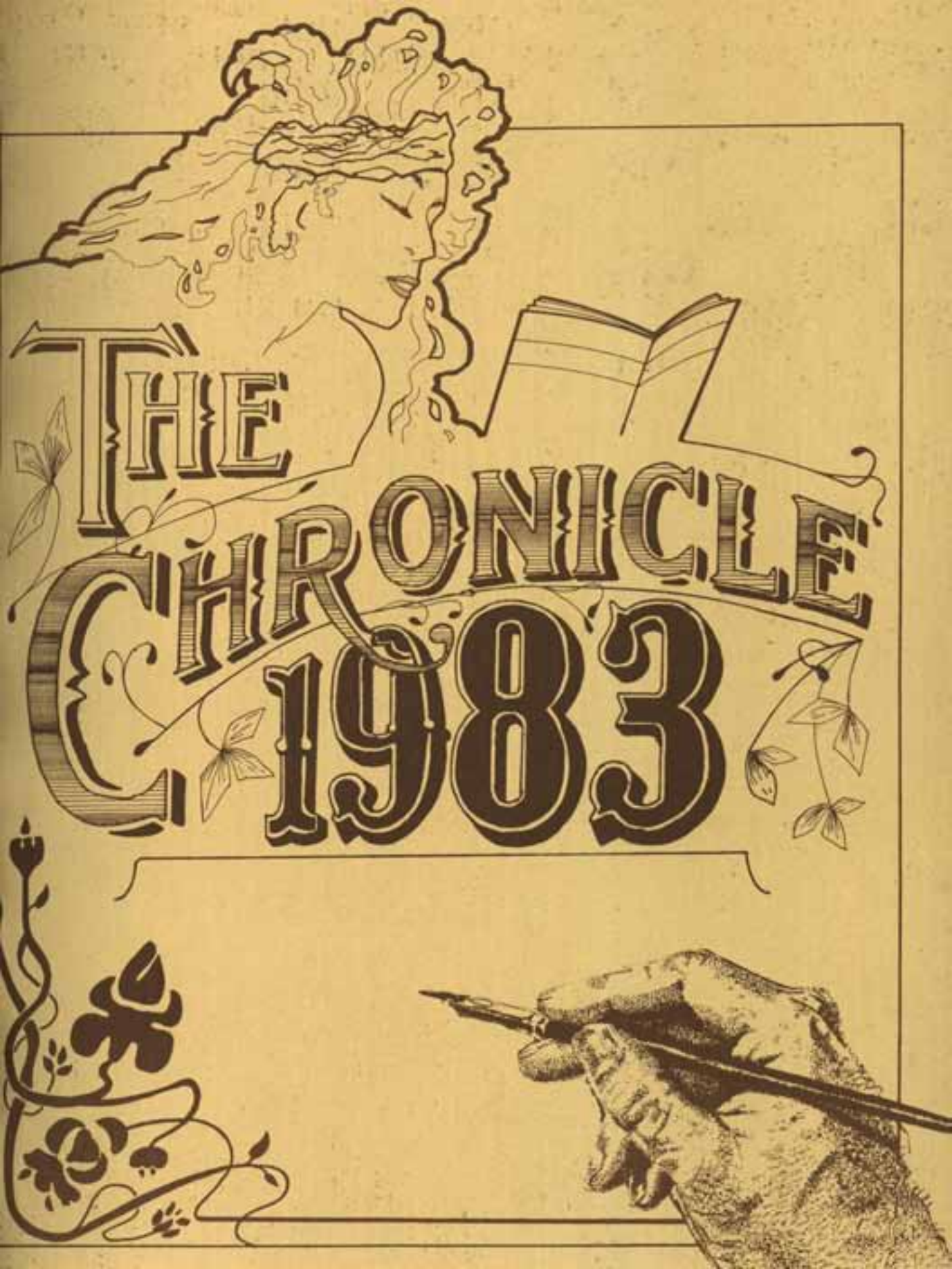
THE
CHRONICLE
1983

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EXHIBITIONS

THEATRE

CINEMA

DANCE

MUSIC

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Picture Prizes:	Andrew Coveney, Divs. Simon Sadler, Fourths
Creative Writing Prizes: — Senior	Malcolm Blythe, Sixths.
— Junior:	Ben Franks, Fourths.
— Minor:	Matthew Grimley, Shells.

COVER DESIGN

Front:	Simon Sadler, Fourths.
Back:	Malcolm Blythe, Sixths.

KES CHRONICLE 1983

EDITORIAL TEAM:

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL, BIRMINGHAM.
PREFECTS' DETENTION FOR MISCONDUCT

NAME: Kate Jennett ..... FORM ..... HOUSE Jennett ....
CAUSE OF DETENTION Causing Edgbaston Pub Road while little girls were flashing ...
TO BE SERVED SATURDAY EVENING .. (don't ... decided) .....
CAPTAIN .... Matthew J. Barker

King Edward's School, Birmingham
DETENTION CARD
Name of Pupil Detained Stephen Linley Form Classics
Cause of Detention Gross enthusiasm without the end of 'refreshment'
Date Room 4 Citizens
Signature of Master
Signature of Parent or Guardian

s School, Birmingham
TENTION CARD
Matthew Barker Form M.L.6.
Room Four Cits Time All DAY
at Michael archangel.

King Edward's School, Birmingham
DETENTION CARD
Name of Pupil Detained Rupert J. A. Ward
Cause of Detention Excessive Self-Effacement Form IW.
Room 4 Citizens

ng Edward's School, Birm
DETENTION CARD
Boar

ng Edward's School, Birmingham
DETENTION CARD
Form SW
Cause of Detention Loitering without intent
Time 11.00
Pickworth

vard's School, Birmingham
DETENTION CARD
PAUL BERRIDGE Form M.L. 6L
MINIMALISM IN EXAM PREPARATION
Room 4 CITS RM Time 11.30 (He's late)
RPA Berridge
M. J. W. ROGERS
Chief Master

King Edward's School, Birmingham
DETENTION CARD
Name of Pupil Detained Max Curtis Form VL

Whatever The Problem, The Answer Is FRITH

Detention Doodles

King Edward's School, Birmingham
CHRONICLE DETENTION CARD
Name of Pupil Detained Jonathan Hollow Form VA
Cause of Detention Excessive Christianity
Date always ? Room G.C.C. 6 Time 4.18
Signature of Master — what ?
Signature of Parent or Guardian
THE GUARDIAN

REPORT CARD
NAME Andrew Cameron
Master Group
Set Quiz

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EDITORIAL

Few people in the School are aware of the amount of time and energy which go into the production of the *Chronicle*; as this is my third edition, though, I think that, together with Miss Barnett, I have a better idea than most of what goes on between the appearances of notices in Big School calling for contributions and the production of the magazine a few months later. In view of this, I think it is sad that many people only read a handful of articles which affect them directly. So if you have a few spare moments, I urge you to read one of the other articles or longer creative pieces — they are all part of the School's life over the past year, and are all worth at least a brief glance. The creative writing has been of a very high standard, and for once prose appears in greater quantity than poetry.

I must also mention the rest of the editorial team, whose enthusiasm has been the greatest I have seen and without, which many articles contained herein would still be tatty manuscripts — if they had been produced at all. While they all helped in all fields, specialisations were as follows: Matthew Banks — Sport; Rupert Ward — Interviews; Max Carlish — Music and Societies; Boaz Moselle — Creative Writing; Andrew Coveney — Photography; Jonathan Hollow — Illustrations; James Pickworth and Paul Berridge — my old job of 'general dog's body'.

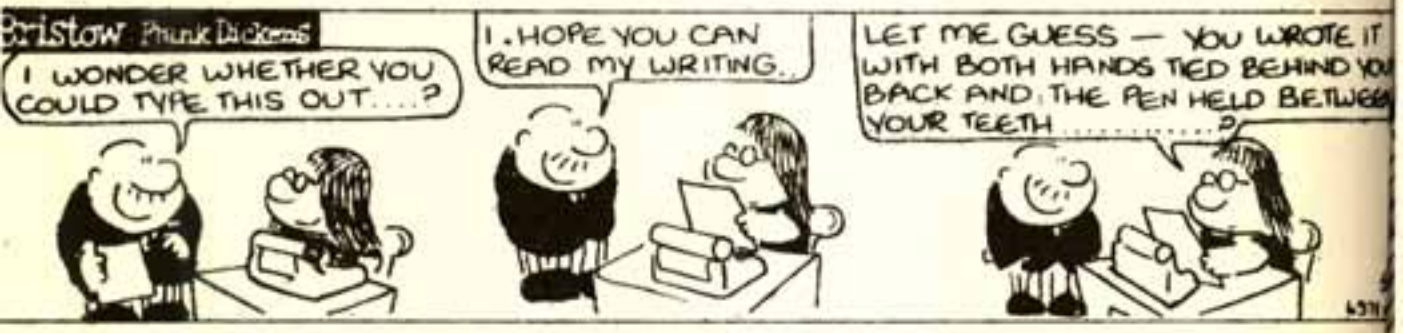
I would like to close with a few words from the creator of the present *Chronicle* format, Garry Martin: "The Chronicle ..... is written by you, for you. If it is weak, you are weak ..... Most of you spend seven years here, that's seven editions. Make every one worth keeping."

Stephen Linley

In this year of change at King Edward's, under the new leadership of Mr Martin Rogers, *Chronicle* has not remained unaffected: now that Sixth- and Fifth-form Syndicates are no longer compulsory it has at times been hard to chase up articles and reports for the magazine. I had feared that it would be difficult to form an editorial team also, but those fears, happily, proved totally unjustified — this year's team has been devoted, efficient, fun to work with and, I think, successful. There is in fact one more to add to the list of specialisations above: Stephen Linley — the hard-working General Editor; and thanks are also due to Malcolm Blythe for his help earlier in the year.

It remains only for me to thank all the others who have contributed to *Chronicle 83*: writers, illustrators, photographers, advertisers, the Chief Master, the School Club and, finally, the Resources Centre. I leave the last word to Bristow (by courtesy of the *Birmingham Post & Mail* and London Express News and Feature Services):

KJB



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DAVID ROWSON

Can you tell us something about your early life?

DMR I was born in Sale, Manchester, and have lived in Sunderland, County Durham, and Harrow, Middlesex. My main education was in fact at Kent College, Canterbury, a boarding school, and then I went to Bradford University, where I got my B.Tech degree in '67 and my Ph.D. in '71.

What merits does a boarding school have, do you think, over a place like KES?

DMR A boarding school is very good in the sense that it makes you stand on your own feet, and I enjoyed it very much. The main disadvantage is that at a monosexual boarding school, you come out feeling decidedly shy with the opposite sex.

Where did you teach before you came to KES?

DMR Immediately prior to this I was at Woodhouse Grove School in Bradford, and before that I was lecturing in Physics both at the University of Aston here in Birmingham, and out in Libya.

Did you have to leave Aston?

DMR Yes, the UGC cuts meant that my temporary lectureship was cancelled, and there was no possibility of getting a tenured post.

What extra-curricular activities are you involved with?

DMR With the Venture Scouts, and also with the various choral activities: the Brahms Requiem, singing at the Centenary Service and in Trial By Jury!

Have you had any experience with the Scouts before?

DMR Oh yes! I've been in the Scouting movement since I was ten years old. I am at the moment Assistant District Commissioner for Venture Scouts in South East Birmingham. I've just got my long Service award for sixteen years as a warranted Scout Leader and received the medal of merit for 'Outstanding Services To The Scout Association'.

So you see it as a very valuable institution?

DMR Oh yes — but then I'm biased!

What political affiliations do you have?

DMR I think I'm probably an SDP-ite.

'The great arts — science divide.' How does KES compare with the other schools you've been involved with?

DMR Just as bad. Artists are separated from scientists generally pre-O-Level. However it is necessary, because you can't really mix arts and science A-Levels to gain a university place. I don't like it, but it's a fact of life!

Would you like to go back into University lecturing?

DMR Well, I do miss the research side of University life.

What are your particular interests?

DMR Tribology.

Ah-

DMR The study of friction, wear and lubrication, particularly the wear of metals. I miss that side of things very much, and there are no facilities for doing that sort of research in a school.

Have you got anything to say to our readers?

DMR (laughter) "May the force be with you!"

DAVID WILSON

Dr D A Wilson joined the physics department this year, but preferred not to be interviewed or photographed for the *Chronicle*. We should, nevertheless, like to welcome him to the School.

ALBERT JONES

Mr Jones, where were you educated?

AGJ I started my education at a primary school in South Wales, near Tregaren. When we moved to Gloucestershire, I was sent to Rose Hill, a small prep school just down the road from us. From there I went to Malvern College, where I studied maths and science for A-Level, and then to Trinity College, Cambridge to read Maths.

Can you compare the other schools that you have been to with KES?

AGJ Hm — endless comparisons could be made! Last year I taught in a comprehensive school in the East end of London. There was a high standard of discipline and teaching, and the pupils were generally well-motivated, but the grounds and facilities were poor in comparison with Malvern or KES. Malvern, being a boarding school, has the advantage over most schools in being able to offer a tremendous variety of extra-curricular activities to the boys in their spare time. I suppose what has particularly impressed me about KES is the fact that it achieves such a high standard in so many areas — despite the restriction on time — and yet at the same time boys have all the advantages of home life.

How involved do you think a master should get with the school?

AGJ I almost said that I'm lucky not to be married! But the fact that I'm single probably means that I do have more time to spend on school activities. On the sports side, my main commitments are hockey in the winter and athletics in the summer. On Friday afternoons I have been supervising fives and other minor ball-games, but next year I will be joining the scouts. I have also been quite involved with the Christian Union.

Can we ask you how well being a Christian combines with being a master at KES?

AGJ Well, it certainly does. I see the combination as a great opportunity for service. In this materialistic age, there's a great danger that people are blinded by what they see immediately around them, and fail to see beyond. Teaching is an opportunity for encouraging young people to look beyond and find the Truth for themselves.

This is the point at which Roy Plomley would ask you what your fifth record is (laughter). As both a scientist and a Christian, you must be very aware of the determinism/free-will paradox. Would you care to give us your views on this?

AGJ Yes. Of course there's a direct conflict between the concepts of free-will and that brand of negative determinism which denies man human freedom and responsibility. But this determinism is not a logical consequence of scientific determinism, which works on the assumption that events in the physical world follow certain pre-ordained laws. In fact there is no sound logical basis for the assumption that predictability by an outside observer implies inevitability for the person concerned. So, even if Heisirberg's Uncertainty Principle had not caused scientific determinism to fall into its present disrepute, there would still be no essential paradox between scientific determinism and free-will.

Finally, have you enjoyed your first year at KES?

AGJ Yes, very much. I suppose the thing I appreciate most about King Edward's is the great variety of life here and the tremendous enthusiasm of all the members of the school. I've certainly appreciated the friendship and goodwill of many people over the year.

JOHN CUMBERLAND

Can you tell us a bit about your background?

JAC I come from the North Riding of Yorkshire, though I was actually born in Lancashire. I was educated at Ripon Grammar School, and on leaving there I spent a year doing all sorts of things before finally going to Cambridge University to read Geography.

Where did you teach before you came to KES?

JAC I was at Manchester Grammar School for eight years, and before that I did a Cert.Ed. based in the Leeds area.

What are your impressions of Birmingham as a whole?

JAC My first impressions of Birmingham were formed driving south along the M6 for the interviews, and of course this shows the worst side of the city. But on getting to know it, it really is a very interesting place. I don't like the city centre: it lacks the character that a place like Manchester has. On the other hand, the great advantage of Birmingham is the closeness of the countryside, and the ease with which you can get out of Birmingham and into the open country.

What do you see as being the rôle of teachers outside a purely curricular field?

JAC I think getting to know boys, getting to understand them better, and also educating them in the widest sense. Here I see trips away from school as absolutely essential; I think once you get off the school site, the relationship changes, and I think the most valuable things I have done in teaching have been achieved outside the classroom, often hundreds of miles away from school.

Do you enjoy travelling?

JAC Absolutely! At one time I had a job with a long distance road haulage company, so I got used to it. I've travelled to many parts of Asia and parts of Africa, and at the moment I live in Much Wenlock, so that involves a lot of travelling every day!

As a teacher of Geography, what use do you see for videos and computers?

JAC I think both have a very definite rôle to play. Videos can do a great deal to make a place or a topic come alive; they can communicate all kinds of things which it's much harder to describe in the classroom. Computers are a new area in Geography, and we're exploring their rôle in teaching at the moment. Next year I envisage a number of forms using the computers, and the rôle of the computer in this sense is in simulations, in analysing data and in the production of map transformations, which would show the way in which time-distance can alter the distances between places.

Finally, do you enjoy teaching at KES?

JAC Very much: the first time I walked down the drive I felt this was the right kind of place; I felt at home here — largely I think because so much of the appearance of the school is very similar to my last school.

Mr Cumberland, thank you very much.

MIKE RODEN

Can you tell us about your life before you came to KES?

MR I was born in Rotherham, South Yorkshire, and was educated at the local comprehensive , where I thoroughly enjoyed my schooling. From there I went to Manchester University to read Geography. I stayed at Manchester for a fourth year and did my Certificate of Education, then I came straight to KES.

What made you decide to come to a place like this?

MR I got married last summer, and my wife was working in Birmingham. This was the first post which became available, and I've been happy every since!

Have you always wanted to be a teacher?

MR Yes. I wanted to do PE when I was eighteen, but I decided to go on with my academic work. At KES I can fulfil all the sporting aspirations I have nurtured.

Can you tell us with what extra-curricular activities you are involved?

MR I've been on four or five field trips this year, I run the rugby 2nd XV and the 2nd XI cricket. I've also been doing some work with the Houses teams.

Do you have any other interests outside school?

MR Considering that during the school year, I've had two spare weekends, I've found it very difficult to have any other interests — particularly with the work involved in the preparation for teaching O- and A-Level classes plus Oxbridge candidates. I do play rugby — I played at the end of the school term at Walsall R.F.C. — and next year I will be playing for more of the time, because I think that if I don't play then, my ambitions will never be realised; I shall be getting too old!

You're a house tutor. Do you think that the house system is particularly successful?

MR I think it's very successful; I enjoy it because it allows me to see boys that I don't otherwise teach; there is such a wide range of interests at KES that you could otherwise never see certain sections of the school, and the house system allows you to meet them and listen to their views.

Have you enjoyed your first year at KES?

MR Oh yes, although at the moment I'm simply glad that I've got through it. I have enjoyed it tremendously; King Edward's is a fine school. I only wish there were another two days in the week!

DAVID BURNEY

Can you tell us about your early life?

DB I've been around! My father was in the RAF, so I was born in RAF Changi, Singapore. But we came back to Cardington, near Bedford, after about three months, so I'd really call that my home; I went to Bedford Modern School. Before going to university I had a year off, and worked in the National Westminster Bank at Oxford Circus, London, commuting down from Bedford, then I went to Warwick

University for three years. After that it was a year at Birmingham University doing my PGCE and then I was lucky enough to get a job immediately at Berkhamsted, a Public School down Hertfordshire way.

What made you decide to come to KES?

DB KES has got a high reputation academically and sportingly, two things which very much appealed to me. I knew something about KES from my days at Birmingham University, and in fact did part of my teaching practice at Five Ways School.

Was teaching a natural choice for you?

DB Yes, very much so. I had some idea from a very early age that I wanted a job involving people. Initially, after reading *To Kill A Mocking Bird*, I thought I'd be a solicitor, but I soon realised that the people aren't always nice, in that environment, and I very much wanted to meet and teach young people.

What do you see as being the rôle of the master outside teaching?

DB I think that if you're committed to a school like this, you have to be committed in a far greater way than just as a person standing up in the classroom. For example, if you're a form-master, you have to be available to meet any of the needs of your form. I think you have a lot to give in terms of advice, being a father-figure to some, perhaps a tyrant to others. As a person, you can be very helpful to those around you.

Teaching in an examination-based school like KES, what are your feelings about the exam system?

DB Well, it's a necessary evil, particularly with three million plus unemployed. Qualifications are of paramount importance today. I think any school worth its salt must have an eye to exams, and ultimately that is what the business world or the universities are going th judge the quality of a school by.

Mr Burney, thank you very much.

ANDREW SHACKLETON

Can you tell us about your early life?

AS I was born and brought up on a farm in Bradford, and educated at Bradford Grammar School until I did my A-Levels, and then I went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where I studied Classics. Finally, I applied for a job at King Edward's, and the School, in its infinite wisdom, accepted me.

Did you consider any other careers, apart from teaching?

AS I've wanted to become a teacher for a long time, but when I was at University, I listened to those people who told me that it would be difficult to find a job teaching Classics because the subject is dying out. However, when it came to my third year at University and I started looking round at the sort of jobs that graduates go in for — industry, banking, and that sort of thing — I realised that these were really not for me, and that I would be much happier teaching. I enjoy the challenge of being told "Here's the job; go ahead and do it" or "Take that cricket team". Certainly you have autonomy and responsibility at an earlier stage in teaching than in many other careers.

You mentioned cricket. What other activities are you involved with?

AS I take rugby and cricket mainly, which doesn't leave a great deal of time for anything else.

And outside School?

AS I enjoy reading a great deal, and going to

see films. I particularly like the Arts Lab — they have some very interesting films. I also do a lot of running and squash and play the occasional game of cricket.

What are your impressions of Birmingham as a whole?

AS I was quite surprised at how small it was! I like the fact that Birmingham has all the amenities of a large city, while only being about half an hour's drive away from the countryside.

KES is a single sex school. Do you believe in co-education?

AS I don't think one can say "All single sex schools are bad" or anything like that; the situation at KES is quite healthy, because a lot of boys do come into contact with girls from KEHS and outside. But I've talked to people at University who found it very difficult adjusting from going to an all boys' school to going to a mixed college, where you've perhaps got a girl living next door to you. So I don't think I'm opposed to single sex education, as long as the pupils have a chance to come into contact with members of the opposite sex, metaphorically speaking.

A lot of criticism has been levelled against the Cambridge Latin Course because it concentrates too little on grammar. How do you feel about that?

AS I look back at what we used to do up to O-Level, and all I remember is how dull it was. I know that it put a lot of people off when I was at school, which is a pity because Latin has a great deal of scope and the more you find out about the literature and society, the more interesting it becomes. The traditional course treated grammar as an end in itself, more of a mental exercise than a necessary step towards appreciating a different culture. As regards the CLC, I think you can put as much grammar into the reading material as you think is necessary.

Mr Shackleton, thank you very much.

THE TWO ASSISTANTS:

NELLY LAURENT, (French),
GABBY VON TRAUCHBURG (German)

What were you both doing before you came to KES?

NL I've spent three years at the University of Brest, and have to do another year, in order to study to become a teacher.

GT I am still at university, reading History, English and Politics; I have already done three years and have to do another two.

What are the major differences that you have found between this school and the schools that you went to in your respective countries?

NL I went to a private girls' school up to the age of seventeen. There was much the same atmosphere there as there is here, but this school is more traditional than any that I've known before, and there is more opportunity for the boys to 'blossom', if you like, outside school.

GT We hardly have any private schools in Germany, and so we have to go to State schools, which are normally mixed. One big difference is the uniform — we have an 'unofficial' uniform of jeans and sweatshirt in winter, jeans and T-shirt in summer. Another is the educative system — here you study three main subjects up to A-Level, whereas I studied maths, German, English, French, physics, chemistry, biology and history!

What do you both think of Birmingham?

NL I was pleasantly surprised. Before coming here, the other students had told me that it was a big industrial town — dirty, black and unattractive — but in fact it is rather pleasant, even though I don't live very far from the centre of the city. I also like living close to the cinema, the parks, the large stores.....

GT Yes, I had much the same experience: All the other students told me that I must be mad, coming to a place like this, but I wanted to live for a while in an industrialised area — I come from a place about fifty kilometres from Stuttgart, and we're in the country! And when I arrived, I too was pleasantly surprised. The industrial areas can be very depressing, especially in bad weather, but on the whole, it's a nice place.

Thank you both — and we wish you all the best!

MATTHEW KEMPSHALL

The unfortunate illness of Mr Tibbott during the Spring months cast a dark shadow of gloom over the Classics Department — gloom that was relieved, in the first instance, by Mr Tom Freeman, a former colleague and seasoned campaigner, whom we thank sincerely, and then by Mr Matthew Kempshall, a former pupil and one whose promotion to the front line was sudden. The task before Matthew was to teach a full Classics timetable — a daunting task, but Matthew — as might be expected of one who went to a good School, with the School Song resounding in his ears — came through with flying colours and his teaching, as viewed by the stern critic of examinations results, was clearly thorough and stimulating. Both pupils and staff benefited a great deal by the lively intellect of Matthew, whose experience of the School was virtually unrivalled, and I am grateful that he forfeited a tempting offer in sunny France to help us out in sodden Birmingham. We all extend to him our thanks and wish him good luck at Oxford. Shall we perhaps see him again at KES?

S.F.O.

Interview with George Owen, the Porter

How long have you been here?

GO Nine and a half years. Before that I was in the army for ten years and then the Police Force. After the discipline and pressure of those jobs I came here to unwind!

What has your work involved over the years?

GO Well, for eight and a half years I was indoors — in control of stationery and that sort of thing, even occasional typing. But now I am working outside for more of the time so that my replacement can get to know the ropes. I also took over some of the jobs of Mr Bailey while he was ill.

What changes have you seen during your time here?

GO The Common Room is now generally much younger than when I first came — the masters teach differently, more progressively. I think there ought to be more discipline sometimes; nowadays boys lower down the School have worse manners, though they seem to have come down to earth by the third year. They start out with an "I'm at King Edward's,

you can't touch me" approach, and they seem to take the extremely wide range of facilities here for granted. Even so, it is by far the best school I have ever seen.

Administrating events such as Speech Day must be tremendously difficult. From your experience, do you find that the School is well run?

GO Yes that's right. Speech Day does take a lot of organization, and can be a bit of a headache — the preparations take a long time, but usually it seems to go very well. It helps having such a good head porter as Jack Bailey — nothing goes by the board when he's in control. We both came from the same background — he was in the army for twenty-six years, I was in for ten, and so we get on very well.

What are your plans for the future?

GO Full retirement — but I'm planning to travel a lot. My wife and I are going to Yugoslavia, Tenerife and Corfu. We try to go away twice a year — now we're extending that a bit.

Well, thank you very much — and all the best for your retirement.

Interview
THE CHIEF MASTER

What impressions have you formed of the school since you arrived here?

MJWR I think that the first impression is of the friendliness of the school: it is quite informal, and in lots of ways remarkably relaxed for such an academically successful institution. I have come to value the five-day week as it seems to me that we do not get too fussed here about minor matters — less so than would be the case in a boarding school when you spend seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day, cooped up together and where little things assume enormous importance. Also the members of the Common Room are very lively and forward-looking — there's a lot of creativity and intellectual energy which is very impressive.

What do you think the most promising aspect of the school is?

MJWR I think the most promising aspect is its terrific potential for good achievement — and the possibility of more being done. For instance, just one of the many things we've been looking at is the idea of a Field Studies Centre. As it happens we haven't cracked the problem yet, but the energy, enthusiasm and skill that have been invested in this idea by the staff have been remarkable.

Do you see any areas for change?

MJWR I see plenty of areas for potential change, but I see the change as being organic rather than imposed. This is what excites me about the school: I don't think there's going to be a need to impose change because the place is sufficiently creative and energetic to create its own change. The Common Room, in the first instance, leads the school, and one sees a lot of support from the boys for positive things to be done. I think that my job is just to open a few doors, and to find the resources for the ideas of the masters to be unleashed.

Are you prepared to tell us which areas you're examining?

MJWR There are lots of areas that we are examining at the moment which may not seem to be of immediate interest to you, but which are of very considerable importance to the school as a whole — for instance, the nature of the entrance exam, and our relationships with primary schools and prep schools. Friday afternoon activities are also under review, in terms of minor changes. Then there's a very important group working on the curriculum in the UMs and the Fourths: should more choices be available in the Upper Middles? What should be the place of languages, particularly a second language? This academic side of the school is fundamental. However, I don't see any of these things altering the essential character of the school, because I firmly believe that it doesn't need altering. It's just a matter of making the most of what we already have. I think that King Edward's really has the potential to play a leading rôle in education.

On the subject of the syllabus, we'd like your reaction to this quotation by C.S. Lewis:

> *"... the greatest service we can do to education today is to teach fewer subjects. No one has time to do more than a very few things well before he is twenty, and when we force a boy to be a mediocrity in a dozen subjects, we destroy his standards, perhaps for life."*

It seems an interesting thing to say.

MJWR It is interesting. But I don't agree with it. It begs so many questions. First, what is a subject? So many subjects that we teach are so closely related. Would you say that physics, chemistry and biology are three separate subjects, or one subject — science? Are French, German and Spanish three separate subjects or one? It's facile to talk about "subjects", and to say that more are worse. What you have to do

with education is to take a more profound view of what you're doing, and look at the content of a subject. What are you learning when you study French, or mathematics, or physics? And then you have to see whether the balance of those fundamentals is right. I see the number of subjects as a rather superficial irrelevance — although you could have a school education which is rather over-linguistic, or too numerate, or out of date. There is also the danger that the range of school subjects might be too narrow, especially in the sixth form. At the moment the pressure of A-Level choices may make many schools narrow their sixth form education. At King Edward's with our General Studies course (whatever the limitations of that course, I think it's basically good) we have an assurance of a certain breadth. If I understand C.S. Lewis's quotation correctly, he would say "it is better to study maths, physics, and chemistry, and nothing else", rather than to do what we do, and have a quarter of the time devoted to General Studies. I'm absolutely certain that C.S. Lewis, had he said that, would have been wrong. General Studies is most important, because of the nature of the science subjects. We must ensure that all boys are literate, that they go on reading, go on exploring a wide variety of ideas.

On the subject of General Studies, what importance do you attribute to your seminars? That's not meant in a critical sense, but .....

MJWR The seminars are important to me, because it's through them that I get to know the Divisions boys: how they respond, what their opinions are, how they're getting on..... I get a very clear idea of where the able boys are. I'm afraid that I tend to look at them a little selfishly: I enjoy the seminars immensely. Whether they teach the boys anything is a different matter!

And you teach R.E.

MJWR Yes. The seminars tend to start with the beliefs that people have. We approach in particular the problems of science versus religion, including some of the newer discoveries of psychoanalysis. In the Lower School, the primary reason for my teaching is to get to know the boys. If I were not to see the new boys in the First and Third years, then I don't know how I would get to know them at all. It is so easy to sit in this elegant study and be divorced from the school. It's very good for me to have to get up and teach in a classroom.

Coming on to Big School, which is a place where everybody in the school sees you, do you think that the present system is successful?

MJWR I think it's a little early to answer that question. It certainly has the advantage of variety, which is good, and I have very much enjoyed the talks we've had in Big School. It would be inappropriate to mention any specific names, but I'm sure most boys in the school would agree that there have been some very memorable contributions. So I think that it does give something to the school, and I think that the idea of us all coming together at some time is very important.

You mentioned variety. Most of the talks, if not directly Christian, are at least Christian-orientated. Would you let an atheist or agnostic speak in Big School?

MJWR Well, I've discussed this before once, and I think the point that I made then was that King Edward's is by foundation a Christian school — I take that to mean that we have a responsibility within the school to offer at least some Christian view for the boys. That's not the same thing as saying we should be trying to indoctrinate or persuade anyone against his will — I'm fundamentally opposed to that idea — but nevertheless, Big School and R.E. lessons should put forward the Christian view. And therefore I would not necessarily think it right that every possible view should be put forward in Big School. I don't see it as an "Open Forum". But I do like to see a wide variety of things going on there — and that is what I find.

Big School and R.E. lessons are also times for intellectual exploration: I think that it is extremely important that, at least once a week, the boys of this school should consider the fundamentals of their lives. Let's not even put it in Christian terms. What you really believe, your basic philosophy of life, is surely the most important

thing about you. It has to be more important than an irregular French verb, or a method of preparing an acetaldehyde.

But would you say that boys are actually challenged in such a way?

MJWR Well, I hope they are challenged. It's also the duty of the school to pass on to the pupils the culture of the community in which they live. I mean 'culture' in a very serious sense — all the values and history and knowledge of a community. A very important part of this community is its Christian heritage, not only for Christians, but also for Jews and to some extent for other groups too, such as Moslems.

What do you think is the value of élites, such as the prefectship and the Cartland Club?

MJWR Well, the prefects are doing a job: I think that's clear. The Cartland Club has been under much discussion, and I don't think I can sum up that discussion now; but we've taken the first step — after a lot of discussion with the masters and some of the boys. We felt that the method of selection for the Club which had been used was extremely divisive. It was as if we were assessing each boy and saying "Yes, you're good enough for the Cartland Club", or "No, you're not good enough." People were very unhappy about that, the masters seemingly more than the boys. To get away from that situation we changed to a system we recognise to be imperfect, but which we feel is a little bit more fair. We say "Since we haven't got room in the Cartland Club for everybody, and have to choose, let's do it on the basis of people who do particular jobs." This is still a little arbitrary, but less discriminatory. If you're doing a job, you get membership, and if you're not, you don't. If it could be done, I should like to have all sixth formers in the Cartland Club. As for the prefects, you simply have to select those who you think will do the job best.

Chief Master, thank you very much.

