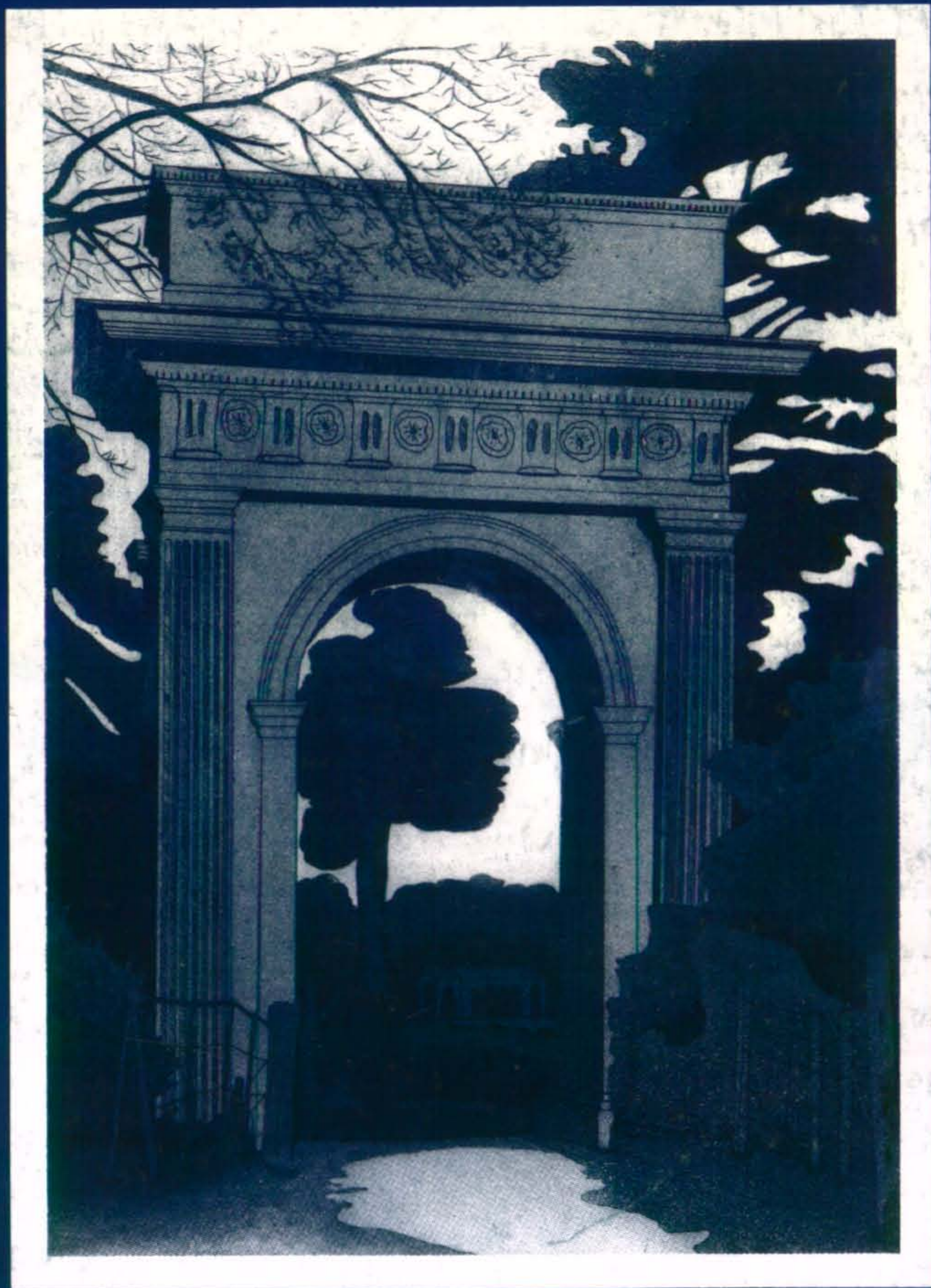
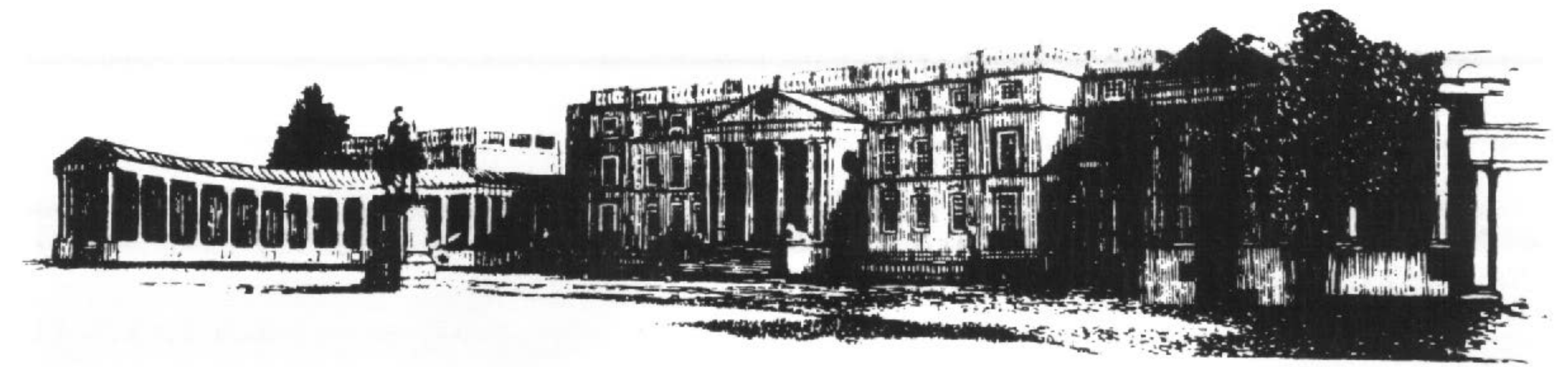


THE STOIC



May 1987

Number one hundred and seventy-nine



Vol. XXX
Number 1
May 1987

THE STOIC

*Inside Front Cover—
Photograph by Alexandra Goldsmith*

Editors:
A. B. P. H. Northcote
J. A. Kaldor
M. P. Goodwin-Hudson (*Original Contributions*)
N. A. Holland (*Original Contributions*)
Alexandra J. Goldsmith (*Photography*)
J. P. Summers (*Advertising*)
Staff Editors: Mr. E. S. Thompson
Dr. T. A. Ozturk

EDITORIAL

READERS will have noticed certain changes in the appearance of *The Stoic*. The editors were motivated to make these changes with the aim of channelling the multifarious talents available in the School into the production of the magazine. We were, therefore, influenced by both practical and creative considerations. The enlarged format will enhance the presentation of photographs and art-work, while the double-column text will increase readability. Thus, rather than an actual badge on the front cover, examples of Stoics' creativity will be, we hope, a "badge" more eloquent of the School's achievements.

At the same time, many links with the past have been maintained: for example, the unique lettering of the title, the type-face, the School badge (on the back cover). School records will, of course, always be a primary feature of the magazine. *The Stoic*, many feel, should exhibit a growth and development in parallel to that of Stowe itself. The editors have attempted to reflect new thinking, while remaining faithful to *The Stoic's* traditions. We shall, therefore, be grateful for comments and observations on how successful this balance has been.

Turning now to School events, the short Spring Term offered us as usual a hectic, but rewarding, schedule. Term commenced with snow-storms and ice-bound lakes and landscape. Staff in outlying areas had to negotiate their way valiantly through blizzards and almost impassable roads. Many pupils could not return until the weekend or after. Sporting activities were virtually decimated; however, Mr. Weston's Arctic Programme saw us through.

Some major events of the term included the Pupils' Concert in February, which was a highly successful occasion marked by a gratifying level of proficiency and support. The Drama Festival was once again a great success, thanks in part to the splendid commitment of the participants and, of course, Mr. Small's galvanising spirit. Equally well supported and enthusiastically received was the Staff Musical, "Oklahoma!", which took place at the beginning of this term, and will be reviewed in the next issue.

An exciting and stimulating enterprise was the exchange with Stantonbury School. Additionally, Stowe has established connections with the Japanese School at Milton Keynes. (Readers will find reports on both events inside).

We welcome Mr. A. K. Murray to the Geography department and Miss F. J. Lockton to the Biology department.

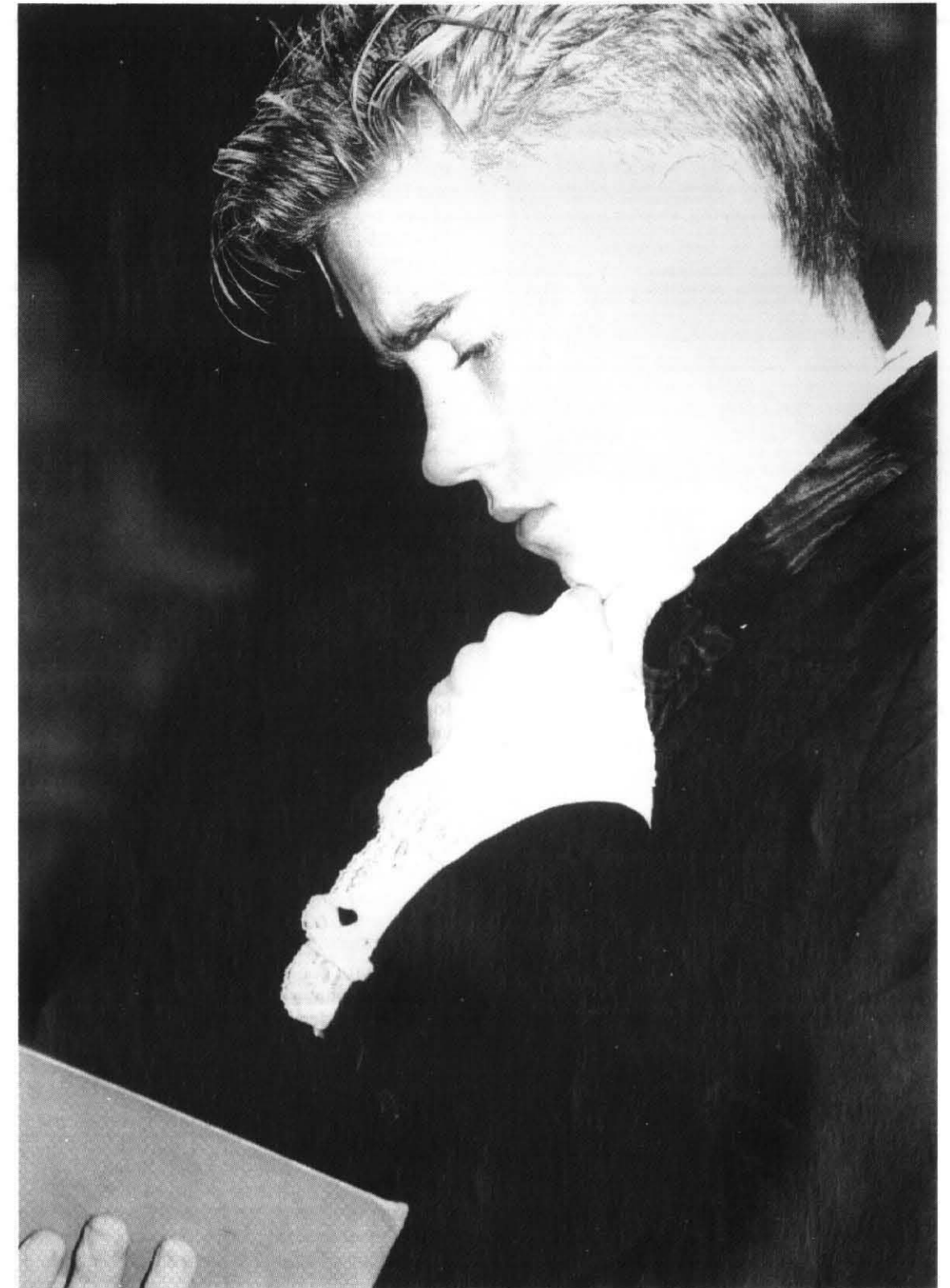
We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Ross on the birth of their son, Liam Robert, Mr. and Mrs. Grill on the birth of their son, Christopher Joseph, Mr. and Mrs. Murray on the birth of their son, Thomas Christopher, and Mr. and Mrs. Selormey on the birth of their son, Tsatsu.

With regret we must say farewell this term to the following members of the community: Mr. Ross is going to Ampleforth as Head of Modern Languages and Mr. Grill to Dauntsey's School as Head of Geography. In the next issue we shall remember their services in more detail. Our best wishes go to Mr. Hancock; we hope his year as Artist in Residence has been enjoyable and we thank him for his many valuable contributions to School life. And, finally, we extend special thanks to Mr. Rainer for returning to Stowe as a part-time teacher of Maths. over the last two terms.

E.S.T./T.A.O.

The Prefectorial body consists currently of the following:

N. H. Groves	Head of School
P. M. Tetlow	Second Prefect and head of Temple
J. C. J. Yeoward	Deputy Head of School
J. R. Hazell, ma.	Head of School Elect.
S. P. Ferrand	Prefect of Mess
R. S. M. Morris	General Duties
A. R. Adam	Head of Grenville
M. S. Appleby	Head of Lyttelton
B. L. Bannister	Head of Walpole
R. C. Boulogne, ma.	Head of Bruce
Sarah H. Campbell	Head of Stanhope
L. E. Chauveau	Prefect of Shop
A. P. C. Craig	Prefect of Mess
Fiona M. C. Craig	Head of Nugent
J. P. Crosby	Head of Grafton
E. W. Heard	Prefect of Chapel
J. R. O. Jones-Perrott	Prefect of Sanctions
M. D. Lewis	Prefect of Library
I. D. Mattingly, ma.	Head of Chatham
M. P. Moore	Head of Cobham
C. W. Royds	Prefect of Sanctions
A. D. H. Sugars	Prefect of Grounds
J. P. Summers	Prefect of Defaulters
R. J. H. Woolley	Head of Chandos



D. H. Jones as Hamlet



C. E. O. Allerton, D. H. Jones

DRAMA

Congreve Club Play

HAMLET: PRINCE OF DENMARK by William Shakespeare

A critic always approaches a production of *Hamlet* with a mixture of anticipation and trepidation. One hopes for riveting drama but fears disaster in inexperienced hands. Here one's first impressions were entirely favourable. The set, superbly painted by G.St.J.S. and M.D.L.H., and constructed by Stoics under M.A.C., achieved at once the effects of realism and stylised utility (though its static nature foreshadowed some technical problems). Equally satisfying was the wonderful, haunting overture, scored specially for this performance by S. A. I. Thompson.

After the cold and eerie chiaroscuro of the first Ghost scene, the play opened in brilliant fashion: the lights revealing a riot of colour and costume of a Ruritanian *mise-en-scène*, set in 1892, or so the programme notes told us. (I can think of no reason for this specific date in such a vague setting). And so the chemistry of talents awaited the princely catalyst. *Hamlet* is all about the Prince, without whose effective persona, the whole play threatens to fall apart. Prince Hamlet is of an uniquely modern temperament. Unlike the Aristotelian character, whose moral choices stay in regard to action, Hamlet is closer to Henry James's notion of character in which everything is contingent upon personality.

The Congreve *Hamlet*, played by D. H. Jones, was too lachrymose, more petulant than melancholy. On occasions, his grave words, borne in the play from near-despair, were uttered almost unconsciously. The acting was, unfortunately, of uneven quality, the delivery of lines often undermining the well-crafted direction of movement and gesture. What makes Shakespeare, and *Hamlet* in particular, so especial is the power of the poetry. And while, for instance, R. C. Weatherby as a melodramatic Claudius, and Gay Longworth as Ophelia, projected the play's emotional *élan* energetically enough, one missed the language, that sheer, naked force of the tragedy that moves, delights and instructs. This poetry calls for sensitivity to metre and rhythm, but one wondered to what extent the players understood the words they were enunciating. No doubt, this method accorded with the current vogue in contemporary drama to put the colour of expression before the clarity of diction.

A notable exception to this criticism was Maya Salamon, who brought to her portrayal of Gertrude a natural poise and dignity. Her's was a mature characterisation, giving life to a part that is barely significant to the thrust of the play. Another praiseworthy performance belonged to S. P. Morgan's mountebank Player-King, so freely combining the Thespian and the ham that *Hamlet* rightly questioned why he should weep for Hecuba. Gay Longworth made Ophelia interesting for, while as dreamy as a school-girl, she played a pert daughter to a foolish Polonius (acted by M. Farah). Also, Ophelia's mad scenes, never easy on the stage, were allowed to move the hushed audience. And a word for Osric. For a minor rôle, this performance by J. N. L. Arlon was so remarkable that his absurd, limp-wristed and loose-hipped courtier caused much amusement, virtually upstaging Fortinbras' entry at the denouement.

As usual, poor Yorick got the best laughs, aided and abetted by the gravedigging duo, executed in indeterminate accents by the brothers Rutter, F.W.G. and A.C.E. (There was, alas, unintended humour in the death of Polonius, behind the rickety, makeshift bed and arras).

Notwithstanding the difficulties with the static backdrop ill-serving interior scenes, lapses in memory and a technically untidy ending, this was a resplendent production. I will not say that its ambitions exceeded its achievements, for the visual impact was most impressive. The Congreve Club gave the intractable material a distinct shape and tone, and I.M.S. ought to be congratulated for avoiding any facile interpretation or transposition, and permitting the play to stand for itself. This was a production successful in conveying the importance of the total effect of *Hamlet*, which is less an 'Everest of drama' than, in T. S. Eliot's words, 'the *Mona Lisa* of literature'.

T.A.O.



D. H. Jones (left), R. C. Weatherby (right)

F. W. G. Rutter, ma., A. C. E. Rutter, mi. as two gravediggers





Maya Salamon as Gertrude



Gay Longworth as Ophelia

THE 1987 HOUSE DRAMA FESTIVAL

It was reassuring to see a challenging selection of plays in this year's Festival. The tone of 1986 had been rather bland — too 'well-made' and 'well-cushioned' to be wholly attractive; 1987 saw a return to the more demanding plays which have often characterized this particular festival.

From that opening remark it may seem contradictory to pass straight to Grafton's production of Wilde's 'The Importance of Being Earnest' with its eponymous satire on Victorian values, but this was a production (by T. W. Bailey who also played Jack) which was freshly assessed, strongly cast and acted with panache. Algy is usually played as a rather debonair, 'laid-back' dandy: C. M. Lambert's interpretation of him as a rather self-centred, aggressive Hooray Henry fitted the text well and was a great delight, while Maya Salamon's pert but authoritative Lady Bracknell (who had clearly married into the aristocracy but was making the most of it) shed new light on what has often become a caricature.

There were no new plays in the selection, but several moved away from the conventional path. Chandos presented a moving version of 'Hamp', with a most effective performance from J. A. Kaldor as the First World War soldier who walks away from the noise of the guns and finds that his three-year service is no mitigation for the death sentence. Played on a bare stage with few props, this production demonstrated how successfully a good cast can trust to the audience's imagination. Lyttelton, after some delay, produced an effective, if rather static, version of Simon Gray's 'Quartermaine's Terms' with good performances from director D. H. Jones and G. H. B. Martin. The fourth play to use the Rehearsal Room was Temple's 'The Browning Version', which boasted a finely-edged portrayal of decline from B. Hesketh and a superlatively bitchy performance from Sophie Oliver.

In the Roxburgh Hall there were three productions, quite different in tone and concept. Chatham filled the stage with a large cast for a version of Erdman's 'The Suicide'. W. J. P. Atkinson held the play together in the central rôle, and there were some good vignettes around him. On the first night there was also some shameless upstaging, but this was put right at the second performance. It was a brave choice of play, as was Grenville's choice of Ayckbourn's 'How the Other Half Loves'. The latter was brave, not so much because of the material, which is boulevardesque, but for the sheer technical difficulty of handling a composite set convincingly. With the production in the capable hands of B. T. De Wynter we need not have worried: Grenville brought off even the trickiest passages with skill and tremendous verve, I. S.

Tennant and J. A. C. Ponté in full flood, and B. G. Whitfield accomplishing the most audacious and effective ad-libs I can remember!

The third production in the Roxburgh Hall was Bruce's 'One Way Pendulum', a play which they last essayed in the first Festival seven years ago. Opinion was divided on the merits of the play itself, some finding its surrealism as brilliant now as when it was first aired in the 1950's, others feeling the mannerisms to be dated. Naomi Stunt gave a pleasingly bold performance as Mabel Groomkirby and C. N. Royds was an outrageous Myra.

In other locations Nugent, Cobham and Walpole presented 'Suddenly Last Summer', 'My Three Angels' and 'My Cousin Rachel' respectively. The Tennessee Williams' play exerted a powerful effect in the long-ignored setting of the Marble Hall. With audience and carpets the echo was reduced to a barely noticeable hint, and Clare Benyon's and Clare Finch's performances were most successful. The direction by Katie Shillington and Harriet Lund was confident to the point of being inspired. Inspired, too, was Cobham's set (by J. L. G. Tew, D. S. Isham and Katie Downing) in the House-room; it was probably the finest house set since that for 'Journey's End' several years ago. On it, several effective actors presented a polished and amusing play: this raised the standard of Cobham plays a long way and was one of the Festival's major successes. The director was M. G. Reed. In Walpole N. A. Holland directed du Maurier's play with honesty and conviction, perhaps more than the play itself really deserves, for it does creak, especially in the exposition. Nevertheless, good playing from C. E. O. Allerton and Gay Longworth held the attention for an enjoyable evening.

Overall, production values were pleasingly high and a great deal of care and effort had gone into every presentation. Lighting, props, movement, as well as a wealth of characterisation, had been attended to thoroughly, and the receptive audiences showed the value of the enterprise. It was also pleasing to note (as a not-unrelated corollary) how many Stoics were involved, and how many of those improved their academic work at the same time! Our professional visitors this year included actors Glyn Haydn and Saul Jephcott, and writers Jeremy Burnham and Stephen Jefferys, and we are most grateful to them for their participation. With two writers present, perhaps this is the moment for a timely reminder that we are still eagerly awaiting our first world premiere at a Drama Festival. 1988, maybe?

I.M.S.

Bruce House Play

ONE WAY PENDULUM

by N. F. Simpson

'It didn't have a plot' or 'I didn't understand it' were two favourite comments muttered in annoyance by some of the audience, after having seen the Bruce House Drama Festival production of 'One Way Pendulum' by N. F. Simpson.

If understandable plot is the main criterion for drama, then N. F. Simpson is not for you, as his work sits somewhere between Monty Python and Not the Nine O'clock News and has the imagery of a Magritte painting.

It was, therefore, an extremely ambitious choice by Bruce and I was particularly impressed by the scenery, which had to change from a suburban sitting room into a court room at the Old Bailey. G. H. Bosworth and his team are to be complimented on the scenery and special effects, as they were a key factor in establishing the ambiguous reality of the play.

All the cast were strong and at their best in the courtroom scene where the clarity and diction of C. R. de Bunsen and J. P. Bingham were quite superb, as they played this comedy sequence so seriously. The parts of Myra Gantry and Aunt Mildred played by C. W. Royds and E. A. J. Butler were also extremely funny, but in a more slap-stick way, which did not always come off. Possibly the most difficult part was Mabel Groomkirby played by Naomi Stunt, who admirably projected the bored, bewildered housewife, who was confronted with utter chaos and yet was at her funniest when she appeared not to notice it. B. Chester Jones played very convincingly the eccentric Kirby Groomkirby, who tuned and conducted a variety of speak-your-weight machines and J. D. Fenton had a particularly sinister laugh as Robert Barnes.

To quote Maureen Cleave in a recent article about Alternative Comedy — "Sometimes inevitably the audience limps behind." This was indeed true of 'One Way Pendulum,' but this is no reason for not attempting this type of play, particularly in a Drama Festival and C. R. de Bunsen and all the cast are to be congratulated for staging a thought-provoking production.

The fact that so many Stoics discussed the play over the festival weekend was surely justification enough for its presentation.

G.St.J.S.

