

CHB Alumni Newsletter

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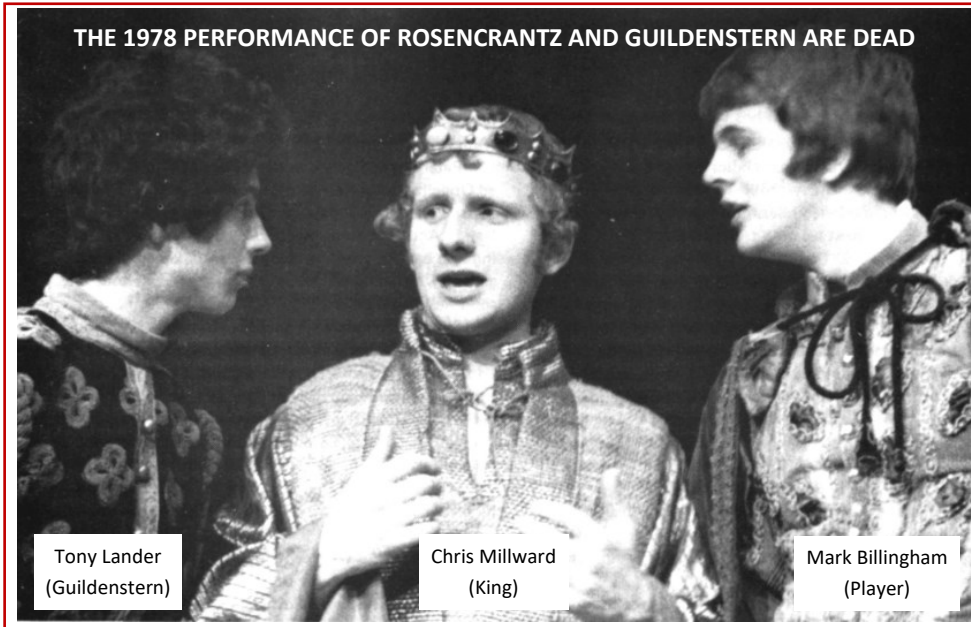
Issue No.4 | Spring 2025



**KING EDWARD VI
CAMP HILL
SCHOOL FOR BOYS**

Educational excellence for our City

Welcome to the fourth edition of your Old Edwardian's newsletter



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Dear Alumnus

Welcome to the fourth 'star-studded' edition of the Camp Hill Boys Alumni Newsletter. After successfully navigating the Autumn term, Camp Hill students were looking forward to warmer days with spring being just around the corner.

We are thrilled to tell you about the alumni who have come back to support us recently. We have had a significant number of former students returning to share their knowledge by supporting our students with mock interviews and careers events. Thank you to everyone involved for giving their time and expertise. It really does make a difference to our students.

We are delighted to have our school community come together again for the junior and senior drama productions this term. Junior's performed 'A Bridge Apart' in February, this show was written by 3 former students Caleb Wilton, Jonah Kippax and Archie Holding (2024). Senior's will be performing "Les Misérables" in April. Our talented students always put on wonderful performances which ultimately ends with a standing ovation on the final night. You can read a fantastic review of 'A Bridge Apart' written by one of the show's creators on page 13. Next term sees the return of CHAOS, watch this space! If you have any memories or photographs of past shows please send them in.

We always enjoy hearing the successes of CHB alumni. Similarly, if you are able to support the school in anyway, be it speaking at a symposium, becoming a mentor, offering work experience, please do get in touch.

Thank you to those of you who have been in touch. We'd still love to hear from more former CHB students, so please spread the word. We hope you enjoy reading this edition. If you have any comments, pieces or photographs you would like to share please do send them to us. As always we hope you enjoy reading it!!

If you would like an individual tour or with a group of former classmates please get in touch. You are always welcome back.

Camp Hill School for Boys Development Office

Welcome Back Bobby

In November we welcomed back prestigious 'Old Boy' Bobby Gaspar. Bobby is a world-renowned scientist and physician. He has been a pioneer in gene therapy and the evolution of gene therapy technology.

Bobby was named in the inaugural TIME100 Health list in 2024, recognising him as one of the world's most influential individuals impacting human health. Read Bobby's article on page 6.



Development Office: chbalumni@camphillboys.bham.sch.uk

Headmaster's Welcome

Dear Alumnus

Welcome to our Spring 2025 Alumni Newsletter. The school continues to thrive and we remain as busy as ever, with recent Christmas Concerts and Carol Services, joint school productions (The Importance of Being Earnest was a triumph), our Prize Giving ceremony and our fabulous Charity Week, which was planned and run entirely by our students.

The school community continues to enjoy a huge array of sporting, musical and drama opportunities. Already we are planning our Senior production of Les Misérables, and the House competition calendar is now in full swing. The wonderful array of competitions and trips, both academic and cultural, continues at full pace. I cannot list them all but rest assured that Olympiads, chess competitions, quizzes, university lectures, debating, mock interviews, Duke of Edinburgh expeditions, languages homestays, and more continue apace.

We recently welcomed many alumni into school as visiting interviewers in our Year 13 mock interview events. These events provide the vital practice and experience that our senior students need before going out into the world of university, apprenticeships or work. I am also grateful for the Old Boys who attended our recent school reunions for the classes of 2014 and 1982 – it is such a pleasure to show you around your old school and hook you up with your old teachers. We are looking forward to hosting our first Alumni Dinner for some years in October, watch this space.

This summer the school took further steps to achieve our sustainability mission by installing solar panels on our flat roof spaces and we are anticipating reductions in our ecological footprint as well as energy cost savings. We also secured a grant to install charging points for electric vehicles thus promoting more sustainable travel for our staff and visitors. We have also completed the installation of the new outdoor food serving facility, lovingly christened by the students as “The Shack” although I have heard other phrases apparently involving the name Bowen and Burgers.

I have regular meetings with our project management team for the new Camp Hill Community Hub and I am pleased to report that good progress has been made. You will remember that this new building will be situated on the bank next to the 1st XV rugby pitch and it will provide much needed classrooms, toilets, changing rooms and dining space. Below I have included an artist's impression of what it might look like and I commend the design's homage to the industrial heritage of Birmingham. We are very excited, and we remain hopeful that, if all goes to plan, we might be able to start using the new building in September of 2026.



Our fundraising target of £4.5m in order to complete both the building and a new all-weather pitch is now tantalisingly within reach. Recent very generous gifts from alumni and parents mean that we have now achieved a total of £3.7m. It is heart-warming to see how much our current families and former students value the experience that Camp Hill Boys offers and every gift, no matter how small, counts! Please spread the word about our fundraising campaign, and even if you don't feel that you can support us with a monetary donation, please let others know about this fantastic and much needed project.

I look forward to meeting more of you at the Old Boys Dinner or indeed your own year group's reunion tour.

Warmest wishes

Russell Bowen
MA (Cantab) NPQH, Headmaster

*If you would like to donate please
find a link [here](#) or scan the QR code.*



Should I...

Should I give a friend a mention
Or use punctuation
Or crank up the tension
To provoke a reaction

Should I take my time
To make it rhyme
Or put an awkward space
In an awkward place

Should I use alliteration
Or quote a quotation
Or use a rhetorical question
To make a suggestion

Should I make a stand and air my views
Or give them a choice so they can choose
Should I write an epic story of brave warriors of old
Or write a tall tale of a man with a cold

Should I add onomatopoeia like smash and boom
Or should I add rhythm and make it a tune
Should I shorten sentences for dramatic effect
Or not

I don't know anymore
I'm all burnt out
I don't even know what my poem's about
So I'll go upstairs and rest my fears
And hopefully I'll wake up with some good ideas

Russ James-Morris—The Chronicle 2007

Development Office

Dear Alumnus

I've been very busy in the Development Office since the summer term newsletter with numerous visits from former students of all ages. We've had career talks, mock interviews, reunions galore and networking sessions. Due to lack of ticket sales we had to postpone the Old Boys Dinner, this will now take place in the autumn term.