EXHIBITIONS 1984

Art & Design Department

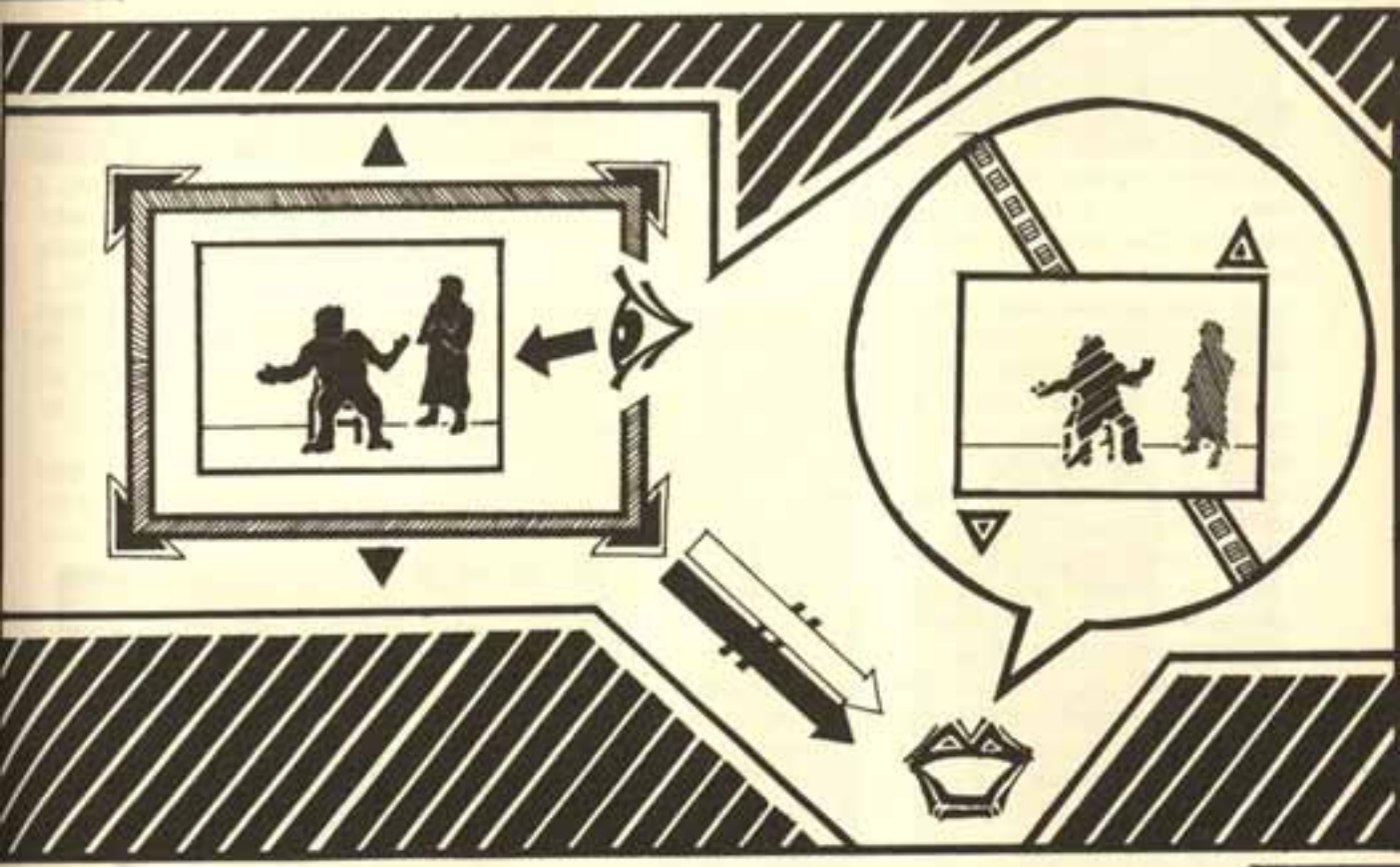
A selection from past Annual Exhibitions	**Jan 16 — Feb 6**
HALF TERM	Feb 13 — Feb 14
Helios Gallery Posters	**Feb 20 Mar 12**
EASTER VACATION	Mar 29 — April 28
****George Fullard: Drawings**	**May 19 — June 10**
Annual Exhibition of Art, Craft & Photography	**July 12 — July 16**
SUMMER VACATION	July 18 — Sept 5
****Max Ernst's 'Histoire Naturelle'**	**Sept 22 — Oct 14**
HALF TERM	Oct 26 — Nov 22
KES Annual Photography Competition	**Nov 5 — Nov 23**
Original Works by Friends of the R.B.S.A.	**Nov 26 — Dec 14**
CHRISTMAS VACATION	Dec 19 — Jan 8

**** An Arts Council Exhibition**

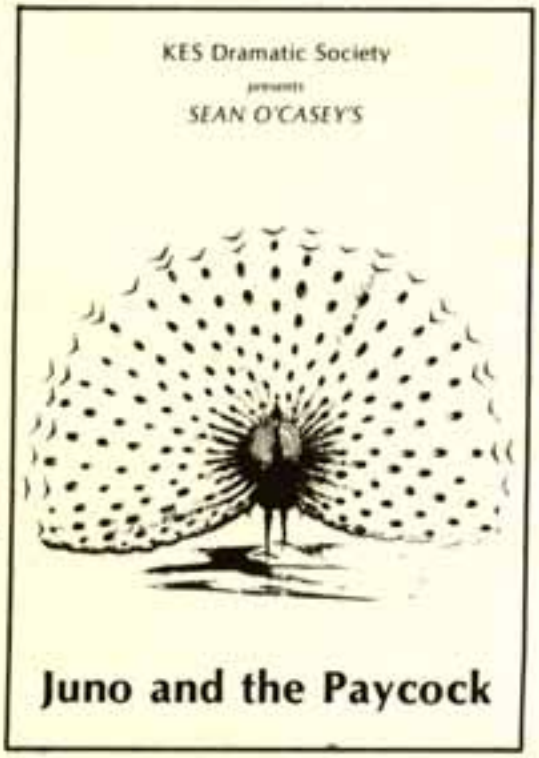
Visitors are most welcome to our exhibitions, between 10 am and 5 pm though a telephone call indicating time of arrival and numbers involved would be appreciated.

T.H.W. Ashby,
Head of Art & Design Department

Reviews



DRAMA



Juno and the Paycock

In February the Dramatic Society presented Sean O'Casey's famous play *Juno and the Paycock*. The setting in Dublin 1922 is disturbingly reminiscent of Belfast in 1982; sectarian strife and murder are common to both. Yet O'Casey's play, like Synge's *The Playboy of the Western World* written fifteen years before *Juno*, is in touch with another aspect of Irish life: the national tendency to self-dramatising fantasies, to create a world of talk rather than work. Men get a pretty bad press from both dramatists; while women suffer, men are dangerously irresponsible babies.

Mr Evans' production took us into this world first of all by its set, a powerful evocation of a sordid tenement life which itself bears importantly on the action of the play when removal men remove most of the furniture. This feeling of seediness is an important element in establishing essential facts about the life of the main characters of the play, Jack 'Paycock' Boyle, and his wife, June. Jack's expectation of easy money without having to work for it, the extravagance this leads to, his inability to live in the real world, his wife's long-suffering uneasiness in the situation, all this found nice visual expression in the set.

On this set the Paycock, his family and his repellent friend, Joxer Daly, enact the action which for those of them who can feel is tragic and for the others a sequence of events. The main parts were admirably safe in the hands of the old troupers, Max Carlish, Eleanor Crook, Matthew Banks and Ken Macnab. When I say 'old troupers' I mean, of course, that whatever their years may be they've all had plenty of experience of playing major rôles. Max and Matthew eating and talking together (an activity which neither finds difficult, I daresay) was one of the best bits of purely naturalistic acting I've seen at KES for a long time. But a bigger achievement was the success with which both sustained, credibly and coherently, two complex characters. To do this demands some range and flexibility of technique and both have acquired it. So, too, has Eleanor Crook who moves about the stage with confident ease, and whose intelligent performance of Juno was set off well by Liz Ingham's touching playing of her daughter, Mary. Probably the most difficult rôle of all was Ken Macnab's as the Paycock's son, Johnny. Haunted, neurotic, a marked man, it would have been a really juicy part if O'Casey had ever given him anything really interesting to say but without this it has its problems. I thought that Ken did very well. There may well be other ways of playing Johnny Boyle but he developed one from his own strength as an actor, which is his intensity. The result was convincing and that is what matters.

Round this nucleus of family and friend swarms the tenement life of Dublin during the Troubles. This produces quite a large number

of cameo parts. Giles Dickson erupted onto the stage in a comic vignette of a local tailor who moved uncannily like Groucho Marx. Sarah Deval and Coleen Campbell made considerable impact in the small but important parts of Mrs Madigan and Mrs Tancred. Paul Davies as a dreadful creep of a school teacher wrestled with a part that all actors would queue up to avoid; it really is a tough number and I don't think he quite brought it off but he has my sympathies. So, too, did Richard Hitchcock with another part that offers little, Jerry Devine. Had I been playing a small part in this play I would have much preferred to be either one of the two removal men or one of the two irregular fighters. There are fewer lines to learn and you don't have to say things that stick in your throat. It looked as if Graham Bayliss, Paul Mason, Adam Rodaway and Mark Worsley thought so, too. They did what they had to do, whether it was removing the furniture or rubbing Johnny out, with brisk conviction. But I must admit that my favourites among the small parts were without doubt Richard Prvulovich for looking so magnificently like Al Capone and, prince of them all, Steve Bywater, for **being** a Sewing Machine Man. When I saw this mysterious character on the programme I could scarcely wait to find out what such a man is or does or whether he had strayed in from the *Wizard of Oz*. With Steve's appearance, all was revealed.

I would not, however, want to end on a frivolous note. This was a very successful and strong production of a harrowing and sombre play. As usual the lighting and stagework were splendid and so were the costumes, organised and/or made by Mrs Shipway and a talented group of girls, masterminded by Elinor Idle. Costumes in a play such as this, set in a decade which is nearly but not quite our own era, present particular problems and they were solved with ingenuity and flair. But when the contributions of all the sixty plus people whose names appear in the programme are considered, it is Mr Evans and Dr Homer, producer and stage director respectively, who concerted all and galvanised the whole enterprise and can take a great deal of credit for this powerful and entertaining production.

A.J.T.

"GHOSTS"

by **HENRIK IBSEN**

Ghosts

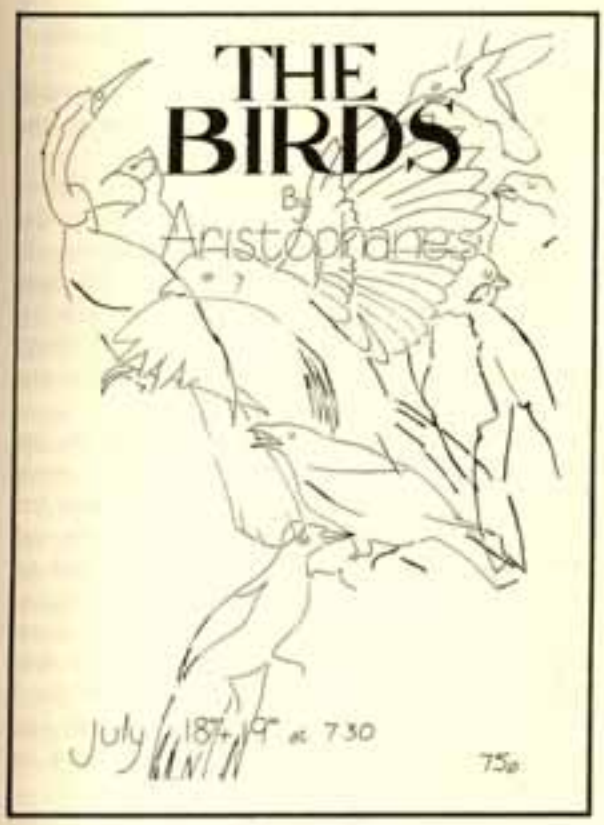
A group of Oxbridge candidates staged their own production of Ibsen's *Ghosts* in the Concert Hall at Christmas. This ambitious undertaking was managed in two week's intensive rehearsal.

(From the Speech Day Synopsis)

Friday Drama

The Friday Drama option has attracted a good team this year, drawn from the Removes to the Sixth, and the different year groups worked very well together. In the Easter term they performed three Pinter *Revue Sketches* as part of their Friday activity.

(From the Speech Day Synopsis)



The Birds

This year's Syndicate Play was particularly strong on the characteristic pleasures of its kind: a canny mixture of admirable professionalism, bawdy anarchic cheerfulness and rough edges gleefully acknowledged and dealt with — it proved as fine an entertainment for a summer's evening as one could wish. The outdoor setting added considerably to the relaxed atmosphere of the production, although, as dark clouds gathered in the first half, it seemed that the Syndicate might have to go one better than the Junior play and change the venue during the actual performance. This crisis passed, however, and the evening remained co-operative.

Inevitably, the chorus constitutes the main difficulty in staging any Greek play. Here, the chorus looked and moved well, but their unison speaking was ragged. When they spoke singly, sometimes splitting a line of verse between two speakers, the effect was more broken and staccato than the content of the speeches usually warranted. This is no more than to acknowledge the difficulty of organising a chorus which communicates with the audience while retaining a group identity.

The members of the chorus were much assisted by the leadership of Sarah James, whose combination of raucous energy with the skills of a good stand-up comedian enabled her to convert some of the more static choric sequences into memorable comic set-pieces. The overall effect of the choric sequences depends a good deal on positioning, and here the chorus worked well. They executed complex manoeuvres confidently and smoothly, and always maintained contact with both halves of the audience.

What made the production really enjoyable was not its stagecraft and technical expertise, though cast and directors worked well to keep a rather static play lively, but its enormous verve, comic sparkle and lewd good-humour. The cast evidently enjoyed themselves, and transmitted that enjoyment to the audience consistently and without straining for effects. Picking out individual performances is necessarily unjust to those not mentioned, but special congratulations should certainly go to Adam Rodaway for learning a long and difficult part quickly and for coping so cheerfully with minor mishaps in performance. Matthew Banks presented a splendidly chinless Hoopoe, and Laurie Doe feigned brainlessness with considerable skill. Among the numerous cameo roles, Richard Stokes in particular managed to make a great performance out of very slight lines, largely by dint of an obscene spoonerism and lots of puffing and panting.

One of the refreshing things about Syndicate plays is the way that they often call on talent completely outside the recognised drama personnel, and it was particularly pleasing to see so many people who are not familiar faces from past main productions acting so enthusiastically, so unselfconsciously, and so well.

T.F.P.H.

The Golden Masque of Agammemnon

There can be few finer examples of the principle that we must educate for change than the success of *The Golden Masque of Agammemnon*. Designed over several months for Big School stage, the entire production had to move at two weeks' notice to KEHS, kindly made available by the Headmistress to rescue us from the crisis of fire regulations. The stage crew adapted the set and lighting; they lopped a few inches off the topless tower of Ilium, curbed their enthusiasm with the sea mist and shot their shafts of light onto the battleground of the Trojan war at tighter angles than previous strategy had required. With seconds to go final rehearsals in the new environment were complete and a powerful production leapt into action. High praise must go to all involved, that a play with a large cast and prepared for a large stage rarely looked cramped in the reorganised and reduced boundaries of Greece and Troy on the Girls' School stage.

John Wiles' play is adapted from the Greek writers' dramatisations of the Trojan Wars. Unfortunately Wiles allows some Euripidean absurdities at the end to spoil the more effective dramatic shape of the Aeschylean trilogy. Otherwise this version produced by Mr Hosty and Miss Barnett was admirably suited to the needs of the Junior Play.

Particularly effective were the mime sequences. The years of warring at Troy were deftly represented as a handful of warriors stalked each other round the central tower and surprised their opponents with well-timed attacks. There was something delightfully tongue-in-cheek in this presentation of the epic struggles. The mime of the journey to Tauris was very finely acted by Joe Martin and Richard Wolffe, who conveyed the varied terrain and moods that Orestes and Pylades endured on their travels.

The central tower was splendidly used to give variation in the acting levels and grouping. Very effective was the way the 'punk' Furies swarmed, lurked and crouched over and on the tower. At times the Furies needed to be more threatening, especially in their spoken parts.

But they looked good, and the costuming and make-up were inspired.

The chorus worked well together commenting on the action and enacting some of the mimed sequences. Their black jeans and shirts made an effective contrast to the richer colours of Tasso Gazis' authoritative Agammemnon and the priestly garb of Marcus Hughes' Calchas.

The play's narrator, Thybius, also carries messages between heroes and has various parts in the play; this character was given a nicely judged performance by Roger Rees. He moved with an excellent sense of timing between the formal, mythical style of the Grecian tales, and the easy, throw-away remarks of his modern asides to the audience.

A few bandsmen played a variety of fanfares off stage from a score specially written by Nick Davies, and two young timpanists beat out atmospheric drum rolls. The technical side of the show was impressive too, with smoke guns adding a mystic haze to the apparition of Tasso Gazis. The cast and producers, costumiers and technicians all deserve thanks for keeping their cool in a potentially fiery situation and giving us an enjoyable entertainment on two evenings.

G.E.E.

Brahms Concert

This concert at the end of the Christmas term was devoted entirely to Brahms, featuring two technically demanding works — the Violin Concerto in D minor and the German Requiem.

The school was lucky enough to obtain an OE of the Girls' School — Philippa Ibbotson — to play the difficult solo part in the Violin Concerto, which she did with remarkable skill and flair. The First Orchestra were also particularly good, playing the none-too-easy orchestral parts with considerable ability under the inspired leadership of Peter Bridle.

Mr Sill took the baton for the second half of the concert to conduct the Choral Society in the Brahms Requiem. Despite the particularly high register in the tenor part, and the ever-present fear of falling off the rickety benches at the back of the choir, the performance came off well, and many thanks are due to the two soloists, Joy Naylor (soprano) and Alan Fairs (baritone), and to the orchestra — the best of the schools' players augmented with some friends of Mr Bridle and Mr Sill.

This was one of the finest musical productions this year, and a fitting tribute to the Brahms Centenary season.

Andrew McGeachin, Fifths.

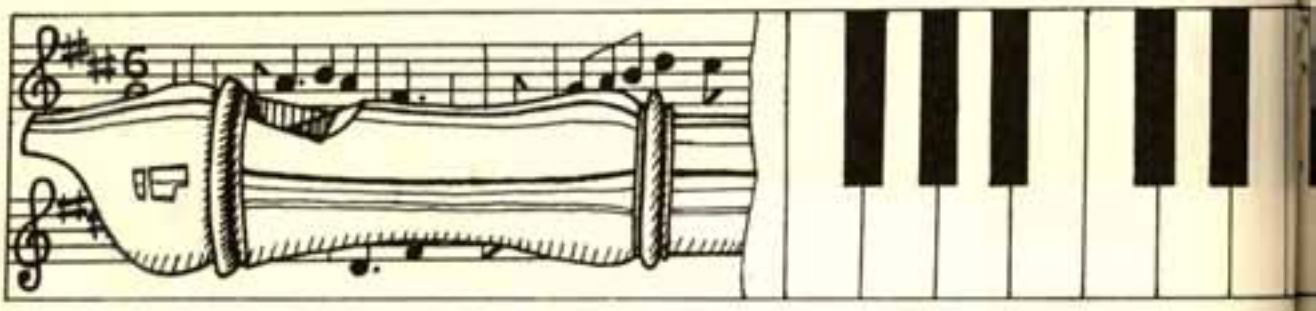
The Christmas Concert

The annual Christmas Concert has established a reputation for both the diverse ability and the enthusiasm of its participants. This year proved to be no exception, a fact that was reflected in the programme: the usual combination of carols and choirs with occasional orchestral interludes. Despite the absence of the legendary KEHS Junior Choir, led by the cryptically titled 'Choir-lass Enid Tug' on the Tuesday evening, its substitute the Chapel Choir performed very creditably indeed. They sang a number of charming carols, all of which were remarkable for their obscurity.

Wednesday's audience, however, was not to be so cruelly cheated. Miss Douglas at last appeared, accompanied by thirty angelic urchins, the 'KEHS Junior Choir', whose ten minute appearance opened with a charming little number called *Fa, La, La* (the lyricist remains anonymous.....). The Brass Ensemble followed, demonstrating once again its particular skill. The Wind Band, freed from the onus of playing alongside Jeremy Davies, performed with stunning alacrity and accuracy, and certainly provided food for thought for its arch rival, the Concert Band, which was sadly drowned by the incessant screaming of those in the gallery. But on the whole, a splendid evening's entertainment for all concerned.

Giles Dickson, Fifths.

M U S I C



Collegium Regale

The arrival of seven choral scholars from King's College, Cambridge on 18th March, gave rise to great expectations. Sadly, however, the concert was quite a disappointment in a number of ways. Although the voices in themselves were outstanding, somehow the group lacked the mystical quality of 'blend' which would have brought it all together. This, coupled with surprisingly bad intonation in the counter-tenors, produced a performance which only rarely touched the sparkling nature which the group's reputation would suggest.

The pieces which were most successful were those which were closest to the mens' normal repertoire: Tallis's achingly beautiful *Lamentations*. This is tortuous music to sing, yet the group brought it off with scarcely a moment's problem. Similarly, they dealt admirably with some quite splendid arrangements of negro spirituals to end the first half on a relatively high note.

The second half, however, was less successful. The four Grieg songs, which were rather inane music in themselves, proved uninspired, and the close harmony which closed the concert was in general unadventurous and failed to exploit the group's potential.

Interspersed among the choral pieces were two organ solos by John Butt, the ex-organ scholar. For an organist of his pedigree, his programme and approach defied belief. The E major Prelude would have been fine had he not played it on an unthinkable organ registration and the choice of Hindemith's 2nd Sonata was quite unsuited to the Concert Hall organ.

Thus the concert promised much but proved rather disappointing. Perhaps we were too consciously comparing them with the King's Singers but considering their impressive record, had we simply come on an off night of their tour?

Ken Macnab, Sixths.

(It was apparently the first night of the tour — Ed.)

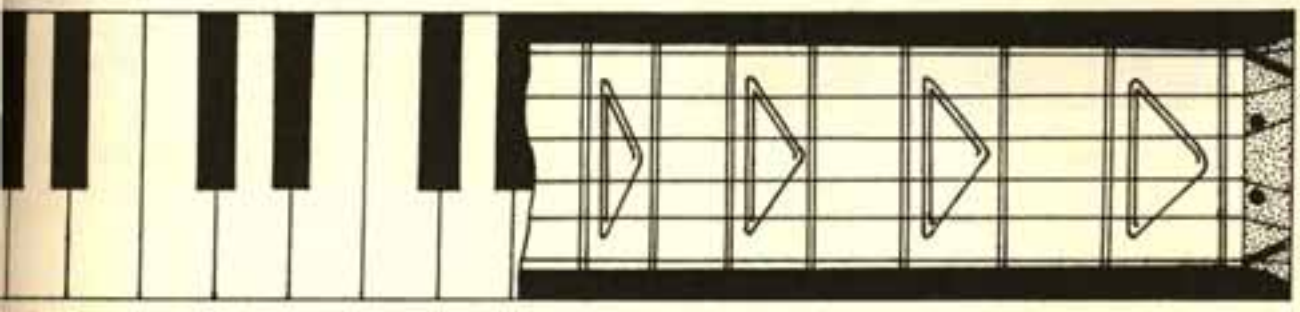
Choral and Orchestral Concert, 22nd March

The school returned this year to the Church of St Alban in Bordesley after an absence of far too long — since the magnificent acoustics fully complemented a carefully chosen and well performed programme. The first half consisted of a performance of Bach's Concerto for Two Violins by the Chamber Orchestra under the baton of Mr Bridle, with Helen Divett and Gerald Lowe as the soloists. This piece had been played the night before in KEHS, but the two performances could hardly have been more contrasted. At St Albans, the performance was technically far less correct, but the acoustics and the incense combined to give it far more atmosphere. The two soloists played with a combination of technical brilliance and artistic sensitivity far beyond their years.

In the second half, the Chapel Choir gave a performance of Stainer's *Crucifixion*, a Victorian passion setting which until some years ago was the bulwark of Evangelical and Non-Conformist church choirs. It has lapsed just long enough, however, to make its airing quite an interesting event. The music may not be in vogue at the moment, but nevertheless the Chapel Choir opened very well with what can be some taxing moments. A lot depends on the soloists, and we were very lucky to have two first-rate men, David Hill and Richard Lewis, who both exploited the perfect singing conditions to the fullest extent. Finally, the highest praise must go to the organist, Peter King, playing in a church where accompaniment is never easy, particularly with over fifty singers.

The Victorian Anglo-Catholic surroundings gave the concert a beautiful setting, and altogether this proved a very well-spent evening.

Ken Macnab, Sixths



The Alastair Mackerras Chamber Orchestra and Joint First Orchestra

During May this year, KES was the host to the Alastair Mackerras Chamber Orchestra, a group of twenty-two extremely talented and able young musicians, all members of Sydney Grammar School, Australia. They were conducted and rehearsed by Joy Lee, an old friend of KES, for many years associated with the school in a teaching capacity. Their stay with us lasted for three days and culminated in a joint concert in KEHS assembly hall.

In the first half of the concert AMCO performed three well-known works and an arrangement of *Waltzing Matilda* written by an ex-member of the orchestra, Jon Noble. Their performance of Holst's St Paul's Suite was both sensitive and mature, as was the following item on the programme, Vivaldi's A minor Cello Concerto. The soloist, Peter Morrisson, played with an astonishing maturity beyond his years. The orchestra then played a composition that was especially written for them, Penicka's Suite for Strings — performed with a clarity of tone and precision that astounded the audience. While the orchestra's choice of programme was not particularly ambitious, its standard of execution was uniformly outstanding.

Despite this quality of playing in the first half, it was the second half of the concert that contained most interest for the indigenous population. The performance of the Firebird Suite by Stravinsky is undoubtedly the most ambitious choice of programme in living memory at KES. The sheer power of Stravinsky's work as well as the speed and accuracy needed throughout meant that the highly successful performance was rewarding to both the performers and audience alike.

The entire concert was a great success, and a credit to all who took part. Playing with the Australians was an edifying social and musical experience, and thanks should go to all who made the tour possible, and especially Mr Bridle for all his patient work with us and his really excellent conducting.

Richard Hitchcock, Divs.

Syndicate Concert

In the audience, a hushed silence. In the jury box, selected octogenarians from the Common Room, hearing aids just ticking over, pacemakers working overtime. In the Public Gallery, excited chatter as the single act of *Trial by Jury* unfolds itself. In the starring rôle, Gareth Edwards, an ageing juvenile delinquent, playing Edwin, a 'Slob' who is being sued for breach of promise by Angelina (Clare Costa). From a wheelchair somewhere in the box, the voice of the rapidly greying Giles Evans thunders out, while Max Carlish, as the judge, presides over the court with all the weight of his years. The audience are so overcome by this demonstration that they clap after nearly every number..... That at least was the gist of thing.

Considering that tickets for the Saturday evening performance were sold out on the very morning that they were put on sale, the audience seemed to be expecting great things. To an extent, they got them. The Joint Chamber Orchestra, Schola Cantorum Edwardiensis, The Worsley Wind Trio and the Thunderbirds Ensemble all helped to bring colour to what was essentially a very enjoyable evening under the varied directorships of Helen Divett, Kenneth Macnab, Mark Worsley and Joe Thompson. The xylophone duet and side drum solo showed a spirited enthusiasm matched with considerable musical skill, and while the reception of *Trial by Jury* may have had something to do with the wine served in the interval, the soloists all performed with great enthusiasm. Finally, our thanks must of course go to the Music Department for making all of this possible.

Rupert Ward, Fifths.

Trombone Choir Concert

Despite the fact that the half-term holiday had already started, a large audience turned up on a warm early-summer evening to hear the Birmingham Trombone Choir.

Following Mr Sill's introduction, a group of ten trombonists walked on with the audience wondering what to expect. Mr Shifren, leader of the group and principal trombonist in the CBSO, introduced each work and at the same time entertained us with his broad American humour. The first half consisted of their more 'serious' works including music by Vaughan Williams, Bach and Mozart. In contrast, the second half of the concert featured more popular music including *Yesterday*, and *Mr Sandman*. Before playing the last-mentioned piece Mr Shifren, to the delight of the audience, 'volunteered' Mr Sill and Mr Bridle to read the lyrics. Having donned night-caps and gowns they performed, nervously at first but gaining confidence as they proceeded.

To finish the evening Mr Shifren invited myself, David Whitehouse, and Daniel Barker to play *76 Trombones* with the group, and, having played two encores, the group departed to a tremendous ovation. We look forward to their re-appearance in the future.

Summer Concert

The Music Department's summer offering again provided a wide variety of musical styles, performed by a suitably wide variety of ensembles. The first half opened with an entertaining performance of various swing tunes by the Joint Wind Band, compensating for their occasional lack of confidence with great enthusiasm. The performance by the KEHS Junior Choir was much as expected, treating us to a memorable rendition of Chris Hazell's *Holy Moses*. To close the first half, the Joint Wind Band's more polished counterpart, the Joint Concert Band, regaled us with a nostalgic selection, featuring such well-known oldies as *The Girl From Ipanema* and Mr Sill.

After the interval, we sampled the delights of Gordon Cross' avant-garde *Meet My Folks*, performed by the Chapel Choir, Rem. S percussionists and a veritable plethora of accomplished soloists, with the narration of James Dunstan. The unusual and bold choice of material proved to be a stimulating and refreshingly different experience. On Wednesday, the Brass Ensemble was replaced by the Joint Chamber Orchestra, who played Vivaldi's Double Trumpet Concerto, with the solo parts taken excellently by Jonathan Ager and Mark Whiteway. Both performances were as enjoyable as they were technically accurate. The evening came to a climax with the appearance of the Joint Second Orchestra (augmented!). For the interlude, every musician, past, present and future, appeared to crawl out of the proverbial woodwork to join in the fun. After spirited and diverting renditions of Leroy Anderson's *Fiddle Faddle*, Mancini's *Moon River* and an arrangement of *Cavatina* by Nick Davies, with an excellent saxophone solo by Steve Twigg, the concert was concluded with the spectacular and rousing *1812 Overture*, complete with party-poppers and a banner bearing the word "BANG!!". Though it always tends to be overshadowed by the Syndicate Concert, this was nevertheless a well-supported and thoroughly enjoyable evening.

Graham Doe and Max Carlish, Fifths.

ART

Annual Exhibition of Art and Design

The annual exhibition consists of Fine Art, ceramics and photography, and in previous years it has seemed impossible to draw a conclusion that covers all these widely differing media. Sadly this year I could do so because the exhibition was dull. It displayed talent and consistency and clearly showed hard work and research. But unlike previous years, I left it saying "It was good, but....."

It was good..... Tait of the Shells demonstrated considerable accomplishment in his exercise in perspective, and this high standard irradiated the O-level and A-level sets to the top of the school. I noted especially Sadler's brilliant scraperboard and poster work, Wallbank's Atomic Explosion, and Edgington's calm but invigorating sunset. Also to be seen was a new venture: a joint Art/History project, something which encouraged more artistic imagination than previous co-operations with the Geography department, simply because medieval history refuses to be photographed ..... Art fits anywhere, and other departments should at least toy with the idea.

The other 'Flat-Art' photography contained some vivacious tableaux by Coveney of *Juno and the Paycock* and the continuing Embley spark in shots of Fireworks in stately gardens. In 3-d the same consistency showed. Three remarkable models — Rodaway's 'Fallingwater', a relief map of East Falkland, and an impeccable Juggernaught by Taylor — all impressed. The Shells' pottery work seemed to exceed their age in models of faces and Moxley's reclining youth. And Williams' woodwork combined Fine Art and Design in two swans floating gracefully..... embossed in wood on the surface of a table.

But..... But for all the consistent high quality goodness of the exhibition, no striking image or construction was fixed in my mind as I left it. It approached the peak but never reached it in works of sparkling originality.

Having just emerged as an unfinished product from the O-level art machine, and being just about to enter the A-level refining line I can at least pause to say that the Art department is in early years starved of time. The forty minutes' Fine Art I had a week in the Shells gave me just enough time to get started and.....

stop. The situation improved little until I was about to start the O-level course. A double period instead of a single one would have allowed just that little more adventure into representing objects in detail which could have led to far greater things later on. I spent all my O-level course learning the basic lesson of Art: that when you are asked to draw an object you think that you can translate the impression your memory has of it into a picture, when in fact you cannot — and must look at it for a significantly long time before you even reach for the pencil..... And through that I then struggled to be Good at Art. This is the problem. Without practice you cannot be good. Without being good you cannot be excellent. This year's Exhibition stopped at the plateau of being Good. A little more practice before boys begin the exam courses and it would have been Excellent.

Jonathan Hollow, Fifths.

An Exhibition of Photographs by Sir Benjamin Stone, OH, selected and presented by GCU

Mr Underhill has an interest in cement and stone! That is, the architecture of old Birmingham, and the work of Sir Benjamin Stone, who, incidentally, was an Old Edwardian. The collection of photographs exhibited in the top corridor earlier this year was a selection made by Mr Underhill from some twenty thousand in Birmingham Central Library, where copies may be obtained and used for exhibitions.

Sir Benjamin Stone has produced a unique record of society with his photographs, ranging from the 'splendid' portraits of Parliamentary figures and their working locations, to the poverty of a miner breaking the stone he has quarried. It is a unique record of town and country life at the turn of the century, balancing human conditions with technological achievements. Mr Underhill produced a fascinating and informative exhibition, and we are grateful to him for sharing his particular interest with us.

Jeremy Southall, Sixths.

Art in Focus

As you ploughed your way between lessons, or slouched about of a lunchtime, you might have noticed a number of new paintings adorning the walls of the corridors. If you troubled to look at them, then you would have appreciated both the quality of the prints themselves and the distinguished nature of the artists, as well as the high standard of framing. This is all part of a plan by the Chief Master to brighten up the School, to provide visual stimuli to its occupants, and also, in an educative rôle, to give a neat précis of the history of art, covering all of the most important periods in the history of Western Culture. Mr Ashby chose the pictures, with money provided from one of the Chief Master's funds and also by associations like the Old Edwardians and The Parents' Association, and the results are astonishing. For a school where the walls looked imposing but boring, these prints have already had a marvellous effect.

And that is not all that is going on! With the help of the Foundation Archivist and the Schools of the Foundation, Mr Ashby has prepared a catalogue of original works in all the Foundation Schools, revealing the hidden treasures that lie entombed and unnoticed in various nooks and crannies of the buildings. For instance, there are seven etchings lurking in the Four Citizens' Room, and five in the Bryant Room. The Common Room harbours three oil paintings, and the Chief Master's Study six engravings — three of them original. So, in Mr Ashby's words, you can expect a 'visual bonanza' in the next year or so.

Rupert Ward, Fifths.

Books & Folios:
Screen prints by Greaves, Medley and Middleditch

This exhibition developed from the friendship of the three artists concerned; they have all taught or are teaching at the Norwich School of Art. What they managed to produce between them was a highly varied and original use of the medium chosen, from Derrick Greaves' evocative treatment of Pierre Loüy's *Songs of Bilitis* (deemed in some cases too obscene for the delicate sensibilities of pupils at KES.....), through Edward Middleditch's haunting images (candles and moths, flowers, landscapes) to Robert Medley's visual settings for Milton's *Samson Agonistes*.

It was an original and stimulating exhibition, which deserved to be more widely patronised.

Rupert Ward, Fifths.

Space Photography Exhibition

For centuries, man has wanted to explore his solar system and conquer the nearby planets. But only over the past twenty-five years has his dream begun to turn into reality with the aid of new and sophisticated technology.....

This exhibition featured photography from the Viking-Mars and the Voyager 1 and 2 missions, administrated by the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in California. The Viking cameras have transmitted over 52,000 photographs of the surface and atmosphere, greatly expanding man's knowledge of the planet, while the historic Voyager encounters with Jupiter and Saturn revealed startling new data. I should like to thank Mr Ashby for the opportunity to display these remarkable shots.

Patrick Yau, Fourths.

Giacometti

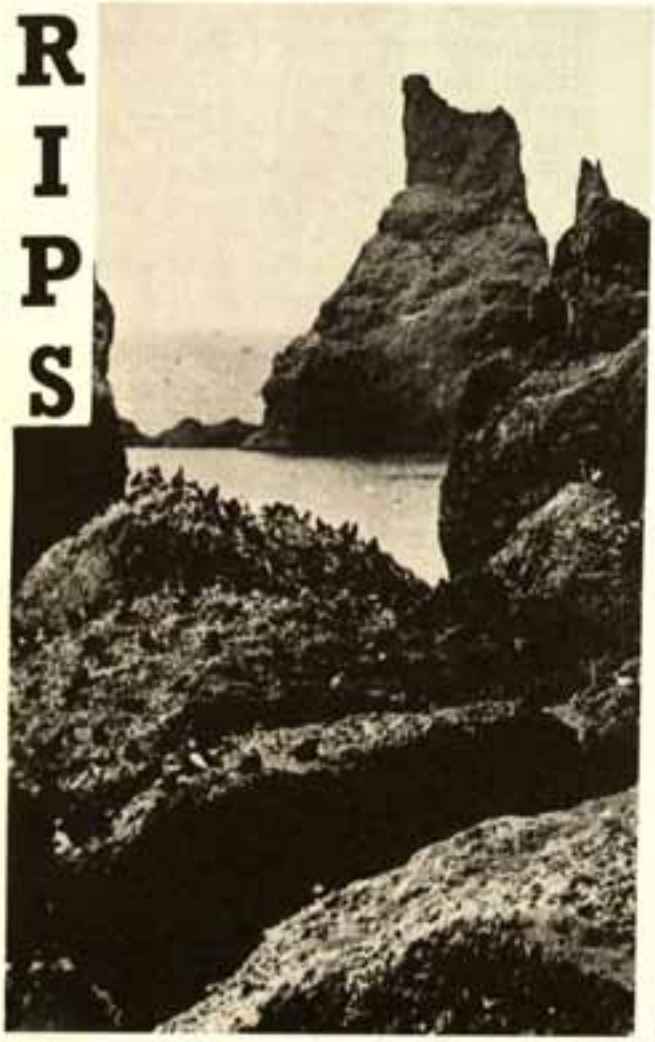
The posters which preceded 'Paris Sans Fin' made me look forward to it with a mild, pleasurable anticipation. I was sadly disappointed. Giacometti had looked carefully at the most charming points of Paris but his observations seemed unfulfilled. The only way I can describe it is 'frothy'. Each picture represented its subject with a few light strokes and consequently left you with a superficial vision of the scene. The eye longed for some solidity and depth to rest on, but never found it..... and so moved on, uninterested.