Temple House Play

THE BROWNING VERSION

by Terence Rattigan

There are some reasons for wondering whether Stoics are at times unduly fascinated by the mysterious tensions of school life. In the course of twelve months at Stowe, the present writer has been a spectator at productions of **The Happiest Days of Your Life**, **Unman, Wittering and Zigo**, and **Quartermaine's Terms** in addition to the play under review. Whether such a perspective is entirely healthy may be debatable, but there can be no doubt that the portrayal of schoolmasters in such productions can render the staff spectator uncomfortable at times.

The Browning Version is a powerful piece of drama and it would be surprising if there were no moments when the Temple cast wondered if they had been too ambitious in trying to stage it. On the other hand their production was unencumbered by elaborate extras with the result that, in the intimacy of the rehearsal room, we were relentlessly exposed to the dramatic tension of Rattigan's plot. Crocker-Harris's embittered disillusion (albeit imprisoned in a shell of scholarly self-discipline) was convincingly interpreted by B. Hesketh, in stark contrast to the unrestrained viciousness of his wife superbly played by Sophie Oliver. C. W. Burkinshaw gave us a suitably 'decent' rendering of the younger schoolmaster, but J. H. D. Dawson as Frobisher, the Headmaster, was perhaps not quite ruthless enough. Especially commendable was M. S. Baldini's sensitive blend of boyish mischief and good-natured loyalty, as Taplow, the young schoolboy, whose observation of the attitudes of his superiors provides some much needed relief from the claustrophobic intensity of their domestic life.

It must have taken the producers a great deal of careful thought to have cut the length of the play so successfully, and the result was impressive though, for this spectator, hardly enjoyable. For a schoolmaster to 'enjoy' **The Browning Version** he would probably have to sleep through it — a response which was not remotely possible in this well sustained performance. A final word of congratulation is merited by those responsible for the poster advertising the production. It repeatedly caught my eye and made my anticipation all the greater. I was not disappointed.

T.C.F.S.



Designed by M. Lowe and N. Meade



Bryn Hesketh as Andrew Crocker-Harris in Temple House's "The Browning Version"

Photograph by Max Lowe

Grenville House Play

HOW THE OTHER HALF LOVES

by Alan Ayckbourn

My wife and I experienced a truly splendid evening. I was envious of all the brilliant acting talent moving assuredly from one hilarious line to the next. The small cast of six had the un-nerving task of being in two places at the same time. A real nightmare for even the most accomplished of directors and actors.

The director, B. I. De Wynter, had selected a difficult play indeed, but the key to the potentially confusing staging is immediately established at the beginning by the use of two telephones, one on each differently coloured half of a table.

A. M. Guise portrayed Teresa Phillips, a modern, trendy and very untidy housewife, and her slovenly, ever-inebriate husband, Bob, was superbly played by J. A. C. Ponté. He had the audience in stitches with almost each and every utterance. After a politely quiet start, the audience warmed to the comic possibilities of the play.

P. J. Evelyn was marvellous as the pompous and somewhat affected middle-aged housewife. T. R. Fell was marvellously convincing in his rôle as the pernickety and tedious husband. As the lives of these two couples are slowly revealed by means of the telephone calls, the fable gains in complications. At this point, another couple, Mr. and Mrs. Featherstone (played respectively by I. S. Tennant and B. H. Whitfield) arrive on the scene. The costumes of the wives were in perfect harmony with their social stations.

I shall just say that the 'plot thickens' and avoid getting embroiled in lengthy explanations. Suffice it to say the highlight of the play for me was the 'dinner party' scene, which was riotously funny, bordering at times on slapstick. One whole scene revealed the talent of six very competent actors who carried out this scene with great discipline.

I must congratulate the director, and the stage-managers, M. D. Lewis and M. J. M. Lawman, who managed an enthusiastic Grenvillian crew of stage hands and lighting and sound technicians.

S.T.

Chandos House Play

FOR KING AND COUNTRY

(Based on John Wilson's 'Hamp')

Chandos House presented this play convincingly, providing a genuinely moving experience for an appreciative audience.

Astute casting contributed to well-defined performances. Thus C. M. King's Corporal of the Guard, with his bluff speech and imposing bulk, immediately informed us we were in the abrasive and yet—among the ranks—human world of the British Army in the Great War. J. Kaldor's Private Hamp was the central rôle: accused of desertion because he walks away from the slaughter of Paschendaele, he faces a short trial and the firing squad. We felt the pathos in Hamp's inarticulate honesty—who can no more explain his condition than can the meaningless "Shell Shock" label. D. Weatherby's Lieutenant Hargreaves expressed alternating sympathy and frustration as he vainly attempted to influence Hamp into "improving" his story. B. Northcote captured well the testifying M.O.'s lack of imagination (Hamp suffered "cold feet") and his bristling indignation under close questioning in the trial scene. The Army Court's President's bland starch and protocol were perfectly presented by R. Woolley, as was P. Saville's prosecuting counsel's cold scepticism.

Against Hargreaves' impassioned appeals was set the edgy exasperation of M. Biffa's Lieutenant Webb, who resents both Hamp's dense apathy and the Army's arbitrary regulations, especially since he dreads commanding the firing squad.

Left to right: J. Kaldor, M. Biffa, D. Weatherby



M. Manning, as the Padre, presided effectively over the touching scene of Hamp's last Communion. But in the shattering last minutes the execution is botched; Lieutenant Webb must finish off Hamp. The two officers depart in disgust to get the burial over with, leaving the despairing Padre with moral questions he cannot answer and the others have turned their backs on.

The small set, with its black walls, simple props and restrained lighting, was well-conceived. Both the direction and the acting showed commitment and careful thought.

E.S.T.

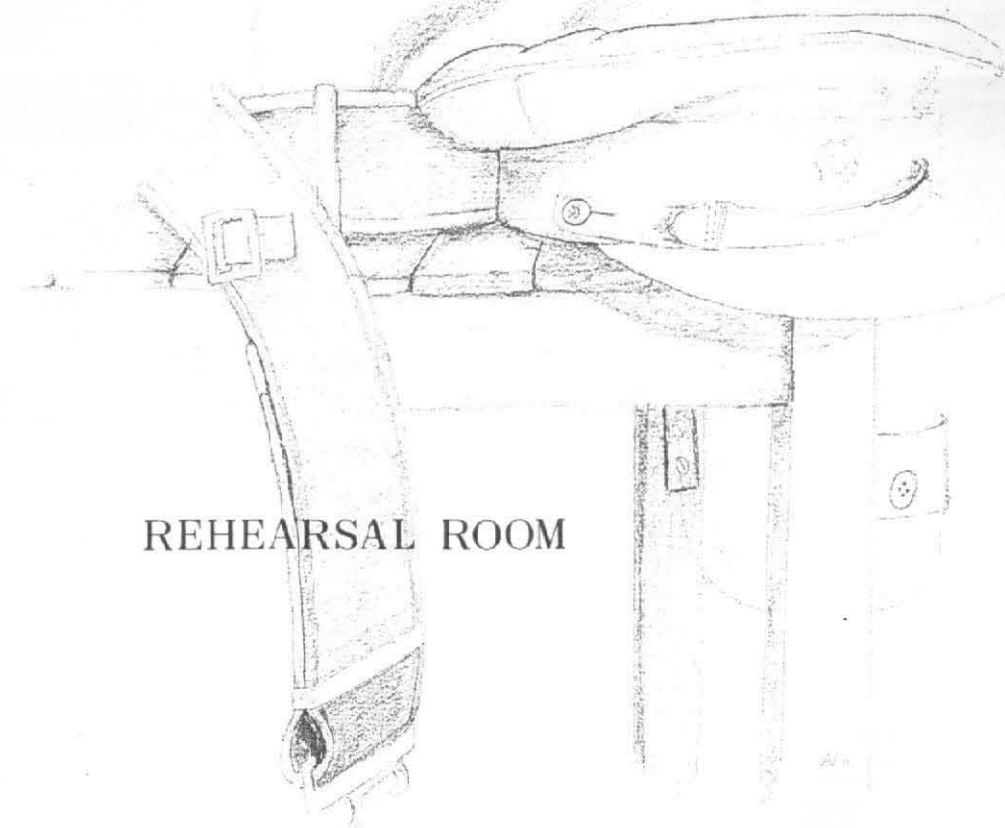


Left to right: Top: D. Weatherby, M. Biffa
Bottom: J. Kaldor, M. Manning.

CHANDOS HOUSE PRESENTS

FOR KING AND COUNTRY

BY J. WILSON



REHEARSAL ROOM

THURS 12th & SAT 14th

Designed by A. M. Veal

Cobham House Play

MY THREE ANGELS

By Sam and Becca Spenwack

Described as a 'friendly' play, *My Three Angels* certainly warmed the hearts of the audience. The play is set on Christmas Eve 1910, and concerns the Dulay family, living in French Guiana, South America. The family run a small general store near the prison, from which the 'three Angels', who are escaped convicts, descend.

The convicts, played to the full by S. McG. Smith, J. F. G. Vernon and N. A. C. Laurence, soon come under the spell of homely life and their own faded memories. The two factions explore each other's worlds, and it becomes clear that these convicts are, indeed, angels of mercy, sent to revive the ailing fortunes of the Dulay family.

J. A. R. King and M. D. Aldridge, as Mr. and Mrs. Dulay, held the stage and allowed the action to develop fluidly around them. P. J. D. Cowley was suitably myopic as the business man, Gaston Lamare.

The boys in women's rôles coped marvellously and were very convincing. At this point, I would like to congratulate I. P. Dunton for his excellent portrayal of Marie-Louise Dulay, the daughter of the family, who turned more than one pair of eyes.

Finally, full marks should be given to J. L. G. Tew, D. S. Isham and Catherine Downing for the wonderful set which, though small, was atmospheric.

M.D.L.H.



Left to right: A. McEwen, C. J. D. Mills, J. A. G. Norrie, S. R. C. Holmes

Photograph by M. M. Renwick, mi.

Chatham House Play

THE SUICIDE

by Nikolai Erdman

Taking on a play with a large cast and with a heavy reliance on female rôles involves a great deal of risk when the available actors are all males, and drawn from a group of less than seventy. Chatham is to be congratulated for involving more than half the house in the production, and for producing to a high standard a play which combined a very serious political statement with many touches of humour. I would happily have sat through two performances of Nikolai Erdman's "The Suicide," had I been able to do so.

If there were any prompts I neither heard them nor noticed any strange pauses, a notable achievement in a performance lasting 1½ hours. Although the considerable difference in acting ability amongst the performers was evident, there were no weak parts, and several very accomplished performances. The well-designed set, using simple scenery, perfectly complemented the powerful script and the technical direction was obviously competent in all respects. I would like to reserve my seat for next year's Chatham production immediately.

M.C.S.S.



W. J. P. Atkinson, G. A. Jefferson

Photograph by M. M. Renwick, mi.

Grafton House Play

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST

by Oscar Wilde

This always entertaining production became memorable at the moment when M. P. Goodwin-Hudson, the ideal Dr. Chasuble, declared 'These are joyful tidings!' He was prompted by the news that Earnest, imaginary brother of Jack Worthing has not died of a severe chill in Paris but has arrived home and is in the drawing room. There were those in the audience who might have been forgiven for wondering whether Dr. Chasuble was fiction or reality, but at that moment he stole the show.

Oscar Wilde's play is so cleverly constructed that the comic effects manage to appear wholly artificial without seeming at all contrived, as though he were trying to invert the conventional formula, 'ars est ce lare artem'. Certainly the outrageous remarks, such as 'He is an ostentatiously eligible young man: he has nothing, but looks everything,' and 'Ignorance is like a delicate exotic fruit . . . fortunately, in England, at any rate, education produces no effect whatsoever' seemed perfectly natural and apposite in the

Rehearsal Room. The Grafton production brought off most of the big moments. Maya Salamon had all the presence required for Lady Bracknell, and her technical assurance helped to settle the occasional uncertainties of an inexperienced cast. C. M. Lambert's highly individual portrayal of Algernon, as cheerfully and energetically vain, livened up the entire production, and T. W. Bailey's more intense John Worthing provided an effective foil. The mood was well sustained by the rest of the cast and greatly enhanced by a well-designed, attractive set.

What the production lacked was a genuine sense of style, without which no *fin-de-siecle* comedy of manners can achieve real distinction, and a proper regard for the play's exquisite rhetoric. Some of the play's greatest lines, including that which usually secures Gwendolen's first laugh, were marred by insensitivity to tone and rhythm. This was, indeed, a noticeable fault in all the productions I attended during the Drama Festival. 'We live', Lady Bracknell laments, 'in an age of surfaces'.

V.H.H.

Walpole House Play

MY COUSIN RACHAEL

by Daphne du Maurier

The play itself has limitations, with its shallow and uncertain characterisation and a plot more complex than surprising. It is prolific in weak dialogue. The dénouement approaches with hideous predictability accompanied by hints as subtly minatory as police car sirens.

Given the raw material, N. A. Holland and his cast should receive credit for a smooth and careful production which included some deft touches.

Rachel herself is a tiresome unconvincing character about whom the author seemed to change her mind with tedious rapidity. I did not find Gay Longworth's performance illuminating. True, Rachel's feelings are hard to judge, but the way out cannot be to speak for much of the time with no feeling at all.

C. E. D. Allerton's Philip Ashley improved after a faltering start. His voice too needed more animation. Nevertheless, the actor did work hard to provide a reasonably effective presentation of a priggish, miserable and rather silly young man about whose fate we were fairly indifferent.

J. N. L. Arlon was a suitably mellow and dignified Uncle Nicholas, exuding the lack of awareness that informs benign pomposity, but retaining the capacity to become suddenly formidable in the face of Philip's exaggerated folly.

Annabel Cary also helped to make the evening, as the pleasantly chatty daughter, Louise. She acted consistently well and was always fully attentive to the other characters on the stage. Annabel Cary could really show us what it was like to be brightly happy, solicitously sympathetic, convincingly mortified or adroitly catty.

G. B. K. Ridley did well as a gravely garrulous Secombe, and L. A. Wates provided a cleverly funny bucolic James who brought the stage to life. A. P. H. Harris spoke Rainaldi's barren lines of clubman's wisdom with more expression and aplomb than they deserved.

The production was technically sound, despite some carelessness: brandy and sherry coming almost simultaneously from the same decanter, the abrupt termination of Uncle Nicholas's grey hair, a coach regularly arriving in the middle of the house at full speed.

All in all, Walpole, rather than Daphne du Maurier, made it an enjoyable evening.

P.A.S.F.

Lyttelton House Play

QUARTERMAINE'S TERMS

by Simon Gray

In "Quartermaine's Terms", Simon Gray offers us a somewhat Chekhovian handful of characters who, though obliged to share the same physical space — in this case the staff common room of a Cambridge language school — are for the most part too self-absorbed to relate to one another much beyond the habitual "How's your mother?" type of greeting. Unseen personalities cast heavy shadows in this play, thanks to whom each of the teachers (except one) is seen suffering his own personal trauma; less like Chekhov, Gray allows each of his characters to emerge on the other side. J. Roberts as the young man riven by his wife's desertion; Helen Corner as the unmarried daughter goaded into killing her invalid mother (she escapes arrest and finds support in Jesus meetings); G. H. B. Martin as the over-intellectual Henry Windscape, whose daughter is pressurised into a breakdown (he becomes Principal), all made convincing work of their rôles; so did a younger player, T. D. J. Bardsley, as the brash newcomer who actually works at his job, and knows one student from another. (He, from desperate penury, wins through to a permanent post, marriage and fatherhood). Georgia Dussaud did not quite succeed, in the earlier scenes, in making clear whether her calm exterior concealed anguish over her husband's infidelities — or a calm interior. (He, reformed, gave her another child, and this was well acted by her).

In and out of the staff-room trotted B. Hart as Loomis, the amiable half-Principal of the Cull-Loomis School, increasingly crumpled by the demands of the alarming Swedes and Japanese, and the irascibility of the unseen Cull. And perpetually in the staff-room, in "his" chair, sat Quartermaine, watching the terms go by. D. H. Jones' observant study of this has-been of a teacher, useful only as a stop-gap baby-sitter for his colleagues or an occasional shoulder to cry on, with his elderly slouch, his working lips and his brilliant smile, when someone casually threw him a kindness, was a moving performance indeed. Quartermaine has no relations, no trauma, no life outside the School, and — at the end — no place in it. Cast off, he condemns with his innocence the society, with all its self-inflicted sufferings, that has gone on without him.

Sixties or no, the women's costumes were too scanty for a freezing night. The make-up, however, was excellent, and gave added conviction to acting which in general — despite some loss of words by D. H. Jones — maintained a high standard.

L.T.

Nugent House Play

SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER

by Tennessee Williams

Emily Dickinson likened the poet to a spider, spinning her art from her own innards. In "Suddenly, Last Summer", the poet's art is aptly compared to a spider's web: all the characters in Williams' disturbing play are entangled in the mesh of the deceased Sebastian's personality, whose gift to the world was one precious poem per year. He retains, after death, a near-palpable 'presence', and the untidy lives of the play's personages are defined against their tormented memories of him.



"... torn, crushed thrown against a blazing white wall"
Clare Benyon as Catherine Holly

The recollection of an unbearable history, in bitter conflict with Sebastian's mother, Mrs. Venable, who tries to maintain the illusions of the past, is the crucial theme of the play. In a convincing characterisation of obsessive love, Clare Finch's Mrs. Venable, by degrees angry and anguished, resists the onslaught of truth and reality. There were satisfactory, if too self-conscious, performances by J. G. A. Shillington, as Dr. Cuckrowicz, and Alison Thomas, as Miss Foxhill; and acceptable studies of family avarice and hyposcrisy by Anna Carr and J. M. Keirle, as Mrs. Holly and her peevish son George.

I was more impressed by the dark, brooding portrayal of the semi-insane Catherine Holly, who witnessed the cannibalistic horror of Cabeza de Lobo. Her ghastly tale of Sebastian's homosexual immolation was a *tour-de-force* of deranged clarity in the third person singular. This is the story which Mrs. Venable seeks to excise from Catherine's mind by lobotomy. As the lights dimmed into night, Catherine dressed in torn black lace, reflected powerfully how sanity and sexuality are in Tennessee Williams indissolubly linked.

Sebastian's violent fate, like that of his namesake, is a martyr's death, testimony that tragedy lies not in what one does, but in what one is.

This is a difficult and harrowing play, but it was produced with ambition and sensitivity. My chief complaint is that the players did not, with the exception of Clare Finch and Alison Thomas, speak with American accents. The play is, after all, set in New Orleans, and is quintessentially Deep South in ambience; yet, the voices ranged from the nurse's infelicitous Cockney to Home Counties. Still, the efforts of everyone involved, including the set designers are commendable. The directors, Katherine Shillington and Harriet Lund, must be praised for their attention to technical detail.

T.A.O.

from nugent...

suddenly-last summer...



in the marble hall....
at eight o'clock....
on friday the thirteenth
and on saturday the
fourteenth of march....

THE BUCKINGHAM FESTIVAL DRAMA AWARDS

I entered five classes: Sight Reading, Prose, Verse, Shakespeare and Shakespeare Sonnets. The competitions are mainly local and the festival relatively small. I was awarded joint first prize for the Sight Reading, the Shakespeare Sonnet Trophy, and the Prose Cup. I was coached by Mr. Alan Poole from Brackley.

Sarah Guthrie

Designed by Anna L. Carr

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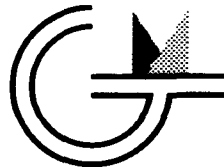
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MUSIC

(List of Musical Events)

Sunday, March 8th, 1987 at 8.00 p.m.
in the State Music Room

HARP RECITAL
by SIONED WILLIAMS

Sunday, March 22nd, 1987 at 8.00 p.m.
in The Chapel

STOWE CHORAL SOCIETY
THE QUEEN'S TEMPLE SINGERS
AND ORCHESTRA

Conducted by DAVID GATEHOUSE
with DAVID HICKEN (Organ)

Suite in D major.....Bach
Organ Concerto Opus No. 4.....Handel
MAGNIFICAT.....Bach

Sunday, April 26th, 1987 at 8.00 p.m.
in The State Music Room

STOWE CHAMBER ENSEMBLE

Quintet.....Hummel
Trout Quintet.....Schubert

Sunday, May 17th, 1987 at 8.00 p.m.
in The Marble Hall

THE QUEEN'S TEMPLE SINGERS
Conducted by PAUL DRAYTON
STOWE CHAMBER ENSEMBLE

String Trio K.266.....Mozart
The Hills.....Ireland
Choral Dances.....Britten
Go, Song of Mine.....Elgar

Saturday, May 23rd, 1987 at 12 noon
in The Roxburgh Hall

STOWE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA
with JOHN DA SILVA (Trumpet)

Trumpet Voluntary.....Purcell
Peter and the Wolf.....Prokofiev

CONCERTS AT STOWE

It can be hard to predict which concerts are going to attract a large audience and which are not, and certainly that has been true of the concerts at Stowe over the last few months. Timing may have a part to play, the Trout Quintet right at the start of this term clashing with a staff play rehearsal had a very small attendance for a work that is known to be "box office." The concerts have enjoyed good support, for example, from D.F.G., who put in a great deal of hard work in selling the Oxford Symphony Orchestra. Perhaps this is why most schools with such a busy music department, as Stowe, have the services of a full time secretary!

At the start of December, the School Orchestra and Choral Society put on a concert which included an assured performance of a Weber Clarinet Concerto by Cordelia Beresford, as well as items by Corelli, Wagner and Borodin. This was followed, at the end of term, by the ever popular "Carols by Candlelight" which featured the brilliant harp playing of Sioned Williams. (She came back in March to give a highly enjoyable harp recital). The Pupils' Concert in February was very well supported and the high standard of performance throughout showed that a great deal of dedicated work had gone into rehearsing the items. P.D.H. was the soloist in the Fourth Clarinet Concerto by Spohr with the Oxford Symphony Orchestra at the end of February and he had a big ovation from the enthusiastic audience, as did the singing of Old Stoic, Lisa Tustian, in the opening work of the concert. The Choral Society was in good form for the Bach Magnificat, as was David Hicken who played an Organ Concerto by Handel in the first half of the concert which came at the end of 'Spring' Term. D.F.G. inspired fine performances of both works and of the Bach Suite in D major which opened the concert.

R.J.S.S.

WIND AND BRASS DEPARTMENT

This term saw the continued pattern of non-stop activity up at the Queen's Temple. P.D.H.'s evening "Informal" Concerts showed us that there is a lot of rising musical talent within the School, as well as providing many evenings of entertainment.

In the end of term concert the Band played three movements from the 'Ballet Parisien.' They also played 'Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head,' the slow movement from Rimsky-Korsakoff's Trombone Concerto and a recent composition by Mr. Harris, 'Festival Fanfare.' There were also many varied pieces from the small groups of Stowe musicians: The Clarinet Quintet, Oboe Trio, Brass Consort and the Wind Quartet.

We would like to congratulate P. A. Renzulli, Anneliese Aulton and Kirstin Fairbairn, each, on winning the Wind and Brass Prizes.

A. B. P. H. Northcote

SOCIETY

STOWE CHAPEL CHOIR

The Chapel Choir has had a very successful year with the added advantage of ten girls who were a splendid asset.

The Carol Service was varied and interesting: the diverse works including Sleeper's Waltz (Nicolai), The Virgin's Cradle Hymn (Rubra), Joys Seven (Trad.) and Torches (Joubert) were well received.

The Choir also featured prominently in the Pupils' Concert by singing the Lord of the Dance (Trad.) and, in a more honourous vein, The Mermaid (Trad. arr. P.C.D.)

In the last evening of the term a lively account of Crotch's famous Lo Star-led Chiefs was given, thus providing a satisfying conclusion to the term's work.

L. F. S. Chianese
P. R. Sawbridge

CHAPEL

We are now coming towards the end of the year in which we have tried to provide a regular service pattern that also did not clash with the pattern in the parish church. As I hinted in my previous report, this has not proved entirely successful; we have fallen between two stools in that we have not managed to avoid clashes with the parish church, nor have we produced a regular pattern of worship. In addition, and this is the most serious problem, we have made it difficult for Stoics to attend Holy Communion regularly. Next year, whilst retaining as much regularity as we can, we are intending to make it much easier to attend Communion, without having to attend another service as well.