November was a very busy month for me, I was on jury service for 9 weeks but two reunions still took place with the help of George Cookson and Peter Jack, see pages 7-10. November also welcomed renowned former student Bobby Gaspar, a regular visitor and friend of the school. Bobby delivered an inspirational talk to Sixth Formers followed by a Q&A session. He spoke about his phenomenal career in the medical field and gene therapy, catch up with Bobby on page 6, a true CHB gentleman.

In December, the first XI football team trained at Solihull Moors Football Club's training ground. The owner of the club is Old Boy, Darryl Eales. Their Head Coach and Director of Sport certainly put the CHB team through their paces—check them out on page 12.

You will see from all editions of my newsletters that we enjoy welcoming back as many of you as possible. Do get in touch to arrange a tour or to have lunch with Russell, the Head.

If you haven't already done so please register on the school alumni webpage, we have almost 1,500 Old Boys registered currently.

A reminder that the best way to reach me is by email chbalumni@camphillboys.bham.sch.uk or via the [alumni webpage](#).

Lea

Leanne Beckett

Development Manager & Pastoral Support

Class of 2005 20-year Reunion

Please find a message from a former 'Class of 2005' student:

*"Calling Camp Hill Class of 2005"! Yes, 20 years ago, believe it or not...! We're all probably scattered across the country or world now, but let's get back together to catch up and share stories and memories of our time at Camp Hill School for Boys over lunch and a drink in Kings Heath on **Monday 7th April** (venue TBC).*

We've also arranged for the school to give us access at 15.45 on the same date. Let's see what's stayed the same and what's different! There may even be an odd staff member still knocking around from our days too.

Please share with any people you are still in touch with and RSVP by completing the form below by the end of Feb: tiny.cc/r4f5001 or find me on LinkedIn".

Rob Cross (2005)

Call for Articles

Dear Readers

Our CHB Alumni Newsletter is distributed to all registered alumni, governors, donors and friends of the school. For upcoming issues, we would like to invite you to send us your articles describing your time at CHB :

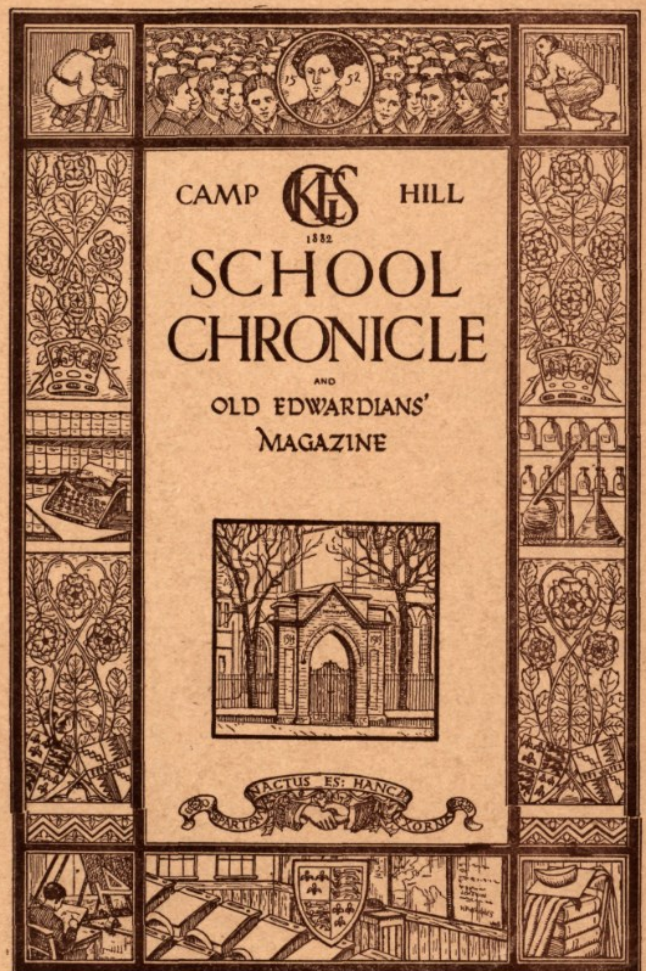
- ◇ Your full name
- ◇ The year you left the school
- ◇ Your current/former career
- ◇ Your best memory of CHB
- ◇ Teachers who made an impact
- ◇ The influence the learning has had on your career

Please share with us your thoughts and ideas. We welcome contributions from all over the world! Please send your articles to the following email address: chbalumni@camphillboys.bham.sch.uk

In Fond Remembrance



You will remember Bob Lewis from the last edition of the alumni newsletter. Sadly Bob passed away peacefully surrounded by his family on 21st November. Bob's daughter Dianne kindly sent in this photograph of her wonderful dad with his "101 Dalmatians" birthday cake when he celebrated his 101st birthday last July. Everyone at CHB send Bob's family their condolences and know they will remember him with a smile in their hearts.



If you would like to look at old copies of Vivat and the Chronicle check out the Foundation Archives below:

www.kingedwardvi-camphillforboys-archives.org

Calling all alumni - join us via the CHB Alumni registration page and keep in touch:

www.camphillboys.bham.sch.uk

The CHB webpage has been updated providing links to school news of interest to ex-pupils, with news of its own activities and hopefully over time an expanding archive of material of interest to Old Camp Hillians of every generation.

If you are a former student or former member of staff we would love you to register your details to bring everyone together. If everyone asks one or two fellow alumni to join us, we will soon grow an even larger CHB community together. We post regularly on LinkedIn so keep a look out for future reunions and events.



The Chronicle 2010—Artwork by Hassan Mohammed, 112

**Follow King Edward VI
Camp Hill School for Boys
on social media**



Our CHB Explorer



During February Old Boy and friend of the school Javed Bhatti (1982) competed in the Yukon Artic Ultra in a very snowy Canada.

In January 2016 the adventurous explorer was one of only 24 runners to compete in the Montane Spine Race, a gruelling week-long 268-mile journey along the full length of the Pennine Way. But while his fellow competitors could relax at the finish line in Kirk Yetholm, the management consultant turned around and ran it all again in reverse, a return journey that took him a further eight days. As far as we can tell this was the first time anyone's done two Pennine Ways back to back in winter.

Javed will be returning to CHB in April to deliver assemblies to current students, find out more in the next edition of the newsletter.



Pen y Ghent, on the Pennine Way, snow-clad at sunset



Old Boy Phil sent in this photograph.

"Here is the Camp Hill Cross Country team from 1978-79.

I am second from the left at the back, front right is future Olympian Graham Brookhouse.

Mr Spibey was the wonderful teacher who drove us to races in the minibus - great times!"

Read more from Philip West (1979) on page 18.

Our CHB Olympian



Left to Right:

Graham Brookhouse, Bronze Medal, Modern Pentathlon; Gerry Thain, Olympic swimming team manager, formerly Head of P.E. at Camp Hill; and David Moore, Olympic canoeing coach, old boy of the school; we were also represented at Seoul by old boy Brian Wightman, Olympic coach to Tonga.

Birmingham born Graham Brookhouse was part of the Team GB Men's Modern Pentathlon team that secured a bronze medal at Seoul in 1988.

Brookhouse also competed at Barcelona in 1992 in both the individual and team events finishing 8th and 6th respectively.

Team GB

Old Camp Hillian's Return — Bobby Gaspar (1982)

Forty-two years after leaving Camp Hill School, I was invited back to give a talk to the 6th form Biology sets. It was a real privilege to receive such an invitation given my great affection for my school days. I have very fond memories of the school, my old teachers and of course my friends, nearly all of whom remain in touch and have now made three alumni visits to the school. The place has changed but remains very familiar. In fact, the school hall is very much the same as it once was with the imposing stage, the draw back doors and the same blue chairs, at which I wondered... are they actually the same blue chairs!



I had studied Biology (reasonably well), Chemistry (badly) and Physics (very badly) for my 'A' levels and managed to gain a place to study medicine at Kings College Hospital Medical School in London. After qualifying, I trained in paediatrics before embarking on a clinical and academic career that took me into the field of gene therapy. My career path was slightly unusual in that the outcomes of my research led to the formation of a biotech company which I now run, and which makes genetic medicines. My diverse career may have been one of the reasons for my talk, and to highlight to the boys that intellectual curiosity and a thirst for knowledge can lead to surprising and very rewarding consequences. There were approximately 50 boys in the audience and at the end I was very pleasantly surprised at both the number and quality of the questions. The boys were clearly well versed in genetics and some of the technologies I had presented and kudos to them and their teachers for the level of knowledge on display. A show of hands at the end showed that a very large number intend to apply to medical school and I wish you all the very best of luck with the caveat that medicine is not the only route to a highly interesting and rewarding career.



