

THE STOIC



May 1984

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THE STOIC

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Frontispiece:
Marble Hall, Stowe.

EDITORIAL

Present Stoics and our outside subscribers will be surprised to receive their copy of this issue earlier than usual. The ideal dates of publication for a school magazine have been often discussed but never satisfactorily fixed. In more leisurely, expansive days *The Stoic* was published at the end of each term. When this was found impracticable an inevitable consequence was the reporting in July of a Christmas concert some six months earlier, mainly forgotten except by the performers. Along with other schools we do not pretend to have solved the problem, but it has been decided that the magazine may most usefully appear on Speech Day and in November. Hence this issue covers some of the activity of the Autumn Term 1983, all last term's and the Easter holiday's, but none of this term's, which will be reported in November. This may displease some, and we shall welcome — even if we do not print — any comments on this change. Our more observant readers will note other changes in this or subsequent issues. There may be a change of format, an increase in the number of photographs to convey a livelier impression of the School's activity: we should like some of these to be in colour, if we can afford it. An attempt will be made to make the magazine less parochial, more representative of the world at large. We believe we are at present the only school magazine which does not accept advertisements; we are thinking of altering that. Such at any rate are our aims. Whether they will all succeed we cannot say. To some extent they can succeed only with the constructive help of those who have the welfare of the magazine, and the School, at heart.

S. J. Kyte

SPRING TERM 1984

Head of School	J. H. L. Patrick	Head of Stanhope	Vanessa J. Morison
Second Prefect	P. J. Boardman (i)	Prefect of Dining Hall	M. J. Prestwich
Head of Grafton	J. G. D. Baker	Head of Cobham	T. E. Smith
Head of Chatham	N. L. M. Farah	Prefect of Mess	A. D. Stevens
Head of Grenville	R. H. Cazalet	Prefect of Defaulters	M. P. ap P. Stradling
Prefect of Library	M. D. Downer	Head of Lyttelton,	
Prefect of Shop	P. A. Campbell	Prefect of Sanctions	G. M. Strong
Prefect of Chapel	J. B. H. Harris	Prefect of Grounds	W. J. R. White, ma.
Head of Walpole	C. La F. Jackson	Asst. Prefect of Mess	A. J. P. Woodward
Head of Chandos	H. M. King, ma.	Head of Temple	J. A. H. Woolley, ma.
Head of Bruce	N. M. McAleer		

The Spring Term, though short, accommodated a large number of activities, both indoors and out of doors, most of which are reported more fully later in this issue. The sporting record for the term is most gratifying, with particularly fine achievements in Hockey, Golf, Squash and Badminton. Caving and Mountaineering expeditions continue to cater for those of more ruggedly individual tastes. In the artistic field Music and Drama produced some first-rate, near-professional performances. Particularly memorable were the individual and group playing of various young musicians in the pupils' concert, David Arkell's brilliant rendering of a Mozart piano concerto, Georgina Sober's of a Kabalevsky violin concerto, the first British performance by the Stowe Orchestra and Choral Society of Penderecki's 'Lacrimosa', and impressive displays of enthusiasm and talent in sundry House plays. Academic, aesthetic and social societies have flourished, and work continued into the holidays for Geographers and Biologists. There appears below a fascinating account by Dr. Hornby of his visit to Nepal last term, and no doubt in due course the two winners of the Myles Henry prize, G. A. Evans and V. Tandon, will be reporting on their trip to India.

Walpole seized the opportunity of celebrating their Golden Jubilee last term to revive many old memories; the climax for many was perhaps their magnificent production of 'Oh What A Lovely War!', of which we offer a review later.

The Appeal for the new Bruce House is now approaching £500,000, the Roxburgh Trust has been formally established and the new Golf Clubhouse is now also completed and in use.

Many Old Stoics and members of Staff will be sad to learn of the recent deaths of Mr. Michael Mounsey and Major A. B. Clifford, known affectionately to generations of Stoics as 'Fritz'. Michael Mounsey followed Robin and Dodie Watt as presiding genius of the Art School, and many later successful artists have cause to remember his patient but stimulating guidance and inspiration. We have asked Alasdair Macdonald, formerly Housemaster of Chatham and Second Master, to write a fitting tribute to 'Fritz'.

Mr. Hambly and Mr. Thomas will be leaving the Science and Geography Departments respectively this term, and we wish them success in their subsequent careers. We are also sadly saying farewell this term to Mrs. Connie Hunt who has been a key figure on the administrative side of the School for very many years. We are also losing, with very great regret, Dougie Richardson, our Chef, whose contribution to the School's well-being has been proportionate to his length of service. Appropriate appreciations follow.

Among our various contributors to this issue we are specially pleased to recommend to our readers' attention the photography of Sapphire Brown and Clive Kaye and the poetry of Adam Claringbull.

We were unable to include in our Autumn Term issue the full list of those who succeeded in gaining awards or places at Oxford or Cambridge in the Autumn. We now offer our congratulations to the following:

OXBRIDGE CANDIDATES 1983

Awards:

G. L. Adams	Scholarship	Trinity, Cambridge	Natural Sciences
P. J. R. O. Domhof	Scholarship	St. John's, Oxford	Chemistry
M. R. Downing	Exhibition	Balliol, Oxford	Physics
J. T. Hobday	Scholarship	Queens', Cambridge	Natural Sciences
Lois K. Sparling	Exhibition	Sidney Sussex, Cambridge	English

Places:

J. E. Burkinshaw	Corpus Christi, Cambridge	English
R. P. T. Cox	Christ Church, Oxford	Applied Biology
Elisabeth J. Darnell	St. Catharine's, Cambridge	History
H. R. P. Jarvis	Downing, Cambridge	Natural Sciences
B. Jenkyn-Jones	Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford	Chemistry
R. J. H. Jory	Peterhouse, Cambridge	History
J. H. Snyder	Christ's, Cambridge	Geography
M. B. Walley	Christ Church, Oxford	Geography
C. H. Wigley	Robinson, Cambridge	Geography

Helen V. Mills.
Caroline S. L. Stewart

CONNIE HUNT

Connie made her debut at Stowe on Good Friday in 1939 to fill a temporary vacancy in J.F.'s office for a fortnight. Her work was instantly recognised as she was then retained at the then princely wage of 12/6 a week (particularly satisfying as her sister was only being paid half as much in Buckingham). In 1940, feeling an obligation to help the war effort, she joined the highly secret intelligence centre at Bletchley Park but, on marriage in 1943, returned to offer her services to Stowe once more. In 1960, she assumed the rôle of Registrar which post she has since held. Her encyclopaedic knowledge spanning over four decades has become a byword at Stowe. Since those early days when she used to bike to work, she has seen the pace of life and particularly the sheer volume of paper work grow out of all recognition. She now looks forward to enjoying more time with her husband Bill, who has recently retired. We wish them both a very happy well-earned retirement.

M.K.B.

DOUGIE RICHARDSON

It is a Headmasterly truism that the Chef is more vital to the well-being of the School than the Headmaster himself, and despite the obligatory ritual complaints very many generations of Stoics owe an incalculable debt (even if realized only in retrospect) to Dougie Richardson's contribution to their material welfare. His service to the School spans nearly half a century. He began work at Stowe as assistant Chef in 1936 at a salary equivalent to 36 pence a week. During the war he took over the post of Chef, which he has held until his retirement this term. He has thus served under five successive Headmasters. Responsible for one of the most difficult, as well as most important, jobs in the community, Dougie has always presented (whatever his inner feelings) an exterior of unflappable aplomb and competence. His difficulties have ranged from such relatively minor problems as communication with assistants to whom the English tongue is an unfamiliar instrument to the contemplation of his kitchen almost engulfed in flames. Perhaps the most fundamental change he has seen was the switch to self-service catering. With the expanding social life of the School Dougie has had to cope with an ever-increasing demand for extra lunches, dinners, banquets, all produced to a very high standard of

excellence and elegance, without detriment to the normal needs of the School. He recalls with pride that he has served the Queen Mother and H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester.

Dougie was married in Stowe Church in 1945 from the Temple of Venus, then the home of Mr. Ted Parke, once a familiar figure in the Laboratories. His wife Moran has also worked for many years in the School.

When his labours allowed him time Dougie used to help in running the Staff cricket and football teams; he is also an enthusiast for golf, an activity for which he will now have more time. And anyone who has been lucky enough to see Dougie's garden will be aware that as a grower of dahlias he must be unequalled for miles around.

As one of the fine band of devoted men who worked so hard to build Stowe's traditions in its early years Dougie can look back with a sense of solid achievement on his career. We wish him and Moran every comfort and happiness; he will be sorely missed.

B.S.S.



J. R. Sinclair

OBITUARY

ALFRED BURNES CLIFFORD

Alfred Burnes Clifford came to Stowe in the Autumn term of 1925. He was appreciated from the first: as a result of a German haircut perpetrated during a holiday on the continent his name was changed to Fritz Clifford, and he dedicated the next thirty-two years of his life to the service of the School. He had much to give and he gave most generously.

His work at Stowe may be separated into three divisions—the Corps, the Pineapple and Grafton. He took over the Corps from Major Haworth in 1935 and ran it for ten years until the end of the War when it changed from the O.T.C. to the J.T.C. to the C.C.F. At the end of his fourth year of command he brought down the then General Wavell as Inspecting Officer, and he must have been much gratified by the very favourable report he received. Anyone who worked under him in these days will remember the example he set of dedicated hard work. He never spared himself and kept everyone up to the mark. And these were the days when in addition to Parades, Field Days and Inspections there were the added complications of the Home Guard.

He showed the same thoroughness in running the Stowe side of the Pineapple. Nothing was ever too much trouble, and he devoted himself to his liaison job between the School and the Club with such enthusiasm that he galvanised innumerable helpers into activity which may well have surprised them. He organised visits to London by members of the different Stowe Houses, and camps at Stowe for Pineapple members, and he kept a watchful and skilful eye on the finances of the Club.

But his greatest and best-loved work at Stowe was his Housemastership of Grafton. He followed Mr. Timberlake in 1932 and ran the House as a bachelor until his marriage in 1934. At that time the House had no married quarters so he handed it over to Mr. Wace until 1936 when a dwelling-house was built for him and Mrs. Clifford and they were able to stay there until 1955.

During his twenty-one years in Grafton he made it a very individualistic and special House. A rather larger than usual proportion of boys from the North of England helped to give it toughness and resolution, and no one ever took on Grafton on the field of play without realising that there was a struggle ahead. As with his other commands his House was strongly disciplined and well-knit into a real fellowship. This was achieved greatly by Fritz's own character. He had a roguish sense of humour and could treat different boys in different ways. Sometimes, he recalled with much amusement, this worked the other way round. One afternoon during the War he was working with his usual energy on the plot of ground in front of his house when a new boy passed, stopped and said, "Digging for Victory?" Fritz eyed him coldly and said "Yes. And take your hands out of your pockets when you speak to me". The new boy eyed Fritz equally coldly and said, "Think I'll take my hands out of my pockets for a bloody gardener?"

He became Second Master in 1947 and continued in office until he left ten years later, and he was acting Headmaster for a couple of terms after Mr. Reynolds' climbing accident.

Stowe was Fritz Clifford's life work. He gave himself entirely to its service, and, if his great enthusiasm sometimes caused him to overdo things and, like Don Quixote, to tilt at windmills, he was fortunate in having in Louise a truly understanding and admirable wife. They made a marvellous team, and an evening with them was always a memory to be cherished.

Fritz Clifford was always a Roxburgh man, and he did as much as anyone to keep the Roxburgh tradition going in a school where his name and achievements will never be forgotten.

Alasdair Macdonald

LVI CAREERS CONFERENCE

For well over ten years there has been a two-day annual Careers Conference for the Lower Sixth Form on the Professions. At the end of the Autumn Term thirty visiting speakers covered thirty different careers by giving personal accounts of their own work. There were amongst the visitors six parents of present Stoics, four Old Stoics, including the first female O.S. to qualify as an Architect and several friends of Stowe who had been invited back for a second time.

The pattern of the Conference was to allow the pupils to choose between three talks in each session which lasted one hour. The girls met Mrs. Jane Abbott of Stantonbury Campus, for an introductory talk which involved much discussion and was most practical. The careers which attracted most interest included the Entertainment Industry, Public Relations, Advertising and Law: otherwise, the numbers for all the talks were fairly even. Mrs. Jillian Avlon gave a highly popular talk picturing the world of the entertainment business; Mr. Paul Winner spoke about the need for art of communication in the sphere of public relations and practised what he preached; Mr. Ronald Yearsley presented a most compelling account of the place of computers in the modern world and the ever quickening pace of technology in society; Mr. Donald Nelson talked all about the life and qualifications of a solicitor with clarity and humanity.

The majority of the speakers illustrated their subject with either an informative film or video. There was time for questions and opportunity to speak personally with the visitors at the end of each session. There was much literature to take away and further addresses recommended for the serious enquirer. In every event the need for a good education was apparent whatever one's future career; an education which guarantees academic competence and, just as important, a personality to fit the demands of a job. It was stated how competitive many professions had now become to enter and yet it was also stressed how necessary it is to be able to work in a team, to work very hard and communicate effectively.

Information was distributed concerning a wide variety of work experience courses that were available for the Easter holidays. A questionnaire was filled in which stimulated thought on how useful it would be to sample something of the real world of work, rather than simply sitting and listening about in a conference. The use of the year between school and higher education was explained. The attention of everyone was drawn to the importance of using the next year to full advantage in achieving something outside the classroom, be it at school or at home which reflected one's interests, abilities and initiative.

**Adam Atkinson
Laura Louthan
Susannah Perring
Michael Rossiter**

MUSIC

Saturday, November 19th, 1983 at 8.00 p.m. in the Roxburgh Hall

THE BEDFORD SINFONIA

Conducted by **MICHAEL ROSE**

with

PAUL HARRIS (Clarinet) and ROBERT SECRET (Viola)

Symphony No. 31 (The Horn-Signal)..... *Haydn*
Suite No. 1..... *Bach*
Double Concerto, for clarinet and viola *Bruch*
Danses Concertantes *Stravinsky*

It was gratifying to hear an orchestra of non-professional musicians play with such style and confidence, and to sense the kind of enthusiastic warmth and enjoyment that seems so often lacking in large bodies of full time orchestral players.

Neither was the programme itself chosen to be a casual saunter through some familiar classical works. After a first half which began with a Bach Suite and then cunningly matched it with a piece of early Haydn (Symphony No. 31) — showing the classical symphony in the light of its Baroque origins—the second part of the concert introduced us to a seldom-played gem by Max Bruch: a double concerto for clarinet and viola in which P.D.H. and R.J.S.S. were the first-rate soloists. The programme ended with conductor Michael Rose leading his players briskly and confidently through a piece of middle-period American Stravinsky, the *Danses Concertantes*, which sent the audience away happily twitching in irregular rhythms.

P.C.D.

Saturday, December 10th, 1983 at 8.00 p.m. in the Roxburgh Hall

STOWE CHORAL SOCIETY AND ORCHESTRA

Conducted by **DAVID GATEHOUSE**

with

GEORGINA SOBER (Violin)

The Hebrides Overture *Mendelssohn*
Violin Concerto in C..... *Kabalevsky*
From Here to Burgess Hill..... *David Pope*

There can be no better way of starting an orchestral concert than with Mendelssohn's genial overture "The Hebrides". Attractively written both for orchestra and audience, it invariably casts a happy influence over the remainder of the evening. Having played a zestful performance of this work, the orchestra felt braced for the rigours of a Soviet violin concerto, but it turned out to be a piece of great charm and warmth, not far in style from the much-loved piano pieces we so often hear from this composer—Dimitri Kabalevsky (born USSR 1904). Georgina Sober was the accomplished soloist who played with her usual flair and powerful projection of tone. She well understood the characteristic sweet-sour combination of humour and melancholy—in places recalling Shostakovitch—and received excellently rhythmic and sympathetic support from her orchestra.

The second half brought us back to England, where Richard Rodney Bennett reminded us that a Nocturne need not sound like Chopin, and can even have a balmy Latin American flavour. This short nocturne was the curtain-raiser to a series of settings—for chorus and orchestra—of the poetry by John Betjeman, cunningly crafted by a local composer, David Pope. Enormous fun to play and sing, they reaffirmed the lively impression they made at their first airing at Bloxham, and to our relief the composer seemed mightily pleased.

P.C.D.

Sunday, March 18th, 1984 at 8.00 p.m. in the Chapel

STOWE CHORAL SOCIETY AND ORCHESTRA

Conducted by **DAVID GATEHOUSE and ROBERT SECRET**

Lacrimosa..... *Penderecki*
Mass in G *Schubert*
Symphony No. 9 "From the New World"..... *Dvorak*
Lesley Lowe (*Soprano*), Anthony Selby (*Tenor*), Ian Small (*Baritone*)

The most remarkable feature of this concert was the first performance in the U.K. of a recent work, "Lacrimosa", by the internationally acclaimed Polish composer Krzysztof Penderecki. The piece was composed for the unveiling of the shipyard workers' memorial in Gdansk, and it has to be said that the style was that of an effective occasional piece rather than a work of profound significance. The choral writing was, however, very moving and was well sung by Lesley Lowe and the Stowe Choral Society. But it was in the Schubert Mass in G that the choir came into its own, with a warm confident sound and finely projected solos, the whole being held securely together by the conductor, David Gatehouse.

The second half of the programme was devoted entirely to the familiar 9th Symphony ("From the New World") by Dvorak, conducted by Robert Secret. This was a sympathetic and vigorous performance, highlighting the attractive colours of Dvorak's orchestral writing, and reminding us, with a beautifully played cor anglais solo, that the slow movement entirely deserves its wide popularity.

P.C.D.

Sunday, January 22nd, 1984 at 8.00 p.m. in the Roxburgh Hall

THE QUEEN'S TEMPLE SINGERS AND ORCHESTRA

with

DAVID ARKELL (*Piano*)

Conducted by DAVID GATEHOUSE

Symphony No. 5 in B flat *Schubert*

Piano Concerto in A, K 488 *Mozart*

Templa Quam Dilecta *Paul Drayton*

It is impossible to do justice to the brilliant and delightful concert presented by the Queen's Temple Singers and Orchestra on Sunday, 22nd January, 1984 in these three works. It was an evening of joyfully exuberant music, astonishing virtuoso skill and notable creative achievement.

Schubert's warm 5th Symphony fell melodiously on our ears in a manner only possible with first class playing and well rehearsed orchestrations, a feature of the entire concert, conducted by David Gatehouse.

David Arkell's performance in Mozart's Piano Concerto in A (K 488) was breathtaking in its polish and command. He provided the heart to this stupendous piece, resisting all temptations to self-indulgence or mere dramatic effect. His restraint was exceeded only by his masterly control as we rightly felt the authority of the piano exercised over an entire orchestra. He is to be congratulated not only on the brilliance of his playing but on the humility with which he achieved the remarkable feat of allowing himself to become a true medium for Mozart's exquisite statement.

The second part of the concert was equally thrilling for us as we enjoyed the great privilege of hearing 'Templa quam dilecta', an interpretation of the 84th Psalm newly composed by our own Paul Drayton. The piece was full of splendid surprises and astonishing contrasts, from the severity of the 'per vallem aridam', to the relentlessly bleak, and then triumphant, Marching to Sion, to the charming, gentle whistling of the swallow, preparing a nest for her young. The piece had joy, humour, dignity and extraordinary ingenuity. Singers, Orchestra and Conductor all fulfilled their parts with urbane accomplishment, but the Composer is to be especially congratulated on giving so many people such an experience of imaginative pleasure.

P.A.S.F.

DRAMA THE DRAMA FESTIVAL

The House Drama Festival took place on the 9th, 10th and 11th of March, when eight Houses produced plays, Walpole's taking place later for special reasons. The following were the plays produced, with the producers' names added: Bruce: 'The Ghost Train' (Simon Tyrrell). Grenville: 'Morning Departure' (Adam Atkinson). Chandos: 'Ubu Roi' ((Jonathan Gumpel). Cobham: 'Shut Your Eyes and Think of England' (Mike Rossiter and Algy Smith-Maxwell). Chatham: 'Toad of Toad Hall' (A.G.M.). Grafton: 'The Complaisant Lover' (M. M. Flynn). Walpole: 'Oh What a Lovely War!' (CRH, Philippa Atkinson). Lyttelton: 'One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest' (Gareth Evans).

