

The Chronicle 2021





KING EDWARD VI CAMP HILL SCHOOL FOR BOYS

In pursuit of educational excellence for all

Preface

BY THE HEADMASTER



I ended the introduction to last year's *Chronicle* with the words:

Each year is unique. 2019–20 was so very, very different. Already, 2020–21 is shaping up to challenge its predecessor for abnormality. If 'online learning' was the phrase for the year in review, 'blended learning' has already staked a claim for the defining characteristic for the one in prospect. Just as the community learnt to live in lockdown, so it will rise to the challenge of living in a world of rolling, partial attendance. We live in interesting times.'

— And so it proved.

I view *The Chronicle* as a historical document: not only does it tell of a year in the life of a school, but it also places that year in the longer-term history of Camp Hill. With that in mind, I'd like to note a few defining features of the past year.

'They have their exits and their entrances.' Segregation was the name of the game. As in the 60s, the boys and girls were not to meet. Cartland Road for the boys; Vicarage Road for the girls. Boys and vehicles sharing the vehicle drive at the end of the day.

Staggering home. The year groups' departures at the end of the day were spread over forty minutes to minimise congestion in the building and doorways.

Bubbles in the air. How many times have I stood up at an Open Day and said how important it is to the school that we're 11–18, that older boys mix with, support, encourage and help the younger ones? (The answer's 6, by the way.) The introduction of bubbles was such a blow to a community like ours. No more assemblies, House meetings, cross-year-group clubs and societies. An enormous loss.

No sports fixtures, no trips and visits, no residential courses, except for the reintroduction of a limited programme of cricket fixtures and field trips in the summer term.

Base rooms. The boys stay in one room all day. The teachers walk the corridors, often towing a little resource trolley behind them. No canteen at break. Limited food offer at lunch, eaten in base rooms.

Autumn term: all boys in school. Track-and-Trace began.

Spring term: the start was so chaotic that it's hard to remember all the details. First we were testing, then we weren't. First the boys were coming back, then it was staggered, then they didn't come back. Finally, we opened the school on 8th March 2021 for a four-week term before Easter. Lateral Flow Testing became part of life.

Summer term: some cricket fixtures returned. Some geography field trips took place. But the defining feature, as far as my memory serves, is the revolving door of attendance. We could have nearly two hundred boys out of school at any one time. After Y11 and

Y13 left (following the submission of their exam results), that meant the school could have fewer than 500 boys in it, compared to a full complement of 960. Unlucky boys could be in school and out again almost by return, as they were identified again as a contact or case.

The final piece of history I want to recall here is that, for the second year in a row, there were no externally set or marked GCSEs or A-Levels. Happily, the shambles of 2020 wasn't repeated. No-one would suggest the method adopted solved the problem (if it did, why would we have external exams in the first place?), but at least it was clear and consistent.

I'm confident that when I read *The Chronicle* in a couple of months' time, I'll be kicking myself that I forgot some other extraordinary feature of 2020–21, there were so many of them.

Staff turnover has been low this year. We said goodbye to Mr Tucker (37 years) at the end of the autumn term, to Dr Gadd (3 years) at the end of the spring term and to Mr Duncan (25 years) and Mr Patel (4 terms, extended maternity cover) at the end of the summer term. All were for retirement. We wish them good health and a long retirement. You can read more about the long-servers in this *Chronicle*. I'm also retiring (18 years).

I feel that well and truly places this *Chronicle* in its extraordinary place in history. Read on, to find out what the boys and staff got up to against this strange and, in so many ways, restrictive backdrop.

■ **Martin Garrod**, Headmaster

Editorial

It has been a funny old year... is the phrase that comes to mind this year more than any other. 2020–21 has been probably one of the hardest points of my career and I was shocked to work out that I have been teaching for twenty-six years!

We started the year with a range of restrictions, which were managed really well by our Senior Leadership Team. Suddenly we were teaching in bubbles, students were confined prison style to particular classrooms and staff began to trawl round school carrying large bags, suit cases and trolleys as we endeavoured to reach our rooms before too much time had elapsed.

Hand sanitiser and cleaning cloths appeared all over the place and many teachers will feel that if we achieved nothing else that the boys will know how to clean a table – no more excuses at home.

In addition, so many of the events and activities that are a part of normal school life suddenly disappeared. The trips, both home and abroad, that normally fill *The Chronicle* didn't happen. And then in January we went back into three months of lockdown leading the editor of this magazine to panic – how was I going to fill these pages in such an important year! Particularly as Mr Garrod had announced his retirement.

So this is a Chronicle with a twist. There are still many of the favourites including sport events and music. There is a tribute to Mr Garrod and his time as Head of this wonderful school, now handing the torch over to Mr Bowen as our new Headmaster. However, there are also pictures of Chaos – forget Junior and Senior Drama – this year the staff hit the boards. And we have many creative contributions from students themselves, including reviews, stories and poetry.

I really hope you do enjoy reading it as much as I have enjoyed editing it. And with no more ado, I present to you *The Chronicle* 2021.

■ **Joanne Parmar**, Editor

The Chronicle 2021

CONTENTS

Leavers.....	2
Obituaries.....	9
School Activities	
House Events and Reports.....	11
Chemistry.....	12
Mathematics.....	13
Geography.....	14
Language and Literature.....	16
Debating.....	17
Art.....	19
Lockdown.....	23
Drama.....	29
Music.....	32
Sport.....	40

Leavers

Mark Duncan



Mark Duncan retired this summer after 25 years dedicated service to the school. Born in Garston, Hertfordshire in 1962, Mark spent his formative years in Hatch End, near Pinner, in Middlesex. He developed an early love for Watford Football Club and was a regular at home games, witnessing the club's meteoric rise from the fourth division to the old first division in the heady days of Graham Taylor and Elton John.

His secondary education was at Uppingham School in Rutland where he was a contemporary of Jonathan Agnew, former Test cricketer and 'Test Match Special' commentator. By Mark's own admission, his schooldays were characterised by 'too little work and too much sport'. He played rugby, basketball, and a lot of five-a-side and it was here that his love of sport and the seeds of a potential career in teaching were sown. Whilst 'Aggers' went on to first class Cricket with Leicestershire and three Test Caps, Mark would eventually reach the dizzying heights of the Camp Hill Staff Cricket Team.

From Uppingham to St Mary's College, Twickenham for a BEd in Physical Education and, if my own experiences of PE degrees are anything to go by 'more play and minimal work'. When Mark and I first met 25 years ago, it didn't take us long to work out that we were both studying our PE degrees in Twickenham at the same time. Borough Road and St Mary's were arch rivals, in sporting spheres and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that we may have come across each other on a rugby pitch in some feisty local derby.

Mark was appointed to his first teaching job at Tunbridge Wells Boys' Grammar School in 1985 and remained there until he became Head of PE at Royal Latin School, Buckingham in 1990 where he taught for six years, before his move to the Midlands and his appointment as Head of PE and Games at Camp Hill. Mark and Tricia settled in Bromsgrove. Their two young daughters, Sophie and Rebecca, began their own educational journeys in the three-tier system of Catholic schools in Worcestershire.

Following in the footsteps of Gerry Thain and John Thomas, Mark quickly established himself as a Head of Department whose main priority was to ensure that the boys experienced a varied PE and Games programme and that extracurricular sport should thrive at Camp Hill under his stewardship. I think we can safely say that you achieved that one, Mark. One only has to look back at the sheer quantity and breadth of sport played at Camp Hill over the last 25 years to recognise that fact.

It goes without saying that Mark was a knowledgeable and enthusiastic practitioner of his craft. Mark was a believer in sporting excellence but the PE and games experience of **all** pupils was important to him. Whilst Camp Hill rugby, cricket, tennis, badminton, athletics teams reached county, sometimes national finals under his watch, I suspect he gained just as much satisfaction from a typical Friday games afternoon. With virtually the whole of Year 7 playing some form of competitive rugby game against other schools in A to F teams. Where was Mark on these occasions? Probably in some corner of the playing fields, 'attempting' to enthuse a small reluctant group of boys who had not made one of the teams, into the joys of running with and passing a rugby ball.

Mark's organisational skills and attention to detail are legendary. They ranged from the more mundane day-to-day, week-by-week tasks of making sure the PE programme and

extracurricular fixtures ran smoothly to the opposite end of the scale, the big House occasions and whole school events. Mark always had a keen eye for keeping equipment up to date, missing rugby balls, untidy cricket bags. Throw in the overseeing of sports fixtures, booking of coaches and from time to time, managing the varied views of House Masters at sometimes turbulent Games Committee meetings. Mark's working week was never dull!

However, Mark's prowess was never more evident than in the big House events: cross country and athletics standards, swimming galas, sports days. Mark was always well prepared, always there in the background, always quietly ensuring a smooth operation. After the event, the meticulous checking of results before swift feedback to Housemasters and the boys. End of term assemblies brought the much-anticipated MWD film production summarising House events and the state of play in the Championship, playing out to a rousing soundtrack before the final reveal of House champions to an excited audience.

I know that Mark takes great pride in the whole school events he initiated, planned and delivered. Events such as the House Festival, first held in 2007 to mark the House Centenary and then in 2012 and 2019. These were massive undertakings, requiring months of planning and cajoling of staff to run events. They have become memorable occasions for pupils and staff alike. At the heart of them, Mark, surrounded by his carefully selected IT 'whizzos', processing results for a big finale. In 2013, Mark coordinated the Gerry Thain Memorial Service. A huge event attended by pupils, ex-pupils, staff and Camp Hill Edwardians swimming club members. Unsurprisingly carried off with Mark's trademark efficiency, despite the wintry weather's best efforts to hamper it. Mark was also instrumental in the development of Camp Hill Alumni and the summer term Alumni Day





enjoyed by so many. There is no doubt that if Mark is ever short of things to do in retirement, there is an obvious second career in event management.

Beyond Camp Hill, Mark forged strong bonds with other schools and bodies. None more so than with the local area Sports Partnership, working closely with Derek McDermott and Adam Speake, both of whom have become good friends. These links have created opportunities for Camp Hill pupils to compete in new sports and competitions such as the Birmingham Schools Games and Rowing, Basketball, Badminton, Handball and Table Tennis tournaments. New competitive activities, enhancing the sporting experience of the boys. Mark's Norman Green Athletics meeting became a regular feature of the summer term, always attracting schools from across the Midlands. Visiting teachers, always appreciative of being able to watch their teams rather than officiating events because Mark had mobilised Camp Hill staff en masse to cover officiating. Incredibly, Mark still found the time to coach Greater Birmingham Rugby sides and performed the role of Tournament Secretary for many years.

When Mark asked me to write about him for *The Chronicle*, he followed it up with: 'Keep it short!' How could I? It is obvious from what I have written so far that Mark's influence on PE and Games at Camp Hill over the last 25 years has been profound and yet despite all the admin and organisation that came with the role, he never expected staff to commit to something he wouldn't do himself. He led by example: as a coach, referee, umpire; stepping

in when necessary, supporting in the background when needed. As a member of the PE staff, I always appreciated that.

Like myself, Mark's second subject was English. We had joint ownership of the sports hall classroom for our English lessons. Safe to say that its wall displays perhaps lacked the extravagance of other English classrooms, but at least it was tidy! Waiting outside at change over, I can confirm that Mark, a great lover of reading and theatre delivered his English lessons with no less enthusiasm than he showed on the sports field. His desire for high standards extended into this realm too. Woe betide any persistently forgetful pupil if homework hadn't appeared on time.

Despite the obvious demands on his time, Saturday morning sport and after school activities add up over 25 years, Mark has always been a strong supporter of school trips. A veteran of numerous rugby tours to Cumbria and Ireland, Prestatyn and Koren, Mark threw himself into these trips with great enthusiasm. A reliable source tells me that he has some Jonny Cash standards in his back catalogue and often belted them out at the camp talent contest in the Czech Republic. At Prestatyn, Mark was often found aggravating the instructors through his antics in the watersport activities, trying to soak other staff and pupils. I always enjoyed Mark's company on our annual trip to Wimbledon with a minibus of boys. Some of you may not know that Mark is a big fan of Roger Federer, although I have to admit to being slightly perturbed one year, when as we were going through security at the All-England Club, Mark proceeded to don his Roger face mask, much to the surprise of the boys, myself and the security staff. Beneath that sometimes-serious demeanour, Mark has a sense of fun.

It is ironic that after working together for 25 years, Mark and I both decided to step down from our respective roles in the same term without knowing each other's intentions. The time was right for us both and we enjoyed our new part-time status. The only down side to our reduced workload was that the timetable dictated that our paths would only cross on Wednesdays leading to hurried chats in the staff room or sports hall between lessons. It also meant that for the first time in our life at Camp Hill, we had joint responsibility for a rugby team, sharing coaching, refereeing and transporting the team on Saturdays. Like most staff involved in ferrying pupils around the West Midlands for sport fixtures, we both have had 'a minibus moment.' Mark's came in the shape of a low height warning barrier at the Alexander Stadium. No wonder the school introduced minibus tests!





In his 25 years at Camp Hill, Mark has been an outstanding teacher and Head of Department, working tirelessly to inspire and provide numerous sporting opportunities to generations of Camp Hill pupils. Some of the school events initiated under his leadership remain as a fitting legacy to his time at the school. Just as important, he has been a good friend to

many staff and his presence around school will undoubtedly be missed.

Deep down, Mark is a sports enthusiast and always will be. He may not have achieved the sporting excellence of his friend from Uppingham, but he has retained his love of all things sporting during his long and highly successful teaching career and enthused generations of Camp Hill boys into the benefits and enjoyment of participating in sport. I therefore have no doubt that sport will be a central feature of his retirement too. His beloved Watford have just been promoted back into the Premier League. As a long-suffering Worcester rugby fan, I am sure he will be holding onto his season ticket to see if they can lift themselves off the bottom of the Premiership next year. I can see more trips to the O2, Edgbaston and New Road on the horizon, and with the Commonwealth Games coming to Birmingham, what better time to retire. Mark is hoping to be part of the Birmingham volunteering team next summer, in addition to his current voluntary work with the Primrose Hospice in Bromsgrove. Mark is also an avid reader and not just of sporting biographies! More time for that too. As RSC members,

Mark and Tricia will undoubtedly be making trips to Stratford, as well as travelling further afield, keeping fit with walking, cycling and swimming and of course seeing more of their daughters Sophie and Rebecca.

On a personal note, I would like to thank Mark for being a tremendously supportive colleague, but more importantly, a valued friend. I am sure I speak for everyone at Camp Hill Boys, in wishing Mark and Tricia a long, happy and healthy retirement together. Enjoy it, Mark, you have certainly earned it.

■ **C.M.J.**



Ilona McCulloch



Ilona joined the History Department in 2015 following 15 years of teaching at Frankley Community High School: the school which is now KE VI Balaam Wood Academy. Prior to that Ilona started her teaching career at St Wilfrid Martineau, this is now called the International School and before beginning her teaching career, Ilona worked in nursing and for the DHSS.

Ilona has taught History from Years 7 through to 13 – students have been particularly grateful for her contribution towards the Russian element of the A-Level course. She has also gone on to teach in the RS and geography departments and has been a lower school form tutor. And I speak for all Heads of Department who offer our gratitude for the service she has done across the curriculum – ever dependable and supportive of department initiatives, being particularly helpful this year in sorting out our KS3 exams. Ilona's quiet, calm yet authoritative style in classroom has been enjoyed by my own children here over the past five years and I offer thanks as a parent, as well as Head of Department.

Ilona has been a support with trainees and newer teachers throughout her career. She has offered fantastic encouragement to Andy Rudd and has really engaged in moving the history curriculum forward on issues like Empire and Holocaust Education. Rachel Watson and Megan Stevenson have both benefitted from her wise counsel and differing takes on what makes good history teaching.

Ilona has helped with a great many trips and visits over the years here, organising WWI Centenary Tour for Year 9 and, in recent years, trips to the Imperial War Museum to visit the National Holocaust Exhibition which has had a profound impact on many of our pupils. She has also organised Sixth Form conferences, been on the Year 10 Battlefields Tour,

survived Warwick Castle with the Year 7s and been a stalwart of Balkham's battalion on the Paris/Rouen trip with Year 9. Kate Balkham has particularly valued Ilona's matter of fact and reassuring manner when seemingly insurmountable crises have enveloped the operation, dealing with outbreaks of chicken pox, truculent parents and travel sickness. Kate and countless others value Ilona as a good friend and colleague that we will miss, generous with her time and thoughtful gifts.

Ilona is retiring in 2021 as she did not want to retire when she had an exam group in the middle of their course, a sign of the value she places on the students and their academic and pastoral well-being. There are things she will not miss, the Romans topic in Year 7, inane questions: "where do I put the title?", "are dates important?". Retirement life will allow Ilona to see more of her extended family, catch up on her reading and interest in historic left-wing politics, gardening, knitting, baking, singing in her choir and attending concerts and plays, supporting the community in her local area, no-one is more Kings Heath than Ilona, and (restrictions permitting) to travel. Ilona also has plans to join the local history society and volunteer at the Pen Museum in the Jewellery Quarter which satisfies her love for stationery! Once again we say thank you for your service and wish you a happy retirement.

■ **G.N.H.**

Martin Garrod



I felt humbled to have been asked by Martin to play this part in the celebration of his time at Camp Hill. The responsibility weighs heavily and I only hope that the words I choose do justice to this incredible colleague and friend.

The youngest of two children, Martin's early years were spent in Chiswick, South London. When the time came to move to secondary school, he had the choice of two. He decided on a boarding place in Merchant Taylors' School, reasoning that it was still close enough to home if he didn't take to boarding; he did, or at least it appears so! I've heard many interesting recollections of his time at Merchant Taylors'; Martin still compares the antics of our current students to some of the things his contemporaries got up to! Or maybe it was him?

He's very clear about the fact that he chose Engineering at University because he wasn't good enough to do Maths! Peterhouse was his college at Cambridge, and his degree took him into a 12-year career in engineering.

Martin and Dilys first met at the church they both attended in Chester. Martin's parents had moved to Chester when he was 18 and Dilys had taken her first job there. Fate saw to it that they should attend the same church and the rest, as they say, is history. In 1980, on the day Bjorn Borg and John McEnroe battled in an epic five set Wimbledon final (that I suspect many guests would have liked to watch), Martin and Dilys were married.

One of Martin's ambitions as an engineer was to work around the world. Jobs in South Africa, Japan and Hong Kong saw him fulfil this ambition but there is no doubt in his mind that the experiences of living and working in these countries were immensely formative too. Seven years in the UK between the jobs in South Africa and Japan saw the arrival of their three children (Tanya, Bryn and Ross). In 1992, engineering wasn't the secure career we think of today, so the time had come for Martin to leave his father's profession behind and turn

to his mother's instead (he really wasn't very ambitious in his career choices!). In fairness, it was always the intention to turn to teaching for a more stable career, once the family were ready to settle in one place. Initially that was Bristol, because that's where he did his teacher training and his first teaching post was there too. That was a maternity cover and so the family then had the freedom to choose wherever they wished for a more permanent base. Dilys' connection with Birmingham and the Foundation (she is a CHG old girl) brought them to Kings Heath and Martin's first permanent job, at Handsworth Grammar School.

The children thrived at their local primary school and all secured places at one of the Foundation schools; Tanya at Handsworth Girls' and the two boys at CHB. They certainly made the most of the opportunities afforded them at school and have flourished thereafter.

Martin worked for four years at Handsworth before making the short journey to Aston to become their Head of Maths. Five years as Head of Department and one year as Assistant Head took him to 2003, and the start of his time at Camp Hill Boys'.