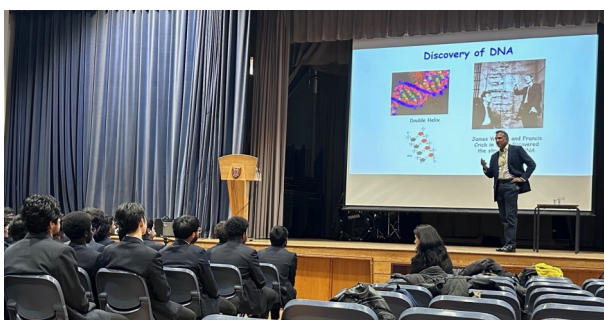
I was very kindly hosted by Mr Bowen and Leanne Beckett all of whom show a great dedication and affection for the school and its history. The place has a great energy and buzz and when I saw the restless hungry queue outside the dinner hall, I was for a moment taken back 42 years! Finally, I also saw our rugby master George Cookson as we wandered through the building. George was such a seminal part of my school days and it was great to talk to each other in a way that had forgotten the past 4 decades!

Bravo to Camp Hill and thank you for what you gave me and many of my friends and continue that spirit of energy, knowledge and curiosity.

Bobby Gaspar (1975 – 1982)

CEO Orchard Therapeutics

Hon Professor of Paediatrics and Immunology, UCL, London



'Class of '82' Reunion No.3 TIMETABLE	
FRIDAY NOVEMBER 8th 2024	
12.00 -14.00	Park Regis Hotel. Sherrins check in/Beers
14.00	Coach pick up
14.30	Celebrity Photo session at KECH-Bobby to invite Halle Berry
15.30	Red Lion - A few beers!
17.00	Coach to Moseley for a few more
20.00	Ruby Murray- Ladypool Road
22.00	Coach back to Park Regis Hotel
24.00(ish)	Bobby admits that having a whole page tribute in the Zine is far better than a front page in Time magazine.

Class of '82 Reunion...



...and the celebrations and banter continued at the Red Lion long into the night !!



'DID YOU KNOW your school is a charity, leave a 1% legacy for the future boys of your school'

Class of '82 Reunion continued...

KECH will always hold a special place in my heart for many reasons, not least for how proud my parents were, and still are!!

Apart from the academic learning (I was always bottom of the class) and the positive influences surrounding me whilst attending the school... the real benefits came afterwards.

Having KECH on my CV opened the door to my first 3 jobs as a young man. My first job was a 2-year contract at Luton Town FC, signing on as a 16-year old budding professional footballer. The manager David Pleat, liked to sign "intelligent football players" and my attendance at the school helped him pick me from the hundreds who had trials.

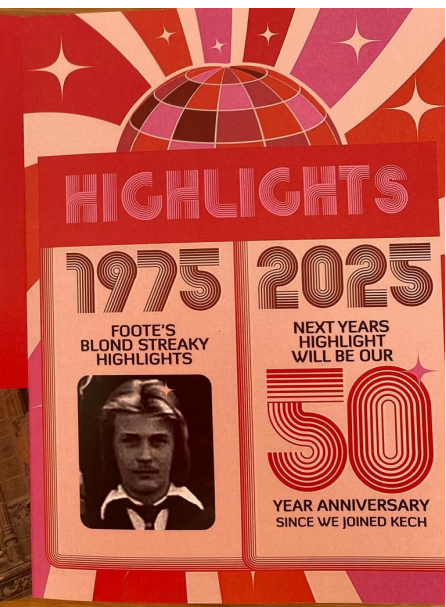
It turned out, I was almost as bad at football as I was at Chemistry, so the school came in handy again when I applied for my second job at Banks's Brewery as an "Area Manager". I was 21 at the time and the advert said "aged 25 -30 with at least 2 years' experience". I had zero experience and was too young, so when I asked my boss "why did you pick me?", he replied... "because you went to King Edward's Camp Hill".

Again, the school came up trumps... and I was starting to feel very grateful about the opportunities the revered reputation of KECH was providing me, 5-years after leaving with just 2 O'levels. If only they knew!!

Finally, I moved to BMW at 26 to become a Motor Finance Manager and once again... after being in the position for 2-weeks I asked my boss the same question, and I got the same answer. I didn't need to rely on the school's reputation and help after that... I started my own Motor Finance Co in 1994 which became the biggest of its kind in the UK and I sold that in 2002 - then moved into Property and had a successful business with 100 staff selling UK apartments in the Middle East, Asia and Africa for 20 years.

I retired 3 years ago but still chair a Recruitment Company I invested in and started up in 2010.

The icing on the cake is some of the KECH Boys of 1982 found each other during lockdown on social media and we now have a thriving WhatsApp Group of approximately 40 members. We've held 3 annual reunions 2022/23/24 where we enjoy a tour of the school, followed by a supper where we recall some of the funny stories of our school days some 40-years ago plus!!



Even though we're in our 60s we still recognised each other immediately after all these years and have loved reigniting our friendships. Believe it or not, Mr Jack and Mr Cookson were our teachers when we attended, and they have both been on all 3 of our reunion days which has made them even more special.

For me, attending KECH was like winning the lottery of life... friendship, learning and opportunity were all things I didn't realise were happening whilst I was there. It's only now when I look back, I realise how lucky I was.

Andy Foote (1982)

Class of '82 Reunion continued...

Lockdown made me realise how special the bonds made at Camp Hill are. After forty years of only maintaining contact with a handful of friends from school, the one good thing that came out of the pandemic was that our year reunited. Of the 90 in our year I have seen about 40 in total online and nearly 30 in the flesh over the last four years.

I met up with one old boy who was reluctant to come to a reunion as he thought everyone would be 'the big I am' showing off about what they have achieved. Nothing could be further from the truth. Though there are those in our group who really have achieved amazing things with their lives, there was not an ego in sight at the reunions. Modesty is a laudable trait and the old boys have it in spades. But what they also have is a quiet confidence, and that is a common characteristic that the school seems to instil.

Like Andy (read Andy's article on previous page), I was no academic at Camp Hill. Even though Physics was compulsory, I was so bad it was agreed that it wasn't worth me sitting the exam. In French all I learned was to answer every question with the reply 'comme d'habitude je ne sais pas', at least I was telling the truth. I left Camp Hill with only 5 'O' levels, but a passion for history fuelled by Mr Bulloch and a determination to go on and get a history degree.



Graduating in 1986 when unemployment was over 3 million, history graduates were not what the country was screaming out for. I had been a pretty anti-establishment character for most of my early years, achieving a couple of notable firsts at Camp Hill, being the first in our year to get a detention and the first to get the cane (yes, that was still happening in the seventies). However, being an unemployed graduate is not a good look and I thought I needed to take drastic action.

I thought what is the most ridiculous thing I could do? I know I'll join the Police. It was almost done as a joke, but it was a masterstroke and I absolutely loved it for 30 years. I became a detective, rose through the ranks and was a Detective Superintendent for the last 13 years leading murder enquiries, kidnaps, undercover

operations, child protection, management of sex offenders and cracking a child grooming gang. It was like living the dream, and getting paid to do things you would have done for nothing. Doing all the exciting and challenging jobs and making a real difference to people's lives. You can't really ask for more from a career.

But some of the characteristics needed to do those jobs were forged from Camp Hill days. These included a calmness under pressure, a confidence in both your own abilities and your decision making, an appreciation of those around you and a determination to 'do the right thing'.

It was great to come full circle and return to the school after forty years and meet old friends and old teachers including Mr Bulloch who was my form teacher and academic inspiration and without whose input on my life I probably wouldn't have achieved much.

Mike Jones (1982)

Congratulations BOBBY



Congratulations to Orchard Therapeutics Co-founder and Chief Executive Officer Dr Bobby Gaspar, who was named in the inaugural 2024 TIME100 Health, an annual list recognising the impact, innovation, and achievement of the world's most influential individuals in health this year.

