



**THE
STOIC**

July 1972

Number 148

Stowe Jubilee Calendar

(Provisional Dates marked *)

1972

Autumn Term. September 14th – December 19th

Sunday	Oct. 8	Concert – Salomon Orchestra
Sunday	Nov. 19	Concert – Alfred Brendel
Thursday	Dec. 7)	
Friday	Dec. 8)	Congreve Play “Royal Hunt of the Sun”
Saturday	Dec. 9)	
Saturday	Dec. 16	Christmas Concert

1973

Spring Term. January 11th – March 20th

* Saturday	Feb. 24	Hockey. 1st XI v Canford at Lords
Saturday	Mar. 10	Cross Country. Jubilee Matches v Old Stoics
Saturday	Mar. 17	Squash. Jubilee matches v Old Stoics
Saturday	Mar. 17)	Hockey. Jubilee matches v Old Stoics
Sunday	Mar. 18)	
* Sunday	Mar. 18	Hockey. Exhibition match School Grand Orchestral Concert
Tuesday	Apr. 24	----- Commemoration Dinner -----

Summer Term. April 24th – July 14th

Saturday	May 5	Cricket. Stowe v Canford. Joint Jubilee matches
Friday	May 11	50th Anniversary of Founding of Stowe School
Saturday	May 12	Parents Open Day Cricket. 1st XI v Old Stoics Opening of Swimming Pool Exhibitions (Old Stoic Art Exhibition) Continuous music and readings
Sunday	May 13	Jubilee Service in Chapel – Preacher: Bishop of Oxford Open Day Cricket. Stowe Occasionals v Stowe Templars Concert – Birmingham Symphony Orchestra
Thursday	May 31	Athletics. Triangular match Eton, Oakham and Stowe
Saturday	July 7	Jubilee Horse Show Jubilee Fair
* Sunday	July 8	Jubilee Folk Concert – The Spinners Rolls Royce Veteran Car Rally
Saturday	July 14	----- Costume Ball and Cabaret
Monday	July 16)	
Tuesday	July 17)	School Cricket Festival. v Wellington, The Leys, Reading
Wednesday	July 18)	-----

Autumn Term. September 13th – December 18th

Saturday	Sept. 29	Rugger. Jubilee matches v Old Stoics
* Nov.		Charity Show in London
* Dec.		Jubilee Old Stoic Dinner in London

Jubilee Number of the Stoic

As part of the Jubilee celebrations it has been decided to produce a special enlarged Number of The Stoic in May 1973. Instead of the usual chronicle of the term's activities (which would be left for the following Number) we want to present a picture of Stowe throughout its fifty years as a school, in a series of signed articles, illustrated where appropriate by photographs and drawings.

The general history of the school, at least up to about 1950, has been covered both in Noel Annan's book and in Alasdair Macdonald's. So it is not general impressions that we are primarily looking for, but accounts of particular activities or aspects of Stowe life and memories of striking individuals. A work of simple piety is not intended, and critical comments will have a place.

This anthology will have to be put into its final form during the winter of 1972/73, and the greater and more varied the material we have at our disposal, the better the result will be. We should therefore be glad to hear from any Old Stoic prepared to contribute an article or ideas for one. If we collect more material than can be used on this occasion, there might well be room for unused articles in later Numbers of The Stoic.

Please send contributions, ideas or questions to R.M.Potter at Stowe.

Appeal for Photographs

Noel Annan's biography of J. F. Roxburgh of Stowe is being reprinted for publication in the School's Jubilee Year. There will be a de-luxe numbered edition.

The publishers wish to incorporate a number of additional photographs and an appeal is made for any photographs or original correspondence with J.F. Roxburgh, which is available from any period during his Headmastership.

Please send this to: Prince Y.Galitzine; 168, Sloane Street, London SW1X 9QF

Theatrical Productions

The Congreve Club is planning a production this December by past and present Stoics of Peter Schaffer's "Royal Hunt of the Sun", which is to be part of the 50th Anniversary celebrations.

It is hoped to hold a Variety Theatrical Performance at a London theatre in aid of the Friends of Stowe in November 1973. Help is required for both productions with all aspects, including acting, stage management, production, publicity etc. If any Old Stoic is interested in offering his services for either of these productions or if any wife or relative of an Old Stoic is willing to help in the London production on any of the above capacities will they please contact Mr. Jo Bain, Chandos House, Stowe, as soon as possible.

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THE STOIC

Editors:

Titus Gibson
Adrian Laird Craig
Murray Secombe
Chris Davis

Frontispiece:
The Oxford Bridge

Photograph by F. A. Hudson

EDITORIAL

The Stoic, Grebe, Enfoque, Pink, Armadillo — the roll call of Stowe publications seems to increase each term. Add to these the conception of a new *Epicurean* and an 'underground magazine', a House magazine that in the upshot never reached its intended public and rumours of literary activity in other fields and there are clear signs of a welcome ferment of creativity amongst those with something to say. For, despite what some would regard as the obstacles of censorship and 'official discouragement', the important thing is that people are increasingly prepared to commit themselves openly either to literary expression or to the statement of opinion, however diverse. Equally important, though, in such a situation, is the need to use the opportunity for self-expression as the medium for balanced opinion whether it is critical or not. The scurrility of groundless personal attack may be more damaging than silence in a society where the interests of young and old, of educators and those whom they would educate must be protected.

The strength of an opinion or of an institution will to some extent be measured by the willingness with which it can accept and answer criticism. So the establishment should be, and is, prepared to countenance the constructive criticism which can serve to make it a better place in which to live. Equally, however, those who are members of a complete community should offer their criticism with the genuine intention of effecting that improvement. Destructive comment for its own sake or the pursuit of personal vendetta can only lead to the retrenchment of established opinion and a degree of unhappiness for all. Unless such a *via media* can be trodden censorship is bound to be seen as an attempt to suppress personal opinion, and personal opinion as an attempt to undermine the establishment. Neither need be the case.

Of the two articles positively 'censored' by the Editor of *The Stoic* in the last two years, one was mildly, but gratuitously, obscene, the other, though of definite artistic merit and genuinely designed to amuse, would in fact have been hurtful to individuals in no position to protect themselves. In both cases discrimination on the part of the writer would have led to an appreciation that such material could only have had a negative effect. In a wider, and possibly more savage society, where legislation and retaliation are open to all, total freedom of speech is the prerogative of those who are prepared to face the consequence of their opinions. In a school, one of whose aims must be to protect the individual from the consequences of extreme action or opinion, it is neither possible nor desirable that such a system of retribution should exist. To a large degree the unwillingness of experienced opinion to tolerate excess stems not from a desire to shield itself but from a determination to encourage reasoned opinion rather than blind prejudice. The most satisfactory form of censorship is that which is self-imposed, for this presupposes an awareness of the purpose of a society of which the individual is merely a part and acknowledges that moments of anger or sudden clashes of personality may be transitory.

By all means, then, let us hold critical opinion and certainly let us publish it. But just as those who wield the power of a more forcible censorship must not be over sensitive, so those who at the moment object to it must not be vindictive. Stowe exists for all its members, young and old. A genuine willingness on the part of all to examine calmly the assumptions on which the School is based produces an atmosphere in which WE — all of us — move forward, rather than one in which THEM and US may reach a niggling stalemate.

R. M. POTTER

STOICA

Rapid change is not in the nature of a public school, but certainly the abandoning of compulsory Corps and part of compulsory chapel within a year, has left boys with almost none of the regular complaints. It is to be hoped that no adverse effects will be made evident in the future. The plays this term have been by Bruce, under Mr D. Temple, and by the Common Room, under Mr J. Bain. Bruce's two plays, "The Bespoke Overcoat" by Wolf Mankowitz, and "A Night at an Inn" by Lord Dunsany, of which the former was much more successful, were broken by a music recital; and the "Master Players", three comedies, "Chinamen" by Michael Frayn, "Dock Brief" by John Mortimer and "Hands Across the Sea" by Noel Coward, were all most amusing, "Dock Brief" perhaps especially so. As for Art, there have been exhibitions by Bruce, Temple and Grenville, the last being of a particularly high standard, and Plug Street has acquired four new paintings by Stoics which dispel some at least of its sewer-like aspect. It has been another most varied term musically too, with an all-Britten concert in the Queen's Temple, a concert of unaccompanied music in the Marble Hall, and a consortium of pieces from the Coventry City Band, which has been successful in National and World Championships, all of which were thoroughly enjoyed. We look forward to an organ recital by Mr Gatehouse and a concert of Viennese Waltzes and piano duets played by Mr James and Mr Gatehouse, later on in the term.

We are glad to announce the safe return of Mr D. W. Manly from his sabbatical term in Russia and East Germany, and of George from his sabbatical year in the Power House Yard; we offer our congratulations to Mr J. Bain who was engaged last holidays to Priscilla Blunt, well known to older Stoics as headmistress of Tudor Hall. Mr Davies is also getting married in the holidays. We are very sad on the other hand to report the departure of Mr James whose hard work and friendliness have so often encouraged boys to attain his own highest of standards. Also leaving is Mr J. W. Tanburn, who hands on the chaplaincy temporarily to Mr J. E. C. Nicholl. He has been of invaluable help to most Stoics, not least in his careful attitude to Confirmation, while his eccentric methods of transport will be missed by all anywhere near Stowe. Finally, we say goodbye to Mr A. F. M. le Pichon who, with his personal interest in boys and their work has also been of great help in the musical field displaying a perfectly brilliant piano technique. We wish all three masters and their families luck at their new schools. Sid Jones, the head groundsman is temporarily out of action in the Tyndal Hospital, Aylesbury, and we wish him a speedy recovery.

The term has not been without its sad moments. When Mrs Close Smith died at the beginning of term, the last connection with Stowe as a private house was lost. Early in the term, too, we learned of the tragic death of Mrs Chapman: we offer our deepest sympathies to Mr Chapman and his family; as we do to the widow of Jim Wilford, Stowe's irreplaceable car-wizard, who died in the Easter holidays.

Mr R. V. P. Adams after 12 years as Housemaster of Walpole is handing over next term to Mr M. A. B. Kirk, who passes on his post as Careers Master to Mr A. J. E. Lloyd. The end of term will not seem quite the same without Mr Adams, as senior housemaster, standing on the North Front, sadly waving his umbrella at the last coach departing, with its load of relieved and more or less correctly dressed Stoics. We wish Mr and Mrs Adams every happiness in their new home in Buckingham.

In the grounds, the Fane of Pastoral Poetry and the Shell Bridge have been repaired and restored, though the former, I discover, has not even been given a roof. The New Science Block was occupied for the first time, and apart from a few initial faults, is a tremendous success: with the improvement in equipment, the scientists have managed, I am told, to cut down time spent working to an average of three-quarters of an hour a week. The swimming bath, having now finished going down has started to go up, and the swimming team is getting colder, ready for a startling improvement when it is completed "by Boxing Day" this year: they say that there is more potential than there has been for a long time. The other teams, under rather better conditions, have had a generally good term.

The announcement that the Corps would gradually be replaced by other activities was greeted by most with rejoicing, but by a few with vague doubts on the grounds that discipline necessitates some form of collective compulsory activity. However, in the current move towards freedom in schools, a very large step has obviously been taken at Stowe. Under the new scheme it should be possible for every boy to pursue to the best of his ability and with enthusiasm an activity for which he has positively opted.

TITUS GIBSON

The Hon. Mrs C. M. E. G. Close Smith

I only knew Mrs Close Smith in her old age, but she often spoke of Stowe and her life there before it became a school; and she spoke, as always, with generosity and humour.

She seemed to me to be Elizabethan rather than Victorian. Though, by birth, she was above the mundane anxieties which so beset most of us, she was acutely aware of the responsibilities attached to her privileges. With this she entertained an inflexible will and sense of what is right; she mixed royally with everybody, *primus inter pares* spiritually if not socially, and inspired respect coupled with affection—not always associated together.

This sense of duty, freely accepted as an obligation, gave to her much satisfaction. She often spoke of the days during the war (1914-1918 of course) when she worked so strenuously. How much she enjoyed the remonstrances of her Bank manager because—her husband being away at the Front—she wrote his signature on cheques in all innocence, never having seen a cheque in her life before! It typified her whole attitude of noblesse oblige: woe to the Bank manager if he had not honoured those questionable cheques!

In her last few years those who saw her most loved her the most deeply: we shall not look upon her like again. She died characteristically. After a full day of visiting and activity she was left to get ready for dinner in her usual wonderful spirits. Ten minutes later she was found on her bed, peacefully, in that last long sleep when all life's problems are solved. Her body was laid to rest in Dadford Cemetery, after the service in Church.

H.F.H.

STOWE JUBILEE

Stowe School was founded on May 10th, 1923. Arrangements, which we hope will be fitting, are being made to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary.

The first period of celebration, the weekend of May 11th/13th, will find Stowe on Show. We very much hope that we shall have the pleasure of welcoming a Royal Visitor on the Friday. The Saturday will then be a Parents' Open Day, with special Jubilee Exhibitions. An Open Day for all visitors will occur on the Sunday.

At the other end of the Summer Term will be the opportunity for Stowe to go 'en Fête'. A Horse Show and Fair will give each House the chance to run the stalls and sideshows. Other proposed events include a Civil War Battle, Free Fall Parachutists, a Gliding Display, Hot Air Balloons and a Traction Engine Rally.

The Costume Ball on the following Saturday will be on a bigger scale than anything previously attempted and all interested are advised to book their tickets early. Arrangements are also in hand for an All-Star Variety Charity Show in London in November 1973.

There will also be a Jubilee Number of *The Stoic* in May 1973. This will take the form of a miscellany of particular activities or aspects of Stowe life and memories of striking individuals. A work of simple piety is not intended and critical comment will have a place. The Editor would be delighted to receive contributions, ideas and questions.

J. E. C. NICHOLL

SPEECH DAY

Despite ominous weather forecasts, Speech Day proved to be one of the Summer's few reasonable days and a large gathering of Stoics, parents and Old Stoics assembled on the South Front after a year's absence. Mr Anthony Quinton, Chairman of the Governors, welcomed the Chief Guest, Group Captain G. L. Cheshire, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C. (C 1935) and invited the Headmaster to speak.

The Headmaster's Speech

The Headmaster welcomed the guests and referred to the elevation to the peerage of two of Stowe's Governors: Lord Thomas of Remenham and Lord Boyd-Carpenter of Easton Crux. He then welcomed especially Group Captain Cheshire, who had already done much for the School:

"Leonard Cheshire needs very little introduction—it is remarkable for any man to win three Distinguished Service Orders, one Distinguished Flying Cross, and the Victoria Cross, all of which were won for continuous cool courage as a bomber pilot in the face of constant enemy flack and fighter attack. It is interesting to note that Stowe's other V.C., Jock Anderson was in Chatham House at the same time as Leonard Cheshire. I fear I am embarrassing our guest; I will not continue to do so by telling you of all the things he got up to while he was a boy at Stowe; perhaps I am fearful of a counter-attack. I think you will also know that his traumatic experience as a witness to the nuclear bombing of Hiroshima led in the end to his decision to found all these Cheshire Homes for the old and sick. When he came to the School chapel he spoke to us all about suffering and caring for others. These are two things he knows a very good deal about. I have the highest personal regard for Group Captain Cheshire and I would thank you, Sir, for coming to speak to us today. I am only sorry your wife, Sue Ryder, could not accompany you."

Having commented on the splendid appearance of the grounds, the Headmaster spoke of three members of the staff who were leaving and of Mr R. V. P. Adams who was retiring from his Housemastership of Walpole:

"I am sure that we would all agree that the Chaplain's job in a school nowadays is one of the most difficult. First, it is difficult to come from a parish into a boarding school community. Secondly, religion is something about which we feel deeply or not at all, and thirdly, it is quite impossible for any man to get it right with senior masters and others less senior *and* the boys—especially if he is a loyal servant of the Almighty. Many boys, especially those with real problems, will remember all that Mr Tanburn has done to help them, and the warm welcome they have received from him and his wife at their house in Home Park. Terence James and his wife Grace have been most lively members of our community, and Mr James well deserves his promotion, sad though we are to see him go. The music staff will not be the same without him, and he will also be missed by the Buckingham Music Society to which he has given so much of his time and talent. We also wish Alain and Doreen le Pichon every happiness at Eton. All three families will always be welcome back here at Stowe. We thank them all.

"I would also mention and thank most warmly Mr and Mrs Adams for the way they have cared for Walpole House during the past twelve years. Mr Adams now feels the time has come for him to hand over to a younger man (though he still looks so young and athletic that it is hard to take that seriously). I shall myself miss him greatly from the Housemasters' gatherings, as I am sure parents and boys of Walpole House will also miss him. He has been a tower of strength to me in his capacity as Senior Housemaster—and I know he will continue to serve Stowe for a good time to come."

The Headmaster then referred to the continued success of the Appeal and proceeded to give his report of the School's activities of the last year, which are recorded in this and earlier editions of *The Stoic*.

Commenting on the problems of those in authority, the Headmaster continued:

"One parent wrote recently to say that he was thinking of withdrawing his son because we had not succeeded in making the boy work or get his hair cut, though believe me, we have certainly tried. By the next post another parent wrote to me: "It is not easy for the boy; the regimentation by order with little or no relaxation of the rules now that they are really adult and mature is a reason for his restlessness." Another letter from a parent told us that he was very angry with John, who had been caught smoking in the School. He wrote: "I have always allowed him to smoke at home on the understanding that he would not do it at School." The meeting with the Vth formers' parents earlier this term was interesting. We found it helpful, and I believe some of you would say the same, although I believe some of the forecasting was rather pessimistic. One parent said to me: "It's all this driving that is wrong, Headmaster. My boy needs encouragement; he can be lead, not driven." The very next parent said to me: "You really must take a proper line with my boy; what he really needs is a good thumping." The nicest touch of all—one mother said to me: "I would just like to thank you for sending home to me at the end of each term a nicer person than I sent to you." So we have our brickbats and our bouquets. As Stowe is a school where we try to produce individual people and not types from a mould, you must expect boys to be different and treat them differently from one another. But it certainly does not make life very easy.

"In the world, in this country, in this school, there is this minority of trouble-makers; the minority who disturb the peace for others, because they want what they want, better conditions and more money, self first and foremost. With them there is no listening to the other person's point of view, or any thought for the good of the whole. There is no justification for a school like Stowe unless it can produce individuals who serve the community—the sort of people which society needs. Stowe should train minds in academic disciplines and in those disciplines which young men sometimes find irksome. It should help a boy to see the need for self-discipline; it should produce people who are prepared to go against the current trend of self interest.

"I found the other day something my father had written many years ago which seems to put so much better than I can what I am trying to say:—

"The joy of life; the feeling that all we do is worthwhile, only comes from a realisation that we are contributing something which is much greater and better than our own personal well-being. We needn't trouble to make ourselves the judges of others, we shall do far more to bring happiness and contentment to ourselves and others if we reserve our critical functions for our own thoughts and deeds."

"We do not want to produce Public School types, artificial and out of touch with the world outside, the old school tie image, sporty clothes, refined accents, and sherry diplomacy. We want to produce a society where people look one another in the face and speak plain. Effective participation in the running of a school, whether it is by boys or masters, is not through power, it is through the sharing of an experience. We do not want prefects or authorities at Stowe who push people around; we want them to use their influence to produce a happy environment for boys to live in and to work in. We do not want the stick or constant punishment; we want the oil can used with common sense; we want to produce a busy boy, for the busier he is the happier he will be; the boy who learns to use his own time well, who is thoroughly involved in giving a hand, perhaps with Community Service in the afternoon, when he could easily sit on his bottom and do nothing. This is the Stoic who gains something from his time here. I have seen quite ordinary boys begin to become real people, when they have suddenly found something they can do well, whether it is making music or making a cabinet, or scoring a bullseye in archery. It is the boy who is not busy who will find time to sit around and gossip and decide that everything is wrong in the school because he does not himself agree with it. I think there is still an element at Stowe which is soft and expects everything to be laid on for it, which is negative and destructive instead of positive and creative. I suggest the watch-word might become, not "if only I had" but "if only I will". What a difference this could make to that sort of boy. If only they tried, they would find it worked and I give them those five letters T R I E D ; trust, respect, integrity, expression, discussion. From trust and integrity we

get respect between boy and master, and expression of sincere opinion leads to positive and not negative discussion. This is the whole meaning of the word communication.

“This is a time of change and in the middle of it all you have the young, the old, the middle-aged. The young must be the doers, the old have the experience to help them, those of us in the middle must try to provide the link or the bridge, so that experience and youth can work together. “The efficiency, the good name, the prestige, the progress of any institution depends not on the magnificence of the plant, not on the splendour of its offices but on the spirit of the human beings who are working together in that institution, and whose lives are bound up in its success.” If you think, Ladies and Gentlemen, that is rather a solid allusion, it is an extract not from a Speech Day address but from this year’s Annual Report of the Chairman of Rugby Portland Cement.”

Group Captain G. L. Cheshire’s Speech

“Mr Chairman, Headmaster, my Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen.

“I would like to say I am very happy indeed to have been given this privilege of presenting the prizes today and being with you. I admit I would be happier still if I hadn’t seen quite so many amongst you who know me a little too well. But I would ask them to follow the kind example of your Chairman and Headmaster and reserve your reminiscences and opinions until I am safely off the premises. But I do thank you both, Sir, for a very warm and friendly welcome, and although as you can imagine, standing here and delivering oneself of a speech doesn’t make one feel one’s best, nevertheless it does feel a very friendly, warm occasion. I haven’t come back to Stowe often since leaving—I did leave under my own free-will—but every time I come back it looks still more beautiful and inevitably it evokes many memories of being here. Mixed memories of course, but for the most part extremely happy. And if your Chairman asks what I in my life, such as it is, owe to Stowe, then I can truthfully answer that I owe a great deal and that even if I have not often come back I often think of Stowe, and I hope I will not forget the debt that I personally owe. I have only one memory of a Speech Day, but it is a very vivid one. When there was a particularly distinguished and great guest of honour. And at that time in the school there was a regulation that was completely *de rigueur*, and for the benefit of the staff and the masters and the parents, *de rigueur* is a French expression, incorporated into the English language which could otherwise be ‘whether you like it or not, you will do it’. And the regulation was that your tie was to be firmly anchored to your shirt so that no matter what situation you were in, pleasant or unpleasant, the tie did not move. And even Laddie Lucas here, who wore collars on his shirt which came down to his middle, and a tie which was so broad that you didn’t know that it wasn’t a scarf—much to our admiration I might say at the time—even he saw to it that that tie was well anchored to his shirt. We were sitting down where you are, and the very distinguished guest came down through those portals looking immaculate, and I might say extremely dignified and with great personality, and his tie flapping about in the breeze in the most debonair and attractive manner. Well, I do not know what the regulations are today, but I would like to assure the Headmaster that I’ve done my utmost to appear properly dressed.

“Well it’s been my pleasure to present a number of prizes to those of you who have won prizes, and like most people standing here on this occasion, I offer my warmest congratulations to you all. At the same time, I hope you will allow me to say that in life one wins prizes sometimes, or honours, or publicity and so on, but of course we as human beings can only judge an act—and now I am referring to your final quotation, Headmaster—by its external quality as we see it. What we cannot judge is the effort, the inner struggle that has been necessary to achieve it. And this we will never know; we can only judge by the external result. We talk about courage—we call one man brave, another man less brave. But it seems to me that for there to be courage, there has to be fear for them to overcome. I have seen different men going into action; one man apparently braver than the other, but one of them has been afraid. His mind has been centred on what might happen. The other hasn’t been afraid. He’s not thinking about what might happen. He’s thinking of what’s got to be done. Yet in the final resort which is the braver? The man who has to overcome a great inner fear or doubt, or the man who has

had to overcome nothing? I don’t think we can truly judge. And in that context for a brief moment I would like to talk about those who are under-privileged in the world. And particularly, perhaps, the disabled, who will go through all their lives suffering a degree and perhaps an extreme degree of paralysis. Someone who might at an early age misjudge a dive, hit an under-ground rock and break his neck. It could happen to anybody. Now we tend to think of such a person, and of many others in different ways like him, as no longer having anything to contribute to society. We think, I suspect, that he is somebody who we should sympathise with, perhaps pity, and help. We don’t look upon him as somebody who longs, like all of us, to do something useful with his life, to feel that there is a purpose to his life. Basically that is what we all want. We want it as individuals and we want it as a world community. Well now when one is faced with the under privileged—perhaps through hunger, or poverty, or disability, or whatever it might be, there is one remarkable thing that strikes one—for the most part, I know there are exceptions. And that is their cheerfulness, the way they are able to be normal, the way they are able to make the most of their lives. And to me, this is a great and extraordinary thing and a lesson which is very apposite to us. We think of our own lives and how easy it is to get upset. We see others who have virtually nothing, and yet, look at them.

“I can never forget the first day that I walked into a little leprosy colony somewhere in India. People living in a disused quarry in little mud huts, living only by begging because that was the only way they could live, not a hygienic place at all, and yet when one walked down into it you suddenly noticed how clean everything was, how proud they were of these little mud huts so small they could never stand up in them. They would bring out a chair, polish it, ask you to sit down, and treat you although a stranger as an honoured guest. And it made one very humble. Well now each of us in our lives, and I mean you especially, who are now at Stowe, have your own hopes for the future individual to yourselves. But also, collectively, we have a common hope, and the hope we have is that this world will see peace, that it will not be plunged, as it was 30 years ago into a World War. When I was here at school, it never occurred to me that I could possibly have anything to do with preventing a war. I suspect that we today feel the same—what can we do? But if we don’t, then all our lessons, all our work, everything we are doing will come to nothing. The answer is that we all have something we can do about it. That we must do about it. The trouble is that we feel that there is nothing we can do unless we are somewhere in a public position, or doing something outstanding. And we may go through our whole lives looking for something which is big enough. The important thing is that each of us should do the little that comes our way. That we should during the course of our lives put one brick into the wall. If only we can see that there is a wall—if I may use that metaphor—to be built. And there is, because insofar that we do something to make the world a little better for somebody else, in addition to whatever our job may be, we have contributed to a better world. We have done something to strike at the roots of war, which are after all injustice, inequality, poverty and so on. And amongst the young today, you find something that never existed 30 years ago before the war—a deep concern for the needs of others. What you do here at school may seem very little, helping one old person. I know that it is little, but as human beings none of us can do more than a little. The important thing is that we do our best. And those who are disabled and apparently unable to play their part still have their contribution to make. If somebody totally paralysed were to do nothing more than to lead a life uncomplaining, undemanding, making the most of his situation, which of us would dare to say that was less of a contribution than somebody else in high office. The only thing that matters, that really counts is that each of us does our best as we see it, according to our opportunities and our resources. That is the prize for which we should work. And if each of us does that, then we have truly made a contribution. Before I sit down I would like to say that it is a special pleasure coming to a school, and particularly to my own former school. I would like to say that I do admire tremendously this sense of involvement by the present generation in the needs of others, the desire to do something to make it better, and the more you do that the more in my opinion you will push away that threat that we all dread of a World War. And that the three generations, as your Headmaster described them, the older, the middle and the younger are each partners in this struggle. I do thank you most warmly for your invitation, and for the welcome. Thank you very much.”