In his 18 years here (eleven as Deputy and seven as Head) he has immersed himself into every aspect of life at Camp Hill, not just those directly associated with his primary roles.

As Deputy and more recently as Head, Martin has been utterly consistent in his style of leadership. His personality shines through all that he does and his letters to parents are

legendary; another example of his intellect. I have often said to him how much I appreciate his complete trust in me, but that trust really extends to the whole staff. He places great value on the members of our community having the freedom to explore new methods and ideas, encouraging sensible risk taking and the formative lessons that come from that.

Martin slotted perfectly into the Maths Department when he joined CHB. I suppose the links he had formed through his children helped, but ultimately it was that his philosophy was perfectly aligned with the department's that really mattered. In my time as HOD, I always appreciated the fact that he attended department meetings as a teacher, not as a member of SLT. It's those small touches that make Martin such a trusted friend and colleague. Spells teaching PSHE, General Studies and Computer Science (when Jason Pitt left mid-year) completed his classroom repertoire.

Outside (well, as long as it wasn't raining), Martin proved to be a very adaptable member of the Games staff. I think he might be scarred by the long winter afternoons with the bottom rugby group; there are only so many grid routines or passing drills that you can do with boys who can't catch a rugby ball and, justifiably, don't want to be outside in freezing weather! A keen swimmer, for his own fitness, he has also had spells teaching a Games group. And it was Martin who first took our teams to local indoor rowing competitions, with some success. But it was football where he really made





his mark at Camp Hill. The senior squad needed a coach and team manager, a role that Martin would not claim to be qualified for but one that he took on with enthusiasm. Monday evening training sessions gave the 1st XI Captain a chance to hone his own coaching skills. I think Cameron Walker was the first to begin taking the lead in the coaching but it has been a tradition that has continued; did he start because Martin is superb at bringing that sort of leadership out of those around him, or was it because the boys thought, "we can't have this dinosaur telling us how to play football"; who knows!

The annual football tours began under Martin's tenure, and what a success they've been. I know it's a big disappointment that the last two tours have not run; perhaps next year? Pat May accompanied the first few with him, as Adam Speake, the Co-Manager, was unavailable. So, Pat was stand-in Assistant Manager and kit man. All the boy's stuff went into his Honda C-RV and it was also Pat's job to translate what the professional coaches were saying into more cerebral language that Martin could actually understand. For instance, 'The boy done good' became 'That young man performed rather well'. Martin's half-time talks were, of course, strategic masterpieces. If only the boys had read more Wittgenstein they'd have been inspired to second half glory! Pat recalled one occasion, in the Liverpool area, where a planned match had been cancelled and Martin decided it would be a good idea to find a local playing field and let the boys play a match against each other. They stumbled across a lovely ground in a place called Whiston and within minutes the 'match' had started. Not long after, a gentleman arrived and asked Martin if he was aware his match was taking place on private property. Martin was a bit embarrassed of course, but the chap was really nice about it and let the boys finish the game. The gentleman also invited Martin and Pat into the clubhouse for a cup of tea. It turned out that Whiston Juniors was Steven Gerard's first club as a boy; his picture was all over the walls of the clubhouse. They heard some fascinating stories of Gerard's early days in football and left like long lost friends; as usual, Martin had fallen on his feet!

Residential trips are a hugely important part of a complete 'package' of education and Martin's support of such trips is unwaver-

ing. One year he was a late replacement for Richard Surr on the German Work Experience trip and he (Martin) relished the chance to utilise the German he had honed on his gap year before University. The one year he joined us on the ski trip saw him fly home with an injured student, so there is a concern he was something of a poisoned chalice! As Head, Martin tried to spend time with as many trips as possible; he alternated (annually) between Junior and Senior Rugby Tours, joined us for a day's rock climbing in St David's, accompanied the Geography trip to Japan and was an ever present on the Year 8 residential to North Wales. In fact, it was Martin who established the Conway Centre as the venue for the Year 8 trip when Pontins went 'bust'. I'm pretty sure he organised the trip, maybe with Pat May, in the first few years, before Chris Jones and then Tim Watkins took over. The importance of this particular trip has been made clear to Martin through the student's recollections of their time at Camp Hill; he always makes time to meet with the leavers in their final months. A good proportion cite the Year 8 trip as one of their take away memories.

It was also Martin that re-established the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme at Camp Hill. The D of E mirrors so many of the values and experiences that he sees as vital for students who pass through our school, so it was natural that he should see this as an important programme to re-introduce. His support was not just from the comfort of his office though; he accompanied expeditions and spent his fair share of nights under canvas too!

It would be remiss of me to not mention Martin's year as master i/c chess. This was another example of inspired leadership. He delegated the responsibility to three senior chess players (Chris Marshall, Amartya Maheshwari and Vamsi Pratapa) who ran the matches like clockwork. Had one of them been old enough to drive the minibus, it's possible Martin would have been completely redundant!

When the staff walking weekends were introduced in 2012, Martin was always one of the first to sign up. His love of the outdoors and hill walking is obvious, and it is one of the activities he is looking forward to having more time to enjoy. He has attended every weekend since that first one and is always a great companion on the walks and in the bar afterwards. Strangely, it's the year that Martin took on the role of kitty man that I recall most clearly. You'd assume that someone as numerate as Martin wouldn't have too much difficulty collecting



£10 off each member of the party! His confusion when he 'collected' 18 times £10 to find he only had 17 times £10 in his hand caused much amusement for us and consternation for him! I'm not sure if he ever did find that missing money, but if he thought such staged incompetence was going to get him out of the kitty job – well, he would need to be much more creative!

I've deliberately stayed away from Martin's duties as Deputy and Head, mainly because there's not too much entertainment to be had writing about data, SDPs and review meetings! The things I do recall, and have observed with admiration, are the calm ways he analyses a difficult situation and sees a route through to a solution. Anyway, enough seriousness! I know the pitfalls of shuffling staff to cover lessons, particularly those rushed, last minute changes. Here at Camp Hill we have always been so lucky that many of our recently retired staff are so willing to come in at a moment's notice for unexpected absences, and so it was no surprise that one Sunday evening Martin found himself in this position and decided he'd call on Jim Smith. What Martin had forgotten was that Jim was in Australia and at 6 pm in the UK it was 4 am in Australia; Jim wasn't best pleased with that call! What made it even more amusing was the follow-up apology call at 6 pm on Monday evening!!



Safeguarding is a very significant consideration for any Headteacher; a serious issue can make or break a Head's tenure. Fortunately, Martin's record at school is exemplary, probably because he didn't employ the approach taken with his family! His laissez faire approach to his children's safety (unless it is genuinely life threatening, best let them get on with it) often resulted in a scramble for the camera rather than planning a rescue! The occasion when Ross fell in a fountain and Martin forbade Dilys from retrieving him until he'd got a photo was one such example.

In 2016, the Chair of the charity 'Remembering Srebrenica' approached Martin. The Chair's son had just started in Year 7 and he was keen to involve Camp Hill in their work. Martin embraced this offer, as the charity's focus on challenging hate and division aligned perfectly with a focus Martin wanted to introduce here. His first visit to Bosnia was in 2017 and the impact of this experience was obvious. Having now visited Sarajevo and Srebrenica myself, I can see why. Workshops and opportunities for students to engage with the work of the charity have become regular additions to our calendar and Martin is justifiably proud of the uptake and interest in other Trust schools following his Trust visit to Bosnia in 2019. He is keen to continue this work in the future and I know he hopes that Camp Hill Boys will continue its association with the charity.

While pandemic legislation is easing, it would be inappropriate not to mention Martin's brilliantly clear thinking through the last 18 months. There have been many difficult decisions to make but Martin has kept two things at the centre of all of these; the boys' education and the staff's well-being. That summarises all you need to know about Martin's educational philosophy; look after great staff and the boys' education will take care of itself.

Martin is an open book, an incredibly nice and genuine person, with an enormous intellect and a ready sense of humour; the way he kept an ongoing April Fools running with his family epitomises this. Of course, Martin had the last word in that encounter, through a two-pronged attack on his father, who fell hook, line and sinker for the Japanese conglomerate taking over his golf club!

I feel fortunate to have been able to work so closely with him and will miss his wise counsel enormously. I've really enjoyed the conversations at the end of a busy day, where we put the world to rights, reminisce about shared experiences or talk about our families; we both feel the same way about the significance of our families in our lives. Martin will now have more time to enjoy the grandchildren and who knows, he might have the energy to stay awake for the whole of a bedtime story!

I've missed so much out of this speech that I thought I might include: music, CHAOS, spoons in teacups, hosting student exam iso-



lators, brilliantly witty sports reports, could all have featured, as could the dedicated community work he quietly does through his church. Suffice to say that we all have our own recollections of this brilliant man and perhaps it is most fitting that we keep those personal memories

at the forefront of our minds.

Martin, we wish you a thoroughly well-deserved rest and a happy and healthy (partial) retirement.

■ P.A.B.

Martin Garrod's Reflections

I'm not being arrogant – honest – given that there are fewer items to report on this year I have written my reflections of my time at Camp Hill.

It is customary at Camp Hill for the Common Room (that means the staff) to say goodbye to staff leaving at the end of the year. The farewell takes the form of some words given by a friend of the departing teacher and then some words from the teacher, delivered at a BBQ held on the last evening of term. Last year's BBQ was cancelled. I was very relieved that this year's event could go ahead, albeit in a modified form. The speech given by the friend of the one leaving is then rewritten into a form which can be used in *The Chronicle*. Paul Bruton gave that speech for me, so I expect it will be reproduced in *The Chronicle*. However, the speech given by the outgoing teacher isn't similarly reproduced. That's what's different this time, which I consider a privilege.

That over-used word, 'privilege', is where my reflections begin. Of course I'm going to say I've been privileged to work at Camp Hill for 18 years, ending with seven years as Head. But why? I can't escape the cliché; it's clichéd because it's unavoidably true: it's the people who have made my time at the school so special. (I'm not going to apologise for every cliché. Please trust me; I'm not just sharing these thoughts out of a kind of good manners – I mean them.)

Let's start with the boys. I watch the boys as they go about their lunchtime and break business. The fact is, there is no doubt that this generation is streets more civilised than my generation was, at least if I'm allowed to judge from my experience at school. Their understanding of how to support, encourage and care for each other is a world away from mine at their age. Their understanding of the implications of racism and bullying is so much better than mine was. Their understanding of matters relating to disability, sexuality and body image is markedly better, too. I've shared these thoughts with other teachers of my age and have received strong agreement. Of course, I'm not saying I haven't seen plenty of examples of disgraceful behaviour relating to all these areas; I'm simply saying we've moved a long way in the right direction.

I loved going on the Year 8 outdoor-pursuit trip to Anglesey. I was always struck by the way the boys worked together in their groups. If a boy was genuinely terrified of abseiling down a wall, he would receive nothing but kind and patient encouragement. The only ones they teased were the high-status individuals, who they knew instinctively were confident of their popularity and ability and so would not be hurt by leg-pulling (in fact, it

was probably good for them).

Thinking of the Anglesey trip, I want to pick up a theme, by remembering individuals. I remember one evening on that trip, playing with a group of boys with a Frisbee, out on the front field. One member of the group was clearly not socially completely keyed-in. Each time he didn't have the Frisbee, he was calling for it to be thrown to him. If it fell on the ground, he would run over to be the one to throw it next. And when he threw it, he wasn't particularly good at doing so. The boys were utterly patient with him. I remember thinking to myself, 'These boys are only 12, and yet they've worked out what's going on here and are being totally patient and kind.'

There's the first reason for calling it a privilege to teach at Camp Hill. The humanity of the Camp Hill family is very special.

The second great privilege is the opportunity to teach boys who want to learn and who can get enthusiastic about the same things as me. I recall going in to a Y10 maths lesson and saying, 'Today, I'm going to tell you something amazing. Something which, on its own, was worth coming to school for. Something to tell your parents about tonight.' And so on; they knew I was satirising enthusiasm for what I was about to tell them. 'If you get any quadrilateral – yes, any quadrilateral – and join the midpoints of its sides, you've got a parallelogram.' There was a moment of silence followed by, 'Actually, that is amazing!'

I told the boys about Gauss – one of the greatest mathematicians of all time. How he was still publishing advanced maths papers almost until his death at 77. And yet in all his extraordinary output, one of the achievements of which he was most proud, was inventing a way to construct a regular 17-sided polygon using only a straight edge and a pair of compasses. When I finished teaching that group, one of the boys gave me his construction of the 17-sided shape, having worked through it painstakingly on YouTube.

At my farewell speech, I gave other examples of the privilege of teaching such able boys, but my wife said I went on too long. So I'll stop there – but, believe me, I could give many more examples.

The second pillar of the Camp Hill edifice is the staff. I am constantly in awe of their commitment and qualities. I like to reflect on the five or six years before Covid struck. It was a time when schools were under severe financial pressures. Schools either had to lay staff off and work the remainder harder, or they had to expand without taking on staff – again in order to increase the workload for teachers. Camp Hill, like most over-subscribed schools, took the latter route. Contact time went steadily up

as the expansion worked through the school. And yet, at the same time, the extra-curricular offer of enrichment activities, such as trips, visits and residential, went up.

I could name many individual teachers and support staff who have enriched my time at the school. But to avoid putting myself in a highly invidious position, I will talk only of two who are no longer full-time members of staff at the school. Mike Southworth, sadly, died last year. I'm not going to write his eulogy again now, but, yes, to have worked alongside such an extraordinary teacher was a privilege. The other old-stager is Peter Jack. I wrote about him in the 2019 *Chronicle*, when he sort-of retired again. He still hasn't quite left the school, as he continues to look after the swimmers with undimmed enthusiasm. Peter is a quite extraordinary man, and I can only see myself as blessed indeed to have had him as a colleague and friend. I include this paragraph because I know that *The Chronicle* is read by the wider Camp Hill community and everyone who knew those two teachers will know why I have mentioned them here. Those who don't know them are unfortunate – you'll have to take my word for it.

I could talk about the school's Governors, the Old Boys, my fellow King Edward's Heads, the King Edward's Foundation Office, all of whom have played their part in making the role of Head at Camp Hill Boys a privilege. But I'm going to allow myself just one more group – the parents. It's a myth that difficult parents make a Head Teacher's life miserable. Or, at least, it's a myth at Camp Hill Boys. Yes, there are sometimes frustrations, but those are few and far between. What isn't few and far between is the words of encouragement and thanks I've received from parents. I have been astonished by the support the school has been given by parents as we've worked our way through Covid times. So often, we have been the messenger delivering bad news, sometimes backed by unclear science, but the parents have borne it all with great kindness and understanding. I've realised that one of the things I'm going to miss is getting to know some of the parents on the touchline and on sports tours. I hadn't seen that one coming.

I hope you didn't need convincing when I said it has been a privilege teaching at Camp Hill. If you did, I hope you're convinced now. The decency and humanity of a supportive, generous and kind community is something I will always remember with enormous fondness.

■ M.J.G.

Obituaries

Gill Cole

It was with great shock and sadness that we mark the sudden death of Gill Cole, whose association with Camp Hill ran from 1981 until the day she passed away. The exact chronology of Gill's association with the Foundation in general and Camp Hill in particular is at best hazy; Gill was never certain herself!

She took a Botany degree at Royal Holloway College, University of London, followed by a PGCE at the University of Leicester. Gill's first teaching post was at Homeland School in Derbyshire and from there she returned to God's own county to become Head of Biology at Scarborough Girls High School. A move to the Midlands followed and her first documented brush with the KE Foundation was when she taught part time at KE Aston (1972-3). After a career break to raise a son, Malcolm, and a daughter, Margaret, Gill next surfaced circa 1981. We had been left in the lurch by a late resignation and Des Wright, the then Deputy

Headmaster, knew of a lady living locally who was on his London O-Level examining team. Enter Gill to bail us out for the summer term.

Off she then went to some educational backwater, KE Five Ways I believe, to return once more on a temporary contract under almost identical circumstances a year later. Finally, in 1984, Gill returned, this time on a more permanent, part-time basis to teach Biology up to GCSE level. Generations of bright-eyed, bushy-tailed Year 7 pupils have her to thank for a gentle maternal approach to ease their transition to "the big school" and her contribution to the department was considerable.

Gill was always a stalwart of the Camp Hill staff room and I recall how welcoming she was when I joined the staff in 1989. I do know that I quickly learned that, as a real Yorkshire woman, she could sometimes 'tell it how she saw it', which could be a little disconcerting if you were not a Yorkshire person yourself, or at least knew not to be too taken aback! That Yorkshire manner didn't stop her saying those positive and supportive things that a new member of a community craves to hear; she was always kind and thoughtful.

Retirement eventually tempted her away in 1998, but that certainly didn't mark the end of her association with Camp Hill! Without any

break (seemingly) she was back as an invigilator and I know that she was on our list of those to contact first, when something needed to be supervised at short notice (language orals, entrance tests, student jabs and photos, Maths Challenges, to name a few). The only things that might stand in the way of Gill being available were holidays, which she always said the extra work funded, or her huge contribution to the local community through her work at All Saint's, Kings Heath. Her travels were legendary and she provided a fine example of how to make the most of retirement!

It was always clear how important her family were in her life. She proudly watched the (successful) progress of two of her grandchildren (Daniel and Sam) through Camp Hill and her daughter-in-law, Heather, has become a regular in our community too.

There are so many ways in which she was part of our community and many of us will have treasured personal memories. Her religion was hugely important to her and so it is perhaps fitting to close by using the final line from the final prayer of her memorial service: 'Welcome her as she welcomed so many of us.'

■ P.A.B.

Bob Hunt

It is with sadness that I report Robert George Hunt, who taught at Camp Hill for 38 years until his retirement in 1988, passed away in October 2020. Bob was a gentle, dedicated, and caring colleague, mentor and friend. When he wasn't working, Bob loved travelling the world, listening to opera and reading. Sometimes doing all three at the same time.

Born in Yorkshire, as a young adult he graduated from Birmingham University and then spent the rest of his life in the city working at Camp Hill. I cannot say much about Bob's early life as he and I never discussed it in any great detail. However, he did tell me that the sudden death of his father in the family home was a severe shock to him and his mother. As an only child, Bob took responsibility for his widowed mother. He brought her to live with him in a house on Cartland Road where they lived together until her death.

I believe Bob started teaching at King Edward VI Camp Hill School for Boys in September 1950 (the month I was born) when the school was situated on the Stratford Road. He witnessed and was part of the move in school to its present location on the former Cartland grounds in Kings Heath in 1956.

I first met Bob in 1974 when, as Head of department, he interviewed for the post of Assistant Master of geography. Bob interviewed me informally in the school hall while boys streamed through between lessons. It

must have gone well as Bob duly appointed me, and when I started it was quickly apparent that Bob was a well-respected senior member of the Common Room. Bob himself would joke that the Common Room would make a half decent Gentleman's Club... 'if it wasn't for all those boys around the place.'

Bob was a man with little rituals and a mischievous sense of fun. He would wearily enter the staff Common Room at the end of a teaching day, carrying his battered leather briefcase and someone would say 'There goes a man who has given his all!'. Without breaking his laboured amble, he would give a wry smile and reply 'And a little bit more!'. He had a series of deeply silly jokes that would always be told to anyone that was at the staffroom tea urn. One I remember was 'How do you make a venetian blind?' He would answer his own question. 'Poke him in the eye!' he would say. The sheer frequency of these jokes meant he was able to adopt a shorthand system of numbers to identify his favourite ones. Subsequently, you could be waiting for the kettle to boil and he or Len Bowles would shout out 'Number 3' or 'Number 1' and then the gathered huddle would titter in acknowledgement. Bob loved laughter very much.

