

**MARTIN STEAD  
PE, GAMES AND HISTORY**

Let's begin with some history: in 1972 the Chief Master was in the Classical Division, along with my younger brother; Bloody Sunday occurred; Burnley won the old 2nd Division, beating Aston Villa 7 -1 on aggregate; Warwickshire were County Cricket Champions, and Geoffrey Boycott was the Championship's leading batsman (and there is much similarity between him and Martin, not least that they can both be dour Yorkshiremen). At the Munich Olympics Sonia Lannaman reached round 2 of the women's 100m (she reached the final in 1980) and Brendan Foster (fellow Carnegie College student of mine and Martin's) placed 5th in the men's 1500m final. But most importantly of all, KES advertised a vacancy in their PE Department. I applied, along with many others, but Martin was the successful candidate: so began his considerable and impressive teaching career at KES.

Martin's commitment to the school has been huge, especially in terms of traditional extra curricular involvement, and I wonder just how many boys have him to thank for their introduction to properly organised sport? Literally hundreds. The simple statistics speak for themselves: 38 years of taking a cricket team, including 21 as master i/c and 1st XI coach; 12 years of taking basketball teams, from U19 to

U13, including a run of 5 consecutive Kings Norton U13 Championships when KES won every match; one year as volleyball coach; perhaps most impressive of all, 38 years of rugby, one with the U12 'A' XV of 1972-3 and 37 with the U13 'A' XV. During his mammoth stint with U13 rugby his 'A' team had too many unbeaten seasons to recall, and only once lost more games than they won in a season; and that was, of course, because Martin was away from school recovering from an operation. Martin liked to talk to his teams prior to their matches. At one recent Saturday block fixture I had been refereeing the U16 XV for about 15 minutes when I was aware of a boy on the touch line trying to attract my attention. It transpired that I had locked Martin and his entire team in the changing rooms – he was so busy talking to his team that he had not realised I was locking the door, and I am just deaf. So, not many free Saturdays then, or weekday lunchtimes or afternoons!

On top of this, Martin taught a full timetable of PE and Games and History, was a Shell and Rems Form Tutor, was joint Heath House Master with Catherine, and for over 20 years was in the CCF, initially in the Army Section - i/c Vyse - then i/c the RN Section. And all this time Martin was successfully helping his long suffering wife Anne to bring up a young family: son Tim, now in law, and daughter Catherine, now a physiotherapist. On top of which he and Anne dutifully cared for ageing parents.

Never knowingly hurried or rushed, Martin has carried out his many and varied duties with care, diligence, and a shrewdness of thought that his sometime lugubrious manner belied. I often thought that he was in the wrong profession – law would have suited him well. As regular as clockwork at the start of each rugby season, having watched them play, Martin would ask eager potential U13 'A' boys in which position they had previously played as U12s. "On the wing, Sir." "Ok, you're starting at prop." "I'm a back row forward, Sir." "No you're not, you begin at centre." And so it went on, but Martin usually made the correct decision.

Martin is a very amiable and patient person, and many people, both young and old, have benefited from his considerable kindness. The end of an era? Yes. We will not see his like again? Probably not. Martin, it has been a rewarding experience working with you all these years, and we all wish you and Anne the very best in your well earned retirement.

SB





**TREVOR COLLINS**  
**HEAD PORTER AND OFFICER**  
**COMMANDING CCF**

Rory Stewart had been talking to the older boys about his extraordinary career in Iraq and Afghanistan. As Trevor and I walked back to school afterwards, I remarked that Stewart's story made my own life as a teacher feel rather dowdy by comparison; Trevor fixed me with an appraising look and said, "You've served your country in your own way." This from a veteran of the Falklands War, mentioned in despatches for "gallant and distinguished service": I've felt better ever since. Typical of the man, of course: his generosity of spirit, his capacity to see the good in people, his civility, his readiness to encourage.

For these and other qualities, boys will probably remember Trevor most for his work with the CCF, which is not yet over despite his retirement as Head Porter. In fact, he had nothing to do with the Corps when he first came to KES in 1987: but by the following year Martin Rogers had concluded that the CCF needed "sorting out", and that the new Head Porter was the man for the job. Trevor himself cites working with the boys as one of the great pleasures of his career with us: he takes a justifiable pride and a strong interest in Old Edwardians who have joined the services, and names the CCF Centenary Dinner as a high point of his time at the school. On the Friday before his retirement he was at Sandhurst attending Michael Gardiner's passing out parade: "it was an honour to be invited", he said.

But he was also a fine Head Porter. Martin Rogers would introduce him to visitors as the man who "actually runs the school", while Hugh Wright insisted on calling him the "Chief Porter": both a little tongue-in-cheek, perhaps, but both recognising how central he has been to the smooth running of this school for over twenty years. Trevor likes to recall that, when he attended his interview in the summer of 1987, it was discovered that he had not been sent the job description in advance. So he was given the 7-page document to assess on the fly during the interview: it ran to 29 specific clauses, plus "such administrative duties as will be allotted" from time to time. One example of the latter: the Foundation Office had a flag and flagpole, which they never used. At the death of Princess Diana, the staff wished to join in the national display of mourning, but could not work out how to raise the flag. Trevor went down to show them how. The flag stayed up for a long time: until, in fact, Trevor went back again to show them how to take it down.



All of us who have worked here during his time have a great deal to thank him for: he has been legendarily efficient and conscientious, but also unfailingly kind, affable and reassuring. He had, he has said, "to find out what made you all tick" when he joined us; the Army and KES are very different worlds, after all. I think most of us will feel that he came to understand us very well. The job changed a lot during the reorganization of 2008 and 2009, and Trevor is the last Head Porter of King Edward's School. Perhaps that's not a bad thing: he'd be a hard act to follow.

So, apart from his appearances to support the Corps and outdoor activities generally, we have to bid Trevor farewell. We are losing the school's keenest baseball fan, a secret devotee of the New York Yankees; the school's ablest breeder of budgerigars and cockatiels (one of the old cricket score boxes off South Field has ended its days as an aviary for his birds); and one of the school's more distinguished London Marathon competitors (best time 3hrs 20 mins, which Richard Bridges assures me is a good time). We are also losing a friend, and we wish him the very best of luck in his retirement.

TFPH