A selection of photographs will remind those who attended of very enjoyable evenings.



Teddy Deakin — Simon Tyrrell

Peggy Murdock — Sarah Yearsley



Dr. Sterling — Alidad Barzegar
Herbert Price — Christopher Scott



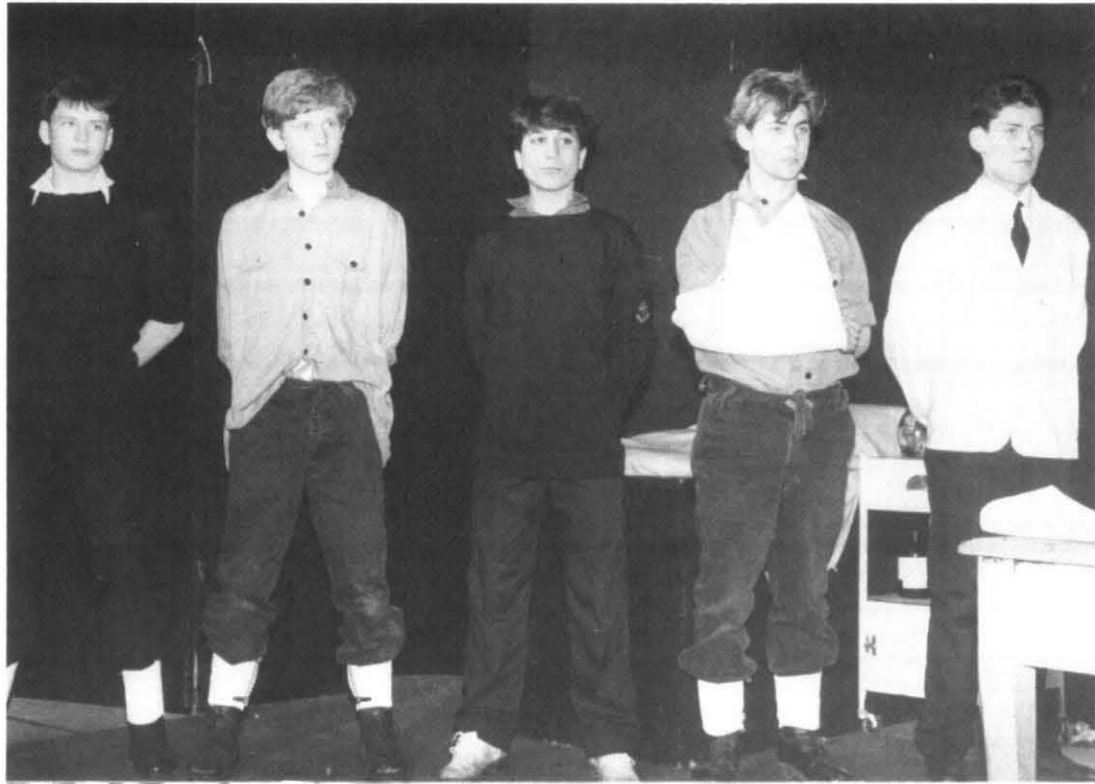
Julia Price — Laura Louthan
Herbert — Christopher Scott



Julia Price — Laura Louthan



Charles Murdock — Shaun Spencer



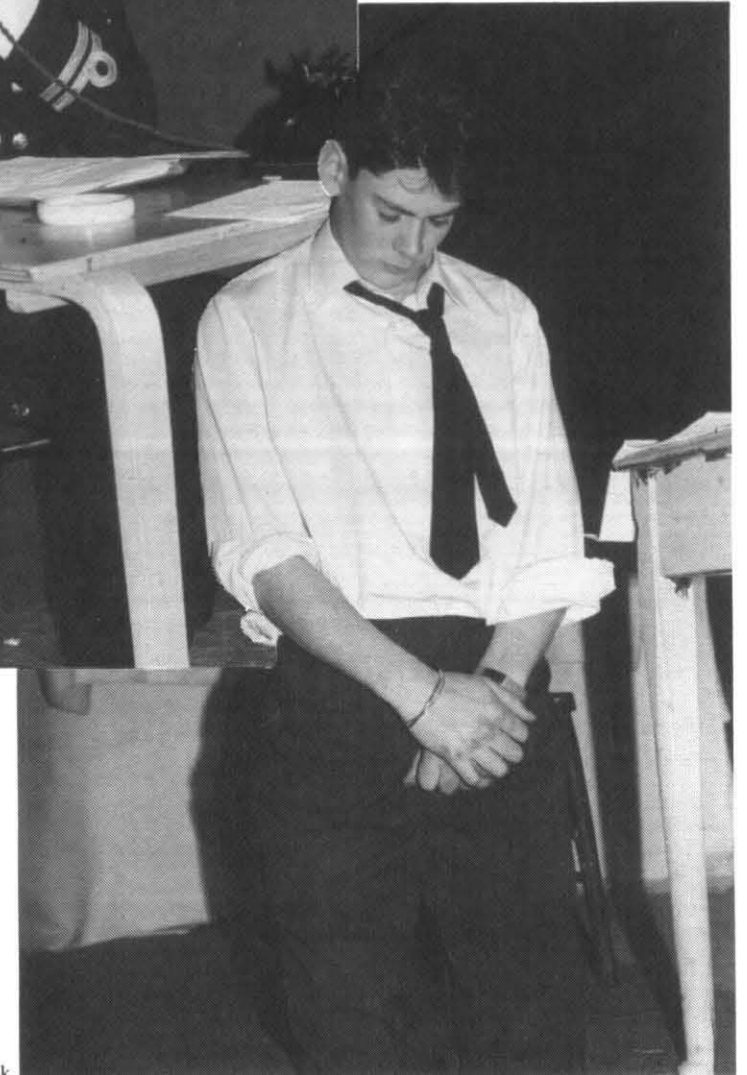
Bob—R. Giles Marks—P. Gladstone Hill—J. Collier-Wright Snipe—D. Marshall Higgs—D. Black



Commander Gates — Magnus Peterson



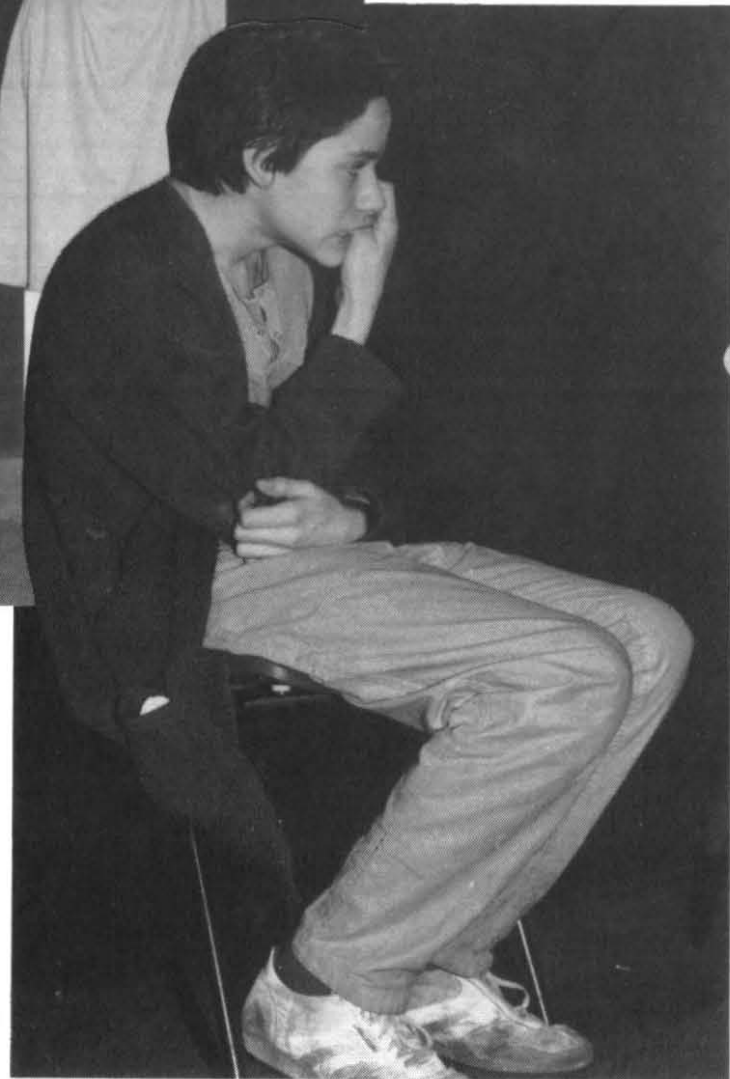
Commander Whatley —
Richard Royden



Able Seaman Higgins — Dom Black



Billy — James Darnborough
Nurse Ratchet — Maria Jarman



Martini — Matthew Woollard



Nurse Ratchet — Maria Jarman Warren — Darren Topham Dr. Spivey — Michael Appleby
Mr. McMurphy — Gareth Evans Harding — William Hornby



Martini — Matthew Woollard Cheswick — David Jones Nurse Ratchet — Maria Jarman
Harding — William Hornby Billy — James Darnborough Mr. McMurphy — Gareth Evans



Toad/Sailor's Daughter—
Guy Foster

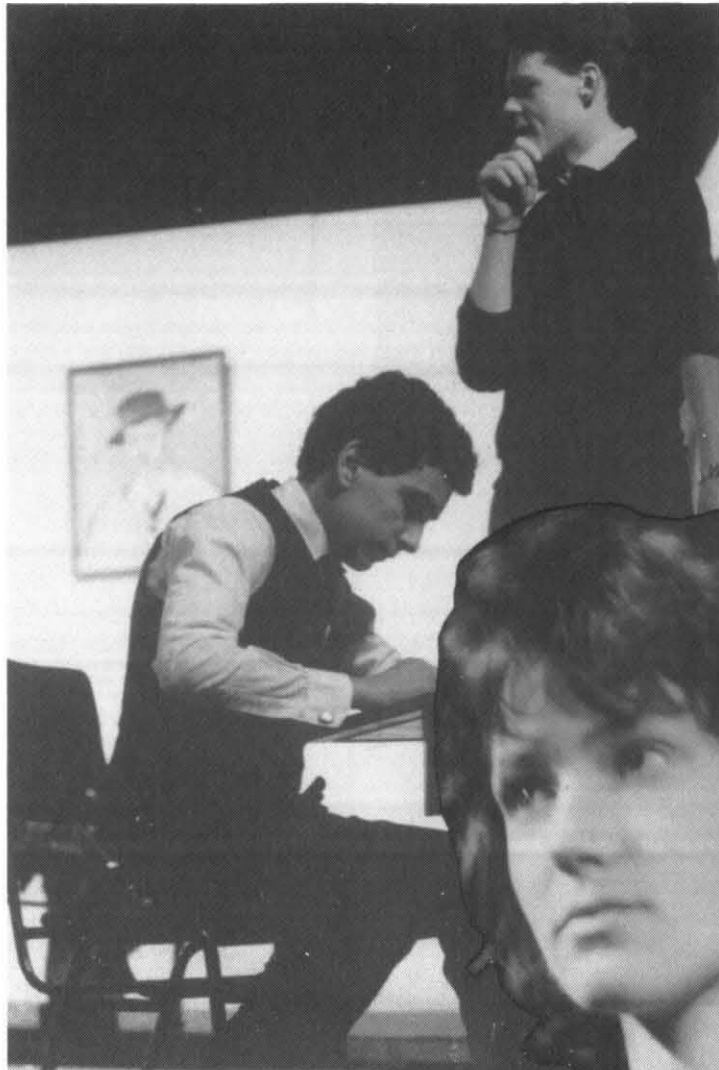


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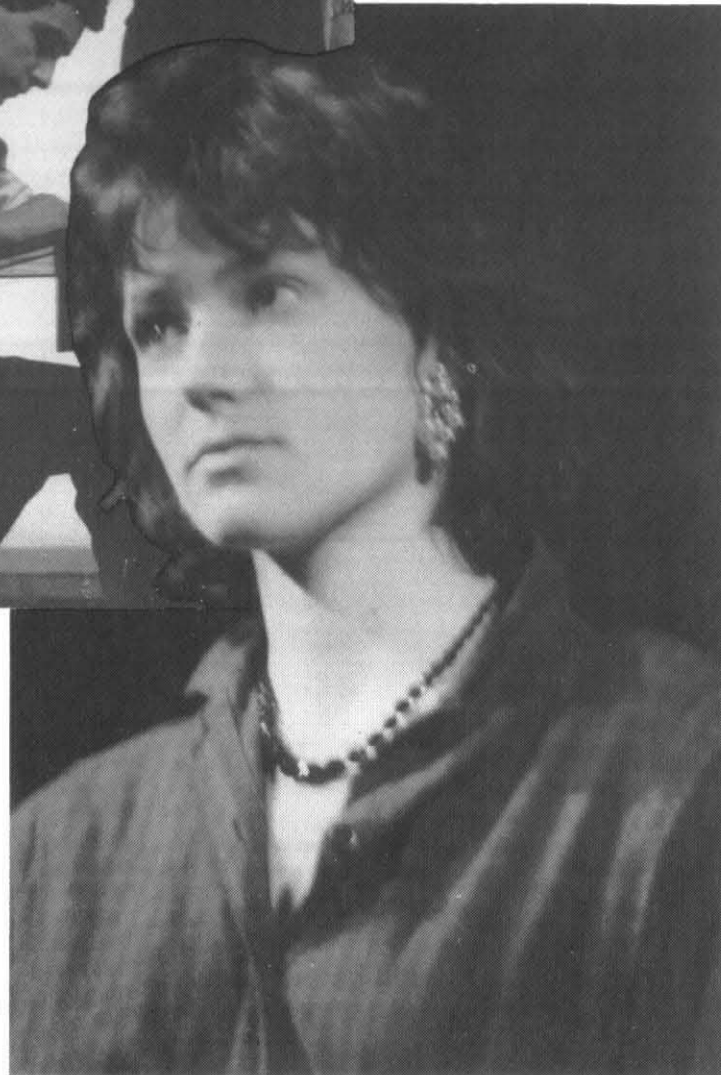
Left to Right: Constable—Alex Roads,
Judge—Edward Farquhar, Usher—
Jean-Paul Bodurian, Jailer—Adam
Claringbull

**The Weasels, Stoats and Ferrets
(Wild Wooders)**

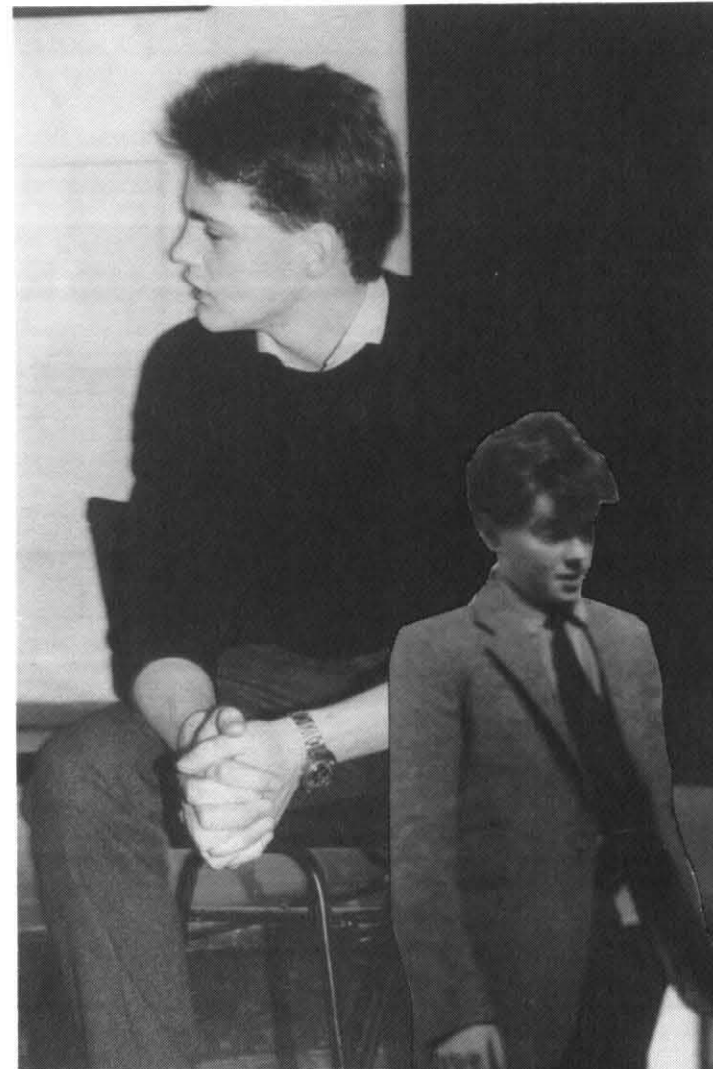
Chief Ferret—Rory Burke, Chief Stoat
—Matt Mackenzie-Hill, Chief Weasel
and Head Wild Wooder—Adam
Claringbull, Weasel—Greg Curtis,
Stoat—J. Perring



Porter — Alki David
Clive Root — Nick Hughes



Mary Rhodes — Anna Rickards



Clive Root — Nick Hughes



Victor Rhodes — Mark Flynn
Robin Rhodes — Freddy Rutter



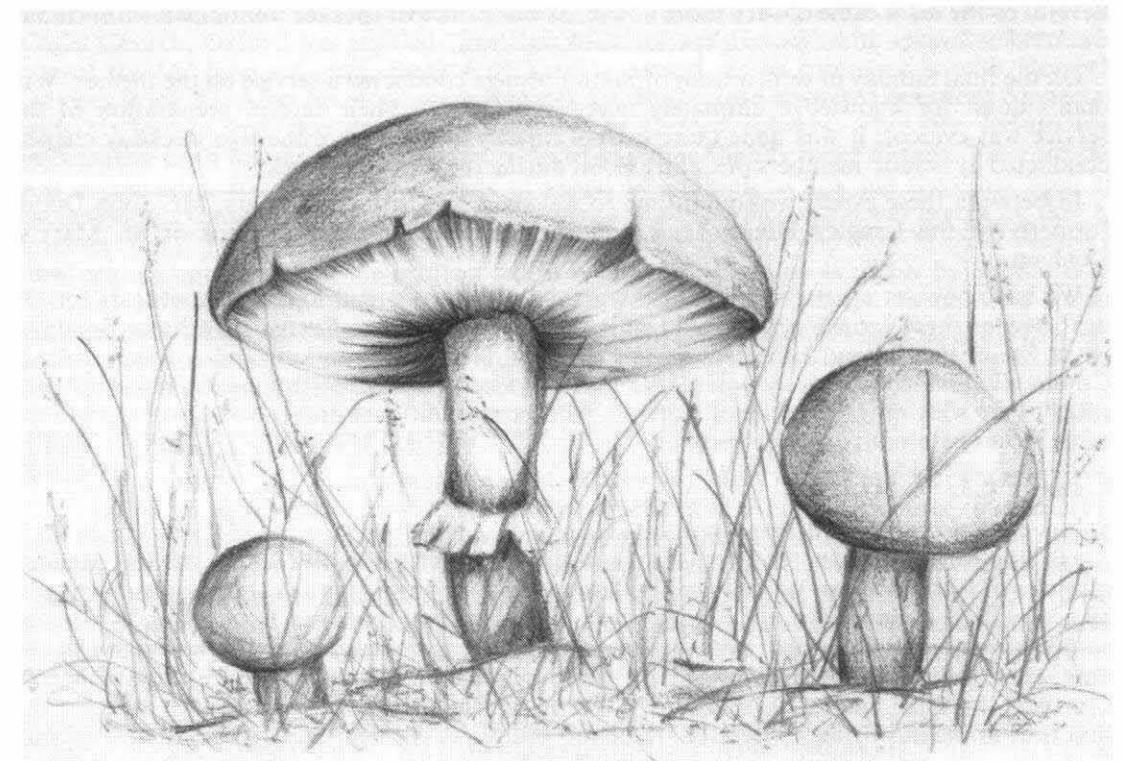
Lady Valerie Holbrook — Luke Chauveau Sir Justin Holbrook — Algy Smith-Maxwell



Mrs. Pullen — Oscar Hathaway Sheikh Mowani — James Mc Lellan



Anna Walsh



Anna Walsh

SOCIETY CHAPEL

The Christmas term finished as in previous years with a service of carols and lessons by candle-light, assisted by subdued lighting from the side aisles. In addition to the Christmas tree, which was a particularly fine specimen, the art department produced a beautiful banner which hung from the panneling opposite the tree.

