

KESMAG

JAN 85

I must not waste
paper. 500 times!



EDITORIAL

The reader will judge this issue by standards the editors cannot fully anticipate. We have tried, however, to give you material to think about; to amuse and entertain you; to work on; to provoke you. In some corner of the pages that follow, there must be something for you. If not, we are sorry, and can only keep trying to find the elusive ingredients.

In the meantime, the Editors wish to thank the editorial committees for their prodigious efforts. They have worked very conscientiously. This is the first issue which, apart from outside reproduction of photographs, has been produced entirely within the School - from the first capital letter to the last staple. We hope you find something in it to appreciate and enjoy.

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C O N T E N T S

Pages		Pages	
2 & 3	: People Profiles	14	: The Patience Page
4	: KES Crossword	15	: Sport: a range of reports
5	: The Pupil Governors - a lighthearted offering. Sherlock Holmes: A Review	16 - 17	: Play the Grand KesQuest Game
6 & 7	: A Short Story	18 - 19	: Concert Reviews
8 - 11	: The Pupil's Lament - A Cartoon Story.	20 - 21	: Ten-Minute Tantaliser How to Scive Cross-Country Quiz.
12	: Mr. Sharrock The French Study Weekend	22	: Kes and the Blitz: 1939-1940
13	: Who Said What in '84	23	: THE ANSWERS

FRANK CRAWFORD

It's Wednesday and Frank Crawford, our resident Minibus driver, is about to make his five or six lunchtime trips to Lower School. This time it is the Brass Band contingent, going to create beautiful music with the more youthful members at Darwin Lane. Surprising though it may seem, Frank makes the journey between Upper and Lower School about fifteen or sixteen times a day.

HELPFUL

Frank is a well-known and well-liked character who really gets very little recognition for all that he does for the School! (Ahem, Ahem). Every day it is up and down and round about going miles out of his way to comply with awkward requests from even more awkward teachers.

People who want to be dropped off in Broomhill so they don't have to walk from Upper School to get their lunchtime 'beverages'; people wanting to be picked up from their homes; people who have missed their games bus (accidentally on purpose) and have suddenly realised that unless they cadge a lift off someone they are going to get slightly 'done'. Frank is always there, willing and eager to please, quietly getting everyone from A to B, on time and with remarkable efficiency.

Contrary to what I expect is the public opinion of the minibus, Frank assures me that it is a reliable vehicle that gets expertly serviced by Central Transport every three months. Frank says he has only got stuck on Darwin Lane twice in the snow, but one time he and the bus went down Manchester Road sideways! Thanks to his skill in handling the bus, though, no-one came to grief. Ashdell Road, Frank told me, is a problem. Parents of girls and boys going to Ashdell and Birkdale Schools park their cars badly, causing danger to other drivers.

NO TIPS

All in all, Frank seems to me to be a pretty amazing person. I wonder if there are any other people who would put up with all the hassle he is subject to and not bemoan the fact they NEVER GET ANY TIPS!



Emma-Jane Hosking, 4X

Jane Houghton : artist



Jane Houghton, an aspiring Sheffield artist, is rapidly becoming well-known for her artwork. A former K.E.S. pupil, she left the School in 1979 to pursue her artistic talents at the London Central School of Art and Design. Jane then took a Degree at Bristol Art College for 3 years, returning afterwards to Sheffield. She was approached by Chris Cox who was opening a gallery 'The Rakes Progress' as he was interested in promoting her work.

cont. 23

Jane

Jane received a scholarship from the Royal Academy, The David Murray Landscape Fellowship, in September, 1983. This was to enable her to paint industrial scenes in the Sheffield area. She did this by visiting industrial sites, taking photographs and doing sketches, following these up with paintings.

Early Success

Her first show at 'The Rakes Progress' Gallery in December 1983, consisted of some of her

paintings done in Bristol and the collection of industrial images just completed. She sold 25 paintings which financed a trip to India in February 1984. She travelled around India with the Steiner girls (also former K.E.S. pupils) and returned with fresh ideas and inspiration.

Exhibitions of her paintings followed at 'The Rakes Progress', the Crucible Studio and most recently at the Mappin Art Gallery, based on her experiences of India.

She is at present considering various new projects, though not for as far afield as India.

Sales

Her paintings, which sell for between £30 and £350, are available from her agent, Chris. Cox, at 'The Rakes Progress' on Ecclesall Road.

Helen Daily, 4X

Mrs. D. HALL



As you probably know, Mrs. Hall is the well-known History teacher and Head of the Sixth Form. She has held this post for four years and has been at the School for thirteen years, but prior to this she was at Myers Grove.

Mrs. Hall enjoys visiting the Theatre, classical T.V. serials and hardly ever misses the B.B.C. evening news. Her favourite actors and actresses are Glenda Jackson and Derek Jacoby. She likes walking; reading novels by women; friendly, cheerful people who are realistic, and watching athletics and playing tennis. She also enjoys classical music and would like to be able to play an instrument but can neither play nor sing a note.

Mrs. Hall is interested in Astrology. She is interested in the British and European Royal Families. Animal wise, she likes dogs and loathes cruelty to animals.

Having no real interest in food, Mrs. Hall says she only eats to live, although she could not survive without her morning coffee. She also likes the occasional glass of wine and enjoys fresh cream, but hates tea.

Kind and understanding, she can be sharp but also fair. She will certainly help all who come to her office with any problems and will help anybody who is in trouble.

Mrs. Hall says that after her teaching career has finished, she would like to retire to a cottage in Scotland. We hope it is a good many years before she does leave us.