But most of all, we are all very proud of your greatest achievement.... convincing Halle Berry to have a Selfie!



Whose PUP is that?

Match the pet with the doggy lover!



- 1.....
- 2.....
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- 14.....



Class of 2014, 10-year reunion...



Class of 2014 returned for a nostalgic visit in November and there was a great turn out of former teachers. If you want to arrange a reunion please email : chbalumni@camphillboys.bham.sch.uk

"it was brilliant connecting with old teachers and peers, learning more about the future vision for the school and seeing what amazing things Camp Hill is doing for its pupils and communities" - Shuranjeet



Old Camp Hillian's Return



Dip Chandra (1978) is a huge supporter of the school and has been delivering networking sessions to sixth formers to enhance their future skills. He enjoyed watching the staff vs students cricket match with Peter Jack when he visited during the summer term.



Josh Sutton (2014) came back to school in February to catch up with his former teachers and to meet the Headmaster. Josh enjoyed an individual tour with Peter Jack and George Cookson. Josh's teachers enjoyed hearing about what he's been up to since leaving CHB 11 years ago.



Following the discovery of a 1972 'whole of school' photograph whilst clearing out the loft, unable to throw it out I offered it to the school for their archives and was pleased by their acceptance but also by the offer of a school tour...

The draw of a visit back after almost 50 years was just too strong and so agreed a meeting just before Christmas with Pete Jack and George Cookson given the unenviable task of showing me around. It was pointed out that they were both in the photograph, with all 3 of us looking slightly younger.

There were many mixed emotions whilst walking around, particularly looking into classroom 6 (form 1M) – I can still rather sadly remember the names of most of my fellow 1968 classmates in alphabetic order (Bennett, Bryant, Cleaver...)!

Parts of the school looked fairly familiar albeit it seemed much smaller and those memories came flooding back – running along the corridors late for Mr Hunt's Geography lesson, the Woodwork room (where that chisel ended up in my foot) Metalwork room (don't know where my excellent coat hook ended up) the Science department (the unmistakable smell of Bunsen burners and yes Dave, they do singe your eyebrows) and even the Headmaster's office with a portrait of Mr Cholmondeley and that fixed look of disappointment.

We bemoaned the loss of the Fives Courts and wandered across to the 6th form block which has been considerably expanded and which instantly brought back the heady excitement of mixing with the girls school!

Obviously there was much reminiscing, but made all the more interesting to hear stories from the Masters common room about some of the old teachers (John Cleak responsible for my interest in Thomas Hardy and apparently a very good footballer, Len Bowles and his juggling skills) – I have a vague memory of someone letting a frog loose in John Gallagher's Maths lesson.

Not forgetting the trauma of that first day (I think the term 'sherrin' was given to the newbies) – kitted out in an oversize brand new blazer and realising that those gigantic chaps with beards were actually fellow pupils. Looking back and certainly in the early years, I realise I was totally unprepared for the academic rigour required but despite never mastering the art of the exam, the school did manage to provide me with a solid 'all round' education and instil a sense of confidence which fared well in my career in practice as an Accountant

I would like to thank both Peter and George for their time and enthusiasm and both Lea and the Head Russell for their warm welcome.

Nick Sandy (1975)

Camp Hill train at Solihull Moors FC



Darryl Eales (1980), Old Boy and Chairman of Solihull Moors FC arranged for the school's first football team to train at Solihull Moors' training ground at Studley.

The students were put through their paces by Moors' Head Coach Andy Whing and Director of Football Stephen Ward. They also enjoyed a tour of the training ground before a Q&A session on what life is like for a professional football player.

Darryl admitted he loved his time at the school and sport was always a big part of that. With no football on the timetable back then he is pleased to see that it is now. Darryl, Andy and Stephen praised the boys saying they were a credit to the school.

Darryl admits he has only recently reconnected with the school and he and friends have enjoyed a few reunions which are always great fun. Darryl is extremely proud of his former school especially the big plans they have for the future of sport in which he plans to play a small part in.



The school is currently fundraising for a £4.5 million scheme to create a pitch and modern, inclusive Community Hub, supporting teaching and offering a myriad of opportunities for sharing resources with local partners and sports clubs. Read more on page 2.



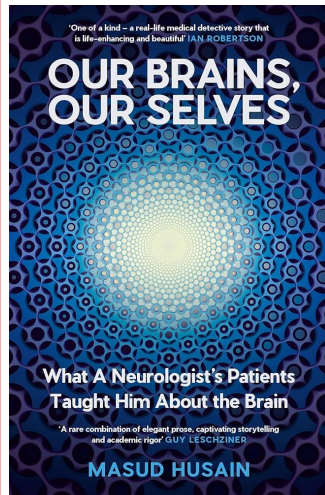
<https://www.solihullmoorsfc.co.uk/news/posts/darryl-eales-reunites-with-camp-hill-school/>

Refer A Friend

We know that many of you are still in contact with friends that you made whilst at Camp Hill. We really want our Alumni network to grow and thrive so please consider passing on the link below to our sign-up page so that they can join the growing network too. [King Edward VI Camp Hill School for Boys - Alumni \(camphillboys.bham.sch.uk\)](https://www.solihullmoorsfc.co.uk/news/posts/darryl-eales-reunites-with-camp-hill-school/)

**"Your Alumni
Voices"**

Masud Husain is a Professor of Neurology and Cognitive Neuroscience at the University of Oxford. His new book, *Our Brains, Our Selves*, reveals how modern neuroscience is helping us to understand how the brain creates our identities – our selves. Through the stories of seven remarkable people who come to see him in his clinic, we get to discover how our identities are the result of different



brain functions, and how identities can be transformed by disorders of the brain, like stroke or dementia. Each of these people's lives are altered by changes in a specific brain function. By getting to know them, their families and friends we get to understand how different brain functions work, how they contribute to creating our personal identities – our sense of self – and how they are so vital also for our social identities – our sense of belonging to a group. We also find out how neurological treatments can help to restore aspects of brain function and, in some cases, a person's sense of self and their connections with other people.



Photo credit:
Oliver Mayhall

Masud Husain (1981)

We are looking forward to welcoming Masud back to CHB next term where he plans to give a talk to biology students followed by a Q&A session; he will also enjoy a tour with the Head down the once familiar corridors of his school. Catch up with Masud again in the next edition of the newsletter.

Spring Term Junior Production 2025— A Bridge Apart

It was after a rehearsal for last year's "Little Shop of Horrors" in March 2024 that Jonah Kippax came up to me and asked if I wanted to write a musical with him. I told him straight away that I thought that was a brilliant idea. We floated it to Tom Dowling, who graciously provided us with a stage to perform it on, and roped in Archie Holding for his expertise in script and lyric writing (Jonah and Archie's geography-themed underdog punk rock duo "Convictional Rainfall" had already debuted on the Camp Hill stage with multiple hits such as "The Water Cycle" and "NEA" that they premiered in room 1 to the A-level geography cohort).

We settled on an original plot concerning two villages either side of the Anglo-Welsh border somewhere in the Middle Ages, sketched out a rough storyline and drafted a couple of songs. Fuelled with optimism and creativity, we proceeded to do nothing on the project until late October, when Tom wanted to run auditions. There wasn't enough material though, so it was decided that we would stage the show as the junior production and run the auditions in December.

After writing solidly for the next seven weeks, we had a first draft and most of the songs - enough to run auditions - with the minor exceptions of the opening and closing numbers. We cast the show and set the performance nights for late February. Past the point of no return, we chose this moment to establish that the plot wasn't strong enough, and rewrote half the show over Christmas. Twice. We finished our *third draft during the first week of rehearsals, and a couple of 4am song-writing sessions later, we had ourselves a full show.*

The seven weeks of rehearsals were a whirlwind of laughs, mishaps and prop pigeons. It was wonderful to see the students bring the story to life, put up with us, and have fun in the process. We had a lot of fun as well! That they managed to put on a show in so short a time was testament to their enthusiasm and good humour. There was one final twist, though. The show had to be rescued on the day of the last performance due to a quarter of the cast, including three lead roles, being sick and unable



to perform. Those remaining pulled together amazingly, filled the missing roles and put on a fabulous closing performance.