During the Lent term, which, as always, seemed impossibly short, there were three major Chapel activities. In early February the Confirmation candidates all went on a short retreat conducted by Canon Mark Ruston, of Cambridge, assisted by an Old Stoic, Nick Harris (Cobham), who is currently training for the ordained ministry of the Church of England at Ridley Hall. An indication of our gratitude to Canon Ruston is that we hope he will conduct the retreats next year!

The Confirmation on March 4th was a large affair, with 55 candidates and their relatives and friends. We tried a different arrangement for the administration of communion this year, and will continue it, with improvements, next year. The Bishop of Buckingham took the service, and preached a beautifully clear and direct sermon, which was helpful to all present.

The last two weeks of the term were packed with activity. The Ash Wednesday service attracted 120 communicants, to the astonishment of the Chaplain (O ye of little faith!) The following Sunday a voluntary Family Communion service began what we hope will be a regular termly pattern of at least one 'voluntary' Sunday per term. In the penultimate week of term a team drawn from Oxford, Cheltenham and Nottingham conducted the Lenten Addresses which took a serious look at the Christian response to permissiveness, rock music, drugs and alcohol. Several of the team came at very short notice, as our principal speaker went down with 'flu the weekend before the address — our special thanks to them.

On the final Sunday of term a team of Sixth Formers conducted a service on the theme "Will man's quest for knowledge ultimately make him God?" Their careful preparation of the service was evident; it was done quite extraordinarily well, as were the two weekday chapels conducted by senior members of Centre Point during the following week.

In between these events we found time to welcome, as visiting preachers, Mr. John Dodd, formerly of the Langley House Trust and the Revd. Peter Crick, Rector of St. Mary's, Denham.

We have now set a pattern of Sunday worship which we intend to continue at least for the next two or three terms, of a regular cycle of Morning Prayer, Evensong, Choice Sundays, when Stoics may attend either Morning Prayer or Holy Communion, and a termly Family Communion which is entirely voluntary. These services, together with those in Stowe Church offer a very wide range of styles of worship, with both traditional prayer book worship and the more recent Alternative service book.

CHAPEL CHOIR

The choir has contributed many musical items to Chapel services in the last year, from such classic English anthems as "O Thou the Central Orb", by Charles Wood, to the less familiar canticles of E. J. Moeran. With twenty-eight hand-picked singers in the choir, results have been of a very high standard. In our new position in the organ loft we can be more easily accompanied and more easily heard, but conditions are rather cramped, and we look forward to the time when the organ loft is enlarged. In the pupils' concert we sang "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" by Bach and "O Lorde, the Maker of al thinge" by Joubert, and we sang for the first time in the Confirmation service. The choir outing was to hear the USSR State Symphony Orchestra play an exciting programme of Tchaikowsky's music in the new Derngate Arts Centre in Northampton.

M.C.S.S.

A-L. H. Jones

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The current emphasis has swung to "home grown" products, with three talks all given by members of the School, making an interesting change and showing an encouraging insight into what the School can produce. On December 6th, 1983 Mrs. A. M. M. Small and M. G. E. Woollard (Lyttelton) discussed the view that "October 31st, 1517 is the most important date in the history of the Western World" — the date being that of Luther's highly perceptive and productive Ninety-Five Theses. Mrs. Small proposed the motion, claiming that time and the age of the Renaissance was right for this change, and since then Church, society and all aspects of life have been altered. Matthew Woollard boldly countered this with the claim that the invention of the Printing Press must supersede 1517, for without it Luther's hammer would have had no echo. A chicken or the egg situation, perhaps.

1984 began in earnest on February 3rd with a very forceful and thoroughly argued discussion of "The Rationality of Popular Foreign Policy: 17th century Europe and 20th century World compared" by T. A. D. Howard (Grafton). This certainly threw an unusual light upon the region of the 'A' level file labelled "Foreign Policy" — be it the nation's or the monarch's.

On a totally different note, A. R. Moore (Chatham) produced on March 20th, 1984 an excellently presented discussion of The Police Force and Organised Labour in the USA, 1880-1920. Many interesting facts were revealed showing that apparently obscure topics can prove just as interesting and provide as much discussion as the more obvious ones, such as the 'A' level Special Subjects which will be dealt with in three talks in the summer term: "Hitler", "The Wars of the Roses", and "The Russian Revolutions of 1917".

J. R. W. Young

THE CLASSICAL SOCIETY

The one meeting of the Society last term, given by Mr. Richard Rutherford, Classics Tutor at Christ Church, Oxford was entitled 'The Epic of Virgil and Homer', with special reference to one of the 'A' level set texts, Book 6 of Virgil's Aeneid, as he compared it with Homer's Odyssey Book XI. After his most interesting talk Dr. Rutherford answered questions connected with his lecture and also concerning entrance to Oxford colleges. Thus the lecture was informative both for the immediate future and for a time slightly more distant. The turn-out was encouraging and from a wide range of years. In addition to this talk there has been an excursion to a Classical Meeting for Sixth Formers at Radley which again was useful for the 'A' level set books. The Greek project by last year's Lower Sixth on the Old Stoic Michael Ventris is now nearing completion at the printers and it is hoped this will be available by Speech Day. Visits to plays have continued, including expeditions to King's College, London, to see an amusing production on the subject of 'Heracles', culled from Euripides and Aristophanes, and to Stratford to see Shakespeare's 'The Comedy of Errors' with its Classical references. So the Society has once again had a reasonably active year.

S. G. Tetlow

THE ENGLISH SOCIETY

We had one meeting last term, a memorable lecture by Dr. Black on "The Winter's Tale". He was fighting an uphill battle considering in how much detail we and, of course, our teachers have been studying it. Nevertheless he contributed, I am sure we would all agree, to our overall view of the play without trying to blind us with perhaps all too familiar details. Directing our opinion of the play along general lines, he did not try to impress us with any single one of the diverse theories about it. I found his remarks on the music of the play especially interesting, contrasting the delicate harmony of Hermione's way of life with the discordant tones of Leontes' anger.

Now another lecture by Mr. Mayne from Manchester Grammar School on "Conrad's Political Novels" is on the way. We shall report on this talk in our next issue.

Belinda L. Evison

FORESTRY AND ESTATE WORK

The weather has been kind since Christmas, and the Estate Staff has been able to carry two major projects through successfully: the new road running between the Hostel and the Workshops to Nelson's Walk, and the new car park for golfers near the East Boycott. Systematic thinning has been started in the young plantations along the West side of the Grecian Valley, and some trees have been removed by the Oxford Gate so that the deep pit there can be filled in with material excavated from the site of the new house.

The boy foresters have continued the improvements along Ivory's Walk and behind Caroline. More oaks have been planted to extend the avenue on Warden Hill at both ends, and ten of the yew seedlings dug up in 1981 have been brought back from Mr. Nicholson's nursery and set in the gaps behind the Jubilee Avenue.

Two more large beeches, almost the last, on the North Front have had to be felled, and at the same time the five surviving trees in the nearer half of Sequoia Avenue were cut down. The family of Bruce Barr, who died last year, have generously offered to present the young trees for the replacement avenue in his memory.

G.B.C.

ART SOCIETY

At the end of the Autumn Term Mr. Duncan James gave a lecture to the Society on his jewellery and sculpture. In his lecture he talked of the difficulties facing him when doing his small bronze sculptures and of the properties of different metals. He brought an exhibition of his work and many preparation sketches to demonstrate his ideas.

After the publication of "John Piper's Stowe" during Stowe's Diamond Jubilee, last year, it was very interesting to hear Mr. John Parfitt, the Master Printer, talk on the printing processes involved. He said that one of the main difficulties in printing John Piper's work was the darkness of the blacks: two blacks had to be printed in order to get the blacks dark enough. He also brought a selection of books which he had printed including a book of sketches. To make the prints look as if they were pencil sketches he actually mixed powdered graphite with the ink!

Mr. Colin Anson (O.S.) gave an interesting lecture on the world of the art dealer last term. He amused everyone with talk of his successes and failures in his profession. He named paintings which he had bought and sold again making large profits, and others which he had bought, only to find that they were forgeries!

An Exhibition of Vietnamese Art has been arranged for the 12th May and first visiting weekend. It promises to be successful, with H.R.H. Princess Alice, Duchess of Gloucester opening the exhibition in the Aurelian Room. We shall report on this in our next issue.

With an increasing number of photographers in the School we hope to put more emphasis on photography. Several exhibitions and lectures, on varying types of art and photography, are in the process of being arranged, and a demonstration of woodcarving by Alastair Paterson is planned to take place in the Art School.

Anna Walsh

THE ART SCHOOL

This has been a very full year. 'O' and 'A' level candidates, the Third Forms and pupils following art as a subsidiary subject have filled the lesson timetable to capacity, and a large number of enthusiasts have been very active in all out-of-school hours. Some thirty candidates sit the practical examinations this May and facilities for painting and printmaking will be fully stretched during those four weeks.

Visiting teachers and lecturers have provided great stimulus to work in the Art School. During the year specialist talks and demonstrations were given by Mr. Paul Millichip on drawing, fresco painting, Venice, and the Pre-Raphaelites, and by Mr. Robert Pell, Principal of Banbury College of Art, on colour theory. Mr. Peter Pretsell, Senior Lecturer in Printmaking at Nene College, Northampton, visited regularly to give advice and tuition in the technique of etching. Mrs. Mullineux continued to run a class for enthusiastic potters during Junior Society time. During the first half of the summer term the Lower Sixth painters will be guided in the study of landscape by Mr. David Briggs, whom we welcome as a new visitor to Stowe, and Paul Millichip, whose passion for Claude is always evoked by the garden landscape.

Art Society lectures and exhibitions have been an inspiration to specialists and of great interest to a wide range of pupils. (Please read the separate report). Art School visits to the Matthew Smith and to the David Hockney exhibitions in Milton Keynes will be followed by a visit to the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition when it opens, and to the National Gallery as a round-up for 'A' level candidates of their recent study of Renaissance painting.

Examples of drawing, etching, painting and ceramics seen in House Exhibitions are contributed in a large proportion by pupils who do art in out-of-school hours. A high standard of photographic work is also often seen on display. We hope the excellence of the work last year, in Chandos, Stanhope and Grenville, will be matched in at least as many Houses this year. Many out-of-school hours have also been devoted to set design and painting for dramatic productions. Under Mr. Scott's guidance the sets for the Congreve Club Play and the Junior Congreve Play were most successfully completed. Mr. Scott's set for yet another staff production is again much appreciated. A display of framed paintings and watercolours of the work of pupils, in Plug Street and the servery corridor, prompted many favourable comments. We hope gradually to expand the display of work in these areas.

The Clarges Gallery Watercolour Prize, which was generously offered by Mr. Richard McDougall (O.S.) to mark Stowe's Jubilee Year, met with great response. An exhibition of some 40 watercolours was held in the Spring Term and judged by Mr. McDougall. Three prizes were offered in order to Sonya Mackintosh, Sonya Winner, and a Third Former, David Jones. Six further watercolours were highly commended. Mr. McDougall has expressed his wish that the prize be offered annually.

The Anthony Howard Prize is awarded this year to S. S. Osman (Painting), A. R. Cobb (Printmaking), N. H. Groves (Ceramics), G. J-M. Yue (Junior Art).

The area Ellis Art Meeting was held at Stowe, for the first time, on 7th March. Fifteen schools were represented. A seminar in the morning led by Mr. Scott on the theme, "The New Boy in a Public School Art Department", was followed by the committee meeting in the afternoon. Our Third Form group projects and graphic work were the subject of much interest. The Chairman made a special point of extending thanks to Stowe's catering staff for the excellent lunch provided.

Pending final arrangements, Headmasters from Prep. Schools will visit Stowe on 6th June. One item of agenda is to see how new ideas are taking shape in Art and Design.

W.St.A.R.D.

POEMS BY A. R. CLARINGBULL

THE DREAM

Sitting in the faded debris of a rubbish tip,
Looking over a bleakness of tin cans and prams
Towards a grey dawn.
Perched on a waste of humanity
That exposes the jaded homes and lives
That were this tip's existence.

Cast off doll, symbol of love,
Thrown to the elements in the throes of growth.
Some sweet child loved you once,
And the callous woman threw you off.

Old letters of passion in your box,
Where do you come from, who took the ribbon off?
A landmark of youth, thrown with a smirk
To run in the rain and consort with the dirt.

The visions of masses, perched on a mound
Shows its grey pictures into the ground.
Humanity's God is all broken down;
And man has no mercy, so here it's found.

Nothing but rubbish, mile after mile,
Year after year, not a smile to be seen.
Silence, just the rats to hear
As they search through society's dream.

CITY RAIN

A winter's scene of carbon brick
And rain gurgling, guttering streets.
Filling up pavements glistening slick,
Park bench creosote, saturate seats.

The 53, headlights dimly showing
Through a curtain of diamond drops.
Interior, warmly, welcomingly glowing
As it pulls towards its very last stop.

Shop fronts showing white at the night,
Arc lamps throwing hemispheres of light.
An oasis white in a dark whole,
Pulling wrapped puppets to a steel pole.

Rain misting clear a city's sin;
A miasmal vapour cleansing more than skin,
Removing dirt deeper than burnt coal,
Purging of hate the façade of the soul.

THE CYNIC

Mottoes of destruction on bleak walls:
"When Youth rises, the Government falls!"
A ghetto land of young, desperate faces,

All striving to keep up with depression's fast paces.
The anarchic litanies of narrow thought:
"We are all to be loved, not bought!"
The clichés pervade angry tongues,
Are screamed from hating lungs.

As the Angry Young Man has said:
"All we really want is Maggie's head!"
Is this the bond the past has held?
No rest 'til all society's felled?

CONVENTIONS

The silence leaks from railway seats
And hovers black over newspaper laps,
Rising up to the windows where it meets
The countryside and swiftly wraps
Warm hearts in a cold cocoon.
Inert we wander through the gloom
Of sealed mouths and shuttered thought,
Shut up in whispers, with minds held taught
To trap the screams of isolation.
Locked in silence, an unquiet nation
Of stifled souls, wanders the maze
Of social constriction and blank days.
Living hopeless, empty dreams
In the colourful void of TV screens.

CHRONOS

Father Time, you sleep so still,
Ages glowing in your grey locks.
The earth runs on your steady lungs.
Life glows within your dreaming will.
Your force wrapped within the primal rocks,
Entwined in the stone's adamant rungs.
Your soul's wreathed in granite
Cast in pure crystal quartz.
Your heart's drowned in our ocean's deep
Your body buried in our weary planet.
Who knows what dreams, what thoughts
Have filled your mind, and still you sleep
Awake! Cast off your prison hills!
Father, awake and put right your ills!

HIGH RISE

On the 23rd floor, flat no. 3,
I live alone, just me and me.
No man is an island, or so it is said,
But here there's only me and my bed.
I wake up each morning in an isolate daze
And continue the pursuit of solitary ways.
I walk in the park at the end of the road
Where the grass seems to be eternally mowed.
I don't know anyone around here,
I don't go to discos and I don't drink beer,
I'm apolitical and I don't really care,
Nobody looks and kids don't stare.
If I'm not an island in life's stream
Then something's wrong with the human dream.

THE MONOLITH

I came across it one humid, sultry jungle evening
Rising stark, white and monumental;
A finger grown from the primordial dirt.
It stood in a new clearing, an essence of hate.
Across its base were banana leaf offering;
The simple things of awful children:
Plastic dolls and cheap toys, the best of their food.
Above this rose the crouching megalith
Daubed by painted, pagan hands that have touched God
In an easy and familiar ecstasy of dread and love.
Representations of true emotions; blood and sex,
Strained its straining granite sides,
That defied the forest giants.
It was a symbol of universal potency,
With a message that sounds across all time,
And is echoing still, a sombre booming of a gong
And the shrill snarling of a war trumpet.
Sounds that shall not still till all life is gone.
There it stood, immense and erect,
Hurled up by hands or forces we shall not know:
A centre of time's universe, in touch with power beyond belief,
A huge dynamo harnessing the prayers of savages,
Driven by the lives of all humanity
In order to establish its endless continuity.

And I must confess that before I left
I placed a single silver dollar
Among the remnants of Hong Kong.

MEMORIES

Clattering memories like opal marbles in a saucer,
Rattle about my brain, colliding and missing
In a pattern as familiar to me as a piece of blank paper,
Adding and subtracting to remove old forms
And build vibrant visions of a moment,
Then sweep the picture into a refuse of children's blocks,
Each separate component trite and useless.
A facet of perception so sickened by Time
That each rolling jewel, if left standing,
Withers and grows duller irreversibly,
Soon grown so small that it is out of sight and mind,
Lost in the thoughtless vacuity that is my head,
A whole childhood rolling over and towards
A not so distant horizon.

GRASS, ICE AND STONE

Words, the facile renderings of easy comments,
Blithe excursions into fancy and eternal hopes,
Excruciating torments and ancient beliefs,
All blown back by the winds to the vacant grasslands.
Whispering emptily the aeons over the nodding heads,
Sagely bobbing in the fickle winds from the tundra.

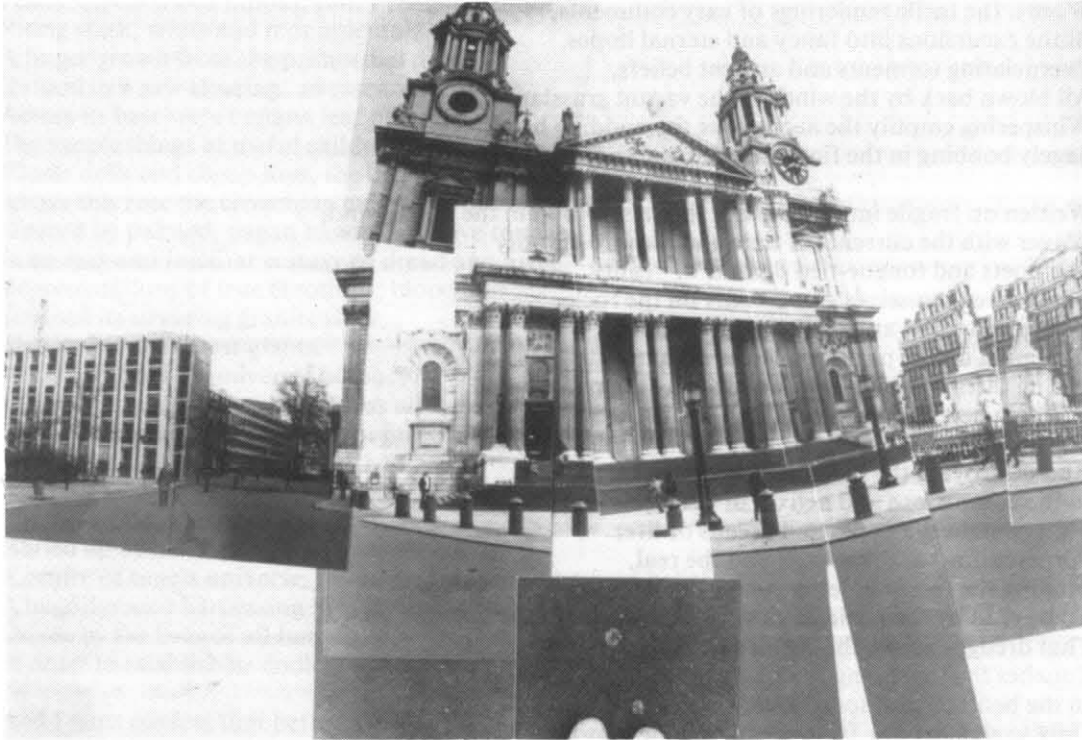
Written on fragile impermanence that also blows in the north wind,
Waver with the currents of time and blow to eternity
The poets and tongue-tied dreams of reality
That leave themselves graven only on the rocks
That stand solid and stark against the ages,
Damming up the phrases and the dreams.
Sifting them in high passes and storing them in caves;
Forming new and inexpressible sibilances to rear
The words to the sky, completing new wholes
And destroying the old, yet holding the meaning
In the contortions and helixes of colloquialisms
That contain the hopes and dreads of life:
Perpetuating the dream self and the real,
Binding the fabric of letters into a book of stone
To be read by the feelings, not by the superficial eye
That dredges across the surface and only lightly
Touches the throbbing theme that pulses
In the bedrock and spurts burning to the air,
Only to shrink back from the marching pampas
And the numbing, devouring glaciers.