Back in 1974 teachers were not overburdened with paperwork and there was much more freedom in both what was taught and



[Pictured above] Bob Hunt photographed by John Dinham

how it was taught. This suited Bob's style of management. I remember well the A5 sheet of paper he presented me with on my first day at the school. That one sheet had the outline of the teaching he wanted me to do across six-year age groups for the whole academic year. This was indeed a different age from today.

The lack of paperwork should not be taken as a lack of dedication; Bob was committed to the school and its students. He was a leading light of the PTA, or 'The Association of Friends' as it was grandly titled. Bob ran the sub-committee dedicated to raising the funds for the first ever school minibus. It was largely through Bob's enthusiasm and drive (pun intended) that the funds were duly raised, ahead of the targeted timescale.

Outside of school Bob was also a committee member in the Birmingham Geographical Association. Both of these committee roles suited Bob as he was a very sociable man. He was well respected for his intellect and liked because of his listening skills and ready wit.

Bob embraced organising extracurricular activities through foreign trips for the boys of Camp Hill. The first major foreign trip was in 1977 after Bob had heard of a 3-week educational cruise to West Africa organised by the Geographical Association. Bob and I led our small group of sixth formers on this trip of a lifetime to exotic locations such as the Gambia, Sierra Leone and Senegal. It was on this trip that I saw Bob in his element.

Bob had a passion for travel and an insatiable appetite to know and learn more about

the world – and about people. Bob was a good conversationalist, and on these trips it was he who would get conversation flowing at the dinner table which included teachers from various schools around the country. His quick wit and bonhomie set the tone for the dinners. I remember well the laughter and seeing people at other tables looking quizzically across towards our table to wonder what all the jollity was about.

Bob enjoyed a loving, long term relationship with Norah Downey, who had been the school's secretary. Though they never married, they enjoyed many happy holidays and times together. They especially enjoyed cruising on the QE2. When Norah died early into their retirement it was a devastating blow to Bob. After a lifetime of caring for his mother he

deserved more time with Norah.

It was Norah who had introduced Bob to a love of French Bulldogs. Their later life became centered around the joy and care the dogs brought them. After Norah's death, Bob spent his later years with his dog, Ludo, as his constant companion.

It is my wish that Bob should be remembered for his service to others. He should be remembered for the laughter and care he brought to others. Kind to others and incessantly curious, he was, and will remain in our memory, a gentle man.

When I think of Bob, I think of a man who gave his all in everything he did. And then, in my imagination, I can hear him say 'And a little bit more!'

■ **Keith Phipps**

Glyn Matthews

Yes, that was a week of sadness, double sadness – yet tinged with thankful memories, as within two days in October 2020, the school learned of the passing of two of Camp Hill's greats – men who had given their best years for the benefit of successive generations of students.

Glyn Matthews, Camp Hill 1959–1987, was all the Head of Department that a newly qualified maths teacher could ask for, kind, understanding, helpful and encouraging, I will forever be in his debt!

In those days there was very little of the 'tech' which teachers now take for granted – slide rules were just coming in, a novelty to be used alongside log tables, and Glyn's tortuous task of constructing the annual school timetable was also done with pencil, paper and brainwork. When in my 1971 interview I asked about possible departmental visual aids, Glyn listed: 'coloured chalk'. Coloured or not, the dust, permeating everywhere: hands, books, papers and even the gowns of those staff who still wore them.

Though foremost a dedicated and successful maths teacher, Glyn was so much more. His character, like a flexagon had more sides hidden than on view. Football, hockey, cricket, walking, swimming, genealogy, chess, films, literature. These were no fleeting fads. As with teaching, so with leisure. Glyn carried through all he undertook with energy, enthusiasm and whole-hearted thoroughness. Successfully completing an F.A. coaching course, representing Rotherham and the Birmingham Pickwick club at hockey, playing staff cricket, (once taking 5 for 32 against the school) enjoying wide ranging walking holidays with his family, achieving the Adult 'Million-metres-in-five years' Swimming Award, poring for hours over ancient microfilmed newspapers in libraries near and far, playing good club chess (including matches against convicted murderers at

Long Lartin Top Security Prison), intelligently conversing on dozens of films and scores of books, submitting verse and monographs on local history to his parish magazine. Expertly devising cryptic clues for the students' Christmas Magazine. Glyn was certainly active.

With all this activity, Glyn also willingly gave of his time and effort that others should share his enjoyments. Arriving at Camp Hill fresh from a Durham University Maths degree and a Cert. Ed. year at Cambridge, Glyn quickly became involved in much of the enrichment and activity outside the classroom. He led Y.H.A. trips at home and abroad – Luxembourg, Belgium, Switzerland, Bavaria. He was President of the Film Society and of the Numismatic Society, helped with Chess Club, supervised weekly Junior and Senior lunchtime swimming, and above all, from its official opening by the Bishop of Birmingham in 1968, was responsible for the Sixth Form Centre – furniture, fittings, locker keys and tuck shop, all while keeping a friendly but vigilant eye out for the boisterous excesses of adolescent youth.

Two years before his retirement, Glyn and his wife Elizabeth moved to Windermere where she set up and ran a guest house, with Glyn lodging during school days with Deputy Head Harold Greenaway and commuting back at weekends. Retirement allowed Glyn daily exercise on the surrounding 'Wainwrights', and many a guest enjoyed a personally guided walk, myself included.

Glyn added to his various interests: membership both of the local Geological Society and of the Lakes Writers' Circle. He publishing and gave readings of his poetry, and became vice-president of Cumbria Literary Group. As a marker of Cambridge International Exam Board's Overseas O-Levels, he travelled as Chief Examiner to Mauritius, where for two intense weeks he mentored and monitored ninety markers as the country went through the process of learning to 'home' mark its own scripts.

Adventurous holidays took him and Eliza-



beth even further afield: a 1000 km minibus trip across the roof of the world along the unmetalled 'Friendship Highway' from Lhasa to Kathmandu taking in four passes over 5000m, a five week 40th Wedding Anniversary tour of Australia, and going even further 'down under', a visit to Antarctica, including Scott's base camp.

In his later years, he moved to Nottingham and wrote: 'Settling in well in new bungalow. Enjoying lack of stairs and rain. Very near to Lucy and family. Liz has joined U3A and local societies. I've just marked 780 Singapore 'N' level papers.' Typical Glyn, keeping busy, and also able to 'help granddaughter Rosie with A-Level Maths homework. Or she helps me!' Though 'missing the hills', and with his more adventurous days behind him, he doubtless enjoyed those phone calls with Bob Hunt, as they compared notes on globetrotting travels and reminisced on their many years together as colleagues at Camp Hill.

Many will also have their own memories, but especially we think of Elizabeth, children John and Lucy, and the grandchildren, and along with them remember with gratitude this quietly spoken polymath, Glyn Matthews.

■ **P.R.J.**

School Activities

HOUSE EVENTS AND REPORTS

Unfortunately, one of the hardest hit areas of the extra-curricular programme at school was the House system. Many House activities and events simply could not take place due to the pandemic.

However, as ever the Camp Hill students gave their all to what was on offer. The two main events that took place were the **O2 Touch Rugby Tournament** and **Sports Day** which returned following the lockdown cancellation in 2020. The O2 was a fabulous tournament, with different house winners throughout the age groups. However, it was Beaufort who came out victorious, just pipping Seymour to the title.

■ **T.J.B.**

The Sports Day report and pictures can be found at the end of the Sports section starting on page 48.

O2 TOUCH RUGBY TOURNAMENT 2020 – 2021				
YEAR GROUP	Beaufort	Howard	Seymour	Tudor
Senior	6	4	2	0
Y11	2	5	5	1
Y10	6	2	4	0
Y9	0	3	3	6
Y8	3	2	6	1
Y7 (A)	5	5	1	1
Y7 (B)	4	1	4	3
TOTALS	26	22	25	12

Champions

Seymour

The new academic year was a chance for Seymour to continue their winning ways after a successful campaign in the 2019–2020 season. However, a small clover-shaped homotrimeric protein managed to get in the way of what might have been the greatest victory since Winchester Flower Arranging team beat Harrow by 12 score bottoms to 1. COVID-19 brought the school, and therefore the house championship, to a standstill. Nonetheless, despite necessary restrictions, two contests were able to take place: House O2 Touch Rugby and Sports Day.

The O2 Touch started off with Year 9, who put in a solid shift to claim second place. Next, it was the Year 11's who secured the top spot with a dominant display from Kenworthy, Simpson and co. Then over to the Sixth Formers, who were graced with the opportunity to play on a cold, rainy and all-round abysmal afternoon. The result reflected the weather: a dull, dreary third. Next in line were the Year 8's, who obliterated all opposition and took first place with three wins from three. Year 7 had two competitions, splitting the players into 'A' and 'B' groups. Both performed valiantly in their first outing for the house and the Bs managed to seal a tie for first place with a house whose name now slips my mind. Finally, to round off the tournament, Year 10 played three tough games to finish second. Overall, the tournament was successful, with our combined scores placing us in a respectable second. A promising start.

The other event that was able to take



[Pictured above] House Captains

place was Sports Day. Various reports have attempted to capture Seymour's performance on that day, but the general consensus, not to put too fine a point on it, was that we batted slightly below our average. However, there were two notable performances well deserving of our praise. Ali Iqbal came close to breaking the school record in his senior shot put win and Reuben Howard's track and field victories saw him awarded with the prestigious Victor Ludorum for Year 8.

Sports Day culminated with the Senior Relay. Seymour appeared to have not only a record-breaking roster, but one that might rival the heroics of Team GB at the 2004 Summer Olympics. However, as the event drew closer, three of our four members were nowhere to be found. In their stead, three honourable and

noble candidates stepped forward to serve the House. No longer merely a quest for championship points, this was now a charge for glory. Pranav made a strong start, but we were hindered by a deviant shoe, which, during the first changeover, decided that it no longer wanted to be part of Seymour's triumphant dash or attached to Ashraf's foot. It voluntarily ejected itself into orbit at such speeds that it was last spotted passing through the Kuiper Belt. Whilst this didn't adjourn our efforts, it did slow us considerably. Though Amber made a valiant effort to catch the fading reds, greens and blues, we were simply too far behind. That was until Simeon Humphries got hold of the baton. To say he sprinted at the speed of light would be grossly understating the sheer gravity of the speed he achieved. Some say if

you listened closely enough, you could hear a sonic boom! But, alas, it was too little, too late. Simeon's crunching charge brought us closer to third place, but fourth was all we could manage. I would like to thank Amber Kumar, Ashraf Imthiyaz, and Simeon Humphries for all stepping up to the occasion at the last minute. I'd also like to give a special thanks to Pranav Juloori for staying until the end of the day to

ensure we filled all the teams. With the final event over, lamentably, Seymour placed last in the overall competition.

It's fair to say that this year didn't really go Seymour's way. However, the scoreline doesn't always reflect the effort and commitment of those involved; despite only taking part in two events this year, everyone who participated tried their very best for Seymour. We must

remember that, due to the disruption, there was no official House Championship and we are technically still defending our shared crown. I am excited to see what the next academic year brings for Seymour and hopeful that we can secure another outright championship.

■ **Pranav Chandar**

Howard

As the newly elected House Captain of Howard, it is my pleasure to bring you a report of last year's successes in the albeit limited number of house events that took place.

Given that we were in school one minute and out the next for a majority of the year, it was only in the summer term that any House events were able to be organised and completed, the first of which was House Touch Rugby. Overall, though this was a solid showing from the House across the years, it still resulted

in an unfortunate third place finish given that first place was only four points ahead of us by the end of the competition.

The only other House event to take place throughout the year was Sports Day, which so often is one of the most enjoyable events of the year. This year it did not disappoint either with plenty of excitement even in the days leading up to the event itself, with Heads of House and Year 12s in every House running about trying to organise teams with minute-by-minute changes as different students were forced to self-isolate. The strange circumstances only added to the uncertainty and excitement of

the day and I am glad to report that Howard won first place!

A strong showing from the senior Howard boys: notably Emery Uzoma, Will Taylor, Ayman Hussain and Seth Turner all set the pace for the younger years to follow, resulting in a convincing win for Howard.

All in all, it was a good end to a hectic year and was a great bit of experience, especially for those boys in Years 7 and 8 who had barely any experience of the House events and the win stands us in good stead to make a push for the House Championship in 2021–22.

■ **Sam Morris**

CHEMISTRY

Cambridge Chemistry Race 2021

1st Place



chemistryrace 2021

COVID saw this year's Chemistry Race take place as a virtual competition. The team made up of three Year 13 and two Year 12 students, battled against over forty other schools through a series of progressively harder and harder problems. The questions covered all aspects of physical, organic and inorganic chemistry and the team managed to answer over thirty questions correctly in the two hours.

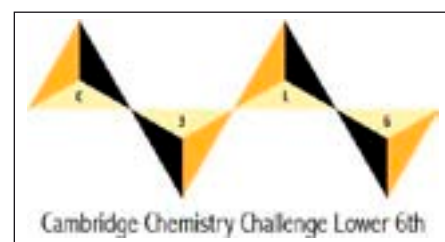
After a frantic last few minutes the team (Zac McGuire, Miles Balderson, Andrew Lim, Aaron-deep Singh and Deniz Yoruk-Mikhailov) scored an impressive 134 marks, over twenty marks clear of their nearest rivals, Radley College.

■ **A.J.C.**

Cambridge Chemistry Challenge 2021

This year's C3L6 competition returned to its traditional examination format and the school again were highly successful gaining 42 medals. This included one Roentgenium Award and ten Gold Awards.

Special mention must go to Deniz Yoruk-Mikhailov whose score of 59/60 placed him first in the country. Deniz has been invited



to a summer camp at St. Catharine's College, Cambridge.

■ **A.J.C.**

RSC Chemistry Olympiad

The RSC Chemistry Olympiad took place in January and students sat the round one paper at home during lockdown. The school achieved some excellent results with seventeen medals, including five gold medals for Andrew Lim, Zac McGuire, Miles Balderson, Deniz Yoruk-Mikhailov and Kevin Xu.

The performances of Andrew Lim and Zac McGuire placed them in the top fifteen students in the country and both were invited to sit the round two paper at Easter. After a tough five hour theory exam Zac came in the top four and was selected to represent the UK at the 53rd International Chemistry Olympiad hosted by Japan. Unfortunately travel restrictions have robbed Zac of a trip to Japan but we wish him well in his endeavours to gain a medal. This is the fifth time in six years that a Camp Hill students has been selected for the international Olympiad and an outstanding achievement!

■ **A.J.C.**

International Chemistry Olympiad – Japan

One of the casualties of the COVID pandemic was the 53rd International Chemistry Olympiad due to be held in Japan in July 2021. This was particularly disappointing as for the fifth time in six years a Camp Hill student had been chosen to represent the UK team.





In March, Zac MacGuire [pictured left], was one of twenty-five students who sat the RSC Round Two Chemistry Olympiad exam. Zac performed admirably being placed in the top four students in the country and gaining a place in the UK team. Obviously, the free two week trip to Japan would have been quite nice but luckily Zac was able to compete in a virtual competition run by the Japanese organisers. Between April and July, Zac undertook extensive team training attending two-hour zoom meetings twice or three times a week, before taking the five hour theory exam remotely!

The theory paper was particularly long and difficult. The marks gained by the 312 competitors from 82 countries were considerably lower than recent Olympiads. However, Zac produced a valiant performance scoring over 60%, far more than any of his teachers would have achieved. He was awarded a Silver Medal, his score placing him 65th in the world, which is a phenomenal achievement!

■ **A.J.C.**

MATHEMATICS

The on-going restrictions on large gatherings meant that none of the usual team challenges were able to take place this year. The individual challenges were able to continue, though with much more careful preparation and planning from us – or even online!

■ **D.J.T.**

Late Results

When writing about the Maths Challenges in last year's *Chronicle*, we were still waiting to hear how well our students had done in the follow-on rounds of the Intermediate Mathematical Challenge. We finally(!) got these results in May of this year.

Of the 86 boys who qualified for the Kangaroo, Chanuth Willegoda and Ben Brown (Year 11), Samuel Ankrah and Tanav Kotha (Year 10), Samuel Nouhov, Amogh Shetty,

Adcharon Mugunthan, Hanzalah Rayaz, Pruthvi Shrikaanth, Ren Zhi Howse and Ibrahim Fathi (Year 9) all achieved certificates of merit. Six of our boys had qualified for one of three follow-up Intermediate Mathematical Olympiads; Peter Kippax and Samuel Cole (Year 11), Raunaq Shah Foridi (Year 10) and Vansh Pradhan (Year 9) achieved certificates of merit. Well done to all!

■ **D.J.T.**

Senior Maths Challenge

The autumn term saw the Senior Mathematical Challenge, which took place in early November and involved all mathematicians in Year 12, further mathematicians in Year 13 and the top set in Year 11.

This year the boys achieved a total of 55 Bronze, 47 Silver and 23 Gold Certificates from our 163 entries. Top results this year came from Qiyuan Chen, Kevin Xu, Karthik Bharadwaj, Kavin Selvaraj and Harish Tamvada of Year 13, along with Hemal Aggarwal of Year 12. These six boys all qualified for the follow-up British Mathematical Olympiad Round One, while a further seventeen boys qualified for the (slightly easier) Senior Kangaroo.

In the Olympiad, Qiyuan and Hemel did well enough to achieve Certificates of Merit; Karthik and Kavin did even better, obtaining a Certificate of Distinction.

In the Senior Kangaroo, Rajiv Nailadi, Miles Balderson and Ross Evans (Year 13), Peter Kippax and Samuel Cole (Year 12) and Farhan Awais (Year 11) all did very well to achieve Certificates of Merit.

■ **D.J.T.**

Intermediate Maths Challenge

The spring term brought with it the Intermediate Challenge. As this took place during the period of school closure, everything happened online. This, of course, meant that approximately 360 students had to be issued with unique usernames and passwords – thank goodness for the wonders of mail-merge!

When the results arrived, the boys had achieved 81 Bronze Certificates, 79 Silver and 70 Gold. Seven boys did extremely well, qualifying for one of three follow-up Intermediate Mathematical Olympiads; in addition a hugely impressive 90 boys qualified for one of two colours of kangaroo, 22 of whom got Merits.

In the Grey Kangaroo aimed at Year 9, Adam Bora, Mohammad Ayan Butt, Rhys Jamieson and Karan Kukreja were successful, while on the Pink Kangaroo aimed at the older years, Adcharon Mugunthan, Sam Nouhov and Hassan Malik did particularly well. In the Olympiads, Tanav Kotha (Year 11), Kenny Lau, Raphael Mahgerefteh, Aditya Prasad and Richie Yang (Year 9) all achieved Merits; Farhan Awais was awarded a Distinction and invited to attend the UKMT Summer School. A rare achievement indeed!

■ **D.J.T.**

Junior Maths Challenge

The Junior Maths Challenge was the challenge of the summer term. In planning this, we thought we had covered everything that the COVID restrictions were throwing at us – however, we had failed to factor in the different times that the various year groups were meant to be leaving school at the end of the day. This led to some (understandably) concerned parents contacting school wondering what had happened to their son... Once again, our apologies to those of you who were inconvenienced by this error.

The results, when they arrived, were very pleasing. The boys amassed a total of 63 Bronze Certificates, 69 Silver, and 42 Gold. Of these, six boys qualified for the Junior Olympiad, and a further 36 boys qualified for the Junior Kangaroo. As the Olympiad round requires full written solutions (which are being marked online, in a bid to beat Covid), we are still waiting for these results to be returned.