The Chapel activities outside the formal services have been, as in previous years, a series of Lent — or in this year pre-Lent — addresses and the Confirmation retreat, together with some informal Bible study groups.

The Lent addresses, under the general title, "Pull the Other Leg," were led by the Revd. David Banting, a Wolverhampton Vicar. I found them very useful and thought-provoking, as did many Stoics, judging by conversations in the Common Room, many staff also found them provoking(!). My thanks to Mr. Banting for taking time out from a very busy life to spend three days here. The Confirmation retreat led by the Revd. Michael Tupper was excellent, with plenty of honest discussion, and not a little heart-searching and prayer. My thanks to him and to the staff at Grendon Hall for a very good two days, and to Ben Harris, a former Chapel Prefect, who joined us for two days.

Bible study groups in schools and parishes have their ups and downs. The number of groups operating in Stowe at present is low — only two that I know about. But one of the groups has met almost without a break every Monday of the year, and I must thank P.A.S.F. for the time and effort he puts into running the group, which I know is very highly valued by those who attend it.

This had been a very busy year for all the staff, owing to the introduction of G.C.S.E. as much as anything else, so that I have been particularly grateful to the Chapel Staff — E. W. Heard, M. Fatharly, R. Kennedy and A. Farquharson — who have run the Chapel most efficiently, so much so that I have often thought that if I failed to appear one morning they would simply carry on without me! (Would anyone notice my absence, I wonder?)

M.C.S.S.

COMMUNITY SERVICE

The Spring Term began with a concerted effort to bring our records of pensioners in the Buckingham area up to date, and although there are some addresses still to be checked we are now ready to computerise our information so that lists can easily be kept up to date in the future.

Some thirty-five volunteers each week, together with a further thirty who join us on Wednesdays as part of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme, have been helping with this, as well as with chopping and delivering wood, helping at the Red Cross Day Centre and a local First School, and visiting the elderly.

As I write, we are organising the visit of pensioners from Buckingham and surrounding villages to the staff production of "Oklahoma!"; and later there will be the annual summer outing for the elderly, and gardening to be done as the weather improves. We also intend to tackle the painting of the swings at Dadford playground with as many volunteers as possible, so that this can be completed while the good weather lasts. In addition, two charity events in the Summer Term and a visit from the First School children to Stowe grounds will keep our volunteers busy.

Since I took over the organisation of Community Service in January, I have been grateful for the assistance and support of N.C.G. and T.C.F.S., but above all for the efforts of the volunteers themselves, whose visits and services are very much appreciated by the local community.

R.E.M.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Historical Society is certainly thriving. Not only have outside speakers provided us with a wealth of knowledge to reflect upon, but some distinguished Stoic Historians have given detailed, informative and at times stirring talks on various periods of their historical studies.

The 133rd meeting of the Historical Society was given in November 1986 by Mr. A. Hope who briefly taught at Stowe in the department. His talk on "The Lutherans at Cardinal College, Oxford" was from a chapter of his thesis on which he is currently employed, and gave a detailed description of how certain characters in the Lutheran movement at Oxford were arrested for their beliefs.

The final meeting of the Autumn Term was given by Mr. W. E. S. Thomas of Christ Church, Oxford who gave "A Cartoon Biography of a Radical M.P., Sir Francis Burdett." Mr. Thomas's talk was described by the acting Secretary as 'an invigorating change from the norm.'

The Easter term kicked off with the first of our 'home-grown' speakers, A. K. F. Robson (Temple), who talked on "Pitt and the Regency Crisis of 1788-1789." In a well-researched and highly articulate talk, Mr. Robson conveyed to his listeners the acuteness of the crisis experienced by William Pitt the Younger, when George III was found to be suffering from what is now believed to be Porphyria.

Next J. H. D. Dawson (Temple) and C. M. Lambert (Grafton) debated "How successful Edward IV was as a monarch." Mr. Dawson speaking in favour of Edward clearly laid down the facts to his attentive audience while Mr. Lambert launched forth on a passionate tirade, vehemently opposing Mr. Dawson on the grounds that Edward was unable to secure the peaceful succession of his son. A heated discussion followed in which Mr. Lambert was attacked for his 'spurious' comparisons, after which a vote was held, resulting in a narrow victory for Mr. Dawson.

The last meeting of the Spring Term was held in the A.V.R. where Dr. J. H. Wright from Christ Church, Oxford, gave a highly detailed examination of the 'Hossbach Memorandum,' a document written by one of Hitler's adjutants after a meeting held in November 1937, in which Hitler proposed his plans to expand into Austria and Czechoslovakia in his quest for 'lebensraum' or 'living space.' The document was used in evidence against certain Nazi war criminals at the Nuremberg trials of 1945.

Once again, many thanks must go to A.A.V.R. for his organization and success in producing such excellent speakers, and many thanks also to A.M.M.S. for allowing us to use the comfortable

surroundings of Nugent House. We look forward to another eventful term with C. M. Lambert as Secretary.

J. S. da Silva

LITERARY SOCIETY

The Literary Society has met on two occasions since our last report. On Wednesday, 12th November, we were delighted and privileged to be able to welcome Dr. David Fleeman, Tutor in English at Pembroke College, Oxford, who spoke to us, in the State Music Room, on "The Satire of Alexander Pope," with particular focus on *The Rape of the Lock*.

Dr. Fleeman presented the somewhat unusual point-of-view that Pope's satire was in fact written as little more than a lampoon to amuse himself and his friends, and therefore did not necessarily have any modern application, in any didactic sense, to us today.

Dr. Fleeman's very challenging talk provoked a number of interesting questions, which he answered concisely and sometimes even obliquely.

Our second meeting took place on Thursday, 19th March, again in the State Music Room. S.G.A.H. gave a short talk on "The Merchant's Tale," as seen in the overall context of the 'marriage debate' that runs through Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales."

S.G.A.H. then gave us a very amusing and somewhat tongue-in-cheek rendition of the Introduction to the Tale, basing his tone on the assumption that the Introduction had been spoken by the Merchant. I.M.S. countered this with a more serious reading of the same section of text, suggesting that it had, rather, been spoken by January.

The whole argument, as one member of the audience very adroitly pointed out, appeared to have been based, rather like Pope's "More Sober Critic," merely on the setting exactly right of "Points and Commas."

Sailing with ease between the formidable combination of Scylla and Charybdis, and acting as something of an Umpire to this fast and furious high-flung game of cerebral ping-pong, J. E. P. Mierins followed with a short talk in which he very helpfully managed to show that a synthesis of the two ideas was possible, despite their initial appearance as being diametrically opposed. We do most warmly wish to congratulate him on his successful application to read English at Brasenose College, Oxford.

We thank all our speakers very much indeed for their time, not only that spent with us, but also in preparation.

N. H. Groves

THE CLASSICAL SOCIETY

The Classical Society has met twice since the last edition of *The Stoic*.

At the end of the Autumn Term Mr. Richard Haynes gave a talk on 'Athens' which proved interesting and enjoyable.

Last term, on 26th January, Mr. T. F. R. G. Braun, a Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, gave a very long, interesting and wide-ranging talk on the Satires of Juvenal and the history of Rome at that time, providing those of the MVI studying Juvenal's Satires, with some background knowledge for their set books.

At the time of writing we are due to have talks on Homer and Thucydides by R. J. H. Woolley and S. L. Todd respectively.

Last term the Society went to see the University College of London's performance of 'The Agamemnon', in translation of course. This was much enjoyed, though some thought that they could have acted some of the parts more convincingly themselves.

Thanks must go to M.J.B. for his organisation of events during this year, and we look forward to many more to keep the Society flourishing.

The Secretary

DEBATING SOCIETY

The Debating Society has had three meetings since the Autumn Term. The first motion was, "This house believes that the introduction of girls to public schools is a waste of time for all concerned." Speaking for the motion were J. S. da Silva, C.J.G.A. and P. A. Dobinson. Speaking against were Jane Lascelles, C.H.J. and Harriet Lund. The motion was rejected. The next meeting followed at the start of the Spring Term with the appropriate topical debate, "This House believes that this country makes much too much fuss over a bit of snow." Speaking for the motion were M. S. Appleby, Fiona Craig and S. C. Todd, with G. P. J. Wordsworth, J. P. Crosby and Sally Campbell speaking against. The motion was carried. The most recent debate was, "This house believes that the C.C.F. is a threat to World Peace." C. M. Lambert, T.C. and R. M. Biffa spoke for the motion. P. M. Tetlow, M.J.S. and J. B. Corrigan were speaking against, the motion being rejected.

During all the debates this year there have been active floor contributions from both Stoics and masters. We all hope that this continues as it makes debates far more interesting.

I would like to thank W. J. P. Atkinson for taking on the post of secretary this year and to S.G.A.H. for all his organisation.

L. E. Chauveau

CENTREPOINT

Centrepoint, the focus of Christian Fellowship at Stowe, has continued to meet on a regular basis after Sunday morning chapel in H.D.M.'s flat.

Our theme for the Autumn Term was "The Christian Life in the Psalms," which proved very rewarding. Mr. Tim Hastie-Smith gave a very practical talk on "The Fool says . . ."—Psalm 53—on the first Sunday after Exeat; Mr. James Baron spoke on the "Sovereignty of God"—Psalm 2—and our response to it; Mr. Richard Wilkinson concluded last term's series with a very adroit talk on Psalm 1, or "Down by the Riverside."

The Spring Term's programme, on the theme of the "Six Great Claims of Jesus," has been no less busy. Mr. Michael Kane opened with a very applicable talk on "I am the Bread of Life" (John 6.35); Mr. Jonathan Jee spoke with great insight on "I am the Light of the World" (John 8.12); and Mr. Peter Wells, a Schools' Worker for the Scripture Union, gave a short talk on the last Sunday before Exeat on "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life (John 14.6). He also showed us a number of slides of the Christian holiday parties that take place during the Easter and Summer vacations in Dorset. A number of Stoics have not only found them of great spiritual value and encouragement, but have—as the slides amply illustrated—also enjoyed a holiday of great good fun. More would, I am sure, enjoy them enormously.

We deviated slightly from our main theme for two talks after Exeat: Mr. Ben Harris (O.S.) gave the first talk, from his own experience, on being a Christian at School. Mr. Julian Hobday (O.S.), who was also scheduled to give the talk, was unfortunately unable to attend due to illness and we would like to take this opportunity of wishing him a very speedy recovery. Mr. Paul Hargreaves gave a very challenging and helpful talk on being a "Disciple for Jesus" for the second talk. We returned to our main theme for the final meeting of term when Miss Elizabeth Fane spoke on "I am the true Vine" (John 15.1).

We thank all our speakers very much indeed for their time and for the insight into God's word that they gave us. We do also thank H.D.M. most warmly, not only for the use of his flat and for his organisation, which often goes unseen but without which the meetings could not take place, but also for his constant humour, support and encouragement.

N. H. Groves

THE GO CLUB

This term the Go Club was begun, with nine members of the Third Forms, as a Junior Society.

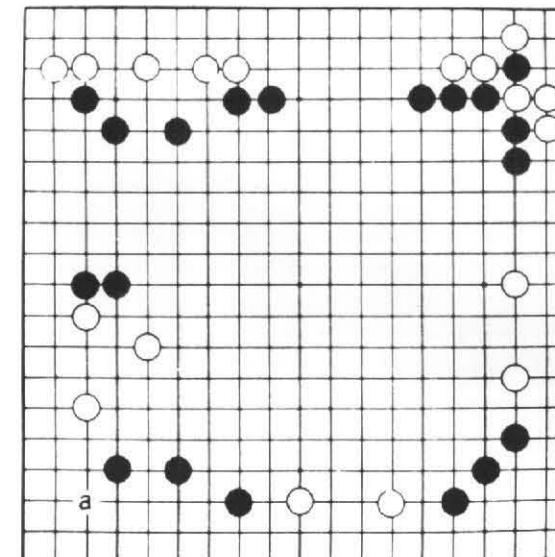
Go is one of the oldest board games in the world. It is a game of skill for two players involving capture of territory. It is generally considered to be more profound than chess, though it is much simpler to learn, having only ten or so basic rules.

It is the national game of Japan, but it is widely played in China, Korea and other Far Eastern countries. Interest in the game has grown widely in the West over the last thirty years, and Go Associations have been established over most of the E.E.C. and America. The British Go Association (to which the Stowe Club is now affiliated) runs an annual congress and provides support for clubs and members, such as provision of equipment and teaching facilities.

Chess players should find the elegance and subtlety of the game appealing, but all people interested in games of skill should enjoy it. If enough people become interested in the game we hope to organize tournaments with some of the several schools in the Midlands area which play the game.

A.G.E.

A game in its early stages.



COMPUTER CENTRE

The Computer Centre has again improved its technology and has now moved into the much talked-of world of "Desk-top Publishing." The arrival of the latest of "Laser Printers" now permits almost full type-setting and letter quality printing at the touch of a button. A new printer at the beginning of the term now permits colour printing on a limited scale and it replaces the

older, slower ones that we had before. The computer room is becoming increasingly more popular as Stoics realise that computers can be useful for many things, especially for their use as word-processors. We also now have a 28 inch television screen which makes it possible to have demonstrations to a class as a whole. Many thanks to D. Piggott for taking on the position of computer centre manager for next year.

D. S. Twining



D. S. Twining looks on as the latest laser disc is demonstrated in the Library at Queen Anne's High School, Maryland.

D. S. Twining and I were privileged to spend part of the Easter holidays in America. The visit was organised in conjunction with IBM and Novell Inc. to see how schools in the State of Maryland use computer networks similar to our system, which is unique in the U.K.

After two days sight-seeing in Washington, we moved to Baltimore as guests of Maryland Public TV. We spent three days visiting schools and discussing their computer policies and future plans. We were most impressed by the level of equipment. For example at one high school there were 32 IBM PC's spread across the campus; some in the library for casual use, others in the Business Studies Centre and the rest in rooms similar to ours.

Wordprocessing was the main application followed by the use of software for Computer Assisted Learning; typically students would pop in for a quick revision session using one of about 200 lessons in Maths. and Science. We were impressed to see the latest information retrieval systems in use; these are based on the same technology as used in Compact Discs. A search for all references to Capability Brown in a large Encyclopedia stored on disc, took 15 seconds to produce all 8 references.

It is possible that a regular exchange scheme will be set up to allow one or two pupils from Maryland to come here for a short period and vice versa.

M.E.M.

THE BRIDGE CLUB

The Bridge Club has had mixed fortunes this year after losing many of its best players last summer. The loss of players has several times this year meant that we have been unable to raise enough players for Simultaneous Pairs competitions. However, we did manage to raise enough tables for the Woolwich U.P.C.C. Simultaneous Pairs. Best placed Stoics: R. J. Woolley and G. M. H. Congratulations also go to A. R. B. Bellew and D. J. Y. Wreford, the youngest of four pairs who went to the Bucks and Berks School Pairs Championships. They came a very commendable ninth playing against people several years older than themselves. On March 8th Stowe hosted an Under-14 School Pairs Bridge Competition: winners Peter J. W. Smith and James C. McConn (Swanbourne), runners-up Scott Coombe and Tim Ryland (R.L.S.). It is hoped that this will become an annual event. B. E. Topham and R. Priestly (Lyttelton) won the House Pairs; the House Teams' Competition is unresolved at the time of writing although Lyttelton are the firm favourites to win.

Stephanie J. Thomas

ANACREON SOCIETY

The Anacreon Society had a very fruitful term indeed, with three meetings in all. The menus have been of a higher standard than ever, including turkey en crouete, fillet of pork in cream, Normandy Pheasant in Calvados, profiteroles and some very interesting and delicious morsels. We have also had some better wines, such as Chateau Francoye 1983, and a Crozes-Hermitage, which complemented the Normandy Pheasant excellently.

As usual, a great deal of thanks is apt, especially to our hosts, namely the Stephans, Hornbys, Miss Pratt and the Atkinsons and, of course, to Dr. Hornby, without whom the Society would not be able to flourish. We look forward to another three gourmet meals this term.

Louisa Morgan

CREATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS

Photograph by Anoushka Fisz

Model: Rachel O'Rorke



MY FAVOURITE SEASON OF THE YEAR

It was a bitterly cold morning, and the soft flakes of snow tumbled from the skies, to settle on the grass and the concrete and form a thin, white blanket.

Huddled in the corner by a railway arch sat a poor sight, a decrepit and feeble old man seeking warmth amongst the dustbins and cardboard boxes. The rancid smell of exhaust fumes filled the air, and the wretched old man stared in bewilderment as the snow flakes cascaded down on to the busy shoppers. Winter had arrived, and this was the sight that met my eyes as I ventured out into the freezing temperature of my favourite season.

I loved the snow. As I trundled along the pavement, the little snow there was got trampled into slush, elsewhere it settled. As I passed the old man, I tossed a few coins into his bony hands, and he smiled gratefully, revealing a row of black and chipped decaying teeth.

I shuddered in my warm overcoat as an icy breeze howled past my already numb ears. I turned into the street, and joined the hustle and bustle of Christmas shoppers. I watched as the people rushed in and out of shops, hands clasping endless arrays of shopping bags. I admired the older people who drifted aimlessly along in the snow and the young children hurling snowballs at one another.

The frustrated drivers hooted at each other, and their windscreen wipers swept backwards and forwards sweeping the snow out of sight. The buses were full and there wasn't a vacant taxi to be seen anywhere. Much as I enjoyed the winter and the general atmosphere of the build-up to Christmas, the freezing cold was close to unbearable. I dashed into the nearest shop and found what I wanted. That was enough, I'd finish off the Christmas shopping nearer the time.

I left the High Street and made for the park, for a quiet walk before returning home. When I arrived, I noticed the lake which had frozen over in the night. Little children skated around on it, pushing each other and screaming with joy.

The leafless trees bowed in the wind and the birds flew around, collecting worms from the ground which had not yet been covered in snow. I didn't think much of the group of boys who tripped me up in the snow, not to mention the young scoundrel who threw a snowball at my back.

It was all tremendous fun, but now I braced myself against the wind and returned home. I left the park and went back across the shopping street, through the slush. As I neared my road, and on passing under the railway arch, I passed

another old tramp, similar to the one I had seen earlier, who was clasping some cardboard boxes and some other clutter.

Then, just ahead, I saw an ambulance. I quickened my pace a little, intrigued to find out what was going on and when I got there I asked the ambulance man. Apparently the old man I had seen that morning had died. I stared at the spot where he had sat and saw a few coins scattered by the wall. As for the boxes, they had been quickly grabbed by another tramp.

The lovely winter and Christmas spirit were not without the deathly cold which had claimed the first of their annual elderly victims.

T. D. Gauvain (Shell A)

THE ALPS

Dawn in the resort,
Snow crushed under ski-boots,
Compressed by a million feet,
A dirty lake of brown slush.

On the chairlift,
Passing over clean, virgin snow,
Icy daggers stinging my eyes,
I float through blue clouds.

Peaks rise out of the snow,
Bold rocks of steel,
Symbols of power and awe,
Stark and bare.

The bright sun blinds me,
Giving no heat, no warmth
In this land of ice,
As I start on the piste.

A. C. H. Watson, mi. (IIIa)

THE POND AWAKENS

The summer dawn comes,
Yellow, amber, red, blue,
Mirrored by the grassy expanse:
A rainbow of colours.

A light, lazy breeze
Plays with the reeds,
Which twist and turn like a thousand green sails
Struggling to leave their moorings.

A cluster of coots
Leave their sanctuary
Venturing into the wide sea,
Watchful for danger.

Two carp swim aimlessly
Faces blank as paper.
They turn, dive, eat and float
Content with their lives.

The day has begun.

A. C. H. Watson, mi. (IIIa)

THE THEATRE

You enter through the theatre doors,
Your ticket in your hand,
You wait in an impatient queue
And there you have to stand.

The queue moves on so very slow,
Inch by inch along,
Until you reach the ticket box.
And then you're guided on.

Up the stairs and there you are,
"Front row, sir, No. 2".
You remove your coat and take your seat
Where the stage is in full view.

The orchestra is tuning up;
The lights, start to dim.
Darkness falls and all is quiet.
The play will now begin.

M. R. C. H. Nottage (IVa)

THE WHITE DOVE

The sun crept slowly above the horizon, marking the end of the fourth day. Now, the trench had lost its shape. The mud filled it, almost to the point of overflowing, covering the sad corpses with a shameful air. A deep pungent reek permeated the disaster-swept battlefield. A half-dead soldier lay sprawled, stomach down, across the slippery trench wall, bleeding endlessly. His face was filled with terror. He had seen and heard more than enough pain and suffering, and he knew that the end was drawing closer.

After thinking for a while, he slowly stood up, his left hand covering his right shoulder and his gun over his left. As he clung to the slippery, muddy sides, a choking panic filled his mind and his heart took on a new pace. For him, crawling out of the trench would be like crawling across a railway track in the blinding dark. Eventually he managed to clamber over the side of the trench and saw a battered rose bush, still standing, but lifeless and dull. He crawled slowly towards the rose bush and sought shelter underneath it. Now the sun reached clearly across the sky and the blood no longer flowed from his arm.

It had been a long night. He was tired and cold, but the sweat rolled down his cheeks like the tears of a weeping child. He reached for his now empty gun, and with a slow shuffling motion, he crawled from beneath the bush. With each movement he made, the border between life and death grew thinner and thinner. Then, with a sudden outburst, he stood and ran. With all his might, like a bull raging with fire, he crashed through the dense rose bush. As he ran, the thorns and prickles tore his flesh, like a thousand hands reaching out to stop him. With a desperate feeling of cold emotion, he thought of what he was doing, never looking back.

He thought of it as a test. A test of human emotions, a test to find dry land. Almost like that of Noah. Indeed, he was THE WHITE DOVE of Noah! Noah being humanity, and dry land being love without hatred.

In an instant, he knew the results of his 'test', as the cold, lethal bullets filled his body. Slowly, as the blood drained from his veins, he felt his body stiffen, and a suffocating feeling in his lungs. It was then that he knew he had begun his journey.

Before he closed his eyes, he said to himself, "I have killed and I am killed, past and present. Never will this stop, not until hatred is forgotten, and love is also forgotten. For these two emotions are the first and last 'milestones' on the path leading to murder, death and war. If anyone may question this, then the blood which I have bled in the past, and that which I bled at present is the proof."

He slipped away, taking with him his thoughts.

N. Y. Choucair (IIIb)

PRINTS IN THE SNOW

Snow storms, one would think, are not the most pleasant of things to find oneself in, especially when one is 20 minutes walk away from home, sitting at the foot of a lone pine tree on an exposed hillside in a cold wind. Hardly the place where 'a lonely impulse of delight', is going to strike one. Well, so I thought, but there it came, blown on that biting wind, and suddenly it didn't matter that it was cold, and snowing, and that I was going back to the rigours of school, because this impulse, more like a fountain really, of delight filled me, looking out over the moor at the dark trees on the other side of the valley, and life didn't seem quite so bad.

I looked back along the ridge I had walked across, and I saw that my tracks below the wind-sculpted snow-wave crest had been filled, and they were now ripples in front of the advancing wave. I looked down at the lake and saw the strange, cryptic patterns the wind had made in the snow covering it, and even the stranger symbols and patterns in the exposed ice underneath. I looked down at the bog that fed the lake and saw the long brittle spears of grass sticking up proudly from the huddling tussock that was its base. I looked back at the pinewoods and thought that they seemed to have come out of a book, but then pinewoods covered with snow probably look the same the world over. And the heather being covered by the downy drift of snow feathers? That could have been anywhere in England, Scotland, Ireland or Wales.

I looked out again from this front row seat, and saw all the countryside being hidden by a graceful sweep of silken snow, like a dust cover being thrown over a sofa, hiding what lies beneath it, blurring the image. Then I thought of how many thousand times this self-same action had happened and I thought how petty I was. This action would happen fifty times more in my life time, and many more thousand times after it. Even if the world's most potent weapon to date would have little effect on this cycle, the snow would merely be radioactive, if anyone would still be around to measure it. A highly philosophical and pessimistic walk this was.