EXCALIBUR

I sat and wept for my thoughts
As they ran in the fire of confusion,
Melted and dripped to the floor.
Dreams of chrome pistoned power
To drive my soul through the world
In a chassis of abstract destruction.
Hopes of final peace on the end of a gun,
Dragging my years away on the winds
Of a new morning's apple-fresh mists.
Fears of the intelligent cage,
Bars created from scraps of bills,
And decorated with bank managers.
Prayers for the acceptance of Nature,
A chance to be one and to prove
A worth of my own in all the splendour.

The thoughts ran on the floor, mixed in the hearth,
Dragged into each other to form the sword
Of my despair.

PHOTO—COLLAGE



“St. Paul’s”, London, January 1984

My interest in photo-collages was first aroused when I visited an exhibition of David Hockney’s photographs in London, in December 1983.

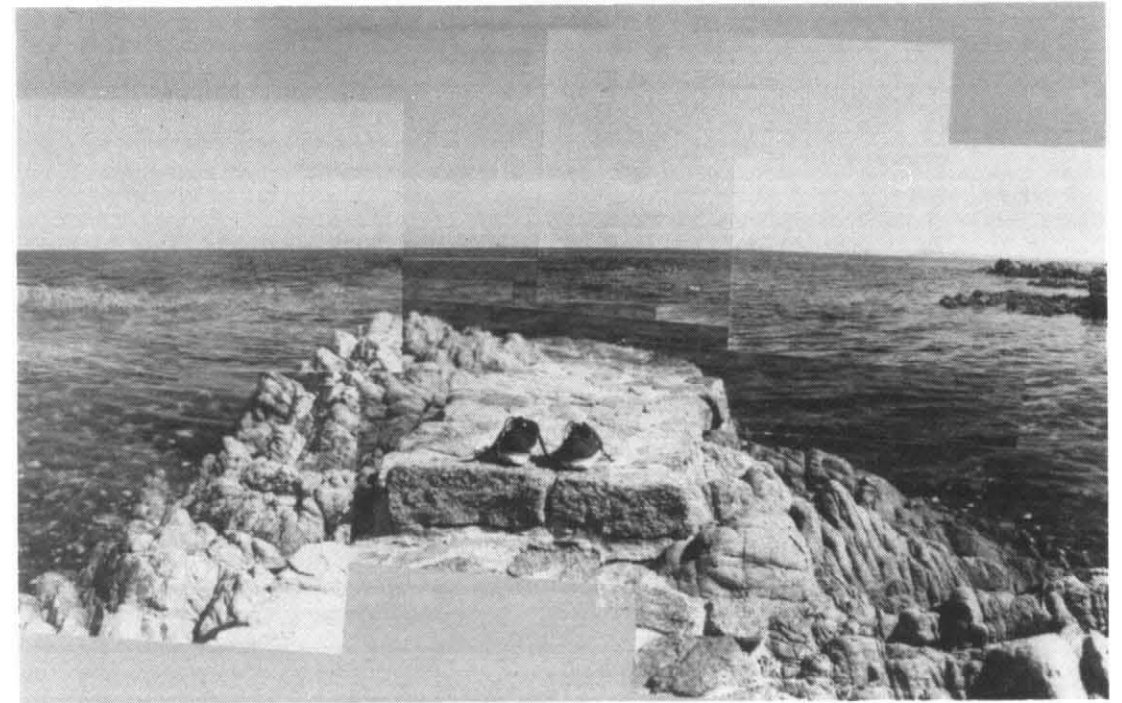
In a letter to Henry Geldzahler, dated February 1982, Hockney explains what he sees to be the problem with ‘normal’ photography.

“A photograph cannot really have layers of time in it the way a painting or drawing can. The trouble is that a photograph records a split second, and the image appears frozen, making the picture merely a glance, and our looking time at it far more than the time in the picture. It’s a problem I keep thinking about”.

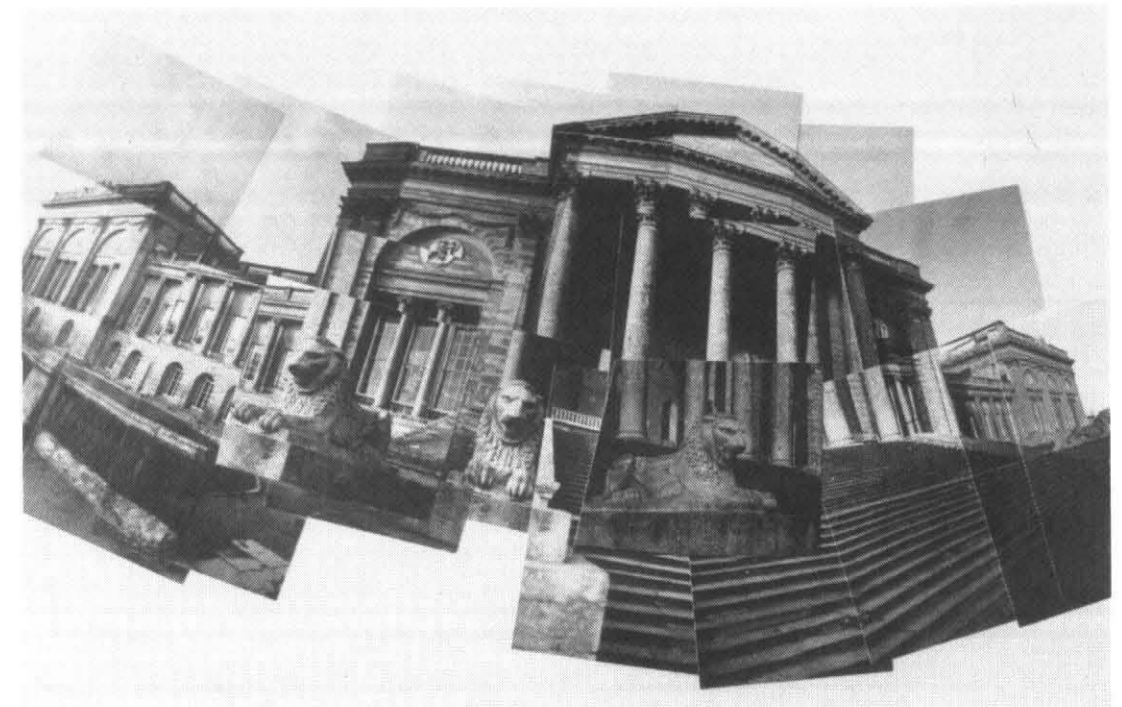
It was as a result of this ‘realisation’ that Hockney began to produce photo-collages. In doing so he was still using photography as a medium, but he was also depicting time in his pictures, and therefore felt that as far as he was concerned, photography had been given a new lease of life.

Although I do not entirely agree with Hockney’s condemnation of ‘normal’ photography, I do feel that in phot-collages he has developed a new and creative art medium.

Clive Kaye



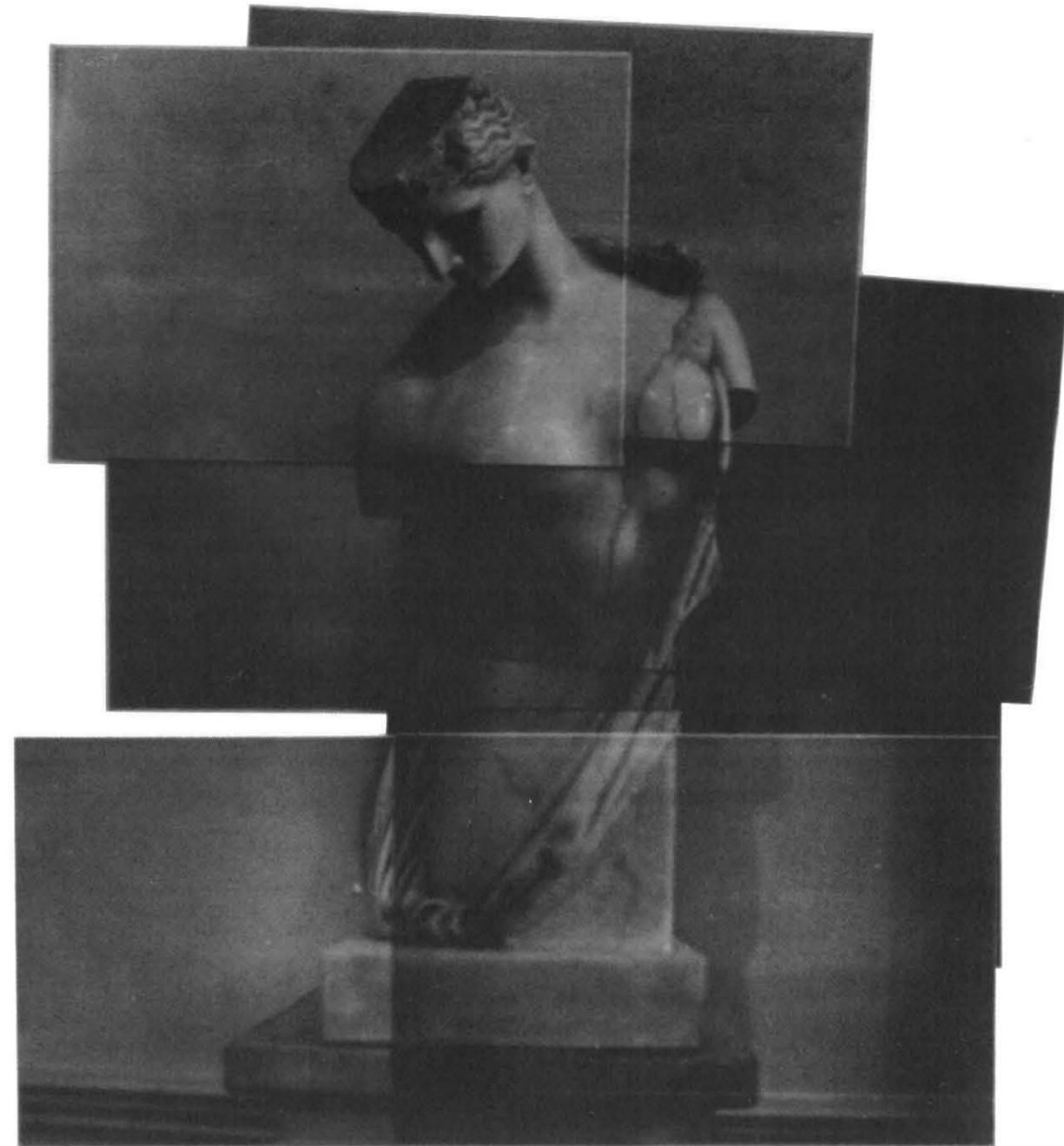
“Gone to Sea”, Camelot, Sardinia, April 1984



“South Front”, Stowe, January 1984



"A Tree in Hyde Park", London, January 1984



"Busting Up", Aurelian Room, Stowe, January 1984

EXPLANATION

You're always there,
The stain on the mattress,
The stitched-up scar,
The reinforced breech in the
Impenetrable bravado.

Like my shadow, you follow,
Ignorant, intangible.
The dark, dismal corner, are you,
I face you, disgraced and confused,
You're innocent of me,
The object of my downfall.

Nothing to forgive, nothing to forget.
Sometime we'll be friends, you and I,
Your wish, my hope,
Till then I cannot.
For now, this moment, you are mine.

But, like a lingering perfume
Clinging to my shoulder,
Soon you will be gone,
And I shall replace you
With another vain, infected dream
Full of love, its morality,
Its bitterness.

Pride rules all,
Conquers all,
Defying emotions and truth
As a tyrant his subjects.

A.R. Moore

IN SEARCH OF FOREVER

Dawn
And sunrise,
Heralding the new day
And the banishment of night.
Casting brilliant rays onto the solitary watcher
Dwelling within the shady realms of literature:
The Master
On the crest of the hill.

Perfection, conceived in a mind,
Every stone crystalline in its excellence,
The ultimate sanctuary.
A setting for perverse fantasies;
And scene of frenzied building;
Of ghoulish images and
forgotten yesterdays.

The horizon of time and memory converge,
Inspiring a hazy exterior:
A mirror on the past,
Forming reflections of lost tradition.

But will it last?
Beauty stands, unparalleled, yet external;
For the soul is crumbling.
The essence of its existence is sinking into
oblivion.

A monument to past culture,
Or an empty husk?

Who knows?
Time will be the harbinger of our fears.
Hope will be the talisman.

G. A. Evans

THE WOUND

Succubus Seductress accumulates
Flirtations with calculated calmness,
Ensnares celluloid puppet, desecrates
Innocent's dream. She is the Goddess,
Queen lizard, motioning with crimson veil.
"Subsidize my indiscrete discretions",
But watch for the chameleon's green scale,
For she is the Princess of Possession.
She violates his mind with disarray,
Her necromancy smashes like a mace.
He can only plagiarise a cliché;
Planchette explodes; lacerates his face.
Opium creatures demand acquiescence—
Titania tolerates no torpescence.

N. L. Blakesley

THE CHAIN

Now the first warm breath of Spring caresses
The long forgotten haunts of Summer days.
Snowy fairy bells chime. The thrush dresses
The air with song. Soul-filled, alone. I gaze . . .
Vast spangled regiments of celandine
Idly float on wild lake of cool bluebell.
Shy violets court golden trumpets that sing,
And startled leverets leap from every dell.
Snugly wrapp'd leaf-bud, its cosy sheath bursts;
But my weary thoughts fear bubbling nature,
That fear greater than vain ambitious thirsts.
Evergreen youth mocks my mortal future.

Shackled to savage mankind's aimless race
How I long for brave nature's soft embrace.

M. D. Downer

CRÉPUSCULE

Why are you so still Proud Young Chatterton?
An open window, St. Paul's towers near.
Light, probing, breeze. Why is your shirt undone?
Your candle has burnt out; but dawn is here.
Why are you smiling, Wise Young Chatterton?
Is it a nice dream? Shroud of dirty mist
Enfolds ruffled silks. Soft crown of auburn,
Autumn leaf-like. Sublime. Yet one hard fist.
Are you ill, Beautiful Young Chatterton?
Your manuscripts are torn! Why the small phial?
You must rise, Tom! All is still in London,
It may be better today! Please don't smile.

All that remains: a single faded rose
Ephemeral, like Thomas, I suppose.

M. D. Downer

THE DIARY OF ETERNITY

Pools of white light
Blind the puddles beneath,
And as the phantom locomotive
Glides past, virgin plumage fluttering,
The prophet's querulous demands
Become hollow, the lights are shattered, and,
For a single moment
Man is free.

Stumbling,
Tentatively touching,
They crawl in the pervading void, darkness
Of the Warehouse of the Dead:
The lofty concern,
So full of emptiness,
Echoes silently,
While the prophet wipes his sightless eyes
And whimpers:
'When I said I was lying, I might have been
lying'

A. R. Moore

MARTYRS OF SELF INFLICTED WAR

Kamikaze carnage. Parasitic
Passion, aroused by the nematoidal
Nemesis of one state's neocratic
Mercenaries of rhetoric. Avoidal
Of fact, a pallid porcelain panache
Hides adjectives of annihilation,
Using syllables of slaughter to cash
Venomous verbs to start embarkation
Of a ship built to cross the Rubicon,
Which, shattering the stammering silence
Of peace, will cause a global eruption
Of remorseless, reverberate vengeance.
Madmen who order senseless suicide
Will soon crave for nuclear homicide.

N. L. Blakesley

WELCOME TO THE CRYPT

Kneeling down
Heads drooping
Sheep to be slaughtered by the Lamb.
A collared clown
Eyes snooping
For stragglers from the Clan.

Death incarnate
Man in carnage
Corpse in coffin.
Hymns ring out . . .

Omnipotently
God does nothing
But moves mysteriously
Forever.

A. R. Moore

THE LAKES

Eleven acres of this lake
Lay deep and undisturbed.
The shoals of fish, the roach, the perch,
Swimming unperturbed.

The copper bottom, man made lake,
The one that holds the tench.
Hold on tightly to your rod,
Strike and start to wrench.

The Octagon, the lake of weeds,
Will truly test your skill.
The carp in here of which we're proud,
Your keepnet they will fill.

The Oxford bridge, the lake of mud,
The place to catch the trout.
A journey there, I'm sure will end
In success, I've no doubt.

The wonders of the lakes of Stowe,
Present the angler's dream.
If you like catching pike or carp,
Or roach or perch or bream.

T. J. Harris

"HERE"

Thick, sultry air of bourgeois life and times
Wafts pungently across the soft-lit stage
Of life. Herè is the comfortable age.
A cheap hall clock, with smug contentment, chimes,
And well-fed cynicism learns her lines.
The cosy life in the suburban cage
Grinds dully through complacent middle age.
The vulture on self-satisfaction dines,
And makes his vile contempt for others plain.
His plump, unthinking values must prevail,
In constant drive for more material gain.
This "preux chevalier", sordid, soiled, stale,
Is free from hardship, in his safe surrounds;
A grotesque self-contentment there abounds.

C. LaF. Jackson

THE SPIRE

The spire, stone-clad in sentimental grey,
Gives rise to thoughts beyond man's humble reach,
Reminding folk, that pass by on their way
To work, of higher things in silent speech.
None of nature's siblings in one dire blow
Can break or crack the slender pyramid,
Nor splashes of cement and steel bring low
With grappling claws of iron—and so be rid.
Swinging with the grace of a racing heart,
Sounding Sunday's duty, the old bells rang;
When they sigh 'Amen' and figures depart,
Silence once more spreads where the choir-boys sang.
A spear that rusts, because it missed its mark?
A faint, yet inextinguishable, spark?

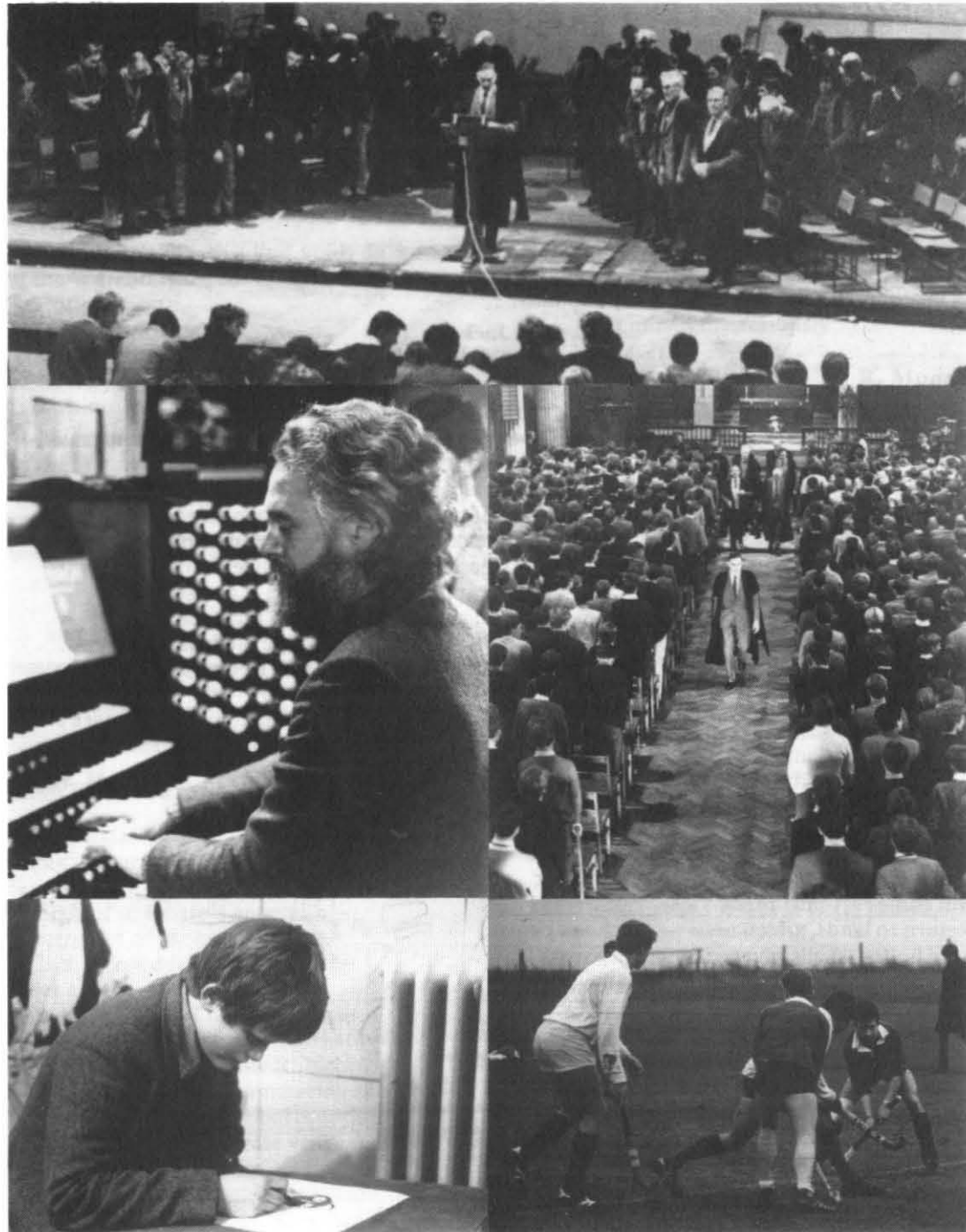
J. B. H. Harris

AN APPEAL

Fabled Virtue, let not your fiery eyes
Grow dim, exiled on distant, barren shores;
But come! set sail! break loose your welded ties!
Return to lands, which once were echoed yours.
Like hollow shells ravaged by hungry seas,
Men strive after aims, pretty to the eye,
Enthralled by God-forsaken vanities:
While youth decays to age, decays to die.
Now place your quenching cup in trembling hands,
Lift from their beds the crippled and the lame,
Colour all the green fields and golden sands,
Cry out the words which no man dares to claim.
Awaiting hope to overturn despair,
Babes reach out in vain for a mother's care.

