



THE STOIC

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THE STOIC

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J. A. Assad

EDITORIAL

Lethargy Lethargy Lethargy Lethargy Lethargy Lethargy Lethargy! Meditate on it, swallow, spit, smile, write a letter to *The Stoic*; whatever your reaction may be the fact remains that there is a basic problem not only in the school, but also in the world today, and it is under this heading at the moment that the establishment chooses to delineate it. Though elsewhere it may be a product of environment, class warfare, race, creed, food or anything else a sociologist may wish to prove, in the school the root of the trouble lies in a lack of communication between masters and students.

At the moment there is very little chance here for masters and students to discuss or to learn on a more general level, for the facilities are virtually non-existent, and there is also a question of time; firstly the problem of location arises from the inconvenience of a study, mostly from the point of view of size, and also from the reluctance of most students to ask a master in for coffee and a discussion, even though, if asked, all are equally eager to come; somehow though a master does not seem to fit in a study, nor is it a place conducive to intelligent discussion.

Secondly, through the insistence that everyone should be involved in something at every possible moment, both masters and students have very little time for reflection of any kind; involvement is necessary clearly, but it must not be blind involvement, and certain periods of time for an interchange of ideas are essential. At the moment this is not happening on any worthwhile scale so that the problems inherent in running a school have very little chance of solution through an understanding on both sides; nor is there any focal point for the creative element of the school. Consequently an impasse is created, where the students are given no proven and automatically acceptable reasons for the rejection or prohibition of something, and the masters have no opportunity to explore the attitudes and reasons of the students. Such a misunderstanding arises over Chapel; here the students may not understand why they have to go to Chapel each day, and the masters may not realise the reasons for the negative attitude thus assumed there; again a poem is rejected from *Germ* because it contains a word which offends against the notions of propriety, constructed by the establishment, but no opportunity is given to explain the notions themselves in their general setting. However besides the consideration of primarily school-based matters, it is essential that more attention is paid to the creative talents of the school, and that an extension of both artistic and critical levels of the school is encouraged.

The solution lies in the creation of a social centre of some kind, on the lines of a youth club. This was suggested two years ago but has been in relative retirement since it was proposed. A strong claim can be put for the use of one of the old physics laboratories for this purpose, when the new block is created, though clearly this will be some time in the future. At the moment, the only available site is the Societies room, which is by no means ideal. There should be no complaints that the Societies will have nowhere to meet if this happens, because as this club aims to be the centre of creative thought in the school, it will be open for use at any time by Societies, and will provide a more comfortable room with a more

congenial atmosphere than the present one does now. The emphasis will be freedom of entrance; masters will be especially encouraged to make use of its facilities, so that it will be possible to air ideas with a representative percentage of students and masters to comment on and improve them; this will provide a communal outlet for such feelings as are being expressed at present in minority groups. Thus the Headmaster will be saved from the concern of answering merely personal grievances. The masters and students will be able to learn from each other besides taking positive steps towards the solution of the problems in the school, and there will be a place where all creative activity can be focused for constructive criticism and expression.

Stoics possess so much latent talent which becomes distorted through an inability to find an outlet for it—and therefore it is time a real effort was made to foster and encourage it.

RICHARD CARR

STOICA

School Officials—Winter Term 1970

Prefects: W. S. Croom-Johnson	Head of School and Head of Temple
I. A. Thomson	Second Prefect
M. J. Brain	
S. J. Brough	Prefect of Chapel
A. J. M. Carmichael	
R. D. G. Carter	Head of Lyttelton
M. J. Chesshire ma.	Prefect of Library
M. H. R. Cobb	Prefect of Defaulters
A. W. P. Comber	Head of Grenville
D. J. Conran	Prefect of Gymnasium
A. S. Crabbe	Head of Cobham
N. J. A. Davies	
N. A. Geach	Head of Chandos
A. W. Goodhart	Head of Chatham
A. S. R. Groves	Prefect of Dining Hall
I. N. Macmillan	Head of Grafton
R. W. Moyle	Head of Bruce
A. C. Peatfield	Prefect of Mess
C. J. Tate	Head of Walpole
M. M. Wyllie	Prefect of Hall

We cannot claim that this has been an uneventful term: a Sponsored Walk, a fire and a controversy over film-making in the grounds all reached the headlines. The former was probably the supreme effort of community service by the school in its history: four hundred people took part in the walk and collected nearly £3,000 which will go towards the rebuilding of schools in Caraz, destroyed in the Peru earthquake. Stowe's contribution was the largest in response to the Peru Appeal.

On a less dramatic level, we welcome several new members of the staff this term. Mr. Brooker, who comes from South Africa, is teaching Physics. Mr. Juneman is a mathematician and has taken over as under-housemaster of Nugent. We welcome Mr.

Gatehouse, who comes to Stowe from the Manchester Grammar School, as Director of Music and Mr. Brown who has also joined the Music Staff. Dr. Waldman, whose academic hood has added a good deal of colour to Sunday Chapel, is in charge of the Geology Department. Mr. Davies has joined the English Department. His expertise as 1st XV coach helped the team win a professional victory over Radley. M. le Pichon, who has joined the Modern Languages Department, has already given a comprehensive talk to Upper School linguists on French Education and shown himself to be an enthusiastic musician.

Mr. Hughes, Mr. Proctor and Miss Lykiard have joined the part-time Music Staff and we also welcome Miss Craig who has returned

to run the Stowe Catering after six years at St. Edward's School, Oxford, and Mrs. E. Sharp as Laboratory Technician.

At the time of going to press unfortunately we are unable to say very much about the School Play or Concert, save that we look forward to a performance of Anton Chekhov's "The Cherry Orchard" by the Congreve Club and a performance of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio". Lyttelton House are preparing a Revue for the End of Term.

In the world of conferences and lectures, we have heard speakers on a wide variety of topics, ranging from "The Lara Poems of Dr. Zhivago" by the Rev. J. R. Arnold, to a fascinating talk by B. Z. de Ferranti on "The Human Brain". Amongst others, Mr. Nicholl addressed the Historians on "The Waldensians" and a film has been shown on "The Grandeur that was Rome". A Lower Sixth Careers Conference was held at the beginning of term and there will be a Sixth Form Conference at the Cambridge Union later in the term.

A few slightly noisier events were the Helicopter Demonstration for the C.C.F. on the North Front, the professional Pop Concert in the Roxburgh Hall and a Folk Song Concert with Alex Campbell.

Mr. Ainger Negus is leaving Stowe this term. He has been associated with the Music Department since the early days of the War

and was a full-time member of staff for seventeen years. Since his retirement in 1957 he has visited the school two or three times a week as a part-time teacher of the piano and violin and until two years ago assisted in the orchestra.

We are sorry to say goodbye this term to Paddy Meade, Steward of the Domestic Staff Club, who is returning to Dublin after 17 years service at Stowe.

There has been an increase in the size of masters' families recently, and we congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland on the birth of a son on July 8th, Mr. and Mrs. Mead on the birth of a daughter on July 17th, Mr. and Mrs. Dady on the birth of a son on August 7th, Mr. and Mrs. James on the birth of a son on September 26th, and Mr. and Mrs. Leonard on the birth of a son on November 6th.

Our congratulations go to Ian Ritchie for his Choral Exhibition at Trinity College, Cambridge and to the Business Brains, Steven Phillips and Michael Sherwood for gaining Stowe a victory in the first round of the "Business Game". Apparently we made a larger profit than any other school. With ambitious signs of work on the site for the new Science Laboratories and the Swimming Pool, the Governors will probably be seeking their advice soon—the only idea they could think up was to drill for oil somewhere down by Stowe Church!

NICHOLAS KAYE

MR. H. V. G. KINVIG

Harold Kinwig, who died in his native Isle of Man on June 23rd, came to Stowe as a teacher of Geography in May 1927 and remained until his retirement at the end of 1957. High professional standards and a sensitive perspicacity made him a first-class schoolmaster who never grudged the giving of the best he had to give. But from the War onwards, he suffered increasingly from ill-health. The price of his sensitivity was a poor digestion; and two or three consequent operations for gastric ulcer left him much to contend with towards the close of his long and constructive career.

He was (to begin in the open air) a quite useful cricketer in his younger days. And Hockey, although its development as a major school game was due to two Cambridge blues who joined the Staff within the following year, owed its birth at Stowe to Kinwig when, in the first Spring Term of the War, "about two-fifths of the School elected to play Hockey as an alternative to Athletics".

But he was even more useful in the classroom, not only in his main subject, but also as a patient and meticulous teacher of Latin to young boys just below the scholarship entry.

Perhaps his most important contribution to Stowe was the successful creation of an Upper School Side to cater for boys whose interests were not primarily academic, at a time when

school curricula were still fundamentally geared to university scholarship requirements. He initiated a Geography Side (Side 8 it was) in September 1931 and therewith a wide-ranging syllabus of a kind to keep at Stowe for their natural term many, who had hitherto left early, whose powers of leadership the School particularly valued at that stage in its growth. It wasn't a one-sided bargain: Kinvig fed them with matter of considerable value to their subsequent careers. The Side that began with a dozen boys numbered twenty-two a year later and after two years exceeded thirty; by which time it had won a Geography scholarship at Oxford and had expanded sufficiently to add Economics to its syllabus with an Assistant Tutor to teach it. Kinvig became Housemaster of Walpole in January 1940, after a brief interregnum following the death of his predecessor. He still taught top Geography sets, although he ceased to be a Tutor; he was, it being wartime, also an officer in the J.T.C. and in the Home Guard. To the task of housemastering, he brought the same willingness to listen, the same understanding and will to help where help was needed. On this side of school life, he often dealt more comfortably with individuals than with boys in the mass. Yet on corporate occasions he showed a consistency and firmness that were universally respected. His House was always a good House, justly and wisely governed. He cared very deeply for people and for principles, and many are those who will acknowledge a large debt to him for sage guidance and sympathetic encouragement at times when they stood in need of it. With the more buoyant he was sometimes not quite so happy in his dealings: sometimes perhaps he was himself in need of as much assurance as he sought to give. If he failed occasionally in such contacts, it was a failure in communication rather than in judgment.

His health improved after his retirement, and he travelled as far as Italy in the Spring of 1959, but thereafter he lived quietly at his home in Castletown, usefully employed but not sufficiently fit for much adventure. His death followed, without recovery of consciousness, upon a heart attack.

P.G.H.

MISS MILNER

(Housematron of Cobham 1944-1962)

When I returned from the War in 1946 Miss Milner was fully established and I found that I had very little housemastering to do.

She had a great steadfastness of purpose, was outspoken and demanded a very high standard of performance both from herself and those under her. She was not appreciated by some, but was admired by many including Sister Quennell, Miss Johnstone, Miss Macwilliam, Cyril Atkins, Duggie Richardson and Syd Jones.

She was a keen spectator of all school games. She never missed a rugger match and was a familiar figure by Cobham Arch at cricket matches (a six landed in her lap one day) and also at the tennis courts. She always said that she would like her ashes to be scattered over the 1st XV rugger ground.

She enjoyed her first seven years of retirement having regular holidays both at home and abroad, thanks to the generosity of parents and old boys who contributed a total of some £1,400 to ensure her happiness. She spent much of her last year in and out of hospital, where she died on June 28th, 1970.

D.I.B.

ALBERT WILLIAM JONES

Bert Jones, "Armoury Joe" to many generations of Stoics, died on 23rd November, 1970. He was born within two miles of Stowe and, after serving in the Army during the First World War, he joined the staff in 1927. His first job was helping to build the Chapel but he soon moved to the Gothic Temple where, for more than 30 years he was armourer and storekeeper to the O.T.C., the J.T.C., and, finally, the C.C.F. and the right-hand man to four Sergeants Major. Although, geographically, he worked a long way from the centre of Stowe, his interest in the

school and his knowledge of its unwritten history were as extensive as his work was meticulous, and his immaculate allotments in Chackmore reflected the high standards he set himself off-duty as well as on.

He was related to very many members of the Bursar's staff and to all his relations, but particularly to his wife and immediate family, we offer our very real sympathy.

M.J.F.

The *Olim Alumni* section is now on the last pages of the magazine.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of *The Stoic*:

Sir,

As any relatively observant Stoic should have noticed this term, the editorial board of *The Stoic* started an intensive advertising programme within the school. An Editor i/c advertising was drafted onto the board and numerous notices were posted on the appropriate boards. Unfortunately though, the creative material for both *Germ* and *The Stoic* still remains minimal. The fault though, I feel, does not lie in the school or the methods of advertising used, but in the Editorial Board itself. This term the Board consisted of three members sitting for their fourth consecutive term, two members sitting for their third term and the new advertising Editor. Three of these Editors are third year sixth, two middle sixth and one lower sixth; and it is also probably worth noticing that these six editors are split evenly, three in Chatham and three in Lyttelton.

I personally believe that an active editor should act as an advertisement for *The Stoic* as much as possible. If this is done well by the end of the term, during which he would probably have written four editorials, an editor will probably not only have run out of original ideas and opinions, but, he will also probably have ceased to represent general opinion within the school. At the moment though the general attitude is—"once a member of the Editorial Board always a member". This I feel is a selfish attitude and it is more than likely to result in an unproductive clique. At the end of a year's service most editors have both given and gained in experience and by continuing to sit on the Board, unless their resignation has not been accepted they are depriving other people of the same experience.

Consequently, I have resigned my position to make way for, I hope, a more constructive, original and active editor.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR GOODHART

To the Editor of *The Stoic*:

Sir,

To read any critical literature produced by Stoics themselves is too often an embarrassment to both the outsider and the Stoic—most of it is appallingly mediocre. The 'intelligensia'—if the term is applicable—are plagued by fears about 'apathy', 'lack of communication between senior and junior', and 'emphasis'. Still with us are the old favourites, the moralities of compulsory chapel, games and corps. The first group 'apathy,' etc., are nebulous, vague terms, the second specifics. Let us first escape the lure of chapel, games and corps—we may argue endlessly over them and it is unlikely that in the near future they will be as radically affected as some of us would wish.

To turn to the new 'pets'—'apathy', 'lack of communication' and 'emphasis'. 'Apathy' is a wonderful word, it encompasses that large negative attitude apparent everywhere—strange to say, even outside Stowe. First let it be said, 'Thank heaven for a little apathy'. Without it who knows—another Third Reich, Tom Brown's Schooldays or, less extreme, the aura of artificiality that permeates from various apostolic clubs in the school. If there is

a lack of response to many activities, this is probably because there is something wrong with what the activity has to offer. To take an extreme example, there is rugger this season. Because, so far, the 1st XV have been playing with a visible determination to substantiate their efforts the support on the touchline has swollen from dull handfuls to a roaring mass. Who could blame the school for having been previously 'apathetic' about supporting, when they were presented with a lifeless spectacle? While still on 'apathy', just consider outside Stowe the active British man—beer, football and the television.

Communication between senior and junior is another ill-defined abstract—again it is a problem which stretches far beyond Stowe. For my own part, as a Head of House, I find communication much improved from when I first came. Personal fagging and beating have stopped and with them many other hangovers. Juniors in their first year are frequently asking advice on personal problems or more often sharing a joke—in my first year I called the Head of House 'sir', spent most nights washing my monitor's shirts and was beaten by the settlers for being late to bed in the process.

People think there should be a shift of emphasis from games to mental occupations such as art, community service and so forth. Yet how many people are really any more fit for music, art, etc., than the supposed mass who are in danger of mental and physical blockages in the midst of the appalling rigours of leagues. One wonders whether the complaints directed against the emphasis on games are directed at games or emphasis. Probably the latter, 'we don't like being made to'—none of us do, but imagine the boredom and frustration that would result if there was not some emphasis placing a large, albeit gentle boot in the over-padded bottoms of many Stoics.

Finally may I impart a plea that when the opinion of members of the school is expressed in *The Stoic*, it should be expressed under the auspices of 'Correspondence', rather than *Germ*. And let us hope for days when *Germ* will once more become an artistic forum comprising prose, art and poetry. At the moment it is a pretentious botched-up bit in the middle, comprising insincere editorials, nothing but over-sophisticated poetry (may I call it that?) and opinions that consciously find a grudge rather than stimulate sensible argument.

Yours etc.,

ANTHONY CRABBE

MUSIC

Le Duc D'Audiffret-Pasquier pointed out that, "Empires fall, Ministries pass away, but Bureaux remain". On a national scale there can be no doubt that this is true. New men necessarily fulfil the posts of their predecessors and total changes can not come about quickly even here, though generations of Stoics pass twenty times as quickly as human generations. The Bureaux of the Roxburgh Hall and the whole musical system are not allowed to change while Stowe remains as it is; there have to be concerts and the Orchestra and Choral Society have to prove their existence two or three times a year. This much is dictated to a Director of Music, and Mr. Gatehouse and Mr. Brown have obviously been aware of this. On the other hand their innovations have been greeted with considerable enthusiasm. Several Chamber groups have started and made their debuts, and the choir, previously the most disowned musical institution, has made great strides forward and some members are now receiving singing tuition. Understandably there have only been four concerts this term, including the Christmas Oratorio, though there is a promise of a Chamber series next term in addition to the Roxburgh Hall concerts. These will take place in Assembly and the Queen's Temple, and in each of them the Queen's Temple Singers will be taking part.

Finally I would like to congratulate Ian Ritchie on the award of a Choral Exhibition to Trinity College, Cambridge.

OLIVER RICHARDS

THE MUSIC SOCIETY

In the Roxburgh Hall on Sunday, July 5th

THE QUEEN'S TEMPLE SINGERS THE STOWE ENSEMBLE MEMBERS OF THE CAMDEN TRIO
PAST AND PRESENT MUSIC SCHOLARS AND SENIOR MUSICIANS

Conducted by Angus Watson

Narrator, Joseph Bain

Concerto in G minor 'L'Estate' (Summer)
Siegfried Idyll
Three Songs for two Basses op. 43
Babar, le petit elephant
Beatus Vir
Serenade to Music

Vivaldi
Wagner
Schumann
Poulenc
Monteverdi
Vaughan Williams

This year's final concert was a sad occasion, but characteristically Mr. Watson chose a programme with but little concession to nostalgia. The Vivaldi made a bold start to the evening and the outer movements drew brilliant playing from both soloist and orchestra, well contrasted with the poignant lyricism that Mr. Watson adopted for the *Adagio*. The use of an organ as continuo helped to create an Italianate sound from a performance which the Red Priest and his Venetian audience would surely have enjoyed. The Wagner piece which followed was given a full-blooded reading and early fears that perhaps a dynamic peak was being too early reached were speedily allayed by the fine pointing and solo-work from both wind and strings. The Schumann duets that followed the interval were pleasantly sung, and Mr. Weight's and Mr. Tansley's swansongs were justly applauded by an enthusiastic audience who were also quick to appreciate the subtleties of Mr. Bain's elephantine narrations. This rendering of the Poulenc was finely judged in every detail and Mr. Bottone's beautifully incisive playing was well matched by the humour of the story-telling. The two choral works which rounded off the evening had both been performed before by these or similar forces, and it was fitting that they should gain much from a second airing. The Monteverdi was played and sung with considerable aplomb and although the acoustic of the Queen's Temple was missing this time, the work came across with great power. Even though this glorious reminder of a bygone age virtually performs itself, great credit must be given to all the forces concerned for the neat ensemble and general vigour of the rendering. With the Vaughan Williams we reached the highpoint of the evening; "a personal favourite" of Mr. Watson's, it was given a reading of glowing beauty and quiet dignity. The sublime violin tune which threads its way through the piece like a central artery was performed with real artistry, but it is no disrespect to its soloist to wish that Mr. Watson had been two people on this occasion, the one conducting the other as he played, for that would have been consummately appropriate as a finale.

All in all it was a concert that amply displayed the depth of Stowe's music, in the many professionals who returned for this special programme, in the Old Stoics of the past decade, and not least in the present Stoics and staff with their varied talents. But above all it was of course Mr. Watson's evening that brought the season to a close; not merely a season, one felt, but an era, and one which those who have had the privilege to take part in it will not quickly forget.

GUY HARVEY (G 1969)

In the Roxburgh Hall on Sunday, October 4th

CHARLES SPINKS (*harpsichord*)

BRAM WIGGINS (*trumpet*)

Suite No. 5 in C Major
Miscellaneous Pieces
Three Pieces from the Mulliner Book
The King's Hunt
Concerto in the Italian Style
Concerto in D Major for Harpsichord and Trumpet
Suite No. 8 in G Major
Improvisations on Submitted Themes
Trumpet Voluntary

Purcell
Purcell
Anon.
Bull
J. S. Bach
Telemann
Handel
Stanley

Charles Spinks, the celebrated B.B.C. harpsichordist started his recital without a score by playing Purcell's fifth Suite. His finger movement was obviously very precise and created the

extremely rhythmical quality which makes baroque music so alive. Repetitions often sound dull but we tend to forget that they were not intended to be played with the same tone quality and this piece gave him ample opportunity to display the harpsichord's diversity. Throughout the recital the rhythm was particularly noteworthy, especially in "The King's Hunt" which proved the performer's agility and also his ability to keep note values so even in the faster passages. J. S. Bach's Concerto demonstrated the harpsichord's effect of two instruments, one accompanying the other, though the accidentals sounded slightly out of place.

Eighteenth century composers were very accustomed to brilliant trumpeters and Telemann was no exception. Anyone today would call the high pitch of trumpet concerti ridiculously difficult, but Mr. Wiggins, apart from one mistake at the beginning, produced a perfect performance with a beautifully lyrical and sustained tone.

During the interval, we, as the audience, were asked to submit themes for improvisation. Themes appeared, varying in complexity from a one line theme in six flats to words made up of the letters from A to H. On some of the more possible of these he then proceeded to improvise producing some remarkable individualistic variations, none of which had, I am sure, ever been dreamt of by their composers. A most enjoyable and educational concert ended with another 18th century Trumpet and Harpsichord Concerto, played with astounding virtuosity and beauty.

OLIVER RICHARDS

In the Roxburgh Hall on Sunday, October 18th

ALEX CAMPBELL JEREMY TAYLOR

The concert given by Alex Campbell and Jeremy Taylor on October 18th was the third of the Music Society's folk concerts; the previous two were given by the Spinners and the Settlers. Each half of the concert was equally divided between the two performers; the third singer on the programme—Paddy Grey—was unfortunately unable to be present. Each half of the concert was opened by Jeremy Taylor, who sang a number of modern folk songs, including some of his own compositions. Alex Campbell, on the other hand, was more traditional in his choice of songs, interspersing them with jokes and anecdotes, and the occasional cynical dig at what he had seen of the school. Both players performed well and sang some excellent songs, but, perhaps because of the size of the audience and its distance from the stage, there was little participation, and the true intimate atmosphere of folk music was never achieved.

ANDREW PERRINS

In the Roxburgh Hall on Sunday, November 15th

THE BRITISH INTIMATE OPERA COMPANY

Patricia Blans Michael Goldthorpe Donald Francke

Mary Hill (*piano*)

Susanna's Secret *Wolf-Ferrari*
The Telephone *Menotti*

The first of these intriguing one act operas, namely Susanna's Secret, was flavoured with operatic styles which ranged from Mozart at his most ordinary, to Gilbert and Sullivan at their very worst. The overture for solo piano, which introduced the first 'opera', lead one to expect a dramatic revelation; however, the opera turned out to be a common farce. Susanna's Secret was that she smoked, while her husband thought that she had a fumerant lover; because of the fact that she and her boudoir smelt of tobacco. Her husband therefore made a series of entrances, in which he was able to demonstrate and expand his unfounded frustration. Susanna, with piercing voice and a face like a wax mask, which even failed to show any colour when accused of blushing, was a definitely tarty piece. She fell more into place in 'The Telephone' in which she became a trendy, if unnatural blond. Her nervous and bulky lover found the telephone in her apartment to be an unwelcome interruption to his proposition of marriage. In the end matters sorted themselves out and the inevitable happened. Both operas were over-acted and would have been more effective if they had been kept in their original tongue—so that we could not have understood the words. The production was excellent, but the material would have better suited a provincial audience, as opposed to our cultured Stoic one!

