with the Central Electricity Generating Board in Bristol. I hoped the study of Engineering structures relating to Nuclear Power Stations might be mathematical and stimulating. Not so. In fact, after a year I was more sceptical about the use of Nuclear Power than previously.

C. And afterwards?

R.B. I went to Warwick University to study for a Phd. in Theoretical Physics, Conductivity Theory. The thesis is two-thirds written.

C. Did you complete the three years?

R.B. Yes, but I encountered problems in writing up the thesis and had to re-think part of it.

C. How did Warwick compare with Cambridge?

R.B. Not very favourably. Warwick University is very modern, very political, a campus university. Also, as a research student the work is less definite, the aims less clear, you feel very much at sea, at times. However, the less formal relationship with the academic staff made you feel very much part of a team. Certainly I decided against a research career.

C. Why a school teacher?

R.B. Teaching wasn't an instant decision. It had always been in my mind.

C. And was it a good decision for you?

R.B. Very much so. I've enjoyed my first year here tremendously. The boys are stimulating to teach, and the facilities for extra-curricular activities superb. The general expertise of the Common Room is impressive, they have made me most welcome. But it has been very tiring. I've been snowed under with preparation and marking. Being a Form Master has been demanding but enjoyable.

C. Do you see the role of Form Master as important?

*R.B. Yes. The personal contact is vital, especially for boys just entering the school. The House system, even tutorial groups, fails to build up this contact.*

C. How do you see your future here?

*R.B. Next year I shall be joining the C.C.F. and also running the Junior Cross Country. I hope to increase mine and the school's outdoor activities.*

C. In your spare time?

*R.B. You'll find me climbing on the nearest crags. Mountaineering is a particular interest. During the past eight years I've climbed in many places in Britain, the Alps, the Dolomites this summer. I would like to see a gradual move towards school climbing expeditions. The immense mental concentration involved, the physical fitness gained, the group interdependence necessary seem to me very good reasons for such activities.*

## MR. MARSH

C. Where were you educated?

*S.E.M. I went to a bilateral mixed school in Surrey, followed by University College, London, where I studied Geography for a B.Sc.*

C. Did you start teaching straight away?

*S.E.M. No, I did research at Birmingham University into the Pleistocene stratigraphy of Southern Shropshire and Herefordshire. That was for an M.Sc. I'm doing a Phd. now, when I find time, but at the moment it's just lying in a box in my lounge.*



C. What sort of things did you do at university?

*S.E.M. In the first two years I lived at home, and in the first year I drove a delivery van between the lectures. I spent the third year in a flat in London, which was a better arrangement than before. I'm glad I didn't spend all three years there though, because those who did tended to get fed up with the city.*

C. Have you ever been abroad?

*S.E.M. Yes. I have been to Europe several times, and in my second year at university I went to the U.S.A. and Canada for eight weeks. I spent some of my time working on fruit farms and painting houses so that I could buy a Greyhound ticket to travel around. I particularly liked Arizona and Southern California because they are so different from our usual image of American life.*



C. Is this your first teaching job?

*S.E.M.* No, I taught for just over a year at a school in Leamington before coming here.

C. What differences are there between the two schools?

*S.E.M.* There are great differences between boys and girls, not just the obvious ones! Boys are better at 'O' level, but at 'A' level the girls were better. I found the girls did not question things enough but seemed more dedicated to work: they were more methodical but less keen to express original thought.

C. How do you like teaching at this school?

*S.E.M.* When I started the pace and pressure were immense. I found I had to go through three times as much work in the first term as previously. I enjoy it very much indeed now.

C. You run a badminton option here. Has it always been your favourite sport?

*S.E.M.* To tell the truth I only took it up at this school when I was asked to run the option. I'd never played it before. My main sports are walking, cycling and golf, and I did a great deal of long and middle distance running at school as well as the usual team games.

C. Thank you, Mr. Marsh.

## MUNNA MITRA

C. How do you spell "Munna"?

*A.M.* "A-V-I-J-I-T", 'Munna' is only a nickname, it means "Titch" in Bengali.

C. You are an Old Boy of the School?

*A.M.* 1964-71 a great era. I was generally quite at home at the school, but gained several black

marks, no pun intended, for refusing to come back after 'A' level.

C. Why did you?

*A.M.* I was tired and wanted to watch T.V. or something. It went down rather badly. I resented the fact that the Classical Syndicate was the only one that did any academic work. (Character note, fairly restrained, but obvious signs of rebelliousness.)

C. Was your time at school enjoyable?

*A.M.* It was most distinguished up to the end of the second year. I won distinctions in everything, except maths. There was a slow but noticeable decline in the last few years, which has continued unabated. I was a corporal in the Corps, played cricket, fives, and rugby. I was very involved in fives. ("He could be heard at great distances booming at absentees from his team. A tetchy temper."—A. J. Trott)

C. Which university did you go to?

*A.M.* Oxford, Keble College. I went up to read law, and did, for four days. Pertinacity is not one of my strong points. I decided to swap Glanville Williams for Sophocles, and began four undistinguished years as a Classics scholar.

C. Did you enjoy the course?

*A.M.* Thoroughly, but I did insufficient work. In my second and third years I played cricket, some first class. I had a distinguished career as opening bat for the Authentics (Univ. 2nd XI) but failed to get a blue. A severe trauma in my psychological development. Failure in the face of certainty. ("You have no confidence."—D. C. Everest)

C. What did you do on leaving university?

*A.M.* I went to Price Waterhouse with the prospect of a glorious career in accounting.



*I plumbed new depths of ineptitude as my prospects dimmed. I finished my second year examinations and met Tim Jayne in the foyer of the Birmingham Rep. I said*

*"Hi Tim."*

*"Munna, it's been such a long time. Are you enjoying accounting?"*

*"You must be (expletive deleted) joking."*

*"Do you know, a classical job has just come up at school. Apply."*

*"I will."*

*End of story. D. Buttress and M. Tennick decided I was an 'adequate' replacement for Richard Smith.*

C. Have you enjoyed your first year?

*A.M. Very much. The drop in my salary shows my devotion to things aesthetic. However, my obvious eccentricities have been savagely lampooned by sundry of the less reputable members of the upper school. I will fight back resolutely to re-establish my own personal dignities, some hope.*

C. Do you still see a future for Classics teachers?

*A.M. We are fighting a losing battle, but if K.E.S. cannot maintain its high standard, Après nous le Déluge, (nous = Classics Department.)*

C. Has school changed since you were here?

*A.M. Yes. Socially for the worst. There is a casual arrogance about some of the boys which they should guard against. Even though the school lacks self criticism it still upholds the right values—I'll re-phrase that, it still tries to uphold approximately the right values. Mind you I still like the place and the boys in it.*

## MR. SLJIVIC

C. Where does the name come from?

*P.M.S. I was born of a Serbian father and English mother. I would describe myself as a proud "kind Serb", not one of the militant nationalists that are in vogue at present.*

C. Where did you grow up?

*P.M.S. I was born here in Birmingham and educated at King Edward's, Aston. Under the auspices of a certain D. J. Buttress I gained admission to St. Catherine's College, Oxford to read History. This followed a great debate over whether I might apply to Cambridge to read Geography, and within days of my arrival in Oxford I analysed my position and transferred to Geography.*

C. What did you specialise in at University? What other interests did you have?

*P.M.S. Political history was my option for the first year and then transport geography and economic development. University life was marvellous and stimulating, with people from*



all social backgrounds and cultures busying themselves with their private and public pursuits. The facilities, including theatres, cinemas, sports clubs and college areas were excellent. Punting and eating strawberries on the river remain my favourite activities.

C. Which university interests have you retained?

P.M.S. I enjoy watching Rugby and hope to train the U15 XV again this season, although my own active participation has ended with a series of injuries that began with a broken jaw on the South Field some years ago. I play chess and squash poorly, collect stamps avidly, and enjoy socialising of all sorts. I am a compulsive film goer and occasionally dabble in classical or popular concerts. The vacations allow my quests abroad to continue and also allow further involvement in social work in general and the Mentally Handicapped in particular. The summer weeks when local organisations take these children away remain some of the happiest of my year and allow some perspective on how fortunate we are to have been born with sound minds and bodies. Finally I adore all types of athletics and cross-country, although I claim no record times for either.

C. Why did you say you were disappointed with Birmingham?

P.M.S. On occasions it strikes me as a soulless city. The half-empty theatres and cinemas showing little of "value" speak for themselves. I think I would be happier if K.E.S. was "moored" near a rural town, although the actual site of the school is magnificent.

C. What differences do you notice between K.E.S. and Aston?

P.M.S. Aston has generally poorer facilities—no squash courts, swimming pools or fives courts. K.E.S. appears more relaxed; there seems to be greater motivation and competition is far keener, both within and outside the classroom.



C. Have you enjoyed teaching at K.E.S.?

P.M.S. It is very satisfying to find people genuinely interested in the work, although certain classes are occasionally cynical. It's enjoyable provided you are not boring or disciplining your pupils. It is unfortunate people here don't take advantage of the marvellous opportunities open to them, both academically and sportingly. I believe everyone in the school should go abroad before the age of fourteen, to put their Birmingham upbringing and existence into an international perspective.

C. Mr. Sljivic, thank you.

## MRS. FIONA TENNICK



C. Where was your original home?

*F.T.* Poole, in Dorset. My father was in the army, a tank instructor. After the war he joined the Electricity Board as a transport officer and we moved up to Yorkshire. My first school was in a tiny moor-edge village called Golcar. Form 1 really was a green wooden bench with a number. The school has small church windows, and we actually wrote on slates. When we later moved to Leeds and I went to a city primary school, I could hardly believe we were actually to write on paper.

C. Did you finish your schooling in Leeds?

*F.T.* Yes, I went to Roundhay High School. It was an ex-private school, very traditional, but I was wildly enthusiastic about it. I swam for the school and the city, but water was my only element—I was unmentionably bad at all other sports. I would have gladly swapped any academic distinction to have been better.

C. When did you decide that English was your subject?

*F.T.* In the fifth year. In the previous two years a pair of "old bags" almost killed my enthusiasm. We read all the works of John Buchan, followed by Dickens—it was excruciatingly boring, a grey mass of rubbish. Then suddenly, everything we touched seemed to spring to life. The teacher was gifted intellectually, and had tremendous enthusiasm. It was such a dramatic change. It was then I decided to teach. Having seen somebody so good at it, who could make such a difference to my life, I wanted to try.

C. Which University did you go to?

*F.T.* London—Westfield College, for "Ladies". The "Royal Holloway" was for "Girls", Bedford for "Women". We valued our title. It was terribly strict, but immensely enjoyable—I felt so young and very green. Towards the end of the course I was much more confident, especially in my teaching Certificate year at King's College. It was there I met Martin.

C. Where was your first job?

*F.T.* A small London Grammar School called Eltham Hill School. It was an ideal apprentice ground. Probationers were given responsibilities from the first day. Mine was the dreaded '4Q'. They were synonymous with evil—a pyromaniac, a runaway, a ring of thieves—but they almost all turned out trumps in the end. After two years there I married and moved to Birmingham, wondering what on earth it would be like.

C. And what was it like?

*F.T.* Edgbaston High School was such a different world. It was terribly old fashioned then, very genteel, full of piddling rules, but it was a challenge. There was a lot to do, for a wide range of children the brightest of whom were as bright as any here.



C. And then you retired?

*F.T. Yes, to have two children. I missed school dreadfully. Fortunately I was offered some night-school work, teaching workers from the Leyland and Cadbury belt. It was immensely rewarding. They all came, and stayed, because they wanted to. Within a few years I was teaching there four nights and two mornings a week.*

C. And then you came here?

*F.T. No, I worked for a year with the B.B.C. audience research unit. That certainly made me more critical in my listening. Then I worked in a Job Preparation Unit in Selly Oak. I was teaching youngsters who could neither write, read nor count. It was far easier to teach Jane, my daughter, to read, she had no preconceptions or half-learned rules to overcome. The centre ran out of money, then out of the heavens came the offer of a job here. I was very scared. I wouldn't have applied if not asked to.*

C. Was the school as you expected?

*F.T. In most ways. It's gentlemanly, lively-minded, un-humbugish, a welcome change after the fiddle-dee-dee of a girls' school and the bureaucracy of the state.*

C. Has either being the sole female, or the wife of Mr. Tennick, been a problem?

*F.T. Neither. I've never felt the odd one out. I just simply get on with my job, the fact that I'm a woman is irrelevant. Obviously it must make some difference in my approach to literature. As for Martin, we hardly see each other and tend to lead parallel lives. Our days are separate enough not to be a bind. It's also easier for the children, they identify with one place. I think it did take a little time to establish myself not as a wife. Allowances were probably made, originally. Now I'm just me, for good or evil.*

C. And for the future?

*F.T. I would like to build up my timetable gradually, until eventually I work full time. I enjoy it so much, I would happily teach for nothing.*

## THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM

Once a year King Edward's erupts into a cultural extravaganza known as 'The School Play'. This year's model was 'The Beaux' Stratagem', a harmless romp which lured me for the first time in seven years to partake of the fruits of the Dramatic Society.

The revelry was preceded by a natty four-some which set the audience alight with a racy selection of eighteenth century rock-a-boogie. The first half of the play was received with less rapture. The comic potential of the first two acts was never realised, and many of the jests passed unnoticed. The first act began badly, due in part to Peter Mucklow's dubious interpretation of his role as Mr. Boniface, the landlord of the inn. I felt that the character of Mr. Boniface called for a livelier portrayal than Mucklow supplied. He was unable to overcome the difficulties of this badly written role; the fault lies with the playwright Farquhar for creating such a shallow character rather than with this youngster whose talents were not brought to bear on the night. Consequently I thought that Sandy Wood's performance suffered as she was on much of the time with the hapless Mucklow. Things brightened up though with the accomplished acting of Nick Marston and James Newell, who were well suited to their roles of the 'two gentlemen of broken fortunes'. Newell was particularly good, almost type-cast as the disdainful beau Thomas Aimwell. Caroline Green gave a competent performance as Dorinda, but she was over-shadowed by the excellent Diane Aston who handled her role as Mrs. Sullen with marvellous self assurance. Ironically, I thought that it was the minor characters that revived the audience's interest when the play seemed to flag. Peter Jeavons, as a vigorous Scrub, was the first to wring laughter from the audience, even though it was far into the play; Timothy Curtis also caused merriment as a good, if slightly over-played, Squire Sullen. By the second half of the play, the audience had warmed sufficiently to respond to some fine

comic acting by Jonathan Barnett as an Oirish priest, and the immensely talented Frances Earle, as Lady Bountiful, who was easily as good in the subplot as Diane Aston was in the mainplot. Gibbet, the highwayman, was well played by Chris Armstrong who certainly deserved a larger part. His accomplice was the husky figure of Rory 'El Swashbuckle' McKinley (with a gruff voice) now shooting meteor-like into the realms of fame. David Wade-Evans and Helen Andrew dazzled the audience with some strange accents; Debbie Boeckstein's one-liners were a constant delight and she executed her seduction scene with characteristic aplomb.

The cast coped well with what is obviously a difficult play to perform, not least because of the intricacies of the plot. They were not helped by a set that remained unaltered (give or take a couple of chairs) for five acts. The scenery itself was nicely painted by the wondrous Freddy Dunstan but there was one glaring fault—in the background hung an alarmingly modern portrait (supposedly of Ovid) which almost ruined the entire set. Also unfortunate was the backdrop which caused much amusement as it squeaked horribly when it was raised and lowered between scenes. The stage gang, probably realising this, for the sake of variety I suppose, crashed it down once onto the stage. Even so, the cast overcame many of the difficulties of the play, and it was obvious that a lot of work had been put into it. The attendance was disappointing and this is sad because 'The Beaux' Stratagem' offered a welcome break from the string of dreary classics presented as previous School plays. I was surprised and impressed by the talent on display, and I offer my congratulations to Mr. Trott and to the cast. (Matthew Duggan deserves to be especially congratulated for his quick-witted improvisation while Tim Curtis was curiously detained at one point off-stage). I rather enjoyed the second half of the play, and on this showing the Dramatic Society appears to have if not an outstanding future, then certainly a healthy one.

*Guy Perry*



## BITTER SWEET

I very much enjoyed the revue "Bitter Sweet". So much that, as I saw nothing interesting about it on the Bulletin Board, I decided to try and write something about it myself.

I saw three main weaknesses in the revue. One was the obvious lack of rehearsal which impaired a few of the sketches, "Decline and Fall, Common Room scene" to quote only one.

A second was that reading a text in front of an audience is certainly one of the most difficult public performances—unless the reader is really gifted as a story-teller, so the final result is very often rather dull. Only Mr. Fisher, I think, got away honourably with his reading of "James Honeyman."

The third defect I found in the revue was its lack of cohesion: there was too much, without enough links or progression from sketch to sketch. Only the chronological progression could be felt, not the changing spirit (mind- mood-atmosphere?) of a nation.

These weaknesses, luckily, did not prevent the revue from bursting with fun, drama, humour and tragedy. I think the main qualities to be found in the review were enthusiasm and good humour, the best example being "The Cat Duet"—vocally a massacre—but a happy and high-spirited one. Pippa Ibbotson and her violin deserve a special mention as the "Selections from the Hot Club Quintet" was certainly the moment most enjoyed by the audience. My personal choice would go to the "Cocktail Party" when the beautiful tragic face of Roxane Spencer and her acting talent were matched by Giles Evans' own: thus fascinating me.

A last word of congratulation and thanks to all those who gave life to an ambitious revue; not perfect but full of that spirit which made K.E.S. such an enjoyable place in which to work.

*Géry Bertaux*

## A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

This play was almost ideal for a Junior production, as there were a large number of sizeable roles, giving opportunities for stardom which were readily taken. Those particularly impressive included Becky Platt as an outstanding Hermia, Christabel Dunstan with a convincing display of spite and paranoia, Kenneth Macnab with a fine comic performance, Chris Weston as an imposing Oberon, Elizabeth Armstrong as a remarkably mature Titania and Kevin Cotter as an impish Puck.

However, the play was very much a team effort: the cast interacted well and the impressive smoothness and continuity of the production was clearly the result of much hard work. Mr. Evans must take credit for his invaluable contribution to the success of the production, and above all for the technical finesse which he always seems to be able to implant into his protégés. Indeed some members of the senior Dramatic Society could well feel themselves put to shame by the thoroughness with which the actors knew their parts, and the fluency with which these parts were delivered. The stage crew also deserve mention for some quite ambitious lighting effects, and for the smoothness with which these were carried out.

In terms of the play's actual progression and content, it must be admitted that the scenes involving solely the aristocracy were particularly weak and ineffective, especially when contrasted with the moments of very real comedy involving the low-life characters which were handled exceptionally well, especially by Kevin Cotter, whose skill in such fields has been noted previously.

On the evidence of this performance, the future of drama at the school seems assured for some years to come.

*Roderick Beards and Rainer Evers*





## A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

As I sat munching Laurence O'Toole's stale Digestives at the technical dress rehearsal, I began, for the first time, to realise that the work we had done was more than worthwhile. Initially, I had found more to admire in the scenes I did not know, but perhaps this was because I knew the rude mechanical scenes inside-out.

Months before, sitting in the form room, the news of the audition reached us. A small party left the room (to save Mr. Campbell the trouble of throwing them out) and an even smaller one arrived in room 176.

Somewhere in the back of my mind lurked prejudices concerning Shakespeare's plays wherein I visualised hours and hours spent learning huge speeches which I barely understood.

Fortunately I was wrong. From the beginning Mr. Evans ensured that what was being read was also understood.

When the obstacle of piano lessons, ballet lessons, athletics matches and a host of other miscellaneous in- and out-of-school activities were overcome, Mr. Evans managed to organise a meticulous rehearsal timetable.

I found rehearsing almost enjoyable at some stages and especially when we began to use props.

But, rehearsals were going all too smoothly and efficiently, so I decided to contract glandular fever.

This, and other hiccups along the line, (including Chris Weston, the fairy with the broken nose!) failed to deter the saner members of the cast and the various scenes began to take shape.

The next step proved the most enjoyable—the acquisition of costumes. For many of the boys, wearing tights was a little embarrassing but we noted a definite improvement as far as Malcolm Crawford was concerned. I enjoyed wearing my costume very much, even the skirt and wig, which marked my startling transformation from an everyday peasant to an everyday peasant in silly clothes.

The audiences were good on every night especially the last when they helped to complete the cast's enjoyment of the production by their enthusiasm.

As usual in school productions backstage was as entertaining as anything on stage. All the cast made new friends, whether by checking Max Carlsh's English prep, having a mouthful of hairspray (courtesy of Sarah Vaughan) or by simply trying to learn weird and wonderful card games.

On the last night it was Mr. Evans' twenty-first birthday which we celebrated by baking him a cake. Birthday cakes were all the rage as it had been "Heliner" Perry's birthday the day before and she had been similarly honoured.

Although the play itself was performed by a relatively small number of people on stage, the whole cast greatly valued the work put in by many others backstage.

We should like to thank Freddy Dunstan and his musicians, Mrs. Tennick and the make-up artistes(?), the girls who worked on the costumes and props, Mr. Howcroft for keeping us quiet in the Green Room and Dr. Homer (who helped) and his lighting crew and the stage gang.

The greatest thanks of all are due to Mr. Evans who worked so hard to make the play successful and enjoyable to both cast and audience.

Finally, thanks are given to Howard Bennett for holding a party on the last night and to Matthew Kempshall's beagle, Beagle, for trying to bite Peter Fraser.

*Matthew Banks*

## THE FRENCH PLAY—"LES MOUCHES"

The stage at K.E.H.S. is limiting in contrast to the luxuries in Big School. Because special effects, scenery and properties can be but few, the burden is thrown demandingly on the actors to hold dramatic interest. Add to this the problem of keeping the audience's attention in a foreign language and you see the task that



confronted Géry Bertaux in his production of "Les Mouches".

Géry's conception of Sartre's play was well suited to the facilities at his disposal, even though many grand ideas must have yielded to practicality. The setting was stark. The black of the drapes and costumes insisted on the play's concern with the death-like trap of life half-lived. The isolated figure of the idiot crouching at the corner of the stage completed the image of a corrupted city. The white of Electre's defiant costume as she burst in on the state's penitential Ceremony of the Dead was another striking visual effect. A bold, gruesome portrait of Zeus dominated the stage at the start, the red on his bloodied face setting the scene of murders past and vividly to come. Lighting was functional, but a strobe-effect added a necessary theatricality to the performance of Zeus. My only regret is that the flies themselves, symbolic of the guilt and decay of the city of Argos under its murderous usurper, Egisthe, were not sufficiently part of the play's atmosphere. Their buzz was partially successful, but their imagined physical presence was not powerful enough because those actors who did respond to the swarm seemed rather to be shooing off an irritating gnat than a force that threatened to suffocate the life of Argos.

The emotional pattern of the play put immense demands on the central roles of Electre and Oreste. Peter Jeavons explored most convincingly Oreste's development from the rootless youth who returns unexpectedly to his home of Argos, finds a purpose in avenging his father's death and accepts the responsibility for his act as a kind of Pied-piper saving Argos from its flies. The more tragic figure of Electre whose early zest and rebellion are lost amid horror and guilt in the face of actual murder was finely played by Frances Earle. Her performance reached an emotional maturity and technical accomplishment stunning in a school production. The beauty of her ease in the French language and the variety of timbre in her voice were compelling. The angularity of her arms and

shoulders, put to such comic effect in 'The Beaux' Stratagem', here was poignantly fitting to the nervous and youthful energy of the mistreated and passionate princess.

Sharon Duckwoth and Julie Weake caught in their making-up of Clytemnestre the spiritual death of the Queen, and Sarah Battman's steely-cold voice completed the picture of dried-up affection essential if Electre's hatred is to be understood. Timothy Curtis (Egisthe) made an excellent entry as a political thug only superficially dignified by his military uniform and his leather-clad bully (Carl Freeman). After his initial impact there were some thin moments in his performance where, at the Ceremony of the Dead, other characters held the dialogue, but he coped well in the development of Egisthe's character in the scene prior to his assassination.

It was good to see John Whitehouse treading the boards, almost proprietorially, as Zeus. He gave a careful performance which needed only more variety of pace and tone to have been very good. The three Furies (Sarah Battman, Sandra Wood and Francesca Johnson) were a striking group visually, in movement and in voice. The flies of our imagination were now embodied, and frighteningly, for us.

A larger stage would have given scope for a larger and more convincing crowd of citizens; however, Kathryn Behean and Martin Heng managed to make their small contributions significant.

To achieve this most impressive two-night stand, the cast worked immensely hard on accents and performance under the energetic direction of Géry Bertaux for several months. The problems of memorising long speeches in a foreign language were neatly eased by the inspiration of having a mobile prompter in Géry himself who played Oreste's tutor. It is an indication of the thoroughness with which Géry had prepared the cast that few such promptings were needed.

G. E. Evans





# AN INTERVIEW WITH M. BERTAUX, concerning 'LES MOUCHES'

C. Why did you choose 'Les Mouches' to produce on the stage?

G.B. It was on the 'A' level list. I chose it because I had always liked Sartre, particularly 'Le Diable et le Bon Dieu' which I'm afraid was not on the list.

C. Do you consider yourself an existentialist?

G.B. I would call myself an existentialist but it is not that simple. For me it is the acceptance of ideas like refusing to accept any prejudices in life, refusing to accept any formal framework for your life.

Many people see freedom as a state of unattachment but 'Les Mouches' shows that only by doing something, choosing and committing yourself are you truly free. I could have been free this year but I chose to do the play.



C. Do you think the cast were affected by existentialism?

G.B. They are too young for existentialism. It is a thing which can only really strike you when you are older and have to care for yourself. But at school you have the certainty of knowing where your life is going for the next few years, after that I think you must create a role for yourself. I think this play might come back to some of the cast in the future. Reading books should not be so serious anyway. A thing that makes me sick is reading, "After reading this book you will never be the same". The human mind is too happy. Books have affected me very much though. After reading 'Of Mice and Men' I never felt the same about friendship and after reading 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame' my ideas about love have changed.

C. How do you think the cast coped with acting in a foreign language?

G.B. We went into the play very deeply. I spent five months going over each person's part in great detail. The task was made easier because many of the ideas in 'Les Mouches' are related to life and are not too intellectual. It was still hard work to get the intonation of every phrase right and I had to get a very accurate translation of each part so that the actors could understand and get the feeling right.

C. This particular play must have been very difficult to produce on stage.

G.B. Sartre's plays have a lot of long speeches in them, and there are few visual tricks or pieces of action, so I had to work hard to add as much action as I could to create movement and interest. The killing of Egisthe was rehearsed twenty or thirty times to get the right groans and thumps and to give the audience a realistic shock. The same happened for the miracle scene where the timing of the falling panel had to be perfect. I never worried about the audience not understanding the play, but even if they didn't I thought it



was quite dramatic. Most helpful in the play itself was the atmosphere of friendship in the cast and the lack of any barrier between the teacher and the actors. Everybody gave useful ideas and this helped to give the play a direction and unity.

