

**THE
STOIC**

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THE STOIC

EDITORIAL

Lethargy and more lethargy: the charge runs on through *Stoic*, *Germ* and *Penicillin* and the reply is, yet more lethargy.

Most Stoics accuse the system or Stowe itself of being the cause of it. But this is not so. Lethargy runs through all spheres of human society. Due to lethargy wars break out, nuclear bombs explode, thousands get killed, there is suffering, hatred, jealousy, starvation and death. All due to lethargy. All are self-generating disasters, which man cannot stop till he controls his lethargy. Men sit stagnant and lethargic while, without realising it, they ride huge evil waves which break into destruction upon the sharp sea cliffs of human emotion.

But the picture is not as grim as it seems, for there are vast potentials in the human mind, which lie stagnant and idle. If this lethargy could be broken an Utopia would immediately ensue. It is the mistake of most past philosophers and writers to try to start at the other end and to create an Utopia physically. Utopia exists in every single human mind, each of which must be freed of its lethargy if all worldly problems are to be solved. Man on realising his mental Utopia possesses universal consciousness and super human qualities like many 'saints' and 'sages' of the past.

In the unique environment of Stowe we should strive to achieve that full education of mind, body and the spiritual soul that will enable us to banish our lethargy.

RAFAL ZIELINSKI

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A view of the Game Fair from the Corinthian Arch
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STOICA

The term has been amazingly unspectacular. October was mild and mellow, with that famous honey orange light on the South Front; a welcome change from its usually brief appearance at the end of September. But the long, warm autumn was shattered suddenly: November has displayed the worst of Buckingham's weather, being very wet and very cold. Nevertheless there have been flashes of excitement that have superceded this later depression caused by the weather, and made us resolve to maintain our goodwill at least until Christmas. The Autumn term has a habit of dragging on for what seems ages, but this term, so far, has shown no sign of decline. Can it be that Stoics' attitudes are actually changing?

Stowe reassembled this term to find that the Headmaster had been involved in a car accident in France during his holidays. However he held his usual beginning of term assembly, and preached the sermon on the first Sunday of term despite obvious pain. He now shows no sign of his injury, and we are all grateful that his injuries seem to have been banished so rapidly. Also during the holidays Stowe ran an expedition to Iceland. We have heard much of the Iceland Expedition, and a report appears later in the magazine.

Stowe was the site of the 1971 Game Fair, run by the Country Landowners' Association, mentioned in the press and on television, and attended by over 45,000 people. Work on the grounds has reached the last phase of the present programme, with the completion of the Shell bridge and the Fane of Pastoral Poetry. The Gothic temple is now actually inhabited, to the surprise of many, particularly those who remember it as a dilapidated armoury. After recent damage by vandals, traffic on the Palladian bridge has been stopped, but whether this is intended to prevent the fast getaway of future vandals is unclear.

The work on the new Science block has reached the stage where it seems that progress has been severely curtailed, but we are assured that work on the interior and roof is going well, and that in fact the builders have not only brought their schedule past a considerable delay caused by strikes, but are now actually ahead of their programme. The bookshop now has an eye-catching if rather brash and large, wrought iron and copper sign, which is appreciated more by some than others. Walpole has had all its outside doors painted bright red, and it is rumoured that a certain advertising campaign is out of control and now rampant on the South East side.

Mr Garrett, who was the bursar's clerk, is at Stoke Mandeville hospital and we wish him a speedy recovery and look forward to his return. This term we welcome three new members of staff: Miss Helen Dalby comes to teach the 'cello, a most agreeable addition to the visiting music staff. Dr G. M. Hornby comes from Edinburgh University to teach biochemistry. Miss Sally Coles has taken up the post of Headmaster's secretary. It is with mixed feelings that we say goodbye to Miss Jean Hopwood, for some time Headmaster's secretary and dear to many—most dear to Mr A. J. E. Lloyd, to whom she is to be married to this January. We wish them both every happiness. We must sadly say goodbye also to Mr R. N. Symington, a great friend of many Stoics, and to Mr A. A. Brooker whose skills in the Physics Laboratory and on the hockey field will be missed.

The fine weather at the beginning of term provided a comfortable basis for training, and the 1st XV had had an enthusiastic if slightly disappointing season, with a score at time of going to press of Won 3, Lost 3, Drawn 2.

The Congreve Club is to perform 'The Caine Mutiny' in the Queen's Temple towards the end of this term, while the Roxburgh Hall lighting is adapted and somewhat revolutionized by a thyristor switchboard. The term saw a highly successful and greatly appreciated Pop concert, featuring the well known group 'Southern Comfort', supported by a fine local group 'Skinny Cat'. It was a most enjoyable evening, which not only made a successful break to the term, but also gave many that contact with the outside world that they craved. Correspondingly, the Music Society is to present a Christmas production of Elgar's 'The Music Makers'. The term was something of a triumph for David McDonough, the Head of School, whose founding of the Political Club has been more than justified. First, there was the 'Great Common Market Debate' in which he challenged Michael Madden, M.P. to a debate. The occasion

was memorable. More memorable perhaps, was the final meeting of the Political Club, which featured a speech by Sir Oswald Mosley. This was bound to be controversial, but the fact that Stowe clapped for two minutes represents how convincing he was; the old man has lost little of his rhetorical power, whatever his political convictions, or the prejudice against him.

Stowe has entered a new era. As demonstrated in the last paragraph, it seems that however outrageous, public speech is once more acceptable. Perhaps the new era will be one of greater intellectual development. We can only hope.

CHRIS MANTON

STOWE JUBILEE

The 50th Anniversary of the Founding of Stowe occurs on May 11th, 1973. A committee has been formed to co-ordinate the suggestions and ideas for a suitable celebration.

It has been decided to concentrate events on the weekend May 11th, 12th, 13th. The events will take the place of the usual Speech Day weekend. It might be called "Stowe on Show". At the end of the Summer Term, and at other times, it will be "Stowe en fête". The activities will include special Concerts, the celebration of the 30th Anniversary of the Congreve Club with an all-star production and a Stowe Jubilee Fair on July 14th, 1973. It is hoped, that as at the Fair of 1965, every House will be responsible for a stall, side show or activity. A Grand Ball in 1920s costume is being planned for the summer holiday.

There was a welcome response to an appeal for suggestions or help in the *Old Stoic Bulletin* and any further offers will gladly be received.

J. E. C. NICHOLL

THE BUSINESS GAME

In last term's *Stoic* the School's triumphant progress into the final of the 1971 Business Game, organised by the Institute of Chartered Accountants and I.C.L., was recorded. The final was between the last three schools out of the original 241 entrants. Alleyne's School, a grammar school in Stevenage and Imberhorn, a mixed comprehensive school in East Grinstead, were the other finalists. The three teams duly arrived at the I.C.L. offices in Putney and soon learnt the first irony of the day. The heatwave had put the air-conditioning and the computers out of action. Computers on the other side of the river had to be used, leaving long, nerve-racking waits between plays.

Stowe had the psychological advantage of looking the most professional team because they were wearing suits. Imberhorn, however, had the stimulus of a female managing director.

The teams were escorted to their separate boardrooms and in a temperature of 85°F. play commenced. The game consisted of five plays and the teams were informed that the market was good. So Stowe started in the first few plays by trying to consolidate their positions in their own market and the neutral market. After the third play the board adjourned for lunch and waited to see the half-way stage complete print-off, showing the balance sheet of every company. To their horror Stowe found that they were £165,000 behind Alleyne's School. They had been too cautious.

The organisers however dropped their half expected bombshell at the start of play four—there was a transport strike. Only £100,000 could be allocated to transport.

At first there was some panic in the Stowe boardroom. But Stowe had already proved in previous rounds that they were best in a tight position. The Stowe team's motto was written in large letters on the blackboard—'Win at all costs'. They tried a gamble—not to drop out of the away markets completely but to try and make a large profit by selling a few articles at a very high price. There was a long wait as the decisions were taken to the computer—nails were bitten. The sheet arrived and a wave of elation passed over the Stowe board. The policy was a success. The other companies had dropped out of the away markets.

The last play was a formality and it was duly played with caution. The result arrived and Stowe had won by £800,000 making a total profit of £8.8 million.

The press cameras and the radio microphones were in full action as Steven Phillips went up to collect the shield presented by the Chairman of the Institute of Chartered Accountants. Speeches were made and the metaphorical champagne corks popped. The day was won.

The moral of the story must be that it is a worthwhile investment to send your son to a public school.

Stowe Board: S. N. Phillips (Chairman), M. W. Sherwood, W. S. Croom-Johnson, K. J. Saunders, O. W. Richards, M. H. R. Cobb, R. G. G. Carr, M. Boyadjiew ma., D. A. Harper, D. A. Julius. Masters present: R. C. Rawcliffe, M. A. B. Kirk.

MICHAEL SHERWOOD

DRAMA

“OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR”

“On the first day of the battle [of the Somme], July 1st [1916] German machine guns, often hidden in armoured emplacements, prevented any British gains. 20,000 British troops were killed on that day: amounting to 60% of the officers and 40% of all the men involved. The battle continued fiercely for five months and included the first use of tanks, by the British, in September.”

Martin Gilbert

Angels are supposed to have appeared at the battle of Mons, but even they would fear to tread where we, under the beguiling escort of that intrepid campaigner, Miss Joan Littlewood, wiping the easy tear from our eye, and with the cheery cockney quip on our lips, singing the bitter sweet ballads of 55 years ago, contentedly wallowed (in comfortable retrospect, thank God) through the mud and the blood of that revolting carnage, ostensibly warning each other as we went (taking our cue from Wilfred Owen) of what everybody by now must surely very well know: that war is a murderous business (and a capitalist one at that); that the British Tommy is the salt of the earth; that Tom, Dick and Heinrich are brothers deep down, if only the swinish officers would let them play football; that British generals if not actually fighting on behalf of the (presumably even more sinister) Boche ones, certainly took no steps to prevent the Kaiser from winning the war and preserving the English class system; and that if Field-Marshal Haig had only been an English female dramatist how much more smoothly it would all have gone.

This is all self-evident old stuff, I'm afraid, and anyway perhaps this is not what we were being warned about at all; perhaps the play is ironic and abrasive. But if so, what about? Are the generals not fierce enough; or too fierce; or too efficient; or too inefficient? If they were more efficient would more men get killed, or less? Are they supposed to have started the war or are they just prolonging it unnecessarily? If only Uncle Bert Brecht were here to show how it should all be done, and suggest, maybe, a few answers. But perhaps the flashing bludgeon-thrusts of the dialogue are there to shock us into more heroically pacific responses as we teeter through all the 'camp'. How quaint and incompetent everybody was in 1916! What a giggle it all must have been! Oh what a lovely war!

The leavers did it proud with expert performances from both Pierrots and Band. Mike Wolfe's direction and the slickness of the scenes was beyond praise; David McDonough's production resourceful and effective and never for a second flagged. I don't really feel I ought to pick out any for special praise from a cast of remarkable consistency and excellence, though I did think that Andy Beazley and Richard Eve had remarkable power of characterisation and most convincing stage personalities. This particular stretch of front line was unusually lucky to have such a mellifluous and musical vocalist as Ian Ritchie; perhaps a bit too polished a singer for the sub-Brechtian asperities of the play, but the almost audible percussion of rising lumps in many a throat was testimony to the power of nostalgia for 'battles long ago' as it insidiously invaded the stalls.

But nostalgia was not alone in invading the stalls that night. A very special leaver, none other than our very own Miss Pauline Banner, erupted among us like a bayadère and transported us (nothing loth) to pre-Windmill entertainments in a song and dance which would not have displeased, I'm sure, the stage of the old Gaiety itself.

All the same, if prizes were being given, surely even the taciturn, monosyllabic, remote old Field-Marshal himself would have had to award it to his impersonator, Nick Thomlinson; though Haig would never have recognised himself in this shambling old reprobate, as with impish chuckles he sent squadrons of the flower of England's working-men down the line to death, smiling like a kind old wicked uncle handing out poisoned sweets. Shades of Plaza Toro! How could England lose a war with a man like that to give bad advice? Here was a man who enjoyed his job. They don't come like that nowadays.

The band under the expert guidance of Mr Terry James rumbled and tooted with spirit and dash—but why no 'There's a long, long trail a-winding'?

Congratulations to all: this sort of thing should happen more often. Oh what a lovely performance, but Oh what a muddled old play.

J. BAIN

SOCIETY

CHAPEL

This term in Chapel we have seen few changes, with the possible exception of a deterioration in the quality of singing. Visiting preachers this term have included the Chaplain of Southampton University, the Chaplain of St Catherine's College, Cambridge, the Bishop of Stepney, the Chaplain of Winchester College, who preached a memorable sermon about 'Oscar the Onion', the Rector of Bath Abbey, and Professor D. J. E. Ingram, the Vice-Chancellor of Keele University, who also spoke to the Sixth Form.

We would like to thank Mr Brown for organising the anthems sung by the choir.

JONATHAN NICHOLL

THE STUDY GROUP

This term we have studied passages from 1 Corinthians, welcoming a wide variety of speakers both from within and outside the School. On behalf of the group I would like to thank Mrs Nicholl and Mrs Tanburn for their hospitality at the two tea meetings this term. Meetings have been at the usual time, after Chapel on Sundays in Mr Vinen's room. New members are always welcome.

JONATHAN NICHOLL

STOWE COMMUNITY SERVICE

A lot has been happening recently in S.C.S., and it might be best to categorise this as follows:

General Development

Since the Spring Term we have again increased the number of pensioners we serve, and the total now stands at just over 240 people, living in 195 residences as well as 120 in institutions. The main services—visiting and gardening—continue, aided by the recent acquisition of a new cultivator which can tackle anything a pensioner's garden can offer. The support services carry on as before—130 pensioners now receive free vegetables weekly, and this year we have again distributed 1,000 gallons of paraffin and 120 cwt of coal, as well as logs which are now being produced at the rate of a ton per working day on our new circular saw. The decorating scheme continues, and Charlie and Dora's cottage has now been fitted with mains drainage. Over 150 pensioners came to a Christmas party at Stowe this term and more than 200 Christmas hampers of food are being distributed.

The Pick-up Car

We have recently purchased an Austin $\frac{1}{2}$ ton pick-up car, which we use each day for visiting the outlying villages which otherwise could not be reached. This has several advantages over the old motorcycle which we previously used, the chief ones being that it can carry machines, and that several boys can be transported instead of one. With the arrival of the pick-up, boy-responsibility in S.C.S. entered a new sphere, for the drivers of the car—there are two—are boys who have been specially selected; this naturally means a great easing of the work burden on the Chairman. Particular use has been made of the pick-up this term in the collection of food from farms and Buckingham houses for the Hamper Campaign.

Fund-raising

The main events of the year in this field have been the holding of two raffles, with prizes of holidays which were very generously donated by Northeast Airlines. The first raffle, with a first prize of a holiday in Jersey, raised £614, whilst the second, for a holiday in Spain, and which was sold at the Game Fair and to many Old Stoics, had raised over £375 at the time of writing; in addition, the winner of the first raffle very kindly offered the prize for re-raffling, and an Old Stoic has given us another holiday in Spain.

General

S.C.S. has now been operating for four and a half years, and its growth during this time has been largely due to the tremendous support it has been receiving from parents and other interested people. The fact that S.C.S. is now one of the leading community services in the country is a tribute to this generous support. To all who have helped us, therefore, we should like to express our most sincere thanks.

SIMON SHNEERSON

THE XII CLUB

The inability of the Club to secure various professors from Oxford has made us resort to talents nearer home, which, it is hoped, will culminate in an examination of the cultural output of France from Impressionism to the present day. The musical and literary capabilities of the Society suggest an invigorating combination of Fauré and Sartre in prospect.

For the first meeting of the term the Secretary delivered a paper on Patrick Brontë, tracing his path from the Irish mud hut to St John's, Cambridge and thence to the immortal parish of Haworth. This figure, about whom rumour varies from the immoral to the grotesque, emerged, in spite of the maligning words of Mrs Gaskell in her biography of Charlotte, as a devoted father, whose bitterness was only matched by the strength of his religious faith. Although disappointing some members by his summary dismissal of the popular myth that Patrick was a tyrannical Victorian, whose sobriety knew no bounds, the Secretary conveyed the strength of religion within the man, which supported him throughout the tragedy of his life.

A month later we were treated to a weighty discourse by Dick Simons on the "Divine Pyramander of Hermes Trismegistus". With the aid of some obscure volume, the speaker recalled the thoughts of Egyptian philosophers of the second century, who sought to define God's relationship with the cosmos. The Society were left in no doubt as to the complexity and profundity of the thought of these scholars, struggling heroically to discover the relevance of Corpus Hermeticum to 1971. The speaker sought to defend himself against hostile questioning through refuge in the dim corridors of history, but the prevailing criticism that such a study was scarcely worthwhile was proved, unlike the lecture, to be only too relevant.

RICHARD PYNE

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

This term the Society has decided to get out of Ulster, leave pornography uncensored, and that it wishes to go to Oxford or Cambridge. In the debate on Ulster, D. F. McDonough damned both his party and his principle, and launched a violent attack on both the Heath government, Stormont, British military terrorism, and the political immaturity of the Irish. He puts these

unprecedented attacks down to an intellectual exercise, and assures Messrs Heath and Faulkner of his fidelity. R. J. Simons, speaking in favour of a British military presence, talked of the necessity of protecting British investments in Ulster, of our moral responsibilities to this people so in need of help and reform, and of, like Gladstone, backing the masses against the classes. The House voted in favour of withdrawal by a majority of one vote. The House then refused to censor pornography, in an entertaining and packed meeting some three weeks later. The 'Puritan Choir', consisting of Messrs Cheate and Pyne, sang a sombre song about "having guts", "fighting the insidious porn-monger in his dirty rain-coat", and "stamping out decadence". But Messrs Pugh and Lucas would have none of this. They insisted that 'porn' broadened the mind, and helped to produce the well-balanced citizen. Milton's Areopagitica was used as an excuse for licence, and Mr Lucas assured the House that if 'Porn' were censored, no longer would society be able to indulge in the great works of Goethe, Shakespeare, Chaucer and Aristophanes. The usual 'back-lash' brigade of Mary Whitehouse, Lord Longford, and Sir Cyril Black were dragged over the coals, and praised for their guts, respectively. The House voted in favour of leaving Pornography uncensored by a majority of 26. The motion that "This House has no wish to go to Oxbridge", proposed by Messrs Hershman and Simons, and opposed by J. B. Johnson, M.H. and D. A. Julius was duly defeated by a majority of 33. I should like to thank the Committee for its constant interest and support, and Mr Arnold and Mr D. Temple for their help and co-operation. I am certain the Society has a great future. May Stoics never again give cause to be charged with "verbal sterility".

DAVID McDONOUGH

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Society met in May to hear the Rev. Dr Peter Brooks, Fellow of Downing College, Cambridge, read a paper on "Martin Luther". He drew a picture of a dedicated pastor who was pushed into notoriety by the invention of printing. Luther was an overworked university teacher, a brilliant translator who produced his German version of the New Testament in two and a half months, a sensitive liturgist, a prolific hymn-writer, a stimulating conversationalist, and a powerful preacher who delivered an average of seventy sermons a year of simple, direct, pious instruction. And he effected a revolution in Christendom.

Mr Martin Roberts, Head of the History Department at Brays Grove Comprehensive School, Harlow, spoke to the Society in September on "The Dual Revolution"—that is, the relationship between the Industrial Revolution and the political revolutions which followed. It has been fashionable among twentieth century historians to assert that Karl Marx was wrong, and that the standard of living of the workers in the nineteenth century was, in fact, improving. But in the last few years Professor Hobsbawm has shown that, whatever the wages men earned, the nature and conditions of their work, often as the slaves of relentlessly unstoppable machinery, meant that their conditions of life grew significantly worse. If one is to understand the nineteenth century it is necessary to adopt a Marxist viewpoint.

In October Dr Paul Hyams, Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford, came to Stowe to speak about "Jews and Christians in Thirteenth Century England". He explained that the small Jewish community in medieval England fulfilled a useful economical function as money-lenders and, in practice, as estate agents. Most of the while they co-existed peacefully with their Christian neighbours, and they were protected by the king, who took a cut of their profits. In the civil wars of the late thirteenth century they suffered severely both from attacks by a brutal baronage and from exploitation by a money-hungry king. Eventually they were bled dry, and Edward I, in a mood of hypocritical piety and in order to gain the temporary advantage of a grant of taxation, agreed to their expulsion. They went in 1290, not to return until Oliver Cromwell allowed them back in 1656.