Sadly, this was an exhibition which lacked substance in its fullest sense, a rare failure in the Arts Council's repertoire.

Jonathan Hollow, Fifths.

TRIPS

Haywood Travel Scholarship: Iceland



Two cagoule-clad figures turned into the gale-force wind. Horizontally-driven rain sheered mercilessly into their bared faces. They were, therefore, not a little concerned, since this scene took place in the comparative civilisation of Reykjavik. The next day we were due to leave for the wild interior of Iceland.....

Twenty-four hours later, we were on our way to Fljotsdalur, where we camped overlooking the ice cap of Myrdalsjokull — rather a thrilling backdrop for our camp meals! After a day spent climbing the 3,400 foot peak of Grafell and traversing many unmapped gorges and streams, we prepared for our second, more remote base — Hekla, a volcano that is reputed to be the entrance to hell.....

For three days we saw no other human being. For more than two, the weather was atrocious, preventing our field work, and on the third, as the clouds lifted, Hekla reared its ominous head. We pressed on into the volcanic hinterland of South Iceland, uninhabited and deserted — except at Landmannalaugar, where a hot spring emerges from an Obsidian lava field. There, a solitary hut crowns the scene — hoards of tourists, attracted by the multi-coloured layers of sulphur!

Leaving the volcanic core of the south, we moved eastwards to look at the glacial scenery of Vatnajokull. We camped in the Skaftafell National Park, although, after being forced to descend one particular mountain because of a slight difference between the map and reality, we decided to move on — but were prevented by the torrents of flood water which had flowed down from the glaciers and demolished a couple of road bridges. It was not for another two days that we were able to leave Skaftafell behind, and journey onwards to the fishing port of Djupivogur, where we spent a glorious sunny day in a high U-shaped valley, while a sea-mist hugged the shore of the fjord below.

Pride of place is given by the Icelandic Tourist Board to Lake Myvatn, the last stage of our pilgrimage. Luckily, God was good to us after our encounter with the gates of hell, and the sunshine prevailed. The lake itself was crammed full of birdlife, and all around were solfataras, mudpools and weird lava forms: an amazing sight.

Although it was mid-August, the weather soon deteriorated to snow as we moved into Iceland's second city, Akureyri. This was our last stopping place, and we soon left the country after a gruelling but exciting month.

We would like to thank the various companies who offered us equipment and financial help, and the people who offered us valuable advice, particularly Messrs Haywood and Marsh.

David Higgitt and Peter Nienow, Sixths.

Parents' Association Travel Scholarship

German Baroque Organs

"....for the connoisseur there is hardly a purer aesthetic delight than the juxtaposition of the Rückpositiv Bärpfeife with the Oberwerk Rohrflöte...." (Albert Schweitzer)

Three weeks studying German Baroque organs may seem a somewhat esoteric use of a travel scholarship. For us it was informative and enjoyable to see and play some of the "finest organs in Western Christendom" (Ken Macnab) within the first few days of our trip. A detailed article about them, however, is scarcely the staple diet of *Chronicle* readers, and should be left, perhaps, to Albert Schweitzer.

After twenty-two sleepless hours on boat and train, and after the first four hectic days "organising" in Lüneburg, Neuenfelde and Steinkirchen, we reached Hamburg. Here the Youth Hostel has the latest curfew in Europe, a concession maybe to what one guide book euphemistically called "the largest dockland entertainment area in the world". On the other hand, the city does have five major churches, one of which (architecturally a sort of Disneyland grotto) we climbed, only to be caught in the bell-chamber as noon struck. Nevertheless, we felt it worth buying a poster for posterity before catching the train for Lübeck. Lübeck seemed to be a town obsessed by organs. In an hour and a half we managed to soak up three separate recitals, even though the town's most famous instrument, attacked over five centuries successively by beetles, damp and Victorians, is currently with a Berlin organbuilder recovering from the nineteenth century. We even managed to bankrupt ourselves by buying one of the pipes to be purged (an item of luggage which later caused some consternation at East German customs) and so were forced to cadge our couple of posters before moving on.

West Berlin made a rather chilling impression on us at first. In some ways it is the "symbol of the Free West", in others it remains a museum of historical disasters. In one day we visited Hitler's Olympic Stadium, the Kaiser Wilhelm Church destroyed by Allied bombs, and the Communists' Wall. After four days among West Berlin's ruins, churches and museums, our passports received their first batch of rubber stamps as we crossed into the East with surprising ease.

We didn't stay in East Berlin, but caught a train straight away for Leipzig. Here we were fortunate enough to have the help of Eberhard Fischer, a family friend who drove us to our campsite and promised to "fetch up" at the gates the following morning. After a breakfast of stale East German bread and Socialist beer we began to wonder whether his English was more accurate than we had assumed. Leipzig provided us with an insight into the Communist system, which in principle seemed very fair. The essentials are ludicrously cheap (6p for a loaf of bread, 25p for *Das Kapital*) whilst luxury goods are exorbitant (£6,000 and a ten-year waiting list for a Skoda). However, it was impossible to forget that this was a police state. Our main reason for coming to Leipzig, though, was to visit Bach's Thomaskirche — an excellent climax and conclusion to our trip — and we could not leave without buying a few posters of J.S. Bach and his church to add to our expanding collection.

We left East Germany and our journey home was broken only by a brief stay in Kassel. Unfortunately we parted company at this point with our

tunately we parted company at this point with our treasured library of posters, which are now doing a grand tour of Europe on the luggage rack of a Bundesbahn train. We retain, however, the memory of three most enjoyable and interesting weeks, and we are very grateful to the Parents' Association for making it all possible.

Jonathan Robinson
and Ken Macnab, Sixths.

Speech Day

This year's Speech Day ran a less troubled course than the previous year's, but the format was unchanged, except for a much-appreciated typed summary of the year's extra-curricular activities. The declamations — Chris Remfry's cautionary analysis of ischaemic heart disease, Ken Macnab's anti-papal diatribe, and Joe Gallivan's poems — were impressive, if incongruous.

In a hard-hitting and powerful speech, the Chief Master expressed his opposition to the Labour Party's education policy, and restated his belief that the issue of education should be removed from party-political discussion. He spoke of his hope for increased links between Foundation and city, and admitted to a (not unjustified) paternal pride in the school's achievements. It was a speech of a quality rare on such occasions, and impressed even some who might dissent from its conclusions.

Having presented the prizes, Sir Richard O'Brien brought us back down to earth with a speech which drew upon an honest and personal account of England's post-war economic record, to remind us of the opportunities and responsibilities ahead of us.

In a brief but easy speech, the School Captain expressed thanks on behalf of the school.

Overcoming a variety of Latin accents, we gave a rousing rendition of 'Quadringentos' to round off the occasion, and the gownless masters left the sun-soaked hall, looking cool but shabby.

Boaz Moselle and Matthew Banks, Sixths.

Opening of The Robson Fisher Building

At 2.30 on the 7th October, parents of boys of the school, together with the school prefects, gathered outside the science corridor to witness the return of Mr Robson Fisher to the school in order to perform the ceremonial opening of the new biology and Lucas microelectronics laboratories. After being welcomed by his successor, he expressed his gratitude at being invited back to the school, and for being so honoured in the name of the new building. He commended the school for its foresight in providing facilities enabling the boys to keep abreast of developments in modern technology, and concluded by wondering if the complex might not have been more accurately named 'The Rigby-Andronov Edifice', in recognition of their influence.

After opening the building with the engraved golden key presented to him, Mr Fisher invited the outside world to tour the new laboratories for a rare glimpse of the weird and wonderful KES scientist in action!

Jon Ingham and Matthew Kempshall
(now both O.E.s)

Mr Russell in Conversation about Scouting in KES

"This year over 10% of the School are members of the Scouts, which is the best ever, basically because we're taking in a lot more Shells than we used to, and they seem to be staying. It could be something to do with the activities that go on..... During the year we've been on five Expeditions Weekends, including a canal trip on a barge..... not a lot of demand for that one, no — only twelve. We also had a climbing expedition with Mr Hancock in Snowdon over Whitsuntide — and you could mention backwards cooking. Mr Fisher always wondered what that meant — he wondered if they started off with a scrambled egg and put it back into the shell. What it really means is

back-WOODS. Anyway, the Summer Camp this year in the Lake District should be quite good; there are forty-five people going, which takes an awful lot of organising.....

Yes, there's been quite a lot of fund-raising going on this year. We've had a sponsored swim, which raised more than £300; a barn dance; the Scout Musical Extravaganza, which raised about £120, £60 of which went to charity; and then we've just had the Kilometre of pennies. It got to about thirty metres, which isn't terribly exciting; that means about £15, half of which went to Cot Fund. Oh yes, and Mr McIlwaine and the Sea Scouts have managed to build a Mirror Dinghy, which is now on sale for £565..... Where does it go? KE scouts is the only Friday afternoon activity that has to fund itself — apart from some Governors' Grant. That means that we need about £1,000 a year to keep going. It goes on things like subsidising Expeditions, Weekends, Camps, paying for general equipment — a patrol tent costs £400 to buy.....

A lot of thanks must go to everybody who's been to our events, to those non-Scouts in the Musical Extravaganza and to the Chief Master and his wife, who have been to most of our events this year. Mr Evans and Dr Rowson joined us this year, and we must thank them for their commitment; Dr Rowson is running the Venture Unit, which has won seven Duke of Edinburgh Silver Awards this year, quite an achievement!.....

Plans for next year? We're starting a Sea Scout Patrol for juniors to go sailing in the summer and autumn — and quite a lot of people want to take that up. Mr Jones will also be joining us as a leader of one of the junior troops — and the group will be increasing even further!"

A.P.R., in conversation with Rupert Ward and Max Carlish, Fifths.

Venture Sea Scout Camp

Early in the summer holidays of 1982, the VSSU returned to the familiar waters of Lymington river and the western end of the Solent for eleven days of what promised to be exciting and varied sailing. The party was about eight-strong, including non-scout Bill Brown, 'Mac' (Mr McIlwaine) and 'Kate' (Miss Barnett). We camped in the clubhouse of the 9th Lymington Sea Scouts, and our two boats were moored in Lymington Marina. That evening we had our first sail out into the estuary in quiet, warm and peaceful conditions.

A typical day would be warm and sunny, with a fresh breeze streaming the flags out at right angles to the masts. We would set out for a day's sail as early as possible with our sandwiches etc, and, once the hundreds of moored and moving boats had been avoided — and the ferries — we usually sailed eastwards towards Cowes or Southampton. Our longest sail was about twenty-five miles in one day and our shortest consisted of drifting down into the Solent and rowing back an hour later in no wind at all.

The best sail came on the Thursday: the forecast was just right for us to visit Buckler's Hard on the Beaulieu river — a renowned beauty spot — but when we were about a mile from our moorings it was obvious that we were not going to be able to get there on account of the conditions. So we made instead for Newtown on the Isle of Wight. On the way back from Newtown the sailing was even better — following wind and waves periodically picked us up, sometimes at breakneck speed — and we *surfed* most of the way home. The last day of sailing was something of a contrast: we were able to go west for the first time, through the fearsome 'Narrows' by Hurst Castle and the Needles, though on this occasion

the sailing was quite easy.

The 1982 camp set new standards of achievement, enjoyment and good spirit in the party. Many thanks to those who led the party and helped to make it one of the best camps on record.

Andrew Mendoza *(now O.E.)* **and KMcI**

P.S. Instead of a VSSU camp this year, KMcI and KJB will be taking a party to the National Sailing Centre, Cowes, in August — the first of many, we hope!

Personal Service Group

Prince Albert Junior and Nursery School is situated in Aston, under the shadow of the floodlights of Villa Park. The area has a very high immigrant population and although not an area of extreme poverty it is by no means an affluent district. There is a high Asian population demonstrated by the fact that 85% of the children attending the schools are Asian.

The nursery section for three to five years old is entirely composed of Asians or West Indians. Hence the major dilemma for the teacher is the language barrier. On arrival at the school the children can speak virtually no English. This leads to a further problem for as the children learn to speak English they must return to their native tongue as soon as they get home, for many of their parents speak little or no English. Thus the hard work done by the teachers in the classroom is unwittingly destroyed in the home. The nursery section is composed of thirty-five children and six members of staff. This may suggest a high teacher to pupil ratio but the work of a nursery teacher is more demanding than that of a junior teacher in both physical and mental terms. Some of the children are not toilet-trained and one child is deaf.

I like to see my rôle in visiting the school as relieving the teachers' burden for the one and a half hours I am at the school. Perhaps the most constructive activity I can undertake is simply to converse with the children to encourage their usage of the language and, I hope, to increase their vocabulary. Also, reading aloud to them as a group or individually is a valuable exercise as the children can hear the enunciation of the words and can relate the words to the story. After reading the book the children are asked to describe the illustrations in the book which tests their understanding of the story. Hearing and speaking the English language is perhaps the most important part of the child's initial development and thus provides the foundation upon which the infant and junior sections can build. The Government doesn't seem to realise the drastic effect its policies are having on children such as these when it imposes its harsh educational cuts. MPs should be made to spend a day at Prince Albert School and see the potential harm they are doing.

The P.S.G. is not an easy option. If you are contemplating joining, think carefully for it leaves one very tired at the end of the day and requires dedication — but it is very rewarding.

Garon Anthony, Fourths.

CCF — Connolly Platoon Visit to Robin Hood's Bay

After a six-hour journey in the back of the 8-tonne truck, the small group of Connolly (recruit) cadets arrived at Robin Hood's Bay, North Yorkshire. During the next three days the cadets were able to enjoy first-hand the delights of a few gentle walks and the Yorkshire weather.

On the first day we set out after a delightful campo-ration breakfast, along the cliff walk to Whitby. Stopping briefly at the Lighthouse for lunch, we finally arrived at Whitby in the mid-afternoon. After being driven back the cadets decided to sample the delights of the town..... The next two days were also spent walking while the 'leaderine' amused themselves with endless games of charades.

Notable events on the trip included frequent beach excursions by the cadets, and a well-planned coup to try to recover the alleged 'secret' rations from the NCOs. The last night was spent around the campfire on the beach, which was kept alive by the virtual destruction of the surrounding trees. They wouldn't last long anyway if the Ruskies landed.

Our thanks to Captain Andronov's brother-in-law for the generous use of his farm, and of

course to Lt Dewar and Dr Homer for their time and effort. The trip proved most worthwhile and it will, I hope, be repeated in the future.

Paul Whiteside, Divs.

CCF — Slim Report

As always, Slim Platoon's activities are geared towards proficiency in instruction which will be so important to the cadets in the following years. Time was found, however, for more unusual instruction in First Aid and canoeing as well as for such conventional CCF activities as orienteering and battling through the newly reconstructed assault course. Indeed, it is apt that credit should go to Messrs Quincey, Worsley and Crawford, who formed the nucleus of a team which devoted a good deal of time to reconstructing the dilapidated assault course.

Assault courses were, of course, encountered on the several camps which, as always, constituted the highlights of the year. It is these camps which also represent the most important days of the CCF year as it is in the open fields surrounding such places as Bramcote and Nescliffe that the hours of classroom instruction can show their practical effectiveness. Of several camps, the best was at Minden in West Germany, where we were the guests of the 1st Regiment of the Royal Fusiliers during the Easter holidays. It was there that many members of the platoon used the exciting facilities and enjoyed the hospitality of our patron regiment, and it was there in the thick pine forests of Central Germany that such things as battlecamp skills were practised on a more efficient and more competent scale than had ever been achieved before.

Before O-level examinations caused a temporary lull in the training programme, the platoon was given an opportunity to exhibit its skills at unarmed combat combined with self-defence and anti-ambush drill which represented the climax of the Annual General Inspection. During the final parade the Inspecting Officer gave an appraisal of the CCF's competence and finished by presenting the coveted Slim Baton to Cadet Paul Woodhouse for being the best all-round cadet.

Sgt Richard Prvulovich, Sixths.

A report on the visit to Germany was also received from Paul Whiteside, Divs.

CCF — Royal Naval Section Visit to Portsmouth

On arrival at Portsmouth, the Navy's submariner training base, those of us who had previously experienced the Navy's equivalent of packing a score of living bodies into a Mini Metro were relieved to learn that the submarine HMS Finwhale was unavailable for cadet accommodation. Instead we were given much more spacious and acceptable accommodation in Bonaventure block. After a welcome supper, we were shown several films about submarine activity and then the rest of the evening was spent settling in: new recruits were introduced to traditional rituals and the two emergent NCOs came to terms with their new responsibilities and power.... (so they'd thought!).

Highlights of the next day included a certain NCO saluting a 'Fleet Chief' and then almost allowing his squad to be run over by a dockside crane. We were shown around the wardroom — which seemed to confirm our suspicions that the officers led lives of indulgence — and the morning was completed by a visit to HMS Victory and the two adjacent museums. The hull of the

'Mary Rose' was also on the dockside, but was cordoned off. In the afternoon we watched the captain and crew of HMS Finwhale execute the submarine diving drill and then, after a sweat session in the gym, we travelled by means of a three-ton truck to HMS Sultan, where we were required to complete various 'watery' obstacle courses in the specialised gym. These demanded a certain amount of thought and teamwork, which was rather beyond some cadets — who caused others to get wet.

We spent the next day 'cruising' on the Fleet Tender Bembridge and visiting the submarine escape-training tower. We were also fortunate enough to be invited on board HMS Birmingham, which had just arrived back from the Falklands. We were shown everything from the bridge to the Sea Dart Missiles, so the visit was well worthwhile. Sailing, on the final morning, was more successful than usual due to the speed with which the helmsmen rigged the dinghies, and the enthusiasm of the crews (even if they were only throwing water at each other).

The whole visit was very well organised, and I should like to thank S/Lt Stead and Cdr Benson for all their hard work.

Richard Tyler, Cadet PO, Divs.

Bulletin Board

Four developments in particular over the last year have aided Bulletin Board in its crusade to outdo the Guardian in topicality, presentation, and unbiased reporting. The most important of these has been the provision of track-lighting — there may not be much to read, but at least you no longer risk myopia in giving it a glancing over. In addition Bulletin Board has been provided with a much more powerful committee; though not yet possessing the authority to 'purge' dissident writers, it is at least empowered to remove unauthorised material. Thirdly, a regular two-weekly turnover has meant that the school is presented with a completely new selection of articles every fortnight. And finally, the Bulletin Board Weekly Diary has provided a useful supplement to the Calendar — if only people would use it more!

For all these innovations we have to thank the devoted and long-suffering K.J. Barnett, now embarking upon her third year of editorship. For the material that appears on the Board our appreciation must go, in the main, to the hard-working and much-maligned members of the Board option. The great improvements this year have been received by the rest of the school with mixed feelings: more people read the Board, and those whose joy in life it is to deface articles have at least been able to do so in a better light. But few people have been persuaded to write for the Board, and the central core of writers has remained unchanged. As for the 'Phoenix', it has yet to rise from the ashes.....

Rupert Ward, Fifths.

Canoeing Trip, 1982

"They're back!"

The cry was taken up by a thousand tortured throats as the locals dived for their lairs. A fearful silence descended over Falmouth, only disturbed by the ominous strains of 'The Jam' as the KES canoeing trip minibus bounced sickeningly onto the camp site.

Such was our return to Cornwall, and the beginning of a holiday that proved to be most enjoyable thanks to the canoeing, but more fun thanks to various 'incidents'.

Mr Sljivic, determined to make his mark, made it on the canoe trailer with the help of the sawn-off stump of a tree branch. The garage viewed the grotesquely-bent (and fortunately mainly empty) trailer with some amusement and pronounced it a write-off, but, undaunted, PMS restored it to its former beauty with the help of a rope, the minibus and some large weights — us!

Dr Bridges had to wait until the return journey for his 'incident'. The trailer — no doubt in protest at its treatment — played up by causing its lights to fail. Electronic wizardry was called for, and Dr Bridges' intricate re-wiring provided just that. When the brake was used, the right indicator flashed; when the hazard lights were

switched on the brake lights lit, and the left indicator had apparently given up the ghost.

Mr Wills was, however, the star of the show, thanks to his daring rescue of Matt Wilson when the latter's canoe became jammed between two rocks and then deposited him in the sea. Mr Wills skilfully manoeuvred his craft so that Matt could clamber onto it and be paddled to safety, having sustained only a few injuries.

A combined vote of thanks is due to Mr Sljivic, Dr Bridges and Mr Wills for their enjoyable company, determination at sea and usefulness on land, which became apparent one night in a Beer Garden when we were surrounded by a mob of neanderthal ruffians and were hard pressed to escape without (much) violence.

Andrew Elliot, Divs.

School Trip to Snowdonia

Light February rain greeted the small group of masochists as we packed the minibus, but, surprisingly, the weather improved as we traced our familiar route westwards. An early inspection of the mountains revealed near ideal conditions, the ground just frozen and snow-cover almost complete above 2,000 feet. As we soon discovered, ice axes and crampons were vital, and bearing this in mind Kevin Handley was awarded −10 observation points when he lost half a crampon and didn't notice for half a mile. We took this as a sign that he was pining for his Austin 7.

On the second day we decided to attempt the Snowdon horseshoe. Despite the treacherous conditions underfoot, the inevitable training shoe/welly mob was well represented, and also the heavy-pocketed 'gear freak', identifiable by the goosedown duvet, brand new rucksack and Gore Tex Y-fronts.

Of course, short cold days on the mountain lead to long warming evenings in the bar of the nearest hotel. There, in between my cooking, David Higgitt allayed any fears about his future: after all, "If I don't get a very good degree I can always be a teacher!"

Having been lulled into a false sense of security by two days of excellent weather, we were taken by surprise by the raging maelstrom which descended upon us on Carnedd Dafydd. Spirits sank as the thrill of being both wet and cold wore off, and we were forced to take shelter behind a rocky outcrop, muttering seditiously in Anglo-Saxon.

The less said about the last day the better, especially the "cliff path" around Betws Y Coed, when RTB's inertial guidance system suffered a catastrophic failure.

However, we all owe Dr Bridges our thanks for giving up his time, not only this year but on many previous unrecorded occasions.

Andrew Cox, Sixths.

Christmas Ski-ing Trip to Champéry

At 4 am on December 16th, the party of twenty-three boys and three masters assembled at the top of the school drive, en route to Champéry, in the Alps — while the rest of the school lay warm in bed, awaiting the last day of term. By lunchtime our plane had landed in Geneva and, although there was some delay, by mid-afternoon we had arrived by coach in Champéry, which was just waking up from its summer hibernation for the winter ski-ing season.

The ski-ing in Planachaux and Les Crosets was excellent, although on three occasions the bad weather put the lifts out of action and forced us to walk 800 metres up the slopes to Champéry! The "Hotel" was very basic, but we survived, and après-ski activities included skating, bowling, dancing, swimming and even curling on the ice-rink.

During the holiday Mr Tomlinson gave us excellent displays of how to ski, and by the end of the week we had all made some progress. On behalf of all who went, I should like to thank Messrs Tomlinson, Wills and Worthington for making it a very enjoyable holiday.

Tony Whitehouse, Fifths.

Geography/Geology Field Trip

The Autumn half-term field course is designed principally as an introduction to A-level work for Divisions, and as an opportunity for Sixths to organize some of their own activities, such as fell-walking or completing practical work for A-level projects. This year the five-day excursion was to the Hawes and Garsdale district of the Yorkshire Dales — primarily an upland area. The first three nights were spent at the luxurious modern youth Hostel at Hawes and Monday night at the 'simple grade' Garsdale Head Hostel, high on a barren hillside and about a mile from the nearest road or track.

Friday afternoon was passed quietly in the quadrangle at KES, the yellow minibus just having failed its MOT on brakes. We reached Hawes at 7.30 pm with the help of a hired minibus. Saturday's recreation consisted of a climb over Ingleborough, with emphasis on a study of land-use; and lunch in the clouds at the summit was followed by the descent past Gaping-Gill swallow-hole (a vertical drop of 365 feet into the ground) to Ingleborough caverns. We were given a guided tour of this complex of a third of a mile of underground passages — where we saw a collection of some of the most spectacular underground landforms and experienced 'total darkness'!

On Sunday Mr Roden took over from Mr Cumberland and the famous limestone landforms of the Malham area were visited. The planned target of six field-sketches was not reached due to foul weather conditions and poor visibility, and ultimately only four could be drawn, one of which was destined for use in the substantial follow-up work of Sunday evening. The extra-curricular entertainment of the day was provided by a national park show at Malham, given specially for the sizeable KES party.

Monday was Mr Sljivic's day, and the study of rural settlement in Swaledale and Wensleydale allowed for self-motivated research in pairs. As well as investigating physical village properties, there were questionnaires to be filled out by locals, and each group had also to interview at least one farmer to secure information about the agriculture of the area. In the evening everyone talked of a pleasant day, spent in dales bathed in the heat of a clear late autumn day. The logistics involved in the deposition and collection of twenty-three people along the valleys was further complicated by the transferrence of all equipment to the remote Garsdale Head hostel for the last night. However, the removal was completed by dusk in readiness for the revelations of some basic self-catering by various members of the party. As there is no warden at simple grade hostels, lights were not out until about 12.30, just after Mr Cumberland and others had returned from a midnight fell-walk.

The return journey on the Tuesday included a morning of field work in the Bowland Fells. Despite the driving wind, torrential rain and almost universal wearing of cagoules, Mr Cumberland remained clad in his tweed jacket, as always — although it became very soggy!

The success of the trip was due to the extensive preliminary work by the members of staff — and to some extent to the co-operation shown by the rest of the party, especially in the more mundane duties such as washing-up for the entire hostel. The participants of the trip expressed thanks to Mr Cumberland and Mr Roden, both new to KES, to Mr Sljivic, and to Mr Benett, a former KE teacher whose long-standing geographical expertise was found invaluable and greatly appreciated by all concerned.

Ian Pritchard, Divs.

IV Geography Field Trip
To Snowdonia

Leaving KES at 10.00 am on 1st July, the party, led by Mr Cumberland and Mr Roden, headed west for the wilderness of North Wales. We stopped near the source of the Conwy, and after the inevitable slips and dips into the water, succeeded in measuring river discharge. The next day, the party set out to conquer the heights of Y Garn. The delights of glaciation in the area were explained to us and we made several detours to famous Welsh beauty spots before returning to the hostel. On Sunday the party arrived in Conway and Llandudno, where the residents were subjected to questionnaires. At Llanrwrst, the last stopping place, the geographers took photographs (not all of a geographical nature) before the journey home.

We would like to thank Messrs Cumberland and Roden for all the hard work which they put into the trip, which was enjoyed by all.

Martin Palmer and Warren Cowell, Fourths.

Divisions Geography Field Trip to
Pembrokeshire, Easter 1983

The meals and accommodation at the Broad Haven Hotel were, as anticipated, far superior to those provided by Youth Hostels, and the presence of a bar within the hotel made the usual night excursions of other field trips unnecessary.

On the first full day of the trip, group A studied coastal landforms and vegetation in a small cove south of Little Haven, and then conducted a storm beach survey on Newgale Sands. Meanwhile, group B attempted to complete several 'Farm Survey Questionnaires' in an effort to analyse agriculture and land-use in two contrasting areas: the Northern edge of the Presely mountains and the northern coast of the St David's Peninsula. The exercise was completed with varying success, though some people did succeed in being invited into farmhouses for a snack.

On Friday group A carried out some river studies in the Preselys, while group B journeyed to Haverfordwest, where a pleasant day was spent on some extensive surveys of this service area. The rôles of the two groups were reversed for the next two days, and on the last day, a detour was made on the return journey in order to see the extensive network of oil refineries in and around Milford Haven. Afterwards, a walk around a small section of the Pembrokeshire coast path (within the military firing range at Castle Martin!) allowed magnificent views of the 'Huntsman's Leap' and the 'Green Bridge Of Wales'; a fitting end to an enjoyable and educational trip.

Tim Lynn, Divs.

KES/KEHS English Trip to Salisbury Cathedral

He laughed, face upwards, and nodded to the driver. Morning May exploded in his face with Birmingham sunlight through a coach window.

'I've waited half a term for this day!'

'They don't understand,' he thought, 'Golding's vision of The Spire in words.'

So they went to Salisbury and they were not surprised. A friend of the cathedral was to meet them there. His voice was bat-thin, and wandered vaguely into the large, high air of the chapter house. The spire rose piercingly above them.

'Four hundred feet high.'

'We shall ascend in stages; if you feel that you really don't want or can't..'

Thirty-thousand tons of wood, or was it of stone? Built on foundations barely a foot thick? Wondrous.

'Your teacher, er, mister .....'

'Mr Trott.'

'Ah, yes — the husband of Mrs Trott!'

Looking up, discern the resemblance of the rafters to an upturned boat — this is because the builders employed at this level were boat-builders by trade.

'If at any level, you feel that you really don't want....'

The stones spiral up, inexorably up, to the next stage, and the next, the passing bells and the cathedral clock nestling amongst the singing stone. Past the wooden floors and up to one of only two working windlasses in the country.

'Imagine hauling thousands of tons of oak up here by hand.'

'Four hundred feet high.'

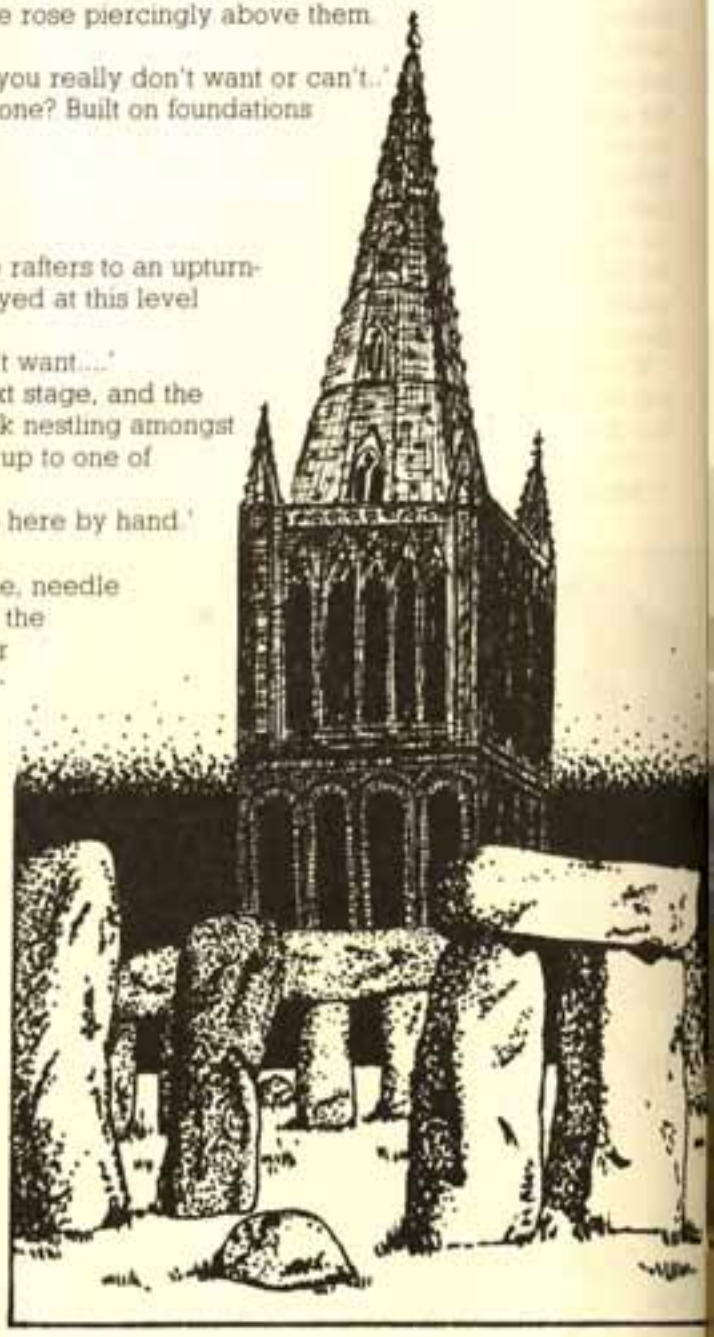
And above, the cone, skin of wood and stone, needle of a further fifty metres, and more. To change the beacon at the top, you climb out of a trap door when it becomes too narrow inside, up the outside and around the capstone. Four hundred feet above Wiltshire.

From the stone battlements more than two hundred and fifty feet from the mud of Salisbury's roots, a party of teenagers peered down at the noseless faces below looking up. Their maze of footsteps entangled the grounds.

'I suppose, after all, it must make some difference to us.'

And so the descent, Salisbury on a pleasant, showery May day. Cider beneath the trees and a picnic tea. Talk of Chaucer and the spire and policemen, a rousing coach journey.

'They are all good students,' he thought. 'They laugh and drink and blaspheme, but they are good students.'



Ian Pritchard, Divs.

Words And Pictures

The Old Man

The crooked shape of an old man crouching under the weight of his burden, moved slowly towards the village. From the Beacon, the ancient village, situated in the gentle curve of a valley with a faintly glistening stream pushing through it, looked lifeless. Cows grazed, nonchalant, in the surrounding meadows, cooled by a sharp breeze and bathed by the hesitant sun.

It was late afternoon when he reached the small community, which, in contrast to the view from the Beacon, was vibrating with life. The hammer of the blacksmith chimed with restless repetition as if it were attempting to expand its receding trade. Women scrubbed clothes by the gurgling stream, passing conversation between themselves in careless gossip while their husbands rounded up the cows, for milking.

As the old man approached the school, he hoisted the heavy drum onto his back, placed the clarinet in his lips and began to pipe a lively folk song in a burst of sudden vivacity. The children, who were just finishing lessons, promptly flung their books on the floor and eagerly burst outside in a throng of excitement. They crowded round the 'music man' with the energy of a bursting dam, in a sudden contrast to the inattentive listlessness of the last lesson. Their squeals of excitement flooded the tune which tossed them on towards the common. Every detail about him fascinated the children: his battered top hat cocked on one side of his head and old, beaten shoes tapping regularly to the fleeting tune. The throng of children, agitated with delight, pressed close to the old man as he guided them onto the common; and a weak girl, stumbling among them, collapsed sorrowfully in a pool of mud. The others were too absorbed in the old man to notice her.