Then another of these pleasant feelings bubbled up; what was I worried about? That's not going to happen and even if it did I'll be dead and so won't be able to mind anyway.

The wind lulled a little so I stood up, cracking the ice sheathing my legs as I did so, whistled for the dog, who was about the only black thing out there in that wash of white, and walked down the hill towards the track, my intruding footprints being filled in almost as I made them.

R. J. Spencer (Shell A)

THE CHELTENHAM NATIONAL HUNT FESTIVAL

To a foreigner or to someone who does not know anything about racing, the Cheltenham Festival is the centrepiece of British National Hunt Racing. It lasts three days — Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday: 18 races worth over half a million pounds. Once a year, in March, Cheltenham awakens to hordes of punters who love the game. The Irish always make their presence felt and it is truly a sporting occasion.

TUESDAY and a huge shout of "Go on my son, take him home Steve" (Smith Eccles), went up as the dual Champion Hurdler **See You Then** appeared to be cantering as he took the last in the Waterford Crystal Champion Hurdle (2 miles) together with **Barnbrook Again**. One slap from the irrepressible Smith Eccles was enough to remind the champion he was still racing and he held the late run of the American Challenger **Flatterer** by a contemptuous length and a half. Just like the two previous years, although perhaps not with as much ease, the champion had simply left his rivals standing with his devastating turn of foot and had again forged clear up the ominous Cheltenham hill. He now joins immortals such as **Sirken**, **Hatton's Grace** and **Persian War** as the only horses to have won three Champion Hurdles.

WEDNESDAY and the clash of the Titans in the two mile Queen Mother Champion Chase. The flying grey **Desert Orchid**, after exhilarating victories in the King George VI and

Gainsborough Chases, was attempting to prove himself on a left handed course. He had to beat **Very Promising**, a Cheltenham specialist and winner of the Mackeson Gold Cup, and **Pearlyman**, the outstanding novice of the '85-'86 season. What a race it turned out to be. Over the last and all three were in with a chance. **Very Promising** went for home under strong pressure from Richard Dunwoody, but for the second year in succession he was second, denied victory by fast-finishing **Pearlyman** who answered Peter Scudamore's every call to win by a neck. Truly a memorable race.

Wednesday also belonged to Graham Bradley, the villain of the piece only a month previously at Ascot on **Kildimo**. This time, however, there were no mistakes as he and **Kildimo** jumped the last foot-perfect and strode away to win the Sun Alliance Novices Chase (3 miles) as they liked.

THURSDAY — Gold Cup Day and indeed Gold Cup fever certainly gripped the Cotswolds as it always has done. The first race of the day, the Triumph Hurdle, was won by **Alone Success**, another Nicky Henderson-trained horse, and what a prospect he might turn out to be.

But snow had dramatically arrived and it suddenly looked like the Gold Cup (3½ miles) might be postponed till the April meet. Fortunately enough snow was cleared to make racing safe and it duly went ahead. **Forgive N'forget** was a red-hot favourite to become the first-ever horse to regain his Gold Cup crown (he won it in 1985) yet threw his chance away with a hideous blunder late on the first circuit. **Bolands Cross** fell, just like in last year's Sun Alliance Chase, when holding every chance, ditching Peter Scudamore to the floor unceremoniously. **Wayward Lad**, the veteran twelve year old, took it up at the last, just like last year, but again failed to stay up the gruelling hill and it was **The Thinker** who stole victory in the dying moments from **Cybrandian**, the long-time leader. Last year's Grand National winner **West Tip** stayed on up the hill to be fourth.

Record crowds had swelled the picturesque Gloucestershire course to watch yet another famous festival. Princess Anne added an emotional touch riding **Aldaniti**, the 1981 Grand National winner, before Tuesday's opener in order to raise money for the Bob Champion Cancer Trust. Memorable also was the unveiling of the **Dawn Run** statue. The great Irish mare, the only horse to have won both the Champion Hurdle and Gold Cup (1984-1986), was tragically killed in France last June. Although it was not a vintage Gold Cup I'm sure legends such as **Arkle** and **Mill House** would have been proud, and there is always next year when **See You Then** bids for immortality by attempting to win a record four consecutive Champion Hurdles. And after this year, who's to say he won't?

A. K. F. Robson

A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN

Andy Rush and Shirl Topham, having just been to the funeral of Sol Khan, came back to their apartment, which they had shared with Sol to find a family there with a "squat order" — a court order given to people in need of a home in a world of 16 million people

The Belichers swarmed in. Mr. Belicher was thin, with a strangely shaped head, almost no chin and just enough intelligence to sign his name to the Welfare application. Mrs. Belicher was the support of the family; from the flabby fat of her body came the children, all seven of them, to swell the relief allotment on which they survived. Number eight was on its way — a bulge out of her flesh. The largest girl, she must have been all of twelve, was carrying an infant which stank abominably. The children shouted at each other now, released from the silence and tension of the dark hall.

"Oh, look; the nice fridge," Mrs. Belicher said, waddling over and opening the door.

"Don't touch that," Andy said, and Belicher pulled him by the arm.

"I like this room — it's not big, you know, but nice. What's in here?" He started towards the open door in the partition.

"That's my room," Andy said, slamming it shut in his face. "Just keep out of there."

"No need to act like that," Belicher said, sliding away quickly, "I've got my rights. The law says I can look wherever I want with a squat order." He moved further away as Andy took a step towards him. "Not that I'm doubting your word, mister, I believe you. This room is fine, got a good table, chairs, bed"

"These things belong to me, This is an empty room, and a small one at that. It's not big enough for you and all your family."

"It's big enough — we've lived in smaller . . ."

"Andy — stop them! Look!" Shirl's unhappy cry spun Andy round and he saw that two of the boys had found the packets of herbs that Sol had grown so carefully in his window box and were tearing them open, thinking that they were some sort of food.

"Put those things down!" he shouted, but before he could reach them they had tasted the herbs, and spat them out.

"Burn my mouth!" the bigger boy screamed and sprayed the contents of the packet onto the floor. The other boy bounced up and down with excited glances and began to do the same thing with the rest of the packets. They twisted away from Andy and before he could stop them the packets were empty.

As soon as Andy turned away, the younger boy, still excited, climbed on the table — his mud-

stained shoes leaving filthy smears — and turned up the T.V. Blaring music crashed over the screams of the children and the ineffectual calls of their mother.

"Get these kids out of here!" Andy said, white faced with rage.

"I've got a 'squat order'. I've got rights!" Belicher shouted back.

"I don't care what you've got, at least I've got a room of my own".

D. J. Y. Wreford (XL)

THE FACE

I blame you for your empty heart
And ever blackened soul.
For you're the one that took the part.
Reward is your main goal.

Upon your pedestal you sit
With empty ridicule.
And act as though your mind is fit
To lay down its own rule.

You rip those that shed a tear
And shred their smiling face.
So much I used to fear
Your dry-ice wrapped in lace.

It sickens me to realise
How typical you are,
Omnipotent, and crude in size,
Enjoying it . . . so far.

If only you could see your mask
So sad a sight to bear.
But I know you will never ask,
It's empty inside there.

Clare R. Finch (LVI)

A STARLIT NIGHT

I watch the world as it passes by,
On wintry night,
Through starlit sky.

And up in the birch, the nightingale sings;
Its mournful song
Such sweetness brings.

But there they say the nomad dwells,
In rocky fern,
'Neath stormy fells,

He lies sleeping on this night so clear,
Oblivious of words
That I can hear.

So sweet bird sing, and hard frost bite—
No one can hurt
This sacred night.

E. B. Walsworth-Bell (Shell A)

OIL

The huge orange globe began to rise into the sky. The wind shuddered and tumbleweed rolled sedately across the huge, empty, dusty plain. I awoke and sat up, rubbing the grit out of my eyes, pulled off the blanket, and began encouraging the fire back to life. The rising sun shone through the crossed-iron beams above my head and threw a latticed shadow across the plain. I had begun to doubt my judgement and tried to imagine the riches I would receive before my resolve crumbled completely. The Texas cattle ranchers had been extremely sceptical when I had bought my plot of land. They were now definitely hostile.

I walked over to the rig and started to prepare for the day's drilling. After a month of living out in the plain I now began to wonder if all my calculations had been correct or if I would continue drilling dust for the remainder of my life. Walking back to the fire I realised that I was down to my last can of beans and I would have to ride into town, a good two hours away. I saddled up and began my trek, leaving the chugging engine behind me. The cows looked at me mournfully as I passed into the ranch adjoining my land. A bull tossed its head and half-heartedly pawed the ground. I touched the stock of my Winchester for reassurance.

On arriving in town I went straight to the General Store, and up to the counter. There was no one to be seen. Now I thought about it I hadn't seen any men around at all when I arrived. I went next door to the bar and as I entered through the swing doors a hush settled over all present — old men and young boys. They all looked uneasy, perhaps guilty. I shrugged and returned to the store, taking what I needed and leaving the money on the counter.

I began the long ride back, still puzzled by the lack of men. I noticed outside the town tracks of about twenty horses. Still unsuspecting, I followed the tracks towards my land. The clouds had built up while I had been in town and while I was riding along the first drops rain fell from the sky.

Then suddenly there was a crash like thunder and my horse collapsed, legs flailing. I was trapped with one leg under the horse as bullets hit the dust around me. I managed to claw the rifle from the saddle but I was in too excruciating a position to use it. Then, amazingly, the horse rose, one leg hanging useless. I rolled away in agony as blood returned to my leg and just escaped being crushed as the horse crashed down again. This time permanently. The rain gained momentum and soon curtains of it were falling, hiding my movement. I ran, doubled over, towards my property. After only a quarter of an hour the rain slackened and then stopped

altogether. I could see the tall rig ahead and people crawling all over it. Incredibly the engine was still running. Warily I took a wild shot at the rig and somehow someone was hit, cartwheeling to the ground. The fire was returned with vigour and I was about to admit defeat when suddenly the men on the top of the rig flew up and a huge column of dark liquid rose. I collapsed and began to smile as the townsmen saddled up and left me to my prize. My calculations had been correct.

J. P. Marshall (Shell C)

NEPAL

Sit on a mountain and what do you see . . .

Sea upon sea, a vast monopoly
Of pyramidal towers, techtronically moulded,
Creating a distance, revealing an expanse
Of blessed white, pure snow, oft untouched,
Brighter than an angel's crown
Whiter than a bridal gown.
But no marriage is here — just love,
For this is heaven.

Nothing stirs in these limitless skies,
Eminent landscape meets our eyes,
Pointed peaks enhance our stare,
All we see requires great care,
Lost people in a timeless zone.

Sit on a mountain and this is what you see.

G. P. J. Wordsworth (MVD)

THE SUN

I trudged along the bank of a meandering river. Above me the sun sat in the sky, stirring up clouds of sticky flies, burning into my back and causing me to stumble drowsily on across the gnarled, grey roots of a great willow. I hated the sun! I banished it from the sky, but it mocked me still. A dry breeze blew into my face and I coughed. I coughed until my lungs ached and my eyes were screaming at me to close. Finally I was forced to let them have their way. Forced by the sun, and by the willow under whose limbs I trod, and on whose roots I now lay asleep, I do not know for how long I slept beneath that great, wise tree. But when I awoke it was night, cold and lonely.

D. I. G. Szalay (IIIa)

CURIOSITY

Dad, why do birds fly in the sky?
Why do men live and die?
Why do we keep awake in day
And by night pass away?
Dad, why do we blink our eyes?
Why do we kill all flies?
And why was I born into this world—
So bad, so good, so warm and cold?
And Dad . . . why do I go to school?
What's so great and what's so cool
Not knowing what's happening next,
Being confused, bored and perplexed?
I don't know what to make . . .
Dad? Are you awake?

M. J. Snyder (IIIe)

OLYMPUS

He woke up one mid-summer's morning and looked at his watch. It was eleven o'clock.

Paul loved Sundays. He knew that he could sleep in until whatever time he liked. Every Sunday was the same. He lived alone and was somewhat of an outcast as his appearance was rather extraordinary and gave the impression of an extremely violent man.

He was a sturdy, middle-sized fellow on the right side of forty and embedded in his balding head were two large glass-like green eyes which looked like fragments of broken glass glowing in the sun's rays. His dark complexion was in startling contrast to a dwindling beard of vivid red which flowed down over his white waistcoat.

He had few friends, but it didn't bother him. He had his books and over the years had built up an immense amount of useless knowledge which few people could have matched. He rarely bothered going into town as he had little need for anything. Anyway, he knew that the children of the town called him names like "Zeus", or "Glass Eyes". He loved children though none loved him.

Each Sunday he would take a walk after lunch and go to a deserted point by the seashore and ponder over several things for a couple of hours. On one side was the Atlantic with its white horses so sacred to Homer, and on the other side was the most serene view of a landscape. England's green pastures were a constant source of amazement to him and every time he saw them, he sang the hymn quietly to himself which had those words in it.

He sometimes felt like diving into the ocean he loved so much, but he knew that if he did that, it could only lead to one thing: Death. He wanted to enjoy what Mother Nature had given him for as long as he could. The fresh air, the rolling landscape, the roaring sea and, above all, happiness. There was just one aspect of happiness



N. F. Q. Terry

he missed. He would have liked to have seen a little child grow, share in its delight, share its sadness.

It didn't bother him that he lived alone as he was visited by his relatives occasionally.

That Sunday was different. Everything was fine and he was watching the ocean when all of a sudden he heard a gasping for breath behind him. He turned around, and there, below him, climbing up the peak, was a young child, not more than eight years old.

"Hello", said Paul, "what can I do for you?"

The child laughed, put a thumb in her mouth and stared at this wonderful sight that had appeared in front of her which seemed to be trying to speak to her. She had never seen anything like him before.

"Could this be the child I have been waiting for?" Paul asked himself.

"Where are her parents?"

He looked over the precipice and there were her parents calmly eating a large picnic, not giving a second thought to their missing child. Paul picked her up and chuckled.

"Better take you down," he told her, "they might start worrying!"

He started taking the long safe way down and continued speaking to the child, but she wasn't listening. An impulse had gone through her body. What had she found? A God?

C. R. Lascelles

A LONELY IMPULSE OF DELIGHT

The donkey-driven cart trundled along the dust track bumping and jostling its solitary passenger. The passenger had grown accustomed to it, too preoccupied with the threat of imminent financial ruin, let alone the failure to achieve personal fulfilment, to notice. Whichever way it was, he was seemingly unperturbed by the apparent absence of any form of suspension and merely gazed around at the sheer, smooth stone cliff faces that loomed above him, silhouetted against the hazy orange and dust-laden sky. The dust was everywhere: on his hat, his clothes and in his mouth. He spat to clear his mouth of it and then cracked his whip to urge the donkey on.

It has been a similarly hazy summer's evening when Martin had broken the news to his wife of

seven years — Julie-Anne. "I'm going to Egypt", he had said. The words froze in the warm air, fell and shattered on the stone veranda. As if by instinct they both strolled down the gently sloping lawn of their Berkshire home, and stood at the bottom, watching the fish in the river jump for flies. Outwardly they both seemed to ignore the chill wind which swept through the surrounding trees, but Julie-Anne secretly registered it as a possible portent of doom. She had known for years, since before they had tied the knot of marriage, that one day his dream would have to be recognised — but why so soon when they had just recognised their mutual dream, and started a family? Her tears had mingled with the soft, summer rain as she stood in the doorway, watching the car recede. She gently caressed her stomach as if to comfort the unborn baby . . .

N. F. Q. Terry



An ever present cloud had hung over Martin's expedition from the start. As a young archaeologist, he had made only a limited amount of money, and both his and Julie-Anne's inheritance had been spent on the house as well as being put aside for the baby. The Egyptian government had refused him a grant — they saw no point in increasing the prospect of an already over-crowded system of badly-organized museums becoming yet more chaotic. This was a severe blow but the department of antiquities provided him with an eight-month accommodation, a period of time which would be extended if he was at all successful. However, he had to pay for his own transport and cover the cost of labour. These expenses were unexpected and limited his funds yet further.

Work in the City of the Dead had commenced a week after his arrival. At first he was enthusiastic and travelled to the site every day to supervise the digging — however he soon became weary of this daily commuting and only visited the site every few days by means of a small donkey-drawn cart that he had purchased locally. Meanwhile he pored over the ancient maps and texts in the relative comfort of his hotel room; they had already dug at five different sites — with no success. After several months and a further unsuccessful dig, he was struck down by an illness and confined to his bed, unable to study or visit the site. Word reached him that, one by one, the workmen were leaving the site — bad omens such as prowling jackals and circling vultures had scared them off.

The eight months came to a close. All the labourers had quit and Martin's funds had petered out. He could no longer afford the journey home to England, to his wife, to his unborn child. Weak with disease, he summoned up his last remaining strength and climbed into his cart, ignoring the letter handed to him as he gave the keys in at reception for the last time.

Again he spat to rid his mouth of the infernal dust and rested his weary body against the back of the seat.

On arrival at the site, he surveyed the untidy mounds and pits dug by the men. He had studied the ancient texts for what seemed like a decade to him and he had been sure, so sure, that the tomb of the prince lay in this area — perhaps that is why he had returned this last time: he could not accept that he had been wrong. He only had one thing to go on now — a hunch, an intuition that it was two or three degrees west from the present site. In the gathering dusk, he drew a cross with his foot. He was going to have one last try.

Several hours later he awoke to find himself staring at the letter which was illuminated in the candle light. He sat back against the weather-worn, but elaborate, stone doorway — a doorway to a new life and an old. He slit the envelope

open and read the hand of his wife by the moonlight.

The letter fell unhindered and came to rest on the rough stony threshold.

With the prospect of opening the previously unviolated tomb and finding treasures surpassing any of those found before, and with the not too distant prospect of returning to England to see his wife and, best of all, his new-born daughter, Martin Shuddered — not with the cold, but with a lonely impulse of delight.

E. B. Walsworth-Bell (Shell A)



Albion Press—recently restored to its former glory. (Anyone remember using it in the past?)

FINGERS INTERWOVEN

The fingers interwoven
To channel the determination,
A tensing of the bone and muscle,
Passage of the breath
And setting of the resolve,
Propel the killer
To seize and ride the winds of fate.

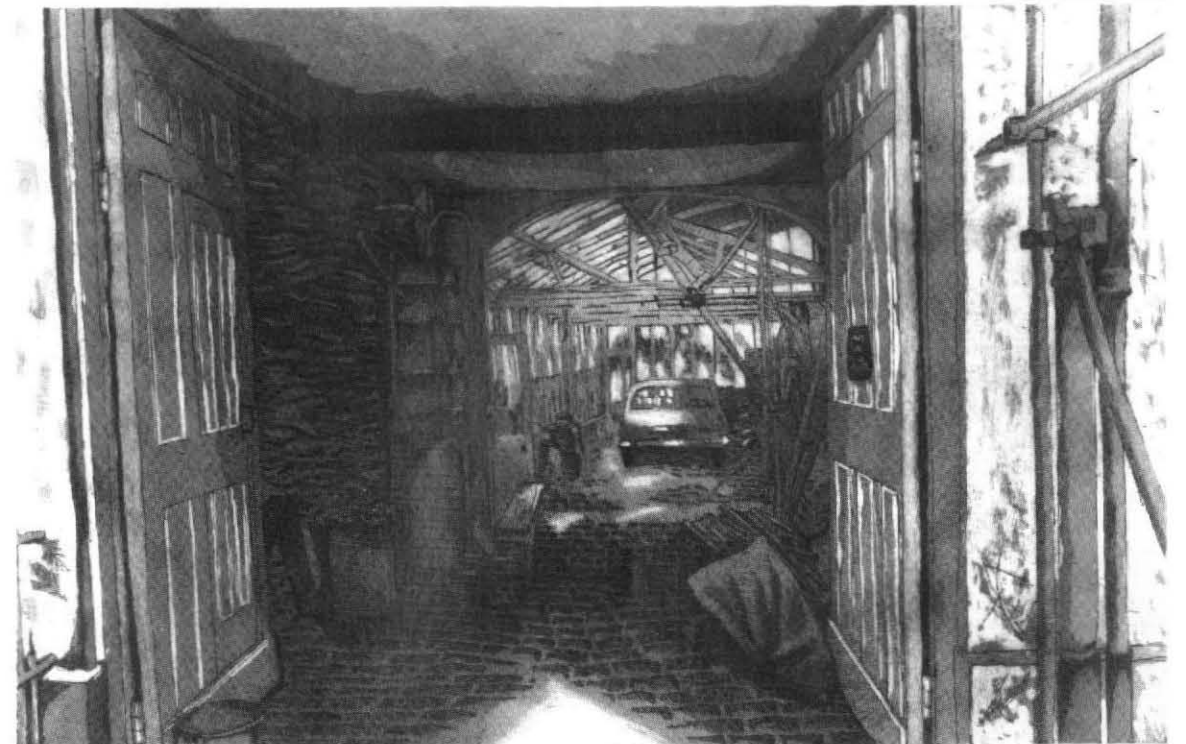
K. Salha, mi.