*I wanted to go onstage myself to give the actors confidence. The parts were very long—Frances Earle as Electre had a part lasting three-quarters of an hour—and nobody knew them perfectly. The prompter was always lost because there were so many cuts made to the text so I decided to take a part. I was disappointed not to play the idiot—I have a gift for it. I felt a lot of responsibility being the only actor who knew his part perfectly and who knew everybody else's perfectly too. I felt everything depended on me. Frances Earle gave me and the cast confidence because she was so good. I was very bad at organisation but Tim Curtis helped, especially with the set which ended up just as I would have wanted it even on a perfect stage rather than the awkward one at the Girls' School.*

C. You must have enjoyed doing the play.

G.B. *I think anything you do is worthwhile.*

## LYSISTRATA

After the worry and work of 'A' levels have both ended, spending two weeks producing a play from scratch should be a refreshing and enjoyable experience. This was undoubtedly the guiding principle behind the Drama Syndicate's production in English of "Lysistrata"; Aristophanes' joyously bawdy fantasy of Athenian women going on sex-strike in order to force their husbands and lovers to make peace with the men of Sparta, similarly thwarted by their wives, and so end the long Peloponnesian War of the late fifth century B.C.

In both Big School performances the dynamic mobility and bold expression of all the actors were impressive. Kathryn Behean, as Lysistrata, the leader of the Athenian women, was the epitome of imperious passion. Her companion, Calonice, a character at times Pythonesque, was perfectly captured by Joanna Mutlow. Roxane Spencer as Myrrhine complemented the other two women with a stimulating performance of quiet elegance. Peter Jeavons was suitably frustrated and lusty as Myrrhine's husband, and revealed in an abortive love-scene with his wife in Act Two the natty line in underwear which has made him the School Captain he is today. Ian Bond and Jim Miles, as an Athenian magistrate and a Spartan Ambassador respectively, played their parts admirably and, although their distensions tended to sag at times, they coped very well with their awkward parts. Rory McKinley and Francesca Johnson, leaders of the two choruses, did much to bring out the fantasy quality of "Lysistrata", and in general the problems of having choruses on stage were solved adeptly.

One of the most interesting problems of staging a modern production of a Greek 'Old Comedy' is to what extent should the conventions of Athenian theatre be adhered to. I was glad to see that, in general, the more entertaining conventions were retained—the music, the songs, the comic costumes of the choruses, the dancing. One definite shortcoming, however, was the attempt at political relevance.

Attempting, perhaps, to draw an analogy between their own aggression towards Lysistrata and the trade unions' dislike of Mrs. Thatcher, the male chorus produced a number of placards bearing either the initials of individual unions or caricatures of James Callaghan, Mrs. Thatcher and the Queen. A confusing presentation of this device left the audience at a loss.

Otherwise this production was flawless for what it was. It neither aspired to profundity nor descended to the depths of innuendo. The

cast produced delightfully spirited performances. On the technical side the ladies' costumes in particular were excellent, and the music composed by Freddy Dunstan. In particular, the indispensable stage crew, marshalled by Technical Director, David Brown, proved hotter than ever at their job during the production. Above all, many congratulations and tremendous credit go to the producer, Dave Daniels, and especially to the director, Nisha Pillai, both of whom, incredibly, are pupils.

*P. Mucklow*





## CHRISTMAS CONCERT 1978

In this bleak mid-winter it is hard to cast more than a passing thought back to the season of goodwill to all men. But once again Big School was filled to capacity and Mr. Sill's baton quivered at the thought of the rapture which was to ensue.

The Christmas Oratorio by Bach formed the mainstay of the evening and was performed, for want of a better word, quickly. If there were any problems they were probably due to confusion on the part of the choir as to the use of a male alto soloist and two female tenors. The Oratorio was very well sung and the choir even succeeded in remembering all of the finer dynamic points which they had succeeded in forgetting during all of the preceding rehearsals.

The interval was spent by many in queuing for a toilet, the basic problem being that only one women's toilet was provided and the men's was confined to Common Room visitors only. After the interval we were entertained with the Gordon Sill music show, during which his talents as singer, conductor and Master of Ceremonies/stand-up comic were displayed to the full.

The clarinet ensemble harmonised perfectly with Edward Watson's card arrangements, and the Close Harmony singers again proved that it is existence as opposed to mere quality which has provided them with such a following as to make cheering and even an encore the order of the night.

The piece "A Winter's Dream" by Edward Watson was clever and lively and stirred strong feelings of snow, sleighs, and Christmas in the hearts of the audience.

The "community singing", also led by Mr. Sill, was lively, mainly as a result of powerful orchestral arrangements and energetic conducting.

The high point of the evening, (following Mr. Buttress declining to offer to play the wind machine for a second year), was the arrival of Father Christmas to play the sleigh bells. In a way this was a pity after Mr. Evans had spent so long practising the bells for this particular piece

and had found it impossible to play them on this particular evening.

The final applause for Mr. Sill was most appreciative, because after seven verses of O Come All ye Faithful most of the audience could have been too tired to put their hands together.

Tony Miles

## CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

Those who missed the Choral and Orchestral Concert at K.E.H.S. on March 27 deserve our deepest sympathy. Those who missed it because they couldn't be bothered to go deserve it even more, both for what they missed and for being daft enough to miss it. It was simply the most professional, and therefore most enjoyable, orchestral concert that I have heard in nearly thirty years at K.E.S.

In the first place it offered a very well chosen programme in which the music of three centuries was represented. The unfamiliar (three Bruckner motets) balanced the very familiar (Rossini's *Overture to the Barber of Seville*); a colourful and brilliant lollipop (Rimsky Korsakov's *Capriccio Espagnol*) and a charmingly evocative piece of 'mood' music (Ravel's *Pavane Pour Une Infante Defunte*) contrasted with a great masterpiece (Mozart's *Piano Concerto in A, K.488*).

The first part of the programme was entirely orchestral and was conducted by Concertmeister Bridle. He began with Rossini's overture followed by Ravel's *Pavane*, two contrasted pieces, the first full of high spirits and the second of tender melancholy. The verve and attack which were evident in the performance of the overture were to characterise the playing throughout the evening. From the start one felt that not only were the players playing with discipline and confidence but were also enjoying themselves as much as the audience was. Particularly noticeable in both pieces was the firmly shaped phrasing which is an inevitable consequence of the rhythmic vitality that



Mr. Bridle always secures from his players and which makes all the difference between a good and a bad performance. In Ravel's *Pavane* there was some very nicely controlled and articulated horn playing by Michael Nagle. In the performance of the Mozart piano concerto that followed the soloist was Jennifer Bradshaw. To play the solo part in a Mozart concerto is a formidable test of musicianship for, as the great pianist Schnabel remarked, it is 'too easy for students, too difficult for artists'. The richness and the possibilities of the music are inexhaustible. Certainly a good performance must exhibit a style which blends power and delicacy, exact control and great sensitivity, precision and flowing spontaneity in the same way that the music itself does. It is high praise that one must say of Miss Bradshaw's performance that at no point did one sense an uncomfortable gap between the way she was playing and what the music demands. She did this magnificent work proud and if that's not high praise I don't know what is. I liked particularly the refusal to exploit the heart-rending pathos of the slow movement by wallowing in too slow a tempo or in heavily 'expressive' phrasing. And I was most impressed by her capacity to sustain freshness and vivacity through the long and pianistically taxing last movement. Much praise for the overall success of the performance must go to the orchestra too, for in a Mozart concerto they are every bit as important as the soloist. Their playing was always alive and responsive to Mozart's wide range of lovely textures. Only at one point in the last movement did I think that the balance was wrong where a too prominent horn spoilt the delicious effect of piano against woodwind against pizzicato strings (bars 171-186 & 412-423). But it was a small matter.

The second part of the concert began with Miss Douglas conducting three unaccompanied motets by Bruckner. They were given expressive and beautifully balanced performances which contributed in large measure to the feeling that one ought to have known this music years ago. It says a great deal for these performances that

they stayed in the mind as vividly as the familiar Mozart which preceded them and the dazzlingly exotic Rimsky Korsakov that followed. Miss Douglas drew from her singers a performance that was sensitive and disciplined and a sound that was rich and well balanced. All the parts were secure and the tenor solos were very adequately taken by Peter Case. Hearing this music for the first time was a memorable and very satisfying experience. Rimsky Korsakov's *Capriccio Espagnol* closed the concert. This piece offers the orchestra a chance to show what it can do and they took it with enthusiasm. Orchestral colour is at a premium, both in massed effects and in extended solo passages. The piece contains cadenzas for violin, clarinet and flute, all of which were played with tremendous confidence, control and zip by Philippa Ibbotson, Jeremy Davies and Helen Skerrat respectively. This highly effective orchestral show-piece demands expert playing and one can only say that it sounded totally convincing.

Everybody who performed in this concert has every reason to feel very pleased with him/herself and as Miss Douglas and Mr. Bridle had more to do than most they can feel most pleased. They certainly gave a lot of pleasure to a lot of people that evening.

A.J.T.

#### FOUNDATION CONCERT Concert Hall, July 2nd 1979

Unfortunately, this concert was only open to the staff of foundation schools, the governors and their staff, and parents of performers. In view of the high standards maintained throughout this was a great pity, and perhaps in future years the organisers might consider broadening the scope and changing the location to allow senior pupils from all the schools to attend. It was only because I volunteered to usher that I was able to enjoy this concert.

It was indeed an excellent evening's



entertainment. It opened with a performance of the concerto for four violins by Telemann, in which the soloists were Margaret Faultless, Pip Ibbotson, Mr. Avery and Mr. Bridle. These four combined to give a highly competent performance, though very occasional lapses in quality of sound were noted.

This was followed by Saint-Saens' "Carnival of the Animals", with Mr. Evans reading a new set of verses by Eleanor Bron. This was a most enjoyable and amusing rendition, particular highlights being the humorous 'Pianists', performed by David Dunnett and Mr. Bridle, and 'The Swan', played with great sensitivity by Naomi Butterworth ('cello). Fortunately this particular section of the concert was subsequently presented to a wider audience at a Musical Society lunchtime recital.

After the interval came Mozart's Wind Serenade, performed by the joint wind group and well-played by all concerned.

The highlight and last event of the evening was Malcolm Arnold's Toy Symphony, with a large corps of guest soloists from the Foundation playing toy instruments, including the Chief Master on Cuckoo and Miss Evans on Quail. Mr. Hodges was handicapped by a jammed reed in his toy trumpet, but still called forth amusement by his agonised silences in solo passages. Also notable were Mr. Buttress on third Toy Trumpet and Dr. Homer on obsolete four-note trumpet (so obsolete that it had to be replaced by a melodica). The end of this performance was greeted with such ecstatic applause that the last movement was encored.

All in all, this was a most enjoyable evening, and it was a pity that the audience was so limited.

*Ian Bond*

## SHELTER CONCERT July 14th 1979

The annual concert in aid of Shelter was as usual a very popular occasion, with many people perched on window-ledges or standing on chairs in the foyer. They were not disappointed by the entertainment on offer.

The performance was opened by the Finale of Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 2 in F. This was somewhat handicapped by the lack of a trumpeter, and although Mick Nagle tried manfully to take the trumpet part on horn, the results were not always successful, which was a pity, since the part is an important one, and tended to detract from the excellent playing of the other soloists, Margaret Faultless (recorder), Philippa Ibbotson (violin), and Virginia Barber (oboe). Nevertheless, the playing of the orchestra was good.

Next came 'O Quam Gloriosum est Regnum' by Tomas Luis de Victoria. This was sung by the joint senior choir, and provided a pleasant departure into polyphonic church music from the constant round of later composers. The second item sung by this choir was Britten's 'Hymn to the Virgin', and an excellent and sensitive rendition was given.

These two pieces were followed by Brahms' Horn trio in E flat. The first movement never really gathered itself together, and Mick Nagle did not produce the excellent horn playing which we have so often heard before, with the result that this movement was somewhat ragged. However, things improved to a certain extent in the second movement, which moved with much more fluency.

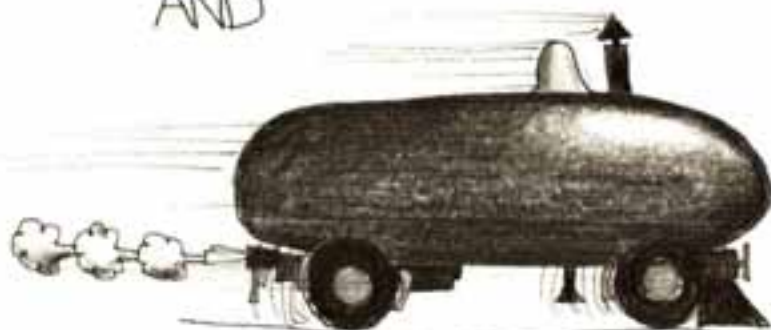
The first half closed with the ever-excellent close harmony group, who maintained their usual high standards. Bill Curry was outstanding, imitating a pair of cymbals in 'The Mermaid'.

When the audience returned, sated with strawberries, they were greeted by the second movement and finale of Mozart's Wind Serenade K388, performed by the joint Wind Group. This was very well played, with great sensitivity and accuracy.

WE TRUCK



TO SWITZERLAND  
AND



TO GERMANY  
AND



TO GREECE



The close harmony group then reappeared to give another enjoyable selection, including a new arrangement of 'My Way'. This was greeted with rapturous applause, and the group then performed the old favourite 'Bad Times Just Around the Corner', with a brief solo from Mr. Sill. We shall undoubtedly miss the talents of the retiring members of this group.

The last item was the Te Deum in C by Haydn, sung by the Choral Society. This was on the whole an admirable performance, ably directed by D. M. Dunnett, although occasional uncertainties were noted in the choir when entries were rhythmically difficult.

Overall the evening showed an excellent balance of serious and light-hearted works, all performed to a high standard, in the tradition of the Shelter Concert.

*Ian Bond*

## ICELAND 1978

### The 1978 Haywood Travel Scholarship

Our expedition began with superb views of the ice-caps, glacial outwash plains and the coast of Southern Iceland as we flew in a Boeing 727 into Keflavik airport under the midnight sun. The next day we flew up to Akureyri, the main town in Northern Iceland, in a less impressive 'plane (a Fokker-Friendship of doubtful origin). From here we travelled to our main study area around Lake Myvatn. This area is famous for its volcanological features and its ornithological value. It is notorious for the huge swarms of midges which were supposed to penetrate every article of clothing and every tent. However we were lucky (!) in that for our stay in the region if it wasn't raining it was blowing a gale and this seemed to keep them at bay.

The most interesting volcanological features were the boiling mud pools and steam vents at Krafla. Here the ground is rising at 15 centimetres a month and a volcanic eruption is expected in the next few years. The most welcome feature was a warm spring in the bottom of a fissure in the rocks where one

could bathe in the delightfully fresh warm water. In addition, the area has the reputation of being the best place in Europe to watch ducks. Up to 150,000 individuals of thirteen European and three American species are present at the end of the breeding season. The American species were perhaps the most exciting to observe, but such arctic species as the gyrfalcon, snow-bunting, purple sandpiper and glaucous gull were equally rewarding.

The main drawback of this area was the superb timing of the coach-loads of tourists who always seemed to know where and when we were, totally ruining our rather false but heart-felt "arctic explorers" image.

After ten days in the Myvatn area we walked the 100 kilometres back to Akureyri, stopping for a day at Laugar and at Ljosavath. Our toughest day (that is, the one on which we were most tempted to thumb a lift) came when we had to walk over 24 km of desolate moorland in lashing rain and a bitterly cold northerly wind. It certainly made us wonder why we had chosen Iceland to explore; why not the Costa Brava, or Florida, or . . . ? However, that was easily the most rewarding part of our stay as we explored very remote areas and discovered waterfalls and springs not marked on the map.

On our last day in the wilds we walked the 33 km from Ljosavath to Akureyri starting at 6.30 a.m. (The weather was such now that we felt it might get too warm to walk in the afternoon!) Unfortunately our arrival in Akureyri coincided with the mass departure of the Icelanders in American Fords and Chevrolets to spend their Saturday afternoon on the sunny eastern side of the fjord. The dust clouds thrown up by their cars made the last stage of the journey rather unpleasant.

The last few days were spent in less exacting pursuits. I did however manage my target for fifty species of bird—the fiftieth being a starling on the lawn of the Icelandic parliament. (The starling has just started colonising parts of Iceland but it was not quite what I had come to see).

The success of our expedition was



enhanced by the special challenge that Iceland provides, a challenge which other parts of Europe do not seem to provide. It is also reflected by our (well, my at least) desire to do something similar soon. I suppose that Greenland is the logical progression.

*D. R. Chadwick and M. A. Burdon*

## **GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP TO INGLETON October 1978**

On October 27th our party of eager geographers arrived at Ingleton Youth Hostel apparently unaffected by the long journey north. Those outside the minibus, forced to regard its fluorescent exterior, were less fortunate—we are assured that at least one car was seen on the hard shoulder in flames. In a service station an Irishman tried to sell Mr. Haywood a king-sized bed for a figure in excess of six million dollars.

The Youth Hostel was run by a mad deputy warden, with manic standards of cleanliness. We are still convinced that light bulbs at Ingleton are polished.

"Work" started on Saturday. We proved that waterfalls move downwards in leaps. Later a funny little man in a helmet invited us down a stream cunningly disguised as a pothole. Those who were foolish enough to follow his lead emerged with smiles frozen on their faces. Sunday was even more eventful. We were guided around one of the ubiquitous potholes after attempting to walk off a cliff on Ingleborough. Our guide played the national anthem on stalactites—"the hard rock version" as he explained.

Roger Wood demolished a dry-stone wall, and Mr. Haywood finished the job whilst pretending to rebuild it.

Monday. A terrible day. We discovered mud, sheep, clouds and holes on Fountains Fell. Mr. Haywood demonstrated his exuberant sense of humour by sending us down the wrong bank of a river. When this ploy failed to wet

anybody he tried again by reversing the minibus into a stream and trying to shake us out of the open doors.

Tuesday. We were forced to drag ourselves away from Yorkshire, suppressing our vast enthusiasm for geography. We covered our emotional trauma by singing heartily on the journey home.

Special thanks should go to all the staff including Mr. Benett, and to Yorkshire for sheep, mud, holes and cloud.

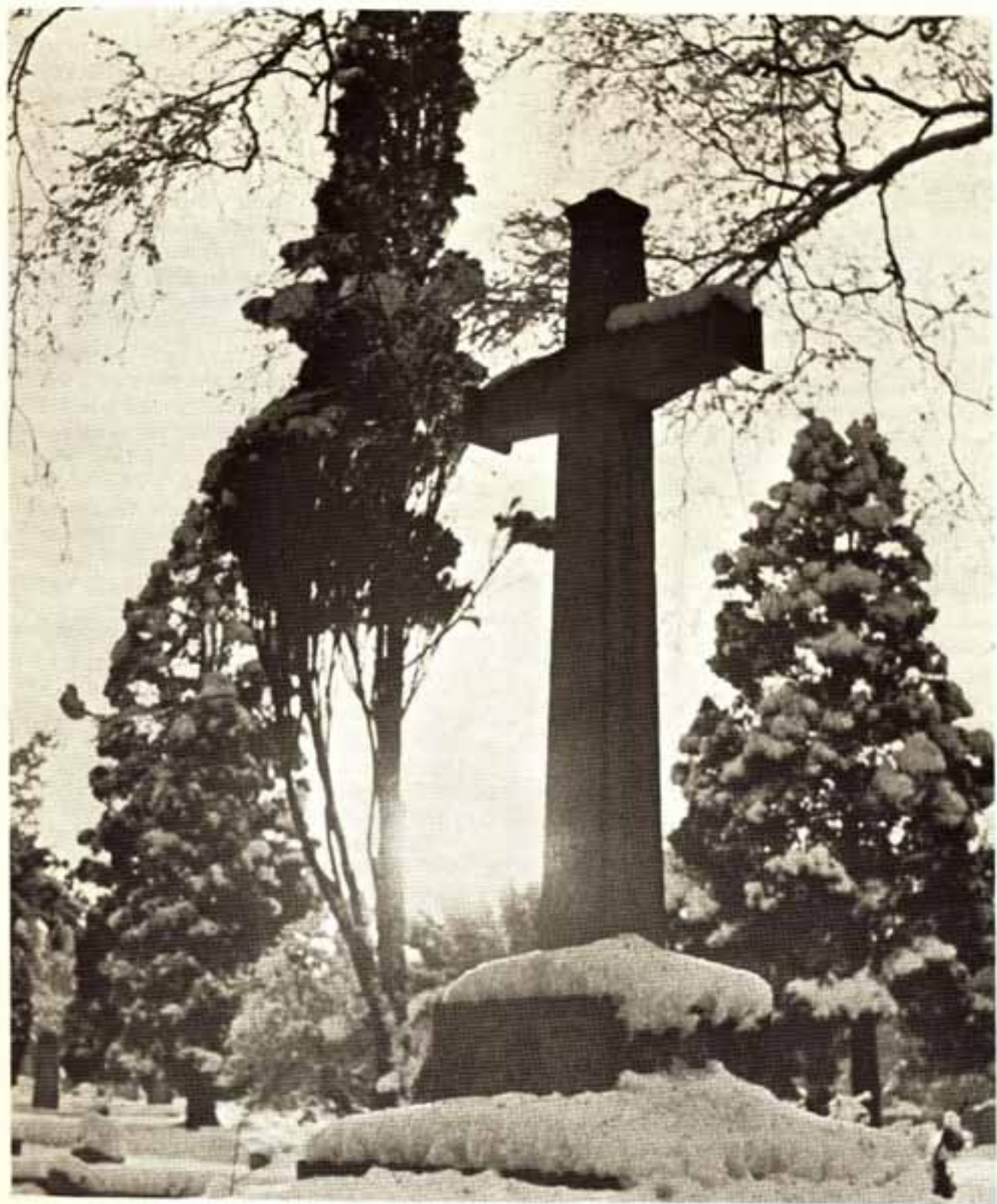
*Paul Spencer*

## **THE K.E.S. C.C.F. EXPEDITION To Snowdonia, October 30 – November 3**

The party assembled outside school at 9.00 on Monday 30 October, and, after packing the luggage into the trailer and ourselves into the Landrover, we set off. Although Mr. Andronov was at the wheel, the journey to Wales was relatively uneventful. Shortly after 1.00 we reached our destination, Bewdy-Mawr, an imitation sheep hut owned by the Rucksack Club. The inside of the house was hospitable and consisted of a well appointed kitchen, eating room, wash room, dormitory and smoke room. After quickly settling in, we prepared for a short walk. A route was imagined, and we drove off to Nant Peris, the nearest village. As we ambled up the selected valley, Mr. Andronov skilfully navigated the party through every marsh and bog. However the weather was mildly inclement, casting damp clouds over the spirits of the intrepid mountaineers, and even the ever-keen John Whitehouse was heard to murmur seditiously. Luckily the cloud cover descended still further, forcing the party to return to Bewdy-Mawr.

Strong cups of tea, warm clothes and fires struggling to blaze revived any flagging spirits and the duty rota was worked out. There were four duties—cooking, lighting fires, making the following day's sandwiches and washing up the cooking utensils. Mr. Andronov and Mr.







Nightingale mysteriously insisted on cooking on Wednesday evening and lighting the fires Monday evening. The reason for the latter became immediately apparent as the fires were already lit, however the former was a puzzle until Wednesday came. Then the galloping gourmets, Roberts and Whitehouse, the chefs for the evening, leapt into the kitchen and began to prepare the 'haute cuisine'—Army 'Compo' rations. Amply sated by floods of oxtail soup, potatoes, processed peas, steak and onion casserole, ginger pudding and custard that issued from the kitchen the other duties were speedily completed. The Rucksack Club had obviously prepared for Mr. Andronov as he was provided with an enormous pint sized tea mug. That evening, leaving the two older members of the party holding the fort, the rest went into Nant-Peris and received a taste of the local hospitality. In spite of this, however, it was a pleasant evening.

Tuesday morning was disappointing, with low clouds and drizzle predominating. However, after breakfast, in heavy rain, the hardy hill-walkers drove off to the start of the day's walk. Leaving the Landrover, we tramped off down the road in dismal rain for three miles. Then leaving the security of the road, we struck off into the wild, sheep-infested unknown. After we had climbed up a moderate slope and navigated our way to a deserted and derelict farmhouse, the weather turned a bit nasty and things became a little sticky. Even the two stalwart bastions of the expedition were thrown off the scent of the route by the odious precipitation. The rest of the party, once over the thrill of being both very cold and very wet at the same time, huddled together behind outcrops of rock and muttered things in Anglo-Saxon. However soon we were once more tracing our way upwards through the clouds. When we reached the ridge of the mountain we turned and followed its line. Now there was a severe wind blowing from the left which made walking very dangerous, as it was easy to be blown off the ridge. Visibility was about ten

yards and the only sensations were of being lashed by the rain that whipped over the ridge. The morale of the party was beaten down to its all-time low. Soon we began to descend, luckily in the lee of the mountain, and out of the worst of the weather. As there had been so much rain, the ground was very muddy and it was necessary to be careful on the way down. About half-way down we came across a disused mine, and followed an old trolley-way most of the way back to the road. The Landrover was a most welcome sight and we all leapt in, eating our sandwiches as Mr. Andronov drove back to Bewdy-Mawr.

Soon the fires were lit in both the smoke room and the eating room, and everyone's wet clothing was strewn about to dry. As it was still early—about 1600 hours, the hut was examined for anything interesting. Resultant from this investigation were a chess board, a chess set, a dominoes outfit, and a pack of cards. Thus there was established a chess tournament, Domino matches, and card games of various merit, some more rewarding than others. Mr. Nightingale and Mr. Andronov surprised the whole party with a remarkable display of skill at Bridge. Suitably challenged by this, the Brown brothers, D.R.P. and P.D.P., bounced into a rubber of Bridge only to have their valiant efforts erased by the superior skill of the masters. Laughing at the incompetence and failure of their precursors, Barber and Roberts stepped into the breach but their fate was even more ignominious.

The evening began extremely badly with a meal prepared by Brown Catering, luckily there were not too many casualties and all managed to summon up enough strength to visit the local hostelry and even the more senior members of the party were lured in by the promise of free refreshment.

Wednesday morning, not to be outdone by the preceding days, was very dismal, with continuing Arctic conditions. Once this became generally known, Roberts developed a crippling illness that cried out for rest and warmth. However Mr. Andronov insisted that fresh air



and activity were the cure. After breakfast the hut was locked and the intrepid heroes marched into the raging maelstrom. Four miles later, with slightly improved weather, the party left the road and struck off towards the Glydders. Walking became rather dull, as the clouds had descended obscuring any potentially interesting views, and it was very cold and wet when the party reached the famous cantilever, making all attempts to dislodge it very difficult. The rock formations were obviously very old, originating in prehistoric times, and Mr. Andronov seemed to know a great deal about them. The route now was familiar to members of the Rugby fitness trip, as it followed the line of the summits of the mountains. Several men of iron, upon reaching the edge of the last mountain, immediately plunged over the edge, and ran all the way to the bottom. At this point, when the party was once more reunited, a split appeared. The more junior members determined to enjoy themselves and they maintained a leisurely pace, stopping to explore all of interest. However the remainder strode quickly on, lured forward by the encouraging sight of the hut a thousand feet below.