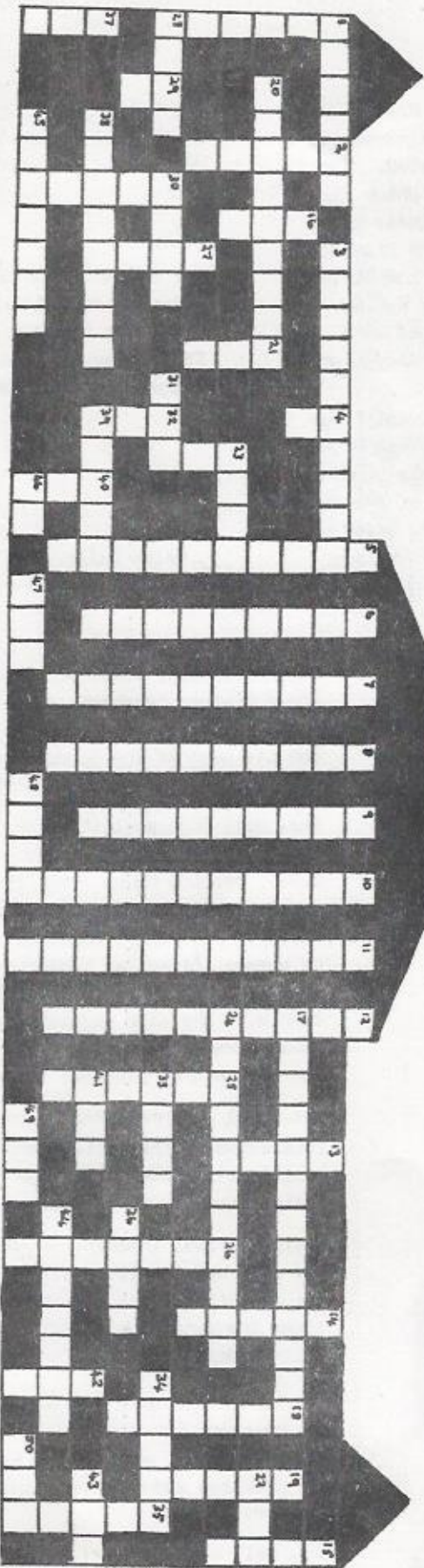
kes clever crossword

1. The old king was one, is he?
3. What's love got to do with this woman?
17. This group never gather moss.
20. Hint zyzil (anagram)
22. How can they see to play?
23. Slavery? No way for these men!
24. He'll riddle his way out of this.
28. Candy Music
30. Will vegetarians dance to their song?
31. High electricity bill.
33. It comes down purple.
34. By name they can fly
36. Adam's animals.
38. Raxtulvo (anagram)
39. Marty's daughter (surname)
41. What splitz?
43. What did Young Lay down?
44. He gets a thrill out of life (surname)
45. Murroe?

CLUES ACROSS

1. Ghost busters - (middle name)
2. Alias 'Harry Web'.
4. Their pride carried them through war.
5. Margaret Thatcher?
6. He sang the war song.
7. Which dead farmer, shot to fame, as a heavy metal band?
8. She likes to hit out, even at 007.
9. Where did Frankie go?
10. He'd like to get to know you well.
11. Helen left them.
12. Three of the wild boys married already?
13. Haircut 100's ex-lead singer.
14. She wants to be free.
15. Who was a smooth operator?
16. What was shaky's house like?
18. Golden Wonder?
19. He wants to pull your playhouse down (surname)
21. Who did Arthur's men sing for?
23. Doctor?

CLUES DOWN



Alison Ashmore

Caroline Barker

Answers on p23

AL'RIGHT GUV?

Kesmag has discreetly gone out and about discovering what you think of Pupil Governors. Many did not know who they were and had never met them. An elite few knew them all too well but admitted that all was not as it should be. It boiled down to the belief that Kevin Moore and Jenny Marsh have got it wrong.

So, what are they doing wrong? Look around you! Classrooms are a disgrace, there aren't enough of them and at any moment you are likely to be hit on the head by a roof tile. Sports facilities are lousy and the drinks machine is always on the blink. And what if you want to complain? You cannot find them hardly, and if you do they do not do anything.

If you agree with this YOU have got it wrong. These matters are not their concern. They deal with policy decisions on Tertiary Education and the like. No wonder you can't have your little moan! What are you going to do about it then? Unfortunately you might have to go to the Pupil Governors to have a committee set up to deal with everyday complaints, requests and suggestions. Progress would be difficult though as the last attempt - 'The Pupil-Staff Committee' was a sad joke. However, it is always worth a try and would be a better achievement than being elected a Pupil Governor.

Now you know what to aim for, go and disturb Kevin and Jenny from their daydreams and finally get what you want.



JENNY



KEV

CLUES ACROSS (Continued)

46. Which beat uses a funky stethoscope?
47. ? of consent.
48. e.g. Kit and Herbie
49. They rain for the weather girls.
50. What was grey for Madness?

CLUES DOWN (Continued)

25. Opera?
26. Tony's ballet
27. Queen's first radio words (last two)
29. Legs and ?
30. Mechanical head; almost
32. The police upheld this.
35. Whose heart beats like a train on a track?
37. Dolby's nickname?
40. Zeppelin?
42. Burning Talk (1st name)

my kind of book

The Final Adventures of Sherlock Holmes

(Star Books, £1.50)

by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, edited by Peter Haining, completes the canon of Sherlock Holmes stories, which were once thought to consist of sixty cases - four novels and fifty-six short stories. Peter Haining has now discovered twelve more cases of the famous sleuth, which were previously unpublished in book form.

Read on for clues about all twelve.

1. A commentary, written by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, telling the truth about how he created the world's most famous detective (next to Hercule Poirot) entitled "The Truth about Sherlock Holmes."
2. Another commentary, this time about how Holmes was treated in real life: many letters have been sent to 221B Baker Street (which never has existed, incidentally) asking Holmes to solve real-life problems. This one is called "Some Personalia about Sherlock Holmes."

The Tragedy of Sir Uwain

being a romance by
frances mallory

And there came unto the court of King Arthur (which was in those days to be found at Camelot), a wandering troubador. After the assembled entourage had finished their meat, this well-voiced fellow entertained all present with ballads both joyful and dolorous.

Yet the gathered knights, all men of mighty strength and hot passions, remained impassive until the troubador told the sad tale of Igraine. This fair princess of a distant land had been stolen from her beloved parents by a fearsome ogre when they were no longer able to pay the giant's extortionate demands. This ogre was named Ysbadaddan, and it was as loathsome, as Igraine was lovely.

On hearing of this maid's tragic plight, the entire court spoke out, their numerous voices as one, requesting their liege lord's permission to go forth and slay the monster.

But there was one knight who spoke in a tone more earnest than all the others, and Arthur, from where he sat on his throne overlooking the hall, perceived the look of sincerity on this young man's handsome countenance.

"What is your name Sir Knight?"

"Sir Uwaine, my lord."

"Then go forth Sir Uwaine, and rescue the fair princess Igraine."

And the court celebrated, as the King's word was ever just and true.

As the cockerel crowed early the next day, Sir Uwaine rode forth. The rays of the fresh morning sun shone from his resplendent armour, forged of the finest gold and burnished steel.

Reigner, his horse, stirred restlessly, eager for the journey - a steed as fast and as strong as the raging wind, with thews of iron and quicksilver.