JAMES METHUEN-CAMPBELL

QUEEN'S TEMPLE CONCERTS

JOHN MELVIN (*clarinet*)

THE STOWE TRIO Angus Watson Michael Edmonds Robert Bottone

Clarinet Trio op. II *Beethoven*

Piano Trio in C major *Brahms*

Cello Sonata *Rawsthorne*

Contrasts *Bartok*

One could hardly imagine a more ambitious and varied programme with which to end a series of Chamber Concerts. The Beethoven showed us both sides of the Clarinet's character: jovial and agile in the first movement, in the second, introspective but rich in tone. By contrast in the Brahms Piano Trio there was a consistent warmth, almost obsessive at times and quite relaxed and cantabile at others.

The modern Rawsthorne Sonata, with its powerful, mystic mood, tending at times to a sense of dark lyricism, received the sympathetic control of tone on which it depends. Quite absurd by contrast, the Bartok flew us into a world of frantic rhythm and zest. Requiring expert agility to play at all, we were privileged to enjoy a very musical performance. The Stowe Trio and John Melvin had set out to entertain us with a considerable variety of styles and moods. They succeeded.

NICHOLAS KAYE

THE MUSIC CLUB

The final meeting of the Summer Term was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edmonds in Chackmore. This was "A Victorian Evening"—an entertainment given by several members of the Club of music and readings from the period. Afterwards presentations were made to Mr. A. J. Watson, our retiring President, and also to Mr. R. F. Bottone.

We extend a warm welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Gatehouse, and we are pleased that Mr. Gatehouse has accepted the office of President.

At the first meeting this term, a paper on 'The Clarinet' was read by J. C. Hershman. The second and third meetings were in concert form at which members performed items varying from solos to a string quartet movement. An evening visit has also been made to London to see the Sadler's Wells Opera production of 'La Boheme'.

IAN RITCHIE

THE GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY

The functions of the Society were somewhat thwarted at the beginning of this term because of reckless damage to the Society's new stereo equipment. However after rather lengthy repairs were carried out, it is now fully operational again. A complete check of the record library reveals that there are over 60 records missing. We should like to appeal, through this magazine, to all Old Stoics who have been members of the Society in the past four years to look through their record collections to see if any of our records have "slipped in". We would be very glad to have them back.

DEREK LONGMAN

THE CHAPEL CHOIR

An attempt to cut down the Choir to a manageable and balanced size has been reasonably successful. The number is now about right, but the balance is still not entirely satisfactory. However the Choir is definitely producing a better sound. It has been busy preparing for the Carol Service at the end of term, and it has also been planned that some members should go carol-singing in the neighbourhood.

IAN RITCHIE

SOCIETY

Unless the senior section of any school is co-ordinated and does not contain numerous sections or cliques that are all diametrically opposed to each other, the school concerned cannot hope to move forward or improve. This, while not necessarily meaning that everyone should conform to the same sort of establishment ideas and ideals, mean that there should be a certain degree of tolerance for other people's points of view and not a straight rejection of them. So long, then, as the senior section of the school is co-ordinated at least in its acceptance of other people's opinions the rest of the school will become a single body too.

This intolerance, or as some people see it selfishness can, to a certain extent, be put down to being one of the less advantageous side-effects of trying to create and contain 600 individuals. Basically once a person starts to think and question society, he will do so along lines that are likely to improve his own position and at least to begin with, he will have little regard for other people's ideas or problems. This intolerance can be seen in the general behaviour of most Stoics towards visiting lecturers at society meetings in the fact that they are only willing to accept the highest standards of presentation and interest. In general though if one is willing to be patient it is possible to gain quite a lot, even from a bad lecture.

Thus, while I am not condemning the different attitudes within the school, I feel that if only a certain amount of tolerance for other people's mistakes, ideas, ideals and especially positions, which through no fault of their own they find themselves in, could be generated within the school, not only would Stowe become less cliquish, but that Stoics themselves would begin to balance their rather lopsided individuality.

ARTHUR GOODHART

CHAPEL

This term has seen the continuation of the Series 2 Communion being the main service on Sunday mornings. It seems that the original idea of it being one continuous service is lost in the noisy and lengthy departure of those not attending the communion. However the communion service at 11 o'clock is far more convenient for the school as a whole and it enables more communicants to attend regularly.

The Remembrance Day Service this term followed the same form as that of the last two years. Starting at 10.50 there were two poems, one by Edwin Brock and one by John Wain, leading up to the two minutes silence at 11 o'clock. After the two minutes silence the service followed the course of the usual Matins service.

The usual once termly service of Hymns and Readings took a different form this term in that it was a service of Music and Readings. This service was very much an experiment with various readings on spiritual life and spiritual death interspersed with musical periods in order to give the congregation a chance to think about the passages just read. However despite the excellence of the service as a whole, the congregation tended to remain too passive.

Preachers this term have included: The Rev. K. Habershon, M.A., The Rev. A. Salmon, M.A., W. J. P. M. Garnett, Esq., Director of the Industrial Society, The Rev. B. Jacob, The Rev. R. J. B. Eddison, M.A., The Rev. P. T. Ashton, M.V.O., M.A. (Q 1935) and the Rev. R. C. Lucas, M.A.

Collections have been taken for: Shelter, The Pinchbeck Appeal, Stowe Community Service, The Royal National Lifeboat Institution, Christian Aid, The Richmond Fellowship, The Carter Foundation, The Earl Haig Fund, The Save the Children Fund, The Cheshire Foundation Homes for the Sick, The Cancer Campaign, Langley House, and The Shaftesbury Society.

STUART BROUGH

COMMUNITY SERVICE

£490 Spent on Aids This Term

With now more than 120 pensioners requiring weekly attention the service organization has had to increase its efficiency, and this has been achieved through the sheer enthusiasm of the boys. We have created a system of "Area Managers" and "Support Services". An Area Manager may have up to ten pensioners in his locality, and it is his job to visit each of these weekly and to organize a small labour force. Regular visiting has the effect of building up friendships and giving a sense of security, and on this great importance is placed. The Area Manager has considerable responsibility for he can call upon the "Support Services" which include a Decorating Team (led by a skilled decorator), an electrician, a plumber, the Heating Service and the Food Service. All services are given free of charge and this term we have spent £490 on them, and this figure excludes the cost of transport. For example under the Food Service, 80 pensioners receive vegetables weekly and some 30 receive a portion of meat as well. With the Heating Service, 115 cwt of coal and nearly 1,000 gallons of paraffin together with seven appliances were given to our members.

Christmas Hamper Target — £400

G. M. I. Miller is responsible for this year's Campaign which is attempting to beat the 1969 figure of £330, for we now have 20 more hampers to prepare, making a total of 120. He has organized our boy motor cyclist to visit all farms within a ten mile radius, and all the shops in Buckingham and Winslow (over 150 of them) in order to enlist support. This is an immense task as each person receives a personal visit. The outcome of the Campaign is of course not known at the time of writing, but I would like to thank most sincerely all those who have given us support. It seems to be appreciated as much by the organizers as by the recipients.

Public Addresses by Boys

The increased responsibility of boys represents the most important development within S.C.S this year. A good illustration of this can be seen in the willingness of boys to speak about our work at public dinners and at other schools. S. R. Ayre to quote the *Bucks Standard*, "had his audience enthralled with his graphic account of what he and his colleagues had been able to achieve in their community work in the Buckingham district". The paper devoted seven paragraphs to his speech at a Toc H Dinner in Wolverton which was made before other guest speakers, and the Headmasters of Stowe and Rugby. At Bloxham School an illustrated lecture was given with the aid of boy speakers. Apart from giving talks we have received attention from the Nuffield Foundation who wished to examine a school social service, and we had a visit from the Social Science Department of Milton Keynes College for Further Education, who brought a party of nine to see what it was all about.

Exeat Finance Campaign

It is very heartening to see an increasing number of parents taking an interest in the Service and we are most grateful to the seventeen people (so far) who have made a total covenant of £39, which with the State commitment makes a total of £53 6s. 0d.; and to the thirteen people who gave a total cash sum of £75 19s. 5d. We are also most grateful to one boy, who wishes to remain anonymous, who found over £100 amongst his family and relations in order to pay for the re-roofing of Charley and Dora's cottage. It was an impressive example of goodwill. We are also extremely grateful to Mrs. Goodhart for the generous gift of an estate car.

Total Support

I am convinced that with a growing awareness of the work which the social workers of S.C.S. are doing, it will not be long before most parents and governors will wish to support us in some small way. And when we achieve such total involvement it will be Stowe COMMUNITY Service in the true meaning of the word.

R. C. THEOBALD

C.C.F.

Summer camps were conventional this year with both Army and R.A.F. Sections being attached to regular units. The Army were particularly well looked after by the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards, at Tidworth.

The term's Field Day was held early in the term and again on a Monday. This enables the maximum number to go away and camp out. Sections went as far afield as the Peak District and as close as Broughton Castle at Banbury. The Royal Navy Section spent the night with the Navy at Yeovilton and were excellently looked after. The Signals Section even ventured a survival exercise in Charnwood Forest in Leicestershire where despite a damp night they survived! Certainly this Monday Field Day increases our scope enormously.

Variety has been provided this term by some Regular Army Gunners working with the Commando Section and a visit from the Navy's Schools Presentation Team. This latter involved a series of helicopter antics on the North Front; poor George looks even more lopsided!

Very few of us will regret the passing of the Army Proficiency Examination in its present form. Its great emphasis on dull and purely war-like skills has long seemed inappropriate. The new syllabus which we shall begin to introduce next term does not completely dispense with these items but does have far more emphasis on such activities as orienteering and on expedition work. Produced as a result of appeals from C.C.Fs. and extensively tried in a number of schools it should be a great improvement.

Camps next year should include two adventure training expeditions. In March a party will go to Skye and in August it is hoped that a small number will go exploring in Iceland. Next summer's army camp will probably be in Yorkshire.

A. J. E. LLOYD

Summer Camp

This summer the C.C.F. was invited by the Coldstream Guards to their barracks at Tidworth, Hampshire to hold the annual camp. Although there was as usual a rebellious element within, the camp was enjoyed by the majority. There was revision of fundamental aspects of the Corps for the first five days, including a night operation designed by the Coldstream Guards. The training culminated in a two day exercise rampaging over Salisbury Plain.

A day of light relief was spent at the Royal Artillery School, Larkhill. The following morning the camp ended.

In all it was a constructive week with a great deal learnt, a great deal taught, and a great many amused. There was a terrific advantage to be gained from the supervision by experienced people, and the use of their equipment.

MARK BURGIN
OSSIE HOSKYNS

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD

The early part of the term saw the completion of the Physical Fitness section of the awards. Field Day was spent damply, as now seems customary, at Cwm Llwh, Malvern's cottage in the Brecon Beacons. Subsequently the Silver groups have been undergoing a more or less terrifying (more in my case) course in Mountain Rescue under the auspices of the local Army Youth Team. People have been dangling in a variety of postures over quarries and from water towers in the locality attached sometimes not very securely to absail ropes. Bronze groups have had a series of 'refresher' lectures on various aspects of campcraft. Over the half-term Exeat three members of the staff visited Skye, where next summer's camp will be held.

R. M. POTTER

Summer Camp—Isle of Mull

After last year's relatively enjoyable summer camp, about sixty Stoics travelled up to Scotland completely unprepared for what was about to befall them. Arriving at the field that was to be base camp for the next ten days, we started off by pitching our tents in the rain. We were to find out that Mull is one of those places where the sun rarely shines, and frequently has very high winds. On Sunday night, several tents were blown down by a force six wind, others were ripped badly—a nice way to begin the camp. For the next few days some groups split up to do various activities, ranging from lepidoptery to visiting Iona, while others started off on their expeditions. Many of the projects did not come off too well and others were impracticable due to the rain; the lepidoptery was occasionally completely fruitless, the study of plants growing above 1,500 ft. had to be abandoned, the archaeological group failed to find certain remains.

The actual expeditions were done very well apart from certain episodes of people not being able to map-read, and consequently getting quite lost. It definitely sorted out the capable from the incapable. The most common complaint was the insufficiency of rations on the expeditions, which caused some hard feeling on returning to base camp, but it was all compensated for in the party on the last night, where the whole camp revelled over Mr. Weight's punch, and Mr. Dobinson's singing.

SPYRO GRANT

THE XII CLUB

"Bombastic, flippant, an insult to literature, an accidental farce." Such were some of the comments applied to Nick Davies' paper on 'War and Literature', when given to the Modern Language Society; this was the first paper of the term read under the auspices of our new President. He examined the English, French and German authors who had emerged from the First and Second World Wars in a tone that began as serious but degenerated into a parade of flippancy. His subject was too large, he said. Some interesting points that arose from the paper were that 'France never made it on the war literature scene', that 'Keats had something to do with intellectual masturbation' and that grass was red.

We welcomed for our second paper, A. M. Quinton, Esq., (T 1942) Chairman of the Governors, who spoke on Ideology. For the ignorant this is concerned with the removal of false notions, which dominate people in the realisation of their private interests. He pointed out that there were two levels of ideology; the crude one, illustrated by Marx's theory of history and classical economics; when he presented his Socialism as 'unique, original and new' he considered that he was avoiding the traps of producing an ideological system because he had based it on science. However, though he considered that all previous socialist accounts had been ideological, he failed to realise that there were some ideological elements in his own doctrine. Secondly, the more imperceptible level, where it is not the statements that are themselves ideological, but the introduction of carefully selected ideas alone which is ideological in itself. The society relapsed into stunned amazement.

There will be an 'Evening' later in the term, focussed on some specified subject.

RICHARD CARR

THE CLASSICAL SOCIETY

The Society has unearthed itself again after a term underground, and has had a paper from Peter Law on 'Caesar's Invasion of Britain'. He covered the subject very fully and produced a lively inquiry into the nature of the reasons for Caesar's invasion and the nature of Caesar. Despite opposition from the President, who preferred to think of Caesar as the only possible Saviour of the Roman Republic, it was conjectured that Caesar was not the 'romantic hero' but rather a typical Roman aristocrat completely preoccupied with his own welfare. The Secretary is thinking of producing some masterpiece towards the end of term. It is very pleasing to note that the Society's temporary suppression has resulted in a growth of about one hundred per cent; the attendance at this meeting was thirteen, a record for many years.

RICHARD CARR

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

The Society first met, this term, on Sunday, September 20th. As the Society had not met officially since the previous Easter term, Public Business was largely concerned with the election of Society members to the five vacant seats on the Committee. These vacancies were adequately filled by A. S. Crabbe, J. A. Clarfelt, R. J. Simons, A. P. Selby and S. N. Scott, with D. F. McDonough as Secretary and H. S. Sidhu as Hon. Treasurer. The motion before the House was that "This House believes that this country should go to war". It was proposed by H. S. Sidhu and R. J. Simons, and opposed by A. P. Selby and S. N. Scott. Reinforced by a powerful quotation from George Orwell, H. S. Sidhu told the House that patriotism was a country's greatest asset, and without it a country was unhealthy. He then went on to develop an extraordinary theory which stated that war could cause racial élitism, provided the country sent only its "irresponsible citizens to war. This state of affairs, he said, would benefit the media of television, radio and the press, to say nothing of the contraceptives industry! After a reference to the oriental glibness of the previous speaker, A. S. Selby began with Asimov's statement that "violence is the last resort of the incompetent". War, he said, was not a therapy, but was unpleasant, painful and pointless. His 'touché' to H. S. Sidhu's reference to the booming contraceptive industry was that war gave a country no time to procreate, and therefore the country would eventually cease to exist. After two amusing and consolidating speeches from the Seconders, and some unprecedented remarks relating to the school's sporting policy from Mr. D. Temple, a vote was taken, and the motion was substantially defeated by 35 votes to 8 with 5 abstentions. Since then, meetings have had to be postponed due to unexpected concerts and evening activities. The Society will certainly meet after the 'Oxbridge' examinations, probably to debate, "This House would rather have no law than poor law". My thanks to Mr. D. J. Arnold (Chairman) and the Committee for their constant support.

DAVID MCDONOUGH

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Society has met three times this term.

Martin Scott, Second Master of Winchester College, spoke on 'Medieval Heresy'. He suggested that the medieval church struck a fairly sound balance between the one extreme of ruthless persecution of all dissidents and the other extreme of tolerating virtually all opinions and behaviour. It encouraged theological speculation and protected the universities in which that speculation and consequently heresy flourished. It struck only where heretical opinions threatened order in society. To destroy the Manicheans or Albigensians, was probably necessary, for their dualist beliefs threatened a complete break-down of society. On the other hand, to attack the Waldensians, who started as orthodox reformers, was probably a tragic mistake which stimulated them into heresy.

Colin Welch, (G 1949), Deputy Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, spoke about the nature of History. He declared himself an opponent of the view that History is a Science, argued that any historical thought worth thinking is essentially artistic, and seemed to suggest that any scientific thought worth thinking is essentially artistic. He went on to indicate that the most valuable general lesson he had learnt from studying History was that political issues are best observed from a fundamentally conservative viewpoint.

Keith Middlemas, (C 1953), Reader in History at the University of Sussex, spoke on the policies surrounding the Munich crisis of September 1938. The opening of the Cabinet archives under the thirty year rule had led him to take another look at this already much-studied area of History. He had started with a disinclination to accept the great man view of History. But the evidence forced him to the conclusion that Chamberlain had dominated the Government and British policy in a quite extraordinary way. Defence and foreign policy were subordinated by the Prime Minister to rigorous cost accounting, England withdrew into an isolationist

position, and by offering first colonies and then the Sudetenland to Hitler, Chamberlain sought to appease Germany. He was unsuccessful. Munich produced not German friendship but German contempt and hostility. Despite this Chamberlain stubbornly pursued the same barren policy for another six months and threw away six months of preparation for the now inevitable war.

D. J. ARNOLD

THE MODERN LANGUAGE SOCIETY

The Society has met three times this term, with the prospect of further meetings in the near future. A paper to commemorate the 200th anniversary of the birth of Beethoven, generously sprinkled with examples from the latter's work, was given by Richard Pyne. The remaining two meetings were devoted to the educational structure of France and Spain, given by Monsieur Alain le Pichon and Senor Enrique Garcia, delivered in their native tongues, and both providing excellent background material about their respective countries.

JOHN CLARFELT

THE POLITICAL CLUB

The Club has had a term of considerable disappointment. Due to a misunderstanding, The Rt Hon. Dame Irene Ward, C.B.E., M.P., who was scheduled to speak to the Club on October 23rd, was also asked by the School to speak in March 1971. Unfortunately, the latter date proved far more convenient for Dame Irene, and so the Club suffered the first blow of the term. The second blow was dealt when Peregrine Worsthorpe (G 1941), the Deputy Editor of the *Sunday Telegraph*, who was due to speak on November 10th, wrote to say that he had been invited to speak with President Nixon in the White House on that day. Nevertheless, the Conservative Member for Tiverton, the Rt. Hon. R. J. Maxwell-Hyslop, M.P. (C 1949) has consented to come on December 6th, provided that he can find suitable accommodation. I do apologise to members if they feel that they are getting very little value for their subscription, but I would ask them to bear in mind that of the thirty-nine letters I have written on the Club's behalf, nineteen have received replies, and many of those were conditional. I can, however, promise a full and interesting programme for next term (D.V.) My sincere thanks, as always, to Mr. A. J. Chapman, President, and Christopher Tate, Secretary, who are both a tower of strength in the Club's activities.

DAVID MCDONOUGH

THE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

The society, like last term, has been active in various ways. The term started with a General Meeting on Thursday the 17th of September, when an audience of 54 heard the Secretary, Warden and Treasurer make their reports, and other general business was discussed. Two films, 'Who Cares for England?' and 'Trees in Britain' were shown. Two other film meetings were held later in the term on the 23rd October and the 10th December.

A party of Natural Historians visited Oxford for the Annual General Meeting of B.B.O.N.T., at which the President of the R.S.P.B., Mr. Peter Condor, gave a talk on the problem of conservation. Another, larger party went to Oxford on the 10th November, to see the whole of the film 'The Last of the Wild' in the Town Hall. This film, made by Eugen Schumacher, was taken during seven years travelling around the world, and the result is a fascinating film of some of the world's rarest mammals and birds, shown at their best by brilliant photography. Monks Wood research station was also visited, as was 'Horse Island', nearer the beginning of term. How we will ever be able to repay the Backhouses for their wonderful hospitality, I will never know, but once again, thank you, very much.

Nearer home the reserve, which has now been enlarged by the addition of an extra three acres of grassland, has been the scene of continuous hard work, with a regular team of Jeremy Spencer-Cooper, Colum Scott, Charles Chesshire, Peter Mumford and Alistair Gossage with, last but not least, Mr. Lloyd. Thursday Societies have been reconstituted and Charles Chesshire and David Oliveira have run a successful series of talks and films including, Jonathan Binns, 'Falconry', Mark Stern, 'Mink', Charles Chesshire and Colum Scott, 'Isles of Mull and Eigg' and Nigel Geach, 'The Chandos Duckery'. In the laboratories Mark Stern has brought back to health an injured owl by judicious and often forceful feeding. David Oliveira seems to have successfully bred several species of exotic moth.

Finally let me thank all those members, whether active or non-active, who have made Stowe's contribution to E.C.Y. 1970 a worthwhile one, and long may the enthusiasm of the small band that run the society continue. Especially that of Mr. Lloyd whose contribution to our society and his ever increasing one to the local naturalist trust, is invaluable.

BILL WARBURG

Nature Reserve

A group of about a dozen volunteers working on Mondays and half that number at weekends have made steady progress in the reserve, with the help of Mr. Lloyd's Landrover.

The first four weeks were spent clearing the fir plantation where considerable damage had been done by the gales in early March. Two days were spent cementing below the overflow, which together with the dam, have proved their worth in Mid-November, when water poured over the top of the dam and not much of the overflow was visible above the torrent.

Laying a hedge of beech and thorn and fencing, along the road-side, have occupied a few workers, while others have built a screen for watching the duck on the lake, whose success remains to be seen.

Regular feeding has attracted up to 50 duck at a time, all of them mallard, while dabchick, coot, moorhen and the occasional kingfisher have also been seen.

Next term's work should include path clearing and the making of a second high-seat. A pool may be cleared in the middle of the steadily advancing sedge.

CHARLES CHESSHIRE

THE UPPER STYX PROJECT

Following a very successful breeding season last term, we now have a large colony of mallard on the lake. The number is not certain because of visits of other mallard from surrounding lakes. The goslings of last term have now grown up and become fully fledged Canada geese, which have made a very attractive addition to the lake.