Soon the fires were warming the hut, and once all were dry, everybody began to look forward to the Masters' evening meal. However, half an hour before dinner time, they both left. Suspicion began to nibble at the abandoned—what was for dinner? Soon they returned, bearing with them their shame. Fish and Chips. Wednesday evening was relatively uneventful, although Baker and Roberts asserted themselves at pool becoming undisputed champions, and the locals once again made their hostility to visitors obvious.

The last day was much better, with sunshine and no rain. By this time, all were fully in the swing of walking and with much enthusiasm and high spirits we set off for the most demanding route. The Snowdon horseshoe. This was a ring of mountains, about five, with Snowdon in the middle. Unfortunately, there was an extremely strong wind blowing which

made the route even more dangerous, and it was decided that Crib Goch would not be climbed. However after initial disappointment spirits revived and the walk continued. Luckily, we had come to Wales in November, and this meant that the Snowdon mountain railway was closed. So when we reached the top we had it to ourselves and did not have to fight our way through piles of litter, swarms of flies and parasitic seagulls. The clouds soon came down and we continued around the horseshoe, stopping to eat our lunch on the way. With the splendid weather the walking was extremely enjoyable giving a taste of how pleasant this activity can be.

Friday morning was spent cleaning, and clearing up. With the usual Army efficiency all the tasks were completed promptly, and we left the hut just after 9.00. The return journey was unremarkable, and we arrived at school at about 1.00.

Everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and all echo my thanks to Mr. Andronov and Mr. Nightingale for arranging, and participating in, such a worthwhile and rewarding expedition.

*C. C. B. Roberts*

## SENIOR GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP

March 27th – 31st

In order to survive a field trip you need several qualities: energy (physical, mental or spiritual), resourcefulness (i.e. making the best of a series of bad jobs) and a sense of humour (to maintain sanity). This was soon apparent when the party assembled on the fateful morning of Tuesday, March 27th, to be issued with multitudes of instructions and a sawn-off exercise book each. The instructions related to the journey up the M6, during which the mini-bus periodically slowed to enable its occupants to count the overtaking vehicles, and then accelerated to overtake them so we could count them again further up the road. This exercise was later declared to have been a success(?).







During the afternoon a rural settlement study was carried out. Most villages were deserted: the inhabitants retreat indoors and peer from behind curtains and shutters when you arrive: but the usual assortment of odd characters was interviewed, including one who looked like Spike Milligan and who philosophised at length about lowland peat bogs in a Clement Freud accent.

We arrived at the hotel for the first of four nights in Arctic temperatures with one bath per floor and a coal fire to dry wet socks. There followed an evening work session, collecting data and dreaming about possible hexagon patterns. That night Grange-over-Sands was diagnosed as dead, having one other hotel where the pool balls were larger than the pockets and the locals stood huddled around the bar in funereal silence. From our hotel there were scenic views across the mud flats of Morecambe Bay where the tide did not come in for two days. (An omen?)

Having travelled to the Lake District we spent the next day examining the Pennines: namely High Cup Gill (a valley) and the Ulkin Sill (a volcanic feature). The snow began to fall two minutes before we left the minibus and set off with ranging-poles, tape measures, clinometers, Abney-levels and peblometers, (none of which were used), to climb up to High Cup Nick. This climb was halted by 70 m.p.h. winds (100 m.p.h. gusts) which effectively anaesthetised hands and faces alike. Down in the valley we carried out an equally abortive river study during which several people, notably Nick Tubb, fell in. Amazingly, D.C.H. complained of feeling tired—a new development attributed to short-circuiting caused by melting snow.

The best day of the trip started in a similarly illogical mood with a one and a half hour drive to the other end of the Lake District and back in to the middle. The morning was profitably spent in Borrowdale recording glaciated features with frozen fingers. The afternoon saw us crossing the weird and wonderful snowbound world of the high fells in near white-out conditions with frozen lakes and twenty-foot snow drifts. We descended into Langdale

without losing anybody, though Yardley was lucky to escape from a snow drift in which the staff attempted to lose him. There were no St. Bernard dogs, save one miserable half-drowned poodle being dragged over the hills by a horribly fit-looking fell walker. By now we had been joined by Mr. Sljivic, who arrived late and left early in order to watch rugby matches. To everyone's surprise he renounced Tito in favour of Miklailovic, but his redistribution of wealth did not extend as far as insuring his car. He hunted in vain for the Mohorovicic Discontinuity in the hotel's gateau, and organised the urban study of Kendal whilst disappearing into shops in search of leather clogs and whilst Steve Sheen, as the best dressed scarecrow in town, was questioning and answering to the local gendarmerie. That evening the four esteemed teachers were heard to discuss contracting a mythical character called 'Bill' who would march us out into Morecambe Bay's quicksand on donkeys—but nothing came of this. Instead there was a football match on an upraised coastal erosion surface, (i.e. a twenty degree slope across the pitch), which resulted in a ten-all draw owing to the irregularities of a hobbling, gibbering referee from Zagreb.

That evening, there was a suitably 'dead' disco in Grange-over-Sands, though Mr. Benett went racing off to a much better one in the next village. Pete Kinsman successfully butted a lampshade.

The final morning was spent going up Conistone (1200 ft. in one and a half hours), followed by a running snowball fight across the hills. David Lewis got to within thirty yards of the minibus before plunging to the waist into the oozing muck of a marsh. (At which D.C.H.'s laughter reached about No. 7 on the Richter Scale).

After five days and 723 miles we arrived back at K.E.S. Our sincere thanks to Messrs. Haywood, Marsh, Sljivic and Benett, (without whom no field trip would be complete), for all their time and effort in organising a useful and challenging trip, the worst (or best?) feature of which was it seemed to be over almost as soon as it had begun.

*David Lewis*



## THE LOIRE VALLEY TRIP

After a frantic journey down the motorway we found the ferry missing. A night crossing resulted. By 10.00 p.m. it was far past Mr. Sljivic's bedtime, and eventually we found him curled up under a seat on the ferry.

Arriving in Dieppe at 2.00 a.m. we set off for Rouen, with Mr. Tomlinson asleep at the wheel. At Rouen we experienced French sanitation, a medieval nun and had lunch at Beaugency. Then we continued on our journey to our first stop at Chambord, the largest château in France. The big spenders found their haven here, relieving the weight of their wallets in the gift shop. Using Mr. Sljivic's amazing geographical ability we proceeded to get lost along the Loire. However, with perseverance we finally arrived at our base camp, Amboise, where Mr. Tomlinson practised his vocabulary on a female camp warden. In spite of having to improvise with bits of plastic tubing on the tents provided by the Scouts, and despite the opening up of a freak monsoon, we began to enjoy ourselves.

The next day we visited the château at Loches, and found the terminal velocity of furry caterpillars when flung off the battlements. We then proceeded to Chenonceau, built over the Cher, and finished the day with a long pleasant walk. On the Monday we visited the châteaux at Chamont and Blois. The next day we walked into the town of Amboise to see the castle, (the site of many massacres), and set off in humid warmth along the Loire valley via Azay-le-Rideau. In the afternoon, following stops at Usse, Langeais and Angers, we found a campsite near the French coast. On Wednesday, the last full day in France, Mr. Sljivic showed his craving for power and commanded us from his seat on the minibus roof-rack. After midday, we visited Mont. St. Michel. Here Mr. Tomlinson, after going for a whole week without marking books, finally gave way to temptation and corrected the tourist information plaques. The evening was spent at the sea town of St. Malo, where one of the cunning U.M.D.

contingent swindled free calls to England out of French telecommunications. Finally a campsite in the late evening allowed some to watch the European Cup Final and others to amuse themselves in other ways.

We packed our bags for the final time the next morning and left for Bayeux. Here we visited and listened to the famous tapestry and looked at the cathedral. We continued through the industrial town of Caen and on to Dieppe, where we caught the ferry to Newhaven. After spending hours in Brighton searching for petrol we eventually made our dozed but contented way back to Birmingham, arriving at the Foundation Office at 2.30 a.m.

The trip was enjoyed by all, including Anon. and thanks are due to Mr. Sljivic and Mr. Tomlinson for making it possible.

*Anon.*

## K.E.S. TOUR TO COMPIEGNE

Early in the Easter holidays Messrs. Underhill and Jayne and Mr. and Mrs. Hodges took a party of 42 boys to Compiègne. Compiègne is an old town approximately 80 kilometres to the north of Paris. In the town is the Palace of Compiègne, a magnificent structure built for the Kings of France in order that they might hunt in the large Forest of Compiègne nearby.

A coach was hired in Birmingham and then taken on the Channel ferry between Dover and Calais. This coach was used for the entire trip to take us to the various places we visited.

We stayed at La Maison de l'Europe, a large hostel for foreign students. The cook there prepared sumptuous meals that could hardly be bettered in a five star hotel.

There were visits to the Château at Pierrefonds, Rheims Cathedral, the Armistice Clearing in the Forest of Compiègne, one of the huge champagne cellar labyrinths in Rheims and various other places in the area. Additionally, there was a whole day excursion to Paris.



All the major landmarks were visited: the Eiffel Tower, the Arc de Triomphe, the Louvre, Place de la Concorde, Notre Dame etc.

The itinerary for this tour looked daunting at the start, but there were few delays and everything went smoothly; it was an entirely successful venture which no doubt all the Shells, Rems. and U.M.s who took part found instructive as well as most enjoyable.

*Russell Finch*

## **FLORENCE 1979**

### **K.E.H.S. Trip: 4th – 12th April**

The K.E.H.S. trip to Florence began in the late afternoon of April 4th with a coach ride down the M1, a flight from Gatwick at 11 p.m. and 4½ hours of the following morning spent on a luxury coach on the Autostrada between Milan and Florence. Thus it was already tomorrow by the time we got there.

During the first morning we slept.

During the first afternoon we began to venture outside and explore the centre of the city. It had started to rain at about 10 a.m. and this continued throughout the first day, culminating in a terrific downpour the moment we went out the next day. However, for the rest of the week the temperature was a pleasant 70° and the sun shone. Meanwhile the churches, museums and galleries of Florence revealed the glories of the Renaissance: the thriving Florence of the Medici was where it all began. The cultural wealth of the city includes Michelangelo's statue of "David", Giotto's "Campanile" (Bell-tower), Brunelleschi's Cathedral dome, Leonardo's "Annunciation", Botticelli's incredible "Birth of Venus" and Fra Angelico's masterpiece, the San Marco frescoes and "Annunciation", to name but a few examples. The attractions of central Florence include the Uffizi Gallery, the Medici Chapels and the market-places.

Between exploring Florence and travelling to Pisa and Sienna (on the remarkably cheap Italian railway system) we subsisted in our hotel on a diet of bread, water and pasta, served by a

friendly Italian called Joseph whose rather lethargic Alsatian inhabited the kitchens. Our return journey consisted of another four hours on the Autostrada, a flight from Milan at 3 a.m. and six miserable hours crawling through London and up the M1 during which we consumed two large cakes purchased from Florentine pastry-shops and presented to the teachers for subsequent use as emergency rations.

Our sincere thanks to Miss Diggory for organising the trip and for letting members of K.E.S. go as well as the girls: a precedent which we hope will be continued in future. Our thanks also to Miss Evans, Miss Hillier, Miss Herridge, Dr. and Mrs. Croft and Mr. Mitra for their help and company, and to everybody else who went for happy memories of "Capuchino" coffee, pizzas and pastries consumed under a Florentine sun.

*David Lewis*

## **SCHOOL TRIP TO PROVENCE**

### **Easter 1979**

The party of fifteen boys and Messrs. Workman and Tibbott assembled at New Street Station at 6.30 a.m. and headed for France. At London we were joined by three boys from Essex. After crossing the channel from Newhaven to Dieppe (uneventful for all except Lewis and Perrins who found the rocking of the boat too much) we caught the train to Paris. At Paris we ate our first french meal and looked at L'Isle de la Cité, including the church of St. Severin, a beautiful old stone building once inhabited by our own Mr. Hatton. At 12.30 a.m. we crawled into our couchettes and collapsed, exhausted, on the sleeper to Avignon.

The train got in the next day at 9.30, and after breakfast we made our way to Camping Bagatelle, and got our first shock of the trip: our so-called dormitory seemed to be a greenhouse!

That afternoon some of us visited the pair of imposing French castles across the Rhône at Villeneuve Les Avignon, where the cardinals used to live.



Sunday morning was spent going round the Papal palaces, including a vast stone chapel, with a flamboyant French guide who, had we been able to understand him, would I'm sure have been very good. That afternoon some of us made the long walk through fields of grape vines, and finding it closed made the long walk back! (Although one or two of us actually risked tasting some first.)

On Monday we went to Nîmes, notable for an amphitheatre, a temple to the children of Agrippa (where Chris Weston left the noble sacrifice of our lunch), a temple to Artemis, a Roman tower, and the large numbers of people who dropped dead while we were there!

The next day was spent at Aigues-Mortes, a beautiful walled medieval new-town (and modern tourist trap) built as a port and therefore, of course, four miles from the sea. (This is in fact because the French forgot that deltas tend to grow.)

At Arles on Wednesday we saw the sister amphitheatre to that at Nîmes, a Roman theatre, magnificently carved cloisters at the medieval church of St. Trophime, and after lunch, les Alyscamps, an old road leading out of the city lined with empty Roman stone coffins, various other relics and museums, and beneath the Museum of Christian Art, a large network of damp, dark old tunnels originally built beneath the Roman Forum.

The Roman theatre at Orange has more backstage buildings surviving than any other in the world, and there we also saw an elaborately carved arch built to commemorate the conquest of the Gauls. That afternoon some of us took a bus to Vaison la Romaine in the foothills of the alps to see the remains of old Roman houses (which had survived because medieval development had been on a different site), and yet another Roman theatre.

This being our last night in Provence Mr. Tibbott and some of the party went to the cinema, and the rest did other things.

On Saturday morning, the last day, we visited the Pont du Gard, the Roman aqueduct,

memorable for its height and lack of any barrier to stop those of us who dared walk along the top, hundreds of feet above the beautiful, lonely river valley, from falling over the side.

The thanks of the whole party must go to Mr. Tibbott and Mr. Workman for a memorable and enjoyable trip.

*Adam Davison*

## MARINE BIOLOGY COURSE Aberystwyth, April 1979

Travelling to Aberystwyth is the first problem encountered. You can either put your sanity on the line by driving with D.C.R. in the minibus, or go by train and change three times. Either way you end up on College Rocks in a bitterly cold wind and horizontal rain, trying to ignore laughing onlookers as your fingers drop off while attempting to collect specimens which have, quite sensibly, stayed in the open sea.

The identification of the species proved rather more constructive and less painful. It led to great heartache, though—there being four species of periwinkle, and any number of brown seaweeds classified under red seaweeds; and red ones classified under brown seaweeds. The names sometimes seemed unnecessary and/or self-explanatory (e.g. *Octopus vulgaris*), or ridiculously contrived, (e.g. *Agropyron junkiforme*—pronounced junky-for-me).

We got very bored in the evenings, and would probably have turned to vandalism was it not for the proximity of the Union bar (Welsh bitter at 28p per pint [Corn in Egypt]) and Mr. Russell posed a very pertinent question—what do the people who don't drink do?

We worked very hard all day, every day from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., only stopping for lunch and tea. We visited Borth rocky shore, Borth bog (surely the most inconsequential place on earth), and it was on Borth rocky shore that we were treated to the most tedious and trying exercise of the whole course—the transect. Even the results from it did not agree at all with



theory, and it got so wearing that many pent-up frustrations were taken out on defenceless limpets on the rocks.

The work in the lab consisted of identification and dissection. This included one high spot of the course—Peter Case trying to remove the brain of a barnacle—encouraged by sadistic exhortation. Dr. Homer (immortalised for his orange eating exploits) has the photographs to prove it.

What made the course bearable was the instructive, constructive, destructive, incisive, sarcastic, witty, brilliant, mundane, drole, dry, light-hearted, deathly serious, fun-loving comments and actions of Professor Rigby, Dr. Lampard, Lord Russell, Mr. Sill and Mr. Homer—without whom anything would have been possible. Oh, and Mrs. Lampard, who brought the only bit of charm and beauty into the whole set-up.

*Jeremy Platt*

## ARRAN

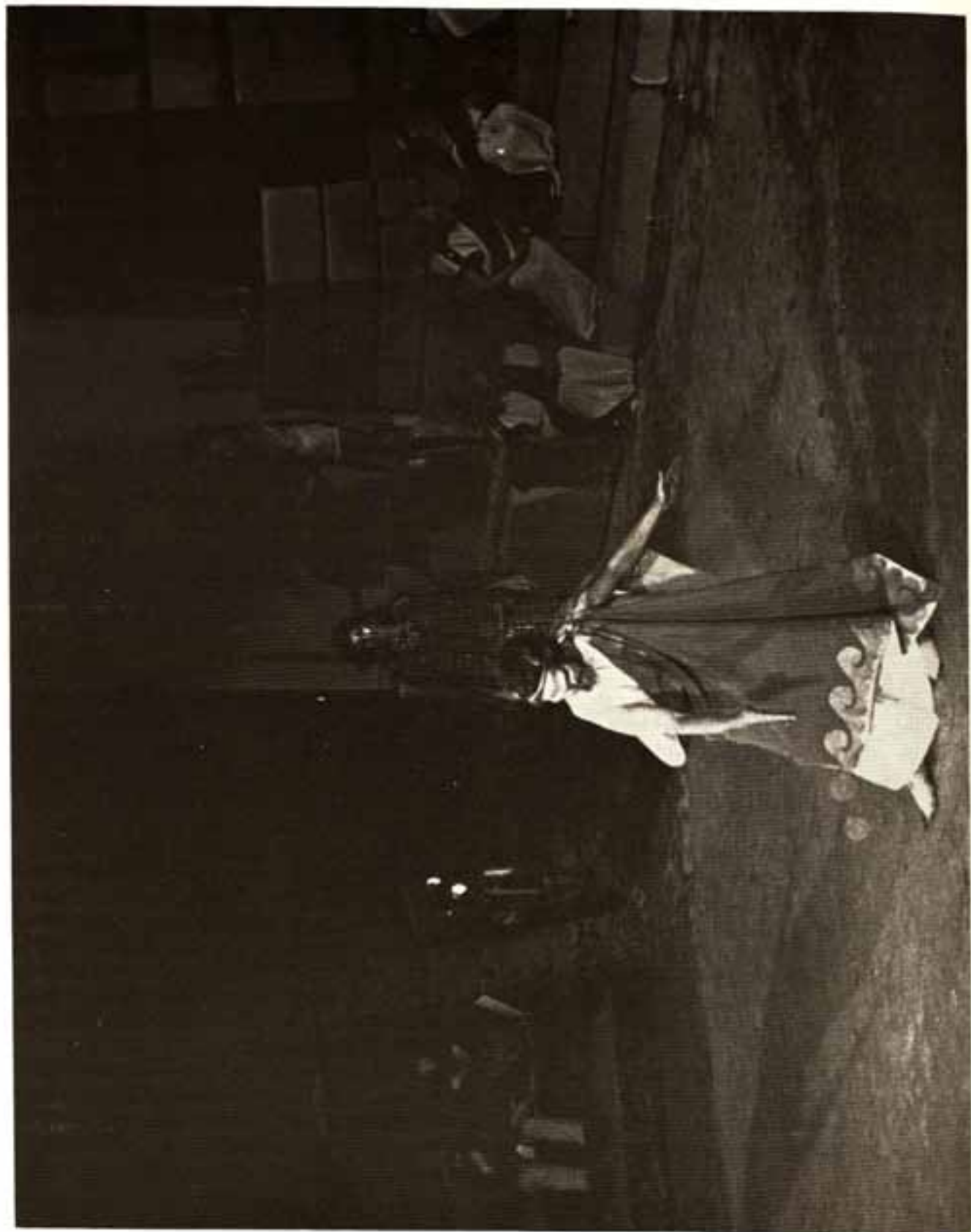
This year's school expedition to Arran proved a great success, and of those drawn from the 4th to the 6th form by the promise of walking, cycling, golf, pony-trekking and sea-fishing, none were disappointed. Although everyone suffered from the Scottish weather and got, to say the least, a little damp, the party enjoyed the whole range of activities along with such attractions as chicken-herding in the scout cabin which was our accommodation. The only problem with the cabin was a distinct shortage of essentials—including beds. Facilities were Spartan, a shower being replaced by a tin bucket and the ever present rainwater. The scouts had, however, generously left vast quantities of porridge oats, of which Messrs. Bridges and Benett took full advantage and from which the rest of the party suffered twice daily. No one ever distinguished clearly the porridge from the scrambled eggs except by the fact that the porridge was best used for waterproof-

ing boots whilst the egg was more successful as an insect repellent.

Since my own experiences were confined to traipsing over countless and indistinguishable misty Arran peaks, I can relate the doings of other groups only through the effects their adventures had upon them. For example, the pony trekkers were easily recognised; eating their dinner standing up and hobbling around. The cyclists, on the other hand, were a more elusive group; as frequently seen loading their cycles onto the minibus roof as actually riding them. Even when he had got his machine onto the open road, Andrew Czechowski appeared wary of committing himself and pushed his bike around the island on the pretext of having a puncture. The golfing elite could be easily identified by the way its members zig-zagged up the homeward hill, talking of pool tables and dart boards, and by the way in which one in particular had trouble crossing the marsh which surrounded the cabin—although arriving at the door covered in mud he had little difficulty in crossing Mr. Marsh!

The success of the expedition was due in no small part to the efforts of Mr. Marsh, not only in his meticulous planning but in accompanying the various groups—showing the pony trekkers how John Wayne would do it, helping the sea fishers to catch our breakfast, and providing "emergency chocolate" in the darker moments of the Holy Island fiasco, when a vast oilskin with a Scottish accent forgot to make his return journey and when an island crofter disproved the myth of Celtic hospitality with obscenities. Thanks are also due to Mrs. Marsh, whose steak and kidney pies provided much-needed relief from Mr. Sljivic's rice and pepper chunks. Mr. Sljivic, (and rabbit-loving friend Helen) also provided the nucleus of the scrabble clique which provided the evening alternative to bog-wading.

Mr. Bridges, who led the mountaineering contingent, must be congratulated on being the first Maths teacher to climb a motorway service station in full fell gear, and also for pulling Mr.





Haywood through what looked like a rabbit burrow under the Witches Step, (although he needed someone to push from the other end too). Mr. Workman—public enemy number one to conservation groups—can be forgiven for polluting the Arran air with his pipe since he proved to be the first man to hold Mr. Haywood to a reasonable pace climbing a mountain, although even he could not prevent him from running most of the way back down. Mr. Haywood's excessive enthusiasm in this field, whilst exhilarating for those who could keep up with him, produced a few aching legs and some laughs, such as when he fell into a river from a swinging rope whilst trying to look good for the cameras.

Finally Mr. Benett's role in the smooth running of the trip was not inconsiderable. As well as leading the slow walkers and geological excursions to such features as Hutton's Unconformity, his vast experience of blisters, porridge, and people who sit cross-legged, and his ability to translate the local tongue were invaluable. Also most welcome was his invariable cry of "how many for cups of tea" after each exhausting but thoroughly enjoyable day.

*Peter Knight*

#### **JOINT TRIP TO SEE "OEDIPUS TYRANNUS" at Bradfield College**

As the coach made its way along the Stratford Road we all gazed despondently out of the windows. We were going to see an open-air play and the driving rain was not a welcome sight.

Oxford: 17.03. We were allowed out into the rain to find somewhere to eat. This ranged from an Olde Englishe Tea Shoppe to a bench on the main road, and some even resorted to the back seat of the coach.

Oxford: 18.10. We left Oxford and the rain behind and headed for Bradfield College. After a few minor detours we found ourselves at the impressive, authentic stone-built Greek

theatre in the college grounds. Black-gowned "young gentlemen" warded us off from the sacred circle with white sticks. After stern warnings from the headmaster not to use umbrellas or flash bulbs the play began.

We huddled together(!) on the cold stone seats and tried to follow the play in our translations. Apart from one incident when the divine powers, obviously displeased at some minor flaw, caused an incense-burner to flare up to the horror of a nearby handmaiden, the production went very smoothly. The Greek was spoken fluently and with conviction, in spite of the fact that some of the actors did not know the language well. The theatre was located in a beautiful wooded hollow and provided an apt enough setting. The essence of the play and the emotions of the characters were transmitted powerfully to the sizeable audience, in spite of the language difficulty. The play built up to a climax as Oedipus appeared, blinded, in his blood-drenched tunic and screaming in pain and emotion.

The contingent was in rather high spirits on the way home and Matthew Kempshall's birthday provided more entertainment for the fourth-formers while his sister's attempts at suicide threw us all into confusion. It required the stern, authoritarian manner of Mr. Tennick to restore some sort of order. We arrived back at the Foundation Office somewhat worn out at 1.00 a.m. on Sunday morning after a very enjoyable and esoteric trip. We would like to take this opportunity to thank all the masters concerned for planning and organising this stimulating trip.

*N. C. Osborne  
A. J. Maund*

## THE NATIONAL YOUTH THEATRE OF GREAT BRITAIN

In the summer of 1978, I was luckily able to spend six weeks in London with the NYT. If anyone is interested in trying to join, they are welcome to see me personally. For my part I had two auditions and interviews, in February and April, and was accepted. The only real qualification for applying is an interest in theatre: no acting talent is really needed, as I discovered when I asked the director, Michael Croft, what he thought of my audition speeches, to which he replied "actually we were more impressed by your rugby playing record". Indeed only about 5% of past members have gone on to become professional actors.

This was reinforced on the first day, when Michael Croft said to the newcomers that he chose some people because he couldn't believe they were so bad. An introductory course in voicework, mime and improvisation followed for ten days. This lasted from about 10.00 to 6.00 each day and was very enjoyable. However in the evenings we were often required to do door duty at the Shaw Theatre, where part of the company were performing Peter Terson's new play "England my own", a satire on the National Front. Of course one evening they chose to attend, but were surprisingly ineffective, only pelting the stage with Polos and smashing a window with a brick. And the 6'6" House Manager managed to lay three of them out before receiving a temporarily stunning blow to the lower abdomen! Then another evening we were visited by the Gay Sweatshop Theatre Company, who had heard of some derogatory references to homosexuals in the play. When the offending incident came, a pretty harmless piece of inside leg measurement by the fascist leader, they stood up and protested. We therefore had to forcibly remove them.