The knight's bold, blue eyes, glittered as cut sapphires, and his crystal white teeth sparkled in the light, and all who beheld him that day, came away believing there was no finer man in all of Christendom.



Many days did Sir Uwaine wander throughout the barren and inhospitable lands bordering on King Arthur's vast empire; and many strange, wonderful and fearsome sights did he behold.

He slew a dragon, a foul worm which had for many years terrorised a small hamlet not fifty leagues from Camelot; he feasted the bull-feast with King Ygor and his retinue; and he overthrew the demon-wizard Drudwyn, outside his own black tower.



Many a maid succumbed to his amorous advances, for those of woman kind had little resistance against so perfect a knight.

The winds now howled cold as Sir Uwaine passed into a land both scorched and sour. Occasionally a clump of gnarled ash-trees would arise on the horizon; and in the dark, red eyes watched the knight make his lonely progress, harbouring ill-concealed melevoleence.

Then a thundering river blocked his path. It could only be crossed at a narrow ford opposite a willow tree, and underneath this tree, was a woman of such beauty as never before had Sir Uwaine beheld.

But this paragon of perfection was distraught, and her frail form shook with sobs of the most heart-rending anguish. Sir Uwaine realised that this must be Igraine, for whom he had been searching; for it was impossible to believe that two such women of unparalleled loveliness could exist together under the same sun.

He called out to her:

"I am Sir Uwaine of the court of the noble King Arthur. Fear no more sweet Igraine, for I have come to save thee."



For an instant the maid appeared startled, and then a joy welled up within her, and her tears vanished as she beheld her worthy saviour.

"Oh Sir Knight, I am so glad. For many days have I remained the prisoner of the loathsome ogre who lives in yonder castle. I had all but given up hope of rescue."

"For you lovely Igraine, I would venture to the very ends of the earth and back", spoke Sir Uwaine, and dismounting from his steed, he went to embrace the damsel.

But she pulled away from him, and refused to meet her lips with his.

"First brave knight, you must slay Ysbaddan, or he will soon know of your presence, and arm himself with frightful sorceries to meet you."

"Of course", cried Uwaine, and where passion had been in his eyes, there now shone resolute courage.

"How then am I to slay this creature?" queried Sir Uwaine, his fine countenance locked in a mask of puzzlement.

"Only the man who can beat Ysbadaddan in three bouts of wrestling, shall overcome him, and win my freedom and my hand."

"Why then," laughed Sir Uwaine, "there is no cause for concern, for I am a great wrestler."

And turning, he made his way to the castle and through the huge arched gateway.

Then the ogre Ysbadaddan emerged from behind the door where he had been waiting, his stone club over his distorted shoulder, his single purple eye pulsating.

There followed a sickening crunch as Sir Uwaine's brains were cast asunder, and Igraine ran to meet the ogre. Together they embraced, and their love was a thing for all the world to behold.

"Once more, my brave, wonderful Ysbadaddon, you have overcome these wretched knights who continually seek to draw us apart."

And the ogre glowered affectionately.

With arms linked, the two returned to the castle, proving for all eternity that beauty is perpetually in the eye of the beholder.

RECIPES

A new RESLINE lifts the lid
off a well-known libel.

TEACHER

To make "Boring Lesson", serves about 30

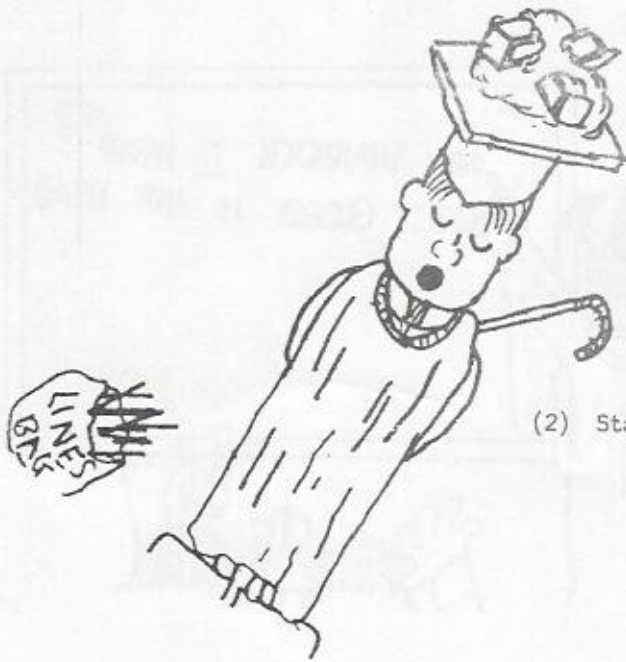


Ingredients:

1. a boring teacher
2. 30 separate desks
3. squeaky blackboard
4. a large amount of tedium
5. a soupçon of "BLAH !"
6. pages to copy from the board
7. several useless facts
8. some lines (roughly 200)

- (1) Sit pupils in alphabetical order at 30 separate desks





(2) Stand boring, cruel teacher at the front, make him teach.



(3) Boring teacher talks, mix in tedium slowly and sprinkle on the BLAH !



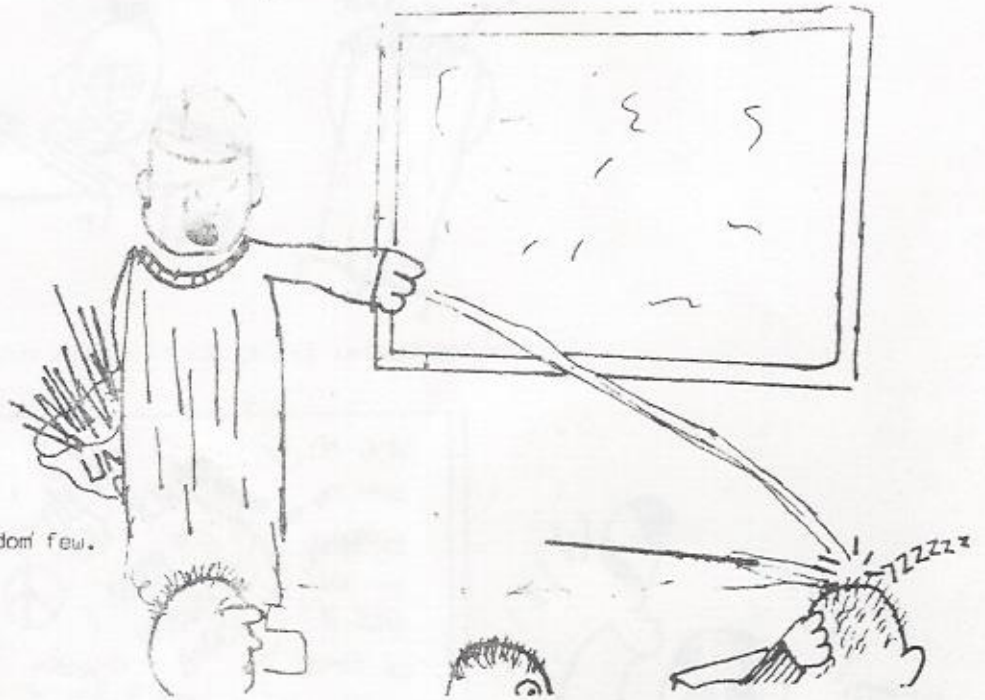
(4) Boring teacher recaps, the tedium adding a bit more BLAH !