MUSIC

This has been another eventful term with many interesting innovations, including the concert in the Marble Hall of unaccompanied music, making magnificent use of this rare facility.

We are, on the other hand, very sad to report the departure of Mr and Mrs James. Mr James has for all his time at Stowe shown tremendous involvement in every musical activity of the school, and has in addition found time to run such things as the Stowe Choirs Festival, the Gramophone Society, and the Société Gastronomique; his Cantores in Concordia have often performed at concerts here. This achievement alone would be outstanding, but it is even further enhanced by the fact that Mr James is a true perfectionist, and the standard of everything he does is of the very highest. It is not only the music department but the whole school who would join in thanking Mr James and wishing him every success in the future.

TITUS GIBSON

THE MUSIC SOCIETY

Sunday, 28th November, 1971, at 8 p.m. in the Roxburgh Hall

THE STOWE CONCERT BAND

Conducted by Mr Wiggins

A Mexican Overture
Themes from the Nutcracker Suite
Minuet from 'Samson'
Sonatina for Band
A Norwegian Suite
The Carol of the Drum
The Emperor Waltz

Isaac
Tchaikovsky
Handel
Erickson
Hansen
Davis
J. Strauss

THE BRAM WIGGINS BRASS ENSEMBLE

CANTORES IN CONCORDIA

Directed by Mr James

Canzona Prima
Canzon Vigesimalprima
Canzonet: Fain would I change that note
Madrigal: Come, Shepherds, follow me
Horo Decima No. 3
Tower Sonata No. 5
Partita a 5
Part-song: Sleep, wayward thoughts
Ballet: Now is the month of Maying
Four Pieces for Sackbuts and Cornetts
Queen Mary's Funeral Music
Three Hungarian Folksongs
Negro Spiritual: L'il Liza Jane
North Country Folktune: Bobby Shaftoe
(First Performance)

Gabrieli
Frescobaldi
Vaughan Williams
Bennet
Pezel
Franck
Dowland
Morley
Coleman
Purcell
arr. Seiber
arr. Lawson
arr. James

Adagio Team and Soft Shoe Shuffle (Music Hall Suite)
Impression of a Parade

Horovitz
Baron

A mixed programme of music for brass instruments and voices was presented in the Roxburgh Hall in November earlier this season. In the first half, the Stowe Concert Band, under the direction of Mr Wiggins, displayed considerable accomplishment in playing a selection of pieces ranging from arrangements of works by Handel and Tchaikovsky to compositions specially written for the school band. From the outset a good balance was maintained between the various brass and woodwind sections, and the presence of at least one experienced player in most sections ensured security, even if many of the Band were fairly new to the concert platform. It was also good to see a member of the First XV playing in the front row of the clarinets!

As for the programme, "A Mexican Overture" and the "Nutcracker" provided a feast of good tunes (even if the sugar-plum fairy is perhaps a little un-fairy-like when played by a band), and the "Carol of the Drum" rang some bells for many of the audience. The "Emperor Waltz" was a far more difficult proposition, and it was a tribute to Mr Wiggins' direction that such a competent performance was produced.

The second half of the concert was divided between music for brass ensemble—two trumpets and three trombones—and madrigals, part-songs and various pieces sung by the 'Cantores in Concordia', directed by Mr James. A truly majestic sound was achieved by the brass players in their performances of early music, and the perfect blending and sonorous harmony of the ensemble was a joy to hear. In particular, their last two pieces, "Soft Shoe Shuffle" and "Impressions of a Parade" (composed around the well-known 'Johnny comes marching home') were very popular with the audience as well as being technically difficult, making use of mutes and slide effects on the trombones.

Cantores in Concordia again produced their usual very high standard of ensemble singing. Balance was generally good, but occasionally a stronger bass line would have added authority and in particular the middle movement of the Purcell was awkward in terms of balance between brass and voices. For me the last group of songs was the most enjoyable and the audience certainly appreciated them. The negro spiritual and the three Hungarian Folksongs were expertly and accurately rendered, but pride of place must go to "Bobby Shaftoe", an entirely original arrangement by Mr James, written specially for the 'Cantores' and featuring several members of the choir.

Altogether this was a splendid concert, carefully programmed, and all the better for the variety of performers, both amateur and professional.

M. A. B. KIRK

This account was omitted in error from last term's edition of *The Stoic*.

Sunday, 19th March, in Chapel, at 8 p.m.

Valerie Hill (Soprano)

John Gibbs (Baritone)

THE STOWE CHORAL SOCIETY AND AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA

Cantata No. 209 "Non sa che sia dolore"

Bach

A German Requiem

Brahms

Brahms has given his soprano soloist so little to do in the Requiem that we are usually treated to a sort of *bonne bouche* or perhaps even a public limbering up before the main bout of the evening. This time it was more of a *bonne bouche*: an obscure but palatable cantata by Bach. It was sung, I am told, in Italian, though for some reason what came through of the words might as well have been Serbo-Croat. Not that this mattered in the least, since there seems to have been fairly general confusion—shared, I suspect, by the librettist—over the general drift of its message. However, the music was pleasant, the singer had a fine voice, we had all assumed our hush-we-are-listening-to-Bach faces and if this slightly toffee-nosed reverence inhibited our enjoyment a bit, we were all at the end registering the rather glum satisfaction that this sort of music apparently requires.

The German Requiem is a puzzling work in some ways. One is frequently being reminded by knowledgeable people that it isn't really a Requiem at all, there being no prayer for the departed—besides all the other supposedly insurmountable disqualifications. This well-meaning but fatuous criticism was levelled at Brahms from the start, but Brahms—never one to suffer fools gladly—made a rather sharp retort. It might perhaps have been kinder to posterity to have renamed the work; though perhaps he didn't think the matter so very important. Requiem or not, it has a magnificent restraint and seriousness, typically free from theatricality and vulgar ostentation. It contrives to be personal—both his own mother and his early mentor, Schumann, are commemorated in it—and at the same time universal. We are far here from the wailing, shrieking, supplicating legions of Berlioz' and Verdi's hectic Catholic-nurtured imaginations: this is not only a German, but a Protestant-inspired German, work. The tone is restrained

and jubilant by turns; man has no abiding city—he is a wayfarer and a pilgrim; but he is never abject; he never loses his self-respect. He has faith in his destiny, and in a Biblical God, though Brahms characteristically refused point-blank to include texts that would define this faith more explicitly or give it an orthodox dogmatic basis: “I have my beliefs” was all he would say on the subject.

If it is to make its full effect the work needs more extensive forces than this performance could provide. It isn't a matter of dynamics, but for example the entries on “Behold, all flesh is as the grass” need to be more massive. There were passages which seemed under-rehearsed, particularly the fugue in section three, “But the righteous souls are in the hand of God”—a slightly contrived piece at the best of times, and here taken rather fast, faster anyway than the chorus could manage without raggedness. The chorus generally was in good voice, but there were uneasy moments. The less massive sections, “How lovely are thy dwellings” and “Ye who now sorrow”, fared best. Why, incidentally can't they sing it in German instead of the at times awkward translation?

The soloists were excellent, particularly the soprano, whose voice had exactly the combination of warmth and brilliance that the part demands. The moulding of her opening phrases was unusually impressive: anything operatic here is a disaster. The baritone had a dark and powerful voice, which was appropriate to the music, though he tended to force the tone a bit.

Sincerity and nobility are keys of this great work: moving always, overwhelmingly so in a great performance. The nobility was not altogether there, though the sincerity was. We were perhaps not overwhelmed, but we should have had to be deaf not to be moved. The occasion was not unworthy of the work: it would be unreasonable to ask for more: it is no mean compliment that one has learnt confidently to expect so much.

J. BAIN

Sunday, 21st May, at 8 p.m., in the Roxburgh Hall

THE COVENTRY CITY BAND

Signature Tune

“Hungarian March” from the “Damnation of Faust”	Berlioz
Overture of “Orpheus in the Underworld”	Offenbach
“The Londonderry Air”	arr. Coleman
“Zelda” Caprice (cornet solo)	Percy Code
“Lazy Trumpeter” (cornet solo)	Eric Sibert
Songs and Dances	Alan Street
“The Emperor” (trombone solo)	Percy Code
“Paper Chase”	Stevens
“Slavonic Rhapsody” No. 1	Friedmann
“When the Saints go marching in”	arr. Longford
“Prelude to an Occasion”	Edward Gregson
“The Carnival of Venice” (euphonium solo)	John Hartmann
“Border Bridge 1850” from “Impressions for Brass”	Butterworth
Rondo from Concerto No. 3 (tenor horn solo)	Mozart
Selection from “The Mikado”	Sullivan arr. Longford
Themes from Symphony 5 in E minor	Tchaikovsky arr. Ball

There was an audience of some 250 for this concert, a large proportion of which was, I am glad to say, made up of members of the school.

Since the concert was so long, I will not attempt to comment on every piece, but merely to pick out the ones which have left a particular impression on my mind.

The concert started with the band's own signature tune, which cleverly contained hints of the Coventry Carol. Berlioz' ‘Hungarian March’ was well played with good contrast between dynamics, and the quaver passages very precise. The surprisingly light tone which the band produced amazed much of the audience. The Offenbach “Orpheus” Overture was played next, with the second-cornet solo which was muted giving an almost oriental quality to the middle section. The “Can-Can” was played with an unusual amount of dignity, and the

piece reached a rousing climax with the tubas and euphonium going for all they were worth. “The Lazy Trumpeter” by Eric Sibert was played immaculately and with tremendous tone by a fourteen year old boy who was the 1970 National Youth Champion and who astonished his contemporaries in the audience. Just before the interval we were treated to the best arrangement of “When the Saints go marching in” that I have heard. It was by Gordon Longford and burst on us, bringing first the trombones, and eventually the whole band except the less mobile tubas and percussion to its feet.

After the interval we heard several memorable performances. One of these was a euphonium solo by Hartmann, “The Carnival of Venice”, which proved the euphonium to be a very versatile and agile instrument in the right hands. The piece was designed to test the skill of the player, and Malcolm Teasdale obviously passed with flying colours, even achieving perfectly a passage of octaves and arpeggio trilling which one normally associates with the more mobile trumpet. Arthur Butterworth's “Border Bridge, 1850” cleverly represented a train straining up one side of the bridge, and then falling down the other side to its destination. The Mozart “Rondo” was executed by Colin Randal with skill, precision and a marvellous tone; the strange instruments, including a snare drum and cymbals, added an unusual texture to the music, and one wonders what Mozart would have thought of it. Eric Ball's arrangement of “Themes from Tchaikovsky's 5th Symphony” sounded a little out of context, but was played with feeling and expression, the Waltz from the second movement being of particular note in this context. But in parts of the piece, the trombones were unfortunately so raucous as to be slightly vulgar. This was a very enjoyable concert of an exceedingly high standard. Although the band has not been formed very long, it has already won several major competitions, and this was easy to understand, so responsive and agile was its unity—which might so easily become bulk.

JONATHAN HERSHMAN

Sunday, 3rd June, at 8 p.m. in the Roxburgh Hall

Brandenburg Concerto No. 5 (1st movt)	Bach
Neil Bass (violin); Geoffrey Macleod-Smith (flute)	
Titus Gibson (harpsichord)	
Song	Robert Dillon
Bagatelle	Clare Grundman
Andrew Scott, Jonathan Hershman, Justin Shingles, Peter Barclay (clarinets)	
Arpeggione Sonata (1st movt)	Schubert
Teymour Boutros-Ghali (viola)	
Francis Watson (piano)	
Passamezzo	Praetorius
Intrada a six	Melchior Frank
Pony Trap	William Walton
Denzil Pugh; Mark Lankester (trumpets)	
Hugh Spencer-Thomas; Anthony Pyfrom (horns)	
David Robinson; Oswald Hoskyns (tubas)	
Clarinet Sonata in E flat (1st movt)	Brahms
Andrew Scott (clarinet); Mr James (piano)	
Overture to “Il Seraglio”	Mozart
Trumpet Concerto — Denzil Pugh (trumpet)	Haydn
“Peer Gynt Suite”	Grieg
Stowe School Orchestra	

The concert programme was clearly divided to display the varied talents of the school in individual chamber items in the first half, and in the second half the School Orchestra.

The concert began on a high note with a movement from one of Bach's most famous Brandenburg Concertos. This is a taxing piece for all three soloists especially the harpsichordist, and it is to their great credit that technically and musically, the performance was a considerable success. Under Mr Brown's baton the orchestra kept good balance and ensemble. Particularly outstanding was Gibson's clear and precise playing of the extended cadenza for harpsichord. Overall, it was a professional and impressive performance.

The clarinet ensemble provided good contrast in their two modern pieces: the first despite some slightly nervous entries was most expressively played and the second with its bouncy rhythms and flippant interplay was mastered splendidly by the clarinetists who obviously understood the music thoroughly. The Schubert Duo was most expressively played and apart from a few occasions when the piano was rather too loud, and where there was a lapse of intonation in the viola, the performance was outstanding in ensemble and interpretation.

Good ensemble was also evident in the Brass pieces which followed: the closely-knit harmonies of the first two pieces and the aptly descriptive writing of Walton's "Pony Trap" were achieved with great panache and clarity.

The first half of the concert ended with another sonata movement, this time for clarinet and piano. Scott's tone and technique captured the beautiful atmosphere of the piece from the very beginning. His expressive performance, although hindered by nervousness was helped by Mr James's, as usual, expert accompanying.

It is to the school's considerable credit that only one professional player (Double Bass) was required to fulfil the orchestra's complement for the three works in the second half of the programme. Mozart's "Il Seraglio" Overture is an ordinary kind of work but an ideal one for an orchestra to begin with in a concert. Under Mr James's baton the performance was well-disciplined and accurate and there was much fine wind playing in the middle slow section. Throughout the rest of the overture, good contrast was achieved between strings and wind, and it was evident that the Turkish band was enjoying itself!

Denzil Pugh is obviously a talented trumpet player and his performance of Haydn's concerto revealed much brilliant playing especially in the first two movements. It seems strange therefore that he appeared so nervous in the final movement. Apart from this however, the overall performance revealed a measure of achievement and here much was due to the disciplined direction of Mr Wiggins.

The three movements from Grieg's "Peer Gynt Suite" proved a popular choice as the finale for the concert. The first of the three movements, "Morning", began badly, but gradually the wind department of the orchestra recovered. The second movement, "Anitra's Dance", was undoubtedly the most successful for ensemble and expressive playing: especially notable were the sustained tunes on muted violins, and 'cellos. The concert ended with an exciting performance of "In the Hall of the Mountain King", in which the climactic "accelerando" was well controlled by Mr Gatehouse, and which the audience greeted with another storm of applause, to show how warmly the concert had been appreciated by all present.

TITUS GIBSON

QUEEN'S TEMPLE CONCERT

Thursday, 15th June, at 8 p.m.

THE QUEEN'S TEMPLE SINGERS
THE STOWE CHAMBER ORCHESTRA
THE STOWE CHAMBER ENSEMBLE
STUART HOLLAND (*tenor*)

Gemini Variations	Britten
Seven Sonnets of Michaelangelo	Britten
Saint Nicholas	Britten

The Queen's Temple was packed on June 15th for a Britten concert including three works of the contemporary composer: The Gemini Variations op 73, Seven Sonnets of Michaelangelo op 22 and The Saint Nicholas Cantata op 42.

As the title suggests, The Gemini Variations were written for twin brothers; one played in turn the piano and the flute, the other the piano and the violin. The work was later re-arranged for

four instrumentalists. It partakes both of the grandeur of some of its famous predecessors in the variation form, with its crowning fugue at the end, and of the wit and casualness inherent in all "pièces de circonstance".

Neil Weston played the flute convincingly and the piccolo with great zest and humour. The fourth variation (*lento*) was noted for its beauty of tone and the ensemble achieved by Neil Weston with Clive Brown on the violin; they rightly emphasized the typical Britten effects of clashing and unresolved seconds and sevenths.

The fugue was interpreted in a masterly way by the four performers and each entry gave renewed strength to the sturdy subject immediately followed by its contrasting counter-subject of triplets. It ended in a sumptuous return of Kodaly's theme magnified into a chorale under the powerful chords of David Gatehouse and Terence James on the piano.

The Saint Nicholas Cantata ended the programme. After "The Death of Saint Nicholas" and according to the composer's wishes, the audience joins the chorus to sing the hymn "God moves in a mysterious way" as they also do before in "All people that on earth do dwell". And indeed, this is not the only amusing gimmick in this half serious, half humorous cantata. To take one example among many, in "The Birth of Saint Nicholas", the smallest choirboy available punctuates the childish waltz-style music sung by the sopranos with a repeated "God be glorified" to the background of an organ cadence. From his diminutive height, little Jonathan Kreeger sounded as though he had glorified the Lord in this rather amazing way all his life, so convincing was his performance! But it is the tenor soloist who, symbolically, sings the last "God be glorified" so that the audience can judge what tremendous progress in pioussness and sanctity Nicholas has made between boyhood and manhood.

Stuart Holland was a brilliant tenor whose tone of voice is somewhat reminiscent of Peter Pears'. He has power, delicacy of expression, and his soft, high notes in the moving, doleful Number Three ("Nicholas devotes himself to God") were simply perfect. His words could certainly have been clearer, especially in the middle and lower register, and his tone production was at times not altogether free from muscular tightness. Together with the chorus and the orchestra under the vigorous direction of David Gatehouse, he gave an exciting account of the storm (in "A Journey to Palestine"). Although the soprano and alto lines seemed to be more homogeneous than those of tenor and bass, all emerged beautifully from the rumbling of the waves on the piano and the wildness of the elements on the percussion. The choir was at its best in Number Eight when it found lovely, mellow tones to praise "The marvellous works of Nicholas".

The Seven Sonnets of Michaelangelo were appropriately placed in the middle of this Britten concert. It is a short but powerful cycle of dramatic songs describing the pangs and joys of loving. Stuart Holland sang the sonnets with feeling to an accompaniment which, changing mood with each song, re-enacted the lover's drama and conveyed all the shades of passion from occasional bliss to black despair. Four songs were especially noted for their effective rendering: sonnet 30, where the yearning sighs of the lover were expressed by the tenor's modulating voice, rising from a pedal on the piano and blossoming out in flashing power on the final words "which the sun illumines"; sonnet 38, tormented and dissatisfied, with a streak of mad despair about it more than faintly reminiscent of the "Winterreise"; sonnet 32, an ecstatic vision of love satisfied which synthesizes on a clever accompaniment of fast semi-quavers the duality of carnal frenzy and spiritual union; and finally sonnet 24, where the voice praises in a grandiose recitative the spiritual qualities of the beloved who, gradually, seems to answer and starts up a dialogue from the piano.

All these were magnificently interpreted by both Stuart Holland and David Gatehouse, and in between the light-hearted wit and entertaining humour of the other two works, they formed the substantial core of a successful and very enjoyable evening.

A. F. M. LE PICHON

MARBLE HALL CONCERT

Sunday, 7th May at 8 p.m.

THE QUEEN'S TEMPLE SINGERS

CANTORES IN CONCORDIA

Clive Brown (*violin*)

Helen Dalby (*cello*)

Partita No. 2 in D minor for violin

Bach

Three Motets

C. V. Stanford

Suite No. 3 in C major for 'cello

Bach

Mass for four voices

Byrd

This concert of music specially chosen to suit the acoustics of the Marble Hall opened with a stunning performance of Bach's Partita No. 2 for violin played by Mr Brown. The intonation was sound, the rhythm precise, and one could feel the emotion being poured into the music. The audience was captivated; as it was by the three Stanford Motets which followed. Mr James's 'Cantores in Concordia' is a most professional group that sings with complete understanding and feeling for the music. The first two motets were delicately sung, and the last, in which the Cantores split up into two choirs, was extremely powerful.

The second half of the concert started with Bach's Suite No. 3 in C major for 'cello, which was sympathetically played by Miss Dalby—I especially enjoyed the sensitive playing on the top two strings. The last item consisted of a Byrd Mass for four voices which was sung sensibly and precisely, although the sopranos tended to be drowned by the tenors and basses. The contraltos sung especially well. This Mass sounded extremely effective in the Marble Hall with its marvellous acoustics, and rounded off a superb evening's entertainment.

JOHNNY GUILFORD

THE GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY

This term has seen the welcome addition of over £100 worth of new records, which range from Elizabethan and Restoration Vocal Music to Electronic Music by Cage and Berio, and the *Gruppen* and *Carré* of Stockhausen. Boxed collections include Elgar's *The Kingdom*, Mahler's second and third symphonies, Britten's *Peter Grimes* and Handel's *Messiah*. Vaughan Williams' Centenary is marked by the addition of more records of his vocal and instrumental music. For enthusiasts there is also Film music and *The Jazz Influence!* The Society's room in the Roxburgh Hall has again been in constant use, but the continuing excellence of the equipment has been somewhat marred by the removal of the balance weight from the pickup arm by the notorious "Mr Nobody"!

We would like to thank Mr James for looking after the Society for the past five years, and to wish him the best of luck in his new post.

FRANCIS WATSON

THE MUSIC CLUB

Slight confusion at the beginning of term resulted in the cancelling of the first meeting. However, this was fully recompensed by the Lady Margaret Hall Consort, a group of young Cambridge musicians specialising in vocal music (mainly sixteenth and seventeenth century). On this occasion, they were accompanied by a family of viols, harpsichord and violins, and the instruments alone proved of great interest—many members tried their natural skills, not too successfully, on them!

The programme, which included music by Byrd and Purcell, lasted about an hour. Members were then able to discuss with performers playing technique and other aspects of music in that period. The chance of having outside performers coming to the Club was greatly welcomed by all members.

There will be a further meeting in the term, where a concert by members will be given.

TEYMOUR BOUTROS-GHALI

THE CONCERT BAND

This term we have been preparing for the concert on Speech Day, having two rehearsals a week. The concert was well received, the two most popular items being selections from "My Fair Lady" and "The Liberty Bell March"—which is perhaps more well-known as being the theme tune to "Monty Python's Flying Circus". Another successful aspect of this concert was the fact that we were not interrupted by rain, as happened last year when the speeches were on the North Front. The band adjourned after Speech Day for more pressing matters such as exams., but it will be meeting again at the beginning of next term to prepare for a concert at the end of term.

Finally, we should like to express our regrets that Mr James is leaving. He has been of great assistance to the band and his humour will be greatly missed. We wish him luck in his new appointment.

GEOFFREY MACLEOD-SMITH

MODERN MUSIC AND THE PUBLIC

No one who hears a lot of modern music will deny that very many of the performances are incomprehensible. Not only to the layman, who expects nothing different and almost wants it that way, but even to the listener who is familiar with what is offered and identifies himself with it. Moreover belief in the incomprehensibility of modern music is so ingrained in the public, that we do not ask whether this incomprehensibility lies in the composition or the performance. One has reached a position where it is hard to judge the quality of the work or the performance. The German critic Adorno describes this in a fairly amusing anecdote: ' . . . I have seen how a conductor, usually excellent and a man who has grown up in a responsible tradition of modern music, has responded to my sceptical glance after the performance of an admittedly exceptionally difficult work, as if to console himself; just one more rehearsal and it would have gone like a Haydn symphony . . . ' Performing musicians, and above all conductors have thus, to solve a dual problem. They have to master the transformation from score to sound, and to reveal the musical sense, the coherence of what is happening. The fundamental problem with modern music is that even if the first prerequisite is satisfied it is an illusion to imagine that this will ensure a certain degree of musical sense. Unless the meaning is realised completely and every performance detail is related to this meaning and shaped by it, then in critical moments all will be lost. In traditional music it was relatively simple, thanks to the familiar harmonic sequences, to follow the thread underlining the coherence of the work; though already Beethoven, particularly in his late quartets, made far more disturbing demands than the naive listener might imagine.

To bridge this gap between public and music, one has therefore to look at what inspires the composer to write. Whether it is intellectual or emotional (assuming the two can be separated) and where he finds that sense of coherence (if any) which is inherent in music.

The fundamental factor behind any composition is the faith the composer has in himself. Deep in the creation of the work, the composer undoubtedly forges for himself a psychology of short-term infallibility. Without this provisory compass—'I am absolutely right'—he would hesitate to venture into virgin territory. This is a sane reflex which allows him to reach the unpredictable end. Henry Miller describes this brilliantly in his 'Black Spring': 'You may say it's just an accident this masterpiece, and so it is! But then so is the 23rd Psalm. Every birth is miraculous—and inspired. What appears now before my eyes is the result of innumerable mistakes, withdrawals, erasures . . . it is also the result of certitude . . . the world of real and counterfeit is behind us. Out of the tangible we have invented the intangible.' Thus if nothing else, we can believe in the composer's certitude! However this is a fairly unsatisfactory approach since one cannot be constantly fed on the re-assurance that, in fact, the music makes complete sense to the composer! Furthermore, much as a composer would like to say 'I am concerned with the making of the music: audience reaction is none of my concern,' he cannot deny that a piece of music is made for a listener. The destination of a work is an audience.

Perhaps a more rewarding explanation can be found in what dictates the coherence of music today. Probably one of the most representative examples which one can follow is Pierre Boulez. He sees in music two basic constituents—pitch and duration, functions of ‘integration’, and dynamics and timbre, functions of ‘co-ordination’. The basic concept behind his music (this includes all the Viennese school of Berg, Schoenberg and Webern, and many present day composers) is the ‘series’. This he defines as ‘. . . the germ of a developing hierarchy based on certain psycho-physiological acoustical properties, and endowed with a greater or less selectivity, with a view to organising a FINITE ensemble of possibilities connected by predominant affinities, in relation to a given character: this ensemble of possibilities is deduced from an initial series by a functional generative process.’

Boulez then goes on to define four categories of values to operate this process. A studied detail of this would be too lengthy. However the fundamental principles are: a succession of single and unique sounds, which do not occupy the same position in any two series. (For this simple example we consider it in the compass of a single octave). To this series of absolute values one can apply relative values—tessitura by inter-relation, using as moduli different ranges of octaves . . . the essential condition being non-repetition. The principle which is being refuted is that of identity. Thus one encounters the ‘avoided octave’. (Commonest example, though the triad, etc. are just as representative). The reasoning behind this is that these octaves produce a weakening or hole in the sound relationship, since the simplest relations are the most easily perceptible, and the ear will immediately be drawn towards these octave forming extremities. The introduction of more contradictory notes with them diverts the ear from its tendency to simplify.

‘Tempo’ is directed by a series of durations. The calculation is purely mathematical. (The process being either addition, subtraction, etc.). A basic unit is chosen, e.g. the semiquaver. Then a preconceived pattern or ‘complex of proportions’ is followed logically. That is, the value of the semi-quaver is multiplied (or any of the other arithmetical calculations) by, say, n , $(n + 1)$, $(n + 2)$. . . in turn, changing the time value of the original beat. This process is continued with different combinations and permutations of such numbers. Clearly three types of distribution of ‘tempi’ are possible; symmetrical, asymmetrical, and a combination of the two. The process can become much more involved, but *still* contain mathematical coherence.