The old man, occasionally contorting his arms and legs to clash the cymbals or bang the drum, trudged over the common swaying his body as if every muscle and bone were needed to create the music. His face was lined and weatherworn into an expression of fierce determination to survive, while under his heavy eyebrows, his eyes darted in ceaseless movement. They found mellow pleasure in the children's excitement — which had been experienced so many times before — and this softness made him fatherlike and homely. Yet here the comparison ceased, for he was a wild, old creature, solitary and independent. He was enveloped in a sense of singular experience, delighting the ignorant children, as this unmouthed wisdom was curious to see.

The performance around the common was viewed by the indulgent parents of the happy children, leaning languidly on a fence or in a garden chair and remembering the days when the old man had filled their childhood days with wonder. The heart of the old man seemed determined to keep on rhythmically pumping in time with the music for eternity.

Eventually a small girl gingerly dropped a sixpence into the collection box perched curiously on the end of the old man's clarinet, gleefully dancing as she heard it rattle. Encouraged by her example, the other children crowded round to drop their pennies in as well. Innocent of the old man's living depending on their whims, they thrilled in the act of dropping the money in the box and listening to its jingle.

At last, as dusk approached, the old man, still piping, began to withdraw from the village. The children slowly dropped behind to have tea once home, while the most eager still followed him from the village. But as it began to recede, the last few turned for home while the old man trudged wearily up the hill. From the Beacon, his crooked shape, bent under the weight of his burden, could be seen moving slowly away from the village.

Bruce MacInnes, UMs

Childhood

Childhood is the dawn of life, the starting of an age for the child; and yet it is the continuation of toil and frenzy for a sleepless world, a race that is unaltered by this new beginning.

The child grows — as does the world, an expanding population stretching shrinking resources, reaching out for a non-existent existence in the foreseeable future. Therefore the child grows up in a troubled world, yet remains oblivious to the arguments of a divided species, and he enjoys himself, and runs and plays and eats free food. He receives matchbox cars if he tugs his mother's sleeve enough; annoying, reminding, enjoying every minute. His mother counts the pennies and the pounds degenerate.

The child strides forward, encountering no strife, forward into the unknown and uncared for, the unwanted. Yet he bounces through life, as a rubber ball, and when something threatens to stop his merry path, a new occurence may revitalise his joy, though decrease another's momentum.

The sun progresses from dawn and through into morning, when the body and life are full of energy, but intelligence and understanding have still to wake up from the misty shrouds of sleep, which do not begin to depart for a while. Yet a sudden bump of surprise might shock the child into reality, and into the harsh, uncontrollable world, with no room for children or childhood dreams.

Yet everyone reaches adulthood, and adolescence begins to clear the mists that shield a child from the real world. It is at this stage that a child becomes confused, amazed at the irresponsible adult way of life, so much worse than the non-working, worry-free life he had grown to know. Thus we become intelligent, understanding, experienced adults, who are always right and can not relish any more the sweet innocence of childhood and children. By the time they realise that it can't last for ever, they have lost their happiness; it's too late.

Neil Wallace, UMs

The Empire Builders

We sat on a lonely rock, long hurled from
The sunlit circles of the world by time's
Immense shudderings; the grey sea with its
Dirty grey foam washed the grey rock grey with
Its endless poundings, while we gazed across
Its heavings at the endless horizon.
And as our eyes grew accustomed to the
Ceaseless rushing, we saw a ship's battered
Prow writhe on the ocean, and the tattered
Remnants of a sail grasp at passing gusts
Of wind, as, slowly, the sea squeezed the boards
Towards the land. As if bound to its fight
Against the unconquerable element,
We screwed our eyes against the lashings of
The gusts of spray. By degrees we saw the
Crew straining at the oars, dragging the wild
Salt backwards and themselves forwards. After
What seemed an entire cycle of the world,
The ship drew close to the shore, and, at last,
We saw the blood-rusted armour, rows of
Blackened shields and the wolf eyes of
The helmsman. Screaming, we leapt from the rocks,
Falling, we staggered on, bruised by ancient
Malice from the first element. When our
Limbs would no longer kick at 'mother' earth
And our aching knees dropped, we crawled into
A cleft in our opponent's side and stared,
As the berserk fury of the sea-torn
Warriors burned out the fields which our
Fathers had dragged from the reluctant ground.

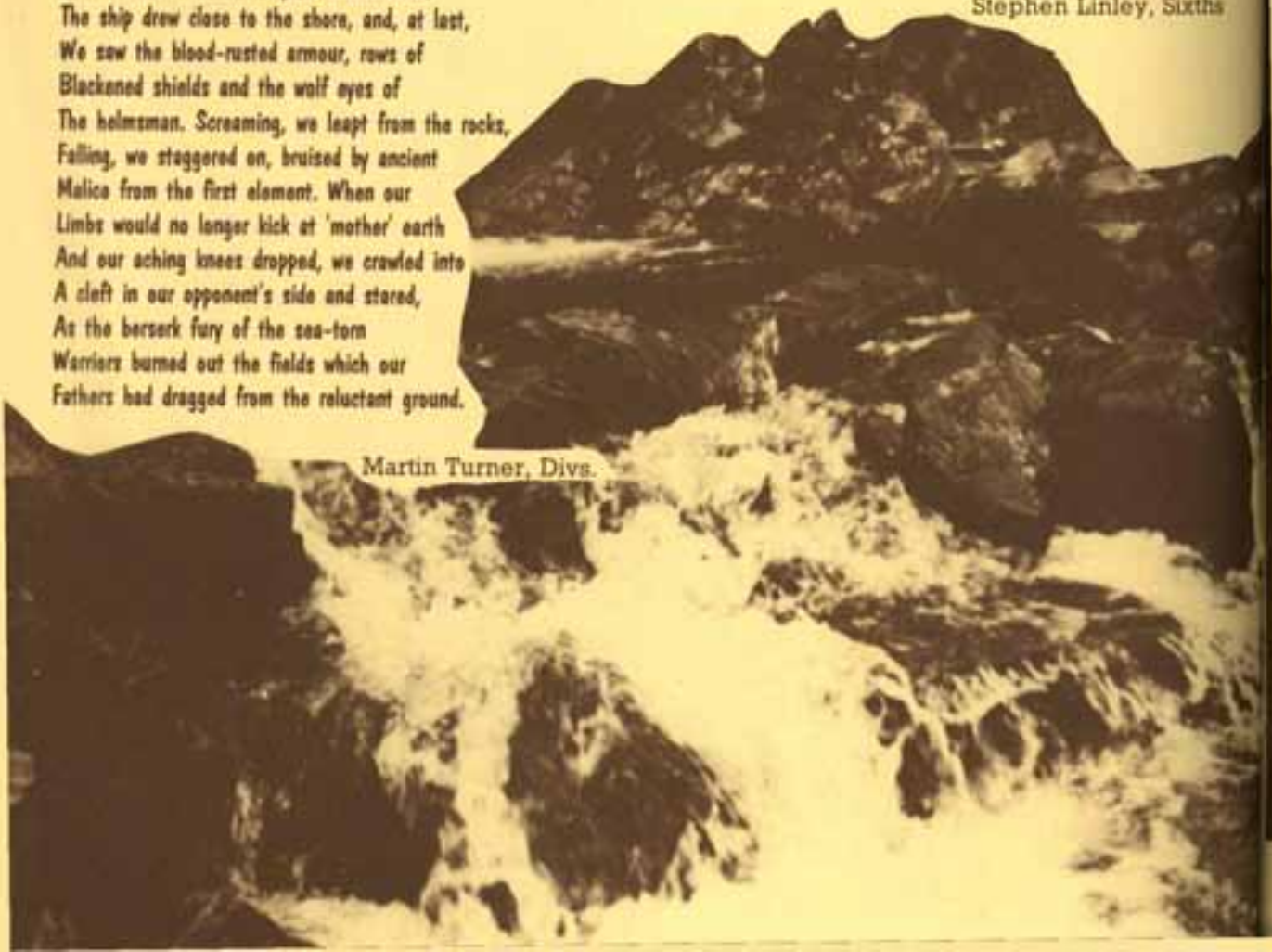
Martin Turner, Divs.

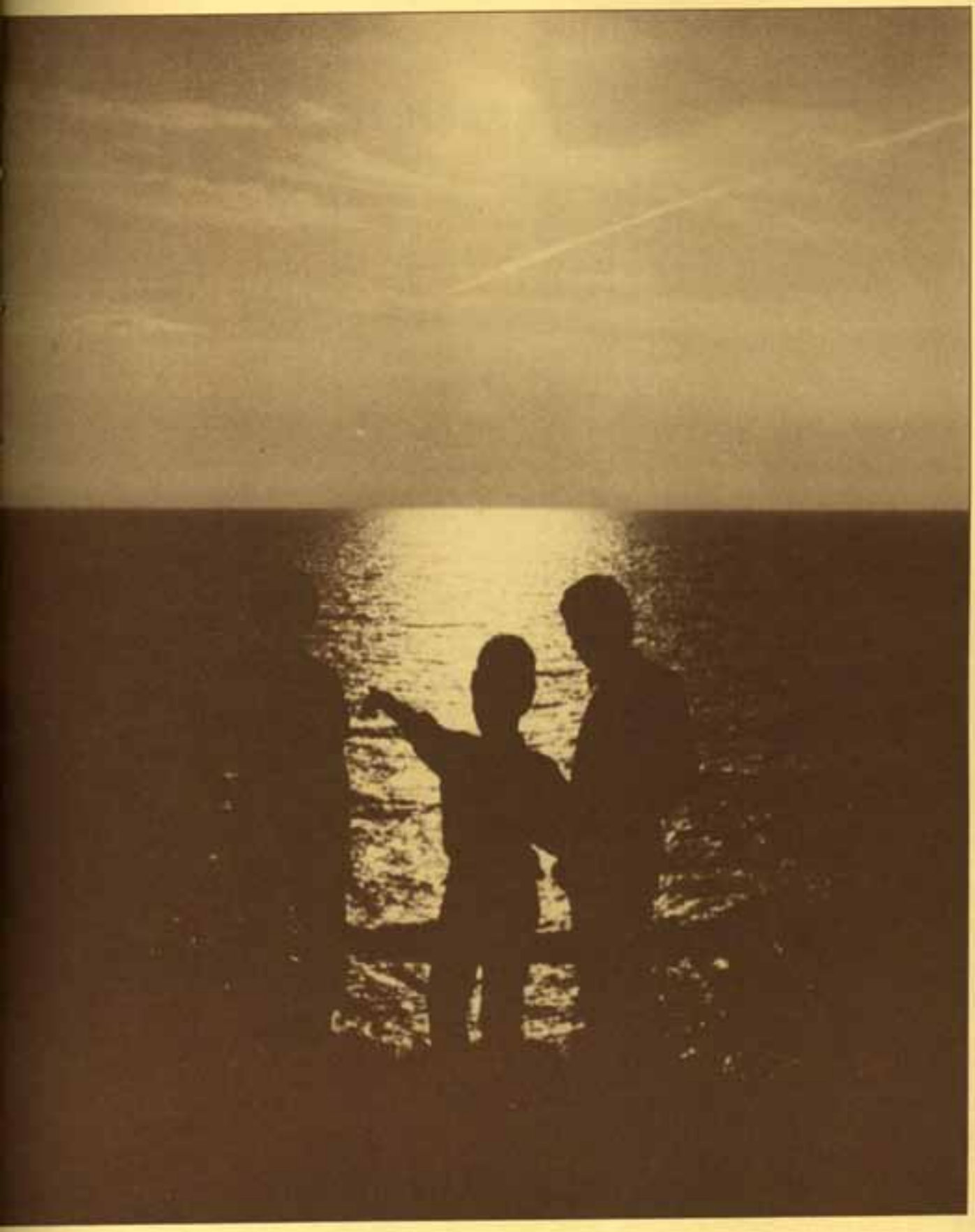
The End of the Rainbow

The old one sits on the grassy bank, his long grey hair gently disturbed by some timeless breeze, his tired eyes catching the last flaming rays of the setting sun, red as the blood he spilt in battle for his liege-lord in the days of his youth, many years ago, before the shorn invader heralded doomsday for his race. He recalls the devotion to the fair maid, sweetly smiling, whose company he treasured; he surveys the once-shimmering land, long since dulled by the corrupting excretion of huge beasts; he is disturbed by the fiery eyes of noisome monsters. He sees the dying flower and pities it, but cannot cry.

The sun has set, its crimson robe soon engulfed by the black bilious night. And then, like a dream, he is gone, his heart filled with sadness, as the gold becomes lead.

Stephen Linley, Sixths





SHADOWS FROM THE PAST

The rain swarmed down from the invisible void above the trees, some droplets, sliding through the gaps between the patches of leaves, cascading onto the ground immediately, others gathering on the leaves into heavy, shiny globes before leaping from the bending branch. On the ground, jagged twigs and darkened foliage were battered further into the sucking, muddy ground by the hurtling specks.

Through the laden branches came a path, along which walked a short, middle-aged man with his head down and his chilled, numbed hands thrust into his pockets. Each step squelched a shallow depression which quickly filled with watery mud. His face was long, with a large, square nose and unpleasant lips, and his expression was that of a man weighed down by petty problems which had been magnified by loneliness. As he walked, his mind filled with innumerable thoughts which lingered for an instant, then were lost in the vast tangle of unspoken ideas through which his consciousness leapt, seeing everything and absorbing nothing.

Suddenly his reverie was broken by the sound of a shot, then a thud quite nearby. Without thinking, he crashed through the trees in the direction of the noise, bursting into a clearing just in time to see a dark figure carrying what seemed to be a human figure into the shrouding woods. He hesitated for a second, then followed it. Branches slapped into his face, thorns scratched thin, red lines on his hands, his hair became soaked with running, black streaks. Eventually he returned to the path, frustrated and angry. His first reaction was to tell the police, but then he realised that they would have no reason to believe him; there was no body, no clues, he was the only witness, and the police had never trusted him since that terrible business ten years ago. Finally he resolved to discover the victim's identity before he said anything to the police.

Over the next few days the investigation absorbed all his spare time, and occupied his thoughts nearly all the time. He could discover nobody who had disappeared recently, and nobody seemed to have heard the gunshot except himself. He searched the woods and could discover no footprints except his own and no trails but his own. He sat for hours, crouched uncomfortably in the driving rain and the probing, numbing wind, in the hope that the murderer would return to the scene of the crime. Yet despite his lack of progress, he was happier than he had been for many years. He had discovered what was missing from his life: an aim, a specific object. Nevertheless, he was perplexed by the world's apparent refusal to acknowledge the existence of the events of that night, and he became moody and distracted. His business associate noticed this, and questioned him at their next meeting. He immediately denied being worried by anything, and, in an effort to change the subject, said,

'I can't help admiring that ring of yours.'

The other, looking pleased and almost proud, displayed it. It was gold, with an intricate pattern representing a lion.

'I've never worn it before,' he said, 'because my wife made it for me, just before — before —'

There was silence, then his partner began his usual apology.

'Jack, I'm sorry about that, you know I am. It was just a terrible accident, there was no way I could have known she —'

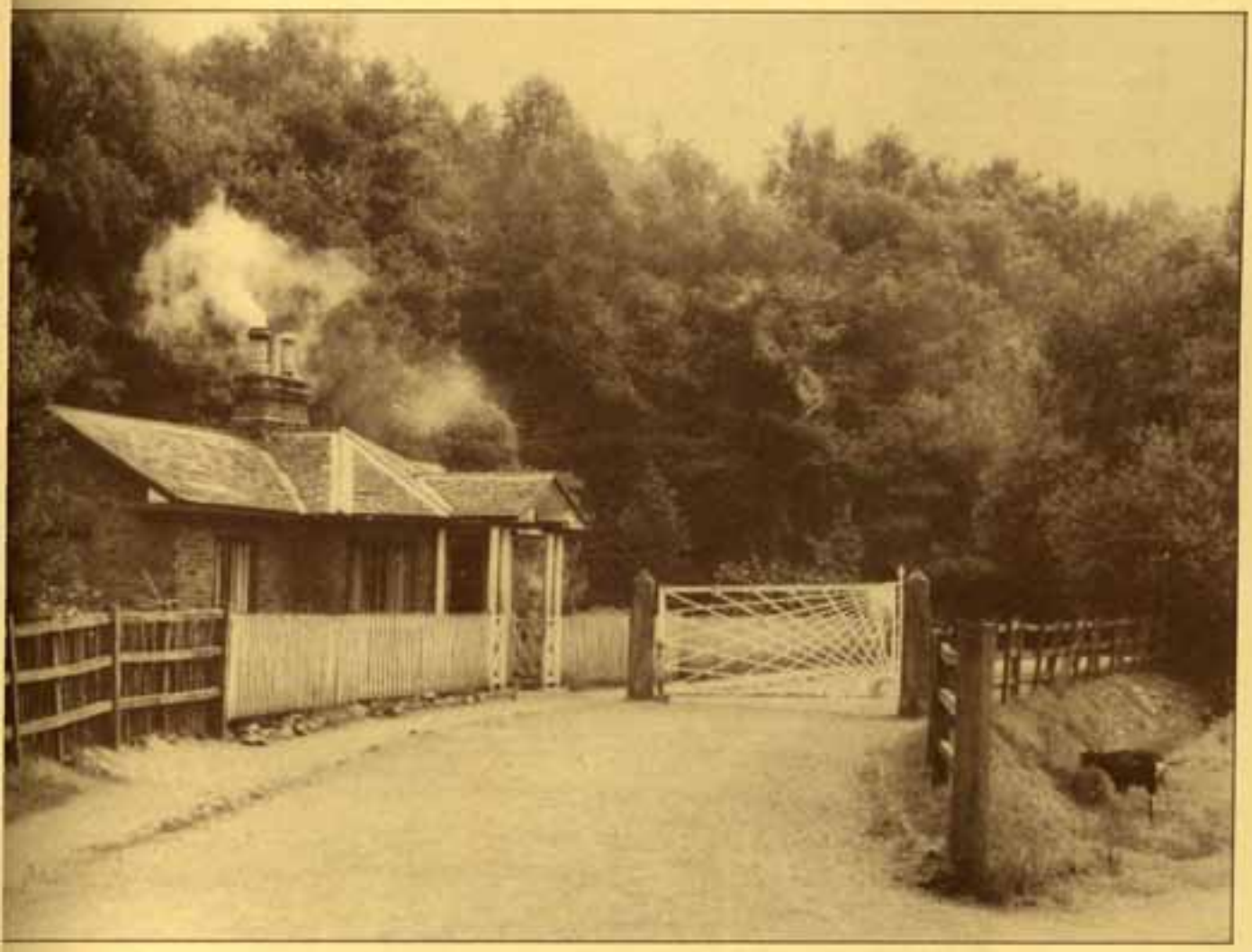
As usual, Jack interrupted by saying, 'It was ten years ago. Nothing either of us can say now will change anything.'

It was a time-worn ritual, but both of them felt constrained to play their parts in it. Eventually Jack left, and the other was left to his thoughts on the mystery that was puzzling him. Inexplicably depressed, he went out and started walking towards the woods.

At the woods, the weather seemed to be exactly the same as it had been that night a few days before. A strange feeling of déjà vu swept over him, and he realised that he was even feeling the same misery and exhaustion. He finally arrived at the clearing, and stood in silence for several minutes, hardly moving. He felt that something was about to happen, but did not know what; he felt

that he should do something, but did not know what. Suddenly a glint from the ground caught his eye, and he ran to the place. He scraped at the mud, while it piled up under his fingernails and marked out the lines on his fingers, until his hand touched something cold and metallic. As his hand came up, he realised before he saw the object what it would be. It was a golden ring in the shape of a lion. He stood up, hardly able to understand what he knew must be the truth. So Jack was the murderer, for no-one else could have a ring exactly like this. But he still did not know who the victim was, and what was the motive. He never heard the shot behind him, and the lump of lead that had ploughed through his brain had killed him long before Jack picked up his body and vanished through the trees.

Andrew Killeen, UMs



A Creative Little Piece .....

Somewhere out there, something was moving. Not walking or crawling, but sliding along the flower bed between the apple trees. Something long and black — or at least .....

Then there was a crash behind him, and the sound of scuttling feet — or claws. It, whatever it was, had knocked the lid off the dustbin. And there was something — somethings — green and luminous in the yard — eyes, looking up at him. Slowly, they diminished to a pin prick, and began to move forward, towards him .....

"Oh hell," he thought, "I forgot to let the cat in!"

Rupert Ward, Fifths

Grey Sound: Finality

A bird dies
and rises from the embers
of a mis-remembered dream

Stagnant water
drips
from a cracked ceiling
landing silently
in a blaze of iridescent sound

Men toil,
working in leisure
without labour,
yet retire, exhausted

Shapes pass,
without form
no-one sees
who made the grey

Cubic spheres,
hazy in the mists of ancient hate
float gently until they recede
from memory: no sound was made

John Redgrave, Fifths

PLANET EARTH

When Robert was ten years old, his father took him on a journey he would never forget. The first part of the journey was through a network of passages and corridors which led to the uppermost levels of the colony, Beta 5 — here they were marching through the swift-growing vegetation of the Food Resources Area. It was fun to watch the plants' incredible growth, but Robert liked it most because of the smell: down below there was only the tang of ozone, but here, the smell of life was everywhere. He wished he could stay here for a while but his father urged him on.

They continued until they reached the Observatory, a place which he had never visited — but they did not stop, and Robert knew with a sense of rising excitement that there could only be one goal left. For the first time in his life he was going Outside.

There were about a dozen surface vehicles with their balloon tyres and pressurized cabins in the great servicing chamber. His father was immediately led to a little scout car which was waiting outside the airlock. Tense with expectancy, Robert settled himself down in the cabin while his father flicked some switches and pulled a few levers. The inner door of the lock opened and they entered it, and the door closed behind them. The vacuum sign flashed on, the outer door opened and there before Robert lay the land which he had never seen with his own eyes: the surface of the moon. He had seen photographs of the place — hundreds of them — and on television he had seen this landscape many times, but it seemed different now: more serene, more forbidding.

He stared into the west, away from the sun, and saw the stars, things which he had been told about but had never quite believed in. He stared at them as the car sped on its mission at almost a hundred miles an hour. Robert then looked at the landscapes to see puffs of green fumes erupting from a few mines. They were past the mines in a moment: his father was driving at a reckless speed, crossing mountains, valleys, craters, all in a few minutes. They had been travelling for nearly five hours when they reached the plateau; and here Robert knew that he was approaching the final stages of his trek. At the edge of the plateau there was an almost vertical drop but the boy's father carried on at the same speed. The lights of the car came on and Robert saw that his father was following a path made by many other pilgrims.

They travelled past many more mountains until Robert could see a curve emerging from behind the ragged horizon — and suddenly he knew what it was. The engine stopped and the earth's disc stood there in all its glory.

His father started to talk about that planet's history. Many of the things the boy did not understand: the different smells, all the different creatures that lived there, the elements raging on a sea. It looked so beautiful that he wished he could return. But on a part of the earth's surface which should have been dark, evil phosphorescence was erupting.

His father told him of the great powers which had destroyed that world but Robert could not grasp their full enormity. All he could share in was the agony of being a colony, the sole human remnants. He knew it would be centuries before the oceans had dragged all the harmful material into their depths. In a moment he knew also that when his son was about ten, he would share the same feelings with him as his father was doing now. The people of the colony had overcome the hardships of living alone, but if there were no purpose in life, nothing could save them. Suddenly Robert realised the purpose of his mission. He would never throw pebbles into the sea or feel rain and wind in his face, but some time in the future his descendents would claim their heritage on the brilliant white earth, his home. It called to him across the abyss but that was all. This flash of insight his son and his son's son would have, he knew.

He did not look back as they began their journey home; he could not bear to see the earth in its cold glory as he rejoined the others in their long exile.

Rahul Parnaik, Shells.

Black Shadow

A heart of black and gleaming iron,
More power than a raging lion,
A single eye that, shining bright,
Fires forth its beam which carves the night.
The engine starts with thund'rous roar
The hallowed Shadow sleeps no more.
Passers-by all stop to see
The mighty beast that now is free.
Leather-clad rider astride the seat
Burning the highway, burning the street
Like a knight of legend upon his steed
The mighty warhorse of power and speed.
Once there were many; now there are few:
The factories are silent and make nothing new.
But though the glorious age is gone
The legend of that age lives on.

Robert Jones, Fourths.

A Beautiful Void

"Now, what was it the doctor called him?" She was thinking to herself, but spoke aloud. The assistant teacher sitting beside her surveyed the classroom. A loud cry was emitted from one of the handicapped children.

"Who?" the assistant asked.

"Josef Asim."

"Oh, Josef. Very sad."

"Got it!" the senior teacher exclaimed.

"What?" The assistant was obviously confused.

"What the doctor called him." She looked across at the young assistant's perplexed face and continued. "Joseph Asim — the doctor called him" — she paused to give the full theatrical effect — "a beautiful void". She took a sip of brownish grey tea from her brownish grey mug, well pleased with being able to remember the exact words.

"It fits him perfectly: 'a beautiful void'. Yes, that Josef, so handsome, yet" — there was a pause, almost as if she were reluctant to admit the terrible truth — "so retarded."

There was another pause, then a crash because Hamid, one of the children, had pushed Oliver's milk bottle onto the hard, tiled floor. It had shattered into a thousand dangerous pieces.

"Would you sweep it up, please, Ben? — it is Ben, isn't it?" the senior teacher asked.

"Yes," I replied, to both questions.

She handed me a green dustpan with black stains on it and a similarly coloured brush. I crouched down and swept up the nearly invisible pieces, and swept them into the bin.

"Thank you," the teacher said, giving me a weak smile.

"That's O.K., really." I somehow didn't sound as convincing as I had wanted.

Then there was another loud crash. This time Oliver had pushed over Hamid's bottle. I got down the dustpan and brush and swept up the pieces, while Oliver and Hamid were told off. I received another weak smile and thanks from the teacher.

There was yet another pause, as all three of us fought for something to say. The assistant succeeded: "Like a cup of tea?"

"No thanks," I replied. I wanted a conversation: I'm not normally talkative, and I realised that the school was not there for my entertainment, but no-one had said three consecutive sentences to me since my arrival an hour before. Except, that is, for the time when a little girl aged about ten came up to me on her crutches and asked:

"What's your name?"

I told her.

"What's your name?" she asked again. Perhaps she had not heard me, so I told her again, a little more loudly.

"What's your name?" she asked again, as if it were a new question. I shouted my answer.

"What's your name?"

I realised that she didn't really want to know my name, that she was simply practising a phrase like a parrot or a mynah bird. I didn't count this as conversation, as one wouldn't count talking to a mynah bird as conversation, and in any case, she only got as far as asking my name.

Suddenly a young boy walked into the room. His skin was brown, not as dark as a Pakistani's,

but as if he had been sun-bathing in Barbados for a couple of weeks. He was, I thought, a half-caste. He looked and walked as though he were perfectly well, in body and mind.

"Hello," the assistant said cheerily to the boy. He made no response. "Rude kid," I thought. Some children are badly handicapped but they do at least raise a hand or make some sign that they have heard the teacher.

"Hello, Josef," the senior teacher said.

"So that was Josef Asim," I thought.

"Ben, will you help Josef with this puzzle?" The teacher handed me the puzzle, a type of jigsaw puzzle. It was one of the easiest: it had five pieces — a square, a triangle, a circle, an ellipse and a rectangle. They each had a slot into which they fitted, but only the piece that was the same shape as the slot could fit.

I walked over to Josef. All the way across the classroom he stared at me — no, he stared through me, his eyes never blinking once.

"Hello, Josef," I said. He made no response.

"Hello, Josef," I said again. There was still no response. His big, brown eyes simply stared at the wall.

"Josef, help me do this puzzle."

No response.

"Please?" I added, desperately.

No response.

I held the shapes in front of his face, to stop him staring at the wall. I started to put the shapes into the slots.

No response.

As I put the last shape into the last slot, he did something: a stream of saliva ran slowly down his chin, down his blue jumper and onto the floor. But apart from that, he did nothing.

I finished the puzzle, and then Josef turned round, still with a blank expression on his wet face, looked at me and then again turned slowly to resume staring at the wall.

I handed the complete puzzle back to the teacher, who was trying to put a girl into her electric wheelchair.

"Here it is," I said as cheerfully as I could. She finished putting the girl's seat-belt on, and then looked at the puzzle.

"Well done, Josef!" She had obviously not been watching.

"I helped a little," I lied.

Suddenly a bell rang. The assistant looked at her digital watch which had started to play the James Bond theme tune at the same time.

"Ben, will you push Andrea to her special bus? She's got her coat on." She pointed to the wheelchair next to the electric one.

"I don't know the way," I replied.

"Andrea will show you the way, won't you, Andrea?"

"Yes," said Andrea.

I started to push the chair, and we proceeded down the corridor until we reached a T-junction with the main corridor.

"Left or right?" I asked.

She replied hesitantly, "Right".

I started to push the wheelchair to the right.

"No, left!" she shouted. I concluded that she didn't know her left from her right.

"What's your name?" she asked.

I decided not to go through another routine of name-asking and so replied, "Johann Sebastian Strauss".

"What?" she asked.

"No, Strauss." I replied, laughing at my own joke. "What's your name?" I asked, although I knew it already.

"Turn!" she shouted.

"Funny name, that is, Turn," I replied.

"No, silly, turn here!" We had come to another T-junction.

"Left or right?" I asked again.

"Er ..... left."

I started to push the wheelchair to the left.

"No, right!" she shouted.

I made a three-point turn in the middle of the corridor, nearly knocking a child on crutches off his feet. I apologised and started to push Andrea in the right direction again.

"That's my bus!" she shouted, pointing through the open door ahead of us at a yellow minibus. It had the name of the school written on the side in black Gothic letters, which looked out of place.

I pushed her to the bus, where a young man who suffered from severe acne took her seat from me and lifted her onto one of the specially-designed seats.

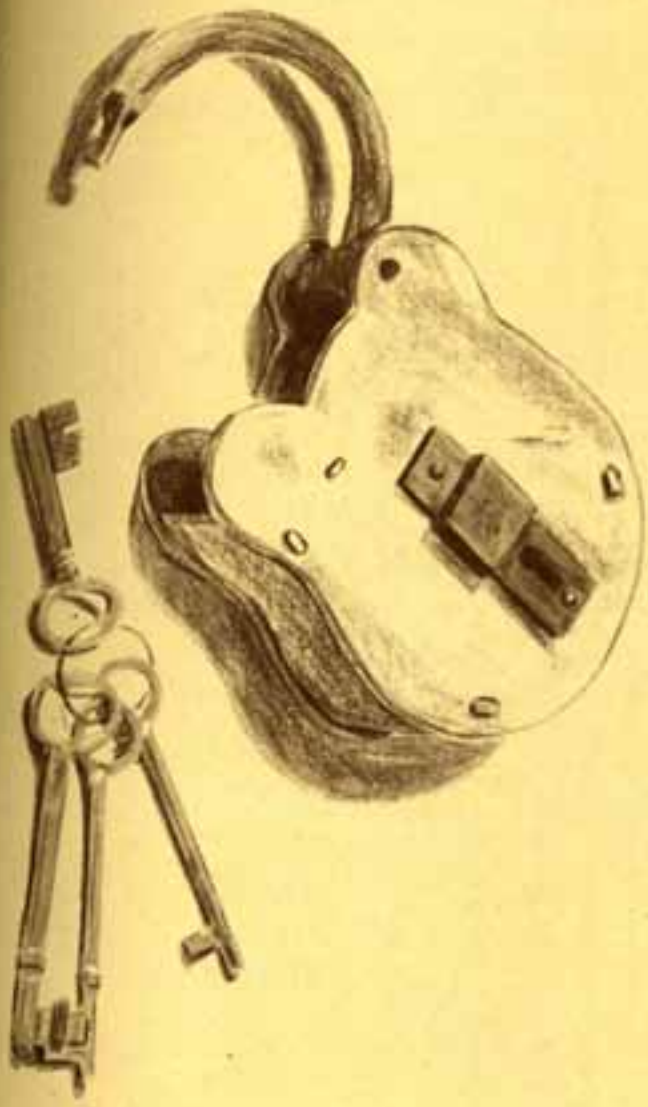
"Take the wheelchair back," he ordered, and then added as an afterthought, "please." He didn't look old enough to be the driver.

"Where to?"

"Where you got it from!" he sneered.

I pushed back the now-empty wheelchair and re-entered the classroom. Then I also left the school, walked half a mile up the hill to the bus-stop and waited for my school bus.

Ten minutes later I was sitting on the hard red seat at the back of the bus. The Friday rush-hour traffic was worse than usual, and the bus jolted to a stop every few minutes. My fellow bus-companions and I were discussing the activities of the afternoon, and the conversation eventually came round to me. I told them with great pride that I had been helping handicapped children.



"Gosh! What a wonderful pillar of our community," the fellow beside me said sarcastically. He continued with great subtlety, "What did you do with your spastics today, then?"

"They're not all spastics," I exploded, "some are just mentally retarded, others have bad problems with their legs and a few suffer from polio and other such hideous diseases."

"What are they like?" another boy asked.

I was tempted to reply that they were, as an older member of my family had put it, "very lovable, affectionate and loyal companions", but that made them sound like dogs. So instead, I answered, "Pretty much like you and me.".

"How can they be? They haven't any brains!" he countered.

"You're the one without brains!" I replied. "They're not all badly handicapped mentally."

"What do you do, then with your kids? Do you wipe up their sick and everything?"

"Yes, sometimes I wipe up their saliva." I answered, thinking of the episode with Josef.

"Yuck! I couldn't do that — I'd throw up!" He pretended to vomit, as if to emphasise the point.

The bus lurched on again, and the conversation turned to the previous evening's television programmes, and the 'Miss Television' contest in particular.

"Cor, did you see Miss Anglia?" one boy asked.

"Sure did," replied a second, "but why did the host keep asking each contestant the same questions, about ambitions and so on?"

"Yeah, and they all said the same things, too," the first replied, and began to imitate the girls: "To work with animals or children, to travel the world, and, most of all, to be happy!"

"They're so stupid," I said. "They'd have problems addressing an envelope, even if they worked together on it!"

"Yeah, but with looks like Miss Tyne-Tees, who needs brains?" a third boy asked.

I remembered Miss Tyne-Tees, and her light-brown, suntanned skin reminded me of someone else. Then some words came to my mind too, and I couldn't suppress them, not that I really tried.

"What's so beautiful about a void?" I asked.

Ben Franks, Fourths.

SICILY: Three Places Two Weddings One Funeral

Palermo: La Capella Palatina

At the door of the chapel
Where Roger the great king
Strode from the joyous dance
Of the archers, the peacocks, the bright
Leopards on the walls of his chamber
Into the grave gaze of his own Pantocrator
Stands Rosalia, serious,
Preoccupied.

Perhaps it's the lounging tourists
And her chattering family
Who narrow with tension her beautiful eyes;
Or a thought that can't be focus'd
But won't go away;
Perhaps there's too much unknown
In the glimmer beyond the door —
The word made flesh, the bread
And wine made body and blood.
And now another mystery: they shall be one
Flesh.
Vacant, beside her,
Gaspare, 'il promesso sposo',
Smiles on the world, bemused.

Abstractedly
She nibbles her lip, and tightly
Grips his arm to draw him
Into the marvellous space
That the Hautville kings created,
The rich and glowing dark.

