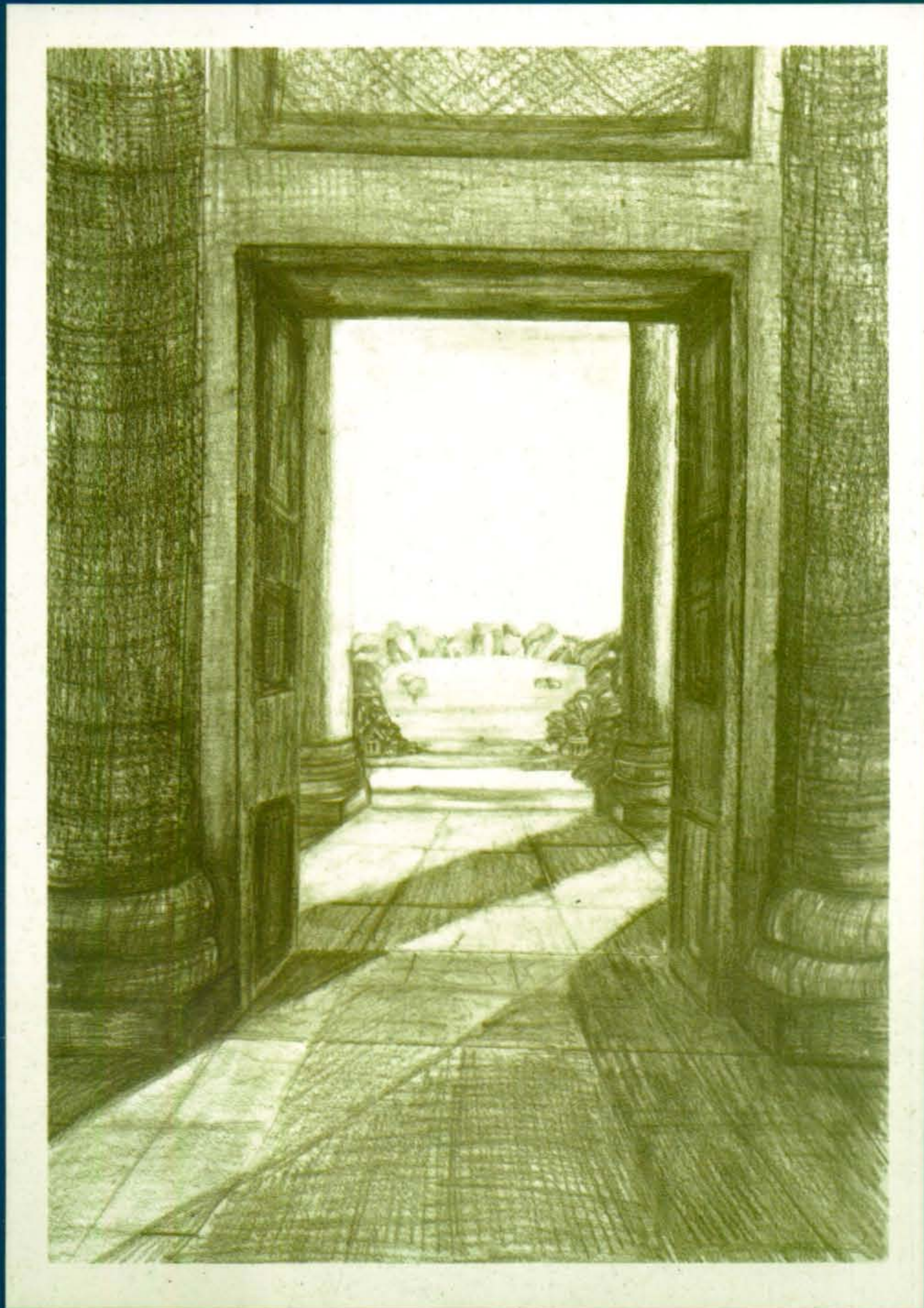


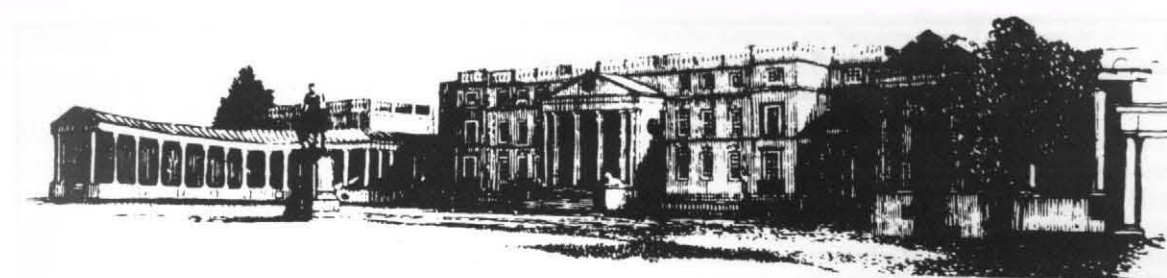
THE STOIC

J. F. Roxburgh Centenary Edition



December 1988

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THE STOIC

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EDITORIAL

A WATERSHED year that commemorated the centenary of J. F. Roxburgh also saw the appointment of the new Headmaster, Mr. Jeremy Nichols, who will translate to Stowe from Eton, on the retirement of Mr. Turner in July 1989. The record inside of Roxburgh Day's recollections of the School's past runs alongside our report of that annual review of the present, Speech and Old Stoic Day. While the guest speaker, Mr. R. P. Reid, discoursed on essential modern virtues, we note with pride and delight the current restoration of the Temple of Ancient Virtue with an article and photographs.

It was moreover an important year in academic terms. We received the first G.C.S.E. results and were most encouraged by the School's very good overall performance. As the tide of anxiety and uncertainty begins to recede, we may perhaps peer more confidently into the future as regards the new examination.

The busy calendar was filled by the House Music Competition, which, reflecting an especially high standard, was carried by Grenville. An accomplished production of **Julius Caesar** by Junior Congreve in the summer was memorable and marked the theatrical swansong of Mr. Potter. A marvellous Athletics season culminated in an exciting Sports Day, when Cobham won, for the fourth consecutive year, the Triple Crown of titles: the Standards, the Relays and the Sports Day Cup.

The Myles Henry and McElwee expeditions ventured respectively into the glacial wastes of Iceland and the blistering heat of Egypt and Uganda. As it will be evident in the reports in the next issue, Stoics experienced, in equal doses, pleasure and pain, ice and sand, barren rock or flies and mummies. Still on international Stoicism, the Rugby 1st XV toured Vitoria in Northern Spain where the team made a spirited and valiant showing.

Stowe is a crowded place these days, and our visitors have recently ranged from Steven Spielberg filming another 'Indiana Jones' on the North Front to the filming by a Korean crew of the School at work, at lunch and at play, as a T.V. documentary. Stowe was chosen as one representative of the British educational system.

The Summer Term paid sad farewell to many members of staff: Mr. Longhurst, Mr. Hudson, Mr. Potter, Mr. Small, Miss Nixon, Mr. Manisty, Mrs. Small, Dr. Houliston; and to our Business Manager, Mr. Drabble. Appreciations of their work are offered below.

We congratulate Mr. McCabe on his marriage to Catherine on 6th August.

The Autumn welcomed the arrival to the Biology department of Mr. Akam; to the English department of Mr. Barr and Mr. Reid; to the French department of Mr. Hack; to the History department of Mr. Gowen; to the Ceramics department of Miss Hutchinson as Artist in Residence; and Mr. Ghirelli as a part-time member of the Geography department. And we are pleased to have among us Mr. Waterworth as Assistant Bursar.

It is, however, with particular regret that we record the retirement of Mr. Temple at the end of this term. His great services to the School will be remembered in the next issue.

The Editors

The Prefectorial Body consists currently of the following:

A. E. Macintosh, ma.	Head of School
T. W. N. Neve	Second Prefect
G. J. Amdor, ma.	Head of Walpole
T. W. Baker	Prefect of Mess
A. C. N. Bewes	Prefect of Chapel
R. C. Clay	Head of Bruce
S. R. C. Corben	Prefect of Shop
A. J. H. Diamond	Head of Grafton
T. R. Fell	Head of Grenville
J. W. Ffooks	Prefect of Mess
Selina V. Flynn	Head of Nugent
M. Gülek	Prefect of Sanctions
M. J. P. Hancock	Prefect of Sanctions
B. Hart, ma.	Head of Lyttelton
P. J. L. Jenkins	Prefect of Grounds
Sarah E. Key	Head of Stanhope
C. M. King	Head of Chandos
S. E. Montford	Head of Temple
A. K. C. Saw	Prefect of Library
R. J. Spencer, ma.	Prefect of Defaulters
J. Ursing	Head of Cobham
D. J. Watt-Smith	Head of Chatham



Photograph by Mrs. P. Stanton-Saringer

Photograph by Mr. M. Stanton-Saringer



Steven Spielberg recreating Berlin at Stowe.

P.G.L.

Peter Longhurst came to Stowe in January 1967 as Head of the Department of Economics and Politics. He had previously taught for thirteen years at King George V's School, Southport, where he was a housemaster, and at the Royal Masonic School in Bushey. Peter, having served his national service in the army took his degree in Economics and Politics at Nottingham University and subsequently his Dip. Ed. at Reading University. While at Nottingham and subsequently he proved himself a distinguished games player and represented counties at three different sports (lawn tennis, hockey and table tennis) and played table tennis at international level. When he came to Stowe he was in charge of the School swimming (which in those days took place in the lake) and shortly afterwards took charge also of the tennis and squash rackets; in both of these games the results over the years have been outstandingly good as have those of his junior hockey team. In his twenty-one years as tutor of Side IX he never refused to take on a boy or girl and the examination results were consistently better than could reasonably have been expected; he was particularly pleased that several boys taken 'on sufferance' subsequently obtained university degrees and also that several obtained awards at Oxford. He served as deputy Housemaster of Chatham throughout his career at Stowe; he was particularly helpful to a large number of boys in Chatham and, particularly, to the youngest boys in the School in connection with the 'Basic Wing.' He organised a number of camping expeditions to Broughton Castle and also trips to Alton Towers. On one occasion he took 120 Stoics to Brighton and brought 121 back.

As well as his work in the School, Peter spent a great deal of time marking public examinations and was eventually promoted to high office by two boards. He also played a significant part in the life of the local community: he was Chairman of the Buckingham Table Tennis League and was a member of the Dadford Parish Council for many years and is still clerk to the nine Parish Councils in the Luffield Abbey Ward.

Peter's decision to spend the last part of his career at Papplewick meant a great loss to Stowe but a great gain to Papplewick. Everyone at Stowe wishes him well and we look forward to frequent visits from him.

A.R.P.

F.A.H.

When in the Summer Term of 1969 David Horne and Stowe School decided to part company, it seemed too late to find an adequate replacement

for the former by September. Teachers of Physics were scarce even then, and good ones scarcer still.

But sunning himself on Gozo at this time was Frank Hudson. He had just completed three years with Hawker Siddeley Dynamics, following a spell in teaching during which he had become a Head of Science and a housemaster. Both his father and elder brother (who had taught me chemistry as a boy) had been headmasters, and both had died from heart attacks. While having no wish to join this particular form of fraternity, Frank was nevertheless anxious to return to teaching in a less demanding rôle. In late July he was appointed to Stowe, where he remained until last summer.

No-one has taught with more distinction or dedication. He won the respect of generations of Stoics who, in turn, gained remarkably good grades at 'O' and 'A' Level. He had the rare distinction of securing a full house of grade 'A's from an 'O' Level set. While his success was undoubtedly due in no small measure to his enthusiasm for and mastery of his subject, it was rooted in good old-fashioned professionalism: thorough lesson preparation, clear exposition and careful marking.

Nor were his services to Stowe confined to the classroom and laboratory. In 1973 the indoor swimming pool was opened, thereby depriving Stoics of the opportunity legally to swim in the weed-strewn Eleven Acre Lake, their sole source of aquatic recreation for the previous fifty years. Frank spent countless hours at the poolside, and under his supervision and coaching Stowe became a first-class swimming school.

During these years Frank lived on the first floor of the Graafon flats with his guns. Carefully locked away behind bars, doubtless to prevent their appropriation by an opportunist Graftonian who might happen to have seen the film "If," his collection of flintlock and percussion rifles and pistols was an impressive sight. But it was through swimming that he met Gina, a swimming coach at Bletchley, and in 1979 they were married.

Eventually Frank succeeded Michael Fox as senior form master and "uncle" to the third forms, George Clarke as Stowe's archivist, and Charles Rainer as compiler of the Blue Book. To each of these rôles he brought the enthusiasm and meticulous attention to detail those who knew him had long come to expect.

Is not all this just the recipe for cardiac arrest? Well, mercifully not, for Frank continues to flourish and, fortunately for Stowe, to continue to manage its archives. He retires from teaching thankful now to be able to indulge his passions for photography, steam engines, antique guns and vintage wirelasses.

D.G.L.

R.M.P.

Life with Roger was never dull, his sense of humour and tremendous drive ensured that. A champion of the individual's right to be himself his whole career at Stowe was based on the philosophy that each boy or girl should be trusted to develop his or her own character rather than be simply a member of a team. Teaching was a new experience for him when he came to Stowe in 1970, after a year with a public relations firm in London. That he took to the profession is no surprise for he was brought up at Bryanston where his father was a housemaster. He certainly took to Stowe and it suited him well to live in the rather grand apartments of the Grenville Housemaster. In the classroom lessons were fun and many Stoics have had their interest in English Literature awakened under his careful guidance. Within four years of his arrival he was housemaster of Nugent, then a 'waiting House' for new boys who soon felt at home under his kindly eye. After a year's absence teaching in Ottawa he was recalled to take over Grenville, and as a full Housemaster he was soon clearly in command. A combination of tolerance and courtesy to the boys, combined with trust in each one, soon won the affection of his House. A Grenville 'At Home' or an invitation to his flat were always occasions of style where hospitality was generously dispensed. He insisted that when it was Grenville's turn to be modernised, the job was properly done and future generations will be grateful for that.

For a few years he looked after this journal and for three ran the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme, where he sought as ever to draw out the individuality of the participants as well as enthusing them with his love of fell-walking. His enjoyment of the world around him may have been awoken by a year with V.S.O. in East Pakistan, now Bangladesh, after he left university. Before he had been long at Stowe he was helping to run an expedition to Iceland and then he turned to Nepal. He led a number of expeditions to the Himalayas for Stoics, Staff and Parents, developing a deep appreciation of that beautiful country. It was entirely due to his and Michael Hornby's concern that Stowe, through such activities as sponsored walks, gave help to a number of Save the Children Fund (U.K.)'s clinics in Nepal, particularly that at Baglung. He was also involved in the setting up of the Stowe Conservation Scholarships with the International Trust for Nature Conservation. These have allowed a succession of recent Old Stoics to spend several months in Nepal, supported by Tiger Mountain, carrying out conservation projects.

His last main task at Stowe was to use some of the lessons learnt in public relations before he came to us. Frequent visits to prep. schools, exhibitions, displays, and newspaper articles ensured that the Stowe of which we are all proud was presented fairly to the world outside.

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Roger Potter is a man of many parts, a schoolmaster in its widest sense. He enjoyed working with theatre and directed some notable Congreve productions such as 'Hadrian VII' and 'Becket.' He showed talent himself on the stage in staff plays, such as 'Erpingham Camp.' He was as sure-footed hosting a Grenville 'At Home' or on the tennis and squash courts. Always willing to give sound advice to those who sought it, and to give generously of his time when it was demanded, he clearly felt at home in the setting of Stowe. He has left us to become the Principal of Mander Portman Woodward, the London tutorial college, where we wish him all happiness and success in his new career.

A.J.E.L.

I.M.S.

When Ian Small was appointed to a Headmastership earlier this year, no-one was much surprised, for such a promotion has always seemed likely for someone of his boundless energy. Rather, one reflected on Stowe's good luck to have enjoyed his vigorous presence for so long, for schoolmasters of Ian's ilk are rare indeed and, from the moment of his arrival in January 1979 to teach English, it was clear that, in him and Alison, Stowe had found two very special people.

Since then it has been observed more than once that Ian might well have made his vocation the stage. It is equally true, however, that he is also ideally fitted for the world of chalk and gown, for he is a man of wide sympathies and interests, of great enthusiasm and dedication. He has encouraged his pupils to share his love of literature and to think for themselves.

Of his many out-of-class activities it is perhaps the drama for which he will be most widely remembered, for it has been rare for a term to pass by without an I.M.S. production of some kind, be it pantomime or Shakespearian tragedy. How appropriate it was that his final play here, **The Cherry Orchard**, should have been so memorable, the culmination, as it were, of many delightful and moving productions. Under Ian's guidance too the House Drama Festival has become something very special in the life of the School; he ran it with the panache of a C. B. Cochran or Cecil B. de Mille and, sartorially elegant himself, delighted in escorting around the campus his posse of commentators, sometimes joyously scruffy and bohemian. As an actor himself he has given great delight, from the schoolmaster in Chandos' **Arturo Ui** to the comic lead in the Common Room's **Oklahoma**. Few will forget his Nathan Detroit in **Guys and Dolls** and a scintillating performance in **Another Country**, a Lower Sixth Play. (Ian is an evergreen).

Outside the classroom and theatre he has been equally busy. Venture Wing, his own creation, became a most successful Wednesday outward-

bound activity. On Summer Sundays he organised the Occasionals cricket team; during the week he was always to be found on the games field, refereeing, coaching, umpiring. A keen sportsman himself, he has easily communicated his enthusiasms to his charges.

For the last three years, of course, Ian has been running Nugent, he and Alison being the ideal couple to give an imaginative start to the new girls' House, great champions both of the position of the girls within the School. Woe betide any colleague careless enough at meetings to mention boys but not girls! Nugent could not have had a better advocate or founding father.

Finally, it must be recorded that as a singer Ian has made many distinguished contributions to concerts, He is indeed also the only member of Common Room, as far as is known, ever to have sung a farewell to his colleagues. Accordingly, as we wish him and his family every success and happiness at Bootham School, York, we think it important to remind his new pupils (guys, not dolls) of this encouraging fact:

If you're looking for action,
He'll furnish a spot,
Even when the heat is on
It's never too hot
For good old reliable Nathan,
For it's always a short walk
To the oldest established permanent floating
Crap game in old York.

A.G.M.

A.M.M.S.

Alison Small first "bailed out" the History Department for a term in 1979 when she replaced C. F. Deacon who was having an operation. She returned part-time in 1981 after Naomi was born to fill further gaps till she was teaching full time by 1985. Thus it was that one of Stowe's finest teachers with a wide range of experience joined us. Her enthusiasm and thoroughness were an example to all and her classes responded magnificently. She had the knack of being both stimulating — who has not been forced into considering whether turning points exist in History? — and also being clear, so that even the slowest member of the set could, and did, grasp the essential outline and details of the topic under discussion.

In life, in Nugent as on stage, she complemented Ian admirably — her Miss Adelaide to his Nathan Detroit in "Guys and Dolls" will live long in the memory. As a colleague she was wise, tactful, loyal and hardworking — indeed the exceptional 'A' Level results in 1988 are a fitting tribute to her skill. In her own right and for her many excellent qualities she will be sadly missed; we are very grateful for her enormous contribution to Stowe and wish her well in her year's further study for an M.A. at York University after which the scholastic world will be at her feet — again!

A.A.V.R.

J.A.N.

Julie Nixon's arrival in Stowe in January 1979 marked two notable "firsts" in the history of the School. In its early years Stanhope had been guided and nurtured by a caring tandem of staff wives, but by now the time had clearly come to invest the girls' house with plenary status and provide it with a professional housemistress. Julie was also the first full-time resident lady teacher, thus pioneering a new development in staff appointments at Stowe.

Braving the chilly confines of Room 32 and suitably attired for this exposed site, Julie will be remembered for a conscientious determination to get the best out of her pupils, for many of whom French was neither the easiest nor the most congenial subject. Although she was only marginally involved in the formal teaching of Spanish, she communicated her enthusiasm for the language to a number of Sixth Form beginners, taking them right up to 'O' level, and ever ready to arrange supplementary evening classes for them in her Stanhope flat.

It is of course on the first girls' house that Julie left an indelible stamp on Stowe. Her tireless commitment to the girls' well-being, her energetic participation in the full range of their activities and the vigorous championing of their interests and integration earned her considerable respect and affection from both her charges and her colleagues. Without her total dedication Stanhope would have not prospered so rapidly nor made such a splendid contribution to the corporate life of the School. Her interests extended well beyond those associated with the house and included the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme, riding, the Stowe putter and the Himalayan expeditions, to all of which she brought a lively, cheerful ardour. Headington School is fortunate indeed to have her as Senior Housemistress.

J.A.B.

M.E.M.

Michael Manisty came to Stowe to teach Mathematics in 1980, having previously been a submariner in the Royal Navy. His experience of computers led him to help in our making concrete proposals for the introduction of computers to the Mathematics Department in what was later to become the independent Computer Department. He also helped us in the teaching of computing which was then added to the Mathematics teaching. Often he would take on the Third Forms of those to whom computers were a puzzle. With his service experience it was natural that he should join the CCF, and within a short time he was appointed Contingent Commander. In this position his characteristic imagination and flexibility of ideas were much in evidence. He was responsible amongst other things, for the purchase of the CCF Landrover, the building of

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the Hovercraft and the use of CB radios. He increased the variety of activities included in Adventurous Training, such as canoeing and sailing, and there was the year when we went to Arran; half were walking on the island of Goat Fell, while the other half were sailing on the sea lochs around the island in a chartered sailing boat. Although he would come on the Army Section's exercises, and once took the whole Army Section to Salisbury Plain, he nevertheless found such manoeuvres puzzling. He regarded them with some amusement, as a sort of "wide game." He staged a major display of the CCF to celebrate the 60th anniversary of the foundation of the Contingent, to which all Old Stoics who were, or had been, in the services were invited. Never have I seen so many officers with red hats!

Computing, rather than Mathematics, became an increasing part of his life, and he had a term off teaching to set up his own business, Dimension Graphics. This business still flourishes, and produces the current Blue Book. He was also responsible for the setting up of the School Blue Book lists on computers in the computer room, the exam entries being done on computers, and advising on the setting up of computers in the School Administration Department.

Michael joined enthusiastically in the activities of the School, refereeing, playing golf, sailing and so forth. We admired his courage last April in participating in the "Combat Trail," a fiendish assault course devised by the SAS Training Officer at Cwrt-Gollen. It is also due to his contact that Stowe has had the use of the canal boat. It has been a great delight to those of us who have used it in the holidays, and has also found use on Field Days, and other occasions, for Stoics to use and experience.

He has now left teaching to work with Shell. He is still around, however, and was in evidence on the Naval Section's Field Day this term. We wish him every success in his new field.

C.D.M.

V.H.H.

It is strange to consider that it is only just over two years since I first met a bespectacled ascetic figure in the North Hall on a bright, breezy, typically English June day, rinsed verdant by recent showers. At that meeting, he likened the light and the verdure to the landscape of the Western Cape. And, of course, it is thence that Victor and Margaret have returned, or, at least, if not exactly to the Arcadian vines and terraces of Stellambosch, to their native South Africa.

Victor Houlston is first and foremost a scholar. His thesis on Moffat's 'Treatise on the Silkworm' may seem arcane to us. But his inexhaustible knowledge and thrilling range of critical perspectives on Renaissance English literature has been a privilege the sharing of which he has accorded his colleagues. And Victor's knowledge is advanced with such charming modesty. Well shall we remember his erudite lecture to the Literary Society on Alexander Pope. And I recall my own chagrin when I wondered how far this lean academic would cope in giving a crash course on 'Great Expectations' to an uncertainly motivated Fifth Form. He listened patiently as I suggested some basic themes in the novel with which he might catch their attention; it was only some months later that I chanced to notice in his curriculum vitae that Victor had in fact published a learned work on that novel too. Even more telling, was the fact that the Fifth Form in question very rapidly came to understand the thing in a way which suited the 'O' level examiners very happily.

And they came, like of all of us, to love Dr. Houlston: to respect his intellect, his enthusiasm for his subject, his critical inventiveness, his prodigious work rate, his imaginative efficiency, his being a stickler-grammarians in the traditional classical mould.

And, more than all that, boys and colleagues have loved his humility. They have relaxed in the knowledge that he liked them: never patronising, never slighting or rejecting the observation from an inferior mind, never, indeed, outwardly even hinting that the mind of another was inferior. We all know that a good schoolmaster must, in the end, be a man whom the average, decent lad likes and respects and feels he can approach. Houlston the scholar, writer and critic, is undeniably also Houlston the Great Teacher.

And his range of activities illustrates the range of his humanity: the CCF, hours away with cricket teams, acting as chief clerk for driving lessons, and so obviously enjoying assisting H.D.M. in Temple, where I know he was much appreciated.

Several of us have also come to know Victor as a great personal friend because of his deeply felt and sincerely expressed Christian faith. I know that M.D.D. has particularly valued Victor's ministry at Stowe Church. But we have all benefited from his wisdom and gentleness and integrity and his willingness to stand up and be counted without being smug.

We would all like to thank Victor and Margaret, the latter having held the fort so graciously in the Library, for all they have both come to mean to us and to wish them every happiness and success in the future.

P.A.S.F.

IN MEMORIAM PAUL DOBINSON 1968-1988

The funeral and chapel services were taken by the Revs. Michael Drury and Maurice Stanton-Saringer respectively on the 17th June.

Below are extracts from Ian Small's fine address to the School assembled in the Chapel. The sense of loss felt by all there was expressed in a beautiful and moving memorial service. Except for his last year, Paul spent all of his short life at Stowe.

"Some people see things as they are and ask 'Why?' I dream of things that never were and ask 'Why not?'"

Paul was certainly someone who asked questions of things as they are, and 'Why' was a question he often put, as many of us here will remember. I'm quite sure he has asked God that question now he has seen Him face to face. But Paul also asked the bigger question 'Why not?' And because he asked it, our lives and, in a small way, the world have been richer for Paul's presence in it. He answered the question 'Are we willing to dare?' with a resounding positive, and he put that positive view of living into practical and successful effect.

An early memory of Paul is of a small boy, not yet able to swim, wearing armbands, fearlessly jumping off the top board and delighting in the excitement of doing so. From then on, in his Housemaster's phrase, Paul always seemed ready for the 'deep end' approach to life, not making a fuss in the shallows, but swimming fearlessly where things mattered. 'Great things are done when men and mountains meet. This is not done by jostling in the street.' Paul was not someone to be afraid of mountains: he relished a challenge, he seized an opportunity, he gave of himself in full measure, pushing himself to give the most. He showed in his life that barriers can be crossed if you try hard enough. He was his own man and he carved a very special niche at Stowe and in our lives as individuals; and for the achievements of his life, even at this time of sorrow for his temporary parting from us, we are grateful and appreciative.

In House and School he was a keen swimmer. Directly through his enthusiasm and determination and his leadership, Walpole had success for three years in the pool. . . . It was therefore no surprise that Paul gained his colours and became School Captain of swimming.

On the stage, too, he achieved much. In successive Junior Congreve productions he played a nun and a policeman — which was not what we might call 'type-casting.' And then he moved into direction with a new boys' play and a very fine House production of 'Black Comedy.' His crowning achievement was a memorable version of 'All My Sons' by Arthur Miller for the Lower VI, a production bedevilled by difficulty, with

illness, poor weather and other dramas obliging plans to be changed frequently. How it all came off so well is amazing: lesser men would have given up at an early stage, but when Paul set out on a task, he wouldn't give in till it was done and done well.

He could argue an academic point with determination too, and I remember English 'A' Level sometimes being nerve-wracking but always stimulating when Paul was there asking questions.

When he left Stowe, he was awarded an English Speaking Union Scholarship to Mercersburg Academy in Pennsylvania. There he won the school's top level Debating Contest, made many friends and continued an interest and concern, which all those of us who knew Paul, know mattered to him very much. He had a strong sense of justice and compassion. He was always ready to help and to stand by those in trouble whether they were unhappy or homesick, or had done something wrong and were suffering. He was a popular and effective School Monitor who was able to acknowledge when *he* had made a mistake. He had the courage to say sorry and the imagination to realise the difficulties he may have caused. And he was always thinking about the other person rather than himself. It's not surprising therefore, that he became actively involved with the Pineapple Club.

Well, now he has, earlier than we would expect, crossed the greatest barrier but, being Paul, he will be there, waiting to help us across it when our time comes. "His life was gentle and the elements so mixed in him That Nature might stand up and say to all the world 'This was a man.'"

Paul's spirit has now moved on to what Peter Pan called 'an awfully big adventure.' But much of his spirit lives on in our thoughts and minds. Like Ulysses, Paul could legitimately say:

'I am part of all that I have met . . .
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rush unburnished, not to shine in use.'

Paul made certain that his life shone in use. And it is a shining by whose example we can guide our lives. . . .

Let us therefore, thank God for Paul's life, for his company and friendship, for his love and his achievement. We are all better for having known him.

I.M.S.