Our thanks go to Tom Dowling and Andrew Caves for their support during the writing process, to Jess Toogood (and Tom) for helping us to direct the show (and control the cast!), to Josh Watters for musical support, lending us a rehearsal space and sharing his office, and to the amazing cast and band themselves! You made us extremely proud - there's already talk of another one...

Caleb Wilton (2024)

Aspects of life since leaving King Edward VI Camp Hill School for Boys in March 1958



Introduction: I left Camp Hill (after the 11+ in Primary, Albert Road) when the family moved from Yardley to rural East Sussex. And what a change that was after 12 years living of in cities – Leeds, Eccles, Salford and Birmingham. The Sussex countryside was a breath of fresh air and we lived close to the beautiful and glorious Ashdown Forest.

Schools: transferred to The Skinners' School in Tunbridge Wells (1958 to late 1964) and from the start had to learn Latin and later ancient Greek which I took to like a duck to water. The headmaster gave me private tuition to catch up with what I had missed at Camp Hill. I enjoyed most sports except rugby (I was/still am too small), had several years in the school CCF (inter alia learning about explosives!) and in our Sussex village Scouts I gained the Queen's Scout and the Duke of Edinburgh Gold awards, attended the 1963 Jamboree in Greece, finally gaining a place to read Classics at Cambridge.

Cambridge: three memorable years of hard work and play, some friends made for life, and the serious

exercise of those "little grey cells". I also volunteered as college organiser for the Cambridge Rag, an early fund-raising experience, great fun! We raised heaps for a range of charities. Loads of lectures, essays, translations, Romano-British and Anglo-Saxon Archaeology at home and visits to Rome, Pompeii and Roman French sites.



Career roles: I avoided teaching or spending any more time in academe, so underwent post-graduate management and accountancy training at a number of Polys (now Unis), before starting "real work" – consisting of 36 years in public and private sectors, local government and Whitehall, trainee through to Finance Director, majoring in property especially with Coventry and



City of London bodies (1969 to 1984), joining the Crown Estate as their first (and at the time their only) accountant – what a terrific time I had there with the opportunity to initiate modern management practices into a landed institution dating back to 1760 and earlier! It was hard work but very satisfying. More recent financial roles have been in private education (an Oxbridge college and a local co-ed prep school), leading to various consultancy assignments.

Retirement etc: and finally at age 60 I started almost 20 years of self-employment as an accountant, project manager, auditor, with continuing tasks now as a charity trustee in both Surrey and London (not sure what retirement really is?) My wife and I have lived in a Surrey village not far from Windsor for over 40 years, enjoy walking, good health, culture (music, theatre, cinema, National Trust, and good food with family and friends), gardening

and flower-arranging, and holidays – nowadays our firm annual favourites are the Scilly Isles and cruising around the awesome Scottish Highlands and Islands interspersed with trips away to Cambridge and other British beauty-spots. We tired of long-haul travel some years ago. And, of course, as you know I am a keen photographer, a camera always accompanies us!

Postscript: my memories above are, despite advancing years, still strong and vivid from the time I was briefly at CHB and onwards. As the Roman poet Virgil once wrote: "One day perhaps one can look back on all these times and smile." Virgil's Aeneid Book 1, verse 203 states: "**forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit**" and that encapsulates exactly how I feel!



Robin Bell (1958)

"Your Alumni Voices"

My first year at Camp Hill was at the Bordesley campus. What a different world it was then. The Neo-Gothic architecture had echoes of 'Tom Brown's School Days' and it was easy to imagine the ghosts of erstwhile staff and students pacing the corridors. The whole building was too small to accommodate everyone, not enough classrooms, and the spiral staircase to the hall upstairs had steps that had been worn away; left feet and right feet leaving their hollow marks in the granite steps.

My first form shared its desks with some sixth formers, so my desk was full before I arrived. The boy I shared the desk with had drawn a large picture of a Bristol Britannia aircraft with a biro pen. I was so impressed.

There were certain indignities (thought of as tradition) associated with being the new kids on the block; 'sherrins' we were called... a contraction of fresh herrings. Very Scandinavian I don't think. Then you could expect to be marched backwards by two boys with their arms looped through yours; 'frog marching' if I remember correctly. Of course, being corralled down the monkey hole basement steel staircase was also on the menu.

But generally, such things didn't bother you too much. The sole fives court was new to me, but some boys always wanted to play. I learned later that the game originated from Eton (Eton Fives), and the new Kings Heath campus even had three built in at the end of the gymnasium. Sadly, these were demolished for the new music block.

The start of every day at Bordesley was a mad dash up Bolton Road for the Camp Hill train spotters after we had seen the Great Western King class from Snow Hill to London. It raced above us at 8.55am precisely; school started at 9am. At the end of the day, there was a drift to the bakery shop just around the corner that sold delicious buns for a penny a piece. Yes, it was known as the penny bun shop. Always practical.

Another 'tradition' that I can't forget is that all boys had to be outside in the playground at lunchtime. Okay in the summer, but not so popular in the winter cold. Although the sloping playground was ideal for slides when there was ice and snow around. Never let an opportunity go to waste.



Above the fives court, a goods railway line ran past the science lab. This was expected in an industrial city like Birmingham, but it caused a kerfuffle one day when a South African Garrett locomotive steamed by. Everyone to the windows! It's interesting to note that this was a time when diesel locomotives were replacing steam; touted as being cleaner than steam locomotives. Many of the boys said that these new diesel locomotives were much dirtier than steam. How prescient was that?

I soon got used to being called by my surname (family name) rather than my first name. I was surprised how many boys, like me, needed some swimming tuition at Moseley Road baths each Friday afternoon (since refurbished without the balconies from which we shouted our encouragement at the school swimming sports).

Happy days!

Colin Wood (1960)

Alumni—Where Are They Now?

My acting career didn't really start until quite late in life, owing to a number of factors including family (and school) disapproval of 'that sort of profession'. Although, at this point, I must acknowledge the support of two members of Camp Hill teaching staff who did encourage my interest in film and theatre – the late D I Thomas and J N C Cleak – the latter casting me in the school production of 'Charley's Aunt' (picture on right) – I must add that the choice of play was not unanimously applauded by the governors at that time, to put it mildly!

So, having left school with 7 'O' levels and 2 'A' levels, I somehow stumbled into the not very glamorous world of Architectural Ironmongery (Locks and Door Knobs to the uninitiated) working first for the long-established company Parker, Winder & Achurch Ltd on Broad Street in Birmingham and later for Yale Security Products in Willenhall where I became an Architectural Sales Representative.

However, my previously stifled ambition to work as an actor gradually took precedence over the world of Architectural Ironmongery and, via a short period running a sheet-metal works in St Mary's Row, Moseley, I somehow or other worked my way towards the 'glamour and greasepaint' of 'showbiz'!



From the mid-1970s onwards, via a masochistic route performing what must have been a fairly dire comedy act in what was left of the 'club circuit' which meant standing up in front of a roomful of people who fulfilled the old showbiz saying 'if they like you, they let you live', I accidentally joined Equity (the actors' union) and discovered the world of TV.

Briefly, there are various levels of hierarchy in the world of TV acting. At the lowest rank, we find the TV extra (later re-titled supporting artist) who may be required to be little more than 'walking wallpaper' populating the background and, above all, remaining silent at all times! The next step up was the 'Walk-On' – basically, an extra but performing an identifiable role – e.g. doctor, waiter, barman, etc – more about the barman later! The role of Walk-On was further defined as Walk-On 1, Walk-On 2 or Walk-On 3, depending on the degree of artistic contribution to the scene and/or actually being required to deliver a line or two of dialogue!

In my opinion, there is no better way of learning about TV acting than being, initially, an extra. That gave one the opportunity to simply be in a studio and observe what goes into the production of a programme. Who does what? What's that piece of technical kit? Why does that happen? etc. etc. Then, when the day dawns that sees the actor taking a more substantial part in proceedings, they will feel more at home in those often strange surroundings.