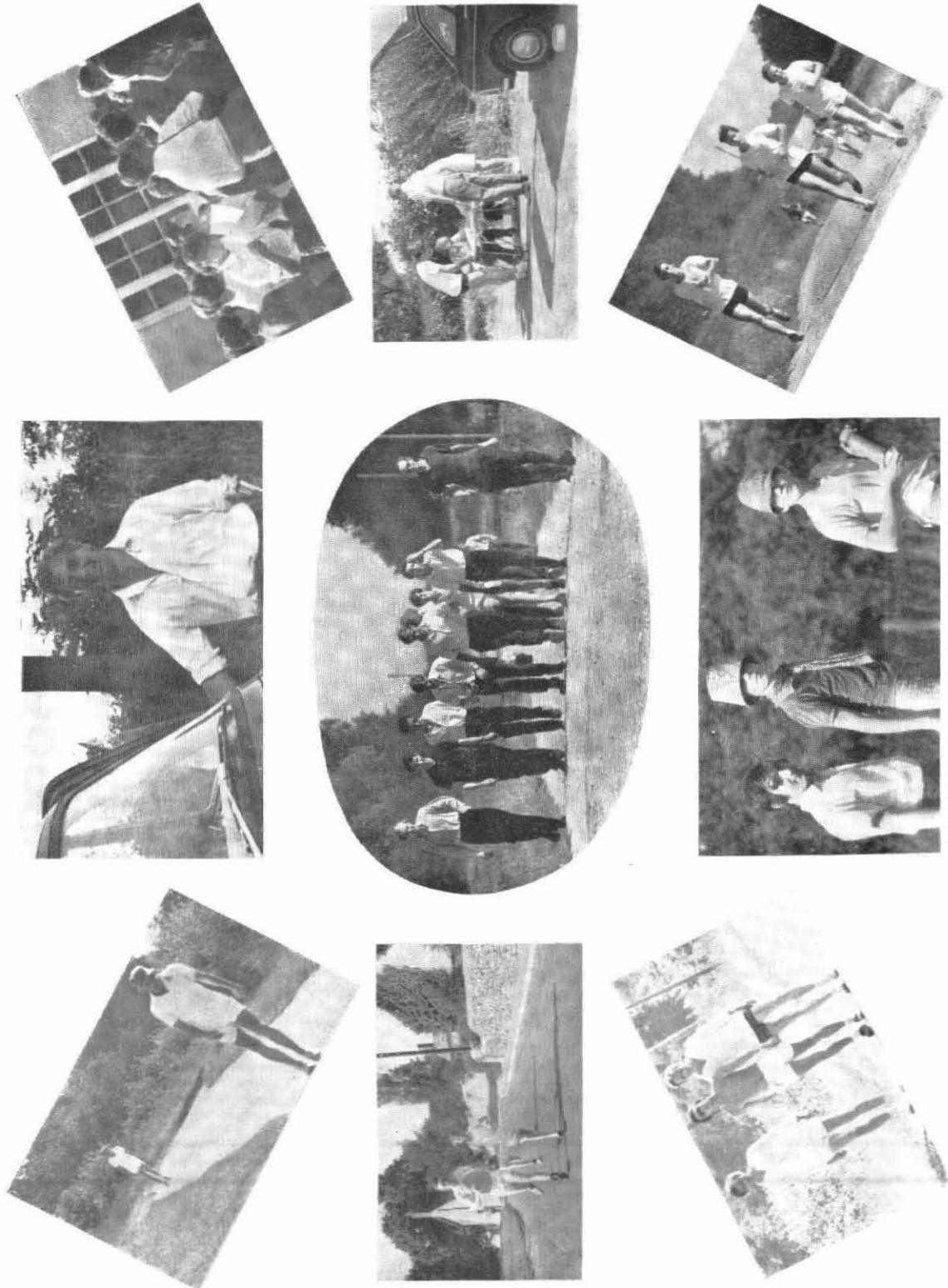
Throughout this term it has been a matter of maintaining the whole area and completing the log hut which we started to build last term. This has been an invaluable asset, because we now are able to keep corn dry, without relying too much on good weather.

The appeal for the 8 ft fence has now grown to £300, which is most encouraging, and with a 'Mile of Pennies' being organised by the younger boys in Chandos, we hope to become nearer to our target very soon. Until then we have to rely on the inadequate compound built last year, which did not prove too disastrous.

In spite of all the bad weather this term, enthusiasm has still continued to flourish in Chandos, and we hope that with this interest and the prospect of the fence this project will become a major part of Stowe.

We are indebted to those parents, Old Chandosians and friends who have helped us so far to raise the money for the appeal and we hope that it will not be too long before the final target is met.

NIGEL GEACH

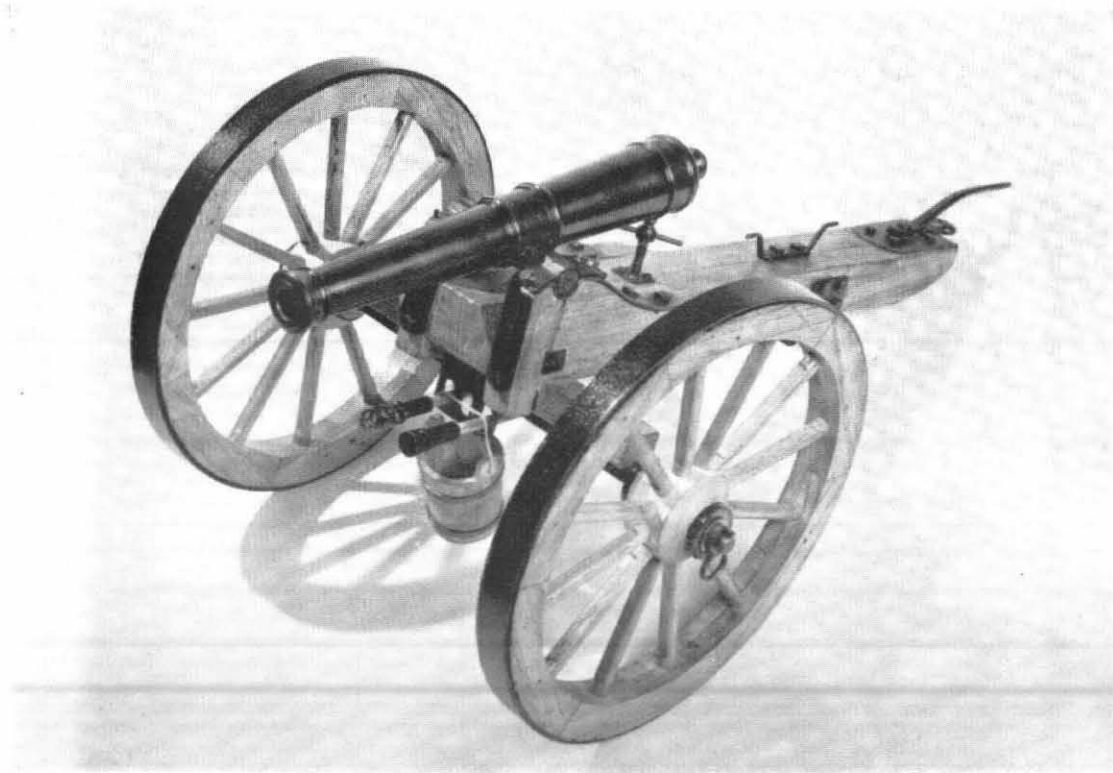


Montage: Henry Mytton-Mills

The Sponsored Walk



R. H. Steavenson and P. Mackay sailing the newly presented 'Super-Grad' at Banbury



Model of six-pounder field piece (early 19th century) made by Peter Bevan.
4th Form Prize for Metalwork 1970

PETRA

Petra is a Nabatean city carved out of rock, and is situated just below the Dead Sea by the Wadi Araba next to occupied Jordan. To get there from Amman, two Embassy officials and I had to go along the desert highway which goes to Akaba. The railway which Lawrence of Arabia blew up runs along this road to Medina in Saudi Arabia.

We bumped along in the Landrover and halted at Ma'an, where we had a "mensif" which is a feast with a Bedouin sheik. His name was Sheik Feisal and his grandfather was Lawrence's closest friend.

After Ma'an we continued for several kilometres, then turned off to go to Petra. We entered the town at dark, so we went into the rest-house. The rest-house consists of the tomb of an old Nabatean person of importance; it is about 2-3,000 years old. The rest-house is built over the tomb.

While having a drink we discussed how we should get into Petra. This always poses a problem as the only way in is by a gorge and one is usually only allowed in on horse back. However we were lucky and received permission to drive the Landrover into Petra.

We set off along an extremely precarious track, with a cliff on one side, and a steep drop of some 20 feet on the other. Ahead, looming black against the night sky were tall mountains appearing not to have any break in them.

As we approached, we gradually were able to discern an extremely narrow cleft in the mountains. We headed for this and in the light of the bumping car, we had glimpses of dark holes in the rock. These were houses and tombs. We expected to be hailed at any moment by some long dead Nabatean, appearing from these man-made caves.

We went cautiously along the gorge which was about 15 feet wide. So narrow is it, that five Frenchmen were drowned when a freak flash flood crashed along the gorge about ten years ago. High above us we saw an occasional star, but sometimes these were obscured where the gorge met at the top.

About a mile along the gorge we turned into a junction and suddenly ahead of us was the "Khasna", or treasure house, of Faraoun—The Pharaohs' Treasury. Sadly it stood in our headlights. Where were the Nabateans who once talked and sold their goods on the steps of this majestic Treasury? Charles Doughty in *Arabia Deserta* describes "The Treasury, whose sculptured columns and cornices are pure lines of a crystalline beauty without blemish".

Carrying on away from the Treasury, we entered into the bowl of desolate Petra. On our left was the amphitheatre, hewn out of the rock. On our right were the Pharaohs' tombs, also sculpted out of the rock. In fact the only building which is not is the Pharaohs' palace itself, which is built from regular masonry. It is said Moses and Aaron once resided here.

Halting by the monastery, we unpacked the Landrover, and carried the equipment over to where we were going to sleep, which was on a soft sandy stretch. There we put down the rug we were going to sleep on. We lit a fire to make some tea. Within minutes, two Bedouins quietly stepped out from the gloom, and silently sat down. After we had given them some tea they offered a battered tin which contained a mild form of hashish, or so my friend, who spoke Arabic fluently, said. We declined the offer, so the Bedouin sat back on their haunches and smoked in peace. After staying for supper they murmured their thanks and returned to their camp which was higher up the mountain.

Slowly the mist cleared and the dark peace of Petra closed over us. Stars twinkled in a clear sky above; far off an Arab sang parts of the Koran, and in the mountains encircling us wild

dogs howled, and the hyenas laughed eerily while the moon rose over the mountains, whose jagged crests were silhouetted against the white circle of the moon. All Petra seemed to sleep, and I felt that the next day the long-dead Nabateans would return to their daily chores of buying and trading. We eventually lay down to sleep at 2 o'clock.

At half-past four we were waiting for the sun to rise above the tall mountains. The sun rises at 4 o'clock, but we had to wait for it to clear the mountain top. The Bedouins were milking their goats and their Salukis ran across the deep bowl of Petra, the Nabatean metropolis. Now it seemed cold and dead.

When the sun came over the peaks, Petra glowed with a beautiful rose-pink. The poem of Petra does not lie about its colour. The Royal tombs opposite us were pink with green and red charcoal colours splashed across them.

We picked our way across the stones, and suddenly I saw an old capitol from a column. It was strangely Ionic in design, and had an acanthus leaf sculpted on it. This seemed strange, as unless the Greeks got their design from the Nabateans, or vice versa the two designs must have grown up independently of each other, which makes a strange coincidence.

We looked closely at the Royal tombs. They were carved into the cliff doors, and inside there was a huge room in each. At the far end, and around the sides there were niches cut into the side; the base was hollowed out into a "bed", and here the Royal family were laid to rest. The Nabateans were an incredibly small people, and the largest tomb could not have been over five feet in length. To be this size, and yet have carved such large, majestic buildings into the mountain-side was no mean feat by any standards.

Outside there was much broken pottery. We scabbled around and we all found interesting things. I found several top curves of dishes and vases, and an almost complete little jar, which I think may be a Roman perfume jar. While we were doing this, my parents arrived from the rest house. When they dismounted from their horses, we went along a little gorge and up one or two thousand steps in the mountainside, passing Roman tombs and eventually reached the top of the mountain. Some 5,000 feet below was the Wadi Araba and Israel. Opposite was Jabal Saidua Harôun, or Mount Hor, where Aaron is buried in a little shrine at the top. On the mountain we were standing was the Nabatean monastery. This was much the same design as the Treasury but not so ornate. However it was four or five times larger, and in height was anything from 200-250 feet. My father just about came up to the base of the door entrance to the monastery, so there must have been steps there once, as the Nabateans were so small they could not have walked in without a ladder or steps. Inside it was just a large room, maybe the size of the Marble Hall at Stowe but somewhat wider. At the far end was the altar, with a little grave in it.

Eventually we had to return to the camp below us. We walked down the steps and packed up camp. With a last farewell to Petra we felt that Burgon's words provided a fitting epitaph:

"A rose red city—half as old as time".

NICHOLAS CROUCHER

THE HISTORY OF STOWE—XI

LORD COBHAM'S GARDEN BUILDINGS, PART 1 (1715—1737):

VANBRUGH, GIBBS, KENT

Until his death in 1726 all Stowe building was Vanbrugh's concern. Although not all the garden ornaments of this first period are recorded as his work, there is practically no doubt that he designed them all.¹ They are—the Lake Pavilions, the Guglio (obelisk in the Octagon basin), the Pyramid, the Brick Temple (Temple of Bacchus), Couches's Obelisk, the Rotondo, the Temple of Sleep (Sleeping Parlour), the Cold Bath, Nelson's Seat. Here are nine items. Six of them appear in Bridgeman's aerial view of 1719/20. The other three do not, but the positions for them are shown. So we may conclude that all but the Temple of Sleep, Cold Bath and Pyramid had been designed by 1719. Gilbert West called the Pyramid Vanbrugh's last design, and Lord Perceval saw it. So everything must have been built, or at least designed, by 1724 when Perceval came to Stowe. Bridgeman also shows the three Royal statues on their pedestals. George I to the north of the house and Princess Caroline to the south were not set up until after Vanbrugh's death. So, though evidently intended at this early period, their pedestals were probably not Vanbrugh's work. But Lord Perceval saw "a tall Column of a Composite order on which stands a statue of Pr: George in his Robes"; so we may add this column to the Vanbrugh list. For the positions of all these things the reader may refer to the plan in chapter IX.

Vanbrugh's Stowe buildings give, collectively, the impression that Lord Cobham was in a hurry; a hurry to achieve "the finest Seat in England", as Perceval found it to be. The penalty for haste was that the designs were not all of Vanbrugh's best and some of them were near copies of other works of his elsewhere. The Rotondo was a charming design, but it was practically a copy of that other Rotondo still standing at Duncombe Park in Yorkshire. The Lake Pavilions were the same as a pavilion designed for Castle Howard. The Temple of Sleep was a simpler version of the Temple of the Winds, also at Castle Howard. The Pyramid, certainly, was a remarkable object. So to a less degree were the two obelisks. And Nelson's Seat was curious. But none of these can have taken much time or trouble to design. The Temple of Bacchus however was something better. It appears to have been in no way a copy of anything else; it was well proportioned and had a touch of the true Vanbrughian grandeur. Moreover—unlike Nelson's Seat, the Temple of Sleep and the extremely simple Cold Bath, which seem to have been façades attached to mere boxes—the Temple of Bacchus was three-dimensional, designed to be seen from several directions. And it must be remembered that it was at first a brick building, unstuccoed. The texture and colour of brick, among so much stucco and stone, must have had an excellent effect, enough in that part of the garden to prevent monotony. Finally, Prince George's column is worthy of notice. It derived of course from ancient Rome, and was probably the first free-standing column supporting a statue to be set up anywhere in England.² Apart from this it had no special distinction.

So much for haste, if haste there was. Would the garden have been better if it had developed slower and the buildings had been more carefully wrought? From Lord Cobham's point of view, almost certainly not. Speed, we may think, was of the essence. Lord Perceval was impressed when he was told that the garden, with its "gilded" statues, its ornamental waters and its "Heathen Temples", had been no more than eleven years in the making. And we may be sure Lord Cobham wished to impress him in just this way. If you wish to be fashionable, and Lord Cobham undoubtedly wished it, then you must act quickly; otherwise your work, before you have finished it, will be out of fashion again. And there is after all a great deal to be said for fashion. Vanbrugh, designing the Temple of the Winds³ for Lord Carlisle, took great pains. But this is another matter. This building stands, and must hold the stage, alone. It is large, to be seen at a distance, perhaps through an autumn haze. It is finely finished, to be admired close at hand and in isolation. Vanbrugh's buildings at Stowe had something different to do. Castle Howard, before its time, was a large, romantic park. Vanbrugh's and Hawks-

moor's buildings there were large, few and widely separated. But Bridgeman's Stowe, for all the 28 acres it enclosed, was still a garden as Le Nôtre's Vaux-le-Vicomte was a garden. Ten, or even five, Temples of the Winds at Stowe would have been too many. The thing would have ceased to be a garden and become a housing estate, a Hanover Square in Bucks. It must be remembered that the trees were still quite small and everything could be seen from almost everything else. Indeed, by means of his straight vistas Bridgeman had arranged that it should be so. By designing a number of striking but minor ornaments that could fairly quickly be put up by country masons Vanbrugh did exactly what was called for.

The Vanbrugh/Bridgeman garden is now clean gone, the few remaining buildings so much altered, especially in their setting, as to destroy altogether their original Baroque ethos. We are therefore fortunate in having Rigaud's brilliant series of engravings to show the garden as it was soon after Lord Perceval saw it. The engravings are of value not only for Stowe but for England in general, as showing what a grand garden looked like when taste was about to discard formality.

Lord Perceval supposed, as well he might, that the garden, in 1724, was "almost finish'd". But gardeners never finish. Lord Cobham had no intention of finishing then, or ever. He was already thinking of throwing a belt of walks, with ornamental buildings, all the way round Home Park. Vanbrugh, we may suppose, would have been asked to design the buildings, and it is interesting to speculate what opportunities he might have made for himself for good architecture, as he did at Castle Howard, in this larger, freer area where landscape gardening began at Stowe. However Vanbrugh died suddenly in the spring of 1726 and, as we have seen, Gibbs was called in to replace him. From this moment onwards, keeping pace with the widening landscape, Stowe's ornaments became larger, finer and ever more widely separated. Gibbs' Boycott Pavilions and Kent's Temple of Venus were considerable buildings, large enough for dwelling-houses, though still tied into the garden scheme as ornaments. Later came the Gothic and Grecian temples, which are larger still and could stand entirely alone, as indeed they almost do stand, without losing anything of their value.

Gibbs' *oeuvre* at Stowe, which was considerable, will be discussed in the next chapter. Suffice it here to say that his first innings there about 1727 was short. He designed his "Building", the Boycott Pavilions and, possibly, the pedestal for Queen Caroline at the head of the Queen's Theatre, and was then asked for no more. As Gibbs was later re-engaged and given important work in the eastern part of the garden it is clear that Lord Cobham was not dissatisfied. But about this time he evidently became aware that there was coming into existence a style of architecture that was in itself supposed to be Whiggish, and from which the Tory Gibbs always held himself somewhat aloof. This is the style known to us as Palladianism. There is not here space to give, even briefly, the interesting history of the Palladian movement.⁴ In essence it was a conscious, academic reaction against the Baroque of Vanbrugh and Hawksmoor to the supposedly purer, classical style of Inigo Jones; who in his turn owed so much to Palladio. Palladianism, a manly style fraught with ancient virtue as it was felt to be, a style that owed nothing to modern France or Italy and less than nothing to the Counter-Reformation, came to be accepted as the style *par excellence* of the Whig party. The apostle of the style was Lord Burlington, a Whig Earl and himself a talented architect who had studied Palladio's work at first hand. Lord Burlington had a star *protégé* whose name was William Kent, and Lord Cobham, with his customary speed off the mark, set Gibbs aside and engaged Kent for Stowe.

The list of Kent's works is this—the Temple of Venus, the Hermitage, the gate between the Boycotts, the Temple of Ancient Virtue, the Shell Bridge, the Temple of British Worthies, the Pebble Alcove, Congreve's Monument. To this list should probably be added, though they have never been attributed to him, the Grotto and the two little "Shell Temples" that stood before it. The Grotto was not completed until after the probable date of Kent's departure from Stowe, but it is very much in his manner and it is almost impossible to suggest another, more likely name. Finally there is the question of the Grecian Temple (Temple of Concord), which has generally been accepted as Kent's. This however is later again than the Grotto and will be discussed in the next chapter.

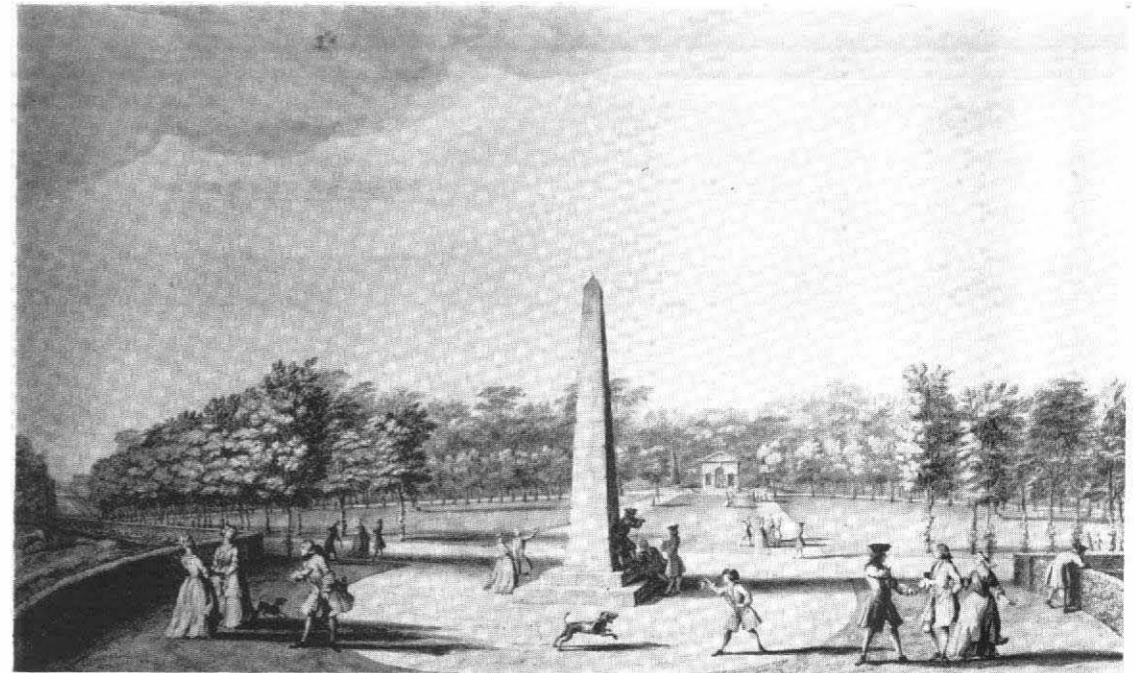


Plate 1.—Coucher's Obelisk and the Temple of Bacchus; from a drawing by Jacques Rigaud, c. 1733, later engraved.

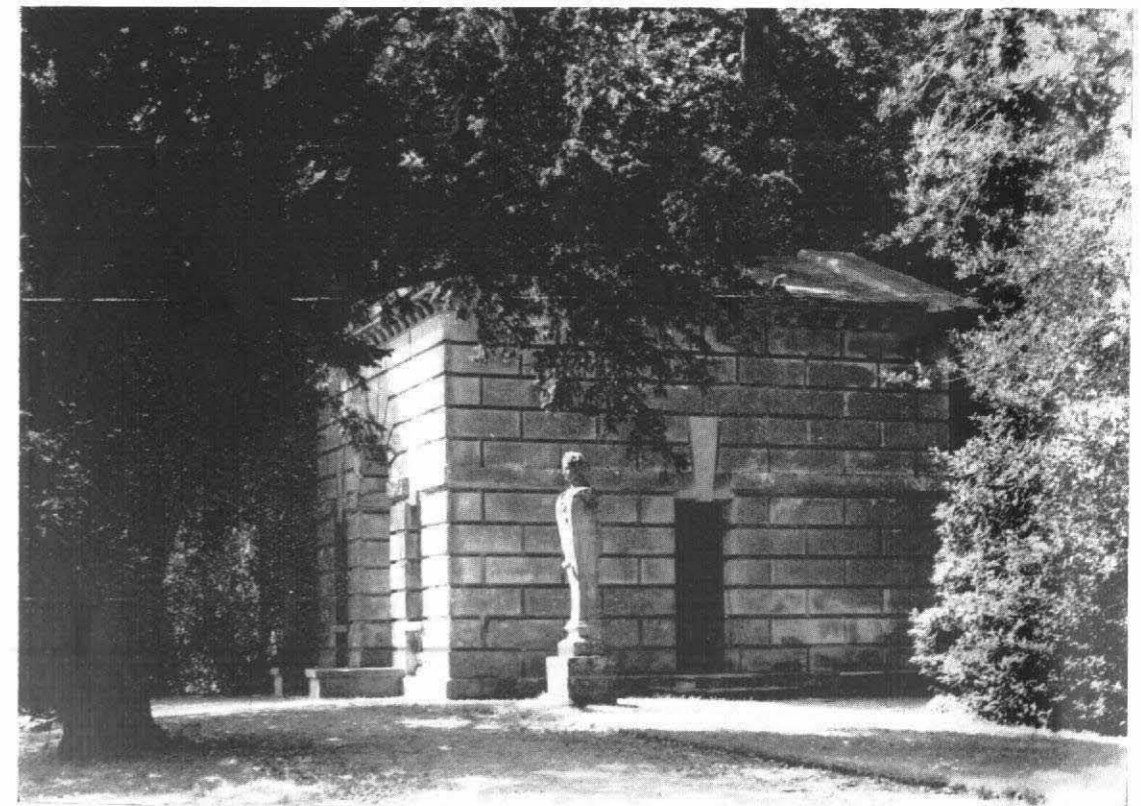


Plate 2.—The Temple of Bacchus; from a photograph taken shortly before its demolition in 1926.