J. F. ROXBURGH CENTENARY DINNER

May 5th, 1988

The Headmaster's Speech:

Your Royal Highness, Lords and Gentlemen,

Praestatis et Perstamus. J.F. enjoyed word-play. I hope he would forgive me for twisting thus the motto he bequeathed us. I do so in honour of our distinguished speakers and their fellow Old Stoics — "Your Pre-eminence is the rock on which we stand unshakable." You have been leaders in your generation and you have made Stowe a household name in six continents. From what you have told us of J.F., he would have been moved to tears of joy and wonder and pride and gratitude for what you have achieved — I feel sure his three nephews, whom I am delighted to welcome this evening, distinguished Old Stoics in their own right and representing the Roxburgh family on this day of all days — I feel sure they would concur and share some of their uncle's pride. My noble Lords, who have so eloquently addressed us, may I both thank you now and, if I may use benignly that favourite quip of headmasters, deal with you later. For first you will want me to pay our united respects to our Royal and distinguished visitors to Stowe from elsewhere.

Your Royal Highness, this is the third occasion on which you have honoured Stowe in my short stay. First, you supported the Marquis de Amodio (welcome, Marquis, tonight) in his great work for European Great Houses. On your last visit you kindly tramped round the sodden landscape on a misty October day to bring us good news of your personal support for our efforts to preserve Stowe's heritage and open it to a wider public. Today you have most graciously joined our family celebration. Thank you, sir.

Lord Charteris, you represent, as Provost of Eton, a College who generously gave Stowe School, in its infancy, the Grand Avenue. If I may presume to say so, you are well cast to personify generosity, for generosity characterizes the Educational Trust where we first met — a Trust committed to bringing the youth of a divided nation together. Michael McCrum, you are welcome not only as a former Headmaster of Eton, but also as present Master of Corpus, traditionally our staunchest ally in Cambridge University. Mr. Dean, in representing Christ Church, you enable us to thank you for nurturing so well some able Stoics you have had with you in recent years. As I contemplate your own great career I just wish someone in the Establishment would consult you before reforming examinations yet again. Sir Geoffrey of Hertford, former Vice Chancellor, also representing the Senior University helps it to outnumber the opposition,

for erstwhile King's and Trinity have, this week, paired in person and brilliantly on paper. Thank you, Geoffrey, for being on my side tonight, for we two Wykehamists are alone in a den of Daniels. When we first met, most improbably on a playing field somewhere, you opposed me!

I must single out one other non-Stoic visitor — I'm sure his royal master will be the first to say that we owe the preparation of today's event to the thorough and careful staff work of our secretaries. Sir Simon Bland, it is a great pleasure to thank you in person for all your staff work and your encouragement.

On the 18th January, 1922, a long letter appeared in *The Times* containing these words, "Every school has had to make a beginning and in general it is just those who are pioneers of an educational movement who are most distinguished in after life . . ." The writer was Mrs. Reginald Croom-Johnson. That same year, her husband chaired the Committee of 16 which rapidly evolved into the Governing Body of Stowe School. The Croom-Johnsons acted on their faith. Their sons David and Henry are here tonight as Old Stoics, and they have more than justified their parents' faith in a new school.

I wish to extract and focus on that word "Pioneers" in Lady Croom-Johnson's letter. If one word could mark out a characteristic which is shared by so many present that is it. You Old Stoics have a dazzling record as pioneers. There are so many others, but here tonight are pioneers in Aeronautics, Industrial Safety, Air Traffic Safety, the Film Industry, Surgery, Eye Surgery, Exploration of the unmapped world, practical care for the lonely and the incurably ill. How fitting that a Stoic should have led the Path-finding Squadron in the last war! That war indeed decimated the Stoic family, so imaginatively nurtured and guided by J.F. Stowe's record of courage and service in that conflict gives an inspiration not wasted on your successors.

Pioneers, yes, and leaders. You have led this country and other countries in an astonishing range of pursuits. To avoid any appearance of partiality, I hazard an alphabetical summary of those present tonight. Cat-like I step warily: Academic life, Architecture, Armed Services, Art in all its facets, Banking, Church leadership, Diplomacy and Foreign Service, Education (dreadful word), Finance, Geology, Industry, Insurance, Journalism, Land Management and Surveying, Law, Management of Art Galleries, Mountaineering, Musical Composition, the Police Service, home and abroad, Politics and Parliament, Public Relations, Publishing, Retail Trade. When I say "leaders," I mean leaders. I have not forgotten two notable features of Stoic endeavour. First, there is ever-present a golden thread of verbal skill and artistry, in speech and writing. Then there is the lead which a few dedicated Stoics have given to making the world a

better place for the most vulnerable — as well as the Cheshire Homes there are the Carr-Gomm Society, the Abbeyfield Society, the Pineapple Club, the support given to the Sail Training Association and, going even further, magnificent generosity and patriotism, supporting private enterprise, heritage and courage.

This is a Stowe which I hope you can still recognize in this enchanted place. The schoolmasters present, including my predecessors, are likewise pioneers and leaders. They have pioneered the new technology in education, but they have also preserved traditional disciplines of scholarship. They have led expeditions to the Himalayas, Greenland and across South America, but they have also been highly professional self-effacing, classroom teachers. They have inspired craftsmen, actors, scholars and international sportsmen. They have maintained a special "rapport" between teacher and pupil which has characterized this school throughout its life, a place where the needs of the person are put above the success of the institution. And there is another important stride forward educationally they have taken. Stowe has men **and** women on its staff. Stowe has boys **and** girls in its Sixth Form. I can't help feeling that this is the last Stag party at Stowe, and I believe that progress in that direction is in the true spirit of Roxburgh. There is a certain irony in the choice, by one of the great pioneers in 20th Century education, of so static a motto as *Persto et Praesto.* Yet when I look at the fluidity of values and the vanishing moral landmarks in today's world, I understand all too clearly and endorse what I believe he meant by his firm stance.

By now, the two noble Lords who proposed the toast of "J.F." are feeling that they have been let off the hook. Oh no! You must realize, my lords, that no one can match your eloquence. Lord

Annan, your versatility as historian, chairman of inquiries, university administrator, writer, master of galleries, teacher and speaker is in itself eloquent tribute to J.F. And, Lord Boyd-Carpenter, you were there at the start on that very first day, in your straw hat. You later quoted your headmaster as saying "I can tame the ebullient." It is a terrible thing to say to one of one's Governors, but I don't believe you — you have disproved that for 65 years, as anyone who ever watches the House of Lords on the box will testify. I devoutly and seriously hope that you, as was true of the incomparably great Prime Ministers you served, will be recognised by the rising generation as living proof that oratory is the Queen of the arts and one to be cherished.

I have, this evening, tried to draw attention to the pioneering spirit and leadership of J. F.'s generation of Stoics which is so brilliantly represented here this evening. The Head of the School who is about to rise to his feet, and his deputy, exemplify that same strength and resilience of leadership. Today's Stoics still penetrate obscure and inhospitable corners of the world, trudge through Congo jungles, trek across the Sinai desert, scale peaks in the Himalayas, start their own business enterprise within weeks of leaving school. All that takes courage. It takes more than courage for a Head of School, without flinching, to sell his fellow Stoics a headmaster's decision they are bound to deplore. I've never known one to hesitate. Tonight's ordeal is the worst thing I've yet done to Dicken Weatherby. He just said, "Yes, sir," when I asked him to do it. . . . My Lords, speakers, as the inheritor of J.F.'s great tradition I thank you for what you have said and, Mr. Chairman, as you, I and your fellow Governors are tonight's hosts, may we rise to drink the health of our distinguished guests and, in grateful respect, H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester.



H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester being introduced to pupils by the Head Boy, Dicken Weatherby.
Photograph by Beedle & Cooper, Northampton



Photograph by Beedle & Cooper, Northampton



H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester unveiled a commemorative stone on the centenary of the birth of J. F. Roxburgh, Stowe's first Headmaster. The occasion was marked by a dinner for 150 distinguished older boys from the early years of Stowe and for senior members of staff.

Photograph by Beedle & Cooper, Northampton

Lord Boyd Carpenter's Speech:

May it please Your Royal Highness, Headmaster, my Lords Lieutenant, my Lords and Gentlemen.

Exactly a century ago there came into this world a small baby, and if anything could be a sobering thought on an occasion like this and there are certain technical difficulties in that, it would be a sobering thought that had that small baby not survived the perils of childhood and the very real perils of the 1914-18 war in which he fought, we shouldn't be here tonight and it is doubtful whether there would be a school here at all. It is certain that there would not be a school of the quality and standing of Stowe. That is after all what we are commemorating here tonight. We're commemorating it perhaps a little selfishly because had that small baby not survived, had he not become Headmaster of Stowe, there are very few of us in this room who would have lived as satisfactory a life, as good a life, as we have in fact lived thanks to the guidance that he gave us at that intensely important formative moment in our lives. It's as well in recording this to recall the incredible difficulties which he faced from the beginning. You, Headmaster, no doubt have views about your Governing Body, but you should thank whatever gods you have that you don't have the Governing Body that J.F. faced. A chairman, if our Chairman will permit me to recall it, who believed as a matter of faith that the whole history of the world was written in certain passages in the Great Pyramid; a financial director who combined being a much-loved parson in charge of a West of England parish with being a financial operator whom it would be gross flattery to call of dubious honesty. There was no damn doubt about it. Not only that, a financial operator who did his best to prevent J.F. being appointed Headmaster at all, by the simple expedient which should appeal greatly to all politicians here tonight, of simply trying to poll against him two absent governors about whose views he knew nothing at all. It was against that background and those obstacles that J.F. came here in 1923.

My Lords and Gentlemen, it was an extraordinarily difficult beginning. I recall that my first sight of him was just about 65 years ago when the buses turned the corner from the Oxford Avenue, and we saw the North Front in all the glories of lovely May sunshine. There on the North Front steps was a tall figure in the most immaculate tweeds, who greeted each slightly embarrassed, slightly nervous, small boy with an outstretched hand and the somewhat superfluous statement, "My name is Roxburgh." That set the pattern of the way that he handled us from the beginning; the fact that he treated all these little boys coming to him as adults; treated them with courtesy, perhaps rather elaborate courtesy; addressed them as "My dear fellow" and gave a totally different impression to that which most of them

believed rightly to be the impression of a Headmaster in the 1920s. A Headmaster in the 1920s was supposed to be an elderly, red-faced gentleman, who lived mainly in a gown and mortar-board, looking sourly and with disapproval at those in front of him. This courteous gentleman, dressed more like a country gentleman than an academic, greeting one with a warmly outstretched hand, set right from the beginning, from day one, the standard of the way he intended to manage us. He continued to do this, showed the detailed knowledge which Noel Annan has referred to, knowing everyone of us, our Christian names, our families' Christian names, our families situation, remembering our birthdays. But it was still more the way he handled people. He tried to treat us as civilised human beings. The odd psychological thing is that quite a lot of us as a result of that rather surprisingly became that. It was this extraordinary technique, surprising today, but astonishing in the 1920s, which marked his reign from the beginning. Then there was his actual teaching. His love of beauty. His love of architecture. All those subjects which Your Royal Highness knows so well, and which this building offered so much opportunity to look at. The beauty of language and his command of the English language. Not only his perfection of diction, but the perfection of vocabulary, the perfection of the arrangement of sentences, made it a joy to listen to him even at an age when appreciation of sermons is not regarded generally as a wholly unqualified pleasure. To hear him take a Form on any subject—not even forecast what it would be—with that brilliant display of English, was a joy and it started in those listening to him an interest and a concern and a love of these things which they probably hadn't had the slightest trace of before they came here. He insisted very much on things being beautifully done; his dinner table was perfection. Some may recall his champagne glasses with a twisted fish as the stem. They were almost impossible to keep in a vertical position when full, terrifying to handle, but the mark of supreme elegance, as was his whole way of life. All this was done against a background of niggling, critical, difficult financial management behind the scenes. It was his courtesy to individuals which one noticed particularly. There was his devotion, very real devotion, to our Royal House. Some of us remember the occasion when Your Royal Highness's much loved grandmother, Her Late Majesty Queen Mary, came here to lay the foundation stone of the Chapel, and when he conducted her to that ceremony (there is a photograph in the Marble Hall of that memorable scene). It was all part of his life and approach to life that he had a very real reverence and respect for our Royal House, and was very glad indeed when he could be of service to them. But it wasn't

confined: his courtesy extended to all. Some of us have read David Niven's book, which was a vivid description of the occasion when David Niven, somewhat daringly, brought a prostitute, wearing the full-dress uniform of her profession, to Speech Day. Daringly he introduced her to J.F., and David Niven recorded to his surprise that J.F. treated as if she were a duchess. He treated her with the utmost courtesy and civility, a treatment which no doubt the good lady had not received from anybody for a very long time indeed. But it was typical of J.F. Then there was his sense of history and of tradition. Tufton Chelwood will remember the occasion when the first four Old Stoic members of the House of Commons entertained J.F. to dinner at Westminster, and afterwards took him to what I think is still a great experience: to walk through Westminster Hall with the chill of the centuries upon it and the quietness of a Hall that has stood there since William Rufus. J.F. reacted with emotion, as I think Tufton will recall, to that experience. It was not that we'd given him a particularly good dinner; food at that time was quite abominable. It was the experience of walking into Westminster Hall that played on all his emotions, his feelings of tradition, his feelings of concern for the past and for our history. He never snubbed one. I had an experience when I left to go and learn French with a French family, and discovered to my amusement that madame was not in point of law madame, but that the lady entitled to that title lived somewhere else and that 'madame' was what you would now call in this country a common law wife. I thought it right to tell J.F., who'd recommended this visit. I wrote him a letter which I shudder to think about now, in which I said that while, to a sophisticated person like myself, these little technicalities didn't matter, I thought that perhaps in case he was going to send more sensitive plants there in the future he ought to know about this regular menage. Instead of telling me not to be a bloody fool, which I'm sure must have been his reaction, he wrote me a most courteous letter to say how grateful he was for giving him this important information, which would guide him in his recommendations in the future. I remember that with shame for myself and admiration for him. Of course he could deal with any questions. The ambassador of a certain country, who came here to discuss the entry of a boy here from the ruling family of that country, tried to explain to J.F. that this boy must be treated in a very special way because, he said, "In my country we treat him as the Son of God." "Oh," said J.F., "Don't worry, we have representatives of all the best families here."

His latter years were less happy. The late war was a great blow to him. It was of course statistically inevitable that, as all Old Stoics were really of military age at that time, our casualty

lists were heavier than those of any other school in the country, and this hurt J.F. He had a feeling that so much of what he'd done, so much of what he'd put into young people, had been wasted and he had a mood of very great depression. Some of us did our best to encourage him; some of us did our best to point out that the war record of Stoics was magnificent and that it again reflected the training and background they had had, but it depressed him quite enormously and I'm not sure that he ever wholly recovered from that. Certainly when some years later he decided to retire, the Governing Body of the day went down on their rheumatic knees to beg him to stay. But he took the view that he had reached the stage that he had done what he could for the School, and that the way to serve it was to leave it. It must, to a man who had put his life into it, have been a terrible decision to take. But he took it, and he left despite the Governors' pleas and, what is more, never came back here alive. He felt, rightly or wrongly, that his presence might prevent the smooth takeover, accession and development, of his successor. That again I think was an extremely fine example of self-sacrifice and of understanding.

Your Royal Highness, My Lords and Gentlemen. He was a very great man. It is difficult to define his greatness. It is difficult to sort out the merely competent, the merely successful, the merely brilliant from true human greatness. But I think those who served under J.F. will agree that he had that mysterious quality of greatness, and it was an additional sadness that formal and national recognition was not given to this. I can disclose what I don't think has ever previously been disclosed, that an effort was made at the time of his retirement to persuade the then posers that be that some proper recognition by way of honour should be granted to him. It fell to me to visit the then-called President of the Board of Education, who was a decent little man called Tomlinson, who listened to me courteously and took the view that this was a case above all for doing this. Then there came back the reply that it was not thought appropriate by the then administration to offer an honour in respect of the private sector of education. That is the true and the only reason why public of the level which he achieved did not receive the formal recognition which every thinking man knows he was entitled to. But he was the subject matter of perhaps greater recognition. All of us who have been in contact with him, know that he was a great man, and every one of us in this room knows that we are better men, or less bad men, than we otherwise would have been, if we had not been subjected at a crucial time in our lives to his immense and benevolent concern and interest. That the guidance he gave us, not directly but so often indirectly by suggestion, by example, in all these indirect ways, was so much the most

effective way of dealing particularly with youth. We all, every one of us, owe an enormous amount to him. That's why we're all here in this very distinguished gathering tonight to acknowledge the centenary of his birth. I do not know, none of us know, whether in the mysterious way in which our universe works, there is any way in which somehow, somewhere, some time, he may know that we have assembled tonight to express our gratitude, admiration and affection for him. Those of us who are Christians can think that in some way the system, in a way that we do not understand, may nonetheless enable him to know this and to know that headed by a distinguished member of our Royal House, a large assembly of those whom he served desire to acknowledge his greatness and to say a deep and warm thank you to him for all he did and for all he did for Stowe.

Your Royal Highness, my Lords, Gentlemen, J.F.

Lord Annan's Speech

Your Royal Highness, my dear Christopher. The first thing that all of us would want to say to you is this: that you've paid us a singular compliment by selecting us from among our contemporaries to come to Stowe to celebrate this anniversary of J.F.'s birth. I'm sure that all of us would want me to say first how grateful we are to His Royal Highness for honouring us on this occasion. We also want to say thank you to you Christopher and to the Governors for providing us with this occasion.

Now, what would J.F. have said if he was here tonight to see us in this advanced state of decrepitude? Of one thing I'm certain, he would have found a way of congratulating each of us on whatever he had achieved; that was always his way. Whether it was in our days at Stowe, some dazzling performance on the North Front at cricket or rugger, or some feat or other such as John Boyd-Carpenter becoming President of the Oxford union. I remember John coming to speak here at the Debating Society, fresh from his triumphs as President, and the motion was 'To restore King Alphonso to his throne in Spain.' John, who had not forgotten what one could eat in the School Shop, urged us not to call the King 'Mr. Bourbon' as if he was a kind of biscuit. But J.F. not only rejoiced in whatever success one had, he also encouraged and sympathised with those who excelled at nothing, and especially with those who were unhappy at school, because he recognised that success at school is no indication of a man's worth. In other places failure to fit in was treated as an insult to the school. J.F. asked whether it wasn't the school's fault, and he tried to find remedies. One thing is certain; if he were here tonight he would never have dwelt on our shortcomings, and I had better not begin on those now, otherwise I will resemble Her Majesty's

judges, 101 years ago, when composing a Loyal Address to Queen Victoria on her Golden Jubilee. The first draft began 'Deeply sensible as we are of our shortcomings.' Someone suggested that perhaps this was a bit too obsequious, whereupon Lord Justice Bowen suggested an amendment 'Deeply sensible as we are of each other's shortcomings.' Before we adjourn to indulge in that agreeable activity, let us remember what we have to thank J.F. for. We have to thank him for rejecting all those ridiculous public school customs. He ridiculed boy-made rules, and none of course was better pleased than he when we defeated our closest rivals at rugger or cricket, but J.F. enabled those who weren't good at games to enjoy other pursuits. He didn't care whether it was painting, or church architecture, or acting, or pottering around with a dog or a ferret, or even indulging in toxophily, so long as we cared about something. I remember when I was trying to write the book about J.F. coming across a report he made on a boy, which ran as follows: 'Likes no school subject, can't bear literature, even *Macbeth*' is meaningless to him. Is bored by Geography and floored by Maths; Biology would be intolerable if he tried it. Wants no profession except, mildly, the Army. Abhors the idea of business. Nice boy, coming on all round.' What a splendid sense of proportion and humour. You know J.F. treated parents quite differently from those in the old days, who regarded parents as an incubus. Indeed, of course, parents were very difficult. There was one occasion when a very determined mother fixed J.F., in his apartments, with a dazzling smile and said, 'Mr. Roxburgh, I shan't leave this room until you agree to provide a place for my boy.' 'Dear lady, is that an enticement or a threat?' But you see the older generation regarded parents as an inevitable evil, redeemed only by their ability to propagate more boys. He thought they actually had a right to take an interest in their sons, and that of course is why so many of us here are here tonight. When he walked our parents round the grounds they couldn't help noticing that he knew each boy by his Christian name and that he knew their birthdays, and that wasn't a trick in the trade. You can't know the names and birthdays of 500 Stoics year in, year out, unless you really care for them. His relations with masters were sometimes ruffled, and this was not strange, because fortunately for us he would sometimes take the boy's part against the master. Justice always came before a master's *amour propre*. But if he was not easy to work with, he was very easy to work for and his staff rewarded him with a loyalty such as only the greatest Headmasters receive. At some masters' meeting, J.F. was holding forth on reports and urging masters to write the kind of reports which inspire parents with a feeling that however badly their sons may have done at any rate the master was trying to open their eyes and

make them work harder and better. He said, "I was a little alarmed when I found one sentence in a master's report on a boy, which read, 'I really must work harder next term.' Whilst fully endorsing the admirable determination on the part of the master concerned, it may not perhaps fill the parents with the sort of confidence in our staff that one would wish him to have." J.F. never thought of himself as anything else but a schoolmaster. Of course he could have been a public figure who gave his name to committees and government reports, but he cared for none of this because his heart lay in the centre of his profession, teaching. His staff admired him, because he excelled in the work that they themselves were doing. You know he taught every form in the Lower and Middle School once a week, and several other school Sets as well. Who of us here can forget those periods? Do you remember him striding leisurely into form, the suitcase swinging by his side, from which he threw you copies of Horace's 'Odes,' and begins to quote:

'O fons Bandusiae splendidior vitro
dulci digne mero non sine floribus,
cras donaberis haedo . . .'

A pained look. "My dear fellows, I can't do it. I can't do it. Horace is untranslatable. Crupp, let us hear the views of the imperturbable Crupp. A better epithet than 'splendid.' 'Brilliant?' O my dear fellow, let it be 'exquisite.' Who can attempt the next passage?" And he would go round the form. "Enlighten? illuminate? elucidate? expound? unravel? expatiate? enucleate?" Then he would say, "You're dying to help him out, Bryant. The words are trembling on your lips, Galitzine. You were about to say, Dixey? Get it off your chest, Worsthorne. I didn't quite catch it, Henniker? Then he would put forward four alternative translations, declare that they were all totally inadequate and would then say to the wretched boy who was trying to construe, "Go on, my dear fellow, for heaven's sake, go on." But how can any of us convey his foibles and his fancies, his magnetism and his manner? He was charming, but you know he had more than charm, he was a fascinator and all who met him sensed the spell which his personality cast about him. And yet that fascination was never employed to generate disciples or imitators, but to stimulate you to discover what you really were. He taught you to grow up. He didn't want you to remain a boy, still less to become an old boy. His generosity — that of course was a byword. I remember John Buchanan telling me about how, when he was in Remove C and missed some of J.F.'s periods in Architecture, J.F. said, "My dear fellow I'll send you a short book on the matter" and the next thing that happened was that a two guinea volume arrived. You remember of course those opulent suits, those multi-coloured handkerchiefs, those fascinating ties

How he encouraged us to care about our own appearance! Who of us can forget him offering a tie pin to anyone whose tie waved in the breeze? I must tell you, Your Royal Highness, that when your uncle, the Prince of Wales, visited the School in 1933, he even offered him a tie pin. But you know this was characteristic of the way he conveyed a rebuke; he was never sarcastic: he let his irony touch you, and then the fountain of his good humour played over you, and healed. He played upon your feeling that if you'd fallen beneath his standard you'd relly behaved in a way too ludicrous for a person of your own good taste and maturity. You know, God knows how schoolmasters retain a sense of humour, but of course his sense of humour was fantastic. A boy was once reciting Tennyson — I can't bear not to repeat this story — in a voice of deepest gloom, and suddenly the form began to titter at the line 'And I would be the girdle about her dainty, dainty waist.' J.F. murmured, "Go on, my dear fellow, a very laudable ambition." You know he had a way of using his humour to convey what value he put on certain activities. When Prince Bira competed in a race which was opening the Silverstone Circuit, J.F. gave us permission to go there, saying, "Should any of you wish to witness the spectacle of a Siamese prince circulating at incredible velocity, you may do so."

I really must stop, otherwise I will expose myself to the rebuke of Lord Justice Scrutton, which he delivered to a certain long-winded Queen's Counsel who was appearing before him and said, "I fear, M'Lud, I trespass upon your time." "You do not trespass upon my time, Mr. Bosanquet, so much as encroach upon eternity."

J.F.'s achievements can be described quite simply. He reinterpreted the ideals of a public school education. When Stowe was founded these ideals were being justly criticised as being too narrow: the curriculum was too narrow, the conception of leadership was too narrow, and encouragement and honour were given only to those who identified themselves fiercely with the corporate life of team games and House loyalties. J.F. suggested new ideals. He wanted us to be much freer, and through freedom learn responsibility. He wanted us to be better mannered, less prejudiced, and to acquire some sophistication. Now he has passed into history. There he stands, beside Arnold of Rugby and Thring of Uppingham and Sanderson of Oundle. A man who gave life to a unique foundation and so printed his personality upon it that it will always be coupled with his name. In the history of education he will go down as one who added another great school to the country. In the history of the public schools he will stand out as the man most responsible after the First World War for civilising their outlook and enlarging their substance. In the history of Stowe, he was the man who fused the spirit of the past with the

present, and made us feel that we were the heirs of the statesmen and poets who long ago sauntered on these lawns.

Very fittingly, his body was borne from the Chapel on the anniversary of Stowe's foundation. Very fittingly, his ashes lie beneath the stones of the Sanctuary. Very fittingly, for he was beyond doubt or challenge the most polished teacher, the most enlightened reformer and the greatest Headmaster of his generation.

STOWE: THE EARLY YEARS—SOME RECOLLECTIONS

(Continued from May issue of *The Stoic*)

Mr. R. R. Timberlake was on the Stowe Teaching Staff between 1924 and 1932, at Rugby until 1939 and was, thereafter, Headmaster of Lancaster Royal Grammar School until 1961.

To return to Cobham, I found "Charlie" Acland a splendid person to work for. He was a product of Gresham's School, Holt, and, although he did not subscribe fully to the "honour" system then prevailing there, he had very strong moral principles and was a convinced Christian. I have mentioned how strongly he felt about the conditions under which the domestic staff worked and lived. He was no less critical of the administrative inefficiency of which he claimed to find plenty, especially in the Bursar's department.

A colourful episode during my time in Cobham was the production of the famous Aldwych farce, "Tons of Money." Fortunately we had a natural comedian, D. A. G. Keith, who took the Ralph Lynn part and made the show. In the last act there had to be a shattering explosion which one of the boys achieved by filling a sparklet plug with gunpowder and enclosing it in an empty cigar box to magnify the noise. It was concealed in the wood behind the gymnasium where the play was held and detonated electrically. It produced a very satisfactory bang, fortunately without harm to anyone. An enthusiastic parent got us into trouble over royalties by having an account put into the *London Evening News*.

In June 1929 my mother died and I remember with gratitude a letter from J.F., typical both by reason of its felicitous wording and its obviously sincere sympathy. I returned from home in time for the opening of the Chapel by the Duke of Kent, when I duly donned the tail coat which I had bought when the Queen had dedicated it. Anxious enquiries were made at the Palace as to whether the Prince would wear spats and the answer was returned in the negative. We were told the story of how George V had once appeared at a garden party without them and in the morning the gardeners retrieved a thousand pairs from the

shrubberies. The problem had not worried one or two members of the Staff who thought it a senseless parade and chose the option they were offered of going off for the day.

J.F. himself set great store by clothes and boys liked to try to work out how many different suits he possessed. Was this a pose or a harmless foible, or was it derived from the instinct which all great men have to create an "image" of themselves? J. F. bought his suits at Adamsons in Oxford where it was said that he paid the vast sum of £15 a time. Patrick Hunter and I patronised Hall Bros. next door, where, in spite of their having supplied the Prince of Wales when he was at Oxford, we were only charged £10.

Later in the summer term of 1929 J.F. asked me to take on the Housemastership of Grafton. It was then the newest of the Houses and, although, it had none of the elaborate state rooms at its disposal, it had the advantage of being a self-contained unit with ready access to the countryside. Fortunately the School Zoo which had been in the adjoining garden had by now been closed down. This had had its amusing features, for instance a laughing jackass which had disrupted lessons, when the Grafton Houseroom was still a classroom, causing Francis Arnold to think at first that it was a practical joke. There was a bear, presented, I think, by Sir Auckland Geddes under the illusion that it was a harmless tree bear instead of a young grizzly or something of that kind, as it turned out to be. As might have been foreseen the animals languished from want of proper attention and the whole place had become a bit unsavoury by the time it was closed down. It had been an interesting example of the early attempts which had been made to present in Stowe something a bit "different."