J. B. H. Harris

A Day In The Life Of
Morning,



Noon,



Night



THE WORKSHOP

Interest in the activities of the Workshop continues to grow, and during the last term 160 members were attending one or more sessions per week. The departmental staff has been increased with the recruitment of Mr. A. G. Eve (O.S.). In addition to the department's formal teaching activities the range of recreational activities has been increased and further progress has been made with the expansion of the General Studies programme.

Stoics still think big, and amongst the projects under way at present is a Mirror dinghy being built by Alexander Farquharson. An encouraging sign of the times is an increasing number of boys and girls who work in a range of materials. The wood or metal worker who disdains other materials is a doomed breed. This healthy attitude can be further encouraged if Stoics remember to bring pencils and paper with them. We have a fascinating group of mystics who communicate by diagrams drawn with fingers in the air. On a more serious note we conclude with three reports on particular aspects of the department's work written by my colleagues.

C.G.S.

This year one group from Lower Sixth and one from the Middle Sixth have been involved in 'Practical Design' in the workshops. It has been only an hour and a half a week as part of their General Studies. Few of the boys or girls involved have had much experience of either designing or making items in metal and wood. Their fresh approach and willingness to take on problems has resulted in a wide variety of work and novel solutions to the design problems. Coffee tables, a cider press, Japanese screens, a small veneered box and the mounts for a stag's head were among the items made. The time spent in the workshops has, I believe, provided an excellent relief from academic studies, and their uninhibited approach to the practical problems a welcome addition to the activity of the C.T.C. department. Thanks should be given to Mr. Dennis Goodwin, formerly Head Carpenter here, the department technician, who has given great help to students who don't yet have the practical experience to realise their design ideas. He regularly stayed on after he should have gone home to help students through cutting a joint or planing a straight edge.

M.A.C.

GRAPHICS AND PRINT

After one year of this extension to workshop activities, we decided to give it a more permanent base, and during the Easter holiday proper service, storage and workspace were provided. The result has been to improve greatly the ease of operation and produce better results. Several Stoic parents have been kind enough to give "real" jobs to pupils for design and printing and the experience gained from a variety of business cards, letter-heads, etc., has given great satisfaction, both in the making and in the result.

J. E. E.

MAKING MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

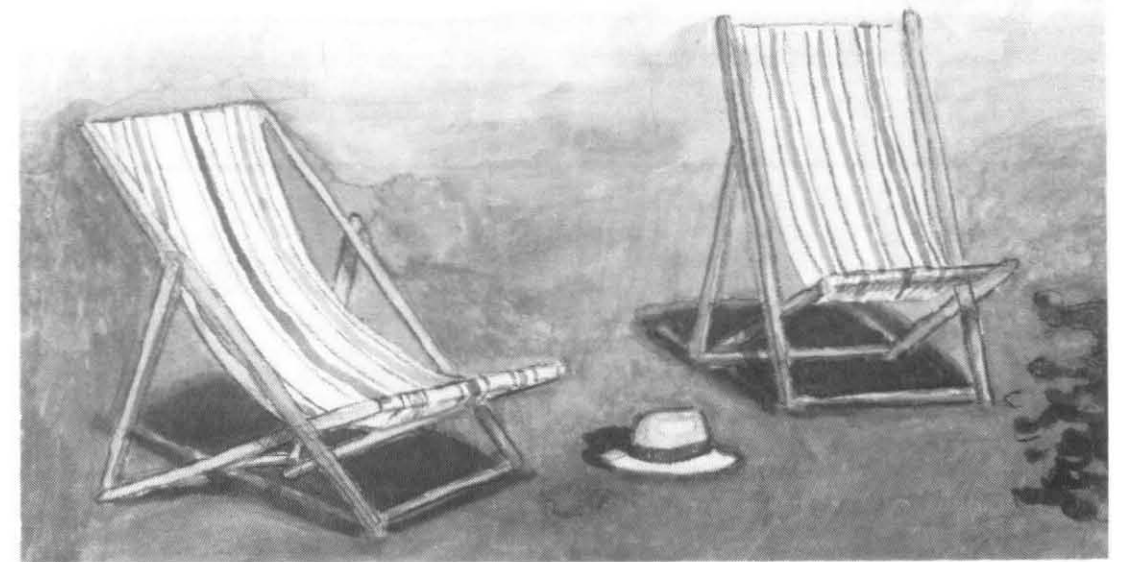
This course is run as part of the Sixth Form General Studies programme, and is concerned with making musical instruments to be played. Some projects are experiments and some are produced from existing plans. Making instruments can demand high craft skills, but there is also scope for creative designing, and demands on the aesthetic eye. There is scope for scientific research of great complexity. However, beginners can also get a lot from the course, since there are now many excellent instruments to be made that only require elementary craft skills.

This year has seen the production of several Renaissance flutes by Andrew Harris and Nicholas Anderton, after considerable experimentation with the making of boring tools. (The wind instrument maker needs to be a toolmaker as well). Renaissance instruments are relatively easy to make, and there is now much opportunity to play them with the current revival in interest in Early Music). As we build up tools, and interest, it is hoped that members of the School may tackle crumhorns, shawns, schreyersfeifen, or even bagpipes.

String instruments are also made: this year Paul Hooper has worked hard on a bass guitar, and two dulcimers are under construction! We now have the plans and equipment for making Celtic harps and flat-backed mandolins, as well as a wide variety of percussion instruments.

Hopefully soon instruments made in the workshop will be contributing to the musical life of the School.

A.G.E.



Orlando Lund

CHITWAN I

ON THE ROAD AGAIN

Today I was going out into the villages so I could lie-in until half past seven. Not that sleep was possible after 5.30 a.m., when the Elephant camp started up. I was billeted just behind it. The elephants did not make as much noise as their attendant Nepalis did, chattering away and clearing the early morning nicotine with shattering sound effects. As I walked over to breakfast the elephants were lining up to take the guests, at the Tigertops Jungle Lodge in Chitwan Nepal, on their morning safari. I should explain that the term 'the Lodge' describes the whole place as well as the central meeting, eating and drinking point, a huge circular thatched building. Today I had a Landrover, so we could go out to the schools. The trip was complicated by Michael Wenger's visit to the University campus at Rampur, the need to pick up six fifty-gallon drums of diesel and the narrowness of the little roads to Bijinager. Roadie for today was, as it happened, Rick Rainbow (Bruce 1983) who by coincidence was in Chitwan most of the time I was there.

We left at nine, loaded with Audio Visual gear and Lodge packed lunches, which like Stowe ones were interesting the first couple of times. We drove along the track through the tall Sal forest (*Shorea robusta*) to the Rue river which we forded with some care as the water came over the exhaust pipe in the deepest part. There were a few egrets and ruddy shelduck in the shallows and a crested serpent eagle in a kapok tree (*Bombax*) on the river bank. On the North side of the Rue river we were into the riverine forest, habitat dominated by kapok, and elephant grass (*Saccharum*) for half a mile before the forest thickened up by military Guardpost. A sentry lifted the barrier to let us through. The army is present in some numbers (500) throughout the National Park to prevent poaching, particularly of rhino whose horn fetches 20,000 dollars a kilo in Hong Kong for 'medicinal' purposes. We came out into open grassland again before reaching the bank of the larger Rapti river. This was too deep to ford so we abandoned that Landrover, taking ourselves and our gear across the river by boat to find our actual vehicle for today, complete with trailer, on the other side. As well as Michael and Rick we had Indira to drive and Ram Bahadur to make sure that the Sahibs did not get lost.



Meghauli High School



The Conservation Roadshow at Bijinagar

The change in vegetation as we came out of the Park by crossing the Rapti was marked. Gone was the elephant grass, gone were the trees. Flat pastureland looking a bit like an over-mowed South Front after a long dry spell, stretched the mile to the village of Meghauli. Far too many cattle and buffalo were trying to find grazing that simply was not there. We bumped across the airfield, the same pasture with a few stones marking the runway and a limp windsock by the Security Shack. We passed the High School, 800 children/17 teachers, and were suddenly in an ordinary dirty Nepal village street. It was a rough road so we lurched and bumped along with the trailer slowly enough to be able to take it all in.

Up-market houses are built of brick with flat or tiled roofs. The windows can be shuttered but are rarely glazed as temperatures do not often drop below 10°C even in winter. Other people live in wattle and daub huts, without windows. Reed from the elephant grass is used for wattle and a mixture of mud and cow dung for the daub. When it has dried out it does not smell at all, honestly. There was a good deal of traffic, very little of which was petrol driven. We passed ox carts and herds of cattle and buffalo. It is important not to kill a cow as this can carry severer penalties than manslaughter, the cow being sacred to Hindus (one of India's problems is that it is supporting 200 million cattle which are totally unproductive). Groups of children were going the other way towards Meghauli High School which we visited a couple of weeks ago. The girls had a uniform of dark blue gymslips and white blouses, while the boys got away with multi-coloured teeshirts or sweaters and shorts. Shoes, apart from inexpensive flipflops, were notably absent. We overtook the School bus-tricycle taking six primary-age children along to the private Shree Kanal Devi English Boarding School (day fees about £25 a year). This was a hilarious vehicle with a cage, about the size of a dog kennel, strapped to the back of a large tricycle, taxiing these well-to-do-children to school. As we drove along, scattering stray dogs and chickens, many of the children waved; they were getting to know the bearded foreigner who came and disrupted normal lessons. Farmyards were full of thatch grass and reed, important building materials that villagers are allowed to collect from the Park for two weeks at the end of January. Women were threshing the mustard seed crop. They piled the dried plants around a post and then drove an ox or buffalo round and round the pile. Eventually they are left with a small purple mound of seed and a huge pile of spent veg.

After half an hour we reached the tarmac and within a few minutes had dropped Michael Wenger at the Agriculture Campus of Tribhuvan University. Michael is a native of Seattle, who is out in Nepal running a couple of projects for Tigertops which are designed to help the Nepalis to use their land more intensively by irrigation, intercropping and planting fodder trees. We drove on to Narayanghat, the big town of Chitwan where buses from Kathmandu, Pokhara and India stop. Traffic was complicated by all the tricycle rickshaws. At the petrol station we dumped the empty drums and the trailer. While we waited we picked up some oranges from the street sellers who cluster round any bus the minute it stops. Coconut slices, icecream, soda in those lovely old bottles-with-a-marble-in, chapattis and other less identifiable foods were being peddled as well as some nasty looking patent medicines.

At last Indira finished his negotiations, and we disappeared down a side road running parallel to the Narayani river, down which I first floated three years ago. Nothing had changed. The narrow track ran fairly straight through a patchwork of small fields separated by earth banks and dry irrigation ditches. We passed two women, Tharus from their dress, driving cattle. I was sure one of them had been sitting next to me on the bus last week. In places the road was fringed with banana trees and occasional feeble fences of shrubs or cactus. There were not many hedges to compare with a good English thorn. Many of the houses had a couple of papaya trees, loaded with fruit, and sometimes a loofah tree.

At about eleven we drove into the school yard of the Lower Secondary School at Bijinagar. Ram Bahadur explained to the Headmaster what we wanted to do. As soon as we had unloaded the gear Indira drove off, without a word. So I asked Ram Bahadur:

“Is Indira coming back?”

“No”.

“Where are we meeting him?”

“On the main road”.

“Where and when exactly?”

“Don’t know”.

“Well then, how are we going to get to our second school?”

“Buffalo cart! I’ll fix it”.

I had visions of total chaos with the party spread over 10 square miles of countryside unable to get it or themselves together so as to arrive back in the Park before closing time. But I had, at last, learnt to relax and assume that there would be no problem. And in the end there wasn’t.

The school was brick built on two stories with earth floors below and shuttered but unglazed windows. The children (aged 11 to 13) sat on wooden benches to work. The only teaching aid, apart from the children’s textbooks, was a blackboard. In spite of class sizes up to 70+ discipline appeared to be no problem; Nepali children have a natural respect for older people that is entirely refreshing. We found a room on the first floor and set up projector, screen, tapedeck and speakers. There was a slight snag when we came to connect the generator, which we had left downstairs outside, because the seething mass of brown bodies waiting to get in made it impossible to get down the stairs. Fortunately Rick and I had sufficient climbing skill, and the wall sufficient chinks, that we could go up and down via the window quite easily. No problem.

Over a hundred children were packed into a room the size of the AVR, but we had experienced severer overcrowding on other occasions. We closed the shutters, switched on the commentary and I pushed the slides through keeping pace with the tape. I was using a mixture of village, National Park and big mammal shots to sweeten the basic message which was: “Look what could happen if you cut down all the trees in the Park and elsewhere. So don’t; plant some instead”. The 25-minute slideshow was actually aimed at older children, as it tied in

well with their biology syllabus, but younger ones enjoyed the show and something may have stuck. This lot were reasonably quiet during the show, apart from the inevitable chanting-in-unison whenever a slide with a Nepal caption appeared. This Pavlovian response to the written word seems to be the result of the main method of teaching, which is by rote.

During the re-wind, there was an audience swap. There was cheerful chaos as a hundred children tried to get out while the next lot were coming in, through the same door. It was unbelievably hot and we were both dripping. Rick thought discretion was the better part and disappeared through the window to eat his lunch in the shade. After number two show I too had had enough, so had the generator. So we dismantled. The Headmaster was rather upset as he did not believe that we would come again on another day. Little girls were weeping in the aisles and it was all a bit heart-rending. When it became clear that we had to move on to another school anyway, he became more friendly. While we waited for our cart, I squatted in a patch of shade to eat my lunch. Nepali etiquette requires that one does not tread in people’s lunch, so the audience retreated six feet. We hadn’t seen any obvious cases of malnutrition so I think they were curious rather than envious (of a packed lunch!). “Look at that beardie weirdie eating. At least he’s using his right hand”.



Oxcart

The buffalo cart arrived, only it wasn’t; it was a buffalo-and-ox cart, an unusual mixture of motive power. We loaded the gear and climbed on ourselves, me taking care not to leap on the back and tip the whole thing over as I had done on a previous occasion to the joy of an entire Primary school assembled to see me off. Buffalo carts are remarkably heavy things, apparently designed to provide a large load for the animals before anything is actually put on to be transported. Even on the level tracks they go very slowly — about 1¼ m.p.h. From time to time they go even slower than this and the driver rootles between their back legs with his stick to achieve a bit of acceleration, up to 2 m.p.h.



Sunset over the Lodge

Shardanagar High School was about half an hour away and we were content to lounge in the cart in the heat of the day. It paid to keep an eye open for bridges or bad potholes as the cart was unsprung. We were revisiting Shardanagar — we were able to keep some of our promises. It is an excellent school though, as usual, understaffed by UK standards. The staff were friendly and communicative. Although the facilities within the building were Spartan, there was a good bit of land surrounding it which was used for practical agriculture. Classes were growing little plots of wheat competitively and as I write in mid-April the crop will have been harvested. They have plantations of mango and guava for fruit, and sissou for firewood. I was most impressed, especially as the teachers make a point of showing their students the ways in which modern methods can be introduced to the villages. We did a double header here also, which meant that we had now covered Classes 8, 9 and 10. Class 10 is the equivalent of our fifth form, at the end of which they take the School Leaving Certificate and, if successful, leave. Sadly the drop-out rate for schools is such that by Class 10 (sixteen year olds) only 4% of the age group are still in school. The rest are working at home or in the fields. Many of the girls will be married. It was funny to see, with Class 10 audiences, how a late arrival, whether male or female, would pause at the door long enough to make sure that everyone who mattered was noticing their 'casual' entrance. *Plus ça change* and so on.

We had become fatalistic about our reunion with the Landrover, so after the second show we climbed again onto our buff-ox cart for the $\frac{3}{4}$ mile up to the main road. There was no sign of the Landrover of course and no one had seen it. So we went into the teashop to have a think. During the second glass of tea — made with sweetened water, powdered tea and scalded buffalo milk — we thought of using a passing bicycle to take a message up the road. Good thinking. Ten minutes later a heavily laden Landrover and trailer plus Michael arrived and we loaded up. A long argument followed with the buff-ox cart driver who wanted to charge too much for his services, trying it on because of the European presence. Indira argued him down to 80 rupees (about £4) which was still expensive.

And so we drove home, very slowly because of the six drums of diesel. We dumped those on the bank of the Rapti, which we crossed by boat to our final Landrover. As we drove back through the Park in the dusk we kept our eyes open for game. Most evenings we saw herds of spotted deer in the grassland and occasionally wild pig crossing the road in the jungle. I was always hoping for tiger, but no luck. Tonight we did come upon a couple of sloth bears, actually black bears rather than sloths. One of them stood up on his hind legs to give himself and us a better view. I never tired of the scenery as we returned in the evenings, with the sun setting behind the sal covered hills above the Lodge. Seen from the river this was pure J. Arthur Dixon. We were twenty minutes late at the Guardpost but they must have been getting used to us as the sentry let us through without trouble. And we were back home in plenty of time for a cold bucket-shower before dinner.

Meanwhile back at the Lodge

G. M. Hornby

Acknowledgements: I thank Tigertops Pvt and the Royal Chemical Society for their support which covered all my expenses in Nepal. I am grateful to the Tigertops staff, in the UK, India and Nepal for all their help and encouragement. Most of all I thank Jim Edwards and Belinda Fuchs for providing the Project and helping me to get it on the road.



Timothy Lowe

ZOROASTRIANISM—THE OLDEST PROPHETIC RELIGION

Zoroaster was born and lived in the lands East of the Caspian Sea around 1500 B.C., about 200 years before Moses. This makes him the first of the prophets of the great religions of the world. The followers of Zoroaster—known as Parsis—now number less than 100,000 the world over. Over half live in India, mainly in Bombay where they have made a name for themselves in industry, medicine, law, finance and music.

Zoroaster was no saint in the common meaning of that term. He was married and had children. His teachings centred on the practice of living and his creed was: good words, good thoughts and good deeds. Even today Parsis are known for their good works and contributions to social causes.