Plate 3.—The Temple of Ancient Virtue; from a photograph taken about 1920.

Kent's success as an artist was extraordinary. It may almost be said that English art, during the 1730s, was Kent. He painted ceilings for all the best houses, including Stowe. He designed furniture, and ladies' dresses. As an architect he ranged all the way from the harlequinade of the Pebble Alcove at Stowe to the forbidding magnificence of Holkham Hall⁵ in Norfolk. And—perhaps most important of all—he revolutionised the art of garden design. In short, he was versatile, and to illustrate his versatility a classification of his buildings at Stowe may be attempted:—

- A. *Solemn Palladian*: the Temple of Venus and the Oxford-hill gateway.
- B. *Grotteschi*: the Hermitage, Congreve's Monument, the Pebble Alcove, the Shell Bridge (and the Grotto and Shell Temples?)
- C. *Nostalgic Classical*: the Temple of Ancient Virtue.
- D. *Original*: the Temple of British Worthies.

For the positions of all Kent's works on the ground the reader may refer to the plans in chapters IX and X.

Kent's first work in the garden was the Temple of Venus. This is a perfect little Palladian epitome. Much the same may be said of the gateway. These buildings follow strictly the precepts of Lord Burlington; that is to say, they are not Palladio himself but Palladio translated into English and consequently exhibit, as translations often do, a certain stiffness and falsity. That is the trouble about the whole Palladian movement in England. Nothing could be more perfect and impressive than Holkham Hall, and yet there is, obviously, something wrong with it. We may suspect that Lord Cobham, however much he may have wished to be in the Whig fashion, began to feel uneasy. At all events he never Holkhamized Stowe House at all fully and in the garden Kent was soon allowed, or perhaps directed, to be a little more frivolous. For all his grateful obedience to Lord Burlington and his mastery of the solemn Palladian rules, Kent was by nature comical and lively, and was willing and able to design grotteschi for the genial Cobham. His works in this line at Stowe were, it is true, all Palladian in a vague, unfocussed way. But the Hermitage is ruined Palladio, which can scarcely help being a trifle absurd; the Pebble Alcove is as gay as all the colours that pebbles have can make it; the little bridge is, or rather was, ridiculous Palladio, encrusted with such shells as Tritons blow through and Venus came ashore in. The Grotto and Shell Temples were decorated, as Pope's grotto at Twickenham was, with shells, pebbles, "minerals" and broken pieces of looking-glass. As was necessary for anything so named, the Grotto had water running from beneath it and the principal object of interest within it was a "crouching Venus". If Kent did not design the Grotto we may be sorry, for he surely would have enjoyed doing it. Congreve's monument of 1736 is again light-hearted. On the peak of a small pyramid sits a monkey grinning at himself in a looking-glass, "a witty tribute", as Mr. Whistler has written in the modern guide-book, "to the mocking dramatist who 'held the mirror up' to human nature". Against one side of the pyramid leans a fat urn on which hang three comic masks. Against the other, as the old guide-books tell us, leaned a statue of Congreve himself, but most unfortunately this has vanished without trace.

Now to category C, the Temple of Ancient Virtue. This building, as we saw in chapter X, is the key to the Elysian Fields, the "sacred landscape". It is most successful in this *role*, and was probably even better in the first place when it stood more or less in the open, a link between the formal Bridgeman garden and the pictorial Kent garden. Backed by dark foliage it has now a romantic air, by no means out of keeping with the general feeling of the Elysian Fields, but it is somewhat dwarfed by the size of the trees close round it. At first, however, when the trees were smaller and not so near, it must have ruled the scene with a truly classic authority, just as the Temple of the Sybil, at any rate in pictures, rules the precipitous landscape at Tivoli. Kent's Stowe temple is not indeed by any means a copy of the Tivoli temple. For one thing that is Corinthian, whereas Kent made his Ionic. For another, the Tivoli temple is a ruin where Kent made his entire. There were in fact more recent precedents for round, peripteral temples, beginning with Bramante's *Tempietto*⁶ of 1502, which was followed in due course, and almost on top of Kent's work at Stowe, by Hawksmoor's huge temple of the same type, the *Mausoleum*

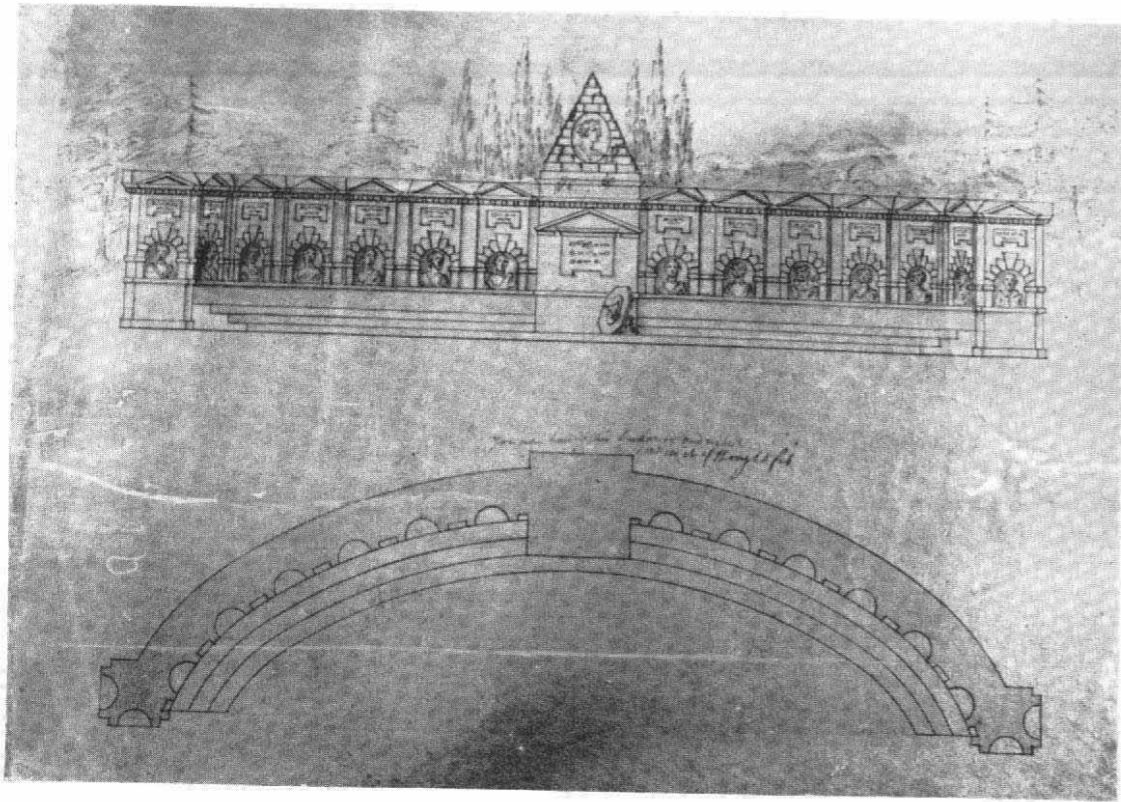


Plate 4.—William Kent's original drawing for the Temple of British Worthies, in the Library at Stowe; above the plan are written the words "You may hollow this backwards and make a seat in it if thought fit".

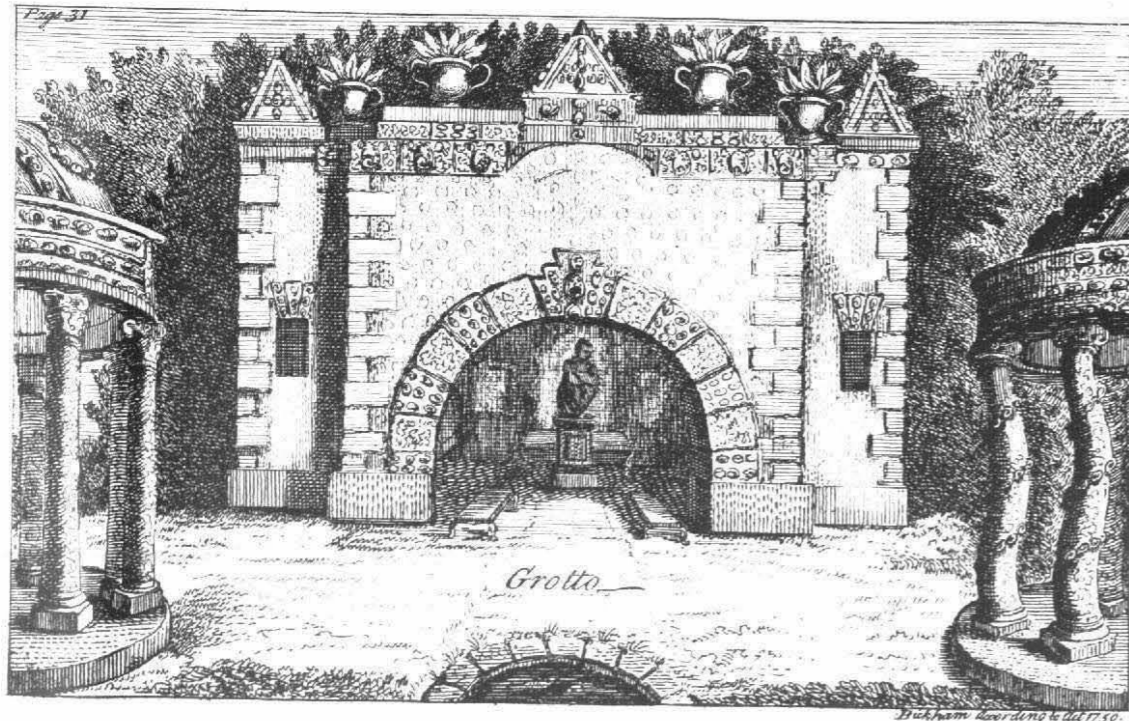


Plate 5.—The Grotto and Shell Temples; from an engraving by George Bickham in his *Beauties of Stowe* (1750).

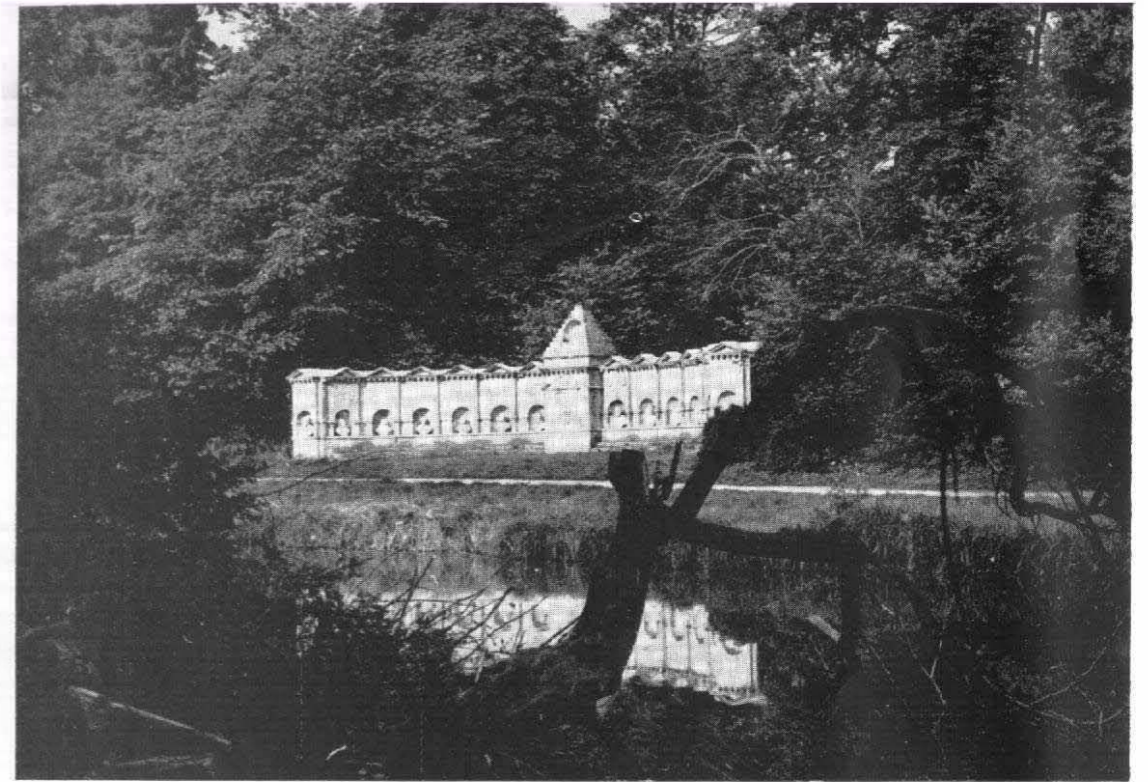


Plate 6.—The Temple of British Worthies; from the Claudian landscape in shadow, across the River Styx to the Temple in sunlight.

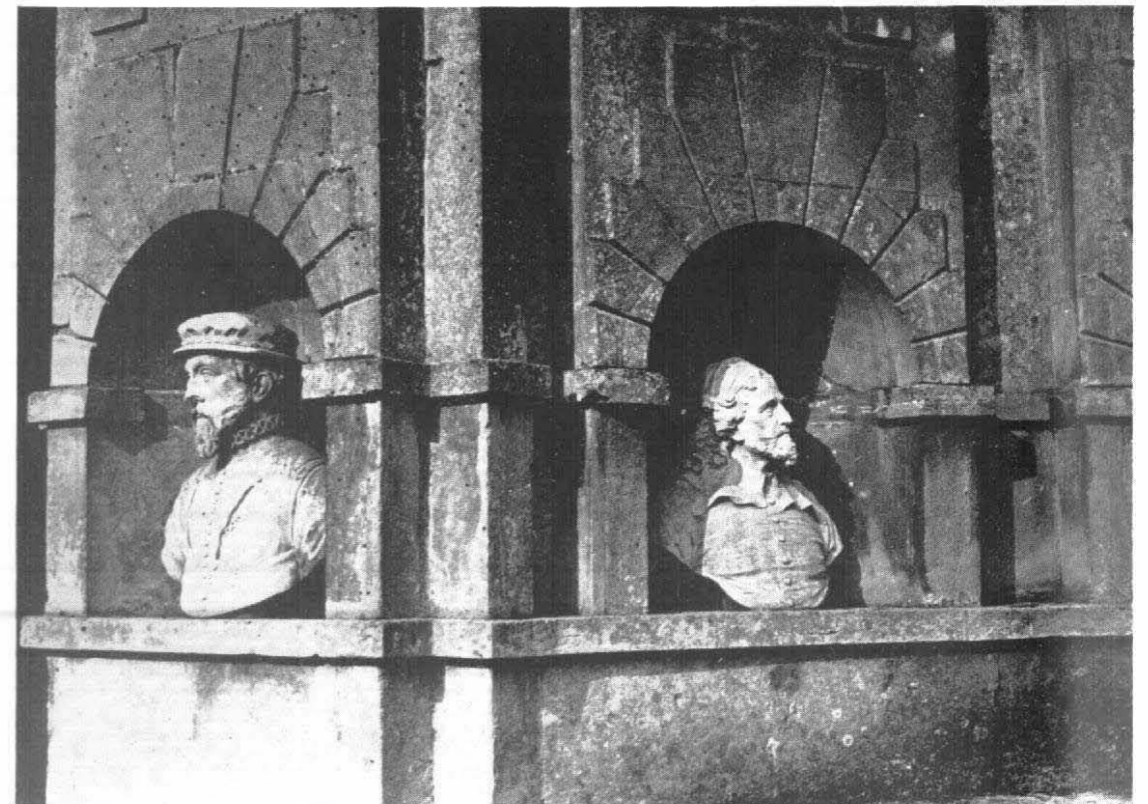


Plate 7.—"Engulfed in architecture"; Sir Thomas Gresham (left) and Inigo Jones.

at Castle Howard. The designs for this latter were submitted for his opinion to Lord Burlington and Kent must surely have seen them. Nevertheless, when we consider its name, its setting on a hill-top and its form, the ultimate derivation of the Temple of Ancient Virtue from Tivoli is clear enough. Sir Reginald Blomfield held the temple to be Kent's best garden building anywhere in England.⁷ This, from so clear-headed and severe a critic, is high praise. Blomfield, who was no friend to the Palladians, was evidently struck with the skill and imagination displayed by Kent in designing not so much a Palladian temple as a nostalgic-classical temple to evoke the proper mood for his Elysian Fields. As to building it in the form of a ruin, if such a thing was ever contemplated, that was impossible because of the symbolism of the Elysian Fields. Ancient Virtue could not be a ruin because hard by it stood the heap of ruins that symbolized Modern Virtue. This was probably designed by Kent too (in five minutes' scribbling?). The Temple of Ancient Virtue had to be in a "flourishing condition" to house in dignity the virtuous Ancient Worthies.

This brings us to the Temple of British Worthies; which, in the possibly perverse opinion of the present writer, and as against Sir Reginald Blomfield, is Kent's most successful building at Stowe, perhaps in England. On paper (Plate 4) it looks a rather dull exercise by a Burlington disciple; and seen, as no doubt it was intended first to be seen, from the steps of Ancient Virtue, it is still no great success. So far so bad, but at least the oddness of the thing excites curiosity. Wishing to know more, the visitor crosses the Shell Bridge and comes upon the Worthies suddenly and obliquely. To examine the busts and read their inscriptions he has to approach the building closely. He finds it taller than he had supposed, cutting off at close range the background of trees, and by this and by the curve of the wings he finds himself as it were engulfed in architecture, as happens often in dry, sunny and architecturally propitious Italy but much less in damp England where grass, trees and "atmosphere" are apt to steal the beauty of the scene. Kent has surely been very skilful in achieving this effect, leading the visitor from the Claudian landscape, from the Temple of Ancient Virtue where stand in the inner gloom the four ancient heroes, across the water to the bright light of the Renaissance, and there fixing him for a while on a spot where he can see nothing but architecture and sculpture harmoniously interwoven with the poetry of the inscriptions. The design, seen thus at close quarters, is sharp and good. Each bust stands in a tall shrine of its own, the bust itself in a niche at eye-level with its inscription high above it and above that a pediment. In the empty niche in the central pyramid was once a bust of Mercury, the deity who leads the souls of the blessed to Elysium. The building defies no classical convention, and no doubt this out-door setting for sculpture was inspired by Italian prototypes. Nevertheless Kent has here achieved something of real originality, something in fact that continues, even now in this changed age, to maintain itself as a nicely balanced compound of art and idealism, as was intended in the first place. Polyphthon and Callophilus, walking solemnly round the grounds in the 1740s, found a moral in every building.⁸ The modern visitor, admiring a temple as a work of art perhaps more than they did, pays little attention to names, regarding them merely as labels to help him locate the things on the map. But confronted with the British Worthies he finds himself entering almost into the sentiments of those earlier travellers. Here is something that not only gives aesthetic pleasure but also compels thought. Who are these persons and what their British worth? The inscriptions give the answers and all are worth reading. Two examples:—

EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, the Terror of Europe, the Delight of England, who preserv'd unalter'd, in the Height of Glory and Fortune, his natural Gentleness and Modesty.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR, whose excellent Genius open'd to him the whole Heart of Man, all the Mines of Fancy, all the Stores of Nature; and gave him Power, beyond all other Writers, to move, astonish, and delight Mankind.

Later in the century Horace Walpole had a copy of Seeley's guide to Stowe in which he noted that "most of the verses and inscriptions in the garden were composed by George, Lord Lyttelton". So here we may have the author of the inscriptions above the Worthies. Lyttelton was indeed a learned man; and a poet, though not a very good one. Not that the inscriptions are in verse, but their wording is poetic and in most cases terse and excellent. It was hinted in fact in chapter X that they are too good for Lyttelton and may be by Pope himself. This seems possible. There



Plate 8.—Congreve's Monument.



Plate 9.—The Pebble Alcove; from a photograph taken about 1910.

were after all elsewhere in the garden Latin inscriptions and on these Lyttelton could exercise a talent he did indeed possess, that of classical scholarship.

As we saw in chapter X, all but one of the second set of Worthies had immediate political significance. The exception was Inigo Jones. But he too, in a wider sense, was of political import. His presence among the rest is concrete proof of what was suggested earlier, that Lord Cobham's Palladianism at this stage of his garden career was no mere aesthetic whim, but rather a confession of faith in Whig principles. However various, lively and even frivolous Kent's works at Stowe, there is nothing of Italian Baroque, still less of French Rococo about it. Jones presides over all.

This much for Kent's works, running from the Temple of Venus, c. 1731, to Congreve's monument of 1736; which brings us into the middle of the period when Walpole was struggling against the ever-growing fury of his enemies in Parliament. There are no more certain buildings by Kent after 1736, and it rather seems, though we cannot be sure, that he broke his connection with Stowe as an indirect consequence of the political hubbub. Kent had by this time a leading position on the Board of Works. At Lord Burlington's insistence he had been made Master Carpenter, Master Mason and Deputy Surveyor. He did a great deal of work for the Board and private work for Queen Caroline besides. This was at the same time as he was working for Lord Cobham. Merlin's Cave at Richmond and Ancient Virtue at Stowe must have been designed almost at the same moment. Queen Caroline was a lively lady of strong character. Either she liked you or she didn't. If she liked you she could be very charming and probably you liked her. *A propos* of Merlin's Cave it seems pretty certain that she liked Kent, and Kent, with his simple and warm-hearted character, must have been extremely grateful for the Royal patronage he enjoyed. The last thing he could have wished would have been for the Queen to frown upon him. Another person whom the Queen particularly liked was Sir Robert Walpole, and consequently after 1733 she must have formed a very poor opinion of Lord Cobham. Regrettably, a person she particularly disliked was her own firstborn son Frederick. She may or may not have read the *Craftsman*⁹ herself, but what that newspaper had to say about Lord Cobham's garden, her son's garden and her own garden must surely have come to her ears. Then, as a last straw, in the summer of 1737 the Prince went ostentatiously to pay a visit to Lord Cobham. After this we may reasonably conclude that the Queen told Kent that if he wished to remain in her good graces he must no longer frequent that sink of iniquity, Stowe. This, if true, accounts for Kent's disappearance. Had all concerned but known it, the Queen was to fall mortally ill in the autumn. After horrible suffering, which she endured with almost incredible courage, she died, lamented by all who had wit enough to value her.¹⁰ Be it noted in parenthesis that Lord Cobham, however much he may have fallen foul of her, did not pull down her statue. Indeed, it stands at Stowe to this day.