The first Housemaster of Grafton had been P. B. Freeman, an experienced man imported three years before for the purpose of starting the House. I never knew why he left after only three years; perhaps he fell out with J.F. He was certainly full of self-confidence and, I imagine, in many ways a good Housemaster. Helped by some good seniors transferred from other Houses he handed over things in good order. The Head for three years had been Bernard Gadney, whose great prowess on the rugger field reinforced his natural gifts of leadership. He was to captain the England XV in later years. One of the Monitors was David Niven, another natural leader. Freeman had built up a strong connection with Winchester House School at Brackley which sent us some good boys. Freeman chose as the House motto *Virtus, Grafton, Integritas* which was intended to imply that honourable conduct is the sign of manliness (virtus). He made a great deal of personal interviews at which he gave advice. Boys were not summoned to these but were expected to apply. I never found out what they thought of the

plan, which I fear I did not follow, as I felt that the impression was given that a boy who did not ask for an interview would have a bad mark against him. As the interviews took place during Prep. everyone knew when a boy went for one. The importance of being readily accessible was however, something that J.F. continually inculcated. He was himself frequently to be seen round the School and claimed to teach each form once a week, although he took care that his lessons were outside the regular syllabus. We gathered that they were very stimulating, although he inevitably had to cut them frequently.

The Staff settled much with J.F. at casual encounters about the place. For the more formal consultations it was necessary to book an appointment after 10.00 p.m. (The times before that were reserved for boys). The big disadvantage was that one had to wait in the draughty passage which ran the length of the School at basement level hoping that the man before would not stay beyond his allotted time. Staff meetings also took place after ten o'clock, fortunately in the Library where there were comfortable armchairs. By the time J.F. had finished his own items it was so late that there were audible groans if anyone raised any other business. This may well have been deliberate policy as it gave less time for the airing of grouches of which there were quite a number in the early days. Typically, little consideration was given to the convenience of married men who lived out.

Some Housemasters like Charlie Acland and Ivor Cross, whose criticisms I have already mentioned, objected strongly to the way J.F. took over what they felt to be their responsibility. For instance if a boy or a parent went to him with a plausible request for an exeat, it was often granted without any reference to the Housemaster, and, as every schoolmaster knows, boys can be very clever in presenting such a case. There is no doubt that he liked to deal with boys direct. We all felt at disadvantage from the fact that he would not allow any of the Staff to be present at the periodical harangues which he gave to the whole School in the wooden multi-purpose building in the woods. He must have felt that our presence would restrict him but it was awkward not to know what line he had taken on a particular issue. There was one memorable occasion when the boys reported to us the masterly way he had defused strong feelings. A few misguided young men staged a protest against some government action by burning the Union Jack. Other more loyal souls retaliated by pitching them into the water tank in Cobham Court. The boys told us that J.F. had commented that it was quite contrary to the traditions of Stowe to attempt to impose one's views "either by the ordeal of fire or of water."

J.F. Had quite a gift for inventing traditions,

some of them being of a trivial nature like the name Egypt given to the lavatories. Another, of course, was the punning allusion to the name Stowe at roll-call. He was however very anxious to prevent the sort of traditions being established such as those which ruled in many older Schools restricting the dress or behaviour of younger boys. On the other hand he had realised the importance of establishing a code of behaviour which should be accepted as the normal practice and in this was naturally included toleration and respect for the views of others.

With so many young men on the Staff perhaps J.F. was right to keep the reins firmly in his own hands. He would certainly have never tolerated rule by a set of older statesmen. However we Housemasters were expected to be always at hand. There was one occasion when I went to Oxford on a Saturday afternoon. I had of course left a House Tutor in charge but a parent told J.F. that he had not been able to find me. Although no appointment had been made, I was left in no doubt that I had been remiss. Of course in a boarding school one always has to be ready for the unexpected. For instance one Sunday afternoon two rather scared young boys rushed into my study. They had been for a walk in the open country to the East on the property of the Robarts family, who did not mind boys roaming about. For some reason they had started a fire and to shield it from the wind had had the bright idea of lighting it in a hollow tree. The result could have been foreseen that the tree would provide a splendid flue. I hurriedly collected a couple of fire extinguishers, drove across country and succeeded in putting out the flames.

J. F. could be quite ruthless in tracking down offenders and unashamedly recommended the technique of leading the suspect to think that his interrogator knew more than he did. I once protested to J.F. when a confession was not taken into account in assessing the penalty. On this occasion I imagine that he thought that the good name of Stowe was at stake. However in many cases he could be very sympathetic to human weaknesses as David Niven's recollections of him show. Once someone complained at a Staff meeting that a boy had told a downright lie. J.F., who must have thought there was much good in the boy retorted: "All boys lie but I don't like them any the worse for that." I have often thought afterwards that he might have added "grown-ups too." When I consulted him about an offence committed by a Monitor, a venial one but not one that could be passed over, he suggested that he should have to write out a Georgic in Latin, a device that I have sometimes used since.

At heart indeed he was a very kind, sympathetic and generous man and whenever one found something to criticise it could usually be

traced to his single-hearted devotion to the welfare of Stowe. The one time I saw him really moved was when he had called the Housemasters together to discuss what should be done about a polio epidemic. This was something that all boarding schools dreaded in those days and there was considerable public debate as to whether boys should be sent home to check the epidemic or kept at school to contain it. After much discussion it was decided to send the boys home and after further debate as to the best way of doing this without causing too much panic J.F. surprised us all by asking for a cigarette, something he had not done for years.

I suppose I was young for the responsibility, but only one mother commented on the fact, in genuine sympathy, I felt. I could not indeed have wished for a nicer or more understanding set of people to deal with than the parents. I certainly learnt a great deal, if only such lessons as the advantage of finding something that a boy is "good at" and the fact that otherwise he may choose to be good at breaking rules or just playing the fool. I certainly had not the experience to cope with a boy like John Cornford, who was one of the most interesting and potentially distinguished boys that ever came my way.

John's father who was Professor of Ancient History at Cambridge once told me that he wondered whether anyone should specialise in History before the age of thirty. In spite of this it was with a History Scholarship that he went up to Trinity where he had a brilliant record. He inherited from his mother the gift of writing poetry. There is a good picture of him in *After Long Silence* by M. Straight, who was one of his left-wing circle at Cambridge with men like Blake. He died tragically (and pointlessly?) fighting with the International Brigade in Spain. I have often wondered whether if he had lived he would have been as critical of what he found there as Orwell.

Even at School John reacted strongly against privilege by becoming an ardent communist and an opponent of militarism. I had a long discussion with him about joining the O.T.C. during which he accused my generation of being responsible for the Great War and I could only reply "My dear chap, I was a boy at School at the time (I did not add that I had got into trouble at School by declaring to my Formmaster's horror that we had been as much to blame as the Germans). It was not possible to convince John by conventional arguments. He had however a delightful and patently honest character and his forceful personality did not bring him into any real conflict with authority. I can only remember one example of headstrong behaviour and that it was possible to treat leniently — it may have been the occasion when a Georgic was deemed appropriate. On the last night of term he and Pat Beech were reported

missing from their dormitory. A search revealed them sitting in a dark study dressed ready to start on a walking tour at dawn. Hugh Heckstall-Smith, who knew him well, admits in "Doubtful Schoolmaster" that he was puzzled by the fact that his love for T. S. Eliot was combined with an orthodox communist position.

I did not have much contact with another colourful personality, David Niven, as he left just before my time in Grafton. He too was a bit of a rebel, but in a very different way, and everyone succumbed to the charm of a very delightful personality, including J.F. himself. No one was surprised when he won distinction at Sandhurst. His later career was foreshadowed by the way he could keep the whole school entranced at an end-of-term entertainment with a half-hour monologue including impersonations of members of the Staff. I offer the probably apocryphal story of how during a measles epidemic he banged his chest with a clothes brush and then jumped into a hot bath. By this means he secured a rest in the Sanatorium where he caught the disease.

Fortunately I was well served in Grafton by my House Tutors. J. T. Hankinson was already installed when I took over, a Biologist and a fine all round athlete. He was a vigorous, independent man, full of ambition, who went down well with everyone socially. It is surprising that we got on as well as we did, as he often thought that he knew the answers better than I did, although he never tried to usurp my position. We remained good friends, although I was glad for his sake, and rather relieved for my own, when he took over Cobham after Acland left and so had his own empire.

It was perhaps inevitable that some of the young men who joined Stowe in the early days and enjoyed unusual responsibility at an early age should feel impelled to move. I suppose I was one of these myself. A notable exception was Patrick Hunter, who took over the Classics when I was appointed to Grafton. A scholarly Wykehamist and a distinguished but modest athlete he taught at Stowe for thirty-seven years. In my time he was the chief architect of the rapidly developing Sixth Form and I wish I knew more of his devoted service to Stowe during and after the War, including a period as Second Master. I do know that his good sense, sound judgement and sympathetic understanding won universal respect, and I have always felt that there could not have been any more appropriate leaving gift for him than the glass goblet exquisitely engraved with views of Stowe by Laurence Whistler. He took me twice to Winchester to discuss the teaching of Classics with a small group collected by his former Housemaster, Cyril Robinson. We had holidays together including one in Rome which was a kind of honeymoon *à trois* during which we explored the Forum together while my wife sat

and knitted to the horror of the custodian who told her that she ought to be looking at the "monument."

Hanks was succeeded as House Tutor by "Fritz" Clifford, so-called by all because he returned from a holiday in Germany with his head cropped short by a barber who had misheard the number of millimetres to which he wanted the clippers set. He too stayed the course and gave unrivalled service to Stowe, including the command of the C.C.F., the foundation of the "Pineapple" and the office of Second Master. At the time of which I write he did not see eye-to-eye with some of the more intellectual members of the Staff, including M. C. McLaughlin, the brilliant Irish History Tutor, who had a wonderful gift for getting boys Scholarships, especially at Oxford. With this went the knack of spotting promising pupils and persuading them to read History, rather to the chagrin of other departments, including that of Classics.

When I left Grafton to be married Fritz took the House on, but had to give it up himself when he married Louise Rodewald. Later still, when his successor, Bertie Wace, left, J.F. felt bound to bring Fritz back into married quarters. My wife was delighted to hear this as she was very fond of Fritz but at the same time amused because she had dared to foretell something like this happening to J.F. Both Patrick and Fritz were to become my life-long friends and it was in the company of one or the other that I attended the fortieth and fiftieth anniversaries of the Foundation of Stowe, when I rejoiced to meet a number of old friends. There was no one I was more glad to see than Peter (C. E. Salamon), known to many as Sally, who had been a splendid Head of Grafton, always cheerful and good-tempered but firm when the occasion demanded it. Although Stowe had abolished many of the old boarding customs, Prefects were still allowed to use the cane, but only with the Housemaster's permission. He greeted me with the words, "Can I beat a boy, Sir?" Sally became, I believe, a stalwart Governor of the School and it was with great sadness that I heard of his untimely death.

Peter was a particular favourite with Fanny Parish, the Matron of Grafton, a splendid person who was a great help to me. The Matrons at Stowe were not usually highly trained but all of high quality and devoted to their duties. They were, I thought, a bit exploited and I once went to make an ineffective protest to J.F. about their conditions of service. In the essentially male atmosphere of Stowe they formed a little coterie of their own. Fanny with her cultivated background (the Close of Salisbury Cathedral), her bright, cheerful manner and abundant good sense was particularly good in the rôle so valuable in a boarding school of being a sympathetic listener to boys' troubles. I confess that she was not above

listening to some of mine too. She certainly saw that I had a good fire in my bedroom, which was one of the coldest rooms I have ever known. Incidentally J.F. was surprisingly (or was it typically?) unsympathetic when I told him that I was afraid of the return of my rheumatic trouble and rejoined, "Rheumatism is not affected by cold." During my last term after I had married and given up the job of Grafton Fanny could not have been kinder to my wife.

It was in the summer of 1931 that I became engaged and, after Pippa and I had spent an afternoon in a hotel in Bournemouth trying to persuade J.F. to provide us with married quarters, I felt that I could do nothing but move elsewhere. Apart from anything else I felt that it would be ridiculous to settle down as a retired Housemaster at the age of thirty and Pippa, who had lived a very busy life herself teaching, would have suffered from lack of occupation. However, as I have indicated, J.F. received her very cordially and I shall always be grateful for the way he allowed me to stay on for one term living out with a lighter programme of work than I have ever enjoyed before or since. It was a particular joy to sit with my wife in the magnificent staff stalls in Chapel, one of which had not long before been presented by Grafton.

Andrew Croft, who is mentioned in the first part of my recollections, has pointed out an error. Ivor Cross, the first Housemaster of Temple, did not come from Lancing with J.F. but from Eastbourne College. Andrew himself, who did come from Lancing (with two other boys but no masters) moved to Temple in the second term to become Head Prefect of Chandos and is shown in the photograph in the last edition on the right of David Niven, holding up a challenge cup.



The 200.

Photograph by Beedle & Cooper, Northampton

Early Grafton.

Photograph by Beedle & Cooper, Northampton



SPEECH DAY

28th May, 1988

The Headmaster's Speech:

Mr. Chairman, Mr. Mayor, Mr. Reid, my Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, my task this afternoon is, first and foremost, to give recognition to effort and determination. We have a long prize list, but that gives recognition to a bare 15% of the school. That list says nothing of the extent of creativity which you can see in the Art and Craft/Design departments, of the numbers involved in dramatic productions we have every term, some of them, like the **Cherry Orchard** in November and five or six at least of the House Plays, of moving sincerity and near professional quality; it says nothing of the backroom boys; it says nothing of the solid progress made by hundreds of Stoics in mastering new work in their studies, laboratories and classrooms, nor of the excellent work being done in the Lower Sixth, which can so easily be a year of marking time if not downright laziness; it says nothing of conscientious investigations on field courses at weekends or in holidays, nothing of painstaking practice in the courts and nets; it says nothing of leadership, nothing of kindness and service to others, nothing of the devoted and often degrading work by the invisible army which keeps the school running — cooking, washing up, scrubbing, mending windows and clearing drains, processing 10,000 invoices, feeding administrative computers and typewriters, mowing grass, weeding flower-beds — or nursing sick or damaged Stoics: indeed, I shudder sometimes with sheer horror at what it would be like to run a school like Stowe without a strong medical support which we are so fortunate to enjoy. I say "invisible army," because they receive so little public acknowledgement that one might well suppose that all these things happen by magic. The late Sir Winston Churchill used to curse his generals mercilessly when they insisted on having endless armies of non-combatants; he was more generous, Mr. Chairman, to the Navy, for he raised the pay of an Able Seaman by 9.3% to 1/11d. a day. There has been a revolution in the study of history in recent years: there is less talk of Hector or Lysander, less study of kings and ministers, more attention given to the men and women on the shop floor, in the trenches or outside the pubs. It is perhaps a hint for headmasters to take to heart when preparing their annual reports.

It is time to revert to traditional form and report on the year's achievements. Thirteen on our list in December were offered places at Oxbridge. At 'A' level last summer, 86.8% of the subject entries were passed. 35% of those passes were at grade A or B. There were no failures in Physics, Further Maths, Design, Music, Art, German and Greek. Not less than 60 and prob-

ably over 70 Stoics won places at Universities. Add to that those who have places at Polytechnics and Art Colleges, and we have at least 90, perhaps 100, from that year attending degree courses — about average for us. At 'O' level, the average number of passes was 6.8. 23% of these passes were at Grade A, 58% of them at Grade A or B. That same year group is proving to be a very good Lower Sixth, not just because the top is good (for all the Art and Design, German and Spanish candidates passed) but because they are prepared to work at even the humblest level, witness almost 90% success at English Language and 93% at Classical Literature in Translation, a subject confined to lower sets.

Games can come next. Last summer's cricket season was inspiring: only one 1st XI match was lost. The Tennis season was superb, with the first team winning all its matches for the second year running (and they've lost only one, this year). The rugby did not live up to the heights of the two previous years, but Cross Country was spectacular. The first team beat 16 schools and came second to two. They beat Radley and Malvern on their own courses for the first time. They won the Senior County Trophy and represented the county in the English Schools Championships: a very great honour to us. Golf was not so good last year, all is well now: we have won nine out of ten matches this term and the Old Stoics won the Halford Hewitt.

Music — I don't think our instrumental music has ever been better. There is a wealth of fine players particularly of wind and brass, playing beautifully at advanced levels and winning numerous distinctions in their exams. The December concert was memorable for having two home-grown works performed — one written by Mr. Drayton, the other written and conducted by Stuart Thompson, a Sixth Former (no mean performer, like Peter Sawbridge, on the organ). As for Drama, I've mentioned **The Cherry Orchard** in passing. I will remember it as one of the great Stowe productions along with **Death of a Salesman** and **Peer Gynt**. Drama is, of course, more than acting, producing and scene building: it encompasses play writing. This also happens here. This creativity is most exciting. I see no reason why it should not grow because the school is quite evidently proud of it and responsive.

Individual endeavour has been much and varied, perhaps a special feature of the past year. There were two fine McElwee expeditions, a courageous Myles Henry; the Himalayan expedition climbed the highest yet; Dr. James led a joint school expedition across South America from Rio to Lima without quite losing a single Stoic. We had individual boys in the London Marathon, in the National Youth Orchestra, on the television screen and working in a Nepalese village clinic. But the message which has come to me from these expeditions, from the 'A' level

field courses, the Duke of Edinburgh camps, the CCF camps, from the masters in charge of Cross Country and Hockey and Community Service — I could go on a long time — is that they have enjoyed the company of Stoics and been proud of their bearing in the outside world. That I find very rewarding and very encouraging, because as we all know the world needs toughness and it also needs graciousness.

I now face the monumental problem of logistics. It has been my habit to take the opportunity of Prize-giving to thank those members of staff who are leaving for what they have given to Stowe. But this year there are eleven. I was told not long ago of the words of the Dean of Christ Church, Tommy Strong, when after the First World War he unveiled a memorial to those former undergraduates who had been killed in the war. He had been famous for his personal letters to all these young men after they had left the College. There were 450 names on the Memorial. "I knew all these men," he said, "knew some of them very well indeed . . . They were a mixed lot." Mixed lot? Yes, for three of them are retiring before next speech day after giving more years between them than the school has existed; five others have averaged over ten years each and are moving to other responsibilities and three who have been here sadly only a short while are also moving on to highly responsible positions. I cannot do justice to them, because they are all very distinguished members of Stowe's staff. People talk about the awful responsibility they think a headmaster carries: it really is awful when he holds in his mouth, as it were, the reputation of men and women he admires and respects very greatly. The problem is exacerbated in the case of the first on my list because he would have to live with his published obituary for another six months; so, let these not be obituaries but words of thanks and encouragement in the course of business.

I do not dare say anything serious or funny about Muir Temple because he will get his own back on numerous occasions between now and Christmas; for although not with us next Speech Day, he will still be with us for the autumn term, I am thankful to say. I shall therefore reserve him for another occasion when I shall feel safer. However, I think you should know now that he has already been the longest serving Second Master in Stowe's history. In January he will be succeeded by Charlie Macdonald who comes to the end this term of his long and distinguished command of Lyttelton. Of that same excellent 1929 vintage is Peter Longhurst. (The vintage started to go sour in the last month of the year after Peter had been safely played in). Productivity must be a sound Economic principle. Peter has demonstrated it. He never spares himself during the day teaching, coaching, tutoring, helping and then, as darkness falls, he carries on

working — teaching, tutoring, marking, making himself available to other people. His tennis and squash teams are always brilliantly successful and have been coached to the highest level of sportsmanship. In running the Economics and Politics he has never refused a pupil and yet he has stood by even the weakest of them when the going was tough, simultaneously coping skilfully with some real scholars. His management of Basic Wing and the hours he gives his Tutees have been too easily taken for granted. His loyalty to Stoics, Stowe and its current headmaster has been superhuman. Frank Hudson is another great schoolmaster. His teaching of Physics is legendary; how many other men have taught a complete set of Grade A winners? Stowe's swimming under his command was respected nationwide. In his last two years he has masterminded our first exchange with the Milton Keynes Comprehensive and is the adopted uncle of all Third Formers in both schools. Frank officially retires this summer, but characteristically he is giving Stowe another year — not as a Physicist but as the unpaid Archivist. Who better? Frank's own photographs of Stowe are already classics.

Roger Potter moves on to be Principal of Mander, Portman and Woodward. They are very lucky, those three gentlemen (if they still exist): it will be Potter, Potter and Roger Potter soon. Housemaster of Grenville, old and new, Dramatic Producer, Leader of Himalayan and other expeditions, benefactor of Baglung, Stowe's incomparable Ambassador Extraordinary, inspiring teacher of English, skilful player and encourager of hockey, tennis and squash, actor, writer of scurrilous rhymes about his House, Roger has played many parts with style and enthusiasm. Ian and Alison Small have founded the new Nugent and launched it on its voyage with confidence and pride. They are both enlivening teachers and actors. We shall miss Ian's singing as much as his theatre productions and wit and inspired management of the Drama Festival. He too has found time for coaching team games and, founder of Venture Wing, encouraging expertise in the open country; he now accepts with Alison at his right hand the challenge of Headmastering in Yorkshire at Bootham. Julie Nixon has also been a pioneer at Stowe. When she joined the staff she was the only woman teaching full time; she then took over Stanhope at a vital moment of its evolution from being more or less a club house for a few girls vaguely attached to Stowe to being a fully-fledged house of over 60 (until Nugent was founded), scattered at night-time over a couple of dozen homes in a four-mile radius. She has found time, somehow, on top of that to sing, to act, to help with the Duke of Edinburgh Camps and expeditions and to run and coach the girls' games. She has been appointed a senior Housemistress at Headington School, a just recognition of her fine qualities.

Micahel Manisty was appointed to teach mathematics and help with the Naval Section. In fact he will go down to history as the man who created the Computer Room, brought in an impressive array of IBM computers, managed a whole range of the machines, programmed them, taught some high-powered operators — and still teaches mathematics. He did in fact command not merely the Naval Section but the CCF contingent for some years. He is now courageously launching deep into the business world, but staying within call at Chackmore, maintaining that happy and busy home of dogs and ponies and donkeys and children with Fiona. Of recent vintage, but cheerfully imbued with the spirit of service which all these marvellous people share, Stuart Drabble moves on to be Bursar of Kelly College, a well-earned promotion after his four years of managing Stowe's finance at ground level. His clear-headed management of our building development will be part of our history.

Victor Houliston, a superlative schoolmaster and teacher of English, with Margaret his wife, our long-suffering and efficient librarian, returns to South Africa, as lecturer at Witwatersrand University — not an invitation he felt right to ignore, sadly for us.

Ladies and Gentlemen, can we please thank these very unusual and remarkable people for what they have given over 150 man-years of Stowe's history and are giving to a school on which they have, every one of them, set their mark and wish them, when the moment comes for their move, as much happiness and more, if it were possible, as they have given us? I only hope that there will always be at Stowe men and women with their dedication, energy and loyalty.

Back now, briefly, to ourselves. I accept, with complete conviction, Mrs. Thatcher's creed that it is right to create wealth — for humanity. I hope that many, many Stoics will continue to do just that. I hope they will contribute their imaginative leadership to that enterprise, and their skill as designers and entrepreneurs, for both of which they are justly famous. But what gives me comfort is that in their response to today's world, your children here, O Parents, seem to want to make the world a pleasanter place in which to live. This gives hope that they may spend that wealth wisely. But I am now trespassing, Mr. Reid, on your ground; I do so in order to end by adding my thanks to the Chairman's to you for temporarily deserting another school you serve so well as a Governor and coming to honour us on the day we celebrate achievement and welcome Stowe parents and Old Stoics. After tea you have the run of our golf course, but if you dig an oil well at Stowe you will have to explain yourself to English Heritage — and that can be a fate worse than death.

Mr. R. P. Reid's Speech:

It is my pleasure to be with you today. It is difficult to gauge an audience on an occasion like this when the primary criteria for the listener may well be length rather than depth and speed rather than dramatic pauses. To choose a subject for an oilman in a gathering like this is not easy either and certainly not as straightforward as for the respected cleric whose subject can be profound and immediately recognisable by the audience.

But even such addresses can miss their target and I recall the story of the bishop who came to address a school and the keynote of his speech was moral courage. Suppose, he said, that twelve boys were sleeping in one dormitory and, before they even went to sleep, eleven of the boys jumped straight into bed but one of them knelt down and said his prayers. That boy he said was a fine example of moral courage. Some months later the bishop visited the school and, anxious to see if his talk had made any lasting impression, he asked one boy, "Do you remember that talk I gave when I was last here?"

"Yes, my Lord, it was about moral courage."

"Well," said the bishop, "can you give me an example of moral courage?"

"Yes, my Lord. Suppose that twelve bishops were at a conference where they had to sleep in one dormitory and before they went to sleep eleven bishops knelt down and said their prayers — but one jumped straight into bed — that bishop would be a splendid example of moral courage."

The bishop may have felt the boy was wrong but both were making the same point. To maintain your individuality in your own decision-making takes courage.

But to my task. What I suppose you really want to know is what do you have to do to be a success in business? How can you prepare yourself for such a career and what qualities have you to develop to underpin your achievements?

Let me start with a fairly straight forward concept. Business is about producing goods and selling them. It is about costs and proceeds and the bit in between — the profits. It is about defining the business you are in and then setting your objectives clearly and definitely. But you must do both — you must define your objectives but you must be sure that they are really relevant to your task, and are in the right priority.

I think the story of the young oilfield engineer in Venezuela illustrates this point well. His first field assignment was to prepare the way for drilling a hole in a remote jungle area. He set off with his men to reach the location. When he got there he found a large swamp covering the area he wished to drill in, so to achieve his objective he decided to drain the swamp. Launched in a canoe he began to prospect the swamp to find the best way of cutting the drains and building the rig.

Within a few minutes he was surrounded by inquisitive alligators. It was clear to anyone watching him that his priorities were wrong and that it was not possible to concentrate on draining a swamp when in oilfield parlance, you were up to your ass in alligators.

He had defined his objectives clearly but had got his priorities wrong. In more simple terms there is no point in setting out to be a Sumo wrestler and learning the holds if you're only ten stones and getting lighter as your exams approach.

When you have established your priorities and you have to set your objectives accordingly, then you must set out to make them happen.

The first thing you must do is believe in them. Commitment is key.

When I was working in Bangkok, I met the World and Olympic 100 metre freestyle champion. He came and spent an evening with us. He was huge and in beautiful proportion. I asked this brilliant swimmer, "How did you reach this pinnacle of success? How did you become the fastest swimmer in the world?" His reply was almost naively simple. "I set targets," he said. When I was at school I decided to become State champion and I did. I then set myself the target of National Champion and when I achieved that, the Olympic and World titles followed easily." I shall never forget looking into the eyes of this huge youngster and seeing that he believed it. And he is right, life is all about setting objectives — defining targets for yourself and then going out and making them.

Jim Montgomery believed in his objectives — and from then on he was front runner.

The second rule is you must pursue the fulfilment of these objectives with total energy. You have always got more to give. This applies to your mental energy as well as to your physical. I have a close friend, an Australian, who captained Australia's Olympic team in the sixties and who maintains everyone has a stretch factor. We can all increase our initial speed by 20% he says. I would argue that this is not limited to athletics but to every aspect of our life. We can all do 20% more. By planning and commitment the slack in our lives can easily be taken up and our personal performance whether it be at work, the classroom or on the sportsfield, much enhanced.

I call this the "STRETCH FACTOR." Think about it — you can do it by applying more energy but you can also do it by focusing your efforts better.

My third rule is that to be a success in industry or business—in fact any human activity—you must be able to work through people. The secret of working through people is communication. Communication consists of two simple activities — listening and speaking. Listening in my

experience is the more difficult. Listening means listening to comprehend — listening is not a break while you think about what you are going to say next. A really good listener, when the speaker has stopped, begins by replaying what he has heard to be sure he has understood the speaker's point of view and then and only then makes his point. If you watch a really top negotiator at work you will hear him do the replay and then the probing for a breakthrough before moving forward.

The other half of communication has a golden rule — look at the other person while you are speaking to them. For a start, by looking at them you engage the person and from the eyes you can gauge the reaction to your arguments. Being straightforward which is fundamental to building sound human relationships comes from straight speaking — straight speaking comes from looking straight. Examining your shoe laces during delivery does not instill confidence. Keep and eye open for this.

Let me before I move on make one other point on communication. You must tell it as it is. The good and the bad must be told.

In the late seventies I worked in Bangkok for four years. We had over many years invested a lot of money in Thailand and we had a magic relationship with a Chinese entrepreneur called Mr. Chow. Everytime we wanted to invest, Mr. Chow would always pay his share. His financing would always be in place long before ours. As the years went by I got to know him very well and he educated me in banking and the handling of bankers. He had three simple rules — firstly always ask for more than you need, secondly always repay early even if it is only a day early, and thirdly tell the banker how it really is. Don't hide anything, put it all on the table. Chow never had any difficulty in getting money although he admitted getting a million was easier than a thousand and a hundred million easier still. So tell it as it is — don't embellish or embroider — tell it warts and all.

The fourth rule is you must be able to make things happen. There must be an outcome to your activity. This is directly linked to your objective setting. Achievement of an outcome can be complicated. It is not always immediate — it may be necessary to let events evolve. A period of silence and no action may be more appropriate than a headlong rush against a series of brick walls. Thinking ahead and calculating developments before taking action is a skill you should be learning now.