Dynamics follow the same pattern. However the distribution, or ratio of these patterns is dependant on the composer.

Boulez puts forward the theory that ‘. . . the real interest in distribution lies in the creation of ‘Brownian motion’, within a mass, or volume of sound.’

Thus coherence there is, even if it is far from the customary one. But this type of composition leads to the inevitable problem of the relationship between sound and noise. The dividing line when sound becomes noise is far from clear. The most obvious answer is that sensations of noise and sound arise primarily from the greater or less selective analytical ability of the ear. Once the ear is saturated with complex chords, it globally just perceives noise.

The public’s task is a hard one, particularly since a work of music takes shape only in the mind of the listener. It does not exist, apart from this, as a thing in itself. Or rather it exists as a catalogue of specifications which is far remote from the actual sound. But this split between art and society is dictated by society, and the man who on that account bows to it as a decree of fate is being obedient to the dictates of society. There is also a lethargy by a great mass of listeners to modern music. Yet there are countless listeners, who are not satisfied with traditional music and seek a new outlet of expression. Perhaps modern music will not gratify (as yet) the emotional side; however the intellect will be fully rewarded. People cannot master modern music because they try to identify it with past experience. Modern music could be the natural outcome of Bach and others, yet this total emancipation, which is an intellectual excursion, seems to be of a more provocative nature than many things in the past. However the object one hopes to achieve, is a complete fusion of ‘intellect’ and ‘emotion’ in music. Music as it stands now contains the most powerful form of invention, wherein the imagination plays an essential determining role.

‘Imagination must stimulate intelligence, and intelligence must anchor imagination.’

TEYMOUR BOUTROS-GHALI



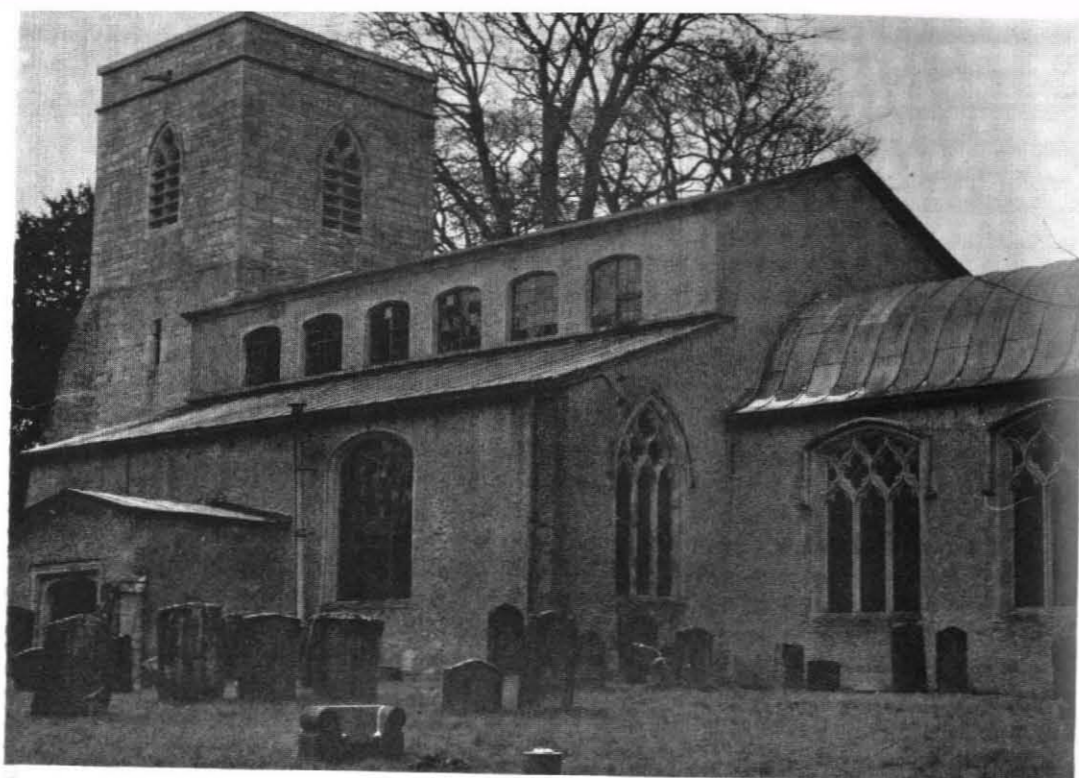
Route planning, Isle of Man

C. D. Mullineux



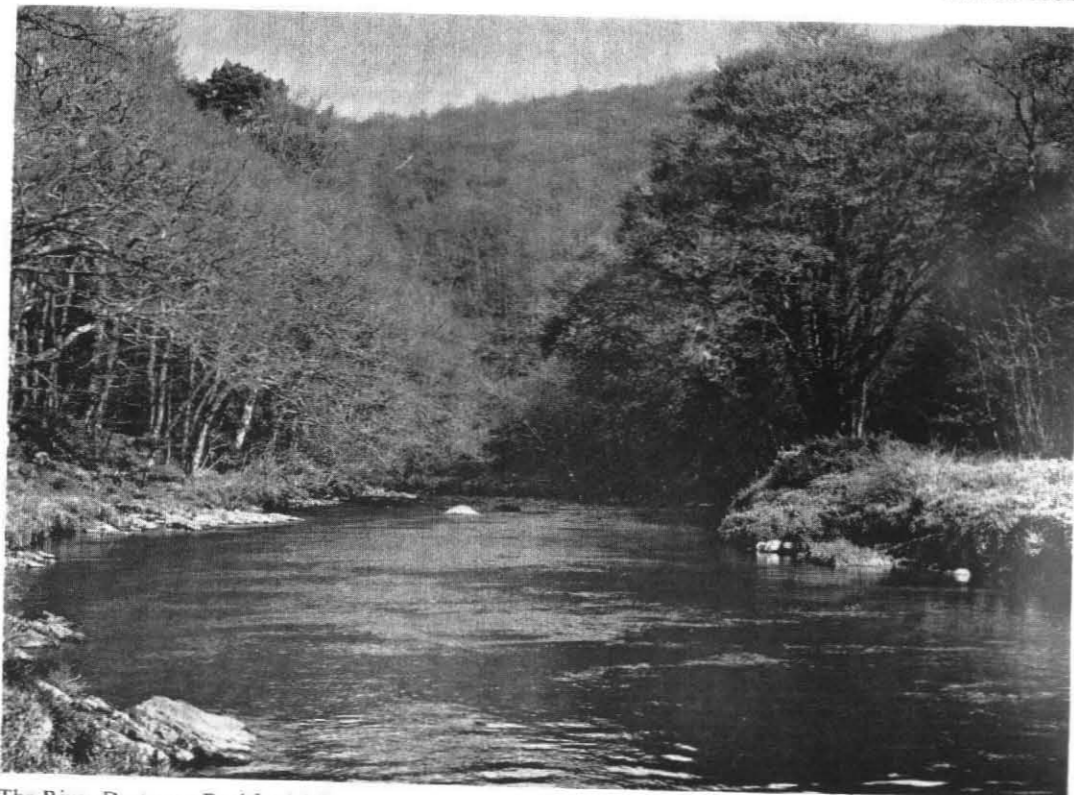
The geographers in France

Robin Dillon-Mahon



Stowe Church

Edward Tobin



The River Dart near Buckfastleigh

Edward Tobin

THE HISTORY OF STOWE—XVI

THE GRENVILLE FAMILY

“ Grenville of Wotton under Barnwood. There is good reason to believe that this family, seated at Wotton from the reign of Henry I, is a collateral branch of the Grenvilles of the West. The Manor of Wotton, among many others, was given by William I to Walter Giffard, Earl of Buckingham. Isabel, daughter and co-heir of Walter the second Earl, is said to have brought it in marriage, about the year 1097, to Richard de Grenville. The consequence of this family in modern times is owing to matches with heiresses of the great houses of Temple, Nugent and Chandos.”¹

The Grenvilles of Wotton House near Aylesbury were a very old and highly respectable family, but their “ consequence ” was no greater than that of any other country family until the fortunate marriage in 1710 of Richard Grenville to Hester Temple, Lord Cobham’s favourite sister; whereupon they sprang into prominence and became one of the most influential families of the 18th century. Lord Cobham had no children and Richard Grenville died in 1727, leaving a young family. There were six of them, five boys and a girl, and their uncle Cobham practically adopted them. Richard, the eldest, was already by the special remainder the ultimate heir to the peerage. With the Temple wealth behind them the young Grenvilles’ course was thus set towards fame and fortune. Fortune offered them gifts, which they were not slow to grasp, very largely by way of politics, and in consequence this chapter will be mainly a story of politics. As to Hester, the only girl, she married a friend of her brothers, one of the greatest figures of 18th century history, indeed of the whole of English history, as shall be told.

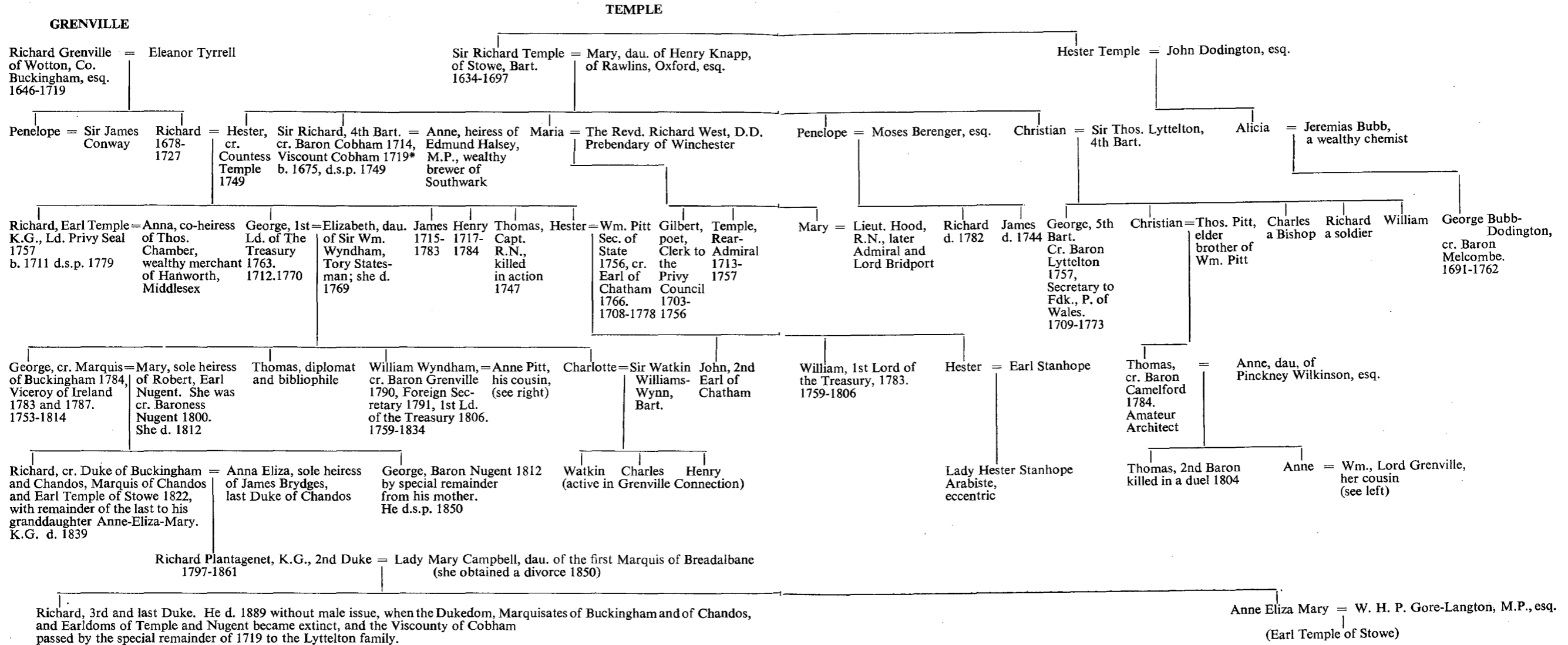
Between his return from Vigo in 1719 and Walpole’s Excise Bill in 1733 Lord Cobham played no great part in politics. He attended the House of Lords however and was not indifferent to public affairs. Walpole, undoubtedly one of the greatest public servants this realm has ever seen, nevertheless as time went by put everyone’s back up by his dictatorial habits. Walpole made the foolish Duke of Newcastle Secretary of State because he found it inconvenient to have a “ man of parts ” in that important post, and steadily alienated the leading Whigs who wanted something to do. Slowly but surely an opposition formed itself round Sir William Wyndham, erstwhile Tory and disciple of Lord Bolingbroke, who was ready to work with disgruntled Whigs. To this embryo party, who called themselves the Patriots, Lord Cobham in due course adhered. Then in 1733 came the attempted Excise Bill. The Patriots voted against it and were set upon by Walpole, Cobham himself losing command of his regiment. At this insult he flashed at once into action and began to drill his young relations into what came to be known as the Cobham Squadron and whose object was to knock Walpole down.

In 1733 only one Grenville, Richard, the eldest, was yet fit for service. He was twenty-one and had just returned from a four-years’ grand tour paid for by his uncle. He was at once “ brought into Parliament ” for Buckingham, his uncle’s pocket borough. The next brother, George, who was clever, went to the Bar. Though a very reserved character he was ambitious and hoped for a great career leading perhaps to the Woolsack. However he was soon made to give up that idea and was brought into Parliament for the other Buckingham seat, which he kept for the rest of his life. The next two brothers, James and Henry, are of less interest to us. They had not perhaps the talents of their elder brothers, but were useful all the same. Finally there was Thomas, who was still a little boy. He was sent to sea as soon as might be, to make his fortune one day, it was hoped, by the taking of prizes. All five brothers at one time or another had seats in Parliament.

Here were five recruits, but they formed merely the front rank of the Squadron. There were also four Lytteltons, sons of Lord Cobham’s sister Christian, who had married Sir Thomas Lyttelton. These young men, finding their father somewhat lethargic, attached themselves for promotion to their redoubtable uncle. The younger three, Richard, Charles and William, though they may be counted with the Squadron, play small parts in the story. But George,

1. E. P. Shirley, *Noble and Gentle men of England*. 3rd edition, 1866.

The Temple-Grenvilles and their family connections during the 18th and early 19th centuries



* With special remainder to:—
1st his sister Hester Grenville and her heirs male
2nd his sister Christian Lyttelton and her heirs male

Fremantle. The first Marchioness (née Mary Nugent) had an illegitimate half-brother, Edmund Nugent, who had a granddaughter Louisa who married Thomas, son of Admiral Fremantle (of Nelson's "Band of brothers"). The Fremantles were thus tenuously related to the Grenvilles. Thomas Fremantle played a leading part in the Connection during the final phase of 1821/2.

the eldest, is a major character, at any rate at the outset. He was an intellectual and was found to have a talent for journalism, for the writing of anti-Walpole pamphlets. He showed great fervour for the cause and it seemed that he might become the leader. But in fact politics did not really suit him. His mind began to veer away from pamphlets towards religion and *belles lettres*. He was vague and was apt to let cats out of bags in a way that was extremely vexatious to the more crafty Grenvilles. So he scarcely fulfilled his early Cobhamite promise.

Even so this is not all the Squadron. There were also Gilbert and Temple, sons of Lord Cobham's sister Maria, who had married the Revd. Richard West; and James and Richard, sons of Penelope, who had married Moses Berenger. The Wests were young men of ability. Gilbert, another intellectual (see Ch. IX), was a scholar and poet and finally clerk to the Privy Council. Temple went like Tom Grenville to sea and became a rear-admiral. He was also at one time M.P. for Buckingham. As to the Berengers, of them we seem to know little. They were however "pretty fellows", ready to play their parts.

Here then were thirteen nephews, a very good nucleus for a strong party in time to come. Of course they were given corporate nick-names: the Cobham Squadron, the boy Patriots, the Cousinhood. Needless to say Walpole invented his own contemptuous name for them, the Nepotism. In fact the outstanding member of the group, the one who towers above the rest in historic estimate, was not a relation at all. He had been friends with George Lyttelton and the elder Grenvilles at Eton, a strange young man of immense ambition but rather bad health, who after Lord Cobham's death became a cousin-in-law by marrying Hester Grenville. His name was William Pitt. He became *persona grata* with Lord Cobham, who got him a commission in his own regiment of horse. Lady Irwin, writing to her brother Lord Carlisle, described him as "a young man of no fortune, a very pretty speaker, one the Prince (of Wales) is partial to and under the tuition of Lord Cobham".² A neat description. In fact he was not absolutely without fortune. His elder brother Thomas, who had married Christian, sister of the Lyttelton brothers, owned the Parliamentary seat of Old Sarum. It was to represent this rottenest of all rotten boroughs that the Great Commoner first entered the House of Commons in 1735.

This was a great year for the cousins, the year in fact when the Squadron came into being. During the summer Lord Cobham gathered Pitt and his elder nephews together at Stowe and gave them their marching orders. In the next session of Parliament they had their first opportunity to show their mettle. In 1736 Frederick, Prince of Wales, already on bad terms with his father, was married to Augusta of Saxe-Gotha. The consequent debate on the marriage settlement might have been a mere formality, but the Squadron made it almost a declaration of war on Walpole and the King. Pitt, George Lyttelton and Richard Grenville all made pointed speeches congratulating the Prince, suggesting that he would thereafter make a good English king, unlike his Hanoverian father. In short they declared themselves *Frondeurs* and were accepted by the Prince as his partisans. Walpole struck back at once, taking away Pitt's commission in the Army as a warning to the rest. This was a dramatic but purely political stroke. Secretly Walpole's sporting blood led him rather to admire the Squadron's spirit and to hope to bring them round one day to his own side. Not so however King George II, who conceived an intense dislike, even hatred, for Pitt and Richard Grenville that lasted the rest of his life and caused immense trouble to all concerned.

In this same year Lord Cobham decided that Richard ought to marry. In order to catch an heiress he let it be known that Richard was heir to Stowe and thus caught Anna, co-heiress to William Chamber, an extremely wealthy merchant. This was by intent a pure *marriage de convenance* but it turned out also a marriage of lifelong affection. Whatever bad qualities can be proved, or invented, for the Grenvilles, nobody can pretend they were libertines. In 1748 Richard's brother George also made a happy marriage to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Wyndham. This was, besides its private blessings, perhaps a liberalising event in the Whig Grenville family, as the Wyndhams were, or had been, Tories. The marriage of Pitt in 1754 to Hester Grenville was also the greatest success. Hester's portrait³ shows a young woman of

character, of haughty and almost austere good looks. She made however a devoted wife, perhaps the only woman in England capable of managing the extraordinary, temperamental character of the Great Commoner.

This is perhaps the right place to say something of Hester's brother Richard. He will, as Lord Temple and master of Stowe, be our principal character in subsequent chapters. He was immensely tall and ungainly. His wife called him her "dearest long man". His enemies, of whom in the end he had many, called him "Squire Gawkey". He was sandy-haired and pink-faced, an extremely jolly fellow, full of loud laughter and practical jokes. He had a strong liking for the arts, especially architecture. His brains were not at all bad and he spoke several



Wotton House, Bucks, seat of the Grenville family

languages. He was, *au fond*, a friendly, affectionate man, much dependent on the good opinion of others, but he had a quick temper and if seriously offended could become extremely unpleasant. When his uncle died in 1749 he developed a great sense of his own importance as head of the Squadron, thenceforth more discreetly known as the Grenville Connection. His party were his relations and he was fond of them all, but this only made him the more furious when they showed signs, even the slightest signs, of wishing to go their own ways. He did not however harbour malice, or not for ever, was ready to make friends again when his anger had cooled, and was then somewhat hurt to find that anyone still thought ill of him.

To return to the Squadron. The Prince of Wales, pleased with their flattery, made Lyttelton his private secretary and Pitt a Lord of his Bedchamber, and the following Summer, 1737, he and the Princess spent a few days at Stowe, to the great annoyance of "the Court". Walpole paid little attention; nevertheless this year marked the beginning of his decline. There had for some time been maritime bickerings with Spain and during 1738 things grew rapidly worse. Walpole knew all about it and tried his best to keep the peace, to settle with Spain by money adjustments. But clamour arose in Parliament and "out of doors", and the City merchants became seriously alarmed lest they might lose to the Spaniards their investments in the West Indies. Pitt, with sure instinct, seized the opportunity to make himself the merchants' spokesman in the House of Commons and earned their undying gratitude. At last, in 1739, Walpole was forced into war with Spain, and this maritime war merged quickly into the general war of the Austrian Succession. Walpole hung on in half-hearted command until 1742, when he resigned and took a peerage as Earl of Orford. He handed over to his disciple Newcastle and Newcastle's brother Henry Pelham.

2. H.M.C., *Carlisle Papers*. Quoted in Rosebery, *Chatham: his early life and connections* (1910), Ch. VIII.

3. By Thomas Hudson. It is, or was, at Chevening, Lord Stanhope's seat in Kent.

The war did not go too well and Lord Orford, *sub rosa*, advised the Pelhams. "Recruits should now be sought from the Cobham Squadron," he told them. "Pitt is thought able and formidable, try him or show him. Whig it with all opponents that will parley, but 'ware Tory."⁴ The Pelhams agreed, but their obstacle was the King. They had however a certain success, bringing in Lyttelton and George Grenville to minor posts in the Treasury and Admiralty, and Cobham himself and some of his older friends from the House of Lords. Nothing however would induce the King to have Pitt. Meanwhile the war went badly and in 1745, after the Scottish rising, the Pelhams, at the end of their very considerable patience, took their chance and demanded Pitt for Secretary at War. Being again refused they resigned and succeeded, for the first time in English history, in taking their entire ministry out with them. The King, finding nobody else would serve him, was obliged to bring the Pelhams back and they, thus strengthened, at last brought in Pitt, but merely as Paymaster to the Forces. So at last the Squadron were in and became for the time being well-behaved Court men.

In 1747 the Grenvilles suffered a blow. Their youngest brother Tom was doing well in the Navy and was already in command of a frigate. George from the Admiralty did his best to get *Defiance* sent southward where she might fall in with a Spanish treasure-ship, but Admiral Anson had already noted Tom Grenville's quality as an officer and insisted in having him with him in the Channel. There they fell in with the French off Cape Finisterre and there Tom's leg was shattered by an enemy shot. He was carried below, showed the courage that was quite usual in those days but is scarcely credible to the modern mind, while the surgeon tried to cut off what remained of his leg, but died of shock almost immediately. Old Lord Cobham was evidently much impressed by the news of his nephew's gallant end and set up as a monument to him in the Stowe garden the "rostral" column still to be seen there.

The war ended in 1748 and in the following year Lord Cobham at last died. He had been a capital uncle to them all but he had grown old and rather tiresome; the young men, especially Pitt, were becoming restive under his "tuition" and were not altogether sorry to see the last of him. Now they hoped they could all go forward faster. By the special remainder the Grenvilles' mother became Viscountess Cobham at her brother's death. Something more, however, her son Richard now felt would be appropriate to himself hereafter as head of the Grenville Connection. Within a week or two of his uncle's death he was pestering Newcastle to make his mother a Countess. The Duke, even he, was shocked at the unseemly haste, but the thing was done and Lady Cobham became Countess Temple in her own right and Richard by courtesy Viscount Cobham. Thus assured of an Earldom in due season, he immersed himself amid the beauties of Stowe, which he hoped to make yet more beautiful, and for the moment forgot politics.

The Connection remained quiet, hoping for further favours. Newcastle however, now war's alarms were over, reverted to his normal shifty habits. He was secretly afraid of the Connection and would, had he dared, have got rid of them. In 1751 the Prince of Wales suddenly died. A little while back this would have been a heavy blow to the Connection, but as in fact they had abandoned his court for the King's they were little affected. Then in 1753 the Grenvilles' mother died and Richard became Earl Temple. He had never in fact held office in the Commons and never at any time seemed very anxious for it. He preferred to stand in the wings, prompting Pitt and his brothers, finding fault when they did not know their parts. The following year Newcastle was knocked sideways by the death of his valuable brother. Pitt supposed he would now certainly have the vacant place of Secretary of State but the Duke, distrusting Pitt, distrusting everyone, muddled along for another year or two until the unstable peace in Europe broke down again and the French attacked Minorca. Everyone knows the tragic story of Admiral Byng. His second-in-command at the time was Temple West. The Grenvilles were therefore much interested and did their best for the Admirals. West was in fact exonerated but nothing could save Byng. Pitt and the Grenvilles, disgusted at the King's hard-heartedness, furious at Newcastle's ineptitude, lost the last shreds of their patience and broke into opposition. 1756, the year of Minorca, Oswego and the Black Hole of Calcutta, was a year of panic and horror, when Newcastle even feared he might share Admiral Byng's fate. After rapid changes of

ministers, with members of the Connection in and out of office every few months, Newcastle at last screwed up his courage and told the King that either Pitt must be given executive office or himself and his adherents would quit public life for ever. The King, thus cornered, gave way and the four years' reign of the Great Commoner began.

Pitt took office as Secretary of State and brought Temple in to be his lieutenant as Lord Privy Seal. This at last was an office that suited Temple, an office where he might do interesting work and yet keep out of the limelight. The King of course was disgusted but felt his hands were tied. It is possible in this, the last scene of his reign, to be sorry for George II. For all his coarse character and Germanic propensities he was by no means a bad King of England. It was war-time again but he was too old to go abroad with the troops, as he would have liked, to fight another Dettingen. He had to leave the war to the two men, of all his subjects, whom he most disliked and distrusted. Pitt he found pompous and long-winded, and as for Temple, with his hectoring bad manners, "He was so disagreeable a fellow, that there was no bearing him."⁵ However there was nothing to do but sit back and hope for the best. Fortunately the best was forthcoming. By 1759, the *Annus Mirabilis*, the French had been beaten everywhere and the first British Empire had been created, an empire rich beyond the dreams of the City merchants. This was the great achievement that has given Pitt his commanding place in 18th century history, but in this achievement Temple also has an important share. Temple was a curious mixture of absurdity and ability, of self-effacement and self-importance. Self-effacement has kept him out of the history book, self-importance led him to suppose that in the Pitt/Temple partnership he was the senior. And in a way he was. Pitt began life, as Lady Irwin had said, a young man of no fortune. Money came his way, but he had little interest in money, preferring glory. Until nearly the end of his life he was always hard up. On the other hand Temple, combining the Temple and Grenville fortunes and marrying Anna Chamber, was as good as a millionaire. To have money to give to a person who sorely needs it is of course a good way of controlling that person. Thus Temple controlled Pitt. Or did he? Temple had the money, but Pitt had the vision and the power to make subordinates do what he told them by merely looking at them. Pitt and Temple had been friends from boyhood up and during this their great period, the Seven Years' War, they were working together as a balanced partnership in perfect mutual confidence.