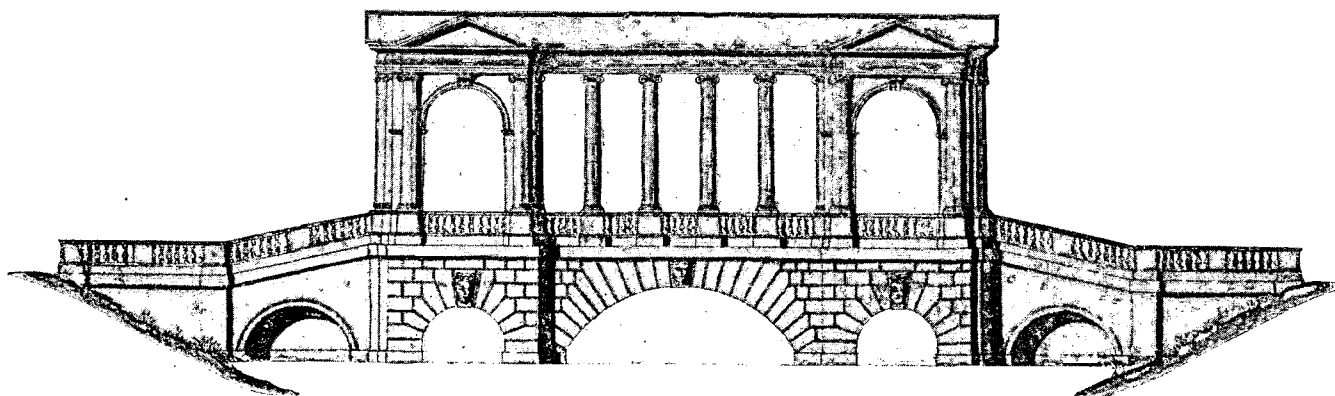
Before we lose sight of Kent altogether we must not fail to take notice of what those who know Stowe will probably agree is the most beautiful of all its garden buildings, the Palladian Bridge. The present writer would agree with that opinion, but he is obliged to point out that the bridge is in fact a copy of the famous Palladian Bridge at Wilton and therefore strictly speaking not a Stowe building at all. Its designer was the Earl of Pembroke assisted, perhaps, by Roger Morris. There are indeed some differences between the Wilton and Stowe bridges. The Stowe version stands lower, adapted for wheeled traffic. And it had—though this was later removed—a solid wall at the back, indicating the boundary between Stowe and the Dayrell property at Lamport. The wall was decorated with, in the middle, sculpture and, at the sides, painting. Somebody must have made these changes from the Wilton design. Who? The term "Palladian" suggests Kent, and Kent knew Wilton, having designed some furniture for the Inigo Jones double-cube room. But the date of the Wilton bridge is 1737, which makes the Stowe copy a close-run thing for Kent. In fact the Stowe copy is not for certain known to have been there before 1742.¹¹ As we shall see in the next chapter, Gibbs now returned to Stowe; so it may be the bridge should be given to him, not forgetting that Palladian is scarcely Gibbsian. But perhaps, as neither Gibbs nor Kent can have credit for the inspiration, it is not of the first importance to know who was responsible for Stowe's copy of what Mr. Whistler has with justice called "this flawless minor masterpiece".¹²

Notes

1. The Lake Pavilions, Pyramid, Temple of Bacchus and Rotondo are given to Vanbrugh either by Gilbert West or in the guide books.
2. Laurence Whistler, *The Imagination of Vanbrugh and his Fellow Artists* (1954), p. 184.
3. For a description of this building and Castle Howard generally see Christopher Hussey, *English Gardens and Landscapes, 1700—1750* (1967), Chapter XIV.
4. Christopher Hussey, *English Country Houses, Early Georgian* (1965). See the introduction, part II, "The Whig Ideal".
5. Hussey, op. cit. (note 4, above). This book has an excellent brief account of Holkham, pp. 134-149.
6. In the courtyard of S. Pietro in Montorio, on the Janiculum, Rome.
7. Reginald Blomfield, *A History of Renaissance Architecture in England* (1897), Vol. II, p. 230.
8. Anon. (William Gilpin), *A Dialogue upon the Gardens of the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Cobham, at Stow in Buckinghamshire* (1748).
9. See Chapter X.
10. Lord Hervey, *Memoirs*, ed. Romney Sedgwick (1952), chapter IX.
11. Anon. (Samuel Boyse), *The Triumphs of Nature*, published in *The Gentleman's Magazine* (1742).
12. Laurence Whistler, *Stowe, a Guide to the Gardens* (1956), p.23. On "Palladian Bridges" in general see Hussey, *English Gardens and Landscapes*, chapter VI.

Acknowledgments

My thanks are due to the Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino, California, for leave to make use of the Stowe papers in their keeping; to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, for leave to reproduce Rigaud's drawing of Coucher's obelisk and the Temple of Bacchus (Harris Brisbane Dick Fund, 1942), here appearing as plate 1; to R. and H. Chapman, Buckingham, for leave to reproduce their photograph of Ancient Virtue; and to my brother, Benjamin Gibbon, for his photographs of the Temple of British Worthies.



The Palladian Bridge; from a drawing by Laurence Whistler

THE MYLES HENRY PRIZE 1969

If you go to Switzerland for a holiday, you invariably only see the tourist face which is one of its ugliest aspects. We went out to make a sociological study of those people in a prosperous country, who live in isolated areas, and out of direct contact with civilization, and to observe the effects the advance of civilization has had on them.

We flew to Geneva and from there went by train to Interlaken. We stayed in a modern youth hostel at Bornigen just outside Interlaken and that night the hostel was crowded with Americans; the supper was of Indian quality so we wondered if this really was Switzerland.

Next day we took a train to Grindelwald which is one of the most popular ski resorts in Switzerland. It marks the limit of penetration of most tourists into the Alps, and the 3,000 ft climb the next morning to the Grosse Scheidegg gave us our first glimpse of the country. It also shattered us and we slept in the attic of the hotel at the top all afternoon. Later that evening we got talking to an old man who took great pride in managing to conceal that he was the manager until we asked him who in fact he was.

We set off early down the other side towards Bristen and for two hours tried to hitch over the Sustenpass (8,000 ft). Most cars were full and in those that were not we could almost hear the wife saying, "O go on Fritz, give them a lift", while Fritz sat staring resolutely in front of him too intent on where he was going to bother. So we had to take a bus again. On reaching the other side, we still had to walk eight miles to Amsteg. Hitching in Switzerland, we discovered, is not very easy. Just outside Amsteg we met three Germans who had been trying to get a lift over the St Gothard Pass for 11 hours. So a word of advice if you are intending to hitch-hike—take a good looking companion with you.

From Amsteg, the hostel at Bristen was still one hour's climb which we could not face and so, blocking the narrow road, we half begged, half hijacked a Landrover to take us up. We jumped in the back among the fruit, and arrived at the hostel just before nightfall.

Bristen was quite a change from the big towns. It is a small village with one Co-op just up the road in which we did our shopping and beyond a small church with a most elaborate churchyard. In Switzerland there are equal numbers of Catholics and Protestants with some tension between the two, but on Sundays everyone goes to Church, even the very poor and very rich. We found young people were scarce and seldom saw them as they all go down to study or work in the big towns as soon as they are able to. National Service is compulsory for a year, after which every man has to serve three weeks every other year for the rest of his life. Unlike most British they are proud of their uniform, and wear it to church, even bringing their rifles along! During our first few days in Switzerland we were often caught in the usual tourist traps and spent up to £3 a day each. However by this time we had found the right places to shop and were living comfortably on 15/- a day. The hostel provided a members' kitchen, in which we used to cook all our meals, with food from the Co-op. It was situated at the end of the village, overlooking a fast flowing mountain river. Next door was a hotel whose proprietress was also the warden of the youth hostel, but took little care of it.

That evening three young Swiss came to stay the night—two brothers and a sister—the eldest of whom told us a great deal that we wanted to know. He had only learnt English for two years at school, had never been to England, yet could speak it near perfectly. His brother and sister were not so good, but still understood a lot of what we said. As we found from later encounters too, the Swiss youth have a strong national spirit.

The next week was spent exploring the valleys around Bristen. First we walked five miles upstream to a small settlement of half a dozen families and there we spent the night in the attic of an old woman's house. Here we learnt some of the hardships these people faced up to. "In winter," she said, "the snow is sometimes six feet deep up here, but the children still walk to school in Bristen and back, a distance of about ten miles, whatever the weather or state of snow". She and her husband lived off the income from a shop they kept in one room, and their life, like that of the other families living across the river, was very simple.

We also climbed to two huts of the Swiss Alpine Club, each about 7,000 ft high, and deep in the mountains.

Although we found no other foreigners in these areas, we did find many Swiss families hiking, both young and old. However we never found any valley completely unaffected by civilization—pylons carrying electric cables were always to be seen. The valleys were very sparsely populated, but there was the occasional cluster of huts, usually occupied by one family and their cattle.

On returning to Bristen, we found a party of 55 English and 13 Dutch at the hostel, so we decided that it was time to leave! When we left we had been there a week. Having got used to the quiet country, the change on coming back to a big town was very noticeable, walking along the highway. Our destination now was Braunwald, about 40 miles away. We tried hitching once more and had better luck this time, making it in two lifts. The first was given by the local casanova. During the 20 miles that we drove he hooted at every girl, all of whom seemed to know him, and stopped to chat with some who knew him better. He dropped us in the middle of nowhere, but in five minutes we got another lift to Linthal, from where we took a rope-towed funicular train to Braunwald, 2,000 ft higher.

We had been briefed about the hostel here by the 55 English who had been staying there for a few days before Bristen. They had nicknamed the warden "Greasy Chip" which was quite appropriate. Here we met a party of American and Swiss girls who were conducting an international living experiment, but unfortunately they had to leave the next morning.

Braunwald is a tiny skiing town, 2,500 ft high, on a ridge surrounded by mountains. It is unique in that there are no cars, just horses and sleighs, since the only way up is by the funicular or by a footpath. The hostel was modern and clean and yet sufficiently far from the town, so that we were really amongst the farmers. Their main occupation in summer is hay-making and dairy farming, the plots of land being usually on steep hillsides and so tractors are rare. During the day the whole family helps to cut and collect the hay.

On our journeys deeper into the mountains around Braunwald we again found that even the most remote houses had electricity, but were surprised to see that the standard of hygiene of the "impeccable Swiss" could be quite low in some areas.

After five days we left Braunwald and walked further up the valley till the terrain was too rough for agriculture. We found accommodation with difficulty, this time in the barn of an old farmer who probably just wanted a little company and someone to talk to. We were surprised to find an English waitress in the small local restaurant-cum-pub nearby. She had been in Switzerland for eight months—her English had deteriorated and her German was almost as bad as ours, so that we wondered which nationality she really was!

We also met an ex-ski instructor who naturally spoke good English. In our long and interesting conversation with him we learnt many new things. The farmers as a whole were well educated and everywhere doctors were scarce, but then the Swiss don't need them.

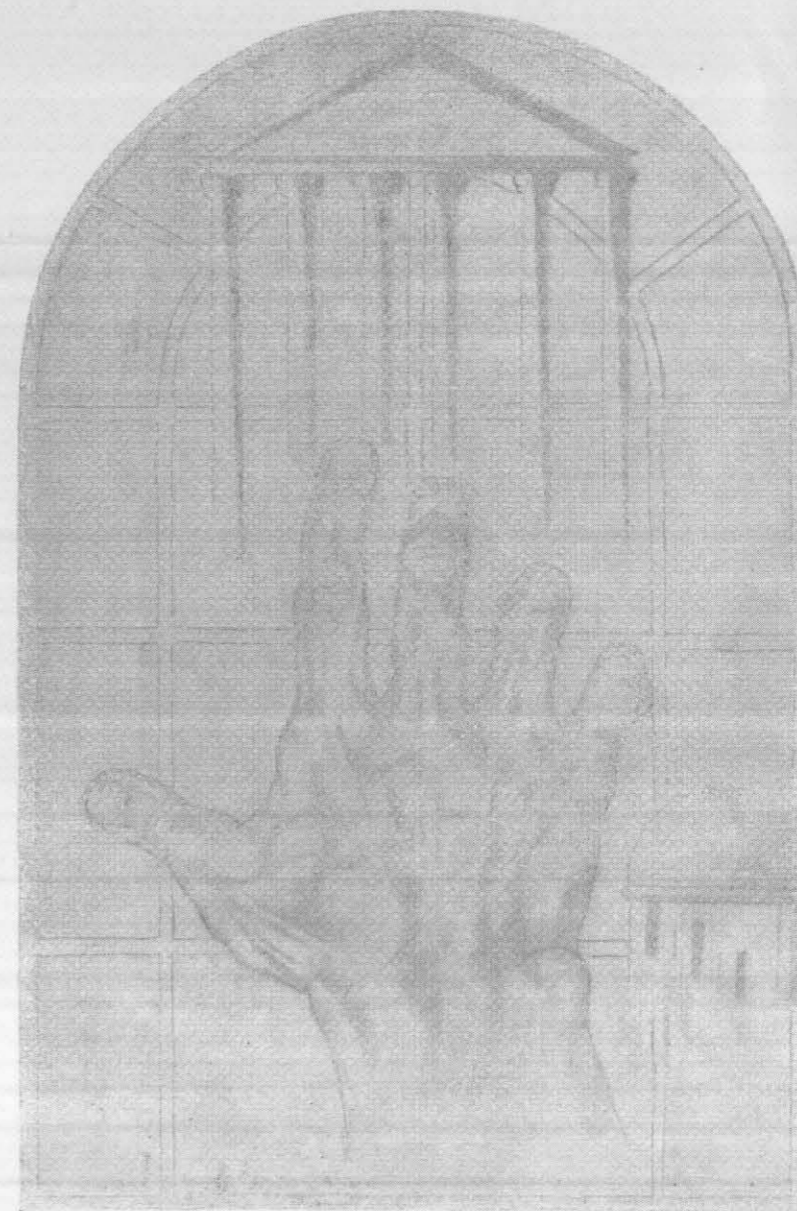
The last youth hostel we stayed in was at Filzbach, but unlike any of the others it was also a home for mentally and physically handicapped! From here, two days later, a few hours' hike down into the plains took us to a railway station where we caught a train to Zurich, effectively the end of our holiday.

It is not easy to say precisely on paper what we had learnt from this holiday. In three weeks we had met many people so unlike our normal acquaintances and had adjusted easily to different ways of living. What is perhaps most significant is that we really enjoyed this simple and unusual holiday more than the conventional ones we have always taken.

RAJAN SURI
JONATHAN DAVIS

GERM

13



Poetry . Art . Opinion

EDITORIAL

The great era of the Public School is fast departing. The later 20C has no need for such barbaric institutions. The public school tie no longer unites rich and perhaps decadent masses, the rugger pitch no longer bears its heroic off-spring, and the country club, which attempts to educate, drags itself to its timely grave. Parents will soon have to bear their children for more than three months a year.

The boy at Public School is part of this, he is part of a system that honestly believes in itself. Many things are intrinsically wrong with it, but then the mature boy feels no restriction in a society that has rules. Bear with it, even Rome and Athens crumbled

MICHAEL WYLLIE

EDITORS:

RICHARD CARR

MICHAEL WYLLIE

POETRY:

MICHAEL WYLLIE

RICHARD CARR

JONATHAN SMALL

MICHAEL MANN

TIMOTHY KINAHAN

JONATHAN BINNS

PIERS DYER

DICK SIMONS

JAKE PALTENGI

'To be man means to reach
towards being God.'

Sartre

PROSE:

DICK SIMONS

'Marriage replenishes the earth,
Virginity fills Heaven'.

St. Jerome

'Time is neurotic.'

Norman Brown

ART:

TONY CRABBE

OLIVER WELLS

RAFAEL ZIELINSKI

Silent and breathless,
frail creature—
stillborn and forever blessed,
Jehovah accept.

'They go mad in the Selva'—
the madman read
and laughed in his hammock.
I have been rocking to and
fro thru' this murky maddened
Universe for so long that the
tears and grime and excrement
pull at my face.
I have dreamed high philosophies,
dreamt insatiable women,
and all I have is books and breasts
stretched tight across my stomach.
I falter when I smile,
married women haunt me—
their husbands coming behind doors.
'This is the end, the redemption from Wilderness, way for
the Wonderer, House sought for All, black handkerchief washed
clean by weeping'
This a psalm,
dissuade but
forgive.

MICHAEL WYLLIE

HOPE IGNORED

Time prances past in the midst of his parade,
murdered in his unconcern,
while amongst the golden arches,
the panting shutters of the rosy dawn,
the silver teapots and the Dresden china,
(a goat coughs in the portico to shatter the back-
ground)
the deceitful front of a teeming wilderness,
he spies . . .

but enmeshed in the lust and
surfeit of the tinsel trappings,
where flowers sell themselves and then droop their
petals bewildered by the gallants,
dashing in their trophy-covered cloaks,
he stays awhile and forgets . . .

The champagne jumps, glasses splash,
while airy bubbles float and burst,
showering their immediate surrounds with
the effervescent blows of their empty wit.
The octopus rides sure,
and with its myriad suckers embraces
all their spirits with pervading, pastoral,
pithy and poignant pleasantries.

His transient reverie is flooded
by momentary delight,
and this society
("Tea for two, and two sugars for me, please.
How nice the gentleman is, dear, isn't he?")
for a short while
despises his lowly state and temporal stay,
though
("Poor Reggie's death was such a blow—
and so young too.")
occasionally disturbs the muddy depths of their
repose,
and a memory stirs . . .

Rain falls, sprightly hopping,
whimsically dancing on the parquet pavements
of the streets,
umbrellas explode, and the
gloom clouds over with its sad countenance of woe.
The skies overpower, the rain thickens,
sheets of blue steel spread over the horizon,
but in the beginning is the end,
as the Witch draws aside the skeins
of her loom and hope returns.

And through the clear rivulets climbing down the
windows,
and the indistinct murmurings of the public drain,
Time
remembers, and with the suddenness of recollection
clusters his acolytes, and arrows out of his
artificial precincts.

He hops with light steps from
stone to stone in the whip of the stream of freedom,
lifts his head high, spreads his hands wide
and tears off the rope of death;
for so he is able to recognize on meeting
the red cheeks, and decaying teeth of the poor farmer,
and consider the broken beams and poverty-stricken,
floor of the hopeless in misfortune.
Their heads are bowed and their legs veined, as they
flow past under London bridge,
chopped and shrivelled by the murderous axe of Time,
and he 'never knew death had undone so many'.

But Time only glanced and hurried by.

RICHARD CARR

ELEGY ON A DESERTED ABBEY

Amidst the rubble
Destruction and celibacy, there are few stones
Intact. However much I tried I could not
Reconcile this thought. Adding up and slimming.
Destruction, stones and worship. Ideas.
Why? Yes. I see (but I don't really understand)
And what is the point of decay. No one naturally
Can stop. Ideas and Images. Most important.
Amidst the rubble of the deserted Abbey I
Stood and Thought.

JONATHAN SMALL

"PROGRESS REPORT"

It is said that some seven-tenths of the earth have yet to be explored, but in the process of convincing himself that nature can hide nothing from him, Man has overlooked several provinces which lie much nearer to his heart than these purely physical wastes.

They are called the "Isles of Nowhere," and ride placidly at anchor upon the sea bathing "Cape Relapse." For the purpose of our survey, we shall select just one of these islands and sketch, in brief detail, its outline and inhabitants. A larger study would, unfortunately, remind us that there is not, and never was, much difference between any two of them.

The island which concerns us is called "Future," and its total area varies with the size of the Geographer's imagination. At most, it is so big that we cannot see the silver waves on either side of the coast; at least, an infernal little rock which refuses to expand with the cycle of evolution.

Our scientists believe that a limited knowledge of the Atom contributes toward this view; but, in defiance of them, the amazing island changes shape in such a manner as to provoke the consumption of undesirable chemicals amongst its younger Geographers.

Ironically, they have determined "Future's" growth to a far greater extent than Nature has done; and, worse still, made the Islanders cling tightly to outworn tribal customs, in the process. Thus, reformer and conventionalist are doomed to miss the potential good in each other, until at last, the Island will grow tired of their folly and sink beneath the water.

The "Three Monsters," "Self-Preservation," and her twin children, "Panic" and "Apathy," will rise to the surface amongst its last bubbles. For they were the true inhabitants of the Island, which a malignant god had created in human guise. And we, Geographers, have flesh.

DICK SIMONS

THE SONG OF THE GAELIC FISHERMAN

Too old now for age has crept
tiredly to gather me up and lay
my old head down.
Life has lived and still
I am poor to tell the forest by the sea
how the bird flies no more
and the gulls are home at rest.
I am weary now to follow the sand to the
sea and discover the tide,
for the shells are broken
and the beach lies
waveless, empty and wide.
Only in this summer's noon,
am I free to teach the children
how the moon drives red
in the late June sky,
how the stars rotate about the moon;
but I am poor to tell the feathers
how they wing no more
and that the sea is dry.

MICHAEL MANN

The moon is dying,
slowly it bleeds, red
in its lowly bath of blood.
Wounded scar craters writhe
with weals of modules
gashed with a surrounding sea
that suckles not the world's dying daughter.
An exhausted round, jagged,
the pure snow of innocence
scarred red by the hunter,
like the crazy polar killer
leaving blood in an expanse of snow.
It limps from the tall morning east,
hot in the anger of confused dying,
drifting west, dimly, slowly,
flowing smaller redder in size,
to the evening of the west,
civilisations land from where the wound began.
Figures small, hot in its bath of fire
lies its scarred head
down in the clouds,
wrapped in a burial flag of the stars and weals of stripes
still, quite dead.

MICHAEL MANN

THE MADMAN

The streets were empty
And the clouds were clear,
And man couldn't sing
For death was near.
But then came a cry,
Then came a yell;
A unison voice from terrestrial hell.
And a madman flew and came awry,
And sought for God, for God was nigh.
But he couldn't find him in the street
For the street was silent, and God, discreet.
And many men stood and laughed out loud,
And shouted muck from the muddled crowd;

'Has He lost his way? Is He hid in rage?
Has He gone abroad on a long voyage?'

The madman looked, and his eyes threw spears:
"We've killed our God. He's been dead for years.

"How have we done this; drunk up the sea,
Dredged all volcanoes, and still are not free?
How have we done this; shot down the stars,
Surveyed this planet and travelled to Mars,
Sponged the horizon with solidest rock
And still are in gaol for the proud to mock?
What did we do when we loosed the earth,
And freed her from Phoebus, her original berth?
Where is she going now she is free,
And where are we spinning, both you and me?
Is our path leading through infinite night
Since we have slaughtered the source of all light?
Can you not feel the breath of dark space
Chill human spines and slaughter our race?
Hasn't the cold encroached on your heart,
And have you not seen her loath to depart?
Can you not hear the pickaxe at work
As the heavenly sexton buries the Turk?
Can you not see that he's dug other graves
For God and his angels? : because of our ways!

"Yes we have killed him, and great is our sin,
(Yet strewn at our feet is the airy victim).
But death is so final, (for Gods and for men)
That celestial Saturn won't freshen again;
The decomposition of his cellular form
Proves to man that God is gone.

"Murderers we, who gave to God death,
Can never be cleansed from his damning breath;
Our deed's too great, too great for us,
So that like gods behave we must.
Our deed has created some extra Gods
Has won us fame against all odds.
Immortal we, as Gods we are,
To higher history must aspire."

The silence reigned, for death was near,
And a woman in the crowd shed a silent tear.
The church bell tolled, and the hearse rolled by,
And a sensible baby began to cry.

TIMOTHY KINAHAN

LIFE

Cubes piled high above
Each
Other, like
Cubes in which
People live
A life
Like a life
In a cardboard box
Multi-storied, menacing, monstrous
Towering
Above more little cubes.