Mr Lindsay Sharp, a research student at Wadham College, Oxford, spoke to the Society in November on the area of history in which he is researching: "The Scientific Revolution of the Seventeenth Century". At the same time he explained how he sets about the process of research, and illustrated the way in which the hard work of wading through letters, books, and documents

can lead both to a gradual increase in understanding of a problem and also to factual discoveries which significantly alter one's view of a problem.

D. J. ARNOLD

THE MODERN LANGUAGE SOCIETY

The long-awaited paper on Cervantes by A. J. F. Tucker finally materialised to the delight of all. Concentrating primarily on the biography of the author, the Speaker told of pirates, slave-galleys and fighting on the high seas against the cruel might of the Turk. This romantic setting was however not merely directed at the passions of the audience for we were shown how this upbringing manifested itself in the chivalrous gestures of Don Quixote, who clearly would have admired the bravado of his creator. Assyrian-like, the audience tested all departments of the speaker's defence and the lively conversation that ensued is in itself proof of the interest that the talk aroused.

Later this term, Mr D. W. Donaldson may be persuaded to tell all about his recent trip to Minorca. Meanwhile Andrew Perrins is poised with a talk on Goya, which threatens to make this term's meetings an all-Spanish affair.

RICHARD PYNE

THE NUCLEUS

At the end of the Easter term R. Suri gave a clear and revealing paper on 'Gravitons-inertia-fields and other fiction'. Despite his leaving at the end of term, his paper left a lasting impression on the Society. Owing to the pressure of examinations the Nucleus was unable to meet during the Summer, and the end of term saw the departure of the Secretary and I. C. S. Ritchie, and the welcoming of five new members.

This term S. Ram gave a paper on 'Parity' which ended with a lively discussion on the existence of antimatter and the possibility of there being an 'antigalaxy'. The Secretary has vowed to give a paper on aspects of Lucretius' 'De Rerum Natura' later this term.

JONATHAN DAVIS

THE POLITICAL CLUB

This has been a unique term in the Club's history. Our activities began on October 5th with a highly successful meeting at which Colonel Sir Tufton Beamish, M.C., M.P. (Conservative, Lewes) gave a brilliant speech on 'Why Britain will go into the Common Market'. Speaking in his official capacity as Chairman of the Conservative Group for Europe, Sir Tufton outlined the political aspect of entry into the E.E.C. He said that now we had lost our political, industrial and economic pre-eminence, it was time that we pooled our resources with our friends in Europe. He stressed that a country that was economically weak had no control over its destiny. He saw European unity as a check to the Communist threat, and a pooling of knowledge and an exchange of ideas, he thought, were the only solutions to our common problems of environmental pollution and all its unpleasant offspring. He urged his young audience to overcome their prejudices and fears about Europe, and to inspire faith in the ideal of the free nations of Europe working together in close partnership.

The Club's next meeting took the form of a 'Great Debate' on the question of European entry, and was held in the Marble Hall on October 10th. Martin Madden, M.P. (Conservative, Hove), the Treasurer of the European Movement, and the Treasurer of the Group for Europe, spoke in favour of entry, and David McDonough spoke against entry. After a very successful debate, and a lively question session, they voted 126 in favour of the motion that "This House would go into Europe", 91 against entry, with some 160 abstentions. I sincerely hope this will not be the last of the Club's debates.

Our final meeting of the term was held in the Roxburgh Hall on November 18th. Our speaker and honoured guest was Sir Oswald Mosley, Bt, who was accompanied by his charming wife, Lady Diana Mosley. Sir Oswald spoke for an hour to a hushed audience of about 600 people, without a single note. He told the school the story of his life, with some perhaps unnecessary

justification and even glorification, and ended his speech with a plea, not unlike Sir Tufton's, for "a united Europe as glorious and lasting as the Greek Empire". But he pointed out that Greece had torn this unity to shreds by petty bickering and quarrels, and that Europe must never suffer the same fate. Sir Oswald answered, with an element of evasion, some excellently pertinent questions for another hour. This meeting was a fine end to a very successful and active term. Finally, as retiring Chairman and founder of the Club, I would like to thank all those who have served the Club so loyally throughout the past twenty-two months, especially Mr Chapman, the President, the Headmaster, for his continued interest in the Club, Miss Craig, for her speedy organisation of refreshments at short notice, and of course the members of the Club, past and present. I shall treasure my magnificent gifts, which the Club and indeed the School so very kindly gave me, and I shall treasure the many happy memories I have of Stowe, and especially of the Political Club. I wish Neil Davidson, the new Chairman, and Jonathan Hershman, the new Secretary, every success in future years.

DAVID McDONOUGH

THE LIBRARY

This term we welcomed our new Librarian, Mrs McDougall, as the capable successor of Mrs Kerr. Amongst other things, she has undertaken the formidable task of retyping the whole catalogue of books in the Library, which should make the end-of-term check a much less laborious affair.

A variety of books have been added in the course of the term to the History, Natural History and Modern Languages sections in particular, as well as books of more general interest like 'The Ra Expeditions' by Thor Heyerdahl.

Gifts to the Library include: 'The Story of 609 Squadron' by F. H. Ziegler, presented by the author "in memory of John Dundas, one of Stowe's finest scholars and one of 609 Squadron's finest warriors"; 'The Roman Land Surveyors' by Professor O. A. W. Dilke (B 1933), presented by the author; and 'The Politics of American Democracy' by Irish and Prothero, presented by D. J. Conran (© 1971).

Finally, a word of thanks to our efficient Prefect of Library, J. R. Davis and to all the Library Monitors who have ably assisted him.

H. D. MARCUSE

Monitors: J. C. Hershman (B), C. H. A. Goodwin (T), G. M. I. Miller (C), J. C. Grainger (©), P. M. Law (Q), A. R. Pears (©), E. C. E. Peshall (W), S. A. Kingwell (L), A. R. V. Hodge (N).

THE FILM SOCIETY

The Society has enjoyed great success this term with a membership of just under two hundred. "The Burmese Harp" directed by Ichikama, "Les Yeux sans Visage" directed by Franju and "La Strada" directed by Fellini, were all extremely popular, and we look forward to "Through a Glass Darkly" directed by Bergman. The gruesome Franju thriller was undoubtedly the most effective of the films: never before has there been an audience so quiet! So far, the Society has three films booked for next term, including two comedies; and we look forward to continued support from the Upper School.

ADAM CREEDY SMITH

THE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

This term, is never the best for our own activities out of doors. However, expeditions have been made to outside meetings and we have held several ourselves.

The first meeting of the term was a general film meeting on the 14th September. This was followed by an excellent talk on the work of the British Trust for Ornithology (the B.T.O.) by Mr David Glue on the 14th October. Our last visiting speaker was Mr Seton Gordon, C.B.E., who has been to talk to us before and has always been a great success. This time was no exception, and we received a most interesting lecture on the birds of Spitzbergen. The information for this talk was gathered by Mr Seton Gordon during an expedition to Spitzbergen in 1926.

Early on this term we sent a party to the meeting of the Amateur Entomological Society. Exhibits of both live and preserved insects were seen, and it was a very worthwhile trip. We should certainly consider going again next year.

For the first time an all day field trip went to the Falconry Centre at Newent on a Sunday. This was enjoyed by everyone, and I feel that this idea of a mini expedition is a good one for keeping interest alive during our less active months.

Other trips have been made to outside meetings, such as the B.B.O.N.T. Annual General Meeting in Wendover on the 16th October, and the joint B.B.O.N.T./N.N.T. film show in Brackley on the 23rd October.

There is, however, one rather sad point: it seems a pity that some of our more senior members just cannot be bothered to turn up to meetings to which an outside speaker has been invited. This shows a lack of courtesy to the speaker and also does not say much for their interest in the Society.

On a lighter note, L. J. H. Hydleman appears to have been successful in breeding several exotic varieties of tropical fish, including some spectacular angel fish.

The Common Bird Census was finished earlier on this term and about twenty-five nest record cards were sent off to the B.T.O. The Bird Table Census is in full swing and is being run by M. C. Bailey assisted by H. J. Carnegy-Arbutnott.

Monday Extras have been running well, and a number of VI Form projects are being completed in this time.

Altogether it has been a very active term, considering that we are usually settling down for the winter at this time.

DAVID OLIVEIRA

NATURE RESERVE

During the holidays the young hedgerow plants had been hidden by the overgrowth and our first task was to clear this away and hoe the weeds. This was done to the beech hedge, along the road, which is thriving, to the thorns and hollies in the new field, and to Peter Mumford's plantation of small conifers. The paths had been attacked by overgrowth and these were dealt with, continuing into the lower half of the lower Copper-Bottom where we hope to do some more work.

The Island which had subsided considerably under the weight of a pair of swans, whose offspring have been seen on all the lakes at one time or another, needed some attention. We collected sedge and dumped it on the island, using the boat. We then made three rafts. We filled 120 sand-bags and carried them across in the boat, which is now in a very sorry state.

Meanwhile more attention has been paid to the planting of more beech, thorn and holly (about 300 plants in all), filling in the gaps of last year's hedge, along where the new fence has just been completed, and filling in the recent furrows, which now divide the New Piece into four. To make this possible, branches had to be cut off a horse-chestnut and a small oak to make way for the tractor. With the new boundary-fence, the old fence is to be removed, and we thank Mr Head for his work on the new fence. With a tractor and a Landrover driving into the Reserve we are glad to see the gravel remains of the Game Fair were dumped and rolled into the track to the Reserve. There is a gap between the two beech hedges along the road and this has been cleared by the Foresters ready for planting.

Quadrats have been assessed by Adam Doble and another season of nest-box observations completed and now at this would-be lazy stage Colum Scott and Michael Willcox have been making more nest boxes adding to the total of 27.

Ducks have been attracted, by the grain, to the lake and we had up to two dozen mallard at one time. Two muntjac have been once trapped in the fence by the lake and later walking under the High-Seat. They were the same pair, the buck untagged and a red-tagged doe.

Thanks to Mr Lloyd, Dr Hornby, Jeremy Spencer-Cooper, Peter Mumford and Alastair Gossage for their great help.

CHARLES CHESHIRE (*Joint Warden*)

THE FORESTERS

The long spells of dry and often sunny weather have allowed us to complete an ambitious programme this term with a regular team of about 15 boys. One major scene of our activities has been the west side of the Grecian Valley. Considerable scrub, mainly sycamore, had developed around the trees to the south of the Temple of Concord obscuring the bases and the view up the valley from the track. In particular the base of the huge Cedar of Lebanon, surely one of the two finest examples at Stowe, was completely hidden. This undergrowth has been cleared right out and some surgery, particularly of dead wood in the cedar, is to be carried out during the winter. Amongst this thicket a drain was discovered leading from the staff garages. A soak-away trench for this was dug and filled with rubble. This has been earthed over and the entire area will be mown next summer.

Further encroachment by thicket growth, this time mainly elm, has been cleared on the other side of Concord. The view from the steps northwards up the valley is reopened and again the ground is fit for mowing. The old Weymouth pine to the right of the steps is to be removed at Christmas. Sadly much of this improvement serves merely to accentuate the dilapidated state of the temple itself.

While clearing this latter area considerable damage by grey squirrels was found especially of several attractive field maples. Some of these have had to be removed as a result. Such damage is all too frequent in the grounds especially in the more overgrown areas. Steps are being taken to control this animal, which, although sentimentally attractive, is a serious woodland pest. Over 100 animals have been shot in the last six months, a new repellent is to be tried in special areas and the destruction of winter dreys is planned.

Another menace to our trees that has appeared in epidemic proportions in the country this year is Dutch elm disease. Fortunately there are not many mature trees in the grounds and none that is essential to the main vistas. Such attacks as we have found have been restricted to small scrubby trees with the exception of a few young standards along the Queen's Drive towards the Corinthian Arch. As a precaution against further spread of the disease the young elm have been removed from the 'boskage' between the Queen's Theatre and Gurnit's Walk, a site now familiarly known as Vinen's Quincunx. The area is to be replanted with other young hardwoods.

Repairs to the Shell Bridge are nearly complete and to set off the finished structure properly the accumulated silt and sedge below it must be removed. Access for a bucket dredge has been cleared on the west side of the Styx and the operation should be completed before next term. The spoil will be spread on the banks and should soon grow over.

Another party has spent several weeks clearing the scrub from the roadside next to the Paper Mill Lake in order that a beech hedge may be planted here in the spring.

A minor operation was the removal of two old beech stumps, one on the east side of the North Front vista and the other beyond the pavilion. These trees were felled six years ago, being in a dangerous condition. The stumps were rotten enough to be gauged out by a mechanical digger and these ugly reminders of some of Stowe's oldest trees will disappear under turf. It is gratifying to see the young replacements growing so well.

When the trees along the top of the Ha-ha in Nelson's Walk were planted twenty years ago, silver birch was put in to provide a temporary screen at the top end while the main planting matured. It had become evident this year that these birch had grown so strongly that they were now distorting the horse chestnut planted alternately with silver spruce. With regret it was decided that the time had come to remove these attractive trees and the Foresters, ably assisted by the Wednesday Estate Party, achieved this before half term. No doubt the chestnuts will soon grow into their attractive pyramidal shapes and compensate us for the loss of the delicate tracery of the birch.

A. J. E. LLOYD

THE UPPER STYX PROJECT

This term has been a fairly quiet one, with the ice beginning to form on the water during the last month. At the start of this term Mike Kwiatkowski very kindly gave four tufted ducks to the duckery. Unfortunately, during the first two weeks, three were killed by foxes or possibly rats. The remaining one is now thriving on the lake, but this must surely show the urgent need for a fox-proof fence, before an ambitious collection of wildfowl can be achieved. We have now collected over a third of the £1,000 needed.

The duckery continues to attract wild mallard and moorhen from the nearby lakes. The ten goslings which were hatched last term are now fully grown and it is hoped to sell them as they are now too big for their surroundings.

RICHARD NEUFELD

THE BRIDGE CLUB

The Club has been quite active this term with four matches played so far and two or three more organized. The first match of the term was against St Edward's, and consisted of two senior and two junior pairs. In this match the seniors lost but the juniors won.

The next two matches were more successful: we beat Mill Hill easily and had a good game against High Wycombe Grammar School to win by 1 I.M.P.

We then played a very good match against the Masters, consisting of teams of eight. It was a close result with the Masters just winning by 8 I.M.Ps.

We hope to play against Springhill Prison and St Helen's Grammar School later on this term. Thursday Society bridge has been progressing well, and there appear to be many enthusiastic young players in the school.

DAVID OLIVEIRA

THE LATRUNCULARIANS

After last term's report had been written, we went to Springhill Open Prison with a team of five players, and had a convincing 5-0 victory.

The Latruncularians came out of their short period of hibernation this term to play four Chess Matches. We beat Kettering Grammar School and St Edward's 5-1. We also beat Burnham School 5-1 in the First Round of the *Sunday Times* Competition. We were unfortunately defeated 5-1 in the Second Round by a strong High Wycombe side. The Chess team has yet to play Mill Hill and Carmel College before the end of term.

As the team consists mainly of fairly senior members, new talent is urgently required in preparation for the former's departure. It is hoped that this will be achieved after next term's House Matches and a school knock-out competition.

RAVI SANDU

The following have represented the School at Chess this term: R. S. Sandu (T), G. M. I. Miller (C), M. Boyadjiew ma. (C), D. B. G. Oliveira (C), S. Ram (W), P. Boyadjiew mi. (C), M. D. Kneeshaw (B).

THE STOWE PRESS

The term's work has been very impressive, with much useful work carried out successfully. Amongst our achievements have been a large number of Christmas cards for a charity in a nearby village, as well as notepaper, envelopes, and invitations for Community Service. We have also produced personal stationery and other orders.

Our newer members have all increased their efficiency and capability, especially S. K. T. Ulyyett, while N. L. Boyle has made a good start to his printing career at Stowe. J. Penrose and L. M. Werth have also continued to make good progress. Mr Luft, as usual, has been a mine of useful information and has given much valuable help throughout the term.

On the whole, the Stowe Press has had a successful term, and is now well out of the depressed state it was in a few terms ago. The future looks good, with the skills of newer members showing themselves more often now, supplementing those of the older printers.

SIMON SHNEERSON

THE SEDIMENTARIANS

During the summer term the Society had the privilege of participating in three really excellent meetings. In May a visit to the Royal Geographical Society's discussion on the location of London's third airport gave us an opportunity to hear all the specialists air their views and to see in person the central characters of the controversy. Back at Stowe we had a well illustrated talk from Mr Philip Howard on Puerto Rico and finally a really outstanding lecture by Mr Green from British Rail who left us all quite genuinely convinced that we had misjudged the service in the past and that the future British Rail will be something to be proud of rather than to scorn!

The Autumn term has seen more activity on the home front with Marcel Maury telling us of the glories of the Bahamas (but interestingly enough he does not intend to live there himself!) and Martin Anderson enlarging upon his summer holiday in Nigeria which plainly was more of a geographical expedition than a vacation. With Australia as the term's main theme, we heard a good deal of this continent through talks from visiting speakers from the Commonwealth Institute and Australia House and finally a geographer's viewpoint from Mr David Pettit from Melbourne Grammar School.

A. M. MACOUN

LA SOCIÉTÉ GASTRONOMIQUE

After losing three members of the Society at the end of last term, and gaining but one at the beginning of this, we have been rather fewer in number than was to be hoped. We have, nevertheless, had one very successful meeting already this term, and we are planning to have at least one more after our more academically aspiring members have passed the hurdle of 'Oxbridge' examinations.

On Saturday, November 13th, there was a meeting at Mr James' house, the highlight of which was his preparing of an excellent Coq au Vin.

The end of this term will see the departure of a number of our members. Much thought is being given to the selection of new members and the appointment of another secretary. We would be interested to hear from any member of the School who feels that his skills may help to further the progress of the Society in the future.

ANDREW PERRINS

C.C.F.

At the end of last term, when most of the School dispersed to various quarters of the world, some 84 boys and their attendant Officers moved to Strensall, near York for Annual Camp. Although living conditions and off-duty facilities left something to be desired, from the point of view of training this was a successful camp. Other activities during the holidays included one member of the R.A.F. Section starting his training on a Flying Scholarship, fifteen members of the R.N. Section attending various courses, four boys attending Gliding courses and the very successful Iceland Expedition that is reported elsewhere in these pages.

Training this term has followed its accustomed pattern, but an additional pleasure on Wednesdays is to watch the R.A.F. recruits trying to cope with the apparently barren complexities of the Army Drill Book as they, with their khaki-clad colleagues, work towards Part I of the new Army Proficiency Exam. On Field Day parties of cadets visited the Navy at Portsmouth, the Royal Air Force at Odiham and Cottesmore, or took part in exercises nearer to Stowe. The select few who are members of the Canoe Section paddled down the Thames from Wallingford

to Henley and we must here express our gratitude to Mr and Mrs Rolland who have generously given us a double-seater canoe, thus increasing this section's potential by 50%.

We regret having to record Mr C. P. Macdonald's resignation of his commission. His military career started at Stowe in the Recruits, continued in the Gurkhas during his National Service, and he spent more than twelve years as an Officer in the Haileybury and Stowe Contingents. We shall miss his experience and standard-setting.

Visit to R.M.A. Sandhurst.

M. J. FOX

At the beginning of November the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst held, for the first time, a conference for young schoolmasters and senior boys. Up to this year it was customary for Headmasters, representing a cross section of boys' schools, both State and Privately owned, to go to Sandhurst primarily to obtain some insight into the role of the Academy today, in order to inform their boys of the opportunities in this field. Last year they decided it would be a more worthwhile proposition to invite a younger representation from the schools.

Mr Symington and I were chosen to go from Stowe and I believe we both profited immensely from our visit.

We arrived on Sunday afternoon when we were relatively free to look about the Academy. The conference began the next day and was opened by the Commandant; this was followed by a series of talks and general discussions. During our stay we were taken around the buildings and we were able to meet some of the Officer Cadets during training. They all seemed to be enjoying not only the military side of Sandhurst but also the academic course which plays a great part during the middle section of the two year course. The role of the Army in peace time was one aspect which was discussed a great deal: this, of course, involved the Irish problem, a topic difficult to ignore during such a conference. Contrary to our expectations the problem of school corps was of no apparent importance although it was emphasised that a school corps does not necessarily try to show exactly what the Army does but serves to show the means of leadership and to teach the acceptance of a command—both disciplinary fields. I obtained the impression though that this is only one of the functions of such a corps.

Throughout the stay we were looked after in a magnificent way and if Stowe is lucky enough to be asked next year it would be a very useful and interesting experience for a senior boy who has the opportunity to attend for he will benefit with the knowledge of exactly what happens to some of the taxes which we will soon pay and which our parents do pay.