(5) He turns to the board, writes all this out in as long winded form as possible, adding useless facts. Makes people copy on pain of detention.



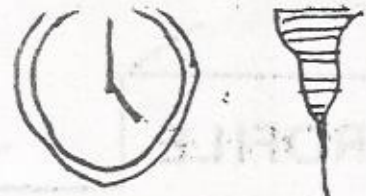
(6) Hands out lines to a random few.



N.B. DO NOT CRACK ANY JOKES this causes the mixture to develop brainteasing lumps.

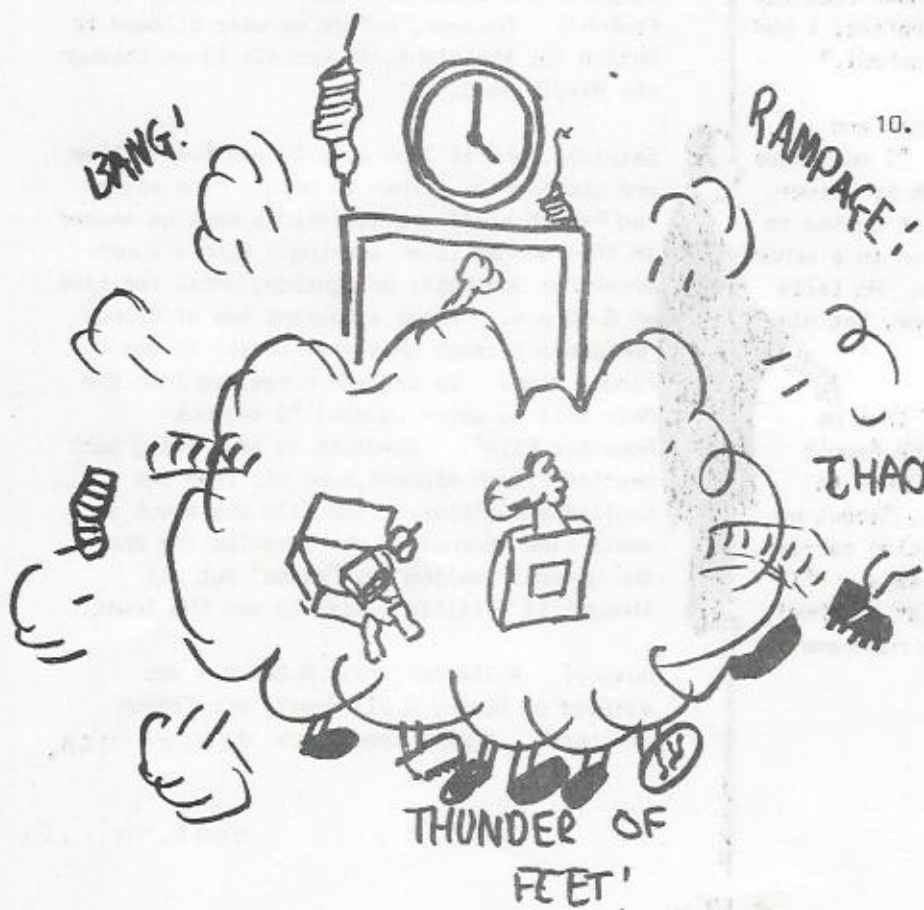


(7) DOES NOT MARK BOOKS but checks all **have** done work.



(8) Puts in detention those who have not.

(9) Dismisses class after adding long, boring lecture, 10 minutes after the bell.



10. Garnish with irrelevant homework.

ANNE KINDERLERER, 3Z
BEN MARSDEN, 2G

PROFILE

THE REAL MR. SHARROCK

We decided to interview Mr. Sharrock and we got more than we bargained for.

Everybody dreads something or at least being asked something and Mr. Sharrock is no exception. "Isn't it time you retired," he tells us is his; he is afraid some people have hinted it to him already.

Most of us hate getting up in the morning, but Mr. Sharrock looks forward to his breakfast of toast, tea and a bowl of puffed wheat and does not mind having to get out of bed, too early.

"I confess to having a phobia for anything that is not straight", Mr. Sharrock tells us. "For example, papers on my desk that are untidy are quickly arranged neatly to match.

I enjoy Rugby league and I have recently taken up painting as a hobby. Before, I had not done anything since leaving school."

Mr. Sharrock was born in Wigan and attended Wigan Grammar School. "I must have done well or I wouldn't have gone to University," he comments. He has always wanted to be a teacher and wanted to stay on in a school environment, with lots of people. He tells us that he has given out 6 canings, but himself has not received any.

Home Economics is a subject that he would least like to teach. If he hadn't become a teacher, he would have liked to have been a doctor. And lastly, "about my black gown! It is just a tradition carried on from the grammar school," he says. "I once wore it while parascending at a school fair, but I feel that the Batman nickname does not apply!"



Le Weekend

6TH & 7TH FORM

FRENCH "INTENSIVE STUDY" WEEKEND

All the fun started straight after school on the Friday. We piled into a coach and a minibus, collecting worksheets on the way, needless to say! There was a quiz to do on the journey, but the driver went so fast that we missed four out of five answers (and those we did see, we didn't know the French for!) We hit Thornbridge Hall at about 5.30p.m. and went to our allotted rooms, made beds and ate sandwiches.

We all came together again at about 7.30 p.m. and played "Qui etes vous?", MME. Velarde giving each person a famous name (e.g. I was one Arthur Scargill!) and then we all questioned each other (in French of course) to find out who they were. After we had all "got to know each other" in that way, Mr. Willan (Ex-K.E.S.) gave us a talk and slide show on his year in Quebec. Then, at about 10.30p.m., it was sing-song time. Roll over Michael Jackson, K.E.S. A-level French students are here! We massacred numerous French classics and ended with the Hokey-Cokey (in French). However, before we were allowed to retire for the night, it was six times through the Birdie Song!