The Junior Kangaroo trialled a slightly different marking system this year, which brought with it inevitable hiccups. Of the results that we have had back (*two results were missing*), Dawud Khan, Ganesh Pasupula, Aman Koiri, Mustafa Ahmed (Year 8) and Lemuel Adjei, Timofey Bespalov and Abdurrahman Maneer (Year 7) all managed to achieve Certificates of Merit.

■ **D.J.T.**

Y10 Geography Field Trip

It has been over two years since our last outing to the Carding Mill Valley with the Year 10 geographers. Fortunately, we managed to find a window between the second lockdown and the summer exams to take all four Year 10 Geography groups over two separate days on 24th and 26th May.

The trip is, and has always been, about far more than just measuring characteristics of a river channel. It is one of the memorable events of the boys' GCSE course, and is an opportunity to develop socially and culturally in an environment beyond the classroom. Indeed, relocating over 100 'city boys' from the concrete jungle of Birmingham to the rural idyll of the Shropshire Hills, was an eye-opening experience for many. Some boys discovered a previously undiagnosed fear of sheep (ovophobia... yes it has a name) while others discovered a playground of

rocks and water that carried them back to their primary years.

The fieldwork itself gives them the opportunity to study rivers using some conventional data collection techniques that have been used by generations of geography students, such as timing how long it takes some orange peel to travel down the river, and the rather more technologically advanced flowmeters that the department has purchased.

Equally, the wider picture being painted by this study is not just about one small stream in Shropshire, but about the growing threat of flooding in the UK in recent years, and the way in which human activity (land use change, deforestation and urbanisation) are contributing to this, not just the often over-emphasised roll of climate change (important thought it is). The River Severn, of which our stream is a tributary, is increasingly vulnerable to flooding, largely due to these changes upstream. This is why we stopped off to look at the River Severn itself on route to the Carding Mill Valley. We'd expected that a trip in May would see low water levels, particularly after a very dry

Easter holidays. However, an exceptionally wet May, meant that the Severn was already 2–3m higher than it would ordinarily be at that time of year. Some years there hasn't been enough water in our stream to accurately measure, this was not one of those years.

Fortunately, the weather held out for both our trips, apart from a downpour around 3pm on the Monday. The boys showed good character and were complemented on their good behaviour and polite attitude by the National Trust staff. And, moreover, they had an enjoyable day out of school, something long missing after the disruption of the last 15 months. They got plenty of fresh air and some exercise, and hopefully gained a little more appreciation for the English countryside and the role of the National Trust in protecting it. Most of all we are grateful to have the opportunity to complete at least one field trip this year, a privilege that many schools have not been able to achieve.

■ D.J.E.





The Library

Taking a leap into the unknown, we arranged a number of virtual author sessions to keep students entertained throughout the year. In early December our Year 7s all got the chance to experience Chris Bradford's high energy show, with quizzes, Japanese history and karate lessons. The silver lining of doing the sessions virtually meant that students isolating at home could also take part.

Back into lockdown in January, we introduced our new Year 7s to Online Book Club, and couldn't have started it with a more enthusiastic group! We spent our Wednesday lunchtimes discussing what we'd been reading and making some excellent recommendations. When students returned to school, we resumed our meetings in real life, books in hand and raring to go.

In March, Robin Stevens delivered a fascinating webinar to students in KS3, talking about the end of her *Murder Most Unlady-like* series and taking some of our student's

questions. We learned that Agatha Christie's *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd* inspired her to become a crime writer, cue all of us rushing to the shelves to borrow it.

Later that month we got the Carnegie Book Club up and running with Year 8. We had a great time reading the shortlist and were unanimous in our admiration of Manjeet Mann's *Run, Rebel*. For the first time ever it seemed students from across the UK agreed too and *Run, Rebel* was the winner of the student's Choice Award. As Manjeet is a local author, we hope to have her in soon for a visit.

In April we had two more virtual author events. Peadar O'Guilin ran an excellent session with some of our Year 9s, giving a fascinating talk on how Irish folklore influenced his horror writing. Sharna Jackson worked with some of our Year 8s and gave us some fascinating insights into crime writing and life on a barge in Holland!

As part of the Academy Trust-wide initiative, schools across the Trust set up a Diverse Writers Book Club. We all read two excellent books by black writers, *Such a Fun Age* by Kiley

Reid (Year 10+) and *Natives* by Akala. At Camp Hill Boys, a group of students from Years 10 and 12 took part and we enjoyed some excellent thought-provoking discussions about both books. We hope to meet up with other students from schools in the Academy Trust to carry on these discussions, once it is safe to do so.

For the first time ever, we took part in the National Reading Champions Quiz. Students from all over the Midlands took part online in a fiendishly difficult quiz about books for children and teens. Four of our students from Year 7, 8 and 9 took part and displayed some excellent socially distanced team working skills! We came a very respectable eleventh out of 33 schools and we look forward to taking part again in 2022.

It has been a difficult year trying to cater for and support all our students with restrictions in place, but the ease of access and inclusivity of virtual events means we've been able to take part in a greater range of activities. Every cloud...

■ **A.G.**

A New Type of School Exchange

The pandemic may have prevented us from going on the usual school trips abroad, but over the past few months, Year 13 German students have found a different solution: we've exchanged sets of questions about various aspects of life with pupils in Chemnitz studying English and recorded ourselves responding to them.

It was interesting to see what aspects of our lives they were interested in, our experiences as pupils at a selective all-boys school,

for example. Talking about various aspects of school life such as our thoughts on wearing a uniform helped us to see how what might seem entirely natural to us may appear strange and anachronistic to others, and really got us to appreciate our cultural differences.

Given the significance of German politics to the A-Level, we were keen to hear what the students thought of the current political situation in Germany. They were very politically aware, and whilst conscious of the continuing divide between East and West Germany, they were hopeful about the future given that the 'wall in the mind' has so little significance for

their generation. They were concerned by the rise of right-wing parties such as *Alternativ für Deutschland*, and frustrated with the negative image which this gave the new federal states which they lived in. It was interesting to hear that as a school, they hold a mock-election at the same time as the real election just as we do at Camp Hill!

We've all enjoyed this opportunity to connect with a fascinating and different culture to our own and improve our German skills in the process, and look forward to working together with the school in the future.

■ **Ahmed Fadlalla and Connor Huss**

Warwick University Lecture

On the 25th March, the Year 12 German set was fortunate enough to receive a lecture on the A-Level German set text *The Reader* from Warwick University's own Professor Helmut Schmitz, albeit virtually. We weren't to be hindered by any technical difficulties, however, and, after briefly shouting into Microsoft Teams by way of introduction, we plunged straight in.

For those who are unfamiliar with Bernhard Schlink's landmark 1995 novel, it tells the story of Michael, a boy of fifteen, who begins a passionate love affair with Hanna, a thirty-two year old tram conductress in post-war Germany. After a time, Hanna mysteriously disappears. She is only to be encountered

again by Michael several years later, when he, a budding law student, comes to observe her on trial for war crimes she committed in a Nazi death camp. The novel deals superbly with 'Vergangenheitsbewältigung' – a suitably long word, which has to do with the processing or overcoming of history. For many Germans after the war, the notion of coming to terms with the guilt of friends and family, who had been complicit in the horrors perpetrated by the NS-Regime, was no topic for dinner-time discussion. Prof. Schmitz is himself too young to belong to the post-war generation, who took particular issue with the 'Muff' or dead air surrounding their guilty forefathers. It was nevertheless fascinating to hear about the significance of Schlink's novel and how it dealt with such a taboo from the perspective of a native German.

As well as the immediate historical context of the novel, especially events such as the 'Studentenbewegung' where the younger generation fought against the traces of Nazism in post-war Germany, we were able to discuss possible allegorical interpretations of the text.

In particular, Professor Schmitz suggested that in some ways Hanna represents Hitler, and Michael's inability to fully free himself from her later mirrors the struggles of post-war German society, having never had the chance to grieve Hitler and fully move on. Some of the issues surrounding allegorical interpretations were of great interest – the novel explores many themes as part of the broader issue of 'Vergangenheitsbewältigung', and in doing this, invites many conflicting interpretations of who or what the principal characters represent. It was fascinating to really dig into this side of the

text, in all its complexity and confusion.

Professor Schmitz was also able to introduce us to some of the literary context behind Schlink's novel. The text is largely a variation on the 'Vaterroman', which tended to be emotional explorations of the guilt of dead relatives by representatives of the post-war 'Kindergeneration'. More broadly, this kind of novel functioned as a replacement for the missing dialogue surrounding war guilt in the lifetime of those relatives. However, we were

quick to point out the key difference between the conventional 'Vaterroman' and Schlink's novel, in that, insofar as Michael chooses to love the guilty Hanna, he is implicated in her war guilt of his own volition, not by force of relation. As Schlink phrases it in his novel 'love of our parents is the only love for which we are not responsible'. This stimulated a riveting ethical discussion about the ramifications of national guilt on individuals, which no doubt has applications today in our own country,

particularly with regard to the legacy of the British Empire.

Overall, the lecture was a great opportunity to explore new sides of Schlink's text, leaving us with a renewed enthusiasm for it as well as a wealth of new knowledge and ideas about it. We really relished it, and are very grateful to Mrs Wells, Professor Schmitz and Warwick University for making this taste of higher education possible.

■ **Connor Huss, Rufus Hall and Ahmed Fadlalla**

Oxford German Network Competitions

Every year, the Oxford German Network organises a series of competitions for students of all ages, learning German. The contests cover a range of creative bases, but usually have something to do with German current affairs, culture or history.

In March, I entered into the second round of the competition with a short piece describing my view as to whether we will see a repeat of 'Die Goldenen Zwanziger' – the 'roaring' twenties – this century, a period of economic upturn and social dynamism experienced in a number of countries between the two world wars. The number of historical parallels between today's world and the state of affairs a hundred years ago would make this task intriguing. Think for example of the Spanish Flu Pandemic, in which between 20 and 50 million people died; or the economic insecurity experienced particularly in Germany after WW1, and the following rise in right-wing, populist ideologies. These are all things that have some equivalent today.

In my response, I drew on aspects of Weimar-era fashion and culture in order to prove an important point about Germany's Golden Twenties – that they were not only

characterised by the above-mentioned political and economic circumstances, but also by a feeling of cultural rebellion and social progressiveness. The iconic 'flapper look' for example – a new female style of fashion distinguished by shorter skirts and the 'Bob' hairstyle – took hold in Germany at this time, and heralded an age of liberation for women, whose voting rights were enshrined in the constitution of the new Weimar Republic.

I wrote in a similar sense about the artistic and cultural revolutions that became an important feature of the German Roaring Twenties. The Dadaism of Kurt Schwitters, as he sought to rebuild a new abstract post-war world, was unlike anything previously witnessed; the opposing artistic currents of expressionism in film and the visual arts and 'Neue Sachlichkeit' (New Objectivity), represented by such artists as Otto Dix, evidence the hotbed of cultural activity that was Golden Twenties-era Germany.

This idea of social and cultural revolution and progress is neatly contrasted with the regressive social tendencies of today's world. It was fascinating to read about the regressive state of affairs in relation to women's rights during the Covid pandemic, not least in Germany, where the burden of life at home and



domestic chores has been borne overwhelmingly by women.

Perhaps it is too soon to call. Who knows what our twenties will bring? In any case, this question and the competition as a whole served as a great opportunity to formulate ideas and arguments in German, and I would recommend participation in next year's round to anyone with an interest in German language and culture alike.

■ **Rufus Hall** [pictured above]

DEBATING

Senior Debating Society 2021 – A Debatable Outcome

For many years now the English Speaking Union has held the prestigious ESU Mace Debating Competition, a tournament which hosts the finest debaters from schools across the country. While Camp Hill boys have often had the privilege of taking part in the past, this year was destined to be special. In order to see why this should be the case, we need only look as far as Bates Room 3 on a Friday lunchtime, where, should you be so lucky, you may witness one of the many phenomenal debates which have been occurring every week so far this academic year.





Camp Hill has had many debating societies over the years but none have even come close to matching the frankly beautiful parley that is commonplace in this amphitheatre of intellect.

Of course, any lunchtime society can't exist without those daring pioneers who are willing to toil for hours over motions, debate formats, setting up the venue and the organisation of their peers. Four such people were responsible for this magnificence and given the short notice for this competition, it was only natural that those four constituted the team who would go on to clash with KES in round one. These stallions of the noble art were, in no particular order: Rufus Hall, Omar Ismail, Eashan Varma and Will Taylor.

Now, although these founding fathers are to be venerated for their contributions to humanity as a whole through creating this debating society, there is one man without whom this would have all come crashing down. Mr Wilkins, a man who has poured his heart and soul into the debating game year after year.

It is, of course, due to Mr Wilkins that we were able to participate in this debate;

an opportunity for which we will be forever indebted. The debate was scheduled for the 21st January however given the global pandemic, it had to take place on a zoom call which was hardly ideal. Being the legend that he is, Mr Wilkins helped the team prepare by listening to a mock debate we held and criticising where necessary and finally the day came to suit up and join the zoom call.

I use the phrase 'suit up' not as some jovial superhero reference to depict us as such (despite the obvious parallels), but in a very literal sense. The lads were dressed to kill and ready to debate the motion: *'This House believes that governments should prioritise citizens' wellbeing and happiness over economic growth'*. As opposed to the lackadaisical efforts of the KES team, we were astounded to see our privately-educated opponents clad in mere t-shirts and hoodies. In stark contrast, the Camp Hill boys pulled out the tuxedos and certainly came dressed for the occasion. We can only hypothesise as to the decor of Mr Wilkins as his camera was turned off, however rumours circulated he dressed much as his namesake Daniel Craig. What followed was a massacre, Camp Hill boys tearing KES to pieces as every-

thing they said was immediately destroyed and put in the proverbial bin by one of our fine young chaps. Unfortunately the referee didn't see it this way and after an hour of greasy debate, KES were declared as landslide victors, a decision which disgruntled millions across the nation, including Mr Wilkins' wife who was particularly affected by this egregious example of daylight robbery.

Despite the end result, the boys were able to bring immense amounts of experience home to the Stade de BR3 (the common name for the weekly venue of our glorious society). This allowed us to spruce up the quality of our debates going forward, introducing new concepts and formats. In Debating Society meetings, the group has debated such thorny topics as religious freedom, gender equality and international approaches to climate change. Ultimately, the silverware was always an afterthought for our lads; rather it was an undying passion for debate which always has and will continue to fuel the flame of Debating Society for centuries to come. The love of the game is simply inescapable, it is infectious- spend a mere 10 minutes of your Friday lunch time in BR3 and it is inevitable.

Despite transforming the lives of all in attendance, our society will always be remembered for the way it gave a stage to those who'd perhaps otherwise never have had the opportunity to express themselves; or in some cases even considered standing up and speaking to a room of people. The experience is one that we can be proud to have stood for and we can only hope that once the torch has been passed, our successors will nurture its fire in the same way.

On a final note, a great deal of gratitude is owed to the members of our illustrious organisation. Our nation owes these soldiers an ineffable debt for their services week-in, week-out not only for the endless debating masterpieces they blessed us with, but for their unrelenting eagerness to contribute and push themselves. God save the Debating Society.

■ Will Taylor and Omar Ismail



Plastic Oceans: Art and Geography

This year, Year 9 created various pieces of art for the Plastic Ocean project. Students created drawings of plastic pollution themed images and sculptures in the style of Courtney Mattison, with which we painted and bleached. The art we created helped us learn about the consequences of environmental issues in our oceans such as coral bleaching.

To introduce the project, we did some work and analysis of ideas surrounding plastic in the oceans. As well as sketching and drawing some marine life-inspired plastic images, we learnt about the current situation of the ocean's inhabitants as it stands today with major issues, global warming and plastic pollution being the two main focuses. Doing so meant that as we produced our artwork we could try to represent these issues and bring greater meaning to what we put on paper.

Courtney Mattison's works are often quite large ceramic sculptures with quite rich colour



and detail, but also includes a lot of white and pale colours to recreate bleached coral. In class we created miniature versions of Mattison's art; along with incorporating lots of unique coral shapes, some of us decided to create a bleached look by using a white acrylic wash to mute the colours and create a pale colour.



This made our works look similar to real bleached coral. We made two of these small coral sculptures, each time utilising our knowledge of art colours and texture to create some quite vivid pieces of work. Making these sculptures and trying to emulate the deathly elements of something ordinarily beautiful made the harm being done to coral more apparent and as artists made our works seem that much more meaningful.

The project aimed to teach us about the beauty of the oceans and how human impact has damaged the fragility of it. Mattison herself had expertise in marine biology and her main objective with her art was to spread the appreciation for coral and marine life as well as how it has seen negative decline in recent times. With the work we produced, it shows greatly how everyone has taken on board the themes of the art style and made appropriate artist choices.

■ Hun Kang



The Advantages of Art

Art, in my mind, is one of the best subjects anyone in this school can easily submerge themselves in and take a lot out of. It teaches you things that maths can't, makes you feel great and is a lesson that I know first-hand every boy in this school looks forward to as a break from the more mind-draining subjects. Now some may think that art is just a lesson to mess about in and has no real impact on you academically, but I hope that by the end of this article, you will come to realise how wrong that mindset is.

Art is a subject that is often seen in one of two ways. Either you are 'really good', or just 'awful', as if this is some kind of solemn judgement that will never be changed, but that couldn't be more from the truth. I have seen boys that were once struggling to draw now

excel and are some of the best in the class. So if at first you don't do so well, try, try, try again, and you just might impress yourself. Art can also really help you to calm down, for example, throughout lockdown it was a great way to de-stress (and find something to do apart from playing on my computer), and with the constant worries these days of mental health problems for all of us, art can act as a remedy to all the anxiety we build up in our lives.

On top of this, art has also helped me in other subjects. Recently, we did a topic about coral bleaching and plastic in our oceans. For this, we were required to research Courtney Mattison, an artist who specialises in depicting the horrible effects plastic and other waste has on our oceans. This really pushed home the point that we need urgent action, and the statistics I learnt came in very useful for subjects such as geography and biology when we did

topics like waste management. Art has helped me to persevere and believe in myself more, not just when I mess-up on paper, but also in life, a lesson I am sure will be useful throughout my adulthood.

Finally, I would like to say a last thank you to everyone in the Art Department for the last three years. It has truly been a pleasure making my art beside the teachers there. They have always been very encouraging and inspired me to (try to) make some lovely artwork, and were there to raise my spirits when things didn't end so well. Although I sadly won't be continuing art next year for my GCSE's, the experience will stay with me for the rest of my life, and I will forever remember the life lessons they have taught me.

■ Harvey Murray

Art, Architecture and Cambridge Aspirations

Hey, I'm Connor and I was a member of Camp Hill's Sixth form from 2018–2020. During this time I applied to Architecture and sadly got rejected from my top two choices, UCL and Cambridge. Bath thankfully gave me an offer, however the idea of re-application was in my mind as I felt I knew I could do better. Covid cemented this idea as now I was even more keen to take a gap year both to reapply and to hopefully start university when the world was in a better state.

The first lockdown was almost a blessing in my case as I utilised my time to entirely redo my portfolio and complete extensive further research into fields of interest. I'd also made the decision to undertake an art foundation course



at Plymouth College of Art across the next year. This was a way to maintain academic momentum, especially as the covid situation worsened and travel in my gap year seemed less and less likely. Due to the early deadline for Oxbridge

applications I had to mostly prepare my entire application before my foundation course, however the college did provide help in the form of some mock interviews. Luckily this time around I had the benefit of going through this



application process once before and prepared as best as I could. The interviews for Cambridge seemed to go well but it's impossible to tell what any of their feedback could mean. Luckily this time come January on decision day my email read 'we're delighted' instead of 'unfortunately' and I had achieved the main goal of my gap year. Sadly UCL still decided not to interview me but this was inconsequential as I had the Cambridge offer for architecture at Trinity Hall College.