Agrigento: San Nicola

In a whirl of wind-blown white
The laughing pair
Saunter to strike a pose at the top of the steps
On the terrace outside the church.

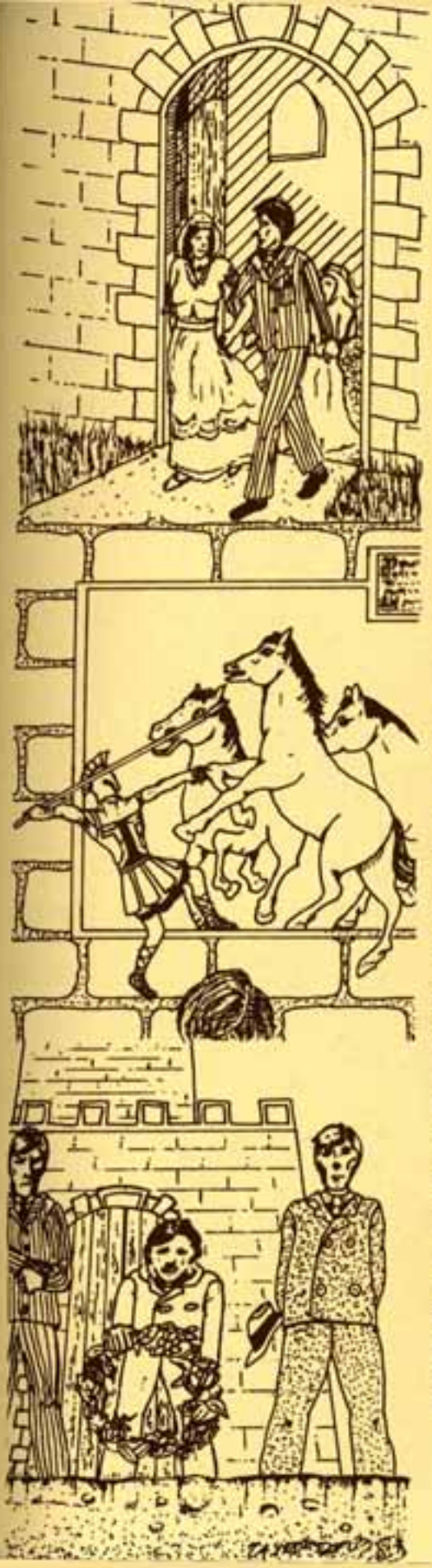
Inside,
A blanched stillness.

Here the grey Franciscan brothers
Used to fix their minds on mysteries,
Joyful and sorrowful;
And something of that transient ecstasy
Remains to scent the silence.

So it comes as more than a mild surprise
To sniff the ravaging vengeance of Aphrodite
Pervading the south aisle, carved
In the tale of Phaedra, seeping
From the harsh stone of a cold sarcophagus.
There, the savage spears menace the boar,
The horses of Hippolytus
Flail over his broken body,
And all that dark passion and tortured shame
Flood out to taint the air.

Outside, the Kodaks click.
Husband and wife
Squint into the sun. The gritty wind
Blows dust in their screwed-up eyes
From the rubble a mile off, the rubble of altars
That channelled the blood to Demeter
And her lost daughter, dark in the earth.

The wedding party
Chirrups its way down the steps, flutters into cars
And is gone.



Enna: A Funeral

'He who plays alone never loses' *Sicilian Proverb*

Men who have never smiled
Stand in black clumps about the piazza
As if they had sprouted from the cracks in the pavement.
Very occasionally, they speak to each other.
At strangers they direct a stare
Of blank, incurious intensity
That hardly welcomes. Behind them,
A row of wreaths as big as cartwheels
Adorns the wall of the cathedral.
The biggest of all is from the friends of the friends.

This,
On a cold Wednesday in Holy Week,
Was Enna.
We shivered in the damp
And thought no wonder it was here
The Wonder of the World had pitched upon
To build a tower where he could be cool
When all the island burns
In summer. It was not the day
To catch a glimpse of that fair field
Where Proserpine gathered flowers; instead
We peered over the walls to where
Calascibetta, perched on the opposite hill,
Floated on mist. That night we slept
In our jerseys and our socks.
Next morning we woke
To a light so sharp and brilliant
That it seemed as if the world
Had just been born. The harsh hills
Shone with a bright lucidity
That let you count the stones and blades of grass
A mile away, it seemed towards Pergusa;
On the skyline, forty miles eastwards,
Smoking in sulky grandeur, Etna
Surveyed the island, like a remote
And unpredictable headmaster, benign
Between rages. Westwards
To Caltanisetta, the crinkly valleys
And bare, scrubby slopes glittered
In the iron silence that fetters this land
Where men have always played alone
And always lost.

Inside the church, in the coffin on the catafalque,
Encircled by a blaze of candles,
Lay one who had made himself respected.

Anthony Trott

Account of Two Lives in the Year 2030 AD

Blood, death and fear were the only things that mattered in his life. He knew nobody, cared for nobody and felt the better for it. Many times he had wondered about love and happiness but never had he thought about them in terms of his own life. As he wandered up the alley-way, wet, cold and ill, his eyes alertly browsed over the crevices and dark doorways which lined the dreary brickwork. Suddenly he stopped, his senses seemed to cease and his dead, half-closed eyes moved slowly across the scene. He had to be quick. The girl was moving fast through the shadows, seeming to sense the danger. He crouched, waited till she came as close as possible and at the very last minute, he made a swift pounce. He was very experienced at tracking and catching and he was feared by most in the area. The girl was young and was easy to kill. He preferred the younger ones as they had softer flesh, and soon he was on his way with his prey, dragging it to his lodgings.

Once he arrived, he began to devour his catch. Like a lion in the bush he tore the victim apart, not caring for table manners or etiquette, but only for satisfying his mounting hunger for flesh. Once satisfied, he disposed of the corpse through the window of his third-floor room. He had no pity and few feelings, not even having the courtesy to cannibalize the whole of the corpse. He never completely ate his prey since it tended to get tough and bitter when left.

He danced and skipped and laughed, his legs moving in a smooth and beautiful rhythm, similar to that of an animal. Happiness, love and joy were all that mattered, and his face harboured a permanent, joyful smile. On seeing another person he would raise his hand in an ageless gesture of peace and goodwill and utter a similarly peaceable cliché. All around him he saw beauty, and he wandered on through beautiful streets lined with beautiful trees, not noticing the noise of the airways or the roadstrips. All he could hear was laughter — and that was his world.

But suddenly things changed. No longer could he see the beauty. No longer could he smell the sweet aroma of violets or hear the music of laughter. He saw a reality. He saw the world in which he lived with all its defects and faults. He heard the roar of aircraft engines and the screams of the young. He smelt the stench of gas, of fumes, of fear. He saw the slums and the derelict buildings, now homes for the dead and for scavengers. He hated it and yet he could not escape, except temporarily, by using the pills. He took one and began to run into the darkness, waiting for his happiness to come back. He still had a smile on his face: a fake smile, a brave smile.

He hid behind the dark and comforting wall. He could see the other coming, running like a mad dog. He had seen this before, many times, and he knew that his task would be easy. As the man passed, he pounced and, with a quick movement of his left hand, the man's neck lay drooped down on his shoulder.

Simon Handley, Fourths.

riverrun, high I hope.
Thunder, rain for days above our western hills,
Scouring trough and combing crenelled rills.
Somewhere, to the west of Birmingham,
The ground is blessed with holy April rain
And sends a winding draught towards the sea.

A year ago, in the almost heat of a dribbling May
The river snaked among the vacant factories
And from the pinnacle, the Polytechnic roof,
I refused the lands some demon offered,
And told him he could hand on heart
In fear of falling, 'keep them'.

Not lazy Camus and not sweating Thames,
Not trenched in clay nor scored on fens,
But just a mediocre flow of cess
Derived from shallow, clouded hills, at best
A metre deep, it sinks beneath the road
Which crosses it. No one can hear the toad
Of Hades, Hell, or Pandemonium,
In the dark tunnel, 'though I'm sure he's there.

No single chorister who sits 'inside'
Amongst the many loud-mouthed mystics
Of the great buses 'Eleven' and 'Eight'
Which keep our mighty city turning round,
Has chance to see, and dwell upon, the arc
Which from behind, chases them, endlessly.
I am no Cicerone come to burst
The noble state of these Cimmerii
(You should have plugged your ears against my song!)

The long spring rains continue
The leaves are cleansed of soot and fallen filth,
The soil is purged by water freshly neutral,
Even the pavements are momently clean,
And somewhere, away the

The Cycle of life is a wonderful thing;
The fall of seas on land to fill the seas —
To find it's the impulse to clap and to sing;
It humbles hearts, and washes souls, and frees.

Joe Gallivan, Sixths.

Soon

They had drunk coffee:
Cups like white noise,
That seared the throat,
That rasped the belly,
And talked of course,
Each disbelieving
The other's foundations.
The aim was attack,
Or reconciliation, or both.
The attempt failed.
One left with a strange, mourning joy.
But the other —

He felt
With half-fixed unease,
Over the skull surface of his enclosed mind

Dry truths he had not met before
Scraping with a patient rustle,
Scraping with a settled ease.
Just waiting to be realised
Just waiting to be known
Blinking placidly,
Waiting to be let in.

Jonathan Hollow, Fifths

"Why couldn't Cyril Connolly shake the dust off his feet"

— a traditional riddle upon leaving school.

The sun is gone this past fortnight,
Hidden behind an unclear haze. I
Cannot walk, but swim, and my collar
Is grimy within hours; sitting by the Court,
My feet were swollen and baked, as I
Watched the rehearsals, the mediocre farce.

My shoes bit into me as I moved off,
And I arrived soaking again.

****

From below me, Aristophanes rises through the air.
Purposeful, his barbs ignore the heat,
Which is no longer wet, but a hot white
Glare on the white stones solid there.

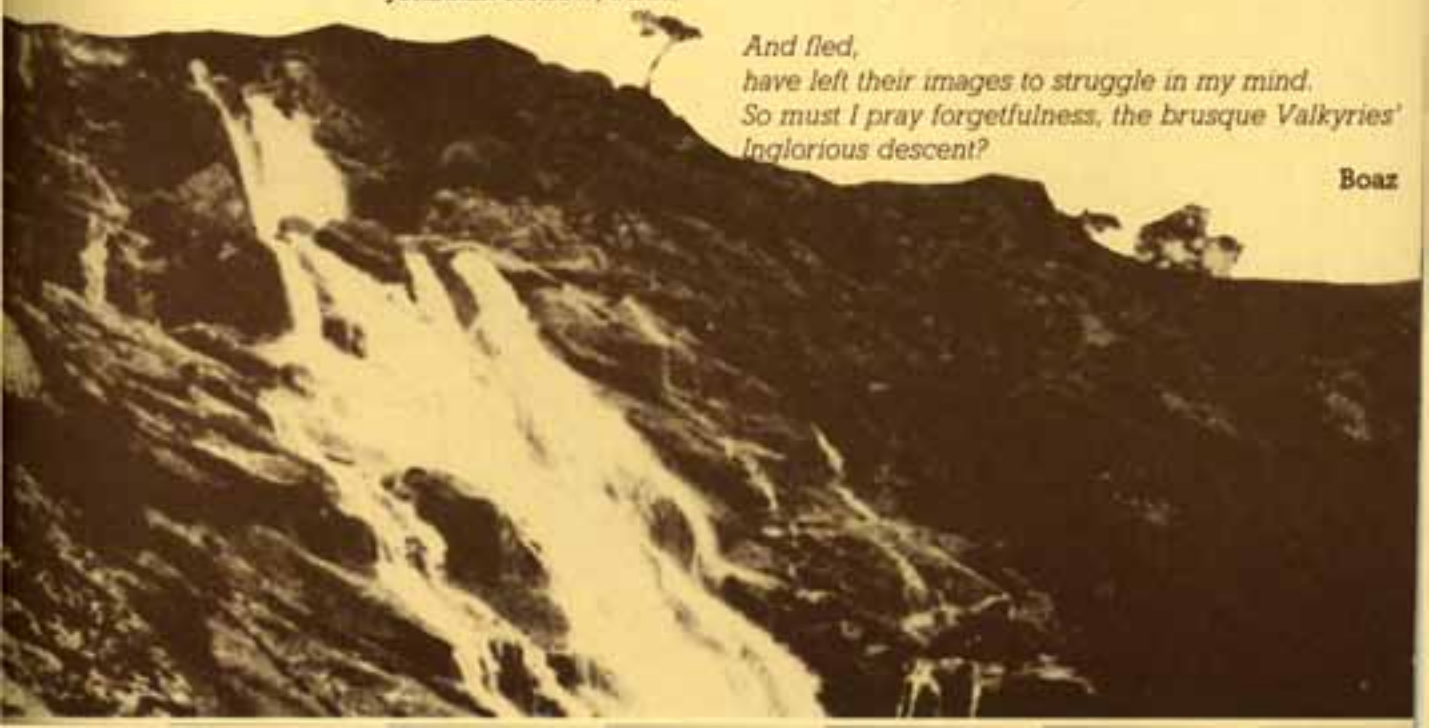
The thick ancient tongue is gabbled everywhere.

****

In a brief fortnight they have built
These stones, the farceurs, and now
Both await extinction. On the first
Thunderclap they will be gone alike.

And fled,
have left their images to struggle in my mind.
So must I pray forgetfulness, the brusque Valkyries'
Inglorious descent?

Boaz



Boy

Boy sat down on the stool and lit a cigarette, his ass perched on the very edge of the vinyl cushion. After a brief instant of disequilibrium, the shifting vectors resolved themselves and found stability in Boy's striking pose of Hollywood cool: the pull of gravity, the mass of his body, the friction between vinyl and trouser wrote an abstract equation somewhere, and Boy got the right answer.

The patronne brought him his drinks, and he smiled at her — an insolent, impudent grin which he remembered from school. She placed them on the marble counter with lumpen indifference, as if people like Boy came there every day. He guessed it was difficult to convey any impression except indifference if you were as fat as she was, but the thought occupied him for even less time than usual: he felt the stool beginning to pitch forward, as if someone had suddenly altered the axis of the bar, and all the furniture was trying to catch up. The cinematic posture adopted by Boy ever since he had entered the bar meant that he was quite unable to do anything about it, and the plodding inevitability of what was going to happen made him even more sick with the world. He'd have sworn if he had the time.

The cigarette was first to hit the bevelled edge of the counter: the tip broke off and in retrospect he realised, must have blown briefly into his right eye-socket. The bridge of his nose met the tavertine marble making a corny, motion-picture sound-track crack — accompaniment for the pretty tinkle of glass and china, and the metallic crash of the stool as they all hit the floor of the dirty brasserie.

None of this came as any great surprise to Boy, at least none of what came after the initial event — the tilt of the stool. He remembered thinking "someone will pay for this," but he had no time to decide quite who it would be. Boy's recognition of the chain of causation which linked situation A (Boy pitching forward on his stool) with situation B (Boy sitting on the floor surrounded by fragments of glass and china, the unbroken saucer rolling in a spiral fashion with increasing noise towards its final Apocalypse of silence) meant that he was able to reconcile himself to at least a degree of pain. He had however utterly failed to prepare himself for looking foolish.

He blushed: had anyone else blushed in the same situation, the effect would have been charming, and in seconds the event would have been forgotten, the customer restored to his stool with fresh drinks and a clean sheet. But Boy was not "anyone else", and he knew it. The rosy bloom of his cheeks was entirely at odds with the rest of his conduct.

The other customers stared at him: a fat butcher, carrying with him the smell of blood and intestines, even began to giggle — a goofy, hollow, empty-headed noise — until he noticed why the boy had fallen from the stall.

As he came to his senses, Boy at last found time to swear, loudly and vehemently (albeit in English). Blood ran from a cut at the top of his nose, and there was a sharp pain in his right eye. That didn't trouble him so much, but how should he affect an air of nonchalance? He opted for the cigarette ploy. It had never failed him before, but then he had never before found himself in a situation such as this. He withdrew a match from the box, which had joined him on the floor, and picked up the packet of cigarettes: it was empty.

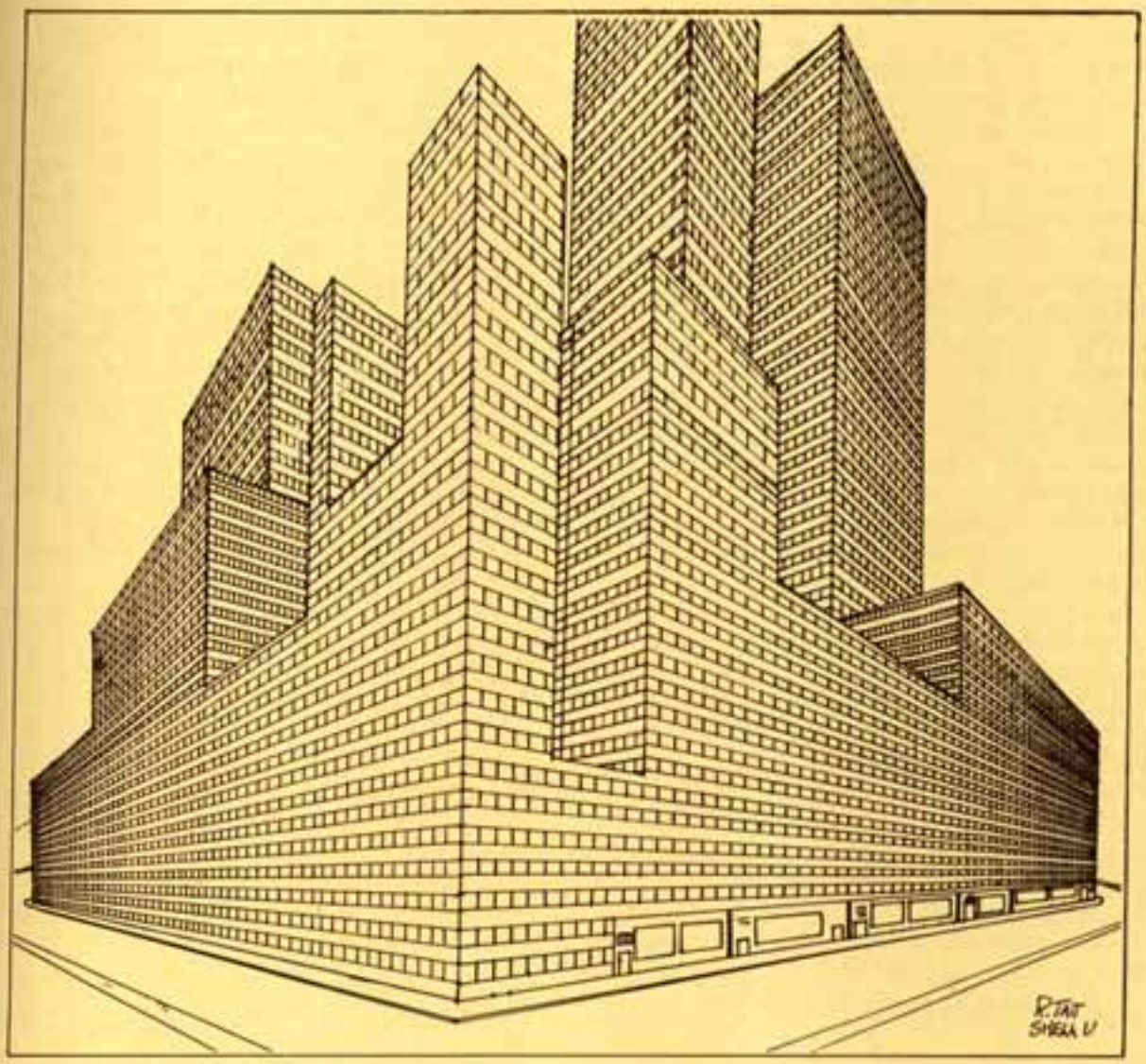
Boy's life seemed to fall apart. Any fragment of dignity and self-respect which had survived the fall were sucked away by the vacuum of humiliation. Boy was, by this time, empty of all feeling.

L'Estrange and the Greek turned and left the bar, their work done, and Boy's awareness of his current situation returned to him at once. He remembered that he was going to make someone pay.

Wiping the blood from his face with an oily, stained handkerchief, Boy picked himself up from his unique position of disadvantage. Looking around the bar he met the staring faces of the French proletariat, watching him with an air of acceptance of the old adage — "Pride cometh before a fall" — and in a few moments the episode would recede into the bland landscape of an ordinary Parisian day.

Throwing a dark glance in the direction of the butcher, Boy took the revolver out of his pocket and shot the butcher, five times, in his repulsive fat throat. Then, brushing shards of glass from his clothing he walked calmly into the street, hailing a blue taxi as he strolled down the street, whistling an aria from "Das Rhinegold".

Malcolm Blythe, Sixths.



I REGRET NOTHING

I regret nothing. I murdered him.

The eyes of the world had been gathering there for weeks. Vans hummed with mysterious activity within, cables slithered across the baking tarmac with intensive self-containment. The glass eyes in their machines had been wheeled out, skilled hands had focused, adjusted. Angles were tested. By day the lenses had hissed with life, had been tested, tired eyes looking at the tiny blue-white images that they brought out. By night they lay still, always focused, but dead, not selling. The men had lounged in cheap hotels, waiting, watching for the event to begin. Across the world the news teams had planned assiduously, knowing that the mind of each man was dulled to this event, but that by the mystic telepathy the media possessed the story would gradually and carefully be brought to the public eye. The Public Opinion would be formulated by instinctive communion of the mind of the news, and would be broadcast, and would slip into the hearts of men to give them a reassuring framework to the subject.

In the Cold Lands the plane screamed and taxi'd and roared into the sky carrying the Soviet minds, the cargo of human power. It landed in an army airstrip at the frosty dawning of the day.

The public thus prepared, the media set to work in breathing tantalising snippets across the airwaves which wafted across breakfast tables with electronic precision. Radios hissed: bulletins barked between the music. Dozens of correspondents chattered into microphones in a babel of languages.

In the town itself the streets were lined with roses, and the cavalcade began glittering its way through the cheering crowds. Huge cadillacs rumbled slowly against the high-pitched whine of motorcycles. Security pulled back a chrome-plated sleeve to reveal rippling muscles of gun-metal.

From the opposite sides of the city the two Leaders were approaching each other. And the Media told us with subconscious echoes that Black was approaching White. Good would meet with Evil, Freedom with Oppression. The final dialectic synthesis would take place.

I stood still in an empty room with dull, painted walls. It was warm. In a corner a radio spoke to me gaily about the Dawning of a New Age, the Union of Opposites. I glanced at the machine I was about to use which lay parallel to the skirting board.

Outside and all across the world the atmosphere was charged with electricity, the mad jabber of a thousand voices. The eyes of the world, indeed, it seemed, the eyes of the universe, were looking down on this moment. In every land pupils reflected the flicker of images moving across a tiny screen.

I looked out towards the dais. The focus was there: the focus of cameras, the focus of the information industry, the focus of a world hungry for peace. And there I saw the President climb slowly in his aged cage of a body to the platform, his eyes on the pale-fleshed Russian sitting opposite him. Within the man's mind a gush of thought stimulated the process: mental levers hummed and clicked and a clean, automatic, synthetic smile nestled on his tanned flesh. The document itself was there, and I watched with hands white with tenseness as with the lubricated roll of a pen they both changed the history of the world. My heart thumped as I picked up the cold metal. The contract was signed: the world had breathed its relief. A quick movement and the tanned face was intersected by black lines at right angles. Through my mind a torrent of impulses rushed: I was free to choose between them and I chose. In slow motion, represented by a series of scintillating coloured dots on every screen in the world, the arms were moving together; beneath, muscles were flexing, bones gracefully superimposing. The handshake was complete: posterity could look at it through the eyes of a million flashbulbs. I looked deep into the President's eyes, knowing that I held no hatred for this man, no love for this man, and had no reason to tighten my fingers save for the scintillating cleanliness of the movement, of an identity snuffed out in front of five billion others. It took seconds to pull the trigger and put panic in the world. It took seconds to watch him die by the force of a shattered skull. I twitched a muscle in one of my fingers and knew nothing would be the same again. It took seconds.

Jonathan Hollow, Fifths.

THE CORTINA CHRONICLES

1962
She rolled off the production line,
No car had e'er looked cleaner,
Than this amazing automobile,
The world's first Ford Cortina.

Ford sold her to the Jones,
Who lovingly named her 'Brenda'
And carefully washed her every week,
She lived in the utmost splendour.

Mr Jones after many more years
Gained promotion, and hence
The Jones family moved up a grade
To a Mercedes Benz.

1966
The car she was sold to some 'hippies',
Who painted upon her a dove,
And took her on peace demonstrations
Though she didn't feel any love.

How she longed for the Jones's warm semi
For that lovely Art-Deco front gate
Oh, she'd give her right hub-cap to be there,
So much did she tearaways hate.

How she hated the mood of the sixties,
Though once she her owners did like,
For their new social cause it was 'flower power',.
And they sold her and each bought a bike.

1968
Her owner was one of devious ways,
Who was planning to break into Lloyds,
And who cleansed her side of the psychedelic dove,
For detection, he had to avoid.

At midnight on a pitch dark night
He drove with the utmost stealth,
For this ruthless evil maniac
Was bent upon gaining wealth.

Left in a murky meadow,
Poor Brenda gibbered with fear,
Yet she realised that her petrol tank,
Of every drop was clear.

His getaway would be useless,
'twould give him a terrible shock
And he'd be put back in his place
The good Old Bailey's Dock.

The meadow in which Brenda lay
Belonged to a farmer Ben,
Who adapted the Ford Cortina
As a home for his thirty hens.

1982
She stayed there until '82,
When Ben sold the estate,
And the new owner's development plan
Meant Brenda met her fate.

The scrapmen melted Brenda down,
No fate could have been meaner,
However, her metal did make up
The world's last Ford Cortina.

Matthew Grimley, Shells.

ESSAY (Untitled)

Fog crept up the estuary and spread across the surrounding marshes. The mysterious gnarled shapes seemed to jump, run, crawl up from the sea, covering, embracing, entwining everything in their path. Gradually it spread up the estuary over the marshes, until it reached Bailey's Island. Hardly an island, just a mass of rocks and earth rising up several feet out of the marsh. There were a few stunted bushes on the inland side, but the seaward slopes were bare, with nothing but a few mosses, lichens and tufts of hardy grass. The fog crept up and around the island, surrounding it, engulfing it in airy arms.

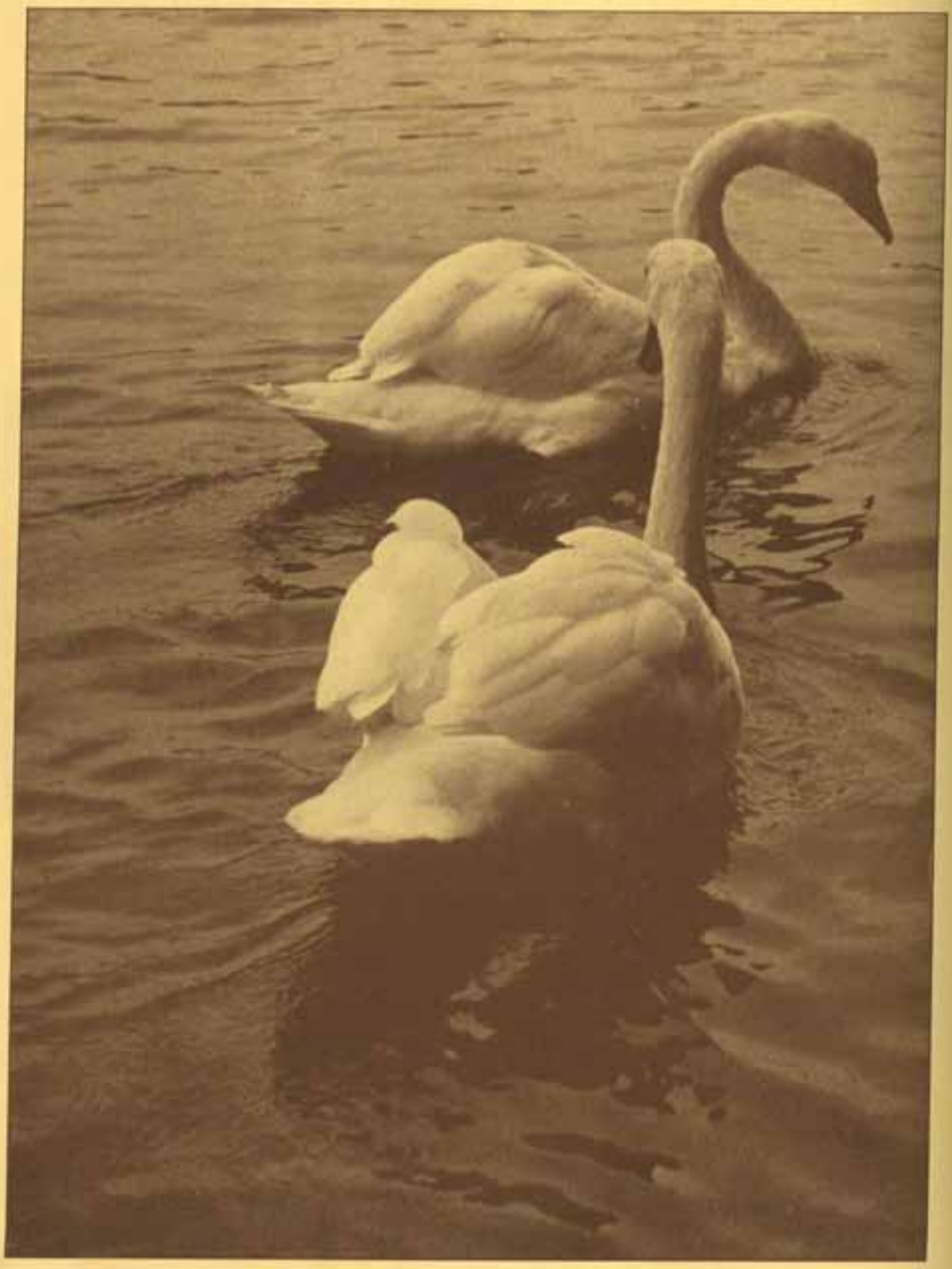
Then suddenly, the tranquillity was broken. There was a sound of oars splashing, out in the open sea. The noise carried clearly across the marshes above the low-lying blanket of fog. Further out, maybe half a mile from the island, a dark object was lying low in the water. It was a fishing smack from the harbour a mile down the coast. It seemed deserted; they were showing no lights ..... suddenly it gave a flash of light. The oars' splashing stopped. There was an answering flash from the seaward side of the island. Silence. A man stood up, and the boat rocked as he regained his balance. The exchange of torch-flashing continued for several minutes, until at length the oarsman, who had been watching the lights intently, began to row hard towards the dry land bordering the estuary, about a quarter of a mile away. When he reached the sandy bank, he pulled up his boat. Again, all was serene and peaceful.

About twenty minutes later, the light appeared again on the island. Then it was joined by another. At once the reply was flashed across the marshes from the gently drifting fishing smack. A clock struck somewhere on the mainland. The clock struck twice; two great chimes ringing over the estuary and far out into the sea. Movement on the fishing smack; a quiet chatter of voices on the deck. Another rowing boat was lowered onto the inky black sea. Six black clad men clambered slowly into it, and pushed off. Rowing hard and well, in perfect unison, they soon reached the sandbank, and after pulling their boat up into the darkness, they set off into the night.

The estuary was dark and silent.

The fog swirled and jigged in the darkness, but it was slowly receding, moving back down the estuary. It slipped back past the island, the last wisps clinging as if in a last embrace. The men reappeared on the sand bank. They had been joined by their fellow, and so it was seven men who heaved great boxes and chests down onto the sand. They hauled their goods into the boats and rowed their cargo back to the smack, where it was heaved down below decks. With a last parting flash of farewell, the smack chugged quietly off down the coast, hugging the shoreline.

James Tait, UMs.



Know You The Tears.....

Know you the tears
That from me well,
As weepingly I see
The use, the cruel use
I have suffered
At your hands.

Before: the inclusion, the cradled cosiness
As, like old and honest friends,
We exchanged the chimes of
Cheer and laughter and Martini:
A triptych of triangular trust.

After: the exclusion, the barren banter,
As, like the jester to the royal diptych,
I wearingly wander through heard-before wit:
Not the mellow chimes, but the savage ticks
Of Salvador's savage, symmetrical, two-sided clock.

Of the clock I ask how long?
How long as a jester I jested,
As a chemical I catalysed,
As one who is mindless, didn't mind.

How long is a party?
Is it three hours or two?
The two-faced, two-timing clock, with its two hands
Says two.

For two hours the party speaks its
Weeping spasms of brittle and trembling talk,
Twicedom reigns:
"Two more glasses of wine, please"
"Just two cigarettes left"
"He's too young"

While outside, God-given perfection:
Two couples, a couple of twos
Lie and lie on green grass
As sweet as their intentions,
And exhale silver 'happiness'
Into the cobalt clamminess of the night air.
Ah, what fearful symmetry!

Know you the tears
That on his 'break-down' mind
Would be scarred if
She 'over-indulged', 'led on',
Was not conscientious, considered, careful
Cruel

You know the two tears
Know you the third.

Max Carlish, Fifths.

It Is Not Enough

I could talk of 'unrequited love'
And desperate devotion, and loving forever,
And one-sided love being enough.
If I did I would be dishonest.

That is for unreal life.....

I feel gibing jealously, jabbing me'
Sickness at other people's smart successes
With the girl I love (one-sidedly),
About which I should not care,
But do.

Too tired and red-eyed now even to resent.
Just tired.

So I trudge back, once again,
To those old, old circles of people.
As before, they are hungry for humour,
Eager for amusement,
And once again I pull on my grimacing wax mask,
My laughing lips and unminding mind.
Jokes are on my lips like cigarette smoke
Older and staler than before.
And once again I am liked but unloved.

It is not enough.

Max Carlish, Fifths.

HAIDA

An extract from the Removes' Hutton Prize Essay, written by
JULIAN MURRAY

The raven looked down on the stream. A convenient pile of mud and sticks attracted his attention. It would serve as a handy place to rest. He flapped down to the mound and began to preen himself. A sharp crack startled him. From the wooded bank came a stream of ripples led by a small dark head. Closer and closer it came until it abruptly vanished. Surprised, he took off. Hovering above the mound, he could dimly perceive a shape tugging at a branch near the mound, whereupon the shape disappeared. This puzzled the raven and he flew to a convenient aspen tree to watch at his leisure. But not a ripple stirred so he flew on, disgruntled and mystified. What was that pile of untidy sticks covered in mud?

The beaver loved the months of May and June. In Northern Canada, summer was short but beautiful. She swam slowly back to the lodge, and it was this action which had startled the raven. The mound did not look much from the surface, but underneath it held a secret known only to a few. Two small, dark entrances were the doors to the beaver's world. As she dived into the clear, cool water she swam towards one of the entrances and drifted up the entrance tunnel. She loved that moment, letting herself relax as she floated up to the 'living room' in the lodge. She remembered building that lodge, the way she had carefully constructed the room in an igloo fashion, building the sticks into a roof shape from the inside. The mound was solid except for two entrances up to water level. The portion of lodge that rose out of the water was hollow, forming their 'living room'. The walls were smoothly plastered with mud to insulate from cold during the winter and were thick enough to stop predators from tearing through during the winter months when they could cross the ice to the lodge. In the roof a small 'chimney vent' of unplastered sticks let enough fresh air in.