D. C. White — Anthony Howard Prizewinner



Cordelia Beresford



Stefan Gundisch

STOWE SKETCHBOOK — 'O' LEVEL ETCHINGS



J. H. Bramley

STOWE SKETCHBOOK — 'O' LEVEL ETCHINGS

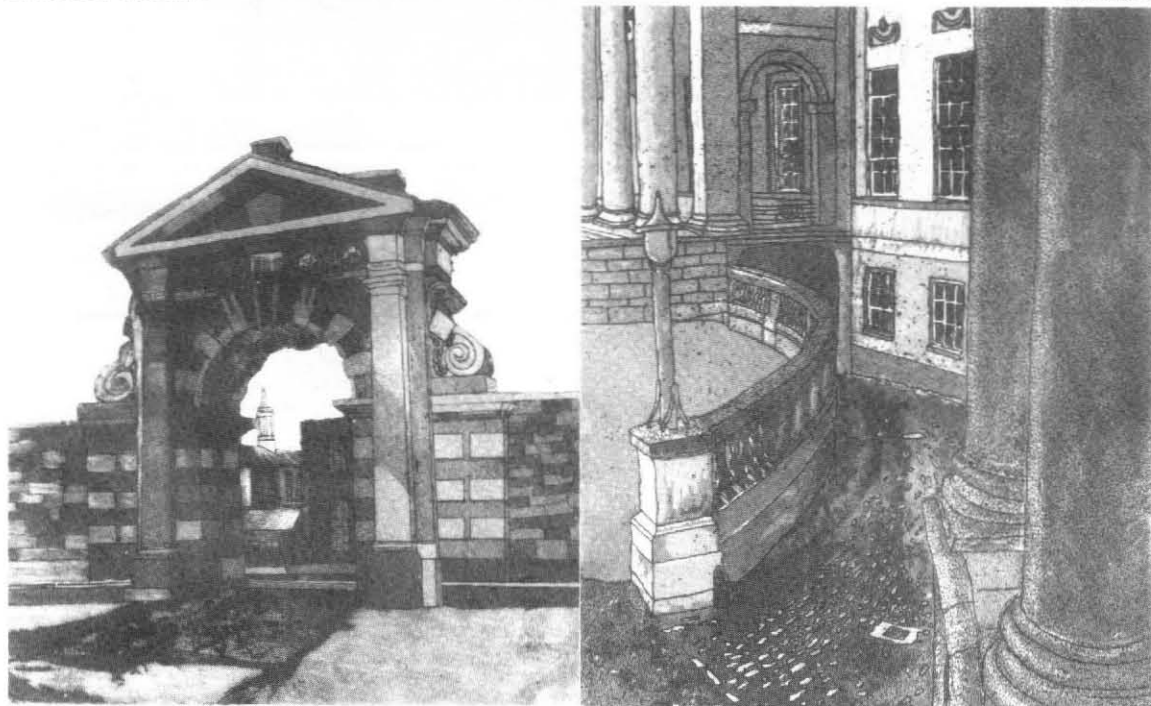


G. R. M. Bates

N. F. G. Terry

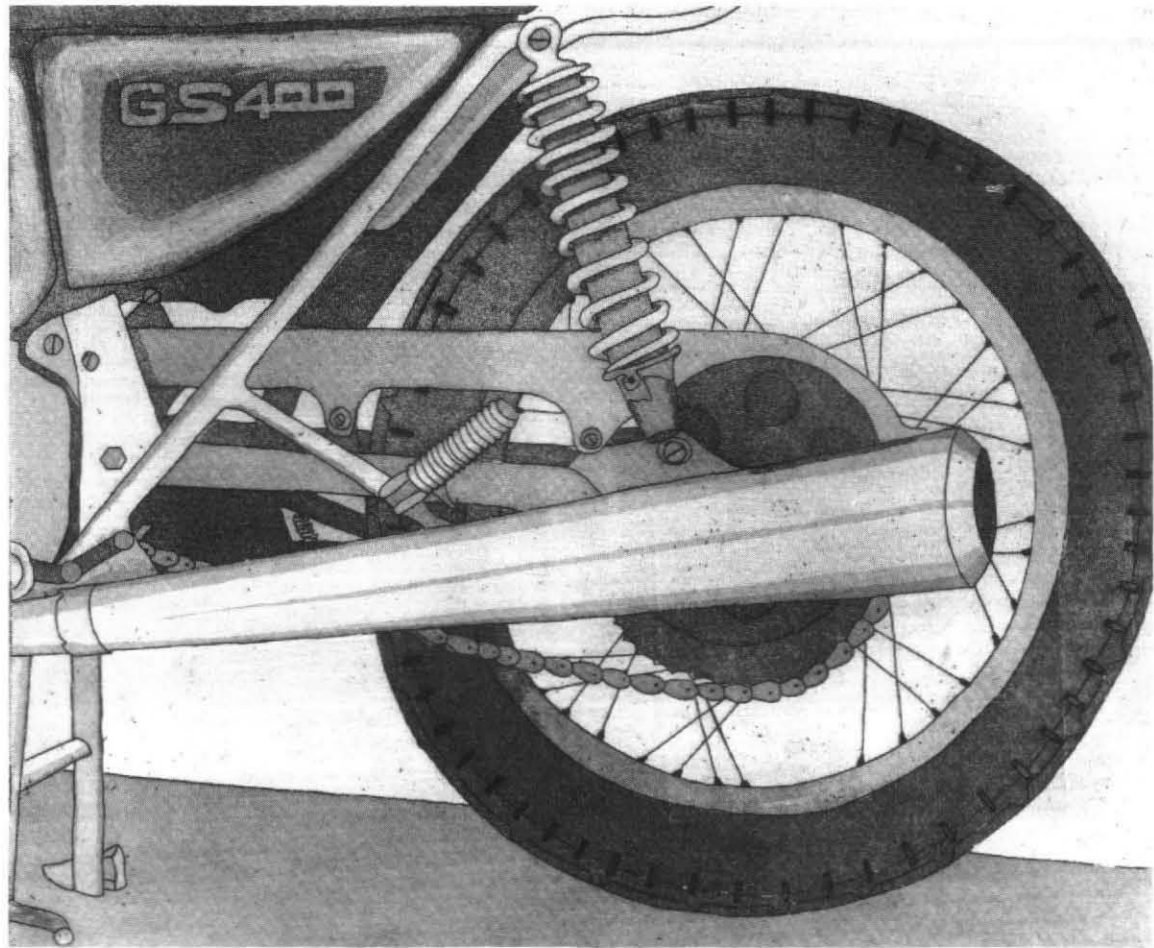
Philippa L. P. Stewart

N. Meade



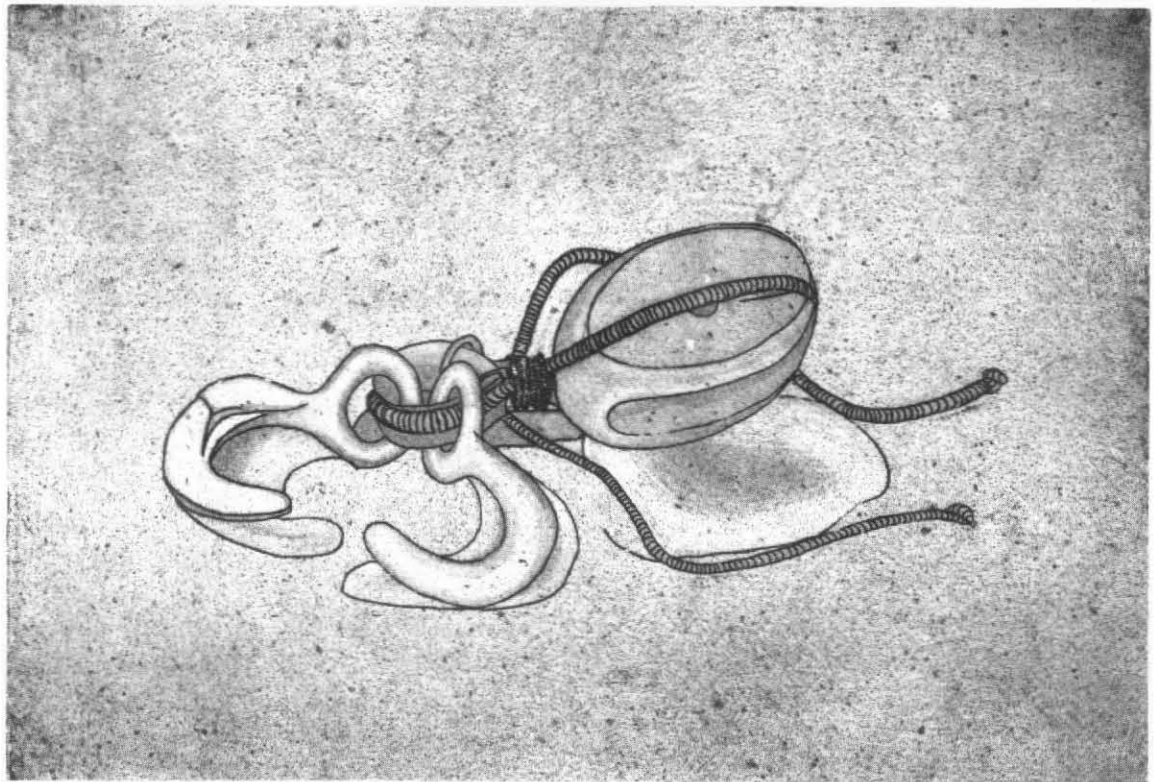
N. R. L. Chamberlain





P. W. Garton

P. W. Garton

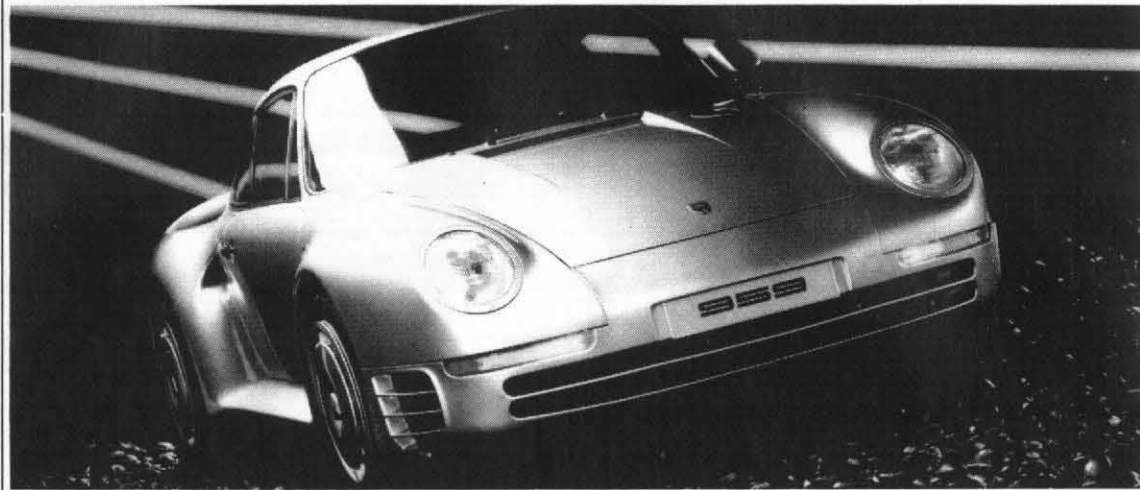


Photograph by Annabel Trustram-Eve

Photograph by A. Wolcough



NOT-SO-TRIVIAL PURSUIT.





Try as you might you'll find it exceedingly difficult to find anything that's trivial about Porsche. Nevertheless here are six questions of varying degrees of obscurity which may test your knowledge to the full (inspired guesswork could well pay dividends). If you think you can successfully attempt all our questions send your


answers to Marketing Services Department, Porsche Cars Great Britain Limited, Bath Road, Calcot, Reading RG3 7SE.


Six correct answers will win you a full colour wall poster (760 x 1015 mm) of the breathtaking 187mph, Porsche 959.


PORSCHE
BUILDING ON ACHIEVEMENT


 **Geography:** Which performance car manufacturer builds its cars in Stuttgart - Zuffenhausen and has its Research and Development Centre at Weissach?

 **History:** What was the surname of the man who designed the Volkswagen 'Beetle'?

 **Entertainment:** What did Steven Spielberg buy four of for his wife because he already had four of his own?

 **Sports & Leisure:** What is the name of the manufacturer who has won Le Mans more times than any other and who in 1986 took the first seven places?

 **Science & Nature:** Which car manufacturer built the first turbo-charged production sports car?

 **Art & Literature:** In the Merchant of Venice one of the female characters appears disguised as a man. What's her name?



Photographs by A. Wolcough





Photograph by Alexandra Goldsmith



Cordelia Beresford — Clothes designed and made by Catherine Reardon

Photograph by Alexandra Goldsmith



Photograph by Annabel Trustram-Eve

STOWE'S LIVING HISTORY

In post-Reformation Europe the use of bells for calling people to worship became more widespread, and many new sets or rings of bells were cast or enlarged. In particular, hanging them in a frame in which they could be rung 'full circle' increased the practice of change ringing which we know so well today.

At Stowe, by 1640, the church was in part ruinous. The pinnacle of the steeple was broken; the four bells could not be rung because the frame and ropes were decayed. Ten years later a local bell-founder — probably James Keen from Woodstock — cast five lighter bells out of the originals. Two of these bear later dates of 1660 and 1665 and so were probably made by James's son, Richard, who probably took over the foundry situated on the site of the present Blackacre Road in Woodstock. All five bells carry inscriptions with the names of their founders and the church wardens, "William Spatcher" and "Robart Knight". A book in the School Library, 'The Church Bells of Buckinghamshire', comments on the special occasions during the nineteenth century upon which the bells were rung; for instance, after work on New Year's Eve and before work on New Year's Day. It included ringing for weddings, when paid for, on the day of the wedding and the Sunday following, if the newly-married pair were residents of the parish.

By the late 1950's the bells could only be rung with difficulty. Their bearings were worn and the frame unsafe. It was decided that they ought, after three centuries, to be re-tuned and 'quarter turned' so that the clapper would strike the bell in a different position. Thanks mainly to the efforts of Mr. and Mrs. William Yates, the bells were re-hung and have continued since to sound for Sunday services and other occasions.

Today there is an active band of Stoics which rings the church bells. It meets on Thursday evenings in term time in the company of several local ringers. Thanks to Mr. W. A. Yates and Mr. A. J. E. Lloyd we now have a competent band which will happily ring 'Plain Hunt' on a Sunday for service. This term for the first time seven of our ringers, in the company of ten teenagers from Thornborough, spent a Saturday afternoon ringing on each other's bells and visiting Padbury too. This provided a marvellous opportunity to meet other ringers and learn the techniques of their towers. Next time you walk to supper on a Thursday evening or go to breakfast on Sunday and hear the bells ringing, remember that you are hearing the sounds that residents have heard for over 300 years and perhaps give a little thought to the ringers, those ancient voices and Stowe's living history.

J. P. Humbert.

STOWE REVISITED

More than fifty years have elapsed since I was in Grenville House. During the intervening years I have served with the Cavalry and as an antique dealer in Kent and Suffolk.

Life in the sixties as an antique dealer not solely reliant on profit, was exciting. My partner and I owned a Georgian house wherein we displayed everything in its correct setting. There were the drawing, dining and morning rooms with everything appropriate to their usage. There were bedrooms upstairs with four poster and French beds, commodes, ottomans, down to silk bell pulls.

Everything was for sale but price tickets concealed. Bad luck when a guest wanted to buy the very bed she had slept in — she had to wait a few days for delivery!

This way of business gave endless practice in buying for a purpose and in interior decor. Sadly it became impractical when demand increased.

Not surprisingly, this experience gave me added interest in the interior decoration of Stowe in the 18th and early 19th centuries. The Gobelin Tapestries, the giltwood and carved furniture, the Buhl cupboard — now fortunately in the Wallace Collection — the marble tops, the portraits by famous artists, the mirrors without number, added spice to the reading. This treasure was collected by the Dukes of Buckingham during their wide travels and earned the State-rooms the reputation of being the finest in Europe.

The first Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, after inheriting Stowe in 1814 amassed much more, sometimes in bad taste and surplus to decorative requirements, to impress Queen Victoria on her forthcoming visit.

As a result of this extravagance and for other reasons he went bankrupt and the contents of the house had to be sold in 1848. Sadly only one-fifth of the total estimate was realised.

It lay empty and stripped of everything, except for a few fittings, until sold in 1921, and Baroness Kinloss was the caretaker until the School opened in 1923.

Re-visiting Stowe recently, I was impressed as I had always been with the façades of the North and South Fronts. They were unchanged. The new Bruce House and the new recreational additions had done nothing to spoil them.

Next I was pleased to see that inside everything looked "spick and span" — even "Plug Street" was clean and did not smell! Perhaps not seriously, I wondered if any of the antique collection had come back! The short answer is that, apart from the fine portraits hanging in the Hall and Dining Room, there is nothing old at Stowe. Modern furniture there is in plenty — enough for each boy to have his own bureau

bookcase and more. These, though not beautiful, provide a better functional answer than the lockers and long tables of the past.

My disappointment at finding no antique furniture was allayed when I went through the Assembly Hall to the Music Room where Valdré's decorations have recently been restored. The magnificence of these rooms without furniture reminded me that they could not have looked finer even when fully furnished in the 18th century.

Wandering on through the other State-rooms I was more than ever impressed by their proportions and fine painted ceilings. Modern furniture, especially in the Library, seemed out of place but then one realised the necessity and quickly looked up again.

I left happy that the old is enhancing the new and that the requirements of a school have not robbed the Nation of its most prized heritage.

Major O. C. Horn

CONTACTS WITH JAPAN



"The long and the short of it" . . . W.C.R. and landlady outside Minshuku (Guest House) on recent visit to Japan

A new school for the children of Japanese businessmen opens in Milton Keynes on April 1st. As part of a liaison programme suggested by Stowe, two teachers Mr. W. C. Ross and Mr. M. E. Manisty recently visited the parent school near Tokyo.

M.E.M. comments:

"What struck me most forcibly was the traditional curriculum and style of teaching. It is very much chalk and talk. In Mathematics the pupil of 13 is well into the type of routine algebra that we discarded 10 or 20 years ago. But, contrary to common belief, the children are not lacking in spark or emotion. They are as lively and interested as any British child."

"Many were well informed on world affairs and keen to discuss issues. As ever, school food was a topic for complaint ('Do you ever have beef for lunch in England?')."

"The Daily Schedule starts with breakfast at 6.30 and lessons at 7.30. My overall impression was of simple hard work with the teachers seeing no need to make lessons entertaining. Many Stoics would find it very hard going?"

"The curriculum panders little to new fashions in education. A child at the Junior High School level (13-15) will do 7 lessons of Japanese, 6 Mathematics, 8 English, 5 Science, 5 Geography/History/Economics, 1 Music, 1 Art, 1 Religion and a selection of options giving between 36 and 42 fifty minute lessons per week."

"Computing and Design/Craft Technology are seen as diversions from solid theoretical study, although it is fair to say that the teachers look enviously at our facilities and feel that they would like to take on board some of the Western approaches to education."

"There was plenty of sport on offer in the boarding school we visited. Kendo was the most popular of the Martial Arts. Volleyball, Baseball, Tennis and Golf were popular, though with golf there is little chance to practise on a real course, with green fees for members starting at £100 per day."

Gyosei School, Milton Keynes, has been built with investment from major Japanese corporations, in order to help satisfy the demand from Japanese expatriates for an education that will enable their children to keep within their own system. Japanese parents are generally satisfied with British infant and junior schools, but are unhappy about the standards of learning and the poor work ethic in many of our secondary schools. Obtaining a place at a good university is the main objective for Japanese children and the competition is fierce.

The new school will initially take about 300 boarders, expanding eventually to 600. It will be co-educational with ages ranging from 9 to 18.

When the school opens there will be about 20 Japanese staff and 7 full-time English staff who will teach History, Mathematics, Science, Chemistry, English (3). Although the day will start with the first lesson at 7.30, English staff will be time-tabled to allow them to start at 8.25.

Stowe School is promoting an active liaison scheme with Gyosei, involving sporting links, joint society meetings and a holiday exchange scheme. It is to be hoped that some Stoics will take an interest in this opportunity to develop closer links with a country and culture that we know so little about, and yet is so important in the context of world trade and the control of our economy.

M.E.M.

HEART DISEASE

Nowadays, in the western world, heart disease kills more people than anything else. If a typical section of 100 people were taken from the British population, then about 40 of them would be likely to die from one form of heart disease or another.

It seems unlikely in the near future that there will be any cure as such, developed for heart disease. The main reason for this lack of a cure is that at present, nobody yet knows exactly what causes a heart attack, although we have recognised that there are certain activities such as the excess intake of fatty foods, smoking and heavy drinking, which can increase one's chances of having a heart attack.

Although there is no cure for heart disease, patients who are known to have this problem can be treated with some success. For example, it is now possible to reduce the amount of fat in a patient's bloodstream, which can be very beneficial, for it will reduce the workload on the heart and, therefore, reduce the chance of the patient having a heart attack.

Unfortunately, more often than not, a person on the verge of a heart attack feels perfectly fit and well until he actually has the heart attack. Five per cent of first-time heart attacks are fatal, and there is very little that can be done for this 5%. The other 95% of people suffering first-time heart attacks will survive; they will almost invariably be rushed straight to hospital where the condition of their heart will be monitored. They will probably remain in hospital for a further two weeks whilst they are recovering.

In this country there is great pressure on the National Health Service. It seems to be under-resourced and this leads to a shortage of bed space in many hospitals. In this country 10% of all hospital beds are occupied by patients who have suffered heart attacks.

It is common knowledge that the major function of the heart is to pump the blood around the body. It also has the secondary function of releasing certain chemicals known as enzymes. The job of these enzymes is to control the chemical reactions taking place within our bodies.

After somebody has suffered a heart attack, the amount of these enzymes within that person's bloodstream will increase rapidly, in direct proportion to the severity of the heart attack. One such enzyme is called MB creatinine phosphokinase.

It is a very difficult decision for a doctor when he has to decide whether or not he can allow a patient home after a heart attack. I have devised a scheme which may help him to make this decision.

I intend to take the blood from fifty patients who have just suffered heart attacks. I would then also take blood from these patients for the next

three days. Next, for each blood sample, I would measure the amount of MB creatinine phosphokinase present, using a machine known as a photometer. I would then look at the progress of these fifty patients during the next few months. If some of the patients died, and they also had high levels of MB creatinine phosphokinase on day three, then I would be able to advise doctors, who had patients with high MB creatinine phosphokinase levels on the third day after their heart attack, to monitor their patients closely and not to let them go home. On the other hand, if I noticed that patients who had low levels of MB creatinine phosphokinase on day three generally made a speedy recovery, then I would be able to advise doctors, who had patients with a low level of MB creatinine phosphokinase on the third day after their heart attacks, that it would probably be safe to allow their patients to recover at home.

This, in the long term, would save the National Health Service lots of money and I'm sure that most patients would prefer to recover at home, rather than in hospital, if possible.

A. G. Blackwood, ma.

GRENVILLE'S NEW BUILDINGS

The new buildings in Grenville were formally opened by the Chairman of the Governors, Vice-Admiral Sir James Kennon, an Old Grenvillian, and are now nearing the end of their first year in use. All Sixth Formers and some Fifth Formers now have very well-equipped single or shared study bedrooms. The Junior Houseroom has moved from the Blue Room to the Aurelian Room and is linked by a staircase to a new games room in Grenville Court. Considerable alterations have been made to the Lower Prefectory and to the old Bruce Prefectory, which now provides an entrance lobby from the East Colonnade, thus bringing the House into a much closer geographical unity.

Whilst there may be some who regret the passing of the laissez-faire do-it-yourself study, there is no doubt that the vastly improved accommodation, facilities and privacy are much appreciated by the great majority — not least the Housemaster. The landscaping of Grenville Court awaits building development for other Houses in that area. When this has been completed a transformation will indeed have been achieved and we are very grateful to all who have helped to make this possible.

R.M.P.

LOWER SIXTH GEOGRAPHY FIELD COURSE TO SNOWDONIA

During the last week of the Spring Term D.R.F. and N.C.G. made their annual pilgrimage to North Wales with 43 Lower Sixth geographers. Based at the Drapers' Field Centre in Betws-y-Coed the aims of the course were to study glacial, wastal and flurial environments.

Geography has moved considerably from the time when it had to be learnt from the soles of the feet but it often has to be absorbed from within a cagoule or under an umbrella. Fortunately, this year the weather was quite reasonable (for Wales) so Stoics did not have to be restrained from measuring shape dimensions of pebbles on Criccieth Beach. It was possible, however, to detect a slight unwillingness to get out of the mini bus on the final afternoon when a roche moutonnée was to be investigated in horizontal hail.

The students worked well and their tutors drove them hard. It is difficult to predict with a given level of confidence how many will want to return to investigate the two-dimensioned roundness indices of particles in a drumlin but hopefully a significant proportion will want to return to Cwmlwdal and reread Darwin's footsteps of 1842 when he dared to suggest that the landscape had been formed by glaciers and not by Noah's flood which is what most thought at the time.

The LVI Geography prize for the Snowdonia Fieldwork project has been awarded to Amanda J. Seymour.

N.C.G.

THE STANTONBURY EXCHANGE

A title at once evocative of human rights, political prisoners, an East-West exchange; and perhaps not so wide of the mark since this was conducted between Public School and Comprehensive, a class from Stowe and a group from a Milton Keynes comprehensive based on Stantonbury Campus.

Some four years ago the two schools conducted a preliminary exchange of only one day's duration, and this was deemed so successful that this year a full-scale version was prepared for a week under the auspices of the *Daily Express* who intend to publish a series of articles covering the exchange.

The final choice fell upon Form IIIc, a class of seventeen boys from Stowe and a composite group of 10 boys and 10 girls drawn from the

same age range at Stantonbury. The difficulties involved are perhaps best left to the imagination, but eventually IIIc departed suitably clad in T-shirt, jeans and trainers, full of excitement and armed with nothing more lethal than a pencil case and a Stowe packed lunch.

There was some trepidation on arrival, but all was well, as R. C. D. T. Holtby wrote in the daily diary that took the place of prep for that week. "When we arrived at the comprehensive we thought we were relly in for a hard time, but it turned out that in fact the people were really nice and we were welcomed."

The over-riding impression of most of the Stowe boys echoed this aspect of the exchange and the friendliness of the Stantonbury teachers and pupils.

There were considerable differences in timetable. At Stantonbury a whole morning might be devoted to "Shared Time," a group of subjects consisting of English, History and Geography, all taken by the same teacher and merged into a session lasting several hours. This technique did not find favour with the Stowe boys and many commented at length in their diaries. M. Salha was more brief: "Shared Time was bad because there was too much of it."

There was nothing but praise for the equipment in the workshops and, more particularly, the Leisure Centre facilities, which were available after school at 3.30 p.m. The new £17,000 weight training apparatus was the envy of the Stoics.