In Chinese philosophy there is a famous adage, "In action watch the timing." I think the point is well made in that famous story about the French Revolution. The crowd had assembled for the executions and there was a shining new guillotine. Then first victim was an army officer, he was given the chance to say his last words — he said,

"All I did was for France and I would do it all again." His neck was put on the block and the guillotine fell but stopped within inches from his head. "Free him," was the cry and he was let go. The second prisoner was a Cardinal — given the same chance to speak he said, "All I did was for God and I would do it all again." His neck was put on the block and again the guillotine fell and stopped within inches. The crowd yelled it was a miracle and he was freed. The third victim came forward — a famous Parisian headmaster. "Say your last words," the executioner cried in the hushed courtyard. The headmaster looked up carefully at the guillotine and said, in his dictatorial tones, "If you don't untie the knot in that rope you won't be killing anyone today." Even for the great there is a time to speak and a time to hold your peace.

Well we have talked about getting your priorities right and about setting objectives. I have stressed the importance of the "STRETCH FACTOR" and finding the additional 20%. The importance of working through people and communication are all part of making the things happen that you want to happen. But you must be asking how do I get under way — how do I begin building these skills and experience.

I believe you can begin right away. You can start setting your own objectives and arranging your priorities, you can then discuss them with your parents and teachers.

The stretch factor requires measurements of what you are achieving in one day. Look at your day, see how you can focus it better — see where you waste and lose time.

Communication is also immediate — start looking straight and start listening, not just hearing.

But let me make two final points before I close. Your success in life will be determined in no small way by the depth of your experience. Experience comes from a range of situations and there is no substitute for travel.

I went to the oilfields in Brunei when I was twenty-two years old and I was sent to work with a Dyak District officer in the 2nd Division of Sarawak. Peter Tingom had trained in Government administration in Australia before returning to work with his own people the Sea Dyaks or Ibans as they were sometimes called. The concept behind my assignment was to give me an idea about how under-developed countries worked, a feeling for the problems facing them and an understanding of the processes of Government administration. Peter at that time lived in Lubok Antu — which in Dyak means the Rock of the Spirits — and it was from there we set off on our first expedition. His house was right on top of the rock and in the morning you watched the morning mist roll back over the endless forest as the sun got to work.

The object of the expedition was to travel to the interior of Sarawak to the border with Indonesia and to evaluate how much rice the long houses would need to take them through to the next harvest. Hill padi as it is called is the process of growing rice on eroding steep river slopes — a process unlikely to produce more than two annual crops thus forcing the farmers to move further and further from home each year. The results of this primitive agriculture are not good, it brings premature old age and ill health through overwork and inadequate diet. Peter's job was to record this and to evaluate the food and medical requirements. Most importantly however, was to counsel the elders of the long houses on resettlement to the more fertile coastal areas. To an involved young spectator, not much older than yourselves, certain things became very clear. Firstly the total inadequacy of a situation is irrelevant if you have nothing to compare it with. As Peter said, I was the only European white man they had ever seen and until they saw the next one they would believe that all European white men had one hand. Peter's counselling was an implicit challenge to establish authority. However, these forest people had no concept of life without endless labour and hardship. Their life had no comparison — no yardstick to measure it against — no concept of harvest festivals from rich fertile fields. They didn't know about London and you don't know about Lubok Antu. Secondly it was obvious to me as an observer in those strange long houses with shrunken heads hanging over you that change is filled with fear and insecurity. The status quo even in a minute impoverished forest community has enormous inertia. Thirdly to overcome these barriers, it became crystal clear to me that to change would require patience, imagination and above all education. I have learnt over the years that this is as true in the streets of Dundee and Dover as it is in the backwoods of Lubok Antu.

This journey had a major impact on my life. Brought up in a small Scottish community for twenty years it had widened my horizons and removed for ever any pre-conception that I could ever understand a situation without going and looking at it.

The gap year should be the year of your Odyssey, your personal journey undertaken, not haphazardly, but planned and prepared for. When you come back your perspective will be changed and you will have created a platform of experience on which you can build.

My final point is perhaps the most serious of all.

As you accumulate your skills and your experience, and as you learn to evaluate your own conduct and your own performance, let me make a strong plea. Sound decision making must observe standards — standards of honesty, of

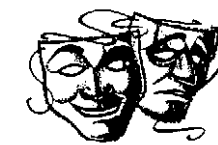
frankness and fairness. You must start by committing yourself to these standards. This is not a sermon but I cannot stress enough, in every sphere of life, responsibility is upon you before you know it. By then it is too late to make the excuse you didn't mean it or it didn't matter, you simply didn't know. I am not seeking commitment to a complex set of values, you have already had enough spiritual education to know what I mean.

Business is not about cutting corners and the fast buck, it is about trust — it is about honouring deals which may be onerous — it is about building a reputation for straightness and fair dealing. What you must have is the courage to stand by your ideals. No one goes through life without being tested. Be ready for it — it comes early. It is not comfortable — it is disturbing, but it is for you alone and it is the measure which will determine how you fare in life. It will determine whether you lead your life or your life leads you.

Finally, let me say particularly to those who are leaving this term, that the world is full of opportunity, it is full of excitement and super entertainment. It needs the willingness to grab it and run with it. Above all, it needs a sense of proportion and a sense of humour. I am minded of the card which appeared on one young lady's desk as a new entrant to St. Edward's, a school which you know well. It maintained the true religious tradition of that school but it also caught the spirit of what I believe should be characteristic of your age; dedication to the task, resolution on the field and an enormous capacity to enjoy.

The card read, "If you are tired and weary read Ecclesiastes Chapter 3, verses 1 and 2; if you are not ring Seagars House 5406.

This is a day for enjoyment. I wish you good luck.



DRAMA

Walpole House Play

THE EXORCISM

By Don Taylor

It was difficult to believe that Gareth Amdor's sumptuous production of Don Taylors' tense and chilling drama was only a House Play. Personally, as so often before at Walpole, I would have considered it time and money well spent had I travelled to observe such high quality on the professional stage.

Two couples find themselves trapped by a spell inside an old cottage during Christmas dinner. The four actors were on the stage constantly for the full seventy-five minutes and take upon themselves the mounting tension which the situation compels. Edmund (Luke Wates) bought the cottage as a neatly suited yuppie who is attempting to reconcile his affluence to a socialist background. Ironically, he is to have a ghostly and fatal encounter with the social injustice of another age as he, his wife and his friends become the victims of a demon's revenge. Luke Wates veered most convincingly between his chosen world of urbane and self-effacing hospitality and the unanswerable terror which gradually takes grip of the four characters.

His wife, Rachel, was presented by Sally Scarby as a clever, sensitive and gracious young woman. Again, irony and contrast fuse when she becomes the first character through whom the supernatural evil is adumbrated. It is she, the most blandly respectable of the four, who actually assumes the persona of the destructive and vengeful ghost, a transition brilliantly achieved by Sally Scarby, whose every expression and movement proclaimed the terror and tension induced by the burden of unwelcome extra knowledge. Her febrile frailty held the other characters and the audience in a blood-curdling clamp of menacing control.

Each of the four characters was distinct and yet each actor showed commendable intelligence and restraint in preventing any lapse into caricature. Edmund's friend, Dan, was played cleverly by Ben Ridley as a cynical and sententious journalist who paraded himself as an intellectual travelling light. Ironically, his earlier games with fear and mystery were to be a prelude to his own terminal disaster.

Anita Warrenner played his wife Margret, and, again, invested the character with a strong individual identity as the most practical of the four, who cuts through her husband's posturing with lacerating sarcasm and courageously affirms herself as a rationalist at every stage of the advancing darkness.

Indeed, the acting was consistently excellent. The dialogue was swift and natural. There were

no lapses, no promptings, no false movements and no cues missed in any way that could be detected by the audience. The four actors worked together as a remarkably strong team, communicating sympathy for each other and eliciting it from the audience as we watched them struggling in the hopeless doom of their house-party.

Obviously credit for the bond which held this precarious intensity together must be given to the extraordinary feeling for dramatic energy possessed by the director, Gareth Amdor.

The set was an extremely complex and entirely successful achievement. It is extraordinary that so much could be included in a set in a houseroom while preserving two important points of access and allowing the four actors to move about with such convincing freedom. The lighting and sound were magnificently effective. The ghostly music, the sugar glass window and the shocking television news bulletin provided memorable moments of horror which depended upon Nathan Holland's gift for perfect timing behind the scenes. Many extra touches added authenticity, from Miss Pratt's provision of suitable items of furniture to Mrs. Weston's specially cooked Christmas turkey. Even the Christmas tree lights did as they were bid in this most efficient production: a feat which many of us cannot achieve even under normal circumstances!

It was so clearly a great team effort, hugely enjoyed by those participating and appreciated by those spectating, that it deserves special congratulations.

P.A.S.F.

Chandos House Play

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

By Harold Pinter

The week's delay separating the Chandos House Play from the Drama Festival as a whole was obviously a week well spent. As the lucky individual chosen to review the play, I was fortunate to find a seat available—demand was so high! Exactly how much of this demand was due to the production being "out on a limb" and how much was due to the striking posters and interesting rumours circulating was difficult to tell—I, however, would personally place my bets on the latter. It was definitely a production orientated towards seeking attention—and well-deserved attention.

The Birthday Party is a play with a history of mixed reactions. When it opened in May 1958 W. A. Darlington referred to it in the *Daily Telegraph* as 'one of those plays in which an author wallows in symbols and events in obscurity'—and yet Harold Hobson simultaneously recorded undisguised approval of the play in *The Sunday Times*. And yet despite the challenge of choosing such a controversial piece, the Chandos production not only entertained but also brought across the point of the play very clearly. For, however happy and carefree your existence may appear to be, there is always some factor—whether in the form of two men or not—which will one day emerge again, and your unpleasant past will finally catch up with you. 'Meanwhile' (as Mr. Hobson wrote), 'it is best to make jokes (Mr. Pinter's jokes are very good) and to play blind man's buff, and to bang on a toy drum—anything to prevent the slow approach of doom.'

It was this authentically sinister, chilling atmosphere that Chandos so successfully evoked, under the careful directorship of Peter Saville. For once again—obviously a strength of Chandos!—the crux of the play's success was the casting: a cast of six actors who not only suited their parts as far as appearance and personality were concerned, but also acted professionally, thereby making full advantage of these valuable assets. Good casting was most noticeable in the choice of Leysa Kay as Meg and in that of Matthew Vaughan as Goldberg. The former tackled the difficult rôle of the middle-

aged working class housewife extremely convincingly: she did indeed successfully come across as the living epitome of naïvete. The latter successfully conveyed the sinister impression of an unpleasant, nagging memory—now resurrected. (Thanks in part to the make-up skilfully applied by Mr. Dobinson). Credit must also go to Peter Saville for his perfect self-casting and, once again, for a set, costume and make-up which projected remarkably well the atmosphere originally intended by the author himself.

E. B. Walsworth-Bell



From left to right: Stacey Prewitt, Peter Saville, Matthew Vaughan.



From left to right: Peter Saville, Leysa Kay, Chester King.

Lower Sixth Production STRANDED

Last year, the Lower Sixth excelled themselves with a very powerful improvised play: **From Within**. Many in its audience were struck with the force of its emotions, but felt that at times its language found difficulty in expressing that force and the actors struggled to find the words needed to convey their inner feelings. It was an excellent lesson both in what good actors could achieve in terms of depth and tension and in the immense value of the writer in providing actors with words to clothe those qualities satisfyingly.

This year, the Lower Sixth Wednesday Drama Group worked successfully to tie emotions and language together with skill and perception. **Stranded** took a familiar, perhaps almost clichéd, situation: a group of disparate people caught together in extreme circumstances. On this occasion we had a group of students under a half-competent leader (a classics teacher, although

there is nothing to be read into that!) stranded in a blizzard in an isolated mountain hut. How each character responds to the situation, and to his or her fellows, was the source of the drama and the inspiration of some very fine, witty writing.

The play began strongly, with clear characterisation boldly and coherently presented. Each student was carefully identified, the actors observing with effective accuracy their character's idiosyncrasies, even to their use of language. The period of building the play had been well-used, for what we saw was the distilled richness of intelligent rehearsal. There were some gloriously funny lines, which sprang out of the individual experience and rang true. There was a high standard of acting overall, though three performances stood out: Alastair Macintosh as the loudmouth cynic, dominant by design; Penny Waldman as the one keen to do the right thing, but vulnerable to wounding comments; and especially Jonathan Shillington as the helpless one. His whole body worked towards his

characterisation, even the way he listlessly chewed a dry Ryvita; his lines were few and far between, which made his concentration all the more impressive. But there were excellent supporting performances, too, from Julian Keirle, Laura Carey, Phillippa Luard, Emily Swanwick, James Aron, Alastair Cooper and, not least by any means, Christopher Lascelles as the teacher out of his depth.

Necessarily, the play was somewhat static, but it was a mark of its quality that it held its audience without trouble, and this was very much to its credit. Stephen Hirst oversaw the entire endeavour with good sense and a fluent imagination. With two such achievements behind them, the Lower Sixth Plays have established a fine tradition for innovation and we look forward eagerly to their 1989 offering.

I.M.S.

Junior Congreve Production JULIUS CAESAR

Although schoolmasters down the ages have praised the virtues of self-control and cautious forethought as qualities distinctive of civilised manhood they have nevertheless often observed and appreciated in their younger charges certain winsome traits of unadorned candour and impetuosity which can provide a refreshing alternative to adult equivocation. It is perhaps because there is such an intermingling of these two extremes in *Julius Caesar* that this reviewer has always enjoyed adolescent productions of the play. This year's Junior Congreve presentation on the South Front steps proved to be no exception. Max King mustered considerable dignity and at the same time a certain naivety in his portrayal of the figure who dominates the drama even when murdered. Perhaps the Augustan portico at the back of the stage served subconsciously to remind us of his ultimate triumph. Fletcher Morgan and Steven Forros as Cassius and Casca provided suitably duplicitous foils for the sincer agonisings of Tristan Crawford's Brutus. Particularly well done were some of the crowd scenes where the energetic virulence of Bill Cahusac as leader of the Roman 'great unwashed' provided convincing movement and tension. Indeed the 'anonymous' groups of lesser mortals conferring together were very naturally done. Toby Crosthwaite as Mark Antony emerged very successfully as an authentic blend of ambition and sincerity, but above all as the one man able to dominate the crowd.

The costumes and staging were well up to the high standard which we have come to expect on these occasions and the storm and battle effects were alarmingly well done. Altogether this was an excellent swan song for the producer, Mr. Potter who, over the years, has contributed so much to the dramatic life of the School.

T.S.F.S.

MUSIC AT STOWE

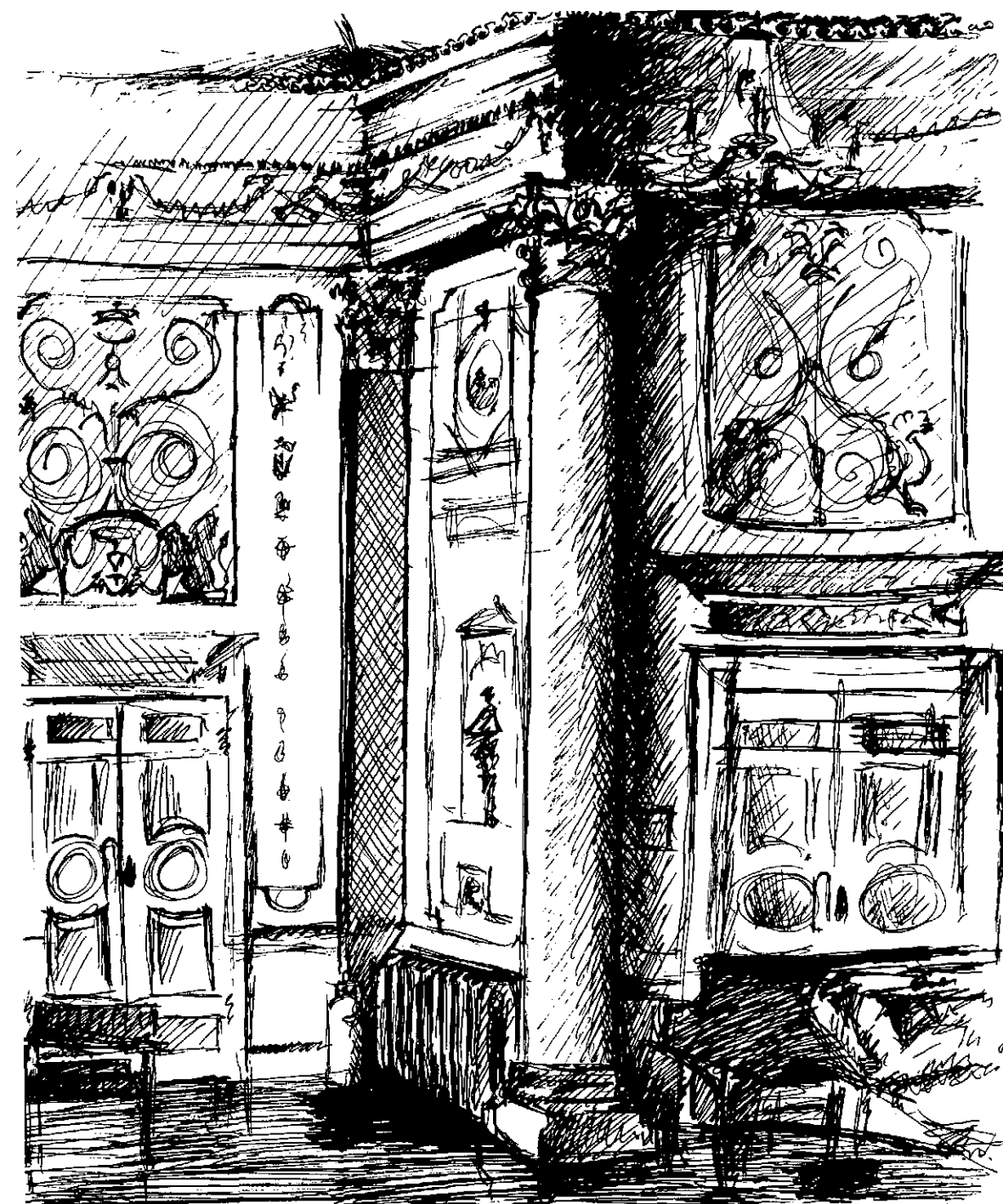
The Autumn Term started in a very exuberant fashion with a concert from The Temperance Seven. New Stoics (many of whom were frog-marched to the concert in their first week-end at Stowe) must have been surprised to find such jolly entertainment waiting for them! This was not the same Temperance Seven that members of my generation grew up with, although they played the same arrangements with much style, but I felt this new membership a little too clean and well shaven. There is no doubt that this was a very good choice of opening concert for the season — one only wonders how we are going to be able to find something as suitable next time round, and a very good audience in the Roxburgh Hall obviously enjoyed the evening enormously.

The first visiting weekend saw D.F.G. presiding over a string orchestra which supported the music staff in an evening of concertos. D.F.G. did allow himself a couple of extra items this year, and discovered that the finale to the Serenade by Dag Wren (which used to be the theme music to "Monitor") makes a very good concert opener. On September 23rd we were pleased to welcome back Pavilion Opera in a performance of "Cosi fan tutte." This group has always been popular at Stowe and actually sold out before the brochures went to print! The brochure does give details of "Don Giovanni" on September 22nd, 1989, so book now to avoid disappointment.

"When youth and pleasure meet" was the title of a concert given early in October by Richard Baker and Caroline McCausland in aid of a garden to be created in memory of Simon Weatherby at Katharine House Hospice. The Roxburgh Hall was a little too vast to allow for the intimacy of the music making; Miss McCausland, though obviously a very gifted guitar player, was not heard to the best effect in the hall.

The Queen's Temple Singers and the Secret String Orchestra gave a concert of Baroque Music in the Music Room on October 16th. D.F.G. directed a fine performance of the Bach Harpsichord Concerto in D minor and conducted some unusual concertos attributed to Pergolesi and a violin concerto by Vivaldi which was beautifully played by Lorna Windass. P.C.D. directed the Queen's Temple Singers in a lively account of Vivaldi's 'Credo' and a very good audience which packed the Music Room went home very happy.

R.J.S.S.



The Music Room.

By C. J. Price Thomas



The Music critic. (H)

By G. M. J. P. Hancock

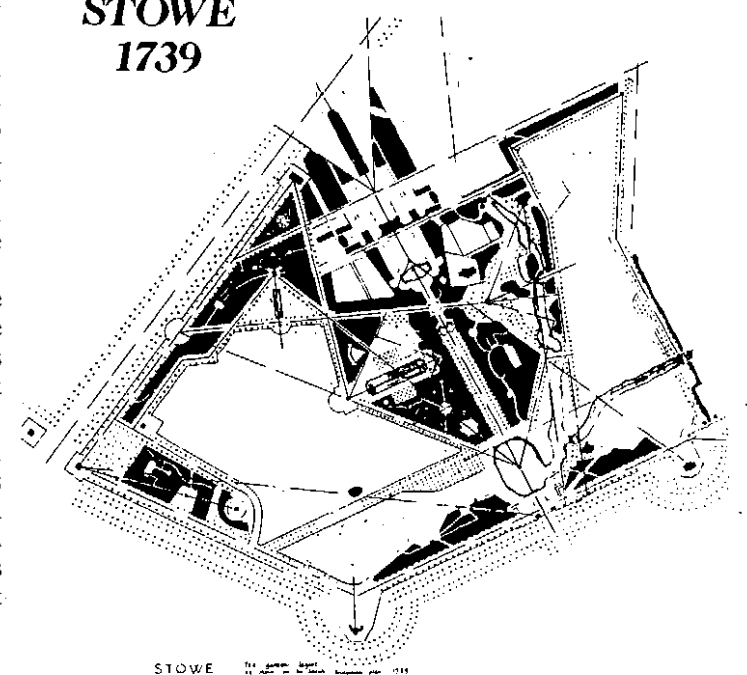
THE ARCHIVES

The Restoration of the Temple of Ancient Virtue

Stowe Gardens were in the year 1720 decidedly asymmetric. While the South aspect was directed from the house over a parterre of traditional ornamental design to the octagon lake, the bulk of the gardens extended well to the West of this sight line. Development to the East had been precluded by the fact that the main "hey-way" or highway to Buckingham ran along a line which today might be very roughly defined by the swimming pool, Walpole House, Stowe Church, Ancient Virtue and the Doric Arch. Of the original road little trace now remains but Stowe Church stands inviolate on consecrated ground as a reminder of the village of Stowe which it originally served.

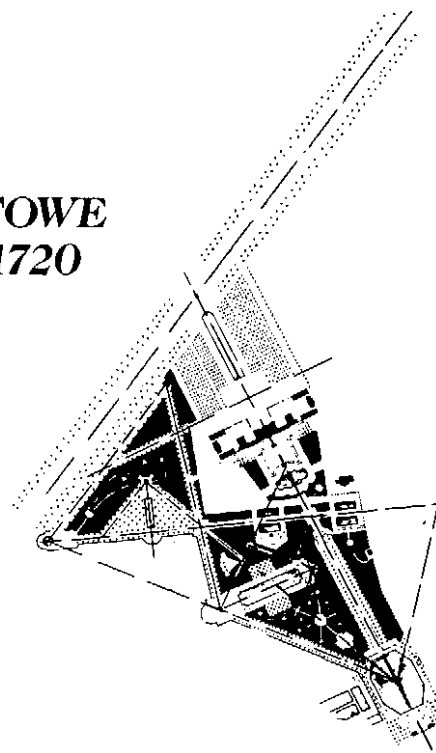
The plan of 1720 shows the problem which beset Lord Cobham in his desire to extend his gardens. The Rotundo can be seen as a focal point of sight lines in the Western garden, and also the dominant axis of the "Great Cross Walk" running from left to right on the plan, but with no suitable termination to the East.

STOWE 1739



STOWE 1739

STOWE 1720



In the 1730's Cobham engaged the architect William Kent to design an Eastern extension to the garden and to adorn it with "follies" and "temples" in the manner which was already a feature of the existing gardens. Kent was at this time experimenting with a new form of pictorial or landscape gardening, and working together with Cobham they created in this area the "Elysian Fields." A dominant temple was felt to be as necessary here as a focal point as the Rotundo was in the West, and Kent created the Temple of Ancient Virtue in broadly similar form, standing on an eminence terminating the Great Cross Walk from the West and acting as a focal point of sight lines to the East in the Elysian Fields as shown in the plan of 1739. From its height, the Temple of Ancient Virtue presided over views which included The Grotto, Shell Bridge, and the Temple of British Worthies reflected in the River Styx. A modern visitor, however, might well be forgiven for overlooking the Temple of Ancient Virtue; the Great Cross Walk is no more, and the small trees planted in the vicinity of the Temple in the 1730's have now shrouded and dwarfed this once pre-eminent building.



The Temple of Ancient Virtue was a shrine to four of the great Greek heroes, and inside the building the niches once occupied by the lifesize statues of Homer, Lycurgus, Socrates and Epaminondas still retain their Latin inscriptions. The statues themselves, the work of the sculptor Scheemaker, were sold in 1922 in common with much of Stowe's statuary, and now grace the grounds of a private estate in Northamptonshire. Few Stoics, past or present, will be aware of this, so the photographs of these statues will be of interest to many.

To those Stoics who might well query the fate of Modern Virtue, there was indeed a Temple of Modern Virtue but it was built deliberately and allegorically as a ruin on a site a little to the South of Ancient Virtue. Only engravings from the Guides to the Stowe Gardens of the Eighteenth Century exist to show us its original outline.

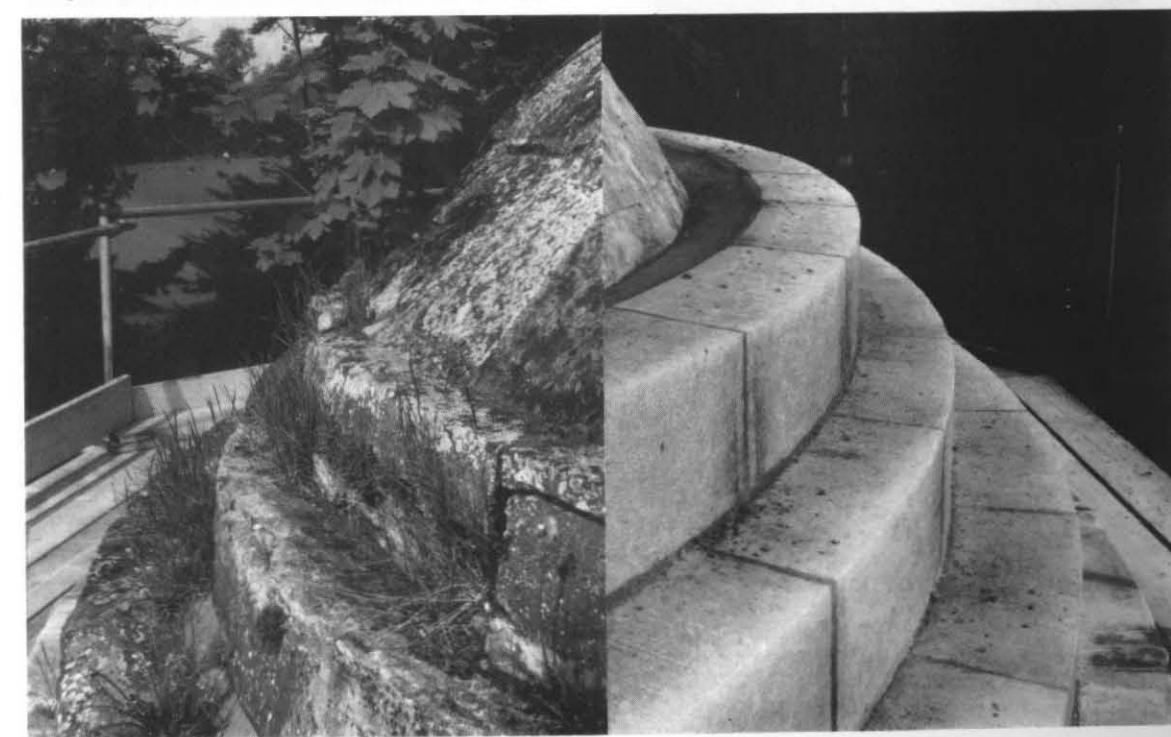
Ancient Virtue itself, the hub of Kent's Elysian Fields has decayed sadly over the last two and a half centuries, and it is gratifying to the many who have worked so hard on its behalf to see that restoration is now in progress.

During the past 25 years much has been accomplished at Stowe under the guidance of the Historic Buildings Council (now part of English Heritage) and the National Trust, with financial assistance coming from many quarters. Twenty-six of the thirty-five garden buildings have had major restoration work completed, and eight avenues of trees have been replanted. However, recently it was decided that an endowment independent of the School was the real answer to

the massive work of restoration which still remains, and for this purpose the "Stowe Garden Buildings Trust" was established in May 1987. At an early meeting of the trustees it was decided that work should be directed initially to the restoration of Kent's Temple of Ancient Virtue as the building in most need of urgent repair. It was established that a sum of £200,000 would be needed for the complete programme, and since this was a figure as yet beyond the capacity of the youthful Garden Buildings Trust, it was accepted that initially the project should concentrate on repairs to the roof, since a sound roof would at least protect the rest of the building from further deterioration.

The state of the roof, with crumbling stonework and well-rooted plant growth, can be seen in the photograph. The estimate of the cost of dismantling the old roof, resealing the lead interior, repairing the drum and finally assembling a completely new roof of curved stone blocks came to £72,000.