ZAIR BERRY

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD SCHEME

The Autumn term is inevitably rather a fallow one with athletics standards and physical fitness and training sections alone to be completed by the majority. Activities have been varied. The ten new entry have learnt about map-reading and camping techniques. The arrival of Dr Hornby with his skill in mountaineering has resulted in further activity in the quarry and has relieved me of the necessity of sliding ignominiously down absail ropes. The Gold group has worked at the practical service section, mainly in conjunction with Community Service, and we could have a good number of Gold awards if candidates make the effort to get their residential qualification. A notable event was Mr James Burnet's talk on an expedition to the Himalayas. For once we had glorious weather on Field Day which was spent in the Brecon Beacons, although once again the walk from Cwm Llwhch to Aber Village proved to be more taxing than it might appear on the map!

R. M. POTTER

Summer Camp, Skye.

On arrival at the base camp at Sligachan on Skye the sun was shining, displaying the magnificent Cuillin mountains which loomed up behind us. This was too good to be true. Sure enough it was, for within half an hour the clouds were down, a wind had blown up and it was pouring with rain! However our firm belief that it always rained in Scotland (at least when we were there) did not fortunately last for long.

The first two or three days on Skye were taken up with projects which ranged from climbing to lepidoptery! For many these proved to be the most enjoyable part of our stay. I chose to study the history of the island with T.J.B., which involved visiting several very impressive castles and a crofter's cottage. It was all very interesting although there were some who seemed keener to visit tea bars and cafés than learn about the wars between the MacLeods and the Macdonalds! It was at about this time that the infamous apple pieces were issued by J.B.D. who was in charge of the stores. These had a catastrophic effect on the stomachs of at least half the camp which was marked by a sudden rush on the kaolin and entero-vioform! Our only consolation was that J.B.D. had suffered too!

After all this drama we set off on our expedition which after all was what we had come to do. The Gold expedition consisted of a fifty mile walk carrying everything which was required for the four days out. On the first day our rucksacks were so heavy that we were more intent on getting to our camp site than admiring the scenery. However when we did eventually arrive at Camasunary it was well worthwhile for it was in an almost completely isolated place which could only be reached by boat or walking. The second day gave us little chance to view the scenery as there was a thick fog which only lifted in the evening. On the third day we were walking through a forest for most of the time! However the last day made up for all this. With the sun shining for the third time that week, we crossed through some of the most beautiful country I have ever been in. It made walking a pleasure.

From nearly every point of view I think the camp was a great success and certainly for me doing the Gold expedition was a very good experience and well worthwhile. What the D. of E. doesn't do during the term it certainly makes up for on the summer camp.

MARK HARRISON

STOWE ICELAND EXPEDITION 1971

As this was to be the first major expedition to be organized by the School there was naturally plenty of trepidation towards the end of July. Although the staff personnel involved had previous experience of expeditions this was to be the first time a three week camp had been undertaken by any of us in such unfriendly terrain. Antony Lloyd was to lead the scientific side with a study of some aspects of the ecology of the pinkfoot geese. To the layman it may sound an amusing project but it necessitated a thirty mile trek across an uncharted desert and fording the Hnifa river hitherto thought to be unfordable. Christopher Mullineux was to lead the mountaineering assaults on some very impressive peaks, which culminated with the ascent of the Hofsjokull glacier; a thirty-two mile journey across the icecap roped and with crampons. Peter Weight researched into the arctic moths in the Myvatn area to the north of the island and Roger Potter had the mammoth task of providing the right rations and weight ratio to feed seventeen mouths for the full duration of three weeks. To complete the picture, medical care was under the competent eye of Jim Stevenson, the Expedition Doctor who helped to shoulder much of the responsibility for the organisers. And of the Stoics and Old Stoic who shared the adventures? They responded magnificently to the numerous challenges confronting them. Nigel Downing (O.S.) gave Antony Lloyd expert support in analysing the flora which the day had produced. Their research nearly always lasted into the early hours, examining and logging the finds under the light of pressure lanterns. Jeremy Scuse filmed the 16mm record of the Expedition under exacting conditions which varied from a dive-bombing attack from a Great Skua to being stranded in the middle of an icy glacial river. Bill Warburg only occasionally lost his bearings; Simon Ayre was a staggering success—particularly under a heavy load, and Johnny Nicholl forgot little. Mark Bailey, Alex Jones, James McDonald, Anthony Ussher, Jonathan Ward and John Seymour (from Eton) completed the team.

To give a detailed account of all our activities beginning with Roger Potter's welcoming brew of burnt cocoa and ending with the thrills of a sauna bath, would require a book. A more informed report is in the process of being published and anyone interested is welcome to a copy. As soon as we arrived in Reykjavik on the morning of the 27th July we set off for a transit camp

(a war-time Nissen hut which proved a Godsend in sorting out the enormous supply of stores and equipment). In getting to this camp we had our first taste of the bleak and unfertile terrain so typical of southern Iceland. There were no trees and only the occasional patch of tundra. The "main" roads were appalling and the heavily loaded Community Service van bumped its way along at 15 m.p.h. But this journey also introduced us to the grandeur of Iceland. The hot springs that fed green houses, the spectacular eruption at Geysir as it spurted boiling water and steam 40 feet high, and the vast Gullfoss waterfall—one of the largest in Europe—whose spray on a clear day could be seen fifty miles away.

And so to the transit camp situated on the fringe of the enormous lava desert which covers most of central Iceland just south east of the long spine of the Langjokull glacier. The purpose was to acclimatise ourselves to conditions on glaciers and mountains which were to be more fully experienced during the next three weeks. And it proved rewarding because we learnt that the texture of the rock was surprisingly varied. For example parties were led up Blafell, a safe but impressive mountain of 4,000 ft whilst only ten miles away other parties were having to penetrate a barrier of mountains known as the Jarlhetturs which from a distance appeared as a silhouetted wall against the grubby, white texture of the glacier behind.

They were magnificently beautiful as Chris Mullineux said in his report: "The Jarlhettur takes on a wild Gothick appearance with steep dramatic slopes appearing to rush upwards towards the summit of pinnacles. These looked equally impressive on the third day when low cloud hung in the gullies and the top could only just be seen." But the rock texture was as brittle as coke and quite different from Blafell.

And so with a taste of what was to come we moved to the base camp, some forty miles into the centre of the desert. Close by was the Kerlingjarfjoll range covered in snow and containing the most concentrated area of hot springs in the world. In this immensely exciting "training ground" Chris Mullineux led and his team conquered Ogmundur and Moenir, both just over 4,000 ft; Roger Potter was on the top of Snaekollur; I led a party into the wilderness, a land of vast canyons and eerie isolation to the south of Kerlingjarfjoll and back across the base of Ogmundur spotting Chris's group just above us, roped securely. Antony Lloyd was busy training the team of botanists in the fertile basin around the Jokullfall river. And so we were in business. The first two-day trek was over—a day was to be spent bathing in the hot springs to the north of us—and then a four day expedition—a rest break—and then the final three-day expedition. And so for ten days we had split up into several groups carrying our tents, supplies and equipment with us. We had many adventures—someone nearly swept off his feet in fording a glacial river—the army Landrover which had performed miracles nearly ending its days at the foot of an eroding mountain pass which had not been used for twenty years—the exhilaration of climbing roped and with crampons to the summit of the Hofsjokull glacier which took seventeen hours—the penetration of the Thjorsarver (an area threatened with inundation) where Antony Lloyd's team made a valuable study of the pinkfoot.

Roger Potter sums up the Expedition in his own report:

"In the end we all survived. The ornithologists' report will make a useful contribution to the study of the pinkfoot; the mountaineers and hikers climbed and walked in new and different surroundings. Everyone met the challenge of a three week expedition into a unique landscape, and although we made no great discoveries and blazed no new trails, each member of the party came away with the intangible reward that contact with the mountains and with adventure gives."

As Expedition Leader I would like to conclude with a thank you to everyone who made the expedition into a team success. Let us hope there will be more expeditions and that many more Stoics will want to apply for places.

R. C. THEOBALD

The thanks of all of us who took part in the Expedition are due to Richard Theobald, the leader, who has omitted to mention the enormous amount of work he put in and his cheerful leadership.

EDITOR



Jonathan Ward and Alexander Jones in the Kerlingjarfjoll Range

R. C. Theobald



A party returning from the Jarlhetturs

C. D. Mullineux

THE HISTORY OF STOWE—XIV

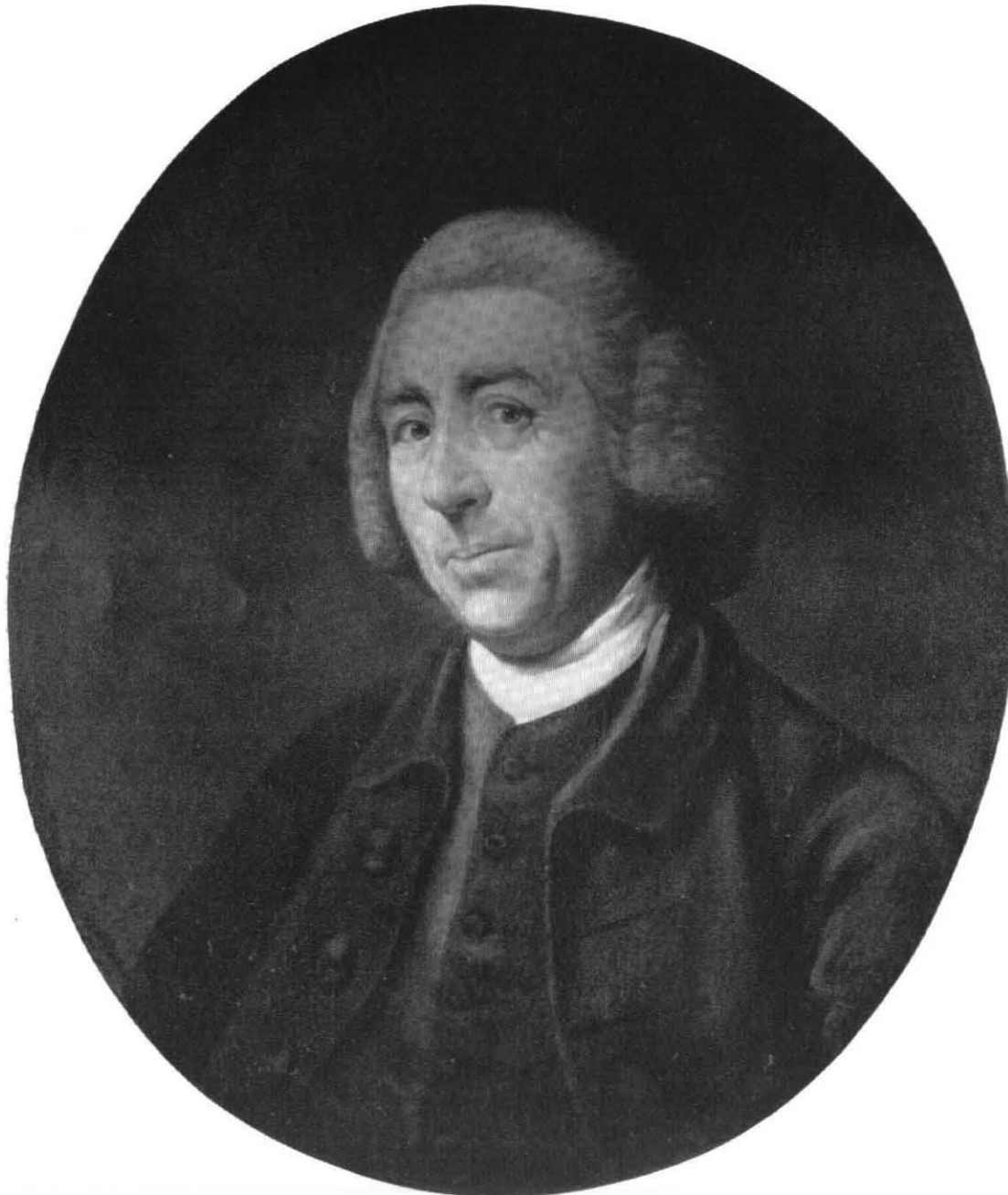
LANCELOT BROWN'S WORK AT STOWE

In the last article an attempt was made to fix the moment when Bridgeman was succeeded at Stowe by Kent, and to decide what share each of the two designers had in shaping the Elysian Fields and the eastern part of the gardens. No mention was made of the members of Cobham's staff—the steward, the head gardener and the foremen working under them—who had to execute the designer's plans, and yet their contribution was hardly less important. Bridgeman was a meticulous person and an excellent surveyor; his style of gardening demanded the accurate calculation of levels and the exact staking of projected planting lines and walks, so that we may be sure he left everything in precise order after his visits of inspection in the summer. However the greater part of the work was done during the winter months, because labour was more plentiful then and cheaper, and in winter Cobham had gone to his London house in Hanover Square and Bridgeman was far away. Quite apart from the formidable problems of organizing and paying the hundred or so workmen employed on the various building and gardening projects, the local men had to solve the day-to-day crises on their own. What happened, for example, when a spring appeared where firm ground was expected, or a gang thinned out the wrong trees in a plantation, or a nurseryman sent stock that was not quite what Bridgeman had stipulated? Inevitably a wide discretion was left to them. And if this was so with Bridgeman, their responsibilities were many times heavier with the genial Kent, who worked "without level or line" and who seems to have provided not working plans but sketches of how he wanted each area to look when completed. The stewards and gardeners of Kent's generation have not been given the credit that is due to them.

In the late 1720s, when Kent first came to Stowe, the steward was William Jacob, who had taken over the job in 1713. He was still in office in 1730, but soon afterwards, though it appears that he continued to live at Stowe, he was succeeded by William Roberts. The head gardener was William Love, whose name first appears in the accounts of 1725 and who stayed for the next fifteen years. The only fact known about him, apart from scattered references in the accounts, is that he was a subscriber to one of Switzer's gardening periodicals.¹ So he must have taken his profession seriously, which is something we would have supposed of the man who laid out the Eleven-Acre Lake for Bridgeman and the Elysian Fields for Kent. Love departed from Stowe for reasons unknown in the spring of 1741, and Cobham replaced him by a gardener from his sister Hester's staff at Wotton. This was Lancelot Brown, a young man of twenty-four or twenty-five, who had completed his apprenticeship in Northumberland two years before and come south to seek his fortune.² It has hitherto been supposed that Brown was taken on at Stowe as an assistant and employed at first in the kitchen-garden, but the accounts make it clear beyond doubt that he was appointed in Love's place: his wages of £25 per annum were the same; his first account was written, with a characteristic flourish of the pen, for the week following Love's departure; and at Michaelmas 1741 the first bundle of his accounts was endorsed "The New Gardener's Bills" by the London steward.³ It was a bold move to give Love's job to so inexperienced a person as Brown. Immediately he had to take charge of the 35-40 men working in the gardens (two of them he dismissed a few months later), and the accounts for his first full year show that the considerable sum of £645-2-1 $\frac{3}{4}$ d., or over £10,000 in modern terms, passed through his hands. Of course Roberts, the established Stowe steward, was there to watch over him, and that would have calmed Cobham's natural anxieties, but it was still a bold appointment, and we may assume that Brown impressed him as an extremely competent young man. It was as well that he was competent, for within six months of Brown's arrival William Roberts had died and in tragic circumstances.

A year of suspicion

Quite what happened we do not know, for the only account comes from Ralph Verney of Claydon, then a hostile witness to affairs at Stowe. "Lord Cobham's Steward," he wrote to Lord Fermanagh on 23rd August, 1741, "hang'd himself soon after the Assizes, he has left 4 or 5



Lancelot Brown
by
Sir Nathaniel Dance-Holland

children behind him. He was reputed an Atheist and was a great favourite of Lord C. He was uneasy at Mr. D—'s conviction of the Deer Stealer and used Mr. D— at the Assize not so civilly as he should upon which he complained to Lord C. who reprimanded him for it, which vex'd him so much that he made away with himself."⁴ Direct evidence of this tragedy is not to be expected in the estate accounts, though a booklet survives of "Rough Calculations abt making up Wm Roberts (decesd) Accounts to Michms 1741", and for several years Cobham regularly paid out money to maintain and educate three of the children. But some arrangement had to be made quickly to keep things going at Stowe. Brown remained head gardener, and Thomas Potts, a person presumably of more experience, was brought in to take Roberts' place as steward.⁵ With two new men at Stowe Cobham and his London steward, Mr. Smith, realised that a close eye must be kept on affairs, and Leonard Lloyd, who lived "near the Church in Buckingham" and looked after the Burton Dasset estate as well as disbursing enormous sums of money to finance Stowe (£3,361-13-1d in the year ending Michaelmas 1742—that is, over £60,000 in modern terms), was told to keep a careful check on the steward's monthly accounts. At least, that is what Lloyd thought. But Potts, jealous perhaps of his new found dignity as steward, seems to have taken the line that he was directly responsible to the London office and was not required to have his accounts passed by Lloyd in Buckingham. The two were soon at loggerheads.

Their first differences occurred over the accounts presented by Potts in December 1741 and were polite enough. Lloyd queried whether £30 for wood that had been sold should not have been entered and asked to see the last wood-book kept by Roberts, so that he could check the position when Potts took over. There are, in fact, duplicate accounts for this accounting period, a rather untidy one for Lloyd and a much neater one sent direct to Mr Smith in London. From December 1741 onwards only the neater style of Potts' accounts exists, and for two months they were sent direct to London without being examined first by Lloyd. But Lloyd did check the account for February 1742, adding a note at the bottom for Mr Smith. Someone has scored it out heavily, but most of it is just readable:

"Memdm. there is [a note for] money in Mr. potts hand which he rec'd of Mr. Grenville for Oats. I have desired him to bring it into account severall times, the last Time (which was about a month ago) I spoke of it, he [answered me] there was no hurry about it . . . , I give you this Memorandum least it should be quite omitted & that my Lord may order him to give an account thereof, for he'l not do it for me. he talks of being in Town very soon, I don't know his Business"

Lloyd's dislike of Potts is scarcely concealed, and he implies that Potts' "business" in town was to appeal behind his back to Mr Smith, or even to Cobham. A month later Lloyd was more explicit:

"6th Aprill 1742. Sir. I had sent this account, with mine, but Mr. Potts would not help me to it, in Time. I did not expect it, at all, for Mr. potts confidently affirms, my Lord never order'd that I should see his Account, or the monthly abstracts. And he says, he asked his Lordship when in Town last, if he ever did, & he says, my Lord told him, he did not know, whether he had given any such orders, or not; which, was surprising to me, to hear. Because I imagine Mr. Potts could not forget my calling him to his Lordship, in the Stable Yard, the Day before you went to London, when, & where, my Lord gave him such orders before me; otherwise, how should I know, when to help him to money, as he has a necessity for it, to answer the Demands relating to his account. I shall be glad when you come down as we may have a right Understanding; at present, I know not what to make out."

But another month went by and Lloyd had still got no satisfactory answer from London. By this time he had had enough.

"9th May 1742. Sir. Yesterday I rec'd Mr. potts Acct as above. I have business that requires my coming to Town this Week, & then I propose waiting on his Lordship. I am Sir, your hum Servant. Leo: Lloyd. Memdm. the 3:9:0 for Oats, as Mr. potts has charged himself with, as above, is the money he recd of Mr. Grenville, before my Lord went to London, as I mentioned in one of Mr. pott's monthly Abstracts sometime ago. I understand he has rec'd money for Wood abt last Christmas, not yet accounted for. I thought proper here to mention it, least it should be quite omitted, & when Mr. potts sees this again, he'l remember it, 'tis probable—"

There is no mistaking the venom of that last remark. Lloyd cordially disliked Potts and suspected him of being dishonest. We do not know whether Lloyd succeeded in getting his interview with Cobham, and we never hear Potts' side of the case. But Cobham and Mr Smith appear to have backed the new Stowe-steward. After all, the items Lloyd complained about were

relatively minor ones which could be sorted out easily enough, and a good deal could be put down to personal animosity on the part of Lloyd; Potts had taken over the enormous task of running Stowe at a very difficult moment and he had to be allowed time to find his feet; perhaps Cobham also recalled the reprimand he had given to poor Roberts. In the June accounts Potts added a methodical summary of expenses in different categories, and Lloyd's only query was couched in very temperate phrases; during the next three months there is only one comment by Lloyd, a laconic "I find it right cast up"—which may mean exactly what it says, and may imply very much more.