So, to cut a very long story reasonably short, in 1977, I joined the cast of my first BBC Pebble Mill production – a series entitled 'Murder Most English'. This was followed by similarly minor roles in 'Poldark', 'The Basil Brush Show', 'Gangsters', 'All Creatures Great & Small', 'Angels', 'Secret Army' – you name it, I was skulking around in it somewhere!

A major step forward (or so I thought) occurred in 1978 when I received my very first Category 1 full acting role contract. That was in a play sporting the distinctive title of 'Stargazy On Zummerdown' in which I played the part of a Monk. However, my pride was short-lived when I discovered the only reason I had been promoted to a Category 1 acting contract was because as the production was spread over several days, it was cheaper to employ me as a Category 1 actor than it would have been to pay me for that number of days as an extra!

But, as the title I've given to this piece is 'Alumni - Where Are They Now?' rather than 'What Were They Then?' I must move on to my post-Pebble Mill period. An actor's life is very varied. As already mentioned, I had sampled the delights of performing comedy (now referred to as 'Stand-Up') in the clubs – I also discovered other strange ways of making a living – for example, 12 years entertaining in the Mediaeval Banquets at Warwick Castle, another 12 years working as Live, On-Air Continuity Announcer for Central (later Carlton) ITV in Birmingham, many theatre shows all over the UK including two summer seasons of musicals in Jersey and lots of pantomimes which I particularly enjoyed. I sometimes feel I was born 30 years too late for the career I really wanted – in good, old-fashioned, variety – and pantomime was the closest I could get to achieving that ambition. My first professional pantomime was in 'Aladdin' in Hereford in 1979 where I was lucky enough to work alongside Cardew 'The Cad' Robinson who was playing his first pantomime dame in that show. The following year, they invited me back in a somewhat meatier role as comic lead in 'Robin Hood' where I was lucky once again – this time because that's where I met the lovely Susan Jeffrey who was dancing in the chorus and we've been together ever since!

Coming right up to date, these days I am only officially 'retired' because that meant my car insurance was reduced from £1,400 to £300. Otherwise, an actor never really retires – there's always the chance that the telephone will ring and another strange way of earning a living presents itself. A few weeks ago, I was tempted back on-stage at Warners in Cricket St Thomas, Somerset to revive some of my old club gags – talk about history repeating itself! So, as I am still listed on one or two online casting websites, I do undertake the occasional film, TV or voiceover assignment because there is still no better feeling than knowing your lines, avoiding the furniture and looking as if you know what you're doing and getting paid for it!

https://youtu.be/Qk_8l3i5u8o Terry's own video recording of school events

https://youtu.be/4n_BeDqffBA Film produced by Mr Thomas and Mr Powrie

Terry Pearson (1963)

"Your Alumni Voices"

Last October 28th I felt inclined to write an email to the alumni mailbox at Camp Hill, resulting in a request from Lea to contribute an article for the Newsletter. Why October 28th? More on that later.

I attended Camp Hill from 1961-68 and growing up in the Sixties the memories retained are little more "extra-curricular" than academic! Nonetheless, Camp Hill was and always will be a major influence on how my life unfolded.

My favorite teacher was Len Bowles who instilled in me a love for math that unfortunately lasted only until the Upper Sixth when the Further Maths teacher (who shall remain nameless!) drove it out of me. Fortunately, my time at University drew it back and even today I am still fascinated by the subject (my favorite birthday present last year was the book "Music of the Primes" by Marcus du Sautoy – highly recommended!). Len had this amazing ability to instantly multiply large numbers in his head. He said there was a trick to it that he would reveal in the next class but for some reason I missed it. I was probably in detention for getting caught not wearing my school cap outside of school grounds – yes, really, that was a major offence! Missing Len's explanation has bugged me ever since.

I never excelled in sports but that seemed to be the fate of students assigned to Howard house while Seymour and Beaufort maintained a sports dynasty. However, I did play my part in the school chess and swim teams. The latter because it allowed me to avoid playing rugby, but with Mr. Thain as swim coach rugby might have been an easier path! The memories I have of sports participation at Camp Hill are more to do with journeys to and from the events rather than the events themselves. For instance, I vividly remember coming home from a swim practice at Moseley baths so thoroughly exhausted (Mr. Thain again) that I threw up on the "Outer Circle" No.11 bus. More solemnly, I will never forget traveling home from a chess match on a Friday night in November 1963 when I first heard about the assassination of President Kennedy.



But enough about academics and sports: there were more memorable, but unsanctioned, activities at Camp Hill Boys in the 60's. We were NEVER, EVER supposed to associate with the girls at their school next door. However, there was a patch of no-man's land behind the tennis courts where a quick smoke and clandestine meet-ups took place. I am sure the authorities were aware but I never saw a master or prefect so maybe they turned a blind eye to avoid open rebellion!

Perhaps the most egregious violation (in which I did not take part – honestly) was during the recording of the BBC contest, Top Form. While the BBC folks were inside the school some individuals found their unlocked van and proceeded to push it around the grounds and down the embankment onto the rugby pitch. Fortunately, it stopped before reaching the railway line. I never heard about any consequences of that escapade but there were a few faces I don't recall seeing again afterwards.

Despite my antics, I successfully found my way to University and graduated with Honors in Aeronautical Engineering. After a while as a flight test engineer with Hawker Siddeley (now part of British Aerospace) I transferred my skills to a safer occupation programming and testing the flight dynamics of full-mission flight simulators. This took me all over the world and eventually to settling in the USA. I was fortunate to be living in Washington DC/Virginia when the area became an entrepreneurial hub of the tech revolution in the 90's and I participated in several start-ups until retiring ten years ago.

So, what is memorable about October 28th? Well, it is a very special date for my wife and me. Fifty-eight years ago I first met my beautiful wife, Mary, at a dance at Camp Hill. I left Camp Hill in 1968 and Mary left Kings Norton Girls Grammar the following year. We each moved to Manchester to continue our education and were married in 1972. Four years later we emigrated to the USA and have lived here ever since with our growing family of two children and four grandchildren. God has blessed our lives tremendously. We have travelled the world and enjoyed experiences most people never dream of but every October 28th, I look back to that night in the assembly hall at Camp Hill when I first saw Mary and asked "Would you like to dance?".

Thank you, Camp Hill, for the great start you provided to our adult lives!

Andrew Carter (1968)



**“Your Alumni
Voices”**

In September 1972, 11-year-old me boarded two buses, walked briefly down Cartland Road and began my life at Camp Hill. Fifty-three years later, as a teacher of mathematics (AP Calculus) here in Istanbul, it is perhaps easier for me to appreciate how Camp Hill contributed to shaping my work-life, good and bad, than for those outside the field of education.

In my job, the Camp Hill unwritten motto “work hard - play hard” still resonates. I strongly believe that students should do as many extra-curricular activities as they can, provided that the work element is not forfeited. Sadly, Camp Hill back then was not always adept at nurturing everyone’s strongest sporting talents as until the fifth form “sport” was basically rugby, swimming, and cricket. My running ability went completely under the radar in spite of better-than-expected XC standard races and I, like so many others, spent too many winter PE lessons at the end of a rugby back line waiting for the inevitable knock-on before the ball reached me (not that this made an iota of difference to the outcome). Years later I am Cross Country captain, later still UCL XC captain, and a more than decent 5-10 miler. The signs were there but no-one was looking. One teacher, on seeing me warm up for the senior XC final, actually laughed in my face: the exquisite irony being that he was responsible for collecting the finishing discs and so collected my second-place. Other students were talented at badminton, table-tennis, football, etc but only had a chance to nurture their skills in later years. In contrast, my students compete at every sport imaginable, and while it means our school teams have varied success it ensures we have national golf/ski/wind-surf/rowing/judo champions at all age levels.

An admirable Camp Hill quality was the high academic standard of so many of its teachers. As a boy who loved maths, the debt I owe to Messrs. Bowles, Jack, Clapperton, and Matthews is immeasurable. Their skill at explaining ideas, engaging with students, and their unwavering support for us is a debt that I pay forward by trying to emulate their efforts with my classes. I also loved French with Messrs. Jones and Marsden, and enjoyed Biology and Physics with Mr Wright and Mr Spiby. Other teachers supported clubs and arranged trips (I never could go - family issues) and there was a pastoral care element that though invisible to us then, I appreciate more with age. Corporal punishment existed, usually very minor, but sadly I witnessed one act which would nowadays result in an assault charge.