Temple had good administrative powers. Pitt from early youth had been a martyr to the gout and was frequently prostrated. During these intervals of weeks or even months Temple must have run the war single-handed, which says a good deal for his wits. But all important decisions of course they took together. Together they chose new officers for high command. For Canada they chose Wolfe, an extremely young general officer, and had him to dine with them the night before he sailed. After dinner Wolfe, whose personal character was something like Lord Nelson's, became over-excited in describing what he would do. He even drew his sword and "flourished it about", to the consternation of his hosts.⁶ When he had gone they may be supposed to have looked at each other and asked, "D'you think we've backed the wrong horse?" The event justified their choice, but Wolfe was killed. Temple put up to his memory the tall obelisk still standing in the park at Stowe. He put it there, we may be sure, not only as a monument to Wolfe's intrepidity but also to his own sagacity. And he must indeed be allowed some of the credit for the conquest of Canada.

In 1760 Lord Temple decided he would like to be a Knight of the Garter. He applied, but the *Annus Mirabilis* had done nothing to make the King like him any better and the application was refused. Of course he applied again, even persuading Pitt to go and plead his cause for him. This Pitt did, saying he wanted nothing for himself and would regard a Garter for his brother-in-law as adequate reward for his own war services. So the old King, with a very bad grace, let Temple have it, and almost immediately afterwards, as if in disgust, fell ill and died.

5. James, Earl of Waldegrave, *Memoirs*, 1754-58, John Murray, 1821.

6. *The Grenville Memoirs*, ed. Henry Reeve (1888 edition), Vol. V, pp. 122-3. This anecdote Charles Grenville had from Thomas Grenville in 1812, when Mr Grenville was eighty-eight. He had never before repeated the story, out of respect to General Wolfe's reputation, but thought at last it might be given to so discreet a young man as Grenville.

(to be continued)

4. Letter: Lord Orford—Henry Pelham. Quoted in Rosebery, *op. cit.*, Ch. x.

SOCIETY

Writing Society reports for *The Stoic* seems to be one of the most odious tasks that a Stoic faces during his time here, if the reluctance with which these reports are written is anything to judge by. Admittedly it is very difficult to be enthusiastic about the prospect of trying to find a more interesting way of saying "nothing happened" than one did last term. But why does nothing happen? Several Societies seem to have virtually dissolved, mostly because of ever-increasing exam. commitments, but occasionally for more bizzare reasons: one secretary eloquently explained (in English) that the Society had not met because "I have to write the bloody minutes up in Latin."

With the long-awaited (and many feel long-overdue) abolition of compulsory C.C.F. in January, Wednesday afternoons are now open to suggestions for more constructive use. Existing activities could fill the vacuum; but this presents the opportunity for innovation and imagination. The Headmaster has said the Gothic Library is always open to suggestions. Why not brush your hair behind your ears and go in?

CHRIS DAVIS

CHAPEL

Weekday services have continued at the reduced rate of twice weekly, and this has allowed a greater element of voluntary worship—particularly midweek meditations in the late evening, usually attended by about 45 boys, and on one occasion at least, devised and taken by boys. Now that this new institution has taken shape, perhaps this tendency will increase. Similarly, a group of boys devised and led a non-liturgical service on 'The Future' for the whole school on the last Sunday of term. One weekday service in four is devised and led either by boys or by lay masters.

Sunday services have been balanced between Series II Communion and Matins; visiting preachers included the Bishop of Portsmouth, the Dean of Canterbury, the Chaplain-in-Chief of the Royal Air Force, the Dean of Downing College, Cambridge, and the Minister of St Columba's, Pont Street. Collections were taken for the Officers' Families Fund, the Church Army Hostel at Oxford, Christian Aid, the Chiltern Cheshire Home, the Historic Churches of Buckinghamshire Trust, Stowe Community Service (to buy a cultivator), the Royal Hospital and Home for Incurables, the Chalfont Centre for Epilepsy, the Buckingham Society for Mentally Handicapped Children, and the Cancer Research Campaign.

J. W. TANBURN

THE CHAPEL CHOIR

During a term festooned with church festivals, namely Ascension, Whitsun, Trinity, and the occasion of occasions—Speech Day Sunday, the choir managed to produce, with reasonable success, a selection of appropriate anthems. The suitability was especially seen on Speech Day Sunday, when a Buxtehude Cantata was performed with the help of a string quartet. This is principally a show-piece as opposed to a work of great meaning.

It has been said in the past that the choir sing only obscure works, this is an untruth for we sung an old favourite for all, "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring", during the course of the term.

We are sad to see the last Stowe Choirs' Festival under the direction of Terry James, but we look forward to Clive Brown's first festival next year.

I would like to thank Terry James for all the time he has surrendered to both Robert Bottone and Clive Brown in order to help out in practices and to play the organ.

One final point is that we have a vacancy for one tenor for next term. It is vital that it is filled. If anyone would like to apply or suggest someone else, Clive Brown or myself will be only too pleased to hear.

OSSIE HOSKYNS

THE PINEAPPLE GROUP

A year ago the existing system of visits to the Stowe Club for Boys in London, the "Pineapple", was replaced by what was felt to be a more beneficial one. Under the new arrangements, boys agree to make at least three visits to the Club, one a term for a year, with an option of making further trips the next year. A Pineapple Group has been set up which consists of some thirty boys who have agreed to make the required number of visits to the Club, and parties of four to six Stoics leave the School for the Club on most Thursday evenings during the term, under the control of a senior boy. The advantage of the new arrangements is that they enable some lasting contact to be made between Stoic and Club member, unlike the old system which sent Stoics to the Club once only, thereby preventing friendships from being made with any hope of permanence.

The Pineapple Group has now been functioning for a full year, and has been a complete success. Stoics have been recognised and greeted in a friendly way on their second and subsequent visits. They have taken part in Club activities such as aikido, basketball and swimming, and have generally been getting on far better than they did when the old arrangements were in force. Next term a party of Club members will be camping at the School for a weekend with members of the Pineapple Group, and other Club members have been on the schooner *Sir Winston Churchill* with Stoics. School/Club contacts are now better than they have been for a long time, and it is hoped that in its second year the Pineapple Group will meet with as much success as it has during its first year.

SIMON SHNEERSON

SIMON AYRE

GEOGRAPHY FIELDWORK IN CENTRAL FRANCE

During the Easter holidays a party of fifteen sixth formers and two masters went to Clermont Ferrand in the Massif Central of France on the first geography field course from Stowe to a foreign country.

After travelling for 24 hours our first glimpse of industrial Clermont Ferrand was greeted with mixed feelings by the party but then at 5.30 in the morning it is difficult to appreciate even the most beautiful surroundings! We had before us a hectic eight day programme which involved visiting and studying many of the features of geographical interest in the region. Accompanied by an obliging young translator and enthusiastic bus driver we set out to gain an impression of the city of Clermont itself. Set in the heart of the central mountains of France, it is dominated by the Michelin Tyre Company which has its massive works there and this has attracted many other secondary industries and created a large urban complex in a rural setting.

Perhaps the most impressive feature of the Massif is the chain of volcanoes, known as 'Les Puys', which border the Auvergne plain and rises steeply up to the west of Clermont Ferrand. The day after our arrival was spent walking through these dormant volcanoes, the highest of which, Le Puy de Dome, was unfortunately shrouded in mist. The geologists in the party had a field day and returned, after five hours walking, laden down with lava bombs and rocks and soaked to the skin. We got the wrong side of the weather that day!

From then on it is a hazy memory of trying to fit two days work into 24 hours and successfully finding a few leisure hours as well. Many hundreds of miles were covered by bus visiting such wide ranging features as the volcanic plugs of Le Puy en Velais; the spa and ski resort of Mont Dore; the cutlery factories of Thiers ("the Sheffield of France"); and the horrific thermal station at Vichy to name but a few. Mingled with these visits, we studied three farms in the area, carried out extensive village studies and walked miles through Clermont itself collecting information for a land survey.

When finally we dragged our weary limbs back across the Channel to England we had all certainly savoured some of the pleasures of France; most of us had learnt a good deal about

the geography of the area and we were all in need of a few days rest to recover. It had been an exhausting but very worthwhile trip.

A photograph of the group appears opposite page 108.

A. M. MACOUN
RUPERT DONNER

THE XII CLUB

For the last meeting of last term a visiting lecturer gave a particularly entertaining paper, pointing out some of the finer points of "A Midsummer Night's Dream", and the essential philosophy of Truth v. Illusion which underlies the work. This term, due to the inefficiency of the Secretary, there has only been one meeting, in which Orson Welles' film, "Citizen Kane" was shown; I believe it is the first time a film has been shown in the XII Club, due equally to tradition and expense; needless to say, considerable enthusiasm justified its appearance, and the meeting did not break up until past 11.30. There will probably be one more meeting this term, and the pressure of exams insists that it should be of a more general nature. A Pre-Raphaelite soirée would possibly make an excellent, nostalgic send-off for the many members who will be leaving.

DENZIL PUGH

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

By some inexplicable oversight, last term's *Stoic* saw no report. The Society however met three times, with increasing enthusiasm, from the somewhat scanty first meeting to the large and rowdy final meeting of the term. The House has established its desire to be woken from its dreams, its belief that a woman's greatest asset is not her beauty and that Satan is a character more worthy of preservation than Martin Luther King, Macbeth, Hare Krishna or Oscar Wilde. The last meeting also saw the ugly head of violence being raised after its long absence, and David Lucas found the need to prove his affinity with his candidate, Satan, by pummelling the speaker next to him, by a quirk of fate myself, whenever a word of sanity tried to escape my lips.

This term the Debating Society is still anticipated, and its reputation being enhanced by absence, will blaze forth before the term ends.

DENZIL PUGH

THE NUCLEUS

There has been only one paper since Dr Hornby's excellent talk last term on 'sex attractants and other repellants'. This was delivered by P. Frazer on holography, and was largely an account of some experiments he had conducted on a hologram during the holidays. He had some very interesting things to say about the theory of wavefront reconstruction and the possible applications of laser photography.

We hope to hear a paper from P. Anand towards the end of this term, on a subject connected with eugenics.

SANJEEV RAM

THE POLITICAL CLUB

This term's list of speakers has been somewhat hampered, to say the least, by a series of debates in the Commons and by a series of national economic and political crises, the like of which has never been seen.

We were however privileged to have a visit from David Lane, M.P. (Conservative, Cambridge) who gave us his impressions on "What is wrong with politics today."

We would like to take this opportunity of wishing the best of luck to our successors P. Anand and R. M. Donner.

NEIL DAVIDSON
JONATHAN HERSHMAN

THE LIBRARY

During the last two terms we have gone ahead with replacing some important books which have been missing in recent years, and thirty have already been added to The Library. Thanks to the stalwart efforts of the Prefect of Library, B. J. N. D'Arcy Clark, the number of books lost more recently has been considerably reduced.

In addition to fifty new books on a variety of subjects, the following gifts are gratefully acknowledged: 'Half Marx' by Colonel Sir Tufton Beamish (T 1935), presented by the author; 'Winnie-the-Pooh' and 'The House at Pooh Corner' by A. A. Milne, presented by J. C. Hershman; 'Souvenir Programmes of the Schneider Trophy Contest 1929 and The Royal Air Force Display, Hendon 1934', presented by A. S. F. Anderson (W 1935); 'The Degrees and Hoods of the World's Universities and Colleges', presented by Victor Waddington; 'Poems as of Then' by Harry Kemp (C 1931), presented by the author; and 'Town Development Act 1952—Application to Weymouth and Dorchester' presented by J. D. Boles.

It is pleasant to record that most members of the School have been increasingly co-operative in the running of the Library, and this eases considerably the burden of work that falls on Mrs McDouall. Finally, a word of thanks to all the Library Monitors, especially the four longer-standing ones, J. C. Hershman, J. C. Grainger, P. M. Law and A. R. Pears.

H. D. MARCUSE

Monitors: J. C. Hershman (B), C. H. A. Goodwin (T), R. R. Turner (G), D. B. G. Oliveira (C), J. C. Grainger (C), P. M. Law (C), A. R. Pears (C), W. W. Brown (W), J. N. S. Bagshawe (L), R. J. G. Dillon-Mahon (N).

THE FILM SOCIETY

Another successful term was again achieved by the Society in showing three films before exams began. The first film, "Ashes and Diamonds" (Polish), was a character study on the theme of love against duty. The protagonist oscillates, not too subtly, between killing his communist official and falling into the obvious snares of the pretty barmaid. In fact he does both, and the film ends fatally for him. Some fine acting helped to maintain the tension with reasonable success; and the climax was dramatic, even though it was anticipated. The photography, too, was quite an achievement. The next film was another character study, "Closely Observed Trains", a Czech film. The theme was different, however, and the coarse humour was appreciated by Stoics more than the subtle irony of the film. The naive, wartime station porter's amorous aspirations contrasted with the amorous exploits of another porter (a theme close to the heart of many a Stoic). The acting was of a very good standard; and the film owes much of its success to this. Finally, by popular demand, an English film was shown. "The Bofors Gun" portrayed the atmosphere of tension between the anti-authoritarian private and the corporal who is incapable of exercising his authority over him. There was no background detail which meant that all attention was focussed on the electric situation between these characters. The climax, although anticipated, was enacted thoroughly and convincingly.

The year has seen some very good films which have generally been appreciated. We are looking forward to a high membership next term which will enable us to obtain good films throughout the year. Next term's Secretary is Steven Martin, and I wish him, too, a successful term.

ADAM CREEDY-SMITH

STOCK EXCHANGE FINANCE GAME 1972

There were 95 schools taking part in the competition this year, and Stowe entered for the first time. Each School had £25,000 to invest, and the aim was to make this total grow by wise use during the time available by the rules of the Game. Stowe came out 30th which was very satisfactory considering that last year's winners were placed 63rd. We hope that we have learnt enough to do better next year, but in any case, everyone enjoyed the experience, and is grateful to the Public Relations Department of the Stock Exchange for organising the Game.

P. G. LONGHURST

THE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

The summer term is always one of outdoor activities and this has been no exception despite the appalling weather. At the General Meeting on the first Thursday of term the committee elections were held. The society then saw an excellent film on the St Kilda group of islands that lie west of the Outer Hebrides.

An exhibition of the work of local Natural History societies has been on display for a month at the County Museum in Aylesbury and we were flattered to be asked to mount a summary of our activities. Some of this material will now be used for a smaller exhibition that will travel round branches of the County Library.

Speech Day saw the publication of the fifth issue of our annual report the *Grebe*. The 250 copies were entirely sold out on the day. We feel sure that we have now established the worth of this publication and are asking the Governors to underwrite the cost of printing a Jubilee edition next year. On this day too we held our annual exhibition of N.H.S. work and 'A' level projects. This was the first time we had used the new Biology laboratories for this and the standard of exhibits was gratifyingly high. The first prize was awarded to M. C. H. and P. J. H. Vey for their exhibit on 'Craniology' and the second and third prizes to P. H. and B. T. Robinson and to A. Doble respectively.

On 7th May twelve members joined about 1,000 others in a sponsored walk, the theme of which was 'Save the Countryside'. Expedition Day sent a party to the lovely R.S.P.B. reserve at Coombes Valley, Staffs and another to London to Regent's Park and Kew Gardens.

Throughout the term a team has been carrying out the Common Bird Census on 250 acres of the school estate, including the Reserve, for the fifth successive year. R. de C. S. Montagu has continued his studies on the badger setts and A. Doble on the flora of Stowe. A. L. Gossage is rearing six young pheasant hatched under a broody from a clutch of nine and B. T. Robinson is building up a useful collection of owl pellets. Various junior members have been trapping small mammals and Mr Dobinson has been revelling in a new rock garden around the pool at the new laboratories. As always the Reserve has been the focal point for much of our work as the Warden's report shows.

Altogether we have had a busy term in which we have been especially glad to see so many enthusiastic new faces.

JEREMY SPENCER-COOPER

NATURE RESERVE

This is not a term for major pioneering tasks but while we try to keep the reserve peaceful during the breeding season continual maintenance is important. Work has continued both in Monday Extras and with a regular working party on normal games days.

One major task in the New Piece was to dig a trench some 200 yards long from the lake to the top of the hill. This now carries a pipe so that water may be pumped up to the new hedges which we have planted.

The pump has been bought from a sum most generously donated by the mother of P. W. Warburg, who left in December 1971. This munificent gift, for which we are most grateful, has also allowed us to buy a 'sit-upon' mower to cope with our increasing grassland and to move the store hut from the Power House Yard to the New Piece for use as a laboratory.

After much sickling, forking and hoeing the young hedges seem to be growing well. Much time has also been spent on keeping the pathways open. So far we have had a reasonably successful breeding term on the lake. The swans bred again, spurning our island and building their own nest in the reeds. They have brought off seven cygnets. Four broods of mallard have been seen but the dabchick only managed a single young. This is a pity since they are rarely seen on the Stowe lakes anyway.

Various projects have been going on. The hide overlooking the fighting pools was finally finished last term and has proved most useful although visibility has been greatly reduced as the

reeds grew. C. B. Scott and M. J. Willcox have continued to keep records of the 42 nest boxes. Although neither of the owl boxes nor any of the six tree creeper ones were used, most of the 'tit' boxes have been occupied. B. T. Robinson and W. R. M. Kilroy have been keeping useful records of other nests. A. Doble continues to keep a watch on the permanent quadrats on the New Piece.

My thanks go to all those who have helped this term. I hope they will help to put into effect the plans we are already laying for the next one.

PETER MUMFORD

THE FORESTERS

Much of our work this term has centred on the Elysian Fields. At the edge of the churchyard and on the opposite side of the path much of the scrub fringe has been cleared back from the mown grass. This ground is now ready for decisions to be made on the replanting that is required. The rubbish and a considerable amount of imported timber have been used to burn out two tough old yew stumps. It is worth recording that during the last twelve months we have removed no less than eighteen old tree stumps using a variety of techniques: machinery, fire, wedges and plenty of hard labour. This we consider no mean achievement.

A second task has involved the small copse around the Bucks Yeomanry Monument by the Bourbon Field. The lower branches have been lopped so that the ground beneath may be cultivated. The timber has either been burnt or removed for firewood.

Maintenance has included keeping the nursery weeded, carefully sickling the choking growth from around young trees and attempting a full-scale 'blitz' on the grey squirrel population. The real credit for this must go to T. M. de R. Bendix who has trapped over fifty animals this term. Add to this some 250 caught or shot during the previous twelve months and 100 dreys destroyed, and it begins to seem possible that we may be holding this menace to our young hardwoods at bay.

A. J. E. LLOYD

THE UPPER STYX PROJECT

The Duckery continues at its present site with little change. Eight mallard duck were hatched on Speech Day, six of which have survived and are growing rapidly.

Last term we were discussing the value of the present site of the Chandos Duckery with respect to its future. It has been decided to move it further up the lake where we will be able to erect a fox-proof fence around the area. This will mean starting again from scratch with, we hope, a strong foot-hold.

We are very much helped by the fact that an Old Stoic, Mr Barber-Lomax (G 1960), has kindly offered to help supply building materials. The landscape committee have given their approval to the move and as soon as plans can be presented to the School Board, we will be on our way to a very much better duckery.

I would like to thank Mr Keeling, the father of an Old Stoic, for a generous donation towards the duckery.

RICHARD NEUFELD

THE TROUT HATCHERY

We have had a mixed year of success and disappointment. On March 6th almost our entire stock of brown trout fry was wiped out overnight and as yet we have not been able to discern the cause of this. This put an end to all the work we had planned to carry out on brown trout fry this year, but allowed us to concentrate our efforts on problems in other fields.

However we had a very successful attempt at stripping two pairs of rainbow trout. The ova were successfully fertilised, but became smothered with silt which killed the majority. This silt could not be removed for fear of "shocking" the other ova.

With the completion of the new science block, we are moving to a different building. As we will no longer be able to use our usual water supply from the powerhouse yard tank, we hope to buy a small re-circulating system. This will give the small trout a clean, warm and well-oxygenated water supply. This system will also help us to produce fast-growing and healthy fish.

Owing to continual theft and disease, our experiments with the large fish have now finished. However we have benefitted greatly from our studies concerning these fish on topics such as growth, feeding, disease control and reactions to extremes of temperature. We have also learnt new techniques, and as a result a good deal of modification will be undertaken soon to facilitate the running of the hatchery.

KEITH FALCONER
EDWARD CORBETT

THE LATRUNCULARIANS

Due to some misunderstanding, last term's report for the *Stoic* was not included. The Latruncularians won three of the four chess matches played in the spring term.

The first two were against Kettering Grammar School and Haileybury. Unfortunately both occurred on the same day. Consequently weakened teams had to be fielded. We beat Kettering 3-2 and lost 2-3 to Haileybury. Later on in the term an augmented team played Carmel College and won 7-5, and we went on to beat St Edward's 6-0.

This term sees the departure of G. M. I. Miller, R. S. Sandu, M. Boyadjiew, ma., S. Ram and M. J. P. Wright. Although next term's team will be inexperienced, every incentive has been given during the past year to improve individual performances in matches, and I am confident that future teams will be able to follow the success which the present team has enjoyed.

RAVI SANDU

MOTOR SPORTS CLUB

This new Club is to start next term for those interested in all forms of Motor Sport from Grand Prix racing to rally driving. It is hoped to invite about two famous drivers down to give a lecture each term and already John Surtees and Denny Hulme have agreed to come if arrangements can be made. It is also planned to hold two meetings next term at which films about Motor Sport will be shown, and to organise an expedition, if a suitable date can be fixed, to March Engineering Ltd.

One kind parent has kindly presented the Club with several books, which, we hope, will form the nucleus of a library and we would be most grateful for any other books on this subject. Mr Adams has kindly agreed to help organise the Club.

RICHARD SYNGE
JAMES PENROSE

THE STOWE PRESS

The Stowe Press has again undertaken a wide variety of orders this term. The usual orders for Community Service and private individuals have continued to come in, and we have also managed to produce stock lists for the School Shop, tickets for two plays, stationery for the C.C.F. and several other orders.

The general competence of the printers has improved steadily throughout the term and there are now some very able craftsmen to be found in the Stowe Press, among them N. L. Boyle and L. M. Werth. The Stowe Press is indeed flourishing and as I leave Stowe after five years as a member of the Press I would like to wish my successors every success in continuing this healthy state of affairs.

SIMON SHNEERSON

THE CORKSCREW SOCIETY

Since last term the Society has thrived. The first meeting of the Society boosted the morale of all the members, for Mr F. S. Price gave a most informative and amusing talk, illustrated by a large range of wines from France and Germany.

We were unable to have any meetings at the beginning of this term, since May is the busiest time for the Wine trade. However, we arranged with the help of Mr F. S. Price, who has shown a great enthusiasm and interest in the Society, an expedition to London on the School's Expedition Day. We visited Christie's and were able to experience the beginnings of a Claret Auction. This was followed by a tour of Dolamore's where we had a brief wine tasting in their cellars and finally on their roof.

A more specialized topic was chosen for the first meeting this term. Mr H. A. S. Sandbach of Percy Fox Ltd, brought with him a wide range of Sherry and Port. At this meeting members were able to learn a great deal about the production and tasting of fortified wines.

The climax of the inaugural season was reached when Mr Claude Morny (B 1932), Secretary of the International Wine and Food Society, and Mr Peter Reynier from J. B. Reynier Ltd both came to speak to the Society on the subject of the Wines of the Loire and the I.W.F.S. It was difficult for anybody to thank these two distinguished gastronomes for giving us so much of their time and conveying so much knowledge to the Society on the subject of wine. It was a very moving moment for us when Mr Peter Reynier presented to the Corkscrew one and a half dozen green stemmed Alsace Wine Glasses which we had no option but to christen that night; and also Mr Claude Morny who began a Wine Library by presenting, amongst others, the World Atlas of Wine by Hugh Johnson, one of the most renowned books on this subject. This meeting was of great value to those present for it showed the importance of knowing something about Wine and Food; this meeting is sure to guarantee the success of the Society for many years.

We would like to thank Mr and Mrs Lloyd for being so kind in entertaining the speakers for dinner this term, and I am sure the whole Society will join us in thanking Miss Craig, Mr Lloyd and the Headmaster in helping such a Society to function at Stowe.

I wish the new Chairman N. G. E. Hawkings-Byass and the new Secretary C. O. N. Stanley every success in the coming year.

ZAIR BERRY
MARK PALTENGI

NUNC EST BIBENDUM

The morality of asking a guest flown with wine if not with insolence to record his impressions of the third meeting of the wholly estimable Corkscrew Society is dubious: its danger may immediately become apparent. To describe the gathering as 'jovial troops so gaily dressed,' would perhaps be a little more accurate and certainly more discreet than to suggest that it proceeded with unStoic virtue to devour in riotous expense the liquid stores of Mr Peter Reynier, M.C., but the flavour of the meeting and the testimony undoubtedly due to Mrs Lloyd's excellent entertainment of the committee and their guests was underlined when the Chairman solemnly announced his Secretary's intentions of reading 'the minutes of the next meeting'. Mr Reynier quelled the levity and with great economy gave a most educative and entertaining account of the wines of the Loire Valley. His priorities were right: wine is first to be enjoyed, then to be learned about. That his audience needed educating became apparent when a senior member of Grafton failed to realise that a 'good bedding wine' is simply one that will mature in the cellar, though he got his own back on myself when the audience interpreted Claude Morny's reference to 'Mr Potter and gentlemen' as an allusion to peasant rather than to aristocratic breeding. More seriously, we all learned a great deal from the meeting. A knowledgeable appreciation of wine provides many rich moments: how right that Stowe should recognise this.

R. M. POTTER

LA SOCIETE GASTRONOMIQUE

Firstly may I apologise to C. J. Manton and S. C. Baines for omitting in the last report to mention that they had prepared an excellent meal based on cream and soured cream? This term so far there has been one meeting in which J. D. A. Nicholl and M. J. Maury prepared a leg of lamb with an accompanying soup, salad, and soufflé. Mr James will round off the term and the year with a six course menu and at this stage he will not divulge what it will comprise. Finally I would like to extend our sincere thanks to both Mr and Mrs James for giving so much of their time and expertise to the Société, and to say that we are very sorry to see them leave Stowe.

MARCEL MAURY

C.C.F.

The two main events of the term that have so far taken place are the Annual Inspection, carried out by Brigadier R. N. S. Mans, C.B., Deputy Commander South East District, on 22nd May, and a Proficiency Board, which resulted in a gratifyingly high pass rate. Following the new pattern of Inspections the only ceremonial event on Inspection Day was a small Guard of Honour mounted at the North Front. For the rest of the day, which, atypically for this term, was free from rain, the Brigadier toured the grounds watching the various Sections at their training, the high-spot being supplied, as so often, by Captain Nicholl's Special Training Section, who consumed vast amounts of blank ammunition, thunderflashes and smoke generators while demonstrating how to liberate a scientist from his dastardly captors.