She shook the excess water out of her coat and nestled herself in the corner of the room. She could feel the movement of her second litter of kits inside her.

An hour later, the first kit arrived. It was tiny, a pink defenceless creature that was blind for the first few days of its life. She nuzzled it gently but it did not respond. She sensed that something was wrong. Her first kit had died before birth. After a few more optimistic nuzzlings, she left it because she felt another kit on the way. This one was alive and it started instinctively to move towards her milk. Carefully she nosed him towards her. His two sisters followed shortly.

The kits grew steadily and after two weeks Haida, 'little worker', the dog-kit, opened his pale eyes. His thin fur had begun to grow and the pigment in his eyes darkened. A day later, his sisters opened their eyes and saw Haida and their mother in the pale light that filtered up the entrances and through the vent.....

Julian Murray, Rems.

Classics Department Trips

Following the success of last year's outward-bound approach of the Classics Department, four more trips were organised for this year, all within a short space of time.

On 12th January we went to see the Virgil Exhibition at the British Museum. The exhibition itself was rather a disappointment, but at least it gave us the opportunity to view the other treasures of the museum, such as the Elgin Marbles, Egyptian mummies, Sutton Hoo finds, illuminated manuscripts and an exhibition of Edo-period Japanese art.

Four days later an intrepid band boarded the minibus early in the morning to hear the famous Canon R G Lunt deliver the Latin sermon at Oxford. The rest of the day was spent walking round Oxford meeting various OE's. Mr Lambie has good reason to remember this particular trip — he had a rather nasty argument with a waitress in a tea-shop, but soon put her in her place — well done he!

The remaining two trips of the year were both to see plays. On 26th February we went to Cambridge to see a performance of Sophocles' *Trachiniai* in the original Greek. While criticisms were levelled at the actual production, the delivery of Sophocles' wonderful verse was superb, and even occasionally understood by Greekists!

A few weeks later, on March 19th, our thirst for yet more Sophocles was satisfied as went to Cambridge to see Stephen Spender's adaptation of the *Oedipus Tyrannos*, *Oedipus Coloneus* and *Antigone*. While classical purists found much to criticise in the adaptation, the performances did succeed in conveying most of the thoughts and emotions behind these great plays. A particular innovation in this production was the music — in contrast with the heavy rhythms of last year's *Oresteia* production, much of the music in this production was played on a lute or pipes. Well, I liked it anyway!

Thanks go to Mr Owen for organising the major trips, and to Messrs Tibbott and Lambie for supervising us in Oxford.

Stephen Linley, Sixths.

Marine Biology Course
at Aberystwyth

As we arrived at the University of Aberystwyth, the question uppermost in everybody's mind was "Is this going to be a seaside holiday or a Jack Cousteau special?" We soon found out. No sooner had we placed our bags in our rooms than we were down on the windswept, rain-drenched College Rocks making initial collections. As the Masters and Sixth-form veterans reeled off Latin names with an ease that would have surprised Mr Lambie, I wondered whether I should not have chosen Biology, Latin and Greek for my A-level subjects. Succour was at hand, however, in the form of an excellent evening meal.

A typical day began with breakfast at 8 am, and continued with lectures, lab. work, field work and meals, ending at between 9 and 10 pm. We soon picked up the names of the flora and fauna, and set up several aquaria — including several in wellington boots! But what of our intrepid leaders? Put it this way: take a piece of seaweed to Mr Rigby and he will categorically identify it as species 'x', take it to Mr Russell and he will assert that it is species 'y', take it to the good Doctor Homer and he will probably be talking to someone in Poland on his CQ (sic).

All in all, however, this was a very enjoyable working holiday, and we must thank Mr Rigby, Mr Russell and Dr Homer for making it so.

Andrew Wearn, Divs.

UME Form Trip
to Bath and Bristol

The members of UME met at 9.00 am on the cool and breezy morning of the 12th February in New Street Station with Messrs Edwards and Shackleton. After several games of cards and word association (most of which were stopped after complaints by other passengers), the party arrived at Bath.

We followed the 'scenic route' past Sainsbury's and along the canal to the park, where we were to eat our lunch, and then

played a game of cricket with the help of GHE's *Guardian*. We spent much of the afternoon in the famous baths. The wishing pool attracted most of the form — it was filled with money! After a visit to an engineering museum and a game of rounders with GHE's (second!) *Guardian*, we proceeded up a 'small hill' (for thirty minutes!) to the Youth Hostel, irritating the locals with our singing on the way. After supper we settled down to some well planned games. Mr Shackleton displayed traits of his Northern upbringing by dealing with great vigour with an offensive pupil.

Next morning, UME left for Bristol, where we visited the SS Great Britain — and its Cafeteria. By the time we had reached the Clifton Suspension Bridge, even GHE's patience was being tried, and he attempted — unsuccessfully — to throw us all off it, before we returned to the railway station for the return trip.

Many thanks go to GHE and AS from all of UME for a very enjoyable trip.

Richard Wolffe and Nick Tromans, UMs.

Measuring Hannah's Density

In the first half term of their time at KES, we ask the Shells, as part of their science course, to measure the density of their own bodies. Nicholas Jones of Shell B went one better and managed to do his prep without getting wet! Here is his account of what he did .....

K.McI.

Hannah, my twenty-month old sister, was not amused when I took her upstairs for the dreaded bath. After all, she had just had her tea of egg and chips, and it wasn't often that she was used for an experiment.

It was 7.30 pm and Hannah was getting tired and restless; co-operation was the last thing she had in mind. I picked her up and lowered her into the bath, which did not appeal to her at all, so she did what seemed to be the obvious thing at the time: she screamed. Suddenly the door burst open and in rushed the fire brigade (Mum and Dad). They proceeded to calm Hannah down by saying "There's a good girl Hannah", and "Be quiet, would you!"

When she eventually settled down, she couldn't resist splashing around, which didn't help with the experimental accuracy, but I did my best. I made a small pencil mark where the water came up to and then took her out. Again, I looked to see how much the water level had gone down and made another mark there. While Hannah was in the bath, Dad and I calculated that she must be about half submerged, because the water came up to her rib cage.

At times Hannah made the experiment more difficult by throwing her rubber toys at me; Einstein never had these problems .....

Nicholas Jones, Shells.

The Pleasures of the South Field

While I would like to be able to carry away fine memories of school sports, I have no doubt that I shall not. I should like to be able to remember warm summer afternoons, hazy skies, distant bird song; cricket whites, the gentle clunk of ball and bat, soft applause from far away spectators. If only this were the case .....

In reality, my memories will be of bitter cold. Or drizzle. Or biting winds, sweeping mercilessly across the South Field and whistling through my rugby shirt. I shall remember desperate boredom, walking vaguely round the field like a zombie.

So what is the point of games? Is it to make us fit? Well, in three and a half years of games, the only things that it has given *me* have been countless miserable colds, cuts, bruises and chronic muscle pain. Is it to "give the boys fulfilment"? Well, though I would of course make it quite clear that what I am saying is one-sided and a purely personal opinion, I have never received any fulfilment at all from games. I have never won a cup, scored a try, won a race: nothing. I have never even made a good pass. Indeed, it is quite an achievement for me to touch the ball during an entire match.

But is that my fault? I am perhaps rather too safety-conscious, and it is perhaps unfortunate that I cannot over-ride the natural function of sense that tells me not to tackle a person twice my size whom I saw earlier opening beer cans with his ear lobes ..... I prefer to stay in one piece. What that means, in the language of my contemporaries,is that I am a weed. So what can I do about it? Games isn't a subject where, if you're bad, you just have to work harder. Some people may be able to move their legs faster on Cross-Country runs, but that is as far as it goes. My limbs, I think, must have co-ordination problems. When I see a spherical object a foot in diameter heading towards me, I duck. It's natural: you don't try to stop it.

I hate games. I could think of much better and more profitable ways to spend my time. Sport is an embarrassment to me: the ringing in my ears of "Oh, Sadler!" after another blundered manoeuvre; or always being the last one to be picked and finally being accepted with resentment for something I don't want to do any way.

A lot of people love games. Others don't. But it isn't such an essential part of our education that it can't be made optional.

Simon Sadler, Fourths.

What They Believe

While Mr Rogers was headmaster of Malvern College, he set the new boys (aged thirteen) an essay entitled 'What I Believe'. He used the results as a basis for discussion, and to resolve particular problems that were apparent in what the boys had written. What he found interesting was that over the years, particular patterns emerged. To obtain a fuller perspective on the problems, Mr Rogers invited about a dozen independent boarding schools around the country to set a similar essay to new boys aged thirteen or fourteen. On the basis of his findings, he wrote a paper, 'What They Believe', published by the Farmington Institute for Christian Studies.

One particular problem which emerged was a conflict that the boys found between science and religion. Although this particular conflict was one which seemed to be an exclusively nineteenth century problem, now resolved, the boys found it to be one of the main intellectual problems about Christianity that they had to face. Why? Mr Rogers believes that Christianity is being taught in too naive and simplistic a way. As one boy put it, "I feel a sense of schizophrenia between my rational and religious beliefs". It is also a problem with the teaching of science, which Mr Rogers believes is being taught with the wrong emphasis: "We teach the attitudes of nineteenth century science, not of twentieth. What I mean is that we teach a mechanistic, causal science, whereas twentieth century science — particularly late twentieth century — is far more relative, relational, uncertain and mysterious."

Another problem is the boys' conceptualisation of God. One wrote that he "believed God's body covered the whole world and when he was in a particular place he wondered which part of God's body was there". This was an extreme case of a problem that a lot of boys had. Again, Mr Rogers believes that Christian teaching is too simplistic. "Boys are very imaginative. They have the capacity to see God as light, truth ..... not just as a father figure in the sky."

A lot of the boys in Mr Rogers' survey had been affected by the pseudo-science of Erich von Daniken's book *Chariots Of The Gods?* While Mr Rogers observes that this was very much a phenomenon of the seventies, he nevertheless believes that there will be something of the same sort in the eighties, just as there was the phenomenon of the 'Buddhist Monk' in the sixties. It seems to be a result of the spirit of the age and the failure of schools to impart the Christian message that young people inevitably seem to reject true religion for the sake of a shallow, glamorous alternative.

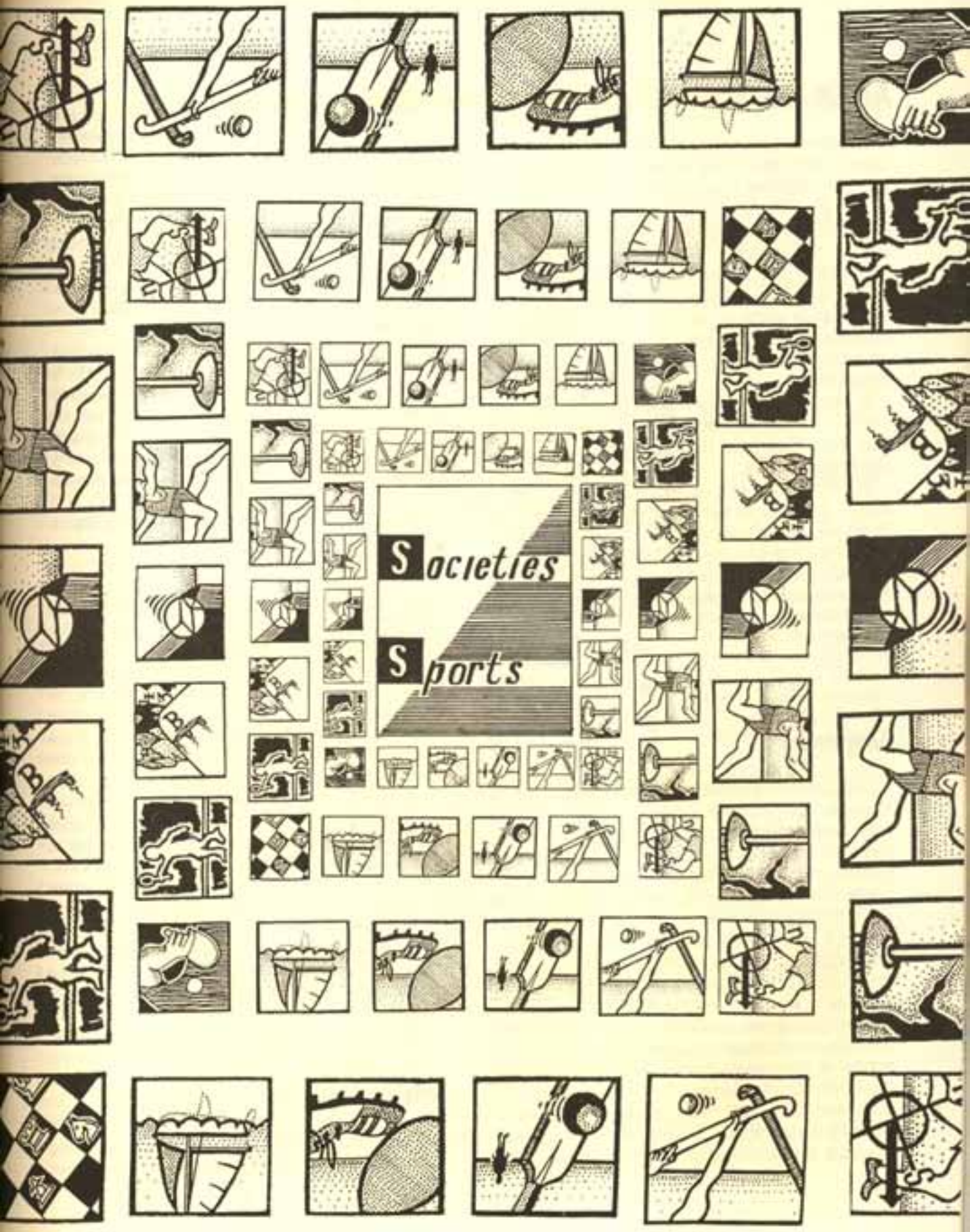
Something else that Mr Rogers sees as important is Bible Study, particularly an appreciation of the variety of sources from which the Bible is taken, and an ability to see stories like the Creation story as allegorical — he wrote in his paper that "they (the boys) showed no sense of the allegorical, or even of poetry". Bible studies, the Chief Master argues, are vital not only to an appreciation of Christianity but also an appreciation of our culture as a whole.

Alternative religions? These too are important. We do, after all, live in a multi-faith society, and have to be sympathetic to other religions. But Mr Rogers is against the Supermarket approach, the "We're doing Buddhism this term, Islam next term and Judaism the term after, then you can take your pick" kind of teaching.

Only one lesson of R.E. a week? Yes, but we have to impart an idea of the special nature of that lesson. We *could* make all the boys in the school study theology at O-and A-level, because they tend to attribute more importance to exam subjects, but in the long run the Chief Master believes that that would do more harm than good.

As a result of Mr Rogers' findings, a project was launched "to examine the content and manner of teaching eight to thirteen year olds of science and R.E.". The project is being funded by the Farmington Institute, with a guiding Committee and a director, Mr Sankey, who will be arriving in September 1983, and living at Bluecoats. The scheme is to involve a wide variety of schools, from Prep. to Comprehensive, and including KES.

Rupert Ward, Fifths.


Societies
Sports

A.R.E.S.

This year the society has moved from its old base at the back of a science laboratory to a more permanent place in the Communications Room, previously only frequented by members of the Signals division of the CCF. Thanks to a sum of money given to us by the Chief Master, the society has been able to buy new equipment including several aerials. One of these will enable us to go into the field of fast scan television transmission. The RX80, a communications receiver, is in the process of being completed.

A new branch of the society was formed this year — the Friday Radio Option — and this has also benefited from the facilities that we have been able to buy.

We have entered two National Radio Contests and — bearing in mind our resources — have been placed favourably, though with a bigger set-up we hope to do a lot better next year.

Finally, we would like to thank Gerald Lowe, who stepped down as secretary at the beginning of the year, for his continuing hard work and support.

Richard Frank, Rems.

Anagnostics

Despite the eventual departure of the Drama Weirds, the apathy on the part of KEHS members, and the dubious quality of Penguin translations, the society had a moderately successful year, and remains exclusive to Divs and Sixths (of all academic persuasions) without once having to cancel a meeting. Possibly the greatest attractions are the free food, low subscriptions, end of term 'refreshments', and the finishing time, which uncannily coincides with the opening of a certain tavern.

Readings have retained their high quality, despite the frequent appearance of 'at short notice' in the minute book. Notable readers include Adam Rodaway, who is also an enthusiastic Treasurer; Ken Macnab, who occasionally rivals Peter Fraser with his forceful reading; Stephanie Bird, who provides variety of pronunciation; Hilary Rossington, our resident banshee; Laurie Doe, our resident messenger; and myself, our resident Menelaos. Notable meetings include those to read Sophocles' *Oedipus Tyrannos*, at which Professor Ferguson gave an excellent introduction, Euripides' hilarious melodrama *Helen*, and the last meeting of term to read Aristophanes' *Frogs*,which was held in Chantry Court in Greek costume, and was attended by a few of the 'old faithfuls' from last year.

Thanks go to the Dining Hall staff for the food, to all readers and washer-ups, and especially to Mr Owen for his frequent last-minute introductions (including once an appearance of his celebrated 'visual aids'), for his occasionally successful attempts at stimulating a discussion, and for organising trips to plays (see Features).

Stephen Linley, Sixths.

Art Society

As ever, the highlights of this year have been the four art trips to London organised by Mr Ashby. In November we travelled to see the *Arte Italiana* (1960—1982) at the Hayward, and Howard Hodgkin's curious *Indian Leaves* at the Tate. In February we were treated to Van Dyck's portraits of *Charles I and his Court* at the National Portrait Gallery, and received our first opportunity to see Peter Blake's remarkable work at the Tate. Exactly a month elapsed before Peter Blake and Van Dyck were on offer together with the comprehensive *Landscape in Britain* (1850—1950) being shown at the Hayward. Finally, for those confident enough to interrupt their revision for last June's trip, the *Essential Cubism* was on show at the Tate.

In addition, there have been a couple of poorly attended meetings, overshadowed by the first meeting of the Art History Society.

Jeremy Outen, Sixths.

Christian Union

Slumming it, rocking it, sometimes spending whole minutes without resorting to burnt toast

and black coffee, the Christian Union have this year left their imprint of ruin and wreckage on many suburban dwellings and country hovels. Following the vibrant success of the Summer weekend, a clandestine organising committee planned an even more daring conflagration — a live rock concert with real, dangerous fireworks. Power was the word, as Runners in the Race, a local band, could be heard all over Edgbaston. There was heavy discussion at the following Christmas conference, which, despite a limited note of seriousness, brought a wild term to an end with a sloshy-bang.

But things were once again moving. Easter term heralded the return of Runners in the Race, and a further weekend holiday heralded the birth of a new ruling junta, alias the revolutionary-lunatic-fringe-committee for 1984. With visits by ex-Satanists and still-practicing magicians, and a further round of parties, the Summer term closed with hefty insurance premiums pending another weekend demolition holiday.

But seriously, folks .....

The Christian Union is a joint society, embracing all mainstream Christian denominations. We hold between three and eight meetings per week, usually a main meeting on Thursday at 4.15, a Bible Study on Tuesday at 1.25, a praise meeting on Monday at 1.05, plus prayer meetings in the Chapel at 8.30 am. To help integrate new members, the CU holds frequent parties and social functions, as well as the more traditional meetings held in school. We have held a number of subsidiary meetings in the school, with the aim of attracting non-Christians to hear what we believe. These include visits by missionaries, an ex-satanist, and a member of the magic circle, and more similar meetings are planned for the future.

Recently, the committee has been involved in talks with Mr Grimley over closer co-operation in the school, and the prospect of some sort of Mission next Easter term. Things look good for next year, so pass the plectrum and praise the Lord!

Martin Turner, Divs.

Newman Society

Neither slumming it nor rocking it, neither magicians nor ex-satanists — it was, I suppose a real pagan year. Still, Father Gregory said Mass some Wednesdays and on others made us think. We thank him, and Him, and hope the society is resurrected next year.

Matthew Banks, Sixths.

Chapel

The chapel has flourished as the central pillar of the Anglican community at KE this year. Once again, music has adorned the beauty of its worship, even stretching to a Latin mass by Palestrina, and the Eucharist was celebrated fortnightly — weekly during Lent. We should like to thank Mr Haslem and Dr Müller for helping while the Chaplain was on Sabbatical, and Bishop Michael of Aston who has replaced Bishop Mark this year. However it is perhaps sad that whilst the membership of the CU and Open Ring has soared, few of those evangelical souls are ever seen at what should be the centre of the Christian community.

Ken Macnab, Sixths.

Classical Society

The 'interesting and lively year' described by the last secretary was, sadly, not repeated this year. There were still the talks preliminary to trips to see plays (see Features), there were scholarly talks on *Catullus — the poetry of polymorphous perversion* by Nigel Reynolds, and on Sophocles' *Antigone* by myself, but on the whole attendances were poor, and my own enthusiasm was channelled into the Anagnostics. Things can only get better.

Stephen Linley, Sixths.

The Closed Circle

The Circle is a closed society with a limited membership, and its aim is to provide a lively discussion where each member can grind his personal axe, and (it is hoped) learn from the experience and views of others. At each meeting one member presents a paper, which is then discussed by the others. The amount of argument and heat which usually develop is often astonishing. Jeremy Outen's *Dada Art* and Ken Macnab's *Atonal Music* both started by describing what were, to many members, unfamiliar areas, but aroused vehement opinions about the purpose of art and other topics. In fact, it is unusual if the discussion remains remotely near its starting point for any length of time; hence, Richard Hitchcock's paper *Nazism in Germany* provoked a number of vicious attacks on *The Sun* , which was reached by a winding path passing through the Falklands Crisis and media independence. Richard Robbins' paper on *Spanish Democracy* produced a similar comparison of the original topic with the British situation; British parochialism evidently lives on.

Dont't think that the Closed Circle is self-consciously intellectual or secretive; it is neither of these. Once there you can say what you like as often as you like, which is only what most members of the school seem to do anyway.

Martin Pugh, Sixths.

Junior Classical Society

After the departure of Dr Speller, the society has come under the jursidiction of Mr Edwards. There was a wide range of features, from lectures and debates to quizzes. The highlight of the year was a balloon debate, at the end of the Christmas term, in which Zeus, portrayed by Andrew Mendoza, defeated Aphrodite —the goddess of love got only three votes!

I would like to thank, on behalf of the society, Mr Edwards and Mr Evans for presenting illuminating talks.

Mark Cook, Fourths.

Debating Society

Despite the efforts of certain long-haired members of the society, democracy at KES is flourishing — indeed, there are now more people attending than at any other time in living memory (except Mr Hatton's). This is for three reasons. First the motions have been varied but never uninteresting — controversial issues, such as the Falkland Islands and the legalisation of cannabis, have been debated, as well as the more light-hearted ones, such as *This house would rather be eccentric than trendy*. Second, the increase in the number of girls can only be ascribed to the butch, macho image of the Secretary, whose humility and magnetic personality are matched only by those of his film-star namesake (Burt, not Debbie). Third, the quality of debating, both from the main speakers and the floor, has been exceptionally high. It is unfortunate, however, that the contributions from the floor tend to be from the same people using the same clichés: the Secretary and his Ciceronian quotations; David Chrimes' philosophical conundra vis à vis the meaning of life; and Adam Rodaway's much-appreciated deprecations of the KEHS coven.

The society has also had much success in competitions. In the English Speaking Union competition Maximillian J. Carlish won the prize for best speaker, and Richard Hitchcock won as best chairman. Unfortunately, the KES team, which included Adam Rodaway as the proposer

of thanks, was beaten by the Convent of the Holy Child for the overall first prize. In the BMI competition, Nigel Reynolds and Craig Lanham did well to finish third after being given just twenty-four hours' notice. Matthew Banks, Martin Pugh, Trevor Johnson, Mark Bevan and Rupert Ward also performed admirably in other external competitions.

Of those who deserve special mention, pride of place must go to Mr Hatton, who finally got his way and obtained a debate on the French Revolution; mention must also be made of Matthew Banks, who stepped down as secretary after a fine year when promoted to higher things; of Max Carlish, who deservedly won the Malcolm Locker debating prize; Jonathan Hollow, whose brilliant posters have been appreciated by everyone; the Christian Union for providing musical interludes from an adjoining room; and finally the committee. Sorry, Adam and Steve (anarchist and feudalist respectively), the Debating Society is here to stay!

Nigel Reynolds, Sixths.

The Joint Junior Debating Society

Thanks mainly to mass hysteria in the KES fourth form, attendances for junior debates soared this year. The first three debates produced figures of 134, 200 and 185 respectively, and the aggregate for the year was more than that of all the recorded attendances between 1967 and 1981.

However, because of the somewhat cheerful behaviour of these huge audiences, it was decided, after a questionnaire at the beginning of the Spring term, to introduce membership cards — with fifty being given to each school. Although the decrease in attendance initially led to a reduction in interest and atmosphere, by the last debate (*This house would not enjoy being royalty*) the cards had accomplished their aim of producing a more stimulating and enjoyable event. In all there were eight debates (another record number), ranging from the rut of *This house believes that school is boring* to the articulate first and last debates.

Finally, I thank Mr Hosty, Roger Rees, Ally Morgan, Chris Evans, Nick Schwartz and some auspicious youngsters for their effort on both the platform and the floor.

On the whole it has been an enjoyable and successful year, and I look forward to handing over to the first ever KEHS secretary, Fiona Partridge, next year.

Tim Franks, Fourths.

Field Studies Society

Sponsored Coppice at Pepper Wood

Pepper Wood is a small remnant of what was once a large and ancient wood spanning Worcestershire. Much of the forest was then managed as coppice — that is to say, by the regular cutting of shrubs and smaller trees such as hazel, alder and chestnut. This encourages a great variety of plants and animals: typical woodland flowers attract insects of all kinds, for example, and the thickets provide ideal breeding sites for birds.

Sixteen members of the Field Studies Society met at ten o'clock on a cold but sunny Saturday morning earlier this year to spend the day coppicing. Mr Lampard drove us to Pepper Wood where we were met by our adviser and overseer, Andrew Thompson, who is in charge of the wood. After a brief introduction, he handed out the tools, divided us into pairs and set us to work. We worked for a tiring six hours, with a break for a packed lunch and a guided tour of the wood, and managed to cut down three hundred trees in that time without anyone being hurt by falling trees or wayward billhooks — the potentially lethal traditional tools for the job.

Our three hundred trees represented £86 in sponsor money, of which half was sent to Pepper Wood and the rest kept by the Society to purchase a pair of binoculars as a permanent souvenir of our efforts. Many thanks go to Mr Lampard and Mr Thompson for their supervision and organisation of our tiring but happy and satisfying day.

Jason Kendall, Sixths.

The Film Society

Perhaps the best organised event of the Film Society's 1982—83 season was the initial poster which advertised the year's films: by an odd and revealing paradox, the Society's current state of bankruptcy has coincided with what has been, in artistic terms at least, the most successful season ever. The failures of previous committees to provide films of any interest made it difficult to sell tickets, and our hopes of creating a community of cinematic interest faded.

The original *Cat People* gave a powerful start to our Autumn season and *Some Like It Hot* was enjoyed by many, even though most people had seen it on television last summer. The same might be said of *King's Row*, featuring Ronald Reagan as an eternal loser whose legs are severed in an excruciatingly bad portrayal of a rail-road accident. For the (admittedly small) biker element of the Society's membership we organised a double bill, featuring the great Marlon Brando as a misunderstood, inarticulate, wild, '50s teenage rebel in *The Wild One*, and Kenneth Anger's experimental bike movie *Scorpio Rising*, its sound-track composed entirely of '50s and '60s rockabilly and surf tunes.

Other films shown during the year have included *Un Chien Andalou*, *Midnight Express*, *Nosferatu the Vampyre*, *What's New, Pussycat?*, and *Valentino*. It is a sad reflection on the school and on the Society that the two films which promised to be the twin pinnacles of the season — Volker Schlondorff's *The Tin Drum* and *Eraserhead*, perhaps the best horror film since *The Cabinet of Dr Caligari* — were never shown. The first of these was blocked by a higher authority in the school because of its alleged 'unsuitability', and the second simply because so few people joined, making our budget correspondingly low.

So, to end on a cautionary note: if the decline in interest within the sixth form continues, it seems unlikely that there will be a Film Society next year. It doesn't matter to us, we're leaving, but it might matter to you. If you care about films, get off your ass and do something!

Boaz Moselle and Malcolm Blythe, Sixths.

The Joint Middle School Film Society

As a result of the increased funds left over from last year, and the increased membership from both schools, we were able to show a greater variety of films this year. This fact was most evident in the showing of *Rocky*, *Gregory's Girl*, and *Airplane*. Of these three *Airplane* attracted record audiences. Music lovers were not forgotten, either; a showing of *The Birth of the Beatles* was well attended, too. An old favourite, *When Eight Bells Toll*, evidently had not lost its appeal: it must surely rate as a film society 'blockbuster'. Although on more than one occasion the Ratcliff Theatre was nearly full, audiences dwindled to as few as twenty for the less well-known films, and it is to be hoped that next year film-society-goers will be more inclined to chance their arm.

Finally, on behalf of the committe I should like to thank Miss Barnett, Mrs Ewin, all the projectionists, Rank Distributors Ltd, and all those who attended. I should also like to wish the new committee all the best for next year.

Mark Cook, Fourths.

Geographical Society

The Geographical Society had a particularly well-dispersed year. To be precise, illustrated talks came from as far as 65°N, 20°S, 75°W and 105°E.....

The season opened up North, with the now traditional account of one of the travel scholarships. This year Peter Nienow and I spoke about and showed pictures of our month-long trip to Iceland. In January, those assembled in Geography Room B were transported into the heart of Africa by Mr Robin Collins, a church missionary who, although confessing he had no geographical qualifications, gave great insight into the culture and livelihood of the people of Malawi. In contrast, our next speaker was Dr John Crowther of Lampeter University. To the delight of the sixth form, and Mr Roden, the technical depth of his talk, "A Geographical approach to Karst", was most useful. On one occasion the society joined forces with the Art Society for an appreciation of the Alps seen through the eyes of a climber.

Since Geography is an outdoor subject the Society held two excursions. On a cold February Sunday morning, while most people were still in bed, a group of Divisions and Sixths were standing on the windswept slopes of Hailstorm Hill, in the heart of Rossendale, part of the Lancashire Pennines, which has been in decline almost since the Industrial Revolution. In the nearby town of Bacup we were alarmed to see youths walking around on the streets, having been told that everybody, except a few old ladies, had left the area long ago in search of bright lights. The rest of the day was spent on the prosperous Yorkshire side of the Pennines, in Hebden Bridge, a town busy with day-trippers.

In May the minibus was again heading north on the M6. This time the passengers were Rems and Fourths, and the destination the Peak District. With a dense fog surrounding the hills the minibus headed for Miller's Dale, where the group walked along the site of the Manchester to London railway. Heading further north, we reached Mam Tor, at the centre of the National Park, but still abounding with visitors. With mist still hugging Kinder Scout the day was concluded in the National Park centre at Edale.

Many thanks to Mr Cumberland who, in his first year at KES, has contributed much time and effort to the society. Many thanks also to our guest speakers, especially Dr Crowther, who travelled all the way from South Wales to talk to us. Meanwhile a trip to the Civil Engineering Department of Aston University is planned for the Autumn term, and the search for speakers goes on. If any of your friends or relatives went on an unusual and interesting holiday — let us know!

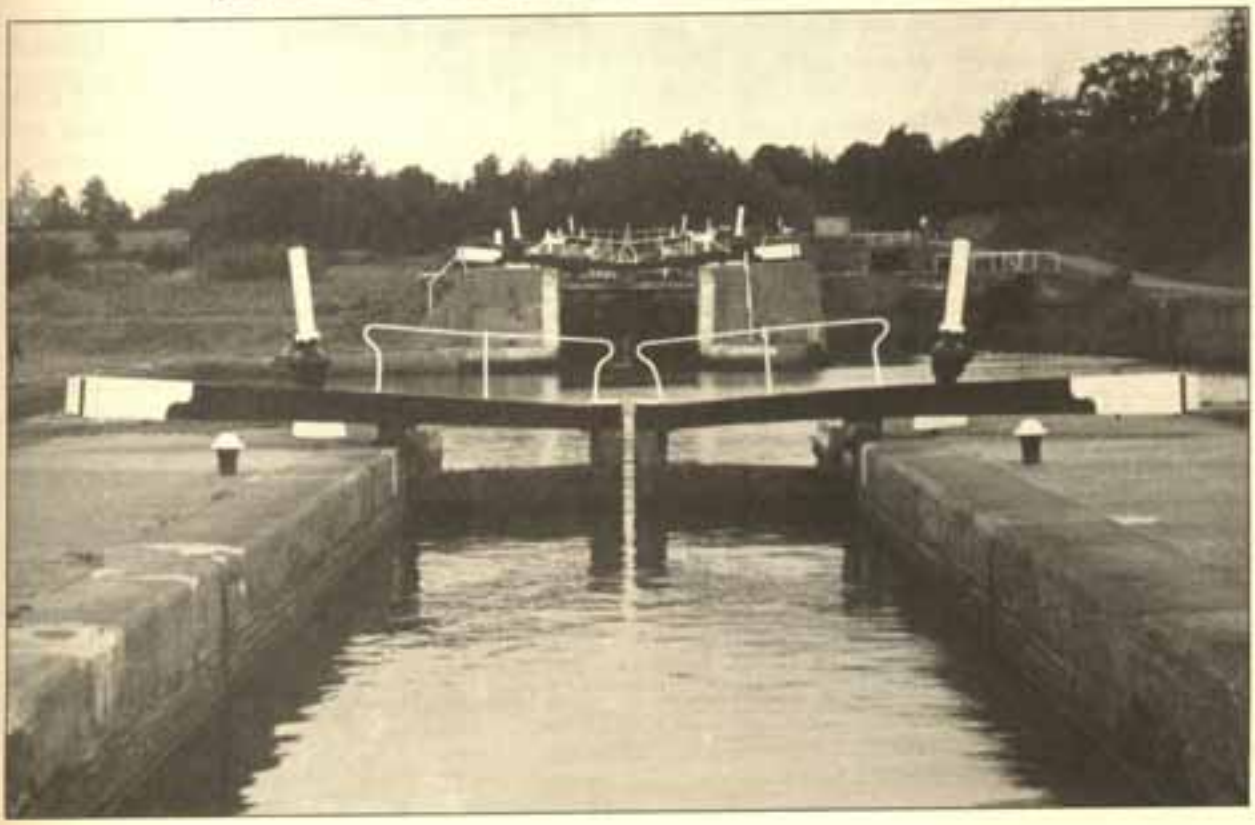
David Higgitt, Sixths.

Historical Society

The Historical Society has always sought to strike a balance between meetings of a purely academic interest and those of a lesser intellectual and more fun-loving nature. The past year has been no exception. The Autumn term opened with a memorable dissertation by respected historian Professor Knecht on the subject of Francis I of France, which was gratefully received by all who attended, especially A-level Historians.

The Spring term kicked off with an interesting investigation of West African history since independence, initiated by Douglas Rimmer, from Birmingham University's Centre for West African Studies. Professor Davies followed in the latter half of the term, with a study of the links between nationalism and history, which provoked much thought and controversy among the Society's members.