The art foundation ended up being a really amazing experience too and retrospectively I'm glad for my rejections the previous year as it allowed this gap year to happen. Moving to Plymouth has been a great change of surroundings and being by the sea definitely helps with creative inspiration. During the start of the art foundation we had weeks of induc-



tions into so many different studios from glass blowing to 3D printing which gave us a lot of opportunities to explore many new mediums. The creative community was also incredible to be a part of with so many projects going on and constant group critique among peers.

After receiving my unconditional offer I was free the rest of the year to explore my creative practise as far as I could without worrying about what the future held. I used a lot of this time to further my abilities in oil painting and the culmination piece of my final major project was a triptych of oil paintings. Covid sadly did affect a lot of the opportunities this year but despite this I feel it was a valuable experience that has definitely helped me to refine my

creative practise and direction.

Camp Hill and especially Camp Hill's Art Department is the main reason I feel I have got here and without the guidance and help of all the teachers and fellow students, I don't think I would have achieved some of the things I've accomplished in the last few years. Although at the time when I initially received some rejections I was very disheartened, I truly I am grateful for them now and I think making any situation, negative or positive, work in your favour is something I have learned how to do. I am excited to begin my Architecture course this coming autumn and for everything that will come from that.

■ **Connor Philips**

Cultural Identity

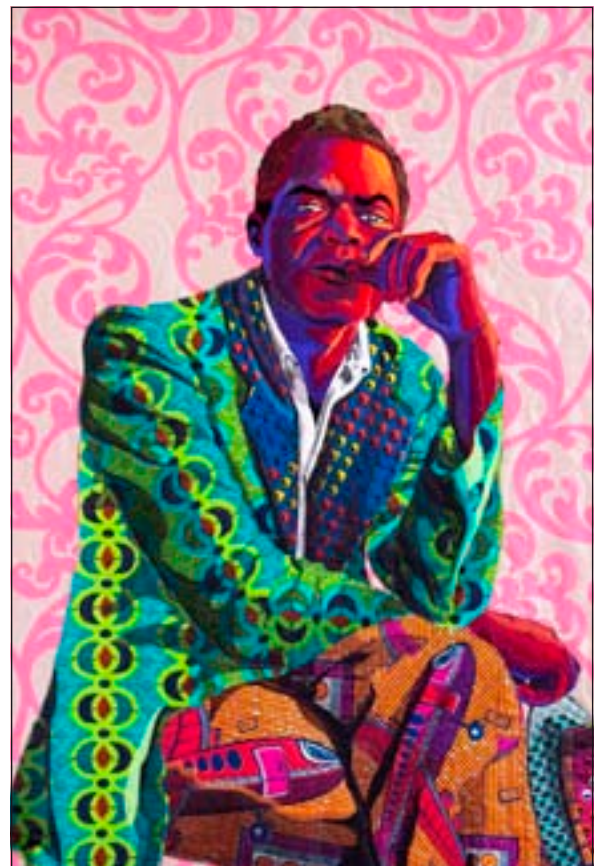
In Year 9, we've been studying a variety of topics, one being Cultural Identity. This was a very fun and unique topic, as it was different for everyone. No two things are the same, as shown by Year 9's amazing work.

We worked on creating some beautiful title pages to commemorate the start of the topic, which were all special and individual. We spoke about our life, race, country, gender, religion, home and way of living, and how they all came together in a colourful and unique blend to create our pages. Art is a means of conveying a message without speaking; a method of communication. Here, we conveyed who we were, and what it meant to us, and society. Everyone is important, and society can only function if everyone plays their role. Some of the best pieces conveyed subtle messages about their implications, which is similar to what our first case study, Barbara Walker did with her pieces.

Barbara Walker is a British, Birmingham-born artist who makes charcoal sketches, typically huge and wall-sized. She attempts to showcase the lives of those of colour whose lives have been anonymised, typically by



colonialism. They tell contemporary stories of the everyday life of those who may have been forgotten or neglected simply due to their labelling as 'another person'. However, she does not focus on one person personally and singularly, but on those of colour as a whole, representing their anonymity, yet presenting their lives to us in an artistic and memorable way.





Our next case study of the year was Bisa Butler. Similar to the above, she focuses her work on those of colour, and brings out their stories, the 'forgotten stories', back into modern culture, but she quilts her work, often taking hundreds of hours to finish. She comments that "While [Afro-Caribbeans] have been right beside our white counterparts experiencing and creating history, our contributions and perspectives have been ignored, unrecorded, and lost.", which is a visibly true point in today's world, perhaps even tangibly so, by way of looking at commemorations and statues. Only in recent years have actions to support the BAME community taken place, such as the tearing down of the statue of Edward Colston, slave trader, although its methods may be debatable. There is a lot more to do, as there always is, but recognition and at least some action is a great start to a brighter future.

Our final piece of work on this topic was a personal response. We didn't have the time to quilt, or the space and materials for huge charcoal sketches, so we adapted and used a range of pencil tones on A3 to create some intense sketches that were really representative of our culture and what we believed in. Unfortunately, our work was cut short by the second lockdown, but we still managed to get our ideas across.

Overall, this was an extremely successful and interesting project. We learnt about those attempting to educate others of the history of the unrecorded, whilst giving our own responses throughout. Just remember, it is always your Cultural Identity.

■ Sampanna Raut





LOCKDOWN

Short Story: The Ako

Arran slid out of bed like a snake and observed his reflection in a puddle of rainwater outside. He was considered fair where he came from; sporting a light brown skin instead of the normal burnt brown, of course that was to be expected, he spent most of his time indoors reading books and the sorts, not playing cricket with the others outside. He was infamous in his area for being a recluse, his round nerd-like glasses added to this effect.

It was early in the morning; Arran wanted to get outside and explore a hidden temple he had read about before trekking to school (or to something that was as close to resembling a school as an education centre in a rural part of Asia could manage). He put on his dusty green kaki and his stiff brown t-shirt before creeping outside. He walked through the mud village with its dirt houses and chocolate roads before finding himself at the foot of what appeared to be an ancient Buddhist temple with a complex beauty far beyond its years, a true gem of its day. He crept in.

It was then he heard a rustle, was it someone? or something? Billions of images and horrific possibilities flashed across his mind in an instant. He ducked behind a stone pillar afraid of being caught (he knew that it was forbidden to be out at this hour, bandits were crawling everywhere), but he came out of his hiding as he found that it had only been his one companion and best friend Raleigh.

"Wait up!" Raleigh panted, as Arran soon saw the familiar shadow of his round friend with his classical sandals and all-brown desert getup. Arran dismissed him lightly and ventured further into the temple. He uncovered a small corridor to his left and on one of its walls, he found an ornate plethora of ancient runes, he recognised these at once from the book he

had been reading, which, he soon promptly produced. As he was deciphering the runes, Raleigh made his appearance alongside him again.

"What are you doing? You'll get caught. You now were not allowed to be out at this ..." "Look at this," Arran said cutting Raleigh off and pointing at the wall, "It says that on the third hour of the third day of the third month one shall be granted passage to a new world,"

"What ... does that mean?" said Raleigh slightly befuddled. "I'm not sure, but it alludes to another world, long forgotten since ancient times," "like the spirit world?" recalled Raleigh from the popular stories of his infancy.

"Exactly." A thin sheet of leather with intricate marking slid out the book and into Arran's hand. "It says I should chant something while touching this, but it doesn't say what would happen next." In truth, Arran knew exactly what it said due to his fluency in ancient languages. He knew that it said that doing the above would open a rift between this world and another but omitted it as he knew he would be ridiculed. Unfortunately, he still earned himself a chuckle.

"And you believe that!" cackled Raleigh gasping for breath. "You never know till you try!" muttered Arran defensively. "It wouldn't hurt in trying, after all what's the worst that could happen? Besides... if it doesn't work, I'll buy you a Jalebi," said Arran swaying Raleigh to his cause.

"All right then," replied Raleigh incentivised by the memory of the sweet nectar taste of the confectionary. He placed his hand onto the leather strip next to Arran, as they slowly began to chant in a foreign, but somewhat recognisable, language. "Soory chand ker moop duniya ker geeb haayan ho jaitai."

Blue light filled their eyes, eyes that were unable to tear themselves from the walls as words shot out of their mouth. The sun and the

moon of both worlds had aligned in perfect harmony and the fabric between the two worlds deteriorated. And then there was nothing...

It was the smell that got to him first. Accustomed to the grimy pathogenic air of his home, Arran was stunned as his senses were infiltrated by the smell of sweet rose and fruits, and by the sound of their ethereal surroundings. Arran opened his eyes and a whole new world beheld him with houses of diamond and streets of gold, roamed by creatures of all shapes and sizes, of all colours and kinds: some were small, stumpy and brown like a tree log, whereas others were a kind of gelatinous Quasimodo.

"Wow!" they both chimed in quintessential unison, the statement that the spirit world elicited from the boys was a vast understatement and they both knew it. With Arran being obviously the more gifted of the two boys, he had to ask, the predictable, yet most essential question which had just popped into his head.

"What now?" It had indeed been all fun and games, chanting an ancient language and crossing realms, but the reality of the situation had only now just dawned upon them. There was no way they could feasibly communicate with the locals and without knowing a thing about this realm there was no way to survive. This was too much for Raleigh.

"We're gonna die!" He doubled over and started sobbing, "There's no way back, no-one to help us, no-one else like us!" An idea struck Arran. "What did you just say?" "We're going to die?" "No, after that, there's no one else like us. But what if there is? The portal opens every year and so there's bound to be a human who lives here or who's just entered this realm,"

"You're right," "All we need to do is find these people and then we might stand a chance of survival." Excitement and hope endowed a renewed vitality in the boys, restoring them with purpose. But this moment of

joy was short lived as a curved knife, a manto, sliced across Arran's cheek. Warm red blood oozed from the cut and adrenaline kicked in.

"RUN!" screamed Aran as he and Raleigh dashed through the lavish streets, risking a look from behind, he found that he was being chased by degenerates, most likely bandits. They turned left, it was a dead end. "Damn!" spat Raleigh in frustration as the bandits closed in, drawing knives and strange powders from their belts.

A dagger of sorts flew through the air, slicing across a bandit's jugular, slowly suffocating him. "Ako!" The bandits scattered. The alley was a flurry of black and red as mysterious saviours

ambushed their attacker causing them to drop dead like flies. The apparent leader of the group approached them and took off his mask, Arran and Raleigh's eyes widened.

"You're a human!" they uttered in disbelief. "Yes, I appear to be one, don't I?" he replied clearly bemused at their shock. "Who are you?" asked Aran now that the heat of the moment had passed.

"My name is Scortho and we are, as that dead man said, Ako, human ninja—samurai hybrid" replied Scortho gesturing vaguely to a decapitated body. "Now, to the crux of the matter at hand, it is customary that all humans become Ako, both for protection and ... well,

yes, mainly for protection and to maintain some sort of a livelihood, it is most obvious, seeing your current predicament, that you learn at the Nixon, which just so happens to be a school I own."

"But..."

"And to answer any questions you might have, no you cannot go back. Believe me we've tried and two, yes we are you're best and most likely, only option," continued Scortho cutting off Raleigh.

"Welcome to your new life in the spirit realm as Ako and congratulations!"

■ **Sasan Senmuthu Hapuarachchi**

Anonymous Poetry

Winter

For in the furnace of Man,
Where as the smith he forms himself,
an ice settles across the blade.
Slithering, whispering machinations of
petrification
Of Purpose, of destination, plight and Destiny.
Doubts and foreknown things.

The Oak

There lay atop a hill
a decrepit Oak
smeared with wrinkles,
betraying his aged wisdom.
His ancient visage had borne
witness to a thousand winters,
the tears of a thousand wars
had enriched the ground upon
which he was perched.

At the base of the hill stood the new man.
Not a single blemish sat upon his skin.
Yet under it brooded desires of Pride.
His quick eyes shot towards the base of the
Oak and
erupted in an ecstasy of desire.
The thoughts of towering industries and
groaning
machinery took hold of him, and within the
quarter-hour
the Oak was felled.
A thousand years exchanged in an instant for
a Penny.

Poetry

Pyromaniac

Fire. Living, growing, expanding.
So alluring.
I was drawn to it like a moth to a flame
It's beauty unmatched and it's grace
incomparable.
As its crimson hands lashed out at everything
in it's way, devouring all it saw.
I loved it.

I started small, lighting fires in bins
I then moved onto fields, I watched
enraptured
As it spread across the crops, consuming all
it sees like a man starved.
I lit the fire and watched it grow.
It stayed like that
Till I felt something missing. I wanted to
hear it.

Ecclesiastes

— (A reflection on worldly desires)

What is death?
For one must choose;
To die to this life
Or die in it.

Dormition (a Haiku)

Glistening moonlight
strikes the serene window-pane
sleep's embrace of death.

I reckon it started when I was a little 'un.
At school
Bullied for my scars, the ones from the fire.
I never got upset. Only angry.
Angrier. **Angrier. ANGRIER.**
Then I saw my opportunity. He was standing
with his back to a bunsen burner.
One moment he was fine, the next wailing
like a banshee.

When I got older I started blazing buildings.
Empty ones.
The full ones would follow.
My first real flame was in an office building.
It was an empty night, no stars, dark,
raining.
You never forget your first time. I lit it on the
first floor and waited patiently.
Until I heard the screams.
Some cried. Some begged. Some prayed.
But they all burned.
Fire.

■ **Raees Majid**

Compunction

A single knock rang from the door.
Once opened was revealed a bright man.
But a dark creature sculked on the floor.
The snow was cold yet not colder than
That beast, who's eyes grasped onto mine;
And behind them I saw nothing, a chasmous
void
And in me he saw the same.

Faces (a Haiku)

The glistening moon
Freezes the tear on your cheek
Cold air stokes warm hearts.

Lockdown for Me – An Interesting Experience

I was surprised to learn in January that schools were going to be closed again until the February half-term, and I already knew back then that school wasn't going to open after one and a half months of closure. I hadn't really liked the first lockdown we had back in 2020 and had felt like those were an unproductive four months, so I was determined to use my time more wisely.

However, this lockdown seemed a lot better than I expected it to be. For starters, Karate lessons were still taking place on Zoom. This meant that I could keep my fitness levels up and not become a potato by the end of lockdown. Although it wasn't quite the same experience as having the sessions face-to-face, I was

happy to attend nonetheless – I was pumping out buckets of sweat at the end of each session. I'm currently preparing for my black belt grading, which was supposed to take place in April 2020, and attending karate sessions throughout lockdown helped me to not lose sight of my goal of gaining my black belt. Here's a myth-buster for you: your black belt in Karate is not the end of the line (in the style that I do anyway). You can develop your skills further and get different "Dans", which are, to simply put, getting a new belt, except the belt stays the same colour every time you get a new Dan. In my style of Karate – Shotokan – there's ten of these.

Also, I had Air Cadets to attend too. The Royal Air Force Air Cadets is a youth-military organisation that is open to those in Year 8 or above. I continued to learn interesting and useful subjects throughout lockdown, including first aid, photography, media, leadership and

cyber (a computing-like subject). Air Cadets offers fantastic opportunities, for example, you can undergo marksmanship training, which is basically shooting and how to handle firearms safely. You can also go flying and gliding. The Air Cadets is something useful and meaningful to do in your free time, as you learn many new things and meet new people. I also had the opportunity to do social media articles for my squadron, which I am currently doing as the "volunteering" part of my D of E Bronze Award.

I think these were the two most beneficial and important components of my experience in lockdown, as I carried out academic study outside of school and also had a chance to look after my mental health thanks to those intense Karate sessions.

Thank you for reading until this far!

■ **Abhi Lakkineni**

My Lockdown – Writing Reviews

This hobby I've picked over lockdown was beginning to write reviews and I have passionately enjoyed it. The first review I wrote was for: *'Into The Spider-Verse'*, a film whose poster is proudly taped poorly to my wall. That fifteen-year-old, a much less refined writer loved that movie so much that he couldn't hold in his feelings about it. He had to talk, to share his experience with it, and since then I've been reviewing not to critique the arts, but instead to discuss and praise them. I'm not a negative guy, never have been, so I've been writing less about new products because I've lacked the raw joy I had centuries ago in 2019. Maybe it was GCSEs, maybe it was realisations about the progression of life. Who knows? Who cares. I am definitely thinking too much about this.

But as I searched, for the rush that *'Into The Spider-Verse'* gave me, I discovered the art of discovery. Branching out, experiencing something new is what causes that addiction, the feeling fifteen-year-old me struggled to control. So that's what I've been doing. I found a love for hip hop music while trapped in my

home, and may or may not have stumbled upon an obsession with Kanye West. I found out what the fuss about this *'Attack on Titan'* show was about by not leaving my room until I had finished Season 4 Part 1 (not reading the manga is killing me).

This quest for 'new' led me to the works of Junji Ito, an author and illustrator I had seen repeatedly mentioned by the YouTubers I frequent. Out of curiosity and love for the art of horror, I decided Ito's *Uzumaki* was to be the first ever manga I've owned. I basically never read, so this was maybe the biggest step I've taken in my quest for 'new' (although this is a graphic novel).

The premise of this novel is a town, not haunted by an entity but a shape, the spiral. Ito succeeds in unravelling the basic concepts of the spiral into fundamentals of haunting and terror. The spiral is a constant descent or ascension, depending on perspective. It draws you in like prey and becomes more tightly packed the more you venture into it. As the book seems to be spinning out of control, its themes only become more focused. It is tragedy, but it is also redemption. Nuance reveals itself once you compare the narrative, even miniscule events, to the nature of the spiral. Ito also finds

any spirals in the world around us to equip to his toolset of agony, helping the mechanics of the curse reveal themselves wherever there may be spirals on Earth.

Using something as simple as a shape as your basis for a horror story allows it to haunt the reader wherever they may end up. After reading, I've begun to see spirals everywhere. And every time I do, I'm reminded of the atrocities Ito's horrifically detailed art presented me with. The book lives on, stays with you for as long as you're near it, like the curse the story revolves around.

I read this book in two days which is record time for me, only thanks to people showing it to me. This entire journey reminding me of why you should become more open to 'new' as I have become. I urge you to leave your comfort zone. Take up hobbies, movies, music, games or books your friends have been deamnding you check out. Because as I said at the beginning, the feeling of talking or sharing a positive experience you had is unmatched. And you will only be thankful you widened your horizons when you did.

I've been Haider Khan and thank you for reading.

■ **Haider Khan**

Review: Saint Maud

As watching and reviewing films is a passion of mine, I felt the need to share my thoughts on the best film I have seen in lockdown, *Saint Maud*. It is most likely not one most people will have heard of, but I believe it is a scarily relevant film that everyone should be aware of. However, not everyone will enjoy *Saint Maud*, as it is certainly closer to an arthouse film than a piece of popular entertainment, but I personally cannot

recommend it enough.

The film is about a palliative care nurse called Maud, who has recently converted to Christianity due to a traumatic event from her past. She is assigned to take care of Amanda, a retired dancer, but becomes obsessed with the idea of having to save Amanda's soul from damnation. What follows is one the most deeply disturbing and truly tragic films I have ever experienced.

The first time I watched *Saint Maud* was in the cinema, the day before Cineworld closed all

of their cinemas, so I consider myself incredibly lucky to have seen it then regardless. After I had arrived back home, I couldn't sleep, because I simply could not erase some of the imagery in this movie from my mind. This is a truly scary horror film, as it lingers in your mind for hours (or in my case months) after you have seen it.