When Islam spread over the Middle East, the Persians or Pars as they were then called fled to India in the 9th century A.D. They landed at Sanjan, just North of Bombay, where a kindly Hindu King allowed them to settle as long as they did not convert others to their faith. This is one of the main reasons why Parsis are so few today. Moreover, if a Parsi girl marries outside her community her children cannot enter the Zoroastrian faith. Mixed marriages are now quite common and this again causes the numbers to dwindle. In short, you cannot become a Parsi, you have to be born one.

The Parsis are often called 'fireworshippers' because at the centre of our temples is a holy fire kept alive in perpetuity. Even when they fled from Persia, the Parsis carried their holy fire which still burns at the Temple of Udwada, near Sanjan. But fire is only a symbol of purity just as the cross has special significance to Christians.

What are the other symbols which distinguish a Parsi? At the age of 7 or 9 a Parsi boy or girl receives the sacred vest (sudra) and thread (kusti) at an investiture ceremony known as the Navjote. In the presence of relatives and friends and accompanied by the chanting of priests a muslin vest is slipped on and a thread woven from strands of wool is tied around the waist. A Parsi wears the sudra and kusti throughout his life. In a sense the Navjote is like the Christian 'Confirmation' when a young person formally enters the faith.

Zoroastrianism whose history is twice as long as that of Christianity, was the official religion of Iran (or Persia) for 2,500 years. During this time many customs and rituals developed, many of which are practised even today. For instance, the menu at a traditional Parsi wedding has not changed for over 1000 years! But the custom most talked about and for which Parsis are renowned is the way in which the dead are disposed of. Whereas burial or cremation are common in various faiths, the Parsis place their dead in Towers of Silence, where they are consumed by vultures. The bones fall into a central well where they gradually decompose and in a sense return to earth.

There are many reasons advanced for this rather peculiar method of disposing of dead bodies—for instance earth and fire are sacred and therefore should not be used to 'contain' death—but basic to all is the fact—that Parsis regard the dead body as worthless once the soul has departed from it—and the funeral prayers which last three days are chanted to help the soul rise towards God.

Very central to the Parsi faith is the concept of good and evil. Both exist in the world, independent of each other, and man's duty is to opt for good and struggle against evil. Should a man succeed he passes into the world of goodness after his death—and should he fail he is condemned to enter the land of darkness. Unlike Hinduism, Zoroastrianism does not envisage an after-life—and so the importance of doing 'good deeds' in this one and only life is paramount.

Today, because of the dwindling numbers, the Parsi community is making for a strong revival of the Zoroastrian faith and books, articles and films are being released on this ancient but living faith which has had great influence on the other great religions of Christianity and Judaism. Perhaps, the Parsis originally from the land of Pars (or Persia), are the last of the pure Aryans who spread to the East and West from lands now known as Soviet Georgia and Northern Iran.

Khursheed Khurody

STOWE ON SKIS IN THE ALPS JANUARY 1984

Graham Hickman has given us this informal account of a very successful party:

Avioraz was the setting for January's School trip this year. It is situated in the French Haute Savoie Alps. Skiing heights ranged between 5,500—7,700 ft. This might not mean a lot to the uninitiated, but if you fell off a drag lift it was a heck of a long walk up to the top. Visible from the highest peaks were Mont Blanc, the Dents du Midi and Mr. Swallow wiping out on every bend he approached.

On our arrival at Geneva, the weather was a mixture of rain and snow. Along the route to Avoriaz the coach driver needed to secure chains to the wheels for a better grip up the icy mountain pass. After a couple of hours we were greeted by our ski representative and instructress and then we quickly made our way to the nearest pizzeria before falling into bed. As we were self-catering, we had not brought any milk for our morning breakfast. It took Jules Thornber the rest of the day to finish chewing his dry cornflakes. For Tom Brackey, it was pasta for breakfast . . . for lunch . . . for supper.

We had six two-hour ski lessons with our instructress, Tish. Whilst the more experienced group explored the slopes, she had the beginners doing John Cleese silly walk impressions for our first lesson. This must have looked very odd from a distance, and before long we had the nursery slope all to ourselves (except for the local doctors standing by with straight jackets).

As this is a purpose-built ski resort, there are more than enough runs for all ability levels. One of the main ski attractions is the Portes du Soleil route which ventures into Switzerland and links with Chambery, last year's ski resort. This route took all day to ski and was tried by the more experienced group of Stoics.

After morning lessons we tended to split into groups and explore the pistes and practise falling over until the lifts closed at about 4.30 p.m. Then we would visit the bank and supermarket, or just discuss the day's skiing until it was time to go out in the evening.

Breakfast ranged from Mr. Swallow's porridge (rumour has it the pygmies came from Africa to dip their darts in it), to good old bacon, eggs and croissants. For the late risers it was a quick glass of toothpaste, and a bite of a digestive face cloth. Lunch was always a quick affair as we wanted to get back onto the slopes. Tom had his pasta, the rest had a sandwich and a hot drink. Evening meals were cooked in our well-equipped apartments, or we ate out, or both. With complete disregard for their stomachs, Rocky Wilkinson and Graham Hickman sampled the local frogs legs and snails. Although they hopped about the slopes during the day, after a night out they could only crawl home. Didn't we all? Very tiring.

The week passed far too quickly. We all experienced some beautiful scenery, terrific skiing and wonderful pasta. It was a super way to start 1984 and we would all like to thank Mr. Swallow for organising such a superb holiday.

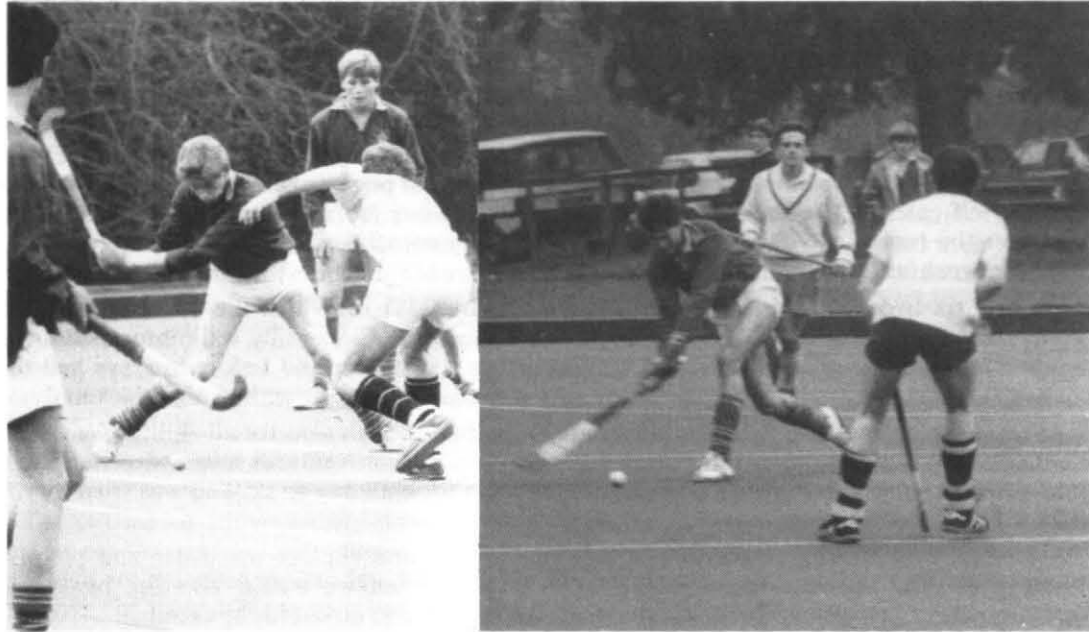
P.S. Where's Steve?

Stoics: T. Brackey, E. Jarrett, R. Wilkinson, A. Smith, G. Hickman, S. Fossil, R. Rudd, S. Baumohl, M. Mossadegh, J. Thornber, P. Cherry, G. Murray, J. Taylor.

G. Hickman

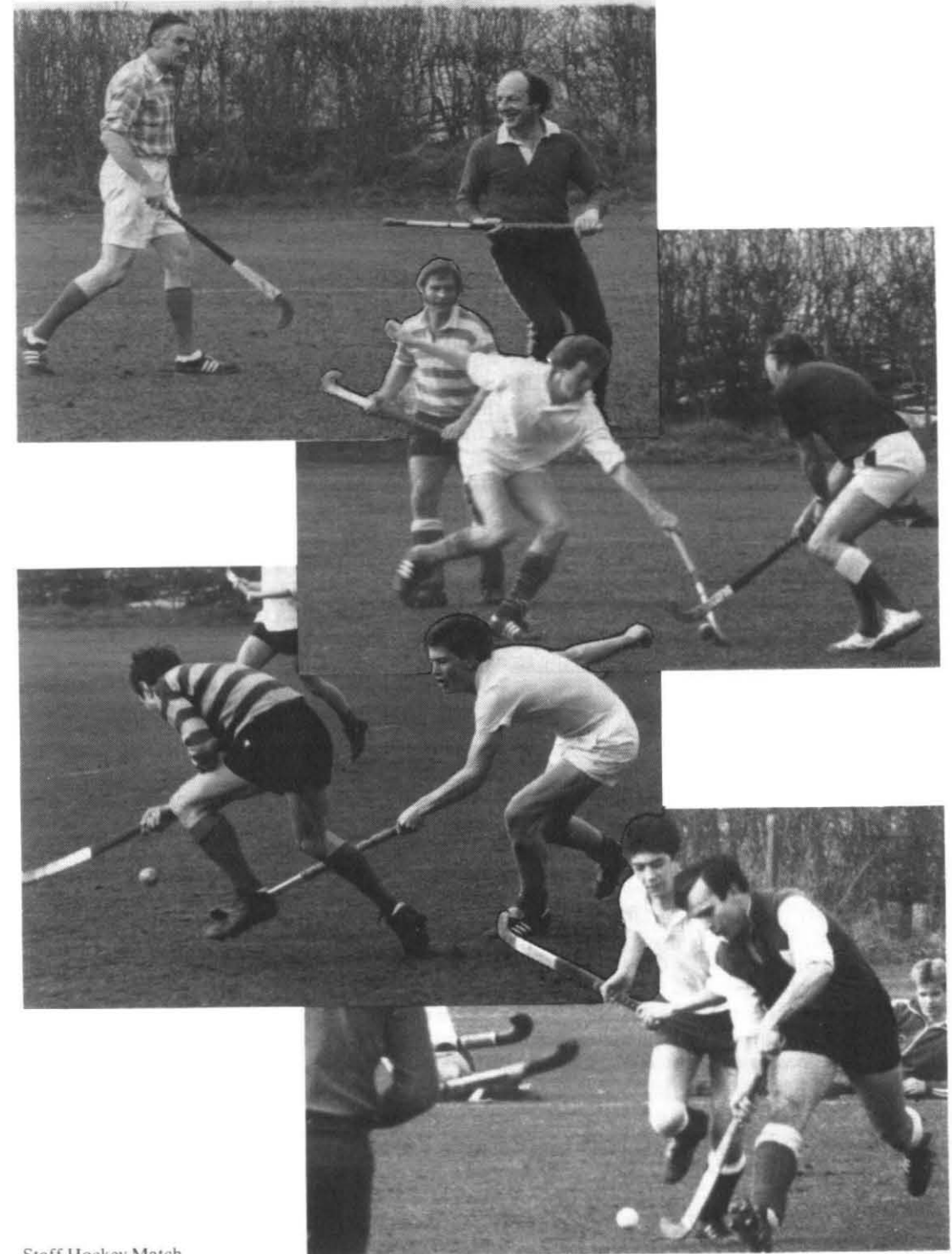
SPORT HOCKEY

A confident attitude has accompanied much of the hockey this season. The overall results have shown a strength in the Seniors and Junior Colts. Of the others it has been partly a question of lack of talent but more a matter of lack of application. Thanks go to those members of staff who took on more coaching than in past years with enthusiasm. One or two fixtures were lost to the snow at the beginning of the term and all matches against St. Edward's, Oxford had to be cancelled. There is some cause for concern about the state of our grass pitches. The 1st XI pitch on the Bourbon, which used to be the envy of many, has deteriorated over the past five or more years with problems of leaf mould and aeration. The North Front pitch proved the best surface and it is hoped that this may be kept as a permanent hockey surface during the Autumn Term. We thank the new Caterer, Mr. Richard Menzies, for organising the meals without a hitch.



THE FIRST XI

It has been a very successful season with a particularly impressive set of results in the second half of the term, when the team won six matches, consecutively without conceding a goal in any of the School matches. In the first half of the term the side did not settle into the right positions and lacked the necessary determination against three very good schools. There have been two outstanding players. Julian Stocks, at centre forward, must be the most skilful stickwork attacker Stowe has seen for many years. He took on the Captaincy responsibly and was prepared to issue necessary and useful commands during play. His own game lacked the stamina to run when off the ball and to work hard consistently throughout a match. Richard Elmitt showed the most composure and maturity with a strong competitive attitude. He was superbly fit and at centre half he dominated moves in both attack and defence. He has a rich potential and he will be the linchpin of next year's side. Other old colours who formed the backbone of the team included David Carles, playing steadily at full back; Innes Roxborough, running tirelessly at right inside forward; Andrew Lockwood, supporting well at left inside forward and Charles Stopford solid in defence at left half.



Staff Hockey Match.

The Matches

The first match versus Oundle was a tougher contest than has been the case in recent years. The play was too often in the hands of the more experienced players and therefore there was too little teamwork. We relaxed too much after scoring the only goal of the match. Dean Close did not put up a fight and the newcomers were allowed to establish themselves with more conviction. It was all the more surprising that against Bradfield, away on grass, our unbeaten record was lost. The team was without one regular player and the ball did not seem to run favourably for us in front of goal. There was too little commitment and a lack of effective hitting. The Bedford match was exciting and full of goals. Our ability to score against a sound defence was proven to be good but our own backs were sleepy and the power of Bedford's short corners was too great for Adam Gurney in goal. Better teamwork was seen against Aldenham and the sharp finishing was done by Julian Stocks. A close game with Cheltenham was lost because of their fast stylish centre forward who could not be contained. A missed penalty flick should not cause heads to drop.

Then followed a superb run of victories which started with a convincing one sided match against Radley. Philip Boardman on the left wing and Angus Fairbairn on the right wing began to play some fluent hockey which stretched the opposition's defence. Matthew Tembe at right half made probing runs in attack and managed to mark his opposite player at some considerable distance. Pangbourne produced a spirited game with much end-to-end fast play but our concentration dominated. Tom Burrough was now settling down at left back and hitting the ball incisively. Mill Hill's grass pitch took a little while to master but there was no danger of losing. The mood seemed right for the last School match against Rugby. The forwards combined intelligently to show how to score goals cleanly and clinically in open play and Adam Gurney was sound in goal once again.

The non-school fixtures provided a hard-fought contest against the Cambridge Wanderers and a pleasing result. The Old Stoics brought a younger team than usual and played some competent hockey which rounded off the term on a happy and friendly note.

Amsterdam

This was the first time that Stowe had ventured abroad for a hockey tournament and it proved an exceedingly pleasant trip. Only two of the 1st XI were unavailable and admirable replacements joined the party: Garrick Marton, Philip Keith and Sean Morris. The weather remained sunny throughout the four days when we were the guests of the Fit Hockey Club. Our Dutch hosts were so friendly and helpful that we could not fail to enjoy every moment. The team played seven well contested shortened games and won them all without conceding a goal. The opposition found our English hockey more forceful than their own and the quality of stopping and accurate passing was exceptionally good. Julian Stocks was undoubtedly the player of the tournament.

In the evenings the social life included a disco at the Hockey Club and a meal in Amsterdam followed by a taste of the city's night life. It is to be noted with gratitude that the behaviour of this party was so sensible that the weekend turned out an unqualified success from every point of view. It is hoped that a similar visit will be undertaken during those holidays when we do not go to the Oxford Hockey Festival.

J.M.L.

SQUASH RACKETS

The Squash Rackets teams had another good season as the results show, but due to some recent re-organisation of administration I do not anticipate that the present standard can be maintained for much longer than next year. However, enough of the pessimism and on to the past year's matches.

First Team

In the Christmas term we had eleven matches and all were won fairly easily. Teams were played from as far afield as Gordonstoun to Cheltenham and all were tackled successfully. H. P. Jarvis was an excellent Captain and played mostly at first string, alternating from time to time with C. J. Rotheroe, ma. Both these players were better than any others in the team (Rotheroe actually won the School Championship) and both improved considerably during the season and won many hard matches. Rotheroe will be with us for another year, but I hope that Jarvis will go all out for a 'Blue' when he goes up to Cambridge in October. N. C. Bewes settled into the number three spot and had some good wins, and if he could only develop a greater belief in himself, he is capable of going from strength to strength in the future. Indeed, we shall be hoping for some very good results from Rotheroe and Bewes next season, and no doubt we shall get them! M. P. ap P. Stradling played at number four, and with his own brand of Badminton/Tennis/Squash, by which he makes use of all parts of his racket from the handle to the edges, he won many good games which he might in ordinary circumstances have been expected to lose! J. P. Frost at number five improved considerably during the season, and I have no doubt that he also will be a force to be reckoned with in the School next year. During the Spring term (after we had lost Jarvis) G. E. Marton came into the team and played some good matches, and if he can make himself adapt his play to his opponents' strengths and weaknesses, he will be able to look forward to winning many more matches in the future. Others who also played in the team from time to time were: J. P. Rigg, R. S. Morris, and R. M. Elmit.

Results:		Home	Won	3—0
	v. Old Stoics	Home	Won	4—1
	v. Marlborough	Home	Won	4—1
	v. Eton	Away	Won	4—1
	v. Aldenham	Home	Won	4—1
	v. Bedford Modern	Home	Won	5—0
	v. Cheltenham	Away	Won	4—1
	v. Radley	Home	Won	5—0
	v. Gordonstoun	Home	Won	4—1
	v. Mill Hill	Home	Won	5—0
	v. Clifton	Away	Won	5—0
	v. Canford	Away	Won	4—1
	v. Bedford	Home	Won	3—2
	v. Harrow	Home	Won	5—0
	v. Oakham	Away	Won	3—2

Junior Squash Rackets: Colts Team

Results:		Home	Won	3—2
	v. Marlborough	Home	Won	4—1
	v. Eton	Away	Won	4—1
	v. Aldenham	Home	Won	2—1
	v. Bedford Modern	Home	Won	2—1
	v. Mill Hill	Home	Won	3—0
	v. Bedford	Home	Won	3—0
	v. Harrow	Home	Won	2—1
	v. Oakham	Away	Won	2—1

This Colts Team contained some very useful players. R. S. Morris showed particular promise—I only wish that he could be persuaded to play the game full time in the Winter term! C. H. Perring also played some fine squash rackets, and is certain to make a mark for himself in the future. J. Bendell and N. M. Fincham also played for the team.

Junior Colts Team

Results: v. Marlborough	Home	Won	2—1
v. Eton	Away	Won	2—1
v. Radley	Home	Won	3—2
v. Mill Hill	Home	Won	4—1
v. Bedford	Home	Won	2—1
v. Harrow	Home	Won	2—1
v. Oakham	Away	Won	2—1

When R. S. Morris and C. H. Perring played for this team they were unbeatable at this level, but they were ably assisted on occasions when they were playing in the Colts by J. Bendell, A. B. Whitcombe, R. B. Giles, H. R. Thomas, and O. Q. Ripley, who all showed promise, and it is hoped that they will be able to commit themselves to the game in the future.

Under 14 Team

Results: v. Marlborough	Home	Won	2—1
v. Eton	Away	Won	2—1
v. Aldenham	Home	Won	3—0
v. Bedford Modern	Home	Won	4—1
v. Radley	Home	Won	3—2
v. Mill Hill	Home	Won	2—1
v. Bedford	Home	Won	2—1
v. Harrow	Home	Won	2—1
v. Oakham	Away	Lost	1—2
v. Aldenham	Home	Won	2—1

D. T. Rotheroe, mi. and W. J. Atkinson, mi. showed particular promise in the team and had some good wins, whilst J. C. White improved considerably during the year, and P. W. Garton, M. H. Dawson and S. F. Allison, mi. also played well.

In addition to the normal School fixtures we also played in the National Premiere Products Inter-Schools Tournament and got through to the regional finals. At this stage we were forced by the dates prescribed to play on a date when we were without two players, and as a result we lost to Marlborough 3—2, having previously beaten them easily with a full team by 4—1 earlier in the term.