Saturday, and at 7.30 a.m. it was brekky time and croissants. Then to work! The assorted French staff and assistants kept us amused in this manner (i.e. working!) with a lunch-break for Spaghetti Bolognese, until tea-time at 5.30 p.m. After a Gourmet tea of Croque Monsieurs (French cheese on toast) it was cinema time. We crammed ourselves into the Main Hall to watch (quote) "A sad but Romantic Film". Needless to say, being such devoted French students we all read the English sub-titles. The film was about a small-time journalist who worships the dead - the general feeling was "mixed" but all thought it a little wierd, to say the least.

Luxury! A lie-in (until 8.00a.m.) was allowed on Sunday - all heart, our French teachers! Again, there were croissants,

cont.on p.21

Who Said What ?

The sayings printed below could have been heard this year. Can you attribute each saying correctly to one of the people listed? Caution: five of the names are red herrings.

- | | | |
|----------------------|----------------------------|------------------------|
| a) Margaret Thatcher | f) Diana Dors | k) Arthur scargill |
| b) Danny La Rue | g) The Bishop of Liverpool | l) Martina Navratilova |
| c) Geraldine Ferraro | h) Norman Tebbit | m) Jesse Jackson |
| d) Ian MacGregor | i) Zola Budd | n) Mrs. Hall |
| e) John McEnroe | j) Tony Benn | O) Robert Maxwell |

1. "I know of many jobs that girls do underground a damn sight better than men"
2. "In order to be rejected, you must first be considered."
3. "I was furious with God. All that praying for 15 months and then this."
4. "Judge me by the same standards you judge your men when they are running."
5. "If they get rid of me, they'll get rid of me with British Rail sandwiches."
6. "It is all too easy to predict who will get on their bikes."
7. "I would feel desperate if I had been without a good regular income for twenty weeks."
8. "I would like to have been a priest."
9. "The press should take a lesson from the under 10's - it might learn something."
10. "I wish more people wanted to talk to me for what I am, not what I do."

Answers on p23

...jokes..

If crocodiles make good shoes, what do banana skins make? Good slippers.

Ed's joke: "In fact, this book is so bad that I wouldn't advise you even to spend a penny on it."

and a solemn thought.

A hole was last night drilled in a fence enclosing a nudist camp. The police say they are looking into it.

Did you know that a centipede (meaning 100) has been found to have more legs than a millipede (meaning 1000)?

Q. What did they call Napoleon when he stood in front of a cannon.

A. Blown apart.....

This page tests your patience!

A FRIEND by Justin Marsden

3. "The Field Bazaar": a parody about a conversation at breakfast between Holmes and his faithful companion, Dr. Watson, in which Holmes puts his powers of deduction to their greatest test.
4. "How Watson learned The Trick": a second parody in which Watson tries to copy his friend's powers of deduction; but fails.
5. "The Adventure of The Tall Man": a short story set in Sheffield about a murder in which the culprit had framed an innocent bystander.

BEFORE MY TIME

The following words were coined before 1960. Try to guess their meaning.

Answers on Page **23**

1. A creepie-peepie
2. A raytector
3. A mouse (not the animal)
4. A rockoon
5. A Fireflash
6. A Barganza
7. A wine-mobile.
8. Zig-zag eating
9. Motelery
10. Hero-sandwich

He's like a tall sky-scraper
Reaching into fine weather clouds
With the rhythm of a Jazz concert
Through the pages of a novel.
He is the first thing you meet
Like the Hall of a house,
He is a Banana
And someone to laugh at.
Like a big gorilla
He hangs around.

MY FRIEND by Elizabeth Bradford

She is a cup of hot coffee
And corned beef sandwiches,
A window opened wide.
She is a funny look
And a fast car.
She is an oak tree,
A cheeky sparrow.

"Turn back to p5, Watson."

The Upper School Computer Club

The Computer Club is run by Mr. Phipps, in his more lucid moments, and is available most lunchtimes from 12.30 in the Computer Room on the top corridor. Around 10 micro-computers (mostly Beebs) are available and the usual attendance is 25, almost all Fifth Form boys. There is no reason why this should be so. Our computers should be taken advantage of by a wider cross-section - all are welcome, but not just to play games - this is a privilege enjoyed by beginners only. Of course, you can write your own game, or type one in from a magazine to test it.....

Jeremy Stern

6. "The Case of The Man Who Was Wanted": another short story also partially set in Sheffield, but including a chase across the Atlantic Ocean after a cunning forger.
7. Two more stories, which do not involve Homes & Watson at all, but are in the form of Holmes sending letters to the press, solving two baffling mysteries.
8. A play, "The Crown Diamond", which Conan Doyle later turned into "The Adventure of the Mazarin Stone", a short story found in The Case-book of Sherlock Holmes (Penguin, £1.24).

10. "The Painful Predicament of Sherlock Holmes": a comic play in which the American actor, William Gillette, may have had a hand.
11. "The Mystery of Uncle Jeremy's Household": a story in which the prototypes of Holmes and Watson, John H. Thurston and Hugh Laurence respectively, make their first and only appearance.
12. "The Case of the Inferior Sleuth": a poem by Conan Doyle about his famous detective.

Richard Anderson



Sport

SUMMER '84

Second Years did extremely well as a team to qualify for the League Track and Field Finals. The Third Years not only qualified for the finals but were Sheffield Track and Field Champions repeating their win of last year as Second Year Champions.

A number of boys became City Champions including Andrew Morton (Javelin) and Steven Horner (Long-jump). The relay team consisting of Steven Horner, Robert Abbott, Hadrian Palmer and Craig Daswell were also City Champions.

craig daswell

was 100m and 200m City Champion. He went on to become South Yorkshire Champion and represented South Yorkshire at the National Finals in Thurrock, Essex, reaching the semi-final stage.

We look forward to next season!

One particularly encouraging aspect has been the willingness of boys who live a considerable distance from the school to represent the school on Saturday mornings - well done!

STOP PRESS.... Pleasing to report that a number of boys have become involved at Club level in order to further their athletics.

Even though tennis matches were few and far between, the U18 team won the Sheffield Schools' trophy and the U14 team reached the semi-finals in the same competition losing 4-5 to Ashleigh.

julie finusanmi

was City Champion in the U14 girls' javelin.