The actual craft behind the movie was pretty much the best I've ever seen, with some hugely erratic, yet gorgeous camerawork, and a colour palette drenched in oranges and browns, which reflect William Blake's wholly

religious artwork, some of which features in the movie. The two lead actresses are also excellent in playing off each other, in two nuanced, yet extremely physically and emo-

tionally demanding roles.

Overall, *Saint Maud* is an intense, harrowing exercise in loneliness, and it frightened and moved me like no film in recent memory has.

Not everyone will agree, but I think it's titanicly good, and I think it is a film that everyone should see at least once.

■ **Matthew Anderson**

100,000 Press-ups in One Year Challenge

– Please Give Blood!

On 26th February 2021, I completed my 100,000th press up, one year after starting the challenge. (I did have a week off in August when I was walking the Cotswold Way — my bag was enough to carry that week!) I then had to complete 555 press ups daily by 26th February (when I realised I was considerably behind!). It has been one of my tougher challenges. Why? To raise awareness of the importance of giving blood.

What can you do? My aim is for 100 people to pledge to give blood, some students have already signed up and donated. Head to <https://www.blood.co.uk/> or download the app. Please don't leave it to others, you could help change or save a life.

Close to my heart

Back in 2019 my Nan was involved in a near fatal car accident and a long road to recovery ensued. At times she's needed two blood transfusions a week, thankfully this is down to once a fortnight (5 hours at a time). Quite simply, she wouldn't be here today without the



kind hearted people who donate their blood. The chances are, you'll know someone who will need blood at some point in their life.

You can donate blood if you are fit and healthy and aged between 17–66 years old. Males can donate four times a year and females three times. In April, I will have donated blood for the 30th time. Please take the time to download the app, book an appointment and give up an hour or so of your life to give blood. It really is that simple and can save so many lives. You also get free tea and biscuits afterwards!

In a population of 55 million, the statistics on the amount of people giving blood make for sad reading, check this link:

<https://www.nhsbt.nhs.uk/how-you-can-help/get-involved/share-statistics/blood-donation-statistics/>

This is my small attempt to bump up the numbers.

■ **T.J.B.**

Lockdown Running for Young Minds UK

At the start of the latest lockdown, eight of our Year 13 students decided to try and make a difference.

The extracts below are taken from their Go Fund Me page, found at this link: <https://www.gofundme.com/f/khsjye-lockdownruns4charity>

After seeing others around us being negatively affected both mentally and physically by the consecutive lockdowns, we have decided to come together and raise money for Young Minds. Young Minds is the UK's leading charity committed to the emotional wellbeing and mental health of children and young people.

We have decided to raise the money through running, which is one proven solution to improving mental wellbeing. In doing so we hope to inspire others to do the same. We aim to run 1000 km (between 8 participants) over a period of 10 weeks, starting from Monday 11th January 2021. (Approximately the same distance from Birmingham to Italy).

In return, we aspire to raise at least £1000, and would love for as many people to get involved as possible.

Follow us on Instagram LockdownRuns4Charity to see daily updates!



The boys reached their 1000 km lockdown running target in just over six weeks and also raised £1752.00 for Young Minds UK.

They also inspired hundreds of students (total 897.55 km) and staff (total 1584 km) to get out and run over the lockdown period.

An inspirational effort all round.

Inspirational Year 13s

Richard Amoshe, Yusof Elsherbiny, Abhinash Nirantharakumar, Rishi Pingili, Patrick Achusiogu, Aadam Audhali, Dylan Rees and Chethan Biju. [all pictured above]

I am so immensely proud of the boys for the achievement. They have done this off their own back, not only to raise money for Young Minds UK, but also to help improve the mental and physical wellbeing of hundreds of people in what was a tough lockdown for many.

■ **T.J.B.**

The Zoom Quiz

On Saturday 27th June 2020 Kishan Sambhi and Ben Brown held The Zoom Quiz, a quiz that is open to all, raising money for the local charity Love-Brum.

LoveBrum is a Birmingham based charity that undertakes all sorts of charity work to

make Birmingham a better place for everybody.

The Zoom Quiz was an enormous success, with eleven people taking part on the day and a further seventeen people donating to the cause. Because of the huge support we received, we managed to raise an amazing £200!

After finishing the main quiz, Eashan

Varma was on the same amount of points as Miles Balderson, but Eashan managed to win the tie-breaker question (and by extension win the quiz), and went home with a £10 Amazon voucher. Everyone enjoyed the quiz, and we hope to do similar events in the future.

Thank you to everyone who took part and donated.

■ **Ben Brown**

Spring Term: Year 7 Activities Week

As the first half of the Spring term continued, the strains of online learning began to show on many of the Year 7 boys (and staff!), despite the later start we had after the Christmas break. So it was decided that we would allow the boys to enjoy a catch-up and activities week just before the half term break.

The week gave the boys the opportunity to catch-up on work they had fallen behind with, while also having time to enjoy creative activi-

ties which got them away from the computer screen for a while.

Year 7s took part in building challenges, creative writing, photography, cooking, nature spotting and many other activities. As an incentive to take part prizes were offered for the most impressive contributions in some categories.

Almost all of Year 7 took part and contributed something for activities week, with an impressive variety of creations. Among the prize winners were Adeel Awan 7H for his cardboard Macbook and accessories, Rudy Hudson 7K for his cosy photo of a sleeping dog, Oliver

Padley 7H for his short story, and Leo Rueff 7E for his photograph of a snowy duck pond.

Special mentions also go to Ibrahim Omerbegovic, Adam Bashir, Uzayr and Yusuf Qamar for their enthusiastic engagement.

Well done to everybody who took part, and I think we all agree that it was good to return to school in March.

■ **S.O.M.**

The prize-winning short stories, plus a selection of the photographs, appear below and on the following two pages.



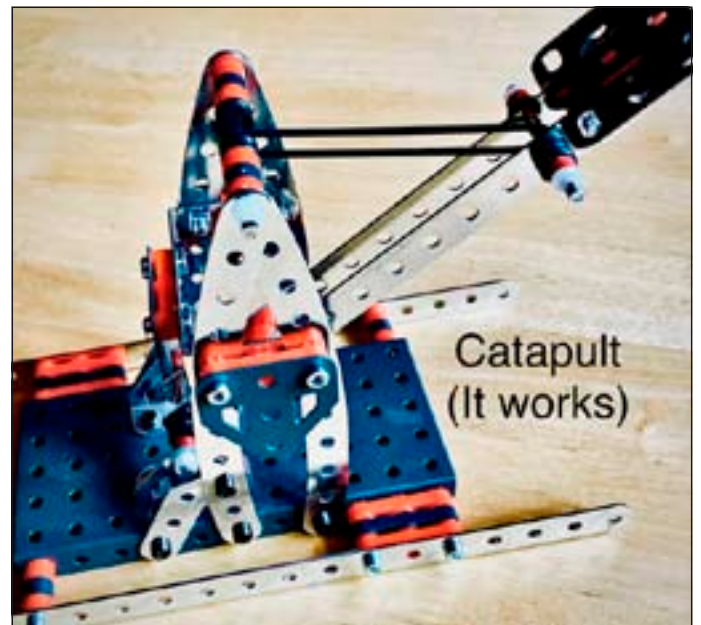
[Pictured above] Message on a fence by Oliver Padley

[Pictured below] Cushion by Abbas Iqbal



[Pictured above] Sleeping Dog by Rudy Hudson

[Pictured below] Catapult by Usman Simjee





[Pictured above] Macbook and Accessories by Adeel Awan



[Pictured above] Cat by Adam Bashir
[Pictured below] Duck Pond by Leo Rueff

Prize Winning Story

The Twilight Tangle

Once there was a boy. He lived on a farm with his family, and every day was pretty much the same. They woke up at the same time, the same way (via a rooster) and the boy used the same bucket to go to the same well down the same path to get water. One day, he was walking down the path, when he tripped over a log and fell in a dead tree trunk, but instead of landing on the wood, he landed on the floor, as if he fell through the tree trunk. Throbbing and still thinking about what happened, he continued down the path. Although, everything was an odd colour of white, the trees being ever so slightly transparent. And, for some reason, he was soaked with water, even though there wasn't any water nearby. Now he noticed, the bucket had water in it, but a while ago, it was empty. What mad trickery is this? Just then, the rustling of 'leaves' was heard behind him, and then in front of him. Immediately, he ran to the tree trunk and jumped inside, but he only landed on the hard wood, the trees still being white. Suddenly, the thing revealed itself as some sort of creature, constantly warping and changing shape, except for three arms, that rotated randomly. The boy found a long pole to defend himself with, but the creature vanished, leaving a trail of rustling leaves. He hit the creature when the leaves moved, but nothing happened. After a few tries, he ran back to the tree trunk again and tried to use the stick to break it. The thing was closing in, its hands warped into rapidly rotating blades. He hit the tree, nothing. The creature got close and did a quick jab at the tree, too quick to even see.

The boy found himself in an empty bunker, with supplies, makeshift weapons and a large



map. On the map, there was only a small fraction of a sliver of the entire world that there was. The map was a layout of the area he was in, him being in the 'White Woods'. Nearby, there was a letter. It read: "Dear reader, if you're reading this, you somehow ended up here as well. This place seems to be some sort of mirrored version of the normal world, and lots of things are different. But I found a 'loose corner' that leads back to the normal world. It's dangerous, but it's the only way out. Find it on the map. Wish you luck."

There was no name. He looked at the map, and saw a marker on somewhere north called the 'Cyan City'. So the boy grabbed a makeshift sword, found the bunker lid and went out into the woods. He went north until he arrived at the city. As assumed, everything was blue, and there were these blue spiders everywhere. They seemed passive, but he didn't want to find out the hard way. The loose corner was supposed

to be in the first alley to the right. When he got there, the boy looked for anything that could reveal the exit, and he later found a trash can that was glowing. Just then, the warping creature appeared, and screeched a command at the spiders. Instantly, the spiders sped down to the alleyway where the boy was. He opened the bin and jumped in the same time the spiders tore apart the bin, destroying the only way out.

He found himself in the same spot, with an empty bucket in his hand. The boy then ran home and took a net, which he used to cover the tree trunk. So then he just went back to collecting the water from the well, and all was well.

At least until the net fell off the tree trunk.

The End.

Not really.

On his path, he then just put the net back on, and this time he tied it on, so it couldn't fall off.

■ **Ianis Dobos**

Prize Winning Story

Clash of Universes

BBBBBRRRRR! "Ugh", Jake groaned, "where am I?" "Shush!" whispered a soft female voice. Jake's vision cleared. He shifted around uncomfortably noticing that he was lying on a pile of rugs. His vision started to blur again; a wave nausea washed over him. Blech! The girl gave him a sympathetic look and pushed him back.

"Who are you?" Jake asked, wiping some vomit away from his lips. "CODE NAME: Pink Panther", she replied with a knowing look.

"But why Pink Pan-?" He was cut short when she unveiled her face, revealing a bright pink mohawk. "What's your real name though?" She frowned, as if searching memory lane for her runaway name. "Penny" she said, "Penny Stravard". Jake had heard the name. It reminded him of home. He frowned to himself: 'But what was home?' he thought. CH, CH, CH, CH. The sound broke his thoughts and he looked at Penny for an explanation. "Cyborgs!" she hissed.

"What!?" exclaimed Jake scrambling up

frantically, making an enormous racket. Penny felt annoyed. Jake had surely blown their cover. She couldn't blame him though, not after leader Cyborg, Error, had knocked the pulp out of him. She had shot Error with her generator rifle, which had caused enough damage to send him in retreat. 'But never mind that' she thought, returning her focus to the cyborgs. CRRREEE! The familiar grind of metal greeted her as the cyborg's eyes swivelled to look at their hidey hole. "COME OUT IN THE NAME OF E-" The poor cyborg never finished his sentence: Penny shot him with her generator rifle, smoke billowing from its snout. For a moment the cyborg stood still, then he began to writhe in agony; his remaining bones started to snap, the wires, which rooted through him, ripped and showers of sparks erupted from every corner of his body. Then he fell, dead; his body steaming as if it had been fried. But cyborgs were built to have no fear, so the rest went forward to attack. Penny fought like a beast, using rifle, knife and hand to blast, hack and rip her way through the cyborgs. Whilst she was distracted, a cyborg with a knife approached Penny from behind, intending to kill. A few moments later, he was surprised to find an

armoured hand jutting from his failing chest. Wrenching his hand out from the finally dead cyborg, Jake cracked his knuckles and flexed his arms, warming them up. 3 cyborgs left, but only one charge in her rifle's magazine. She cursed at herself for not bringing more. Using the final charge, she eliminated yet another cyborg, 2 left. She threw her knife and hit bullseye. Thump and the body clattered on the rusty floor. 1 left. Jake picked him up and threw him across the platform. Before the unfortunate cyborg could call for help, Penny walked over and crushed his metal head under her boot. "Well," she exhaled as she kicked open a balcony door, "welcome to Nulmerock, aka the dying moon." Jake gasped at the sight of so many cyborgs. "Also, the birthplace of all cyborgs," she said, smirking at Jake's expression. Behind them, a camera clicked, spying on their every moment. Looking through the camera's vision, Error chuckled. "Vengeance will be mine" he purred. His brain started to whir as he thought of a plan to assassinate the Pink Panther and her accomplice.

■ **Ibrahim Omerbegovic**

Prize Winning Story

Black Saturday

A fictional story based on true events

October 27, 1962. President Kennedy is pacing up and down the dimly lit room, his brother Robert beside him. The atmosphere is tense. They were standing on the frontline of the Cold War, knowing a pre-emptive nuclear strike could come at any second. Everyone that they ever loved could die within hours after an order being issued from Moscow. "John, I feel that the noose is tightening on us, on Americans and mankind and that the bridges to escape are crumbling." "I know Bobby, this could be our last night on this beautiful, deranged planet."

The pair hadn't slept in days- every action that they took only seemed to escalate the situation. Considering that Cuba was only about 100 miles away from America, it was a great surprise that there had not been any shots fired by any of the ships.

One bullet from a bored or angry soldier could result in the deaths of millions of people- and that would be all blamed on Kennedy.

The pressure of having millions of lives in his hands was starting to take its toll on the president. Dark circles lined his eyes and his voice would start to waver as he spoke- he really couldn't take it anymore. Suddenly his secretary burst into his office, "Sir they need you in the war room, now!"

The president was rushed down to the bunker, accompanied by his team of secret

service agents. At the table there, he saw the faces of tired, anxious military officials: a gathering like this could only mean something was wrong.

"Sir, we have reason to believe that soviet nuclear warheads are heading our way." Time seemed to stand still. The president could still hear General Lee May talking and yet it was like he was underwater. All he could think about was what would happen to everyone in Washington.

And that was the last thing he ever thought about. A blinding flash, searing heat and finally the president felt oddly calm; at peace with himself. And that was the end of President John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

■ **Oliver Padley**

DRAMA

C.H.A.O.S.

Dowling was a fresh faced young teacher struggling with the drudgery of lockdown learning in the middle of a global pandemic.

Caves was a shrewd old-stager who recognised the yearning for something more within the youngster.

Chaos was a vehicle that would help them both break out of the monotony and bring joy back to Camp Hill.

Lamb was a woman on a mission – if there was a play to be put on then she would damn well produce it, direct it and star in it.

In early September 2020, I mentioned to Tom Dowling that I had it in mind to write a new CHAOS production. He was so excited by the prospect that we didn't speak of it again until April 2021. But within three weeks of our second conversation we had a draft script, some half-baked songs and a 'cast'. This was actually going to happen.

Covid 19 did its best to scupper these plans. Original performance dates had to be rescheduled when the easing of restrictions were delayed. Lines were learned, forgotten again and had to be relearned. Rehearsals were socially distanced, mask wearing affairs

where we weren't allowed to practise our singing (sounds like an excuse doesn't it?) but we weren't going to be beaten by a coronavirus.

We are grateful to all of those who have helped us in putting on this show. The history of CHAOS is explained by Mr Keith Phipps as follows.

C.H.A.O.S (Camp Hill Amateur Operatic Society) began life in the late 1960's and was the brainchild of legendary history teacher, Mike Southworth. Mike was a man of many talents but his passion was musical theatre. This passion was indulged by being the producer of the bi-annual student school musical.



These shows would have graced a top drama school and included the best of the West End and Broadway musicals such as 'My Fair Lady,' 'Oliver' or 'Cabaret'.

However, Mike's special gift was comedy and in alternate years he would put together an original joint staff and student production as a CHAOS show. He wrote, produced and acted in these musical comedies which he set 'Up North' in a fictional town called Grimthorpe where a hapless councillor found himself embroiled in a complex plot of three acts. The final act involved the lead character, Albert Heggibottom, creating a musical version of a Shakespeare play. Thus, the Camp Hill stage saw the first performances of hilarious gems such as 'T'Sound of Macbeth', 'Southside Story' and 'Othello get your Gun'. Mike managed to wring the very last vestige of talent from the staff who were kept on their toes by late and limited rehearsal times. It was both terrifying and immensely enjoyable to take part.

Sadly, after 50 years of working at Camp Hill, Mike died in 2020 having dedicated all of his professional life to Camp Hill. However, his star still shines over the Camp Hill stage tonight and it is a tribute to his memory that the tradition of CHAOS lives on.

CHAOS was Mike Southworth's creation. And for this, we are forever indebted. We've

nicked the format and the name, of course – still as apt now as it ever was!

Martin Garrod said he thought putting on a play within six weeks was a good idea, but promptly announced his retirement just in case it went wrong.

The staff team have embraced the grueling rehearsal schedule (twice for an hour) and the handful of students involved have added much needed extra maturity and restraint.

Simon Palmer's levels of patience know no bounds – always calm and forever kind as songs are performed to a less than professional standard.

Emma Lamb is never happier than when she has a clipboard, a schedule, a rota and a plan. Without her drive to get this play 'over the line', Tom and I would have still been making each other laugh by telling rude Latin jokes in the Staff Room.

Thank you to all of the staff and others involved behind the scenes: costumes, music, set design, front of house, ticket sales. None of these things happen without a willing volunteer or two. And (as ever with a staff production) the make-up team have worked especially hard – Georgia White you are a miracle worker! A special mention must also go to Karen Mitchell, chief choreographer and recycler of 'The Southworth Shuffle'. It's such a pity

that all that time she spent teaching Mr Garrod to do the splits came to nothing when we cut that particular scene.

Monim Wains left the school in 2018 but wishes he could start again from Year 7. We were very much looking forward to his professionalism and proficiency with all of the technical stuff (i.e. he would turn up on time and knew where the 'on' switch was). Unfortunately, he wasn't able to make the revised performance date. We considered doing the show without lights and sound – maybe this would have improved it – but Charlie Moore stepped up to the plate and bailed us out by taking the seat at the console.

We all so enjoyed CHAOS. We leaned in to the sheer amateurism – as it's all part of the charm and entirely deliberate. In order to stay true to the CHAOS ethos we had to direct people to dial back their acting talent a little bit. The poor singing was easier to manage.

It really was a spectacular show. Performed twice in one day due to Covid restrictions. The staff and students all put in an amazing amount of effort. Above all, it was fun. Which after the year of lockdowns and turbulence was the bright light we all needed. There is already talk of Chaos 2023. Watch this space.

■ A.J.C ■ E.I.L. ■ T.B.D.



Music

Covid-19 Restrictions and Music at Camp Hill

It has been a difficult time for all involved in music and the Arts because of the Covid-19 pandemic.

In school, we understand the great importance of music, and the value of music making, and so were determined to keep as much going as we could, within the constraints of careful safety precautions to guard against the spread of Covid-19.