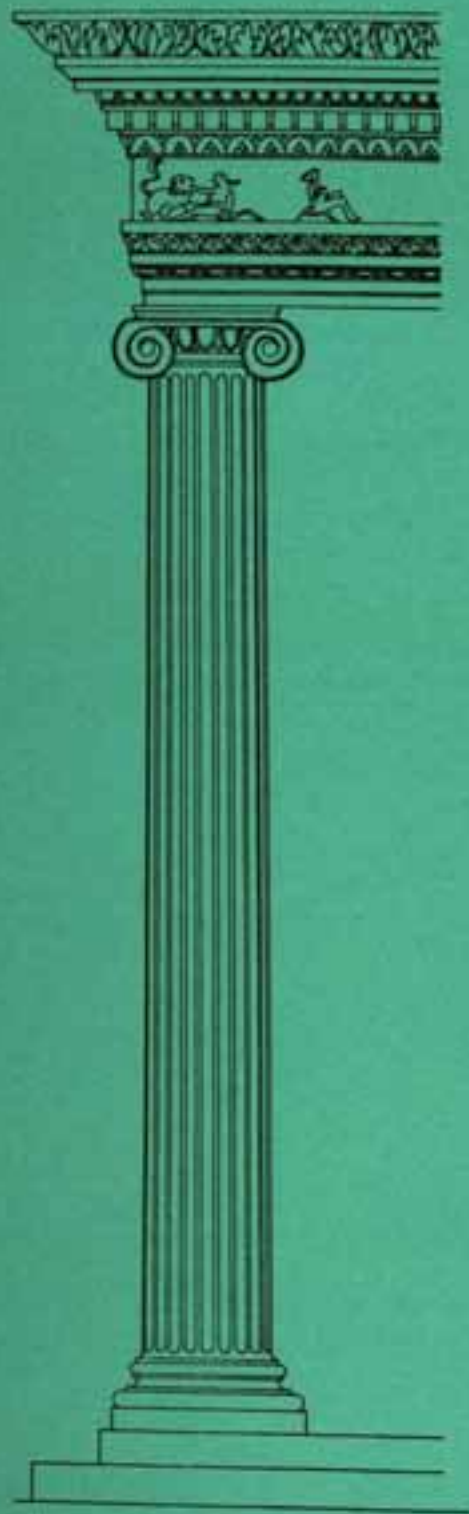
After the starter course, we went into rehearsal for the main production of Julius Caesar, in modern dress. As a first-year, I was

fortunate to get a massive 13 lines. Most newcomers were members of the crowd, police or armies, however everyone seemed to enjoy it. As a speaking character, I even had a fitted costume, a proper dressing room, shared between 12, and a speaker cueing system: there was a certain sensation in hearing "Mr. Curtis, this is your call for the Forum Scene", and going off for your next entrance. We did 26 performances in two and a half weeks: so I came to know the text well. The audiences were mainly schools and therefore required extra ushers to keep quiet. Still, it was fun, especially the lifestyle of providing for yourself. I shared a flat with my cousin, but my hours were so completely different that I rarely saw her.

The experience of working in a professional theatre, with the likelihood of press reviews, meeting many very likeable people, all grouped together with the same interest—putting a show on the road, and having to live on your own in London, all added up to a superb time. My only complaints would be the stinginess of the Council, who offered no grant whatsoever—it is expensive to live in London—and the lack of girls in our production.

*Tim Curtis*





# WORDS & PICTURES









## A GHOST STORY FOR THE 1970's

Sally was waiting at the bus-stop, to Simon's surprise, when he arrived; usually she was late. She looked like a ghost, standing upright in her white coat, amid the damp gloom of the suburban street. As of late, nowadays, she was quiet and uncommunicative. When he reached her they did not kiss; they waited in uncomfortable silence together in the drizzle. The bus came five minutes later. Sally got on first, but as Simon set his foot on the first step he unaccountably slipped back and fell for a moment against the wet pavement. He scrambled up quickly, paid their fares, and joined her on the upper deck.

They were going to the disco. Simon sagged inwardly at the thought. He always felt acutely embarrassed and inhibited there. From the age of eleven, being now sixteen, a year older than Sally, he had maintained that no sane and civilised European should demean himself to the imitation of a savage. He felt amused and at the same time alarmed when he beheld the aboriginal gestures, the Dionysian abandonment, the mesmerised enthusiasm, the bestial excitement that possessed his friends among the green and red flashes and the unbearably magnified pounding of drum and synthesiser. Whenever, in his innermost nature, he experienced any temptation to join the ecstatic throng, the response was always a mixture of contempt, inhibition, and illogical fear: fear for the displacement of his reasonable faculties, fear that, once gone, they might never be re-enthroned. Nevertheless, Simon, though something of a teenage intellectual, was not prudish. His relationship with Sally, for instance, had become very physical three months ago. And Sally enjoyed discos; it was for her sake that he had made this date; she had been depressed and irritable recently. He had not seen her for a week, since the date was made, but she did not appear to have cheered up much in the meantime.

He turned to look at her. There was something mysterious about her this evening. The bus swayed and jolted, the orange lamps flew by its windows on either side; traffic-lights, headlights, brake-lights, neon lights, red, green, gold, blue, violet, white, swung and chugged past in the busily flowing street. The yellow light inside the bus fell on her face—eyes downcast, mouth firmly shut; on her coat, which now seemed blue, rather than white; on her hair—her hair! Not dark blonde as before, but a nondescript brown, like his own.

"Your hair! Have you dyed it?" he asked, but the only answer was a smile and a shake of the head. She was obviously indisposed to be communicative. Simon sat back in puzzlement, feeling the gentle pressure of her shoulder against his. The night, the interior of the bus, Sally herself, had all taken on a dream-like quality; but there she was beside him, tangible, palpable. He palpated her knee, just to be sure. She smiled again, turned to him, looked at him directly for the first time that evening, and seemed about to say something. But the bus stopped with a lurch, they were at the terminus, and Simon was now grappling with the astonishment of a second shock.

They alighted and walked the fifty yards to the disco. Simon stayed silent too, because as she had just looked at him he had clearly seen that her eyes were no longer brown, as they had always been but blue . . . like his. The dream-like quality of the evening was becoming more and more oppressive. They entered the reverberating building, and Simon was conscious of a headache. Sally hung up her coat, Simon his anorak. They went to the bar. He offered her a cigarette, which to his surprise she refused. She ordered a bitter-lemon. Simon dimly remembered her having said several times before that she hated bitter-lemon. What the hell could be going on?







After he had absorbed enough alcohol to take the edge off his reluctance, they went to the floor. No one Simon knew was there, although Sally called to one or two friends, none of whom he recognised. As usual, Sally danced with ease and enjoyment, and Simon shuffled, floundered, making half-hearted movements. The music (if such it could be called, thought Simon wearily, as he had done many times before) roared and beat around them. The irregular lights flickered and glared, red, green, orange. He thought of the traffic-lights. Sally was dancing in front of him; twice, in a stray flash of white light, he caught the brilliant blue of her eyes. At last, however, the disc ended, and he escaped to the urinal. As he went, though, she called after him something so astonishingly dreadful that his mind automatically censored it, did not allow it to be understood by him, and dropped it into his store of subconscious memory. So he returned in comparative calm and sat down at a spare table in the shadows, contemplating the figure of his girl dancing.

But was she his girl? The music blasted on, but now in a clearer rhythm; a deep, cardiac beat was becoming more and more audible amid the cacophony. Simon's mind was suddenly clear again, but he could not understand what he had seen—the changes in her appearance; her quietness; but at the same time her familiarity and nearness to him. This was Sally, beyond doubt, but who, who else was she? The lights died to a constant, red uterine glow. Simon's vision began to dim. A crimson murk was gathering in the room. The air he was breathing seemed to have become hotter, and very thick, almost liquid. Simon tried to get up, but found he could not: his arms and legs were invisible and seemed to have vanished in the darkness. Only the figure of Sally was still clear: the other dancers were disappearing into the murk. And their motion now seemed less backwards and forwards than a gentle floating up and down. The loud, regular beat was now the main sound; the music consisted of slow, quiet pulses and gurglings beneath it. The air was definitely liquid. The room was darker, redder and more confined than ever. But Simon was no longer afraid or even puzzled. All emotion had left him: he simply observed. The dancers, too, were changing. Their heads were larger and they seemed to be growing tails. Only Sally, however, could be seen at all distinctly. Of course, thought Simon briefly, what I always feared is happening—they are reverting to anthropoid apes. But he was wrong. Sally was moving up and down with the rest, though her arms and legs still feebly gestured. Her head was enormous. So were her eyes. Her tail had grown long and thick and was curled under her. She glistened, scarlet. Her middle merged into her tail, wide and creased. Her little arms and legs were folded.

The beat grew quicker. The soft undercurrents and gurglings continued. Simon noticed for the first time that a thick pulsating tube grew out of Sally's stomach and disappeared in the crimson obscurity.

Suddenly there was a stab of blue-white light, like a hideous, intolerable pain. The cardiac beat grew much fainter. Simon felt a violent distress. There was a tearing roar, and successive grinding screams of mutilated fabric. The harsh light grew blinding—a wide aperture opened somewhere—and through it came a gleaming, unbearably brilliant, metallic shape. There was a rush and flurry, and a sour, choking smell, in the fluid air. Amid his sorrow and pity Simon recognised the metallic shape as the end of a pair of surgical forceps. Sally was caught, and gone, as if in a horrible act of rape. The tube from which she had been torn waved, oozing, and collapsed. The blinding aperture closed suddenly.

The roars and grindings grew quieter. The redness was gone; and without any break in his alert consciousness, Simon found himself on the wet pavement again, hearing the noise of the bus's engine. He scrambled up quickly, paid their fares and joined her on the upper deck.



Sitting once again next to Sally, he tried to rationalise what he has seen: his dream or vision. What especially worried him was her now-recalled but still-unremembered parting words to him as he had finished his dance. He paid little attention to what Sally, brown-eyed, white-coated, was saying, slowly, quietly, and with determination. But gradually her words began to come through:

" . . . So by the time I was three weeks overdue, I decided to tell my parents. And I did, and they were very kind. They want to see you, by the way. They sent me to a hospital and everything went O.K. Simon, you're not listening!"

No, Simon was no longer listening; he had heard enough. He was overwhelmed by grief, humiliation and self-contempt. For her words had suddenly brought back remembrance of the parting message of the apparition with whom he had gone to the disco; which now enabled him to perceive that girl's identity:

"Goodbye, Daddy."

*F. J. Dunstan*







### THE ORGAN

Between the arches of the Gothic sky,  
 A cloud transfixed by elemental shafts  
 Which soaring upwards, fountain to the high  
 Celestial vaults, it rests; whatever crafts  
 And labours, difficult heights, or tiny parts  
 Involved its being, are unseen; the whole  
 Presents one finish. In God's praise, the arts  
 Of men, in lead and wood, the sculpted scroll,  
 The polished pipe, transfigured shine; a lane  
 Of dim clerestory sunbeams jewel them;  
 And soon the music starts to fall like rain  
 In glory from the cloudy diadem.

*F. J. Dunstan*

### COMPOSING

Bs and G in a piano chord;  
 Quavers and crotchet in two-four time;  
 An aching back and an itchy bored  
 Arse; repetitive scribbles, frustrated  
 Erasures; the labour of harmony; climb  
 Upstairs to the jakes, then return to the tired  
 Cold keys: how oddly related,  
 All, to produce melody's inspired,  
 Divinely-accepted rainfall.

*F. J. Dunstan*





## TIME'S KNIFE SHAVING THE BONE

She sits all alone in her snug retreat,  
 Dreaming of people she wanted to meet,  
 Knitting in her hearth's warm glow,  
 She thinks of relations long ago,  
 Of those who had left her when in need,  
 And now awaited her will with greed,  
 Her bitter thoughts are soon cut short,  
 Her kettle blows a sharp retort,  
 On matchstick legs she makes the tea,  
 One cup, there'll be no company,  
 Her haggard face with furrows deep,  
 Shows frowns of years and years of weep,  
 The bags of skin draped round her bones,  
 Her cold bleak eyes like polished stones,  
 Another day of grief and hate,  
 How long more does she have to wait,  
 In her snug retreat she sits alone,  
 With time's knife shaving every bone.

*T. M. Whiteway*

## THE WELSH VILLAGE FACTORY

The sun rose o'er the fact-ry at mid morn,  
 F' the smog would go and then would come the dawn.  
 The hooter booms to tell the scattered men  
 It's time to start their tiresome work again.  
 Soon there is a steady stream of workers  
 The men, the boys, the dossers and the shirkers.  
 Some twirls of lethal smoke are in the air,  
 The boss sits in his office, unaware.  
 "Pass the cigars, the sales are up again."  
 "Phone the directors". They're last to tell the Men.  
 The boys, with streaming eyes, are first to go,  
 Next, and coughing wicked, went "Iron Joe".  
 And rows and roars and shouting soon arose  
 And now the boss, upstairs, at last he knows.

The waggon came, and took them all away,  
 The wives were told, the village wept that day.  
 A silence dropped, the time passed slow that night,  
 The Women sobbed, "Oh God, this can't be right".

The sun rose o'er the fact-ry at the dawn  
 There was no smog, and no new day was born.

*J. Gallivan*

## FOR ABSENT FRIENDS

For we who remain, undaunted,  
 Staring lonely at the clock on the wall  
 The timeless days that linger on  
 Will never be repeated,  
 Captured in a fading photograph  
 Trodden in the dust.

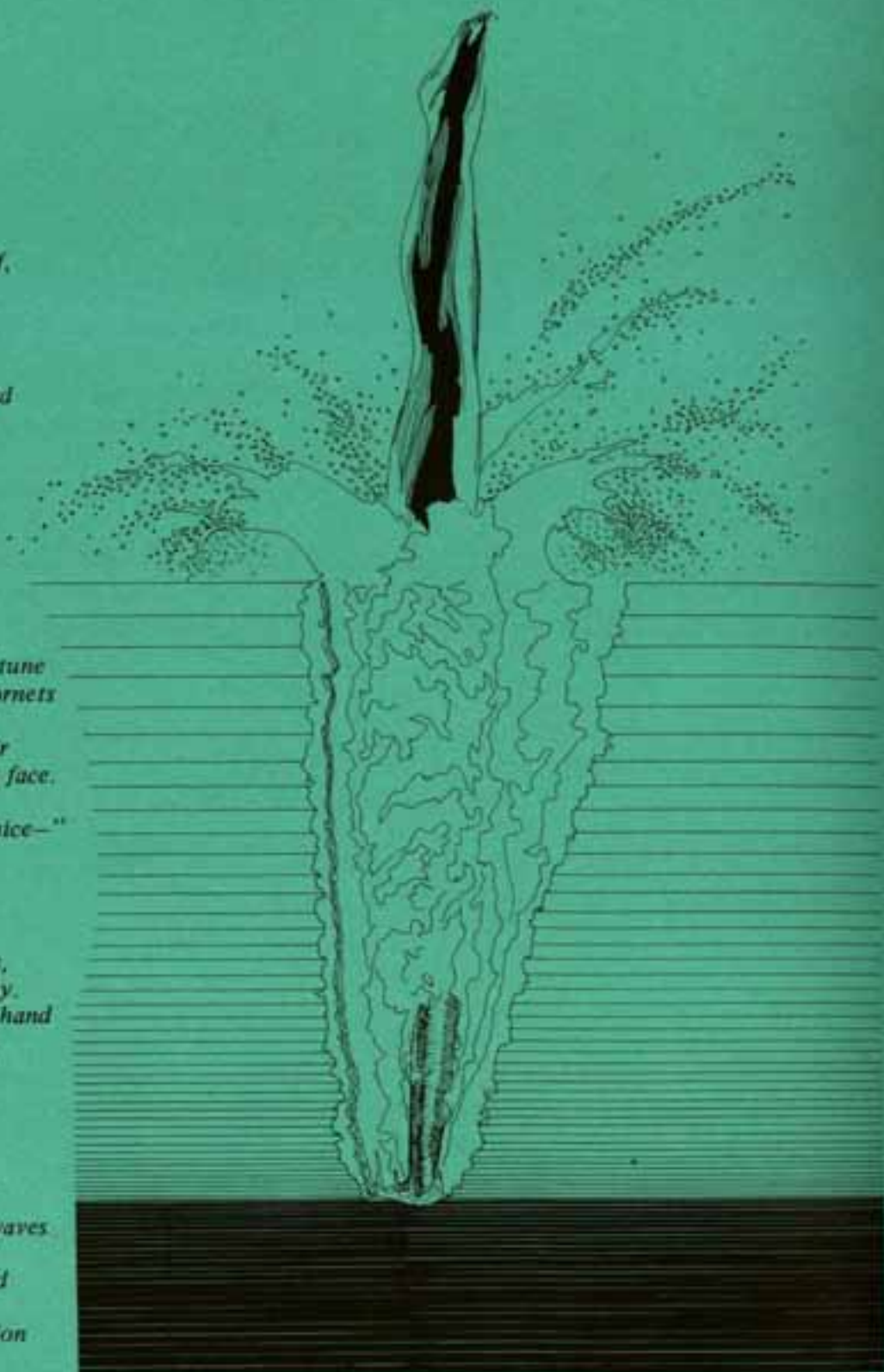
*J. Gallivan*

## SEASIDE SUICIDE

Aunty Nelly  
sits alone  
on her sofa,  
drifting slowly out to sea.  
Tears fall into the water,  
she snivels and sniffs  
(and blows her nose  
on a paper tissue).  
She knits a long white scarf,  
the waves lap at her feet  
and seagulls circle above  
calling harshly.  
Nelly drifts away  
leaving behind miles of sand  
and her umbrella  
(yellow and red)  
shimmering in the haze.

Uncle Jack,  
a fat little man,  
strolls over a dune.  
A KISS ME QUICK hat  
crowns a big red face.  
Whistling a jaunty seaside tune  
as two vanilla-flavoured cornets  
drip in his hands.  
He slumps into a deckchair  
sweat pouring off his jolly face.  
Sighing contentedly—  
"Ah . . . here y'are lass a nice—"  
Struggling to his feet  
he searches the shore.  
Footprints leading  
into the sea.  
Scanning the bright waves,  
he sees something far away.  
He shades his eyes with a hand  
and a dollop of ice-cream  
falls to the sand.

Nelly! he shouts. Nelly!  
He waves his arms  
Nelly. Come back. Nelly.  
Running forward  
his feet splashing in the waves.  
He trips and falls,  
spinning round and round  
round and round—  
caught in a whirling motion  
he swirls through space.





The guide stops. Tourists gather round.  
 He points to the top of the building—  
 "Now then folks. The Empire State consists of one hundred and two storeys.  
 Construction began in 1926 and was completed five years later. It has been  
 estimated that—"

he stops.  
 Something  
 falls from the sky,  
 spinning round  
 growing bigger and bigger.  
 It smashes into the concrete.  
 A crumpled body.  
 The cranium shattered.  
 Blood streaming over the pavement.  
 A woman screams.  
 Uncle Jack lies motionless.

A crowd swarm round.  
 Cameras clicking.  
 A cop forces his way through.  
 Seeing the body. Turning pale.  
 A hand over his mouth.  
 He is gone.  
 Something flutters from the sky.  
 And lands by the body.  
 A cheap straw hat.  
 KISS ME QUICK  
 printed around it  
 on a ribbon.

A churchyard enshrouded in mist.  
 A cold bleak day.  
 A river flows silently by.  
 A minister  
 standing beside a grave.  
 "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."  
 A coffin is lowered into the ground.

On the river, a sofa floats by.  
 Aunty Nelly sitting alone  
 drops her knitting.  
 To watch the funeral  
 with sad eyes.

Guy Perry

A gentle beast tried to live  
Without the necessity to give  
Death and slaughter to all around  
He starved—its remains were never found.

Safety in indifference,  
The majority's approval incurred,  
Deliberated innocence,  
Nothing's ever stirred.

Revolution stultified,  
Stagnation on its way,  
Innovation all descried,  
Now will always stay.

Wombat, wombat in the sky  
How I love to see you fly  
Indulging in your secret dream  
Ending in eternal scream.

*R. Beards*

### A Journey Home

We charge out of school at quarter past four,  
With bags full of homework we could hardly have more.  
The special waits at the top of the drive,  
We hustle around and fight for our lives.  
I squeeze through the door and flash my bus pass,  
Then sit by a man thirty stone in mass.  
Cigarette smoke makes me choke and splutter,  
The filthy floor's like a slimy gutter.  
Condensation drops run down the window,  
Yobs spit 'cause their mentality's so low.  
The bus turns corners, stops at traffic lights,  
Whilst thuds on the roof, suggest fearful fights.  
People depart at various stages,  
My journey seems to go on for ages.  
Now I'm gasping for a breath of fresh air,  
'Cause it's so stuffy like a fox's lair.  
At last we arrive at the terminus,  
The scramble to the door is outrageous.  
Now it's all over I'll give you a tip,  
Don't catch the special, it's a deathly trip.

*Michael Browne*

### "The Sun, Having No Alternative, Shone Down On The Nothing New"

Samuel Beckett

A weary orange disc,  
Constant reminder of days left to endure,  
Labours on its heavy skyward path.  
Having no choice in the matter,  
It broods,  
Over dead dusty-milk bottle chimneys.  
The probing intruder,  
Infiltrates my bare brick apartment,  
Casting shadows of my window bars.  
Sun beams with a frost-bite,  
Caught from the icy floor.  
Stained light stalks the imprisoning shadows,  
The stone cold sundial marks the hours of my existence,  
As a callous sun wends its way across the barren sky.

*M. Banks*



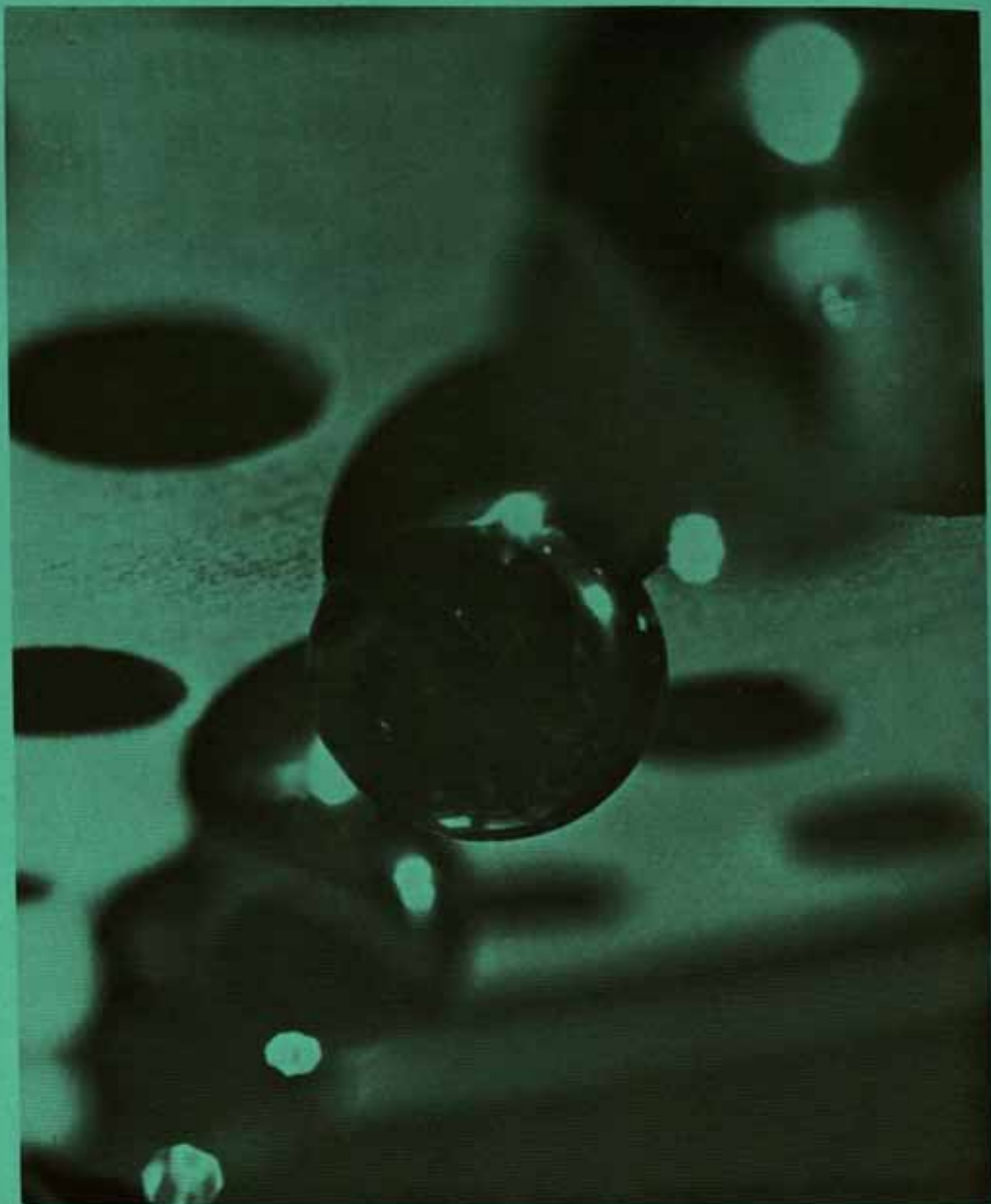


**BELTANE PROPHET**

High on a pterodactyl pinnacle  
Lives a magical man.  
Clad in a spider-web robe, a vision of tomorrow,  
He gazes through barracuda eyes  
At angelic towers and golden stallions,  
And smiles.  
Cascades of light appear before this sultry mage  
As he strolls across the morning dew  
To pay homage to his pagan god.  
Sometimes he gazes up at the sky,  
A portrait of interstellar beauty,  
And weeps.  
Herculean warriors come and go in his mind,  
Merely remnants of a former civilisation.  
Firm in his beliefs and prophecies,  
And contented in his crystal cave,  
He looks down into our lives,  
And smiles.

*Steve Roberts*







## THE BOASTFUL PUPIL

Drucilla Smythe-Smith-Smith-Smythe had just finished her True-Romance magazine, but something was different. These tear inducing stories had often carried her into the wonderland of dream and love but now all that it achieved was a dejected yawn. She dropped the glossy volume to the floor and hauled herself out of bed. This was Dru's birthday but she didn't feel any better for it, in fact, it reflected her dream's end. All twenty-two years of her groaned as she threw a couple of garments on. Gradually she ate her breakfast, no, that's not the right word, she annihilated the unfortunate bacon and eggs. The doorbell clanged merrily and she rose despondently to the door. As the door swung open her heart leapt for joy as her true love, Griswald (commonly known as Grizzy), stood at the door. His fifteen year old Hacker jacket stencched uncontrollably of pig and horse manure.

'Oh that sweet fragrance that I detect, Grizzy,' she said, her voice drifting like a rose on water, 'Is it your new aftershave?'

'Let me take you away from all this,' was his only reply.

'Oh Grizzy,' said Dru, her sweet eyes blemished by a few tears and two litres of eye shadow. 'Oh Dru, oh Dru,' he said, accompanied by the combined strings of the London Philharmonic Second and the Chicago Symphony Orchestras. They edged closer and closer, closer and closer but suddenly the sound of the 12 cylinder acceleration, 0 to 100 in five seconds, 280 m.p.h. maximum speed Lamborghini sounded in Dru's lavish drive. An immaculate figure climbed out of the three foot high car and slammed the silver door. It promptly fell off. He strode up the drive in his vicuna overcoat and silk shirt and pushed Griswald out of the way and held his profile to the light momentarily for Dru to admire.

'Oh Archibald, you came,' Dru crooned.

'Yes. Father's just left me £10,000,000 for a hotel in Tibet. Just wondered if you'd like to come,' he said, glancing down at his 12 digit display, 30 feature L.C.D. alarm wrist-watch.

'Let me have your decision later on today,' he said, and accidentally on purpose implanted his foot in Grizzy's solar plexus.