AUTUMN '84

The Hockey section got away to a good start this term, but as usual we are now hampered by water-logged fields. Most of our team practices take place on school tennis courts. Oh, for a real grass area free from flooding. However, our U14 and U16 teams have been fairly successful and the second year club seems to be thriving. They embark on their first match on 1st December - good work. Congratulations to Rachel Wood, 4Z, who has been selected to play for the Sheffield Schoolgirls' U16 team.

caroline taylor

We have a fairly useful girls' Badminton club. Caroline Taylor, 4Z, has represented Yorkshire Schoolgirls for the last three years and is rated number two in the U15 age group.

There has been considerable activity in the netball section already this term. As well as U15 league fixtures, there have been many friendly fixtures for the U13 A and B and U14 teams.

Finally, three girls are taking part in the Sheffield Schools' Cross Country Competitions. Laura Daily, 2H and Eleanor Turner, 2A, have done very well so far, being placed in the first 15 in the first two fixtures.

chaanah fothergill

has won both competitions. Last year Chaanah came 12th in the U12 National Schools' Cross Country Championships and seems set to repeat the success this year. Her other out-of-school successes have been:-

Wakefield Road Races	1st
Holmfirth Road Races	2nd
Shipton Cross Country	1st
South Yorkshire Championships	1st

Play The ~~Sn~~ Bingo

HUNT THE

KIDNAPPED

MINIBUS



SEE THE 1905 GAMBLING REGULATIONS.



LOSE SCENTED RUBBER. MISA TERM "SNIFFING" IT OUT

MAKE BIG EXPLOSION IN SCIENCE SPEND REST OF LESSON (1 TERM) HIDING

MAKE DISCOVERY IN GEOGRAPHY. REISCOVER GB. MOVE ON



WELL DONE ON GETTING THIS FAR BUT NO THIS IS NOT GOING TO AUSTRALIA. IT'S GOING TO... (well find out)

P.T.O. No NOT YOU. THE PAGE.

SLIP DOWN BANK INTO TYPON NENER TO RETURN

END OF GAME

SPEND A TERM IN DETENTION FOR NO GOOD REASON

SHOUT "I'LL SMACK THOU FACE IN" TO YOUR FRIEND.

WHO TURN IS OUT TO BE THE

SHOUT "I'LL SMACK THOU FACE IN" TO YOUR FRIEND.

TRY X-COMM DINNER (57p) PURPOSE (ON) ER'S SOCKS. GO BACK 3

CAUGHT PH-OTOCOPIING PG 3 OF THE

TURN CLOCKS FORWARD SO YOU CAN GO HOME EARLY MORE

TURN CLOCKS FORWARD SO YOU CAN GO HOME EARLY MORE

TURN CLOCKS FORWARD SO YOU CAN GO HOME EARLY MORE

SPEND TERM IN DETENTION

GO TO SCIENCE LAB GET BLOWN UP

SMELT TEACHERS SOCKS

MISA TERM



FLICK INK PELLET WHO TURN IS OUT TO BE THE

MUSA GO WHILST WRITING BEETHOVENS 150" 100 TIMES

BY BEN MARSTON AND CHRISTIAN DUCKER



2,000,000 or

MRB
GAME

CONTINUED

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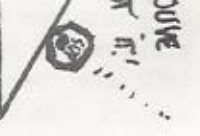
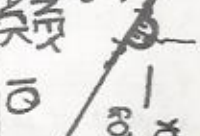
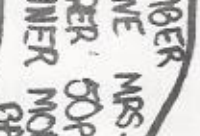
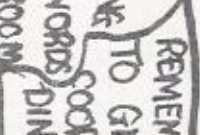
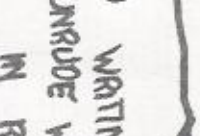
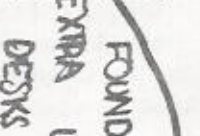
ACT. SO

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THAT SO-

RT OF



DROP YOUR HOMEWORK IN THE PUDDLE GO ON 1

OF THIS ACE THE EDITOR FALLS INTO A PUDDLE. SPEND TWO TURNS WATCHING HIM DROWN.

MAKE RUDE GESTURES THROUGH STAFF-ROOM WINDOW GET AWAY WITH IT GOON 2

TEACHER CRASHES HIS CAR. BLAMES YOU. MISA, TERMINATE MISA GO.

CALL, PERFECT RUDE WORD AGAIN!

TEACHER HAS DUN YOU FOR MAKING GESTURES. MISA GO.

GO TO BACK OF DINNER QUEUE YET AGAIN! HA! HA!

SOMEONE TURNED THE LIGHT OFF WHILE YOU'RE IN THE CO... MISA GO

FALL IN PUDDLE HOOKING FOR STAP HOMEWORK (WOT A PUDDLE WIDGES)

CALL RUDE PERFECT WORD. GO TO GARK OF DIN-OWNS QUEUE

YE DEAGED INKNETL. SPOK

TEACHER WAS DUN YOU FOR MAKING GESTURES.

GET RANCHER BY PASSING 75% END OF GAME

FOUND WRITING UNRELIQUOUS WORDS IN R.E. SPEND 5 TERMS COPING THE BIBLE OUT.

PAINT DISK IN ART. SPEND A TERM USING SCIENCE LAB. TURPS

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OFFER TO PLAY UITS RING. DIE OF MUD-ALOTA SPOTS DISESE

REMEMBER TO GIVE MRS. COOPER 50P DINNER MONEY GACK 10

CAUGHT PAINTING NETTLES IN GARDENING CLUB OR GACK MISA 20 TERMS

YOU GACK ARE JUST TOO LATE

YOU'RE GOT IT!

TURN TO BOTTOM OF PAGE

AA RGGI!

LONDON TRANSPORT ARE EX-PANDING AGAIN! MISA TERM

YOU GACK ARE JUST TOO LATE

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CONCERT ... REVIEWS

BY GIO.
NELL.
FIDO,
AND PERCY

THE STYLE COUNCIL

VENUE: CITY HALL

The grandeur of the City Hall seemed an unlikely place to find the three musketeers but, even after admitting the venue did not compliment the effervescent tones of the band, Paul Weller's style council continued, determined to convey powerful music and maybe more importantly and expression of hope.

Amongst the 'ever changing moods' of the programme came the vibrant, first single 'Speak like a child', the calming grace of a 'Paris match', various jazz and blues insertions and, of course, the hard-hitting, 'Money-go-round'.

The enthusiasm and warm reception displayed by a wide audience indicated that the council, complete with the invention and integrity of Weller is achieving much of what it aimed for.