It was fortunate that all the work on this building qualified for a 50% grant from English Heritage, leaving the Stowe Garden Buildings Trust to find £36,000. A single large gift of £25,000 specifically for such a purpose immediately put the whole project on a sound footing, and the remaining £11,000 was raised through a special grant of £5,000 from the Buckingham Historic Buildings Trust, a further £4,000 from the Stowe Governors, and £2,000 from Mr. Ben Weinreb, as part of the receipts from the sale of his facsimile edition of Rigaud's engravings.





Restoration work has proceeded throughout the summer and I have taken advantage of the scaffolding to keep a full photographic record on colour film. Of immense interest was the removal of the original cap-stone, the circular stone used to complete the dome. Under the correct lighting conditions this was seen to carry inscriptions as shown in the accompanying photograph. The meaning of the inscriptions is open to interpretation. Mr. M. J. Bevington has suggested that W. Willson was the mason, and that "N.B—R and SP^{III} R" meant from November to September with "Y3" possibly implying the work took three years. However, an experienced mason who works on restoration gave it as his opinion that the carvings were executed on three different occasions, the more flowing script of "Sp^{III} R Y3" and the date 1737 being the earliest and of a form consistent with that of the early 18th Century. The "N.B—R" is of later square cut form and the W. Willson not by the hand of any craftsman at all since the execution is a disgrace to any self-respecting mason. More "like a plumber with a penknife" was the irreverent comment. However, despite the arguments, all are agreed that the completion date of 1737 is correct, and this is confirmed by the fact that the sculptor Schemaker was paid £120 for the four statues set in the interior of the Temple in December 1737. It is most likely that the earliest of the inscriptions refers to a completion date of September 3rd 1737.

The present restoration is being carried out by Axtell Perry Symm of Oxford, using stone taken from the Westwood quarry near Bath. The original stone of 250 years ago probably came from the local Helmdon quarry which was certainly used for much of the building work at Stowe.

F. A. Hudson

CREATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS

THE ROXBURGH PRIZE FOR VERSE

The competition for a poem based on a well-known painting proved to be a stimulating exercise. The inter-relations between the two mediums, the problem of presenting design in verse, or print in pigment, have vexed poets and painters alike since antiquity. The short-listed entries offered up some imaginative solutions, reflecting the fertile possibilities inherent in the marriage of word and image. The two joint-winners of the Junior Prize, T. A. D. Crawford and P. N. Hitchcock patiently assumed the challenge thrown down in Horace's famous dictum: 'Ut pictura poesis.'

As to the paintings chosen, Leonardo's *Mona Lisa* is seemingly the popular icon of the modern epoch. It was tackled by no less than a dozen entrants with varying degrees of success or unsuccess ranging from the mystical to the irreverential. It was, however, gratifying to see an awareness of other great works of art, and poems addressing such artists as Turner, Monet, Sisley, Picasso, de Stael and Gertler. The quality of the verse was mixed; sometimes dissolving into vague self-therapy, lacking form or style, a voice warped by its own pain in a pictorial wilderness. The discipline necessary to free or traditional forms was missing from many of the entries.

Aside from the winners and the runners-up published here, I should like to give honourable mention to H. P. V. Scott-Gall's 'Portrait of King Henry VIII' (Holbein the Younger), M. Croisdale-Appleby's 'Guernica' (Picasso) and to C. E. M. Mash's 'Horse Frightened by a Lion' (Stubbs).

T.A.O.

JOINT WINNER:

LE DÉJEUNER SUR L'HERBE Edouard Manet

The brush thoughtfully dabs the canvas,
Generously supplying colour,
Styling pervasive lucidity.
Cool, shady light slips past slumbering
Leaves congregated on nimble boughs;

Dormant trunks absorb the vivacious
Bustle of conversation mingled
With soft effervescent laughter,
Uttered eloquently from trained mouths.
Hats, blankets, coats are casually strewn

On the carpet of dry woodland grass;
Waistcoat loose, glass in hand, the men tell
Whimsical tales of matters gone by
Entertaining the placid faces
Of ladies elegantly draped with

Subtle folds of seasonal colour.
A crisp, white cloth, stained with vague, blotchy
Shadows, lies finely decorated
With a selection of untouched food
And half-emptied, glassy wine-bottles.

As spirited birdsong and idle
Chatter are seclusively muffled,
Time and formality shrink into
Sleepy updraughts that disappear through
The lazy cover overhead where

The sky above quietly exists
As azure specks in the tree-tops,
And blend these realities amongst
Ideals in the mind of man
Whose ideal was reality.

T. A. D. Crawford (XL)

JOINT WINNER

THE HAY WAIN John Constable

Silent, slow moving, the river flows
Meandering through fields like a translucent snake
Past cottages, mills and riverside huts.
The Stour has seen them all.
At Flatford the river is disturbed,
As horses enter the water,
Drawing behind them, a hay-filled wagon.
Two farm hands guide them through the flow,
Across the shallow, stony, river bed.
A rose covered cottage keeps its watch,
Throughout the lazy summer days,
A sentinel keeping guard.
On the bank, a young spaniel prowls,
Curious of the huge, heaving monster,
Stirring up the lazy river.
The splashing drive ceases as, with one last pull,
The horses drag the cart from the river.
The river falls silent again.
The calmed air is filled,
With the scent of honeysuckle,
A sweet tint in the still hazy air.
The fields fall back into their summer stupor,
Only broken by the piercing whistle,
Of an alarmed sandpiper.

P. N. Hitchcock (IVr)



Painting by P. R. Saville

LIFE AT STOWE

The leaves fall from the trees,
As another brisk golden morning
Drifts over the Corinthian Arch
Whose monstrous shadow dwarfs the temples.

Not too far from here,
The Queen's Temple
Is desolate but tuned with a living beauty,
Again a shadow emerges from the sun.

How still the Oxford Water is;
The only movement at this time of day
The swans plunging in the lake,
The one sign of life.

Only the Classrooms,
Disused, cold, once filled with pupils
And indolence of wasted precious hours,
Beasts of this beauty.

L. J. Harris (Vr)

The Octagon. Photograph by J. W. Ffooks



RUNNER-UP

TROUBLE AHEAD

David Shepherd

Fierce the eye of the desert fire,
The glimmering orb of golden ire.
Harsh the heat of the coarse yellow sand;
The infinite carpet of no-man's land.
Deep the blue of the ocean-like sky,
Out of which the doom birds fly.
Deadly the scratching, biting blast,
Of the desert winds, strong and fast.

From this dry, barren tract,
This hell-pit by fire and sandstorm wracked,
Towers an immense, dusky form
As dark and shadowy as the approaching storm.
With swaying trunk and tattered ears,
High above the scrub it rears,
Dwarfing the rusty pinnacles
Of ancient, tottering termite hills.

Silently this sentinel stands
Watching over his dusty lands,
Until at last, the shadow of night
Smothers all but the pale moon light.
And then, from the bush a cry is heard,
A cry never uttered by mammal or bird.
The sadness and solitude of years gone by
Are mingled with hatred in that wild cry.
Savage patience and watchfulness,
It is the cry of the wilderness.

T. R. Fell (MVD)

RUNNER-UP

THE FIGHTING TÊMÉRAIRE

J. M. W. Turner

The shouts of men bellowing above the din.
They are trapped on their own island,
Fighting both exhaustion and the enemy.
The body-polluted ship gasps for air as
A scream is heard and then death.

But now Trafalgar is just a vivid nightmare,
Snaking through the memory of the Fighting
Téméraire. There is a different type of fire.
Filling the whole sky like a gas lamp,
The fingers of red stretch and are gone.

But now a white light intervenes.
This is cooler like the touch of a baby,
Spreading now further illuminating her.
She is too elegant for her destiny.
Here standing tall, soon to lie low.

RUNNER-UP

THE MONA LISA

Leonardo da Vinci

What is the secret that you hold?
Do your dark eyes reflect deep thoughts,
Or stories which are yet untold?
In your stare I find myself caught.
Sympathetic appears your gaze
Yet also it's strangely remote,
Distant but close in many ways
Is it a lover on whom you dote?
Perhaps you are remembering
Warm summer nights past, or winter
With it's cold, frosty covering.
What makes your expression last? Does
God stir within your breast fringed with lace
And leave that smile upon your face?

Your hands lie gently on your book
And give the impression of peace.
The pain of nails that Christ's hands took,
From that your good hands are released.
Is this the shadow in your mind?
Do you remember Christ with love?
Is this portrayed in your eyes, kind,
Expressing love for him above?
I understand your look of peace,
The calmness that crosses your face. Your
Beautiful look shall never cease,
Still delighting the human race.
Your hands, your arms, your lips all show,
The love of God that we should know.

Sally D. Searby (MVD)

A black image darkens this scene.
A metallic monster grinds through the sea,
The water endeavouring to hold it back.
But to no avail, for its heart is
Of fire and its muscles of iron.

It belches and spews out soot, fire
And smoke through the rusty funnel.
The Téméraire tries to resist the fiend
But her sail is down and useless;
Her last battle is now all but lost.

E. Stoppard (XL)

GAVIN MAXWELL ESSAY

Life Would Never be the Same Again

I stared up at the Optician's, which was housed in a magnificent Victorian building. It was old, imposing, and slightly out of focus.

I blinked, staring intently at it, determined to see it properly. I failed, and instead became acutely aware of a dull throbbing in my head, which forced me to shut my eyes.

Quarter of an hour later I was inside, at my appointment. I was in a darkened room, looking at the slightly blurred figure of a small, bespectacled man. He had a benevolent appearance and beamed first at my father, then at me.

My father was ushered out into the waiting room, and I was shown to a chair, encrusted with implements and instruments, making it look like a "De-luxe Compact Spanish Inquisition." In trepidation I sat down on it, or rather, to be more exact, I was swallowed into it.

The Optician leaned over me, holding in his hand what looked like a plastic cigar. He held it near my head, suddenly letting it explode, piercing my eyeball with a fierce light. He moved the torch around, probing, hacking, burning. The fire was doused and I was left, blinking and still entrapped.

The Optician was staring at his desk, and murmured enigmatically, 'uh-huh.' In a flurry of movement he reached into a drawer and pulled out a fiendish device, rather like a pair of goggles, only there seemed to be several thumbscrews attached to it. He fixed it to my head, and for the first time I noticed that there were no bits of plastic in place of the lenses.

The Optician soon saw to that, however. He reached over to a rack of what looked like miniature magnifying glasses. Taking two out, he slotted them into the "headscrew." I had my eyes shut. 'Now, tell me what you think of these?' he said.

The room swam before me, my head throbbed, and the Optician was even more blurred than usual. I shut my eyes again. 'Ah, slightly wrong. Hum. I'll take them out.' His announcement was accompanied by a sliding noise. I opened my eyes. 'Now, read me those letters.'

I looked. There, far away across the smoking battlefield, lined up like condemned men, were THE LETTERS. I tried to despatch them one by one, but my aim was not good. Each of them escaped, running off into the distant distance — receding into blots of ink. I made out the figures of one or two of them, and took a shot at them. 'Ah yes, I see,' muttered my Fiend Incarnate.

Again, the annoying vagueness. He gave off an air of amazingly benevolent malevolence. He was my friend, yet I was afraid of him.

'Try these.' More lenses. I looked.

They could not escape me. Mercilessly I mowed them down, each one falling, certainly dead.

'An improvement?'

'Yes.'

'Good.'

I was free! I had succeeded!

'Now try this. Tell me on which letter the line lies! Bitterly, I stared at a reflected alphabet, and watched as a thin line darted between the letters like a knitting needle in a half-finished jumper. The harder I concentrated on the line, the more it moved, until finally it came to a halt, wobbling slightly, on the letter "W." Just as I was telling him as much, it changed its mind, and relocated itself upon the "M," where it finally settled.

More incomprehensible tests followed, confusing me, frustrating me, and exaggerating my headache still further.

Eventually it was over. The chair deposited me on the ground, the lights came back on, and my father was led in.

'Well, Mr. Goss, I'm afraid your son is short-sighted in both eyes, especially so in his right eye, but they both work well together. However, I recommend that he starts wearing glasses.'

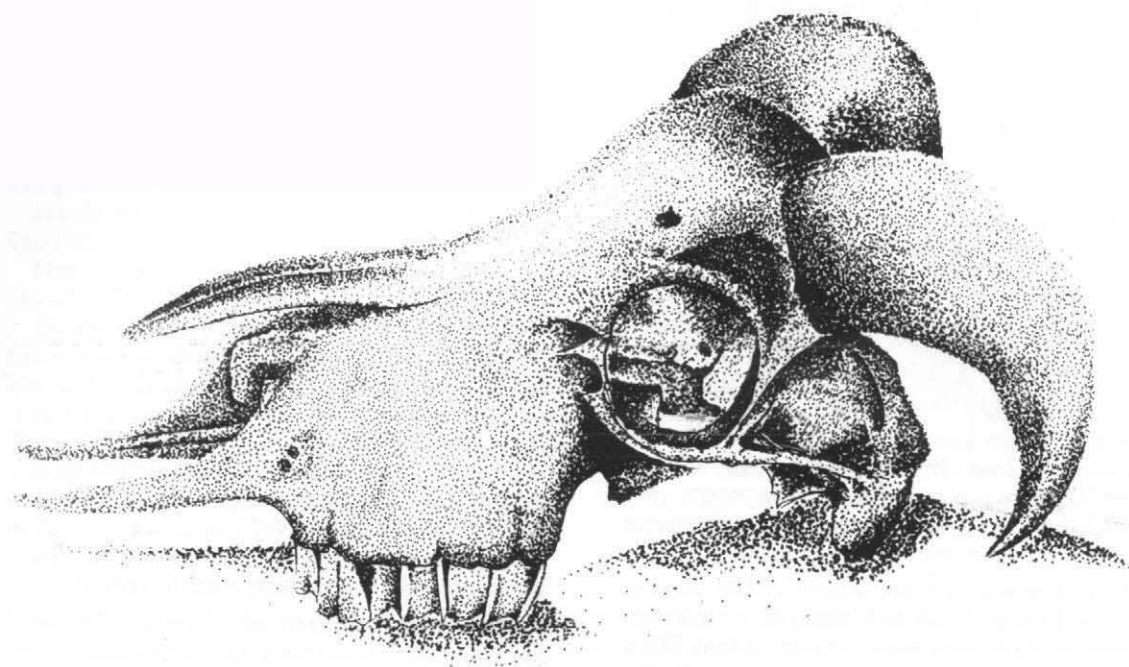
He turned round to me. 'James Goss, I hereby sentence you to be taken from here to a place where you will be hanged until dead.'

Actually, he said something different, and grammatically better: 'James, your father will take you from here to a place where you can choose your pair of glasses until satisfied.' I was led away from the court and, as I left, my judge took off his black cap and said: 'Next, please!' I shuddered.

It was a morbidly simple task from then on; I signed forms and tried on various pairs, until I finally chose a pair that I liked. Soon they were brought back and an eager man finally polished them before handing them to me.

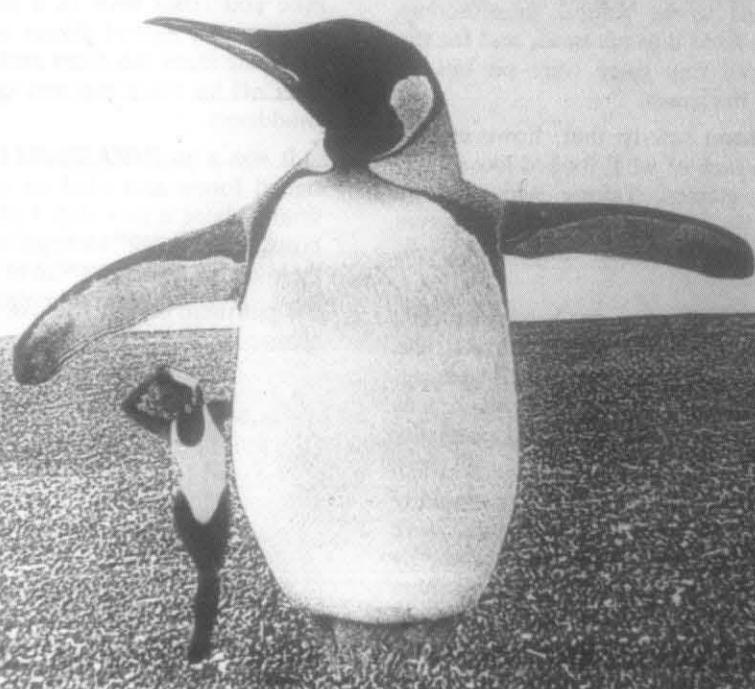
I put them on . . . life would never be the same again.

J. S. Goss (IVr)



By G. C. Balmer

“I won't bite!”



Photograph by E. Hopley

THE ONLY WAY IS DOWN

Excerpts from a Diary

I got up really early today. My mum says that if I don't get a job right away she'll kick me out. Stupid old windbag. Doesn't she know how hard it is to get a job these days? Anyway I got me a chance picking roots at some big farm 'bout fifteen miles away. That means I 'ave to get up at half five to get there for seven. Picking roots all day for a lousy twenty quid and only half an hour for lunch, all of which has to fit on me bike

Well I got the job. But it's bleedin' cold out there, even now in September. I'll 'ave to nick me dad's jacket—he won't be back for a long time I don't suppose. He's a truckie. Always away from 'ome — sometimes months at a time. He drinks too much an' keeps gettin' fired. Whenever he comes 'ome he bashes mum and then drinks himself silly. He's off next morning at six, like as not, too. Anyway, to get back to the point, I reckon I can nick 'is coat to keep me warm, an' maybe some of 'is old shirts too

The job's bleed'n' 'ard. Now all the pickin's over I suppose they'll 'ave us preparing the ground for next crop or somesuch. I've already worn out two pairs of gloves in two months since i started — I bet they'll wear even quicker when we're working the land itseld.

They laid me off—they fired me. I can't believe it, I just can't believe it. They fired me: “That's it,” they said. “Don't bother coming back tomorrow,” they said. “There's nothing left to do.” Nothing left! What do they mean, nothing left! I screamed and I shouted and all they said was, “Ya shouldn't have been so stupid — of course it's only a seasonal job, you can't pick all year round you fool.”

That's it. As easy as that. No more job. No more hundred and twenty quid a week. No more drinks, no more smokes. I'm washed up already. They've deserted me, haven't they? Yeah, that's it, left me on my own, washed their hands of me, and left me to fall flat on my face in the mud. I'm just another statistic now — another number.

Mum dragged me along to the DHSS or job centre or whatever it's called. She told me to get on the dole, and quick, as it's been two weeks since I last got any money and she says the food cupboard's bare and she's not going to support me if I don't lend a hand. They gave me this form and I didn't understand a word of it, so I asked the woman behind the cage. She said I had to fill in my name and date of birth and my employers and how long I'd been there and how long I'd been out of work and all sorts of things which I didn't know. I just tore up the sheet and ran out. There

was this big car in a space marked “Administrator only” and I was so angry and so frustrated at my own ignorance and impatience that I just kicked it. I kicked it and kicked it and I dented it and I kicked it and then I just ran. I ran and I ran and I didn't look back. I was so angry and I just had to get rid of the anger and frustration. They'd deserted me. They didn't give a damn — who were they caging up there anyway? They don't need to cage up their own people do they? Oh, no — its us they're caging up — its us, the numbers, those irksome statistics who are such an embarrassment to Thatcher and her bunch of smoothies. I hate them all!

Over the next few weeks I indulged in petty vandalism and theft — I scratched cars and broke aerials; I snatched bags and stole clothes. After a week or so of this Dad came home. He screamed at me and ranted and raved, tore his coat from my back and stormed out. He didn't come back that day, or that week, or month or year; in fact he never came back. Why is everyone deserting me? They're leaving me to fend for myself — to make my way in life unprotected and uncared for. I have nothing — sixty pounds a week of dole (I finally summoned up the courage and patience to go through with those forms) — which is half what I got for that lousy job. I have no father, a mother who is hardly ever there and I'm becoming a criminal. Why, why me?

I got caught. They took me in. Thy questioned me. They made me sign some paper, then hauled me in front of some toffy-nosed judge who waffled on about my dreadful circumstances and put me on probation. Stupid old fool. What does he know about the “breadline.”

I got lucky last night! It was great! This guy came up to me in the pub and told me he had a job on. I got a TV out and he took the jewellery. That doesn't bother me — I don't think I got screwed. I just couldn't fence that kind of stuff. . . .

Everybody's ganging up on me. I haven't got anything and everyone's after me. They bust me for not having a TV licence. They want two hundred quid. Where am I going to get that kind of money?

I got a summons today and a letter from the gas and 'phone. Mum hasn't been home for two weeks and they haven't been paid. That doesn't bother me. Everyone's left me so now I'm up and off. I'm not attending that summons.

They got me and they're going to lock me up. They gave me a year and four months — something about “suspended” and “concurrently,” but who cares? They've always wanted to lock me up. They hate me. They don't care at all. I didn't have anything but they've taken my liberty now. Help, please! Please help me.

C. E. Spencer (LVI)

CHIAROSCURO



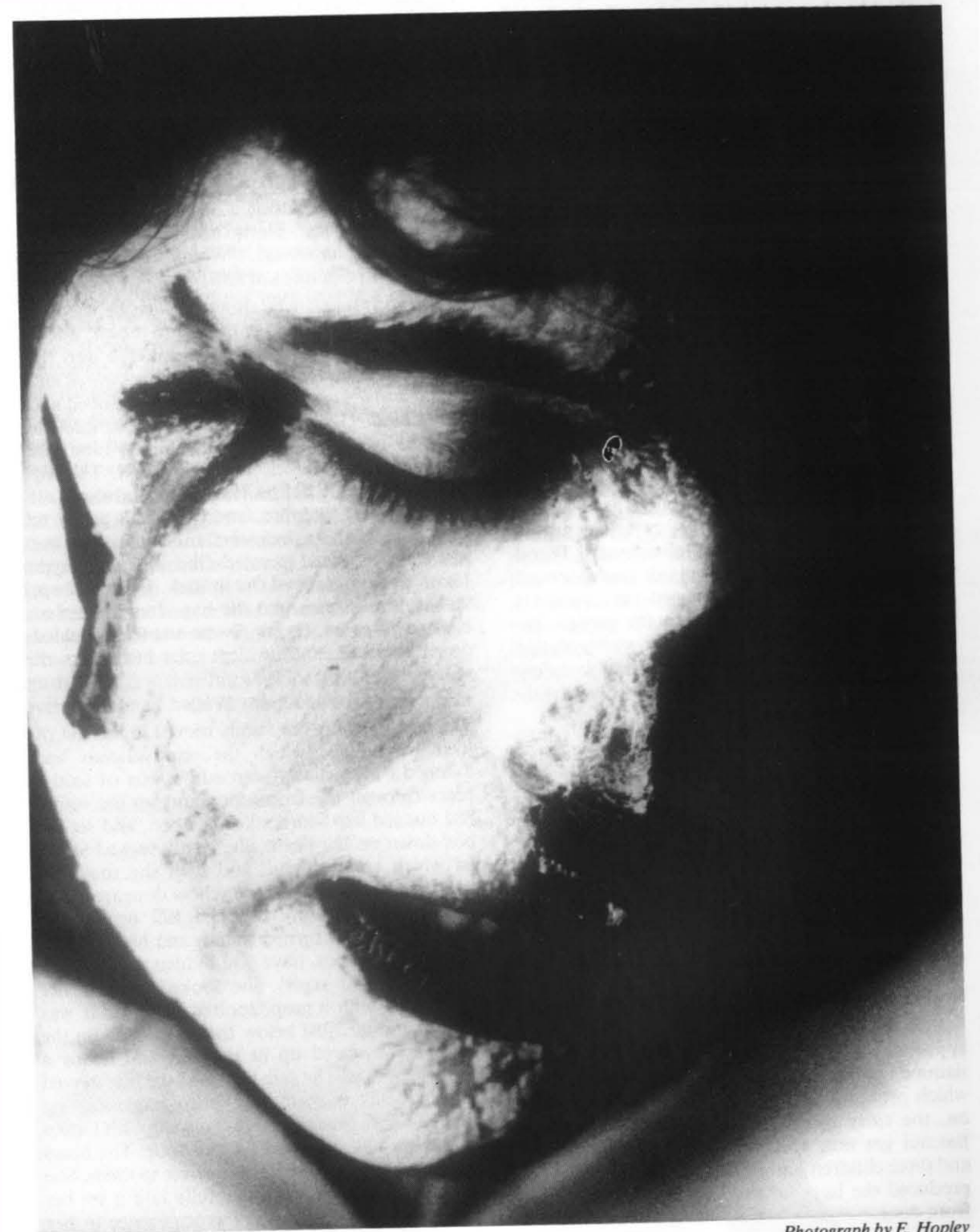
Photograph by E. Hopley



Photograph by C. J. Price Thomas



Photograph by E. Hopley



Photograph by E. Hopley

Bricking up Mother

Chapter One: Bricking up Mother:

Edward Layson hated his mother. He had always disliked her but now he hated her. She had tried to ruin his social life when he was a teenager, never allowing his girlfriend in their house. She had ruined his marriage to Carol. He hated his mother with a pure hate. But how to kill her? Murder was too obvious. An accident perhaps? Suddenly he thought of the solution! He had watched a programme on the television last night. The evil villain had "bricked-in" the hero and Edward would do the same, "bricking her in," between two walls. He formulated a plan in his mind. He would knock her unconscious and then carry out the job.

Next morning, Mrs. Layson woke up and went through her usual routine of washing and dressing. She went downstairs, through the hallway into the kitchen. Edward had a plank of wood under his arm and was looking out of the window. She pulled open the shaky drawer and removed some cutlery. She lay the table and dropped a spoon on the floor and bent over to pick up the spoom. Now! He charged at her, and swung the heavy plank. It hit her square in the temple, she gave a squeal and fell sideways. Blood was splattered all over the plank and it oozed from her head. Edward dragged her crumpled body across the room, and into the garage. He had already bricked up part of the wall and slid her into the waiting gap. He laid the last few bricks and then realised with joy that he was free!

Chapter Two: Moving in:

Twenty years later, an old rusty car trundled up the driveway. It turned into the courtyard and stopped. Two men got out and nervously looked around. They walked up towards the door, and one of the men pulled out a large silver key. He unlocked the battered door and signalled to the other man, who disappeared inside.

"Yes, this will do nicely."

"And the original price."

"Okay, we agreed on one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds."

"Okay, we'll move in tomorrow." The men appeared at the door, which the first man slammed and locked. They got back into the car, which promptly sped off down the drive. Later on, the rusty car came back. Henry and Joan Balchui got out. Henry opened the boot door, and three children jumped onto the gravel. Henry produced the large silver key, and unlocked the front door.

"Joan, can you and the kids bring the rest of the stuff in?" he called.

"Yes, we'll be right in," she replied. The family went to bed early that night, happy with their new house.

Chapter Three: Movement in the Mirror:

One of the children, James (the youngest) woke up in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom. He padded down the corridor and opened the bathroom door, pulled it shut and locked it. He then climbed onto the bathroom stool, in order to look at himself in the oval-shaped mirror. A dark figure moved behind him and he spun around. The door was open! He shook with fright and hurriedly climbed down.

"But how . . . ? he thought.

"James, is that you?" said a voice.

"Yes mum! Just getting a drink," he replied. He gripped the yellow, plastic beaker and turned the tap. Nothing happened. "What?" he thought. A shape flashed in front of him.

"Who is it . . . ? he shouted. Next he watched with horror as the beaker lifted into the air, a foot above the sink. It then shook and fell into the sink, with a loud 'crash.' He crept backwards and found a towel on the floor, which he grabbed and hid behind. His mother's wash-bag rose into the air, and this too shook. A shiny, silvery tube rose into the air, as James' teeth chattered. The top came off and the lipstick pointed upwards. It slowly moved sideways, and then sank gently to the floor. It lay on the carpet and James dare not move. After what seemed like ages, he crept forwards and grabbed the lipstick. He stood up, and stuffed it back into the bag. James sprinted back to his room, crying. Sweat and tears trickled down his head, and he slept under his covers all that night.

Chapter Four: The Bloody Wall:

The next morning the family moved in the rest of their belongings, which the removal van had dumped earlier. Fanny carried her box of teddy-bears through the front door and up the stairs. She nudged her bedroom door open, and set the box down on the floor. She gently tugged at the lid which sprang open, and then she took out "Bill Bear." Bill Bear wore yellow dungarees and a tartan cap. Fanny propped Bill up on the mantelpiece. She turned round, and her box had vanished. "James, have you hidden my bears?" she called. No reply. She looked around her room, and with a gasp, spotted her box. It was held in mid-air, just below the lampshade on the ceiling. She stared up at the box and heard a squealing noise. The side-panels of the box moved and suddenly opened. The bears came raining down like hailstones: a large 'gollywog' hit Fanny on the head as she dived for the door. The bears lay on the floor and she walked over to them. She picked up each bear and carefully laid it on her bed. She never mentioned this occurrence to her family as she thought they would think her crazy. The next day she woke up and saw a red patch on the wall. A puddle of red liquid stood on the floor, and a hole about the size of a golf ball had been made in the wall. Fanny ran downstairs and called:

"Daddy, Daddy, come quickly!" she shouted.