What a choice faced Dru. Would she go for the simple pleasures in life, and sexual intercourse every other day, or wallow in a loitering contraception and all the other pleasures of an easy life in Tibet. Finally her conscience commanded her choice. Next morning she woke up, drew the curtains . . . . . and saw Tibet.'

*M. Carlish*

## THE MOULDY DISH OF CORNFLAKES

Round the back of the alleys ran the rats. He only had a few hundred yards to go, he could wait, and not run, so he didn't. He knocked on the door of the flat where she lived. She opened the door, and for some reason, they both said 'Hello'. He had never been able to understand this, it seemed to him rather pointless now that the relationship had reached such a state of formality. He nearly fell out with his parents for neglecting to say 'hello'. Perhaps he wasn't normal. He would do anything to make people laugh without reason, he had been a soldier for ten years.

They followed her round the back of the 'Fish and Chip' shop, where the evolutionary regurgitation was surging slowly from the 'trash-cans', and they slipped on the rusty linchpins and the Hippies were trying hard to play 'knockout whist' with an ancient pack of cards, many of which were missing.

Lo! The Star-Led Chiefs came running round from the high rise blocks and the death-tears poured down the drapery stores. They watched her kick a can, a really rusty can, and the pus and the grime which were oozing from the black holes were plastered all over the front doors which weren't even fit to be side-gates. The entire place was like a mouldy dish of cornflakes, forgotten, unwanted, unused, except by the most desperate people you have ever seen. The hard core of the stem was poverty, apathy. But they wouldn't tell, anyone, the Health Department only liked cleaning up clean places, there would be no anti-tetanus injections here. She led them to where the Star-Led Chiefs were once again. She went up to her one room flat, on the eighth hundred floor, killing a frog on the way. Pure Magic! Soon after they'd both said 'hello' the other ones came oozing through the doorway with their sawn-off water pistols, they were only nine years old, his brother, her brother.

'O.K. We've seen you, I'm nobody's fool, and everywhere you've been and we've watched you kissing in the dark alleys. I'm going to tell . . . . .'

*Mark Keen*

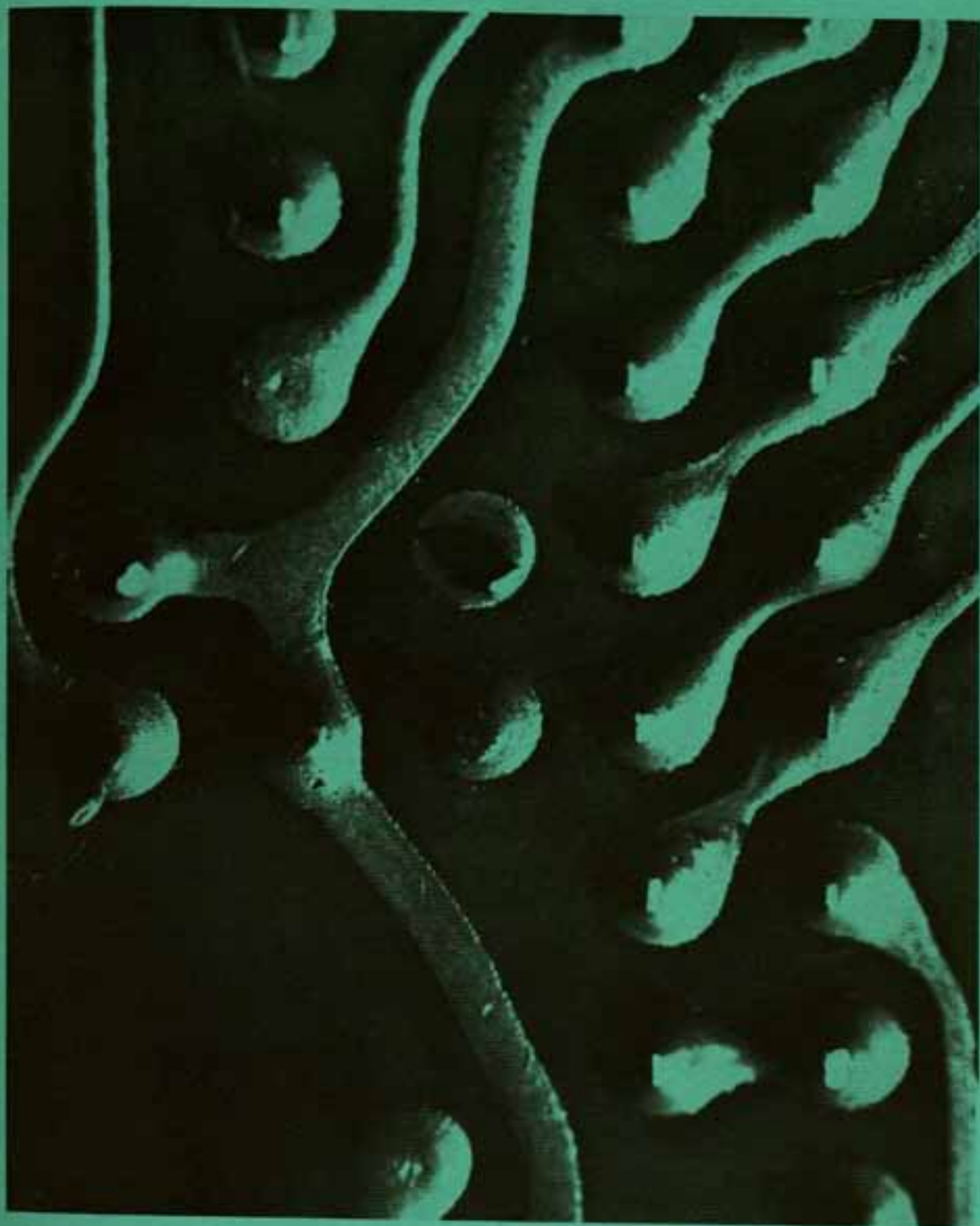
## THE LAST WHALE

Huge and cumbersome yet gentle and shy,  
The last whale searched the sea,  
Looking for loved ones never to behold  
For dead and gone are they.  
Alas he has no family.  
While parting the waves at its behest  
The inevitable predator ploughed on  
To seek out our whale and slay him  
For soap and oil for you and me  
And some young lady's vanity.  
The victim of man's senseless slaughter,  
The gentle giant knows not his fate;  
The harpoon is ready to claim its victim  
To tear through skin and blubber.  
Etc . . . .

*P. Spibey*







## A YEAR

*A Year*

*Perhaps by now, it should have passed,  
Faded into mere, saddened memory,  
But not the overwhelming, dulling sense  
Of loss,  
Of Why?  
Of Ever Again?  
That recurs, remains, and re-destroys  
In waves of doleful remembrance.  
I dream*

*For your smile, a kiss,  
And gently, lovingly reminisce  
On what we were  
And might have been,  
And let the glint, a glance  
Of feigned, childlike hurt and innocence  
Behind your smiling, mischievous eyes  
Come flooding back, to engulf  
My ever-longing, calling, beckoning,  
Yet hopeless heart.*

*A Year—*

*So soon, a painful, tearful anniversary—  
Time's heartless, mechanical reminder.*

*A Year Ago—*

*You died—  
I died, and have been killed  
A thousand times.*

*Robin Jackson*







We thought,  
Being passionate bright young things,  
Tutored in sophistry,  
That open eyes shielded,  
That rationale ruled, sufficed,  
Was a rock  
(For it is petrified)  
But it was never an education,  
Just an intrusion,  
Self-perpetuating pattern,  
Shielding one's light  
Under the bushel of rules,  
Or a thousand seedy alleys,  
Bricked up in your face,  
Grazing foreheads, and all leading  
To the cul-de-sac  
Of being mature  
That is—  
Not naïve  
Or innocent  
Just ashamed to reveal  
What every child grows to fear—  
Himself—if he were true to it,  
If rationale did not obscure  
Or confuse self-indulgence  
With self-expression,  
Known, so the whisper goes,  
As personality,  
A word which we self-uniformed bearers of jeans  
Praise,  
Before entering  
The Civil Service.

*R. Evers*



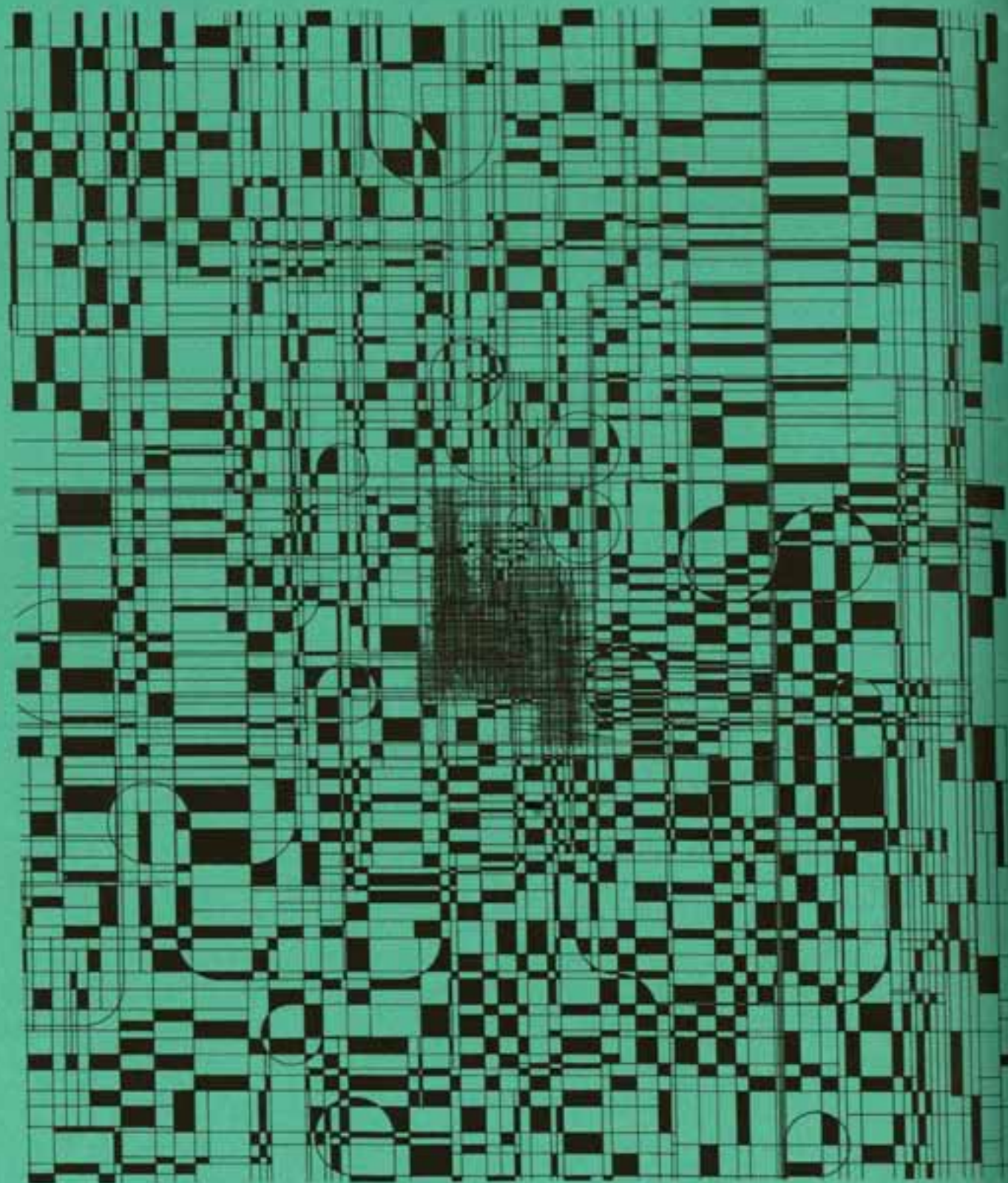
## THE COCKTAIL PARTY

Amidst elegant, leather-backed chairs,  
 Jade elephants on mahogany desks,  
 Burnt out cigarettes  
 And equally burnt out conversations,  
 London's elite mingle in a pseudo-cultured crowd,  
 Full of bonhomie, camaraderie and deceit.  
 Noms de plume fill the air,  
 Suffocating in the stale tobacco smoke  
 That veils chandeliers, oils and imitation Ming vases,  
 Finally resting on hastily secreted copies of "The Times",  
 Pushed under satin cushions.  
 Painted smiles are the order of the day,  
 Only to crack with news of Uncle Sylvester  
 Being mauled to death by a tiger in Burma.  
 Or other trivia.  
 A brandy whirlpool fills a glass  
 Being pivoted by an impeccably scrubbed hand  
 Encased in a freshly-laundered cuff (velvet, naturally).  
 Petits fours disappear between red lips,  
 While petits fives lie asleep upstairs,  
 Unaware of the social highlight taking place beneath them,  
 Only waking up for a kiss from Auntie Polly,  
 Breathing gin fumes like a richly-jewelled dragon.  
 "Dear children," she thinks, stumbling over a discarded stole.

Slowly guests disappear,  
 And after heart-warming farewells  
 And invitations to grouse-shooting parties,  
 They depart down the long, fir-lined drive  
 In a long column of Bentleys.  
 Un convoi des riches.

The house empty, the hostess rests pearl slippers  
 On ebony table,  
 Running well-filed nails through golden locks.  
 A last cigar for the host,  
 Standing by the window overlooking the garden,  
 Thinking about divorce proceedings.  
 And other trivia.  
 And so to bed.

*Steve Roberts*





### LATE EVENING CITY

Night in the city, and the streets are tangerine lit.  
 Lone cars glide over the sandpaper roads on their express routes.  
 And on those routes  
 Bright blazing chip shop dunks the pavement in light and leaves it,  
 Dripping with rays.  
 Blocks of flats stretch up, their landings like zips,  
 While residents' lighting reads like a giant Braille book.  
 And look  
 The pubs, pink lit and brown fail  
 To break the padded envelope of silence,  
 Though busy, bustling and brimming inside.  
 And shoe-box maisonettes sit, obediently  
 In rank and file  
 Each yielding its own crop of silver milk bottles.  
 In town now;  
 The Multi Million Multi Storey Empty Storey car park  
 Grins down like an American snack,  
 And night service buses trundle and skip, past their stops.  
 All is watched by the stars,  
 Spread in the night sky like children in a playground,  
 Quiet.

*J. Gullivan*





## REFLECTIONS

I am a pawn,  
 A grey pawn,  
 Ripped between two towering, institutional oligarchies  
 On life's ghetto-area board.  
 They are the pillars of my past, present existences,  
 My two abodes.

I am a diffusing greyness,  
 With perpetual motion in my shades of grey,  
 As I fall under one king's harsh, one-sided war-hammer,  
 An existence's control bartered for between two rival pillars of life.

I too feel the pressures and traumas of the front line,  
 But I face them alone,  
 For I, alone, am the front line.  
 I am one, not eight, nor eighty.  
 The pillars exist for all mankind, but they are of different architecture for each and every existence.  
 They all have a different relationship at court.

I am the sap roots of the tree,  
 I am the pleb, the serf, the pawn, who provides himself alone to do battle with life.  
 I am forever governed, controlled, by either white or black, blue doesn't get a look in.

And yet in that grey, diffusing chaos, there is somewhere  
 There is somewhere, anywhere, a strand of genetic blue,  
 That signifies me, hidden away, but not totally forgotten,  
 For in that time future, the past and present greyness shall pupate,  
 For the pillars cannot change, they already have, long ago,  
 And out shall emerge a blue king,  
 And I too will be changed, FREE.

*K. E. Macnab*





## THE GENERAL INSPECTION 1979

A warm summer's evening greeted the inspecting officer stepping onto the parade ground with the whole Combined Cadet Force assembled before him. With a resounding crash, the whole parade came to attention, and the Guard of Honour presented arms for the General Salute. Staff Sergeant Owen informed Colonel A. B. Griffiths that the parade was ready for inspection.

To stirring martial music the Inspecting Officer scrutinised the corps. He took his time, showing a genuine interest in each individual, which made all the preparation worthwhile. When the inspection was complete the corps marched off the square and the evening's events began.

Conolly company and the Navy provided the highlight of the inspection with a mock riot, dreamed up and directed by Petty Officer Case. This involved the storming of a British Embassy by radical insurgents, and its successful control by a crack riot squad. Leaders in the riots were picked out and under a screen of dense smoke curtly isolated. However the feeling of the crowd was so venomous that the last resort, that of opening fire, was used. A rioter was 'killed'. The remainder fled in panic leaving the Embassy blazing from a petrol bomb. A naval squad was called in and the fire was quickly extinguished. Having restored order the riot control squad left the Embassy in their transport.

Vyse Platoon provided a well drilled display of fieldcraft and basic battle tactics, on the South Field. As there is sparse cover on the field, this was made more amenable to the imagination by the firing of blank rounds.

A grenade throwing competition was held by Conolly; the naval section held line heaving competitions. Slim Platoon challenged by the naval section held an assault course race carrying stretchers on a home made and designed course. Water and flour were added to provide a vastly amusing display.

The school was particularly privileged as a large number of Officers attended in uniform; a compliment that the school should be proud of. Above all the General Inspection, particularly creditable as it was Commander Benson's first, was a great success and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

*Corporal C. C. B. Roberts*

## ART, DESIGN AND PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBITION 1979

Once again the Art Department displayed its wares at the annual exhibition. This year, the exhibition was, for want of a better phrase, extremely good.

As usual, the photographic 'elements' within the school excelled themselves this year, these 'elements' including J. Andrews, D. Brewer, S. Cooper, A. Miles, R. Salkeld, M. Blythe, S. Chance, K. Hames, N. Osborne and J. Taylor. Tony Miles' pictures of a portrait being created were particularly interesting, demonstrating the differences between the two processes of image-making. The photos of the back of Harborne Bus Garage by J. Andrews and the picture of a decaying Pinocchio on a corrugated iron fence by S. M. Cooper were also impressive.

The remainder of the exhibition was equally good. Mark Kirby's series of models, photos and drawings on the subject of armaments gave a strong impression of the dangerous glamour of militarism. R. G. Prosser's comic-book images were an inventive variation on what is sometimes a staid theme. Freddy Dunstan's abstract was also particularly interesting. This year, people did not generally rely purely on visual tricks or machinations. They tried to, and succeeded in, creating really interesting images. They did not follow the motto 'Safety First' of the bowler-hatted reactionary excellently portrayed by M. Amos. This made the whole exhibition much more interesting.

A further aspect of the exhibition was the excellent work in ceramics and wood.



To further its struggle to bring beauty to King Edward's the Art Department is waging war on two fronts. Firstly, the last year saw the Arts Council Exhibitions on such topics as 'Coalface', 'The Idea of the Village', the work of local artists, Derek Boshier's Computer Art and the work of Sonia Delauney. The next year will see various exhibitions from the Arts Council with subjects including 'Colditz', the work of local artists, the work of Harold Cohen, the work of Homer Sykes and the work of Homer Weston. Secondly, at the time of writing, Freddy Dunstan is producing a full-size mural in the Music School. When the rest of us are mere shadows of the past, Freddy Dunstan's mark upon the world will remain, indelible.

*Tom Canel*

Congratulations to Neil Harvey on his admission to the Royal Academy Schools, London (Fine Art).

## BIRMINGHAM CATHEDRAL

In character and quality, the church of St. Philip and its surroundings have no parallel in the city's history. It was the one 18th century development which managed to keep industry at a distance. Though the contemporary town houses have now all been demolished and the green walks encroached upon, enough remains to give a dignified and worthy setting to this sophisticated and elegant building. It is in fact of far more than local importance. This was Thomas Archer's first big commission, and it is the first English church since St. Paul Covent Garden to be designed by an architect who had seen for himself major continental building. Archer travelled for four years on the continent—from 1689 till 1693. He no doubt knew Rome, and he may even have been to Austria. His style represents an original and entirely personal re-working of what he had seen, and that, of course, also included Wren, Hawksmoor, and Vanbrugh. The result is a most subtle example of the elusive English Baroque.

Archer presented his design in 1709, and the church must have been substantially built by 1715, when it was consecrated, though the tower

was not completed until 1725. The mason was Joseph Pedley of Warwick, and the stone came from quarries at Archer's Warwickshire seat at Umberslade. In plan, the building forms a rectangle with slight projections at East and West ends, formed by chancel and West tower. The north and south aisles extend further than the nave at each end, forming vestries at each side of the chancel, and vestibules containing staircases to the galleries at each side of the tower.

Thus when early in the eighteenth century a church was erected in "Mr. Philip's barley close" it could not have been foreseen that nearly two centuries later it would become the cathedral church of a bishopric. The first attempts to establish Birmingham as a separate ecclesiastical entity were made by Dr. Philpott, the Bishop of Worcester, who found the administration of a closely concentrated and crowded area an intolerable strain. Nothing came of his efforts and in the following year, 1889, he resigned. His successor, Dr. Perown, managed to relieve the situation somewhat by obtaining the creation of a suffragan Bishopric of Coventry under which Birmingham was largely placed. By the time that Dr. Gore became Bishop of Worcester in 1902, Birmingham, with a rapidly developing civic pride, was nursing a hope of diocesan independence.

Charles Gore, a contemplative and a believer in apostolic poverty, applied his great energy and single-mindedness to the creation of the new see. This can be seen in his willingness not only to give up £800 p.a. of the Worcester stipend, but also in his promise to donate £10,000 of his own money towards the cause provided that the £105,000 required for establishing the new see was forthcoming within three years. Such was the response of Birmingham that the minimum was exceeded within twelve months. The assent of Parliament was obtained and Dr. Gore was enthroned as first bishop of Birmingham in St. Philip's on March 2nd 1905. In 1912 Bishop Gore returned to the academic groves of Oxford. Birmingham promptly paid him the almost unheard of compliment of raising a statue to him in his own lifetime. He stands in the churchyard, near the west front, his left hand grasping his crozier, his right hand raised in a last benediction.





## TED HUGHES

(Big School, Thursday 15th March)

*How difficult it is to define just what  
Amounts to monstrosity in that  
Very ordinary appearance . . .*

Famous Poet

Something looking like a weather-beaten pillar of granite took much time and precision in adjusting the lectern as if it was not fitting to support the weight of such mighty words. The granite looked cautiously, even suspiciously, at the microphone, coughed and spoke . . . the microphone did not. But even science cannot steal the fiery poetic thunder of a Yorkshire storm, as we soon found out.

The microphone restored, we saw for the first time the mind behind such works as 'Crow', 'Wodwo' and 'The Hawk in the Rain'. Ted Hughes told us how he had written 'October Dawn' as a result of a dream and much conferring with an American colleague, and as if to confirm his connection with the States, his voice bore a resemblance to a Deep South Texas drawl.

Despite this his unique commanding art over words illusions and emotions would have stirred even the dullest Einstein. Now in full flow, Hughes flooded Big School with 'Wodwo', 'Hawk Roosting', 'View of a Pig', 'Thrushes' and 'Gnat-Psalm'. Then as if to underline how personalised his poetry is and how almost impossible it is for it to be paraphrased, he attempted to tell us what his poem 'Theology' meant. Needless to say no one is any the wiser.

He now strove towards the climax of the session — "the house rang like some fire green goblet in the note that any second would shatter it". It did. Hughes read some of his (as yet unpublished) prose pieces written on his Dartmoor farm. These described his experiences as a sheep farmer, beautifully brash in exposing the true brutality of nature. Distasteful to the squeamish, one would have thought, but they were so poignant that nothing could have expressed more powerfully the true force of nature. Drained of all emotion we applauded this human Pan, the poetic God of nature. He was out of place in a school hall reciting poetry. He belonged to his own world, and yet even in Big School he conveyed his belonging to another world. Here was someone who was at one with nature but not with us.

I cannot help thinking that when he wrote 'Famous Poet' he was writing it about us looking at him:

*'As a stegosaurus, a lumbering obsolete  
Arsenal of gigantic horn and plate  
From a time when half the world still burned, set  
To blink behind bars at the zoo.'*

As he left his platform, I could almost detect the glint in his eye that said,

*'May I still meet my memory in so lonely a place  
Between the streams and red clouds, hearing curlews,  
Hearing the horizons endure.'*



Nigel Alpin





## JOHN WAYNE (1907-1979)

"John Wayne will go on forever," said Louis B. Meyer, and for a while it was beginning to look as though he might. "Retire?" he once said, "Hell, I'm only seventy!" He had been making Westerns for half a century; for twice as long as it took for the Indian wars to be fought and for as long as it took to settle the continent west of Missouri. The Duke was still making Westerns after his contemporaries had been shuffled into character roles and T.V. work—but no longer was he the handsome young romantic lead he had been in the 30's. The hair was almost gone, the gun-belt disappeared into the gut; minus one lung breathing was sometimes so hard that an oxygen mask was kept by his chair while filming. But Duke was still the hero. With that honey-gravel drawl, the cracked grin in his broad granite face, the familiar rolling top-heavy gait and those gnarled leathery sun-spotted old hands, here was a man as rugged as the land he rode. The frontier was gone, but John Wayne remained, like the Statue of Liberty or the Alamo, an American landmark and all that remained to perpetrate the myth. Now that the Duke is gone, the Old West seems a little more distant, and a little less rich.

Through fifty years in motion pictures John Wayne became something more than a star, more even than a legend. The man and the myth fused into one—strong, tall in the saddle, rough and tough, and kind and gentle; the hero of all mythology and the embodiment of the myth of the Old West. As the most celebrated of celluloid shootists Duke the man was respected by all. John Wayne the screen presence represents a self-perpetuating myth which will indeed go on forever, as up there on the silver screen, sixty feet tall and stereophonic, Wayne still assumes his rightful proportions as the essential Western man and ultimate hero.

*P. G. Knight*

## PROJECT RESPOND

Last summer the National Westminster Bank announced a scheme for schools, which they called "Project Respond", designed to "assist in developing pupils' awareness of the environment, social needs and community living within their immediate surroundings and their own ability to resolve problems".

The schools who entered were asked to describe a project in which a team of pupils would be working to meet some needs of the local community. This school sent in an entry which described the Personal Service Group's involvement with the problems of urban deprivation in the Inner Ring areas of Birmingham. This includes the Group's work for the elderly in Balsall Heath, where home visiting and the Club run by Miss Jones help to combat the isolation which old people can feel—especially in an area like Balsall Heath, where facilities are meagre and where the poverty of the environment brings its special problems. At the other end of the age spectrum the Group works with disadvantaged children in Nurseries and Primary Schools in areas of acute social need. Our boys help to provide stimulus for the children in their use of language, in development of physical coordination, and in exploring through play such concepts as size, quantity and spatial relations. These things which are taken for granted in a fortunate home, can be seriously lacking in some immigrant families, or in a family where the parents are either unable or unwilling to give the child the stimulus needed. And where there is this lack, the child is deprived of the foundations which are necessary for future learning.

Clearly, the PSG's work is only a drop in the ocean, but, together with the work of other voluntary and statutory bodies, it does amount to a significant and worthwhile contribution towards the alleviation of these social problems. It is also valuable for the boys involved in it, because it helps them to develop an understanding of such problems and a sense of sharing



in the responsibility for working towards their solution.

In recognition of this the National Westminster Bank has awarded the Group £100 to support and extend its work.

R.W.G.