The accounting year ended at Michaelmas (September 29th), and during the following weeks the various stewards and their assistants were kept busy checking the bills and balancing the books. The Stowe accounts will have reached London about mid-October for Mr Smith to check. When he did so, he found numerous discrepancies. Among the estate papers for that year are several sheets of his calculations, indicating that beyond doubt a good deal of money was missing. How soon he was convinced that the Stowe steward was dishonest we have no idea; nor do we know whether he faced him with the evidence and ordered him to explain it. What is certain is that before the end of the month Potts had vanished, and the money with him. Lloyd was vindicated, both in his suspicions of Potts and in his plea for the proper checking of accounts, and Mr Smith had to admit that his own judgment had been proved utterly wrong. His letter to Lloyd has not survived, but it can't have been an easy one to write, and what appear to be two rough drafts, much rewritten, of part of it exist on the back of odd bills:

"I know not what Excuse to Make for not answering yours of the 9 May . . . To be sure you have great reason to think me quite an Idle Fellow grown . . . I was layd fast by Stupidity and now begin to Waken out of that dullness as you may observe by what follows."

So ended Thomas Potts' career at Stowe. The last mention of him is an advertisement in *The Northampton Mercury*, in which a reward of ten guineas is offered to any person giving information "where the said POTTS may be found, so that he may be apprehended". The advertisement appeared for four successive weeks in November and December at a cost of 11/-. It was printed over the name of Leonard Lloyd, who had been promoted to the vacant position of steward.⁶

Brown's new responsibilities

There would be little point in raking over the ashes of this long-forgotten scandal, were it not that it reveals so much that has hitherto been uncertain about Lancelot Brown's early career. After the crises of 1741/42 it was vital that Stowe's affairs should be put on a sound basis as quickly as possible. Essentially, as Cobham and Mr Smith must have realised, two things were needed: efficient organization of finance, and competent supervision of the construction and maintenance work. The choice of Lloyd as steward was obvious, for he was the one person who had emerged with credit from the financial troubles of the previous regime. But to make the gardener into the clerk of the works, which is what Brown became in effect, was a more unconventional appointment, and the fact that Lloyd was a non-resident steward living in Buckingham implied a remarkable degree of trust in a man of twenty-seven taking on a job for which he was not trained. Brown's title remained that of "Gardener", and his wages were still £25 per annum (plus £9 board wages), but from the month that Potts absconded he was carrying out a wide range of new duties as well as his former ones in the gardens.⁷ It seems odd to come across bills endorsed by Mr Smith as "The Gardener's account of Carpenters, Carters, Sawyers, Plasterers, Masons, etc". But it was not only the craftsmen on the maintenance staff that he was responsible for. In the year 1742/3 at least four separate masons were employed under contract at Stowe, and stone was being dug and carted from three different quarries. There was work in progress on no fewer than eight buildings: on the library and the chapel in the house; on the new stable, the coach-house and the waggon-house in the stable court; and on the Gothic Temple, the Lady's Temple and the Grotto in the gardens. This is a formidable list, and no doubt Brown had his difficulties, but there is little sign of them in the accounts. In December 1742 he noted a minor problem—"The Helpers not Charged Christmas which they say they wear always payd; if not aprovd shall call it Back"—but he seems to have coped

with it sensibly enough. And when he presented his accounts for the first half-yearly period (to Lady Day, 25th March, 1743), Mr Smith noted that he required “the Bills to make the Total as in Mr Brown’s abstracts. 95:18:9”; a later note added below stated that he had received the bills and found them correct. The only discrepancy so far traced occurred in January 1744 and concerned the delivery of oats to the granary; Lloyd wrote that Brown could not readily account for what had been delivered the previous summer, and added that he had taken over the responsibility himself. It is a straightforward and quite uncritical comment, giving the impression that Lloyd had established with Brown the “right understanding” so noticeably absent in his dealings with Potts. Throughout his career Brown had a reputation for integrity and a happy knack of getting on with his superiors, but both these qualities can never have been so much needed as in the atmosphere of suspicion and uncertainty that clouded his first two years at Stowe.

His new responsibilities for building work forced Brown to deal with matters about which he was substantially ignorant. Nowadays he would have been sent on a course run by some institute, but the only way open to him in the 1740s was to learn the techniques and building terms as he went along, picking up as foreman-supervisor what was usually learned by a boy during his apprenticeship. His affability and quickness of perception will have helped him in this, but there is evidence too that he consciously trained himself, for among the estate papers is part of a fifteen-page glossary of architectural terms laboriously copied out in his own hand. And this was not only to enable him to discuss matters with the masons in their own language. As a master gardener he would already have had some practice in surveying and drawing plans for the laying out of ground, and he extended this to the design of buildings. On a gardening account for April 1747 he added a note that he would send “The Plan of the Long Room” (probably the State Gallery) by the next post; “I should have sent it this Post but could not get it finished.” More evidence of his architectural work at Stowe will probably accumulate as other papers of this decade come to light in the Huntington Library, but we now know enough to take seriously Repton’s statement that Brown designed several of the buildings in the gardens.⁸ This in turn makes it credible that the Earl of Coventry should have entrusted the rebuilding of Croome to him as early as 1751. By that date Brown was no novice in architecture. For nine years he had been running Cobham’s building programme: engaging contractors, organizing labour and materials, drawing plans, and measuring the work done by masons and bricklayers. In all this he had proved himself extremely capable—indeed, one wonders whether it was not at this time that he earned the nickname of ‘Capability’, the legend being invented later to explain it.

In his own department of gardening Brown had almost unlimited scope. It is not yet possible to establish a detailed sequence of the construction works for which he was responsible in the 1740s, but in the middle of that decade there was a steady annual expenditure on the Stowe gardens of about £800 (perhaps £16,000 in modern terms), and the varied nature of the projects might have been arranged as an education for the man who was soon to design gardens for half the noblemen of England. Major schemes that were his concern began in the environs of the house, where, in the year he arrived, the entrance court and service courts on the North Front were being remodelled on a grander scale. Two years later, when these operations were completed, Bridgeman’s great parterre on the south side of the house was dismantled and replaced

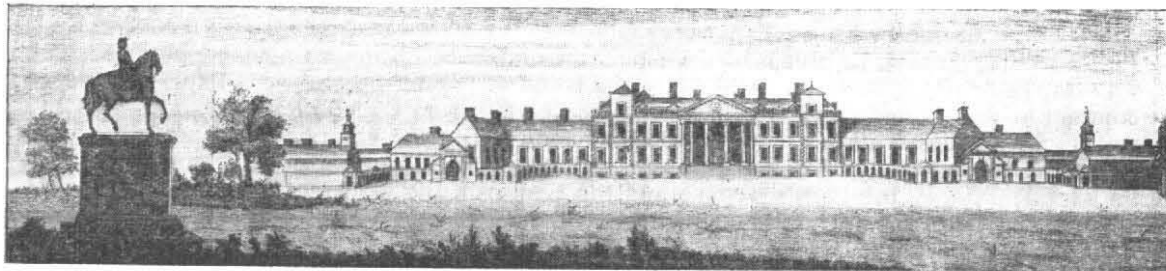
by a lawn; it was the first of many such formal designs that Brown was to sweep away. Throughout the period the bosquets and close woodland established by Bridgeman twenty years before were being thinned, and it is probable that gaps were cut in some of the formal avenues to open up prospects. Semi-mature trees, presumably from these areas, were transplanted to give an appearance of maturity to new parts of the gardens; “Scots firs”, beeches, elms and limes are specifically mentioned in the accounts. The transplanting of large trees had long been practised, but hitherto they had always been moved in an upright position with considerable difficulty. It was Brown who devised a machine to transport them horizontally, and Stowe seems the most likely place for him to have experimented over several seasons with the techniques involved.⁹ Some of these trees may have gone to the “outer lines” of the park—that is, the belt of trees on the edge of the estate—but many of them were used to clad the sides of the Grecian Valley, the most ambitious scheme undertaken during Brown’s years at Stowe. This project, which involved the moulding of rough paddock and farmland into an ideal valley, a Vale of Tempe, was begun in the winter of 1746/7. It was a colossal undertaking. The weekly gardening accounts of that year, all of which have fortunately come to light, show that at least 23,500 cubic yards of earth were dug out by hand to shape the valley, and that a new river and lake were created there. It is not surprising that with this wealth of experience he was getting commissions from neighbouring landowners before the end of the decade. The accounts for 1747 also show that Brown’s status had been enhanced (and perhaps his salary too, though we don’t yet know), for they are no longer endorsed “The Gardener’s Account” but “Mr. Brown’s”; and he had acquired an assistant who prepared some of the papers for him to sign.

The Grecian Valley

Whether Brown actually designed any part of the gardens at Stowe—and, in particular, the Grecian Valley—remains a difficult question to answer. As clerk of the works and head gardener he was in sole charge of operations and had to take far-reaching decisions in the execution of an approved design, but it does not follow that he produced the design in the first place. It has been conjectured that in the Grecian Valley Brown worked under Kent’s personal direction, the pupil learning from the master; but 1746 is very late for Kent, and there is no evidence that he visited Stowe at all in the 1740s;¹⁰ in any case, though the Grecian Valley has affinities with Kent’s mature style, whoever designed it could have absorbed Kent’s conception of scenic beauty elsewhere in the gardens. No one, it seems, has seriously put forward the name of Cobham himself as a garden designer. His fellow lords Burlington and Pembroke are accepted as reputable architects; Bathurst and Henry Hoare are regarded as the effective authors of Cirencester Park and Stourhead. But though Cobham is explicitly credited, in the inscription on his pillar, with introducing a more elegant form of gardening, he has been denied an equivalent role at Stowe. Yet he had taken an active interest in gardening since at least 1710, and not just as a wealthy patron. In 1714 (two years before Brown was even born) he was sending explicit planting instructions to his steward, and for the next thirty years he was continuously enlarging and modifying the lay-out at Stowe. He showed himself immediately sensitive to the rapid changes in taste, employing Bridgeman and Kent in turn and absorbing the ideas of each. It is not fanciful to suggest that by the mid-1740s he was the most experienced gardener in the kingdom and had found in his new clerk of the works an able, if somewhat independent, assistant. Only one of Brown’s letters to Cobham survives, and in it he defends himself for not executing part of the Grecian Valley as he had been instructed:

“As to finishing the Head of the Oval I had never formed any other idea on it than what your Lordship gave me which was to Forme the Laurell Plantation with a Sweep under it and Concave to the Oval that the Slope of the Head your Lordship thought might Some time or other have Statues put on it, but gave me no absolute Orders to finish it and indeed I think it would be better not finished this season I thinking that a Sumer’s talk and tryels about it may make it a very fine thing.”¹¹

“A sumer’s talk and tryels about it”—that is the key phrase. When the family were at Stowe, there would be plenty of opportunity for discussion, for drawing out new plans, for staking the possible positions of temples and statues and trees; and Brown hoped that he could then persuade Cobham to change his mind. Perhaps he thought he might enlist the support of other members of the Stowe house-party for his views. Many of Cobham’s nephews would be there, the



Grenvilles, Lytteltons and Wests; so would his protégé, William Pitt. They were all of Brown's generation, and all keen gardeners who had caught the *furor hortensis* at Stowe; Pitt, the greatest of them and the most enthusiastic gardener, was to become Brown's lifelong friend. In one sense Brown was the only 'professional' among a group of gifted 'amateurs'. In another sense both terms are meaningless. Brown had been trained in horticulture and his knowledge on practical matters would have been invaluable, but in the art of landscape they were pioneers together. We may not be far wrong in conjecturing a combined authorship for the Grecian Valley and in guessing that its principal designers were Lord Cobham himself, William Pitt, Esq. and Mr Brown. Landscape gardening had been prophetically described by Switzer thirty years before as *The Nobleman's, Gentleman's and Gardener's Recreation*, and in the mid-1740s that is very much what it was for each of these three remarkable men.

G. B. CLARKE

Notes

1. *Practical Husbandman and Planter*, 1733-4. I am indebted to Mr William Brogden for this information.
2. Dorothy Stroud, *Capability Brown* (2nd edition), 1957, pp. 21 and 26-7.
3. Love was paid up to 11th March, 1740/1; Brown's first account for the gardens was for the week of 9th-15th March, 1740/1.
4. *Verney Letters of the Eighteenth Century*, Vol. II, ed. Lady Verney, p. 189.
5. Potts' first account appears to have been for the week of 8th-15th August, 1741.
6. I am indebted to Mr Bruce Bailey for running Potts to earth in *The Northampton Mercury* of 1742; and to Mr Douglas Elliott for the information that Lloyd became Bailiff (Mayor) of the Borough of Buckingham in 1749 but was almost certainly not a native of the town.
7. Brown's first account for work outside the gardens was for the four weeks beginning 30th October, 1742.
8. Quoted in Dorothy Stroud, *op. cit.*, p. 47.
9. Sir Henry Steuart, *The Planter's Guide* (2nd edition), 1828, pp. 42-6 and plate III.
10. I must confess to doubts about the extent of Kent's personal contribution (as opposed to his influence) in the gardens of Stowe. It is always assumed that he was a regular visitor in the 1730s, and this may be correct, but I have never seen evidence for any specific visit, nor any contemporary reference to his having laid out any part of the gardens.
11. From a letter dated 24th February, 1746/7. It was found by Mr David Easton folded up inside a gardening account of the same date.

Acknowledgments

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I also wish to thank Miss Dorothy Stroud. My researches into this brief period of Capability Brown's career have been made within the context of her earlier work on his life, and I am very grateful for her help and encouragement.

The portrait of Capability Brown is reproduced by permission of the Director of the National Portrait Gallery.



Poetry . Art . Opinion

EDITORIAL

The Stowe Literary Occasionals, after a brief expedition from their almost permanent position in the Doldrums, relapsed enthusiastically into their former state; and of the six hundred invited to represent the school, five hundred and ninety-one abstained. The deficiency, however, lies not altogether with the defaulters, but also with the narrowness of the 'A' level system, which not only forces one to specialise at an early age, but also to concentrate entirely on critical and analytical work, the result being a stifling of any creativity that might exist in the school. Whereas originally, one or perhaps two examinations might be taken at an advanced level, three is now the norm; but far from being an improvement, this is a change for the worse, as now there is precious little time for the cultivation of outside interests, in particular that of private reading. This is the main cause for the appallingly low average mark on the school General Paper—about 30%—and the large number of failures in the 'A' level general paper. Would it not ease the task of both the Senior Tutor and the Editors of *Germ* if the emphasis of the present examination system were changed from critical to creative, and better use were made of the extensive library of classical literature which we are so fortunately graced with? Apathy, that glib answer to all the problems of youth, is an effect rather than a cause.

CONTRIBUTORS:

RICHARD SIMONS	The Tragedy of Claude
RAFAL ZIELINSKI	Life With Shiva
DENZIL PUGH	The Vital Importance of Bad Taste
DENZIL PUGH	Inflation
MURRAY SECCOMBE	Little Miss Muffet
DAVID LUCAS	The Ghost of Runyon Comes to Stowe from the Crazy Age
PRAVEEN ANAND	The New Dimension
JONATHAN DAVIS	The Education Gap
DAVID McDONOUGH	The Hoax of the Welfare State

ART:

ETIENNE MILLNER

THE TRAGEDY OF CLAUDE

Claude's parents told him to be good,
For it is clearly understood
That when you reach a place like Stowe,
The bad-boys always have-a-go.
And three days later he was seen,
With hair brushed back and collar clean;
A model of conformity,
(His tutor smiled approvingly).
At hockey Claude proved quite a gem,
Displaying good old English phlegm;
And nothing lent him so much zest,
As wearing his Colt's rigger-vest.
Folk thought his views were sensible,
And never reprehensible;
I trust, dear reader, you can guess,
That all the words he knew spelt "yes!"
His uprightness possessed no bounds,
Each breaktime he would walk the grounds;
Reporting hidden smokers, who
Dared tap their ash upon HIS shoe
Thus, he became House-Monitor,
And soon his heart was yearning for
The day that he might wear a tie
Of Prefecture, until he die.
Lo, ten terms flitted gently past,
Before Claude's Head of House breathed last;
Surely, he mused, my hour is come,
When my promotion shall be won!
But then, at lunch, he heard sad news;
"The Masters' Meeting made to choose
"A paltry settler instead";
Poor Claude went miserably to bed.
Next morn, renouncing Earthly Pelf,
He by the Golf Course shot himself;
On his white face there crept a frown,
Which said: "O Mum, I've let you down."

THE VITAL IMPORTANCE OF BAD TASTE

There is currently to be found a remarkable degree of tolerance over the artistic output of this century; remarkable when one remembers that in studying the annals of history, one finds that everyone was only too happy to deplore all modernity out of principle, and vigorously to stamp out any attempt to deviate from convention. There are many who consider this change of attitudes to be commendable, maintaining that only with all restrictions removed can art really flourish to its full; and these people will always be the first to attack the highhanded methods of our forefathers, branding them as narrow-minded, obtuse, boorish, and a host of other terms pointing towards their Philistine existence. Yet in this abuse, modern art lovers are committing themselves to more than they bargained for. They have made it almost impossible to deplore any contemporary art without being reminded that those same insults they had been so generous in handing out to past critics could now be applied to themselves. Unscrupulous modern artists have only to point out that they are not understood because they are before their time, and opposition wilts. The Twentieth Century is consequently in the grip of a hideous regime where everything newly produced is immediately considered of supreme artistic value and good taste, and none will combat this flood for fear that any smear would do more damage to the critic than the criticised.

Around us is being built up an impregnable fortress of Danish steel and glass furniture, sweeping skylines of burnished white concrete, sculptures poor imitations of pebbles and music and paintings so distorted that one fears more often for the craftsman's health than his talent. And no one seems to be capable of stopping this flood, which has so ruthlessly pushed to the back the last remnants of true art. As if embarrassed by its incriminating presence, Modern Art has obscured as much as possible the grand old days of the glorious Neo-Gothic, a style so different from today's troubled concept of art that any compliment paid to it must deride contemporary vogues. How many houses are left which can proudly sport a suite of spiralled and velveteed armchairs, set off to perfection by a rich Morris Flock wallpaper? How many youthful minds are enraptured by Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words"? and how many proud stuffed bears now guard the privacy of the Gentleman's smoking room?

Wretched modern man, in his quest after the aesthetically correct and the zeniths of good taste has denied himself Art's greatest gift; notably comfort. For there is no joy to be found in the bleak and uninviting contours of a Scandinavian side table, which is no more than an aesthetic status symbol, and none but the manic depressive would seek solace in Thomas Hardy when Mrs Henry Wood is close at hand. Who furthermore could truly claim that he prefers to wallow in "Guernica" rather than the "Monarch of the Glen"?

A stand must certainly be taken against this intolerable oppression, not only for our own good but also for the good of our descendants. For without the moderating measure of active disapproval, everything we are now burdened with will be passed on to the next generation. What truly great contemporary work there is will be swamped by the vast tomes of mediocre and uninspired exploitation of the name of art, and all the excellence offered by the late Victorians will be lost for ever. Indeed, our descendants will be in the lamentable situation of being able to understand everything, and appreciate nothing. It must be made the duty of everyone of us to oppose all art within the last seventy years, whether we like it or not; above all else, we must cultivate a taste for the Neo-Gothic, and that fantastic backwater of art affectionately known as "Kitsch". In so doing, we are automatically ensuring that nothing contemporary can slip past into the future unchallenged, that distant generations will be able to have a glimpse of the wonderful heritage bestowed upon us by our ancestors, and that at least a modicum of comfort, a sense of proportion and sanity is at our disposal.

INFLATION

"There seems to be some curious connection between piety and poor rhymes."

My meditations on the novel theme
Of Money's changing forms I hope to show.
Its slang has newly pass'd to "Bread" from "Dough",
Along the fickle path of life, 'twould seem.
My humble theory's this: 'tis but the slow
Expanse of air, which coaxed by flick'ring flame,
(I'll hold no wanton chemicals to blame),
Doth slyly gull this doughy mass to grow.
Though newly massive come and newly great,
And though to royal banqueting pretends,
I' truth a niggling fast alone contends,
This composition holds its former weight.
Which neither stems from salt, nor (forsooth) seasoning,
'tis nothing but inflation by my reasoning.

LITTLE MISS MUFFETT

Little Miss Muffett
Sat on a tuffett
Eating her curds and whey
Along came a spider
And sat down beside her
And she beat it to death with her spoon.