"Fanny, are you all right?" asked Henry.

"Yes, but come quickly," she replied. She showed her father the red liquid and he mumbled something about leaky pipes, and thought no more of it.

Chapter Five: D.I.Y.:

About two months later, Henry decided to build an extension on to their existing garage. He had bought his wife a new car for her birthday, a smart red 'Ford Escort.' He pushed the small wheelbarrow across the yard, stopped and opened the garage door, and to his horror . . . the Escort! Small dents and scratches covered the whole body, and all the windows were smashed in. The tyres were flat, and even the new car phone lay in pieces, the innards ripped out. His face carried an expression of horror and his shouts brought his wife running.

"My God" she said. No one could figure out what had happened, and so Henry rang the insurance company.

A week later they received the good news that the company would pay out and so he carried on with the extension. He worked hard all day and stopped at lunchtime for a break. He had knocked down half of the garage wall, and marked out the site for the foundations of the new garage. He bent over, wiped the sweat from his brow, and lay back, relaxing. He was startled by a crash, and saw that his wheelbarrow had tipped over. He stared hard as the pickaxe levitated off

the ground. It flew sideways and came to rest by the wall. It started chipping at the wall, and suddenly Henry heard a voice, loud and strong. "Take the tool. Help me . . ." it boomed. Henry felt an inner power pulling him, stretching his every fibre. He clawed at the wall, and then found the hard, wooden handle of the pickaxe. He gasped for air as he smashed at the wall like a madman. A low-pitched note sounded in his head, gaining in intensity as he worked. He smashed a hole in the wall and the noise 'exploded,' throwing him to the ground. He couldn't move and then the world went black.

Chapter Six: Buried Bones:

His head hurt as he opened his eyes. His wife kissed him on the head and he looked around the white-walled room.

"Where am I," he mumbled.

"Hospital," she replied. "We found you lying in the garage, bleeding from the head. Oh, and we found some bones in the wall, in fact a skeleton!"

"We would like to question you, sir," said a large policeman.

Henry stayed in hospital for a week for observation. He was released and then questioned by the police, about the skeleton. He told them all that had happened since they moved into the house. The story was in the local paper and it covered the front page. This is how I learnt what had happened. No more strange occurrences have happened to the Balchuis, since my old mother's bones have been given a proper Christian burial.



By D. S. Isham

FORTUNE RED IN TOOTH AND CLAW

In silken gossamer entrapped
The aphid struggles to escape
 The futile ending of a life
 Entangled in the Web of Strife
The spider vanquishes its hate.

Under transcendental gloom
The sorceress spins a satin shroud
 The Web of Evil manifest
 A veil for sinners to be blessed
She suffocates all but the proud.

In an ocean's boundless sway
A net provides the unknown tomb
 The tattered strings of hatred sapped
 The Web of Death to all entrapped
There is no refuge for the doomed.

Mere mortal men may only die
Ephemeral life burns out with time
 Yet shield us from the Web of Fate
 Of nature, evil and pure hate
Protect us in subconscious mime.

E. B. Walsworth-Bell (MVI)

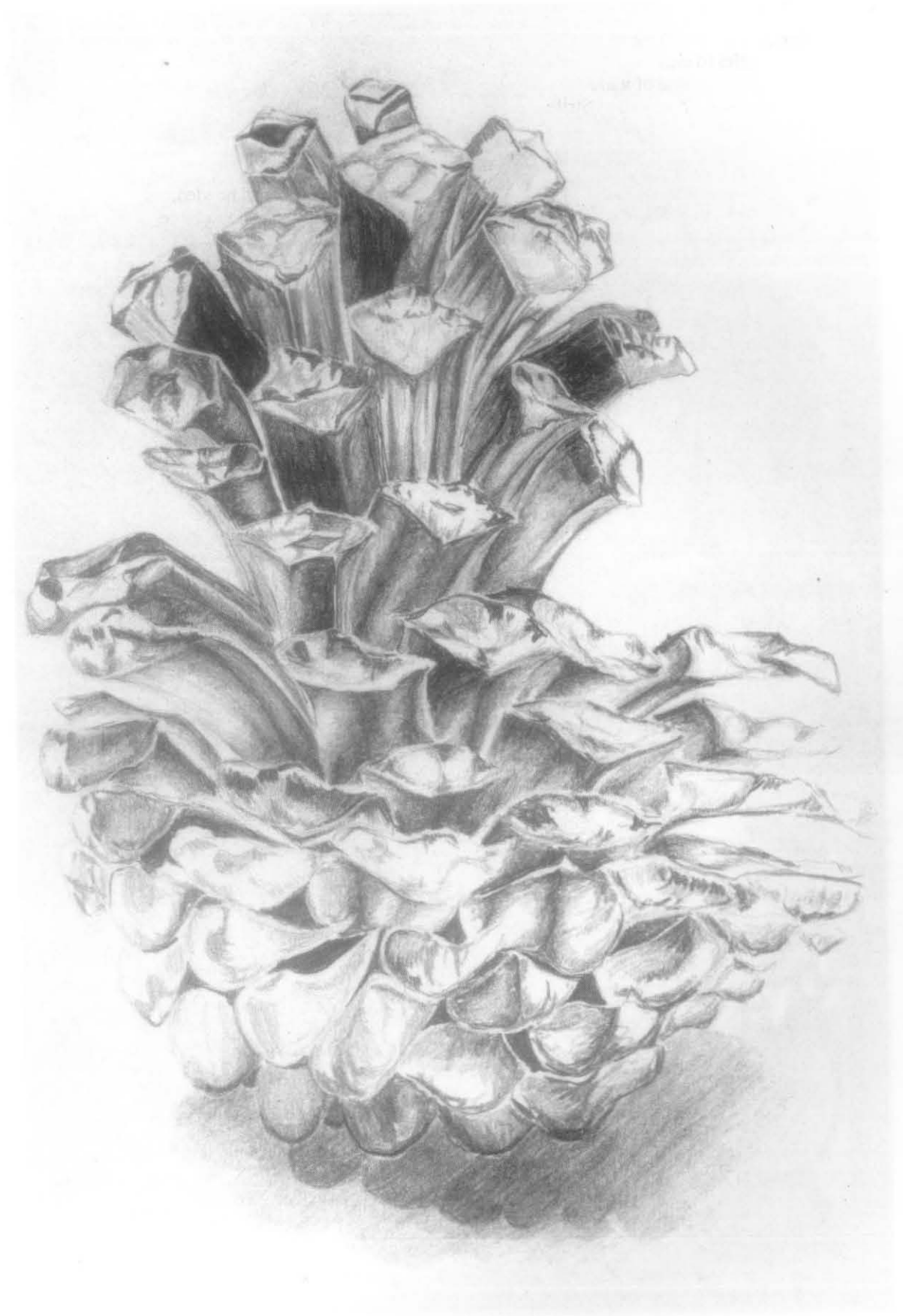
THE WIND

The wind whisked and howled,
Pushing its way through the trees
And brushing past the owls,
Making a great whale of a sound.
It approaches the house, thudding
Like a stamp on the ground.
You can't see the wind, you see only
The leaves it leaves behind,
As silent as the night.

J. J. D. Mount (III)



Photograph by R. S. J. Martin



By Victoria Gregson



"The receiving end"

Photograph by J. W. Ffooks

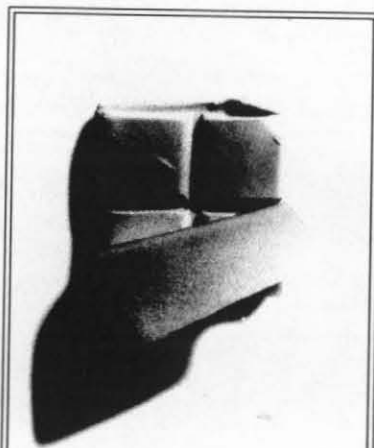


"Throwing in the sponge"

Photograph by J. W. Ffooks

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PORSCHE
BUILDING ON ACHIEVEMENT

SOCIETY

CHAPEL

The Summer Term of 1988 was extraordinarily short, but with all the usual events packed into it. It was, therefore, quite remarkable that our Choir, spurred on by Peter Sawbridge, Stuart Thompson and Jonathan Humbert managed to produce a first class choir concert at Passenham Parish Church, the first one for many years. I am delighted to report that a similar event has just taken place in the Parish Church in Buckingham, in aid of Leprosy Relief. So perhaps we are on our way back to an active and enthusiastic choir again after some years when, it seemed, no one wished to sing.

The Summer Term also saw the Confirmation Service, on what has now become the regular day, the second Sunday of the term, with the Bishop of Oxford and a contingent from Thornton College.

Just over one year ago I invited the Revd. Daniel Cozens to conduct a Mission in Stowe in February 1989. We began the serious planning for this during the Summer Term, organising a committee chaired by Mr. Peter Farquhar, with four other staff members and four Stoics. We have also attempted the formation of a number of prayer 'Cells,' each one meeting weekly, to pray for the Mission. During exeat our secretary, Mrs. Turner, will be posting over 150 letters to various Old Stoics, friends, former staff members and others whom we hope will join us in this venture by praying. Whatever the outcome of the actual Mission, a deepening of the spiritual life of the School is already perceptible.

As always, I am grateful to those who have taken on the sometimes daunting task of preaching to the School on various Sunday mornings. It is one of the privileges of a School Chaplain to hear many fine sermons from visiting preachers. My particular thanks go to the Reverends Michael Lewis, Mark Ruston and Peter Southwell, and to Mr. Dick Knight and Mrs. Ann Longley.

I would like to conclude with a note of appreciation to Mr. Brian Wilkinson, who has been our Chapel cleaner for at least the last five years. He has moved back to his home in Hull, and we now need two people to do the work he did on his own.

M.C.S.S.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

The Literary Society meets two or three times each term. The visiting speaker, the teaching staff in the English Department, the secretaries of the Society and a small group of other literary Stoics from the Middle Sixth meet in the Blue Room (newly decorated and now complete with Adam fireplace) for supper before the larger meeting in

the State Music Room. At the latter, numbers usually approach 80. The speaker gives a lecture for 45 minutes, and then takes questions before an informal gathering over coffee and biscuits.

The twentieth meeting of the Society took place on Wednesday, 23rd September, 1987, when Mr. B. S. Stephan presented a magically memorable talk on "Antony and Cleopatra." He presented a series of different views of the character of Cleopatra, starting with the bewitching Gershwin theme:

The Rockies may crumble;
The Pyramids may tumble;
But my love, you are here to stay,

relating this to:

Let Rome in Tiber melt.

The twenty-first meeting took place appropriately on Wednesday, 11th November, when Dr. J. W. D. Hibberd, from Oxford, spoke on "The War Poets." Dr. Hibberd, the senior reviewer for this period in the *Times Literary Supplement* and editor of two volumes of Wilfred Owen's poems and letters, related the war themes in the poetry to the climate and manipulation of the public opinion of the time in his lecture: "Anger at a Seen Wrong: Writers at War 1914-18."

Dr. Peter Swaab, Director of Studies in English at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, spoke on Jane Austen's "Emma" on Friday, 22nd January, at the twenty-second meeting. It was very pleasant to welcome back two Old Stoics to this meeting, James Burkinshaw and John Young, both in their final year at Corpus Christi College, reading English and History respectively.

Dr. T. A. Ozturk, from our own English Department, addressed the Society at its twenty-third meeting. He spoke on the poems of Thomas Hardy, making much valuable comment on Hardy's poetic mode and providing a spirited rejection of any excessive concentration of interest upon Hardy as a social commentator.

Mr. P. A. S. Farquhar, the Head of the English Department, presented a talk on "King Lear" at the twenty-fourth meeting, on Wednesday, 4th May and, on Wednesday, 25th May, Mrs. Lucia Turner gave an interestingly scholarly and humorous lecture: "Who painted the Lion? Chaucer and the Wife."

Gratitude was expressed to our two secretaries for the year, Nathan Holland and Alastair Harris, and the new academic year welcomed their successors, Alastair Macintosh and Benedict Walsworth-Bell.

Mr. Robert Wilson from Merchant Taylor's School, Northwood, Chief Examiner to the Cambridge Board at "A" level and author of innumerable text-books, critical editions and prefaces, was our guest at the twenty-sixth meeting which opened the proceedings of the Society

this academic year. It is difficult to find new things to say about "Macbeth" but Mr. Wilson succeeded in this in his cleverly original analysis of the theme of "The Bully and the Victim" in the play.

We look forward to two more talks this term, with Dr. L. G. Black, Tutor for English at Oriol College, Oxford, speaking on "The Winter's Tale" on 11th October, and Dr. J. D. Fleeman, Senior Tutor for English at Pembroke College, Oxford, speaking on Jane Austen on 9th November.

P.A.S.F.

CLASSICAL SOCIETY

A small party of mainly Third Formers with a seasoning of Upper School members went to see a modern version of "The Bacchae" in the Haymarket Theatre, Leicester. It was a pleasant surprise: the close studio theatre was intimate, the title music primitive and emotive, the scenery symbolic and effective. The characters were excellently portrayed: Peutheus as a brash young man in bikers leathers whose latent transsexualism was gradually revealed; the blind Teiresias as vulnerable but wise; Dionysus, somewhat struggling as a dark haired mystic: the antithesis of Peutheus, subtle and slighting; Cadmus the cautious former king not afraid, as Peutheus was, to check his pride and dress in a fawn skin. The actors habit of fixing one person with their glance drew one further into the web of the play, and the "characters off" sitting on benches continued to act, in support of the main scene. In all it was an enjoyable and stimulating trip which produced much food for thought.

Just before half-term Mr. R. Jenkins, M.Litt., of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, came to speak, to those studying Latin for 'A' level, on Virgil with special reference to Aeneid VI, which is a set text. He made his talk interesting as well as extremely useful to everyone, by covering the major topics and also the use of style and language throughout Book VI.

After a busy first half of term, plans are now going ahead for a more extensive trip to see some Roman sights, maybe even at Rome!

J. Spencer
T. Neve

CHAPEL CHOIR

This year the Chapel Choir has been at its strongest for many years in terms of numbers and performances.

In March, Stuart Thompson and Peter Sawbridge took over the Choir from P.C.D. and we started rehearsals on what was to be a very successful concert at Pattishal Church in June, raising money for the new organ. The programme included such pieces as "Hear My Prayer" by

Mendelssohn and "Blessed be the God and Father" by Wesley. This was the first time that the Chapel Choir had been out of Stowe in ten years! D.F.G. has been choirmaster this term and we have been able to sing in all but one of the Sunday services. On Saturday 15th October we performed another concert in Buckingham Parish Church in aid of 'Leprosy Relief' for which we raised £200. Stuart Thompson conducted (performing his now famous 'Rejouissance' organ piece) and again there was some difficult and demanding music including Haydn's "The Heavens are Telling" and Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis in G by Stanford.

Future plans include a light-hearted concert of contemporary music and singing for Cathedral Evensong at St. Albans. My thanks, finally, to Mrs. Weston, Mrs. Turner and J.M.L. for their invaluable assistance in singing with us — to S. Thompson for conducting the 'Leprosy Relief' concert, to M.C.S.S. for his careful handling of Sunday matters (i.e. cheese and wine, last minute anthems and choristers' lost ties!) and of course to D.F.G. for his inexhaustible patience and total professionalism in rehearsing a now very keen and most excellent Choir, to whom my personal thanks fall upon for being so willing and enthusiastic and for putting on two superb concerts.

The Choir consists of the following members:—

Sopranos: Jessica Blakemore, Phillipa Thompson, Chlöe Walker, Penny Waldman, Robyn Wolseley Brinton, Ruth Littlejohn, Emma Singleton, Yra Nicholson, Georgina Woolley.

Altos: Alexander McDonald-Vitale, Simon Wade, Robert Mills, Graham Pike, Matthew Sadler, Jason Lowes, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Weston.

Tenors: J.M.L., Simmon Abbott, Sam Edenborough.

Bass: Jonathan Humbert, Giles Underwood, Anthony Bewes.

J. P. Humbert
Secretary

THE BRIDGE CLUB

We have not had a very successful start to the season but with practice we should improve. Our first match against the Masters was very close with the Masters winning by a narrow margin. Our second match was against Radley which we lost mainly owing to our fielding a weaker team than usual. The return match next term should prove to be an interesting event.

The first round of the House Pairs competition has been completed with six pairs going through to the Final: two pairs from Walpole and one pair from Lyttelton, Grafton, Grenville and Bruce.

Bridge Colours have been awarded to: W. T. Fraser-Allen and R. S. J. Martin (Secretary).

Team from: W. T. Fraser-Allen (Captain), A. R. B. Bellew, N. P. Blackwood, N. D. Jackson, J. N. E. Law, Julia E. Moore, D. J. Y. Wreford.

W. T. Fraser-Allen

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Since the last report in *The Stoic* the Society has held one meeting — its 144th. The subject was "The Flight to Varennes." As the title implies it was about one of the better known events of the French Revolution. The speaker was D. Aldridge, Esq. from Newcastle University, who has had a long standing interest in Louis XVI's rapid exit from Paris to Varennes in 1791 and the extent of his knowledge was very evident in his lecture. The lecture provided an excellent insight into the extent of diplomatic and military involvement in the planning and staging of the flight. The lecture was well received and was followed by a lively question and answer session.

The next meeting of the Historical Society will be given by Dr. R. Lenman, who will be speaking on "Germany, Hitler and the First World War."

W. T. Fraser-Allen

SCIENCE SOCIETY

Activities of the Society resumed this term after a period of absence with a fascinating account of the latest developments in the exciting field of Superconductors by Dr. David Cardwell of Plessey Research, Towcester. The speaker gave us not only an up-to-date account of work in his own laboratory, but also an insight into the progress and pursuit of scientific knowledge. Highlight of the evening proved to be the demonstration of some of the remarkable properties of a pellet of superconducting ceramic, which drew considerable interest and many questions. It is hoped to follow up this lecture with a visit to Plessey by a small group of Stoics, possibly with an opportunity to make and test their own 'Superconductor.'

Unfortunately the next talk, intriguingly titled 'How to be attractive to your mate and repulsive to your enemies' by Dr. John Mann of Reading University, had to be cancelled due to illness, but the offer of a demonstration lecture on Radar by wartime expert and enthusiast, R. Brett Knowles, promises to provide an action-packed substitute.

B.H.O.

COMMUNITY SERVICE

Despite fears of cool weather and rain, Sunday, May 15th turned out to be one of the sunniest days in a rather wet Summer Term, and we could hardly have chosen a more suitable weekend for our Sponsored Walk. About two hundred walkers, both staff and pupils, turned out to cover the 20 kilometre course and they were organised, directed, laughed at, refreshed, encouraged, bandaged, photographed and entertained by countless volunteers. It would be exhausting to list all of these, invidious to name only a few and probably risky to mention none at all, but I shall take my life in my hands and

simply say thank you to everyone for a community effort for Community Service.

The result of that one afternoon was a further £4,000 to add to the £4,000 already promised for a replacement minibus, and my only regret at the time of writing is that I have not yet been able to locate a suitable second-hand vehicle. I hope, however, that once we have a new bus, our finances will be on a firmer footing, and we can continue to provide the outing and the Christmas party which the pensioners always look forward to each year.

Most of our work involves personal effort rather than money, however, and amongst the many who give that effort each week, Jonathan Shillington was chosen to receive a Representative Tie at the end of the Summer Term. A new academic year has now begun and the Wednesday afternoon CS group had an educational — if challenging — visit to Weston Favell Upper School near Northampton on Field Day in early October. We look forward to a return visit soon from the Sixth Formers whom we met. New volunteers have joined us from the staff, with Miss Bell and Mr. Barr helping Mr. Stunt and me each week with driving and overseeing visits to Buckingham; and I hope that as the year progresses more Fourth Formers will consider CS as an afternoon activity — younger visitors are always welcome.

R.E.M.

THE DUCKERY

In 1967 three Chandosians, Andrew Chance, Nigel Geach and David Keeling, were the pioneering spirits in setting up an enclosure around the Worthies River in order to keep and breed wild-fowl. At that time, the area was extremely overgrown and a great deal of work was necessary before the ground was remotely suitable. They cleared the accumulated mud and debris that at that time joined the two islands to the banks, and linked them by drawbridges. Sadly, their fencing, which never exceeded three feet in height, was quite inadequate to keep out marauding predators and the ducks they introduced seldom lasted more than a few months. Steadily, interest in the project waned until in 1974 Tim Mallett, a Templar, set out to re-create the Duckery, as it soon became called, on the east bank of the inlet which carries the Worthies River into Octagon Lake. Two other Temple boys, John Lawrence and Paul Marsh, joined in with Tim's enthusiastic attempts to create a genuinely fox-proof wildfowl enclosure. By the summer of 1976 the Duckery was in full swing and so it has continued for the 12 year since, for there have always been one or two Stoics interested in breeding and raising wild-fowl, ostensibly at least to be able to fly out onto the lakes and increase the native population. Species kept have included Mallard, Tufted, Pintail, Mandarin, Carolina, Gadwall, Widgeon

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and Shoveller, not to mention two Snow Geese which for a few brief months flew in and out of the enclosure and which appeared at any moment at odd places on the golf course! The birds have bred with varying degrees of success; crows have taken the eggs, rats have had a continual battle waged against them and once a fox managed to gain entry, decapitating four or five of the bantam hens kept for brooding before leaving. On the last two occasions vandals have broken in, in one case cutting a hole in the perimeter wire and in another smashing some of the breeding cages. Despite all this, the project has brought a great deal of enjoyment to those Stoics involved over the years, and undoubtedly a number of birds have been successfully fledged to take their place on the lakes.

Sadly, there is now no-one at Stowe interested in carrying the project on, and the enclosure has now been abandoned. No birds have been pinioned for the last two years, and the few remaining older birds have been allowed to take their place on the Octagon Lake. The bantams have found another home, and no doubt the site will revert to the rather wild overgrown state it was in before the scheme began. While it is sad that a project which has lasted so long should come to an end, I do not believe one should blame the modern Stoic for this. There is much to do at Stowe and always there appears to be so little time in which to do it. What is absolutely certain is those who have taken part have thoroughly enjoyed themselves and will surely remember the time they spent in Stowe's Duckery. That is a fitting memorial.

A. J. E. Lloyd

STOWE HIMALAYAN EXPEDITION 1988

This year the trek lasted for eighteen days in the Sagarmatha (Everest) National Park. We spent our first few days in Nepal at Kathmandu to soak up the atmosphere of this very different city. The narrow streets off the tourist route were often just compacted earth with unkempt, dark houses each side. Stalls selling vegetables, wicker baskets and fruit sometimes spread completely across the thoroughfare, which made it difficult for the rickshaws to negotiate their way.

The scene on the tourist route is in some cases much more tense. One is often approached by men trying to change your money on the black market or just selling their wares, some of which were not quite so innocent. The streets are wide enough for cars, although progress is very slow because of the hordes of people. There are also many more shops and prices are much higher.

We spent one day white water rafting on the river Trisuli which is west of Kathmandu. There were rapids every few minutes and occasionally

larger and rougher ones which were made even more exciting when we lost, on one occasion, two of the three oars on the raft and were driven helplessly downstream while the oarsman swam around trying to find them. The scenery was beautiful and so was the wildlife that we could see, but it was not as impressive as it was while we were in the mountains, when at about 15,500 feet, we saw a huge eagle or vulture circling above us. It must have been five or six feet across.

We flew from Kathmandu in a Twin Otter to Lukla, which is a small village at 9,100 feet, and then headed north on foot. Our aim for the whole trek was to reach the summit of Island Peak which stands at 20,296 feet. To reach this height the ascent must be taken slowly so as to acclimatise. While walking up a terribly steep hill to Namche Bazar, which is one of the bigger villages of the area, where there is a weekly food market, we had our first view of Everest. We could only see the top but it stood quite apart from any other peak and looked rather daunting with its permanent snow plume above it in a cloudless sky.

Although we were travelling so slowly, by about 14,000 feet some of the party, which consisted of eight boys and six adults, three of whom were women, began to feel the effects of altitude sickness. The first sign of this is dizziness and bad headaches and, in extreme cases, a minor breakdown. The best and only cure is to descend 1,000 feet immediately and then repeat the ascent if you recover. As a result of this three people went back down and the rest of us continued up to Goby.

Goby is a small village which is on the 'Trekking Route' and is a popular place for acclimatisation. There is a hill called Goby Ki which takes about 2½ hours walk to climb to the top of from the village. We walked it in the early morning to avoid the heat and the view was certainly worth the effort. All the mountains that had seemed so dominating from the valley now began to be virtually level with us at just under 18,000 feet. We had a 360° degree panorama of the mountains. Ama Dablam was the most impressive of the ones closest to us. It is totally snow-covered and has a very sharp peak, which makes it very difficult to get to the top. There is an additional difficulty which is that the Nepalese regard it as a Holy Mountain on top of which the Gods live. At the same time as we were there an expedition was climbing it. A Nepalese representative had to go with them to make sure they didn't get to the peak. We saw Everest for a second time — strangely dark against the surrounding snow-capped mountains. At the same time there was an expedition preparing to reach the summit; we saw a helicopter taking supplies to base camp. There was some controversy about whom the expedition was linked with, whether the Chinese or Japanese. As it was all

organised on a large, international scale, they had hired most of the porters in the whole area; so there were hardly any left for us; we had to use yaks instead, which are better because we could shout and throw stones at them which you couldn't really do to porters.

After Goby we split up again and five of us skirted around the bottom of the Lungsampo glacier and on up to Chhugiema in order to cross the pass at Chola Col. We set off at dawn on the day that we were to cross the pass because we had to climb a broken scree slope before reaching the top of the glacier. We had to cross over the snow before the firm crust on which we walked melted. After an exhausting climb we reached the glacier, but it was all a bit of an anticlimax because it was cloudy; so there was no view.

We met up with the other two groups in the valley and headed up towards Chhukung where we split into two equal groups, those who wanted to try for the summit and those who preferred valley walking or felt they could not make it owing to altitude sickness.

We reached the base camp in one day and prepared ourselves with ropes and crampons for the climb. We set off at 3.30 the next morning before dawn. The sky at night is absolutely full of stars. I'm not sure whether it was because we were in a very clear atmosphere, but many more stars could be seen than in the skies of any other country I have hitherto visited. Four of our group of seven reached the summit by mid-day. We were all absolutely exhausted by the walk up and then having to use ropes and crampons when we reached the snow. We had a reasonably easy walk to the base of the summit and then we were confronted with a nearly sheer face of scree.

From the top of Island Peak, 20,296 feet, Lhotse, which is almost 7,000 feet higher, was clearly visible. Just to make everyone feel on top form a huge avalanche roared down Lhotse making a large cloud of snow and a loud booming which echoed in the valley.

After this great success for everyone involved we headed back down at a leisurely pace! It took five days to reach Lukla. On the way we stopped at Targboche where there is a monastery. The monks wore their purple and golden robes, but underneath these they had trainers and wristwatches which, although amusing, rather spoiled the effect.

After a fortnight of excellent weather the last four days were continually cloudy and there was some rain. This caused quite a bit of worry because planes cannot land at Lukla in low cloud; so there hadn't been any for three days. Fortunately the day that we were to fly out was fine; so we left the mountains that had engraved an unforgettable image on our minds.

This was Mr. Potter's seventh and last trip; he now hands everything over to Mr. Dawson, whom we hope to see striding over the edge (of the horizon) next year.

T. W. N. Neve



SPORT CRICKET

At all levels 1988 has been a very successful season and in matches against other schools all major teams have ended up with more wins than losses. The approach to the game has been positive and determined throughout and enthusiasm and interest have been much in evidence, not only among the players, but even more so among the dedicated band of masters who take them. It is no coincidence that the Cricket Professional, Mike Harris, has now completed his fourth season at Stowe and cricketers of all levels of ability have benefitted from his expertise and insistence on high standards.

For the past two years highly successful cricket coaching courses have been run during the Easter and Summer holidays for members of the general public. 1988 saw the first such course exclusively for Stoics and its success and impact are likely to make it a regular feature at the beginning of the summer term. Under the direction of our Professional, Harold Rhodes (Derbyshire and England), Bob White (Middlesex and Nottinghamshire) and Jack Burkinshaw (Leicestershire and England, and a current Test Match Umpire) passed on their wealth of cricketing experience to some 32 Stoics ranging in ability from the Captain of Cricket to members of the 3rd XI, and in age from the Middle VI to the Third Form. The course ended on the first afternoon of term and its members were joined for nets by the other members of the six teams due to play Berkhamsted the following day. The season was off to a good, but chilly start.

One of the constraints imposed by G.C.S.E. and a shorter summer term was the need to complete the Senior House Match competition before half term. Several eyebrows were raised at the consequent departure from the normal pattern of events, but in the event some interesting cricket was played and Chandos were worthy winners, outplaying Walpole in the Final in every department of the game. The Junior competition also produced a good standard of play overall and much of the reason for this can be traced to the re-introduction of a League competition for Fourth and Third Form boys which helped to inculcate skills and techniques required to play the "overs" game. Walpole were the eventual winners, Grenville the runners-up.