## PETER JEAVONS ON THE PERSONAL SERVICE GROUP

C. Have you always worked with old people in the P.S.G.?

*P.J. I did a stretch of about three months with some youngsters in Moseley, but "felt the call" of the old people. I found much greater scope for work with them. We feel we are essential to the running of their club, whereas with the kids all we did was play snap and didn't teach them at all. All we were really doing was giving the teachers an hour's break.*

C. What else would the old people do with their time if the club wasn't there?

*P.J. Well, some are so frail or handicapped that this is the only opportunity they get to come out and meet people and, thanks to the minibus, to have a good time. Others just go from one club, bingo hall or coffee morning to another the whole time and this is simply somewhere else to go. It's really a social centre, and a very useful one for the people who can't get out.*

C. Do P.S.G. activities extend beyond the club?

*P.J. There are a lot of other people to see—those who can't get out or don't know about us. But I feel the club, as it stands, is very valuable. You have got to remember, though, that in an area such as Balsall Heath there is a lot to do with those of all ages, not just the old and very young. Some people make the*

*criticism that we don't do anything to help those "in-between", but if you think about it a middle-aged couple might resent us trying to help, and adolescents don't have one particular place they go to where we can volunteer to help. I think it's more the job of social workers and district nurses to help them. The old people have obvious problems like loneliness and lack of physical strength, and so do children who need stimuli and outside interest, but what specific needs or problems do adolescents and middle-aged people have that we are qualified to deal with?*

*As for the old people, we give them somewhere to meet and something to think about—topical quizzes, from the newspapers, are very popular—because most of them are intelligent people. But most important is our providing some kind of social life for them.*

C. How much time do you spend with the Personal Service Group?

*P.J. Every Friday afternoon, (including almost half of those during the holidays), from about 2.00 to 3.15. I'd like to start earlier but I suppose there would be trouble in leaving school, and if you are entertaining spontaneously an hour is about all you can manage.*

C. What activities do you put on for the old people?

*P.J. We give them a cup of tea and a piece of cake when they arrive. This is quite an operation in a cramped kitchen with over eighty people to serve. Then we have light entertainment, which is often spontaneous. Bingo is held every four to five weeks, which is easier for us and very enjoyable for them, as is the community singing. Games, such as "find the key in the handbag", quizzes and funny stories are also popular.*

C. What educational benefits does this contact have?





*P.J. Having to look after and cope with old people who might be unable to walk or communicate easily encourages independence and a sense of doing something practical. Feeling a useful person as well as an academic was quite a revelation to me. However, different people react differently. It made me more aware of what I can and can't do, and what other people want and experience where there would normally be no contact.*

C. Would you like to continue with this sort of work after school?

*P.J. Yes, but I don't know whether I will have the opportunity. It's much easier in school where everything is organised for you.*

C. Just how much involvement is possible for you?

*P.J. Visiting homes is probably best in terms of personal involvement, though I know everyone at the club, at least as acquaintances. And although professional social workers deal with the more complicated cases, P.S.G. gives that extra contact and activity previously limited by time, and still handles some quite difficult cases. This trust makes for more responsibility, and some of us have even been allotted to psychiatric cases.*

C. Peter Jeavons, thank you.

## THE BULLETIN BOARD

Last September a new Friday afternoon activity, ultimately designated "The Bulletin Board" was made open to all boys at K.E.S. and to girls in the upper two years at K.E.H.S. Initially it had been hoped to produce a regular newspaper which would be circulated through both schools, but shortage of finance eventually led to the establishment of two notice boards on which various written and graphic pieces of work of all kinds have appeared.

The interest the idea aroused was considerable, and has found a good deal of concrete expression throughout the year with a large number of pupils not involved in the activity as a Friday afternoon option contributing, whilst a very large percentage of people have regularly read the board's contents, especially when they should have been making their usual enthusiastic attempts to get to lesson on time. Topics of practically all kinds have had an airing, ranging from "alternative publications", to an illustrated "Winnie the Pooh" story, though there have perhaps been too many reviews (two excellent examples of which appear below), with too few discursive or provoking serious articles and far too few letters.

Both staff and pupils owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Martin, whose idea such a scheme was, and through whose energy and support it has become possible to reflect the life, both inside school and out of it, of those involved in the two schools in such a unique degree of depth and with such vigour.

It remains to be seen, of course, whether such momentum can be maintained for a further year—this necessarily depends upon a continuing flow of contributions from all members of the schools—do you hear me scientists?

*R. Evers*

## ERIC CLAPTON WITH MUDDY WATERS

West Bromwich Gala Ballroom 29th November 1978

The bus stank; some lousy guy had written ---- you on the seat in front. I asked the driver where the ducks went in Cannon Hill Park in winter, "where who goes? For Chrissake the ducks, are you drunk?" he yelled at me. He got so damn excited and all, I thought he was going to drive the bus into a lamppost or something. I got off at West Bromwich Gala Ballroom, some nut told me this legendary Muddy Waters guy, who I really liked, was in concert there with the famous Eric Clapton. Anyway, before I got to the ballroom, I started to into this dumpy-looking bar, but two guys came out, drunk as hell, and wanted to know where the Rezillos were. One of them was this pale-looking guy, and he kept breathing his stinking breath in my face while I told him that that concert had been cancelled. I ended up not even going into the bar. I just ended up without a single goddam drink. All the time I kept pretending that the two guys had knifed me. I started clutching my head and groaning. Sometimes I think I'm going insane I really do, one day I'll wake up in a goddam mental hospital, honest I will.

The whole lobby was full. It smelt like a million rotting corpses, like a goddam people's temple. It really did. I was feeling sort of lousy. Depressed and all, I almost wished I was dead. The ballroom looked like a barn, but it was full of people. Mostly students and all. I was the youngest there;—Cut the crap, and get on with the lousy review.

Well this Muddy Waters came on. He was really good; he did 'Hootchie Coochie Man', 'I'm a Man', the lot. He was the one guy I wanted to see in concert, he really was. Muddy plays mostly in sleazy bars in the red-light district of Chicago. He looked a bit out of place on the great big stage with lots of lights, not just red.

I was expecting Clapton to be really lousy. But I enjoyed more than any other set I've seen. The whole goddam band came on wearing West Brom shirts and all. Boy, that was a kill. Anyway after he did an eight minute version of 'Crossroads' this big-shot John Wile came on. What for I'll never know. Clapton supports the Albion. He then did 'Key to the Highway' which was good. With 'Crossroads' I suppose it was the best twenty minutes of live music I've ever heard. When he played 'Layla' all the people stood up and cheered. It was so loud it nearly goddam deafened me. This Clapton bloke played 'Wonderful Tonight', 'Early in the Morning' and 'Double Trouble'. All recent but fine.

Outside it was so cold. Boy, I was shivering like a bastard, and the back of my hair was full of little chunks of ice. I thought I'd get pneumonia and die. I pictured millions of jerks coming to my funeral and all. Then I thought of the whole lousy bunch of them sticking me in a goddam cemetery with my name on a tombstone, and all. Surrounded by dead guys. Anyway I eat my porridge standing up. One of these phoney told Leo, this kid, that standing up to eat porridge "was de rigeur; only cads ate their porridge sitting down."

*David Haslam*

(apologies to Holden Caulfield, who does  
in no way feature in this article)



When Superman is not being Superman he is Clark Kent, bumbling, wet-behind-the-ears young reporter on the Daily Globe. Newcomer Christopher Reeve, realising perhaps that any muscle-bound hunk with a strong, determined-looking face can play Superman, seeks to exploit all the available dramatic possibilities of this ever-so-slightly amusing character, but he is again hampered by the limitations rigidly imposed on Clark Kent by the script-writers. Certainly his relationship with fellow-reporter Lois Lane, alluringly played by Margot Kidder, could have been developed further.

Speculation on what might have been, however is pointless. After establishing Clark Kent and Lois Lane, the film self-consciously nose-dives into the comic-strip fantasy which everyone has come along to participate in. The soaring speed and smoothness of the sky-flight sequences capture your vision, while conversation is reduced to a perfunctory level and makes minimal contribution to the plot, seeking merely to punctuate the action with the occasional witticism, and failing dismally to amuse.

But what the hell? The six-year olds are jumping up and down in excitement! Dad's staring open-mouthed as he gropes for another handful of popcorn! It's all good clean family fun, fun, fun! So throw away your inhibitions and your brains! You have nothing to lose by your money!

THRILL as Superman saves the crippled jet, Air Force 1: "Come in, tower, the President's on board!"

GASP as Superman catches Lois Lane in one hand and a battered helicopter in the other, as they both fall from the roof of a 128 storey skyscraper!

WINCE as hunky Chris Reeve exclaims: "I fight for Truth, Justice and the American way!"  
You'll believe a man can cry.

*Peter Mucklow*

## THE BLACK BOOK

Deep in the bowels of this sacred establishment lies a tome wreathed in cobwebs. It is 'The Black Book', a relic from the days when King Edward's was bathed in the glory of pre-war England.

In the Black Books of yesteryear, the prefects recorded and commented upon the crimes of those naughty boys who had earned impositions. This particular Black Book (there were originally three but one was stolen) covers the period from 1936 to 1943 and, thumbing through its musty pages, one can glimpse at the impish foppiness permeating the school almost half a century ago.

King Edward's enjoyed those crazes reminiscent of the very best Billy Bunter yarns. In early 1937 peashooting and acorn throwing replaced 'rubber band warfare' as the latest craze. They in turn waned in popularity and in 1938 rice-spitting reared its ugly head. This fad involved either simply spitting rice, or as favoured by the more subtle practitioners of the art, launching the missiles through blowpipes of glass tubing. However, rubber band warfare re-surfaced in 1940 but was soon overtaken by water pistols and mud slinging. A typical miscreant was Smith of Rem B who was put in the book for "conducting a campaign against Rem C—throwing clods of earth into Rem C's form room". No matter how valiantly the prefects battled against these crazes, from 1936 to 1943 they were unable to stem the tide.

King Edward's even then had its share of eccentrics. Battersby of Rem C was put in the book in 1936 for "rolling in a corridor", and Betts of the Lower Middle for "tying filthy gym



vests round his head and walking about in front of the school". In 1937 Hains and Shrimpton were found "crawling about the floor of the corridor outside the Tuck Shop". The following year, Drinkwater of Rem B received two sides for "imitating an express train—in the Maths corridor as usual" and Astbury, Figgins and Penny were given four sides each for "endeavouring to empty the bath in the senior pavilion by lying in it and kicking the water out". One person in 1940 was seen "blowing his nose on the floor of the changing room"; the prefect commented—"a disgusting child with a swollen head". In the same year Hodgskin-Brown, a seasoned offender, was seen "waving a flag out of the window. He said it was Empire Day". Rem C throughout this period seemed to breed strange cases. One boy who was "fixing up a booby trap over his form room door", when caught, declared "Can't we have any japes in this school?" Another rogue was young Popple of Shell A, who must be in strong contention for the Most Blatant Crawler Ever award. When given an imposition, he said—"I'm Popple. I like doing essays—I've got two here now that I've done for myself! Thank you for giving it to me for practice!"

The most recurrent crimes during this period included brawling, talking in prayers and caplessness. Shells, Rems and U.M.'s were particularly fond of brawling. Indeed, Wathes of the Lower Middle in the midst of shenanigans was found "using a small boy as a projectile—a common practice among these fellows". Talking in prayers is a crime which sadly remains to this day. In 1937 Mitchell and Reese of Shell B were put in for nattering "like young washer-women". Another child offended a prefect for making an "unnecessary squealing noise in prayers", and another for "singing the vocal refrain from 'The Donkey Serenade'". Even senior boys talked in prayers. Foster of the Upper History Sixth committed the grievous sin of "talking during the singing of the School Song and the National Anthem at the concert—disgraceful". "Sitting On Pipes" was a frequent misdemeanour during the apparently cold winter of 1937. Cowan and Pinner of U.M.B sat on pipes "after being warned fifteen minutes before. They slid gracefully to the floor at my approach but had not sufficient leger-de-derrière". King Edward scholars obviously resented wearing caps but Cosham of C.I.V seemed somewhat attached to his headgear. The prefect committed him for "wearing his cap in a corridor and rude, cheeky answers when corrected—a dapper cheeky young hound who needs taking down a peg". Capless boys provided a varied selection of excuses. Several, when professing ignorance of the location of their cap, were helped by a prefect to find it tucked away in their inner pocket. The more interesting excuses for caplessness number: "It gives me a head-ache"; "A funeral has just gone by" and "I like the wind to blow through my hair".

Cheeky chappies were found in profusion. One such specimen was Whitely of the U.M.'s, put in the book for "repulsive cheek—he called me Tonker". The year 1942 began on a promising note. D. McGowan greeted Molesworth "Hello sausage" and received four sides. London of the Classical U.M. was given a similar imposition for cooing "Toodle-oo, old boy" and "Yo-ho" to a prefect. The most horrible perpetrator of cheek was probably B. West of V.C, caught "sans cravate—to school: an oily little boy with a nasty grin and lots of backchat".

This brand of cheek would not have appealed to certain prefects who seemed a little snobbish if the following is anything to go by. Figures and Checketts of U.M.B, and Bingham of Rem B, made their name in 1940 in a "disgusting display—playing football on the way to school, taking up complete control of the pavement and spasmodically using the road as a pitch. This sort of behaviour causes the name of the school to become mud—council school children do this but know no better—as for these . . . . ." Also, Dalwood who had "played around with sand in the Cloisters and made a disgusting mess", prompted Poole to comment—"this boy strikes me as being a bad egg".



The worst punishment during this period was whipping, though 'fatigues' (see Mr. Cotter's interview) were also favoured. Three strokes were the maximum allowance but they did not always have the desired effect. Ramsey of Shell B, described by Podesta, the School Captain, as a "thoroughly bad character" was granted three strokes for wearing neither cap nor tie. The following day, Podesta made this entry in the Black Book—"This fellow was beaten three times yesterday: he had a bet on with his form to have twenty before Half Term—he won, quite easily. I am told he thoroughly enjoyed the experience".

Perhaps the most famous prefect to emerge from this era is one T. G. Freeman, who ruled from 1937 to 1940. N. V. Hill, an inveterate acorn thrower, was unlucky enough to be caught by T.G.F. Having dispensed an imposition with the iron hand of authority, he quipped—"he will know a lot about acorns at this rate". The eagle-eyed prefect nabbed Wakin of Shell B in 1938 for "walking along the corridor in an unusual and suggestive manner—he seemed terrified when I spoke to him". Also in the same year, T. G. Freeman of the U.C.I.VI was put in the book by T. G. Freeman. The comment—"a nice enough fellow but he had a weak excuse". Hmm.

A campaign by 'artistic' prefects against the Science School began in early 1938. Having booked one member of the U.Sci.VI for talking in prayers, a prefect was moved to comment—"It's about time this low gang of dirty science tykes was cleaned up". The following year, another senior scientist was 'done' for "no cap, no tie, arguing, hiding in lavatory at school ground—a nasty science tyke. I've had dealings with him before". The scientists have hardly changed.

When the harsh realities of war reached King Edward's, the scholars housed therein reacted in an interesting manner. Thornton, a double-agent perhaps, was caught "deliberately making holes in the blackout". Heron of U.M.C was encountered "hiding behind desks when the air raid alarm sounded" and Barson of V.D "staying behind in a form room after an air raid warning. I gave him a chance but he remained there sucking up his milk. He might have been killed by a bomb (so might I)".

Finally, the Black Book contains a chapter on the amorous pursuits of Edwardians of yore. In 1937, Hooley and Fletcher were caught by an unsympathetic prefect "embracing in a corridor (mutual)". Young Andrew, on the other hand, was found "cooing at the little girls next door and would not desist when told to—it was an amusing sight but nevertheless undesirable at such an age". Williams-Walker, capless and accompanying a female to school, was suitably punished. There followed a strange correspondence amongst the prefects about the wench—"Not even a decent woman. (!I beg your pardon!) You are right, I saw her this morning (19.4.43). That's Binkie!" Laughan however was on the right tracks, put into the book for "peering through the Prefects' Room door—think what he might have seen!". 'Normality' prevailed though as MacConnachie was seen "sitting on a bench at the corner of Eastern Road, ogling women from the Y.M.C.A."

The Black Book provides an interesting insight into the more mundane but certainly more appealing aspects of King Edward's. The volume which covers the 1950's seems curiously barren in comparison with the entries from the halcyon years between 1936 and 1943. It is sobering, however, to reflect that the mischief makers, whose illustrious careers we can trace through the Black Book, are probably now either silver-haired gents or dead.

*Guy Perry*



## 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 Lyng) 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 success 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



In fact, that's not entirely accurate: the original rules of the society do include such phrases as 'the closed number of sixteen' and insist rather pompously that the talks given by members be referred to as 'papers', but I honestly don't think that any of us would do it if it wasn't enjoyable as well as, erm, 'stimulating'. Those exluded from our little clique tend to find this difficult to believe, however and this year saw fit to assail us in a series of satirical notices advertising 'The Closed Square' (which were rather funny, annoyingly enough).

Selection of members, therefore, depends as much on whether they are prepared to take the whole business seriously (because it is easy not to) as on whether they have 'an appropriately impressive intelligence quotient', as our budding parodists would have it. Another problem arises in that once members have enthusiastically accepted their election, they often cheerfully forget about the Circle altogether and dispense with the tiresome process of turning up to meetings.

This is a pity, because the meetings rarely fail to be entertaining as well as productive of the warm and unaccustomed cerebral glow which can only come from being a member of an elite. The most successful talks this year have probably been Chris Higgins' genuinely worrying 'The Threat to the Western Democracies' and Freddy Dunstan's powerful argument entitled 'Why I hate "The Sun"' (although he does not appear to have succeeded in persuading many members to give up their early morning salivations over the Cartland Club copy).

It seems unfortunate that so much time has to be spent in defending an institution which has an obvious value, but until erudition becomes fashionable again this will probably be the case. How do you persuade anybody that this sort of thing is, well, fun? Let me just say this: the self-elective nature of the Circle is perhaps unfortunate, and to some extent unavoidable, but next year, anyone who really thinks that they would like to be part of the Closed Circle might try *asking* to join, and the chances are we'd be glad to have them.

Jonathan Coe

Despite the secretaryship of Tom Canel, the Debating Society did not disintegrate. Indeed, even the loss of such legendary figures as Mark Roberts and Monty Steyn was overshadowed by the emergence of the likes of Tim Curtis and Peter Jeavons, who proceeded to raise debating to a more 'urbane' level.

As a result of the tortuous mental efforts of that dubious and shadowy institution known only as 'the Committee', a series of diverse topics were presented for discussion. Subjects ranged from the value of matrimony to the existence of 'Little Green Men', with such topics as the relative value of participation over winning, co-education and the Trade Unions being included on the way. Debates were generally lively and interesting, with a reasonable amount of contributions from the floor.

However, let it never be said that the Debating Society is parochial. External engagements were, if the expression might be excused, 'engaged'. Paul Bridge and Peter Jeavons entered the 'Observer Mace' competition. Tim Curtis and Tom Canel entered the competition at the B.M.I. As a result of corruption and intrigue, neither team won. However, Peter Jeavons and Tim Curtis were especially commended by the judges in their respective competitions. Peter Jeavons received further accolades by winning the Malcolm Lockyer Debating Prize.

What of the future? As the secretaryship of the society passes to the safer hands of Sarah Battman, what can we expect? Tim Curtis' bones are beginning to rot with old age. Peter Jeavons cannot last forever. However, one need not become desolate. New bright eager faces are arising over the horizon. Oil may run out and the S.A.L.T. II agreement may not be ratified, but as long as there is a Debating Society, there is always hope.

Tom Canel



## FILM SOCIETY

Despite my assertion in last year's Society report that 'there will be no failure this time', the Film Society has been hampered by a number of problems, not least the companies' reluctance to send us the films we want when we want them. In fact our entire summer programme collapsed spectacularly, with two of the major attractions ('Blazing Saddles' and 'Easy Rider') proving unavailable.

It takes more than this sort of setback to defeat a man like Mr. Lillywhite, however, and we were still able to fulfil our promise of showing nine films, even if two of them were French musicals which no one except he and Monsieur Bertaux appeared to get very excited about. 'Un Homme et une Femme' was marginally the better of these, since at least it had some spoken dialogue to alleviate the boredom of its watery music and tepid bedroom scenes (for which neither of the participants seemed able to raise much enthusiasm, while the cameraman remained unwilling to afford us a view of anything more interesting than Jean-Louis Trintignant's left shoulder).

Much better than these were two of the Easter term's items, 'Morgan—a Suitable Case for Treatment' and 'They Shoot Horses, Don't They?'. The former was an extraordinary British comedy concerning the broken marriage of an unstable artist, Morgan, and his obsession with gorillas (any of whose parts might well have been excellently played by Arthur Mullard had he not been cast hopelessly out of his depth as Morgan's father). 'They Shoot Horses' centred on a marathon dance competition of the 1930's, depicting the remarkable physical agonies which its entrants were prepared to undergo, and containing an outstanding performance by Gig Young as the heartless promoter, with a breathtaking flair for insincerity and exploiting human misery which only the most accomplished T.V. compere could match nowadays.

An uneven year, then, but not without its highlights, the credit for which must go both

to Mr. Lillywhite for his purposeful leadership, and to Nick Stiff, who has been a uniquely conscientious and energetic secretary.

Jonathan Coe

## JUNIOR HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Junior Historical Society held nine meetings but only two of these were well attended. The theme for the year was "Dictators" and so the first film was about Hitler and attracted a large audience. The second meeting was a balloon debate, which Matthew Banks won speaking on behalf of Hitler! This was also well supported but from then on audiences dwindled to a hard (keen?) core. In desperation Mr. Lillywhite sent people to the meetings to punish them; this had little effect however.

On behalf of the society I would like to thank Christopher Rawlins for his talk about Bismark. I would also like to thank Mr. Lillywhite for organising the meetings. Finally I would like to thank everyone who came regularly to the meetings (who were mainly from U.M.C).

Niall Tebbutt

## SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY

Having spent the last year lovingly polishing the Society into a finely-honed play-reading instrument, it is with some pride that I look back on a time of more or less uninterrupted success. The standard of performance of the nine plays we have read (the first two under the direction of the old committee headed by Gareth Williams) has ranged from competent to excellent; even epithets like *transcendent* and *cathartic* have sometimes been bandied about. Nearly everyone who has attended has enjoyed it, whether as a reader or a listener; and of course Shakespeare, with the occasional seasoning of Marlowe, Middleton or Jonson, is of great educational and spiritual value in any case.



The Secretary's honours, which are in my powers to bestow, I hereby award as follows: to the reading of 'Othello', in which Kate Tipple read Desdemona, Kathy Behean read Emilia, Ian Bond read Iago and I was Othello, the title of, 'most powerful and moving performance of the year'; to 'The Comedy of Errors', in which the girls read the boys' parts and the boys the girls', of 'most unusual and successful comedy reading of the year'; to Mr. Evans, for his Malvolio, Owen Glendower and Autolycus, the accolade of 'best comic reader'; to Rory McKinley, for various one line parts, female impersonations, effeminate kings, etc., the cap and bells of the 'general eccentric'; to Mr. Trott, the mortar-board of 'best-explainer-of-all-the-obscure-words-which-the-Secretary-keeps-putting-into-the-minutes'; to Roxane Spencer, the girls' representative on the committee, to whom we now say goodbye, the mantle of 'hardest-working and most tried committee-member'; and to the Chief Master, for continual encouragement and assistance, our thanks. We meet three times a term, on Friday afternoons, in the Cartland Club. Both sexes are well represented. Readings begin at about 4.30 and go on till 7.30 or 8.00, with a break at the end of Act Three. Food, though this is not the star attraction, (I am), is provided in fairly lavish quantities by Miss Chaffer. If you come to more than one meeting, however, a subscription is required: that is to say Jim Miles, the Treasurer, bluntly orders you to give him 50p for beer; for there is invariably a symposium afterwards (for those who want it) at The Brook.

Previous Secretaries, in these Chronicle reports, have uneasily tried to destroy the image of the society as an intellectual, elitist clique. I now say that if such an image exists I have no real objection to it. We are an elite: we read Shakespeare: it is fun. The harmless mysticism of the titles ('Scrivener', 'Augurer', etc.) we indulge in is part of this. Nevertheless, all members of Divisions, Sixths, Upper Sixths or Lower Sixths are (honestly!) welcome. You

too can be a member of this so-called elite. The KE play reading societies— Shakespeare Society, Anagnostics, Eurodrama— are valuable, venerable and unusual. I have never come across any similar organisations in other schools. They must not be allowed to decline.

*F. J. Dunstan*

## TRANSPORT SOCIETY

The Transport Society has had a year of change. At the beginning of the year it was announced that Mr. Dodd was to take over the responsibility of the society from Mr. Skinner. The followers of the society have grown in number, mainly from the Rems., and the news of trips for air enthusiasts was warmly welcomed.

The year started off with a trip to Didcot (Oxon.) for the Great Western Society open day. The bright summer day was only marred by one incident: Mr. Workman missed the train since British Rail decided not to run his connecting train from Five Ways. Nevertheless, he caught us up eventually.

There was such a rush to the trip to Tinsley Depot, near Sheffield, that a relief excursion had to be organised to Reading to satisfy the irate rail enthusiasts who could not obtain a seat. The Sheffield visit itself was an elaborate affair designed to cater for both rail and bus enthusiasts. Mr. Dewar was to take a small group of the latter to Sheffield, then proceeding to Doncaster. The larger group, under Mr. Dodd and Dr. Homer, were to go to Tinsley and then on to Doncaster to meet Mr. Dewar. However, once again British Rail were on hand to disrupt these carefully laid plans; this time they obliged by allowing the Sheffield-Doncaster diesel unit to fail. The most was made of the situation by making an unscheduled stop at a South Yorkshire 'chippy' for refreshments.

The final trip of the Autumn term was to Heathrow Airport: Mr. Dodd took a party of twelve aviation enthusiasts (by rail!) via London

Transport's brand new melamine-covered station in the heart of the complex.

The Spring term saw a visit to the locomotive depot at Doncaster, and a trip cancelled as a result of the inclement weather. However, at the end of that cold term a successful outing to the Severn Valley Railway took place. The excitement of the day was enhanced when it was announced that a landslide had taken place further up the line. However, the rift was patched, and passengers were treated to the spectacular, if somewhat unnerving, sight of their train meandering over the most unstraight piece of track they had ever seen. On this day also the steam enthusiasts' claims were finally vindicated: returning southwards our 'Western' diesel loco. (whose name and number shall not be revealed) failed and its train had to be towed back to Bewdley by—a steam locomotive.

The Society would like to thank Mr. Dodd, Mr. Dewar, Dr. Homer and Mr. Workman for giving up their own time and arranging and supervising trips. All have been well attended and much enjoyed by those taking part.

*J. Hyett*

*D. N. J. Logue*



## RUGBY

## 1st XV

P 16            W 9            L 7  
Points for 243    Points against 168

This season the XV continued last year's moderate success, winning more matches than it lost. The ability of the side had developed considerably by the end of the season, when the two victories on tour showed a very confident and powerful team.