Academically, IIIc as a form were much less impressed, and without exception they returned to Stowe with a full realisation of how lucky they were that their parents were able to make such a choice for them. At Stantonbury many of the classes were conducted in a large open area with the pupils in small groups seated at small circular tables and there was a continual traffic of pupils walking past and through the area with a background level of noise that was intolerable to most of the Stoics who are used to the regimented classroom formality at Stowe. Typical comments were that a week's work at Stantonbury produced little more than a couple of pages of notes, and while much of the work consisted of discussion based on topics which are a centre of controversy in modern educational theory. Most of the Stoics felt that they were immersed in an atmosphere where those who wanted to work must help themselves and those who didn't wish to make the effort did little or nothing. Stowe parents will be pleased with this quote from R. C. D. T. Holtby's diary. "If they wanted to work they could, or if they couldn't be bothered to work they didn't have to, but at Stowe we have no choice."

Most of our boys admired the "Drama" lessons which were incorporated under the heading of "Expressive Arts," but "Tutorial" left everyone guessing. J. H. L. Beattie wrote, "For

my next subject I would have Tutorial. I did not know what this was so I waited . . . eventually I was told to do a poster for "No Smoking." It was wonderful but I still did not know what Tutorial was."

Needless to say the IIIc diaries contained many references to girls and to the lack of them at Stowe, and I feel sure that the concluding paragraph in Nayal Khan's diary will appear in some form in the *Daily Express*, perhaps diluted, so I quote it here verbatim.

"After swimming, I said, or gave a good-bye kiss, to all my other friends, Emma, Donna, Maria, Geraldine and Michelle, and finally at exactly 4.33 p.m. we came back to Stowe. Overall this had been a very good exchange and exciting."

The Stowe boys never found it easy to adopt the Stantonbury principle of calling all the staff, including the Headmaster, by their Christian names, and indeed most of them thought that it led to indiscipline in the classes. However, the Stantonbury pupils at Stowe were delightful in the easy, open and unselfconscious approach that they brought to all their dealings with the staff, and I shall never forget the afternoon on the rifle range at Stowe when S.O.C. had given the Stantonbury boys an hour's coaching, and at the end of it a small boy took him by the arm and said, "Thanks mate!" with utter sincerity, enthusiasm and a complete lack of self-consciousness.

F.A.H.

THE BAGLUNG PROJECT

For some time funds from Stowe have been sent to the Save the Children Fund medical clinic in central Nepal. Two years ago a highly successful sponsored walk undertaken by members of the School raised £12,000 and we have now been able to send a total of something over £15,000 to various SCF projects in Nepal.

A new development has been the preparedness of Philippa Drew, until recently the Director of SCF in Nepal, to provide board and lodging at Baglung for recent Old Stoics in exchange for help with teaching English to locally recruited workers at the clinic. The first Stoic to take advantage of this opportunity was Adam Reed who left Grenville in July 1986. He has kindly allowed us to print the comments that he and the friend who accompanied him sent to SCF after their stay. (To be published in the next issue).

I very much hope that the new Director in Nepal will allow this arrangement to continue and I hope to discuss things with him in Kathmandu en route for Tibet this summer.

R.M.P.

Sarah Guthrie was awarded an Exhibition to St. Godric's Secretarial College, Hampstead, September 1987, to study for an executive secretarial qualification.



Standing: P. W. Garton, J. D. Rossiter, M. A. Samuel, S. C. Todd, J. E. P. Mierins, C. M. Lambert.

Sitting: R. J. H. Woolley, Stephanie Thomas, C. M. Wood, Michelle Cox.

BUSINESS ENTERPRISE

In the Spring Term, 'Snoopy's' the Stowe Young Enterprise Group launched itself into the business world by selling over 450 shares to raise the capital needed to start its first major venture. We arranged with the Dorchester Chocolate Company to have chocolates handmade and presented in personalised Stowe boxes designed by our own company.

The first delivery arrived at the end of March and was sold out before the end of term in preparation for Mother's Day. Further stocks have been ordered and these have been marketed in Buckingham shops and in Milton Keynes, at a Young Enterprise Trade Fair, on 24th and 25th April. We hope also to make sales through major occasions such as Speech Day, and perhaps to visitors to the School during the summer holidays. By September, when we are due to wind the company up, we hope to have made sufficient profit to have covered our activities and in the process to have learnt a great deal about the world of business.

Sacha Malhame

ESTATE

Lakes and their dams, silt and banks, have been the main feature of the work over most of the estate this past six months. It would require monumental blindness for anyone to come into Stowe at present and not notice the work going on on the Oxford water. We had to repair the dam, which was in a parlous state, so we thought that we would also dredge out the accumulated silt at the same time. We were fortunate in being able to buy a Hymac excavator, very reasonably, in order to tackle the job ourselves, for whilst other contractors would undoubtedly have been quicker, the lowest quotation for the work was more than double the total cost we expected (including the purchase of the Hymac) and we have been able to make some allowance for the conservation of the banks, particularly Ladymead meadow. We thought that the biggest problem would be the disposal of the silt (7,000 cubic metres of it), but that has not been the case. A very wet winter and early spring delayed the work, and some rather unexpected legacies of previous dredging attempts, such as large pits dug

in the clay bottom of the eastern end of the lake, have made the process more difficult than we had expected.

The two other large lakes on the estate have also been the objects of attention in the past few months. We have been obliged by the Reservoirs Act of 1976 to have the retaining dams inspected. The report of the inspectors has now arrived and, as expected, tells us that we must raise the height of the dams and provide emergency spillways to cope with the 'storm of the millenium.' This will cause some serious visual disruption to the estate in the area of Venus and the cascades, but the work has to be done, we don't have any choice. We must add a note of thanks to Robert Kennedy, who used his surveying 'O' Level qualification to great advantage by providing us with profiles of the dams for the inspectors. This work saved the estate many hundreds of pounds and convinced us of the need for action when we found that both dams have sections of walls that provide less than 25cms of freeboard above the level of the lake. This will have to be raised to about ½ metre.

Visitors to the area around the pebble alcove will be able to enjoy the work done by the Stoics and the estate staff in a combined operation over the pst two terms. A carefully planned and executed programme of thinning has been carried out, together with replanting with over 100 shrubs and the clearing of the channel between the bank and Monkey Island. We are now trying to decide whether or not to replace the bridge to the island. Julian Ffooks has provided a set of designs, which will be considered by the landscape committee in July. Further work is planned in the area next winter, when we hope to deal with the area behind the pebble alcove and plant it up very heavily with shrubs so that in time it will make a dense thicket.

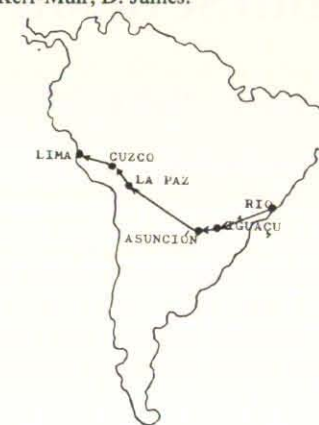
The winds which blew so violently in March, almost exactly a year to the day since the previous storm, did very little serious damage, except behind the running track. This area will need some careful thought soon. It may be time to cut our losses and fell what few trees the wind has left and replant. The only serious loss was another tree from the lime avenue (the course). We are seriously worried about the trees in that avenue, since they are blowing over at an alarming rate, such that the avenue may never reach maturity if the problem continues. The trees appear to have no deep roots. We intend to carry out some soil tests to see if there is anything wrong with the ground, to try to find out where the trees came from and if they were planted from pots, and thus perhaps were pot-bound when planted. Once we know the results of our investigations there may be some rather difficult decisions to be made in order to ensure that we have a decent avenue in the future.

M.C.S-S.
M.E.

SOUTH AMERICAN EXPEDITION 1987

This summer a joint party of staff and pupils from Stowe and Rugby School Biology Departments will be attempting to cross South America from Rio de Janiero to Lima overland. In a journey set to blitz the senses of the most seasoned traveller the party will contrast visits to the ultra-sophisticated beaches of Ipanema in Rio with the poverty of life on the streets of La Paz. The itinerary includes visits to: a snake farm in Sao Paulo, Iguassu Falls (site of filming for the climax of the film 'The Mission'), tin and silver mines in Potosi, Lake Titicaca, Macchu Picchu (lost city of the Incas), and the heart of the Brazilian jungle by canoe. Those who survive to tell the tale will report back in the next issue.

Stowe Party: Miss F. Lockton, Mrs. A. Osbourne, C. Pullin, C. Hutber, R. Simpson, N. Meade, N. Marsh, S. Ferrand, A. David, E. Kerr-Muir, D. James.



ANYONE FOR TENNIS! or DO YOU HAVE A PROBLEM?

How difficult is a game of tennis? How difficult is baking a cake? How difficult is playing a Beethoven sonata? How difficult is splitting the atom? Can you put these problems into an order of difficulty? Of course not. Splitting the atom is no more difficult than baking a cake if you know how . . . or is it?

Why is it we find some things easy, some things difficult? Why is it that our backhand never ends up quite where we would like it to?

Imagine a plank ten metres long and ten centimetres wide suspended about ten centimetres above the ground — not difficult to walk across. Now imagine the same plank joining the roofs of two one-hundred-and-fifty storey skyscrapers — now walking across presents a major crisis. But this is ridiculous — same plank, therefore same difficulty. It is only the circumstances that have changed. Herein lies one part of the 'difficulty' problem — our success and achievement potential ought to be limitless. If only we could isolate the problem and discard the peripheral details.

Easier said than done. But why do we worry so much about the periphery? After all, if we missed our footing we would only fall to our death. So the answer lies in fear does it? — but this is illogical. Is death something to fear. How can we fear the unknown? Perhaps it is not fear. Perhaps it is embarrassment, fear of failure — evidently we do not wish others to witness our weakness.

Which ever way, it seems that we create problems surrounding our problems; therefore aim for the problem epicentre — forget the periphery. Your success rating could well improve out of all recognition.

Success is a matter of intention — but there are degrees of success and so, if we are seeking a 'first in life, that intention has to be ruthless. Why is it that so few learn their scales properly for a music examination or learn to control that backhand? They want to pass /win surely, but evidently this wish is too easily satisfied. We seem all too ready to accept a bare pass — an approximation at success. What is the motivational factor that will cause a focussing of our intentions — money? fame? Who knows. But if you can find it, then the sky's the limit.

As a musician one requires training to the highest degree of physical precision, the development of cerebral, emotional and spiritual understanding as well as total control of the nervous system. And as a musician one is involved in some of the greatest expressions of civilisation. In other words the 'problems' are immense, but at the same time the rewards are

directly proportional. There is no other discipline that requires the precise co-ordination of so many disparate and complex components. And as a vehicle for learning how to perceive the true centre of a problem (providing one gives sufficient thought to the matter) music is quite singular.

So — is the study of music the answer to life? Will we be more successful in placing our backhand by studying music?

'The power of music has never been truly recognised' — Wittgenstein had the right idea.

Paul Harris

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD SCHEME

Activities have gone fairly smoothly so far this year. Although weather conditions have sometimes been poor, all of the plans for Field Days have been carried out.

Last Summer's Field Day trips were to Derbyshire for the Bronzes and to Dartmoor for Silvers and Golds. The Bronze assessments were carried out at this time, the groups staying in the grounds of Mr. and Mrs. Eyre's home in Castleton, for which we are most grateful. The Dartmoor visit enabled the Silvers and Golds to use the routes which they had planned for the Spring Field Day. As reported in last year's issue, bad weather prevented their visit at that time.

The Silvers and Golds shared the same Summer Camp, making full use of the Cairngorm terrain and our base, Cuiltemhuc. The groups were assessed by staff from the nearby Loch Rannoch school.

This academic year began with the new Bronzes learning navigation and camping skills and the Silvers and Golds carrying out Community Service.

The Autumn Field Day trips were to Shropshire for the Bronzes and to the Brecon Beacons for Silvers and Golds.

The Spring Field Day trips were to the Forest of Dean for the Bronzes and to Dartmoor for Silvers and Golds.

Next term, Bronze, Silver and Gold Groups will all be walking in the Derbyshire Peak District. This year's Summer Camp will again be in the Cairngorms. We are pleased to have two Gold groups this year.

As always, many thanks are due to the members of staff who give up weekends and holiday time to make the scheme successful.

T.C.

C.C.F.

Adventurous training is becoming a regular part of our Wednesday afternoon activities. Most cadets have now experienced the pleasures or spills of canoeing and the thrill of dangling on the end of a rope whilst absailing. It is planned to continue this added variety to our normal training programme so that cadets may improve their competence in these areas.

On Field Day in March the Naval Section exchanged life jackets for rucksacks to go hill walking in the Peak District. The Advanced Infantry Section disappeared somewhere into the grounds to a secret patrol base to carry out a platoon exercise. A highlight of the day for the Skill-at-Arms Section was instruction in the use of Anti-Tank weapons — fortunately with a training round, as the real thing would have demolished our range several times over. Proficiency Company were the guests of the Royal Pioneer Corps at Bicester. The rigorous training programme included map reading, firing modern weapons, fieldcraft and an assault course competition. The REME cadets had an interesting time looking at how the Army services its vehicles and the Pioneers completed the first phase in the reconstruction of the assault course. A large aerial, a tent and scurrying figures were all that were seen of the Signals Section which was carrying out an exercise in the grounds in preparation for the annual Radio Net Competition and Classification Test. The day was obviously put to good use by the signallers as pleasing results were achieved in both areas.

During the Easter holidays the Adventurous Training camp took place in the Lake District. The convoy of vehicles had to battle up the motorway dodging trucks toppled by the gale force winds. Base camp was in an outdoor pursuit centre just above the shores of Ullwater. The low cloud, rain and weather reports did not offer a cheerful start, but the cadets maintained a happy, enthusiastic approach throughout. The tops of the hills were rarely seen except on the rock climbing day, when those waiting to climb were treated to an opportunity to gain a sun rather than a wind-tan. On the three-day expedition, although one morning all were given a soggy time at breakfast, the final aim of reaching the summit of Helvellyn was achieved. A pleasant picnic was had on the peak in the snow and the waterproofs made excellent toboggans for the lower part of the descent.

Also during the Easter break Corporal Fatharley went on a parachuting course, successfully completed his jumps and two more cadets will follow him in the summer.

Captain C. Mullineux is to be warmly congratulated on being awarded the Cadet Force Medal with two clasps for many years of dedicated service.

Forthcoming events include an annual camp at Okehampton, an attachment camp to the Royal Artillery in Germany, and the Coldstream Cup. Lyttelton are looking to win the cup for the third time in a row, but competition is strong from other houses.

Senior Cadets: U/O. J. Corrigan, U/O. E. Hamilton-Russell, P.O. M. Northey, C.S.M. P. Tetlow.

M.J.S.

STOWE VENTURE WING 1986

1986 has been a very successful year for Venture Wing. So far we have been on two field trips, one in the Autumn Term to the Peak District and one in the Spring Term to Shropshire, where we walked on the Long Mynd and Wenlock Edge.

The weather in Shropshire was very good during the day except for the very strong winds on top of the mountains. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly and we all had an extremely good weekend.

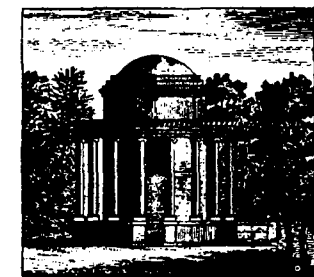
Also, all the boys had a twelve-week course on the "essentials of first aid" in order to take an exam at the end of term which was examined by the St. John's Ambulance staff. All those who passed received a certificate.

At the end of each term we took half of the boys to Oxford to go ice skating which was enjoyed by everyone.

This year there are seven Lower Sixth Form boys who act as leaders: J. A. Kaldor, R. C. Weatherby, T. H. J. Watson, ma., N. A. Holland, G.A. Jefferson, ma., W. J. R. Atkinson, ma. and C. E. O. Allerton.

Finally, we would like to thank I.M.S., E.S.T. and M.D. for organizing all activities.

J. A. Kaldor



The Temple of Ancient Virtues.



First XI v. St. Edward's.
Photographs by J. W. Ffooks



SPORT

HOCKEY

The hockey world is moving into a new era of playing on artificial pitches, the most popular being a sand-filled, plastic surface. Last October, over one hundred Stoics visited the World Cup matches in London and witnessed how entertaining the game can be at the very top level on such a sand-based surface. In the last year three schools on our fixture list have invested in laying down artificial grass pitches. Now, Stowe led the field seven years ago with one of the fastest hard surfaces available, which has been repaired recently to its former top quality. Ironically, this term, nearly all the home matches for the 1st XI have been played on the North Front grass, with an unbeaten record and some impressive results. However, the day may come when Stowe is the only school choosing to play its home fixtures on grass until an artificial grass pitch is laid on top of the existing hard surface. Apart from two weeks in February, the weather was favourable during the term for most of the school matches to be played. In recent years, the English climate has not been conducive to grass hockey during the early months of winter.

While the level of skill continues to improve in schools, it will become imperative to coach at the junior level 'out of season'. Several boys have never played the game at their Prep. school and it will be necessary to introduce them to it in the Autumn Term, just as cricketers practise in indoor nets during the winter. A feature that worked well this term was to let the most senior players coach lower down the school. Unfortunately the pressure of time did not allow for much of this enthusiastic tuition to take place, but it was an effective exercise.

THE FIRST XI

The personnel of the side was clear from the very start and it only depended on how individuals performed in training and in school matches as to whether any changes were required. One experienced player ruled himself out through ill-discipline and forfeited the opening match; he went on to show great determination later in the term. Another old hand produced deft touches when in possession of the ball and yet his level of involvement for the rest of the game was woefully inadequate; he too redeemed himself before the end of the season. Apart from those two uncertainties, the members of the eleven remained consistent. Led by R. S. M. Morris for the second year with consummate ease and considerable energy, the side demonstrated attacking, positive hockey. A. R. Adam, vice-captain, was unlucky

to miss the second half of the season due to a car accident and responsibility lay on D. St. J. Jepson to marshal the defence.

THE OXFORD FESTIVAL

Unexpectedly, the festival occurred during the last week of term. A few players were on academic field courses, but it was an opportunity to reward one or two from the 2nd XI and to test those eligible for next year. Craig, Jones-Perrott and Ripley all added their own style of play to the matches. The younger players, Mahbubani and Macmichael, could develop into very useful 1st XI material and the former showed real promise in mid-field. The weather was frustratingly wet, two matches were played at Stowe, one at Oxford and one at Abingdon. The results were much as we deserved with the exception of an unlucky draw against the Canadians, who equalised late in the game. The excitement of the festival was inevitably lessened by morning lessons and evening preps!

THE KESTRELS VISIT

For the second time in three years, it was a delight to act as hosts to a young group of players from Michael House and St. Stithians, South Africa. To our surprise they chose to play on very slow grass and sadly the match was a rather predictable goalless draw. Our guests enjoyed the grounds during their stay and were superb ambassadors for their country.

HOUSEMATCHES

The inter-House league competition was unable to be completed for yet another year. A mere two rounds were played before adverse weather set in. The Senior Housematch Cup was retained by Walpole with a comfortable win in the final over Cobham. The Junior Cup was won by Chandos against Walpole in a close contest with Chandos showing greater desire to win on the day.

THE OLD STOICS

This year another very welcome group of Old Boys returned to play the annual fixture at the end of term. There is always a mixture of light-heartedness and competitiveness during such an occasion and this was no exception. The game lacked goals, which in past years have been plentiful, but there was much to admire and applaud on both sides. It is hoped that present Stoics give support to the Old Stoic Hockey Club in future years as it is a growing club. This Easter, the festival side, respectfully called 'The Bats', revelled in a successful weekend at Torbay.

Team: First XI: S. H. Spencer, D. St. J. Jepson, B. L. Bannister, A. R. Adam (Vice-Captain), W. J. P. Atkinson, J. C. J. Yeoward, R. B. Pumfrey, N. A. C. Laurence, I. O. Bendell, R. S. M. Morris (Captain), H. R. Thomas, D. T. H. Rotheroe. (All were awarded colours).

Results: Played 9; Won 7; Drawn 1; Lost 1.

v. Cambridge Wanderers	Home	Cancelled
v. Bradfield	Home	Won 5—1
v. Radley	Away	Cancelled
v. Bedford	Home	Won 3—1
v. Oundle	Home	Won 2—1
v. Aldenham	Away	Won 3—1
v. St. Edward's, Oxford	Home	Won 1—0
v. Cheltenham	Away	Lost 0—7
v. High Wycombe	Away	Won 2—0
v. Rugby	Away	Cancelled
v. Mill Hill	Home	Won 2—0
v. Old Stoics	Home	Drawn 1—1

Oxford Festival Results:

v. Canford	Home	Drawn 0—0
v. Repton	Away	Lost 0—3
v. Vancouver, Canada	Away	Drawn 1—1
v. King's, Gloucester	Home	Won 3—0
v. Kestrels	Home	Drawn 0—0

J.M.L.

THE MATCHES

The Cambridge Wanderers match was lost to the frozen conditions at the end of the first week of term. Bradfield surprisingly offered little opposition, when H. R. Thomas scored four goals in a one-sided encounter. R. S. M. Morris dominated the match at inside right, setting up attacking moves and scoring the first of the many goals in school matches. The Radley match was lost to a combination of bad weather and illness at Radley. Bedford brought a young side and found the heavy Bourbon grass tough going. W. J. P. Atkinson played a mature match at centre half and scored at a short corner. The sheer strength of the Stowe play was the key feature: powerful hitting and resolute tackling. Oundle provided a closer score, although a penalty flick was missed by Stowe. Again, the strength of basic skills was not lacking throughout the team. Playing away at Aldenham tested the eleven at the start of the match. One goal was conceded early on and there was too little sense of urgency. Against a very good side, one goal might be one too many, but Aldenham's backs did not relish the quick and accurate passing of Stowe's forwards that tipped the balance fairly easily in the end. St. Edward's threatened with a well balanced team and gave the first hard fight of the term.

The result was a fair reflection of the run of the play in the end, but had they scored in the opening ten minutes, which they looked like doing, it might have been a different story. It was not entirely unpredictable that the match at Cheltenham was a disaster. The pitch was too new and excess sand made it like a beach. There are no excuses, only reasons, to go down to three short corners in each half. It was a tired set of post-exam middle sixth formers who would rather forget the occasion. Bisham Abbey was a happier setting against High Wycombe and much pride was salvaged in a good team performance. Rugby strangely declined to send their 1st XI when their pitches were unplayable, but in the same week the last school match was a convincing win against Mill Hill.

S. H. Spencer in goal was as sharp as he was last year. His technique at the short corner was better when coming right out against the shot, but he knew it was not always possible to risk it. D. ST. J. Jepson was intimidating in the tackle and fierce in the hit; a complete and mature player. B. L. Bannister at right back never found his feet until the end of the season. His hitting was fitful but he showed tenacity and made the position his own. A. R. Adam was a calming influence with a safe range of skills. He used his voice intelligently at the right time and he was sorely missed after his injury. Atkinson played his best hockey in the earlier matches with crisp stopping and accurate distribution. J. C. J. Yeoward, at right half, always at his more confident going forward, stuck to his task unselfishly, a quality highly prized in team play. I. O. Bendell, moved from right wing to centre forward, was by far the most hungry forward. Forever harrying the opposition, his work created opportunities for others. N. A. C. Laurence, at inside left, was consistent, willing and often decisive in his dribbling with the ball. He is a good prospect for next year. R. B. Pumfrey preferred the left wing and gave a great number of invaluable crosses through pulling the ball back rather than beating a player with pace. He, too, will be an important asset next year. Thomas was an unfulfilled talent. He remained reluctant about making himself available off the ball and did not believe in his own abilities. D. T. H. Rotheroe, a versatile player, was somewhat unadventurous but always dependable and will have gained valuable experience for next year. The last comment must be reserved for the captain, Morris. In his third year in the 1st XI, he must rate as one of the top hockey players that Stowe has ever seen. He enjoyed the more attacking position at inside right and was, without a doubt, the mainstay of the team with the artistry, flair and endurance to be able to score goals with a run from one end of the pitch to the other.