People
Bleary-eyed rise
At seven
Gulp coffee and
Shuffle like robots
To what is really
Eight hours a day of
Push and pull and stop for tea breaks
And return to
little
Cubes.

JONATHAN BINNS

THINKING MAN

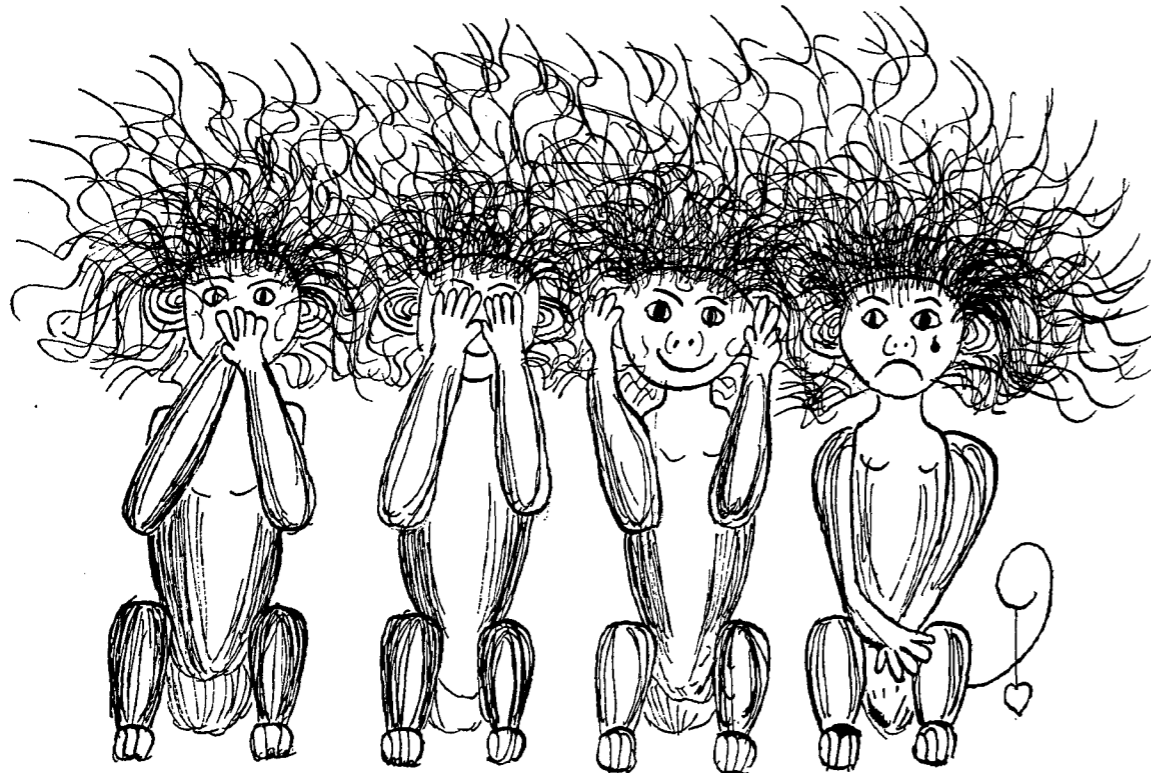
The sun sends rays of multiple colours
To the old man who sits in serenity.
He sleeps in thoughts, but moves in time.
With shafting light taunting his face,
Revealing years of ageing meditation.

The cold glazed window remains wide open to thought,
Reflecting light upon his motionless hands.
A small bird quivers through the sunlit air
Warming the forlorn days of his reposed face.

Sitting upon a gnarled soft brown wooden chair,
He creates a mystical picture painted within a dream.
His eyes still watch through a looking glass,
A view isolated from the long-lost future.

But always he will remain there daunted in ecstasy.
For to change his life would be years cast into emptiness.
Far away running water can be heard,
A friend of man, deep in thought.

PIERS DYER



RAFAEL ZIELINSKI

BECKET

Picture, if you can, the scene:
Cloisters wearing the dust of plainsong years
The altar—stone worn bare by frozen
knees and vespered lice.
Think of them bubbling from the dead
man's robe with tread
more silent than the subtlest historian.
Death has no horror now
the fashion is to build a monument
take out our troops and
celebrate Remembrance Day
safe in the knowledge that three guns
erase an ugly truth once
and for all.
But men have overlooked the vital thing
Which he did not
A memory lives on dispensing justice
According to the way each book will
look at it.
And words turned the twilight blade
into his flesh
Brought forth a martyr's blood
Yet made one little verb his resting
place.
LOVE.

DICK SIMONS

“SONNET UPON THE MARVEILLOUS VICTORIE ATTE STOWE.” 24.10.70.

(Stowe v. Radley)

Fair flash'd the ball upon Stowe's pleasant green,
And, rank on rank, our halves stood numbered;
The Radley Titan glower'd, grim—but lean,
And from each loyal bosom hope had fled.
But gallant Zeno, leader of the pack,
Flung his bronze arm into the darkening air;
And cri'd: “Apollo, strengthen our attack!
For each soul droops, yea, all the field is bare.”
The Sun-God drew his fingers o'er his lyre,
And softly-stealing numbers 'gan to hide;
Inspir'd, the Stoics leap'd forth breathing fire,
And smashed the prowess of their rival side.
Now God be thank'd that all is said and done,
For out of ink my bloody pen has run!

DICK SIMONS

THE DEATH OF A SWAN

Gliding through the rippling water,
your body moves motionlessly.
Soft and white, a pure lasting white
which stands out boldly, against the
Sunlight, which is fading into the river.
The wind blows over the water, a feather
blows away. Still you do not stir.

Gracefully sliding down a twilight
backwater, past fallen willows, dark shadows, and
through the arch of Death. A rat looks out of his
hole but hurries back with fright. The brilliant
white stands out against the last light. Then suddenly
the wind drops and a sweet soft song drifts
across the stream and on to the river;
there lying at the end of the stream is that
brilliant light, but it has stopped moving.
Nature has taken its breath away.

JAKE PALTENGI

RESURRECTION

What were you doing in the woods today
Down by the sycamore tree?
—I saw you there when I'd lost my way
Coming from a walk by the sea.
What were you doing in the woods today
Down by the sycamore tree?
With a dove on your fist
And a hawk on your wrist
And a fork that was pointing at me?

It occurred to me, in the mist of time
(Where a poet doesn't search for rhythm or rhyme)
That the hawk was love and the dove was war,
(And Jesus was knocking at your rotten door),
And the world of purple was coming white
As the door creaked open, and in came light.

The sycamore died, and an olive sprang up;
The hawk was bread, and the dove a cup,
And from that cup came flowing free
The blood of a martyr who died for me.

I came and ate (with you I ate)
And the food sufficed till life was late;
And now in that wood (where purple is white)
The three of us stand as perpetual light.

TIMOTHY KINAHAN

FEZ

The streets settled deeply
between the waves of the town
and sleep was whispered by
the child going home and the
beggar by the gate.

I am the hour sang the tower
high on a heap of ashes
blowing sideways in the wind
and it is almost late.

The cold came down from the high tower
and buried the man in his cloak
and the child on a bed of ashes.

MICHAEL MANN



OLIVER WELLS

PSALM

At six o'clock precisely
the world will end.
" Do not panic, Ladies and Gentlemen,
You have all heard this one many times before
But just in case the big bang does occur
Lunar Station XII is ready to evacuate
At any time.
I am sure the kiddies would enjoy
Our red moon—lollies, ten cents ON A STICK
You, madam, think of the fun one could
have
Sucking ' After-Eights ' between the craters!
You don't appreciate my sense of humour?
—See the chiropodist, first door on
your left—
In a crisis, one must stand on one's own
twelve feet.
I have no regrets.
The fact is that I have had a bloody
good life
Father's firm at twenty-six
Top managerial position
And enough champagne to provide for my
retirement.
Where we are going nobody can be
phased-out
And your children will not turn upon each
other with professional exams.
At six o'clock precisely the world
did end.
" Do not panic ladies and gentlemen
Professor Tannenbaum is now in Munich
Awaiting trial for Public Heresy.
Distribute and return to work they'll
get another decade
Out of our old globe! "

DICK SIMONS





On 16th September it rained in Manila

Joseph Assad

MEMOIRS OF A CARPENTER

Try, some day, to get four or five hundred lively teenagers to come together for something other than a pop festival. Keep them at work for over a month in the unpleasantness of a London summer. Make them work long hours, living in lodgings at their own expense. Pay them nothing for their efforts, and keep them coming back year after year. This is what the National Youth Theatre has been doing for the last fourteen years, and while there is the applause of the audience to reward the actors, there is nothing but the satisfaction of a job well done for the Props-makers, the Costume Wardrobe, the Lighting staffs, the Stage Managers, the Carpenters, and the administrative staff. If the carpenters do the job, and the set is built by the right time, nobody notices. If it fails to put in an appearance, a great many people want to know why.

This year there were three completely new sets to build: for 'Spring-Heeled Jack', a new play specially for the N.Y.T. by Peter Terson; a set for the tour of 'Macbeth'—which meant that the set must fold up easily for transport, and still appear solid in the nineteen Continental theatres in which the play would be shown; and a rather elaborate set for 'Twelfth Night', which will probably tour next year. In addition there was the 'Fuzz' set, which needed conversion for touring, and the set for 'Julius Caesar', which needed a complete overhaul. All this had to be done in about four weeks.

The Workshop, in which these masterpieces of scenic design are translated into solid terms, looks like something between Fagin's den and a timberyard, with a bird-infested loft for the Design and Properties. The roof leaked, the noise of machine tools made speech difficult, and work was continually disrupted by the need to bring drying 'flats' in from outside whenever it rained.

Work usually began at 10 o'clock, and went on until about 1 o'clock when everyone who could afford to would pile off to the Pub. We started again after an hour or so, and would usually stagger on until around 6 o'clock, with the help of an intermediate coffee break somewhere between. The Pub would usually be subject to re-invasion at this time, and then we 'knocked-off', or worked through to 10 or 10.30. The work was arduous, but rarely boring, and with one or two apprentice craftsmen in our numbers we reached a reasonable standard. We worked off scale drawings which were churned out by anyone with Technical Drawing experience.

As I said, no expenses can be paid to members by the N.Y.T. Some had grants from their schools, and most of us had some form of support from Local Education Authorities, but for nearly everyone finance was a continual source of worry. With Bus and Underground fares being raised, I used my bicycle for daily transport, and to everyone's surprise I was only knocked about once in 400 miles cycling, and I can testify that navigating Hyde Park corner at 30 m.p.h. is far more exciting on two wheels than four. The bike was also very useful for communications between the workshop and the theatres we were using.

We tended to have very mixed feelings about the actors. Individually they were very pleasant, but as a group they tended to be rather overbearing, and looked down on us. There was a general air about them which assumed that everything else which went on in the N.Y.T. was purely for their benefit. It was unfortunate that they were not encouraged to come to see us in the workshop more often, as this would certainly improve relations.

Accidents in the workshop were blissfully rare. Everyone collected a few cuts from saws and chisels, and bruises from hammers, but otherwise there was only an occasional mishap when somebody lost concentration working at a great speed or height. Considering our inexperience we escaped lightly, though this is not to say that there was no incident. A Props. maker called (coincidentally) Bob mixed the ingredients for fibre-glass rather too hastily, and the mixture viciously spat and fumed for several minutes while we retired to a safe distance. I succeeded in slicing through a power-cable with a saw, to the satisfying accompaniment of electrical pyrotechnics. We spent a whole morning shifting 'flats' for 'Macbeth' around the workshop floor as one leak after another opened in our rain-drenched roof. Then there was the extraordinarily depressing evening when we assembled the 'rostrums' we had built for 'Macbeth', and discovered that almost half of them had been built slightly wrongly.

The inevitable question arises: why do we do it? The answer seems to lie in the tremendous spirit generated by the whole enterprise, with amateurs doing a show often comparable in standard to that of a professional company, with occasional breakthroughs like Terson's 'Zigger-Zagger'. The N.Y.T.'s natural resources are the energy and good-will of all involved, and the sense of humour necessary to overcome all problems. For the non-actors there is great variety in work, and it is all directed to a common purpose. Our time off was as gay as our time spent working, and if anyone has discovered anything as enjoyable as Piccadilly on a bicycle at midnight, I'll be interested to hear from him.

BOB CARTER

THE TROUT HATCHERY

After we had released the trout into the Oxford Water, we were able to carry out repairs to the hatchery. There had been extensive frost damage to the floor and to the plastering. This has now been repaired.

It has always been our aim to keep the hatchery open all the year round, but this has been impossible because nobody was able to look after them over the summer holidays. However Mr. Dams has very kindly offered to undertake this task and from this spring, we hope to keep the hatchery permanently open.

Now that this snag has been overcome, we can begin stripping our own fish and some time in the future, we hope to cross Brown Trout with Rainbow Trout.

We have ordered 4,000 Brown Trout eyed ova from the Berkshire Trout Farm for the beginning of next term.

KEITH FALCONER

THE FORESTERS

Another dry autumn has enabled us to push ahead with several ambitious projects, in addition to numerous smaller jobs of routine maintenance.

The first was to clear the area between the Gym and the Grecian Valley, so that a belt of trees can be re-established along that part of the valley and an effective screen planted before the proposed sports complex is built. When the W.M.A. foresters had felled two ragged spruce, the Stowe foresters cleared the rest of the area, burning out a gigantic beech stump with their bonfires. The work was completed a week before the experts returned to remove trees from the site of the new Science Schools, enabling dozens of young trees, which would otherwise have been destroyed, to be transplanted.

Meanwhile another party was doggedly cutting away the reed bed on the edge of the Octagon, so that clear water now comes right to the bank of the lake along the stretch so far completed. Work was suspended at half-term, when the water got too cold, leaving us full of admiration for Thomas Pease and his men who spent three successive winters—week in, week out—claying the lakes when they were first constructed in the 1720s.

The area of our next project was the mixed plantation between Lyttelton and Nelson's Walk, which needed thinning anyway and had been ravaged by our old enemy, the grey squirrel. Much work has been done there, and what remains will keep us busy till the end of term.

Other jobs have included the maintenance of the forestry nursery, into which thirty self-sown yews have been transplanted; dewhiskering trees in the poplar plantations; cleaning scrub from the east side of the South Front lawn; and disposing of the old walnut tree on the way to Stowe Church—a sad victim of a September storm.

In many of these operations we have been helped on Wednesdays by the Public Works parties, whose special Field Day project, successfully completed, was to clear an overgrown garden and rubbish tip to one side of the Corinthian Arch.

G. B. CLARKE

THE LIBRARY

In the course of the term 45 books have been added to the Library. These include several from the 'My Life and Work' series, which will be of interest for those seeking further information on a specific career. The Modern Language section has received some timely additions, and further titles have been added on the subject of Conservation and the Environment.

We are grateful to those who have kindly donated books, especially to the late A. R. H. Ward (© 1928) for his generous bequest to the School of a large quantity of books from his Library. Other gifts to the Library include: 'Academical Dress from the Middle Ages to the Present Day' by Charles Franklyn, presented by Victor Waddington, and 'The Afrikaners' by John Fisher, presented by Eric Anderson and Associates. R. B. C. Hodgson (G 1945) has presented 'The History of Great Britain', 2 vols., published 1787, by A. Cunningham, which was at one time in the Library of Stowe House.

Finally, a word of thanks to the Prefect of Library, M. J. Chesshire, and to all the Library Monitors, who play an important part in the smooth running of the Library.

H. D. MARCUSE

THE STUDY GROUP

Our meetings this term have consisted of a series of talks on "The Example of Jesus" with some miscellaneous meetings thrown in for luck: for instance, a filmstrip called "Head in the Sand". We thank Mr. Vinen, Mr. and Mrs. Tanburn and Mr. and Mrs. Nicholl for their hospitality and remind anyone who is interested in becoming a member, that they are very welcome.

NICHOLAS KAYE

THE ART SCHOOL

There has been an all-round increase in interest in painting, pottery and sculpture this term. Perhaps because senior members are more enthusiastic. Although Mr. Duncan James, who taught new techniques in sculpture, has now left, good work continues to be produced. Pottery is thriving too, with boys designing jugs, vases and dishes on Monday and Thursday afternoons. Also there has been a lively interest in painting concentrating on experiments in colour. These have resulted in some effective projects attempting to display the more subtle qualities of colour and light. Within the normal curriculum painting from models has taken place for a few hours on Wednesdays and Sundays. During the latter part of this term a few members have been absorbed with the scenery of the Congreve Club play, 'The Cherry Orchard', by Anton Chekhov. Harry has done a herculean job of clearing away the psychedelic paint-work off the floor and removing the mud-pies left by those versed in pottery; all members are very grateful to him.

ROBIN GRIGGS

GILES HENRY

WORKSHOPS

Membership this term has been well over the average as a large number of new boys have become members, but nevertheless few outstanding articles have been produced.

P. M. M. Bevan has completed his scale model of a cannon of which a photograph is published elsewhere in *The Stoic*. Two canoes have been started and are progressing well. P. Mackay has begun to make the deck on his fibre glass shell of an International Moth.

ZAIR BERRY

THE BUSINESS GAME

"It is hoped that next year's board will profit from the tragic mistakes of these reckless beginners". This perhaps summarises the reason for our improvement in this inter-school competition. Improvement indeed, as the Stowe Board of Directors swept through the first round by the vast margin of £30,000. In contrast to last year, we were blessed with a unity of purpose in making the majority of our decisions, a fact which greatly contributed to our success. The experienced gained in this round can only stand us in good stead for our next financial encounter at the beginning of next term, which our budding young business tycoons look forward to with keen anticipation.

Members of the Board were: S. N. Phillips (Chairman), W. S. Croom-Johnson (Marketing), M. W. Sherwood (Production), K. J. Saunders (Plant Investment), S. L. Shneerson (Transport), D. A. Harper (Research and Development), M. H. C. Anderson and N. M. Davidson (Records).

STEVEN PHILLIPS

THE FILM SOCIETY

The three films shown this term were the Russian "Don Quixote", the British "Four in the Morning" and the international "Far from Vietnam". Each film showed how different the director's impact can be upon any individual, yet well-worn theme. This was particularly so in "Far from Vietnam", in which a number of internationally famous directors expressed their own personal feelings about the Vietnam/American conflict. The impact of such films is probably not so immediate on the younger audience, yet there was much thought-provoking material and artistry in all three films.

D. W. MANLY

THE FOLK SONG SOCIETY

We will have had three meetings this term, with an average audience of about 250. Jonathan Nicholl and Andy Perrins have proved to be very entertaining performers, while Stephen Martin is an accomplished singer and guitarist. It is also very pleasant that Thornton School provides some charm in the audience, as well as joining in the programmes, ably accompanied by Stuart McNair. Stephen Moss and Colin McCubbin have also renewed acquaintances during a brief visit from London.

Within the auspices of the Folk Society a newly-formed outside group, "Bogomas", entertained the school one Sunday in the Roxburgh Hall; with guitarists ex Coliseum and Renaissance the standard of playing was very high, if a little too heavy for some Stoics. The Folk Song Society has consequently had a fairly propitious start to the new season. Quite a number of boys are still considering whether to perform and if they can be persuaded, we should be able to maintain a thriving society.

R. N. SYMINGTON

THE LATRUNCULARIANS

Great potential was shown in drawing our first match against a strong Mill Hill team, 2-2. This was followed by the First Round of the *Sunday Times* Chess Competition, in which we had entered two teams. The first team went to King Alfred's School and won convincingly 4½-1½, with G. M. I. Miller and M. Boyadjiew having good wins against strong opposition. The second team was even more successful, beating Audley House School 5-1.

The first team then played Kettering Grammar School and lost 4-2, R. S. Sandu and A. G. Uttamsingh being the only winners. This may have been because we were a little over-confident, but no praise should be taken away from a good Kettering team. Since then the first team has lost two matches in succession, 4-2 to St. Edward's and 3½-2½ to Oxford Grammar School.

The first team still has one match to play against Eton, and we hope to be more successful in this.

There has certainly been a lack of Chess being played by members of the teams. This is shown in our results—no team can be expected to do well if they have had little practice.

The following have represented the school at Chess this term:

RAVI SANDU

First Team: G. M. I. Miller (Capt.) (C), R. S. Sandu (Secretary) (T), M. Boyadjiew (C), D. B. G. Oliveira (C), P. Boyadjiew (C), A. G. Uttamsingh (C).

Second Team from: S. Ram (W), N. J. C. Morgan (C), A. B. L. Foux (C), S. L. Shneerson (T), D. M. Brockwell (T), R. G. Melly (C), S. P. J. Potter (C), R. A. Page (C), A. D. Sidi (C), R. Cowasjee (C)

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

The Photographic Society has taken on a new lease of life this term following the clearing up of the dark room and the introduction of new equipment. H. C. Mytton-Mills is now in charge of the dark room, and he has taken great pains to ensure that a suitable enlarger was purchased and that members of the Society should be properly instructed in its operation. He has also addressed the Society on other aspects of photographic processing.

It is hoped to expand the dark room facilities even further in the future, and this will be made possible by a large and enthusiastic membership. We were very pleased to welcome Mr. Brooker into the Society, and as from the beginning of 1971 he will be the master in charge.

J. TIBBS

THE STOWE PRESS

There has been plenty of business for us to tackle this term and it has been one of the most industrious in recent years, due much to the diligence of R. M. T. Gibson and P. J. Fischer. We are very grateful to the former for his reorganization of part of the printing room. Great keenness has also been shown by some of our newer members: L. M. Werth, for instance, is fast becoming a second Gutenberg!

Orders for this term have included letterheads, in a large variety of styles, with a two-coloured affair for Community Service; bill forms for a launderette; some impressive covers for the new Stowe Reading List and, not surprisingly, Christmas Cards. None of these orders taxed our resources unduly, even though unfortunately we discovered that we had no French accents to meet the demands of that new cultural development, La Société Gastronomique.

SIMON SHNEERSON
NICHOLAS KAYE

STOWE SOCIETY OF CHURCH BELL RINGERS

Bell ringing has enjoyed an upsurge of popularity this term, and the enthusiasm of younger boys is particularly encouraging. T. G. Bagnall has, in the main, been responsible for training beginners, and it is to his credit that the Society can now claim more than a dozen ringers. Many of these are able to ring rounds competently, and it is hoped to introduce change-ringing for the more skilled in the not too distant future.

The Society is also much indebted to Mr. William Yates and Richard Yates of Dadford, whose constant interest in the boys' progress has been most helpful.

J. TIBBS

SPORT

Rugby Football:	Captain, I. A. Thomson	Secretary, D. A. H. Wright
Squash:	Captain, R. G. G. Carr	Secretary, R. G. L. Cheatle
Fives:	Captain, D. A. H. Wright	Secretary, S. M. B. Dixey
Fencing:	Captain and Secretary, M. P. L. Burgin	
Sailing:	Commodore, R. H. Steavenson	Secretary, H. C. Davis
Shooting:	Captain, A. S. R. Groves	Secretary, J. W. Kennon
Beagles:	Master, J. B. Johnson	

In a previous sports editorial written at the end of the Easter term, it was suggested that Stowe must adopt an attitude of "win at all costs" to improve its record in sport. This suggestion was greeted with cries of horror and scepticism; and it was even suggested that this piece was more worthy of *The Epicurean* than *The Stoic*. In the summer edition, a letter was written deprecating the validity of such an outlook, and the master in charge of golf was so distressed that he took care to define the ethos under which his team served. Clearly a fuller explanation for this statement is necessary.

As the present spirit of competitiveness has increased in sport, so the direction of the aims involved has changed also. When a game is played for enjoyment, then very little value is given to the result; when a game is played with the result in mind, much of the enjoyment is destroyed if it is lost. A player's attitude is completely governed by the direction of his aims.