The early matches of the season did not go well. The main problems were a lack of determination and the failure of most of the team to play to their full potential. The forwards did not show sufficient resolve and were unable to play together as an efficient combination. Throughout the season the backs were reluctant to pass the ball quickly and they suffered from a lack of confidence in their ability. The usual pattern of games was that centres would plough into the opposition, burying the ball and often squandering a good position. Thus the pace of Tim Curtis on the wing and the skill of Matt Allchurch at full back were largely wasted, though Allchurch did make several excellently timed runs joining the line and making valuable breaks.

The game against Ellesmere College was the watershed for the team's problems. The backs were forced to run with what little possession the forwards supplied and, as a result, the wings Entwistle and Curtis made an invaluable contribution. The impressive performance by the backs reduced the defeat to only 8 points to 12.

The pack became far more determined after Ellesmere and it eventually turned into a very efficient unit. Their new-found aggression led to impressive performances against R.G.S. Worcester, Wrekin and Worksop.

On our enjoyable and morale-boosting tour to Devon the matches against Tiverton School and Sidmouth Colts represented displays of all round excellence. During the first half of the game against Tiverton, the whole team passed fluently and made endless runs along the

touchline to score. Tim Curtis was significantly given the first opportunity of the season to exploit his pace on the wing.

The most bitter disappointment of the season, apart from losing to Solihull and Ratcliffe, was the defeat in the Bromsgrove match. The forwards supplied the backs with about eighty per cent possession but this closely fought game resulted in a Bromsgrove win. A further disappointment was that the very bad weather prevented any games from being played in the Easter term. The tour to Devon was postponed until the end of term and shortened by two days.

During the season, the team relied heavily on key players. The back row of Chris John at number eight, and Chris Roberts and Mark Good as flankers was the team's greatest asset. Mark Good in particular played remarkably well throughout the season, winning the ball from seemingly impossible situations. He played for Greater Birmingham at U19 level and for the Edwardian 1st XV. He was noted in the 'Birmingham Post' as a potential first class player. Nick Merriman at scrum half and Alastair Fiskien at centre were also selected for the Greater Birmingham U19 squad whilst Simon Lambert and Tim Bird played for the county U16 side.

The team would like to thank Mr. Everest and Mr. Campbell for the benefit of their wisdom and the sacrifice of their time in coaching and guiding us, and all the other masters who helped senior teams.

*Simon Jones (Secretary)*

## 1st XV players:

Simon Jones, Mike Partridge, Jeremy Platt, John Whitehouse, Tim Bird, Simon Fowler, Paul Daniel, David Haslam, Chris Roberts, Mark Good\*†, Andy Hamer, Martin Heng, William Curry, Chris John, Nick Merriman, Peter Gawthorpe, Simon Lambert, Garry Holloway, Paul Campbell, Alastair Fiskien\*†, Jim Martin, Tim Curtis, Julian Entwistle, Matt Allchurch

\* 1st XV colours    † Blazer Badge





## THE BROMSGROVE MATCH

Bromsgrove 1st XV 15      K.E.S. 1st XV 10

In December last year an era came to an end. For the first time in seven years Bromsgrove won the Siveter Smith Cup. A pall of gloom has descended over King Edward's.

K.E. dominated the early stages of an evenly contested game. The forwards supplied the backs with regular ball but their mercurial talents were only shown in flashes. After twenty minutes, persistent K.E. pressure brought the first try of the afternoon. Lambert gathered the ball from a scrum in front of their posts and spun a long pass to Allchurch who raced over to score. The conversion attempt failed. Bromsgrove came increasingly back into the game. Having missed two fairly easy penalties, their winger scored a try in the corner after fluent three-quarter passing. Bromsgrove took the lead on the stroke of half time; they landed a long penalty which hit the crossbar and flopped over.

Bromsgrove were generally the better team in the second half. As Brian Clough wisely commented on T.V.—“they were on top right from three o'clock”. Nevertheless, the King Edward's pack won enough ball for the backs to win the match. The ineffectual “crash” move was repeated endlessly; seldom did it result in anything more constructive than the ball disappearing under a heap of sweaty bodies. When the ball was eventually passed along the line the backs did look useful but they had left it too late. On the hour, Bromsgrove scored a try under the posts to go 11 - 4 into the lead, and in the final ten minutes they clearly took over control. They made several breaks which tore the K.E. defence to shreds and Simon Lambert made one try-saving tackle. Bromsgrove added to their lead when they scored another try in the corner. The endeavour of the K.E. pack was rewarded in the dying seconds of the match when they scored a push-over try. Holloway converted and the final whistle blew.

There then followed an emotional presentation ceremony. The Bromsgrove captain

received the cup and after a rousing chorus of Oggy Oggy Oggy (an unintelligible but nonetheless a sensitive and moving little number) away they scampered to celebrate in the showers.

King Edward's sorely felt the absence in the midfield of Alastair Fiskien who was sadly ruled out of the game by an ankle injury. His presence would doubtlessly have brought colour to a pretty uninspired performance from the backs. Also unfortunate was the fact that neither of the K.E. place-kickers was on form. Four albeit difficult but kickable penalties were missed, but Bromsgrove displayed equal ineptitude in this department.

Although the blighters lost, the whole team deserves credit for its part in an entertaining and flowing match. Chris John and Mark Good in particular were outstanding. However, Bromsgrove enjoyed the advantage of a home fixture and were continually motivated by a strongly partisan crowd. Any team with this support behind them would be hard to beat. K.E. came close. But the cause was lost, now cold winds blow.

*Guy Perry*

## 2nd XV

P 13      W 3      L 10

This was no ordinary second team. It was a side that suffered the vicissitudes of fate . . . . a team that learned to understand success and failure . . . . a team that was humbled to become great. Led by Phil Champ, that rotund campaigner, the 2nd XV wrote a chapter in the annals of rugby that will long be cherished by those who appreciate the finer points of the game.

At the beginning of the season the team settled down to a run of eight consecutive defeats. Although the playing record may appear a shade unsuccessful, we were in fact unlucky to lose a number of matches. These include the games against Warwick (6 - 52), Denstone (3 - 6), Worksop (3 - 10) and Lawrence Sherrif (6 - 10). However, the germ of greatness had been



planted and under Mr. Campbell's loving care it burst into flower in the ninth match of the season. The elusive first win of the season was finally achieved against a mighty Five Ways side which was humbled 21 - 10. This game marked a new era in second team rugby. The malaise which had been creeping into the team was completely shattered, and the finger of destiny pointed to Mr. Campbell, that most sought-after of coaches. The second team then entered the series of matches that brought them to the brink of legend. (This was momentarily delayed by noble defeats at the hands of Solihull and Kings, Worcester, who were both kept at bay by stubborn defence, an aspect of the game in which we had earlier been proved suicidally incompetent). The Bromsgrove match was upon us and the seconds, confidence abubble, humiliated the titans of Midland rugby in a dour struggle at Eastern Road. Bromsgrove were subjected to fearsome new-look second team pressure, and in the dying moments of the game Mark Worsey, that elusive speedster, ran circles around the Bromsgrove defence with turf-searing sidesteps and dived over to secure a famous 16 - 12 win. The second team was the only senior team to beat Bromsgrove.

Wrekin were our next victims. In perhaps our most complete performance of the season, we disposed of this deluded outfit who had dared to take the field against us. They returned to the wilds of Shropshire soundly trounced 34 - 0 at the home of English rugby.

Temporal turbulations cruelly prevented the 2nd XV from extending its winning streak.

The final match, against the Common Room, drew in the masses to see the team that had long ago become the toast of sporting connoisseurs. The masters—a shocking outfit at the best of times—narrowly defeated us but afterwards their plaudits flowed freely: "The seconds . . . oh, they're a great team," commented one. "A privilege to play them," exuded another. Who but the most churlish of rascals could argue with that?

And so, the final celebration was over. The second team was no more. After hours of carnage and mutilation, gallons of blood, sweat

and tears, their glory was no more than a memory. Before they slip into obscurity, let it be said that from humble beginnings the second team rose to a height never before reached by a school team. They unzipped the zype and brought glamour to the game of Rugby Union. The people responsible are Mr. Campbell and Mr. Benson and I hereby thank them for patience, understanding and cosmic awareness. A team similarly blessed in talent as this 2nd XV is unlikely ever to be seen again at King Edward's, and probably never will be.

Regulars were:

Champ\*, Platt, Whitehouse\*, Baker, Haslam\*, Curry, Perry\*, Hamer, Heng\*, Gawthorpe, Holloway\*, Lambert, Bradbury, Worsey, Martin, Donne, Smith

\* School Colours

The following made guest appearances:

Medcalf, Bird, Benson, Hamley, Fowler, Parlour, Clarke, Mulligan, Wolfe, Hippisley-Cox

*Guy Perry*

I would like to add my thanks to Phil Champ for captaining the team and keeping their spirits up during some bad defeats, and also to Guy Perry for reporting the team's performances to the school with humour and skill.

*J.S.C.*

### 3rd XV

P 13	W 2	L 9	D 2
Points for 78	Points against 274		

The 3rd XV played and survived in a variety of conditions and climates throughout an erratic and inconsistent season. The highlight was undoubtedly the 28 - 6 obliteration of Aston, in which Howard Gregory, Adrian Donne, Richard Benson, Adam Davison and David Lewis all scored brilliant tries. However, a weakened team was massacred 66 - 0 by the Bromsgrove Colts side, in spite of the clandestine aid supplied by a certain Chris Roberts in the second half. Our other victory was against a



coven of Jesuit fanatics from Ratcliff who degenerated into hysteria and violence when losing. We also experienced the novelty of a 0 - 0 draw against Lawrence Sheriff, and one of our best performances was produced in drawing 8 - 8 with a strong Worksop team. We also lost to Wrekin in a blizzard and to Solihull in a fog, but we occasionally produced brilliant snatches of play such as Andrew Farrow's individual try against Ellesmere and Drummond Miles's try against Denstone.

Our other defeats should be attributed to lack of competence and not to lack of spirit or effort, (both of which were copious throughout), and to the need to play badly to avoid any danger of promotion to the 2nd XV, whom we nearly beat in practice. An era came to an end with the departure of Oxbridge stalwarts Mark Anderson, Drummond Miles, Matthew Martin and Howard Gregory from what may prove to be the last 3rd XV ever. Our thanks go to the U15's for constantly lending us their reserves, and Laugharne, Leng and Thompson all gave good accounts of themselves against much larger opposition. Thanks also to Richard Lambert for sacrificing a Fives match to become a sacrifice in the Bromsgrove fixture, and to our fairy-godmother Robin Jackson for his triumphant return to play Worcester.

Finally, thanks yet again to Messrs. Buttress and Martin for the time they gave to organisation, coaching and refereeing, and thanks to all those who played and contributed to an enjoyable season.

*David Lewis*

#### Regular players:

H. Gregory, A. Farrow, A. Davison, D. Parlour, M. Martin, R. Laurence, P. Clarke, R. Baker, D. Miles, C. Hamley, J. Taylor, T. Boden, M. Anderson, A. Wolfe, G. Carr, A. Donne, R. Benson, S. Medcalf, B. Mulligan, Q. Davies, C. Gelling

#### U15 XV

P 16	W 13	L 3
Points for	Points against 106	

After a hesitant start with a 22 - 13 victory over Warwick, the points total soared as high scores were recorded against Denstone (44 - 0), Ellesmere (64 - 7), Worksop (40 - 4), Ratcliffe (36 - 0) and R.G.S. Worcester (32 - 4).

Despite an encouraging start in the first match after half term against Solihull, unbeaten in four years and possibly the best team in the country, we eventually lost 4 - 24. However the rest of the term's matches were won, culminating in a crushing 44 - 0 victory over Moseley G.S.; that put the side into the quarter finals of the Greater Birmingham Schools Knockout Competition.

The next five matches of the Spring term were all cancelled owing to the atrocious weather, and the tour to South Wales was postponed. The next match was against Yardley who were beaten 34 - 0. The team then met Shenley Court in the semi-finals of the knockout competition, on an icy stamp-sized pitch, winning 16 - 4.

The weekend before the end of term, two matches were played on tour in South Wales, the third being cancelled. The team lost to a huge Barry side riddled with Welsh trialists and aided by the referee. We then convincingly beat Gowerton (finalists of the Swansea Cup Competition) 33 - 10. The following Monday evening we played K.E. Camp Hill at the Reddings in the Greater Birmingham Cup Final. Our exhausted team gave an open fluid performance in front of the opposition's large, enthusiastic crowd, but we unfortunately lost 7 points to 6.

A squad of ten also played in an U15 sevens competition at Macclesfield along with nine of the country's top school teams.

Finally the team's thanks go to Mr. Slijovic for many hours of hard work put in training (even exercising alongside!) and in organising the various events, such as a meat pie supper in South Wales which he managed to

persuade an ex-girlfriend to cook! Thanks also to Mr. Mitra for his welcome support, and for his presence on tour which greatly added to the excitement of the occasion.

*P. Smith*

Regular players for the team were:

Greenbank, Pike, Goodson, Thompson, Johnson, Sumner, Leng, Denny, Swani, Smith, Ingham, Gibbs (capt.), Prosser, Sheehy (vice-capt.), Hayward, Griesbach, Webb, Cooper, Laugharne

## U15 RUGBY TOUR

The worst winter in twelve years took its toll by the postponement of the U15 rugby tour to South Wales, when icy roads halted any half term efforts. Nevertheless, four weeks later a squad managed to make it even though the weather was determined to stop the visit. On Friday March 19th at four o'clock we arrived at Barry Comprehensive School and just half an hour later the match had started. First thoughts about our first match were not very optimistic; a long and cramped journey had just been completed and the opposition were far heavier. However, for the first fifteen minutes the sides seemed very equal; Barry's brute force overcame the better tackling, kicking and tactical play from K.E. After a quarter of an hour Barry found their first overlap and took advantage of it with a goal. A penalty was converted by Gibbs but Barry returned with another try. At half-time the home team led 10 - 7. In the second half they had the slope and what little wind there was and they pushed along their score to 29. Our moment of glory came just a few minutes after half-time; a piercing thirty yard sprint brought Webb his first try of the tour. It was agreed that after a rest we could field a full strength and fit side the following day.

The youth hostel at St. Athan was to say the least low grade—sandpaper blankets and heating (when the sun shone!) exemplified its backwardness, but all this was forgotten when spaghetti a la Sljivic lined our stomachs.

The next morning, after a three mile detour in the minibus to see the end of the M4, we reached Gowerton School where a team better than Barry was said to be found. Gowerton, the finalists of the Swansea Cup, were only a touch smaller than Barry but they were nowhere as good. The match was very much easier than expected. Sheehy put us 3 - nil into the lead after a skilful drop-goal in strong winds. Although Gowerton tried hard their efforts were to no avail. The K.E. pack dominated the game and Johnson, Smith, Greenbank, Thompson and Gibbs were outstanding. Johnson was rewarded with two tries for his service, and Sheehy scored after a superb solo effort. Webb scored two tries and after a perfectly timed move, Laugharne found an overlap and added a further four points. Two conversions brought the final score to 31 - 10: a great performance. The tackling and passing was again encouraging with Prosser, Cooper, Hayward and Griesbach playing especially well.

The rest of the tour ran very smoothly even though the third fixture against Swansea Schools had to be cancelled because of rain. We saw a "professional" match on Saturday afternoon between Neath and Llanelli in which Gravell, Ringer and Quinell were involved.

The weekend was very well organised and we were allowed quite an amount of freedom. All had a good time—our thanks to Mr. Sljivic and Mr. Mitra for this. The tour finished with a visit to the Swansea Leisure Centre for swimming and table-tennis. This and a raid on a village sweetshop (when we remembered it was Mother's Day) rounded off three hectic but enjoyable days.

*A. Jenny*





## BASKETBALL

In last year's Chronicle Andrew Tobias said, "All the signs are clearly visible for another era of strength in school basketball which may well become legendary". This last year has seen the fruition of those well-founded beliefs. In a year in which we mastered practically all of the secondary schools and sixth-form colleges in the Birmingham area it is easy to become immersed in the bulky statistics which inevitably accompany such a season of high-points scoring and achievement. It has to be said, though, that the team did score 2001 points in the 28 games which were played (of which only 6 were lost), that Paul Daniell scored 407 of them, Chris Jenkins 338 and Roger Ashton 324.

The greatest achievement of the side was a run in the National Knock-Out. Owing to the defeat in the first round to Broadway we joined about another 150 schools in the English Schools Plate Competition. After defeating a school from Nottingham, and a very confident and successful school from Newcastle, we reached the final. Even in the era of Shuttleworth, Watson, et al., this had never before been done. The final was a two-legged affair against Strodes School, Surrey. The first leg was a disaster; besotted with nerves, two key players were sent off after only six or seven minutes of the game and try as they could the virtual second five that remained were no match for the opposition. We lost 36 - 73. Having suffered this crushing defeat it was almost impossible to win overall but we still could regain our pride by winning the home leg. So in front of a sizeable crowd we defeated them 65 - 54. Unfortunately we played our Birmingham League Semi-Final a mere three days later and subsequently lost that as well. The season thus ended with the proverbial 'whimper' and not the desired 'bang'.

All in all, though, it was a very enjoyable and successful season. Most of all it was a deserved success, for the time and effort put in by the players, Chris Owen (the captain) and by Mr. Birch. For much of the season Messrs. Jenkins, Ashton and Bull were virtually living in

the gym. Robert Troman, Richard Parlour and Matt Sheehan all played with enthusiasm and skill, and gave great support to the rest of the team. Paul Daniell, Bill Curry and David Haslam found that as well as basketball being an excellent ally to rugby it is also an enjoyable and rewarding game in its own right. Although we unfortunately lose our excellent player and captain, Chris Owen, he is the only member of the squad leaving. This points to perhaps an even greater season next year.

The Junior team, captained by Matthew Pike, unfortunately couldn't emulate the Seniors' performance. Nevertheless they played with enthusiasm and energy. Pike and Gibbs were the top two scorers for them, and they do possess promising talent in the person of Leng. Martin, Thompson and Johnson were all useful players, backed up by Chrimes, Hickman, Ingham, and Perrins, as well as Grant, an Upper Middle. Success at basketball at K.E.S. traditionally runs in cycles and no doubt their time will come.

The U14 team won six of their ten games. The main contributions came from the two top scorers Bishop (the captain) and Wolffe, and Chrimes.

A few more words must be said of Mr. Birch, whose infectious enthusiasm, great tactical expertise and dedication to basketball, cannot be overstated as a contribution to the Senior team's success. Thanks must also go to Mr. Stead for his encouragement and help, especially at U14 level, to Mr. Cotter for his support and to Jeremy Platt for scoring for the team.

*David Haslam*

## CROSS-COUNTRY

For many people cross-country running has little attraction. It appears as a painful and frustrating waste of time; who would sensibly devote his time to running for several miles along grimy suburban streets, across sodden fields and through waist-deep streams? For the



few, however, running exerts a fascinating and romantic appeal. Certainly, there are many disappointing moments. Yet, in contrast, there are others of a profound and inner satisfaction. The feeling of running smoothly and quickly for long and short periods is exhilarating to a point which is incomprehensible to those who have not experienced it.

I must however refrain from waxing long on the metaphysical attractions of my sport and return to the reality of the cross-country season 1978-9. The team had successes and failures. We failed to win the Birmingham and District league and the Kings Norton relay; we were second in both. But we regained the Birmetals Championship lost the previous season and won the Kings Norton Championship proper.

The team consisted of eight robust and stout-hearted runners. An initial attempt by the captain to institute a programme of regular training predictably failed to catch on; it is never as attractive to plod through the darkness and rain of Selly Oak on a cold December evening as to bound carelessly through Sutton Park in the late evening sunshine of September. Despite this, the season began well; by the end of December we had been defeated only once. In addition, Graham Dunn and Martin Sawyer, counteracting the effects of fog, snow and alcohol recorded good positions in the West Midlands Inter-Area races.

The Easter term was less satisfying. The team was hit by both illness and the weather. Snow and ice provided many with the excuse, if they needed it, for training even less than usual. The cancellation of all football during January and February further meant that Mark Weaver, who had previously subsisted on this meagre but apparently sufficient fare, slumped to an almost unbelievable level of decrepitude. Geoff Pritchatt, commendably, continued to run with determination. David Stephens produced some excellent performances in conditions which he apparently found to his liking.

I would like to express my sincere thanks to Mr. Workman for his stalwart support and work for the team, and to congratulate David

Rawlins on his meteoric progress. I must add only one thing. The school possesses a wealth of potential talent in this field, but it will not be fully realised unless those concerned are willing to train consistently and sensibly.

*P. N. Edwards*

## ETON FIVES

The fives team has had a somewhat disappointing season in view of the fact that the side has been at its strongest for many years. The record against schools is: played 13, won 8, lost 5; and against Old Boys' sides: played 5, won 2, lost 3. While this is an improvement on last year, there were several matches lost that should have been won. However, there were fine wins against Shrewsbury and Stowe schools, and the Old Edwardians and the Old Citizens Old Boys' Clubs.

For the first time in recent history, Harrow brought a side to play the school. Unfortunately, through injuries, we were unable to raise our strongest side and endeavour could not make up for lack of skill: the match was lost 3-0.

The first pair for the school this year was R. J. Lambert and P. J. Campbell. Very much injury prone throughout the season, their chances of playing together as a pair for any length of time were limited and they failed to realise their full potential. However, they were beaten by only two school sides in the season, City of London and Wolverhampton. The second pair was C. N. Newsome and C. K. Friend. Although at times inconsistent, they ably backed up the first pair and had some notable victories. Other players deserving mention include the U16 pair, O. J. Zacharewicz and T. G. Haslam, who worked hard at their game and played some fine fives, and C. H. Dalton, who has improved tremendously throughout the course of the season—one player who has benefited more than most from the Edwardian Colts team set up to coach young players.

There were four main events in the fives



calendar during the year: the London tour, the Midland Competition, the Public Schools' Competition and the Kinnaird Competition. At Christmas, the first two pairs were taken to London. They played three matches in two days, beating the Old Citizens, but losing to City of London School and the Old Cholmelians.

The Midland Competition, held at the school in early January, proved unexpectedly successful for the school players. R. J. Lambert, partnered by a K.E. Camp Hill school boy, won the Plate, winning the final 3 - 2 after being 2 - 0 down, and C. N. Newsome and C. K. Friend provided the shock of the tournament by beating the eighth seeds 3 - 2, again after being 2 - 0 down. They were the only non-seeded side in the competition to beat a seed. This was a splendid victory, much appreciated by the large crowd that had gathered at the back of the court to see the upset.

The Public Schools' Eton Fives Competition, held in Eton at the end of March, was not the success it was hoped it would be for us. R. J. Lambert and P. J. Campbell, unjustly unseeded, reached the quarter-finals, where they went out to the very strong City of London pair, the eventual winners. Although they lost in three close sets, City of London were never under as much pressure in the rest of the competition as they had been against the K.E. pair. C. N. Newsome and C. K. Friend went out in the second round to the third seeds, Highgate. In the U16 Competition, O. J. Zacharewicz and T. G. Haslam, seeded low at 4, reached the semi-final and lost 3 - 1 to the very competent Wolverhampton first pair. They were the only pair to take a set off the Wolverhampton pair and had previously beaten the other finalists, Shrewsbury, during the season. The U14 Competition again provided experience, as all but one of our players was under 13 and will be able to play in the Competition next year, where they should do better with a little more experience.

The Kinnaird Competition—the British Championship—proved a success for the school players. Partnered by an Old Edwardian, R. J.

Lambert reached the quarter-finals—the first K.E. schoolboy to do so—before going out to the Old Cholmelian third seeds. P. J. Campbell and C. K. Friend played very well to reach the final of the Plate where they lost 3 - 2 to a strong Old Ipswichian pair, after being 2 - 0 up.

On the domestic front, the Handicap Fives competitions were again held. The Minor Competition was won by R. C. Tyler and A. C. D. Crossley who beat A. P. Buxton and M. C. MacGeoch. The Junior Competition was won by M. R. Pugh and D. K. Hames who beat S. J. Tinley and R. Prvulovich 12 - 4, 12 - 2. For the third successive year, R. J. Lambert, partnered for the second time by G. J. Sutton, won the Derek Hill Challenge Cup for Senior fives, beating N. J. Perry and T. G. Haslam, 12 - 5, 12 - 6, 9 - 12, 13 - 10, in the final.

During the year, a Blazer Badge was awarded to R. J. Lambert and half-colours to C. N. Newsome and C. K. Friend.

My best wishes go to the incoming Captain P. J. Campbell, and I hope he enjoys the full support and co-operation which I received from the team.

Finally, my thanks to the Master-in-Charge, George Worthington, for all the help and encouragement he has give to me over the years.

*R. J. Lambert*

## SAILING

This year the sailing team's quota of matches increased by 100 per cent—from one to two. The record for the season reads: sailed two, won one, lost one. The remarkable win, by three races to nil, was unprecedented in the sailing team's history. Prior to this, even winning a race had been a pretty rare event.

The first match took place in June at Barnt Green Sailing Club against Bromsgrove School, whom we had not raced before. Since it would have been unfair for us to sail in our vastly superior craft, we were forced to sail in their incredibly badly-maintained Fireflies. In



the first race, which was sailed in a fairly strong breeze, our main moment of satisfaction came when one of their boats capsized. Unfortunately their other two boats took first and second places, and on the scoring system used in racing, a first and second was enough to give them the race. In the second race David Chadwick's boat capsized (he was sailing the same one which capsized in the first race) and Andrew Downing's boat began filling up with water after he lost the tape which was covering a hole in the bottom. We finished first and fifth, Chadwick retiring, and this was hardly good enough to beat their positions of second, third and fourth.

The week after this infamous defeat, we sailed on the River Avon against Malvern. We didn't start too convincingly, coming first, fourth and sixth in the first race. They finished second, third and fifth and this would normally have been good enough to win, but David Chadwick had the brilliant idea of protesting that one of their boats had broken the rules. His protest was successful and we thus won the first race (it transpired during the hearing that Mr. McIlwaine had seen a completely different incident, not the one which the protest was about: but no one could be bothered to go over it again so we embarked on the second race). Pickworth (although he professes innocence) was lucky to escape a protest here, but our positions of first, third and fourth secured us a second win. We then won the third race, coming first, second and fifth. Andrew Downing distinguished himself by knocking a piece out of another boat, and the damage was comparable to that incurred when a barge hit one of their boats!

Our thanks are due to Mr. McIlwaine who supplied transport and tactfully forgot to volunteer his opinion about the non-protest, although he was firmly convinced that his own team member was in the wrong. After the Malvern match he was actually heard to drive away singing "We are the champions".

*Michael Pickworth*

## THE WALKING OPTION

If by chance you should find yourself on the Clent Hills or some such spot on a Wednesday afternoon, you might be fortunate enough to be a witness to the following impressive sight: striding manfully over the ridges, sporting a red anorak which billows attractively in the wind, the ruggedness of his face transformed for a while into an expression of delicate, almost poetic, enjoyment, comes an imposing figure. It is Mr. Tibbott. Observe the awe which his masterful demeanour inspires in the onlookers (two starlings and a dog), and try to keep your binoculars from shaking as you watch the remorseless advance of his almost military stride.

Now cast your eyes some hundred yards to the rear of this striking apparition, and you will catch sight, I suspect, of a scarcely-moving gaggle of shabbily dressed youths, engaging in idle conversations and being carefully circumnavigated by the elderly passers-by. This is the K.E.S. Walking Option, as torpid and otiose a body of young men as you could ever hope to come across.