In the classroom, we had to adapt our practical music making, and reduce the amount of movement. Even so, we managed to continue to work with some instruments in the Music Room, carefully cleaning all instruments and surfaces after use.

Sadly, our busy programme of musical activities outside the classroom had to be severely curtailed. It was not possible to run our three orchestras or three bands, nor any



of the larger Chamber groups, such as Swing Band, Clarinet Ensemble, Saxophone Ensemble, Flute Choir or Cello Ensemble.

We did manage to continue with some smaller Chamber ensembles within year groups, however. The following instrumental

groups rehearsed regularly: String Quartet (Sixth Form), Wind Trio (Year 12), String Trio (Year 9), Guitar Trio (Year 11) and Saxophone Quartet (Year 9).

■ S.F.P.

[Pictured above] Guitar Trio and Wind Trio

Choirs

I was very pleased that we managed to continue singing, following the guidelines, which were: 'rehearsing in Year Groups, facing forward and not singing too loudly'. The School Choir – which is normally made up of boys from Year 7 to Year 13 – was not able to rehearse together, but instead we rehearsed in separate year groups.

We formed an enthusiastic Year 7 choir of 21 boys which rehearsed weekly. We also rehearsed separate choirs in Years 8 and 9.

I was particularly pleased with our Sixth Form Choir which became a fine 'male voice choir' singing a wide variety of challenging



[Pictured above] Sixth Form Choir

[Pictured below] Year 9 Choir





[Pictured above] Two Soloists

music. Because we have had such talented singers, we were able to tackle some really interesting repertoire.

We were disappointed not to be able to hold our annual School Carol Service at All Saint's Parish Church, King's Heath this year. Instead, we recorded items by our choirs and



[Pictured above] Year 7 Choir

readers, and put together a 'recorded service'. As well as the traditional readings, there were carols from a variety of choral groups, plus a few solos. I was grateful to the Revd Canon David Warbrick, Vicar of All Saint's Church who

recorded a short introduction for us, and I am indebted to Judah Daniels, past pupil, who helped us to put all the recordings together.

■ **S.F.P.**

Music Exams and Lockdown

Lockdown back in March resulted in our scheduled visits for Trinity College London and Associated Board music exams being cancelled at very short notice. This was very unfortunate for the 71 pupils who were entered and ready to take their exams.

It was a couple of months before some alternative offerings had been agreed with Ofsted. The ABRSM initially only offered the opportunity for pupils in Year 13 to take Grade 6 to 8 which didn't help many of our candidates, but in July we were able to convert 23 of our TCL entries from March to digital, as well as enter an additional 7 pupils to take their grades via a video recording.

It is a great credit to the pupils that so

many of them had continued to practise effectively through lockdown, especially as many of them did not receive any instrumental music lessons during this time. Many pupils recorded their videos themselves at home, although we were able to facilitate a few socially distanced recordings in school for pupils that needed access to an acoustic drum kit, or wanted to use a live piano accompaniment.

The process was not without a few hiccups, mainly in obtaining the correct log in details to upload the videos. However, with some patience and perseverance the issues were resolved, and within days some pupils were able to access the marks for their pieces and the comments, which had been assessed by TCL examiners working from home.

The final grade out of 100 was subsequently calculated, with all of our candidates

successful, and the certificates have been arriving one or two at a time for the past two months. These will be presented at the start of next term!

In the interim both exam boards managed to launch new digital performance exams, which are intended as a permanent option to run alongside the traditional face-to-face version. Seven pupils were entered for the first ABRSM session in October, and 29 pupils have entered for TCL or AB exams in the past two weeks.

We are still devising the best way of handling these exams moving forwards, but it has been great to see pupils and colleagues alike embracing the new systems, and for the pupils to once again receive recognition for their hard work.

■ **S.F.P.**

Carol Singing around the Christmas Tree

As we could not hold our traditional Carol Service in the last week of term, the Sixth Form Choir sang carols and songs around the Christmas Tree.

■ **S.F.P.**

[Pictured on previous page] Sixth Form Choir singing by the Christmas Tree

Instrumental Lessons in Lockdown

Lorne Pearcey teaches Year 8 music, she organises the instrumental lessons in school, and also teaches percussion. She writes about how we coped with instrumental teaching and music exams.

[Lorne's article follows]

■ **S.F.P.**

The life of a Visiting Instrumental Teacher – Lockdown and Beyond

Like many of my colleagues I was furloughed for the Summer Term. It was a frustrating experience, but necessary, as the majority of my percussionists do not have proper instruments at home and so

online teaching was not a viable option. Just a couple of my colleagues did manage to continue teaching throughout this period, via Zoom or Google Meet. These platforms are not ideal for music, and I know from my own daughter's experience that tweaking the settings to make them music lesson friendly is not easy. However, I am in awe of those who managed to teach dawn till dusk in this way for months on end.



Returning to school in September was a strange experience and our new ways of working have brought some new challenges. Firstly, I will not lie; it is cold. Practice rooms are small spaces and so maintaining adequate ventilation is vital. It can also be somewhat noisier than usual, as we keep the doors propped open whenever possible. Sanitiser is everywhere and we have all become very well practised in

continually cleaning our hands between pupils and wiping down seats and music stands. The handles of my drumsticks have never been cleaner!

The strangest thing has been getting used to teaching from the other side of a Perspex screen and trying to remember not to peep around the side. Keeping 2 metres distance has also highlighted my failing eyesight, or

the need for some kind of binoculars to read the music clearly from a distance. However, the pupils have been great. We are all used to wearing our face masks for extra protection, and it has been lovely to be able to pick up from where we left off and enjoy playing again.

■ **Lorne Pearcey**

Sam Gray

Boys with a strong interest in and love of music kept going with their music in a variety of ways. One who achieved very special success is Sam Gray.

Sam was one of our leading musicians throughout his Camp Hill career, and first came to special notice when he gained the lead role in the Junior Musical *Smike*, based on the Charles Dickens novel *Nicholas Nickleby*, when in Year 7. Since then he developed his enjoy-



ment of music and his skills, gaining a distinction in both grade 8 singing and piano.

When in the Sixth Form he decided to try for a music at Cambridge and also a Choral Scholarship. We made contact with Trinity College, a college with a fine reputation for music, and a superb Chapel Choir.

We were delighted to find out at Christmas that following tests and interviews on 'zoom' he had gained a place for music at Trinity College, Cambridge. After Christmas we found out that he had also been awarded a choral scholarship in Trinity College Choir. This is a wonderful achievement, as it is an outstanding choir. For those of you who do not know the choir's reputation, they were voted the fifth best choir in the world in Gramophone magazine's '20 Greatest Choirs'!

■ **S.F.P.**

Sam also sang with the National Youth Choir and he writes...

In the Summer, I took part in a week-long course with the National Youth Training Choir, singing with other students from around the

country. We got to explore choral music from throughout history in various crash courses and hear fantastic lectures from guest speakers on topics ranging from vocal percussion to the role of singing in the civil rights movement.

However, the main project for the week was working on and remotely recording a brand new contemporary composition called 'The change we need' by a composer on the young composer's scheme, and after a lot of editing together, the piece was released earlier this year. The music blends influences from Western and Indian Classical music together, and the text focuses on the need for young people to play an active role in society and to be the change that they want to see – quite an apt song for 120 teenagers to take on.

It was an incredible experience to be a part of and it meant that I got to make music in a way that I'd never done before at a time when I was missing being able to sing in a choir the most. I hope to be able to take part in similar projects across the coming years.

■ **Sam Gray**

Birmingham Cathedral Choir

I have been lucky enough to have been singing at Birmingham Cathedral for about eight years now, but never have I appreciated it more than this past year, as obviously it provides something to do outside of school hours.

It may have involved a significantly reduced congregation size and having to sing stood at least two metres away from other people, but it's still been great fun nonetheless. All the services have been live-streamed online for people to watch, and obviously standing far away from the person who I share a voice part with have provided a challenge, but singing at the cathedral has really been my first step back towards something we used to call 'normality'.

■ **Matthew Anderson**



Matthew Anderson sings regularly in the Birmingham Cathedral Choir.

■ **S.F.P.**

The Return of Live Music

Ever since the first lockdown brought many musical activities to a standstill, musicians have had to think creatively about how to continue making music together from afar. The Royal Birmingham Conservatoire's Junior Department was one such affected body of young musicians. They have many students from schools throughout the country ranging in age from 10 to 18, and had to find a way of continuing the wide range of musical activities they deliver on a weekly basis throughout the pandemic.

With the recent relaxation of restrictions, there has been a limited return to live music-making, seeing many ensembles return to a

version of normality for the first time in months, with ensembles such as string quartets and various larger woodwind groups returning to the Conservatoire building.

Online theory and aural classes have continued throughout the lockdown through Microsoft Teams, working for half an hour each week to develop musicianship, broaden musical knowledge and establish fundamental skills such as harmonisation. Similarly, the Junior Conservatoire has offered online instrumental tuition whilst in-person classes haven't been possible, as well as some sectional Zoom meetings with work on smaller ensemble pieces and remote performance classes.

Some attempts were made to try and organise a larger ensemble, with weekly string sectionals to practice *Vaughan Williams' Fantasia Upon a Theme* by Thomas Tallis, but the

relaxing of Covid measures should enable live rehearsals, which will be greatly more beneficial to students, in the coming term.

With restrictions ideally being further relaxed in the coming months, the Junior Conservatoire hopes to reopen more fully after Easter, welcoming students back each week, rather than in fortnightly sessions, as well as hopefully reintroducing choirs and larger orchestras, which have been put on hold since the first lockdown.

In the meantime, solo instrumental lessons are expected to return to the Conservatoire and smaller ensembles will be able to meet more frequently, finally enabling the full reintroduction of everything the Junior Conservatoire has to offer once more.

■ **Deniz Yoruk-Mikhailov**

[Deniz appears in the photo below – in the red square]



Emily Batchelor

I was very pleased that we had a PGCE music student from Birmingham City University with us for much of last year. Miss Emily Batchelor was a graduate of Birmingham University, and was most successful in 'live' teaching, and also invaluable to the department in helping to teach and set work over the 'lockdown' period. In the summer term we were delighted to hear that she had secured a post as music teacher at Wheeler's Lane Technology College, just around the corner. We send out very best wishes as she begins there.



In place of a concert, we recorded a few secular musical items, both choral and instrumental, and these were available through the school website. Above is a picture of the

Year 7 Choir rehearsing Michael Finnegan, which ends with a 'hands up' as they shout "stop"!

■ **S.F.P.**

Tom Li

Tom Li writes below about the changing landscape of music in school – and of his many activities in and out of school.

■ S.F.P.

While returning to school in September was wonderful, it was still extremely surreal as all of the usual ensembles which were vital in shaping my musical development were unable to run. This doesn't mean all music was axed though.

Sixth Form Choir was born, as was 'Woodwind Trio' consisting of me, Connor Huss and Matthew Anderson. You can listen to three pieces online that we recorded last term in December: *Teddy Bears' Picnic*, *Tico Tico* and *Walking the Dog*.

Our music A-Level group also sings and plays together regularly and I arranged 'Don't Stop Me Now' as a testimony to our resilience.

While the musical connections we all crave so dearly are still out of sight, we have still managed to adapt, due to our immense resilience. Recordings have become the new normal and multitrack videos have meant that we are still able to 'play together'. I organised a large project back in lockdown one to record a short piece for bassoon ensemble.

The National Youth Orchestra have been taking full advantage of everything being online too, running projects which have involved more young musicians than ever before. Over 600 musicians (myself included) took part in NYOLiftOff this February, which ran in regional groups over 16 days, allowing us to connect with young musicians in our general local areas.

Over the Easter holidays, I will be taking

The Semibreve

Over Lockdown, some of the departments at Camp Hill Girls started to send out short newsletters to pupils containing some wider reading for their respective subject areas. Since the music department didn't have one of these newsletters, I joined forces with Holly Mia Garside to create *The Semibreve*, a student-led newsletter including articles about both classical and contemporary music. By the power of social media, we were able to virtually curate articles from different contributors, which I then formatted into a small online newspaper.

The Semibreve has proven a great opportunity for some to contribute articles, and we are always open to new contributors and ideas! *The Semibreve* lands in student's inboxes once a month, and we are hopeful it will long continue!

■ Charlie Moore



part in another NYO Inspire project in instrumental groups, for which I submitted a video audition in January this year.

Connecting with other people through music has been a challenge this past year, but

our collective resilience has meant we have and are going to get through this.

■ Tom Li

[Tom appears in the photo above – in the red square]

My Way

This term we had to say farewell to Martin Garrod, as he decided to leave us to retire. The Music Department thought that we must mark this occasion in some way, with a musical send-off. This would normally have been done by some item in a school concert, but of course, in the circumstances this was impossible.

Because of this, we arranged a short performance of the popular song 'My Way' at 1 pm one lunchtime in the school lobby. Martin did not know about it beforehand, and Mr Bruten made sure that he was available at the chosen time. Many



staff had heard about it, and gathered nearby. He was brought in and sat down, the the boys of the Sixth Form Choir – including two Year 13

leavers – came in one at a time to sing to him, changing the last line to 'He did it HIS way!'

■ S.F.P.

Music Examinations

Over the period of the Covid-19 pandemic the 'grade' examinations of the Associated Board and Trinity College, London, went 'online' and pupils and teachers were required to record the performances on video. It has been a new challenge for the instrumental teachers to get the music all practised and ready, and then also arrange a 'recording session'.

In addition, the administration involved has been considerable. I am indebted to Lorne Pearcey who has taken on all this work. Even though a rather complicated system, we have been pleased that many pupils have been

successful in these examinations. I would also like to thank our excellent team of seventeen Visiting Instrumental Teachers who have worked very hard over this difficult period, continuing to teach our pupils very well, and also prepare them for these 'online' examinations.

I know that a number of boys have also been taking their 'grade' examinations privately, and I have also been very pleased to hear about these. Two recent piano exams were taken by George Hill, Year 11 (grade 7 – Distinction) and Kenny Lau, Year 9 (grade 4 – Distinction).

■ **S.F.P.**

The results for the past academic year are shown below.



[Pictured above] Sam Cole – Grade 8 Trombone

KEY TO RESULTS LISTINGS

Boy's Name, Instrument (M) = Merit (D) = Distinction *Boys' names are listed alphabetically for each grade*

Grade 1

Hrshikesh Narayanan, Guitar (M)
Darasimi Oluyeye, Saxophone (D)
Aditya Prasad, Guitar (D)
Finn Sambridge-Davies, Trombone (D)
Vidyut Tutika, Guitar (M)

Grade 2

Musa Ahmed, Guitar (M)
Christy Baiju, Guitar (D)
Idries Bharmal, Guitar
Aakshat Kumar, Guitar (M)
Aditya Prasad, Guitar (D)
Akshat Sharma, Guitar (D)

Grade 3

Rahul Chauhan, Clarinet (M)
Rishi Chauhan, Clarinet (M)
Clement Franklin, Trumpet
Alex Hopkins, Violin
William Lin, Violin (M)

Grade 3 – continued

Harvey Murray, Cornet
Harrish Satkunarajah, Guitar

Grade 4

Rohan Desai, Drum Kit
Rajan Gill, Guitar (M)
Kenny Lau, Violin (M)
Sam Nouhov, Jazz Saxophone (M)
Adith Raghava, Guitar (M)
Sampanna Raut, Drum Kit
Richie Yang, Violin (M)

Grade 5

Miles Balderson, Trombone (M)
Rajun Brring, Clarinet
Jacob Close, Singing (M)
Harley Hau, Violin (M)
Wilf Kan, Guitar (M)
Aarondeep Singh, Clarinet (M)

Grade 6

Adrian Ifrim, Jazz Saxophone
Cyrus Maleki-Toosserkani, Guitar
Darius Maleki-Toosserkani, Guitar
Se Mouthaan-Ward, Drum Kit
Krishnan Sen, Clarinet (D)

Grade 7

Ben Colleran, Tenor Horn (M)
Keshav Najran, Guitar
Udayan Nayyar, Guitar

Grade 8

Joe Clark, Jazz Saxophone (M)
Sam Cole, Trombone (M)
Praneeth Udathu, Singing (M)

A-Level Music

Even though it was a very challenging year, and impossible to continue rehearsing and performing with our orchestras, ensembles and choirs, it has been great to see our senior musicians finding inventive ways to continue with their music. We have a number of outstanding musicians in our Year 12 and Year 13 A-Level groups, and they worked extremely hard to achieve their goals.

Oxford and Cambridge

From a talented Year 13 group, two applied to study music at Oxford and Cambridge.

Anna Sutton, a talented singer and violinist, applied for Oxford, and we are delighted that she not only gained a place for music, but also a Choral Scholarship at Magdalen College.

Sam Gray, a gifted singer and pianist, applied for Trinity College, Cambridge. He

gained a place for music, and also a Choral Scholarship in the choir there.

Congratulations to them both, and to all musicians who have managed to keep

performing in these very difficult times. We wish them all the very best for the future.

■ **S.F.P.**

More pictures over the page.



[Pictured above] Evan Petrie



[Pictured above left] Year 12 A-Level Group



[Pictured above right] Year 13 A-Level Group – on their last day
[Sam Gray (front left) and Anna Sutton (front right) – refer to their story on the previous page]

GCSE Music

The impact of 'lockdowns' meant that pupils had to be taught at home for some months, and because of this, the Examination Boards reduced the amount of coursework that musicians had to complete.

At both A-Level and GCSE instead of having to perform and compose two pieces, they had to complete just one of each. This meant that our musicians had time to complete their work to a very high standard, and that we had time to record the compositions on live instruments. We were very pleased by the recordings that we made.

■ S.F.P.

The pictures on this page, and the next, show a selection pupils recording their GCSE compositions and performances.





Rugby.....	40
Touch Rugby.....	42
Cricket.....	45
Tennis.....	48
Water Polo.....	48
Sports Day.....	48

Rugby

1st XV Rugby

On 1st May 2021, the Camp Hill 1st XV stepped onto the hallowed grounds of Camp Hill RFC to take on the club's Colts team. Captain Luke Hemmings led the team in what may have been the world's least structured warm-up, before insisting that the team don war paint – because nothing says intimidating like face paints. The team took to the field at precisely 10.28 am and put more effort into the infamous Bullet Call than they had put into Mr Taylor's 'rewards' all season; deafening the opposition and inspiring the tens of supporters on the sidelines.

Kick off came next as the school's XV prepared (literally glowing under the morning sun in their beautiful new kits) to receive the Colts' kickoff. Maybe it was nerves, or maybe it was poor skill, but the ball was quickly stripped from the grasp of Louis Peters and the Colts went on the offensive. Luckily the Colts' offence disjointed allowing the men in maroon and sky blue soaked up the Colts' attack with ease, and pushed them back into their half.

Soon we regained possession, and a series of immense carries by man-mountain Jonathan Anderson and the ball carrying beast Seth Dockery allowed us to gain ground, putting immense pressure on the Colts' defence. Following an attacking kick by full-back Jobe Simpson, older (and more attractive) brother Alex threw the only straight ball into the line-out of the game, and the backs set to work. As Moltke the Elder said 'no plan survives contact with the enemy' and we quickly discovered this as the Colts' blitz defence placed pressure on our strike move. Luckily for the school, your backs had been playing touch rugby for six months, and so had turned into experts in fast, impromptu rugby; a terrifying dummy run by Sam 'Keith' Satodia and a slick offload from

centre Joe Day opened up space on the wing for Emerii Uzoma to dance around the scrambling defence of the Colts' and bag his first try of the day.