From the personal point of view, if an individual is prepared to train himself to represent the school in its first team, then presumably he is prepared to accept the lines on which he is going to play his game from his coach. Because of the present attitudes the coach is likely to cultivate that ruthless approach in his players which he realises is necessary to combat the resources of the opposition. Thus from the point of view both of the external benefit of the school and the encouragement of the game internally (for a winning First Team is a spur to all younger aspirants) the school must be prepared to accept this current approach, if it hopes to achieve its object in this field, clearly outlined by the appointments of international or university hockey and rugby players to the staff. From a moral point of view, it is argued that to win competitively is to lose as a person; but if an individual is playing in a team, which is representing the school, then he must assimilate the established code of morals for the harmony of the team. For him to refuse this code would very probably mean the loss of his place in the team, and the consequent detriment to the school, as not all its best players would be representing it. Thus since such store is placed by the sports results of a school, though indeed this trend is at last tending towards decline, it is necessary for the individual to subjugate his own moral feelings in loyalty to the school.

The master in charge of golf speaks of other commitments such as exams and courtesy and good manners; was either team in the Stowe-Oundle match concerned with courtesy and good manners? I very much doubt it, and indeed in the event it was the harder side that won. However the attitude of winning at all costs is only relevant on the field, not to the extent that every possible moment is spent on the sport to the exclusion of all other interests; even Jonah Barrington has cut his training programme down now to a more workable proportion. Hence, to restate the matter, Stowe must be prepared to cultivate this attitude on the field and in its approach to the game to a greater extent than it has done previously, if it is going to forward its level of success in sport.

RICHARD CARR

RUGBY FOOTBALL

THE FIRST XV

At the time of writing the record for inter-school matches stands at three wins and five losses:—a disappointing situation after the run of successes up to half-term. In some ways this was a season to be approached with apprehension; there were few enough left from last year's '50' and a weak Colts group to supplement them; in particular there was a paucity of size and weight for the scrummage. Outside, the chances seemed brighter with several good runners available; the crucial position to be filled was that of fly-half and here the choice had to be Thomson despite his relative inexperience in the position.

After some experiment Guest took the full-back berth and after a diffident beginning was just learning the importance of reacting decisively to situations when he was unlucky to break his collar-bone. Comber and Wright, a partnership from last season, provided a lively pair in midfield, the former's steadiness, consistent tackling and incisive acceleration at inside complementing the strong thrusting and sheer speed of the latter at outside centre. Cobb completed the line on the left until half term and his deceptive pace enabled him to run in a number of good tries; more recently he deputised at full-back, again with his usual wholeheartedness, though he was certainly missed on the wing. Ireland, a Colt, came to fill the right-wing position and has shown enough promise—and genuine pace—to augur well for the future. The springboard for attack has always been Thomson who has generalised the line with authority and élan and made many penetrating breaks; however he has been reluctant to exploit the tactical kick, which would have added a touch of variety to his play. If anything, too, he and his centres tended to overdo their own running when faced by steadfast defence—to the neglect of their wings. Parkinson has always played steadily and often kicked usefully but with slow possession he is too easily harrassed; a major contribution from him was the 27 points kicked in inter-school matches.

The pack was never able to overcome its physical deficiencies; lacking any player over 6 ft 2 ins, we rarely gained much of the ball at the line-out, though Macmillan extemporised effectively at the front; in the scrummages—despite different permutations—we usually found ourselves giving ground which meant that though Croom-Johnson again showed how quick a striker he is, the possession the backs got was paralysed by its slowness—ironically it was Oundle alone whose pack we really contained in this respect. Rucking is never an easy art to master but there has certainly been steady improvement in this during the term, with some genuine fire beginning to show itself, though there has never been the necessary physical abandon to bring consistent loose heels. Carter, Macmillan and Watson have all proved honest journeymen and Wyllie has given glimpses of his potential; the back row have inevitably been inhibited by being on the retreat too often, but Crabbe—a spirited pack leader—has covered and supported well, Rowe buckled down to become a keen forager and creator of second phase play, Dixey when playing was the best tackler in the side.

Oakham were our first school opponents and in a strangely fluctuating game we ran out deceptively easy winners, for it was in few departments that we stood out. Haileybury brought us back to earth and by sheer technical superiority and greater sense of purpose deprived us of possession and contained our attacks; for only one quarter of the game—with 14 men—did we challenge their hold on the game. The Old Stoics proved unusually vulnerable, but at Bedford we were well worth our convincing win on a hot afternoon with the game made scrappy by the unpredictable bounce of the ball on a hard pitch, and the backs created some impressive tries. We reached half-term on the crest of a wave, for despite being worsted forward by a determined Radley Pack, we ran out easy winners again thanks to some superlative running by the outsides—one score by Wright and Cobb from their own goal-line will remain an unforgettable memory. However, these successes always left a suspicion of brittleness in defence and attack, and facing Rugby without the injured Guest, we were outplayed by uncompromising defence which stifled our running at birth and by fiery rucking; the fact that we might well

have notched more than one score in the first quarter and that we were only overhauled by penalty kicks does not alter the fact of our inferiority on the day. At St. Edward's we were clearly deprived of a good chance of victory by the deluge which fell unceasingly all day; it nullified our undoubted flair for running with the ball and once again we were overhauled—by a push-over try and a penalty kick—after scoring a brilliant threequarter try from a short penalty. Thus we reached the Oundle fixture all square and with high hopes; the hopes remained until the last ten minutes, for despite allowing them an 8—0 lead at half-time two good tries helped us back into the game at 8—11, only to throw it away by errors in defence; for the second successive week accurate tactical kicking did much to keep us on the defensive. At Cheltenham, although we took an early lead and for the first twenty minutes we had as much of the game as our opponents, the loss of Wright at that stage contributed to already mounting Cheltenham pressure; hard running by their good outsiders exposed some uncertain tackling and a spate of tries followed.

Thus, we have enjoyed a season when the XV has scored in all eight school matches—a total of 81 points, including 18 tries—possibly more than any previous side. This is a tribute to their zest for attack and an indication of their attractiveness as a side to watch. It is even more impressive if it is noted that these scores have been created with only about a third share of possession over the season; what this threequarter line might have achieved behind a pack which even held its own, let alone behind one which dominated, must remain hypothetical. It is a pity that the technical grounding and a genuine relish for the physical clash was not there to supplement the undoubted panache which our outsiders displayed, and to reward the unflagging enthusiasm, spirit and drive showed by Thomson as captain in more adequate measure.

B. H. MEAD

Team: M. J. Guest (B), M. H. R. Cobb* (W), D. A. H. Wright* (T), A. W. P. Comber* (G), N. Ireland† (B), I. A. Thomson* (C) (Captain), J. E. S. Parkinson* (W), I. N. Macmillan* (G), W. S. Groom-Johnson* (T), R. D. G. Carter† (L), M. A. Watson† (C), M. M. Wyllie† (C), J. G. Rowe* (C), A. S. Crabbe* (C), S. M. B. Dixey† (G).

* 1st XV Colours. † 2nd XV Colours.

Also played: R. W. Moyle (B), D. A. Harper (C), S. J. Brough (L), B. B. Smart (C), M. H. C. Anderson (G), C. C. R. Hawes (G), P. W. Warburg (C).

Results:

v. London Scottish	(Home)	Lost	11—14
v. Oakham	(Away)	Won	21—6
v. Haileybury	(Home)	Lost	3—13
v. Old Stoics	(Home)	Won	40—8
v. Bedford	(Away)	Won	16—3
v. Radley	(Home)	Won	18—3
v. Rugby	(Away)	Lost	5—6
v. St. Edward's	(Away)	Lost	5—6
v. Oundle	(Home)	Lost	8—14
v. Cheltenham	(Away)	Lost	5—35
v. The Leys	(Home)	Won	14—8

Inter-School Matches: Played 8; Won 3; Drawn 0; Lost 5; Points for 81; Points against 86.

THE SECOND XV

The results have been agreeably different from last year, when three matches were lost by more than thirty points. This season's heaviest loss came in the first match against Kettering's first side, before Stowe had settled down to playing together as a team.

Against other 2nd XV sides they have usually held their own and there have been some memorable moments. The Radley match saw a very spirited display of teamwork which resulted in a

convincing victory. Unlike last year, the same team has been able to play together in most matches and this has produced an encouraging team spirit. This was particularly noticeable amongst the forwards against Oundle, when the ball was won many times from the rucks. The backs, who have been more disrupted by injuries, sometimes lacked co-ordination, although at their best they could prove very menacing.

Burdon at fly-half has been an admirable captain and was lucky to have the assistance of a competent scrum-half in Brain. Groves proved an effective centre, and Jones on the wing often worried the opposition, whilst Brough at full-back tackled courageously. Amongst the forwards, led well by the conspicuous Warburg, McDonald was a valuable hooker and Ferguson, his prop, calmly kicked some vital points. In the back row, Moyle showed a remarkable ability to emerge from the densest of scrummages ball in hand, whilst Harper was a lively player about the field.

H. D. MARCUSE

Team: S. J. Brough* (L), G. D. Jones (C), C. C. R. Hawes (G), A. S. R. Groves* (B), M. W. Sherwood (L), R. G. G. Burdon* (C) (Capt.), M. J. Brain* (T), P. M. G. Hudson (T), R. J. McDonald (C), R. T. N. Ferguson (W), A. W. G. Reed (B), P. W. Warburg (C), D. A. Harper (C), S. C. Broad (T), R. W. Moyle* (B).
* 2nd XV Colours.

Also played: R. H. Steavenson (G), S. M. Raw (G), M. G. Flawn-Thomas (G), W. S. Brann (T), A. G. Henry (C), P. R. Granger (G).

Results:

v. Kettering G.S.	Away	Lost	3—22
v. Old Stoics	Home	Won	17—13
v. Bedford	Home	Lost	9—14
v. Radley	Home	Won	22—0
v. Rugby	Away	Won	13—12
v. St. Edward's	Away	Drawn	6—6
v. Royal Latin School	Home	Lost	0—13
v. Wellingborough G.S.	Away	Lost	9—11
v. Oundle	Home	Lost	0—3
v. Cheltenham	Away	Lost	3—26
v. The Leys		Won	33—0

THE HUNDRED

Third XV

The performance of the Third this year has been noteworthy not only for the number of matches won but also for the tremendous spirit which has existed within the side throughout the season. The standard of rugby displayed has been high and even when faced with stronger opponents, as at Oundle, the will to keep on fighting was always there. It is in this context that Goodhart's play should be mentioned. A strong and resourceful player at scrum-half, he was always ready to counter-attack when under pressure and encouraged the side by the example of his own enthusiasm. He was well supported at fly-half by Chesshire, a mature and courageous player, who distributed the ball thoughtfully whether in attack or defence.

Much of our success however was due to aggressive forward play. The pack, ably led by Steavenson, were well drilled and frequently broke the spirit of the opposition by their uncompromising approach to the game.

Among the backs, Henry and Granger were particularly reliable in defence. Brann and Rooke ran well and the timing of their passes developed tremendously over the season.

It is often the case that a winger is given praise for scoring tries which the rest of the team have created. Flawn-Thomas does deserve special mention however, as he frequently broke his way through three or four determined tackles before going over for a try. One feels that he could become a very fine player if only he would learn when to pass the ball to get himself out of trouble.

There are still two matches to play but on our present form there is every chance that the outcome of these will be favourable.

Fourth XV

A glance at the results will show that although two matches were lost, another try might well have changed the outcome in both cases. In the Bedford match particularly, we dominated the play throughout the game and seemed able to do everything but take the ball over an elusive try line.

Sidi captained the side in a spirited fashion and he was partnered by Jones who ran powerfully and developed his ability to link up with the other backs. Prescott and Allen, when not playing for the Third, were the most successful players in the back division.

The forwards, on the other hand, occasionally lacked the power and aggression necessary to win possession, and without possession tries are hard to score.

A. J. M. KIRKLAND

Teams from: P. R. Granger† (⊕), M. G. Flawn-Thomas† (G), C. C. K. Rooke† (C), W. S. Brann† (T), M. H. Prescott† (C), J. O. Deutsch† (C), A. G. Henry † (C), C. K. Allen† (B), M. J. Cheshire† (C), A. W. Goodhart† (Capt.) (C), C. J. Leyland† (B), C. J. Wiley† (⊕), D. H. P. Luddington† (C), W. N. Russell† (B), P. G. Naish† (B), M. J. A. Campbell† (C), J. D. A. Nicholl† (L), S. M. Raw† (⊕), R. H. Steavenson† (⊕), G. H. Josselyn (T), G. J. M. Lucas (C), N. G. E. Hawkings-Byass (C), J. C. Staib (T), R. J. G. Dillon-Mahon (B), D. W. Jones (C), C. E. Sidi (⊕), J. C. Hershman (B), A. C. Peatfield (T), M. D. Kneeshaw (B), S. H. Shirley-Beavan (G), R. G. Griggs (B), J. A. Corbin (T), C. J. Witts (C), J. K. H. Wales (T), O. C. P. Hoskyns (C), D. A. Snelling (⊕), G. R. Ratcliffe (L).

† Awarded 3rd XV Colours.

Results:	v. Kettering G.S.	Won	21— 6
Third:	v. Old Stoics	Won	29— 0
	v. Bedford	Lost	3—11
	v. Radley	Won	26— 0
	v. St. Edward's	Won	15— 3
	v. Wellingborough G.S.	Won	14—12
	v. Oundle	Lost	0—20
	v. Cheltenham	Lost	5—14
Fourth:	v. Bedford	Lost	8—11
	v. St. Edward's	Lost	9—12
	v. Cheltenham	Drawn	18—18

THE COLTS

The results this year are not as good as they might have been. The club has played and practised with a fair amount of enthusiasm and willingness throughout the term, but has shown a disappointing tendency to fold up under pressure. Both the 'A' and 'B' XV's looked good against weak opposition but when really put to the test, as against St. Edward's and Oundle we were found sadly lacking—both in basic skill and technique and in sheer determination. In these games the tackling let us down, and the running of the outsides lacked conviction.

The forwards, large and surprisingly mobile, were the strength of the XV, and were well led by A. J. Laird-Craig. All eight played their part in line-outs and loose play, and none more so than Dawes, Tucker, Richings, Blair and Ashcroft.

J. C. Paltenghi worked the scrum with enormous courage and earned the admiration of all. With a fraction more pace, and a few pounds of extra weight he could become an outstanding scrum-half.

The backs occasionally looked penetrating but Lucas failed to generate sufficient thrust, and hard as Fatharly and Smart tried in the centre, we rarely looked dangerous when running the ball.

The 'A's at times showed the hardness and resolute determination that is necessary if close games are to be won. When this occurred some extremely good Rugby was displayed.

Overall it has been an enjoyable season and one in which many members found they could push themselves further than they realized. It could well be that in future years Stowe's 1st XV will contain various members of the 1970 Colts.

J. S. M. MORRIS
T. J. BRANGWYN

Colours: Laird-Craig, Tucker, Richings, J. C., Paltenghi, Jackson.

Teams:

'A' XV: S. A. Y. Lynch (T), M. J. H. Jackson (C), S. P. Fatharly (T), B. B. Smart (C), J. M. A. de Borman (C), D. G. Lucas (G), J. C. Paltenghi (C), M. C. Ashcroft (C), A. J. C. Richings (W), N. M. Davidson (C), A. J. Laird-Craig (B) (Capt.), J. J. G. Dawes (L), A. H. Spencer-Thomas (W), R. J. Blair (W), A. J. F. Tucker (L).

'B' XV: M. G. P. Rossdale (L), C. N. Barbour (⊕), H. C. Davis (Capt.) (L), I. D. Elliott (C), M. D. Linnell (L), D. J. L. Robinson (C), M. J. Peplow (C), T. Boutros-Ghali (C), R. M. Seccombe (B), J. N. Harrisson (C), R. S. Wheatland (⊕), P. A. Natar (L), G. E. C. Riddick (W), P. Mackay (L), J. P. Guilford (L), S. S. Grant (C), J. N. S. Bagshawe (L).

Results:	v. Oakham	Away	Lost	8—13
	v. Haileybury	Home	Lost	3—10
	v. Bedford	Away	Won	13— 8
	v. Radley 'A' XV	Home	Won	15— 9
	v. Radley 'B' XV	Home	Won	11— 3
	v. Rugby	Home	Drawn	6— 6
	v. St. Edward's 'A' XV	Away	Lost	5— 3
	v. St. Edward's 'B' XV	Away	Lost	16—17
	v. Oundle 'A' XV	Home	Lost	0—27
	v. Oundle 'B' XV	Home	Lost	6—21
	v. Cheltenham 'A' XV	Home	Lost	0—16
	v. Cheltenham 'B' XV	Home	Lost	0— 9
	v. The Leys	Away	Lost	0—16

THE JUNIOR COLTS

The promise which this club showed as Under 14s took some little time to reveal itself this season. The scrum in particular posed problems which were not resolved until well into the term. The back division seemed at first to pick itself, but injury forced improvisation upon us. With the return of Reid as Captain and fly-half, however, pace and thrust, which had been sadly lacking, were injected into the three-quarter line. They began now to take the chances which had always seemed to be there. Injury robbed us of Sidi, perhaps our most likely scorer, for all but the first match, but this is not to minimise the growing success of Pike, his replacement, and of Harper, both of whom have taken their chances well. In the centre Graves has been outstanding in defence and has shown penetration especially near the line and Dunn, translated from the back row, has added a welcome opportunism to the line as a whole. Reid has shown himself to be the most complete footballer in the club and has built up an impressive understanding with Saward, a tidy and efficient scrum half. Scowsill, who deputised for Reid at fly-half, came into his own at full-back subsequently when his natural ball sense was shown to its best advantage.

After many permutations the pack established itself as a fast and threatening force in the loose though it remained on the light side for set scrummaging. Clarke and Rolland proved steady props and Anthony took to hooking with relish though his great strength lay in loose play. This could be said also of the whole pack. The second row of Fane and Metcalfe gave a solid push and Metcalfe in particular was dominant in the line out. Hopping, Dawton and Ireland on the rampage in the back row were an awe-inspiring sight and their zest infected the rest of the side.

The opening three matches were all disappointing and might easily have been won but for blatant mistakes and patches of curiously hesitant and tentative play. Later performances have been first class and there is every reason to expect success to continue with this side as it goes through the school.

The second team, though it lost its three matches and though light and small in some departments, nevertheless gave valuable and enthusiastic support to the team. One would expect to see a number of the side competing for first-team places next year in the Colts.

D. W. DONALDSON
J. M. TEMPLE

Team: D. P. Scowill (T), P. A. Pike (C), J. Dunn (T), N. R. T. Graves (C), M. J. Harper (L), D. M. W. Reid (C), G. P. Seward (C), E. R. G. Clarke (C), G. E. Anthony (T), P. S. Rolland (C), R. J. D. Metcalfe (T), A. J. Fane (C), S. C. P. Ireland (B), A. B. Dawton (T), D. C. Hopping (C).

Also played: A. B. Sidi (C), M. P. Selby (C), M. G. Lockhart-Smith (C), N. McCulloch (B), C. A. I. Bruce (C), G. J. Fairfax-Ross (C).

The remaining members of the Club have played in the **Second Team:** J. Evans (W), R. H. Mitchell (L), J. M. Shirley-Beavan (G), M. J. A. Ritchie (T), P. W. Burke (G), A. J. Henry (C), R. P. Maitland-Heriot (C), J. R. Barclay (C), H. J. Shephard (T), D. B. T. Oliveira (C), M. Langdon (L), P. G. Dawson (C).

Results:	v. Oakham	Home	Drawn 9—9
First:	v. Bedford	Home	Lost 8—16
	v. Radley	Away	Lost 11—16
	v. Rugby	Home	Won 16—0
	v. St. Edward's	Home	Won 19—3
	v. Oundle	Away	Won 12—0
	v. The Leys	Away	Won 10—6
Second:	v. Radley	Away	Lost 3—13
	v. St. Edward's	Home	Lost 3—15
	v. Oundle	Away	Lost 0—27

THE UNDER-FOURTEEN XV

We have to go back three years, to December 1967, to find such poor results as the Club has had this season, and even further—to December 1965—to find such massive scores against us. The facts are that so far, with two matches still to play, we have conceded 251 points and scored 9!

It was clear from the first match, against a strong and heavy Oakham side, that barring a miracle we would be in trouble in most departments of the game; and indeed it was so. With one or two exceptions, tackling was non-existent, and even learning the basic skills seemed to present insuperable difficulties to many members of the Club. The sheer weight of the forwards often gave us possession from the set-scrams during the first half of most matches, but any sort of team-work at other times seemed to elude them. Of individuals, Fyffe battled bravely to put his natural ability to work at fly-half, and Paterson (at centre) was by far the best tackler in the side. He also showed useful acceleration. Of the forwards, Blackburn, Plant, Barclay and Burchill showed occasionally that they have the necessary 'get up and go' quality, so lacking in most of the side, and Hydleman was an enthusiastic leader of the pack.

The second team managed to record a win against Radley, and were well led by Campbell.

M. A. B. KIRK

Teams from: D. M. Brockwell (T), N. K. Park (T), T. D. Outerbridge (C), D. J. Hobson (C), J. P. Paterson (B), K. C. Naylor (W), D. M. S. Fyffe (B) (Capt.), G. R. Salmon (C), J. R. Barclay (C), J. S. Shepherd-Barron (W), J. M. Bray (T), M. A. Knight (C), L. J. Hydleman (B), H. J. Carnegie-Arbutnott (B), A. R. M. Blackburn (C), E. N. Winton-Ingram (G), C. G. Burchill (G), L. E. O'Brien (C), S. B. Hopkins (C), D. M. Salmon (C), V. W. R. Hill (G), S. H. Coney (T), S. P. K. T. Greenley (W), J. A. Campbell (W), J. J. Hart (C), R. J. R. Winship (C), G. W. Forbes (C), N. P. Staheyeff (C), C. C. Brooking (C), E. R. G. Clarke (C), M. H. Forsyth-Forrest (C).

Results	v. Oakham	Lost 0—60
First :	v. Bedford	Lost 0—56
	v. Radley	Lost 0—41
	v. St. Edward's	Lost 3—28
	v. Bedford	Lost 3—37
	v. R.L.S.	Lost 3—29
Second :	v. St. Edward's	Lost 6—26
	v. Bedford	Lost 0—15
	v. Radley	Won 23—6
	v. Papplewick	Won 21—0

SQUASH RACKETS

Although there will be a longer report next term when most of the matches will be played, there is still something worthwhile to report for this issue of *The Stoic*. Five matches were arranged and four were played (Mill Hill failed to arrive for their match), and all of them were won easily. The team is a strong one, and we have six players all worthy of playing in it so that if one man is off for any reason we can still field a side which we feel confident will win. R. G. G. Carr is this year's Captain and has been awarded Representative Colours and has been representing Yorkshire Under 19 side during the term. A. W. P. Comber has also been awarded colours.

The Colts team has played well, but as the best of them has been playing in the First Team we have not had our strongest five out. Nevertheless it is quite clear that Pyfrom and Choyce in particular are quite promising and we hope for a lot from them in the future.

P. G. LONGHURST

1st V Results:	v. Dr. Place's Team	Won 4—1
	v. Eton College	Won 5—0
	v. Harrow School	Won 5—0
	v. Marlborough College	Won 4—1

FIVES

As usual most of the fives players have been involved in rugby but this has not prevented some enthusiastic practice sessions in the evenings and as a result, the standard has improved.

After narrowly losing 2—1 in the opening senior match against A.M.M.'s team, the school gained a good draw against Harrow and a win over Mill Hill. The only other loss incurred so far was against the Jesters who as usual produced a strong team. With three matches still to be played and some new opponents in a full fixture list next term, the team appears to be in for a good season.