Although we have invariably enjoyed our weekly excursions, it has been in vain that Mr. Tibbott attempted to convince us of the pleasures of the energetic and zestful brand of walking of which he is an exponent. To match his own powerful stride all we have been able to manage is a kind of lethargic mince, and throughout the year increasing alarm has been expressed as walks began to get longer and more strenuous, degenerating on at least two occasions into protracted and not very amusing games of 'Hunt the Minibus'.

Nor, I'm afraid, has our deficiency in this respect been compensated for by any of the mental stimulus which such exercise might have provided. The cultural tone of the walks was set in the first week when one of the members, on coming to a set of steps over a fence, exclaimed, "Let's go over this one 'in stile'," a remark which was justly rewarded by a concerted attack from his companions which could easily have resulted in serious damage to all



manner of critical parts of the body. Since then, my hopes that the Walking Option might prove a breeding ground for intellectual disputation of the highest order have remained unfulfilled; instead, members have been content with puerile jibes and achingly feeble puns or sometimes, at more energetic moments, with pelting each other with raspberries, acorns and less tasteful projectiles collected along the way.

On most Wednesdays, the Option begins to gather at about 1.45, assembling in a rather unsightly heap somewhere near the main entrance. Mr. Tibbott himself then arrives, usually to say something reassuring like "Only a short one this week, lads," while hastily pocketing a box of flares and giving Andy Spragg a large carton labelled 'Emergency Rations' to be carried into the minibus. At this point at least half of the party have second thoughts and excuses of long-forgotten dental appointments, academic commitments and physical ailments are produced and credulously accepted.

Once we have arrived at our destination, however, and Mr. Tibbott has disappeared over the horizon at an unreasonably athletic pace, the other members, finding themselves unsupervised and out of school uniform, immediately revert to a mental age of about seven and seize upon conkers, bystanders, pointed sticks or anything else which might provide a few hours' harmless amusement. Sometimes, if we are accidentally allowed to catch up with Mr. Tibbott, he might attempt to make some stirring comment, such as "Don't you find that view moving?", and we will dutifully spend a few minutes contemplating the selection of gas works, sewage farms and abattoirs to which he is directing our attention before returning to the game of tug o' war we had been enjoying, using an old man who had been carelessly left sitting on a nearby bench.

But perhaps this exaggeration has gone far enough. The 'Lock up your Daughters' image of the Walking Option is, to tell the truth, largely a fictional one: not for a minute would

we really consider letting down the name of the school by behaving in an irresponsible or licentious manner. In fact the real value of this Option is that it provides a much-needed retreat for those who believe that if exercise must be inflicted on us it can be done without all that messy business of rolling about in the mud and running the risk of virtual dismemberment on the South Field. I hope that it will continue to flourish, and that future members will appreciate the enthusiasm and good humour of Mr. Tibbott as much as we have done, without actually exploiting it quite as much.

*Jonathan Coe*

The regulars:

Chris Armstrong, Andy Spragg, Mick Nagle, Jonathan Coe, Rory McKinley, Simon Gidney, Ian Procter, Jim Newell, Mick Strange, Duncan Curr, Jonathan Green and some others.

## FENCING

Despite the apathy of the school in general towards fencing, the team has had a very successful year. We beat K.E.H.S. 5 - 4 and 7 - 2, and then (with the help of the girls) beat Solihull Sixth Form College 5 - 4, drawing the next match 4 - 4.

Since the merging of the beginners' and the advanced groups, there has unfortunately been a decrease in the number of regular fencers. However the standard has improved, and several members have gained their Bronze Awards.

The two internal cups have not been decided yet but a result is expected in September.

On behalf of the club, I should like to thank Mr. Lillywhite for his support during the past year.

*M. T. Cooper*



## SQUASH

A highly successful season, with the team winning ten matches out of twelve completed. The team usually comprised R. K. Millington, P. I. Herrod, J. A. Sidwell, J. J. R. Jenney and M. J. W. Pickworth, with the services of B. Carter, the former captain, before Christmas.

The only unfortunate event was our being drawn against Gresham's school from Norfolk away in the second round of the national knockout tournament, in the middle of another bout of snowfalls. We were forced to concede because of the petrol shortage (since considerable distances were involved) and the fact that we had been unable to obtain time off school. Gresham's went on to win the tournament; but next year, with the whole team planning to stay on into the Upper Sixth, and the playing strength which we now have, it has been suggested that we could succeed Gresham's as National Champions.

The second team played twice, winning one of these fixtures: J. P. N. Martin, T. P. Bailey, T. G. G. Dingley, M. Sheehan and P. David representing K.E.S. It is hoped that next year there will be an U16 league as well, which will mean that the considerable ability of some of the younger boys will be given a greater chance to flourish than is possible at present, since the First team consists entirely of sixth-formers.

## Individual records:

	P	W	L
R.K.M.	11	10	1
P.I.H.	10	8	2
J.A.S.	8	5	3
J.J.R.J.	12	8	4
M.J.W.P.	8	4	4

Our thanks to Mr. Bentley-Taylor, who has done a fine job in organising matches and arranging transport to away fixtures.

*R. K. Millington*

## HOCKEY

The 1st XI played only fifteen full length matches, and at the end of the season there were no trophies to show for the team's efforts owing to the cancellation of tournaments and the fact that the league was unfinished rather than any poor showing from the team.

Highlights of this season were our usual victory over the Common Room and an outstanding 16 - 0 win over Sir Wilfred Martineau. Also for the first time the 1st XI were invited to an Indoor Tournament, which was very popular with everyone who played.

T. P. Brown, T. H. Oxenham, R. G. Evans, C. J. Bench and A. W. Dickens were selected for the Birmingham U19 county team for the season. T. P. Brown was also selected for the Midlands U19 and Worcestershire U21 teams.

	P	W	L	D	F	A
Full Matches	11	7	3	1	31	15
Tournament Matches	2	1	1	0	1	1
Indoor Matches	3	1	2	0	4	7
League Matches	5	4	1	0	25	3
TOTAL	21	13	7	1	61	26

## ATHLETICS

"Write a report for the Chronicle", he said. I had a vague feeling that the tactics which come fairly naturally on the hockey pitch or the athletics track were unlikely to produce any noticeable dividend in this particular sporting encounter, but with customary wariness rejoined "Sure, what about?".

"Oh, you know. The usual. How we've done this year. All the trophies we've won. To what you attribute our success. You know. The usual."

No one ever mentioned when I was made Athletics Captain that I had to be literate. And my doubts were allayed when I reached for last year's Chronicle and found that during the course of the season we had lost the Holden Trophy, the Champion's Shield of Kings Norton Division, the Taylor Kenrick invitation trophy and the West Midlands Super Schools Shield.

Ignominious defeat—but I then set about remembering our successes. And whilst at first sight our team performances seem not to have been as great as last year, there have been some excellent results. We have retained the Kings Norton Championship and have come first in all but one age group of the King Edward's Foundation School matches.

And at the risk of appearing to crib some of my predecessor's material, I feel it is necessary to reiterate that there are a great many matches in which we participate and which, for the Seniors, all took place immediately before exam leave. It is also worth reflecting that those people who have a facility for athletics also seem to be those who are budding Borgs, Tanners, McEnroes (temperament apart) and that conflicts of interest arise on occasion.

However, it must be said that the standard of athletics in the West Midlands is extraordinarily high. We sent thirty athletes to the West Midlands Trials of whom eighteen were selected—and the West Midlands team won the National Championships.

Having taken stock of our achievements in team events, it must be remembered that all

teams are made up of individuals. And it is on our individual athletes where the laurels (or modern day equivalent) must fall. I would particularly like to mention P. N. Edwards (who out of fourteen 800 and 1500 metre races only lost twice) and M. N. Sawyer (who has been beaten in only one of his seven 110m hurdle races) out of the Senior School; A. Hamer, the Intermediate Captain, whose general standard has been immaculate; S. D. Hippisley-Cox who excels in high jump and 200m, and for me, find of the season, R. Baker for his shot putting. Up and coming junior school athletes are R. Prvulovich, 800m; I. E. Mackenzie, 400m; P. R. Edgington, javelin, and L. O'Toole who went on to participate in the hurdles in the National finals in Nottingham.

Finally I must extend my congratulations to Mr. Scott and his groundsmen for continuing their excellent work on the track, thus keeping it in perfect condition. Also to Mr. Birch and his officials for their help during matches and Thursday lunchtimes; to M. C. Worsey for his single efforts as scorer, and to Mrs. Scott for providing refreshments after the matches. Without the cooperation of all, the option would not function so successfully.

It's strange, but now that I've reached my concluding paragraph it appears that I can be fairly positive about the school's achievements. It has been a good year, perhaps not in terms of shields retained or cups regained, but in the sense that there is a wealth of athletic talent and enthusiasm throughout the school from which future winning teams may be formed.

*S. Bradley*

### West Midlands Honours

P. N. Edwards (5th — Senior 800m), A. J. Hamer (1st — Inter Hammer), and L. O'Toole (1st — Junior 80m Hurdles) represented the West Midlands Schools in the Mason Trophy inter-county match.

A. J. Hamer and L. O'Toole represented West Midlands Schools in the All England Schools National Athletics Championships at Nottingham. They were placed 5th and 3rd in the respective finals.





## GREATER BIRMINGHAM SCHOOLS CHAMPIONSHIPS

MINOR:	A. J. Cowan	—	4th	High Jump
JUNIOR:	L. O'Toole	—	1st	80m Hurdles
	P. R. Edgington	—	3rd	Javelin
	D. J. W. Barrell	—	5th	Long Jump
	M. R. Pugh	—	5th	Triple Jump
INTER:	A. J. Hamer	—	1st	Hammer
	A. R. Jones	—	1st	100m Hurdles
	A. R. Webb	—	3rd	Long Jump

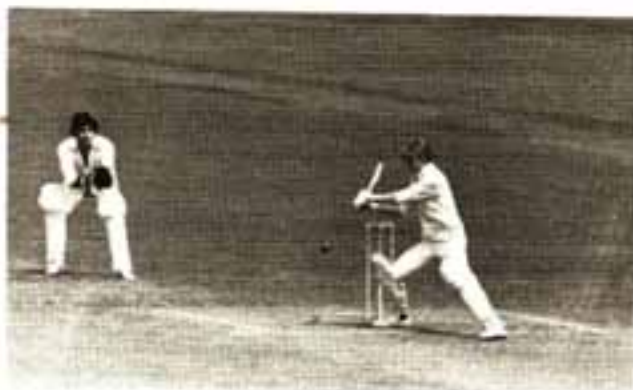
## WEST MIDLANDS UNDER 14 CHAMPIONS

J. B. Grenfell	—	4th	75m Hurdles
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## WEST MIDLANDS SCHOOLS CHAMPIONSHIPS

JUNIOR:	L. O'Toole	—	1st	80m Hurdles
	P. R. Edgington	—	4th	Javelin
	I. E. MacKenzie	—	6th	400m
	D. J. W. Barrell	—	8th	Long Jump
INTER:	A. J. Hamer	—	1st	Hammer
	A. R. Jones	—	6th	100m Hurdles
	A. R. Webb	—	10th	Long Jump
	I. A. Lewis	—	5th	2000m Walk
SENIOR:	P. N. Edwards	—	2nd	800m
	M. N. Sawyer	—	2nd	110m Hurdles
	T. J. M. Curtis	—	3rd	100m
			5th	200m
	D. W. Stephens	—	4th	400m





## CRICKET

### 2nd XI

A combination of strong batting and comparatively weak bowling proved to be the basis of a mediocre season for the 2nd XI. Coupled with the fact that the Seconds batted first in all but two matches, it is not surprising then that out of twelve matches, seven were drawn, three lost and only two won.

But with such a high proportion of draws, it was inevitable that from time to time fielding became a trifle dull, and the K.E. intelligence had to be channelled into combating the tedium. This culminated in the Bromsgrove match, with innovations which would send Kerry Packer green with envy. The most effective of these was the inclusion of Adrian Donne—the Brian Close of the Seconds. He insisted on stopping the ball with the most tender parts of his body, and didn't think twice about running into a tree to stop a four (even if the batsman ran five).

A word must be given to the team's top wicket-taker, Neale Perrins. The sight of his prehistoric form pounding the ball down over after over was not to be missed. Constantly trying to dispel a continuous oxygen debt, he would pant "I'm alright" and bowl another twenty overs.

The team's lithe young catamite kept morale at a high, all members vying to gain his favour. 'Hank' Yardley captaincy was entertaining if not strategically brilliant. Instructions like, "Back on the fence; no, not that deep", did little to increase his negligible authority. On the more positive side, his failure to turn up to away matches in school uniform gave the rest of the team the undeniable excuse that they were only following the captain's lead.

In all, it was an enjoyable though not very successful season, which culminated in victory at Denstone. All of the team would like to thank Mr. Jayne for his efforts and unending patience (especially after the 'Prospector Incident' on the way home from Denstone). Thanks also to Mr. Scott for the superb wickets at Eastern Road, not that we got to them that often.

*The 2nd XI*

### U15 XI

The U15 XI won, for the second year running, the Birmingham Schools League competition. In the final match of the season, against a representative side from Newcastle, N.S.W., they were heavily beaten but during the course of the match J. Sheehy scored a very good century against good and varied bowling. Throughout the season the side usually looked better in the field than they did batting. However, the captain, S. Laugharne, P. Riesbach, and J. Sheehy all made several useful scores and the bowling was always steady though not always very penetrative. The side contains several excellent fieldsmen, particularly J. Harrison and P. Griesbach, and A. Greenbank kept wicket very competently. A radical overhaul of batting technique is essential for the side's top order batsmen if they are to develop as cricketers and hope to succeed in future against increasingly good bowling.

*A.J.T.*

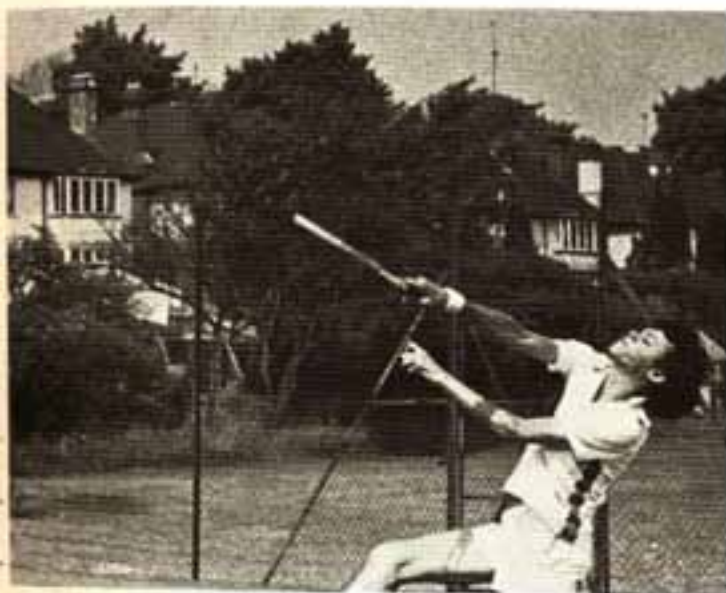
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The team had a number of problems, namely Roger Millington's 'flashy' tracksuit, Alastair Fiskien's injuries, Mark Weaver's tennis and the team friend from K.E.H.S. However, we played with great fervour and enthusiasm on all but thirteen occasions with the result that of thirteen matches played, the opposition won three and lost ten.

The first four matches were won convincingly, until we lost on the miniature courts at Solihull. We had further notable victories over Bablake, Denstone and Worcester, and then came the big match. The team had been training hard for months and by the day of the Common Room match there was only one fully fit player





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left. Even so, the first team player, with a little help from the P. E. Department, scraped home 5 - 4. Both parties were jubilant afterwards and drink flowed freely, although less freely when Mr. Tomlinson realised that he had lost.

The team would like to thank K.E.H.S. for the use of their courts, Mr. Tomlinson for all his expert advice and organisation, Mr. Lillywhite for taking us to the not-too-successful Glanvill Cup meeting at Rugby, and the Pavilion for the teas.

*Jim Martin, Jon Sidwell, Ian Herrod*

## U16

The U16 team began the season inauspiciously, losing 2 - 7 to a strong Wrekin side. However, their true quality showed in victories over Solihull (6 - 3), and King's Worcester (6½ - 2½). Regular members of the team were Evers, Browne, Horton, Clarke, Billington and Martin, all of whom show considerable promise for the future.

## U15

In the Coca-Cola competition we won our section, beating Shenley Court and Dame Elizabeth Cadbury. The team then played the winners of the other section, Perry Common, beating them 6 - 0. Regular players were Browne, Billington, Horton and Clarke with guest appearances from Ingham, Knights, Higgitt and Ager.

## U14

For the first time we had a fixture at this level. We lost narrowly to Solihull 2 - 4, three matches being lost 4 - 5. In the U14 B.S.L.T.A. Midland Tournament at Tally Ho!, Browne and Billington won through to the final by wearing their opponents out in the quarter- and semi-finals with long three-set matches. Unfortunately they had worn themselves out in the process and lost in the final to Solihull. However, they are to be congratulated on reaching the final, the first time we have ever got so far.

*T. B. Tomlinson*

## CHESS

The 1978-79 season was not as successful as the past few years, mainly due to a lack of practice and to growing apathy. The first team produced a very erratic performance, P 6 W 4 D 1 L 1, losing to Handsworth on two adjudication results. Bishop Vesey, the winners, were comprehensively beaten 5 - 1, thus reversing last year's defeat. Next year, we should regain first position with the same team of Roger Millington, Jonathan Hawthorne, Chris Jillings, J. M. Andrews, P. M. Doubleday and myself.

The second team, led by Tim Ireland, came second to St. Thomas Aquinas after losing a play-off. The third team managed to survive the desertion by at least half a dozen players and the usual apathy, but suffered from a lack of practice and so came third with a record of P 5 W 2 D 1 L 2.

Both teams in Division 4 suffered similar fates to the third team, coming second and third. The Shells' team showed the usual promise with the result of P 4 W 1 D 3 L 0.

The Sunday Times 'A' team lost in round three and the 'B' team in round four dispelling any hopes of fulfilling Nick Brown's prophecy that we would reach the final stages.

In the Wolverhampton Congress, a team of first and second team stars finished third behind Bishop Vesey (who were the weakest side of the three) and Wolverhampton G.S. The team might well have won if Roger Millington had not arranged a squash match for the same day.

Roger Millington, S. J. Tinley, B. Moselle, David Brown and A. T-L. Hsu are to be congratulated on their fine individual performances. R. J. Das Gupta is now the resident apathete, and P. M. Doubleday was extremely lucky to agree a draw when he was about to be checkmated.

Finally I would like to thank Dr. Grounds and Mr. Skinner for their help and encouragement during the season. Next year (another wild prediction coming up) the teams should do well, since only a few players are leaving. Absolutely finally, if you want to succeed, join a chess club (this is an order, not advice!)

*C. F. Fuller*





## SWIMMING

	P	W	L
Seniors	9	9	0
U16	9	7	2
U14	7	4	3
Match Results	9	9	0

The swimming team had another successful year remaining unbeaten throughout the season with the seniors winning every match and the younger teams showing exceptional promise.

Having won all three age groups of the Kings Norton district in the early part of the year, the team settled down to the usual summer fixtures. The sight of the yellow K.E.S. minibus prowling through the towns of England was known to strike terror in to the hearts of the opposition. So much so that by the time we arrived at Bromsgrove they had hastily disbanded their junior team and emptied chemicals into the pool in a desperate attempt to avoid defeat.

Several school records were broken this year, notably by Adrian Mackay. Other swimmers deserving mention are Paul Edgington, Paul Denney, Tim Bailey and the whole of the senior team comprising Steve Swani, Paul Cartwright, Mike Dilkes. The aforementioned Dilkes revealed an exceptional talent for Life-Saving. While competing against Rugby one of their butterfly swimmers pulled up with cramp. "Quick, pull him out!" directed Mr. Cotter and in the twinkling of an eye Mike was diving in fully clothed right on top of the drowning swimmer. Bubbles surfaced, the tension mounted: had he been too late? Gradually the truth dawned as the Rugby swimmer, having climbed out himself, was seen staring in bewilderment as Mike flailed at the water in a frantic effort to regain his breath.

Thanks must be extended to Messrs. Tibbott, Cartwright and Perry for their help during the year and to Steve Swani and Paul



Cartwright (the retiring captain) whose glittering careers in the swimming team have eventually ended.

The last word however is reserved for Mr. Cotter who has been in charge of swimming since 1950. He finally received his just reward upon being dispatched ceremoniously into the pool after the Old Edwardians' water polo match. We are very grateful to him for his extremely energetic and valuable work and wish him and his family well for the future.

*N. J. Perry (Swimming Secretary)*





## SCHOOL BRIDGE

In the 1978-1979 season the school teams have not had the devastating successes of last year. We failed to win either the 1st or 2nd team leagues; nor did the first pair of Matthew Duggan and Pete David win the Birmingham League Pairs, actually finishing third out of nineteen. This particular result was due to rather dubious scoring, (unofficially we probably came second), mild arrogance, and the fact that Pete arrived half an hour after the start of the tournament due to a flat battery. In 4th position came the totally inexperienced partnership of Peter Doubleday and Rory McKinley, putting to shame the supposedly class partnerships of Jeremy Platt and Roderick Beards, and Steven Parkinson and Ben Carter who finished eighth and eleventh respectively. The event was won by the Bishop Vesey First Pair, with whom our first pair have an intense rivalry and usually emerge as victors.

The one event that does not fail to call forth our prowess is the prestigious Daily Mail Schools Challenge; a national event with an entry of about eight hundred teams of four. Our first heat, at the Moseley Bridge Club, consisted of nine teams, two of which would qualify for the semi-final at Coventry. We won comfortably, qualifying with King Charles' School, Kidderminster. The semi-final was the scene of unprecedented massacre, where we dominated the other six teams and finished with 92% of the possible points—twice as much as the second place finishers. Thus we qualified for the final and an all-expenses paid weekend at the Eurocrest Hotel, Wembley. In our nine games we secured victories over Eton College and Manchester Grammar. Alas, the top half of the field were very close before the last round and in characteristically aggressive style we decided to go all out to win by the maximum possible margin of 20-0, and proceeded to lose by this same amount, thus finishing fifth. The team consisted of Matthew Duggan, Pete David, Ben Carter and Steven Parkinson. Other regular team-members

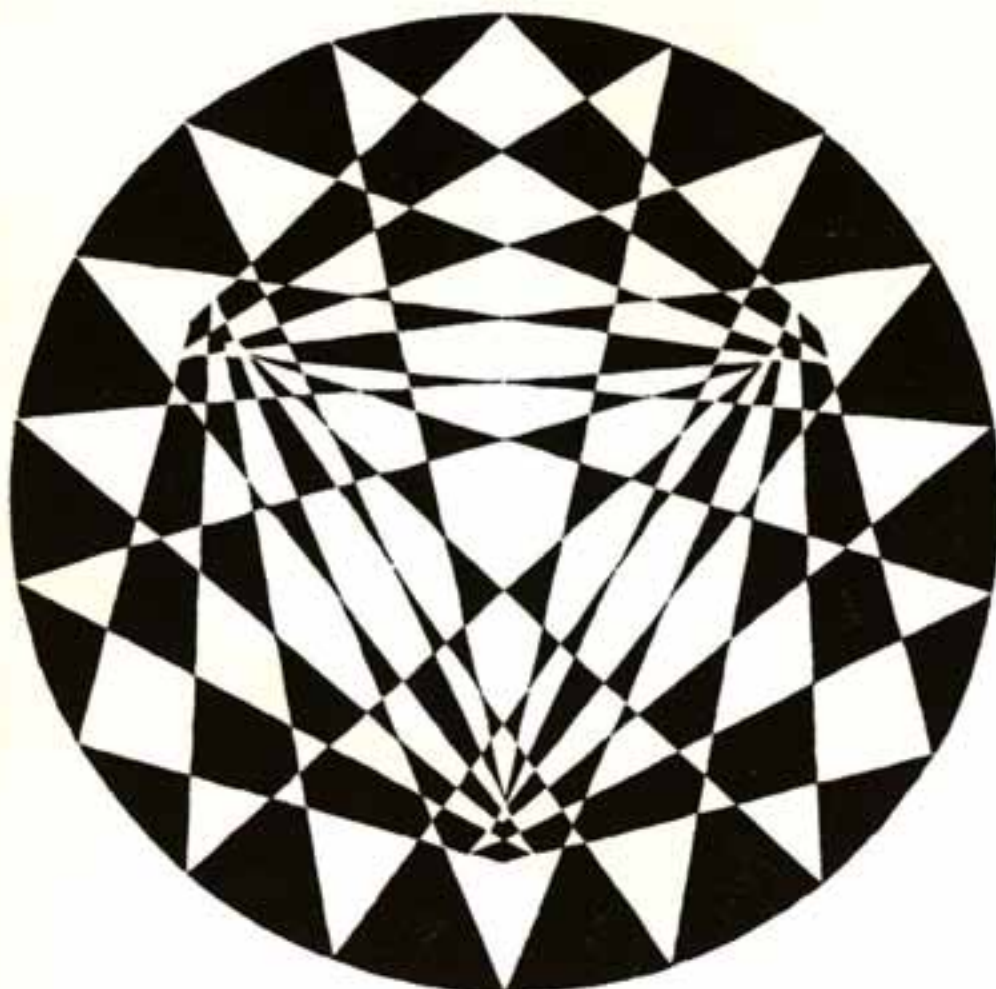
at present include Jeremy Platt, David Brown, Graham Walker, Nicholas Pulsford, Andrew Farrow and Adrian Donne.

The master in charge of bridge is Mr. Chapman, who signs the captain's expenses sheets, produces entertaining bridge anecdotes in his General Studies seminars, and has been known to team up with certain members of the team to play in non-school events.

Finally, a word of thanks to Steven Parkinson and Ben Carter, no longer with us, who have made massive contributions to School Bridge, the latter as captain until the beginning of this year.

*Matthew Duggan*





# UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS

## OXFORD

J. N. R. BLAIR . . . . .	Scholarship in Natural Science, Queen's
M. J. BROOKE . . . . .	Scholarship in Classics, Corpus Christi
A. N. DAMES . . . . .	Scholarship in Natural Science, University
H. A. O. GREGORY . . . . .	Scholarship in Classics, Wadham
D. S. LAIGHT . . . . .	Scholarship in Mathematics, Wadham
C. P. ROSS . . . . .	Scholarship in Natural Science, University
M. R. ANDERSON . . . . .	Exhibition in Modern Languages, Exeter
J. C. ENTWISTLE . . . . .	Exhibition in Natural Science, Pembroke

## CAMBRIDGE

B. A. CUMMINGS . . . . .	Scholarship in English, Trinity
T. D. H. THOMAS . . . . .	Scholarship in Natural Sciences, Magdalene
P. M. SLATER . . . . .	Exhibition in Natural Sciences, Queens'
G. S. WILLIAMS . . . . .	Exhibition in History, Trinity Hall

N. M. HARVEY . . . . .	Royal Academy School (Fine Art)
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