D.P.



BLACK DYKE MILLS BAND/
BOLSTERSTONE MALE VOICE CHOIR
- THE OCTAGON.

I must admit I am totally ignorant of Brass Bands, my only previous experience accidentally switching on BBC2 when "Best of Brass" was on! So why did I go?

It was partly curiosity and partly after reading the programme quotes like "world famous", "the finest brass band of all" and "23 British open champions and five out of six European champions". The male voice choir were boring, even though their music varied from a Thirteenth century Latin son to 'Strawberry Fayre'. The Black Dyke Mills Band, however, I found good in small doses. Their music is mellow and pleasant to the ear, but after a while it became boring. They play almost all classical brass and I only recognised a few tunes. On the whole, though, I think it was worth going along, if only to see a trumpet player go red every time he played!

S.B.



GRANDMASTER MELLE MEL AND
THE FURIOUS FIVE - LEADMILL

The Band were on stage for little more than an hour. Moreover they had no instruments but just relied on their ability as funksters to get the crowd moving, with the support of a backing tape. Sadly enough, although you could see they had potential, that potential was never reached. "White Lines" was played twice and improvisation was not even considered. The Band kept solely to their most famous tracks. In fact, the most inspiring

moments were when one member of the five started throwing "cocaine" (?) around the stage, which caused an entertaining bantering between the performers, and when another, the "Sex God" pulled reams of tissue paper out of his mouth ending in a "White Line".

N.V.



GEORGE MELLY - CRUCIBLE

Everything about George Melly is big and colourful, from his personality to his suits to his songs, which included such jazz classics as "You're nobody's sweetheart now" (previously covered by such as Captain Sensible!) and "Don't like you 'cos your feet's too big", which he sang as an encore and which Mr. Melly, by now a little the worse for drink, insisted the audience join in on! The punters, although not quite filling the Crucible, ranged from the trendiest of students to middle-aged civil servants, and were certainly appreciative of the excellent performance. George Melly's blend of ragtime jazz-blues and witty anecdotes made one of the best performances I've seen from a singer and is something not to be missed.

R.H.

12th October at the City Hall

An aura of expectancy surrounded the City Hall as visits by the V.S.O. are not everyday occurrences. The programme was originally to have included Strauss and Elgar but, due to the indisposition of the original conductor, Hans Vonk took the baton and conducted, rather pleasingly, two pieces of Brahms: an overture and the Fourth Symphony, in which the legendary Viennese strings shone. Also played was Beethoven's Emperor piano concerto with soloist Tamas Vasary, the Hungarian pianist. The rapport between pianist and orchestra was not altogether complete, perhaps as Vonk found himself conducting this work, packed with familiar themes, at short notice. So, on the whole, a semi-sparkling performance, although I could not help feeling that an English orchestra would have shown more visible signs of enjoying the pieces, than the all-male Weiner Symphoniker.

The large audience who turned out to attend a concert on the 15th November, were not disappointed. King Edward's musicians and singers gave it all they had, starting with the brass band, which got the evening off to a rousing start.

The piano soloist, Martin Thiselton, played his own arrangement of Fantasia on "Carmina Burana". A lovely piece, reminiscent of the middle ages, was played by the Recorder Consort. The Jazz band woke us all up with much foot tapping, and the guitar solo by Michael Jeremiah, along with the barber shop group, were also appreciated by the audience.

A change of mood was introduced by Jenny Marsh singing "Twilight Fancies" whose enchanting voice captivated us all.

The Junior Choir were in good voice with 2 modern pieces and they were followed by the Lynwood Ensemble, who played especially well, particularly their Sonata in D Minor by Schickhardt.

The evening closed with the school orchestra playing 2 old favourites, along with their Finale by Vaughan-Williams' Folk Song Suite, holding the audience spellbound.

SKELETAL FAMILY - LEADMILL

By the time the support band, local group Siii, came on, the Leadmill was full. Siii sound like Bauhaus and the Birthday Party fighting in a metal dustbin - I don't like them. After a long wait, the Skeletal Family appeared. Their style is not dissimilar to a less doomy Banshees, although singer Ann-Marie's distinctive voice, punctuating the songs with high pitched shrieks and screams, has a style like nothing else I've ever heard. Dressed like a blonde, leathered belly-dancer, she launched into song after song as the amps were turned up, until eventually the sound became distorted. The group, though here unfortunately marred by poor mixing, have an original sound which looks set to make waves in the independent market.



R.H.

DIVINE - TOP RANK

Why is it that people snigger when you say you're going to see Divine? Maybe it's because of the fact that Divine is a fat, ageing drag artiste. Maybe it's because of his small gay following (I must point out here that I am neither a transvestite nor Gay!) Whatever the reason, the people who snigger can stop right now - Divine is a mountain of talent. Supported by a scantily-clad dance group, he fairly roared through his hits and the best of his new album, liberally showering the concert with lewdness and high mirth, insulting the audience and giving himself back-handed compliments. The punters obviously thoroughly enjoyed the Disco-Queen's hour-long extravaganza. Snigger no more doubters, Divine has arrived.

R.H.

QUIZ - TIME

10 MINUTE TANTALISER

Instructions: Each question below contains the initials of words that will make it correct; find the missing words.

Example: 16 = O in the P

Answer: Ounces in the Pound

1. 26 = L of the A
2. 7 = W of the W
3. 1001 = AN
4. 12 = S of the Z
5. 54 = C in a D (with J's)
6. 32 = D F at which W F
7. 20,000 = L under the S
8. 64 = S on a C B
9. 32 = P in a C G
10. 7 = D of the W
11. 147 = M P in a S G
12. 100 = Y in a C
13. 90 = D in a R A
14. 3 = B M (S H T R)
15. 13 = B in a B D

16. 66 = B of the B
17. 5 = C of the W
18. 12 = I in the F
19. 9 = P in the S S
20. 11 = M in a F T
21. 3 = M in a B
22. 18 = H on a G C
23. 200 = P for P G in M
24. 7 = S on a F P P
25. 8 = P's in a Q
26. 24 = H in a D
27. 29 = D in F in a L Y
28. 5 = T on a F
29. 8 + L on a S
30. 52 = S on the A F

Alex Hill

HOW TO SCIVE CROSS-COUNTRY - A QUIZ

Cross-country is one of the most popular tortures thought of by Games' Masters at K.E.S. By the Evil Ones, it is nicknamed "The Death Run" or the "Let's nip off for a break while they're being tortured" run, and it is normally run in very wet weather (the most favourable climate for sadistic horrors).