The Stowe "Occasionals" play a match on every Sunday of term on the South Front ground. Apart from anything else, these games provide an opportunity for younger boys who show promise to pit their skills against opponents of more mature years in the company of adults. Ian Small has organised these matches for more years than I

have been at Stowe, in addition to bringing his own brand of enthusiasm and enjoyment to running the Yearlings "B." He is warmly to be thanked for all his efforts and greatly to be admired for his stamina!

THE FIRST XI

The abiding impression of the 1988 season is of the entirely pleasant and co-operative atmosphere in which all activities were undertaken and of the totally positive approach which was brought to the matches played. This stemmed from the Captain, W. J. P. Atkinson, whose enthusiasm was infectious, whose "unflappability" in a crisis was indispensable and whose willingness to take on any rôle required by the situation was a model of leadership by example. He kept wicket tidily and with increasing polish, he took four wickets with his off-spin in the victory over Mill Hill, as an opening batsman he was the leading run-scorer and best judge of a quick single, and his tactical awareness as Captain improved with every game. His Vice-Captain, R. B. Pumfrey, was the ideal foil. Belligerent with both bat and ball and whole-hearted in his commitment to "get on with the game," he not only scored nearly 400 runs as an opening batsman but also carried the fast bowling on his own for long periods of the season.

With such a strong foundation the less experienced members of the team were able to develop at their own pace. H. A. V. Scott-Gall proved himself an adventurous runner between the wickets and a sweet timer of the ball on several important occasions, while G. J. Amdor demonstrated correct technique and fluent strokes once he had overcome initial nervousness. Both will be expected to make a major contribution next year. D. T. H. Rotheroe at three had a disappointing and frustrating year for him, and only Oakham and Rugby saw him at his destructive best, for which the remainder of our opponents can be duly thankful. One of the frustrations of batting below five in a school team is that, more often than not, the situation dictates how an innings should be played. G. C. Hooper, I. P. Dunton, ma., P. Gorlee and M. R. Dunton, mi. all suffered this frustration with good grace and made contributions which, while small, were important.

"Bowlers win matches." The patient reader will have to forgive this scribe for saying the same thing every year. "Catches win matches." There he goes again! In Hooper, we had possibly the best first slip playing schoolboy cricket, for he caught everything that came his way: Dunton, ma. was not far behind and indeed it is difficult to remember more than one or two chances going to grass. This was just as well, for the edge of the bat was not too often found and the false stroke all too seldom induced. Scott-Gall bowled well in the opening games, but then lost rhythm and strayed

down the leg side. B. I. de Wynter sustained accuracy for long periods but could not eradicate the loose ball and, hard though they tried, F. C. Hawkings-Byass, Dunton and Amdor flattered with their medium pace in the nets only to lack penetration in the middle. Only Pumfrey sustained real fire and accuracy, but was unable to do it all on his own. In the spin department M. J. R. Jefferson found it hard going without a regular off-spinner at the other end to complement his slow left arm, and, although he bowled steadily and maintained a good flight, he did not take the number of wickets he would have hoped for. Nevertheless he will have gained invaluable experience and, with the emergence for the last few games of J. G. Raynor from the Junior Colts as an off-spinner of promise and guile, there are high hopes that the two will forge a strong partnership over the next two seasons.

With the bowlers unable to take sufficient wickets to force victory, results were unlikely to match the success of the previous two years. However, the side was never less than competitive and positive in its approach to the games and some memorable cricket was played, in particular in the chase for runs against Mill Hill, Oundle and the M.C.C. In this context it has to be said that it takes two teams to make an exciting match and tribute must be paid to our opponents and their Captains on all three occasions for being prepared to risk defeat in the pursuit of a win. Long may this spirit prevail in school cricket.

We now look forward to 1989 with anticipation. Stowe will act as hosts to the end of term Festival and, with the extension of the Summer Term, there will be a welcome opportunity for the games to be watched by the younger boys who will be in First Elevens of the future. Let us hope there will not be a repeat of the dreadful weather which prevented any meaningful cricket being played at Wellington this year. One sad feature of the forthcoming season is that Arthur Pooley will no longer be seen regularly in the Umpire's coat. He has announced his retirement after many years of patient and loyal labour in the middle and I am sure that many generations of Stowe cricketers will join me in thanking him and wishing him well. Frank Isham, our other ever-present in the white coat, soldiered bravely on despite a nasty injury to his foot and grateful thanks are extended to him, to M. S. Rogers, our reliable scorer and also to the Ground and Catering staff. Finally a word of gratitude to those colleagues who take the other teams and whose reports follow this one. There is not a Saturday of term when we field less than six teams and often it is eight or nine. In addition to umpiring these, there is the administration of nets, checking of equipment, organising players and, sometimes, long journeys by coach to contend with. Thank you one and all. Without your enthusiasm and commitment none of could take place.

G.A.C.

Team (* denotes Colours): W. J. P. Atkinson, ma.*, R. B. Pumfrey, ma.*, M. J. T. Jefferson*, D. T. H. Rotheroe*, G. J. Amdor, ma.*, I. P. Dunton, ma.*, G. C. Hooper*, B. I. De Wynter*, H. P. V. Scott-Gall*, P. Gorlee, ma., J. G. Raynor.

Also Played: J. P. Bingham, M. R. Dunton, mi., F. C. Hawkings-Byass, M. I. G. Smith, mi.

Results:

School Matches: Played 11; Won 2; Lost 1; Drawn 8.

v. Berkhamsted	Berkhamsted 181 for 7 declared Stowe 149 for 5	Scott-Gall 4 for 42 Pumfrey 65	Drawn
v. Bloxham	Stowe 171 for 4 declared Bloxham 173 for 7	Atkinson 60	Lost
v. Mill Hill	Mill Hill 167 for 9 declared Stowe 170 for 7	Atkinson 4 for 44 Pumfrey 66	Won
v. Oakham	Stowe 120 all out Oakham 99 for 9	Pumfrey 5 for 21	Drawn
v. St. Edward's	St. Edward's 193 for 7 declared Stowe 163 for 7	Scott-Gall 70	Drawn
v. Wellington	Wellington 201 for 2 declared Stowe 161 for 6	Atkinson 51	Drawn
v. Oundle	Oundle 232 for 7 declared Stowe 233 for 6	Atkinson 98, Scott-Gall 52	Won
v. Rugby	Rugby 225 for 7 declared Stowe 162 for 7	Rotheroe 68, Pumfrey 66	Drawn
v. Bradfield	Bradfield 18 for 0		Rain
v. Merchant Taylors	Merchant Taylors 33 for 1		Rain
v. Repton	Repton 132 for 4		Rain

Club Matches: Played 4; Drawn 2; Lost 2

v. Free Foresters	Free Foresters 173 for 5 declared Stowe 126 for 5	Amdor 53 not out	Drawn
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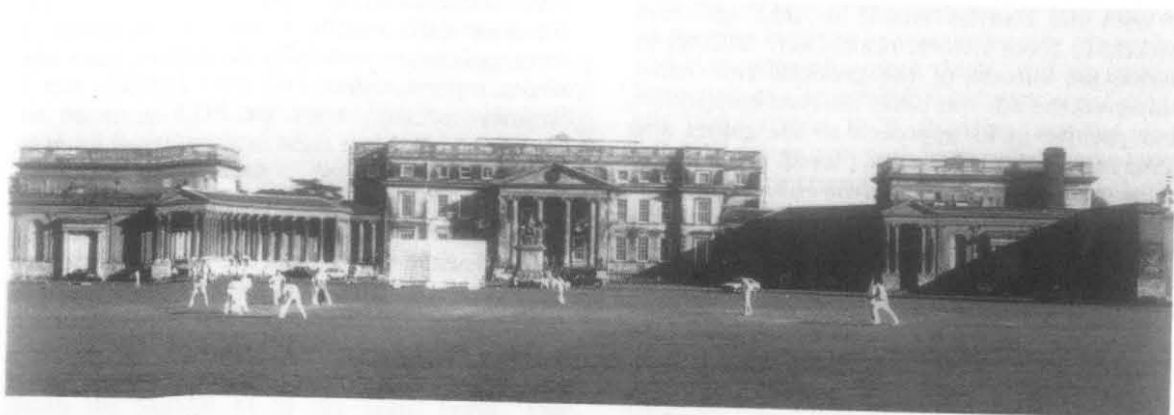
v. Northants 2nd XI	Northants 218 for 4 (40 overs) Stowe 49 all out		Lost
v. M.C.C.	M.C.C. 245 for 5 declared Stowe 245 for 8	Mendis 85 Atkinson 93	Drawn
v. Old Stoics	Old Stoics 273 for 1 Stowe 189 all out	Morris 176 not out Atkinson 69	Lost

Batting Averages:

	Inns.	N.O.	Runs	H.S.	Ave.
Atkinson	11	0	477	98	43.09
Pumfrey	11	0	383	66	34.81
Scott-Gall	10	3	236	70	33.71
Amdor	12	3	192	53*	21.55
Rotheroe	10	1	152	68*	16.87

Bowling Averages:

	Overs	Mds.	Runs	Wkts.	Ave.
Scott-Gall	114	26	376	18	20.88
Pumfrey	136	9	399	18	22.16
De Wynter	196.2	24	361	11	32.81
Jefferson	148	7	495	10	49.50



THE SECOND XI

The 2nd XI had a good season, winning 4 matches, drawing 4 and losing 2. The dominant players were P. Gorlee, who scored 4 fifties before being promoted to the 1st XI, and F. C. Hawkings-Byass, who was the main strike bowler, a correct and sensible middle order batsman and, after half-term, an aggressive and thoughtful captain. Also noteworthy was the support bowling of R. C. Weatherby, J. P. Bingham and D. J. Watt-Smith; the increasing maturity of W. R. Perei's batting; and the agile fielding of M. R. Dunton, M. I. G. Smith and C. D. R. Wolseley Brinton and the scoring of C. E. Gartside. The most notable performance of the season, however, came when M. W. Pumfrey, promoted from the Colts for the day, scored a fine century against the Old Stoics. Many of this season's team will be available again next year, and so the prospects are good.

2nd XI Colours: T. W. Baker, J. P. Bingham, M. R. Dunton, F. C. Hawkings-Byass, W. R. Perei, M. I. G. Smith, R. C. Weatherby, C. C. P. Woodford.

3rd XI Colours: P. J. Campbell, N. M. J. Gorey, P. J. Hale, G. E. Holdsworth-Hunt, J. D. Watson, D. J. Watt-Smith, C. D. R. Wolseley Brinton.

Results:

- Berkhamsted 109 all out (Hawkings-Byass 6 for 30)
Stowe 110 for 5 (Gorlee 54)
Won by 5 wickets
- Stowe 174 for 7 (Gorlee 66, Perei 51 not out)
Bloxham 96 all out (Hawkings-Byass 5 for 17)
Won by 78 runs.
- Stowe 160 all out (Watson 40)
Mill Hill 108 all out (Weatherby 5 for 21, Woodford 4 for 21)
Won by 52 runs.
- Oakham 161 for 5
Stowe 138 for 8 (Gorlee 54)
Drawn.
- Stowe 153 for 7 (Gorlee 55)
Bedford 154 for 1
Lost by 9 wickets
- St. Edward's 136 for 8
Stowe 102 for 6
Drawn
- Old Stoics 245 for 7
Stowe 160 all out (Pumfrey 103)
Lost by 85 runs
- Wellington 137 for 3
Stowe 91 for 9
Drawn
- Oundle 99 all out (Hawkings-Byass 4 for 32)
Stowe 103 for 3 (Dunton 40)
Won by 7 wickets
- Stowe 159 all out (Holdsworth-Hunt 43)
Rugby 136 for 6 (Watt-Smith 4 for 23)
Drawn

COLTS 'A'

After a disheartening opening match against Berkhamsted, the team showed commendable spirit and went from strength to strength with a creditable draw against the Royal Latin 1st XI, followed by fine consecutive winning performances (four victories and a 'winning draw'). In the last three full matches of the season the team was not successful but put up a brave rearguard action against Wellington before losing, and held strong Oundle and Rugby teams to even draws.

M. W. Pumfrey inspired the team with several accomplished and powerful innings which demoralised the opposition and set the pace for the quick-scoring victories against Bedford and St. Edward's. He was well supported with the bat by R. D. Hazell, who also captained the team cheerfully and intelligently, S. C. Cormack and M. C. G. Atkinson and C. J. J. W. Hodgson, Cormack twice striking the winning runs and C. J. J. W. Hodgson masterfully holding Rugby at bay when defeat seemed likely. J. C. J. Burrough's accurate and penetrating left arm deliveries met with mixed success: he was devastating against Mill Hill and Bradfield but unlucky not to take more wickets in other matches. Oakham's batsmen were heard to suggest, as they waited to go in to face him, that they might as well hold the bat upside down for all the good it would do them. C. L. Marr bowled with unflinching accuracy and was rewarded with economical figures and some crucial wickets. Fielding was not perhaps the team's strongest feature.

The team clearly enjoyed the cricket and each other's company and the mood gradually changed from pleased surprise at success to affable confidence and determination.

Results:

- WON: Mill Hill, Bedford, St. Edward's, Bradfield.
- DRAWN: Royal Latin 1st XI, Oakham, Oundle, Rugby.
- LOST: Berkhamsted, Wellington College.
- ABANDONED: Merchant Taylors.

Averages:

Batting:					
	Inns.	N.O.	H.S.	Runs	Ave.
Pumfrey, mi.	11	1	73	320	32.0
Hazell	10	1	36	160	17.7
Cormack	10	2	40	123	15.4
Hodgson	10	2	26	120	15.0
Atkinson	7	2	17	58	11.6
Burrough	10	0	33	106	10.6

Bowling:					
	Overs	M.	Runs	Wkts.	Ave.
Burrough	96.3	18	259	31	9.7
Marr. ma.	37.4	6	129	11	10.9
Cormack	1	0	11	1	11.0
Atkinson	14.2	0	47	4	11.8
Hodgson	61.1	11	201	11	18.9
McEwen	41	6	150	5	30.0

JUNIOR COLTS XI

The Junior Colts had an excellent season, winning

five of their first seven matches. At this point the captain and chief wicket-taker, J. G. Raynor, was promoted to the 1st XI and the season ended with three (fairly honourable) draws. Although this was a little disappointing, our off-spinner had certainly warranted his elevation and it did give useful captaincy experience to R. J. Q. Green and a chance for R. C. D. T. Holtby to bowl his promising spinners with the A team.

The strength of the side lay in the penetrative bowling of our late lamented captain and J. M. de la Pena, the latter proving genuinely quick and not much to the taste of many batsmen. We also possessed a team of 10 or 11 batsmen, this depth on occasion compensating for an unsteady start. But above all, it was the attitude of the team which mattered most. Here was a group of cricketers who always looked for victory, never gave in without a struggle and enjoyed their game.

Green, W. L. C. Morris and T. H. P. Russell were the chief contributors with the bat, together with A. R. P. Bellew, de la Pena and S. Forro. Other promising batsmen were D. S. Beveridge, A. V. Melvani, W. R. Nicholl and A. M. Saary. Most of the team could bowl too. B. M. Teckoe, Russell, Morris all had their moments. A. P. Hayward never quite found line and length to match undoubted hostility as an opening bowler; M. M. Asnani never got the opportunity that his leg-breaks and googlies deserved. Both these bowlers have much potential. J. D. C. Davies also showed promise. Behind the wicket, Bellew was a great asset to the team. The fielding was keen, though we did spill the odd catch and miss the odd run-out.

As cricket is a game which places a premium on the right mental attitude, there is every indication that this group of players will go on to do good things at a higher level. They were a cheerful, pleasant team, pleasingly competitive and yet essentially courteous. Well done!

Results:

- Berkhamsted 85 (Raynor 7 for 16)
Stowe 86 for 0 wickets (Russell 44*, Green 41*)
Won by 10 wickets
- Stowe 92
Bloxham 95 for 3
Lost by 7 wickets
- Stowe 157 for 3 (Morris 57*, de la Pena 38)
Mill Hill 82 (Raynor 5 for 15, Teckoe 4 for 14)
Won by 75 runs
- Oakham 87 (Raynor 5 for 31, de la Pena 4 for 25)
Stowe 88 for 4 (Russell 40)
Won by 6 wickets
- Stowe 127 (Forro 36)
Bedford 64
Won by 63 runs
- St. Edward's 220 for 2
Stowe 88 for 6
Drawn
- Stowe 101 (Green 59*)
Bradfield 94
Won by 7 runs

Wellington 127 for 6 (de la Pena 5 for 25)
Stowe 56 for 3
Drawn

Oundle 158 for 7
Stowe 79 for 5 (Russell 32)
Drawn

Stowe 159 for 5 (Green 36, Morris 56*)
Rugby 141 for 7
Drawn

A.G.M.

YEARLINGS 'A' XI

This was a talented side, strong in batting but erratic in bowling. Their record of 2 wins, 1 loss, 8 draws was not a fair reflection on their efforts. The only defeat came on a technicality in a limited overs game and most of the draws were near wins.

The side was well served by the all-round talents of Bazeley, Sofraci, Amdor, Stoppard and Campbell, while Denning and Perei scored useful runs and Scrase often collected vital wickets. Eshelby improved as a wicket-keeper as the season progressed as did Stoppard as a captain and with a little more discipline in their game all the players mentioned could form the nucleus of a very strong side in future years.

A number of others, notably Pasley-Tyler, Marr, Pearl, Samuel, Bain, Lambourne, Hope-Johnstone and Larcombe played for the side and with a little improvement could become useful players.

D.C.M.



M. G. Reed

Photograph by J. W. Fooks

ATHLETICS

The hard work in training produced Stowe's most successful season for many years. The team developed a marvellous spirit and more boys are being attracted to athletics from other sports. The Senior team lost only to Marlborough (by one point), the Intermediates lost only two of their eleven matches but, owing to incomplete teams, the Juniors lost all but one of their matches.

Our strength again lay in the sprinters and hurdlers — a fact underlined in the Buckinghamshire Schools Championships, where we won 100m, 200m, 400m, and hurdles titles in both the Senior and Intermediate age groups. P. J. Clarke, B. Hesketh and G. B. K. Ridley performed superbly throughout the season in the sprints and rarely failed to gain maximum points in their respective events. N. A. C. Laurence and L. H. Ferrand were equally dominant in the 110m and 100m hurdles events. K. S. Reed improved tremendously in the high jump, setting a new Under 16 school record. E. P. Kavindele joined us from cricket and set a new Under 16 record in the discus in his first year in the event, and J. J. Sander and M. G. Reed were ever-consistent in all the throwing disciplines. The middle-distance runners, lead by S. E. Montford, had a moderate season in terms of success, but in the Junior age group M. V. Cronan, and O. J. Carlo looked very good prospects. O. Nathan-Marsh and G. F. J. Miller suddenly emerged this year as excellent 400m runners and should certainly strengthen our Senior team next season. Much of this improvement is owing to the dedicated coaching of G.L.P., S.T. and S.M., and my thanks go to them.

The School's relay teams were entered in the Dr. Challoner's meeting at Stoke Mandeville. The Senior 4 x 100m team, comprising D. G. Talbot, B. Hesketh, N. A. C. Laurence and P. J. Clarke, won their age group for the third successive year, in 45.2 seconds. The Intermediate team improved on last year's result by one place and won their age group in a very exciting finish. Unfortunately, we could not enter the Achilles Relays this year because of a clash in the fixture calendar, but we will compete next year.

The standard of athletics was so high this year that we were able to enter no less than 24 boys in the Buckinghamshire County A.A.A. Championships, and although the weather conditions were not conducive to fast times, the athletes produced the following excellent results:

Senior Boys:

- P. J. Clarke—1st 100m—11.6secs. 2nd—200m—23.6secs.
- B. Hesketh—1st 200m—23.5secs. 2nd 100m—11.9secs.
- N. A. C. Laurence—1st 110m Hurdles—16.4secs.
- M. G. Reed, ma.—1st Discus—31.46m.
- C. E. O. Allerton—2nd 400m—54.3secs.
- G. Munt, ma.—3rd Triple Jump—12.95m.
- A. N. Van Moppes—3rd 110m Hurdles—16.7secs.
- T. E. Thorogood—3rd High Jump—1.75m.
- D. G. Talbot—3rd 100m.—12.1secs.

Intermediate Boys:

- G. B. K. Ridley—1st 100m.—11.9secs. 2nd 200m.—24.1secs.
- L. H. Ferrand—1st 100m Hurdles—15.4secs.
- K. S. Reed—1st High Jump—1.65m.
- J. J. Sander—1st Javelin—46.42m. 1st Discus—33.92m.
- M. D. Aldridge—2nd 100m Hurdles—15.6secs.
- E. P. Kavindele—2nd Discus—29.86m.

Junior Boys:

- P. Glyptis—3rd Javelin—38.22m.

Match Results:

26th April	Seniors (U.20):	Stowe 112½ pts. Royal Latin 90 pts. Dr. Challoner's 69½ pts.
	Intermediates (U.17):	Stowe 116 pts. Dr. Challoner's 86 pts. Royal Latin 77 pts.
	Juniors (U.15):	Dr. Challoner's 114 pts. Stowe 81 pts. Royal Latin 68 pts.
30th April:	Seniors:	Marlborough 138 pts. Stowe 137 pts. Abingdon 103 pts. Radley 102 pts.
	Intermediates:	Radley 132 pts. Stowe 130 pts. Marlborough 124 pts. Abingdon 87 pts.
	Juniors:	Marlborough 117 pts. Abingdon 88 pts. Stowe 76 pts.
5th May:	Seniors:	Stowe 100 pts. St. Edward's 98 pts. Malvern 89 pts.
	Intermediates:	Stowe 114 pts. St. Edward's 94 pts. Malvern 79 pts.
	Juniors:	St. Edward's 101 pts. Malvern 101 pts. Stowe 77 pts.
10th May:	Seniors:	Stowe 98 pts. Oundle 91 pts. Repton 89 pts.
	Intermediates:	Repton 101 pts. Stowe 92 pts. Oundle 87 pts.
	Juniors:	Oundle 107 pts. Repton 96 pts. Stowe 69 pts.
21st May:	Seniors:	Stowe 119 pts. Oakham 98 pts. Ratcliffe 64 pts.
	Intermediates:	Stowe 115 pts. Oakham 90½ pts. Ratcliffe 86½ pts.
	Juniors:	Oakham 100½ pts. Ratcliffe 96 pts. Stowe 83½ pts.
4th June:	Match v. Rugby and Shrewsbury cancelled owing to bad weather.	

A month later the Buckinghamshire Schools Championships were held and the results were even more impressive, with 11 first places, 4 seconds and 5 third places. G. B. K. Ridley achieved the qualifying standard for the All-England Championships and was subsequently selected for Buckinghamshire, but was unfortunately eliminated in his heats.

Once again the weather was kind to us for Sports Day, and the spectators witnessed an excellent afternoon's athletics, with many close and keenly contested races. Cobham once again dominated the day, winning by a huge margin. They also won the House Standards trophy and the Relay Cup, making this the fourth consecutive year they have achieved the "Grand Slam."



B. Hesketh

School records are becoming increasingly difficult to break, but three were broken in the U.16 age group, which is encouraging for the future. These were:

K. S. Reed—High Jump—1.73m.
L. H. Ferrand—100m Hurdles—15.2secs.
E. P. Kavindele—Discus—34.44m.

All three boys will still be Intermediates next year.

Colours Awarded:

Senior Colours: B. Hesketh, M. G. Reed, C. E. O. Allerton, N. A. C. Laurence, R. J. B. Sebire.

Colts Colours: P. J. Clarke, S. E. Montford, G. C. H. Munt, R. J. Spencer, T. E. Thorogood, G. J. F. Miller, O. Nathan-Marsh, T. I. M. Paul, G. B. K. Ridley, J. J. Sander, D. G. Talbot, J. F. G. Vernon.

Officials for 1989 Season:

Captain: S. E. Montford. **Vice-Captain:** G. B. K. Ridley.

M.D.

GOLF

SUMMER/AUTUMN 1988

There is now more strength in depth in school golf than for many years, with eight boys with handicaps ranging from 4—8, and a further six from 10—14. This strength was reflected in a Summer Term record of 12 wins, 2 halves and 2 losses, one of the wins being over a strong USA schoolboy touring side by 4½—2½, a feat I don't remember being achieved before. One of the losses was in a very close encounter with Eton at Frilford Heath, lost by a margin of 4—2, with most matches going the full distance, or almost. The other loss was at Buckingham in the Regional Final of the School Hill Samuel Foursomes against Warwick School. This was a real disappointment as on paper we had the stronger side, but succumbed 2—1 by not quite being able to put it together against a side playing above themselves.

In the Autumn Term our ranks have been further strengthened by the arrival in the Sixth Form of Christian Momm from West Germany with a handicap of 4 and Michael Holme (6). Neither have yet played to that level at Stowe, but the potential is obviously there and we look forward to what they will contribute to school golf once they have fully settled in. In the mean time the team is having a good term with victories over Stowe Golf Club (6—0), Radley (4—2) and Cheltenham (6—0), both matches at Radley, and over Rugby (3—0) in the first round of the Hill Samuel Foursomes at Church Brampton. The only disappointment was coming fourth in a strong field of 20 schools in the Area Qualifying round of the Golf Foundation Schools Team Championship at Stratford-on-Avon.

The Warrington Cup for Under 16s was won by A. M. Saary with the very good gross Stableford score of 34 points — the equivalent of a round of 68 (i.e. playing to 5 handicap); runner-up: G. A. E Dawson with 30 points.

A new venture at the end of the Summer Term in the early part of the holidays was a most happy and enjoyable golf tour by five team members (P. P. J. Hale, T. H. A. Luer, D. A. Lennard, S. R. C. Corben and D. P. W. Hope-Johnstone) plus W. J. P. Atkinson, C.G.J.A. and M.D.D. Matches were played against Southernst Golf Club and Prestwick G.C., both lost, but not heavily, and friendly Stablefords were played at Western Gales, Ayr Belleisle, North Berwick, Muirfield and Gullane. We are particularly grateful to Prestwick for their hospitality and invitation to come again, and to David Hope-Johnstone's parents, Lord and Lady Annandale, for their marvellous hospitality at their lovely home for four nights of the tour.

It is hoped that another tour will be arranged in July 1988 with more matches against clubs and

the possibility of also visiting St. Andrews and Carnoustie, and maybe Troon (if Open Championship preparations do not preclude the use of it by visitors a fortnight before).

Colours: T. W. Bailey, D. T. H. Rotheroe (both left Summer 1988), P. J. Hale (Captain 1988-1989), T. H. A. Luer, D. A. Lennard, S. R. C. Corben, D. P. W. Hope-Johnstone, J. D. Watson.

M.D.D.

WATER POLO

The beginning of our Water-Polo season saw the school swimming pool under repairs and consequently unserviceable. The school team gritted their teeth in barely concealed frustration but got down to a dry land programme of runs and classroom tactical briefings. Our first match of the season saw a collection of re-launched beached whales going down in the last quarter to a well-drilled Eton. With the aid of a re-furbished pool our next performance against Bedford was far more polished — an overwhelming victory by 8—2. This set the pace for the rest of the term. Most notable was a victory over Radley by 27 goals to 3.

I would like to thank most warmly all the senior members of the team and, most especially, the captain, N. A. Holland. Thanks to their inspired leadership and example, a difficult start was soon forgotten and Stowe enjoyed a very good season.

Winners of the Inter-House Water-Polo Competition:—
GRAFTON.

Full Colours: N. A. Holland, A. J. H. Diamond, R. C. Weatherby, T. H. J. Watson, B. C. Boulogne, R. E. M. Smith, R. A. Roeder, M. Lowe, B. G. Holloway, H. B. Chapman.

Half-Colours: P. J. D. Cowley, T. Kasawaki, S. H. T. Geh, N. C. Cooper, M. Salha, M., T. J. Dew.

C.H.J.

SWIMMING

For a young swimming team, 1988 was a season of retrenchment. The team did have an element of youthful promise but was not always willing to show it. Our largest annual event, the six-school gala at Harrow, provided only disappointment for the boys. It was a stronger team than last year, yet they managed to achieve only fourth place to Harrow, Felsted and Haileybury, beating only two other sides. (The girls, by contrast, covered themselves in glory by beating all the other schools who entered their competition). That they could and would do better was admirably demonstrated at Winchester the next week when they won five out of the six relay events to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat. Both girls and boys sides pulled together to notch up their best result of the season in the last fixture when Rugby and Oakham were defeated.

Consistency of performance may not have been the hallmark of the whole side but certain individuals and certain groups did maintain a high standard throughout the season. Those most deserving of congratulations are: M. Lowe, Lucy Cooper, S. Geh, M. Rolt, T. Kawasaki, J. Miles and J. A. Smith (a Third Former who on several occasions represented the under sixteen side). Most pleasing of all was the success of the Stowe Girls team coached by Mrs. D. Bisp. Under her expert guidance our girls won five out of their seven fixtures.

Overall Results:

Won Against: Uppingham, Merchant Taylors, Aldenham, Winchester, Oakham, Rugby.

Lost Against: Bromsgrove, Eton, Reading College, Harrow, Felsted, Haileybury.

Drawn Against: St. Edward's School.