The Summer term witnessed an attempt on the part of the society's committee to lighten the impending burden of both external and internal examinations through the establishment of a historical forum; a 'brains trust' consisting of Mr Trott, Mr D.J. Evans and Mr (or is it Master?) Kempshall who generously offered their reflections on the nature of History in reply to the questions coming from the floor. The meeting was notable for an attendance of more than the historical stalwarts alone. Finally the Historical Society's calendar was brought to a close with an unavoidable non-event, for the traditional annual society excursion ascended like a Nimble



balloon over room 174, but never quite made it as far as Hatfield House, Hertfordshire, as a result of the confusion generated by A-level leave.

Our thanks and appreciation must, as ever, be directed towards Mr Buttress for his extraordinary capacity to find time and energy to spend on the society in the midst of his many other engagements, together with Miss Dovey who has been instrumental in co-ordinating efforts with KEHS. I take this opportunity to thank the committee members, Simon Billington, Geraint Lewis and Jeremy Outen, for their support which has helped us to bestow a thriving society on our successors.

Philip Rimmer, Sixths.

The Joint Literary Society

There have been no fewer than eleven meetings this year, satisfying a wide variety of interests. These have ranged from the medieval (a talk by Dr Ben Benedikz on early printed books) to the modern (a discussion led by Mr Jeremy Clear on linguistic computing). The Society enjoyed even further success when it fullfilled Cicero's requirements* by providing cake, tea and sandwiches for the talk by Dr David Daniell from U.C.L. on *Infinite Shakespeare*. The result was clear. The combination of an endless supply of both Shakespeare and ham sandwiches proved very successful, and future meetings were often blessed with food. Without doubt, the most memorable occasion of the year was that when the Moseley poet Gareth Owen gave a recital of his own poetry; and other enjoyable events were the readings of Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author* and Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi*, and the inspiringntalk by Professor Joan Rees on *Much Ado about Nothing*.

Although only one meeting was held in the summer term, the Society still found time to see Arthur Miller's *The American Clock* at the Rep. Alas, the clock was soon to chime the end of what has been an important and successful year for the Society. Finally, we must thank Miss Barnett and Mrs Trott for their enthusiastic direction.

* "Culturation to the mind is as necessary as food is to the body."

Andrew Macgeoch, Divs.

The Mah-Jong Society (The 'What?' Society)

For the uninitiated amongst you, Mah-Jong is a Chinese board game which loosely resembles a cross between dominoes and rummy. You may wonder why a society for such an obscure game was ever formed — and sometimes I wonder myself — but the game must be played before an understanding is reached. The first few attempts can be bewildering, but once the breakthrough has been made, the game easily becomes addictive!

Not much has been achieved yet, as the Society only got off the ground in the Spring term — with Mr Shackleton's invaluable help — and the attraction of outdoor activities made it temporarily obsolete in the Summer term. Nevertheless, we intend to forge ahead next term and achieve some notoriety at least!

Andrew Elliot, Divs.

Meteorological Society

What do Dartmoor Prison and the St Kilda Royal Artillery Range have in common with KES? The answer of course is that they are all official climatological stations for the Met. Office. This makes KES rather unusual, since only about a dozen schools in Great Britain have this status. Furthermore, there is a shortage of climatic data in the West Midlands since the only other station is Elmdon Airport.

Weather records at KES have been maintained since 1947 and the Met. Soc. continues this endeavour every day of the year. Responsibility for maintaining the station is in the hands of a select group of observers, who have the opportunity to take part in a programme of serious scientific observation. Considerable expertise is required and this year two of our observers attended a week-long course at the Met. Office staff college.

As yet, we still have no actual control over the

weather and therefore accept no responsibility for the fact that April this year was the wettest experienced at KES since records began. Furthermore, we make no predictions about the future, although our records are approaching the point where we might began to analyse recent climatic trends, so that we can speak with rather more confidence when asked when the next Ice Age is due.

Membership of the society is by invitation but we are always interested to hear from anyone wishing to help.

JAC

Modern Languages Society

The Society had a fairly quiet year, but many thanks are due to Mr Tomlinson who organised the lunchtime meetings, which were generally not badly attended. Stephen Berridge (OE) had useful information on *Reading French at University*; Mrs Crossley, from KEHS, showed some holiday snaps and gave a few amusing language tips in her talk *La Turquie*; Mlle Laurent, the French assistant, spoke interestingly and from recent experience about *L'enseignement en France* and Fraulein von Trauchburg, the German assistant, gave a topical talk on *Die Bundestagswahlen*. Gosh!

Matthew Banks, Sixths.

Eurodrama

In the final reading of last year, Molière's *L'Avare*, Mr Hatton read the senile, self-centred Harpagon with a vigorous wit that seemed to come as second (or even first) nature to him; the monster's exaggerated fatuity was made even funnier by Mr Hatton's painfully sore throat. This enjoyable meeting gave the Society new momentum, and a swarm of new 'Eurodromes' was attracted. The multi-lingual phoenix had risen!

Mr Hatton's long-awaited encore came with a reading of Ionesco's *Rhinocéros*, the first and the best reading this year. It was introduced by Dr G.V. Banks from Birmingham University who presented a compact and witty insight into the absurd, and the "totalité rhinocérique": Berenger's breakdown of confidence in his society, his friends, his lover and, ultimately, himself. Of the many cameo parts, Jonathan Robinson and Paul Joyce were memorable as the amusing and frenetic Dudard and Botard, and Richard Robbins' performance as le Vieux Monsieur was far from flabby. The bourgeois, eighteenth century *Le Chapeau de paille d'Italie* was rather dull, but the reading was not perhaps so much at fault as the choice of play.

The Society blossomed once again in the Spring, with a reading of Racine's *Andromaque*. The poetic seventeenth century verse was not easy and credit is due to Laurie Doe as Oreste, Kate Edwards as Andromaque and Debbie Mackay as Hermione for such compelling and tragic performances. Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* was a contrasting but successful reading with Ann Hynes giving a splendid reading of Vladimir and Mendie de Vos heading the show as the boy. The final reading of the year was Max Frisch's *Andorra* which I'm told was not well attended but still ably read. The little German ginger cakes were apparently quite stimulating.

The Society trip to see Bolgakov's *Molière* at The Other Place was unfortunately cancelled as the production collapsed. It was, however, a good year and many thanks should go to Mr Tomlinson who did not collapse despite the belligerent secretary. Perhaps next year there will be room for a Russian or Spanish play as well. Cor!

Matthew Banks, Sixths.

Parliamentary Society

Building on the base provided by Nigel Reynolds' reign of terror, the Parliamentary Society rose to new heights of popularity: gone are the days of a society consisting of DJB and a few close friends, relatives, pets, etcetera. We are now faced with hitherto unheard-of problems like full rooms and lack of chairs. More importantly, increased attendance led, for once, to increased participation, with almost all newcomers contributing to the discussion.

Triumphs included correctly predicting the date of the General Election (well, almost) and its outcome (really!). Numerous interesting talks were given and debated, including *The Future of the SDP* (conclusion: they hadn't got one), and a bilingual talk on *German Politics* (which apparently consists entirely of initials) by Gabby von T. and friend.

The highlight of the year was, however, a talk from Eric Forth, Euro MP for Birmingham North, on the work of an MEP. This was followed by a discussion covering much wider issues. Mr Forth was so impressive a speaker, having both reasoned arguments and disarming honesty, that Juliet 'CND' Hearne demanded he should not be invited back because he was "too convincing".

All in all it was a very satisfying year for the Society and it seems likely that the success will be continued since most of the neophiles are in the Divisions and below.

Adam Rodaway, Sixths.

Philatelic Society

The Philatelic Society offers an ideal opportunity for beginners to take up stamp collecting and for enthusiasts to increase their knowledge. We have frequent quizzes, auctions with prices substantially below those charged by dealers, and films about the design, production, and development of stamps produced by the Post Office. There is always a good selection of stamps and first day covers available at the Thursday lunchtime meetings. The Society is also a member of the British Philatelic Federation and has a wide range of books, magazines and catalogues available for consultation, including *Post Office Bulletin* and *Stamp Bug News*.

Next year we hope to have several visits, in particular to the British Philatelic Exhibition in London, and, finally, thanks are due to Mr Clark, who runs the Society with care and efficiency.

Andrew Buxton, Divs.

Shakespeare Society

As one of the traditional 'prestige' societies, the Shakespeare Society has had a somewhat disappointing year. Following the departure of the last dregs of the 'Drama Weird' barrel, numbers amongst the Divs and the KEHS guests have not made up the losses. Nevertheless, the readings have, if anything, increased in quality in the last two terms.

The Christmas term was one of 'heavies' — namely Chris Weston in *Hamlet* and the Sutler (David Williams) as Othello — neither of which really sparkled. The Spring term, however, proved quite different as Rich Hitchcock read Macbeth (which he assures me was excellent), and the highlight of the year came with the reading of this year's annual non-Shakespearean play, *The Revenger's Tragedy*. The Ancient (AJT) revelled in the part of Vindice, and was clearly ecstatic when nailing Richard Prvulo-

vich's tongue to the floor of the Cartland Club.

Another theme of this year was Shakespearean Comedy, and the summer term continued with *Loves Labour's Lost* and *All's Well That Ends Well*, suitable plays for long summer evenings, both read with pleasing fluency. As an added bonus, our trip was to John Caird's splendid production of *Twelfth Night* at Stratford.

Among the old faithfuls of the society, Adam Rodaway and Nigel Reynolds especially deserve a mention, willingly reading anything from princes to country yokels. Andrew Macgeoch and Gwyn Harris from the Divs have both given good performances, as has the man we always call on for our stock Latinate lovers, the Sewer (Matthew Banks).

Finally, it would be difficult to forget Dave Chrimes' Glendower (even if one wanted to ....), which started in Glamorgan, passed through Karachi and ended up somewhere in a Stockholm backstreet, nor indeed Mark Bevan, who said two lines in two years and thought he wasn't going to get a mention.

The Scrivener (Ken Macnab, Sixths.)

Transport Society

The Society has been dormant this year but next year we hope to visit a number of locations of transport interest. In particular, we hope to involve more people in the lower part of the school, an area that the society has failed to reach in recent years.

Robert Farwell, Removes.

Scientific Society

The long-awaited revival of the Scientific Society has, at last, occurred. The two speakers from CERN attracted the large audiences that they deserved, and entertained us by explaining clearly the significance of the recently-discovered W-particle. Unfortunately Dr Cohen's provocative talk entitled *Cats, Culling and Conservation* was not so well attended, although it should have appealed to many.

I hope that the audience will continue to grow next year — especially as we can only provide high-quality speakers if a reasonable attendance can be assured! The Society tries to cater for scientists and non-scientists alike: next year, for example, we hope to present a talk on the physics of music.

Finally, I should like to thank Mr Dodd for all his support — and to wish the new secretary well.

Niall Tebbutt, Sixths.

Friday Evening Wargames

For at least five years now a few boys have been staying on for a few hours on Friday evenings to play wargames; and what follows is a record of those years.

I first joined in my UMs year, 78/79, and the meetings were held in Room 72. However, since we did not leave the room very tidily in many occasions, we were exiled to Room 61, where we continued for another twelve months before being moved on again. It was during the 79/80 year that the gathering was at its height, and the most popular game was the one and only *Dungeons and Dragons*.

At the start of the 80/81 year, the fifth-formers, myself included, formed a splinter group, took over Geography Room A, and started a proper campaign under Mark Bevan. However, petty squabbles soon brought about the end of the campaign, and the 'Society' went into temporary hibernation as certain members discovered the potential of video games. However, when money ran out, a few weeks later, the Society was revived, now comprising only three members: myself, Adam Rodaway and Declan Logue.

As the three of us entered the Divisions, the attractions of Shakespeare and especially Anagnostics meant that meetings were fewer and further between, and the decline accelerated during the sixths; it seems unlikely that the gatherings shall ever be revived.

So ends a small and unnoticed chapter of the School's life over the past five years.

Stephen Linley, Sixths
(longest continually-serving member)

Rugby

1st XV

P 20 W 13 D 1 L 6
F 290 A 174

The 1983 season started very promisingly, but tailed off after Christmas. The side which started the season was very strong since it had many players from the previous year's side, and the new players who came in were also very talented.

The first match was a traditionally tough one against Warwick. Although it was relatively scrappy, the 10—0 victory for KES was a tremendous confidence-booster. This paved the way for seven consecutive victories, against Denstone, Aston, Worksop, Loughborough, RGS Worcester, Solihull and Five Ways, and, as a result, the team was amongst the nominees for 'Best School Team of the Month' in *Rugby World*.

After two setbacks (against King's Worcester and Wrekin) the XV resumed its winning ways. On the Monday before the Bromsgrove Match, a top Scottish side, Glenalmond, came down on tour and were beaten by KES 7—0. This left the team in very high spirits for the match on Saturday.

The Bromsgrove Match was the highlight of the Autumn term, and also the finest performance by the side. After giving away an early try, KES, and in particular the forwards, took complete control of the match, with Graham, Stokes and Edgington all scoring tries to give a resounding 19—6 victory.

However, for five players this was to be their last match for the school, having stayed on for seventh term Oxbridge: these were Paul Goodson, Matthew Pike, Philip Griesbach, Peter Fraser and Martin Cooper, all vital to the side, and, as the results indicate, were all missed after Christmas.

As a result it was a newly-shaped team that took the field in the Spring term. Although it started shakily, improvement was steady and the season ended on a high note in the thrashing of the Edwardians' Colts side 33—4.

Jon Ager, John Graham, Lawrence O'Toole, Jeremy Southall and Richard Stokes were selected to play for the Greater Birmingham U19 squad. Other outstanding players were Chrimes, Cooper, Downes, Goodwin, and last, but by no stretch of the imagination least, Richard Robbins.

Although the tour to Devon was called off, the KES RFC Dinner did go ahead, and a merry time was had by all. Finally, many thanks to Mr Everest and indeed to all masters in charge of rugby teams for all the time, effort and enthusiasm they put into the coaching of our side.

John Graham, Sixths.

2nd XV

P 20 W 14 D 0 L 6
F 308 A 201

The 2nd XV enjoyed a successful season, with many notable wins, including those against Denstone, King's Worcester, Queen Mary's, Worksop and Bromsgrove. The team was led with panache and verve by James Mather, at least until he was promoted to the 1sts at the start of the Spring term. After that, a triumvirate was formed to decide on short and long term policy, comprising Adam Rodaway, Rich Hitchcock, and that Stalin of the rugby field, the new captain, Mark Worsley, who played excellently throughout the season. To say that team spirit was high would be an understatement: everyone enjoyed the season and played hard together. They formed a well-oiled machine which motored smoothly around the field, hampered only occasionally by clutch problems as Andrew Fitzgerald committed

GBH off the ball. In fact, to labour this metaphor even further, any team member who showed signs of breaking down, running out of gas, or just severe 'knocking' problems, was quickly refuelled by a burst of hi-octane from the mouth of Mark Worsley or, from the touchline, Mr Roden.

In fact, we couldn't have done it without Mr Roden: his calls of "Ruck it, lads!" and "Step on them, boys!" often brought tears to the eyes of the opposition, while filling us with feelings of noble rivalry, tempered with gentlemanly sportsmanship.

Of course we had one or two ephemeral failures — Adam didn't reach his 'hundred offsides in a season' target, and I never managed to find a twenty-syllable word for my line-out calls..... — but these mattered little.

Thanks must go to everyone who helped, and especially Mr Roden, without whom the atmosphere would have sunk into the depths of mediocrity.

Rich Hitchcock, Divs.

3rd XV

P 17 W 9 D 1 L 7 F281 A126

On 13th September 1982, a notice appeared in the Gild Hall, saying "There will be a meeting for all those interested in playing for the 3rd XV this year, in room 174 at break on Wednesday. This will be the only meeting, practice, or training session of the season."

Approximately thirty able-bodied persons turned up for the meeting, which was sufficient to provide a team for the forthcoming match against Ratcliffe College that Saturday. The match ended in victory 15—0 and set the scene for an excellent season by any 3rd XV standards.

Convincing wins were notched up over Aston 28—6, Solihull 21—0, Lawrence Sherriff 26—0, King's Worcester 35—0, Bishop Vesey 29—3, King Henry VIII, Coventry 31—5 and Camp Hill 34—6. Four of the seven matches lost were by fewer than six points. Perhaps the best performance of the season was against RGS Worcester where we lost 0—25 to a team who had conceded no points and had regularly been winning by fifty points or more.

Of the fifty-one players who turned out for the 3rd XV, I should like to mention Grenfell, Hyett, Ibbetson, Prvulovich, Sambrook, Wijesinghe and Wilson, who all played regularly; and to thank those who were drafted in at short notice.

Thanks to JRRE for his support on Saturdays, and to all those parents who came along to cheer.

Mark Adderley, Sixths.

U16 XV

P 9 W 6 D 0 L 3 F 190 A 76

This season saw some outstanding results obtained from a relatively small squad. Denstone were sent packing back to Derbyshire, well beaten 16—0 in an efficient performance. At Ratcliffe, on a day many an Arctic explorer might have shirked (it rained!), our team played gallantly, but incompetently, and we lost 14—18.

Worksop were dispatched by sheer determination and four stunning tries, but our confidence took a knock when we lost to Warwick 4—26, a reversal of last year's result (a 55—0 victory). We soon recovered, however, and the rest of the season produced some marvellous games and excellent results, with wins over King's Worcester 36—0, Wrekin 24—12 and the mighty Uppingham 16—3, despite the loss of star players (Austin, Coley, Evans and Willets) to the county team. This was an added disadvantage in the Bromsgrove Match, which we lost 0—8 despite strenuous efforts, and my own concussion.

Throughout the season, Austin, Coley, Evans, Willets and Silk (who startled many with his pace and weight) played especially well. All in all, good performances did wonders for the team's spirits, and spirits did wonders for the team's performances.

Finally, I would like to thank Mr Birch for his advice and encouragement throughout the season.

Ed Shedd, Fifths.

U15 XV

P 22 W 19 D 1 L 2 F574 A 59

The matches became tougher and harder to win this season, and we finally ended our run of fifty-two matches without defeat (and with a total of 2,000 points) by losing to Warwick 6—13. This defeat did our conceited attitude some good.

The team suffered many injuries (notably to James Haddleton, Damian Grosvenor and Ben Everson, who missed the whole season), yet still performed well, particularly against King Henry VIII, Coventry 14—7; and other good victories were scored against RGS Worcester 11—6, King's Worcester 12—4 and Rugby School 14—4, a welcome addition to the KES fixture list. The Birmingham Cup was won again easily, but the team never played well against weak opposition, except Bromsgrove who were "whopped" 52—0. Highlights included Cameron Macphail trying his luck against the nephew of the Lebanese Liberation Commander and coping rather well until the referee intervened.

Our thanks go to Messrs Edwards and Everest for all their hard work.

Roger Rees, Fourths.

U14 XV

A XV: P 22 W 18 L 4 F 485 A 129
B XV: P 8 W 8 F 238 A 32

This year proved very successful for the U14 teams — far more so than expected. The team retained the Birmingham Cup, though the matches were never easily won in a season of generally weak rugby. Strength in depth was the key to the season, with the B XV outplaying all their opponents. The outstanding individuals were N. Martin (No. 8), Lock (an aptly-named second row), Wynn (Fly-half) and Fox (centre).

The limitations of the side were rarely exploited fully, except in the four defeats — at the hands of Nottingham HS, Warwick, Rugby and Solihull. The success of the team can continue into next season if they concentrate on the basics again, and raise the spirit to produce games such as those against Solihull and Merchant Taylors; their verve augurs well for the future.

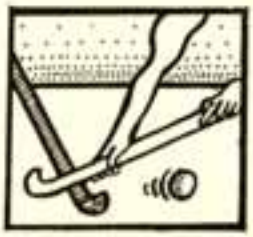
PMS

U13 XV

P 16 W 11 L 5 F 362 A 80

This was a reasonably good season for this team, which could have been much better if the pressure consistently applied had been turned into tries. Because we were able to deny the opposition much possession, only two teams were able to defeat us comprehensively: King's Worcester 4—16 and Warwick 4—28. We were able to defeat, amongst others, Solihull 26—4, Bishop Vesey 16—0, Bablake 38—0, and King Henry 42—0. However, the team's failure to make good use of the possession they won showed clearly when they lost to Aston 10—12 in the final of the Greater Birmingham Schools Cup. The forwards played well, especially the front row of Cooper, Cook and Amsden — and Shah, Westbury and McIlwaine in the back row. James ran well on occasions, but the backs in general need to work hard on passing and hard tackling.

MDS



Hockey

1st XI

P 17 W 9 D 4
L 4 F 35 A17

The season began with some indifferent results against some of the top teams in the Midlands. The team reached the final of the Buttle Tournament only to lose 0—1 to a strong Handsworth Wood side. Narrow defeats at the hands of Warwick and Bishop Vesey were avenged later in the season. In the latter half of the Autumn term successes against Bablake and Loughborough gave a taste of what was to

come in the future.

Having lost the services of the Oxbridge hopefuls at Christmas, the team sought new blood from the U16 XI and 2nd XI, and new stars were found in the unlikely shapes of Lee Smith, Tony Whitehouse and Andrew Marshall. The latter in particular, when he cared to transfer his attention from amateur dramatics to scoring goals, proved to be a great asset to the new-look 1st XI. There was much more commitment in other areas also: the captain and vice-captain were kept to a strict diet (their tea-time sandwiches being confiscated by Simon Billington for a "more worthy" cause) in order to regain the sort of fitness that previously only Mr Wills could boast.

The Spring term began with a run of excellent wins, notably against Prince Henry's, Evesham and Camp Hill. The team went from success to success, their progress only being halted temporarily by Bromsgrove. KE Five Ways were convincingly beaten in the final of the Pickwick Hockey Competion.

The following players represented the county: P.W. Nienow, N.V. Subhedar, S.D. Billington, M. Hanson, S. Benson, L. Smith, J. Ingham, J. West, J. Masters — and P.W. Nienow was selected for the Midland squad.

Our thanks go to Mr Wills for all his enthusiastic coaching and organisation, and for getting the team to our matches in one piece (but only just!).

Nimish Subhedar, Sixths.

2nd XI

P 13 W 5 D 0 L 8 F 27 A 39

This season was one of two halves. Before Christmas the team was very strong and lost only once, away to a strong Bishop Vesey side. The most impressive performance was the 6—0 victory over Warwick, including a hat-trick from Austin Pulley (self-appointed captain of vice), who proved adept at scoring from goalmouth melées. This match also marked the emergence of Jason Kendall, a stunning success, and our highest goal-scorer who fully deserved his half colours.

The defence was always solid and efficient, but the key to the team's success was the domination of the midfield. The season was marked by the dazzling footwork and bright green hockey socks of our new coach, Mr Jones. Andrew Marshall captained well.

The stars of the future emerged as the season progressed. P.J. Davies showed himself to be a fine goalkeeper, and David Higgitt, Neil Anderson and Lee Smith all played well.

After Christmas the team was decimated by the demotion of many players to the 1st XI. Jonathan Robinson assumed captaincy and the enjoyment, if not the same level of success, continued to characterise the 2nds. The highlight after Christmas was a victory at Prince Henry's, Evesham, our three goals being shared between five players!

Thanks must go to Mr and Mrs Scott for the pitches and teas at Eastern Road, to Mr Jones for his enthusiastic organisation and supervision of our antics, and to Mr Wills, the hockey supremo, for all work done by the hockey supremos.

Andrew Marshall and Jonathan Robinson, Sixths.

U16 XI

P 10 W 0 D 3 L 7 F 10 A 29

The team hoped for improvement this season, and got off to a good start by drawing a needle match with Warwick 0—0. This was followed by a creditable draw with a strong Sheldon Heath side 2—2, and two days later another draw, with Five Ways. Even this degree of success, however, proved ephemeral: goalkeeper Tony Whitehouse and sweeper Lee Smith were promoted to the first XI, and without them the team proceeded to lose to Loughborough 0—2, and to Solihull 0—3. The desperate search for another 'keeper brought Rhidian Bramley's year-long hibernation to an end.

The first match of 1983 was against Ratcliffe College, with Colin Brown as sweeper, and Rhidian supporting the posts. Despite an excellent second-half, during which we scored three times, the final result (a 3—5 loss) confirmed our worrying trend. There followed defeat after defeat: at the hands of Wrekin 1—5, Warwick 2—4 in the return match, and Bromsgrove 0—5.

The last match of the season was to be the one we would win, said Messrs Lambie and Wills, but in a gruelling match we were finally beaten 1–2.

Amongst our players, Simon Smallman had a good season at centre-forward, having only held a hockey stick once before the first match, and Colin Brown developed into an excellent sweeper. Goals were scored by myself (3), Smallman (3), Crawford (2), Anderson (1), and Brown (1). Neil Anderson, Lee Smith and I were selected for the Birmingham squad. Our thanks are due to Mr Lambie for his organisation and umpiring, to Mr Wills for extra coaching, to Mr Mendoza for umpiring in Mr Lambie's absence, and to Mr and Mrs Scott for the Eastern Road pitches and refreshments. My own thanks go to all who played this season.

Simon Gall, Fifths.

U15 XI

P 13 W 7 D 1 L 5 F 30 A 30

This was our first season together, and our lack of experience was evident in our first two matches, both of which we lost, by a combined margin of fifteen goals to none. Our performance improved considerably, however, after a series of practice sessions during which individual skills and team organisation were developed, and we ended the season with a relative flourish. Our later results, indeed, augur well for the season to come, and the team is to be congratulated on this feat of self-amelioration. I am sure they are with me in expressing gratitude to Mr Burney for his help and advice.

William Pike, Fourths.

Basketball

Under 19

P 31 W 26 D 1 L 4 F 2926 A 1822

The season started promisingly with the team scoring over 100 points in seven of the first nine matches, so creating a new school record. By Christmas the team had qualified for the Premier League by losing just one Birmingham League match — to Aston Manor, by only two points. In the last match of term, we made mince-meat of a "Common Room (?) All Stars (??)" team which included Russ Saunders and Dip Donaldson, American wizards of the National League. The team staunchly refused the attractions of the festive season(!) and consequently drew with, and later beat, the England Schoolboys U15 team.

The first (and last) setback of the season came when the side was narrowly defeated by St Columba's College, Hertfordshire, in the quarter-finals of the National Knock-Out Competition (85—87). We drowned our sorrows with funds kindly provided by the supporters' club, as St Columba's went on to win the final by twenty points, without their strongest team!!

After convincingly winning the Birmingham League semi-final, the team left for 'sunny' Devon (see tour report) and returned in high spirits to sober up and await the final. Our local rivals Aston Manor failed to reach the final (tee hee), and their conquerors, Broadway School, proved easier opposition and we won the final for the first time 95—48. The long-awaited revenge on Aston Manor came in the finals of the West Midlands Knock-Out Cup which we won convincingly (aggregate score 163—132).

Top scorers were R. Chrimes (857 — another record) and C. Grimley (631) both of whom achieved national honours. However, the team's success was not due to one or two players, but rather to the depth of talent that was available, if not always used. This is borne out by the fact that nine players scored over 100 points this season (yet another record).

As only one geriatric is leaving this year (guess who?), next year's team promises to be stronger than ever. Our thanks go as ever to Mr Birch for his tireless enthusiasm and commitment; and to Mr Gunning, his accomplice, for his efforts and moral support.

Gavin Grant, Sixths.

Under 15

P 17 W 16 D 0 L 2 F 1122 A 786

This year the team comprised both third and fourth year players, which meant replacements were easily found for Everson and Grosvenor, both of whom sadly missed much of the season through injury.

However, we enjoyed a successful season, beaten only by Sir Gilbert Claughton in the West Midlands Knock-Out, and by Great Barr. Impressive victories were scored against Shenley Court, Aston Manor, and the touring Churston side from Devon. The win against Aston Manor clinched the Birmingham Schools Trophy. The large squad played well, particularly Crowley, King, Tozer and Wolffe (and Cowell - G. Grant).

The whole team would like to thank Mr Gunning and Mr Birch for their valuable organisation and hard work, which ensured a successful and enjoyable season. We should also like to thank the supporters (especially Reg Varley) who cheered us to victory in the Birmingham Final.

Warren Cowell and David Stapleton, Fifths.

Under 13

P 10 W 10 D 0 L 0

The team remained unbeaten throughout the year, although at times struggled to beat very ordinary opposition. When the first five (Jones, Misra, Goodwin, Backhouse, Shah) could not play, they were ably replaced by the substitutes. Despite our unbeaten record, we did not win the league, because, by some quirk of fate, we did not play enough games.

Richard Jones, Rems.

MDS has once again produced players who will, in future years, form the backbone of many successful sides. We thank him for all his hard work and encouragement.

Gavin Grant, Sixths.

Solent Schoolboys' International Basketball Tournament (7th–9th April 1983)

The squad for Southampton consisted of twelve players from four different school years, with Mr Workman as manager (and chauffeur!), and Mr Birch as coach. The tournament, to mark the Silver Jubilee of the English Schools' Basketball Association, was essentially Under 17, and, being the youngest and smallest team, we knew things would not be easy.

Our first match was against BMS (Ballerup-Malov-Skovlunde!), Denmark. Despite leading at half-time, we managed to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory, and the 'Swedish Chefs' narrowly won 71—68. The following morning we played Solent Schoolboys and turned in a very good performance. However, the bigger and stronger opposition eventually won 76—65. That evening we faced the eventual winners, USC (Universitäts-Sports Club), Heidelberg. Nine of their players were taller than our tallest player, and although we played quite well, we went down 50—106, which left us bottom of our mini-league. The evening was spent at the Mayor of Southampton's Civic Reception.

We began the final day by playing a 'cross-over' match against Avanti of Brugge. It was closely fought until the dying moments — Avanti missed two shots in the last three seconds to give us our first win 76—75. So, it was off to the Fleming Park Sports Centre (opposite our hotel) for the play-off for fifth and sixth place against B.V. Exercitia '73 (Holland). Using up what little energy we had left, we lost 62—87 to the bigger opposition, giving us an overall position of sixth.

More important than our placing was the fact that the tournament was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. It not only gave us the chance to meet and make contact with some of the top European teams, but also provided priceless experience in a unique venture for school basketball. Our thanks and appreciation must go to Mr Birch, who broke off his holiday to be with the team, and to Mr Workman, without whom we would have been unable to go. To cap an excellent three days' basketball, the school was invited to next year's tournament, an event that is much looked forward to.

Alain Wolffe, Divs.

Water Sports

Swimming

	P	W	L
Open	12	11	1
U 16	10	9	1
U 15	2	0	2
U 14	9	7	2
U 13	4	3	1
U 12	2	2	0
Water Polo	7	4	3
OVERALL	14	13	1

This season has been a very successful one, with the team winning all but one of its fourteen matches. The regular five-man senior team of Adrian Mackay, Damian Orton, Andrew Downes, Paul Mulligan and Jonathan Hyett overcame all opposition (even the usual giants such as Rugby and Bromsgrove) except for King Edward's School, Stratford, whose team appeared to comprise only club-level swimmers.

The intermediate swimmers, likewise, lost only one match, against Wrekin. Fine performances were given by Paul Weston and Rhidian Bramley, and also by David Somerset, who frequently swam having come directly from an athletics match.

In the lower part of the school, keen swimmers were so abundant that the numerous Shells were rarely called upon to swim. The backbone of the junior team, Simon Straker, Paul Whatley, Mark Kendall and Desmond Burley, turned out regularly to produce excellent swims.

The water polo revival has continued, under the enthusiastic captaincy of Andrew Downes. The schools that were brave enough to put up an opposing team came up against a fierce (and physical) team, which found excellent form at the end of the season to annihilate the Common Room, in a match in which the score clocked well into double figures.

Our thanks must be extended to Mr Wills and Mr Owen for organising training sessions and teams, and also to the other masters, parents and general helpers who braved the elements to fill such vital rôles as timekeepers.

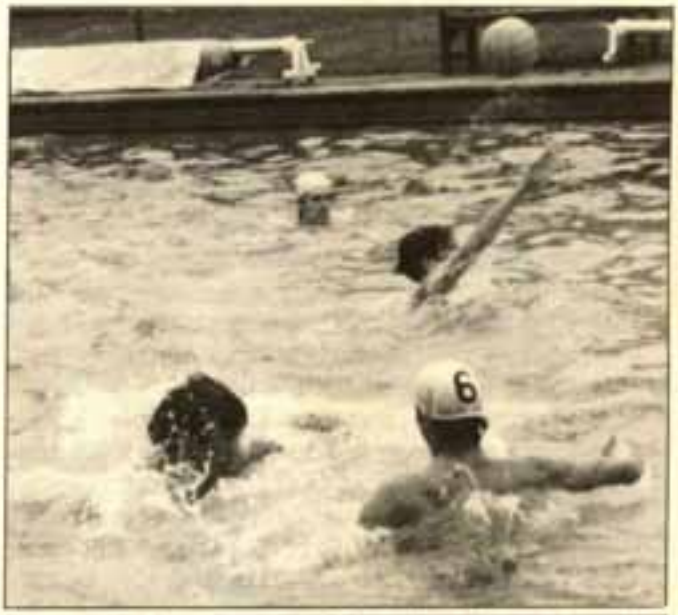
Damian Orton, Divs.

A separate Water Polo report was also received from Andrew Downes, Sixths.

Livesaving Report

Have you ever wondered what went on behind the curtains in the gym cage on Thursday lunchtimes, why those boys were lying on the mats, or what use the rubber dummy in the plastic case was put to? Well, the answer is the Lifesaving Society. This intrepid band meets twice a week, once for swimming and once for resuscitation (practice, of course!), and its members are aiming for awards given by the Royal Lifesaving Society. Most have gained the Bronze Medallion, and some have their Awards of Merit. Paul Weston and David Somerset have gone even further and hope to attain the level of Distinction. The club is indebted to Mr Wills and Mr Owen for their encouragement.

Mark Cooper, Sixths.



Cricket

1st XI

P 15 W 7 D 8 L 0 Cld. 7

Since the waters subsided, the short season has been busy and successful. The basis of our success has been the high scoring of the batsmen, notably Nick Willetts, Chris Ibbetson and Michael Hughes, all of whom have notched up centuries.

The most unexpected achievement this year was our progression to the semi-final of the Birmingham Schools Knock-Out. However, after piling up the large score of 199–4 after 30 overs, thanks to another Hughes century, our fielding let us down. Catches were dropped with remarkable consistency as we gave away our place in the final.

The bowling success of the season was Steve Heath, who has taken 56 wickets so far at under 10 runs each. Along with his partner in crime, Nimish Subhedar, who has caught 20 and stumped another 20 bemused batsmen, Steve has been instrumental in many of our finest wins.

The scoreboard has come to life this year as a result of Andrew Nunney's enthusiasm: risking life and limb under falling scoreboxes, he has completed the scorebook with unfailing accuracy in his own inimitable hand.

Yet again the pitches at Eastern Road have been of a very high standard, even after the appallingly wet spring. For that, and his invaluable advice to all team-members, our thanks are due to Mr Scott. We also thank Mrs Scott for the lunches and teas, and Eric Lewis and Paul Knowles for their help with umpiring. Finally, on behalf of the team, I would like to thank Mr Benson for all the work and time he devotes to the running of cricket at all levels of the school.

Andrew Marshall, Sixths.

Andrew Nunney

"Little is known of the secret ballot held annually for the august position of Keeper of the Runs, but the following facts have come to light. The position is not given an age, knowledge of cricket or writing capabilities. Colours are given for the position, ranging from the school blotter award for balancing the score book, through school pencil to the school pen, which has never been awarded and is only given when the Keeper of the Runs brings off some outstanding 'coup' such as finding an extra run from somewhere to win a match."