run... Questions (Multiple Choice)

1. Get your Mum or Dad to write a note saying:
 - A. My child has got a mild sniffle in his nose.
 - B. My child fell downstairs last night and broke his nose after eating one of my home-made hamburgers.
 - C. He contracted indiginous caramactus or something like that from playing marbles down in the sewer.

not-to

...to run or

2. Throw something downstairs then:
 - A. Lie at the bottom of the stairs, groaning.
 - B. Lie at the bottom of the stairs, groaning.
 - C. Lie at the bottom of the stairs, groaning.
3. Get your friend to trip over, then take him back to teacher, saying:
 - A. "He's hurt his leg."
 - B. "I hit him in the face."
 - C. "We met a giant anthropod who threw him onto Manchester Road and he was zaPPED BY VISITING Martians."
4. If it is a misty day:
 - A. Carry on running like a gormless twit.
 - B. Sneak back to the changing rooms and wait for the others to get back.
 - C. Run to the front, then wait for every one else and personally mutilate them all.
5. Don't bring your kit, then:
 - A. Say you've forgotten your kit.
 - B. Give the teacher a forged sick note.
 - C. Tell them the word "games" has been eradicated from your mind by the evil Zaxon Priest.
6. Swathe your arm in bandages, then:
 - A. Say you've broken your arm.
 - B. Say your arm was blown off when you were defusing a neutron bomb under your car, put there by Zaxon Major.
 - C. Say you've been exposed to Gamma Radiation, and it isn't to be exposed to sunlight for 1 million years.



7. Buy "The Schoolboy's Aid to Sciving Games" (price 2s. 6d.) and:
 - A. Throw it in the bin and cover it in 10 million gamma beta schrons of zchmuco radiation making the bin difuse and explode.
 - B. Use all the tips inside to help you scive games.
 - C. Turn it into a "Games-Master Beta Gamma Disruptor" machine.
8. Bring home-made bazooka to school and:
 - A. Destroy it by breaking it over your knee.
 - B. Find a secluded spot and blow the Games Master away.
 - C. Blow him away, then convert the same into an automatic grave/coffin/funeral-pyre-ey crematorium.

SCORING:

MOSTLY A's: You boring little creep! How could you contemplate reading this elequent quiz?

MOSTLY B's: Congrats. Buck Rogers needs you. We don't!

MOSTLY C's: Superflocous! We have got you a place in the Funny Farm (Middlewood).

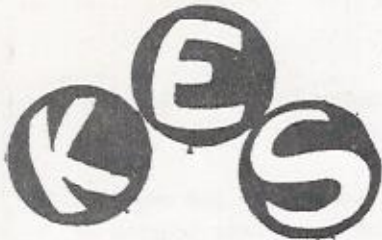
Richard Anderson and Cymon Gill

Cont. from page 12

then it was work until lunch. We finished with another decent meal, of Spanish rice, excellently prepared by the French-speaking chefs. Then off we went to tidy up our rooms and at about 2.30 p.m. it was back home, completely shattered, to do the weekend's homework. PHEW!

Thanks to the French staff and assistants for organising the weekend, and for sacrificing sacred sleep to keep us under control. Despite our moaning, it was greatly enjoyed by all.





Autumn Term 1939

The boys' grammar school at Glossop Road was in chaos for 10 weeks when the war broke out. All social activities were suspended. This disruption was mainly caused by the construction of the catacombs of an air-raid shelter under the Close. Problems of building the shelter included draining, earthfalls and the weather in general. It was a blast-proof, splinter-proof and gas-proof shelter, and was tried out on the odd occasion in an air raid practice. Apparently it was quite dry for an underground cave system, but the choir's attempts to be cheerful were a bit wet!

The disruption to the school curriculum came while this was being built, because the school grounds could not be used. All the pupils, approximately 720, had to be divided and taught in private homes all over the city. Not only were there K.E.S. pupils but also pupils from Nether Edge, and their time appears to have been spent wrecking the homes of the hostesses. All the rooms of some houses had been converted to classrooms, and housework left until school hours were over. Playing conkers near the best china, and sticking chewing gum on the billiard table legs were two of the more entertaining subjects. Eating biscuits and sweets, playing chess and talking scandals was their recreation. After the initial excitement, the boys settled down to work and the first phase of wartime education was a success. On December 4th, school re-opened, K.E.S. pupils attending mainly in the mornings and Nether Edge pupils in the afternoon. At this time, staff, prefects and Old Edwardians were still remembering the Great War by attending an Armistice Day service. The Headmaster read the roll of honour and wreaths were laid. Then the last post was played by buglers of the Balloon Barrage service, which had been training within the walls of the school. It's ironic to think that they may have had the last post played for them. The Headmaster made an extremely forceful speech to the school on Empire Day, ending on a rather sombre note: "Remember all the time that what is at stake is the liberty of Europe, or perhaps of the whole world: we must be prepared to work for it, to fight for it, and if need be, to die for it."

The whole school was taught to think 'Victory' For example, on speech day in 1940, they sang "The Song of Soldiers", and the Roll of Honour was read religiously.

As December 1940 approached, the school had almost settled into a routine. Breaks and lunchtimes were shortened to allow boys home for extra sleep, and masters and boys were, from time to time, called up for active service.

On 12th December, the night of the Sheffield bombing, the air raid shelter was not actually used by many pupils. One pupil wrote an account of the event, which happened at 7.15 p.m. After the sirens had started to wail, the bombing began, and the house had already been damaged before he had chance to get to a shelter. The bombs dropped about every five minutes, and the following day was spent clearing up the city.

Surprisingly, the school was not damaged. In fact, on the morning of Friday 13th, the school was just "shaken and a little dustier than usual."

Despite the seriousness of the threat of invasions, it was still the subject of jokes. One article entitled, "What to do if the invasion doesn't come." was an example.

"Will there be school as usual?
- Undoubtedly. Probably more than usual.
Will there be homework?
- For those not engaged in National importance, yes. If you are bombed out, bring a note saying why.
Do we still have to carry our gas masks?
- Of course you do, what do you think they are for?"

For those who are interested, the air raid shelter is still there, and we think we have discovered the entrance. The symbol, announcing the shelter can still vaguely be seen on the gate posts: a circle, divided in two.

This sign; the old school magazines, and the long lists of names all over the school walls, are the only scars to be seen to remind us of the war that took the lives of so many, 40 years ago.

ANGELA BUNTING 6H