At the end of the Spring Term a select group of cadets spent a profitable and enjoyable week on Adventure Training in the Isle of Man, and in the coming holidays the R.N. Section is due to disperse on many and varied courses at Naval establishments whilst the Army Section camps at Chickerell, near Weymouth, and the R.A.F. Section visits Cranwell for the first time for twenty-one years.

The chief item of news, however, must be the decision to make recruitment voluntary. Although it is impossible at present to forecast the future pattern of the contingent, let alone the scope and form of the alternative activities, I am confident that the C.C.F. will be able to provide more rewarding and enjoyable training for those who serve in it as volunteers than it could when it had to cope with unwilling conscripts.

The Senior Cadets this term were: R.N. Section: *Coxswain:* G. J. Aiken.
Army Section: *Under-Officer:* O. C. P. Hoskyns.
R.A.F. Section: *Under-Officer:* N. T. A. Fox.

M. J. FOX

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD SCHEME

Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme activities have followed the normal course this term: practical and theoretical public service courses having continued at all levels, with a one hundred per cent pass rate so far. Field Day was spent most successfully in the Peak District in May when reasonable weather contributed to one of the most enjoyable week-ends yet. All thanks to Mr Hudson for organising the programme. Preparations for the Summer Camp are going ahead steadily: the week is being spent in Easter Ross, where the Munro Fergusons have offered us excellent facilities. This year we are combining with the County Award Scheme and ten non-Stoics will be joining the camp for their Gold Expedition.

R. M. POTTER



Malvern Priory

Andrew Scott



Jan Mezulanik



African scenes

GERM

17

SNIPPETS

It has been said that editorials for *Germ* are pointless, meaningless, and boring. Some of the people who say these things are pointless, meaningless, and boring! But they are also RIGHT! Dear Stoic (are you really?)

Thank you so much for all your lovely articles. It was so nice to spend all that time looking at them—and such super ideas too! (A bit morbid, though, as aunty would say!)

We had such a lot of contributions that we were hard pushed to pop them in; awfully difficult to decide as well! . . .

There is a very great danger of a magazine's artistic editors becoming too much of a clique, or, on the other hand of sacrificing quality in order to attract a great number of contributors. The whole dilemma concerning balance is very confusing. Editors wonder about exactly how much right they have to choose; although chosen to select, they cannot use too much of their personal discretion. Enough of self-justification and self-pity.

Violence, war, death: why the fascination? By the end of the evening, depression sets in: is this really the main obsession of today? Couldn't we perhaps look forward with some small hope, or some philosophy on life? Is there another age of reason coming to reverse irrationality and the human race's death-wish (assuming too much)? Puritanism after permissiveness? Yes, the same old recurring pattern—we hope; if there isn't the pattern, the death-wish will evolve into a truth; but rest assured, don your Pope-style breeches and long-tails, read Cicero and all will be well.

ADRIAN LAIRD CRAIG

DRAWING BY CHRISTOPHER HOWSE

UNDER BLACK PIT

First Voice: To begin at the beginning:—

It is early summer, a clear night in the sleeping settlement of Stowe. The moon shines clearly through the shaking, part opened, glassy windows. It shines onto the still, huddled, lifeless forms of boys who have long since ceased their night time activities of all varieties and passed, slowly, unknowingly, behind the dark veil of sleep. Hush, the pupils are sleeping, the headmaster, the housemasters, the matrons, and dogs, the masters and skivs all sleep. The boys are dreaming wicked, of the bucking ranges of the night and the jolly rogered sea; but also of other, more interesting things.

The temples sleep, Queen's Temple, bright illuminated, standing erect in the moonlight; Gothic Temple, dark shadowed against the sky.

Time passes. Listen. Time passes. Come closer now.

Only you can see through this window into a houseroom. Only you can see this toss, turn and grunt, as a boy dreams. In his mind it is day again. He dreams of

Second Voice: Lying beneath a tree, his fingers pressing into female flesh, as he holds her in his arms. A stabbing pain in the back and he turns to see a man. The headmaster and the staff.

Headmaster: Disgraceful behaviour for a head of school.

Head of School: Yes Sir.

H.M.: Get your hair cut.

H. of S.: Yes Sir.

1st Master: With a girl under the tree.

2nd Master: Really, I wouldn't have expected it.

3rd Master: Disgraceful, abominable behaviour.

H. of S.: Yes Sir, Yes Sir, Yes Sir.

1st Master: Yes Sir.

2nd Voice: A chorus of masters all straining on the leash, snarling roaring:—Yes Sir, Yes Sir, Yes Sir, Yes Sir.

1st Voice: From here you can listen to the dreams of this master, a classicist. He dreams of a

2nd Voice: Library, with pupils peering from wormy, dusty shelves, looking him in the eye.

1st pupil: Amo, Amas, Amat.

2nd pupil: Amo, Amas, Amat.

3rd pupil: Amo, Amas, Amat.

All: Amo, Amas, Amat.

Master: No, No, continue, Amamus—

All: Amo, Amas, Amat.

2nd Voice: Those words he knows so well, maddening.

1st pupil: Amo, Amas, Amat.

All: Amo, Amas, Amat.

1st Voice: Come away, come now up the South Front steps, thirty-three steps, of hard stone, well worn by foot on foot, guarded by a lazy lifeless pair of unlionlike lions. Now a junior boy, exalted member of the highly distinguished Form 3E, lies in bed dreaming of

Boy: Nothing.

2nd Voice: Here also sleeps the chief cateress, lying in her dreams on a sea of somewhat revolting mushroom soup, slowly drowning hearing the cheers of the boys on the bank.

1st Voice: And the inspectors of cruelty fly down into Mrs Drayson's dream to prosecute Mr Drayson for

Mr Drayson: allowing masters to teach latin, greek, french, english, geography, physics, chemistry, biology, for beating boys and for defrauding parents of large amounts of money.

1st Voice: See, here there sleeps a Master, cigarette in hand, saying:—

Master: You, boy! Put that out at once, and come straight to the headmaster.

Boy: Oh, Sir. Please.

Master: Never smoke it ruins your health.

1st Voice: Here lies Mr J. W. Tanburn, preacher, owner of the noisiest automobile in the whole establishment dreaming of

J.W.T.: careering past the chapel at an incredible speed, nearly running down poor corps cadets while marching, and then gassing them with exhaust as I pass.

1st Voice: Time passes. Listen. Time passes.

2nd Voice: Stand on these stairs. These are Temple Stairs, spiralling upwards, or downwards, depending on which way you look at it. Temple Stairs, worn as the eroded, rounded hilltops, Tall cool grey. You can hear perhaps a loving owl or two out of the window, mooning in bed. It is Brutus; calling after Bruno.

Brutus: I love you Bruno.

Bruno: Oh, Brutus.

Brutus: I am a dog mad with love. I love you more than all the bones, slippers or muddy puddles to roll in, in the whole of Stowe.

Voice of Guide Book: About eight hundred souls inhabit the main buildings and the few isolated houses, scattered temples that constitute this small, decaying, learning house.

1st Voice: The moon still shines on the weedy, shining water of the lake, but now the rays of the rising sun intermingle with the silvery moonlight on the waters. Soon it lights up the South Front in its mellow radiancy. Boys begin to wake. First thought includes the possible homosexual tendencies of Brutus (this is not certain since both parties are of indeterminate sex to the casual observer), the amount of work to do, the past night's dreams, the next cricket match, girl friends, the headmaster, punishments, a television programme, breakfast and various other totally disassociated, some nice, some nasty, thoughts. Stowe is, for better or worse, waking to another day.

GEOFFREY CUBBITT

**On the demolition in the far-off future, of Stowe
and surroundings, adapted from
"The Poplar Field" by William Cowper**

The classrooms are felled; farewell to the maids
And the whispering sounds of the cool colonnades.
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom Water Stratford receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I first took a view
Of my "favourite" school, and the house where I grew:
And now in the grass behold it is laid,
And the roof is my seat that once lent me a shade.

The muntjac has fled to another retreat,
Where the beeches afford him a screen from the heat;
And the scene where our meeting charmed me before
I can recollect in my memory no more.

My public school years have all hastened to go,
And I must ere long lie as lowly as Stowe,
With a turf on my breast and a stone at my head,
Ere another such school shall arise in its stead.

'Tis a sight to engage me, if anything can,
To muse on the perishing pleasures of man;
Though his life be a dream, his "enjoyments", I see,
Have a being less durable even than he.

MARTIN VEY

A LOST LOVE

Standing in a field, under a tree, chewing a piece of straw. I pushed my hat on to the crown of my head and wandered towards the gate. The cows gazed with drained fascination finding more pleasure in chewing their food again.

I spun round—an action too rapid for this time of day and there was a Jersey cow staring at me. The sun was high but I felt there was something ominous about the tranquility. I ran out onto the path and didn't close the gate. I sat down, back against an elm, hidden from the meadow. I was hiding—what did I feel I had to encounter?—the consistency that I did not possess.

I looked around spell-bound and then peered back in the direction—yes I was not surprised. It stood with that sympathetic stare transfixed. I crawled out and realized I was worshipping it, like Baal. What was it that made me feel inferior? My size—my position or just my sophistication and inconsistency?

I shouted at the cow.

The reaction was the epitome of tolerance.

I felt ashamed.

It blinked its eyes and slowly turned and walked back to the field.

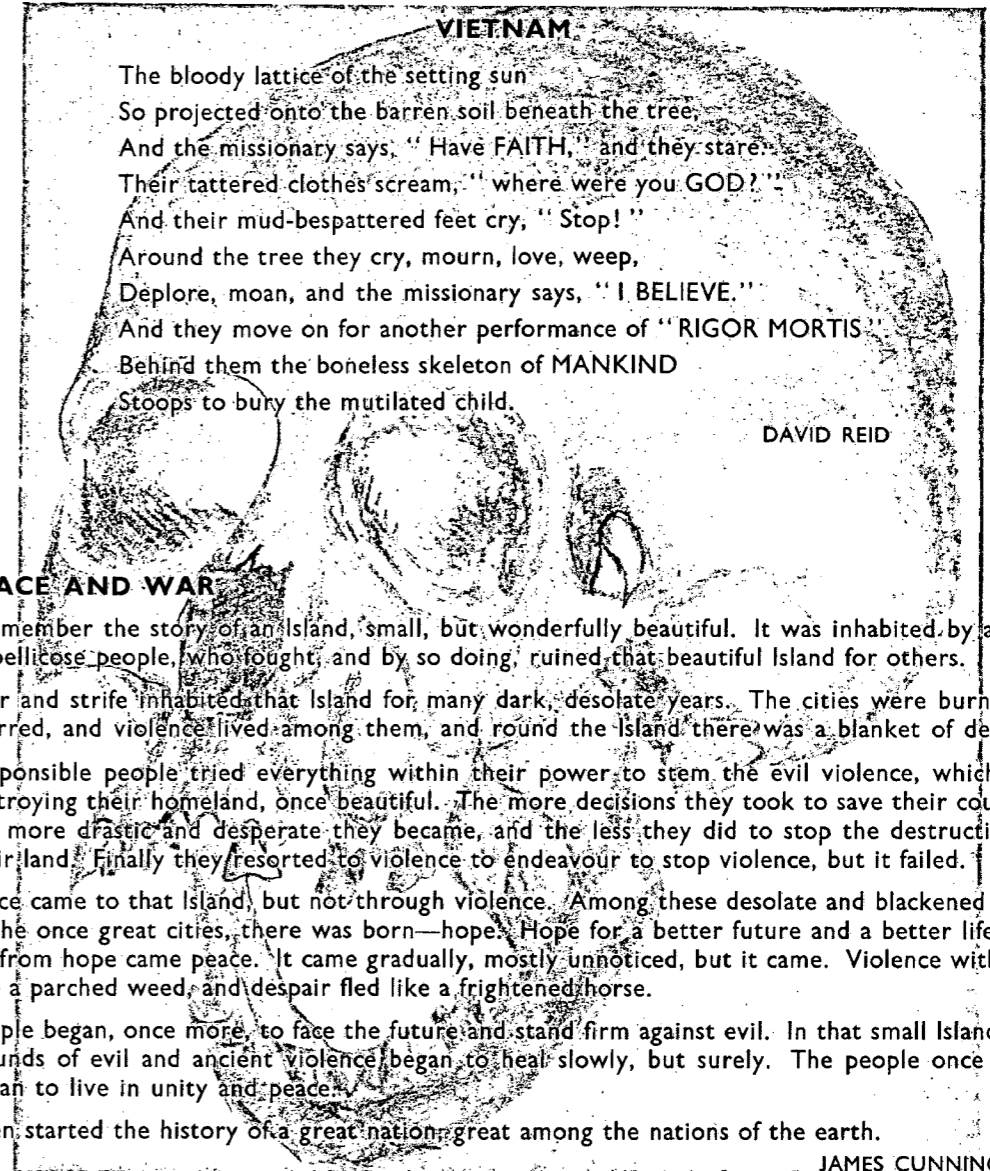
I felt like screaming for it to stay but this only emphasized the inferiority of human powers. I lay down and sobbed. I could not communicate with that beast, not because of language but because the sophistication and corruption of my life had made me intolerant to Mother Nature.

No power I had could regain this friendship; I had lost a love.

MARK FLAWN-THOMAS



ROBIN DILLON-MAHON



VIETNAM

The bloody lattice of the setting sun
So projected onto the barren soil beneath the tree.
And the missionary says, "Have FAITH," and they stare.
Their tattered clothes scream, "where were you GOD?"
And their mud-bespattered feet cry, "Stop!"
Around the tree they cry, mourn, love, weep,
Déplore, moan, and the missionary says, "I BELIEVE."
And they move on for another performance of "RIGOR MORTIS"
Behind them the boneless skeleton of MANKIND
Stoops to bury the mutilated child.

DAVID REID

PEACE AND WAR

I remember the story of an island, small, but wonderfully beautiful. It was inhabited by a race of bellicose people, who fought, and by so doing, ruined that beautiful island for others.

War and strife inhabited that island for many dark, desolate years. The cities were burnt and charred, and violence lived among them, and round the island there was a blanket of despair.

Responsible people tried everything within their power to stem the evil violence, which was destroying their homeland, once beautiful. The more decisions they took to save their country, the more drastic and desperate they became, and the less they did to stop the destruction of their land. Finally they resorted to violence to endeavour to stop violence, but it failed.

Peace came to that island, but not through violence. Among these desolate and blackened ruins of the once great cities, there was born—hope. Hope for a better future and a better life, and so, from hope came peace. It came gradually, mostly unnoticed, but it came. Violence withered like a parched weed, and despair fled like a frightened horse.

People began, once more, to face the future and stand firm against evil. In that small island, the wounds of evil and ancient violence began to heal slowly, but surely. The people once again began to live in unity and peace.

Then started the history of a great nation, great among the nations of the earth.

JAMES CUNNINGHAM

DRAWING BY ROBIN DILLON-MAHON

" CREEPER "

Is it true
That you
Have done
What you did
When I hid
From myself
On the shelf
In your cupboard?

It's rather twee
That we
Never heard
—Never dared
Hear what they said
About my head
When I hid
They say you did

Did they say
Every day
People hide
In cupboards?
Some have lied
To hide away
From day

You never know
It'll probably show
When I come out
—I won't shout
I promise
They'll see
In me
A person
Completely famished
And finished
Of mental
Capacity.

ADRIAN LAIRD CRAIG

GETTING UP

I get up late and quickly dress
And rush to breakfast, but what a mess
I look,
My hair's not done
My tie skewiff
My fly's undone
Now only if
I wasn't late for stance!

Again and again this goes on
But look at the number of columns
I have done
Again I run
Again I'm late
Oh, how I've come to hate
The sun
That wakes me up.

MICHAEL TOMLIN



ADRIAN LAIRD CRAIG

UNTITLED

Deep down in the earth
Lies a centre.
Deep down in myself
Lies a love.
A centre of love for people,
For the beauty of nature,
And for the words of love
That you say to me.
Around the love is a pride,
A pride for my country
For the people who live here
For the tears and the cries of joy.
The tears of the people
When they see the country
Wasting, wasting away,
And the joy for the word called love.

JONATHAN HARMON

ONE MORNING IN THE LIFE OF TOMMY SIDEBOTTOM A first year Sixth-former at Weston Public School

7.30 p.m. Monday. The harsh and raucous voice of the sweeper calling reveille tumbles Tommy's sweet-dreams out of his mind.—

"Come on Lyn, time to get up," says the dormitory sweeper to a soft and warm red-head who snuggles cosily under his matching, skirt-like blankets. It is a well known fact that this authority has a weakness for this young apple whose inert and sack-like shape he is now prodding and shoving as his will dictates—

"Come on 'Lynny-Wynny'; time to rise," he repeats in a soft and wholesome voice. Sleepy-eyed fingers point; dry mouths cackle huskily; titters, sighs, artificial coughs and whispers are directed quietly at the playing puppies. Gradually silence stretches out its white-iron hand and heavy heads fall blissfully back onto pillows that to those sleepy youths feel like heaven's billowing clouds, despite the fact that they are really like pregnant mats.

"Up, boy; if you're late for the roll call you've had it." Tom wipes his cheese-caked eyes and gingerly hauls himself out of bed. All around the first signs of early-morning movement rise as tired limbs are dragged from between sheets, stubborn hair is brushed down only to pop up again, and inside-out trousers are blindly put on outside-in legs. As usual Tom is last out; he stumbles down the stairs and lopes slowly across to roll-call—his legs ache and his lungs feel like a furnace as the cool morning air fills them up and fights with the stale, bed-warm breath that is already present. Puffing and panting, his mouth as dry as a barren cow's udder he manages to raise a feeble wheeze as an answer to his name at the roll-call.

In breakfast Tom hastily despatches his gruel-like porridge before the mixture pollutes his taste-buds. He was too slow though; feeling terrible he passes the rest of the food to his friend, Tommy Bates and walks out. His hair stands up like a bush and his tie is not done up. A roving-eyed sweeper pounces on him like an ogre and grabs him by his collar—

"Take a school drill, slob!" His big javelin-throwing, shot putting, discus spinning hand exudes an asphyxiating odour of perfume, at which Tom wrinkles his nose. Feeling sick, both morally and physically he slouches away; back in the fresh, tingling air he breathes deeply and wanders towards a green and discreet wood. Fumbling with expectant hands, he produces his tin which contains his self-rolled cigarettes. He picks the fattest and lights it. The first drag in the morning always hits him hard so he takes a cold and knobby seat. Five long minutes of pleasure ensue in his green paradise of smoke-rings and blue jets of tortured smoke particles. Reeking of tobacco he now feels as if he can face another day in his glorified prison and so strolls back towards his division.

At school one's only daily treat is the mail. At 8.30 it has not arrived so Tommy snatches a quick glance at the newspaper—his only glimpse of reality. A cheer from the gobbos' room sends him running. He dives into the middle of the mass of boys waiting for their letters who are huddled around the dealer like a herd of drinking calves—a flash of pink and the name Thomas Sidebottom are respectively visible and audible through the clouds of hair below Tom. He lunges in to grab his prize and succeeds in knocking a boy's glasses off in the process. His rosy-cheeked, blond-haired sweetheart has written. Happily he struts over to chapel. In the hymn, the lesson and the prayer he has one thought eating the heart of his brain out—that little pink letter that is burning a hole in his pocket.

In the first lesson his mind wanders and he forgets it. Webster is so boring, he thinks, but must listen. Instead he watches the master's phantom-like hand gesticulating like a salmon's tail. Barrington-Smythe, an unintelligent ant of a worker raises feeble questions every five minutes, only to be suppressed by the violent knitting of the master's hedgey eye-brows and an imaginary kick of the mind. Two, three lessons pass by and at break time Tommy only just realises that he has slept through most of them and has not even read his letter. Therefore he noisily sucks his coffee down his sand-papered throat and sprints out to the woods so that he can smoke whilst reading his pink, scented letter. The combination of the wonderful rosy pieces of paper, the blue whisps of smoke, and the verdure elates him. He is lifted into a wonderful world, where his beautiful Molly is floating in the blue sky on woollen clouds and where he can be free and happy. This dream bears Tommy through the rest of the morning like a leaf lost in the gentle stream of a grand river, flowing through distant lands of peace and contentment where the craggy mountaintops and the whispering fir trees are his companions, not to forget his darling, beloved and precious Molly.

It was a good morning! As good as he could ever hope for in his world of torturing books and essays that usually beat on the doors of his brain from morning till night. This morning he locked them out!

JOE EVANS

HISTORY OF THE BLUES

At the turn of the century in the plantations of the southern landowners there existed a society of repressed people; the Negroes. By the 1890s they had been granted freedom from slavery, but were still rigorously denied any real rights. As a result of this situation, the blacks turned to an avenue of emotional escape. They found this outlet not through violence, but by a form of music, created by a background of African culture and white folk music. For many years the music remained in a crude form, simply because it was meant almost entirely for the blacks alone.

This situation continued into the 20s, when a revolution occurred with the recording companies picking blues singers off the street, and as a result the blues reached the white population. At the same time the vast number of different forms of blues created throughout the country, were linked by communication into a more sophisticated form of music. However under such institutions as the Vaudeville stage, it became commercialised, but the depression quickly killed this particular corruption by the late 30s, along with the classic blues. At the middle of the century the blues turned into the form that is known today, and the music of HowlingWolf, Muddy Waters, Elmore James, Eddy Taylor, and many others in Chicago produced the last great flourish in America.

From there it moved across the Atlantic to England, where the young generation of the last decade saw the blues as a symbol of their own feelings, which were similar to, if not so intense as, those of the black musicians who began it all. Spreading to Europe, blues was inspired by single artists; Big Bill Broonzy, Big Joe Williams were among these. Soon this developed into a situation where the blues was being played by groups originated mainly in England. Fleetwood Mac, Chicken Shack, and the forerunner of it all, as he still is, John Mayall, are a few, but often the blues was of low quality. The influence of this brand of music was powerful enough to inspire such super-groups as the Beatles and the Rolling Stones, as well as scores of others. In the 70s its impact can still be strongly felt. No longer is the blues the music of the American negro but that of a source exploited by completely different people. Its simplicity and rigid boundaries mean that it cannot diverge without losing its basic character and so to-day, progression has reached such an extent that it has developed into many forms of music, no longer real blues, but a music by its own right. Because of this it may perhaps be destined to die out from its original basis; it is up to individuals to revitalise it.

MICK GRAHAME
ALEX KEIR

SUNSET — SUNRISE

The sun sends its rays of light
To shine upon the gloomy soil.
The sky heavy with the weight of clouds
Passes over the darkened fields.
The village church, with its battered steeple,
Looks like a relic of former days.
The weathercock points to the east
Is this an ominous sign of the future?
The lonely farmer walks slowly home
After a long day behind the plough.
The giant chestnut mare
Shambles into its large greeny abode.
The small field-mouse
Hides from a cat, behind an ear of corn.
The minutes have passed extremely fast
And in the sky, the moon is seen.
In some fifteen hours, of total darkness,
The sun will rise to its zenith.

JONATHAN HARMON

'LOYAULTE ME LIE'

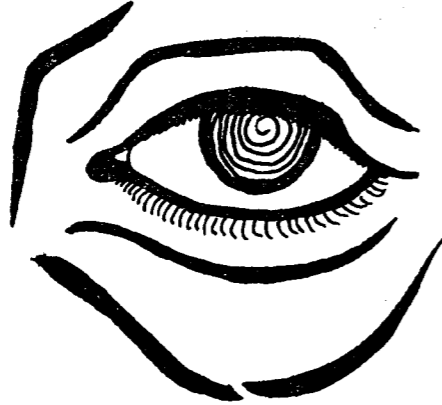
The skies wept upon Bosworth Field
Mourning for the death of loyalty.
Yet England rejoiced when she should have cried,
They had butchered the noble Gloucester.
In court he ate, trying to smile
As he sat beside his dying wife.
At the coffin's side he stood and wept,
His last link with life was gone.
Poor Richard, you meant none harm.
A pained expression is drawn across your face
As you gently finger the royal ring,
All that was left of your tragic life.
Who could he trust now she was dead?
The virtuous crown of York was now barren,
Ready for the hands of eager Tudor
To usurp and smother with lies.
Yet the spirit of England remained unbroken.
It may flag, as it is flagging now.
It is because of noble people it survives,
Those who love their country not themselves.
He who would be our most inspiring figure,
Richard, last of our English Kings,
Lies sadly in the earth he ruled
Eaten by acid from Shakespeare's pen.
God who took from you all that you loved;
Your father, brothers, wife and child.
Yet nought could break your noble spirit;
The Spirit that is England.

RODNEY COTTIER

THOSE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE

Because it was cold
the sun had gone away
and the clouds were shining like
a glistening table top,
anyhow 100,000 people decided
this was as good a time as any
so they got together and started fighting.
No special reason, just for something
to do, or rather because somebody wanted
some land or something,
but anyhow 20,000 of the aforesaid people
are now dead.

CHRIS DAVIS



PSYCHOPATH

Her eyeballs fell out of their sockets into my pockets
She saw for the first time what I really was
I cut her tongue out so she couldn't shout
She knew for the first time what I really was
I sealed up her ears to ease my fears
She heard for the first time what I really was
Then I hacked off her head rendering her finally dead
So they wouldn't know who she really was.

DICK TAYLOR

A. B. HOSPITAL

Every day at 8.00 o'clock Dr Smith woke up, got dressed, and got on the moving sidewalk to the hospital. The hospital was really there for one purpose: to have babies. The babies that were mutants would be atomised and released into the atmosphere. This apparently did not pollute the atmosphere.

This was the first day in the year 300A.B. (After The Bomb). This year would be the same as the two centuries that had preceded it. All the same Dr Smith felt that it was advisable to start again afresh as often.

He walked into the Hospital, gleaming white and sterile. "How many babies were born last night?" he asked the nurse in charge, whose bottom was easily a yard square and matched her face.

"Fifty, doctor."

"How many mutants?"

"Thirty."

"About average." The woman seemed restless.

"What is the matter?"

"Well, doctor there was a terrible monstrosity born just a few minutes ago. The atomiser is out of order."

"So?"

"Well, doctor," the woman said unhappily, "I wonder if you would mind doing it for me?" So that was it! In spite of this woman's age she was new to the job and still squeamish.

"What room?"

"369."

He walked along the corridor and came to 369. Steeling himself, he stepped in; and recoiled in horror. All of his three eyes nearly popped out of their sockets as he regarded this abomination. The green scales that covered his body crept in revulsion.

"Good God," he cried in horror, "a Homo Sapiens!"

BOB BARTON

A DAY IN THE LIFE

Dawn was breaking, the sun was coming up. All was silent, except for a slight movement in one corner of the park. He got up from the bench on which he had been sleeping, and straightened his clothes in a vain attempt to become a recognisable human. Slowly he stumbled out of the park with a shaggy, furry face of two week's growth. He passed a small café and reached into his pocket. There was still hope, he had a few pence. After having a small sandwich and a cup of tea he went out into the city to see what he could find.