The captain, D. A. H. Wright has learnt to play a powerful game and has found steady support from his partner S. M. B. Dixey. W. S. Brann has come on well and could become a very useful player. The rest of the team have played regularly and all have improved. In the Colts M. D. Linnell has been outstanding and with M. J. G. Palmer as his partner has shown that there is considerable talent in the middle of the school, particularly in Lyttelton.

Junior fives throughout the school has improved and a Junior House League has had some success in encouraging all houses to play the game. The Under 14 team have one match later in the term against Ludgrove.

A. M. MACOUN

Senior Team from: D. A. H. Wright (T), S. M. B. Dixey (G), W. S. Brann (T), S. A. McNair (G), M. J. Brain (T), W. S. Croom-Johnson (T), D. A. Harper (C), E. C. E. Peshall (W).

Colts from: M. D. Linnell (L), M. J. G. Palmer (B), A. P. Manners (L).

Results:	v. A.M.M.'s VI	Lost 1—2
	v. Harrow	Drawn 2—2
	v. Mill Hill	Won 2—1
	v. Jesters	Lost 0—2

FENCING

There have been three matches this term, with two wins and one loss. In the first, we were soundly beaten, in both first and second foil teams, partly owing to lack of practice. Later on in the term, we had two narrow wins over Uppingham, and Headington Secondary School.

In the first, had Jones lost the single winning hit in the bout which he won, the match would have been level on bouts, and we would have lost on hits; the second was decided on hits anyway, but in our favour.

The team has had to rebuild after two left last year, and shows signs of doing so effectively. Millner has fenced well during the term, and particularly so against Uppingham, where he won all six of his bouts, surprising everyone by doing well at Sabre, which he had only taken up recently. Next term we lose Burgin, who has been a keen Captain this term, but some who have been occupied in activities on the boards or field will return to the piste, we hope.

There is a keen mass of younger fencers, and the prospects look good for the future. Styles are curious at times, but this can be improved. The individual foil competition had eighteen entries, the most for some years, and was fought with vigour if not finesse. Unfortunately, both Burgin and Cottier had to withdraw and the competition was weakened somewhat. There remain to be fenced this term the foil house-matches, and the individual sabre.

C. D. MULLINEUX

First Teams Foil, Epee, Sabre: M. P. L. Burgin* (⊗), F. E. S; E. H. Millner† (G), F. E. S; R. J. Cottier (G), F. E; A. R. Jones (C), S.

Second Foil: R. P. Drower (⊗), M. H. St. M. Mills (B), M. X. Massucco (B).
* Old Colour. † New Colour.

Results: Individual Foil: E. H. Millner (G).
v. Bedford Modern Lost (Foil 1—8, 2nd Foil 1—8)
v. Uppingham Won 10—8 (Foil 6—3, Sabre 4—5)
v. Headington Won 9—9 hits against 27—29, (Foil 6—3, Epee 3—6)

SAILING

The general activity in the Club has been confined to volunteers this term. However there has been a keen nucleus of members who have competed in the Banbury Cross Sailing Club winter series, in which there have been two races every Sunday. Stowe has been represented consistently by an average of three Graduates every race. H. C. Davis has sailed his own O.K. dinghy well. R. H. Steavenson won the series in the new Super-Grad, C.W.O.R. was second in his G.P.14, and H. C. Davis was fourth. It was good to see three boats from Stowe in the first four places.

On Saturdays there have been races for a school points series. The "Burgee on Pedestal" trophy was presented to the winner, P. Mackay. Next year we hope to run the series through both summer and winter terms.

Last holidays R. H. Steavenson and A. R. Pears competed in the Public Schools Invitation Firefly Championship at Itchenor S.C. They qualified for the final and were placed in the prize list, until after the race when they were told they were in front of the starting line on the gun, and were therefore disqualified. Their final position was 14th from a fleet of forty.

The school team has done well in its three matches. The first against Oundle, was sailed in a light wind at Banbury, and all three races were dominated by Stowe.

Two days later at Radley competition was not so light. S. M. Raw began thoughtfully by bringing his team-mate through to second, in spite of P. Mackay's retirement. Radley equalised in the second race. The third race was close and two protests were put forward. Radley dominated the fourth race so the final result hung on the outcome of the protests. Stowe won them both bringing the score to 2—2. The total points were added up to find Stowe one point ahead. Cold weather and strong winds caused some exciting sailing in 'Lark' dinghies at Farmour Reservoir against St. Edward's. Stowe's fate came in the first race when Mackay and Raw misunderstood the course and sailed round the wrong mark. This gave St. Edward's an early lead. The wind blew hard in the second race and St. Edward's covered Stowe throughout the

race, not leaving any gaps through which to attack. The third race was won by Mackay with team-mates following, giving Stowe a final win. However St. Edward's won 2—1 overall.

Maintenance has progressed well, mainly due to C.W.O.R., even though sailing is taking place till December. Many thanks are given to Mr. Symington for his enthusiastic support over the term.

HOWARD STEAVENSON

Team: R. H. Steavenson (⊗) (Capt.), and S. J. H. Taylor (Ⓢ).
S. M. Raw (⊗) and P. Mackay (L).
H. C. Davis (L) and A. R. Kennon (G).

Also Sailed: A. R. Pears (⊗), A. Ussher (L).

Results:

v. Oundle	Home	Won	3—0
v. Radley	Away	Won	2—2 (27½—26½)
v. St. Edward's	Away	Lost	1—2

SCULLING

We have at last got a new roof on the boat-shed and shutters on the windows, so that for the first time within memory there are no birds to spoil the boats. A new fibre-glass boat should be arriving very soon, and the shell given to us last term is in the process of being revarnished. Amenity-wise we now have all that could be wished for save a landing-place, for the floating jetty which has served us faithfully for the last ten years has finally disintegrated.

John Deutsch very manfully agreed to enter for a 3,000 metre head-of-the-river race at Radley during November, and came thirteenth in his class, despite adverse weather conditions and a Stowe lake on which to train. We have had half-a-dozen other full-time scullers this term, who have been joined by bands of 'amateurs' from Junior Activities each week, as well as Monday Extras, so the lake has by no means been neglected.

GEORGE JOSSELYN

SHOOTING

Bisley Meeting 1970

This year the Ashburton took place during the first week of the holidays, and we were fortunate enough to be accommodated in the new extension to the H.A.C. Hut. As usual Mr. Kirk accompanied the party. During the first two days we were involved in the minor Competitions, however no individual shot well enough to win himself a prize. For the first time in recent years a team was entered for the Snapshooting Competition, being placed 21st out of 27.

On the day of the Ashburton itself, we obtained a good score at 200 yards, but as always we failed to have the same success at 500 yards due to some exceptionally low scores, even so we were placed 45th out of 86. The Cadet Pair only shot well enough to be placed 35th out of 77, a great pity as we started off the season so well.

J. R. Davis scored 64 out of 70, winning the N.R.A. Medal for our highest individual score in the Ashburton.

VIII: A. S. R. Groves (B), J. W. Kennon (G), J. W. P. Yerburgh (B), J. R. Davis (G), A. J. Carmichael (W), S. C. Broad (T), M. G. Dickson (W), M. C. Ashcroft (Ⓢ).

IXth Man: A. C. G. Walker (W).

Cadet Pair: M. R. Hardman (W), N. M. Davidson (Ⓢ).

Small Bore Shooting (Autumn Term)

As we have only shot one match so far, a full report of this term's activities will appear in the next issue of *The Stoic*.

TONY GROVES

SWIMMING

It would seem that the last fortnight of the summer term is not the best of times to hold the House Swimming Sports. The usual end-of-term rush with both external and internal exams militates against the whole field of inter-house competition. Next year I must try to move the House Finals forward into June, i.e. into the period of approximately five weeks from late May until the end of June, the only period in which it is possible to use the lake for competitive swimming.

The heats for the Inter-House Swimming and Diving were held on two evenings, one of which chanced to be windy, cold, and overcast, the clouds dark with the threat of impending rain—a threat that fulfilled its promise within ten minutes of the start. However, apart from the rather poor organisation of their swimming entries by two or three of the houses, the heats and finals were well contested, often with considerable enthusiasm, particularly by Bruce House who carried off both Senior and Junior House Trophies, and the standard of swimming was reasonable taking into consideration the complete lack of facilities at Stowe.

Progress towards our own heated and covered pool continues, over £11,000 having now been contributed specifically for the swimming pool in the last six months, while attempts to speed up the apparently interminable process of obtaining agreement between the various factions concerned with the preservation of the 18th century building and the 18th century landscape seem to be succeeding. I, too, am concerned that nothing should be done which might mar the unique setting of our school; I am also concerned that each month's delay is costing us dear. Whatever happens we must ensure that the swimming pool is a building not only externally acceptable but also internally equipped with full modern facilities.

I should like to thank all those boys who have made offers of help, such as "digging the hole", and ideas, such as participation in sponsored swims, and I assure them that when the time is right for such matters we shall indeed be grateful for all assistance.

F. A. HUDSON

THE STOWE BEAGLES

Hounds were shown at the West of England, Peterborough and Harrogate shows during the Summer Holidays and Rapid ('68) gained Reserve Championship and First Prize at Harrogate. By kind invitation of the Joint Masters of the Newcastle and District Beagles, hounds spent the first week in September in Northumberland and accounted for two brace of hare in five days hunting. Some very enjoyable sport was had particularly on the last day at Housteads on Hadrian's wall where hounds ran continuously for five hours. We are most grateful to Colonel and Mrs. L. Y. Gibson for their very generous hospitality to the Hunt Staff, and also to Ian Scholes, their Kennel Huntsman, and to the Masters of Foxhounds who made the visit possible.

This term we have had some good hunting—more so of late since an improvement in scenting conditions following a dry October. To date hounds have killed nine brace and notable days have been had from Water Stratford, Weston Pattishall and College Farm, Hillesden.

Largely through the generosity of the School Shop we have been enabled to purchase a much-needed new van for this season.

The Whippers-in this term are: 1st Whip, R. C. Willcock (B); other Whips: N. C. M. Renny (C), A. D. McGee (L), A. O. Bell-Irving (C), and R. M. Gibson (T). We are most grateful to the following who have helped at the kennels and hunted regularly: D. M. E. Heathcote (C), R. G. Pooler (T), H. J. G. Curwen (C), J. R. Orde (T) and D. M. Salmon (N).

BRET JOHNSON

ATHLETICS

STANDARDS COMPETITION

Contrary to expectations Cobham, in winning the Standards Competition yet again, did not beat their last year's record total of standards gained. They nevertheless finished comfortably ahead of Grafton who faded after putting up a spirited challenge for the first few weeks.

Results:	1. Cobham	465 pts.	Average	6.6
	2. Grafton	367 pts.	„	5.6
	3. Bruce	324 pts.	„	4.8
	4. Lyttelton	265 pts.	„	4.5
	5. Temple	222 pts.	„	3.5
	6. Walpole	197 pts.	„	3.1
	7. Chatham	209 pts.	„	3.0
	8. Grenville	93 pts.	„	1.5
	9. Chandos	97 pts.	„	1.3

D. W. DONALDSON

INTER-HOUSE RELAYS COMPETITION

The Inter-House Relay Competition held at the end of the summer term produced its usual crop of good races and almost customary win by Cobham, this time by a very impressive margin. To win four out of five relays and to come second in the fifth shows remarkable strength in depth in the House and represents possibly the best of all their wins in this competition. Lyttelton were once again second, winning the Composite relay, but the whole occasion was marred by the fact that one House failed to produce a single team, and several others could not field teams in some races.

Results:	4 × 100 m.	1. Cobham	46.2 secs.
	4 × 200 m.	1. Cobham	1 min. 43.5 secs.
	4 × 400 m.	1. Cobham	3 mins. 47.8 secs.
	4 × 800 m.	1. Cobham	9 mins. 23.4 secs.
	Composite	1. Lyttelton	4 mins. 2.4 secs.

Inter-House Cup:

1. Cobham	6 pts.
2. Lyttelton	14 pts.
3. Temple	25 pts.
4. Bruce	27 pts.
5. Walpole	28 pts.
6. Chatham	30 pts.
7. Grafton	36 pts.
8. Grenville	39 pts.

D. W. DONALDSON

ANNUAL PRIZES

Basil Williamson Memorial Prize
 Wallace Prize for Geography
 Peter Bates Prize for Geography
 Charles Loudon Prize for Greek
 Anthony Pearce Prize for Latin Oration
 J. F. Roxburgh Prize for English Verse
 Hayward Prize for Reading
 J. G. Riess Prize for German
 Basil Aimers Prize for Reading
 James Mayne Prize for Economics
 Friends of Stowe Prize for General Knowledge
 Bryan Henshaw Prize for English Speech
 White-Smith Prize for Aviation Activities
 Capel Cure Prize for French
 John Webster Prize for French
 Telford Wardley Prize for Spanish
 Harding Prize for Reading
 Syrett Prize for History
 Hards Prize for Chemistry
 John Holland Prize for Metalwork
 Friends of Stowe Prize for Woodwork
 Anthony Howard Prizes for Art
 Pearman Smith Prize for Mathematics
 Boosey and Hawkes Cup
 Gilling-Lax Music Prizes
 Scott-Gall Prize for History
 Gavin Maxwell Prizes for English

Painting
 Sculpture
 Pottery
 Junior Art
 Organ
 Cello
 Piano
 Piano Duet
 Brass
 Woodwind
 Violin/Viola

'Bene' Prizes

R. M. Withinshaw
 S. D. Moss
 E. A. Verdon-Roe
 R. G. G. Carr
 R. G. G. Carr
 R. G. G. Carr
 M. M. Wyllie
 N. J. A. Davies
 N. J. A. Davies
 M. J. D. Manley
 M. J. D. Manley
 A. W. Goodhart
 R. J. Simons
 R. J. Simons
 R. D. G. Carter
 J. H. Fay
 N. H. Harvey
 N. H. Harvey
 D. Portnoy
 A. S. Crabbe
 J. N. R. Diesbach
 D. W. Jones
 G. D. Jones
 Z. D. Berry
 S. A. L. H. Alsen
 K. L. Schleicher
 C. G. N. Barclay
 A. F. Threlfall
 D. B. G. Oliveira
 W. G. C. Maxwell
 D. H. Longman
 D. H. Longman
 N. B. S. Stewart
 J. P. Guilford
 R. M. T. Gibson
 B. J. Emrys-Roberts
 M. B. Creighton
 O. W. Richards
 P. G. Arbuthnot
 R. M. Barker
 P. A. Linsell
 J. B. Farrer
 A. C. Peatfield
 M. H. C. Anderson
 R. Suri
 S. R. Ayre
 J. C. B. Lucas
 N. Downing

'THE STOIC' PRIZES

'The Stoic' prizes for this term are awarded to Michael Mann and Jake Paltenghi (Poetry), Bob Carter (Prose) and Joseph Assad and Hugo Fay (Photography).

OLIM ALUMNI

J. V. Bartlett (T 1945) has been awarded the Telford gold medal by the Institution of Civil Engineers.
Sir Tufton Beamish (T 1935) has been re-elected Vice-Chairman of the 1922 Committee.
Dr. A. D'A. Bellairs (T 1935) is Professor of Vertebrate Morphology at St. Mary's Hospital Medical School, University of London. He has published *The Life of Reptiles*, 2 vols. (Weidenfeld and Nicolson).
K. S. E. Carslaw (B 1958) is a Farm Management Consultant.
Sir Colin Crowe (C 1932) has been appointed United Kingdom Representative at the United Nations and has been succeeded as High Commissioner in Canada by **P. J. Hayman** (C 1933).
J. M. Donner (C 1947) has been appointed Managing Director of Fenchurch Insurance Holdings Limited.
J. C. B. Ford (W 1964) is Halifax's youngest councillor.
N. J. Forwood (G 1965) has been awarded an Astbury Scholarship by the Masters of the Bench of the Middle Temple.
The Knight of Glin, Desmond Fitzgerald (G 1955) has published *Ireland Observed* (Mercier Press) in conjunction with M. Craig.
Major-General D. G. Levis (T 1930) has been appointed Deputy Director, Medical Services, Southern Command.
R. G. L. McCrone (C 1952), Fellow of Braesnose College, Oxford, has been appointed to serve a two year term as Senior Economic Adviser to the Secretary of State for Scotland.
Lieutenant-Colonel I. G. Norton (C 1949) has been appointed to Command the Yorkshire Volunteers (T. and A.V.R.).
Major D. Satow (C 1936) has been appointed Deputy Director of The British Horse Society.
J. H. Shelmerdine (G 1936) has been elected Chairman of the British Independent Steel Producers' Association.
R. Temple (C 1964) has published *Spy is a Dirty Word* (Robert Hale).
C. B. Tetlow (T 1961) has been awarded an Astbury Scholarship by the Masters of the Bench of the Middle Temple.
Major-General D. A. H. Toler (G 1939) has been appointed G.O.C. Midland District.
P. M. Whitfield (T 1960) has joined **H. Morley** (T 1959) on the Board of Christie's.
Dr. P. Wintersgill (B 1944) has been appointed Senior Medical Officer in his department of the Huddersfield Borough Council Health Department.

BIRTHS

To the wife of:

G. F. Arbib (T 1962) a son on April 19th 1968; a daughter on March 19th 1970.
D. H. Bate (G 1960) a son on October 3rd 1969.
C. J. Cleugh (W 1951) a daughter on October 26th 1970.
M. A. Ferguson-Smith (G 1949) a son on July 28th 1970.
J. D. Finch (C 1950) a daughter on December 31st 1969.
M. J. Gemmell (B 1949) a son on June 21st 1969.
J. H. Goodhart (W 1954) a daughter on March 27th 1970.

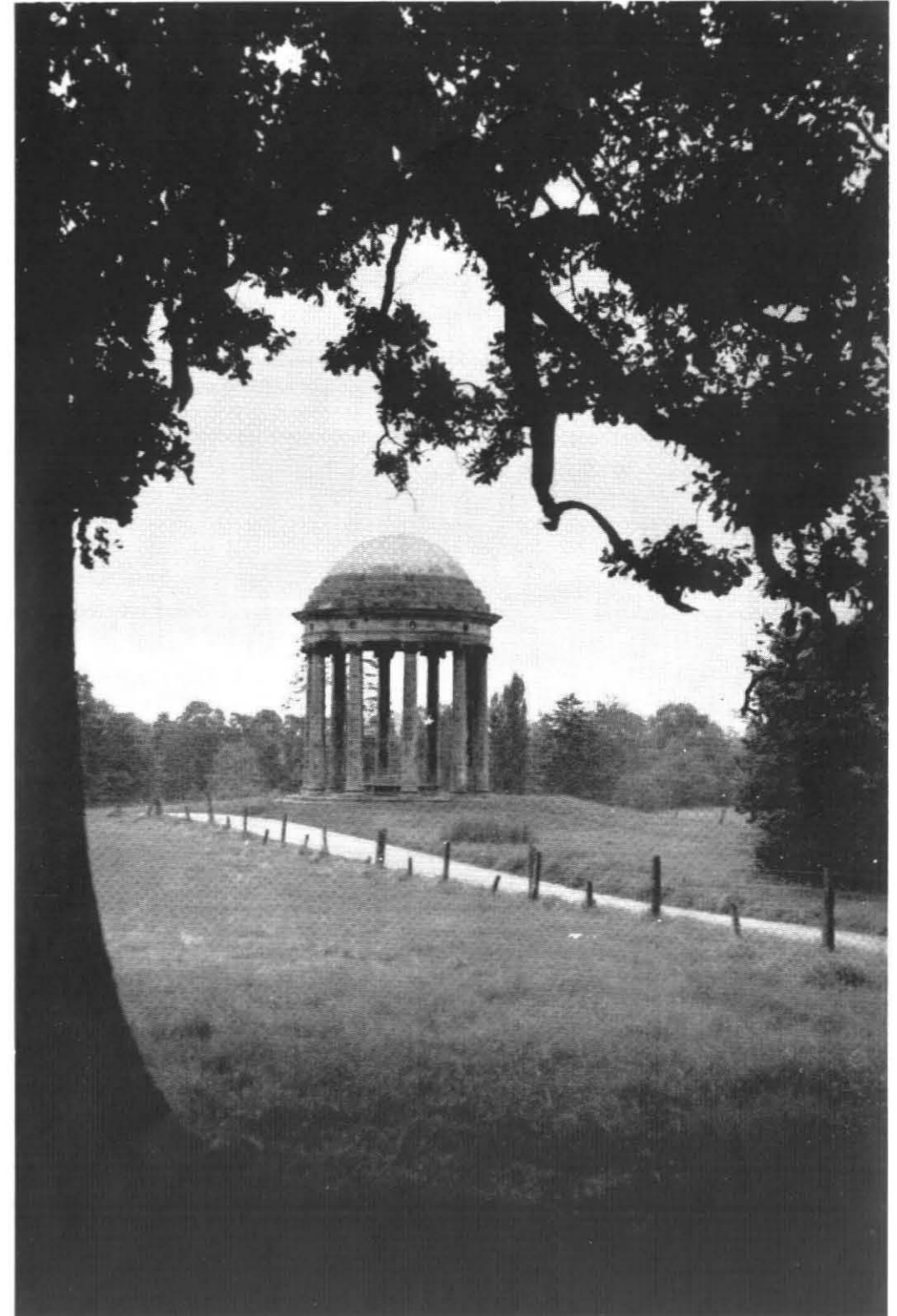
J. A. Jefferson (C 1960) a son on July 14th 1969.
 N. J. R. Kay (© 1957) a daughter on March 6th 1970.
 M. G. Legg (© 1957) a son on June 14th 1970.
 P. C. Lord (© 1960) a son on September 11th 1970.
 R. Mash (C 1961) a son on September 2nd 1970.
 J. H. H. Massey-Stewart (W 1951) a daughter on March 11th 1970.
 G. A. Philippi (C 1956) a daughter on September 8th 1969.
 A. Provest (C 1957) a daughter on June 14th 1970.
 N. K. Rice (C 1964) a daughter on December 12th 1969.
 D. Ridley (© 1959) a son on September 17th 1969.
 S. G. H. Sinclair (© 1957) a son on October 13th 1970.

MARRIAGES

G. F. Arbib (T 1962) to Moya Josephine Bradley on May 16th 1966.
 K. S. E. Carslaw (G 1958) to Juliana Teresa Forster on March 7th 1970.
 A. A. W. Denham (© 1963) to Linda Valerie Ince on May 2nd 1970.
 C. Hershman (B 1965) to Rebecca Baxter on September 2nd 1970.
 A. Horrocks (C 1962) to Louisa Fowles on May 9th 1970.
 J. A. Jefferson (C 1960) to Gwendoline Mary Powell on May 11th 1968.
 R. Mash (C 1961) to Janice Emerson on January 20th 1968.
 R. M. Miln (G 1957) to Marjorie Hack on March 31st 1970.
 P. L. Morris (C 1952) to Mrs. Gillian Margaret Craven on July 16th 1970.
 R. J. W. Noton (© 1960) to Caroline Jane Marsden on September 9th 1970.
 J. R. Perriss (C 1959) to Elaine Margaret Ayres on September 5th 1970.
 Major G. A. Philippi (C 1956) to Jane Meade on October 11th 1967.
 P. G. Powers (C 1948) to Kathryn Anne Kistler on May 23rd 1970.
 D. Ridley (© 1959) to Caroline Seton-Karr on August 9th 1968.
 P. G. Smith (© 1948) to Margaret Gertrude Hartland on November 1st 1969.
 J. B. Wardley (W 1949) to Patience Blennerhassett on August 28th 1970.
 J. M. H. Wrobel (T 1964) to Mimmi Weissbach on September 20th 1970.

DEATHS

N. J. Grace (C 1963) on August 4th 1970 in a car crash.
 R. M. Thwaites (T 1929) on July 31st 1970. *The Times* obituary notice is reprinted in *The Old Stoic Bulletin*.
 The Hon. R. F. G. Wrottesley (G 1960) on November 9th 1970 in a car crash.



An old view of the Rotundo

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