(From *The Chronicle*, July 1955)

2nd XI

P 11 W 5 D 6 L 0

A successful season: some achievement for a side which looked rotten on paper. Everyone contributed to the unbeaten run in one way or another (usually the other!)

The season started with an enjoyable victory over KE Stourbridge. In this game the 'Ed Tann Fielding Award' was inaugurated for outstanding performances of inadequacy in the field (the namesake of this award was debarred from competing and soon left for the first XI anyway). Impressive victories were achieved against Bablake, King's Worcester, KE Camp Hill and Wolverhampton GS, and not so rewarding performances littered the season (where a draw was achieved usually with 8 or 9 wickets down).

Whilst lacking true pace, the bowling was

mostly accurate and consequently effective. Indeed the whole team claimed to be 'partnership breakers' in one way or another. Shedd twice claimed five wickets and Mike collected 6—40 against Wolverhampton GS.

Ground fielding was usually of a high standard, although the Ed Tann Fielding Award was frequently presented for poor catching. However, such problems only amused the team and our performances rarely suffered (our victory by 10 runs at Bablake followed 6 dropped catches!).

"Inconsistent" is the only word which accurately describes the batting. Scores such as 6 for 4 (against Solihull) were too regular, and it was often left to the middle order batsmen to save the day: the line-up could easily have been reversed with little change! Still, Richard Tyler, Jonathan Crawford and Justin Gray each scored a fifty and against Warwick we put on 207—6.

Many thanks to Mr Roden and Mr Jayne for their time and effort in organisation and umpiring, and finally to 'the team' for throwing myself and Trevor Johnson into the Warwick Swimming Pool.

Alain Wolffe, Divs.

3rd XI

P 5 W 1 D 1 L 3

A mere glance at the figures does not reveal the truth about the 3rd XI's year. An often scratch side put up performances which were both spirited and closely-fought. An early defeat by Solihull was made up for by a six-wicket victory over Denstone, while the season ended on a (relatively) high note, the last three wickets holding out for over an hour to save the game against Warwick.

Coveney bowled with consistent success; Gray and Kendall played good innings, and the fifth form, notably Ward and Maini, showed promise. It was the XI's tragedy that whilst we lost men to the 2nd XI, our opponents invariably gained second team drop-outs, who won the matches for them. Nevertheless, the side was moderately happy and urbane to the point of Bromsgrove's umpire ringing TPJ to say "what a credit to the school" we were!

Ken Macnab, Sixths.

U15 XI

P 9 W 1 D 2 L 6

The season was not the disaster the results suggest, with several close matches and exciting finishes. Throughout the season we proved ourselves a good field side, regularly restricting the opposition to under a hundred runs. The main reason for this was the range of accurate and effective bowlers in the team. The opening pair of Bacchus and myself usually accounted for the first four batsmen, Bacchus displaying remarkable capacity for swing, while I contributed speed and seam. This was backed up by the accurate spin of Plant, who proved to be a good all-rounder with his score of thirty-nine against Bromsgrove.

The batting, however, was not of equal calibre, although Morgan showed himself to be a batsman of class, carrying his bat on more than one occasion. Handley, Wem and Gadd all had their days, although middle-order collapses were common.

The 'bravery in the field' award this season must go to Varley for his many varied attempts at stopping the ball at first slip, in his mouth, stomach and other places.

Finally, I would like to thank Mr Trott for enabling us all to have an enjoyable season.

Phil Clifford, Fourths.

U14 XI

P 16 W 9 D 3 L 4

The team started well with an eight wicket victory over Solihull. In the early part of the season, we won the majority of our Saturday matches, the others being drawn. But, towards the end of the season, the games that we drew should have been won, and one game that should have been drawn was lost.

We did well in the Lords' Taverners Competition, but after a very close win over Handsworth Grammar and another victory over Solihull, we lost in the semi-final to a very good Rugby School team. The team also did well in the Birmingham League, reaching the final only to lose to Handsworth by 7 runs in a real cliff-hanger.

A special mention must be made of N. Martin's excellent batting and C. Baker's very

good spin-bowling. Many thanks to all those who played in the team and especially to Mr Edwards for his help and for umpiring throughout the season.

Phil Henrick, UMs.

U13 XI

P 11 W 3 D 1 L 7

This has not been a great season. The first match, against Bishop Vesey's, was thrown away due to poor batting, which was our downfall against Bablake too. However, fortunes changed with a draw against King Henry VIII and a victory over Wolverhampton when, after batting first, we bowled them out seven runs before their target. This was followed by a defeat at the hands of Wilfred Martineau and a victory over Holte Street. Up until now, none of the batsmen had made large scores, and unfortunately this continued for sometime longer. We fielded two half-strength teams against Aston Manor and King's Worcester, where again the batting fell apart and both matches were lost. By now, Mr Shackleton was invoking the gods for a decent performance with a bat, and they granted his prayers in a match against RGS Worcester. All we then needed was to bowl them out (which should have been easy with an attack led by Bhadri and Meads). Unfortunately, however, they were unable to produce their so-often brilliant bowling and again we had thrown away a match. Against Handsworth we showed the world our class, batting with composure and bowling with devastating authority. Going into our final match against Warwick we were quite confident — until they scored 138. We then had two hours to make the runs, but were unluckily bowled out for 43! All we lacked was ability, but we thank Mr Shackleton and Mr Symonds for their help and hard work.

Sudhir Misra, Rems.

U12 XI

P 14 W 11 L 1 D 1 Tied 1

The season finished on a disappointing note when too many people chose the same day to do silly things and we lost to Holte School in the final of the Birmingham Schools Cricket League. We started with a tie against Solihull, but in between there was lots of excellent cricket. The batting was generally good — we twice got 150 (against Bablake and King's Worcester) and made 112–6 under some pressure to beat RGS Worcester by 4 wickets. Nearly every player made a useful contribution with the bat on at least one occasion, and Harris, Coates, Goodhall, Evans and Moxley are promising bowlers. It has made for interesting cricket to open with an off-spin bowler and to have another one and a leg-spin as two of our change bowlers. They have all been helped by the fact that Tait as wicket-keeper has stood up to all five of them all season, and consequently ended up with 29 stumpings (equalling the U12 record but in five fewer games) — a very impressive performance for a boy who had never kept before the first match. The fielding has been quite mixed although there have been good moments, such as Milne's catch off a big hit from the Handsworth GS Captain, which made our victory in the semi-final certain.

It has been an enjoyable season; several players show great potential, and everyone has contributed to the success of the team.

MDS

Table Tennis

P 7 W 3 L 3 D 1

The team did well, when one considers the utter insignificance that this sport has assumed at this school, and the constant harrassment caused by involvement in other sports. The faithful few — the inner sanctum of table-tennis at KES — consisting of Mark Embley, Pete Nienow and myself, managed to overcome the obstacles that faced

us and turned up more times than not. The reserves (notably Mike Easton, Rich Stokes, and Paul Davies) played extremely well, often at short notice. By the way, we finished fourth out of seven teams.

Ian Hodges, Sixths.

Tennis

1st VI

P 17 W 13 D 2 L 2

This year's team appeared to have little going for it: an unchanged, apathetic team and Richard Stokes' captaincy. Yet despite these disadvantages we beat all the best Midlands schools, including Bishop Vesey 9—0, Repton 8½—½, King Henry VIII 7—2, Bablake 7—2, and King's Worcester 6½—2½. The only matches we lost were against a weak Warwick side and Millfield in the area final of the Glanville Cup.

The "brilliant but erratic" (TBT) first pair of Richard Stokes and Simon Billington held the team together on many occasions when less experienced players were seen to crack under the pressure.

The highlight of the year was undoubtedly the mixed competition with KEHS, which was won by Simon Billington and Ruth Tanner, with Chris Remfry and the captain filling the last two positions as expected. At this event, as throughout the year, TBT's organisation was exemplary, and the team owes a great deal of its success to his constructive criticism and safe driving.

U16 VI

P 4 W 3 D 1 L 0

The U16 team played tenaciously throughout the season, and there are obviously some extremely talented players in the first five years. Even though the 1st VI regularly "stole" four players from this age group, they still remained undefeated.

U 15 VI

P 4 W 4 D 0 L 0

With the same squad as the U16 team, the U15s have reached the Area Final of the Midland Bank Tournament (which they won last year, together with a pretty trophy), and it is obvious that the future of school tennis is in good hands.

Simon Billington, Sixths.

Squash

P 22 W 20 L 2

The 1982—83 season may be regarded as the "annus mirabilis" for squash at KES. The highlight of this memorable season was the team's laudable run in the Premier National Inter Schools Competition, where a string of emphatic victories over Bishop Vesey, Tettenhall College, Ellesmere College and Rossall was ended when we were unfortunately outclassed by the multi-talented Leeds Grammar School team in the quarter finals. The team's other notable achievement was winning the Sportsco Birmingham Area Tournament, where its amateur status must be questioned after winning £60 in prize money!

The top three players in the team, Mark Adderley, Ralph Herrod and Michael Browne, all played for the Warwickshire U19 team during the season, while the trusty stalwarts Alastair Sambrook and Chris Ibbetson — whose nearly 100% record should not pass unmentioned — showed greater concentration and maturity in their matches for the team. Finally, and as ever, special thanks must go to Mr Tomlinson, our coach/chauffeur, whose frantic gesticulations have baffled many opposing players, thereby saving victory from the jaws of defeat.

Unfortunately, the foundations of the squash team will have to be re-laid next season, since all five players are leaving. It is to be hoped that the promise shown by Pete Branson and James Pickworth, who played consistently well in the

latter half of the season, may rekindle similar success in future years.

Michael Browne, Sixths.

Eton Fives

P 16 W 10 D 2 L 4

This was a very successful season both for the team as a whole, and for the individual pairs. The playing record is impressive, and includes junior wins against KE Five Ways, KE Camp Hill, and Shrewbury. The best wins recorded by the seniors were against the Lancing Old Boys 3—0 and to the West German national side 2—0.

In addition to school fixtures, the senior pairs participated in England's three regional tournaments, open to players of all ages, and the results were very encouraging. In the London Tournament, the first pair, Buxton and Tyler, reached the semi-finals, while A.D. Mole, with an Old Edwardian partner, reached the quarter-finals. The Midland Tournament was held at KES in January, in which the first pair reached the semi-finals, and other school pairs gained valuable experience in the plate competitions. In the Northern Tournament the first pair finished sixth, while M.C.G. MacGeoch and C.S. Jones produced some excellent fives to finish seventh.

The most important event of the season was the Schools Championship, held at Highgate. The first pair was seeded fourth in the Open Competition, and reached the semi-finals, only to be beated 0—3 by Wolverhampton, the first seeds. In the U16 competition, MacGeoch and Jones narrowly lost a five-set, three-hour marathon in the quarter-finals, winning more points off them than any other pair. The British Championship for the Kinnaird Cup provided a fitting climax to an excellent season, as the first pair reached the quarter-finals, the youngest and only school pair ever to do so. MacGeoch

and Jones played fives for Worcestershire, and Buxton and Tyler played for Warwickshire (who won the Nat. West Championship). School fives is in a healthy position at the moment, with good pairs throughout the school, and, with no one in the senior team leaving, prospects look very bright. Finally, the team would like to thank Mr Sljivic, Mr Tomlinson and Mr Burney for their help — and, above all, Mr Worthington for his organisation.

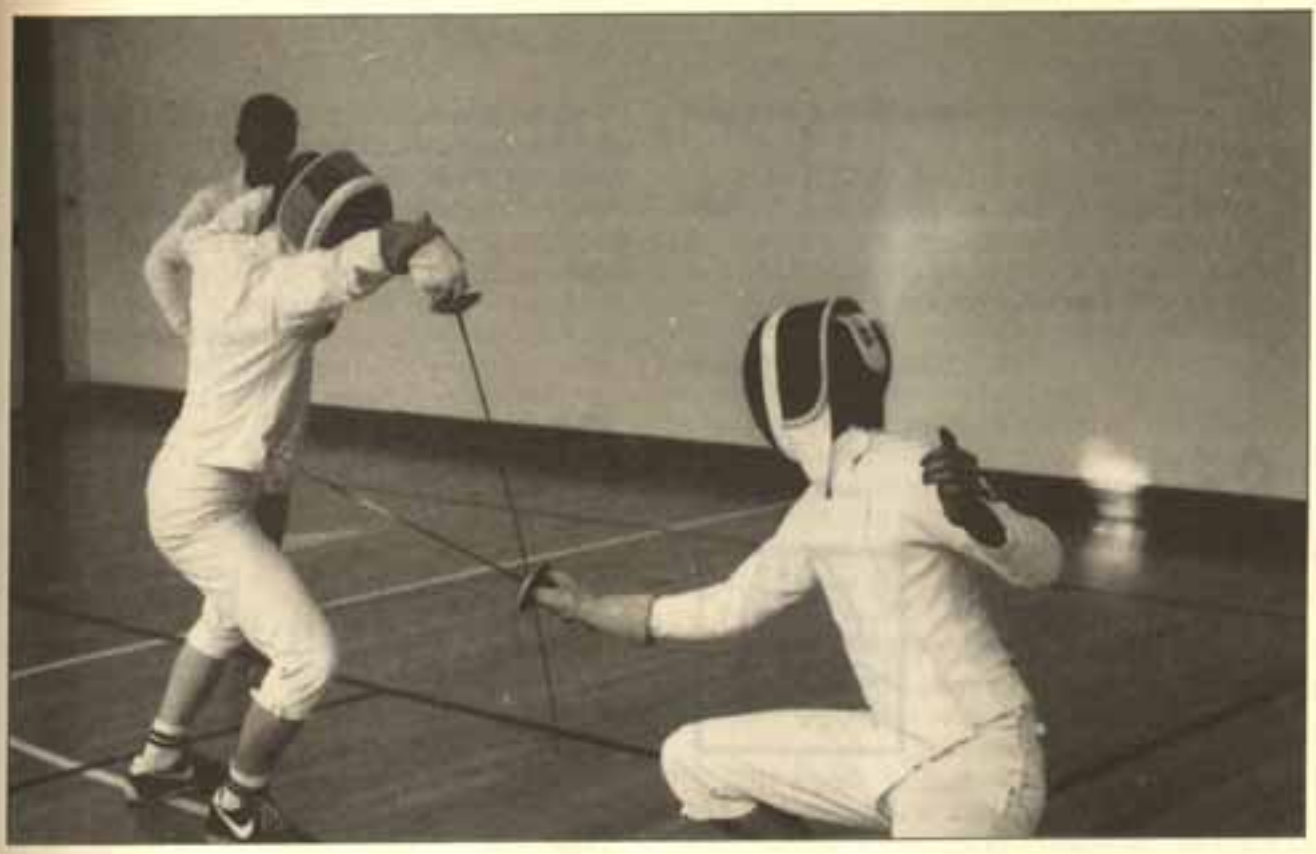
Andrew Buxton & Richard Tyler, Divs.

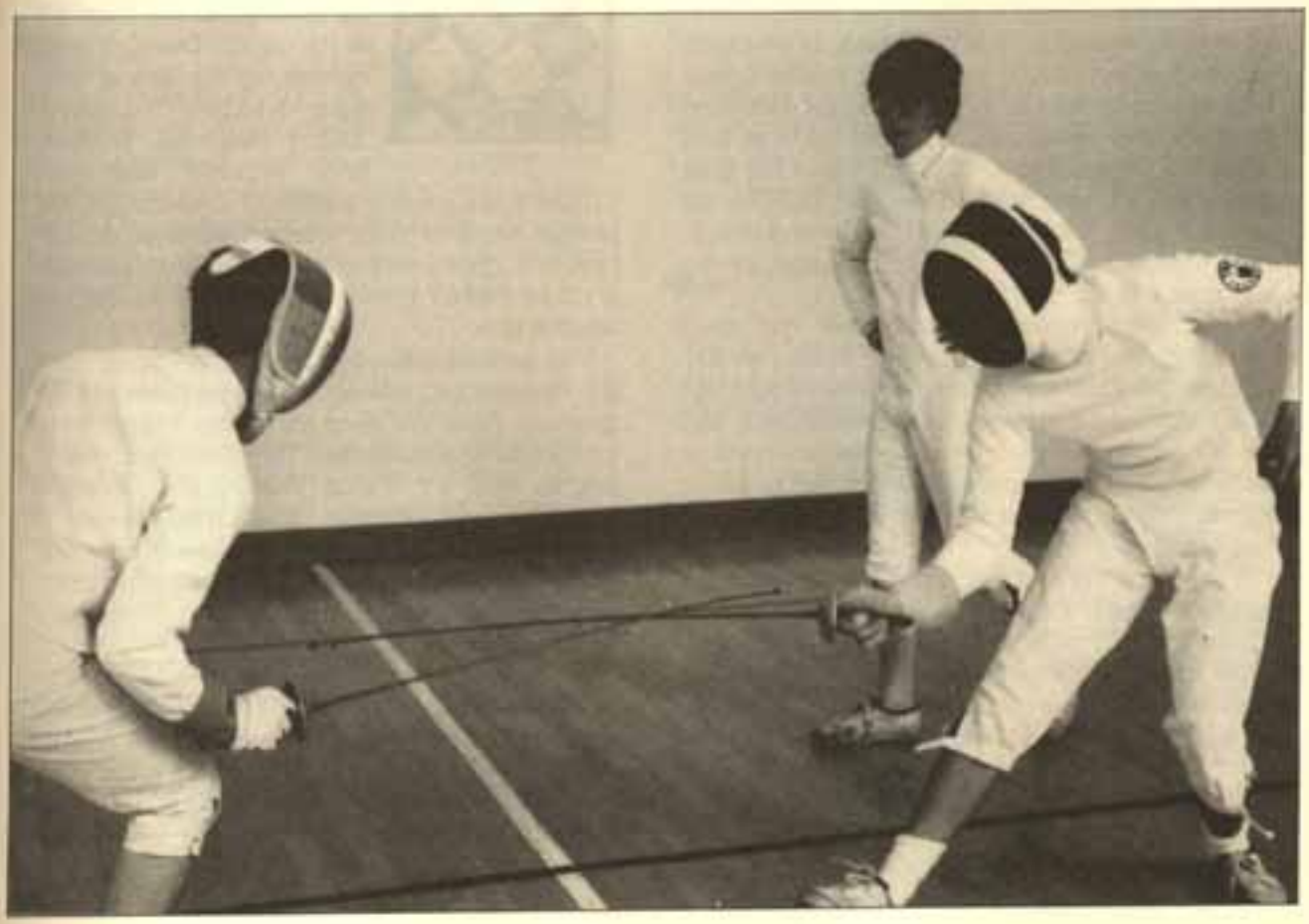
Fencing

P 5 W 3 L 2

The club had only a moderately successful season as far as team matches are concerned, but this was compensated for by some encouraging individual performances. The teams lost to Denstone twice (3—9 and 6—9) and beat Repton 9—2, and also won the termly matches against the High School. The two main individual competitions this year were the West Midlands Championships and the Warwickshire Championships. In the former, I was our highest placed fencer at seventh out of two hundred, two points short of qualifying for the National Championships; in the latter, fencers from the school occupied the positions from third to seventh, Martin Turner receiving the bronze medal.

The fencing club uses the British Academy of Fencing's Proficiency Scheme, which is now in full swing. All of the first year fencers have gained their one-star awards, a few older boys have progressed to the three-star award, and





one is now near completion of his four-star award.

The club would like to thank Mr Lillywhite for his administration, and especially Prof. P. Northam, our coach, for raising the standard of school fencing and driving the minibus in the right direction (at least most of the time!)

Mark Cooper, Sixths.

Sailing

P 4 W 3 L 1 Races For: 7 Against: 3

This year has been one of reasonable success for the sailing team, despite a disappointingly short fixture list.

Our first match was against King's Norton, and after much pre-match training and mental build-up, the result was an easy walk-over. The second match, against Birmingham University, no less, promised to be a tough one, as we came across the opposition perfecting intricate and high-powered details. However, in the first race their leading helmsman fell out of his boat, and while he flapped around in the water his boat gracefully carried on into the distance. In the second race they rounded the wrong mark, thus obligingly, and to their annoyance, giving the match to us.

The match against Bromsgrove, our main yachting rivals, was somewhat controversial. Unlike the University, Bromsgrove would not sail the wrong course of their own accord, and so we had to tell their leading helmsperson, a female, to sail the wrong side of the finishing mark. This allowed us to win the race and clinch the match.

There was yet more action in the Cheltenham conflict, which took place at the Avon Sailing Club, located of course on the River Severn. Due to the tricky conditions of a river sixty metres wide, a current of five knots and no wind at all, the sailing involved a lot of verbiage! The score of 1—2 was the result of Cheltenham winning more protests!

I should like to thank Jon and James Pickworth for their determined helming expertise, and also the dedicated crews: Nigel Chandler, Joe Williams, Chris Jones and Dave Somerset. Finally I should like to thank Mr McIlwaine and Miss Barnett for their dedication and support for school sailing.

Mike Easton, Divs.

Chess

	P	W	D	L	Position
1st Team	8	8	0	0	1st
2nd Team	8	4	4	0	1st
3rd Team	8	5	3	1	5th
4th Team	6	2	2	2	3rd
Shells	6	2	3	1	6th

The first team has had another consistent season, and despite the loss of John Hawthorne at Christmas, the strength of the team lay in its depth. David Higgitt moved up to board one, with Andrew Gregory, Albert Hsu, Ian Hodges, Boaz Moselle and Paul Trafford all having excellent seasons. In the league, the first team brushed aside all opposition, with the exception of Queen Mary's, where a close victory ensured our fourth successive league title.

The second team, led by Martin Turner, took the division two title against some quite stiff opposition. Alun Williams and Peter Bream were particularly successful. The third and fourth teams, led by Shaun Austin and Jonathan Pickworth respectively, finished the season in the top half of the league and were mainly supported by Rems and UMs. The Shell team unfortunately did not have as much success as in past years.

In the Times Trophy the A team won the Warwickshire Regional Final, avenging a first round defeat of the B team by Solihull. The A team were finally beaten by Queen Mary's, the eventual winners of the competition. In the Birmingham Schools Team event, we were again

defeated by Queen Mary's, in the third round. A Centenary Foundation tournament was held in January, in which Paul Trafford won the under 14 section and Andrew Gregory won the Open event.

Finally, in what has been quite a good year for KES chess, several KES players have represented the Birmingham Schools U18 and U14 sides in a match against Coventry/North Warwicks. The players would like to thank Mr Skinner for his invaluable assistance.

David Higgitt, Sixths.

Athletics

Seniors: P 16 W 16 L 0

Wow! The success of this team, against such giants as King Henry VIII, Wrekin, Shrewsbury, Loughborough, Repton, RGS Worcester, Warwick, Handsworth and the mighty Rugby, was absolutely unprecedented. Including the Kings Norton Championships and the Senior Foundation match — devastating triumphs — more than two dozen teams suffered defeat to KES.

Inters: P 19 W 18 L 1

Gosh! This tremendously strong team, captained by Jason Bayliss, launched itself at a daunting fixture list and lost only to Rugby. A major factor in their success must be the dynamic and enthusiastic crop of fourth year athletes who annihilated opposition as quickly as they broke school records. The team won Kings Norton League Division 1, were Kings Norton Champions and, most impressively, were the West Midland "Super Schools" Inter Champions.

Inters and seniors competed together in the majority of inter-school matches and formed a partnership as jolly as it was formidable.

Juniors: P 14 W 0 2nd 6 3rd 7

Oh! Although not devoid of talent, this team lacked strength in depth, and sometimes determination. Promising remove athletes were called upon to fill too many gaps and they struggled somewhat against older opposition. Our relatively poor overall placing in the West Midland "Super Schools" (4th) and the Taylor Kenrick Junior Championships (3rd) was to some extent due to the weakness in this age-group. We did, however, retain the Holden Trophy in some style (seniors, inters and juniors vs. Warwick vs. RGS Worcester.) in which the juniors came a very respectable 2nd to Warwick.

Under 14s: P 6 W 4 2nd 0 3rd 1

Ah! Remove athletes usually competed as juniors, but they showed great strength in matches against boys of their own age. They were Kings Norton League Division 1 winners, as well as beating a good Handsworth team by 3 points, and winning their age-group in the Junior Foundation match (years 1—4) — as did the invincible U16s — which gave us overall victory there.

Minors: P 5 W 0 2nd 1 3rd 2

Um! Unflattering statistics, admittedly, but the team showed some promise and is likely to grow in strength.

Our athletic domination of Kings Norton, and indeed, in the upper half of the school, of the entire civilised world, was rarely disputed. Naturally, successful teams are composed of strong athletes, but it is unfortunately impossible to list the valuable contributions made by them all. Record breaking performances came from R. Chrimes, P. Edgington, G. Fraser, and L. Stevenson in the seniors, and M. Ingram, A. King, P. King, C. Macphail and R. Temple in the inters. R. Jones was the only record breaker in the lower half of the school.

An impressive thirty-one athletes were selected for the West Midland Championships, seven of whom went on to represent the West Midlands in inter-county matches. George Fraser and Paul Edgington were selected to represent the West Midlands in the Nationals held in Plymouth. George was unlucky not to qualify for the 400 metres final, and Paul came 3rd in the senior javelin where he unfortunately could not "drop one" on 70 metres which would have made him national champion. He did, however, captain the West Midlands team to a marvellous overall victory. He is surely our finest athlete ever.

A glance at the house competition, at the school teams, and at individual success, shows that athletics continues to flourish at King Edward's. This is due to the enthusiasm of the boys, the work of Mr and Mrs Scott at Eastern Road, and the excellent support of the Common Room which we very much appreciate. It is Mr Birch, as ever, who co-ordinates and motivates (and bashes) us all, and it is he who makes athletics here the disciplined success it is. The Birch must be retained.

Matthew Banks, Sixths.

Cross Country

That last infirmity of noble mind:

Senior 1st and 2nd VI

Birmingham League:
1st VI: P 9 W 6 2nd 3 3rd 0 *(finished 2nd, of 15)*
2nd VI: P 9 W 6 2nd 2 3rd 1 *(finished 3rd, of 10)*
Queen Mary's relay: 1st V — 6th 2nd V — 10th
Sutton Park Race: 1st VI — 2nd 2nd VI — 1st
Birmingham Championships: 1st VI — 2nd

They suffer with dignity, Unwept, and welter to the parching wind, Without the need of some melodious tear. They, who strictly meditate the thankless Maurice, may cause you muse "What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?". Rejected by warm and hearty scrum, they suffer. Oh, how they suffer. Nothing is achieved. And yet they love the willows and the hazel copses green. There will be new blood, new life, success for Mr Workman. Let his despair be hope and smiles, let him repair his drooping head, rise, and twitch his KE mantle blue, tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new. A most enjoyable season.

Matthew Banks, Sixths.

Orienteering

The Orienteering Club always compensates for its small membership with the enthusiasm of its members. In addition to the host of local events in which we always participate, we also entered the Midland Championships this year and everyone achieved excellent results in this tough event. Following the success of the recent Foundation match, there is a possibility that a Schools' League may be set up — which will add extra spice to the already healthy fixtures list. Thanks are due to Mr Hancock for all the work he has put into promoting these new developments — as well as for providing vital transport.

I hope the Club will continue to attract new members to this exciting sport — the only one which relies more on intelligence than on physical ability, and which takes you to the most beautiful parts of the country. Come and try it!

Niall Tebbutt, Sixths.

The Walking Option

"Long, long ago, in a distant galaxy beyond the Milky Way, a race of supermen was facing doom. In a last effort to save their race before their planet blew up, ten men were placed in a spaceship and hurled millions of light years across the universe. Landing on Earth, too strong to sport with the native humans, too intelligent to argue with them, every Wednesday afternoon they secretly met together under their leader, Superchunk. Their name was ..... The Walking Option."

Well, even though the Walking option may sometimes see itself like that, there is a limit to the imagination. The walkers have striven through rain and thunder to preserve the haven of the sporting no-hopers and couldn't-give-a-damners. Even though our intrepid leader R. Hempleman-Tibbott could not stand the pace halfway through the year, the option walked on, normally in Duncan Faulkes' landrover, and even once supervised by Miss Barnett (she drove for twenty minutes and then sat in the sun with a book watching us walk for an hour and a half!).

An average walking day goes something like this: at break a notice goes up saying "Walking, please meet 1.30 pm prompt". About 1.40 Mr T is sighted coming from his usual heavy lunch; at 1.45 various members of the option shamble up wearing everything from Ken Macnab's 1944 US Marine Boots to Andrew Gregory's bright purple sweater; at 1.50 Mr T returns to say that he will be five minutes; at 2.15 he returns, incants the time-honoured phrase "this is not a sauntering option", and off we go into the wide blue yonder.

Walks are of several kinds: there is the 'make it up as you go along' Stephen Linley sort; the 'sorry about the marsh' Simon Harding type; and the 'only eight miles today' Duncan Faulkes variety. Geraint Lewis, the only geographer in the option, has often prepared walks of great and demanding nature, marred only by his inability to read a map.

Normally we wend our way back around 4.10, just in time to get mobbed by over-athletic Shells dashing for buses, but it is considered bad form for one's walk not to include either a tea-shop or an ice-cream stall en route. Highlights of the year include the whole option beach-combing a field for a dog collar in thick fog, Alastair James lying flat on his back in a cold and muddy stream and Chris Weston becoming Pooh-sticks champion in November.

Our thanks must go to Mr Tibbott and Mrs Jones who owns the tea-shop at the bottom of the Lickeys. Lastly, our trusty friend and steed the Brown Minibus deserves a mention. May we wish next year's walkers well, and may they remember our motto: "But oh how we laughed!".

Ken Macnab, Sixths.

Summary of School Club Income and Expenditure
April 1982 — March 1983

Income £10,014.71

Made up of:

Subscriptions	5,107.50
Governors grant	1,160.00
From No. 1 Account	1,650.00
P.S.G. grant	325.00
Fencing fees	610.00
Bank interest	192.14
Funds/Bequests	113.51
Parent's Association	79.06
Basketball Tours	728.00
Miscellaneous items	49.50
	10,014.71

Expenditure £10,045.08

Made up of:

Rugby	2,569.64
Cricket	1,355.78
Hockey	726.30
Athletics	520.44
Fencing	429.40
Fives	317.04
Chess	256.11
Sailing	143.40
Swimming	270.00
Tennis	110.60
Basketball Tours	758.00
Basketball	331.31
Cross-country	111.96
Squash	71.41
Walking	49.70
Gold	30.20
Table Tennis	15.32
P.S.G.	209.19
Chronicle	1,150.00
Calendars	318.12
School Club	107.62
Literary Society	51.30
Debating Society	27.36
Junior Debating Society	10.75
Geographical Society	32.00
Closed Circle	22.50
Amateur Radio	24.70
Field Studies	17.00
Transport Society	6.33
Historical Society	1.60
	10,045.08

Excess of expenditure over income £30.37

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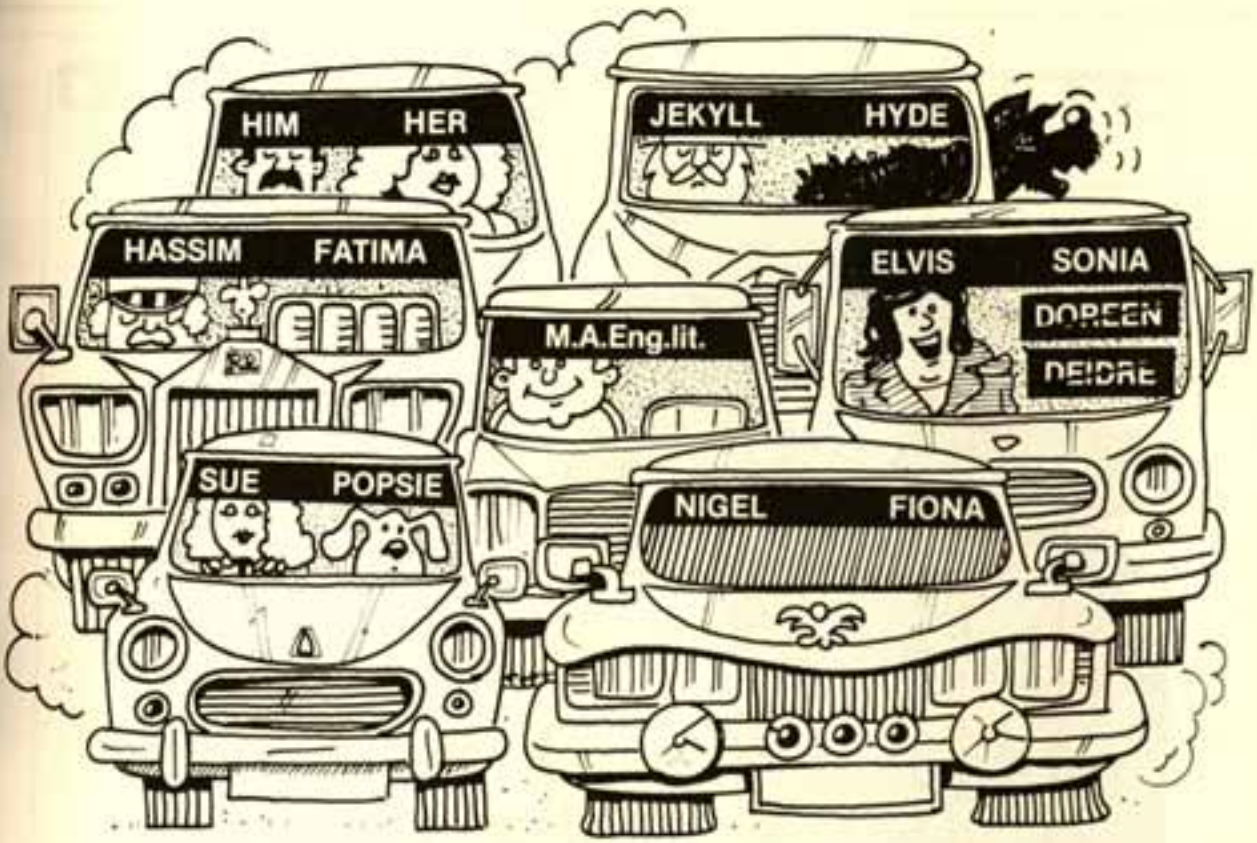

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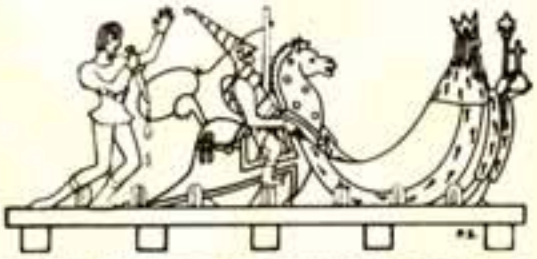

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6 Die allgemeine [illegible] ist: $[\bar{p}, \bar{\xi}, N(\bar{\xi})]$.

Dies [illegible]

6.001 Dies [illegible] Resultat [illegible] der Operation $N(\bar{\xi})$ auf di[illegible]

6.002 Is[illegible] wie ein Satz gebaut ist, s[illegible] allgemeine Form davon gegeb[illegible] eine Operation ein andere[illegible]

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Das i[illegible] Über[illegible] von einem Satz [illegible]

6.02 [illegible] ich definiere

und [illegible]

[illegible] wir also die Re[illegible]

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