The Team also took part in the Blundell's Festival over the Christmas holidays, but once again were without two players — Stradling had to catch his flight home to Switzerland and Bewes was ill, and although the reserves did their best, two matches were lost (one to Canford who had been beaten easily during the term). Nevertheless, it must be said that even with a full team, Stowe would probably have lost to the strong Blundell's Five, and it should be recorded that the host school not only played excellent squash, but they entertained Stowe (and everyone else) in a most pleasant and generous manner — all our players had a most enjoyable weekend's squash and social time in general, and are very thankful to Blundell's for their kindness.

Results: v. Malvern	Won	4—1
v. Blundell's	Lost	2—3
v. Felsted	Won	4—1
v. Canford	Lost	2—3
v. Gresham's	Won	3—2

Team: H. P. Jarvis, C. J. Rotheroe, J. P. Frost, G. E. Marton, and R. M. Ellmit.

P.G.L.

WATER POLO

SCHOOL

This year we withdrew from the 'London League' and the 'English Schools' competitions, because we were always well out of our depth. Our aim this season was to play schools of a similar standing to help restore morale from a poor previous season. We played fewer games but did achieve greater success, certainly at Intermediate and Senior levels.

U.14

A disappointing season here. The first game against Oundle, who are of a similar water polo standing to Stowe, was a good one. We commanded play for most of the game but found great difficulty in scoring. A draw seemed an unjust result, but it did leave the team in good spirit for the coming games. This was soon to be squashed by teams who have played together for two or three seasons. In addition we had only two full time players, the remaining six or seven chosen from either those boys who were available after other sporting commitments or from those who just fancied a game. We had to cancel one game because we couldn't raise enough players. This has been the situation for the last two seasons; so it is not surprising the boys were disappointed with their results. It is not easy to mention notable performances without leaving others out. All one can say is now that these players have a limited experience behind them it is sincerely hoped that they will continue to play next season, and on a regular basis.

U.14 Players: M. Lowe (Captain), N. Holland, C. de Bunsen, S. Horn, M. Dawson, M. Farah, J. Arlon, G. Martin, G. Jefferson, D. Rotheroe, M. Reed, J. Ponté, A. McDonald, R. Wilkinson, N. Page, G. Munt, R. Weatherby.

U.16

Morale was certainly low at the beginning of the season; then we lost four very fast and strong players to other sports. The majority of the squad left were U.15. We actually gained a player, through injury, from a major sport. This indeed was an unexpected bonus as D. Marshall, initially a novice, progressed so quickly he was made a regular player on the U.19 team and gained his half colours.

The initial team restructure caused complete disarray and we lost heavily to a usually weak Dean Close. Our attacks were unbalanced and we were far too slow to react to their counter attacks. The Captain, T. Lourenço, was our only swimmer with any innate sprint ability and he was not able to cover the three opposition sprinters all at once. Amongst them, these three players scored their dozen goals.

Three weeks later a better drilled team returned with a vengeance to play their hardest game of the season at Bishop Stortford. In the last quarter we were drawing 10—10 and had been three goals up at one stage. There was some superb goalkeeping from J. Thornber. Great attacking flair was seen by T. Lourenço, and D. Marshall frequently proved too strong on the ball. After a fine blind side break T. Lourenço clinched victory with a well placed shot.

A marked criticism of the team is their poor handling ability. Every player drops the ball upon receiving it and presents an easier target for the opposition. Each must work to rectify this next season.

U.16 Players: T. Lourenço (Captain), J. Thornber, D. Marshall, C. Smith, S. Dorsey, E. Colfox, R. Boulogne, A. Robson, N. Salha.

U.19

There were not any team problems with the Seniors. The squad would have been short had it not been for what seemed to be the School water polo suppliers forwarding two more novices to supplement the team. Over two-thirds of the squad are in Grenville and like U.16 novice D. Marshall, R. Cazalet and G. Foster emerged to play the game to a good standard.

The first game at Dean Close showed that a lot of groundwork needed to be revised. At Oundle we made all the play but just could not put the ball away. Their superior swimming strength made it impossible to cover their counter-attacks in their long pool. Once again we displayed poor handling ability and this was the main cause of missed opportunities around the opposition goal area.

Some very convincing wins were had over Winchester, Harrow and Aylesbury. We seem to relish our home territory. Had we had a full strength team the result at Oakham would probably have been in our favour. Only one goal separated the teams until the last few minutes and minor defensive errors were quickly exploited by some of their county players.

Throughout the season P. Dutton and G. Inglis-Jones showed that they are beginning to fully grasp the essence of this game. Both have learnt to read situations accurately before they occur and react quickly to the referee's signals. Both also developed a new shooting skill; Dutton with his explosive push-shot and Inglis-Jones with his surprise reverse shot. Juniors take note because many important goals were scored with these methods.

Congratulations must be made to G. Foster and G. Inglis-Jones for playing reserve goalkeeper for Banbury in the Birmingham League Division One.

Despite inviting thirteen schools to our Water Polo Festival, each with a full term's notice, only two could attend. The reasons are varied; Field Day; no Sunday activity; not being able to guarantee a team, or simply not replying to the invitation. Sadly then the event is cancelled for a further year and next time we shall probably invite London League teams and operate a handicap system.

U.19 Players: R. Davies (Captain), G. Inglis-Jones, G. Foster, N. Blakesley, R. Dutton, J. van Gemeren, G. Curtis, ma., P. Freeland, D. Black, R. Cazalet, D. Marshall.

RESULTS:

School	Venue	U.19	U.16	U.14
Dean Close	Away	Drew 4—4	Lost 12— 1	
Oundle	Away	Lost 11—5		Drew 1—1
Bishop Stortford	Away		Won 10—11	Lost 9—3
Winchester College	Home	Won 12—2	Drew 1— 1	
Bedford Modern	Away			Lost 12—6
Harrow	Home	Won 12—1	Won 13— 0	
Aylesbury Grammar	Away	Lost 14—2		Lost 0—6
Oakham	Away	Lost 11—7		
Bedford Modern	Home			Lost 3—8
	Played	6	4	5
	Won	3	2	0
	Lost	2	1	4
	Drew	1	1	1

Colours: G. V. Inglis-Jones (Re-awarded); R. P. Dutton (Re-awarded).

Half Colours: D. S. E. Marshall, mi., J. D. van Gemeren, G. R. Curtis, ma., F. G. Foster, R. H. Cazalet, J. D. Thornber, A. J. Lourenço, P. J. Freeland.

R.S.

INTER-HOUSE WATER POLO

Once more it was a one-sided affair in this year's challenge for The Dickinson Cup. Scoring an average eight goals per game, Grenville emerged victorious for the fourth year in succession. Such was the strength of this year's team that all of them presently represent School water polo teams.

In the semi-finals, Cobham and Lyttelton fell to Grenville and Walpole respectively. The game for third place produced the best match of the afternoon. Cobham triumphed after a ding-dong fifteen goal match against a very tenacious Lyttelton side. J. Thornber, the School U.16 goalkeeper, showed his skills as an outfield player by scoring the majority of Cobham's goals, and even one for Lyttelton.

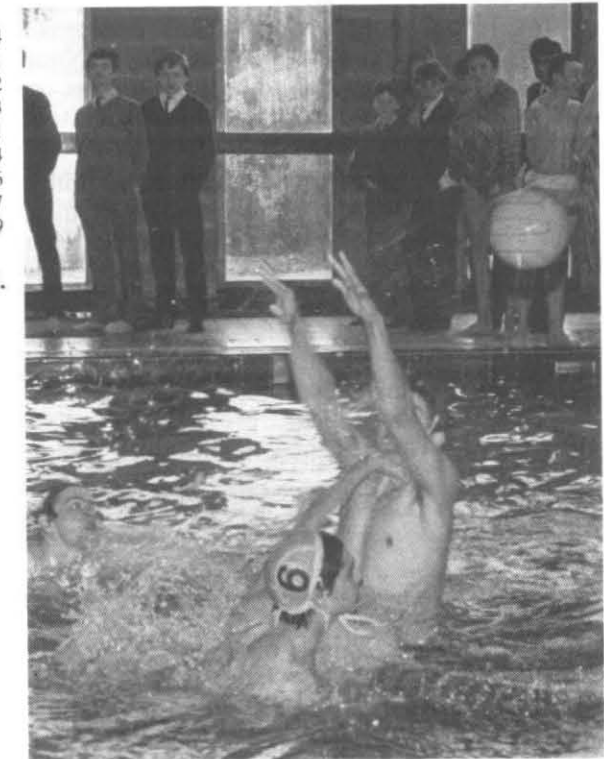
Walpole began well in the final against Grenville. They conceded only one goal in the first quarter and were in close contention at half time. N. Carter proved dangerous in attack for Walpole, having an eye for space and the ability to attack the goal at the correct time. The mighty Inglis-Jones was heavily marked by a fearful Grenville defence but he still managed a hat trick of goals. However, so too did R. Davies and P. Dutton whose experience and skill constantly exposed gaps in an inexperienced Walpole defence. Their goals usually resulted after some impressive build-up and were scored at close range. Anything else proved to be ineffective against C Stopford in goal as he produced some fine reflex saves. D. Marshall demonstrated an impressive degree of strength, alertness and goal-scoring ability, and along with Davies and Dutton the three of them scored all of Grenville's goals.

A new House should be victorious next year. Grenville are to lose five of their present team and they will have neither their usual strength nor depth left. Many of the remaining Houses are composed of mainly Junior players and the competition should become an open affair again.

Results:

Prelim. 1	Bruce	2	Lyttelton	4
Prelim. 2	Lyttelton	5	Temple	1
	Chandos	1	Walpole	2
	Grafton	1	Cobham	3
	Grenville	9	Chatham	1
Semi's.	Lyttelton	3	Walpole	4
	Cobham	0	Grenville	6
Third Place	Cobham	8	Lyttelton	7
Final	Walpole	4	Grenville	9

R.S.



BADMINTON

The previous issue of *The Stoic* concluded with the result of our match against Magdalen College School, Oxford, but there was no account of that memorable day. After an interesting encounter, spanning one pair each of 1sts Colts and U.14's, we returned to our coach parked on Magdalen Bridge, only to find it had broken down. There followed the hilarious sight of six lads, assorted sizes, endeavouring to push the extravagant 53 seater off the bridge and into action. Such is the tolerance of those residing under the Dreaming Spires that soon a veritable army was straining every muscle — alas, to no avail. When the relief coach proceeded to lose its way, we had no option but to take refuge in the nearby Tandoori and curry favour. There David Rotheroe was treated to an unexpected birthday celebration and laughter prevailed. In our next match against Royal Latin there were no distractions and to round off the season the 1sts defeated Stowe Estates Club after an entertaining evening. The Yearlings' Yuletide Tournament was won by the aforementioned Rotheroe, mi., who defeated his colourful compatriot William Atkinson in the final.

This term was rather special. It began with the 1sts again taking the measure of Abingdon, this time by a 9—0 margin. In February Royal Latin arrived for the last in a series of good humoured encounters. The example of their Captain, Scott Higgs, was, as ever, the epitome of all that is good in sport, and after the game both teams enjoyed a well-earned beer to mark the occasion. At Uppingham we were truly tested, their first two pairs being of oriental origin and the standard of the Badminton was awesome. It was fitting that our top pairs, Gerbet and Stradling, and the Boardman Brothers, should both end their School careers with narrow victories in the last two matches on court. Both Anglo-Chinese contests were fierce three setters, the Boardmen fought back from match point down, and together they were superb to watch. After a repeat win over Magdalen College School the squad concentrated its attention on the Stowe Tournament, which was much enhanced with the kind donation by Mr. and Mrs. Boardman of the Robert and Philip Boardman Cup for the Open Doubles, a magnificent trophy. In a good three set final Gerbet and Stradling denied the famous russet twins a taste of their own silverware, and when J. P. Gerbet defeated Piers Stradling in the Singles, he was completing a hat-trick of titles. No Badminton player has been so successful here, and his record will stand for some, perhaps all time.

The Colts have grown in confidence and skill with every match. Their win in November over R.L.S. was improved upon in February, and they defeated both Abingdon and Uppingham convincingly. James Allday won the Colts Championship, again in three sets, defeating his doubles partner and Captain, Richard Hill. Not surprisingly they lifted the Doubles title with an efficient victory over Nick Mellor and Adam Reed. Hill and Allday were awarded their Colours in recognition of a fine year.

But the last word must be with Gerbet, Stradling and the Boardmen. In four years' Badminton they lost only once, a record that speaks for itself. On every occasion, be it practice or match, they were reliable, professional, valiant and great company. Such qualities are rare. They leave with my unstinted admiration and eternal thanks.

C.R.H.



Stowe 1sts Badminton 1984.

GOLF

The Spring Term was a very valuable exercise in team building and match hardening for a young and inexperienced side. Results: one win, one half and four losses — were not impressive, but by the end of term the obvious promise of the younger players was starting to show.

Sadly, with a change of Headmaster at Southport our fixture with King George V School was not possible at the end of term. However, at fairly short notice, Collyers School, Horsham was able to take their place (to which David Arnold, formerly on the staff at Stowe, had moved as Head from King George V School). A thoroughly enjoyable two day match, played on their delightful and testing inland course at Mannings Heath, was much appreciated by our hosts and ourselves. Their team, led by an English Schools International and another 5 handicap player, was too strong for us playing on their home course, but by the end of the singles played on the last morning the gap between the two sides had narrowed significantly, with three of the individual matches being lost very narrowly, and one won decisively.

With this side reinforced by Jeremy Rigg playing at number two for our five in the Micklem Trophy at Woking early in the Easter holidays, I had an inkling we would do well, as all had sound swings and good golfing temperaments. In the event our victories by 4—1 in each case over successively Wellington, Bradfield and Winchester to win the final exceeded expectations. The team was magnificently supported by the reserves, other Stoics and parents. A particular word of thanks to the official Captain and Vice-Captain, Nick McAleer and Craig Williamson, who though not selected for the actual matches still nobly and unselfishly encouraged and supported their team mates. With the same five available next year, three for several more years, and other promising players in the wings, things look encouraging for the future, but it may be less easy starting as favourites next time, especially as other schools are making a determined effort to improve.

Micklem Trophy Team: C. J. Rotheroe, J. P. Rigg, P. J. T. Cooper, D. J. M. Douglas, C. H. Perring.

Other Results:	v. Stowe Golf Club	Won	4	—3
	v. Harrow	Halved	3	—3
	v. Old Stoics	Lost	4½	—1½
	v. Buckingham G.C.	Lost	4	—0
	v. Northampton County G.C.	Lost	4½	—3½
	v. Collyers School	Lost	9½	—2½

M.D.D.

CANOEING

Over the last two terms a variety of things has been happening in the Canoe Club. With the arrival of four new canoes for use in the swimming pool we began repairing the old ones and putting foam on the ends to protect the sides of the pool. The Autumn Term was spent doing this and last term a Monday extra repair session helped finish this work. Last term we had a great many Third and Fourth Formers using the eight canoes in the swimming pool and it was good to see so much interest. We hope all those who canoed last term will keep it up! Eight of us and three masters had a very enjoyable trip to South Wales where we gave the beginners a taste of surf. On the way we stopped at Symonds Yat where the beginners learnt to control their canoes in water that was moving at a considerable speed. We hope to have more trips this term and that the Club will continue to grow.

R.J.H.W.

FENCING

This term has not been as successful as I had hoped through lack of numbers in the Club, especially lack of novices. But we have had some encouraging results from the senior members.

We entered four people into the Berks., Bucks. and Oxon Sabre U.18 Competition, N. G. M. Anderton, T. A. Brackett, N. A. Tarcy, P. J. Freeland, and through tough opposition Anderton got the gold medal and the others 4th, 5th and 6th places. We also beat Headington School at foil. And I hope with more members great things will happen in the future.

N. G. M. Anderton

FIRST XI FOOTBALL

We have had a talented squad this year, although there were no individual stars. The team has, however (at full strength), had a better balance than in previous years. As usual our problem has not been a lack of enthusiasm, but simply the unavailability of some of our best players in crucial matches, especially against Rugby, a bad defeat, and the Giants, a loss by three goals to two. It was a great credit that we managed to score twenty-six goals in eight matches against many teams that play full time. We let our opposition score 21 times, however. At least the matches were entertaining!

Lockwood's and Hobday's tackling and commitment were an example to all of us, as were the deft touches and skill of Roxborough and Bartlett, both of whom, unfortunately, were not seen enough of. It was left to Foster (in goal), Baker, Moore (the most improved player of the season) and Macdonald to provide continuity throughout the season. They all worked tirelessly and their performances were not always given the credit they deserved. Stradling, a prolific and effective goalscorer, and Thomas, a young but imaginative and strong defender, were also excellent in the matches they played.

Finally I must thank Mr. Norris for all his work in making this a happy and successful season for all the boys in Stowe Football.

H. M. King

The following have represented the First XI: H. M. King (Captain), A. C. Macdonald (Vice-Captain), A. R. Moore, I. J. Roxborough, M. P. Stradling, F. G. Foster, H. R. Thomas, A. A. Lockwood, J. T. Hobday, M. J. Bartlett, J. A. H. Woolley, J. W. Salamon, L. G. Turner.

Football Colours were awarded to: H. M. King, A. C. Macdonald, A. R. Moore and I. J. Roxborough.

STOWE BEAGLES

The last season saw the departure of Charles Hamilton-Russell as Master and the start of Robin Oliver's Mastership. Hounds struggled somewhat after our visit to Northumberland (during which we had some of the best hunting ever up there) due to the dryness of the ground. The lack of rain affected us all the more on ploughed land with winter wheat sown, because the wheat had not germinated yet and there was no damp holding the powdery soil.

From the beginning of the season, however, we had some good sport and killed our only 'chopped' hare early in the season. We eventually killed eleven brace of hares, but this low total belies the tremendous fun that has been had.

After Christmas scent improved dramatically with an increase in rainfall. With scent so good hounds hunted extremely well and often almost too fast for us to keep up reasonably. Some very good days were had, notably at Eydon Hall, Wakefield Lodge and Wardington, with many other good runs, frequently ending successfully.

Looking forward to the Summer; there are already three litters of puppies in the kennels and soon there will be the showing season, in which we hope to win a good number of prizes, and finally our Puppy Show and Hunt Ball take place on July 14th. We look forward, expectantly, to another good season.

R. S. G. Oliver

GIRLS' GAMES

The increase in the number of girls in the School this year has enabled us to field better teams and we have had our most successful winter season to date.

HOCKEY: Won 5; Drawn 3; Lost 1.

Full Colours: Jane Miller, Sarah Power, Anne-Louise Jones.
Half Colours: Rebecca Morris, Vanessa Morison, Belinda Evison.

LACROSSE: Won 6; Lost 3.

Full Colours: Sapphire Brown, Joanna da Silva, Claire Beaumont, Julia Jay.
Half Colours: Anna Rickards, Laura Louthan.

NETBALL: Won 4; Lost 1.

Full Colours: Claire Beaumont.
Half Colours: Helen Mills, Belinda Neale, Julia Jay.

SQUASH: Won 1; Lost 3.

Colours: Jane Miller.

SWIMMING: Won 3; Lost 0.

J.A.N.



SHOOTING

Small-bore:

Shooting continues to flourish, with more boys than ever before entering B.S.S.R.A. postal competitions. A total of 12 teams were entered in the Spring and Autumn Terms, and of these four were placed second in their leagues.

Congratulations to our Club Captain A. Briant who successfully reached the semi-final round of the Association Championship, and to our Secretary M. Seabrook who was knocked out in the quarter-final.

In the Autumn Term we also enjoyed two away matches, an open meeting at Aldersley, and a shoulder to shoulder against Bryanston at Blandford.

A C.C.F. VIII entered both the *Country Life* Competition and the Staniforth Cup; results are to be announced.

The winners of the Casualty Cup, September 1983 were Cobham who knocked out Walpole in the final of a close-run competition.

Full-bore:

At Bisley last summer a young team performed well on Ashburton Day, securing our highest recorded total of 453/560 which promises well for the future. We were placed at 58/72 of schools entered, and our Cadet Pair did well to come 25/59. Our best shot of the day was M. Seabrook who narrowly missed a medal in the Spenser-Mellish, scoring 43/50.