THE GHOST OF RUNYON COMES TO STOWE FROM THE CRAZY AGE

The day of the Stoic, embarked upon the long, grey grind for 'A' levels, centres largely round the study, whose four walls encompass and inspire all the brain power that the Stoic is capable of, whether directed towards the evasion of corps or the rolling of a particularly tiresome cigarette. In fact the study is the very essence of a Stoic's life and often reveals that inner character which is a part of every member of this, the school that bears the reputation of being a forward looking and liberal-minded trend setter. What genius the humble Stoic is hiding in the presence of others is being contained in the uniqueness of his study and its appeal. To the parent who unjustly suspects the occurrence of a general whitewashing of characters under the present regime, it will be comforting to know that the 600 Stoics gathered together here have been working overtime and have come up with all of four different studies: an achievement that is surely putting to shame the handful of malcontents who are insisting that all form of artistic and individualistic expression has ceased amongst the members of this school.

It is with a feeling of pride in my breast that I am making my solitary pilgrimage through the red-lamp districts of Stowe, amidst pungent odours of the East, which by night are permeating every inspired nook and cranny of this Muses' delight, lending these haunts that mystic air which is reminiscent of the Arabian Whorehouse (as one master is lyrically describing it), that stalwart worshipping place of the Anglican Church. Nudes, with bumps where a doll ought to have bumps, depicted by some Lord Snowdon type with the artistic skill of a Michaelangelo, are smiling solaciously at me from every wall, and all the while the aesthetically titillating navel of Jimi Hendrix, that Homeric bard of the 20th century, is presenting itself unashamedly at me from a prominent position.

The more 'mature' study owners are bedecking their walls with timetables encribed in rounded letters, and with complex lists of their official duties—a sight that is thrilling the heart of many a clean shaven, nine to five, straight-up-and-down Stoic parent. A neat desk is standing in the corner with a straight-backed chair up against it, painted plain white and deficient of any softening device such as a cushion: an alarm clock is ticking noisily on a bookshelf laden with books, arranged according to their size so that, when the bell is ringing for lessons or chapel, there is never any cause for concern (if indeed this, our model study-owner, is being capable of any emotion other than that of a turnip gone to seed). In every way I am seeing what my learned friend is describing in *The Tragedy of Claude*; the epitome of all that mummy is wanting to see in freckled, snub-nosed, bespectacled, short-haired little Johnny. You are laying on a 100-1 bet that this prize turnip from the green fields of Stowe, that vegetable's paradise, will be having his name plastered all over the blatters, Hickey's aside lines that is.

I am moving on to the Ascot region of this great country club, and I am being deafened by Zeppelin here, Jethro Tull there, that cotton-picking pop music everywhere. Disc after disc is turning round on plusher and plusher stereo hi-fi sets and I am seeing continual conflict amongst this the 'jet set', the cherry on the top of the bloated capitalist pudding, as to who can win this battle of sound. New amplifiers are coming in every week, only to be replaced because Bloggs next door has been and gotten a better one. This is the land of the 'Lads', who are persecuting all who are not one of them and this is reminding me of home in the crazy age when Al Capone is running his protection racket. Green backs are flying and constant service is being demanded from that faithful purveyor of illicit goods who is strutting backwards and forwards with insidious intent between Stowe and the town with the ford. No desks are seen here. Fitted carpets are covering the floors, and luxurious armchairs in gaudy colours are the gay apparel of these abodes of les nouveaux riches. And here every night they are kneeling before their wallets saying their creed in unison,

" . . . though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not money, I am nothing."

Now finally I am cursing through the sludge of seven days old milk and a pitch dark atmosphere of cigarette smoke. Dirty saucupans, thick with mildew, are lying on the dust-covered cupboards lined along the corridor. Half-chewed gum is clinging to the walls—symbolic of the grime that is perpetually forming an eighth layer of skin on the bodies of these studies' shady inhabitants. In the murky gloom of a heavily-painted naked bulb hanging from the ceiling I am making out figures strewn on the floor, drowsily playing 'Go'; mug (without handles) of Lapsang Souchong in one hand, in the other a Gauloise, oozing a yellow stream of nicotine. But this is belonging to a departed age of artistic decadence that thought and felt and acted. This is being a nostalgic fantasy of what is once, and should still be, but is existing no more. Days when people are living as human beings with life and colourful personalities and are doing crazy but genuine things, not merely for the sake of it, but as natural eccentricity.

This is what I'm craving to see somewhere in these rows and rows of identical middle-class boxes, but I am as a blind man, striving for a light amongst the darkness, in an age when but to think is to be unhappy.

THE NEW DIMENSION

Now that St Paul's vision on the road to Damascus has been diagnosed as a discharging lesion of the occipital cortex (he being an epileptic), we seem to happily relegate religion to the ranks of unnecessary sentimentality or cerebral abnormality, and leave our books on spiritual wisdom to gather dust on occult bookshelves. Some rationally thinking scientists feel that if religion is to have a role in this modern age, it is the enforcement of a code of ethics in a society of God-fearing ignoramuses. (For not everyone today thinks as rationally as those scientists!) And perhaps religion can serve as a sheet anchor to people in physical and mental distress, till science the saviour, in the form of the psychologist and doctor, can cure every man successfully and place him back on the path of happiness. There appears to be no real need for religion today, and that religion as we know it will disappear in a couple of decades—when the masses need no longer be doped with this opiate!

So is God really dead? If God was a cosmic bell-boy to whom we could ring for things, the answer is yes. He is dead today, and was probably never alive. That brings us clearly to the nature of God and spiritual experience, if they really exist. If we were to listen to Hindu spiritualists, we would be told that there are three levels of consciousness—sensual, intellectual, spiritual. And if I may put it in a way that my friends in this scientific age would understand, the product of sensual, intellectual and spiritual sensitivity or enjoyment is a constant for any living organism. (Sense x Intellect x Spirit = Constant). Exceptions only prove the rule. Before one of my scientifically oriented friends sets out to determine the value of that constant, may I mention that there is a great danger of expressing spiritual, even more than sensual and intellectual, concepts with words which cannot hope to convey inarticulate experience. Try explaining, even with scientific terminology, the colour blue or the taste of salt. The spiritual plane may not be grasped by our sense or intellect, just as a dog, whose forte is his sense, may not normally grasp the finer points of quantum physics. Hence religion is REALISATION—to bury oneself under a mountain of theology and words does not bring one closer to actual spiritual experience, any more than a parrot-like repetition of the letters "L.S.D." can give the "kick" experienced on actually taking that drug.

We can see that we may well be missing a whole dimension of life—the spiritual. The case for its existence is soon to follow, but in the meanwhile I should like to clarify my sense—intellect—spirit equation. As far as humans are concerned, one does *not* have to starve the body or condemn the senses if one is to become a spiritualist. An accomplished spiritualist may not eat or drink for months while in a trance, for reasons which American doctors are trying hard to discover at the All India Institute of Medical Sciences in New Delhi, India. But for a layman to begin the search for that spiritual plane, he or she must live a normal life—neither starve nor eat too much. But how to attain spiritual consciousness is not within the scope of this article, and so I must continue.

It remains to be established that we have reason to believe spiritualists when they talk of spiritual experience, and of God/Absolute Truth/Universal Law/Om—call it what you like, it still won't convey the meaning expressed. Doubting Thomases have existed in every age, and they have every reason to exist in this age. Jesus, Krishna, Buddha and the others had all to argue, debate, convince the ritualists, materialists, existentialists of their day. So is it with the modern age. In India even today there are several spiritual saints who show every day that by drawing power and wisdom from that spiritual store they can perform miraculous deeds—they can read your thoughts; control their metabolism and even their circulatory system, including the heart; heal by auto-suggestion and soothe the physically and mentally distressed by some nameless force one experiences in their presence; and one of them even has his photograph on the wall, from which ash falls continually! No scientist has yet discovered any "trick" in this photograph, and hundreds of scientists the world over are this great spiritualist's devotees. Yes, they perform miracles to show that their spiritualism has given them power that can be

expressed, the source of which, if it has a source at all, has completely eluded many great scientists. The millions who crowd to see these spiritualists are ordinary men like people at Stowe, and in England—the difference is that they believe the great spiritualists, after having been convinced personally. It is surprising that the rationalists so vehemently deny the existence of the spiritual plane—it is like a child insisting that stars do not exist during the day, simply because it cannot see them. One has every right to say that religion *may* be the science of macromolecules existing in harmony—but a rational scientist, until he knows everything, cannot insist that the spirit does not exist. The tragedy, perhaps, is that we are scientifically superstitious today!

One final question. Is the general trend of evolution—from lesser to greater complexity, from sense to intellect to spirit development—likely to lead us to the day when all men will reach the stage of spiritual consciousness? Is science, with its progress, likely to get all humanity to the Absolute Truth before the spiritualists? The time is ripe for another religious awakening, if we are to study the history of world religion. The sap, I believe, is already rising. The new religion (although it may still be called by the old name) will enfold the common spiritual experience with a new code of ethics that allow people of that highly scientific age to live in harmony. But if science discovers the cause of spiritual experience—shows that spiritualism may be brought about by say a particular drug on a certain portion of the brain—then we may well say that the spiritual plane is a figment of the imagination. But there is every reason to believe that we will discover and enjoy a new dimension. And there is the hope that with this new dimension we may at last achieve perfection of personality, or bliss, or even plain happiness! This may be the peak of evolution which will then, perhaps, lead to an involution—full circle! Before I finish I must mention that I know that I have not fully described certain concepts, or qualified certain statements. And if I have raised more questions than I have answered, it is only because the answers would unduly lengthen this article, if the answer is not to be crammed with clichés.

THE EDUCATION GAP

To a great extent it is the artist who has criticized early specialization on the grounds of the scientists' illiteracy. Although many artists think scientists and mathematicians just have to be the most boring people, they are blind to the effect of science on their lives, and thus its importance. For that matter we scientists lack a cultivated appreciation of the aesthetic beauty in poems and literature, and the rift between us widens. Perhaps we can respect art and languages, but they seldom look upon mathematics as the ultimate language and one which is being adopted more and more.

This rift between us is due entirely to the present system of examination where early specialization is required and where the consequences of one's choice are scarcely perceptible.

English is the subject in which most would like to have special talents and it is essential, in whatever field one excels, to be able to write and express oneself clearly in one's native language. This right is removed on account of specialization in the sciences at such an early age.

To stop this rift from increasing one of two things must be done. First, the system of examination of all 'levels' must be abolished, or failing this, those who show they are able to write good English can read the subjects of their choice. A boy wanting to study a narrow scientific combination (those who might not have had success in English previously and would like to pursue their bent) should be discouraged from this choice and encouraged to read one arts 'A' level, if not two. In this practically impossible way the gap might be closed, and everyone's knowledge would be broadened.

THE HOAX OF THE WELFARE STATE

The Welfare State, as it was conceived during and after the Second World War, was based on certain practical and theoretical assumptions which seemed to be valid then but which are more than questionable today. It was taken for granted that, for the greater part of the population, there could be no welfare services unless they were provided by the state. And what was true of the health services seemed to be equally true of education, housing and everything else. We were living then with a low-wage economy, in which periods of depression and unemployment were expected at any time. No one foresaw a world in which every factory would have to provide parking space for its employees' motor cars, and holidays abroad would be a common-place for every class except the very poorest.

In the twenty-five years following the Second World War a great deal happened, then, to call in question the practical assumption upon which the Welfare State was based. Personal incomes increased, along with social expenditure and poverty. The conjunction of these factors must surely indicate that there is something seriously wrong with the organisation of the Welfare State. Indeed, it has been proved to be nothing more than a cruel hoax. It has done little or nothing to relieve poverty, and its main effect on the mass of the population was to take away more in taxation and contributions than it gave back in 'benefits'.

The Welfare State, as at present conceived, is founded on two other principles, neither of them based on experience and each derived from purely 'a priori' conceptions of what constitutes social justice. The first is that state help must always be universal and that it must always be equal; the second, which follows from it, is that private provision for welfare is bad in itself because it is unequal. Both of these propositions have been successfully demolished by none other than Mr Richard Crossman, who, in a Fabian Tract entitled "Paying for the Social Services" says: "Up to the end of the 1920s Disraeli's two nation concept held good. The British people were divided into a privileged minority enjoying a high standard of living and economic security, and at the other end a majority who were poor or only just above that level and expected to remain so. During the period since I have been an active Socialist, Britain has been transformed into a community where the majority are affluent and only a minority are poor." This being so evidently the case, is it reasonable to continue to organise the social services as if it were not?

In a moving passage in this same lecture, Mr Crossman describes an occasion when he was entertained to luncheon by the late Lord Marks, Chairman of Marks and Spencer. He was deeply impressed in particular by the excellence of the fruit salad, a memory which has haunted him for twenty years. But one must have the story in his own words: "Having been presented with a particularly delicious and exotic fruit salad, I couldn't resist remarking on it to the Chairman of Marks and Spencer. He looked at me with those huge gentle brown eyes and observed with great seriousness, 'That fruit salad you ate was not only good but extremely expensive. It is the aim of this organisation, my dear Dick, within the next ten years to make it possible for the average citizen to eat that fruit salad at Marks and Spencer.'" This is certainly an improving and edifying tale, but there are two points arising from it upon which Mr Crossman does not pause to reflect. The first is this. While the firm of Marks and Spencer has brought within the reach of people of moderate means a wide range of goods hitherto denied to them, it has done this as a marketing operation, conducted for profit; it is unthinkable that a nationalised industry would have produced the same result. The second thing to notice is what has happened, since the day when he first tasted this particularly exotic and delicious fruit salad, to the price of Marks and Spencer shares. £100 invested in Marks and Spencer 'A' Shares in 1949 was worth £1,631 in 1969. This means that the shareholders of Marks and Spencer are in a position, through no merit of their own, to consume very much more delicious and exotic fruit salad than others. Were the problem presented to him in these terms Mr Crossman, no doubt, would sooner have us all do without fruit salad than he would have all state school children, with mostly affluent but misguided parents, receive free milk daily. Perhaps Mr Crossman and all other egalitarian disciples of the Welfare State could do with a long, cool, objective swim in one of Mr Wilson's 'think-tanks'.

MYLES HENRY 1971: "LIFE WITH SHIVA"

The car came to a slow halt in front of a shadowy red brick building dilapidated by ages of monsoons and moss. Behind one solitary window, protected by rusty bars, underneath a solitary light bulb, and a solitary picture of "Shivah and Parvati in an amorous mood" sat the solitary guard chewing betel nut, and holding the latest edition of *Playboy* (1956) on his khaki shorts. "3.73 Rupees; Rameswaram" came the gurgling noise from underneath his wet moustache, drooping down, and his bad teeth. I took the ticket and proceeded through an archway, where several "madonna and child" were sleeping in the darkness, to the tiny dusty platform and the narrow gauge track. Apart from the Victorian oil lantern, and a whole race of flies, the station was a desert island surrounded by a mist through which occasionally stared a dark palm, or a thatched roof, or sounds of a distant 'puja', and temple bells somewhere far off beyond the reality.

The small boy placed all my dusty bags and equipment beside the red sandstone bench and ran off to join a group of boys just winning a game of cards. It was one o'clock in the night by my time; the solitary orange moon was just coming up behind the night mist.

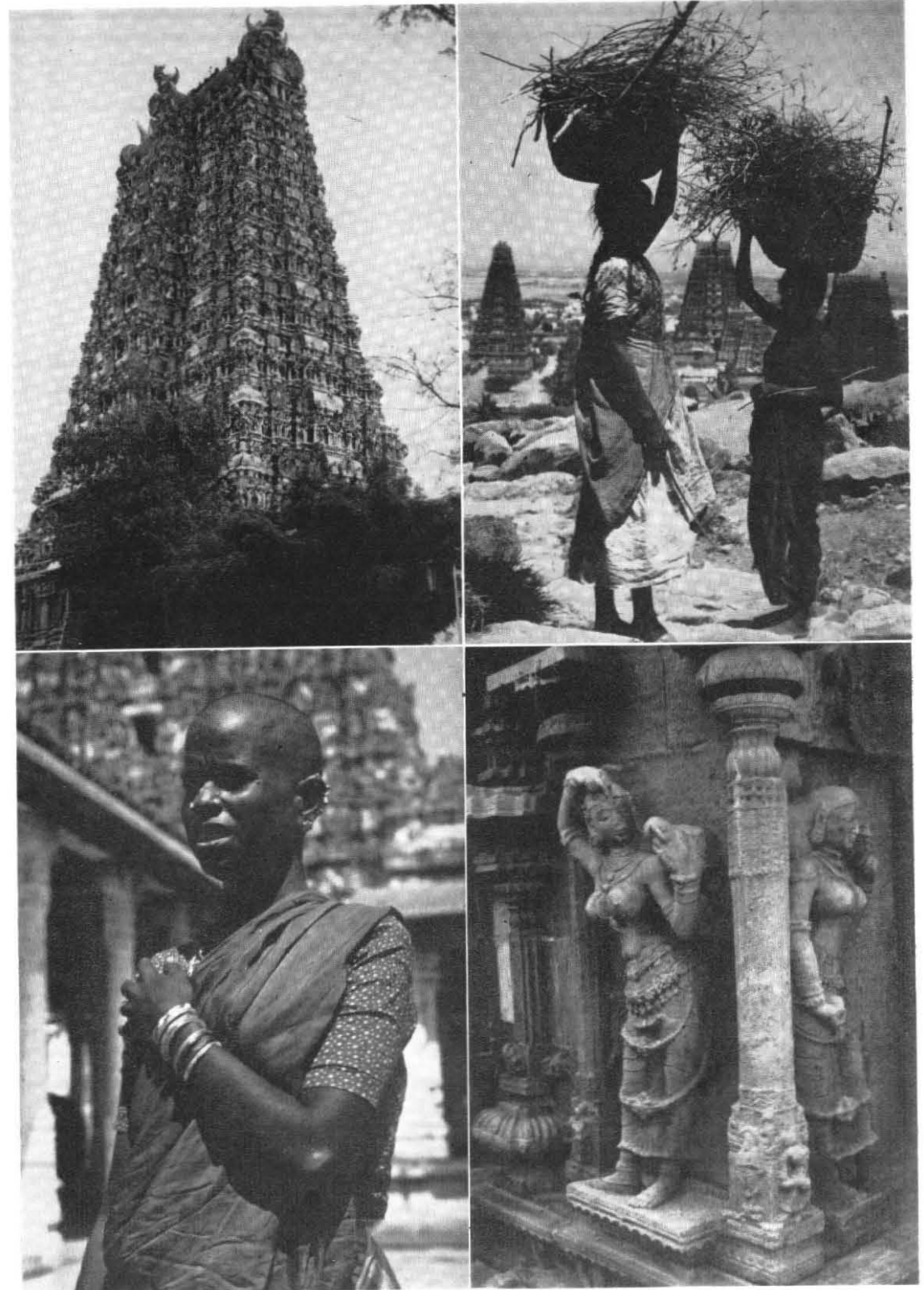
From the end of the platform came sighs and tender groans. Eight eight-foot sea turtles lay on their hard backs occasionally flying into a fit of flapping hysterics and terror. Their journey was almost at the end, but mine had barely began. The solitary footsteps of my feet along the sandy platform were accompanied by the occasional barking of dogs, shouts from far off and the distant sea protruding through the dark moist night. Occasionally lonely red dots passed as shadowy phantoms came holding their leaf cigarettes and hands.