THE SECOND XI

The Second Eleven had a much better season than the results might at first suggest. Excellent hockey was often played and the level of technical skill was frequently high. The team's problem throughout the season was an inability to put the ball in the net. A number of otherwise skilful players were totally incapable of hitting the ball once they entered the opposition circle. Had this problem been rectified the season would have been very successful.

The side was well led by Craig at centre-forward, who was the top scorer, while Jones-Perrot, the Vice-Captain, was strong and reliable in defence and both showed excellent examples of skill and determination to the others. Thorogood was sound and energetic in goal, while E. Hamilton-Russell grew in confidence at full-back as the season progressed. At half-back Smith was the more determined in defence and adapted well to a difficult position while Mahbubani was skilful in attack. Rotheroe and Macmichael shared the centre-half spot and were influential both in attack and defence. Ripley showed many delicate touches at inside-forward while De Wynter was the most improved player in the team, never lacking in effort and increasing his skill considerably during the season. On the wings Bailey and Jefferson were tricky and sharp.

Bradfield were put under much pressure in the first match of the season and were deservedly beaten 2—0. A poor performance against Oundle saw a 2—0 defeat while Aldenham were easily beaten 3—0. The match against St. Edward's finished in a 1—1 draw after a pulsating game, in which both sides missed many relatively easy chances. A good performance against Cheltenham couldn't prevent a 3—1 defeat while massive pressure against High Wycombe only gave us a 2—2 draw after the giving away of a goal in the last minute of each half. The season finished with a 1—1 draw against Mill Hill where many opportunities were wasted.

D.C.M.

THE COLTS XI

A lot of pleasant and constructive hockey was played by this enthusiastic and co-operative group of boys. At their best on Astroturf and other artificial surfaces, they lacked the physical presence to turn draws into victory, while on grass they were unable to establish their usually neat pattern of play, and were forced to concede defeat to several robust and purposeful opponents. Long, in goal, made some outstanding saves and Peres, Golder and Aron were reliable defenders. Of the forwards, Bewes and Amdor tried hard on the wings, with Smith a thoughtful inside and Spencer an industrious centre-forward.

G.A.C.

Results: v. Bradfield	Drawn	1—1
v. Bedford	Lost	1—3
v. Oundle	Lost	0—1
v. Aldenham	Drawn	0—0
v. St. Edward's	Lost	0—2
v. Cheltenham	Lost	0—3
v. Rugby	Lost	0—3
v. R.G.S. High Wycombe	Drawn	0—0
v. Mill Hill	Drawn	0—0

Played 9; Drew 4; Lost 5; For 3; Against 14.

JUNIOR COLTS 'A' XI

Even though our practice sessions were affected by adverse weather conditions we were able to play all but one of our scheduled fixtures. We had some very disappointing results, as in so many of our games we allowed the opposition a two or three goal advantage before we even began to show an interest in complete commitment to the game. Our second half performances always made us look a completely different side.

This age group in general need to appreciate the necessity of practising basic skills and tactics, and of applying them in a match situation. Too often we relied on taking the easy option of merely hitting the ball as hard as possible, hoping the opposition would miss it, instead of following disciplined tactics: that is, using the wings, playing square passes and supporting each other well. I hope that with increased maturity over the next twelve months most of these faults will be forgotten and new, improved standards of skill appreciation will take their place.

However, not all was bleak. We did play with vigour and enthusiasm on a number of occasions and some good hockey matches developed as a result. I well remember the second half at Oundle being such an occasion when we could easily, with more luck, have reduced the three goal deficit. Hazell, as captain, played a large part in instilling spirit into the side mainly by his own example and performance. Jefferson worked hard constructing attacking play, demonstrating considerable dribbling skill, and generally being everywhere on the field. Like M. Kaunda, however, who showed some very deft touches of stickwork, he was all too often tackled in possession when a telling pass should have been made a second earlier. Too often our wingers, Would and Wachman, were being drawn into the middle as these passes from midfield were not reaching them. In fact on occasions, when we did play the square pass and the wingers did centre the ball from the by-line, we looked most dangerous indeed.

At the back, Houghton kept goal well and bravely organised his defences in marking the opposition and covering in depth. Stoppard too played a strong rôle as sweeper behind two hard working full backs, Skjott and Powles. Atkinson, Tuttle and Burrough all contributed to the team performance excellently and one hopes all these boys will continue to make even further progress next season and the team will possibly begin to reverse one or two of the results that went against them during this term.

L.E.W.

Results: v. Bradfield	Lost	1-2
v. Bedford	Lost	0-8
v. Oundle	Lost	0-3
v. Aldenham	Won	3-1
v. St. Edward's	Lost	0-7
v. Cheltenham	Lost	0-3
v. High Wycombe	Lost	0-2
v. Rugby	Lost	0-3
v. Mill Hill	Drawn	1-1

UNDER 14 XI

This year's Under 14 XI had an undistinguished season, as far as their playing record was concerned but they proved themselves very willing learners. As in previous years, the bad weather prevented play on numerous occasions, and when 'snow was all about us' this age group gets little time on the hard playing area. However, hockey has to be played on all kinds of surfaces these days (indeed, during the season the team played on astroturf, permaprene, tennisquick, tarmacadam, shale and grass surfaces, all of which have their idiosyncracies!) In a match against Bedford, we were completely outplayed on their ground, and but for the goalkeeper we would have lost by a cricket score. But apart from this result the defence was good and it was the difficulty of scoring goals that proved the problem.

M. H. King, mi., had been a goalminder in ice hockey and he came into the side as goalkeeper. He showed considerable promise, and when he has mastered all the rules there is little doubt that he will do extremely well in senior teams. S. Forro also played in goal and it may safely be assumed that he will challenge King in the future as he also showed ability in this position. The full-backs were J. M. de la Pena and G. A. Dawson, mi., and they proved a formidable combination. D. S. Beveridge played centre-half in the team and was frequently the outstanding person on the field. He played intelligently and adventurously and was always keen to be in the attack. R. J. Green, mi. was very reliable at left half and as he grows in

strength he will be able to distribute passes to all parts of the field and so become a more dominant player. The forwards all tried their best and many showed promise and courage, but failed to score many goals. I.H.Ferrand, mi., E.R.Shillington, mi. and M. Gorlee, mi. all played on the right wing on several occasions and they did enough to show that they will all be competing for a place next year. T. H. Russell played every match at inside left, and in addition to being an excellent team Captain he matured considerably during the season in his ability to see strengths and weaknesses of his opponents, and in his personal play. He was also an example to his players in the matter of being prepared to practise his skills in his own time in addition to the times he was asked to do so.

In summary then, the players did as well as expected, given the circumstances, and many showed considerable promise for the future. All of them were keen and pleasant to teach, and in spite of the playing record we believe that they will do as well in the future as any previous Stowe Under 14 XI.

Results: v. Bradfield	Away	Lost	0-2
v. Radley	Away	Cancelled	
v. Bedford	Away	Lost	0-6
v. Aldenham	Home	Lost	0-1
v. St. Edward's, Oxford	Away	Lost	0-2
v. Cheltenham	Home	Lost	1-2
v. R.G.S. High Wycombe	Home	Lost	0-1
v. Rugby	Away	Cancelled	
v. Beachborough	Home	Won	4-0
v. Bilton Grange	(Home)	Won	3-1

**P.G.L.
C.J.G.A.**

COLTS 'B' XI

Results: v. Bradfield	Won	0-1
v. Bedford	Lost	1-3
v. Oundle	Lost	1-2
v. St. Edward's	Lost	0-1
v. Cheltenham	Lost	3-0
v. Royal Latin	Lost	2-0

Matches against Bedford Modern, Radley and Rugby were cancelled.

**M.J.B.
D.J.E.**



Photograph by J. W. Ffooks



First XI v. St. Edward's
Photographs by J. W. Ffooks



RUGBY

THE FIRST XV

In every respect this has been one of the best seasons for many years. Commitment to attacking rugby, hard training and application of skills, produced some excellent and exciting rugby. Sadly these were inadequate against Bedford and St. Edward's, when performance was affected by accidental circumstances.

The highlight of the season must surely be the final two minutes against Radley. Always a difficult team, this year seemed to be following the usual pattern, when our backs snatched the ball from the lineout on their line. Some slick passing to Clarke on the left resulted in a splendid try and a well-earned victory.

However, a season constitutes more than one game. The team produced many spirited performances with close wins against Eton, Oakham and Oundle, amongst others. Our discipline in defence helped against some fierce opposition pressure, and some very brave tackling and covering characterised our play. Boardman, in particular, must be the most classic tackler we have seen for a long time. Though slight of build, his ability to pull down the biggest and fastest opponent is amazing. It is interesting to note that until the game against The Royal Latin, in which he sustained a broken collar bone which prevented him playing against Bedford Modern, he had not missed an 'A' XV game throughout his life at Stowe, including two seasons in the First XV.

Morris at fly-half controlled the pace and tactics of the game with determination, flair and, above all, a broad vision of the opportunities available. His touch finding and tactical kicking were penetrative in attack and masterful under pressure in defence.

On the wings we had the pace of Clarke and the outstanding toughness of Westbrook, a combination which provided many exciting moments. Thomas, in the centre, ran hard, proving himself to be a dangerous attacking player. His ability to stay on his feet helped the backs to give support and keep running at the opposition. Behind them all, the solid Pumfrey played hard and with determination, growing in confidence with every game.

The forwards too played a vital rôle during the season. They provided ball which was good, quick and plentiful, though more from the lineout would have been useful. The scrummaging was tight, allowing White to hook the ball on our head. Ably assisted by props Adam and Boddy, they formed not only an efficient front row, but one which contributed to the open play evident throughout the season. The strength and tenacity of Jones-Perrot and Hichens completed a front five of considerable

power and commitment, and I congratulate them on their constant and tireless devotion.

The back row became very effective, though never really dominated loose play. Mattingly, a powerful No. 8, was always in action, both in attack and defence, sadly becoming severely concussed against Bedford. His place was admirably taken by Peres, a young Colt, who looks a promising future prospect. Bannister and Martin completed the back row trio, the latter giving much needed additional height at the back of the lineout.

During the term, despite extreme provocation on the field of play, the boys remained totally disciplined, never deviating from their intention to play the ball and enjoy fifteen-man rugby. In the light of current events — England v. Wales, March 1987 — this must be recorded as a standard which young players coming up through the School must strive to maintain.

L.E.W.

Results:		Score
v. Old Stoics	Lost	3-14
v. Eton	Won	16-7
v. Radley	Won	14-13
v. Oakham	Won	7-6
v. Rugby	Won	27-4
v. Barnard Castle	Won	12-3
v. Kelvinside Academy	Drawn	7-7
v. Fettes	Lost	4-10
v. Oundle	Won	12-3
v. Bedford	Lost	4-11
v. Cheltenham	Won	12-3
v. St. Edward's	Lost	12-13
v. Mill Hill	Won	36-6
v. Royal Latin	Won	24-3
v. Bedford Modern	Won	12-0

The First XV Tour to Scotland

This was the second year in which we undertook a heavy schedule tour during the half-term break. On the Saturday we began by taking on the might of Barnard Castle, a charming school in the North of England. The game was played in atrocious climatic conditions; the team, however, emerged the worthy winners, mainly due to some fine tactics by the Captain. 'Barney' proved a popular venue for the boys. We were warmly welcomed by this hospitable school and look forward to seeing them at Stowe sometime in the future.

We then sped on to Glasgow, to West of Scotland's ground, where Sandy Carmichael and Matt Duncan put the forwards through their paces on the scrummaging machine and the backs in running straight. A visit to the Curling Rink was great fun (only Mr. McRea beat his stone to the other end of the rink), though not ideal pre-match preparation as some muscles were severely tested. However, on to Kelvinside Academy, the most successful schoolboy side in Scotland so far that season. A creditable draw was achieved, although we had numerous chances to score. Scottish luck, however, intervened to prevent us.

After one more night in Glasgow, we travelled on to Edinburgh where we visited a whisky

distillery and bottling plant, which proved very interesting. This was followed by our final game. Three matches in five days proved our undoing when on Wednesday we met Fettes, who had not hitherto won a game. They played, to their credit, for their lives, giving a good performance, for which we, tired, battered and depleted by injuries, were no match. I understand that they won the rest of their games!

Home again — exhausted, limping and ready for a break.

Well done, lads, you were superb ambassadors for Stowe.

Quotations from the tour:—

Reference to the captain after the Barnard Castle game: "Kicking for position with a 75 m.p.h. rain filled gale behind you, doesn't take much working out, after all!"—J.P.

Reference to Sandy Carmichael: "I thought Phil Orr was big but look at him!"—J. J. W. Boddy.

Reference to Matt Duncan: "I thought I would sell him a dummy to avoid tackling him — did you see the thighs on him?"—R. B. Pumphrey, ma.

Comment made at the whisky distillery: "Is that all whisky?"—J. C. J. Yeoward.

L.E.W.

THE SECOND XV

When it was good, it was very, very good, when it was bad It was certainly difficult to predict how this team would perform on a particular day, and one recalls a superb victory over a hitherto unbeaten St. Edward's side, a mere three days after a most disappointing display over at Cheltenham. Once the forwards really felt the fire inside and the backs were given the sort of possession that would launch the wings on their speedy way, it was a joy to watch the results. The Oundle match saw the team at its lowest ebb as it struggled to gain possession against most competent opponents, but the three victories at the end of the term were, perhaps, a fitting conclusion to an encouraging season.

It is difficult to single out names for special mention in a side of much potential: captain Appleby set a fine example in the back row, W. Atkinson proved to be a most promising and intrepid scrum-half and Laurence's courageous tackling in the centre was memorable. R. Boulogne as hooker and Craig as kicker made telling contributions, and on their day Ripley, Collier-Wright and Rotheroe in the backs, and J. Hazell and Matthews in the forwards, helped to make this a season of mostly happy memories.

H.D.M.

Colours: M. S. Appleby, J. N. L. Arlon, W. J. P. Atkinson, T. W. Bailey, R. C. Boulogne, J. R. Collier-Wright, A. P. C. Craig, J. J. Fairhurst, J. R. Hazell, N. A. C. Laurence, D. W. Matthews, R. M. Page, M. G. Reed, O. Q. Ripley, J. D. Rossiter, D. T. H. Rotheroe, G. P. J. Wordsworth.

Results:	v. Old Stoics	Home	Lost	0—15
	v. Eton	Home	Won	15—0
	v. Radley	Home	Won	11—7
	v. Oakham	Away	Won	26—7
	v. Rugby	Away	Lost	12—14
	v. Oundle	Away	Lost	9—30
	v. Bedford	Away	Won	16—13
	v. Cheltenham	Away	Lost	4—20
	v. St. Edward's	Home	Won	8—4
	v. Mill Hill	Home	Won	6—3
	v. Bedford Modern	Home	Won	30—0

Played 11; Won 7; Lost 4; Points for 137; Points against 113

THE THIRD XV

A shake-down against the Old Stoics and some changes of position soon fixed an apparent shortage of backs, and the team that emerged to beat Eton 44—0 looked very strong. However, lethargic after the journey and baffled by the enormous size of Radley's show pitch, they found themselves eleven points down after seven minutes there, and apparently unable to win any line-out ball, thus necessitating the "spoiling" tactic which brought about the memorable words of encouragement from the fly-half, M. P. Moore, "Come on, Stowe, let's really mess it up!". The forwards responded by starting to win ball, and an impressive fight-back followed, but the good tackling of Radley and the tactical naivety of the backs — not yet used to their new positions — prevented our clawing back more than three points, an unfortunate loss.

Lessons learnt, the team managed convincing victories at Oakham and Rugby. Unaccustomed by this time to having to play hard right to the final whistle, the hooker, J. S. R. Nicholl, assumed we were trying to come back from behind and was left pounding the pitch in despair when the final whistle went on our 8—7 victory over Oundle: somebody might have told him . . .

There followed the "injury" stage of the season, at the peak of which the 3rd XV were nine players short of the team that had looked so strong earlier. The depleted team beat Bedford anyway, played poorly on a miserable, wet afternoon against Cheltenham — although they managed to maintain a 6—4 lead until the final five minutes, in which they suddenly gave away ten points — lost to St. Edward's, and just managed to beat Mill Hill 4—3. The injury list having subsided somewhat, the season was concluded with a rousing 56—0 victory over Bedford Modern School. Matches were played in good spirit, and practices in good humour. Colours were awarded to the first-choice squad, but thanks and praise go also to the stalwart members of the 4th XV on whom we relied so heavily.

Those awarded colours were:—R. A. Fischer, M. P. Moore, J. C. Mahbubani, N. Salha, A. D. H. Sugars, F. W. G. Rutter, R. B. K. Giles, T. W. Baker, T. E. Thorogood, O. C. Hathaway, J. S. R. Nicholl, J. R. Maskell, N. A. Holland, L. E. Chauveau, E. J. T. Kerr-Muir, M. W. Fatharly.

Results:	v. Old Stoics	Home	Lost	4—18
	v. Eton	Home	Won	44—0
	v. Radley	Away	Lost	3—11
	v. Oakham	Away	Won	34—3
	v. Rugby	Away	Won	22—6
	v. Oundle	Home	Won	8—7
	v. Bedford	Away	Won	23—17
	v. Cheltenham	Home	Lost	6—14
	v. St. Edward's	Home	Lost	0—11
	v. Mill Hill	Home	Won	4—3
	v. Bedford Modern	Home	Won	56—0

Played 11; Won 7; Lost 4; Points for 204; Points against 90.

S.G.A.H.

COLTS 'A' XV

The appalling record of the 1985—1986 Junior Colts did not offer much encouragement for the 1986—1987 Colts season. However, a playing record of Won 4; Drawn 1; Lost 6 was quite creditable, and the side was only heavily beaten by St. Edward's. The strength of the side lay in a mobile, aggressive back row coupled with a determined, if light, pack who could all tackle and were all mobile. The backs were sound in the tackle but their handling lacked confidence and their running was hesitant. This, however, improved as the season progressed. Injuries hit the side badly after half-term with only Roeder, Hawkings-Byass and Hesketh missing no matches. The 1st XV "Number 8" crisis also robbed the side of Peres for the last month of the season.

The season opened at Eton with a 14—3 win, when too many players tried to be too individual and wasted many golden opportunities. The Radley match proved to be both a turning-point and a highlight of the season. A Peres try both put us 9—3 up at half-time and also showed that Radley weren't invincible. A courageous second-half defensive performance held out until 10 minutes from time when Radley equalised, but a 9—9 draw was finally gained. This proved very important psychologically and showed that the team had the ability to absorb a lot of pressure.

The Oakham game was lost 14—13 by conceding a try in the last minute but, more importantly, MacIntosh broke his collar-bone and was greatly missed for the rest of the season. Rugby was also allowed to score in the last minute to win 8—7 in a match where the pack was outstanding in the loose and a very experienced referee commented on their outstanding rucking. Oundle was too strong for us in all departments but superb tackling by Gorey and Richards kept the score to a creditable 12—0. An injury-struck side lost 15—3 to Cheltenham, while Bedford were allowed to win 8—6 after superb work by the forwards had them reeling. A poor game saw Mill Hill beaten 10—0 while an outstanding effort saw the Latin School crushed 22—0. St. Edward's much-vaunted back row was beaten by Hesketh, Hawkings-Byass and Peres, but with 8 first-choice players injured, they still ran out easy 25—0 winners. The final match saw Bedford

Modern beaten 8—7 with a late try scored by a much-weakened side.

The props, Watson and Roeder, were tough, learned quickly and tackled well, while Bramley, at hooker, was sharp and brave. Hewett, Montford and King in the second row were tireless and excelled in the loose, while the back row of Hesketh, Peres, Hawkings-Byass and Todd were outstanding and never out-played. Amdor captained the side well and showed a growing realisation of tactics as the season progressed. Golder was outstanding on many occasions, but a lack of fitness prevented his support-play being better still. Alireza was powerful in the centre but rather reckless and he needs to learn to be more disciplined. Gorey tackled superbly all season and was the rock against which many opposition attacks foundered. Richards was strong in defence while Clarke, not liking defensive duties, was elusive in attack. Long, was sound in the tackle but lacked pace owing to insufficient fitness.

The Seven-a-Side season saw two tournaments played and good performances in each but a lack of pace could not be overcome by good technique.

Sevens Team: G. J. Amdor, C. M. King, B. Hesketh, N. M. J. Gorey, N. A. C. Lawrence, A. E. Macintosh, A. J. Long.

D.C.M.

THE YEARLINGS

At first sight, it looked as if the Yearlings would have a very useful team, as we gained numerous large boys, and some were credited with a very good pedigree by their Prep Schools. However, in the first match against Eton we were defeated heavily, exposing many fundamental flaws in the backs' play and especially in the tackling. Much practice in the following week resulted in a greatly improved and a very close match against Radley and the confidence of the team was restored.

The forwards, especially A. E. Beattie (Capt.), O. P. M. Seale, E. P. Kavindele, M. J. McNeil were aggressive and competitive throughout, and formed the basis of the scrum, which continually won the ball for the backs. A. R. B. Bellew at scrum-half played courageously despite being considerably smaller than many of his opponents and D. S. Beveridge and M. H. P. King, mi., were talented ball handlers and tacklers, but the remaining backs were all of similar standard and need to improve tackling and determination.

There were signs of improvement throughout the term and although the 'A' Team did not win any of their matches, a number could have been won with more determination. The 'B' Team were more successful and won half their matches. In coming years a number of the players will be competing for 'A' Team places, and as all the boys are keen to learn, I look forward to seeing successful seasons in the future.

M.D.

S.T.

GOLF

Spring 1987

The year has started with several disappointments. As is usual, the warm-up matches in the Spring Term were not very successful. This is understandable against club sides who are usually in better practice than our players early in the season, but the loss against Harrow at Moor Park by such a big margin (5—1) is less explicable, even though they know the course far better and have a much shorter journey. However it was a good effort to beat a strong Old Stoic side at Sandy Lodge 3½—2½, even though our team was in receipt of a handicap of four strokes per player.

The three major disappointments were our performances in the Micklem, the English Final of the Schools Championship, and the Semi-Final of the area tournament of the School Foursomes. In his last year J. C. J. Yeoward was once again unable to play in the Micklem because of problems with flight connections to Teneriffe, and our lowest handicap player, D. T. H. Rotheroe, was only available for the first round against Eton, in which his victory at the 20th tipped the balance in our favour by 3—2. However in the Semi-Final his absence with the Schools Touring Team travelling to the USA was the difference between victory and defeat in a close match with Charterhouse (lost 3—2), who later went on to win the tournament 4—1 against Winchester.

In the English Final of the Schools Championship at the Robin Hood Club, Solihull, the teams

had to contend with difficult conditions on a touch course. We could only achieve 18th place out of 28 schools. However, both Lennard and Hale have two more years availability, and hopefully Rotheroe will be available next year, so if we can again qualify for the final this year's experience should have stood them in good stead.

The area Semi-Final of the Schools Foursomes against King Henry VIII, Coventry, on their home course was always going to be a tough assignment, especially as a water-skiing accident prevented Yeoward, our captain, from being available. In a very hard match in which all games went to the last green we succumbed 2—1, the opposition holing some telling long putts when it mattered to tip the balance. Our bottom pair, Douglas and Bailey, were 5 down after the first 9, largely because D. J. M. Douglas was right off form. However they fought back magnificently, and standing on the 17th tee they were only 1 down. A superb tee shot by Douglas at this par three made a birdie a possibility, and the hole looked like being won when a weak chip still left their opponents a long way short in two. However, a telling long putt by them secured the half and that effectively sealed the match.