As he moved along, the streets slowly began to fill up; first came the commuters hurrying down the streets in their pin-striped suits and carrying their brief cases, not sparing a thought for him. He was completely alone in the world. Shoppers passed him by carrying their brightly coloured carriers laden with food. Girls went by laughing and chatting, careless in their micro-skirts and high boots. Workmen strolled by in their overalls, carrying their toolbags. Buses ambled past him like huge monsters growling in their own jungle. Once or twice shiny little sports cars roared by and many heads were turned to watch the flash of brightness and colour race past. The city smells were heavy on his nostrils: tobacco, car fumes, women's perfume as they passed him. He stumbled alone through the crowds gazing into the brightly lit shop windows, gaily advertising their wares. His hands reached deeper into the pockets of his old coat and he stumbled on. Rain began to fall, so he went into a snack bar to shelter from it.

He sat down in a secluded corner and watched the people around. He cursed them. No waitress came to him, they all knew what he was. He was very, very hungry . . . His stomach rumbled, and with a muttered oath he returned to the street; the rain had stopped now. He was very, very old now, almost 75 but, due to his hard life, he had the frame of a far older man.

People turned to watch him as he stumbled aimlessly by. He could find nothing now; there was no food, and all the shops were too well guarded against his kind. There was no hope any more. He couldn't bring himself to go to a hostel for food, he hated it, he loathed being managed. Anyway he was too old.

It was five o'clock now and the rush-hour was beginning. He went into a back street to avoid the crowds of people going 'home', a word which he had never used. He passed some grimy little shop fronts advertising fine selections of "adult reading", he smiled to himself, he was too old for that too. The day was drawing to a close now as was his time. He was feeling very weak now, so he returned to the park and lay down on 'his' bench. This was all he had, and it wasn't even his. With a grunt and an oath he lay down thinking back over his life sadly. No one had ever wanted him, he had been a drop-out all his life with no parents to care for him. He was the son of a prostitute. His stomach groaned and he rolled over. In the distance the rumble of road works ceased—all became silent. The evening cold was setting in; slowly his senses became weaker and he lost consciousness. He was very, very hungry.

Dawn broke. There was no movement in the park. The sun came up high and people began to come. They found him lying there. Slowly, quietly, it began to rain.

ANTHONY STANDING

THE UNDERGROUND WORLD OF THE VATICAN

In 1939 Pope Pius the ninth died, and the Vatican wanted to bury him inside St Peter's Basilica but there was a shortage of space, so the only possible place was below the floor. While digging beneath the pavement stones, much to their surprise what seemed to be a temple roof suddenly appeared. After a closer inspection it turned out to be an ancient building.

So between 1939 and 1954, cautious excavations were carried out under the church, revealing a previously unknown pagan cemetery that dates from the first century A.D. The necropolis that lies beneath St Peter's was at first a great problem, but archaeologists and theologians, together have managed to puzzle the question out and come to a new understanding of the history of St Peter's church from the evidence of the cemetery.

To understand it, one must go back to the Emperor Nero's time, when the area of the Vatican was nothing but "Horti Neronis" (The Gardens of Nero). When Nero built his famous circus, whose position nobody knows, the Gardens were turned into a burial ground, perhaps for the more unfortunate gladiators who were destined only to come out to occupy a place in this ground, which was going to be the world's greatest and most beautiful cathedral.

At Peter's crucifixion there was a pious Christian who felt that Peter should not be left there for ever, and consequently asked the Emperor as a great favour to be allowed to keep Peter's body. So as not to be recognized because it was better not to be known as a Christian, he hurriedly buried the body in the nearby cemetery, close to the circus.

As a very religious Christian, the Emperor Constantine wanted to build the first church dedicated to St Peter, but he was faced with rather a problem. The Roman law stated that graves were under no circumstances to be disturbed. Peter's grave was one among many others, and although they were mostly pagan this made no difference to the law. So to overcome this difficulty he resolved on a very good and law-abiding solution; the grave-yard was on quite a steep slope and all Constantine did was to fill the tombs with packed soil. He also sealed up their openings and then quite simply buried the cemetery and made a platform with St Peter's tomb in the centre, where the altar was to be. Constantine's actual paved floor was later replaced by renaissance architects between 1506 and 1626. But his solution was the best for him and us as now we can see a perfectly preserved classical cemetery that has awaited the twentieth century tourist for thirteen centuries.

I was lucky enough to have a guided tour of it, with the head archaeologist, which proved to be one of the most interesting and fascinating experiences I have had in my life. The tour led us through the twisting alleys and streets of this cemetery. We were able to go into the largest of the tombs, which were all lit and preserved with remarkable detail. Inside there were all sorts of holes in the wall each for its specific use, and also the lovely sarcophagi of first century aristocrats.

The sarcophagus of the Marchi family, for example, shows an elaborate marble relief of a somewhat drunken Bacchus, and of a baby Bacchus being introduced to the joys of drink. This theme is repeated on the walls, where pictures of the God were painted. At the eastern end, one can see a tombstone engraved with the last wish of Heracle Popilius, who asked to be buried "IN VATIC AD CIRCUM" (In the Vatican at the circus). In other tombs, one comes across strange holes in the floor, which were used to pour libations to the dead. Some of the ceilings are painted with remarkable grace and accuracy—evidence of a highly developed craft of painting in the early Christian era. Many of the tombs have two rooms for the family and a smaller one for the devoted slaves. Some of them were missing roofs; archaeologists think this is just Constantine disregarding the law a little, to level off the floor of the new church.

Not all of the tombs were pagan ones. An inscription in one of them tells us that a sarcophagus contained the remains of a certain "Emilia Gorgoni, died at 28 years, 2 months, 28 days". It has also the words "Dormiat in Pace" a distinctly Christian phrase. Another Christian feature are angels on all Christian tombs.

If a member of the family wanted to be cremated, he was put in a container which would not burn, but the body would and so the only ashes would be those of the body and not the wood. The ashes were then put into the holes in the walls. For those who wanted an ordinary burial they would be put in a pre-made coffin with a blank face on the front so that his face could be carved before the body started to decompose. Inside the coffin, the body would be joined with a dehydrant, so that it would not decompose, and the coffin was made air-tight.

A family was rich enough, it would have its own personal "burial house" and this too was lined with dehydrating paint to keep moisture out. When a family had a feast, they would come to their house and pour some wine and fragments of food down a pipe which led into the tomb. The reason for this was that they still believed in after-life and they thought that their deceased relations and ancestors might get a little hungry from time to time.

We were also able to visit the actual tomb where it is said that St Peter was buried and this was fascinating.

After this wonderful visit, I would advise anyone who has the chance to be in Rome, to go and see the Vatican but even better would be to go and see these tombs if possible, as it is an everlasting memory.

ALEX ANDO

BRAHMA

(Translated from the Hindi by the Author)

The eternal Reality
the Dream is borne on the wings of Light
to rend the veil of space and time
Weaving ceaseless patterns of Being.

And yet,
the mystery remains unspoken
the meaning of this pilgrimage
the endless adventure of existence
the caravan of endless existence
whose blind rush along the trackless sky
flares up in flickering gasps of Life.

And yet,
the mystery remains dumb.
The Hunger — not of bread and milk,
not the great and dominant hunger of the mind,
nor of the flesh, or love
But a curious agony of something beyond
that sears contact and cohesion
to transcend all in a burning flash—
clear, pure, free, complete

The Truth.

And yet,
the mystery remains mute.
When wisdom gleams out from the dusk
to speechlessly gaze at the vision of Life,
When the soul that is tired,
seeking rest, seeking oblivion,
emerges from the cocoon of profound pain and joy,

Still, O Brahma!
Still hovering
upon my lips
there flies,

That little song,
Unsung.

PRAVEEN ANAND

THE MALCOLM MILLER

This is not an easy article to write. Physical sensations and emotion experienced on the cruise have to be communicated—and being no writer I will find it hard to express myself to the extent that the experience deserves. A day-to-day log of the cruise could possibly suffice, but a purely physical account such as this gives no indication of the sense of team achievement and self-fulfilment that radiates in oneself after the cruise. I might say now that the value of the cruise lies in retrospection of it rather than the actual time aboard. Not surprisingly, this is like any communal experience. Satisfaction comes when one sees a job finished—effort has been put in and a reward is gleaned afterwards.

The cruise could be classified as a love-hate relationship between the trainee and the schooner. The number of times that I cursed the ship and all associated with it was amazing considering that I was, in effect, paying for the cruise (Mr Peacock paid for it, but I might easily have done). I volunteered for it! I could hardly believe this when things were going wrong. On several notable occasions I can remember thinking, "What the hell am I doing here?" During the first few days of the cruise we had some extremely rough weather, waves whipping up over the deck: the ship adopted an oscillating roll because the sea was running on the quarter. No-one not on the ship at the time could possibly imagine the hell experienced. The lesser of two evils had to be chosen—either you could go below to the half deck and feel claustrophobia tearing at your sanity. A sudden roll and you are flung over tables, across bunks, amazed that any force can throw you around like that—or you remain on the upper deck, waves smashing towards you, the wind biting into your bones. The deck somersaulting before your eyes. If you chose the former your stomach turned. The latter and you had no sleep—some dilemma! A very real one nevertheless. Another time I cursed was when the cook presented me with two large buckets of spuds to peel—I didn't complain—other trainees had been allocated their respective tasks. I was slacking in mine (cleaning brass is not much fun!) and the cook seized this opportunity to take some weight off his own shoulders. This admission to "slacking" might be interpreted as self-incriminating by some people. I can assure you that one is infinitely more willing to sweat one's guts out hauling up a sail than to bend double over a brass plate and clean it with Brasso. Amongst other things I disliked was cleaning out the lavatories. Galley work was laborious and time consuming. Messing (the act of distributing the food) was filled with nervous strain. As with most things that we do, the way in which we approach them has a direct bearing on the vigour with which we effect them. I say this because if you consider these chores rationally you see that they are essential to the smooth running of the schooner. This considered, the so-called chores are turned into enjoyable exercises derived from the knowledge that the ship is running efficiently and is thus worthy of pride.

However, things that I disliked about the cruise were generously compensated for by the exhilarating experience of swinging from the upper yard arm, eighty-five feet above the deck; up there I had a curious sensation of isolation and of loneliness. The world seems good—the sea is blue, the sun is warm and the air is sparkling fresh. Never have I felt closer to nature. It is more thrilling through the exaggerated movement of the masthead relative to the ship below. Other enjoyments were sunbathing on the calmer days, wrestling with the helm in gale force winds and ploughing through the waves wrapped on the bowsprit!

My appreciation of basic necessities, namely food and sleep was heightened—when you are deprived of sleep its value is tiresomely exemplified; the little sleep you have seems that much more sweet. The schooner's great morale booster—large quantities of good food—was essential, not only for energy production but also for the spirit.

A cruise on one of the schooners has a lot to offer, and I think it is a pity that so few people take advantage of the opportunity. Because the adventure is communal it is an ideal building block for companionship, companionship which is uniform and consistent throughout the voyage. Hardship shared is hardship halved. Self-fulfilment is almost inevitable, pride in the ship unlimited. At the end of the cruise I wondered how this schooner, securely moored in the harbour could have been such a meagre platform when exposed to the elements, though more than adequately capable of transporting me nine hundred miles in almost guaranteed safety. I was filled with a sense of awe, looking at her for the last time, and considerably moved when I set off for home, seeing the masts tower majestically over Portsmouth harbour.

JOHN RAWLINSON

TWO STOICS I PRESUME?

The Myles Henry Project 1972

Five o'clock in the morning. A blue and white Land Rover bearing the Bata Shoe Company insignia, travels out of Nairobi. Inside two sleepy Stoics and a disgustingly wide awake Kenyan peer out of the window to view yet another spectacular sunrise. The Kenyan, James Mungai is our driver, the other Stoic is my Irish friend Mark Harper, and me—I am Jan. For the past three weeks we have been travelling from one end of Kenya to another, at similar unearthly hours, studying various tribes at the government reserves. The Samburu in the Northern Frontier District, the Turkana at Lake Rudolf and now we were on our way to meet the Masai in Southern Kenya. Our last trip promised to be the most exciting. We were told that the Masai were the most eccentric of the tribes and that their territory was wild and abounding with African wildlife.

Neither the Masai tribe nor their land was a disappointment. The Masai people are large. Our first glimpse of a Masai tribesman was a six foot black man, holding an equally tall spear to his side. His shoulders were very broad, his hair was matted together in a mop-like fashion with grease and red ochre, and strangely his nose was very European. His face was thin, the cheekbones high and his eyes had an ancient Egyptian look about them. His rusty coloured toga was fastened over one shoulder, and large dangling brass ear-rings combined with his austere face gave him a hauntingly noble look. His wives, bought and sold like cattle, dress similarly. Their heads are clean shaven, apparently as a mark of beauty! Around their necks are exceedingly bright coloured necklaces made from polished stones strung together with copper wire. Fur coats being impractical in this climate, the women wear copper coils around their ankles to demonstrate how wealthy their husbands are. Presumably the richer the husband the more coils are worn.

The Masai live in igloo shaped houses called "manyattas" made out of mud and cow dung. This is smeared and dried over a wooden frame. Their grey colour makes them amazingly difficult to see even from a comparatively close distance. The huts have no windows and the only entrance looks like a dog kennel—low and arched. There is no form of ventilation and the smoke inside caused by the cooking fire makes the hut unbearable even for insects. Also the cow dung on the walls helps to keep the ticks away. Even so the lack of insects hardly makes a Masai's hut respectable. It is small, dirty and must be unhygienic for the whole family, goat and all sleep, eat and live in it. This lack of hygiene tends to result in early death and recurring diseases. Apparently the Kenyan Government has offered them modern accommodation, schools and hospitals, but they refuse them.

That afternoon we were told by our driver that we had just missed the coming of age of one of the Masai. We were sorry to have missed it, for it is a rare and exciting ritual. A lion is found and then surrounded by Masai tribesmen and the youth is put into the circle armed only with a spear. If he kills the lion, he is accepted as a warrior, if he fails It is a sort of make or break situation!

Although the study of the tribes of Kenya was our main concern, we saw and discovered many things that were novel to us. The animals, the terrain and the educated Africans were to us a new experience.

The animals we came across were certainly in abundance. Often we would have to stop for quite a while to allow a galloping herd of zebras, impala and giraffe to go thundering across our tracks, leaving us to breathe their dust. After the dust had settled and the thunder of galloping hooves had died away we continued our journey.

Soon we hit upon a large swamp which was absolutely infested with wild life: buffalo wallowing in the mud, rhinoceros playing about the bull rushes, and the elephant, the largest of all animals, majestically traversing the shoulder-deep water.

Every now and again one could hear the throaty roar of a lion or a coughing sound from a leopard waiting for some unfortunate gazelle to cross his path. Having watched this magnificent animal playground for some time, we sauntered off onto the plains again.

Standing on top of the roof of our Land Rover one could see quite a distance with a pair of binoculars, and I noticed a sudden movement in the group of bushes on the far side of the plain.

I gave James instructions where to go and we drove at hair-raising speed towards the thicket, not too late to see a cheetah dragging its kill of a young gnu into a bush. These are some of the dangers in Africa. Shortly before we arrived in the Northern Frontier District, a young child had been badly mauled by a large crocodile when he went to the water's edge of the Uaso Nyiro river.

The sun-scorched plains are covered in dry yellow grass. The flat dry grasslands of Southern Kenya change to a greener and more hilly countryside the further north one goes. To the north-east the countryside again becomes very rugged and some of the terrain is almost impassable due to erosion.

It certainly was very strange to see a modern lodge come looming out of the African bush. Lodges could be classified as hotels in the middle of the bush. They certainly give one a decent meal and a good night's sleep after a very tiring day in the wilds. But still one can not get away from the animal sounds before dropping off to sleep.

Africa, Kenya, is an exciting place. To the European it is something new, a new sight, a new sound and a new experience. My tour of the Kenya Reserves was a personal experience, I know I shall never forget. To all who made this trip possible, what else can I say but that I am very grateful? Specifically I would like to extend my thanks to my parents for all their advice and unfailing help, to the Bata Shoe people for lending me a Land Rover, to the board who awarded me the prize and above all to Mrs Henry whose prize inspired and made possible this once in a life time trip.

JAN MEZULANIK

A MARTINI AND A GOOD CIGAR

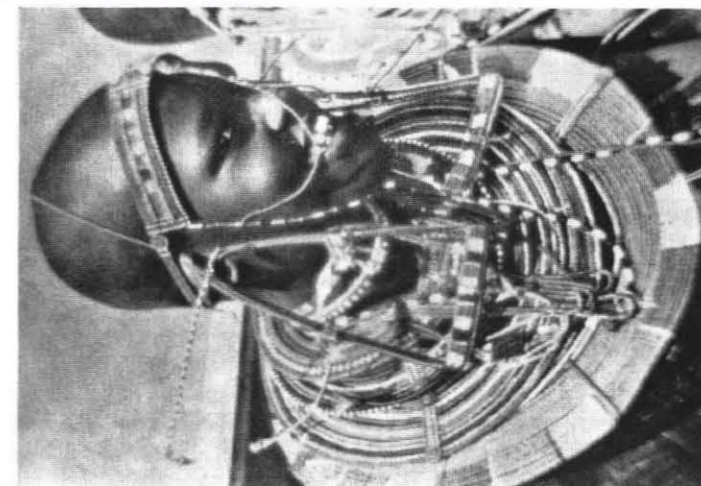
lately I have been pre-occupied
about the time and being of things
about the war and all those people who have died

yes, I gave it quite considerable thought,
sitting comfortably cigar in lips and mind in rapture caught
it was indeed an amazing conclusion
that came from that moment's seclusion:

they ought to form a committee,
yes that would be nice,
for peace and against poverty,
then all those poor starving people would
have a committee of Lords and Noblemen
to represent them, and who also should
form a relief committee (paper work and all that you know)

yes in fact I did, crazy chap
highjacks a plane fills it with supplies
I knew he would get the rap
for the starving in Pakistan? what a load of crap.
???????

ALAIN SIDI



Jan Mezulanik



African tribes people



Left
Roger Potter and Kaye Seneque in
Hands Across the Sea

Below
Sue Morris and Muir Temple in
Chinamen

Photos
L. and H. Seymour, Buckingham



DRAMA

'THE BESPOKE OVERCOAT' and 'A NIGHT AT AN INN'

It is too easy, especially in the stifling atmosphere of a crowded Queen's Temple, to be critical about house-plays; faults, inevitable as they are in amateur dramatics, are bound to occur. With this in mind Bruce's repertoire of two plays and a musical interval contained 'a lot of good things', some, needless to say, rather better than others.

Bruce opened with 'A Night at an Inn' by Lord Dunsay and, as such, the evening rather stumbled off. The play itself, and few I feel will disagree, is no dramatic masterpiece, it being a somewhat melodramatic one act thriller of the type in vogue around the turn of the century. Nevertheless Adrian Laird-Craig as 'Toffy' gave an inspiring performance to a rather uninspiring part and was ably supported by his cronies James Macnamara (Sniggers) and Hugh Carnegie-Arbuthnott (Albert Thomas) although perhaps the latter could well be accused of overacting. Tim Rollit Mason (Bill) was certainly adept with the knife and if his victims died unconvincingly it was not really his fault, and anyway perhaps they were not supposed to. And Matthew Guest as 'Klesh' at least looked impressive.

After an interval of some half an hour's musical entertainment dominated, dare one say largely, by Jonathan Hershman, Bruce reverted to drama once more with 'The Bespoke Overcoat' by Mankowitz and what was obviously their 'pièce de résistance'.

The play is emphatically more than a sly dig at the Jews and their way of life; the continued struggle for survival of Morry and Fender under the oppression of their unscrupulous employer Ranting is, in itself, a condemnation of the capitalist system on which the latter thrives. The acting was, to all extents and purposes, quite superb. If Jules Hydlemann tended to play to a Stowe audience by exaggerating his part as a 'ponce' this was overshadowed by the performance of Simon Ireland as 'Fender'. The latter's ability to sustain the Jewish accent and gestures throughout was remarkable and he was ably supported by both Alastair Gossage (Morry) and Frank Osborne (Ranting) who fitted admirably into their parts. No, if the evening had got off to a somewhat shaky start with 'A Night at an Inn' it certainly finished up on a high note.

It would be pointless to renew the plea for more dramatic experimentation amongst the houses; Congreve does and always will dominate lesser dramatic efforts. Bruce, to my mind, not only contributed a highly entertaining evening but also I think, gained a great deal of experience from it themselves. I would be the first to congratulate David Temple, the producer, and everybody else, both on the acting and the technical side.

ANDREW TUCKER

STAFF PLAYS

Having trod with uncertainty the boards of the Roxburgh stage last year, I was feeling more than sympathetic towards my colleagues in the Green Room before the curtain went up on Jo Bain's second Common Room production. It was a programme of three one acts. The first two on the bill, "Chinamen" by Michael Frayn and "Dock Brief" by John Mortimer, had casts of only two, and although they allowed for some memorable performances, the vastness of the stage was to create some obstacles. The final choice was "Hands Across the Sea" by Noel Coward, a slight work by his standards, but in fact an ideal choice. With its emphasis on caricature and the essential comedy ingredients of Common Room personalities, topical innuendoes and the ever-willing participation of a School audience it was bound to succeed.

To begin at the beginning. The success of "Chinamen" lay in the opportunities it provided for virtuoso performance. A cast of two had to deal with five diverse characters—a considerable challenge even by professional standards. The situation was complex. A divorced husband had

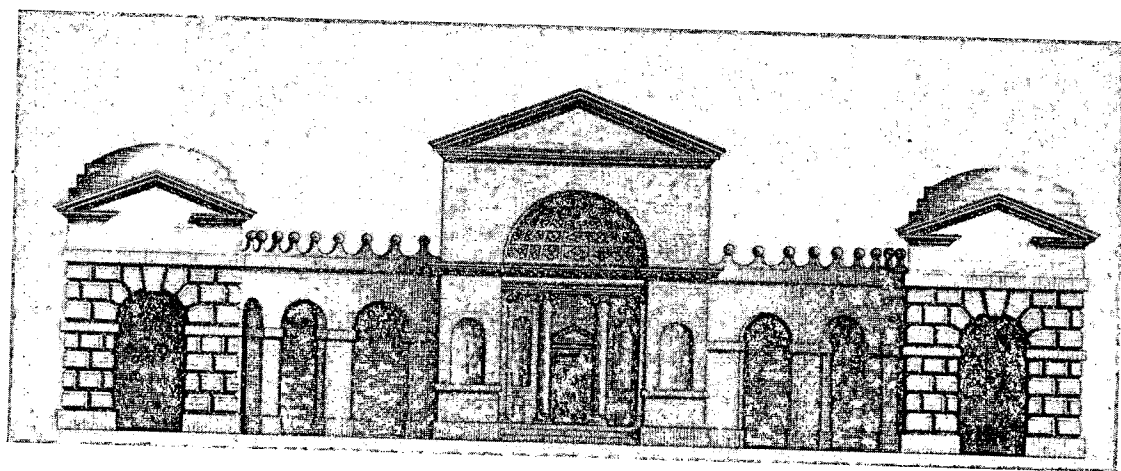
accidentally been invited to dine in company with his former wife (whom he still loved) together with her new husband—a hippy (whom he loathed). The action of the hosts in separating the two hostile parties so that they never met, was to be fraught with irony. Muir Temple had two parts, the easily confused host which was played convincingly throughout, and the much more exacting role of the divorced husband who takes to the bottle. In these drunken sequences we saw some of the finest acting of the evening but there were times when the part needed to be projected more (particularly when the focus of the action was off stage). Sue Morris had to impersonate the remaining three characters who were contrasted but straightforward. The ever-resourceful hostess (sometimes a shade too resourceful in activating the pace of the play), the feckless ex-wife and the most astonishing hippy who flounced across the stage flamboyantly decked in the most outrageous unisex gear. Here she (he?) excelled herself in an hilarious interpretation. The strength of the acting in its versatility, the sense of timing (crucial to any comedy) made this a very successful start to the evening.

Next came "Dock Brief"—again with a cast of two but with a greater concentration on character. The action centred around an unsuccessful lawyer played with considerable sensitivity by Christopher Mullineux and admirably contrasted by David Temple's alert and persuasive though equally unsuccessful criminal.

Although the stage did not allow for the intimacy of a prison cell, the audience identified itself with the pathetic fantasy of the lawyer as he constructed the forthcoming case in his imagination. With his natural gift of stage movement and the energetic mannerisms so much in keeping with this sadly disillusioned figure, Christopher Mullineux gave a professional performance. David Temple's congenial and sympathetic criminal provided the perfect foil. Although the second scene was somewhat protracted, for me "Dock Brief" provided the best material of the evening with a chance for serious acting well suited to the talent of the performers.

Finally the evening ended on a riotous note with a performance of "Hands Across the Sea". Here Jo Bain's use of caricature—especially when dealing with the aristocracy—seldom failed to get a laugh even if the play itself did not stand up to close scrutiny. Extravaganzas such as Kay Seneque's the Hon. Clare Wedderburn and Roger Potter's Bogey coupled with the languid élan displayed by Elizabeth Rawcliffe as Lady Gilpin dominated the action with considerable flamboyance. Contrasted with this was Rachel Drayson's genuine portrayal of the embarrassed guest aware of the shortcomings of a very diffident husband played in a subdued but hilarious manner by Douglas Marcuse. Everyone responded to this splendid assortment of characters and it was just what was needed to round off an entirely successful programme. Jo Bain's direction had been as skilful and as imaginative as ever.

R. C. THEOBALD



SPORT CRICKET THE FIRST XI

With five matches still to go—three of which are to be played in the Wellington Festival—this report is confined to a statement of progress so far.

It must be many years since Stowe has dismissed opposition teams in six out of seven matches, and in the process won three out of the first four school matches. Your reporter is a believer in statistics telling their own story—in school matches all forty opposition wickets have been taken at a total cost of 364 runs, an average of 9.1 runs per wicket. Cheatle and Macleod-Smith have taken 29 of the 40 wickets between them and have of course been the mainstays of an exceptionally strong bowling side, but they have been well supported by Smart and Linnell who have invariably made the essential early break-through. The fact that Dawson was only called upon to bowl during Cheatle's absence, and achieved figures of 5 for 38 in 23 overs, and Selby has not yet been required, underlines the strength of the 'main four'. Bowling success however cannot be achieved without good fielders and sound field placing; both have been a feature of this season's play, and Cheatle and all members of the 1st XI are now working as an efficient and well co-ordinated team in the field.

Batting performances on the other hand have been disappointing. Although high scores have not generally been required, a hundred runs in an innings has only been achieved on three occasions and never was a reasonable performance required more than against Radley. There are however encouraging signs—for some of next season's eleven; Dawson, Selby, Peploe, Rosedale and especially Reid are all beginning to score runs. They, together with Cheatle, Macleod-Smith and Smart are now ready to do themselves justice in the matches that still remain.