House Competitions:

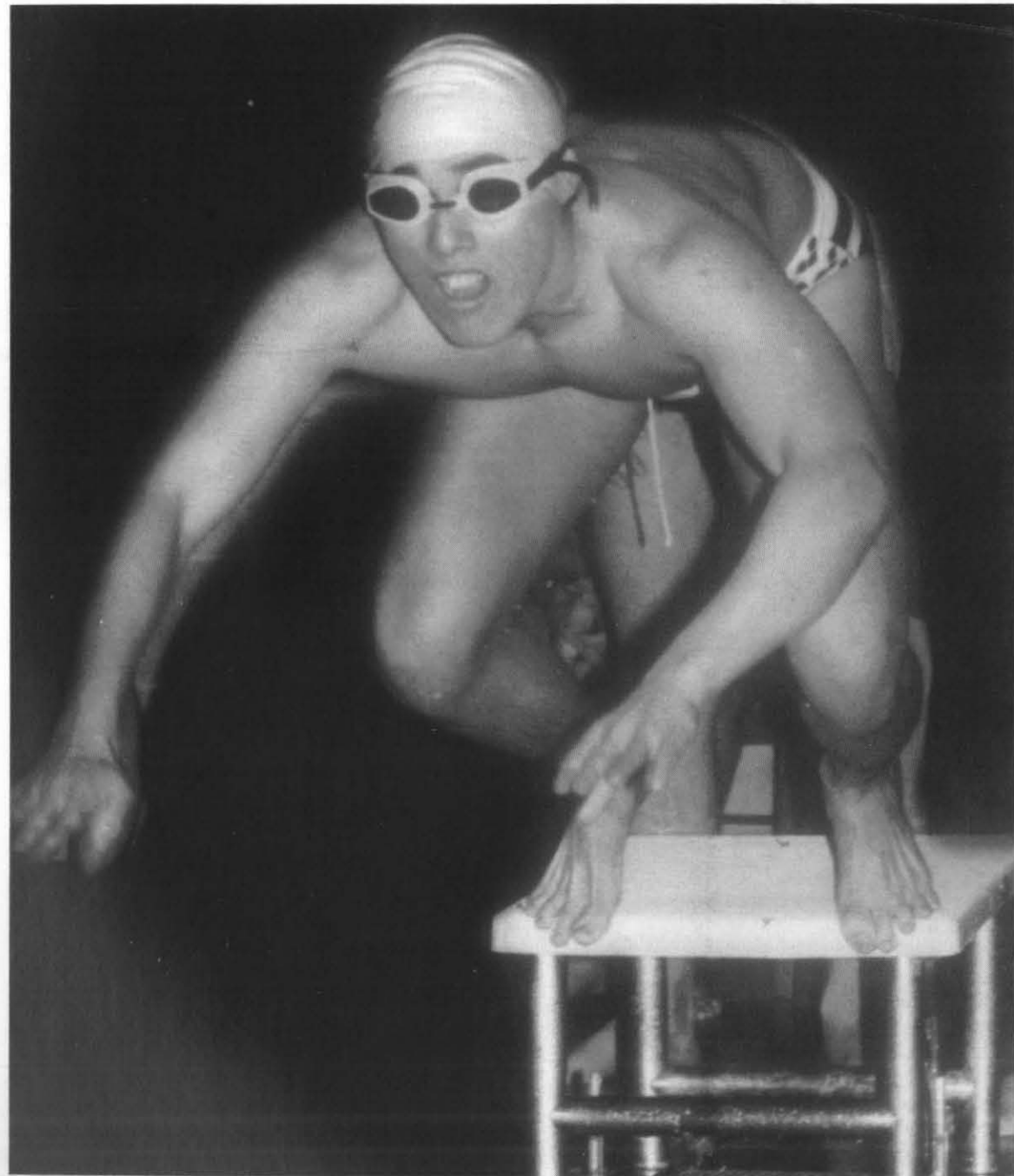
Overall: Walpole.

Senior: Grafton, Chandos.

Intermediate: Walpole.

Junior: Chatham, Bruce.

C.H.J.



S. H. T. Geh

Photograph by J. W. Ffooks



M. Lowe

Photograph by J. W. Ffooks

FENCING

This has been a more lively year for fencing than many in the recent past. There has been considerable enthusiasm shown amongst the senior fencers, and two matches were fenced. St. Edward's, who looked rather daunting before play began, we beat 10-6, but Abingdon, whom we thought would be inexperienced, were able to beat us 5-4. Alas! In these matches the skill of our two girls, Fiona Pollard and Emily Swanwick, were most helpful. It was good to have girls contributing to our fencing so much. Fiona's contribution is particularly pleasing as she had not fenced before she came to Stowe. Her enthusiasm and eagerness for matches were also much appreciated. Come on girls! Where are some more?

There is an enthusiastic bunch of younger fencers who have progressed beyond the novice stage and are now banging about with much vigour, noise and enjoyment. (Style and elegance are rather lacking, though!)

Team: C. E. O. Allerton, Fiona E. Pollard, Emily H. M. Swanwick, R. E. M. Canavan.

C.D.M.

SAILING

Commodore: R. F. St. C. Wilkinson.

Secretary: M. J. Worthington.

This summer's sailing team consisted of: R. F. St. C. Wilkinson, M. J. Worthington, R. C. H. Wood, T. S. Mash, W. T. Fraser-Allen, C. E. M. Mash + A. D. I. Curry, S. J. Richards, C. G. Cullen, J. D. Bernard.

Results:

10th May	Away	Bloxham	Lost	0-2
12th May	Away	St. Edward's	Won	2-1
17th May	Home	Oundle	Lost	1-2
21st May	Home	Merchant Taylor's	Won	2-1
26th May	Away	Oratory	Won	2-0
		Radley	Lost	0-2
7th June	Away	Rugby	Lost	0-2
11th June	Home	B.C.S.C.	Lost	1-2
21st June	Home	Masters	Lost	0-2

Colours were awarded to: M. J. Worthington, R. C. H. Wood, T. S. Mash.

House Matches: Chandos narrowly defeated Walpole.

Helmsman's Tankard: R. F. St. C. Wilkinson.

Junior Pennant: I. M. Thomas.

M. J. Worthington

CCF

"What do you do in the CCF apart from drill?" is a question asked on a number of occasions by Stoics. The answer is that drill is only a very small part of a wide spectrum of activities a cadet experiences.

This is a Biennial Inspection year when the CCF is looked at in some detail by the MOD. Our

inspecting officer was an Old Stoic, Captain Provest, Director of Public Relations, Royal Navy. To provide a Guard of Honour a number of recruits trained in arms drill in their spare time and together with cadets from the Navy put on a splendid turn out. This was the only drill of the day. During the afternoon the Captain was shown examples of typical CCF training. The Recruits were abseiling and engaged in demonstrating a section attack. Cadets in the Advanced Infantry section displayed tactics and weapon handling skills. In the REME Section hut the Inspection Team was shown the variety of training equipment including a hovercraft and several motorbikes. The Signals Section was busily laying a telephone system and was in contact by radio with several other CCF's throughout the country on the National Radio Net. On the lake the Naval Section was displaying its skills at wind surfing and dinghy sailing. The Headmaster and Inspecting Officer were sufficiently impressed to accept the invitation of a "water taxi" ride around the activities. This time the RN Section did not repeat an incident from its distant past when it drenched an Admiral. All reached the shore safely to write a good report.

Field Days have varied from activities at Stowe to visits to military units and training areas. The Royal Navy Section has sent cadets on a wind surfing course and trained the Section in self-reliance skills in the Peak District. The recruits have learnt the basics of camping on a local training area, and had a day of training with the Royal Engineers. The team of Engineers brought a portable bridge with them and a "Wheelbarrow." The cadets learnt how to construct a bridge, lay mines and investigate suspect explosive devices with the robot called the "Wheelbarrow." The REME Section has carried out maintenance tasks on CCF equipment and practised its field craft skills. If there is a breakdown the mechanic must be able to map read himself to the incident. Cadets on one recent REME exercise were taken to various destinations blindfolded in a vehicle. They were to use map information and observations to find a way back to Stowe. Some found it quite difficult to recognise otherwise familiar landmarks from unusual directions. The Advanced Infantry Section has run a mini leadership course which involved ferrying a team across the Eleven Acre Lake on a raft, initiative tests and an obstacle course. They have also visited the Royal Horse Artillery in Aldershot, where among other things they were given time in a parachute simulator, practising jumping out of helicopters. The Skill-at-Arms Section has been representing the School and CCF in a number of shooting competitions and also has taken to the canals for a boating/camping expedition.

Other events have included the Coldstream Cup, the Casualty Cup and two summer camps. Competitors for the two cups achieved a high

standard and this year both were won by Grenville House. In the Casualty Cup competition a new event has been established: the "Admin" Cup. This is a shooting match between teams captained by the Headmaster and the Bursar. The Headmaster was victorious, carrying away the glass tankard.

There have been three summer camps, one to 11th Royal Signals Regiment at Catterick, a visit to 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards in Munster, West Germany, and sea training on the Clyde for the Royal Navy Section. At Catterick cadets began their stay with an orienteering exercise and then went on a leadership exercise. It was also a test of endurance as they shared their camp with clouds and mosquitos. After being hardened for battle, they got into combat order and went out on exercise for the next couple of days. Adventurous training in the form of canoeing, pot-holing and abseiling, provided some new experiences for many. The assault course, football and march and shoot competitions added to the full programme. The Germany camp involved an extensive battle training exercise in local countryside. Apart from learning to survive in rather wet field conditions, many tactical lessons were learnt. At the time of our visit the battalion had just received the first batch of new armoured personnel carriers. The "Warrior" is an

impressive piece of equipment and the cadets were lucky to get "hands on experience," and use it tactically. They got to know this new vehicle well through use on exercise and washing it down back in barracks!

The contingent received an excellent Biennial Inspection Report which commended the enthusiasm of the cadets and NCO's. Recruiting levels have been good and there has been an encouraging increase in the numbers joining the Royal Navy Section. Forthcoming events include adventurous training in the Black Mountains, a Joint Services Camp in Gibraltar, Summer Camp with the Royal Signals at Brize Norton, training with the Royal Regiment of Fusiliers, the CCF Artillery Simulator competition, and a visit to the Royal Engineers at Chatham.

Lt.-Cmdr. Michael Manisty has now left Stowe after many years service with the Contingent. For some years he was Contingent Commander and contributed a great deal of time to CCF activities. He still comes back for guest appearances which are always welcomed. The cadets and Contingent staff wish him every success in his new venture. There have been some new additions to the list of Officers. Sub. Lt. Rory Akam has joined to help with the Royal Navy and 2nd Lt. Duncan Gowan is assisting with Recruit training.

M.J.S.



Guard of Honour, Biennial Inspection.

Photograph by M.J.S.



"Stoic Defence," Germany Camp.

Photograph by M.J.S.

CCF

The Royal Naval Section

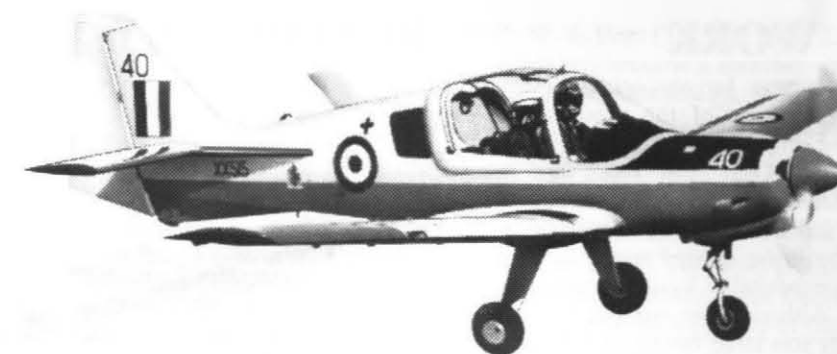
The calm and surprisingly sunny waters of the Firth of Clyde provided twelve cadets from the R.N. Section with their week's annual training in July. With Lt.-Cmdr. Manisty and Lt. Bevington to demonstrate how to navigate and, with varying degrees of skill, to steer Fleet Tender Meavy, formerly *H.M.S. Vigilant*, most cadets were soon able to handle the vessel very competently in addition to learning the finer arts of life in a mess deck. On several occasions there were opportunities for a run ashore and not all were as strenuous as climbing Goat Fell from Brodick harbour before lunch one morning. The success of the training was indicated by several requests for its repetition another year.

Although this was Lt.-Cmdr. Manisty's last official duty with the Section he could not be kept from joining a much larger contingent on Field Day in October. The gales and driving rain of the first day made the lengthy walk and subsequent camp overnight a test of everyone's mettle, but all came through with flying colours and, for several, a fine collection of blisters.

The R.N. Section at Stowe has owed much to Michael Manisty over the last nine years, not least for his provision of several Toppers and a rescue boat. We are very grateful to him both as a Section Officer and as Contingent Commander for his naval experience and boundless enthusiasm which have provided many cadets with valuable and varied training.

We are fortunate in being able to welcome Sub-Lieutenant R. R. Akam who has joined us this term and has already put his own naval expertise to good use, not least on the parade ground. The newly erected flag staff, a gift from the R.N. Association Branch in Towcester, provides a fine setting for Section parades outside the R.N. store hut. It will certainly enhance formal occasions which have already benefited from the recent issue of smart V-neck jerseys.

M.J.B.



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ESTATE WORK

The Summer Term was largely occupied with continuing the tree survey of the grounds and attempting to bring some order to the area south-east of the Rotunda. Only four years ago the whole area was cleared of dead wood, but since then three severe gales (not the hurricane of '87 which passed us by) have caused much damage, which has been compounded by the activities of the grey squirrel. Although we worked hard on the area, it is really too large for us to cope with efficiently, so, rather depressingly, there was little to show for our efforts, apart from an area cleared ready for a possible open air theatre, and a set of rugby training obstacles made up from the Leyland Cypress thinnings. Maybe an all-out assault on the area, which ought to be only lightly wooded, will produce the desired effect.

Over the rest of the estate progress was slow, thanks primarily to the wet summer, which made the grass grow at an almost unmowable rate. After two years of ineffective slashing at the nettles in Lyttelton copse we decided to spray them out. By waiting until they were waist high it was possible to hit them whilst leaving the low growing ground cover untouched. It may actually be possible to walk in the area next summer, and for the Lytteltonians to recover their tennis balls with less pain!

The autumn has seen a much smaller, but very efficient Stoics' estate team. We have continued with the tree survey, cleaned up a large collection of neglected pot-grown shrubs, tidied-up the trees on the course, and are now working to restore the path that runs down from Ancient Virtue to the Doric Arch, inside the woods. In the process of so doing we have rescued what remains of the Gothic Cross, a small Victorian folly which is a total ruin. It is intended that the tidying-up of the woodland there will complement the work on the rest of Ancient Virtue, although we are having to exercise great caution to avoid thinning out the woodland screen between the South Front and the Elysian Fields. The whole job will have to be done in two stages with ten years between each stage.

Later this term we shall work on the Cascade Dam, removing the shrubbery on the Octagon side in order to facilitate raising the dam by 40cm to comply with government regulations. We shall also lose the trees on the dam, for the same reason. It will look horribly naked for some time to come, but in a landscape such as ours some areas will always be perfection whilst others are coming up to maturity or decaying to the point of requiring renewal.

M.C.S.S.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

There are about thirty Stoics who go to Roman Catholic Mass each Sunday. For many years we have travelled to the Franciscan Church in Buckingham. We encountered a few difficulties especially regarding Confirmation and as a result no Stoic has been confirmed into the Roman Catholic Church in the local parish. Mainly because of this we transferred to the Parish Church of St. Thomas More in Towcester, where we have been given a warm welcome by the Parish Priest, Father Thomas Cooper. He is a remarkable man who is well respected in the Church for his expertise in many matters theological. He regularly contributes to the 'Word Alive' series in the popular Catholic weekly *The Universe*. There is a project dedicated to bringing the reality of the scriptures to the laity.

Father Thomas is always keen to involve Stoics fully, for example in reading at Mass. It would be good to see more Stoics overcome their shyness and participate in the vital part of the lay ministry.

A special faculty was obtained to enable me to prepare five boys for Confirmation. Simon Whitehead, Alexander Shepherd, Ola Nathan-Marsh, Mark Kelly and Nicholas Bolton were all anointed with the Holy Spirit at the Parish Mass on, appropriately, the Feast of Pentecost. Stowe was very much involved by providing readers and the organist. Many parents, relations and friends attended. The occasion was also much enjoyed by the parish community. After Mass we enjoyed refreshments (and the sun) in the Church garden. It was a most memorable day and a unique one for Stowe. We are very grateful to Father Thomas for making it possible.

The newly confirmed were given the following blessing. Let us make it our prayer for them, that they may always be generous in answering God's will for them:

The Holy Spirit
came down upon the disciples
and set their hearts on fire with love:
May he bless you,
keep you one in faith and love
and bring you to the joy of God's kingdom.

Amen.

G.L.P.

OLD STOIC NEWS

A. R. Barrowclough (Grafton 1942) created Knight Bachelor in the Birthday Honours List, June 1988.

R. V. M. E. Behar (Grenville 1959) appointed Chairman of the Bar European Group, May 1988.

J. V. Doubleday (Cobham 1964) sculpted the first bronze statue of Sherlock Holmes. It will stand at the Reichenbach Falls in Switzerland.

P. C. Drayton (AM 1972) his "Canticle of Bells" was performed for the second time at the Hereford Three Choirs Festival on 22nd August 1988. It was premiered there in 1976.

A. S. L. Dundas (Walpole 1938) has published "Flying Start" in 1988.

D. A. Fanshawe (Chandos 1959) featured in "Wide World" series "The Musical Mariner" on BBC2 in April 1988.

D. M. Fingleton (Chatham 1959) published "Kiri" in 1988.

J. H. Frazer (Chandos 1963) appointed Professor of Art and Design, and Director of Computer Aided Design at University of Ulster, 1985.

E. C. Hardwicke (Chandos 1950) has been appearing as Dr. Watson in the acclaimed Granada series "Sherlock Holmes."

J. D. N. Hartland-Swann (Bruce 1954) is HM Consul-General in Frankfurt.

R. Kee (Grafton 1947) presented the programme "An Outside Chance" on Channel 4 in February 1988 and also "Next Time . . . Always Next Time" dealing with Christianity in Hungary also for Channel 4 in June 1988. He also published "The Eleventh Hour" in 1988.

H. V. Kemp (Chatham 1931) published his "Collected Poems in March 1988.

T. J. A. Kingan (Temple 1940) appointed Deputy Lieutenant of Co. Down.

M. A. Lecchini (Grafton 1981) won joint first prize in the 1988 R.I.B.A. International Student Competition — Gass-top — and exhibited at the Royal Academy.

A. G. H. Melly (Cobham 1944) appeared on Radio 4 in the programme "My Heroes" on 3rd June 1988.

A. W. Murdoch (Temple 1946) appointed High Sheriff of Hampshire for 1988.

R. E. T. Nicholl (Lyttelton 1969) appointed Headmaster of Castle Preparatory School, Dorset for September 1989.

M. J. Petley (Grenville 1983) founded Petley & Co. Ltd. with two Old Stoics, **C. S. E. Romilly** (Grenville 1979) and **J. M. J. Royden** (Grenville 1982) in March 1987.

P. W. I. Rees (The Rt. Hon. Lord Rees) (Temple 1944) has become a member of the Museums and Galleries Commission.

R. D. Shepherd (Chatham 1949) has had his series "In Search of Wildlife" shown on ITV.

F. S. M. Taylor (Bruce 1981) opened "Fred's" Wine Bar in Soho in 1987.

S. P. E. C. W. Towneley (Chatham 1940) already Chairman of Manchester University Museum has been appointed a Trustee of the British Museum.

C. F. Villiers (Bruce 1976) appeared in "Simplicity" by Lady Mary Wortley Montague at the Donmar Warehouse Theatre. This was the first production since the play was written in 1734.

J. P. Villiers (Bruce 1979) has been touring with the Renaissance Theatre Co., playing Laertes in Kenneth Branagh's "Hamlet." Transferred to the West End in August 1988.

BIRTHS

S. Alper (Grafton 1977) a daughter, Octavia, 24th September 1987.

Barbara V. Arnold (Née Anderson) (Stanhope 1977) a daughter, Sophie Anne, 5th July 1988.

A. O. Bell-Irving (Chatham 1973) a daughter, Diana Claire, 18th May 1988.

R. Bendre (Chatham 1975) a daughter, Rebecca, 24th March 1988.

A. A. Blanch (Cobham 1976) a son, Charles, 21st May, 1987.

P. S. Carter (Temple 1974) a daughter, Lauren Natasha Elizabeth, 26th June, 1988.

E. R. G. Clarke (Cobham 1974) a son, Charles Edward Aidan, 30th January 1988.

S. H. Coney (Temple 1975) a daughter, Amy Dawn, 16th March 1988.

B. J. N. Darcy Clark (Grenville 1972) a daughter, Alexandra Charlotte, 26th April, 1988.

R. L. E. Douglas-Bate (Temple 1982) a daughter, Laura Elizabeth, 1st October 1988.

N. J. Gilhead (Grenville 1970) a son, Edward, 5th October 1987.

J. D. Goodwin (Chatham 1962) and **Joanna M. Goodwin** (née Bell) (Stanhope 1976) a son, 5th October 1988.

J. C. Gordon-Finlayson (Bruce 1967) a son, Harry, 29th December 1987.

R. M. Horrocks (Grafton 1978) a daughter, Lindsay Anne Marie, 2nd May, 1988.

A. J. Macpherson (Grenville 1971) a son, William Archibald, 19th March 1988.

J. S. Morton (Grafton 1976) a son, Thomas Oliver, 10th February 1988.

H. C. Mytton-Mills (Walpole 1973) a daughter, Natasha Valentine, 4th October 1988.

J. R. A. Nisbet (Temple 1966) a son, Michael, 18th July, 1988.

E. C. E. Peshall (Walpole 1971) a daughter, Jessica Monica, 9th March, 1988.

J. S. Shepherd-Barron (Walpole 1975) a son, Rory Wilfred, 24th August 1988.

H. M. E. D. Sword (Chandos 1962) a son, Piers Roderick Ernst Bennistun, 8th September 1988.

MARRIAGES

S. Alper (Grafton 1977) to Joanne Grendon Savage in April 1986.

A. A. Blanch (Cobham 1976) to Helga Koeberle on 10th September 1983.

E. H. R. Butler (Grenville 1979) to Adelle Lloyd on 7th May 1988.

J. J. O'G. Cameron (Lyttelton 1979) to Juliet May on 19th March 1988.

C. M. B. Charles (Grenville 1965) to Gillian Margaret Brett on 6th June 1987.

B. G. Claridge (Walpole 1966) to Annemette Klinkby on 23rd September 1988.

N. C. De Salis (Temple 1975) to Felicity Stewart on 1st October 1988.

W. J. N. Edgerley (Chandos 1980) to Wendy Nichole Pieroni on 19th March 1988.

B. G. Few Brown (Grafton 1977) to Alison Louise Cottrell on 30th April 1988.

R. A. Hamilton (Chatham 1976) to Cynthia Knight on 22nd October 1988.

C. E. A. Hugill (Walpole 1978) to Louise Godsall on 3rd September 1988.

J. S. Jackson (Chatham 1961) to Caroline Elizabeth Icoy on 12th June 1987.

A. C. M. Lowe (Cobham 1977) to Dr. Kristina Jane Dent on 20th September 1986.

Mary J. McAlpine (Stanhope 1983) to Simon Taylor on 9th December 1987.

Rowena M. Marshall (Stanhope 1980) to Matthew Rudd on 13th August 1988.

C. J. Powles (Grafton 1980) to Ruth Bone on 28th April 1988.

Dorianne Preston-Lowe (Stanhope 1976) to Timothy Congdon on 23rd June 1988.

G. E. G. Riddick (Walpole 1973) to Sarah Northcroft on 10th September 1988.

D. H. Samuelson (Lyttelton 1976) to Susan Kendrew on 30th July 1988.

Helen E. Shephard (Stanhope 1980) to Dr. Christian F. Schaus on 18th June 1988.

J. C. Staib (Temple 1972) to The Hon. Mary Kinnaird on 28th May 1988.

R. W. B. Western-Kaye (Grafton 1982) to Michele Jane Howes on 20th August 1988.

DEATHS

J. A. R. Allen (Grafton 1981) 29th September 1988.

D. C. R. Bolton (Chandos 1935) 22nd November 1987.

P. A. Dobinson (Walpole 1987) 9th June 1988.

J. Duncan (Grenville 1929) 3rd August 1988.

J. S. Durlacher (Cobham 1930) 29th September 1988.

M. J. Gemmell (Bruce 1949) 22nd July 1988.

R. Gray (Chandos 1941) 11th January 1988.

G. J. A. Incoe (Grenville 1983) April 1988.

C. M. Langley (Bruce 1927) 12th December 1987.

H. E. Lockhart-Mummery (Chandos 1935) 24th June 1988.

N. C. Marshall (Chandos 1927) 1st November 1987.

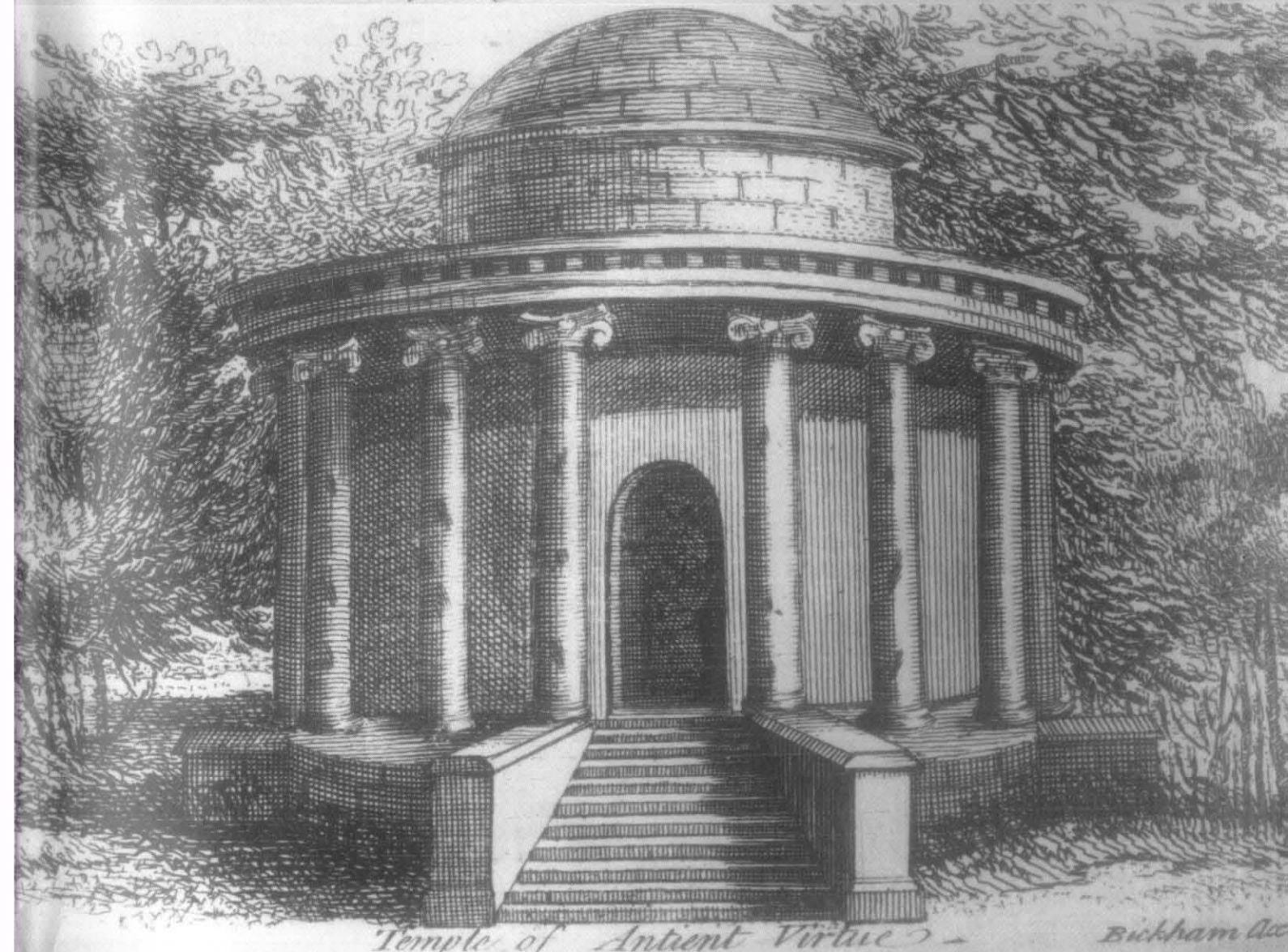
H. J. Miall (Bruce 1929) 29th August 1988.

M. D. T. Patmore (Temple 1926) 17th May 1988.

C. G. L. Shankland (Cobham 1935) 1st November 1985.

M. G. B. Thompson (Grafton 1928) 7th December 1976.

F. H. Turton (Chandos 1927) 16th August 1989.





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