Fellow classmate Professor Shashi Kanbur and Philip against a school photograph from 50 years ago

Nevertheless, away from a troubled family life Camp Hill was generally an oasis of calm where I was able to flourish and achieve many personal goals. Important qualities of honesty, respect, and teamwork were simply normal expectations. Compared to England in the 70’s, where overt racism, homophobia, and violence were commonplace, Camp Hill did its best to hold us to higher standards and we, in turn, eventually assimilated them.

Others will have completely different memories, so please see this as a small cloth square of a huge blanket. I wish everyone health and happiness, and look forward to reading other recollections!

Philip West (1979)

“Your Alumni Voices”

My first foray into journalism was while I was at Camp Hill. It was 1995, I was in the Lower Sixth and had decided to launch a school newspaper. For the first issue I landed an “exclusive” interview with the incoming headmaster Mervyn Brooker. In the article Mr Brooker told me that he was planning on spending some of his time sitting at the back of classes keeping an eye on both pupils and teachers. Spotting a catchy if somewhat tabloid head-line the front page was quickly drawn up. “Brooker plans to spy on teachers as well as pupils” it blared.

Unfortunately, freedom of speech at Camp Hill back then was in short supply. I was summoned to the censor’s office and told by the chief censor (Mr Brooker) that either I tone it down or the school newspaper would never be published. Lofty teenage principles at stake the paper never hit the stands. That’s not to say I didn’t cut deals with power.

There was a general expectation that as the captain of the (rather inept) school cricket team I should also be a prefect. So a few months later I was back in Mr Brooker’s office being asked “who’s side are you on?” I still have a pang of regret that I took Mr Brooker’s metaphorical shilling. The price of selling out, a prefect badge on the blazer and the opportunity to discipline younger members of the school.



To the annoyance of some of my teacher’s the exam part of school life came relatively easy to me. I still have vivid memories of sitting in the dining hall with my parents at parents evening whilst they were told “Jonah is a pain in the £\$%& to have in the classroom” (thanks Mr Bulloch) and that I had a “mercenary” approach to learning (perhaps true Mr Dinham).

But I like to think that that independence of thought and healthy questioning of authority helped prepare me for what followed. Having been rejected from both Oxford and Cambridge I went to Durham University and studied Politics and Economics.

Emerging from that I landed a job working on the first ever series of the cult tv series Big Brother. It was a summer of intrigue and the topic of tabloid frenzy – as friends texted me asking of it was true they were all smoking weed in the house and whether the scheming “Nasty Nick” was really a plant.

From Big Brother I headed to Cardiff University to train as a broadcast journalist and a couple of years later found myself working as what’s known as a stringer – a freelance journalist – for the BBC and Reuters in Eritrea in the Horn of Africa.

That lasted a year and half before the government expelled me. And then 3 years later history repeated itself as I was told that the authorities in my next home – Sudan - would not be renewing my visa.

It was at this point that a boss at the BBC – in a similar vein to Mr Brooker all those years before – pointed that perhaps I might want to avoid the trifecta of being expelled from 3 countries in a row.

After that things were somewhat smoother. I spent about 20 years living abroad as a foreign correspondent for the BBC in South Africa, Nigeria, Thailand, Myanmar (Burma) and Ukraine.

I’m now based out of Cardiff – as an environment correspondent part of the BBC’s Climate and Science team. Recent proud moments have included investigations into sewage spills and getting the word “turds” broadcast on the Six O’clock news. If needed I still get pulled back into foreign news – so was in Jerusalem in January for the ceasefire agreement.

Through it all – I’ve stayed in touch with the group of friends that were made at Camp Hill. Andy “Ivy” Brennan, Andy “Gundy” Knight, Toby Smith, Tom Lutz, Toby Bolt, Tom Kightley, Andy Owen, Danny Gwynne and Simon Rendall have all made the journey together from whacking a tennis ball around the fives courts to rapidly approaching fifty.

Each summer we spend a weekend in Wales climbing a mountain and every December there’s a “Cheese Night” – where copious amounts of cheese and crackers are consumed, washed down with the odd glass of wine.

We swap old stories of teachers, and classroom mishaps and speculate wildly about where other members of our Camp Hill year may have ended up.

Jonah Fisher (1996)



The Right Dress : 30 years at Camp Hill

THE FIFTIES:



The well-dressed student at Camp Hill in the early Fifties was remarkably unremarkable. Invariably he wore his School cap, blazer, tie and grey shirt, straight trousers and grey socks—all under a navy mackintosh if it rained.

All 1st and 2nd Formers wore shorts. So did an occasional 3rd Former for an unhappy two or three days until his mother got the message.

Seniors liked a scarf and long fawn mac which covered all.

There was nothing flashy about this.

Teddy boy fashions had hardly any impact on the School.



But, in the late Fifties shoes began to grow narrow and pointed and longer and longer, causing boys to trip up the stairs.

THE SIXTIES:

Caps started to go out of fashion, and the staff debated the issue inconclusively. The arrival of the Beatles encouraged hair, and suddenly long hair was no longer considered cissy.



Curly boys went Afro, and those with straight hair grew it long and lank.

Boys bought combs and entered classrooms combing industriously. Caps looked silly on top of all this and, like ears, were never seen.

The outside world briefly thought of flower-power, peace and drugs. Carnaby Street was swinging but Vicarage Road remained static.

THE SEVENTIES:

Two interesting developments ushered in the Seventies—drainpipes gave way to flares!



Collars caused much concern. In turn they were short, long, buttoned and undone. And hated.

Boys now preferred somewhat shorter hair (historically the male norm), but only a tiny minority, who perhaps weren't much good at anything else, decided to be skin heads.

Red or white socks were discouraged in the Metalwork room.



All things change!

The urge to express one's individuality by conforming to the group image proves irresistible. Flares are death, today. Whatever did people wear before jeans came in?

Nothing offends boys more than yesterday's fashion, until they become today's style once more. Fashion is a serious business.

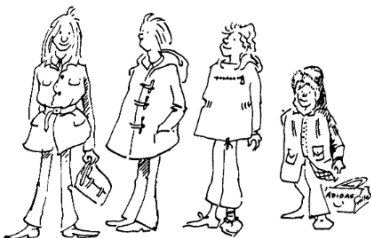
The Sixth Form went dandy, with obligatory umbrellas and straw boaters, school colours on the band. Pretty waistcoats were seen.

This elegance lasted for only two years, but throughout the Seventies more changes were in store.



Short boys, following the example of The Slade, and other groups, were delighted to rise in the world on platform shoes.

Obligatory outdoor wear moved firmly from blue macs, through to duffel coats and anoraks, to parkas.



Article taken from *The Chronicle* 1981-82

A trip down memory lane...



Alex Lee, Ibrahim Ezzeldin, John Hayton and Paul Gardner were crowned 'Top of the Bench Champions 2015' at Loughborough University. The first time in the school's history.



In 2016 five Y7 and six Y12 students launched a Gardening Club which turned out to be a blooming success. All boys worked hard and achieved all five of the National School Gardening Awards offered by the Royal Horticultural Society.

20 EVENING MAIL, MONDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1996

Choices

Midland film critics are best of bunch

ALL THE best young film critics come from the Midlands - and here's the proof.

Philip Cox, from Colehill, and Nick Jones, from Moseley, were chosen from 1,300 entrants as Film 96 Young Film Critics of the Year.

The competition marks National Schools Film Week which begins today.

Solihull College A-level student Philip, aged 17, can be seen on Film 96 tonight reviewing *The Adventures of Pinocchio*, part of his prize for winning the 17-19 age category.

Meanwhile, 15-year-old Nick, a pupil of King Edward VI Camp Hill School for Boys, won film equipment for his school and a day at the Film 96 studios for triumphing in the 14-16 year old category.

In their entries, reviewing a film of their choice, both lads followed the critic's rule to reveal little of the plot and not to give away the film's ending.

Veteran BBC critic Barry Norman has his own expert tips to pass on.

He says: "I prefer films that I can be enthusiastic about. Enthusiasm is infectious and I hope it transfers to the audience."