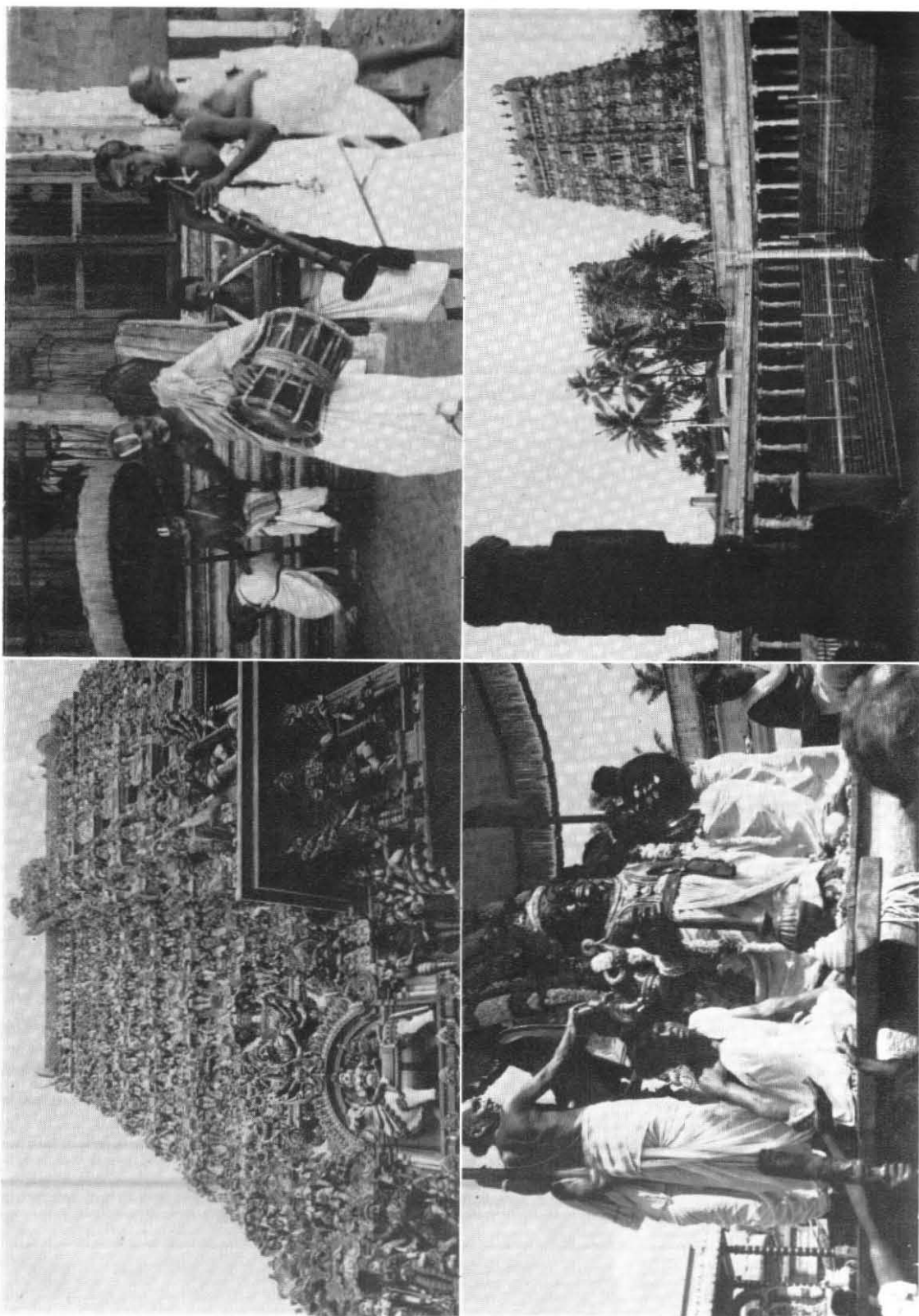
There was no timetable because time here did not exist. After a drowsy sip of bitterly sweet tea from a clay "paper cup", I came to a conclusion and stretched out on the long heap of camera cases, the switch button of the powerful battery filming lamp underneath my head, just in case... The moon was already well overhead, when the whistle of the approaching steam engine escaped from my subconscious dream to the brain. The night became animated with crickets, dogs and screaming children in the solitary arms of their shaven-head mothers, as the turtles started frantically flapping their helpless fins. A boy with a round basket of peanuts on his round head outran the four windowless carriages slowly coming to a screeching stop. From inside came snores and the deep breathing of the steam engine, impatiently whistling and groaning from the heat of its swollen belly—the swollen bellied mother got into the carriage followed by my swollen suitcases. In the darkness I tripped over several sleeping bodies on the floor, pushed my belongings to the side and fell on the floor among the sleeping bodies into a tired slumber... The carriage rocked for several miles and hours of the rusty bent rails stopping occasionally for the engine man to buy his tea at railside villages.

A few hours before dawn, a few feet from the end of the track, and a few miles from the end of the Indian Subcontinent the train stopped, the passengers got off into the darkness of the holy Rameswaram Island. I hired a luxury bamboo bullock cart, and four crimson painted horns with bells at their ends to take me to "Vivikananda Illam". The two giant wooden wheels slowly bumped about the dirt track among the sleeping village houses and rice fields hidden by the early morning mist. The darkness was only shattered by the moon, which was already hiding itself beneath the fog. In the distance stood the sharp outline of a high gopuram of the temple. The cart stopped in front of the sleeping village where I left my belongings and hurried along to the beach between the hushed voices of Hindu pilgrims. The dark eastern sky, behind the swishing force of the powerful waves, was slowly reddening. With each tonal change of colour, came a change in the tone of the religious clanking and ringing of sacred bells. The temple bells broke the muffled silence, with the drone of powerful "shenais". The mystical music echoed above the sleeping island, its beaches, fields and ponds.

The red globe forcefully shone behind this red sea, and Shiva started his dance of creation, the whole world vibrating from the impulse of the psychic energy waves, and the powerful temple drums started vibrating bass notes shattering the night. The whole world awoke and thus came another day in my trip...

... After a mass of irrelevant, but impressive planning, the project finally materialized. The moist hot air of New Delhi struck me as I came off the aeroplane with £100 worth of film, cameras and equipment. Racing from ministry to ministry, office to office, bureaucratic official to bureaucracy itself, a white paper film permit was finally handed to me by the Director sitting





in his comfortable office in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. A few hours later it was Easter 1971 —Bombay.

Due to rail and air strikes, I managed to get a car and a driver for the four day and night journey through the dry steaming Deccan Plateau to Madras. After eleven flat tyres, I finally stood in front of the first Dravidian Temple. From here started the most adventurous, fascinating and intense three weeks of my life. Ahead stood a thousand mile journey on trains, buses, cars, bullock carts and feet, thousands of majestic temple towers, the roaming sea, mystical temple dances, festivals, pujas, prayers, chanting, musicians, dances, esoteric trances, dark nights in temples with Brahmin priests, Kathkali dancers, mobs of religiously exalted, village restaurants, palm beaches, cows, wells, extensive beaches and Shiva with Parvati in their dance poses. I visited all the main centres of pilgrimage, the chief temples, the five lingam centres, and very many small temples.

Each morning started with a cup of tea and a rush before sunrise to the temple. After sunrise came breakfast of rice, curry, tea and various delicacies. Together with herds of cattle, villagers going to the fields, and women to the well, I would start the journey, usually spent in frantic searches for the right road, asking local villagers, chasing cows off the road, or waiting for hours at railway junctions. Lunch would be spent in luxurious 'Brahmin Restaurants' among village elders, pipes and coconut milk. The most intensive time would be after lunch when everyone woke up and the excitement came. The temples would come to life and remain so until midnight, which I would spend usually wandering about looking for lodgings (usually village inns, railway stations or the car).

I did not understand Tamil, but the universal language of smiles, laughs and cheerful gestures was always effective. The local people were usually very friendly, and many a time I ended up inside their houses, very kindly treated with tea. A few times certain aggressive individuals appeared; after snapping a few portrait pictures, admiring their beards or wives, they were easily pacified.

The most frustrating part of the trip was filming. Each effort would usually end up with a rushing crowd of excited people, musicians and charging holy bulls behind a chariot, or temple, entangled wires, earphones, microphones, cameras, batteries or tape recorders, trying to adjust helplessly the lightmeter or focus. But every sore arm, drop of sweat, or blister around the hot rubber eyepiece was fantastic enjoyment.

Throughout the state of Tamil Nadu, where I concentrated, was a round of village dances, happenings, activities, musicians, dancers and singers, temple festivals and "pujas". Sometimes I had to disguise myself as an Indian, wearing dhoti (leg cloth) and religious signs on the forehead. The most interesting temple rituals were usually in the more obscure and unknown temples, where western influence had not yet penetrated. The temple courtyard would fill with crowds of shaved heads, offerings of flowers and fruit, powerful incense and holy powders. The air would vibrate with fantastic rhythm patterns and accompanying instruments, imitating the dance and vibrations of Lord Shiva's Dance. Processions, chanting, dancing and singing would circle through the dark sculptured corridors, full of surprises around the central shrine. On certain occasions people would fall into trance states and perform ritual tortures to their physical bodies, while their spiritual bodies came in contact with the divine. Although I was so close a contact with these rituals, a feeling of despair was awakened due to the invisible barrier that existed between my western materialism and the happenings around me.

Although my original plan was to study the architecture of these Dravidian Temples, I was swiftly swallowed by their social life and religion. Like elsewhere in the world I found corruption intermingled with the great spiritual purity of this Hindu faith. In the south there exist several sects of the religion (Shivaites, Shaktasts, Vishuivites and the Muiga worshippers). I concentrated on the Shiva (the "destroyer" of the Trinity) temples and the five lingam centres (Earth, Water, Fire, Air, and "Ita").

Although I enjoyed the trip very much at the end of it I was greatly depressed by the fact that my visit was so superficial and naive. India abounds with mysticism and secret knowledge hidden beneath the superficial plane seen by the foreigner, which can be only seen and experienced after a lifetime of religious devotion, and not by a foreigner superficially glancing at it in three weeks just out of curiosity.

Nevertheless, the trip was a very enjoyable three weeks and well worth it. I was very grateful for winning the prize and would gladly do such a project again if another opportunity appeared.

MUSIC

THE MUSIC SOCIETY

Sunday, 27th June at 8.00 p.m. in the Roxburgh Hall

THE SALOMON ORCHESTRA

Yuval Zaliouk (*conductor*) Christopher Hogwood (*harpsichord*)
Paul Collins (*leader*)

Symphony No. 4 in C minor ("Tragic") *Schubert*
Concerto in D major *Haydn*
Symphonic Study—Falstaff *Elgar*

It was marvellous to see a full orchestra in the Roxburgh Hall—it was so large that it only just managed to get on to the stage—and more still to hear the enormous sound that it produced, and yet still be as agile as the works demanded. In the Schubert, a lot of staccato and syncopated playing is required for the third movement, and these were most impressively executed, while the sustained tone of the slow movement was particularly impressive. The performance brought out the value of this early symphony as an individual work, not merely a synthesis of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, in an immature style.

It is no wonder that this orchestra, who take as their name the name of the eighteenth century impresario who introduced Haydn's work to the London public, should include one of Haydn's works in their programme. The work they chose was Haydn's keyboard concerto in D major, which on this occasion was played most competently on the harpsichord, by Christopher Hogwood.

The highlight of the evening, however, was the performance of Elgar's Symphonic Study "Falstaff", of which the intricacies were elucidated by Mr James in some extremely helpful programme notes. For this work, the orchestra was made yet larger by the addition of strange and noisy instruments! The resulting sound was rich and exciting and the performers convincingly spanned a large number of moods, from comedy and pathos to nobility. We look forward indeed to the next visit of the Salomon Orchestra, which we have been promised.

TITUS GIBSON

Sunday, 4th July at 8.00 p.m. in the Roxburgh Hall

Terence James (*piano*) David Gatehouse (*piano*)
Michael Fox (*shotgun*) Michael Kirk (*shotgun*)

Hunting Symphony for strings, horn and shotguns *L. Mozart*
Concerto for two Pianos and Strings in C minor *J. S. Bach*
Scaramouche *Milhaud*
The Water Music *Handel*

The first item was an unusual piece by Mozart's father, and was more interesting for the rather startling use of shotguns, expertly "played" by Messrs Kirk and Fox, than for the actual musical content—the acrid smell that almost suffocated the audience set the mood of the "hunting" symphony.

The concert for two pianos was given a well-controlled performance by Terence James and David Gatehouse, but one felt that the long melodic lines in the second movement would have sounded more convincing in the original version for violin and oboe.

The Scaramouche, also for two pianos, was a fuzzy piece by Milhaud, and gave an enjoyable and light-hearted end to the first half of the concert.

The second half of the concert consisted of the Water Music, by Handel, which was rather short owing to the fact that there was a violent thunderstorm the same afternoon thus destroying all hope of performing the Water Music on the lake! This performance seemed to capture the ceremonial atmosphere of the eighteenth century and rounded off the concert in a bright and sprightly fashion.

JOHNNY GUILFORD

Sunday, 19th September at 8.00 p.m. in the Roxburgh Hall

Clive Brown (*violin*) David Gatehouse (*piano*)
Helen Dalby (*cello*) Terence James (*piano*)
Bram Wiggins (*trumpet*)

Sonata for violin and piano *Elgar*
Sonata for trumpet and piano *Hubeau*
Elegie for 'cello and piano *Fauré*
Piano Trio in G major *Haydn*
Sonata for two pianos *Poulenc*

There is every reason why the Elgar ought to be a better known piece than it is. The vigorous Allegro shows unusual harmonic boldness for Elgar, and Mr Brown struck just the right contrast between this and the introspective calm of the Romance: the pizzicato and muted passages being especially effective. The build up of the rising theme in the last movement, especially in the piano part which seemed very hard towards the end and was expertly performed by Mr James, gave a powerful air of finality. The bold double-stopping in the violin helped greatly. The opening of Hubeau's Sonata for Trumpet and Piano was very bleak by comparison, and the heralding trumpet and raucous atmosphere of the Intermezzo was obviously what the composer intended: Mr Wiggins played the trumpet with the agility and brilliance of tone that this piece obviously requires. The Spiritual was an effective contrast to the other movements. The Fauré Elegie was another complete contrast, and Miss Helen Dalby, in her début at Stowe, brought out all the essential qualities of this fine piece. Its emotional, plaintive build-up had good tone and the energetic passage in the middle was technically well-handled.

The Haydn did not appear to be a particularly exciting piece at first and the rhythmic vigour of the last movement came as a surprise. It must have been technically very demanding and the trio seemed to manage it well.

As the programme note told us, the Poulenc Sonata for two pianos was a strange mixture of passages strongly reminiscent of Stravinsky and Ravel combined with Poulenc's own blend of the "sweet and sour" sounds of the early 20th century commercial music. There were moments of Ravel-like dreaminess as well as some moments of rhythmic obsession and a beautifully introspective 'Andante lyrico'. This is obviously not an easy piece for two pianists to play; the synchronization of entries had obviously been awkward, but the performance was sufficiently dramatic and had the right atmosphere.

NICHOLAS KAYE

Sunday, 17th October at 8.00 p.m. in the Roxburgh Hall

ANTHONY PEEBLES (*piano*)

Prelude and Fugue in E flat major *Bach*
"Appassionata" Sonata in F minor *Beethoven*
Study *Bartok*
Gaspard de la Nuit *Ravel*
Two Studies *Liszt*

This concert was to have taken the form of a recital by Margaret Bruce, the Canadian pianist; however, on the night before it was due to take place, her husband died tragically, and Anthony Peebles, who won this year's B.B.C. piano competition, took her place. At such short notice, one might have expected a few minor mistakes, but it was remarkable how few Mr Peebles made.

The three shorter pieces in the first half of his programme were all very well played, and I particularly enjoyed the Scriabin Nocturne for left hand only. But Beethoven's "Appassionata" Sonata and Ravel's "Gaspard de la Nuit" were undoubtedly the highlights of his recital. The first and last movements of the Beethoven were played with great passion and strength, with the lyricism of the slow movement making a strong contrast, and this combined with an immensely sound technique made this into an outstanding performance.

"Gaspard de la Nuit" is completely different in character, though no less demanding technically. In this, the impressionistic qualities of the music were brought out extremely well, and again,

the technical difficulties caused Mr Peebles very little trouble. "Gaspard de la Nuit" was inspired by three poems by the nineteenth century French poet, Aloysius Bertrand: "Ondine", depicting a water-nymph, "Le Gibet", in which a repeated D in the bass represents both the creaking of the murderer's gibbet and distant church bells, and "Scarbo", which Mr Peebles summed up as describing a "nightmarish experience".

The two Lizst studies with which Mr Peebles closed his programme are perhaps of less value musically, but made an exciting and appropriate conclusion to a most enjoyable evening.

FRANCIS WATSON

QUEEN'S TEMPLE CONCERT

Sunday, 14th November at 8.00 p.m.

THE STOWE CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

Clive Brown (*violin*) David Gatehouse (*piano, harpsichord and clavichord*)
Helen Dalby (*'cello*) Terence James (*harpsichord*)

THE QUEEN'S TEMPLE SINGERS

Paddy Guilford (*soprano*) Chris Rowland (*alto*)
Angus Murray (*alto*) Michael Tristram (*bass*)

Prelude and Fugue in C major	<i>J. S. Bach</i>
Prelude and Fugue in G minor	<i>J. S. Bach</i>
"Sonata" in D major	<i>D. Scarlatti</i>
"Sonata" in C major	<i>D. Scarlatti</i>
Sonata for 'cello and piano	<i>Debussy</i>
Sonata for violin and piano in G major	<i>Brahms</i>
Ode for the Birthday of Queen Mary 1694	<i>Purcell</i>

For the first time since 1929 when Arnold Dolmetsch played the clavichord in the library, that seldom heard instrument was played at Stowe. It is difficult to imagine why it had not been played since then, for its beautifully delicate tones were audible even at the back of the Queen's Temple. It is very surprising to hear vibrato on a keyboard instrument, and Mr Gatehouse, who was playing mostly without the music, made very effective use of this feature, especially in the first statements of the fugue themes.

The two Scarlatti sonatas were very bright and Mr Gatehouse made great use of his harpsichord's wide range of tonal qualities.

In this fantastic 'cello sonata, Miss Dalby showed admirably the tremendous agility of the 'cello with wonderful slides, dramatic sudden crescendos and diminuendos, and pizzicatos. The Prologue is a movement with much call for these dramatic effects—it starts off in a melancholy mood and grows progressively more tense towards the end, and, the other two movements (Serenade and Finale), though at times extremely disconnected, are filled with more tuneful themes and grow more peaceful gradually, towards the end of the work. The essential quality of the work was put across most convincingly.

The Brahms Violin Sonata was played with tremendous feeling by Mr Brown. The first movement's sustained lyricism, the slow movement's wonderfully rich harmonies, to which the Queen's Temple piano's resonant tone is particularly suited, and the third movement's enigmatic start, developing into a mellow and expansive coda, were each performed most movingly by the duo.

Small scale choral music on the whole requires a room which will provide a full tone, but on the other hand Baroque music requires a room with drier acoustics. These two are provided by the Marble Hall and Roxburgh Hall. However, this Purcell is a combination of both choral and Baroque music and the Queen's Temple provides the corresponding balance of acoustics very well. It is no wonder, therefore, that there is a strong tradition of Purcell sung by the Queen's Temple Singers, including King Arthur, The Faery Queen, Dido and Aeneas and now this shorter but effective Birthday Ode. It is comparatively seldom that the male alto voice is heard at Stowe, and in the Purcell, Chris Rowland and Angus Murray, although at times

there was some inconsistency of tone quality, gave a pleasantly different sound. This, together with the clavichord and recorders (played by Derek Longman and Hugh Joslin) which at one point in the Birthday Ode so overcame the orchestra that it forgot to come in, brought a feeling of originality to the evening which was indeed most enjoyable.

TITUS GIBSON

THE CONCERT BAND

At present we are rehearsing for the concert on Sunday, 28th November, when we share the stage with the Cantores in Concordia and the Bram Wiggins Brass Ensemble, in the Roxburgh Hall. Enthusiasm for the music that we are rehearsing, such as Tchaikowsky's "Nutcracker Suite", Strauss' "Emperor Walze" and a Minuet by Handel, is shown by fairly consistent attendance of the twice-weekly rehearsals.

Despite the fact that some senior members left last term, the band often manages to make a fairly harmonious sound, usually after spending a good fifteen minutes just "warming up". There seems to be a good deal of potential in the band this term, and it is very pleasing when this comes to light in the playing.

HUGH SPENCER-THOMAS

THE MUSIC CLUB

The Music Club has been treated to an entertaining term, beginning with Mr Bain choosing his 'desert island discs', and advertising to all his total incapacity to survive in any environment more natural than his own world of velvet plush. On a more sombre, though no less entertaining note, Mr Wiggins gave an informative paper on the Trumpet, for the second meeting of term, offering us the hospitality of his own house; and later on, fifteen members of the Club went down to London to hear a concert of Beethoven, Brahms and Humperdinck, feasting splendidly on fish and chips in Shepherd's Bush! The final meeting will be a concert given by the members. It is expected to make up in quantity what it lacks in quality, everyone exploiting the one occasion to air their carefully prepared bijoux. Our thanks to Mr Wiggins for being so efficient in running the Club.

TEYMOUR BOUTROS-GHALI

SPORT

It is an attitude unique to public schools alone of all other walks of life that they should consider themselves in the field of sport, among other things, independent of national and world-wide trends. Hence their bewilderment at the trend towards individual activities and the consequent lowering of team-game standards at Stowe. To anyone who has noticed this in national sport as far back as 1960, it comes as no surprise, since the emphasis has now been focused on individual activity rather than spectatorial passivity. Attendances have consequently been falling drastically in the games that epitomised the last generation's undoubting sporting genius, such as cricket, soccer, rugger, athletics, horse-racing; with the obvious exceptions of the great sporting occasions—the F.A. Cup Final, Wimbledon, and the like.