Ashburton Team: A. Briant, M. Seabrook, M. Griffin, P. Methuen, N. Munyard, N. Llewellyn, M. Beaufort, S. Godden.

Cadet Pair: D. Beverley-Jones, R. Weller. **Ninth Man:** J. Mackintosh-Gow.

In October we entered two teams for S.E.D.S.A.M. at Pirbright and had particularly successful shooting. Our Senior Team placed 15/60 with M. Seabrook coming second and winning a medal in the Gallery Match.

The Junior Team placed 3/40, with S. Godden and J. Mackintosh-Gow winning medals in Rifle and L.M.G. matches respectively.

Team 'A': A. Briant, M. Seabrook, D. Baldwin, P. Methuen.

Team 'B': N. Llewellyn, M. Beaufort, S. Godden, J. Mackintosh-Gow.

Over the last two terms we have been most fortunate in securing the kind assistance of Mr. J. de Havilland in coaching our boys both at small and full-bore shooting. We are most grateful for his assistance in overhauling our 7.62 mm rifles during the Christmas vacation. This term's full-bore season is about to start, and we look forward to some much improved results at Bisley.

S. O. C.

CHESS

Chess was revived this year and numerous promising players emerged, so we hope to play School matches next year.

House Teams: Chandos (Hobday, Hardie, Nelson, Thorogood) beat Cobham 3—1 in the final.

Individual: Hobday, Mander and Bush were still in contention at time of writing.

M.E.

BRIDGE

The School has had another successful year, the most notable results being:

Daily Mail Cup National Schools Championship:

Stowe 'A' (Hobday, Gumpel, Lockwood, Yallop, ma.) qualified for the semi-final in which they were 4th with only the first three teams going on to the final.

House Teams: Temple (Blakesley, Grice, Hinds, Rosselli) beat Cobham in final.

House Pairs: Temple (Blakesley, Grice).

Under 16 Pairs: Sparling, Drage.

National Simultaneous Pairs: Naish, Blakesley, 254th out of 4,750 pairs.

National Junior Simultaneous Pairs: Hobday, Yallop, ma., 7th out of 281 mostly University pairs.

Oxfordshire Simultaneous Pairs: Yallop, ma., G.M.H., 7th out of 214 pairs.

We are sad to be losing Hobday and Lockwood who have contributed much to the School's Bridge throughout their time here, but with an experienced senior foursome of Gumpel, Yallop, Naish and Blakesley remaining and several promising younger players, prospects for next year are good.

M.E.

C.C.F.

With a shortage of officers, particularly on the Army side, we continue to rely heavily on the enthusiasm and commitment of the NCOs. CSM Patrick has set a fine example as Senior Cadet. Under a new scheme he has been selected as one of four Lord Lieutenant's Cadets for Buckingham. As well as sporting a fine badge he can be called upon to attend ceremonial functions from time to time.

C/Sgt. Adams has been most thorough and efficient as Quartermaster. Sgt. Briant has worked hard with Mr. Collins to improve the standard of shooting. We have also had enormous help with alignment of rifles and coaching from a parent, Mr. J. A. de Havilland, who is Captain of the English Eight.

Mr. Hambly, with experienced help from Sgt. Baldwin and Streeton, has successfully re-designed the Assault Course. The large death-slide is now even more of a nightmare; two scrambling nets have been added and a fair attempt made to control some of the mud, although a certain quantity has to remain as part of the experience.

Mr. Thomas has graciously suffered the indignity of mixing blue with khaki. We had hoped he might be able to start a RAF Section next September, but sadly he will be leaving the staff at the end of the year.

We are grateful to Mr. Mullineux and Mr. Swallow for preparing those cadets who were bold enough to go on Adventurous Training in Wales. For the first time in the last few years we had some wild weather which helped drive home some of the points: 'COLD CAN KILL' from the Army training film of that name; Don't plan a route without looking carefully at the contours; Grid to Mag add; Wear good boots, etc.—made during training. Most were glad of the luxury accommodation at Base Camp.

We have started using Salisbury Plain on a regular basis for training at weekends and on Field Days. Last December we joined up with the Buckingham ACF for exercise Snowbuk, devised by Mr. Brannan. Early this year, in slightly milder conditions, we let nearly the whole Contingent loose with the hope that most of them would be in the right area before live firing started! On a previous occasion we ended up doing a platoon attack on a Rapier Battery with six Chieftain tanks thundering past!

M.E.M.

D. of E.

The number of participants in the D. of E. is currently 104 with 46 involved at Bronze level, 38 at Silver and 20 at Gold. At all levels the boys and girls are following four different sections which are Service, Skills, Physical Recreation and Expedition.

Improvements to our present store are under way at the time of writing and this should help to make preparations for future Field Days easier.

There follow a few reports on our last two expeditions. We are currently planning and looking forward to our next Field Day in the Peak District, and also to the Summer Camp which is likely to take place in the Lake District this year.

K.R.S.H.

D. of E. FIELD DAY

This term, for the Silver D. of E. Field Day some of us organised a cycling trip.

We, along with the walkers, went to the Forest of Dean. Despite the fact that it is on a high plateau, which meant a steep climb on difficult terrain, the first day went smoothly with no major problems. After an overnight camp in a clearing we embarked on the second stage of our journey. Most of this was down hill which was to our advantage, as the wet and windy weather was not. We arrived safely at our destination after a successful Field Day.

Guy Murray

D. of E. SILVER FIELD DAY

After a lengthy coach journey we were dropped in snowy blizzards about eight miles from the camp site. All groups successfully reached camp about an hour before dark in fairly cold conditions with occasional falls of snow. Unfortunately overnight most groups' attitude towards tidiness slackened. But having spent a fairly sound sleep we were slow to get up and lacking in efficiency in packing up our tents and rucksacks. After being strictly lectured by our frantic masters most of us had long, difficult walks through hazardous mists and blizzards up 'Pen-y-Fan', but apart from one group who were unlucky to get lost and walk further than they should have done, we arrived on time at the coach. Overall everyone enjoyed a difficult Field Day. Special thanks must go to the Masters who were under a lot of pressure during the two days.

Justin Phillips

FIELD DAY AUTUMN 1983

10.00 a.m. Sunday, 9th October, 1983: We set off in our coach down South towards the Welsh border for two days walking in the Forest of Dean. Two hours later the first six-man group was being dropped off at their pre-destined place. The weather was overcast and it seemed likely that it might rain which would ensure two uncomfortable days walking. We were dropped off at an obscure parking place on the A4136. We stiffly clambered off the coach, got our School packed lunch and began the 4½ mile march.

At about 1.30 p.m. we called a halt and took our lunch. The scenery was pleasant, a forest trail leading towards the River Wye and our objective "Biblins". However exotic it sounds Biblins turned out to be no more than a couple of adjacent fields and a public loo about a hundred yards down a dirt road. And so, after a short walk by the river we arrived at our "lodgings" at about 3.30 — 4.00 o'clock.

By 5.00 o'clock everybody had arrived and by 5.30 the tents were erected and everybody had started to think of their stomachs. Food distributed, the Primus portable camping stoves were started and the cooking began at about 6.00 o'clock and everybody enjoyed a meal cooked better than at School!

After dark a traditional bonfire was lit and shortly afterwards everybody retired to their tents. At 2.00 a.m. a lot of people were awakened by a strong pitter, patter on the fly-sheet and the tents inevitably became harried and sleeping difficult (apart from, of course the Masters and Mistress who had erected a mini-house of P.V.C. and probably slept unruffled). I think everybody slept fitfully that night.

By 6.00 a.m. it had stopped.

8.00 a.m. Monday, 10th October: By now everybody was awake, the sun was shining and everybody was thankful for what looked like a pleasant day's walking. A breakfast of sorts was prepared and the tents were dismantled and by 10.00 a.m. everybody had departed (except the Masters who were casually loading their "house" into the mini-bus!)

We left (notably the last) and we started at a fair pace. The route was a forest trail near the river at first rising parallel to it. We spent a lot of the first two hours going up. At a place called Coleford we lunched briefly and resumed our journey on a dismantled railway which provided a good view the whole time. We stopped every forty minutes for a ten minute break until about 4.30 when we came to the last two miles at Parkend.

At about 5.15 we arrived at "The Barracks" after an extremely hard day's hiking and the six of us clambered into the mini-bus and we left the Forest of Dean thankfully behind us.

D. R. M. Priestley

GEOGRAPHY FIELD COURSE...1984— 'SNOWDONIA'

Nearly 50 Stoics boarded the coach on Wednesday, 21st March to go to the Drapers' Field Studies Centre, Rhyd-y-creuau; near Betws-y-coed. Our journey took us through the Midlands to Telford—'the birthplace of industry', where we saw the glacial spillway, Ironbridge Gorge.

Our four-day intensive course dealt entirely with physical geography and was clearly divided into two types of work, descriptive and analytical. Our descriptive studies took us to the beautiful areas of Cwm Idwal, the Llanberis and the Nant Ffrancon Valley. In addition to this we travelled to Llienawg in Anglesey and Criccieth Beach where many stones were analysed both for their dimensions and their degrees of roundness.

For the most part we were lucky with the weather, being subjected only once to the worst of Welsh weather. Even then the Stoic spirit prevailed, although the results from that afternoon's work were minimal.

On Sunday afternoon most Stoics took the coach back, either to Stowe or to Bletchley Station, but I remained in Wales for another week. Even though a great deal of work had been copied-up on the evenings of the course, a far greater amount was left to be dealt with—perhaps an indication of how much material had been packed into four days. It was an undoubted success for the students, for D.R.F. and N.C.G. who were able to pass on their knowledge to yet another batch of Stoic 'A' level candidates, and R.S.J.N. for whom it was his first Stowe Field Course. Finally I must thank the coach driver who drove fantastically and on some occasions must have thought we were all quite mad!

S. J. Kyte



Devonian Pillow Lavas at Chipley, Devon

Photograph by Valentine Beresford



The Geologists at Knowle Quarry, Okehampton, Devon

Photograph by Valentine Beresford



OLD STOIC NEWS

The Rev. C. R. P. Anstey (Chatham 1941) is Vicar of St. James's, Gretton, with St. John the Evangelist, Caldecott and St. Leonard's, Rockingham (1984).

F. H. F. Banbury (Cobham 1929) produced "The Aspern Papers" at Theatre Royal, Haymarket (1984).

S. R. Clegg (Chatham 1978) is responsible for the BAOR skiing display for H.M. The Queen's visit in May 1984 and has been appointed Manager of the British Biathlon Ski team for the World Championships in 1985.

D. S. Cowper (Grafton 1960) left Plymouth to circumnavigate the globe in the former lifeboat *Mabel E. Holland* in April 1984.

K. Emrys-Roberts (Cobham 1940) composed and conducted the music for the BBC2 series "Strangers and Brothers" in which **E. C. Hardwicke** (Chandos 1950) played a prominent rôle (1984).

R. B. English (Chatham 1965) is Senior Lecturer in Inorganic and Analytical Chemistry at Rhodes University in South Africa (1984).

J. R. Freeland (Chatham 1945) is the Legal Adviser to the Foreign and Commonwealth Office (1984).

R. B. J. Gadney (Grafton 1959) wrote the TV series "Kennedy" which was nominated for several BAFTA awards and which has now been published in book form (1983/1984).

H. L. Goodall (Lyttelton 1974) wrote the music for the BBC TV series "Black Adder", Wayne Sleep's "Hot Shoes" and "Dash". His musical "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" opened in Zurich in December 1983. In February 1984 his English musical "The Hired Man" (librettist Melvyn Bragg) opened in Southampton.

Sir Peter Henderson (Walpole 1941) was created a Life Peer in the New Year's Honours List for services as Clerk to the Parliaments (1984).

R. Kee (Grafton 1937) has published "The World We Left Behind" (Wiedenfeld & Nicholson). (1984).

G. C. H. Lawson (Grenville 1958) completed three years as Chairman of Governors of the City of London School in 1979. He has been a member of the Court of Common Council since 1971 and is Chairman of the Corporation of London Housing Committee and of the Finance and Resources Committee of the Camberwell Health Authority.

P. B. Lucas (Grenville 1934) was the guest golfer on BBC2 "Around with Allis" in November 1983 and was the subject of "This is Your Life" on 11th April 1984.

The Hon. Alistair McAlpine (Temple 1959) was created a Life Peer in the New Year's Honours List for services as Joint Honorary Treasurer to the Conservative Party (1984).

P. O. S. Marden (Grafton 1951) is Marketing Services Director of the "New Yorker" magazine.

H. Northey (Chandos 1965) was appointed an M.V.O. in the New Year's Honours List (1984).

R. C. Rawcliffe (Staff 1960-1980) is a Governor of Rossall School (1980).

Sir Brooks Richards (Temple 1936) is Chairman of C.S.M. Parliamentary Consultants (1984).

C. F. Roxburgh (Temple 1977) has been awarded a Fullbright Scholarship to Harvard Business School (1984).

The Hon. Sir John Sainsbury (Grenville 1945) has been appointed a Trustee of the Rhodes Trust (1984).

T. G. Smallman (Grenville 1957) is National President of the British Lubricants Federation (1983).

Christina J. Stallard (née Gould) (Stanhope 1978) has been awarded a Rotary Foundation Scholarship for study in USA in 1984/1985.

A. W. Stavert of Hoscote (Chandos 1957) is commanding the 2/52 Lowland Volunteers and was Mentioned in Despatches for service in Ulster in 1976.

B. E. Toye (Grafton 1956) is Alderman of the Lime Street Ward in the City of London (1983) and is Master Warden of the Company of Gold and Silver Wyre Drawers for 1984.

A. J. Watson (Staff 1955-1970) is Dean of Music at the Hong Kong Institute for the Performing Arts (1984).

A. P. West (Temple 1931) has published "Heritage" (Secker & Warburg) (1984).

R. M. Wheeler (Temple 1974) has founded an architectural practice—Mackenzie Wheeler Partnership (1983).

A. N. Whitty (Temple 1981) won the 1983 South African National Windsurfing Free-Style Championships and was placed 16th in the final of the 1983 World Championships in Canada.

A. R. Whitty (Temple 1980) was in the Wits University Windsurfing team which won the 1982 South African Universities Championship.

T. G. Wills-Sandford (Grafton 1958) won 1st prize for the Greater London Region in the *Times* National Computer competition and came 3rd in the National Final (1984).

The following were commissioned from R.M.A. Sandhurst to the Regiments stated in April 1984:

M. M. Berger (Grafton 1979) — Queen's Own Hussars.

T. W. P. O'Brien (Grafton 1978) — 16th/5th Lancers.

J. W. Ogden (Walpole 1979) — 13th/18th Royal Hussars.

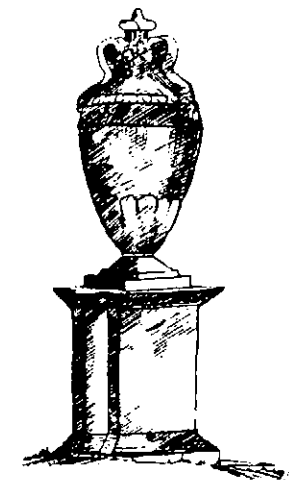
BIRTHS

R. V. M. E. Behar (Grenville 1959) a daughter on 20th April 1983.
The Hon. David Curzon (Cobham 1976) a daughter on 2nd April 1983.
P. E. Dawson (Walpole 1963) a son on 21st March 1982.
R. G. Edwards (Walpole 1962) a daughter on 28th May 1979.
R. B. English (Chatham 1965) a son on 13th July 1982.
D. D. Gambarini (Cobham 1976) a son on 2nd April 1983.
J. C. Gordon-Finlayson (Bruce 1967) a son on 7th April 1984.
R. T. L. Halvorsen (Grenville 1973) a son on 9th May 1983.
G. L. Harvey (Grenville 1969) a daughter on 7th February 1984.
G. H. Josselyn (Temple 1970) a daughter on 3rd April 1984.
J. W. Kennon (Grenville 1971) a son on 5th April 1984.
A. J. Laird Craig (Bruce 1972) a daughter on 22nd March 1984.
D. R. Lees-Jones (Grenville 1965) a daughter on 21st November 1983.
J. C. B. Lucas (Grenville 1970) a son on 26th November 1981.
G. L. MacLeod-Smith (Walpole 1972) a daughter on 5th December 1983.
P. D. W. Nicholl (Bruce/Lyttelton 1967) a daughter on 30th January 1984.
D. J. L. Robinson (Chatham 1973) a son on 27th July 1981 and a daughter on 25th February 1983.
The Hon. David Russell (Temple 1964) a daughter on 15th November 1983.
C. J. Tate (Walpole 1971) a son on 17th March 1984.
B. E. Toye (Grafton 1956) a son on 16th December 1983.
M. C. H. Vey (Bruce 1974) a son on 20th December 1983.



MARRIAGES

G. M. Brown (Grafton 1974) to Alison Rowe in April 1980.
J. A. W. Cheyne (Chandos 1975) to Federica Napolitani on 10th March 1984.
J. M. Diack (Temple 1956) to Lucinda Binstead on 2nd March 1984.
T. L. Dore (Chatham 1974) to Julie Griffin on 23rd November 1983.
R. G. Edwards (Walpole 1962) to Lorraine Yates on 7th November 1975.
N. G. Gilhead (Grenville 1970) to Nereide Fisher on 28th January 1984.
Christian J. Gould (Stanhope 1978) to Hugh Stallard on 9th July 1983.
G. L. Harvey (Grenville 1969) to Henrietta Jane Almond Gibson on 24th September 1980.
J. R. Hunter-Coddington (Chandos 1958) to Fabienne Renee Marcelle Devinat on 25th October 1980.
G. H. Josselyn (Temple 1970) to Felicity Grootenhuis on 12th April 1980.
J. W. Kennon (Grenville 1971) to Judith Mills.
R. N. C. Knight Bruce (Chatham 1972) to Catrina Finlay on 28th April 1984.
A. D. McGee (Lyttelton 1973) to Marie France Geneviève Faure de Neuvialle on 19th April 1980.
I. C. McI. Macleod (Chatham 1978) to Jeana Layne Williams on 17th December 1983.
A. R. J. Nicholl (Bruce 1967) to Maria Lucia Braga on 10th January 1984.
D. J. L. Robinson (Chatham 1973) to Elizabeth Mary Newton on 4th September 1976.
N. D. Sconce (Bruce 1958) to Meg Dashwood on 11th June 1983.
A. B. Shellim (Chandos 1961) to Anne Ripper on 23rd September 1983.
J. M. Spanton (Temple 1969) to Jill Grace Darlington on 16th April 1983.
The Hon. Sir Peter Vanneck (Bruce 1939) to Elizabeth Forbes in February 1984.
J. R. B. Williams-Ellis (Temple 1941) to Margaret Mackie on 10th December 1983.



DEATHS

- A. G. R. Atkins** (Grenville 1944) in 1982.
R. M. Bartlett (Temple 1947) on 6th March 1984.
M. C. Caiger-Smith (Temple 1950) on 3rd February 1984.
A. B. Clifford (Staff 1925-1962) on 24th January 1984.
N. P. Crookston (Temple 1930) on 24th November 1983.
W. J. Davis (Bruce 1930) on 1st January 1984.
E. A. Eaton (Chandos 1927) in the Autumn of 1983.
G. B. Edwards (Walpole 1958) on 7th June 1983.
J. M. L. Forster (Chatham 1928) on 10th January 1984.
P. D. Forsyth-Forrest (Temple 1940) on 5th March 1984.
H. L. Gilbert (Humphrey Lestocq) (Temple 1937) on 29th January 1984.
J. J. Hogan (Chandos 1978) in the Summer of 1981.
H. R. Kay (Grafton 1959) on 13th October 1983.
H. E. Josselyn (Temple 1931) on 13th October 1983.
G. R. A. Miskin (Walpole 1948) in 1983/1984.
M. J. Mounsey (Staff 1948-1965) on 5th February 1984.
A. B. Oliviera (Chandos 1942) on 10th November 1983.
E. C. S. Price (Chandos 1928) in December 1983.
J. D. F. Stow (Cobham 1930) in 1982/1983.
G. J. Thornton (Bruce 1934) in 1983/1984.



Anna Walsh



R. Cazalet

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