"But falling asleep is a form of criticism so don't feel any guilt about that!"

"What I say about a film is what I honestly believe."

"My first obligation is to the viewers who may spend a lot of money going to see a film. I wouldn't want people to think: 'What is this guy talking about?'"

EVENING MAIL, TUESDAY, MAY 4, 1999

Pupils with gift of the gab

TALK OF THE TOWN: Pupils (from the left) Cian Barry, Joe Shears and Chris Fitzgerald with their trophy

A TEAM of pupils from a Birmingham school have talked their way to the top - by winning a public speaking competition.

Three year 11 pupils from King Edward VI Camp Hill School for Boys in Kings Heath have won the regional final of a contest organised by Rotary International.

Chris Fitzgerald, Joe Shears and Cian Barry chose the topic 'This is Beautiful' to debate in front of an audience of up to 100 people.

They beat off stiff competition from seven other schools to take the title for the first time.

John Doham, head of English at the school, said: "We're delighted with their success and perhaps a little surprised."

"They did very well against very stiff competition."

"The school enters a public speaking competition each year and usually reaches the finals but this is the first time we've won in recent years."



Investigating Ecton Mine—Chronicle 2018

2008 Chronicle: Photos from the House Festival, marking the centenary of the formation of the House teams

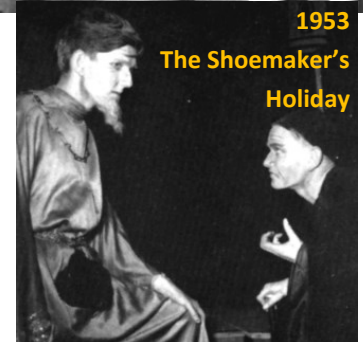


Past performances...

1991
Westside Story



December 1982—CHAOS: Grimthorpe Revisited.
This performance turned Othello into a 1920's musical call 'The Moor Friend'.



1953
The Shoemaker's
Holiday



2013—Me and My Girl

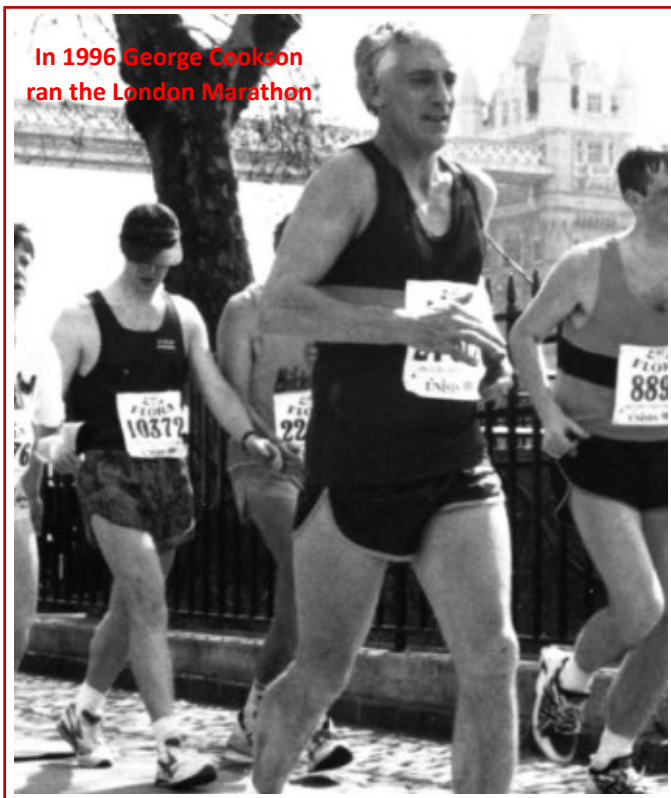


1997
The
Boyfriend

Remembering your trips and adventures...



Year 8 Conway Residential 2015



In 1996 George Cookson ran the London Marathon



Chronicle 1991-92
Winners of the
Mock Trial at
Wolverhampton
Magistrates Court



Visit to Japan
Chronicle 2014

BULLOCH GORES BULL (OCH!)

INTERNECINE CONFLICT ON THE BATTLEFIELDS (TRIP)

featuring our correspondent, Stuart Bulloch

For many years now, my father has scooted off to France and Belgium on the Battlefields Trip at Easter, leaving behind my mother, brother and myself to fend for ourselves. This year, though, I was going with him and was about to experience what usually leaves Dad looking like a wreck for the rest of the Easter holidays. So, how did it all go?

Bad luck

Well, I did not manage to get away from Dad for much of the trip. I had the bad luck to be on the same bus with him and Mr Carman. We could not get on the more civilised bus with Mr Southworth and Mrs James (and the radio). So we had to suffer the legendary singing and wit of Carman and Bulloch. We also had the exquisite selection of music of Nick Baird and Mark McLellan. The combination of these was quite awful.

The hotel was good though. It would not have looked out of place in a Spanish holiday resort but it did have a pool table. The battles we had over this table made the Somme look like a walk in the park (it was supposed to be wasn't it, according to British

generals?). The nearby bar, which also had a pool table, was the nightly party spot. My, what fun we had thrashing Bulloch and Carman at pool and getting drunk on Orangina!

The grub was fine too. Hotel meals were rather French - I suppose that was unavoidable - and the lunchtime bread and cheese/ham were unavoidable too. I hate goat's cheese!

Oh yes, we did some history too. The monuments were spectacular, and Dad's commentary on the cemeteries was in the Motson mould. I enjoyed it; it was good fun. A good trip, but will he be allowed to go next year after I've told Mum about his holiday?

Chronicle 1997

Sporting memories...



1st XV Rugby team 2016-17



Sports Day 2011

CRICKET 1st XI

Chronicle 1970



Mary Wilson (scorer), S. Spires, P. Graham, R. Smith, J. Slater, W. Jackson-Houlston, Mr. W. B. Hughes, P. Grainger, Richard Brown, Robert Brown, S. Walker (captain), S. Terrace, K. Donath

Chronicle 1997



■ SOUTH African World Cup star Joel Stransky dropped in at King Edward VI School, Camp Hill, to pass on coaching tips to local youngsters. Stransky, who now plays Courage League rugby for First Division Leicester, stood in for his club-mate Neil Back, who was on duty with England at World Sevens in Hong Kong. Stransky gave some expert kicking advice to John Lanyon, Abdulah Ahmed, Matthew Wilson, Remy LeFevre and David Terrace, who are all members of Camp Hill's under-13 side, at their ground at Vicarage Road, Kings Heath.



Chronicle 1966—7-a-side Staff vs Boys



Musical Memories...

Christmas Concert

December 2010

The Christmas Concert is a seasonal feast of music provided by our most able musicians. The senior and intermediate orchestras and bands perform, and there are often contributions by chamber groups as well, such as Flute Choir and Clarinet Ensemble.

The Swing Band is always a popular sec-

tion, and was this year ably conducted by Rupert Cole (Year 13). Each school also has a number of vocal items sung by their choir, and there were some excellent atmospheric contributions. The concert traditionally ends with Leroy Anderson's famous Sleigh Ride, and, as usual, we were delighted that Santa dropped in to see us during the performance and give out sweets some of the children present.

■ S.F.P.



More Camp Hill Memories...



Anglesey Year 8 Residential
The Chronicle—2014



A team from the school won the Warwickshire Under 12 Chess Championship, and made the papers!

The Chronicle—1998



Kenilworth Castle—Summer 2014



The Chronicle—2016

[Above] Y9 SAN Maths Challenge Team



[Above] Y10 Maths Feast Team

LEAVING A LEGACY

Regardless of the size, legacy gifts are vital in helping charities like The Schools of King Edward VI in Birmingham to be able to continue their work in investing in top quality education and facilities meeting the needs of our future generations. After providing for your family and friends you may wish to leave a charitable gift in your will to support the continued development of CHB.

KEEP IN TOUCH

We're always keen to keep in touch with the Camp Hill School for Boys alumni community. Whether it's memories of your school days, stories of your travels, career details or reunions.

Please email chbalumni@camphillboys.bham.sch.uk with your news

**"A caring and inclusive community where everyone
can do and be their best"**