The questions that must be asked are whether these trends will continue or new ones arise in the closing three decades of this century, for they are directly pertinent to the sporting scene at Stowe. Of one thing there can be no doubt, that they will be created and spread their influence with a rapidity only known to the development of golf in the last decade, because by 1981 it is estimated that there will be 22 million cars on the roads and all other communicative systems will expand at a similar rate. As far as it is possible to judge, the present trend towards individual participation is likely to continue for some years to come; all that may occur in addition is a closing of sporting relationships in Europe, which can only improve general standards.

Is Stowe both in attitude and facilities capable of recognizing, and, what is more important, adapting to these movements? Since, for better or worse—this is no place to discuss that—the future of Stowe to a large extent depends on the reputation and publicity coming to it through its sporting achievements.

As regards facilities and tradition, Stowe is as well equipped to take advantage of these trends, that is if they wish to, as any other school in the country. For the Stoic has always tended to excell on his own, whether in industry, the professions, the services, politics or sport, and has a history to back this up. That is not to say that they are devoid of all team spirit, which some people think a good quality; one only has to look at the rugger XV of '51, the hockey XI of '70, or the tennis teams of the late '50s and early '60s.

With the amount of finance and support being invested in Stowe at the present time from certain quarters, the achievements of the interim to the turn of the century may dwarf anything that Stowe has known in the last 50 years or so, provided that the authorities wake up to these changes and adapt their attitude accordingly.

DAVID LUCAS

RUGBY FOOTBALL

THE FIRST XV

We started this season with only three or four players with first team experience: no old Colours returned. There were misgivings about the strength of the three-quarters available but at the same time we were hopeful that the Colts forwards of last year would develop into good players at 1st XV level.

As it has turned out, the forwards have developed well but very late in the season—not until the St Edward's match, in fact. Consequently, the backs have enjoyed little good possession and have not been given the chance to grow in confidence. The small amount of ball they have received has not been used to good advantage: too many times they have been tackled in possession. But they have scored one or two good tries.

There have been technical deficiencies in this side—as, of course, with any team—but it has taken the players longer than usual to learn from experience. Stupid mistakes, like handling on the ground and being offside in the loose, have led to many penalties against them. No side can afford to give points away so prodigally and against Haileybury a sharp lesson was learnt.

They have been slow to learn rucking and mauling and to appreciate the importance of going forward. Tackling has never been consistently good and the three-quarters have been slow to get their man before he crosses the advantage line so that the pack can go forward. Tactical kicking has been wayward, too. But, on the credit side, scrummaging, line-out work and straightforward passing and running have improved immensely as the season has progressed. Richmond sent a good team to play us and we were well beaten by bigger and maturer players. The side recovered from this to beat Oakham. This was a scrambling match in ideal conditions, the only relieving feature being a try by Anderson, in the last minute, when he raced fifty yards for a score which was later eulogised in a sermon in Chapel.

After these opening matches we suffered defeats at the hands of the Old Stoics, who sent a better side than usual, and Haileybury, who had a formidable pack which shoved us off the ball at nearly every scrum and an excellent place kicker (he scored 28 points from kicks alone).

The next game was against Bedford on a very wet afternoon. The forwards played with more gusto but did not gain supremacy over a dogged Bedford pack and in the end we had to be content with a draw, two penalties being kicked by full back Guest.

Our efforts against Radley were disappointing. We seemed to lack the will to win. Things went wrong and we lost the initiative. The forwards were outplayed but, in fairness, the hard-working hooker MacDonald played most of the match in a daze following a collision early on. Again, in perfect (if rather hot) conditions, we failed to score a try.

It was the same story against Rugby, one of the best school teams this year. We were beaten in the forwards and their backs were too quick for us—though our tackling made them look better than they were.

Our best match of the season was against St Edward's. Rucking and driving forward with intelligence and determination, Stowe demolished the highly-regarded St Edward's side and excellent tries were scored by Tucker, Prescott and Ashcroft with Smart kicking three penalties and two conversions.

The last time Stowe beat Oundle was over thirty-one years ago and we visited them with high hopes of ending this dismal record. But, on a cold, damp afternoon on a greasy pitch, they contained us up front and we never had enough ball to test their weak threequarters and full-back. A good deal of energy was expended in this game to little effect: one wonders what would have happened if the half-backs had used probing kicks to get the pack going forward instead of passing along the line in a most pedestrian fashion in impossible situations. Hands were cold and few good movements got going. One worth mentioning, however, was a long, raking run by Ratcliff who went round his opponent and shot off past the full-back to score a fine try. Oundle scored one try in reply and a penalty each made the final score 7—7. This was a scrappy game and, even if we had managed to win, it would hardly have been anything to celebrate.

To date, then, Stowe have won only two school games and lost three, with two drawn. It has not been a very distinguished season but there have been some outstanding individual performances. Worthy of special mention here are Smart (who has led the side well and scored three-quarters of all Stowe's points), forwards Harper, Steavenson (one of the "finds" of the season) and McDonald. Prescott has developed into a good scrum half and the second row of Reed and Laird Craig have worked hard. Ireland has looked elusive on the wing but has had few opportunities to attack, and Tucker has put in as much effort as anyone. Ashcroft and Dawes should be good by next season.

1st XV Colours have so far been awarded to B. B. Smart, D. A. Harper, R. J. McDonald, G. R. Ratcliff, A. J. Laird Craig.

R. DAVIES

The following have represented the 1st XV to date: B. B. Smart (C) (Capt.), A. J. F. Tucker (L), M. G. Flawn-Thomas (G), M. H. Prescott (C), M. C. Ashcroft (C), M. H. C. Anderson (G), G. R. Ratcliff (L), N. R. T. Ireland (B), M. J. Guest (B), R. J. McDonald (C), A. J. Laird Craig (B), C. E. Sidi (G), A. W. G. Reed (B), J. J. G. Dawes (L), D. A. Harper (C), R. H. Steavenson (G), P. W. Warburg (C), R. T. N. Ferguson (W), M. W. Sherwood (L), C. J. Leyland (B), S. A. Y. Lynch (T), A. J. C. Richings (W).

Results: v. Richmond	Lost	3—23
v. Oakham	Won	10—7
v. Old Stoics	Lost	18—24
v. Haileybury	Lost	3—58
v. Bedford	Drawn	6—6
v. Radley	Lost	6—18
v. Rugby	Lost	3—27
v. St Edward's	Won	25—12
v. Oundle	Drawn	7—7
v. Cheltenham		
v. The Leys		

THE SECOND XV

After a few encouraging victories at the start of the term, the results have not been so impressive in the later matches against some competent opponents. Although the backs (after the unfortunate injury to Rawlinson) have been able to play together for most matches, the forwards have suffered several changes and permutations. This has made it difficult for them to achieve the co-ordination necessary to dominate the play.

The performance of the side has been very unpredictable. There have been some deplorable moments when tries seemed to be scored against Stowe effortlessly; at other times, as in the second half against the Royal Latin School and Oundle, the team fought back with tremendous spirit, and the ball would move amongst Stoic hands and feet with great effect. It was a pity that these fiery spells could not be maintained for longer.

In the back division, Sidi made a lively scrum-half with his ability to penetrate the opponents' ranks, and Brann played some useful games as fly-half. The backs found it difficult to make try-scoring breaks, but Levin in the centre proved an outstanding tackler while Sherwood enjoyed some effective runs on the wing. Full-back Lynch often heartened the side with his courageous and reliable play. Amongst the ever-changing forwards, Warburg, Spencer-Thomas and Naish usually made their presence felt, and in the back row, Bailey, Nicholl and Snelling had some lively moments.

H. D. MARCUSE

Colours: W. S. Brann, M. W. Sherwood, R. T. N. Ferguson, P. W. Warburg, C. E. Sidi, A. J. F. Tucker, P. G. Naish.

Team from: S. A. Y. Lynch (T), M. J. Guest (B), M. W. Sherwood (L), J. Rawlinson (W), R. J. Levin (W), I. D. Elliott (C), J. N. S. Bagshawe (L), W. S. Brann (T) (Capt.), C. E. Sidi (C), P. G. Naish (B), C. J. Leyland (B), M. C. Ashcroft (C), A. J. C. Richings (W), P. W. Warburg (C), R. T. N. Ferguson (W), R. J. Blair (W), A. H. Spencer-Thomas (W), J. J. G. Dawes (L), J. D. A. Nicholl (L), A. J. F. Tucker (L), D. A. Snelling (C).

Also played: M. C. Bailey (C), J. P. Guilford (L), R. A. Pilcher (B), M. F. Barron-Sullivan (T), J. C. Staib (T), J. J. Gambarini (C), N. G. E. Hawkings-Byass (C), N. M. Davidson (C), J. D. Boles (C), J. M. A. de Borman (C).

Results:	v. Old Stoics	Home	Won	28—8
	v. Kettering G.S.	Home	Lost	6—26
	v. Bedford	Away	Won	8—4
	v. Radley	Home	Won	16—7
	v. Sponne School	Home	Lost	0—18
	v. Rugby	Home	Lost	4—16
	v. St Edward's	Home	Lost	4—28
	v. Royal Latin School	Home	Lost	0—38
	v. Oundle	Away	Lost	9—26
	v. Cheltenham	Home	Lost	4—10
	v. The Leys	Away		

THE HUNDRED

The Third XV

This year will not be remembered as one of our best, but despite some black moments we had several good wins, notably those against Radley and Oundle. As the season progressed we were, as usual, somewhat weakened through having to supply players to fill the places of the injured in the Fifty, and we were also unfortunate enough to lose several players through injury in the leagues. In the latter category was Potter who, during the first part of the season, played a number of first class games as Captain and scrum-half. A very robust player, he inspired others through his enthusiasm and gave touchline supporters many tense moments particularly when, after crossing the line against The Sponne he worked his way through several defenders before grounding the ball between the posts, a procedure not to be encouraged but one which gives an indication of his coolness and self-confidence.

The forwards were led by Witts whose voice and appearance generally served to intimidate the opposition before battle was joined. Guilford hooked very well and his play in the loose along with that of Gambarini was most commendable. In the second row Birchall and Shirley-Beavan provided much useful ball from line-outs and Snelling and Greenwell proved to be formidable wing-forwards.

The backs suffered most from the injury problems already mentioned, and almost every match saw a new combination of players. Pilcher was a reliable and courageous full-back, while Linnell and Staib formed a useful combination close to the scrum, Linnell's boot being most useful in several matches. Peploe and Barron-Sullivan also deserve special mention: the former for his two tries in the Oundle match and the latter for his match saving tackles throughout the season.

Two important matches remain but whatever their outcome there is no doubt that they will be played with the determination and fire that the team has displayed on every occasion so far.

The Fourth XV

Due to loss of players and lack of initial support the Fourth XV has not fielded the same team twice in any School match. House Leagues have often provided additional cannon fodder at the last minute, but without practice little success could be expected. The same fire and enthusiasm noted in the Thirds was present throughout the season but we lost all our matches usually to more organised teams. Paltenghi led the team with enthusiasm and many others made numerous guest appearances.

J. B. DOBINSON
A. J. M. KIRKLAND
M. WALDMAN

Teams from: R. J. G. Dillon-Mahon (B), R. F. A. Dobbs (B), S. L. Evans (B), F. H. P. Osborne (B), R. A. Pilcher (B), R. H. F. Tyler (B), M. F. Barron-Sullivan (T), J. C. Staib (T), J. K. H. Wales (T), S. M. Wilcox (T), B. J. N. D'Arcy-Clark (G), S. H. Shirley-Beavan ma. (G), M. F. Paltenghi ma. (C), C. P. Cheshire (C), M. J. Peploe (C), N. A. Bass (C), J. C. Grainger (C), S. P. J. Potter (C), C. J. Witts (C), N. M. Davidson (C), J. J. Gambarini (C), J. N. Harrison (C), N. G. E. Hawkings-Byass (C), D. Kisilevsky (C), J. R. L. Wilkes (C), M. C. Bailey (C), A. C. Benson (C), M. D. Eastgate (C), R. S. Greenwell (C), O. C. P. Hoskyns (C), A. R. Pears (C), J. A. Assad (C), I. W. J. Birchall (C), R. M. Donner (C), D. A. Snelling (C), T. R. Lancaster (W), G. Ghani (L), J. P. Guilford (L), M. D. Linnell (L), P. Mackay ma. (L), P. A. Natar (L), M. G. P. Rossdale (L).

Results:	v. Old Stoics	Lost	12—20
3rd XV	v. Kettering G.S.	Won	20—18
	v. Bedford	Lost	0—20
	v. Radley	Won	19—4
	v. Sponne School	Won	16—0
	v. St Edward's	Lost	9—47
	v. Oundle	Won	10—4
	v. Cheltenham	Won	12—4
	v. M.C.S. Brackley		
4th XV	v. Old Stoics	Lost	4—18
	v. Radley	Lost	0—16
	v. St Edward's	Lost	0—54
	v. Oundle	Lost	4—28
	v. Cheltenham	Lost	4—28

THE COLTS

The results show that the 1971 season has been a successful one. The side has played throughout the term with spirit and increasing determination. The daily practices have been sensibly approached and all the players have tried hard to improve their individual standards.

The pack has made up for its lack of size and weight by being a highly mobile unit, capable of providing a fair share of the ball to the outsiders. Reid at fly half marshalled the back division well, and with real pace on the wings allied to power in the centre, the threequarters have always looked penetrating.

The entire team contributed usefully to their own success but Dawton deserves to be congratulated on his drive and determination—factors which have been helpful in building the side's aggressive spirit.

As to the matches, after a disastrous pipe-opener against Oakham the side showed its true qualities for the first time by coming from behind against Haileybury to record a pleasing win. Against Bedford there was more confidence flowing through the team and everyone helped to produce a match of real worth. At Radley everything seemed to go wrong from the first whistle, but after the half term break which re-galvanised the XV, good wins were scored against Rugby, St Edward's and Oundle.

During this period it became apparent that the team had really understood the need for tremendous hardness in play and mental drive in approach, and it is hoped that they will carry this through into senior rugby.

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

Teams:

A XV: A. B. Dawton (Capt.) (T), D. P. Scowsill (T), A. D. Sidi (⊕), M. J. Harper (L), N. R. Graves (⊕), P. A. Pike (⊕), D. M. Reid (⊕), M. G. Lockhart-Smith (C), R. P. Maitland-Heriot (C), G. E. Anthony (T), E. R. Clarke (⊕), A. J. Fane (C), J. F. Mezulanik (⊕), D. C. Hopping (⊕), P. S. Carter (T), A. L. Gossage (B).

Also Played: G. P. Saward (⊕), J. Dunn (T), S. C. Ireland (B), R. A. Claridge (W).

Colours: A. B. Dawton (T), D. M. Reid (⊕), M. J. Harper (L), D. G. Hopping (⊕), M. G. Lockhart-Smith (C).

B XV from: J. H. Bainbridge (W), J. G. Fairfax-Ross (⊕), J. Dunn (T), J. H. Binns (C), J. F. Prescott (C), J. N. Shirley-Beavan (G), N. A. Seymour (L), G. P. Saward (⊕), P. S. Rolland (Capt.) (⊕), C. A. Bruce (⊕), R. A. Claridge (W), W. G. Tyser (W), H. J. Shepherd (T), S. C. Ireland (B), J. R. Barclay (⊕), M. D. Langdon (L), J. Evans (W).

Results:

v. Oakham	Lost	0—34
v. Haileybury	Won	16—10
v. Bedford	Won	23—4
v. Radley	Lost	3—18
v. St Edward's	Won	10—4
v. Oundle	Won	12—6
v. Rugby	Won	28—7
v. Cheltenham		
v. The Leys		

B XV:

v. Radley	Won	18—3
v. St Edward's	Lost	10—0
v. Oundle	Lost	6—16
v. Cheltenham		

THE JUNIOR COLTS

To those coaching this year it has been more a question of restoring morale than improving technique in a Club whose stuffing had been painfully removed in the course of some shattering Under 14 defeats. At the time of going to press it is pleasing to record two wins this season, but it must be stressed that the vital battle to restore zest and confidence has not been completely won, and dependable performances will come about only when individuals acquire greater assurance and more confidence in playing as a team.

A nucleus of a team soon emerged in practices and of these Browne, the hooker, has been tireless in attack and defence, and Paterson and Clarke have usually set a fine example outside the scrum. Among the forwards Bray and Campbell, the props, and Forbes and Knight in the second row have all had their good moments and have revealed glimpses of what might be another year. In the back row Hydleman has flattered on many occasions only to deceive when it mattered most, but he has tried and his time too should come. Of the remaining regular team members Park at full-back has kicked well although his positioning is far from sound, the wings Salmon and Naylor have defended well but have had little opportunity to show their paces in attack, and the back row forwards lack the pace necessary to dominate as they might. Hayward, on the occasions on which he has played at outside half, has shown real natural ability, but he is, as yet, too slight to be able to swing the balance as he should be able to do in future years.

D. W. DONALDSON

The following have represented the Club 1st XV on at least two occasions: N. K. Park (T), T. D. Outerbridge (C), D. J. Hobson (C), D. M. Salmon (C), K. C. Naylor (W), J. P. Paterson (B), P. G. Clarke (L), D. M. Brockwell (T), J. M. Hayward (⊕), H. J. Carnegie-Arbutnott (B), G. R. Salmon (⊕), J. M. Gray (T), J. A. Campbell (W), S. J. Browne (⊕), M. A. Knight (C), G. W. Forbes (C), L. J. Hydleman (B), A. R. M. Blackburn (⊕), N. D. Plant (⊕), J. V. Mumby (T), J. R. Wadsworth (L).

Results:

1st team		2nd Team	
v. Eton	Won	12—8	
v. Bedford	Lost	3—27	
v. Radley	Lost	0—50	Lost 0—24
v. Rugby	Lost	4—40	
v. St Edward's	Won	12—8	Lost 14—18
v. Oundle	Lost	3—10	Lost 0—24
v. The Leys			

THE UNDER-FOURTEEN XV

It was clear from the outset that the Club would be more successful than last year, and so it has turned out, although we were perhaps a little unlucky to lose all three 'needle' matches against Bedford, Radley and St Edward's. Our successes were resounding ones but our losses were all hard-fought matches, with the pack in particular playing well together and getting much of the ball in both tight and loose. Our weaknesses centred mainly on the backs, who in practice seemed fast and thrusting but somehow never quite came off in matches, due in part to weakness in defence.

The Second XV were usually stronger than their opponents, and a number of them were very close to gaining a place in the first team.

In particular, mention should be made of T. M. Corbett's enthusiastic and knowledgeable captaincy, of J. M. Cunningham's tireless hard work in the pack, of M. R. Tadgell's accurate and skilful kicking, and the willingness of all members of the Club to keep playing hard in both practice games and in matches, and to listen to coaching advice.

M. A. B. KIRK

Team: T. M. Corbett (⊕), J. H. G. Carr (C), P. A. Rose (W), M. R. Tadgell (⊕), H. N. J. Gray (W), D. A. Bowman (B), T. G. Cameron (C), N. A. G. Butt (C), A. N. Jamieson (G), C. D. Forbes-Adam (B), S. N. B. Richardson (L), J. M. Cunningham (T), S. Mackay (L), B. T. Robinson (W), C. J. Terrett (B).

2nd XV: M. D. M. Davies (T), W. M. Graham (B), J. de B. Crossley (B), G. H. Charlton (G), G. A. Bell (G), A. D. Barker (G), P. S. C. Wood (⊕), R. W. Bickerton (T), A. J. Highwood (B), P. J. A. Rhodes (⊕), P. D. C. Vyvyan-Robinson (G), P. Herbert (L), J. D. Hanks (C), P. C. A. Grint (T), N. P. Staheyeff (⊕), G. H. B. Sugden (T), C. M. Johnstone (C).

Results:

v. Eton	Won	38—10
v. Bedford	Lost	7—22
v. Radley	Lost	3—7
v. St Edward's	Lost	4—16
v. Royal Latin School	Won	44—0
v. Papplewick		
v. M.C.S. Brackley		
2nd XV		
v. Radley	Won	22—18
v. St Edward's	Won	42—4

SQUASH RACKETS

As a full account will appear in next term's issue of *The Stoic*, only a brief report will now be given. The 1st Team has continued to flourish, and has won the four matches played so far, thus bringing its consecutive winning run to 56 matches over a period of nearly four years. A few general points can be mentioned. R. G. Cheadle is now Captain of Squash Rackets, and he has shown both great keenness and helpfulness in this position, and been personally successful. The two newcomers to the team, D. G. Choyce and R. Turner (who has a continuous battle for his place with A. L. Pyfrom) have both been playing intelligently, and proved themselves assets to the side. M. J. Guest and P. H. Morris, the remaining members of the team have been trying hard, but are not finding things quite so easy in the higher strings, but they are improving all the time.