It is fitting to finish this interim report with a final comment on the performances of Cheatle and Macleod-Smith. Over the past two seasons they have taken exactly 100 wickets between them in eighteen matches at an average cost of just over 10 runs per wicket. These outstanding figures are combined deliberately, for, although both bowlers would have been successful anyway, it has been their bowling partnership that has made them so effective. The Sussex pro. and the freakish Dumbo combination may well be remembered for some years hence!

C. J. G. ATKINSON

1st XI Members: R. G. L. Cheatle (W) (Capt.), G. L. Macleod-Smith (W), B. B. Smart (C), P. G. Dawson (C), M. D. Linnell (L), H. C. Mytton-Mills (W), M. J. G. Palmer (B), M. J. Peploe (C), D. M. W. Reid (C), M. J. P. Rosedale (L), M. P. Selby (C).

Also played: P. Anand (C), S. P. J. Potter (C).

Results: v. Buckingham	Drawn
Buckingham 152	
Stowe 92 for 9	
v. Bradfield	Won by 5 wickets
Bradfield 48 (Smart 4 for 15; Macleod-Smith 3 for 6)	
Stowe 49 for 5	
v. Authentics	Drawn
Authentics 173 for 5 dec.	
Stowe 72 for 7	
v. St Edward's	Won by 59 runs
Stowe 119	
St Edward's 60 (Cheatle 6 for 14; Macleod-Smith 4 for 11)	
v. Radley	Lost by 52 runs
Radley 143 (Cheatle 5 for 66; Macleod-Smith 4 for 44)	
Stowe 91	

v. Bedford Won by 8 runs
 Stowe 120
 Bedford 112 (Macleod-Smith 4 for 41; Cheatle 3 for 25)
 v. Stowe Templars Won by 8 wickets
 Templars 147 (Macleod-Smith 6 for 65)
 Stowe 148 for 2 (Dawson 71 n.o.)
 v. Oundle Won by 8 wickets
 Oundle 107 (Macleod-Smith 6 for 53; Cheatle 3 for 26)
 Stowe 109 for 2 (Dawson 58)

v. St Edward's Home Won by 48 runs
 Stowe 109 for 9 dec. (Nicholl 30 n.o.)
 St Edward's 61 (Levin 4 for 9)
 v. Stowe Templars Home Cancelled
 v. R.A.F. Halton Home Cancelled
 v. Bedford Home Lost by 38 runs
 Bedford 68 (Bagshawe 5 for 15; Tyler 3 for 16)
 Stowe 30
 v. Oundle Away
 v. Radley Away

THE SECOND XI

LAW 48: "Whatever the result of a game, marks (out of 10) should be awarded to the side that in the opinion of the Umpires played the game with the more obvious enthusiasm and team spirit."

Were the Marylebone Cricket Club ever to add such a law to the current statutes Stowe 2nd XI would certainly have scored heavily this season.

Not that the record to date is bad. Out of four matches that started two have been won, one lost and the fourth abandoned after only a few overs.

Despite his initial reluctance to take on the captaincy, Dillon-Mahon gathered round him a keen, albeit untried side to beat Wellingborough in the first game of the season. By rights, some say, the game should have been lost, because although Wellingborough were skittled for 61 they soon had Stowe in trouble at 25 for 6. However, some courageous batting by Dillon-Mahon and Goodwin won the day without further loss.

The weather allowed the game against the Royal Latin School to start but stopped it at 10 overs.

The St Edward's match illustrated best the team spirit that has been in evidence throughout the season. A good start, followed by poor middle order batting but capped by some flamboyant play from Nicholl left the visitors 110 runs to win. Not, perhaps, an impossible target but some aggressive fielding—resulting in three run-out victims—and some steady bowling by Levin and Anand sent St Edward's away well short of their goal and all out.

Some aspects of the game against Bedford are to be remembered. For instance, some fine pace bowling by Bagshawe and Tyler (who has improved with every game) led to immediate suppositions of a third successive victory—emphasised by the opposition's score of 24 for 8. However, they were allowed to creep to 68 before all ten wickets had been taken and then proceeded to turn the tables with even more marked efficiency to dismiss Stowe for 30 runs. One hopes a lesson learnt.

A good season, then, which was not outstanding in achievement but nevertheless enjoyable. The real black cloud of the season was not in the sky but in the attitude of one or two players who, as yet, seem to have been unable to acknowledge that "availability to play" means *for the whole season* and not just for those games that are played at home. Fortunately the majority remained unimpressed.

M. P. POMPHREY

Team from: R. J. G. Dillon-Mahon (B) (Capt.), R. F. H. Tyler (B), R. J. Levin (W), P. Anand (C), S. A. Y. Lynch (T), A. C. Benson (C), M. C. Bailey (C), J. N. S. Bagshawe (L), J. D. A. Nicholl (L), C. H. A. Goodwin (T), S. H. Shirley-Beavan, ma. (G), J. C. Toomer (L).

Also played: M. P. Selby (C), S. C. Heald (T), C. J. Kerry (C), M. J. G. Palmer (B).

Results: v. Wellingborough Away Won by 4 wickets
 Wellingborough 61
 Stowe 62 for 6 (Goodwin 25 n.o.; Dillon-Mahon 15 n.o.)
 v. Royal Latin School Home Abandoned
 Stowe 22 for 3

THE THIRD XI

With very few players available, the 3rd XI has had to operate on a "scratch" basis this year. A plaintive appeal from M.W. at the beginning of the term resulted in a very pleasing response from a number of enthusiasts, including tennis players, golfers and even a member of the Beagle fraternity. We have played two matches so far, and while we have been unsuccessful in both, we have not disgraced ourselves!

Our basic problem has been lack of batting strength, but our bowlers, spearheaded by Dobbs and Pyfrom, have proved themselves on the field of battle.

M. WALDMAN

Stop press: Win over Oundle by 7 wickets.

A. L. Pyfrom: 5 overs, 9 wickets for 11 runs including a hat-trick.

THE COLTS

The Club started the season with about twenty likely members, but several boys gradually "opted out", taking advantage of the present situation which allows all boys over 15 to do exactly what they want in the afternoons. Results have been very poor—they are bound to be if one is choosing the team from only 12 contenders. Selection merely becomes a matter of selecting a scorer. One's heart goes out to Henry and Salmon, and to a very few others who could become reasonable cricketers, as they struggled in vain against the rising tide of incompetence that ebbed and flowed around them. The majority of the team, players of extremely limited ability, failed to apply themselves to the job in hand, and some of the batting and fielding had to be seen to be believed. Two or three individual performances stand out like bright beacons of hope. Henry batted gallantly at St Edward's, and Singh bravely batted to a priceless 25 at Bedford. Salmon bowled manfully enough, and Singh, too, particularly at St Edward's. Overall then a disappointing year, but if people learn from it that they only get as much from an activity—whatever it may be—as they are prepared to give to it, then it will not have been entirely wasted.

J. S. M. MORRIS

Team from: A. G. Henry (C) (Capt.), J. C. Ritchie (L), D. M. Salmon (C), S. B. Hopkins (C), M. Falcon (C), B. N. Singh (C), N. K. Park (T), J. J. Wan (T), P. W. Burke (G), S. L. Westeng, mi. (B), A. R. D. Hobbs (C), J. J. Hart (C), A. R. M. Blackburn (C).

Results: v. Bloxham Cancelled
 v. Bradfield Abandoned
 v. St Edward's Drawn
 St Edward's 115 (Singh 5 for 17)
 Stowe 83 for 7 (Henry 30)
 v. Bedford Lost by 3 wickets
 Stowe 86 (Singh 25)
 Bedford 87 for 7
 v. Oakham Lost by 2 wickets
 Stowe 77
 Oakham 79 for 8

THE JUNIOR COLTS

Despite very limited opportunities for practice the Junior Colts are developing into a strong all-round side. To date they have won the three matches played against St Edward's, Bedford and Oakham with relative ease. A full report will appear in the next issue of *The Stoic*.

C. F. DEACON

THE UNDER-FOURTEEN XI

Winning the toss and deciding to bat against Wellingborough, Stowe made lively progress, thanks to a brisk 41 not out from Rivalland and 21 from Boldero, and declared at 119 for 7. Jamieson and Falcon then bowled straight and well, and dismissed Wellingborough for 34, a score which looked improbable when they were 7 for 6.

The batting was more brittle against a good bowling side from Cokethorpe, and Stowe could only manage a total of 53, only Sugden reaching double figures. The game was not yet over, however, as Cokethorpe lost seven wickets in scoring the 54 needed to win, due mainly to an impressive piece of bowling from C. M. Johnstone, who took four wickets.

These have been the only Under 14 games to date, but several Under 14 boys have played for the Junior Colts 'B' side, Sugden and Hanks performing well with the bat. The Under 14 team is an enthusiastic one with some latent talent in every boy. The Junior Colts will benefit next year, I believe.

D. G. LENNARD

ATHLETICS

The 1972 season, despite its undeniable highlights, has turned out to be a frustrating and somewhat disappointing one with regard to results. The Seniors started off in fine fettle by defeating Denstone by the narrowest of margins, only to fall away and lose needlessly—or so it seemed—to Marlborough and to Oakham. Mill Hill's non-appearance rather spoiled the match at St Alban's and we were not at full strength for that match or for our trip to Oundle where the result ought to have been much closer. The Juniors, many of whom it should be said have another year in this age group, strove valiantly to record three wins, but predictably lacked the depth to cope with strong opposition.

It is difficult to pinpoint the reasons why the Club failed to do itself justice. Morale should have been high for consistently good examples were set by the Captain M. J. Guest in the Throws, where he established new records for both Discus and Shot, and by the Secretary M. J. Jackson who recorded excellent 100m and 110m Hurdle times and also by other seniors—M. G. Flawn-Thomas who fully deserved to break the Triple Jump record at the end of the season, and by G. R. Ratcliff and N. R. Ireland. Among the Juniors N. R. Graves, J. Hydleman, M. J. Harper and P. Rose have all done well, but too often the second strings have performed below par. However, there are certain factors which undoubtedly contributed to the failure of the team to do better: the weather has been very dispiriting on almost every outing; morale was badly affected by the defection of one athlete during a match (its loss being directly attributable to this action), but this should have been more than offset later in the season by the return to the fold of someone lost to us early in the term. It may well be that the key to the whole situation is to be found in the fact that the cheers which lingered up at the track this summer were never those made by Stoics—whether as team members or spectators—for a Stowe performance (and there were many to applaud), but those made by vociferous visitors whose enthusiasm cannot have failed to bring the best out of the rest of their team.

However, on a more cheerful note, we took five Under 15 athletes to Oundle to take part, as guests, in the match in this age group between Oundle and The Leys, only to find that they had

been billed as a team, and, much to the delight of all concerned, those five mustered enough points to defeat one of the other schools. So, once again, hope springs eternal!

In the County Championships held at Stowe on probably the only really fine day in June, both Jackson (110m Hurdles) and Rose, who once again equalled the Under 15 High Jump record, achieved E.S.A.A. Qualifying Standards, and were consequently selected to represent Buckinghamshire in the National Championships in July.

1st Team Colours were re-awarded to: M. J. Guest (B), M. J. H. Jackson (C), M. G. Flawn-Thomas (G).

1st Team Colours were awarded to: G. R. Ratcliff (L), N. R. T. Ireland (B).

2nd Team Colours were awarded to: J. R. Grainger (C), S. Masemola (S), A. D. McGee (L), R. M. Donner (S), M. J. Harper (L), N. R. T. Graves (S).

D. W. DONALDSON

Results:

- May 11 Bucks. Schools A.A. Area Sports, at Stowe
- May 20 v. Denstone and Malvern, at Stowe
Seniors: 1, Stowe 133½ pts; 2, Denstone 133 pts; 3, Malvern 71½ pts
Juniors: 1, Denstone 143½ pts; 2, Stowe 87½ pts; 3, Malvern 64 pts
- May 23 Bucks. Schools District A.A. Sports, at Stowe
- May 25 v. Marlborough and St Edward's, at Stowe
Seniors: 1, Marlborough 127½ pts; 2, Stowe 125½ pts; 3, St Edward's 84 pts
Juniors: 1, Marlborough 132 pts; 2, Stowe 92 pts; 3, St Edward's 91 pts
- May 27 Achilles Schools Relays, at Oxford
Seniors: 4 × 200m, 5th, 1 min 36.2 secs.
4 × 800m, 9th, 9 mins 2.3 secs.
Juniors: 4 × 200m, 3rd, 1 min 39.4 secs.
- June 1 v. Oakham and Eton, at Stowe
Seniors: 1, Oakham 77 pts; 2, Stowe 72 pts
Juniors: 1, Eton 105 pts; 2, Oakham 104½ pts; 3, Stowe 78½ pts
- June 8 v. St Alban's, at St Alban's
1, Stowe 86 pts; 2, St Alban's 51 pts
- June 13 v. Oundle and The Leys, at Oundle
Seniors: 1, The Leys 111 pts; 2, Oundle 83 pts; 3, Stowe 82 pts
Juniors: 1, Oundle 106 pts; 2, Stowe 87 pts; 3, The Leys 83 pts
- June 17 Bucks. Schools A.A. County Championships, at Stowe
- June 24 v. Rugby and Berkhamsted, at Rugby
Seniors: 1, Berkhamsted 110 pts; 2, Stowe 100pts; 3, Rugby 64 pts
Juniors: 1, Berkhamsted 99 pts; 2, Rugby 90 pts; 3, Stowe 88 pts
- July 8 } English Schools A.A. National Championships, at Washington, Co. Durham
July 9 }

For the faithful and unfashionably enthusiastic few who came to watch the finals of the School Sports on the Sunday before Exeat, there were some exciting tussles to be seen both on the track and in the field. Unfortunately, the weather was not conducive to good performances, and the results should be measured against a heavy track, sodden after heavy and prolonged rain, and a cold, dank atmosphere which did not cheer the competitors in the field events. All the more credit, then, to M. H. Guest who broke his own Open Discus record, and to P. A. Rose who equalled once again the Under 15 High Jump record. There was a pleasingly spirited challenge from a wide range of competitors for the minor placings, but, once again, outstanding individuals dominated in every age group. Guest won all three throwing events in the Open events, and M. G. Flawn-Thomas and M. H. Anderson both won two events. In the Under 17 events, A. B. Dawton tantalisingly underlined his natural talent in winning all three sprints, and D. B. Reid and M. Falcon were also worthy double winners; L. J. Hydleman did well to record three wins and K. C. Naylor two in the Under 16 age group, while P. A. Rose and D. A.

Bowman with three and two wins respectively were the outstanding juniors. In the Inter-House Cup Grafton, scoring well in all the age groups, soon built up an early lead and were never headed by Lyttelton who nevertheless pressed strongly to finish in second place for the third year in succession. Cobham were unlucky to be deprived of the services of M. J. Jackson—injured on the day—but even if he had been able to compete they would not have bettered their third place.

Inter-House Cup:

1. Grafton 187½ pts	6. Temple 72½ pts
2. Lyttelton 151 pts	7. Walpole 70½ pts
3. Cobham 137½ pts	8. Chatham 68 pts
4. Bruce 135 pts	9. Chandos 38 pts
5. Grenville 77 pts	

D. W. DONALDSON

Individual Results:—Open:

100m. Time 11·6 secs.	200m. Time: 24·0 secs.	400m. Time: 54·4 secs.
1. M. H. Anderson (S)	1. N. H. Ireland ma. (B)	1. J. R. Grainger (C)
2. N. H. Ireland ma. (B)	2. G. R. Ratcliff (L)	2. M. H. Ashcroft (C)
3. J. B. Duckworth (S)	3. J. R. Grainger (C)	3. S. Masemola (S)
800m. Time: 2 mins. 9·0 secs.	1500m. Time: 4 mins. 32·5 secs.	2000m. S'chase. Time: 6 mins. 48·8 secs
1. C. N. Barbour (S)	1. A. D. McGee (L)	1. R. J. Dillon-Mahon (B)
2. S. Masemola (S)	2. C. N. Barbour (S)	2. J. N. Bagshawe (L)
3. R. M. Donner (S)	3. C. K. Bond (L)	3. C. N. Barbour (S)
110m. Hurdles. Time: 19·2 secs.	400m. Hurdles. Time: 61·0 secs.	High Jump. Height: 5 ft 6 ins.
1. M. G. Flawn-Thomas (G)	1. G. R. Ratcliff (L)	1. J. J. Dawes (L)
2. J. F. Mezulanik (S)	2. D. Kisilevsky (C)	2. M. G. Flawn-Thomas (G)
3. M. D. Stern (C)	3. J. N. Bagshawe (L)	3. N. R. Ireland ma. (B)
Long Jump. Dist: 20 ft 10 ins.	Triple Jump. Dist: 42 ft 2½ ins.	Pole Vault. Height: 8 ft 9 ins.
1. M. H. Anderson (S)	1. M. G. Flawn-Thomas (G)	1. J. B. Duckworth ma. (S)
2. N. R. Ireland ma. (B)	2. S. P. Potter (C)	2. J. R. Grainger (C)
3. G. R. Ratcliff (L)	3. J. B. Duckworth ma. (S)	3. P. A. Natar (L)
Shot. Dist: 39 ft 7 ins.	Discus. Dist: 120 ft ½ in.*	Javelin. Dist: 163 ft 5 ins.
1. M. J. Guest (B)	1. M. J. Guest (B)	1. M. J. Guest (B)
2. J. J. Dawes (L)	2. M. H. Anderson (S)	2. M. G. Flawn-Thomas (G)
3. M. H. Anderson (S)	3. J. J. Dawes (L)	3. S. P. Potter (C)

Individual Results:—Under 17:

100m. Time: 11·7 secs.	200m. Time: 23·8 secs.	400m. Time: 53·6 secs.
1. A. B. Dawton (T)	1. A. B. Dawton (T)	1. A. B. Dawton (T)
2. M. J. Harper (L)	2. N. R. Graves (S)	2. D. A. Hopping (S)
3. N. R. Graves (S)	3. D. A. Hopping (S)	3. N. McCulloch (B)
800m. Time: 2 mins. 20·1 secs.	1500m. Time: 4 mins. 51·6 secs.	1000m. S'chase. Time: 3 mins. 22·8 secs
1. M. Falcon (C)	1. D. E. Tobin ma. (G)	1. M. Falcon (C)
2. J. Dunn (T)	2. C. C. Brooking (C)	2. N. A. Seymour (L)
3. C. E. Varah (C)	3. B. T. Robinson min. (W)	3. R. Montagu (C)
100m Hurdles. Time: 15·3 secs.	200m. Hurdles. Time: 28·4 secs.	High Jump. Height 4 ft 11 ins.
1. N. R. Graves (S)	1. L. J. Hydleman (B)	1. D. B. Reid (C)
2. P. A. Rose (W)	2. P. S. Carter (T)	2. N. A. Seymour (L)
3. D. B. Reid (C)	3. G. P. Saward (S)	3. J. F. Prescott mi. (C)
Long Jump. Dist: 18 ft 9 ins.	Triple Jump. Dist: 39 ft 2 ins.	Pole Vault. Height 7 ft 0 ins.
1. N. A. Seymour (L)	1. M. J. Harper (L)	1. J. Dunn (T)
2. M. J. Harper (L)	2. P. A. Pike (C)	2. D. N. Johnstone (C)
3. J. G. Fairfax-Ross (S)	3. F. G. Graham (T)	3. H. F. Inglessis (W)
Shot. Dist: 33 ft 1 in.	Discus. Dist: 97 ft 5 ins.	Javelin. Dist: 129 ft 4 ins.
1. D. B. Reid (C)	1. A. D. Sidi (S)	1. R. P. Maitland-Heriot (C)
2. T. J. Rollit Mason (B)	2. N. R. Graves (S)	2. T. J. Rollit Mason (B)
3. A. D. Sidi (S)	3. T. J. Rollit Mason (B)	3. N. P. Staheyeff (C)

Individual Results:—Under 16:

100m. Time: 11·9 secs.	200m. Time: 24·6 secs.	400m. Time: 56·8 secs.
1. L. J. Hydleman (B)	1. L. J. Hydleman (B)	1. T. J. Rollit Mason (B)
2. C. D. Hughes (G)	2. J. M. Hayward (S)	2. J. R. Wadsworth (L)
3. J. M. Hayward (S)	3. C. D. Hughes (G)	3. C. G. Burchill (G)
800m. Time: 2 mins. 15·5 secs.	1000m. Time: 3 mins. 4·9 secs.	High Jump. Height: 4 ft 10 ins.
1. K. C. Naylor (W)	1. K. C. Naylor (W)	1. D. M. Salmon (C)
2. N. R. Elmslie (C)	2. C. C. Brooking (C)	2. N. A. Contomichalos (C)
3. C. C. Brooking (C)	3. N. R. Elmslie (C)	3. T. R. Asserson (G)
Long Jump. Dist: 16 ft 9½ ins.		
1. S. H. Coney (T)		
2. D. M. Salmon (C)		
3. J. P. Paterson (B)		

Individual Results:—Under 15:

100m. Time: 12·6 secs.	200m. Time: 25·5 secs.	400m. Time: 62·4 secs.
1. P. A. Rose (W)	1. P. A. Rose (W)	1. D. A. Bowman (B)
2. M. R. Tadgell (S)	2. M. R. Tadgell (S)	2. C. J. Terrett (B)
3. T. M. Corbett (S)	3. G. A. Bell (G)	3. A. N. Jamieson (G)
800m. Time: 2 mins. 21·8 secs.	80m. Hurdles. Time: 13·2 secs.	High Jump. Height: 5 ft 3 ins.†
1. C. J. Terrett (B)	1. D. A. Bowman (B)	1. P. A. Rose (W)
2. J. Cunningham (T)	2. T. G. Cameron (C)	2. S. R. Richardson (L)
3. B. T. Robinson min. (W)	3. M. R. Tadgell (S)	3. G. H. Charlton (G)
Long Jump. Dist: 15 ft 3½ ins.		
1. D. A. Bowman (B)		
2. G. H. Charlton (G)		
3. S. R. Richardson (L)		

* New School/Ground Record. † Equals School/Ground Record.

LAWN TENNIS

1st VI

The season began with the knowledge that we would have a team which was inexperienced, as only one of last year's successful side was still with us. However, G. M. Miller has proved himself to be a first class Captain, and has helped considerably to produce a worthy team. In fact Miller and Morris have welded into a formidable combination, and besides coming out second to U.C.S. London, in the very successful and well organised inaugural Eton College 1st Pairs competition for eight schools, have not yet been beaten by an opposing first pair in a School match. Miller himself is extremely steady and has some clever shots, while Morris besides also being very reliable has become useful at the net and overhead. Congratulations to these two. Scowsill has proved a promising newcomer to the team, although he is still of colts age. There is every chance of him becoming a really good school player next year, if he will only believe in his own undoubted ability. He is certainly among the best prospects I have seen at Stowe during the past six years, but only he can make use of his own talents! D'Arcy Clark has once again been a reliable player, and in spite of a tendency to overhit on his ground strokes, he has always given a good account of himself in matches. McDonald has continued to give loyal service to the School, and on his day has played very well indeed. He likes to hit the cover off every ball, and if he could be more selective in the balls he chooses to hit, he would find himself making more winning strokes. Harrison has improved considerably as the term has progressed, and he now plays with much more authority and confidence. Lockhart-Smith played in one match and showed that he will be able to step into the team next year with ease, while Tucker played in the first few matches and had some good wins—if only he could summon the requisite stamina for three matches in an afternoon he would find his team place secure as he has some very good shots in his repertoire.

The 2nd VI has been well captained by W. S. Brann and he and Dobbs were unlucky not to be able to play in the first team.

Colts VI

The Colts Team is probably one of the best in recent years. It has only lost one match, and this should have been won! Foux and Saunders have been the first pair, and proved themselves superior to most opponents. Saunders is a very promising player, while Foux could well become a sound member of future 1st teams, if only he could conquer his lapses which tend to occur when he is in a losing position. Low (who has been a very efficient Captain of the team) and Hill have become an excellent combination. Their great steadiness has given them an enviable record in matches, and both of them have a fine future in senior tennis at Stowe. Pike and Paterson at third pair have usually done well, and have only lost the occasional match. Paterson's unorthodox style plus his great determination, so lacking in many present day players, have blended extremely well with Pike's coolness in a crisis. Young and Hydleman have also played in the team, and showed that they are useful additions to the strength of Stowe tennis in the future.

Junior Colts VI

There are too few schools who play at this level, and so not many matches have been played. However, enough has been seen at this level to say that the future of Stowe tennis is in good hands. The following have played for Stowe: Young, Loup, Kingan, Black, Hugill, Fyffe and Carnegie-Arbutnott. Several of the above have showed that they possess good match temperament.

Results:

1st VI	v. R.G.S. High Wycombe	Won 5½—3½
	v. St Edward's, Oxford	Won 7½—1½
	v. Mill Hill	Won 5—1
	v. Bloxham	Won 5—4
	v. P.S.O.B.L.T.A.	Drew 4½—4½
	v. Rugby	Abandoned owing to rain
	v. Wellingborough	Won 7—2
	v. Eton	Lost 4—5
	v. Radley	Won 8—1
	v. Marlborough	Drew 4½—4½
Colts VI	v. R.G.S. High Wycombe	Won 6—3
	v. St Edward's, Oxford	Won 3½—½
	v. Mill Hill	Won 3½—½
	v. Bloxham	Won 6—3
	v. Rugby	Won 6—0
	v. Uppingham	Won 6½—2½
	v. Eton	Lost 4—5
	v. Radley	Won 6—3
	v. Marlborough	Won 6½—2½

'A' VI: Played 2 matches; Won 2; Lost 0.

J. Colts: Played 3 matches; Won 2; Drawn 1.

P. G. LONGHURST

GOLF

Spring Term:

A somewhat damp term was spent in preparing for the defence of the Micklem Trophy, but a freak snowstorm put paid to both the Sandy Lodge and the Old Stoic fixtures. A new event was the Aer Lingus Schools Tournament, but the worst of an appalling day's wind and rain ensured that we did not qualify, perhaps fortunately for the final was due to be played in the middle of the summer term in the west of Ireland! The Woking squad aided by Lendrum and

Ridley played in these matches, and it became clear that we should field a sound team at Woking, though not of the calibre of last year's exceptionally strong one.