Results:

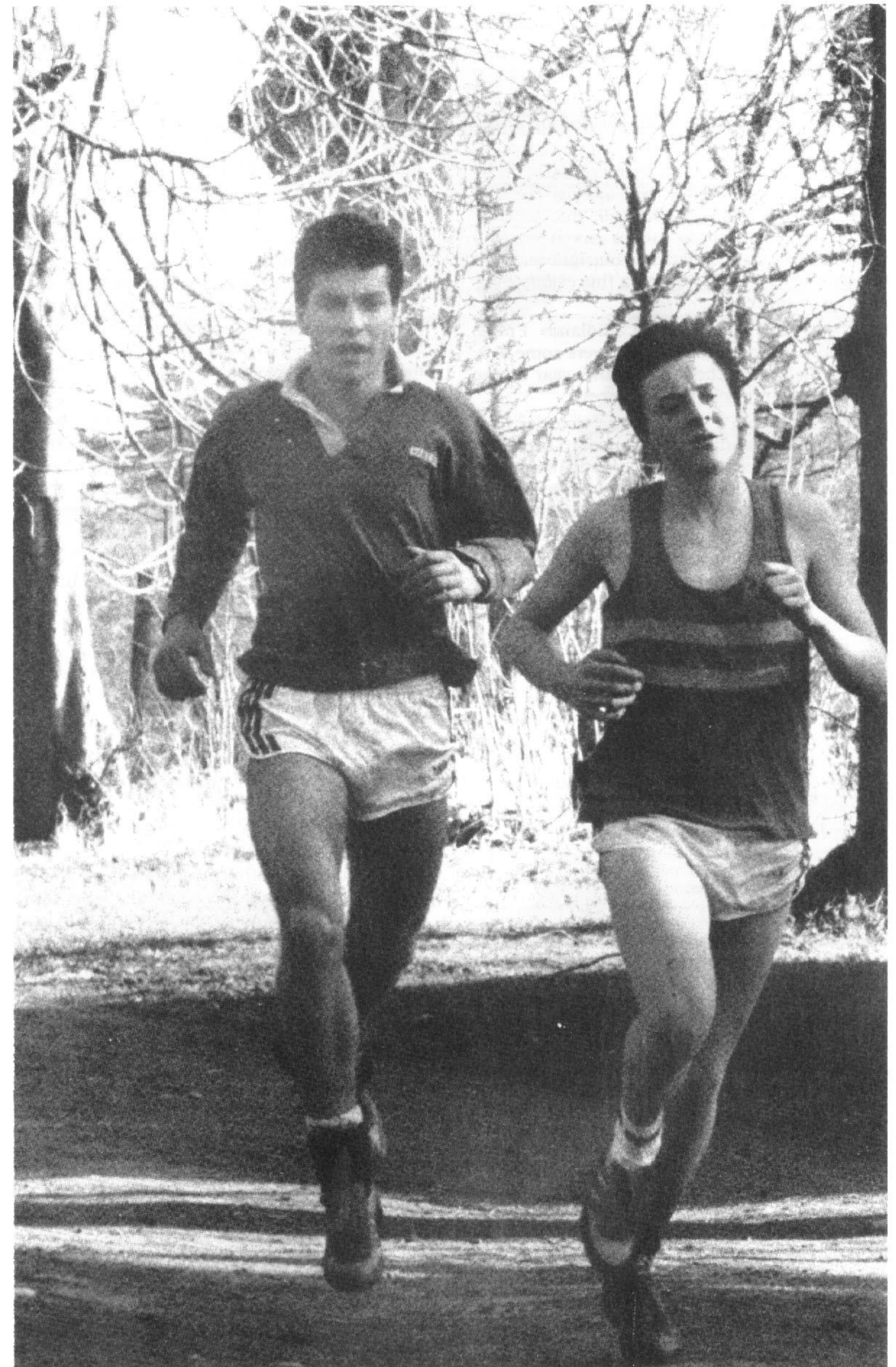
Spring Term and Holidays: Lost 4; Won 2.

English Final of Schools Championship: Score: 263 (Hale 85, Douglas 89, Lennard 89).

M.D.D.

P. R. A. Shackleton, J. S. R. Nicholl, ma.

Photograph by P. A. Tschering



M. S. Appleby, M. J. M. Lawman

Photograph by P. A. Tschering

CROSS-COUNTRY

The Club enjoyed another successful season, beating 13 out of 17 schools at senior level and 14 out of 18 in the U.17. This is a reflection of Mr. Platt's good humour, yet serious, training and genuine commitment from the teams.

The First VIII's best performances were victories against Radley and against the Old Stoics in which J. S. R. Nicholl, ma. took an impressive 22 seconds off a seven-year-old record. He won five matches outright and was always the first Stoic, setting a fine example for the rest of the team.

Stowe came tenth in the Midlands Public Schools Championships. There were some very competitive new school teams this year so the result equals previous performances.

The U.17 team's wins include victories over Malvern and Oundle. S. E. Montford broke his own record twice; this now stands at 18 minutes 4 seconds. The rest of the team backed him up very well, particularly A. E. Macintosh whose average position was just below third.

The Junior teams won half of their matches, gaining some healthy experience for next year. M. J. McNeil won 7 out of 8 of his matches and just managed to break the course record. This is the first time that all three records have been broken in one season.

The inter-house competition was a great success. At Senior level Lyttelton narrowly defeated a talented Walpole team. Cobham won the Intermediate and Chatham won the Junior event. Clare Benyon broke the record and led Nugent to victory in the Ladies race.

The following awards were made:

Full Colours: J. S. R. Nicholl (re-awarded), P. R. A. Shackleton, M. J. M. Lawman.

Half Colours: J. P. Crosby, P. S. Gladstone.

Colts Colours: S. E. Montford (re-awarded), A. E. Macintosh, C. R. Lascelles, G. H. Todd, mi.

Next year M. J. M. Lawman is Captain and S. E. Montford Vice-Captain.

It is also hoped that next year the School might get rid of one of its conservative attitudes: that is, not allowing the U.15's to do the Cross-Country, even if they are hopeless at hockey!

P. R. A. Shackleton

BADMINTON

The Badminton senior team had a particularly good season, winning six of their seven matches. They were ably led by an enthusiastic and indomitable captain, M. Maghazeh. The number one pair of M. Maghazeh and J. Richards proved in

the long run to be impossible to beat. Indeed, they lost only two sets throughout the course of the term. On court, Maghazeh and Richards displayed natural understanding and combined their different styles to great effect. Maghazeh's smash was virtually irretrievable and Richards' great asset was his high backhand clearance to the back of the court and his deft drop shots.

G. C. Hooper and M. R. Dunton, mi. were invaluable as the second senior pair. Both players were playing in the senior matches for the first time yet were more than a match for many an opponent. Last, but by no means least, our third senior pair, who also won more than their fair share of matches, were S. Melwani and A. Samuel. We were lucky to have R. Woolley as a replacement, who did eventually get to play in a match.

Most of the matches, especially those against Cheltenham and Uppingham, revealed good team spirit and no lack of skill. The closest match was that against Uppingham, who were on the brink of upsetting the senior team's undefeated record. Stowe managed to win the last three games, to eventually win 5-4.

Against Rugby School, Stephanie Thomas, Victoria Harding and Nicola Bond paired up with boys and were more than a match for the home team, winning the match 2-7.

The Colts team managed to win only one match — against Royal Latin School. However, with a little more experience and maturity they too will make a successful Colts side. Particular thanks must be given to I. P. Dunton, ma. and A. Melvani, ma. who won the majority of their games. Also grateful thanks to those who represented the Colts side this term: A. Melvani, mi., M. Asnani, T. Crosthwaite, O. Aiyela, C. King and A. Jepson, mi.

May I thank team members for their sporting conduct on and off the court and also those players who turned up so regularly and with such eagerness to the 'non team' sessions (your turn may well come!) I am indebted to Mr. B. Orger for his invaluable help, especially his 'shuttle-run' to and from Milton Keynes in the unending task of re-stringing yet another batch of broken rackets. See you all next season.

Results:

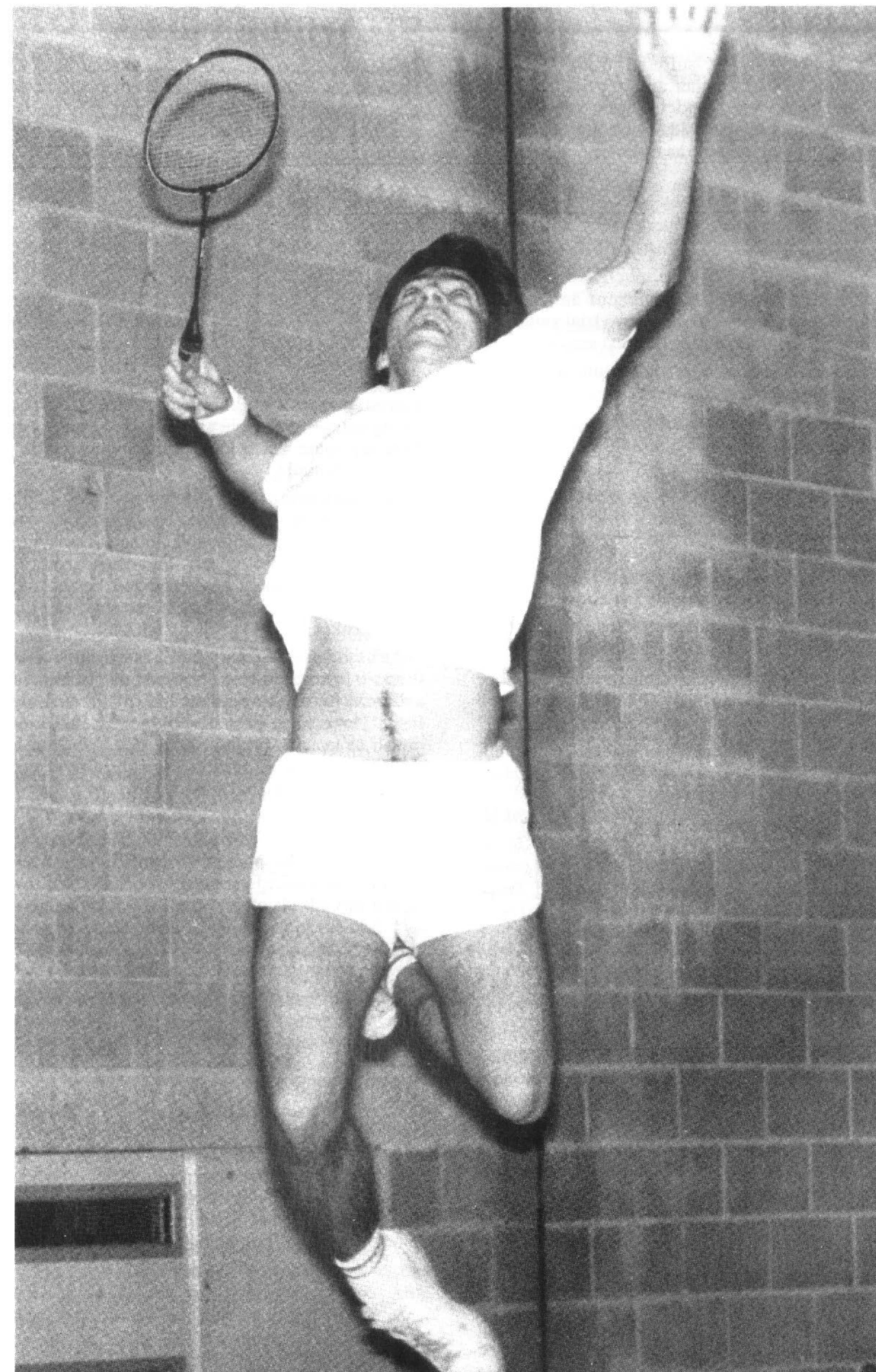
			Seniors		Colts
v. Mill Hill	Away	Won	2-7	Lost	2-7
v. Rugby	Away	Won	1-6		—
v. Uppingham	Home	Won	5-4	Lost	3-5
v. Cheltenham	Home	Won	6-3		Cancelled
v. Abingdon	Away	Won	3-6	Lost	7-2
v. Royal Latin	Home	Won	6-2	Won	5-4
v. Bloxham	Home	Lost	3-6		—

Badminton Colours were awarded to:

Full Colours: M. A. Samuel, S. L. Melwani, ma., M. Maghazeh, J. H. Richards, ma.

Half Colours: G. C. Hooper, I. P. Dunton, mi., M. R. Dunton, ma., A. V. Melvani, ma.

S.T.



M. Maghazeh

Photograph by J. W. Ffooks

SOCCER

The fixture list has suffered from the usual problems of bad weather and injuries. Members of the team varied and we were not able to maintain a consistent side until the end of the season. Full results were as follows:

v. Marlborough	Won	10— 1
v. Ashley Morrison's XI	Lost	3— 4
v. Radley	Lost	0— 2
v. Rugby	Lost	1—11
v. Old Stoics	Won	2— 1
v. Masters' XI	Drawn	2— 2

This season saw the beginning of an Under-16 team. The team played one or two trial games but will begin a full set of matches next season.

It is to be hoped that the fixture list will be more full for both teams.

T.C.

FIVES

This season has shown a great increase in the number of boys playing Fives. The interest was there to be seen in the Junior Housematches which in the end were won by Lyttelton.

R. Hazell and J. Hutter represented the School in the National Public Schools Championships.

The 1st VI had an interesting season but I hope that the experience gained will hold them in good stead for next season.

I would like to thank J. Maskell (Captain), I. Bendel (Secretary) and C. King who organised the Junior Housematches.

M.H.

Colours were awarded to: C. M. King, G. E. Holdsworth-Hunt, C. T. Marfleet, A. C. N. Bewes and A. P. G. Corner.

Half-colours were awarded to: R. D. Hazell, mi., J. H. Hutter, A. J. Bartlett and A. J. D. Marshall-Andrew.

KARATE

Tuition of a still fairly large class has continued under the instruction of Mr. Williams, although, unfortunately, illness hit both instructor and pupils.

Either at the end of this term or the beginning of next term the newest members of the class will be examined in the basic skills required to obtain their next belt. The higher grades too will be examined. There are no competitions planned for the near future but, as members progress, we hope we will be able to make a few fixtures.

We are always on the look-out for keen newcomers, as we wish to expand the Club still further.

C. C. P. Woodford

STOWE BEAGLES

Yet again we have had a difficult hunting season. The weather conditions varied dramatically, and it was November and December that gave us the best hunting conditions. During this time the hounds hunted superbly and numerous hares were accounted for.

For the third year running, the beagles are supporting "The Chackmore Charity Chase", which is in aid of handicapped children. Hence over the past week or so, we have been getting the hounds used to following us on Honda three-wheel motorcycles. As well as being a very worthwhile cause, it is great fun.

We will, as usual, be attending three major shows this summer and we are looking forward to a repeat performance of last year's successes. The young entry (i.e. puppies) are a mixed bunch but there are some which look promising as hunting and show hounds.

At half-term we celebrated the 25th Anniversary of the Stowe Beagles. This was celebrated by a very enjoyable dinner. It was nice to see so many old masters and friends of the beagles. The Viscount Masecne and Fenard, an author and politician of great esteem, was the guest speaker.

As in the past, we have had a large amount of support from the Stowe boys. Many faces, old and new, have been seen on and off the hunting field. There have been five Stoics in uniform: myself as master and huntsman, N. C. P. Marsh 1st Whip and M. E. Burditt, A. J. G. David and A. P. A. Waugh as 2nd Whips.

D. H. White



STOWE SCHOOL SKI CLUB

The futuristic landscape of the purpose-built French resort, Les Menuires, was the setting for this year's Stowe School ski trip. Door-step skiing is a literal description of this ski complex. Once outside the hotel door one could ski straight to a lift and be up on the top slopes in minutes.

The conditions were excellent even if rather cool at -15° on most days. A lack of the traditional atmosphere at Les Menuires and a profusion of skyscraper apartments is compensated by an enormous range of runs and lifts, together with little queuing. A highlight of the skiing programme was a full day's excursion covering runs of three resorts: Mottaret, Meribel and Courcheval. The weather was kind and sunny, affording spectacular views, making this an exhilarating day.

A wide range of entertainment kept the party active in the evenings. An unexpected beachwear disco stretched clothing resources, but not our skiing Matron, who produced an interestingly towelled outfit. A torchlight descent from a mountain restaurant one evening gave much confidence to the beginners who bravely took part. It proved the point that not being able to see what you are skiing over can sometimes be an advantage. Plastic bags were purchased the next night to go 'pollybagging', which is either an advanced form of tobogganing or lunacy.

Stowe won the hotel ski race — a rather novel event. Participants had to run in ski boots, fetch their skis, fiendishly left in an annoying jumble by the organisers, and then sprint — or rather hobble — with the skis on to a series of lifts. Then came the downhill which had some 'racer' turns in it, made all the more interesting because no ski poles were allowed. The only way to ski the run was to adopt the tuck position and hope for the best.

The best is what our skiers achieved. At the ski presentation at the end of the week all our skiers won awards with a good sprinkling of gold and silver medals. All the beginners progressed well. S. F. Allison always seemed glued to the party leader's skis. J. W. M. Keil survived many falls to finish skiing with considerable stability. M. A. Samuel is well on the way to achieving the speed record over moguls. C. R. Worsley developed the art of inner skiing so well that he was often oblivious to the shouts of his group as he serenely skied past or through them. Georgina Woolley managed to ski elegantly all week despite having her thumb in plaster on the first day.

The Stowe skiers endeared themselves to the hotel manager and staff through courteous and thoughtful behaviour. It was a happy week.

M.J.S.

OLD STOIC NEWS

R. C. Allerton (Grenville 1953) is Director General of Supply, Royal Air Force, with the rank of Air Vice-Marshal. 1987.

I. G. Butler (Grafton 1970) has joined the Board of Nurdin and Peacock as a non-executive director. 1986.

The Marquis de Amodio (Grenville 1926) was elected into a Honorary Fellowship of Lincoln College, Oxford as from October 1986.

N. J. Forwood (Grenville 1965) has been appointed Queen's Counsel. April 1987.

J. S. W. Gibson (Walpole 1952) appointed to the Lord Chancellor's Advisory Council on Public Records. Published "Guide to the Location of Local Newspapers (1750-1920)".

C. E. Guinness (Cobham 1942) was awarded the C.V.O. in the Queen's Birthday Honours List 1986.

D. E. D. Johnson (Cobham 1956) has been appointed Deputy Lieutenant for Staffordshire. November 1986.

J. C. B. Lucas (Grenville 1970) has joined the Board of I.C. Gas. 1986.

A. G. M. A. Provost (Chandos 1957) is now Director Public Relations (Navy) at the Ministry of Defence.

S. M. Raw (Grafton 1971) was selected to represent Great Britain in the "Flying Fifteens" sailing races in Hong Kong. 1986.

P. I. D. O'Brien (Chandos 1944) has published "O'Brien of Thomond: The O'Briens in Irish History 1500-1865". 1986.

A. M. Roxburgh (Walpole 1980) was a member of the party from the Queen's Dragoon Guards which believes it was the first to the top of a 19,200 foot mountain in the Karakorum range. This mountain is neither definitely mapped nor named.

The Lord St. Oswald (Temple 1936) has been appointed Deputy Lieutenant for West Yorkshire. January 1987.

The Hon. Sir Peter Vanneck (Bruce 1939) has been elected Upper Warden of the Gunmakers' Company. 1986.

A. C. L. Whistler (Grenville 1930) designed a memorial panel to George Butterworth, the composer, which has been unveiled at Radley College.

A. G. Barbour (Chandos 1956) is High Sheriff of Cheshire (1987/1988).

Sir P. D. Duncombe (Chandos 1945) is High Sheriff of Buckinghamshire (1987/1988).

COMMISSION

G. S. Jackson (Grenville 1981) has been commissioned into the 5th Iniskilling Dragoon Guards.

BIRTHS

C. J. E. Bartholomew (Walpole 1969) a son on 31st December 1986.

J. G. Cahill (Grafton 1968) a daughter on 14th October 1986.

D. G. Choyce (Cobham 1973) a daughter on 27th March 1987.

A. J. Creedy-Smith (Walpole 1972) a daughter on 19th December 1986.

M. A. M. Davies (Temple 1969) a daughter on 30th April, 1985.

P. H. C. Furness-Smith (Grafton 1970) a son on 21st April 1987.

J. M. Hayward (Grafton 1976) a son in June 1986.

N. E. Luddington (Chatham 1978) a daughter on 28th April 1987.

R. J. D. Metcalf (Temple 1974) a daughter on 22nd January 1987.

A. R. J. Nicholl (Bruce 1967) a son on 1st February 1987.

S. M. Raw (Grafton 1971) a son on 6th March 1987.

J. M. Shirley-Beavan (Grenville 1975) a daughter on 14th December 1986.

C. J. G. Thwaites (Bruce 1968) a daughter on 6th February 1987.

Prince Nicholas von Preussen (Walpole 1963) a daughter on 15th December 1986.

MARRIAGES

J. N. Birt-Llewelin (Chandos 1979) to Fiona on 6th September 1986.

N. R. G. Chavasse (Lyttelton 1973) to Margaret Anne Howard Salter on 25th April 1987.

R. C. Clifton-Brown (Chandos 1982) to Emily Laver Oliver on 25th April 1987.

R. P. Coutts (Chatham 1935) to Jennifer-Anne Savile Argyrakis on 19th September 1986.

B. J. N. D'Arcy Clark (Grenville 1972) to Constance Vilmy on 11th April 1987.

M. A. M. Davies (Temple 1969) to Elizabeth McKay on 28th August 1980.

J. D. Goodwin (Chatham 1962) to Joanna M. Bell (Stanhope 1976) on 20th October 1986.

T. R. Harris (Bruce 1968) to Lucy Anne Lindley on 17th May 1986.

D. C. Lugg (Walpole 1967) to Gail Norcross in 1982.

L. E. O'Brien (Cobham 1975) to Caroline Veronica Mary Phillips on 6th September 1986.

A. C. L. Whistler (Grenville 1930) to Mrs. Carol Dawson (Née Groves) on 24th March 1987.

DEATHS

D. M. Baker (Grenville 1933) on 25th April 1987.

H. O. M. Bishop (Chandos 1933) in October 1986.

***P. R. Briant** (Bruce 1937) on 27th December 1986.

J. S. Cadman (Chandos 1926) on 2nd December 1986.

B. J. A. Cecil (Chandos 1931) on 29th April 1987.

G. A. L. Cheatle (Cobham 1931) on 27th March 1987.

C. F. Deacon (Staff 1947-1982) on 21st March 1987.

R. Ingleby-Mackenzie (Chatham 1930) on 15th April 1987.

W. H. Inglis (Walpole 1942) in June 1985.

Sir Oliver Lambert, Bt. (Chandos 1930) on 16th March 1986.

A. J. P. Ling (Bruce 1929) on 12th January 1987.

W. Llowarch (Staff 1938-1954) on 24th April 1987.

N. A. Marjoribanks (Cobham 1931) on 19th January 1987.

Sir Robert Pigot, Bt. (Grenville 1932) on 30th November 1986.

T. A. G. Pritchard Gordon (Temple 1929) on 16th November 1986.

S. C. Swan (Bruce 1927) on 5th August 1986.

C. A. Vandervell (Bruce 1944) on 10th January 1987.

J. E. Vaughan (Chandos 1930) on 10th February 1986.

* It was Mr. Briant who wanted a memorial for Robin and Dody Watts (Stowe Art Department 1934-1947). This intention took shape as an idea to name a mezzanine extension of the Art School, the Watts' Studio. Mr. Briant died while still trying to bring his idea to fruition. Plans are already drawn up for the project, but as yet funding has not been obtained. If any Old Stoic feels he would like to assist in financing the work, could he please contact Mr. C. J. G. Atkinson, who would be happy to send further details.

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*1987/88 pay scales.



STOWE IN MAY

The wind eyes the ancient geometry
Of angle and leaf, silk-bleached light
Gathering against stucco design
Unpicked by the fingers of time.

The rising tranquil air breathes
Between lime and beech, serene swans
On the Octagon's glazed turquoise
Flowing silently as memory.

And if beauty formed in Arch
Or Temple, sublime ruin among blades
Of grass, speak of a vanished power,
The stones stay unravelled still.

And before the South Front's steps,
On the pith and pitch of a field's edge,
A dreaming man at deep fine leg
Ponders yet the shadows of history.

Anthony Ozturk



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