Results: v. Eton	Away	Won 4-1
v. Harrow	Away	Won 4-1
v. Mill Hill	Away	Won 5-0
v. St Edward's, Oxford	Home	Won 5-0

Colts

This is a more than useful side, and the fact that three or four have usually been boys in their first year at Stowe, is a good portent for the future. The team has been selected from P. A. Low, J. D. Ward, J. M. Hayward, J. R. Wadsworth, J. H. G. Carr, M. J. G. Palmer and A. B. L. Foux.

Results: v. Eton	Away	Won 4-1
v. Harrow	Away	Won 3-2
v. Mill Hill	Away	Lost 2-3
v. St Edward's, Oxford	Home	Won 3-0

During the Christmas holidays we shall be trying to retain the Bath Cup, which is the inter-schools team championships played at the Bath Club, London.

P. G. LONGHURST

FIVES

The Fives team have shown up well against other schools this term, beating Harrow and Oakham and drawing with Mill Hill but against the more experienced club players they have been out-classed without being disgraced. Particularly noteworthy was the 3-0 win away against Harrow and perhaps the greatest surprise was losing the first two pairs against Mill Hill (but this was quickly blamed on the Lyttelton House Dance the night before!)

The first pair (Brann and Linnell) has had its moments and when on form is hard to beat but at present is too erratic to expect to win against steady opponents. The Secretary, Peshall, has given good account of himself and with Bagshawe pulled off a particularly good win against Oakham. Manners and Riddick have been the most successful pair having comfortably coped with all school opponents and always taken at least one game off club sides.

The Colts players have improved very considerably since last season and should make a good nucleus for the future.

A. M. MACOUN

Senior Team from: W. S. Brann (T), E. C. E. Peshall (W), M. D. Linnell (L), J. N. S. Bagshawe (L), A. P. Manners (L), G. E. G. Riddick (W), M. J. G. Palmer (B).

Colts Team from: M. G. P. Rossdale (L), M. D. A. Stanley (C), J. A. M. B. Campbell (W), P. W. Burke (G), J. M. Shirley-Beavan (G), M. J. A. Ritchie (T).

Results: Seniors:	v. A.M.M.'s Team	Lost 0-3
	v. Old Berkhamstedians	Lost 1-2
	v. Harrow	Won 3-0
	v. Oakham	Won 3-0
	v. Mill Hill	Drawn 2-2
	v. Old Cholmelians	Lost 0-2
	v. Jesters	Lost 0-2
Colts:	v. Harrow	Lost 1-2
	v. Oakham	Won 1-0
	v. Mill Hill	Won 1-0

FENCING

We welcomed this term a fencing coach, Mr K. V. Money, who has been giving lessons on Mondays, and seems likely to improve the techniques and skills of those whom he teaches.

There have been few matches or competitions to report this term, and we shall hope to keep our readers happy with much more news next, but we have remained unbeaten so far, scoring a decisive win over Bradfield, and managing to beat them at foil for the first time for several matches. We lost, at the senior level, only the sabre, and we had to persuade them to produce a sabre team as they had thought they were not up to it.

The four team fencers are showing good skills and experience, though their skills lie in slightly different fields, and the more junior fencers are improving well. Later this term there are the individual foil and épée competitions and the foil house-matches, which will improve their skills and give match experience.

Millner retained the sabre cup, but was pressed quite hard by Jones, and A. W. G. Reed. Reed has been unable to fence this term for rugby, but showed plenty of his old skill.

C. D. MULLINEUX

Team: E. H. Millner (G) F, E, S; R. J. Cottier (G) F, E; R. M. Lies (G) F, E, S; A. R. Jones (C) S.

Junior Foil: P. D. Filmer-Sankey (C); C. J. Mallett (G); R. A. Twiston-Davis (T).

Match Result: v. Bradfield: Senior: Won 14-10 (Foil 6-3; Sabre 3-6; Epée 5-1)
Junior Foil: Lost 4-5

SAILING

Autumn 1971

Our unbeaten record was maintained for the first three matches of the term. In light winds we beat Harrow (3-0) at Banbury. A. J. C. Ussher saved the Radley match by some clever tactics in the last race to let us win (2-1). We beat Oundle by two races in a strong wind. Finally, disappointment came against St Edward's at Farmore Reservoir in "Larks". We failed to master the boats in a strong wind and lost 3-0.

Again the Banbury Cross Winter Series has been well supported and closely fought. R. H. Steavenson just managed to win the Commodore's Cup, but the results rested on the last Sunday's racing. H. Davis, the Commodore, came a very close second after a bad back injury stopped him from sailing on the last two occasions.

C. P. L. Waud won the Stowe burgee for Saturday points racing.

In an open meeting at Banbury, Stowe 'A' team took the team trophy and R. H. Steavenson won the individual trophy from P. Mackay.

Davis, Ussher and Kennon spent an exciting week at the end of last holidays cruising in "Twister" with C.W.O.R. on the Clyde. Kennon, Mackay and Waud have won berths on the *Sir Winston Churchill* for next year.

Public Schools Championship

R. H. Steavenson and A. R. Pears once again represented the School at Itchenor S.C. during the first week of the holidays. Pears began well with a third place in the practice race on the Tuesday morning. Later we wished we could have counted this result. The wind was stronger in the afternoon and Steavenson managed a fourth. Wednesday morning again brought wind and Pears climbed the fleet from an indifferent start to finish fourth. However, our luck did not hold. In the afternoon Steavenson made a bad start in the strong tide and was placed in the thirties at the first marker. He had climbed to 24th by the finish. Hoping to discard that result we had high hopes on Thursday. However, luck was not with us. After a good start Pears unluckily hit the wrong windshift and dropped to finish 12th. Then when the wind got up in the afternoon, there was a tense atmosphere for the final race. After a good start Steavenson

was fourth at the first mark. A tremendous battle for the first four places took place, and we led on two occasions. However at the last mark we were fourth. We took a sudden decision to cross the tidal stream and sail in slack water. This paid off and we won the race by half a boat length.

Our final overall position was fourth from forty schools. I think this is the best Stowe has ever done in this meeting.

HOWARD STEAVENSON

Team: H. C. Davis (L) and A. R. Kennon (G),
P. Mackay (L) and C. L. W. P. Waud (C),
A. J. C. Ussher (L) and M. J. P. Wright (C).

Colours awarded to: A. J. C. Ussher (L).

Also Sailed: R. H. Steavenson (G), A. R. Pears (G), C. T. Rolls (L).

Results:
v. Harrow Won 3—0
v. Radley Won 2—1
v. Oundle Won 2—0
v. St Edward's Lost 0—3

SCULLING

This has been a most profitable term for the Venus Boat Club. After the very hectic training during the Summer Term, there appeared to have been a slight neglect of the two older boats, 'Venus' and 'Diana'; we therefore began extensive repairs and repainting. Unfortunately due to the lack of man-power, which is unavoidable in the winter, this maintenance took rather longer than was originally anticipated. Nevertheless we completed the work a month before the end of term. Consequently the Club now has two fibreglass blue boats, a yellow and a white boat, all of which are in respectable and functional condition; the blades have also been re-varnished and bear our registered colours.

In the latter part of the term the School Games Committee met to discuss the possibility of the Venus Club having a colours tie: this was approved, to be awarded for an external standard. At the same time the Headmaster suggested a singlet badge for the accomplishment of an internal standard. Both these awards should be ready by the beginning of next season.

Next term it is hoped to begin serious training for the Summer's Regattas.

ZAIR BERRY

SHOOTING

Continuing the report on our Summer matches, the Oxford Schools Meeting started, as usual, with heavy rain which marred the chance of an VIII win. This is principally because we are not used to shooting in wet conditions and our morale drops in such weather. However with some sun later, a very commendable win by the cadet pair, and the delicious annual 'Jam Butties', we arrived back with higher hopes for the Ashburton Shield.

This vague hope, which we seem to get every year, did not, unfortunately, materialize. After some very fine shooting in the two days before the Ashburton, in which M. R. Hardman won a prize in the clay pigeon competition, P. G. Clarke came 5th in the pistol, and 33 was the run-of-the-mill score at 200 and 500 yards, it seemed likely that we might come in the first 30 schools. In the morning a good total 200 yard score was established, but a tricky wind in the afternoon brought us right down to 39th position. Regardless of the VIII's lack of success, the cadet pair shot well to come 11th out of 69 schools.

On the strength of the first three matches, D. W. Muschett won the Donnegall badge and the N.R.A. medal was won by S. C. Broad. Of the 10 who shot in the VIII last term, three will be

left next year, but with the graduation of P. G. Clarke and J. F. Prescott to the VIII, results may well improve.

.22 shooting has been confined to trials and valuable practice, and we are still waiting for an indoor range.

JONATHAN DAVIS

VIII from: J. W. Kennon (G), J. R. Davis (G), S. C. Broad (T), D. W. Muschett (C), N. M. Davidson (C), D. Portnoy (C), J. R. C. Hanbury (B), S. J. Coston (G), W. G. Ashcroft (C), M. R. Hardman (W).

Cadet Pair: P. G. Clarke (L), J. F. Prescott (C).

9th Man: R. A. B. Barton (G).

Results:	Team	Cdt pair	9th man	No. of Schools
Oxford Schools	5	1	5	6
Ashburton	39	11/69	—	77

SWIMMING

The swimming pool fund has now passed £39,000, and the possession of such a sum has been sufficient to enable the Governors to sanction the building of the major part of the pool. If contributions continue to be received on this scale there seems little reason why the indoor pool should not be completed in every detail in time for use next winter.

Until recently the proposal was for a large, heated, indoor pool of relatively shallow depth, and for provision to be made to extend the building to include a separate diving pool at some later date. After discussion with the Governors it seemed likely that such a diving pool could not be expected for at least another 10 years, and in view of this opinion the proposal was then put forward that the present design should be changed to include a deep end of 3½ metres with diving facilities consisting of a 1 metre springboard, and fixed boards of 1 metre, 2 metres and 3 metres. The provision of the diving facilities increased the overall cost by several thousand pounds but this was felt to be the only possible solution in the foreseeable future and to be very well worth the extra expenditure under the circumstances.

The imminence of the new pool has led to a crop of questions not only from the boys but also from many interested parents and Old Stoics. I should like to answer here some of the questions which occur most frequently.

1. Is the pool Olympic size?

The short answer to this is, of course, that it is not Olympic size. Olympic size pools cost a fortune and there are very few in the United Kingdom. The pool is half Olympic length and is 25 metres by 12½ metres, a size which is larger than most school pools and, in fact, larger than many Public Swimming Baths.

2. How deep is the water?

The depth will vary from 1 metre (3' 3") at the shallow end to 3½ metres (11' 6") at the deep end. This is the official depth now required for the diving facilities already outlined.

3. What temperature will the water be?

The water temperature will be kept at 78°F to 80°F throughout the year.

4. How will we continue to have "General Bathing" as in the lake enclosure?

Obviously the pool will not accommodate 600 boys. The changing rooms have been designed with the idea of providing for about 70 swimmers at any one time so that swimming could be on a House basis.

5. Will we be able to swim all the year round?

Of course; this is the whole purpose of an indoor pool.

6. How often will we be able to swim?

I cannot answer this one with any accuracy at this stage but I should have thought at least twice a week for the boys who are completely occupied with other sports and activities and probably almost every day for the enthusiastic swimmer.

With our own indoor pool we shall, in addition to recreational swimming, be able to provide facilities for boys to take the awards of the Amateur Swimming Association and the Royal Life Saving Society and to encourage Water Polo and competitive team swimming.

I should like to thank all those who have contributed to the swimming pool fund and particularly the Governors who have decided to sanction the first stage of construction in the belief that we shall receive sufficient additional support to complete the task by the end of next year.

F. A. HUDSON

THE STOWE BEAGLES

The pack as a whole has summered well and has begun the new season extremely fit. We now have all of the nine trophies won by various hounds during the summer at the major British hound shows: one at the Eton College Show, one at Peterborough, three at Harrogate and four at Bulth Wells. During the holidays the pack and hunt staff visited Northumberland by kind invitation of Colonel and Mrs L. Y. Gibson and the Masters of the Newcastle and District Beagles. They had some very interesting and enjoyable hunting in country totally different to that around Stowe. Since then the pack has been hunting exceedingly well and with considerable success, the 'young entry' playing their part. We now have most of our puppies back from 'walk' and all are settling down satisfactorily in kennels.

However, there seems to be a distinct lack of enthusiasm and support for the Beagles in the School as a whole and this inspired one Stoic to write a letter to the magazine *Horse and Hound* regarding the lethargy both in this school and the country generally. There are conflicting views on this subject and several letters were written in reply, some agreeing and some not. The letter also inspired a great deal of thought in the School itself, but thought is not enough—tangible support is needed. With the pack now in its tenth year of existence we do hope that more boys will come hunting and see this successful pack at work for themselves before discarding such an enjoyable activity.

Joint Masters this term are J. B. Johnson (W) and N. C. M. Renny (C), the latter also being huntsman. The Whippers-in are A. D. McGee (L), A. O. Bell-Irving (C), R. M. Gibson (T), and D. M. E. Heathcote (Q). Many thanks also to R. G. Pooler, H. J. G. Curwen, S. B. Hopkins and D. M. Salmon for their help in kennels throughout the term.

NICHOLAS RENNY

ATHLETICS

Standards Competition 1971

The Standards Competition looked for much of the summer term as if it were following the well established pattern of Cobham holding on to an early lead and, in fact, they were still comfortably ahead with one day to go. However, the customary second wave of Cobham standards did not materialise on the last day and the traditional winners had to bow to a determined finish by Grafton who, although they gained fewer standards, captured the Cup by virtue of a marginally better average.

Results:	1.	Grafton	367 Standards	Average	5.7
	2.	Cobham	371	"	5.5
	3.	Lyttelton	230	"	3.5
	4.	Walpole	208	"	3.1
	5.	Bruce	235	"	3.0
	6.	Chandos	163	"	2.3
	7.	Temple	161	"	2.3
	8.	Grenville	127	"	2.0
	9.	Chatham	138	"	1.8

D. W. DONALDSON

Inter-House Relay Competition

Tradition was broken at the running track for the second time last term when Cobham were denied their customary win in the Inter-House Relay Competition by Lyttelton. Cobham did not give up their cup easily however, leading until the last event, and in all fairness it must be admitted that they were without the services of their leading sprinter. Nevertheless, all credit to the winners who had an impressive record on the day.

D. W. DONALDSON

Results:	4 × 100m.	4 × 200m.	4 × 400m.	4 × 800m.	Composite Relay:
	Lyttelton	46.2 secs.	Lyttelton	1 min. 40.6 secs.	Temple
			Temple	3 mins. 44.8 secs.	Cobham
			Cobham	9 mins. 21.4 secs.	Grafton
					Grafton
					3 mins. 56.6 secs.
Inter-House Competition:	1. Lyttelton	10 pts	6. Bruce	34 pts	
	2. Cobham	12 pts	7. Chatham	35 pts	
	3. Grafton	18 pts	8. Grenville	40 pts	
	4. Walpole	31 pts	9. Chandos	43 pts	
	5. Temple	32 pts			

GOLF

Although this is the close season for golf matches, two have been played on Sundays. The School successfully retained the Bicester Cup in the annual match against R.A.F. Bicester but lost narrowly to St Edward's at North Oxford.

A. M. VINEN

LAWN TENNIS

The following are brief reports of the performance of Stowe in the competitions organised by the Public Schools L.T.A. and Boys' Schools L.T.A. in July at Wimbledon.

Clark Cup

This is the event in which each school has to have two singles players, who play one match against similar teams of opponents. If the score is one win each, then a deciding doubles is played by the two players as a pair. The Stowe team was I. A. Thomson and A. J. Macpherson. We started with a bye in Round One, and then beat Windsor G.S. 2-0, but had to struggle into the deciding doubles against Uppingham before winning 2-1. We then found Clifton fairly difficult, but beat them 2-0. Torquay College proved a tough nut to crack, and we were pleased to get over them with a 2-1 win. Then came the semi-final against University College School, London. Thomson won his single, but Macpherson did not and so again we had to play a deciding doubles. This match went one way and then the other and was exciting, but U.C.S. were good value for their win, and so went to the final.

However, as there were 122 schools in the competition the two Stoics are to be congratulated on their performances.

Results:

1st Round Bye		4th Round beat Clifton	2-0
2nd Round beat Windsor G.S.	2-0	5th Round beat Torquay College	2-1
3rd Round beat Uppingham	2-1	Semi-final lost to U.C.S.	1-2

Youll Cup

The Stowe team was I. A. Thomson and A. J. Macpherson as first pair, and N. H. Thomlinson and R. G. Cheatle as second pair. In this competition the rules are reversed, and two doubles are played and if the teams are level then, a deciding single must be played. Once again we were fortunate to have a bye in the first round, and had a fairly easy win against Hymers College, Hull in the second round. We next had to play the much fancied Sevenoaks team, who were

the runners-up in the Glanville Cup Competition. We were quite pleased to beat this good team by the deciding single. We next beat Abingdon 2-0, and then a win against Felsted by the same score, put us into the semi-final with Bradfield. Bradfield will do extremely well next year, as theirs was a young team, who will have gained the experience they lacked against us this time, and Stowe thus got to the final after a ten year interval since last being there. Here we once again met U.C.S. London, who had defeated us the previous week in the Clark Cup competition. Both teams knew each other's strengths and weaknesses, and it was clear that the top doubles match would decide the issue, as the Stowe second pair were unlikely to win either of theirs. As things turned out, Thomson and Macpherson played very well at the start of their match, and we were soon a set up. The second set then went to U.C.S. and when Stowe won the first game of the final set, and Stowe were leading 40-love on the U.C.S. service, we felt that we were in with a good chance. If only . . . if only . . . etc., but it was not to be, and the U.C.S. ran out very worthy winners, and they deserve every congratulation on being the best team in the competition. But the fact that there were 76 schools taking part in this year's Youll Cup means that the Stowe team had spent a rewarding week and played some excellent tennis in the process.

One final point. The standard of tennis in all schools is going up every year, and the days of the cricketer who plays a little tennis, are virtually gone at this level. It is a pity therefore that some people would consider putting the clock back to make Tennis a really minor game again subservient to Cricket. Surely both games are valuable, both can be played to a reasonable level, but techniques have risen so fast in recent years, that to have any chance in top inter-school matches, it is essential that each sport has its 'specialist' players who play their 'main' game for the majority of their time, and their 'minority' interest game when they have the opportunity. We hope therefore that things will continue as they have done in the last few years.

P. G. LONGHURST

Results:

1st Round Bye		5th Round beat Felsted	2-0
2nd Round beat Hymer's College	2-0	Semi-final beat Bradfield	2-0
3rd Round beat Sevenoaks	2-1	Final lost to U.C.S.	3-1
4th Round beat Abingdon	2-0		

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of *The Stoic*:

Sir,

I wish to make a protest at the growing élitism of sport in this school, whilst raising a personal objection which illustrates the severity of that trend. Two obnoxious factors lie behind the use of physical activity e.g. rugby, as a means of enhancing Stowe's prestige: (1) it takes the "genuineness" from sport, as anyone who has watched the annual Templars' cricket match, held every Speech Day, must have realised. What enjoyment can there be in observing white-coated figures glean runs, and bowl overs, at a pace carefully adjusted to please spectators? (2) Rewards for team and individual performances of merit have become so exclusive that they are hardly ever awarded, which defeats the object of having them in the first place.

The Games Committee are directly responsible for this discrepancy in the recognition of achievement, and speaking as a recent victim of the double-mindedness I have latterly described, I wish to express my next grievance to THEM. Last year, in number five squash court at Stowe, I set up a world record for the longest ever rally against a wall with a tennis racket and tennis ball; achieving some 6,470 consecutive strokes in a rally which lasted five hours. This required, as you can imagine, a considerable amount of time and effort. With the generous assistance of the master in charge of squash racquets, I sent my record to the Guinness Book of Records (for inclusion in the 1971 edition) last October; and it was immediately accepted. I then made an



Nick Thomlinson, Ian Thomson, Angus Macpherson, Giles Cheatle—Youll Cup finalists

R. & H. Chapman



Members of the victorious Business Game team in action

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