Fueled by enough caffeine to harm a baby elephant, Louis Peters made his presence felt on the field, applying constant pressure to the opposition's attacking line and disrupting the play throughout the game (only giving away one penalty for a late tackle). Beauden Barrett-esque passing from Hemmings released Abhinash Niranthakumar on the right wing who danced his way into the opposition 22. Working our way across the field, Jake Mathews was able to cross the line, however he was unfortunately held up by strong defence. No matter though, because the very next phase his partner in the second row Seth Dockery crossed the line to score his try. Whilst Simeon darted around on the floor like a fish out of water, Joe Day intercepted a pass following the restart, however an overly eager defensive line resulted in a Colts' penalty instead of a Camp Hill try. Abhinash proved Shakira wrong – the hips do lie – as he danced his way down the wing onto the opposition 5, and some quick interplay between Keith and Luke led to the captain crossing the line for the third try of the game. Ross Evans was making his presence known on the pitch; running hard and fast and breaking the gainline everytime. His runs opened up space for the rest of the team, and as he had been for seven years, he was key in our team - brilliant in offence and defence, riling up the opposition, and encouraging our lads to keep working. Not to mention he added our fourth try of the game with a powerful run up the centre of the pitch.

Having finished the first half 26-6, the Camp Hill 1st XV stepped back onto the field for what they expected to be a comfortable second half. However the Colts' weren't finished yet - as they crossed the line first in the second half, getting their first try of the game. Joe Day had clearly had enough of the countless turno-



[Pictured above] 1st XV Rugby Team

vers won by the Colts, and took it upon himself to run around their entire team – and that he did, adding a fifth try to our total. Our backup No.10 Jonathan Anderson threw a beautifully timed miss pass to the magic man Uzoma. The fact that he was faced with a 60 metre sprint and multiple defenders did not seem to matter to Emery, as he breezed past the defence to add a sixth. Suddenly, there was the sound of tires squealing into the carpark as Fintan Hogan slid round the corner, yanking on the handbrake and rolling out of the car as though he'd just binge watched the Fast and Furious franchise. The reality however was that he had just passed his driving test, and joined us for the last 15 minutes of the game. A powerful carry by Ross Evans, followed by a perfectly

timed dummy-scissor-pop by the inside backs released Joe Day who in turn released Fintan 'Drift King' Hogan to score with his first touch of the game. Hogan's try, and the sixth conversion made by Hemmings brought the final score to 47-18 Camp Hill Boys.

I have spent seven years playing rugby by at Camp Hill, and those seven seasons have provided me with some of the best memories not just of my time at Camp Hill, but in my life. I could not have asked for a better group of lads to spend my time with, during and after school, on weekends and even during summer holidays. Since the days of Mr Eckley in year 7, we have played, laughed, fought and grown together, and I only wish we hadn't lost our last season together. I cannot thank Mr Burgess

enough for everything he has done, for me personally, for our team and for sport as a whole, especially for all the work he put into organising at least one fixture for us this season.

Thanks are also due to Mr Taylor, despite disagreements, he taught us valuable lessons in discipline, teamwork and occasionally rugby. Ultimately however I cannot imagine rugby at Camp Hill without the lads who stood shoulder to shoulder, week in and week out for seven years with me. Jonathan Anderson, Ross Evans, Seth Dockery, Louis Peters, Jake Mathews, Alex Simpson, Abhinash Niranthakumar, Fintan Hogan and Max Amarilli. So thank you, it was an honour to be your Captain.

■ **Luke Hemmings**

U15 Rugby

This past year has been tough for a lot of extracurricular activities, but rugby has probably undergone one of the worst treatments of all. Restrictions and bubbles meant that the traditional yearly tour was cancelled, and we were only able to take part in one match against Camp Hill RFC, a loss which doesn't tell the whole story for the teams' effort this year.

We put in a quality performance for a team with little game time and things look promis-

ing for the following season. Through isolations and lockdowns, the team still managed to pull themselves together and play a good bit of rugby during the Thursday, and later Monday, training sessions with Mr Taylor and some of the 1st XV players. It was here that over the course of the three terms we developed as not only rugby players, but as a group too through touch rugby matches that tested our stamina, agility and willingness to pass the ball out wide to a winger who could score the try.

In the last *Chronicle* I gave a closing state-

ment about what we expected from this year in terms of rugby, and I seem to have gotten it right. We might not have played many games, but we've all had a good laugh together and I speak for the whole team when I say we've thoroughly enjoyed playing rugby every week this year, and whatever matches next year may hold will be met with a team that's eager and ready to play, no matter the opposition.

■ **Matthew Holland**



[Pictured above] U15 (Y10) Rugby Team



[Pictured above] U14 (Y9) Rugby Team

[Pictured below] U13 (Y8) Rugby Team

[Pictured below] U12 (Y7) Rugby Team



U14 Rugby

The 2020–2021 season had seemed bleak from the start. Due to COVID-19 we only managed to play a single match against Camp Hill RFC. The match was a very close and exciting, one with tries being scored and equalized shortly after. It was our first time with a squad of 15 but we managed

to cope with this new format. We were also introduced to lineouts and conversions during the match and we handled them well.

Our tries were scored by Pagiell, Edward and Rhys with Matthew making two out of the three conversions. Altogether, it was a good game but the result was inevitable to a team who had practised much more than us. The final score was 38-19 to Camp Hill RFC.

We would like to thank Mr Taylor for leading our after school sessions on Thursdays and our games sessions on Tuesdays and being our coach for the season. We have learnt a lot from these sessions that will help us to improve our game in the future.

■ **Rishi Chauhan**

U13 Rugby

During the short period of rugby, we have had this year, everyone who participated has improved vastly, although we only managed to play one fixture. Our coaches, Mr Taylor and Mrs Jermine have brought the team that played on by leaps and bounds, helping everyone progress. This season, we played against Camp Hill Rugby Club and although we played well, we did not win, however the score was close.

We conceded five tries and scored three. It took us by surprise when we conceded twice in the first few minutes of the match, however managed to regain our focus and stay in the game by scoring a try. We later managed to grab another and bring the score line back to two tries a piece. We were unlucky to concede a further three tries, a lack of game time coming into effect I think! We did manage to score our third try and the last try of the match in the final few minutes, gaining back

some credibility.

During the game, our top try scorer was Zion Osolase, who scored two tries and also received man of the match. Ali Berair also scored one try. Despite a lack of games, the team has bonded and helped each other get through such a tough time, and have become far better players and people because of it.

■ **Matthew Dainty**

U12 Rugby

The Year 7's first year in Rugby at Camp Hill has been a strange one to say the least! This group of players, many of which have never played Rugby before, came together as a large collective, learning a refining a number of new skills key to Rugby.

The boys have done exceptionally well to keep the highest record of attendance in extra-curricular sessions throughout the year and this has proven invaluable with their improvements being clear for all to see. With touch rugby being the main point of focus, passing

and handling skills are advanced for their age group across all positions and when contact was introduced, there was no hesitation from anyone to get stuck in and prepare themselves for our one and only game of the season. A big season is coming for these boys in Year 8 and we have high hopes for their potential.

The game against Camp Hill RFU, as expected, was a shock to the system for many, as this was a first full contact game they had been a part of. A few early tries from Camp Hill RFU put us in a difficult position where we could have given up completely, or we could

fight back, and fight back we did! Everyone rolled their sleeves up and began to play the Rugby we knew they were capable of. Lemuel Adjei scored one of our tries and Raees Latif scored a debut hat-trick! Joel Fletcher however was given man of the match for his performance and giving us the belief to run forward into contact and push them back!

A great game all told and well done to everyone involved in Year 7 Rugby this year!

■ **G.R.**

Touch Rugby

The photographs below, and on the following three pages, feature teams that took part in the Touch Rugby matches.



[Pictured above] Beaufort 6th Form Team [Pictured below] Beaufort Y11 Team



[Pictured above] Beaufort Y10 Team [Pictured below] Beaufort Y9 Team





[Pictured above] Beaufort Y8 Team



[Pictured above] Howard Y10 Team



[Pictured above] Beaufort Y7-A Team



[Pictured above] Howard Y9 Team



[Pictured above] Beaufort Y7-B Team



[Pictured above] Howard Y8 Team



[Pictured above] Howard 6th Form Team



[Pictured above] Howard Y7-A Team



[Pictured above] Howard Y11 Team



[Pictured above] Howard Y7-B Team



[Pictured above] Seymour 6th Form Team



[Pictured above] Seymour Y7-A Team



[Pictured above] Seymour Y11 Team



[Pictured above] Seymour Y7-B Team



[Pictured above] Seymour Y10 Team



[Pictured above] Tudor 6th Form Team



[Pictured above] Seymour Y9 Team



[Pictured above] Tudor Y11 Team



[Pictured above] Seymour Y8



[Pictured above] Tudor Y10 Team



[Pictured above] Tudor Y9 Team



[Pictured above] Tudor Y7– A Team



[Pictured above] Tudor Y8 Team



[Pictured above] Tudor Y7– B Team

Cricket

1st XI Cricket

After a year with no school cricket due to the pandemic the squad came into the short season excited to finally be playing cricket for Camp Hill again.

We entered our first game against King Edward Stratford fielding a team that would end up to be one of the youngest 1st teams to ever play for Camp Hill, with the youngest player being wicket keeper Haaziq Wani of Year 8. Despite this we were confident that we could still challenge for the win.

Bowling first, we did well to restrict Stratford to 126 with Joe Day and Muhammad Raheem being the pick of the bowlers and we believed that we would be able to chase the runs down and achieve a win in the first game of the season. However, after losing captain Amar Jandu and Yuvanash Nirantharakumar early we put ourselves in a tough position. An excellent partnership from youngster Haaziq Wani and Muhammad Raheem brought us back into the game, yet despite their score of 22* and 41* respectively we ended up falling 20 runs short of the target.

The next game against King Edward Five Ways proved to be a miss-match. Batting first in this game Ajay Shingadia and Yuvanash Nirantharakumar set out with an attacking mindset with Ajay falling after making 62 runs. We ended the innings making a mammoth total of 212 with Abhinash Nirantharakumar also making 50. The total ended up being too great for Five Ways as we bowled them all out



for only 52 runs.

Joe Day [pictured right] bowled a fiery spell taking five wickets as his pace proved to be too much of a problem for the Five Ways batsmen.

The penultimate game of the season was the highly anticipated game against a strong MCC side who never fail to challenge us. The MCC went in to bat first and made life for the Camp Hill opening bowlers extremely difficult as they wore the team down for 25 overs until Jay Gallagher managed to break through making the score 124-1. Some more excellent batting and some average fielding meant we went into lunch with the score 184-1. After the lunch break however we picked ourselves up and went out ready to challenge the MCC. Muhammad Raheem came out and bowled a hostile spell and brought us back into the game taking 3 wickets in 13 overs. A mention has to go to Haaziq Wani who took the catch of the game with an outstanding diving catch.



The MCC ended up declaring on 267-5. Camp Hill set out with old boys Salah Khan and Owais Akram who were going well until they fell in quick succession leaving Abhinash and Amar to bat out a tricky period just before tea. After the tea break the run chase was on with Abhinash and Ibraheem Mohammed producing two great innings with the two scoring 91 and 61 respectively. Despite this after a losing 6 wickets for only 13 runs we decided to play for the draw which we managed to do despite secret agent Joe Day's efforts to stop us. We ended up with a score of 226-9 in what was an excellent game of cricket.

We await the final game of the season against the staff team which I'm sure will prove to be an exciting game. On behalf of the team I would like to thank everyone involved in arranging the fixtures for us and in particular Mr Burgess for taking his time out to accompany us at the games and for organising the team and fixtures. I wish all the best to the team for next year and hope that have an enjoyable, Covid free season.

■ **Amar Jandu**



U15 Cricket

The U15 cricket team came up against a tough King Henry school on the first day of the season. After being forced to bowl first, King Henry School scored 150 runs and, despite a well-played innings from Ismaeel Feraz, Camp Hill ended up falling 26 runs short of the required total.

We then played rivals Five Ways where we were able to score 109 runs for 7 wickets. A great opening spell from Rayyen Khan followed by some very tight bowling from Areeb Tayyab and Abdullah Rashid put Camp Hill on the front foot. Amogh Shetty was then able to bowl a brilliant spell, picking up 4 wickets and a well-deserved hat-trick, helping Camp Hill to win by 19 runs.

Our next encounter was King Edward School, Stratford. A team effort helped Camp Hill to a score of 124 runs. King Edward School, Stratford were able to make a good start however excellent bowling from Sulaimaan Zahid and Rohan Desai were able to restrict them to less than 15 runs over the next 8 overs. Camp Hill were able to win by 18 runs.

Next Camp Hill were once again playing Five Ways but this time it was the final of the 100-Ball Tournament. After winning the toss Camp Hill decided to bat first but Five Ways bowled very well and a collapse from Camp Hill meant that we were all out for just 64 runs. However, this did not deter Camp Hill. A great catch from Ismaeel Feraz off Rayyen Khan's bowling set the tone for Camp Hill and Eesa Nadeem was able to take 5 early wickets without giving away a single run. This left Five Ways at a score of 6 runs for 7 wickets after 40 balls. Wickets then fell to bowlers Amogh Shetty and



Sulaimaan Zahid with Five Ways being skittled for just 29 runs.

We are also in the final of the 20-Over Tournament and are looking forward to another big game that we can hopefully win. We would like to thank Mr Rees and Mr Burgess for helping us improve throughout this year through umpiring games and running training sessions.

We would also like to thank Mr Duncan and Mr Hope for taking the time to umpire games over the weekend, helping us to develop as a team. A final thank you to our departing Headmaster, Mr Garrod, for his continued support as a Saturday morning spectator and Camp Hill ambassador. We hope he will continue this support for years to come.

■ **Eesa Nadeem**

[Eesa Nadeem is pictured right]



U14 Cricket

The Year 9 team got off to a shaky start, after losing a match to Aston, but really pulled back and excelled this year. We won a very close match against King Henry's, which went down to the last over, but great efforts by Elliot Fernandes with the bat, and Jai Varaich with the ball ensured we got our first win of the season.

A few isolations meant we didn't do as well against Bablake, but we still managed to defeat both Hall Green and Five Ways with extremely good all round play. Shout outs to Syed Amaan Ahmed and Musa Ahmed with the ball in the Five Ways match, but all round, a very promising and successful season for the U14 team!

■ **Hassan Soonsara**



U13 Cricket

Albeit a small season, the U13 boys have shown some high-quality cricket. Their first match, against Hall Green, proved to be successful for Camp Hill, who bowled first, reducing the visitors to 84-8, with Ishan Gautam taking 3 wickets. In response, openers Haaziq Wani and Aakshat Kumar, scoring 28* and 27* respectively, saw the home team through without the loss of a single wicket.

The second match vs King Henry VII's School Coventry showed an all-round outstanding performance. Batting first, the boys produced a mammoth 203-3 in 20 overs,



including a 100* by Haaziq Wani [pictured left].

Haaziq also helped with the gloves, with 3 stumping's. 4 bowlers took 2 wickets each, with Ishan Gautam taking two wickets without conceding a single run in two overs, leaving KH-VII skittled for 63, and Camp Hill winning by 138 runs.

The next match vs King Edward's Five Ways saw our first and only defeat. Camp Hill batted first, leaving only 96 runs on the board, with Haaziq Wani and Jai Thakur contributing with 24 and 22. However, there was still much to play for the home team, with Ishan Gautam yet again in the wickets, with 3-17 in his 4 overs. Camp Hill took it to the last over, with Five Ways

winning with a four in the penultimate ball of this low-scoring thriller.

The last match of the season was against Bablake School, where we batted first, with the openers setting a firm base, with Aakshat Kumar scoring a superb 42, aided by Haaziq Wani's 33, with a finishing total of 126 all out. In reply, Bablake could only muster 62-10, with only 22 runs coming off the bat. This was greatly helped by a monster spell by Saad Ali, finishing with outstanding figures of 5-4 with his tricky off-spin, and the hosts winning by 64 runs. A great season overall.

■ **Haaziq Wani**

U12 Cricket

The first game of the season saw us against a three match tournament at Queen Mary's. After winning the tosses for all three games we gave a mixture of bowling and batting first. Unfortunately, neither of the two sufficed; we faced significant losses of 30 runs and more.

Although there were losses, in some ways we won; each game we improved and fought

back harder and there are a few people who stood out that day. Abdul Rahmen Ahmad in the first game smashed a 19 in little deliveries. Spencer Hazzel who pushed through and squeezed in runs with amazing backing up. Hrish Nariyan who retired in the final game with

[Pictured right] U12/T10 QM Tournament Team



25 runs. And last but not least the man of the match Aadil Kapasi who was outstanding with the ball bat and in the field.

Our third match was a cup match against our rivals KE Five Ways. We lost the toss and unfortunately had to bat first. We had a good opening partnership of 30 runs and after that we began to collapse all hope was on our two batsman Spencer Hazzel and Abdul Rahman Ahmed who succeeded in bringing a 50-run partnership. This gave us a respectable score 97-8. We started the bowling with meeting two respectable and sturdy opening batsman it took us our 7th over to finally knock one down. Wickets began to fall and it led to a last over game 12 needed of 6. In the end our bowlers



[Parth Trehan is pictured above]

and field was too good for them. Our leading wicket takers were Adam Bashir and Parth Trehan who both took 3 wickets each.

■ **Parth Trehan**

Tennis

This year's Tennis season, unfortunately, was short and sweet due to many fixtures needing to be postponed because of Covid-19. The fixture we did manage to play however were fantastic. The boys put on great performances against KES in their first outing of the year with literally zero practise! A win against Bishop Challoner showed the players for how good they were and the potential we have to compete at a high level in the future.

Well done to everyone who has contributed to the effort this year in Tennis.

■ **G.R.**

Water Polo

The Camp Hill Water Polo team had an interesting, albeit extremely short, season. It began very late on, due to covid restrictions, and with the majority of the team having never played water polo before, it was always going to be an uphill struggle.

Our only game of the season was against KES, a well drilled team who had been playing a lot longer than most of our team. Unfortunately, we were unable to keep up with the experienced KES side, and the scoreline reflected this, finishing 27-4 in their favour. Our four goals were all scored by Lorcan Halstead, but everyone on the team put in a huge effort, considering most of them had only been taught the rules the day before! The team consisted of the experienced Joe Matin, Rufus Hall

and Dan Robinson (having played around 15 games between them), Joe Day and Lorcan Halstead, and newcomers Sam Morris, Ben Brown, Seth Turner, Simeon Humphries, James Derham and shallow end goalkeeper Ayman Hussain.

Sadly, we were not able to replicate the successes of the previous season, however the experience will only help next year, when we aim to come back stronger for a full season and are able to train every week, and we hope some of the younger students will step up to give the sport a try!

Many thanks to Mr Burgess and Mr Rees for helping out with the training sessions and organising the game.

■ **Joe Day and Joe Matin**

Sports Day

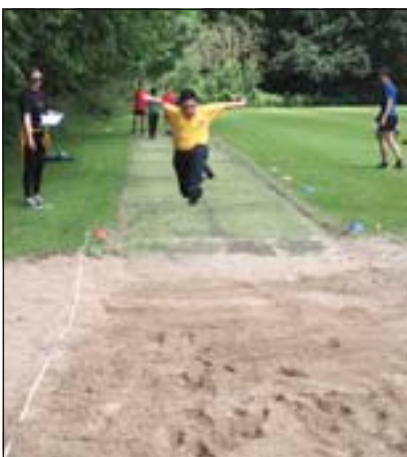


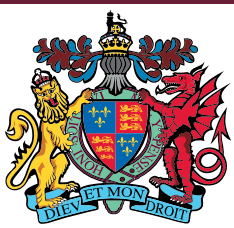












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