Results: v. Eton	Won 3½—2½
v. Ellesborough G.C.	Won 2½—½
v. Buckingham G.C.	Halved 1½—1½

The Micklem Trophy, played at Woking G.C. on April 12th-13th:

Stowe needed to win at Woking to complete a run of five victories in a row in this tournament, and we failed to do so by a narrow margin in one of the most exciting finals for many years. The first round showed that all eight schools were much closer together in standard, no winning margin except ours being greater than 3-2, and the old enemy, Bradfield, were knocked out by Winchester. Lucas took six holes to get the measure of Siddall, the Rugby captain, Choyce took six holes to get the measure of his putter, but these two together with Gray, who was playing well, always looked like winning the three points necessary. Chilton was down to Quas-Cohen for most of the way round, but finished strongly from three down to halve, whilst poor Julius had the first of three unhappy rounds, for he had unfortunately lost his rhythm and his confidence and was playing wretchedly. The semi-final against Winchester was a much more desperate affair, some early-morning crookedness quickly giving the lead to the Wykehamists in four matches. By the 10th things were looking more hopeful, though Lucas, who had been in the unfamiliar position of four down to Reeves, was still three light. He went on to win by 2 and 1, Julius never looked like catching up on young Wybar after early disasters, and the last three strings remained agonisingly level until a strong finish from all three produced narrow wins. And so Stowe were in the final for the eighth year running, this time against Eton, a likely looking young side. Stowe started well, but by the 6th Eton had come back and the match was evenly poised. By the 10th it seemed likely that Lucas would win and that Julius would lose, but the other three matches were about square. Chilton missed two vital putts on the 9th and 10th and his opponent Hurst never weakened. Gray was always chasing Breedon and looked for a moment as if he might take the deciding match to the 19th, but his opponent finished him off with as good a birdie three on the last hole as has been seen for some time. Choyce finished well to record his third victory of the tournament, but Eton had won by three matches to two, and with the same team available for next year they look like being the front runners in 1973. Mention must be made of David Lucas's remarkable record in this tournament. Playing in three rounds in each of his possible four years he has won twelve out of twelve matches, a fitting commentary on his high standard of golf and fighting qualities.

Results: v. Rugby	Won 3½—1½
v. Winchester	Won 4—1
v. Eton	Lost 2—3

Team: D. G. Lucas (G), D. A. Julius (C), S. R. Chilton (L), J. R. Gray (♁), D. G. Choyce (©).

Reserve: H. J. A. Joslin (©).

School Colours for Golf were awarded to: S. R. Chilton, D. G. Choyce, J. R. Gray.

Summer Term:

The cold wet weather has kept the Stowe course playing long, but we have managed to play a full programme of matches nonetheless. It has been pleasant to entertain again the American Schoolboys Touring Team, the fixture against Berkhamsted School was revived and we have visited two new courses, Harpenden for the match against Haileybury and Moor Park High course which saw a close finish to the Penfold Cup competition when Lucas retained the Cup with 29 Stapleford points from Joslin with 28. With our heavy list of fixtures good results depend largely on strength in depth, and the excellent record again this year has demonstrated that seven golf Colours have been backed by reliable and, in some cases, much-improved players, and Ridley, Manners, Wilcox, Seccombe and Barbour have played in most of the matches. The Golf Thirty has contained some quite young players this time, none of whom is consistent enough yet, and Bailey looks to be the most promising of this year's discoveries.

A. M. VINEN

Results: v. Ellesborough G.C.	Halved 4 —4
v. St Edward's	Won 5½—½
v. Haileybury	Won 6½—1½
v. The Fathers	Won 8 —2
v. Thorpeness G.C.	Halved 2 —2
v. Oundle	Won 7 —1
v. Buckingham G.C.	Won 4½—1½
v. Uppingham	Halved 2½—2½
v. Old Stoics	Won 5 —4
v. Berkhamsted	Won 8 —0
v. Monmouth	Won 4 —2
v. Sandy Lodge G.C.	Won 4½—1½
v. Felsted	Won 5 —0
v. American Touring Party	Won 5 —1
v. R.A.F. Bicester	Won 7½—½

There have played: The above, plus E. O. Bailey (T), C. N. Barbour (C), C. K. Bond (L), N. E. Bradfield ma. (G), C. A. I. Bruce (C), A. D. Capron (C), P. G. Clarke (L), M. A. Johnstone (C), R. N. C. Knight-Bruce ma. (C), A. P. Manners (L), M. Ridley (T), M. A. Robinson ma. (W), P. H. Robinson mi. (W), B. T. Robinson min. (W), R. M. Seccombe (B), J. H. A. S. Vivian (C), M. H. Warren (L), S. M. Wilcox (T), A. G. Whyte (B).

SAILING

The term has been one of strong winds, cold weather, and rain; and the dinghy racers must be the only sportsmen who can say they have enjoyed every minute of it. Nevertheless the winds have caused breakages which have included a broken mast. A brand new wooden Graduate, built by Wyche and Loppock, should have been delivered at the beginning of this term. It is still not completed. We are glad to see a keen interest in racing growing in the junior part of the Club especially in the Sunday B.C.S.C. races.

The school team must be one of the most successful the school can remember with much talent in depth. Every school match was won easily. However the very strong teams produced by two large sailing clubs beat us, teaching us a lesson and giving us good competition.

Bloxham and Harrow were beaten in strong winds at Banbury early in the term. We easily won the annual quadrangular match against Aldenham, Harrow and Haileybury in a strong wind at Aldenham. Waud sailed very well to win the crews race. St Edward's were good and had us worried at one time. There was a light wind at Radley, the first of the term, but we beat them 3-1, and a stronger wind at Oundle on the River Nene. Uppingham were easily dismissed before our successful last match against Rugby at Draycote Water in which we came 1st, 2nd and 3rd in all three races.

Having sailed two matches of the R.Y.A. Team Championships, which is the "F.A. Cup of Sailing", not such a successful story can be told. We lost closely to Draycote Water S.C. in Enterprises due to a collision in which R. H. Steavenson had to retire and Oxford S.C. won in a shifty difficult wind at Banbury. We have yet to sail against R.A.F. Grapham Water S.C. because the original fixture was "blown-off".

The Housematch final is to be fought between Grafton and Lyttelton and we are glad to be matched against a team of Old Stoics with whom we have yet to do battle at Banbury.

A daily points-racing series has been run for 'non-team' members. This has greatly improved the standard of the younger members of whom Marshall, Mackintosh and Metcalfe ma. fight for the overall lead.

Three boats are to be sailed by C.W.O.R., R. H. Steavenson and A. J. C. Ussher at Hayling Island S.C. in the British Graduate Championships from 6th-12th August and P. Mackay and A. R. Pears are to sail in the annual Public Schools meeting at Itchenor S.C.

Finally we are sorry to say goodbye to H. C. Davis, a past Commodore, and A. J. C. Ussher who have encouraged and helped sailing at Stowe and have also often pulled the team out of difficulties. We wish them luck in their future sailing.

HOWARD STEAVENSON

Team: R. H. Steavenson (Capt.) (C), and C.L.W.P. Waud (C); H. C. Davis (L) and A. R. Kennon (G); P. Mackay ma. (L) and A. J. C. Ussher (L).

Results:

School Matches:	v. Bloxham	Home	Won 3—0
	v. Harrow	Home	Won 3—0
	v. St Edward's	Home	Won 3—0
	v. Radley	Away	Won 3—1
	v. Oundle	Away	Won 3—0
	v. Uppingham	Home	Won 3—0
	v. Rugby	Away	Won 3—0
	v. Aldenham, Harrow and Haileybury	Away	Stowe 1st
R.Y.A. Team Matches:	v. Draycot Water S.C.	Home	Lost 17½—26
	v. Oxford S.C.	Home	Lost 16½—25
	v. Grapham Water (R.A.F.)	Away	

SWIMMING

The early summer of 1971 was, if you remember, wet and cold and I remarked to the swimming team that 1972 was sure to compensate for this with exceptional weather. I was right, of course. Since the beginning of term we have been saddled with unremitting bad weather and a lake temperature continually below 60°F, more than 15°F below the normal temperature of 1970. So unkind has been the summer of 1972 that the school as a whole has had no swimming at all and the best we can hope for is a little warmth in the three weeks remaining to enable us to hold the House Swimming Sports.

My prediction for the swimming climate of 1973 is again a sunny one with a thought more certainty about it—a water temperature of 79° night and day, and an air temperature of 80°F come rain or snow—the new indoor pool is rising fast!

This year we had envisaged a considerable improvement in the swimming team with the Seniors practically unchanged and a strong injection of good young swimmers for the Juniors. We have, in fact, done quite well though nowhere near as well as we might have done if the weather had been kind enough to allow us a little practice. Our training has been mostly confined to begging a few minutes in the indoor pools of other schools at the end of a match.

			Seniors:	Juniors:
Results:	v. Carmel College	Away	Won 36—35	
	v. Malvern and Cheltenham	Away	Second	Third
	v. Dean Close	Away	Lost 33—54	Lost 40—58
	v. The Leys	Home	Cancelled —	Lake at 58°F
	v. Oundle	Away	Lost 58—106	
	v. St Edward's	Away	Lost 50—62	Lost 52—60
	v. Rugby	Away	Lost 31—57	Lost 32—61

Swimming Colours in addition to the existing Colours have been awarded to: J. Dawes (L), J. Duckworth (C), R. Atkins (G), D. Robinson (C).

Junior Colours (Dolphins) have been awarded to: T. Outerbridge (C), P. Boyadjiew mi. (C), A. Uttamsingh (C), R. Bickerton (T), F. Johnstone (L).

The results when compared with those of the last few years show the steadily rising performance of the Stowe team in spite of the difficulties we have had to surmount. We have been beaten often in stamina, more rarely in the quality of our swimming, and never in the spirit of sportsmanship and team solidarity.

Next year, with the assistance of an indoor pool and the help of Mr McKittrick who has coached swimming in Australia we should not only do well but enjoy doing it.

F. A. HUDSON

SHOOTING

Since the last edition of *The Stoic* the Club has taken 22 boys down to Bisley for our usual three-day practice at the end of last term. This provided invaluable practice for everyone and helped us to start shooting this term with some recent experience.

So far this season we have had three matches. The first at Kingsbury was slightly disappointing, but we have improved steadily and achieved a very satisfactory score at our last match. Unfortunately we could not attend the Oxford meeting due to its clashing with Exeat.

We still have one more match to come, namely the Ashburton Shield competition at the end of this term. We shall be down there for three days so that we can compete in the preliminary individual competitions.

The Donegal Badge for the highest average score in all our matches was won by S. L. Green. Colours were awarded to N. M. Davidson, D. Portnoy, J. F. Prescott, P. G. Clarke and S. L. Green.

MICHAEL HARDMAN

Teams:

VIII: M. R. Hardman, N. M. Davidson, D. Portnoy, H. D. Pickavance, J. F. Prescott mi., P. G. Clarke, J. R. F. Micklem and S. L. Green.

Cadet Pair: T. C. Green, J. J. R. Bissill.

Ninth Man from: R. A. B. Barton, A. S. Drew, E. S. Sowerby.

	No. of Schools	VIII	Cdt Pair	9th Man
Results: Midland Meeting	14	4	4	5
London and Middlesex Meeting	22	14	9	29/41
Sussex Schools Meeting	31	7	6	no result

.303 SHOOTING

This term we have had only three matches and we had no real success in any of these, our only boast being that we managed to improve each time we shot. We were not able to go to the Oxford Schools meeting this year as it fell on the date of our exeat. The team has several 'young bloods' who should manage to lead the team to greater success next year.

Colours were awarded to: M. R. Hardman, N. M. Davidson, P. G. Clarke, J. F. Prescott mi., S. L. Green, D. Portnoy.

NEIL DAVIDSON

SCULLING

This term has been quite active with the usual preparation for regattas by the senior scullers. There have been a number of creditable performances by Berry, Blacklock, Falconer and King. Due to the clash of school dates with regattas we did not attend as many as we had hoped, however the most interesting date was at Wallingford Regatta when Blacklock, Berry and King proved that given the right equipment—a racing shell—they could do well.

The Junior scullers have taken their grade 4 and 3 tests preparing them for blue boat sculling next season. The tests have provided the right incentive for all scullers to work at technique, steering and speed. Grade 2 candidates who passed are then considered ready for regattas and are awarded their sculling badge. Grade 1 allows the wearing of the sculling tie after representation at open regattas. There is therefore something to strive for.

The most important event this term has been a most generous donation by Mr O. J. Blacklock, which, with the School's grant, for which we are also most grateful, has allowed us to place an

order for a racing shell to be ready for next season. This is an exciting prospect as we will then have the equipment with which to compete on an equal basis at regattas.

The House sculling competition was won this year by Grafton with Walpole second. C. Blacklock won the individual trophy.

Finally my thanks go to Z. D. Berry, Captain, and C. Blacklock, Secretary, for their tremendous enthusiasm. They have both been a tower of strength.

We are very sad to lose Mr J. Tanburn from our ranks. He has been master in charge of sculling for three years and has built the Club up to what it is today.

T. J. BRANGWIN

THE STOWE BEAGLES

In retrospect, the past season has been a great success. In the hunting field good scenting conditions resulted in excellent sport being seen on almost all occasions.

As usual, in the Summer term itself there has been no hunting, but there has been a great deal of activity throughout the term. Each day the hounds have needed feeding and exercising, and the kennels cleaning. Also, we entered runners in teams to represent the Stowe Beagles at both the Old Berkeley Beagles and the Oakley Foot Beagles foot point-to-points, with some success. Some of our best hounds have been entered in the major national hound shows again this year, including the Great Yorkshire Show at Harrogate and the South of England Show at Peterborough.

Several litters of puppies have been born in the past few months, but unfortunately one bitch lost her entire litter despite an emergency Caesarean operation. The other puppies however are all growing healthily. Last year's pups will be shown in our Puppy Show at Stowe on July 15th.

We are in the process of forming a Hunt Supporters' Club, under the Chairmanship of an outside follower, with Mr Drayson as President. We do hope that as many boys as possible will join this club.

A. D. McGee has been appointed Master and Huntsman for the new 1972-73 season, and D. M. Salmon has been appointed a whipper-in.

During the past season the Master and Huntsman was N. C. M. Renny, and A. D. McGee was 'first-whip'. A. O. Bell-Irving, R. M. Gibson, D. M. E. Heathcote and R. G. Pooler were whippers-in. Many thanks also to P. Herbert for invaluable help at the kennels throughout the term.

NICHOLAS RENNY

ARCHERY

At the time of writing this report the weather is being rather temperamental. However the Club has still managed to shoot three matches, against Forest, Finchley Albanian and Haileybury, winning all three. The Club has also entered one competition, our placings being 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 9th.

I am glad to report that more interest is being taken in this comparatively minor sport, especially by Stoics themselves. This has culminated in the formation of Archery Colours. Finally I offer my sincere thanks to all those who made this season such a success, namely Mr D. J. Arnold and Mark Stern who has been selected for the Olympic Trial event.

PAUL ROLLAND

Team from: M. Stern (C), S. Saunders (T), J. Bray (T), J. Binns (C), P. S. Rolland (©).

Results: v. Forest	Won by 624
v. Haileybury	Won by 523
v. Finchley Albanian	Won by 127

FENCING

As usual the summer term is quiet. The beginners have continued to flourish and show promise for the future. The only competitive fencing has been the Individual Epée competition, enlivened this year by strangers taking up fencing for the first time, who added a bucolic ferocity to the normally restrained cavortings of the 'real' fencers.

The competition had a large entry (14), and was spread over three rounds. As the Gymnasium was full of desks we reverted to Ancient Custom and filled Assembly for two successive days with white figures and flashing blades. There was keen, if not always skilful fighting, and R. J. Cottier was the winner, though Filmer-Sankey ran him close and came second. E. H. Millner, the holder, came out of an 'A' level retirement to fence for the first time in the second round, and produced some of the old skill, but was not quite as quick on the final day. A. R. Jones managed to beat Cottier in the semi-final, but could not do it the second time when it mattered most.

During the holidays R. J. Cottier went on to the National round of the Schools Epée competition, having won the Bronze medal in the Southern Counties section meeting during last term, and did well to come about 13th. This is the best success which we have had in external competition for several years.

C. D. MULLINEUX

CROSS-COUNTRY

Old Stoics' Cross-Country Match, March 11th, 1972

Despite snow and cold weather a very enjoyable match took place. The Old Stoics raised two very enthusiastic teams.

Their 1st team, with a strong complement of nine runners, ran an excellent race and comfortably defeated the School's 1st team.

R. A. Weston (C 1966) was the winner with a time of 28 minutes 41 seconds and R. J. G. Dillon-Mahon was the runner-up with a time of 29 minutes 34 seconds.

The School's 'social' team entertained and easily beat the Old Stoics' team. The winner of this race was for the first time in years an Old Stoic, S. P. Hanley (C 1969), who ran very well in a time of 17 minutes 7 seconds.

P. M. A. LUFT

HOCKEY

Over the last few years we have come to expect the highest of standards, and it would be correct to say that by our own best standard this season was not an outstanding one. Yet it was most certainly an enjoyable one, and for the most part a successful one. At Stowe we seem to have to become the side that everyone wants to beat—a fact indicated by the champagne that Radley enjoyed after their last-gasp 3-2 win over us.

On several occasions the XI played really well and showed how with quick, sensibly controlled passing and intelligent support by the players off the ball opponents may be subjected to the hardest pressure. Our wins against Magdalen College School (5-0) and Pangbourne (5-0), and in the second half at Dean Close (3-2) saw the side at its best. On the other hand we went through a couple of patches when little seemed to go right, and we looked a very ordinary team. The halves and backs seemed to be hell-bent on giving the ball away at every opportunity,

and the forwards could make goal-scoring look virtually impossible. This happened at Oundle (lost 2-3) where we were perhaps unsettled by their splendid all-weather surface, and the absence of Prescott from the all-important inside-right position, and against a hard, fast Radley XI (lost 2-3) who seemed to be far more direct and resolute than we were on the day.

Cheatle who captained the side enthusiastically and well, and Prescott in the inside left and right positions gave our attack direction and momentum. They are accomplished, hardworking players who showed the ability both to create and take goal-scoring chances. We missed Prescott greatly at the end of term, and it was obvious that without him our attack was only capable of working effectively down the left—and as any defender knows this is easily the least dangerous wing.

Bond made the most of his chances on the left wing, and with his pace, and control constantly caused concern to the opposition. He has the potential to become an outstanding hockey player. We "permed" any two from Ireland, Ratcliff and Flawn-Thomas to fill the other two strike forward positions. They all played hard and straight. Their directness and pace often threatened to open up defences but their control left plenty to be desired, and we missed a centre-forward who could seize the all-important half chance.

On most occasions McDonald at centre-half ruled the middle of the field. He is a tireless worker and his competitive spirit often lifted the players around him. If he could learn to distribute the ball as quickly and decisively as he hits the short corners he'd become a very fine player indeed. Our wing halves stuck gamely to their task. Linnell who at present relies too much on his reverse stick is going to be a useful centre-half, and Rawlinson's determination helped him to rub most left wings we played against out of the game.

We had an experienced pair of full backs in Guest and Mytton-Mills. Guest still has a tendency to commit himself too early, and his hitting is not as clean as it might be, but he works with a will and has sufficient ability to improve. His partner always kept a cool head and turned in many useful performances. Only against Radley did the defence look suspect, and perhaps it is best to draw a veil over that game!

Richings did some remarkable things in goal. He learned some of the basic skills very quickly but his eagerness and impetuosity caused him to charge about the circle on a few occasions, much to the alarm of both friend and foe! However he has swift reactions, and saved our line most valiantly several times.

I am sure it is fair to claim that we continue to enjoy the hockey that is played at Stowe. The game throughout the School is played with great spirit whether one thinks of the House matches, Junior teams representing the School, or the countless practice games that have to be played in the gym. Boys, groundstaff and team and club coaches have all worked hard to improve the level of our play, and it must be realised that only by constantly renewed hard work and determination will we be able to maintain the pleasingly high standard of play that we have come to expect at Stowe.

J. S. M. MORRIS

Team: R. G. L. Cheatle (Capt.) (W), M. H. Prescott ma. (C), M. J. Guest (B), H. C. Mytton-Mills ma. (W), R. J. McDonald (C), C. K. Bond (L), A. J. C. Richings ma. (W), J. Rawlinson (W), M. D. Linnell (L), M. G. Flawn Thomas (G), N. R. T. Ireland ma. (B), G. R. Ratcliff (L).

Also played: A. L. Garber (C), D. P. Scowsill (T), M. E. Harrison (L), G. J. Aiken (C).

Results of School Matches:

v. Oxford Bulls	Won	4—2
v. Aldenham	Drew	2—2
v. Dean Close	Won	3—2
v. The Leys	Drew	1—1
v. H.A. XI	Lost	1—3
v. Radley	Lost	2—3
v. M.C.S. Oxford	Won	5—0
v. Old Stoics	Won	1—0
v. Pangbourne	Won	5—0
v. Oundle	Lost	2—3

OLIM ALUMNI

R. A. Andrews (C 1927) has recently returned from a round the world voyage. His sons are equally adventurous: **P. A. Andrews** (C 1955) is becoming an expert on Nomads, having lived with them from Morocco to Persia: **M. L. A. Andrews** (C 1957) has recently driven from Cape Horn to Alaska in a Land-Rover and has made a canoe trip up the first major southern tributary of the Amazon.

E. A. Boddington (W 1944) has been elected President of the Institute of Brewing.

The Rt Hon. The Lord Boyd-Carpenter, P.C. (C 1927) has taken the Title of Baron Boyd-Carpenter of Easton Crux in the County of Southampton. He is now Chairman of the Civil Aviation Authority and is no longer an M.P.

R. C. Clifford (G 1963) was one of the party of explosive experts who dramatically parachuted into the mid-Atlantic to 'save' the QE2 in May.

Major P. D. P. Duncombe (C 1945) has been appointed High Sheriff of Buckinghamshire.

D. J. Easton (W 1959) has been promoted First Secretary, Foreign and Commonwealth Office.

R. R. Menzies (G 1970) has been awarded a 1st in Part I of the Engineering Tripos.

Air Vice-Marshal R. E. W. Harland (C 1938) was appointed C.B. in the Birthday Honours.

J. N. Henderson (W 1937) was appointed K.C.M.G. in the Birthday Honours.

The Ven. C. C. H. Morgan (T 1938) has been made Chaplain of the Fleet.

A. R. Negus (B 1963) is on the music staff of Wuppertal Opera House; he has been appointed to the music staff in Bayreuth for the coming season.

Dr R. C. Roxburgh, M.A., M.D. (W 1938) has been elected F.R.C.P. (London).

F. A. Ruhemann (C 1948) is a Director of Tube Investments Ltd.

J. G. Treadwell (C 1967) was awarded the prize for the best performance in the Contemporary Britain Course in the examination for the Sandhurst Diploma.

P. Williams (G 1966) has graduated Magna Cum Laude from Menlo School of Business Administration, California, U.S.A.

P. R. Wolfe (G 1968) has been awarded a 1st in Part II of the Engineering Tripos.

MARRIAGES

J. F. Burns (G 1962) to Jane Patricia Pequegnat on April 7th 1972.

I. Cameron-Swan (T 1950) to Thelma Joy Missen on April 1st 1972.

D. H. R. Dekker (T 1967) to Patricia Eversdon Henderson on November 28th 1970.

J. N. Graham-Brown (C 1963) to Sonia Henderson on September 5th 1969.

B. E. Lewis (C 1962) to Mary Ann Miller on May 1st 1971.

J. I. Peck (W 1964) to Lynda Lesley Ross on December 4th 1971.

H. Straker (T 1967) to Elspeth Bourne on May 1972.

S. L. Whistler (C 1958) to Jennifer Susan Helsham on April 1st 1972.

BIRTHS

To the wife of:

Dr T. E. C. Bushell (C 1962) a daughter on November 3rd 1971.

F. H. M. Craig-Cooper (T 1953) a son on March 3rd 1972.

J. D. Finch (C 1950) a second daughter on February 29th 1972.

A. L. Marr (G 1959) a second son on April 20th 1972.

N. K. Rice (L 1964) a daughter on April 7th 1972.

R. E. P. Spencer (G 1962) a son on January 14th 1972.

P. Williams (G 1966) a son on October 1st 1971.

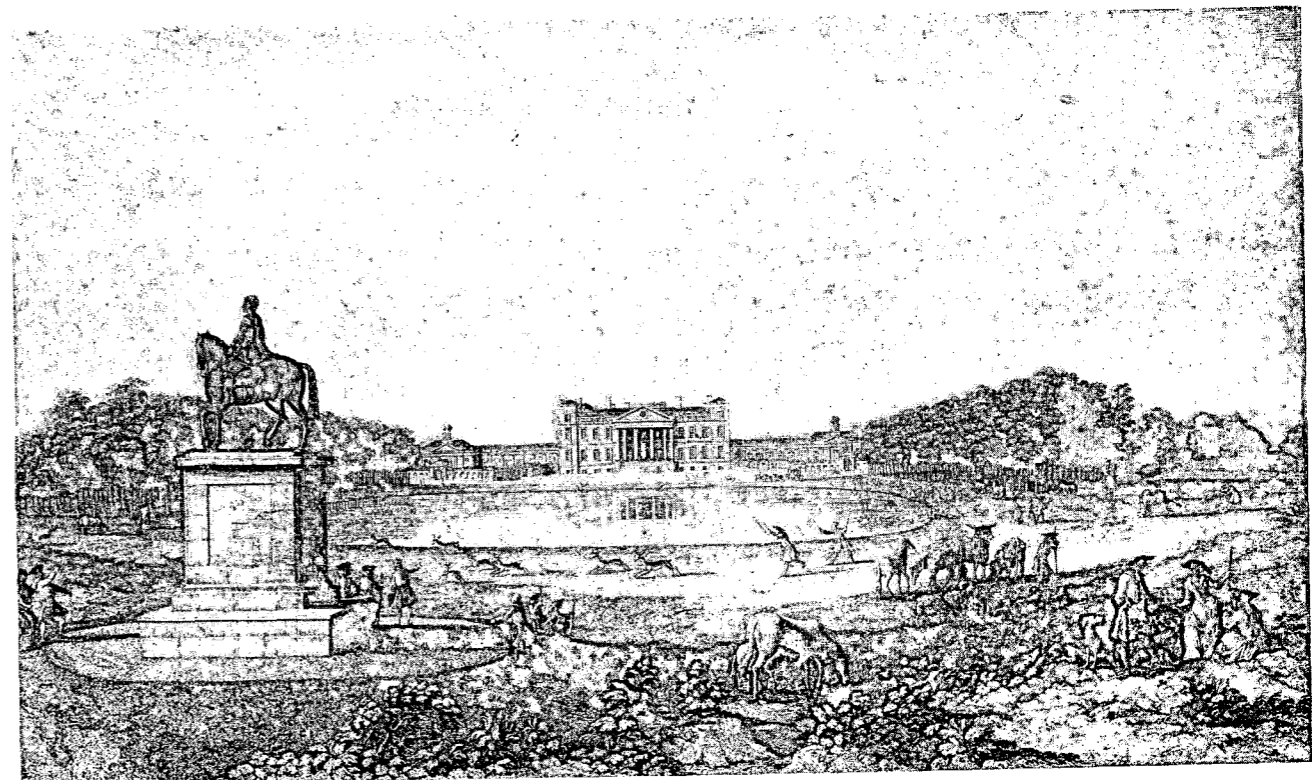
DEATHS

G. M. Buckley (T 1926) on March 31st 1972.

C. D. Drew (C 1940) on May 26th 1972.

R. J. Walker (T 1936) on February 10th 1972.

A. G. S. Winch (C 1957) in 1965.





Drawing by Christopher Howse

